

# *Scenario*

on a text by S. J. Perelman

for soprano and virtual orchestra

by  
Kyle Gann  
2003-4

# Scenario

by S.J. Perelman (excerpted)

Text:

Fade in, exterior grassy knoll, long shot. Above the scene the thundering measures of Von Suppe's "Light Cavalry Overture." Austerlitz? The Plains of Abraham? Vicksburg? The Little Big Horn? Cambrai? Steady on, old son; it is Yorktown. Under a blood-red setting sun yon proud crest is Cornwallis. Blood and 'ouns, proud sirrah, does brush so lightly past an exciseman of the Crown? Lady Rotogravure's powdered shoulders shrank from the highwayman's caress; what, Jermyn, footpads on Hounslow Heath? A certain party in the D.A.'s office will hear of this, you bastard.... Leave go that lady or I'll smear yuh.... Me, whose ancestors scuttled stately India merchantmen of their comfits and silken stuffs and careened their piratical craft in the Dry Tortugas to carouse with bumboat women till the cock crew? Yuh'll buy my booze or I'll give yuh a handful of clouds. Me, whose ancestors rode with Yancey, Jeb Stuart, and Joe Johnston through the dusty bottoms of the Chickamauga? Oceans of love, but not one cent for tribute.... One side, damn your black hide, suh, or Ah'll send one mo' dirty Litvak to the boneyard. It's right up the exhibitor's alley, Mr. Biberman, and you got to hand it to them on a platter steaming hot. I know, Stanley, but let's look at this thing reasonable; we been showing the public Folly Larrabee's drawers two years and they been cooling off. Jeez Crize - it's a hisTORical drama, Mr. Biberman, it'll blow 'em out the back of the houses, it's the greatest thing in the industry, it's dynamite! Pardon me, officer, is that General Washington? Bless your little heart, mum, and who may yez be, savin' yer prisince? Honest old Brigid the applewoman of Trinity, is it?... Gentlemen, I give you Martha Custis, hetman of the Don Cossacks, her features etched with the fragile beauty of a cameo. And I walked right in on her before she had a chance to pull the god-damned kimono together.... Tired, Roy, I'm tired, I tell you. Tired of the rain, the eternal surge of the breakers on that lagoon, the glitter of the reef in that eternity out there.... Yeh, yeh, so what? We made FOUR pictures like that last year. Oh, my God, Mr. Biberman, give me a chance, it's only a flashback to plant that she's a woman with a past. Sixteen hundred a week I pay you to hand me back the plot of *Love's Counterfeiters* Selig made in 1912! She's who? She's what? What's the idea her coming here? What's she trying to do, turn a production office into a whorehouse? No, Miss Reznick, tell her to wait, I'll be through in five minutes.... Yep, he's on a tear, those foreign directors are very temperamental, did I ever tell you about the time that Lazlo Nugasi said he'd buy me a brassiere if I let him put it on? Fake it with a transparency of Khyber Pass. Now an overhead shot of the dusty tired column filing into Sidi-bel-Abbes. Shoulder by shoulder they march in the faded blue of the Legion, fun-loving Dick and serious-minded Tom. Buddies, the greatest word in the French language.... Swinging a chair into that mob of lime-juicers in the Mile End Bar in Shanghai. But came a slant-eyed Chinese adventuress, and then? Don't shoot, Butch, for Gossake! Heave 'em into the prison yard, we'll keep the screws out of the cell-block and wilderness were paradise enow. Stow the swag in Cincy, kid, and go on alone, I'm done for.... This is my hunting lodge, we'll stop here and dry your things. But of course it's all right, *cara mia*, I'm old enough to be your father. Let me go, you beast - MOTHER! What are you doing here? I ask you confidentially, Horowitz, can't we get

