

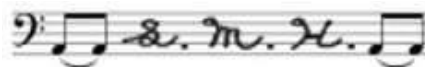
STANLEY M. HOFFMAN

Two Scenes from the Lodz Ghetto

1. At the Clothing Department
2. To Get a Ration

Words by

ABRAHAM KOPLOWICZ



Stanley M. Hoffman

www.stanleymhoffman.com

STANLEY M. HOFFMAN

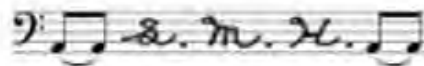
At the Clothing Department

Words by

ABRAHAM KOPLOWICZ



KOPLOWICZ
26 czerwca



Stanley M. Hoffman

www.stanleymhoffman.com

At the Clothing Department (W odzieżowym, literally "In the Clothing Department")

(A Scene from the Lodz Ghetto)

Cast of Characters:

Lady (Soprano)

Old Biddy (Mezzo-Soprano or Alto)

Police Officer (Baritone)

Gentleman (Tenor)

Boy (Boy Soprano)

Doorkeeper (Bass)

The Queue (can be prerecorded crowd noise)

Lady *(coming towards the Old Biddy who is standing in the front)*

What is this line for, my old dear?

Old Biddy

Clothing. I've been standing here since the morning!

Lady

And what can one get here?

Old Biddy

Surely not ermine!

Lady

But what? Please, tell me.

Police Officer *(coming forward)*

Do you want to get one in the head?!

Old Biddy

Just return to the queue!

Lady

Just look, how enraged he is! *(to the Old Biddy)*

I'm not afraid of you at all. *(to the Police Officer)*

Police Officer *(with contempt)*

To the queue!

(he raises his baton threateningly)

Lady *(frightened)*

I'm standing. I'm standing . . .

(she goes to the end of the queue)

Lady *(to the Old Gentleman who is standing in front of her)*

And what are you standing here for, sir?

Gentleman

Me? I need a suit.
I will also take some “drawers,”
stockings, and a dress for my wife,
for her dress is torn. (*looking sad for a moment*)
And I will take leggings for the child . . .

Lady (*surprised*)

And will they give you such a collection?

Gentleman (*enigmatically*)

I have protection here.

Lady (*looking at her watch*)

It’s eight o’clock already and they are not opening.

Gentleman

Eight? They are letting us in at nine.

Lady

And there are already a couple hundred people.

Gentleman

Plenty of socks arrived!

Lady

How are things in the town, sir?
No rations? . . .

Gentleman (*impatiently*)

Idle talk . . .

Lady (*ruminating*)

No rations? . . . No rations? . . .
Apparently, a kilogram per head of pig fat arrived at the council.
And butter! Nobody can measure it!

Gentleman

Who is going to believe such rubbish?

Lady (*annoyed*)

I’ve heard from a washerwoman . . .

Gentleman (*self-assured*)

My good lady, those are just canards!
I do not believe what people are saying!

Boy (*running up to the protagonists*)

Ladies and gentlemen, you’re standing here in vain.
Our department is closed today.
That was the order from the council.

(*The Boy runs away.*)

(*The Queue: shouts and protests; the curtain gradually falls.*)

At the Clothing Department (*W odzieżowym*)

(A Scene from the Lodz Ghetto)

Words by Abraham ("Abramek") Koplowicz
(b. 1930, Lodz, Poland, d. 1944, Auschwitz-Birkenau)

Stanley M. Hoffman (BMI)

Translation by Sarah Lawson and Małgorzata Koraszewska

Adapted by Stanley M. Hoffman

♩ = 92

Boy

Lady

Old Biddy

Gentleman

Police Officer

Doorkeeper

♩ = 92

Piano Reduction

f

mf

Words: from the Polish by Abraham Koplowicz.

Translation by Sarah Lawson and Małgorzata Koraszewska.

© Copyright 1993 by Eliezer Grynfeld. All rights reserved.

Used by permission of Eliezer Grynfeld.

Adapted by permission of Sarah Lawson and Małgorzata Koraszewska.

Music: © Copyright 2021 by Stanley M. Hoffman.

www.stanleymhoffman.com

All rights reserved.

(coming towards the Old Bidy who is standing in the front)

5 *mf*

Lady

What is this line for, my old dear?

