

piano/vocal score

# A Joint Interest

comic scene for three singers & ensemble  
*after a short story by O. Henry*





# LIBRETTO

## ≈ A Joint Interest ≈

*comic scene after a short story by O. Henry*

*Lights are dim, but bright enough to reveal the scene: a late evening in a modest apartment bedroom, an open window, chair and bed with nightstand. The moon glows outside the window. A bedside lamp is illuminated. A WOMAN in a nightgown putters about the stage, preparing for bed.*

WOMAN: *(suddenly howling, interrupting the music, in obvious pain, hunched over)* Aiee!!

My back—Ack!—did you hear that “crack”?

Ouch! Ow! Ah... I'd better sit, and take my pill, and hope that fixes it...if I lie still.

*WOMAN makes her way (with difficulty and sporadic whimpers of pain) to the chair, where she collapses gracelessly, arms and legs in an awkward, stiff position. She tries to recover, but her words are intermittently transformed into cries of pain.*

I should stay right here, and wait it out.

I'll take a break.

But who knows how long it will taAAA!!...ke. [take]

I should have brought a book. Look!

My nightgown above my knees!

I feel a nice evening breEEE!!...ze. [breeze]

Seized up in pain, my neck, my hip:

arthritis has me in its...*(anticipating the pain)*...grip...

There: it's not that much to beAAA!!...r. [bear]

This has to stop. Just give it time. I'm

stuck here for a while it seems.

I hope you don't mind the screEEE!!...ms. [screams]

I'll get to the bed somehow.

I should be good for noOWW... [now]

*WOMAN eventually falls asleep. BURGLAR appears at the window and quietly climbs into the room. He begins to prowl about the room gingerly. He carries a gun, but it is fake, made of plastic—a toy gun, perhaps a water pistol—and a large sack. He searches the premises, filling the sack with items.*

BURGLAR:

Quiet, take it easy.

It's all about the taking, after all. *(WOMAN begins to stir)*

Look out!

No doubt she's sleeping light tonight. *(hides)*

I'll take time, take full advantage, then take my leave.

Take it from me: to take what you have, you must have what it takes.

Yes, I confess: taking's what I do best.

Softly, take it easy.

After all: taking's what it's all about. *(WOMAN begins to stir)*

Close call!

She'll fall asleep if I sit tight. *(hides)*

I'll take cover, take stock, then take up where I left off. (*resumes his prow!*)  
I'll steal her purse, steal away, and steal the show!

*BURGLAR reaches for the purse on the night stand...when WOMAN unexpectedly awakens (LIGHTS UP) They both shriek in surprise. A boisterous commotion follows: WOMAN swiftly gets out of bed, chases BURGLAR around the room striking him with her pillow, etc. BURGLAR is terrified but also tries to comport himself and calm her down.*

WOMAN: Ahh!! Get out now!

BURGLAR: Ahh!! Quiet, quiet!

*They come to a standstill and breathlessly face each other.*

WOMAN: Who are you!? And how did you get in here!?

BURGLAR: I'm a cat burglar...And I'm a cat burglar...

*The BURGLAR remembers his gun and points it at WOMAN. She tries to raise her arms, but her arthritis kicks in: she screams, clutches her side, with only one hand raised.*

WOMAN: Aiee!! My back—Ack!—did you hear that “crack”? (*etc., continuing*)

BURGLAR: Oh, no! I've shot her! (*confused*) But it isn't even loaded though!

Your other hand: in the air!

WOMAN: I can't raise it, I swear! Rheumatism...if you must know—in the shoulder and back...

BURGLAR: (*long pause*) Inflammatory...?

WOMAN: (*she nods*) Worse and worse as I get older.

*BURGLAR stands for a moment, holding his gun on the afflicted one. Feeling empathy, he lowers it sheepishly and moves to put down his sack, when he, too, is seized with pain.*

BURGLAR: Aiee!!

WOMAN: (*confused*) Well...? Don't just stand there grimacing and gurgling! Go on! Get to burgling!

BURGLAR: 'Scuse me but it just hit me, too. Rheumatism and me happen to be old friends.

WOMAN: (*long pause*) How long?

BURGLAR: Ages...

WOMAN: (*perking up slightly*) Have you tried Prednisone?

