THE DOG it was THAT DIED

A Chamber Opera

Libretto: Peter Scott-Presland

Music: Robert Ely
**Cast:**

Mrs Tish: Soprano
Jack Russell Terrier, quite young. Nervous and highly strung.
A little ball of compressed energy

Rinka: Contralto
Great Dane. Immense calm and dignity,
except where the prospect of a walk is concerned

(Mrs Tish and Rinka should not be dog impersonations –
definitely not down on all fours – but should retain dog characteristics).

Norman: Tenor
A man in his 30's with a history of nervous disorders.

The following are spoken and can be played by the same person:
Thorpe (Jeremy)
Doctor
Newton (Andrew)

(2nd interlude - possibly recorded):
Jeremy Thorpe: Spoken
Peter Bessell Spoken
David Holmes Spoken

**Orchestration:**

Harp
Alto Saxophone
Tenor Saxophone
Baritone Saxophone.
**Setting:**
The opera has several scenes in different settings.
A low rostrum about 6ft x 3ft distinguishes the human level above the dog level. On it a bed and (later) a car seat.

**Synopsis:**
(The story is told chiefly from the perspective of Norman Scott’s dogs.)

**Prelude:**
Norman Scott (né Josiffe) reports his affair with Jeremy Thorpe M.P. to the police.

**Part one: Scene 1: November 1961**
Norman Scott’s bedroom at the house of Ursula Thorpe, in Oxted, Kent.
THORPE has just met NORMAN and taken him to his mother’s house.
MRS TISH, a Jack Russell, explores the strange smells of the room and recalls her meeting with ‘JEMMA-DOG’ as she calls THORPE, when she went to the House of Commons with ‘NORMA-DOG’.

NORMAN settles MRS TISH and goes to bed, THORPE enters the room and seduces him. MRS TISH watches from the corner in some distress.

**Interlude:** Orchestral. Projections of contemporary newspapers, November 1961 to June 1962. Especially THORPE canvassing pics. NORMAN is heard pleading for his National Insurance Papers.

**Scene 2: May 1962**
North Devon, the garden of the local doctor. MRS TISH, high on blood, has savaged his chickens, her mouth covered in blood and feathers. There is a suggestion that her state has been brought on by NORMAN’s. Her plea for similar medication is interrupted when NORMAN and the Doctor arrive to put her down. She dies.

**Interlude:** Orchestral. Newspaper headlines 1962 – 79, focus on the Jeremy Thorpe trial. Spoken dialogue (offstage) over the music: THORPE plots with PETER BESSELL and DAVID HOLMES to kill NORMAN

**Part Two: October 1975**
Porlock, North Somerset. RINKA, NORMAN’s Great Dane, watches clientele of the Castle Hotel, unimpressed. She is calm and superior. NORMAN has a drink. He is waiting for ANDREW NEWMAN, the hitman who is masquerading as his protector. When he arrives the action moves outside, into his car and onto Exmoor. NEWTON shoots at NORMAN, misses, and kills RINKA by mistake. He panics and drives off.

**Epilogue:**
NORMAN’s lament. He praises the uncomplicated devotion of animals over the greed and vicious stupidity of man. The ghosts of RINKA and MRS TISH reappear and express their love for him.
The Dog It Was That Died

PART ONE

Prelude

Norman

Grave

\( \text{q} = 54c \)

Harp

Alto Saxophone

Tenor Saxophone

Baritone Saxophone

Grave

\( \text{q} = 54c \)

\[ \text{Parlando and melodramatic} \]

Off stage

\[ \text{De-tec-tive In-spec-tor} \]

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Hunt-ley? I have come to tell you about my hom-o-sex-ual rela-tions with

Jer-emy Thorpe M. P.  

ATTACCA
**SCENE 1a**

*November 1961.*

A bedroom at the house of Ursula Thorpe

(The set is split into 2 levels, the bed being on risers)

**Allegro** $z = 108c$

(2+3+2)

Mrs Tish

Norman

Humans

Hp.

**Allegro** $z = 108c$

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

---

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 6
MRS TISH enters.
She sniffs and goes round the edge of the room.
Mrs Tish

Nas-ty. No-one here long time.

No hea-ting.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Me-

gon-na be cold.
The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 9

MRS TISH Sniffs again.

Mrs Tish

Mouse smell. Definitely mouse

25

Harp

28

Harp

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 10

Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

smell. They got mice, lots of mice.

