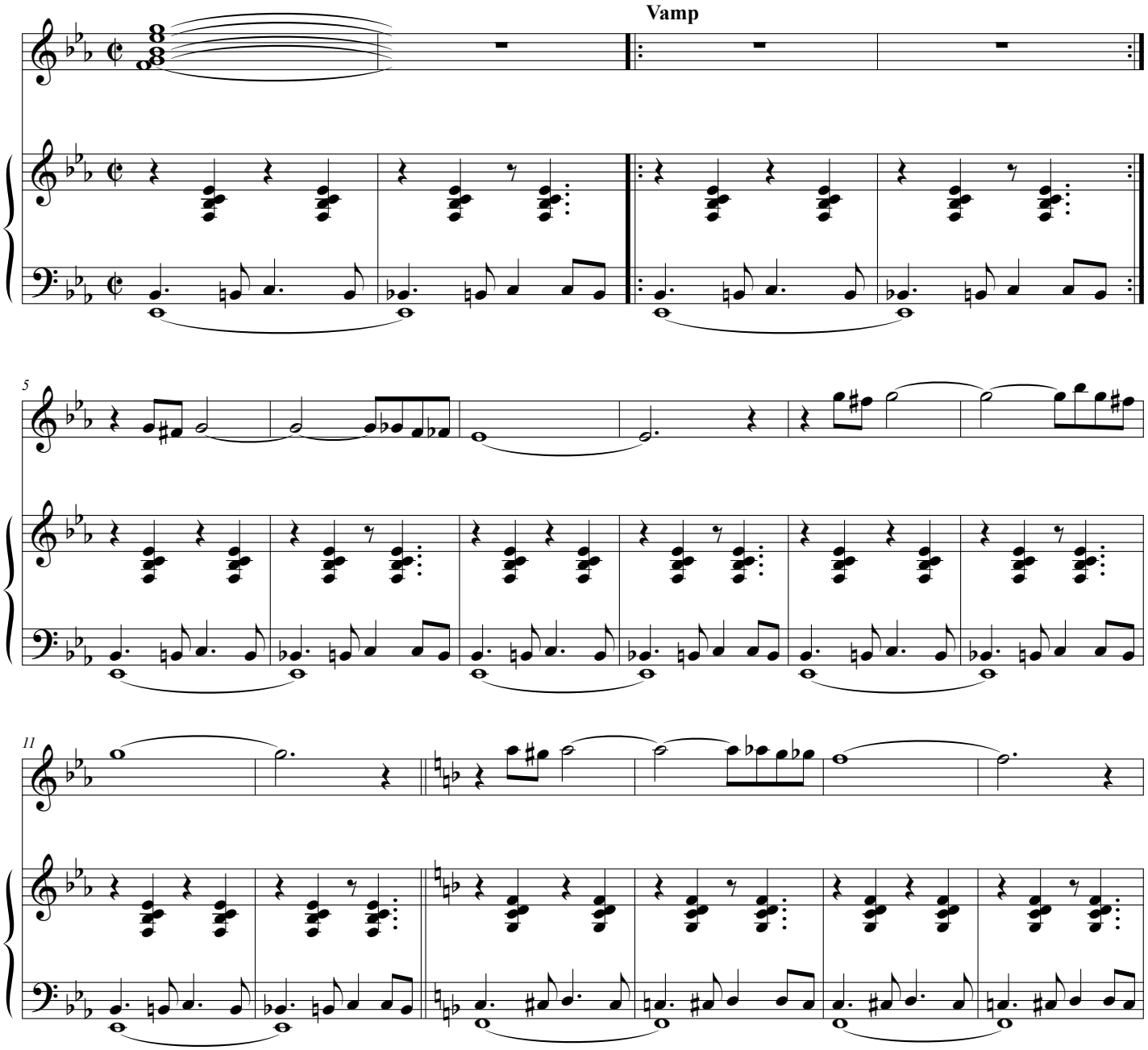
Off We Go

(Scott, Triangle Boys)

Music and Lyrics
by PETER MILLS

HAM: Fitzgerald! Out of the way! Coming through!
SCOTT *(to the audience):* This great, seething ant-hill is the Princeton Triangle Club!
HAM: Hurry up and get into costume, Scott.
SCOTT: The club is one of Princeton University's most influential institutions.
Over three hundred men compete for a spot each year.
HAM *(calling offstage):* The pirate song is up first, for spacing… then the finale!
SCOTT: Every fall, the undergraduates write a musical comedy. Then, we chosen few (*he indicates those on stage)*
tour the show, by Pullman car, all through Christmas vacation. *(FREDDY and CLIVE enter half-costumed as women.)*
HAM *(to FREDDY and CLIVE):* Chorines on stage in ten…
SCOTT: Of course, we boys play all the roles. How a Triangle show ever got on was a mystery, but it was a riotous mystery!
HAM: That means you, too, Scott Fitzgerald. Get a move on!



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17

CONTINUE ON: "...but it was a riotous mystery!"

[SAFETY]

HAM: That means you, too, Scott Fitzgerald. Get a move on!

