View metadata, citation and similar papers at core.ac.uk

brought to you by CORE

provided by University of New Mexico

University of New Mexico
UNM Digital Repository

New Mexico Composers' Archive | Research Collections and Data

1-27-2011

Mom Sings an Aria

Alan Stringer

James Yaffe

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nm_composer_archive

Recommended Citation

Stringer, Alan and James Yaffe. "Mom Sings an Aria." (2011). https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nm_composer_archive/464

This Musical Score is brought to you for free and open access by the Research Collections and Data at UNM Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in New Mexico Composers' Archive by an authorized administrator of UNM Digital Repository. For more information, please contact disc@unm.edu.

Mom Sings an Aria

Characters:

Mom (Mrs. Lowenstein) . . . . . Mezzo-soprano

Lennie, her son . . . . . .Baritone

Shirley, his wife . . . . . Soprano

Cohen, a regular standee at the MET . . . . . Bass

D'Angelo, a regular standee at the MET . . . Tenor

Non-singing, non-speaking roles:

Two old ladies, friends of Cohen and D'Angelo

And Cohen's nephew

Synopis:

Lennie, a homicide detective, and his wife Shirley come for regular Friday night dinner at his Jewish mom's house. Mom had musical ambitions for herself and her son, but these didn't work out.

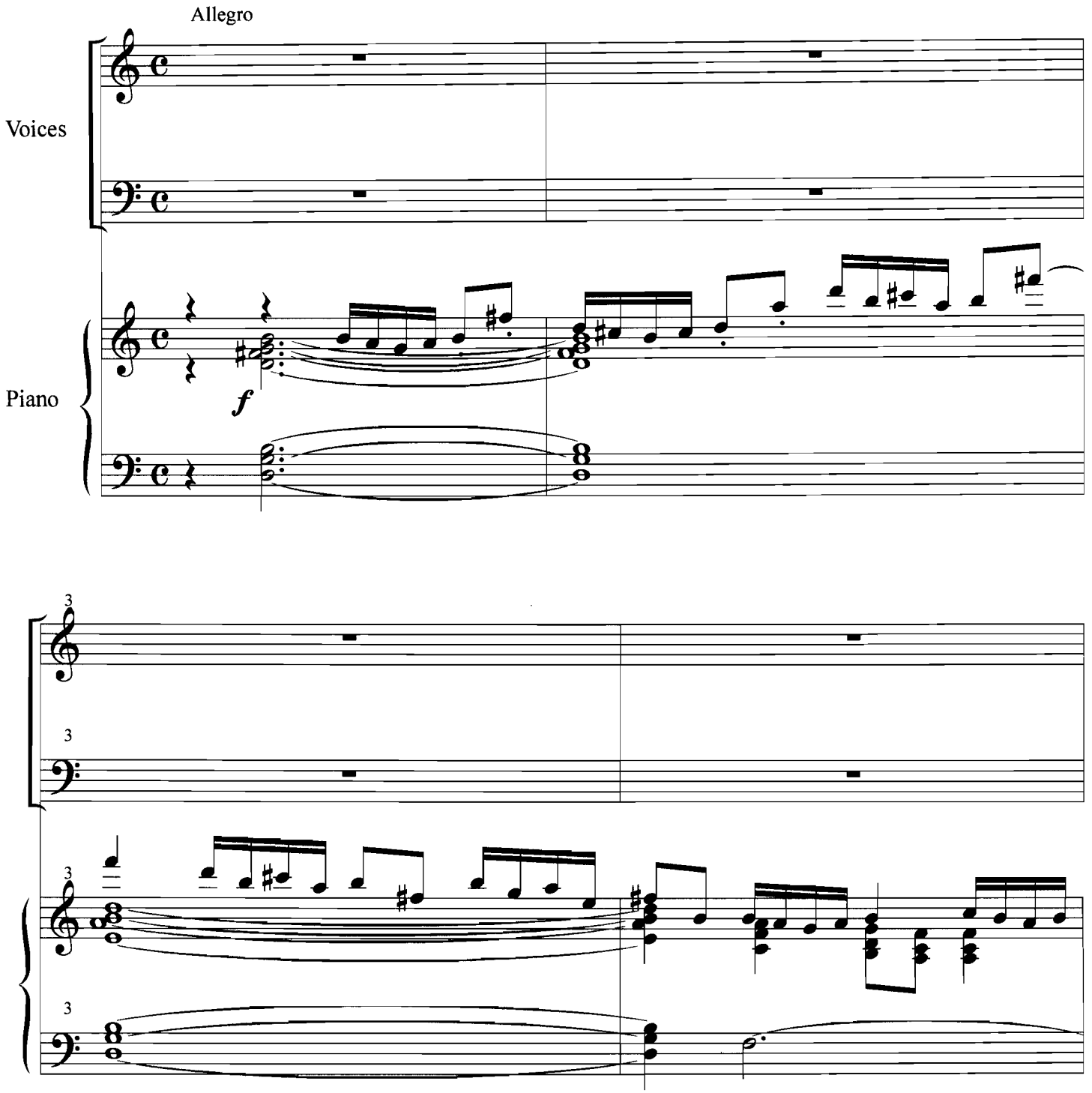
Lennie's latest case, in which a murder took place in the standing room section of the Met opera is discussed (and acted out in flashbacks) during the meal. Mom's colorful stories, her opera singing, and the standee's fights about the comparative virtues and defects of Renata Tebaldi and Maria Callas divert us while Mom solves the case for her sone. At the last moment she also helps Lennie with his marriage.

