The Doll Behind the Curtain

Act 1

Libretto: Dominic Power
Based on a short story by Sadegh Hedayat (1903-1951)

Music: Amir Mahyar Tafreshipour (2011-14)

Scene 1
Misterioso, sostenuto
\( \text{\( \text{(Summer 1933 Le Havre)} \)\)}

A MANNEQUIN wearing a green silk dress stands on the stage.
MEHRDAD stands some way off, gazing at it.
MISRADO stands alone on stage, reading a letter.
Bita sings at the back of the stage.
(Misurato e misterioso)

Mehr dad

knows me as I am.

Mehr dad
Maitre

One of the pleasures of Le Havre

poco rall.  Maestoso $j = 54$

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
Maitre

is the aroma of the harbour that drifts up from the lower town,
as yet, as yet to be un-der-ta-ken. But that's by the bye.
Mehrdad, you are to leave us, leave...
here we have, here we have a glass of wine, wine by way of parting, call it a farewell.

poco rall. . . .
Thank you. No, I have fore-sworn all liquor.

ce-re-mo-ny

ac-cor-dance with your fa-mi-ly\'s wishes.
rit. . . . . . . . Meno mosso $\frac{q}{4} = 54$

Maitre
Just so, just, I have a letter from your father

rit. . . . . . . . Meno mosso $\frac{q}{4} = 54$
that explains your departure, and the family's business call you home. On your return you are
Mehr
dad

Maitre

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Hp.

Mehr
dad

Maitre

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
rall. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Più mosso $\doteq 80$

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Mehrdad

en-gage-ment made before as my mo-ther and fa-ther wished it

rall. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Più mosso $\doteq 80$

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
I understand, a wise arrangement, arrangement. Now sir, now sir.
poco rit.

Vln. I

pizz. 3

Vln. II

pizz. 3

Vla.

pizz. 3

Vc.

Db.
Appassionato $j = 70$

You have been a model pupil, reserved, careful,
come wise, wise, but not worldly.
If I may suggest a
Mehrdad

stu-dies leave li-tle lei-sure, to en-joy those plea-sures that di-ver-t my fel-low stu-dents.

Fl.
Ob.
Cl.
Bsn.
Hn.
Hp.

rit. . . . . . . . . Più mosso $\frac{d}{\text{q}} = 84$
is my custom, I took my stroll down to the harbour.

molto rit.
Meno mosso \( \frac{d}{d^2} = 56 \) rall. \( \frac{d}{d^2} = 40 \)

There I saw you quite alone, lost in thought. You turned to Rue... Seve...
Aggressivo $\underline{\text{j}} = 76$

Every city has its secret
po-ckets of ill rep-ut to tempt and trap the in-no-cent, in-no-cent
Mehrdad

Maitre

A young man, bone, un-wound-ly and in-ex-per-i-enced, would be well ad-vised to keep al-ways.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
Calmo  \( \text{\textit{j} = 60} \)

Solo, pp

My presence there was innocent; curiosity nothing more, nothing more, no-

Calmo  \( \text{\textit{j} = 60} \)

pizz.

pizz.

pizz.

pizz.
thing that I would do to bring a moment of shame to my family.

I do not doubt it. I do not...
with a round of harm - less gai - e - ty.

but in the lights, with com - pa - nies
Sostenuto maestoso

\( \textit{Sostenuto maestoso} \)

\( J = 54 \)

You sail, you sail, when? A week from now, just enough time to have a

\( \text{Sostenuto maestoso} \)

\( J = 54 \)
molto impetuoso
accel.

taste of Le Havre, Le Havre in the season. Be ex-uber-ant for once!

molto impetuoso
accel.
Mehrdad

Maître

Sir, this does not sound like Polonius:

Use your money for enjoyment,

molto rit. . . . . . . Meno mosso

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
he would speak as I do, En - joy ment and du - ty live, co - ex - ist, in the har - mo - ni - ous soul.
her new groom
Le Ca-si-no I hear is de-light-ful
Well, well, Mehr, du kannst dir noch eine Woche vorstellen...
Mehrdad shakes Mâitre’s hand.