that dame to put on some women's clothes, a skirt or something? The fans are getting wise, all those flat-heeled shoes and men's shirts like a lumberjack. Get me Gerber in publicity, he'll dish out some crap about her happy home life.... What, sir, you dare mention Alexandra Petrovna's name in a saloon? The kid takes it big and gives Diane the gloves across the pan socko. The usual satisfaction, I presume? Drawing on his gloves as a thin sneer played across his features. Yes, a martinet and for Chrisakes remember it's not a musical instrument this time. But eet ees madness, Serge! The best swordsman in St. Mary's parish, he well run you through in a tweenkling! Oh, darling, you can't, you can't. Her hair had become undone and he plunged his face into its fragrance, unbuckling his saber and flinging it on the bed beside them.... Shoot it two ways, you can always dub it in the sound track. She shrieks or she don't shriek, what the hell difference does it make? Told me he was going to night school at the Smolny Institute, the cur. And I believed him, thought Pyotr pityingly, surveying her luscious bust with greedy eyes.... Throw him your garter, Lady Aspinwall, throw your slipper, throw your lunch, but for Gawd's sake throw something! *Parry! Thrust! Touché!* Where are they all now, the old familiar faces?... Get Anderson ready with the sleighbells and keep that snow moving. Hit 'em all! Hotter on eighty-four, Joe Devlin! Are we up to speed? Quiet, please, we're turning!... You cut to the back of the Big Fellow, then three lap dissolves of the presses - give 'em that Ufa stuff, then to the street - a newsbody, insert of the front page, the El roaring by - Kerist, it's the gutsiest thing in pictures! Call you back, chief. Never mind the Hays office, this baby is censor-proof! Call you back, chief. We'll heave the telephone through the back door and smack her in the kisser with the grapefruit, they liked it once and they'll love it twice. Call you back, chief. The gat in the mesh-bag. A symbol, get me? Now remember, staccato... A bit tight, my sweet? Marrowforth teetered back and forth on his heels, his sensitive artist's fingers caressing the first edition he loved.... Do I have to work with a lot of pimply grips giving me the bird? Papa's in the doghouse and keep up the tempo of the last scene, you looked crummy in yesterday's dailies. A warm, vivid and human story with just that touch of muff the fans demand.... Ask Hyman Gerber of Waco, he can smell a box-office picture a mile away. In the freezing mists of dawn they gathered by the fuselages of their planes and gripped hands. But Rex Jennings of the shining eyes and the high heart never came back. Jerry got him over Chalons. I tell you it's murder to send a mere boy up there in a crate like that! The god-damned production office on my neck all day. It's midsummer madness, Fiametta! You mustn't! I must! I want you! You want me? But I - I'm just a poor little slavey, and you - why all life's ahead of you! Fame, the love of a good woman, children! And your music, Raoul! Excuse me, miss, are you Fiametta Desplains? I am Yankel Patchouli, a solicitor. Here is my card and a report of my recent urinalysis. Raoul! Raoul! Come quick! A million dollars! Now you can go to Paris and study your counterpoint! Damn my music, Fiametta, my happiness was in my own back yard all the time and I was, how you say it, one blind fool.... But why are you looking at me in that strange way, Tony? ... Tony! I'm afraid of you! Oh... You utter contemptible despicable CAD.... You didn't know she was the morganatic wife of Prince Rupprecht, *did* you? That her affairs with men were the talk of Vienna, *did* you? That - Vanya, is this true?... Oh, mumsey, I want to die. That hooker's gotta lay off that booze, Mr. Metz, once more she comes on the set stinking and I take the next boat back to Buda-Pesth. But in a great tangled garden sits a forlorn tragic-eyed figure; the face a mask of carved ivory, the woman nobody knows - Tilly

Bergstrom. What lies behind her shattered romance with Grant Snavely, idol of American flaps? Turn 'em over, you punks, I'll stay on this set till I get it right. Cheese it, de nippers! The jig is up, long live the jig - ring out the old, ring in the new. For love belongs to everyone, the best things in life are free.

First performance: Martha Herr, October 5, 2012, Bard College

Duration: 17 minutes, 12 seconds

# Scenario

for theatrical soprano and virtual orchestra

S. J. Perelman

Kyle Gann  
2003-4

♩ = 100

The musical score is arranged in a vertical stack of staves. The top staff is for the Voice, with lyrics: "Fade in, ex - te - ri - or gras-sy knoll, long shot." The tempo is marked as ♩ = 100. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score includes parts for Flute, Trombone, Harp (with two staves), Synthesizer (with two staves), Timpani, and Electric Bass. The Flute, Trombone, and Electric Bass parts feature sustained notes with long horizontal lines above or below the notes, indicating a continuous sound. The Harp part has a few initial notes followed by rests. The Timpani part has a few initial notes followed by rests.

7  $\text{♩} = 104$

Voice

A-bove the scene the thun-der-ing mea-sures of Von Sup-pe's

Fl.

C Tpt.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Synth.

E. Bass

The musical score is written for a scene. It includes a vocal line with lyrics and several instrumental parts. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 104. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score is divided into four measures. The vocal line starts with a rest in the first measure, followed by the lyrics. The instrumental parts include a Flute (Fl.) with a melodic line in the first measure, two Trumpets (C Tpt.) with melodic lines and triplets in the second and fourth measures, a Trombone (Tbn.) with a sustained bass line, a Synth. part with chords in the first measure, and an E. Bass part with a simple bass line.

♩ = 200

*11*

Voice: "Light Ca-val-ry" O-ver-ture.

Fl.

C Tpt.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Timp.

Dr.



*15*

Voice: Aus - ter-litz? The plains of A - bra-ham? Vicks -

Fl.

Tbn.

Vln.

