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A Sunny Morning

Alan Stringer

Jerry Benbow

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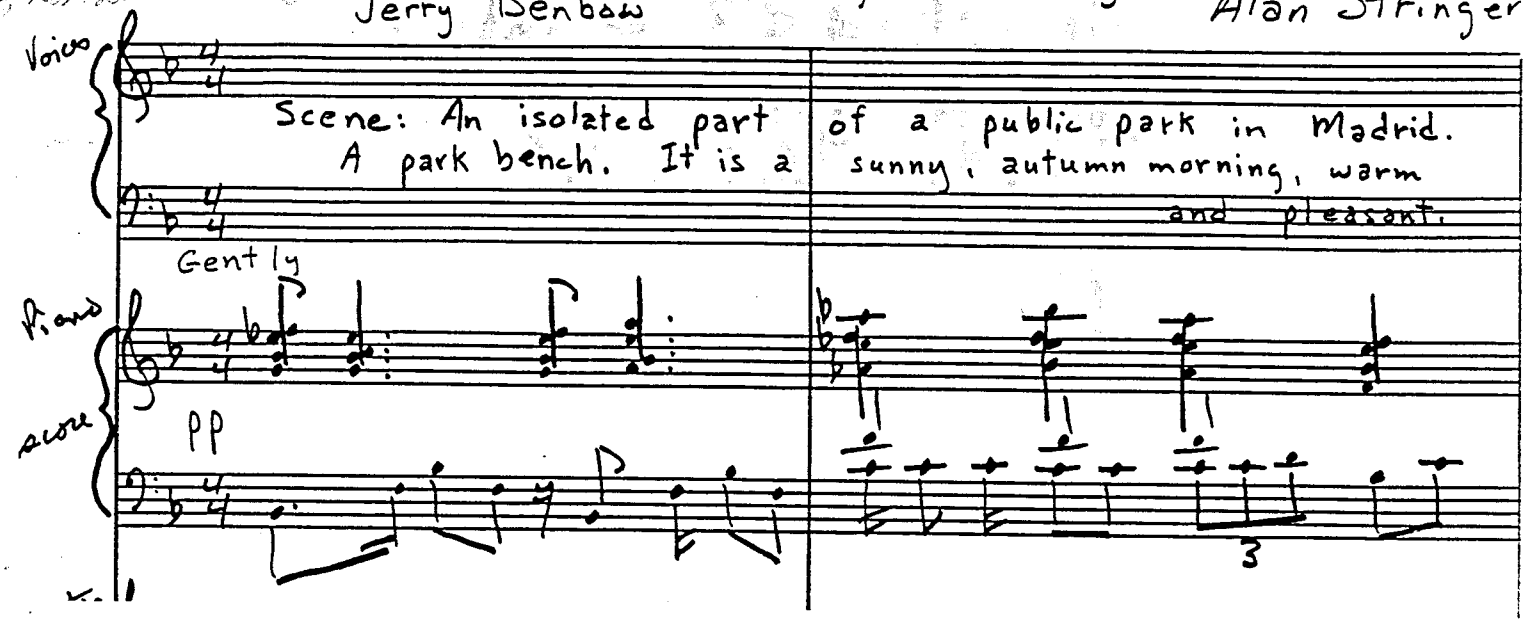
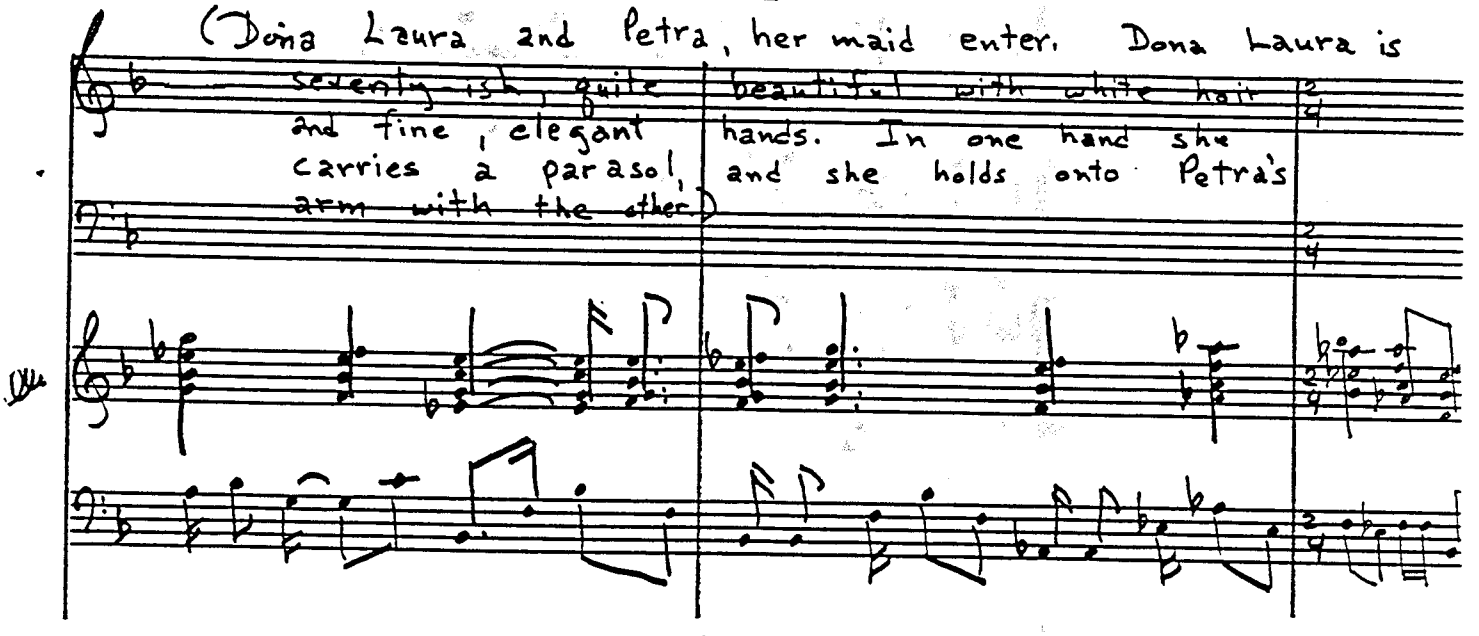
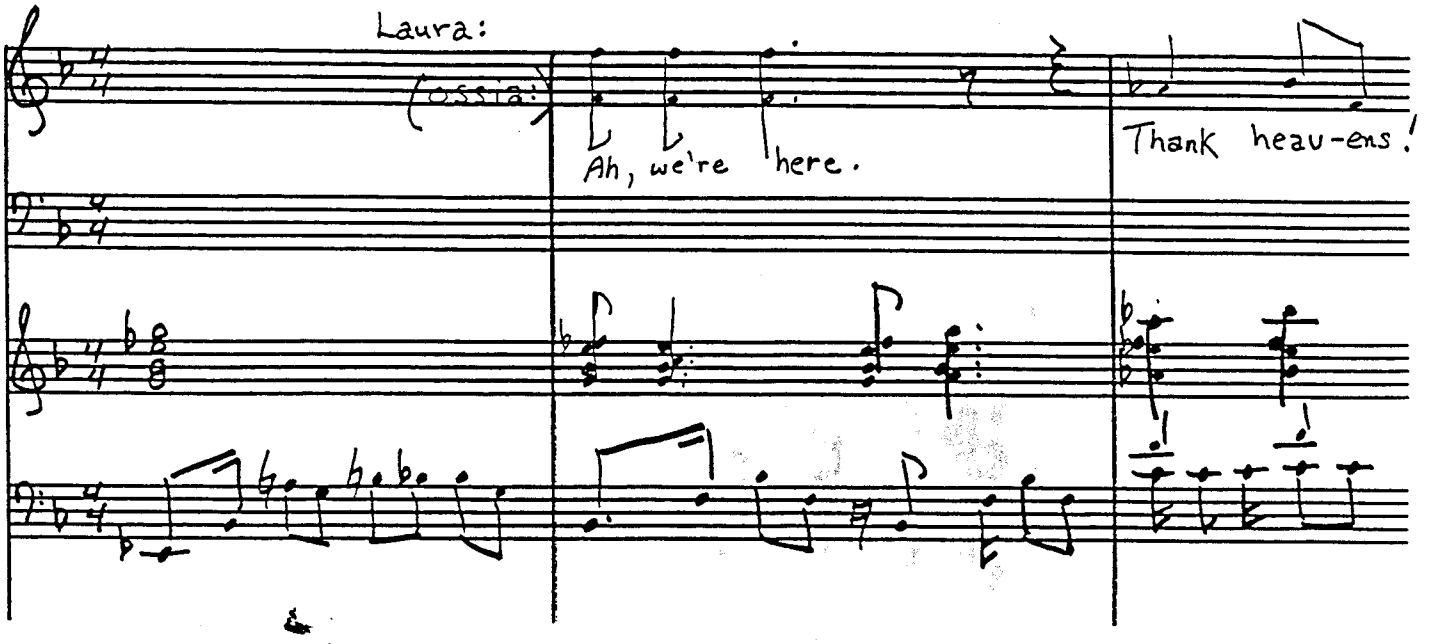
FAL
Stringer, A
Box I, fs. 12.

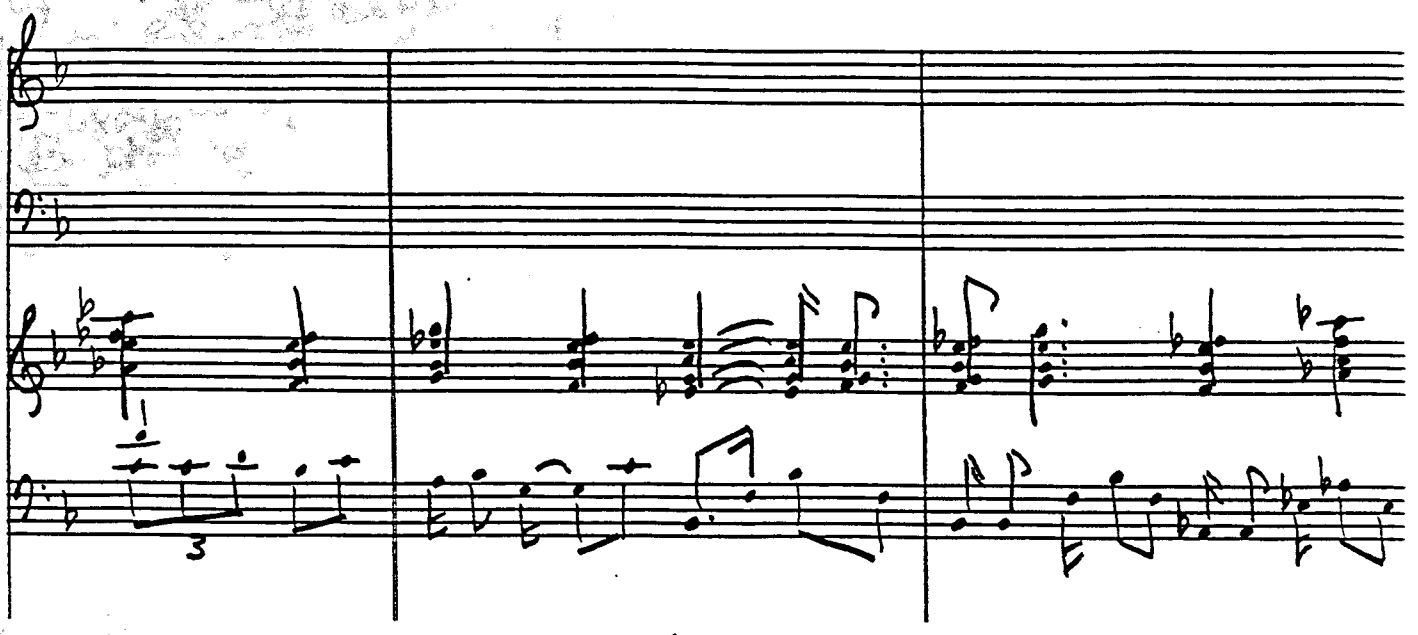
A Sunny Morning

Jerry Benbow — Alan Stringer

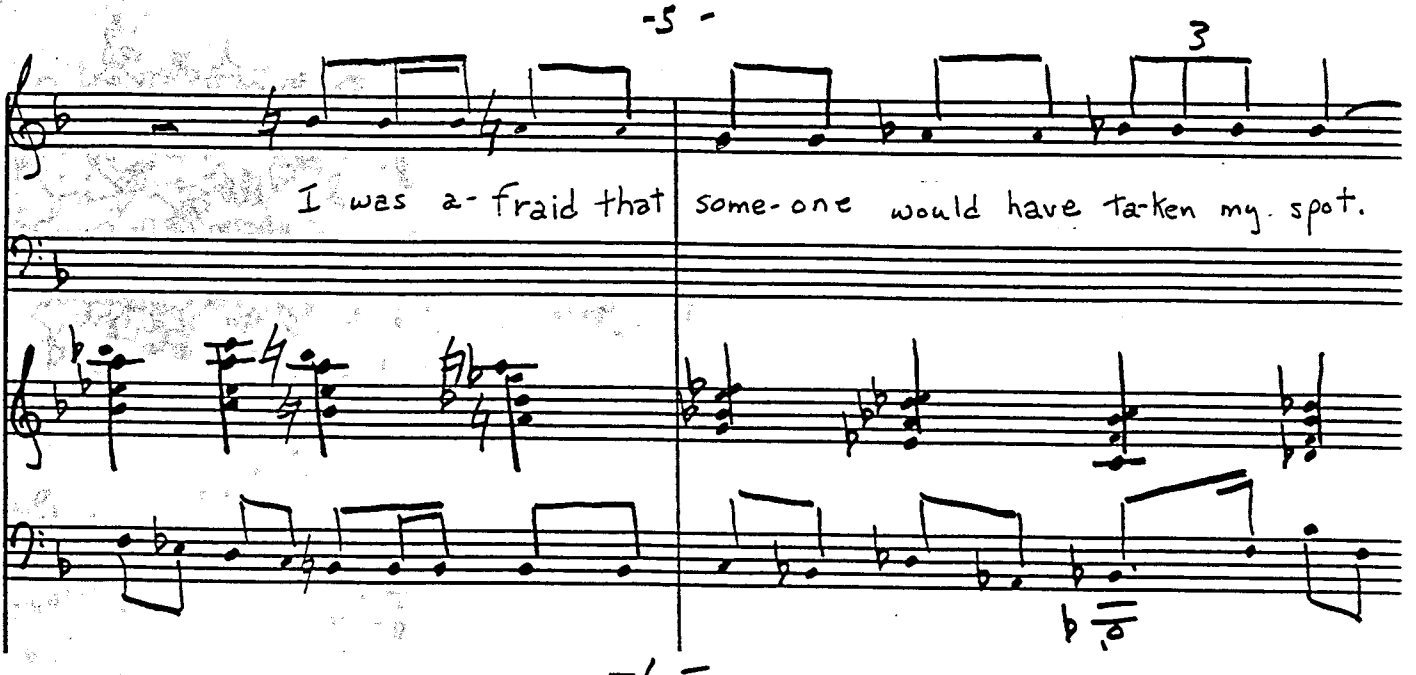








-5-



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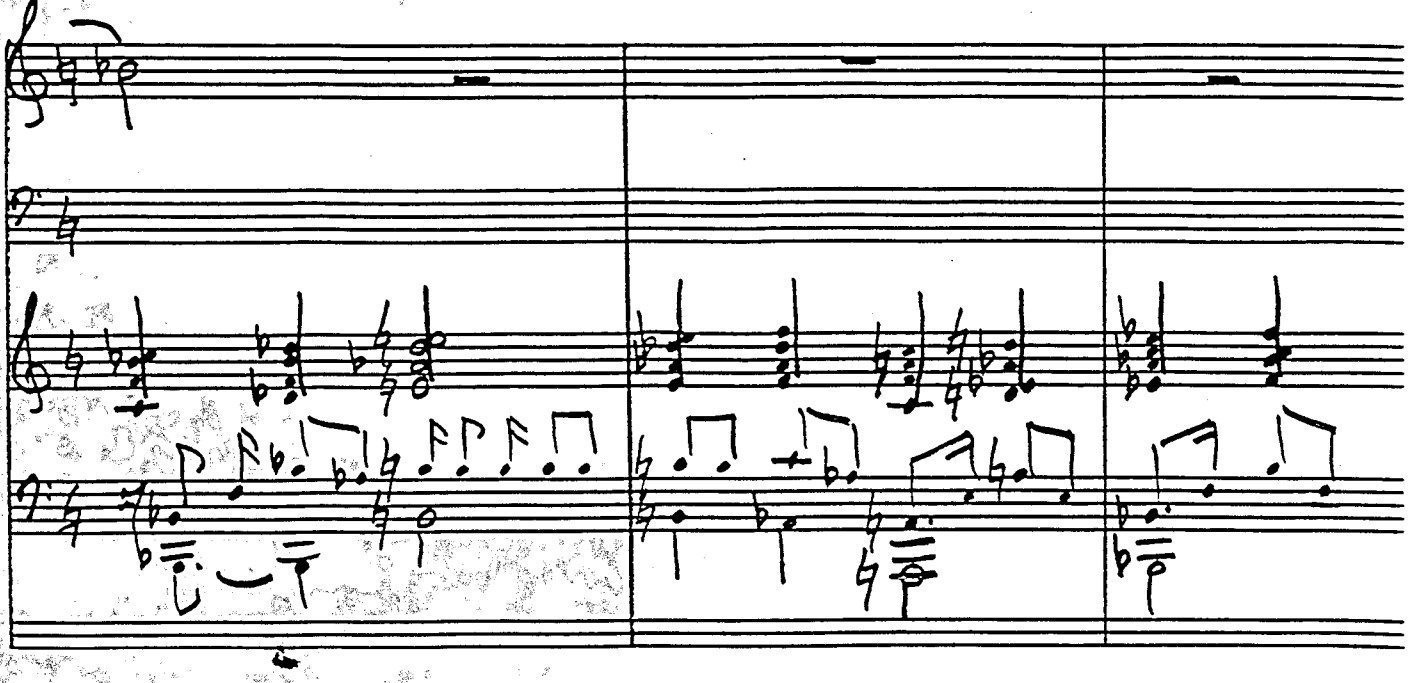
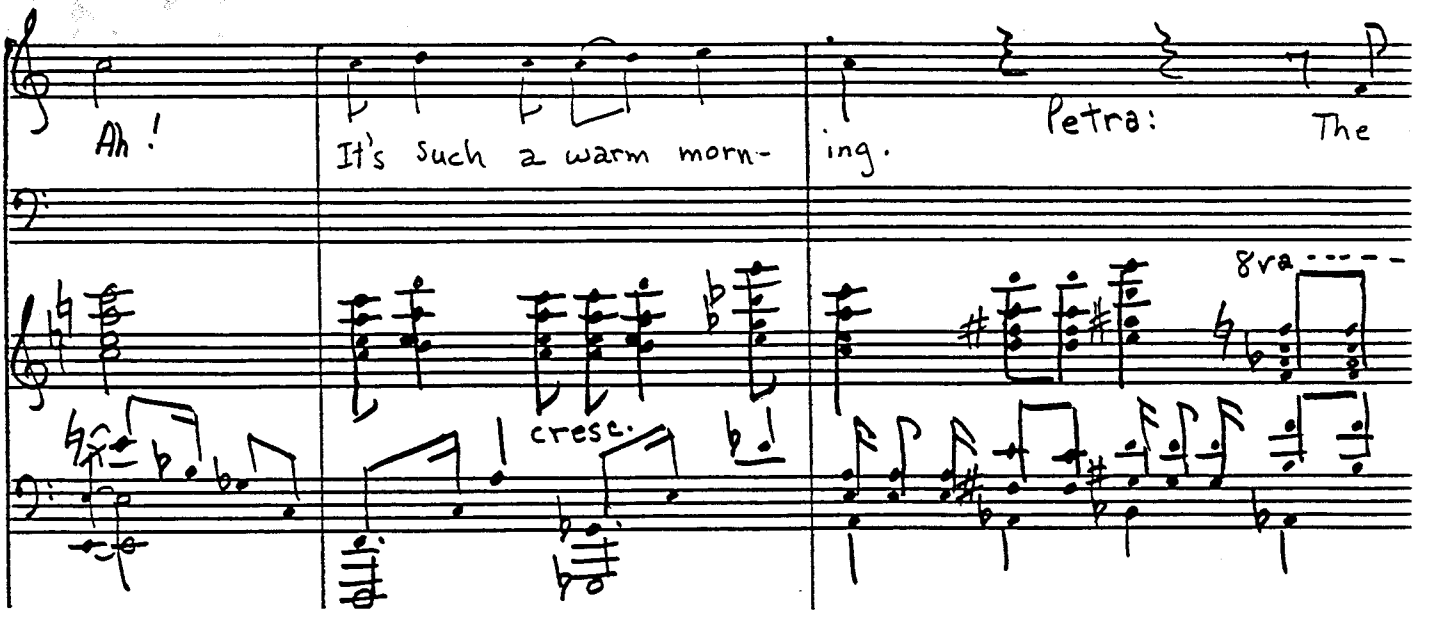
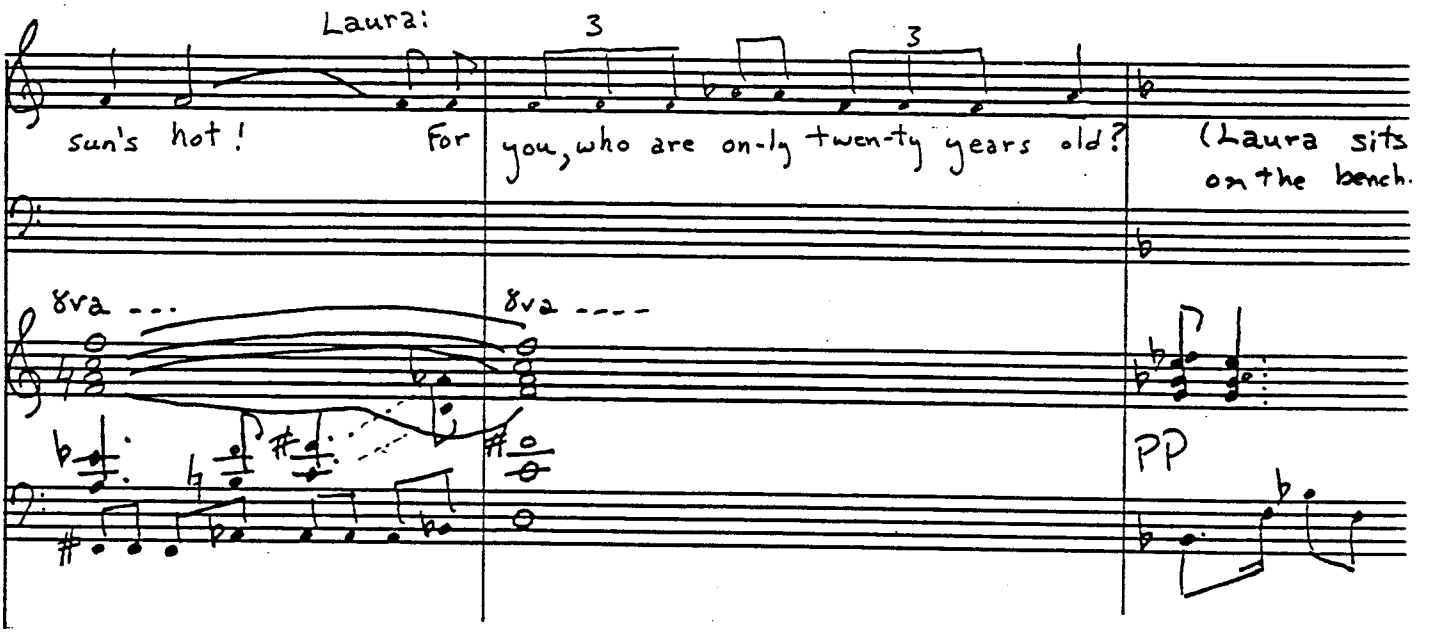
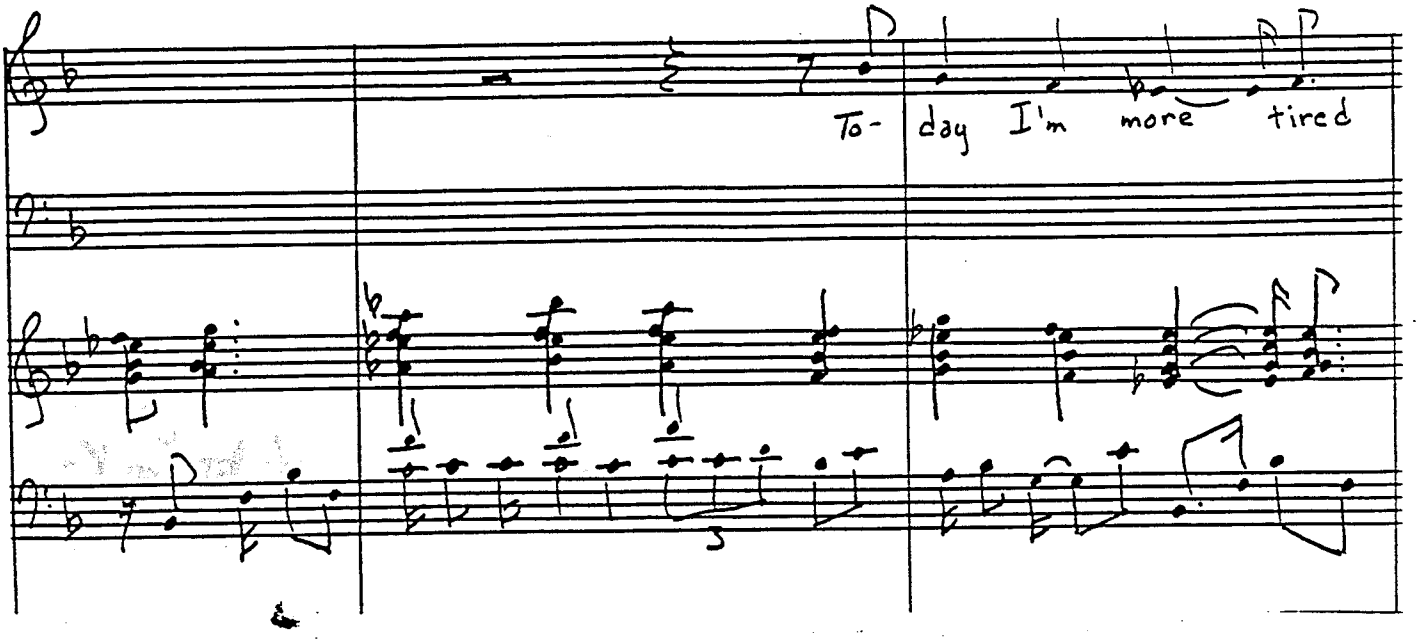


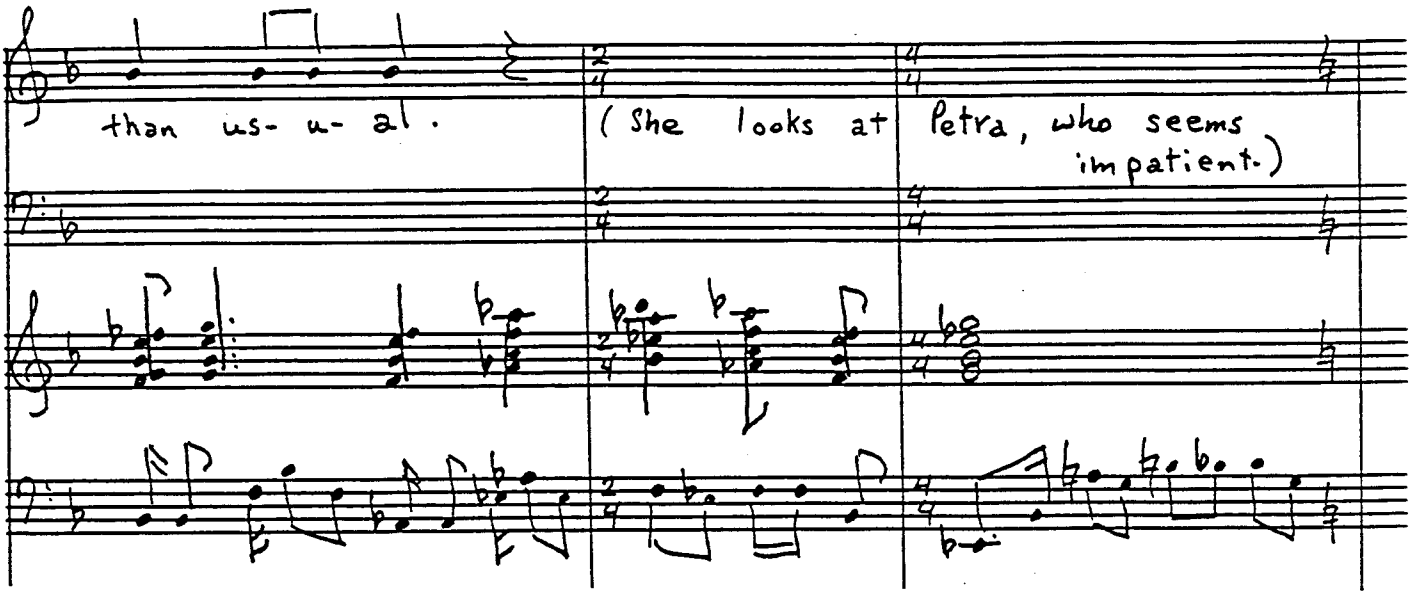

Ah!
It's such a warm morn-
ing.
Petra:
The
cresc.
8va

8

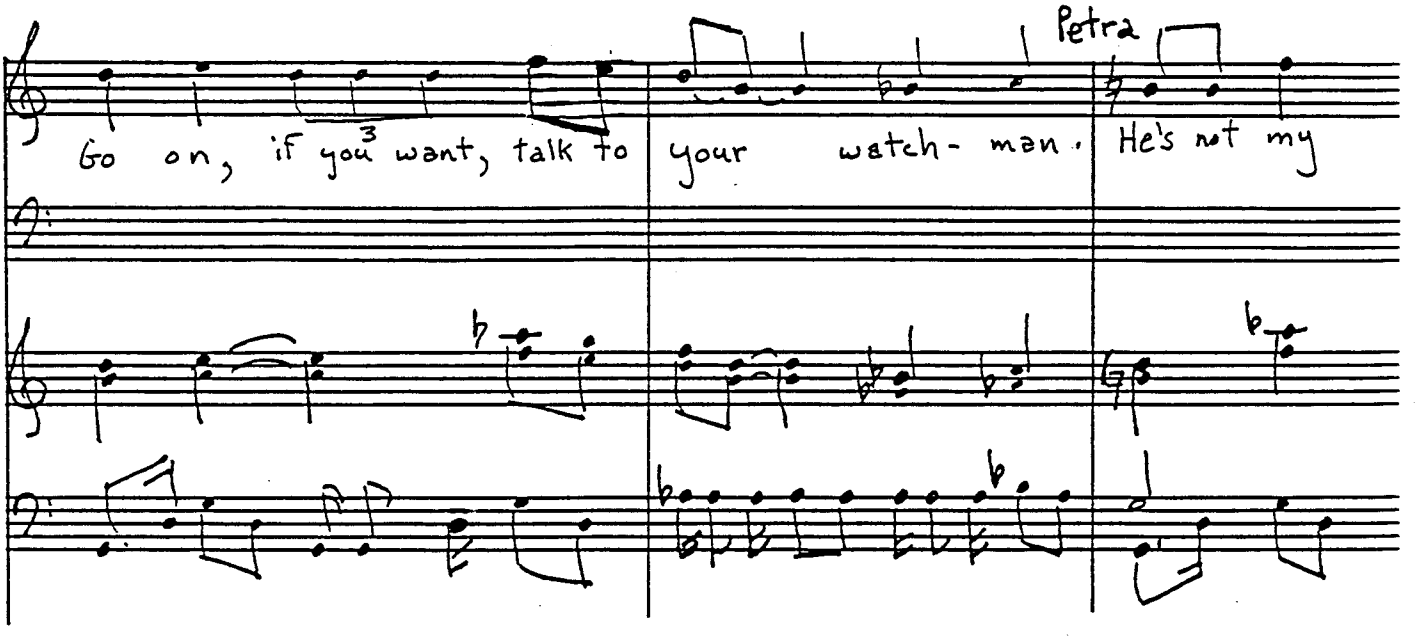

Laura:
sun's hot!
For
you, who are only twenty years old?
(Laura sits
on the bench.
8va
8va
PP

9

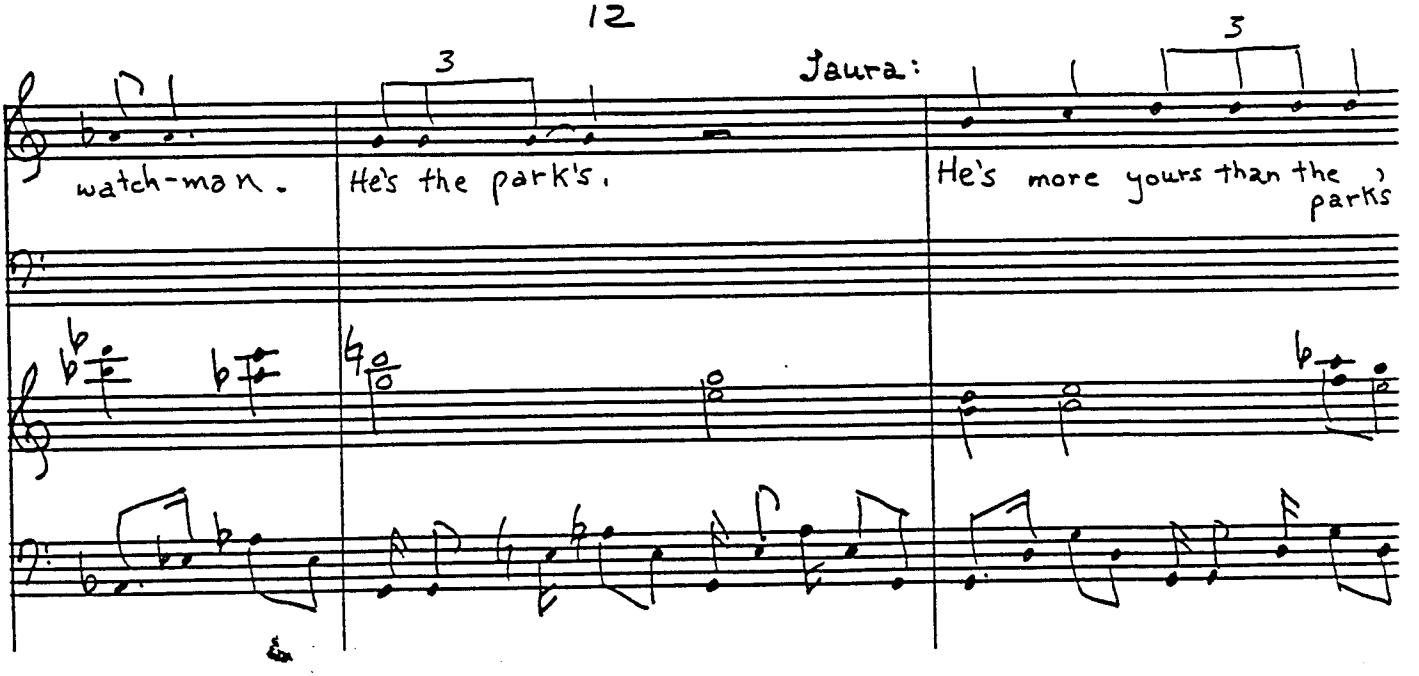

To-
day I'm more tired


than us- u- al.
(She looks at Petra, who seems impatient.)

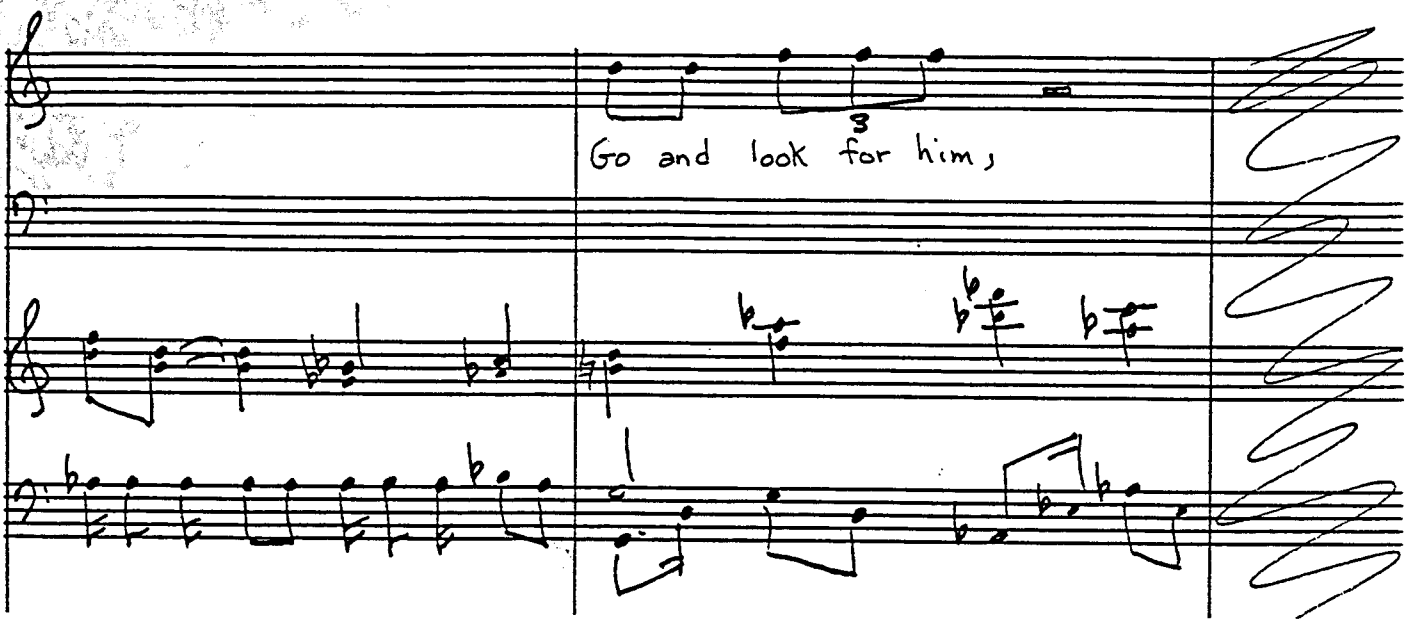
11


Petra
Go on, if you want, talk to your watch- man. He's not my

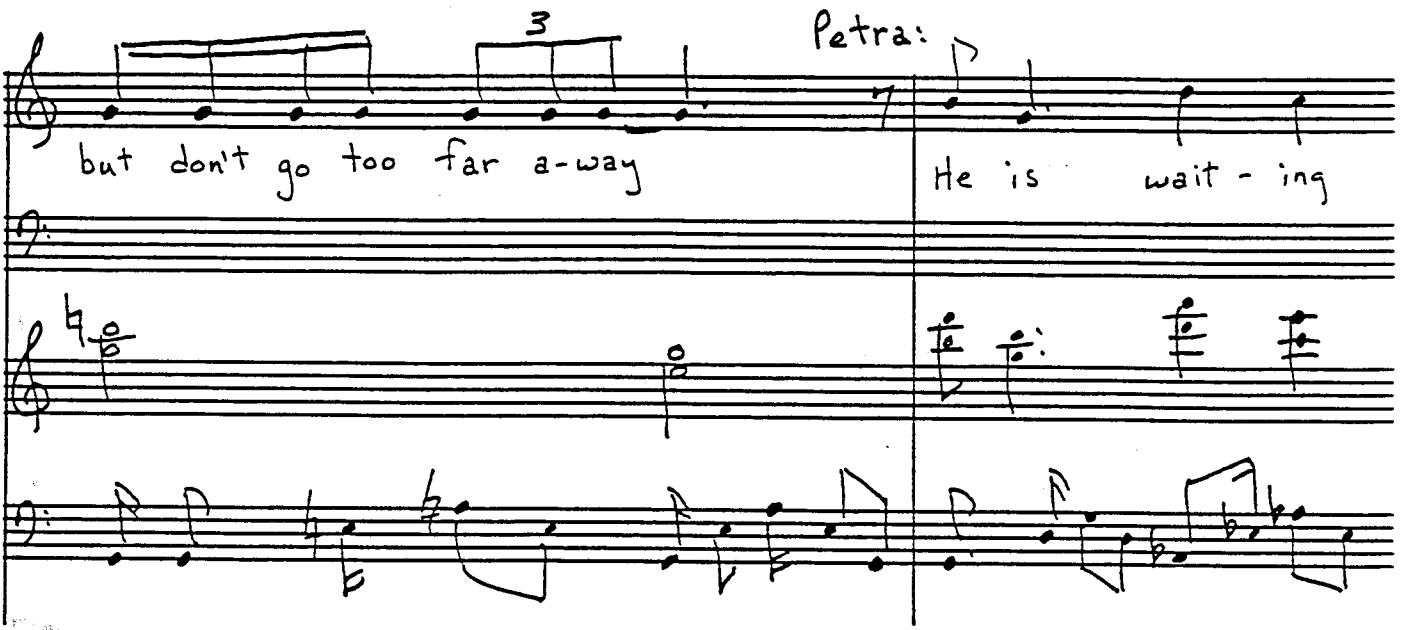
12


Laura:
watch-man.
He's the park's.
He's more yours than the parks

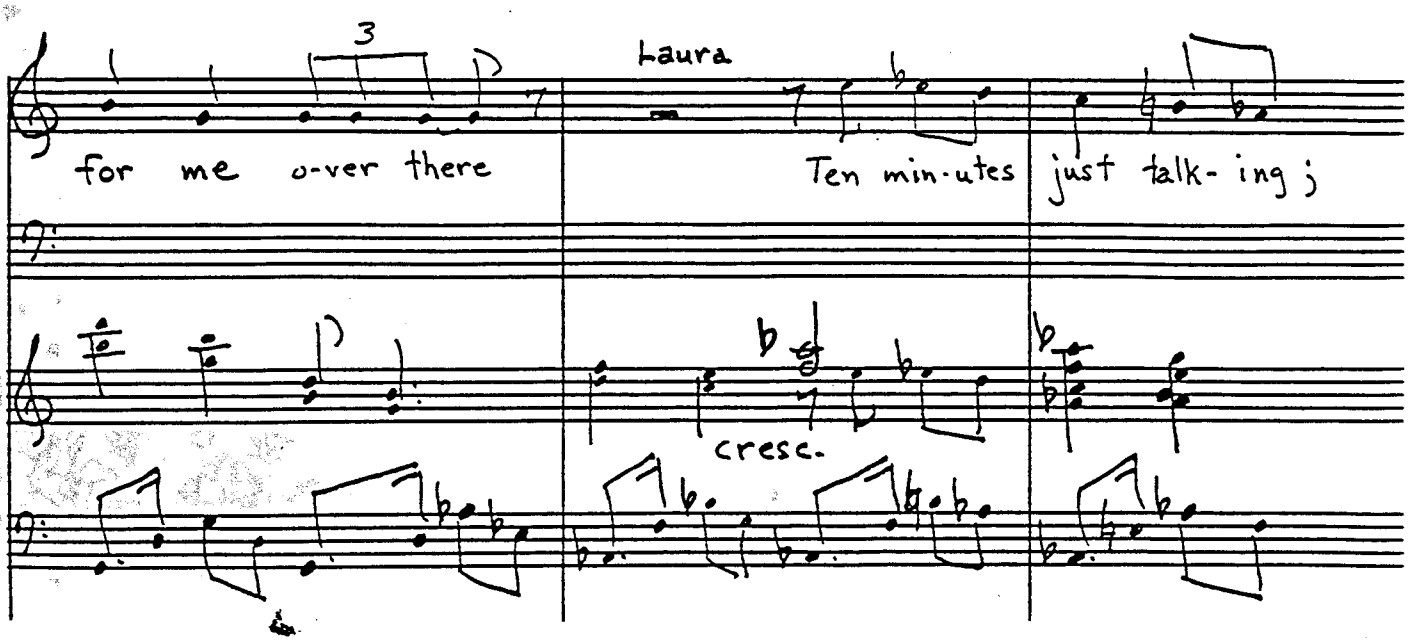
13

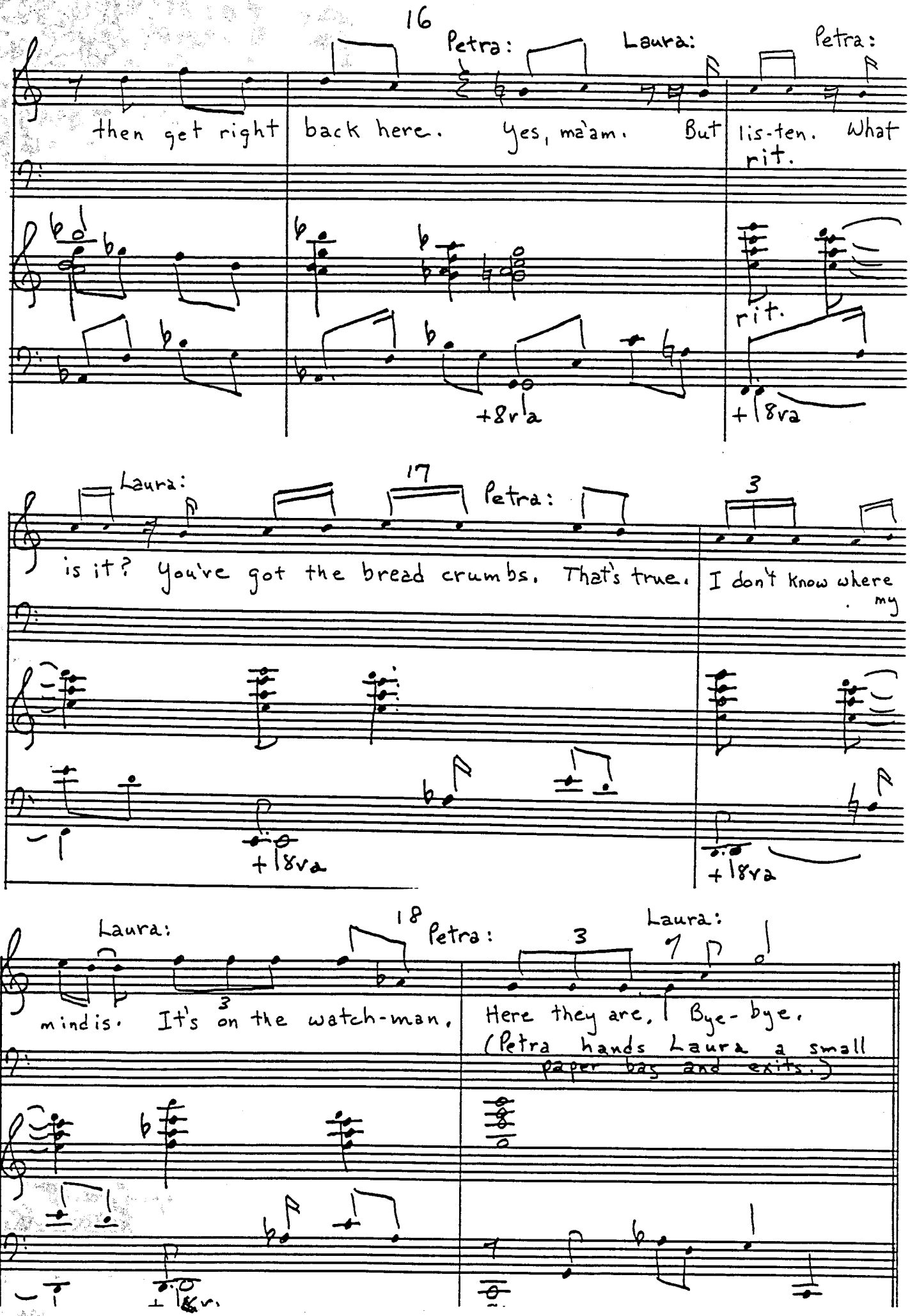

3
Go and look for him,

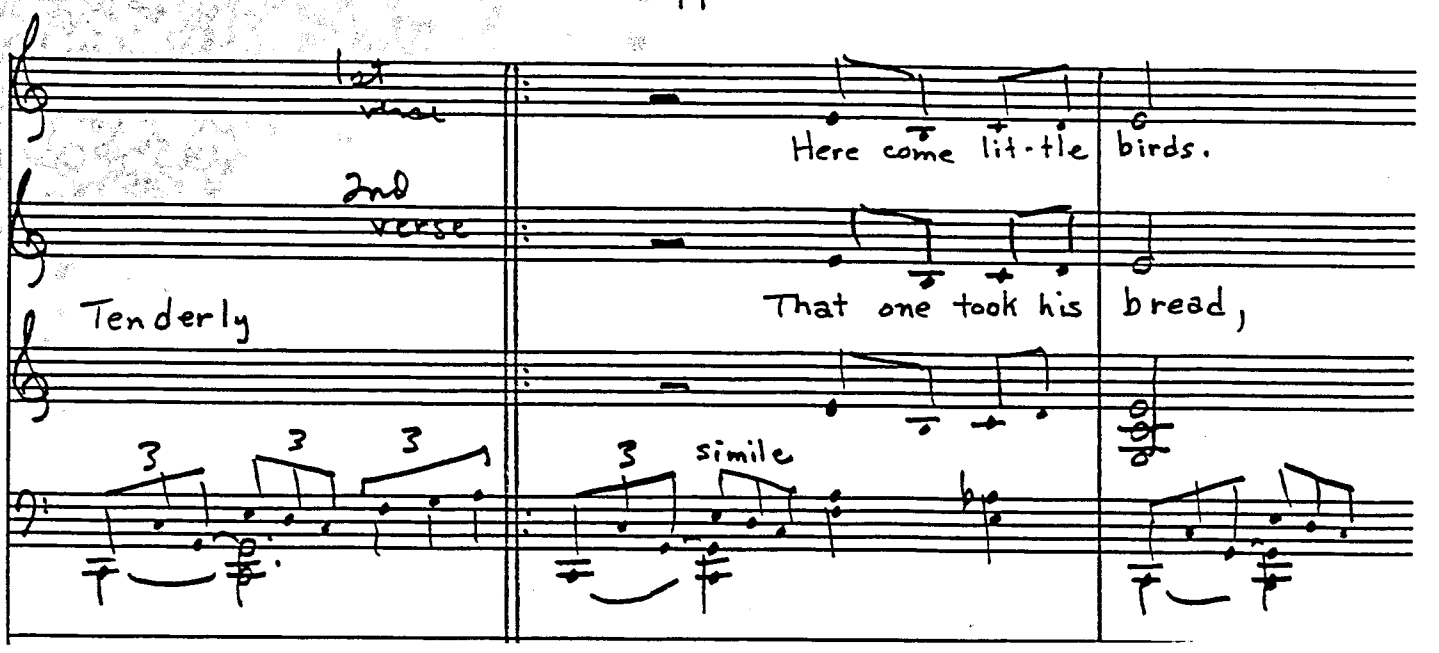
14


3
but don't go too far a-way
Petra:
He is wait - ing

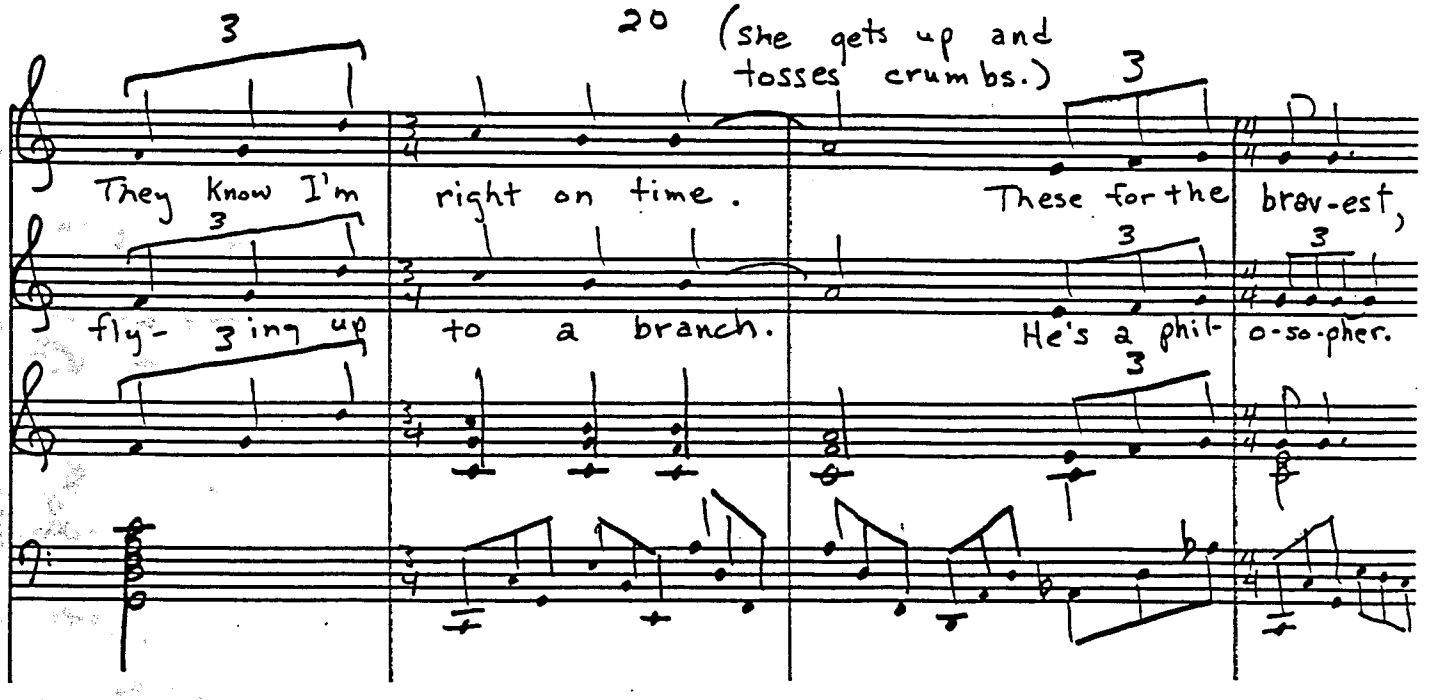
15


3
for me o-ver there
Laura
Ten min-utes
just talk- ing;
cresc.


16
Petra:
Laura:
Petra:
then get right back here. Yes, ma'am. But lis-ten. What
rit.
rit.
+8va
+8va
17
Laura:
Petra:
3
is it? You've got the bread crumbs. That's true. I don't know where my
+8va
+8va
18
Laura:
Petra:
3
Laura:
mind is. It's on the watch-man. Here they are. Bye-bye.
(Petra hands Laura a small paper bag and exits.)
3
+8va



20 (she gets up and tosses crumbs.)



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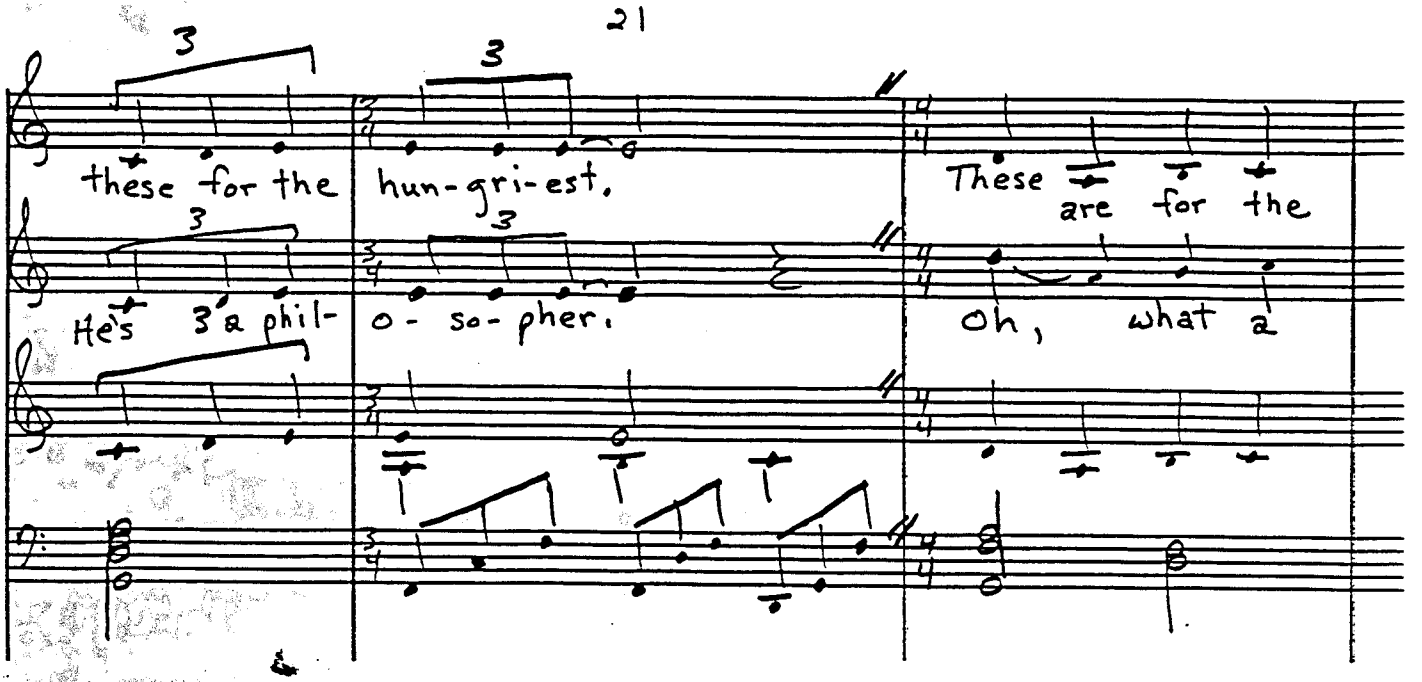
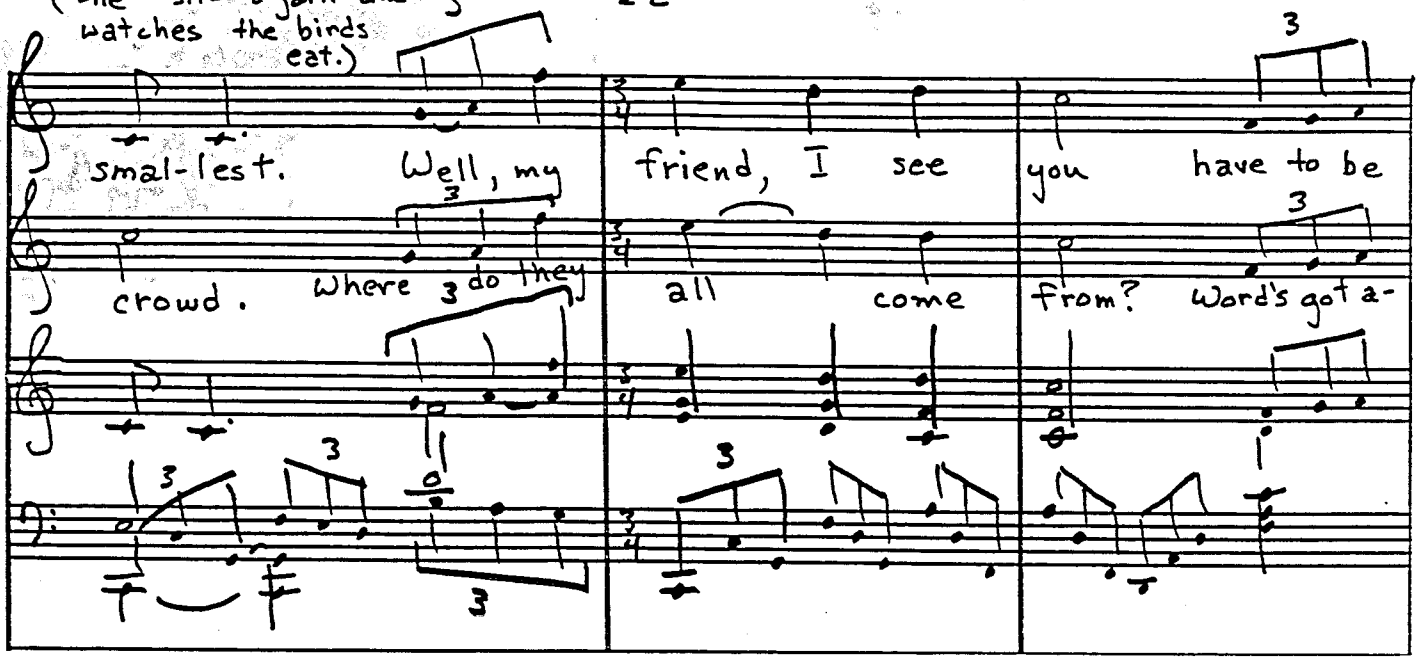


(She sits again and watches the birds eat.)

22



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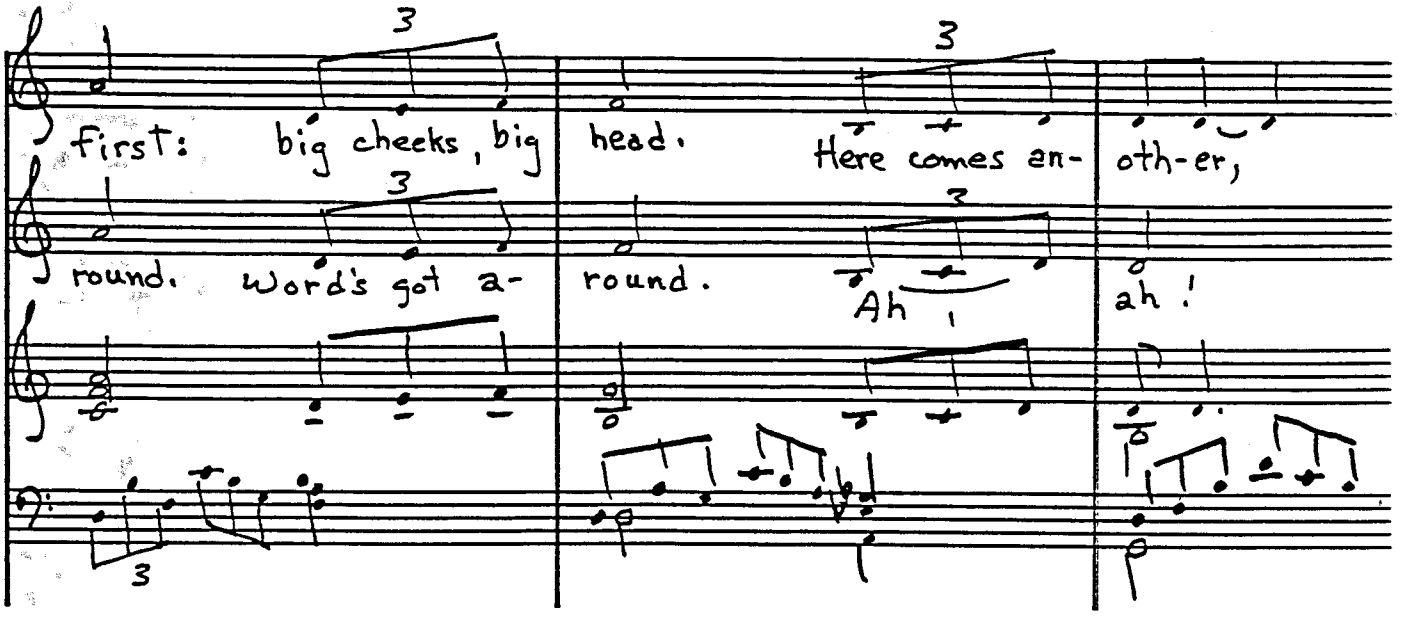

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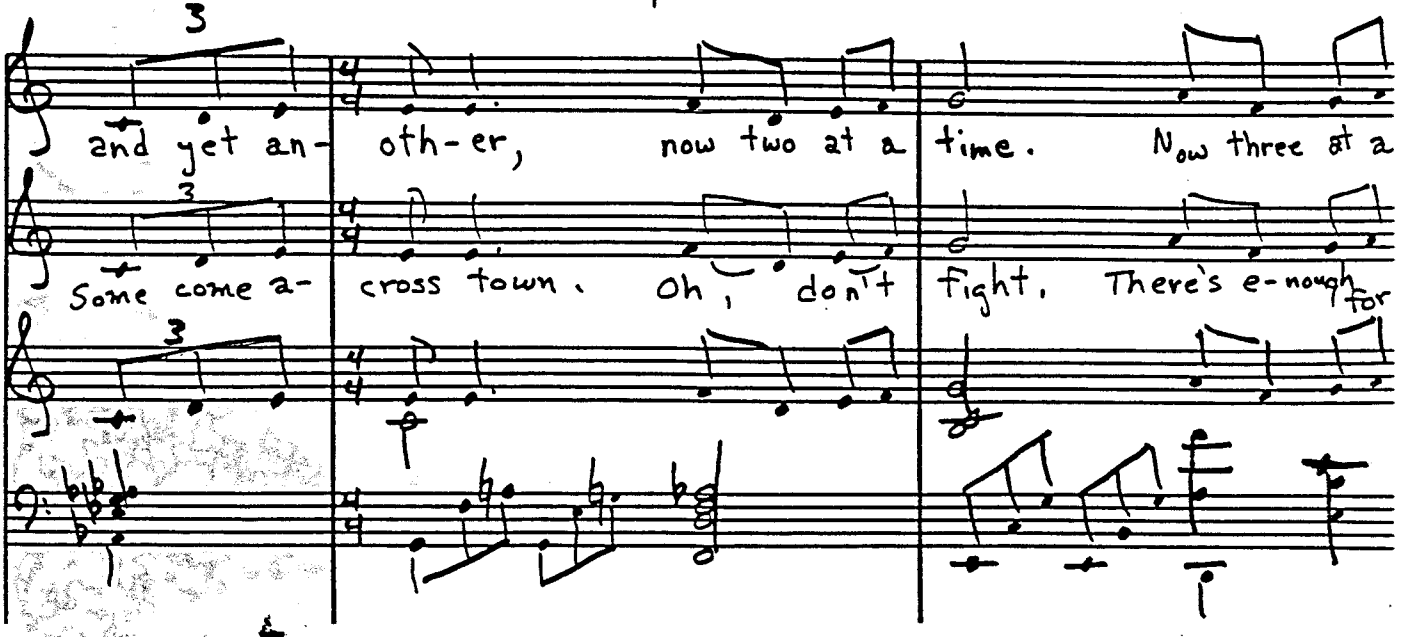

