14. Confession

22. Ford

A clear conscience, her soft pillow. 1. But me, I must con-

2. The truth I must sup-

press.

Her talent lies un-tapped, you see, but I need

and gives her
With my success.

With my success.

With my success.

With my success.

With my success.

With my success.

With my success.
overwhelmed, suffocate, can't breathe

must write to purge out demons that writhe, and
72

Perc.

Ford

pen-stroke, tiny markings, helping my fears diminish

Pno.

78

Perc.

Ban.

Ford

Db.
Stella: Have you finished that chapter yet?

Stella: That is unfair! When I do everything for you.

Ford: If you'd leave me alone for five minutes, maybe I could!

I'm drowning in metaphor, com mas and...
I'm juggling texture and line to make glamour.

met-a-phor, com-mas and gram-mar.

Form and al-

Stella: And washing your clothes!

Per-spect-ive and sha-dows to name just a few.

lu-sion and si-mi-le, too.
I'm drowning, drowning. I'm juggling texture and line to make glamour.

I'm drowning in metaphor, comma and grammar. I'm juggling, juggling.

Perspective and shadow, to name just a few. Form and allusion and simile

Form, and allusion and simile, too. Perspective and shadows, to name just a
What- ever our art-form, our fam'-ly does know, we're ob-sessed with our dreams. The

clock is our foe. It ticks a-way time we want for our-self. Our 'do-

Pno.
A. Gtr.

Perc.

Ford

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

Db.


Stella

mes- tic tyrant', the clock on the shelf

Writing.


Cl.


169

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{mp} \)

174

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{mp} \)
When we’re making art, one place that we’re not is
twenty-four ends.

here

here

in the present. Our heads are all caught in passions and works, in our

When we’re making art, one place that we’re not is
twenty-four ends.

sent.

ends.

mp

mak-
ing

art,

place

is

not

and

sions-

that

not

in

not

one

that

is

not

are

in

is

in

that

is

not

is

not

not

is

not

is
A. Gtr.
Stella
Ford
Pno.
Vln.
Vc.
Db.

What was that... you
It looks like I'm listening...
It looks like I'm listening, "What was that... you
It looks like I'm listening...
It looks like I'm listening, "What was that... you

It looks like I'm listening... It looks like I'm listening, "What was that... you

It looks like I'm listening... It looks like I'm listening, "What was that... you

works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
works, in our passions and works, in our heads!
Stella Ford said?

I'm tired, Ford.

deply-

said?

Can't cook another meal.

This rain is never-ending. I know how you

\[ h = 60 \]

\[ g_{1/g_2} \]

\[ g_1/g_2 \]

\[ g_4/g_5 \]

\[ g_7/g_28 \]

\[ g_{29/g_28} \]

\[ q = 100 \]

\[ 3 \]

\[ p \]

\[ mf \]

\[ mp \]

\[ pizz. \]
No, you don't! Work never stops! Feed the goats, the pigs... then you.

I feel stale here in this cottage, lack inspiration from this view. I want something new.
Stella: I need a holiday Ford.

Stella: What? And just leave the farm?

Ford: Well, let's go somewhere then.

Ford: Yes. We're not happy here.

Stella: Perhaps some time on the Continent would be the change we need. I think it would be good for both of us.
The Portrait  ACT II  SCENE 4b  The Deal
1925, Paris, France

Voyage

Pedal on
Paris, in the Twenties


For a good time, we

18c  \( q = 140 \)

164
know where to go, to Stel la and Ford's *bal mus-sette* for a show! A- lone, or in pairs,

know where to go, to Stel la and Ford's *bal mus-sette* for a show! A- lone, or in pairs,

know where to go, to Stel la and Ford's *bal mus-sette* for a show! A- lone, or in pairs,

know where to go, to Stel la and Ford's *bal mus-sette* for a show! A- lone, or in pairs,

for a show!
Twenties, a high stepping town, where men drink from

Cl.
Perc.
Ban.
S.
A.
T.
B.
Pno.
Vln.
Vc.
Db.