May-be me catch.
The Dog It Was That Died  - Page - 11

May-be me eat  Nyum, nyum, nyum, nyum,

Me hun-gry. No dog food here. All me have is boi-led egg,
Mrs Tish
Alto Sax.
Ten. Sax.
Bari. Sax.

like humans.

Crunch shell, nice, ach, ach, ach,

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 12
ach, But egg boring and make farts.

Me need meat.
Mrs Tish

My Nor-ma dog... he pack lea-der...

Hx

He, me, pack of two...

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Has no dog - food...

poor Nor ma dog... Has no
Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Money, poor Nor-ma dog... has no dog food. Has no dog food.
The Dog It Was That Died

Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

So he go Jem-my dog,
who live in big, big stone kennel.

Big clock too...

Bong! Bong! Bong! Bong!
Man on horse with sword outside, but no horse poo, no horse smell.

He no move. Lots of humans made of stone outside,
Mrs Tish

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Mrs Tish

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

walk down corridors.

Mrs Tish

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
Mrs Tish

Me want run af-ter them, but my Nor-ma dog tell me no,

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Mrs Tish

We have see Jem-my dog.
Mrs TISH sniffs round THORPE’s feet in memory.

Mrs Tish

Me like Jem-my dog,
He talk me nice, smile me, rub my nose.

He smell nice flowers.
Mrs Tish

out of a bottle.

cresc.

Hps.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 24
And he make me royal! Yes! Big man say me no can go in big ken.
Mrs Tish says King Channel can go in, cos King Char say so,

and me might be bit King Channel can go in, cos King Char say so,
The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 27

[Music notation]

Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

She pants

ATTACCA

Heh, heh, heh, heh.

[Music notation]
We come in country in Jem-my-dog car, Jem-my-dog car called
Mrs Tish

Ro-ver!  Me had Cots-wold friend  called Ro-ver,  We chase round and

Hp.

So now we in coun-try.  Me__ like

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 30

Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Pet-rol? Pah! Pah! Pah!

ATTACCA

She rubs her muzzle with her paw to get rid of the smell.
The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 31

Con spirito

SCENE 1c

Mrs Tish

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

We stay Jem-ma-dog’s moth-er bitch. She Ur-se. Yes, you’re right...

She

On-ly hum-ans

She not Ur-se-dog, she don’t like dogs.

On-ly hum-ans
The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 32

Mrs Tish

like dogs, become dogs, part of pack.

Hp.

NORMAN comes in.

MRS TISH leaps to greet him.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 33

Norman

Hello Miss Tish. Who's a good doggie?

Mrs Tish

You do! Norman

Norman

then? Who loves Miss Tish?

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

...
Mrs Tish

- dog loves Mis-ses Tish. And Mis-ses Tish loves Norma-dog.

H. P.

- MRS TISH licks his hand excessively

- Now calm down. We got to

- & stripe in middle of page

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

20

23

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 34
He just cleaned his teeth. Smell.

People want us to be quiet.

So there's a nice blanket.

To audience
MRS TISH tries to follow him; she wants to sleep on the bed.

cold. Get on the blanket there.
No. Not here. Can't sleep on the bed,

MRS TISH goes and lies down.

Me?! Hairs?!

you leave hairs. Blan-ket!

Good girl,
Mrs Tish

Moderato (Recit.)

He got his pills now to calm him down. He take them water.

Norman

good girl.

Hp.

Moderato (Recit.)

NORMAN takes his pills and lies down on the bed.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

A huge dog yawn. Puts her head on her paws.

Mrs Tish

He sleep now. Night, night. Nor-ma dog.

Norman

Night, night. Mis-ses Tish.

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
SCENE 1d

A click and a creak of the door opening.
(JEREMY THORPE enters. He has a towel and some Vaseline in his hands.
He sits on the bed)
MRS TISH suddenly becomes alert.

Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

---

Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

---
I think Vas-e-line. Nor - ma -

me when I was pup-py. when cat... (growl)

nor - ma - dog put Vas-e-line on
grrr...

(nails)
Mrs Tish

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Mrs Tish

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 41
There's nothing wrong,

(To THORPE)

Is there?

(THORPE has come into the room and is sitting on the bed.)

Should there be?

(THORPE Off stage)

(Spoken softly)
Don't look so scared.  
You look like a frightened little rabbit.  
Are you my little bunny, mm?  

