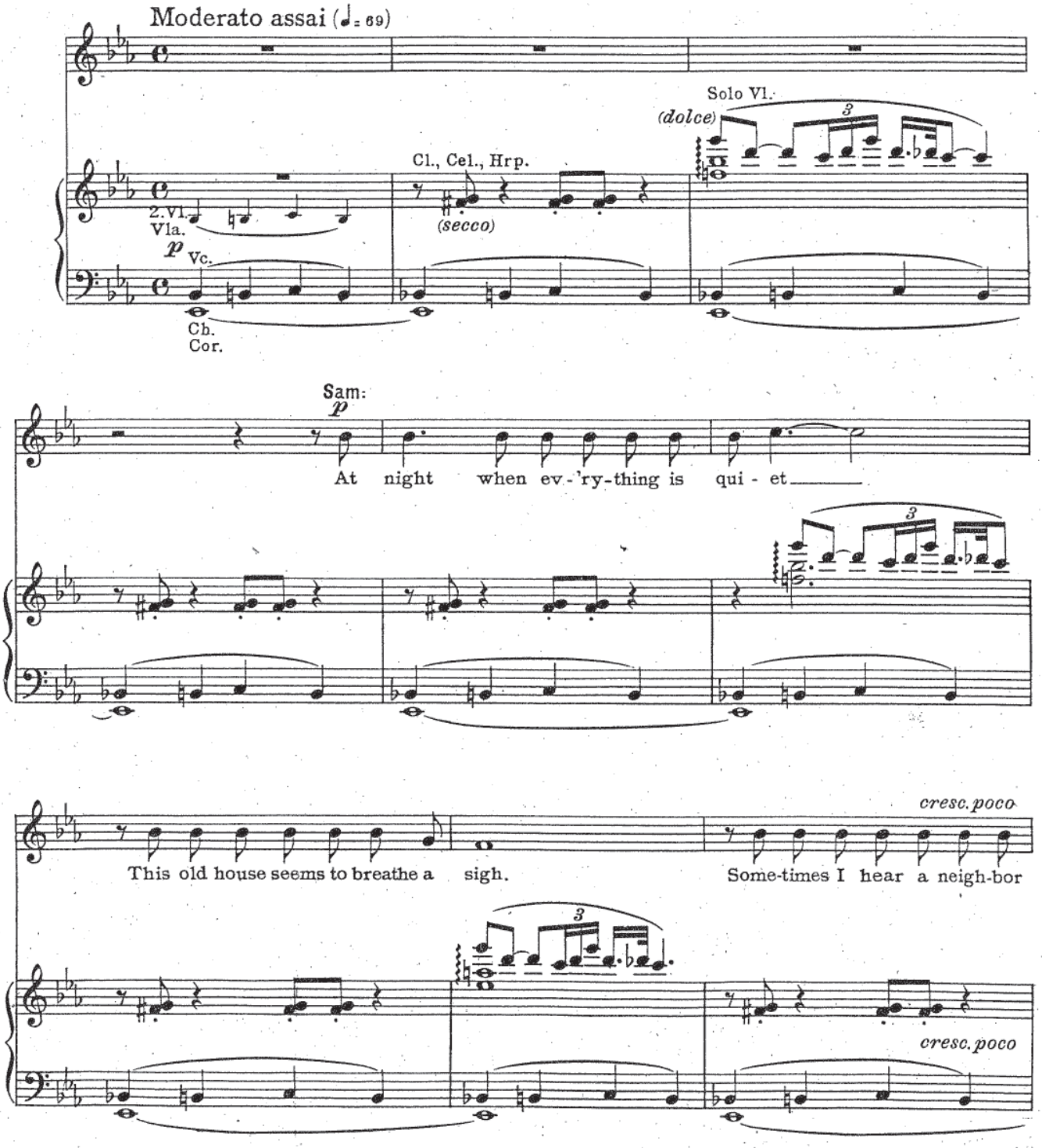
