

Do Not Go Gentle

An Opera on the Last Days of Dylan Thomas

Music: Robert Manno

Libretto: Gwynne Edwards

Piano/Vocal Score

Prelude

Prologue

Act I

Act II

Epilogue

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Do Not Go Gentle: An Opera on the Last Days of Dylan Thomas

Cast of 19 (32 Roles with 9 taking 2 roles, and 2 taking 3 roles)

Main Characters (4):

Dylan Thomas, baritone, age 39, poet

Caitlin Macnamara Thomas, soprano, age 40, wife of Dylan

John Malcolm Brinnin, tenor age 38, Dylan's American agent

Elizabeth ("Liz") Reittel, mezzo-soprano age 35, Brinnin's assistant and Dylan's mistress

Supporting Cast (28 characters but with 9 doubles and 2 triples):

Llewellyn Thomas, boy soprano age 13, Dylan and Caitlin's son

Aeronwy Thomas, soprano age 10, Dylan and Caitlin's daughter

Bronwyn, soprano age 10, friend of Aeronwy

Billy, boy soprano age 10, friend of Aeronwy

Phil Richards, tenor, age 38, drinking friend of Dylan (doubles Gilbertson)

Howard Dark, bass, age 35, friend of Dylan and Caitlin's lover (doubles Feltenstein)

Richard Hughes, baritone, age 53, writer, friend of Dylan (doubles Arthur Miller & Ship's Captain)

Ebbie Williams, tenor, age 50, proprietor of Brown's Hotel (doubles Chaplin & McVeigh)

Ivy Williams, soprano, age 50, proprietor of Brown's Hotel (doubles Oona Chaplin)

Rollie McKenna, soprano, age 34 (doubles Pearl Kazin)

Charlie Chaplin, tenor, age 64 (doubles Ebbie Williams)

Oona Chaplin, soprano, age 40 (doubles Ivy Williams)

Shelley Winters, mezzo-soprano, age 31 (doubles Rose Slivka)

Marilyn Monroe, soprano, age 27

Arthur Miller, baritone, age 38 (doubles Richard Hughes/Ship's Captain)

Pearl Kazin, soprano, Dylan's former mistress, age 35 (doubles Rollie McKenna)

William (A Servant) spoken role (doubles Sailor #1)

Joe DiMaggio, spoken role age 39 (doubles Sailor #2)

John Berryman, baritone, age 39 poet (doubles Ship's Bartender)

Rose Slivka, mezzo-soprano, wife of David (doubles Shelley Winters)

Dr. Milton Feltenstein, bass, age 48, Dylan's personal physician (doubles Howard Dark)

Dr. William McVeigh, tenor, age 28, Resident at St. Vincent's Hospital (doubles Ebbie & Chaplin)

Dr. Frank Gilbertson, tenor, age 29, Resident at St. Vincent's Hospital (doubles Phil Richards)

Dr. William Guterrez- Mahoney, baritone, age 50, Head Physician, St. Vincent's Hospital

Ship's Captain, bass-baritone, age 45 (doubles Arthur Miller/Richard Hughes)

Ship's Bartender, baritone (doubles John Berryman)

2 Sailors, spoken roles, aged in mid-twenties (double William and DiMaggio)

Additional Small Parts (7) 2 singing, 5 mute (Cast from Chorus and Supernumeraries):

Greta Garbo, mezzo-soprano age 48 (cast from chorus)

David Slivka, baritone, age 39 sculptor and Dylan's friend (cast from chorus)

Marlene Dietrich, mute role, age 52

Lotte Lenya, mute role, age 55

Katherine Hepburn, mute role, age 46

E. E. Cummings, mute role, age 59

Colm Thomas, mute role, age 4, Dylan and Caitlin's son

Chorus SATB (16 singers): Patrons of Browns Hotel, Audience at Poetry Reading, Chaplin Party Guests

ORCHESTRATION:

2 Flutes (2nd doubling Piccolo)

2 Oboes (2nd doubling English horn)

2 Clarinets in B flat

2 Bassoons (2nd doubling Contrabassoon)

4 Horns in F

3 Trumpets in C

2 Trombones

Bass Trombone

Tuba

Timpani

Percussion (2 players): Glockenspiel, Suspended Cymbal, Sizzle Cymbal, Crash Cymbals, Triangle, Bass Drum, Celesta

Harp

Strings

2 Recordings: (*Di quella Pira* for Act I Scene 1 & *Au Privave* for Act II Scene 4)

Prelude to "Do Not Go Gentle"

Robert Manno

Adagio sostenuto $\downarrow = 56$

horns (sardini) ppp
4 ppp
4 pp
4 sim.
pp
P
ppp
8va 7
(Fl, picc, hp)
vc, db, tym.

strings sul tasto ppp
pp
8va 7
vc+va + vln 2
vc + va
pp
db, cba, harp
ped.
horns

* tutti strings
4* + horns
4 P
mp
harp (bass notes)

mf
4
4
hp.
celli
+winds
mp
mf

+ brass
4 f
4
orch tutti
poco rit
ten.
poco più mosso ($\downarrow = 60$)
flowing
ten.
mf
(horns)

Prelude p. 2

allargando

Handwritten musical score for the first system. It consists of two staves, treble and bass. The music is in a key with three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked *allargando*. The score includes various chordal textures, including triads and dyads, and features several triplet patterns in the bass line. Dynamics include *mf*.

27 *Poco Meno Mosso* ($\text{♩} = 52$) *Ancora meno* ($\text{♩} = 48-50$) *poco rit.*

p strings + harp *pp* *8va basso* *+ horns* *ppp*

Handwritten musical score for the second system, starting at measure 27. The tempo changes to *Poco Meno Mosso* ($\text{♩} = 52$) and then *Ancora meno* ($\text{♩} = 48-50$) with a *poco rit.* marking. The score is for strings and harp, with dynamics ranging from *pp* to *ppp*. It includes a section for horns and an 8va basso line. The time signature changes to 6/4 and then back to 4/4.

31 *Largo* ($\text{♩} = 44-46$) (*tutti celli*)

Handwritten musical score for the third system, starting at measure 31. The tempo is *Largo* ($\text{♩} = 44-46$) and the section is for *tutti celli*. The time signature is 3/4. Dynamics range from *p* to *pp*. The score includes complex chordal textures and some melodic lines.

37 *Molto Lento* ($\text{♩} = 60$) *legatissimo* *poco rit.* *a tempo* *rit.*

tutti celli melody *strings* *horns* *accomp.* *8va basso*

Handwritten musical score for the fourth system, starting at measure 37. The tempo is *Molto Lento* ($\text{♩} = 60$) and *legatissimo*. It includes a *poco rit.* marking, followed by *a tempo* and *rit.* markings. The score is for *tutti celli melody*, strings, horns, and accompaniment, with an 8va basso line. Dynamics range from *p* to *pp*.

a tempo ma poco meno ($\text{♩} = 54$) *A Tempo* ($\text{♩} = 60$) *+ winds accomp.*

Handwritten musical score for the fifth system, starting at measure 41. The tempo is *a tempo ma poco meno* ($\text{♩} = 54$) and *A Tempo* ($\text{♩} = 60$). It includes a *+ winds accomp.* marking. The score is for strings and winds, with dynamics ranging from *ppp* to *mp*. The time signature changes from 5/4 to 4/4.

Prelude p.3

+winds

Poco Più Mosso $\text{♩} = 66$

Allargando

Più Mosso $\text{♩} = 69$

8va

49 Poco Meno mosso $\text{♩} = 66$
tutti

pesante
orch. tutti

Ritard

A Tempo

poco più mosso

Ritard.

tunga

A Tempo $\text{♩} = 66$

Poco Più Mosso $\text{♩} = 69$

mf Ancora Più Mosso $\text{♩} = 72$

Prelude p. 4

(tutti violins, violas & cellos on 3 octave melody)

$\text{♩} = 76-80$

[59] poco a poco più mosso

(tutti) mf

Ritardando

[62]

A Tempo ten. ma poco meno mosso

[66] Liberamente con rubato

$\text{♩} = \text{circa } 52$

ff

mp

mf

mp (tutti orch.)

mf

ped.

poco più mosso ($\text{♩} = \text{circa } 58$)

[71]

mf

mp

mp

ped.

mp

Prelude p.5

Handwritten musical score for 'Prelude p.5'. The score is written on a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. It includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. Key annotations include:

- Measure 76: *strings + harp*, *pp*, *ped.*
- Measure 78: *winds + brass*, *pp*, *strings + harp*, *VC (sord. + sul tasto)*, *VI-*, *ppp harp db (sordt sul tasto) 8va basso*, *ppp*
- Below the staff: ** ped. at fine*
- End of piece: *DF*

Fine

Attacca Prologue

"In those long ago days... those mad, wrongly romanticized unpardonable days..."

Prologue

Lights come up on darkened stage with sea-coast background.
Caitlin is alone, as an old woman - remembering - - - -
spoken:

Caitlin

pp b \flat ped.

End of Prelude
8va basso

ppp

“In those long ago days - those mad, wrongly romanticized, unpardonable days - we wanted to get ourselves noticed at any cost... to show off like crazies - to gain attention. So we used shock tactics! We knew only too well that it is much easier to get oneself noticed in a bad light...”

Adagio sostenuto ($\text{♩} = 44-46$)

poco piu mosso ($\text{♩} = 50$)

c. “You see, it was necessary to give people a legend...”

(orchestra has faded out)

flute + harp

ppp

pp

d.b.+hp ped.

Ours was not so much a

Piu Mosso ($\text{♩} = 60$)

mp

love sto-ry pro-per-

It was more a stor-y of drink for with-out the first aid of

strings pp

8va basso

pizz.

mp

c. drink, it could ne-ver have got on-to his rock-ing feet.

pizz. mp

(pizz. col harp) p

mp

(winds)

(strings)

Poco Meno Mosso ($\text{♩} = 58$)

mp

the first time we met — was in a pub, the

p (*winds+strings w/ harp bass notes*)

ped. ped. ped. ped. ped. ped. sim.

Allargando

wheat-sheaf in Lon-don I was sit-ting on a stool —

p

pp

ped. *pp* ped.

Ancora Poco Meno ($\text{♩} = 54$)

Dyl-an was stand-ing near-by — entertain-ing peo-ple with a story — and

p

pp

ppp

ped. *pp* ped. *ppp*

mf

then, quite sud-den-ly I can't ex-plain it.

p *pp*

pp

ppp

pp

ppp

Handwritten musical score for the first system. The vocal line (treble clef) has a tempo marking of $\text{♩} = 54$ and lyrics: "head is in my lap, and he's tel-ling me how he loves me". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) includes dynamic markings *ppp*, *pp*, and *p*, and includes a *ped.* (pedal) marking. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Handwritten musical score for the second system. The vocal line (treble clef) has lyrics: "And Oh he was so ir-re-sist-a-ble". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) includes dynamic markings *mf*, *mp*, *p*, and *pp*, and includes a *ped.* (pedal) marking. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Handwritten musical score for the third system. The vocal line (treble clef) has lyrics: "so sweet and in-no-cent and I, I was a wild Irish". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) includes dynamic markings *ppp*, *pp*, *p*, and *ppp*, and includes a *ped.* (pedal) marking. The key signature changes to one flat (Bb).

Handwritten musical score for the fourth system. The vocal line (treble clef) has lyrics: "rose, taken with the ro-man-tic no-tion of mar-ry-ing a pen-ni-less po-et — my". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) includes dynamic markings *p*, *mp*, *mf*, and *p*, and includes a *ped.* (pedal) marking. The key signature is one flat (Bb).

Allargando *a tempo* ($\text{♩} = 54$)

god — I had some half baked i-deas then —

pp *mp*

we thought it would last for-e-ver — But in the

mf *mf*

end our life to-ge-ther be-came lit-tle more than raw, red bleed-ing

mf *Allargando* *Meno* ($\text{♩} = 50$) *Ancora Meno* $\text{♩} = 48$ *p*

meat a torment — of mutual in-fi-del-i-ty and then when I

poco rit. *pp* *a tempo* ($\text{♩} = 48$)

least [#]ex-pect-ed it, [#]He [#]died.

Largo ($\text{♩} = 54-56$)

p *pp* *p strings* *harp ped* *ped.*

so far a-way from me so far so far from Laugharne

pp *Allargando* *mp* *a tempo* ($\text{♩} = 54-56$) (1)

so far from our la-zy (2)

mf *p* *# horns*

poco rit. *a tempo*

lit-tle black magi-cal bed-lam by the sea

pp *mf* *mp* *pp* *cresc. molto* *tutti*

winds + brass enter

*English horn off-stage ("Ar Lan y Môr")

Meno mosso $\text{♩} = 48$

Forty years have passed since then

Lights fade + rise again to....

pp strings

$\frac{4}{8}$ lower strings saltato senza v. brda

puls(harmonias) pp + hp

Attacca

ACT One

Scene 1

The estuary at Langharne. Late summer 1953. Dylan's writing shed is Upstage Right.

Cliff Walk is upstage, mid-stage. The Shore is downstage. The Boat House is Upstage Left. Dylan is at his writing table. Aeronwy enters with 2 friends and eavesdrops on Dylan's intoning.

Allegro Subito $\text{♩} = \text{circa } 88$

Aeronwy

Bronwen

Billy

I can't I hav'nt got my

Let's go to the beach

mf

sfz p

7.

ACT ONE Sc. 1

Aeronomy

Bronwen
bath-ing cos-tume

Billy
f Ne-ver mind, I
mf won't look! Are you com-ing Ae-ron-my?

Handwritten musical score for Act One, Scene 1, page 7. It features vocal staves for Aeronomy, Bronwen, and Billy, and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics include "bath-ing cos-tume", "Ne-ver mind, I won't look! Are you com-ing Ae-ron-my?", and "Yes! I'll be like my mo-ther. She just dos-n't wear one".

6

Aeronomy
mf Yes! I'll be like my mo-ther. She just dos-n't wear one

Bronwen

Billy
mf Oh, I've seen her! She

Handwritten musical score for Act One, Scene 1, page 7, continuing from the previous system. It features vocal staves for Aeronomy, Bronwen, and Billy, and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics include "Yes! I'll be like my mo-ther. She just dos-n't wear one" and "Oh, I've seen her! She".

ACT ONE SC. 1

(Aeronwy + Bronwen both giggle) 10 *mf*

Aeronwy *mf* so where were you when you saw her,

Billy was-n't wearing anything

f.l.+piac.

mp

Aeronwy *f* Bil-ly?

Billy *f* In the rocks! mind-ing my own business!

(Aeronwy + Bronwen giggle together)

mf

mf

mf

mf

ped. ped.

Poco Meno Mosso (♩ = 84)

14 *f*

Bronwen Come on, Bil-ly! Pull the o-ther one!

mf

You're a no good boy-o, you

mf

mf

p

ACT ONE Sc. 1

(Aeronwyr Bronweh continues to giggle)

Bronweh are!

Billy No I'm hot! I'm a lit-tle in-no-cent

mf *mp*

Moderato (♩=69-72)

19 Dylan In my craft or sul-len-art — ex-er-cised in the

p *mp*

fl, picc., ob *(strings)*

(lower strings) *pp*

p *mp*

8va basso

mf *poco accel.* *f* *ten. ten.*

Dylan still night when on-ly the moon ra-ges

mf *(winds & horns)*

8va basso *ped. ped.*

ACT ONE Sc. 1

24 Allegro (♩=84)

mf *mf* *mf*

Aeronwy
 Billy
 Piano

List-en, Ae-ron-wy
 Your fa-ther's shout-ing

Don't be sil-ly

f *mf* *mf*

27 Poco Più Mosso (♩=88)
 (joining Bronwen in the laughter)

Aeronwy
 Bronwen
 Billy
 Piano

Bil-ly
 (Bronwen giggles loudly) (continuing to giggle)

What's so fun-ny? There's no-thing to laugh a-bout!

Oh yes there is, she

mp *mf*

Bronwen
 Piano

told you not to be so sil-ly, Billy! But you can't help it, cus'

ACT ONE Sc. 1

Handwritten musical score for Act One, Scene 1, page 11. The score is written in 4/4 time and includes parts for Aeronywy, Bronwen, Dylan, and a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves (#1 and #2).

System 1:

- Aeronywy:** Melody line starting at measure 32 with a *mp* dynamic. Lyrics: "Sil-ly Bil-ly sil-ly Bil-ly, sil-ly Bil-ly, sil-ly Bil-ly!"
- Bronwen:** Melody line with *mf* dynamic. Lyrics: "that is what you are a sil-ly Bil-ly".
- Piano:** Accompaniment for two staves. Staff #1 has *mp* and *mf* dynamics. Staff #2 has *mp* dynamic.

System 2:

- Dylan:** Melody line with *Poco Meno f* dynamic. Lyrics: "And the lo - vers lie a bed with".
- Piano:** Accompaniment for two staves. Staff #1 has *pp* dynamic. Staff #2 has *f sva basso* dynamic.

System 3:

- Bronwen:** Melody line with *f* dynamic. Lyrics: "what's he do - ing? Ae - ron - wy?"
- Dylan:** Melody line with *mf* dynamic. Lyrics: "all their griefs in their arms".
- Piano:** Accompaniment for two staves. Staff #1 has *pp* and *mp* dynamics. Staff #2 has *f sva basso* and *mf* dynamics.

The score includes various musical notations such as accidentals, dynamics, and performance markings like *pp*, *mf*, *f*, and *mp*.

ACT ONE Sc. 1

[38]

f He's writ-ing a po-em

f My Dad does-nt do that

mf Like

#1. *pp*

#2. *mf*

ped.

f **[41]** Tempo Primo (♩=88)

Yes! But much more grown up

Jack and Jill went up the hill?

mf But why's he shout-ing?

#1. *pp* *mp*

#2. *mp* *mf*

8va

8va basso

ped.

Aeronwy *mf* Oh mine do that as well!

Billy My Mom and Dad on-ly shout at each o-ther

(winds)

47 Poco Meno Mosso (♩=84) Non Fretta! Stabile il tempo

Aeronwy *f* I'll be glad when school starts a-gain *mf* *mp* *p* I don't know yet. I'm

Billy *mf* *mp* *p* Oh I shan't What teach-en have you got?

mf *mp* *pp* *p*

ped. ped.

Aeronwy *mp* *mf* # go #ing a-way to school Mo-ther says it's called the "Arts Ed-u-

Bronwen *mp* *mf* Oh where to?

pp *p* *mp*

ped. ped. ped. ped. ped. ped.

ACT ONE Sc. 1

54

Aeronwy *f*
ca-tion-al school in Eng-land

Bronwen *mf*
So why are you go-ing

Billy *f*
(his nose in the air) Oh that sounds posh!

pizz. 8va basso *p*

mp

pp

Aeronwy *mf*
She wants me to learn to dance like her

Bronwen *mf*
there? oh I wish I could go there too!

p

ped.

ped.

ped.

ped.

59

Bronwen *mf*
(Bronwen does a little dance) Who's stu-pid? You look stu-pid, as well as

Billy *mf*
You look more stu-pid than e-ver

pizz. 8va *p*

mf

f.

ped.

ACT ONE SC. 1.

15.

62

Handwritten musical score for the first system, measures 62-76. It features five staves: Bronwen (soprano), Billy (soprano), Dylan (bass), #1 (piano), and #2 (piano). The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. Dynamics include *f*, *mf*, and *ff*. Performance directions include accents and slurs. The lyrics are:

Bronwen: *f* sil-ly, and you can't dance. No I'm not! No I'm not!

Billy: *f* So you're stu-pid too! Yes you are! Yes you

Dylan: *f* I la-bour, I

#1: *f* I la-bour, I

#2: *mf* I la-bour, I

Handwritten musical score for the second system, measures 77-91. It features five staves: Aerony (soprano), Bronwen (soprano), Billy (soprano), Dylan (bass), #1 (piano), and #2 (piano). The music continues in the same key and time signature. Dynamics include *mf*, *f*, and *ff*. Performance directions include *(laughing)*, *(shouting)*, and *(screaming)*. The lyrics are:

Aerony: *(laughing)* Sil-ly. Sil-ly! Sil-ly! so sil-ly!

Bronwen: *mf* stu-pid, sil-ly, stu-pid. *f* stu-pid, sil-ly, stupid, silly, stupid, sil-ly! *(screaming)*

Billy: *mf* are! *f* stu-pid. *(screaming)*

Dylan: *f* I la-bour! I la-bour! You

#1: *mf* I la-bour! You

#2: *f* I la-bour! You

ACT ONE SC. 1

Poco Meno Mosso

Handwritten musical score for the first system, featuring vocal parts and piano accompaniment.

Vocal Parts:

- Aerony:** Come on, we'd better go!
- Bronwen:** (Silent)
- Billy:** (Silent)
- Dylan:** child-ren! Stop mak-ing such a rack-et. go and play some where else

Piano Accompaniment:

- Right hand: *f*, *ff*, *mp*
- Left hand: *ff*, *mp*

Handwritten annotations include asterisks above notes and a circled triplet in the Billy part.

Handwritten musical score for the second system, continuing the vocal and piano parts.