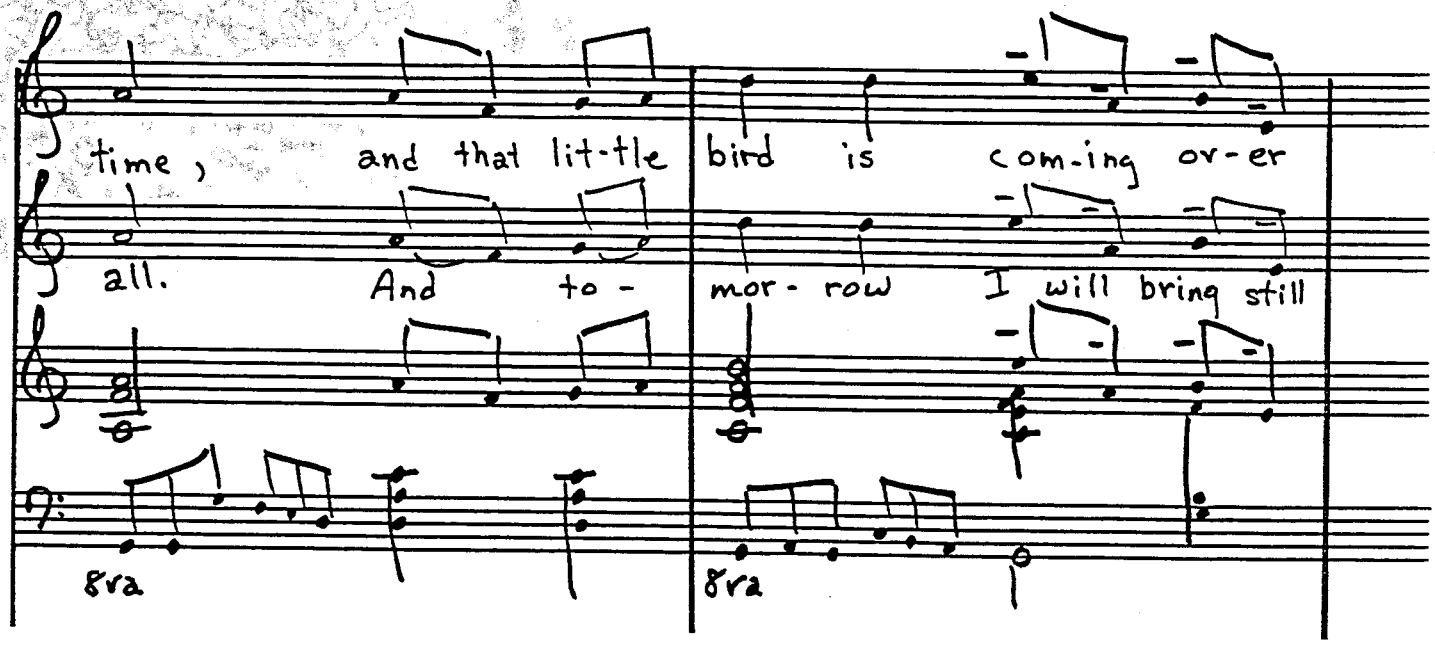

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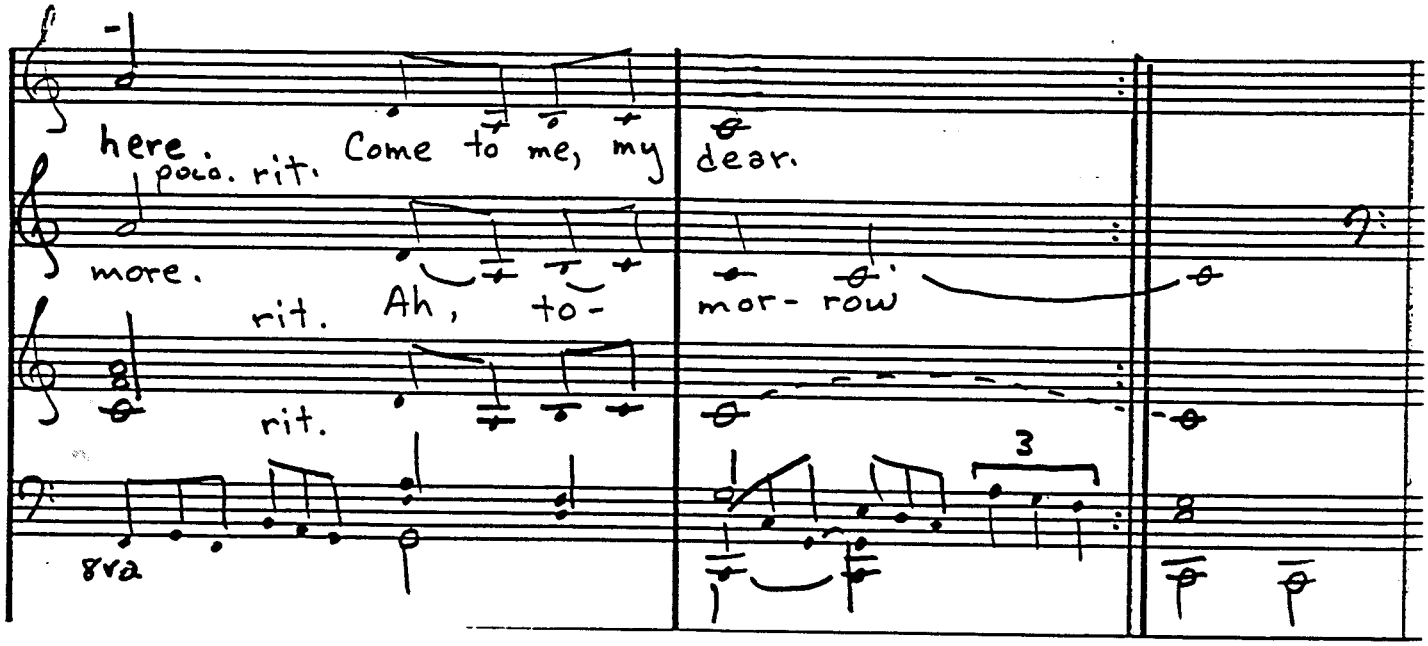
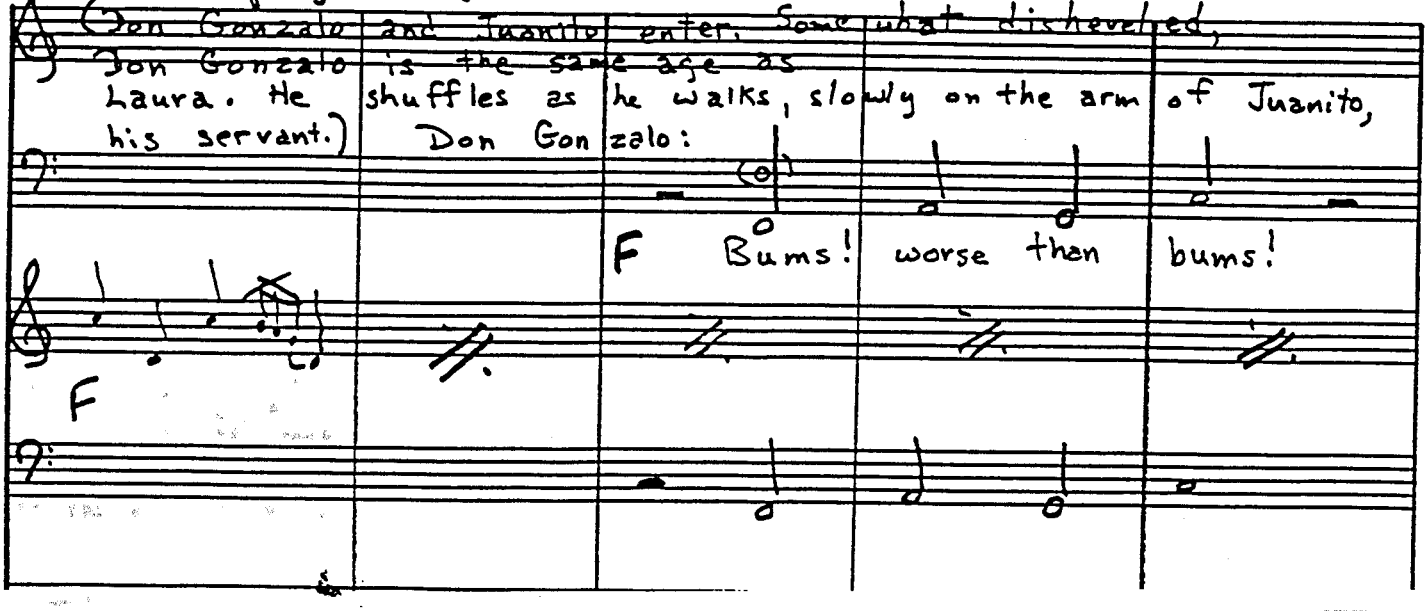
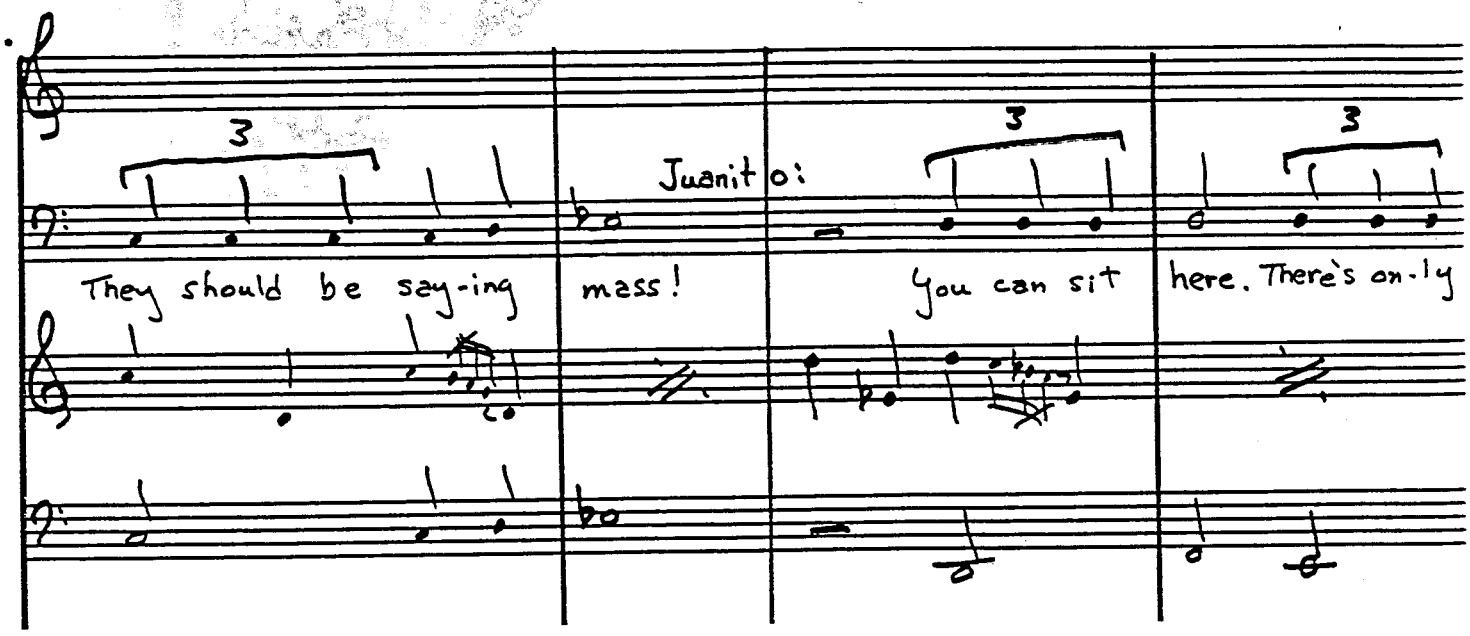


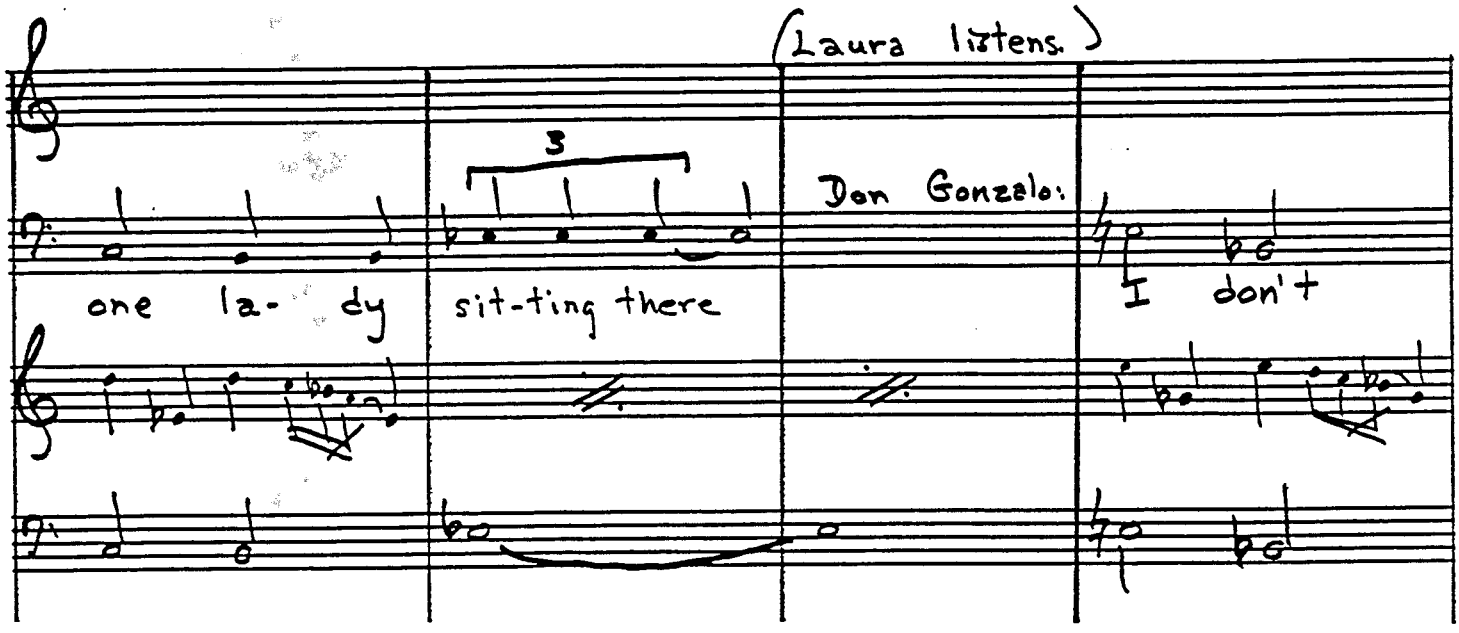
27

Grotesquely, Allegro moderato

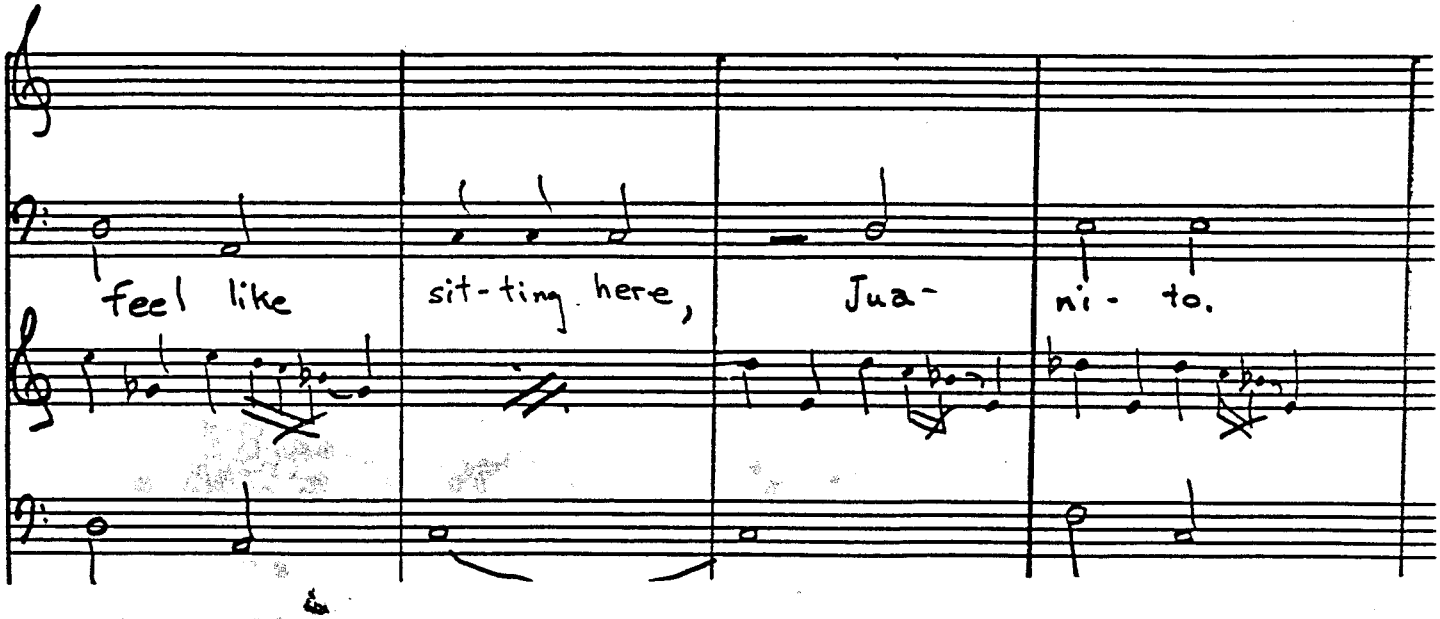


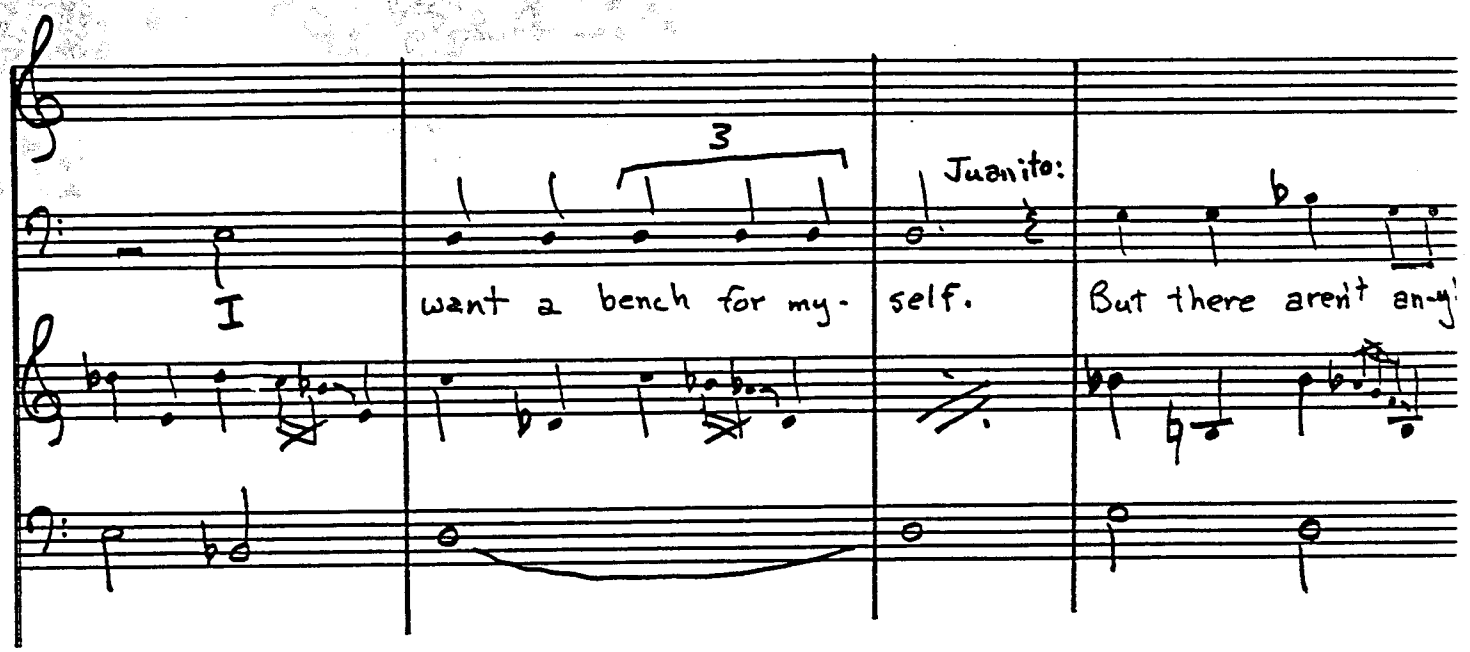

3
3
3
Juanito:
They should be say-ing mass!
You can sit here. There's on-ly

29

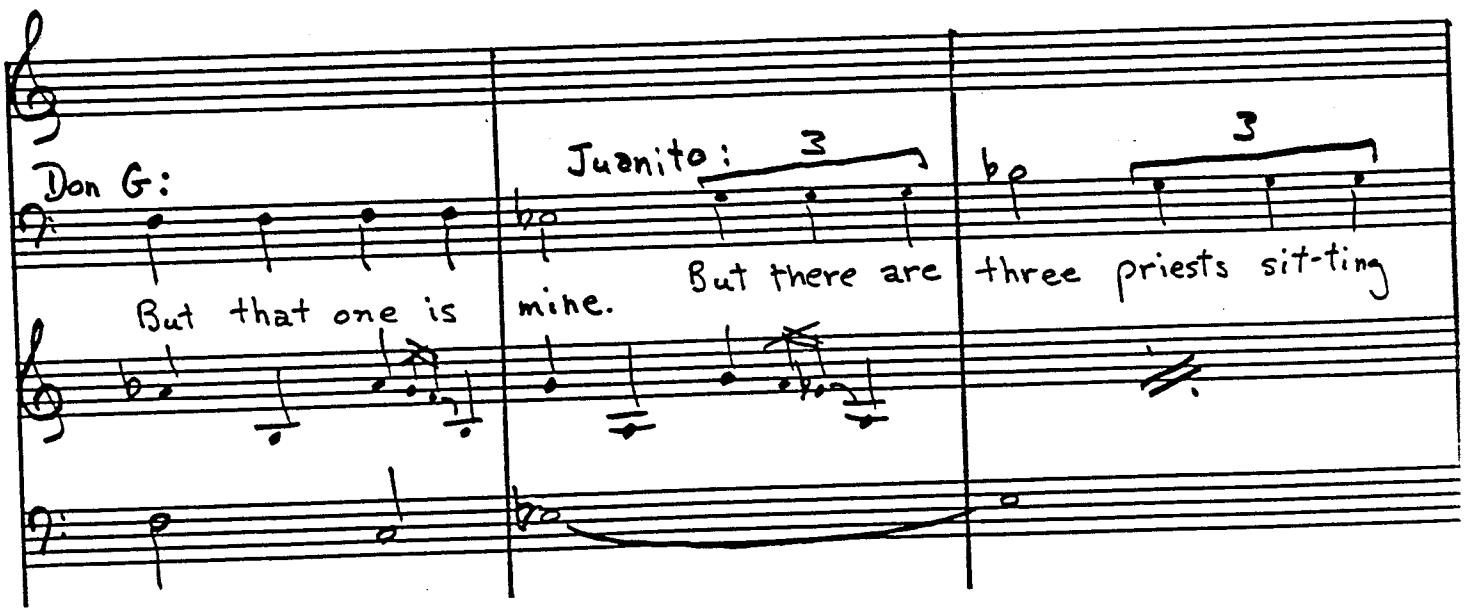

(Laura listens.)
3
Don Gonzalo:
one la- dy
sit-ting there
I don't

30

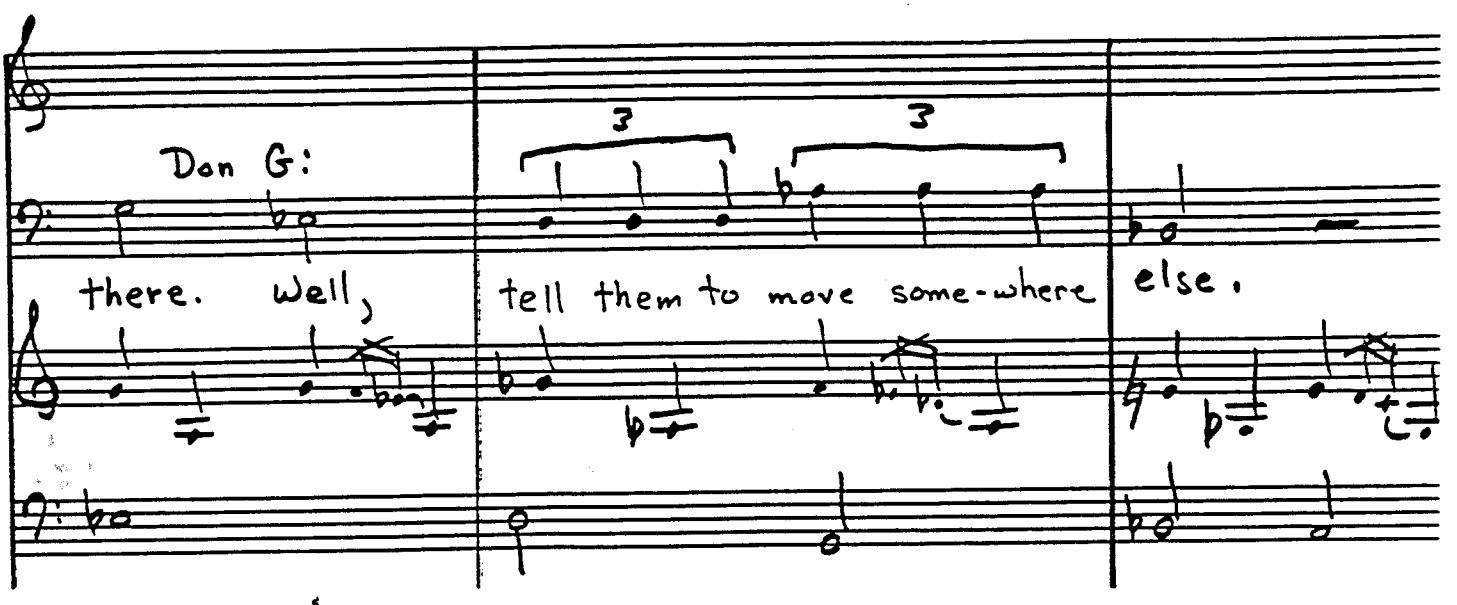

feel like
sit-ting here,
Jua-
ni- to.


I
want a bench for my-
self.
Juanito:
But there aren't an-y

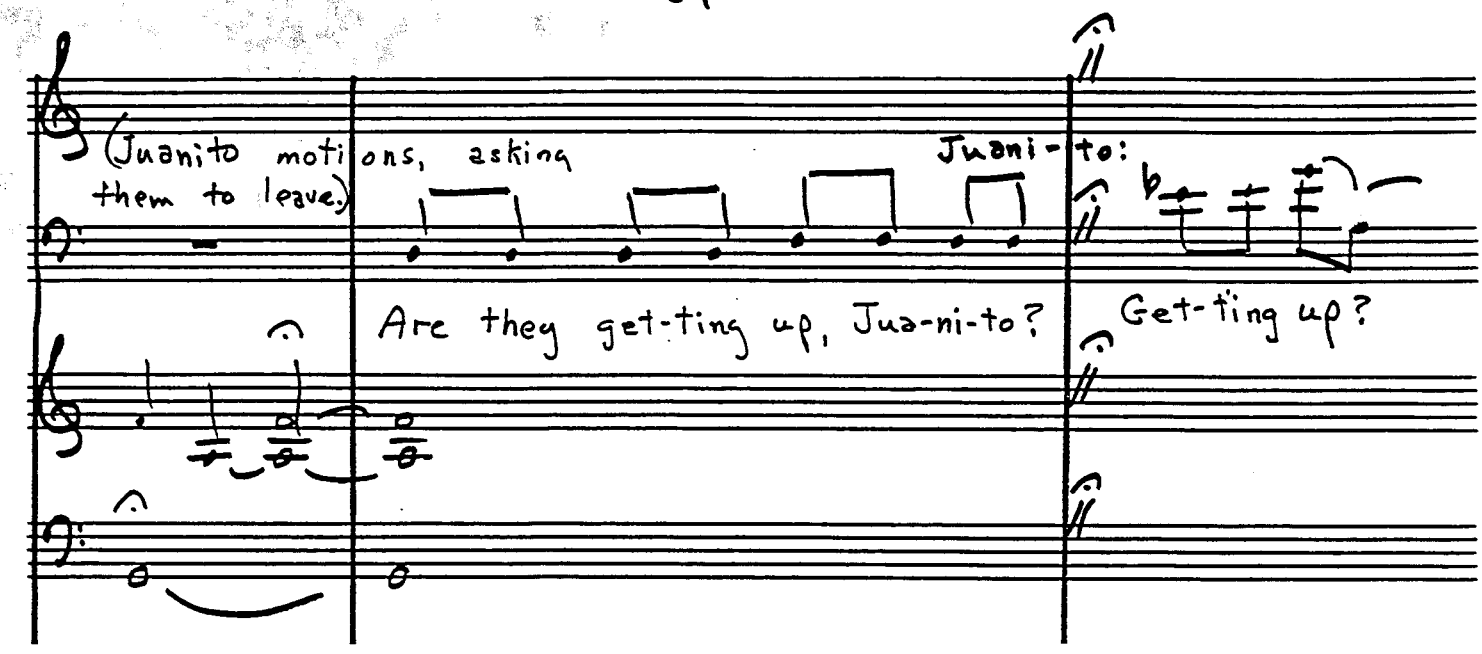
32


Don G:
But that one is
Juanito:
mine.
But there are
three priests sit-ting

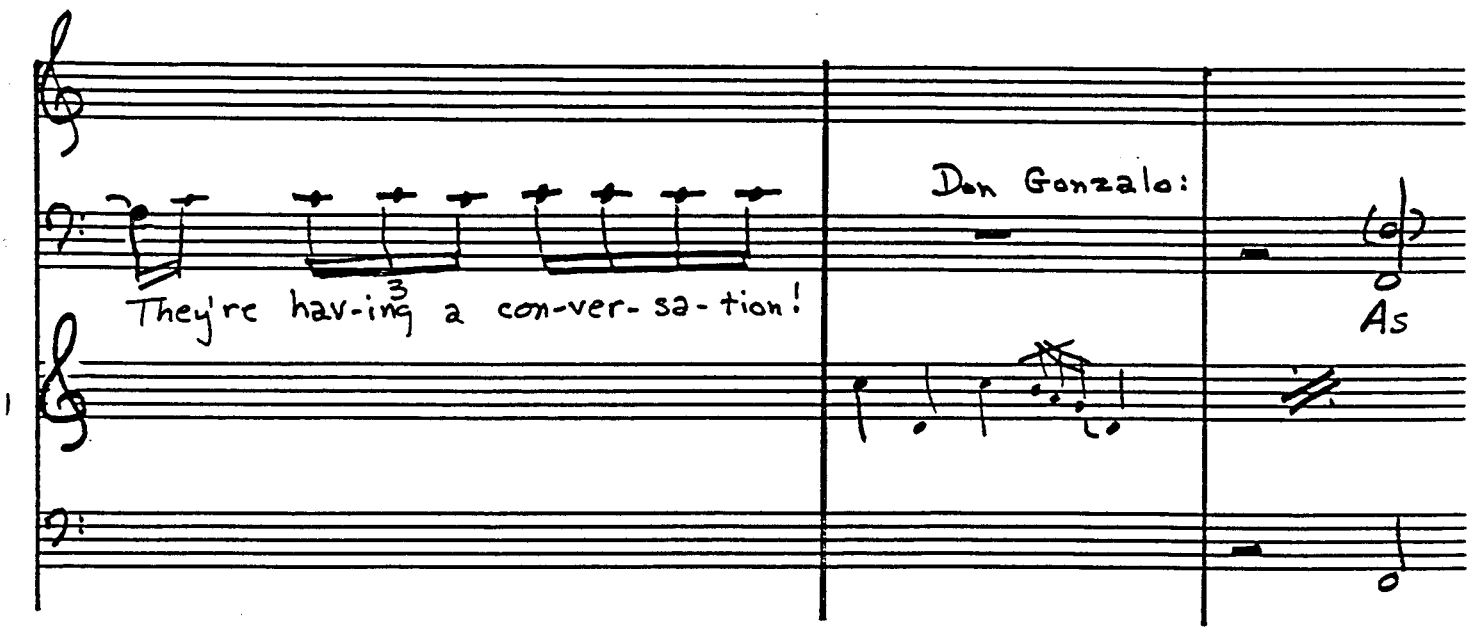
33


Don G:
there. Well,
tell them to move some-where
else.

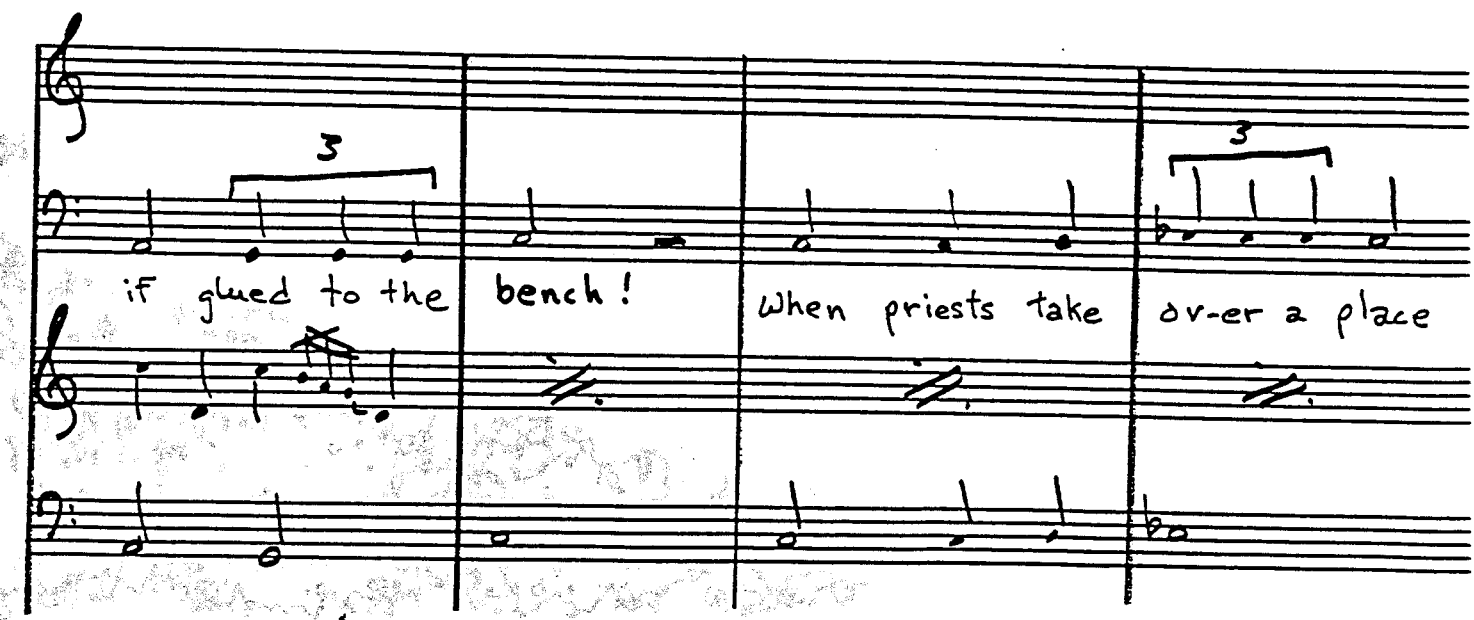
34

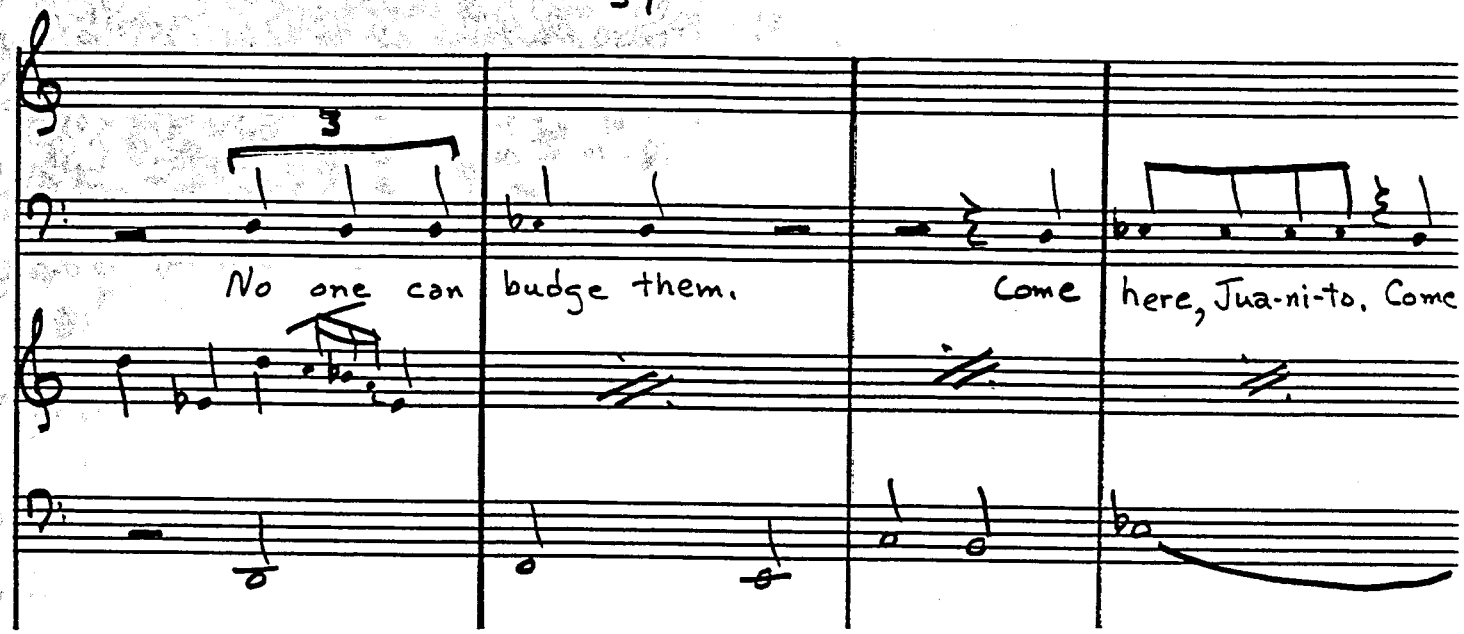

(Juanito motions, asking them to leave)
Are they get-ting up, Jua-ni-to?
Juani-to:
Get-ting up?

35

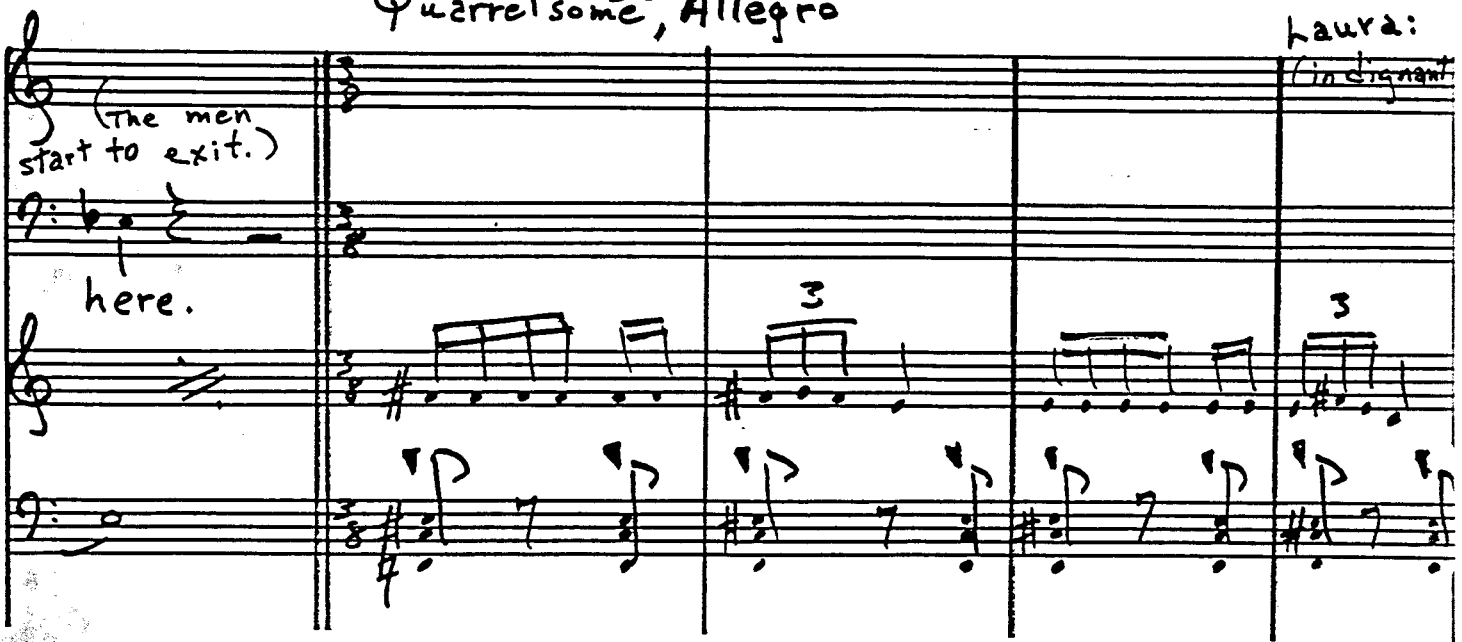

They're hav-ing a con-ver-sa-tion!
Don Gonzalo:
As

36


if glued to the bench!
When priests take over a place



38 Quarrelsome, Allegro



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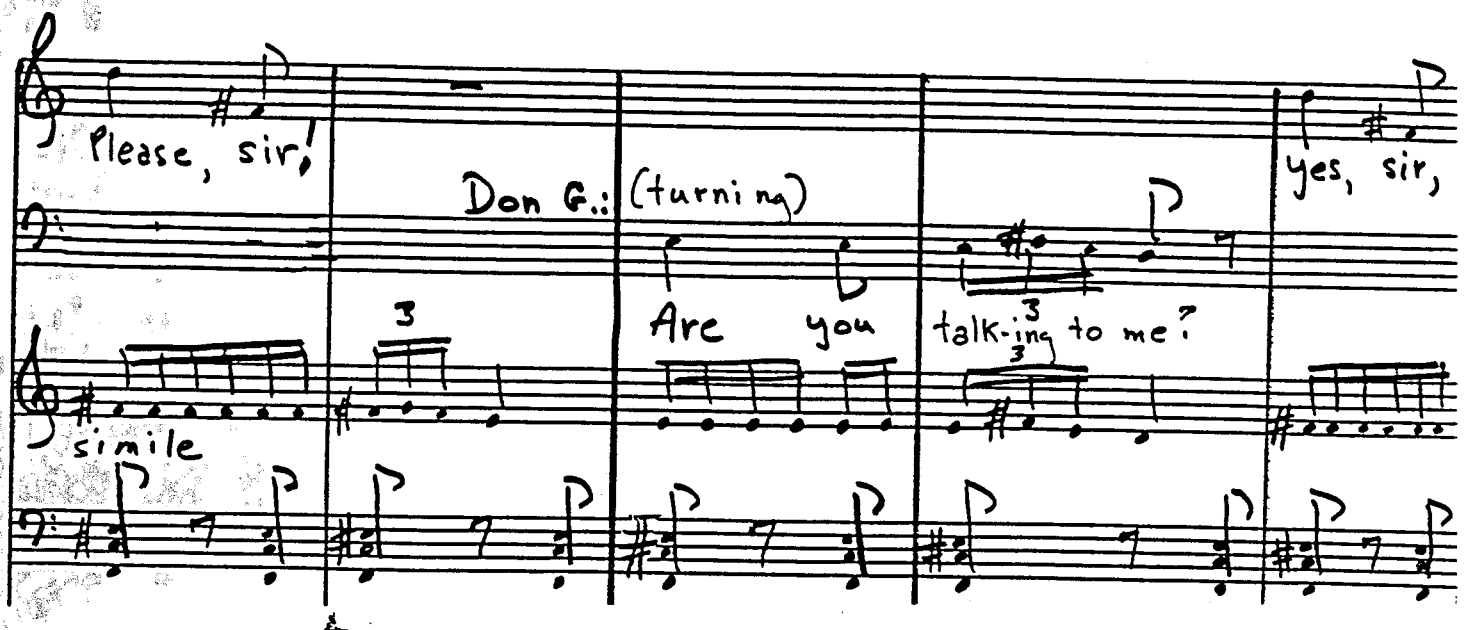
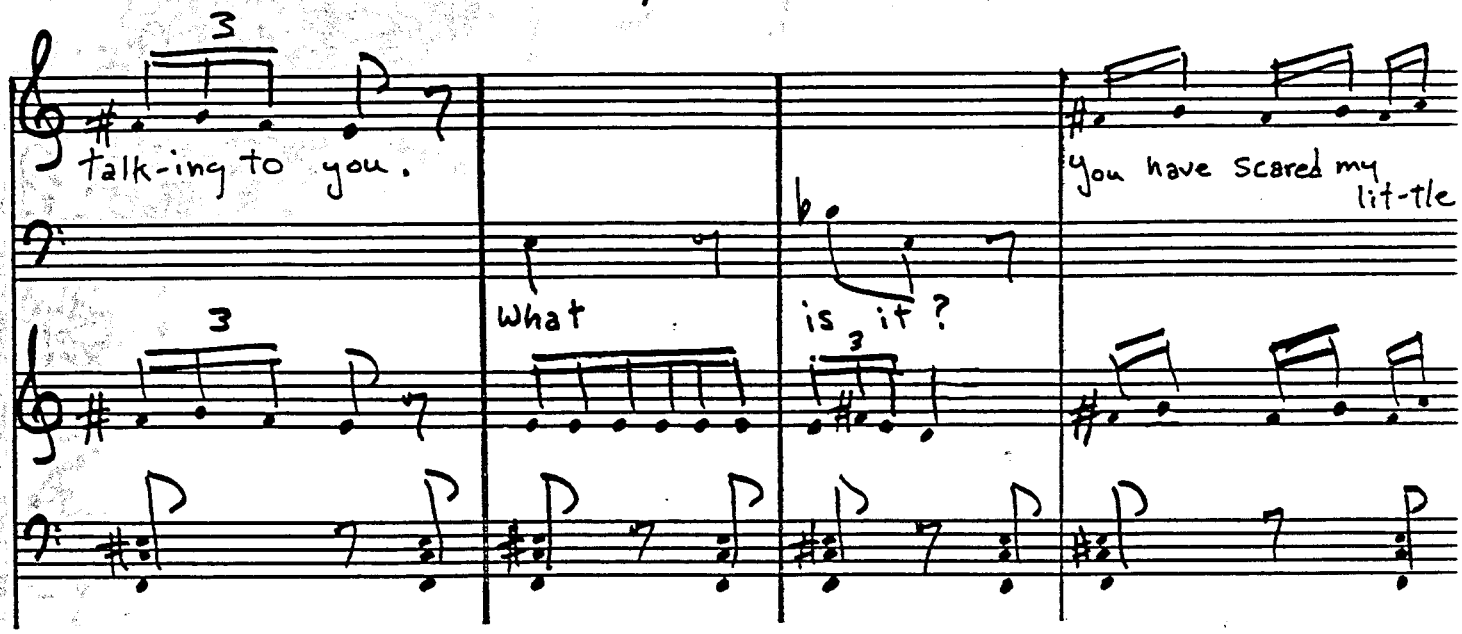
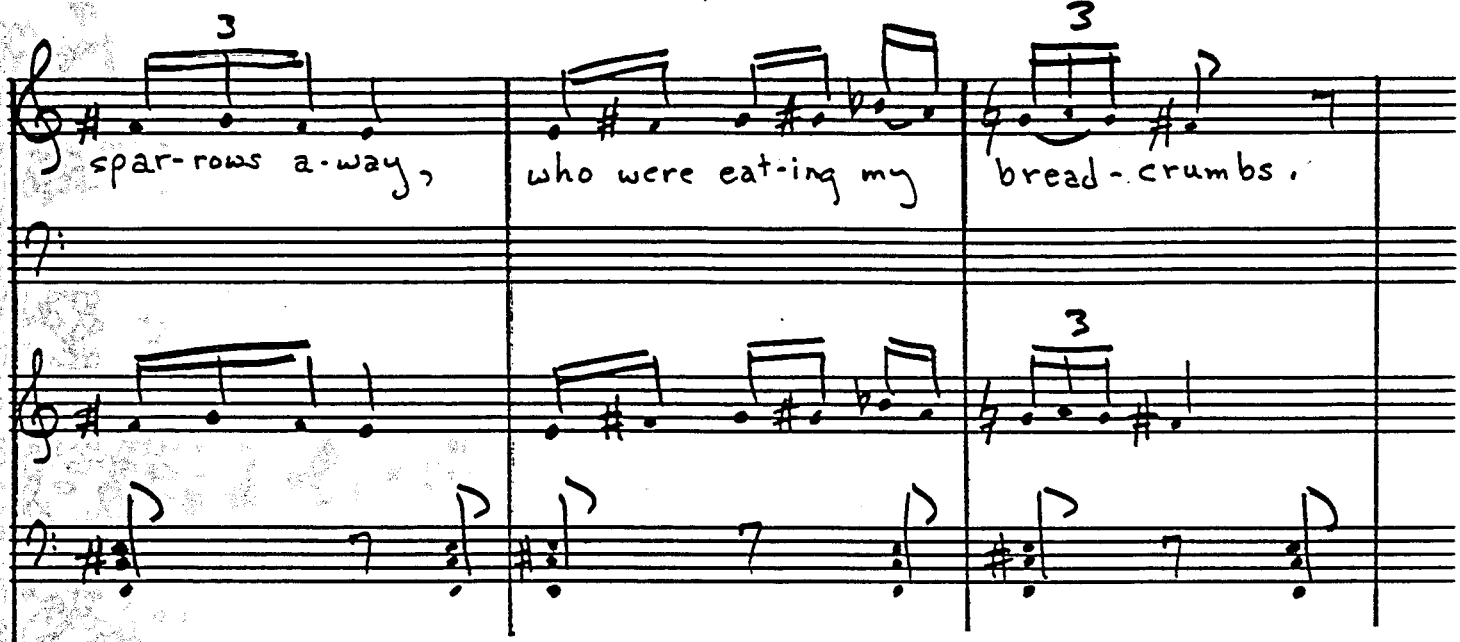
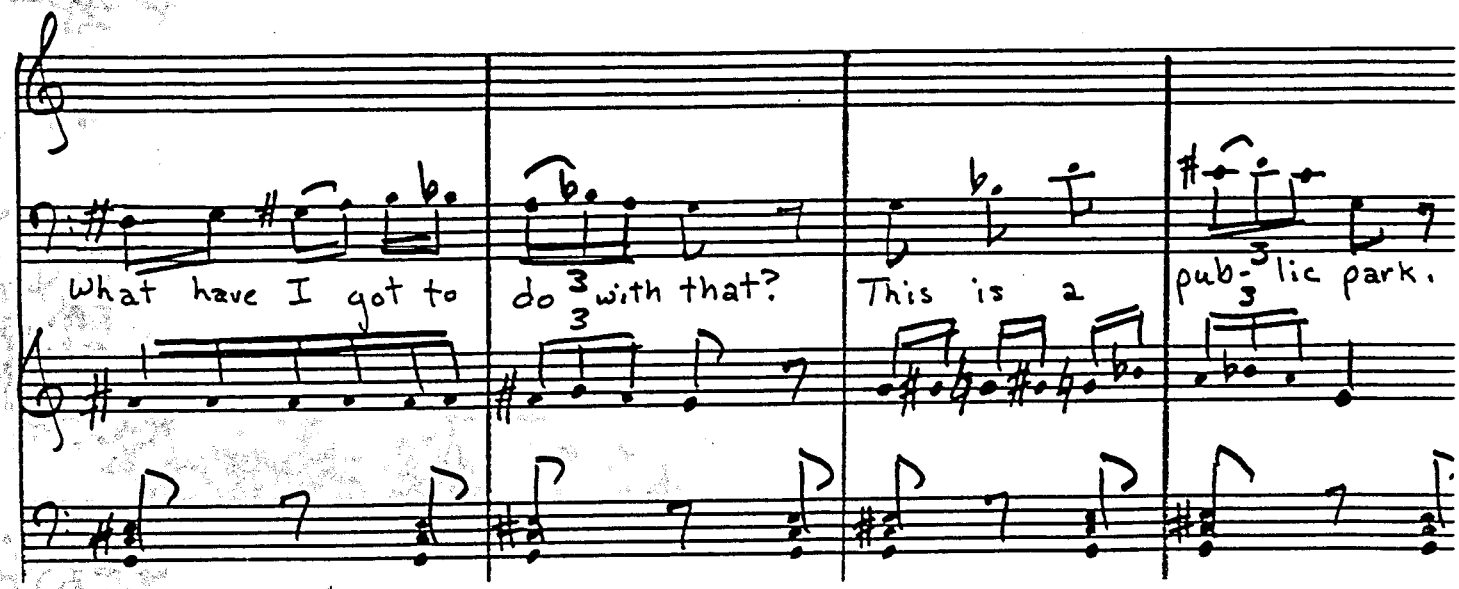


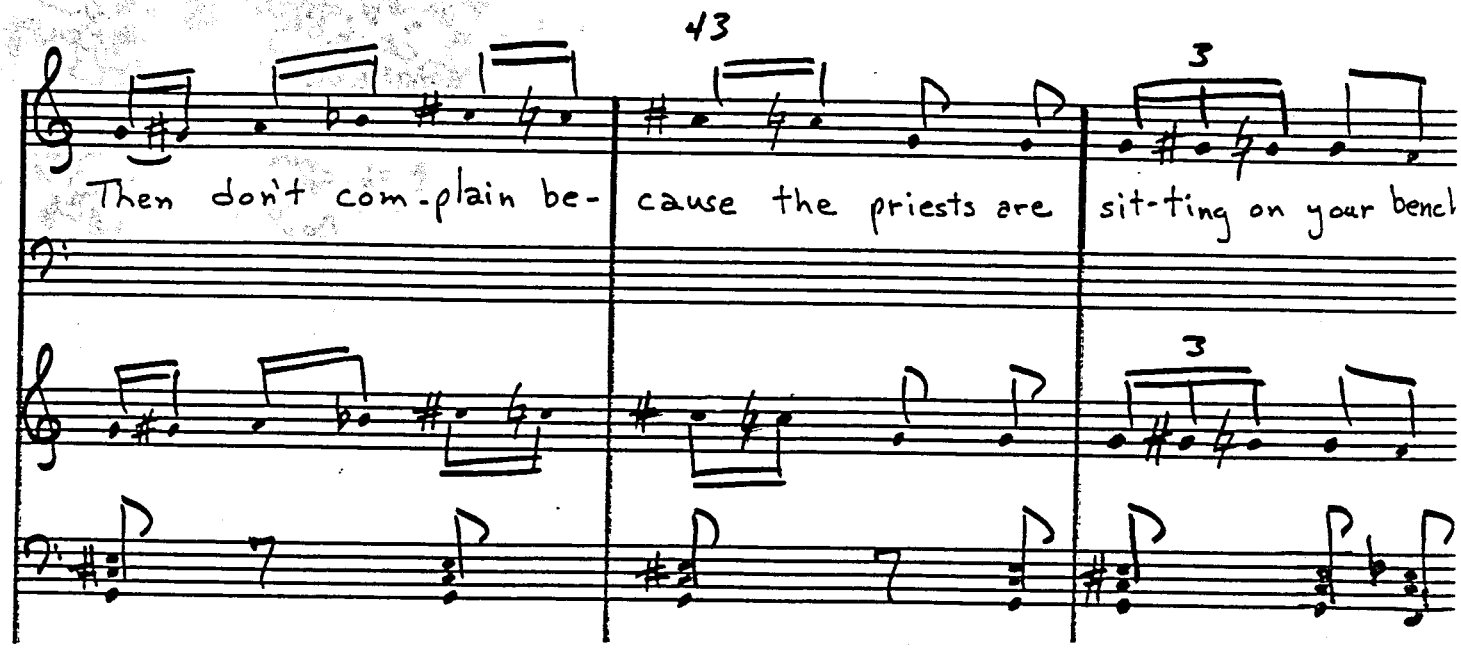

talk-ing to you.
What
is it?
You have scared my lit-tle

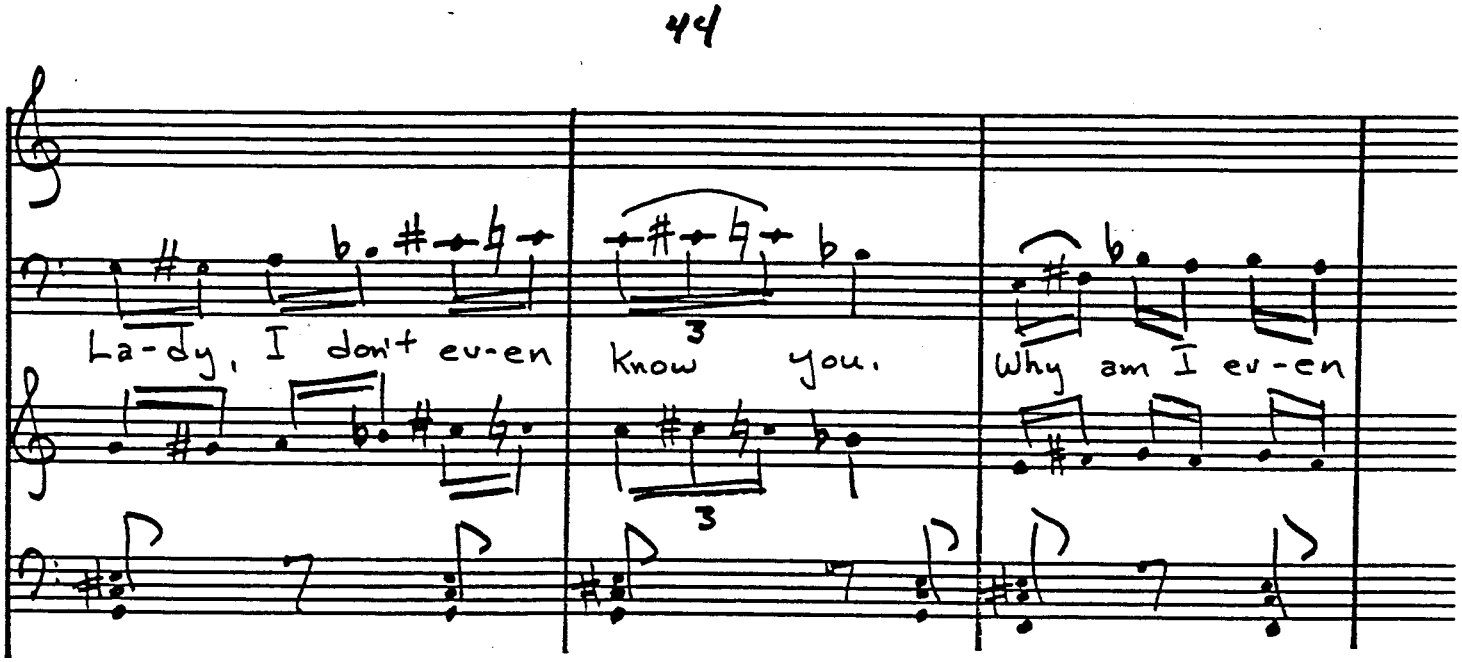
41

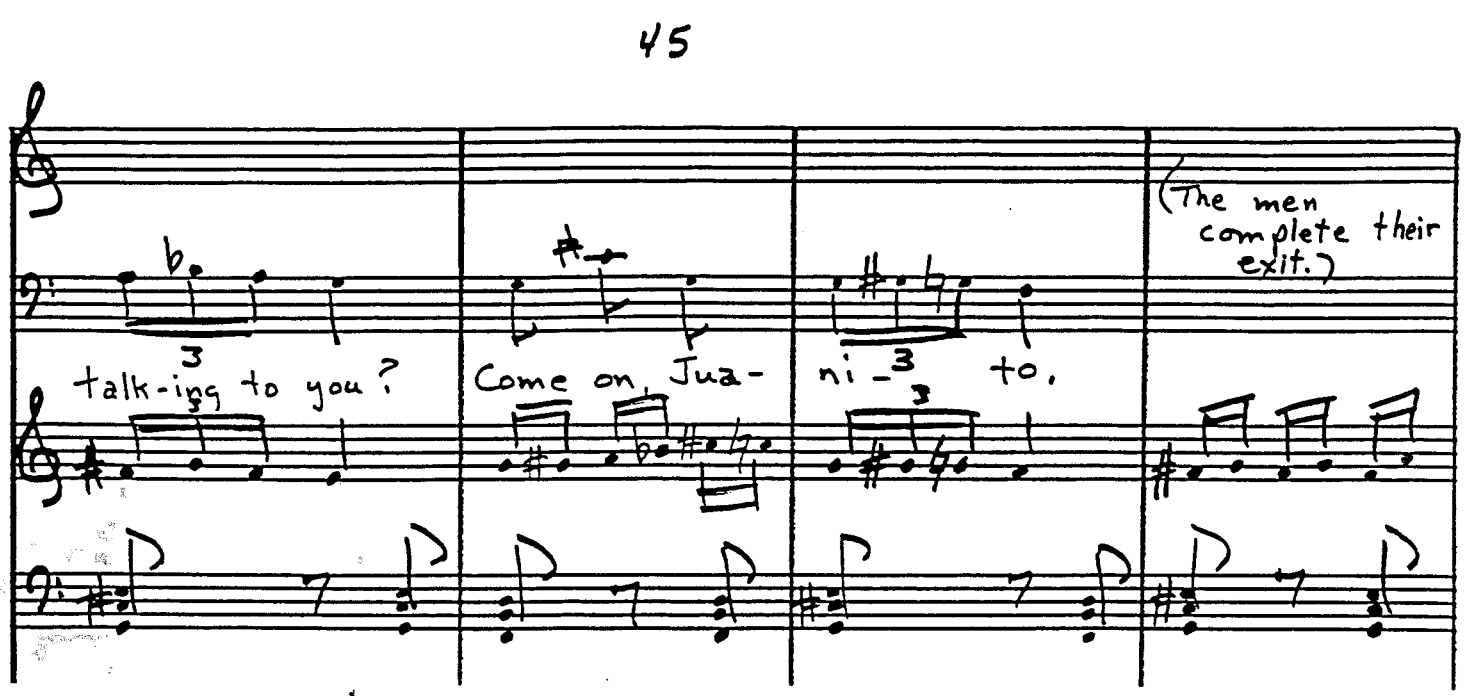

spar-rows a-way,
who were eat-ing my
bread-crumbs.

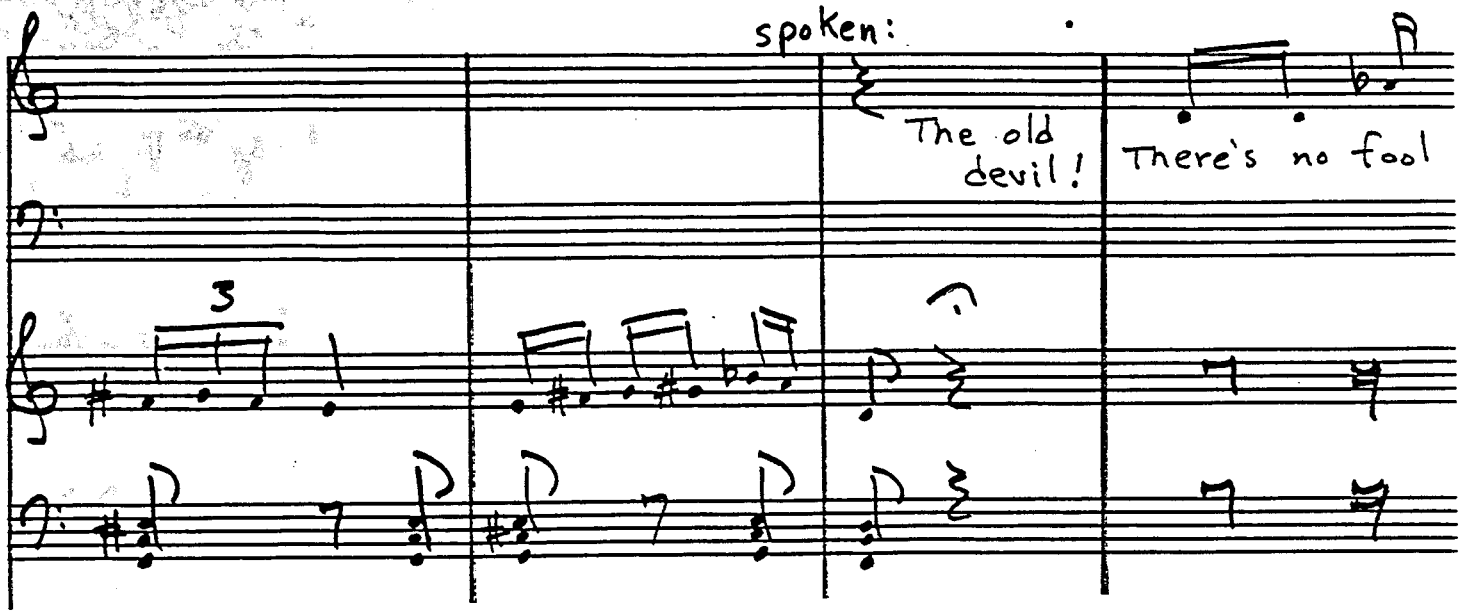
42


What have I got to
do with that?
This is a
pub-lic park.

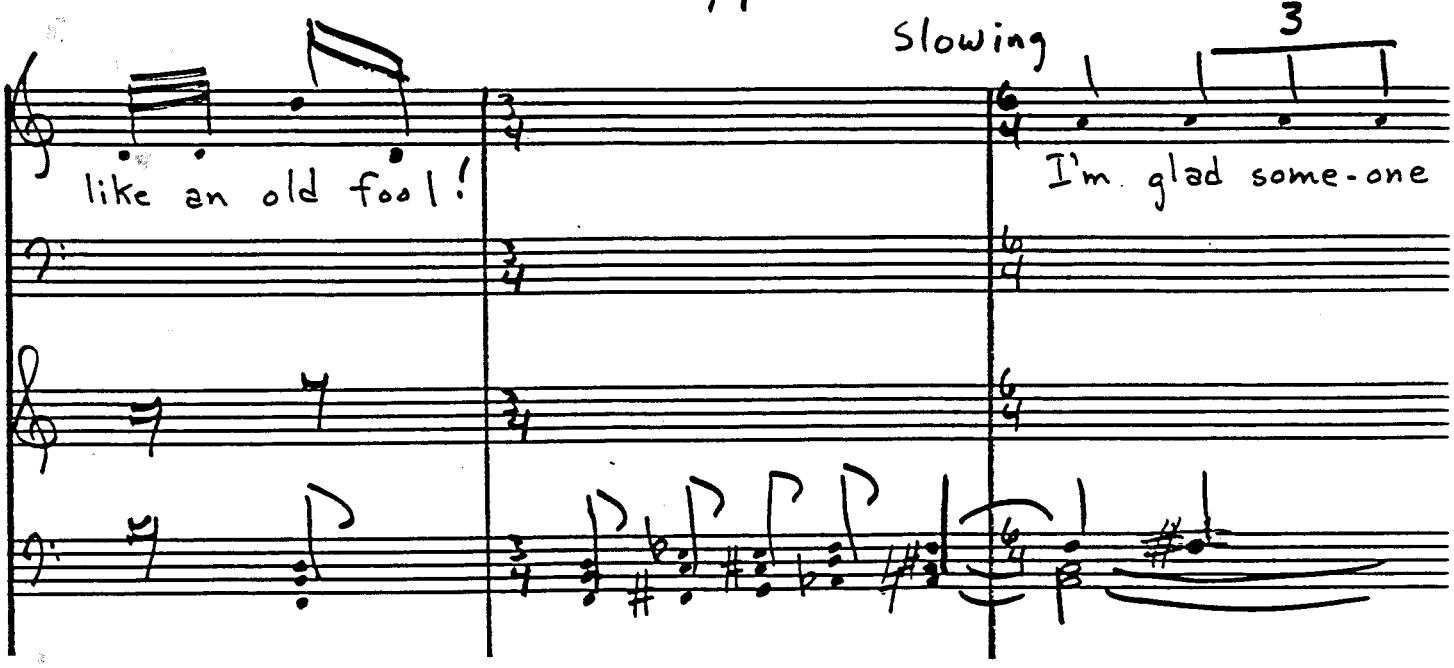

43
Then don't com-plain be-
cause the priests are
sit-ting on your bench


44
La-dy, I don't ev-en
know you.
Why am I ev-en

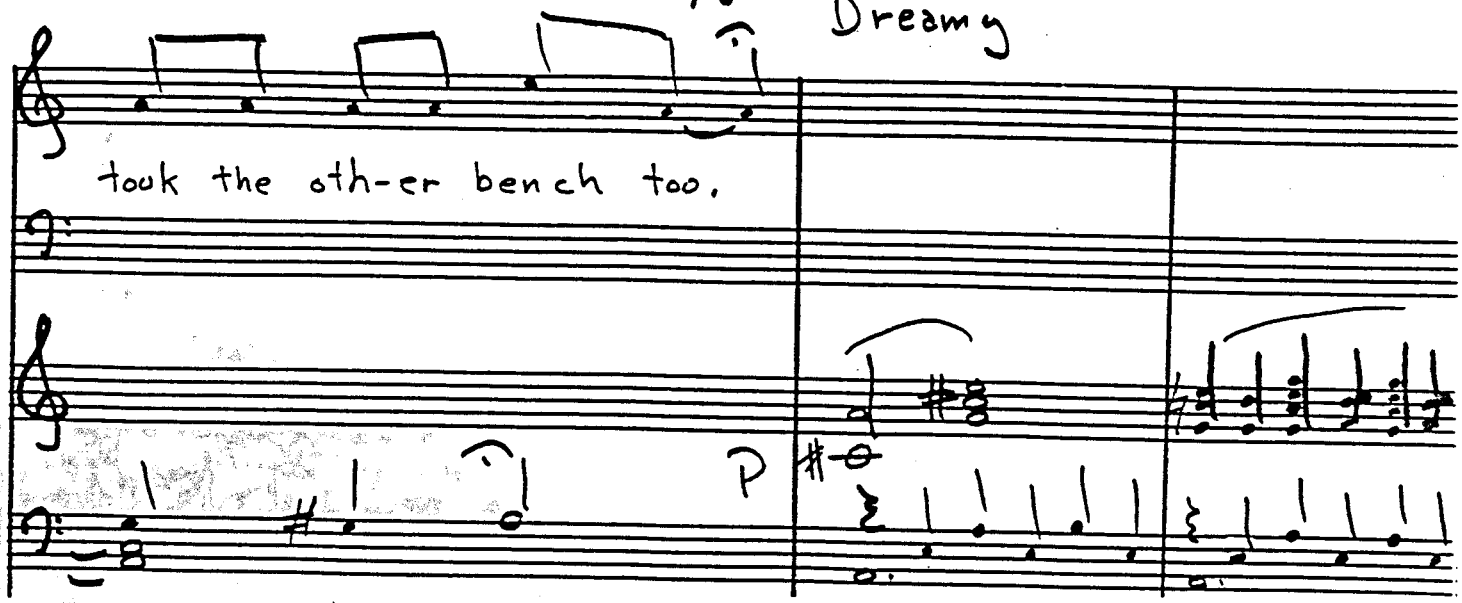

45
talk-ing to you?
Come on, Jua-
ni to.
(The men complete their exit.)

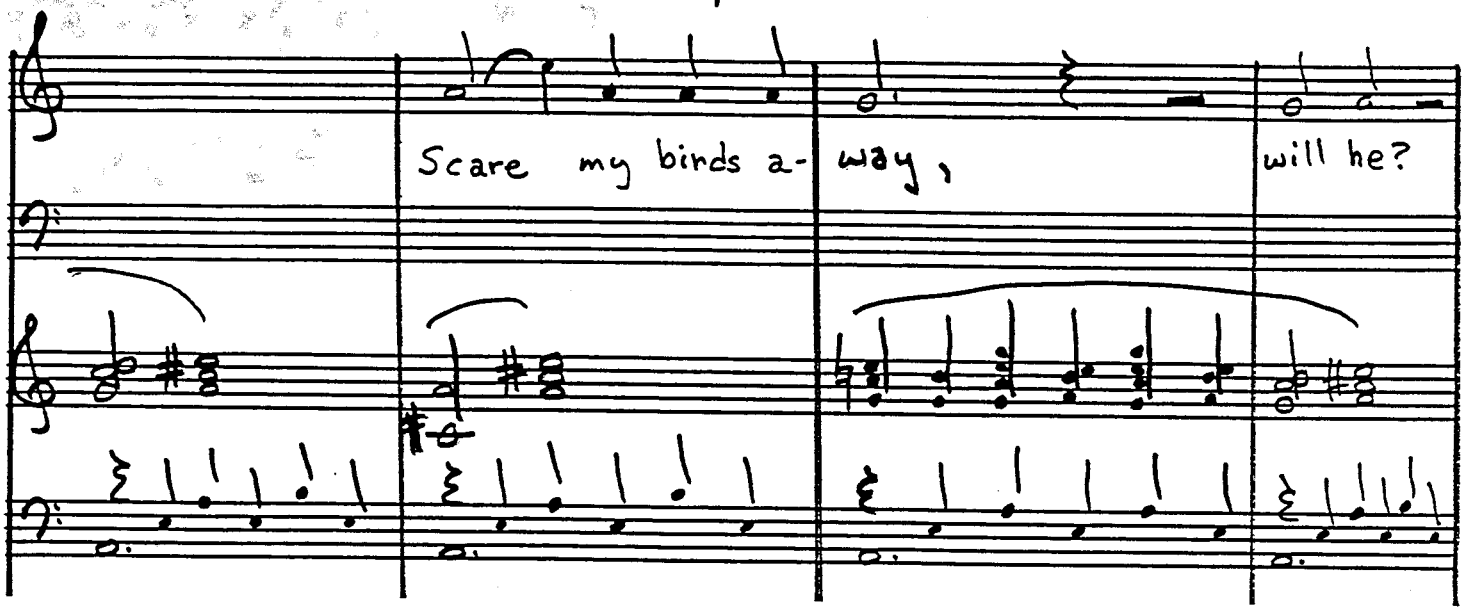

spoken:
The old devil!
There's no fool
3

47

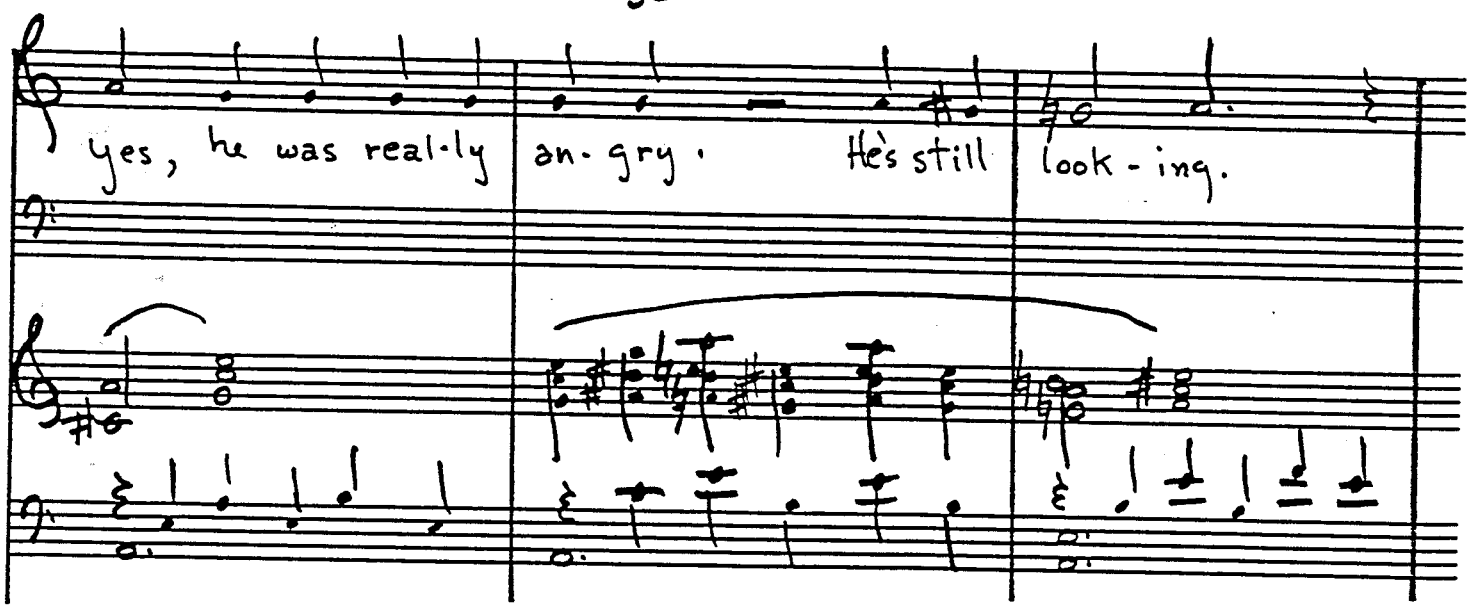

like an old fool!
Slowing
3
I'm glad some-one

48 Dreamy

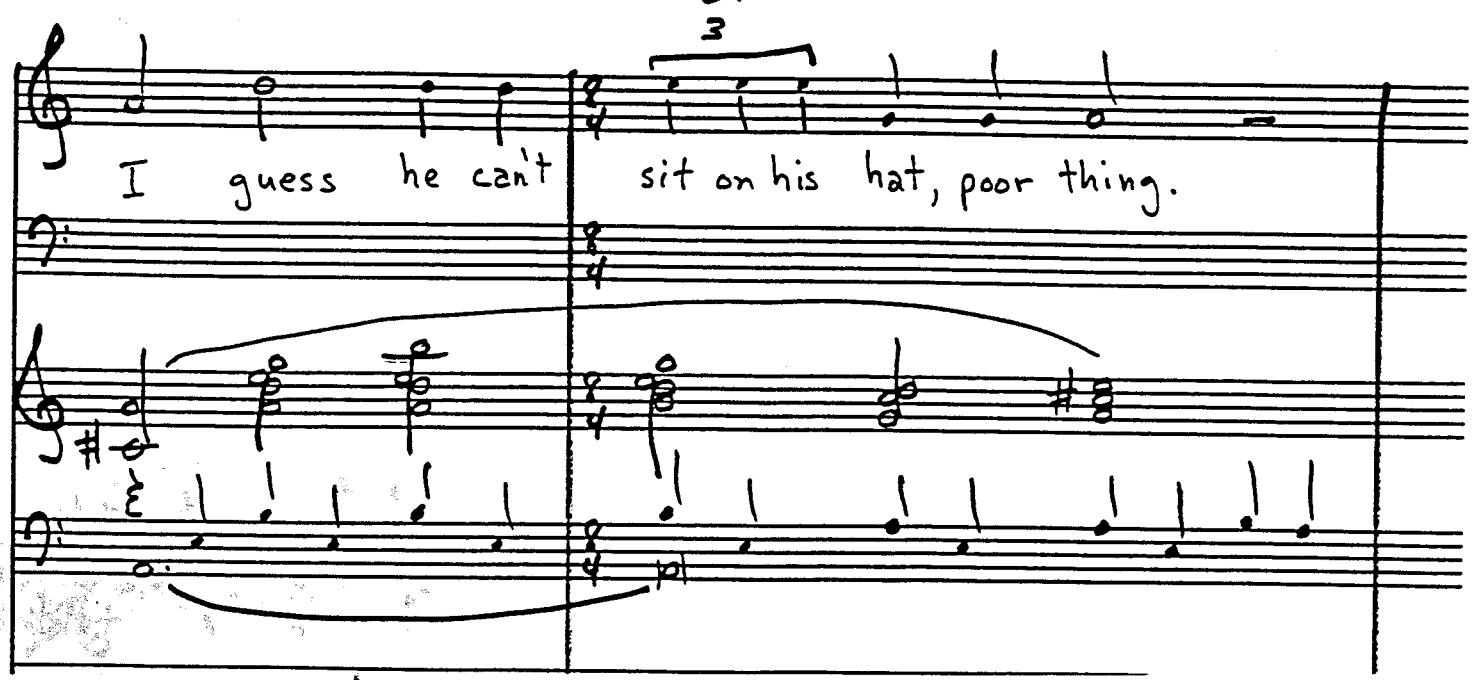

took the oth-er bench too.
P


Scare my birds a- way,
will he?

