Bruce Adolphe

Tough Turkey in the Big City

for Narrator, Bass Trombone & Chamber Ensemble

(2001)

Score

Duration ca. 30'

The Learning Maestros

Tools for creative thinking

EXCLUSIVELY DISTRIBUTED BY KEISER CLASSICAL
I'd like to tell you a story.
A story using music.

* Score in C.

Copyright 2000 by PollyRhythm Productions
All Rights Reserved.
Our story begins on a farm owned by Farmer and Ms. Brown.
On this farm lived Dudley Duck...

Waddling, but Swinging
(Wa-wa mute a la canard)

Same Tempo, but Cockadoodle Sure

They were the best of friends.
And then there was Tom Turkey.
Dudley and Rudy and Gilda were happy on the farm. They didn't think much about the rest of the world.

But Tom was different. He dreamed about what lay beyond the garden gates. He didn't want to stay on the farm forever.
"I think I'd like to see a bit more of the world before I get too old," Tom told Gilda Gosling.

"Not me," Gilda honked, ruffling her feathers. "I'm happy right here."

Now, some people think that Tom left the farm because of Thanksgiving. After all, for a turkey, life on a farm was always a little unsettling, especially around late November. But Farmer and Ms. Brown liked Tom, and they would never have eaten him.
Vln.

As Before

B. Tbn.

\[ mf \]

\[ mp \]

\[ 45 \]

- 7 -
The thing that made Tom decide that it was time to leave was a conversation he overheard between Farmer Brown and the farmer in the dell.

"I love it here in the country," Farmer Brown said. "I gotta tell you -- the big city is for the birds."
"Hmmm," Tom thought. "For the birds? That means me! If the big city is for the birds, I'm going to go there and... see what's what and who's who!"

After he made up his mind to go to the big city, the first thing Tom did was pay a visit to Dudley Duck.
“Dudley,” Tom said, “Farmer Brown says that the big city is for the birds. Well, I'm a bird. You're a bird. I think we should go to the big city and see what's what and who's who!”
“What's what and who's who?” Dudley squeaked. “Are you quackers? It's dangerous in the big city! Don't you watch TV?” “TV is make believe,” Tom said stubbornly. “For the most part, any way.”

Dudley thought for a while. Ducks are slow thinkers. “Tom, you're a good friend,” said Dudley. “But I'm not going anywhere.” Next, Tom went to Rudy Rooster.
“Rudy,” Tom said, "Farmer Brown says that the big city is for the birds. Well, I'm a bird. You're a bird. I think we should go to the big city and...
Rudy screeched. "Are you a cockadoodle-doofus? It's dangerous in the big city! Don't you go to the movies?"

"Movies are make-believe," Tom said stubbornly. "For the most part, anyway."

Rudy thought a little. Roosters don't think too much about anything. "Tom, you're a good friend," said Rudy. "But I'm staying right here." Finally, Tom went to Gilda Gosling.
“Gilda,” said Tom, “Farmer Brown says that the big city is for the birds. Well, I'm a bird. You're a bird. I think we should go to the big city and see what's what and who's who!”

Gilda honked. “Don’t be a goose! It’s dangerous in the big city! Don’t you read the newspapers?”

“Newspapers are make-believe,” Tom said stubbornly.

Gilda didn't need to think at all. (LOOKS AT CLARINETIST, WHO SHRUGS.)

“Tom, you're my best friend on the farm,” said Gilda.

“But I'm staying right here,” “Okay!” said Tom. “I’ll go by myself.”
Tom Turkey set out for the big city early on a Monday morning.
Dudley, Rudy, and Gilda walked with him to the gate.
"Stick to the main road," Dudley Duck told him. "And don't lose your way."

"Keep out of any fights," Rudy Rooster advised. "And don't lose any feathers."

"Be careful," said Gilda Gosling. "And don't lose your heart!"

And then, Tom was on his way.
He strutted along the road, singing a song he had made up just for the occasion. "Gobble, gobble, oh gobble," he sang. He had never made up a song before, so he kept it simple.
He walked and walked. As he walked down the road, a car passed him.

The car slowed down and stopped.

"Where are you headed, my handsome friend?" a voice said from inside the car.

But Tom knew never to talk to strangers. Especially strangers that wore tall white hats and big white aprons.

He stuck to the main road, and kept walking.
The sun rose.

The sun set.

Tom walked some more.

Finally, the shapes of skyscrapers began to fill the sky.

"That must be the big city!" Tom thought. And it was.
Perusal
The big city wasn’t anything like the farm. There were millions of cars and buses and trucks, tooting their horns and rushing from here to there. There were millions of people, spending their money and rushing from there to here. There were skyscrapers above and subways below. Tom thought it was grand.
For the most part, any way.

Tom was hungry.

"Turkey! That's me!" he said. So he went in.