167
slippers of ladies in gowns. Artists, writers, whores
and thieves. Parties in Paris, so much fun, no

whores and thieves. Parties in Paris, so much fun, no

whores and thieves. Parties in Paris, so much fun, no

whores and thieves. Parties in Paris, so much fun, no
one leaves for a good time, we know where to go, to Stel-la and Ford's bal mu-

ff
sette for a show! A lone, or in pairs, strut our wares, all of us have a good
Talk ing, and danc ing, we smoke and we
drink. We revel like angels in heaven on the brink of
Cl.  

Perc.  

Ban.  

S.  

A.  

T.  

B.  

Pno.  

Vln.  

Vc.  

Db.  

f

pp

Dan-te's Infer-no a Hell of a place, where

Dan-te's Infer-no a Hell of a place, where

Dan-te's Infer-no a Hell of a place, where

pp

pizz.

pizz.
fallen angels still have smiles on their face for a
good time we know where to go, to Stel-la Ford's balmu-sette for a show! A-

sub. p

sub. p

sub. p

sub. p

sub. p

sub. p

sub. p

sub. p

sub. p

sempre staccato
lone, or in pairs—strutting our wares, all of us have a good time in
fallen angels still have smiles
on their face.

on their face.

on their face.

on their face.

pizz.

pizz.

arco
Lost and Found

Cl.

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

Cl.

Vib.

A. Gtr.

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.
Stella: Jean, have you finished your piece for the Review?

Shakers - only half shake
Cl.
Vib.
A. Gtr.
Stella
Pno.
Vln.
Vc.
Db.

357

/mf

Stella: Jean...She's Ford's new assistant at the journal.

Partygoer: So who is this Jean Rhys?

Ford: A talented writer.

Pizz.

You're gentle with

Continue ad lib

con sord.

mp

Sultry
lost fore, now I hope I can find love in your arms, so strong, so tight.
Before you, it was all one dark, cold night.

...
A. Gtr.

Ford

Vib.

Cl.

man needs a woman to unfold with his touch. Come, bed me dear, and lie so

Vln.

Vc.

Db.

snap pizz.  

f

3
You're close. We'll comfort each other and shut out our ghosts.
A. Gtr.

Jean

Ford

Vln.

Vib.

Vc.

Db.

\[\text{I have found you now to love so much.}\]

\[\text{I was lost before, now I hope I can find.}\]

\[\text{A man needs a woman to unfold with his touch. Come}\]
love in your arms, so strong, so tight. Before you it was all one

dark, cold

bed me dear, and lie so close. We'll com-fort each oth-er.

We'll com-fort each oth-er.
Prepare 4 mallets

and shut out our ghosts.

(Put down shakers)
Cl.

Vib.

A. Gtr.

Jean Ford

Pno.

Vln.

Db.

very slow arp.

I was lost.

Now you're

senza sord.
The Forced Choice

Cl.  \( f \)  \( mp \)

Perc.  \( mp \)

Stella  \( Intense \)  \( Your \ shame \)

Jean  \( Come \ on! \)

Pno.  \( ff \)  \( free \ bowing - \ keep \ intensity \ of \ sound \)

Vln.  \( f \)  \( mp \)  \( free \ bowing - \ keep \ intensity \ of \ sound \)

Vc.  \( f \)  \( mp \)  \( pizz. \)

Db.  \( f \)  \( mf \)

Cl.  \( f \)  \( mp \)  \( free \ bowing - \ keep \ intensity \ of \ sound \)

Perc.  \( mp \)

Stella  \( see. \)  \( He \ loves \ me! \)

Jean  \( Come \ and \ fight \ me. \)  \( Then \ we'll \ be \ done. \)  \( He's \)

Pno.  \( mp \)

Vln.  \( f \)  \( mp \)  \( free \ bowing - \ keep \ intensity \ of \ sound \)

Vc.  \( f \)  \( mp \)  \( pizz. \)

Db.  \( f \)  \( mf \)
Jean, you predator!

He wants to play.

Watch me savour his love in every way.

I'm more excited.

He must be here for our daughter.
I'm his best supporter.

He finds my body so interesting.

