

# *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 outa 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 Counterfeitors* 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

$\text{♩} = 100$

The musical score consists of seven staves, each representing a different instrument or voice part. The instruments listed from top to bottom are: Voice, Flute, Trombone, Harp, Synthesizer, Timpani, and Electric Bass. The score begins with a vocal line that includes lyrics: "Fade in, ex - te - ri - or gras-sy knoll, long shot.". The Flute and Trombone provide harmonic support with sustained notes. The Harp and Synthesizer contribute rhythmic patterns. The Timpani and Electric Bass provide a steady bass foundation. The score is set against a background of a 6/8 time signature and includes various dynamic markings such as  $\text{p}$  (piano),  $\text{f}$  (forte), and  $\text{ff}$  (double forte). The overall style is a blend of live instrumentation and electronic synthesis.

Voice: Fade in, ex - te - ri - or gras-sy knoll, long shot.

Flute:

Trombone:

Harp:

Synthesizer:

Timpani:

Electric Bass:

*J = 104*

Voice      7      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 consists of six staves. The top staff is for the Voice, starting with a melodic line. The second staff is for the Flute, which enters with sustained notes. The third and fourth staves are for two C Trumpets, both playing eighth-note patterns. The fifth staff is for the Bassoon, which provides harmonic support with sustained notes. The sixth staff is for the Synthesizer, featuring two staves with different timbres. The bottom staff is for the Double Bass. The vocal line continues with lyrics 'the scene' and 'the thundering measures of Von Suppe's'. The score is in common time, with a tempo of 104 BPM.

*Scenario*



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

The musical score consists of six staves, each with a different instrument. The first staff is for the Voice, which sings lyrics: "burg?", "The Lit - tle", "Big - horn?", and "Cam - brai?". The second staff is for the Flute, featuring a complex rhythmic pattern with sixteenth-note figures. The third and fourth staves are for Trombones (C Tpt.), both of which are silent throughout the measure. The fifth staff is for the Synth, which has two parts: a treble clef part and a bass clef part. The sixth staff is for the Violin (Vln.) and Double Bass (E. Bass), both of which play eighth-note patterns. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines, and the time signature changes from 4/4 to 2/4 at the end of the measure.

*Scenario*

24  $\text{♩} = 78$

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

Fl.

C Tpt.

Dr.  $p \rightarrow f$

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

*Scenario*

Detailed description: The musical score is for a chamber ensemble. The vocal part (Voice) sings the lyrics 'Stea-dy on, old son; it is York - town. Un-der a'. The flute (Fl.) has a sustained note. The trumpet (C Tpt.) plays a rhythmic pattern. The drum (Dr.) starts at piano ( $p$ ) and crescendos to forte ( $f$ ). The violin (Vln.) and viola (Vla.) play sustained notes with grace notes. The cello/bass (Vc.) also plays sustained notes with grace notes. The tempo is indicated as  $\text{♩} = 78$ . Measure numbers 24 and 3 are shown above the staff. The dynamic  $p \rightarrow f$  is placed under the drum's first two notes. The section title 'Scenario' is centered at the bottom of the page.

28

Voice       $\text{J} = \frac{96}{3}$

blood-red set-ting sun    yon proud crest    isCorn-wal-lis.    Blood and'ounns, proud sir-rah,    dost

Fl.

C Tpt.

Hp.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

*Scenario*

$\text{♩} = 84$ 

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

*Scenario*

34

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

Fl.

Hp.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

E. Bass

*Scenario*

37

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

Voice

Fl.

Hp.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc. pizz. arco



41

$\text{J} = 84$

Voice

Tbn.

Hp.

Dr.

Vc.

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

*Scenario*

$\text{♩} = 84$  $\text{♩} = 132$ 

44

Voice      Leavego that la - dy\_ or I'llsmear yuh. Me,

C Tpt.

A. Gtr.

Dr.

Vla.

Vc.

E. Bass



48

Voice      — whosean-ces-tors scut-tled state - ly In-di - a mer-chant-men of their

Fl.

Dr.

Vla.

Vc.

*Scenario*

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.

*Scenario*

Slowly

 $\text{♩} = 60$ 

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



$\text{♩} = 112$

64

Voice      Me, whose an - ces-tors rode with Yan - cey,

C Tpt.

A. Gtr.

Dr.

Vc.      pizz.      arco      3

*Scenario*

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.