*Scenario*

19

Voice

burg? The Lit - tle Big - horn? Cam - brai?

Fl.

C Tpt.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Synth.

Vln.

E. Bass

Detailed description of the musical score: The score is for measures 19 through 24. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The Voice part has lyrics: 'burg? The Lit - tle Big - horn? Cam - brai?'. The Flute part has a melodic line with some grace notes. The two Cornet parts are mostly rests. The Trombone part has a bass line with some grace notes. The Synthesizer part has chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The Violin part has a melodic line with some grace notes. The Electric Bass part has a bass line with some grace notes.



24 ♩ = 78

Voice

Stea-dy on, old son; it is York - town. Un-der a

Fl.

C Tpt.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

Scenario

28 ♩ = 96  
3

Voice  
blood-red set-ting sun yon proud crest is Corn-wal-lis. Blood and'ouns, proud sir-rah, dost

Fl.

C Tpt.

Hp.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla. pizz.

Vc. pizz.

*Scenario*

31

Voice

brush so light-ly past an ex-cise-man of the crown?

Fl.

C Tpt.

Hp.

Vln. pizz. arco

Vla. arco

Vc. arco

E. Bass

34

Voice

La - dy Ro-to-gra-vure's pow-dered shoul - ders shrank

Fl.

Hp.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

E. Bass

♩ = 100

37

Voice

— from the high-way-man'sca - res; what, Jer-myn, foot pads on Houn-slow Heath?

Fl.

Hp.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc. pizz. arco



♩ = 84

41

Voice

A cer-tain par-ty in the D. A.'s of-fice will hear of this, you bas-tard.

Tbn.

Hp.

Dr.

Vc.

Scenario

♩ = 84

♩ = 132

44

Voice: Leave go that la-dy\_ or I'll smear yuh. Me,

C Tpt.

A. Gtr.

Dr.

Vla.

Vc.

E. Bass

*pp*



48

Voice: whose an-ces-tors scut-tled state-ly In-di-a mer-chant-men of their

Fl.

Dr.

Vla.

Vc.

52

Voice

com-fits and sil-ken stuffs and ca-reened their pi-ra-ti-cal craft in the

Fl.

Dr.

Vla.

Vc.



57

Voice

Dry Tor - tu-gas to ca-rouse with bum-boat wo-men till the cock crew?

Fl.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

Slowly

♩ = 60

62

Voice

Yuh'll buy my booze or I'll give yuh a hand-ful of clouds.

C Tpt.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Hp.

Dr.

28:15



♩ = 112

64

Voice

Me, whose an - ces-tors rode with Yan - ce y,

C Tpt.

A. Gtr.

Dr.

Vc.

pizz.

arco

3



66

Voice: Jeb Stu-art and Joe John-ston through the dus-ty bot-toms of the Chic-ka - mau- ga?

C Tpt.

A. Gtr.

Dr.

Vc. *pizz.*



♩ = 96

69

Voice: O-ceans of love but not one cent for

C Tpt.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Hp. *22:16*

Vln.

72  $\text{♩} = 64$

Voice: tri- bute. One side, damn your blackhide, suh, or Ah'll send one mo'dir-ty Lit-vak to the

Fl.  $3:2$   $3:2$

C Tpt.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Hp.

Vln.  $4/4$

Vla.  $4/4$  pizz.

Vc.  $4/4$



76  $\text{♩} = 100$

Voice: bone- yard. It's

Fl.  $3$   $3$   $3$   $3$   $3$

A. Gtr.

Dr.

78

Voice

right up the ex - hi - bi - tor's al - ley, Mis - ter Bi - ber - man, and you got to

Fl.

A. Gtr.

Dr.



80

Voice

hand it to them on a plat - ter steam - ing hot. I

Fl.

A. Gtr.

Dr.

Vln.

Vc.

arco

♩ = 68

83

Voice: know, Stan-ley, but let's look at this thing rea-so-na-ble; we been show-ing the pub-lic

C Tpt.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.



85

♩ = 60      ♩ = 68

Voice: Fol-ly Lar-ra-bee's dra-wers two years and they been cool-ing off.

Fl.

Hp.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

88  $\text{♩} = 100$

Voice: Jeez Crize - it's <sup>3</sup>a his - TOR - i - cal dra - ma, Mis - ter

Fl. (Flute): *3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3*

A. Gtr. (Acoustic Guitar): *7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7*

Dr. (Drums): *7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7*



90 *5:3*

Voice: Bi - ber-man, it' - ll blow 'em out of the back of the

Fl. (Flute): *3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3*

A. Gtr. (Acoustic Guitar): *7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7*

Dr. (Drums): *7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7*



92

Voice: hou - ses, it's the grea-testthing in the in - dus-try, it's dy - na-mite!

