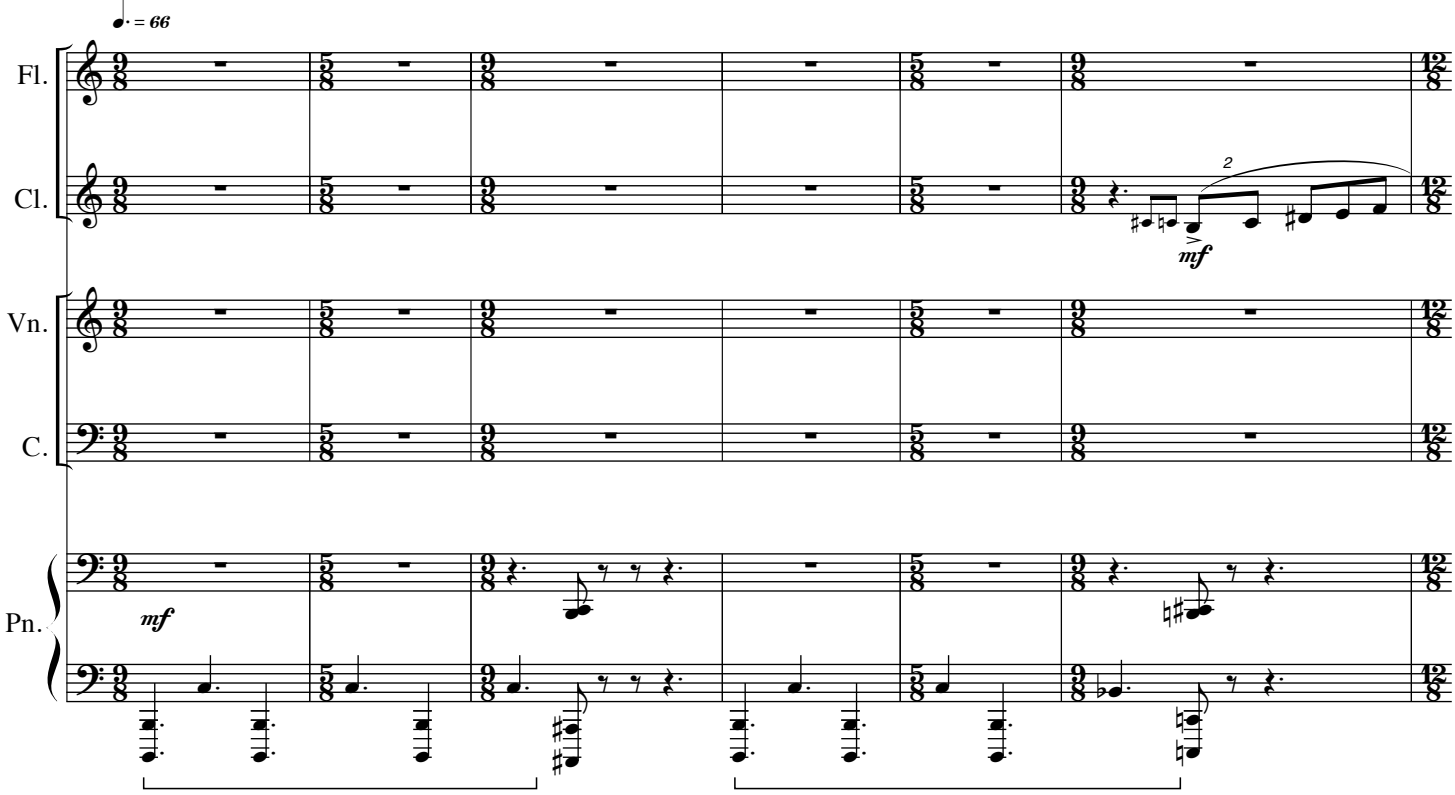
Bobok

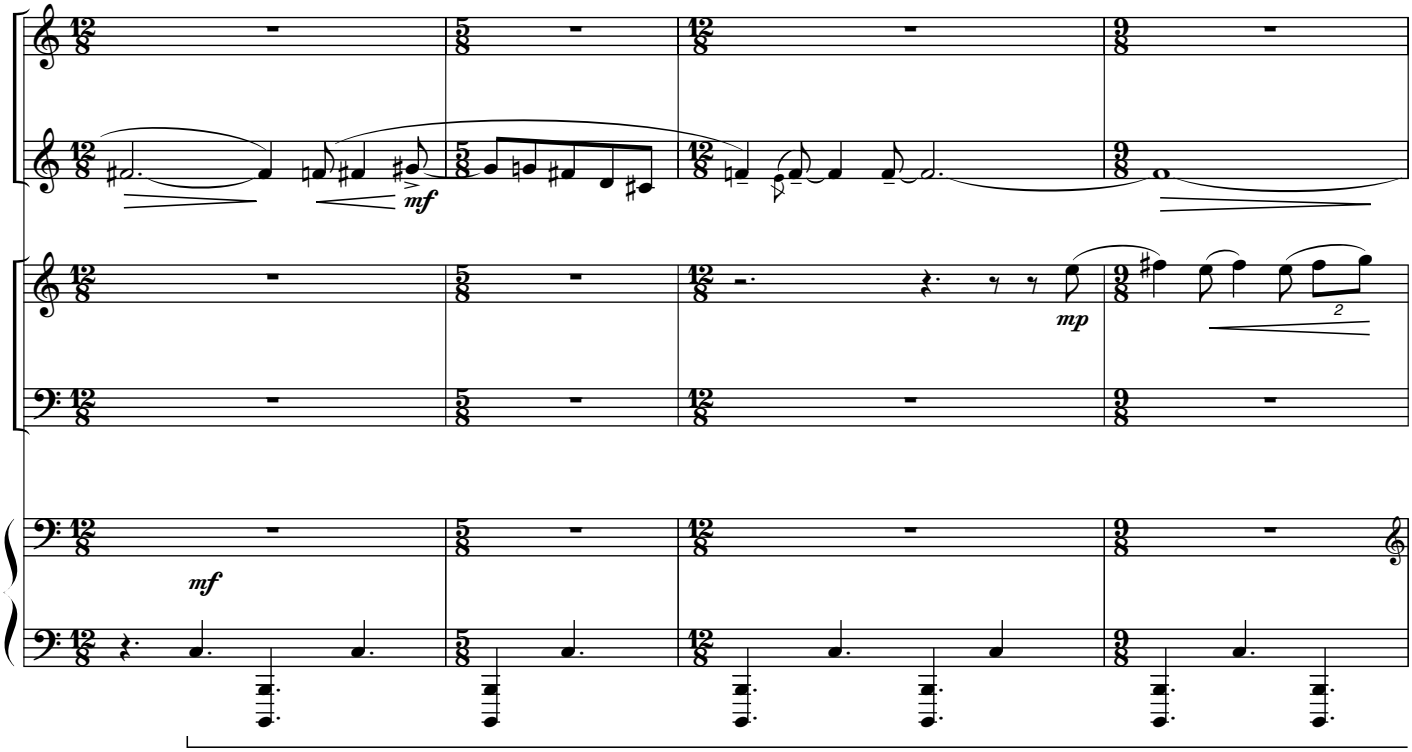
SCENE I

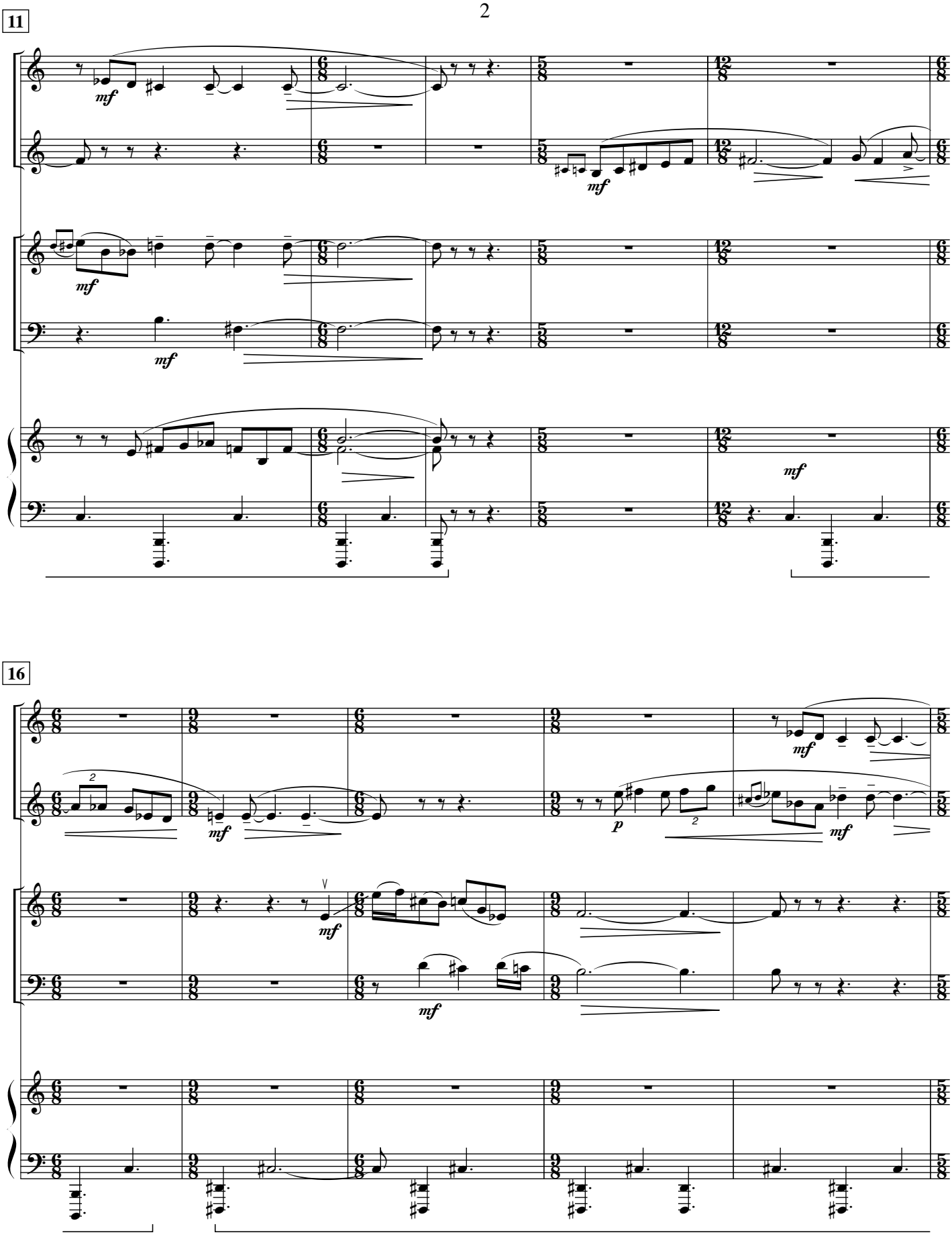
A writer, fairly drunk, walks about a cemetery with a bottle of liquor in his hand

