

for Abbie
Street Scene for the Last Mad Soprano
 (for performance artist and quadraphonic tape)

William Osborne (1997)

1 (reh. CD cue) *A spot rises on the "Mad Soprano" standing profile, center stage, her arms and gaze raised upward at 80 degrees.*

2 *She lowers her arms (pos. 1)**, turns to public (pos. 2), makes one step forward and bows (pos. 3).* *She takes her trombone and plays in the spot center stage, facing the front.* **Quietly majestic** *Then facing left:*

3 *(rhythmic alignment approximated in this section)* **mp** *mp*

4 *middle:* **mp**

5 *She places the trombone on its stand and seats herself on the bench.* *She rummages in her bag for her score.* **mf**

Low drone High drone Wind Low drone Sirens Whales (Pos. 1) (Pos. 2) (Pos. 3) Harp Long siren Traffic Ossilando speeds up

*White diamond notes are of indefinite duration. **Pos. 1: Elbows bent at approx. 45 degrees, hands shoulder height. Pos. 2: Arms lowered but with elbows slightly bent, open palms facing public, face calm, innocent and joyful. Pos. 3: One step forward, as arms open wider from sides in graceful greeting to public.

Friendly, gregarious, energetic, but a little worried, she addresses her imagined public.*

Energetic and rhythmic

She finds it sitting to her right and picks it up.

6

To - mor - row is my au - di - tion! What will I sing for
mf (always slightly accent the downbeats to lend the text metricity)

Confidentially, whispered like a secret:

She rummages in her bag for a pencil.

them. I won - der what they'll do? I lied a - bout my age!
mf mp

Troubled:

She flits the pages of her score.

7

I feel un - pre - pared!
mf

Ditto.

Ditto.

She holds the score up with weary annoyance and lowers it in line with the music,

then tosses it down.

8

Sirens Harp

*Reminder: Act like the words are your genuine concerns.

With a heavy irony, *she takes a scarf from her bag,* *and shakes it out.*

What am I go - ing to wear? Ar - mor? Or shack les? My scarf? There's

mf *mf* *mf*

Tossing away her concerns, *and tossing her scarf over her neck,* *she waxes optimistic:* 9 *She takes the score and sings from "Lucia" in a highly stylized manner:*

noth - ing to be done. I'll just give it my best. Cast on my

mf

Cluck.

grave a flow - er, But let there be no weep - - - ing, When 'neath the turf I'm sleep -

She dissovles out of the aria, 10 *and tosses the score down.*

ing. Let not an eye, not an eye grow

dim.

Glockenspiel

In a nervous tick, she tightens the scarf around her neck, bunching about one third of it up into her hands. *She bunches another third of the scarf.*

How am I going to sing to - mor - row? I'm horse! No voice!

mf *mf* *mf*

Harp

She bunches the final third. *She rises and walks downstage center as close to the public as possible. Complete crossfade to only her upper body.*

I'm lost!

mf

Glockenspiel

She enjoys gossiping about "Betty" and addresses specific members of the public with intimate, whispered knowledge. *She addresses another member of the public.*

11 12 *She bunches another third of her scarf.*

Soon I'll be just like Bet - ty. She lives in the box down the street.

p *p*

Harp

To another member. *She bunches the final third of her scarf.* *She throw her hands up, suddenly worried, the scarf falls loose.* *She grasps her throat.* *With a touch of exuberance:*

She won't sing a note, noth - ing at all. Me too! I should save my voice! But I need to pre - pare.

mf *f* *f*

The light completely crossfades to the center stage spot as she takes about three steps backwards to it and transforms into her opera character.

As if on the stage of the Met.

portando la voce

For mid the fields of a - a - - - zure I go to wait for

mf

tr him, ah *tr* yes, ah *tr* yes, ah *tr* yes, ah *tr* yes, ah

'Mid fields of a - zure I wait for him, ah yes, ah

tr yes, ah *tr* yes, I wait.

f

mf It's hope-less! This is just howl-ing.

Glockenspiel

Harp

14

Dissolving from her aria, she moves back downstage center to the public. Light completely crossfades.

Annoyed:

Somewhat despairing:

The tick with the scarf.

Tick.

They'll *mf* ne - ver list - en.