No, don't do that, please don't.  
I can't stand seeing people cry.  
Not - not people I care for.

SCENE 1e

Allegro moderato  
$q = 108c$

Allegro moderato  
$q = 108c$

Allegro moderato  
$q = 108c$

Allegro moderato  
$q = 108c$
Fun-ny, how hum-ans have more than one skin.

They have day skin, night skin, spe-cial skin for
Mrs Tish

spe-cial things like par-ty, or din-ner, or play cric-ket.

Hp.

‌

Alto Sax.

‌

Ten. Sax.

‌

Bari. Sax.

‌

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 45

Me have_
The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 46

Mrs Tish  
Hp.  
Alto Sax.  
Ten. Sax.  
Bari. Sax.  

just one skin, keep me warm, keep me dry,

keep me cool. Jem - my dog have special night skin.

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 46
Mrs Tish

It shiny gold and rustle...

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Oops no he two night skins. Take off shiny gold rusty coat,
Mrs Tish
Hp.
Alto Sax.
Ten. Sax.
Bari. Sax.

got jim-jams now.

Top and bot-tom jim-jams like suit
Black suit, creamy buttons.

Nor-ma-dog only have bot-toms.

Stri-pey bot-toms, heh
heh, heh.

And little vest show his real skin.

Me

like his real skin, him soft

pp
Oops... Now no bot-toms.

No one? No one???

No-one's ev-er been so kind to me be-fore.

They kiss again)

Molto meno mosso

A tempo

Molto meno mosso

A tempo
Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

You forget something. What about me?

Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Me always kind,
Mrs Tish

always love my Nor ma-dog.

Lick face, lick hands, sit on lap, lie on bed.

If you let me.

If you let me.

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 53
Mrs Tish

And now, ‘no-one’s been kind to me’.

Hp.

That’s all the thanks me get.

Alto Sax.

Humans

(TORPE (Spoken)

You see? That wasn’t so bad was it?
Now I’m going to do something,
very gently I promise,
and I think you’re going to enjoy it.
Now turn over, and get on all fours.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
Look, he dog-gie now. Nor-ma-dog is real dog. And Jem-ny dog.

real dog be-hind him. They two
The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 56

(A tempo)

Mrs Tish

Dog-gies.

They go aah - aah - aah.

Hp.

p

(A tempo)

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

(A tempo molto ritmico)

She gets very agitated, going to and fro.

Me join in, what fun!

Hp.

A tempo molto ritmico

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

(A tempo molto ritmico)

She gets very agitated, going to and fro.

Me join in, what fun!
Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

No, may-be

(She stops.)

Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

not. Jem-dog be ang-ry,

(Stifled cries of pain)

Aah!
(She pricks up her ears - listening intently)

Mrs Tish

Norman

Aah!

THORPE
(off stage)

(Spoken - almost a whisper)

Humans

No don't cry out. No noise. Moth-er's in the next room,

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

She'll hear you through the wall.

Molto agitato

\( \text{Molto agitato} \quad \text{\( \dot{\text{q}} \) } = 126 \)
The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 59

Mrs Tish

26 Frenzied) f fp f

He hurt my Norma-dog. Jem-my hurt my

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Nor-ma-dog.

No,

=}

Mrs Tish

30 ff

Nor-ma-dog.

No,
The Dog It Was That Died

Mrs. Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

stop it, Mustn't hurt my Nor-ma-dog. Me

love him, Stop it, now stop it,

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 60
Mrs Tish

or me bite yourank-les,

Stop

Hs.

═

Alto Sax.

ATTACCA

THORPE

(Off stage)

(Hissing)(Spoken)

Down, down Mrs. Tish.

Back in your corner,

Go back.

Sh! Sh!

Humans

Shhh...
Mrs Tish
Alto Sax.
Ten. Sax.
Bari. Sax.

What could I do? That voice, there's no arguing with it.

Mesto
\( \text{Mesto} \)
\( \text{Mesto} = 84 \text{c} \)

Alto Sax.
Ten. Sax.
Bari. Sax.

(SClinking back)

Mrs Tish
Alto Sax.
Ten. Sax.
Bari. Sax.

Me know Al-pha male when I hear it. And this Al-pha Al-pha plus plus

H)p
Mrs Tish

Noth-ing to do but watch and wait.

