LIMBO

(ver. 04/30/2022)

Composer and Lyricist: Nick Grosso

Arranger: Ruiran Xun

1. Second Bell

BEATRICE: (Beatrice, Chorus, Virgil)

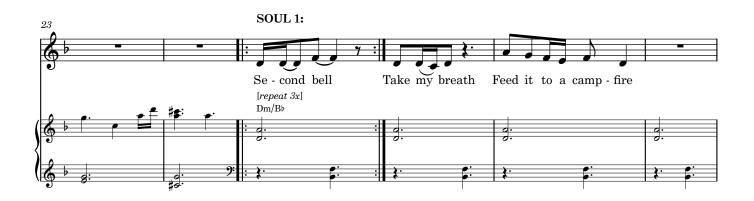




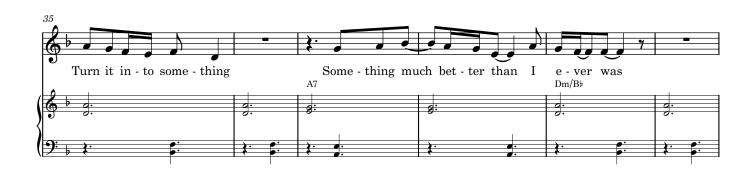


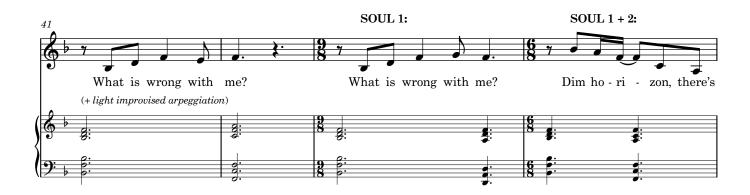




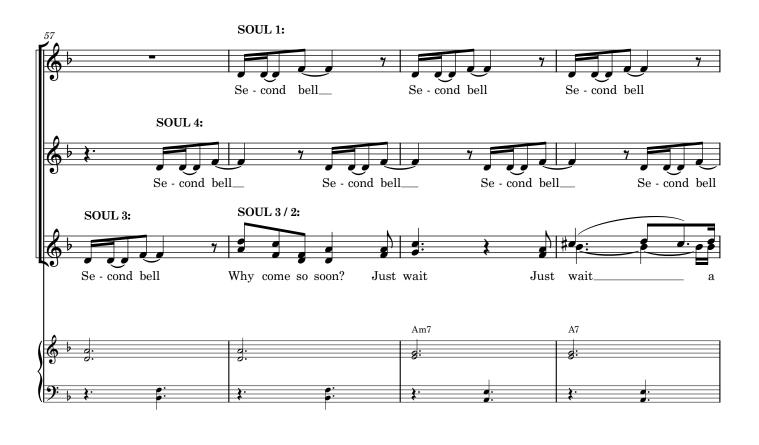


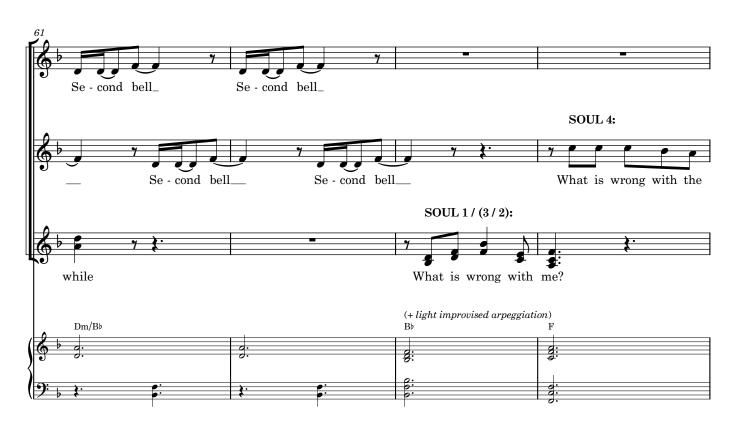


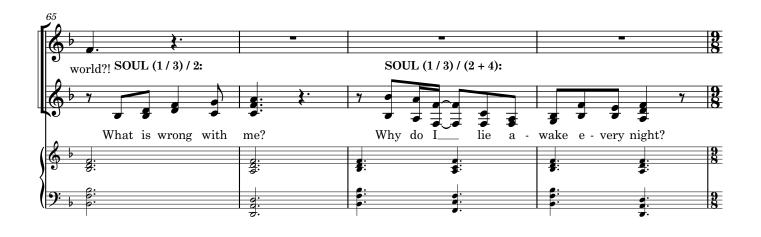




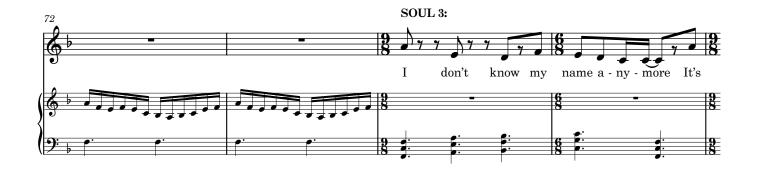








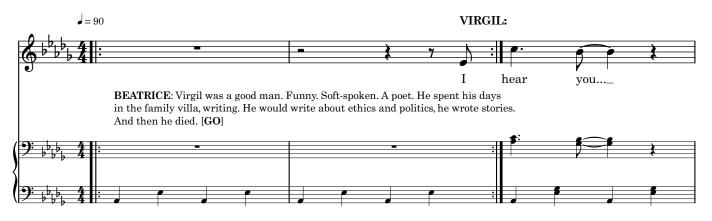


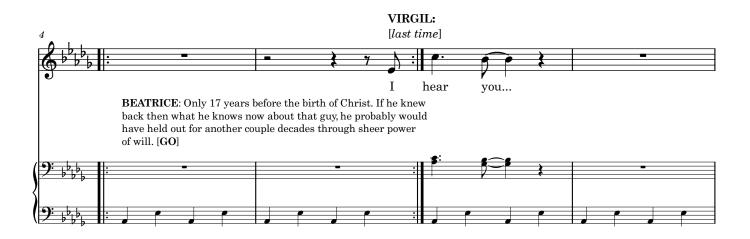


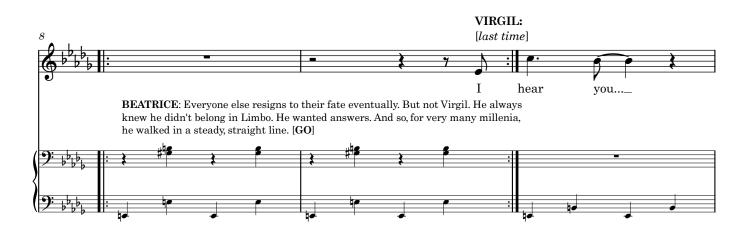