Glockenspiel

mf

mf

She glides backwards a couple steps, turns, releases the scarf, and walks the rest of the way to the bench, and seats herself.

15

With her hand close to her face, she addresses the public while delicately conducting the beat.

Her other hand at her throat, she bunches her scarf as if music has a strangle hold on her.

Conducts.

We are troubl - ed on ev - er - y side, yet not dis - tressed.

mp *mp*

Harp

Conducts.

16

She laughs operatically.

With a giddy confidence:

She takes her score.

Tick with the scarf.

We are per - plexed but not in dis - pair. To - mor - row is my spec - ial day!

mp *f* *mf*

She flits through the score.

With exuberance:

What am I going to sing? What will I do if I make the last round?

mf *mf* *f*

She tosses the score down and rummages vigorously in her bag.

Sw - - - - -

Sw - - - - -

17

She pulls a letter out of her bag and removes it from its envelope on the last note of the rummage music.

She holds the folded letter up, contemplating it with a certain wonderment.

She unfolds the letter,

and reads with great anticipation:

Dear ap - pli - cant,
mp

18

Troubled:

She tosses the letter down in frustration.

Time:

Four - thir - ty five.

Please use...the back en - trance.

I look and sound ri - dic - u - lous.

I

mp *mf*

She raises her hands to an imaginary opera public,

then higher to the balcony.

She sadly lowers them to her lap in line with the low glissando, but she brightens as she thinks of her aria.

19

have - n't got a chance.

There I'll stand.

All a-lone.

Just me.

mp

portando la voce

For mid the fields of a - zure

I go to wait for him, ah yes, ah yes, ah yes, ah yes,

mf *tr* *tr* *tr*

She dissolves from the aria.

Somewhat weary and distant, reflective:

She slowly turns 45 degrees to the right to face an opera light she imagines is shining down upon her.

She mimes singing an aria in the direction of the "light," right arm raised, mouthing words in time with the music. The actual spot on her becomes very bright as the melody ascends.

20

My grace is suf-fic-ient for thee: my strength is made per-fect in weak-ness.

mp *mp*

Bell-flute

As she finishes her fantasy, the light dims to its normal intensity in line with the falling figure.

Glockenspiel

22

Subdued:

She gestures to her clothing:

Suddenly taking heart:

Will I be pre-sent-a-ble?
mp (continue slightly accenting the down beats.)

These are on-ly rags.
p (subdued)

I'll sing it all for them. Ar-i-as and Lied-er.

mf

Harp

As she leaves her fantasy the lights dim.

She mimes singing as before, this time facing left with her left arm raised. The actual light gradually becomes very intense.

Glockenspiel

She appears to be thinking of something new.

She addresses her public:

23

May-be... maybe they'd like to hear some thing... some-thing o-rig-i-nal.

Harp

Glockenspiel

She takes a man's old, black, wing tip shoe from her bag,

and holds it before her, one hand at the toe, the other at the heel.

Whispered very confidentially:

She sings, relishing the gossip, but with hints of her own fear, anxiety and anger: Cantabile and lilting, but intimate and fearful

24

I could sing a-bout Bet-ty. *mp* It's a VERY pri-vate stor-y. *p* My old friend Bet-ty was re-pair-ing her daugh-ter's bike, *mp*

She lowers her head in a kind of shame and fear. when her hus-band start-ed bel-low ing. *mp*

She raises her head and resumes singing: He came out hold-ding some shoes that she was to have pol-ished. *mp*

She moves the heel and toe of the shoe up and down as if it were strutting to the music, and then lowers her head as before.

Electric guitar

Synth

25

She raises her head and resumes singing, becoming more serious, even fearful: He could - n't say what he want-ed be - cause I was there, so he re - peat - ed: *mp*

With an increasing tone of fear and anger: and held them high - er and more de-mand - ing - ly. *mp* *f*

"Do you see these?"

She contemplates the shoe darkly then sets it aside.

She goes completely downstage center to the audience. Complete crossfade to only her upper body.

26

She smiles, enigmatic, child-like. Almost stepping out of the drama, she sings the following phrases, each to a different individual in the public, in a warm, soft, lyrical voice.

Warm and gentle

Would to God *mp* you could bear with *mp*

Synth

Glock.