Pno. Red. *mp*

7 *mf*

O. B.

Cloth - ing I've been stand - ing here since the morn - ing!

Pno. Red.

9 *mf*

Lady

And what can one get_ here?

O. B. *mf* 3

Sure - ly not er - mine!

Pno. Red. *mf* *mp*

11 *mf*
Lady But what? Please tell me.
(coming forward)

P. O.
Pno. Red. (*mp*)

13 *f*
P. O. Do you want to get one in the head?!

Pno. Red. (*sf*)

15 (to the Old Biddy) *mp*
Lady Just look, how en -

O. B. *mp* Just re - turn to the queue!

Pno. Red. (*mp*) *p*

17 *mf* *mp* half-spoken/half sung

Lady *mf* *mp* *6*
raged he is! I'm not a - fraid of you at all.

Pno. Red. *mp* *p* *6*

19 *mp* *f* *mf*

Lady *mp* *f* *mf*
I'm stand - ing. I'm stand - ing.

P. O. *f* (with contempt) *mf*
To the queue! (he raises his baton threateningly)

Pno. Red. *sfp* *sfp* *mf* *mp*

21 **In tempo** (she goes to the end of the queue)

Lady

Pno. Red. **In tempo** *mf*

(to the Old Gentleman who is standing in front of her)

23 *mf*

Lady

And what are you stand - ing here for, sir?

Pno. Red. *mp*

25 *mf*

Gent.

Me? I need a suit. I will al - so take some

Pno. Red.

27 *strained*
(embarrassed)

Gent.

"drawers," stock - ings and a dress for my wife, for her

Pno. Red.

29 *(looking sad for a moment)*
breve *mf* *poco riten.*

Gent. dress is torn. And I will take leg-gings for the

Pno. Red. *breve* *wistfully* *mp* 3 *poco riten.*

31 *a tempo* *(surprised)* *mf* 3

Lady And will they give you such a col - lec - tion?

Gent. child . . .

Pno. Red. *a tempo* *mp*

33 *mp* *(enigmatically)* *ten.* //

Gent. I have pro - tec - tion here.

Pno. Red. *ten.* //

p

Come prima (♩ = 92)
(looking at her watch)

35

Lady

f

It's eight o'clock al-read-y

Pno. Red.

mf

Come prima (♩ = 92)

37

Lady

and they are not o-pen-ing.

Gent.

f

Eight? They are

Pno. Red.

mf

39

Lady

And there are al-read-y a

Gent.

let-ting us in at nine.

Pno. Red.

f

41

Lady
cou - ple hun - dred peo - ple.

Gent.
Plen - ty of socks ar - rived!

Pno. Red.

43

Lady
How are things in the town, sir? No ra - tions? ...

Pno. Red.

45

Lady
(ruminating) *mf* < *f* > *mf*
No ra - tions? ... No ra - tions? ... Ap -

Gent.
mf (impatiently)
i - dle talk ...

Pno. Red.

47 *molto*

Lady par - ent - ly, a kil - o - gram per head of

Pno. Red. *p* *molto*

49 *ff* *mf*

Lady pig fat ar - rived at the coun - cil. And

Pno. Red. *f*

51 *f* *mf* *f*

Lady but - ter! No - bod - y can mea - sure it!

Pno. Red. *mf* *mp* *mf*

53 *f* *sfp*

Gent. Who is go - ing to be - lieve such rub - bish?

Pno. Red. *sfp*

(annoyed)
mp half-spoken/half sung

55

Lady

I've heard it from a wash-er wom - an ...

Gent.

mf (self-assured)

My good la - dy, those are just ca -

Pno. Red.

p

mp

57

Gent.

nards! I do not be - lieve what peo - ple are say - ing!

Pno. Red.

breve

breve

breve

59

Boy

la - dies and gen - tle - men,

Pno. Red.

mf hurriedly, detached

Subito ♩ = 120

Subito ♩ = 120

3 3

61 **Subito** ♩ = 102

Boy
you're stand - ing here in vain, in vain.

Pno. Red.

63 **Subito** ♩ = 92
mp pausing, enigmatically

Boy
Our de - part - ment is closed to - day. That was the or - der from the

Pno. Red.

65 **f** (The Boy runs away.) (The Queue: shouts and protests; the curtain gradually falls.)

Boy
coun - cil

Pno. Red.