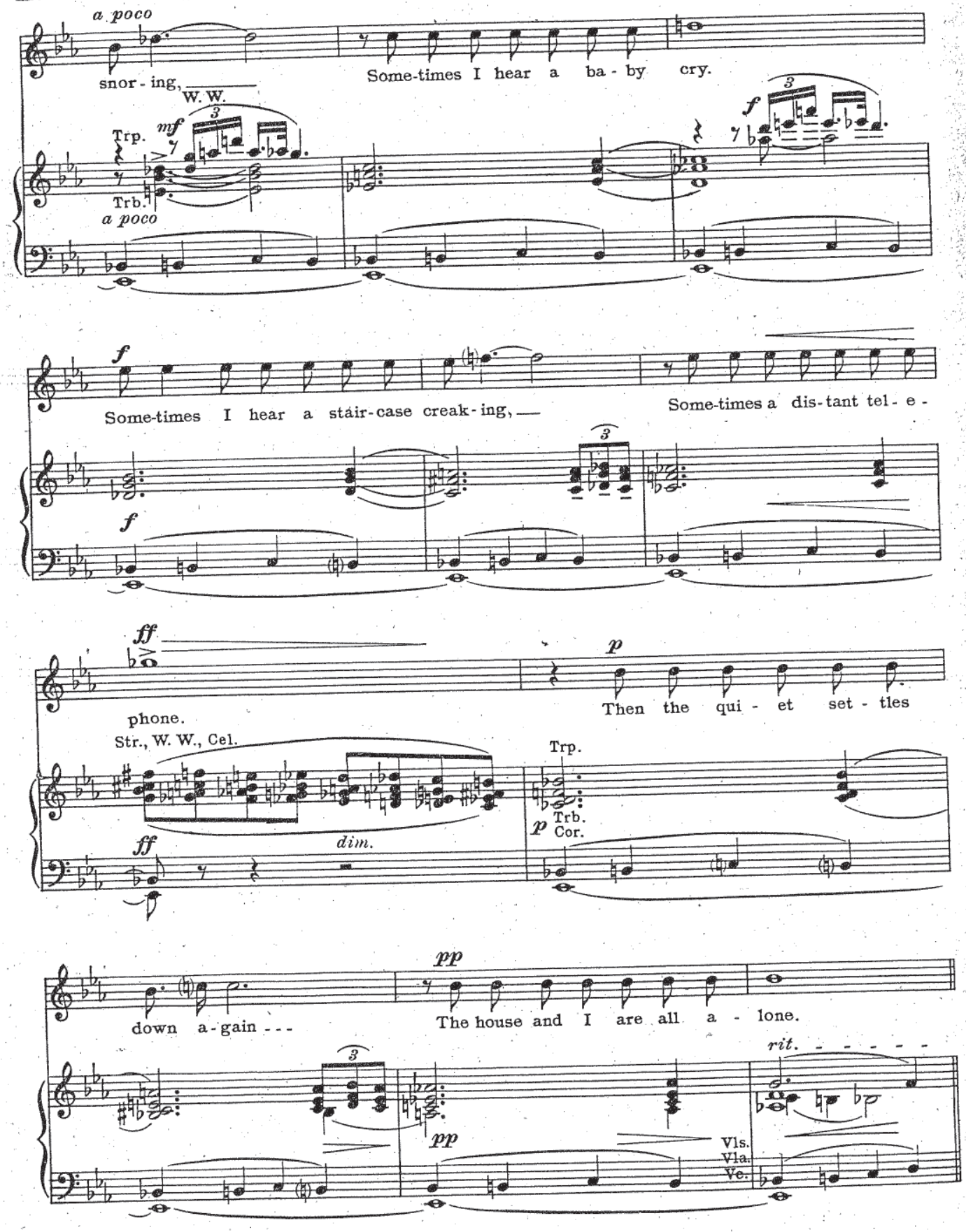