Pleading slightly: *Dark and mystical:*

me a lit - tle in my fol - ly and in - deed bear with me.

mp *mp* *mp*

She takes two gliding steps backwards, turns, goes to the bench, sits, takes her score and starts to study it. Complete crossfade to bench.

She lowers the score to her lap in dark contemplation...

27

...then resumes studying it.

28 *She tries the aria again:*

But *mf* let there be no weep - - - ing, When 'neath the turf I'm sleep ing.

29 *Frustrated, she slams the score shut,*

reopens it, frustratedly flits through the pages,

then contemplatively lowers it to her lap.

She sets the score aside, pauses a moment in thought,

then takes the shoe and holds it as before.

30

Bells Harp Bells Glock.

Sudden and surprised: (Don't relax intensity.)

He said: *mp* "My mother never treated me that way." Bet - ty said: *mp* "You don't need a mother anymore." And he hit her. *mf subito piu forte* That end - ed their ar - gu - ments. *mf*

Holding the shoe before her a little below her chin, she contemplates it in dark memory, .

He was much big - ger.

Glockenspiel Bell-flute

She sets the shoe aside, reflects a moment, then stands pantomiming holding a spear and shield as she walks to center stage. Complete crossfade to center spot.

31

Glockenspiel

32 She embodies Brunhilde:

wieder zögend sehr breit

Lang war mein Schlaf; Erwas weniger breit; ich bin er - wacht; wer ist der Held, der mich er - wecht? Sieg - fried

Harp

She dissolves out of the role,
and steps to the spot downstage
center--complete crossfade.

33

She intimately addresses individuals in the public:

ist es, der mich er wecht!

Why's it so ea - sy to sing? Why's it bub - ble right up, when you least ex - pect it?

mp

Without turning she glides back to the aria light center stage--complete crossfade. She gradually transforms herself to the character "Mimi."

34

Enchanted: *Andante lento*

Yes, I'm al - ways called Mi - mi, but my name is Lu - ci - a. My stor - y is a brief one. I earn my liv - ing by sow - ing and em - broid - er - ing. Work - ing gives me plea - sure, in lei - sure

mp

Glockenspiel Harp Glock Harp

espressivo

hours I make li - lies and ro - ses. That's how I'll get rich, I'll make it to a big house with a lit - tle prac - tice.

mp

35

She returns to a more prosaic mood, goes to the spot downstage center, and intimately speaks to the public as before.

hours I make li - lies and ro - ses. That's how I'll get rich, I'll make it to a big house with a lit - tle prac - tice.

rall.

Vocalise

She considers her predicament. The general area light slowly rises.

She turns, walks quickly toward the bench, stops, turns around.

36

Glockenspiel
Harp-glock.
Harp

She quickly walks back front center to address a specific member of the audience. During the interludes she paces left or right, quickly turning to address another member of the audience. The effect should be something like a mad professor.

Vivacious, rhythmic, and dance-like, but also pensive

37

Harp-glock.
Harp

I'm not say-ing we have a lot to sing,
mf

Glockenspiel

Harp
Xylophone

But I am say-ing what we do sing is not with-out its prob-lems.
mf

Harp
Glock.

The sing-ing be-ing less prob-lem than know-ing what to sing, for there are on-ly so man-y things to say,
mf

Emphatically spaced:

and that is all we can sing. *mf* But of course, I could NOT sing! And just sit here and be a si-lent, think-ing head. *mf*

Glock.

Glockenspiel

38

Xylophone

And then I sing and there I am a-gain, *mf*

Harp

sud-den-ly raised to breath and con-crete form, no end in sight, thun-der-ing a-long like some-thing real, some-thing vis-i-ble and sol-id. *mf*

Glock.

Whimsically:

Xylophone

Glockenspiel

And then I'm si-lent, and I fade a-way in-to the dark-ness. *mf*

39

Just like in a dream... as it were.

Xylophone

Glock.

Perplexed:

But then one might ask, if I'm not real

mf

Harp

As a matter of course:

who is this not sing-ing?

mf

For some-times I just keep the beat you know.

mf

Of

Xylophone

Somewhat astounded:

She gestures at herself:

Conclusively:

course I should hope that I'm i-mag-in-ing such a con-di-tion as this,

but it's not un-i-mag-in-a-ble that I'm not.

mf

Glock.