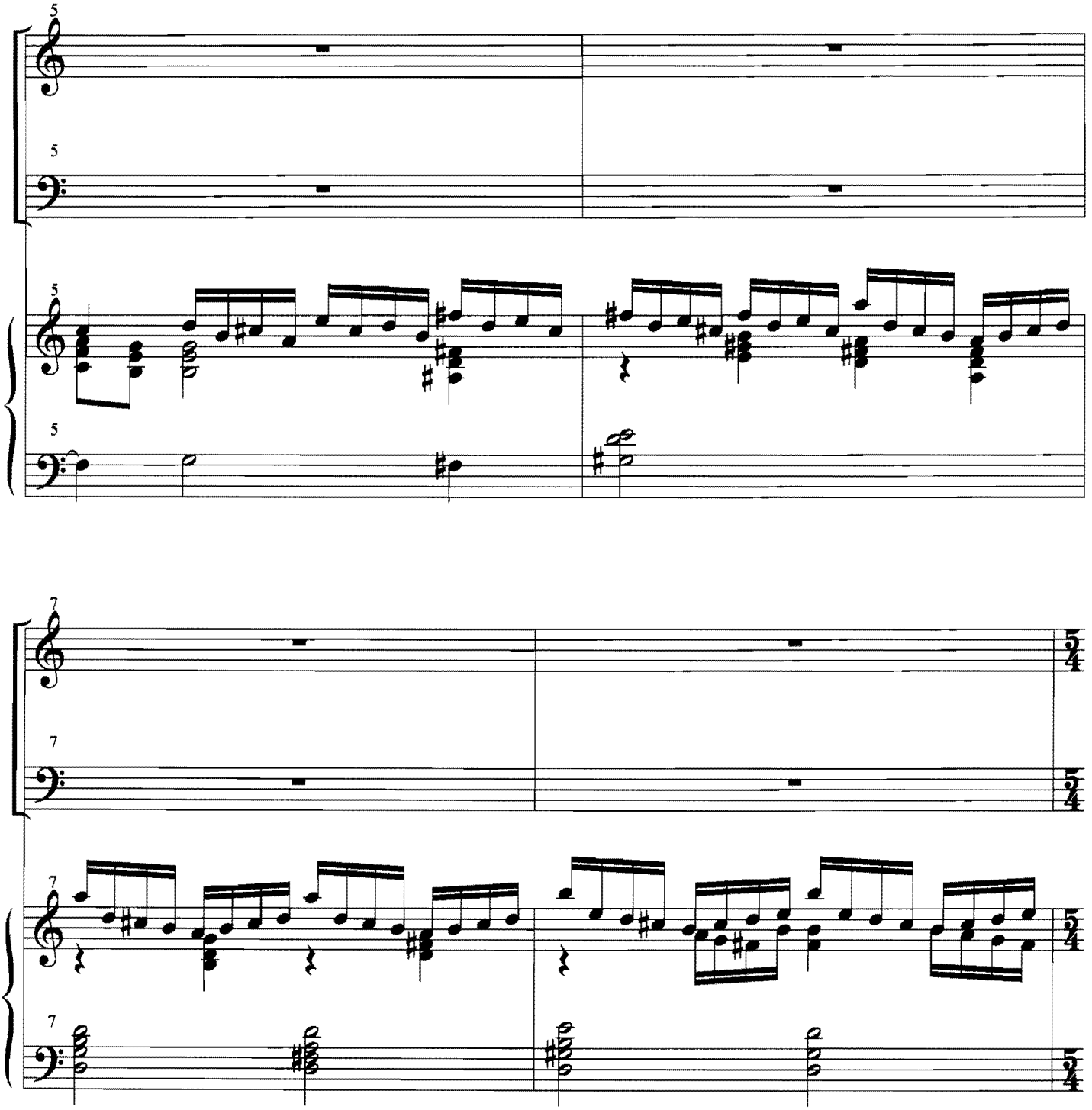
for Cantor Jacqueline Shuchat-Marx

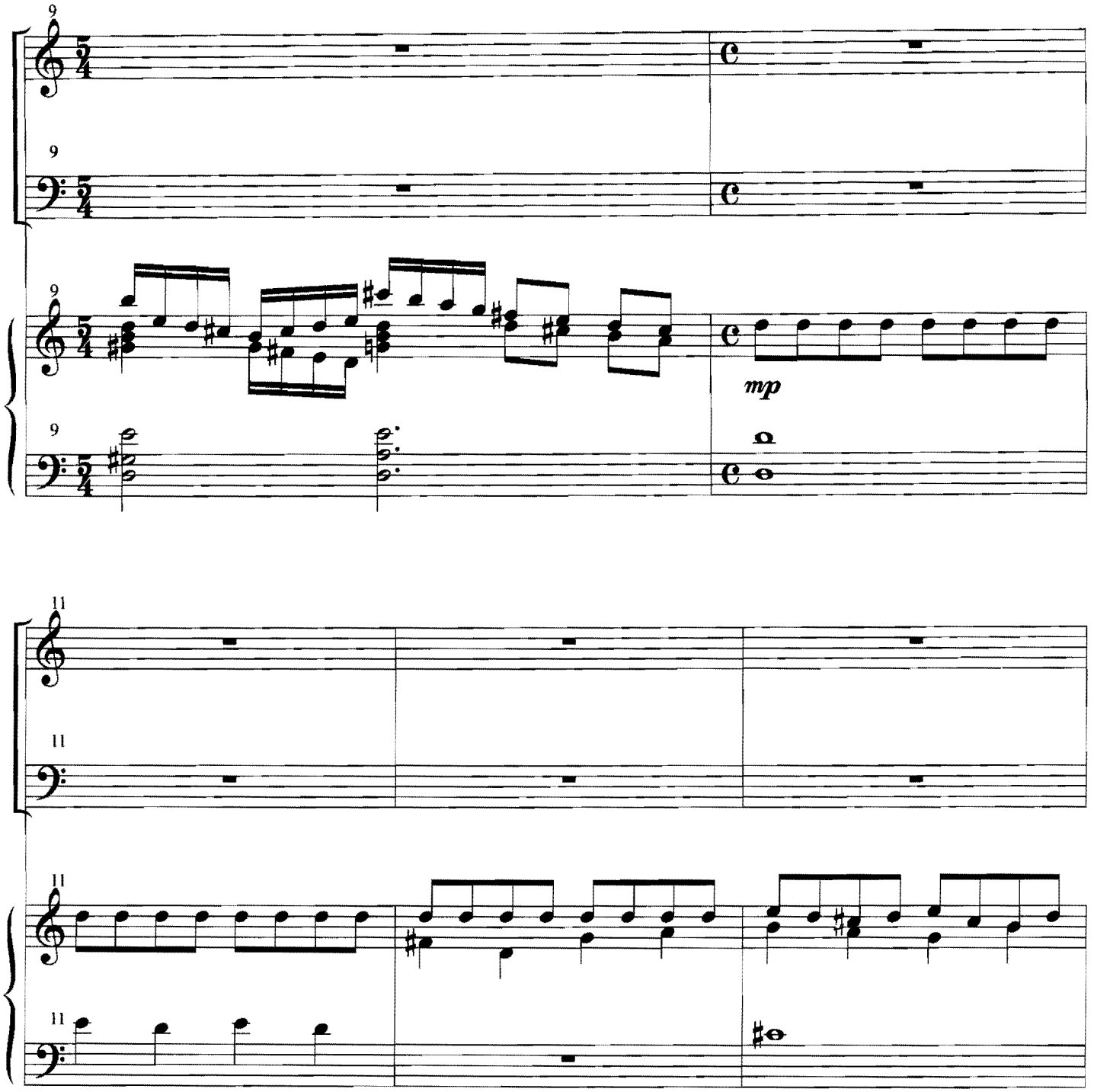
Mom Sings an Aria

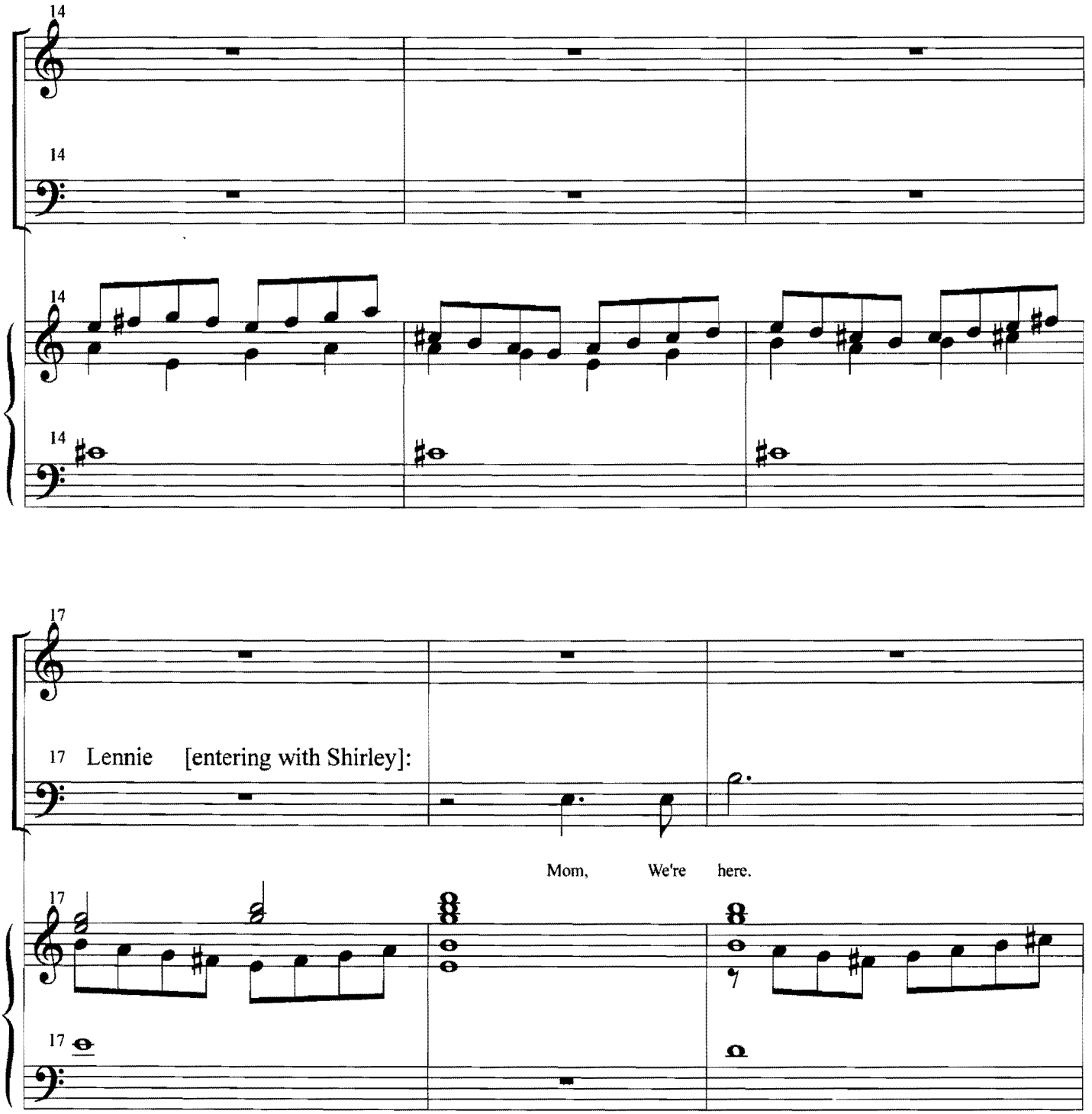
Based on a short story by James Yaffe

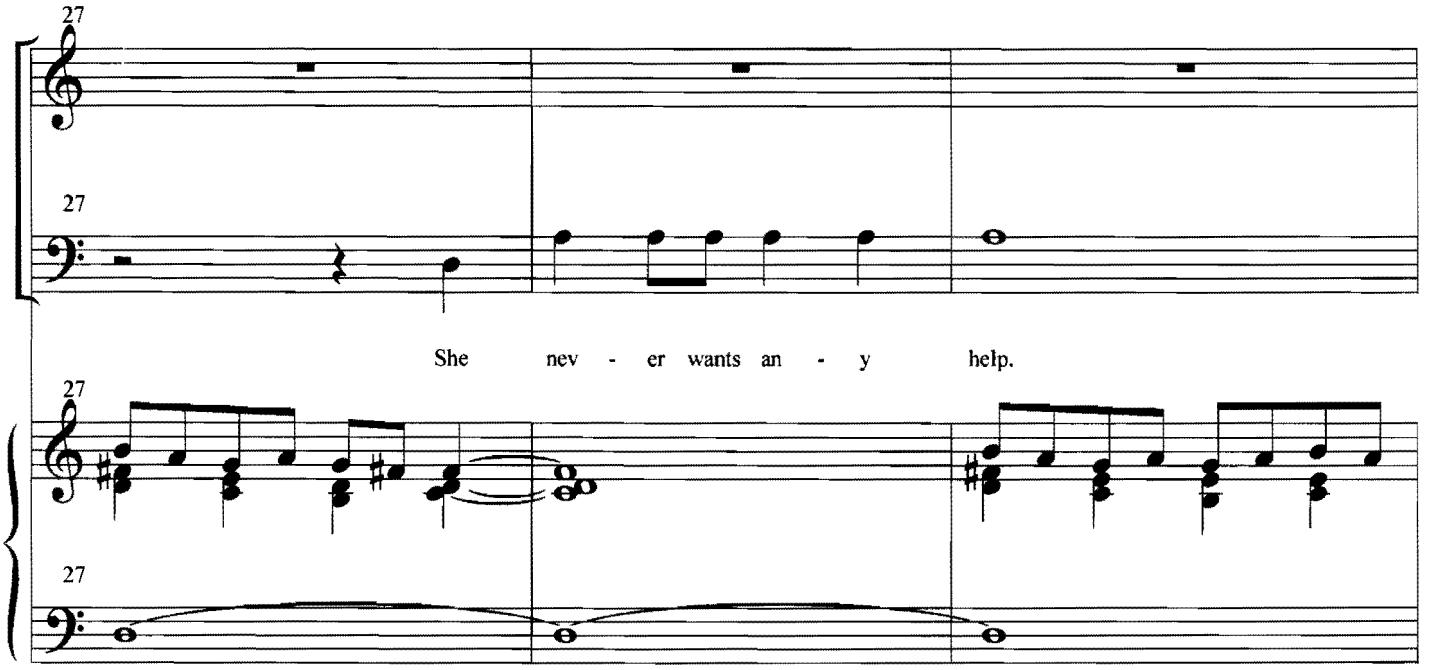
Alan Stringer

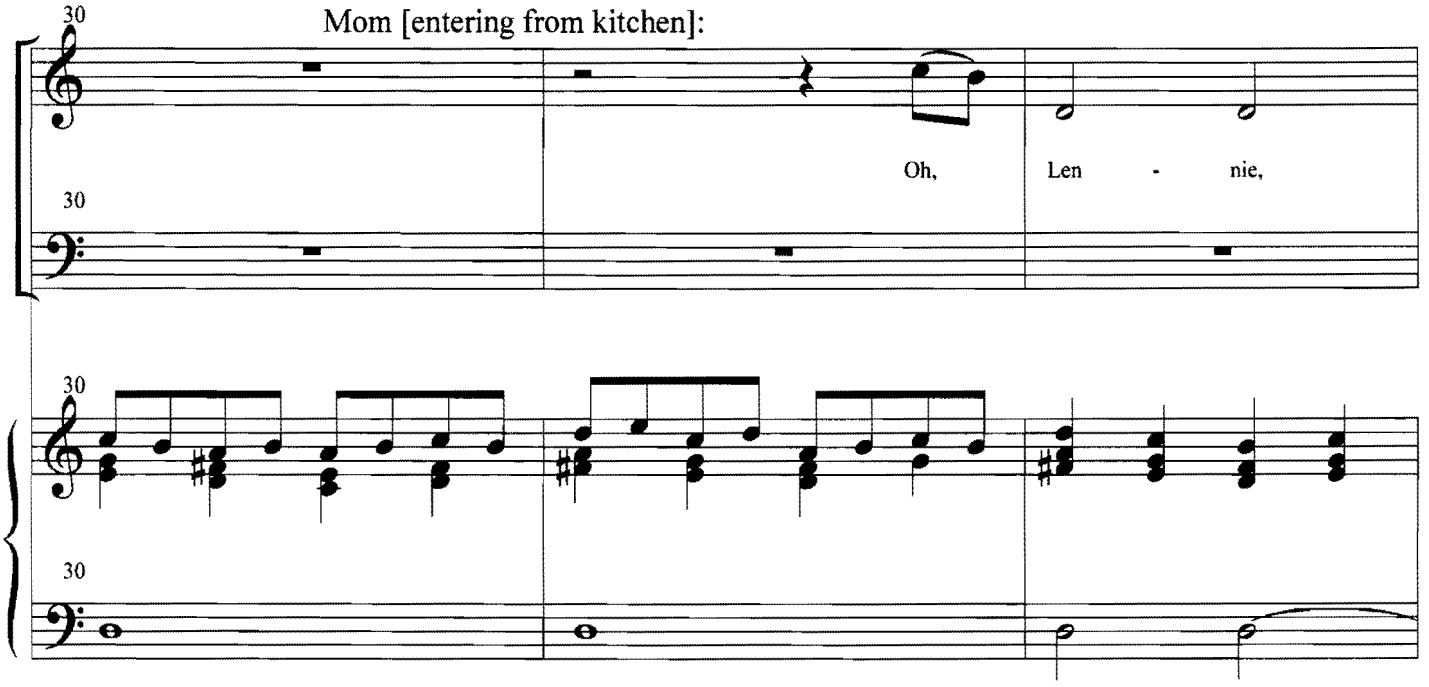


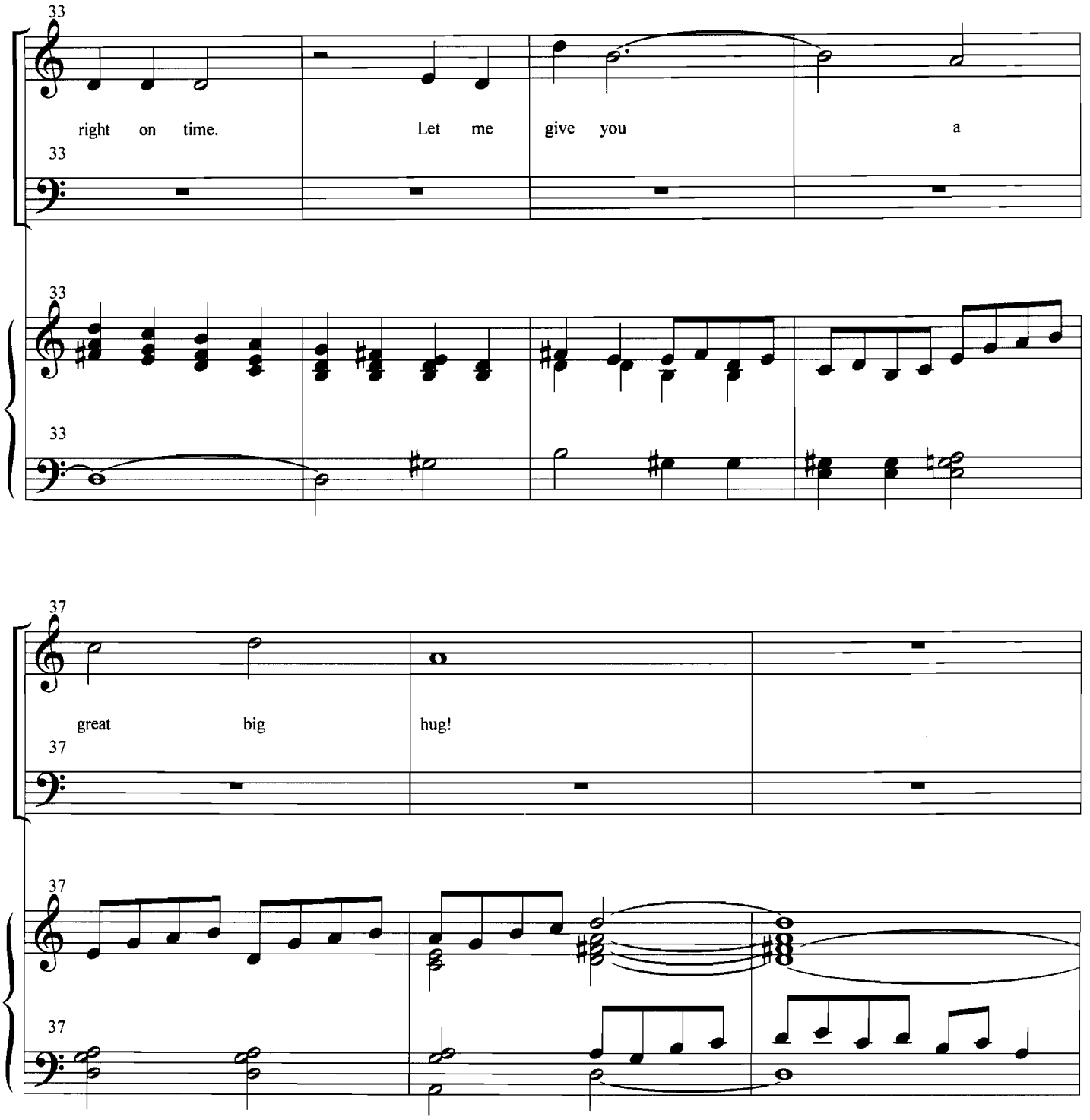


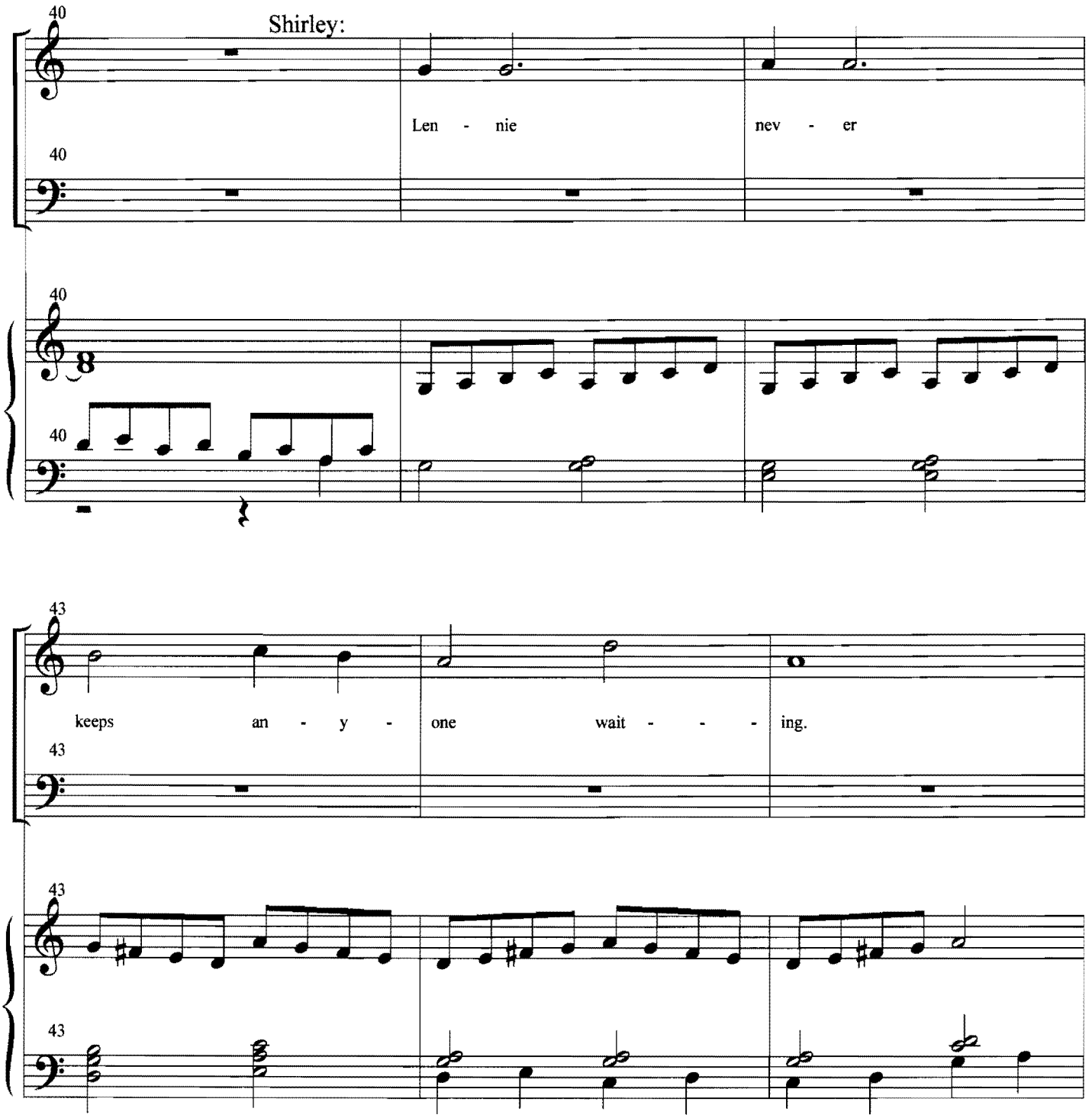

9
9
9
mp
9
11
11
11
11

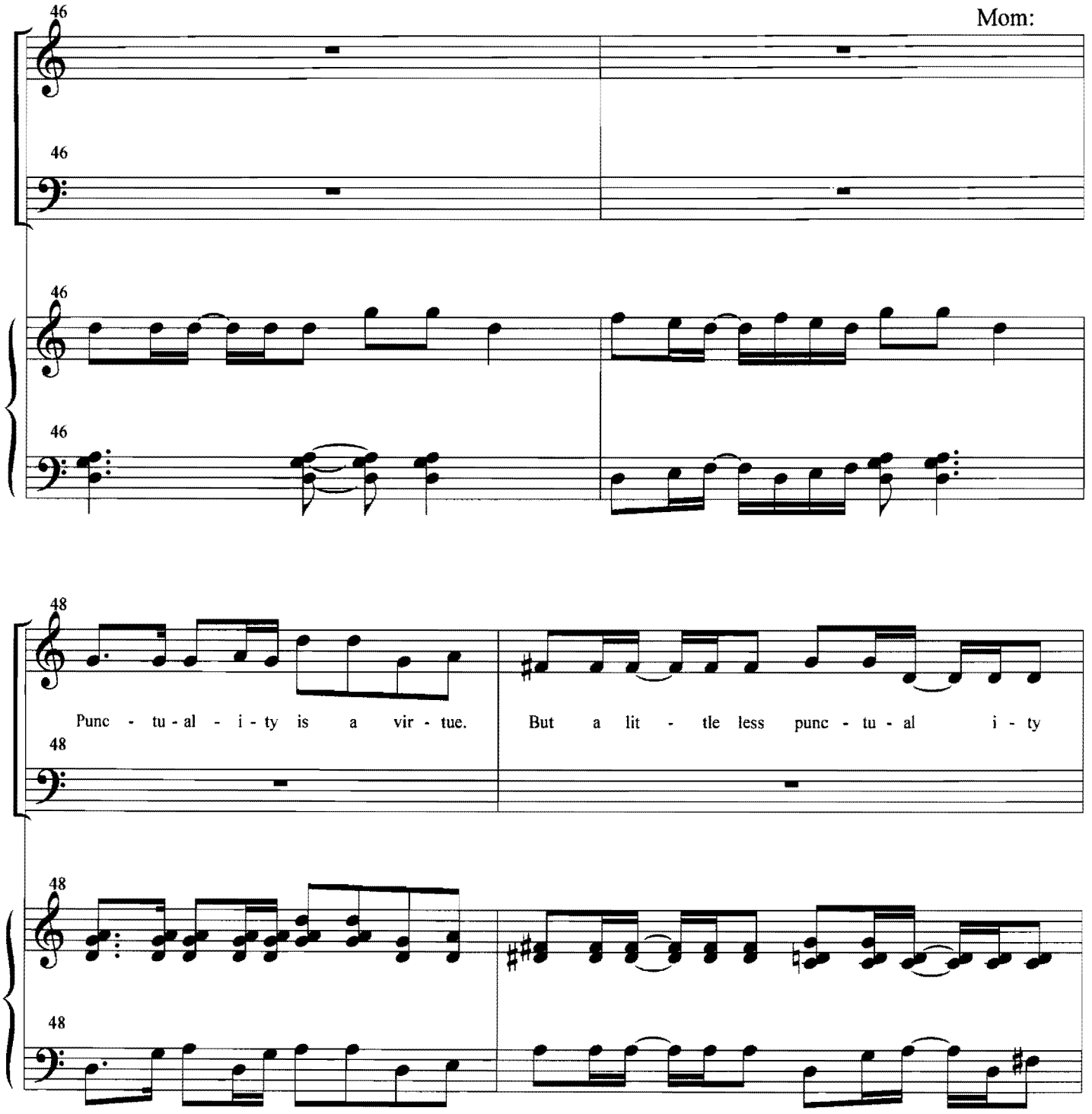

14
14
14
14
17
17 Lennie [entering with Shirley]:
Mom, We're here.
17
17

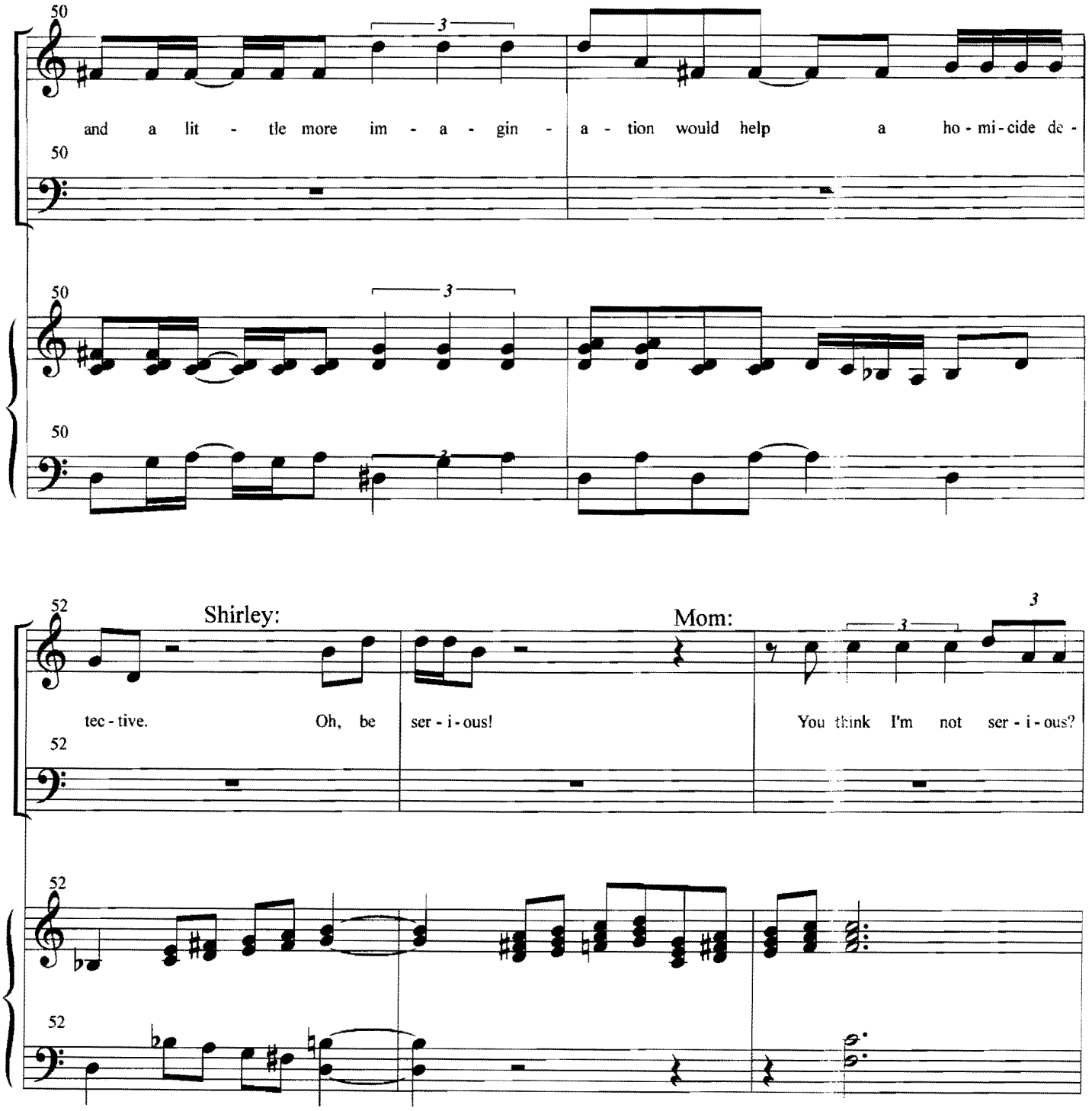

27
27
She nev - er wants an - y help.
27
27

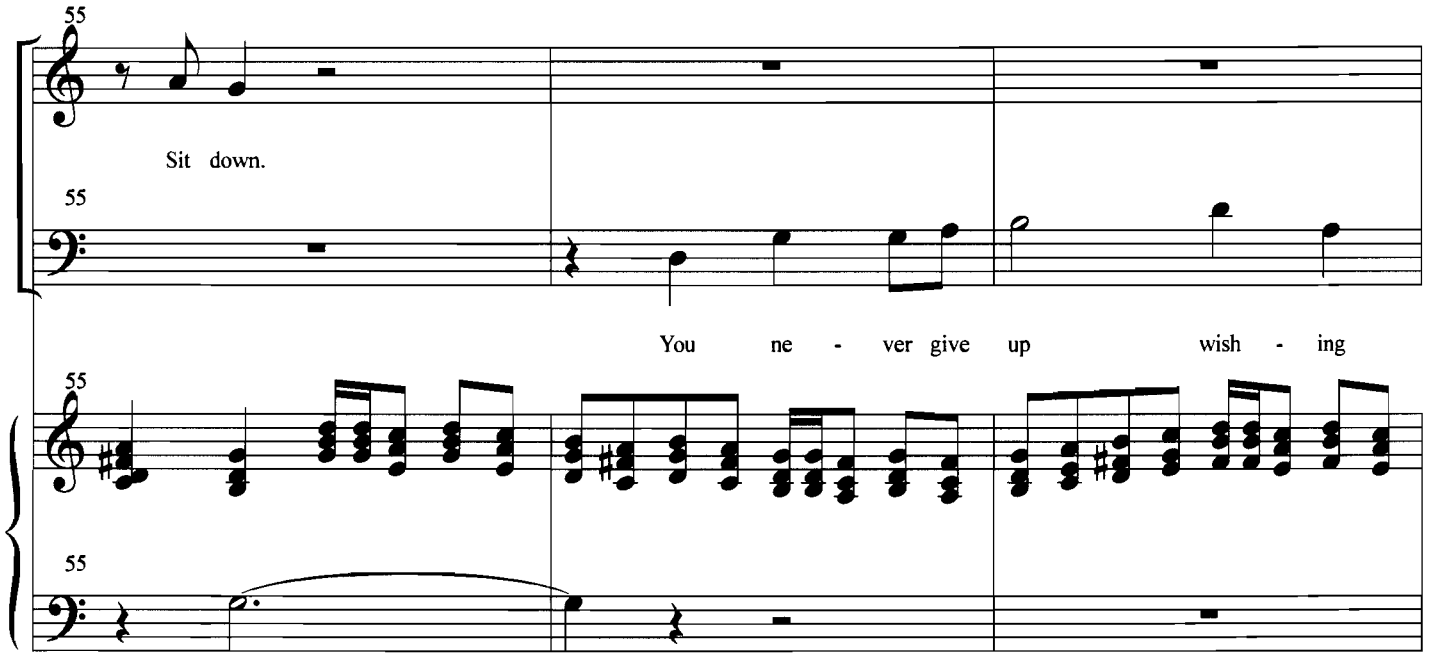

30