$\text{♩} = 96$

69

Voice     O-ceans of love but not one cent for

C Tpt.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Hp. 22:16

Vln.

*Scenario*

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.  $\frac{3}{8}$  -  $\frac{4}{4}$   $\frac{3}{2}$   $\frac{5}{4}$

C Tpt.  $\frac{3}{8}$  -  $\frac{4}{4}$

C Tpt.  $\frac{3}{8}$  -  $\frac{4}{4}$

Tbn.  $\frac{3}{8}$  -  $\frac{4}{4}$

Hp.  $\frac{3}{8}$  -  $\frac{4}{4}$

Vln.  $\frac{3}{8}$  -  $\frac{4}{4}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{5}{4}$

Vla.  $\frac{3}{8}$  -  $\frac{4}{4}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{5}{4}$

Vc.  $\frac{3}{8}$  -  $\frac{4}{4}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{5}{4}$



76  $\text{♩} = 100$

Voice bone - yard. It's

Fl.  $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$

A. Gtr.  $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$

Dr.  $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{6}{8}$

*Scenario*

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

$\text{♩} = 68$

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

Fl.

A. Gtr.

Dr.

Vln.

Vc.

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

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

Fl.

Hp.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

$\text{♩} = 60$        $\text{♩} = 68$

*Scenario*

88  $\text{J} = 100$

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

Fl. 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

A. Gtr.

Dr.



90

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

Fl. 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

A. Gtr.

Dr.

5:3



92

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

Fl. 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

A. Gtr.

Dr.

94  $\text{♩} = 88$

Fl.

C Tpt.

Timp.

Dr.

**ff**



97

Voice

C Tpt.

Timp.

Dr.

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



100

Voice

Tbn.

Dr.

Vla.

Vc.

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

pizz.

102

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

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

Glock.

Vln.

Vla. *arco*

Vc.

*Scenario*

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.

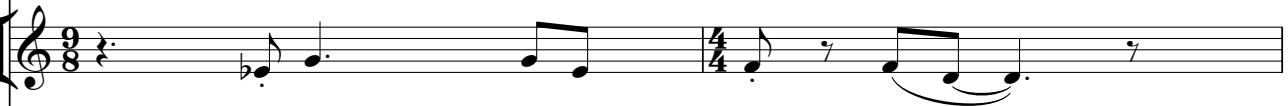
Harm.

A. Gtr.

*Scenario*

117

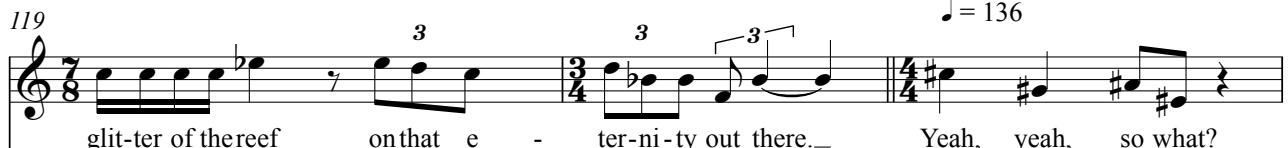
Voice      

Harm.      

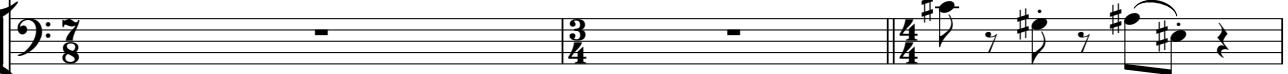
A. Gtr.      



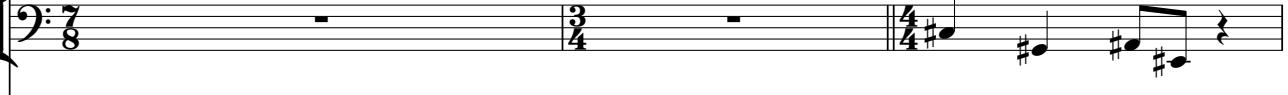
119

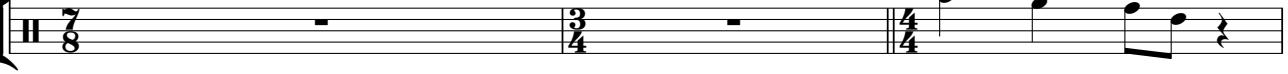
Voice      

Harm.      