Fl. (Flute): *3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3*

A. Gtr. (Acoustic Guitar): *7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7*

Dr. (Drums): *7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7*

94  $\text{♩} = 88$  27

Fl. *pp*

C Tpt.

Timp.

Dr. *ff*



97

Voice

Par-don me, of-fi cer, is that Gen' ral Wa-shing- ton?

C Tpt.

Timp.

Dr.



100

Voice

Bless your lit - tle heart, mum, and who may yez be, sa - vin' yer

Tbn.

Dr.

Vla. *pizz.*

Vc.

102

3 3 3 3

Voice  
pri- since? Ho- nest old Bri- gid the ap- ple wo- man of Tri- in- ty, is it?

Fl.  
*mp*

Glock.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.



105

3

Voice  
Gen- tle- men, I give you Mar- tha Cus- tis, het- man of the Don Cos- saks, her fea- tures etched

Glock.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.  
*arco*

109

Voice

— with the fra - gile beau - ty of a ca - me - o. And I walked right

Glock.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

112

Voice

in on her be-fore she had a chance to pull the god-damned ki - mo-moto-ge-ther.

A. Gtr.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

pizz.

115

Voice

Tired, Roy, I'm tired, I tell you.

Harm.

A. Gtr.

Scenario



117

Voice: Tired of the rain, the e-ter-nal surge of break-ers on that la - goon, the

Harm.

A. Gtr.



119

Voice: glit-ter of the reef on that e - ter-ni-ty out there... Yeah, yeah, so what?

Harm.

Tbn.

A. Gtr.

Timp.

Dr.

♩ = 136

122 ♩ = 100

Voice: WemadeFOUR pic-tures like that last year. Oh my God, Mis - ter

Fl. (Flute): [Musical notation with triplets]

Tbn. (Tuba): [Musical notation]

A. Gtr. (Acoustic Guitar): [Musical notation]

Timp. (Timpani): [Musical notation]

Dr. (Drums): [Musical notation]



125

Voice: Bi - ber-man, give me a chance, it's on-ly a flash - back to

Fl. (Flute): [Musical notation with triplets]

A. Gtr. (Acoustic Guitar): [Musical notation]

Dr. (Drums): [Musical notation]

♩ = 120

127

Voice

plant that she's a wo-man with a past Six-teenhun-dreda week I pay you

Fl.

Flute staff with triplets and a slur

Tbn.

Tuba staff with notes and rests

A. Gtr.

Acoustic guitar staff with notes and rests

Timp.

Timpani staff with notes and rests

Dr.

Drum staff with notes and rests

*Scenario*

130

Voice

to hand me back the plot of Love's Coun-ter - fei - ters Se - lig made in

Fl.

Hp.

Glock.

Timp.

Dr.

Vln.

Vc.

E. Bass

134

Voice  
nine - teen twelve. She's who? She's what? What's the i - dea her com-ing here? What's she

Fl.

Hp.

Timp.

Dr.

Vln. pizz.

Vla.

E. Bass

Scenario

137

Voice

try-<sup>3</sup>ingto do, — turna pro - <sup>3</sup>duc-tion of-fice in-to a whore- house?

Fl.

Hp.

Glock.

Xyl.

Timp.

Dr.

Vln.

Vc.

pizz.

arco



140

Voice

No, Miss Rez-nick, <sup>3</sup>tell her to wait, I'll be through in five mi- nutes.

Fl.

Xyl.

Timp.

Vln.

143  $\text{♩} = 112$

Voice: Yep, he's on a tear, those fo-reign di-rec-tors are ve-ry temp' ra-men-tal, did I e-ver

Fl.

Xyl.

Vln.

Vla. arco

Vc.



147

Voice: tell you a bout the time that Laz-lo Nu-ga-si said he'd buy me a bras-

Fl.

Xyl.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

150

Voice

siere if I let

Fl.

Hp.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

arco

arco

arco

*ff*



♩ = 92

151

151

♩ = 92

Voice: siere if I let him put it on?

Fl.

Ob. d'A.

Hp.

Glock.

Mar.

Dr.

Vln. arco

Vla. arco

Vc. arco

154

Voice

Fake it with a trans-pa-ren-cy of Khy-ber Pass. Now an o-ver-head shot of the dus-ty tired

Ob. d'A.

Mar.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

158

Voice

co-lumn fi-ling in-to Si-di-bel-Ab-bes. Shoul-der by shoul-der they march

Ob. d'A.

Mar.

Dr.

*pp*

162

Voice

in the fa-ded blue of the Le-gion, fun-lov-ing Dick and se-ri-ous-

Ob. d'A.

Mar.

Dr.

165

Voice

min-ded Tom. Bud - dies the grea - test word

Fl.

