SEE WHAT I WANNA SEE

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Words and Music by Michael John LaChiusa

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0. Opening

Michael John LaChiusa

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1. Kesa and Morito
(Kesa)

Michael John LaChiusa

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Slipping past the gate; Floating to my bed. j j

let his hands care - ess me for the last time. He

knives in to my bo - dy: For-ci-bly and proud (My lo-ver is in - cre - di-bly en-

dowed. Thic - er than my hus band.) And
as I kiss my lover for the last time. - The room dissolves around me;

I desert my body; All of time is gone.

Dusk is down; Dawn is now; This is what it's like to be now;
Kesao and Morito (Kesa)

I. Kesa and Morito (Kesa)

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[Music notation]

My god, it's God.

Sleep and breathe and wake and laugh.

Laugh and kiss and fuck and lie, poco ritard

Meno (in 2)

lightly percussive, rapid triplets

watch myself outside myself
R Shomon Transition 1A

Fast Swing *(edgy, urban---50's noir)* \( \bullet = 220 \)

- Play 2x
- Vibes

- cym. roll
- Drums (sticks) Ad lib Be-bop

- + Gamelan
- + quasi be-bop ride cymbal

- add Tenor Sax, ad lib --- wilder and wilder, out of time

- Vibes cont'd (add marimba---dueling)

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R Shomon Transition 1A

Immediate Cut-Off on Janitor's Reveal. Segue

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R shomon

2. The Janitor

Janitor:

"Big premiere. Japanese pic."

Moderato-Swing 8's
Jan. 11

So what-cha want me to say? I told ya all that I know. I told ya all that I seen.

Jan. 14

I only told ya the truth. The park. A scarf.

Jan. 17

A body. The blood...

"I didn't see any knife. His knife, probably...His?"

Jan. 20

I mean, whoever did it--- with the knife you keep talking about. Which I didn't see".

I only told ya the truth...
3. The Thief
(She Looked at Me)

THE THIEF: “1951 will be remembered as the year Jimmy Mako terrorized New York City. Huh?”

So what-cha want me to say? You got me. Yeah. I killed him. So

—that-cha want me to do? Why lie now? Why bo- ther?
I'll get the chair any way; That's how it goes; Boo - Hoo. Was n't the first time I killed some one. Won't be the last time for you.

"Can you do it different. You do it legally."

Ain't the first time I killed some one. Won't be the last time for you.

such a big deal; it's easy work; Murder is what I do best._

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3. The Thief (She Looked at Me)

Where I grew up, it's something you learn: Like passing in your driver's test.

So what-cha wait-in' to hear? The details?

You got it. Like all the screams and the fear?

I know you. You like it. Ain't America a hell-
4. (See What I Wanna See)
(A Major)

Wife

Allegro (swing 8ths) J = 150

THE WIFE

Fri - day night down on Hou -

Piano

Fingersnaps

THIEF: "...where baby performed."

No pitch (perc.)

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2003
ly was there with her Daddy.
But Daddy was in a funk;

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4. The Thief (See What I Wanna See)
Wife Pno.

I see's American cheese; He'll melt when you get hot!

And Sally said: "I see what I wanna see.

I don't need you to tell me what's true; if you don't like it, Dad-dy, you can blow, blow, blow.

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THIEF: "Gives me the ole Bethlehem Steel...Who is she?"

"My wife."

"Cue Out (Husband):" "My wife."

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place, they roll up the bamboo rug.

Ev'ry one was do-in' the limbo except for Sally and her Pud' punk plug.

Seems he took a shine to some chick.
5. (Big Money)

Moderate funk

THIEF: "2 drinks later..."
HUS: "A lot."
THIEF: "Jimmy Mako"

Vamp (under dialogue)

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THIEF: "Two more vodka martinis, straight up, three olives."

Big money; Wait -

in' for the tak-in'. Big Mon-ey; It's your luck-y day. Your
5. The Thief (Big Money)

_ mon-ey; Up__ to us to grab it; You want- na, we can cab it; I'll lead

the way. You know you need mon-ey to keep your ba- by hap-py.

allowed without written authorization

Cold mon-ey, to keep her in the ice; Well, there's Big Mon-ey; Just

mon__ to hold out your mitten; Bring__ a-long the kit- ten and don't think twice._
5. The Thief (Big Money)

You don't know me from Adam, but we both were born of Eve.

And you can count on me, after that when I say you must believe that there is...

HUSBAND

Big Money!
Thief

Keep it to your-self, man. Hard mon-ey; Easy to be got. Our mon-ey; Chew

Hus.

Our mon-ey... Our mon-ey; Chew

Pno.

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Thief

—on it and swal-low All you do is fol-low, I'll lead the way; I'll lead

Pno.

Thief

—the way... Gon-na eat that o-live? Mind if I?