67 **mf sub.** **ff** **fff**

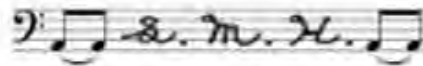
Pno. Red.

STANLEY M. HOFFMAN

To Get a Ration

Words by

ABRAHAM KOPLOWICZ



Stanley M. Hoffman

www.stanleymhoffman.com

Two Scenes from the Lodz Ghetto

Words by Abraham (“Abramek”) Koplwicz
(b. 1930, Lodz, Poland, d. 1944, Auschwitz-Birkenau)
Translation by Sarah Lawson and Małgorzata Koraszewska
Adapted by Stanley M. Hoffman

2. To Get a Ration (Po racj [literally “After right”])

(Scene in Three Parts from the Co-op in the Lodz Ghetto)

Part 1

In the Entrance Hall

Cast of Characters:

Mrs. Hungry (Soprano)

Protection (Alto)

Mr. Hungry (Tenor)

Hunchback (Baritone)

Janitor (Bass)

Moniu[*(Mott)* (non-singing role [extra])

Manager (Baritone)

The Queue (non-singing roles [extras])

—

Hunchback *(with a pathos to the queue)*

A fine mess they are making today!

It's the fifth hour.

They are afraid to open the shop.

But it is our fault!

The only solution is to kick the door hard.

Only shouts will help here!

Protection

But it would have been impolite!

Hunchback *(outraged)*

Impolite? Impolite?!

She is playing pleasantries.

She distributes the cards from behind, and yet here she is preaching morals!

Protection (*with tears in her eyes*)

And that I'm here all alone, he doesn't care?!

(*Hunchback and Protection turn their backs to each other.*)

Protection

Anyway, it is unbecoming to talk to such a lout.

Hunchback

Well, I'm amazed at such deception.

(*to the Janitor*)

And you are stepping on my foot . . .

(*Suddenly the door opens: Mrs. Hungry bursts in, out of breath, with her husband and Moniu[.]*)

Mrs. Hungry

Good evening, everybody.

Oh, I've lost my heart somewhere.

Help the poor thing!

I ran here with my husband, with my child, on the double!

I only had coffee today . . . fashionable . . .

Allow me to introduce myself: sir, I am Hungry!

Hunchback (*amazed*)

Hungry? Hungry?!

(*he whispers to the queue*)

She is going mad!

I, too, am hungry!

Mrs. Hungry (*pleasantly surprised*)

But it is fortunate.

You are my relative.

I am Minola Hungry.

(*to her husband*)

Mo! Come closer!

To be hungry is fashionable today—but this is our surname . . .

Hunchback (*surprised*)

Ah, so that's it . . .

(*to himself*)

So I'm nuts today.

Mrs. Hungry (*to herself*)

What is he babbling about?

(*The Manager appears at the door.*)

The Janitor

Here we have the manager.

The Manager (*impatiently*)

It will be open presently!

Mrs. Hungry (*outraged*)

We are not going to wait any longer; there are sick people at home.

When we all die, then he will open!

(*with pathos*)

Oh, this is disgusting; such rabble.

I will complain to Fuku!

The Manager (*angrily*)

Shut your trap!

(*The Manager goes into the shop and slams the door.*)

Part 2

In the Shop

Cast of characters:

Mrs. Lizewska (Mezzo-Soprano) [from the word *lizak* - to lick.]

Mr. Łazuch (Tenor) [from the word “*łasuch*” - gourmand.]

Manager (Baritone)

Mr. { *arłocki* (Bass) [from the word “*arłok*” - glutton.]

Mr. Wsuwacz (Bass) [from the word *wsuwać* - to eat greedily.]

Mrs. Lizewska

The boss went out? Thank God!

Does it cost him more that I take a drop of honey?

(*she licks her lips*)

How tasty it is!

Mr. Łazuch

Give me this porridge.

It's good with oil.

I barely ate two bowlfuls today.

(*he glances at her*)

How can you not eat at home?

(*The Manager rushes in while the shop assistants discretely wipe their mouths.*)

The Manager

Hello! Hello! Enough of this licking!

Have you eaten your fill?

(*he points to the entrance hall with his thumb*)

I've had enough of this cursing.

Animals! Shenanigans!