23

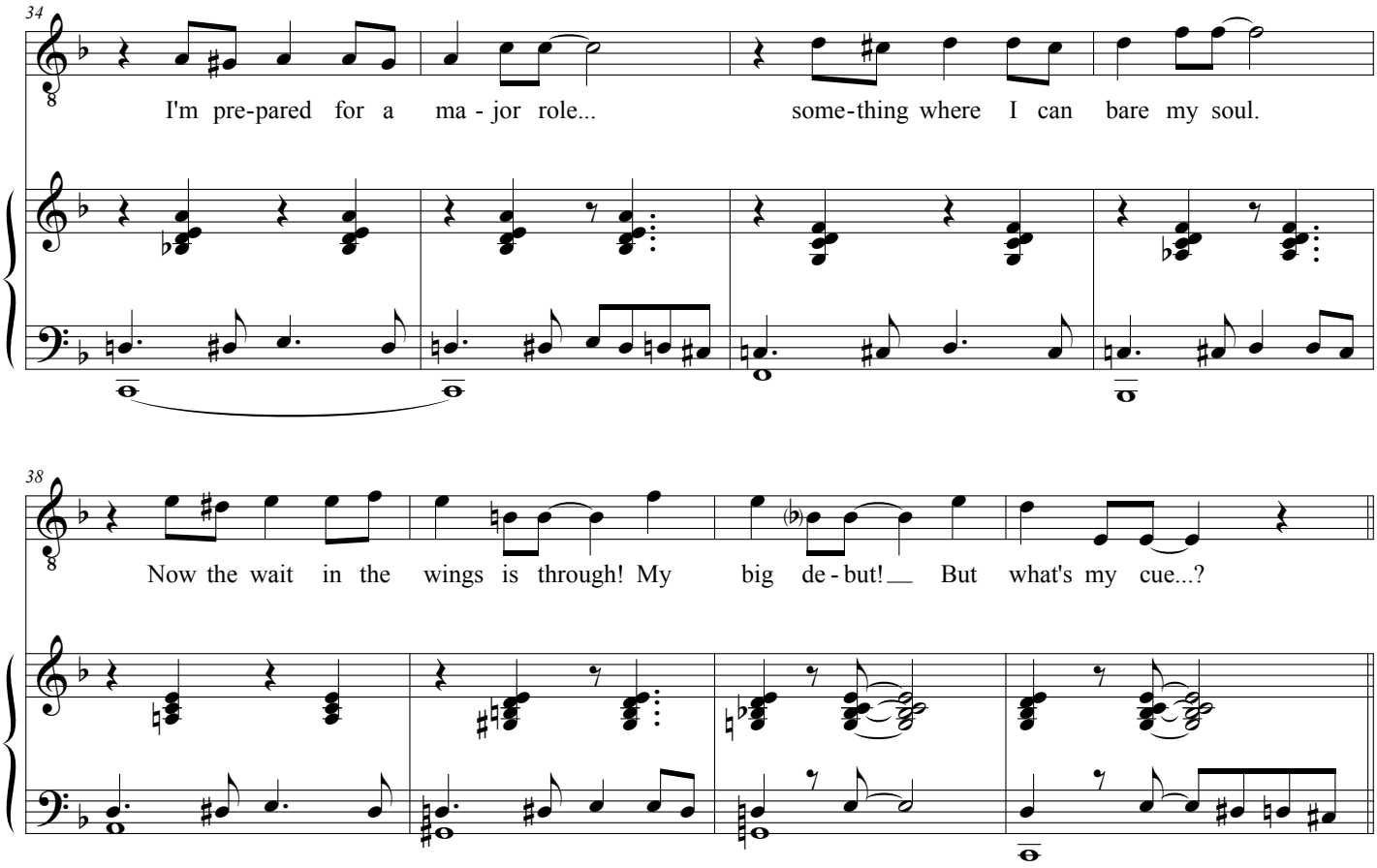
SCOTT

26

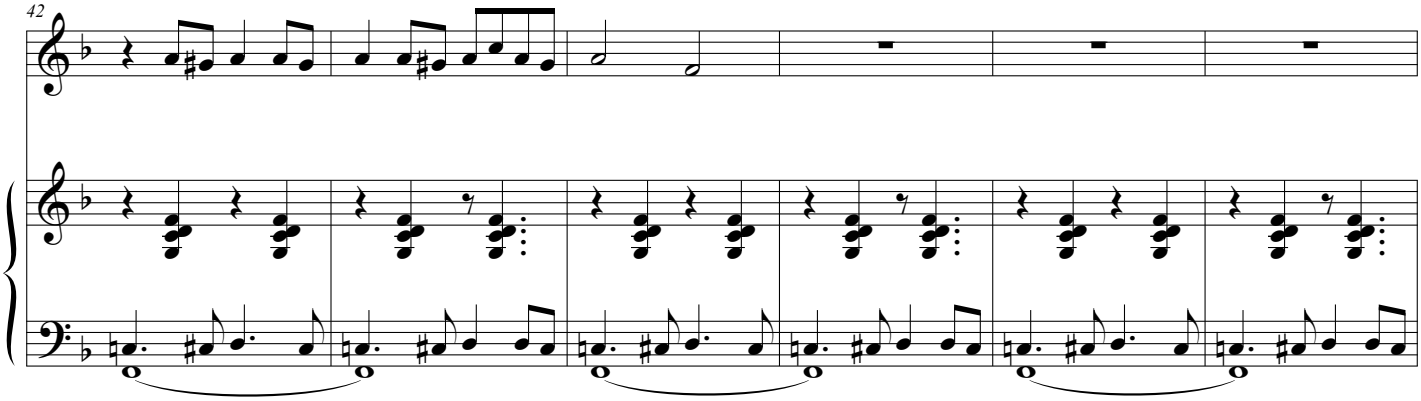
It's as if all my life up to now was a re - hear - sal.