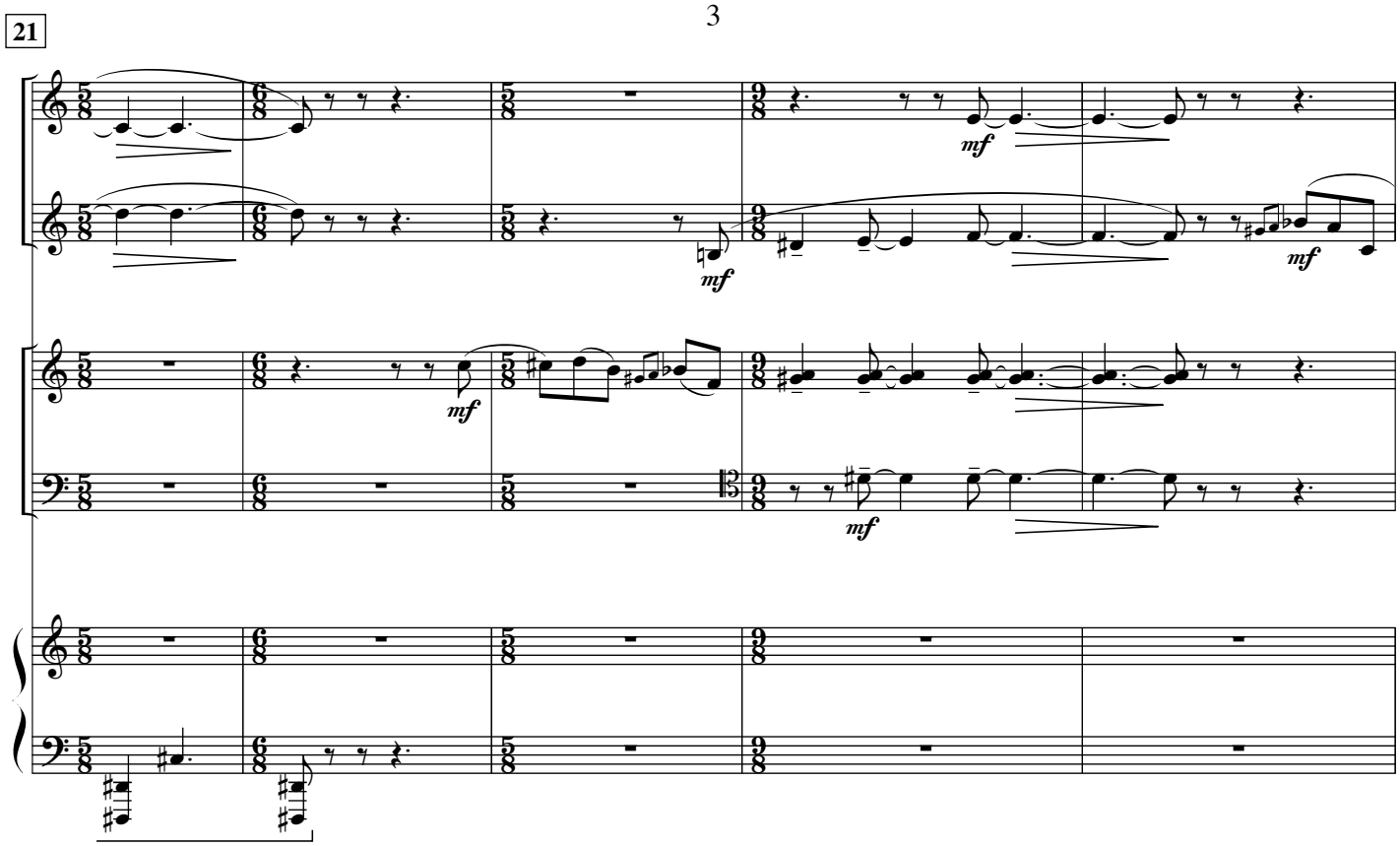
Andrey Komanetsky

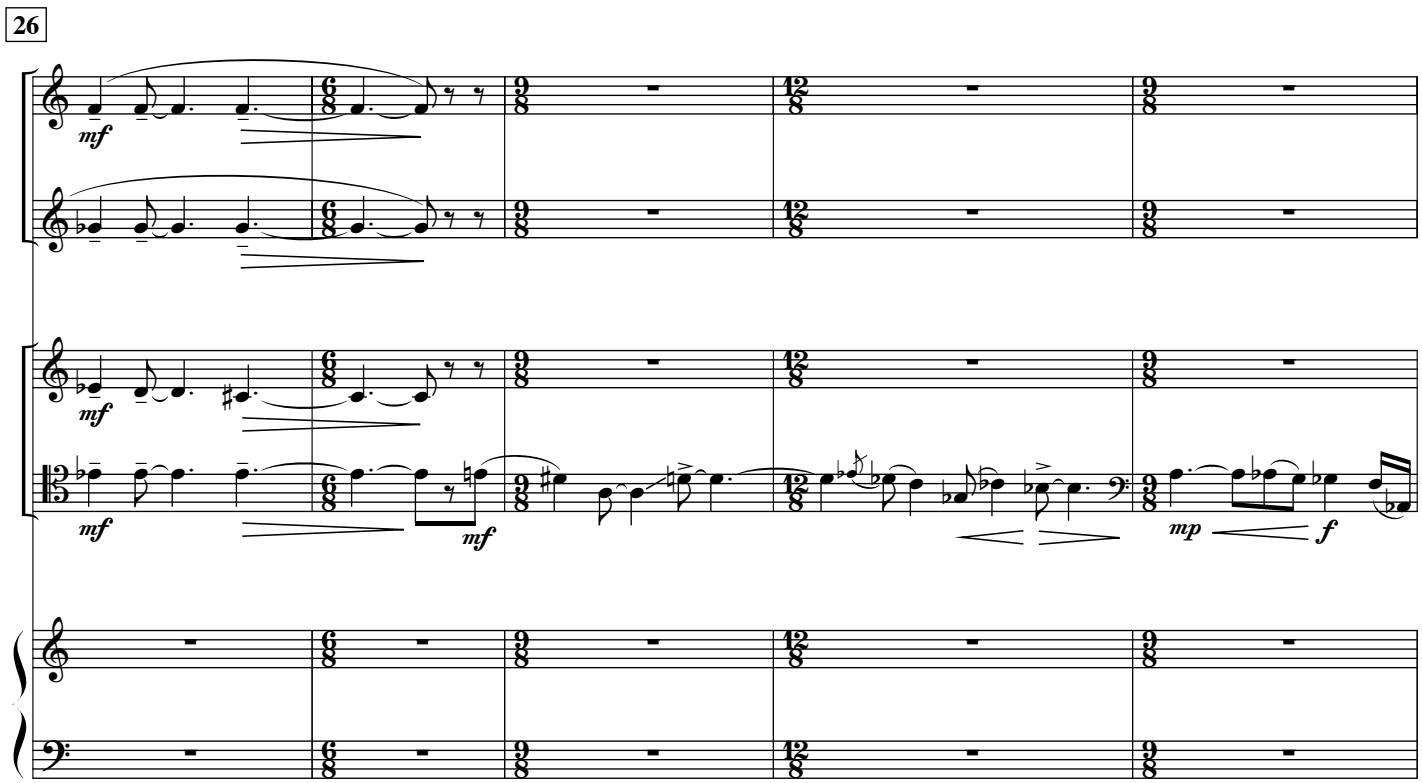


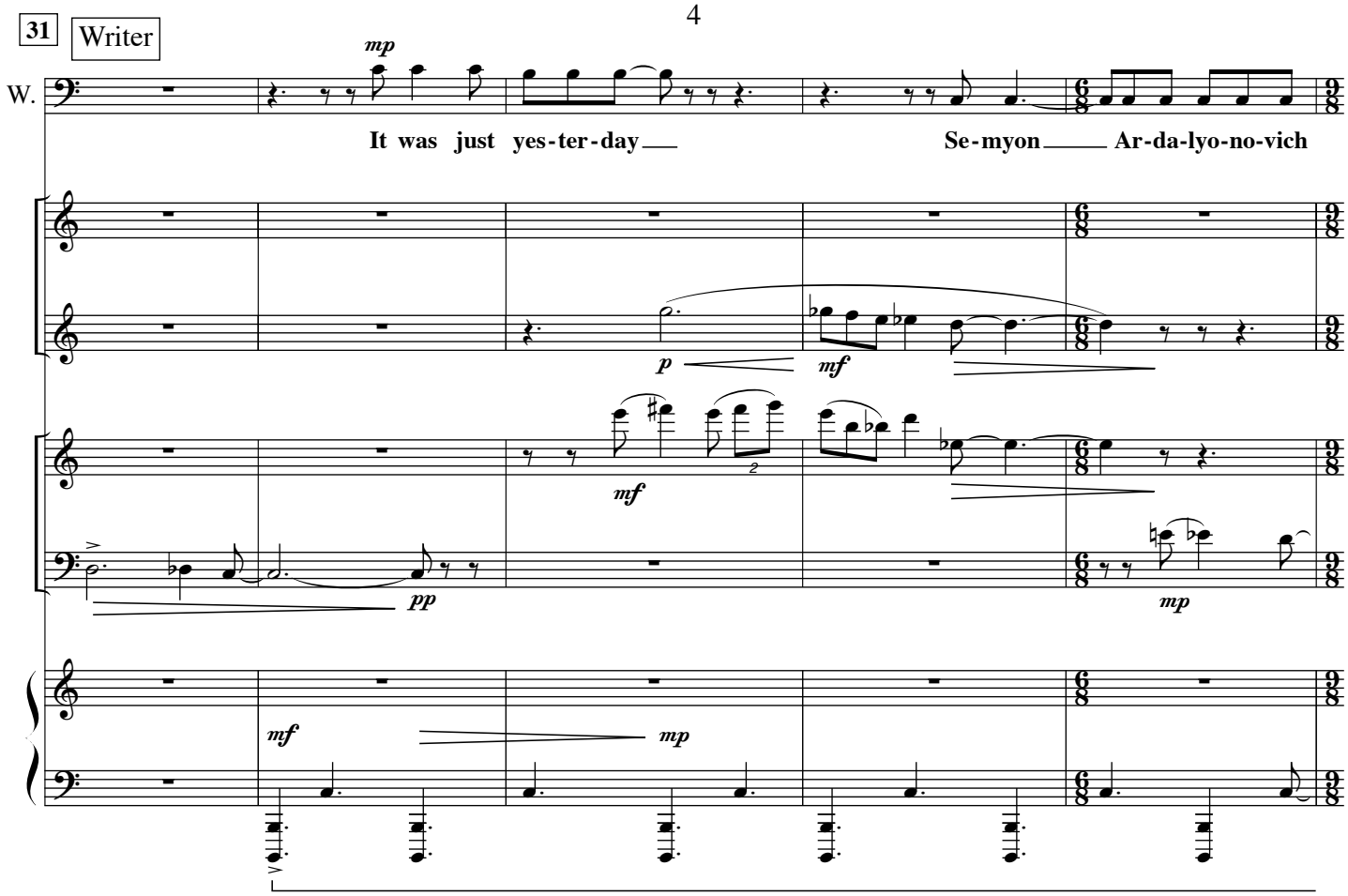
7

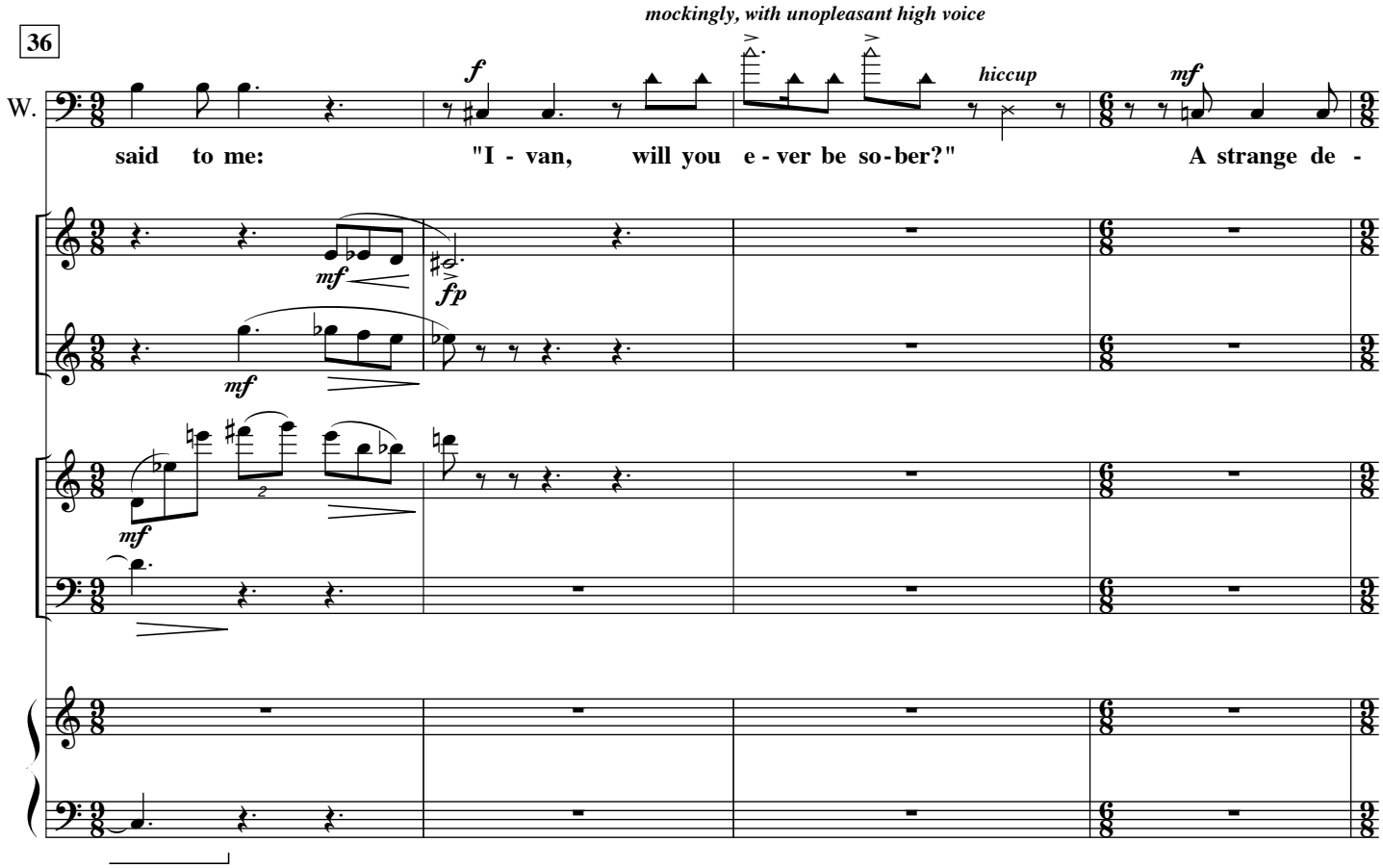



11
mf
mf
mf
mf
16
mf
p
mf
mf
mf


21
mf
mf
mf
mf
mf


26
mf
mf
mf
mf
mp
f


31
Writer
W.
mp
It was just yes-ter-day
Se-myon
Ar-da-lyo-no-vich
p
mf
mf