Tbn.      

A. Gtr.      

Timp.      

Dr.      

*Scenario*

122

$\text{♩} = 100$

Voice      W e made FOUR pic-tures like that last year.      Oh my God,      Mis - ter

Fl.

Tbn.

A. Gtr.

Timp.

Dr.



125

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

Fl.

A. Gtr.

Dr.

*Scenario*

127  $\text{♩} = 120$

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

Fl.

Tbn.

A. Gtr.

Timp.

Dr.

*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

*Scenario*

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.

Tim.

Dr.

Vln. pizz.

Vla.

E. Bass

*Scenario*

137

Voice      try-ing to do, — turn a pro - duc-tion of-fice in-to a whore- house?

Fl.

Hp.

Glock.

Xyl.

Timp.

Dr.

Vln.

Vc.

140

Voice      No, Miss Rez-nick, tell her to wait, I'll be through in five mi-nutes.

Fl.

Xyl.

Timp.

Vln.

*Scenario*

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.

*Scenario*

150

Voice      siere if I let

Fl.

Hp.

Vln. arco

Vla. arco

Vc. arco

This musical score page contains six staves. The top staff is for 'Voice' in 2/4 time, G clef, with lyrics 'siere if I let'. The second staff is for 'Fl.' (Flute) in 2/4 time, G clef. The third staff is for 'Horn' (Hp.) in 5/4 time, G clef, with a dynamic 'ff'. The fourth staff is for 'Violin' (Vln.) in 5/4 time, G clef, with a dynamic 'arco'. The fifth staff is for 'Viola' (Vla.) in 5/4 time, F clef, with a dynamic 'arco'. The bottom staff is for 'Cello' (Vc.) in 5/4 time, C clef, with a dynamic 'arco'. Measure 150 begins with a rest followed by a series of eighth-note chords. The flute has a sustained note. The horn has a sustained note. The violin starts with a sustained note and then plays eighth-note chords. The viola and cello play eighth-note chords. The vocal part has a sustained note followed by eighth-note chords.

*Scenario*

$\text{J} = 92$ 

151

Voice      siere if I let him put it on?

Fl.

Ob. d'A.

Hp.

Glock.

Mar.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

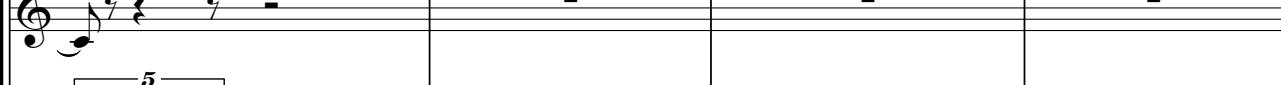
*Scenario*

154

Voice       Fake it with a trans-pa-ren-cy of Khy-ber Pass. Now an o-ver-headshot \_\_\_\_\_ of the dus-ty tired

Ob. d'A.      

Mar.      

Vln.      

Vla.      

Vc.      

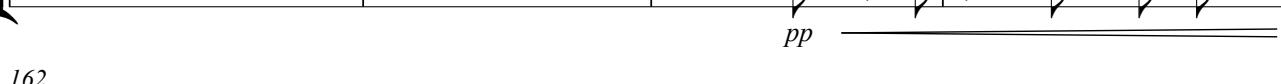
**==**

158

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

Ob. d'A.      

Mar.      

Dr.      

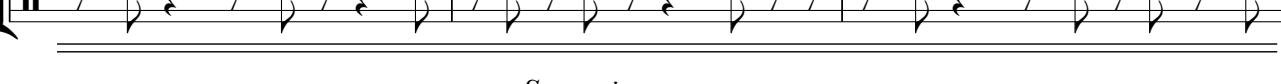
**==**

162

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

Ob. d'A.      

Mar.      

Dr.      

*Scenario*

165

Voice min-ded Tom. Bud - dies the gree - test word

Fl.

Ob. d'A.

C Tpt. *mf*

Mar.

Tim.

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.

Tim.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

171

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

Fl.

Ob. d'A.

Xyl.

Mar.

Tim.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

*Scenario*

174

Voice       $\text{♩} = 136$

hai.      But came a slant - eyed Chi - nese ad - ven-tu-ress, and then?      Don't

Fl.

Ob. d'A.

Xyl.

Mar.

Timp.  $p$   $pp$

Dr.  $p$   $pp$



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.