Harp

She goes to her trombone (or alternative), takes it to center stage--light brightens center stage.

Xylophone

40

She plays her trombone, occasionally breaking off to address the public.

Virtuosic

f *mf* *piu legato*

She waltzingly sways her horn from side to side.

Waltzing

f *mf* Harp and steel drum

Looking at her horn, quite perplexed:

Looking at the audience:

41 *mf* *mf* Xylophone

Will this help my au - di - tion? Or am I spread - ing my - self to this?

Driving

f *ff*

rall. *fff* (somewhat flatulent) 42

And then I stop play-ing and sud-den-ly I'm gone a-gain, back to a gos-so-mer thread of si-lence,

mf

Glockenspiel Glock.

mf not ev-en my horn real.

mf

Harp and steel drum

Waltzing

43

mf

She looks at her instrument:

She moves the instrument as if playing "La Cucaracha."

Becoming carried away:

Such a no-ble in-stru-ment!
mf

I sup-pose it could make an im-pres-sion
mf

la la la la la la la la

Xylophone

She snaps out of her reverie, and realizes she must return to practice.

la la
f

mf

8va

She turns profile.

fff

mf

8va

Garage door

Xylophone

poco rallantando *a tempo* **mf** I hope this is lead-ing to some-thing more than my us-u-al col -

44 3 3 5 3

Glockenspiel

lapse! *piu legato* **mf**

f *rallantando*

8va

She moves front center to address the audience--complete crossfade. 45 **mf** These are the prob-lems I have sing-ing what I want to say, when I fin -'ly know that I want to

Glockenspiel Harp

46

She remains standing in the spot, gentle and impassive, then returns to the bench.

She rummages in her bag and brings out a humorous object right at the last note of the phrase, replaces it and repeats the process bringing out three other objects.

sing.

(short)

(These gestures are not directed to the public, but to herself, for her own amusement.)

Bell-flute

Electric guitar

She pulls her scarf/shawl tighter in response to the thunder, and sits quietly wondering what to do.

Harp and glock.

She murmurs quietly to herself and sways from side to side with the music.

47

It begins to rain. The light dims. She pulls her scarf more closely about her.

She takes her umbrella (about 4 beats after the beginning of the thunder.)

It's jammed. She struggles to open it.

It opens on the sfz. She holds the position for a moment.

She puts the umbrella over her head.

Rain and thunder

Xylophone

Glock.

Harp

sfz

48

She cheerfully sings to keep herself happy-- thoughtfully, as if formulating a view.

She moves her feet in simple dance motions during the brief interludes.

(Dance motions.)

No sense be-ing a sor-ry sight at this point.

No dumps or dol-drums to weigh things down.

Full of wit and jo-cu-lar-i-ty.

mf

mf (mildly accent the beats to enhance the dance-like quality)

mf

49

The jes - ters at the feast.

As the light crossfades to a general light brightest at the center, she stands, takes two waltzing steps to center stage, fully extends her right arm with her umbrella in her right hand, waltzes two steps to her right, then two back to center, then twirls one complete rotation.

50

Ban the mag - got - ty mis' - ries of stray cats.

mf

Shoot the ghouls who grin with gha - st - ly smiles.

(sempre simile)

And set your - self up - on a spire of joy.

mf *f*

She lowers the umbrella to her shoulder, stops dancing and sings center stage.

She extends her umbrella arm as before, gracefully twirls one full rotation to the left without changing her position, then returns the umbrella to her shoulder.

She twirls right in the same manner.

On the word "joy" she fully extends her right arm and the umbrella at about a 60 degree angle.

She remains in...

Thunder

...this exuberant pose for a moment, but the thunder dampens her enthusiasm. She slowly lowers the umbrella to her shoulder, and moves front center--complete crossfade of light.

She addresses individuals in the public:

I'm not say - ing we have a lot to sing,

mf

but I am say - ing what we do sing, is

mf

Glockenspiel

Xylophone

Glock.

Xylophone

52

not with - out it's prob - lems.

53

Las - cia - te mi mo - ri re

mp

She makes two slow dream-like twirls back to center stage in line with the falling music--complete crossfade to center stage. Her mood transforms as she imagines the aria she is about to sing.