pp
mp
mf
mp


mockingly, with unopleasant high voice
36
W.
f
hiccup
mf
said to me:
"I - van, will you e - ver be so-ber?"
A strange de -
mf
fp
mf
mf

40

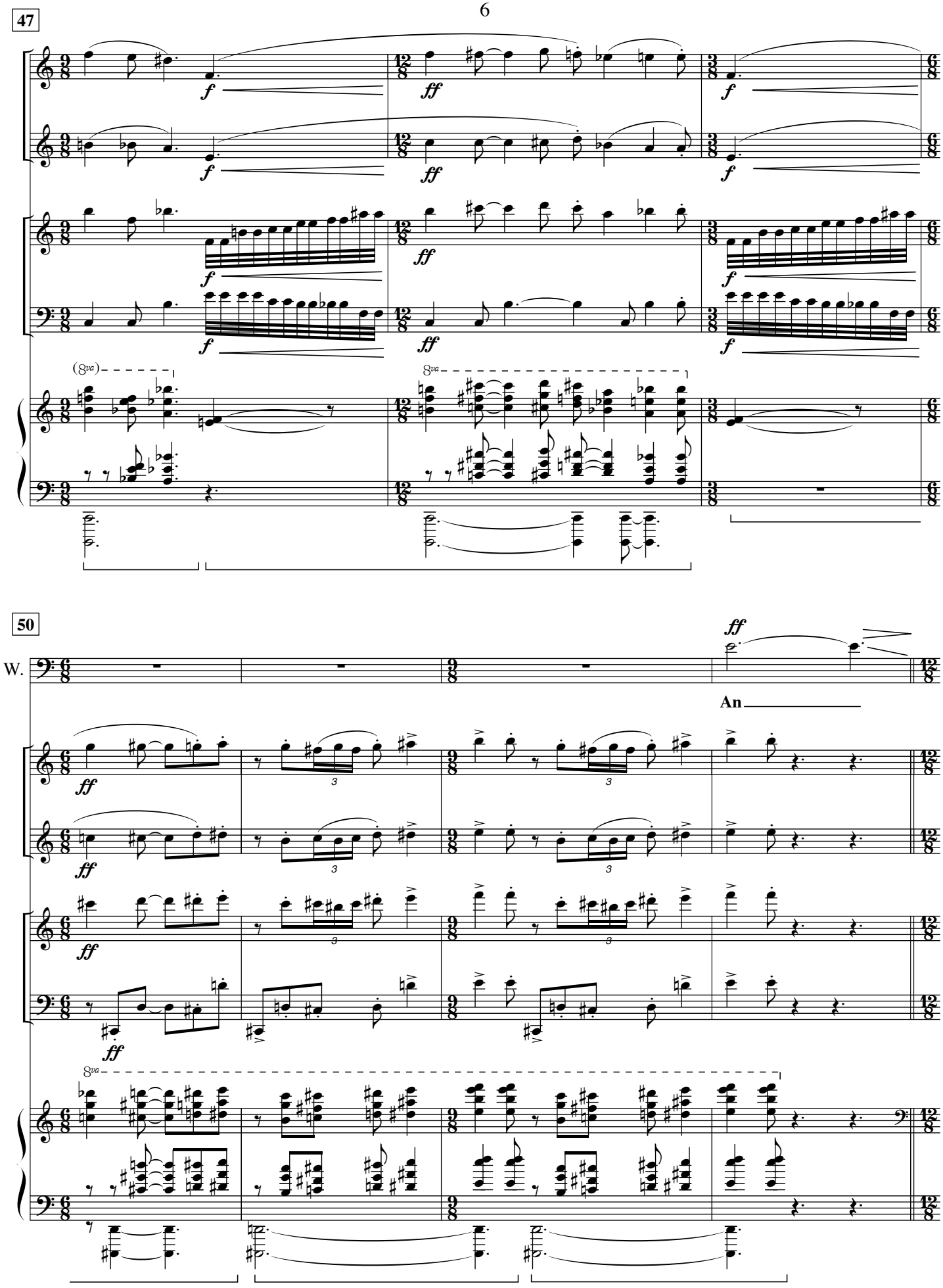
loud whispering in a grumbling manner

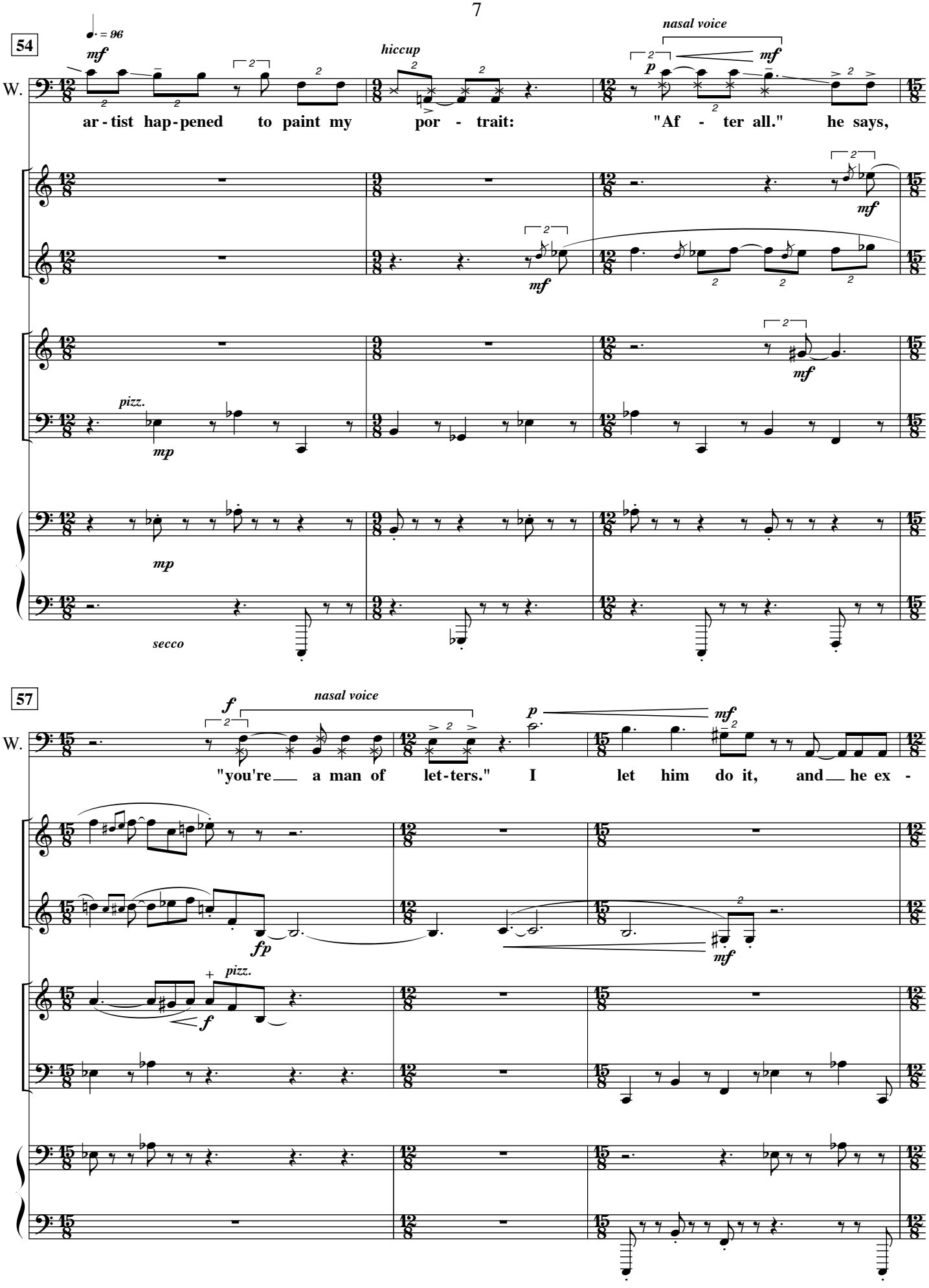
W. **mand. I don't re - sent it, I am a ti - mid man. But they've**

