

When the Silence Sings

A Solo Musical

By Rene Zabel

ACT I

SCENE 1

Spotlight on the stage where, stage right, the actress stands. Minimal set, an arm chair and a piano. A scrim is down upstage where pictures of could be projected.

Long ago in someone else's story
Growing up I believe it...
I believe I can do and be anything
My mind can imagine
Where ever passion is found...
my Aunt playing the piano.
I run to my parents beg for lessons...
to play like Diana,
I declared to my parents.
They make calls...
I have to wait.
I aren't school age.
Patience is a virtue.
This, my first test of patience,
My virtue is in tact.
Waiting anxiously for my sixth birthday.

Where is to THAT girl
SHE knows exactly what she wants.
That girl, so small,
with a voice, loud and large
A girl who loves to sing...play piano...perform

She crosses to the piano and plays
a simple tune. Music continues
under the dialogue, getting more
advanced.

MUSIC LESSON

I practice on an old upright piano.
It's so decrepit,
the ivory is missing on most of the keys.
Some don't play at all.

Nothing deters my playing.
Most children have to be coerced to practice,
It is the opposite for me.
Music is my escape from the family trait of abuse.
My Grandmother abused my Father,
who abuses me and my siblings.
Music takes me away from the trauma.
I play and sing until his words...lost in the lyrics.
Country music plays non-stop at home.
I hear Tanya Tucker on the radio.
Tanya Tucker made it at the age of thirteen.
Why not me?
My opportunity... a talent competition...
grand prize... contract with RCA.

Stand...alone...
voice rings out...It echoes...
The last note of Delta Dawn has them on their feet.
Over two thousand people stand...
Applaud...me.
the single most thrilling moment
in my twelve year old life.

Yet, the grand prize slips from my grasp
into the bowed hands of a fiddle player
Such a difficult hit to the ego;
graciousness isn't part of my vocabulary.

Bible belt...Church...intertwines
Every Sunday and Wednesday...requires attendance
Torn between the church
and their bastardization of it.
To be honest I love church.
Not the "damn you to hell portion",
but the music.

I love singing in the choir.
Music is what binds the Christian service.
When the music touches my soul
it makes all the issues of the week go away.
The hymns speak to my emotional scars.
Words speak to my heart.
I believe when they sing the words.

Poignant images that tug at my soul.
 She crosses to piano, begins to
 play.

LET THERE BE LOVE

OH FATHER WE SING
 HIS MESSAGE WE BRING
 FOR LOVE
 LET THERE BE LOVE
 IN PEACE WE STAND FREE
 UNITED WE'LL BE
 IN LOVE
 LET THERE BE LOVE

NO ONE CAN SAVE YOU
 OR BRAVE THE STORM
 NO ONE CAN CARRY
 OR KEEP YOU FROM WARM

HIS LOVE BUILDS A BRIDGE
 HIS LOVE BINDS TWO HEARTS
 IN LOVE
 LET THERE BE LOVE

OUR PRAYER FOR THIS WORLD
 LOVE IS THE CURE
 IN LOVE
 LET THERE BE LOVE

NO ONE CAN SAVE YOU
 OR BRAVE THE STORM
 NO ONE CAN CARRY
 OR KEEP YOU FROM HARM

ALONE AND AFRAID
 GRACE FINDS YOU SAFE
 IN LOVE
 LET THERE BE LOVE

YOU'RE EMPTY AND BROKEN
 YET ARMS ARE WIDE OPEN
 IN LOVE
 LET THERE BE LOVE

At fifteen...My split from the church begins