

tiny  
MUSIC

excerpt

*A violin lesson.*

**Sylvie:** Mm. But that was *exactly* the same.

**Ezra:** So that's good?

**Sylvie:** Yeah, sure. Pack your bags. We're going on a trip to predictable-ville.

**Ezra:** I don't travel. I don't like to travel.

**Sylvie:** O...kay. But, look. You're alive, and this is a different moment. So, you probably feel a little different, right.

**Ezra:** No, I don't think so.

**Sylvie:** Oy veys mir. Something. You feel something now.

Even sensations. I feel... the sweatiness in the backs of my knees, and that can go into the note. *(She plays a knee-sweat note.)* Or, a have a little tingly feeling here, in my throat, and that can be in the note. *(She plays a tingly-throat note.)* Or, my brow is scrunching up, I don't know how to reach you with this, but now I'm smiling because of the way you're catching my eye, and that... *(She plays the three-note run, in a scrunched brow, smiling kind of way.)*

**Ezra:** But... okay.

*He plays the phrase. It sounds robotic. Sylvie bellows in frustration.*

**Ezra:** I- I don't know what's happening with my throat! I don't know what my face is doing!

**Sylvie:** Then you have to listen. Listen inside.

**Ezra:** Listen?

**Sylvie:** Yeah.

*Pause. Ezra listens.*

**Ezra:** Your upstairs neighbor has PVC plumbing, but on your floor it's copper, and it's old!

**Sylvie:** Wha...?

**Ezra:** It sounds different. The pipes' sound shifts as the water drains. Shshshsh.... *(the faint rushing of pipes becomes audible)* Also, you did laundry recently. You have stuff that can't go in the dryer hanging over the shower rod. It drips a little bit. Bip. Bip bip... *(a dripping sound joins his voice and continues)* The bus goes by over on Oak street about every nine minutes. The robot recorded voice says the stop name.

**Sylvie:** You can hear that?

**Ezra:** Your chair has springs that keep making teeny click sounds for like 10 minutes after someone gets up. It's still doing it! Tk. Tk tk. *(the faint clicking becomes audible, rhythmic.)* Someone in the building is watching sports. English accents, so, I don't know, soccer, or rugby maybe. There's been vacuuming, vacuuming, vacuuming on... one of the floors upstairs, maybe two levels up, since I got here. Still going. Mmmmmm.... *(the faint sound of vacuuming becomes audible.)* Your fridge, the compressor cycles on and off, on for about 3 seconds then off every 15 seconds. Here it comes.... Now. *(It buzzes on, faintly, adding a new rhythmic element to the sound score that is building around them.)* There's low rumble of course, the general wind and traffic sound of the city. *(It becomes audible.)* And there's another wind sound too, going between your building and the next one, tones. *(He imitates the faint sound and it becomes audible, almost a melody.)*

**Sylvie:** So. Good ears, okay. But when I say listen, I mean-

**Ezra:** Your stomach is making little sounds, gurgles, almost like laughing. *(This sound becomes part of the score.)* I can hear your breathing. When you shift your weight, I can hear... *(he steps closer)* tiny creaking... I think it's from inside your knee. *(He steps closer)*. I can hear your pulse. Thippuh, thippuh, thippuh. It's fast! *(The pulse flicker continues. It sounds like tiny wings.)* Why is your heart fast??

**Sylvie:** It's okay. Take it easy.

*A low rolling tone enters the mix. She steps closer.*

**Ezra:** What's going on?? I can't... Do you hear that?

**Sylvie:** It's just your body. Calling out. That something's happening, something matters.

**Ezra:** My body? I... But... This! This happens, to me! The sounds, can you...?

**Sylvie:** Yes! You're listening. It's wonderful!

**Ezra:** But, I can't... focus! It's loud, and I can't-

**Sylvie:** Focus on me! Ezra. Focus on me.

*Ezra shshshifts all his focus onto Sylvie. The sound score becomes clearer, less chaotic. Instruments join.*

**Sylvie:** Yes. Everything you're feeling, focus it on me. Be with me. Our bodies are calling out. We're alive. Feel! You have a body. You have a beautiful body.

**Ezra:** A beautiful body.

**Sylvie:** Yes. So, this aliveness. Let's use it. Let's play.

*The space between them is intimate now. Echoes of their words flutter around them.*

**Ezra:** What?

**Sylvie:** Like this.

*She plays. He joins her. Their sounds speak and connect.*