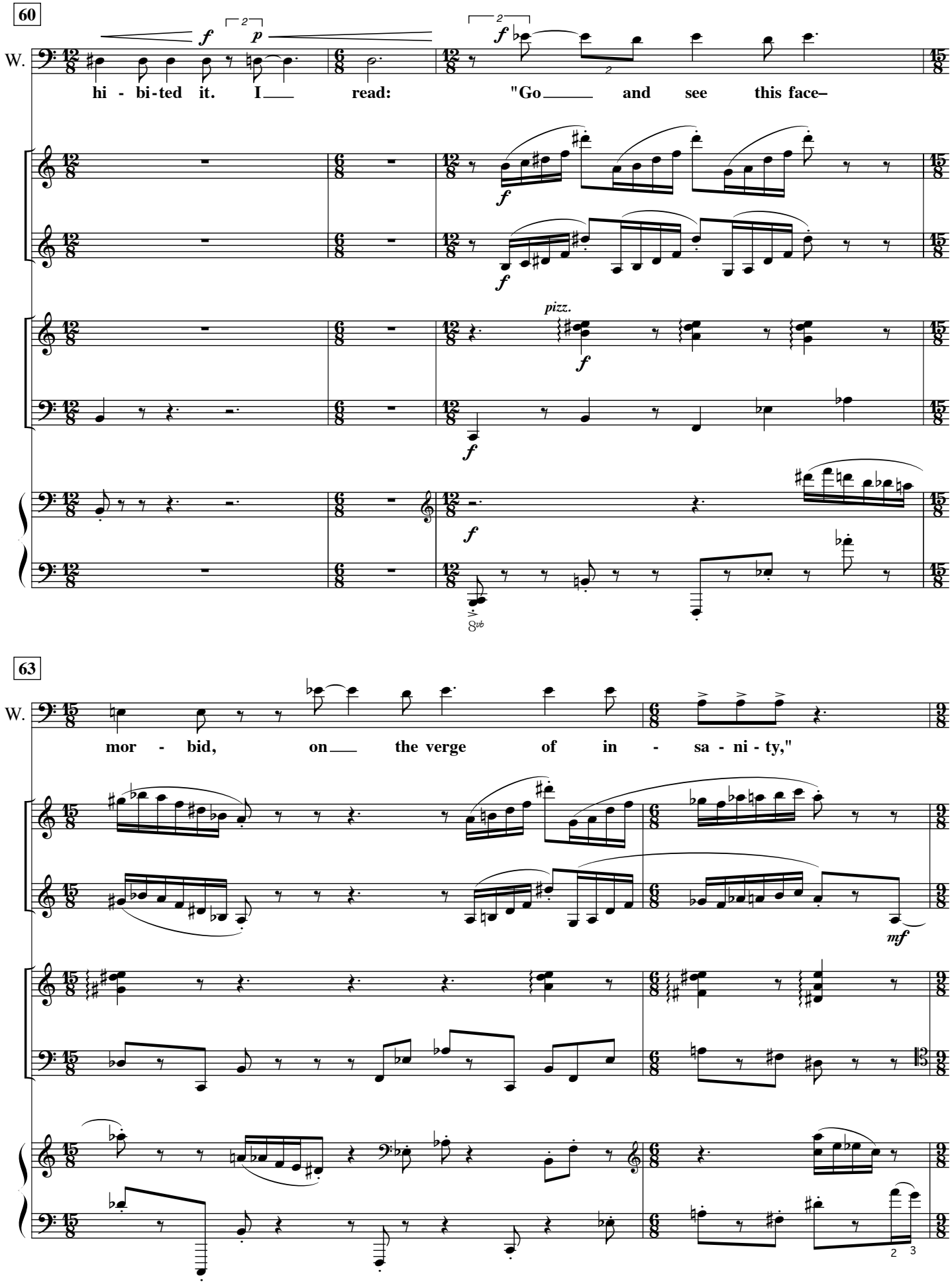
44

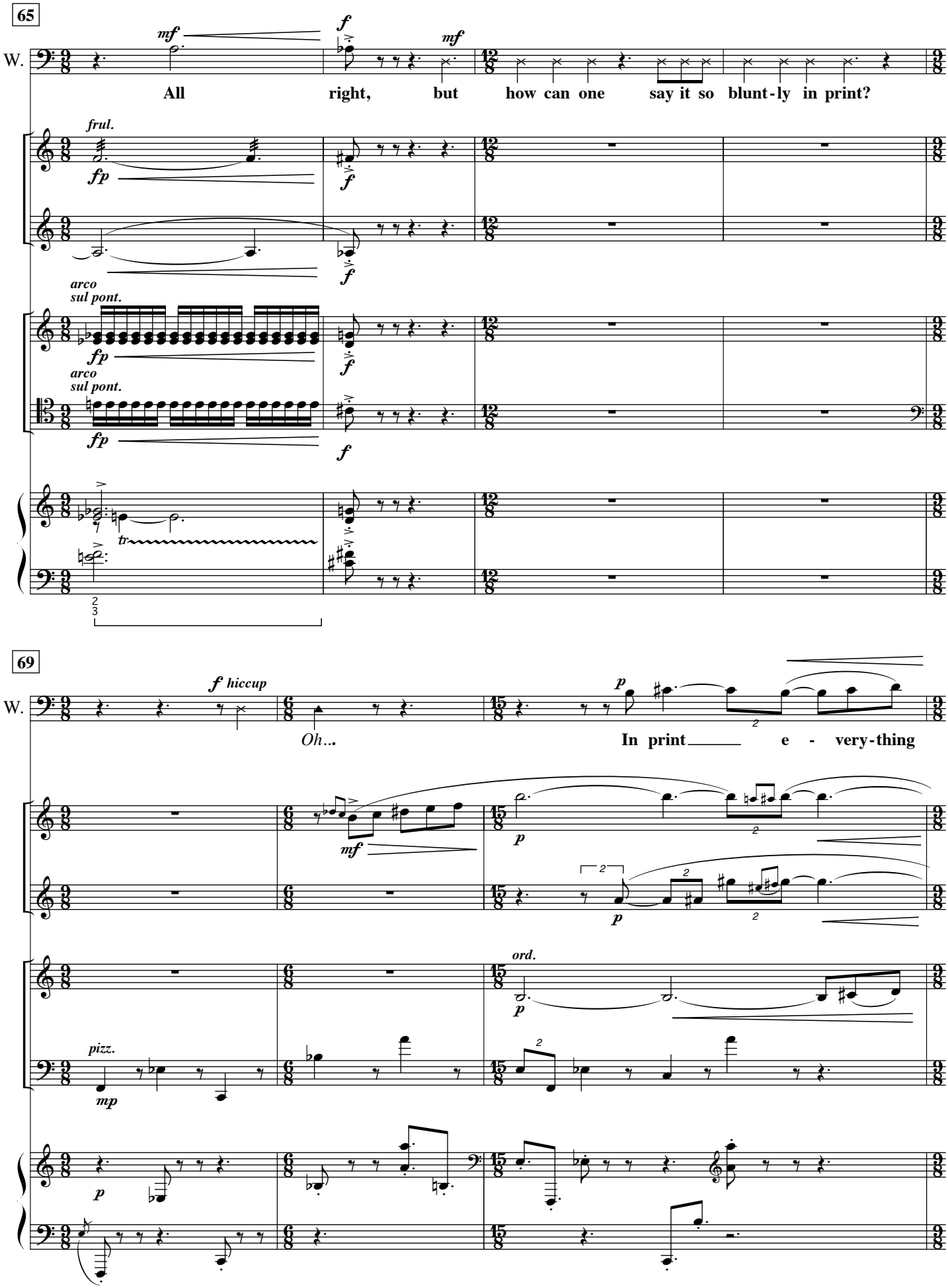
The writer drinks from his bottle

W. **ma-naged to make a mad-man out of me.**


47
f
ff
(8va)
8va
50
W.
ff
An


54
♩. = 96
mf
hiccup
nasal voice
p
mf
W.
ar - tist hap - pened to paint my por - trait: "Af - ter all." he says,
mf
mf
pizz.
mp
mp
secco
57
f
nasal voice
p
mf
W.
"you're a man of let - ters." I let him do it, and he ex -
fp
mf
+
pizz.
f


60
W.
hi - bi-ted it. I read: "Go and see this face–
pizz.
63
W.
mor - bid, on the verge of in - sa - ni - ty,"


65
W.
mf
f
mf
All right, but how can one say it so blunt-ly in print?
frul.
fp
f
arco
sul pont.
fp
f
arco
sul pont.
fp
f
tr
69
W.
f hiccup
Oh...
p
In print e - very-thing
mf
p
p
ord.
p
pizz.
mp
p

72

W. ought to be no - ble with i - deals. Put it in - di -

75

W. rect-ly, that's what style is for. But no. He does not care to

78

W. be in - di - rect.

81

W. Now - a - days hu - mor and fine

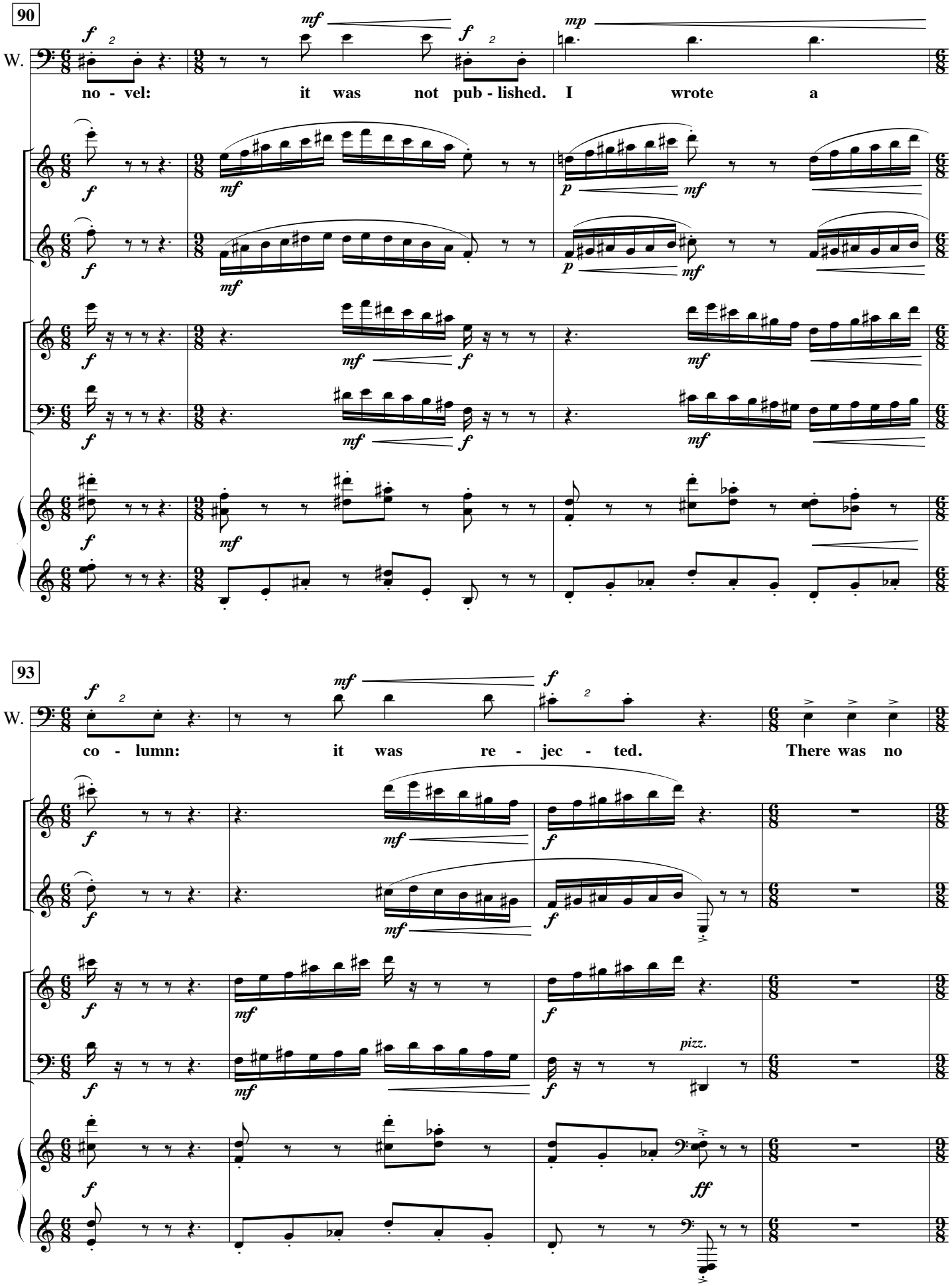
84

W. style are dis - ap - pea - ring and a - buse is

87

W. ta - king the place of wit. I wrote a

secco


90
W.
no - vel: it was not pub - lished. I wrote a
93
W.
co - lumn: it was re - jec - ted. There was no
pizz.

97

meno mosso

W. *mf* *hiccup*

salt in them, I was told. What sort of salt do you want? At-tic salt?