BURGLAR: Gives me headaches...

WOMAN: Doctors tell me it's called Ankylosing Spondylitis.

BURGLAR: ...

WOMAN: The disease... An-kyl-o-sing Spon-dyl-i-tis. Rolls off the tongue, doesn't it?

BURGLAR: You try Anaflex?

WOMAN: It makes my body start to itch.

Produced a spastic facial twitch!

What to do but get into the apothecary queue?

Ankylosing Spondylitis

Is the name of our arthritis.

The malady that I'm disclosing:

Spondylitis...

And for your back, Ketorolac?

But Cataflam's a total sham!

Gold Sodium Thiomalate?

Hairy chest!

BURGLAR: Have you tried Leflunomide?

For your spine, Meperidine?

What to do but get into the apothecary queue?

Ankylosing Spondylitis.

You can't know how strong its bite is.

Ankylosing...

Its tyranny is just to spite us:

Bacterial infection.

A permanent erection!

Not impressed!

Mono-Gesic Salsalate?

TOGETHER: Sulfasalazine, Azathioprine, Tocilizumab, Adalimumab,  
Dexamethasone, Hydrocortisone,

Diclofenac, Ah! Diclofenac: your wondrous high, your heart attack...  
Indomethacin, Meclofenamate, Meloxicam, Piroxicam,  
Oxyprozin, Cuprimine, Hydroxychloroquine

Diclofenac, Ah! Diclofenac: you stopped my heart, but fixed my back...

WOMAN: The reason for my sleepless night is...

BURGLAR: The reason I can't stand upright is...

TOGETHER: Eight syllables which do incite us: Ankylosing Spondylitis!

BURGLAR: (*doubles over in pain*) Aiee!! My back—Ack!—did you hear that “click”?

WOMAN: You should lie down flat!

BURGLAR: That usually does the trick. Ah...

*BURGLAR makes his way (with difficulty and whimpers of pain) to the chair, where he collapses gracelessly, arms and legs in an awkward, stiff position.*

WOMAN: Yours worse in the morning or at night?

BURGLAR: At night, just when I'm busiest!

WOMAN: Paroxysms or a steady pain?

BURGLAR: Pain... May have to give up this second-story work—got stuck half-way up!

WOMAN: How inconvenient...

BURGLAR: Humiliating!

WOMAN: There's only one thing that works for me: scotch!

BURGLAR: Yes, spirits! Agreed! It takes my aches and pains down a notch.

Well then: help me up. We'll hit the pub! What say?

WOMAN: I...

BURGLAR: A drink?

WOMAN: Your back: it's shot...

BURGLAR: But my wrist is not!

WOMAN: I'm hesitant, but / he's someone who's, / if I'm not mistaken, / benign. [*aside*]

BURGLAR: Let me tell you what: / by drinking booze, / I soften this ache in / my spine. [*aside*]

WOMAN: Strange, isn't it?...this...

BURGLAR: This...Strange, yes, a bit.

TOGETHER: Well... I suppose we could... (*she starts toward her purse*)

BURGLAR: No, no, no! It's on me! (*waving her off*)

*WOMAN smiles, tries to pull BURGLAR to his feet. They clumsily flail about, he “mounting” her, but her arthritis abruptly returns. They try to recover but become even more awkwardly entangled. Between cries of pain and frantic instructions to one another, they hopelessly try to extricate themselves with increasing anxiety and embarrassment. A loud banging on the door startles them.*

POLICE OFFICER: (*offstage, forcefully*) Police!! Does someone need help in there?! Hello?

We've received a complaint...I'm coming in!

WOMAN & BURGLAR: Oh, no...

*OFFICER enters with his gun drawn, taking in the scene. He is confused, unsure what to do. He holds his gun on the couple*

OFFICER: *(deciding to be officious)* Don't move!

WOMAN & BURGLAR: *(frozen in place, groaning...)*

OFFICER: Well, well, well...  
I'll bet you have a tale to tell.

WOMAN:  
BURGLAR:  
Come and help us, please!  
The pain is in our neck and knees!  
It's on account of our disease!

OFFICER:  
What a really crazy scene!  
I'm not sure how to intervene!  
Something really is amiss!  
They don't pay me enough for this!

