# Ben Hanlon 

Connections:

# Original Compositions 

with

## Detailed Analytical Commentary

## Volume 3 of 3

Submission for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy (Music)
Waterford Institute of Technology
Supervisor: Dr Marian Ingoldsby

## Contents

## Page

## Volume 3

## Scores

Bust an opera in two acts ..... 277
Cast ..... 278
Libretto ..... 279
Composer's Note ..... 286

## Act 1

Overture ..... 288
Scene $1 \quad$ This is how it started ..... 301
Scene 2 Your dream - My Dream - My Son ..... 318
Scene $3 \quad$ Big City /Small Boy - Lonely ..... 348
Scene 4 The Stiffs ..... 374
Scene $5 \quad$ Wear it with pride ..... 405
Scene 6 Small Boy/Big Heart ..... 442
Act 2
Scene $7 \quad$ First Cap ..... 470
Scene $8 \quad$ The Stiffs Reprise ..... 516
Scene 9 The End ..... 543

## Bust

A short opera in two acts

Libretto Alec McAlister
Music Ben Hanlon

## Principals

| Joey Power | young soccer player | Glenn Murphy |
| :--- | :--- | :--- |
| Robbie | club manager | Aaron Mooney |
| Jenny | Robbie's niece and secretary | Emma Power |
| Dad | Joey's Dad | Feargal Kelly |
| Mam | Joey's Mam | Anne O Riordan |
| mixed chorus | ladies and gentlemen |  |
|  |  | Billy O Brien |
| instrumentation | piano 1 |  |
|  | piano 2 (keyboard) | Dylan Browne |
|  | marimba (keyboard) | Dylan Browne |
| Conductor | cello | Marian Ingoldsby |

## BUST

Overture: Ah, Joey Power.

## Scene 1: THIS IS HOW IT STARTED

Setting: Present day. Heathrow Airport Departure lounge. Joey, a young man in his mid twenties stands impatiently.He checks his watch and looks up at a monitor.

CHORUS: Bristol, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin. Ten minutes.
JOEY: This is how it started. Waiting in an airport. I was so excited. I was leaving home I would be a hero. Dreaming dreams of childhood. Scoring goals for Ireland.
Dreaming of those places - Old Trafford, Anfield, Bernabau, San Siro, Wembley. What can you do with ten minutes?
DESK CLERK: Would you like to check in?
JOEY: This is how it started. Now I'm checking out What can you do with ten minutes? Make a child, start a war, catch a plane, score a goal - break a leg, end a dream This is how it's ending. Sorry kid that's it.
DESK CLERK: Sir your flight is leaving.
JOEY: This is how it started. Waiting in an airport.
Scene 2: YOUR DREAM - MY DREAM - OUR SON
Setting: Two years earlier. Dublin Airport Departure lounge. Joey and his parents. His father suffering from a degenerative disease is in a wheelchair.

JOEY: This is where it's starting. This is where it all begins.
FATHER: Son this is your big chance.
JOEY: I know it is my big chance. It's what I've dreamed of.
FATHER: The chance we always dreamed of.
JOEY: Every club will want me.
FATHER: Hey one will do for now.
JOEY: The glory will be mine. The Spurs are gonna love me.
FATHER: Tottenham my boy.
JOEY: The crowd will sing my name.
CHORUS: Joey Power, Joey Power.
JOEY: Playing for the Hotspurs, blazing up that wing.
MOTHER: Joe you must be careful. London can be lonely.
FATHER: Your mother's right, you know. I was there at your age, working on the buildings.
Breaking blocks and breaking backs, cracking hands and drinking pints. Shouting with your fellow workers. Telling them you felt so right. Playing matches at the weekends. Always praying, always hoping that a club would see the light. I was made of fire then. A body that could run forever. My hands were strong, my shoulders broad, but I couldn't carry me.
I was sick with loneliness. I never got the chance I wanted. Now my body's made of water. But I have found the things I need. When I came home and saw your mother, I won the most important game of my life. Then the day that you were born, I wept for love and fear. The power of this feeling scared me. As you grew up we played together. Sometimes fighting, sometimes laughing. I saw your dreams and shared my own. As you grew stronger
I grew weaker. Now my body's made of water. My legs too weak, to stand and hug you. This disease will one day kill me, but my son you've made me proud. You give me joy. Now take your chances.
MOTHER: And remember that we love you. Football does not make you what you are.
FATHER:This game you play is just a game. I wish you every joy and dream. What you've done is still amazing. But success does not define you. Do your best and luck should follow.
MOTHER: We wish you every joy and dream. You will always have a home here. You will always have our love here.

