

# **Paradise TBD**

**An Opera in Two Acts**

**Words and Music by Clint McCallum**

## **PREFACE:**

In 2021, Project [Blank] proposed doing a new theatrical work together. I said, “let’s make an opera loosely based on *A Paradise Built in Hell*,” a book by Rebecca Solnit that investigates experiences of people who lived through natural disasters tracing the theme of discovered mutuality in the face of systemic failure. The others liked the idea so I started reading anything I could find about the double horror of living through a catastrophic natural disaster and the ensuing collapse of human institutions. There are a lot of books about this. It turns out this sort of thing happens all the time.

This research turned up countless stories of strangers becoming suddenly mutually reliant on one another. Disasters can teach us to love in ways we wouldn’t have otherwise. And yet, on the other hand, isn’t being mutually reliant the same as being “stuck” with someone? This tension between solidarity and provisional alliances, between relationships of love and those of convenience, interests me.

Disasters also tend to homogenize the emotional experience of an effected population. Pre-disaster, our individual emotional worlds feel as if they are separate from the societies we inhabit. Finding another person who “feels the same way” is a rare and precious epiphany: someone with whom I always already share something. The disaster pops that hermetic membrane. As we walk the street, every person seems to “feel the same way”: the same fear, the same grief, the same loss, the same nervous anticipation. The pre-disaster border between public and private emotion dissolves, and our pre-disaster resentments and compulsions seem banal—if for a post-disaster moment.

This momentary mass-ego-death contributes another important component to our ability to so easily form new social bonds. In the aftermath of disaster, not only are we suddenly more reliant on one another for survival, we are also suddenly more the same. There’s no more “shopping around” for the “right people,” not simply because the mall was destroyed but also, and more importantly, because there is no longer a set-in-stone subject against which to compare others.

This line of thinking leads to a question about opera: what makes something a *disaster aria*? Conventionally, an aria exposes the private emotional world of a character to the audience. The transgression of this boundary is objective in the sense that we the listener make the emotional world of the character our object. Another word for this transgression is empathy.

Conventional arias can produce a sense of solidarity with strangers. As we empathize with the interior struggles of a singing character, we do so by comparison with experiences from our own biographical past. In contrast, the solidarity that emerges from disaster is founded on a shared experience of being severed from the past. In the aftermath of disaster, we don’t just recognize the shared experience of loss in others we affirm that we lost the same thing.

The radical next step to take following this affirmation is to embrace the reality that, in losing something, something is gained. The collapse of the infrastructure and institutions that made our society run is a loss of security. We lose not just the confidence that our things won't get stolen, but also all the habits that make us who we are—or were. It is the loss of this guarantee—the expectation that there will be enough consistency of experience from day-to-day that we can remain secure in ourselves—that is most devastating. But the same infrastructure and institutions that once backed this guarantee also significantly limited what those self-sustaining and self-inventing habits could be. From the rubble emerged a flattened terrain on which something new may be built.

Building something new is not liberating. Building something new is building something new.

### **PERFORMANCE NOTES:**

#### **SETTING:**

One raft, floating through a sea of infinite nothingness.

#### **SINGERS:**

In this world, the singing voice is transcendently transformative. Whenever anyone even thinks about singing the synthesized wind sounds that permeate the ambience of the space tune to the singer's forthcoming song—the infinite void is shaped into something.

The singing voice also transforms all listeners. So, when someone else is singing you should be transfixed and transformed by them. This is why your performance oscillates between speaking and singing (like a musical) as opposed to just singing (like an opera): the moment of song is the simultaneity of destruction and promise, while the moments of dialogue are the clumsy navigation of a shared future.

#### **ELECTRONICS:**

The electronics are sequenced, manipulated, and performed live using a patch written in Pure Data by the composer. Rehearsal numbers in the score always signify triggering the next cue. The performance of other elements (filters, delays, sample triggers, etc) are improvised. The patch and more detailed and soulful instructions can be made available upon request by emailing [clintonmccallum@gmail.com](mailto:clintonmccallum@gmail.com).

#### **GENERAL NOTES ON THE DYNAMIC BETWEEN THE SINGERS AND THE ELECTRONICS:**

Electronics always follow and support the singers. There may be occasions where the electronics performer should provide the cue, but the opera was composed to let the singer lead whenever possible. Regarding dynamics, the electronics should support the singers *always*. If there is ever doubt as to the volume of the electronics, make a decision relative to what the singer is doing.

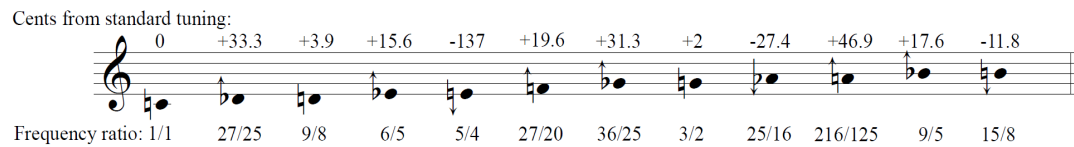
### INTERPRETING THE SCORE/SCRIPT:

#### Elements:

Before each musical number there is a list of “elements”: an image; a physical sensation; a musical concept; a general description of what the voice does; and a general description of what the electronics do. This list is intended to contextualize the music and offer interpretive touch-stones for the performers and the stage director.

#### Nowhere:

The character Nowhere sings and hears in a intonation system unique to her. It was devised using just intonation methods to create a 12 note-per-octave scale as follows:



Some interesting features of this scale include:

- Starting on C and going up, all major thirds are “pure” major thirds.
- Starting on C and going up, all minor thirds are “pure” minor thirds.
- Starting on C and going up, the first two perfect fifths are “pure.”

### DURATION:

The entire opera should last about 2 hours and 15 minutes.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Officer Samuel Salvage, *was an officer in the East India Company Army during the Bengal famine of 1770*

Alyssa Mendez, *was a history professor living in Mexico City during the earthquake of 1985*

Batilda Bossard, *was a sanitation worker living in New Orleans during Hurricane Katrina in 2005*

Fa Guo, *was a street performer living in Wuhan China during the flood of 1931*

Nowhere, *a being without speech or past*

# OVERTURE

## [Elements:

- **Image: Dreamscape; night**
- **Physical sensation: tossing and turning in bed, awaking from a nightmare**
- **Musical concept: dark ambient “bed of sound”; slow harmonies steadily moving away from home; building in tension towards the moment of waking up from a dream**
- **What does the voice do?: talking in his sleep; melodically convey tossing, turning, thrashing in one’s sleep**
- **What do the electronics do?: Open with low, heavy drone; progress though slow harmonic shifts; steadily build to fill out texture with screaming noise (“wake up!!!”)**

]

*Sound starts with a heavy drone. Slow moving, dark ambient texture. This goes on for a while, persistently evoking an atmosphere of stillness and foreboding. A single spotlight fades in very slowly on Samuel Salvage’s face. His eyes are closed. He is sleeping. He slowly starts to sing as if he is talking/singing in his sleep. Dream-like images flash. The sound is slowly building. The sound of his voice tells us that the dream has become a nightmare. The music intensifies and he sings as if he is thrashing in his sleep. Suddenly, at the climax, he opens his eyes. Spotlight shuts off. Then a slow fade in on stage lights to reveal he is on a raft with four other people. This flows directly into the first act. The overture takes about 15 minutes.*

# Overture (Sam)

A: 90 secs

Samuel Salvage

Electronics

*heavy drone*

B: 30 secs

*Throughout the entire overture:  
slurred and mumbled, as if talking in his sleep*

Sam

There \_\_\_\_\_ dwelt \_\_\_\_\_

El.

C: 20 secs

Sam

a \_\_\_\_\_ mmm \_\_\_\_\_

El.

D: 15 secs

Sam

mmm \_\_\_\_\_ illl - errr and bold be - side

El.

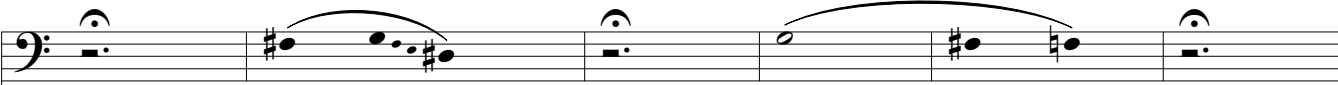
Sam

the \_\_\_\_\_ ri - ver \_\_\_\_\_

El.


E: 30 secs

Sam



Dee; \_\_\_\_\_ He \_\_\_\_\_

El.



F: 15 secs

Sam



danced \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ sang \_\_\_\_\_ from \_\_\_\_\_

El.



G: 15 secs

Sam



morn \_\_\_\_\_ till night \_\_\_\_\_

El.



H: 15 secs

Sam



no \_\_\_\_\_ oh oh

El.



I: 15 secs

Sam



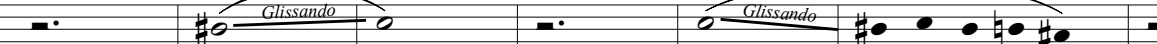
so oh

El.




**J: 25 secs**

Sam



as \_\_\_\_\_ he; \_\_\_\_\_

El.



**K:** 8 secs

♩ = 76

**K: 8 secs**      ♩ = 76

Sam

the bur - den

El.

the bur - den

L: 15 secs

L: 15 secs

Sam

of \_\_\_\_\_ his song

El.

of \_\_\_\_\_ his song

**M: 75 secs**

♩ = 76

M: 75 secs  $\text{♩} = 76$

Sam

*p* 3:2 3:2 3:2 *f* *p*

I \_\_\_\_\_ care \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ no - bo - dy not I no

El.

The image shows a musical score for two voices, Sam and El. Sam's part is in the treble clef and El's part is in the bass clef. The tempo is marked as 75 seconds and the time signature is 3/2. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are 'I care for nobody not I no'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). There are also triplets indicated by '3:2' and a fermata over the final note of Sam's part.

Sam

not I no - bo - dy cares for me.

El.

I'm not a body, I'm a soul.

Sam



for \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_

El.



N: 45 secs

Sam

me \_\_\_\_\_ my \_\_\_\_\_ mill, \_\_\_\_\_

El.

*bell-like; sustaining...*

Sam

El.

bless \_\_\_\_\_ her! \_\_\_\_\_

0: 15 secs

Sam
El.

P: 45 secs

*p* *f* *ff*

Sam

no I I would not

El.

*p* *ff*

Sam

change \_\_\_\_\_ no not my sta - tion

El.

Q: 15 secs

Sam

El.

R: 15 secs

*p* *f* *p*

Sam

for a - ny \_\_\_\_\_

El.

S: 15 secs

Sam

oth - er

El.

T: 15 secs

*ff*

Sam

No! Stand in line! Yes sir!

El.

Sam *f* I care for no - bo - dy *p*

El.

U: 15 secs

Sam *p* spring *f* be - gins... *p* Not *ff* I!

El.

Sam *p* summm - - - er's draught... *f*

El.

Sam *ff* win-ter's de-cay No fore-sight mmm *mf* Sir yes sir right sir no no bo dy no sire yes *ff*

El.

V: 30 secs

Sam *ff* sir yes sir no sir I live from day to day." sir yes sir no sir bold and free, yes sir no yes sir no *mf* *ff* *mf*

El. *wall of sound fading in*

*ff*  
#e. *yelling, trying to wake himself up ad lib,  
until wall of sound suddenly cuts out...*

Sam

no

El.

*fff*

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff, labeled 'Sam', is a five-line staff with a bass clef. It contains a single note on the first line (F#4) with a forte (ff) dynamic marking. A slur extends from this note across the entire staff. The bottom staff, labeled 'El.', is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a piano (p) dynamic marking. It contains five measures of music. The first measure has a half note on the first line (F#4). The second measure has a half note on the first line (F#4) with a forte (fff) dynamic marking. The third measure has a half note on the first line (F#4). The fourth measure has a half note on the first line (F#4). The fifth measure has a half note on the first line (F#4). A crescendo hairpin is placed over the first four measures, and a slur extends from the first measure to the fifth measure.

# ACT 1

*All are staring at Salvage for an awkward moment. A sound that is uncannily wind-like is in the background. Sam screams. They all sing/scream back at him in synchrony, as if trying to sooth him:*

Musical score for "The Sound of Silence" by Simon & Garfunkel, featuring vocal parts for Alyssa, Tilda, Fa, Samuel, A.M., T.B., F.G., and S.S. The score includes lyrics and musical notation for a 4/4 piece at 60 BPM.