Good-bye, sir, and thank you "Enjoyment and duty co-exist in the harmonious soul"

no harm at all. I’m glad we talked. Good-bye, my boy.
MEHRDAD resumes his letter.
At the back of the stage MOTHER stands.

Your loving mother sends you greetings from your loving

How facile is the conversation of (this pompous petit-maitre)
In time you'll find her love will equal mine. When you return

FATHER stands. BITA stands. Your Bita sends devotion

rall. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Calmo \( j = 40 \)

Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II
and knows that you will do.  Be the hus-band your fa-mily hope you be-come.
when you will all have me but un-til then I have the free-dom

In a week's time you all have me but un-til then I have the free-dom

Mehrdad Vln. II

Vln. I

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
Mehrdad

stand and watch her through the window? One Two One, Rae Neve'rin.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Hp.

Fl.
could-he-lieve those_ eyes_ made of _a-la-hus-ter_ see in to my soul_ see in to my soul_ and she knows me
Guisto \( \dot{=} \) 70

\[\begin{align*}
&\text{Fl.} \\
&\text{Ob.} \\
&\text{Cl.} \\
&\text{Bsn.} \\
&\text{Hn.} \\
&\text{Hp.} \\
&\text{Mehrdad} \\
&\text{Vln. I} \\
&\text{Vln. II} \\
&\text{Vla.} \\
&\text{Vc.} \\
&\text{Db.}
\end{align*}\]
rit. . . . . . . . . poco sostenuto $\downarrow = 54$

Fl.  
Ob.  
Cl.  
Bsn.  
Hn.  
Hp.  
Vln. I  
Vln. II  
Vla.  
Vc.  
Db.
Misterioso
Più mosso $= 60$

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Hp.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
Tombeau

still as a statue and as silent. Dust is sitting on my treasures.

But you never lift a finger, finger to help an old man.

sempre pizz.
He stops transfixed by the MANNEQUIN in the shop.

MEHRDAD appears outside the window.

Tombeau: Always lazy like her mother

Meno mosso \( \frac{3}{4} = 50 \)

Meno mosso \( \frac{3}{4} = 46 \)

Meno mosso \( \frac{3}{4} = 50 \)

Meno mosso \( \frac{3}{4} = 46 \)
There is no doubt about it. No, not for him a vice too vulgar for

A PROSTITUTE appears at MEHRDAD’S side
and silently propositions him. MEHRDAD walks away rapidly.
TOMBEAU waves the PROSTITUTE away. She laughs and moves off.
TOMBEAU adjusts the dress on the MANNEQUIN.

through the glass
What is it that you want from us? Do you even know yourself? Well-cut suit? A watch from Cartier?

Più mosso faster

There is no doubt about it. No, not for him a vice too vulgar for

A PROSTITUTE appears at MEHRDAD’S side
and silently propositions him. MEHRDAD walks away rapidly.
TOMBEAU waves the PROSTITUTE away. She laughs and moves off.
TOMBEAU adjusts the dress on the MANNEQUIN.
rit. . . . . . . . . . . . . . Meno mosso
in tempo  ad lib.

Fl.

Ob.

non legato

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Hp.

Tombeau

he's like an ad-dict craving mor-phines. Giselle if we have a cus-to-mer make him wel-come, wel-come._

in tempo  ad lib.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
Più mosso \( \dot{=} 80 \)

**TOMBEAU:** Yes grandfather!

No grandfather

Tombeau exits. MEHRDAD returns to the window, hesitates and enters the shop. He approaches GISELLE who does not look up from her book.

You ne-ve lift a fin-get, fin-get to help an old man, old man.
Misterioso $j = 60$

rit.

Giselle shouts: Grandfather!(ignorant)

I saw something in your eh! window

(Medere: Yes)
Più mosso $q = 64$

TOMBEAU materialises from the back of the shop.