(*he lowers his hand*)

The good radishes and carrots from this delivery are to be put aside,
and when somebody from protection comes, he is to get a portion of the good ones.

Mr. arBcki

But Mr. Manager, we didn't lick anything.

(The Manager shows them to the door)

This rabble should have ten grams each removed . . .

The Manager *(with sarcasm)*

So they would grumble!

Mr. Wsuwacz

Let them grumble; let them bark!

That's why we work in the shop.

They are thieving somewhere as well.

We will lick some more!

Part 3

In the Entrance Hall

Cast of characters:

The same as for Part 1

Mrs. Hungry *(outraged—to the queue)*

Did you hear this talk?

(she points at the door to the shop)

From this lout?!

To insult ladies so much; I really do not know!

(she looks around)

My husband, where are you hiding?

Oh, my misfortune,

You allowed insults to your wife!

(A tremulous voice from the corner [Mr. Hungry mutters something unintelligible])

I'm . . . afraid . . . of him!

(red with anger, she points to the corner)

But he knows how to stuff himself in spite of the fact that he has hidden himself.

(to the Hunchback)

I'm taking Moniek, to guard him, you understand.

Yesterday, I baked a cake out of coffee . . .

(with disgust)

Oh, you despicable creep! *(at Mr. Hungry)*

He ate it at night without fear. *(to the others)*

In the morning—not a trace.

Two words: heartless husband!

Protection *(incredulously)*

To such a degree?

(The Manager appears in the doorway calling the names of people who may enter.)

The Manager

Loser, Dope, Hungry . . .

Mrs. Hungry (*frantically gathering her pots*)

I'm here, I'm coming, I'm running!

(She goes into the shop with her husband and Moniek.)

Protection (*to the Hunchback*)

What a perky little woman.

Cool, wise, nice.

I'm also very curious . . . what cake did she bake?

Hunchback

You are looking that far?

It is not worth it, because to bake such a cake is no feat.

So I will tell you: add this mixture to a pound of coffee; pepper and caraway.

Add two glasses of water, a few tablets of saccharin,
and when the bitterness of coffee disappears, add fruit peel,
and then into the oven it goes.

(Suddenly, the door to the shop slams open; Mrs. Hungry, Moniek, and Mr. Hungry enter, the latter with traces of marmalade around his mouth.)

Mrs. Hungry (*wringing her hands*)

People, oh, great heavens!

God, have mercy on us, find me a way to cope.

(she points towards her husband)

My husband ate all the marmalade in small amounts!

(The curtain falls.)

The End

To Get a Ration (*Po rację*)

(Scene in Three Parts from the Lodz Ghetto)

Words by Abraham ("Abramek") Koplowicz
(b. 1930, Lodz, Poland, d. 1944, Auschwitz-Birkenau)

Stanley M. Hoffman (BMI)

Translation by Sarah Lawson and Małgorzata Koraszewska

Adapted by Stanley M. Hoffman

Part 1: In the Entrance Hall

$\text{♩} = 66$

Piano
Reduction

Hunch.

4 *f* (with a pathos to the queue)

A fine mess they are mak-ing to-day!

Pno.
Red.

Hunch.

8 *f*

It's the fifth hour... They are a-fraid to o-pen the

Pno.
Red.

Words: from the Polish by Abraham Koplowicz.
Translation by Sarah Lawson and Małgorzata Koraszewska.
© Copyright 1993 by Eliezer Grynfeld. All rights reserved.
Used by permission of Eliezer Grynfeld.

Adapted by permission of Sarah Lawson and Małgorzata Koraszewska.

Music: © Copyright 2024 by Stanley M. Hoffman.
www.stanleymhoffman.com
All rights reserved.

11

Hunch.

Musical notation for Hunch part 1, measures 11-13. Bass clef, 6/8 time signature. Lyrics: shop. But it is our fault! The

shop.

But it is our fault!

The

Pno.
Red.

Piano accompaniment for Hunch part 1, measures 11-13. Treble and bass clefs, 6/8 time signature. Dynamics: *mf*, *(mf)*

(mf)



14

Hunch.

Musical notation for Hunch part 2, measures 14-16. Bass clef, 6/8 time signature. Dynamics: *ff*, *(kick the door) ff*, *fff*. Lyrics: on - ly so - lu - tion is to kick the door hard! On - ly shouts will help here.

on - ly so - lu - tion is to kick the door hard!