$2.\,Angel's\,Message_{\rm (Beatrice,\,Virgil)}$



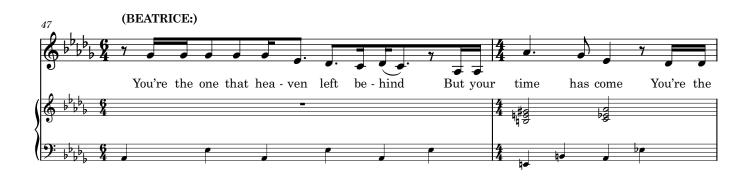








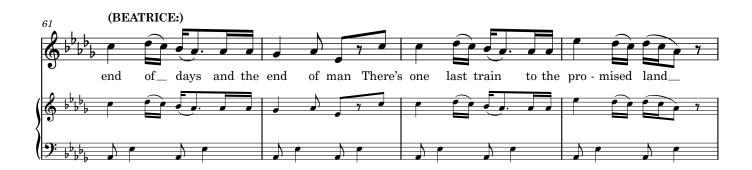




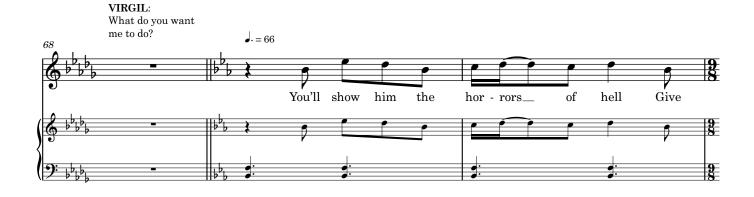




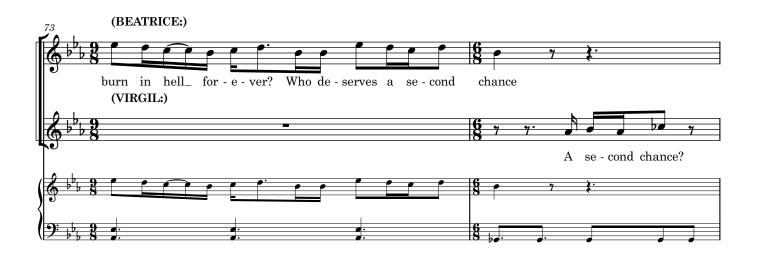


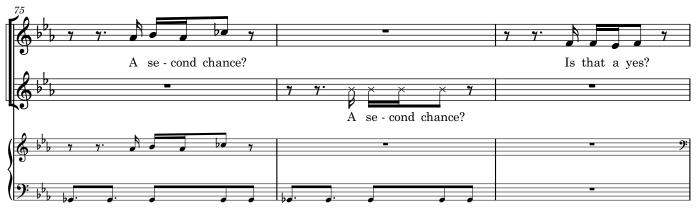












VIRGIL: Wait, what can I show him that he doesn't already know?

BEATRICE: He's lost the memory of his past life. He is reincarnated as a man named Dante.

This petal from the Empyrean Rose will guide you to him and show you the way through Inferno.

VIRGIL: This is all happening so quickly.

