

Monty

Stop! Wait! What?!

21

[9/28/13]

Music by Steven Lutvak

Lyrics by Robert L. Freedman & Steven Lutvak

cue: DETECTIVE: Still... I am under strict instructions to arrest you.
For murder. MONTY: Murder?

Molto agitato

1 2 3 4

MONTY:

Stop! Wait! What?! Well, I

5 6 7 8

M. did - n't kill Ad - al - bert D'Ys - quith, though that cer - tain - ly was my in - tent. Rath - er

9 10 11 12

M. hard to di - gest that I could be ar - rest - ed for some - thing that I on - ly meant. And it

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Molto agitato'. The score is divided into three systems. The first system (measures 1-4) features a vocal line for Monty starting at measure 3 with the lyrics 'Stop! Wait! What?! Well, I'. The piano accompaniment consists of a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second system (measures 5-8) continues the vocal line with lyrics 'did - n't kill Ad - al - bert D'Ys - quith, though that cer - tain - ly was my in - tent. Rath - er'. The piano accompaniment includes a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking. The third system (measures 9-12) concludes the vocal line with lyrics 'hard to di - gest that I could be ar - rest - ed for some - thing that I on - ly meant. And it'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

M. 13 14 15 16

could - n't be poor cous - in As - quith, for he gra - cious - ly died on his own. Was that

MONTY: Murder, did you say?
DETECTIVE: I'm afraid so,
 your lordship.

M. 17 18 19 20 21

hole in the ice just a bit too pre - cise? Was my pres - ence at Chizz - le - mere known?

M. 22 23 24 25

Stop! Wait! When?! I should

M. 26 27 28 29

doubt I was seen in the har - bour. La - dy Hy - a - cinth fell in so fast. As for

M. 30 31 32 33

Sa - lo - me's end, all sus - pi - cion would send them at once to that back - stab - bing cast. Did the

M. 34 35 36 37

bee stings re - veal my de - cep - tion? Was I seen at the weight - lift - ing hall? How

M. 38 39 40 41

rude to in - trude on this love - ly re - cep - tion, for I am the earl, aft - er all! Yes,

M. 42 43 44 45

I am the earl, aft - er all! Though it's come, I con - cede, at a cost. But

M. 46 47 48 49

where was my blun - der? My weak - ness, I won - der? Is all of it now to be lost? Is

MONTY: Murdering whom?

DETECTIVE: Lord Adalbert D'Ysquith,
eighth Earl of Highhurst.

M. 50 51 52 55

all of it now to be lost? Stop! Wait!

M. 56 57 58 59 60

Who?! For the mur - der of Ad - al - bert D'Ys - quith? Were there ev - er a farce, this is it! I am

M. 61 62 63 64

al - most a - mused I should stand here ac - cused of a mur - der I did - n't com - mit!

MONTY: But surely the earl died of a heart attack...

DETECTIVE: No, your lordship. It was foul play.

M. 65 66 67 68 69

Of course, I should like to in-quire — by what meth-od he hap-pened to die. But

M. 70 71 72 73

more to the point, what e - vents now con - spire to lead them to think it was I? I've dis -

Slower, colla voce

M. 74 75 76 77

patched half a doz - en, each one a cous - in, all of them quite by de - sign. It is

Rit.

A Tempo

M. 78 79 80 81

not a de - fense. It just makes no sense... This mur - der was not one of mine!

Glissando

attaca