On - ly shouts will help here.

Pno.
Red.

Piano accompaniment for Hunch part 2, measures 14-16. Treble and bass clefs, 6/8 time signature. Dynamics: *f*, *ff*, *f*, *fff*, *f*. Includes instruction: *wrap wood with knuckles*

wrap wood with knuckles



17

Pno.

Piano accompaniment for Hunch part 3, measures 17-19. Treble and bass clefs, 6/8 time signature. Dynamics: *f*, *p*

p

Man.

20

Musical notation for Man part 1, measures 20-22. Treble clef, 4/4 time signature. Dynamics: *f*. Lyrics: But it would have been im - po - lite!

But it would have been im - po - lite!

Pno.

Piano accompaniment for Man part 1, measures 20-22. Treble and bass clefs, 4/4 time signature. Dynamics: *mf*, *mf*

mf

24 $\text{♩} = 92$ *f* (outraged) *mp*

Hunch. Im-po-lite? Im-po-lite?! She is play-ing pleas-ant-ries.

Pno. *sfp* *sfp* *mp* *p*

27

Hunch. She dis - tri - butes the cards from be - hind,

Pno. *p* *mp*

29

Pro. *mp* half spoken/half sung *mp* And that I'm here all a-lone,

Hunch. *mp* and yet here she is preach-ing mor-als!

Pno. *p* *sfp* *sfp*

(Hunchback and Protection
turn their backs to each other.)

31 *f* *mf* $\text{♩} = 66$

Pro. he _____ does-n't care?!

Pno. *mf* *mp* *f* *p*

35 *mf* *mf*

Pro. An - y - way, it is un - be - com - ing to talk to _____

Pno. *mp* *mf* *mp*

39 *f*

Pro. _____ such a lout.

Hunch. *f* (to the Janitor) *f*

Well, I'm a-mazed at such de - cep - tion. And

Pno. *f* *mf*

43

Mrs. H. *f*
Good eve - ning,

Hunch.
you are step-ping on my foot . . .

(Suddenly the door opens: Mrs. Hungry bursts in, out of breath, with her husband and Monius.)

Pno. *p* *mf*
(mf) *(mf)*

46

Mrs. H.
ev - ery bod - y. Oh, I've lost my heart* some-where. Help the poor

Pno.

49 *ff* *accel. poco a poco* *fff* *ff* *fff* *ff*

Mrs. H.
thing! I ran here, with my hus - band, with my

accel. poco a poco

Pno. *f* *ff* *f* *ff* *f*

* Her child

52 *fff* *ff* *fff* (pacing back and forth) $\text{♩} = 92$

Mrs. H. child, on the dou-ble!

Pno. Red. *ff* *f* *ff*

55 *f* *f*

Mrs. H. I on - ly had cof - fee to - day ... fa-shion - a - ble ... al -

Pno. Red. *mf* *mf*

57

Mrs. H. low me to in - tro - duce my - self: sir, I am Hun - gry!

Pno. Red.

59 *f* (amazed) *mp* (he whispers to the queue) *mf*

Hunch. Hun - gry? Hun - gry?! She is go - ing mad!

Pno. Red. *sfp* *sfp* *p* *mp* *mf* *mp*

61 *mf* (pleasantly surprised)

Mrs. H. But it is un - for - tu - nate.

Hunch. I, too, am hun - gry!

Pno. Red. *p* *mp* *mp*

63 *f* *mf* *a tempo*

Mrs. H. You are my rel - a - tive. I am Min - o - la Hun - gry.

Pno. Red. *mf* *mp* *mf* *mp*

(to her husband)

Mrs. H. *mf* *breve* *in tempo* *mf* *3*
 Mo - tt! Come clo - - ser!

Pno. Red. *mp* *breve* *in tempo* *mp* *3* *wistfully* *3*

Mrs. H. *mf* *3*
 To be hun - gry is fa - shion - a - ble to - day -

Pno. Red. *mp*

Mrs. H. *mp*
 But this is our sur - name.

Pno. Red. *mf* *p*

Hunch. *(surprised)* *ff* *(to himself)* *mp*
 Ah, so that's it . . . So, I'm nuts to - day.