BEATRICE: It will have been worth the wait.

VIRGIL: Is this really happening? [GO]





3. Dark Wood

(Dante, Virgil)





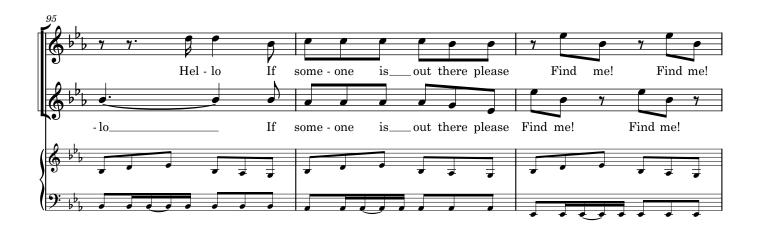


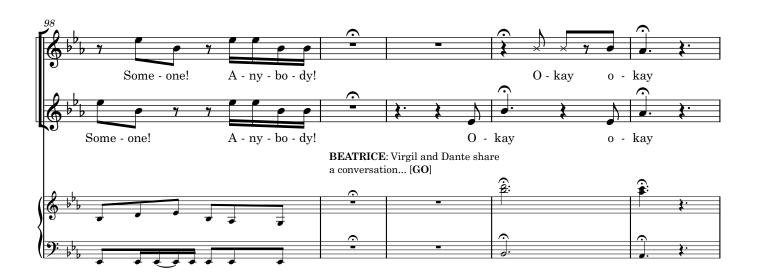














4. Bells

(Minos, Miletus)











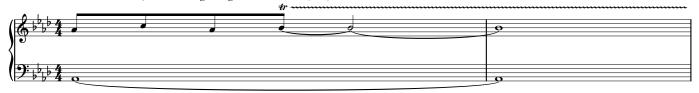




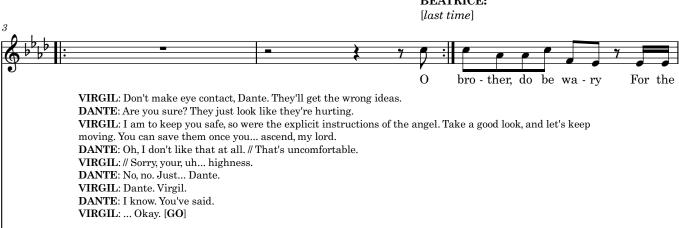
5. As Above, So Below

(Beatrice, Virgil, Dante, Ensemble, Miletus)

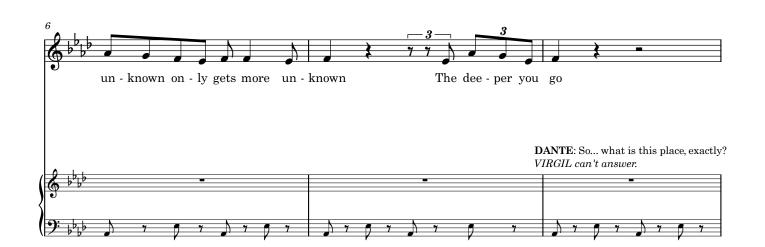
BEATRICE: Virgil and Dante delve ever deeper into the depths of Inferno. And I... I mean, God... isn't getting nervous at all. [GO]



