We Do Not Belong Together
(Dot, George)

George: (Getting angry) ... Why are you telling me this? First, you ask for a painting that is not yours -- then you tell me this. (Beginning to return to studio) I have work to do.

Freely (♩ = 112)

Dot: Yes, George, run to your work. Hide behind your painting. I have come to tell you I am leaving because I thought you might care to know -- foolish of me, because you care about nothing.

George: I care about many things.

Dot: Things -- not people.

George: People, too.

George: (cont’d) I cannot divide my feelings as neatly as you and, I am not hiding behind my canvas -- I am living in it.

Con moto (♩ = 132)

Dot: What you
GEORGE: I care about this painting. You will be in this painting. care for is your-self. I am some-thing you can use. GEORGE: I had

It's be-cause I un-der-stand that I left, That I am leav-ing. thought you un-der-stood. Then there's noth-ing I can say. Is there?

Yes, George, there is: You could tell me not to go. Say it to me.
Tell me not to go.
Tell me that you’re hurt, Tell me you’re relieved,

Tell me that you’re bored—
An- y- thing, but don’t as- sume I know.
Tell me what you feel!

Why do you in- sist You must
hearth the words, When you know I cannot give you words? Not the ones you

Non rubato, con moto \( \text{d} = 132 \) p

need. There's

nothing to say. I cannot be what you want.
What do you want, George?

There was no room for me—

(Overriding her)

I needed you and you left.

You will not accept who I am.

I am what I do!

Which you knew,

Which you always knew.

Which I thought you were a
(He returns to his work)

part of--!

Freely \( (J = 152) \)

You are complete, George,
You are your own.
We

\( f \) sempre colla voce

Rubato

do not belong together...
You are complete, George,
You all alone.

I am unfinished.

dim.

cresc.

I am diminished
With or without you.

We do not belong together,
And we

should have belonged together.

What
made it so right to gether is what made it all wrong.

A tempo

No one is you, George. There we agree. But

others will do, George.

No one is you, and

cresc.

No one can be, But no one is me, George, No one is me. We
A tempo

do not belong together. And we'll never belong--!

You have a mission. A

mission to see. Now I have one too, George.

And we should have belonged
85 cresc.

87 together.

89 ten. A tempo
I have to move on.

92 Dot leaves. George is left standing alone Onstage. The lights fade, leaving him lit.
The set changes back to the park scene around him. When the change is complete, he moves Downstage Right with the Old Lady, and begins to draw her. They are alone Onstage, except for the cut-out of the Soldier’s Companion, which stands towards the rear of the stage. There is a change of tone in both George and the Old Lady. She has assumed a kind of loving attitude, soft and dream-like. George is rather sullen in her presence.)

Larghetto \( \text{(j = 88)} \) (Safety)
No. 19

BEAUTIFUL
(OLD LADY, GEORGE)

OLD LADY: And now, look across there--

Andante \( (d = 66) \) 

OLD LADY: \((\text{cont'd})\) -- in the distance -- all those beautiful trees cut down for a foolish tower.

How I loved the view from here ... 

OLD LADY: Rubato

GEORGE: I am quite certain that was an open field ... 

(OLD LADY): It keeps