JOEY: My father you're not made of water. You're the strongest man I know. The dreams I hold are ones you gave me. I will make your dreams come true. I will be the greatest player that this country's ever seen. You'll be there to watch me, when I win the league for Spurs When I pull on Ireland's green.
MOTHER: Joey listen to your father. We hope those dreams come true you know.
But we're your parents not your fanclub. We watched you crawl. We watched you walk. Yes we watched you kick a ball. We know your dreams, we know your strengths. We know your weakness too. You have been a loving son. You saw too soon that life is cruel. You helped me and helped your father. You have been our pride and joy. You could never disappoint us. You will always be our son. The dreams you carry are your own. Your life is yours and must be lived.

Scene 3: BIG CITY/SMALL BOY - LONELY
Setting: London. Joey, Robbie (the manager, a typical London wide boy) and Jenny (his admin and niece)

CHORUS: We are the Spurs, we are the Spurs, we are, we are, we are the Spurs.
ROBBIE: So what do you think? You've seen your first match son. That'll be you son. That'll be you son.
JENNY: And so another dreamer. I wonder if he knows yet. That he's just another prospect. He looks a little frightened. Just another small fish in our very big pond.
ROBBIE: Have you seen my darling Jenny? Have you met my darling Jenny? Jenny's my niece and my fixer and my doer. She fixes all my problems and she'll fix you too. Jenny, Jenny come and meet Joey, Irish lad, gonna to be great. Irish, Irish come and meet Jenny, my darling Jenny. Cause her any trouble and I'll break your leg son.
JENNY: I wonder does he does know yet. How many come and go here. That Robbie won't remember if he doesn't make it.
ROBBIE: We've got a little flat son, got a little flat son. Jenny's got the keys son, Jenny's got the keys.
JENNY: He's just another small boy in a big city. He seems very quiet. Not as brash as I expected. Normally they're boasting. Trying to be heroes.
ROBBIE: Early in for training son, early in for training. All you need is work son. All you need is work.
Keep your nose out of trouble and your feet on the ground. You'll get your chance son, you'll get your chance. Soon that crowd will love you. They'll be screaming out your name.
Robbie and Jenny exit. Joey is left alone with busy unfeeling city crowd pushing and jostling.
CHORUS: London, London, London, London, big city, big city.
MAN: Small boy, stupid boy, where you going to go boy?
WOMAN: Small town dreamer. You're all alone boy.
MAN: Don't you realise boy? No one knows your name boy.
WOMAN: Small boy, stupid boy, where you going to go boy?
JOEY: This will be my London. This is what it looks like. This is what it feels like. This is why they warned me. My mother and my father. They knew that I would feel this. Knew I had a weakness. This will be my London, but I will make it through this. When I saw that match tonight I could feel my throat go tight. This is what I'm here for. I can hear that crowd roar. I can feel the heat of the noise on my back. I'm running on that pitch. They're singing out my name. I'll score those goals for you Dad. I'll make you feel so proud Mam. But tonight I'm lonely. So this is how you felt Dad.
CHORUS: Breaking blocks and breaking backs, cracking hands and drinking pints. I was made of fire then. A body that could run forever. Breaking blocks and breaking backs, cracking hands and drinking pints. I was sick with loneliness. I never got the chance I wanted. Now my body feels like water
JOEY: But I will find the things I need.