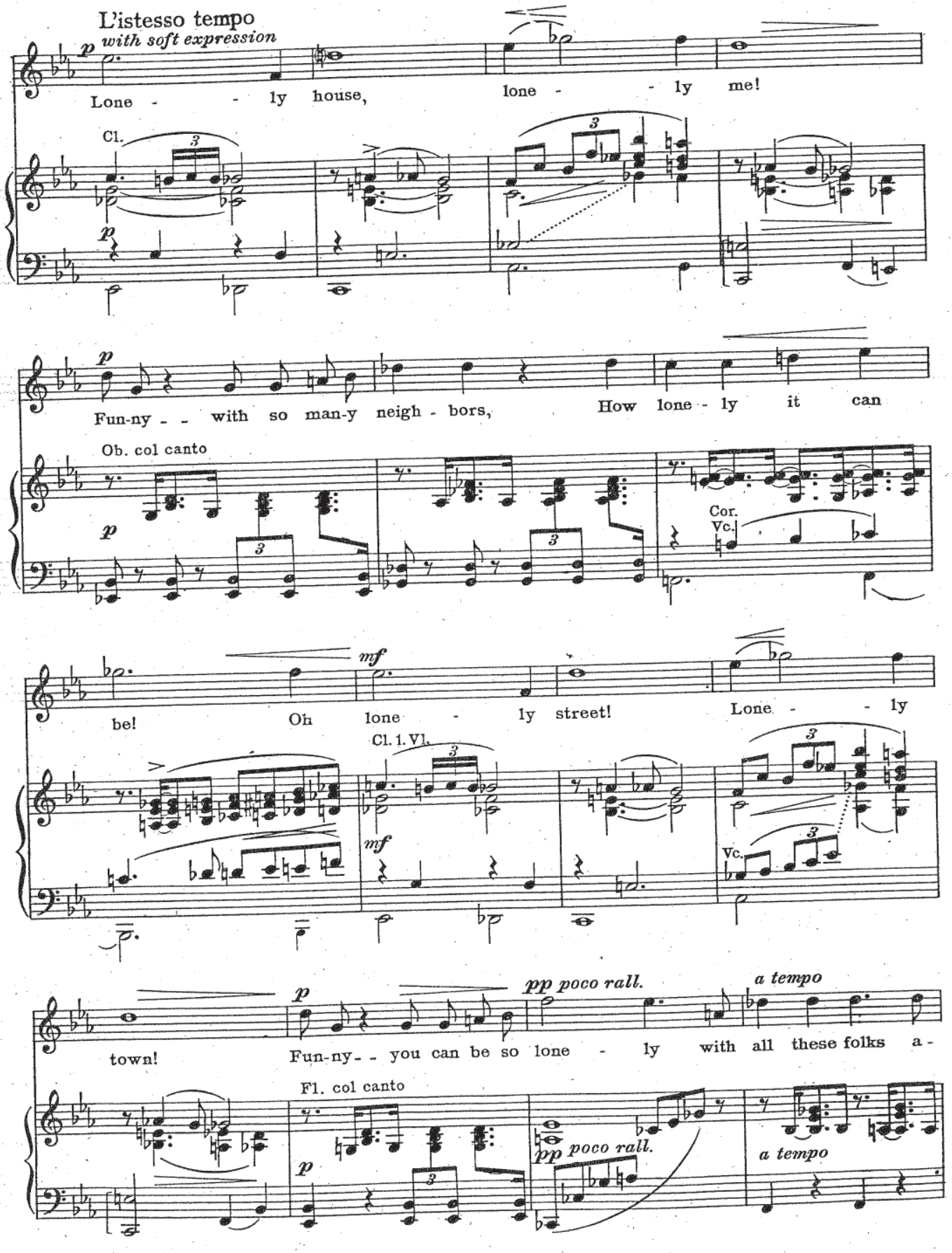
