

Act1_Complete

ROON.

a-bout for - ty now she'd be I don't know fif - ty girding up her love-ly lit - tle

Roo - ney come. The mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll

8vb

5 Rn

loins getting rea - dy for the change... be there with time and to spare. Come, Miss - es Roo - ney come. The

8vb

10

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

16

Rn

what kind of a country is it where a woman can't cry her eyes out in the highways and byways⁴ without being mo - lested by re - tired bill brokers!

23

Rn

heavens you're not going to ride her flat! you'll tear your tubes to ribbons

p ve-nus birds,

$\text{♩} = 60$

33 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

41 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 dirty old

48 Rn

pelt, out of my skull! Oh to be in atoms in atoms ATOMS! Jesus... jesus...

60

Rn

SLOC

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

75

Rn

P

am, we all are how is your poor mother? thank you she is fairly comfortable we manage to keep her out of pain, that is the great thing Misses

SLOC

rit.

3

3

3

86

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?

5

94 ROON.

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

103 Rn

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

113

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

119

Sloc.

ROON.

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?

128 Rn

ROON. 3

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

138

Rn

SLOC

ROON.

7

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-

147

Rn

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

157

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

191

Sloc.

7/16 2/4

were to choke her She was getting too much air!

mind the hen! oh Mother you've

ROON.

3 4

squeal squawk

starter grinding motor

201

Rn

5/8 2/4 3/4 2/4 6/16 2/4

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

212

Rn

C 2/4 3/8 2/4 3/4 2/4 9/16 2/4

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...

221 Rn

rit.

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!

231 Rn

SLOC

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

237 Sloc.

TOM

ROON.

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 notice of me.

244 Rn

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,

SLOC TOM ROON.

ff mp

251 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

258 Tomm.

little faster TOM ROON. 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

267 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

276 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

default ROON. BARR TOM

284 Tomm.

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

SLOC BARR

292

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.

300

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

308

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.

315 Rn $\text{♩} = 60$

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

322 Rn $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

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

330 Rn $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ rit

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

347

Br

ask me Misses Rooney, don't ask me. ROON. You stepped in-to your father's shoes, I suppose when he took them off. Poor pappy He didn't live long

BARR

355

Br

ROON.

to enjoy his rest.. I rem-em-ber him clearly. a small fer-re-ty purple faced wid-ow - wer, deaf as a doornail, ve-ry testy and snappy

to enjoy his rest.. I rem-em-ber him clearly. a small fer-re-ty purple faced wid-ow - wer, deaf as a doornail, ve-ry testy and snappy

361 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-

370 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

378 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-

387 **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

396

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

BARR still ROON.

405

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

rit

416

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

426

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

437

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 - tonne so becoming to me that I merge

447 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

19 ROON.

FITT

pp

455 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

463 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-

469 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

476 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-

485 Ft *mf*

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

495 Ft

mp goes, they say, *mf* 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

505 Ft

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

511 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

517 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

525 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

533 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

542 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

rit. *FITT* *ROON.*

549 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-

FITT

556 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

rit. *ROON.*

565 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

573 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

583 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.

591 Rn

FITT *ROON.* *molto rit* *a tempo rit.*

Well, I suppose it is the protestant thing to do.. Pismires do it for oneanother I have seen slugs do it!

599 Rn

rit. *accel poco a poco*

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

610 Rn

tr

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

26
620
Rn

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

628
Rn

wait till I catch my breath.. Don't drop me!

FITT
(hums)

640
Rn

p the en-circling gloom turn turn me on *f* the night is dark and I am far from home *p* tum tum stop it Misses Rooney stop it or I'll drop you!