You think you can win by using trickery. You'll losing.
Stella: never have fame, only misery.

Jean: I have talent, not like you. You're a housewife! Look at

Pno.

Stella: At least it's dignified, worthwhile and true.

Jean: you. I'm Pandora in your

Db.
You betrayed my sympathy.

Jean: You betrayed my sympathy, the one you call a savage. (Jean laughs.)

We make love all the time. Our marriage, the one you call a sav-}

There.

Jean: We make love all the time. Our marriage, the one you call a sav-
I close my ears to what you say.

Passion is sublime!

Would he cheat me? Could it be true?

I'm new! Just look, you'll see it's true.
Stella: be?

Jean: Ford's the patron. I need to make my books succeed!

Pno.: He likes new writers, but not you! (laughs!)

Jean: You have no
I won't go. No, not say, so just go away! Or this

even for show. You force my hand, you and

mistress one day will make you pay!
Ford, this cruel plan! I've been so unruy child.

I'm wild, an unruly child.

You can't lay blame since I've no shame.

You're patient... and so mild.
say he wants you...
I now see what I must
I won't leave. I'm here to stay.
What will you do if

I accept he wants...
I don't go away?
So, Stella! (laughs)
If there's no other way to keep him, then you will come and live with us! And stay!

Poor Stella!
Windows and Doors

\[ \text{Cl.} \]

\[ \text{Vib.} \]

\[ \text{A. Gtr.} \]

\[ \text{Vln.} \]

\[ \text{Vc.} \]

\[ \text{Db.} \]
Some to lock shut, some to explore. Open or locked. Closed or...
molto rit.

jammed. An invitation, a haven, a squeak, a slam. You just shut it behind you, walk

molto rit.

jammed. An invitation, a haven, a squeak, a slam.

molto rit.

molto rit.

molto rit.

molto rit.

molto rit.

molto rit.

molto rit.

molto rit.

snap pizz.
out of my life to a new adventure, new body, new wife.
Stella Ford

door and see her need. I'm rea-dy, I'm ea-ger, to do the deed.

Stella

see her.

as you turn your back. I close the cur-tains and

Stella

gaze from within as you turn your back. I close the cur-tains and
won't lack - to be walk out of the door. Your trail of women, after, before.
I'm ashamed to be
Ford

leaving, but my heart so burns. My hand on the door-knob, I choose.

Jean

You turn it with the key to my heart. You free me...

Cl.
man who's wanted, desired, and always who can.
man who's wanted, desired, and always who can.
Windows and doors enclose a real home, but when they are close—a real home, but when they are
open people may roam. Open or locked.

open, people may roam. Open or locked.

open people may roam. Open or locked.

f
t
cl.

vib.

a. gtr.

stella

jean

pno.

vln.

vc.

db.

End of Scene 4
Violet's solo with offstage chorus of Ford and Jean

Dresses and Pets

Violet, with offstage chorus of Ford and Jean, is being seen at Art's prison palace of
dances, masks and illusions, gossip, romances,
dressing for lunches, chatting at meals.

The Portrait ACT II SCENE 5 The Dark Night
1926–1928, Paris, France
com-promise deals. Oh, plunge me deep into ego-filled halls where

would be famous seek post-ter-i-ty's walls. Mor-als? Lac-quered

would be famous seek post-ter-i-ty's walls. Mor-als? Lac-quered

would be famous seek post-ter-i-ty's walls. Mor-als? Lac-quered


Over, Eth - ics? A slight ve - neer.

Over, Eth - ics? A slight ve - neer.

Over, Eth - ics? A slight ve - neer.

Over, Eth - ics? A slight ve - neer.
Exposed to the critics, sharks, smelling your fears, doubting one's own talent, compared with one's peers, feeling a failure, while lauding one's
lat-est. We'd stop if we could, before peo-ple hate us. Mor-als?
Violet  
Jean  
Ford  
Pno.  
Vln.  
Vc.  
Db.  

Art's  

Pro té-gés and pets.  

Art's the  

Pro té-gés and pets.  

Pro té-gés and pets.  

Pro té-gés and pets.
So Don't Be Rude!

