

# check-Screen

ROON. CHR ROON. slower (5:6) CHR ROON. rit CHR

is that you Christy? it is ma'am I thought the hinney was fa - mi - liar how is your poor mother? No better ma'am. Your daughter then? no

10 Chr ROON. rural sounds CHR rural sounds ROON. molt rit

worse, ma'am why do you halt? but why do I halt? nice day for the ra - ces perhaps it is, but will it hold up? will it hold up?

18 Chr CHR a tempo ROON. \* tEE? CHR ROON.

I suppose you wouldn't be in need hist! surely to goodness that couldn't be the up mail I hear alrea-dy damn the mail oh thank

2

27

Rn

God for that, I could have sworn I heard it    thundering down the track in the far distance    I suppose you wouldn't be in need of a small load... of dung!

CHR

rit

37

Rn

ROON.    CHR    ROON.    I like your frankness Christy    I'll ask the master. Christy?    yes ma'am    do you find anything bi -

2

3

3

3

rit. - - - 3 - - - 3 - - -

slower

CHR

piu mosso

3 rit tempo 4:5

45

Rn

zarre about my way of speaking    I do not mean the voice no!    I mean the words... I use none but the simplest words I think and yet I sometimes

rit.

3

56 Rn

CHR

ROON.

find my way of speaking very bi - zarre mercy what was that?! Never mind her maam, she's very fresh in ner - self today dung! what would we

16

64

Rn

want with dung. at our time of life why are you on your feet down on the road why do you not climb up on the crest of your ma - nure, and let yourself be

72

Rn

carried a - way is it that you have no head for heights? Wiyya ta hell out of that! she doesn't move a muscle... I

CHR

ROON.  
poco piu (6:5)

a tempo

81 *poco piu (6:5)* **drag** *a tempo* *rit*

Rn too should be getting along if I do not wish to arrive late at the station. But a moment a - go she neighed and pawed the ground and now she refuses to ad-

87 *roll r*

Rn vance! give her a good welt on the rump! harder well! if someone were to do that to me, I wouldn't tarry... how she gazes at me to be sure with her great, moist,

95 *rit.* *crack!* *f* *rit*

Rn cleg tormented eyes! Per - haps if I were to move on, down the road out of her field of vision no! no! e - nough. take her by the snaffle and take her

104 Rn

eyes away from me oh this is awful What have I done to de - serve all this? what? what? *p* so long a - go *f* no! no!

113 Rn

*mp* sigh out a (something something) tale of things done long a - go and ill done *f* how can I go on? *mp* I cannot oh let me just

123 Rn

flop down flat on the road like a big fat jelly out of a bowl and never move a - gain! a great big slop, thick with grit and dust and flies, they would have to

132 Rn

scoop me up with a shovel. Heavens there is that... 'up mail' again. What will become of me? *f* oh I am

141 Rn

just a hyster-i-cal old hag, I know destroyed with sorrow and pining and gen - til - i ty and church going and fat and rheuma-tism and child - lessness

151 Rn

Min-nie litle Minnie love, love is all I asked, a little love dai - ly twice dai - ly fifty years of twice dai - ly love like a Paris

161

Rn

horse butchers reg-u --lar what nor - mal woman wants a - ffection a kiss in the eve-ning by the ear and a-no ther one at morning, peck, peck, 'till

171

Rn

*mp*

you grow whiskers on you. There is that lovely la - bur-num a - gain

A ♩. = 60

181

Rn

Pardon me if I do not doff my cap, I'd fall off. De - vine day for the meeting oh Mister Tyler you startled the life out of me

harps.

Roon.

8  
190  
Rn

TYL

sneaking up be-side me like that like a deerstalker Oh! I rang my bell Misses Roo - ney the moment I spot - ed you I started tinkleing my bell now don't you deny




201  
Tyl.

ROON.