**Lyrics:**  
 Alyssa: Ahh  
 Tilda: Ahh  
 Fa: Ahh  
 Samuel: Ahh!  
 A.M.: Ahh  
 T.B.: Ahh  
 F.G.: Ahh  
 S.S.: Ahh!

**Annotations:**  
 Samuel: *ff screaming in fright*  
 F.G.: *screams becoming calmer...*  
 S.S.: *shadow of a scream*

Sam: Where am I?... Where am I?

Alyssa: Ah, my friend, you are...

All [*singing together*]:

♩=92  
*mf*

A.M. No - where \_\_\_\_\_

T.B. No - where \_\_\_\_\_

F.G. No - where \_\_\_\_\_

8

Detailed description: This is a musical score for three voices: Alto (A.M.), Tenor (T.B.), and Bass (F.G.). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 92. The dynamic is mezzo-forte (mf). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/4. Each voice part has a single measure of music. The lyrics are 'No - where' followed by a long horizontal line for a sustained note. The notes are: A.M. (B-flat), T.B. (B), and F.G. (B-flat). The F.G. part has an '8' below the staff, likely indicating an octave.

Sam: Nowhere?

All [*singing together, as before*]:

*mf*

A.M. No - where \_\_\_\_\_

T.B. No - where \_\_\_\_\_

F.G. No - where \_\_\_\_\_

8

Detailed description: This is a musical score for three voices: Alto (A.M.), Tenor (T.B.), and Bass (F.G.). The dynamic is mezzo-forte (mf). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/4. Each voice part has a single measure of music. The lyrics are 'No - where' followed by a long horizontal line for a sustained note. The notes are: A.M. (B-flat), T.B. (B), and F.G. (B-flat). The F.G. part has an '8' below the staff, likely indicating an octave.

Sam: But... How can this be?

Fa: It is.

Sam: This must be a dream.

*Fa pinches him with a smile. He lets out a startled yelp.*

Tilda: It is not.

Sam: What is this? [*perplexed, looking upward as if addressing god*] What is this?

Alyssa: This? This is a raft.

Sam: A raft?

All: A raft.

Sam: Then where are we going?

All [*looking at one another wondering if they really need to repeat it, then give “oh well” gestures and do repeat*]:

The image shows a musical score for three voices: A.M. (Alto), T.B. (Tenor), and F.G. (First Guitar). The music is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are "No - where". The dynamics are marked *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *f* (forte). The score includes a crescendo hairpin leading from *mf* to *f*. The F.G. part has an octave sign (8) below the first note.

Fa: This is your new home.

Sam: Home?

All [*sung together*]:

*p*

A.M. Home

*p*

T.B. Home

*p*

F.G. Home

8

Sam: So, you just stay here on this... this...

All: Raft.

Sam: This raft. This raft, going nowhere. You just stay here?

All [*singing together, as before*]:

*mf*

A.M. No - where

*mf*

T.B. No - where

*mf*

F.G. No - where

8

Sam: Right. Fine. You just stay nowhere?

Tilda: Might as well.

Alyssa: There's nowhere to go.

Fa: Nowhere is actually quite nice once you get used to it.

Sam: Get used to it?!

Tilda: You're gonna have to.

Alyssa: There really is no other choice unfortunately. What you see is what we've got, so to speak.

Sam: But what's out there?

Tilda: Nada.

Fa: Nothing.

Alyssa: Nothingness to be precise. Infinite nothingness.

Sam: Infinite nothingness. But... But that's impossible... [*internally realizes it could be possible*] This must be a dream! How can you be sure? How can you be sure that there is nothing there? [*Moving toward the edge of the raft.*]

Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda: Woh! [*They grab him, keeping him from leaving the raft.*]

Tilda: Oh, we're sure.

Sam: But how? How do you know?

Alyssa: Let's just say that we've all been here a very...

Fa: very...

Tilda: very...

Alyssa: Very long time.

Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda: [*singing and sighing*]

A.M. *p* ohh

T.B. *p* ohh

F.G. *p* ohh

8 ohh

Fa: It's so exciting to finally have a new person join us!

Sam: [*Looks around at all of them with a concerned distrust*]

Alyssa: One step at a time, Fa. Why don't we introduce ourselves first? That is Fa Guo, a very talented performer from Wuhan, China. That is Batilda Bossard, an environmental scientist from New Orleans, Louisiana. And my name is Alyssa Mendez, a history professor from Mexico City.

Tilda: An environmental scientist? Ha! I was a sanitation worker. I worked in the sewers.

Alyssa: Yes, of course. I didn't mean anything by it.

Tilda: You always insist on introducing us. Why can't we introduce ourselves?

Alyssa: I'm sorry. And you are right. But I don't think my description was unfair. The work you did was absolutely scientific.

Tilda: Whatever.

Fa: [*intervening*] Both of you were incredibly valuable, essential to your worlds. And you are still, to me, in this one.

Sam: [*Still cautious*] Nice to meet you all.

Fa: And you are...?

Sam: Samuel Salvage, an officer from Great Britain, posted in the Indies... living there... from both places I suppose... So let me get this straight. We're stuck together on a raft [*Everyone nods in confirmation*]. We're floating in a sea of infinite nothingness [*more nodding*]. We each came here from a different place and I presume a different time [*more nodding*]. You all have been on this raft for a very, very, very, very long time [*more nodding*]. And it's just us in a sea of infinite nothingness? [*Thinking he has found a crack in the logic*] Ok then, if all of this is true, if we really are completely alone in a sea of infinite nothingness, answer me this: how do we get food?

Tilda: We don't.

Sam: [*Still convinced he's proven them wrong*] You don't? [*everyone shrugging and shaking their heads "no"*] How is it then that you have been here for a very, very, very, very long time? You can't just spontaneously create food out of nothingness. Surely there must be someone who brings it to us.

Fa: We don't need it.

Sam: You don't need food or water? Ha! I admire martyr-like resolve, but you're going to end up like all the other martyrs: dead.



Tilda: No more back breaking work that adds up to nothing in the end after the banks raid your pension. No more looking around the corner for someone who might mug or murder you.

Alyssa: We are free from all of this. But, as you said Sam, we are restricted in other ways.

Sam: Other ways?

Tilda: We are not indestructible. You may not need to eat, and you may not need to fuck, and you may not need to fear your own death. But believe me, you can still go crazy here.

Sam: Crazy?

Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda:

The musical score is for three voices: A.M. (Alto), T.B. (Tenor), and F.G. (Bass). It is in 3/4 time with a tempo of 92. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are "cra - zy cra - zy cra - zy". The score starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and ends with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The melody is simple, with each voice part having a similar contour. The lyrics are written below each staff, with hyphens indicating syllable placement.

Alyssa: Yes, it would seem there are certain needs that are independent of material circumstances.

Sam: So, the danger in leaving the raft is not a physical one.

Alyssa: Precisely.

Sam: Have you witnessed it? Has someone gone mad? Have one of you?

Fa: Well, the potential is always there for any of us.

Alyssa: And that's why it's so important to look out for one another—to keep the others sane.

Tilda: No one wants to be stuck on a raft drifting in endless empty space with a hysterical lunatic.

Fa: I mean, what would we do with them?

Alyssa: Can't lock'm up.

Tilda: Can't drug'm up.

Fa: Can't string'm up.

Everyone but Sam: [*Laughs musically*] Alyssa: No. We can't do any of these things

Sam: Not here, at least.

Tilda: [*Suddenly angry*] Is that what you would have us do? Find a way back to where we came from so that we might imprison those already suffering, experiment on them, and murder them?

Alyssa: Easy, Tilda...

Sam: No that's not what I meant. I just meant that... well, I'm not sure what I meant.

Fa: And there's nothing wrong with not knowing what you meant.

Alyssa: In fact, that is a perfectly accommodating way to be!

Sam: Ok. We're all in this together. I can accept that. I must, it would seem. [*Pause*] You all can count on me. [*Fa smiles, Alyssa nods paternal approval, Tilda glares skeptically.*] So it's us. [*Everyone nods*] Just us.

Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda: Just us.

Sam: Just us four.

Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda: Just us four.

Sam: Just us four strangers.

Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda: Just us four strangers.

Sam: Just us four strangers on a raft.

Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda: Just us four strangers on a raft.

Sam: Why us?

Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda: [*Lulled into the repetition*] Just uh...

Sam: *[interrupting]* Why us? Why us?! Why were we the only ones to be sent to this place?

*Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda look at one another trying to decide who should explain and how.*

Tilda: What's the last thing you remember before you ended up here?

Sam: It's like I said, I was an officer, I am an officer employed in the private army of the East India Company.

Tilda: And you were in India?

Sam: *[Starting to become uncomfortable]* Yes.

Tilda: And what is going on in India?

Sam: I was stationed there to enforce law and order.

Tilda: OK, but what is going on?

Sam: The company is producing goods, packaging them, shipping them...

Alyssa: Is there less order than there had been?

Sam: *[pause]* Yes.

Alyssa: And is there a cause? Is there a reason for this sudden disorder?

Sam: Yes. There is a famine. A particularly horrible famine.

Tilda: And there's your answer!

Sam: Answer?

Fa: We all have the same story. Not exactly the same, but generally the same. We were each sent here from a different place and a different time. But we all were living through some calamity bringing great suffering and destruction.

Alyssa: It's true, that's the pattern.

Sam: I see.

Alyssa: Perhaps, if we each tell our own stories, this will all become clearer for you. I'll go first, if that's alright with you all

*Fa and Tilda graciously acknowledge.*

[Alyssa tells her story

**Elements:**

- **Image: Land waves**
- **Physical Sensation: dizziness**
- **Musical concept: amplitude modulation of a drone; spinning around a pitch center that is always moving**
- **What does the voice do?: tries to stabilize itself against shifting musical material**
- **What do the electronics do?: pulsing drones to communicate the multiple waves rippling through the land; sounds of bending/bowing; dust clouds dissipate to reveal wreckage**

**]**

Alyssa: [*Pauses to focus meditatively. The wind sound starts to change and tune itself. It is as if she is effecting this change with her mind. A low drone slowly fades in...*] Sun through the window. Thursday morning. September. 1985. Mexico City is already awake, bustling with the noise of the morning commute. I rise out of bed... dizzy... dizzy...

# Mendez Aria

1  $\text{♩} = 66$  *sudden shifts in dynamic ad lib*  
***p** emphasizing re-catching your balance*

Alyssa Mendez

1. I uh I

Electronics

*bass drone, filter sweeps following her general rhythms*

2

Alyssa

do n't fee I weh weh weh

El.

3

Alyssa

we ll uh

El.

4 ***mf*** 5

Alyssa

uh I can't sta nd straight

El.

6 7 8

Alyssa I ca - n't catch my - self

El.

26 9

Alyssa ob - jects in the roo - m sway - ing

El.

31 10

Alyssa the do - or swings o - pe - n

El.

11

Alyssa bangs a - gainst the wall yah ahh ahh

El.

*ff* *metered vibrato?*  
*some rhythmic physical shaking...*

42 *f* 12

Alyssa

ahh this is not

El.

46 13

Alyssa

in - si - de of no - t

El.

51 *mf* *f*

Alyssa

in si - de of

El.

14 *p* *f*

Alyssa

me

El.

61 *ff*

Alyssa

Yah ahh ahh ahh

El.

15 *mf* *ff*

Alyssa

sounds of bro-ken glass through the win-dow and screa -

El.

68 *mf* *mf*

Alyssa

ms a

El.

71

Alyssa

slow rhyth-mic boom-ing in the wall out - side

El.

76

Alyssa

*f*

parked cars slide back and forth

El.

82

Alyssa

*ff*

17 *f*

yah ahh ahh ahh eee - - - lec-tri-cle lines

El.

87 *p*  $\curvearrowright$  *ff*

Alyssa *strrr* *re - tch* *snap* *spark*

El.

93 *p*  $\curvearrowright$  *mf* *p* 18 *p*  $\curvearrowright$  *f*

Alyssa *four-teen stor-y* *build-ings* *sway* *and* *buh-oh-uh-oh-uh-oh - uh-oh-uh-oh-uh-oh* *co-*

El.

100 *f* *ff*

Alyssa *li - de* *on waves* *out of sync* *Yah* *ahh* *ahh*

El.

106 *f* 19

Alyssa *ahh* *ahh* *I* *stand* *in a door - way* *the ciel-ing cracks* *plas-ter rains*

El.

109

Alyssa

*p*

dow - - - n a cloud en-gulfs me

El.

20

*ff* 8 or more times *fff*

Alyssa

can not see can not breath Yah ahh ahh

El.

115

Alyssa

ahh ahh ahh ahh

El.