She enters the role of "Adrianna" and sings with her eyes closed.

Glockenspiel

Harp

la - scia te mi mo - ri - re e chi vo - le - te voi che mi con - for - te in co - si du - ra sor - te in co - si gran mar - ti - re.

Glockenspiel

Her aria dissolves like slowly awakening from a dream with disappointment and confusion.

She returns to her "cheerful" state, but a little more subdued.

54

La -

Xylophone

Harp and glock.

On the word "life" she extends the arm holding her umbrella as before.

55 *She holds that pose as she gently sways side to side with the music. (If necessary she can move slightly to find the most attractive light.)*

ment not the mourn - ful dread of death, Nor the drear - y plight of the poor. And let a smile of joy light up your life.

mf (accenting as before)

Harp

She coyly looks up at the thunder and lowers her umbrella to her shoulder.

Thunder

Glock.

She moves to a spot about three meters downstage right. The light crossfades to a spot only on her upper body. Long pause as she impassively looks at the public. She speaks with such calm dignity that she almost breaks out of her drama. (During the pauses, as she waits for the cues, she continues to impassively look at the audience.)

First low gliss. Sometimes I think people are listening. Short pause. Or am I only imagining?
Cascade. I thought I heard them breathing.
Cascade. I just made that up about Betty. Short pause. It's really me who's beaten.
Whispers. He does it for his--short pause--satisfaction.
Second low gliss. I don't remember people anymore. She stands impassively looking at the audience.
Wind.

Bell-flute

closes the umbrella and hangs it back over the left arm rest--complete crossfade.

She stands and walks with her head slightly lowered to center stage as the light completely crossfades. As the high D drone emerges she looks up as if responding to a distant muse or rising light.

High drone

She becomes "Mimi."

Andante calmo

rit.

I *mf* dear - ly love those flow - ers, they de - light and en - chant me, they speak to me of love, of love and spring time, they

Harp

She leaves her role, steps front center stage, and addresses individuals in the public--complete crossfade of light.

speak to me of dreams and of il - lu-sions, of those won-ders the world would call po - e - tic. Do you un-der stand me?

58 (short) *mp* The lights will rise on me, all doubt will fall aside,

and I'll sing from my heart.

Hesitantly, doubting:

But... *mp* ...but what will I sing a-bout?

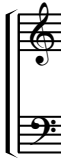
Glock.

She moves to the same spot three meters downstage right. The light cross fades to only her upper body. Long pause as she impassively looks at the public. She speaks with the same dignity as before.

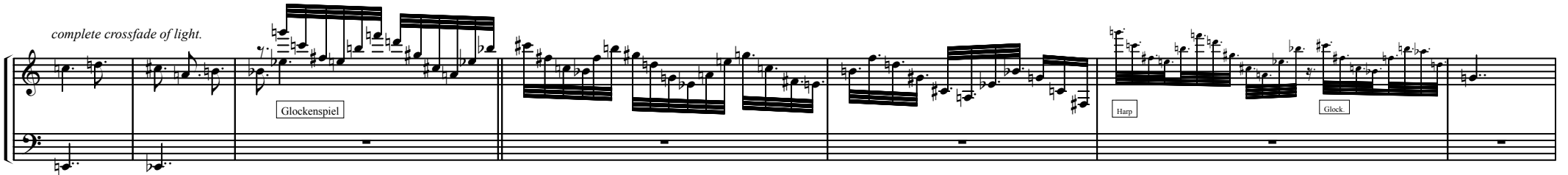
Cascando. If I stay here, he'll beat me for singing. But I have to practice. Tomorrow, I'll be all bloody.
Cascando. That's why I think of Mozart playing billiards.
Cascando. One ball hitting the other, and on and on by perfect chance till all is silence.
Cascando. That's what it's like here at night.
Whispers. I hear all those little sounds.
Whispers. A click here, a clack there, till stillness reigns.
Wind.

She stands in silence, impassively looking at the public.

She returns to the bench--



complete crossfade of light.



She sings to the public:

She takes the shoe and holds it before her as earlier.



Without letting it go, she dives the shoe toe first into her lap on the "plop", and holds it in that position.

She holds the shoe before her in horrific memory. On the spit sound her head slowly jerks to the side, then she raises her hand to touch her face.