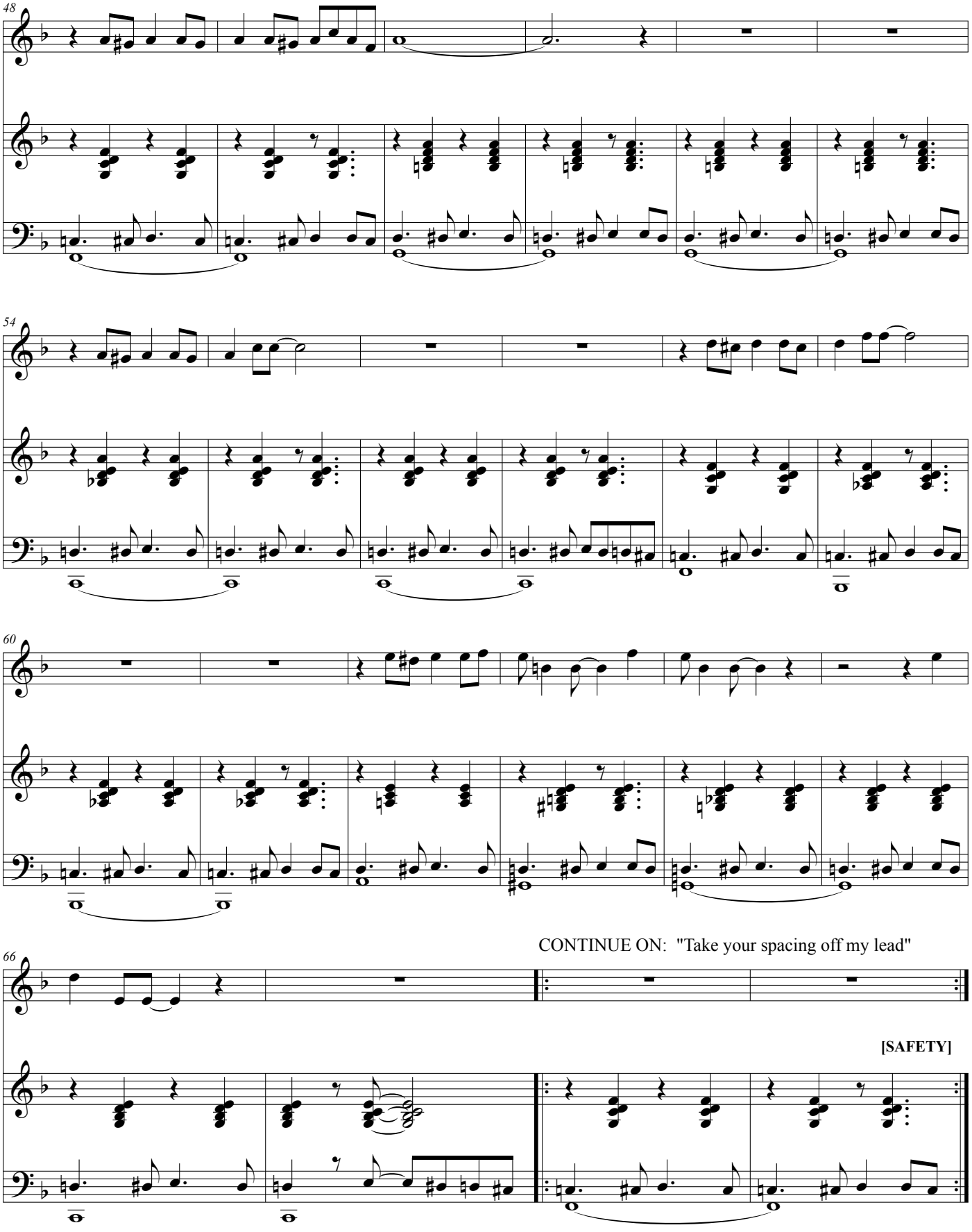
30

Now we come to the time when I'm step - ping cen - ter stage.



ELLIS: Aw, wook at the widdle sophomore.
SCOTT *(to audience throughout):* It's not just that they're upperclassmen…
WILTON: Standin' there gaping like the Midwestern hick he is.
SCOTT: They're the upper class.
ELLIS: What's that smell?
WILTON: St. Paul, I think. Smells just like Fitzgerald.
SCOTT: Who would have thought that a middle-class Irish kid from Minnesota could even get in to Princeton—
ELLIS: Coming home to your widdle mommy, widdle sophomore?
SCOTT: —but, you see, I still really haven't gotten in.
(EDMUND enters in comedic non-female costume.)
EDMUND: Time to sober up for the show, fellas.
WILTON: Aw, come on, Edmund. Let us have some fun.
ELLIS: Yeah. Boys will be boys.
EDMUND: Funny… I thought you boys were supposed to be girls. That's quite a five o'clock shadow.
HAM: All right, all right. Ponies, line up to run the closer! Take your spacing off my lead.




48
54
60
CONTINUE ON: "Take your spacing off my lead"
66
[SAFETY]

SCOTT

70

So per-haps I've been cast as a noth-ing in the chor - us...

74

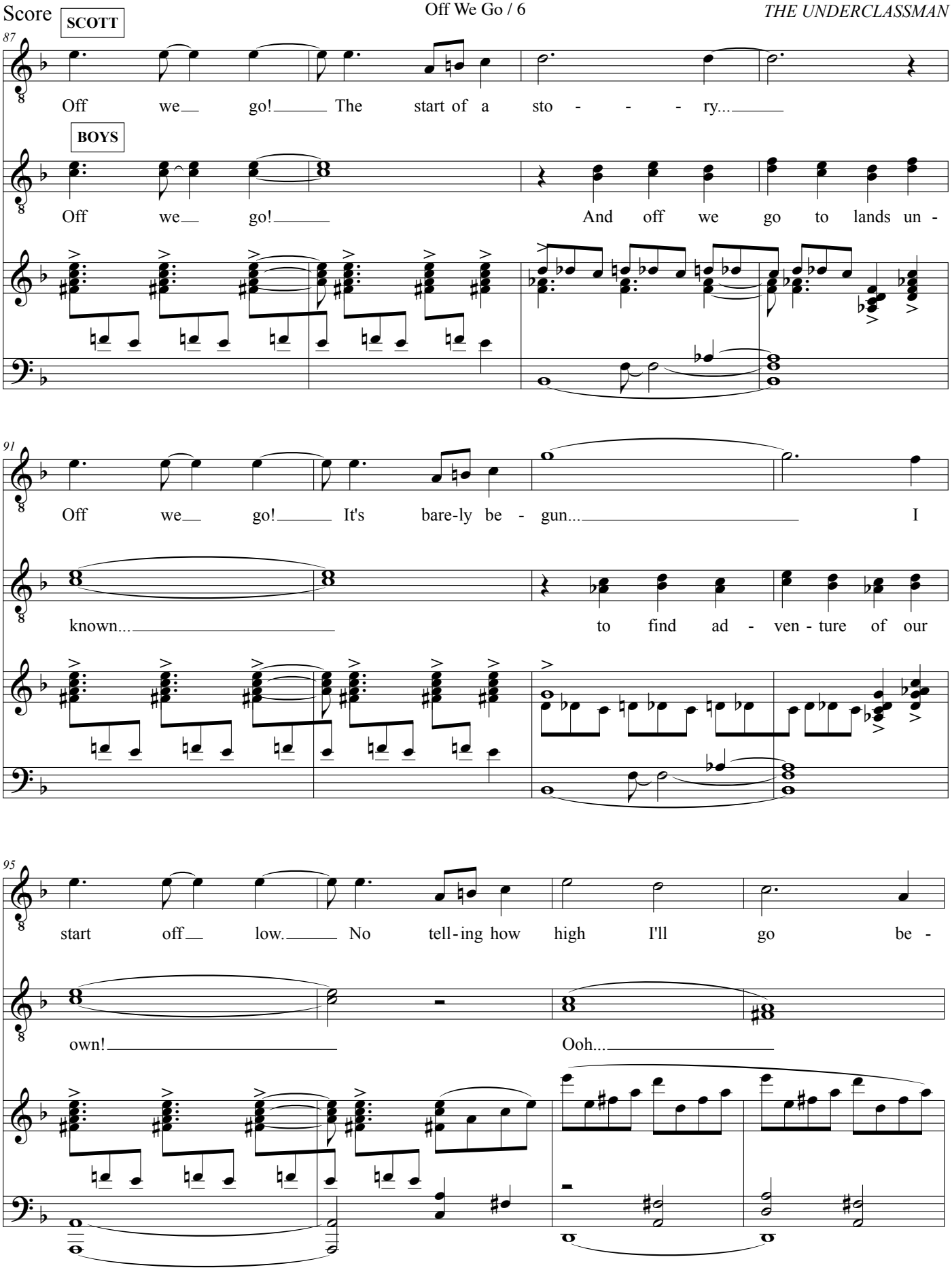
And the last on the list of the like-ly to suc - ceed.

