

Piano Score

THE CATBIRD SEAT

Opera in one act and three scenes

Libretto by Kathy Minicozzi

SCENE I

*The office of MR. ERWIN MARTIN, Head of the Filing Department at F&S Company in New York City.
The year is 1943. Mr. Martin is seated at his desk, studying a stack of papers.
He stops, takes off his glasses and sits back in his chair.*

Andy Aand

$\bullet = 63$

p

5

9

mf

13

16

MR. MARTIN

$\bullet = 100$

f

Mr. M.

Well. all right. I'll go through this on more time.

mf

rit.

[illegible]

23

Mr. M.

guess - work, the dan - ger in - volved in the plan. The risks are con - si - de - ra - ble,

26 $\bullet = 92$

Mr. M. too ca - su - al and bold. But ther - in lies the

The musical score for 'Mr. M.' is presented in two systems. The first system features a vocal line for Mr. M. and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) followed by a quarter rest, then a double bar line. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with a treble clef and a left-hand part with a bass clef. The right hand plays a series of chords: G4-B4, A4-B4, and B4-C#5. The left hand plays a series of chords: G3-B2, A2-B2, and B2-C#3. The second system continues the vocal line with a 6/4 time signature change, followed by a 4/4 time signature change. The vocal line has a quarter rest, then a quarter note (G4), an eighth note (A4), a quarter note (B4), and an eighth note (C#5). The piano accompaniment continues with a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) in the right hand, followed by a quarter rest, then a double bar line. The piano accompaniment also features a 6/4 time signature change, followed by a 4/4 time signature change. The right hand plays a series of chords: G4-B4, A4-B4, and B4-C#5. The left hand plays a series of chords: G3-B2, A2-B2, and B2-C#3. The tempo is marked as 92 beats per minute.

29

Mr. M.

cun - ning No one will see the cau - tious, pains - ta - king hand of

31

Mr. M.

Er - win Mar - tin, a man of so - ber ha - bits

33

Mr. M.

who ne - ver, ne - ver, ne - ver takes a drink of li - quor or

36

Mr. M.

a smoke.

Mr. M. (spoken) My plan is to rub out Mrs. Ulguine Barrows!

Rub out! I like those words.

40

Mr. M.

They suggest nothing more that the correction of an error, this time an error of our boss,

Mr. Fitweiler.

Her qua - cking voice and bray - ing

$\bullet = 120$

f

mf

44 *(Imitates her laugh)*

Mr. M. laugh first pro-faned the Halls of F & S on March se-ven.

47

Mr. M. nine-teen four-ty one. She was the new-ly hired

50

Mr. M. Spe-cial Ad-vi-sor to the Pre-si-dent, Mis-ter Fit-wei-ler.

53

Mr. M. The wo-man ap-palled me ins-tant-ly. On that day con-fu-sion got its

56

Mr. M.

foot in the door. First she fi - red Miss Ty - son, Mis - ter Brun - dage and Mis - ter

60

Mr. M.

Bar - lett. *mp* Mis - ter *mf* Mun - son took his coat and

63

Mr. M.

hat and stalked out. mail - ing in his re - sig - na - tion la - ter.

67

Mr. M.

She *mp* dis - rup - ted the *f* com - pa - my one de -

70

Mr. M.

part-ment at a time but Mis - ter Fit - wei-ler had the grea - test faith in her i -

mp

74

Mr. M.

de - as. he said that they re - qui - red a lit - tle sea - so - ning,

p

78

sacracstically spoken:
"Just a little seasoning".

Mr. M.

that's all. But the worst is yet to come. She has her

f

82

Mr. M.

bug - gy eyes on my de - part - ment for re - or - ga - ni - za - tion! I've been sus -

f

Mr. M. pec - ting this for a week now.

90 rit. Ms. BARROWS *mp* a tempo *f*

Ms. B. Well hi, Mis - ter Mar - tin! Are you sit - ting

95 rit. a tempo *f*

Mr. M. I beg your par - don. I'm wor - king

Ms. B. in the cat - bird seat? What are you do - ing there?

braying laughter

100

Mr. M. on the Elm - hurst file. It's ve - ry im - por - tant that Mis - ter Fit - wei - ler re - ceives it

Mr. M. soon, in good or - der.