Mon-si-eur, how can we help you? (Giselle) don't leave the gen-tle-man to stand

Più mosso $q = 64$
Here's a poster of the great Max Lin... or if you hunger for a sensation.
Meno mosso $\neq 70$

Oh, Mon-sieur has the eye. Exquise taste, if I may say so. Three hundred and fifty francs.
Agitato $\dot{=}$ 70

Mehrdad

your meaning.

Tombeau

At three fif-ty

it's a bar - gain

for the stitching-a-lone;

it would be cheap

at twice the price!

Agitato $\dot{=}$ 70
You're mistaken, it is not the dress I wish to buy.

might mo-del it for you TOMBEAU: Giselle!

You're mis-ta-ken, it is not the dress I wish to buy.
No, the model that wears the dress?

Not to buy the dress?
Tombeau

Vln. II

Bsn.

Hp.

That is quite a different story
It would be hard to put a value on such a skilled depiction of the female form; so life-like,
Le Ga-lé re La-fa-yette, made by Le Crux, the master craftsman. He has such art that one could swear she...
Mehrdad

I need her for my work. In my country I'm a dress maker.

Meno mosso

I understand you. Such complexion, such form would

In my country I'm a dress maker.

Meno mosso
Mehrdad

Tombeau

dred francs I let her go. For the price I include she dress

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
accel. . . . . . . .

Tombeau

Mehrdad

Con-si-der, sir, with such a mo-del,
so com-pli-ant and so sub-tle,
you would create the i-deal wo-man

accel. . . . . . . .
MEHRDAD thrusts banknotes into TOMBEAU’S hand.

Here, take it!

You have made the right decision.

Agitato \( \frac{4}{4} \) = 80

Sostenuto \( \frac{4}{4} \) = 70

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
I shake your hand. There, she's yours. I'll fetch you a cloth to wrap her in hide her from the co-er-cious eyes.
Scene 4
Meno mosso $\frac{j}{4} = 44$

TOMBEAU exits GISELLE follows. At the back of the stage, TOMBEAU gestures that she should observe. GISELLE lingers, unseen by MEHRDAD

I see you are happy with your pursuit, happy.

Scene 4
Meno mosso $\frac{j}{4} = 44$

$\frac{j}{4} = 64$
poco rit.

My shyness melts away before you. We'll never quarrel and you will...
In the days and months that follow you will know me humming
MEHRDAD touches the cheek of the MANNEQUIN. As GISELLE watches, the MANNEQUIN gives a barely perceptible shiver and inclines her head into his hand.
Scene 1
Misterioso, misurato

\[ j = 56 \]

\[ = 56 \]

Mehr - dad, 1 call, you be-lo-ved.
You do not hear me. It is four years now since we were betrothed and
Pesante, appassionato

\( \text{\( J = 120 \)} \)

- Fl.
- Ob.
- Cl.
- Bsn.
- Hn.
- Hn.
- Mhnt.
- Bita
- Vln. I
- Vln. II
- Vla.
- Vc.
- Db.

say your name.

Mehr-dad, my name,
Menno mosso Ad libitum
molto rit. . . . . . .

flattentongue

father

Mens menno mosso Ad libitum
molto rit. . . . . . .

pect-ful, qui-et, but a stran-ger.

du-ti-ful, res-pect-ful, qui-et, but a stran-ger, cold as the snow——

pect-ful, qui-et, but a stran-ger.

pect-ful, qui-et, but a stran-ger.

pect-ful, qui-et, but a stran-ger.

pect-ful, qui-et, but a stran-ger.

pect-ful, qui-et, but a stran-ger.

pect-ful, qui-et, but a stran-ger.

pect-ful, qui-et, but a stran-ger.

pect-ful, qui-et, but a stran-ger.

pect-ful, qui-et, but a stran-ger.

pect-ful, qui-et, but a stran-ger.

pect-ful, qui-et, but a stran-ger.

pect-ful, qui-et, but a stran-ger.