Mom [entering from kitchen]:
Oh, Len - nie,
30
30
30

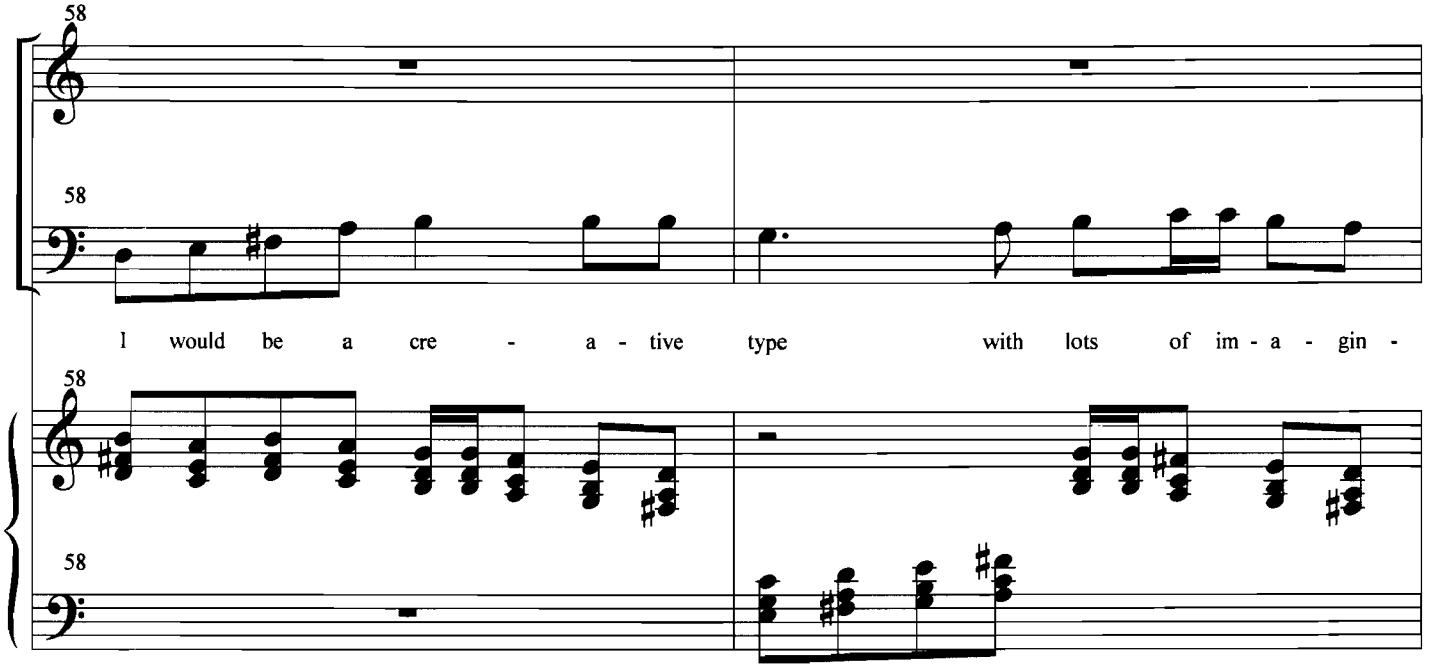

33
right on time.
Let me give you a
33
33
33
37
great big hug!
37
37
37

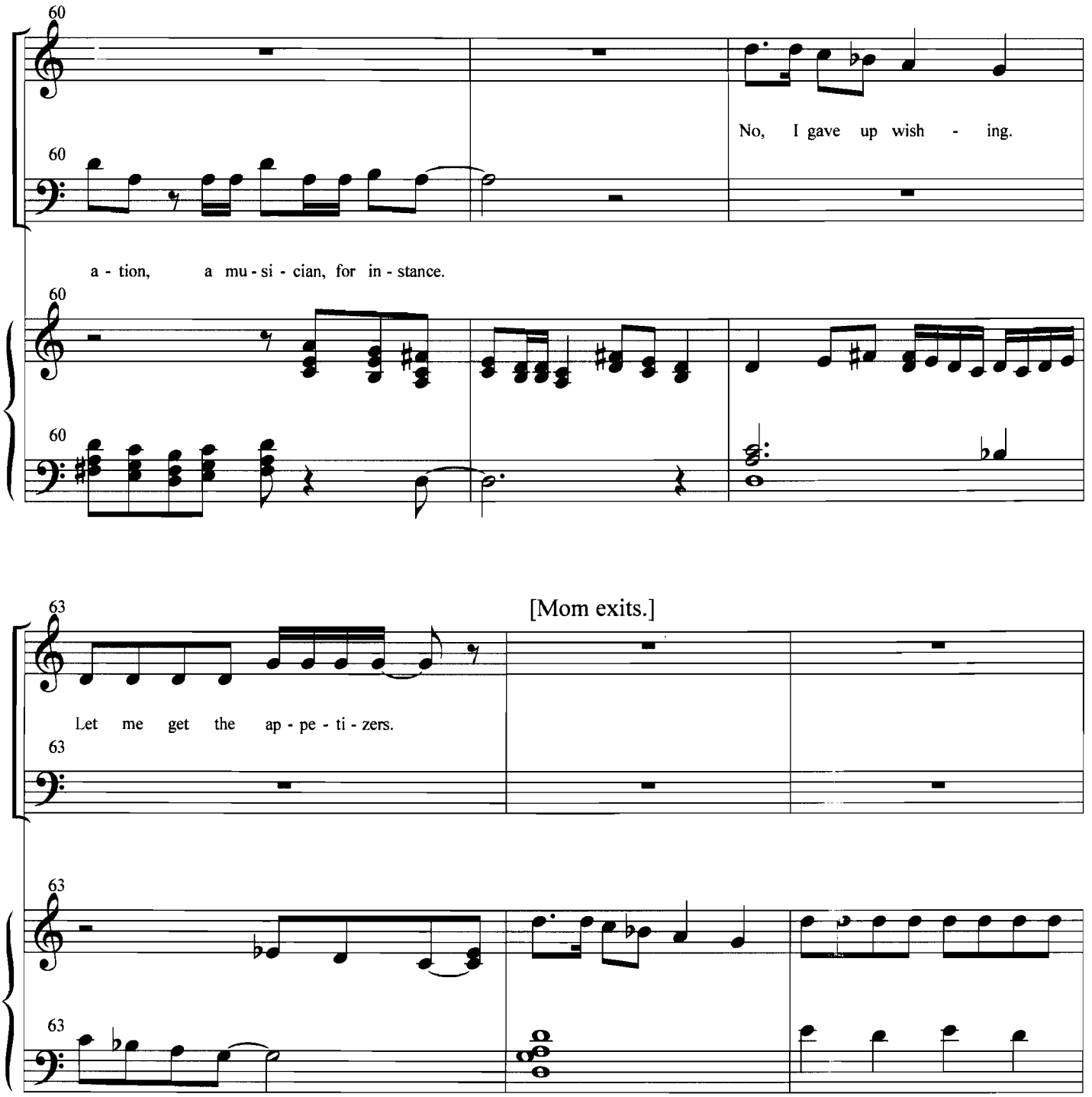

40
Shirley:
Len - nie
nev - er
40
40
40
43
keeps an - y - one wait - - - ing.
43
43
43

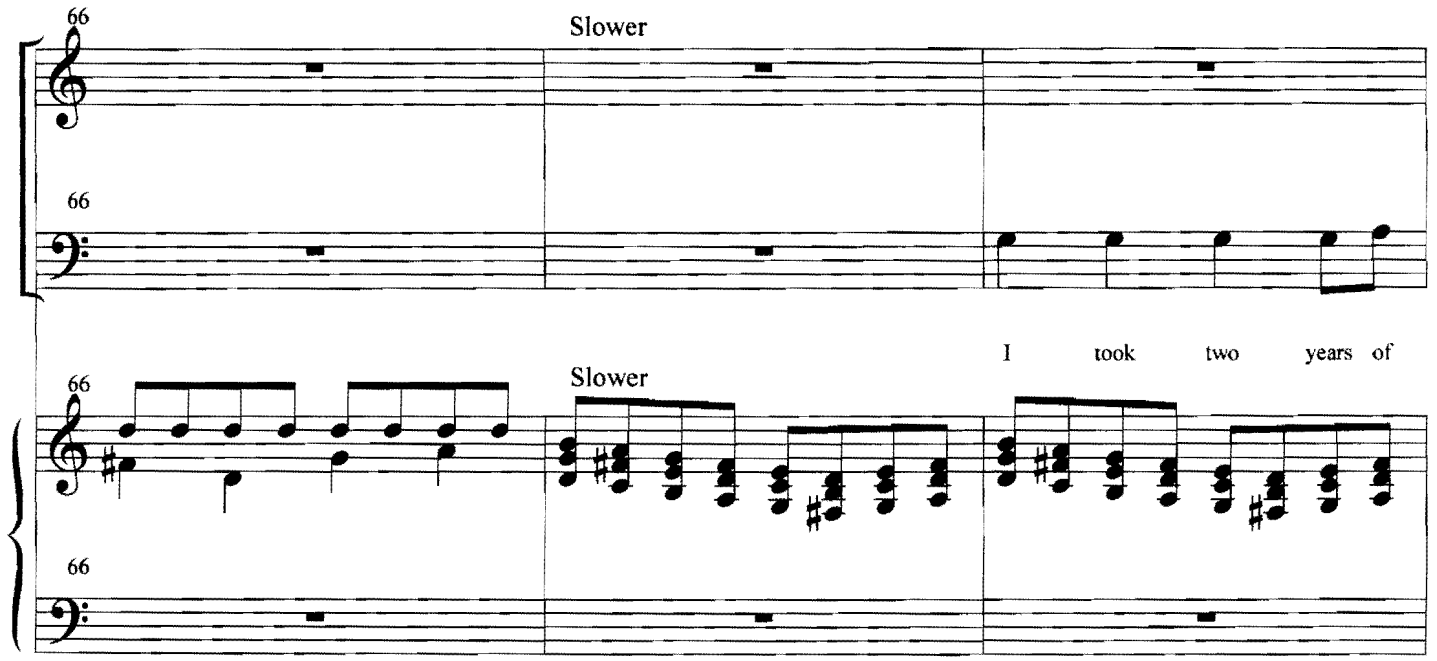

Mom:
46
46
46
46
48
Punc - tu - al - i - ty is a vir - tue.
But a lit - tle less punc - tu - al i - ty
48
48
48

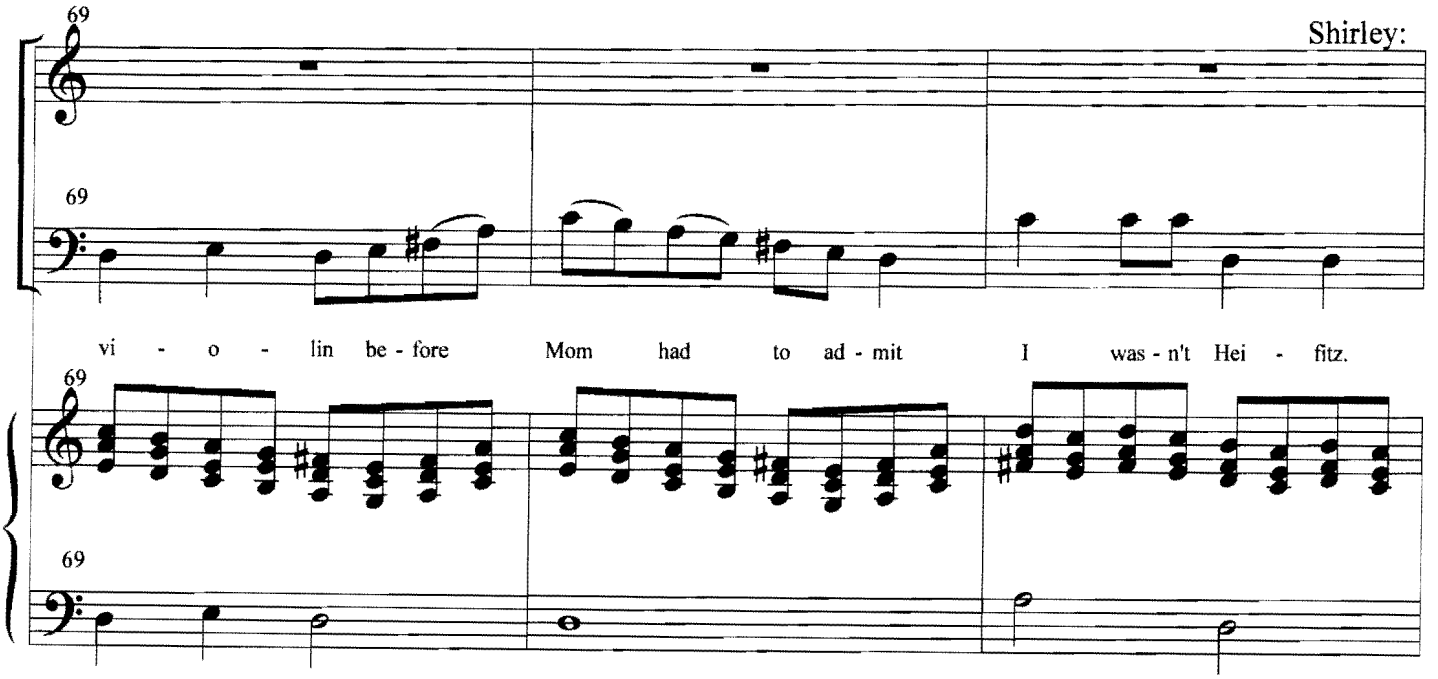

50
and a lit - tle more im - a - gin - a - tion would help a ho - mi - cide de -
50
3
50
3
50
52
Shirley:
Mom:
tec - tive. Oh, be ser - i - ous!
You think I'm not ser - i - ous?
52
3
52
52