Ms. B. Well, don't tear up the pea patch!

mf

*Exit Mrs. Barrows, with a grand gesture.
She almost bumps into Joey Hart,
who is entering at the same time
and who has heard the above exchange.*

Joey Hart (spoken): She must be a Dodger fan. Red Barber announces the Dodger games over the radio and he uses those expressions – picked ‘em up down South. “Sitting in the catbird seat” means sitting pretty like a batter with three balls and no strikes against him, and “tearing up the pea patch” means going on a rampage.

109 *rit.*

Mr. M. Thank - you. That ex - plains a lot. Yes!

JOEY HART

J. H. Don't men - tion it. You want to know why Mis - ter Fit - wei - ler hired her?

f

119 *mf*

J. H. He met her at a par - ty where she res - cued him from a drun - ken man.

mf

123

J. H.

She worked a mons - trous ma - gic on him. He thought she was ex -

127

J. H.

act - ly what this com - pa - ny need - ed. and he cre - a - ted a new po - si - tion for

131

J. H.

her: Spe - cial Ad - vi - sor to pre - si - dent!

Enter MR. FITWEILER. JOEY HART quickly retrieves some papers from a filing cabinet and buries his face in them.

$\bullet = 84$

134

Mr. M.

MR. FITWEILER

Right here, Mis - ter

Mr. F.

Ah, Mar - tin! Do you have the Elm - hurst File?

137

Mr. M. *Fit - wei - ler, rea - dy and com - plete. Thank you Mis - ter Fit - wei - ler.*

Mr. F. *(to JOEY HART):*
Man is fallible, Martin is not!
Good work!

141 $\bullet = 72$

Mr. F. *Our most ef - fi - cient wor - ker nei - ther drinks nor smokes. The re - sults speak*

145

Mr. F. *for them - selves. His de - part - ment is the best run in the en - tire com - pa - ny. We are lu - cky to have Mar - tin*

149 $\bullet = 84$

Mr. F. *here.*

Exeunt MR. FITWEILER and JOEY HART. MR. MARTIN crosses to one of the filing cabinets, searches and removes another file. He takes it to his desk and opens it, as if he is going to work on it.

rit.

153 $\bullet = 63$

157 $\bullet = 120$ *f*

Mr. M. For

161

Mr. M. al - most two years this aw - ful wo - man has been bai - ting me eve - ry -