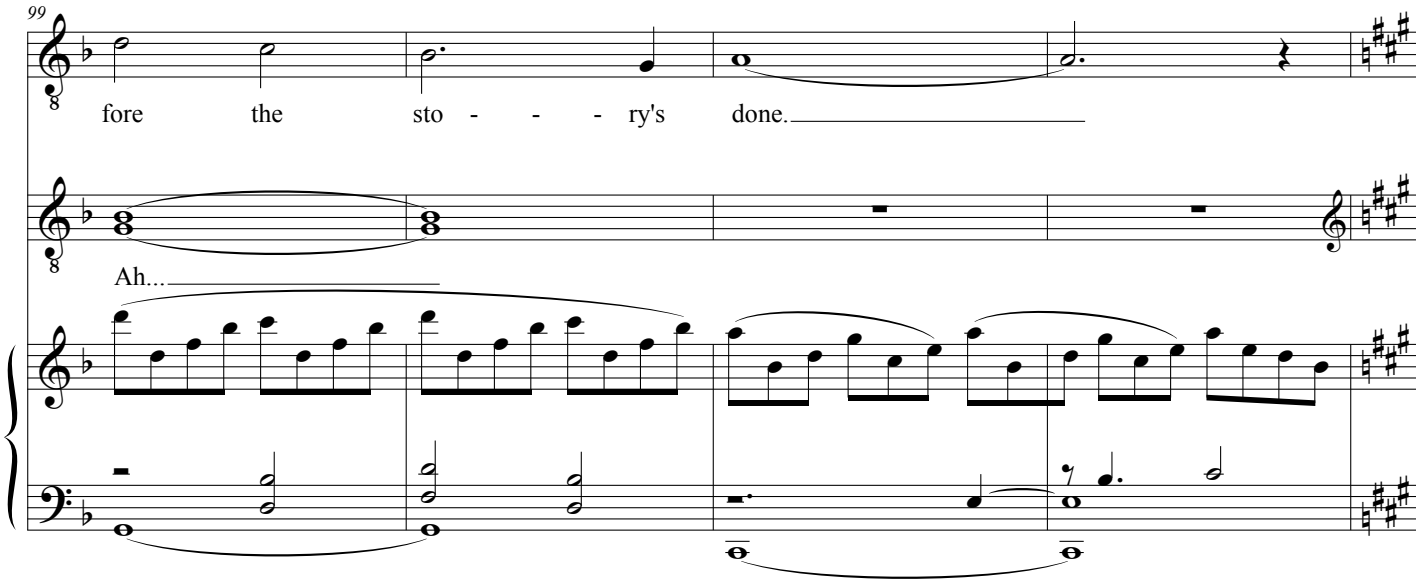
78

But I know what's in-side of me. It was meant for the world to see.