WOMAN/BURGLAR: You don't know how grim our plight is!

OFFICER: You don't know how long my night is!

BURGLAR: Clink, clink, clink...  
I'm going straight to jail, I think.

WOMAN: Ow! ow! ow!...  
What body part will seize up now?

WOMAN/BURGLAR: We've Ankylosing Spondylitis!

OFFICER: What are they saying I haven't the slightest?

ALL: What a scene this has been!

*OFFICER holsters his gun and approaches BURGLAR and WOMAN to help them disentangle themselves.*

OFFICER: Come on, let's get you up...

*He bends over to assist them, then suddenly seizes up and cries in pain, clutching his back.*

OFFICER: Aiee!!

*WOMAN, BURGLAR and OFFICER turn to look at the audience one by one.*

**BLACK OUT**

## CAST

WOMAN.....*mezzo-soprano*  
BURGLAR.....*baritone*  
POLICE OFFICER.....*bass-baritone*

## DURATION

*ca. 20 minutes*



commissioned by the Shepherd School of Music, Rice University on the occasion of their 50th anniversary

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comic scene for three singers & ensemble

after a short story by O. Henry



Karim Al-Zand  
(2025)

Lights are dim, but bright enough to reveal the scene: late evening in a modest apartment bedroom, an open window, chair, and bed with nightstand. The moon glows outside the window. A bedside lamp is illuminated. A WOMAN in her nightgown putters about the stage, preparing for bed.

Very Calm; relaxed ♩ = 42 (♩ = 84)

Piano Reduction

[WOMAN, suddenly howling, interrupting the music, in obvious pain, hunched over]

Quickly; tense, anxious ♩ = 132

a tempo

13 **ff** *ad lib.* **mf** agitated grimacing in pain **ff** shouting **f**

Aiee!! — My back, my back, my back, my back— Ack! — Did you

17 [trying to move, but unable to] sustained groan

hear that "crack"? Ouch! Ow! Ah...

Slower; tentatively ♩ = 56  
*p gingerly*

rit. ————

21

W

I'd bet-ter sit and take my pill, and hope that fix-es it... if I lie still.

*decresc.* *pp*

Ad Libitum [WOMAN makes her way (with difficulty and sporadic whimpers of pain) to the chair, where she collapses gracefully, arms and legs in an awkward, stiff position.]

Quickly (in 1); tentatively, on edge ♩ = 46  
 [She tries to recover, but her words are intermittently transformed into cries of pain.]

28

W

37

W

45

*mp*

W

I should stay right here and wait it out.

*decresc.*

52

a tempo

W

I'll take a break. I'll take a

*pp* *mp*

"take," but interrupted by a spasm of pain (elongate <e> vowel), *ad lib.*

*f*  etc.

60 *mf*

W break. \_\_\_\_\_ But who knows how long it will t - (e) -

*decresc. pp mf f*

67 *p mp*

W ke. \_\_\_\_\_ still somehow finishing the word...

*decresc. p mp*

74 *mf*

W should have brought a book. \_\_\_\_\_ Look! My night - gown a - bove my knees! I

*decresc. pp mf*

81 *f p*

W feel \_\_\_\_\_ a nice ev - 'ning br (i) - - - - - ze.

*f as before, "breeze" p*

*f p*

*decresc.*

88 *mp*

W Seized up in pain, my neck, my hip: ar - thri - tis has me

*mp*

rit. -----  
 [anticipating the pain, but it doesn't arrive] Very Slowly; relaxed ♩ = 46

96 *p* *pp* *mf* with relief

W in its... grip... There, There: it's

*decresc.* *pp* *mf* *molto legato*

103 *f* "bear" *p* resigned Moderately; flowing tentatively ♩ = 100 [reassuring herself]

W not that much to b-(ε) - r. This has to stop. Just give it time. I'm

*f* *p*

108 *poco rit.* ----- *ad libitum* *ritenuto*; running out of steam ♩ = 46 "screams"

W stuck here a while, it seems. I hope you don't mind the scr (i) - ms.