Don't hurt him, Jem- my, don't hurt my ba- by, 'Cos in a fun- ny way he my
Mrs Tish

lead... and my baby same time.

Horn.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

THORPE (off stage)
(Spoken)

See? That wasn't so bad was it?
And if you come up to London we can see each other all the time.
It's getting late now. I'd better go back to my room.
Urse wakes up very early, and she's got ears like a bat.
And don't ever mention this to anyone, understand?

THORPE exits

Humans

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 64
No, don’t go to London, please. Me go any where

with you, of course, You my leader,
Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

But please, not with Jem-ny,
He hurt you. He bad for you.

And I want
Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

to chase rats.

Nyum, nyum, nyum.

MRS TISH comes hesitantly over to the bed,...
and licks NORMAN's hand, which is hanging down.

Mmm, Vas-e-line. Nyum, nyum, nyum.

\[ \text{BLACKOUT} \]
Andante misterioso

INTERLUDE

= \text{72c}

\text{pp} \quad \text{mp}

| 6 |

Hp.

\text{Bari. Sax.}

\text{mp}

He's got my National Insurance card, you see.
And since I walked out I can't very well
go back and ask him for it.
You're in a position to get me a new one.
Could you do that for me? Could you?

\text{Off stage}

\text{spoken}

\text{Norman}

\text{pp}

\text{Bari. Sax.}
Norman

spoken - as before

I'm sorry to be a nuisance, but I really do need that National Insurance card, and you did promise me. Without my National Insurance card, I can't sign on to register for work, I can't claim unemployment benefits, I can't get another job. My money has almost run out, and I'm getting desperate.
spoken - as before

I'm not well. I can't model any more, I sweat too much.
All this stress, not having a job, not having any money, or anywhere to live.
I've got to get that Insurance card back.
You were my employer. You were my lover.
I can't afford to make up the arrears, it's hundreds of pounds.
Please just pay the stamps and give me the card.
That's the least you owe me.
The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 75

Meno mosso
\( \rightarrow \)
Bari. Sax.

\( \rightarrow \)
Bari. Sax.

Stringendo... al....

Bari. Sax.
Look, Mr Steel, I haven’t got a vendetta against Mr Thorpe.
All I want is my card back. In fact, I still love him. Despite the way he’s treated me.
I can prove everything I say. I have the letters...
May 1962 - North Devon
The garden of a local doctor.

SCENE 2a

MRS TISH enters to centre stage.
She has blood all round her mouth,
and chicken feathers on her coat.
A tempo
\( \text{\( j = 84c \)} \)

Mrs Tish
\( \text{\( \text{\( f \)} \)} \)
Me naughty girl
Me

Hp.

A tempo
\( \text{\( j = 84c \)} \)

Alto Sax.
\( \text{\( ff \)} \)
\( \text{\( mp \)} \)

Ten. Sax.
\( \text{\( mp \)} \)

Bari. Sax.
\( \text{\( mp \)} \)

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Mrs Tish:  
Hp.:  
Alto Sax.:  
Ten. Sax.:  
Bari. Sax.:  

Don't know what came over me. 

Hmm,
Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

not true. Know just what came over me. Blood lust;

Dog lust. Un-tolddog-ty gen-er-a-tions cal-ling

Dog lust. Un-tolddog-ty gen-er-a-tions cal-ling
in the blood running in the veins, down the ages. Me was

wolf once, though you might not thinking at me.
Mrs Tish

Chic-kens.

Hep.

Chic-kens food.

Chic-kens.

Once you start, can’t stop.

Stupid.

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 82
You say you keep them for later 'cos you never know when next meal come...

But me know when next meal come,
The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 84

Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

from Nor-ma-dog.

Nor-ma

69

74

dog feed me before him

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 84
Mrs Tish
Hp.
Alto Sax.
Ten. Sax.
Bari. Sax.

self.
No, the blood bubbles in the brain.

ff

and in the nose and the smell of it drive you mad.
Mrs Tish

The chic-ken blood mix with you blood,

Hp.

and all blood cries for more blood, more

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
Mrs Tish

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 88

Chic-kens taste scrum - my.
Nyum, nyum, nyum, nyum.

Licks round her chops

Blood.... Scrum-my.
Shame it was the doctor's chickens.