165

Mr. M. where: in the halls, in the e - le - va - tor, e - ven in

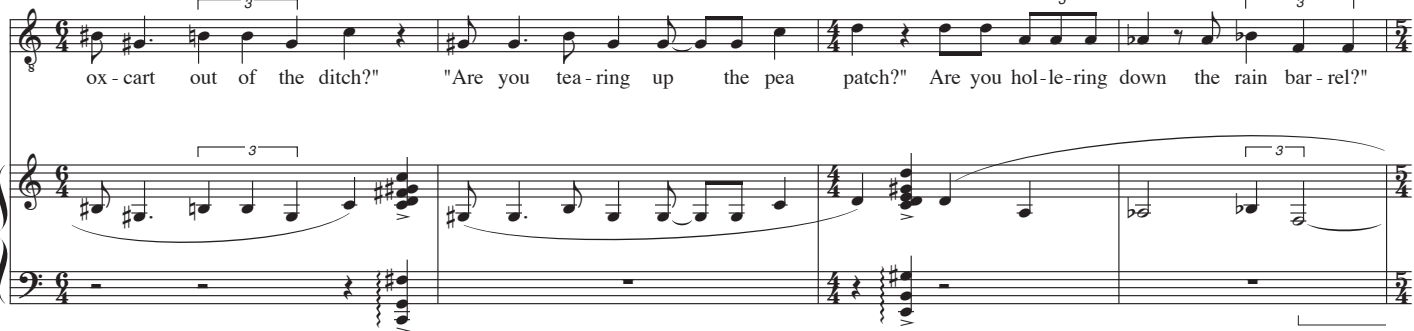
169

Mr. M. my of - fice. in - to which she romps like a cir - cus horse,

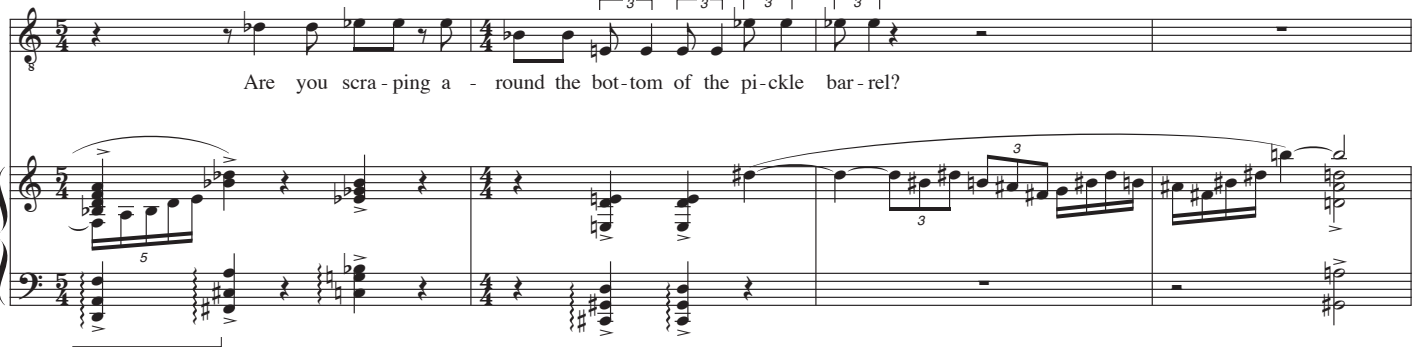
173

Mr. M. 

177

Mr. M. 

181

Mr. M. 

185

Mr. M. 

190

Mr. M.

make me shud - der! How can I ans - wer them? She makes me feel like a

194 *Ms. Barrows bounces in.*

Mr. M.

fool!

Ms. B.

mp Are you scra - ping *f* a - round the bot - tom of the pi - ckle bar - rel?

MR. MARTIN does not answer. MRS. BARROWS wanders about the office, taking it all in.

203 $\bullet = 63$

206

Ms. B.

f you have a lot of files *p* from eve - ry de -

209 *f* $\text{♩} = 69$

Ms. B. *f* part - ment. That's a lot of pa - per. Do you

212

Mr. M. *mf* Each of these files

Ms. B. *fp* real - ly need al these fi - ling ca *f* bi - nets?

216

Mr. M. plays an in - dis - pen - sa - ble part in the sys - tem of F and S.

Ms. B. *f* Well, don't

219 *MRS. BARROWS goes to the door of the office*

Ms. B. *mf* tear up the pea patch! But you sure have got

Exit MS. BARROWS.

222 *f* $\bullet = 80$

Ms. B.

a lot of fine scrap in here!

226 *mf*

Mr. M.

I can no lon - ger doubt that the fin - ger is on my de - part - ment.

229

Mr. M.

Her pick - axe is on the up - swing, poised for the first blow. It has not

232

Mr. M.

come yet. I have re - ceived no blue me - mo from Mis - ter Fit - wei - ler bea - ring non-

235

Mr. M.

sen - si - cal in - struc - tions de - ri - ving from the ob - scene wo - man. But

f

238

Mr. M.

I have no doubt that one will be forth - co - ming I must act

mf

$\text{♩} = 92$

241

Mr. M.

quick - ly. Al - rea - dy a pre - cious week has gone by. I'm rea - dy as

244

Mr. M.

I'll e - ver be. I have a pack of Ca - mels in my po - cket.

247

Mr. M.

I hope to take a few Puffs. to make them be - lieve a smo - ker

250

Mr. M.

did it and not me.

(raises his arm as if in a toast)

253

Mr. M.

Gen - tle - men of the ju - ry, I de - mand the death pe - nal - ty for this

257

Mr. M.

hor - ri - ble per - son!

260

263

rit.

decresc.

SCENARY CHANGE

SCENE II

*The hallway and the living room of MRS. BARROW'S apartment on West Twelfth Street, later that night.
Enter MR. MARTIN. He is getting ready to ring the bell to MRS. BARROW'S apartment but is undecided.*

267 $\bullet = 80$

mf

271

274

277

MR. MARTIN. rings the bell to
MRS. BARROW'S apartment.

MRS. BARROWS appears in her living room,
crosses to the door, opens it, and stands in the doorway.

280

285

Ms. B. *f* Well, for Pete's sake, look who's here! *(laughs)*

MR. MARTIN runs past *MRS. BARROWS*, accidentally bumping her.

MRS. BARROWS closes the apartment door.
accel.

289

Ms. B. Hey, quit sho-ving!

293

♩ = 88

Ms. B. What's af-ter you? You're as jum-py as a goat.