Ob. d'A.

C Tpt. *mf*

Mar.

Timp.

Dr. *mf*

Scenario

168

Voice

in the French Lan-guage, swing - ing a chair in - to that

Fl.

Ob. d'A.

C Tpt.

Xyl.

Mar.

Timp.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

*Scenario*

171

Voice  
mob of lime jui - cers in the Mile End Bar \_\_\_\_\_ in Shang -

Fl.

Ob. d'A.

Xyl.

Mar.

Timp.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

174

Voice

hai. Butcamea slant - eyed Chi - nesead - ven-tu-ress, and then? Don't

Fl.

Ob. d'A.

Xyl.

Mar.

Timp.

Dr.



178

Voice

shoot, Butch, for gos- sake! Heave'em in-to the pri-son yard, we'll keep the screws out of the

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Timp.

Dr.

181  $\text{♩} = 88$

Voice  
cell - block and wil - der - ness

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Hp.

Glock.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

183

Voice

— were pa - ra - dise e - - - now.

Harm.

Hp.

Glock.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.



185

♩ = 100

♩ = 76

Voice

Stow the swag in Cin-cy, kid, and go on a-lone. I'm done for.

Harm.

A. Gtr.

Timp.

Dr.

Vc.



188

Voice: This is my hunt-ing lodge, we'll stop here and dry your things.

C Tpt.

Mar.

Dr.

Vc.



190

Voice: But of course it's all right, Ca - ra mi-a, I'm old e-nough to be your

Fl.

C Tpt.

Mar.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

193

Voice: fa-ther. Let me go, you beast MO-THER!

Fl.

Harm.

C Tpt.

Mar.

Timp.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.



195

♩ = 132

Voice: What are you do-ing here?\_ I ask you con-fi - den-tial-ly, Ho-ro-witz,

Glock.

Xyl.

Timp.

Vc.

198

Voice: can't we get that dame to put on some wo-men's clothes, a skirt or some- thing?

Glock.

Xyl.

Timp.

201

Voice: The fans are get-ting wise, all those flat - heeled shoes and men's shirts like a lum-ber

Xyl.

Timp.

205

♩ = 88

Voice: jack. Get me Ger-ber in pub - li-ci-ty, he'll

Fl.

Harm.

Glock.

Xyl.

Timp.

Vc. pizz.

209

Voice

dish out some crap \_\_\_\_\_ a-bout her hap - py home life..

Fl.

Harm.

Glock.

Xyl.

Vc.

213 ♩ = 112

Voice: - - - - -

Fl.: *What, sir?* - - - - - *you*

Harm.: - - - - -

Glock.: - - - - -

Xyl.: - - - - -

Timp.: - - - - -

Dr.: - - - - - *p < ff*

Vln.: - - - - - *arco*

Vla.: - - - - -

Vc.: - - - - -



218 ♩ = 152

Voice: *dare men-tion A - le - xan-dra Pet - rov-na's name in a sal-loon? The*

C Tpt.: - - - - -

Tbn.: *pizz.*

Vc.: *pizz.*

Cb.: *pizz.*

222 ♩ = 112

Voice

kid takes it big and gives — Di-ane the gloves ac-ross the pan soc-ko... The u - su-al sa - tis -

Fl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

A. Gtr.

Dr.



227 ♩ = 132

Voice

fac-tion, I pre - sume? Draw-ing on his gloves as a thin sneer played ac-ross his

Fl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Dr.

Vln.

Vc.

232  $\text{♩} = 80$

Voice: fea-tures... Yes, amar-tin-net and for Chri-sakes re-mem-berit'snot a mu-si-cal

Cl. *p*

Xyl.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla. pizz.

Vc.

235  $\text{♩} = 72$

3

Voice  
in-stru-ment this time. — But eet ees mad-ness, Ser - ge! The best

Cl.

C Tpt.

Xyl.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla. arco

Vc. arco



237  $\text{♩} = 48$

3

Voice  
swords - man in St. Ma-ry's pa-rish, he weel run you through in a tween-ling! Oh,

C Tpt.

Glock.

Vla.

Vc.



239

Voice: dar-ling, you can't, you can't. Her hair had be-come un-done and he plunged his

Fl.

Cl. *p*

Hp.

Dr.

Vln. *arco*

Vc.



241

Voice: face in-to its frag - rance, un - buck - ling his sa - ber and fling - ing it on the bed be - side them

Fl.

Cl.

Hp.

Dr.

Vln.

Vc.

243  $\text{♩} = 136$

Voice: mmm... Shoot it two ways, you can al-ways dub it in in the

Fl.

Cl.

Tbn.

Hp.

Mar.

Timp.

Dr.

Vln.

Vc.

*Scenario*

246

Voice

sound - track. She shrieks or she

Harm.