Cl. sempre staccato

Perc.

Ban. sempre staccato

Violet

Jean

Jeffrey

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

Db.

sempre staccato

Jaunty allegro

How to Sueceed in

sempre staccato

sempre staccato

sempre staccato
For a start, play a part in breaking someone's
heart. While you're at it, tell your mo- ther that you'd ra- ther have an- oth- er. Make
doo. Doo- wah, doo- wah, you'd ra- ther have an- oth- er. Make
doo. Doo- wah, doo- wah, you'd ra- ther have an- oth- er. Make
sure to tell your friends that you have no time to spend and while you're being a

sure to tell your friends that you have no time to spend and while you're being a

sure to tell your friends that you have no time to spend and while you're being a
bitch, make connections with the rich. As entertain, not re-

Doo-wah, a tempo

bitch, make connections with the rich. Doo-wah,
frain- ment, is what oils the wheels of art. Be the hos- tess with the most- est, fa- mous
doo- wah, doo- wah, doo. Doo- wah, doo- wah, fa- mous

doo- wah, doo- wah, doo. Doo- wah, doo- wah, fa- mous
rent. Buy-ing paints, your se-cet joys? No cash left for your kid's toys!

rent. Buy-ing paints, your se-cet joys? No cash left for your kid's toys!

rent. Buy-ing paints, your se-cet joys? No cash left for your kid's toys!
So don't be rude and paint a nude, if you're a lady painter. Don't be rude.

It's so crude.
170

a tempo

improv.

lewd, not the outlook of a prude. So don't be rude.

lewd, not the outlook of a prude. So don't be rude.

lewd, not the outlook of a prude. So don't be rude.
(w)wo-men are the mo-dels for men who makereal art. They

It makes
Jeffrey

Violet

Jean

Vln.

Db.

Perc.

Ban.

Violet

Jean

Jeffrey

Pno.

Vc.

Db.

188

men ve-ry twit-chy if they think she may en-joy what

they think of a boy!

Oh, I say!

nature in-ten-ded for the gaze of a boy!

nature in-ten-ded for the gaze of a boy!

nature in-ten-ded for the gaze of a boy!

Oh, I say!

nature in-ten-ded for the gaze of a boy!

nature in-ten-ded for the gaze of a boy!

nature in-ten-ded for the gaze of a boy!

nature in-ten-ded for the gaze of a boy!
Jeffrey

Perc.

Ban.

Violet

rit., slowly accel.

Jean

I wondered at the time if she looked at me like

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

Oh, oh!

Db.

200

Did you?

Jean

With her husband on my mistress was I her mis-

Jeffrey

oo, oo, oo,

Pno.

She did!

Vln.

Vc.

Db.

oo,

Oh, oh!

this?

I her mis-

She did!

234
WELL! Oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, your tress? When she thought of us in bed, it must have gone to her oo. Oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, your snips.
head. Did you hear what I just said?
Look where her life has led!

head.  oo_  oo_  Look where her life has led!

head.  oo_  oo_  Look where her life has led!

head.

Did you hear what I just said?
Look where her life has led!

head.

Did you hear what I just said?
Look where her life has led!

head.

Did you hear what I just said?

Look where her life has led!
So don't be rude and paint a nude, if you're a lady painter. Don't be rude.

So don't be rude and paint a nude, if you're a lady painter. Don't be rude.

So don't be rude and paint a nude, if you're a lady painter. Don't be rude.

So don't be rude and paint a nude, if you're a lady painter. Don't be rude.

So don't be rude and paint a nude, if you're a lady painter. Don't be rude.

It's so crude.

So don't be rude and paint a nude, if you're a lady painter. It's so crude.

So don't be rude and paint a nude, if you're a lady painter. It's so crude.

So don't be rude and paint a nude, if you're a lady painter. It's so crude.

It's so crude. It's so crude.
lewd, not the outlook of a prude. So don't be rude
Jeffrey yells, "and paint a nude!"

Jean yells, "and paint a nude!"

Jeffrey yells, "and paint a nude!"

Pno. yells, "pizz."