She rises and goes to her aria position center stage--complete crossfade.

Musical score for the first system. It consists of three staves: a vocal line, a Glockenspiel line, and a Glock line. The Glockenspiel part has a box labeled "Glockenspiel" and the Glock line has a box labeled "Glock.". There are sixteenth-note patterns and triplet markings in the Glock parts.

62

Cantabile and espressivo

She looks at her "gallery" slightly to her right and enters the role of "Desdemona".

Musical score for the second system. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a Harp section with a box labeled "Harp". The vocal line has lyrics: "The poor soul that's pin - ing a - lone and". The piano part includes markings for "Thunder" and "High drone".

Musical score for the third system. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: "lone - ly There on the des - 'late strand. Oh Wil - low! Wil - low! Wil - low! Up - on her". The piano part includes markings for "morendo", "come un voce lontano", "(short)", "Thunder", and "High drone".

Musical score for the fourth system. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: "bo - - - som her head in - clin - ing. Wil - low! Wil - low! Wil - - - low!". The piano part includes markings for "portando la voce", "f", "p", "dim.", "ppp", and "High drone".

63

She goes to the audience, downstage center-- complete crossfade to only her upper body.

With an impassive dignity, but dark and somewhat incredulous.

She remains motionless. The light slowly fades to darkness in line with the music.

During the blackout return to the bench, place some blood in the palm of each hand and on the corner of the mouth.

It's *mp* get - ting dark. To - night, Bet - ty will be beat - en.

The music continues in darkness. She raises her arms above her head.

The bench spot slowly rises to a very dim light in line with the crescendo of the low drone. She sways her arms from side to side like wheat in the wind.

64

Glockenspiel

Low drone

She lowers her arms.

The light rises to a fuller intensity in line with the high drone. She takes a paper tissue from her bag, wipes the blood from her hands, then from her mouth as she winces slightly. She picks up her hat, brushes it off, straightens it out, and sets it aside.

High drone

65

To - day *mf* is my aud - di - tion. Last night, *mf* Bet - ty was beat - ten.

mf She'll tell them it's her stage make - up.

She moves downstage right and assumes the "noble" poses described in appendix 3. As the high C drone begins she looks up to her imagined gallery. Crossfade to general stage right.

Cantabile, quiet and suspended

66

mp These pi - ti - ful words, car - reen - ing out of heart or gut, The span of man - di - ble and height of teeth,

Gulls Glock.

High drone

Whispers Flute

67

She holds her pose a moment, then moves to downstage center and assumes the second pose--light crossfades to downstage center.

Giv - ing char - ac - ter to flesh - 's songs and grunts.

Glock.

68

Again she looks up to the gallery as the high drone begins.

She holds a bit as before, then moves downstage stage left and assumes the third pose (facing slightly toward the center) as the light crossfades to general stage left.

mp Mu - co - sal membranes hug - ging shapes with the help of tongues.

Flute Glock.

High drone

She looks upward as the high drone begins.

Lips lock - ing and un - lock - ing verbs and loves, spat up be - yond the cave of mouth.

mp

Flute

High drone

69 She moves to downstage center and assumes the fourth pose as the light crossfades.

She looks upward as before.

With these work - ings of tim - id

mp

High drone

Glock.

Flute

She makes eye contact with the public.

As the center stage spot fades in, she takes several dream-like operatic bows while slowly stepping backwards toward the bench. Then she takes her trombone and moves to center stage--completely crossfade to center stage.

tis - sue, and re - son - a - ted gas - ses We de - clare our love.

Glock.

She plays the trombone, facing slightly stage left.

Cantabile and espressivo

70

mf

Scream-chords

High drone

She returns the trombone to its stand and sits on the bench.

72

71 Glock.

She addresses her imagined public, calm, dignified, but slightly bitter. With a hint of metricity:

(Wait about three beats.) *mf* Some-times they look at me, and some-times they ap - plaud... like when watch - ing pig - eons. They feel bet - ter for it, then walk on. It's not art. It's a

High drone

73

She gestures to the world around her.

(Wait until the gulls end.)

Gulls

ques - tion of... ..en - ter tain - ment. I lie here in my smel - ly rags, sur - round - ed with re - fuse from my bags. Then be - fore they dis - ap - pear through the grids and tubes of the ci - ty...