Tbn.

Glock.

Mar.

Timp.

Dr.

248  $\text{♩} = 48$

Voice  
don't shriek, what the hell diff' rence does it make? Told me he was go-ing to night school at the

Fl.  
3

Tbn.

Glock.

Cel.  
7

Timp.

Vln.



251

Voice  
Smol - ny In-sti - tute, the cur. And I be-lieved him, thought

Tbn.

Cel.  
7 7 7:4

253 rit. - - - - -

Voice: Pyo - tr, sur - vey - ing her lus - cious bust with gree - dy eyes.

Tbn. [Musical notation]

Glock. [Musical notation]

Cel. [Musical notation]



255 ♩ = 100

Voice: Throw him your gar - ter, La - dy As - pin - wall, — throw your slip - per, throw your

Dr. *f* pizz. [Musical notation]

Vln. pizz. [Musical notation]

Vc. [Musical notation]

257

Voice  
lunch, but for God's sake, — throw some- thing! Par- ry! Thrust! — Tou

Fl.

C Tpt.

Hp.

Glock.

Xyl.

Mar.

Timp.

Dr.

Vln.

Vc.

259  $\text{♩} = 92$   $\text{♩} = 92$

Voice: ché! Where are they all now

Fl.

Glock.

Xyl.

Mar.

Timp.

Dr.

Vln. arco *p*

Vc.

262

Voice

the old fa-mi liar fa - ces?\_

Fl.

Glock.

Mar.

Dr.

Vln.

Vc.

27:23

27:23

*p*

265  $\text{♩} = 108$

Voice

Get An-der-son rea-dy with the sleigh-bells and keep that snow

Glock.

Mar.

Cel.

Dr.

Vc.

23:27

23:27

*mf*

*mf*

3



268

Voice *mov-ing. Hit'em all! Hot-teroneigh-ty - four, JoeDev lin!\_*

Glock.

Mar.

Dr.



271

Voice *Areweup to speed? Qui-et, please, we'return- ing! You*

Glock.

Mar.

Dr.

Vla. *p*

Cb.

Scenario

274

Voice

cut to the back of the Big Fel-low, then three lap dis - solves of the

Fl.

Glock.

Mar.

Dr.

Vla.

274

Cb.

276

Voice

pres-ses give'em that U fa stuff, then to the street - a news-bo-dy in - sert

Fl.

Glock.

Mar.

Dr.

Vla.

276

Cb.

The musical score for measures 276-278 is arranged in a vertical stack. The Voice part is at the top, with lyrics: "pres-ses give'em that U fa stuff, then to the street - a news-bo-dy in - sert". The Flute part features a melodic line with a slur over measures 276-277 and a fermata over measure 278. The Glockenspiel part consists of chords and single notes. The Maracas part has a steady eighth-note pattern. The Drums part features a complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed notes. The Viola part has a melodic line with a slur over measures 276-277 and a fermata over measure 278. The Cello part has a simple melodic line. The number 276 is written at the beginning of the first staff and at the start of the Cello staff.

279

Voice

— of the front page the El roar-ing by — Ke - -

Fl.

Glock.

Mar.

Dr.

Vla.

279

Cb.

282

Voice

rist! it's the gut - si - est thing in pic - tures!

Fl.

Glock.

Xyl.

Mar.

Dr.

Vla.

282

Cb.

Scenario

284

Voice

Call you back, chief. Ne-vermind the Hays of- fice,

Fl.

Tbn.

A. Gtr.

Glock.

Mar.

Timp.

Dr.

284

Cb.

The musical score is arranged in a standard orchestral layout. The voice part is at the top, with lyrics: "Call you back, chief. Ne-vermind the Hays of- fice,". The flute part features a melodic line with six triplet markings. The trombone, acoustic guitar, glockenspiel, maracas, timpani, and drums parts provide rhythmic accompaniment. The cello part is at the bottom, starting at measure 284. The score is divided into two systems, with the first system ending at measure 283 and the second system starting at measure 284.

286

Voice: this ba-by is cen-sor - proof! Call you back, chief. We'll

Fl. *3 3 3 3 3 3 3*

Tbn.

A. Gtr.

Glock.

Xyl.

Mar.

Timp.

Dr.

Cb. *286 pizz.*

289

Voice

heavethe te-le-phonethrough the back door and smack her inthe kis-ser - withthe

Fl.

Xyl.

Mar.

Dr.

Cb.

292

Voice

grape - fruit, theyliked it once andthey'llloveit twice. Call you back, chief.

Fl.

A. Gtr.

Glock.

Xyl.

Mar.

Dr.

Cb.



295

Voice

The gat in the mesh - bag. A sym-bol, get me?

Fl.

*p*

Glock.