pect-ful, qui-et, but a stran-ger.
MEHRDAD draws the curtain. The MANNEQUIN stands, still wearing the green silk dress. Her pose has altered slightly since we first saw her in the shop in Rue Séverin. Lipstick has been carefully applied to her face, giving the illusion of a mouth.

cold as the snow that shrouds Teh-ran. (growl like a horse)
Mehrdad draws the curtain. The mannequin stands, still wearing the green silk dress. Her pose has altered slightly since we first saw her in the shop in Rue Séverin. Lipstick has been carefully applied to her face, giving the illusion of a mouth.
I cannot leave you and you will not free me, the odds are six to one, if fate wills it.
Mehr a few steps to one. If fate wills, it my ex-is- tense ends here.

Mehr dad my son can you not hear me
(on stage with her back, little Bita)

Lento, Calmo e Semplice \( \downarrow = 50 \)

I was fourteen when we were betrothed.

called you beloved. It was spring, the blossom shook in my being. Your
accel. ........................................

name stirred, and I hold you dreaming, seeing you beside me

accel. ........................................
when you see me?
A drunkard, a fool, it was not
so when I saw you -- a vision standing in the window -- One, Two, One Ru-e Sev-rin. you
Sostenuto, misurato $\frac{\text{d}}{\text{e}} = 60$

Fl.  pp possibile

Ob.  pp possibile

Cl.  pp possibile

Bsn.  pp

Hn.

Hpv.

Mehrdad

You are a, a-la-bas-ter, white as the snow, ah that

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
MEHRDAD spins the chamber of the revolver.

fall in the garden outside the window

accel.

accel.

accel.

accel.

accel.

accel.

accel.
Scene 2
Lento \( \dot{q} = 46 \)

Giselle

Mother

Bita

Mehrdad

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
MEHRDAD raises the gun to his temple. He squeezes his eyes shut, hesitates, then pulls the trigger. The pistol clicks.

and you are here cold as snow
Scene 3
Senza tempo
Sostenuto $\frac{\mathbf{J}}{\mathbf{j}} = 80$

MEHRDAD sinks to his knees in front of the MANNEQUIN.
The curtain in the alcove closes, hiding them both from the audience.

BITA sits beside MOTHER on the couch.

MOTHER enters. She sits on the couch and beckons BITA to sit beside her.
Do not give in; this will pass and all be well, in his room or two days now the door is locked.

Have you seen him?
poco rit. . . . . . Misurato  \( \frac{\dot{j}}{2} = 56 \) Senza tempo  Sostenuto \( \frac{\dot{j}}{2} = 80 \)

Fl.  

Ob.  

Cl.  

Bsn.  

Hn.  

Hp.  

Giselle  

Bita  

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.  

Vc.  

Db.  


\begin{itemize}
\item press the bow very hard on the string: scratching sound arco
\item press the bow very hard on the string: scratching sound arco
\item hold as long as breath lasts
\item very hard, snapped
\item con sord.
\item be - cause he can-not bear to see me.
\item I have be - come bare - ful to him, though once
\item press the bow very hard on the string: scratching sound arco
\item press the bow very hard on the string: scratching sound arco
\end{itemize}
you read too much in to his si-

I think he tru-ly loved me I was a child then
Senza tempo

Appassionato

\[ \frac{d}{= 80} \]

His time away, his sudden return, has confused him

free hand, intensively pizz.

simile, sempre ff

free hand, intensively pizz.

simile, sempre ff

free hand, intensively pizz.

simile, sempre ff

free hand, intensively pizz.
think of him, a pa-ssen-ger in a storm, af-fraid to leave his ca-bin
Senza tempo
ad lib.

Melan $\frac{1}{2} = 56$

It's too late, too late when I meet his eyes he turns away.

Mother

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

Db.

It's too late, too late when I meet his eyes he turns away.

start the gliss. immediately
Mother

(desperate with anger)

1 know he thinks of some-one else.