ff *pizz.* *arco* *pizz.* *ff* *ff* 8vb

102 **a tempo**

W. *mf* *hiccup*

Oh... **Ex-cuse me!**

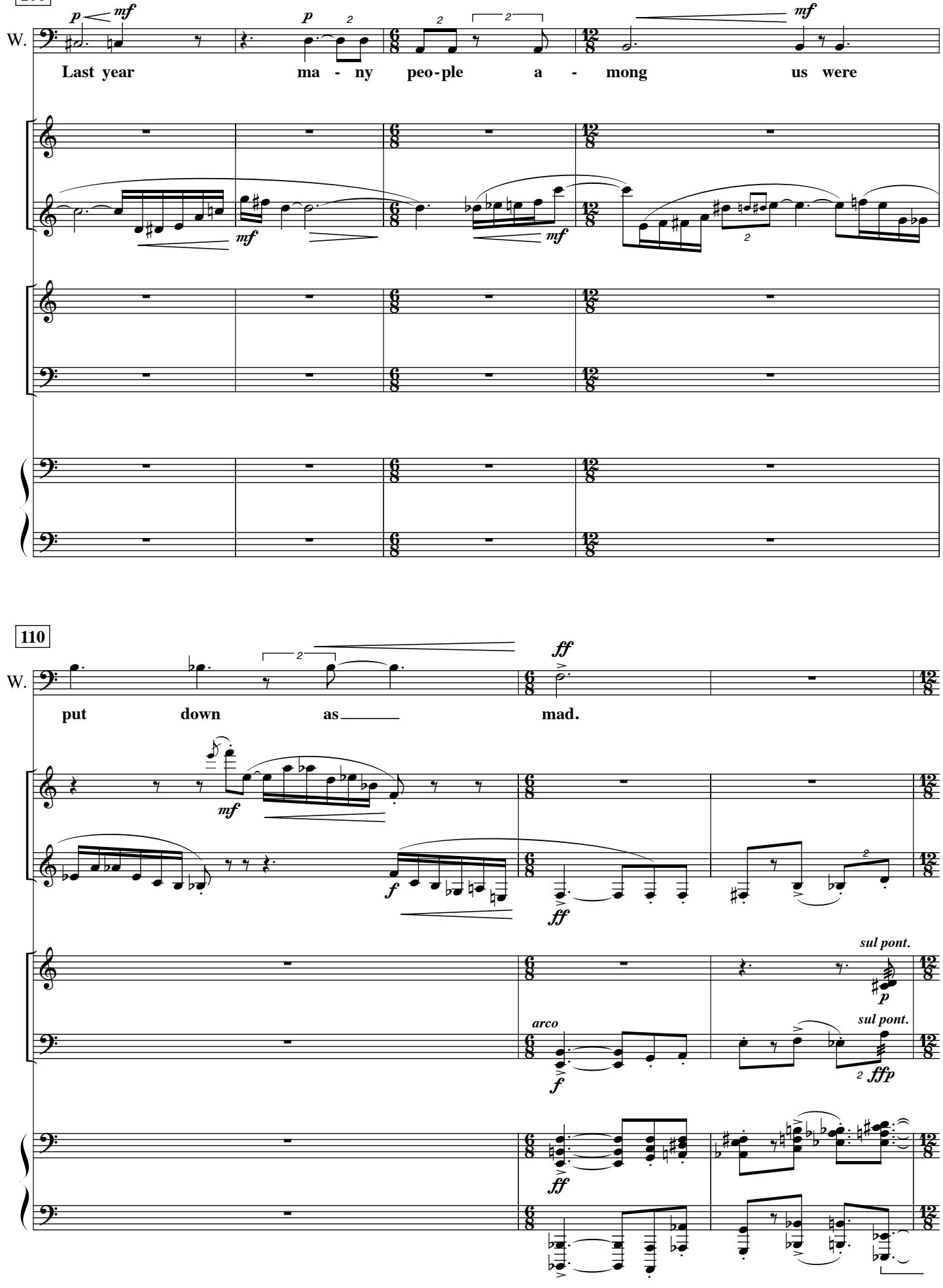
p *mf* *p* *p* *pizz.* *p* *arco* *mf*

106

W. Last year ma - ny peo-ple a - mong us were

110

W. put down as mad.



ad lib.