118

Alyssa

5:4 5:4 5:4 5:4

3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2

ahh ahh ahh ahh

El.

121

Alyssa

5:4 5:4 5:4

3:2 3:2

ahh ahh ahh

(21)

*p*

The ground is

El.

126

Alyssa

3:2

*f* *p*

still a - gai - - - - n

El.

130

Alyssa

(22)

voi - ces on the ra - di - o

El.

Pre-recorded samples of Alyssa reading people calling into the radio trying to communicate with loved ones...

*p*  
floating nimbly

132

Alyssa

u ee u - ee-u - ee-u - ee - u - ah ah-oh -

137

Alyssa

ee-u - ee u-ee - u - u - ee -

141

Alyssa

- u-ee-u-ee - u-ee - u-ee - u-ee -

(23)

141

El.

(voices continuing)

voices fading out

voices fading out

$\text{♩} = 60$   
*mf*

145

Alyssa

Out on the streets a ci-ty flat end. Peo - ple trapped un - der rub-ble

145

El.

149

Alyssa

And the au - thor - i - ties for-bid

4 times

149

El.

153

Alyssa

for-bid an-y - one ————— from hel-ping "Stand a-side" "This zone is re-stric-ted"

El.

24  $\text{♩} = 60$  robotically

158

Alyssa

"Let us do our jobs miss." O - ver-ly help - ful — po-lice - men carr-y-ing stretch - ers re -

El.

25  $\text{♩} = 60$

163

Alyssa

move-ing what a pears to be ca - da - vers hid-den un - der-neath white sheets

El.

*f*

167 **(26)** *p*

Alyssa

No Those sheets con-cealed piles of clothes jew-els

El.

185

Alyssa

sev-en-ty thou - sand wo-men work-ing in sweat — shops No ben-e-fits For-

El.

190

Alyssa

got - ten No so cial se cur i ty. For - got - ten Eight — hun - dred

El.

195

Alyssa

of them for - got - ten *p* eight hun - dred of them for - got - ten eight hun - dred of them

Tilda

1. eight hun - dred of them for - got - ten eight hun - dred of them

Fa

1. hun - dred of them

El.

*nil*

201

Alyssa

201

Tilda

201

Fa

8

El.

for - got - ten eight hun - dred of them for - got - ten eight hun - dred of them for - got -

for - got - ten eight hun - dred of them for - got - ten eight hun - dred of them for - got -

for - got - ten eight hun - dred of them for - got - ten eight hun - dred of them for - got -

for - got - ten eight hun - dred of them for - got - ten eight hun - dred of them for - got -

207

Alyssa

207

Tilda

207

Fa

8

El.

*ff* 31

ten eight hun - dred of them for - got - ten eight hun - dred of them still bur-ried

ten eight hun - dred of them for - got - ten eight hun - dred of them still bur-ried

ten eight hun - dred of them for - got - ten eight hun - dred of them still bur-ried

ten eight hun - dred of them for - got - ten eight hun - dred of them still bur-ried

213

Alyssa

still bur-ried the boss-es the boss-es rrr -

Tilda

still bur-ried the boss-es the boss-es

Fa

8

still bur-ried the boss-es the boss-es

El.

32

Alyssa

res-cued their pre-cious ma-chines in - stead

Tilda

217

res-cued their pre-cious ma-chines ahh

Fa

8

res-cued their pre-cious ma-chines ahh

El.

217

res-cued their pre-cious ma-chines ahh

33

221 *p*

Alyssa

leav-ing leav-ing those wo-men to die and rot. No mat-ter ass-ets re-couped

*march (mock anthem)*  
♩ = 90 **f**

226 34

Alyssa

We nor-mal We nor-mal cit-i-zens We

Tilda

We nor-mal We nor-mal cit-i-zens We

Fa

We nor-mal We nor-mal cit-i-zens We

El.

236 3X

Alyssa

must 3X we must ig-nore the gov-ern-ment When they

Tilda

must 3X we must ig-nore the 2. po-lice 3. boss es When they

Fa

must 3X we must ig-nore the 2. po-lice 3. boss es When they

El.

245 3X

Alyssa

245 turn their backs we go help help clear rub-ble res - cue the

Tilda

245 turn their backs we go help help clear rub-ble res - cue the

Fa

245 turn their backs we go help help clear rub-ble res - cue the

El.

254 3X

Alyssa

254 liv - ing re - move the bo - dies com - fort the

Tilda

254 liv - ing re - move the bo - dies com - fort the

Fa

254 liv - ing re - move the bo - dies com - fort the

El.

35 chorale acapella

Alyssa *mf* 260 greiv - ing com - fort the greiv - ing com - fort the 8X

Tilda *mf* 260 greiv - ing com - fort the greiv - ing

Fa *mf* 8 1. greiv - ing com - fort the greiv - ing

El. 260

**[Alyssa's aria ends]**

Sam [*clapping, blown away by the performance*]: Bravo! Bravo! Just fantastic! Your story was so well told. Very moving. The bit about wanting to save people and being disallowed very much resonated with me. And you all [*referring to the other three*], amazing! The way you are able to anticipate one another, to play off of what he/she is saying and invent new images and emotions. And all in the moment! It's simply magical!!!

Fa: Well, thank you Sam.

Alyssa: But what you heard wasn't as spontaneous as you think.

Tilda: Yeah, it's not like we were improvising that. At least not now.

Fa: It took a lot of practice.

Tilda: You see, when you've heard something over and over...

Fa: and over...

Alyssa: and over...

Tilda: and over. Literally an infinite number of times, you can't help but invent new things to put on top of it.

Sam: So, you invent these miraculous accompaniments out of boredom?

Tilda: Precisely.

Fa: I don't think it's boredom. Your story has never bored me. Rather than bore me the repetition awakened in my imagination new details that I could place in between the anticipated events to come. Details from myself and others. It's a way to show appreciation for the story.

Alyssa: It's a way that we can build a sense of community even while we are listening to the experience of a single individual.

Fa: And it's fun. We need to make our stories come to life, otherwise they will die here.

Tilda: And we all need to retell our story from time to time in order to process it... or for it to process us... either way, at least we don't turn one another into bystanders in those moments.

Sam: So how does it work? How do you decide who sings what and when?

Tilda: That doesn't happen overnight, so to speak.

Fa: We play! We try things out and see what works. Some things work.

Tilda: and some things don't.

Alyssa: What you just heard is the result of many many experiments.

Fa: And it's still a work in progress!

Alyssa: You'll understand once you start telling us your story. But now! Who's next?  
Whose shall we tell now?

Fa: May I?

Everyone: Yes, yes, by all means... [etc]

**[Fa Guo tells his story**

**Elements:**

- **Image: flat expanse**
- **Physical Sensation: Floating**
- **Musical concept: Suspension**
- **What does the voice do?: long held notes against changing chords; moments of sea sickness; boat / fishing songs**
- **What do the electronics do?: harmonic material that the voice can suspend over; a flat expanse; rain**

**]**

Fa: [*Pauses to focus meditatively. The wind sound starts to change and tune itself. It is as if he is effecting this change with his mind. A low drone slowly fades in...*] From 1928 through 1930 there had been a long drought in China. No one knew that our suffering could become even worse. The drought created massive deposits of snow and ice in the mountains surrounding the river. When the spring of 1931 came, so did the water. And the rain...

# Fa Guo

**1** ♩ = 104 *mf*

Fa Guo

8

tap tap tap tap tap

water dripping...

Electronics

7

Fa

8

tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap

El.

13

Fa

8

tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap

El.

13

**2** **3** **4** *mf*

Fa

8

Day one Day two Day three

El.

18

continuing

26

5

*f*

*mf* 6

Fa

8

Day four

Day five

El.

33

*f*

*mf* 7

Fa

8

Day six

El.

40

*f*

Fa

8

El.

8  $\text{♩} = 72$  *f*

Fa 8 down on all on all down on all of down on all of

El. 45 8

Fa 49 *mf* us down down on all of us clos-er

El. 49 *bass retrogrades on repeat*

9  $\text{♩} = 80$  *mf*

Fa 8 To the north of the ci - ty at the rail - way em - bank - ment the last line

El. 54 *a white noise wave, slowly building from nothing...*

Fa 59 of de - fense. A man - a - ger in - structs his wor - kers to lea -

El.


64

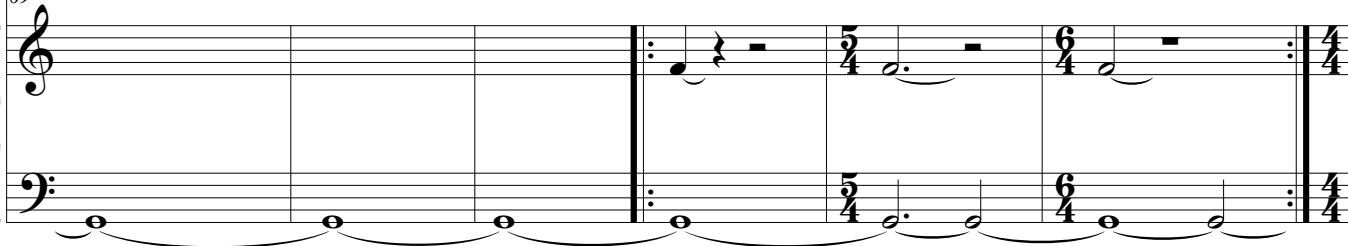
Fa  8 - ve their posts and with them gone he flees with

El. 

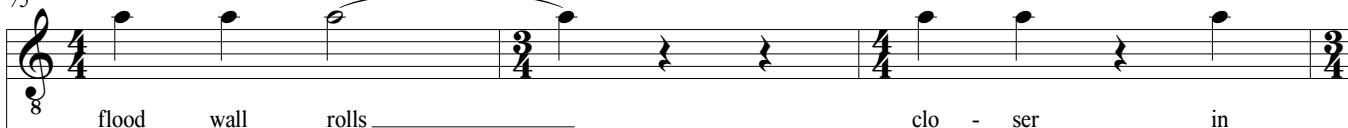
**10**  
*ff* expressive trills *ad. lib.*

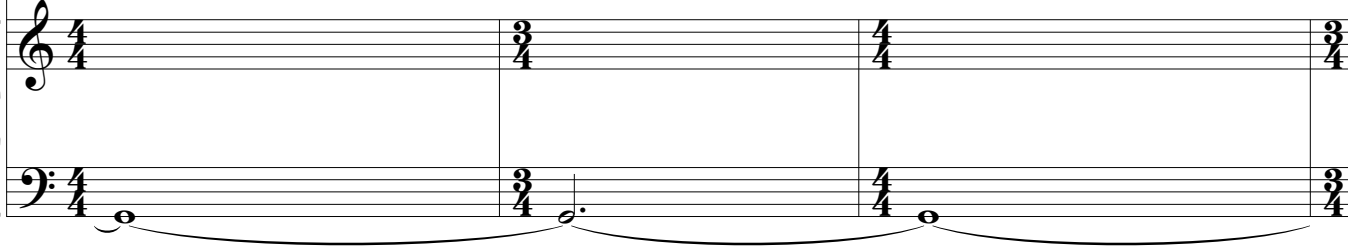
69

Fa  8 all of their wa-ges A breach a breach a breach a

El. 


75

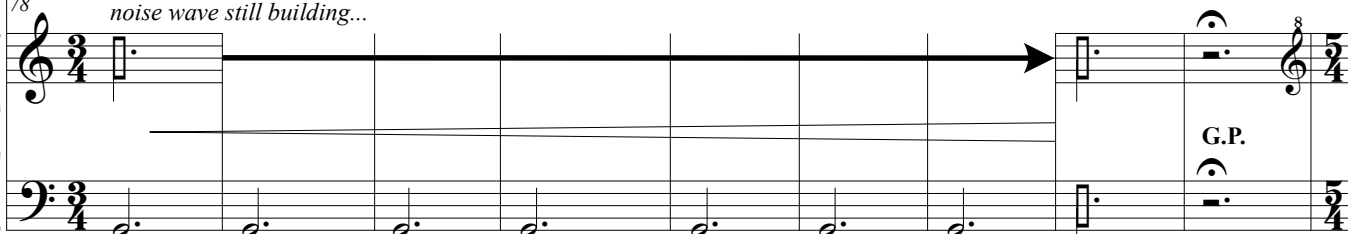
Fa  8 flood wall rolls clo - ser in

El. 

**11**  
G.P.

78

Fa  8 slow mo - tion peo - ple screa - ming

El. 