Pno. Red. *f* *p sub.* *f* *p sub.*

74 (to herself) *f* *mp sub.*
mp 3 *sub.* 3 $\text{♩} = 66$

Mrs. H. What is he bab-bling a-bout?

Jan. Here we

Pno. Red. *sfp* *sfp* *mf* *mp* *p*

77 (The Manager appears at the door.) *ff* (impatiently)

Man. It will be o - pen pres - ent - ly!

Jan. have the man - ag - er.

Pno. Red. *f* *f*

80 *f* (outraged)

Mrs. H. We are not go-ing to wait an - y

Pno. Red. *f* *sfz* *mf* *mf*

83

Mrs. H.

long - er — there are sick peo - ple at home!

Pno. Red.

ff

86

Mrs. H.

When we all die, then he will o - pen! Oh,

Pno. Red.

mf *f* *ff* *f*

88

Mrs. H.

fff (with pathos)

this is dis - gust - ing; such — rab - ble.

Pno. Red.

ff

Mrs. H. $\text{♩} = 92$ *fff*
 I will com-plain to Fu-ku!

Man. *fff (angrily)* (The Manager goes into the shop, slamming the door shut on the next downbeat.)
 Shut your trap!_

Pno. Red. $\text{♩} = 92$ *ff*

Pno. Red. $\text{♩} = 66$ *fffp* *mp* *pp* *p* *ppp* *mf*
fffp *mp* *pp* *p* *ppp* *Segue*

Pno. Red. **Part 2: In the Shop**
mf *mp* *mf*

Mrs. Liz. $\text{♩} = 66$ *mf*
 The

Pno. Red. *mf* *f* *mp* *mp*

104

Mrs. Liz.

boss went out? Thank God! Does it cost him more that I take a drop of

Pno. Red.

mp

108

Mrs. Liz.

hon-ey? How tast-y it is!

Mr. Laz.

Give me this por-ridge.

Pno. Red.

f

mf

mf

(she licks her lips)

112

Mr. Laz.

It's good with oil. I bare-ly ate two

Pno. Red.

mf

mp

mp

115 *(he glances at her)*

Mr. Laz. *8*
bowl - fuls__ to - day. How can you not eat at home?

Pno. Red.

(The Manager rushes in while the shop assistants discretely wipe their mouths.)

119 *♩ = 92 sub. f*
Man. Hel - lo! Hel - lo! *mp* E - nough of this lick-ing!

Pno. Red. *♩ = 92 sub. sfp sfp mp p mp p*

122 *mf* *(he points to the entrance hall with his thumb)*

Man. Have__ you__ eat - - en your fill?__

Pno. Red. *mp mp*

124 *half spoken/half sung*
mp

Man. I've had e - nough of this curs-ing!

Pno. Red. *p* *mp* *sfp*

126 *f* *mf* *mp* (he lowers his hand) *lunga* *mp*

Man. An-i-mals! She-nan-i-gans! The good__ rad-ish-es and car-rots from_

Pno. Red. *mf* *mp* *p* *lunga* *mf*

129 *mp* *mf*

Man. this de-liv - er - y are to be__ put a - side, and when some - bod-y from pro -

Pno. Red. *p* *mp* *mf* *mp*

132

Mr. Zar.

But Mis - ter

Man.

tec - tion comes, he is to get a por-tion of the good ones.

Pno.
Red.



135

Mr. Zar.

The Manager shows them to the door)

Man - ag - er, we did - n't lick an - y-thing.

Pno.
Red.



138

Mr. Zar.

This rab - ble should have ten grams each re -

Pno.
Red.

141

Mr. Zar. moved . . .

Mr. Wsu. *mf* Let them grum-ble;

Man. *half shouted/half sung ff (with sarcasm)* So they— would grum-ble!

Pno. Red. *mp*

144

Mr. Wsu. let them bark! That's why— we all work— in the

Pno. Red. *mp*

147

Mr. Wsu. *f* shop.— They are thiev - ing some-where as well.

Pno. Red. *mf*

150 *f*

Mr. Wsu.

We will lick some more! _____

Pno. Red.

mp

mp

Segue



154

Pno. Red.

p



157

Pno. Red.

pp

ppp evaporating

f

pp

ppp evaporating

8^{va}

in tempo (♩ = 66)

Part 3: In the Entrance Hall

159

Pno. Red.

f

p

163 *f* (outraged—to the queue) (she points at the door to the shop)

Mrs. H. Did you hear this talk? From this lout?!_ To in -

Pno. Red. *mf*

167

Mrs. H. sult la - dies so much; I real - ly do not know!