Vln. yells, "pizz."

Vc. yells, "pizz."

Db. yells, "f"

You do landscapes and flowers. In portraits, you excel,

Pno. yells, "mp"

Vln. yells, "mp"

Vc. yells, "mp"

Db. yells, "mp"
Well, well, well! Men do the looking, not a real-ly! Wo-men's bo-dies! Well, well, well! It's men who do the looking, not a

female voy-er. Wo-men paint-ing nudes is a sick-ness that needs a cure,

female voy-er. Wo-men paint-ing nudes is a sick-ness that needs a cure,
Violet:
(that needs a cure)

Jean:
(that needs a cure)

Jeffrey:
(that needs a cure)

Pno.:

Vln.:

Vc.:

Db.:
moth-er? Hea-ven knows I'm pray-ing you don't paint an-oth-er!

moth-er? Hea-ven knows I'm pray-ing you don't paint an-oth-er!

moth-er? Hea-ven knows I'm pray-ing you don't paint an-oth-er!
Get your grammar right! "Lady painter" is not a verb. It's an adjective for

pro-per gals, not an excuse for a perve. So don't be

pro-per gals, not an excuse for a perve. So don't be

pro-per gals, not an excuse for a perve. So don't be

It's an ad- jec-tive for

Don’t be a perve.
out-look of a prude. So don't be rude.

out-look of a prude. So don't be rude.

out-look of a prude. So don't be rude.

So don't be rude.

and paint a nude!

and paint a nude!

and paint a nude!

And paint a nude!
Someone Like Your Father

Violet: Come along, Jeffrey...

Stella, you're so bourgeois, so headstrong and so sure. I had good in-
tions, though my actions were often poor. Why did you choose an artist, with

torals you may rue? Why not someone steady to provide for you?
Some- one like your fath er, so ea-sy and so good. That’s the kind of

hus-band who could and should put you on a ped-es-tal, a-

Broadening
Stel-la, you're so Bourgeois, so headstrong and so sure! I had good intentions, though my ac-tions were always poor! Why did you choose an ar-tist, with mor-als you may rue!
Why not some-one steady to provide for you?

Some-one like your father, so easy and so good. That's the kind of husband who could and
should, put you on a pedestal, adore you till the end, an

honest, true protector, a kind and dear best friend.
Jean: do as I've said, while your lover I am the

Pno.: temptress, the beauty the belle. Now, pick up my
clothes and fold them well. You play the

I'll be the lover. That's all he's after. You are the

That's (laughs) Ha!
Jean: cast off, obsolete, the dreaded waste. Your man finds this little

Jean: vixen much more to his taste. You're sexless, you're

Perc.: (Spoken) Ford?...
Jean

finished. Admit that you're out!

When the sparks fly and
You're just the old dregs!
It's for ME, Jean, the

sizzle in our bed, there's no doubt!
You have n't a leg to

stand on… You're just the old dregs!
It's for ME, Jean, the
Jezebel, your dear Ford pants and

(Jean laughs)
Presto

Presto

Presto

Presto

Presto

Presto

Presto

Presto

Presto

Presto

Presto

Presto

Presto

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Stella's Theme

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Julie: And so Mother left Papa in 1928 when he had finished his affair with Jean and gone to America. Julie: Mother threw herself into painting and we managed somehow...
Julie: went back to the States. We moved to London. I hardly knew a w
Julie: She even became an art critic, with the pen name 'Pale
Daddy tried to make a living in the US.

Julie: He had other affairs too. But he's met another painter, Janice Biala, and he's settled since then. He loves artistic women.
Julie: at least for a while. Lucky Papa! Janice devotes herself totally to him...like they all did.

Julie: Daddy's been ill and they've came back to France. But now Daddy dearest has telexed us with the most dreadful news...
Julie: I hope the doctors are wrong!
Lullaby 1

Vibraphone

Julie

Piano

Violin

Violoncello

Db.

The Portrait ACT II SCENE 6a Peace in War
1939, Deauville, France

Vibraphone

Julie

Piano

Violin

Violoncello

Db.
Step out of the trench-es. Raise the white flag. You've been a good sol-dier, of that you could

Julie: Are you sure, Papa, that you won't see her?