Vocal Parts:

- Aerony:** Let's go down to the
- Bronwen:** He's ve-ry an-gry! No it's not!
- Billy:** us! It's your fault!

Piano Accompaniment:

- Right hand: *mp*, *mf*
- Left hand: *mp*, *mf*

Handwritten annotations include dynamic markings and musical symbols like slurs and accents.

71

Aeronwy beach!

Bronwen *f* There'll be no re-ci-ting po-ems there!

Billy *mf* last one there is a stupid donkey

mf *pp* *mf* *ped.*

Aeronwy *mf* so sil-ly! so sil-ly! so sil-ly!

Bronwen *mf* makes no difference if you're stupid any-way!
mf sil-ly! sil-ly! sil-ly! sil-ly!

Billy *mf* stu-pid! stu-pid! stu-pid! stu-pid!

Dylan *mf* Not for am-bi-tion or bread, or the

#1. *mp*

#2. *mf* *ped.*

ACT ONE Scene 1

(The children run off-stage screaming) [Downstage: the shoreline. Caitlin has placed 5 fish on the sand.] **f** [78]

Caitlin: For God's sake, stop that

Dylan: strand trade of charms on the i- vory sta- ges

Caitlin: mean- ing- less rub- bish! Those emp- ty words!

[She picks up a small fish and looks at it.]

Meno Mosso (♩=76) [83] mp

Caitlin: Lots of wo- men think he's a catch. I did so, my- self, once!

[She throws the fish away.]

ACT ONE SCENE 1.

87

Caitlin

mf > > Not now! *f* Not a-ny long-er. I've had e-nough of him!

Caitlin

e-nough of Lau-ghar-ne e-nough of ev-ery thing

91

Caitlin

mp What am I but a nurse-maid and a *p* ser-vent wait-ing hard and foot, on

Caitlin

mp three un-grate-ful com- *mf* plain-ing child-ren *f* And him more *mf* use-less and un-

Caitlin

mp grate-ful *p* but most of *mp* all un- *mf* faith-ful

Poco Meno Mosso (♩ = 80)

102 Caitlin

mf In Lon-don! *mf* In A-mer-i-ca! *f* And God knows where!

Caitlin

mp a gag-gle of whores ly-ing at his feet, a-dor-ing-ly

Caitlin

mf listen-ing to his end-less boom-ing! *mf* I thought I'd pay him back in-fi-

21.
ACT ONE SCENE 1

Caitlin

mf Allargando *p poco ritard.*

del-i-ty re-paid with in-fi-del-i-ty — But in the end, so point-less.

115 Moderato (♩=72-76)

Caitlin

p *mp*

A grope in the dark the smell of cig-a-rettes and beer, and all of it as empty as this

Caitlin

mf *f* 121

end-less stretch of sand

Dylan

f

But for the com-mon

Dylan

wa-ges of their most se-cret

[The children rush onto the beach and play around the hole in the cliff wall... chasing each other.]

ACT ONE SCENE I

Bronwen *f* Yes I can! You're as slow as a snail!

Billy *f* You can't catch me! But as strong as an ox! I can
[Billy tries to pick up Bronwen]

Dylan heart most se
ped. ped.

poco ritardando *f* *mf* 128 *Lento Subito* ($\text{♩} = 46-50$)

Aeronwy So sil-ly Sil-ly Bil-ly, Sil-ly Bronwen Oh! so sil-ly.

Bronwen No don't! (screaming) *f* * * No! [He kisses her.] Billy chases Bronwen offstage

Billy pick you up! All right, then here's a Kiss!

Dylan heart

Caitlin *8va* *ff* *f* *mf* *p*
Lento Subito ($\text{♩} = 46-50$)
ped. ped. ped.

ACT ONE SCENE I

p (re-capturing her past)

Caitlin *p* young and in-no-cent

(Caitlin performs a few dance movements) *mp* I couldn't care less...

Aeronwy (laughing) *p* Mo-ther, you look sil-ly too!

pp *ppp* *ppp* *ped.*

132

Meno Mosso (♩=44)

Moderato (♩=69)

Caitlin *p* It's what I used to do

It's what you'll learn to do at school. *quasi parlato*

Aeronwy *mp* But I don't want to!

pp *ppp* *pp*

Caitlin *mp* and be tied to the

kit-chen sink, as I am now?

Aeronwy want to learn to cook.

mp

ACT ONE Scene 1

mf *f*

Caitlin
Dance will make you free as air, free as a bird in flight

Dylan
"Not for the proud man a-part,
From the raging moon I write"

mf *f* *ped.* *mf* *f* *ped.*

141

freely mf *mp* [Caitlin shrugs.]

Aeronwy
You know, mother, you and father are ve-ry strange peo-ple, ev-ry one says so!

ff *mp* *mp*

144

L'istesso tempo (sempre ♩=69) non accelerando (Moderato)

Aeronwy
[Enter Billy + Bronwen] *f* So sil-ly!

Bronwen
[Billy is holding a crab] [Bron. produces a crab.] *f* Look Billy I've got one too! It'll grab your

Billy
Ae-ron-wy look what I've got! Look at it's claws it'll pinch your bum!

sfz *mf* *mp* *mf* *mf*

147

(laughing) *f* *(Aeronwy continues to laugh)*

Aeronwy *f* oh! so sil-ly

Bronwen wil-ly *(Bronwen chases Billy offstage)*

Billy *f* No!

Caitlin *mf* *(Dylan walking to the boathouse)* *(mimicing Dylan)* *mf* their

Dylan *mf* Nor— for the tow-ering dead with their night-ing-gales and psalms)

8va *mf* *mf* *mf* *ped.* *ped.* *ped.* *ped.*

Caitlin *f* night-ing-gales and psalms— Ae-ron-wy! Time to go home! *(Caitlin heads for the Boathouse)* *(Aeronwy follows)*

8va *f* *sfz* *sfz* *(violins + clarinets)*

152

Poco Meno Mosso *f* *(d=63-66)* *8va* *ff* *ff* *ff* *(brass)* *ped.* *ped.* *(tutti orch)*

(winds + pizz. strings)

[Upstage Left: Living Room:

Dylan has arrived at the boathouse and puts a recording of Enrico Caruso singing "Di Quella Pira" from *Il Trovatore* on the record player. He plays it at double the normal speed.] (Enter Caitlin with Aerohwy.)

154

* start recording

Subito Allegro $\text{♩} = 108$

[Dylan puts his feet on the table.]

Caitlin mf Dy-lan you've got it on the wrong blood-y speed!

Dylan mf Oh No!

"Pira" Record. * Record Begins
Recording Playing

4 ff

3
4
3
4

It's those Ital-ian ten-ors

[Caitlin goes over to the Victrola and stops the recording.]

Subito Moderato ($\text{♩} = 69$)

Caitlin f

Dylan They've got their testicles in their throats!

"Pira" * ff

L'istesso tempo Rehearsal [144]

Attacca →

(senza pausa)

Attacca →

[Dylan is reading the newspaper.]

[Dylan continues to read.]

Caitlin f Dy-lan! Feet!

mf We don't fancy feet!

mp 8va basso mf p

27.
ACT ONE Sc. 1

Caitlin *mf* Not when we've got the cake I've made! *f* Ae-ron-wy, *mf* Fill the ket-tle!

[Dylan removes his feet from the table.]

Caitlin *mp* Lie-wel-lyn! Tea-time!

Aeronwy *mf* [rushing to the sink] Ugh! It tastes like saw-dust!

[164] Caitlin has placed a table cloth on the table and is cutting the cake. [Aeronwy tries a bit.]

Caitlin *mf* Well—there's no-thing left I've no mon-ey to go to the shop *mp* Not when your fa-ther spends it all on

Caitlin *mf* hor-ses, beer, cards and wo-men! *f* Lie-wel-lyn. *ff* Tea-time.

[Caitlin calls out again.]

28.
ACT ONE
SCENE I

Poco Meno Mosso ($\text{♩} = 60$)

Caitlin **mf** **170**

What are we supposed to live on? Have you seen the cup-board?

Poco Meno Mosso ($\text{♩} = 60$)

mf

Molto ritardando **173** *Lento* ($\text{♩} = 50$)

Caitlin **mp** **DYLAN:**

Mo-ther Hubbard bears no com- par- i - son! Not to wor-ry, my cat!

Ritardando Molto *Lento* ($\text{♩} = 50$)

mf *mp* *sim.*

poco rit. *a tempo* **mf**

Dylan

Mon-ey will soon be com-ing in! — The ad- vance on "Adven- tures in the Skin Trade!" And

poco rit. *a tempo*

rit. *Molto Lento* ($\text{♩} = 44$) *Ritardando*

Dylan

four pub-lish-ers fight-ing for "Milk-wood!" And I'll be writ-ing an op-era with stra-

Ritard. *Molto Lento* ($\text{♩} = 44$) *Ritardando* *col canto*

mf *ped.* *ped.* *ped. — ped. —*

Allegro (♩=80)

ff b^{\flat} (Dylan does a little dance... then he comically pirouettes and falls to the floor.)

Dylan
vin-sky!

Piano I
ff

Piano II
ff

Allegro (♩=80)

182

Dylan
we'll be rich and fat as wal-rus-es.

Caitlin
oh that will be the day!

Meno Mosso

Meno Mosso

mf (mockingly)

ff

p

A Tempo (♩=80)

poco rit.

Caitlin
We are living on air! Trades-men on my back! And Lie-

A Tempo (♩=80)

poco rit.

90.

ACT ONE SCENE 1

189

A Tempo (♩=80)

Caitlin

wel-lyn al-most thrown out of school — all be-cause of you for-get-ting to pay!

A Tempo (♩=80)

ped.

[Enter Llewellyn] (Spoken Dialogue)

Llewellyn: If you like, I won't go back. I'd rather stay with Granny or stay here with my tribesmen.

Aeronwy: Why don't you go to Africa...? Better than pictures on a bedroom wall!

Llewellyn: You only want my bedroom! But you can't have it! It's mine!

Aeronwy: I don't see why you should have your own room!

(both shouting)

Llewellyn: Because I'm older!

Aeronwy: That's no reason!

Attacca →

193

Allegro (♩=88)

Caitlin

Aeronwy

Llewellyn

Both of you, stop it!

He start-ed it!

No I did-nt

(Colm is heard crying offstage)

Poco Rit.

Look what you've done. Do I have to live in a mad-house?!

(Caitlin goes out to see Colm.)

(Llewellyn takes a bite of cake and rushes to the sink.)

mf

ACT ONE SCENE 1

198

Moderato (♩=80-84)

(drolly and comically)

Dylan

Moderato (♩=80-84) I

ask my-self — the ve-ry same ques-tion

But here am I, with my

Piano accompaniment for measures 198-201, featuring complex chordal textures and melodic lines in both hands.

*(with a mock UK-accent & very exaggerated diction)

Dylan

o-dious warm-

slip-pers — ob-

serv - ing my

e-qually o-dious

brood!

*(an exaggerated rolled "r")

Piano accompaniment for measures 202-205, continuing the complex harmonic and melodic development.

207

Dylan

bask-ing in the vi-ta-per-

a - tions of my

gold-en, loath-ing

wife!

Piano accompaniment for measures 206-209, featuring a dynamic marking of *mf*.

211

Dylan

I've be-come as do-

mes-tic as my

slip-pers —

(Enter Caitlin with Colm)

CAITLIN:

214

mp

But

Piano accompaniment for measures 210-214, including the entrance of Caitlin and Colm.

32.

ACT ONE SCENE 1

Poco Più Mosso (♩=92)

Accelerando

Caitlin

not as do-mes-tic as a house-wife, han-ny car-er cook-

mf

C Bsn.

Allegro (♩=120)

(increasingly agitated)

f

hose-wi-per, arse-wi-per. And re-mov-er of the tops of boil-ed eggs,

f

ff *sva*

221

quasi parlato

poco accelerando

Caitlin

For peo-ple who are in-cap-a-ble of do-ing it!

ff *sva* *sfz* *unison*

ff *sva* *poco accelerando*

224

Moderato (♩=84) *mp*

Caitlin

When the child-ren re-turn to school I shall go to El-ba and take Co-lin

p *mp*

33.
ACT ONE SC. 1

228

poco rit.

Caitlin with me

Dylan Do you mean you are go-ing in-to ex-ile a se-cond Na-

233

Dylan po-le-an

Caitlin (piano) 8va What's good for the goose...! You go to A-mer-i-ca for

Meno Mossa (♩=76-80)

236

Caitlin flat-te-ry, i-dle-ness, and in-fi-del-i-ty I shall go to El-be, for sea and

mp *poco rit.*

34.
ACT ONE SC. 1

239

A Tempo (♩=76-80)

Caitlin
sun-shine!
Don't be ri-di-cu-lous!
Gio- van- ni was a per- fect gen- tle- man.

Dylan
And a room at the inn!

mf mp

244

Poco Più Mosso (♩=84)

Caitlin
He was be- ing po- lite — as I- tal- ians are —

Dylan
po- lite! sy- non- a- nous with smar- my,

p

Poco Meno Mosso (♩=76)

248

Caitlin
I'm sure that you won't be a-

Dylan
smile-y, slip- per-y, smooth- ing the way in- to his bed!

mp f

ACT ONE SC. 1

mf *Piu Mosso* ($\text{♩} = 88$) *p* *poco accel.* *pp* *f* *a tempo*

Caitlin lone, — Your Mar-gret Tay-lor can come a- round and bring you sweets in-to your bath tub!

Caitlin, quite irritated, retires to upstage looking disapprovingly at the children and Dylan.

Poco Meno Mosso ($\text{♩} = 84$)

254 *p*

Dylan don't real-ly fan-cya cold — rice — pud-ding!

Poco Piu Mosso ($\text{♩} = 92$)

258

Aeronwy Yes! Let's play a game!

Llwellyn fa-ther, this is real-ly bor-ing

Dylan Al- right! why not?

ACT ONE SC. 1

262 *poco a poco accelerando*

Aeronwy *mp* That's much too hard *mf* Yes!

Llewellyn *mp* That's just too ea-sy!

Dylan Shall we play cha-rades? Then what a-bout draughts? Then "snakes and lad-ders"!

SUBITO ALLEGRO (♩ = 126-132)

265

Aeronwy *f* snakes and lad-ders! snakes and lad-ders! snakes and lad-ders! snakes and lad-ders! Where is it?

Llewellyn Yes! snakes and lad-ders! snakes and lad-ders! snakes and lad-ders! snakes and lad-ders! Where is it?

Dylan *mf* [Colm starts laughing.] In the

[Dylan starts chasing the children around the room.]

Aeronwy *mf* No! No! It's not there!

Llewellyn No!

Dylan cup-board? Un-der the set-tee? In the drawer!

[Dylan & the Children stop]

[Laughter stops]

[273] [The children start running]

271 *f* Ritard ^{ten.} *A Tempo* Ritard *Allegro Mosso* (♩=138) *f*

Dylan *f* Then there's no-thing for it! A game of cards

around the room again.

[Dylan throws a deck of cards in the air and chases the children as they laugh uncontrollably.] [Ceitlin looks on disapproving.]

Dylan *mf* *f*

8va 8va

Piano I *ff*

Piano II *ff*

8va

[End of Act I Scene 1]

ACT ONE
- Scene 2 -

The Bar of Brown's Hotel, the same evening. Ivy & Ebbie Williams, Howard Dark and Phil Richards are waiting for Dylan to make his nightly appearance. Other patrons are present.

Moderato (♩=60) with a "swing"

Ebbie

Howard

mp

mp

Maybe they've had a noth-er fight, they

So where's Dylan? He's late to night.

Ivy

Ebbie

mf

mf

It's all her fault. He's an ed-u-ca-ted gent-le man. And

squab-ble like cats and dogs now-a-days

Act 1 Sc. 2

9

Ivy she's like a cat with a scald-red tale— We

Phil *mf* Ah well I-vy, we know how fond of him you are!

mp *cresc.* *mf*

11

Ivy On-ly talk a-bout lit-er-a-ture

Phil *mp* Hey Eb-bie, you'd better brush up

mp *8vb* *8vb*

13

Phil on your read-ing! Then you can have some in-ter-est-ing pil-low talk

Ebbie

8vb *8vb*

Act I Sc. 2

15 (placing his arm around Ivy)

Ebbie

You be qui-et, Phil — Gos-sip can get you in-to trouble!

Ebbie

Oh, I don't know, Phil,

Phil

I was on-ly teasing, what kind of gos-sip? Not a-bout me, I hope!

Ebbie

All the lo-cals get in-to mis-chief, e-spe-cial-ly af-ter dark!

(Ebbie + Phil look at Howard)

Phil

oh "Dark" by name and na-ture!

Howard

why look at me?

(General Laughter)

(Everyone looks at Howard)

Act I Sc. 2

L'istesso tempo (♩=60)

23 Phil *p*
 I was driving in my car the o-ther night. I'm sure I saw you and Cait-lin in the

26 Phil *mp* *accelerando*
 head-lights! At least I thought it was you, who-ever it was, was being ver-y sym-pa-the-tic

29 Ivy *mp* *A Tempo* (♩=60)
 And now-a-days she's got some ver-y nice bits and bobs!

Phil *mf*
 towards her!

31 Phil *mf* *condescendingly*
 Howard *mp*
 Well not from me, she hasn't! There's on-ly one wo-man in my life!

Act I Sc. 2

33 Phil course there is, How-ard. We all know that! But you know—what wo-men are—

35 Ivy per-fect para-dise!

Ebbie per-fect para-dise!

Phil per-fect par-a-dise! It isn't true that A-dam was kicked out of it when

(Enter Dylan & Richard Hughes in a rainstorm.)

37 Ivy And here come our lit-er-ar-y

Phil Eve gave him the ap-ple!

Act I sc. 2

39 *accelerando*

Ivy gi-ants now!

Dylan What? —

mf *f* *b*

8va *8vb*

ped *ped* *ped* *ped* *ped* *

Moderato ($\text{♩} = 69$)

41 *mf* *mp*

Dylan — Five feet six at the out-side! As the years go by, my growth has be come more hor-i-zon-tal!

Richard

p *mp*

45 *Meno mosso* ($\text{♩} = 63$)

Dylan

Richard *mf* oh no, Dy-lan! You are like your writ-ing More so-lid and im-prov-ing with age!

8va *p* *mp*

ped. *ped.*

Act I Sc. 2

[47] *(magnamously)* *Ritardando Molto*

Dylan *mf* Oh no, Richard! The sun al-ways shines in

Richard such hor-rid ghast-ley wea-ther!

mf *p* *mp*

[49] *A Tempo* ($\text{♩} = 63$) *(wagging his finger)* *(with mock piety)* *poco piu mosso* ($\text{♩} = 66$) *poco accelerando*

Ebbie Nay, nay, Dy-lah! The sun on-ly shines on the right-geous! *(general laughter)*

Dylan *Laughter!*

mf *p*

[52] *Allegretto* ($\text{♩} = 92$)

Phil *mp* Let's have some pints for Dylan and Richard!

Dylan *mf* *(ecstatic)* oh yes! Cold beer! The love of my life!

pp *pp* *mf*

attacca

Act I Sc. 2

Allegro Giocoso (♩=108)

55 *mf* * Oh I love the taste of beer— It's brass— bright depth! The

mp

staccato

4mp

60 *mf* *mp* *Lento* (♩=60)

sud-den world thru the wet brown walls of the glass! The tilt-ed rush to the lips! And the

mp

p *cresc.* *4mp* *p* *Lento* (♩=60)

63 (with mock piety) *ritard.* (Dylan burps) *a tempo* *pp* *ma poco meso meso*

slow—swal-lowing down to the lap—ping bel-ly! The salt on the tongue. The

4p *4* *8vb-* *8vb-* *pp.*

ped.

68 (with sexual innuendo) *pp* *f* *Maestoso* (♩=60) *Subito Allegro con brio* (♩=138)

foam at the cor-ners! Cold Beer is bot-tled God!

pp *f* *sfz* *mf*

*"Calon Lân" (trans. = "Pure Heart") *ped.*

Act I Sc. 2

Moderato (♩ = 92)

71

Dylan

(General Laughter)

Ebbie

(shouts of "Hear! Hear!"
"Well done, Dylan!")

So what's this play you've writ-ten,

74

Ebbie

Dy-lan? I've heard it's all a-bout Laugharne! Is it true we're all in it?

77

Andante (♩ = 60) poco meno mosso

Moderato (♩ = 76)

Ebbie

You mean it's not a-bout Laugharne?

Phil

And we arn't in it?

Dylan

Eb-bie, You shouldn't be-lieve what people tell you.

Act I sc. 2

80 *mp* *Andante* ($\text{♩} = 60$) *p* *Adagio* ($\text{♩} = 40$) *pp*

Dylan *It's a-bout a small town... that ne-ver was. A town be-neath a wood... in a*

83 *poco più mosso* ($\text{♩} = 52$) *mp* *f* *Andante* ($\text{♩} = 56$) *mp* *f*

Dylan *ne-ver, ne-ver Wales! A love-ly town, that I i-ma-gine when-er-er I'm in*

** "Mae Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau" (Welsh National Anthem)*

ped.

