

Piano-Vocal

10. Three Figs

LUCIEN:

This fig is low. I'll name him Fig - a - ro.

*(AMÉLIE is now trying to get up the courage to ask COLLIGNON a question, but this is made more difficult by the continued playful dreaming of LUCIEN:)*

I don't know why peo-ple hate you so. E-ven Je-sus ate you, so big and jui - cy.

You're my best friends this side of the Seine! Three figs and Lu - ci - en!

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COLLIGNON. Stop playing with the food, idiot!

Three figs and Lu - ci - en!

*f* *mf*

42 43 44 45

COLLIGNON. (to AMÉLIE) Yes?

AMÉLIE. I live in your old apartment, 2B?

LUCIEN:

Three

46 47 48 49

AMÉLIE. Would you know who lived there before you?

COLLIGNON. Well, you got me there, dear. Ask my parents. (*scribbles an address*)

Get moving, spaz! We haven't got all day. (*to AMÉLIE as he hands her the paper*)

You have to change trains.

2X

(1st x only)

figs!

*mp*

50 51 52 53