## Scene 4: THE STIFFS

Setting: A rundown football ground. Chorus joined by Robbie, Jennie and then Joey.
CHORUS: In the Stifffffffffs. Barcelona this is not. Not Madrid. Not Anfield No glamour here. The League of the Living Dead. There are no sponsors in this league. Reserve team football has no fans. Rundown, rusting
football grounds. No television cameras here. Stiff, broken, damaged, hopeful. Stiff, broken, damaged, hopeful.
ROBBIE: Who've we got in the stiffs tonight then?
JENNY: Leyton Orient on their patch.
ROBBIE: Oh lovely, dog shit park. Tell them I'll be out to watch.
CHORUS: Scraps of fields and razor wire. Disused lots and rundown flats. Empty factories. Shuttered shops. This is where the stiffs are played. Stiff, broken, damaged, hopeful. Stiff, broken, damaged, hopeful.
JENNY: This is where it starts and ends. The nursery and graveyard. Young wannabes and has-beens mixing with the injured stars.
CHORUS: Dressing rooms with broken windows. Peeling paint and no hot showers. Cos the boilers bust innit. Or they can't afford the oil. On a poxy car park pitch. Half the floodlights missing.
JENNY: Wannabes, has-beens, never-was-beens. Dreams being born while others die.
CHORUS: Old hacks kicking lumps from kids, knowing that their contract's up.
JENNY: Hope and desperation meeting on pitches up and down the country.
CHORUS: Battles fought with no one watching.
JOEY: When I was a kid I dreamed about Old Trafford, Bernabau, Wembly. Said those names like prayers. Legendary places - that you know are real. But somehow never are.
JENNY: Macclesfield and Leyton Orient, Huddersfield and Hull. No one knows where their stiffs play.
CHORUS: But by Christ are they real!
ROBBIE: Right then, right then, line them up then. Positions lads you know the orders. McBride in goals, use them shoulders. Curry as captain, show your pride. Irish take those legs and get them moving. All around the midfield son. Jenny, Jenny, take a note. Tomorrow morning get him milk. Irish boy he needs his milk. Looks as if he's bloody starving.
CHORUS: And now the match begins.

## Scene 5: WEAR IT WITH PRIDE

CHORUS: Ball, ball, kick a ball. Ball, ball, lose a ball.
JOEY: Running round like headless chickens. Wish they'd the pass the ball to me. The opposition have our number. Need to turn this game around.
JOEY: McBride, he saves us once again.
ROBBIE: Blast it, what are they doing? Is this football, or is this torture.
CHORUS: Bang !!!!! Curry collapses onto ground holding his hamstring
ROBBIE: Curry's gone and done his hamstring. Can you walk son, can you walk? Jenny, Jenny, get him the icepack. Jenny, Jenny get me an aspirin. Curry limps away leaving, giving the captains armband to Robbie who in turn gives it to Joey and points up the field.
JOEY: He's given me the captain's armband. Even though I'm just a kid.Wear it with pride is what he told me.
ROBBIE: What the hell is he doing? Is he mad, or is he stupid?
JOEY: He gave me the captain's armband. Even though I'm just a kid. Wear it with pride is what he told me. No more waiting for a pass. I own this pitch. I own this ball. I will run and I will work. I'll wrap this game around me. I am bigger than the pitch. I'm controlling everything. Chasing players and making tackles. Giving orders and making passes. I'm in that zone. I can't be beaten.
CHORUS: Ball, ball stroke a ball. Ball, ball love that ball.
ROBBIE: What the hell is he doing? Is he mad or is he brilliant?
JOEY: I am over all the players. I pull their strings. They run for me. The opposition fall asunder. I will turn this game around.
McBride is sending up a long one I turn and catch it as it lands. I knew before I hit it. Even if my eyes were closed.
CHORUS: Goaaaaaaaal
ROBBIE: What the hell has he done? Is he good or am I brilliant?

JOEY: I'm in that zone. I can't be beaten. The opposition fell asunder. I have turned this game around. The whistle blows. I am a hero. The gaffer comes to shake my hand.
ROBBIE: Irish boy, Irish boy, what have you done boy? Captain, captain, who made you captain? Bloody cheek boy, bloody cheek.
JOEY: But you gave me the captain's armband. Even though I'm just a kid. Wear it with pride is what you told me.
ROBBIE: With pride son, with pride? No, I told you to give it to McBride son, McBride.
CHORUS: Wear it with pride son. Wear it as a badge. You might feel a fool son.
JENNY: But still he won the match.
ROBBIE: True dear, true dear, but still he must be punished. Extra work for you son. That'll sort you out.
CHORUS: Wear it with pride son. Wear it as a badge.
You might feel a fool son.
JENNY: But still he won the match.
ROBBIE: Eight o'clock in the morning - with the first team squad.
CHORUS: Wear it with pride son. Wear it as a badge. You might feel a fool son. But you won the match.
ROBBIE: Jenny, Jenny, don't doubt my genius. I'll turn that boy into a star.
Robbie leaves along with chorus. Joey and Jenny are left alone.
Scene 6: SMALL BOY/BIG HEART