87 *mp* *Molto Meno mosso* ($\text{♩} = 46$)

Dylan *Lon-don or A-mer-i-ca! An-y-way, You'll be pleased to know, I've writ-ten an-o-ther play to be broad-cast*

89 *mp* *mf* *Pia Mosso* ($\text{♩} = 69$)

Ebbie *so what are you tel-ling us? A Laugharne that ne-ver was?*

Dylan *soon on the B. B. C. It's e-bout Laugharne! No, No!*

Act I Sc. 2

92 *Meno Mosso* (♩=60) *f* Come on Dylan How does it go?

Ebbie *mp* Well, isn't that great! I-vy! Drinks all a-round!

Dylan A Laugharne that is! At least what I think it is.

95 *mf* Aye, give us a sam-ple! *Lento* (♩=50) (takes a Swig of beer) (with mock solemnity) *mf*

Dylan All Right! It's some-thing like this! Laugharne has a rui-ned cast-le,

98 *Subito Più Mosso* (♩=63) *f* oh come on Dy-lan! Be fair!

Ebbie Ceremoniously gestures around the pub) *mf* And what a-bout us?

Dylan Brown's ho-tel, And not mach else! *mp* Well!

Attacca

Act I Sc. 2

Allegro Leggiero (♩=104)

101

Dylan

p

I've been liv-ing here now for sit-teen years on and off! Al- though I'm a for-eign-er, I'm

105

Dylan

hard-ly e-ven stoned in the streets! And I can claim to be ab-le to call sev-er-al of the,

109

Dylan

p in-hab-i-tants, *mp* And a few of the he-rons by their *mf* chris-tian names!

112

Ivy

mf That'll be most of us!

Dylan

mp Some live in Laugharne be-cause they were born here!

Howard

f Hear! Hear! Dylan!

Act I Sc. 2

117

Dylan

o-thers ar-rived here, to es-cape the in-ter-na-tion-al po-lice, on their wives.

120

Dylan

And there are those who do not know and ne-ver will why they are here in the first place.

123

Phil

Quite right my boy nail on the head!

127

Dylan

As for my-self — I came one day. Got off the bus and forgot to get on a-gain!

Act I Sc. 2

131 *mp*
 Ivy As peo-ple do!
 Dylan *mp*
 so here am I in this time-less, be-guiting town

136 *mf*
 Dylan with its sev-en pub-lic hous-es, one chap-el in act-ion, one church, one

141 *mp*
 Dylan fac-to-ry! Two bil-liard ta-bles! One Saint Ber-hard with-out the brand-y!

146 *mp*
 Dylan one po-lice-man, three riv-ers, a vis-it-ing sea! One Rolls Royce sel-ling Fish and chips!

Act I Sc. 2

Dylan 151 *mp* one can-non, (cast i-ron) *mf* And so ma-hy birds!

Ivy 154 *mp* That's great Dy-lan! Hear! Hear!

Phil *mp* That's great Dy-lan! Hear! Hear!

Ebbie *mp* That's great Dy-lan! Hear! Hear!

Richard *mp* That's great! Hear! Hear!

Howard *mp* That's great! Hear! Hear!

J. *mp* It's so great! That's our Dy-lan *mf*

A. *mp* It's so great! That's our Dy-lan *mf*

T. *p* This is great!

B. *p* This is great!

Act I Sc. 2

157

(shaking their heads "no")
(out-sid-ers)

Ivy
Phil
Ebbie

mf *b \sharp*

Dylan
Laugharne ac-cord-ing to out-sid-ers, is a la-zy, black

161

mf

Ivy
That's just rub-bish!

Dylan
bed-lam by the sea! But it's— where I in-tend to

166

Dylan
live, for- ev-er!

S
A
T
B

That's won-der-ful,
That's won-der-ful,

Act I Sc. 2

170

Ivy *f* we'll have tour-ists by the bus-load! *poco rit.*

Ebbie *f* Let's give him a knight-hood! *poco rit.*

S *mp* Dy-lan! *(laughing) mp* won-der-ful! A knight-hood!

A *mp* Dy-lan! — won-der-ful!

T *mp* Dy-lan! — won-der-ful!

B *poco rit.*

174 *a tempo*

Dylan *(ceremoniously) mf* "sir Dy-lan— of Laugharne." *b \bar{b} .*

Howard *mf* Dy-lan! what would you like to be called?

S. *mp* sir Dy-lan of

A. *mp*

a tempo

Act I sc. 2

179 *Allargando*

Ivy Phil Ebbie Howard J. A. T. B.

mf Ver-y well! please kneel!

[Dylan kneels as Howard touches him on both shoulders with a pint of beer.]

mp Oh

mf Laugharne! sir Dy-lan! sir Dy-lan!

mf Laugharne! sir Dy-lan! sir Dy-lan!

p mp mf

mf

Meno Mosso (♩=88)

182

Ivy Phil Ebbie Richard Howard S. A. T. B.

let us sing to-ge-ther — God bless Sir Dy-lan of Laugharne!

God bless Sir Dy-lan of Laugharne!

God bless Sir Dy-lan of Laugharne!

God bless Sir Dy-lan of Laugharne!

God bless Sir Dy-lan of Laugharne!

Act I Sc. 2

185 (General laughter) *Allegretto tempo* ($\text{♩} = 88$)

Phil: Aye, then! Let's have one of our old songs!

Ebbie: What a-bout "The

188 *Allegro Giocoso* ($\text{♩} = 88$)

Ivy: Aye! Chimb-ley Sweep! Chimb-ley!

Phil: Aye! Chimb-ley Sweep! Chimb-ley!

Ebbie: Chimb-ley sweep?" "In

Richard: Aye! Chimb-ley Sweep! Chimb-ley!

S. Aye! Come on! "The Chimb-ley Sweep!" Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley!

A. Aye! Come on! "The Chimb-ley Sweep!" Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley!

T. Aye! Come on! "The Chimb-ley Sweep!" Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley!

B. Aye! Come on! "The Chimb-ley Sweep!" Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley!

Act I Sc. 2

190

Ebbie

Pem. broke city when I was young I lived by the cast-le Keep!

S. Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! ci-ty!

A. Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! ci-ty!

T. Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! Pem-brake

B. Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! Pem-broke

192

Howard

"Six-pence a week! That was my wage for work-ing for the Chimbley Sweep!"

S. Chimbley! Six Pence! Chimbley! Six Pence! Chimbley! for the... oh dear!

A. Chimbley! Six Pence! Chimbley! Six Pence! Chimbley! for the... Oh dear!

T. chimbley! Six Pence! Chimbley! Chimbley! chimbley! work-ing! oh dear!

B. Chimbley! Six Pence! Chimbley! Chimbley! Chimbley! work-ing! oh dear!

ped.

Act I Sc. 2

194 *mf* *pp*

Ivy Sweep, sweep, Chimb-ley sweep, I swept through Pem-broke Ci-ty!

S. Sweep my! Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley! Pem-broke! Pem-broke! Chimb-ley!

A. Chimb-ley! Sweep my! Sweep my! Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley! swept thru! Chimb-ley! Ci-ty!

T. Chimb-ley! Sweep my! Sweep my! Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley! swept thru! Chimb-ley! Ci-ty!

B. Chimb-ley! Sweep my! Sweep my! Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley! swept thru! Chimb-ley! Ci-ty!

mp

196 *mp* *mfb*

Dylan Poor and bare-foot in the snow 'till a Kind young wo-man took pi-ty!

Philt + Ebbie *mp* (with her tit-ty)

Richard + Howard *mp* (with her tit-ty)

S. *(pp)* Chimb-ley! Bare-foot! Pem-broke! Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley! wo-men!

A. Chimb-ley! Bare-foot! Pem-broke! Chimb-ley! Chimb-ley! wo-men!

T. *(pp)* Chimb-ley! Poor and... swept thru... cit-y! Chimb-ley! Kind, young! pi-ty!

B. *(pp)* Chimb-ley! Poor and... swept thru... cit-y! Chimb-ley! Kind, young! pi-ty!

p *mp* *pp*

Act I Sc. 2

198 *pp*

Ivy Phil Ebbie
Dylan Richard Howard

Poor lit-tle Chim-bley Sweep! Black as the Ace - of spades Oh

Poor lit-tle Chim-bley Sweep! Black as the Ace - of spades Oh

S. A. Lit-tle! Chim-bley! Lit-tle Lit-tle Chim-bley! Oh -

T. Lit-tle! Chim-bley! Chim-bley! Lit-tle Chim-bley! Oh -

B. Chim-bley! Lit-tle Chim-bley! Oh -

mp *poco rit.*

200 *mf* *a tempo*

Ivy Phil Ebbie
Dylan Richard Howard

No - bod - y's swept my Chim-bley, since my hus-band went his ways!

No - bod - y's swept my Chim-bley, since my hus-band went his ways!

S. A. No - bod - y's swept my Chim-bley, since my hus-band went his ways!

T. No - bod - y's swept my Chim-bley, since my hus-band went his ways! she sighed with a

B. No - bod - y's swept my Chim-bley, since my hus-band went his ways! She sighed with a

mf *a tempo*

ped.

Act I Sc. 2

202

Ivy
Phil
Ebbie
Dylan
Richard
Howard

Come and sweep my Chim-bley! Come and sweep my Chim-bley

Come and sweep my Chim-bley, lit-tle Chim-bley! Don't for-get to bring a-long your brush! Chim-bley, Chim-bley

Bring a-long your brush! Come and sweep my Chim-bley bring your big brush. Chim-bley, Chim-bley

blush! she sighed with a blush! Chim-bley! Chim-bley, Chim-bley

blush! she sighed with a blush! Chim-bley! Chim-bley, Chim-bley!

mp

204

Ivy
Dylan
Phil
Ebbie
Richard
Howard

mp Come a-long you lit-tle Chim-bley, bring your brush and sweep my Chim-bley, she sighed with a blush! Chim-bley!

mp Come a-long you lit-tle Chim-bley, bring your brush and sweep my Chim-bley, she sighed with a blush! Chim-bley!

she sighed with a blush! poor and bare-foot in the snow a kind young wo-man gave him her

she sighed with a blush! poor and bare-foot in the snow a kind young wo-man gave him her

p [The chorus with mock piety.]

Come and sweep my lit-tle Chim-bley,

Come and sweep my lit-tle Chim-bley,

Come and sweep my lit-tle Chim-bley,

Come and sweep my lit-tle Chim-bley,

p

* [The Reverend passes by the pub and recognizes the hymn "Cwm Rhonda" and enters Brown's.]

Act I Sc. 2

[Horrified by the lyrics the Reverend makes a hasty exit. He bumps into Caitlin as she enters drinking from a flask.]

206

Ivy she took pi-ty! Come you lit-tle Chim-bley bring your brush and sweep my Chimbley, sweep my Chimbley, sweep my Chim-bley!

Dylan she took pi-ty! Come you lit-tle Chim-bley bring your brush and sweep my Chimbley, sweep my Chimbley, sweep my Chimbley!

Phil tit-ty! Come you lit-tle Chim-bley bring your brush and sweep my Chimbley, sweep my chimbley, sweep my chimbley!

Ebbie tit-ty! Come you lit-tle Chim-bley bring your brush and sweep my chimbley, sweep my chimbley, sweep my chimbley!

Richard Howard tit-ty! Come you lit-tle Chim-bley bring your brush and sweep my chimbley, sweep my chimbley, sweep my chimbley!

S. Bring a-long your big chim-bley brush —

A. Bring a-long your chim-bley brush —

T. Bring a-long your chim-bley brush —

B. Bring a-long your chim-bley brush —

Handwritten musical notation for piano accompaniment, including chords and melodic lines.

Act I Sc. 2

208 (playfully, but with a chip on her shoulder) (laughing) *mf* Not that dis-gust-ing song a-gain

(enjoying the attention) *mp* You men!

Allargando *p* All you think a-bout is sex!

(general laughter) *ff*

ff *mf* *veloce* *p* *ff*

Tempo I ma poco meno mosso (♩=56)

211 *mf* more like five in Dy-lan's case!

(coquettishly) *p* so who's going to buy me a drink?

mp A

Phil *mf* Ev'ry ten se-conds so they say!

Ebbie *mf* On the house, Caitlin, what'll you have?

mp *8vb* *p* *8vb* *p* *8vb* *p* *8vb*

214 (taking charge of the room) *quasi parlando* *parlando*

Caitlin *mf* gin and to-nic! No! Oh se-cond thought, A gin without the tonic!

Ebbie *mp* Are you quite sure, Caitlin? You'll ne-ver make it

mf *p*

Act I Sc. 2

Poco Meno Mosso (♩=54)
(moving toward Howard) (very flirtatious)

217

Caitlin
Oh I'm sure — that some-one will help me...

Ebbie
back to the boat-house, not a-long that dark, nar-row path!

219

Caitlin
What a-bout you, — How-ard?

Howard
(embarrassed)
I don't know, Cait-lin. You've got a hus-band there. Why don't you ask him?

poco accelerando

pp 8 vb poco accet

221

Caitlin
A hus-band! where? I've no hus-band! He's al-ways a-way, you see, in

freely p

ped. molto meno mosso (to herself) pp

Andante (♩=56) p

223

London! or in A-mer-i-ca in any case, he pre-fers the com-pan-y of

mp

Piu Mosso (♩=63) p

subito accelerando mf

Act I Sc. 2

225 *Ancora piu Mosso* ($\text{♩} = 63$) *(agitated)*

Caitlin *f* o-ther wo-men! *p* Lento ($\text{♩} = 40$) *mp* *p* fool of my self? *mf* You've been mak-ing a fool of me for years!

Dylan *(resignedly)* *p* Cait-lin please don't make a fool of your self!

f *mp* *agitato* *mf*

228 *Lento* ($\text{♩} = 58$)

Dylan *p* My cat! I love you and al-ways will! whe-ther here in Brown's... "the Cross House"

p

230 *mp* "Sir John's Hill," in Lon-don or New York, in bed! In a-ny place, at a-ny time!

mf *accel.*

mf

232 *mf* *Moderato* ($\text{♩} = 66$) *poco piu Mosso* *mf* *Agitato*

Caitlin Oh I've heard all this be-fore! Since when is tel-ling the truth

Ivy *f* Cait-lin, we don't want an-y trou-ble here!

f *mf*

Act I Sc. 2

235 (suddenly "coquettish")
 Meno mosso (♩=60) Largo (♩=42)
 Caitlin *p* trou-ble? You be-lieve me, don't you - Phil? I could fan-cy you - and Ho-ward! *pp* (suddenly erotically)
 You both can take me

238 *p* Agitato (♩=84) *mp* (more and more agitated) *mf* accelerando molto
 Caitlin home. The po-et that once was can stay where he is - !

241 Allegro (♩=104) *mp* Moderato (♩=69-72)
 Caitlin *f* I wish I could! It's what I need! A nice long rest! But I'm a mo-ther! And I come
 Phil Cait-lin! Give it a rest! Moderato (♩=69-72) *sim.*

244 *mf*
 Caitlin *mf* se-cond to po-e-try and dolled-up A-mer-i-can tarts!
 Dylan *mf* It's not true! I

Act I Sc. 2

246 (cutting Dylan off) *mf* *f*

Caitlin You go to A-mer-i-ca for flat-ter-y, i-dle-ness, and in-fi-del-i-ty!

Dylan go to A-mer-i-ca for dra-

mp *mf sim.*

248 *f* *poco rit.*

Ivy Cait-lin that's e-nough! You should go home!

Caitlin *mf* *a tempo*
If I had a home, we've ne-ver had a home! A rot-ten

poco rit. *a tempo* *mp sim.*

250 *mf* *p*

Caitlin sum-mer house in Ox-ford, a stink-ing cot-tage in South Leigh! A flat in Lon-don that reeked of cat piss! And

mf

252 *mp* *mf*

Caitlin now the boat-house, pro-per-ty of Mar-gret Tay-lor, who just

mp *mf*

Act I Sc. 2

253 poco allargando Moderato (♩ = 69-72)

Caitlin
longs — for dear — Dy — lan!

Dylan
And I'm so des-per-ate for her that I did-n't turn up when she want-ed to e-

(ped) sim.

mp *mf*

255

Caitlin
But you did for that A-men-i-can girl... that Pearl, or what-e-ver she's called! He cares so lit-tle for

Dylan
lope with me!

f *mf* *mp*

257

Caitlin
me that he left her let-ters in his pock-et for me to find!

Dylan
(to Caitlin) *mf*
she meant no-thing to me — no one else does!

(Caitlin ignores Dylan and addresses the crowd)

mf *f* *mf*

(ped.)

Act I Sc. 2

259

Caitlin
 don't know what they see in him, look at him! A sloth and a turn-ip!

261 Poco a poco accelerando

Caitlin
 Gap-toothed! Bald-ing! Gout in his foot! Phlegm on his chest! Booze in his head!

Richard
 Howard

(both uncomfortable)
 R: "I think I'll be on my way.
 Things to do and..."
 H: "Me too, Richard!
 I'll come with you..."

(Richard + Howard begin to leave)

264

Caitlin
 Moderato (♩=72), (playfully) ritard. a tempo
 oh, no! You can't go yet! We hav-nt had the per- for-mance

Phil
 (exasperated) p
 What per-for-mance?

268

Caitlin
 (flippantly) (sarcastic) mf ritard. (mocking Pylas)
 Not by me, if that's what you think! By that fat lit-tle man, the poor man's Char-les Laugh-ton as he likes to be

Act I Sc. 2

Poco Agitato (ma l'istesso tempo)

(♩ = 69-72)

271 a tempo

Caitlin

mp called. The one who likes to boom in-to A-mer-i-can girls' briefs and bras! Come on Dy-lan! Let's hear it!

274

C.

Boom for us just like you do for them— Rant those rub-bish po-ems! I don't know why peo-ple bo-ther to lis-ten—

277

C.

No one can un-der-stand them! He so likes the sound of his own voice,

279

C.

He could sub-sti-tute for a bloody fog-horn! The voice that sank a

Act I sc. 2

281

C. *thou-sand ships!* *Now as I was young and ea-sy un-der the ap-ple boughs*

283

C. *The force that through the fuse drives the flow-er!* *Do not go gen-tle in to that dark*

f *Lento (♩=54)* *with mock seriousness*
mp *imitating Dylan's voice* *Largo (♩=46)*

287

C. *Freely, dirge-like, mocking Dylan, dripping with sarcasm*
Freely *Andante (♩=66)* *mf accel.*

D. *Good night.* *The word is 'good' not 'dark'*

pp *(containing himself) What?* *It ought to be 'dark'*

292

D. *I ought to know, I blood-y wrote it!* *Do not go gen-tle in-to that good night* *Good! good!*

Agitato (♩=72) *Lento (♩=54)* *(trying to regain composure)* *mf* *accelerando*

Act I Sc. 2

297 *a tempo* (*d=72*) (*Caitlin loses control*) *f* (*she hurls herself at Dylan*)

C. *mf* (*quite angry*) *f* And I wish it was a blood-y good night to you—!

D. *Piu Mosso* *d=92*
Good—!

299 (*Some of the men pull Caitlin off Dylan*)

Ebbie *8va* Cait-lin! E-nough! Time to go

302 *Moderato* (*d=72*) *mp* *mf*

Caitlin I might have known — You're all on his side — I'm not one of you!

Ebbie home.

305 *mp* *ritardando*

Ivy We don't want a row. It's not the time or place

307 Lento (♩=60) *p* *ritardando*

Caitlin: oh yes— I know. *ppp*

spoken: cc (in a low voice, a "matter of fact" tone)
 You like him, don't you, Ivy?
 You'd like to go to bed with him if you haven't done it already!

310 Allegro (♩=92) *Andante* (♩=60) *poco a poco più* (♩=72) *molto* *accelerando*

C. *pp* *p* *mp* *mf* *f*

Ebbie: Cait-lin! I want you to leave now

C. I'm go-ing. I wish I could leave this town for- ev-er-

Allegro (♩=92) *8va* (She rushes out) *Curtain*

Piano I *ff*

Piano II *ff*

End of Scene 2

ACT ONE SCENE 3

[The cliff walk later that night. Dylan, Phil, Howard, Richard. Two of them help Dylan along.]

This scene is very dark. It is difficult to make out the figures.

Andante (♩=50)

SLOW CURTAIN

Dylan

There's no need — I

Richard

We'll make sure you get home safe-ly

Phil

Oh yes there is! you went down back there like a ton of bricks!

Dylan

Know the way.

Howard

Has it

Dylan

It's at- right boys, it's gone now!

Howard

hap-pened be-fore? You should see a doctor!

so what was it?

Act I Sc. 3

8

Phil *mf* You need to eat, Dy-lan!

Dylan *mp* Ev'-ry thing went black, and I was out. It *mf* hap-pened the other day.

10

Phil get plen-ty of food in-side you!

Dylan *mf* I would, if Cait-lin could cook! The o-ther day she tried to cook a rabbit!

12

Dylan *mp* It might have been al-right if she'd re-moved the fur! *mf* I can still feel it tick-ling in my stom-ach!

Act I Sc. 3

14

Dylan *mf* The pro-per time for were-wolves! There's a

Richard *mp* At least it's a full moon. We can see the path!