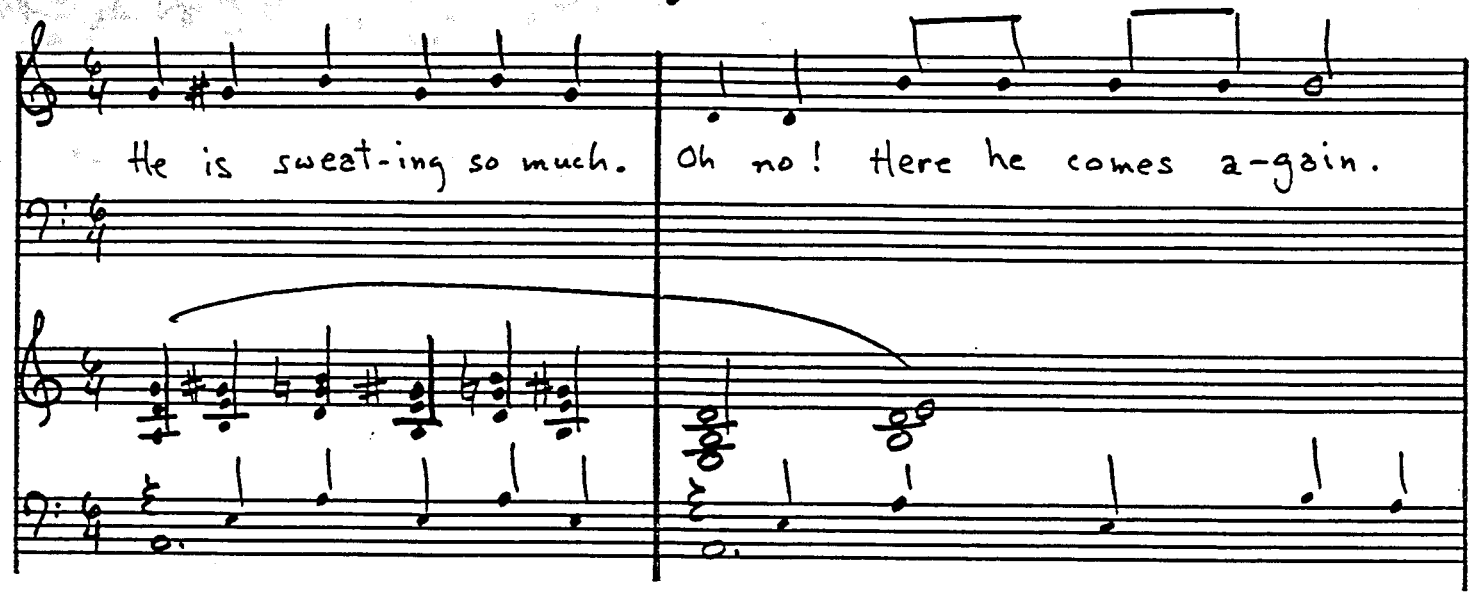
50


yes, he was real-ly
an- gry.
He's still
look - ing.

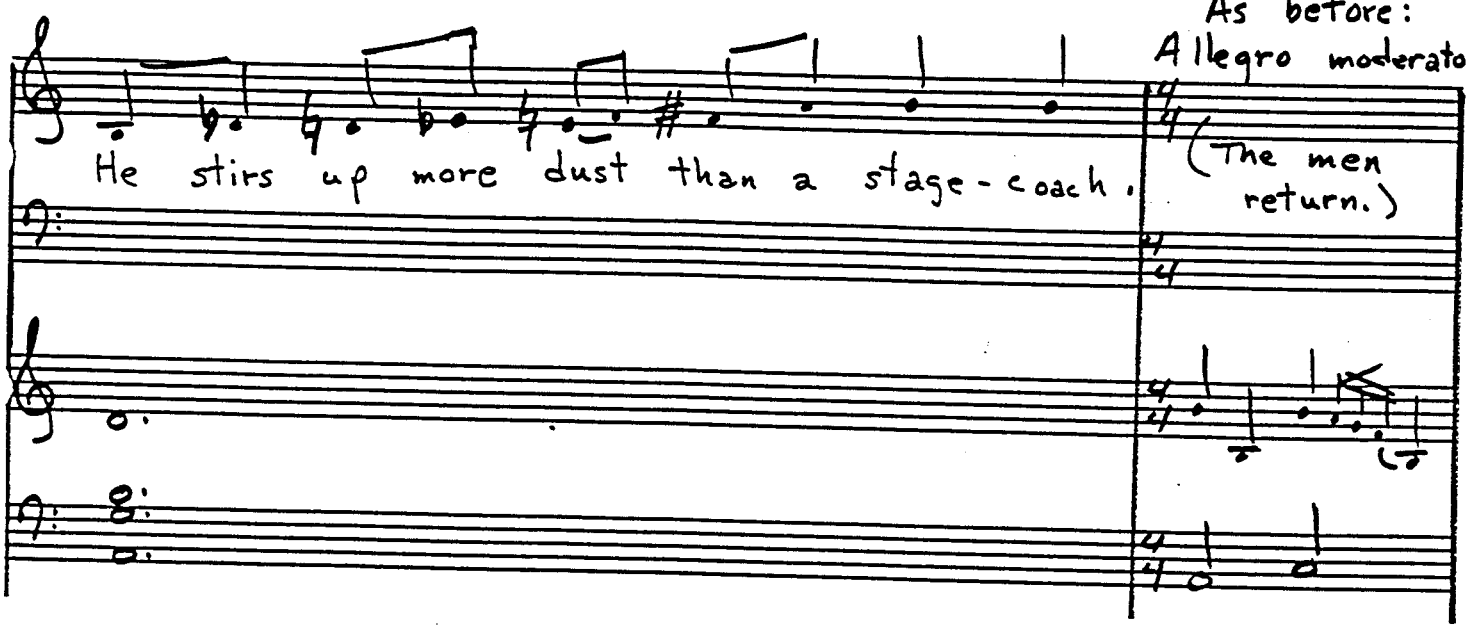
51


3
I guess he can't
sit on his hat, poor thing.

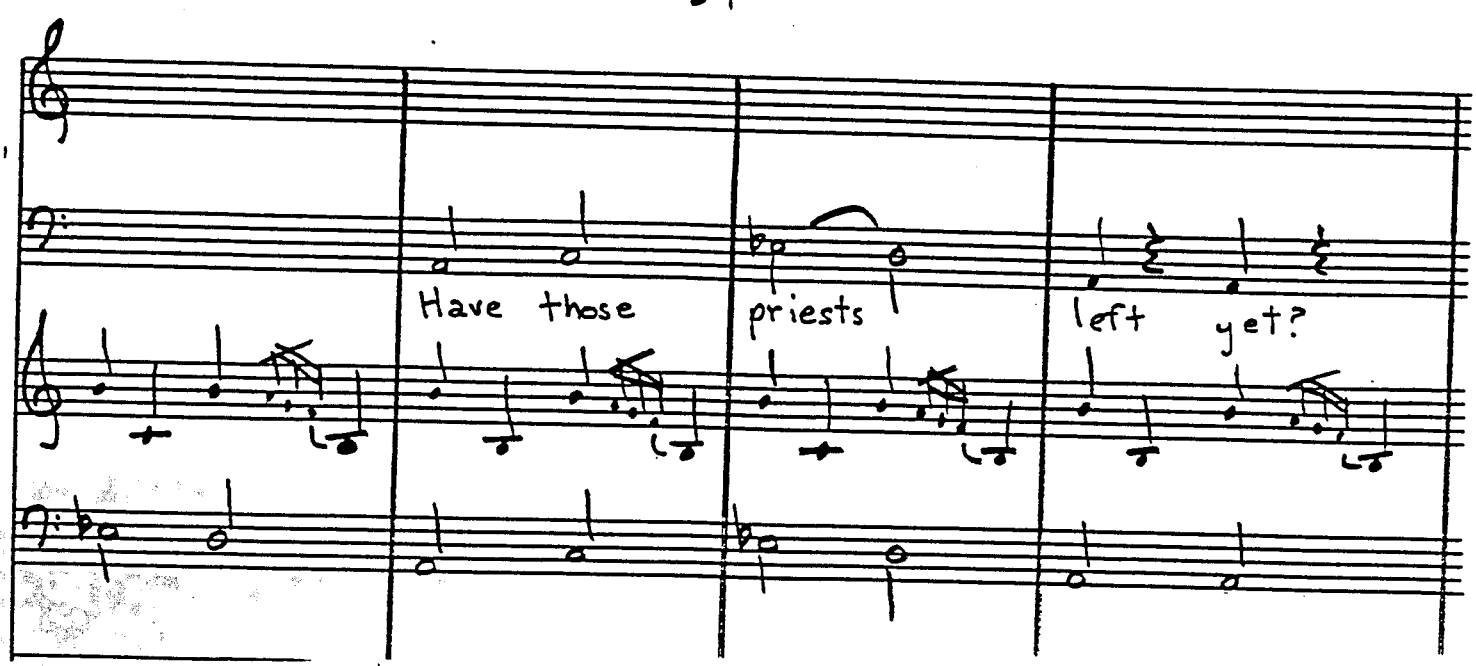
52

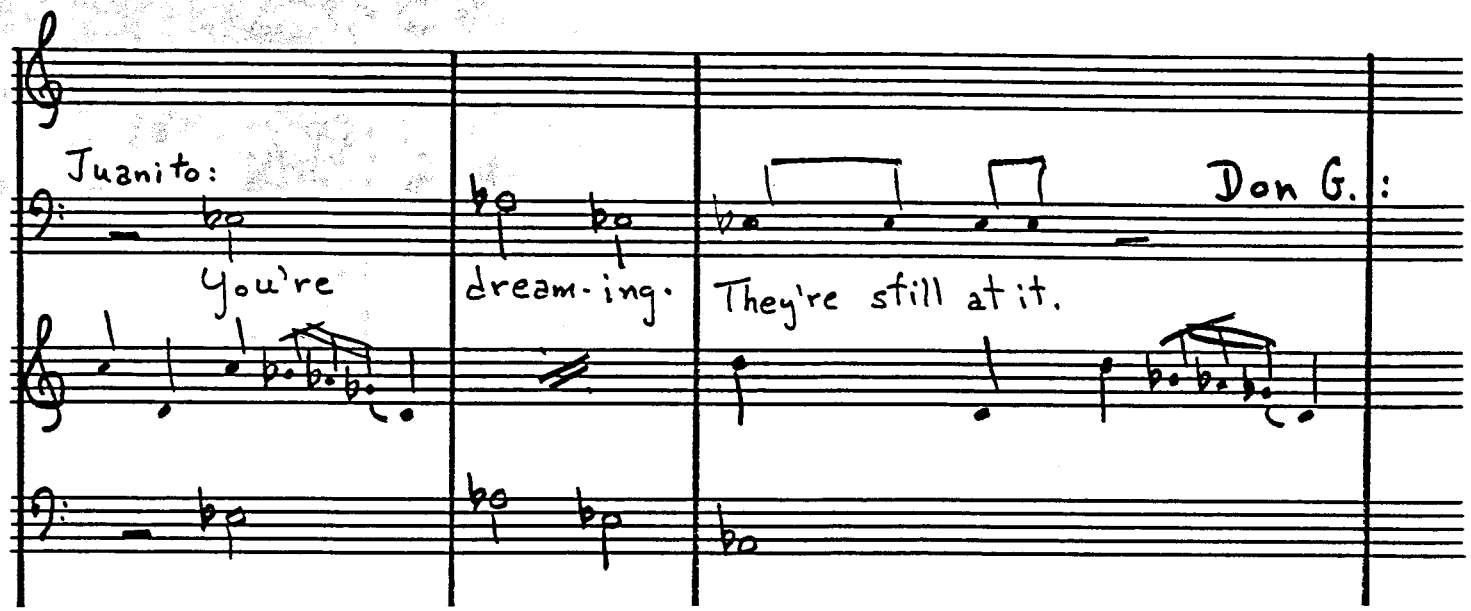

He is sweat-ing so much.
Oh no! Here he comes a-gain.

53

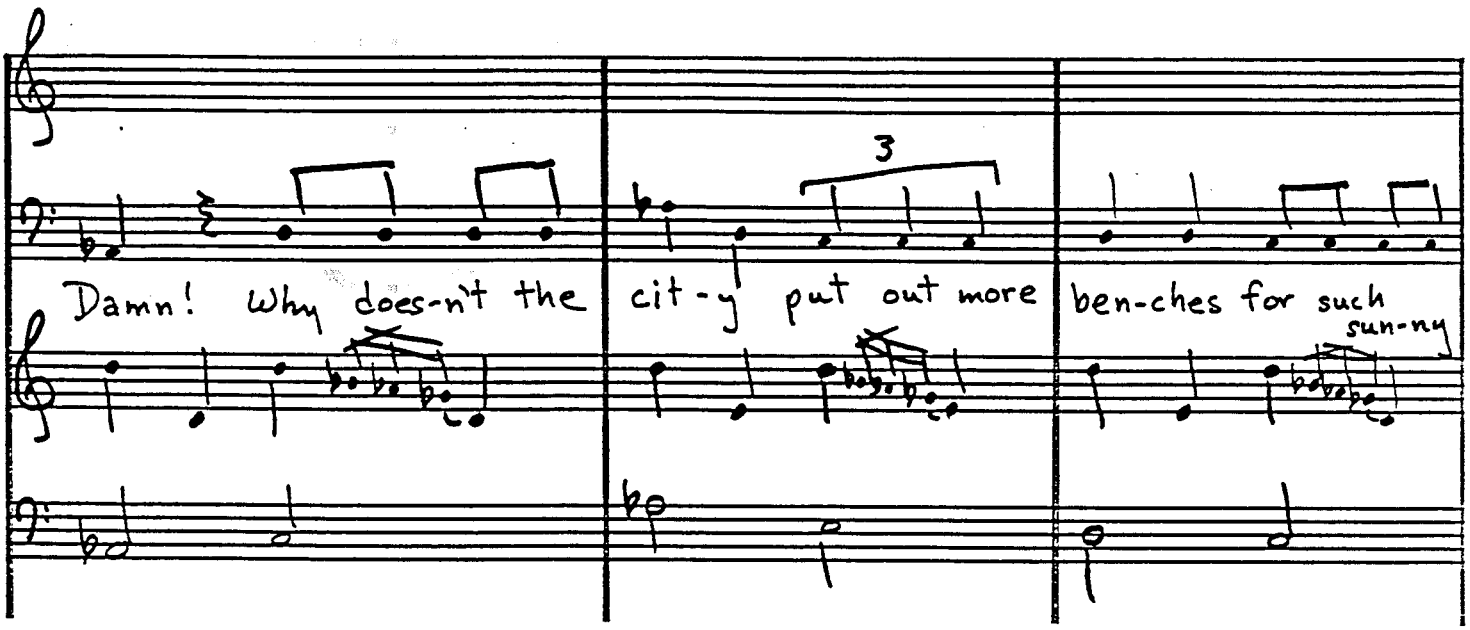

He stirs up more dust than a stage-coach.
As before:
Allegro moderato
(The men return.)

54

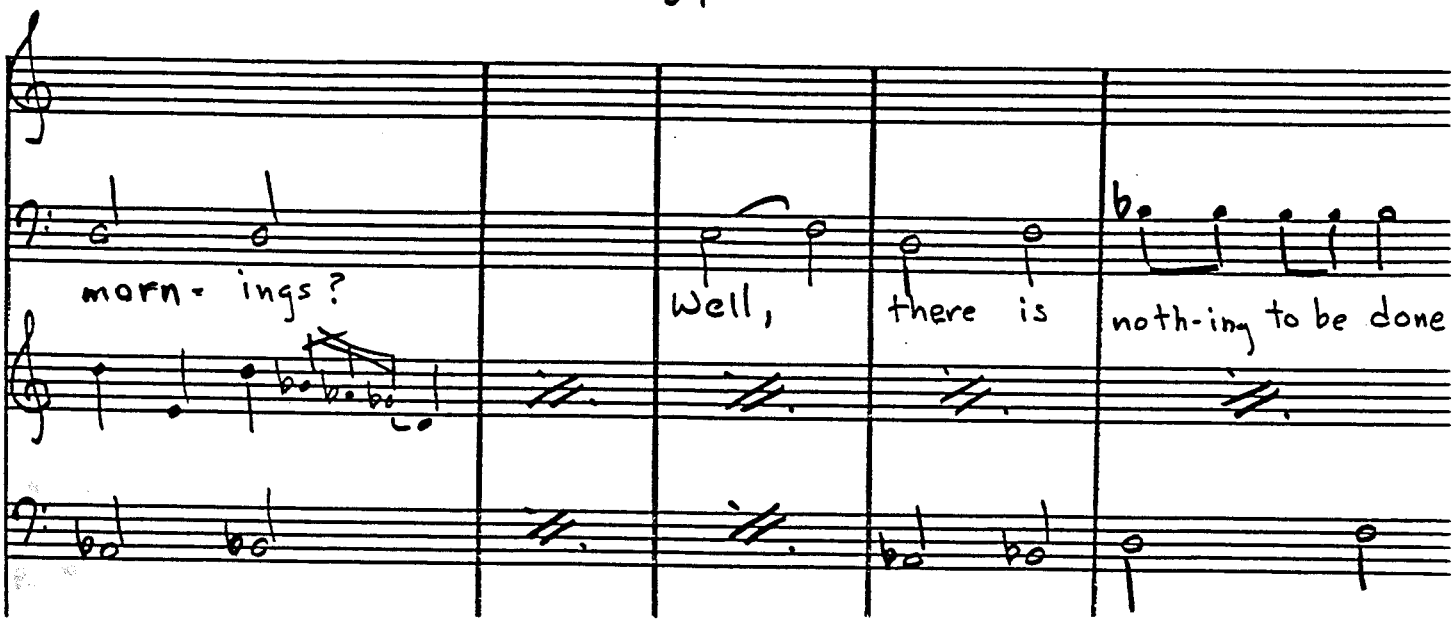

Have those
priests
left
yet?


Juanito:
You're dream-ing.
Don G.:
They're still at it.

56

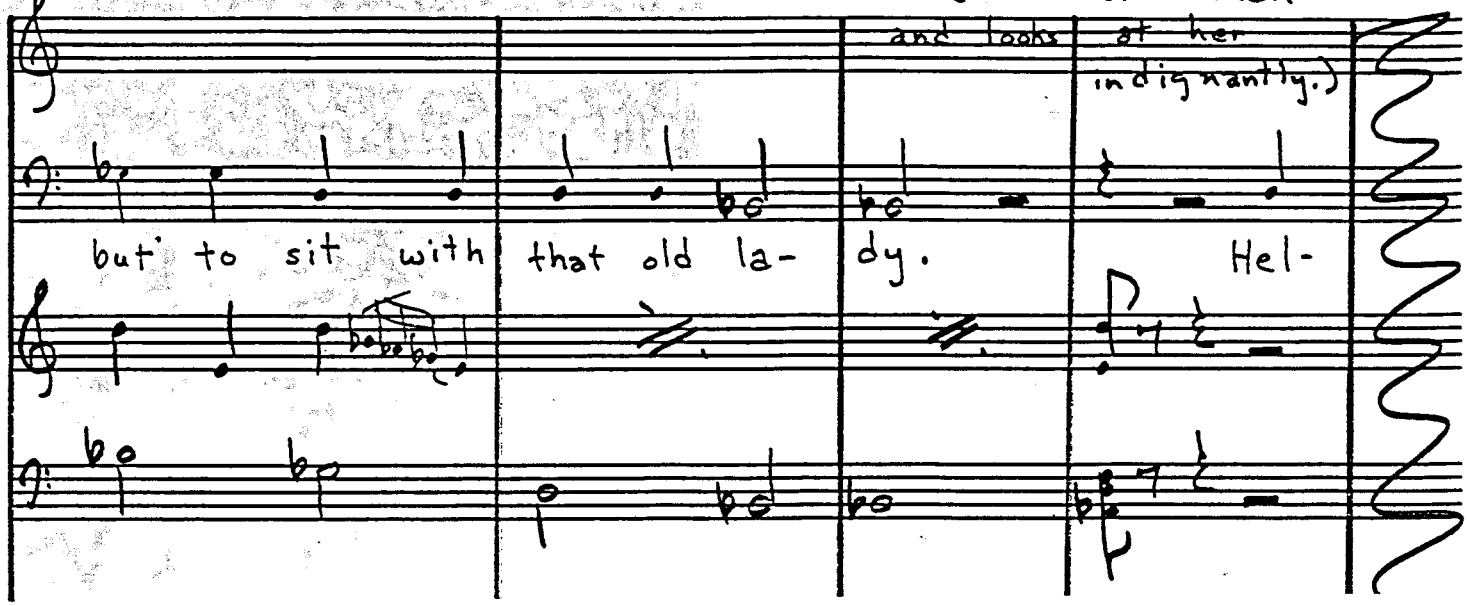

Damn! Why does-n't the cit-y put out more ben-ches for such sun-ny
3

57


morn-ings?
Well, there is noth-ing to be done

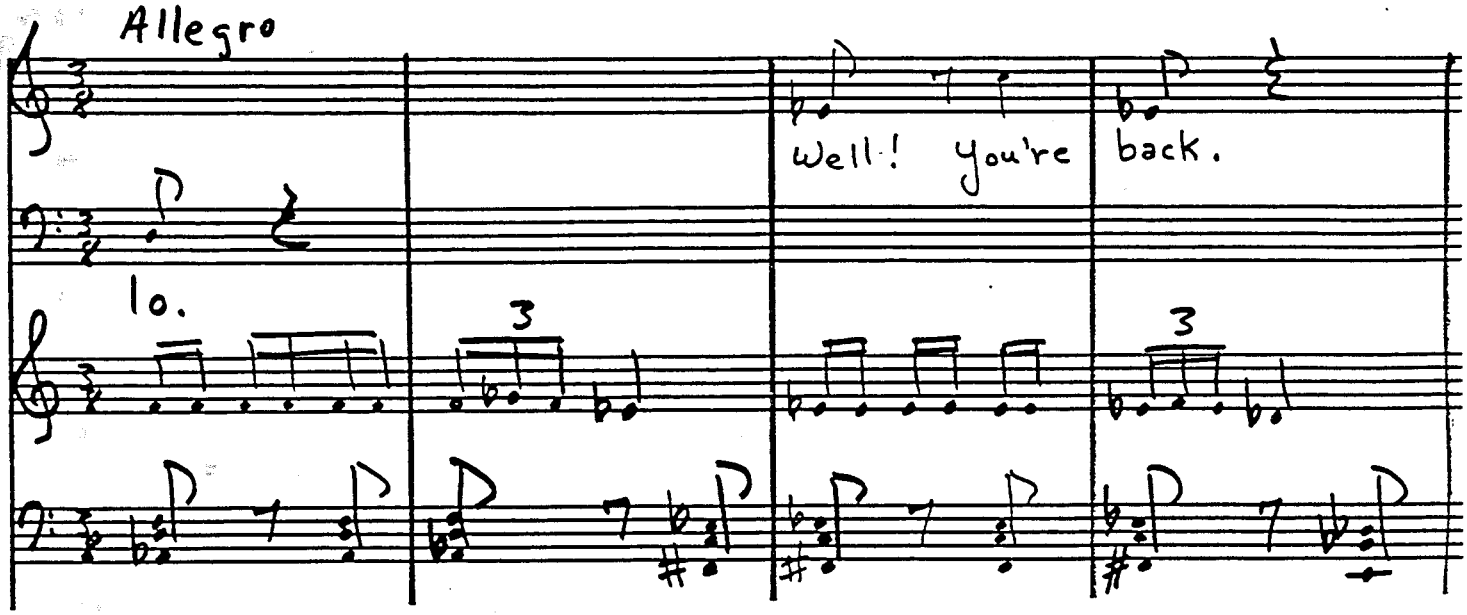
58

(He sits on the other end of her bench and looks at her indignantly.)

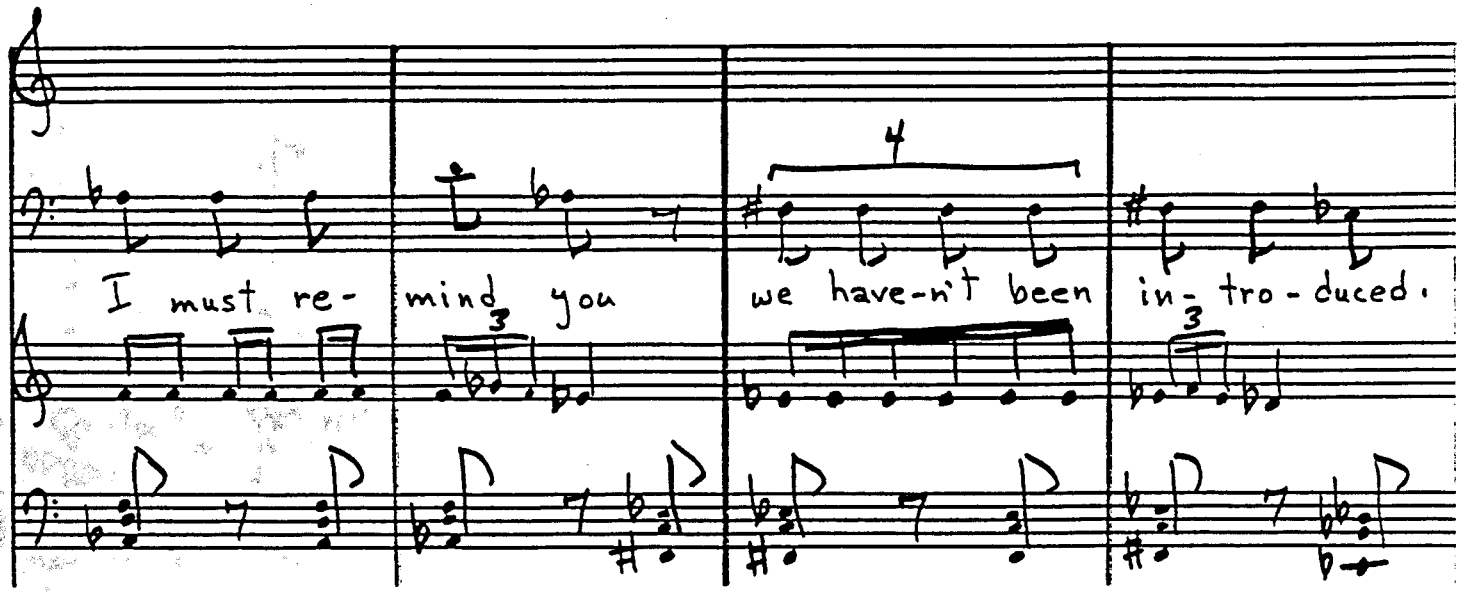


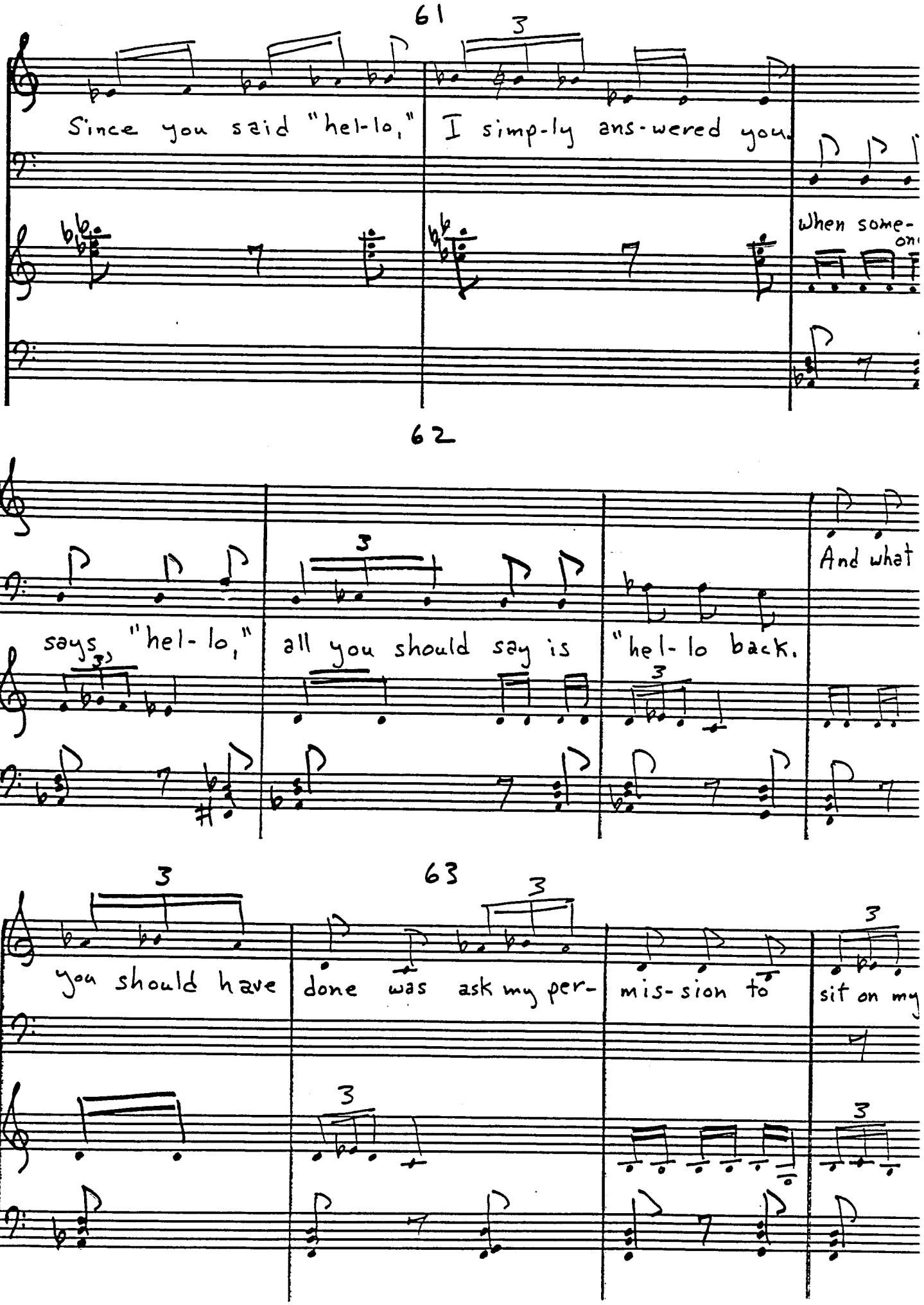
As before:
Allegro

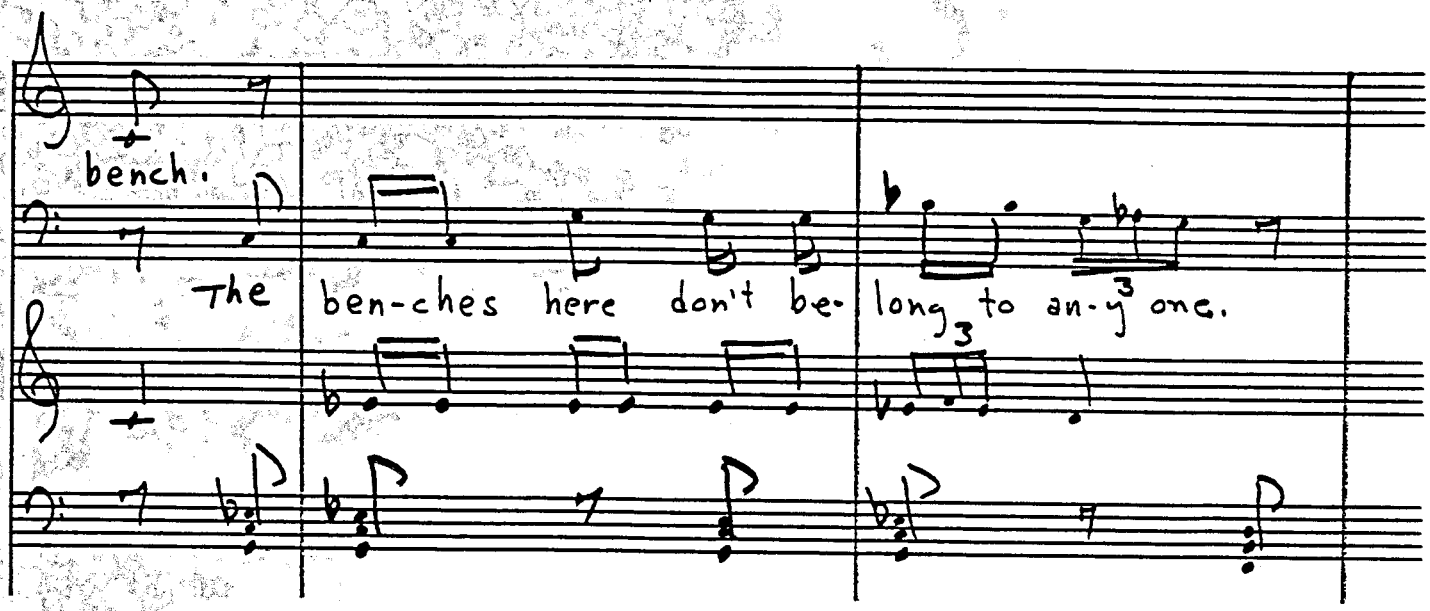
59



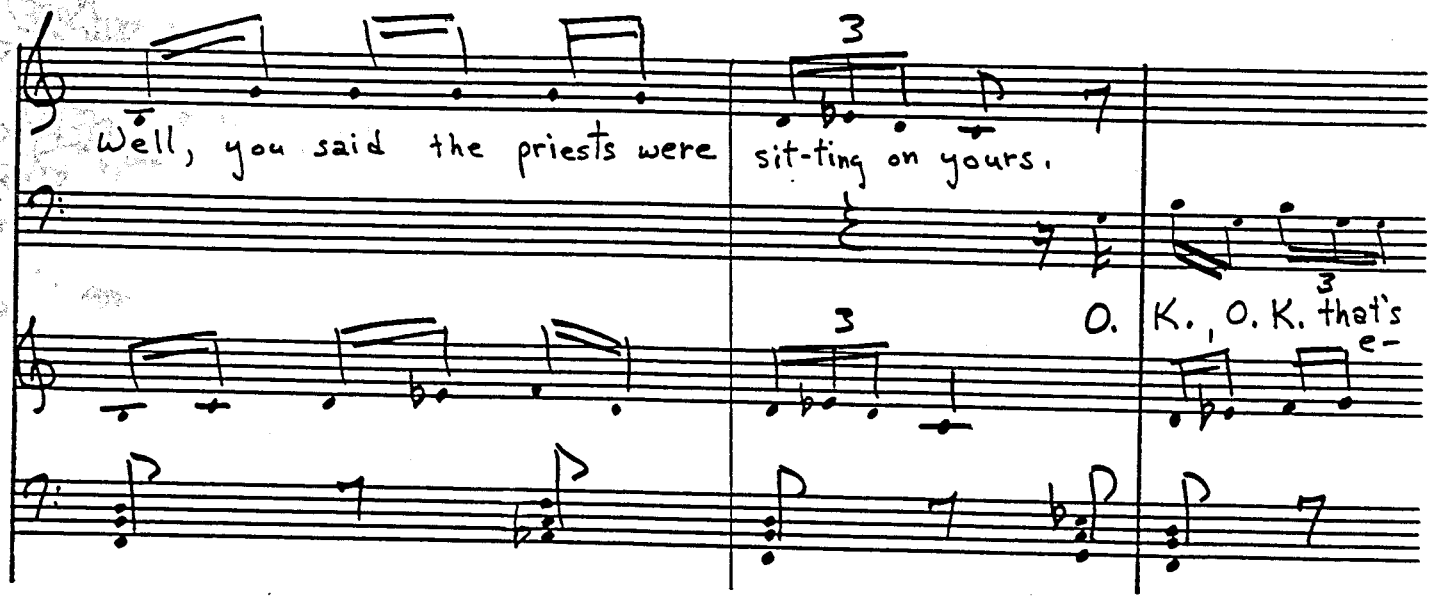
60



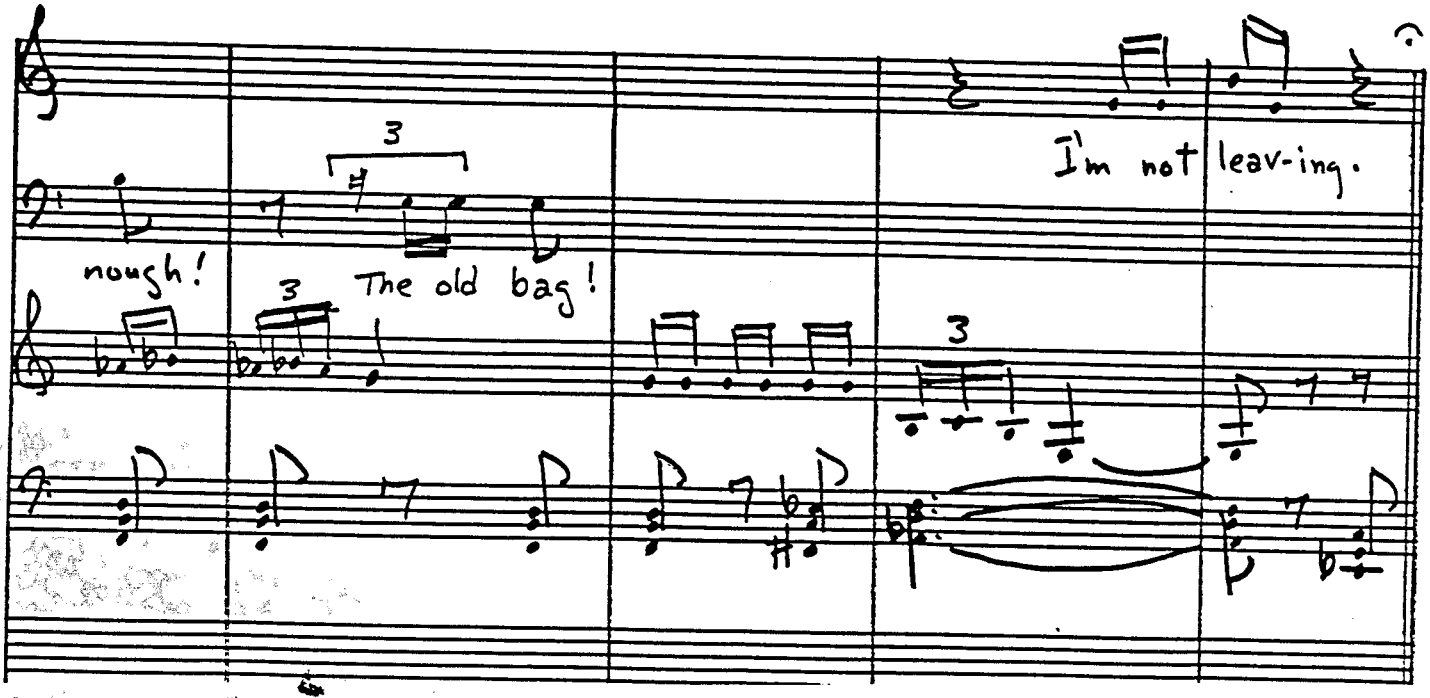

61
Since you said "hel-lo," I simp-ly ans-wered you.
When some-
62
says "hel-lo," all you should say is "hel-lo back.
And what
63
you should have done was ask my per- mis-sion to
sit on my

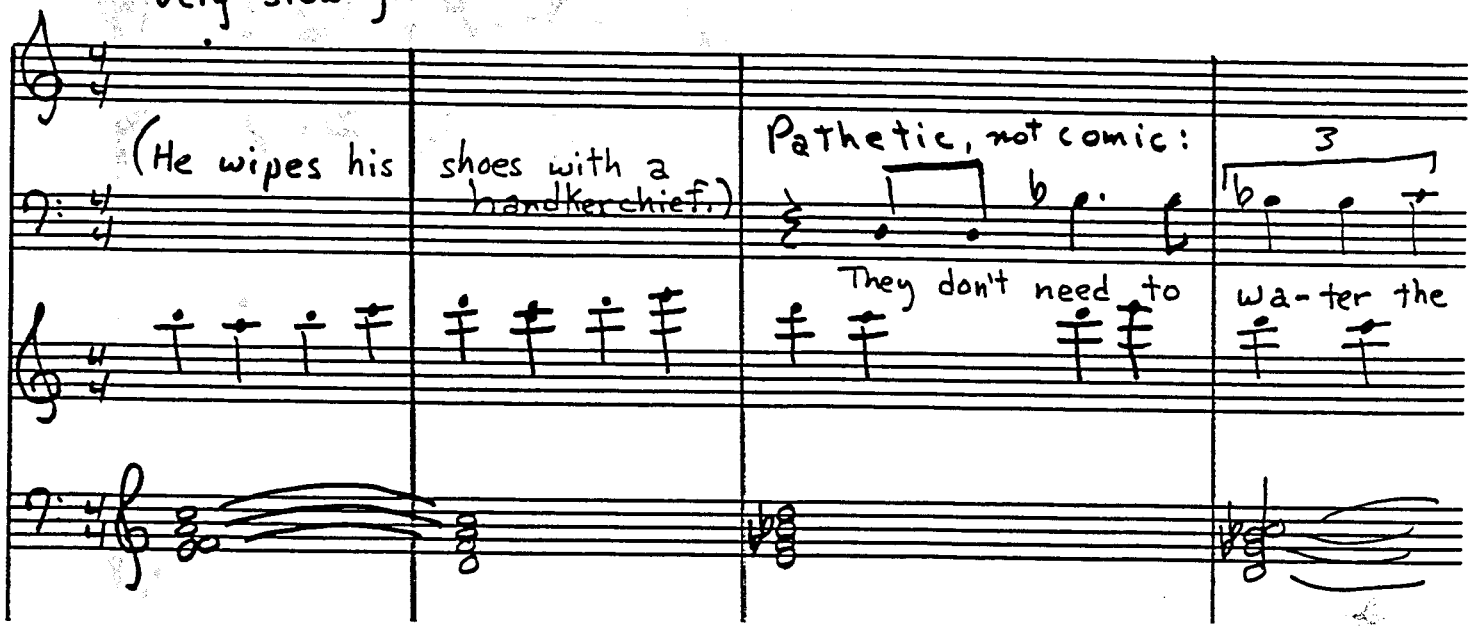

bench.
The ben-ches here don't be- long to an-y one.

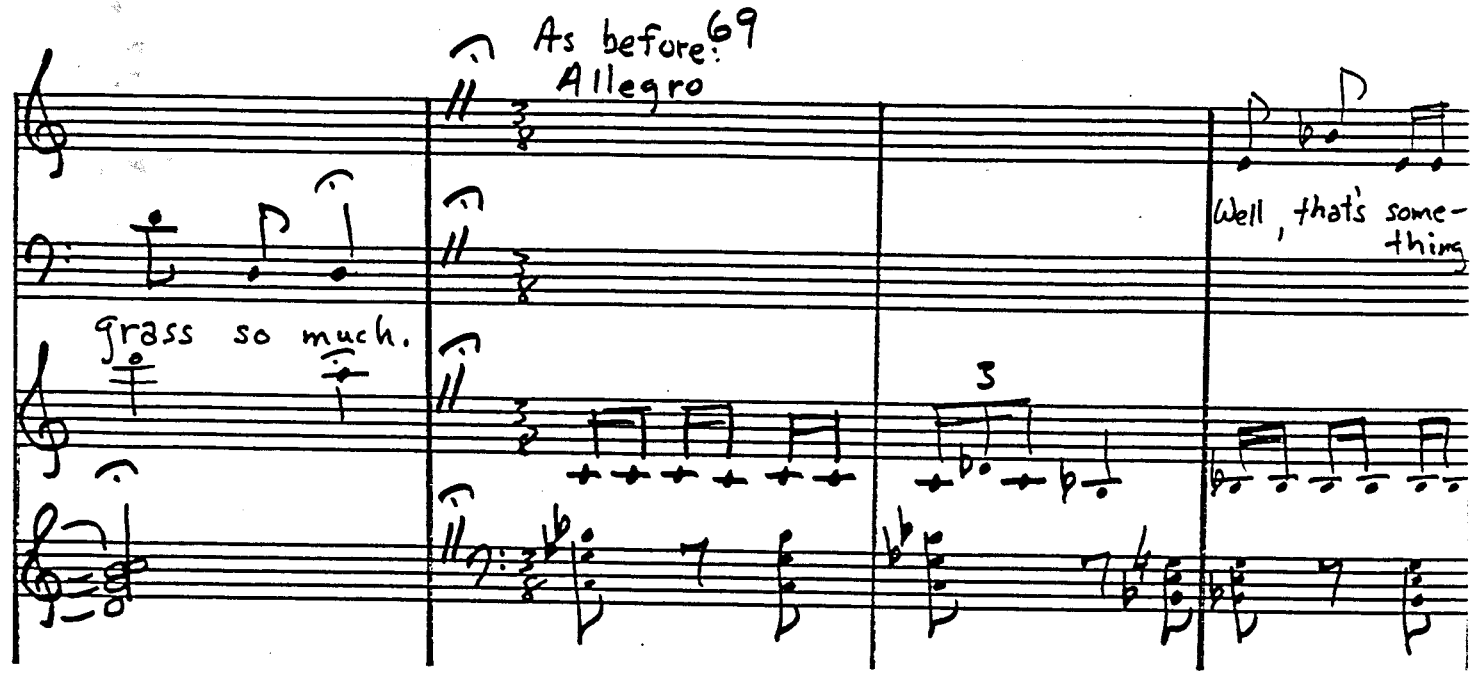
66


Well, you said the priests were sit-ting on yours.
O. K., O. K. that's e-

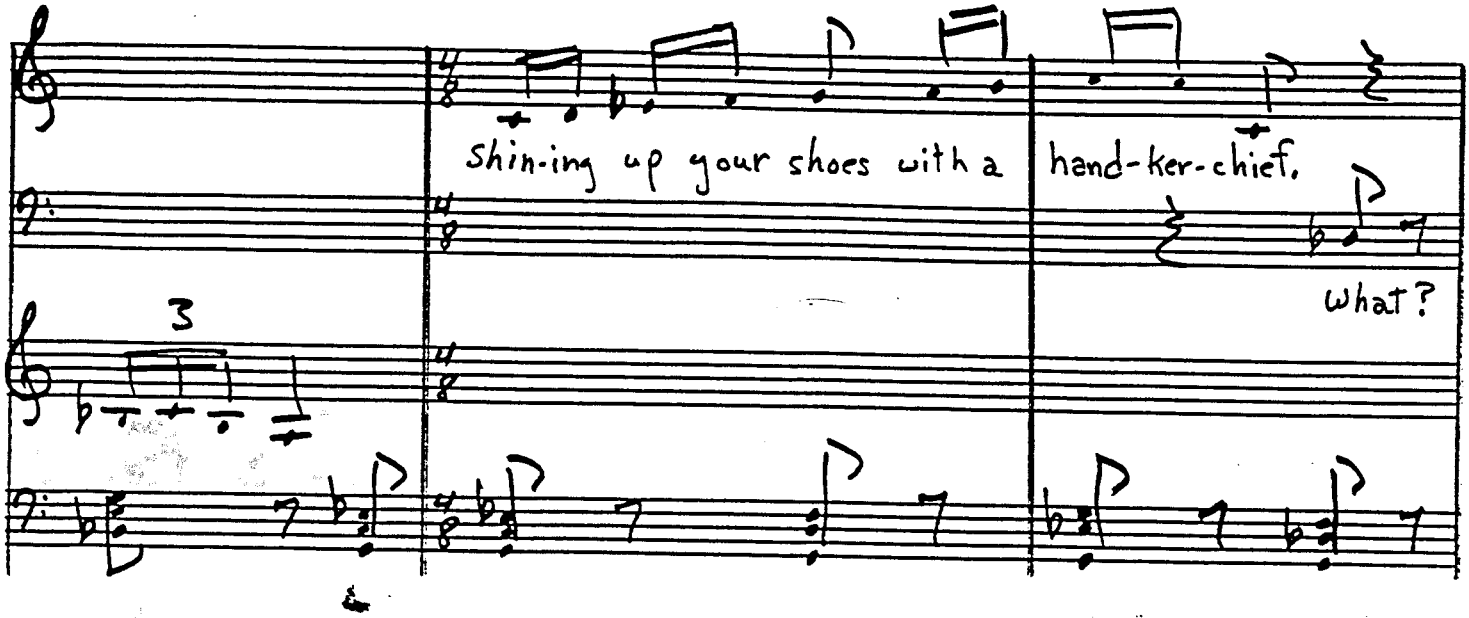
67

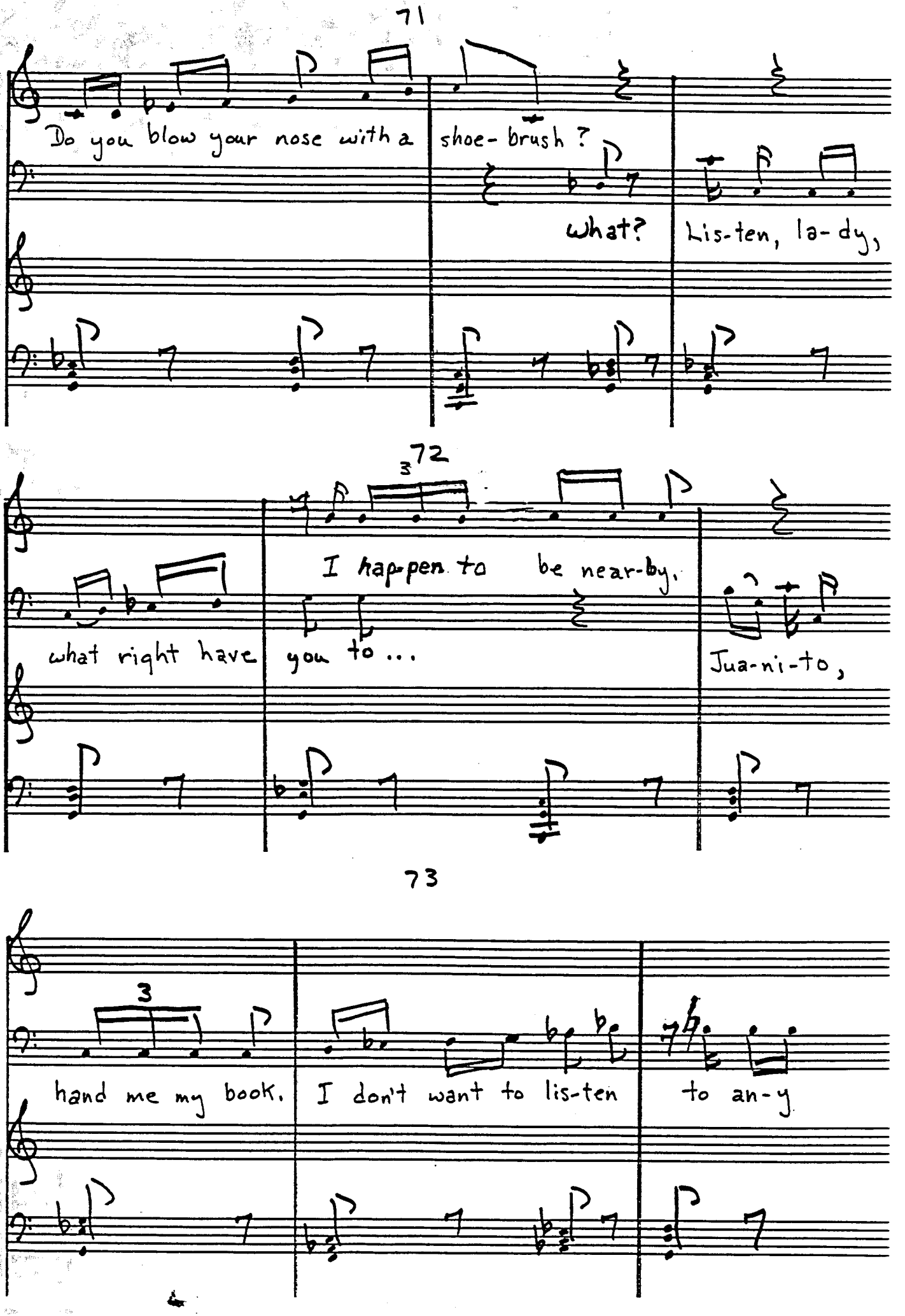

nough!
The old bag!
I'm not leav-ing.

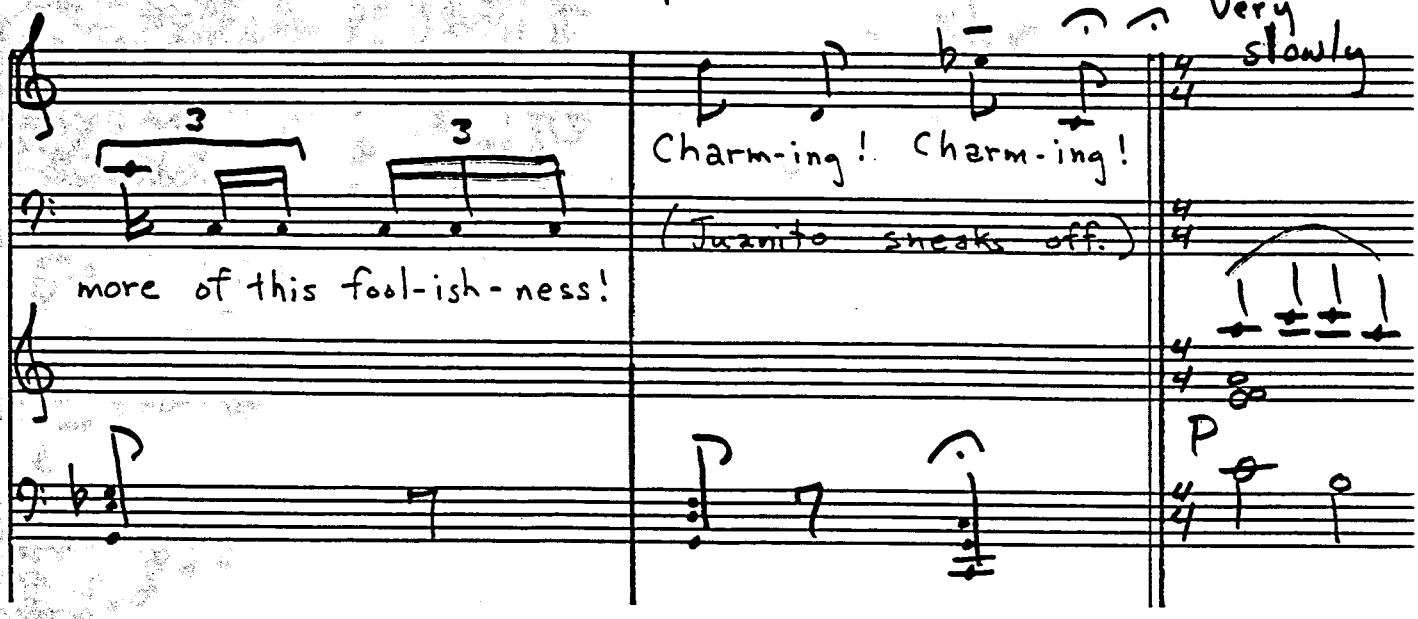

Very slowly
(He wipes his
shoes with a
handkerchief.)
Pathetic, not comic:
3
They don't need to
wa-ter the


As before: 69
Allegro
grass so much.
3
Well, that's some-
thing

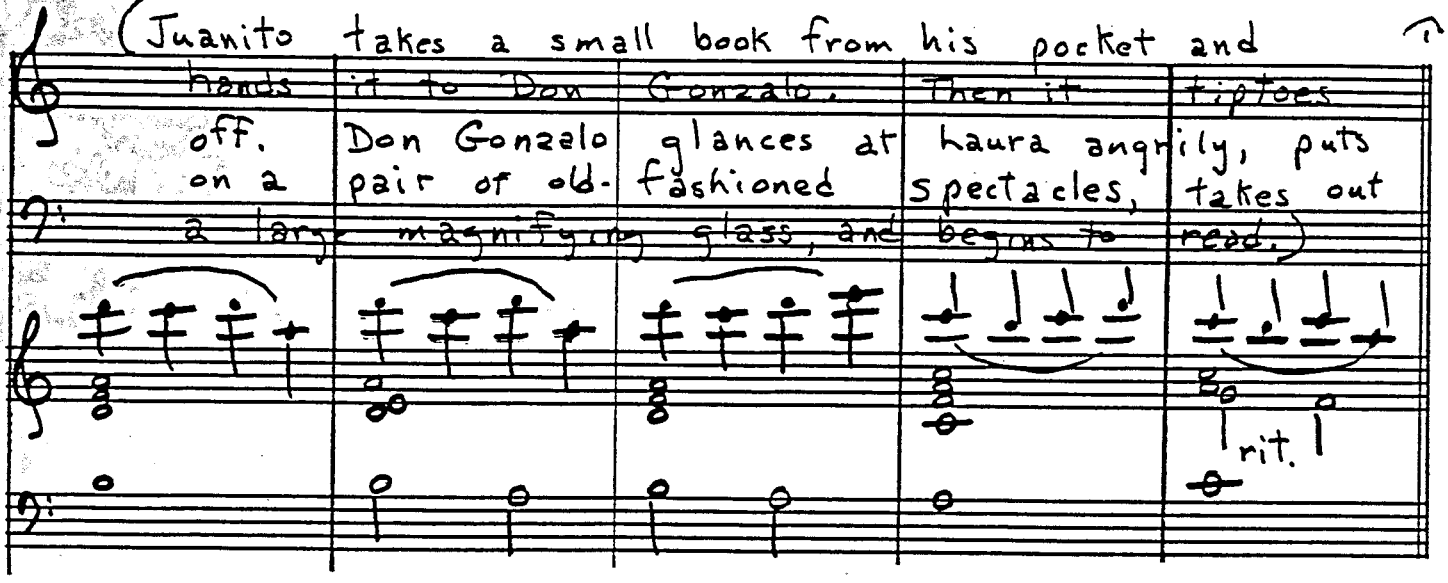
70


shin-ing up your shoes with a
hand-ker-chief.
3
what?


71
Do you blow your nose with a
shoe-brush?
what?
Lis-ten, la-dy,
72
3
I hap-pen to be near-by.
what right have
you to ...
Jua-ni-to,
73
3
hand me my book.
I don't want to lis-ten
to an-y

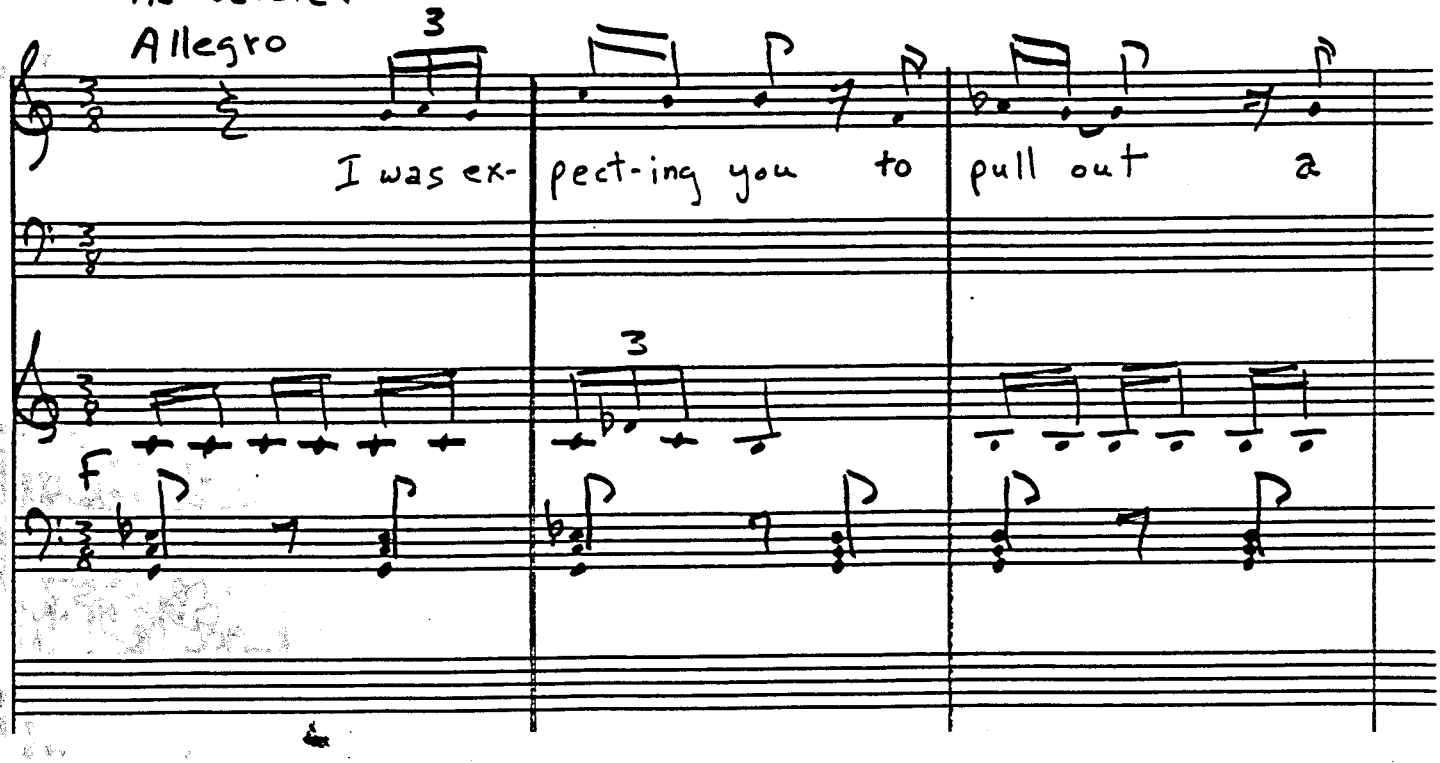


75

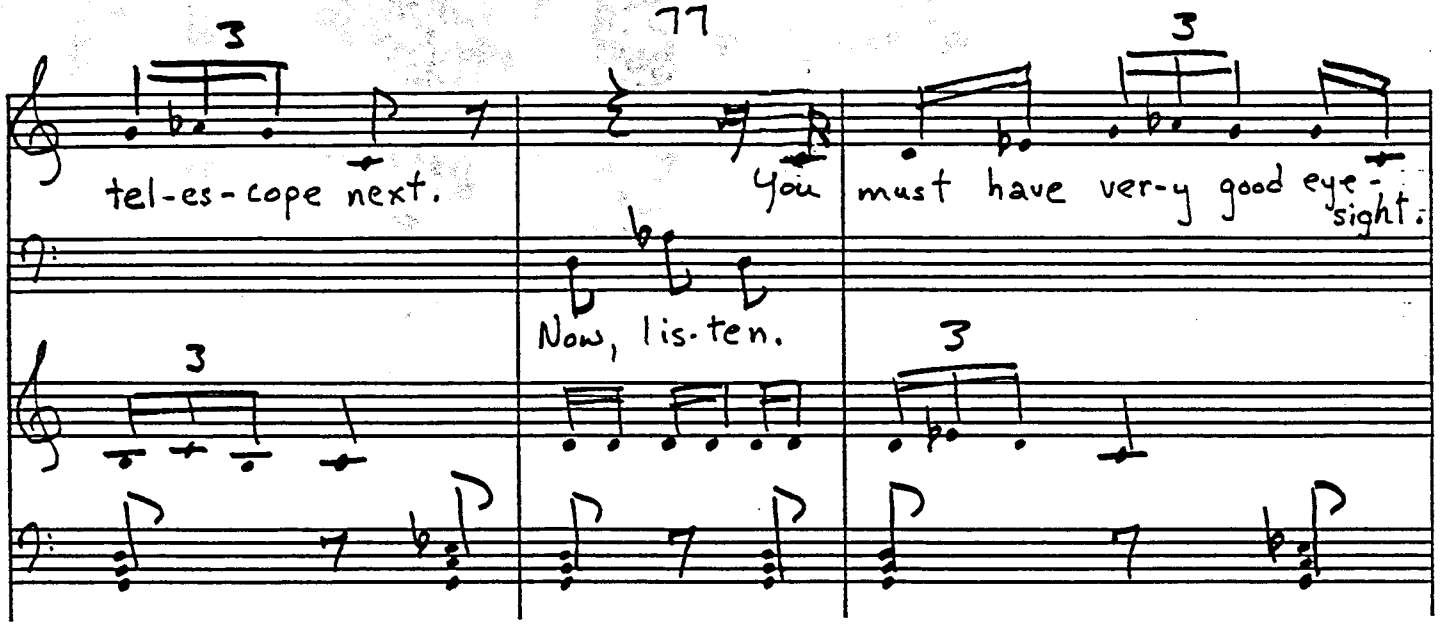


As before:

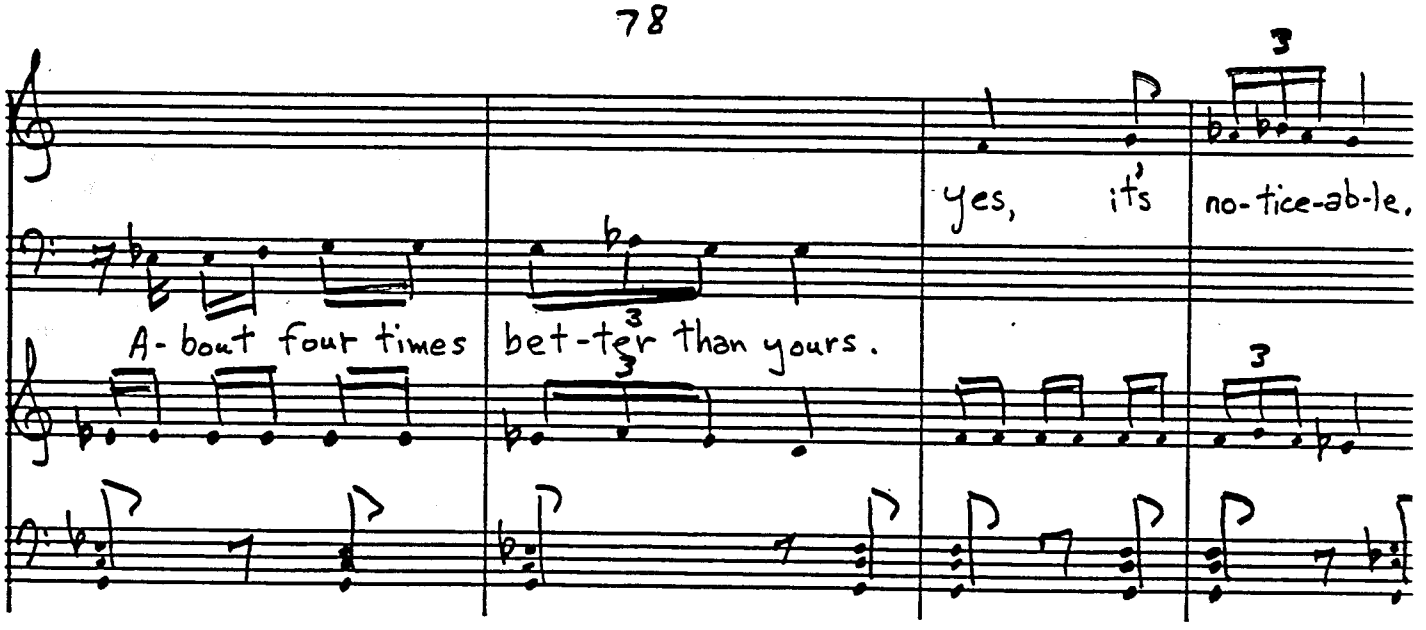
76



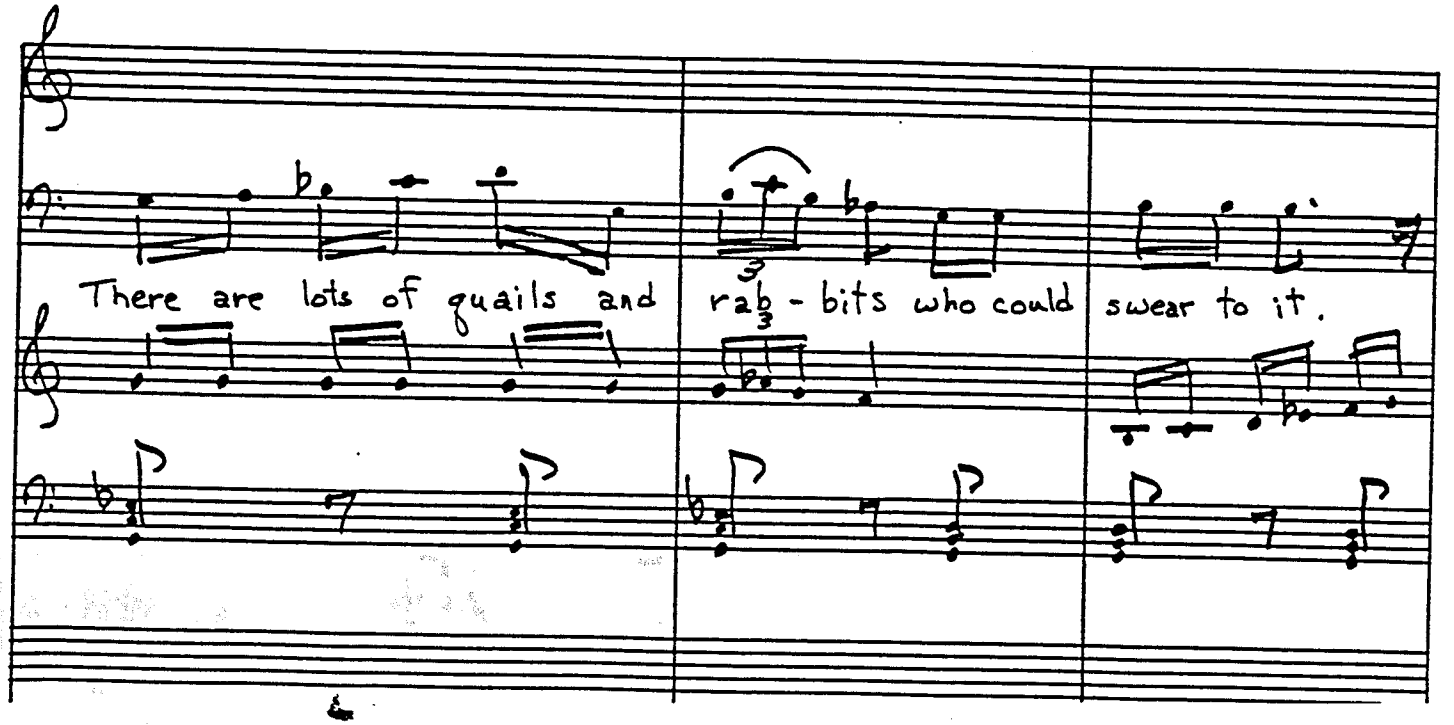
77

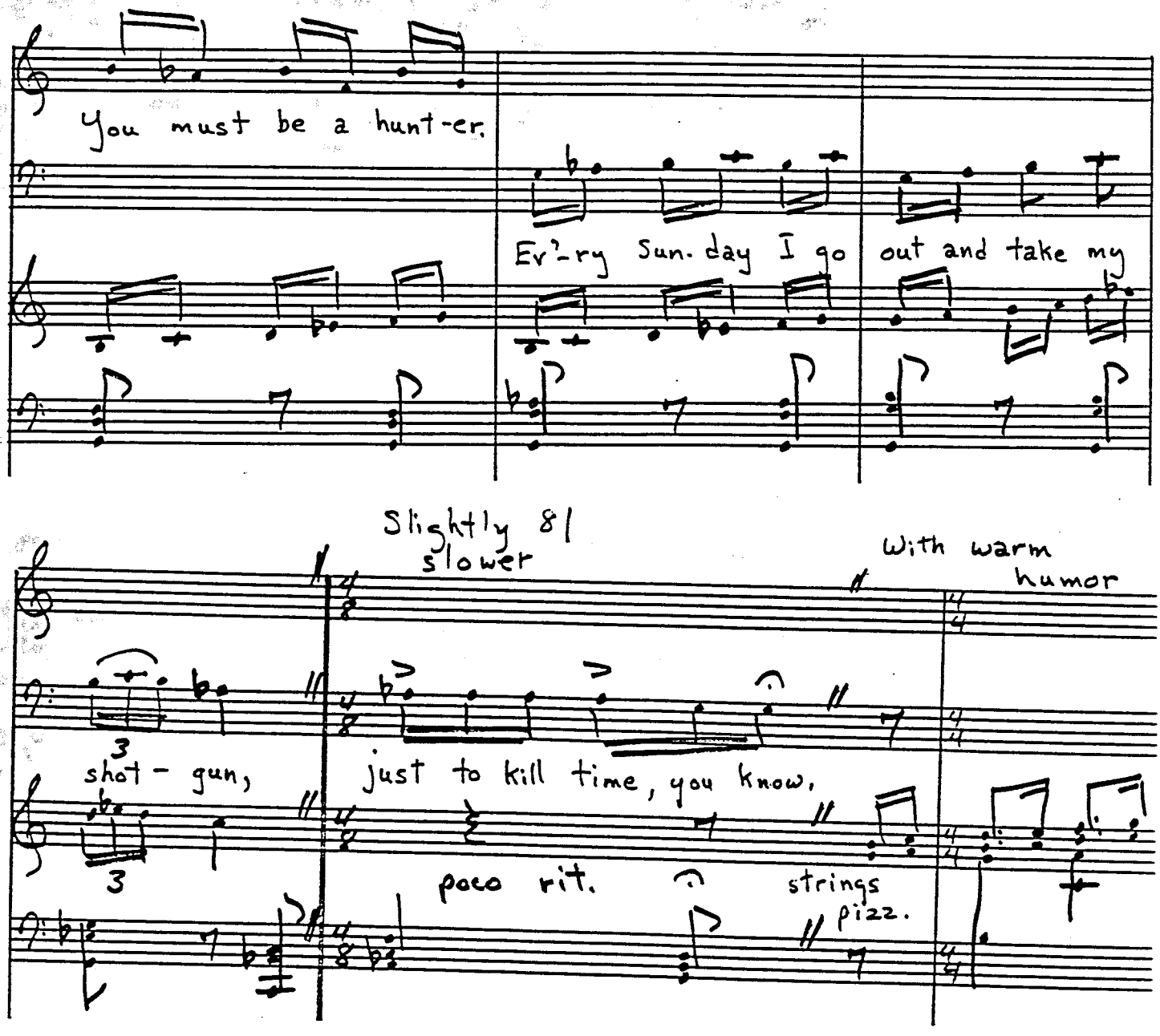

tel-es-cope next.
You must have ver-y good eye-sight.
Now, lis-ten.