*poco f* *decresc.*

114 *rit.* -----  
*mf* *mp* *p* *pp*

W I'll get to the bed some-how. I should be good for

*mf* *mp* *p* *pp*

120 Moderately; soothing ♩ = 96  
 "now" [she flinches one last time, but then gradually falls asleep]

W n - (ε) - w.

*pp* *sempre molto legato*

125 *poco rit.* ----- *a tempo* *riten.*  
 [BURGLAR appears at the window]

131 *rit.* ----- *a tempo* *riten.* *rit.* ----- *a tempo*  
 [He quietly climbs into the room]

136 *rit.* ----- *Lightly; on tiptoes*  $\text{♩} = 108$   
*under tempo, accel.* - *rit.* - - - - - *accel.* - - - - -  
 [BURGLAR begins to prow! about the room gingerly. He carries a gun, but it is fake, made of plastic—  
 a toy gun, perhaps a water pistol—and a large sack. He searches the premises, filling the sack with items.]

142 *rit.* ----- *a tempo*  
*p delicately, sotto voce*  
 BURGLAR  
 baritone

Qui - et, qui - et, take it eas - y.

147 [WOMAN stirs in bed]

It's all a - bout the tak - ing af - ter all.

152 *poco f* [BURGLAR freezes in place, waits it out] *long*

Look out!

159 *a tempo*  
*mp* [all seems clear; he continues his prow]
   
 B Qui - et, take it eas - y. No doubt she's sleep - ing light to -
   
*mp*

164 *poco cresc.* *ten.*
  
 B - night. I'll take my time, take full ad - van - tage, then take my leave.
   
*poco cresc.* *mf*

168 *mf confidently* *poco rit. - - - riten.*
  
 B Take it from me: to take what you have,
   
*mf*

172 *poco f smiling* *più riten.* *allargando* *p*
  
 B you must have what it takes. Yes, yes, yes, I con - fess:
   
*poco f* *p*

*colla parte* *a tempo primo*
  
 176 *mf playfully* *p*
  
 B tak - ing - 's what I do best! Soft - ly,
   
*mf* *p*

181

B

soft - ly, take it eas - y. Af - ter all: tak - ing's what it's

186

B

all a - bout. Close call!

*poco f*

193

B

Soft-ly... She'll fall a - sleep if I sit tight. I'll

*mp*

199

B

take cov - er, take stock, then take up where I left off!

*poco cresc.*

*mf*

203

B

Take it from me: to take what you have, you must

*mf*

*poco rit. - - - riten.*

207 *poco f* *più riten. allargando* *p* *mf* *colla parte*

B have what it takes. Yes, yes, yes, I confess: tak-ing - 's what I do

211 *a tempo mp* *accel.* *[BURGLAR reaches for the purse]*

B best! I'll steal her purse, steal a - way, and steal the show!

216 *[WOMAN awakens]* *[Both shriek in surprise]* *Very Quickly; frantic* ♩ = 132 *[WOMAN swiftly gets out of bed and chases BURGLAR around the room, hitting him with pillow, etc. BURGLAR is terrified, but also tries to comport himself and calm her down.]*

W Ah!! Get out! Get

B Ah! Qui - et!

220

W out! Get out! Out! Out! Out! Ah! Ah!

B Qui - et Qui - et! Qui - et! Qui - et! Ah!

224

W Get — out! Get — out! Get out, now!

B Ah! Ah! Ah! Qui - et! Qui - et!

227

**ff** [They come to a standstill and breathlessly face each other] **Ad Libitum**  
**f** outraged

W Who — are you? And how did you get in here? *p* apologetic

B I'm a cat-bur-glar and...

[BURGLAR, remembering he has a gun in his hand, points it at WOMAN. She tries to raise her arms but cries out in pain, only managing to raise one]

231

rit. — — — — — **ff** Quickly; tense, anxious ♩ = 132 **f** a tempo

W Aiee!! — My back! My back! Ack! Did you

B I'm a cat-bur-glar... Oh, no! Oh, no! I've shot her!

236

poco riten. rit. — — — — — a groan

W hear that crack? Ouch! Ow! Ah...

B No! No! No! But It is-n't e-ven load-ed though!

240 Slowly; deliberate ♩=48 Ad Libitum

W *mf* somewhat reluctantly *mf* 3 I can't raise it. I swear! *pp* 5 *mf* annoyed 3 Rheu-ma-ti-sm... if you must know—

B Your oth-er hand: in the air!