16

Phil Phil runs to the side and mimics a dog howling in the distance. *f* "Rahr"

Dylan *mp* lot of them in Laugharne, you know! *mf* There! I told you so! You know old Jones, the Blacksmith?

18

Phil *f* That's vam-pires, Dy-lan!

Dylan *p* He turns in-to a were-wolf ev'ry full moon — *mf* Sucks vir-gins blood!

Act I Sc.3

20 *poco meno mosso*

Phil *Vam-pires suck blood!*

Dylan *You're right! I'm get-ting my vam-pires con-fused with my were-wolves!*

22 *a tempo*

Phil *The same as wolves! Tear you to bits!*

Howard *what do were-wolves do?*

Phil adopts the pose of the monster, his shadow thrown on the path by the moon light.

24 *mf*

Phil *I pre-fer Frank-en-stein and the mon-ster*

Dylan *My God! What is that?*

Act I Sc. 3

26

Richard *f* *b* *Art imitating life, or the*

Howard *mf*
Not to worry Dylan! It's only Phil pre-tending to be the mon-ster!

mp *mf*

28

Phil *mf* *f*
Yes! It's only me! Come on lads, the "Chim-bley Sweep!" "In

Dylan *f*
Yes! Chim-bley! "In

Richard *f*
o-ther way round! *No, no, "Cwm Rhon-da!"*

Howard *f*
No, no, "Cwm Rhon-da!"

mf *f*

8vb

Act I Sc. 3

30 *f*

Phil + Dylan
 Pem-broke cit-y when I was young I lived by the Cas-tle Keep!"

Richard + Howard
 "Guide me, o, thou great Je-ho-vah,

leggiero *sempre staccato*

32

Phil
 Six-pence a week! That was my wage for work-ing for the Chim-bley sweep.

Dylan
 Six-pence a week! That was my wage for work-ing for the Chim-ley sweep! Lis-ten!

Richard + Howard
 Pil - grim through this bar - ren land —

34

Phil
 Sweep, Sweep, Chim-bley sweep, I swept thru Pem-broke ci-ty (grabbed her tit-ty)!

Dylan
 When we get to the shed we'll pre-tend it's an Al-lied look-out! we'll spot the Ger-man sub-ma-rines

Richard + Howard
 I am weak, but Thou-art-might-y

Act I Sc. 3

[Dylan, very excited, stumbles and falls down] [Phil pretends to be a machine gunner]

36 Phil Chim-bley, chimbley, chimbley, chimbley, Right. And well let them have it! Frrrr! Frrrr!

Dylan Com-ing up the es-tu-ar-y! Oh! [Dylan moans and holds his head.]

Richard + Howard hold me with thy power-ful hand!

38 Phil Frrr! (dissolves into blubbing)

Dylan Let's pre-tend not to be here!

Howard Com-ing towards us

Richard Hey! There's some-thing up there! Look! A light!

[They all lie down at the side of the path trying to be inconspicuous.]

42 Phil It could be a Ger-man scout sent to re-con-noi-tre the ar-e-a

Act I Sc. 3

44 (half joking, half serious, quite soused) [Caitlin enters]

Dylan: The com-mandant of a pri-son-er of war camp!

Howard: (jokingly) Some-one from a sub-ma-rine!

8va = No! It's

8vb

mf f 8vb

47 Caitlin: I might have known!

Dylan: "The Com-mandant!"

Howard: Cait-lin!

49 mf Dylan: Dy-lan! Where are you?

8vb

49 1/2 Meno mosso 50 A Tempo meno forte poco rit. mp

Caitlin: somewhat feebly come on! on your feet! I'm tak-ing you home

Dylan: I think I'm here

A Tempo poco rit. p pp ped.

Act I Sc. 3

52 Adagio (♩=40) rit. molto

[Caitlin lights up a cigarette as the others look on nervously.] [matter-of-factly] (She throws the cigarette away.)

Caitlin (weakly) [Dylan is in a stupor, half asleep.] Ho-ward, Come help me. You'll have to come with me.

Dylan I can't! I can't get up.

ppp mp

56 [Caitlin & Howard begin to haul Dylan to his feet.]

Caitlin Phil, Rich-ard, How-ard and I can man-age now.

Phil (knowingly) (disapprovingly) Right! Cait-lin. We'll be off, then....

pp mp

58

Caitlin mf (agitated) He means, a

Dylan (falling asleep) Good. Come to the house. You can meet Brin-nin

Richard See you to-mor-row, Dy-lan — You mean the A-mer-ican?

pp ppp

Act I Sc. 3

61

Poco Più Mosso ($\text{♩} = 48$)

Caitlin: no-ther ar-tis-tic ass-hole! (laughing)

Richard: Well, I just might do that.

Phil + Richard stagger offstage whispering to each other and looking back at Caitlin + Howard.

Poco Più Mosso ($\text{♩} = 48$)

8vb, P 8vb, 8vb-

64 (Dylan falls asleep.) pp (Caitlin and Howard struggle with trying to lift Dylan.)

8vb, pp, 8vb, 8vb, ped.

67

Caitlin: He's out cold. Thank God it's not too far. Take one arm, Howard

Howard: He's a hell of a weight!

mp

4, 4 PPP 8vb, 4

69

allargando *Molto meno mosso* ($\text{♩} = 66$)

Caitlin: You can stay the night if you wish.

Howard: We'll both be knock-ered!

mf *allarg.* *molto meno* ($\text{♩} = 66$)

3, 4 PP, 4

Act I Sc. 3

71 *ancora meno mosso* (♩=60) *ancora meno* (♩=54) *rit.* *Adagio* (♩=40)
 Caitlin: Dy-lan won't mind I'll tire you out e-ven more. (they are both propping up Dylan)
 (they exchange a long kiss)
 (and drop Dylan)
 74 *P* *accelerando*
 Howard: Not in the boat-house, Cait-lin, come tire me out now!
 Howard pulls Caitlin to the wall.
 [They engage in quick, feverish love-making in the half-light as Dylan lies asleep on the path.]

76 *Allegro, agitato* (♩=92)
 78 *Allargando*
 8va
 8vb
 mf
 f
 ten.
 Allargando
 Allargando

Act I sc. 3

Moderato (♩=76)

80

8va ———— #0 #0

ff #0

8va

ff

8va

ff

ff

ff 8vb

81

Allargando

Adagio (♩=60)

poco meno mosso

#0 #0

8va ———— #0 #0

p (ferma il tremolo)

5 pp

4 (♩=56)

f

p

pp

poco meno mosso (♩=56)

Allargando

f

Adagio (♩=60)

mf

5

4

f

mf

5

4

8vb

8vb

5

4

84

8va #0 #0

#0 #0

#0 #0

#0 #0

#0 #0

5 pp

4

6 ancora meno (♩=50)

pp

4

5

4

ancora meno (♩=50)

4

8vb

4

pp

4

4

4

4

4

Act I Sc. 3

89 Caitlin (Caitlin moves away.) *dispassionately* *pp* Yes —

Howard (He kisses her.) *p* Oh, that was sweet, Cait-lin.

8va #0 #0 #0

pp #0

8vb

92 Howard *Largo* ($\text{♩} = 40$) *pp* Come, Caitlin, I'll help you car-ry him home. *poco rit.* *Adagio* ($\text{♩} = 56$) (As the lights begin to fade they gather Dylan up — and begin to carry him to the boat house.)

8vb

ppp *molto legato* 8vb

(muted strings)

95 (Curtain closes)

4 pp 4 8vb

4 mp 8vb

Act I Sc. 3-4

101

106

* SCENE 4 * The Boathouse the next day.

Dylan & Caitlin are inside.

John Brinnin & Rollie McKenna are talking outside.

[Curtain]
[Lights come up.]

* (Beginning of scene 4)

Moderato (♩ = 72)

110 Caitlin

2 Caitlin

Dylan

(Act I scene 4.)

5

Caitlin *mp* I know what he said! *mf* But it may not be what he's think-ing

Dylan *mf* It's a pro-file for an A-

sfzp

p

ped.

8

(Dylan bows to Caitlin)

Caitlin What? Is'nt that for teen-a-gers?

Dylan mer-i-can mag-a-zine, "Mad-moi-selle!" The name of the mag-a-zine.

ped. ped. ped.

III

Caitlin *mp*

Dylan No, it's quite well known, and they might want to pub-lish 'Milk-wood! Two pay-ments in one —!

ped. ped. ped. ped. ped.

(Act I, Sc. 4)

14 poco meno mosso (♩=69)

Caitlin

still don't trust him. He might have some-thing else in mind like A-mer-i-ca a-gain

mp

ped. ped.

16 ancora meno mosso (♩=66) *mp*

Dylan

I've no wish to go a-gain — God, my head aches! I don't re-mem-ber last night,

mf *allargando*

ped. (ped) (ped)

18 Rit. *mp*

Caitlin

Accelerando (Caitlin suddenly gets flustered and accidentally knocks some crockery to the floor.)

**Crash*

Rit. (Dylan unscrews a bottle and swallows some aspirin.)

Dylan

what hap-pened?

oh, the us-u-al (flippantly)

mf *mf* *Accelerando* *f*

mf 8vb

(crash)

Act I Sc. 4 (Caitlin quickly sweeps up the mess.)

Moderato (♩=66)

20 Caitlin *mp* *mf* *f* *mp*
 So who's that wo-man, his mis-tress? Not that I i-ma-gine he likes wo-men.

Andante (♩=60)

mf (cynically)

Moderato (♩=66)

22 Caitlin *mf* (She goes over to the o-ven.) *meno mosso* *mf* rit.
 I'll see to the duck! Real-ly?

Dylan *mf* *mp*
 Cait-lin, please! An-y-way, you've met her before.

25 Allegretto (♩=66) (♩=132)

Caitlin *mf* *mp*
 A-mer-i-ca made such an im-pres-sion, I pre-fer to for-get it.

28 (Enter John Brinnin)

mf Andante (♩=60)

John Brinnin *mf* rit.
 --Dy-lan! This view is quite re-mark-a-ble! such peace & tran-quil-i-ty

Act I Sc. 4

31 *a tempo* (♩=60) *mf* *molto rit.* *a tempo*

Caitlin: so where's the mis-tress? The wo-man with you.

Brinnin: *mf* ex-cuse me? You mean my pho-to-gra-pher

mf *8va* *8vb*

33 *poco rit.* *mp* *Allegretto* (♩=112) *non troppo allegro, tenuto il tempo* *leggiere*

Caitlin: What-ev-er

Brinnin: friend Rol-lie Mc-ken-na she's gone off in the car — She wants some

poco rit. *mp* *molto leggiere e quasi legato*

36 *mf* *mp*

Brinnin: pho-to-graphs of Laugharne, lo-cal co-lour, you know. I don't think so.

Dylan: *mp* Is-nt she stay-ing for lunch?

Act I Sc. 4

40

Caitlin *mp*
 If you stay the night, you'll have to sleep with her.

Dylan *mp*
 Cait-lin means we've on-ly got one spare

44

Brinnin *mp*
 It's quite all right, we're go-ing back to Lon-don. We A-mer-i-cans

Dylan *mf*
 You'd have to share.

48

Caitlin *mf*
 No, no-things too much for you A-mer-i-cans! I've no-ticed how

Brinnin *mp*
 don't mind long dis-tan-ces!

Act I Sc. 4

52

Caitlin *mp*
big your en-dow-ments are! At the col-le-ges, I no-ticed how

Brinnin
I beg your par-don!

56

Caitlin *p* *mp* *mf*
big the en-dow-ments are. Ev-en big-ger than the fe-male stu-dents breasts which so ex-ci-ted Dy-lan!

60

Caitlin *mp*
so why have you come? To se-duce Dy-lan back to A-

Brinnin *mp*
(groaning)
Yes, of course.

Act I Sc. 4

64 *mf* *L'istesso tempo* *ma poco meno mosso* *mf* *a tempo*

Caitlin *mer-i-ca a-gain?* *I'd like to hear it from the hor-se's mouth!*

Dylan *(groaning) p* *poco meno* *Cait-lin, please.*

ped. *ped.* *ped.* *ped.*

67 *mf* *mf*

Caitlin *Well, Mis-ter Brin-nin*

Brinnin *(meekly) mp* *Well, not spe-cif-ic-ly* *I'm writ-ing a pro-file.*

(mimicing Brinnin) *mf*

Caitlin *He's writ-ing a pro-file! So what does not spe-ci-fi-cal-ly mean?*

Brinnin *mf* *If he*

Act I sc. 4

72

Caitlin *mf* He does-nt and it is-nt! *f*

Brinnin want-ed to come It's a poss-i-bil-i-ty

mp *mf* *f* 8vb

74

Brinnin *mf* That sounds de-li-cious!

Dylan *mp* Cait-lin, let's have lunch, the duck must be cooked by now.

pp *p* *mf*

78

Caitlin (Caitlin goes to the door) (calling out) *f* Lluel-lyn! Ae-ron-wy! Co-lm!

Dylan *mf* Cait-lin's an ex-cel-lent cook when she puts her mind to it!

f *f* *f* 8va ped.

Act I Sc. 4

82 (The children rush in from outside.)

(Caitlin sets the table, brings a bowl of vegetables, some beer and finally the duck.)

Caitlin *Din-ner!*

Dylan *Child-ren! This is Mis-ter Brin-nin! He's come from A-mer-ica!*

16P *mf* *f* *mf* *mp*

ped. ped. ped.

86

Brinnin *mf* *f*

Hel-lo to you all! I've heard a-lot a-bout you! Your par-ents must be ver-y fond of you!

16 *mf* *f* *p*

8va ped. ped.

L'istesso Tempo (♩=♩)

90

Aerowwy *mf*

Yes, that's why they send us a-way to school!

Llwellyn *mf*

Mis-ter Brin-nin!

Caitlin *mf*

Ae-roh-wy!

4 *pp* *p*

Act I Sc. 4

92 *f*

Llwellyn *mf*
Are there real-ly Indians in A-mer-i-ca? Do they come from the hills and at-tack the trains with

Brinnin *mf*
Yes, of course!

94

Llwellyn *f*
tom-a-hawks? Oh — that's so

Brinnin *f*
They used to do that! But now a-days they're much more peace-ful!

(Caitlin prepares to carve the duck.)

96

Llwellyn *f*
bor-ing!

Caitlin *mf*
Llwel-lyn! That's e-nough! Sit down!

(Caitlin picks up the knife) (She sinks the knife into the duck.)

(The duck spurts blood.)

Act I Sc. 4

(Caitlin giggles uncontrollably)

(Caitlin ignores everyone & quickly slices the duck. She places one slice on each plate.)

98

Aeronwy *f* Eww —!

Llwellyn *f* Eww —!

Careful mo-ther! It might fly a-way —!

Mo-ther! It's still a-live!

(Caitlin is thoroughly engrossed and continues to serve up the duck.)

101

Llwellyn *mf* Blood-y's the right word, fa-ther!

Dylan Cait-lin! You've un-der-cooked the blood-y thing!

poco rit.

103

Aeronwy *mf* I'll die if I taste that! I'd na-ther

Brinnin *mf* oh! Let's give it a try! It should be fine!

a tempo

Act I Sc. 4

105 *f*

Aeronny *f*
die than taste that!

Brinnin *mf*
No! I'm sure it's fine. Let's try it.

Dylan *f*
Cait-lin! Take it a-way!

mf
ped.

f
8vb--
p

107 *poco piu mosso* [The children giggle uncontrollably.] *f*

Caitlin
Al-right all of you! Leave the table!

mp
mf
f
ped. ped.

[The children run off laughing.] *poco accelerando*

109 *mf* [Exit Caitlin] *Allegretto* (♩=112) (come prima)

Caitlin
Those blood-y child-ren need to learn some man-ners!

Dylan *mp*
Sor-ry a-bout the food, Yah.

f
8vb--
ff
mp
p

Act I Sc. 4

112

Brinnin *poco meno mosso* *ritardando* (Dylan gets up.)
 That's quite al-right! Tell me Dylan, what are you work-ing on — ?

Dylan
 No-thing much.

poco meno mosso *rit.*
p *pp*
ped.

* L'istesso tempo ma molto legato e espressivo

(He looks out at the estuary, almost in a trance.)

117 (♩=56)*

Dylan *pp*
 I stare a-cross the flat — sea —

molto legato
4 ppp

120

Dylan *p* *pp* *p* (laughing softly to himself) *poco rit.*
 es-tu-a-ry sands watch the he-rons wad-dle like wo-men poets! Lis-ten to the gab of gulls — I

sempre ppp *poco rit.*

Act I Sc. 4

123 *a tempo*

poco rit. *atempo ma poco meno* ($\text{♩} = 52$)

Dylan *pp* *ppp* *pp* *p*

walk as far as Brown's, come back go for-a-no-ther walk. For a whole year I've writ-ten

a tempo *poco rit.* *ppp* *atempo ma poco meno*

127

mp *mf* *allargando*

Dylan *mp* *mf* *mf* *mp*

no-thing at all but— one tang-led sent-i-men-tal po-em as a

129

Ritardando *atempo* ($\text{♩} = 52$)

Dylan *mp* *pp*

pre-face to po-ems writ-ten man-y years a-go. I

p *Ritardando* *pp* *atempo* ($\text{♩} = 52$)

Act I Sc. 4

132

Dylan

must get a-way

Come Prima (♩ = 56)

136

Brinnin

A-no-ther lec-ture tour? I could ar-range one!

Dylan

The thought of a-no-ther

138

Dylan

tour... I could-n't face it! And Cait-lin would ne-ver a-gree to it! she

(agitated)

Act I Sc. 4

140

Dylan

mf

thinks I should be writ-ing, not per-form-ing! Ev-en though she calls my po-ems rub-bish! And she

142

Dylan

mp

hates be-ing left with the child-ren, e-spec-ial-y in Laugharne She thinks the lo-cals

144

Brinnin

mf

But Dy-lan! on the last tour,

Dylan

mp

hate her and we're ver-y short of mon-ey

Act I sc. 4

146

Brinnin *mf* You earned quite a-lot! Then you should do a nother tour!

Dylan *mp* Slipped thru my fin-gers like sand! Cait-lin went mad!

148

Brinnin *poco piu mosso* And you must meet with Stra-vin-sky!

Dylan *p* E-ven though there's no com-mis-sion yet!

150

Brinnin *mf* We could do "Milk-wood" a-gain! That could be quite pro-fit-a-ble!

Dylan *mp* True e-nough.

Act I sc. 4

152

Molto Mosso

Brinnin

mp *rit.* *a tempo* *mf*

I'm sure she does. E-ven so I can't say I ap-

Dylan

mp *p*

Tell me a-bout 'Liz. Does she miss me?—

Molto mosso

mp *p* *rit.* *a tempo*

154

(Dylan, irritated, turns away from Brinnin)

Brinnin

mf *p* *mf*

prove— of you and 'Liz! I'm rather nar-row mind-ed, in that re-spect!

Come Prima, ma poco meno

Dylan

mp *p*

of what?

(♩=52)

John— you

p *pp*

157

mp *poco rit.* *pp* *a tempo*

need to un-der-stand. — She's the most won-der-fal wo-man — At first I thought her cold, but

poco rit. *ppp* *a tempo*

Act I Sc. 4

161

poco rit. *a tempo* *poco rit.*

Dylan

now I find her warm and af-fec-tion-ate I don't know why, and I don't know what she sees in this

164

poco allargando

Dylan

la-zy fumb-ling tos-sled lit-tle welsh-men! But I know I love her

167

Brinnin

She says you have-n't been in touch!

Dylan

If she writes to me Cait-lin will find out! She's got a nose like a blood-hound.

[Dylan sees Caitlin about to enter]

Act I Sc. 4

170

Allegretto (♩=112) *(come prima)*

(Enter Caitlin)

Caitlin: What are you up to? Heads to-ge-ther like

Dylan: *pp* An-y-way she's back! Not a word a-bout 'Liz!

7/16

4/4 *pp*

8vb--

7/16 *p*

173

Caitlin: two lit-tle sheep!

Brinnin: *mf* To be quite hon-est Cait-lin I've sug-ges-ted that

Dylan: *p* Not much....

7/16

mp

177

Caitlin: *f* Just as I sus-pect-ed I'm sure it's ex-

Brinnin: Dy-lan do a-no-ther tour

Dylan: *mf* But it's not as it seems!

7/16

mf

mp

Act I Sc. 4

181

Caitlin
act-ly as it seems, and you aren't go-ing!

Brinnin
But we think you should come too! The

185

Brinnin
po-e-try Centre will pay your fare. Dy-lan goes first and does some read-ings, You join him

189

Brinnin
la-ter, and then a hol-i-day with Stra-vin-sky in Los An-ge-les! Re-mem-ber he's

193

Brinnin
ad-ding a room to his house, so Dy-lan can work on the o-pe-ra!

Dylan
Los An-ge-les,

Act I Sc. 4

197

Caitlin *mf*
 Dylan *And*
 Caitlin that won-der-ful wea-ther! we'll be the toast of Hol-ly-wood!

201

Caitlin
 Dylan
 what a-bout the child-ren?
 Ae-ron-wy, Llewellyn, a-way at school! Co-lm can stay with Dol-ly!

205

Caitlin
 I don't know, but I know you, Dy-len I've seen what hap-pens in A-mer-i-ca!