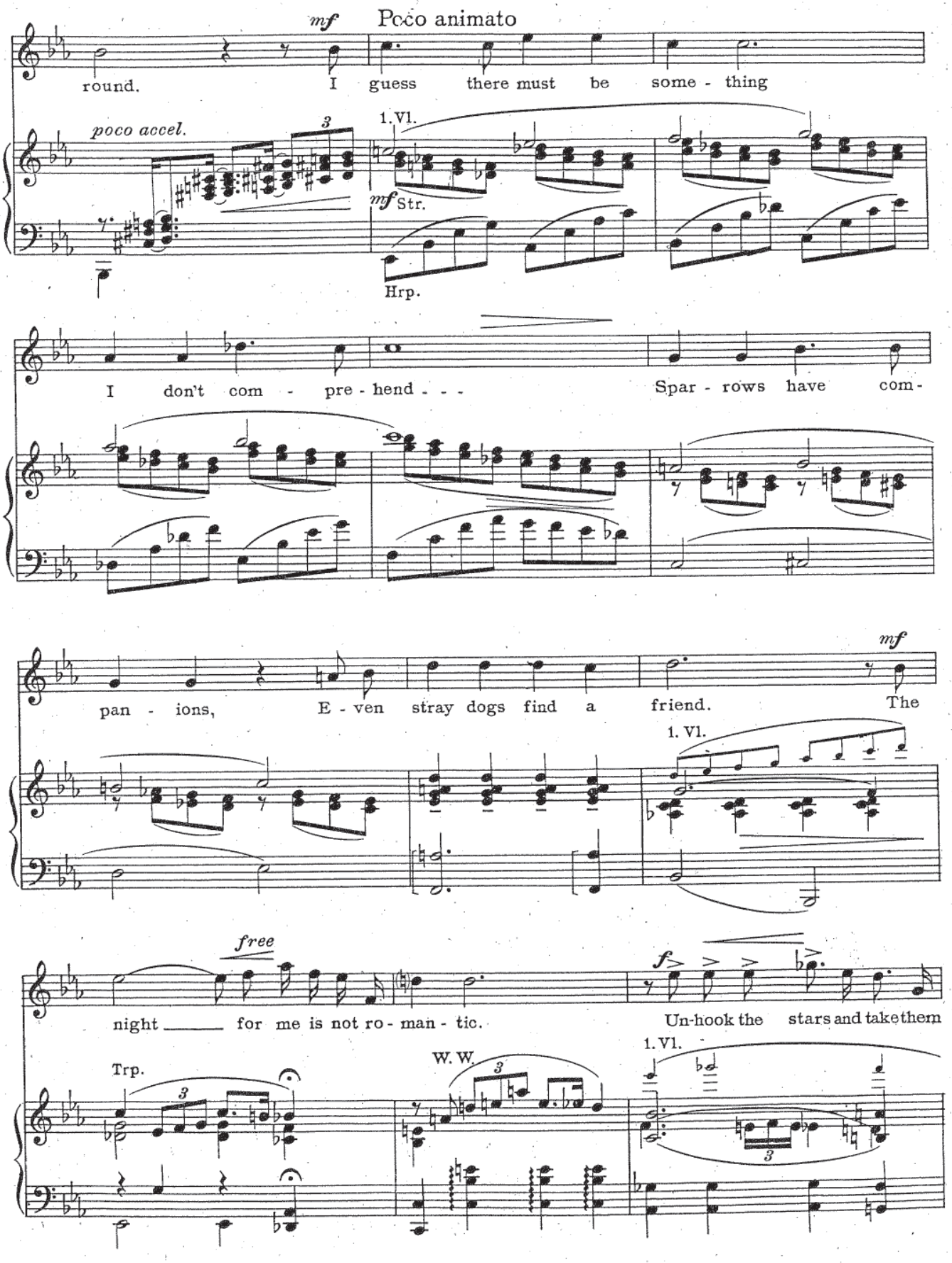
# Arioso / Lonely House