Ford: No, no ma petite.
Stella: (Standing) Ford. Ford, can I come in today?

Ford: We can't cross that bridge.

Ford: Into the trenches men! Fix bayonets, HE'S coming. Behold the King of Shadows cometh!

Julie: (Moving to hold Stella's hand) Mother, you know he doesn't want you to see him like this.

Julie goes back to Ford, leaving Stella alone.

Julie: (Julie goes back to Ford, leaving Stella alone.)
Stella: Please, Julie... Stella: Ford! Ford! Do you hear me? Stella: Let me see you!

Ford: Take cover men!

Stella: Garden indeed! (She sits.) All gone to weed...Great writer and fame.

Ford: There's a sniper.

Stella: Garden indeed! (She sits.) All gone to weed...Great writer and fame.
The Empty Hearth

Pno.

Vii.

Vc.

Db.

Stella: (As if seeing the truth for the first time)

I fell in love with your words before I knew you.

How many homes did we make, you and I?

How many times did we pack up and try?
But my flowers and lace could never patch up the cracks and the chips in our loving cup.
A home is a haven for comfort and rest, for us to...
motor off
way that garden of love, once so green, shot all grey.
The hearth now lies empty, the embers are cold, the
ashes of dreams, and of love you foretold.
The pain of that scar. Our de-filed marriage be(d). We did have so much!

(Wh)at got in to your head?
Julie

Vln.  

Db.

Vc.

Julie

Please let me soothe you in final surrender. I'm here with you

Legato

p

pp

Mom, you're coming to a rest and a peace

now, feeling loving and tender

a final oblivion where worries shall cease

Don't fret about fame or
defeat, you tried

You've been... my dear father and a great man

rit.  

a tempo
Stella

Julie

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

Db.

There's no guilt in heaven, no harsh poverty.

Julie

There's room for your writing and posterity.

Grieving

Ford, you bastard! You've stolen my life! You
Stella: Promised the world, not this trouble and strife. You twist-er, you li-ar, you

Dan. You cad! Damn you to hell for the pain that I've had!
Stella: So much for the teapot full of sherry!

Stella: Would you like it sweet dear? One lump or two?

Or will it be Violet or Jean or WHO?

Stella: The CREAM of the art world..... destined to go far.

Stella: Oh, how special and refined we are.

(Empties her cup of tea onto the floor.)

Stella: The CREMA of the art world..... destined to go far.
How can you leave, Stella, your star?
I adore you for ever, wide, deep and far.
I still long to touch you and

\( \text{\textcopyright } 2023 \text{ Sheet Music Database (Transcr.)} \)
Stella: You're selfish to the very core!

I hate You!

Julie: (Cries.) Dad dy, dad dy- dear est,

Ford: Hold me. I feel so cold. (Julie holds Ford.)
Vib.

A. Gtr.

Julie

dad-dy, che-ri', your war is o-ver now. Just rest here with me.

Pno.

Vc.


Cl.

Vib.

A. Gtr.

Julie

Oh, you're all the world to me. I love to be kissed. Your sooth-ing em-bra-ces will for-
ev - er be missed. Let go... dear dad-dy. Don't go...

(Soothing him.)
(Desperate not to lose him.)

Let go...
dear dad-dy.

(Confessing, consoling.)
(Accepting he's dying.)
(Ford shuts his eyes a
Go in Peace

31 \( \frac{j}{\text{=}} 120 \)

Pno.

\( _\text{p} \)

\( \text{pp} \)

\( \text{VAMP} \)

\( \text{VAMP} \)

\( \text{VAMP} \)

\( \text{VAMP} \)

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\( \text{VAMP} \)

\( \text{con sord.} \)

\( \text{pp} \)

309

Vib.

Stella

Jean

Julie

Violet

Pno.

Vc.