209

Caitlin *f*
 All those wo-men! *p* Those wires of ac-a- *mp* de-mics and their *mf* - stuff shirt hus-bands!

Act I Sc. 4

213 *f* (Caitlin begins to leave.) (She turns back.) *mf*

Caitlin *f* They make me sick! If I de-cide to

Dylan *mf* I pro-mise I'll stay a-way from them!

217 (She leaves.) (laughing ironically) *mf*

Caitlin come, you'll be on the tight-est leash you've ev-er known!

Brinnin Well, at least she

221

Brinnin has-n't said "No!"

Dylan *mf* I don't fan-cy a tight leash! The trip would be hell

Act I Sc. 4

225 (Enter Rollie Mckenna)

Rollie *mf*
Well I'm back! So nice to see you Dy-lan!

228

Rollie *mf*
Oh yes! I've got some won-der-ful pho-to-graphs!

Brinnin *mf*
An-yuc-cess?

Dylan *pp*
Good to see you.

232

Rollie *mf*
Oh, that's great! Dy-lan may I take a

Brinnin *mf*
Dy-lan might becom-ing to New York once more!

Act I Sc. 4

236

(Rollie looks around and sets up her camera equipment)

Rollie
fam-ily pho-to-graph!

Dylan
sure, ev'-ry-one's right out-side! Cait-lin, Llew-lyn,

240

Dylan
Ac-ron-wy! We-re tak-ing a pic-ture! Come in-side

243

(Caitlin and the children enter)

Dylan
Come on, Co-lm! 8va--Cait-lin! This is

Piano I
mp mf

Piano II
mp p mf

Act I Sc. 4

246

Rollie *mp* *mf*
So nice to meet you a-gain! Dy-lah tells me he may be com-ing to New

Dylan
Rol-lie Mc-Ken-na!

250

Caitlin *mf*
He may well do, but if he does - I'll be with him ev-'ry step of the

Rollie
Yonk a-gain!

254

Caitlin
way!

Rollie *mp* *mf* *f* *mf*
Well, o- kay. I look for-ward to see-ing you there — Now could you all just

Act I sc. 4

258

Rollie

stand o-ver here? The child-ren in the mid-dle? Yes, that's it! That's fine!

262

Rollie

Now, ev-'ry-one smile - That's ex-cel-lent! One big

265

Rollie

hap-py fam-i-ly!

Piano III

Piano II

Piano I

268

* Large flash from camera, scene is frozen for 2 seconds, then Blackout and Curtain.

(Harp E phrygian gliss.)

END of ACT ONE

ACT II

Scene I A

Backstage at the 92nd Street YMHA, New York City.

Liz Reitell & Brinnin are trying to sober up Dylan prior to his poetry reading.
Brinnin & Liz are smartly dressed, Dylan more rumpled and casual sitting at a table littered with paper and bottles of beer.

Moderato (♩=66)

(frantically) mf

Liz: Dy-lan! Please! It's almost time, You've got to go on

Moderato (♩=66)

mf

8vb *ped.* *8vb* *ped.*

3

Liz: stage!

veloce

Brinnin: *(beside himself) mf*
Not a-no-ther drop!

(poco accel)

Dylan: *mf*
A drink! I need a-no-ther drink!

mp *p*

5

Brinnin

You drink too much!

mp *mf*

Dylan

John, you're just so nar-row minded! It's just a bit of fun

7

Dylan

Here! Have a drink! Let's forget the reading! Liz and I could go on stage and really give them a show

f (grabbing 'Liz) *f* (4)

9

(Dylan takes a long swig from the bottle) (she takes the bottle and pulls a-way)

'Liz

Dylan, please give me that! Be sen-si-ble!

f *mf* *meno mosso*

Brinnin

And more re-spon-si-ble! Re-mem-ber there's a contract.

11 *ancora meno mosso* *ritardando* *subito a tempo*

Brinnin *And think of your pride as an artist.*

Dylan *I have no pride. Because of you I am nothing but a voice on wheels!*

ancora meno mosso *ritard.* *subito a tempo*

mp *mf* *f*

13 *meno mosso*

Brinnin *'Liz, he's not listen-ing,*

Dylan *The end-less round of read-ings! This ne-ver ending rant of po-ems —*

mf *f* *meno mosso*

15 *p a tempo*

Dylan *All I am is an en-ter-tain-er! The poor man's Char-les Laugh-ton! A scrub-by Welsh-man with a three-week hang-o-ver.*

a tempo *mf* *f*

p *mf* *f*

ped. *b-ped.* *ped.*

17 *mf* *p meno mosso*

Dylan *Once I was a po-et, I can't re-mem-ber... when.*

ff

** (A knock at the door.)*

Off-stage Voice: "Five Minutes, Mr. Thomas. This is your 5-minute call."

19 (spoken:)

Liz "He needs coffee, John, strong and black."

Brinnin (spoken:) "Yes, right a-way, I'll get it." (Exit Brinnin)

poco meno mosso mp

Dylan I don't need coffee. What I need is my

21

ancora meno mosso a tempo

Dylan darling 'Liz. My dearest darling naked 'Liz! Keep-ing me safe in the warmth of her bed.

a tempo

23

mp meno mosso piu mosso accelerando

'Liz Of course, Dy-lan. We'll keep our troubles at arms length

Dylan We'll keep old Brinnin at arms length! Have you e-ver seen such a

mf

(Brinnin enters) *meno mosso*

26 *a tempo* *mp* *mf*
 Brinnin Your coffee Dy-lah. What were you
 Dylan des-si-ca-ted frog? Oh Liz, I think he fan-cies me!

28 *mf*
 Brinnin say-ing? That I fan-cied some-one?
 Dylan *mp* *p* *mf* *mp*
 What was I say-ing? I can't re-mem-ber. Give me a clue! Oh,

30 *a tempo* *mf*
 Dylan No, I was say-ing that Cait-lin fan-cies... you! But she's mine and you can't have her. And

32
 Dylan e-ven if you could, it might be trick-y, don't you think?

33

Liz *mf* *>* Dy-lan! please drink the coffee! You'll soon feel better.

Brinnin *mf* *>* This is ri-di-cu-lous! The man's rav-ing!

35

Brinnin *f* *(angrily)* You can start by

Dylan *p* *mp* *mf* I know I shall, I want to go on for ten more years at least!

37

Brinnin *mf* *>* go-ing on stage! The place is sold out! You can't let them down!

39

Dylan *p* *poco meno mosso* *mf* No need to re-mind me. I'll be Hou-di-ni once a-gain—

mp *ritardando* *>* *pp* Hope-less-ly trapped, but I shall es-cape!

ACT II Scene 1b On-stage at the YMHA

Dylan stumbles on-stage as the audience applauds warmly. He fumbles with the microphone as it emits static and feedback.

41 *Freely, ma lo stesso* (half mumbling to himself) *tempo mp*

8va
8vb
mf

Oh Blim-ey! This al-ways hap-pens! Al-ways one of my dreads, a

44 *mf*

mi-cro- phone that doesn't work. Ha! And here am I mounthng a-way! Not a blood-y soul can hear me?

46 *mp* *mf* *f* *(Ad libitum)*

One of those Kaf-ka dreads! Can you hear me? Or shall I shout? *(Shouts & Laughter from the audience)*

(conflicting responses)
 ("Yes!" "No!" "We can hear."
 ("We can't hear!")

48 *f* *mf* *f* *p*

You can't hear me! I knew it would hap-pen! I'm used to boom-ing with the worst! Fat po-ets, with

50 *mp* *mf* *p* *molto meno mosso*

Dylan slim volumes... lyrical, one-night standers! My-self a-mong them! Well this isn't a lec-ture!

52 *a tempo* *mp* *f* *8va* *ped.*

Dylan It's on-ly a read-ing of poems! Can you hear me? Is this damn thing working?

(* feedback from microphone)
(Dylan tapping the mike)

(shouts of "No! No! It isn't!")

(feedback continues)

54 *ff* *mf* *p*

Dylan All right! Let's do with-out these damn gadgets! Well, This is a reading of poems.

(Dylan brushes the microphone aside as it falls to the floor.) (half-spoken, half-sung)

(Applause Laughter)

57 *p* *f* *mp* *3*

Dylan All chosen, be-cause they're di-rect and clean. And I hope, heard. And e-ven my mo-ther

(Laughter)

59 *mf* *p* *f* (Laughter)

Dylan could-n't say that mine are direct and clear! What do I mean, e-ven my mother? Es-pe-cial-ly my mother-

61 *mp* (Laughter)

Dylan And by the way, I hope no-one's going to ask a-ny ques-tions! I don't mind answering but I

63 *mf* (He accidentally knocks the book to the floor.)

Dylan can't! E-ven to such sim-ple ques-tions that I can on-ly stam-mer and blush! Such as.... Oh

65 (Laughter)

Dylan damn that book! Such as what is the re-la-tion-ship, of a po-et to so-ci-e-ty in the

(titters in the audience)

67 *mf*

Dylan *mf* pre-hy-dro-gen-ous age... I'd like to be able to answer ques-tions fluently, but as soon as I start,

69 *mp* *mf* *f* *mp* *mf* (titters) *mp*

Dylan *mp* As soon as I gouch-ly and in-ar-tic-u-late-ly fog and bury and stitch my self in a sen-tence that I know I can never finish, just

(more titters) Ritardando (losing his train of thought) *mf* *mp* *p* *pp* *mp* A Tempo

71 *pp* *p* *mp* *p*

Dylan like the sen-tence I've just be-gun I find my self think-ing of, of, uh... such

(the audience gets a bit restless)

(titters) *mf* *mp* *ppp* *(Laughter)

73 *mp* *mf* *mp* *ppp*

Dylan sub-jects as the in-flu-ence of W. — C. Fields, on Vir-gin-ia Wolf... or, if

(Raucous Laughter)

75

Dylan

er'-ry hermaphrodite were a schizophrene, which half would you take?

77 (Dylan suddenly turns serious.)
(The laughter dies down.)

Dylan

Now, I know that the printed page is the place in which to examine the works of the po-ct, and the

79

Dylan

plat-form, how-e-ver high, the plat-form is the place in which to

81

Dylan

give the po-ems — their true worth.

(Attacca
"Dylan's Aria")

Dylan's Aria

(2007)

"In my craft or sullen art" by Dylan Thomas

From Act II Scene 1 of the Opera

"Dylan and Caitlin"

Music: Robert Manno

Libretto: Gwynne Edwards

Introduction

Largo ♩ = 69

mp So now a poem of my own. *mf* To the lovers of the world, my

mp *mf*

ped.

p *poco rit.* *mf* *ancora poco piu mosso*

mp *ppp* *mf* *cello solo*

ped.

ped.

N.B. Accidentals Good Thru Bar — * "Caitlin" should be pronounced "Cat-lyn"

9

Largo (♩ = 69) *sempre legato* *rit.*

Dylan

p *12*

In my craft or sul-len art

poco meno mosso (strings + hp) *pp* *sempre legato* *8va loco*

13

rit. mp *mf* *p* *mp*

Dylan

rit. *8va loco* *mf* *poco meno mosso* *8va*

ex-er-cised in the still night when on-ly the moon ra-ges And the lo-vers—the

mezo mosso

16

a tempo *mf* *mp* *poco piu mosso* ♩ = 42 (♩ = 84)

Dylan

a tempo *mp* *mf* *poco piu mosso* *8va*

lo- - vers lie a-bed with all their griets in-their arms I la-bour I

non cresc. *mf* *poco piu mosso* *8va*

19

rit. *a tempo* *f* *poco piu mosso* *mf*

Dylan

rit. *a tempo* *f* *poco piu mosso* *mp* *ped.*

la bour rit. I la-bour-by sing-ing light

8va *mf* *poco piu mosso* *ped.*

24 A Tempo ma poco piu mosso (♩=42)

22 Dylan (light) *mp* not-for am-bi-tion or bread or the strut & trade of charms on the iv-ory stages

26 Dylan *f* But for the com-mon wa-ges of their most se-cret heart

29 Dylan *Allargando* *mf* Not for the proud man a part from the raging moon I write on these

30 *A Tempo, ma poco piu mosso* (♩=44) *ritard.* *p*

33 Dylan *(p)!* *a tempo* *mf* spin. drift pa-ges, Nor for the tower-ing dead with their night-ingales and psalms, But for the lo-vers, the

35 *Poco Piu Mosso* (♩=46) *f*

Poco Piu Mosso (♩=46)

36 *f* *poco allarg.*

Dylan *vers* *their arms* *their*

f *ped* *ped* *ped* *ped*

* *ossia: 37*

their arms *their*

38 *ten.* *a tempo* *poco piu mosso* *ff* *mf* *poco meno mosso* *mp* *♩=40*

Dylan *arms* *round the* *griefs* *of the* *a* *ges* *who payno*

ten. *f* *ff* *mf* *mp* *poco meno mosso* *♩=40*

ff *mf* *mp* *poco meno mosso* *♩=40*

* *ossia: 38* *a tempo* *poco piu mosso*

arms round the griefs of the

42 *p* *Poco Piu Mosso (♩=50)*

Dylan *praise* *or wa-ges* *Nor* *heed* *my craft* *or*

strings *eng. horn* *eng. horn* *harp* *pp* *ped*

46 *pp* *rit.* *a tempo* 50 *p*

Dylan *art* *My* *craft*

pp *ppp* *harp + strings* *ppp* *ppp* *ped* *pp* *pp*

52

rit. *p* *h* *My* *art* *pp* *8va*

ppp *rit.* *pp* *atempo* *ppp 8va*

ppp *ped*

lights fade... blackout...

va solo *pppp harp* *db solo*

(scene change in silence)

The image shows a handwritten musical score for the song "Do Not Go Gentle". It consists of two systems of staves. The first system includes a vocal line for Dylan, a piano accompaniment, and a double bass line. The vocal line starts with a box containing the number "52". The lyrics "My art" are written under the notes. Performance directions include "rit." (ritardando), "p" (piano), "h" (half note), "pp" (pianissimo), and "atempo" (ad libitum). The piano accompaniment features chords and melodic lines with dynamics like "ppp" (pianississimo) and "ppp 8va" (pianississimo octave). A "ped" (pedal) marking is present. The second system continues the piano and double bass parts, with dynamics "pppp harp" and "db solo". A note "(scene change in silence)" is written above the piano staff. The system concludes with the instruction "lights fade... blackout...".

End of Act II Scene 1

Scene 2.

A Party at Charlie Chaplin's house at their "Westchester Estate" outside New York City. This scene is based upon an actual party at Chaplin's Los Angeles home as related by

Shelley Winters in one of her memoirs. In addition to Charlie & Oona Chaplin the guests include Liz Reitell, John Brinnin, Pearl Kazin, Arthur Miller & Greta Garbo. Dylan, Marilyn Monroe & Shelley Winters have not yet arrived. As the lights slowly come up:

Chaplin is at the grand piano playing the theme from his film "Limelight."

1 Andante $\text{♩} = 66$

5

9 (anxiously) *mf*

Oona He should be here by now, where is he?

Brinnin (slippantly)

I've no i-de-a, we ar-range his read-ings not his

onstage piano *mf*

orch. *mp*

11

Dona
Let's hope he makes it!

Brinnin
days off.

on-stage piano

orch.

(off stage screeching of brakes and a sudden "bang.") (The guests freeze.)
(Chaplin stops playing, shrugs and continues playing)

B: "It's Dylan! He's demolished the tennis court!"

O: "What do you mean?"

B: "He's never driven a car in his life. And he's with two women!"

14

Dona
All right, ev-ry-one. No-thing to wor-ry a-bout. I wonder why — he's come with them!

on-stage piano

orch.

(to the guests) *f* *mf* *mp* (to Brinnin)

ten.

* (Chaplin notices Dylan at the doorway and stops playing the piano.)

16

mf *3*

It's Mari-lyn Mon-roe and Shel-ley Winters!

Who are they? My God! I don't be-lieve it!

onstage piano

orch.

18

William the servant spoken:

Allegro $\text{♩} = 120$ (Dylan comes shooting into the room. Marilyn & Shelley follow, both flustered. Dylan trips and ends up on the floor.)

"Miss Marilyn Monroe, Miss Shelley Winters and Mr. Dylan Thomas."

orch.

22 (helping Dylan to his feet)

Andante $\text{♩} = 63$ *mf*

Mis-ter Thomas, so nice to meet you! I'm told that po-ets of-ten ar-rive with a bang!

onstage piano

orch.

p *mf* *f*

* (Chaplin amused, resumes playing)

poco ritard.

24 *A Tempo*

Shelley *mf*

a tempo So sorry oo-na, Py-lan tried to help with the steering I'm a-fraid your ten-nis court is a wreck *f*

onstage piano

orch. *mf* *f*

26

Dona

Don't wor-ry, dear. I'd be more concerned if some-one was hurt! Are you alright, Mister Thomas?

onstage piano

orch.

28

Dylan *mf* *p* *mp*
oh! just a few bro-ken bones! If I seem a little un-stead-y, it's all because... of these

onstage piano

orch. *mf* *p* *mp*

30

Dylan *mf*
two ... god-des-ses! They're left me some-what... in-tox-i-ca-ted!

onstage piano

orch. *mf* *f*

(Dylan loses his balance as Marilyn + Shelley help him.)

The guests applauded Chaplin and converse with him around the piano. The servant takes their coats.

32

Donna: William! Please take their coats. Dylan's is quite ragged. William looks at it disapprovingly, noticing an odor.

onstage piano: *f* *mp* (orchestra)

orch.: *p* *mp* 8vb (onstage piano tacet)

34

Donna: Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to introduce a special guest... an English poet who's visiting the US, I think for the fourth time.

Charlie: *Mr. Dylan Thomas, who is also an excellent actor as his entrance suggests! *Mister Thom-as wel-come. I'm

(orch.): *p* *mf*

Allegro $\text{♩} = 126 - 132$

37

Charlie: Charlie Chap-lin! Please call me Charlie!

Dylan: I don't know what to say, Mister Chap-lin! (Dylan is distracted.)

41

Dylan

Oh, I can't be-lieve it! I've al-ways been such a fan of your

44

Chaplin

Judg-ing by your en-trance you could well have ap-peared in one! But, never mind.

Dylan

films! Ha!

48

Chaplin

Your po-e-try is mag-ni-fi-cent! Come-have a drink! What # brings you to A-mer-i-ca?

poco più mosso

53

Dylan

To meet you, of course, Mis-ter Chap-lin. And to look for na-ked women - in

57 *mf* (glancing at Marilyn & Shelley)

Chaplin: Ha! Well, I think we're satisfied the first and per- haps e-ven the second!

Dylan: wet Mack-in-tosh-es!

61 (pointing across the room) *mp*

Chaplin: There are so — ma-ny peo-ple I want you to meet. There's E. E. Cum-mings, and

64 *mf*

Chaplin: Kath-erine Hep-burn and Lot-te Len-ya and Mar-len-a Die-trich!

67 (Greta Garbo approaches) *mf*

Chaplin: Ah! And let me in-tro-duce you to Miss Gre-ta Gar-bo!

70

Greta *(ignoring Dylan) mf* *freely*
Thank you Charles, I pre-

Chaplin *mf*
Gre-ta, I'd like you to meet the po-et, Dy-lan Thp-mas

mf *p* *mf* *8vb* *mf* *8vb*

74

Greta *(She stops briefly)* *(Dylan tries to pinch her bottom as she passes.)* *(Dylan & Chaplin clown around.)*
- fer to be a-lone.

Chaplin
Don't take it to heart, that's Gre-ta for you!

mp *2/4 p* *7/8 mp* *4/4 p* *3/4 pp*

79 *(Liz & Brinnin look on anxiously.)*

Liz *mp*
You see that woman

Brinnin *mf*
If it starts to get out of hand, we leave at once!

mp *pp* *pp* *pp* *mp*

84

mf *poco meno mosso*

Liz
o-ver there? That's Pearl Kazin One of his old flames

Brinnin
mf
Yes, I know! I think we'd bet-ter leave now!

poco meno mosso

88 *ancora meno mosso* *Moderato* (♩ = 100 - 104)

Liz
Don't worry! It'll be all right!

Chaplin
mf
ancora meno
Dy-lan, I'd like you to meet Ar-thur Miller...

Moderato (♩ = 100 - 104)
pp

91 (*expectantly*)

Chaplin
I'm sure you'll have much to discuss.

Arthur
mf
It's always good to meet an English writer, to compare notes, as it were.

p

94

Dylan

Not Eng-lish Mis-ter Mil-ler! I am a Welshman and a drunkard and a lo-ver of the hu-man race, es-

97

Dylan

-pe-cial-ly wo-men! Yes I've lived in Lon-don, But I much prefer Wales!

100

(Dylan is now the center of attention)

Dylan

E-nough of the Eng-lish, to be pre-cise! I was

Arthur

You mean you've had e-nough of the ci-ty life?

103

Dylan

on a train from ox-ford to Lon-don. And there all-a-bout me gloved and mincing, holding their cig-a-rette

106 Dylan
 holders — like blow-pipes! Tall, ter-ri-ble wo-men neighed

108 Dylan
 wo-men as in-ac-ces-si-ble as goat crags, wo-men who rode to the shops on their bi-cy-cles.

110 Dylan
 Their knit-ted stock-ings full of old hock-ey mus-cles, and the men — yellow waist-coats, cour-du-roy trou-sers...