JOEY: Did he say the first team?
JENNY: Yes he said the first team.
JOEY: Did he say the first team?
JENNY: Yes he said the first team.
JOEY: Did he say the first team?
JENNY: Yes he said the first team.
JOEY: Yessssssssss.
JENNY: Careful or you'll break your back. Tomorrow you must make your mark.
JOEY: I can't believe I've got this chance. I'm only here a month.
JENNY: Joey, Joey, don't get too excited. It's only just a start. It's just the start.
JOEY: I'll ring me Ma, I'll ring me Da.
JENNY: Careful what you tell them Joey. Remember this is just the start.
JOEY: I know; I know - you're right. They'll tell me just the same. But still I've got to tell them. My Dad you see he's sick - my mam, she works so hard. I dream for them - they dream for me.
JENNY: Go and make your phone call. Tell your news and share your dreams.
But, Joey Joey just be careful. Dreams are fragile things.
She squeezes his hands and kisses him lightly.
JENNY: Go and make your phone call please. I will see you later. Share your news and share your dreams.
JOEY: Yes, you're right. I know you're right. He turns and leaves, but just before exiting turns. Later?
JENNY: If you please.
Jenny is left alone on the stage.
JENNY: And so another dreamer. Another wide eyed dreamer. I wonder if he knows yet. That he's just another prospect. Still there's something different. Not just another small boy in a big city. I'm a little frightened. I am not a dreamer. Small boy, big heart, where you going to go boy? Small boy, big heart, what you going to do boy? His first thought's for his family. Small boy, big heart, teach me, teach me how to dream boy. Small boy, big heart, I am not a dreamer. I can't afford to get involved. I always swore I never would. Still there's something different. The first day that I saw him, I knew it then. Quiet and so lonely. Why did he make me wonder? When I have seen so many pass through the gates and disappear?
What makes this boy so special? What makes me feel afraid? Why am I now dreaming? I have never been a dreamer. Small boy, big heart, hold me in your dream boy. Small boy, big heart, hold me in your dream boy. Small boy, big heart, dreams are fragile things boy. Big heart. Exit

## Scene 7: FIRST CAP

## Setting: London then Dublin

CHORUS: Star rising. Headline maker. This boy is the real deal.
ROBBIE: I spotted him. I smelt him. I knew he had it in him.
JENNY: Small boy, big heart, dreams are fragile things boy.
CHORUS: Star rising. Headline maker. This boy is the real deal.
ROBBIE: Irish, Irish where is the boy? Jenny goes to get him. Irish, Irish
Just got a phone call, just got a phone call From a Trapatoni, a Mister Trapatoni.
He likes you, rates you, says he wants to see you.
JOEY: Ireland?
ROBBIE: Ireland son, Ireland You've just got the call up son. Playing for your queen and country.
JOEY: But we haven't got a queen.
ROBBIE: What no queen? Well at least you've got a country son? This Mister Trapatoni says he likes you. Says he rates you. Wants to see you in the green son.
Exit Robbie - Action moves to Ireland - enter Mother and Father
CHORUS: Ireland, Ireland
JOEY: Standing for the anthem. I can see my parents Sitting there with Jenny. So this is what it feels like.
This is what it feels like. Playing for my country. All the things I dreamed of. Playing in a green shirt.
Standing for the anthem. Gathered with my teammates. Blazing up that wing.
FATHER: I can't believe I've seen this day. Where is the boy that held my hand. My son today you are a man.
JENNY: Joey, Joey, I'm so nervous.
MOTHER: Son you are our pride and joy.
CHORUS: Ireland, Ireland.
JOEY: Playing in a green shirt. Blazing up that wing.
CHORUS: Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Goaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!
JOEY: Playing in a green shirt. Scoring goals for Ireland. So this is what it feels like. This is what it feels like.
CHORUS: Joey Power, Joey Power. Ireland, Ireland Whistle
JOEY: The whistle blows for full time. My parents on the sideline. Jenny Jenny.
Jenny runs to him and kisses him. He swings her around and then goes to his parents and hugs them..
Dad this day has finally come. I told you I would run for you. I told you I would score for you.
FATHER: When you scored I swear I could have Run and danced and lost this chair.
Cheering with your Mam and Jenny. I have never felt so right. Now my body's made of air. Cheering with your Mam and Jenny. Watching your career take flight.
MOTHER: Joe you've always made us proud. We trusted you to do your best.
We trusted you to live your life. And live it well. Yours dreams are flying and I am glad that you have someone to share them. She takes Jenny's hand and gently pulls her into the group.
JENNY: I think I must be dreaming. I think I must be dreaming. But I am not a dreamer.
JOEY: This is real. This is real.This is how it's going to be.
FATHER: My body's made of air now. Run and dance and lose this chair now.
MOTHER: Joe you've always made us proud. We trusted you to do your best.
JENNY: I think I must be dreaming. I think I must be dreaming.
JOEY: This is real. This is real. This is how it's going to be.
Joey is surrounded by a triumphant crowd, but the mood slowly changes.
CHORUS: Dreams are fragile things boy. Good day, bad day. Nothing lasts forever. Good day, bad day. Two steps forward, one step back.