78


yes, it's no-tice-ab-le.
A-bout four times bet-ter than yours.

79


There are lots of quails and rab-bits who could swear to it.


You must be a hunt-er.
Ev'-ry Sun. day I go out and take my
Slightly 81 slower
With warm humor
3
shot - gun,
3
just to kill time, you know,
poco rit.
strings pizz.
82 Parlando
senza mesura
Well, thank good-ness you just kill
lunga

time and noth-ing else.

Ve-ry well then.

84

3

Just let me read in peace. I won't both-er you on-y long-er

lunga

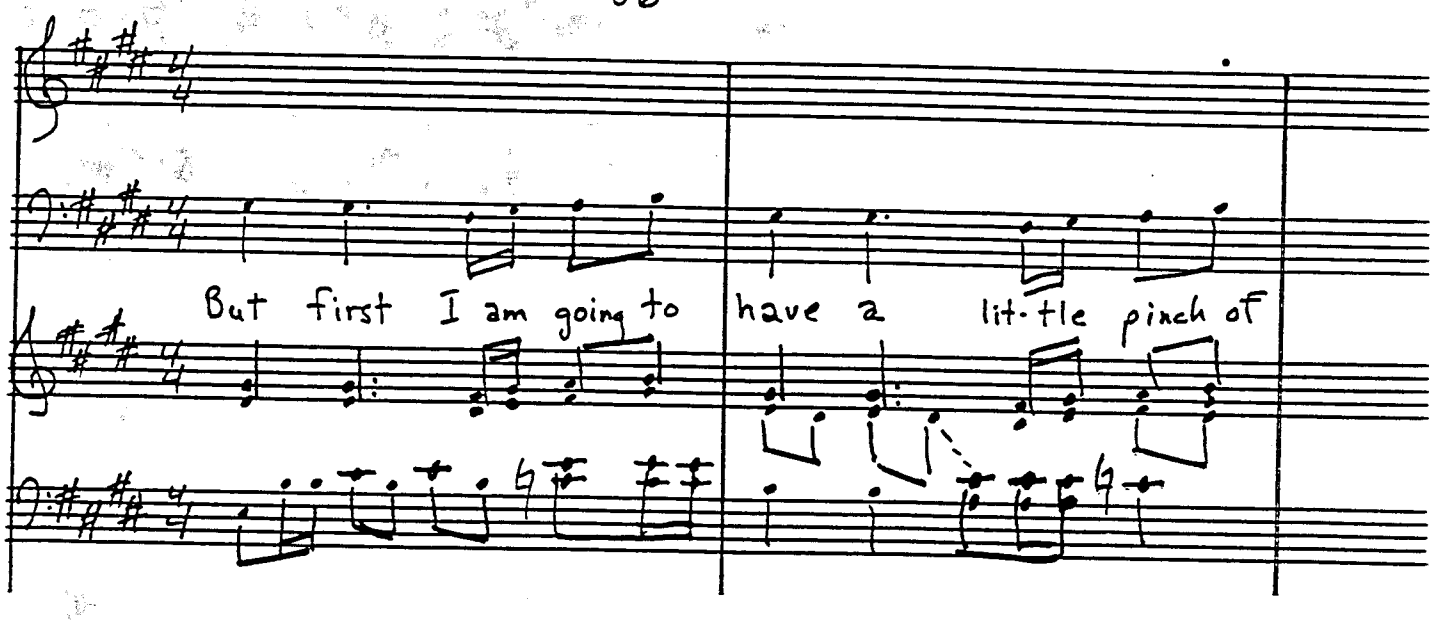
85

3

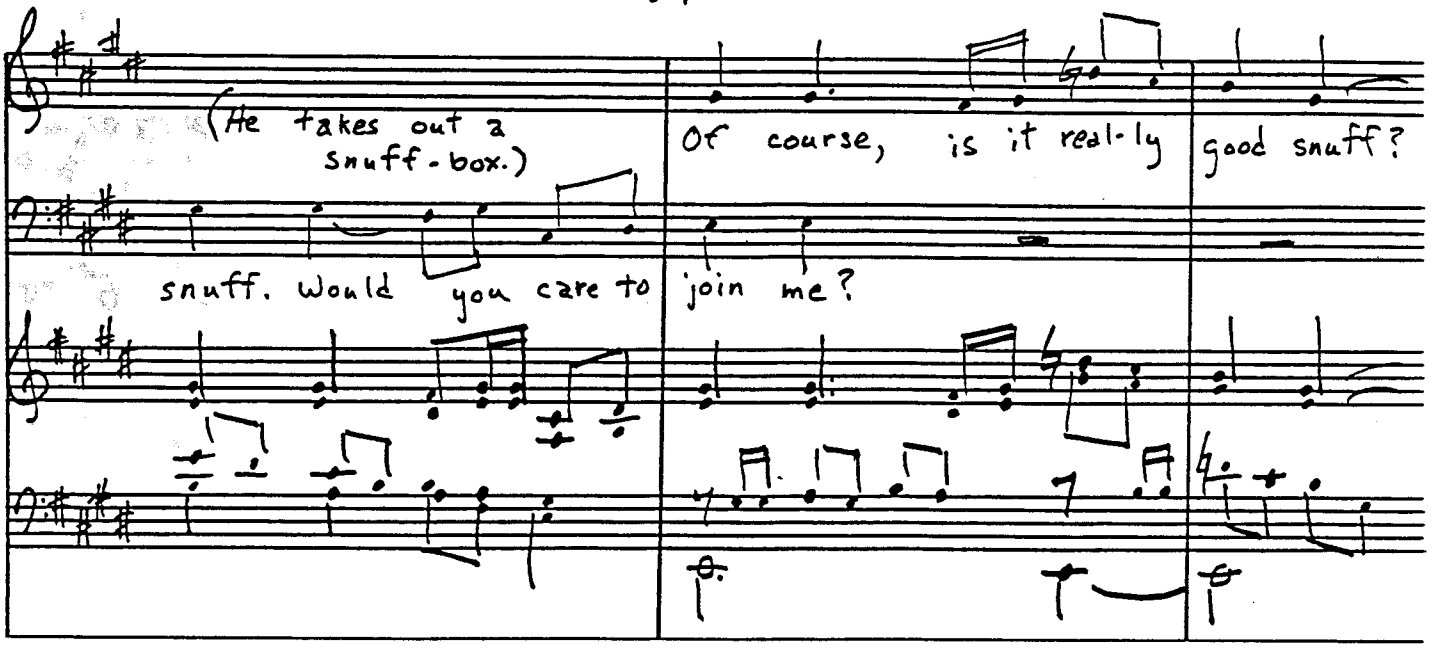
Fine, if that's what you want.

mp

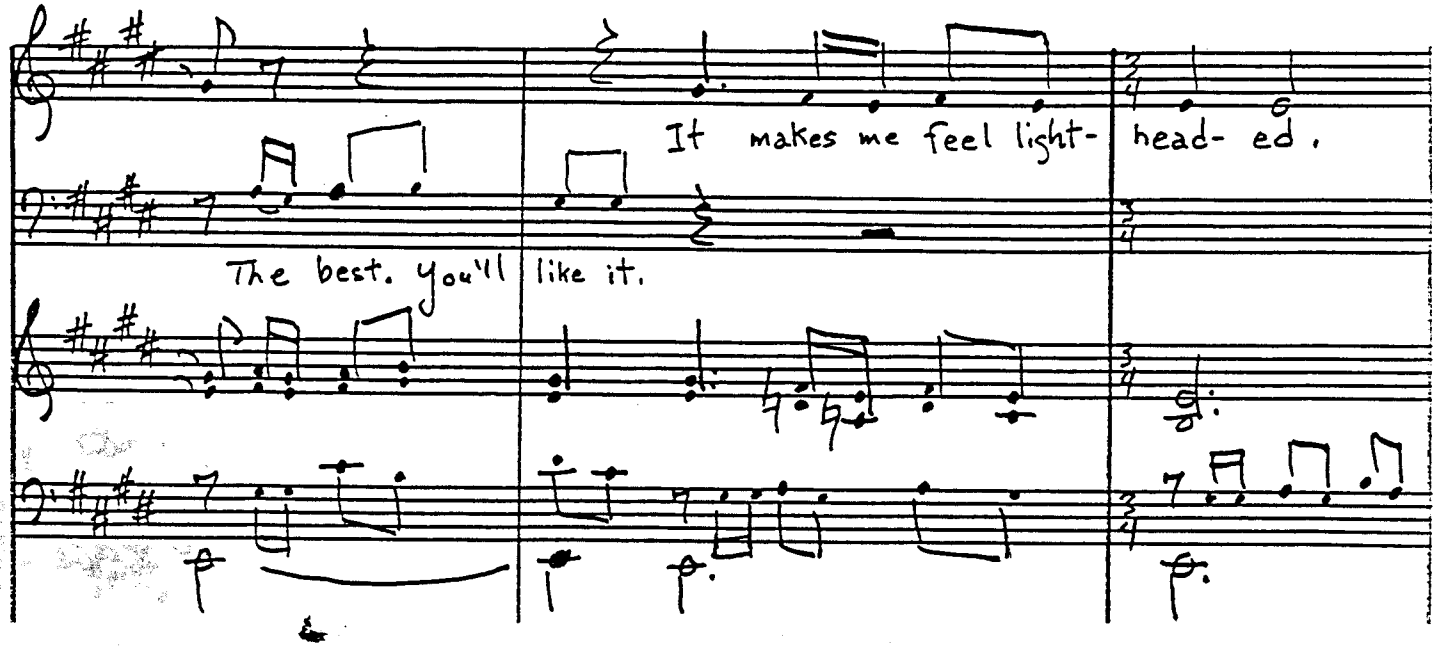
86


But first I am going to
have a lit-tle pinch of

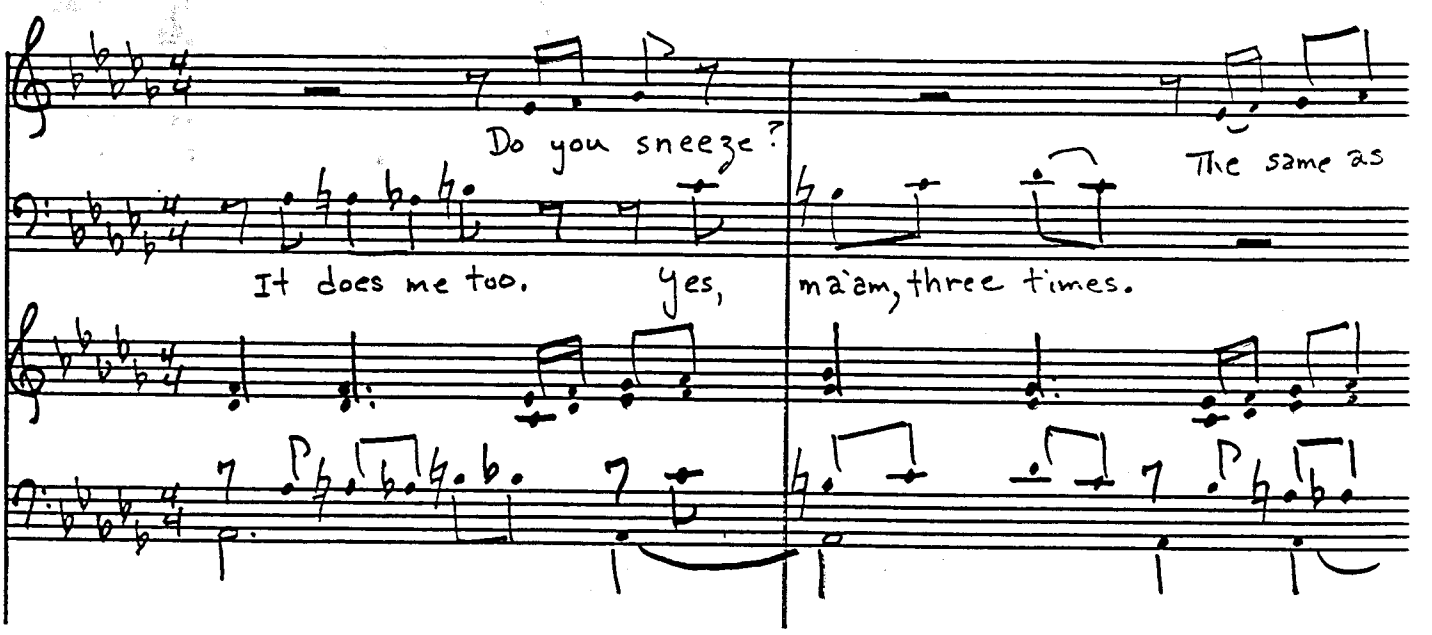
87


(He takes out a snuff-box.)
snuff. Would you care to
Of course, is it real-ly
good snuff?
join me?

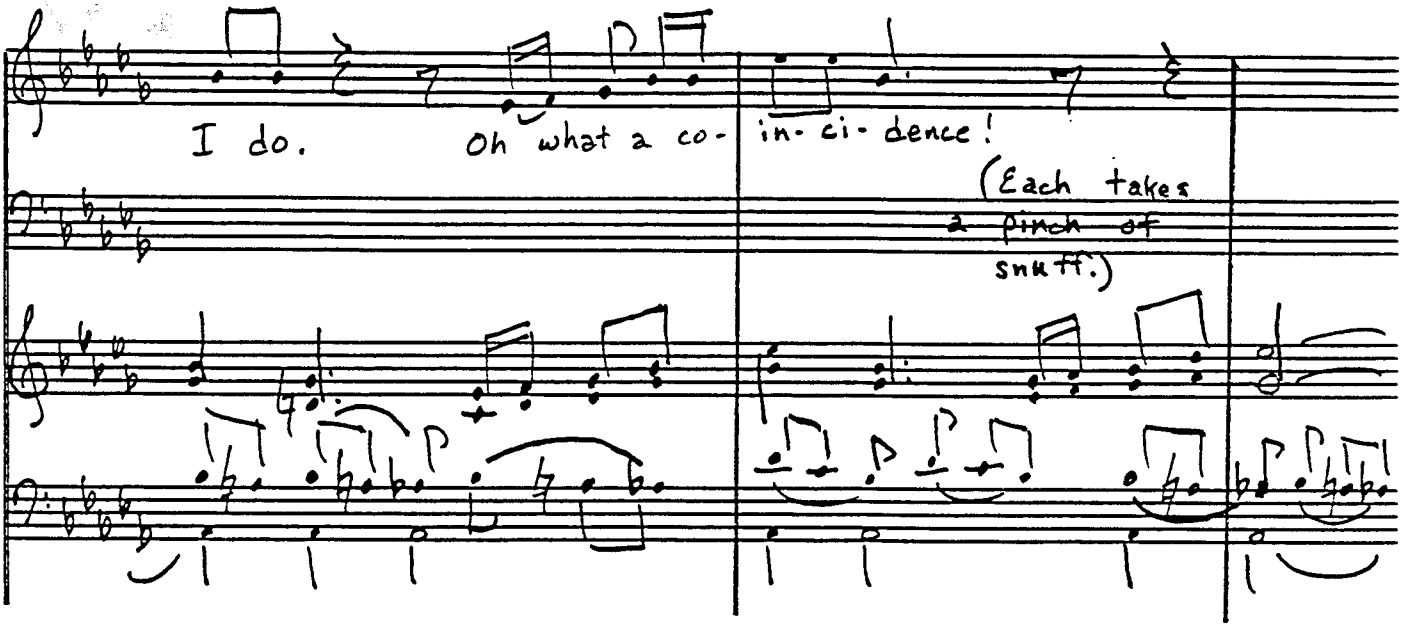
88


It makes me feel light-
head-ed.
The best. You'll
like it.

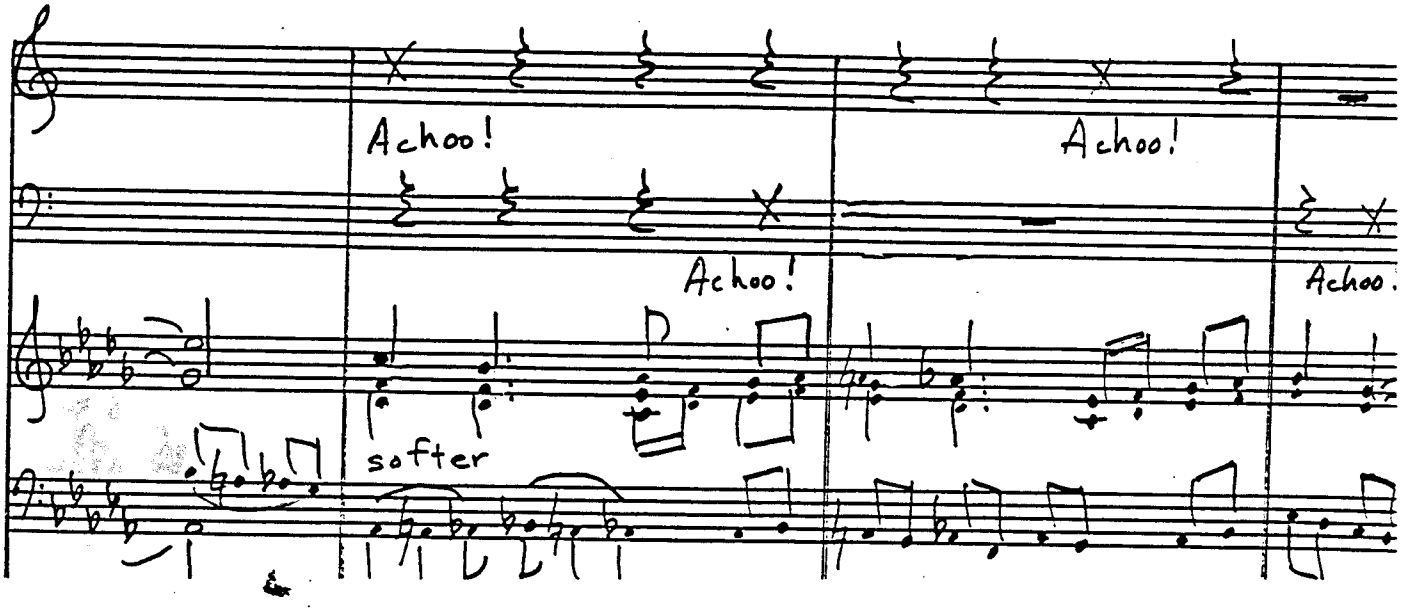
89


Do you sneeze?
The same as
It does me too.
yes,
ma'am, three times.

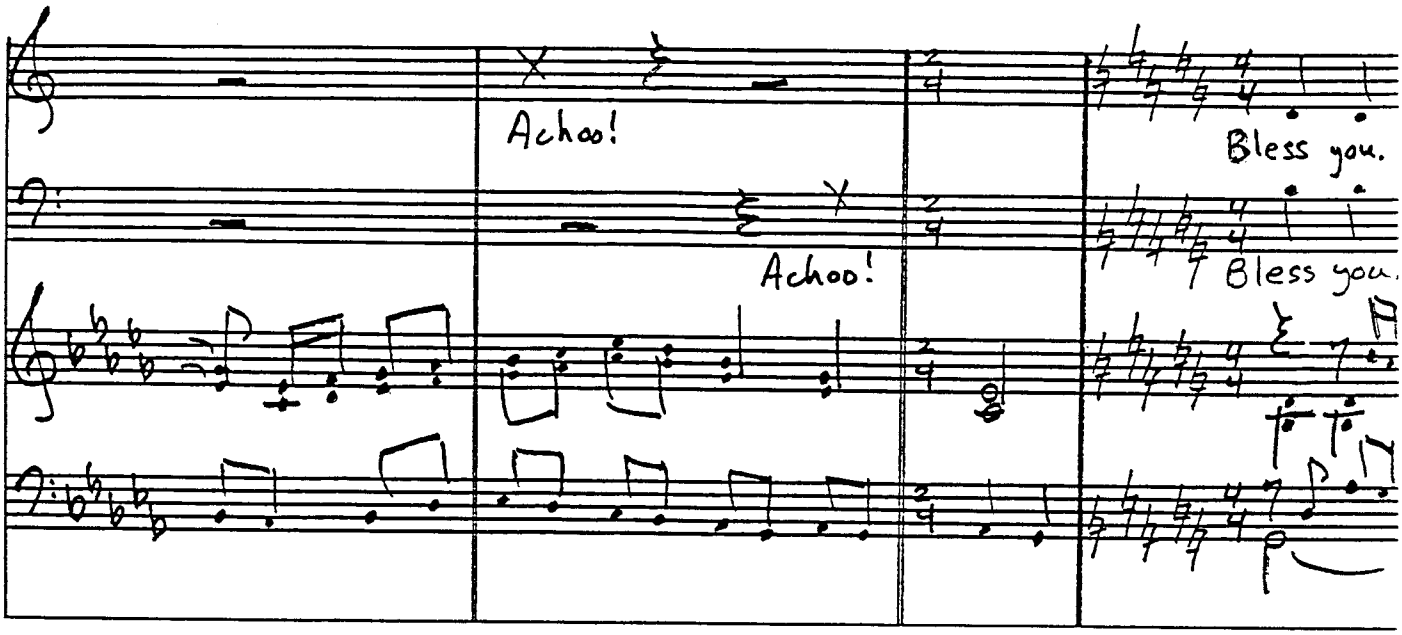
90


I do.
Oh what a co-
in-ci-dence!
(Each takes
a pinch of
snuff.)

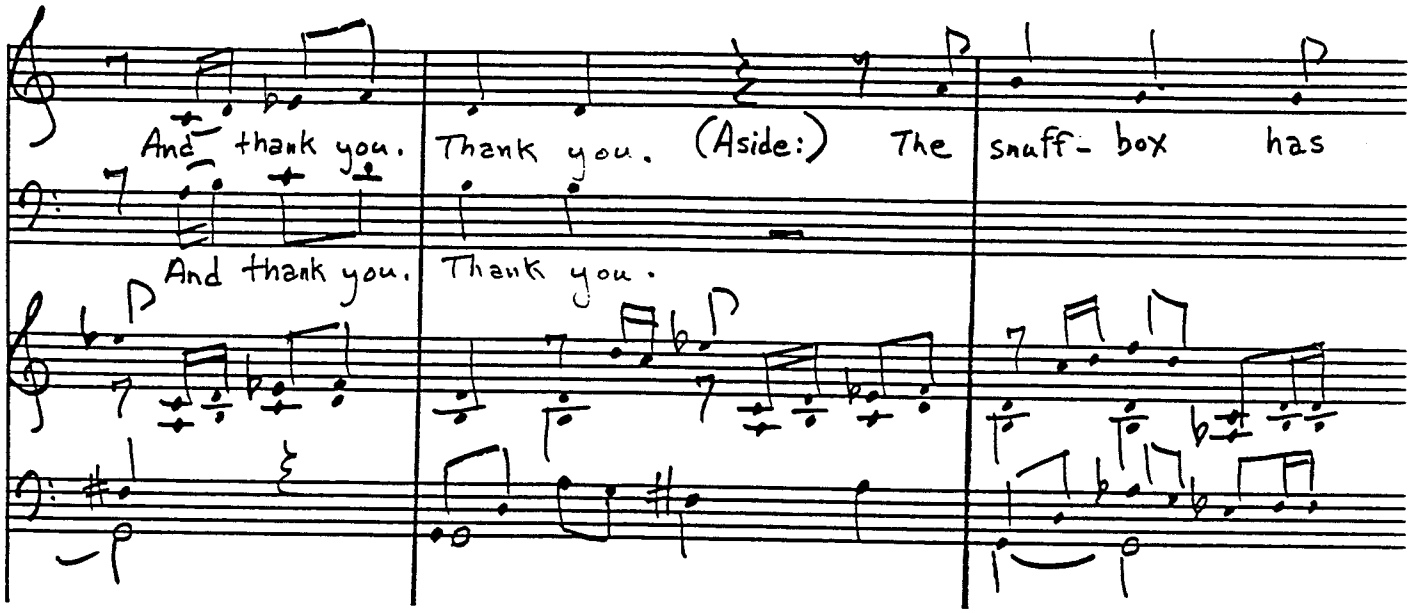
91


Achoo!
Achoo!
Achoo!
Achoo.
softer

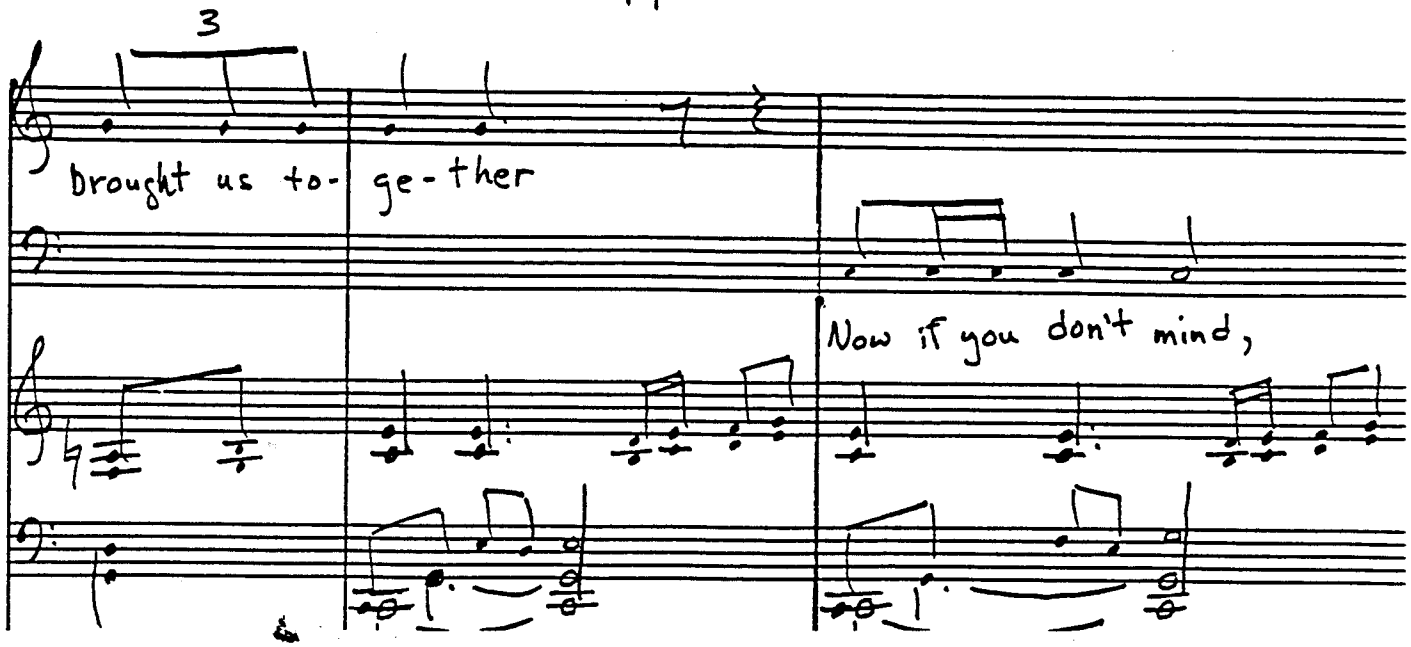
92

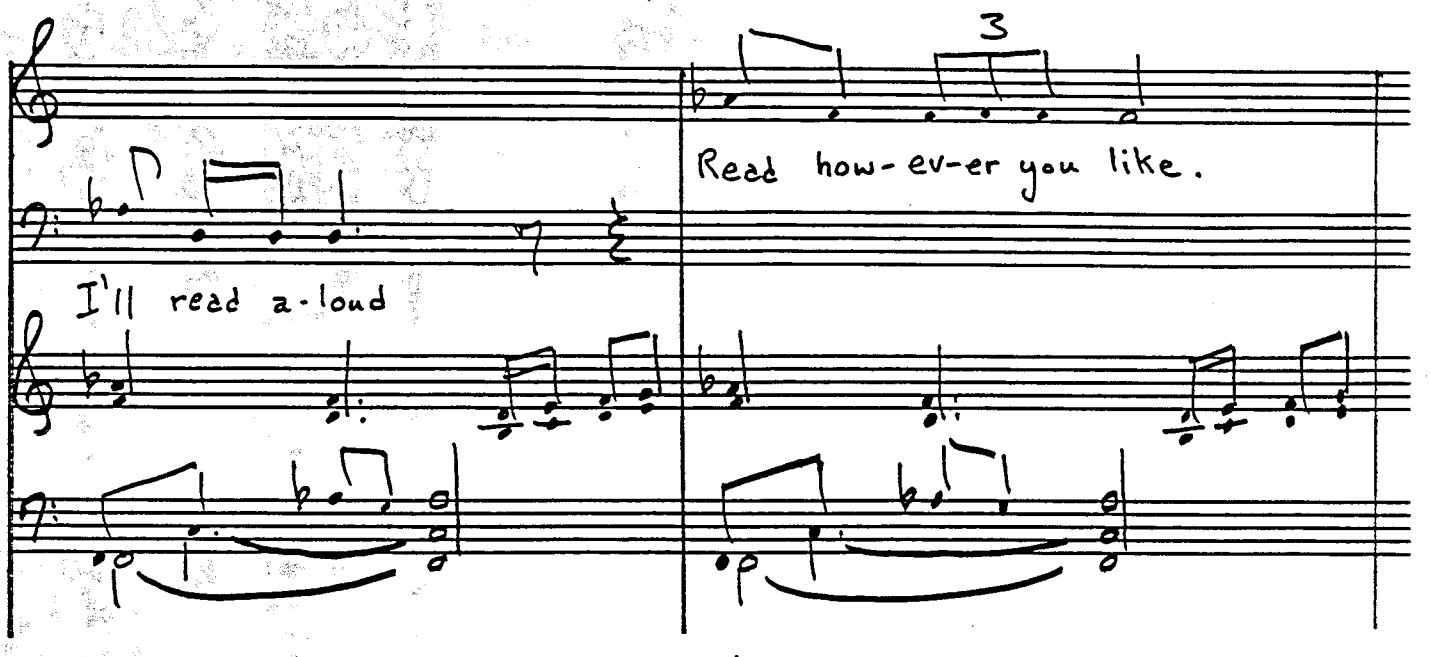

Achoo!
Bless you.
Achoo!
Bless you.

93

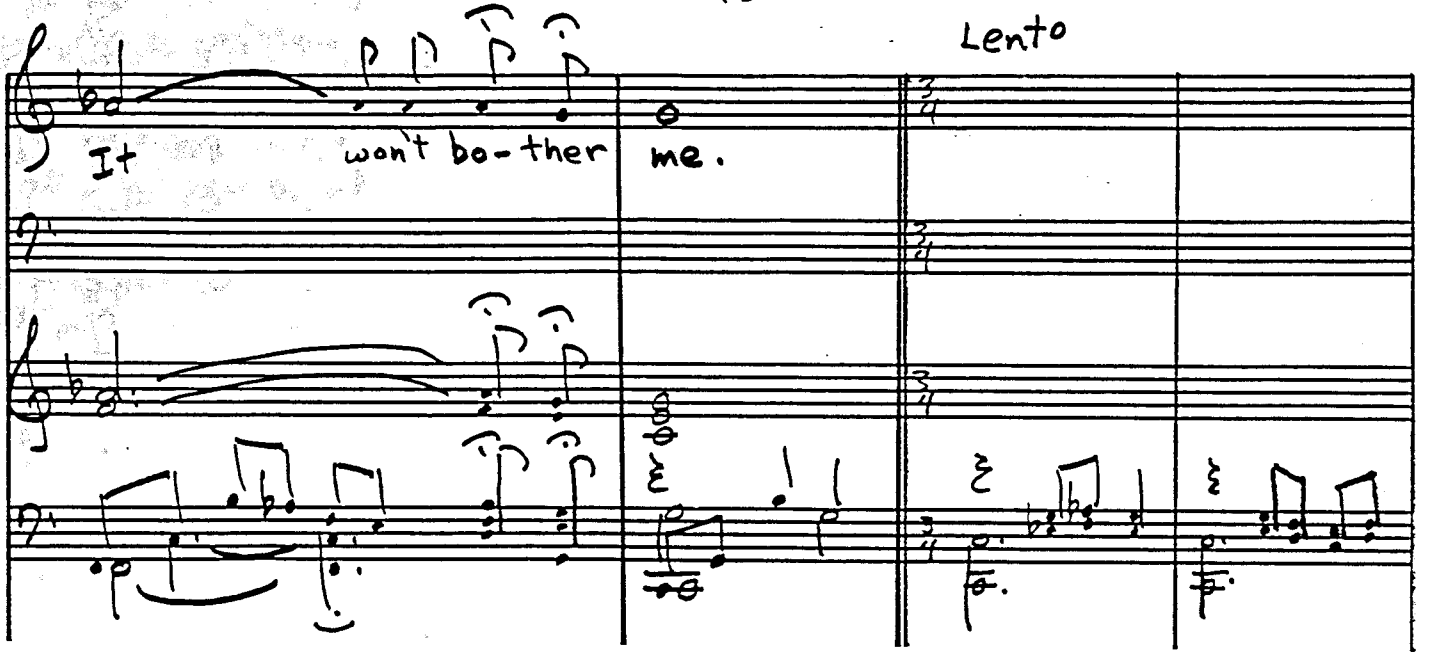

And thank you.
Thank you. (Aside:) The snuff- box has
And thank you.
Thank you.

94

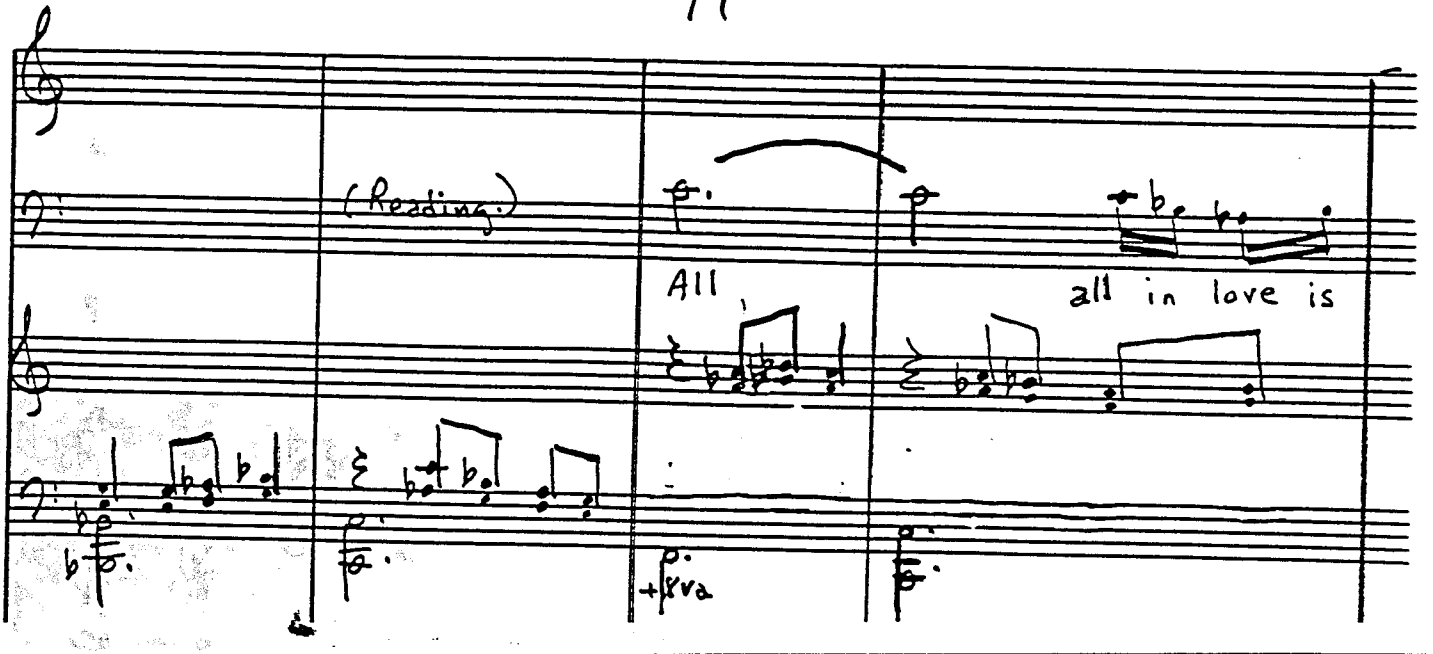

3
brought us to- ge-ther
Now if you don't mind,

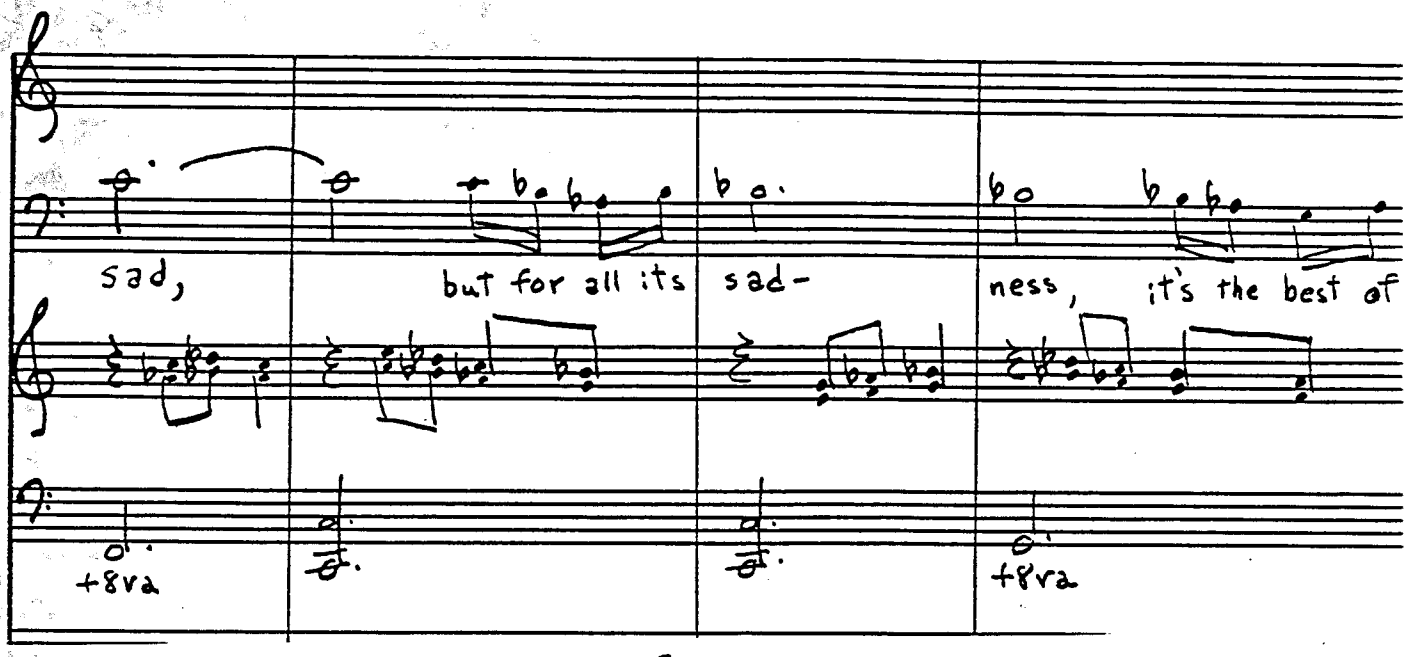

3
I'll read a-loud
Read how-ev-er you like.

96

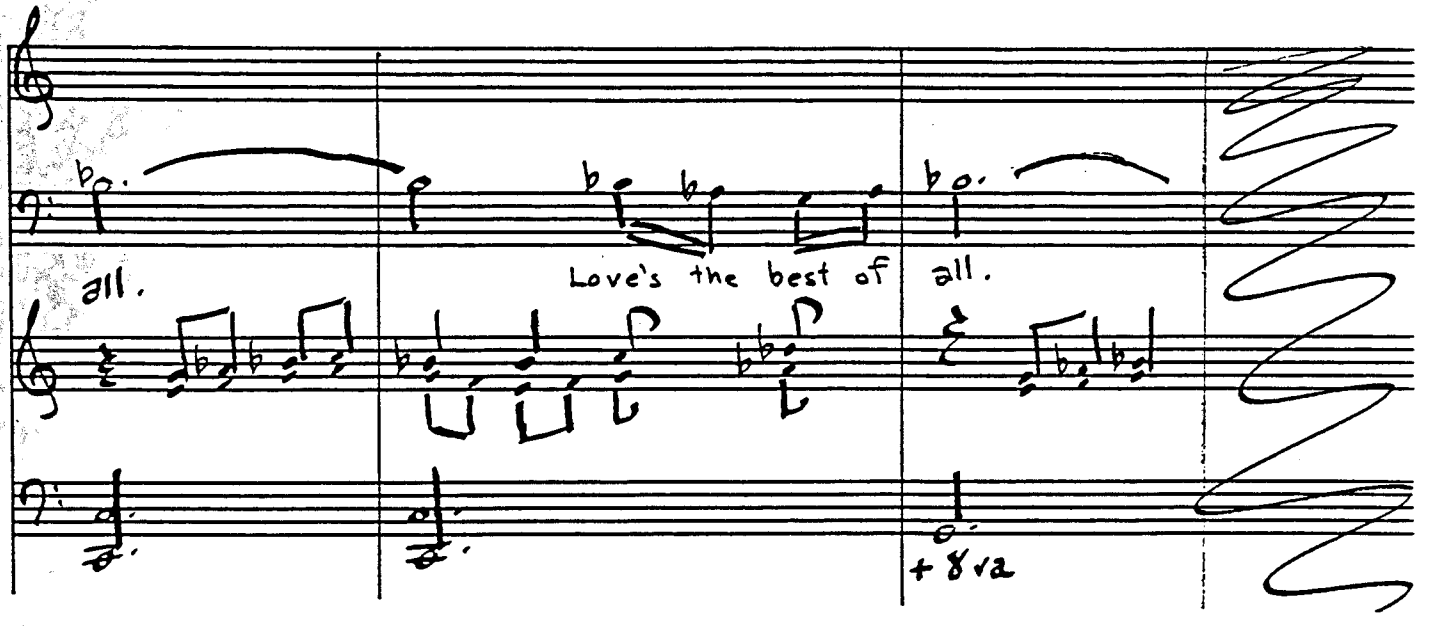

Lento
It
won't bo-ther
me.

97

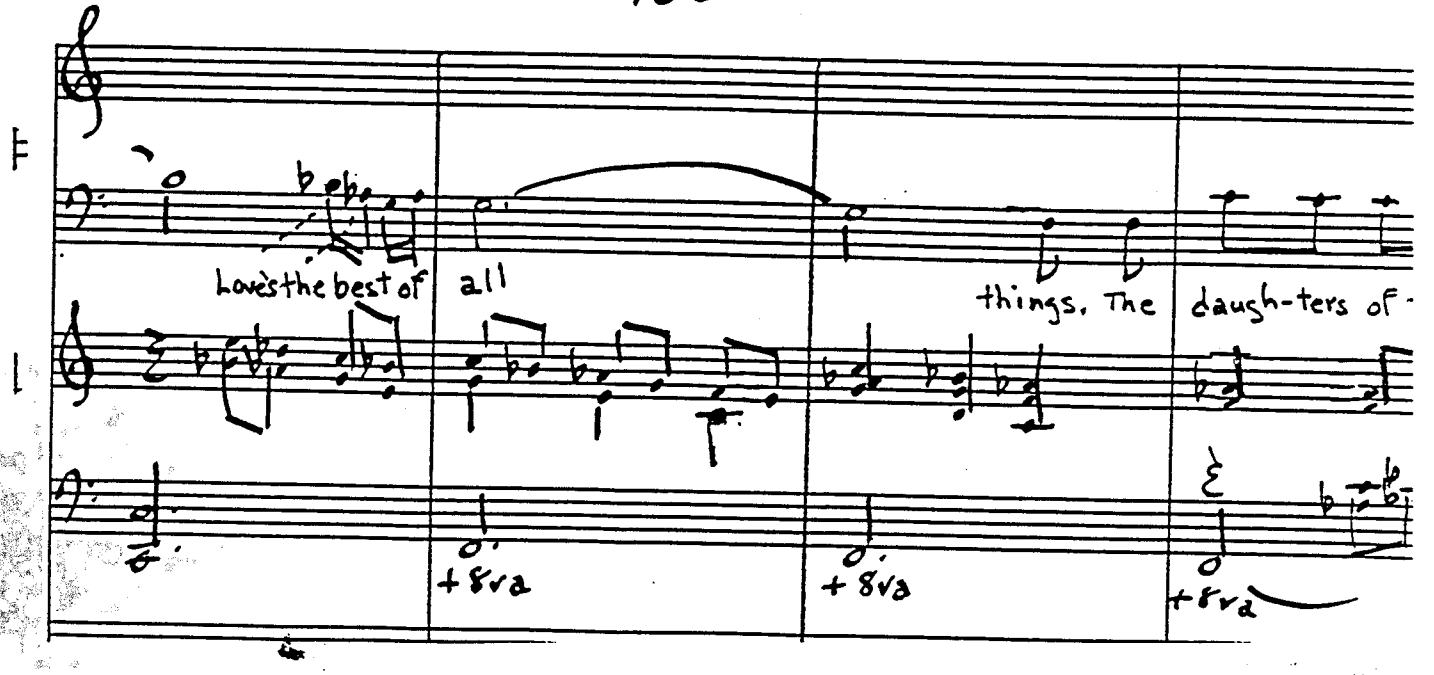

(Reading:)
All
all in love is
+8va

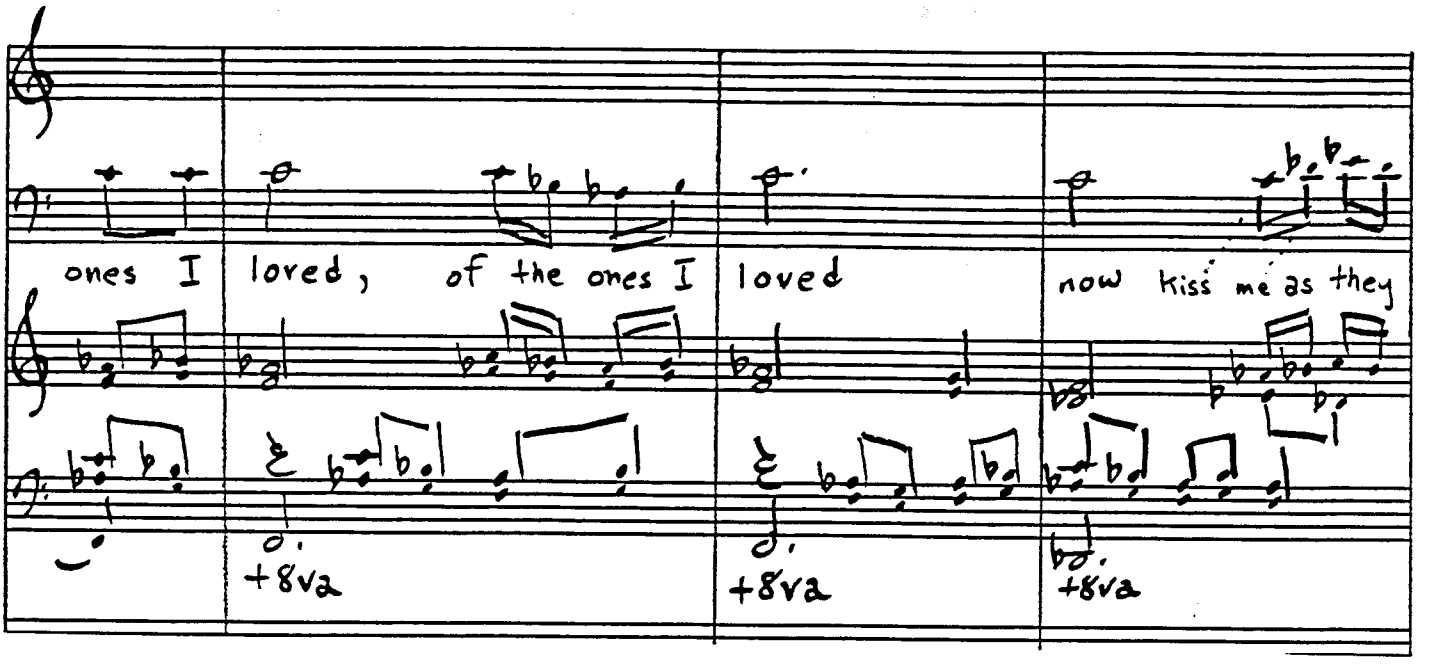

sad,
but for all its sad-
ness,
it's the best of
+8va
+8va

99

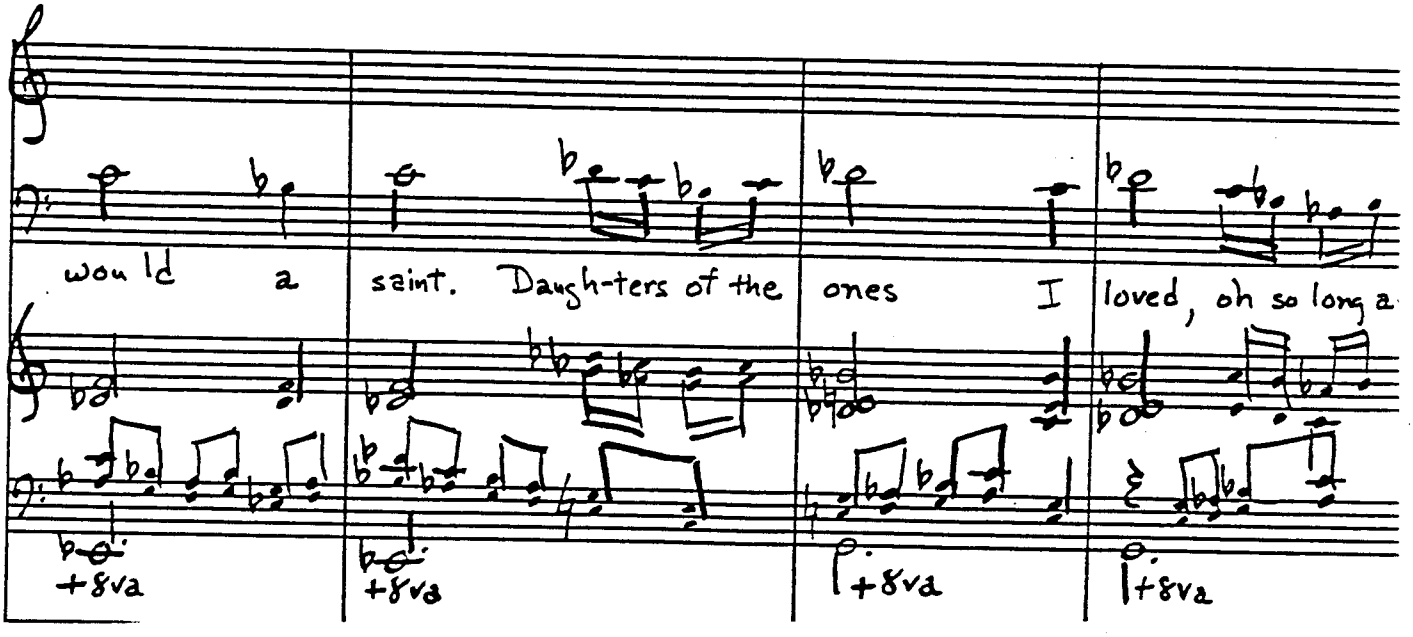

all.
Love's the best of
all.
+8va

100

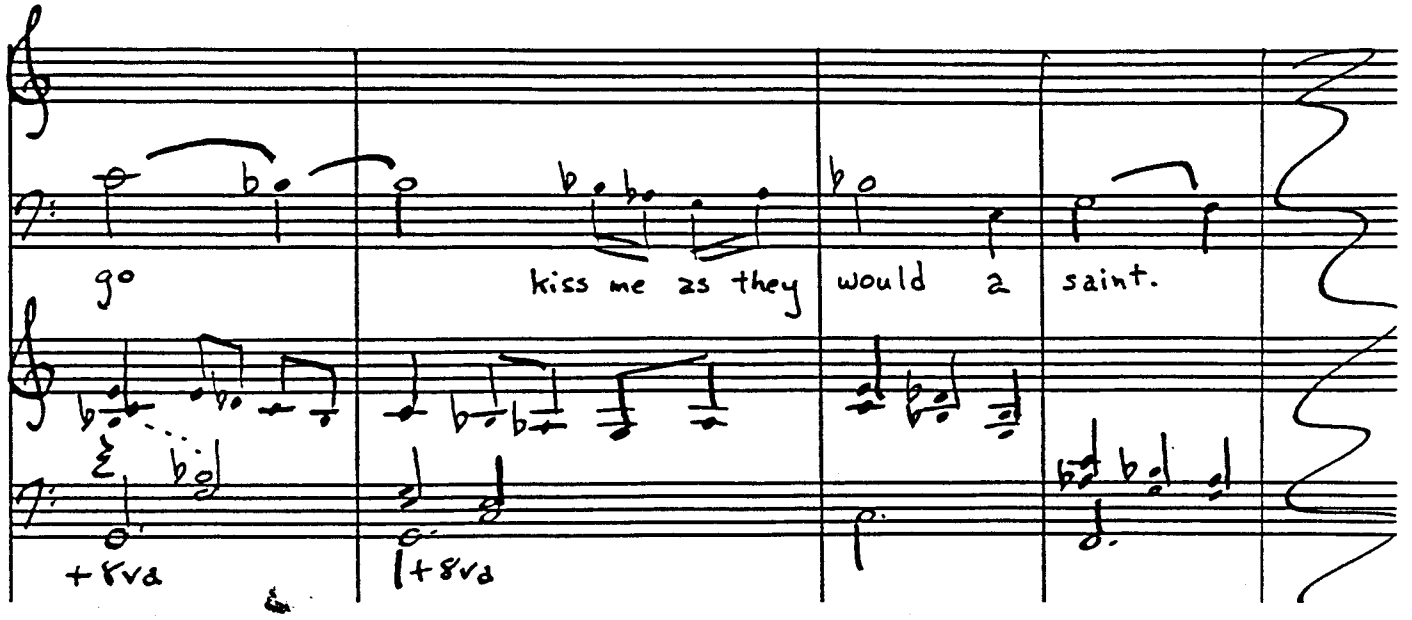

F
I
Love's the best of
all
things. The
daugh-ters of
+8va
+8va
+8va

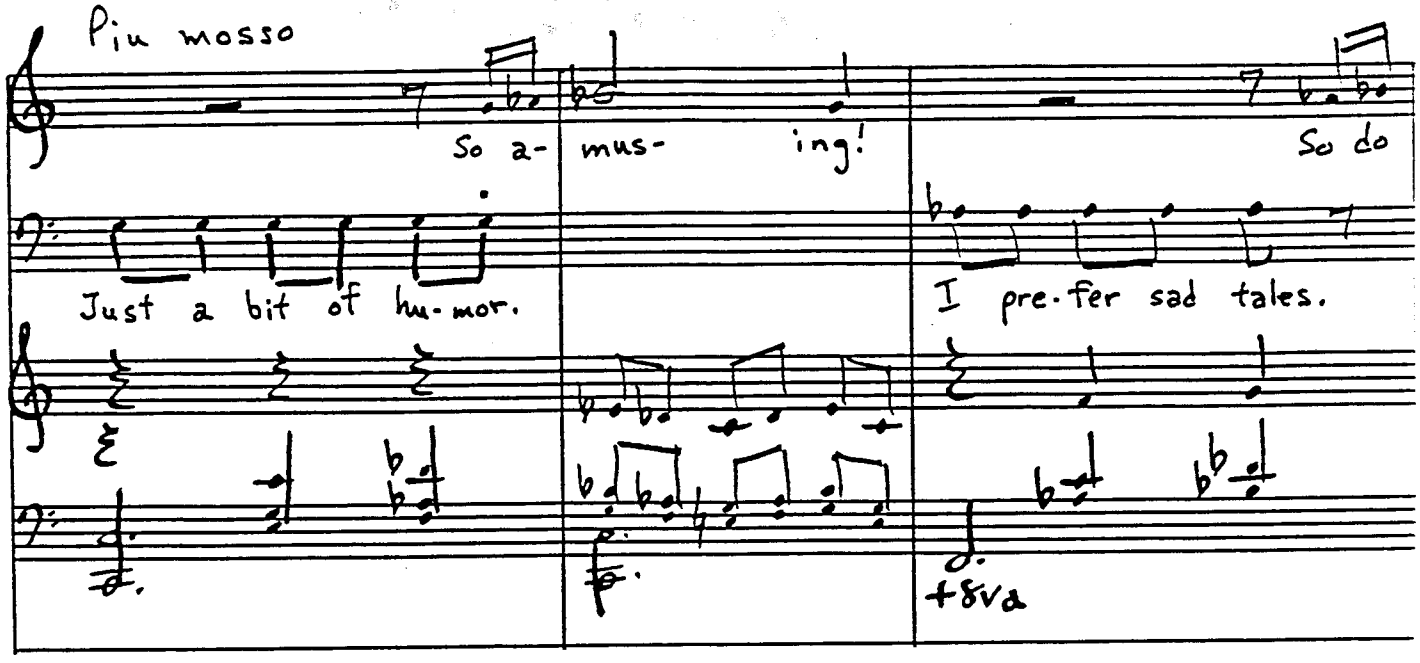

ones I loved, of the ones I loved now kiss me as they
+8va
+8va
+8va

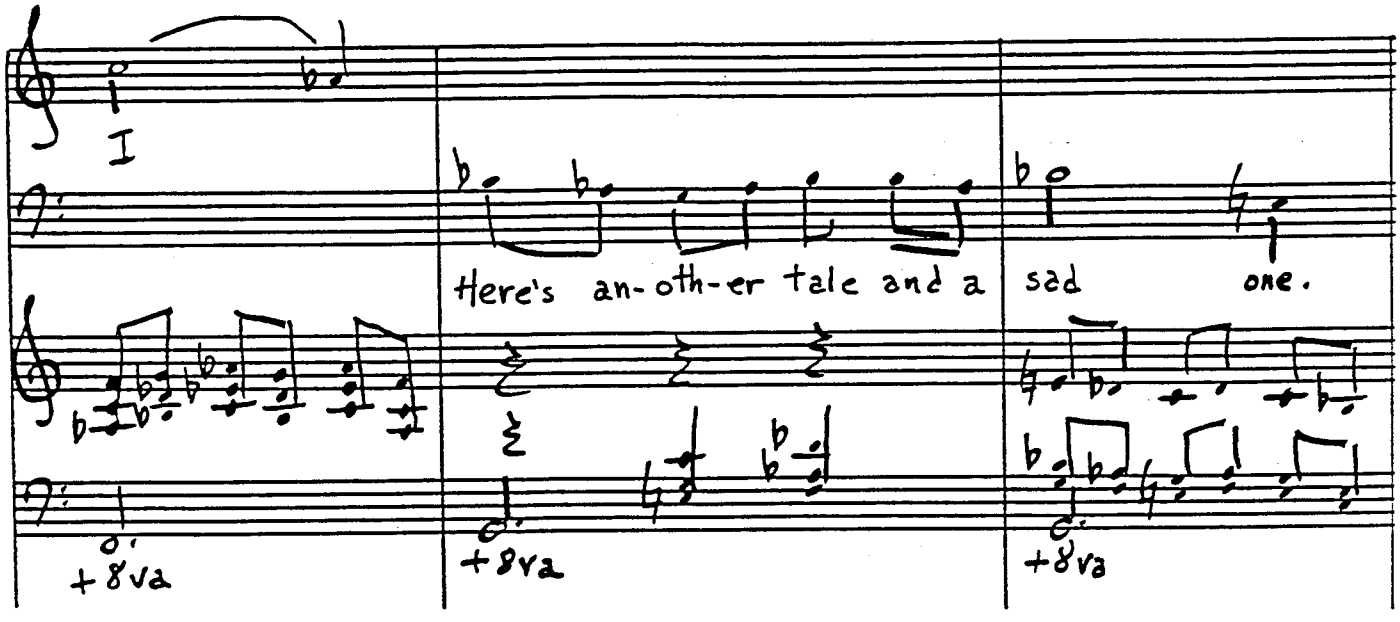
102

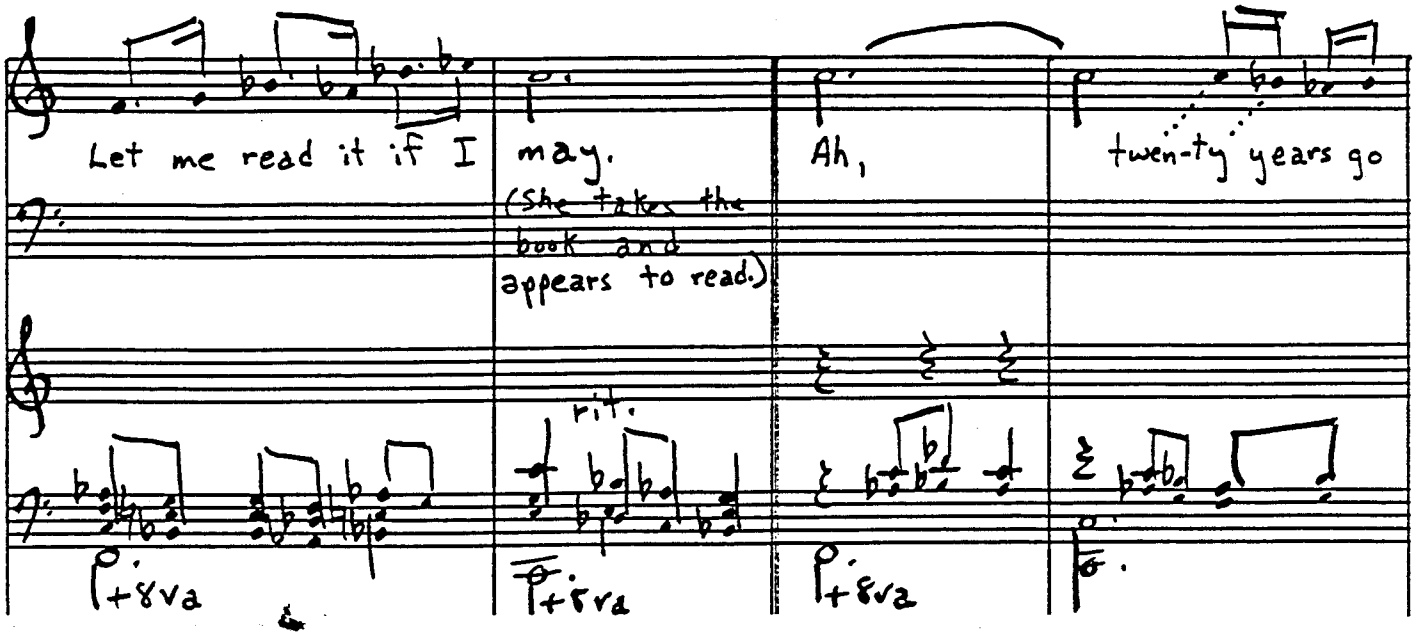

would a saint. Daugh-ters of the ones I loved, oh so long a
+8va
+8va
+8va
+8va

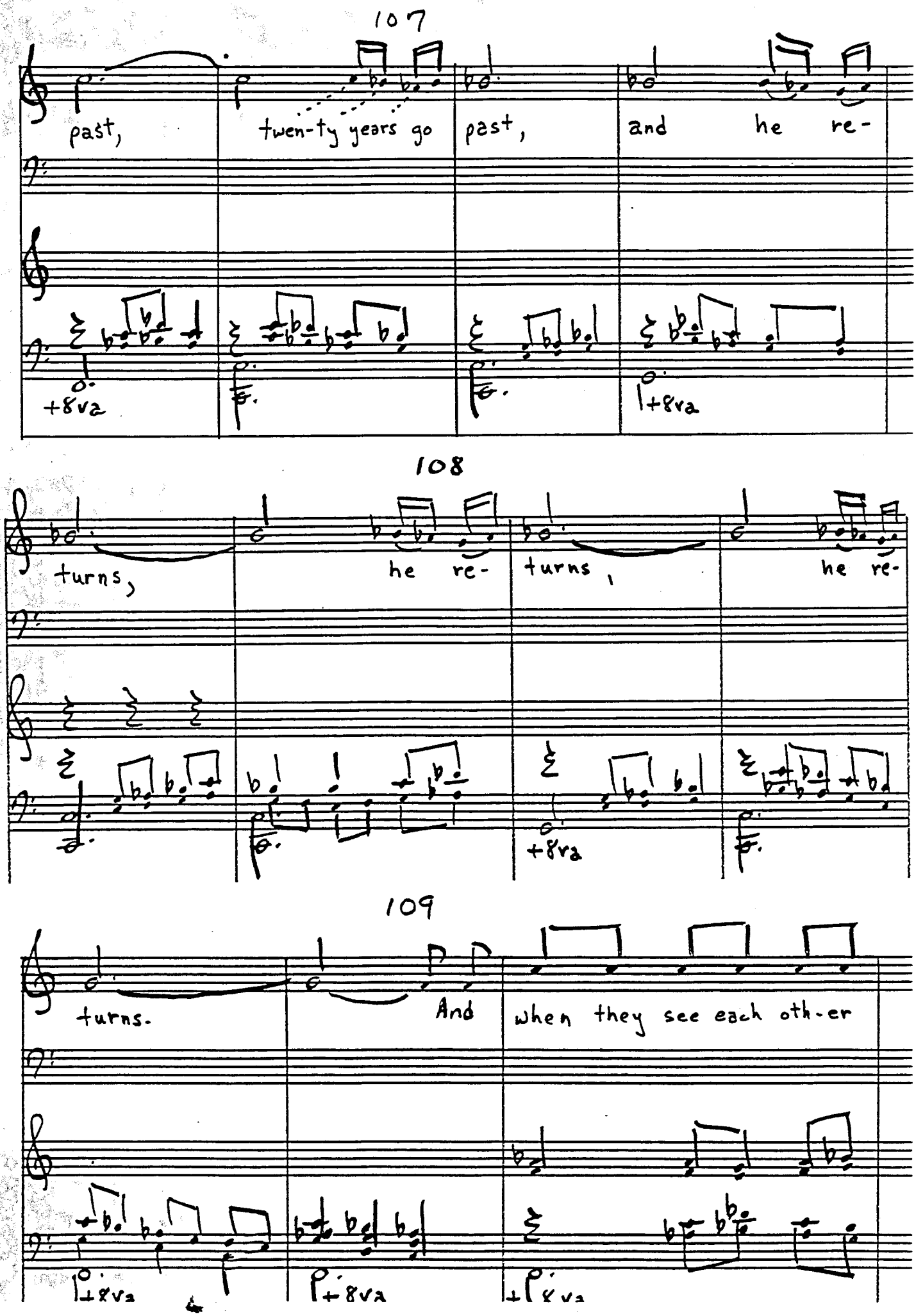
103


go kiss me as they would a saint.
+8va
+8va

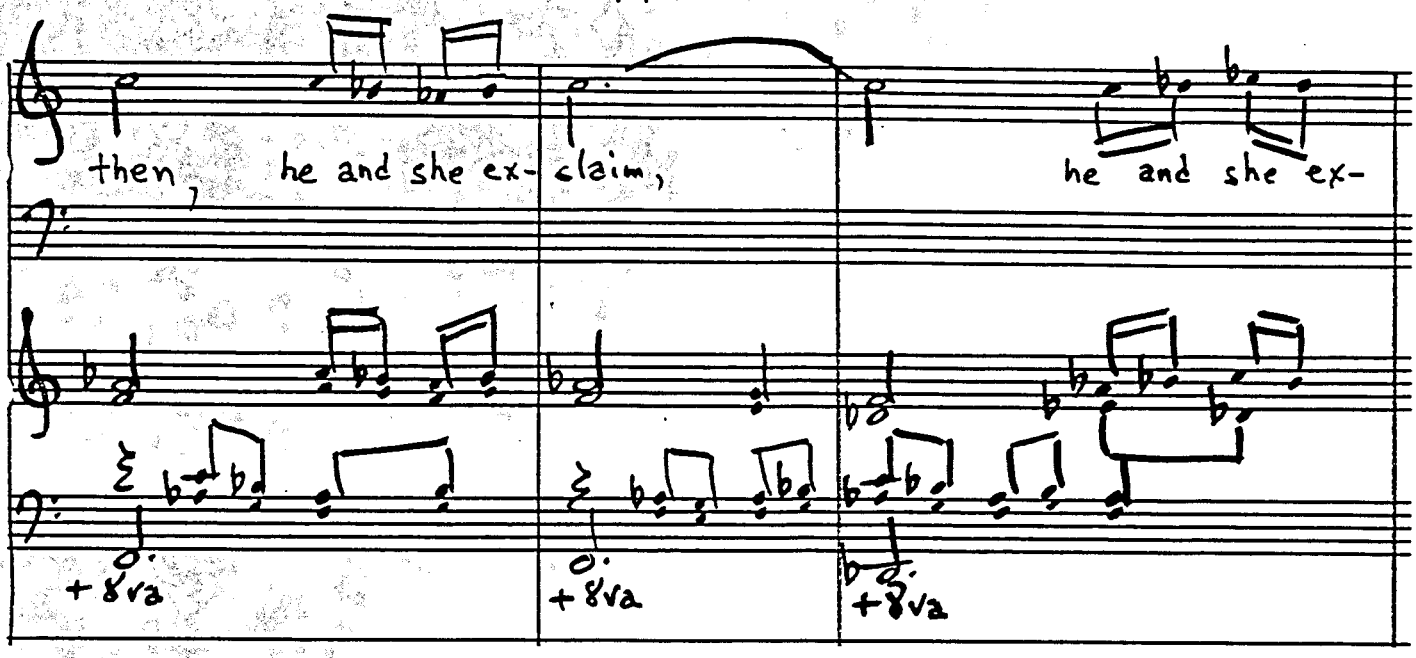

Più mosso
So a- mus- ing!
So do
Just a bit of hu-mor.
I pre-fer sad tales.
+8va


I
Here's an-oth-er tale and a
sad one.
+8va
+8va
+8va

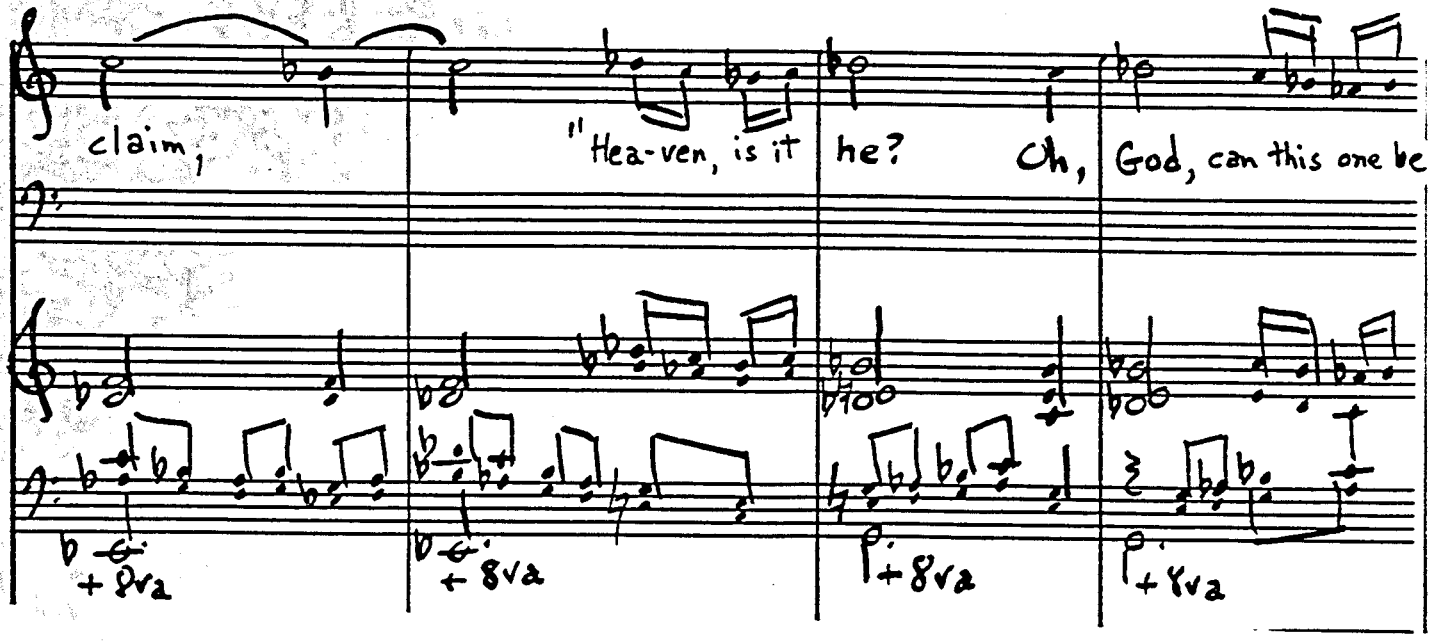

Let me read it if I
may.
(She takes the book and appears to read.)
Ah,
twen-ty years go
rit.
+8va
+8va
+8va


107
past,
twen-ty years go
past,
and he re-
+8va
+8va
108
turns,
he re-
turns,
he re-
+8va
+8va
109
turns.
And
when they see each oth-er
+8va
+8va
+8va

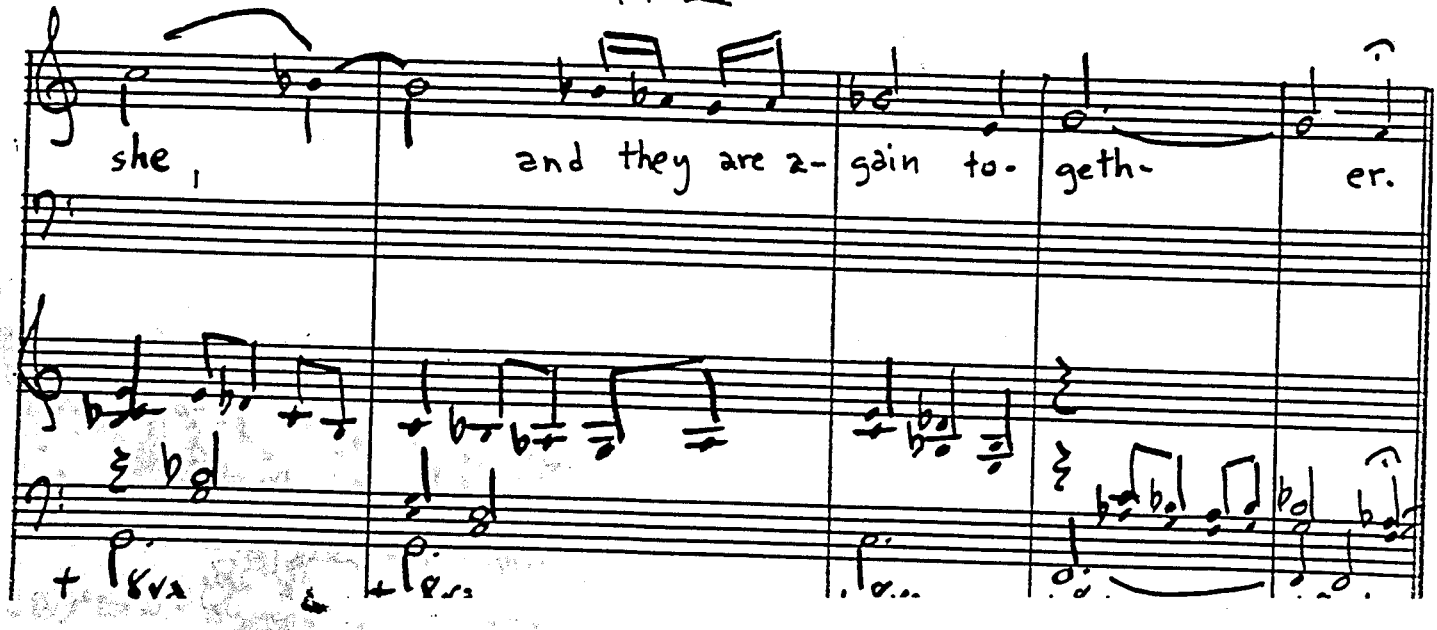
110


then, he and she ex- claim, he and she ex-
+ 8va
+ 8va
+ 8va

111


claim, "Hea-ven, is it he? Oh, God, can this one be
+ 8va
+ 8va
+ 8va
+ 8va

112


she, and they are a- gain to- geth- er.
+ 8va
+ 8va

Parlando (Aside:)

(She returns the book.)