We go out together,

Moderato e delicato

SCENE 2b

We go out together,

Moderato e delicato
Mrs Tish: Nor-ma-dog and me. It's called a 'lec - tion, cos they

Hp.: 'lec some one, which means choose and send them Lon-don, Nor-ma-dog give

Mrs Tish: peo ple pap-er how mar-vel-ous Jem-my-dog is,

Hp.: and they must send hm Lon-don a - gain;

Nor-ma-dog give
Mrs Tish: he go all round farms. Lots wal-kies, lots fesh air.

Hp.: He work stab-les.

Mrs Tish: love-ly. He work stab-les too, love-ly smell, hor-ses, lots rats to chase too.
Mrs Tish

Make chic-kens fly a-round,

Hp.

Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh.

Hp.

me laugh so much.

Hp.

Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh.

Hp.

a piacere

ATTACCA
SCENE 2c

Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Agitato

\( \text{\textit{q}} = 66 \text{c} \)

\( \text{\textit{p}} \) agitato

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 93
Mrs Tish

Nor-ma - dog sad_ 'cos he ask for pap - ers_

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

---

Mrs Tish

_and Jem-my - dog___don't send pap ers._

We

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 95

Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

sit in of-fi-ces long time noth-ing hap-pen and it ve-ry

bor-ing.

And Nor-ma-dog have no
Mrs Tish

He go-ing crazy.
He go to doc-tor for pills...

Hp.

Lo

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
ra-ze-pam calm him down. Tu- al make him sleep, he take lots and drink too,
Mrs Tish

know where he is. He go see Doctor, live in

Country with nice big garden to pee and poo in, and he keep chickens down the
Mrs Tish

bot - tom, He have long chat with doc - tor, 

Hp.

Tell him all a - bout

Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 99
The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 100

Mrs Tish

Jem- my- dog.

and pay no

and pay no
Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

mind to me. Me go sniff round garden.

Me very hungry and smell chickens at.

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 101
And there is space in fence under the wire, and chickens.

Mrs Tish

Horn

Alto Sax

Tenor Sax

Baritone Sax

(conspirare)
Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

go cluck noise and look so fat and stupid.

And they so

slow,

And before me know me dig, dig, scratch under fence

p.d.l.t.

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 103
Mrs Tish

then me in-side and have mouth round neck of nice fat chic - ken,

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Mrs Tish

and me shake and shake till neck go'snap!,'
and blood down throat, and it is so exciting.

and wonderful and marvelous.
Mrs Tish

Hep.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 106

and me happy like in dream.

And
Mrs Tish

red ev'ry-where, me see red,_________ and me chase,_________ me

Hp.

Alto Sax.

bite and snap, and____ drink blood, like me drunk.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
Mrs Tish

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

And Nor

Mrs Tish

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 108

- ma-dog come run-ning and pull me out of coop, and then me see no
Mrs Tish

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Mrs Tish

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 109

chic-kens, on-ly bod-ies. Fea-thers ev’ry-where. Nor-ma-dog so

an-gry.

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 109
Mrs Tish

He beat me, he never done that,

Hp.

With

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
Mrs Tish

HP.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

tears in his eyes.


Mrs Tish

HP.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
Why can't me have Tu-i-nal, same as him? He ar-gue with

Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Doctor, who shout at him. Doc-ter don't like dogs, he on-ly
Mrs Tish

160

 Hp.

 Alto Sax.

 Ten. Sax.

 Bari. Sax.

164

 Mrs Tish

 Hp.

 Alto Sax.

 Ten. Sax.

 Bari. Sax.
Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

'I insist', and take him needle.

Allegretto

Hp.

Allegretto

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
Here come Nor-ma-dog now, with doc-tor.

He got nee-dle for me.

Me have tu-inal,

\[\text{Mrs Tish\hspace{1cm}Hp.\hspace{1cm}Alto Sax.\hspace{1cm}Ten. Sax.\hspace{1cm}Bari. Sax.}\]
Mrs Tish

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

may be. Goo - dy, goo - dy.

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 116
MRS TISH lies down.
The DOCTOR enters joining NORMAN.

Mrs Tish

Me calm now.

Hp.

Me tired, very tired.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
If you could just hold her, she'll stay still for you.

I can get a magistrate's order, you know. Then she'll be put down among strangers,
No..., please....

in an unknown place. She trusts you. She won't know what's going on.

 Phenobarbital is very quick. She won't feel anything. It's best this way.
Here come my Nor - ma -

I feel safe in his arms.
I love you too, Normal.

I love you, Misses Tish.