Go,

Go,

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Go,
Jean said, "There'll be no one quite like you. I'm not sure what I'll do, but remember the life we have led. Go,"

Julie said, "There'll be no one quite like you. I'm not sure what I'll do, but remember the life we have led. Go,"

Violet said, "There'll be no one quite like you. I'm not sure what I'll do, but remember the life we have led. Go,"

Vc. said, "There'll be no one quite like you. I'm not sure what I'll do, but remember the life we have led. Go,"

There'll be no one quite like you. I'm not sure what I'll do, but remember the life we have led. Go,
Violet

Go, go in peace, since you must. Rest at

Jean

Go, go in peace, since you must. Rest at

Julie

go in peace, since you must. Rest at

Violet

Go, go in peace, since you must. Rest at

Stella

ease when you're dust. No more war. Not with you, not with me

Jean

ease when you're dust. No more war. Not with you, not with me

Julie

ease when you're dust. No more war. Not with you, not with me

Violet

ease when you're dust. No more war. Not with you, not with me

Stella

You'll be free in the light. I'll be here in the night... alone with this

Jean

You'll be free in the light. I'll be here in the night... alone with this

Julie

You'll be free in the light. I'll be here in the night... alone with this

Violet

You'll be free... in the light. I'll be here in the night... alone with this
great mystery.

Go, Go.

great mystery.

Go, Go.

great mystery.

Go, Go.

great mystery.

Go, Go.

31a

$\text{cl.}$

$\text{vib.}$

$\text{a. gr.}$

$\text{pno.}$

$\text{vln.}$

$\text{vc.}$

$\text{db.}$
Play until air crewmen enter:
watch conductor for cut-off cue.
Airman 1: You know lady, you’re a real painter.
Stella: Not just a lady painter? (giggles)
Airman 2: When we get back from the flight, we’ll sit for you again.
Airman 1: Yeah. It’ll be good for the folks back home to see us all kitted up.
Airman 2: And Captain Bowen, that painting you did of our plane...it’s bonzer.
Airman 1: Yeah... too right!

CUE - after words "too right" - Begin "With Brave Heart"
The hour before dawn is the coldest, the darkest time of the night, when...
sha-dows and mem’-ries linger. Waking, my dreams take flight. Into the winds of
challenge._
In - to the time of trial.
In - to the jaws of
challenge._
In - to the time of trial.
In - to the jaws of
challenge._
In - to the time of trial.
In - to the jaws of
challenge._
In - to the time of trial.
In - to the jaws of
challenge._
In - to the time of trial.
In - to the jaws of
destiny, with courage all the while. The dawning heralds fresh
hope, bringing bright glows to the sky.
A new day opens before me. I
ready myself to fly. On to the new adversity. On to
start what I fear to be - gin.  On - to the thrill of the risk, re -
start what I fear to be - gin.  On - to the thrill of the risk, re -
start what I fear to be - gin.  On - to the thrill of the risk, re -
si-lent and strong with in. Fac-ing each day with my best em-

si-lent and strong with in. Fac-ing each day with my best em-

si-lent and strong with in.
barking on this journey.  Shaped with test after test,
Un-to the past, I pay tri-bute. Un-to the pre-sent, I be-
free-dom grows with-in me. Un-to the past, I pay tri-bute. Un-to the pre-sent, I be
long. Un-to the fu-ture, I give my trust, true to my God and my song.
In to, on to, un to, with the cour age I own.

In to, on to, un to, with the cour age I own.

In to, on to, un to, with the cour age I own.

In to, on to, un to, with the cour age I own.

In to, on to, un to, with the cour age I own.
Living through struggle and hardship, with brave heart to face the unknown.
versary, grants me this new day.

In to, on to,

versary, grants me this new day.

In to, on to,

versary, grants me this new day.

In to, on to,

versary, grants me this new day.

In to, on to,

versary, grants me this new day.

In to, on to,

versary, grants me this new day.

In to, on to,
face the unknown.

face the unknown.

face the unknown.

face the unknown.

face the unknown.

End of Scene 6.
Curtain Call Medley

Cl.

Dr.

A. Gtr.

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

Db.

Improvise!

33 \( \frac{j}{4} = 110 \)

33 \( \frac{j}{4} = 110 \)

447

301

33
The END!