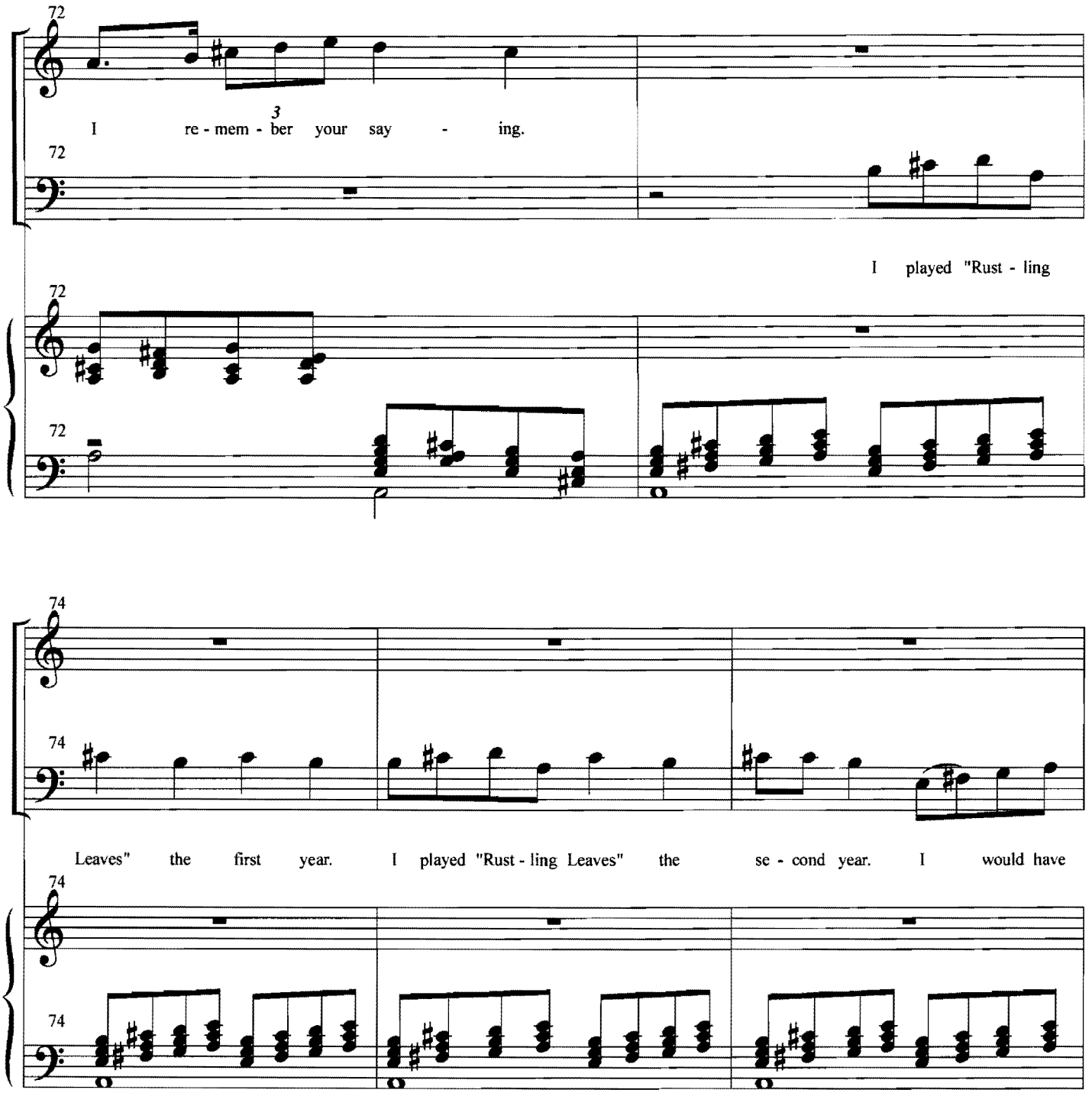

55
Sit down.
55
You ne - ver give up wish - ing
55
55

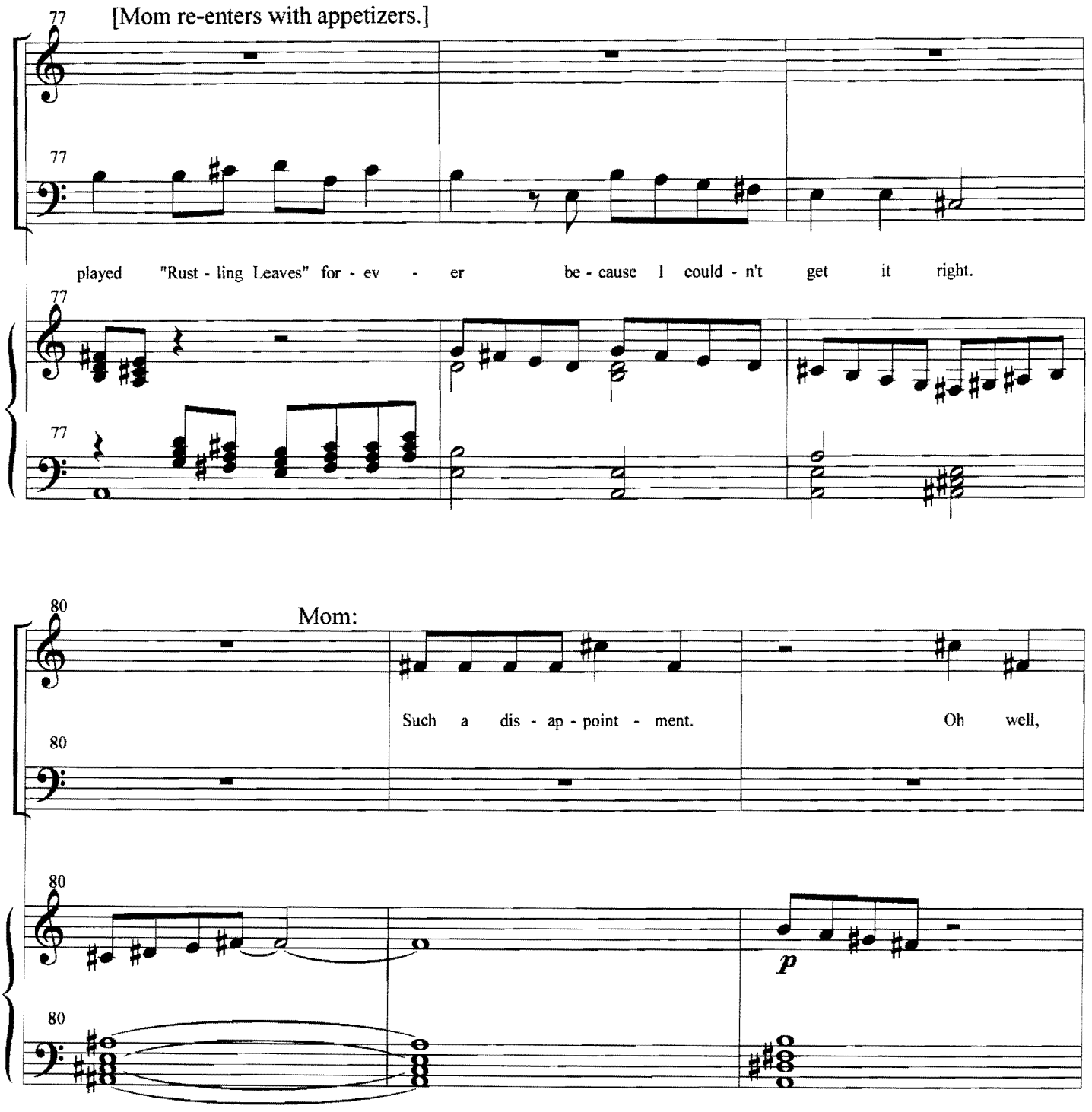

58
58
I would be a cre - a - tive type with lots of im - a - gin -
58
58

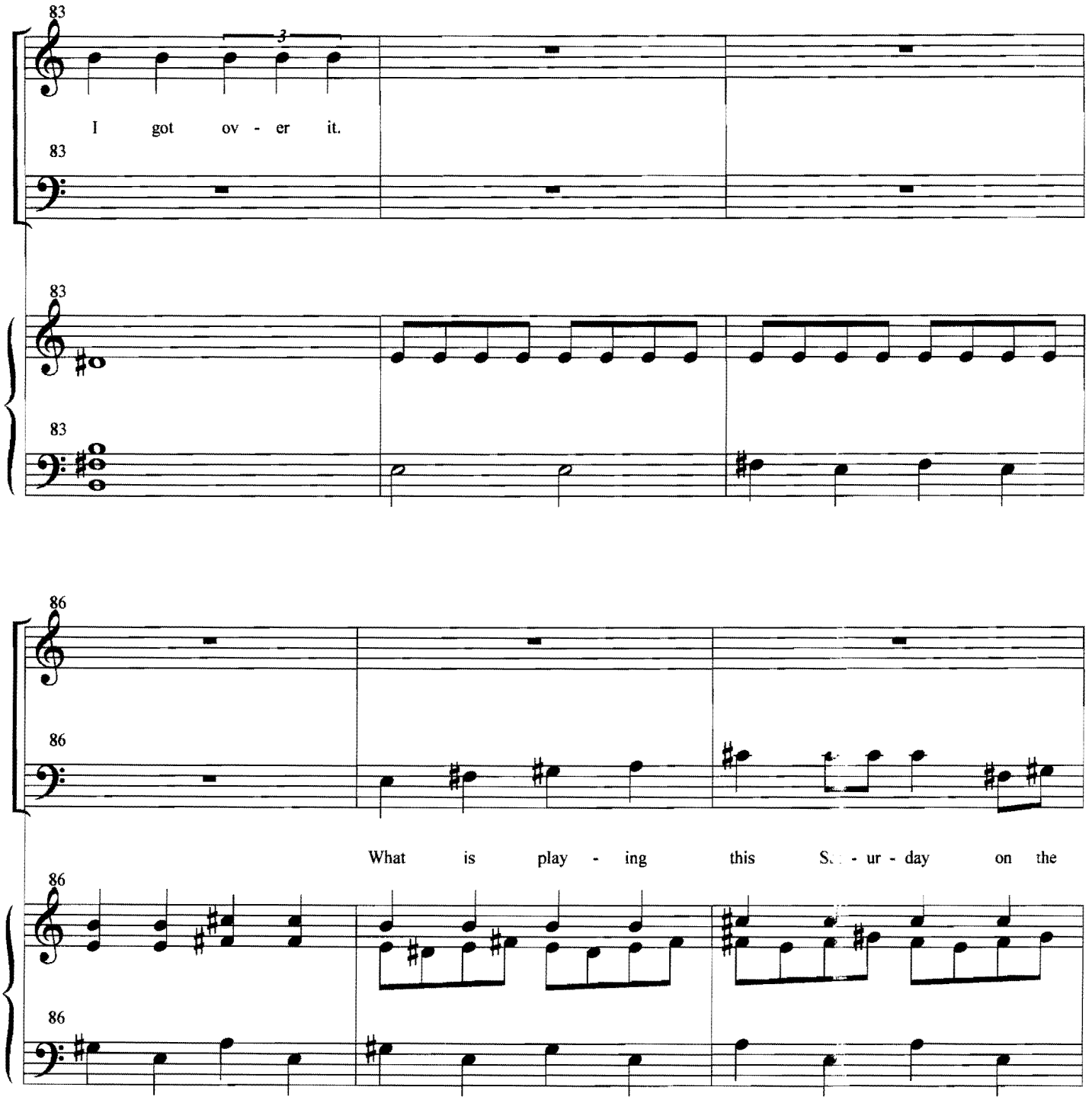

60
No, I gave up wish - ing.
a - tion, a mu - si - cian, for in - stance.
[Mom exits.]
63
Let me get the ap - pe - ti - zers.

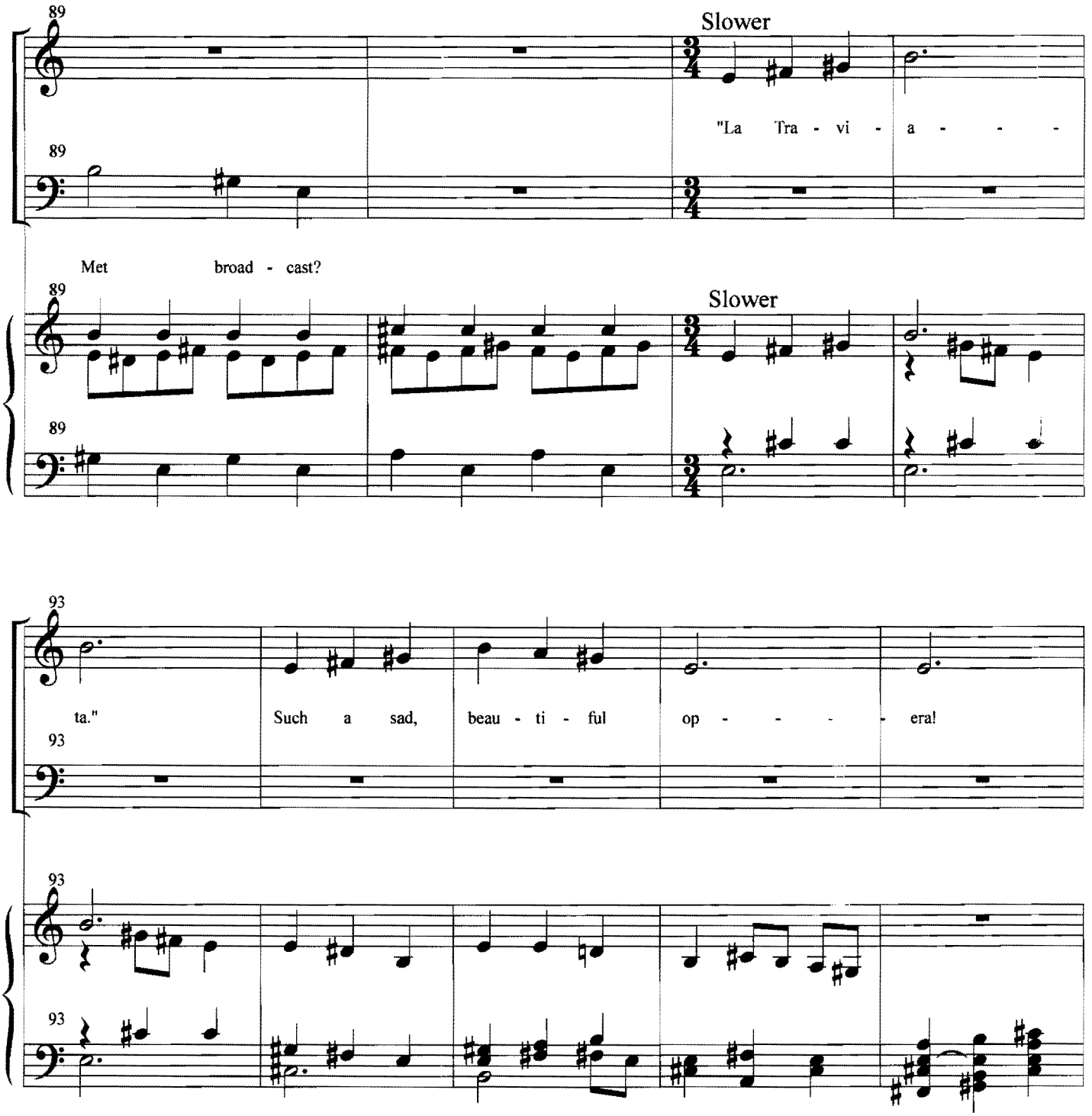

66
Slower
66
I took two years of
66
Slower
66

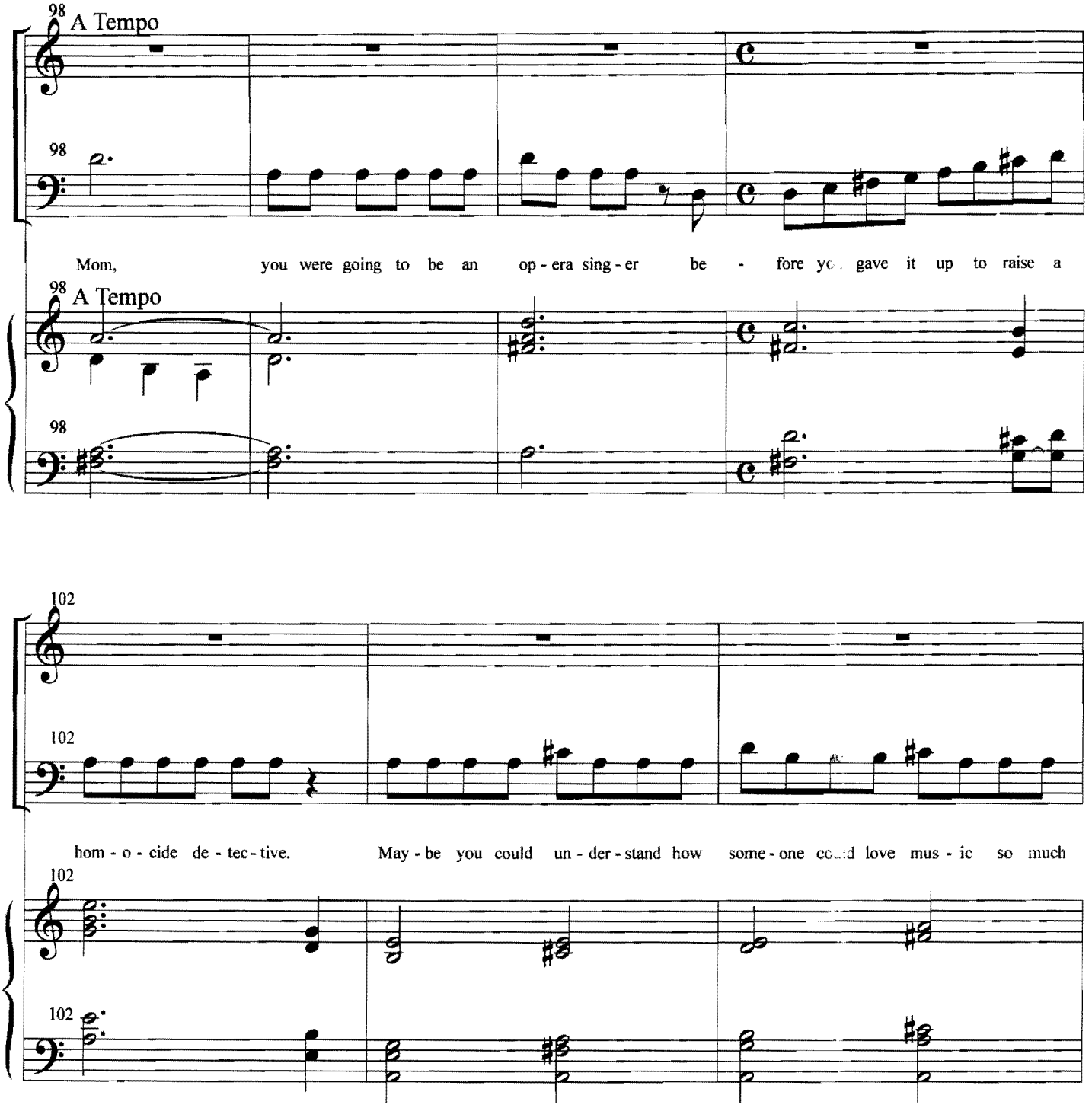

69
Shirley:
69
vi - o - lin be - fore Mom had to ad - mit I was - n't Hei - fitz.
69
69

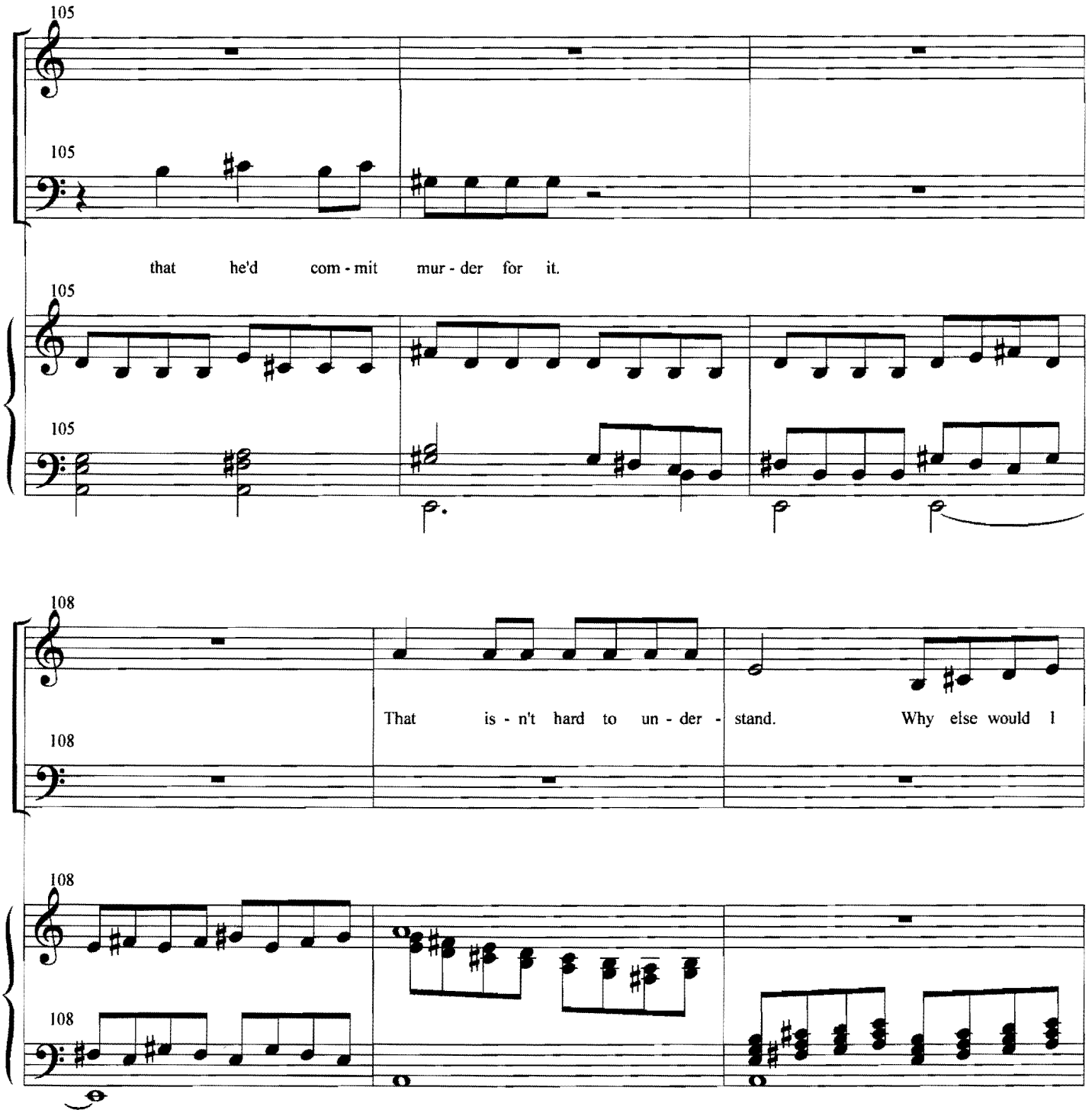

72
I re - mem - ber your say - ing.
I played "Rust - ling
74
Leaves" the first year. I played "Rust - ling Leaves" the se - cond year. I would have

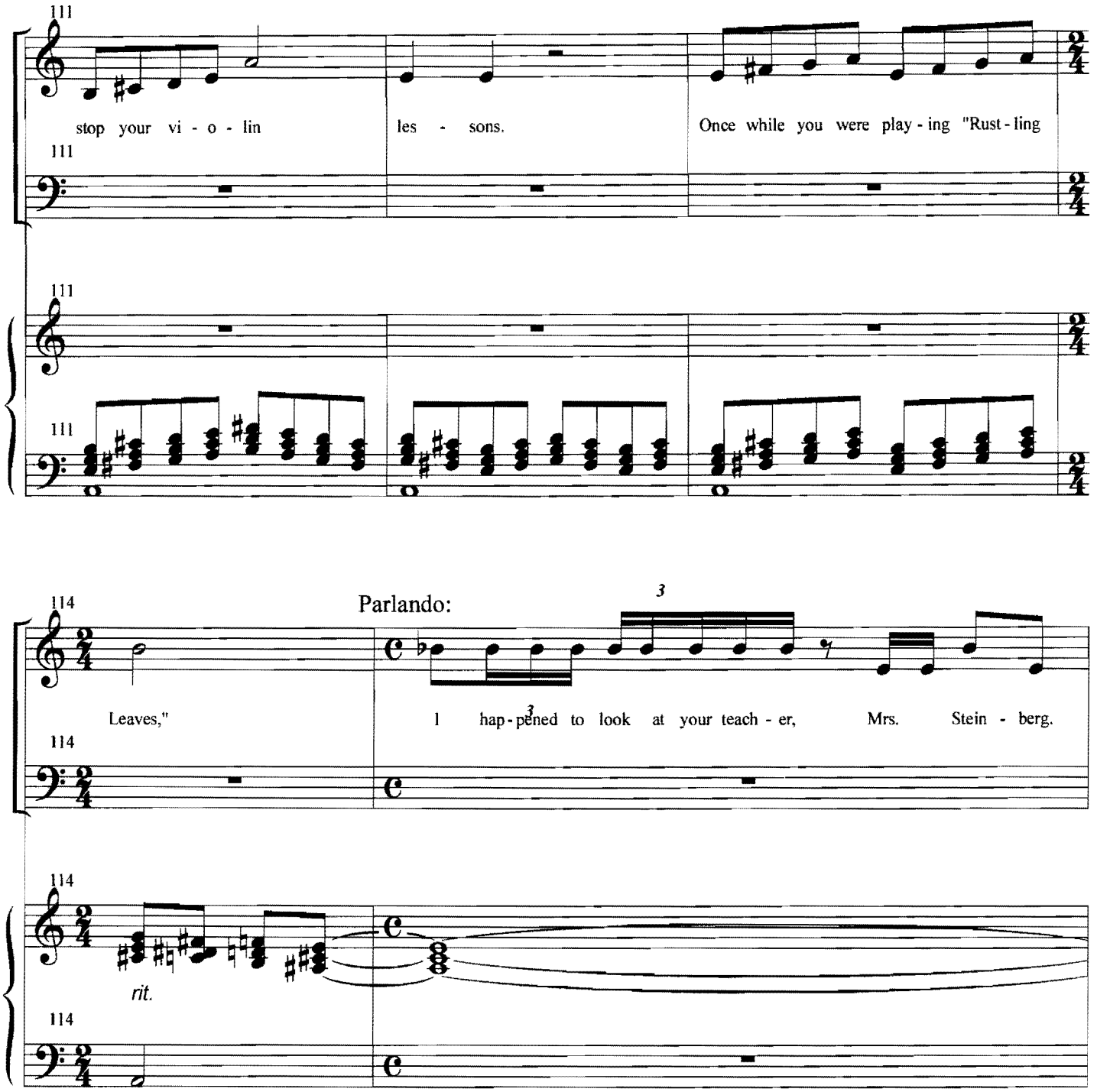

77
[Mom re-enters with appetizers.]
77
played "Rust - ling Leaves" for - ev - er be - cause I could - n't get it right.
77
77
80
Mom:
Such a dis - ap - point - ment. Oh well,
80
80
p
80

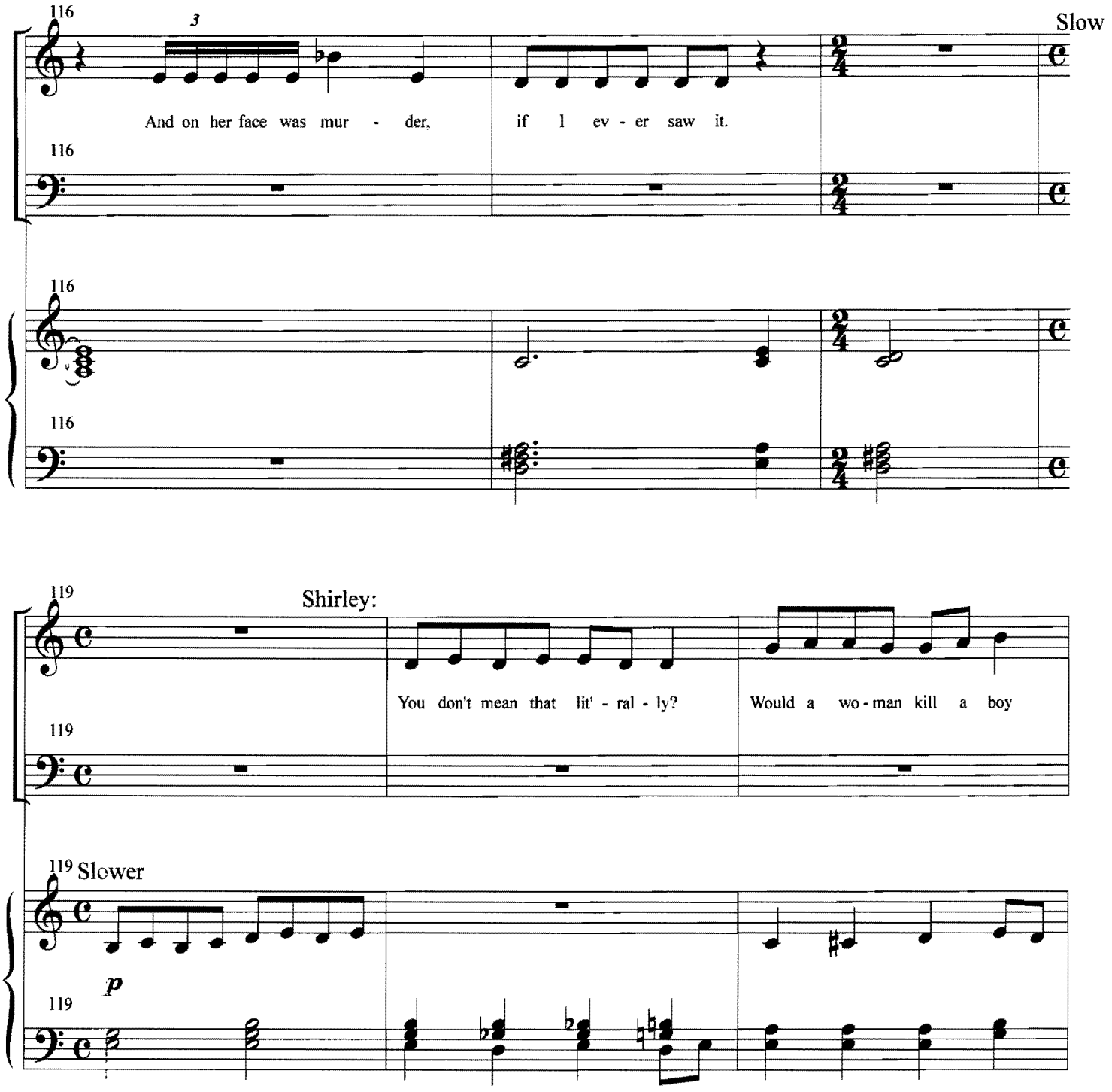

83
3
I got ov - er it.
83
83
83
86
86
What is play - ing this S. . - ur - day on the
86
86