113 Dylan
 Bleat-ing and fla-ting in their so posh ac-cents! It was then I de-ci-ded, I

116 (Chaplin puts on his fake moustache and mimics Dylan.)

Chaplin *mf* He didn't want to be in Eng-land?

Dylan didn't want to be in Eng-land. I wanted to be in Laugharne!

p mp mf p mf mp

119 *Meno Mosso* (♩ = 88-92)

Dona *mp* Ex-cuse me, Dy-lan. *mf* What was that name? It's so un-us-u-al.

Dylan *mf* "Laugharne" "L-A-U-G-H-A-R-N-

p mp

123

(The guests are amused and pronounce *Larn among themselves) *Meno mosso* *mf* *a tempo* (♩ = 88-92)

* with an American accent

Dylan E." But it's pro-nounced, "Laugharne." Ex-cite-ment, No, I just

Arthur *mp* "Larn?" so what goes on there? Lots of excite-ment?

p pp

Moderato (♩=88-92)

127 mf

Dylan

sit and look at the sea to make sure it's still there. I chew my nails down to my shoulders, place bets on hor-ses with

Moderato (♩=88-92)

mp

130

Dylan

beautiful names, moulder in Brown's Ho- tel — Row with my wife and long to get a-way. As for the locals,

Meno mosso *f*

Ritardando Molto *mf*

A Tempo *mp*

Meno mosso *f*

rit. molto *mp*

a tempo

ped—ped

133

Dylan

The wo-men all have webbed feet and cast the e-vil eye, and the men have all retired, be-fore they're even started work!

mf

135 (Dylan, Chaplin and the guests move upstage.) Andante (♩=54)

Shelley

(MUCH LAUGHTER) (to Shelley & Marilyn)

Mari-lyn and I are good friends —

Arthur

(Arthur, Shelley & Marilyn are off to one side in conversation.) So, you two know each-o-ther?

Andante (♩=54)

pp

138

Marilyn

mf

Not ve-ry well!

Shelley

mf

Dr. Ian came to dinner, I did the cook-ing. Marilyn did the prepara-tion

Poco Meno Mosso ($\text{♩} = 48$) ($\text{♩} = 96$)

140

Marilyn

mf

Shel-ley told me to wash the sal-ad. So I scrubbed each leaf with a bril-lo pad!

poco meno mosso
 $\text{♩} = 48-52$

mp molto staccato, secco

141

Marilyn

And when I made the ap-ple sauce, I used an en-tire bot-tle of Coin-treau!

142

Marilyn

which meant we had to drink the sauce! Ar-thur! I'm not ve-ry prac-ti-cal!

143

Marilyn

But one day I'd like to mar-ry you, when Joe's had e-nough of me!

144

Marilyn

(Joe DiMaggio appears at the door.) (waving to Joe)

Oh Joe!

Arthur

(laughing) - Freely

Well, you seem to think you have the gift of prophecy!

(Arthur excuses himself)

Servant

Mister Joseph DiMaggio!

(gestures across the room to Marilyn)

Joe

(to the servant)

Where's Marilyn?

146

Pearl

(Marilyn + Joe go off to the side, Pearl spots 'Liz)

Hel-lo, I'm Pearl Kazin, I'm told you know Dylan quite well

'Liz

(♩=96)

Fairly well Yes I'm John

148

'Liz

Brin-in's ass-is-tant at the Po-e-try cen-ter. I help Dylan with his work and arrange his

149

Pearl

p *mf*

Dylan and I were quite close. I gave him up, got sick of his drinking! Good luck to you!

Liz

lectures and generally look af-ter him

mp *p* *pp* *p* *mp*

(Pearl drifts away as 'Liz moves upstage.) (Oona and Shelley have moved downstage.)

151

Oona

mf

Tell me, does Dy-lan al-ways drink so much?

Shelley

mf

He cer-tain-ly drank a-lot at din-ner!

p

152

Shelley

mf

In the end we put a straw in his glass to slow him down, but he

p

153

Oona

I'll go get some black coffee

Shelley

got a second straw and drank the stuff twice as fast!

154

Oona

May-be you could keep him a-way from the booze!

poco ritardando (Shelley fetches Dylan)

(Oona moves upstage to the coffee urn.)

155

Shelley

a tempo

Dy-lan, I need you to come sit o-ver here

(Shelley leads Dylan to an armchair and sits on his lap.)

156

Shelley

Is this al-right?

(staring at her cleavage.)

Dylan

Oh yes, it's more than al-right! In fact it's doub-ly al-right!

158

Shelley *mf* *p*
 (fixated on her breasts) of course they're real. You can touch them. One finger on-ly, dipped...

Dylan *p*
 And I'm wond'-ring, if... those are... real!

161

Shelley *Agitato* ($\text{♩} = 66$)
 in cham-pagne so what's your o-pin-ion?

Dylan *mf* (excited)
 (Dylan ceremoniously dips - his finger into a glass of champagne, carefully touches each breast, then licks his finger) I be-lieve I can in-form the world, that Miss

(The guests have begun to gather around.) *Agitato* $\text{♩} = 66$

164

Dylan *f*
 Shel-ley win-ters, is one hundred percent gen-u-ine, and will go far in the cin-e-ma- (Dylan knocks back the champagne.)

(Dona arrives with the coffee. As Dylan gets up Shelley slides to the floor.)
 (Mack Laughter)

166

Marilyn *Poco meno mosso* *mf* ($\text{♩} = 60$)
 Is this some kind of game you play in Wales — this

Poco meno $\text{♩} = 60$ *mf*

167 *Ancora meno mosso (♩=54)*

Marilyn *touch-ing thing?*

Dylan *It goes back cen-tu-ries! Oh saint David's Day, ev'ry man in ev'ry town and village... can*

169

Marilyn *oh!*

Dylan *test the au-then-ti-ci-ty — of er'-ry — wo — man's — tits!*

170 (to Chaplin) *mf*

Brinnin *You can't al-ways be-lieve what he says! — Not on-ly that, he*

171

Brinnin goes to parties and helps himself to people's possessions!

Chaplin You mean he steals?

172

Brinnin Once a certain lady saw him in the street with a sewing machine he'd taken from her house. She asked: Are you stealing that?

174

Brinnin He re-plied, "of course not!" "I'm tak-ing it to be re-

ped.

175

Brinnin paired!" He's

Chaplin Ha! But that's ve-ry fun-ny!

176

Brinnin

al-so been known to ar-rive at a par-ty in an old coat, and leave with a

177

Brinnin

new one!

Chaplin

E-ven fun-nier, But we shouldn't judge such a great po-et. An-y-way, arn't you his friend?

I ar-

179

Brinnin

range his visits. That's all! But I doubt I'll ar-range any

more!

A Tempo ma poco piu mosso (Brinnin moves upstage near the window)

A Tempo ma poco piu mosso (Chaplin follows Brinnin)

181

Chaplin

(to himself) ritardando poco a poco (Brinnin does not answer).

What in God's name is that Green Hor-net do-ing in the mid-dle of our ten-nis court? (Dylan approaches Charlie)

pp rit. poco ppp a poco

191 *a tempo* *mf* *Meno mosso* ($\text{♩} = 52$)

Oona *mf* *Char-les!*

Dylan *f* *Betty May!* *Otherwise known as "Tiger Woman." Rumour has it she was raised in a Paris*

a tempo *mf* *f* *mp* *Meno mosso* ($\text{♩} = 52$)

193 *mp*

Dylan *bro-thel. The ti-ger was her per-son-al he-ral-dic beast, and she*

p *pp* *8vb*

194 *poco meno mosso* ($\text{♩} = 48$)

Dylan *al-ways wore a coat and hat of ti-ger skin! She had Gyp-sy looks,*

p *mp* *poco meno* ($\text{♩} = 48$)

195 *(2) mf*

Dylan *high cheek bones, cat-like eyes, and though for-ty years of age, a fan-tas-tic fig-ure!*

(4) *(#)*

poco ritardando

196

Dylan

I wrote a piece for her, in her name for a news-pa-per. She paid me well, but not in mo-ney!

(Chaplin is not pleased that he is being "up-staged" by Dylan's antics. He goes to the piano to take up the "Limelight" theme)

197

Shelley

allargando ($\downarrow=44$)

Dy-lan, What a Don Juan, a Cas-a-ho-va, please tell us more!

poco rit.

mf

(Dylan's behavior becomes even more inappropriate.)

Moderato ($\downarrow=56$) ($\downarrow=112$)

198

Brinnin

(to 'Liz)

We've got to get him out of here! You know what he's like when he gets up steam!

Dylan

Moderato ($\downarrow=56$) ($\downarrow=112$)

Ver-oni-ca Sib-thorp!

orch.

on. stage piano

mf

(Some of the guests are gathered around Dylan, The more sedate ones are at the piano with Chaplin.)

200

Dylan *mf*

She had a wood-en leg called "Gil-bert." She took it off when we made

orch. *mp*

onstage piano

201

Dylan

love! she'd put it on a chair and hop all a-round! She called me her "An-ge-lic

orch. *p*

onstage piano

202

Dylan

Pig!" And bathed me ev'ry day! Oh, and Wyn Hen-der-son!

orch.

on-stage piano

203

Dylan

An ex-treme-ly large and un-schock-a-ble wo-man! When Cait-lin and I got

orch.

on-stage piano

204

Dylan

orch.

onstage piano

(much laughter)
(Chaplin is not amused)

married. she asked if she could pretend to be a mattress, so we could make love on top of her!

206

Chaplin

Dylan

orch.

onstage piano

(from the piano)
(drolly)

(Charlie continues to observe Dylan while playing the piano. He is no longer amused.)

I'm a-mazed you survived.

Most of them I met in pubs! They'd ask me to pretend to be a dog, like this!

(he drops to the floor on all fours.)

208 *(he starts barking.)* 209 *(Dylan crawls around trying to bite all the women's ankles.)*

Dylan

And go a-round barking and biting their ankles!

orch.

onstage piano

209½ *(Chaplin continues playing, but shakes his head in disgust.)* 210 *(Dylan puts his head under Shelley's skirt and continues to bark.)*

Shelley

orch.

onstage piano

211

Shelley *mf* *f*
Dylan! I think you've seen e-nough!

Chaplin *f* (rising from the piano)
E-ven great po-etry cannot ex-cuse such rude, drunken be-

orch. *ff* *8vb* (Bass Drum)

onstage piano *f* * (Chaplin slams both hands on the keys) *fff* *ff* (he slams the piano lid shut)

213

Marilyn *f*
And his stories are so much

Shelley *f*
But we're having such a good time!

'Liz *mf*
Come on, Dy-lan! Time to go!

Brinnin *mf*
That's it! E-nough! ('Liz + Brinnin start dragging Dylan towards the door.)

Chaplin *mf*
ha-riour!

orch. *mf* *f*

215 (Dylan breaks a-way from Brinnin + Liz.)

Marilyn: fun! Yes! Yes! Give us a po-em!

Shelley: Yes! Yes! Give us a po-em.

Dylan: A po-em, a po-em! All right! There was an old bugger called "God," who

217

Dylan: put a young vir-gin in pod! This a-maz-ing be-ha-viour pro-duced Christ our Saviour who

218 Piu Mosso (♩=72)

Marilyn: It looks like he's peeing.

Shelley: Look! There!

Charlie: What's he doing now? on our bloody potted

Dylan: died on the cross, poor sod! (Dylan unzips his trousers and starts peeing on the palm.) (Dylan grabs Chaplin's coat and hat.)

ppp (violins, harp, celeste) brushes on cymbal trilling

221

Chaplin

8va palm and he's tak-en my coat end my hat!

p mp mf

(Liz and Brinnin grab hold of Dylan end drag him to the doorway and out.)

222

f

(Chaplin starts to run after them.)

223

ff fff

8va

(Blackout)

(Fine scene 2)

ACT II
SCENE 3

The White Horse Tavern, Greenwich Village. The following afternoon.
Dylan, Brinnin, Liz, Dave and Rose Slivka, John Berryman, various others.
Charlie Parker's recording of his tune *Au Privave** is playing on the juke box.

*Use this version: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dvdQYSWOobc>

* It is essential that the conductor carefully coordinate each measure with that of the recording.

Allegro $\text{♩} = 96-100^*$

* Recording (Sax) etc. *

Orch. $\frac{2}{2}$ *mf*

(The recording continues playing.)

Berryman *f*
Dy-lan! Have a-no-ther drink! Bar-tend-er! A-no-ther whis-key for Dy-lan!

Dave Slivka *f*
Tell us that

Liz (admonishing Berryman) *f* * (Repeat)
He does-NT need a-no-ther drink!

Dave *mf*
stor-y a-gain, the one a-bout the girl with the wood-en leg!

14 *(Dylan is already quite drunk)*

Liz He needs to get to bed!

Dylan I'll have a-no-ther drink if I want one! You're just like my mother! She'd

8vb ped. mp

18

Brinnin Dy-lan! Think of what

Dylan wipe my arse, give me warm milk, and cut the tops off my boil-ed eggs!

mf f

22 *(* alto sax improv. begins)*

Brinnin 'Liz does for you!

Dylan Well, I'd rath-er not have her wip-ing my arse. Why don't you two just

mp mf f

26

Liz *mf* (to Brinnin) I can't take much more of this!

Brinnin (to 'Liz) *mf* He won't be fit for to-mor-row's read-ing!

Dylan go a-way and fuck each o-ther!

30

Brinnin We need to get him out of here!

Dylan *mp* You know, a *mf* doc-tor once told me I on-ly had four years to

34

Dylan live! *mf* Ap-par-ent-ly he did-n't like my eye-brows. *mf* (2nd chorus of sax improv.)

Dave *mf* Why was that, Dy-lan?

Berryman *mf* And here you are, large as life!

38

Dylan

When I cough I sound like a sea-li-on! my bones are so brit-tle, I'm always breaking

42

Dylan

Some-thing! And with my gout, I feel like I'm walk-ing on my eye-balls!

Berryman

You know what they

46

Berryman

say: "It's not the cough that takes you off... It's the cof-fin they take you off in!" A-ny way,

(3rd sax chorus) mp

50

Berryman

I al-ways say, look on the bright side!

Dylan

John Ber-ry-man! - You should take your ownad-

54

Dylan
vice! As far as I can see, You're just like your po-ems! Bits here! Bits there! All a-ver the

Berryman

58

Dylan
place!

Berryman
If you think I'm Hump-ty Dump-ty, then a drop of this should put me all to-gether! Come on Dy-lan!

(Trumpet solo begins)

62

Dylan
I was sum-moned more than once to Buck-ing-ham Pa-lace

Berryman
Drink up! Tell us a-bout that queen of yours!

By

66
 Dylan
 By roy-al dick, something or o-ther I gave the queen a piece of my mind af-ter

Berryman
 roy-al dic-tate?

mp

70
 Dylan
 which, re-treat-ing backwards, I slipped on the car-pet, and shot on my ar-se, right out of her

* (2nd chorus of Trumpet solo)

74
 Brinnin
 You ex-pect us to be-lieve that?

Dylan
 roy-al pres-ence Are you cast-ing doubt on my in-te-gri-ty? As for my-

(mf)

78
Dylan
self, she asked for me a- gain. First she

Berryman
mf
What for this time?

Slivka
mf
Did she want to go to bed with you?

82
Dylan
want-ed a po-em. So I re-cit-ed this: "The last time I slept with the Queen,

* (Piano Solo begins)

86
Dylan
I re-peat-ed-ly mut-tered: 'Ich dien!' she called me a shite, said: "put out the

(mimicing the Queen)

90
 Dylan
 light! A queen should be served and not seen!¹³⁾

Berryman
 So how did she take it? on her back?

94
 Dylan
 Cait-lin spoiled it! She went up to the Queen. "Did you like that?" She said. "I didn't." "I

98
 Dylan
 think I'll ask for my mon-ey back!" That's when they asked us to leave, very po-lite-ly, of

102
 Dylan
 course! on the way out I bit one of the Queen's cor-gis. For a long time

*(Re-statement of "Au Privave")

106

Liz *mf* Dylan we should take a walk, get some

Dylan af-ter-wards, I was a- fraid they might put me in the Tow-er!

110

Liz air, get some-thing to eat.

Brinnin *mf* Well I have to go! bu-sy day to- mor-row. Dy-lan, I'll

114

Brinnin pick you up in the morn-ing. (Brinnin Exits)

Dylan *mf* All I'm good for, some-one to be picked up!

Berryman *f* So let's goto

* (Repeat of Au Privave theme)

118

Dylan

Berryman

mf

mp

f

I say it's a

my place. I've got some good whiskey, we'll talk a-bout po-e-try! Dylan what do you say?

122

Dylan

Berryman

mf

mp

stupid i-de-a I'd rather lis-ten to Charlie Parker! Real po-ets don't talk a-bout

Eh?

Oh! Come on!

126

Dylan

po-e-try! They write it if they can. They on-ly talk a-bout it when they can't, when they're washed up,

130

Dylan

mf

p

like I am now! I tent the po-ems I've al-read-y writ-ten. And the

(d=d) (d=100)

(d=d) (d=100)

* (End of Recording)

133 Moderato (♩=80) Meno mosso (♩=72)

Dylan
more I try to put words on paper, the more frightened I be-come.

Dave

Moderato ♩=80 meno mosso (♩=72)

8vb pp

136 p ritard. mp Andante (♩=60) ritard. molto

Dylan
who knows? In Laugh-er-ne my table is heaped with odd lines.

Dave
sounds like a case of writer's block. You'll soon get o-ver it.

rit. Andante (♩=60)

p 8vb

139 a tempo (♩=60) mp mf ritard. a tempo mp

Dylan
Sing-le words. I read the po-ems I once wrote, but all they tell me is what I should be writing now. I

a tempo (♩=60) p mp 8vb ritard. a tempo

142 mf mp

Dylan
go to London and blus-ter— Come to A-mer-i-ca and bluster even more, and I do it for the e-asy but Killing money.

mp mf f mx p

Moderato (♩=72)

145 Liz
Dylan

Dylan! Don't be so hard on your self! "Under Milkwood" is a huge success!

(increasingly more drunk) *mf*

"Under Milkwood" is not po-e-try!

Moderato (♩=72)

pp 8vb1

mp *f*

148 Dylan

Do you know, the worst prose is written by ex-po-ets, who can no longer squeeze out a po-em

mf *rit.*

mp *mf*

150 Dylan

"Un-der Milkwood" is ex-act-ly what I called it: "Lla-re-ggub!" "Bug-ger-all!" And what am

mp *mf* *f* *ff* *p*

Moderato (♩=72)

mp *a tempo* *p* *f* *mf*

152 Dylan

I? A fat lit-tle man mak-ing a fool of him-self, as time snails by. I look in the mirror, what do I

Meno mosso (♩=66) *Rit. molto* *a tempo* (♩=66) *mp*

Meno mosso (♩=66) *rit. molto* *a tempo* (♩=66)

p *8vb*

155 *Subito Più Mosso* ($\text{♩} = 72$)

Dylan *mf* see? Ril-ke and the "Three Lit-tle Pigs" all rolled in-to one.

Berryman *f* For God's sake, Dylan, do we

Moderato con mosso ($\text{♩} = 80$)

mp (4)

157 *Andante* ($\text{♩} = 72$) *Adagio* ($\text{♩} = 60$) *Ritardando molto*

Dylan *mf* No, No! I must stop. Some-one's bor-ing me. I think it's me. *p* *pp* *ppp*

Berryman have to lis-ten to this crap

Andante ($\text{♩} = 72$) *Adagio* ($\text{♩} = 60$) *Rit. molto*

p *pp* *8vb* *#0* *ped.*

160 *A Tempo* *Adagio* ($\text{♩} = 60$) (*hallucinating*) (*agitated*) (*drawing back, suddenly frightened*)

Dylan Look! There! Keep it a-way from me!

A Tempo *Adagio* ($\text{♩} = 60$) *f* *3* *3* *8vb*

8vb *#0* *#0* *ped.*

166

Liz *mf* Dave! Rose! Please help me!

Berryman *mf* For- get it! I can't take an-y more of this crap! (Berryman exits)

Dave We need to get him back to the Chel-sea.

169 (They try to help 'Liz as Dylan fights them off.)

Liz *mp* I can't take this a-ny-more!

Dylan *mp* Stay a-way! Don't touch me! Who are you?

(Dave and Rose tend to Dylan as 'Liz rushes out.)

171 *Andante mosso* ($\text{♩} = 80$)

Dave We'll get him in-to^a cab and take him back to the Chel-sea

(The scene begins to fade.)

173 (♩=80) *8va* (#) *mf* *f* *mp*

mf *f* *mp*

mf *8vb* *f* *mp*

ped.

176 (Scene fades to Black.)

p *pp* *ppp* *8vb*

ped.

— End of Act II Scene 3 —

ACT TWO
Scene 4

The same evening, Dylan's room at the Chelsea Hotel. Liz is alone, distraught.

