

# Incidental Music for "Sing"

Score

A New Short Play by Nick Stokes

Jonathon Roberts

## CUE 1: Intro to piece:

Improvised acoustic Bass Solo 20 drawing actor out on to stage

Scratch-Bones-Rattle-Burst .....to.....Liquid-Languid-Long  
(By end: Key Center Eb)

**Play when she drops down into a puddle**

Bass-Long Tones, Light Percussion-drifting  
Play similarly, improvisatory, changing from Eb-F like slow waves, occasionally high 9ths

*mp*

## CUE 2:

He: Create it in your mind. (She accepts imaginary water)

*p* *mp* *pp*

Bass

etc.

drift away

## CUE 3:

She: You bared me... You skinned her imagination... you laid her on the floor.

*p* *mp* *pp*

Tentatively at first

Li-ving in a glass house.

Don't throw Stones \_\_\_\_\_

Gently

18

Pause

follow similar descending gestures, 9ths

23

She is pe-per-ing the win-dow pane

Musicians: Continue Similarly, improvisatory,  
Drop high 9ths as before in the gaps between talking

Once a-gain \_\_\_\_\_ we're

30

She is put-ting on a smile.

hun-gry for a lyn-ching

36

Some-one's lis-t'ning in.

You should turn the oth-er cheek

**NOTE: The above pacing is suggested. Musicians should oscillate between Eb and Ab on cue in response to the actors. The music is "conjured" by the actors. Follow dynamics of actors.**

He  
 I'm listening.  
 She  
 Glass shattering. Outside ... Nobody.  
 He  
 I am here.  
 She

**SHE (Music "grows" out this speech)**

There are no bodies. All alone ... atop a wall – a mountain ... rock under my feet, pines below cascading down the mountain, rolling in waves, the sky rippling, the wind bearing me, nothing under my feet, mountains throbbing clouds coursing heart melting bones flowing.

43 A

*pp* ————— *mf* ————— *pp*

\*During the Speech above, this A chord builds, starting low and adding notes via chord inversions (include Bm/A, D/A etc. until it's full and then drifts away, melding via a high D into the final motive.

**During this final dialogue Musicians return to opening motive, ending with some light cracking (via bass etc.)**

(returning to her puddle) All humming like liquor ... like licking ... like liquid.  
 He  
 You are solid. Look at me.  
 She  
 You?  
 He  
 Me.  
 She  
 (laying down, closing her eyes)  
 Who?  
 He  
 Sing for me.

(She does not respond. She is a puddle. End of play.)