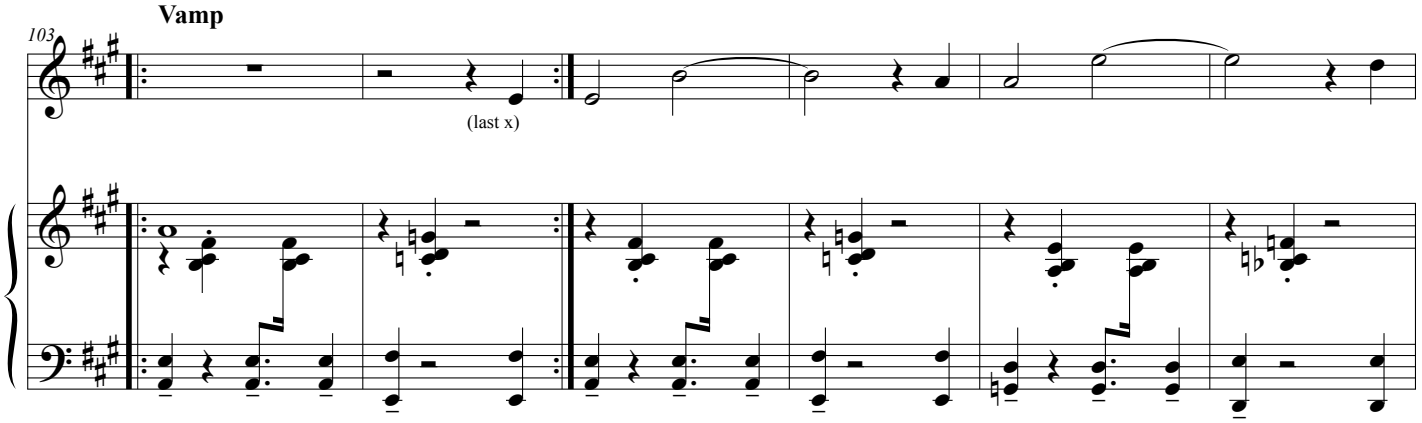
83

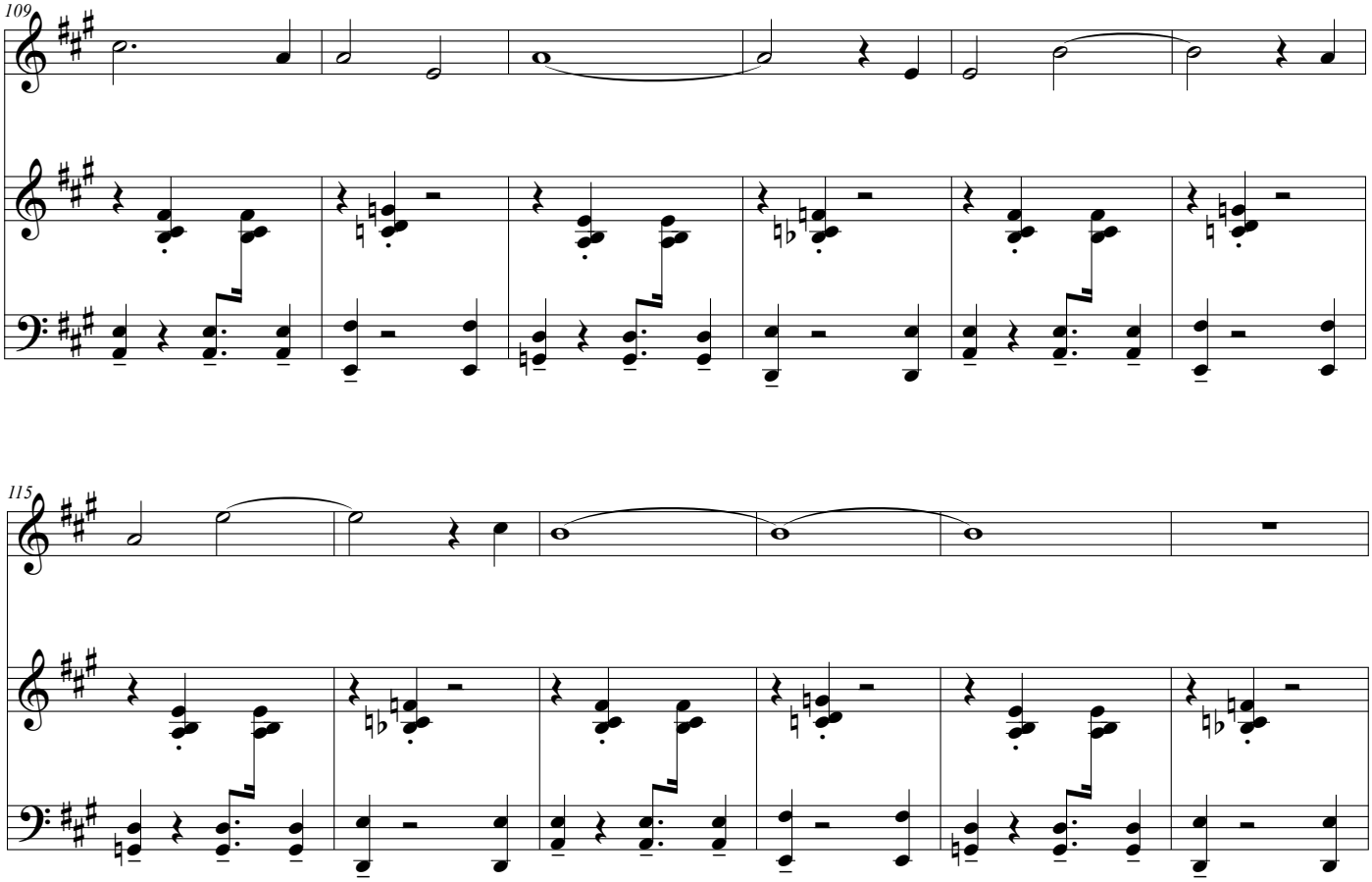
When they do, then no doubt they'll be ma-king me the lead.


SCOTT
87
Off we go! The start of a sto - - - ry...
BOYS
Off we go! And off we go to lands un -
91
Off we go! It's bare-ly be - gun... I
known... to find ad - ven - ture of our
95
start off low. No tell-ing how high I'll go be -
own! Ooh...