Mar.

Dr.

295

Cb.

Scenario

298 ♩ = 84

Voice

Nowre-mem-ber, stac - ca-to. A bit tight, my sweet?

Fl.

Glock.

Mar.

T.-t.

Dr.

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

hard stick

*p*

arco

*p*

6:7

302

Voice

Mar-row-forth tee-tered back and forth on his heels, his sen-si-tive ar - tist's fin-gers ca -

Fl.

*p*

Glock.

T.-t.

Dr.

Vla.

Vc.

*Scenario*

♩ = 120

306

Voice

res-sing the first e - di-tion he loved. Do I have to work with a lot of

Fl.

Tbn.

Glock.

Timp.

T.-t.

Dr.

Vla.

Vc.

*Scenario*

309

Voice

pimp-lygrips      giv-ing me the bird?\_\_\_\_      Pa-pa'sinthe dog-house      and keep up the

Fl.

Tbn.

Glock.

Xyl.

Timp.

Dr.

Vln.

312

Voice

tem-po of the last scene, you looked crum-my in yes - ter-day's dai - lies.

Fl.

Xyl.

Timp.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

35

pizz.



314 ♩ = 72

Voice

A warm, vi-vid and hu-man sto-ry with just that touch of muff the fans de-mand.

Cl.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

arco

arco

318 ♩ = 120

Voice: Ask Hy-manGer-ber ofWa-co, hecan smell a box of-fice pic - ture a mile a-way.

Tbn.

Mar.

Timp.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

321 ♩ = 92

321 ♩ = 92

Voice

C Tpt.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

*mf*

In the



324

324

Voice

C Tpt.

Dr.

Vc.

3

freez - ingmists of dawn they ga-thered by the fu-se-la-ges of their

Scenario



327 **rall.**  $\text{♩} = 112$

Voice: planes and gripped hands. But Rex Jen-nings of the

Cl.

C Tpt.

Hp.

Timp.

Dr. **rall.**

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

330

Voice

shi-ningeyes and the high heart ne-ver came back.

Fl.

Cl.

C Tpt.

Hp.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

333

Voice

Jer - ry go him o-ver Cha-lons. I tell you it's mur-der to send a mere boy — up there in a

Fl.

*pp*

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

337  $\text{♩} = 172$

Voice

crate like that. The god-damned pro-duc-tion of- fice on my neck all\_ day.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

A. Gtr.

Glock.

Mar.

Timp.

Dr.

Vla.

Vc.

*Scenario*

340 ♩ = 136 ♩ = 124

Voice: It's mid-sum-mer mad-ness, Fi-a - met-ta!\_ You mus-n't!\_ I must! I

Tbn.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.



344 *rall.* ♩ = 100

Voice: want you! You want me?\_ But I, I'm just a poor lit-tle sla-vey, and

Fl.

Hn.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

349 ♩ = 76

Voice

you, — why all life's a-head of you! Fame, the love of a good wo-man,

Fl.

Hn.

Xyl.

Mar.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

349

353 ♩ = 100

Voice: — chil - dren! And your mu - sic, Ra - oul! Ex-cuse me, miss,

Fl.

Cl.

Hn.

Tbn.

Glock.

Xyl.

Mar.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc. pizz.

Cb.

353

357

Voice

are you Fi-a-met-ta Des-plains?\_ I am Yan-kel Pat-chou-li,

Cl.

Mar.

Dr.

Vc.



360

Voice

a so-li-ci-tor. Here is my card and a re-port of my

Cl.

Mar.

Dr.

Vc.



363

Voice re-cent u-ri na-ly-sis. Ra - ou! Ra-ou! Come quick! A

Cl.

Mar.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc. arco



367

Voice mil - lion dol-lars! Now you can go to Pa ris and stu-dy your coun - ter-point!

Fl.

Cl.

Mar.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

371  $\text{♩} = 124$

Voice

Fl.

Cl.

Mar.

Timp.

Vln.

Vc.

*mf*

*p*

*f*

3

Damn my mu-sic, Fi-a - met-ta, my hap - pi-ness was in my

375 rit. . . .

Voice

Fl.

Glock.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

rit. . . .

ownback yard all the time and I was how you say it, one blind fool.

380 ♩ = 132

Voice: But why are you look-ing at me in thatstrange way, To - ny?\_ To- ny!

Cl. *pizz. pp*

Vln.

Vla. *3*

Vc.



384

Voice: I'm a-fraid of you! Oh! You ut - ter con - temp-ti - ble de -

Cl.

Hp.

Glock.

Dr. *3*

Vln.

Vc.

♩ = 132

387

387

♩ = 132

Voice

spi-cab-le CAD. You did-n't

Fl.

Cl.

Hp.

Glock.