*fff*

12

♩=63

Fa 8 Bar Wash - rel - ing down a - way Bar wash - rel - ing down a - way

El. 87 8 3

Fa 89 8 ba - rrel - ing down was bar - rel a - way - ing down Wash bar - a -

El. 89 8 3

Fa 91 8 rel - ing down wash Bar a - rel - ing down Wash bar - a -

El. 91 8

13

♩=52

Fa 93 8 rel - ing down A - way no a-ppear no where ree dis no

El. 93 8 3

97

Fa    
 — a-ppear where no dis - ap-pear no — where ree no dis - a-ppear

El. 

101

Fa    
 no — where ree — a-ppear dis no — a-ppear where ree — dis a-ppear no —


El. 


105

Fa    
 — where ree a-ppear dis — a-ppear no — where ree a-ppear *rain: slowly dissipating...*

El. 

14  $\text{♩} = 72$

Fa    
*rocking harmonies, like floating on water...* *mf* The flood lake nine hun - dred — miles long

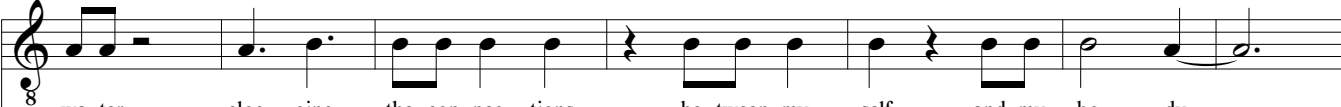
El. 


118

Fa    
 8 two hun-dred miles wide un - en - ding roll of the

El. 

127

Fa    
 8 wa-ter clog - ging the con-nec - tions be-tween my - self and my bo - dy


El. 


134

Fa    
 8 a ci-ty of the sea sick Home - less mill - ions floa-ting in


El. 

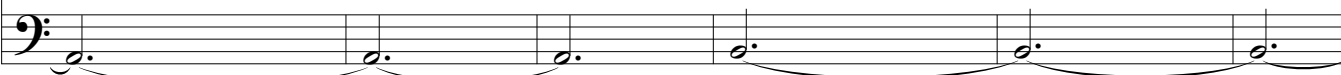
140

Fa    
 8 all di-rec - tions Rafts from doors ca - noes from cof - fins boats from box - es A po-


El. 

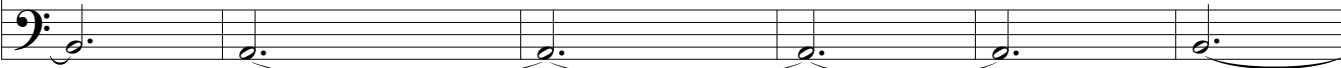
146

Fa    
 8 lice-man bal - an - ces a-top a pile of de-bris shout-ing at the ves-sels to stay in their lanes

El. 

152

Fa    
 8 Far-mers whose la - bor had once fed the ci-ty kept out ban - nished to

El. 

158

Fa *f*  
8 ov - er-crow - ded set-tle-ments Dis-ease Dis-ease Dis - ease corp -

El.

166

Fa *f*  
8 ses float - ing ev - 'ry - where no dry land for bur-i-al

El.

174

Fa *p* *f*  
8 At night: to-tal dark-ness. A

El.

183

Fa  
8 sam-pan drifts in-to a Tex-a-co oil fa-cil-i-ty the cook-ing stove bursts

El.

187

Fa *ff*  
8 oil drums shoot six-ty me-tres in the air ex - plode \_\_\_\_\_ spew-ing burn-ing oil wa-ter on

El.

192

Fa *ff* *p*  
8 fi-re \_\_\_\_\_ at night the fi-re shed its flick-er ing light on fam-i-lies

El.

199

Fa 8 slee-ping in tree - ees An-i - mals ev-er-y-where in the ci-ty A fam - i

El.

206

Fa 8 ly of ducks camp out in the cin-e-ma A school of fish per-use the lo-bby of an ex-

El.

212

Fa 8 clus-ve night-club Ov - er in the for-eign

El.

218

Fa 8 con-sess-ion - s busi-ness peo-ple sit a-round drink-ing neat whi-skey com-plain-ing

Alyssa 218 way *ppp* slow crescendo ahhsh *cresc.* way *cresc.*

Tilda 218 ahh ooo ahh

El.

224 *mocking* *Glissando* 6:4 6:4 3:2 3:2 6:4

Fa "Ohhhh it's im-poss-i-ble to find fresh veg-a-ta-bles." "Ohhhh why won't the gov-ern-ment stop the

Alyssa ahhsh way

Tilda ooo ahh ooo

El.

229 3:2 3:2 3:2 6:4 *Glissando* 3:2 6:4

Fa com-mun-ists from set-ting off fi-re crack-ers?" "Ohhhh these dis-gust-ing poor

Alyssa ahhsh way

Tilda ahh ooo

El.

233 3:2 3:2 6:4 6:4 6:4

Fa peo-ple are just fine liv-ing in their own shit!" *p*

Alyssa ahhsh way ahhsh *p*

Tilda ahh ooo ahh

El. *ppp*

*p*

239

Fa

8

wa - ash a - way wash

Alyssa

239

way ahhsh way ahhsh

Tilda

239

ooo ahh ooo ahh

El.

239

*slow crescendo*

*f*

247

Fa

8

a - way wash

Alyssa

247

way ahhsh way

Tilda

247

ooo ahh ooo

El.

247

*ff*

**[Fa's aria ends]**

Sam: That was superb! Profound questions explored so effortlessly! How is it that you are able to embed these questions, these universally human questions, so seamlessly into the telling of your individual story.

Fa: Thank you Sam. But I didn't do it alone. Many of those questions came from conversions I've had with my friends here.

Tilda: It's not just the stories we've heard an infinite number of times.

Alyssa: Correct. There are also discussions we have that recur.

Tilda: Man in a state of nature. Is morality objective? What is justice?

Fa: What is happiness? Does suffering make us human? Is everything just a dream?

Alyssa: What is truth? Do we have free will? Does God exist?

Tilda: What is infinity?

Sam: You have a song for that?

Alyssa: We have a song for each of those discussions.

Fa: And more!

Tilda: And these conversations we have with one another eventually make their way in to the tellings of our individual stories. It's inevitable, really. I've noticed this with each of us.

Fa: And we've had one of these conversations about exactly this!

Allyssa: But we'll get to all of that later. We have plenty of time. Now we should listen to Tilda tell her story.

Fa: Yes, yes! I love this one!

**[Tilda tells her story**

**Elements:**

- **Image: Rising water**
- **Physical Sensation: being submerged**
- **Musical concept: Harmonies modulating ever-upward to a threshold point**
- **What does the voice do?: hold on to a pitch “on the surface” and try not to get pulled under**
- **What do the electronics do?: Rising harmonies, crowding texture, at threshold point loud percussive hits repeating.**

**]**

Tilda: *[Pauses to focus meditatively. The wind sound starts to change and tune itself. It is as if she is effecting this change with her mind. A low drone slowly fades in...]* Where I come from we're used to big storms, to hurricanes. But everyone was saying this one was gonna be big. My cousin was gonna give me and my gramma a ride up to Alabama so we could ride out the storm there. But she ran out of room in her car for us, so I stayed back in New Orleans with gramma in her old house. When the storm came we went into a closet in the middle of the house. Then the winds came. The sound was all around us...

# Tilda

**1**  $\text{♩} = 66$  *p*

Batilda Bossard

Electronics

pound - ing press - ing peel - ing pound - ing press - ing

**2** *mf* **3**

Tilda

El.

peel - ing pound - ing press - ing peel - ing pound - ing press - ing

**4** *f* **5**

Tilda

El.

peel - ing poun - ding pre - - - ssing

**6** *ff* **7** *p*

Tilda

El.

pee - - - ling Through the win - dow a

Digital Delay = 5/16ths; 7/8ths

8

24

Tilda

stop sign half sub-mer - ged in wa - ter ri -

24 8

El.

9

30

Tilda

- sing ri - sing ahh

30 8

El.

10

36

Tilda

wa - ter ri - sing fast in the house ahh

36 8

El.

41

Tilda

in the house all types of a - ni - mals ones I've ne - ver seen be - fore

El.

11

46

Tilda

get - ting in and ma - king all kinds of noise

El.

12

51

*mf* and gram - ma's *ff* screa - ming "please God don't lem - me die"

8 or more times

Tilda

El.

13

14

Tilda

*f*

and the wa - ter's ri - sing — we craw -

El.

56

Tilda

15

*ff*

- in - to the a - ttic the whole house sha -

El.

61

Tilda

8 or more times

- - - - kes wave af - ter

El.

66

66

16

*mf*

Tilda

*suddenly calm* My neigh - bor on his roof flag - ging for help sea - gulls and pel - i - cans

El.

*p* *ff* *p* *f*

Tilda

div - - - ing down - - - ea - ting him up like dead meat

El.

*ppp*

*Gliss.*

*p* *ff* G.P. 17

Tilda

and then the wiii - - - nd

El.

*ff* G.P.

*ff*

Tilda

ah oh ah - ee - ah - - - ah oh ah ah - - - ah ah - ee - ah oh - - - ah ah - - - oh ah ah - ee - ah ah - - -

El.

89

Tilda

oh — ah ah ee-ah — ah oh ah ah ah ah — oh ee-ah ah ah — ah ah — ah ah ah-ee - ah ah oh

El.

94

Tilda

ah ah-ee - ah ah ah ah aha ah oh — ee-ah — ah — ah oh ah — ah ah ah-ee oh ah ah ah ah oh-ee

El.

18

$\text{♩} = 60$

*p*

Tilda

*suddenly calm* Did it stop? Stran - - - ded sur-

*f* *p*

El.

*p*

107

*mf*

Tilda

roun - - - ded by wa-ter un - drink-a-ble a - bove

*f subp*

El.

114 *f* *p*

Tilda

hell - i-cop-ters ! Wave at them! a - nd guns — point back

El.

121 *f* *p*

Tilda

Stran - - - - ded and watched by ev-er-y - one.

El.

19 *f* *mf*

Tilda

127 *ppp* *slow crescendo* Three days stran - ded. A boat. Not FE-MA not po-lice.

Alyssa

127 *ppp* *slow crescendo* ee ae eee ah eh ae oh eee

Fa

8 eee ae ah nnn eh ae ee oh eee ee

El.

134 *mf*

Tilda

134 Twen-ty five nor-mal peo-ple stra - n - gers save us. To a

Alyssa

134 ehh ah lll ehr ae uh oh

Fa

8 ehh ah lll nnn ehr uh oh

El.

140

Tilda

camp on a stre - tch of el - e - va - ted high - way a - bove the wat - ter.

Alyssa

ah eh ae uh ah ehr ae

Fa

ah eh ae ah uh ah ehr

El.

*Gliss.* *p* *pp* *mf* *mf*

20

145

Tilda

Tak - ing care of one an - o - ther

Alyssa

eh uh

Fa

ae uh ehr

El.

*gentle* *mf* *monotone* *echoing* *echoing*

21

Tilda

Tilda: [narrates the following story in a speaking voice] We pick up a woman about grandma's age. So sweet, so grateful. She had a grandson. He died in the storm. She said "they sent my grandson off to fight in Iraq so that he could come home and die in this bullshit?!?" ... No one said a word ...

Alyssa

oh ah ae oh ah ae oh ah ae oh ah ae oh

Fa

oh ee uu ae oh ee uu ae oh ee uu ae

El.

*p* *p* *repeating while she speaks her story* *Tilda cues hard cut off*

♩=140 *ff* **22** **23** *mf*

Tilda  
159 Ohh - AH!

Alyssa  
159

Fa  
159

El.  
159  
*wind gust* *p*

163

Tilda  
163 In - hu - man All Of Us Hu - man In - hu - man All of Us All of Us

El.  
163

169 *ff*

Tilda  
169 Hu - man In - hu - man All Of Us Hu - man In - hu - man All of Us

Alyssa  
169 *ff*

Fa  
169 *ff*

El.  
169 *ff*

175

Tilda

175

Alyssa

175

Fa

8

El.

All of Us Hu - man In - hu - man Hu - man snake pit of an - i - mal

All of Us Hu - man In - hu - man Hu - man snake pit of an - i - mal

All of Us Hu - man In - hu - man Hu - man snake pit of an - i - mal

175

181

Tilda

181

Alyssa

181

Fa

8

El.

an - ar chy Left for dead. Left for dead. Left for dead. Left for dead.

an - ar - chy Left for dead Left for dead Left for dead Left for dead

an - ar - chy Left for dead Left for dead Left for dead Left for dead

181

186

Tilda

186

Alyssa

186

Fa

8

El.