*pp*

243 *p* *pp* molto rit. ----- ad lib. rit. *p* [She nods, sadly]

W in the should-der... and back... [A spark of empathy begins to glow in the BURGLAR] *mp* Worse and worse as I get old-er

B In-flam-ma-t'ry...?

*mp* let all notes ring

[BURGLAR stands for a moment, holding his gun on the afflicted one. Feeling empathy, he lowers it sheepishly and moves to put down his sack when he, too, is seized with pain.] 'Very Quickly; impatient ♩=132

247 *f* [WOMAN is confused, impatient, angry again]

W Well...? Don't just stand there grim-ac-ing and gur-gling! Go on!

B *ff* ad lib. Aiee!!

*ff* *f*

250 Slowly; deliberate ♩=48 Ad Libitum

W Get to burg-ling!

B *mf* [BURGLAR winces] 3 *mp* 5 3 [Rubbing his back] *p*

'Scuse me, but it just hit me, too. Rheu-ma-ti-sm and me hap-pen to be old friends.

*mf* *mp* *p*

254 *[A spark of empathy begins to glow in the WOMAN]* *molto rit.* *pp* *mf* *[Perking up slightly]* Quickly; conversational ♩ = 100

W How long? *mp* Have you tried Pred-ni-son?

B *A* ges...

258 *riten.* *a tempo rit.* *[BURGLAR is confused]* *ad lib.*

W *mf* *[Shaking his head]* Doc-tors tell me it's called An-ky-los-ing Spon-dy-li-tis The dis-ease...

B Gives me head-aches...

262 *now slower more deliberately* *a tempo*

W An-ky-los-ing Spon-dy-li-tis. Rolls off the tongue, does-n't it?

B You try An-a-flex?

266 *Begin Very Slowly, accel. poco a poco* *p*

W An-ky-los-ing

B An-ky-los-ing

*sempre stacc.* (L.H.) *p cresc. poco a poco*

271 (accel.)

W *mp* Spon-dy-li-tis *mp* An-ky-los-ing Spon-dy-li-tis *f* An-ky-los-ing Spon-dy-li-tis

B Spon-dy-li-tis An-ky-los-ing Spon-dy-li-tis An-ky-los-ing Spon-dy-li-tis

276 - - Very Swiftly; pattering along ♩ = 152

W *(sub.) mp light, breezy* It makes my bod - y start to itch. Pro -

B Have you tried Le - FLU - mo - nide? And for your spine, Me - PER - i - dine?

279

W - duced a spas - tic fa - cial twitch! I start to itch! A fa - cial twitch!

B Le - flu - mo - nide? Me - per - i - dine?

282

W *mf cresc.* but get in-to the a - poth-e-car-y queue? An - ky-los-ing Spon-dy-li-tis *poco f*

B *mf cresc.* What to do the a - poth-e-car-y queue? An - ky-los-ing Spon-dy-li-tis *poco f*

286

W is the name of our ar-thri-tis You can't know how strong its bite is! The mal-a-dy that I'm dis-clos-ing:

B is the name of our ar-thri-tis. You can't know how strong its bite is! An-ky-los-ing

*p*

*p* *cresc. poco a poco*

291

W Spon-dy-li-tis An-ky-los-ing

B Its ty-ran-ny is just to spite us: Spon-dy-li-tis

*mp* *mf*

296

W An-ky-los-ing Spon-dy-li-tis And

B An-ky-los-ing Spon-dy-li-tis

*f* *mp*

*f* *decrec.*

301

W for your back, Ke-TER-o-lac? But KA-ta-flam's a to-tal sham!

B Bac-ter-i-al in-fec-tion. A

*mp*

304

W Ke - ter - o - lac? And Ka - ta - flam?

B per - ma - nent e - rec - tion! in - fec - tion! e - rec - tion!

307

W *mf* What to do *cresc.* the a - poth - e - car - y queue? *poco f* An - ky - los - ing Spon - dy - li - tis

B *mf* but get in - to the a - poth - e - car - y queue? *cresc.* *poco f* An - ky - los - ing Spon - dy - li - tis

311

W is the name of our ar - thri - tis You can't know how strong its bite is!