Bita

Hi - ta you must not think it. I know, my child, he -

Sostenuto $\frac{j}{\frac{j}{j}} = 80$

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

Sostenuto $\frac{j}{\frac{j}{j}} = 80$
Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Hp.

Mother

Bita

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

would never disobey his parents wishes. He knows that we desire this marriage since
This morning his father make him see reason. They are to speak

me he has changed

Pesante $\text{\textit{\textbf{d}} = 80}$
more than a mother can teach his son to be patient

I am afraid
Leggiero

a week at most, he will return

..., poco cresc.  ff  mf cresc.
MOTHER and BITA embrace. BITA exits. At the far end of the stage, MEHRDAD is in his shirt sleeves, splashing water from a bowl on his face. He dries off vigorously, puts on a jacket, dabs on cologne. He is once more the neat, respectable, hesitant MEHRDAD from Act I. MEHRDAD crosses the stage. He passes BITA. They pause in front of each other. BITA lowers her eyes. MEHRDAD bows and lingers, seemingly wanting to speak. Each other. BITA lowers her eyes. MEHRDAD bows and lingers, seemingly wanting to speak.
Senza tempo

Ad lib. $\dot{j} = 54$

Yes, what do you wish?

I wish you to be happy.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Hp.

Bita

Mehrdad

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
I must leave to-morrow. To stay is painful for us both is that all you have to say.

As you wish, no stay.
Maestoso, agitato $j = 130$

I must go now. My father waits.

(cry! this weather)
Scene 5
Meno mosso $\frac{\text{d}}{\text{q}} = 100$

Lights go up on FATHER'S study. MEHRDAD stands by a chair. FATHER enters.

Father

The streets are packed like a skating rink, impossible to do business when the

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
you are home we must seem strange, old fa-shioned e-ven. We send you a-way a boy, you havere-tumed a man.
now there are matters we must speak of when
you left for France there was an understanding, you are betrothed to your cousin Bi...
Meno mosso $= 54$

rit.

Più mosso $= 70$

I was young when it was done so was she no more than a child

Bi - ta has be - come a wo - man of

Mehrdad

Father


Meno mosso $= 54$

rit.

Più mosso $= 70$
Calmo \( \dot{j} = 64 \)

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Hp.

Mehrdad

Father

manhood

I dreamed of your return a man at last

Calmo \( \dot{j} = 64 \)

forced (scratching sound)

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla

Vc.

Db.
Impetuoso
accel.

Tempo giusto
$\mathcal{J} = 90$

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Hpr.

Mehrdad

Father

Impetuoso
accel.

Tempo giusto
$\mathcal{J} = 90$
Impetuoso
accel. . . . . . . . . .

Senza tempo
colla parte

Father

Impetuoso
accel. . . . . . . . . .

Senza tempo
colla parte

Mehrdad

Vln. II

Vln. I

Vc.

Vla.

Db.

Vln. II

Vln. I

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Hp.

Mehrdad

Vln. II

Vln. I

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Hp.

Mehrdad

father

you do not mean

to ho-nour

the pro-mise made

to your cou-sin

Impetuoso
accel. . . . . . . . . .

Senza tempo
colla parte

Father

Impetuoso
accel. . . . . . . . . .

Senza tempo
colla parte

Mehrdad

Vln. II

Vln. I

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Hp.

Mehrdad

Vln. II

Vln. I

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Hp.

Mehrdad

Vln. II

Vln. I

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Hp.
Mehrdad

Father

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Hp.