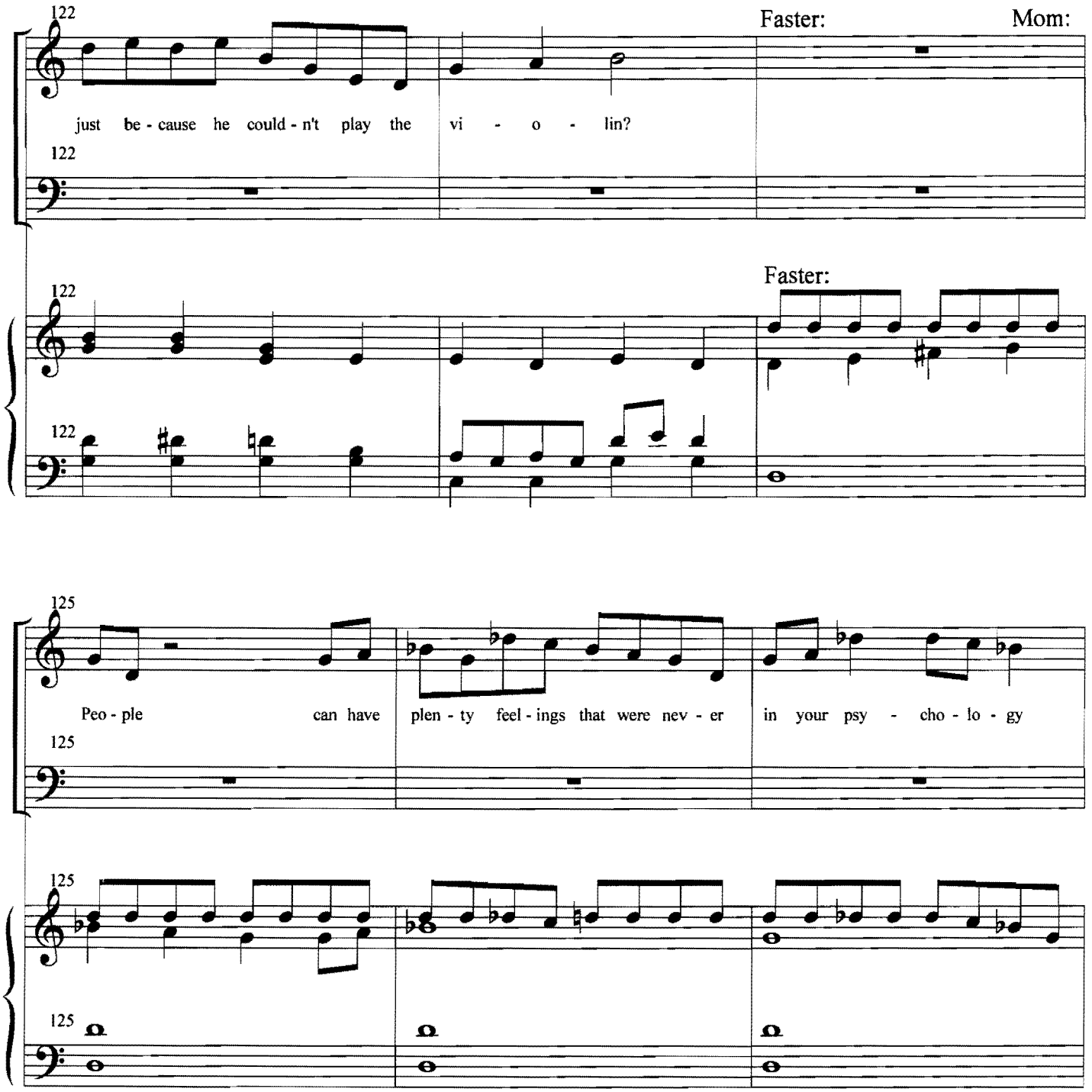

89
Slower
"La Tra - vi - a - - -
89
Met broad - cast?
89
Slower
89
93
ta."
Such a sad, beau - ti - ful op - - - - era!
93
93
93

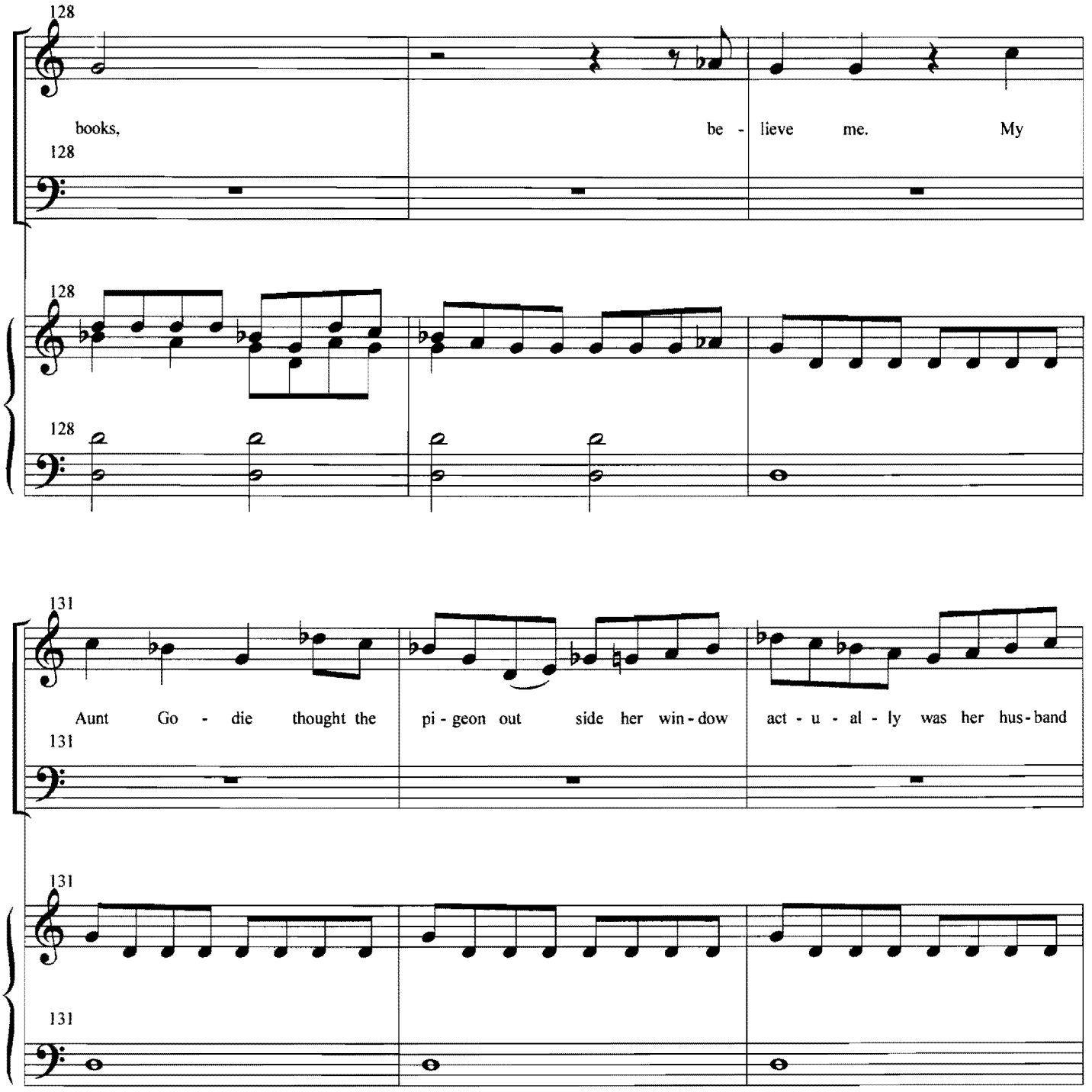

98
A Tempo
98
Mom, you were going to be an op - era sing - er be - fore yo gave it up to raise a
98
A Tempo
98
102
102
hom - o - cide de - tec - tive. May - be you could un - der - stand how some - one co d love mus - ic so much
102
102

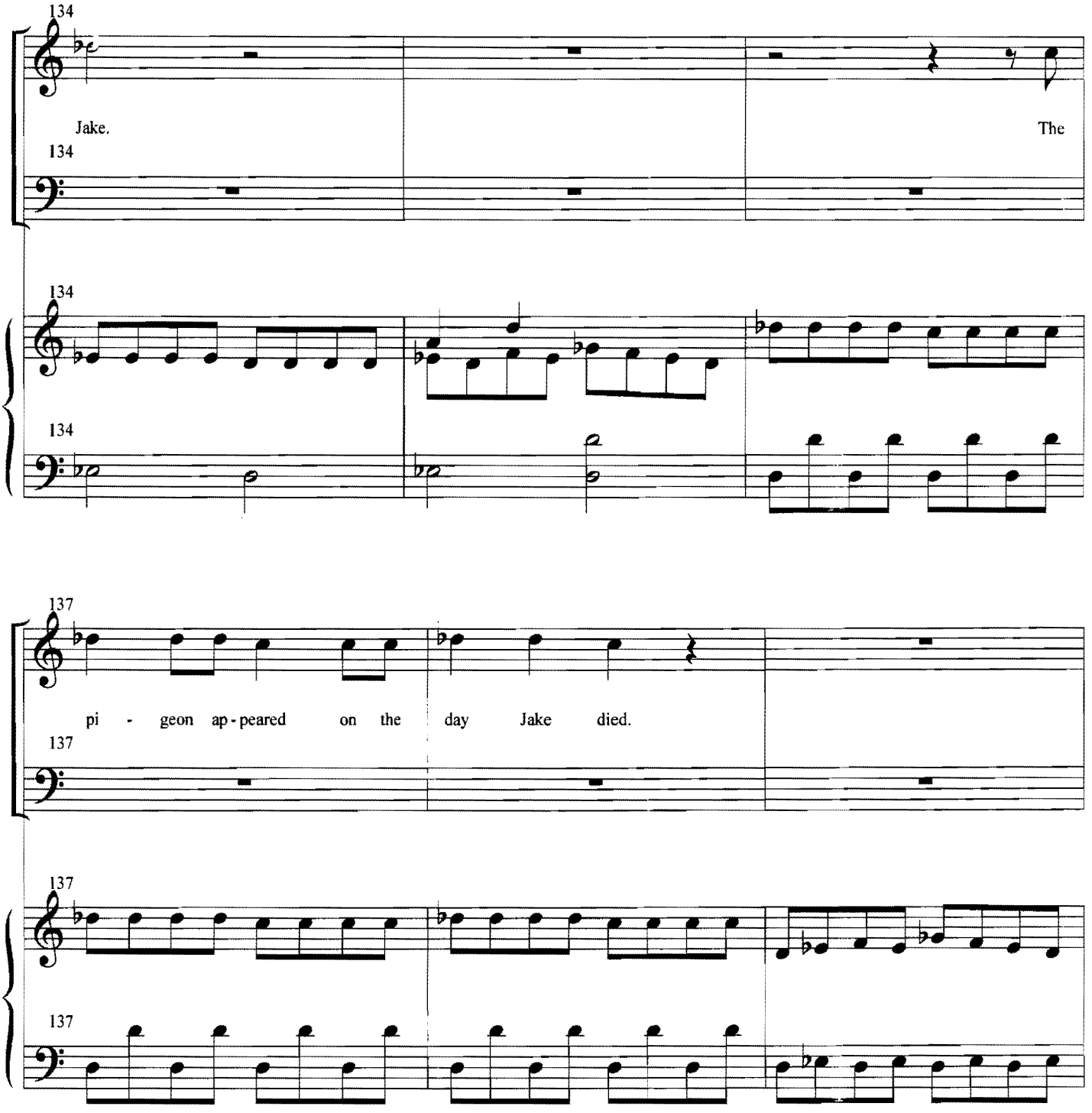

105
105
that he'd com - mit mur - der for it.
105
105
108
That is - n't hard to un - der - stand. Why else would I
108
108
108

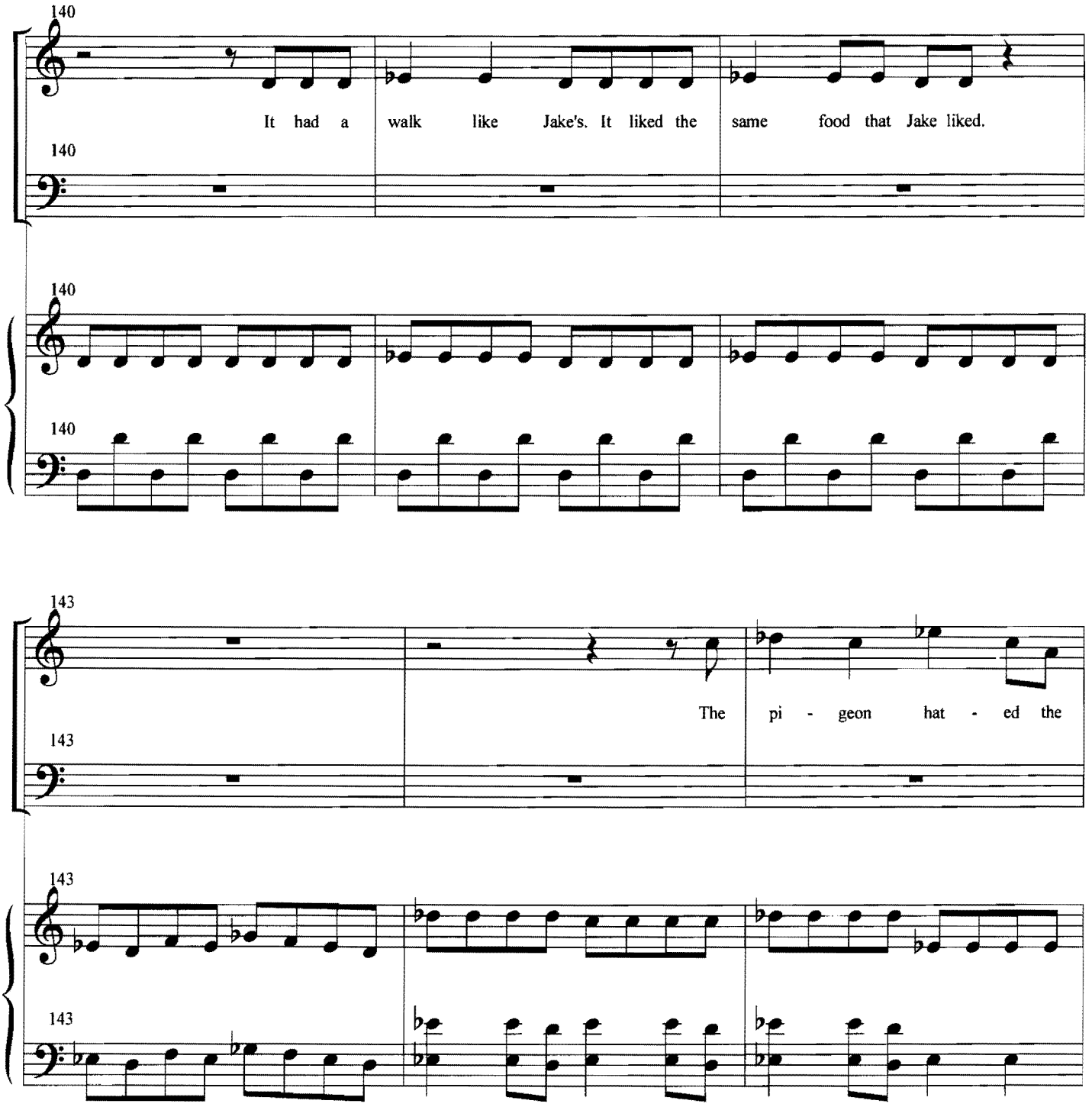

111
stop your vi - o - lin
les - sons.
Once while you were play - ing "Rust - ling
111
111
111
114
Parlando:
3
Leaves,"
3
I hap - pened to look at your teach - er, Mrs. Stein - berg.
114
114
rit.
114

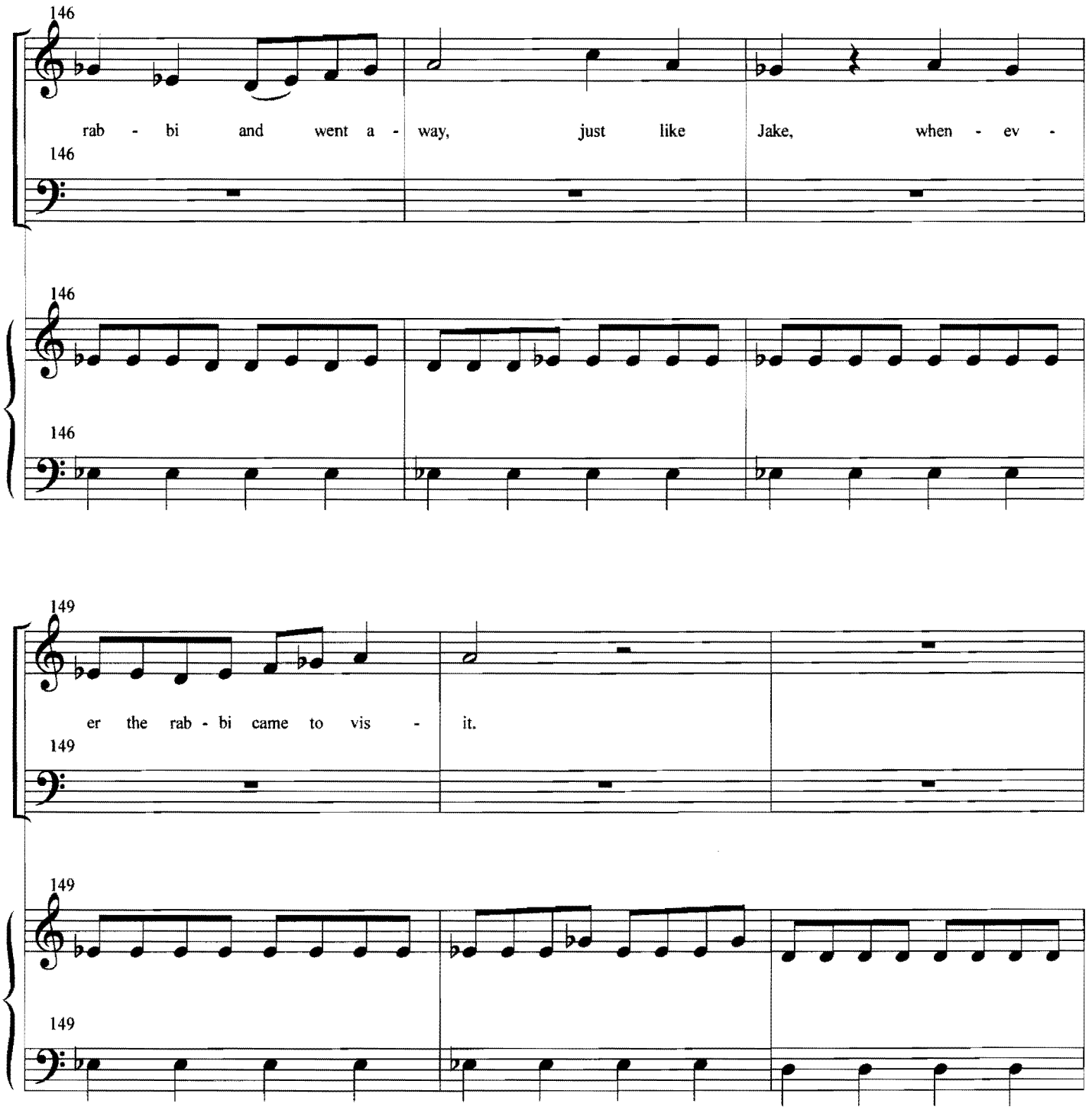

116
3
Slow
And on her face was mur - der, if I ev - er saw it.
116
116
116
119
Shirley:
You don't mean that lit' - ral - ly?
Would a wo - man kill a boy
119
119 Slower
p
119

