Pandora

For soprano, speaker and large ensemble
(with film and optional dance)

David Lancaster
Pandora

For soprano, speaker (actress) and large ensemble, with film and optional dance.

Flute
Clarinet
Alto sax
Baritone sax
Trumpet
Horn
Trombone
Tuba
Piano
Electric guitar
Bass guitar

Percussion: drum kit:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Instrument</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hi Hat (closed)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Side drum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bass drum</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tom toms (4)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cow bells (2)</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Glockenspiel, vibraphone and concert bass drum (one player).

Text by Amy Christmas and David Lancaster, after Frank Wedekind

Duration: 25 minutes
Pandora can be staged in a number of ways, from a concert performance - with films projected onto a single screen above the performers - to one which makes use of costume and lighting (possibly designed to form visual connections with the film) and raised platforms offering performing areas in front and behind the instrumentalists, depending on space available.

If space and resources permit my preference would be to project the films onto three different screens, offering the possibility of multiple simultaneous projection, and use a raised platform to allow the solo singer, actress (and dancer) to interact with the projection of the films at times, to operate both in front and behind the ensemble, and to leave the performing area during rests to effect a shift of focus between sung text, film, spoken text and instrumental music.

Suggested staging:

1. Screens for projection.
2. Raised platforms (for actress, singer and optional dance).
3. Ensemble.
Pandora

Prologue

Steady \( \quad \text{ff} \)

\( \text{ff} \)

Ah

At ten she worked the streets...
A tempo, calmo \( \text{q} = 64 \)

Fl.

Cl.

A. Sax.

B. Sax.

Tpt.

Hn.

Tbn.

Tba.

S. Solo

Acts.

Pno.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

A tempo, calmo \( \text{q} = 64 \)

A tempo, calmo \( \text{q} = 64 \)

Film 1 ends

Song 1
wings,

The sky belongs to her:

and every night
Film 2 begins - Couples

surviving amongst the strong.

Desired, admired, obsessed.

To Drum Kit
sessed._ and dressed to kill._ dressed_ to kill_
I've been dealt a winning hand, with nothing to lose
nothing to lose.
Fl.

Cl.

A. Sax.

B. Sax.

Tpt.

Hn.

Tbn.

Tba.

S. Solo

Acts.

Pno.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

pp

pp

pp

pp

p

pp

pp

f
Fl.
Cl.
A. Sax.
B. Sax.
Tpt.
Hn.
Tbn.
Tba.
S. Solo
Acts.
Pno.
E. Gtr.
Bass
Dr.

Cowbell:
S.D.
Lauded, and applauded, admired, desired.
an other fight

Vibraphone (motor off)
I was dealt a winning hand with nothing to lose. I'm playing my...
cards close to my chest

I need to keep the upper hand
Film 3 begins - Backstage

Draw me, paint me. And picture

poco slentando
me exactly as you please, in compromising poses for your movies. App-
lau ded, ad mired and de sired. Af ter all, I’m hang’d if I do, and hang’d if I don’t.
To-night I am watch-ing her heart break, set to mu-sic.
Music like a sack of heart beats, split and spilled across the floor, caught beneath...
The pulses of lesser known gods, powerful but err-

skin.
at-ic muscles that are picked out in el-ec-tric light, blue and green and gold. litt-le de-it-ies, hands out stretched or
clasp-ing  
reaching sky-ward for each oth-er,  
lips find-ing lips and tast-ing stick-y liqu-or.
No smoke in here, although there should be, and you can still see it even if it's not real.
od-our-less and with-out struc-ture just be-cause it fits the scene, and this is a place that is all ab-out the
Heart in mouth, heart in hand, hand in glove. Deceptively expensive, artful gloves.
Fl.
Cl.
A. Sax.
B. Sax.
Tpt.
Hn.
Tbn.
Tba.
S. Solo
Acts.
Pno.
E. Gtr.
Bass
Dr.

Silhouettes of fingers in the dark.
She is skin-ny and av-ian,
skin woven with feathers of experience, proud as a peacock in bright colours:
slick tur-quoise and quick-silver. Sometimes she is worn out
greys and diluted blacks, but there's a beauty breathing strongly beneath
And to-night she is baring her bones.

what ever cracks her surface is showing. And to-night she is baring her bones.
Her killer is on-stage a little higher in his own mind than in actual fact, and he...
fills a space that might suffocate him if he tries for air too quickly. And though it
Fl.

Cl.

A. Sax.

B. Sax.

Tpt.

Hn.

Tbn.

Tba.

S. Solo

Acts.

Pho.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

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looks as if he truly believes the words he is singing, it hardly matters because he can't be clearly heard, and the...
I am... lyrics are lost in reverb-er-a-tion... and the meaning is lost somewhere else entirely. I am
Fl.

Cl.

A. Sax.

B. Sax.

Tpt.

Hn.

Tbn.

Tba.

S. Solo

silently be-see-ching her to tear up that map and send up a flare.

Acts.

silently be-see-ching her to tear up that map and send up a flare.

Pno.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.
Watching her watching him is like shuffling through a tarot deck in
fast forward, a deck where all the images are birds. She is hot pink flamingo demi plié in water.
red breast-ed rob-in flitt-ing through snow, circ-ling vult ure, plung-ing kest-rel, mor-bid
crow, frail humming-bird flocks of starlings, solitary silent
This card and that.

This card and that.

This card and that.

High Priestess and Lover, Emperor and

al-bu-tros.
Fl.  
Cl.  
A. Sax.  
B. Sax.  
Tpt.  
Hn.  
Tbn.  
Tba.  
S. Solo  
Acts.  
Pno.  
E. Gtr.  
Bass  
Dr.

Mas ter, the World and the Fool. He is chick-en-shit, seeds and grain, a wat-er-dish.
He has a gun he has a gun he has a gun. He has a gun he has a gun he has a gun.

a flim-sy net in rav-aged branch-es a stamp-ing ground. He has a gun he has a gun he has a gun.
The place has no windows, no glass for her to
And they crash in to, and we're watch-ing her watch-ing him and wait-ing for her feath-ers to fall. And they
do. And she is nak-ed, shi-ver-ing, slip-per-y and white. And there is fire, and there is fire,
and she is glow-ing. And ev-en if her home is far a-way, ev-en if she can't fin'd her way back,
she'll leave a trail for us to try to follow, with symbols chalked up on doors and walls along the way,
all of the arrows pointing up, to a place he cannot reach. She is an angel with
Film 4 begins - He has a gun.


Film 4 begins - He has a gun.

Ah

tal-ons, and the sky belongs to her.

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff
(e)ssed.  (An an-gel with talons)  De-si- (i) (i)red.
De stro- (o)yed. (An-oth-er face, an-oth-er mask). Ad-mired.
Ex - po - (o)- (o)shed
Fl.:

Cl.:

A. Sax.:

B. Sax.:

Tpt.:

Hn.:

Tbn.:

Tba.:

S. Solo:

Adored

Applau (au) (au) -

Acts.:

Pno.:

E. Gtr.:

Bass:

Vib.
(Dealt a winning hand. De-si-i-ired De-
Begin to read Epilogue, slow and deliberate.

(At ten I worked the streets...)