He stroke me so nice.

She stiffens slightly as the need goes in.

There, there.

p.d.l.t.

There, there.

niente

niente

niente
Mrs Tish: Sleep. pp

Norman: Go to sleep now, go to sleep. pp

Humans: That's it. All over.

DOCTOR: That's it. All over.

End of Part One

MRS TISH dies.

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 122
Interlude 2
(Passage of time: 1962-78)

The following conversation should be spoken over the music of Interlude 2 (bar 4 onwards); it may be pre-recorded.
Projections of newspaper headlines 1962 – 79, focus on the Jeremy Thorpe trial.

THORPE: There is no other solution.
BESSELL: We can’t just sit and calmly discuss murder in the House of Commons.

THORPE: There is no other solution. What if Scott sells his story? I’ll be ruined. He would have to be shot. Peter, it’s no worse than shooting a sick dog.

[The Daily Mirror front page quoting that line flashes up]

BESSELL: It’s a bloody sight worse. Scott may be a shit, but he’s a human being.

THORPE: In New York, I believe they drop them in the river.

BESSELL: American rivers are deeper.

THORPE: I read somewhere in America they disposed of a body by covering it in fast-setting concrete.

BESSELL: If you read about it, they must have discovered it.

THORPE: [Dejected] Oh. [Brightens] I know! A tin mine! That’s the answer. Take Scott to a pub, get him drunk, put him in a car, take him out on Bodmin Moor, and kill him.

BESSELL: How?

THORPE: It’s quite easy to break someone’s neck.

HOLMES: But what if I only choke him? What if he comes back alive?

THORPE: You’re right, David. In that case you’ll have to shoot him. Go through his pockets to remove any ID, drag him across the moor and tip him –

BESSELL: He’s quite a large man. And there’s bound to be a trail of blood.

THORPE: You’ll have to mind the shit too. When you shoot someone they shit themselves, apparently. You don’t want to smell of –

BESSELL: It’ll have to be poison.

HOLMES: Won’t it look rather odd if he falls off his bar stool stone dead?

BESSELL: Just apologise to the landlord and ask him where’s the nearest mine shaft?

THORPE: It’ll have to be a slow working poison. Just do your research, David. Then find the man to do it.
Interlude 2
(Passage of time: 1962-78)

(Spoken conversation starts here)
24th October 1975.
The Bar of the Castle Hotel, Porlock.
Norman is drinking nervously at the bar (elevated), a wet umbrella open at his feet.
Rinka is at floor level, pacing around and surveying the clientele with an air of disdain.
Outside it is raining.

PART TWO

SCENE 1

Valse vivo
\( \dot{\lambda} = 54c \ (\lambda = 160) \)
What a lot of common people!
I expected better from the Castle Hotel, Porlock. Its name holds far more promise than its clientele.
Look at them. I doubt one of them has had a

She sniffs.

The Dog It Was That Died
bath all week.

Nor-man has a drink.     I wish I had a drink.
They never think of dogs in these places.

His pills aren't helping.
75
Rinka

He is waiting for a man.

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

The man is late.

He

Rinka

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 133
Rinka has no patience. I have a lot of patience.

Accelerando un poco

Rinka

Accelerando un poco

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
I wish Princess Eleanor was here.

She belongs to Norman's friend, so she's my friend.
I call her 'My Princess'.

- Oth-erdogs

whis-per that we're les-bi-ans,

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 136
but do not dare to say it to our faces, because we're Great
The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 138

Rinka

Norman

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

you'll get us thown out.

Sh, Rin-ka, Hah! Hah! Parlando

pp

pp

pp

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 138
The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 139

Rinka

Norman

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

I love rain.

I love to
The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 140

147
Rinka

\( \text{run over the moors with the wet grass under my} \)

Hp.

\( \text{paws,} \)

151
Rinka

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
And the

rain hitting my nose.

Rain tastes ever so
The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 142

Rinka

\[\text{sweet.} \quad \text{Beter than tap wa-} \text{ter.}\]

Hp.

\[\text{NORMAN prepares to leave picking up his umbrella.} \quad \text{May-be we will go for a walk.}\]

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

\[\text{The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 142}\]
Norman clicks his fingers and nods (sideways) for Rinka to follow.

Excitedly, she follows him out.
SCENE 2

Outside - it is raining more heavily.
The bed changes to a car's back seat.