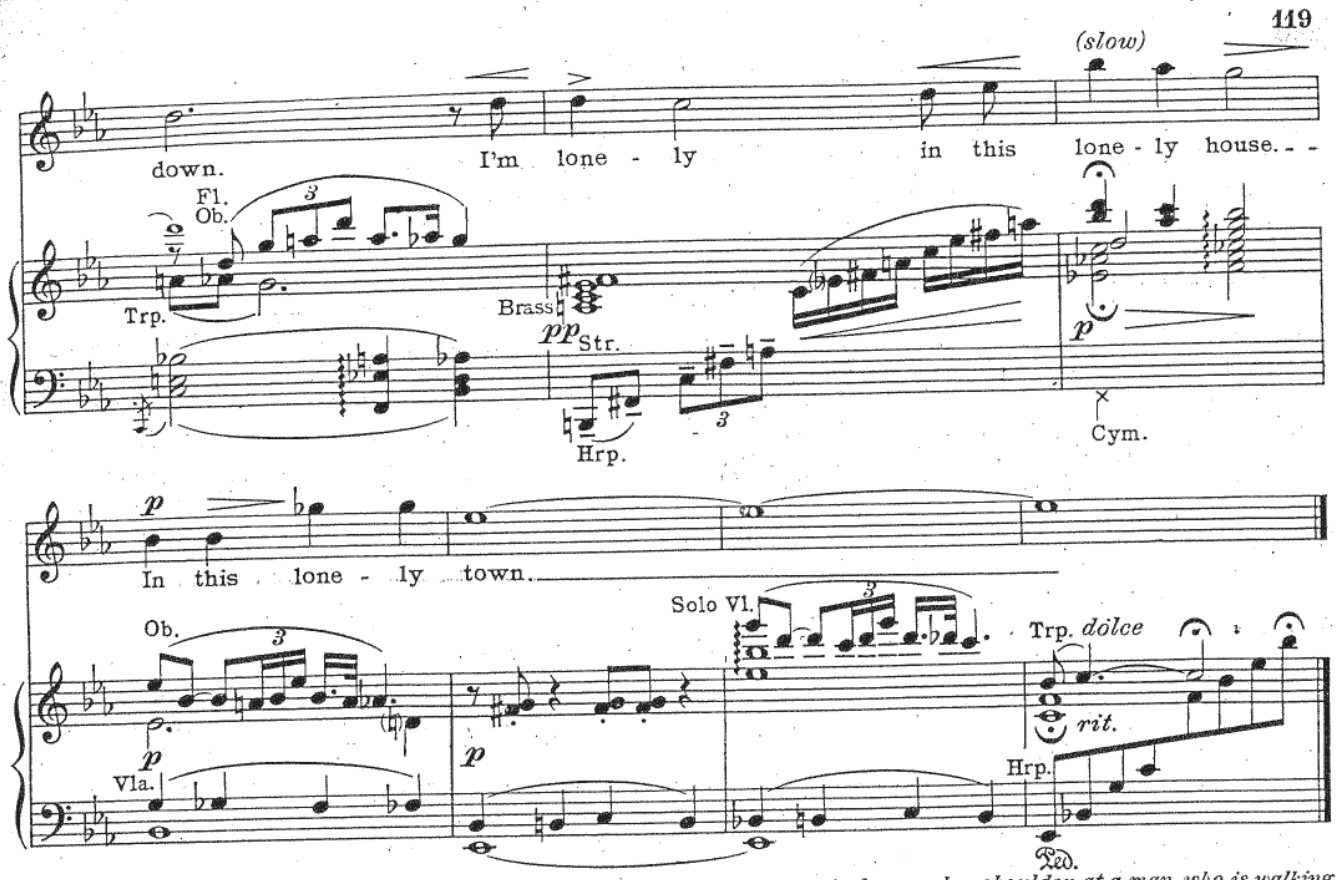
## No. 10




a poco
snor - ing,
Some-times I hear a ba - by cry.
W. W.
Trp.
mf
Trb.
a poco
f
Some-times I hear a stair-case creak - ing,
Some-times a dis-tant tel - e -
f
ff
phone.
Str., W. W., Cel.
p
Then the qui - et set - tles
Trp.
p
Trb.
Cor.
ff
dim.
pp
down a-gain - - -
The house and I are all a - lone.
rit.
pp
Vls.
Vla.
Vc.