TYL

it your bell is one thing and you are another what news of your dau - ghter fair fair they removed everything the whole er... bag of

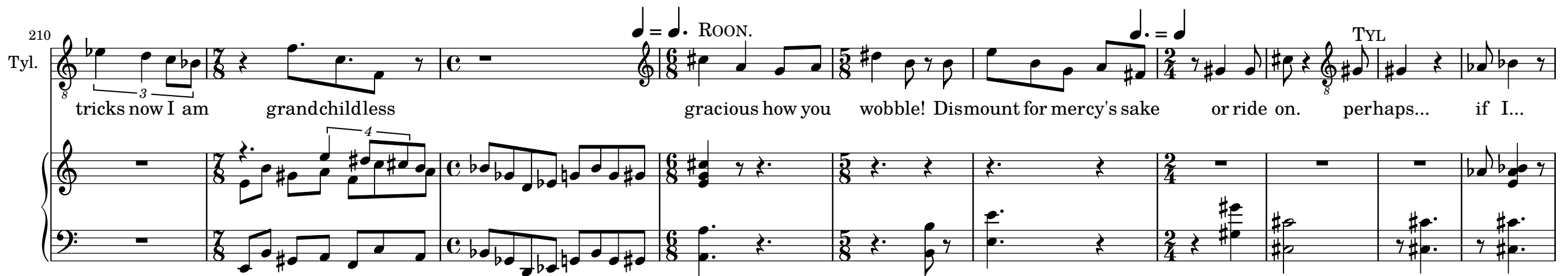


210  
Tyl.

ROON.

TYL

tricks now I am grandchildless gracious how you wobble! Dismount for mercy's sake or ride on. perhaps... if I...





220 Tyl.

8 were to place... my hand gently on your shoulder Misses Rooney how would that be, would you permit that? no, Mister Rooney Mister Tyler I mean. I am

ROON.

229 Rn

tired of light old hands on my shoulders and other useless places sick and tired of them heavens! here comes Connely's van!

*molto rit.*

239 Rn

are you all right Mister Tyler? where is he? aah, there you are! That was a na-row scrape... I alit in the nick of

TYL

252 Tyl. ROON.

time! It is su-icide to be a - broad but what is it to be at home? a lin-gering dis-so-lution. now we are white with dust from head to

262 Rn.

foot, I beg your pardon nothing Mises Roo - ney nothing. I was only cursing un-der my breath, God and man! under my breath and the wet Saturday af-ter-

273 Rn.

noon of my conception my back tire has gone out a-gain, I pumped it hard as i - ron be-fore I went out and now I am on the rim oh what a

284 Rn TYL

shame! now if it were the front, I would not so much mind, but the back the back the chain the grease the brakes the gear no it is too

poco piu

TYL

293 Tyl. ROON.

much. are we already late? I have not the courage to look at my watch late? I on my bi-cycle as I rolled along was already

TYL

303 Tyl. ROON.

late now therefor we are doubly late trebly quadrupedly late would I had shot by you with - out-a word who are you going to meet? Hardy

TYL

315

Tyl.

*rit.*  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

We used to climb together I saved his life once I have not for gotten it let us halt a moment and this vile dust fall back upon the vileer worms

325

Tyl.

$\text{♩} = 60$

TYL Still... Faster!

what sky!, what light ah in spite of all it is a blessed thing to be a - live in such weather, and

333

Tyl.

ROON. TYL ROON.

out of hospital. A-live? Well half ali-ve shall we say. Speak for yourself, I am not half a-live nor an-ything aproaching it what are we standing here for? this

341 Rn

dust will not settle in our time, and when it does, some great, whirring machine will come and blow it all sky - high a - gain. Well, shall we be getting a

TYL

350 Tyl.

**B**

ROON. TYL tQ? ROON. rit. - - - 3 -

long in that case? No Come Miss --es Rooney... go, Mister Tyler, go on and leave me listening to the cooing of the ringdoves

357 Rn

$\text{♩} = 60$  ROON. TD  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

if you see my old blind Dan tell him I was on my way to meet him when it all came over me a - gain like a flood! Say to him

366  $\text{♩} = 100$

Rn

your poor wife, she told me to tell you it all came flooding o-ver her a - gain and she simply went back home straight back home.