B is the name of our ar - thri - tis. You can't know how strong its bite is!

316

321 *f* accel.-----

W Gold SO-di-um Thi-OH-ma-late? Hair-y

B Not im-pressed! MO-no-GE-sic SAL-sal-ate?

326 (accel.)----- Faster; racing ♩ = 176+

W chest! SUL-fa-SAL-a-zine! TAH-ci-LI-zu-mab!

B AH-za-THI-o-prine! AH-da-LI-mu-mab!

331 Suddenly Slowly; wistful ♩ = 69 (rubato, ad lib.)

W DEX-a-METH-a-ZONE! Di - CLO - fen - ac, Ah! — Di clo - fen - ac: Your

B HY - dro - COR - ti - zone! Di - CLO - fen ac, Ah! — Di clo - fen - ac: Your

337 take time a tempo (♩ = 176)

W won-d'rous high, your heart - at - tack... —

B won-d'rous high, your heart - at - tack... —

343

*f*

W ME-clo-fen-a-mate! Pir - OX-i-cam! CU-pri-mine!

B IN-do-METH-a-cin! Mel - OX-i-cam! OX-i - PRO-zin!

348

Suddenly Slowly; wistful  $\text{♩} = 69$  (rubato, ad lib.)

*fp* *mf*

W Hy-dro-OX-y-CHLOR-o-quine! Di - CLO - fen - ac, Ah! — Di clo-fen-ac: You

B Hy-dro-OX-y-CHLOR-o-quine! Di - CLO - fen ac, Ah! — Di clo-fen-ac: You

353

take time

Even Faster!  $\text{♩} = 184+$

W stopped my heart, but fixed my back!

B stopped my heart, but fixed my back! —

358

*f*

W The reas-on for my sleep-less night is, the reas-on for my

B The reas-on I can't stand up-right is,

362

W sleep-less night is, sleep-less night is, sleep-less night is, sleep-less night is... *ff* Eight syl-la- bles that do in - cite us:

B stand up-right is, stand up-right is, stand up-right is, stand up-right is... *ff* Eight syl-la- bles that do in - cite us:

366

W An-ky-los-ing Spon - - - - - dy - li - tis! [*BURGLAR's back seizes up again*]

B An-ky-los-ing Spon - - - - - di - li - tis! Aiee!!

*f* *cresc.*

370 Very Quickly; as before ♩ = 132 a tempo

W You should

B My back, my back, my back, my back— Ack! Did you hear that "click"?

*mf* *f*

375 Slower; as before ♩ = 56 *mp*

W lie down flat! *sustained groan* Yours worse in the morn-ing or at

B Ouch! Ow! That us-'lly does the trick! Ah...

*mp*

380 Ad Libitum

W *night?* *mp* Par-ox-ysms or a stead-y pain?

B At night, just when I'm bus-i-est! Pain... May have to give up this sec-ond sto-ry work— got

386 Moderately; tentative at first  $\text{♩} = 80$

W *[rolling her eyes]* How in-con-ven-ient... There's on-ly

B stuck half-way up! Hu-mil-i-at-ing!

391

W one thing that works for me *cresc.* Scotch! *mf*

B Yes... Yes... Yes! Yes!! Spir-its! A-

396 Not too fast  $\text{♩} = 104$  ritenuto

W Scotch Scotch! Scotch! *f*

B - greed! It takes my aches and pains down a notch. Well, then: help me up! We'll hit the pub! What

*enthusiasm getting the better of her*

ad libitum ♩ = 60  
 Suddenly Very Slowly; gently [each to themselves] a pronounced pause after every phrase, as indicated

401 *mf*

W I... Your back: it's shot! I'm hes - i - tant but — he's some-one who's, if

B say? A drink? But my wrist is not! Let me tell you what: — by drink-ing booze I

407 Slowly; like a dream  $\text{♩} = 42 (\text{♩} = 84)$  *p*

W I'm not mis-ta-ken, be - nign. Strange — is - n't it...

B sof-ten this ache in my spine. —

412

W — This... This...

B This... Yes... — yes, a bit... This... Strange...

417

W This... Strange... is - n't it?