Mehrdad

Father

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

un-conven-tio-nal per-haps yet prac-ti-cal for the best pa-s-sion is not best con-fined sol-ely to the
Senza Pesante
tempo \( \frac{j}{4} = 60 \)

For - give me fa - ther but I

mari - tial bed

I speak to you from my ex - pe - ri - ence

Senza Pesante
tempo \( \frac{j}{4} = 60 \)
Più mosso

\( \dot{\cdot} = 70 \)

Mehrdad

de ar the role of a bou-le var-di-er does not fit you you want me to be an hon-or-a-ble man and

Father

\( \dot{\cdot} = 70 \)
you want me to be a rake? (forgive me father, Which is it to be?) I am o-bdi-em to your wi - shes

press the bow very hard on the string: scratching sound

press the bow very hard on the string: scratching sound

press the bow very hard on the string: scratching sound

press the bow very hard on the string: scratching sound

press the bow very hard on the string: scratching sound

press the bow very hard on the string: scratching sound

press the bow very hard on the string: scratching sound

press the bow very hard on the string: scratching sound

press the bow very hard on the string: scratching sound
Father

mind  I have no more  advice to give you

Mehrdad

I am always your dutiful (son)
Scene 6
Meno mosso, Misterioso $j = 44$

The hammer clicks on an empty chamber:

Impetuoso
dopo acceler.

Mehrdad

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Hp.

Db.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

Vn.

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

The hammer clicks on an empty chamber:
Più mosso, furioso

\( \text{\( d \)} = 64 \)

Vln. I

```
\( f \) sul pont.
```

Vln. II

```
\( f \) sul pont.
```

Vla.

```
\( f \) sul pont.
```

Vc.

```
\( mff \) tutta la forza
```

Db.

```
\( mff \) tutta la forza
```

(Furies)

is this my ri-val
a thing of straw and a - la-bas-ter
when he sees me does he long

Più mosso, furioso

\( \text{\( d \)} = 64 \)
Senza tempo
colla parte

for your sight - less eyes does he pine for your cold breast if

BITA pushes the MANNEQUIN; it totters but does not fall.
I could destroy you destroy you you to bring him back

start the gliss. immediately

 senza sord. gliss.

gliss.

 senza sord. gliss.
BITA approaches the MANNEQUIN, touches her face, then withdraws her hand with a shudder. Plucking up her courage she touches the MANNEQUIN again, feeling her hair, tracing the outline of her face and examining the dress.

What does he see when he sees you? Does he...
BITA starts to raise the blonde wig from the MANNEQUIN'S head. The curtain falls slowly.

whisper secrets that you can not hear when you and he are together.

**Fl.**

**Ob.**

**Cl.**

**Bsn.**

**Hn.**

**Hn.**

**Hn.**

**Bita**

**Vln. I**

**Vln. II**

**Vla.**

**Vc.**

**Db.**
The MANNEQUIN begins to move.
She wraps her arms around GISELLE and they kiss.

blushes beneath the alabaster

(He thinks he is, he thinks we do not know)

Senza Tempo
ca. 10 sec
As the lights go down on them, the MANNEQUIN and TOMBEAU dance a waltz; their movements jerky, like two marionettes. MEHRDAD wakes with a shout, looking around him. He shakes his head and pours himself a glass from the bottle and drinks from it.

Scene 8
Agitato \( j = 44 \)

dressed in black our lit-tle Hamlet.
He picks up the revolver from the table, spins the chamber, and puts it against his temple.

no one to catch me. A sin gle bul let through the tem ple, ev ry thing cease, when they find her be hind the cur tain will they
He pulls the trigger. The hammer falls on an empty chamber. MEHRDAD puts the gun down and walks to the curtain.

Mehrdad: guess or think immodesty? You shall not trouble me tonight, the curtain shall be closed.

Mehrdad: 

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Molto rit.</th>
<th>Appassionato</th>
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</tbody>
</table>
He picks up the revolver from the table, spins the chamber, and puts it against his temple.

Hidden from view you have no power, you have no name, yet you have ruined me.
Mehrdad

Vln. II

Vln. I

Bsn.

Vla.

Db.

Vc.

Hp.

Hn.

Ob.

Vc.

Fl.

"MEHRDAD turns away from the alcove"

god forgive me Bita we were once bestowed, we were happy then. When
I see her she for - gives me, e-ven as she turns a-way.
I have be-trayed her
I have betrayed her for an illusion. May God forgive me! When I see her
Vivace $\downarrow = 112$

rit. . . . . . . . . . . .

