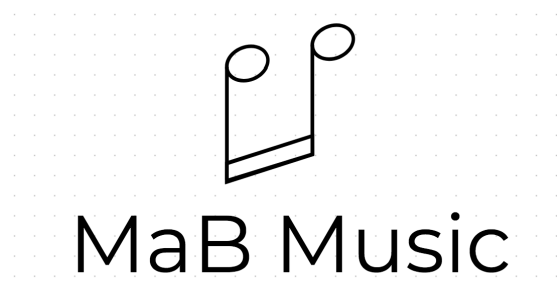


Raindrops on a Tin Roof

for Cyberinet, pre-recorded sounds, and live electronics

Matthew A. Bardin
2023



Program Note:

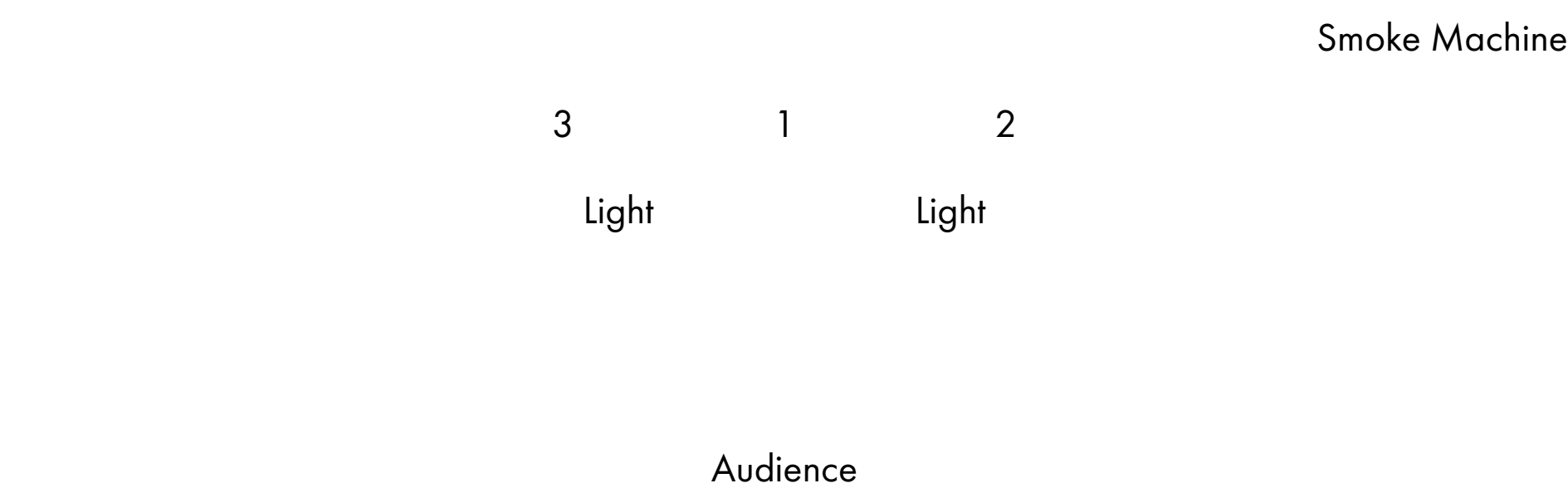
A short story. An event. When you are the most comfortable, that is when the unknown can strike. Usually in a way we least expect. How can one respond to the uncomprehendable?

Approximately 12-15 minutes in duration.
Completed March 15th 2023 in Baton Rouge, LA
MaB

Performance Notes:

For the Performance of Raindrops on a Tin Roof, a unique setup can be utilized. The theatrical stage setup is not required, but highly encouraged by the composer if possible as they enhance the atmosphere.

The performer should arrange three stands across the width of the stage. When instructed in the score, the performer should move from their current stand to the indicated stand. A smoke machine should be placed upstage and off-center of the performer to minimize its visibility from the audience. The smoke machine should be set to approximately medium-low. There should be a low mist/fog that picks up the lights in the room, not so much that it becomes obstructive. Two DMX-controlled lights should be placed slightly downstage of the performer, illuminating the stage. Stage lights should be turned off, but if needed spotlights, stand lights, or low-level lighting can be used to illuminate the three stands for the performer. Will all of the staging, the performance space should look like this:



The following Performance Pages should be on the stands as shown below:

- 1. Pgs 1,4,8-9
- 2. Pgs 5-7
- 3. Pgs 2-3

Multiple stands at some stand locations may be needed.

Adjustments to the staging can be made depending on the specifics of the performance venue. The atmosphere should be spooky, and as if rain will begin at any second. A fan is recommended to help dissipate the smoke following the performance.

Tempo markings should be observed as close as possible. Tempi indicated are those of the synthesizer accompaniment sound files. When the “as fast as possible” instruction occurs, the performer should play the section as fast as possible while still maintaining rhythmic and pitch integrity. Do not worry about playing in time with the synthesizer during these moments. There will be a moment to return to being in time with the synthesizer indicated with the button.

On Software:

The *Raindrops on a Tin Roof* Max Patch is required for the performance. This patch can be downloaded from matthewbardin.com/raindrops. If needed, Max (Version 8.5 or newer needed) can be downloaded from cycling74.com. It is not required to purchase the software as the patch will run in demo mode, however it is recommended if possible as purchasing the software will unlock editing and saving of patches.