Left for dead. Left for dead. Left for dead. Left for dead.

Left for dead Left for dead Left for dead Left for dead

Left for dead Left for dead Left for dead Left for dead

191

Tilda

a - no - ther zone ripe for in - va - sion

**[End Tilda's aria]**

Sam: Tilda, your story is so beautifully sad. That poor woman. That poor helpless woman. And those selfish police officers refusing to fulfill their duty. Just horrible. Thank you so much for your story. I think that I understand you a little better now.

Tilda: Thank you Sam, I appreciate that.

Alyssa: And now you have heard each of our songs. Songs of disaster.

Tilda: Of collapse.

Fa: Of Survival.

Alyssa: And so it would seem that there is some logic as to why we are each here. That we were “chosen,” for lack of a better word. “Selected” perhaps. This must be the case because of both our similarities and our differences. There’s too much logic for it to be simply random. The purpose of this logic? Who knows...

Fa: It is so we can learn from one another. What if we are supposed to discover something? Something that only we can discover? What if our experiences are supposed to combine to create some deep truth?

Tilda: We can’t know that. We need to focus on what we do know: we were each making our own way through hell on earth, and now we are here. We should be careful to not make these things out to be something more than what they actually were.

Fa: Yes. But the reverse is also true: we shouldn’t make our experiences out to be less than what they were either.

Tilda: Agreed.

Alyssa: So, Mr. Salvage, I think we’re all curious about your story. And I’m wondering if you would like to share.

Fa: But only if you want to.

Sam: Yes, I would like to. But how is it done here? It seems that each of you are able to summon your song out of the... well... nothingness. How is that done?

Fa: [*Slow, soothing, like a hypnotist*] Relax. Let yourself go. Let go of your need to put events into order. Let go of your hopes and your fears... Now, find your first note... This note is your note, and yours alone... Focus on your note. Is it high or low? Hard or soft? Round or jagged?... Good. You have found your note. You know your note. Now, reach

out. Feel the space around your note. Reaching out in all directions. Stretching. Can you sense the presence of another note? Can you feel the space between?

### **[Salvage tells his story (part one)**

#### **Elements:**

- **Image: distorted through broken glass**
- **Physical Sensation: vomiting**
- **Musical concept: mangling, fragmented flashes, sudden violence, a distorted mis-remembered song**
- **What does the voice do?: mimic vomiting, blurt out orders (“control the crowd... secure the rations...”), “yes sir,” and emotional outbursts**
- **What do the electronics do?: mangle recordings of Sam, breaking glass, and crowds/screaming**

**]**

Sam: *[Now in a hypnogogic state]* I didn’t set out to be an officer. My family were farmers. But, the country-side had been shrinking for generations. What used to be common grazing land had been captured by private hands. So, my family packed up and moved to a city so that we might work for a wage. All of us, my father, mother, brothers, and sisters, working in garment factories. We slept in close quarters, and everyone everywhere was sick all of the time, or so it seemed. I needed out of that life. I would not be locked up in some industrial dungeon, like my father and mother. I would leave. I would see the world. The East India Company Army was desperate for men, and paid more than the Queen’s Army. And so, I signed up. And I left... *[He is interrupted by a sudden urge to vomit. His body taking over, he starts to dry heave. The electronics enter violently.]*

# Sam Aria Part I

♩ = 76 but loose and disjointed

**Sam**

*f* dry heaving...

(heave) (heave) (heave) (heave)

**Electronics**

Distorted samples of crowds and riots

**S.S.**

(heave) (cough) (SCREAM)

**El.**

*nill*

**S.S.**

Yes sir!! uhh uh ihh uh eh

*mf* "puke-sing" *Gliss.*

**El.**

*ff*

**S.S.**

uh eh oh uh

*Gliss.* *3:2* *5:4*

**El.**

*nill*

23

S.S. *eh eh - uh (cough) (cough) (cough) (cough)*

El. *ff*

28

S.S. *ff* *mf* *ff* *mf* *mf* *f* "puke-sing" *Gliss.*

(SCREAM) "yes sir" (SCREAM) (cough) "pro- tect the car- go" uhh ihh

El.

33

S.S. *ff* *maniacal laughter* *f* "puke-sing"

(SCREAM) ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha oh

El.

37

S.S. *mf* *Glissando* *5:4* *p* *melody trying to break through* *f*

"yes sir" "ga- ther the bo- dies" ah - oh (heave)

El.

40

S.S. *ff* *mf* *f* "puke-sing" *ff*

(SCREAM) "pro- tect the car- go" (heave) - ah (SCREAM) (heave) (SCREAM) (heave)

El.

43 *f* "puke-sing" *mf* *f* "puke-sing"

S.S. *Glissando* 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 5:4

uh "yes sir" "yes sir" uh - ah

El. 43

46 *ff* *mf* *ff*

S.S. 5:4 (SCREAM) ha ha ha ha ha "se - cure the ra - tions" (SCREAM) 5:4 ha ha ha ha ha

El. 46

48 *p* *f* *melody trying to break through*

S.S. uh oh uh oh uh ou uh oh uh oh uh oh uh oh uh oh uh oh uh oh ah! (heave)

El. 48

51 "puke-sing" *mf* *f* *mf* *Gliss.*

S.S. 3:2 3:2 5:4 3:2 uh - oh uh uh oh uh - oh "contro the crowd" (heave) ha ha ha ha ha "yes sir"

El. 51

55 "puke-sing" *f* *p < ff*

S.S. 3:2 5:4 3:2 5:4 uh - ah! (heave) ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

El. 55

58 *f* gasping *laughing* 5:4 *gasping* *ff* *mf*

S.S. What ha ha ha ha ha (heave) have I (SCREAM) "pro-tect the rat-ions"

El. 58

62 *f* gasping sing *gasping* "puke-sing" 5:4 *ff* sing

S.S. done? What (heave) have I done? What

El. 62

69 5:4 3:2 5:4 5:4 *p*

S.S. have I ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha (SCREAM) (heave) not done?

El. 69

73 *ff*

S.S. 73

El. 73

**[Sam's aria Pt. I ends]**

Sam: What just happened? What just happened to me?

Fa: It's alright Sam, you're safe.

Sam: Oh my God, what just happened to me?

Tilda: Try to calm yourself, man.

Fa: Give him some space, Tilda.

Sam: What just happened?

Alyssa: You did your first take.

Sam: My first take? [*Still feeling the effects in his body*] Oh god!

Fa: Sit down. You need to rest.

Sam: I thought that no one could feel pain here.

Tilda: Well...

Alyssa: We are still connected to our old worlds, and sometimes things seep through.

Sam: I completely lost control of myself. Oh, I feel so ashamed!

Fa: Don't beat yourself up.

Alyssa: It's perfectly fine, Sam. We all started out the same way.

Sam: You did?

Alyssa: Yes.

Tilda: You shoulda been here to see the crazy shit that Fa did when he first appeared.  
[*Fa nods in acknowledgement*]

Alyssa: No one's song just comes out of them spontaneously. It must be practiced.

Fa: It takes time. You have to listen to your song and decipher what it is trying to say.

Sam: It was like something possessed me. I can't even remember anything I said. You all heard me with unaffected ears. What did I say? How would you decipher it?

*They all look at one another awkwardly concerned.*

Tilda: You weren't making much sense at all. It was like you were being torn apart.

Alyssa: It was your first attempt. I understand how scary it was. We all had to go through a similar process.

Fa: Be patient, Sam. Things will become clear in due time.

Sam: So, you all want me to repeat that episode? How many times?

Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda: [*look at one another for a moment, and then all together*] Infinity.

Sam: No.

Fa: But that's not as horrible as it sounds. Each time you sing your song it changes.

Alyssa: Infinite repetitions, infinite variations.

Tilda: And you get stronger with each go.

Fa: It's infinite expansion, becoming more than anything you previously thought possible.

Sam: More like infinite torture.

Alyssa: It gets better.

Sam: No, I cannot do this. I will not. You all may have accepted your fate. But you're all dooming yourselves. Lying around on this stupid raft, placating one another with ceaseless babble. I will not wait for my song to imprison me. And I will not take orders from you all. There must be a way out of here. There must be. There must be something else... [*he leaves the raft*]

## ***END ACT 1***

## ACT 2

*A chord from the tonal world of Nowhere is playing. It sounds like an organ that can play forever without taking a breath. Lights come up on her. She sings a long, wordless aria. She is entertaining herself. There is no hint of longing or loneliness but no excitement either. Instead, we hear someone sing to themselves in an infinite expanse in complete acceptance of their reality.*

**[Nowhere explores the timeless, spaceless abyss**

**Elements:**

- **Image:** homeless Angel
- **Physical Sensation:** stopped motion (unsettling because your body has become so accustomed to motion)
- **Musical concept:** unique singular tuning system (a separate world); chords without beginning or end; non goal-oriented
- **What does the voice do?:** disinterested play—exploring the system of intonation for the sake of itself
- **What do the electronics do?:** organ-like chords fading in/out of each other very slowly; no silences

**]**

# Nowhere's Aria

*Singing vowels ad lib.*

*Choose vowels that work best to evoke  
someone taking pleasure in the feeling of singing...*

**1**  $\text{♩} = 52$  *p*

Nowhere

uuu

Electronics

*p*

**2** *f* **3** **4** *p*

N/W

El.

**5**

N/W

El.

crossfading in...

18

N/W

6

18

El.

crossfading out...

7

N/W

8

24

El.

9

N/W

10

11

32

El.

*p*

*f*

*p*

39 12

N/W

El.

13 *p*

N/W

El.

*p*

14 15 G.P.

N/W

El.

G.P.

16 *f*

N/W

El.

*f*

58

N/W

El.

63

N/W

El.

17 *improvise of pitch cells:*

18

70

N/W

El.

19

*continuing sequence, looping...*

77

N/W

El.

20

21

*improvise of pitch cells:*

22 23 24

N/W

El.

25 26 27

N/W

El.

28

♩=96

N/W

Sam

El.

Upon hearing Sam she becomes still

Entering. Repeating and fragmenting,  
as if trying to remember a melody

hum bah dum bah dum bah dah dah bah

103

N/W

Sam

*Hears playback of Nowhere... tries to mimic her...  
tries to incorporate into his half remembered song... he is failing...  
eventually, she becomes frustrated and corrects him...*

104 (phrase repeated below):

N/W

*We hear Sam off stage singing to himself as if trying to remember a tune. She hears him and stops singing, becoming completely still. He enters, continuing as before. Slowly playback of her aria fades in through the speakers. He hears it and attempts to incorporate her material into his half-(mis)remembered melody. She listens. She becomes increasingly frustrated by his mistakes, and eventually corrects him. He can suddenly see her.*

Sam: Oh lord in heaven! Another person!

Nowhere: *[Realizes she made a mistake by correcting him and exposing herself. Decides to see the process through; repeats the corrected musical phrase.]*

Sam: *[Moving towards her]* Another person. Another person.

Nowhere: *[Backing away from him. Again repeats the corrected phrase but with a tone of concern.]*

Sam: No, no, no. I won't hurt you. I'm not as dangerous as I look. In fact, I'm not dangerous at all.

Nowhere: *[Repeats the corrected phrase with a tone of skepticism.]*

Sam: *[Removing something fancy from his outfit]* Here. Take this. A gift. A gesture of good will.

Nowhere: *[Continues to back away; is unimpressed by the gift; repeats the corrected phrase with a tone of "are you fucking serious?"]*

Sam: Ok. Alright. But surely there must be something that you want.

Nowhere: *[Repeats the corrected phrase with a tone of patience that says "yes, would you please sing the correct phrase?"]*

Sam: But there's nothing here. There's literally nothing here I can offer you.

Nowhere: *[Repeats the phrase with a tone of "you can sing for me the correct phrase..."]*

Sam: *[Realizing that every time he steps forward she steps back]* I don't mean to be threatening. Look *[he kneels down onto both knees]* I won't attack. I just want... I just want to... *[realizing he doesn't know what he wants]* I... I...

Nowhere: *[Repeats the phrase with a tone of frustration: "just sing the fucking phrase!"]*

Sam: Oh no, don't be angry. *[Walking towards her on his knees]* How did I upset you? I didn't mean to upset you.

Nowhere: *[Controlling her temper, repeats the phrase with a tone of forced patience]*

Sam: *[Still walking on his knees]* Please forgive me. I meant no harm.

Nowhere: *[Repeats the phrase with the tone of "all you have to do is sing the phrase correctly..."]*

Sam: Please forgive me.