Poco maestoso
\( \dot{= \frac{60}{4}} \) (\( \dot{= \frac{120}{4}} \))

Rinka

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

\( \text{thin tone no vibrato} \)

\( \text{thin tone no vibrato} \)

\( \text{thin tone no vibrato} \)

\( \text{thin tone no vibrato} \)
There is a car with lights on,

RINKA enters excitedly.

NORMAN follows, subdued by the rain.

Let's see.

NORMAN goes to the car.

RINKA hangs around, eager.
(through the driver’s window)

Norman

What sort of time is this? I’ve been waiting an hour.

Newton

Is that your brute?

Hp.

Off stage - spoken (as if inside the car) rough
Rinka

Brute? I am the finest pedigree.

Hp.

Tempo 1

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Tempo 1

(Sneering)

Grrr. I do not like this common little

Rinka

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
He smells of fear and treachery.

She grew too big for my friends.
So now she's pret-ty much mine. Is n't she beau-ti- ful.
Well put her somewhere. I can't stand dogs.

We go for a drive?

I'm not going anywhere without her.
Rinka

We go on the Moors?

Newton

But she's the size of a blood-y

Hp.

Philistine. I am exactly the right size for a Great Dane.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Rinka

Donkey.

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
You have no appreciation of beauty.

Thank you.

Rinka is Japanese. It means submissive. She's very well trained.
And so are you.

All right. Get in the car. Put her on the back seat. She'd bet-ter not ru-in my up hols-tery.
Allegro giovale

\( \text{\( \frac{j}{2} = 84c \ (q = 168) \)} \)

Call this up-hol-ster-

Allegro giovale

\( \text{\( \frac{j}{2} = 84c \ (q = 168) \)} \)

I’ve seen bet-ter cloth on

\( \text{\( \frac{j}{2} \)} \)

\( \text{\( \frac{j}{2} \)} \) bravura
This car is ten years old at least. I can barely turn round.

\[ \text{Attacca} \]
**SCENE 3**

Rinka

Lento

\( \text{A cortina, I ask you!} \)

I need a Jaguar.

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Rinka settles on the back seat

That's at least.

She doesn't mind.

She's soaking wet!

I'm not thinking of her.

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
(The car moves off)

Rinka

better, Now I'm com-fy, I can't see

Hp.


Alto Sax.


Ten. Sax.


Bari. Sax.


Colla voce

Rinka

an-y thing out of the wind dow in this rain.

Norman

Of course not. She's a

Newton

Are they ag gres-sive, Great Danes?

Hp.

Colla voce

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
Sop- py? I don't think so. But I do what I am told.

sop-py old thing.

Any-thing for a qui- et life.

But do they at-tack some-times?

A tempo
(q = 54)
Ped-i-grees can be tem-pera-men-tal, it's the in-breeding.

Rinka Hp.
Alto Sax.
Ten. Sax.
Bari. Sax.

The very i-

22

Tem-pera-men-tal? The ver-y i-

24

I am re-nowned for my e - ven tem - per. Chil-dren

(poco port.)
love me. I carry them on my back.

I mean, if some-one was to threat-en you,

Threat-en Nor-man? Who’s threat-ening Nor-man? They’d bet-ter not.

what would she do?
I do not trust this man at all.

There's the man from Canada after you.
What man from Can-a-da?

Try ing to mur-der you.

This is pre-pos-ter-ous. How can you be-lieve this tosh?_

Poco a poco agitato

This is pre-pos-ter-ous. How can you be-lieve this tosh?

Poco a poco agitato
And you were beat up by those thugs. Was Rinka with you then?

But I saw him after and licked his poor bruised face, over and over.
I'm tired, I'm worn out.

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 164
Let me drive then...

I've been on the go all day. This rain is killing me.

Nor-man, you can't drive.

I've driven trac-tors. I'll get out.

I'll stop here.

To RINKA
You slide over.

No, don't get out. You'll be soaked.

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 166
NORMAN gets out of the passenger seat.
(NEWTON gets out of the car too.)

RINKA follows
(They are all outside.)
What a relief to stretch my legs. That miserable little car is...
gorse, smell like coconut. The heather's past its best.

Oh God,

now she'll want to go for a walk. Come here, Rin-ka.

No, Norman, you come with me. You'll love it really.
Don't be so childish I'm not a silly thing.

Who's a silly thing? Who's a silly thing?