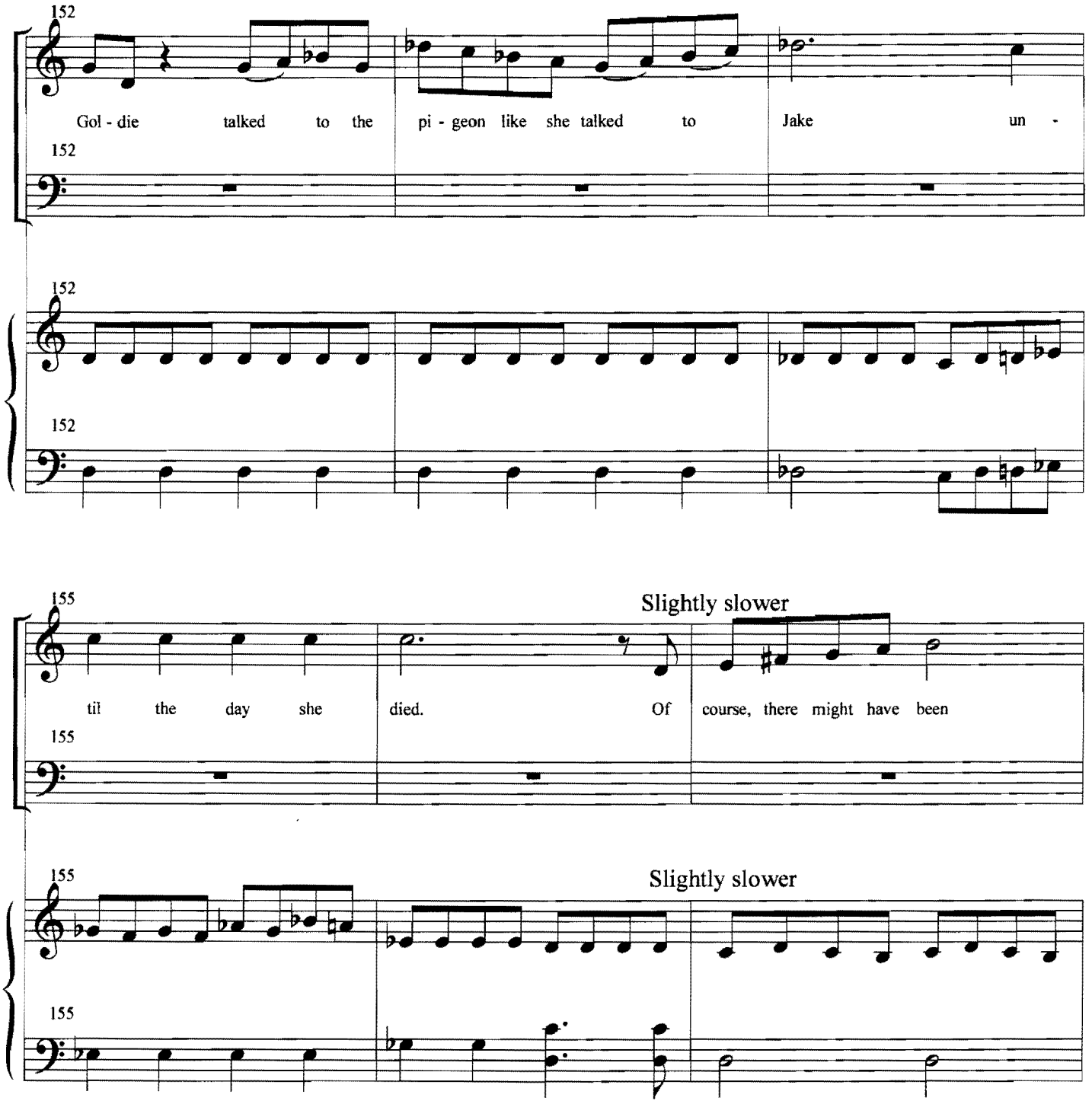

122
Faster:
Mom:
just be - cause he could - n't play the vi - o - lin?
122
Faster:
122
122
125
Peo - ple can have plen - ty feel - ings that were nev - er in your psy - cho - lo - gy
125
125
125

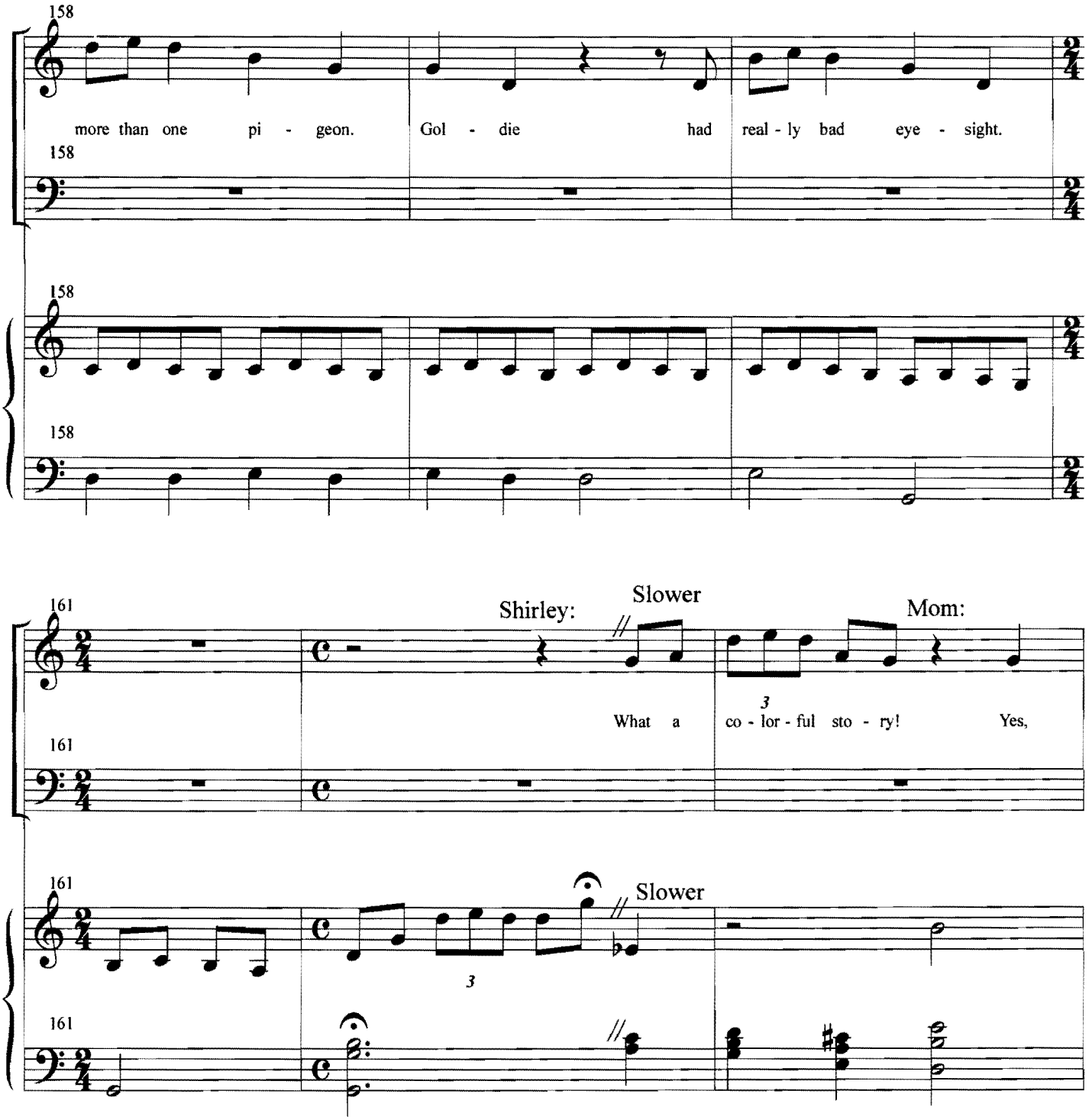

128
books,
be - lieve me. My
128
128
128
131
Aunt Go - die thought the pi - geon out side her win - dow act - u - al - ly was her hus - band
131
131
131

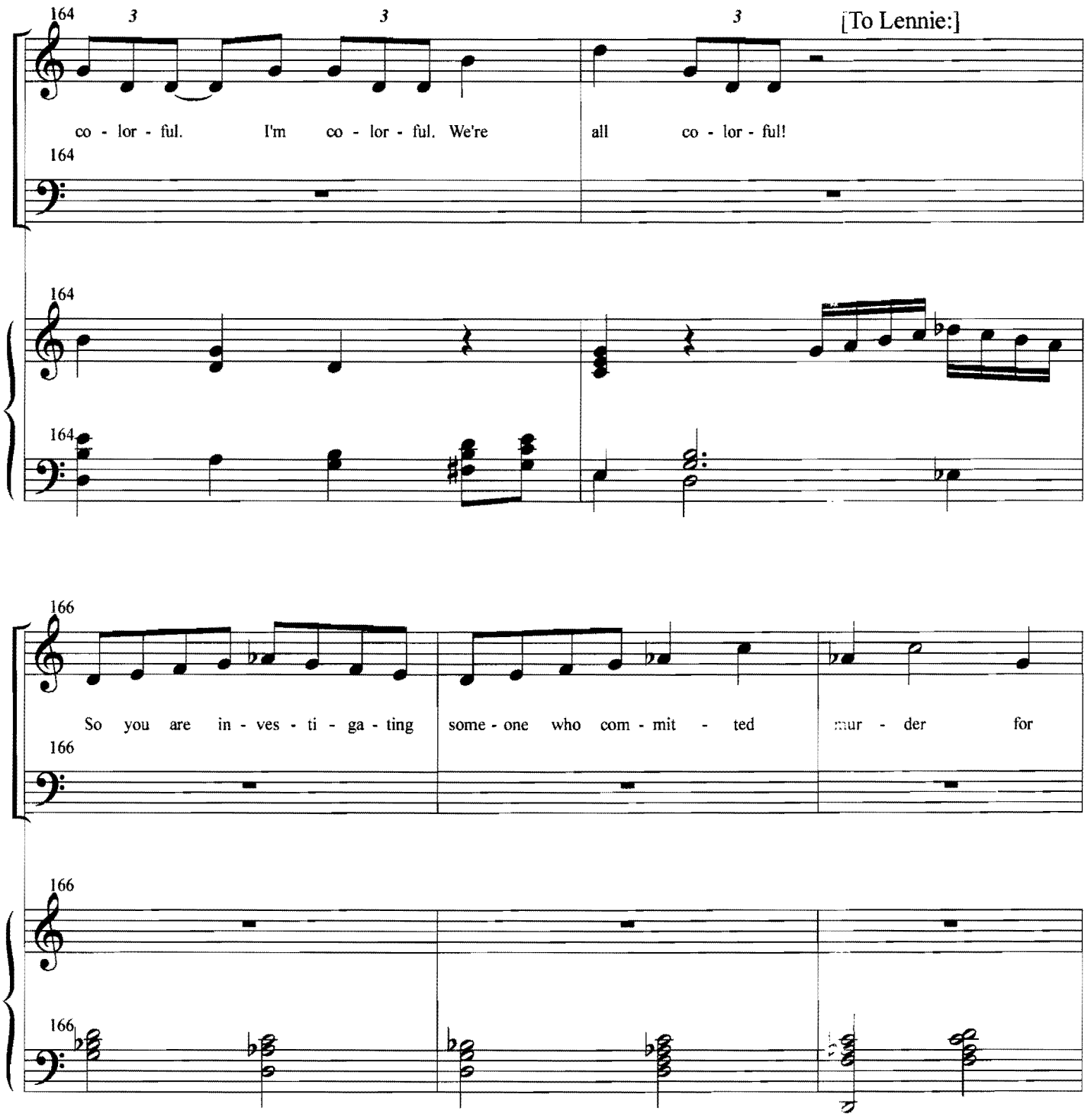

134
Jake.
The
134
134
134
137
pi - geon ap - peared on the day Jake died.
137
137
137

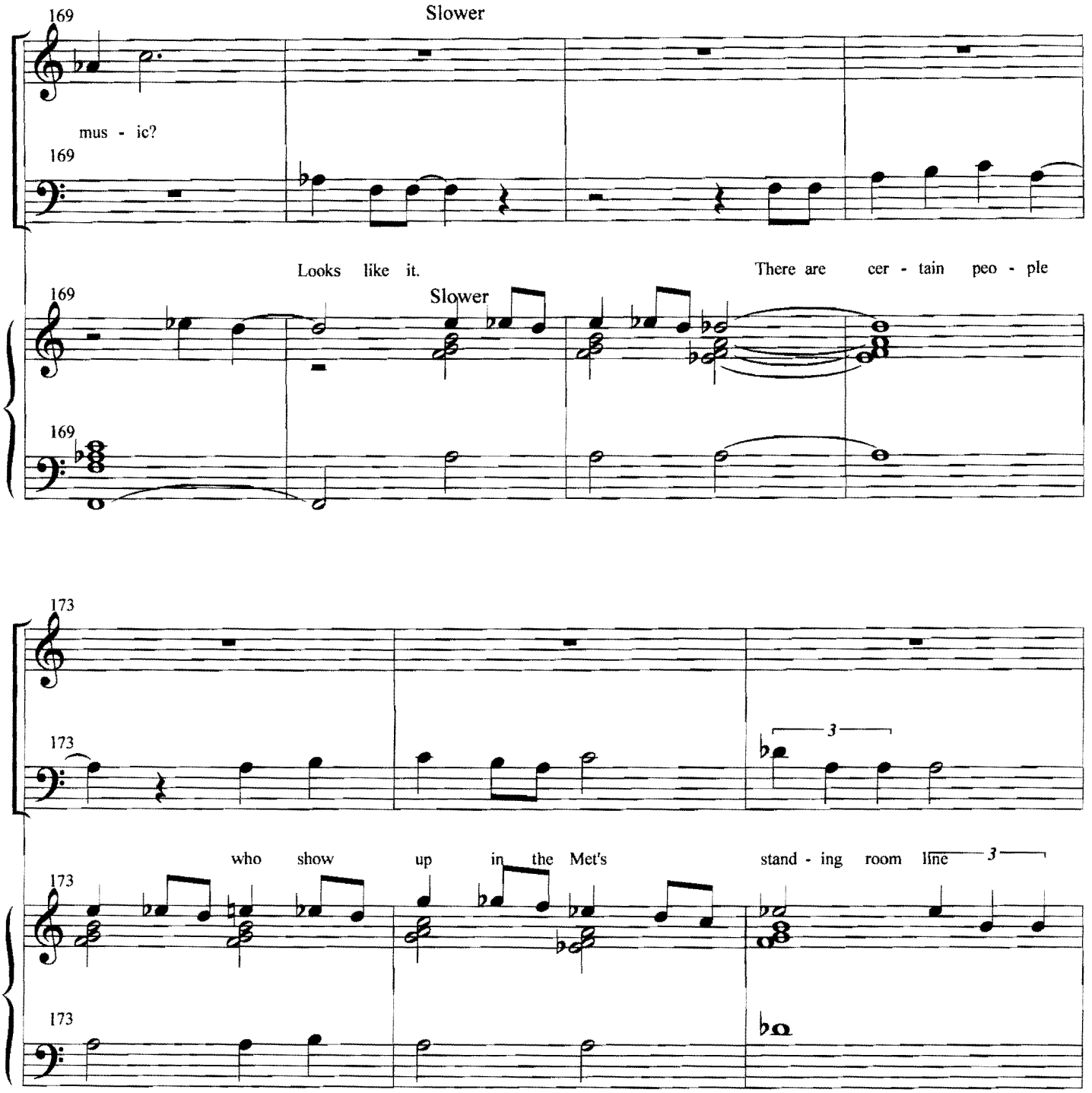

140
It had a walk like Jake's. It liked the same food that Jake liked.
140
140
140
143
The pi - geon hat - ed the
143
143
143

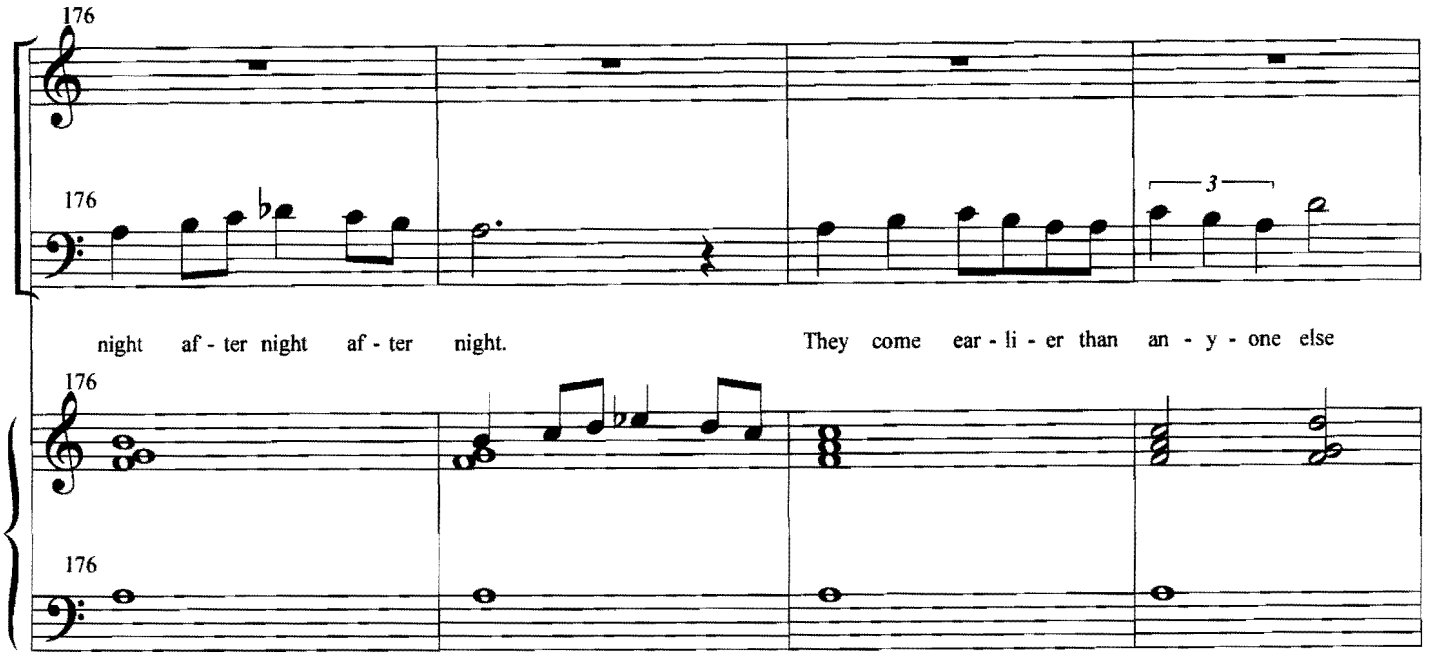

146
rab - bi and went a - way, just like Jake, when - ev -
146
146
146
149
er the rab - bi came to vis - it.
149
149
149

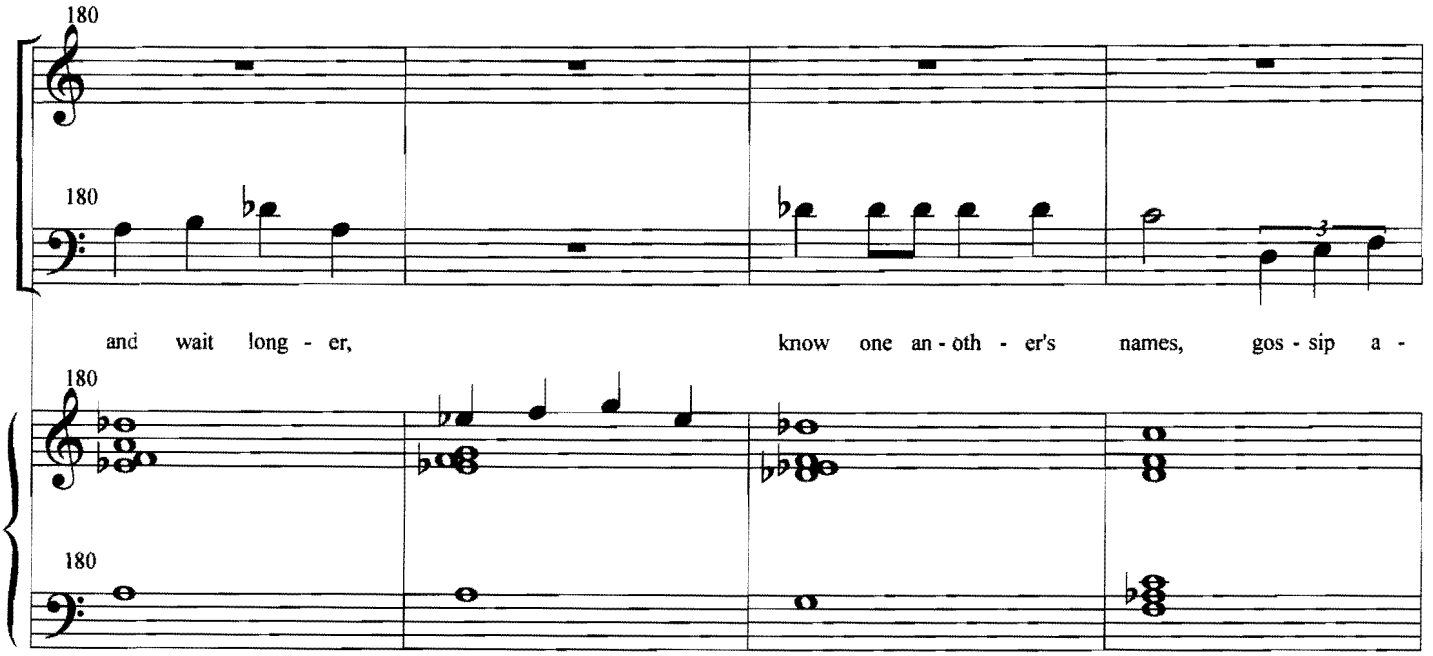

152
Gol - die talked to the pi - geon like she talked to Jake un -
152
152
152
155
Slightly slower
til the day she died. Of course, there might have been
155
155
155
Slightly slower
155