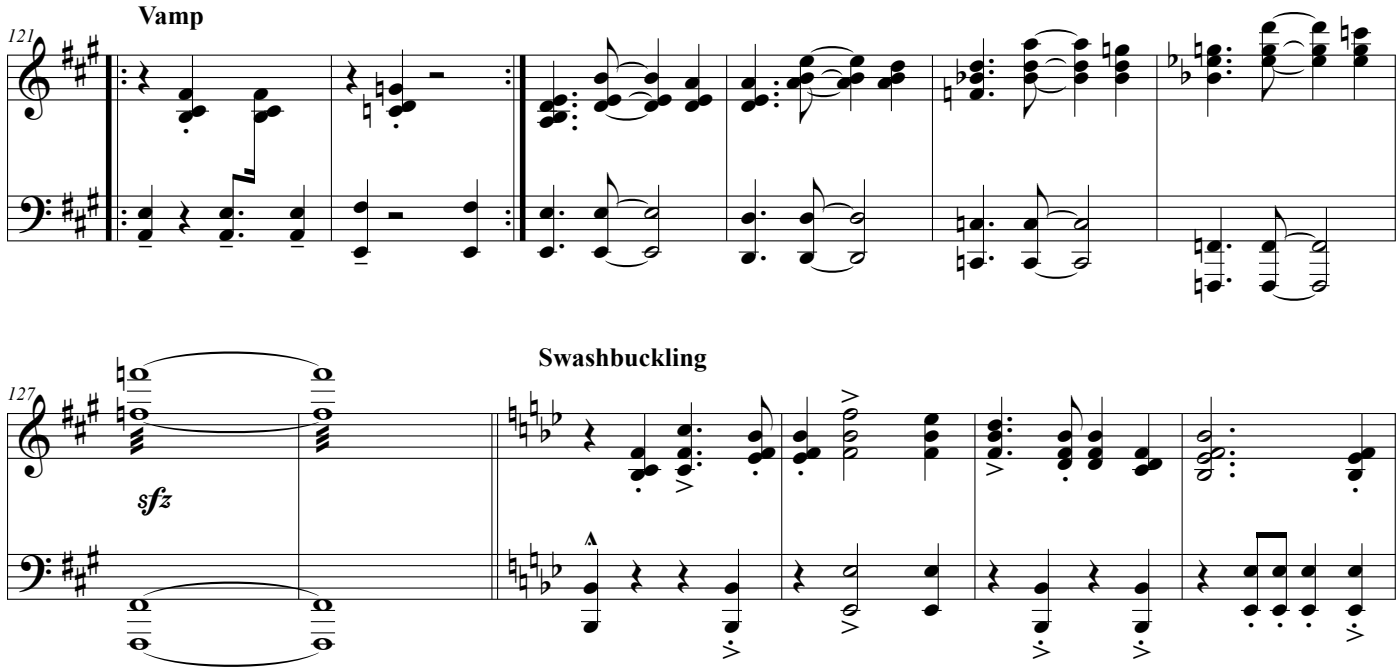


HAM: Thanks, boys. That'll be all until curtain.
(All except EDMUND and SCOTT exit.)
EDMUND: You finished your story for the literary magazine yet, Scott?
SCOTT: Finished is a strong word.
EDMUND: Have you started?
SCOTT *(hedging):* Yes… I'd say it's a first-rate beginning. Exceptional, actually…
EDMUND: Good lord.
SCOTT: Don't worry, Bunny. My literary genius is at work. Inspiration will come! It's going to be based on true events in my own life.
EDMUND: Then what's the hold up?
SCOTT: I haven't done anything yet.
EDMUND: What about last year? Oh, right. You haven't done anything.
HAM: Places! Places, everyone!
SCOTT: Don't worry, Bunny. (tapping his head) Literary genius.





CONTINUE ON:
"Places! Places, everyone!"



"Geisha"

133

139

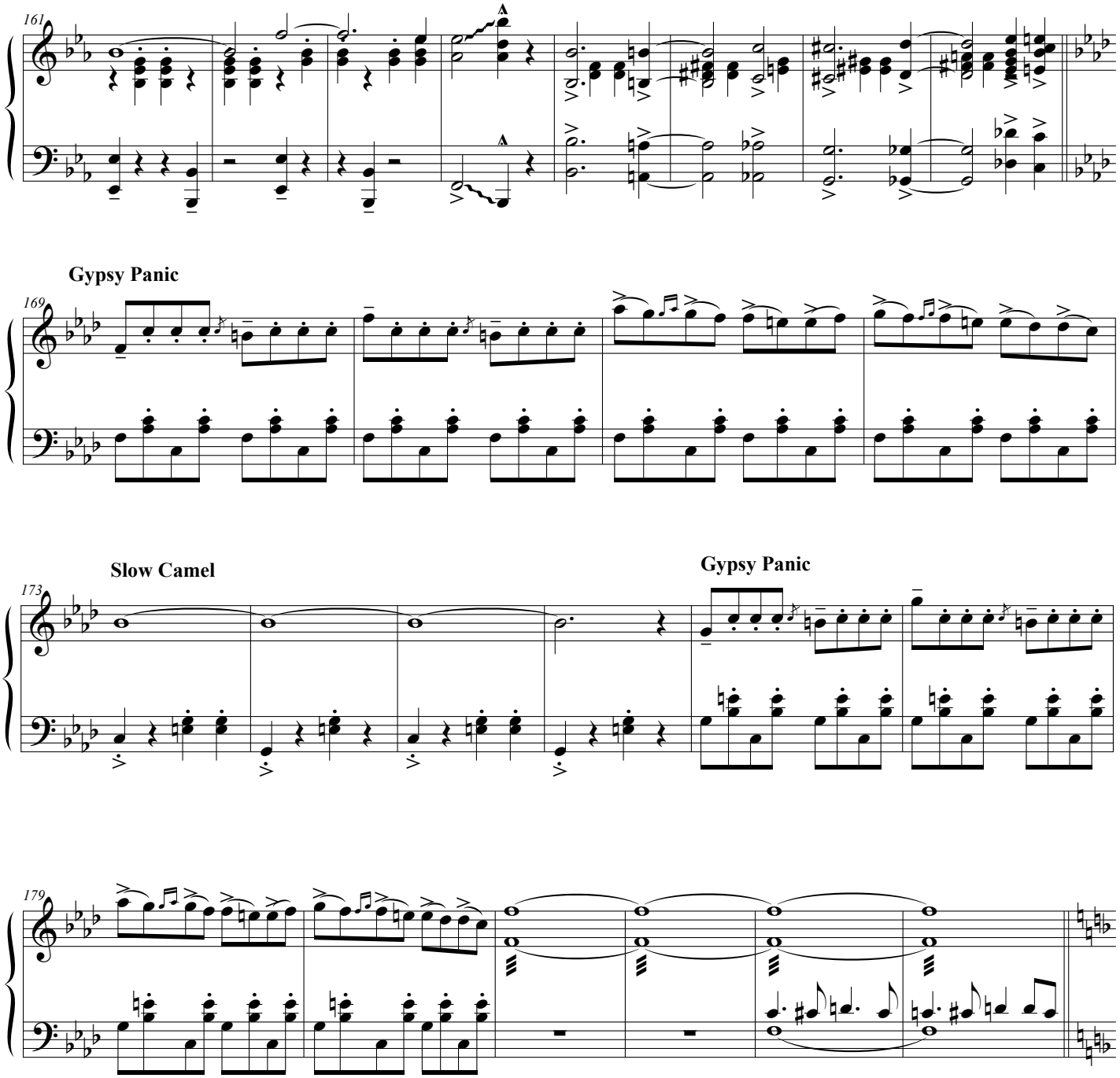
Flamenco

145

149

Bavarian

153


161
Gypsy Panic
169
Slow Camel
Gypsy Panic
173
179

SCOTT

185

Take a seat. Here be - gins the per - for-mance of a life - time.