I hate it when you talk like that. So pat-roni-sing.
Rinka

Come on girl, come on. mwa, mwa. Get back in the car.

Norman

(faux kisses)

Hp.

He's trying to get her back in the car.

we'll all get soaked.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
There is a click of a gun. 
RINKA hears it, cocks up her ear. 
Looks at NEWTON

It's you. You're the man from Canada.

Rinka, come on. Yes, my darling.

Gun click

RINKA turns and runs away.

There is a shot. 
RINKA falls (dead).

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 172
You've shot my dog.

Newton  

Yes, and you're next.

Gun clicks (Gun won't fire.)

Shit, shit!

A car door slams.

The car drives off, the sound fades into the distance. NORMAN walks into the light, takes RINKA and cradles her in his arms. The light fades.... They leave.

Why doesn't anything ever fucking work?
Why does everything go wrong.
Always.
Norman enters, carrying a simple chair. He sits, centre stage, contemplative.

I always knew it was wrong but Jeremy in-

light gliss.
fec-ted me with ho-mo-sex-u-al-ity
and now I pay the price.
No, not
and now I pay the price.
Norman

me, my dogs.

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

I have been the sinner, but they have paid the price.

Norman

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
All the human lust and greed, all the selfishness and need-

ness stamped for pleasure and for gain, for power and fame, and
ne ver mind who bleeds.  
I have ne ver met a man I liked

Not real-ly.  
Men ex-ploit you and they use you, let you

Men ex-ploit you and they use you, let you
down, abuse you.

Promise you the

earth, take every thing you're worth.

Tell you
lies, give you pain,

Make a vow, then lie again.

Men are lower than the
The dog it was that died-

Norman
Alto Sax.
Ten. Sax.
Bari. Sax.

beasts. And if you fall for them then you become a beast as

If you fall for them then you become a beast as

The ghosts of MRS TISH & TINKA appear upstage.

Norman
Alto Sax.
Ten. Sax.
Bari. Sax.

well. All the love I've ever known is dogs, horses and dogs. Dogs give love with

The ghosts of MRS TISH & TINKA appear upstage.

Norman
Alto Sax.
Ten. Sax.
Bari. Sax.

Dogs give love with

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 181
Norman

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Mrs. Tish

Rinka

We loved you so, you were our world.

We loved you so, You were our world.

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 182
Hor-ses bear you with de-votion, 
Ask for noth-ing, 
A soft

word, a calm-ing hand, a bag of oats, 
a lit-tle wa-ter, and some
We loved you so,
you were our kindness.

We loved you so,
you were our world.

The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 184
Will there be dogs in Heaven?

Do animals have souls?

If there are no dogs in Heaven, I don't want to
The Dog It Was That Died

Allegro moderato

Mrs. Tish

Alto Sax.

We have love,

Rinka

Ten. Sax.

We have love,

Norman

Hp.

Allegro moderato

Alto Sax.

We have trust,

Ten. Sax.

Is that not enough?

Bari. Sax.

We have trust,

Is that not enough?

Hp.

Alto Sax.

fp

Ten. Sax.

fp

Bari. Sax.

fp
We will be with you through all your life.
No more people. No more men. I will be strong enough to be alone with my horses, with my dogs, with my seventy hens, a parrot, a canary.
Mrs. Tish

Rinka

Norman

No, no. No, cat-sss.

No, no. No, no. No, cat-sss.

And a cat.

— bisbig.

— hard gliss.

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Yes a cat, cos an-i-mals are good as men are bad.

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
Norman
Alto Sax.
Ten. Sax.
Bari. Sax.

I have been treated...

as an animal, and cast aside while all I love...
The Dog It Was That Died - Page - 191

Norman

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Mrs. Tish

Rinka

Norman

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

We died for you.

No more the
move to either side of NORMAN and hold his hands. (Standing proud)

Mrs. Tish

Rinka

Norman

itch of the body.

I would rather have your

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Love.

than any touch of man.

Mrs. Tish

Rinka

Norman

Hp.

Alto Sax.

Ten. Sax.

Bari. Sax.
We are love.

The animals will teach us,

The dogs will be our guiding star.
Mrs. Tish Rinka Norman

with you Through all your life.

with you Through all your life.

We can be like animals;

You can be better than you are.

You can be better than you are.

We can be better than we are.

Più lento

LIGHTS FADE TO NOTHING