You cer-tain-ly have eye-sight that makes me jeal-ous.

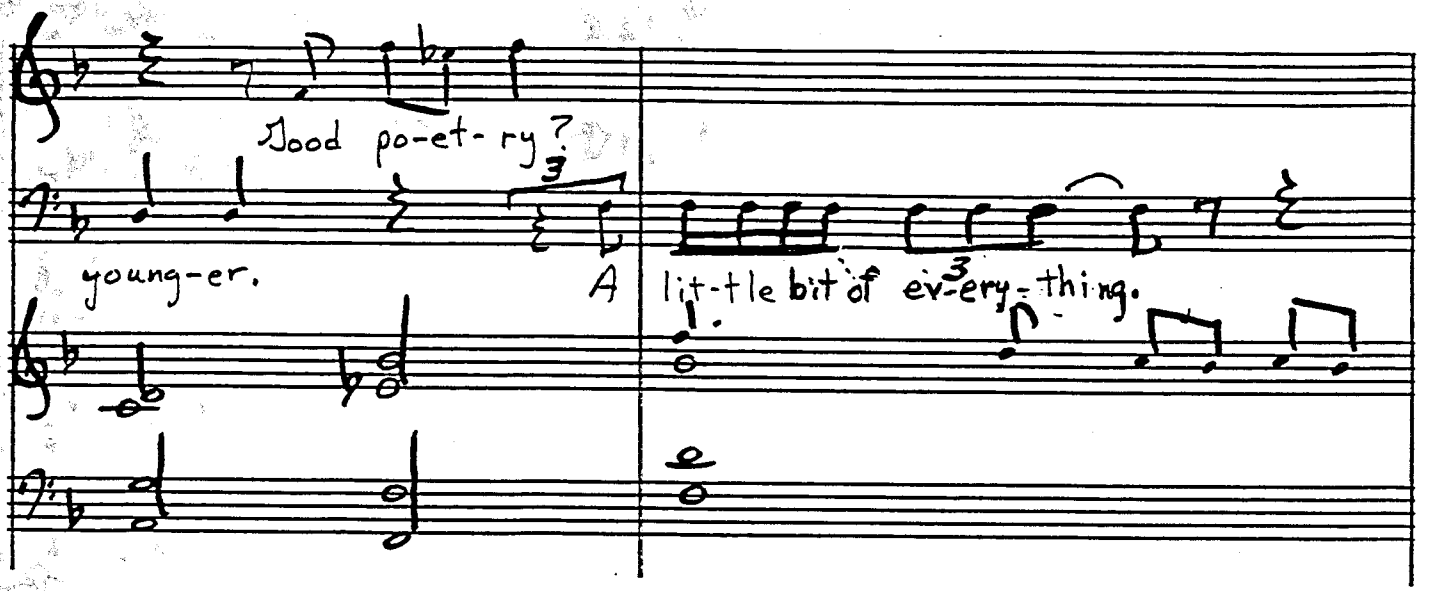
114

for-tun-ate-ly I know these ver-ses by heart

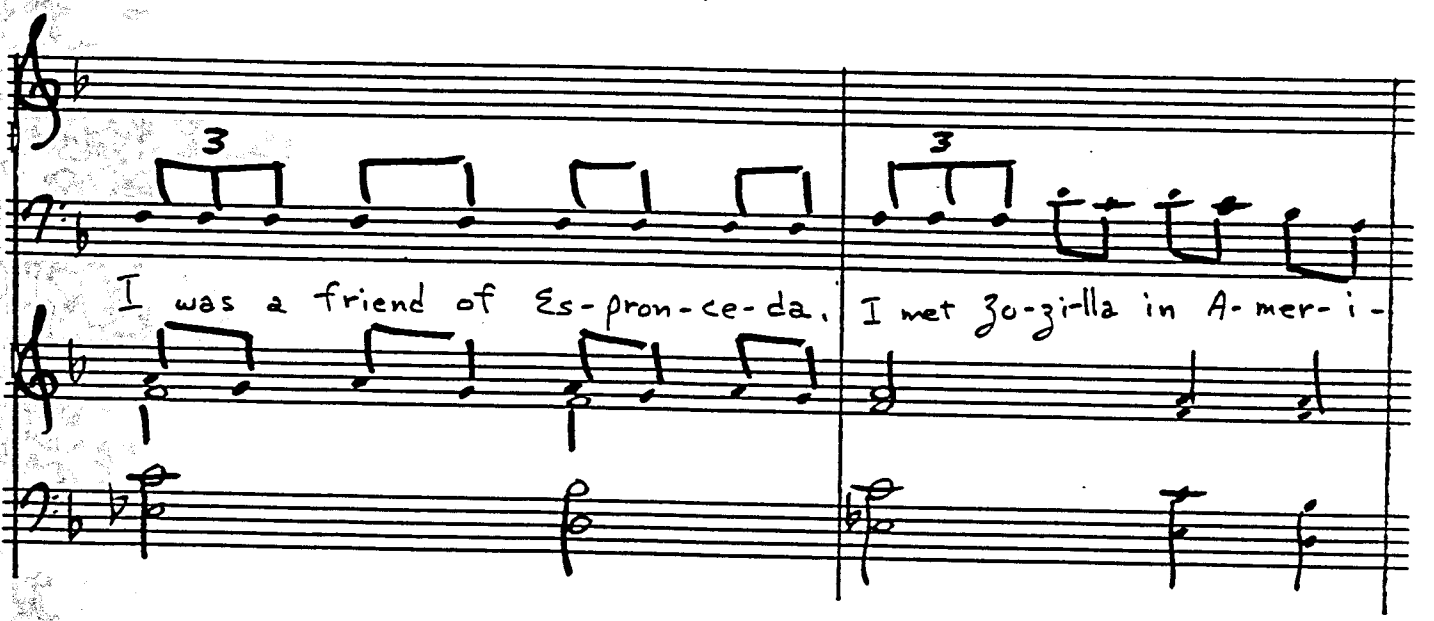
I like good ver-

115

ve-ry, ve-ry much. And I used to write my-self when I was ve-ry much

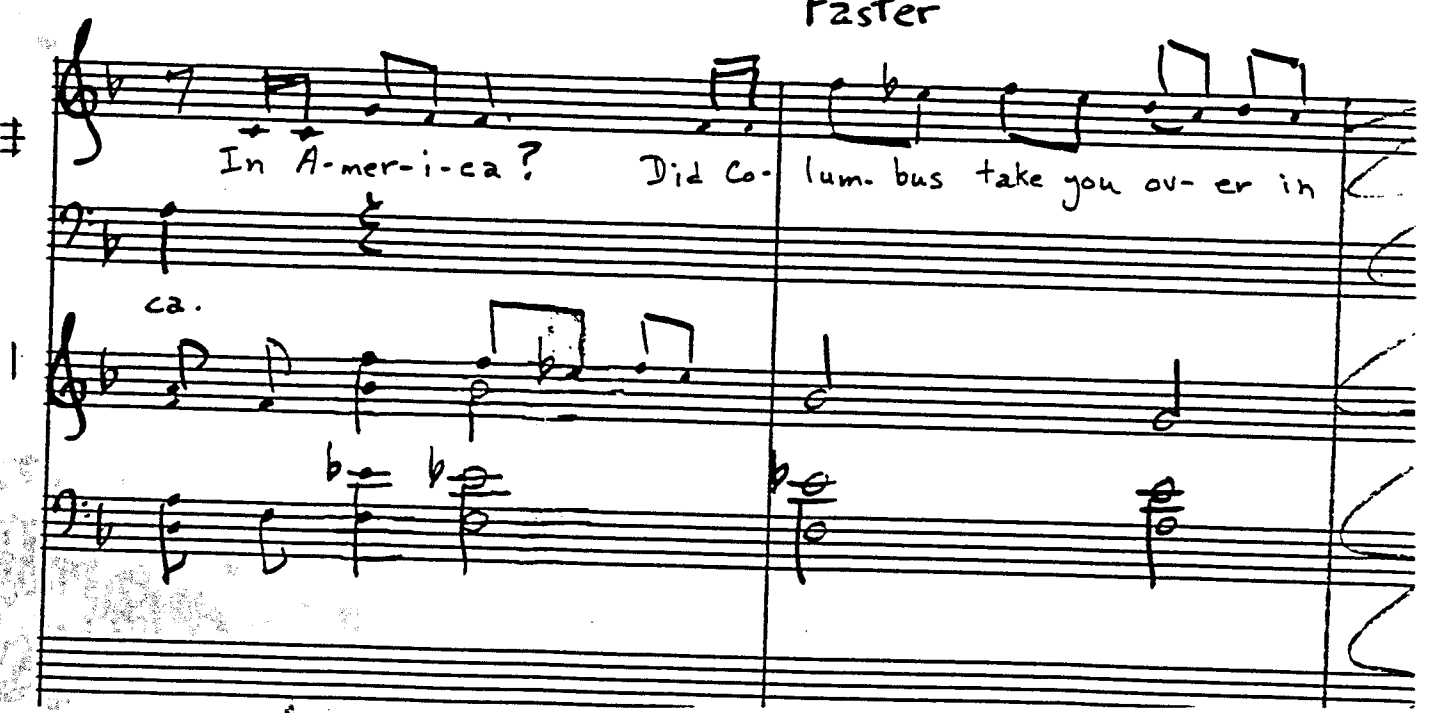


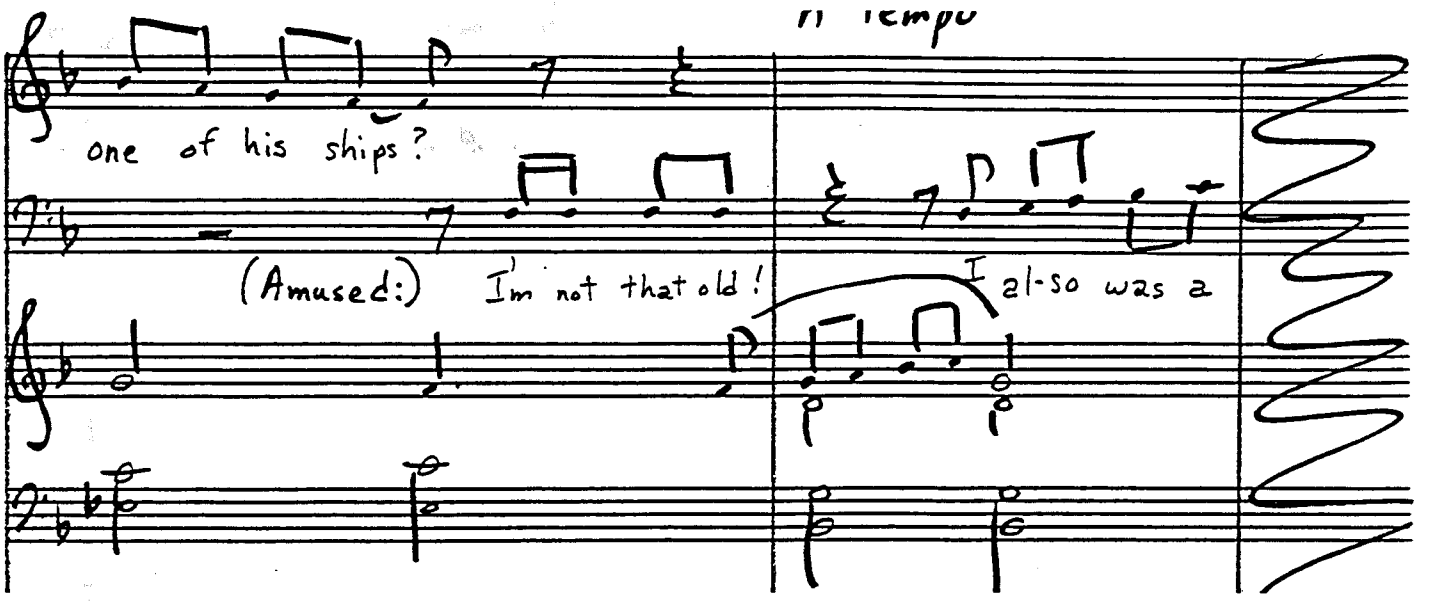
117



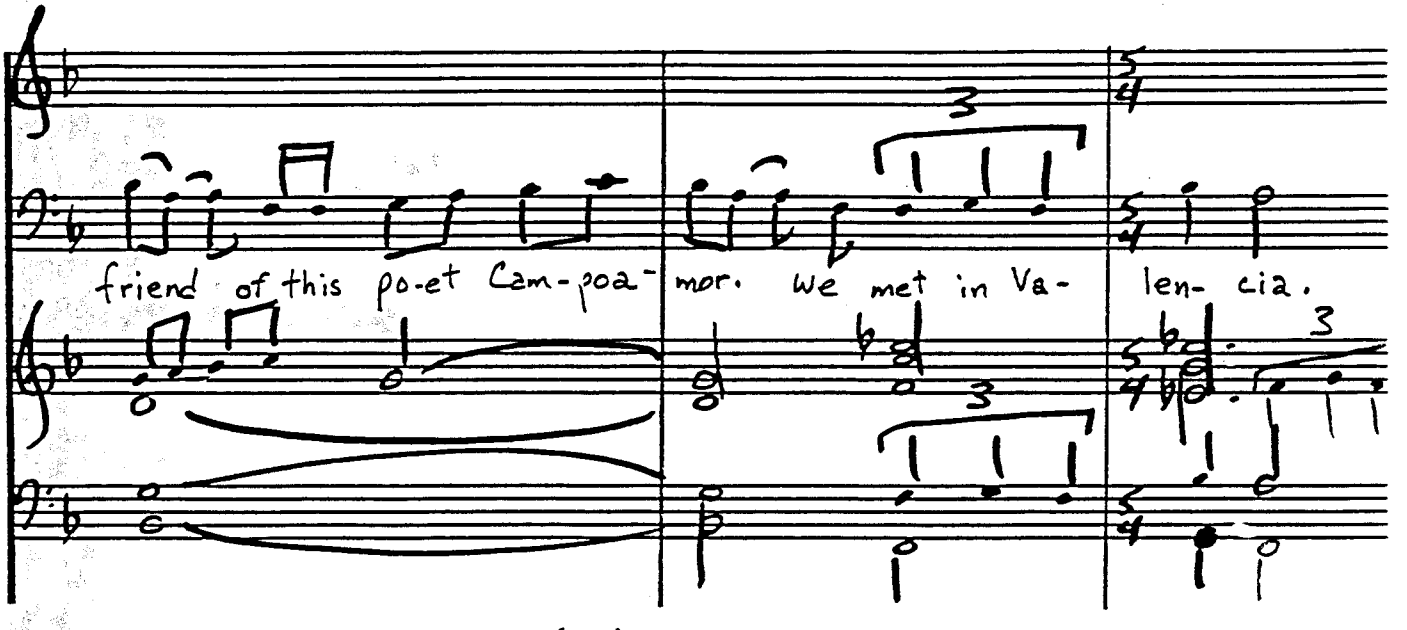
118

Faster

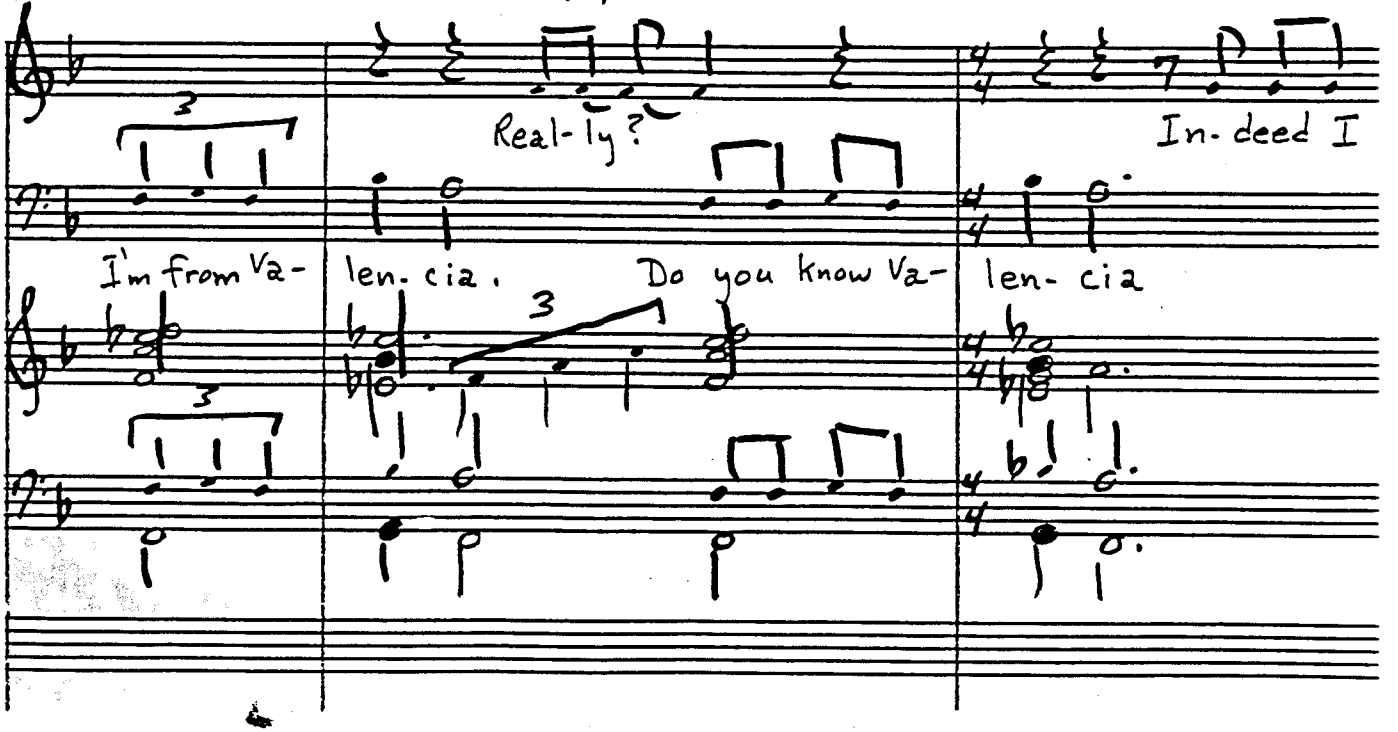


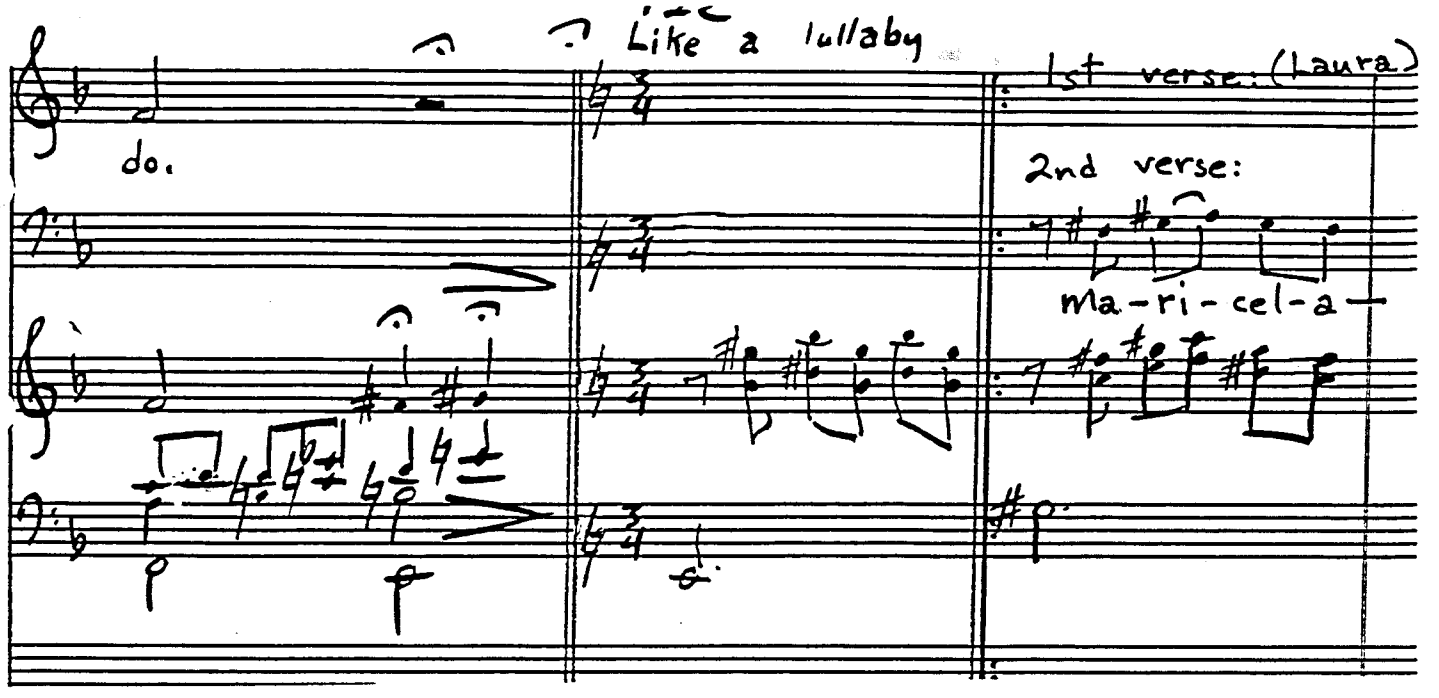

one of his ships?
(Amused:) Im not that old!
I al-so was a

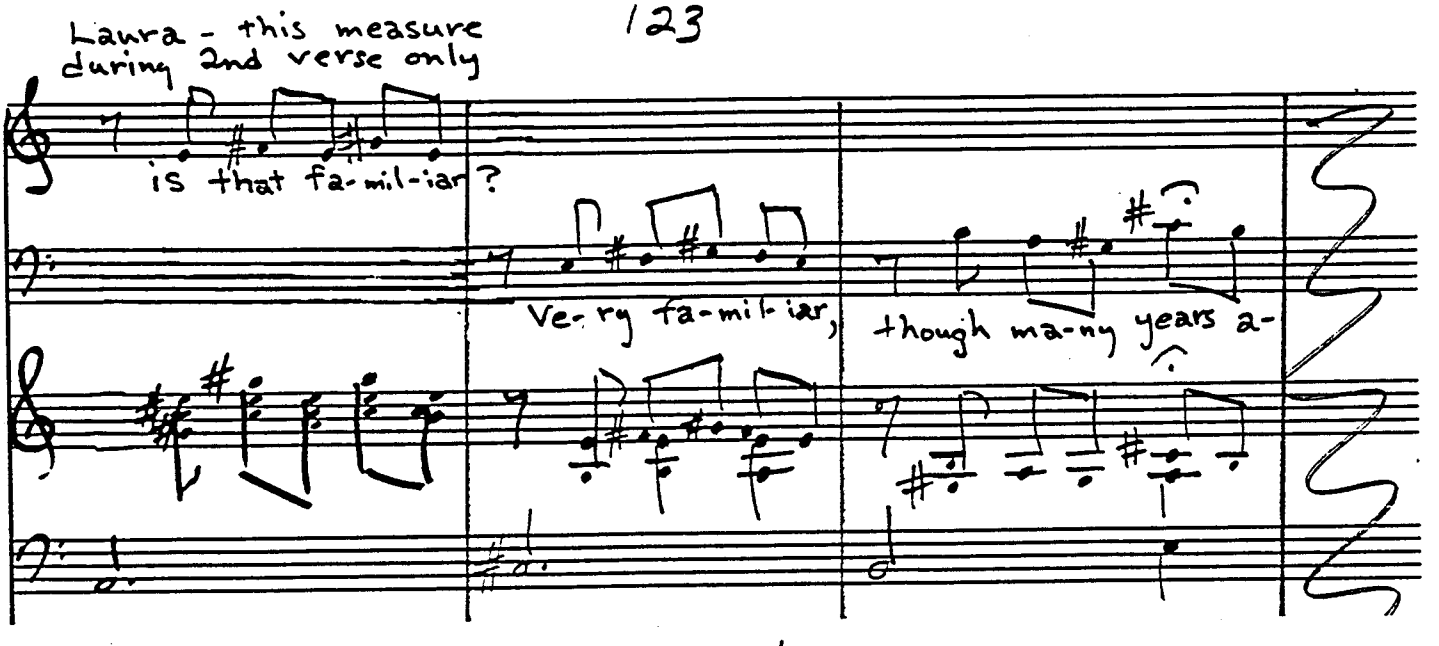
120

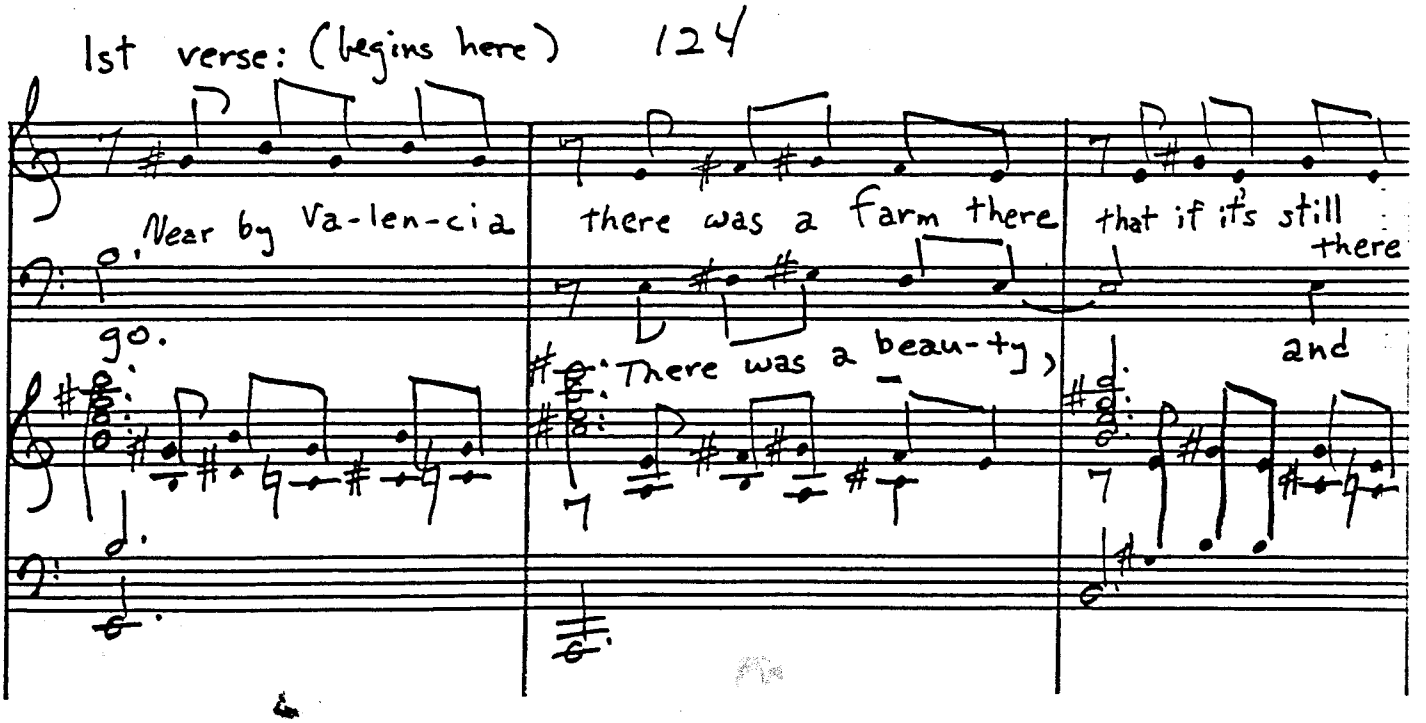

friend of this po-et Cam-poa-
mor. we met in Va-
len- cia.

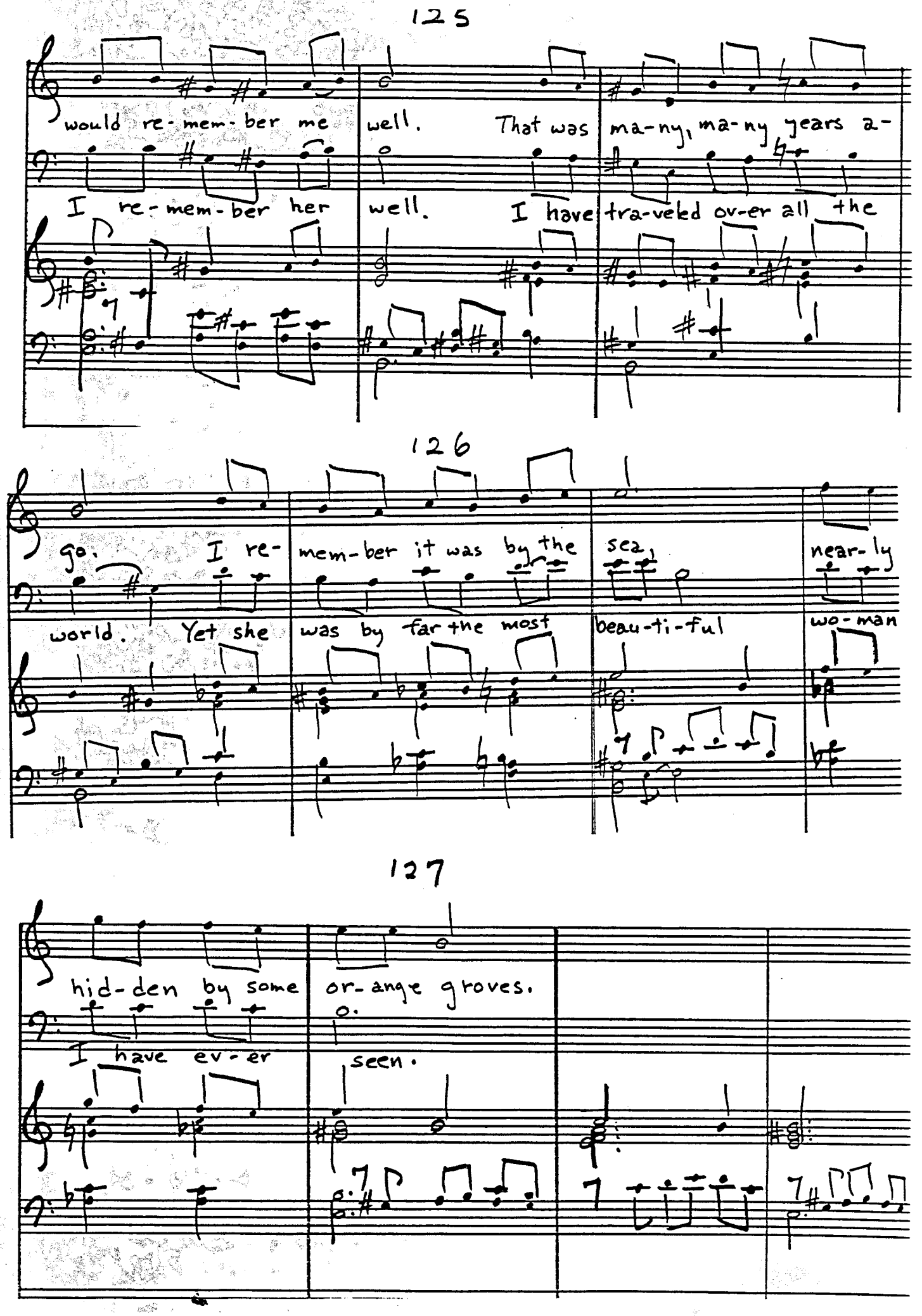
121

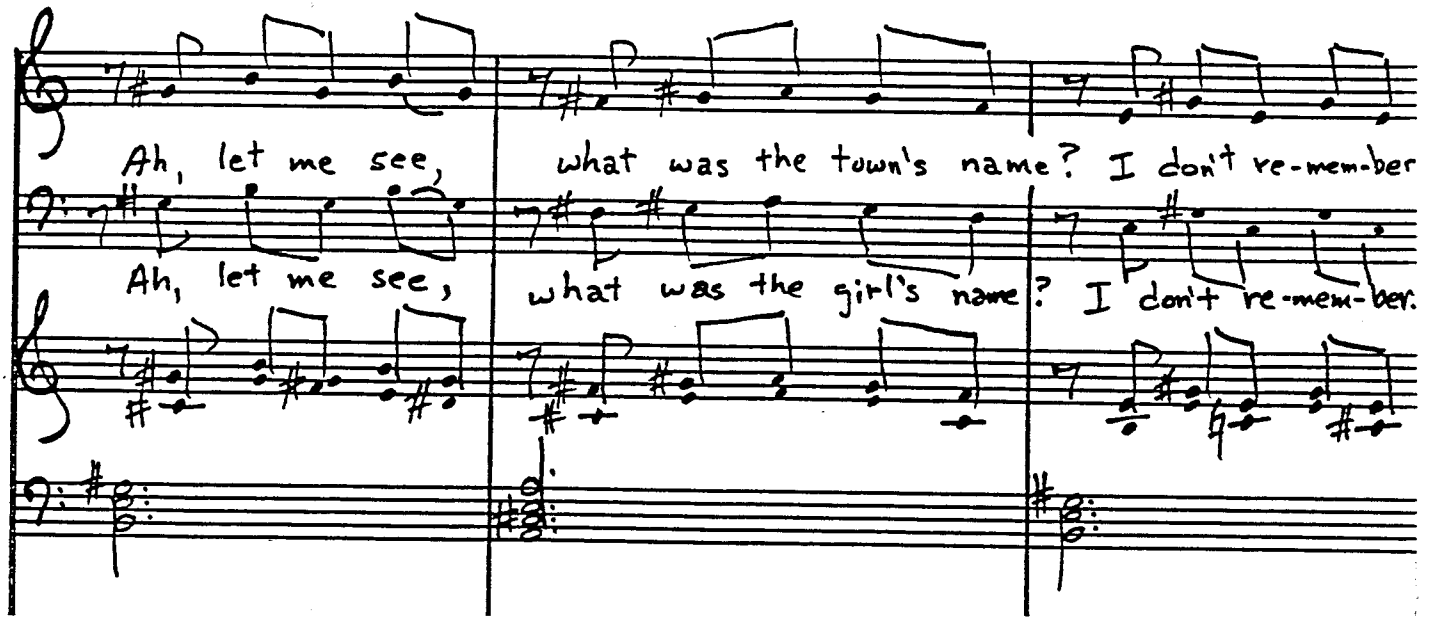

Real-ly?
In- deed I
I'm from Va-
len. cia.
Do you know Va-
len- cia

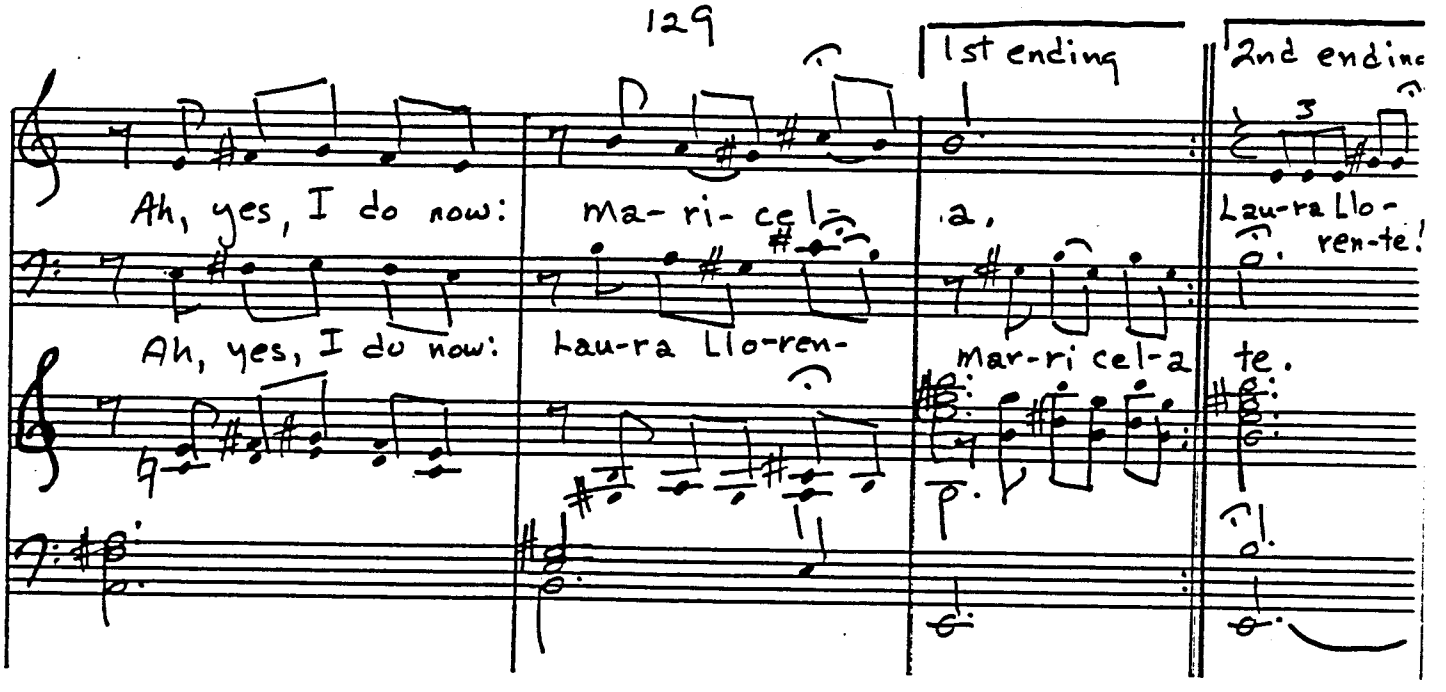

Like a lullaby
do.
1st verse: (Laura)
2nd verse:
ma-ri-cel-a

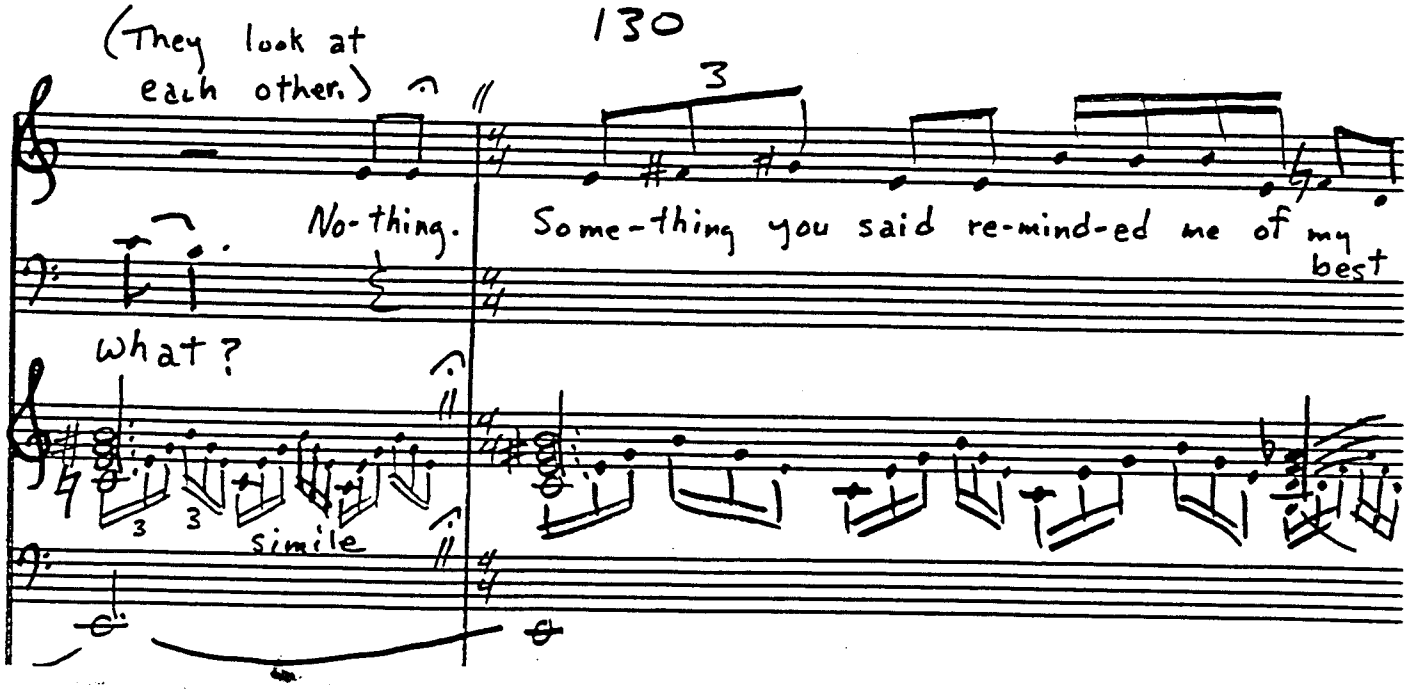

123
Laura - this measure during 2nd verse only
is that fa-mil-iar?
Ve-ry fa-mil-iar,
though ma-ny years a-

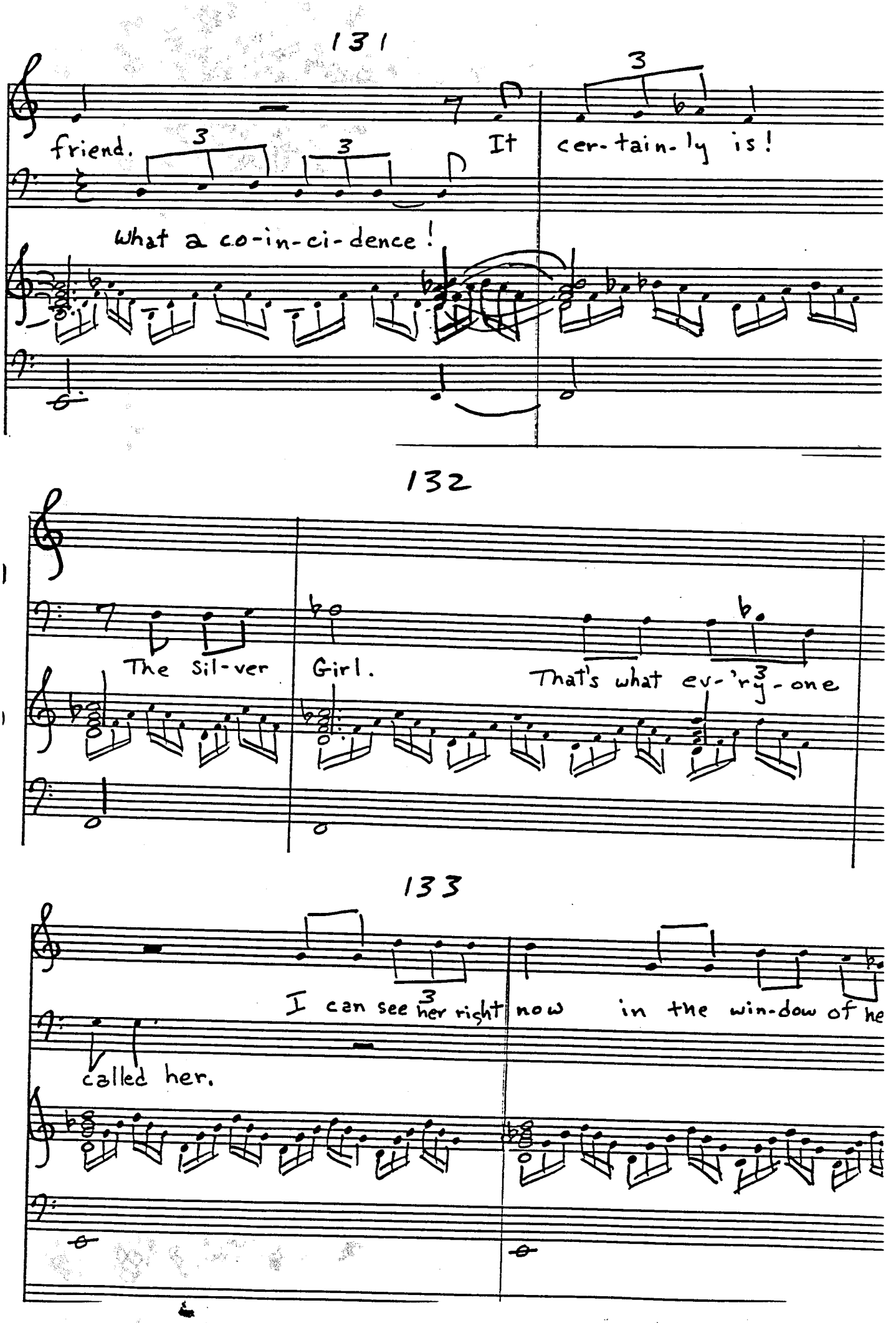

124
1st verse: (begins here)
Near by Va-len-cia
there was a farm there
that if it's still there
go.
There was a beau-ty
and

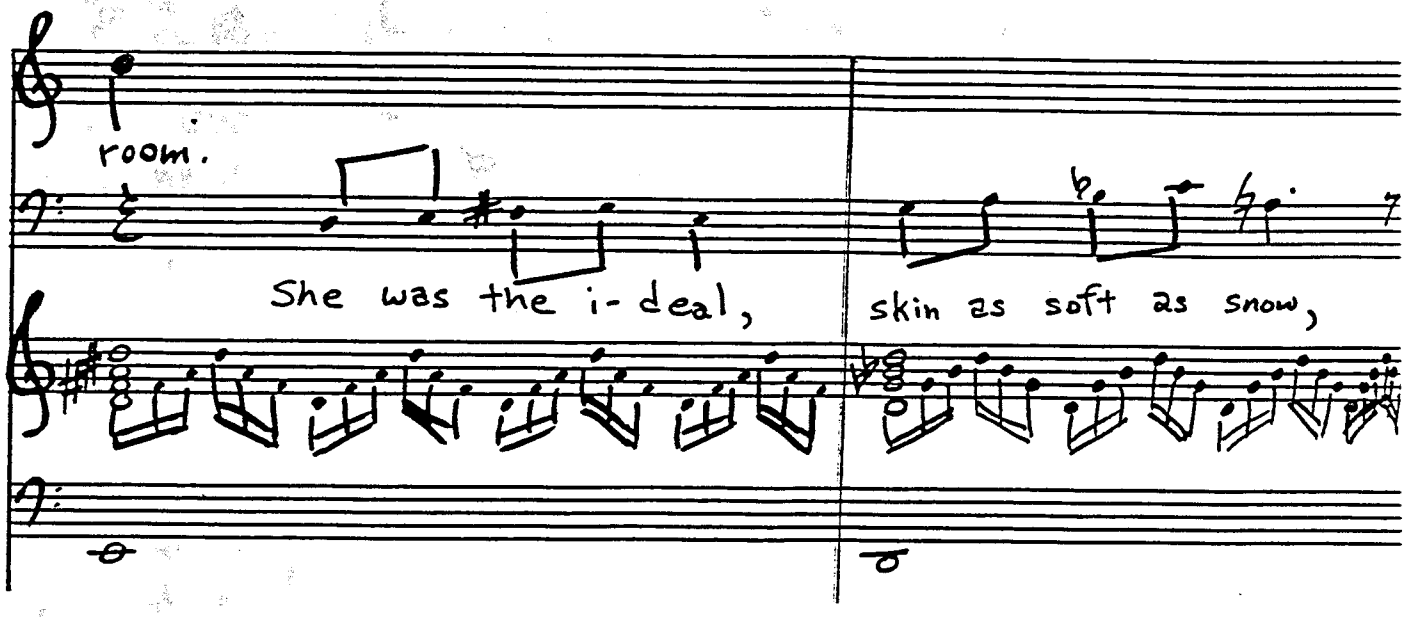

125
would re-mem-ber me well. That was ma-ny, ma-ny years a-
I re-mem-ber her well. I have tra-veled ov-er all the
126
go. I re- mem-ber it was by the sea, near-ly
world. Yet she was by far the most beau-ti-ful wo-man
127
hid-den by some or-ange groves.
I have ev-er seen.


Ah, let me see, what was the town's name? I don't re-mem-ber
Ah, let me see, what was the girl's name? I don't re-mem-ber.

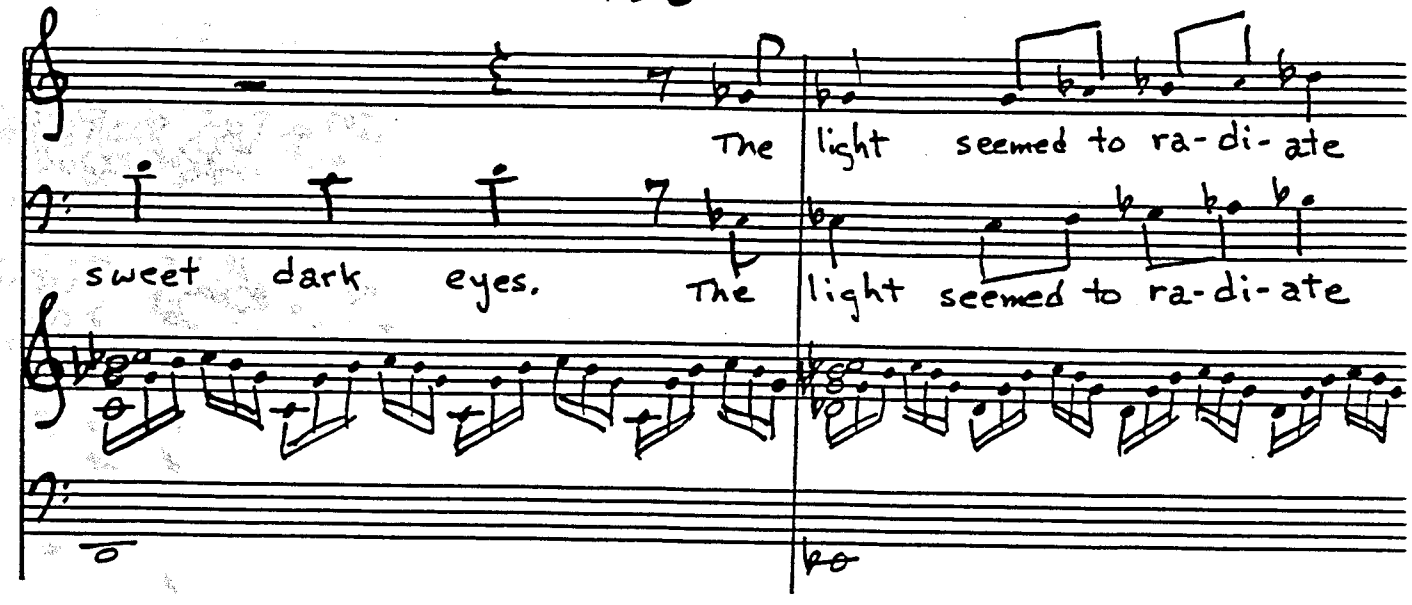

129
1st ending
2nd ending
Ah, yes, I do now: ma-ri-cel-
a,
Lau-ra Llo-
ren-te!
Ah, yes, I do now: Lau-ra Llo-ren-
mar-ri cel-a
te.


(They look at each other.)
130
No-thing.
Some-thing you said re-mind-ed me of my best
what?
3
3
simile

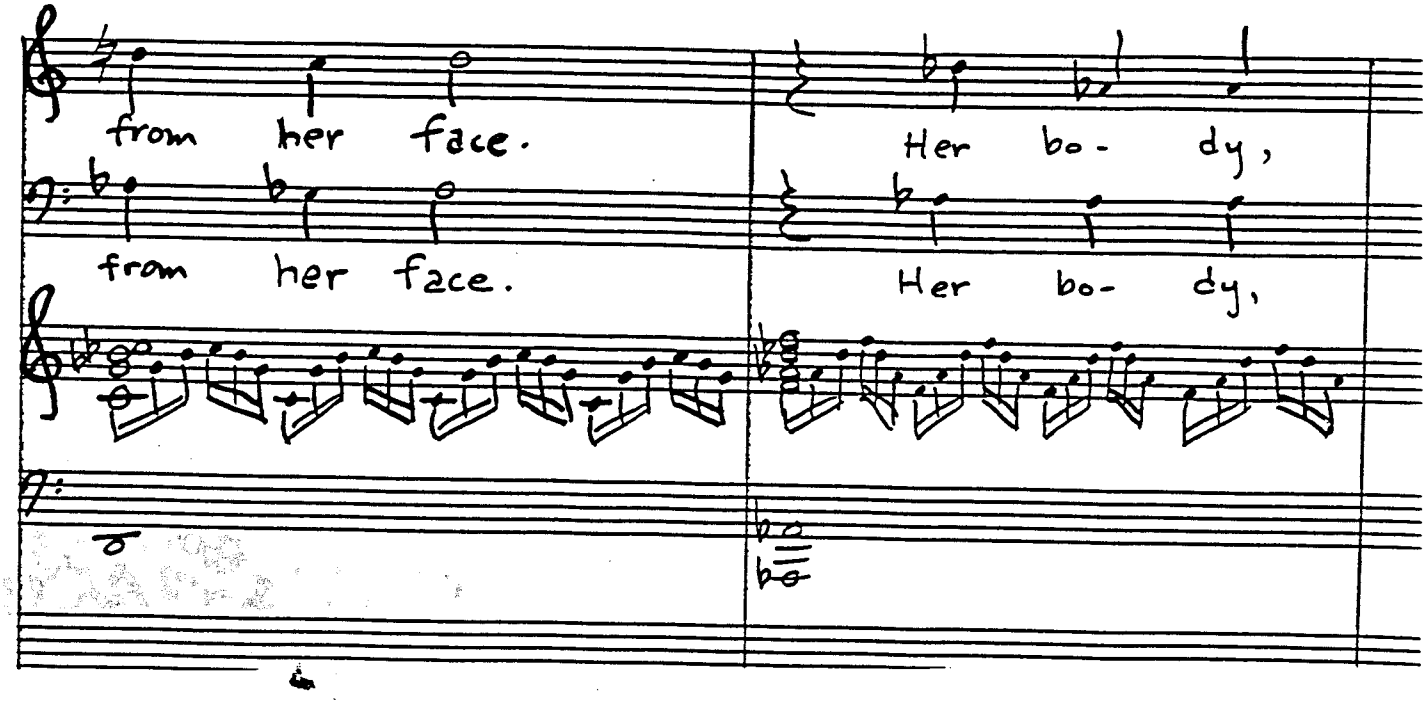

131
friend.
It
cer-tain-ly is!
What a co-in-ci-dence!
132
The Sil-ver
Girl.
That's what ev-'ry-one
133
I can see her right now
in the win-dow of he
called her.

