THE TROMBONE LESSON
SCORE

Book/Music/Lyrics
Erin Reifler
A Warm-Up

TEACHER: Long tones. Starting on upper B♭.
Deep breath in and a...

[Turn on Metronome \( \textbf{q} = 72 \)]

Normal Warm-Up

Music & Lyrics by
Erin Reifler

TEACHER: Now, middle F.
And a...

[ MUSIC & LYRICS ]
Music is your vegetables. Some Beethoven with your Bach?

Mozart should eat at your table. If we're going to turn back the clock. No

need for any scandal as Strauss and Shostakovich are

TEACHER: Lower B♭.
And...

more than one should Handel... A hem! Keep your pitch!

All of these wonderful men we mustn't forget THEE Liszt!
Gather more food for Chopin for no one shall be missed! It is my goal you know to ensure you'll be properly taught as I could exclaim in forte forte forte forte! Music's more than food for thought!

TEACHER: Good, good. Your tone is getting stronger. Now time for the classics. Beginning with a little Bach fugue, perhaps? Ear training. Listen, wait, repeat. Got it?

(STUDENT nods but does not speak.)

TEACHER: Good. Starting on a D please?

(STUDENT gives the teacher their starting pitch)

TEACHER: Thank you.

SEGUE TO "Feud in D minor"
Here's a simple subject to repeat.

TEACHER: No, no, no!
Wait. Listen. Repeat.

You've got to keep a steady beat. Don't wander. Don't be confused. Stay right with me!

(TEACHER gives sharp look to student)

TEACHER: Together.

Music & Lyrics by Erin Reifler

Feud No. 2
in D minor
You get lost so fast in fugues before you ever No! You'll get lost!

All I want is to help you

see there is a lot that you don't know. Why fight me?

I know best. You are young Just learn to

keep a steady beat. a steady beat. A steady beat!
TEACHER: You’re just cheating yourself.
    I know what’s best for you.
    And know I only insist for you.

    I insist on perfection
    Insist on my direction
    Insist on the past
    Insist on what has last
    Insist that my word is last
    Insist insist insist insist insist insist
    Incensed
    You’re incensed about rules
    Incensed about old schools
    Of thought.
    But that is what I was taught.
    I was taught to teach you a lesson
    A lesson of lessening young indiscretion
    This is not one of your jam sessions
    This is where you do it right
    Cause right now you’ve decided to not have a voice
    So now’s the time to make your choice: fight or flight.

    (STUDENT exits with their instrument.
    They leave the open instrument case behind.)

That dog’s bark is as weak as her bite.
But I know I taught what was right for her to learn.

    (Door closes behind student)

I teach to impart my wisdom
Without accompaniment my words can’t lack rhythm
I set my own tempo, my own pace
What works is working within a system in my own space.
I’ve always gotten to write the melody
My voice speaks for those who are free
Just let my comfortable space be.

    (long pause)

But silence is a force that confines me
Finds me.
Blinds me.
Binds me.
Silence speaking louder than a symphony
Even I can’t help but notice the irony.
Silence!

Just violence.
Growing in defiance

(Long pause)

An empty room is louder than it sounds...
There’s more space than I realized around.

(Long pause)

None of this was ever scored....
Easily filled with a chord...

(STUDENT onstage begins to play long tones slowly and quietly.)

Finally.
A note.
Maybe next melody?

(STUDENT starts playing a melody onstage.)

Noise is at least an improvement
Now, where’s the next student?

(STUDENT finishes playing their song. TEACHER listens.)
Freely play as though testing notes on the instrument.

Broken. Out of time.

A tempo (Andante)

Noise is at least an improvement.

Swing \( (q=120) \)

molto rall.

TEACHER: Easily filled with a chord.

TEACHER: Maybe next a melody?

TEACHER: Noise is at least an improvement.

TEACHER: Now, where's the next student?