*[The last preceding two lines repeat several times. With each repetition Sam's delivery becomes more melodic and increasingly closer to the correct phrase. Eventually he sings it correctly.]*

Nowhere: *[Ecstatic about hearing the correct phrase sings a high melody of triumph.]*

Sam: *[Lights up in a moment of epiphany, rises from his knees]* I think I understand now!

### **[ Nowhere and Sam's duet**

#### **Elements:**

- **Image:** mock courtship
- **Physical Sensation:** pushing forward and pulling away
- **Musical concept:** call and response that demonstrates both Sam's earnest desire to understand and his inability to do so
- **What does the voice do?:** imitation; one character's falling gestures mirror the other's rising ones and vice versa
- **What do the electronics do?:** articulate the harmonic content; maintain a timbral distinction between the two characters

**]**

# Act II

## Scene 2: Duet

1  $\text{♩} = 52$

Nowhere

Samuel Salvage

Electronics

2 *mf*

3

4

*p* *mf*

*p* *mf*

*f* *p* *f*

5

6

7

8

N/W

Sam

El.

*mf*

*p* *p* *f*

ahh

ahh

Score for Act II, Scene 2: Duet. The score is in 4/4 time with a tempo of 52 beats per minute. It features three parts: Nowhere (soprano), Samuel Salvage (bass), and Electronics (piano). The score is divided into eight measures. Measures 1-4 show Nowhere and Samuel Salvage with dynamics *p* and *mf*, and Electronics with dynamics *f* and *p*. Measures 5-8 show Nowhere and Samuel Salvage with dynamics *mf* and *p*, and Electronics with dynamics *p* and *f*. The lyrics "bah" and "ahh" are present under Samuel Salvage's lines.

9 10 11 12 13

N/W

Sam

ah

ah

ah

El.

14 15

N/W

Sam

*mf* *p*

bah

El.

16 17 18

N/W

Sam

*mf* interrupting her

tee

tee

tee

El.

27

N/W

Sam

El.

*f*

tee \_\_\_\_\_ eee \_\_\_\_\_ eee \_\_\_\_\_

3/4

19

$\text{♩} = 132$   
Waltz

N/W

Sam

El.

*mf*

la dee da la dee da la dee da la dee da la dee da

37

*f*

20

21

22

N/W

Sam

El.

la dee da la dee da la dee da

46

*p*

*f*

*p*

**23**

N/W

Sam

la dee da la dee da

52

El.

*f*

*p*

**24**

**25**

N/W

Sam

la dee da la dee da la

58

El.

**26**

**27**

N/W

Sam

la dee da dee da lah

64

El.

*f*

*f*

**28**

29 30 *p* *f*

N/W

Sam

lah

71 8

El.

31 32 33 *p* *ff*

N/W

Sam

la dee da

ba dee dum ba

77 8

El.

34 35 *p* *f*

N/W

Sam

ba dee dum la dee da dee ba dee dum

83 8

El.

36

4X

88

N/W

staring at one another  
Sam wants to continue his phrase  
Nowhere wants to sing over him...

Sam

ba dee dum

El.

37

91

N/W

ba dee dum ba dee dum ba dee dum ba dee

Sam

El.

38

95

N/W

dum bah

Sam

El.

100

N/W

Sam

El.

bah — bah —

104

N/W

Sam

El.

*mf*

bah — bah — I —

*pp*

39

N/W

Sam

El.

*f*

need I —

8X

8X

1088

40

N/W

Sam

El.

4X

*p*

*p* *f*

need

please

122

41

N/W

Sam

El.

*p* *f*

*p* *f*

please

please

134

interrupting him

42

43

N/W

Sam

El.

*p* *ff*

please

1418

44

45

N/W

Sam

*p*

12X

12X

What is your name?

each time starting 1/2 step lower

"name?"

3/4

3/4

148

each time starting 1/2 step lower

"name?"

♩=63

46

N/W

Sam

*pp* *ff*

*Glissando*

3X

*f*

4X

*f*

3/4

3/4

156

N/W

Sam

*p*

3/4

3/4

163

N/W

El.

163

3/4

3/4

171

N/W

El.

171

3/4

3/4

179

N/W

El.

4X

187

N/W

El.

194

N/W

El.

ah oh ah oh

202

N/W

Sam

El.

47

48

ah oh ahh

ahhh - - - oh

*p* *f* *p* *f*

*p* *fff*

**[End Nowhere and Sam's duet]**

*Salvage is traveling through the spaceless space with Nowhere trailing behind in chains. Both are singing to themselves. She sounds quiet but not fundamentally changed in mood. He sounds disturbed, trying to sing away what bothers him. He is failing. This goes on for a while...*

Sam: Your song is so sweet in its sadness. I must admit that I will never know a sadness as perfect as yours. It is a melancholy without longing, a submission without the trauma of memory. Neither a mourning for what is gone nor a hope for something better. Me? My song does not come. This must be my choice somehow. I must be refusing to memorialize the horrors of the past. There is a way forward. There is a way out. There must be. You'll see. Though I can not tell whether you hate me now, and I wouldn't begrudge you if you did, I am certain you will appreciate what I have done when we find our way out!

*Nowhere continues singing, unaffected by his speech. Sam continues to try to sing away his problems and continues to fail. This continues for a while... Lights slowly fade in at the edge of the stage...*

Sam: Look. Do you see that? Do you see what I see? It's... It's... It's something. I don't know what, but does it matter? [*Lights continuing to get brighter...*] Yes, it's something alright. We've done it! We've found something! [*to himself:*] Alright Officer Salvage. Steel yourself. Who knows what in heaven, hell, and/or otherwise this might be. A demon or an angel or a way out or...

*The lights, now fully up, reveal Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda on the raft.*

Tilda: The prodigal son returns!

Sam: It can't be...

Fa: It's so good to see you. Both of you.

Sam: How in heaven...

Tilda: I know, it's crazy right? But you're back.

Alyssa: Back with the pack!

*Salvage turns to go back the way he came.*

Alyssa: Where are you going? Where is he going?

Sam: I'm going back. There must be another way.

Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda: Wait!

Tilda: Allow me to re-pose the question. *Where* are you going? Like literally. *Where* are you going?

Sam: I don't know!

Tilda: I think we can get a better answer than that.

Alyssa: It's not really much of an answer is it?

Fa: Sam, you haven't thought this through. Try to find some patience within yourself.

Sam: I have thought. I've been thinking. Think, think, think, that's what I've been doing this whole bloody time. And I can keep thinking beyond the end of time, but I'd just be stalling! I must act! Not take orders, act!

Fa [*with pity*]: Oh Sam. [*To the others*] It's worse than we thought. His delusions are getting stronger, not weaker. This requires an intervention.

Tilda: Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

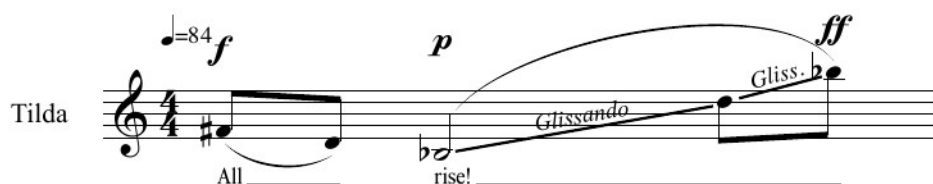
Alyssa: And what I'm thinking?

Fa: Yep!

Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda: A trial, a trial, a trial!!!

Nowhere: *Immediately lights up with a smile and uses the chains that Sam has been in control of to easily drag Sam onto the raft, which now functions as the place of the accused.*

Tilda [*sung intensely*]:



[*now spoken more like a conventional bailiff*] This ritual of remembering is now in session!

All present presiding. [*everyone but Sam cheers*] Let the ritual begin!

Alyssa: Calling the case of the sea of infinite nothingness versus the variously forgotten parties. Are all sides ready?

Fa and Tilda:

musical score for two voices, T. (Tenor) and F. (Female), in 7/8 and 4/4 time. The score includes lyrics and musical notation. The first system is in 7/8 time, marked *f* (forte). The lyrics are: "Reh for pee Reh for pain savouring sweetness robotic men ted flash-ing". The second system is in 4/4 time, marked *p* (piano). The lyrics are: "fun - nelled in - to the brain".

Alyssa [*addressing Sam*]: Will the clerk please check the jury?

*Everyone looks at Sam. He looks back confused, frustrated, and scared. There is a long awkward pause...*

Sam: Don't look at me!

Alyssa [*now addressing Nowhere*]: Will the clerk please check the jury?

Nowhere [*Happily agrees. She sings a long note while holding up her right hand*] :

musical notation for a single long note, marked *f* (forte). The note is a half note, and the lyrics are "Ahh!".

*Everyone but Sam holds up their right hand. Nowhere sings an intricate and difficult melody:*



*Everyone but Sam sings it back perfectly:*



*Nowhere smiles, pleased with the outcome, and gestures that the trial may proceed.*

Fa: Your honors. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury. There is a lost memory severed from logic. The gap that it had once filled closed. It has nowhere to go.

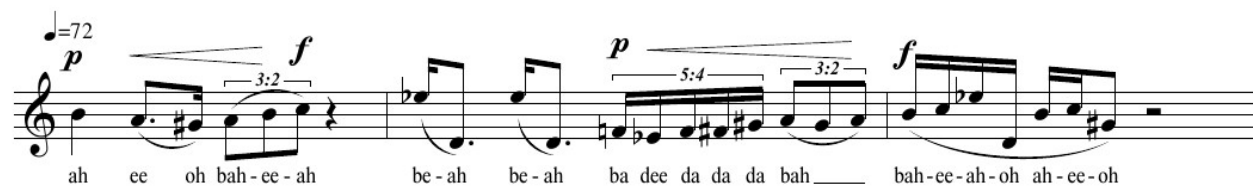
Tilda: Your honors. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury. The memory is not lost. It has not been severed from logic. It has been written over. It is buried beneath. It can be excavated.

Alyssa: Your honors. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury. The memory is neither lost nor buried. It is in fact not a memory at all. This “memory” is an invention of the present.

Nowhere:



Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda:



Tilda: Call the first witness!

*Nowhere and Fa help Alyssa fashion an improvised costume for herself...*

Sam [to Tilda]: What's the idea? What are you all trying to prove?

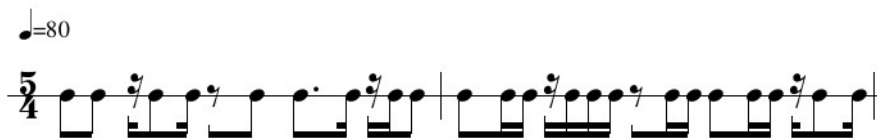
Tilda: Do you promise that the testimony that you shall give will be the truth, the whole truth, all of it, no itty little bits left behind?

Sam: Yes.

Tilda [aside to Sam]: No not you. The witness. Don't worry, you'll get your turn [she winks at him]. [Addressing everyone in a big booming voice as before] Do you promise that the testimony that you shall give will be the truth, the whole truth, all of it, no itty little bits left behind?

Alyssa [now dressed in costume]: I do. [Everyone but Sam cheers] Tilda: State your whole name for the record.

Alyssa: [claps an intricate rhythm. everyone but Sam claps it back.]



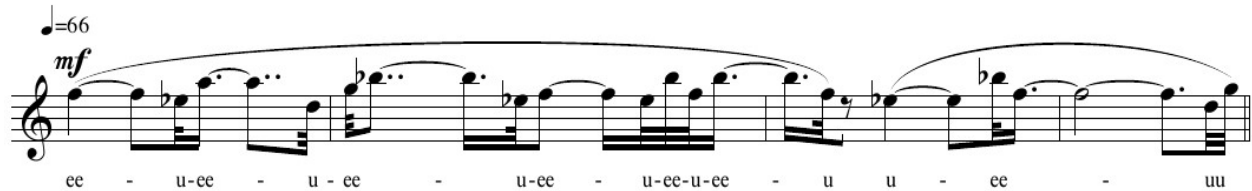
Fa: What is your business?

Alyssa:



Fa: Questions?

*Everyone looks at Sam and waits. He is confused and does not know how to respond. To break the silence, Nowhere sings back Alyssa's solo in retrograde:*



Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda: [*All cheer Nowhere's retrograde.*]

Tilda: So there was no reason for you to look backwards? Afterall, there was nothing back there anyways.

Alyssa: Leading question.