MRS. BARROWS continues to laugh as she starts to help MR. MARTIN off with his coat.

297

Mr. M. *I... yes.* *(laughs)* *No, no. I'll*

Ms. B.

mf

MR. MARTIN drapes his coat over a chair near the door but leaves his gloves on.

302

Mr. M. *put it here.* *I was pas-sing by. I*

Ms. B.

306

Mr. M. *re-cog-nized-* *is there a-ny-one here?* *(laughs)*

Ms. B. *No. we're a-lone.*

mp

310

Ms. B. *You're as white as a sheet, you fun-ny man. What-e-ver has come o-ver you?*

f *p*

314 *MS. BARROWS starts walking toward the kitchen, stops.*

mp

Ms. B. I'll mix you a tod - dy. Scotch and

317

Ms. B. so - da be al - right? But say, you don't drink do you?

320 *MR. MARTIN pulls himself together.* *mf*

Mr. M. Scotch and so - da will be all right.

MR. MARTIN looks quickly around the living room for a weapon. He finds andirons and a poker. They won't do. It can't be that way.

323

He paces around, coming to a desk, on top of which he finds a metal letter opener.

326

He reaches for it and knocks over
a small brass jar, with a clatter.

(from the kitchen)

Ms. B. 330

f $\text{♩} = 88$

Hey! Are you tea-ring up the pea patch?

MR. MARTIN gives a strange laugh.

He picks up the letter opener and tries its point against his wrist.
It's blunt. It won't do. He puts it back where he found it.

Mr. M. 333

(laughs)

mp *mf* *f*

Enter MRS. BURROWS, carrying two highballs.

337

f

MR. MARTIN becomes acutely conscious of the fantasy he has wrought, with
cigarettes in his pocket and a drink prepared for him. A vague idea stirs in his head.

340

Ms. B. 343

mf

For hea-ven's sake, take off those

346 *mf*

Mr. M. I al - ways wear them in the house

Ms. B. gloves.

The idea begins to bloom in MR. MARTIN'S mind, strange and wonderful.

351

356 *mf* rit.

Ms. B. Come o - ver here, you odd lit - tle

361 ♩ = 80 *MR. MARTIN crosses to the sofa and sits next to MRS. BARROWS*

Ms. B. man.

He takes the pack of Camels out of his pocket and, with difficulty, takes out a cigarette.

365

MS. BARROWS holds a match for him, laughing.

369 $\bullet = 88$ (laughs) *f*

Ms. B. Well, this is per - fect - ly mar - ve - lous.

p *f* legato

MR. MARTIN puffs on the cigarette, not too awkwardly, and takes a gulp of the highball.

373

Mr. M.

Ms. B. You with a drink and a ci - ga - rette.

377 *mf*

Mr. M. I drink and smoke all the time.

p *mf*

MR. MARTIN clinks his glass against MS. BARROW'S glass.

382 *f*

Mr. M. Here's to that cra - zy old wing - bag, Fit -

386 *acc.* *MR. MARTIN takes another gulp of the highball.* ♩ = 100

Mr. M. *wei - ler*

Ms. B. *Real - ly, Mis - ter Mar - tin, you are in - sul - ting*

389

Mr. M. *I am pre - pa - ring a bomb which will blow the*

Ms. B. *our emp - loy - er.*

393

Mr. M. *old goat high - er than hell.*

Ms. B. *Do you take dope or some-thing?*

397

Mr. M. *He - ro - in. I'll be high as a kite when I bump that old buz - zard*

401 $\bullet = 108$

Mr. M. *off.*

Ms. B. *f*

Mis - ter Mar - tin! That will be all of that! You must go at

406

Ms. B. *once!*

MR. MARTIN takes another swallow of his drink, taps his cigarette out in an ashtray and puts the Camels on the coffee table.

411

He gets up, walks over and puts on his hat and coat.

415

419

Mr. M. *f*

Not a word a - bout this.

424 *He lays an index finger against his lips.*

Mr. M. *f* I am sit - ting

Ms. B. Real - ly!

He sticks his tongue out at her and exits.

Mr. M. *p* in the cat - bird seat.

435

Lights deemig

439

SCENARY CHANGE

443

447

452

rit. $\bullet = 66$

457

SCENE III

MR. MARTIN'S office, the next morning.