High drone

Gulls

*Her madness seems to increase
Her tick becomes more apparent,
she hears and lips some words to
imaginary voices, then clasps her
hands in prayer.*

With operatic elan, but somewhat sarcastically:

Shrugging off her concern:

...they stand and stare an ins-tant, be-cause they think I'm... ..dead.

74

So I sing, op - er - a - ti - cal - ly roled R's in my prayers. But I don't feel bad. We're

f *mf*

High drone

Bell Fall

Scream-chords

With a tone of anger:

And yet more anger:

75

ALL homeless. Shall I crawl on my stom - ach and beg for some thing to sing? Shall I crawl on my stom - ach and sing?

f *f*

Glock.

Very matter of fact, she takes her scarf.

She takes the shoe.

No, I should-n't soil my out-fit. I have to go to my au-di-tion soon.

mf

Scream-chords

76

*She becomes lost in her thoughts,
an abstracted reverie.*

Cantabile

*She momentarily looks at the
heavens then back to the public.*

Hold - ing on to the heav - ens that they wound - n't fall, my sky At - las tires, not know - ing that as she sleeps the stars pass

mf

Bell-flute

She angrily tosses the shoe into the gutter.

77

She rises with her gaze directed slightly downward and moves toward center stage. After a step or two her face slowly sweeps upward to the center stage light which is slowly crossfading in. Completely crossfade to center stage light.

78

*Lost in her abstractions, she...
Cantabile and espressivo*

by float-ting by themselves in loves or - der.

Scream-chords Glock.

mf

Bell-flute

...sings to the light which gradually increases to laser-like intensity by the high point of the melody.

The light slowly fades to normal intensity.

to the light, should - ers and hands in and out of the light, from the sides comes the face in - to the light, for - ward deep - er in - to the light, a hand, a breast.

3

She returns to the bench and sits. Complete crossfade.

Glock.

She sings without words.

Cantabile, appassionata

79

mp

Scream-chords

She raises her clenched fists above her head as her voice moves to an almost scream-like effect by the high C.

Each group of statements between the "hammers" is self-contained, conveying a sense of desparate finality, but then more thoughts arise.
With desperate finality

(There can be optional short pauses while waiting for the hammers.)

80

She nervously cogitates with building intensity.

It's time for my au-di-tion, and I'm wor-ried I'll ne-ver sing a-gain. How will I live? Sit here and be pretty? I'll

Labels: Alien, Alien, First murmurs, Second murmurs, Low drone, Hammer, sffz

Factual, but angry:

Infect the word "something" as if having great doubt about what it might be.

With increasing desperation, becoming almost a shout:

just have to go un-pre-pared, with-out a song, noth-ing to show for my-self. No. I can't do that. I'll work on some-thing. A piece to keep me go-ing. I don't know what to do.

Labels: 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, f, sffz

She stands and slowly walks to center stage as she sings. Her arms gradually rise upward until they are extended at about a 45 degree angle when she sings the G--crossfade of light to center stage.

81

There's no time left. Do you know what it means to be with-out a song? Peo-ple will step on you. ah ah

Labels: High drone, ff, f, (Greatly increase the amp volume.), sffz

Her arms slowly lower, then she walks completely downstage center and looks at the audience--complete crossfade of light.

Softly, in a hoarse voice:

(short)

She turns, walks to the bench, sits and puts all of her belongings in her bag. Then she puts her hat on.

They'll think I'm cra-zy

Labels: ff, (gradually return amp to normal), mp, Bell-flute

(When the high drone is almost completely faded.)

Cantabile, gentile

83

To mor-row night the lights will rise, float-ing by them-selves in loves or-der. And far from this cor-ner on the street

mp

Glock. Glock. Glock.

She takes her bag, stands and walks to center stage. Complete crossfade of light.

She sings to the public:

She raises her hands to chest-level and sings to the public:

we'll sing from our hearts. You and I. We'll sing from our hearts.

mp

p

Glock. Glock. Glock. Glock. Glock.

She looks upward:

She turns full profile to her left and raises her arms to the same position with which the performance began.

She remains motionless as the light fades to black.

You and I. You and I.

p

Bell-flute Glock. Glock. Glock. Glock. Glock.

High drone

Glock. High drone Low drone