113 **mockingly and irritating**

f

W. **"Given such an original talent... And that's how it turned out toward the very end...**

fp *fp*

115

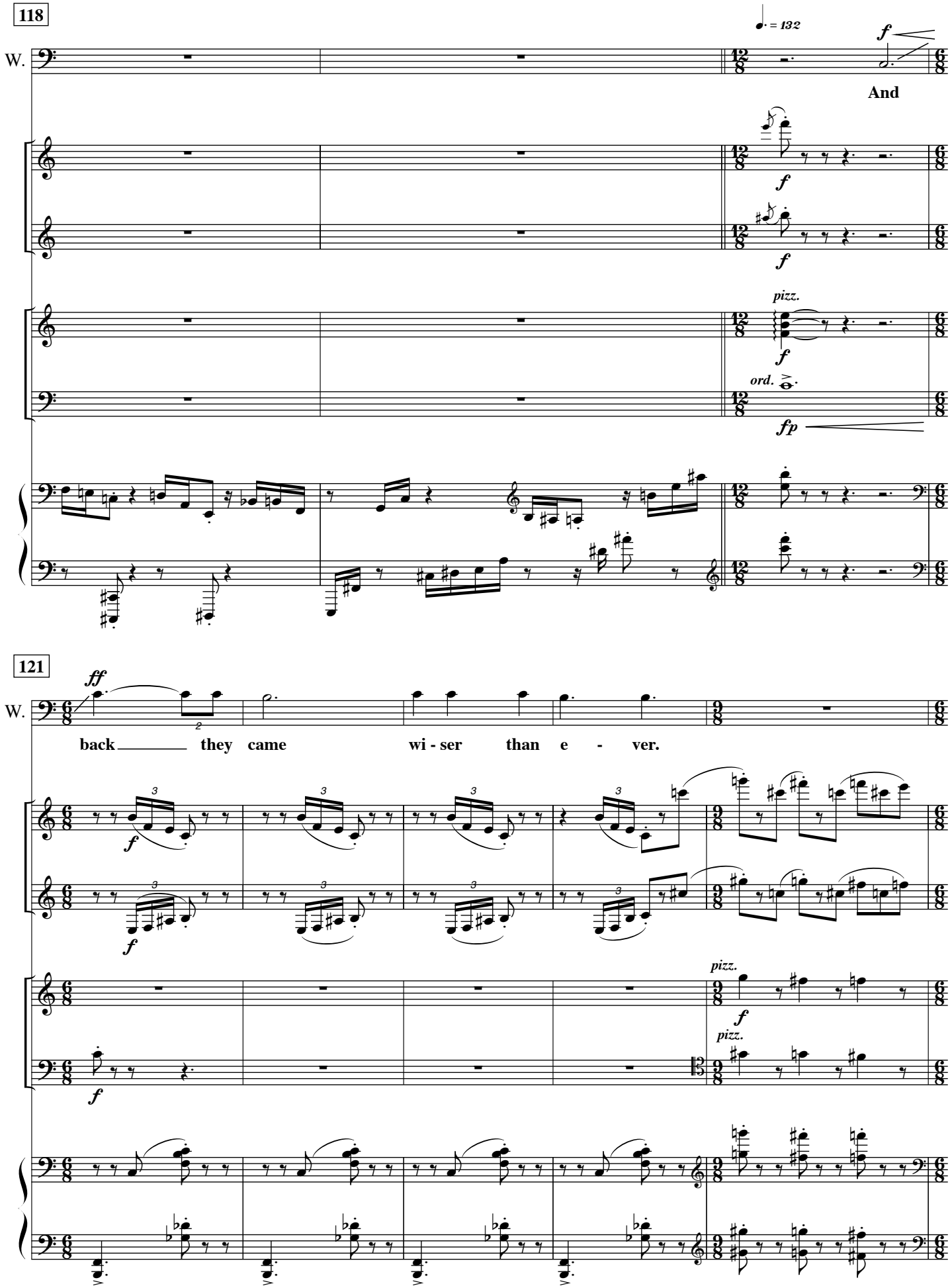
♩ = 144

f

W. **However it should have been foreseen long ago." Well!!!**

fp *fp* *f* *f* *ff* *f*

secco


118
W.
♩. = 132
f
And
f
f
pizz.
f
ord.
fp
121
W.
ff
back they came wi - ser than e - ver.
f
f
pizz.
f
pizz.
f

126

W. They know how to drive peo - ple mad,

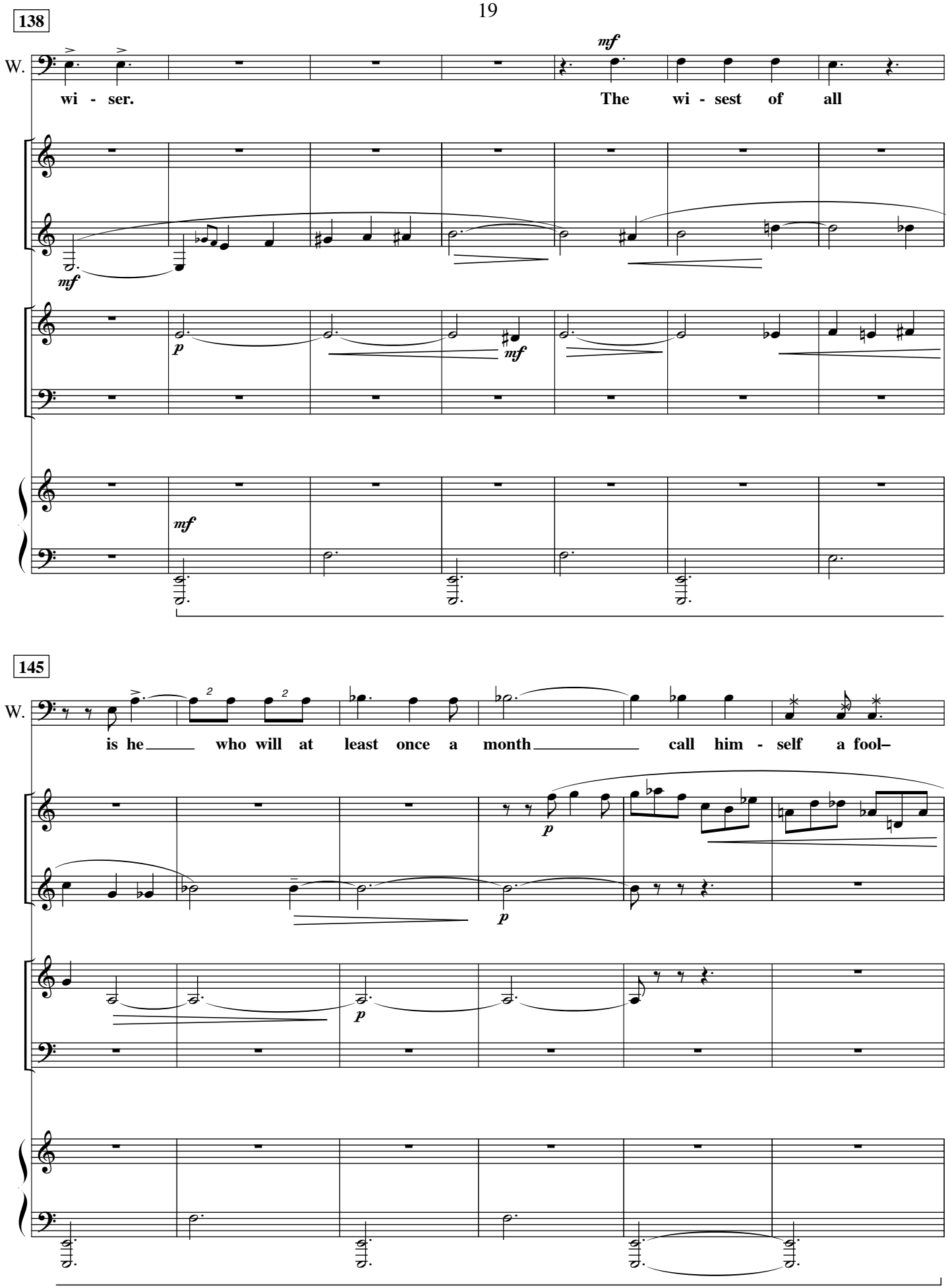
131

W. but they have not made a - ny - one

f

arco

arco


138
W.
wi - ser.
The wi - sest of all
mf
mf
p
mf
mf
145
W.
is he who will at least once a month call him - self a fool–
p
p
p

151

W. *f*

a fa - cul - ty un - heard of now - a - days!

mf *f*

mf *f*

f

f

f

156

W. *mf*

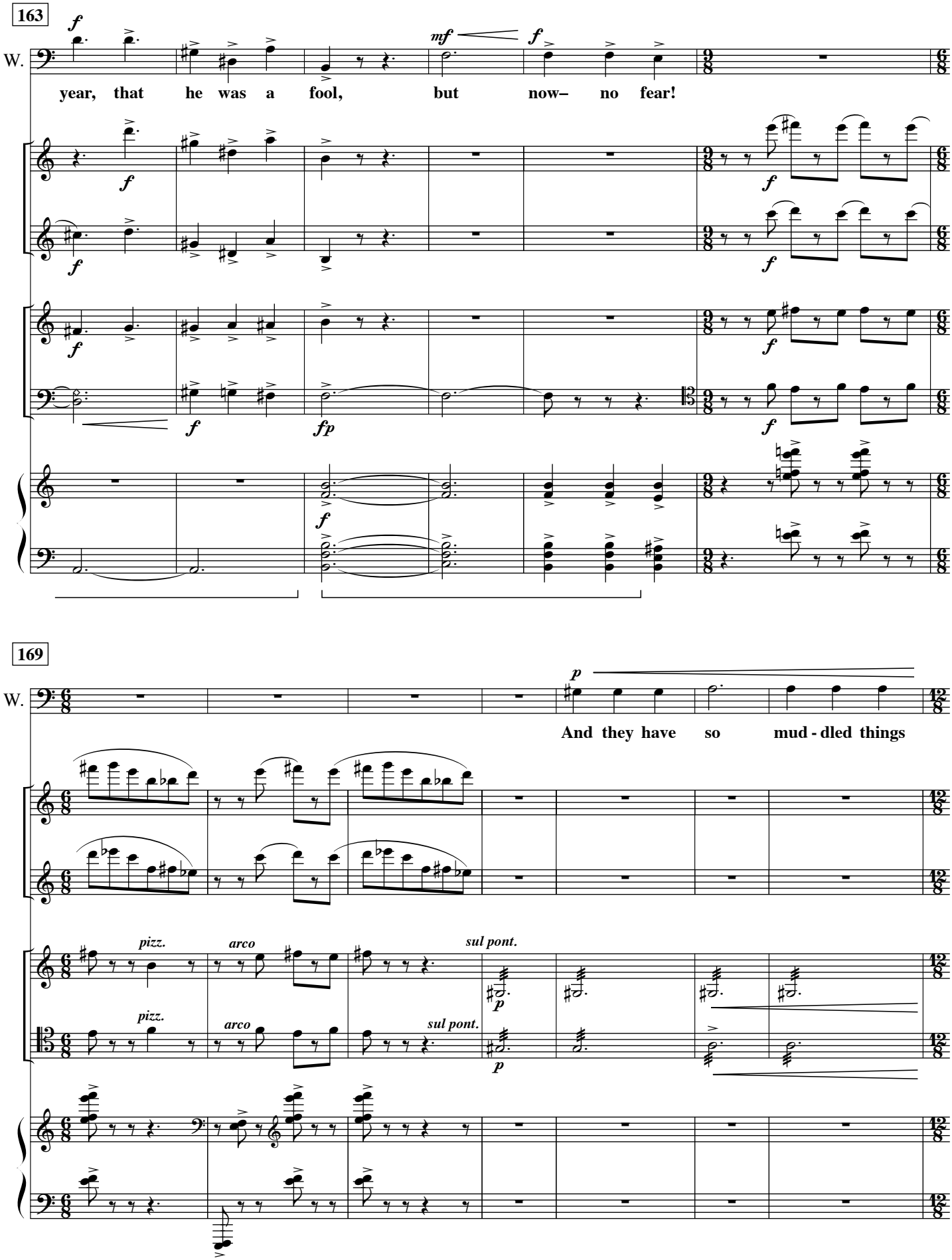
For - mer - ly a fool knew at least once a

mf

mf

mp

mf

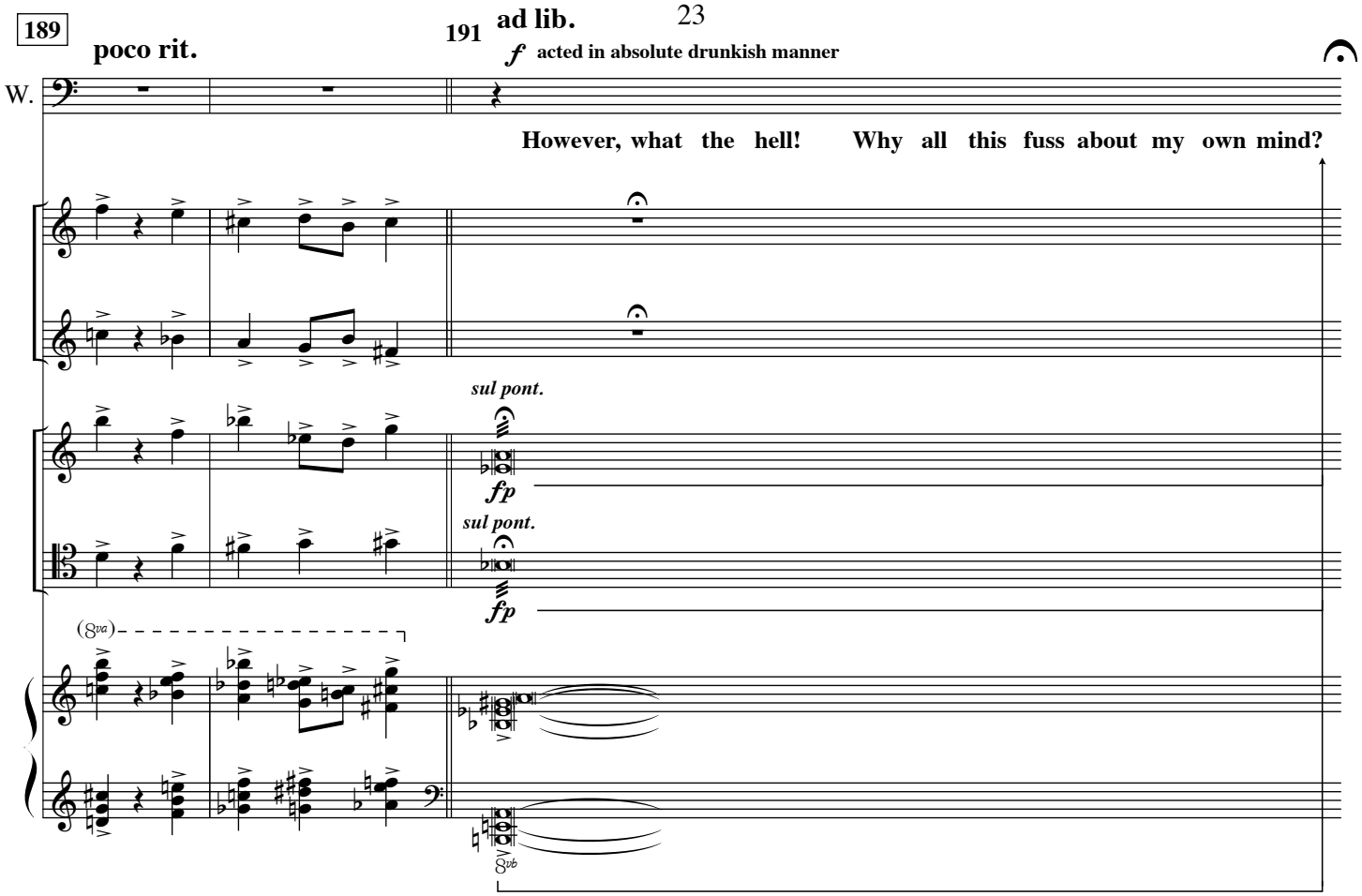

163
W.
year, that he was a fool, but now– no fear!
169
W.
And they have so mud - dled things
pizz.
arco
sul pont.

176

W. up that you can't tell a fool from a wise man. They've

182

W. done this on pur - pose.



Grumbling and grumbling. Even my maid-servant is fed up with me. Yesterday a friend dropped in: "Your style is changing," he said, "it's choppy. You chop and chop - you interpolate a clause, and then another interpolated clause within it, and then you add still something else in parenthesis, and you chop even more." My friend is right. Something strange is happening to me. My charachter is changing, and my head aches. I begin to see and hear strange things; as though someone beside me goes: "Bobok, bobok, bobok!"