Pno. Red. *p*

(*mf*)

169 (she looks around)

Mrs. H. My hus - band, where are you hid - ing? Oh, my mis - for - tune, you al - lowed

Pno. Red. *mf*

(*mf*)

(A tremulous voice from the corner [Mr. Hungry mutters something unintelligible])

Mrs. H. *ff* 173 *ff* *fff*
 in - sults to your wife! I'm... a - fraid... of him!

Pno. Red. *f* *ff* *f* *ff* *f*
f *f* *ff*

Mrs. H. *ff* 175 *ff* (red with anger, she points to the corner)
 But he knows how to stuff him-self in spite of the fact that he has

Pno. *f* *p*
f *p*

Mrs. H. *f* 179 *f* (to the Hunchback)
 hid-den him-self. I'm tak - ing Mo-ni-ek, to guard him, you un-der-stand...

Pno. *mf* *mf*
mf *mf*

183 *mp* *mf* *mp*

Mrs. H. Yes-ter-day, I baked a cake out of cof - fee ...

Pno. *p*

186 (to Mr. Hungry) *mf*

Mrs. H. Oh, you dis-gust - ing creep!

Pno. *mp* *mp*

188 (to the others) *mp* half spoken/
half sung

Mrs. H. He ate it at night with-out fear In the morn - ing not a

Pno. *p* *mp* *sf* *sf*

a tempo

♩. = 66

Mrs. H. *f* trace. Two words: heart-less hus-band!

Man. To such a de -

Pno. *mf* *f* a tempo ♩. = 66



Man. 192 (The Manager appears in the doorway calling the names of people who may enter.)
gree?

Pno. *p*



Man. 195 *ff* *(ff)* *(ff)*
Los - er, Dope, Hun - gry ...

Pno. *f* *f* *f* *f* *f*

(frantically gathering her pots)

Mrs. H. 198

mp *f* *< ff*

I'm here, I'm com-ing, I'm run-ning!

Pno. *mp* *sfp* *sfp* *mf* *f* *ff*

201 (She goes into the shop with her husband and Moniek.)

Pno. *ff* *mf*

(to the Hunchback)

Pro. 209

mf *mp*

What a perk-y lit-tle wo-man. Cool, wise, nice. I'm

Pno. *mp* *p*

213

Pro. al-so ver-y cur-i-ous... what cake did she bake?

Pno. *mp* *mp*

216

Hunch. *mp* You are look - ing that far? *f* It ___ is not worth it, ___

Pno. *p* *mf sub.* *mf*

219

Hunch. *mp* be - cause to bake such a cake ___ is no feat. *mp* So

Pno. *p sub.* *p* *p* *p*

222

Hunch. *mf* I will tell you: add this mix - ture to a pound of cof-fee; pep-per

Pno. *mf* *mf*

226

Hunch. *mf*

and — car - a - way. Add two glass-es of wa - ter, a

Pno. *mp*

229

Hunch.

few tab-lets of sac-char-in, and when the bit-ter-ness of cof-fee dis-ap-pears, add

Pno. *mp*

232

Hunch.

fruit_ peel, and then in - to the ov - en it goes...

Pno. *mp* *mf*

(Suddenly, the door to the shop slams open; Mrs. Hungry, Moniuś, and Mr. Hungry enter, the latter with traces of marmalade around his mouth.)

234

Pno.

mp *p*

237

Mrs. H.

f (wringing her hands) *ff*

Peo-ple, oh, great heav-ens!

Pno.

sfp *mp* *mf* *f* *mf*

239

Mrs. H.

f

God, have mer-cy on us, find me, find me a way to cope.

Pno.

mf

(she points towards her husband)

243

Mrs. H. *mf*

My hus - band ate all the mar - ma - lade in small a -

Pno. *mp*

246

Mrs. H.

mounts!

Pno. *mp* *mf*

(The curtain falls.)

248

Pno. *f* *p* *ff* *fff*

ff *fff* (The End)

(senza rit.)

May 2, 2024
Framingham, Massachusetts
ca. 9:00

Total with *At the Clothing Department*:
ca. 12:00