462

MR. MARTIN is at his desk, working on a file. JOEY HART is also present, at the filing cabinets.

467

473

Enter MS. BARROWS

♩ = 120

477

482

Ms. B.

f

I'm re - pot - ting to Mis - ter Fit - wei - ler

487

Ms. B.

now!

If he turns you o - ver to the po -

492

Ms. B.

lice, it's no more that you de - serve!

497

Mr. M.

mp

I beg you par - don?

Ms. B.

ff

Hmmph!

p

ff

mf

3

MS. BARROWS exits

3

503 $\bullet = 66$

J. H.

f

What's the mat - ter with this old witch now?

506

Mr. M.

mf

I have no i - de - a.

Murmurings are heard, coming from Mr. Fitweiler's office, offstage. JOEY HART exits in the direction of the murmurings, to see what he can overhear. No distinct words can be heard. JOEY HART gives up and goes back to the filing cabinet he had left. The murmurings stop. There is the sound of a door slamming.

Enter MR. FITWEILER, who walks over to MR. MARTIN'S desk.

509 $\bullet = 88$

Mr. F.

mf

Mar - tin you have been

514

Mr. M.

mf

twen - ty - two, sir.

Mr. F.

with us more than twen - ty years

In that time, your work and your

Mr. M. *I trust so, sir*

Mr. F. man - ner have been ex - emp - la - ry. I have un - der - stood, Mar - tin, That you have

Mr. M. *f* 3 That is cor - rect, sir

Mr. F. 3 ne - ver ta - ken a drink or smoked. *mf* Ah, yes. You

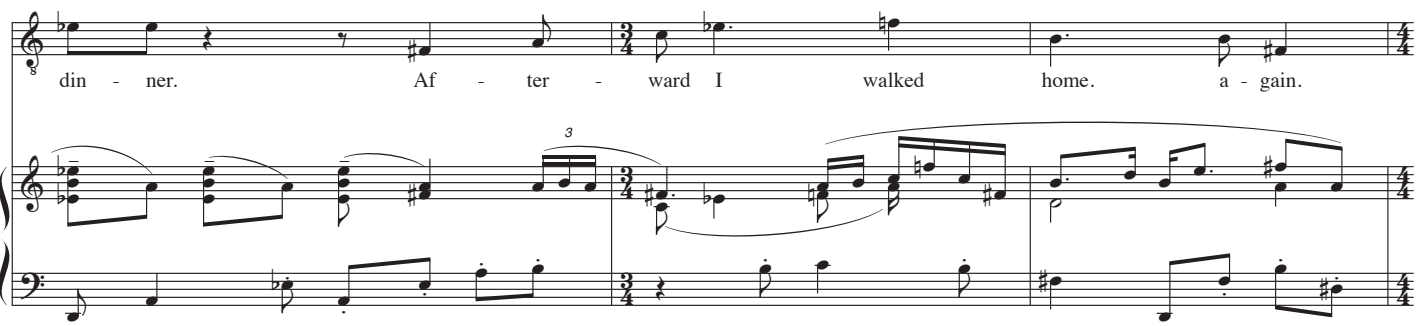
*MR. MARTIN looks at
MR. FITWEILER for a
few seconds.*

Mr. M. Cer - tain - ly,

Mr. F. may des - cribe what you did af - ter lea - ving the of - fice yes - ter - day.

Mr. M. sir. I walked home Then I went to Schraft's for

533

Mr. M. 

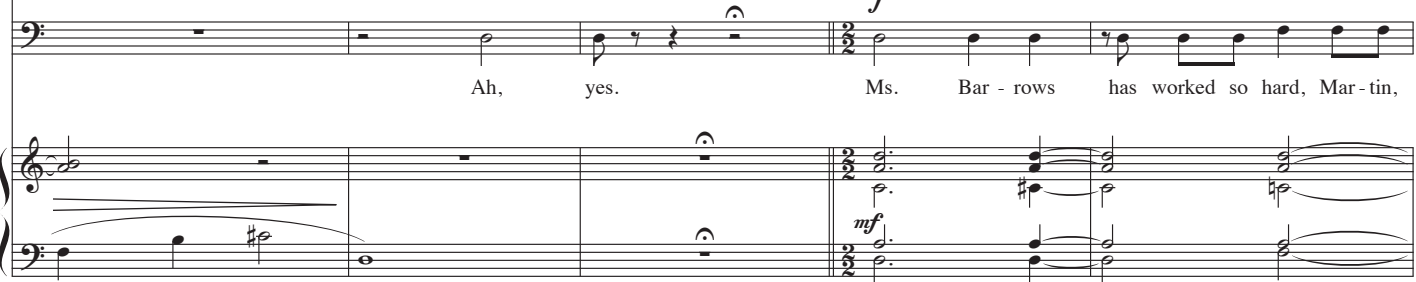
536

Mr. M. 