Pno.
7. (Murder)

[The THIEF fights the HUSBAND. The Thief stabs the HUSBAND through the heart. The HUSBAND dies. The WIFE screams and runs off.]

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**7. The Thief (Murder)**

_Thief_

Be-lieve what-cha wan-na be-lieve; What do I care?

_Pno._

You want the truth, so here, take the truth. I'll take the chair.

_Pno._

colla voce

---

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8. The Janitor
(Best Not to Get Involved)

JANITOR: "That's the whole point of this, right? The body?"

"I told you, the guy was dead."

"...supposed to do in situations like this."

"I went home."

In this town one thing leads to another; then another; and then another; One_...

---

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8. The Janitor (Best Not to Get Involved)

In this town some guys always got a brother who's a brother who's got a brother who'd
easily shoot his own mother; Best not to get involved. You never know when you bump into a stiff whose stiff it is and how it got there; My

steries all got an undertow. And when you go snoop in 'round the
the facts may turn out to be stranger than the mystery you was.

n't s'pose ta know. Don't stop. Don't touch. Don't ask.

home, go home, go home! in this town one thing leads to another; then another, and then another; Livin' here you gotta
9. The Wife
(Louie)

CUE TO GO ON (WIFE): "After that monster...after he..."
WIFE: "I don't know. I saw Louie."

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(CUE TO GO ON) WIFE "And all that we'd ever been was gone. Gone..."
10. The Medium and The Husband

JANITOR: "This woman, she was hungry."

CUE OUT (MEDIUM): "They say the dead only tell the truth, you know.
What would you like me to say? It's my work."

Twen-ty bucks. So there I was. I'm holding a se-ance; for a

Moderato dry 100

Flat rate.
law- yer; who is des' prate; _ Wants to speak with a loved one; _ His sis- ter A-lice Sue

A- lice Mae... Vamp under dialogue. "Tell MEDIUM: "Psychic interruptions:"

"...but never to me." So this spi- rit, he's got a sto- ry; _ it's a
doo- zy _ and he tells me; _ No one else knows his sto- ry;__
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11. (Quartet)

HUSBAND: "...crap went right down the toilet."  "Rashomon"  CUE OUT: "R Shomon"

CUE FOR LAST X: "Where had the 'A' on the marquee gone? Gone."

WIFE  

Thief  

Husband  

Allegro non troppo  \( \rightarrow \text{110} \)  

Play 4X's

Vamp

Vamp

Last X Only

"A' for 'Anger', 'Ambition'."

Pno.

piano

motto crescendo

sub mf  

marked pulse

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"...crap went right down the toilet."
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11. The Medium and The Husband (Quartet)

Wife

You took a-way my right to think and choose.

Thief

You know the

Med.

A-dul-ter-y.

Hus.

A-dul-ter-y.

Pno.

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12. (No More)

Piano

Allegro heated, intense \( \frac{4}{4} \)

WIFE: "Do something for me."

Thief

Look at your eyes.

Med.

Look at her eyes.

Husband

I-cy heat.

Pno.

I-cy heat.

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Wife

squeeze into your trousers as you slowly go bald. No more listening to

Pno.

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Wife

Danny Kaye albums; or leaping to your voice or jumping when called.

Pno.

Wife

What was it the last time?

Pno.

Wife

Some thing Japanese? No more sitting still while you and all your lawyers drone
PRIEST: "...And so mean."

Moderato \( \frac{1}{100} \)

lightly rhythmatic, simply

"5 AM, Sunday Morning."

Light in the East.
Got a new day. If you listen you can hear it, miles away:

and miles away: The low, low rumble of the town waking up with the light.

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Jan.  Pno.

in the East. Night in the West. There's the moon, all pale and tired like she

needs a little rest; Cuz the night's been busy; You can hear it echo:

poco crescendo

Cin' off a building like a ghost. Yeah, the night's been busy;

light accent

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Tear in' up the city like a too drunk guest who steals from his host.

leaves behind blurry eyes. The

smell of sex. And whiskey lies....

Then comes the light in the East. Time

rapid glissandos, play fast, ad lib

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No performance or use of this score is
And that was all that he said: I'm just repeating his words; you ever talk to the dead?

The park.

What good is lying to you. I only told you the truth; the truth. His words.

A thief; the truth. His wife.

It happened just as I said: the truth.
15. Finale

What do you want me to say?

I'll get the chair any way I only told you the truth. The truth.

I tried the best I know how I told you all that I know I only told you the truth.

Her eyes. Her body. Her knife.

A thief. A woman. His blood.

Her knife. A boat-house. His blood.

piu mosso
There's nothing more after that. There's nothing more that I knew.

The truth. My skin.

Her knife.

There's only told you the truth. The

love. My husband.

Her temper. A fool. The truth.

A statue; A lie. The truth.

Her husband; The dark. The truth.