L'istesso tempo
p with soft expression
Lone - - ly house, lone - - ly me!
Cl.
p
Fun-ny - - with so man-y neigh - bors, How lone - ly it can
Ob. col canto
Cor.
Vc.
mf
be! Oh lone - ly street! Lone - - ly
Cl. 1. Vl.
Vc.
town! Fun-ny- - you can be so lone - ly with all these folks a -
pp poco rall.
a tempo
Fl. col canto


mf
Poco animato
round.
I guess there must be some - thing
poco accel.
3
1. Vl.
mf Str.
Hrp.
I don't com - pre - hend - - -
Spar - rows have com -
pan - ions,
E - ven stray dogs find a friend.
mf
The
1. Vl.
free
night ____ for me is not ro - man - tic.
f
Un-hook the stars and take them
Trp.
3
W. W.
3
1. Vl.
3




*Sam goes into the house. A girl appears at the left, glancing apprehensively over her shoulder at a man who is walking down the street behind her. They cross the stage and exit at right. Mrs. Fiorentino reappears at her window. Rose and Easter enter from the left.*

**Rose:**
This is where I live, Mr. Easter.

**Mrs. F:** *(At window)*
Good evening, Miss Maurrant.

**Rose:**
Oh, good evening, Mrs. Fiorentino.
*(Mrs. Fiorentino looks at them for a moment, then pulls down the shade and turns out the lights)*

**Rose:**
Well, good night, Mr. Easter. I've had a lovely time.

**Easter:**
Why, wait a minute! I've hardly had a chance to talk to you.

**Rose:**
We've been doing nothing but talking since six o'clock.

**Easter:**
No, we haven't. We've been eating and dancing. *(Putting his arm around her)* Rose - - -!

**Rose:**
Please don't, Mr. Easter. There's somebody coming.
*(She frees herself as Mrs. Olsen comes up the cellar steps, with a pail filled with wastepaper.)*

**Mrs. O:**
Goot evening, Miss Maurrant.

**Rose:**
Good evening, Mrs. Olsen. How's the baby?

**Mrs. O:** *(Putting the pail on the sidewalk)*
She vas cryin' all the time.

**Rose:**
Oh, the poor little thing! What a shame! *(As Mrs. Olsen goes down the steps again)* Good night, Mrs. Olsen.

**Mrs. O:**
Goot night, Miss Maurrant.

**Rose:**
She's got the cutest little baby you ever saw.

**Easter:**
Yeah? That's great. Rose - - I'm crazy about you.

**Rose:**
Please let me go now, it's awfully late and my father doesn't like it when I - -

**Easter:**
Kiss me good night.

**Rose:**
No.

**Easter:**
Why not, hm? Just one kiss.

**Rose:**
No.

**Easter:**
Yes.
*(He takes her in his arms and kisses her)*

**Rose:**
It wasn't nice of you to do that.

**Easter:**
I'm clean off my nut about you.

**Rose:**
You shouldn't keep looking at me, at the office. The other girls are beginning to pass hints about it.

**Easter:**
Is that a fact? I guess I just can't keep my eyes off you. Well, we've got to do something about it.

**Rose:**
I guess the only thing for me to do is look for another job.

**Easter:**
That's just what I've been thinking, too. A girl like you has got no business to be working all day in a real estate office. Why, you ought to be on the stage.