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

Mehrdad

Giselle

Mother

Maitre

Father

Vivace $\downarrow = 112$

rit. . . . . . . . . . . .

Mehrdad

to-night my thoughts will be with you

"thoughts"
Più mosso $\text{J} = 80$

Mehrdad

Mother

Giselle

Father

Maitre

Bsn.

Vla.

Vcl.

Vla.

Vcl.

Piano

\[ \text{Bi-ta} \quad \text{come and heal my bo-dy} \quad \text{I am a-fraid now} \]

\[ \text{Bi-ta} \quad \text{come and heal my bo-dy} \quad \text{I am a-fraid now.} \]

\[ \text{Bi-ta} \quad \text{come and heal my bo-dy} \quad \text{I, I am a-fraid now.} \]

\[ \text{Bi-ta} \quad \text{come and heal my bo-dy} \quad \text{I am a-fraid now.} \]

\[ \text{mp sempre staccatiss.} \quad \text{e poco a poco crec.} \]

\[ \text{Più mosso J = 80} \]

\[ \text{pp cresc.} \]

\[ \text{pp cresc.} \]

\[ \text{pp cresc.} \]
waits for me behind the curtain, the death of cherished hope.

rall...
MEHRDAD walks back to the couch and picks the revolver off the table beside it. She holds me still yet in that calm, un-moving face.
MEHRDAD spins the chamber.

Terrified MEHRDAD points the revolver at the moving statue and pulls the trigger. A pistol shot and the STATUE crumples and falls into his arms. As they think to the floor, the blonde wig falls off the statue. It is BITA.

MEHRDAD

Giselle

Mother

Mehrdad

Father

Tombeau

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

This is madness, some time in the night I hear you moving a -
I shrink from you but cannot leave you, a vision standing in the

Solo

Solo
MEHRDAD walks back to the couch.

window, One Two One Rue Seve-rin.

I loathe the thing that once I loved.
Agitato

rall.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Hp.

Giselle

Mother

Mehrad

Dust.

Father

Maître

Tombeau

Agitato

rall.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
MEHRDAD walks to the alcove and pulls the curtain back. The FIGURE in the green dress and blonde wig is there in the shadows. MEHRDAD instinctively turns away. MEHRDAD walks back to the couch and picks the revolver off the table beside it.

spell is broken. It's over. I shall forget you. I'll chance my life.
MEHRDAD spins the chamber.

get a stake and drive it through the cavity where your heart should be! I wonder in poco accel.

Mehrdad

"fmp" f

Vln. I

ffp cresc.

Vln. II

ffp cresc.

Vla.

ffp cresc.

Vc.

ffp cresc.

Db.
the final instant, as the bullet leaves the chamber,
Mehrdad

Mother

Giselle

Vln. II

Vln. I

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Hp.

if there is one single moment
of joy before infinity

Father

Tombeau

Vln. I

Vln. II

mf cresc.

mf cresc.

mf cresc.

mf cresc.

mf cresc.

mf cresc.

mf cresc.

mf cresc.

mf cresc.

mf cresc.

mf cresc.

mf cresc.

mf cresc.

mf cresc.
MEHRDAD turns to the alcove, raises the gun to his head and pulls the trigger. As the hammer clicks on an empty chamber, the STATUE shrieks and runs towards MEHRDAD, arms outstretched.

Terrified MEHRDAD points the revolver at the moving statue and pulls the trigger. A pistol shot and the STATUE crumples and falls into his arms. As they think to the floor, the blonde wig falls off the statue. It is BITA
There is another curtain drawn across.

MERHRDAD gets up. Moving like a sleepwalker, he goes into the alcove.

There is another curtain drawn across.

Bita's body goes limp.

Ad libitum.

Desperado \( \dot{=} 60 \)
He pulls it open. The MANNEQUIN stands naked. Her mouth opens and an inchoate sound emerges thatmingles with MEHRDAD’S despairing cry.