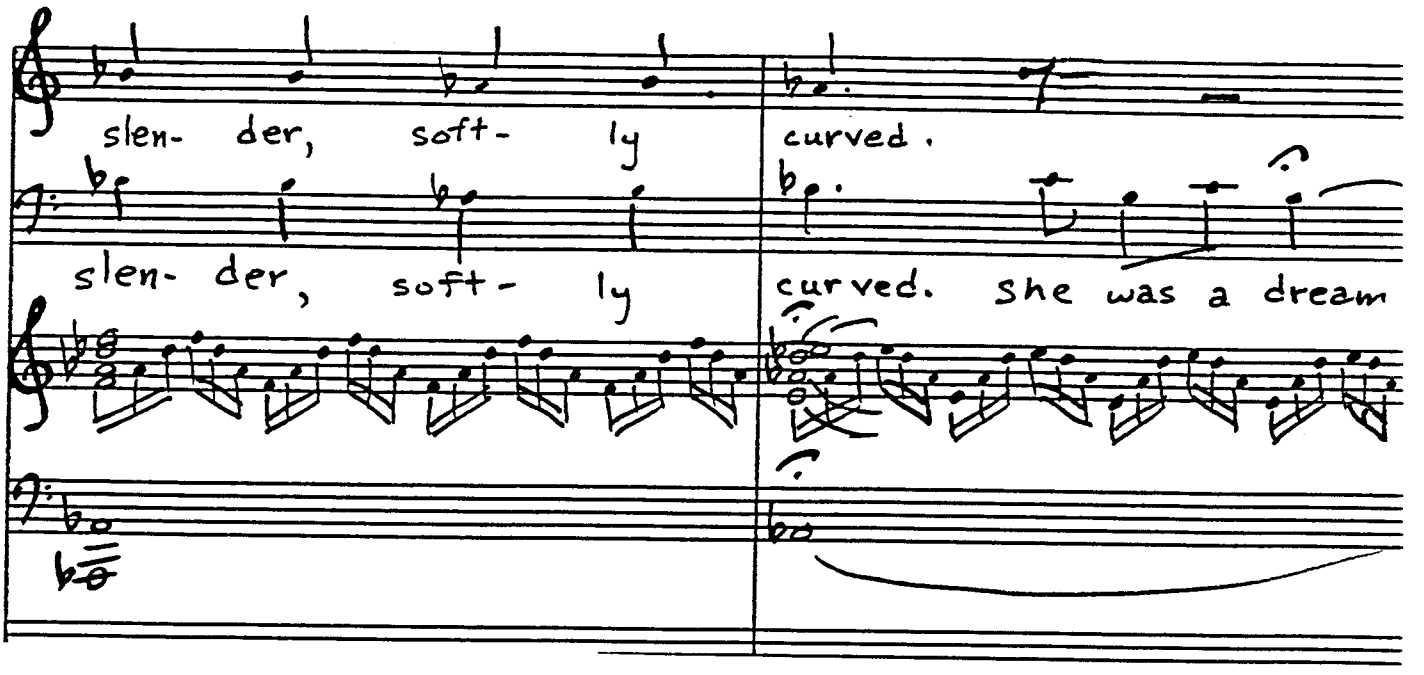

room.
She was the i-deal,
skin as soft as snow,

135

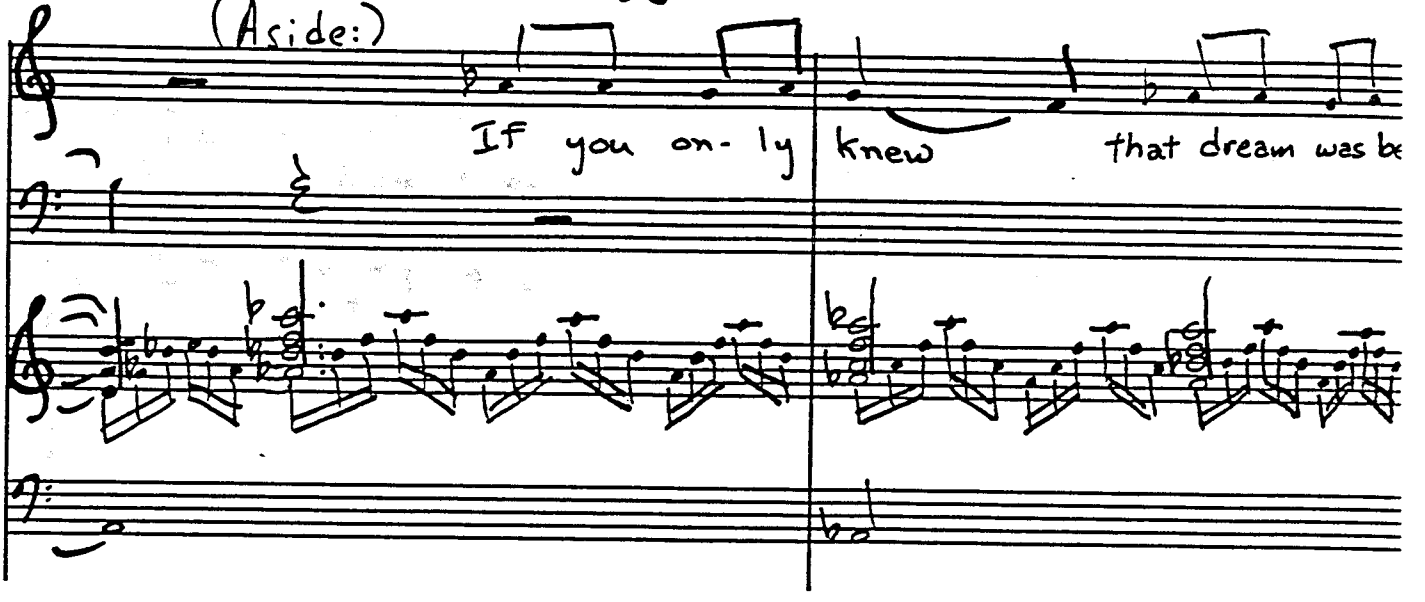

The light seemed to ra-di-ate
sweet dark eyes.
The light seemed to ra-di-ate

136

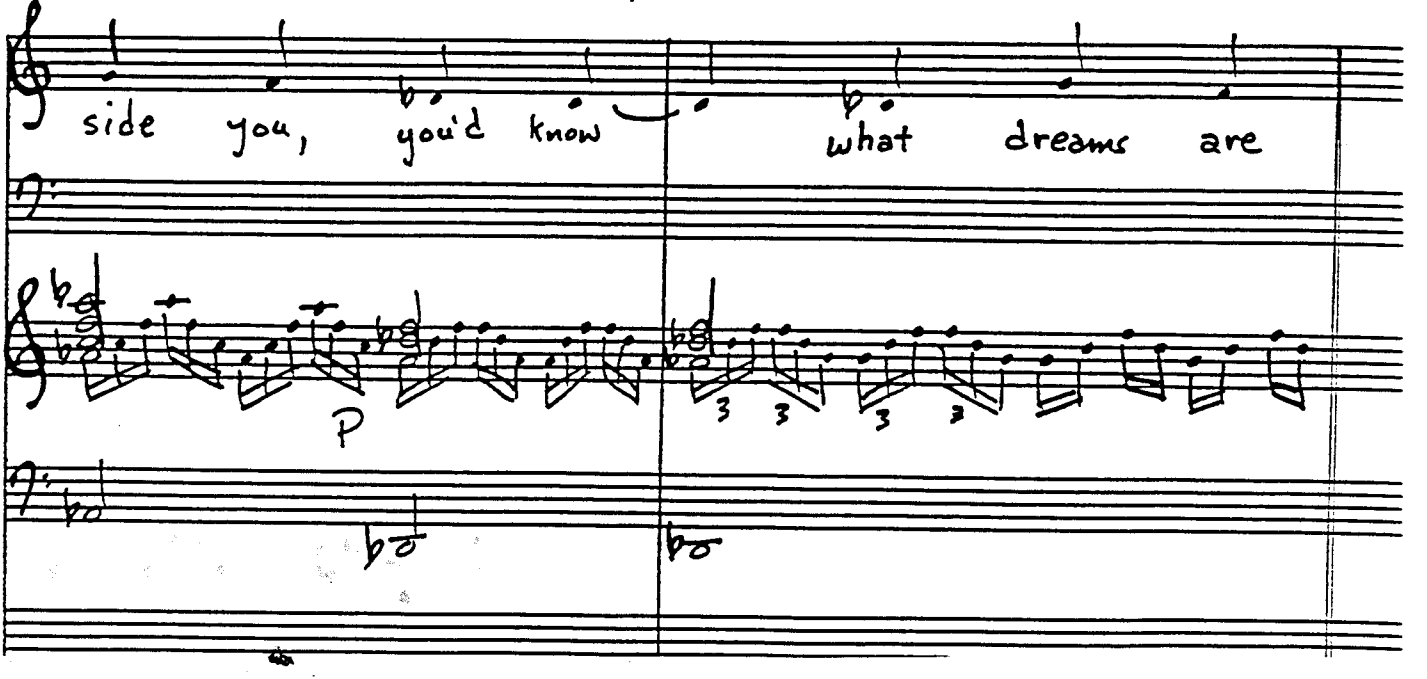

from her face.
Her bo- dy,
from her face.
Her bo- dy,

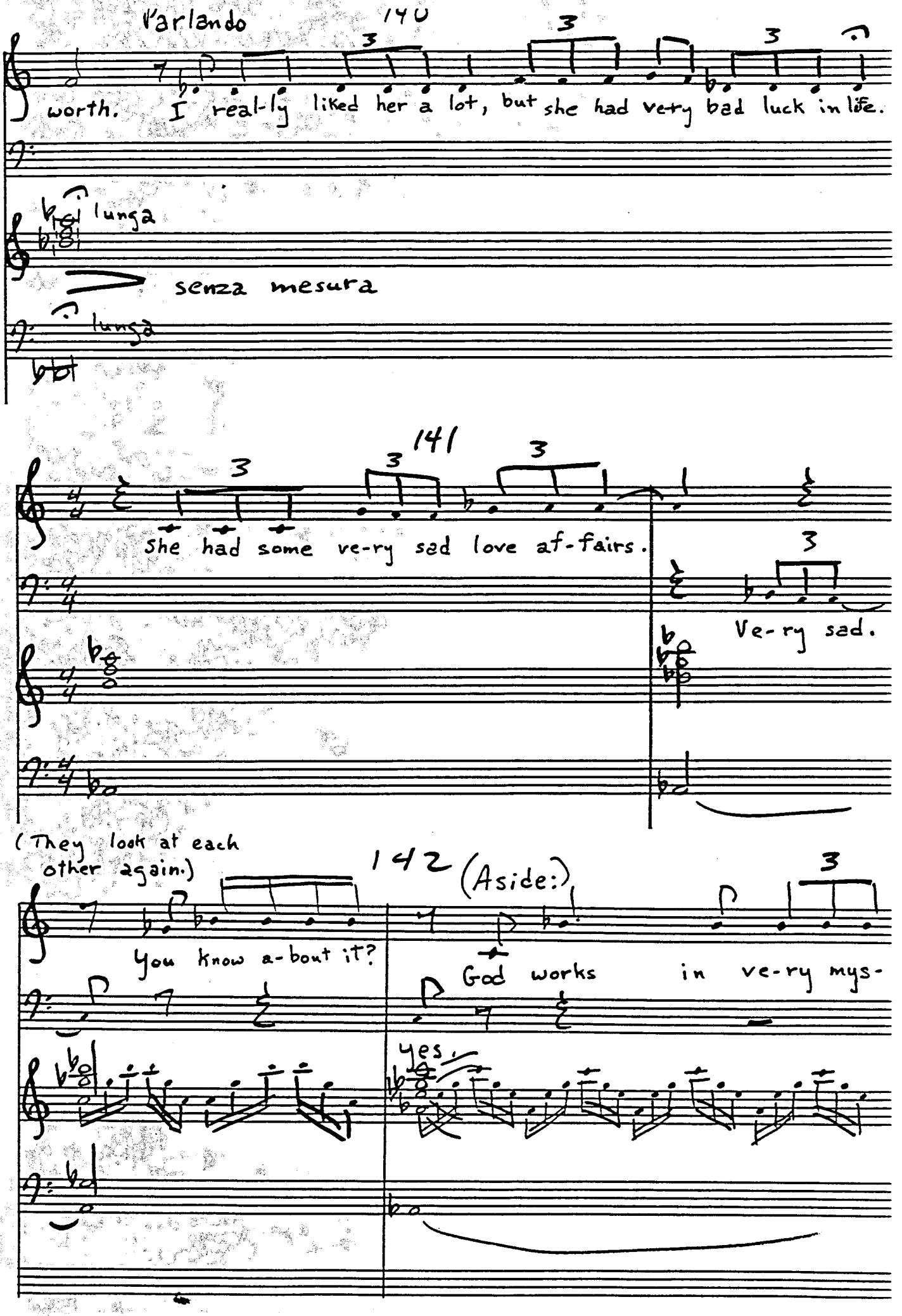

slen- der, soft- ly curved.
slen- der, soft- ly curved. She was a dream

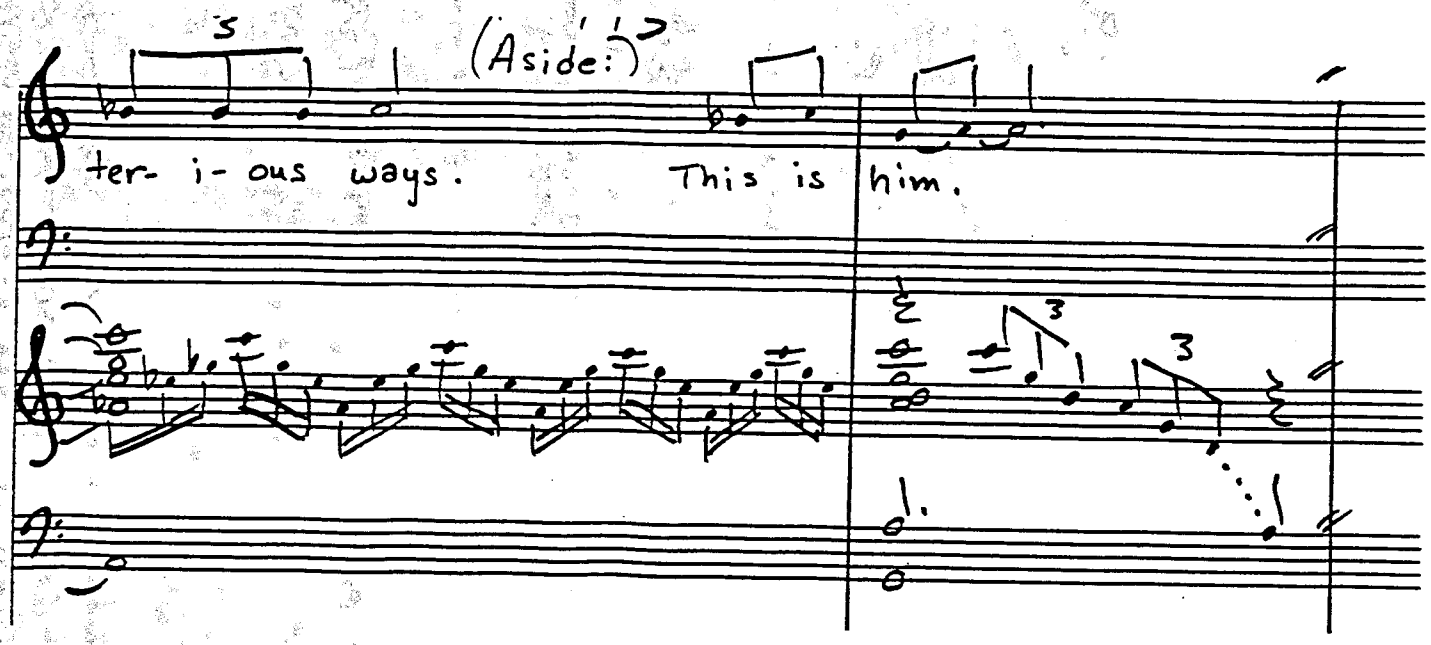
138


(Aside:)
If you on- ly knew that dream was be

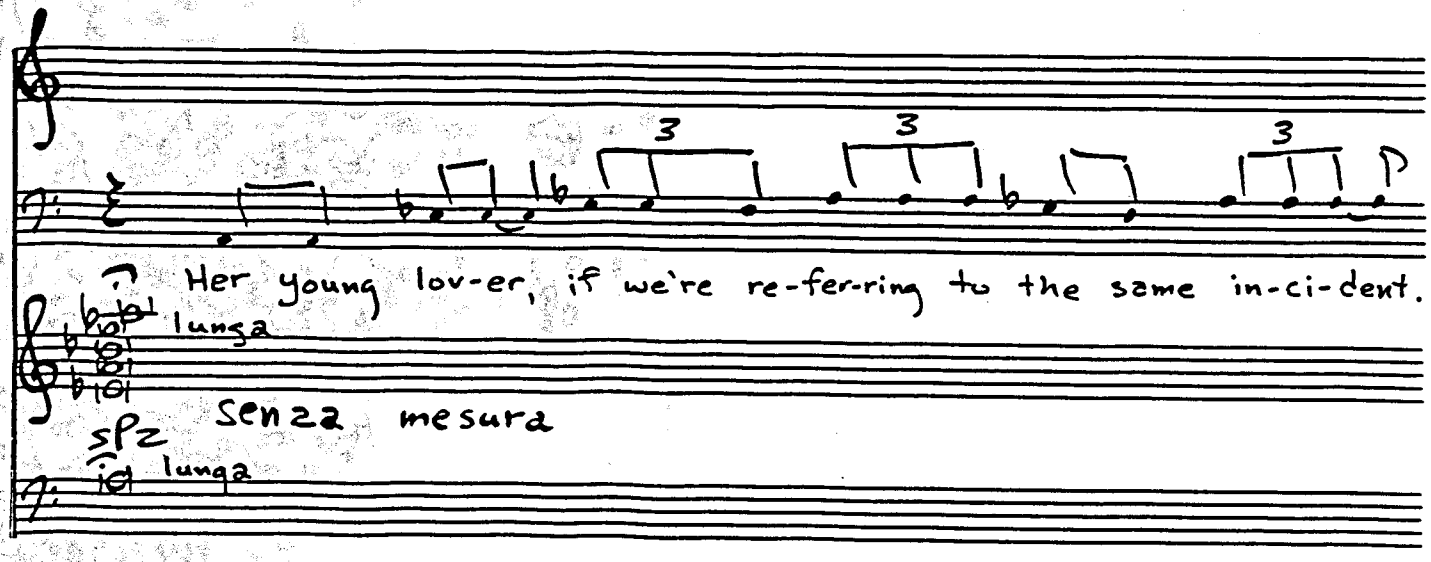
139


side you, you'd know what dreams are
P

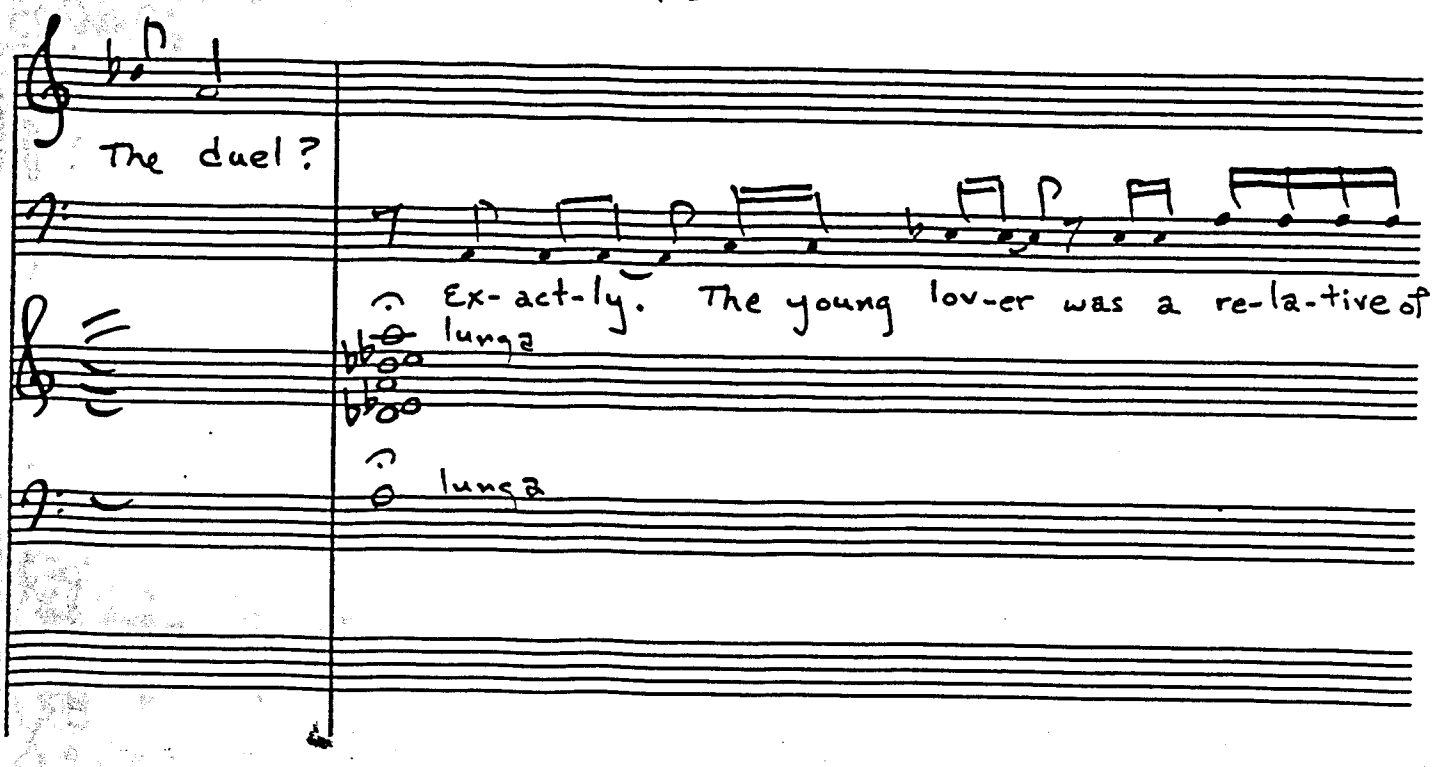

Parlando
140
worth. I real-ly liked her a lot, but she had very bad luck in life.
lunga
senza mesura
lunga
141
She had some ve-ry sad love af-fairs.
Ve-ry sad.
(They look at each other again.)
142
You know a-bout it?
(Aside:)
God works in ve-ry mys-
yes.

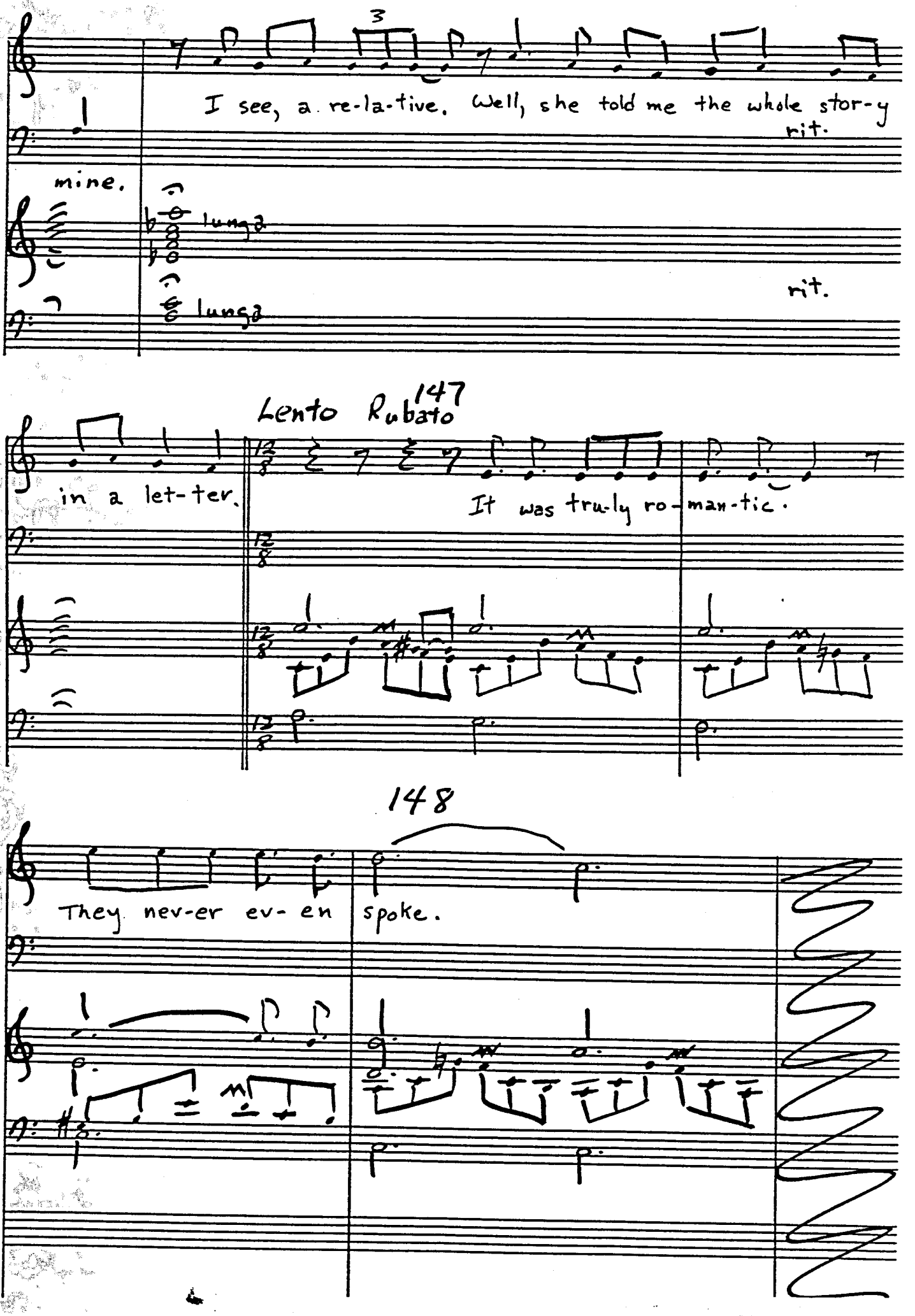

(Aside:)
ter- i- ous ways.
This is him.

144

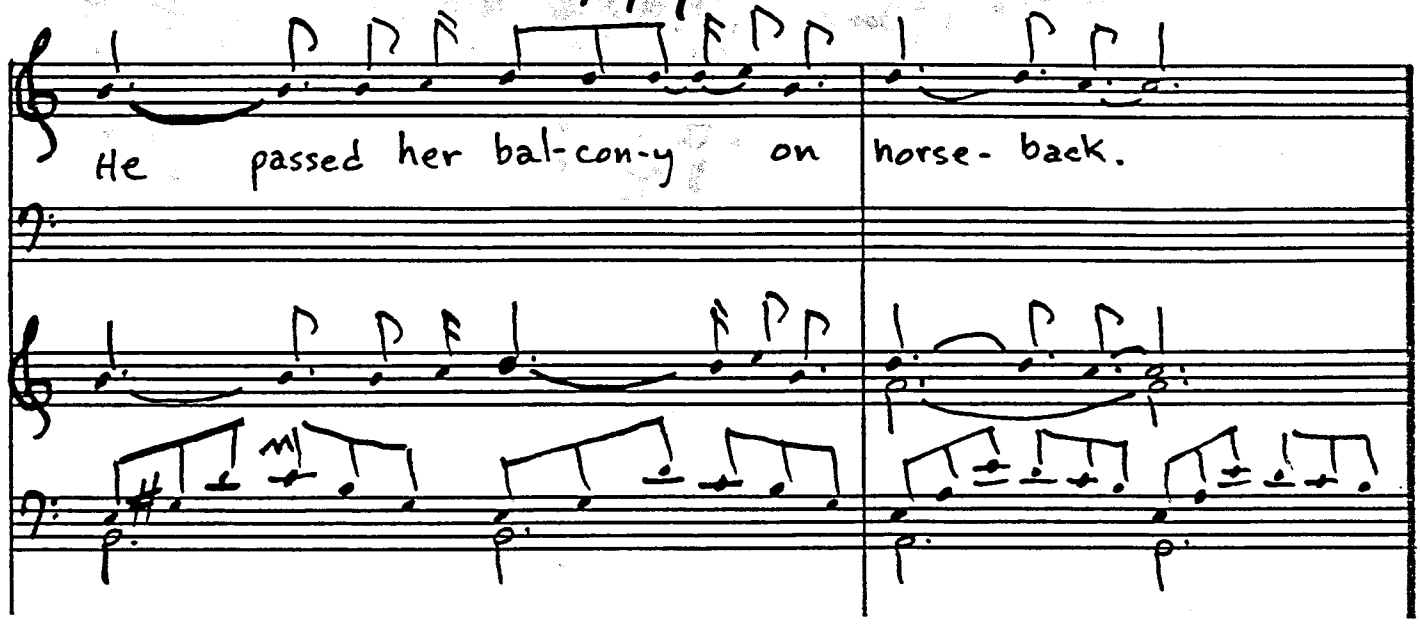

Her young lov-er, if we're re-fer-ring to the same in-ci-dent.
lunga
senza mesura
lunga

145

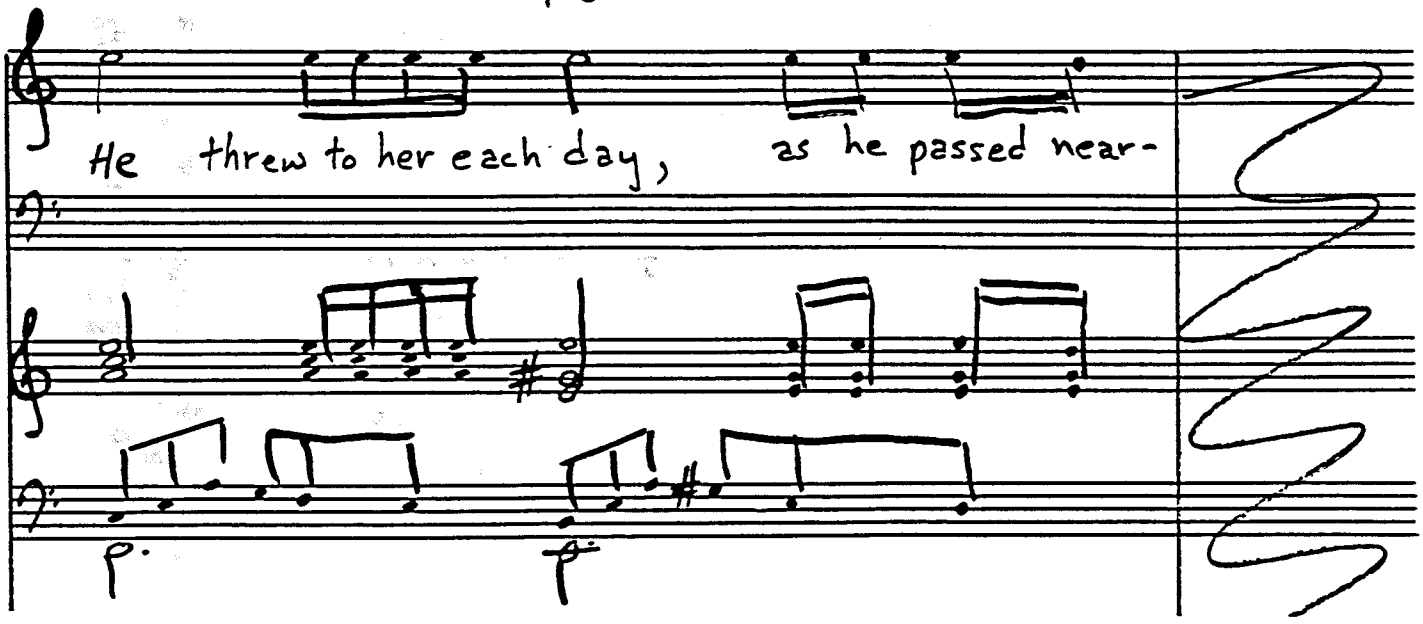

The duel?
Ex- act-ly. The young lov-er was a re-la-tive of
lunga
lunga


3
I see, a re-la-tive. Well, she told me the whole stor-y
rit.
mine.
lunga
lunga
rit.
Lento Rubato
147
in a let-ter.
It was tru-ly ro-man-tic.
148
They nev-er ev- en spoke.

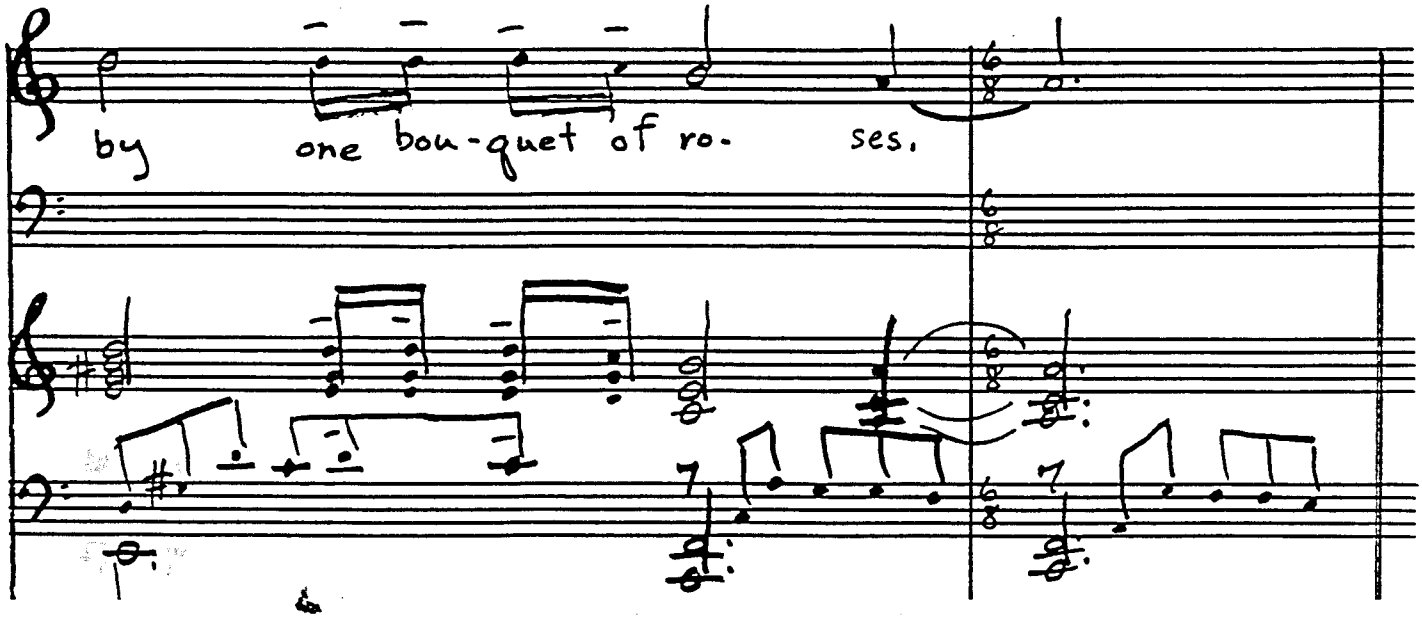
149

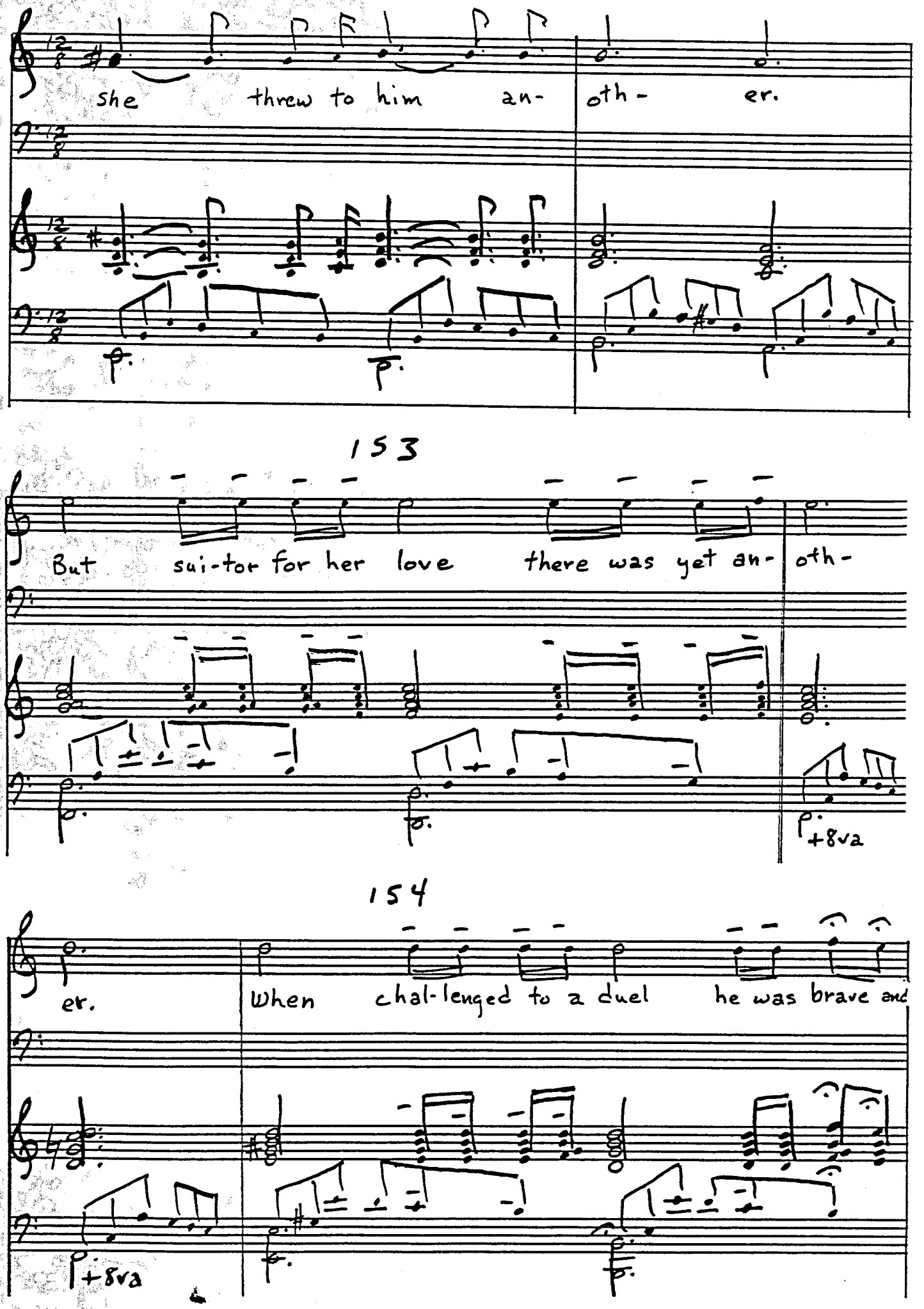

He passed her bal-con-y on horse- back.

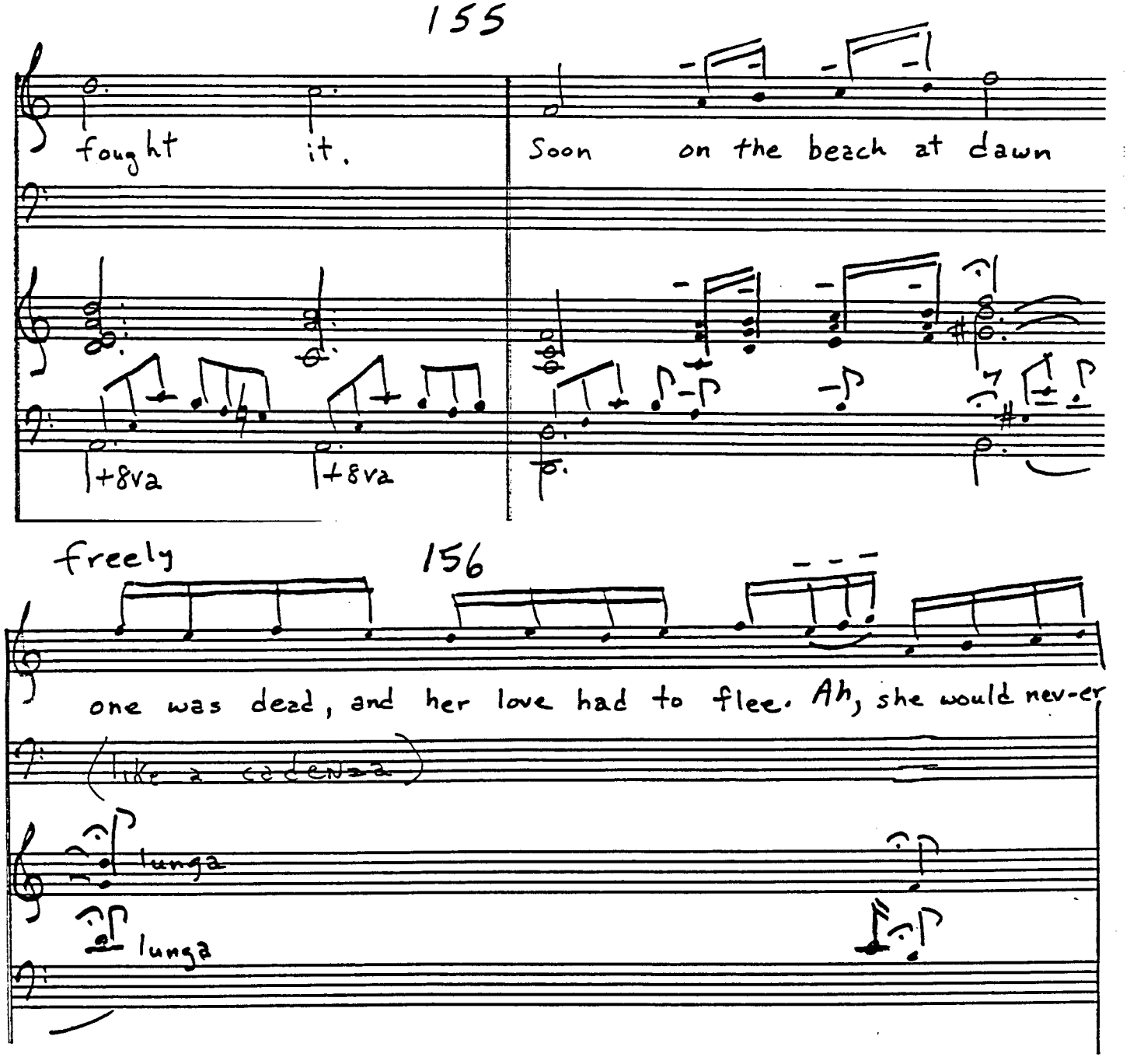
150

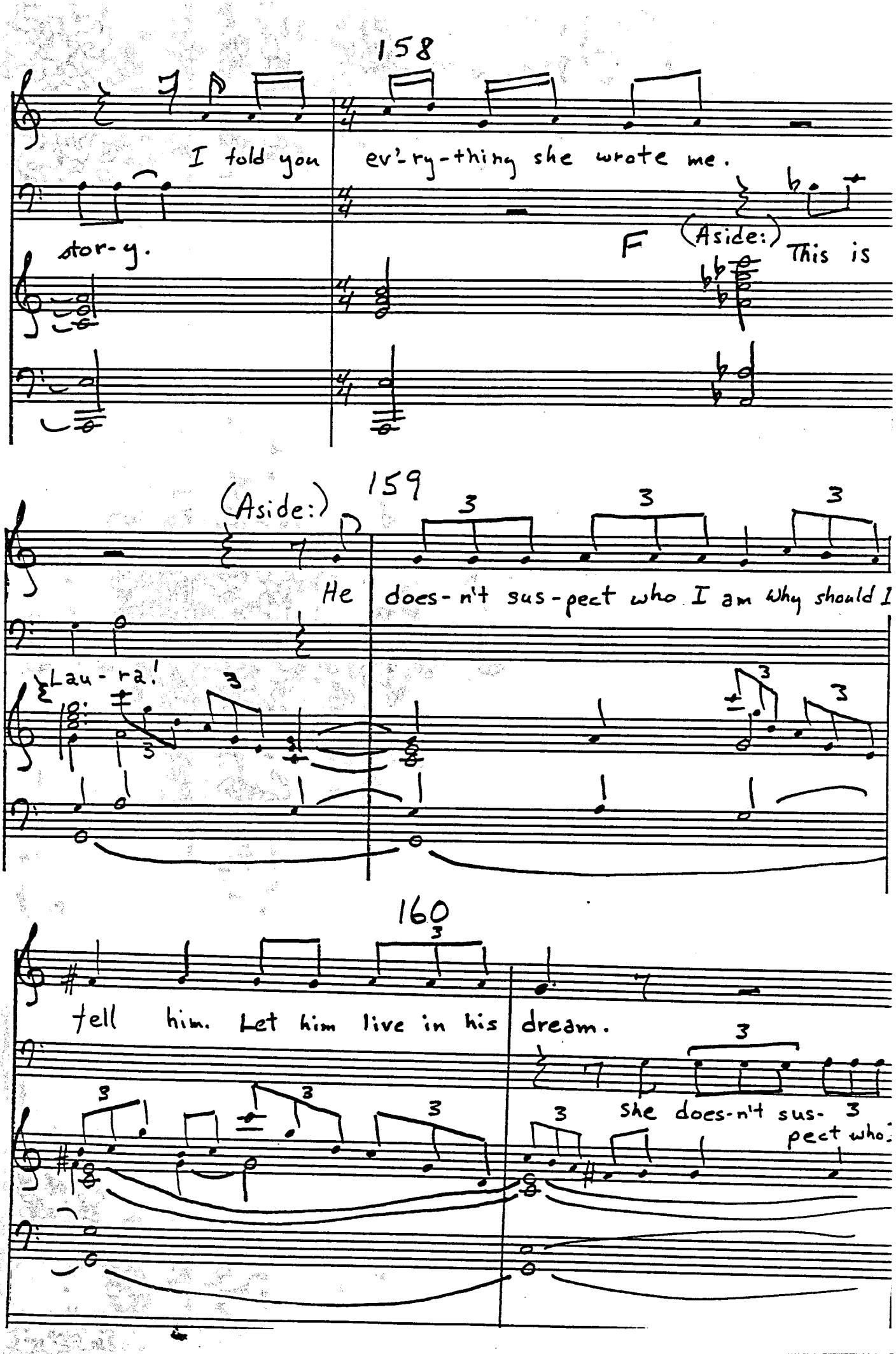

He threw to her each day, as he passed near-

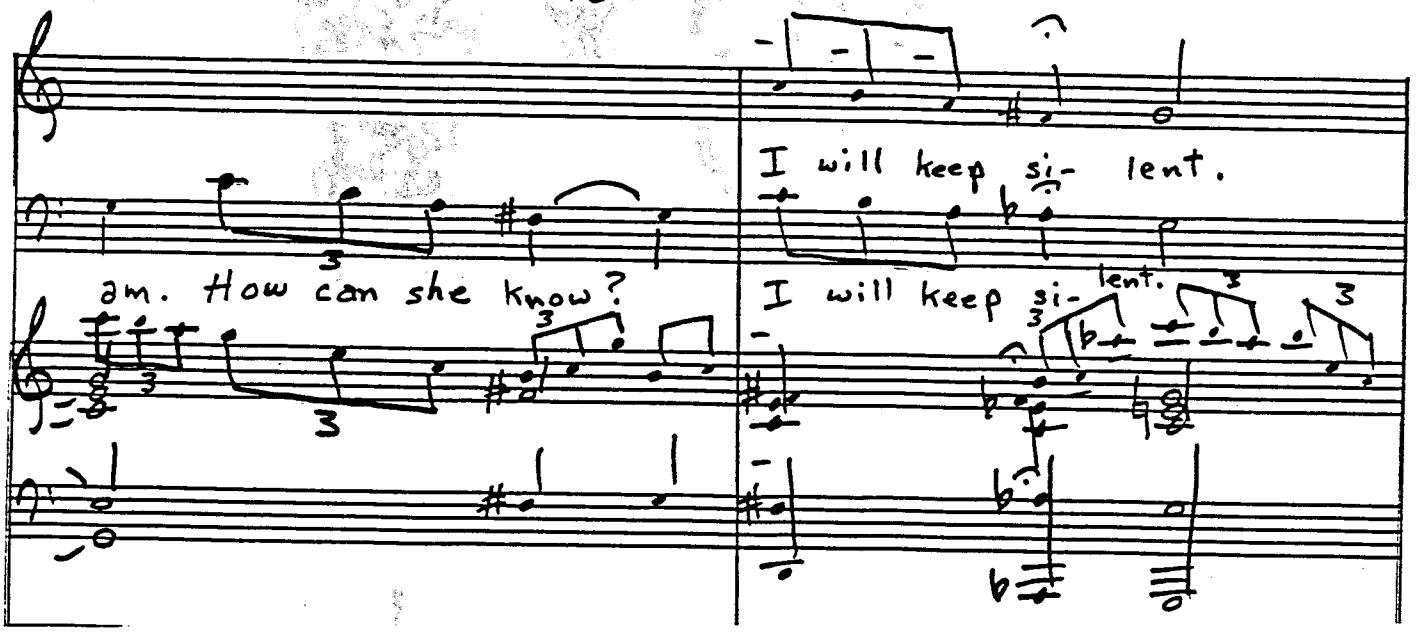
151

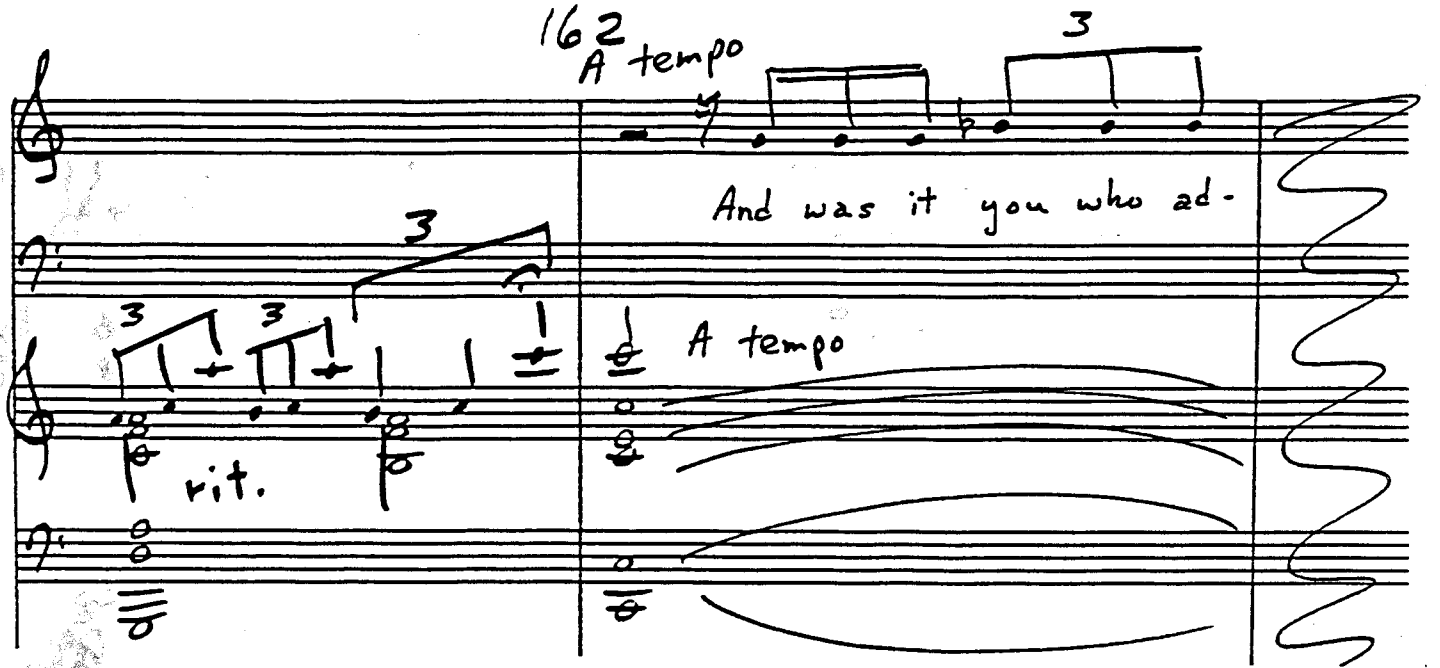

by one bou-quet of ro- ses.

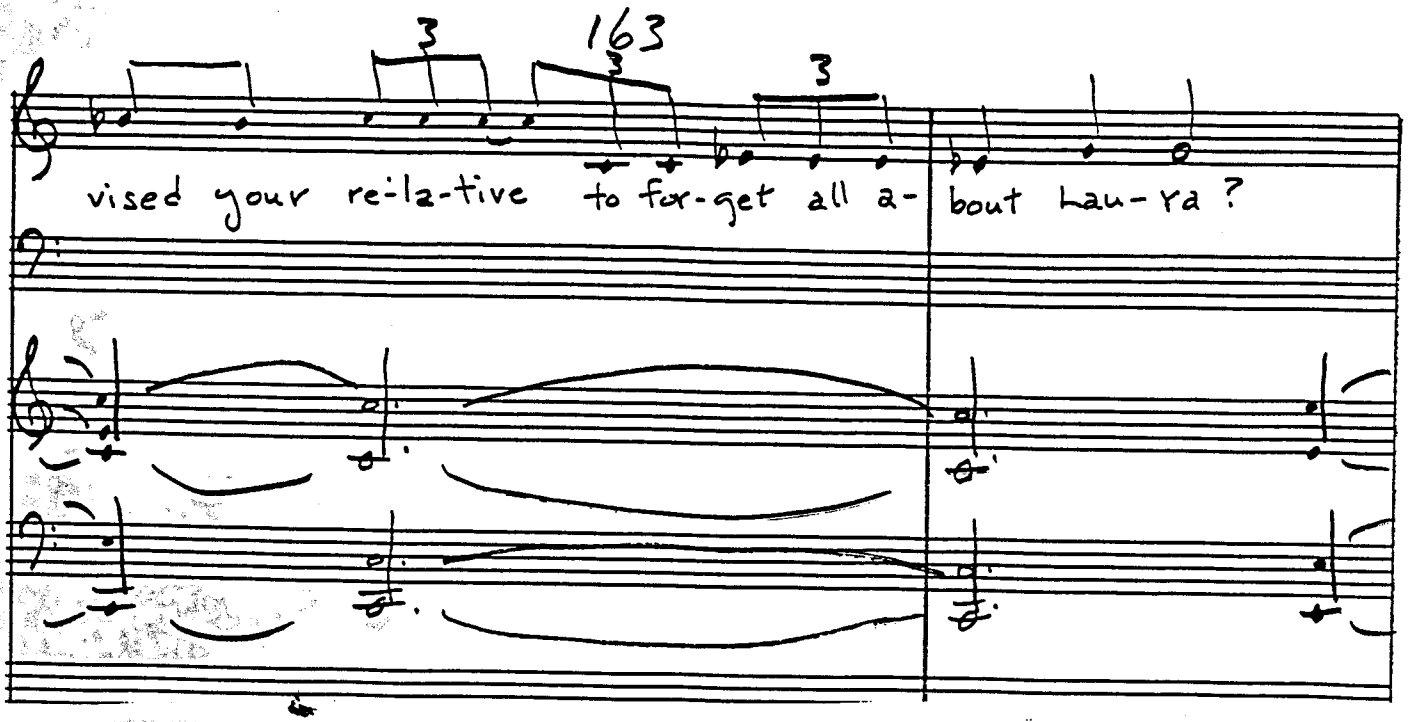

She threw to him an- oth- er.
153
But sui-tor for her love there was yet an- oth-
+8va
154
er.
When chal-lenged to a duel he was brave and
+8va


155
fought it.
Soon on the beach at dawn
+8va
+8va
freely
156
one was dead, and her love had to flee. Ah, she would nev-er
(like a cadenza)
lunga
lunga
157
Faster
see him a-gain.
You know ev-'ry de-tail of the

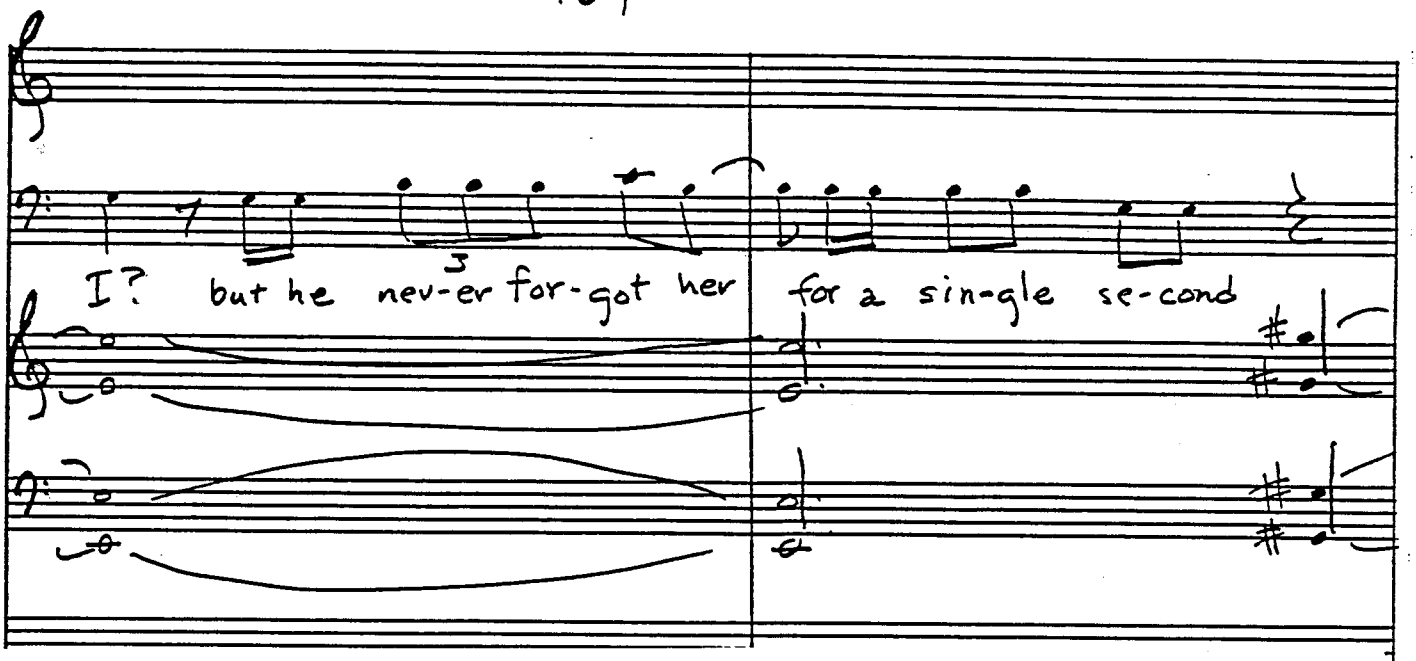

158
I told you ev'-ry-thing she wrote me.
sto-ry.
F
(Aside:)
This is
159
(Aside:)
He does-n't sus-pect who I am Why should I
Lau-ra!
160
tell him. Let him live in his dream.
She does-n't sus-
pect who


I will keep si- lent.
am. How can she know?
I will keep si- lent.

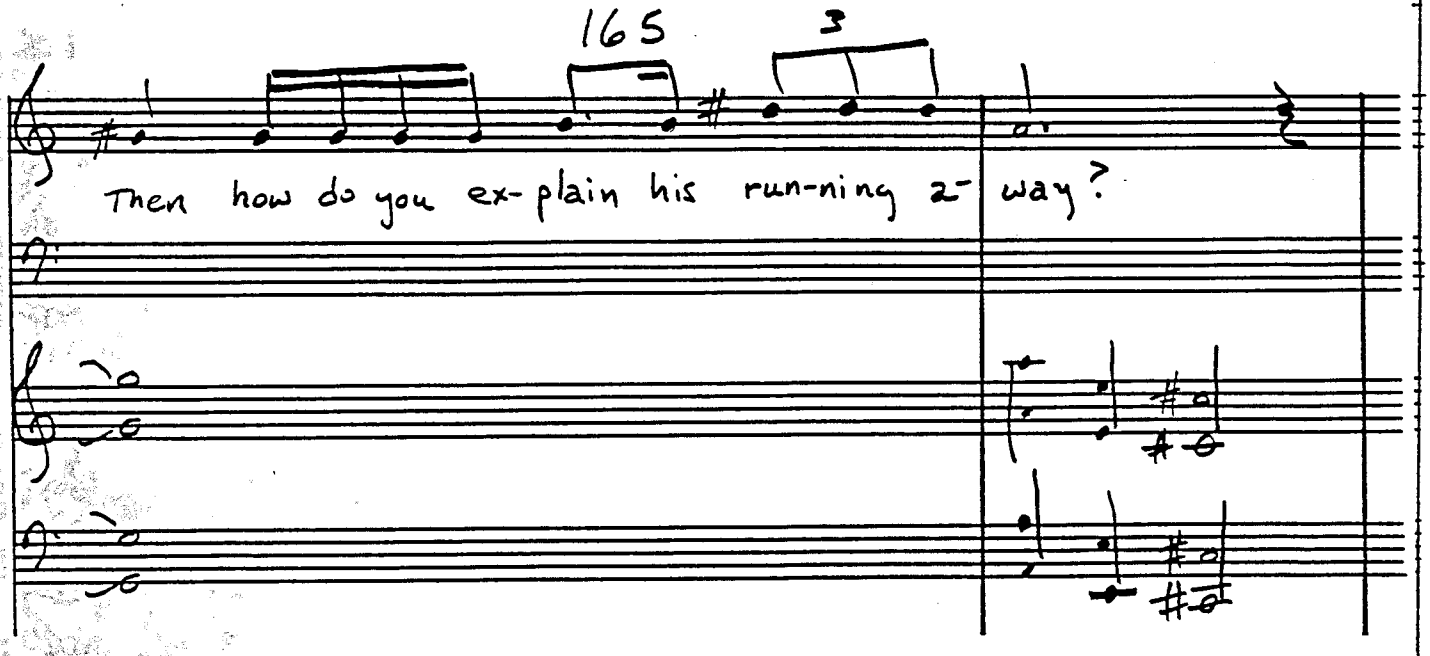

162
A tempo
And was it you who ad-
rit.
A tempo


163
vised your re-la-tive to for-get all a- bout Lau-ra ?