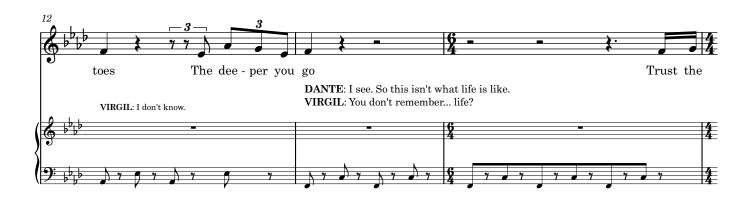
BEATRICE:









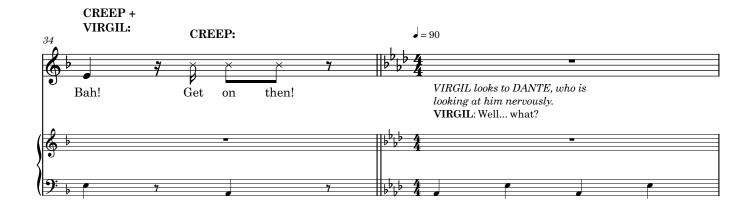




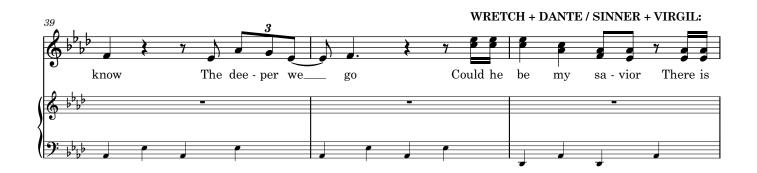








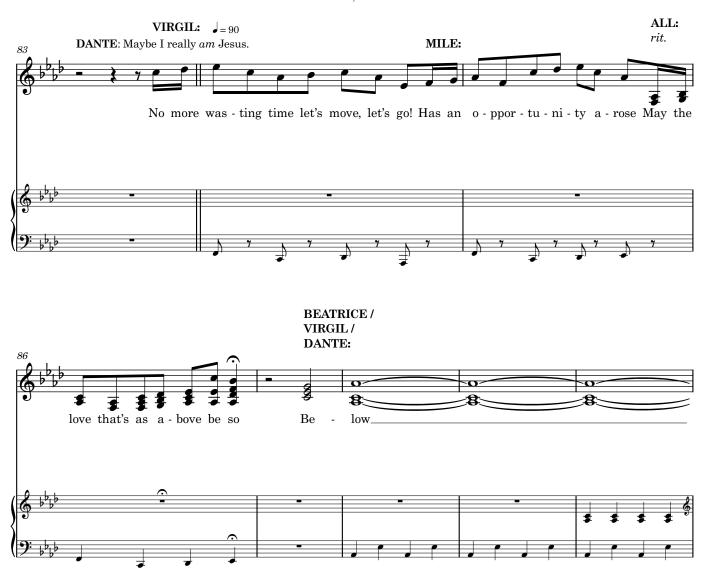














6. Something Divine

(Charon, Virgil, Dante, Ensemble)

 $\pmb{CHARON}{:}\ Ahoy, mateys!$

MILE: Charon. Boatman of the River Styx who owes me several favors.

CHARON: You two look like you could use a lift. Care to take a paddle down the Styx?

VIRGIL: I think we can make it on foot.



CHARON: Is that so? Your friend there looks like he's seen a ghost. Ahaha! Just a little dead person humor. Hop in.

DANTE: Could we?

 $\textbf{CHARON:} \ Of \ course! \ (\textit{They get in the boat.})$

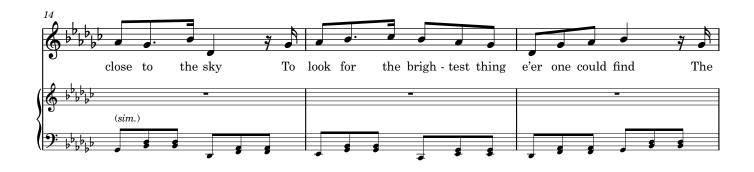
You don't look like you're from around here. I should probably let you know—not a good idea to look into the water. You don't want *them* to see you...

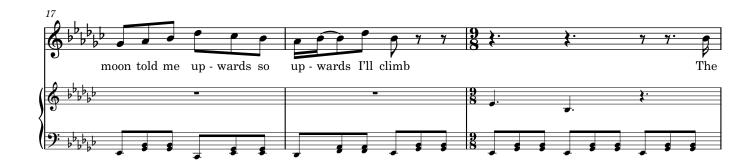
DANTE: Who's "them"-

CHARON: I like to keep my passengers distracted with a little song an old lass taught to me once. How I miss her?