The man behind the counter wore a tall white hat and a big white apron. He looked familiar...

"Yeah, we serve turkey," said the man. Turkey sandwiches, turkey burgers, turkey hash, roast turkey with all the trimmings.

He saw a sign that said "We Serve Turkey." Slowly, eerily, sul pont. Freely (menacingly)
"Never mind," Tom said. "I'm a vegetarian."

Tom left the restaurant in a hurry. He soon found himself wandering aimlessly in the streets of the big city.

Tom first laid eyes on her on Broadway.
She was one cute chick.

Her name was Midge Pigeon.

And Tom fell for her. Hard.
He followed her into the public library.

She was no birdbrain.
"This won't be a fly-by-night romance," he told her.
"Oh, please," she said. "You're all birds of a feather.
Now be a good egg and fly away home."
But Tom wouldn't take no for an answer.

Finally, she gave in. "Meet me at the Turkey Club," she said.
"Tonight at eight." A club for Turkeys?
This city was for the birds, all right!

That night, Tom went to The Turkey Club.
It was a downtown dive, full of jailbirds and eggheads.
And there she was.

She was even more beautiful than Tom remembered.

Dreamily, sexy, steamy con rubato, too

Tom looked at Midge.

(After cymb.) And there she was.

Tom looked at Midge.

She was even more beautiful than Tom remembered.
Midge looked at Tom. This could be the start of something big.

Swaying, Latin feel, Steamy

Swaying, Latin feel, Steamy

Swaying, Latin feel, Steamy

love-struck, hinting at tango

love-struck, hinting at tango

Let ring
A Bit Slower

250

Bb Cl.

Vln.

B. Tbn.

Perc.

Pho.
"Marry me, Midge," Tom said.
"It'll never work," Midge sighed. "I'm a Park Avenue pigeon. Your feathers are full of hayseed."

"Come on -- say yes," Tom begged. "We can wing it."

Suddenly, someone else was standing beside Midge.

"Is this cluck bothering you, sweetbeak?"
He was a hawk. He had slick feathers, curved talons, and beady eyes.

Tom tried to tell Midge she was making a mistake. But before he could say a word, the hawk was on him like a robin on her eggs.
triumphantly!
defeated, wiped out
Tom got the stuffing kicked out of him. He lost a few feathers, too. "That'll show you what's what and who's who!"

the hawk sneered.

Tom left the Turkey Club.

He was alone.
There were too many men in tall white hats and big white aprons roaming around.

Tom felt like... a turkey. "Maybe the big city is for the birds," he thought. "But not this bird. I'm going home."
That night, Tom slept in the park.

(Speak after rolled piano chord.)
He woke up the next morning to the sound of a marching band.

It was a parade!

Tom loved parades.
So he marched right along with it.
Tom passed lots of bands playing
their clarinets, trumpets, and bass trombones.

He passed giant balloons.
He even passed a giant sleigh, pulled by eight horses with antlers, driven by a man in a
white beard and red suit.
Tom kept marching along. He passed...
Oh no! His goose was cooked! It was a giant turkey!
Tom had heard about this parade.

It was to celebrate... Thanksgiving!

Wildly, frantic!

"Let me outa here!" yelped Tom, running as fast as he could.
He passed the giant turkey, and kept on going.

panting, out of breath...

He passed the mayor in his big limousine.

He was at the head of the parade.

ritardando triumphante turkeyssimo

People started pointing, and then cheering. Tom slowed down. They liked him! They really liked him!
Tom thought, "I guess I'm what's what and who's who!"
That night, he stayed in the mayor's mansion.
The next day, his picture was in all the papers.
(in rhythm with narration)

For the most part, any-way.

Warmly, expansively

Now, you might think that Tom lived happily in the city for the rest of his life,
and that this is the end of the story. But it's not.

Tom still wanted to go home.

The big city had treated him like a hero... but it had also broken his heart.
Tom set out for the farm on a Monday morning, but this time, he traveled in style. He rode in the mayor's limousine. He ate birdseed and drank protein shakes.

When he came strutting into the barnyard, Dudley, Rudy and Gilda were all there to greet him.
Dud-ley squeaked "So, what was what and who's who?" Ru-dy screeched "We saw your pic-ture in the pa-per!"

Gil-da honked "Was the big ci-ty for the birds?" "Yup," said Tom. "It sure was."

"But a turkey's place is on a farm. I like the peace and quiet."

I'm here to stay."

As the years went by,
Tom often thought of the city. He wondered what had become of Midge. He even dreamed of going back some day.

But he never did.

When Tom was a tough, stringy old bird, he liked to sit around the barnyard and tell all the chicks the story of his adventures in the big city.
Of course, they didn’t believe him.

But everything in this story happened just the way I’ve told you.
For the most part, any-way.