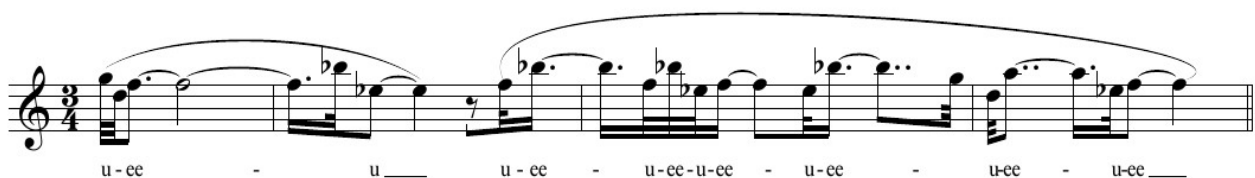
Alyssa and Fa: Leading question.

Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda: Leading question.

*Slight pause. All looking at Sam.*

Sam: [*monotone*] Leading question.

Alyssa, Fa, Nowhere, and Tilda: [*Everyone cheers and then sings Alyssa's solo to celebrate Sam's participation*]



Alyssa: Call the second witness!

*Tilda and Nowhere help Fa prepare a costume.*

Sam: [*to Alyssa*] This is absurd. It's a mockery of social order, and a danger to all of us. I am shocked that you of all people would go along with this bastardization of justice.

Alyssa: [*aside to Sam*] Oh very good Sam! But hold on to that and say it during cross examinations. [*to Fa and the others*] Do you promise that the testimony that you shall give will be the truth, the whole truth, all of it, no itty little bits left behind?

Fa: I do. [*everyone but Sam cheers*]

Alyssa: State your name for the record.

Fa: [*claps an intricate rhythm. everyone but Sam claps it back.*]



Tilda: Who are your recollectors?

Fa: I leave nothing behind. All of the universe is perpetual change. Love is the only thing that is permanent.

Everyone but Sam:

A musical score for three voices (A, T, F) in 3/4 time. The tempo is marked as ♩=60. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#). The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the main lyrics: "love per - ma - nent change in per - pe - tu". The second system contains the lyrics: "uh - - - - m". The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *mf* and *monk-like*. The voices are labeled A. (Alto), T. (Tenor), and F. (Bass).

Alyssa: Could you repeat that one more time for the jury?

Everyone but Sam:

A musical score for four voices: Alto (A.), Tenor (T.), Soprano (N.), and Bass (F.). Each voice part is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics 'ahh' are written below each staff. The Soprano part (N.) has a sharp sign on the first line. The Bass part (F.) has an '8' written below the staff. The score is for a single measure.

Alyssa: Could you repeat that one more time for the jury?

Everyone but Sam:

A musical score for four voices: Alto (A.), Tenor (T.), Soprano (N.), and Bass (F.). Each voice part is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics 'ahh' are written below each staff. The Soprano part (N.) has a sharp sign on the first line. The Bass part (F.) has an '8' written below the staff. The score is for a single measure.

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Alyssa: Could you repeat that one more time for the jury?

Everyone but Sam:

A musical score for four voices: Alto (A.), Tenor (T.), Soprano (N.), and Bass (F.). Each voice part is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics "ahh" are written below each staff. The Soprano part (N.) has a sharp sign (#) on the staff. The Bass part (F.) has an "8" written below the staff.

Tilda: I have no more questions.

Nowhere [*sings something that is supposed to mean "call the third witness"*]:



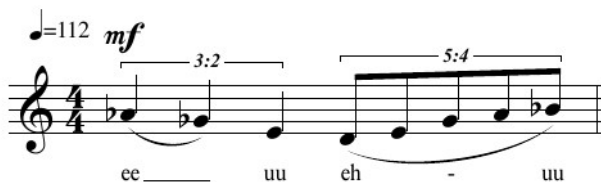
*Everyone looks at Sam. Fa has some costuming and is encouraging him. Nowhere repeats the phrase...*



Sam: Yes, alright. I suppose I'll play along.

*Fa, Alyssa, and Tilda help Sam with his costume. Meanwhile, Nowhere claps intricate rhythms and the three clap them back perfectly.*

Nowhere [*sings to ask Sam if he will tell the truth*]:



Sam: [*confused but also understanding her meaning*] I do.

Tilda: Did you or did you not show up dressed slightly differently than you had been before? Sam: I'm not sure.

Alyssa: Did you or did you not carry with your person this baggage which does not belong to you?

Sam: I did not.

Fa: Did you or did you not commit a deception, whether deliberately or purely as a byproduct of internal processes?

Sam: [*clearly uncomfortable*] I... I... I... I object.

Everyone but Sam:

♩=112

A. *p* *f*  
Ob - jec - tion Ob - jec - tion Ob jec tion Ob

T. *p* *f*  
Ob - jec - tion Ob - jec - tion Ob - jec - tion Ob

N. *p* *f*  
Ob - jec - tion Ob - jec - tion Ob - jec - tion Ob

F. *p* *f*  
Ob - jec - tion Ob - jec - tion Ob - jec - tion Ob

Sam: You all are badgering the witness. Or is this an interrogation? If so, what is my crime? Is it my refusal to stay on the raft? My abducting her against her will? My inability to sing my song? What?! I will play your twisted game, but I can not construct a defense if I do not know what I am being accused of!

Everyone but Sam: [*Repeat "objection" just as before.*]

Sam: Fine, if you all won't tell me what my crime is, then what is my punishment? No one starves here. No one drowns here. No one burns here. I couldn't even banish myself! What on earth could be a punishment?! Unless this... Unless *this* is my punishment. Oh God, is this my punishment?

Everyone else: [*cheers his participation*]

Fa: Call the fourth witness!

*Tilda and Alyssa help Nowhere dress up in a costume.*

Sam: Fa, I don't know what you all are up to but this is cruel. You have to convince them to put a stop to this. Please. It's torture.

Fa: [*looks at Sam confused. Can't tell if Sam is playing "in character" or not, then decides that he is*] Yes, perhaps some form of torture is the best way to get at the truth... [*in the tone of an orator*] It would seem there are no witnesses to confirm or deny. We must turn to other means to detect a lie: the spoon of truth!

Everyone but Sam: The spoon of truth!

Sam: The spoon of truth?

Everyone but Sam: The spoon of truth!

Fa: Prepare the flame!

*Fa pulls the spoon out of the flame, holds it up like an idol.*

Alyssa, Tilda, Fa, and Nowhere (not using words) [*singing*]:

♩=88

A. *mf* *fp* *f* *Glissando* 3X  
The scal - ding spoon in search of truth. Touch tonnn - gue to tor-rid tor - ment! Touch

T. *mf* *fp* *f* *Glissando* 3X  
The scal - ding spoon in search of truth. Touch tonnn - gue to tor-rid tor - ment! Touch

N. *mf* *fp* *f* *Glissando* 3X  
The scal - ding spoon in search of truth. Touch tonnn - gue to tor-rid tor - ment! Touch

F. *mf* *fp* *f* *Gliss* 3X  
The scal - ding spoon in search of truth. Touch tonnn - gue to tor-rid tor - ment! Touch

A. On - ly a scar can re - veal a lie.

T. On - ly a scar can re - veal a lie.

N. On - ly a scar can re - veal a lie.

F. On - ly a scar can re - veal a lie.

Sam: Only a scar can reveal a lie? What is this?

Fa: [*no longer oratorical*] We heat the scalding spoon of truth in the flame of unearth.  
Then we ask a question.

Tilda: The responder then licks the spoon three times. If they tell the truth, their tongue will be unharmed. If they tell a lie, their tongue will blister and scar.

Alyssa: It's a trial by ordeal.

Nowhere: [*Giggles musically.*]

Fa: [*resumes the melodramatic oratorical caricature*] Summon the first subject.

*Everyone prepares Alyssa to be interrogated.*

Tilda and Fa: [*to Alyssa*] Are you a professor, a scholar of history?

Alyssa: Yes. [*Alyssa licks the spoon three times. Fa, Tilda, and Nowhere examine her tongue for a scar/blister, and do not find one.*]

Tilda and Fa: Truth! [*All cheer but Sam*]

Alyssa and Fa: [*to Tilda*] Do you love your grandmother and miss her very much?

Tilda: I do. [*Licks the spoon three times. Fa, Nowhere, and Alyssa examine her tongue.*]

Alyssa and Fa: Truth! [*All cheer but Sam*]

Tilda and Alyssa: [*to Fa*] Are you a fundamentally unmusical person, tone deaf and without rhythm.

Fa: I am not. [*Lick the spoon three times. Alyssa, Tilda, and Nowhere examine his tongue.*]

Tilda and Alyssa: Truth! [*All cheer but Sam*]

Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda: [*All look at Nowhere, and then at one another trying to figure out what to ask. Nowhere is visibly excited, eagerly anticipating the question*] Are you in fact from nowhere, outside of time and place?

Nowhere: [*Sings a short phrase*] uuuuuuuuuu. [*Licks the spoon. Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda examine here tongue*]

Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda: Truth! [*All cheer but Sam*]

Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda: [*to Sam*] Are you a brave soldier, prepared for self-sacrifice?

Sam: Yes. [*Consents to licking the spoon. He is convinced he will be caught in a lie. Everyone else examines his tongue. There is a pause.*]

Alyssa, Fa, and Tilda: Truth! [*All cheer but Sam, who is shocked at the result. The cheering continues*]

### **[Samuel Salvage tells his story Part II**

#### **Elements:**

- **Image: confession**
- **Physical sensation: ejection; release**
- **Musical concept: resolution into a tonic of white noise**
- **What do the electronics do?: swells of low, heavy bass are juxtaposed with the static indifference of wind**

**]**

# Samuel Salvage: Aria Part II

## Samuel Salvage

Sam

Sam

Sam

6 *mf* 7 *f* *p* *f*

Sam More like an o - be-di-ant li - ar. The truth \_\_\_\_ The

El. *p* *sffz*

8 *p* *f* *p* *f* *mf*

Sam truth \_\_\_\_ The truth \_\_\_\_ The farm - lands \_\_\_\_ a-ban - doned. E -

El. *sffz* *sffz*

30 *f*

Sam mac - i - at-ed corp-ses in the streets. Hin - dus \_\_\_\_ beg-ging us \_\_\_\_ for milk. And we

El.

35 *p*

Sam Brit - ish sol - diers were not we were not hun - gry.

El.

9  $\text{♩} = 84$  *mf* *p* *f* 10 *p*

Sam Out on pa-trol with four oth-er men we come up-on a young

El. 41 *sffz* *sffz* *p*

11 *f* *p*

Sam 48 la - dy All that she asked for was help/ All that she need-ed was kind - ness.

El. *p* *sffz*

12 *f*

Sam 54 They in - ter-o-gate her They put her un-der ar-rest In-side my

El. *ff*

13

Sam 60 head I'm screa - ming "Un - just-i-fied Un" just-i-fied Un" just-i-fied But

El. 60 *sffz* *sffz* *sffz*

67

Sam

I \_\_\_\_\_ say no-thing And they \_\_\_\_\_ have sur-round-ed her

El.

74

Sam

They \_\_\_\_ are grab-bing her kiss-ing her pull-ing her hair \_\_\_\_

El.

14

*mf* *f* *fp*

*ff*

80

Sam

laugh - ing \_\_\_\_ Ahh! \_\_\_\_ I stare wide eyed in-to her

El.

15 16

*ff* *p*

*ff* *pp*

88

Sam

wide brown eyes she is scared I am scared We \_\_\_\_ are the

95 **17** *p* **18** *pp* tenderly

Sam same mmm \_\_\_\_\_ but then we are not Reach - ing out

El.

103 **19**

Sam towards one an - oth - er in sus -

El.

113 **20** *ff*

Sam pen - sion Why can't it be o - ver? Oh I \_\_\_\_\_

El.

119

Sam just want \_\_\_\_\_ it to be o-ver. They rip off her clothes. They \_\_\_\_\_ pin her down.

El.

126 *p* **21** *f* *p*

Sam She \_\_\_\_\_ re - ceds her soul flees \_\_\_\_\_

El.

133

Sam some-where else and I feel so horr - i - ble lee

141

Sam a - lone \_\_\_\_\_ One of the men looks at me He can

147 **22** *ff*

Sam see the hor-or on my face I \_\_\_\_\_ could have done some-thing I \_\_\_\_\_ could have fought them

El.

152

Sam I \_\_\_\_\_ could have begged them I \_\_\_\_\_ could have done some-thing a - ny - thing

El.

158

Sam

Ah! Ah! Ah!

23 long pause

El.

*p*

168

Sam

*p*

And I don't fight And I don't beg And I

El.

24

175

Sam

do no-thing be - cause I am a-fraid I

El.

184

Sam

am a-fraid I am a-fraid I am a-fraid I am a-fraid I

192

Sam

am a-fraid I am a-fraid I am a-fraid of what they might

200

Sam

do to me.