*Scenario*

181  $\text{♩} = 88$

Voice      cell - block and wil - der - ness

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Hp.

Glock.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

*Scenario*

This musical score page contains nine staves. The first staff features a soprano vocal line with lyrics: "cell - block and wil - der - ness". The second staff shows a continuous eighth-note pattern on the C trumpet. The third staff has a bassoon part with sustained notes. The fourth staff consists of two woodwind parts (Horn and Bassoon) performing sustained notes with grace marks above them. The fifth staff is for the glockenspiel, which plays a single sustained note at the dynamic *f*. The sixth staff shows a continuous eighth-note pattern on the drum. The seventh staff is for the violin, the eighth for the viola, and the ninth for the cello. All instruments play sustained notes with grace marks above them. The tempo is indicated as  $\text{♩} = 88$ . Measure numbers 181 and 3 are present above the vocal and woodwind staves respectively. The page concludes with the word "Scenario" at the bottom.

183

Voice      — were pa - ra - dise e - - - now.

Harm.

Hp.

Glock.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.



185  $\text{♩} = 100$

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

Harm.

A. Gtr.

Timp.

Dr.

Vc.

$\text{♩} = 76$

*Scenario*

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.

*Scenario*

193

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

Fl.

Harm.

C Tpt.

Mar.

Tim.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.



195       $\text{♩} = 132$

Voice      Whatare you do-ing here? I ask you con - fi - den-tial - ly, Ho-ro - witz,

Glock.

Xyl.

Tim.

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.

209

Voice dish out some crap a-bouther hap - py home life..

Fl.

Harm.

Glock.

Xyl.

Vc.

A musical score page featuring six staves. The top staff is for 'Voice' in soprano clef, 4/4 time, with lyrics: 'dish out some crap a-bouther hap - py home life..'. The second staff is for 'Fl.' (Flute) in soprano clef. The third staff is for 'Harm.' (Harp) with sustained notes. The fourth staff is for 'Glock.' (Glockenspiel) with eighth-note patterns. The fifth staff is for 'Xyl.' (Xylophone) with eighth-note patterns. The bottom staff is for 'Vc.' (Double Bass) in bass clef. Measure 209 consists of four measures of music. Measure 1 starts with a dotted half note followed by an eighth note, then a sixteenth-note pattern. Measure 2 starts with a sixteenth-note pattern followed by a dotted half note. Measure 3 starts with a dotted half note followed by a sixteenth-note pattern. Measure 4 starts with a sixteenth-note pattern followed by a dotted half note.

*Scenario*

213

Voice

Fl.

Harm.

Glock.

Xyl.

Timp.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

*What, sir? you*

*= 112*

**≡**

218

Voice

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Vc.

Cb.

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

pizz.

218 pizz.

*= 152*

*Scenario*

222

Voice       $\text{J} = 112$

kid takes it big and gives \_\_\_\_\_ Di-an-e the glov-es ac-cross the pan soc-ko... The u - su-al sa - tis -

Fl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

A. Gtr.

Dr.

2

227

$\text{♩} = 132$

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

Fl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Dr. *pp* pizz.

Vln. pizz.

Vc.

### *Scenario*

### *Scenario*



237

♩ = 48

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

C Tpt.

Glock.

Vla.

Vc.

### *Scenario*

239

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

Fl.

Cl.      *p*

Hp.

Dr.      arco

Vln.

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.

*Scenario*

243

$\text{♩} = 136$

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

Fl.

Cl.

Tbn.

Hp.

Mar.

Timp.

Dr.

Vln.

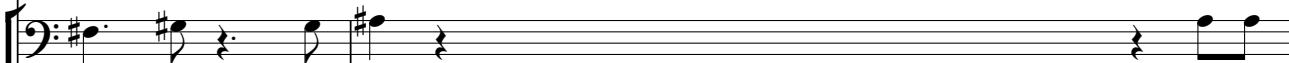
Vc.

