

Round 6: an 'arms race' to empty the table.

137 *f*

DskBells

Smack the deskbells

snarl, glaring at B

*f* 3

sarcastic, angry, loud

glare at Beta

'snaps', and grabs 2 handfuls of silverware

A:

What do you need? a knife a fork...

DskBells

Smack the deskbells

*f*

indignant

*f* 3

glare at Alpha

look at table, think about making a similar grab.

B:

What do YOU need?? a spoon????

139

DskBells

suddenly throws the 2 handfuls of silverware back onto the table (crash) on beat 1 or 3

*ff*

scowls as B pockets the silver.

*f*

cold, spiteful

A:

What's im-por-tant? spoon! Say more a-bout this

DskBells

jumps back, a bit frightened

*ff*

grabs 2 handfuls, pockets them asap

*f*

B:

spoon! yes. spoon! please!

141

DskBells

A:

looks at the table, grabs 2 more handfuls

*f*

more

pockets the silverware

*f*

more

DskBells

B:

alarmed grabs a knife

then grabs a 2nd knife

The knife, first.

A knife does *more* more

143

DskBells

A:

picks through the remaining silverware on the table, and selects a butter knife

holds it up

*ff*

Do you mean eat- ing? knife

DskBells

B:

*ff*

*p*

*f*

more

Yes. it can cut, it can spear,

gestures with one knife

145

DskBells

A:

fling it onto the pile

*f* *p* *p*

knife knife do da-mage. mm

DskBells

B:

gesture with the other knife

put the 2 knives in the bag

*f* *f* *f*

smearho ney ho-ney as well as do da-mage. fork!

147

DskBells

A:

grabs another handful from the table, or at least a fork

*mf* *f* *mp* *mp* *mf*

the most the most beau ti tines, - es pe-cial-ly

DskBells

B:

grabs forks - picks them out til she has a handful

*mf* *mp* *mf*

beau - ti ful of the three: tines, lee

150

DskBells

A: *mf* grabs a fancy spoon

and the way in And the spoon, \_\_\_\_\_ spoon?

DskBells

B: *f* *gliss.* *mf* stare at A's spoon greedily

\_\_\_\_\_ it rests the hand. \_\_\_\_\_ what a-bout the spoon?

152

DskBells

A: drops spoon on table loudly on beat 1

child soup child real-ly choice

DskBells

B: puts spoon in her bag

un-less one is a child though for soup there is no choice.

154

DskBells

puts spoons in her bag

*f* *ppp* *f* *f* *mf* *mf*

*gliss.* 3 3 3

grabs a handful

A: uh n ts noth-ing at all. Don't you need it for Me lons\_\_\_\_\_

DskBells

grab item *f* grab again, with other hand *mf*

B: \_\_\_\_\_ un-less one re-sorts to noth-ing at all. Me - lons, may-be.

156

DskBells

finds the spoons in her handful and throws the rest back, noisily

*f* *mf* *mf*

3 3

A: \_\_\_\_\_ mir - ror\_\_\_\_\_ or\_\_\_\_\_ love

DskBells

*mf* 3 3

B: And the mi-ror a spoon can be or\_\_\_\_\_ the i-image of love in re-

158

DskBells

A:

*mf* *f*

pose But it is n't ne-ces-sa-ry

Snatches the spoon away from Beta and stuffs it in her sack.

DskBells

B:

*mf* *mp* *mf* harshly

pose. ne-ces-sa-ry You can do with-out it,

Looks calmly at Alpha

grabs the remaining silverware off table

160

DskBells

A:

grabs silverware, until there is nothing left on the table

DskBells

B:

*f* **3**

You can do with - out al - most a - ny - thing If

and stuffs it in her sack.