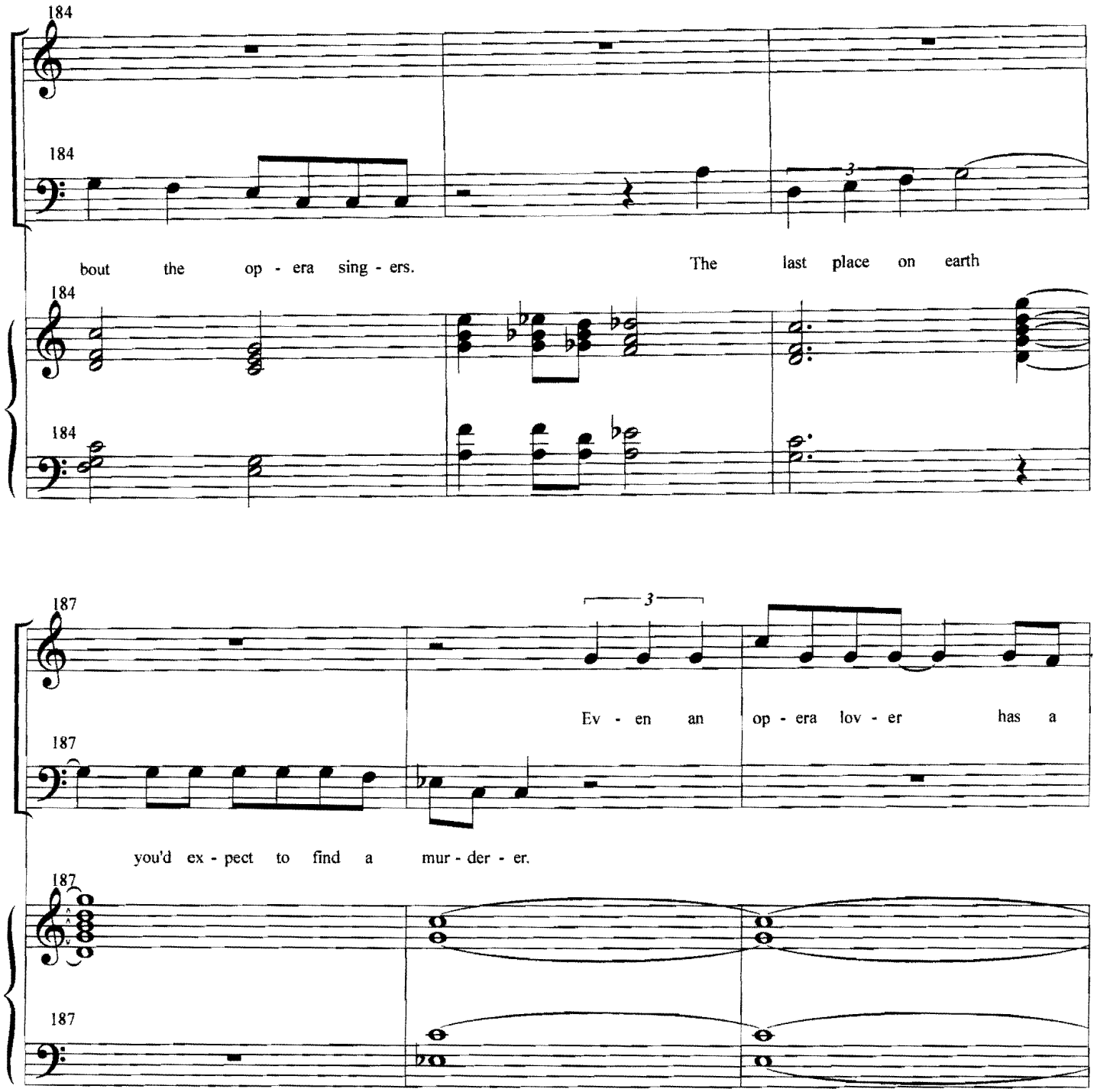

158
more than one pi - geon.
Gol - die had real - ly bad eye - sight.
158
158
158
161
Shirley:
Slower
Mom:
What a
3
co - lor - ful sto - ry!
Yes,
161
161
161
Slower
3
161

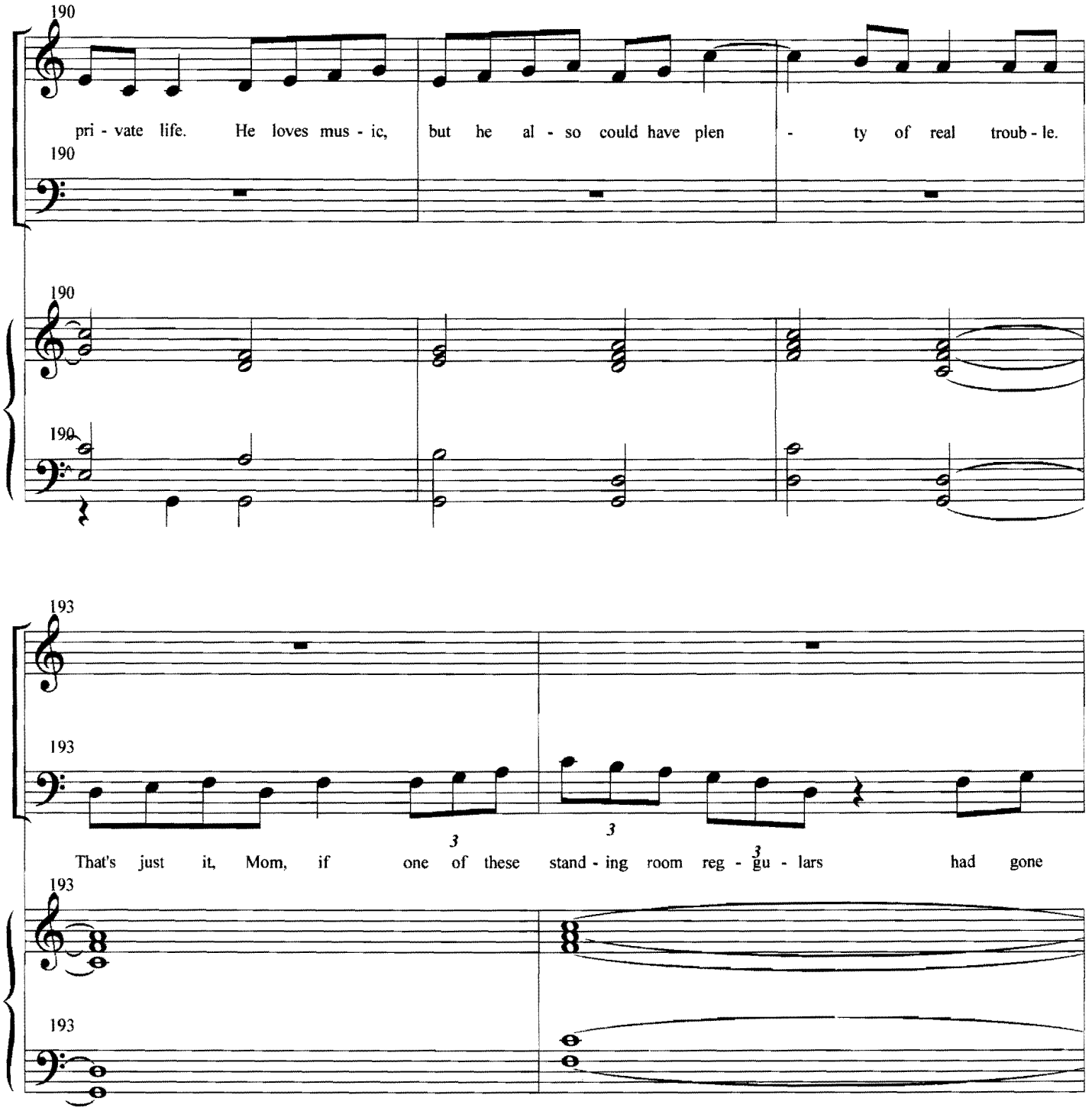

164
3
3
3
[To Lennie:]
co - lor - ful. I'm co - lor - ful. We're all co - lor - ful!
164
164
164
166
So you are in - ves - ti - ga - ting some - one who com - mit - ted mur - der for
166
166
166

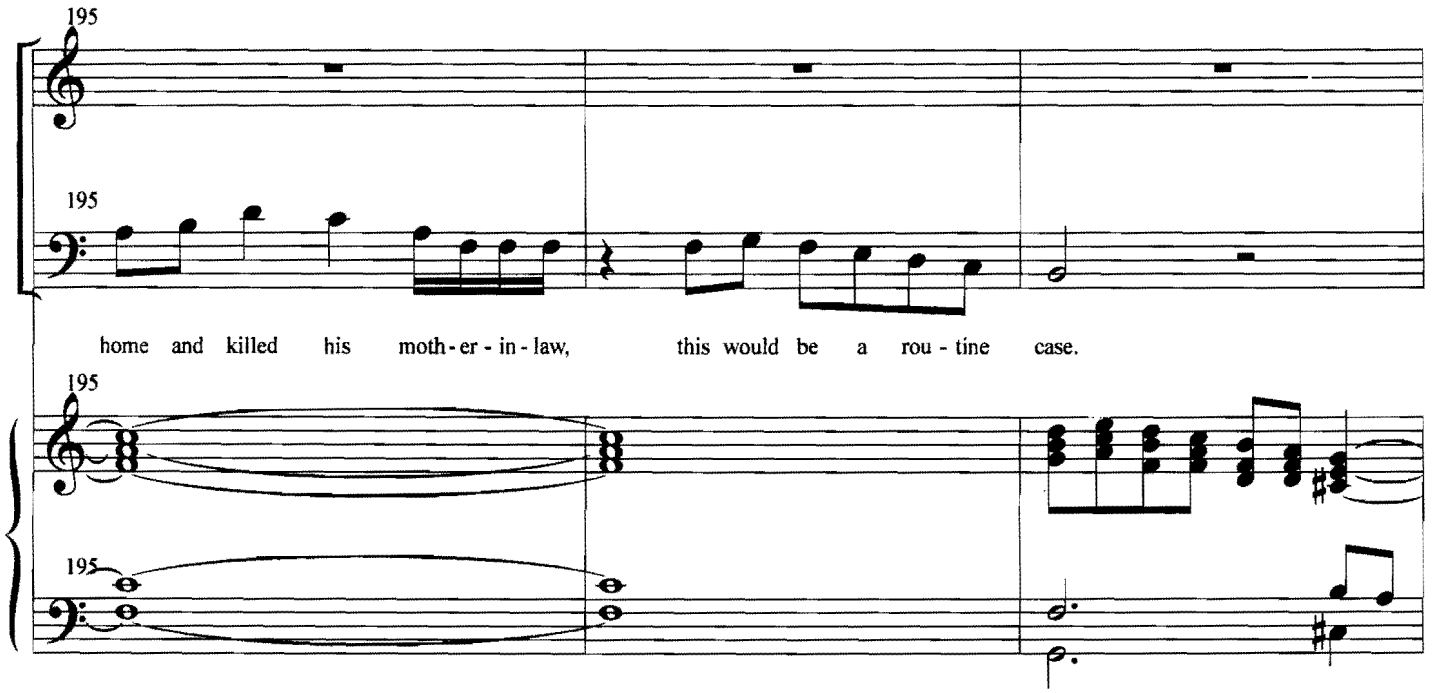

169
Slower
mus - ic?
169
Looks like it.
There are cer - tain peo - ple
169
Slower
169
173
173
3
who show up in the Met's
stand - ing room line
3
173
173

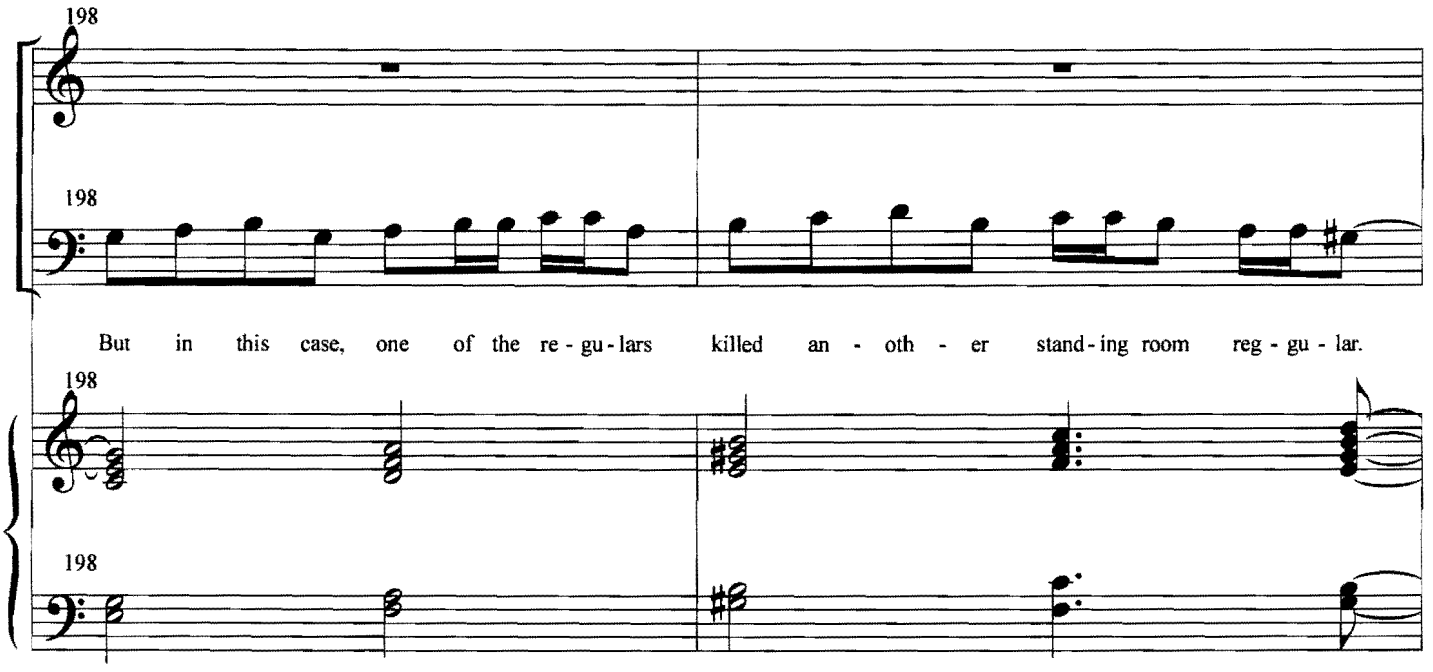

176
night af - ter night af - ter night. They come ear - li - er than an - y - one else

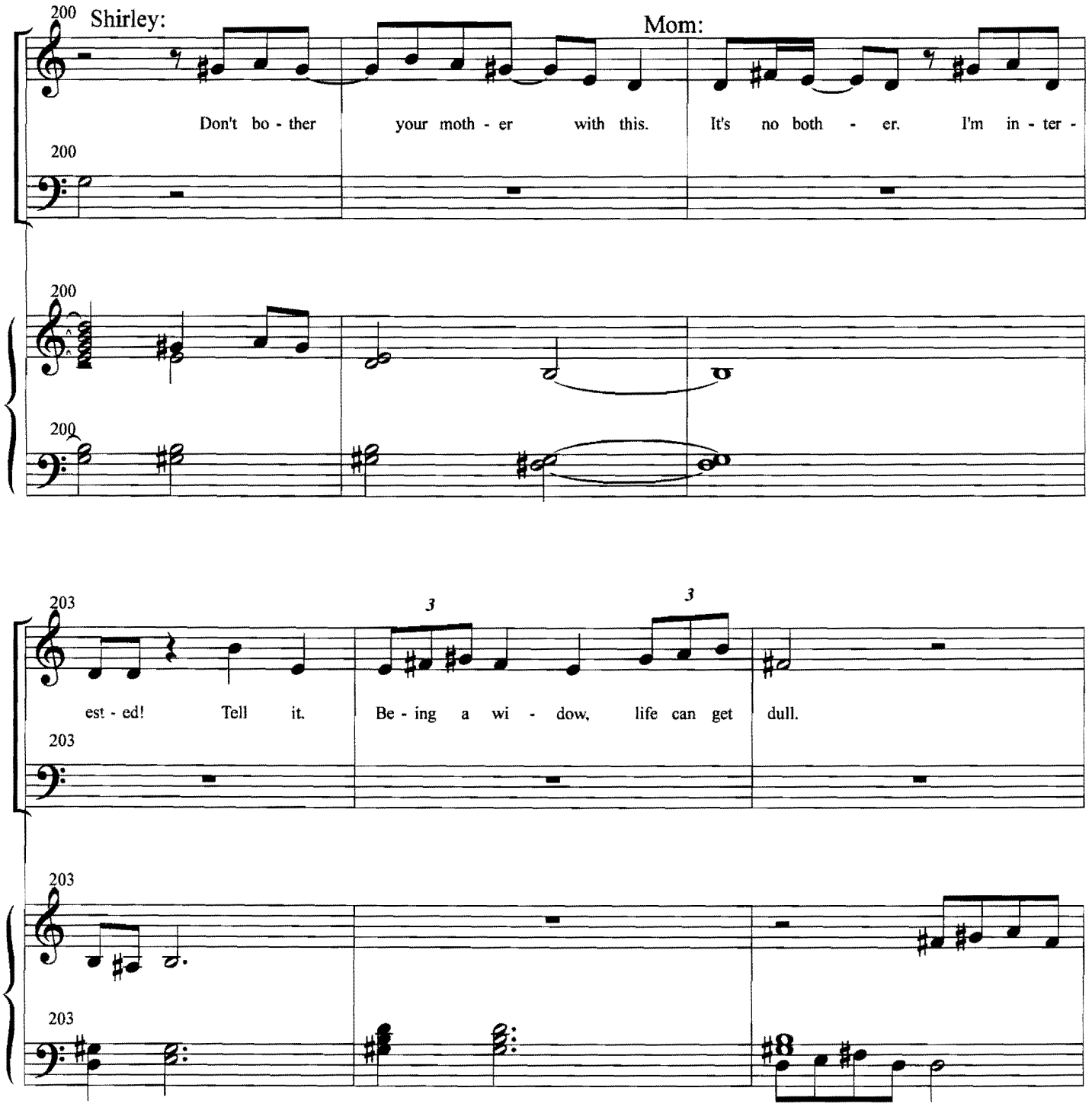

180
and wait long - er, know one an - oth - er's names, gos - sip a -

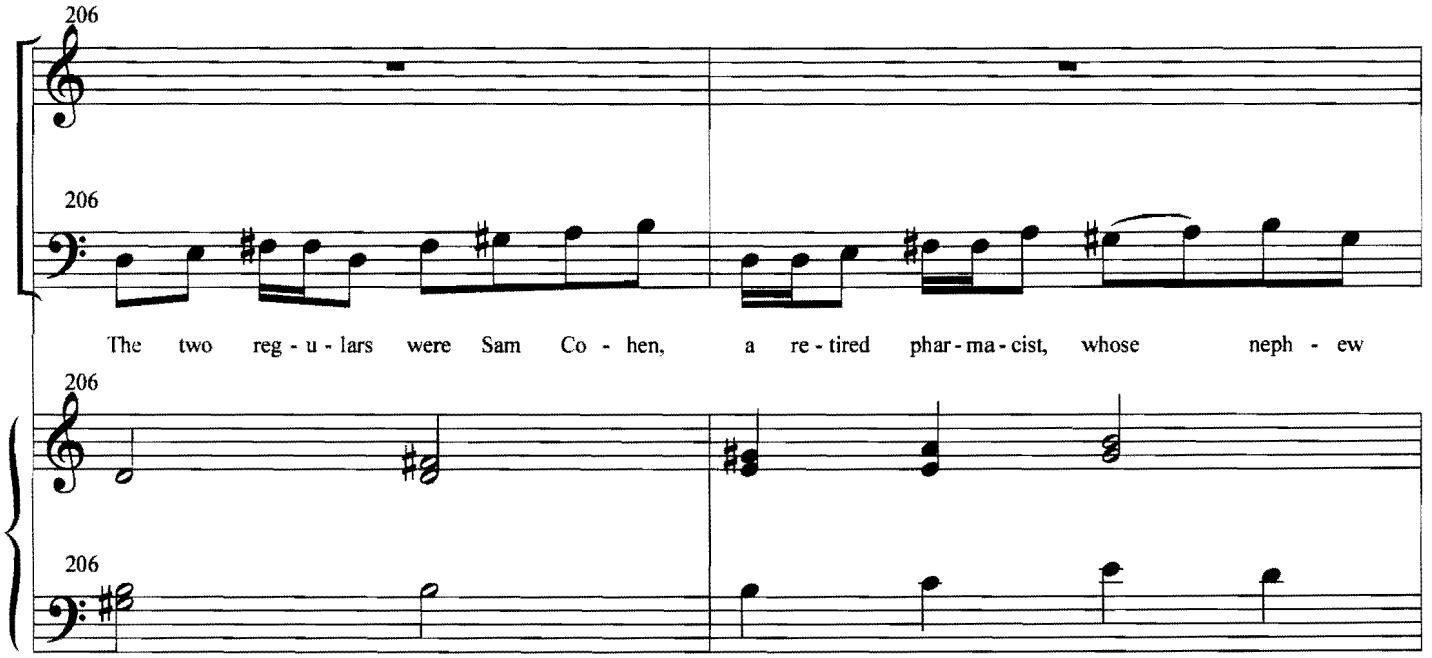

184
184
bout the op - era sing - ers. The last place on earth
184
184
187
187
Ev - en an op - era lov - er has a
you'd ex - pect to find a mur - der - er.
187
187