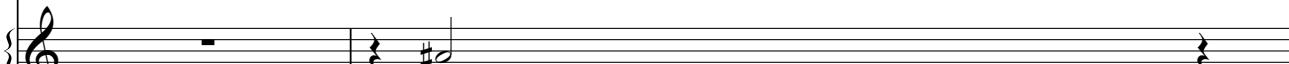
## *Scenario*

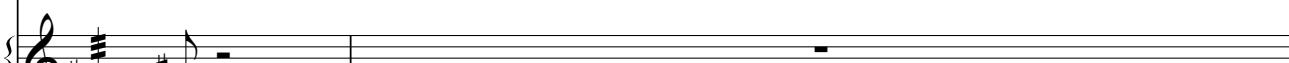
246

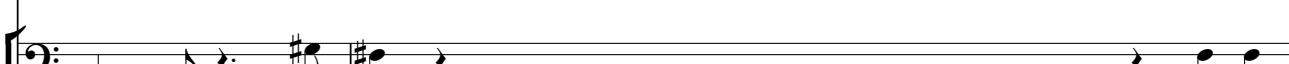
Voice      sound - track.      She shreiks      or she

Harm.      

Tbn.      

Glock.      

Mar.      

Tim.      

Dr.      

*Scenario*

248

Voice

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

Fl.

Tbn.

Glock.

Cel.

Tim.

Vln.



251

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

Tbn.

Cel.

### *Scenario*

253

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

Tbn.

Glock.

Cel.

rit.



255  $\text{♩} = 100$

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

Dr.  $f$  pizz.

Vln. pizz.

Vc.

*Scenario*

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.

Ritard...

51

259

Voice      ché!      Where are they all now

Fl.

Glock.

Xyl.

Mar.

Timp.

Dr.

Vln.      arco  
p

Vc.

*Scenario*

262

Voice      the old fa-mi liar fa - ces?—

Fl.

Glock.

Mar.

Dr.

Vln.

Vc.

27:23

p

27:23

265       $\text{♩} = 108$

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

Glock.

Mar.

Cel.

Dr.

Vc.

mf

mf

23:27

23:27

*Scenario*

268

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

Glock.

Mar.

Dr.



271

Voice      Are we up to speed?      Qui-et, please,      we'return- ing!      You

Glock.

Mar.

Dr.

Vla.

271

Cb.

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.

*Scenario*

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.

Cb.

276

279

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

Fl.

Glock.

Mar. 11

Dr.

Vla.

Cb. 279

*Scenario*

282

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

Fl.

Glock. { *ff*

Xyl.

Mar.

Dr.

Vla.

Cb. { 282

This musical score page contains six staves. The top staff is for the Voice, which sings "rist! it's the gut - si - est thing in pic - tures!". The second staff is for the Flute, featuring a melodic line with grace notes and a dynamic marking of *ff*. The third staff is for the Glockenspiel, with a dynamic marking of *ff* and a performance instruction "ff". The fourth staff is for the Xylophone, with a dynamic marking of *ff*. The fifth staff is for the Maracas, with a dynamic marking of *ff*. The sixth staff is for the Drum, which has a dynamic marking of *ff*. The bottom staff is for the Violin (Vla.) and Cello/Bass (Cb.), both of which play sustained notes. The page number 282 is at the top left and bottom left.

284

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

Fl.

Tbn.

A. Gtr.

Glock.

Mar.

Timp.

Dr.

Cb.

*Scenario*

286

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

Fl.

Tbn.

A. Gtr.

Glock.

Xyl.

Mar.

Timp.

Dr.

Cb.      pizz.

289

Voice      heave the te-le-phone through the back door      and      smack her in the kis-ser - with the

Fl.

Xyl.

Mar.

Dr.

289

Cb.

292

Voice      grape - fruit, they liked it once and they'll love it twice.      Call you back, chief.

Fl.

A. Gtr.

Glock.

Xyl.

Mar.

Dr.

292

Cb.

295

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

Fl.      *p*

Glock.

Mar.

Dr.

Cb.

*Scenario*

♩ = 84

298

Voice      Now re-mem-ber, stac - ca-to.      A bit tight, my sweet?

Fl.

Glock.

Mar.

T.-t.      hard stick

Dr.

Vla.

Vc.      arco

Cb.      298      6:7

*Scenario*

302

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

Fl.      *p*

Glock.

T.-t.

Dr.

Vla.

Vc.

*Scenario*

This musical score page contains six staves. The top staff is for the Voice, which sings lyrics with three-note groups. The second staff is for the Flute (Fl.), showing eighth-note patterns with dynamics. The third staff is for the Glockenspiel (Glock.), the fourth for the Timpani (T.-t.), and the fifth for the Drum (Dr.). The bottom two staves are for the Violin (Vla.) and Cello (Vc.), both playing sustained notes. The page is labeled 'Scenario' at the bottom.