Xyl.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

*mp*

*f*

*f*

Scenario

389

Voice  
know she was the mor - ga - na - tic

Fl.

Xyl.

Vla.

Vc.



390

Voice  
wife of Prince Rup-precht, did you?

Fl.

Xyl.

Vla.

Vc.

392

Voice

Thather af - fairs with men were the talk of Vi -

Fl.

Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Hp.

Xyl.

Timp.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla. pizz. arco

Vc. pizz. arco

5 7 6 5

394 ♩ = 72

Voice  
en- na, did you? That Van- ya, isthis true? Oh,

Fl.  
*p*

Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Hp.

Xyl.  
5

Timp.

Vln.  
pizz.

Vla.  
arco

Vc.  
pizz.

397  $\text{♩} = 100$

Voice

mum-sey I want to die.— That hoo-ker's got-ta lay off the booze Mis-ter Metz,

Fl.

Hp.

Xyl.

Mar.

Timp.

Dr.



399

Voice: *once more she comes on the set stink - ing and I take the next boat back to Bu - da - Pesth.*

Fl.

Hp.

Glock.

Mar.

Dr.

Vla. *pizz.*



402  $\text{♩} = 92$

Voice: *But in a great tang - led gar - den sits a for - lorn tra - gic - eyed fi - gure, the*

Fl.

Cl. *arco*

Vln. *arco*

Vla.

Vc. *arco*

Cb. *arco*

407

Voice

face a mask of carved iv'-ry, the wo-man no-bo-dy

Fl.

Hp.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

407

Detailed description of the musical score: The score is for measures 407-410. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature changes from 5/4 to 4/4 at the start of measure 408. The voice part has lyrics: 'face a mask of carved iv'-ry, the wo-man no-bo-dy'. The flute part has a melodic line in the first two measures. The harp part has a complex accompaniment with triplets in the final measure. The violin, viola, and cello parts have similar melodic lines. The contrabass part has a bass line with a triplet in the final measure.

410  $\text{♩} = 72$   $\text{♩} = 92$

Voice

knows Til-ly Berg-strom. What lies be-hind her

Hp.

Glock.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

410

414

Voice

shat - tered ro - mance with Grant Snave - ly, i - dol

Fl.

Hp.

Mar.

Dr.

*mp*

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

416 ♩ = 112

Voice: of A - me - ri - can flaps? Turn'em o-ver, you punks, I'll

Fl.

A. Gtr.

Hp.

Mar.

Timp.

Dr.

Vln. *pizz.*

Vla.

Vc.

419

Voice  
 stay on this set till I get it right. Cheese it, de nip-pers! The

C Tpt.

Hp.

Xyl.

Mar.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla. pizz.

Vc. pizz.

Ritard.....

421

Score for Voice, Flute, Glockenspiel, Xylophone, Maracas, Timpani, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello.

**Voice:** jig is up,— longlive thejig ringout the old, ring in the new. For

**Fl.:** [Musical notation]

**Glock.:** [Musical notation]

**Xyl.:** [Musical notation]

**Mar.:** [Musical notation]

**Timp.:** [Musical notation]

**Vln.:** [Musical notation] *arco*

**Vla.:** [Musical notation]

**Vc.:** [Musical notation] *arco*

423  $\text{♩} = 60$

Voice  
love be-long to ev-ry-one, the best things in life are free.

Fl.

Hn.

Glock.

Xyl.

Mar.

Timp.

Vln.

Vla. arco

Vc. arco

Cb. 423 arco

The musical score is for a scene titled "Scenario". It features a vocal line with the lyrics "love be-long to ev-ry-one, the best things in life are free." The tempo is marked as 423 with a quarter note equal to 60 beats. The instrumentation includes Voice, Flute (Fl.), Horn (Hn.), Glockenspiel (Glock.), Xylophone (Xyl.), Maracas (Mar.), Timpani (Timp.), Violin (Vln.), Viola (Vla.), Violoncello (Vc.), and Contrabass (Cb.). The score is written in a key signature of one flat (B-flat major or D minor) and a 3/4 time signature. The voice part has a melodic line with some phrasing slurs. The instrumental parts include various textures: the Flute has a melodic line with some grace notes; the Horns play sustained chords; the Glockenspiel has a few notes at the end; the Xylophone and Maracas have rhythmic patterns; the Timpani has a few notes; the Violin and Viola play a melodic line similar to the voice; the Violoncello and Contrabass play a bass line. There are some articulation marks like "arco" and "3" (triplets) in the lower strings.

*Scenario*



427 (bow graciously)

Voice

Fl.

Hp.

Glock.

Mar.

Timp.

T.-t.

Vln.

Vla.

July 2003 - July 22, 2004  
 Lewisburg, PA  
 Red Hook, NY

Scenario