539

Mr. M. 

MR. FITWEILER is silent for a moment. $\text{♩} = 66$

Mr. F. 

544

Mr. F. 

549

Mr. F.

down. It has ta - ken the form of a per - se -

554

Mr. F.

cu - tion com - plex, ac - com - pa - nied by dis -

559

Mr. M.

p I am ve - ry sor - ry, sir. *f* (can barely hold himself from smiling)

Mr. F.

tres - sing hal - lu - ci - na - tions. Ms. - Bar - rows is un - der

564

Mr. F.

the de - lu - sion that you vi - sit her last eve - ning and be - have your - self in

MR. MARTIN gives a little outcry.
MR. FITWEILER raises his arm
to silence him.

569

Mr. F.

an un - seem - ly man - ner. It is the na - ture

mf

f *p*

575

Mr. F.

of these psy - cho - lo - gi - cal di - sea - ses to fix up - on the least like - ly and

mf

580

Mr. F.

most in - no - cent par - ty as the source of per - se - cu - tion. I've

mf

585

Mr. F.

just had my psy - chi - a - trist, Doc - tor Fitch on the phone. He sub - stan - ti - a - ted my sus - pi - cions.

p

Mr. F. *mf*

I sug - ge - ted to Mis - sis Bar rows, that she vi - sits Doc - tor Fitch.

Mr. F. *f* *mf*

She flew in - to a rage, and de - man - ded that

Mr. F. *f*

I call you on the car - pet.

Mr. F. *mf*

You may not know, but Ms. Bar - rows had planned a re - or - ga - ni - za - tion of your de - part - ment-

Mr. F.

sub-ject to my ap-pro-val. This brought you to her mind. But that is a phe-no-me-

mf

Mr. F.

non for Doc-tor Fitch and not for us. So, Mar-tin, I am af-

f

Mr. M.

I am

Mr. F.

raid Ms. Bar-rows use-ful-ness here is at the end.

f

Enter MS. BARROWS, catapulting into MR. MARTIN'S office.

Mr. M.

dread-fil-ly sor-ry, sir.

625 $\bullet = 132$ *f*

Ms. B. Is the lit - tle rat de -

629 (to MR. MARTIN)

Ms. B. ny - ing it? He can't get a - way with that! You drank

633

Ms. B. and smoked in my a - part - ment and you know it! You called Mis - ter Fit -

637

Ms. B. wei - ler and old wing - bag and said you were go - ing to blow him up when

641

Ms. B.

you got high as a kite on your he - ro - in! If you weren't such a drab, or - di - na - ry

646

Ms. B.

lit - tle man, I'd think you planned it all!

650

Ms. B.

Sti - cking your tongue out, say - ing you were sit - ting in the cat - bird seat,

654

Ms. B.

be - cause you thought no one would be - lieve me when I told it! It's

658

(laughs loudly and hysterically)

Ms. B.

real - ly too per - fect!

sub. *p*

662 *(to MR. FITWEILER)*

Ms. B.

Can't you see how he has tricked us, you old fool? Can't you

mf *f*

666

JOEY HART enters, having heard the commotion.

Ms. B.

see his lit - tle game?

Mr. F.

Ah. Hart! You will

672

MS. BARROWS lunges at MR. MARTIN, but is blocked by JOEY HART.

Mr. F.

take Ms. Bar - rows to her home.

676

MS. BARROWS stomps out of the office in a great huff.

680

684

689 $\text{♩} = 63$

f

Mr. F. I reg - ret that this has hap - pened. I shall ask you to dis -

mf legato

693 *f* Exit MR. FITWEILER.

Mr. M. Yes, sir. I will dis - miss it.

Mr. F. miss it from your mind, Mar - tin.

698

decresc.

MR. MARTIN crosses to his desk, sits, stretches contentedly, smiles and returns to work on the file he was working on at the beginning of the scene.

703 *p*

707 *mp*

711 *Lights deemig* *p*