♩ = 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'sin the dog-house and keep up the*

Fl.

Tbn.

Glock.

Xyl.

Tim.

Dr.

Vln.

*Scenario*

312

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

Fl.

Xyl.

Tim.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla. pizz.



314  $\text{♩} = 72$

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

Cl.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla. arco

Vc. arco

*Scenario*

318  $\text{♩} = 120$

Voice Ask Hy-manGer-ber of Wa-co, hecan smella box of-fice pic - ture a mile a-way.

Tbn.

Mar.

Tim.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

*Scenario*

321 ♩ = 92

Voice

C Tpt.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

In the



324

Voice

C Tpt.

Dr.

Vc.

freez - ing mists 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.

Tim.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

330

Voice      shi-ning eyes      and the      high heart      ne-ver came      back.

Fl.      -      -      f f f      -

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.

## *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.

*Scenario*

349  $\text{♩} = 76$

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.

*Scenario*

353

Voice       $\text{♩} = 100$

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

Fl.

Cl.

Hn.  $\text{♩}_{\text{b}} \text{♩}$

Tbn.

Glock.

Xyl.

Mar.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc. pizz.

Cb. 353

*Scenario*

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.

*Scenario*

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.

*Scenario*

371

$\text{♩} = 124$

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

Fl.

Cl.

Mar.

Timp.

Vln.

Vc.

*p*

*f*



375

Voice: own back yard all the time and I was how you say it, one blind fool.

Fl.

Glock.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

*rit.*

*Scenario*

380  $\text{♩} = 132$

Voice: But why are you look-ing at me in that strange way, To - ny? — To - ny!

Cl.

Vln. pizz.  $pp$

Vla.

Vc.



384

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

Cl.

Hp.

Glock.

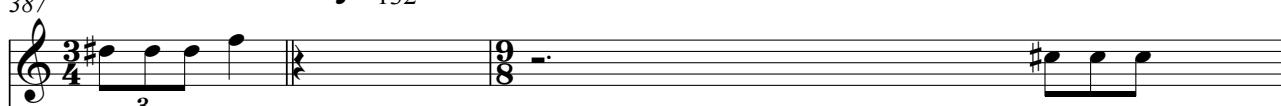
Dr.

Vln.

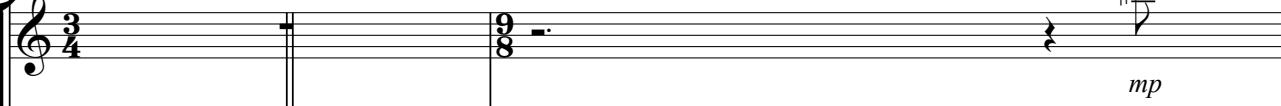
Vc.

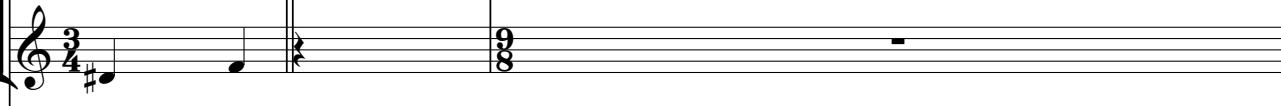
*Scenario*

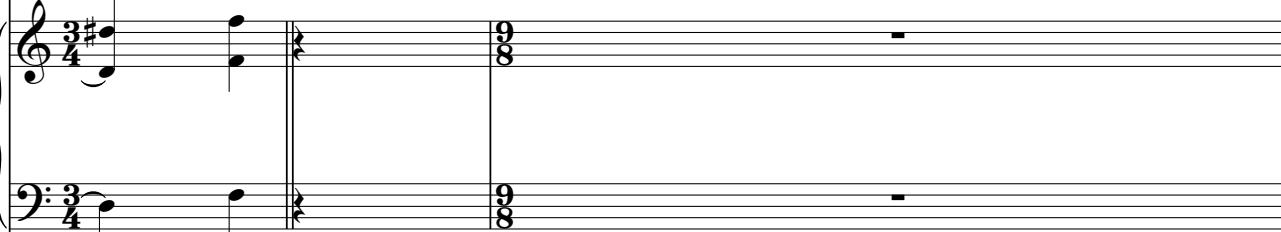
387                                           $\text{♩} = 132$