Andante (♩=60)

1 Liz

Oh God, I just don't know what to

8vb -
ped.
ppp

* Dafydd y Garreg Wen (David of the White Rock) (M 1-7)

* «Bring me the harp I adore before death calls me.»

6

2 Liz

do. He drinks far too much, chases women! Makes a fool of him-self.

8vb -
pp
p

9

1 Liz

p Meno mosso (♩=52)
But there's still something so attractive about him. Don't ask me why, I just love him so

Meno mosso (♩=52)
pp
8vb -
mp
ritard.

11

1 Liz

a tempo (♩=60)
But he loves no one real-ly. He on-ly sees the darkness inside him. A darkness he can-not es-cape

p
8vb -
rit.
mf
rit. molto

ped.

Footsteps in the corridor. They pass. Then a door bangs. (Liz gasps)

14 *Lento* ($\text{♩} = 50$) *mf* *rit.* *a tempo* *rit.* *a tempo*

Liz: Why am I with him? There's no future in this. The only thing he really loved was writing poetry. But

(8vb) *pp* *p* *b* *mp* *a tempo* *rit.* *a tempo*

17 *mf* *rit.* *mp* *a tempo* *rit.* *a tempo*

Liz: now he finds it impossible, and he can't love an-y-one, or an-y-thing — e-ven him-self.

mf *f* *ff*

ped. ped. ped.

20 *Subito Molto Meno Mosso* ($\text{♩} = 40$) *rit. molto* (Footsteps in the corridor.)

Liz: And he knows it on-ly too well

subito molto ($\text{♩} = 40$) *meno Mosso* *pp* *p* *5* *4* *pp* *rit. molto*

(This time they stop. Rose + Dave bring Dylan to the door.) (Both leave.)

24 (Dylan enters the room, staggering.) (Spoken)

Liz: (He collapses onto the floor.) "Dr. Feltenstein? It's Elizabeth Reitall. I'm at the Chelsea Hotel. You said I should call if Dylan got worse." (pause) "No! I wouldn't call if it wasn't absolutely urgent! He's just collapsed." (pause) "You'll come immediately?"

(Liz rushes to the phone. She dials Feltenstein's number.) "Oh thank you, Doctor."

26 (Liz puts down the phone and helps Dylan up.)

Liz: "I've just called Dr. Feltenstein."

(Dylan's voice is quite hoarse).

Dylan: "I've just had 18 straight whiskies." "I think that's the record!"

Liz: "Are you crazy?" "You know what Feltenstein said." "Don't you listen to anyone?"

27 *Largo* (♩=40) *Poco Più Mosso* (♩=46)

(Dylan sits on the side of the bed and begins coughing. He presses his hands to his stomach as his mind wanders.)

Dylan: Cait-lin! Please for-give me. If on-ly she were here now—

Largo (♩=40) *Poco Più Mosso* (♩=46)

6 #08. 4 ppp 8vb 5 4 8vb

30 *Ancora Più Mosso* (♩=50) *Largo* (♩=40) *ritardando* *pp*

Dylan: You've no i-de-a how beau-ti-fal she is. There's anil-lu-min-a-tion a-bout her. She shines! My

5 ancora più mosso 4 ppp 6 4 pp ritard. pp

32 *A Tempo, ma con mosso* *mf* *Rit.* *ten.* *mp* *Rit. molto* *pp*

Dylan: cat! I am the man you used to say you loved—I used to sleep in your arms. Do you re-mem-ber?

4 a tempo ma con mosso mp 4 8vb mf pp 8va ped.

- 67. -

35 *Subito Più Mosso* ($\text{♩} = 50$) *Agitato*
mp > *mf* >

Liz
 Dy-lan! Look at me! I'm the one who looks af-ter you! Can't you see me? Here! In front of you!

Subito Più Mosso ($\text{♩} = 50$) *Agitato*
mp *mf* >

37 *f* *rit.* *p* *a tempo*

Liz
 I'm the one who loves you. I'm your nurse and your man-a-ger, and we

f *rit.* *pp* *a tempo*

39 *poco ritard.* *Largo* ($\text{♩} = 40$) *Poco Rit.*

Liz
 must get help for you now!

Dylan
 You're not my nurse. You're not my man-a-ger. You're my

poco ritard. *Largo* ($\text{♩} = 40$) *poco rit.*

42 *a tempo* (*Liz holds Dylan*)

Dylan
 love

a tempo

4/4 *4/4* *ped.*

43 *poco piu mosso* ($\text{♩} = 46$)

pp

Liz
Dy-lan, I just want to take care of you — That's all. Do you be-lieve that I love you?

poco piu mosso ($\text{♩} = 46$)

8vb-
A *pp*

46 *pp*

Dylan
Yes, I be-lieve you. Liz, I don't want to die. I love you — but I'm a — lone.

rit. *a tempo* *poco rit.* *A Tempo ma poco* *p. piu mosso* ($\text{♩} = 50$)

rit. *a tempo* *poco rit.* ($\text{♩} = 50$) *a tempo ma poco piu mosso*

50 *p*

Dylan
You know the men in Laugharne — have their arms a-round each o-ther and they're

mp *poco allargando* *ppp*

poco allarg. *pp*

ped. (sim) *ppp*

Piu Mosso ($\text{♩} = 60$)

55 (*Liz feels Dylan's face, then rushes to the wash basin. she wets a towel & wipes his forehead.*) *mp* *mf accelerando*

Liz
(*tunga*) Your face is so hot! It feels like it's on

Dylan
sing-ing-

Piu mosso ($\text{♩} = 60$) *8va --*

mf *ped.*

57 *Agitato* ($\text{♩} = 66-69$) **58a**

Liz: fire!

Dylan: *Agitato* ($\text{♩} = 66-69$)
 No! Keep them a-way! Don't let them touch me!

ped. 14

58b **59**

Liz: My God! What is it?

Dylan: Keep them a-way Shapes! Com-ing to-wards me!

ped. ped.

60

Liz: (He draws back in terror.)

Dylan: Hor-ri-ble crea-tures! Com-ing to get me — The gates of

ped. ped.

-7a-

61

Liz: There's no-thing there! Listen to me! There's no-thing there!

Dylan: hell — I saw them die! In the

63

Dylan: war! Blood ev-'ry where! Rivers of blood chok-ing me! I couldn't breathe! I was dying,

Andante (♩=63)

65

(Liz rushes to the door & opens it)

Liz: (gasp-ing for breath) (Feltenstein enters) Feltenstein: mp How long has he been like

Dylan (Felt. M. 66): chok-ing to death!

Feltenstein: (Knock-ing at the door) f

68 *mp* *poco ritard.* *a tempo* *p*

Liz He's just come from the "White Horse." He says he's had eight-teen straight

Feltenstein this?

ppp *8va--*

mp 8vb *poco ritard.* *p* *a tempo*

70 *Meno mosso* ($\text{♩} = 56$)

Liz whisk-ies.

Feltenstein *mp* I doubt that ve-ry much, but he's ve-ry sick. He has-n't listen-ed to my ad-vice.

Meno mosso ($\text{♩} = 56$)

pp 8vb

72 *Ancora Meno mosso* ($\text{♩} = 52$)

Dylan Doctor Fel-ten-stein, I

Feltenstein Dylan, I know you can hear me. Are you try-ing to Kill your-self?

meno mosso 8vb ($\text{♩} = 52$)

74 *rit.* *A Tempo Andante (♩=50)*

Dylan: don't want to die.

Feltenstein: *mp* of course not! But I can on-ly help if you help your-self. *rit.* Lis-ten to *a tempo*

pp rit. *mp a tempo (♩=50)* *rit.* *p. a tempo*

76 Feltenstein: me! And lis-ten well! No more al-co-hol! De-cent food at reg-u-lar times, fresh air and

pp

78 Feltenstein: rea-sona-ble ex-er-cise. *Ancora meno (♩=46)* If not, you're go-ing to die. *3* Do you hear me? *(Dylan nods)* In the meantime, I'll give you something to

p ancora meno (♩=46) *8vb* *p* *8vb*

80 Dylan: *p poco piu mosso (♩=56)* Oh! the wink-ing needle! Thank you, Doc-tor, I'll do what you say. *Ritardando molto* *(Feltenstein injects Dylan)* *a tempo, ma poco meno mosso (♩=50)*

(He prepares an injection.)

Feltenstein: ease the pain *poco piu mosso (♩=56)* *rit. molto* *8va* Good, I must get back to the hospital! *a tempo ma poco meno (♩=50)*

pp

83 *Ancora meno mosso* ($\text{♩}=46$) *Ritard.* *Largo* ($\text{♩}=42$) (Feebly, in a quavering voice)

Dylan *ppp* 'Liz, are you there?—

Feltenstein *Largo* ($\text{♩}=42$) (Feltenstein exits.) (Liz goes to Dylan)
Just keep an eye on him. He needs to sleep.

5/4 *Ancora meno mosso* ($\text{♩}=46$) *Rit.* *p* *pp*

86 *poco ritard.* *ppp* ($\text{♩}=40$) *ancora meno* ($\text{♩}=40$)

Liz Yes, don't be a-fraid. They do go a-way, those hor-ri-ble things.—

Dylan *ppp* (drifting off) Yes, I know, they, do

pp *poco rit.* *ancora meno* ($\text{♩}=40$)

90 *Agitato* ($\text{♩}=58$) (She rushes to the door frantically) *f*

Liz (She takes Dylan's hand, but now feels it stiffen. He starts to gag, his face turns blue.) *Dec-tor Fel-ten-stein*

(Dylan stops breathing.) (He fights for a breath.) *Agitato* ($\text{♩}=58$) *ff* *8va* *8vb*

Liz screams: "Dylan! No!" *ff* *8vb*

92 *ff* (Liz is sobbing as Feltenstein enters.)

Liz He's stopped breathing! Please! Please!

(*lo stesso tempo*) *molto ritard.* *mf* *p* *8vb*

95 (He takes one look at Dylan) *Freely* (He picks up the telephone.)

Feltenstein

There's noth-ing more I can do, Miss Rei-tell

8va --

pp

(8vb)

(#) 0

(#) 0

(#) 0

(ped)

98 (He dials the phone quickly) (spoken dispassionately and very quickly) (Sudden Blackout)

Feltenstein

St. Vincent's Emergency? Dr. Feltenstein here. I'm at the chelsea Hotel, Room 215. I have a patient - male - gone into a coma. Send an ambulance at once!

pp

ff 8vb

— End of scene 4 —

ACT II
SCENE 5

Early next morning, Saint Vincent's Hospital, Greenwich Village.

The stage is split into two sections by a plexi-glass partition: the Emergency Room in which Dylan is being treated, and a Waiting Room. Later these two rooms will become the Treatment Room and its adjacent Waiting Room on the third floor of the hospital.

Two young residents, William McVeigh and Frank Gilbertson, are discussing Dylan's condition.

Moderato ♩ = (69-72) *ma poco agitato*
mf

Gilbertson
So what do you make of it?

McVeigh
mf
It's dif-fi-cult to be pre-cise. The

Moderato ♩ = (69-72) *8va--*
mf *mp*
ped.

[4]
McVeigh
Spi-nal tap will tell if he's had a ce-re-bral. Right now I'm more con-cerned with sav-ing his life!

[6]
Gilbertson
Felt-en-stein in-sists that the co-ma's due to ex-cessive drink-ing.

McVeigh

mp
ped.

7

McVeigh

He could be right. He says he injected the patient with a half a grain of morphine, for stomach pain, vomit-ing,

9

Gilbertson

He's quite in-sis-tent, that his di-ag-no-sis is cor-rect

McVeigh

and de-li-ri-um tre-mens.

11

Gilbertson

If on-ly we had his re-cords.

McVeigh

And ve-ry pro-tec-tive of his pa-tient. A real ob-sess-ive com-pul-sive.

13

Gilbertson

As things stand we can on-ly re-ly on Fel-ten-stein.

14

Gilbertson
And of course Miss Rei-tell. So we wait for the re-

McVeigh
And both of them say the pa-tient's quite a fantatist!

ped.

16

Gilbertson
sults, and take it from there.

(Gilbertson x McVeigh exit)
poco meno mosso (♩=66) (Liz enters the Waiting Room. She is pale & tired)

mf

ped.

18

(She sits on a chair, not knowing what to do)

atempo (♩=72) (Brinnin enters)

p

pp

mp

ped.

20

Liz
(breathlessly)
He's still a-live! But they

Brinnin
How is he? Have I come to late?

(Liz has difficulty responding) mf

mf

mf

ped.

ped. - 78. -

ped.

22 *Liz* *mp* *ritardando*
 say he could die at a-ny mo-ment, He can't breath on his own. They sus-pect se-vere

24 *Liz* *p* *pp* *mp* *accelerando*
 brain da-mage oh, I blame my-self

A Tempo (♩=69-72) 25 *Brinnin* *f* *mf* *f*
 But why? You've taken care of his er-ry need! Looked after him like a child! He's the on-ly one to blame!

27 *Brinnin* *allargando*
 He's lit-er-al-ly drunk him-self to death!

28 *mf* poco meno mosso (♩=66)

Liz
I should have dragged him out of the 'White Horse' right a-way, but I

29 *f* A Tempo (♩=72)

Liz
did-n't! Can't you see that I'm to blame?

Brinnin
mf It's not your fault! Listen to me! *f* It was bound to hap-pen!

31 (Brinnin helps 'Liz to a chair as she tries to console herself)

32 *mf*

Liz
Has any-one con-tact-ed Cait-lin in Wales?

Brinnin
mf Not yet, but it must be done.

40

Brinnin

mf

Is he a-ny worse?

Feltenstein

Just moving him upstairs, to the third floor

There's been no change. But at least we know there's

(ped. sim.)

42

Liz

Thank God! Will we be a-ble to see him?

Feltenstein

been no ce-re-bral hemor-raghe

In a-while. He'll be on the third floor,

44

Liz

You say there's been no hemor-rhage. Does it mean there's been no brain damage?

Feltenstein

Saint Jo-seph's Di-vi-sion.

- 82. -

46

Liz
Will he re-cover?

Feltenstein
You must re-a-lize it's ve-ry ser-ious! If you

8va- 8va-

48

Liz
Gastro-enter-

Brinnin
He's mentioned cirrhosis of the liver.

Feltenstein
Know of a-ny o-ther condition he's had, it could be helpful.

50

Liz
i-tis.

Brinnin
Gout, syphi-lis at one time. But as you know he did like to ex-ag-ger-ate

Feltenstein
Quite!

52 Feltenstein

The cause is def-in-itely al-co-hol. I have no doubt at all. It's af-fect-ed his

p

54 Liz

Are you say-ing he does have brain da-mage?

p

Feltenstein

brain. It's the on-ly pos-si-ble cause. *mp* It's

Bra--

Piano I

Piano II

p *Bra--*

56 Feltenstein

too ear-ly to tell. When I know more, I'll let you know. I have o-ther pa-tients to at-tend to

(curtly)

Piano I

Piano II

pp

(Feltenstein goes off to the side to check his clipboard & briefcase) Andante (♩=60)

58 Ritardando molto

Liz Oh God, it's as bad as I thought.

mf mp p pp

ped. ped. #ped. #ped. #ped. #ped.

60 Freely

Brinnin Let's go to the third floor. They may let us see him. I'm going to phone his Lon-doh a-gent now.

(in a monotone)

mf

8vb (#)0 (#)0

62 pp

Brinnin He'll get through to Cait-lin.

Agitato (♩=66)

McVeigh Doctor Feltenstein, we

(Liz and Brinnin exit quickly. Feltenstein begins to leave as McVeigh & Gilbertson enter. The 3 doctors encounter each other)

mf

Agitato (♩=66)

mf f sf 8va 8vb

b ped.

64

McVeigh heed to dis-cuss this case with you a-gain!

Feltenstein Oh real-ly?

mf

p

65
 Gilbertson
 Doc-tor McVeigh and I have checked the in-i-tial lab tests. As you
 Feltenstein
 It seems quite clear cut!
 8vb-

67
 Gilbertson
 know there was no ce-re-bral hemor-rhage. But we see that the sugar level in Mister Thomas'es blood, urine and spinal fluid,

69
 Gilbertson
 was ex-treme-ly high. Five hundred mil-li-grams a-gainst a norm of one hundred to two hun-dred!

71
 McVeigh
 Which points to di-a-bet-ic shock.
 Feltenstein
 Don't be ab-surd! The co-ma has been caused by al-co-hol! It's per-fect-ly

73
 Gilbertson
 I'm a-raid not! We've con-ducted furthur tests, and the glucose levels in the patient's blood were even higher!

Feltenstein
 ob-ri-ous! What?

75
 Gilbertson
 And a chest X-Ray shows advanced bronchia pneumonia

McVeigh
 which means the di-ag-no-sis and treatment were

77
 McVeigh
 in-cor-rect! If this treatment con-tin-ues, Mis-ter Thomas will die! See for your self!

(He gives Feltenstein the lab report)

79
 Feltenstein
 This is pre posterous! You dare to undermine my position! Mister Thomas is my patient! I de-cide what's

(Feltenstein refuses to look at the report. He rips it up and throws it on the floor.)

p (trying to control himself) *mf* *f* *ff* *ritard.*

81 *A Tempo*
 McVeigh *f* *>*
 we only wish to

Feltenstein *mf*
 wrong with him! I re-fuse to be dictated to by a couple of interns still wet be-hind the ears!

83
 McVeigh *f*
 do what's right for the patient!

Feltenstein *mf* *f*
 Are you suggesting that I do not! Mis-ter Thomas is a ce-le-bri-ty, and I'm re-

85
 Feltenstein *mf*
 -sponsible for his wel-fare! You'll say nothing more of this, least of all to those out-side! I'll re-

87
 Feltenstein *mp* *mf*
 -port you both for interference! Do you under-stand? Both your ca-re-ers will be finished! Finished!

89

Gilbertson *mf* My God, the man's gone crazy!

McVeigh *mf* We've got to find Doctor Ma-

Feltenstein *f* I'll make sure of it! (Exit)

f *mf*

prc. sim.

91

McVeigh *f* -ho-ney at once!

(McVeigh & Gilbertson exit quickly. Liz, Brinnin & a nurse enter.)

(The nurse shows them to the room where Dylan is being treated.)

f *ff* *f*

8va *8va*

93

Liz *mf* Oh God! His face is al-most purple!

Brinnin *poco meno mosso* ($\text{♩} = 60$) Far worse than ear-li-er

Ancora meno mosso ($\text{♩} = 56$) And his breathing. He

mp

poco meno mosso ($\text{♩} = 60$)

Ancora meno mosso ($\text{♩} = 56$)

mf *mp*

95

Liz

mf

al-ways said his lungs were weak... Oh Dy-lan, what have you

5 4 P

pe

96

Liz

done ——— ?

McVeigh

mp *p*

I'm a- fraid you'll both have to wait outside. We need to per-

4 4 P

5 4 PP

ped. ped.

98

McVeigh

meno mosso ($\text{♩} = 50$) *ancora meno mosso* ($\text{♩} = 46$) *pp*

-form a tra-che-o-to-my It should ease his breathing, o-ther-wise...

Brinnin

p

will it improve things? you

100 *p* *ritardando*

McVeigh *I'm a-fraid so, yes. His condition is irreversible. If he sur-vives, he'll be blind, speechless and probably a*

Brinnin *mean....*

pp

103 *rit.* *Meno mosso (♩=54)* *Adagio (♩=40)*

McVeigh *quad-ro-ple-gic. There's not much more we can do. I'm sorry, can you please wait outside? Bra- (Brinnin chokes up as McVeigh tends to Dylan.)*

ppp Bra *p* *pp*

107 *(Brinnin takes Liz to the Waiting Room, she's in a virtual state of collapse.)*

'Liz *No, if he dies here —*

Brinnin *(Brinnin is choking back tears) pp*
'Liz, you need to get some rest. You should go home

ppp *pp*

113 *rit.*

'Liz *I'll ne-ver for-give my self*

(Attacca) →

114 (♩=40) *p* *poco rit. a tempo*

Brinnin Cait-lin ar-rives to-mor-row. She was giv-en the news in Laugharne

116

Brinnin Dy-lan's a-gent booked her flight im-med-i-ate-ly. It's best if you a-void her. She could get quite hy-ster-i-cal.

118 *Moderato (♩=60) ma un poco agitato*

'Liz Yes...

(Gilbertson enters the Treatment Room followed by Dr. Mahoney)

Gilbertson *mp* A-ny change?

McVeigh *Moderato (♩=60) ma un poco agitato* *p* Worse, if a-ny-thing! *mf* Doctor Ma-ho-ney, we've

121

McVeigh done a trach-e-o-to-my, but we think the treatment should be changed!

122 Mahoney

But why do that, Doctor? He's already re- ceiv-ing the ap-

123 McVeigh

For al-co-hol-ic poi-son-ing, but not for pneu-

Mahoney

pro-pri-ate treat-ment!

124 McVeigh

mon-ia, and di-a-bet-ic shock!

Mahoney

What? I've

125 Mahoney

spo-ken to Doc-tor Fel-ten-stein. He's con- vinced that al-co-hol's to blame!