164

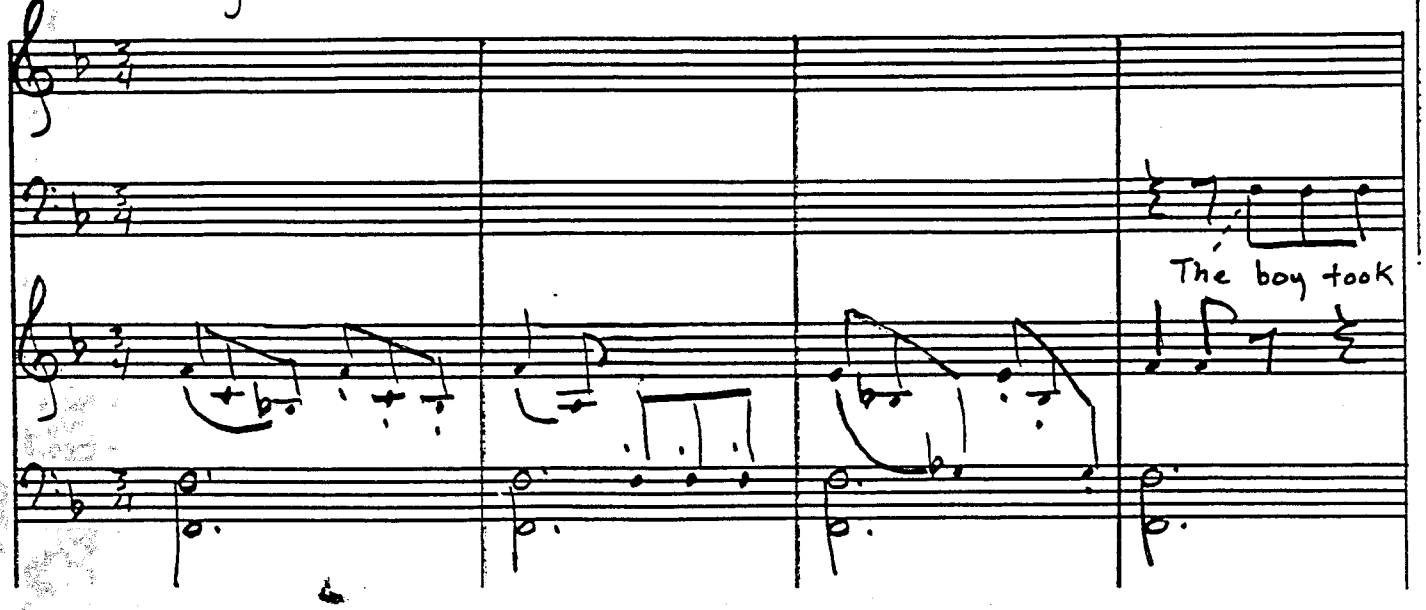


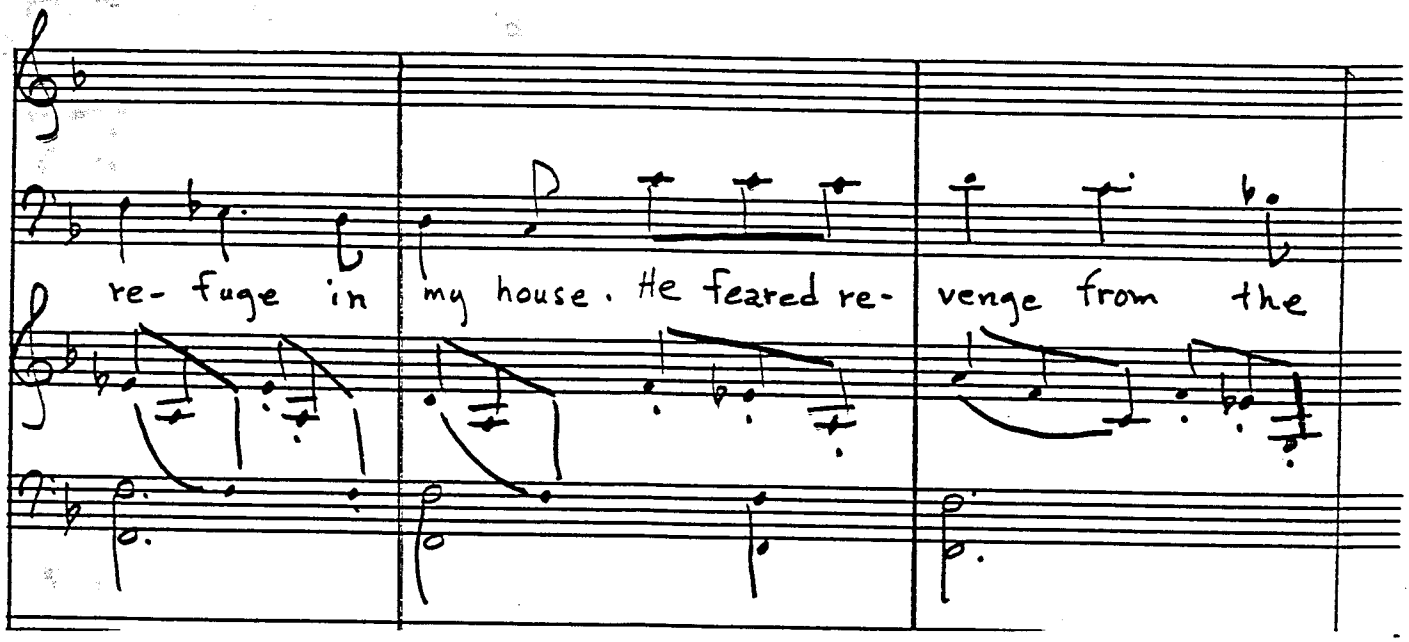
165



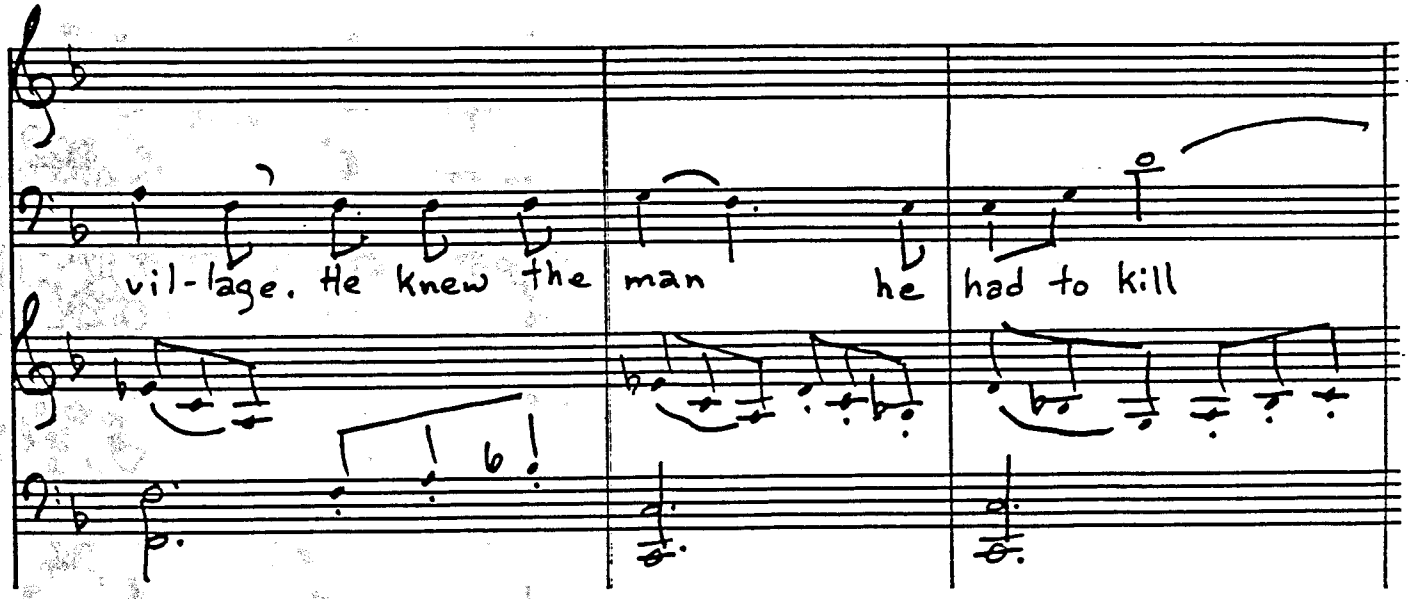
Allegro

166

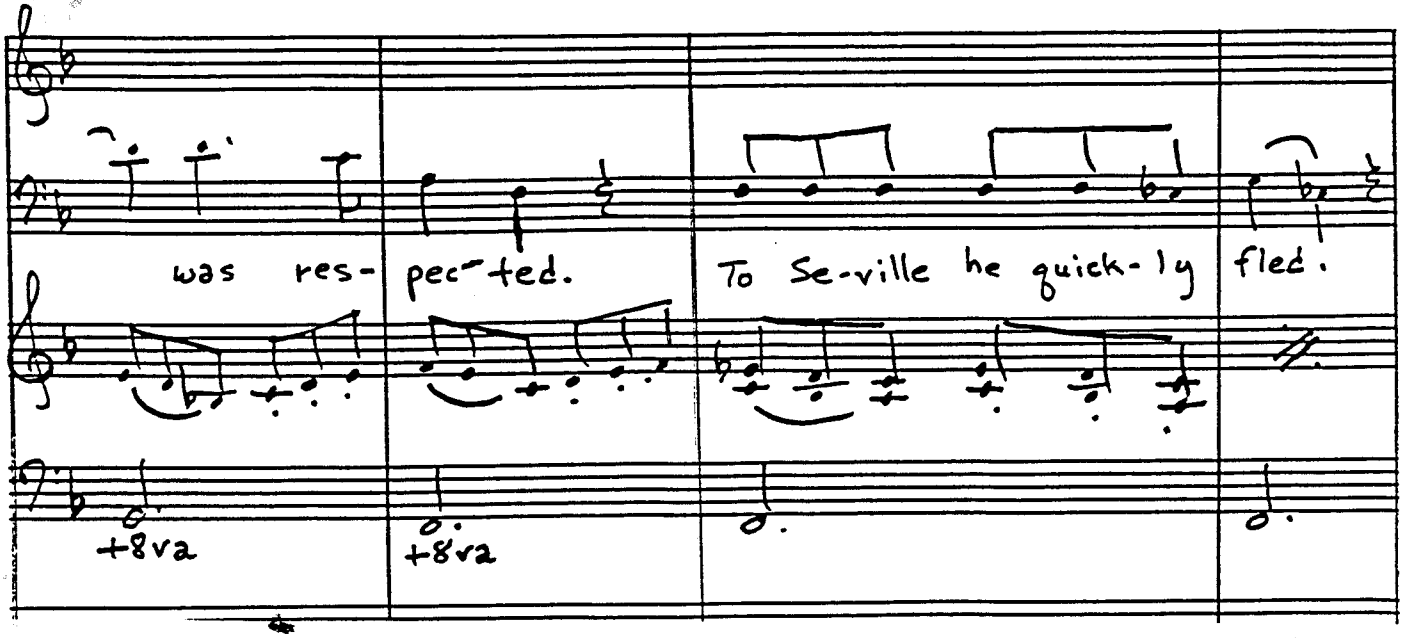


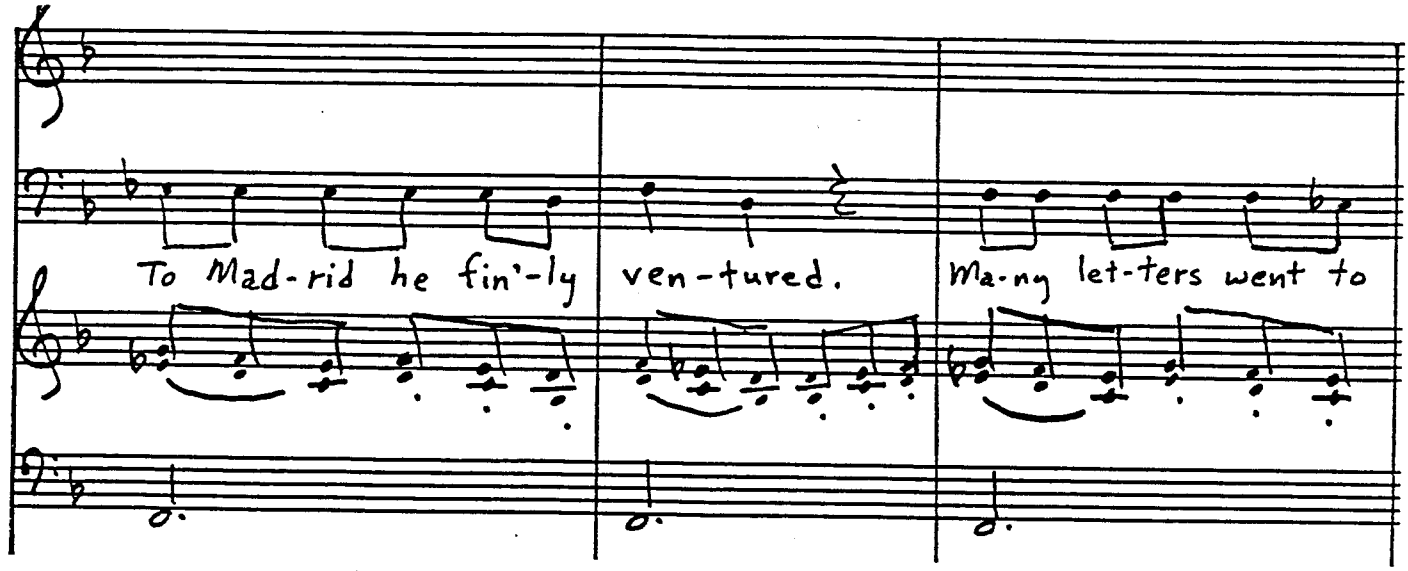

re- fuge in my house. He feared re- venge from the

168

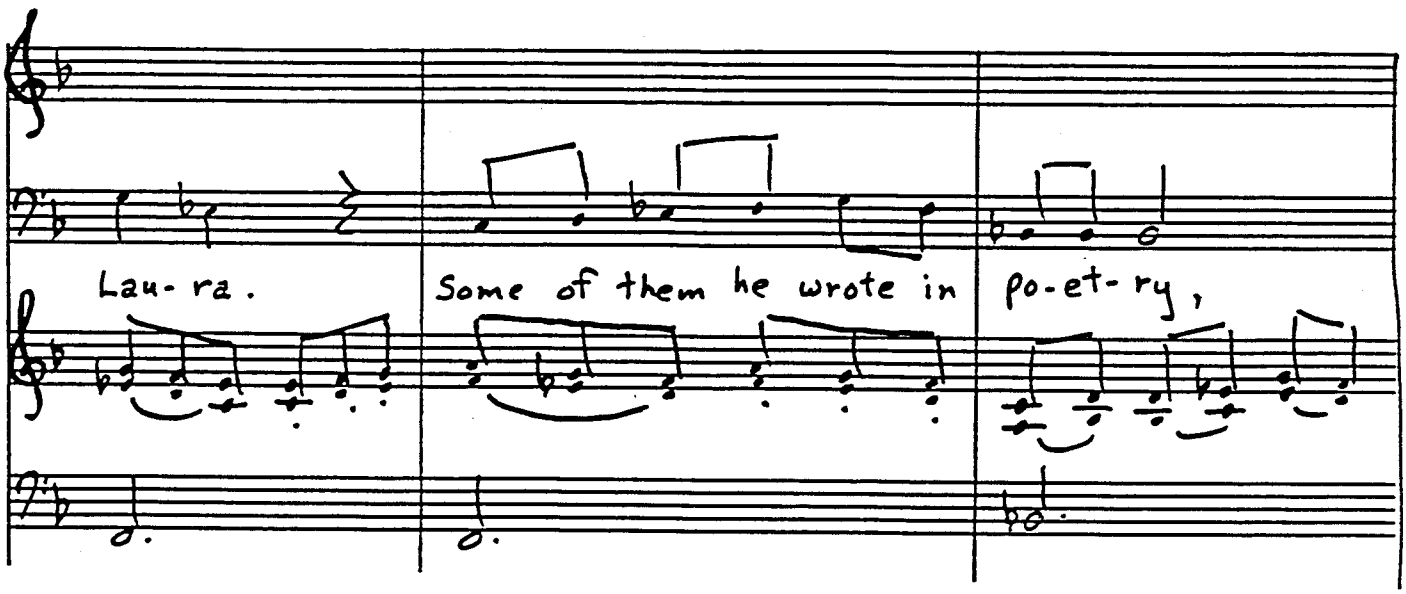

vil-lage. He knew the man he had to kill

169

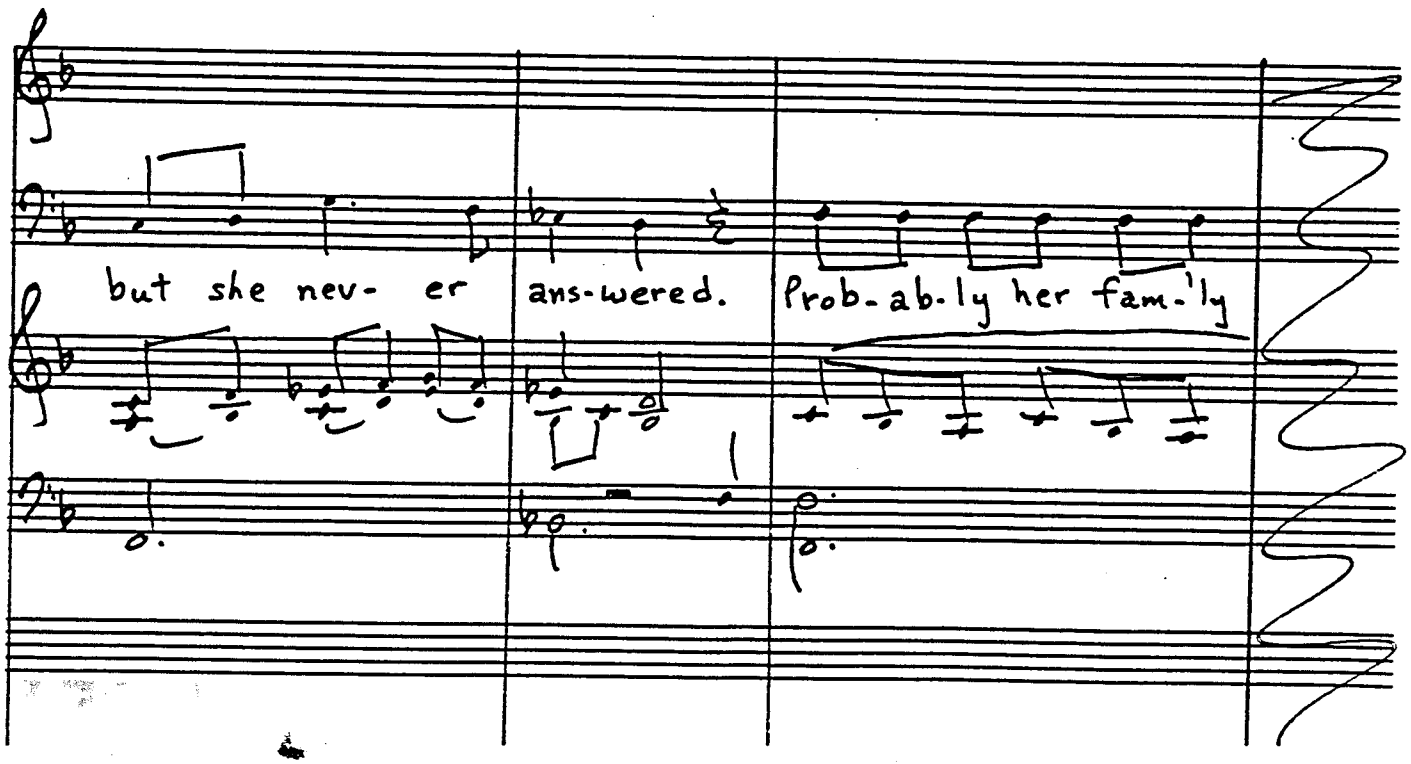

was res- pec-ted. To Se-ville he quick-ly fled.
+8va
+8va

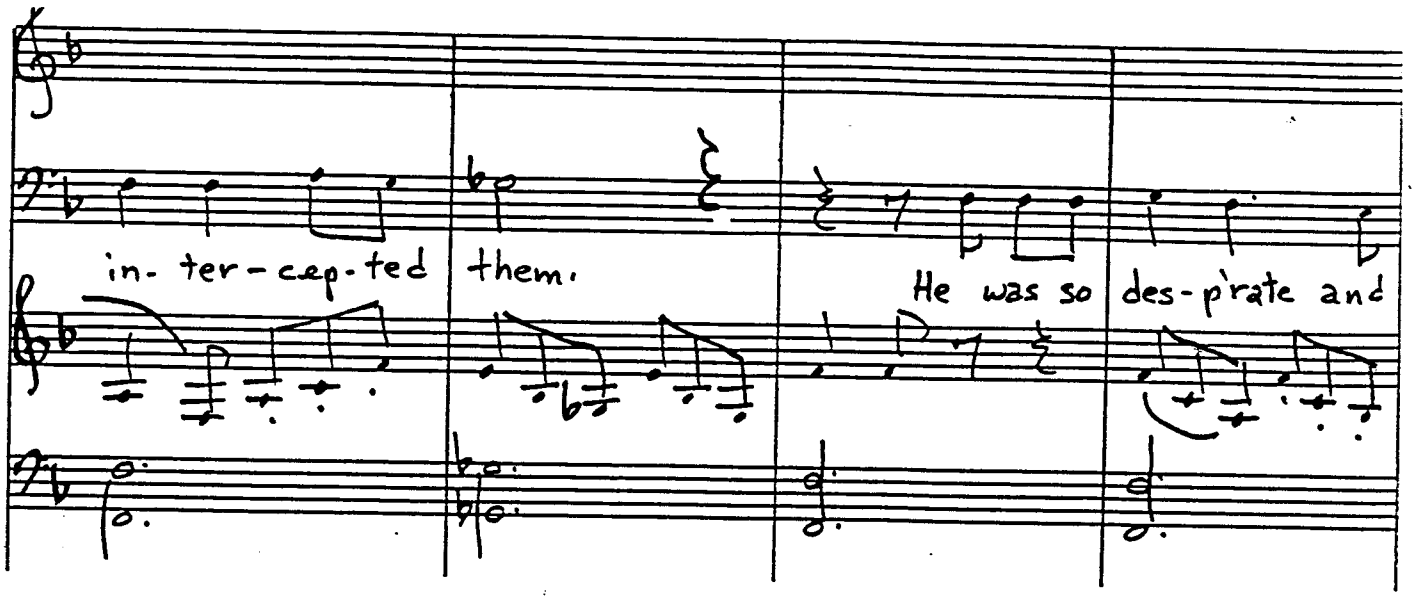

To Mad-rid he fin'-ly ven-tured. Ma-ny let-ters went to

171

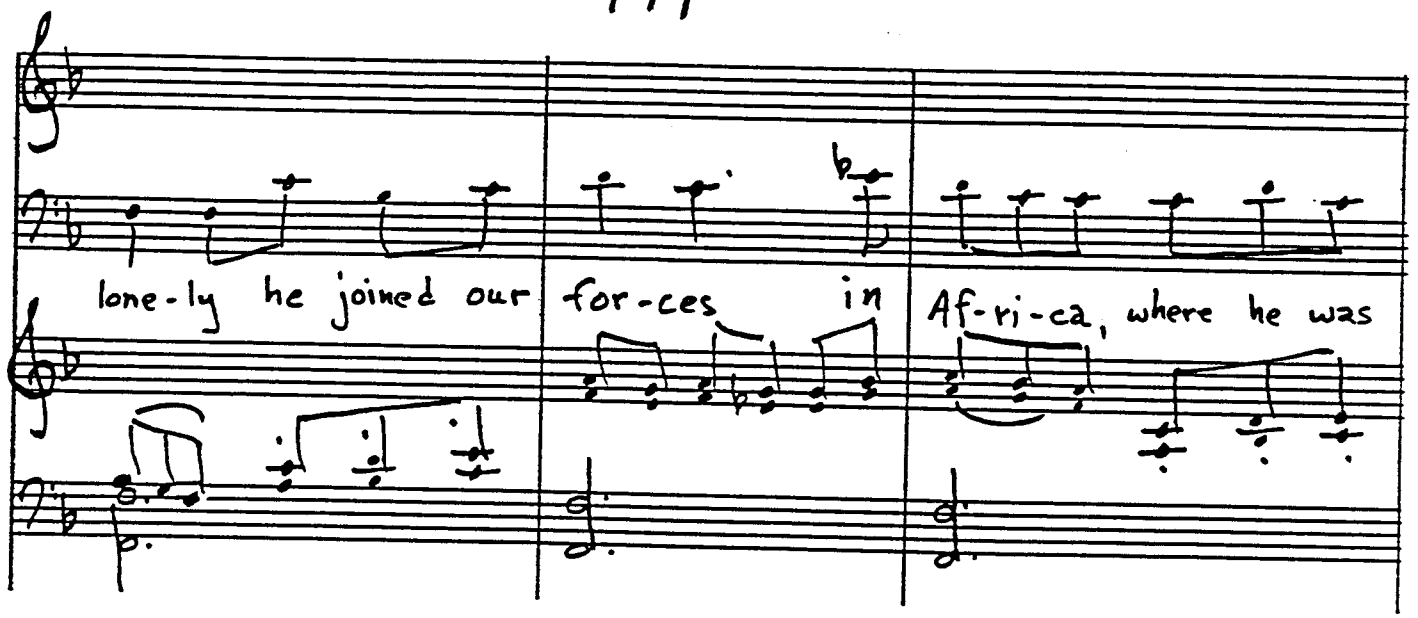

Lau-ra. Some of them he wrote in po-et-ry,

172

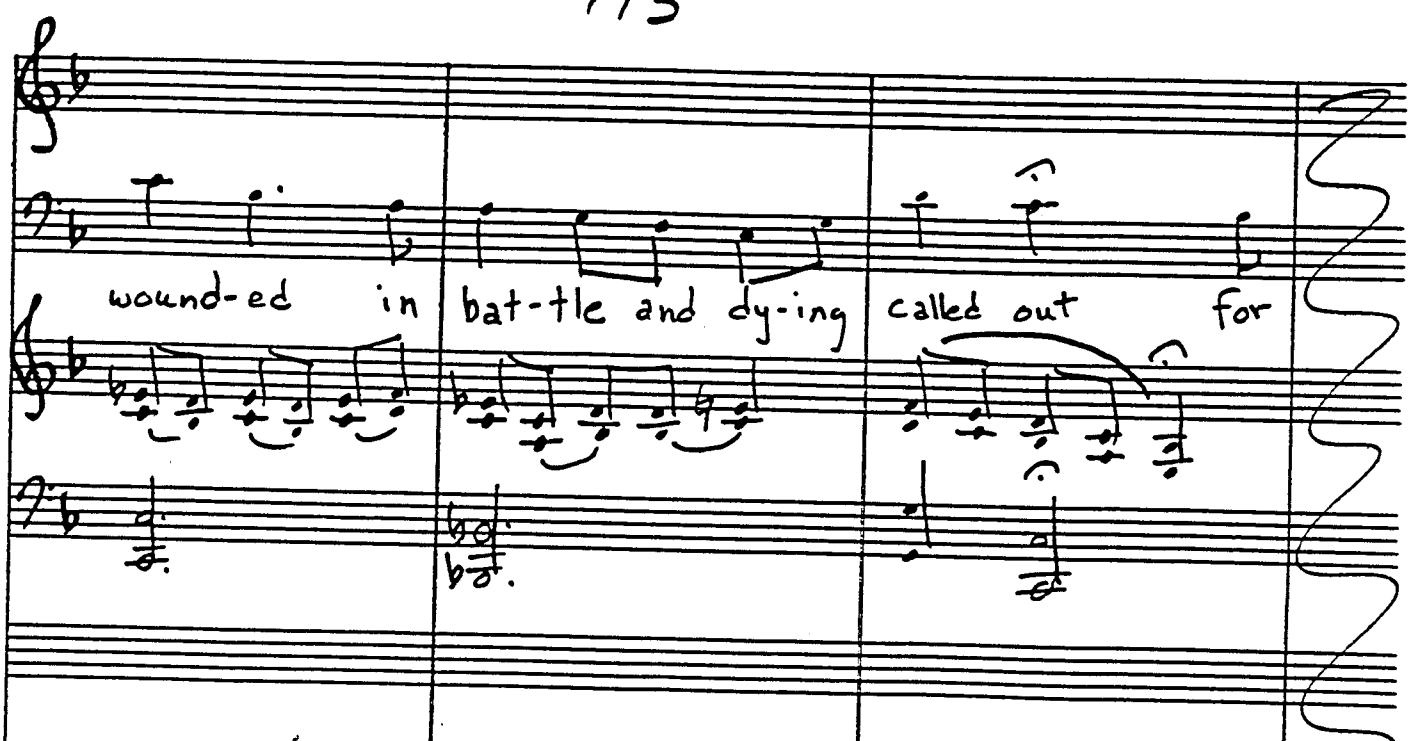

but she nev- er ans-wered. Prob-ab-ly her fam-'ly

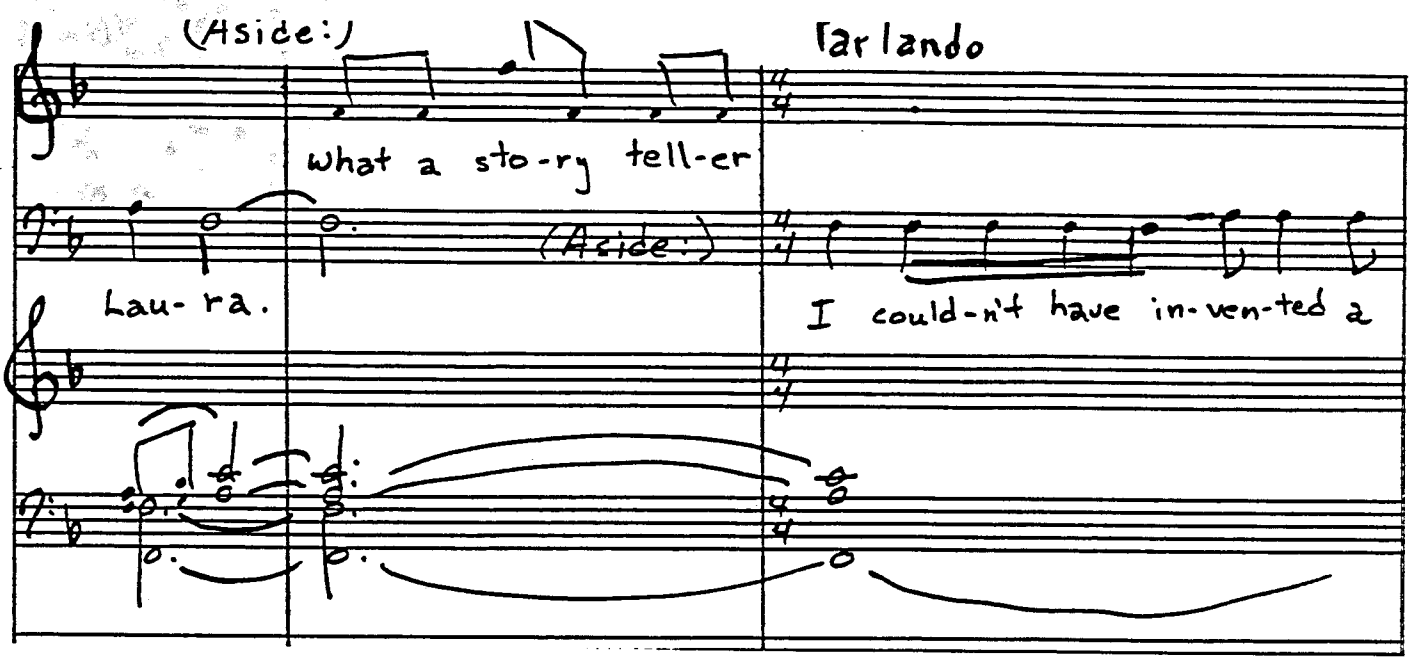

in- ter- cep- ted them.
He was so des- p'rate and

174

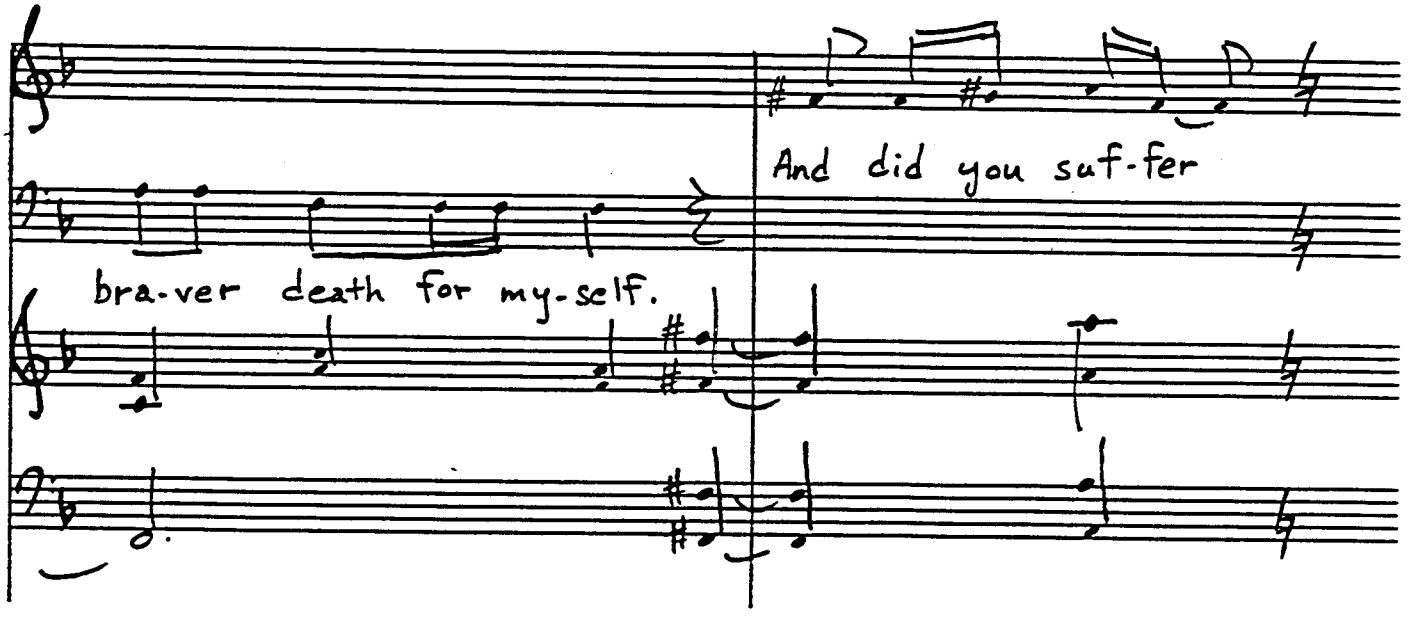

lone- ly he joined our for- ces in Af- ri- ca, where he was

175

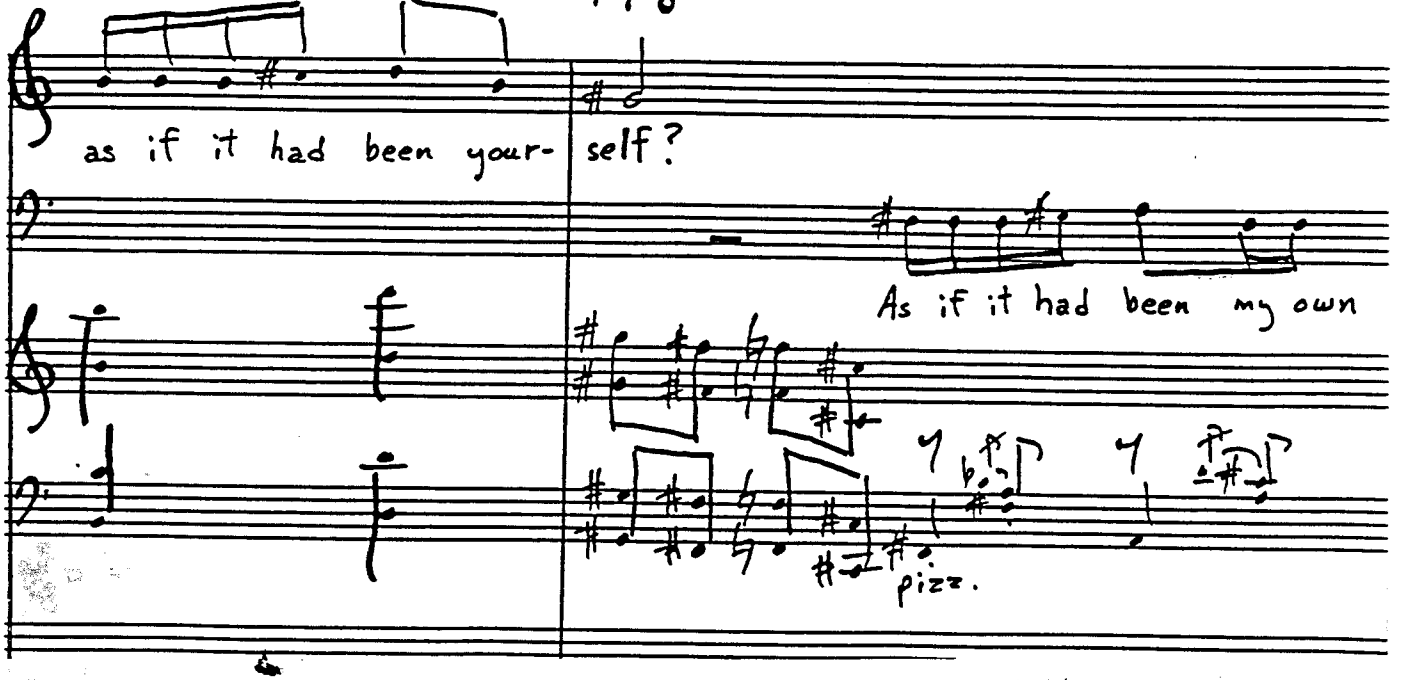

wound- ed in bat- tle and dy- ing called out for

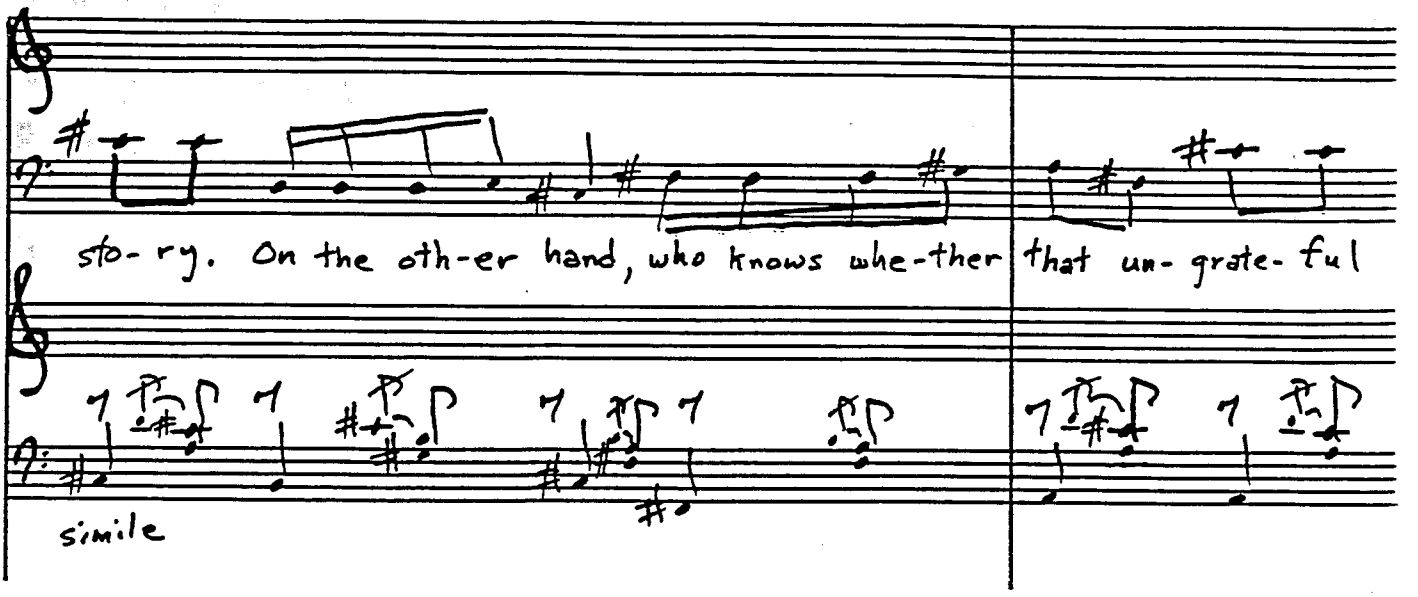

(Aside:)
Parlando
what a sto-ry tell-er
Lau-ra.
(Aside:)
I could-n't have in-ven-ted a

177

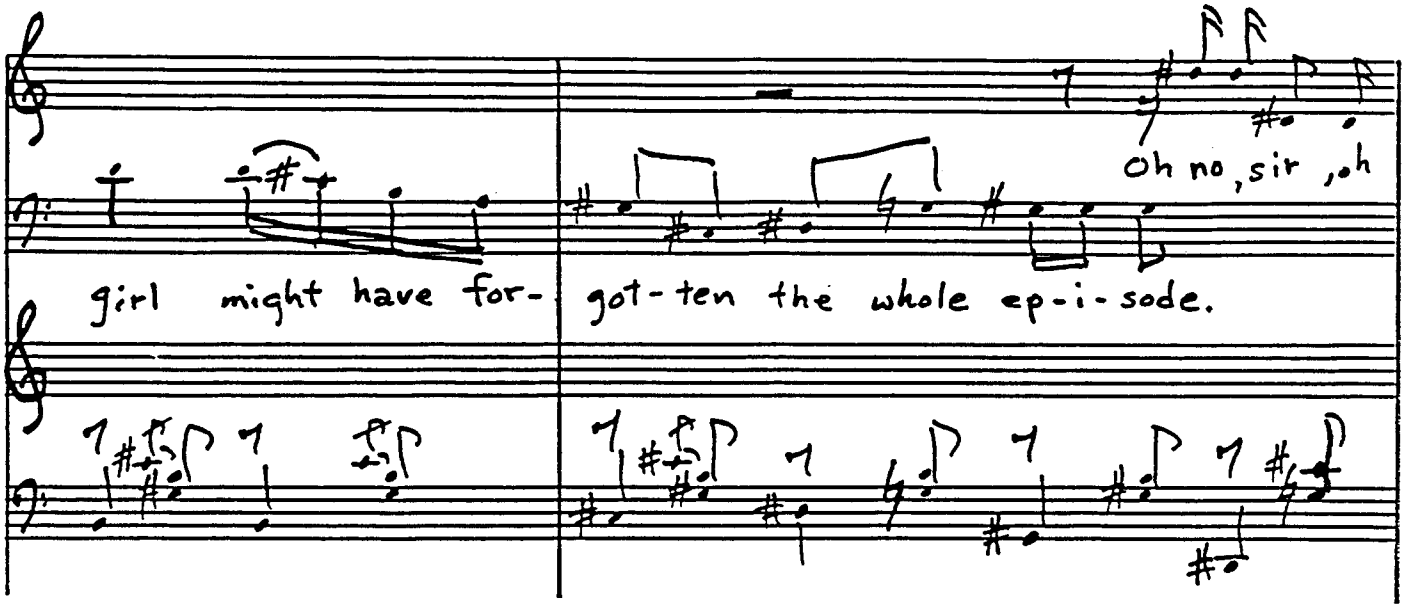

And did you suf-fer
bra-ver death for my-self.

178

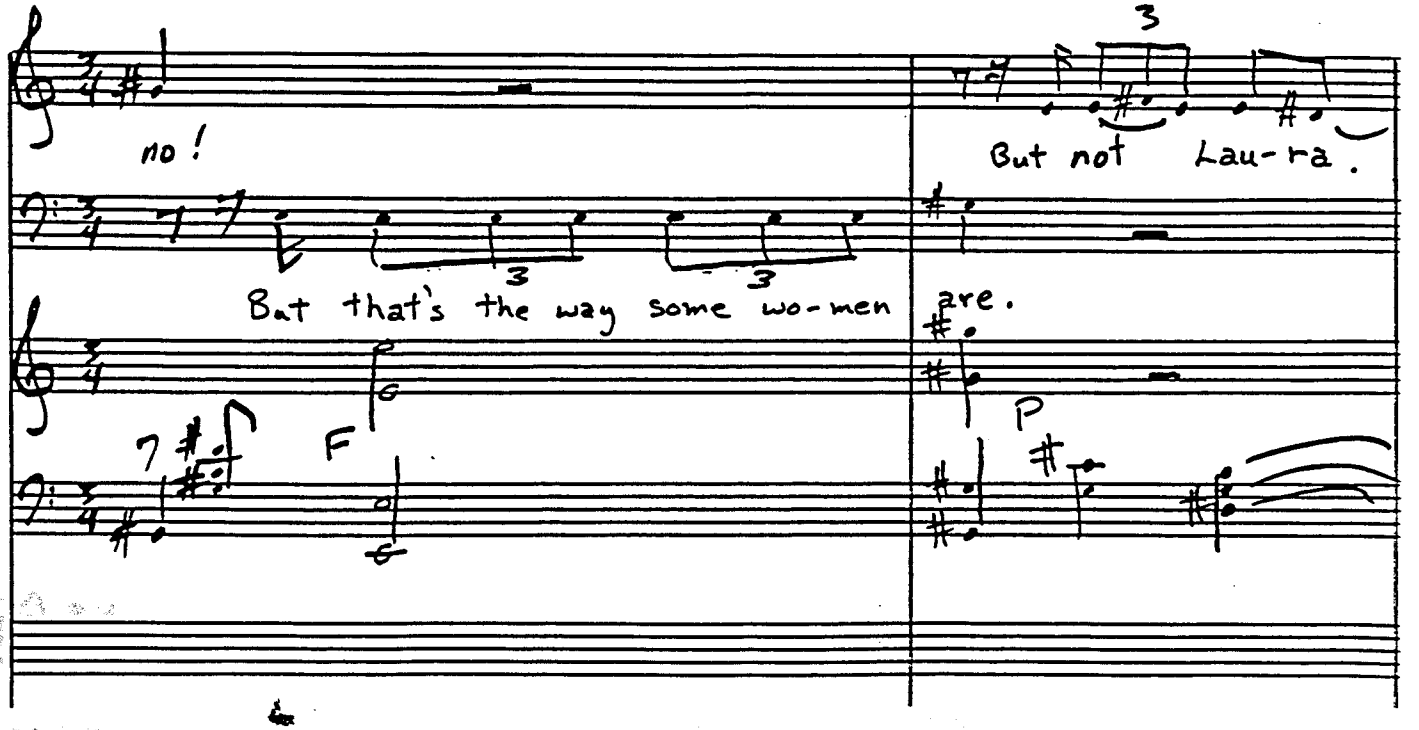

as if it had been your-
self?
As if it had been my own
pizz.

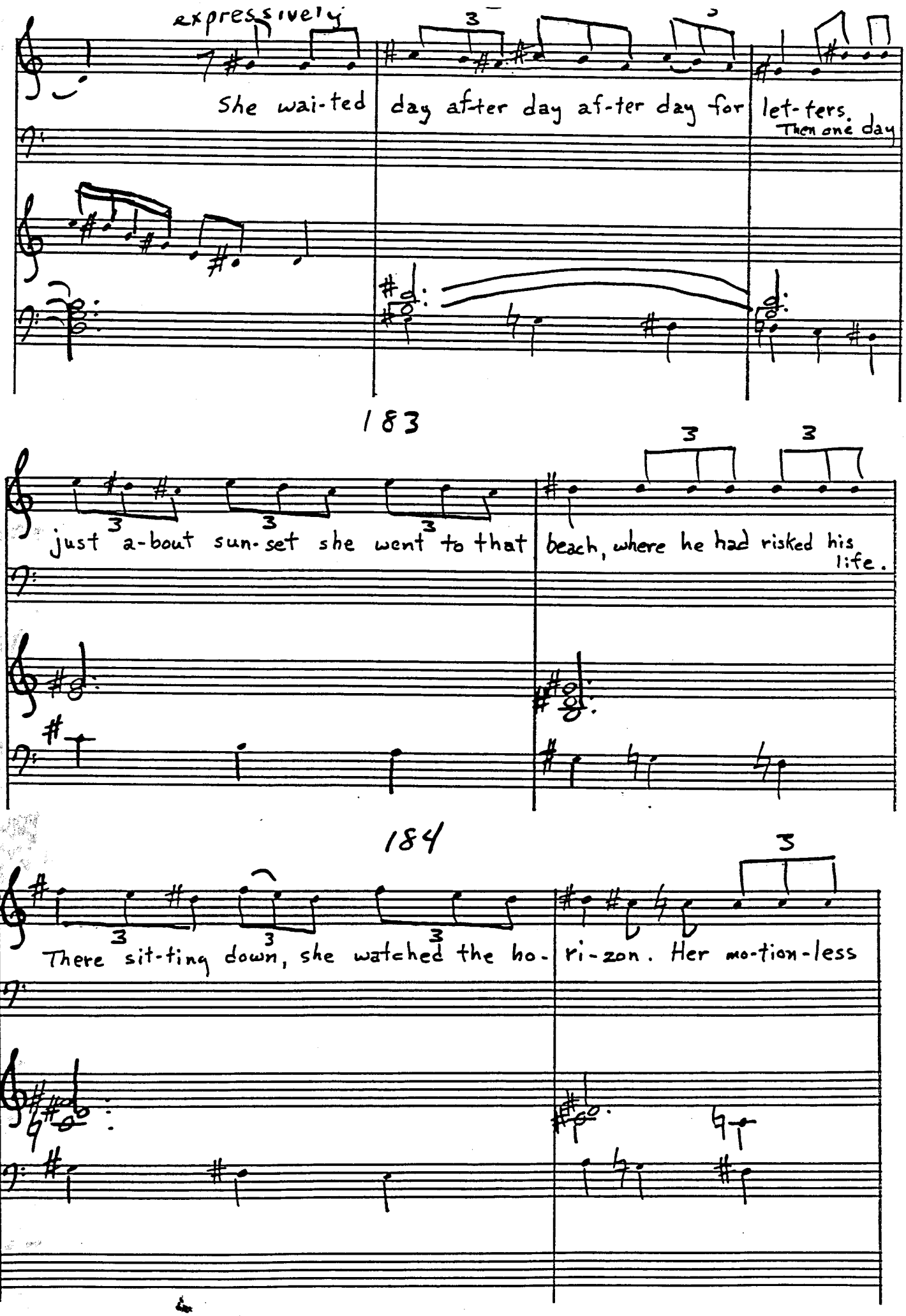

sto- ry. On the oth-er hand, who knows whe-ther that un- grate- ful
simile

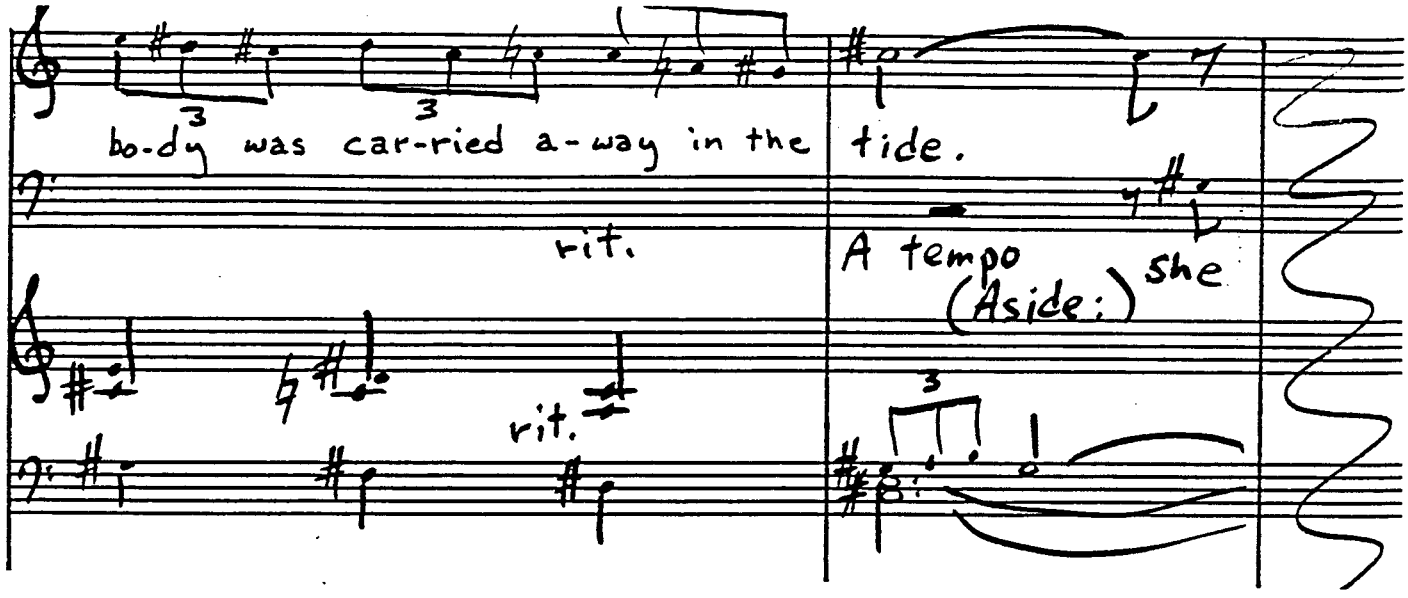
180


girl might have for- got- ten the whole ep- i- sode.
Oh no, sir, oh

181

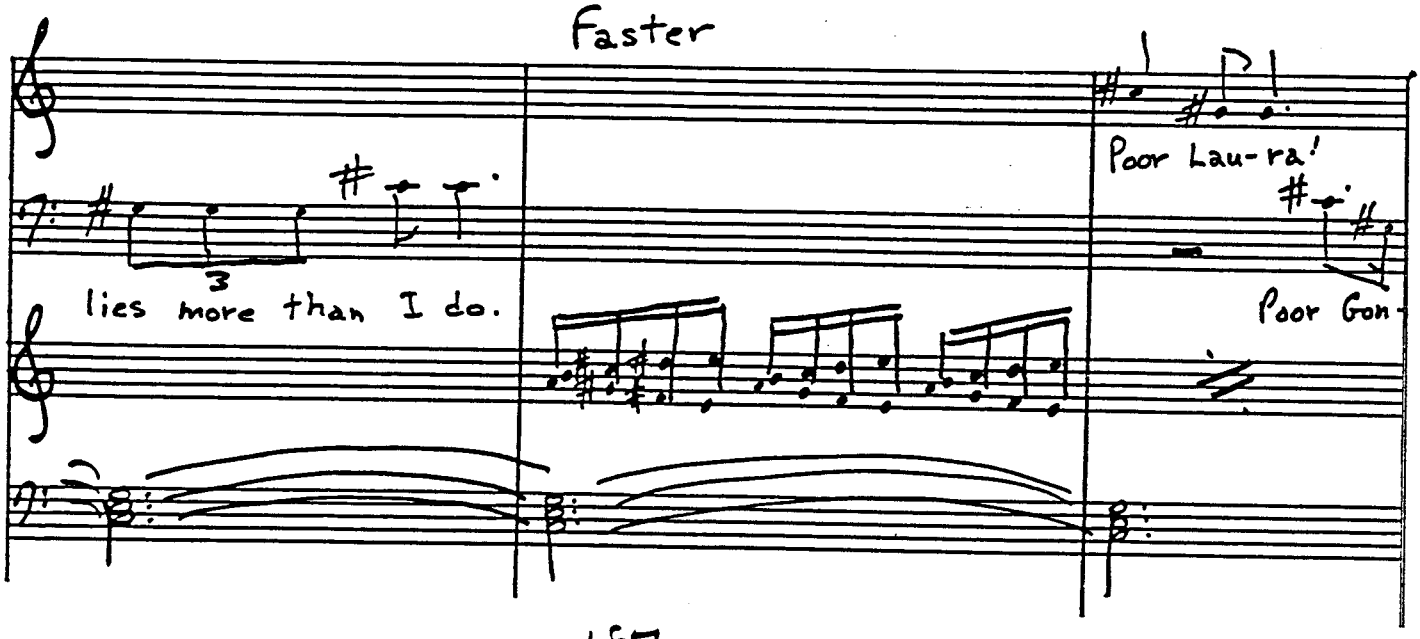

no!
But that's the way some wo- men
But not Lau- ra.
are.
F
P


expressively
She wai-ted day af-ter day af-ter day for let-ters. Then one day
183
just a-bout sun-set she went to that beach, where he had risked his life.
184
There sit-ting down, she watched the ho- ri-zon. Her mo-tion-less

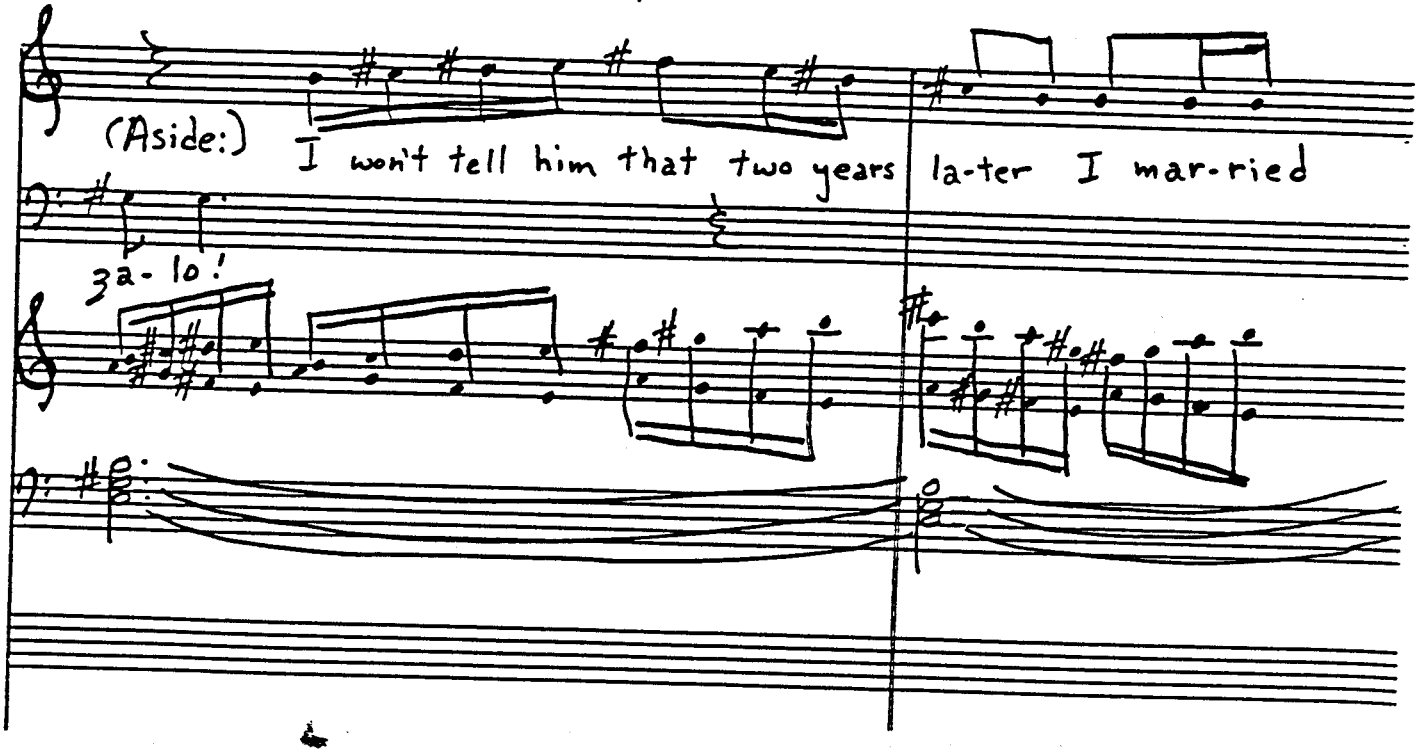


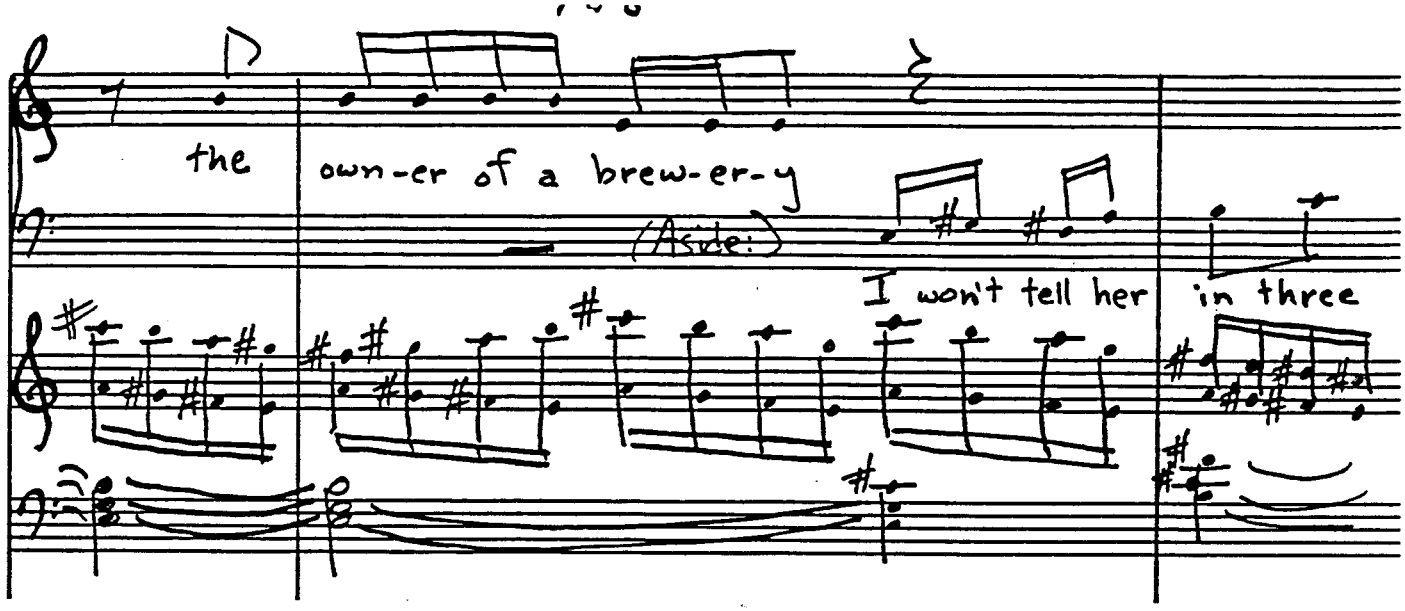
186

Faster

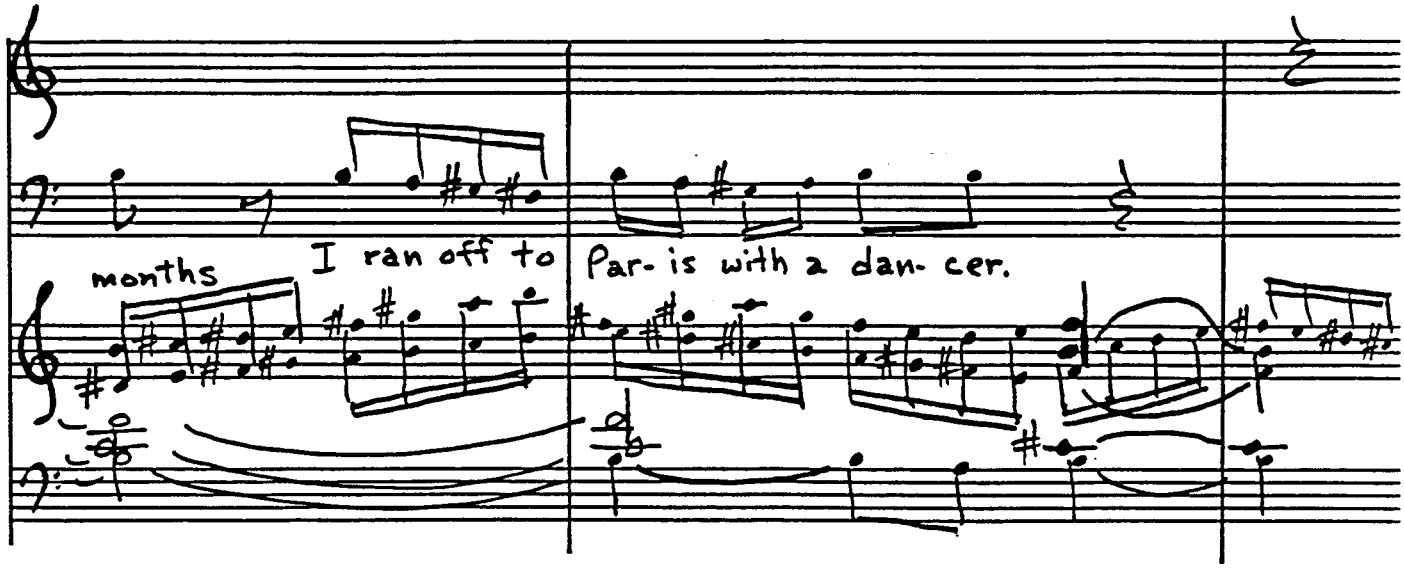


187

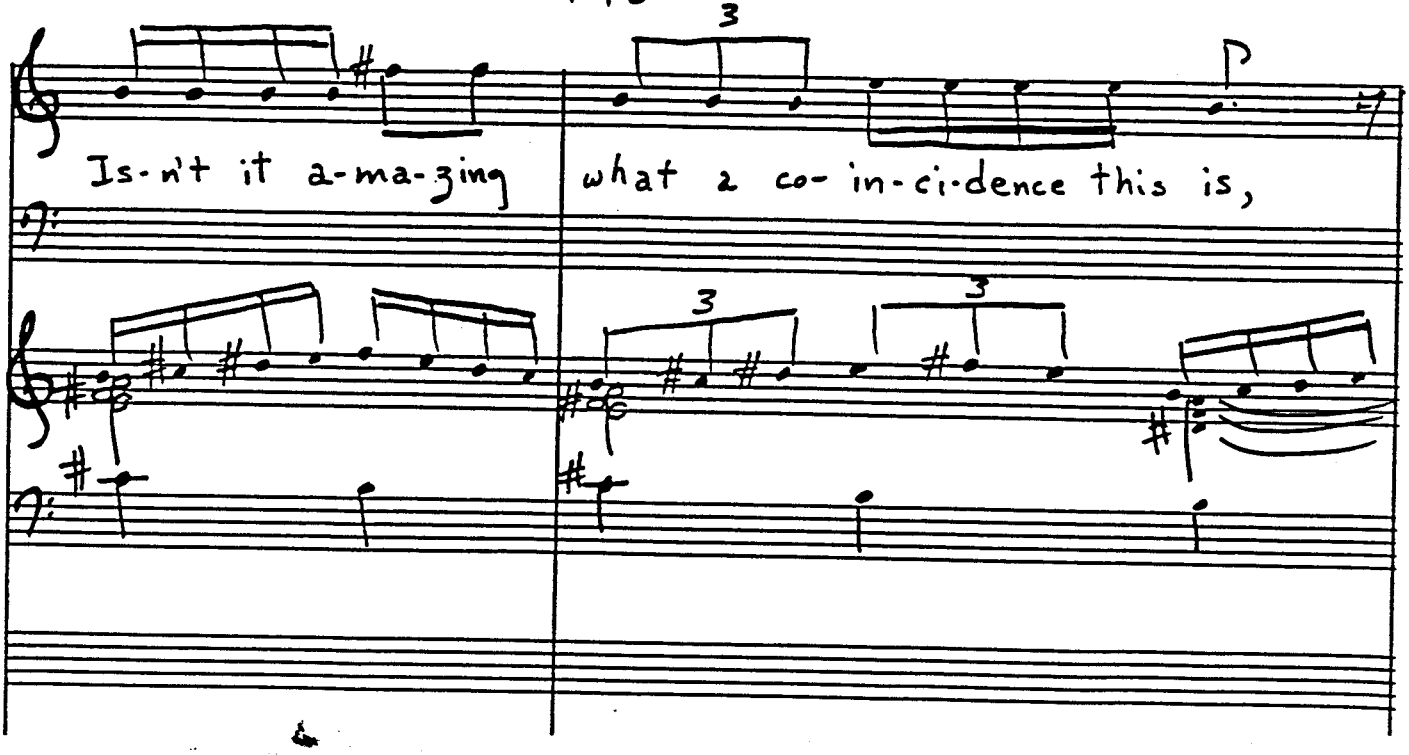


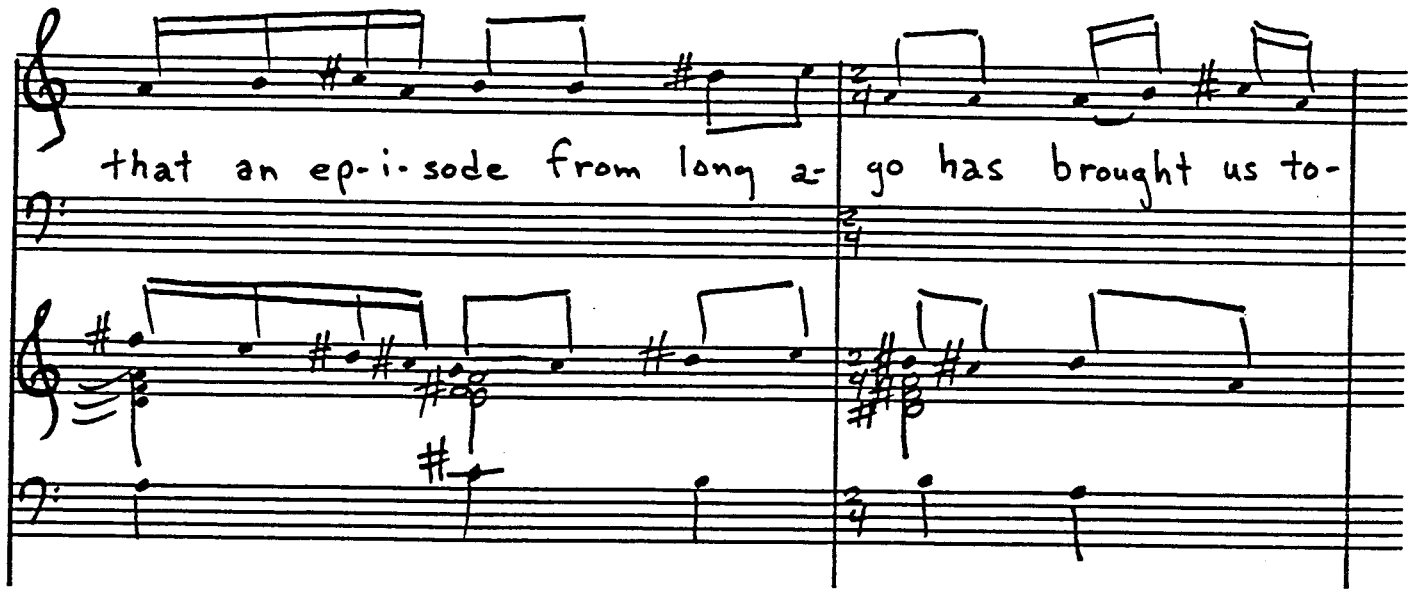

the
own-er of a brew-er-y
(Aside:)
I won't tell her
in three

189

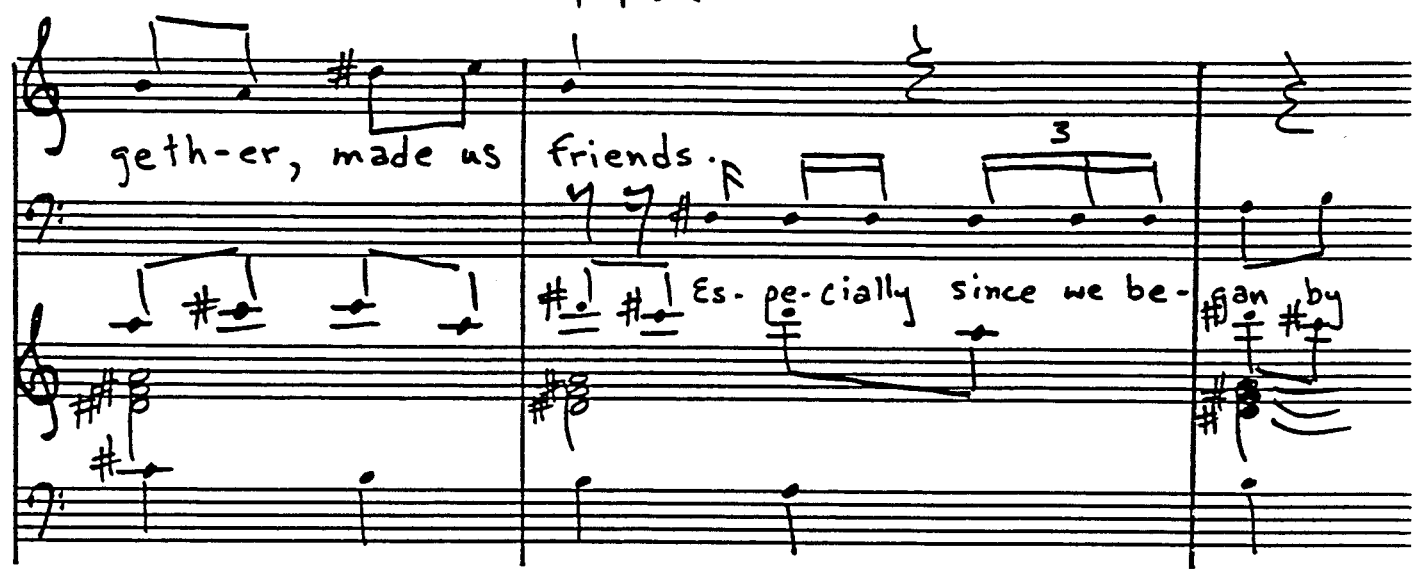

months
I ran off to
Par-is with a dan-cer.

190

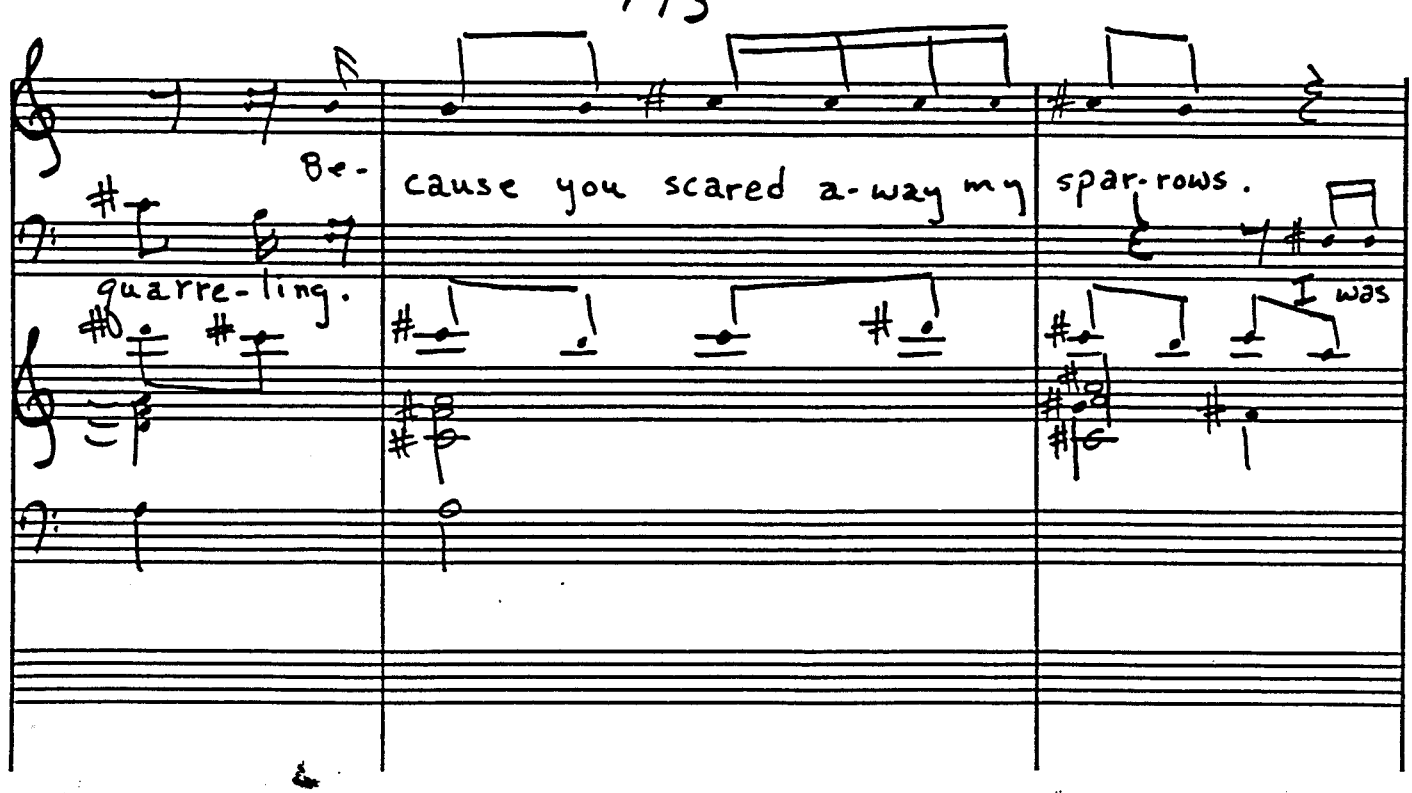

Is-n't it a-ma-zing
what a co-in-ci-dence this is,
3
3
3

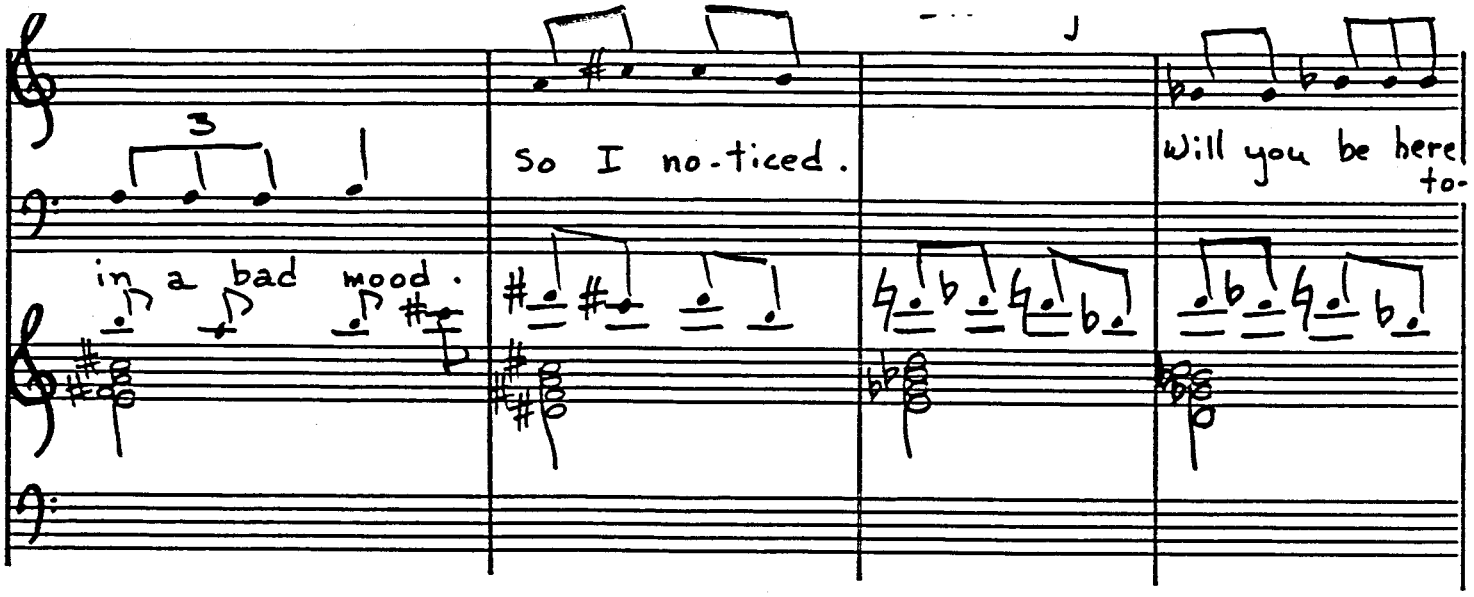

that an ep-i-sode from long a-
go has brought us to-

192

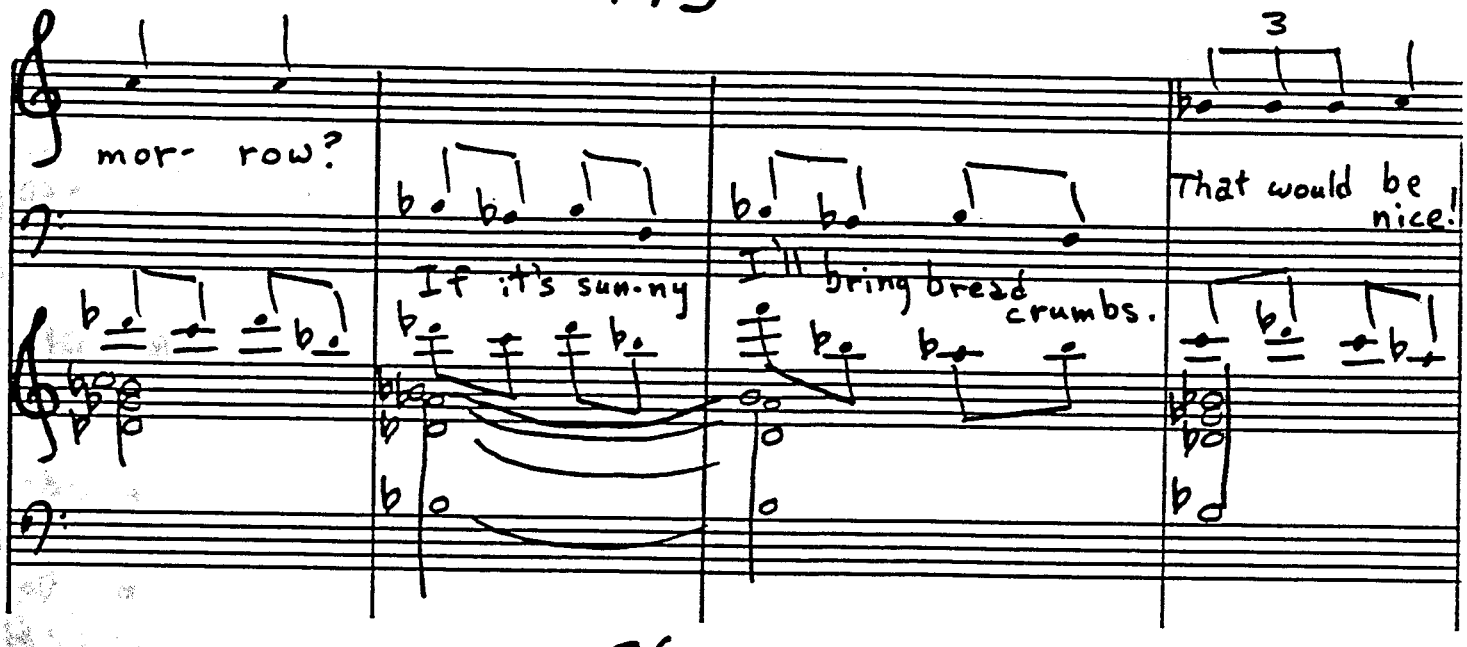

geth-er, made us
friends.
3
Es-pe-cially since we be-
gan by

193

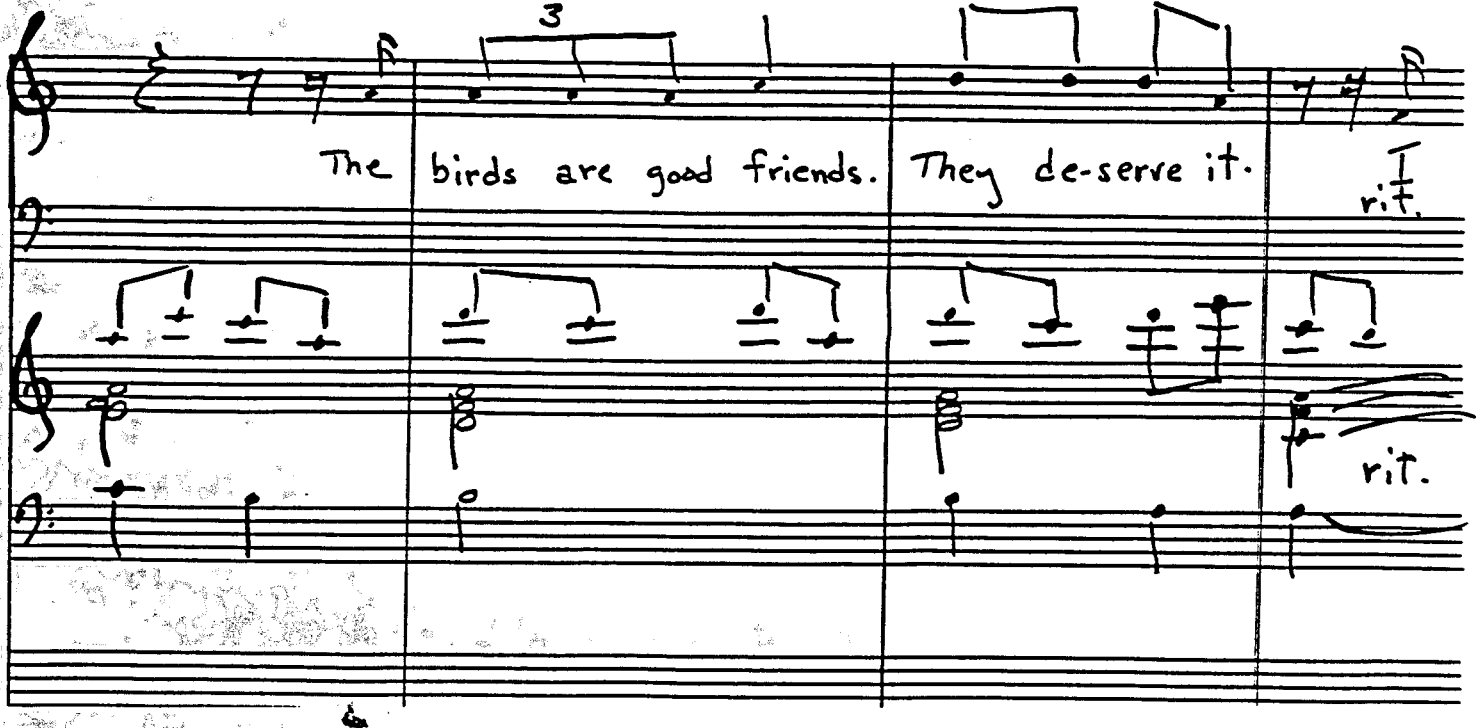

Be-
cause you scared a-way my
spar-rows.
quarre-ling.
I was

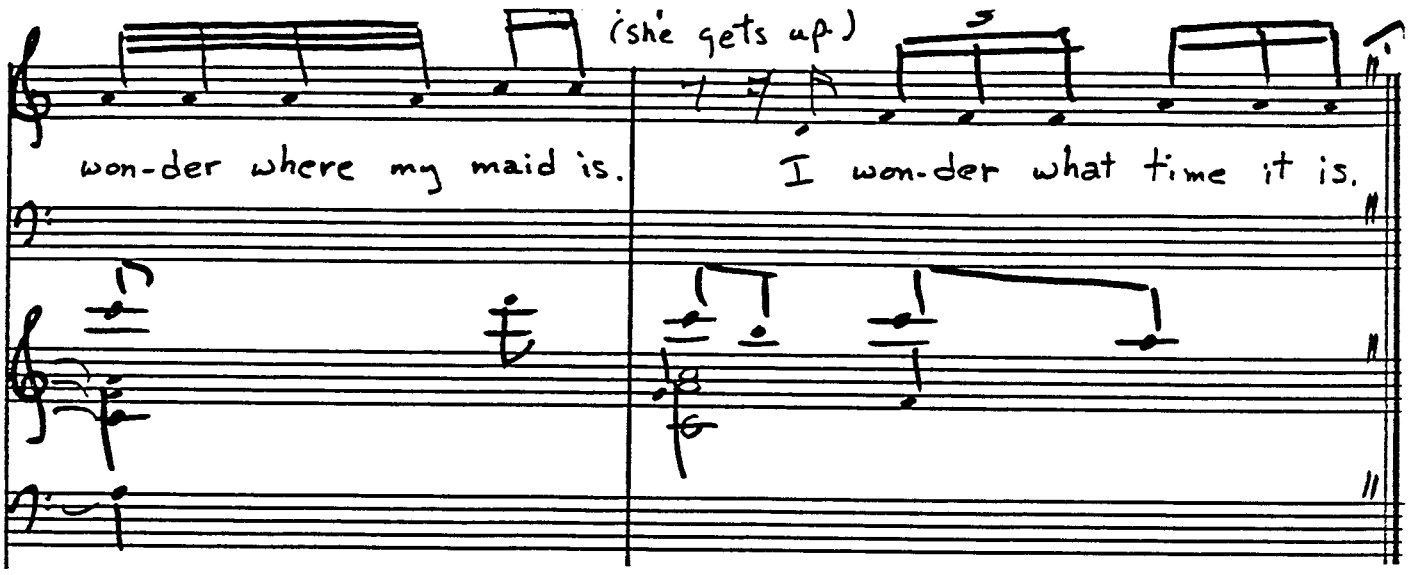

3
in a bad mood.
So I no-ticed.
Will you be here to-

195


mor- row?
If it's sun-ny
I'll bring bread crumbs.
3
That would be nice!