*falls to his knees and starts to weep...*

**[Sam's aria (Part 2) ends]**

*Long pause. Sam is crying.*

Tilda: Does he think this is all about him?

Alyssa: Unfortunately, this could be the case...

Tilda: He thinks this is all about him.

Fa: [*to Salvage, with pity*] Oh Sam. This isn't about you.

Sam: But... what?

Fa: No. We play trial all of the time.

Alyssa: In fact we had already decided to have a trial before you most recently showed up. And I guess we all decided to include you.

Tilda: It's really no thing. Just a way for us to play at being different roles.

Fa: It's for fun.

Sam: But... But I confessed...

Tilda: You sure did.

Fa: It was a great confession.

Alyssa: But again, it's not about you.

Sam: But I felt that I had processed something. That I, for the first time, had made myself accountable for something. Without being ordered to do so. I feel like that's why I'm here!

Fa: Oh Sam.

Tilda: [*Sternly*] Officer Salvage. It's. Not. About. You.

Sam: Then what's it all about?!?!]

*House lights up. Performers break character and directly address the audience. “We” includes the audience.*

Everyone but Nowhere: What’s it all about?

Alyssa: What shall we do with this man?

Fa: This coward.

Tilda: This colonizer.

Sam: This buffoon.

Everyone: What’s it all about?

Alyssa: This man, always running away.

Fa: From the horrors of industrial labor.

Tilda: From helping others in need.

Sam: From his own past.

Everyone: What’s it all about?

Alyssa: What shall we do with this man?

Fa: Shall we sing more songs about disaster?

Tilda: Songs about a past just distant enough to not terrorize us?

Sam: Shall we sing and wait for everything to return to normal?

Everyone: What’s it all about?

Alyssa: What shall we do with this man?

Fa: Shall we kill him?

Tilda: Shall we make him suffer?

Sam: Shall we cheer as we watch his suffering?

Everyone: What’s it all about?

Alyssa: Shall we have him perform demeaning labor?

Fa: Shall we imprison him?

Tilda: Shall we have him apologize?

Sam: Shall we leave him behind, completely alone and forgotten?

Everyone: What's it all about?

Alyssa: Shall we bring him with us?

Fa: To a place where there *are* disasters.

Tilda: And there *is* suffering.

Sam: And there *is* struggle.

Alyssa: but there are no soldiers.

Fa: There are no prisons.

Tilda: There are no borders.

Sam: There are no bosses.

Alyssa: There are no slaves.

Fa: There are no hoarders.

Tilda: There is no personifying of objects.

Sam: There is no objectifying of persons.

Alyssa: There is no father.

Fa: There is no mother.

Tilda: There is no doubt.

Sam: There is no hope.

Alyssa: There are no gods.

Fa: There are no codes.

Tilda: There is no path.

Sam: There are no names.

Alyssa: Shall we bring him with us?

Fa: This coward.

Tilda: This colonizer.

Sam: This buffoon.

Alyssa: This man.

Fa: Shall we bring him with us?

Tilda: Shall we bring him with us?

Sam: Shall we bring him with us?

Everyone: Shall we bring him with us?

Alyssa: Scars,

Fa: tears,

Tilda: fears,

Sam: and all.

Everyone: Shall we bring him with us?

*[Lights fade down as electronics fade in with opening harmony of the coda... ]*

**[Coda**

**Elements:**

- **Image: dawn; the erasure of everything**
- **Physical Sensation: travel through space**
- **Musical concept: opening**
- **What does the voice do?: join in mantra and invoke a new world**
- **What do the electronics do?: create beds of sound supporting the singers featuring opening filters evoking feelings of something emerging**

**]**

# Coda

Nowhere

$\text{♩} = 60$  *pp* *Glissando* *ff* *AHHH* *3X*

1  $\text{♩} = 128$  mantra

*Steadily building intensity along with electronics, c.a. 90 secs...*

A *pp* whisper

T *pp* whisper

NW *pp* whisper

F *pp* whisper

S *pp* whisper

El. *pp*

March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

**A**

*f*

A March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me

T *f* March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

NW *f* March-ing here-fore in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

F *f* March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty it is not me is not you

S *f* March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

10

El. *f*

15

A March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me

T March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

NW *f* March-ing here-fore in the e-cho-phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-ganied it is not me is not you

F *f* March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

S March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

15

El. *f*

20

A March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me

T March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

NW <sup>8</sup> March-ing here-fore in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

F <sup>8</sup> March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty it is not me is not you

S March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

El. <sup>20</sup>

25

A March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me

T March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

NW <sup>8</sup> March-ing here-fore in the e-cho-phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

F <sup>8</sup> March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty it is not me is not you

S March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

El. <sup>25</sup>

30

A March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me

T March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

NW March-ing here-fore in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

F <sup>8</sup> March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty it is not me is not you

S March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

El. <sup>30</sup>

35

A March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me

T March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

NW March-ing here-fore in the e-cho-phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

F <sup>8</sup> March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty it is not me is not you

S March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

El. <sup>35</sup>

40

A March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me

T March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

NW March-ing here-fore in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

F 8 March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty it is not me is not you

S March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

El.

45

A March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me

T March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

NW March-ing here-fore in the e-cho-phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-ganied it is not me is not you

F 8 March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty it is not me is not you

S March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

El.

50

A March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me

T March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

NW March-ing here-fore in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

F <sub>8</sub> March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty it is not me is not you

S March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

El.

55

A March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me

T March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

NW March-ing here-fore in the e-cho-phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-ganied it is not me is not you

F <sub>8</sub> March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty it is not me is not you

S March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

El.

60

A March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me

T March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

NW March-ing here-fore in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

F <sup>8</sup> March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty it is not me is not you

S March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

El. <sup>60</sup>

65

A March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me

T March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

NW March-ing here-fore in the e-cho-phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gained it is not me is not you

F <sup>8</sup> March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho phy-si-cal fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty it is not me is not you

S March-ing here-fore af-ter-ward in the e-cho fall-ing ris-ing cir-cl-ing com-mu-ni-ty im-a-gined it is not me is not you

El. <sup>65</sup>

**B**

A it is not me is not you it is not me is not you it is not me is not you

T it is not me is not you it is not me is not you it is not me is not you

NW it is not me is not you it is not me is not you it is not me is not you

F it is not me is not you it is not me is not you it is not me is not you

S it is not me is not you it is not me is not you it is not me is not you

El. 70

**C**

A Mar-ching here e - cho phy - si - cal fall rise cir com it is not me is ward

T Mar-ching here e - cho phy - si - cal fall rise cir com it is not me is ward

NW Mar-ching here e - cho phy - si - cal fall rise cir com it is not me is ward

F Mar-ching here e - cho phy - si - cal fall rise cir com it is not me is ward

S Mar-ching here e - cho phy - si - cal fall rise cir com it is not me is ward

El. 73

79

A in eh phy fall-ing ris-ing com nih ah you march-ing here aft phy fall rise kill-ing

T in eh phy fall-ing ris-ing com nih ah you march-ing here aft phy fall rise kill-ing

NW in eh phy fall-ing ris-ing com nih ah you march-ing here aft phy fall rise kill-ing

F in eh phy fall-ing ris-ing com nih ah you march-ing here aft phy fall rise kill-ing

S in eh phy fall-ing ris-ing com nih ah you march-ing here aft phy fall rise kill-ing

El. *sfz* *f* *sfz* *f* *sfz* *f* *sfz* *f* *sfz* *f*

86

A com-mune gined it not me is af-ter-ward in eh fall rise ling com ni-ty im-a-gine

T com-mune gined it not me is af-ter-ward in eh fall rise ling com ni-ty im-a-gine

NW com-mune gined it not me is af-ter-ward in eh fall rise ling com ni-ty im-a-gine

F com-mune gined it not me is af-ter-ward in eh fall rise ling com ni-ty im-a-gine

S com-mune gined it not me is af-ter-ward in eh fall rise ling com ni-ty im-a-gine

El. *sfz* *f* *sfz* *f* *sfz* *f* *sfz* *f*

2

D

♩=60

Score for voices (A, T, NW, F, S) and piano (El.).

Measures 93-98:

- Vocals:** All parts (A, T, NW, F, S) feature a series of glissandos, marked *ff* and *Glissando* or *Gliss.* The vocal lines are highly melismatic, with long, sweeping glissandos across the measures.
- Piano (El.):** The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and single notes, marked *ff*. The bass line is particularly active, with a series of glissandos and long, sweeping lines.

Score for voices (A, T, NW, F, S) and piano (El.).

Measures 99-104:

- Vocals:** All parts (A, T, NW, F, S) continue with glissandos, marked *Gliss.* or *Glissando*. The vocal lines are highly melismatic, with long, sweeping glissandos across the measures.
- Piano (El.):** The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes, marked *ff*. The bass line is particularly active, with a series of glissandos and long, sweeping lines.

3

30-60 second electronic interlude

Chorus

El.

105

*f*

4

E

$\text{♩} = 128$   
**mock anthem**  
*f a cappella*

Chorus

Now through the plane \_\_\_\_\_ Then through the waste \_\_\_\_\_ When through the di - - - stance \_\_\_\_\_

*Glissando*

*3:2*

Chorus

Now through the plane \_\_\_\_\_ Then through the waste \_\_\_\_\_ When through the

*Glissando*

*3:2*

Chorus

di-stance \_\_\_\_\_ Now through the plane \_\_\_\_\_ Then through the waste \_\_\_\_\_ When through the

*Glissando*

*3:2*

Chorus

di - stance \_\_\_\_\_ Now through the plane \_\_\_\_\_ Then through the waste \_\_\_\_\_ When through the

*Gliss*

*3:2*

Chorus

free here be now free then to there free now \_\_\_\_\_ be here free to there then be free here

$\text{♩} = 84$

Chorus

now free there \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ here free then there be now \_\_\_\_\_ free then free to \_\_\_\_\_ here now be there free then free to \_\_\_\_\_ here

Chorus

Where we were free \_\_\_\_\_ will be

*Glissando*

157

Chorus

once a - gain and now through the waste

Glissando

Glissando

El.

Chord fading in.  
Each person speaks "together."  
Two rounds...

162

Chorus

El.

5 F ♩=112

*pp* steady crescendo

A

Be - fore ev - er af - ter - math Be - fore ev - er aft - ter - math Be - fore ev - er af - ter Be - fore for - ev - er af - ter Be - fore for - ev - er af - ter

T

Be - fore ev - er af - ter - math Be - fore ev - er af - ter - math Be - fore ev - er af - ter Be - fore for - ev - er af - ter Be - fore for - ev - er af - ter

NW

Be - fore ev - er af - ter - math Be - fore ev - er af - ter - math Be - fore ev - er af - ter Be - fore for - ev - er af - ter Be - fore for - ev - er af - ter

F

Be - fore ev - er af - ter - math Be - fore ev - er af - ter - math Be - fore ev - er af - ter Be - fore for - ev - er af - ter Be - fore for - ev - er af - ter

S

Be - fore ev - er af - ter - math Be - fore ev - er af - ter - math Be - fore ev - er af - ter Be - fore for - ev - er af - ter Be - fore for - ev - er af - ter

163

El.

*pp*

168

A

Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er aft-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

T

Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

NW

8

Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - for for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

F

8

Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

S

Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

El.

168

173

A

Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er aft-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

T

Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

NW

Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - for for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

F

8

Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

S

Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

El.

173

178

A Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er aft-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

T Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

NW Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - for for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

F Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

S Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

El. 178

183

A Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er aft-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

T Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

NW Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - for for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

F Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

S Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

El. 183

188 4X

A Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er aft-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

T Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

NW Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - for for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

F Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

S Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter-math Be-fore ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter Be - fore for-ev-er af-ter

El. 188

G *ff*

A No Thing Left *big vib.* 8 or more times

T No Thing Left *big vib.*

NW No Thing Left *big vib.*

F No Thing Left *big vib.*

S No Thing Left *big vib.*

El. 193

**H** $\text{♩} = 54$  *f* *a cappella*

A you and me and you

T you and me and you

NW you and me and you

F you and me and

S you and me

202

A and me and you and

T and me and you and

NW and me and you

F you and me and you

S and you and me and you

207

A me and you and me *p*

T me and you and me *p*

NW and me and you and me *p*

F and me and you and *p*

S and me and *p*

212

A *pp*  
and you and me and

T *pp*  
and you and

NW *pp*  
and

F 8

S

*As the lights fade to black the sound of uncanny wind fades in, continuing during applause and the audience's exit.*

***THE END***