192 ♩. = 66

The writer walks around different tombstones and reads inscriptions

W. *f*

But where am I? Ce-me-te-ry? Some place!

ff *mf* *ff* *p*

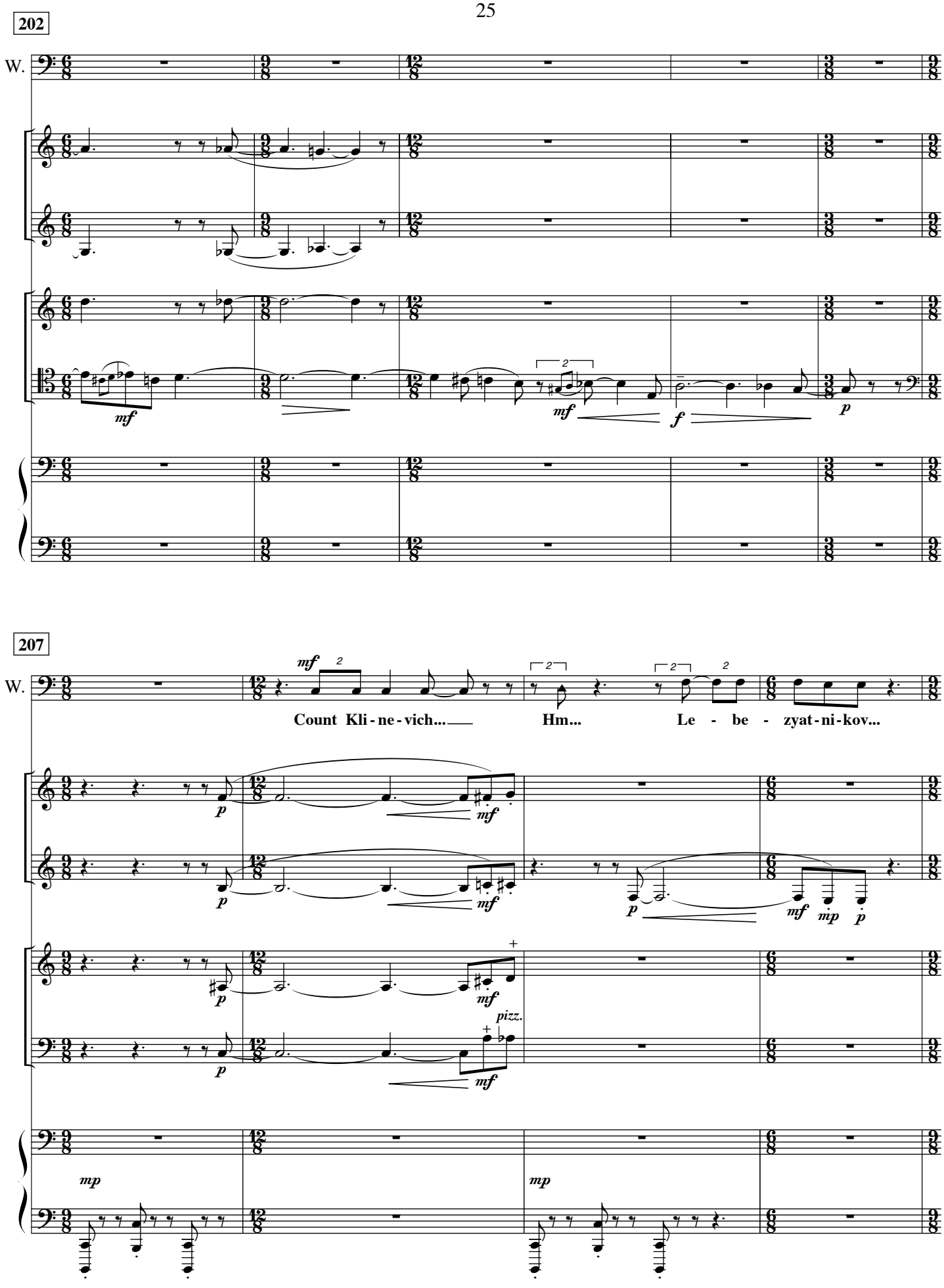
ord. *ff* *mf* *ff* *p*

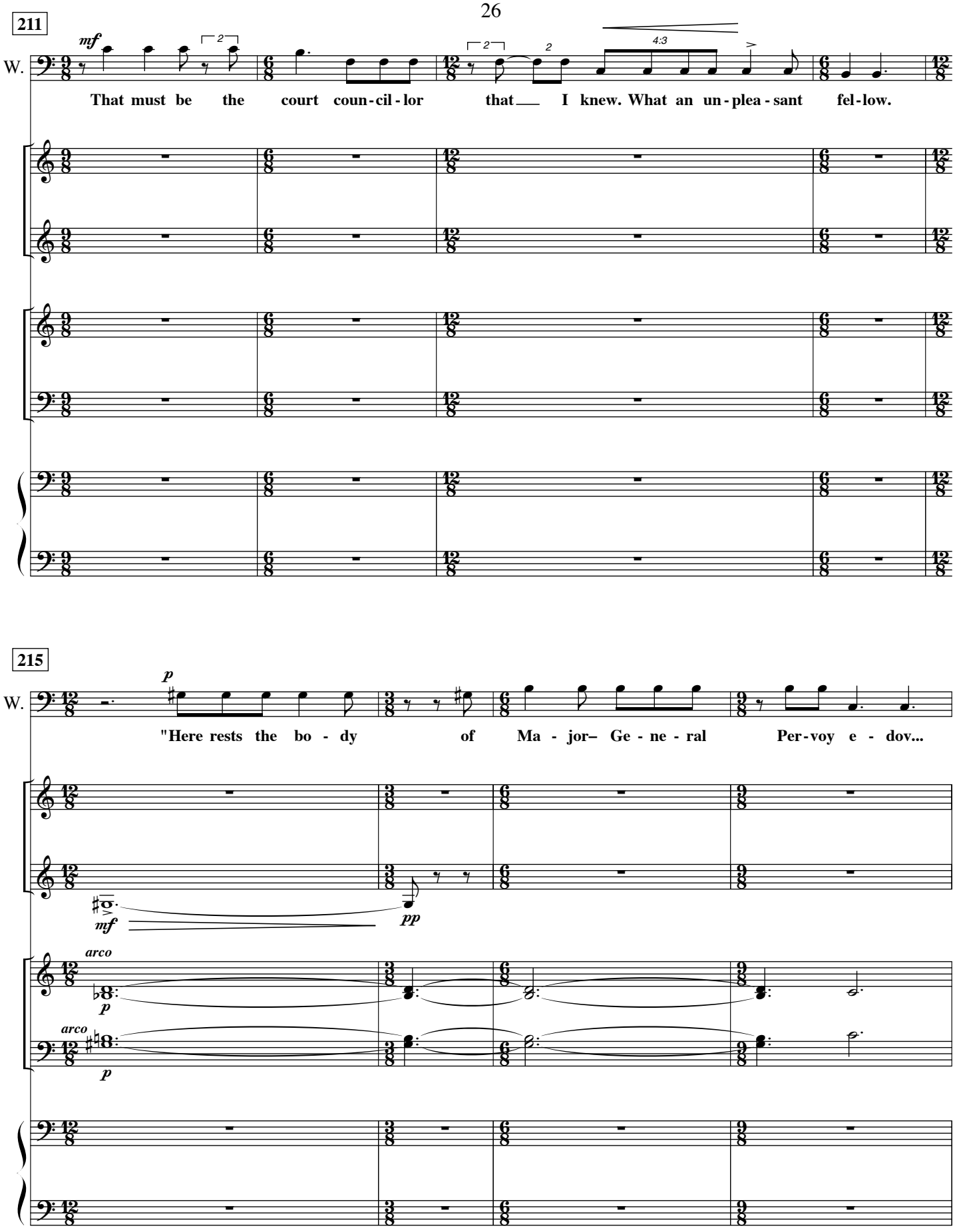
ord. *ff* *mf* *ff* *espressivo* *mf* *p*