376  $\text{♩} = 60$  TYL

Tyl.

Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare. What? whats all this then?

*rit.* *ROON.*

8vb-----

386  $\text{♩} = \text{TYL}$

Rn

can't you see I'm in trouble? have you no res - pect for mi --se --ry? Min-nie little Min-nie Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The

395

Tyl.

mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare

8vb

Misses Roo - ney come. The

ROON.

about forty now she'd be

403

Rn

I don't know fifty

girding up her lovely lit - tle loins getting ready for the change..

for the change..

Tyl.

mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare. Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The

8vb

411 Tyl. *ROON.*

mail... Will you get a - long with you Mis-ter Roo - ney Mister Tyler I mean will you get along with you now and cease mo - lest-ing me

417 Rn

what kind of a country is it where a woman can't cry her eyes out in the highways and byways without being mo - lested by re - tired bill brokers!

424 Rn

heavens you're not going to ride her flat! you'll tear your tubes to ribbons ve-nus birds,



434 Rn

cooing in the night all the long summer long O! cursed cor-set if I could only let it out, without in-decent ex - posure. Mister Tyler, Mister

442 Rn

Tyler! come back and unlace me be hind the hedge! What's wrong with me? what's wrong with me? Never tran - quil, seething out of my dir-ty old

449 Rn

pelt, out of my skull! Oh to be in atoms in atoms ATOMS! Jesus... je-sus...

460 Rn

SLOC

3

4

3

3

is anything wrong Misses Rooney you are bent all double have you a pain in your stomach?

467 Rn

ROON.

3

half as fast?

SLOC

3

ROON.

♩ = 60

Well if it isn't my old ad-mirer the clerk of the course in his limousine May I offer you a lift, Misses Rooney? are you going in my di - rection? I am, we

477 Rn

SLOC

3

rit.

3

all are how is your poor mo - ther? thank you she is fair-ly comf'torble we manage to keep her out of pain, that is the great thing Misses

487

Sloc.

ROON.

5

3

3

3

SLOC

Rooney, is it not? Yes in - deed Mister Slocum, that is the great thing, I don't know how you do it... aah! these wasps! May I then offer you a lift, ma'am?

495

Rn

ROON.

4

3

5

5

Oh, that would be hea - venly, Mister Slo - cum, simply hea - venly. but can I e - ver get up? You look ve - ry high off the ground today these new balloon

504

Rn

3

3

3

3

3

3

tires I suppose does this roof never come off? No? no. I'll never do it. You'll have to come down Mister Slocum and help me from the

514 Rn

rear! What was that? This was all your suggestion, drive on, drive on. I'm coming Misses Rooney, I'm coming, give me

SLOC

520 Sloc.

time, I'm as stiff as your - self stiff! well I like that! and me heaving all o-ver back and front, the dry old re-probate... Now, how shall we do this?

ROON. SLOC

529 Rn

as if I were a bale. Don't be afraid that's the way! lower wait! no, don't let go. Sup-posing I do get up would I ever get

ROON.

539 SLOC ROON. 21

Rn down? you'll get down Misses Roo - ney you'll get down, we may not get you up but I warrant you, you'll get down! oh! lo-wer don't be a-

548

Rn fraid! We're past the age where... There! now! get your shoulder under it oh! oh! oh mer-cy up!

558

Rn up! AAM I'm in my frock, you've nipped my frock! my nice Frock! look what you've done to my nice frock!

door door door

567 Rn

what will Dan say when he sees me! Has he then re-covered his sight? no, I mean when he knows, What would Dan say when he sees the

starter

SLOC

ROON.

poco piu

575 Rn

hole? what are you doing Mister Slo - cum? gazing straigh befor me through the windshield out at the void... Start her

starter

slower (gagaku)

SLOC

3

3

still

brisk ROON.

