

#4A-Today

#4A - #4B - #5

from The Golden Cage (updated 12/12/18)

Words & Music by
Deborah Henson-Conant

SEGUE FROM #3. The wind picks the feather up and we see it twirl, descending with spins and pirouettes.

As it descends, it illuminates the crags it passes over. It lands on a ledge and the light spreads below it.

As the light spreads, we see the gleaming bars of a golden cage. The back of the cage is like a cave built into the granite, and the cage is filled with shelves of books, hanging objects and a large oak desk. Everything on the shelves is labeled, in beautiful calligraphy, including musical instrument and jars of marbles.

We see an immense book standing upright on the desk titled “**How to Get Out of your Inner Cage ~ A Daily Journal**” with two arms extending on either side of it. We hear the sound of snoring.

ALPHEA is sleeping on the desk. She wakes with a start, flails her arms, and the book falls open in front of her on the desk. ALPHEA is dressed in an apron with a purple bouffante wig, in which there are hair curlers.

She sighs, puts on an immense pair of glasses, picks up a huge quill pen and writes one word into the book with a flourish and then leans back to look at her handiwork, and is filled with disgust.)

ALPHEA: (*Over the vamp*) Today, today, today, today
.... just the same, every page, every line, every book.
Every stage of my life has the same look. It's the
same every day, and it's written in the same hand...

"Eerie Morning Vamp" *mp* *so*

Vamp as needed

Nothing good, nothing great ..

(DHC: Add harmony notes in the bass - almost like jazz harmony)

(Page Turn)

$\text{♩} = 92$ *accel. poco*

A: wait as I watch, or watch as I wait! Ei - ther way I still hate it as much! And I

Pno.

23

$\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ *Agitated* $\text{♩} = \text{so}$

A: FLINCH at the thought of a life with - out end if I spend it a - lone in this cell. I'll be

Pno.

25

accel. and cresc. poco a poco

A: MAD as a hat - ter, as bad as a loon! I'll be DEAD as a door - nail and pale as the moon! And the

Pno.

27

rit. and cresc. poco a poco

A: moon will be wan - ing, the door - nail will rust! And just in case I have - n't made my

Pno.

29

A: point quite clear ...

Pno.

31

(She grabs the bars and shakes them violently as she says the following)

...I would like to emphasize that I spend every day in utter and unbearable solitude, suffering silently and prodigiously from sun up to sun set - while the rest of the world ... et cetera et cetera

(Dislodged by her shaking, the feather flies up in front of her. She sees it, gasps. She tries to catch it through the bars, tries again and finally catches it.)

(Eb - C - F# - C - Eb)

Pno.

32

mp LH RH LH RH LH RH LH

f

Repeat as needed

Fm6/G#

ALPHEA: That's IT??

(she looks out of the bars, up & down) One measly feather??

A: Gentle

Pno.

33

mp

Morose
colla voce

♩ = 112

accel. poco

poco rit.

A: Noth - ing's ev - er new, and there's no - thing I can do to change it.

Pno.

39

mp

42 *mp* *accel. poco* *poco rit.*

A: No - thing I can say that I have - n't said a mil - lion times be - fore.

Pno.

45 *molto rit*

A: Noth - ing that I won't say a - gain and a - gain and a - gain and a - gain and a - gain. I used to

Pno.

49 *colla voce* *colla voce* *Bm7*

A: dream, at least, I think I used to dream, I dreamt I was in flight I used to

Pno.

53 *F#m7* *Bm7*

A: dream, I dreamed of soar - ing on a star - - - lit night

Pno.

A: *F#m7* *Bm7* *C#7(b9)*
 Now I on - ly dream I dream. I dream of dream - ing a -

Pno.

57

A: gain and a - gain, and a - gain and a -

Pno.

61 *mp* *mp*

A: gain, a - gain, a - gain, a - gain a - gain, a - gain and a - gain, a - gain, a -

Pno.

65

A: gain

Pno.

69

(Page Turn)

♩. = 112
Picky, staccato, rhythmic, driving

A: *more.* What WAS that?!

B: Aaaaah (loud yawning) *molto staccato*

Pno. *f*

73

♩. = 72

(Eb - C - F# - C - Eb)

Pno. *mp* LH RH LH RH LH RH

76

8va

♩. = 112
a tempo

A: Oh, just the wind. What WAS that?!

B: Aaaaah (loud yawning) *molto staccato*

Pno. *f*

77

#5 - Monsterphobia (Alphea/Boris)

Ab

("Bars"?)