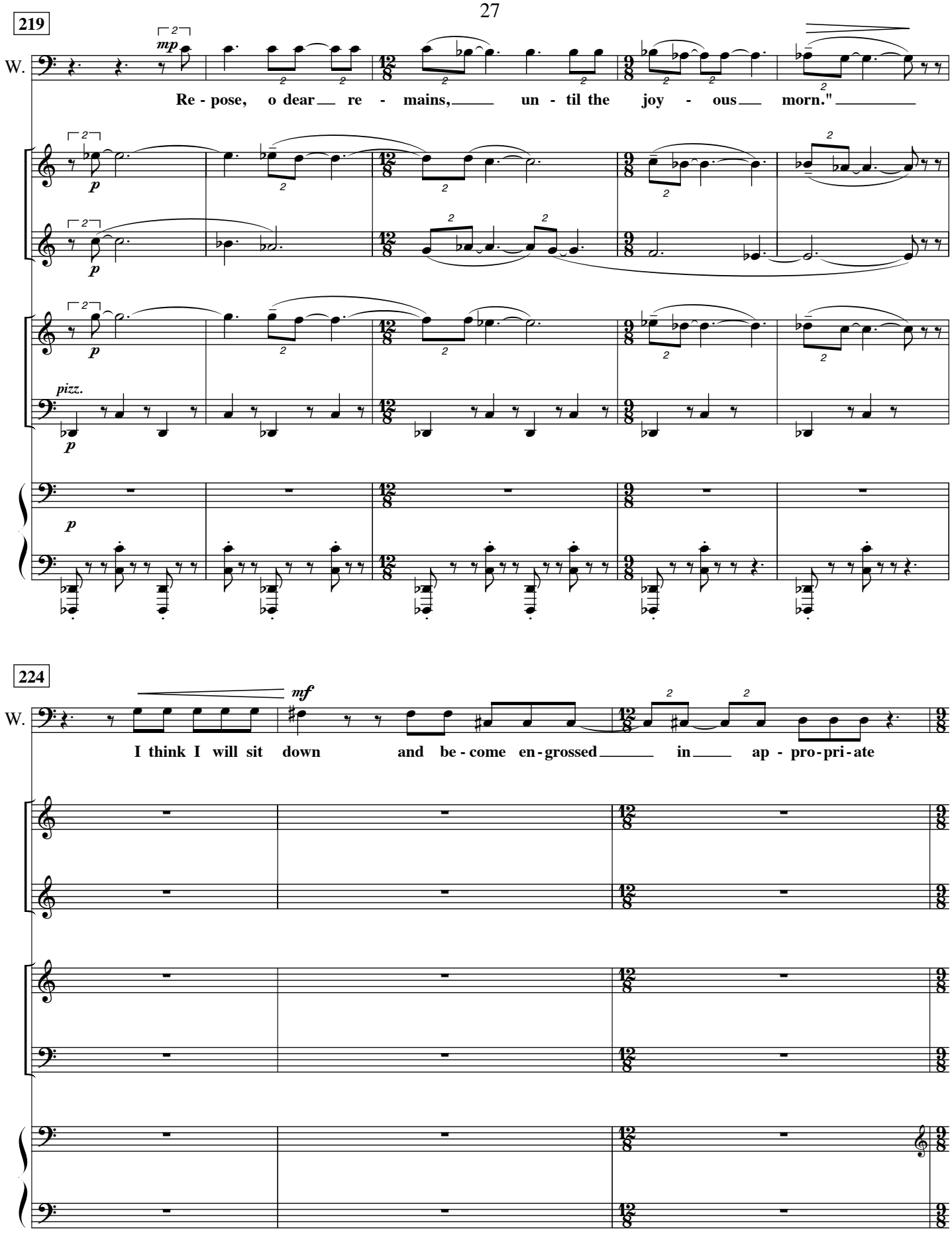
ff

196

W. *mf* *p* *mf* *p* *mf* *p* *mf*

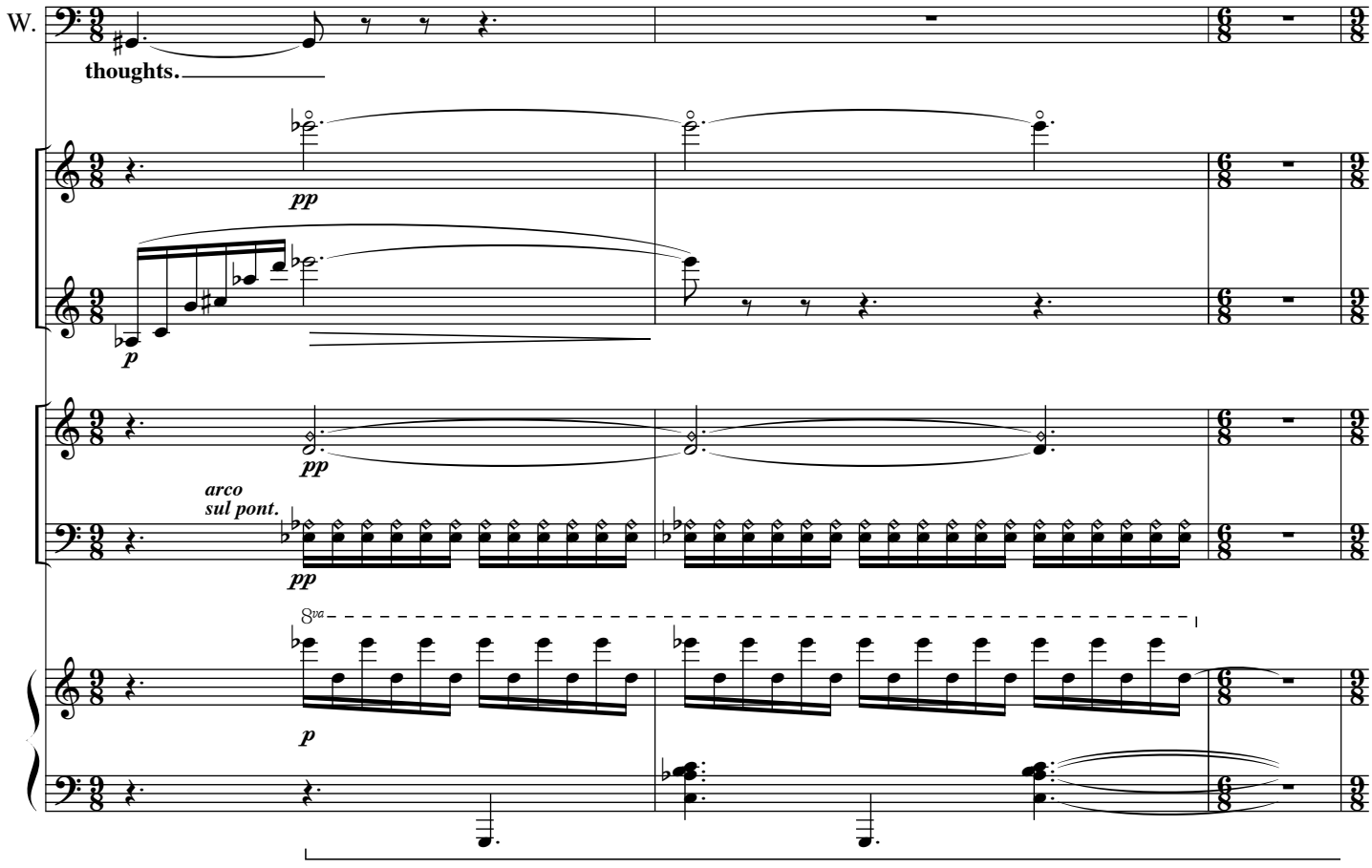

202
W.
mf
mf
f
p
207
W.
mf
Count Kli - ne - vich...
Hm...
Le - be - zyat - ni - kov...
p
mf
mp
pizz.
mp
mp


211
W.
mf
That must be the court coun-cil-lor that I knew. What an un-plea-sant fel-low.
215
W.
p
"Here rests the bo - dy of Ma - jor– Ge - ne - ral Per-voy e - dov...
mf
pp
arco
p
arco
p

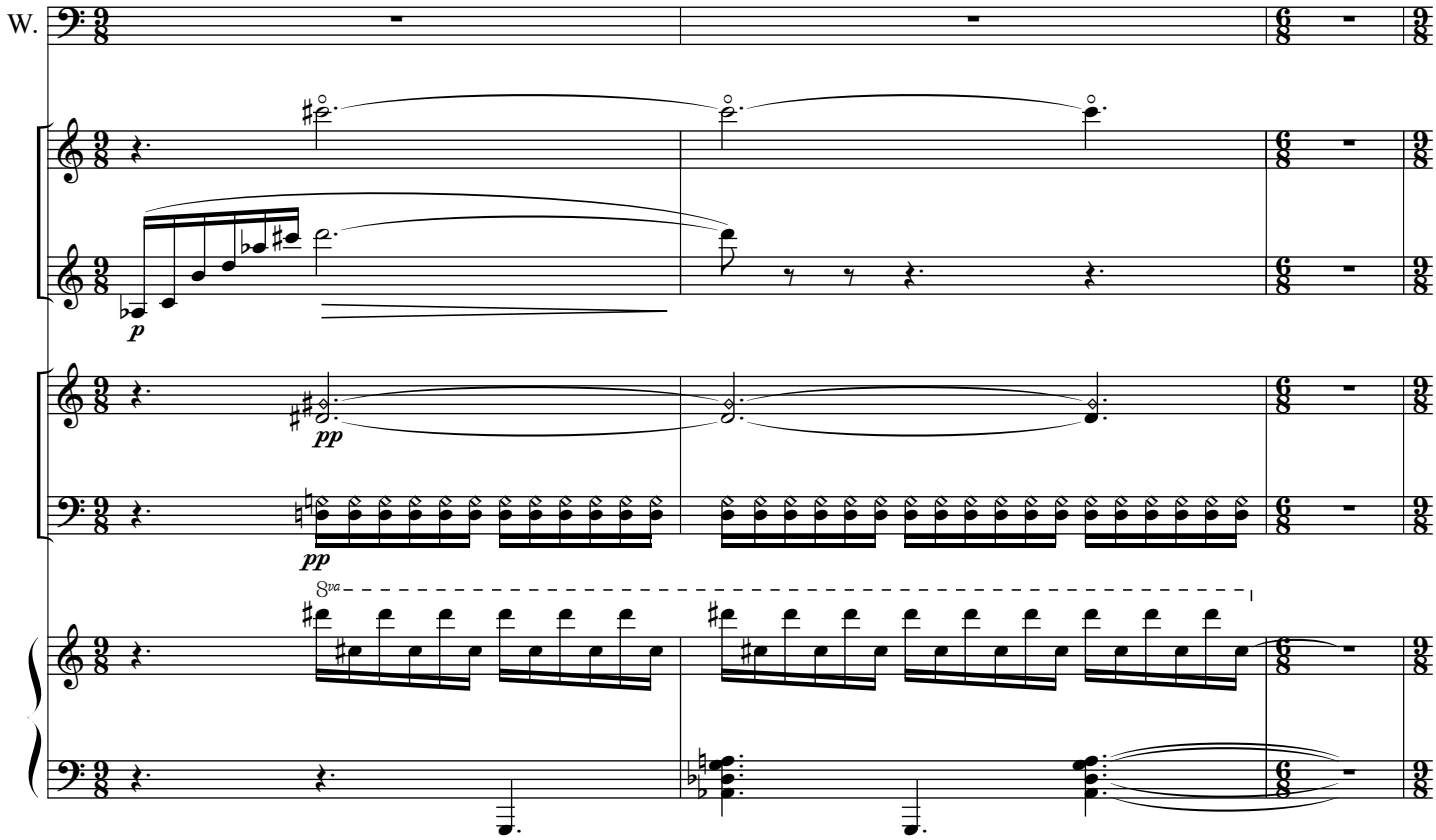

219
W.
mp
Re - pose, o dear re - mains, un - til the joy - ous morn."
p
pizz.
224
mf
I think I will sit down and be - come en - grossed in ap - pro - pri - ate

The writer sits down on the tomb stone that is positioned on the left side of the stage; the lights gradually fade out.

227



230



A gentle green light starts to gradually illuminate, on the opposite side of the stage, a large chamber with coffins of various sizes.

233

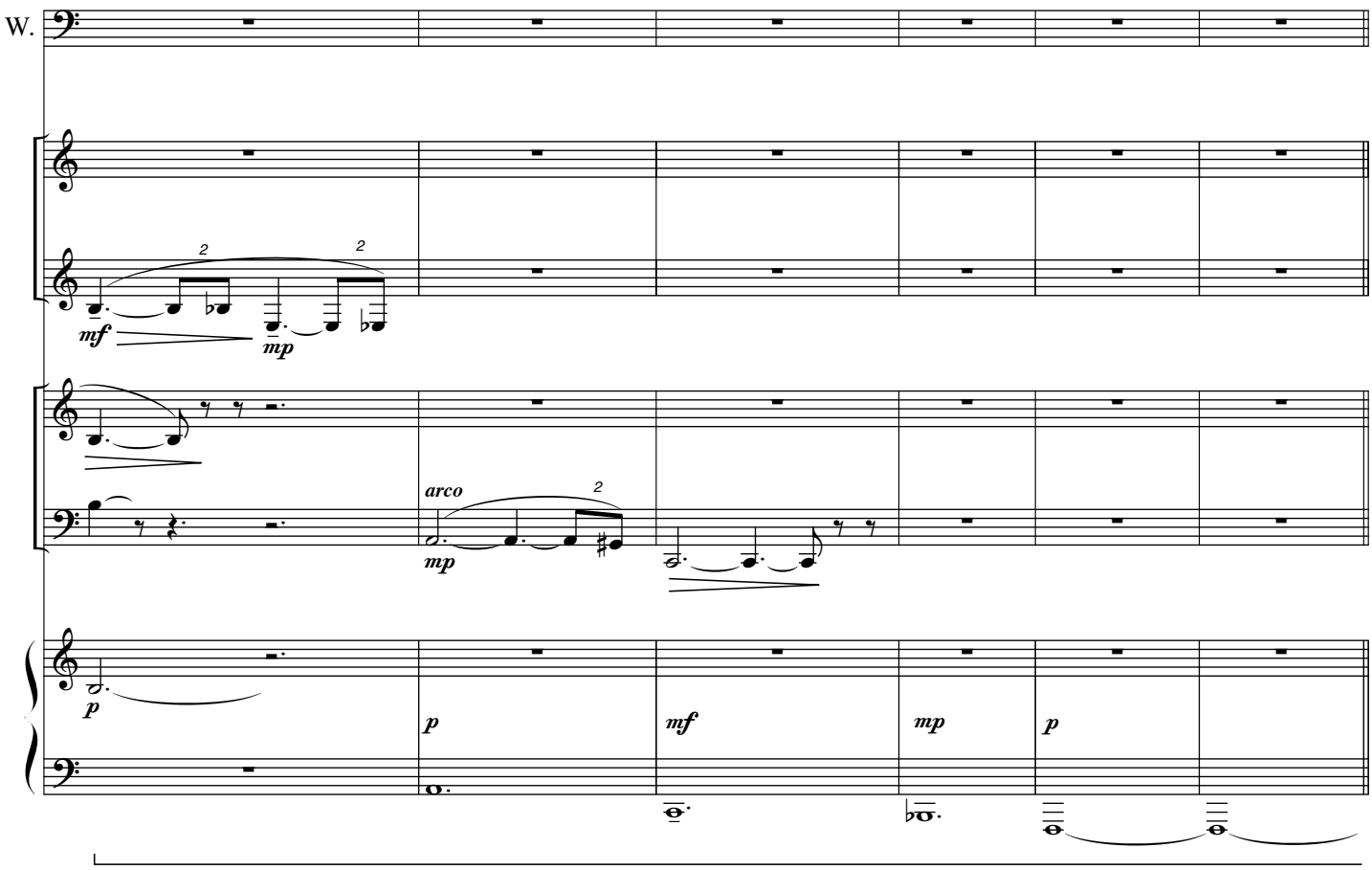
W.

235

W.

The light reaches the right side of the stage. General and Councillor are playing a card game by memory. The Lady is walking back and forth in a slow pace.

239



End of Scene One