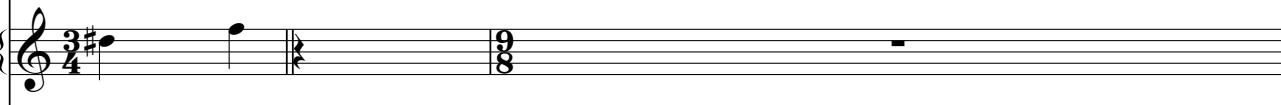
Voice            

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

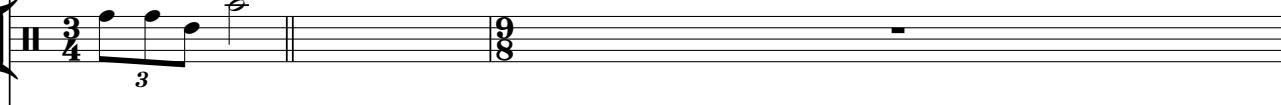
Fl.      

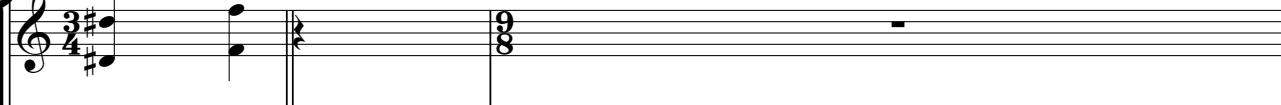
Cl.      

Hp.      

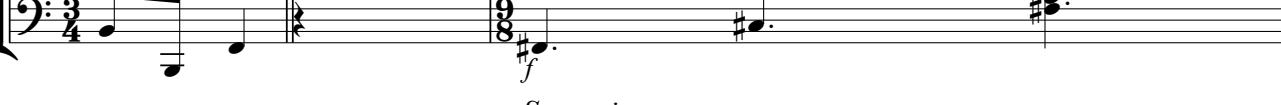
Glock.    

Xyl.      

Dr.      

Vln.      

Vla.      

Vc.      

*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.

*Scenario*

392

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

F. l.

C. l.

C. Tpt.

Tbn.

Hp.

Xyl. { 5      7      6      5

Tim. {

Dr.

Vln.

Vla. { pizz.      arco

Vc. { pizz.      arco

394

Voice      *en-na, did you? That Van-ya, is this true? Oh,*

Fl.      *p*

Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Hp.

Xyl.      5

Timp.

Vln.

Vla.      pizz.

Vc.      pizz.

*Scenario*

Musical score for orchestra and choir, page 397. The score includes parts for Voice, Flute (Fl.), Bassoon (Hb.), Xylophone (Xyl.), Maracas (Mar.), Timpani (Timp.), and Drum (Dr.). The tempo is marked as  $\text{♩} = 100$ . The vocal part sings lyrics: "mum-sey I want to die... That hoo-ker's got-ta lay off the booze Mis - ter Metz," with melodic markings "3" above the first two lines of notes. The flute and bassoon play sustained notes with grace marks. The xylophone, maracas, and timpani provide rhythmic patterns. The drummer plays a steady eighth-note pattern.

### *Scenario*

399

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

Fl.

Hp.

Glock.

Mar.

Dr.

Vla. pizz.

**≡**

402  $\text{♩} = 92$

Voice      But in a greattang-ledgar-den sits a for-lorn tra-gic-eyed fi - gure, the

Fl.

Cl. arco

Vln. arco

Vla.

Vc. arco

Cb. arco

402

## *Scenario*

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

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

Hp.

Glock.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*Scenario*

414

Voice      shat - tered    ro - mance    with    Grant Snavel - ly,    i - dol

Fl.

Hp.

Mar.

Dr.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

*Scenario*

416

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.

*Scenario*

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.

*Scenario*

Ritard.....

421

Voice      jig is up,— long live the jig ring out the old, ring in the new. For

Fl.

Glock.

Xyl.

Mar.

Timp.

Vln. arco

Vla.

Vc. arco

*Scenario*

423  $\text{♩} = 60$

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

F1.

Hn.

Glock.

Xyl.

Mar.

Timp.

Vln.

Vla. arco

Vc. arco

Cb. 423 arco

427 (bow graciously)

Voice

Fl.

Hp.

Glock.

Mar.

Tim.

T.t.

Vln.

Vla.

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