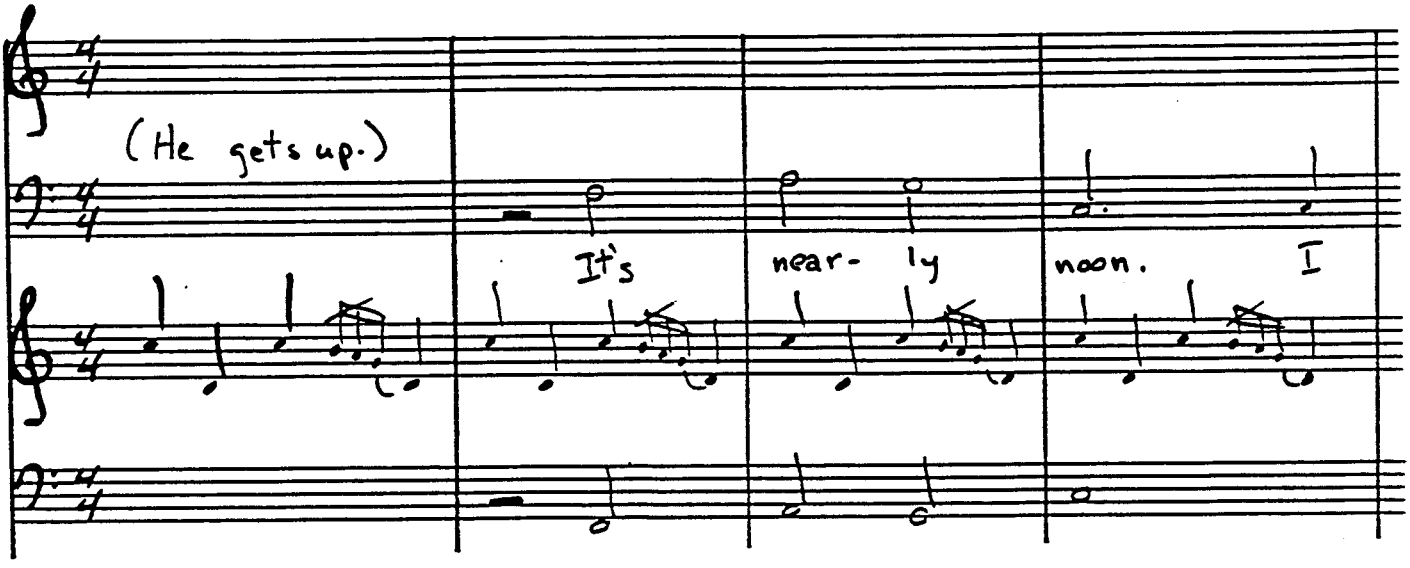
196


3
The birds are good friends.
They de-serve it.
rit.
rit.

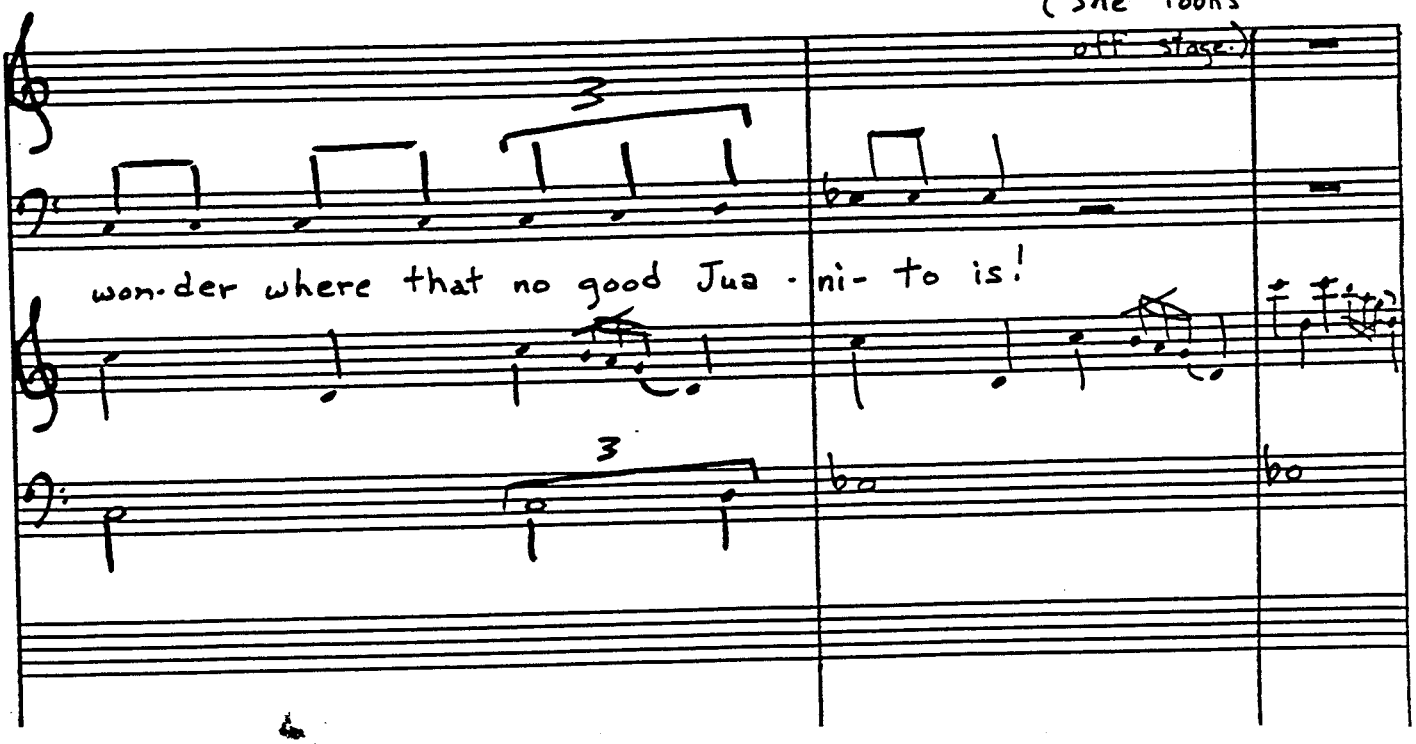


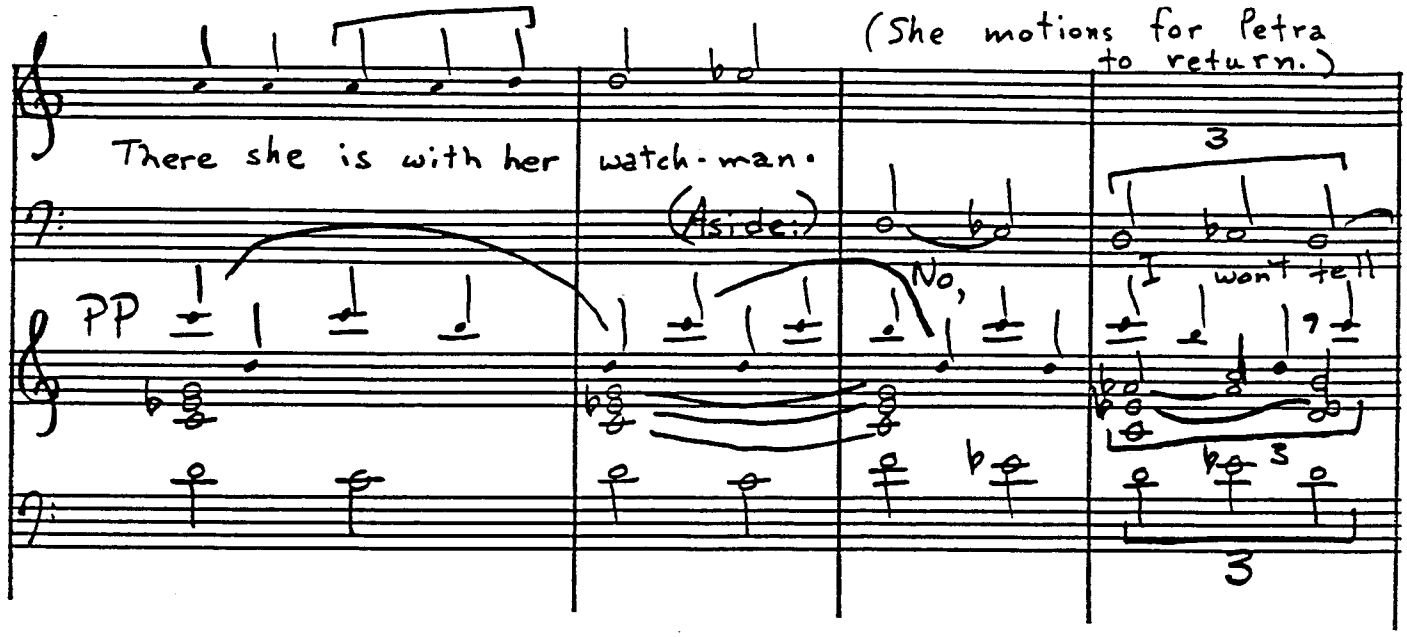
Faster

198

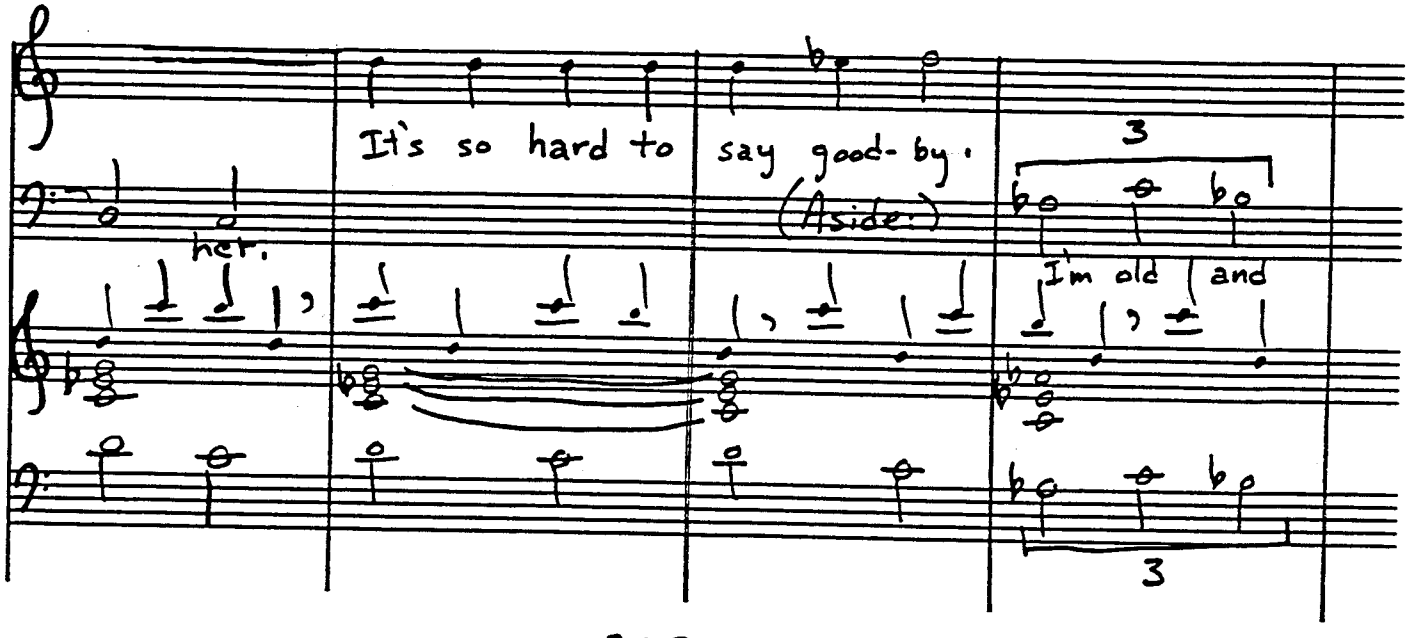


199

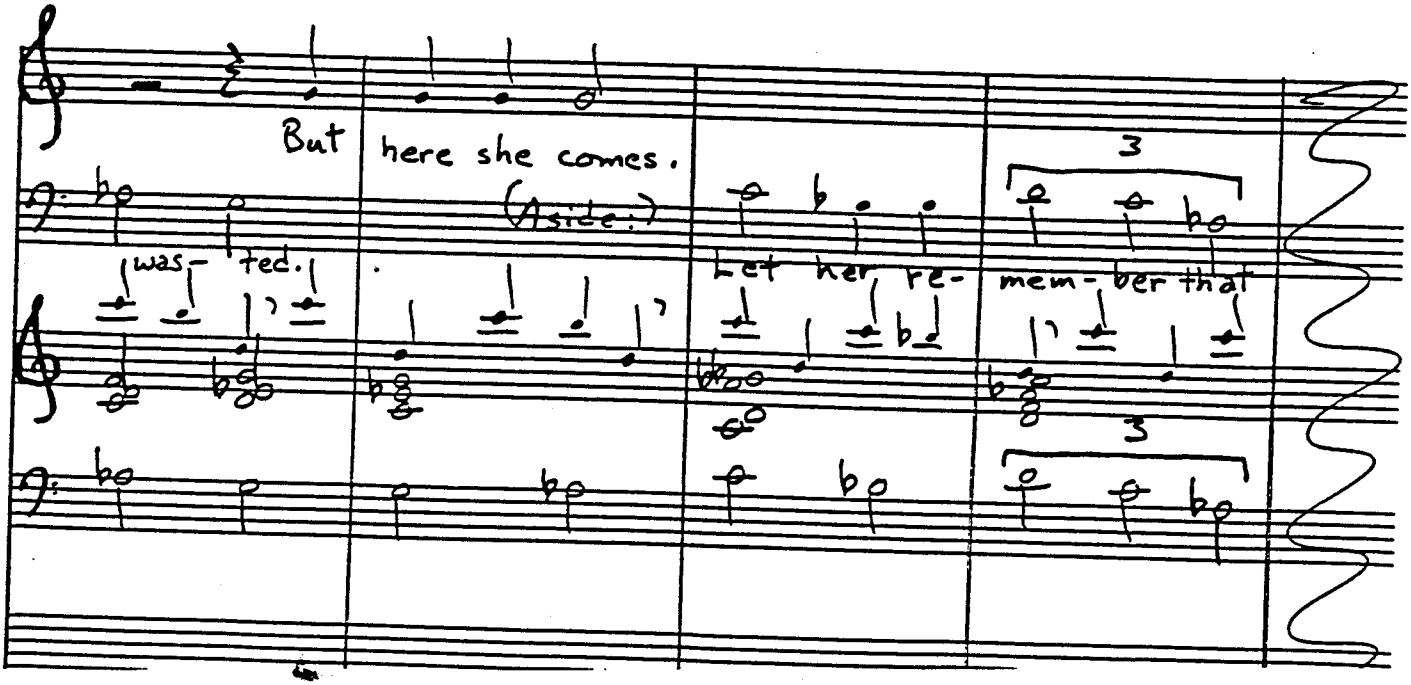


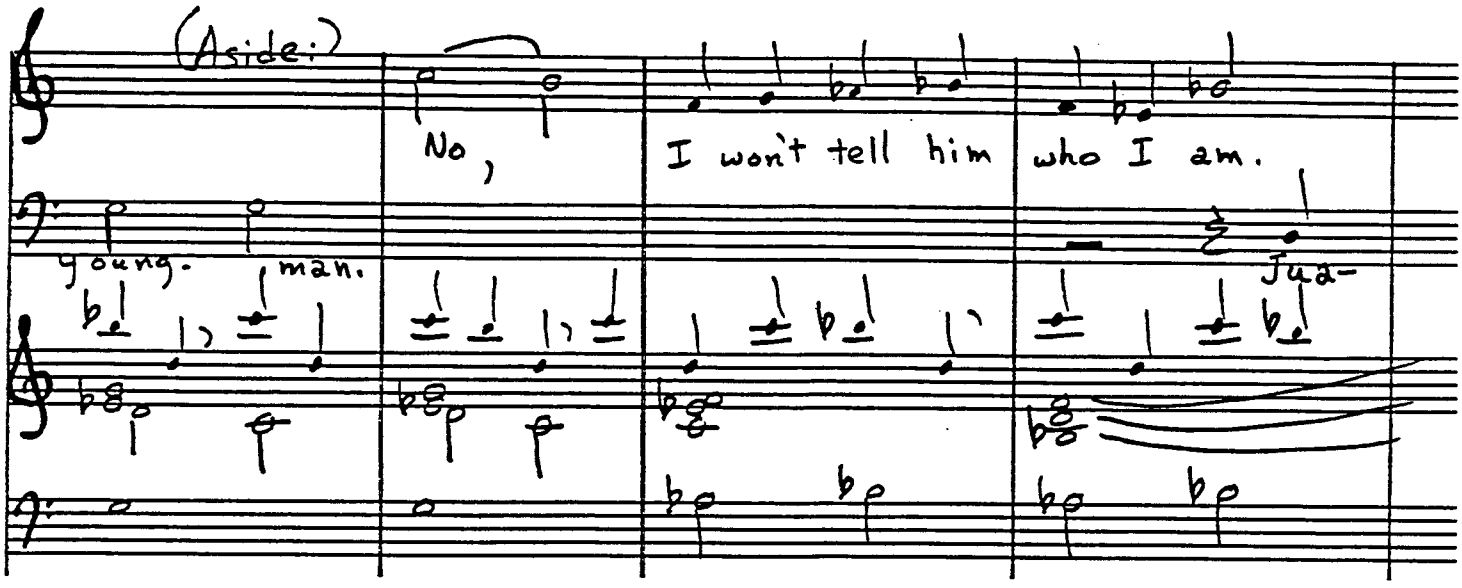

(She motions for Petra to return.)
There she is with her watch-man.
(Aside:)
No,
I won't tell
PP
3
3

201

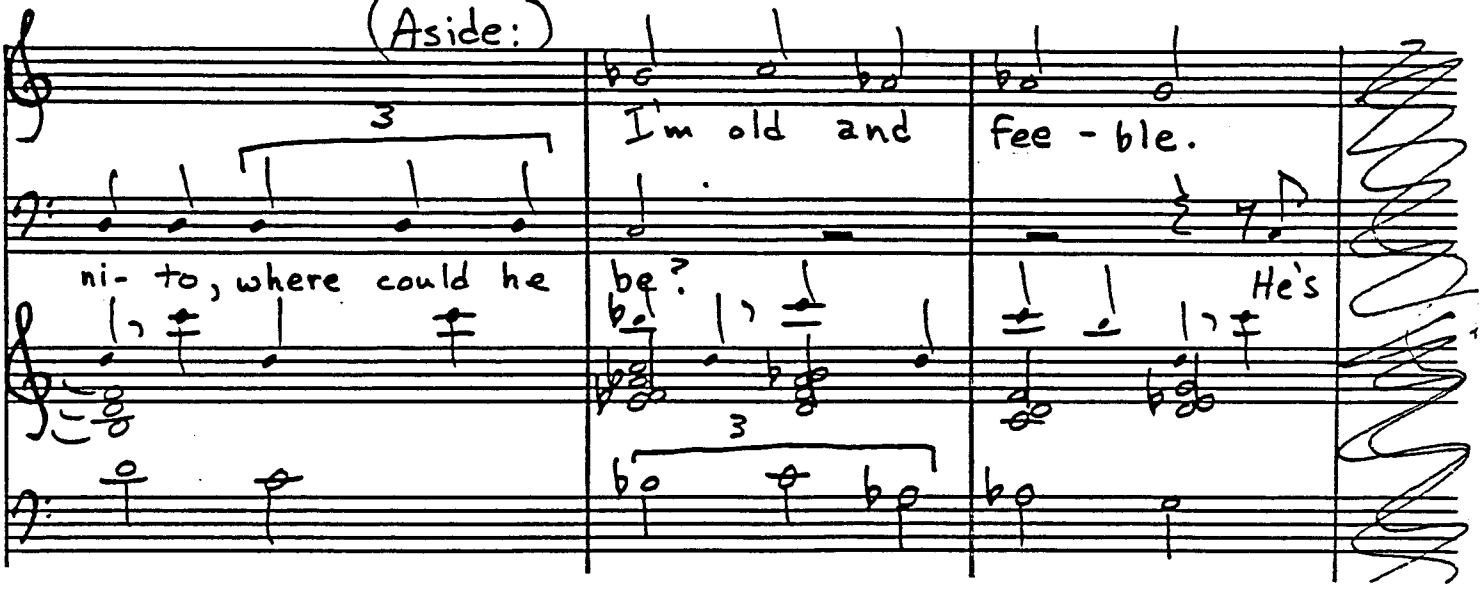

her.
It's so hard to say good-by.
(Aside:)
I'm old and
3
3

202

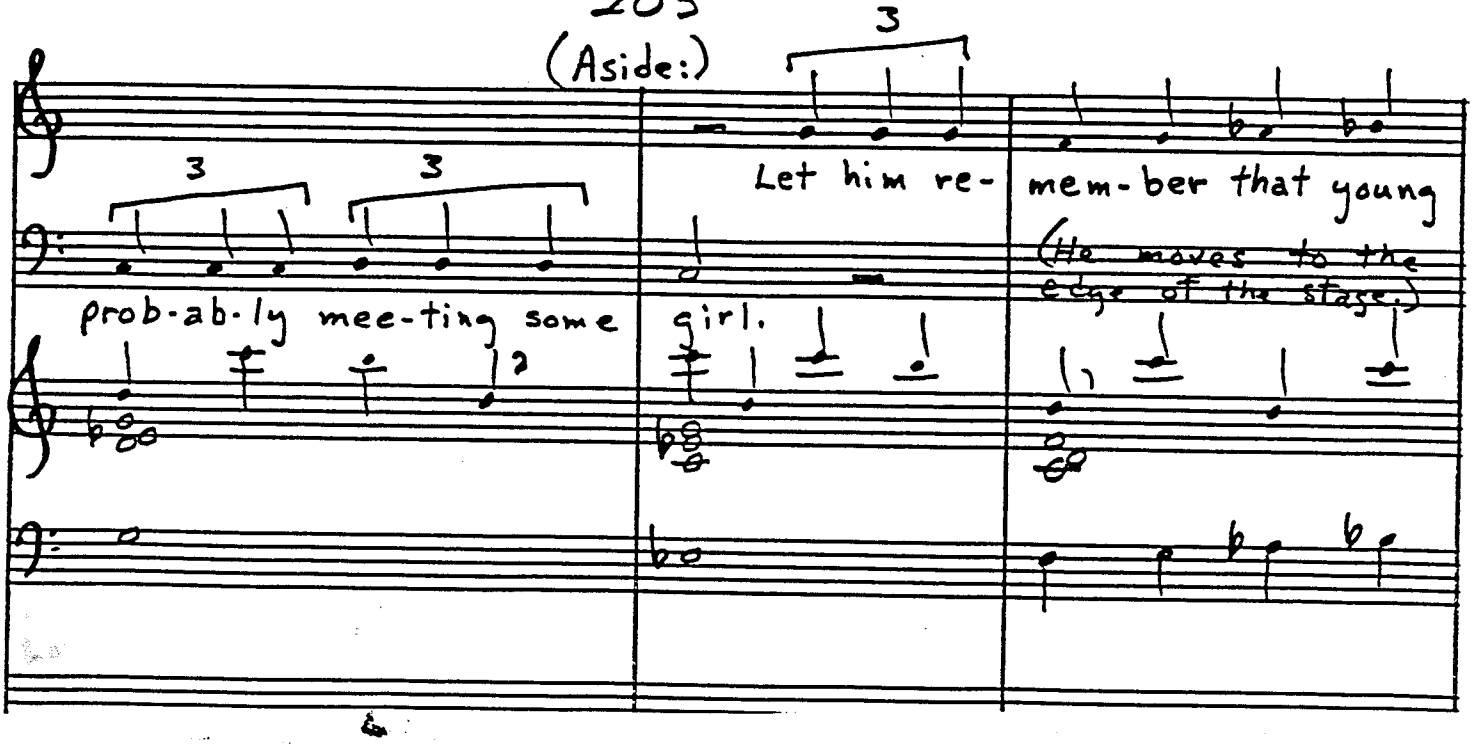

But here she comes.
(Aside:)
(was- ted.
Let her re-
mem-ber that
3
3

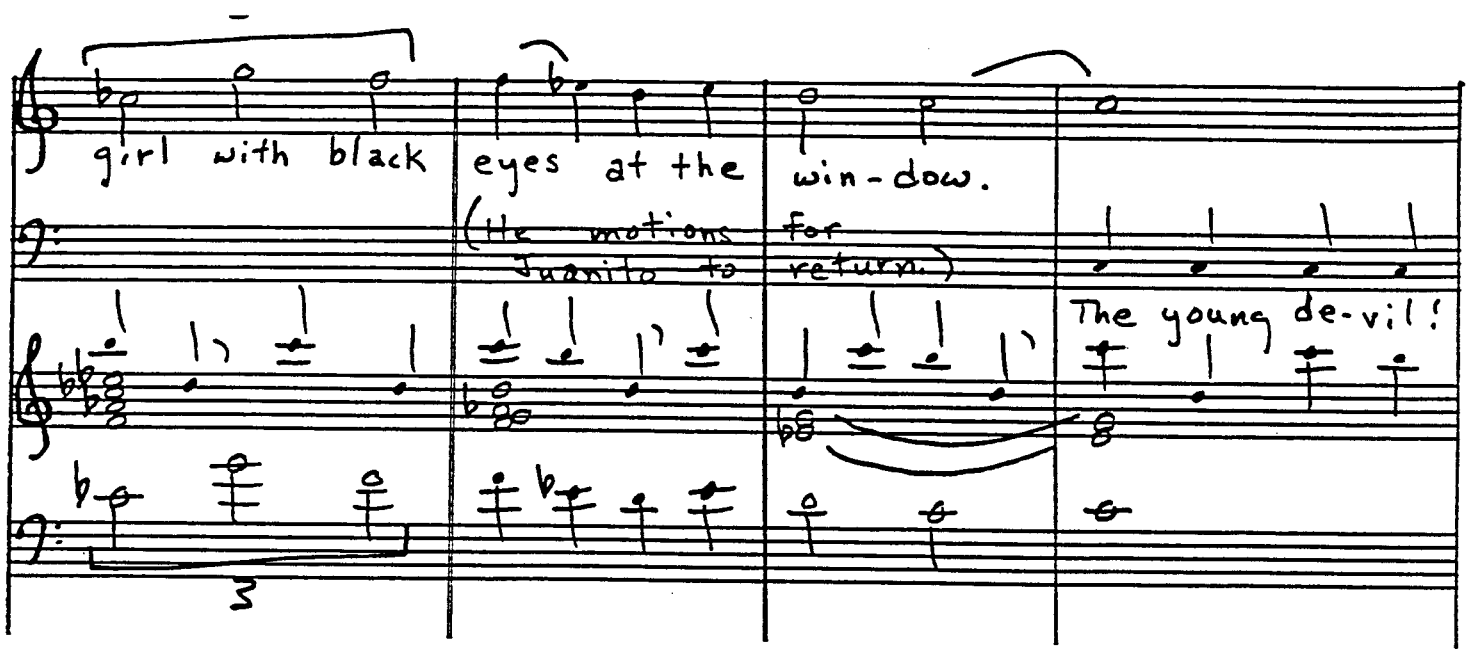

(Aside:)
No,
I won't tell him
who I am.
young.
man.
Jua-

204

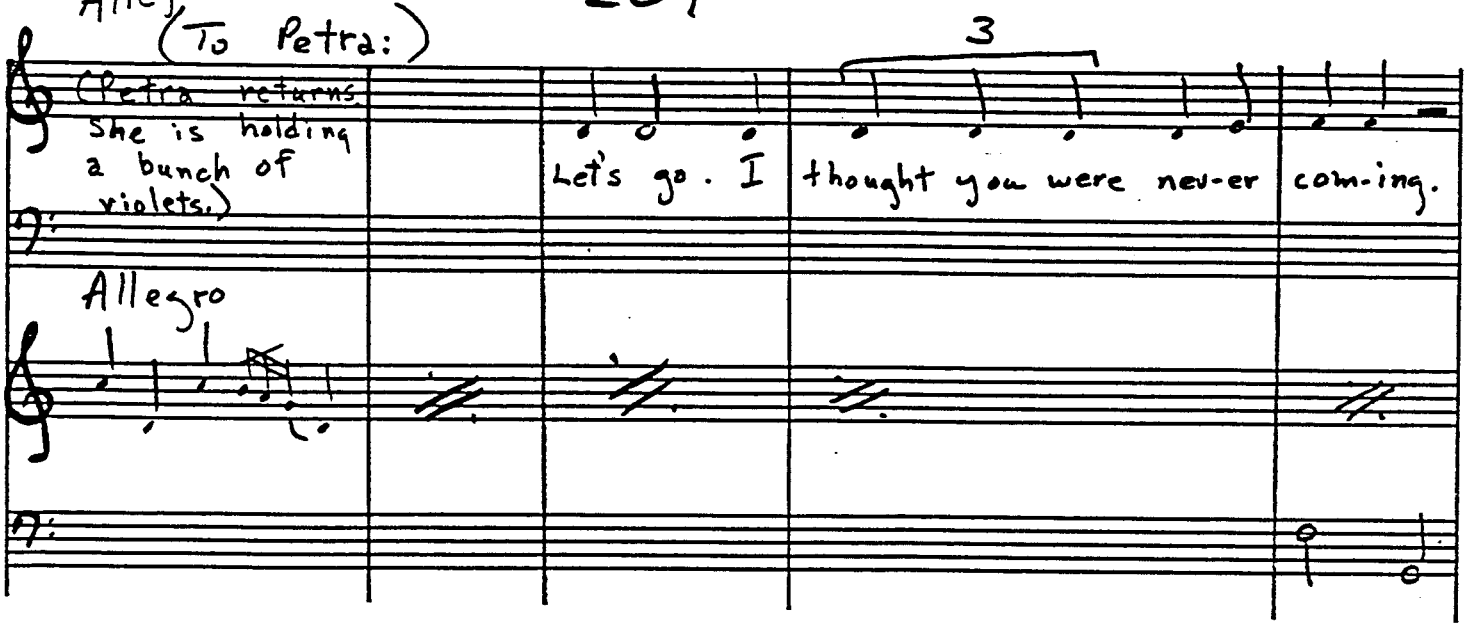

(Aside:)
3
I'm old and
fee - ble.
ni- to, where could he
be?
He's
3

205

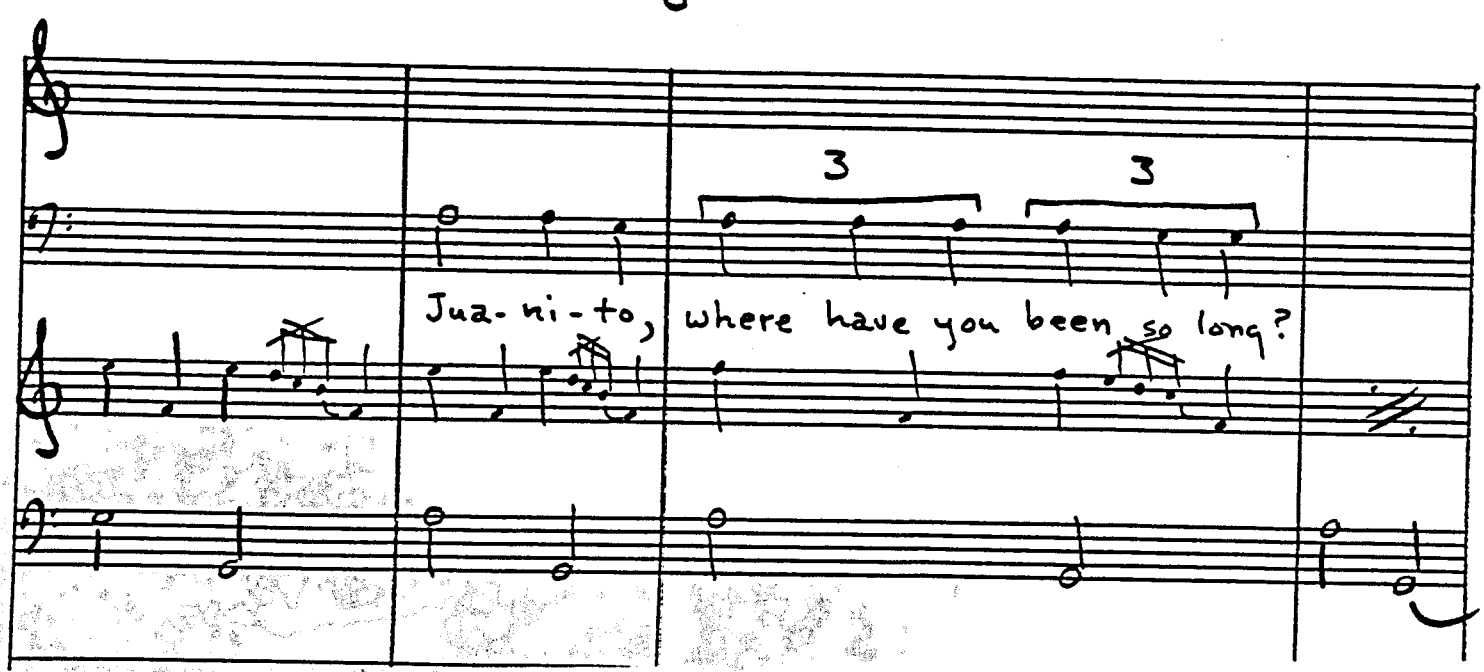

(Aside:)
3
3
3
Let him re-
mem-ber that young
(He moves to the edge of the stage.)
prob-ab-ly mee-ting some
girl.

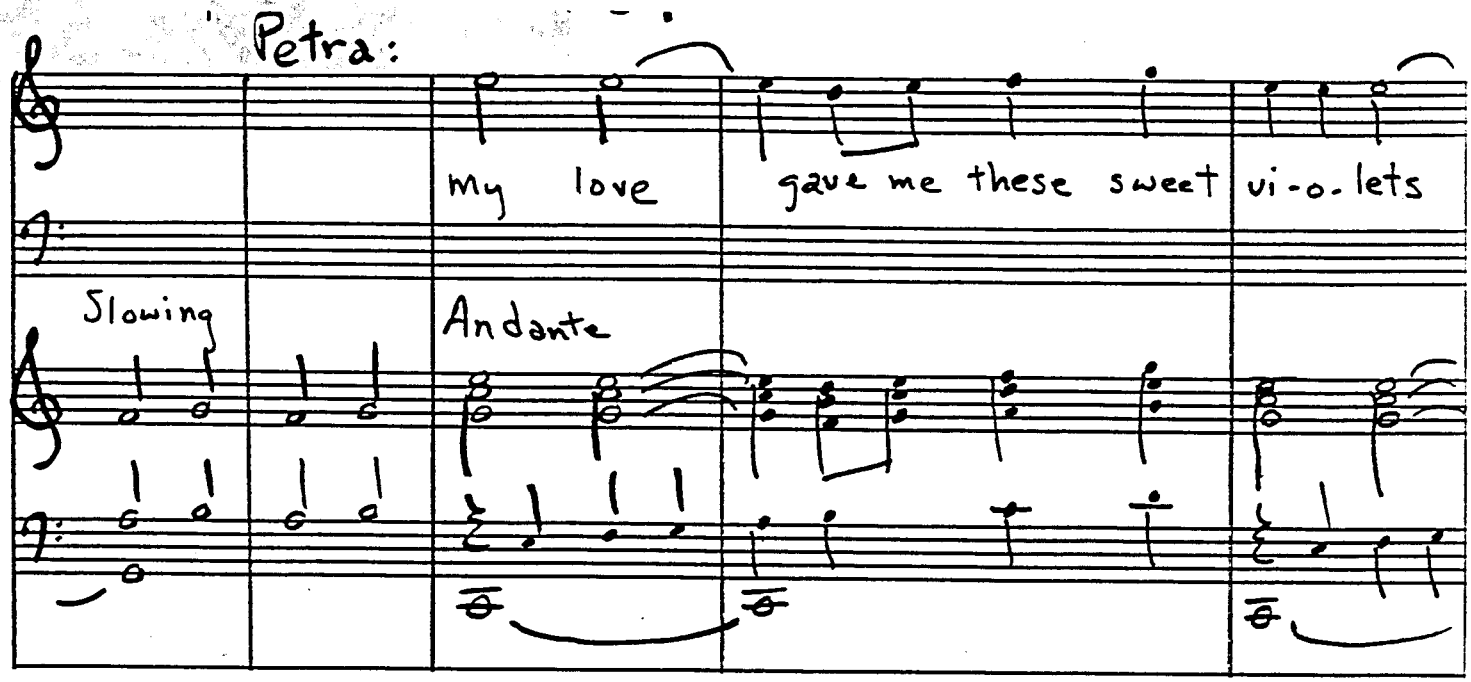

girl with black eyes at the win-dow.
(He motions for Juanito to return.)
The young de-vil!

207

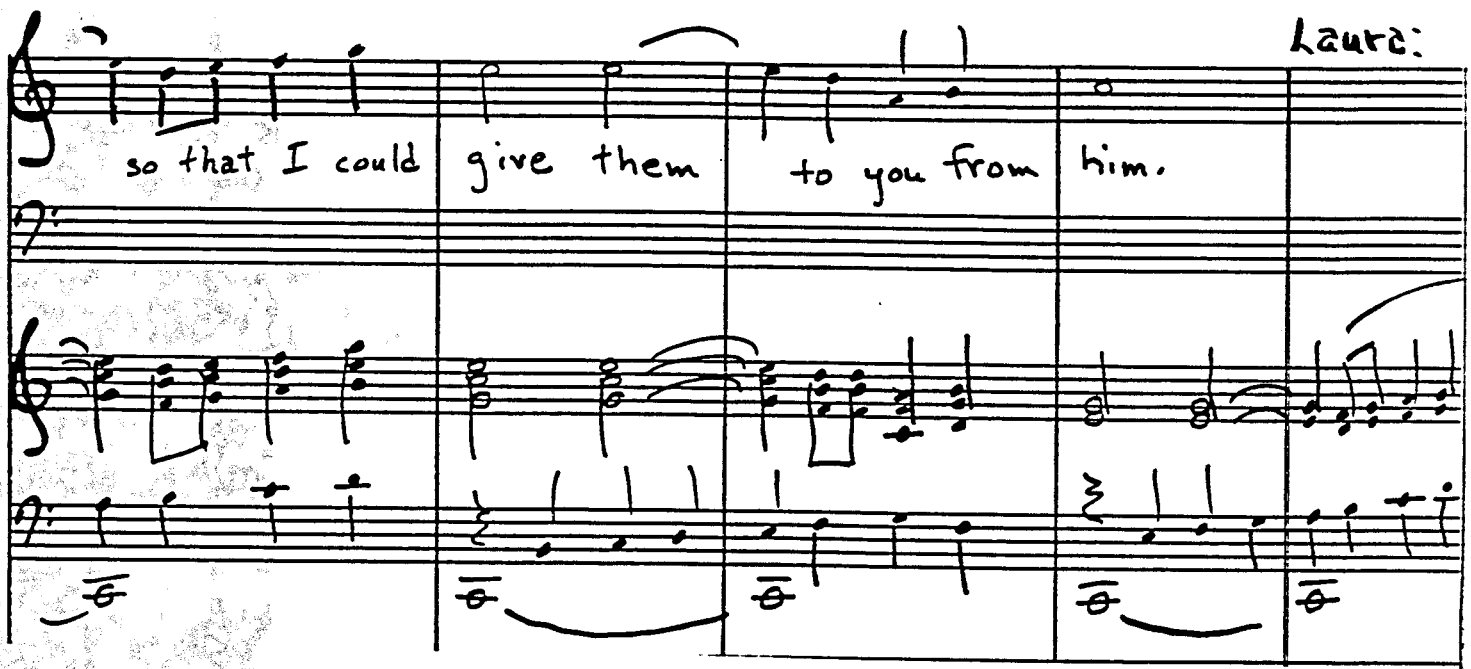

Allegro
(To Petra:)
(Petra returns. She is holding a bunch of violets.)
Let's go. I thought you were nev-er com-ing.
Allegro
3

208

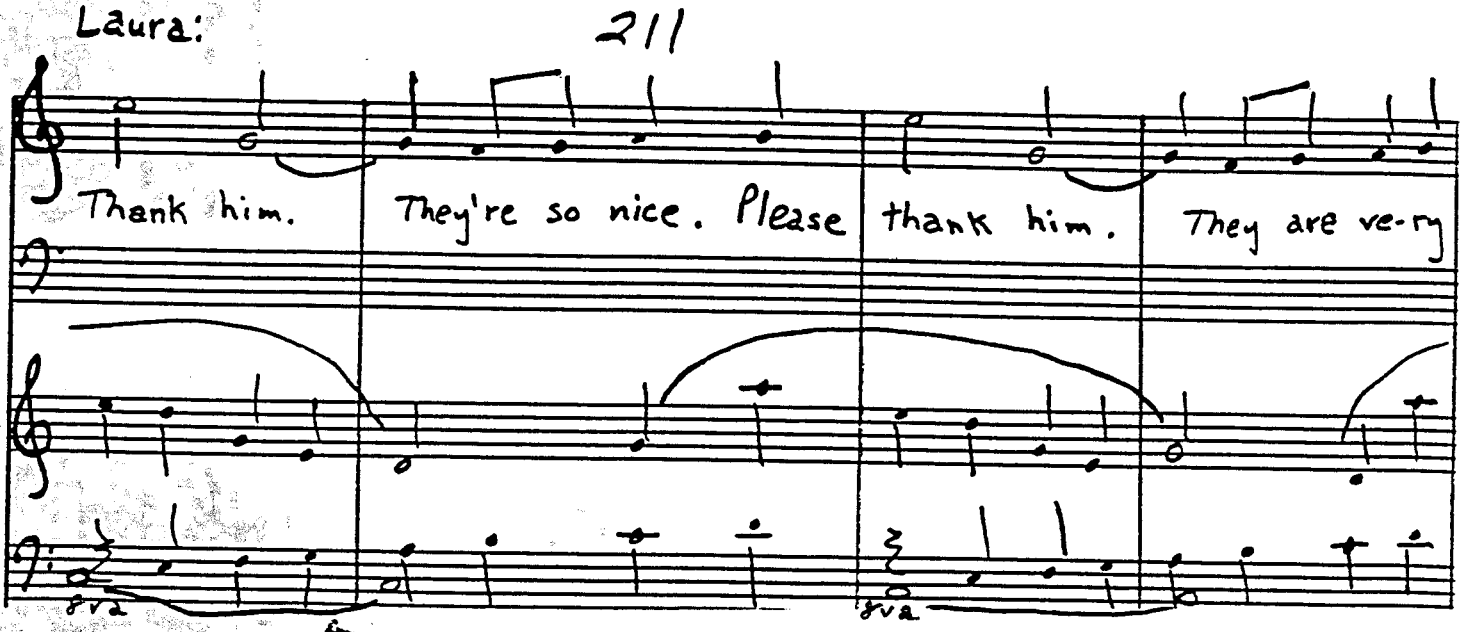

3
3
Jua-ni-to, where have you been so long?

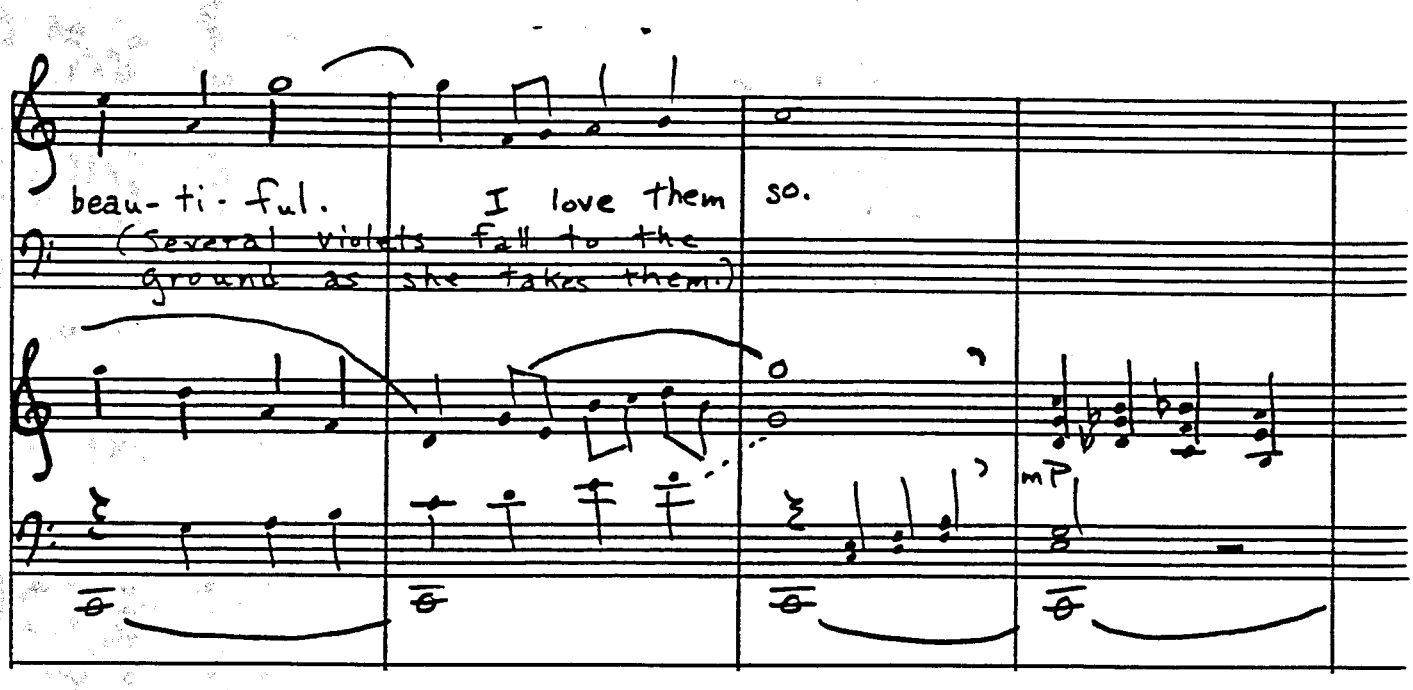

Petra:
my love
gave me these sweet
vi-o-lets
Slowing
Andante

210

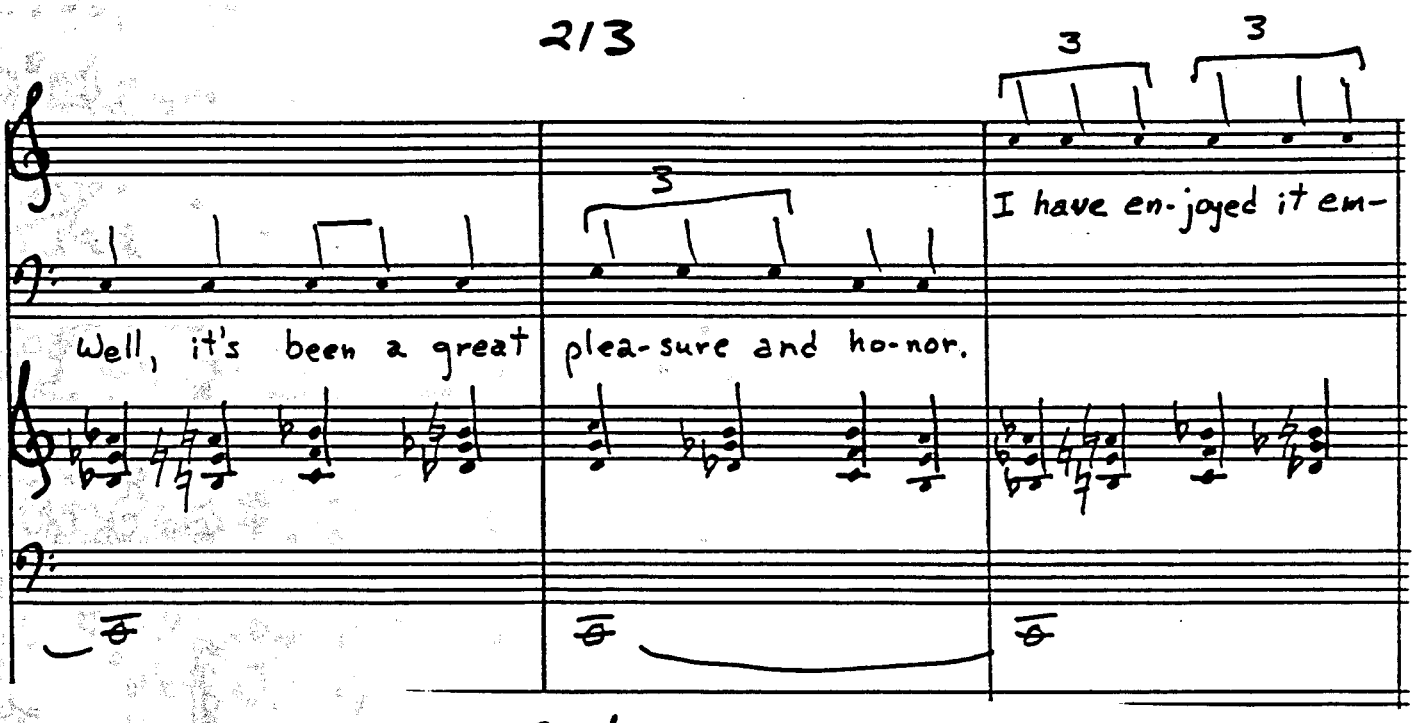

Laura:
so that I could
give them
to you from
him.

211

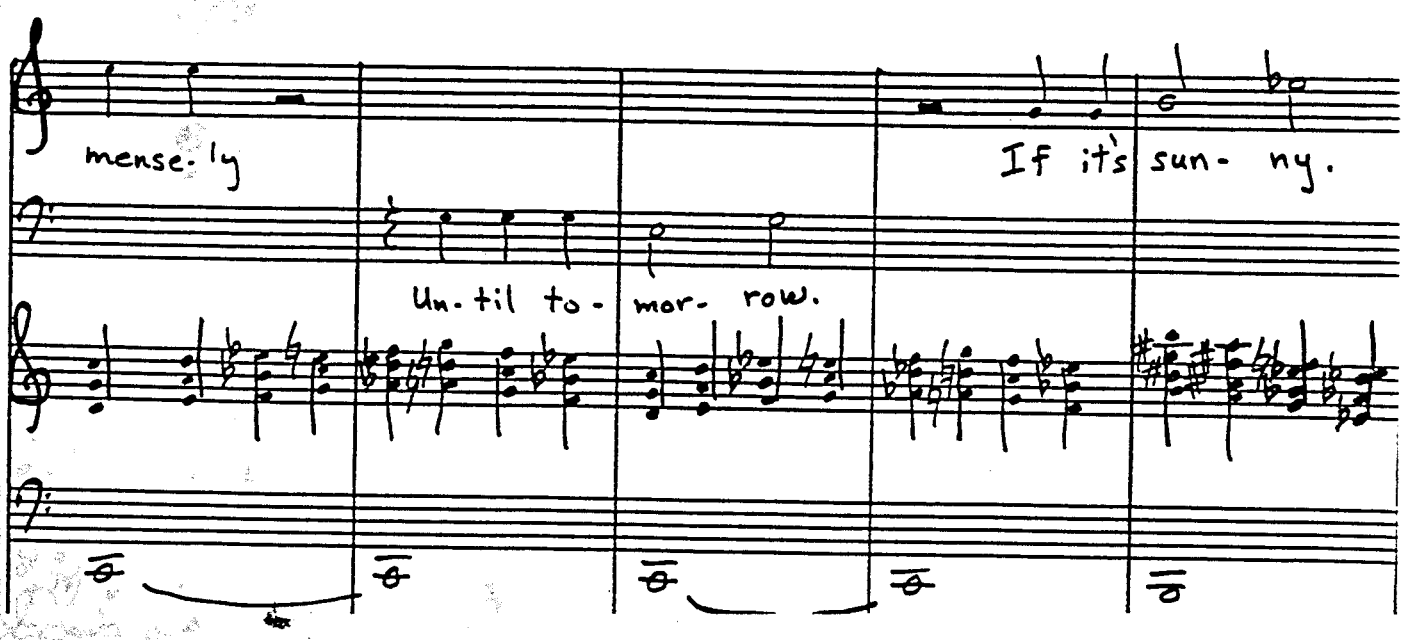

Laura:
Thank him.
They're so nice. Please
thank him.
They are ve-ry

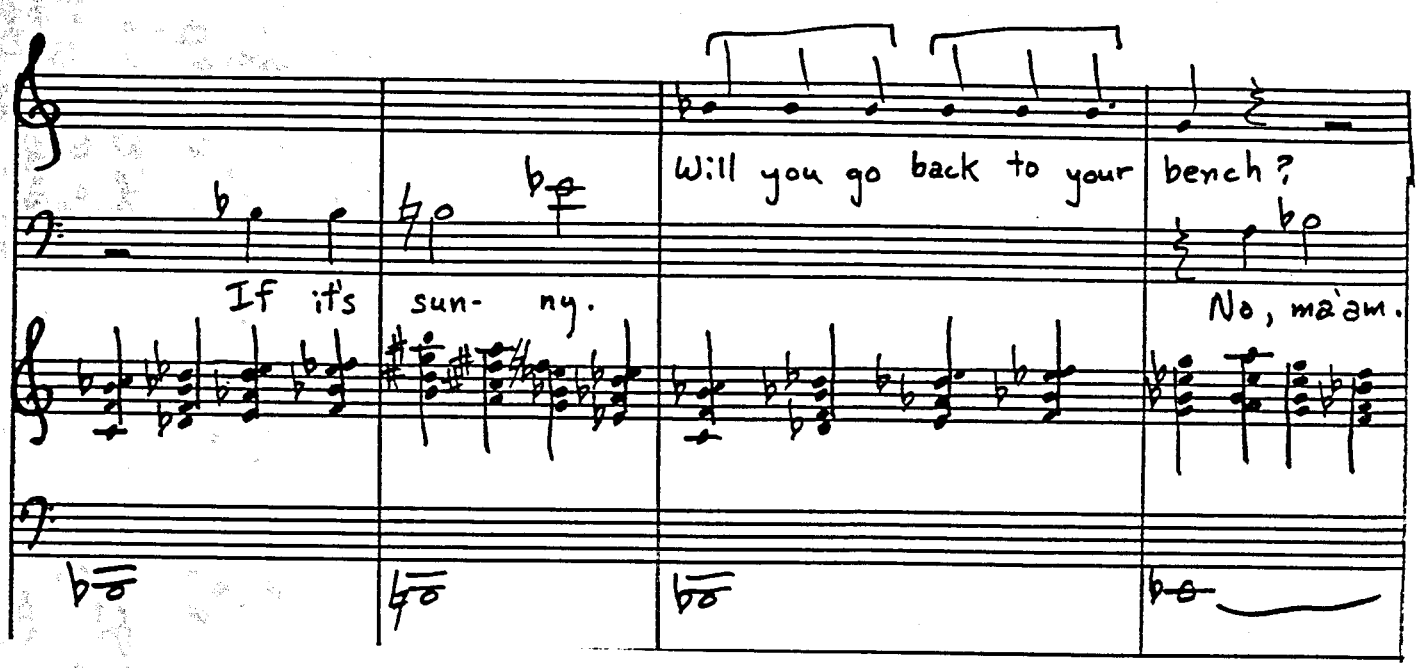

beau-ti-ful.
I love them so.
(Several violets fall to the ground as she takes them.)
mP

213

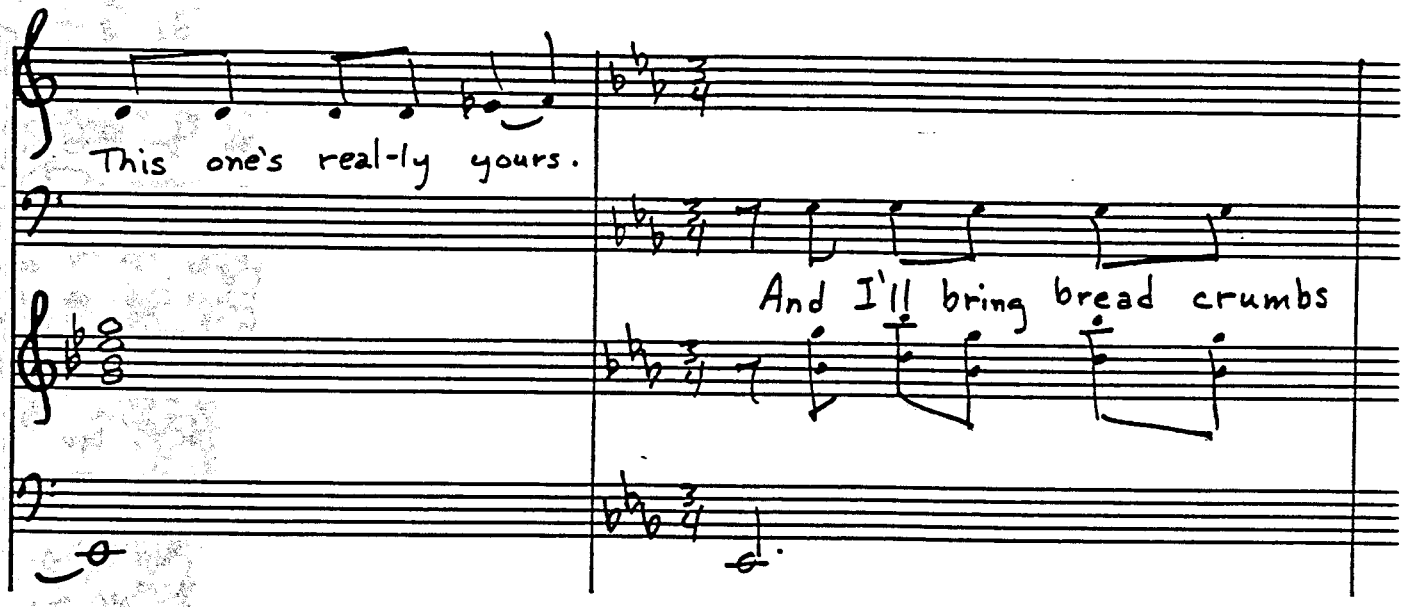

3
3
3
Well, it's been a great plea-sure and ho-nor.
I have en-joyed it em-

214

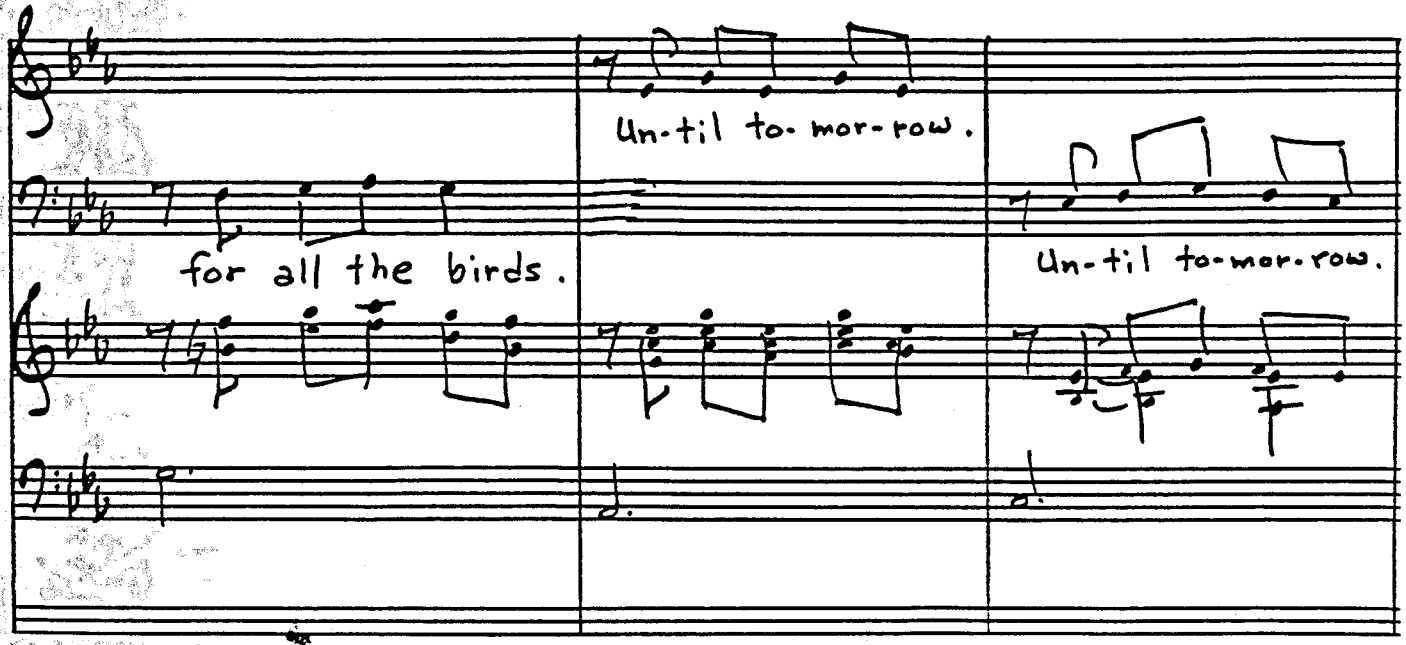

mense-ly
Un-til to-mor-row.
If it's sun-ny.

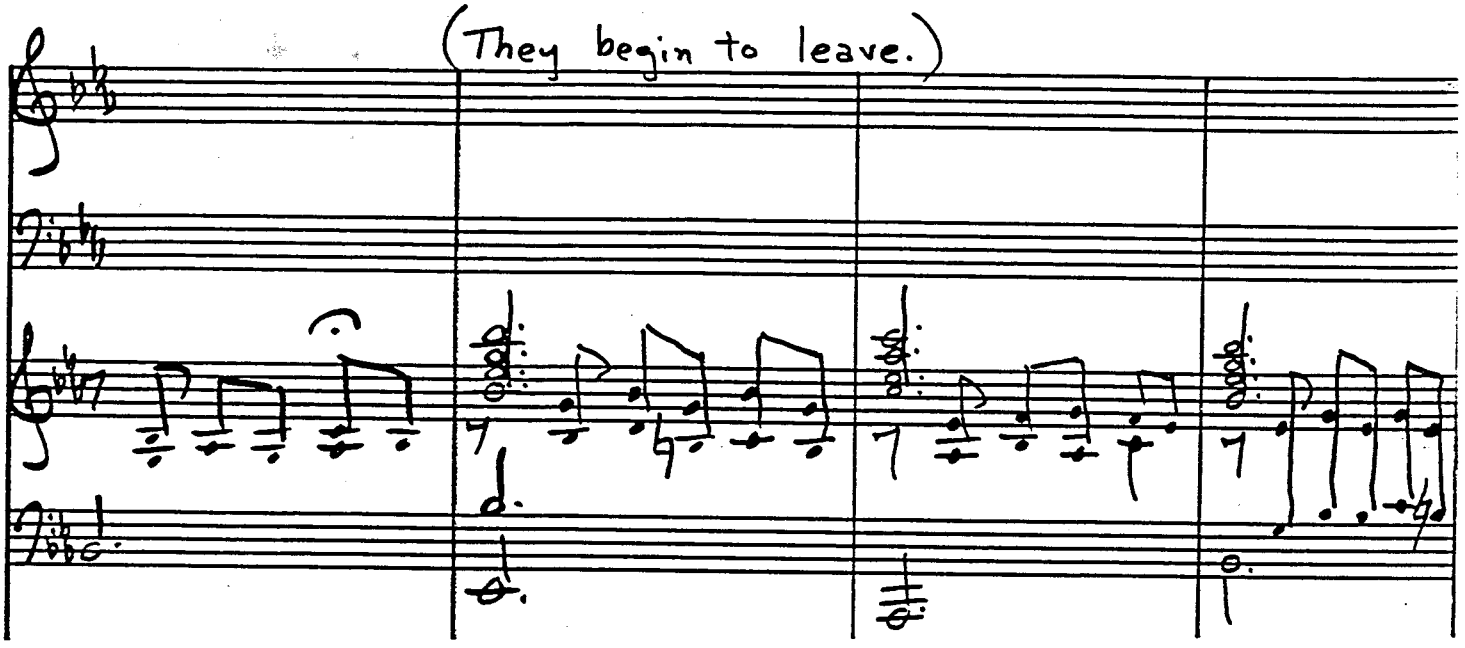

If it's sun- ny.
Will you go back to your bench?
No, ma'am.

216

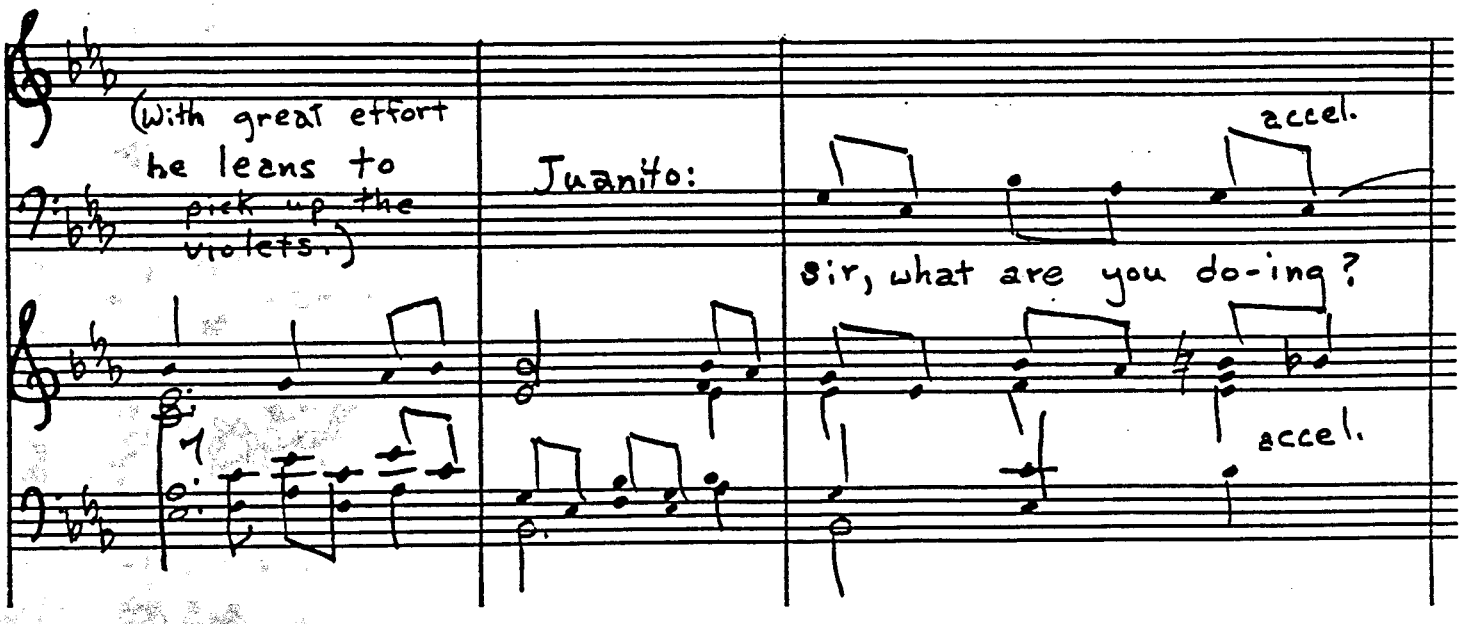

This one's real-ly yours.
And I'll bring bread crumbs

217

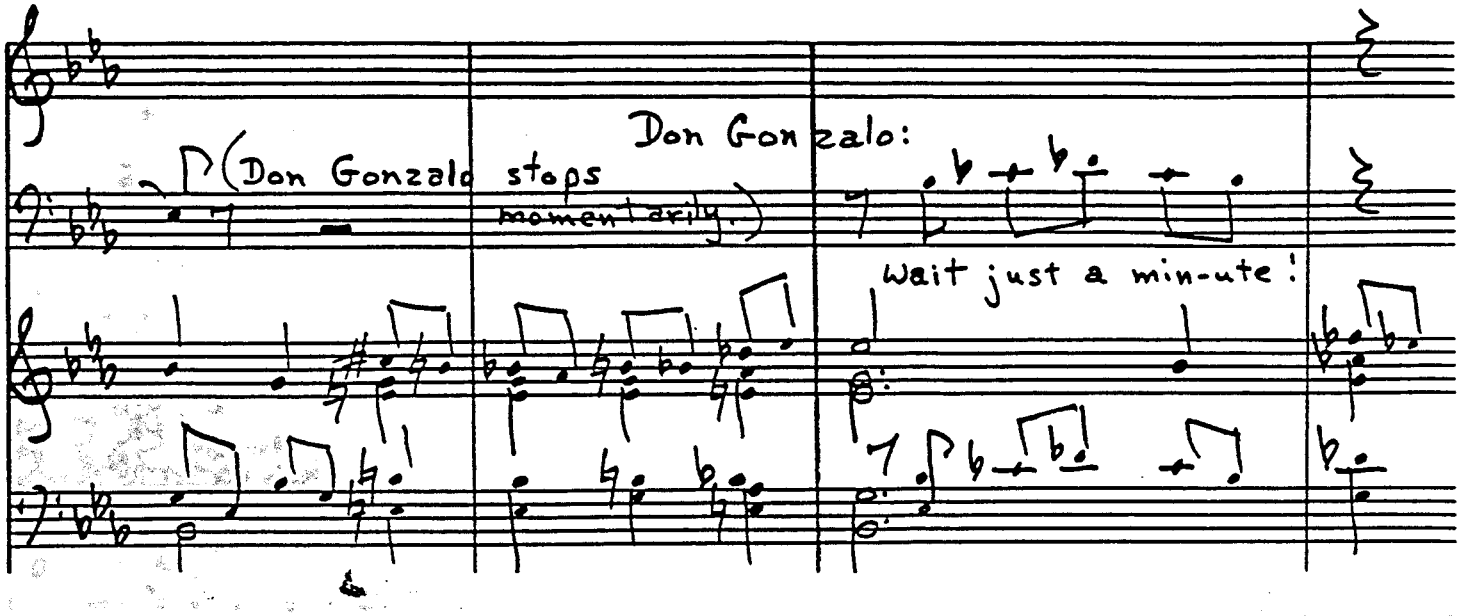

for all the birds.
Un-til to-mor-row.
Un-til to-mor-row.


(They begin to leave.)

219


(With great effort he leans to pick up the violets.)
Juanito:
accel.
sir, what are you do-ing?
accel.

220


Don Gonzalo:
(Don Gonzalo stops momentarily.)
wait just a min-ute!

(As she happens to turn, Laura sees him do this.)

(He manages to pick the violets up.)

(They nod farewell again.)

rit.

222

(Aside:)

I'm sure it's him.

(she exits with Petra.)

A tempo

223

(On Juanito's arm, he exits.)

I'm sure it's Lau-ra.

There can-not be a doubt.

There can-not be a doubt.