DANTE: What happened to her? **CHARON**: Oh, she's one of them. [GO]









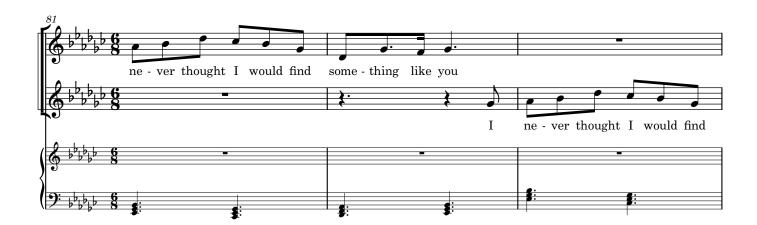


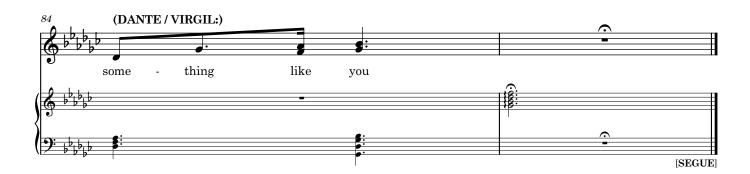








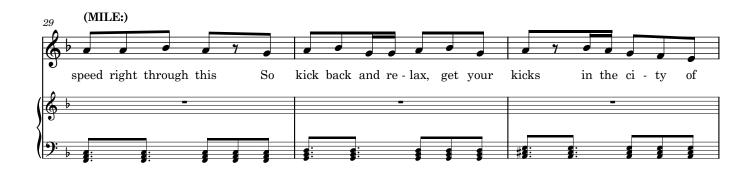




7. The City of Dis









VIRGIL: We unfortunately are on a strict deadline that must be carefully adhered to-

MILE: Oh, deadline, schmeadline. We're dead! We have nothing but time!

DANTE: Virgil, I think I should be learning more about the people who live here. I need to judge their souls, right?

MILE: You should talk to my father, the Serpent King. He will tell you about literally every soul here.

VIRGIL: We really shouldn't. The angel said—

 $\textbf{MILE} : \textbf{The angel! God, you sound like my father. Says God speaks directly to him. } (winks/nudges \ to \ Dante)$

Why don't they just tell us themselves, you know?

DANTE: Yes. He judges the souls right? He'll remember me from when I was Jesus, he can give me answers.

VIRGIL: We don't need the Serpent King. We have our heading, and we should go.

DANTE: No. I'm sorry, Virgil, but all this about an angel... I need to see things for myself. [GO]



VIRGIL: Dante, everyone here is either demon or damned. They aren't to be trusted!

DANTE: You're damned too, aren't you? What makes you any better than the rest of these people? I notice the way you look at them, like they're monsters. They're not. There's something wrong here. I'm gonna find out what it is for myself. (*He runs off.*) [GO]











VIRGIL: He's... different now. Dante is good. He'll see we've changed...

MILE: He decided that a paltry number of misdeeds on Earth earned us an eternity of torture. Forgive me if I'm not as trusting. He filled my lungs with molten rubber. My skin was ash, my brain magma, for... forever. For his own selfish needs, my father freed me. But that was his mistake, because I'm going to free everyone else at any cost. [GO]



DANTE: Virgil? Virgil?!

VIRGIL: Dante? Where is he?

MILE: He's in good hands. We'll need him in pristine condition if we want a ransom.

 $(Two\ guards\ approach\ VIRGIL\ from\ behind.)$

VIRGIL: Ransom? What are you talking about, what did you do?!

MILE: Heaven will get her favorite son when the damned are set free.

My conditions. Simple. Else he dies here with us.

VIRGIL: The Serpent King will see his goodness and send him to Heaven.

MILE: Not if he's dead!

(The guards seize VIRGIL, making him drop his petal. MILETUS picks it~up.)

Ohh, for me?

VIRGIL: Give that back!

MILE: Or what? We've got nothing to lose, Virgil. Stand by if you want, but I'm going to be the first

man in the universe to have a say in my own fate. [GO]



(The guards throw VIRGIL to the ground. The angel appears before him. She looks very shaky.)

VIRGIL: Angel.

BEATRICE: You lost him.

VIRGIL: He ran off. The prince-

BEATRICE: Why'd you lose him...

VIRGIL: He's being held for ransom.