Scene 8: STIFFS REPRISE - INJURED
Setting: Rundown ground. Joey is seeing jogging up and down, he has a slight injury.

JOEY: I don't want to be here.
CHORUS: In the Stifffffffffs. The League of the Living Dead. There are no sponsors in this league. Reserve team football has no fans. Rundown, rusting football grounds. No television cameras here. Stiff, broken, damaged, hopeful. Stiff, broken, damaged, hopeful. (repeats)
ROBBIE: It's just a little niggle son, just a little niggle. Have a little run son, have a little run. We'll soon have you right son. Back in the glamour son, back in the glamour son.
JENNY: This is where it starts and ends. The nursery and graveyard. Young wannabes and has-beens mixing with the injured stars.
JOEY: It's freezing cold. It's almost over. It's nearly dark. The lights are broken.
ROBBIE: Irish, Irish, last ten minutes. Get yourself out there. Give yourself a run son.
JOEY: It's snowing now. It's almost over. It's nearly dark. The lights are broken.
CHORUS: Ten minutes
JENNY: Wannabes, has-beens, never-was-beens. Dreams being born while others die.
CHORUS: Old hacks kicking lumps from kids, knowing that their contract's up.
CHORUS: Battles fought with no one watching.
JOEY: A chance to score. The old guy marks me. The ball swings in. We jump together.
CHORUS: In the Stifffffffffs.
JOEY: The ball swings in. We jump together. I slip. I fall. He's stamping, stamping on me.
CHORUS: In the Stifffffffffs. Joey is in agony
JENNY: Wannabes, has-beens, never-was-beens. Dreams being born while others die.
CHORUS: Old hacks kicking lumps from kids, knowing that their contract's up.
ROBBIE: Ah Irish, Irish don't be lazy. Up you get now, up you get. Robbie runs out to treat Robbie but his face falls when he see the damage. Joseph, Joseph. It's ok Joseph.
JOEY: He has never called me Joseph. I know its bust. I heard the break.
JENNY: Small boy, big heart, dreams are fragile things boy.
ROBBIE: Joseph, Joseph take it easy. Hospital, hospital, that's what we need.
JOEY: I know its bust. I heard the break. I heard the break before the pain. I look up at the broken lights. CHORUS: Paaiiiiinn, paaiiiiin.
JOEY: I look up at the broken lights. The snow is falling, falling on my face. The pain, the lights, the snow, the laughing.
CHORUS: Paaiiiiinn, paaiiiiin.
JOEY: The pain, the lights, the snow, the laughing. I can hear my mother laughing. I can see my father cheering.
CHORUS: Scraps of fields and razor wire. Disused lots and rundown flats. Empty factories. Shuttered shops. This is where the stiffs are played.
JENNY: Small boy, big heart, dreams are fragile things boy.
JOEY: The pain, the lights, the snow, the laughing.
CHORUS: Paaiiiiinn, paaiiiiin.
JOEY: I can hear my mother laughing. I can see my father cheering. Joey is carried off .
Scene 9: THE END
Setting: Heathrow Airport Departure lounge. We are back where we started in the present day. Joey stands alone, waiting for his plane.

JOEY: Bristol, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin.
CHORUS: Ten minutes
JOEY: That is how it ended. That is how it ended.Ten minutes playing in the stiffs. Ten minutes lying in the snow.
CHORUS: Pain, pain
JOEY:Ten days lying in the hospital.
CHORUS: Broken bodies, broken dreams.
JOEY: Ten months trying for a comeback. Ten months looking for a miracle.