126 *mf* *f*

Gilbertson

It's a del-i-cate mat-ter, sir, but we think you ought to know the truth — !

127 *mf* *f*

Mahoney

Are you sug-gest-ing that Fel-ten-stein is ly-ing?

128 *f* *mf*

Gilbertson

Not so much lying, sir, as negligent! He ad-mit-ted hav-ing in-ject-ed the pa-tient with half a grain of mor-phine...

McVeigh *mf*

But ne-

130 *f*

McVeigh

-glect-ed to test his su-gar le-vels! We did some fur-thur tests!

131 *mf* *f*
McVeigh
The levels were ex-treme-ly high, sug-gest-ing di-a-bet-ic shock!
8va

132 *mf*
McVeigh
And the X-Rays show a-cute bronch-ial pneu-mon-ia!
8va

133 *mp* *mf*
Gilbertson
But when we showed the re-sults to Doctor Feltenstein, he re-
8va

134 *f*
Gilbertson
fused to e-ven look at them, then tore them up and threat-ened us!
8va

(He hands the report to Dr. Mahoney)

135 Gilbertson
Here is a-no-ther co-py of the re-port.

Mahoney
(Mahoney quickly looks at the report.)
Hm, Now I understand

mf

mf

(ped. sim)

137 Mahoney
You were right to speak to me. This is a ve-ry ser-i-ous mat-ter!

f

8va--

138 Mahoney
If this gets out, The hos-pi-tal's rep-u-ta-tion will be dragged through the

mf

mp

8va--

mp

p

139 Mahoney
mud _____! You'll speak to no one! I'll han-dle this my-

mf

mf

140 Mahoney

self! The treatment will be changed, and I'll deal with

141 Mahoney

Fel-ten-stein!

(Mahoney exits quickly, followed by McVeigh + Gilbertson.)

142

Adagio $\text{♩} = 60$ poco rit. Poco meno mosso ($\text{♩} = 54$)

Piano I

Piano II

149

rit. Ancora meno mosso ($\text{♩} = 50$) ten. mp

152

Adagio (♩=60)
(lights begin to rise.)

ped. ped. ped.

157

(Liz has fallen asleep in the Treatment Room.)
(Mahoney, McVeigh and Gilbertson enter the Waiting Room.)

8va. (Feltenstein enters.)

8vb ped.

163

Mahoney (gravely) mp — mf
I do indeed, Doctor Feltenstein.

Feltenstein mf (smugly)
You wish to see me, Doctor Ma-ho-ney? No doubt you've con-

8vb

166

Mahoney (M. stares silently at F.)
mf Tell me, Doc-tor Felt-en-stein.

Feltenstein
firmed my di-ag-no-sis.

8vb ped. ped.

168

Mahoney
Is it the case that you in-jec-ted Mister Thomas with half a grain of mor-phine sul-fate?

Feltenstein
I did, to

170

Mahoney
You ne-glect-ed to

Feltenstein
ease his pain, and to deal with the symp-toms of de-li-ri-um tremens.

172

Mahoney
tell me that! Have you e-ver given a pa-tient so much mor-phine?

Feltenstein
In my o-pinion, Mister Thomas heeded it!

174 *mf*
Feltenstein
He'd been drinking excessively. I'm con- vinced the co-ma has been caused by al-co-hol!

176 *mf*
Mahoney
al-co-hol-ic poi-son-ing?
Feltenstein
f *allargando*
It could not have been a-nything else.
mp *a tempo* *mf*
Did you test for pneumonia? Did you

178
Mahoney
test the patients su-gar levels?
Feltenstein
mf
I had asked if he suffered from diabetes. He said he did not.

180
Mahoney
our tests indi-cate that he may have! But more im-portantly, our

182 Mahoney
 X- Rays show a case of ad- vanced
 bron- chial pneu- mon- ia. I un- der- stand that you re-

183 Mahoney
 fused to ac- cept these re- sults! The mistake was en- tire- ly
 I felt they were mis- tak- en

184 Mahoney
 yours! You say you have no doubt about the di- ag- no- sis. I have no doubt that your

The image shows a page of musical notation for a vocal and piano piece. It consists of three systems of staves. Each system includes a vocal line (soprano clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The first system (measures 182-183) features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment with dynamic markings like 'mp' and 'mf', and pedal markings. The second system (measures 184-185) includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment with dynamic markings like 'mf' and 'f', and pedal markings. The third system (measures 186-187) includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment with dynamic markings like 'mf' and 'f', and pedal markings. The piano part features complex chordal textures and melodic lines.

188 Mahoney
 treatment has produced this coma! Further more Your failure to test for pneumonia or

190 Mahoney
 di-a-bi-ties, will have caused this pa-tients death! No! Not a-nother word!

Feltenstein
 But I....

192 Mahoney
 You will no long-er deal with Mis-ter Thom-as!

193 Mahoney
 And you will not is-sue in-structions to the hos-pi-tal staff!

194 Mahoney

And you will make no comment on his con-di-tion to the

195 Mahoney

press! Do you un-der-stand?

196 Mahoney

I have nev-er seen such ar-ro-gance and in-com-pe-tance!

(dripping with sarcasm)

197 Mahoney

Good day to you, Doc-tor Fel-ten-stein!

(Mahoney & McVeigh exit quickly. Faltenstein is stunned. He fumbles with his briefcase and nervously exits, brushing past Caitlin who has now arrived in the Waiting Room.)

(Attacca)

(Mahoney, McVeigh & Feltenstein exit quickly) (Caitlin enters like a whirlwind, half drunk.)
 (to Gilbertson) *f*
 Well! Is the

198 Caitlin

blood-y man dead or a-live? Where is he? I want to see him now!

200 Caitlin

Gilbertson *mf* Ritard. You must be Mister Thomas's wife.

mf *atempo*
 I am, if you can call some-one a wife when her husband goes off with o-ther wo-men! And who are you?

202 Caitlin

(approaching him invitingly) *mp*
 Hamm, Are you

204 Caitlin

Gilbertson *mf* Doc-tor Gil-ber-son. I'm one of the doctors in charge of your husband.

206 *Meno mosso* (♩=54)

Caitlin
mar-ried by a-ny chance? I certainly would. I intend to

Gilbertson
(flustered) *p*
Per-haps you'd like to come this way.

209 *Allargando* *mf* *Adagio* (♩=50) *Piu Mosso* (♩=60) *agitato*

Caitlin
give him a piece of my mind My God! What is this? These tubes! This

Gilbertson
(Gilbertson takes Caitlin to Dylan's Room.)
f *8va*
ped.

213

Caitlin
thing he's un-der!

Gilbertson
(impatently) *mf* *f* (calmly) *p*
Miss-es Thomas! Your husband has great difficulty breathing! All of this, is in-

215

Caitlin *p* *mp* *mp* *p*
 Real-ly? It looks as if it might finish him off!

Gilbertson
 tend-ed to help him.

(She catches sight of Liz who is standing nervously to one side of the room.)

217

Caitlin *mf*
 And who are you?

Liz *Andante* ($\text{♩} = 54$) *mp* *mf*
 I'm E-liz-a-beth Rei-tell, John Brinn-in's assistant. I've been here since Mister

Meno mosso ($\text{♩} = 50$)

mf *p* *mp*

(Gilbertson tends to Dylan, but looks on, half-amused)

219

Caitlin *Poco Rit.* *A Tempo* (*insinuating*) *f* ($\text{♩} = 54$) *mf*
 Are you sure your name isn't Pearl? She was "helping" him

Liz *poco rit.* *A Tempo* ($\text{♩} = 54$)
 Thomas was ad-mit-ted. I was helping him.

poco rit. *f*

ped.

221 *Meno Mosso* (♩=50)

Caitlin *mf* too! Well, Dylan wasn't fussy. *mp* one tart's just like a-no-ther!

Liz No, it's E-liz-a-beth.

Meno Mosso (♩=50) *pp* *p* *pp*

223 *mp*

Caitlin A-my-way, you can leave now. I'll be seeing to ev-ry-thing! Dis-missed!

Gilbertson (G. is tending to Dylan, but notices this exchange with amusement.)

(Liz, anxious to get away from Caitlin, returns to the Waiting Room)

pp *ppp*

225

Gilbertson I'll leave you for a-while. I im-a-gine you'd like to be a-lone with him-

(Gilbertson exits, and a nurse begins to follow.)

pp *ppp*

228 (Gilbertson gestures for the nurse to remain by the open door way.) (Caitlin drinks from her flask.)

(Caitlin pauses at the bedside.)

pp *pp* *pp*

ped. ped.

Lo stesso tempo ($\text{♩}=56$) (ma agitato)

235 Caitlin

mf My God! Dy-lan! What are you do-ing? say something!

f

p *mf* *f* *ff*

ped. ped. ped.

237 Caitlin

f Wake up—! You've ne-ver been short of words be-fore! Don't you know how far I've travelled to see you—?

ritard. *a tempo* *mf* *allargando*

f *mp* *mf*

ped. ped. ped. *b* ped.

239 Caitlin

f Dy-lan—! Dy-lan—!

Agitato ($\text{♩}=66$)

piu mosso (She throws herself on top of Dylan)

Nurse

Agitato ($\text{♩}=66$)

piu mosso

mf Miss-is Thomas, move-a-way! You can't do that!

f

8va *8va*

241 Caitlin

mf Why not? Do you want to go to bed with him—?

f *mp* flippantly *f* (The nurse pulls Caitlin away from Dylan)

Er'ry-one else does!

ff *f*

8vb1

243 Caitlin *ff* right! Get your hands off me! *(Caitlin is shaking. She tries to light a cigarette.)*

Nurse *ff* No! No, the ox-y-gen! You'll blow us all up! *(She grabs the cigarette and lighter from Caitlin.)*

245 Caitlin *f* you mean, I can't stay with my husband? *Poco meno mosso (♩=60)* I've come all this way to see him, and all he does is

Nurse *f* You must leave this room! *(Brinnin & Gilbertson enter the Waiting Room)*

247 Caitlin *p* lie there! You'd think at least he'd say hel-lo! *Ancora Poco Meno (♩=56)* Dy-lan, Don't you love me a-ny-more? *(ten.)*

249 Caitlin *mf* I know! You pre-fer those tarts o-ver here! All teeth and *(4)* fits! All right!

(The nurse pulls Caitlin to the Waiting Room.)

Agitato (♩=66)

(Gilbertson quietly instructs the Nurse to call Security. she exits.) (Liz cowers in the corner of the room.)

251

Caitlin *mf* *f*
leave me a-lone! Brin-in! You see what you've done! You are to blame!

Brinnin *mf*
Cait-lin!

Agitato (♩=66)

253

Caitlin *f*
You brought him to A-mer-i-ca! You bas-tard!

(she flies at Brinnin)

254

Brinnin *f*
Cait-lin, this is mad-ness! Stop it! Con-trol your self!

255

Caitlin *f* (scream) *-*-*
You've killed Dy-lan! It's all your fault AAAA-!

Brinnin *f*
Caitlin, this is crazy-!

ped. 8vb ped.

(Caitlin sweeps pictures off the wall. The Nurse and an orderly arrive with a wheelchair. Liz remains off to the side.)

257

(Gilbertson + Brianin grab hold of Caitlin. The Nurse + orderly try to strap her into the wheelchair.)

258

(All throughout the struggle Caitlin is yelling "You're killed him!" "You're all killed him!")

259

*(Caitlin bites the hand of the orderly as he cries out in pain.) (The orderly wheels out Caitlin as Liz and the Nurse try to straighten out the room.)

260

* spoken:

Caitlin: "Better get that seen to. I picked up rabies on the plane. A mad dog sat next to me."

Gilbertson: Well, it looks as if er-ry-things' under control now.

Tempo markings: Lento (♩=48), mp, Lento (♩=48), pp

262

Brinnin *Pro-vided she doesn't come back!*

Gilbertson *She's going to the E-mer-gen-cy Room. She'll be se-da-ted.* *ritard.*

(Gilbertson exits. The Nurse goes into Dylan's Room.)

(The Nurse begins to wash Dylan.)

264

Largo (♩=40)

Brinnin *Let's stay with Dy-lan. Now that she's gone, there's*

(She checks his pulse. Brinnin & Liz enter Dylan's Room. The Nurse looks at them and shakes her head.)

269

Brinnin *no-thing to fear*

pp *8vb* *8va* *8va* *8va*

ped. *ped.*

(She covers Dylan's body.)

(Lights begin a slow fade.)

274

8vb *ped.*

(End of Scene 5)

ACT II
SCENE 6

A Few Days Later, On Board the S.S. United States, Bound for England
The stage is divided into two levels. The Ship's Bar is above and the Hold is below.
Dylan's Coffin is in the Hold. It is about 5 o'clock and the bar is not yet open.
Only the Bartender is present. Caitlin, dressed in black enters and sits on a bar stool.

Moderato, me un poco agitato (♩ = 80)

Caitlin (Caitlin enters quite agitated)

Give me five dou-ble whis-kies!

Well, is-n't that ty-pi-cal of this blood-y ship! I

Bartender Sor-ry M'am, we're not o-pen yet.

think I'll throw my-self o-ver board! Damn well

Bartender I take it you're not hap-py with things.

7

Caitlin

hot! My hus-band's dead, and I'm tak-ing him back to Weles! I need a ca-bin to my-self, and your

9

Caitlin

cap-tain has put me with one of those so-phis-ti-ca-ted tarts! Al-ways in front of the mir-ror! All

11

Caitlin

lip-stick and fan-cy clothes!

Bartender

So sor-ry to hear it M'am. May I ask how your hus-band died?

13

Caitlin

Too much boo-ze! So how a-bout those-five dou-ble whis-Kies? They're not for me, you see. I'm wait-ing for some

15

Caitlin Friends! (He pours out five double whiskies.)
(Caitlin places them in a row on the bar.)

Bar tender Well, in that case may be we can bend the rules!

17

Caitlin I could-n't stand that blood-y coun-try! All those fawn-ing, flat-ter-ing hang-ers-on! And

19

Caitlin Dy-lan, play-ing the fool! Try-ing his best to please them! Can you i-ma-gine? They

(She drinks the 1st shot, and slams the glass on the bar.)

21

dragged me from the hos-pi-tal and put me in a clin-ic for three days! All be-cause of my grief! And they

(She drinks the 2nd shot & slams down the glass)

23 Caitlin

(she drinks the 3rd shot.) * (she glams it down.) * mf

call it the land of free-dom And that blood-y ser-vice, in that blood-y church!

25 Caitlin

(She drinks the 4th shot and slams it down), * mf

They were all there! Ar-thur Mil-ler, John Ber-ry-man! E. E. Cum-mings.

27 Caitlin

And those so-called friends of his! The ones who plied him with drink! Flat-tered and

29 Caitlin

fawned o-ver him —! Made him per-form like a dan-cing bear! And all he want-ed was to be a po-et.

poco rit.

31 *(Caitlin stands up.)*
(She drinks the last shot. She sweeps all the glasses to the floor.)

Bartender *a tempo*

Meno Mosso Freely

Ma'm! Please control your self!

33 *Moderato* (♩=72)

Caitlin *mf*
 Why should I? Would you like to dance? I used to be a dancer, in Paris, then London

Bartender *mf*
 Sorry Ma'm it's not allowed. *(He picks up the phone + speaks inaudibly into it.)*

35 Caitlin
 I could bend o-ver back-wards! Look at me now, a house-wife gone to seed! When I was a chorus girl, I could

37 Caitlin
 do high kicks! I think I still can! Let's see! Not bad for a forty year old!

(she does a high kick)

39 Caitlin

p *mp* *mf*

Dy-lan could-n't dance, you know. — Could-n't tell his arse from his

40 Caitlin

mf

el-bow! I dance à la Is-a-do-ra Dun-can! It's so won-der-ful, it's

(The Captain enters extremely annoyed as Caitlin dances across the room into his arms).

42 Caitlin

Allargando

just like an or-ga-sm!

mf *ff*

mf *ff*

(Attaca Captain)

43 *Meno Mosso* (♩=66) *(suddenly coquettish)*
mp
 Caitlin: Cap-tain! What a sur-prise! Would you like to dance with me?
 Captain: *f* Mis-ses Thom-as! What do you think you're do-ing?
p

45 *(spoken, pitches approximate)*
 Caitlin: *mf* Oh don't blame him.
 Captain: *f* (to Caitlin) Just look at this room! You're drunk, and the bar is n't e-ven open yet. *mf* (to the bartender) I'll speak to you la-ter.
f *mf*

47 *(The First Sailor enters).*
 Caitlin: He's a ver-y nice boy. He would-n't put me in a ca-bin with a tart! And I'm not go-ing back there!
 Captain: *mf* Of course not Miss-es Thomas!
f

49 *ff* *(to the sailor)*
 Captain I've other plans for you! Put her in the hold! Make sure she stays there! We can't have a crazy woman on the

51 *mf* Caitlin Don't call me crazy, you in-so-lent bas-tard! *f* *(She lunges at the Captain)* *freely*
 Captain loose! *ff* Take her a-way! *(Captain Exits)*
 First Sailor *(The sailor restrains Caitlin)* *mp* *(spoken meekly)* Sorry about this Ma'm.

53 *mf* Caitlin *Allegro (♩=116)* *(suddenly coquettish)* Oh not to wor-ry I al-ways fan-cied be-ing

55 Caitlin *mp* *leggiere* car-ried off by a sail-or! Let's go! *(She takes his arm)*

(Caitlin does a jig as the sailor escorts her to the Hold).

58

(They arrive at the Hold). (Sailor #2 is seated on the floor in front of Dylan's coffin. A deck of cards is spread out).

64

(Piano I Tacet) (Bottles of beer line the coffin. A bunk is on the other side).

Sailor #1

(spoken freely, quasi in tempo) "Captain's orders! The lady has to stay with us!"

Sailor #2

"Hey! Hel-lo! What's all this?"

(Piano II Tacet)

67

1st Sailor

6/4

"Would you care for a drink, Ma'am? Only beer, I'm afraid!"

2nd Sailor

4/4

"I've ne-ver known him to be so considerate."

70

Caitlin

4/4

mf Beer! Dy-lan would love it! I'll drink for the two of us!

(she grabs a bottle and takes a swig).

2nd sailor

4/4

Freely

"So who's this Dylan, then?"

73 (pointing to the coffin)

Caitlin
Not is! Was!

1st Sailor
My God, we thought it was empty!

2nd Sailor
You mean, he's in there!?

76

Caitlin
Yes! Large as life! Don't worry! He won't object! He can prob-ably smell the

a tempo
mf

79

Caitlin
beer! His nose is twitch-ing!

2nd Sailor
We need to show respect! Clear the bottles!

Freely

mp p pp

82

Caitlin
No! Leave the bottles! I'll have another one! Let's ce-le-brate like the I-rish!

a tempo
mf

f

85

Caitlin

1st & 2nd Sailors

We'll drink to Dy-lan! An an-gel and a bas-tard! To Dy-lan! I fan-cy he'll out-live us

To Dylan!

88

Caitlin

Piano I

Piano II

(She does a jig around the coffin, whooping, jumping around and pouring beer on the coffin. The sailors drink but are reluctant to join her).

all!

93

I

II

97 Caitlin

f

Sud-den-ly I feel free — free!

mf

I

II

100 Caitlin

Andante ($\text{♩} = 58$) **EPILOGUE**

[Suddenly Caitlin breaks down.]

Free

f *ff* *mp*

I

II

Andante ($\text{♩} = 58$)

(Tacet Piano II al fine)

106 Caitlin

(She covers herself with a black shawl & moves downstage as in the Prologue). *P*

If on-ly we'd

p *pp*

I

111 *ritardando* *Piu Lento* ($\text{♩} = 52$) *mp*

Caitlin loved each o-ther — as we once did.

116 *Adagio* ($\text{♩} = 46$) *rit.* *a tempo* *mp*

Caitlin Life was so sim-ple then. We were so in-no-cent and

119 Caitlin so in love. And I shall nev-er for-get his words to me. MY Cat, I

123 Caitlin love you, and al-ways will, whe-ther here in Brown's, the Cross House,

126 *p* *mp* *poco a poco piu espressivo*

Caitlin

Sir John's Hill, in London, New York, in bed.

128 *mf* *piu espressivo* *Maestoso (Largo $\text{♩} = 40$)* *espressivo molto* *Ritardando*

Caitlin

in a-ny place at a-ny-time — As sure as death is sure, My love — for you is

131 *mf* *Ritardando Molto* *A Tempo (♩ = 40)* *p*

Caitlin

e-ver-last-ing — I be-lieved him — and I still do.

136 *pp*

Caitlin

And I'm grate-ful for that bit of faith But the

140 *pp* *ppp* *poco più mosso* ($\text{♩} = 44$)

Caitlin

sud-den loss of such a love My on-ly

(Stage Pantomime begins as Caitlin moves upstage to join the funeral procession bearing the coffin

145

from the church to the grave site.) (This should be based on the actual film footage at the Dylan Thomas Centre in Swansea, Wales.)

152

160 *8va.*

[Stage action freezes. There must be a minimum of 8 seconds of silence before the conductor begins to lower his or her arms, and before the curtain begins to very slowly close.]

Fine.

Windham, NY May 7, 2013