("mountain"?)

A: *mf* Some - thing seems to be out-side the win - dow. Some - thing on the win - dow

B: *mf*

Pno: *mf*

81

A: ledge. But that's impossible! Why, we're 500,000 feet in the air, on the edge of a sheer, granite...

B: cliff! Ayaa! (loud yawning) Hggghh fluckapaga Flbbblbbb

Pno: *f*

85

Vamp

A: *ALPHEA (half-terrified, half-thrilled):* This is terrible! I mean spectacular! I mean terrifying. I mean ... something is definitely ... HAPPENING!!! Yes! Some - thing's scratch - ing at the win - dow.

B: Ahhh (semi-pitched yawning)

Pno: *f* *mf*

89

(Page Turn)

A: Some - thing's on the win - dow ledge! I am sure I heard it

B: (Boris smacks his lips)

Pno.

93

A: just out - side the cur - tain growl - ing hung - ri - ly, I know

Pno.

97

(BORIS sneezes loudly)

A: I can just i - ma-gine it, the nos - trils flar - ing, flam - ing, flap - ping.

Pno.

100

(ALPHEA screams)

(Finally ALPHEA identifies where the sound is coming from: directly above her)

(DHC: There was a note in the score: see video at 15:14 img_5273 for the piano here)

A: I can see its see - thing pas - sion as its teeth be - gin to fast - en on my flesh in a

Pno.

103

A: flash, al - though I fierc - ly strive to strug - gle, Ill be dashed a - gainst the rocks,

Pno.

106

A: bashed a-against the wall, smashed be-neath its hair-y, hoar-y, feet! I re-peat! I'll be smashed be-neath its hair-y, hoar-y

Pno.

109

sub mp *f*

(Drums: cowbell)

(BORIS yawns, etc.) (ALPHEA dances around like this is the greatest thing that ever happened)

A: feet!

Pno.

113

mp

(BORIS starts doing his morning stretches, jumping jacks, etc.)

(Totally gleeful)

A: I don't have a trace of hope, I'm at its mer - cy, it's com -

Pno. *mf*

117

A: mand And it's

Pno. *mp* Vamp as needed

121

(spoken over the vamp) ...ugly, I can tell! It has huge bug eyes and a thousand antennae, with slimy legs and a hundred tiny teeth

Tim: Play 111-116 in F

A: It could be ma - lign, ma - li - cious! This could be my

Pno.

124

(Even more melodramatic)

A: fin - al fate! And here I am:

Pno.

127

A: boxed in a cor - ner Cor - nered in a box If on - ly I had a

Pno.

130

3

A: weap - on some way to pro - tect my - self... If on - ly I had - I know! My

Pno.

132

A: sword! My trust - y sword! A heart of steel and a blade of

Pno.

135

A: sil - ver I know it's around here somewhere. A

Pno.

138

(BORIS yawns loudly. ALPHEA ransacks an immense trunk, pulling things out wildly, finds her sword and brandishes it)

ALPHEA: Agh! I need some PROTECTION

(ALPHEA ransacks the trunk more, finds a Trojan helmet and shoves it on. BORIS, oblivious, gargles, stretches, does thumping jumping jacks, each sound driving ALPHEA to greater heights of excitement. Finally ALPHEA finds a Trojan Warrior helmet, stuffs it on her head, pulls on a Wagnerian breastplate and does some 'moves' with the sword.)

A: ha!

Pno.

140

(Page Turn)

Sing-Song

A: I may win the bat-tle yet, I may still save the day! Just hand me down my trus-ty sword, I'll

Pno. *mp*

143

Fighting Words

A: fight it all the way, hey! Give it a left! Give it a right! Give it a left and a right and a left and

Pno. *sub p*

147

A: I might have a chance of win - ning! May - be live a - noth - er day!

Pno. *mf*

150

A: If I don't my best of wish - es! Bid fare - well, a - dieu, good - bye!

Pno.

154

(BORIS looks around, stretches, and jumps down from the mountaintop, getting closer and closer to Alpheia's main ledge.)

A:

Pno.

158

cresc. poco a poco *poco a poco molto agitato*

A:

Pno.

159

accel. poco a poco

A:

Pno.

162

A:

Pno.

164

(Just as BORIS lands on the ledge, ALPHEA thrusts her sword through the bars. She narrowly misses him and BORIS jumps backwards with a yell.)

BORIS: (Terrified) Aaaaa!!!
ALPHEA: (thrusting her sword with) Aaaa!