CHORUS: There are no miracles.
JOEY: Ten months trying for a comeback. Ten months looking for a miracle. Facing the end. That was the death of hope. That was the death of hope. This is where it ends. Back where it began. In an airport on my own.
CHORUS: I was made of fire then. A body that could run forever.
JOEY: Now my body's made of ice, cracked and cold and cannot move.
CHORUS: I was made of fire then. A body that could run forever.
JOEY: Now my body's made of ice. Now my mind is made of ice. Now my heart is made of ice. Cracked and cold and cannot move. Now the dreams are over. Now the dreams are over.
I will always be there. I will always be there.
On that grass, on that grass in that snow.
Looking up at those lights.
I could see my father. I could see my mother laughing, cherring, cheering. Now the dreams are over. Now the dreams are over.

## Enter Jenny unseen

JENNY: Dreams are fragile things boy. Joey there are other dreams. Other things to dreams for. Other things to hope for.
JOEY: You told me to be careful. Don't get too excited. You were right. We've said goodbye. You should not be here.
JENNY: I don't want to say goodbye.
JOEY: There's nothing left for me to do here.
JENNY: I don't want to say goodbye.
JOEY: The dream is over. I am broken. Busted. I am leaving, going home.
JENNY: I will follow. I will follow.
JOEY: The dream is over. I am broken. I am busted. I am leaving, going home.
I have no future. There is no future. There is nothing I can give you.
Jenny steps closer and slaps him hard across the face
JENNY: How dare you think I am so shallow? I don't care about your football. I don't care about your glory or the money. You fool, I love you. You have taught my heart to dream. Small boy, big heart, I hold you in my dreams boy. Small boy, big heart, you taught me how to dream boy.
JOEY: Jenny the dreams are over. There are no more dreams.
JENNY: That isn't true. You gave them to me. And I began to dream as well. That a boy should truly love me. That I, that I could truly love a boy.
JOEY: But I was made of fire then.
JENNY: You are made of fire now. No frozen mind, no frozen heart. I have seen your mother laughing. I have seen your father cheering. You could never disappoint them. Joey you are made of fire. I was once afraid of dreaming. I was wrong. Dreams are stronger than our bones. Joey, I will follow you, yes follow you.
JOEY: Follow me?
JOEY: What a fool I am. I was too afraid to love you.
JENNY: Love me?
JOEY: Yes love you.
JENNY: Love me?
JOEY:Yes I love you. I was broken. I was busted. I was frozen, stuck forever. I put limits on my dreams.
JENNY: I have your dreams. I kept them safe.
JOEY: You have set my heart on fire. Freed my dreams and made a future.
JENNY: A future that we share together.
JOEY: A future that we share together.
CHORUS: Broken bodies, broken dreams. New beginning, new departures.
JENNY: Small boy, big heart, I hold you in my dreams boy.
Small boy, big heart, you taught me how to dream boy.
JOEY: You have set my heart on fire. Freed my dreams and made a future.
All repeat until fade.

Composer's Note

Bust is a short opera loosely based on a true story. A young Irish soccer player, Joey Power, goes to England and quickly meets success. A severe injury effectively puts an end to his soccer career and his hopes and dreams of stardom. However, the manager's niece, Emma, has spotted him and fallen in love with him. Joey also realises that he loves Emma and that there can be more to life than football.

Bust is both a chamber and a youth opera. There are five principals: Joey, Joey's Dad, Joey's Mam, Robbie the Spurs' manager and Emma, Robbie's niece and secretary. The small chorus has different faces: football fans, street crowds and ghostly 'Greek chorus' type characters who warn of impending doom.

This is an opera for young people. While the football theme is unusual, it embraces a young person's world, allowing Bust to be delivered and interpreted by a young cast. The music, in terms of both style and level of difficulty, is on the one hand appropriate to young singers with emerging voices, while presenting on the other significant challenges.

Act 1

## Bust - Overture

Libretto: Alec McAlister











vc. 毋) $_{\boldsymbol{f}}^{\boldsymbol{f}}$




Pow - er.


Moderately $\boldsymbol{\bullet} \mathbf{=} \mathbf{1 1 0}$








Ped.



## Check-in Girl



## Check-in Girl



S.

A.

T.

B.