583 Rn

up I beseech you and let us be off. This is awful... last Sunday she ran like a dream and now she is dead. That's what you get for a good deed perhaps if I

SLOC

p

rit

a tempo

checkRhythm

592

Sloc.

were to choke her

She was getting too much air!

mind the hen!

oh Mother you've

ROON.

squeal squawk

starter

motor

grinding

602

Rn

squashed her drive on, drive on!

what a death!

one minute

picking happy at the

dung in the road in the

sun with

now and then a

dust bath and then

613

Rn

bang!

all her troubles

over

all the

hatching and the

lay-ing

just one great squawk and then

peace they would have

slit her weasand in any case...

622 Rn

here we are let me out. what are you up to now Mister Slocum we are at a standstill all danger is past and you blow your horn!

rit.

632 Rn

now if instead of blowing it now, you had blown it at that poor unfortunate will you come here, Tommy, and help this la - dy out, she's stuck. open the door

SLOC

638 Sloc.

and ease her out certainly Sir. Nice day for the ra - ces who do you fancy don't mind me! Don't take a - ny

TOM

ROON.



644 Rn

notice of me. I do not ex - ist the fact is well known Do as you're told Tommy for goodness sake Yessir now, Misses Roo - ney... wait! Tommy,

TOM

ROON.

*ff* *mp*

652 Rn

wait! don't bustle me let me just wheel round and get my feet to the ground now! watch your feather ma'am

*ff*

659 Tomm.

little faster TOM

ROON.

ea - sy now, ea - sy Wait for gods sake. You'll have me be - headed! Crouch down Misses Rooney, crouch down and get your head into the open! Crouch

TOM

ROON.

668 Rn

down at my time of life this is luna-cy press her down (grunt)(grunt) (grunt)(grunt) (grunt)(grunt) mer-de now! She's

heavy SLOC TOM SLOC TOM SLOC TOM ROON. TOM

677 Tomm.

coming! Straighten up now there am I in? Tom - my? Tom - my? where the hell are you? You wouldn't have something for the Ladies' plate

ROON. D BARR TOM

685 Tomm.

sir? I was given Flash Harry Flash Harry! that carthorse Tommy! Blast your bleeding bloody oh, Misses Roo - ney

SLOC BARR

693

Br

who was that cruci-fying his gear box Tommy Old Cissy Slocum Cis-sy Slocum! That's a nice way to re - fer to your elders

TOM

ROON.

701

Rn

Cissy Slocum! and you an orphan What are you doing stravaging down here on the pub - lic road? This is no place for you at all! Get up there on the platform

BARR

709

Br

now, and whip out the truck nice to see you up and a bout again you were laid up there a long time not long enough, Mister Barrell, would I were still in

BARR

ROON.

716 Rn

bed, Mister Barrell would I were still laid up in my comfortable bed, Mister Barrell. Just wasting slow - ly pain less-ly a - way

$\text{♩} = 60$

723 Rn

keeping up my strength with arrowroot and calf's foot jelly till in the end you couldn't see me under the covers any more than a board, oh no coughing or

731 Rn

spitt-ing or bleeding or sweating or vomiting, just drift-ing slow - ly down in-to the high-er light, and re - membering remembering

*rit*

[illegible]

762

Rn

I sup - pose... You'll be re - tiring soon your - self Mister Barrell and growing your ro - ses did I understand you to say, the twelve thirty will soon be u-

771

Rn

ponus? Those were my words but, accord - ing to my watch, which is more or less right, or was, according to the eight oclock news the time is

779

Rn

now... geting up to twelve... thirty six! and yet upon the other hand the up mail has not yet gone through! Or has it slipped by me unbe-

*poco meno mosso*

788 **meno**

Rn

knownst to me for there was a time there I remember it now, I was so plunged in sor-row, I wouldn't have heard a steamrol-ler go ov-er me

797 **BARR**

Rn

don't go Mister Barrell, Mister Bar - rell Mister Bar - rell What is it Maam? I have my work to do... the wind is getting up

still ROON.