189

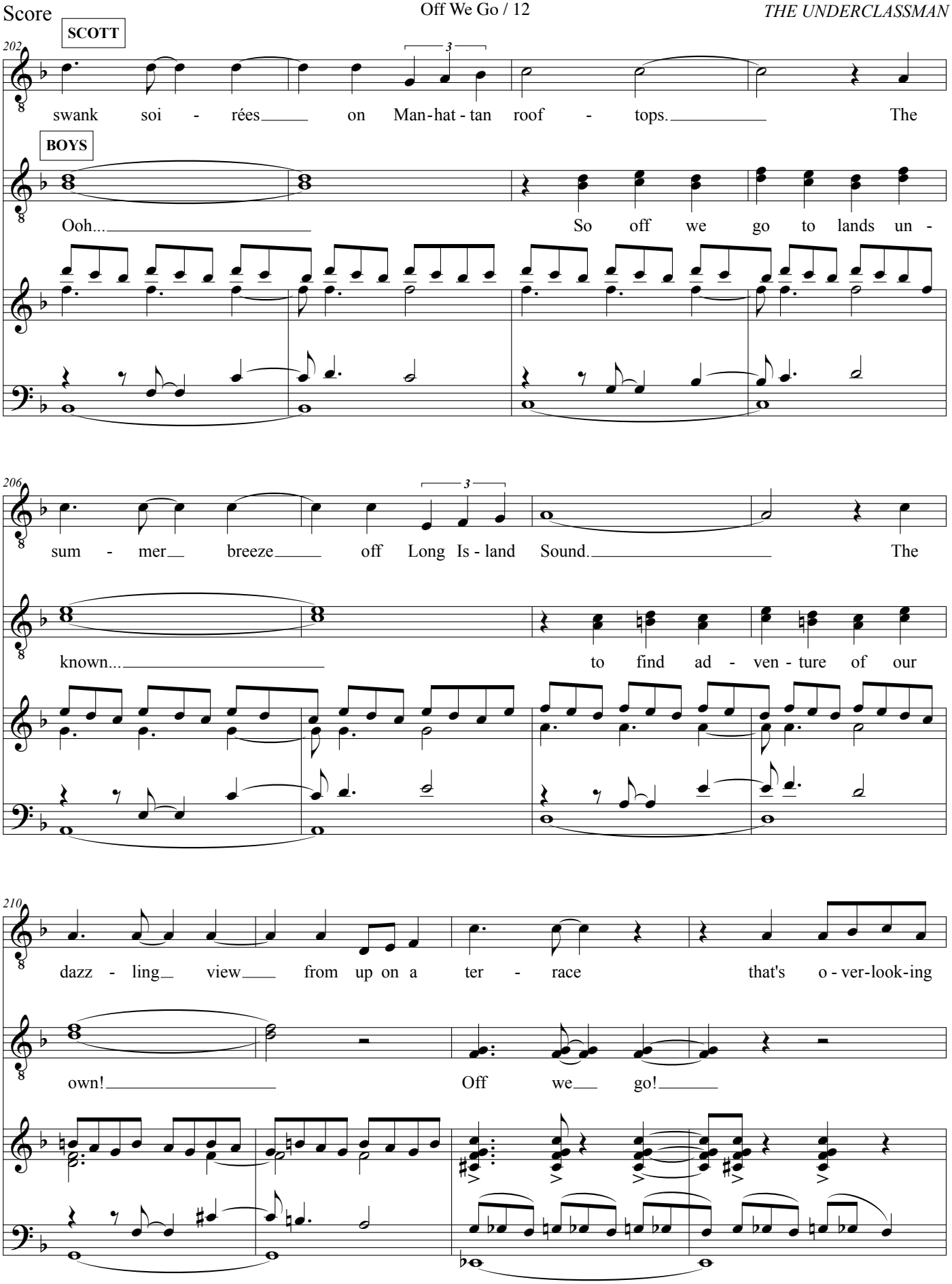
Set the scene in the quaint lit - tle vil - lage of Saint Paul.