Shouted!






dim. molto

(8) $\qquad$ ppp

## Your Dream - My Dream - My Son

Scene 2




D.

Vc.

Ch






Much More Slowly - Gently rocking








rit. . - - -


In 4
Broader d $=126$


Vc.



J.

D.



Vc.



molto rit.

d. = 52

Lullaby $3+3+3+3$






Build with sense of growing excitement











Scene 3


Female Voice 1


Female Voice 2


Male Voice 1


Male Voice 2


Violoncello


Cho.
 Spurs! We are Spurs! Spurs! Spurs! We are Spurs! We are the Spurs!

| 6 | Jff |  |  | $b$ | be be |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| \% 20. | D-2. | 2 $2 \%$ |  | que | 9 |  |
| 7 | $\bigcirc$ |  |  |  |  |  |
| Spurs! | Spurs! | Spurs! | $\dot{\mathrm{W}}$ e are | the Spurs! | th | Spur |




Very smoothly






Vc.





Strongly








Vc.


Vc.




Vc.



poco rit.

poco rit.
Vc.

$\stackrel{-}{\mathbf{O}}$
$\underset{\mathbf{O}}{\mathbf{\#}}$

Pno.

\#-
${ }_{\mathbf{\#}}^{\mathbf{\#}}$


When I saw that match to
M.V. 2


Cho.


Big
ci-ty, Big ci - ty, big
ci-ty, big ci - ty big
ci-ty, big ci
ty,

A little faster $d=100$
Vc.



Vc.



Tho.
Big, big ci ty, big, big ci - ty Big, big ci ty, big, big
ci - ty Big, big
ci -ty,
big, big ci-ty







Cho.



> Cho.

Vc.



Vc.



Tho.
Now my bo - dy's feels like wa - ter $\qquad$

motto accel.


molto rall.


Menacingly $d=70$
Scene 4



Cho.











$\rho=\rho$






Cho.




Cho. Peel-ing paint and no hot showers.


Peel-ing paint and no hot showers.




Vc.













## Recitative- like


R.






## Wear it with Pride

Scene 5

Plodding $d=100$


## Chorus



Violoncello










Ch

















molto rit.
cresc. molto fff


Goal!!!!






Robbie slaps Joey and knocks him to the ground




Ch


Ball, ball, kick a ball.


Tempo - = 120 (Reference to Soldiers Chorus)





True dear, true dear, but still he must be pun-ished.
 pizz.















Scene 6

Joey/Jenny, Piano




Joey grabs Jenny and swings




Play with very light touch to create shimmering effect





A little slower like chant $\boldsymbol{~}=\mathbf{1 1 0}$




She squeezes his hands and kisses him lightly

With a sense of urgency
$d=\mathbf{1 2 0}$
$m f$

Go and make your phone call please.






=




molto espress. e legato







 =




Vc.
heart,
dreams are frag - ile things
boy.

$d$.



Act 2

## First Cap

Scene 7

Happy and excited $\delta=74$


cresc. poco a poco


T.

B.


head-line make, mak-er, head, head- line.
Head-line mak-er.
T.





T.

B.


S.
A.

head-line make, mak-er, head, head-line.
B.
.


Robbie



T.

B.


A.

T.





A.

B.


Triumphantly $d=80$ in 2


Triumphantly $d=\mathbf{8 0}$ in 2




S.

A.

T.

cresc. poco a poco
B.




T.

B.














)





S.

A.

T.

B.



Slowly as in a prayer $d=58$


Slowly as in a prayer $d=58$



S.
 o $\bigcirc$ o + o 0
A.
 8
 8
 3

$\qquad$
T.

B.



B.
T.




S.
A.

T.

B.

molto rit.

molto rit.




D.

S.

A.


Oo/ee
dim. poco a poco
T.



B.




Mm



## Scene 8




Cho.












Joe.

cresc. poco a poco
F.M. 1

F.M. 2


In the stiffs(zz)


Cho.


Pno.


















pain,

Vc.




Scene 9







Vc.


PPP


Cho I was made of fire_ then.

$$
\text { - A bo-dy that could run for }-\mathrm{e}-\text { ver. }
$$


I was made of fire_ then.
A bo-dy that could run for $-\mathrm{e}-\quad$ ver.

For















Jenny steps closer and slaps him hard 561











I was made of fire_ then. $\qquad$
$\qquad$

pp













molto rall.