B is - n't it? This... Strange... Yes, a bit.

Moderately; tentative  $\text{♩} = 69$

Quickly; hurried  $\text{♩} = 92$

422 *mf* [WOMAN starts towards her purse on the nightstand] [She smiles warmly]

Well... I sup-pose we could... [attempting to wave her off] *f* No, no, no! It's on me!

Steady; but gradually becoming more and more fraught  $\text{♩} = 84$

[WOMAN tries to pull BURGLAR to his feet. They clumsily flail about, he "mounting" her, but her arthritis abruptly returns. They try to recover but become even more awkwardly entangled. Between cries of pain and frantic instructions to one another they hopelessly try to extricate themselves with increasing anxiety and embarrassment]

426 *pp cresc.*

430 *p* *mp*

433 *mf*

436

W

B

a loud knocking at the door

*ff*

5

436

*f*

*ff*

439

W

B

POLICE OFFICER (bass-baritone)

[WOMAN and BURGLAR freeze, stuck in an embarrassing arrangement of arms and legs...]

from backstage, forcefully:  
"Police!! Does someone need help in there?!...Hello?  
We've received a complaint... I'm coming in!"

5

5

439

*sub.p*

442

spoken, together

*p*

Oh, no...

[He holds his gun on the couple]

[BURGLAR and WOMAN groan, still frozen in place]

*p*

Oh, no...

deciding to assert himself, somewhat unnecessarily: "Don't move!"

446

Ad Libitum

Very Slowly; deliberately ♩=60

*mf* bemused

O Well, well, well...

452

Very quickly; somewhat frantic ♩=152

*p* pleading

W Come and help us, come and help us, come and help us, help us, please!

B Come and help us, come and help us, come and help us, help us, please!

O I'll bet you have a stor-y to tell...

457

W Come and help us, help us, please! The

B Come and help us, help us, please! The

O *p* [to himself] What a cra-zy scene, what a real-ly cra-zy scene! I'm not sure how to in-ter-vene!

461

W pain is in our neck and knees!

B pain is in our neck and knees!

O *mp* Some-thing is a-miss, some-thing real-ly is a-miss I don't get paid en-ough for this!



482 *mf* wailing in pain

W *Ow!* *Ow!*

B think!

*cresc.* *mf*

486

W *Ow!* What bod - y part will seize up now?

*cresc.*

490 *poco f*

W *Ow!* *Ow!* *Ow!*

B *poco f* Clink, clink... I'm

O *poco f* Well, well, well,

*poco f*

494

W What bod - y part will seize up now?

B go - ing, I'm go - ing, I'm go - ing, I'm go - ing straight to jail - I think!

O I'll bet you have a stor - y to tell!

*cresc.*

497

W *f* Ah! Ah!

B *f* Clink, clink... I'm

O *f* Well, well, well,

501

W Help us, of - fi - cer,

B go - ing, I'm go - ing, I'm go - ing, I'm go - ing straight to jail — I think! Help us of - fi - cer,

O I'll bet — you have a stor - y to tell!

504

Even Faster; frenetic, madcap ♩ = 126+

W *mp* please! We've An - ky - los - ing Spon - di - li - tis!

B *mp* please! We've An - ky - los - ing Spon - di - li - tis!

O *mp* What — are they say - ing I have - n't the slight - est?

*sub.p*

507

W *mf* *>* "bean" An - ky - los - ing Spon - di - li - tis!

B *mf* *>* An - ky - los - ing Spon - di - li - tis!

O *mf* *>* What \_\_\_\_\_ are they say - ing I have - n't the slight - est?

*sub. p*

510

W An - ky - los - ing Spon - di - li - tis! what a scene, what a scene, what a scene this has

B Ank - ky - los - ing Spon - di - li - tis! what a scene, what a scene, what a scene this has

O What are they say - ing I have - n't the slight - est? what a scene, what a scene, what a scene this has

512

W *f* *>* been, what a scene, what a scene, what a scene this has been! What a scene this has been! What a

B *f* *>* been, what a scene, what a scene, what a scene this has been! What a scene this has been! What a

O *f* *>* been, what a scene, what a scene, what a scene this has been! What a scene this has been! What a

*cresc.* *f* *>*