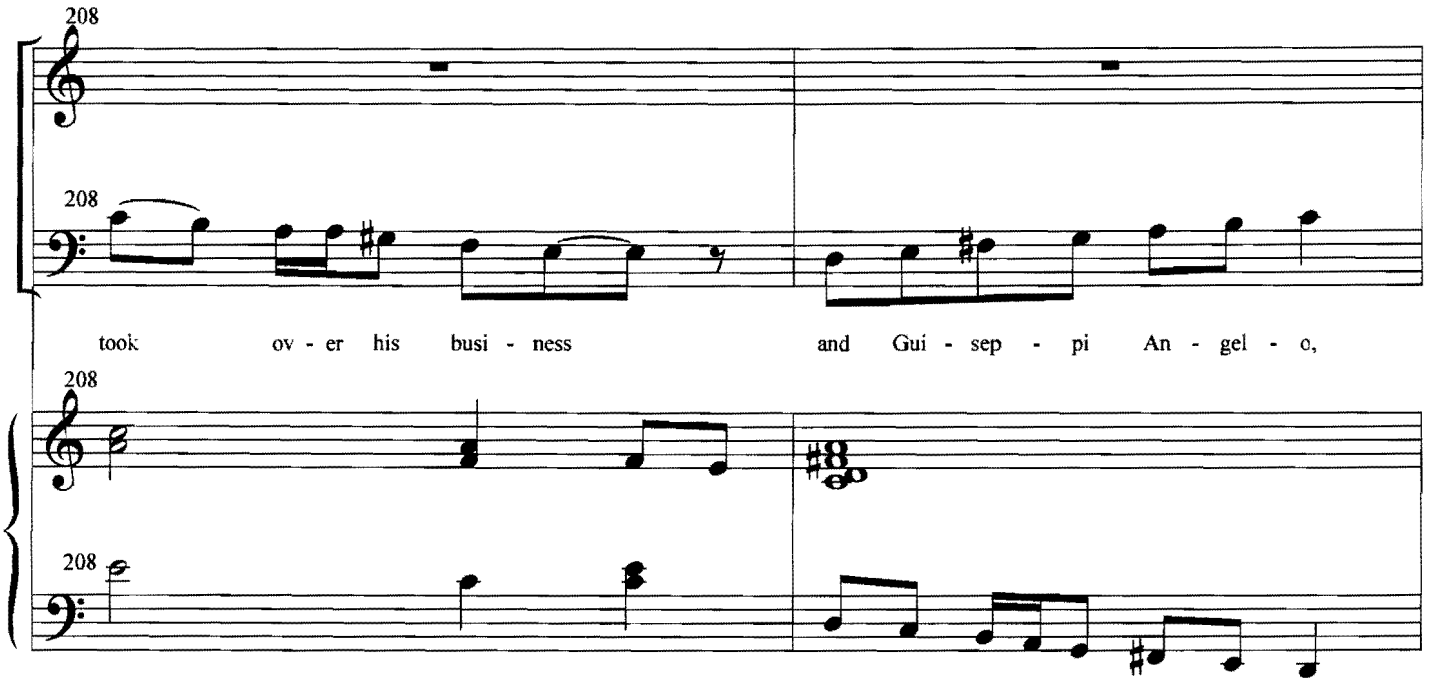

190
pri - vate life. He loves mus - ic, but he al - so could have plen - ty of real troub - le.
190
190
190
193
193
That's just it, Mom, if one of these stand - ing room reg - gu - lars had gone
193
193

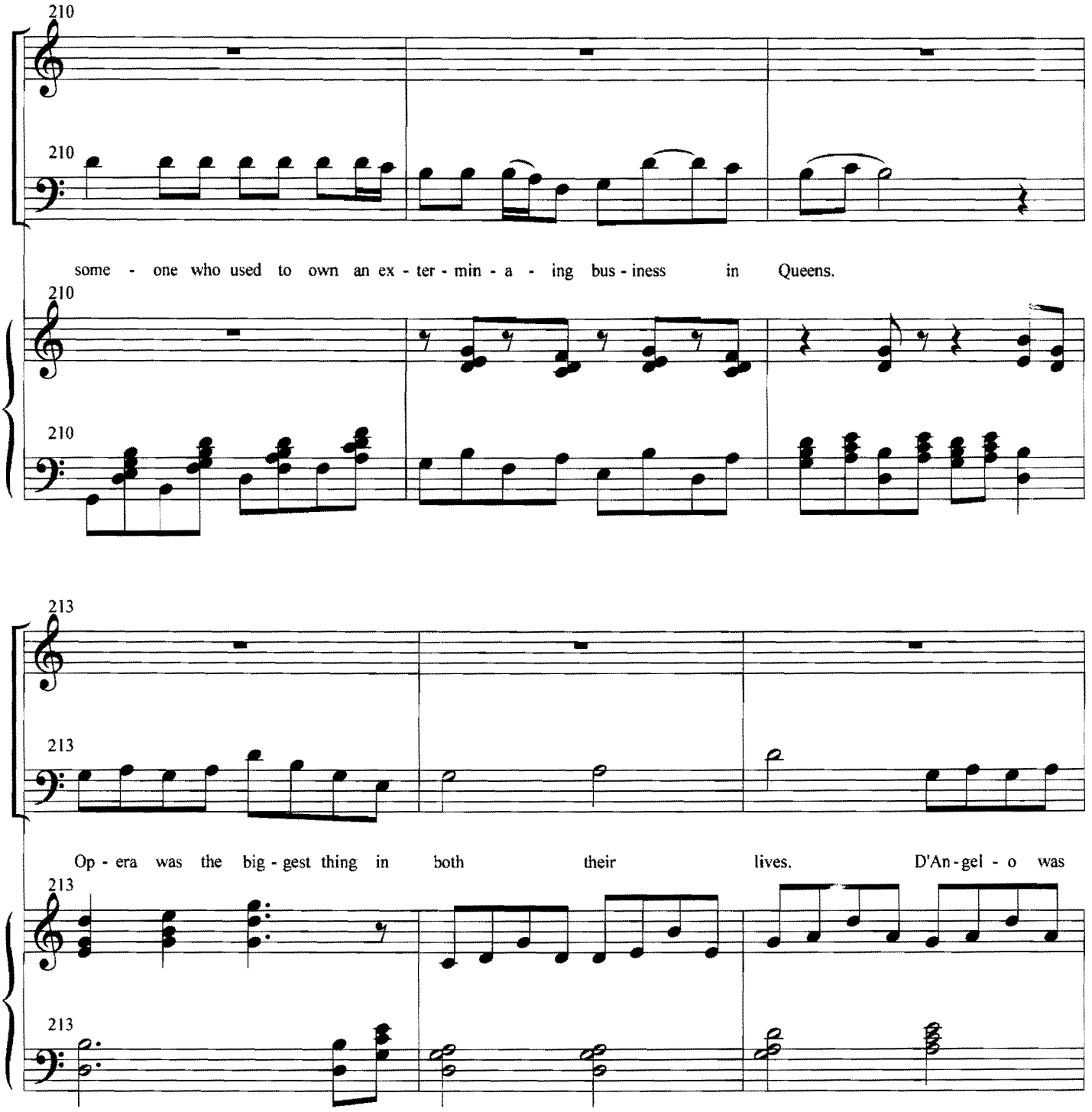

195
195
home and killed his moth - er - in - law, this would be a rou - tine case.
195
195

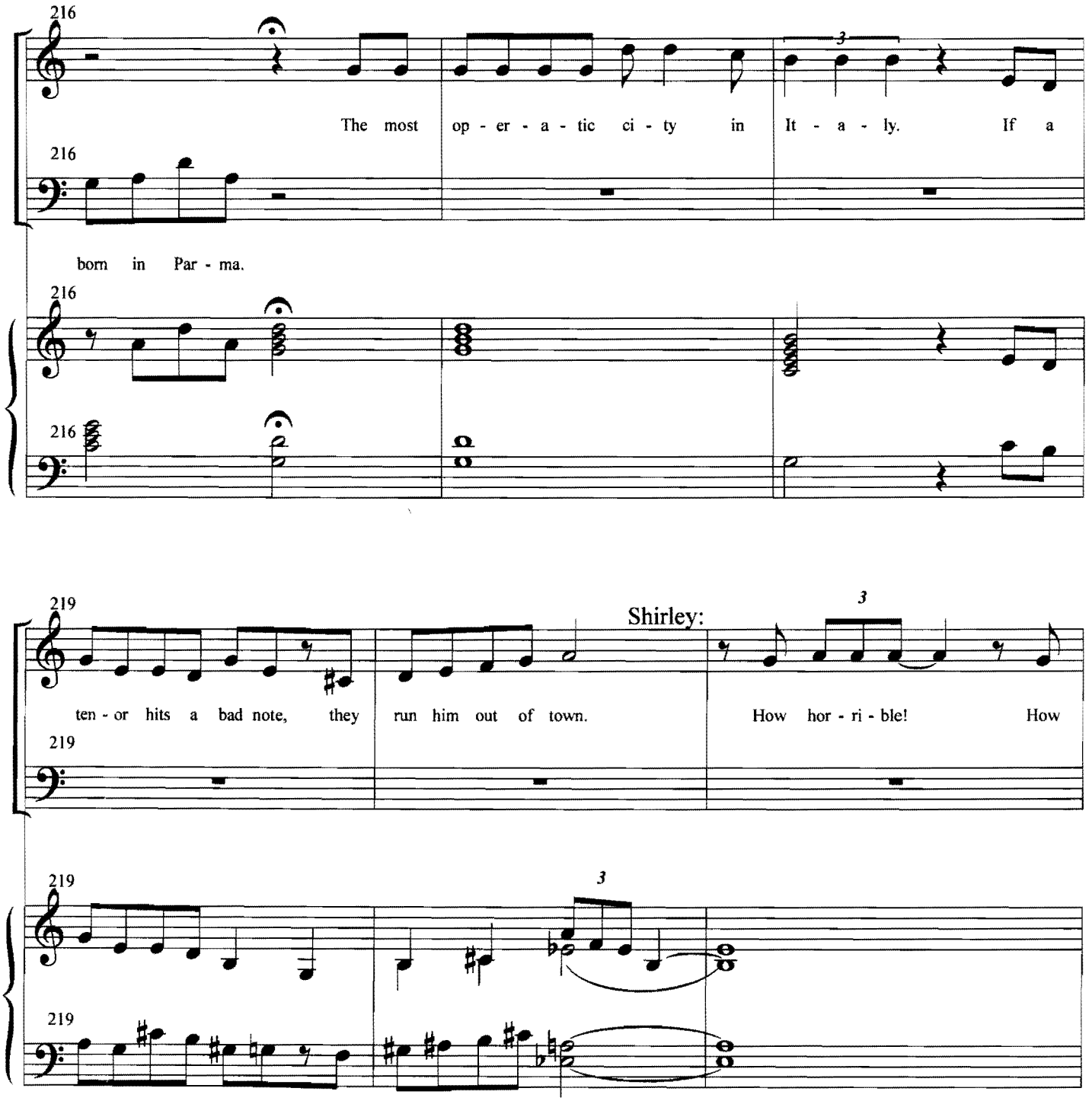

198
198
But in this case, one of the re - gu - lars killed an - oth - er stand - ing room reg - gu - lar.
198
198

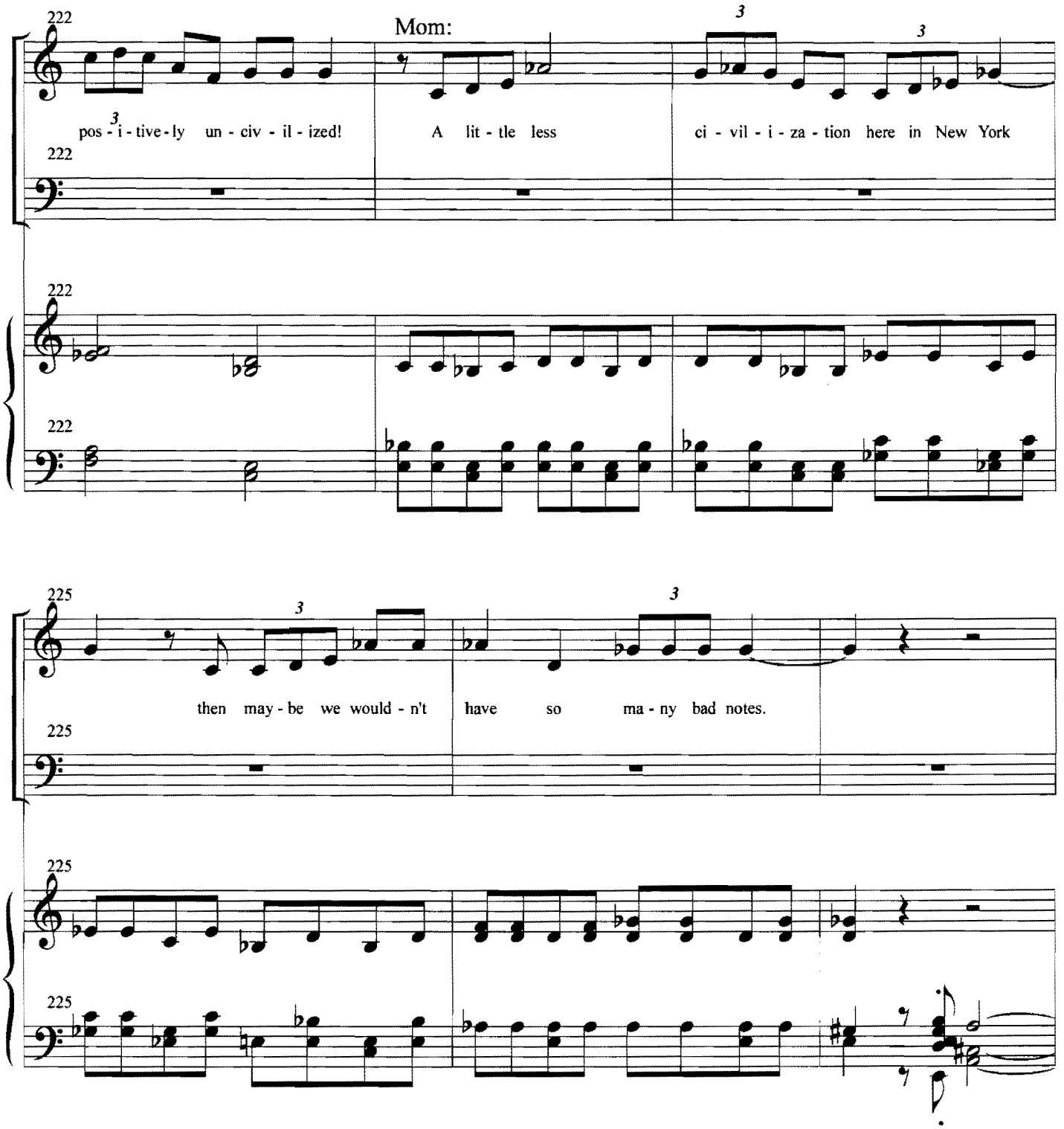

200
Shirley:
Mom:
Don't bo - ther your moth - er with this. It's no both - er. I'm in - ter -
200
200
200
203
3
3
est - ed! Tell it. Be - ing a wi - dow, life can get dull.
203
203
203
8

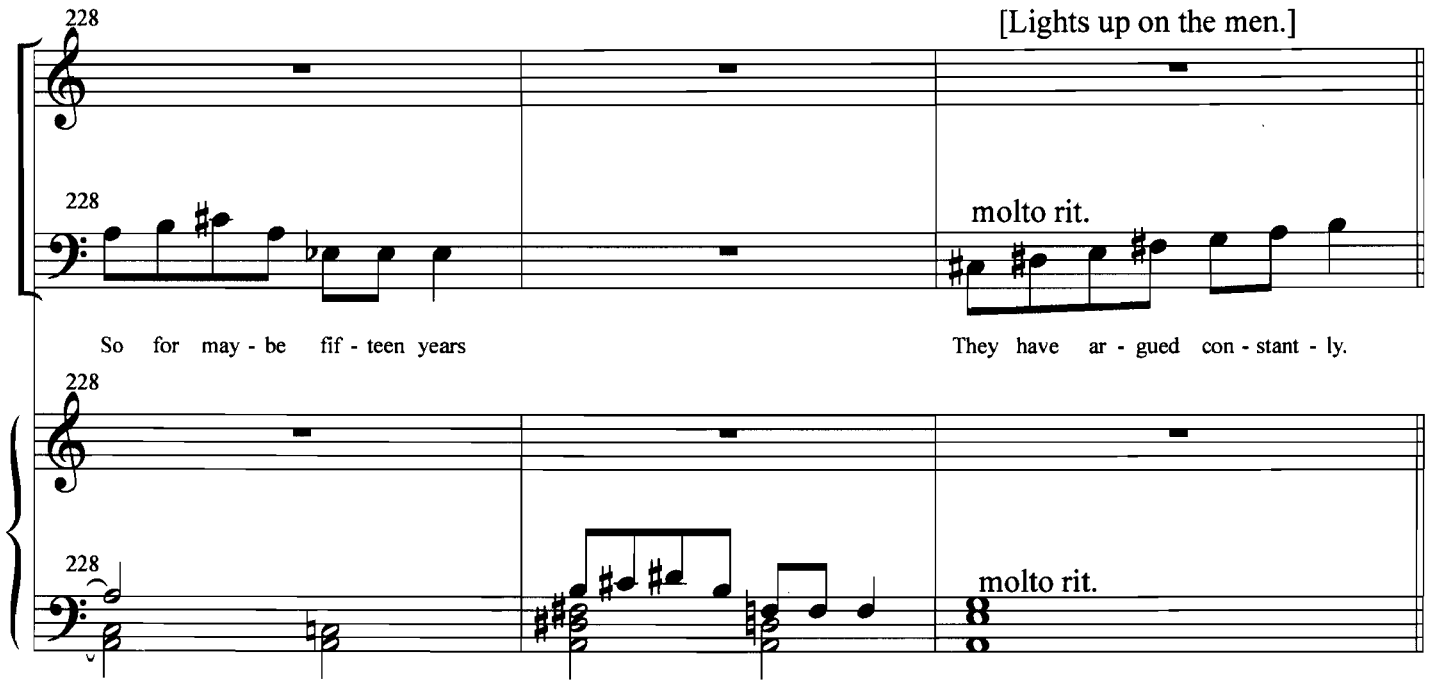

206
206
The two reg - u - lars were Sam Co - hen, a re - tired phar - ma - cist, whose neph - ew
206
206


208
208
took ov - er his busi - ness and Gui - sep - pi An - gel - o,
208
208


210
210
some - one who used to own an ex - ter - min - a - ing bus - iness in Queens.
210
210
213
213
Op - era was the big - gest thing in both their lives. D'An - gel - o was
213
213


216
The most op - er - a - tic ci - ty in It - a - ly. If a
216
born in Par - ma.
216
216
219
Shirley:
3
ten - or hits a bad note, they run him out of town. How hor - ri - ble! How
219
219
3
219


222
Mom:
pos - i - tive - ly un - civ - il - ized!
A lit - tle less
ci - vil - i - za - tion here in New York
222
222
222
225
then may - be we would - n't
have so ma - ny bad notes.
225
225
225


228
[Lights up on the men.]
228
molto rit.
So for may - be fif - teen years
They have ar - gued con - stant - ly.
228
228
molto rit.