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16. Kesa and Morito  
(Morito)

Moderato \( \text{\textdaggerbowtie} \text{-} 90 \)

Piano

\textit{mp} sensual

Morito

To-night I kiss my lover for the last time.  I go to her at midnight; slipping past the gate;

\textit{p
Float ing to her bed.

me for the last time.

For ci-bly and proud; (She says that I'm in cre di bly en dowed. Thick er than her
1. Kesa and Morito (Morito)

Morito

This is what it's like______

to be______

Morito

God______

Morito

Meno mosso (in 2)

lightly percussive, rapid triplets

Morito

sustained

Morito

Sleep and breathe and wake and sigh______
GLORYDAY

17. (Confession/Last Year)

\[ \text{let chord ring } \]

\[ \text{Moderato} \]

\[ \text{Vamp} \]

\[ \text{CUE OUT (PRIEST):} \]

\[ \text{"...not yet, Monsignor..."} \]

\[ \text{3} \]

\[ \text{CONFESSORS} \]

\[ \text{(to m. 5)} \]

\[ \text{Bless me Father, I have sinned My} \]
CONFESSOR: "Why doesn't God help me?"

PRIEST: "I was eighteen when I entered the seminary..."
18. The Greatest Practical Joke

PRIEST: "...Entering the priesthood." 

AUNT MONICA

Aunt

Piano

The greatest practical joke

played on the common folk is God. 
(You want some manicotti?) 

worst practical prank 

pulled by the file and rank 

is Christ.

Mohamed, Buddha, Vishnu, Joseph Smith and all his angels.

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To keep the poor in check the biz - ness

of - fers Ho - ly Mass - es and threat - ens Hell and heck.

Look at the world. You think there's a God? There is - n't a God. Not when you got all those -

cri - mi - nal types like Hen - ry Kis - sin - ger sneak - ing a - round and ped - dl - ing nukes.
Look at the world. If there's a God, you'd think he'd do something to

stop all the war and the crime and the graft and he'd punish those son-

ova-bitches who write all those stupid new T V shows.

Look at the world: There can't be a God. Not when you got those
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Aunt: crazy nuns like Mother Theresa who don't give those Indians rubbers and so they have

Pno.

babies and babies and ev'ryone's crowded and hungry and starving. Of course, if

Pno.

In - di - an food was all I had to eat I wouldn't eat. There's

PRIEST: "I am not crazy."

Safety (Vocal Last X)

You've got the right to kill for God.

(Eat)
PRIEST: "...its own conflagrant life."

A bold and blatant lie, which gen ious has con-

ceived; The more far-fetched the lie, The more that it's be -

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23. Gloryday

AUNT: "When are you gonna toughen up?"

LAST X (REPORTER): "4...3...As you can see Carol, there is a crowd gathered here at the pond..."

Piano

You've got your herds of broken souls; emotionally drained black holes; You've

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23. Gloryday

(CUE OUT) REPORTER: "4...3..."

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Priest: Waiting for the Glory day!

S.: Glory day.

A.: Glory day.

T.: Glory day.

B.: Glory day.

Pno.: Move over Grace-land; Bye,

Glory! Glory! Glory!

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Priest

bye Lourdes; the world has a religious shrine. The

crescendo poco a poco

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AUNT: "...from somewhere bigger..."

Moderato \( \text{100} \)
never rushed, with a steady pulse

There will be a miracle;

Stick a round and see.

You need patience for a miracle.

Timing is the key.

Could not have happened yesterday;

And to-

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mor-row is too late; The mo-ment has to be ex-act.

and un-till then, we have to wait. You can

the-ory rush a mir-a-cle; You can't force a thing to be;

I am des-p'rate for a mir-a-cle; But it won't.
_come just_ for me;_ We will all share the mi - ra - cle;_

As ev’ry bo - dy should;

Lit - tle ones;_ Gro - cery-clerks;_ C P A’s;_ Mov - ie stars;_

Bat - tered wives;_ Dy - ing boys;_ Hun - gry souls;_ the worst_ of men_ a -
Aunt

long with the good; I al-ways knew there would be a mi-ra-cle; I've won-dered when and how; And

I will see a mi-ra-cle; There will be a mi-ra-cle;

If not soon; Now...

Primo Tempo

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28. Rising, Up/Finale

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The sky goes grey then turns into blackness, erasing day.
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28. Rising, Up/Finale

Act.

rain pours hard as the cyclone grows and the leaves are

Aunt

rain pours hard as the cyclone grows and the leaves are ripped off the crack-

Rep.

rain pours hard as the cyclone grows and the leaves are ripped off the crack-

CPA

rain pours hard as the cyclone grows and the leaves are ripped off the crack-

Pno. 1

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Pno. 2
ripped.  Glowing, glowing, glowing,
ing branches; Screams and shouts and the flight of masses; Spinning

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