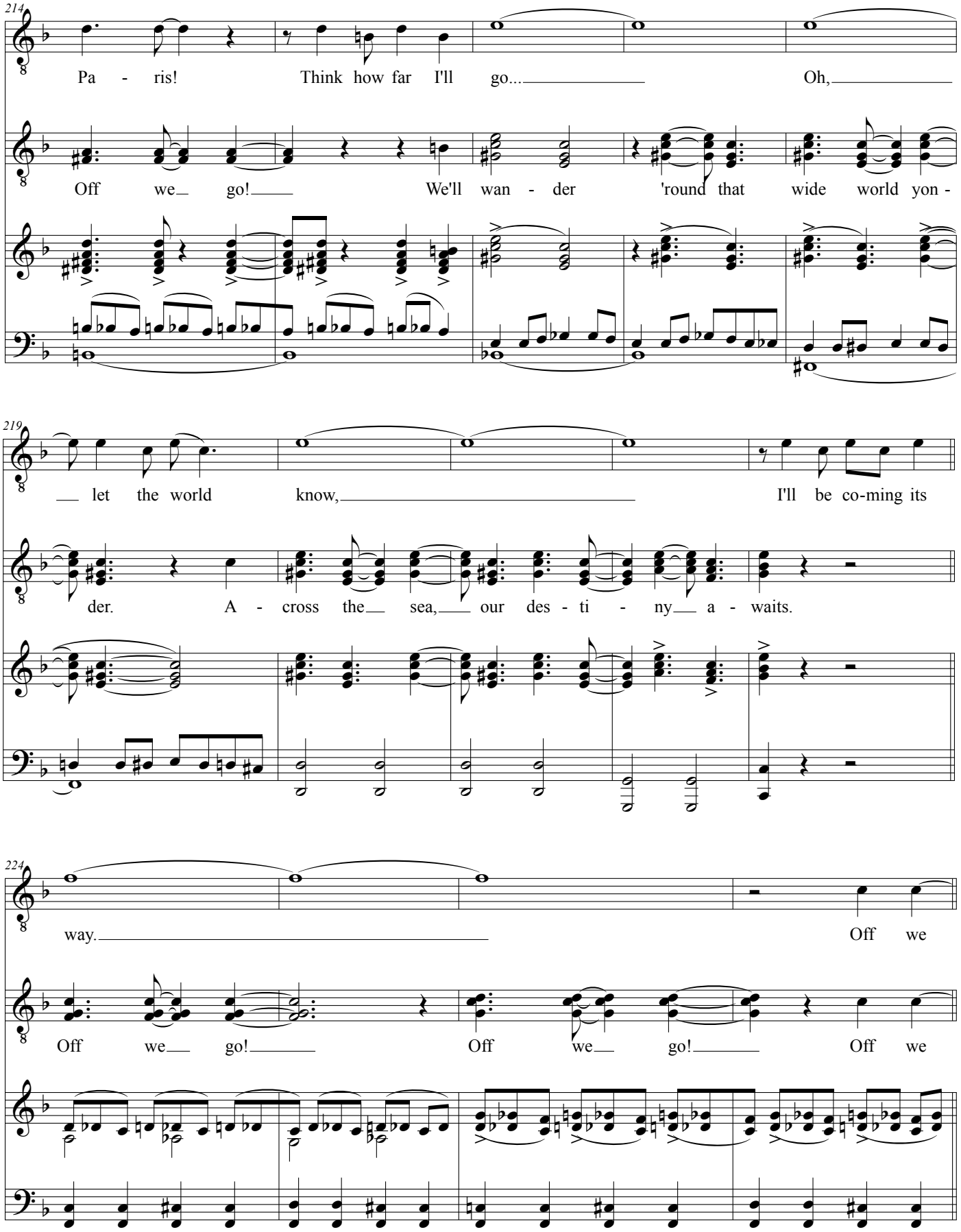
193

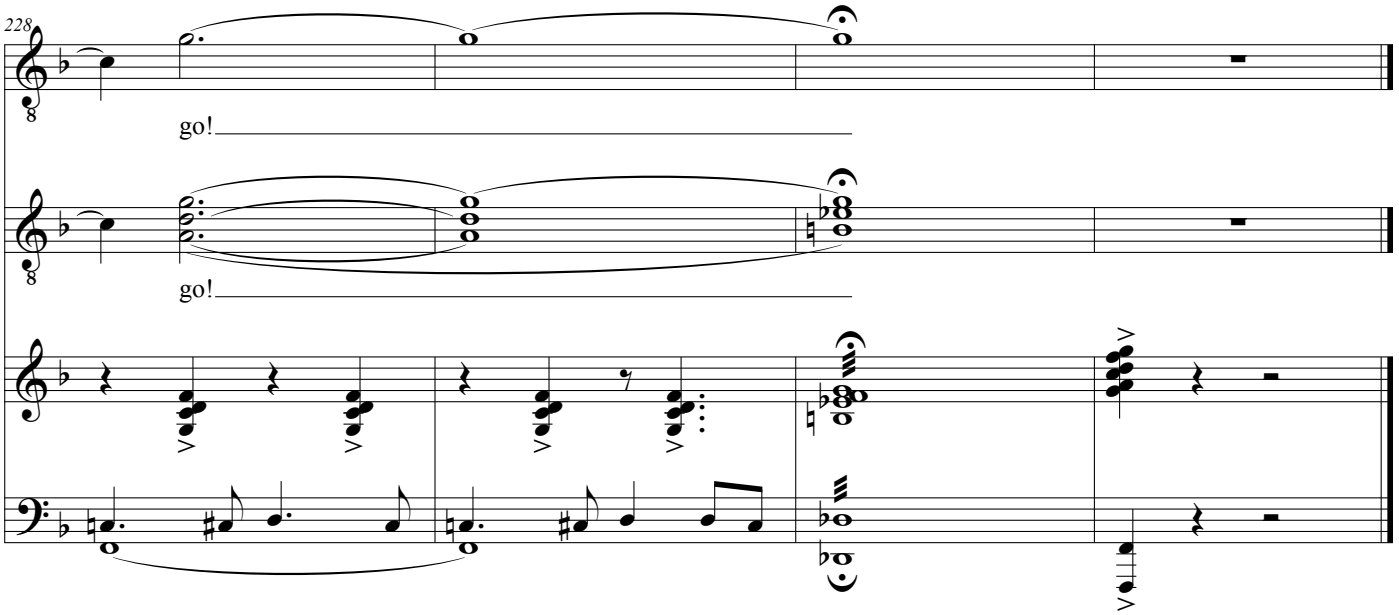
Set-tle in for the op-'ning act, 'cause it's bound to be ac-tion packed!

198

Who can say what's a - head, but I'm read - y for it all! The


SCOTT
202
swank soi - rées on Man-hat - tan roof - tops. The
BOYS
Ooh... So off we go to lands un -
206
sum - mer breeze off Long Is - land Sound. The
known... to find ad - ven - ture of our
210
dazz - ling view from up on a ter - race that's o - ver-look-ing
own! Off we go!


214
Pa - ris! Think how far I'll go... Oh,
Off we go! We'll wan - der 'round that wide world yon -
219
let the world know, I'll be co-ming its
der. A - cross the sea, our des - ti - ny a - waits.
224
way. Off we
Off we go! Off we go! Off we


228
go!
go!