806 **rit**

Rn

the best of the day is o-ver soon the rain will begin to fall and go on falling all after noon then at eve-ning the

817 Rn

clouds will part the setting sun will shine a moment and sink behind the trees... Mister Barrell, Mister Barrell, Mister Bar-rell! I estrange them

827 Rn

all! They come towards you un in-vit-ed, by-gones by-gones, full of kindness gen-u-inely pleased to see you a-gain looking so well a few

838 Rn

simple words from my heart and I am all al-one once more. Miss Fitt! am I then invisible, Miss Fitt? Is this cre - tonnes so becoming to me that I merge



848 Rn

into the masonry? that's right. Look close - ly and you will final-ly dis - tinguish a once female form. Misses Rooney I saw you but I didn't know you. Last

33 ROON.

FITT

pp

856 Rn

Sunday we worshipped to - gether. We knelt side by side at the same al-tar drank from the same chalice have I so changed since then? Oh, but in

rit

FITT

864 Ft

church, misses Rooney, in church I am a - lone with my ma - ker are not you? why e-ven the pastor him - self, you know, when he takes up the coll-

870 Ft *poco piu* *slower* *a tempo*

ection knows that it's useless to pause before me, I simply do not see the plate, or bag, or whate - ver it is they use, how could I? Why, even when all is

877 Ft

over and I go out in to the sweet fresh air, why even then, for the first hour or so I stumble in a kind of daze as you might say, o - blivi-ous to my co-re-

886 Ft *mf*

li-gionists and they are ve - ry kind I must ad-mit the vast ma-jo-ri-ty ve-ry kind and understand - ing, they know me now and take no um - brage there she

896 Ft *mp* *mf* *rit*

goes, they say, there goes The Dark Miss Fitt, a-lone with her maker take no notice of her. and they step down off the path to avoid my running in to them. Ah

906 Ft

yes, I am dis - trait very dis - trait even on weekdays ask mother if you do not be lieveme 'Hettie', she sais when I start eat-ing my doily in-

912 Ft

stead of the thin bread and butter, 'Hettie', how can you be so dis - trait? I believe the truth is I'm just not there, Misses Rooney just not really there at

918 Ft

all. I eat drink sleep, I go through the us-u-al motions but my heart isn't in it, but heart is in none of it left to my-self, with no-one to

926

Ft

stop me I would soon be flown home. So if you think I cut you just now Misses Rooney you do me an injustice All I see is a big red blur just another big red

934

Ft

blur. Is something a - miss, Misses Rooney you don't seem nor - mal some how so bowed and bent? Maddey Rooney nee Dunne the big red

943

Rn

blur, you have pier-cing sight, Miss Fitt, liter-ally pier-cing well.. is there an-ything I can do now that I'm here? if you could help me up the

950 Rn

face of this cliff, I have little doubt your ma-ker would requite you if no-one else... Now now, Misses Rooney don't put your teeth in-to me! Re-

957 Ft

quite! I make these sac-rifices for no-thing or not at all! I take it you want to lean on me? I asked Mister Bar-rell to

966 Rn

give me his arm, just give me his arm! he turned on his heels and strode a - way... Is it my arm you want then? is it my arm you want? or what is it? Your

974

Rn

arm! a-ny arm! a helping hand, for one moment Christ, what a planet.. Really! do you know what it is Misses Roo-ney I don't think it is wise of

984 Ft

you to be going a - bout at all! Come down here Miss Fitt, and give me your arm before I scream down the whole county.

ROON.

little slower

992

Rn

FITT

ROON.

molto rit

a tempo rit.

Well, I suppose it is the protestant thing to do..

Pismires do it for one another

I have seen slugs do it!

Pn

1000 *rit.* *accel poco a poco*

Rn

no the other side if its just the same to you I'm left handed on top of everything else!

1011

Rn

heavens child! you're just a bag of bones! you need building up! this is worse than the Matterhorn!

1021

Rn

have you ever been up the Matterhorn? great honeymoon resort... why don't they have a handrail?