The Max patch will take data from the Cyberinet’s embedded sensors and use them to process sounds as shown below:

- Gyroscope: Used to control reverb and panning
- Accelerometer: Used to control DMX Lights, playback volume, and delay
- Airflow: Used to control DMX Lights, playback volume, and distortion
- Button 1: Used to cycle through settings and trigger audio clips
- Button 2: Emergency Mute All switch

Largely speaking, the Cyberinet controls the volume of various sound files on playback, as well as the processing to those sound files. The clarinet timbre is the only element with no processing applied to it.

There are three categories of sound files used in *Raindrops on a Tin Roof*:

1. Synthesizer Accompaniment: Unnatural, distorted sounds to accompany the clarinet timbres.
2. Ambiance: Digetic sounds occurring in the story as it unfolds. These include rain sounds, monster sounds, and creaking floorboards
3. Narrator: Recordings of the composer reading the story. These are used to provide context to the music as it is happening. Generally the music pauses during these moments.

On Hardware:

The performer will need the Cyberinet as well as the button expansion to perform *Raindrops on a Tin Roof*. In addition to the items listed under ‘Performance Notes’, The performer will require a computer to run the software patch. This computer can be either Windows or MacOS. The software patch will run on either devices. A USB-to-DMX adapter for each of the lights are also needed as they will be controlled from the max patch.

On Notation:

Cross Noteheads: Indicate pressing Button 1 to progress to the following section of music.



Vamp: Repeat the indicated music as many times as wanted or needed. Each vamp should occur at least 3 times. All other repeats occur once.

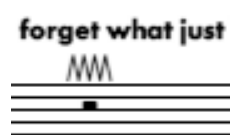
Travel Instructions: Tell the performer their method of moving from one stand to another. This text is always underlined.



Movement Indicators: Indicate exaggerated movements or breathing. Exaggerated movements should generally be swaying or small steps to trigger the gyroscope more.

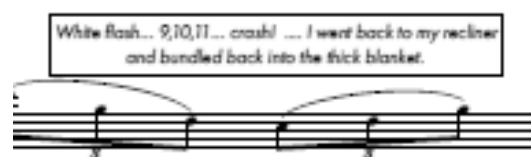


Exaggerate breathing should be heavier and more frequent breaths than normal in order to further trigger the airflow sensor. Take care not to hyperventilate.



Synthesizer parts: Are not intended to be performed by a person. The part present in the score is the notation of the accompanying sound file. This notation does not reflect the specific processing applied to the sounds as that will change with each performance, but general indications are given to help the performer stay in time with the accompaniment.

Narrator Text: Text indicators for the narrator files are printed in the score. The first and last line are printed; separated with an ellipsis (...). The duration of the file is also provided. This text is always boxed and italicized.



Metric Relations: eighth notes are constant throughout whenever a time signature change occurs. Print Versions of the score arrive hole punched for storage, but are kept loose for arrangement on the stands. Extra copies of necessary pages are provided.

Narration Full Text:

White flash... 9,10,11... crash!

The storm outside was gradually drawing closer. I lay back in my recliner and sipped my tea. The smell of mint combined with the warmth of the fireplace nearby was soothing. After this past week at work, I was looking forward to relaxing. Another flash of light. ...7,8...crash!

This storm was oddly out of season, but not unheard of. At most a few trees get blown over and knock out the power, maybe a little flooding in the lower areas of town, but nothing that isn't resolved and forgotten within a few days.

I sat there, sipping my tea, enjoying the solitude and relative silence of the house. It was around this time that the sound of the rain began to reach me. The sound grew so gradually that I have no idea when it really started, but by the time I had finished my tea and the final chapter of my novel, the sound, filtered through two floors of family history passed down along with the house, the sound had developed into a dull roar of water droplets on my house's metal roof. It was constant, yet soothing. Maybe the storm would be a quick one. The floorboards creaked as I walked over to the window.

4,5,6,7...

The timing between the lighting and thunder was getting closer and closer. Hopefully this would move past without too much trouble, but it didn't seem to be moving any faster than before. (1:32)

I decided to take a break from reading and turned on the TV instead. Flash... 3,4,5... crash!

The thunder had startled me awake, and I was both a little groggy and confused that I had fallen asleep so unexpectedly. The long days at work must have worn me out more than I originally thought. The TV was displaying nothing but static. The storm must have knocked something out in town. At least the power was still on for now. The rain was still coming down as a dull roar on the roof; blending with the static from the television.

Glancing outside, I saw that it was pitch black from the storm in the night. That made since; I had been out for several hours at this point. I shivered a little and drew the curtains shut as the kettle began to boil. Crash! I didn't see the lightning, but the thunderclap sounded as if it was right above the house. A few minutes later I returned to the living room, steaming mug in hand. When I returned to the TV, it was still displaying static. (0:57)

As I sipped my tea, there was another clap of thunder and the TV suddenly cut out, plunging the whole room into darkness. Cursing a little, I stumbled my way around the room trying to find the light switch. By the time I go to it, I had stubbed my toe and tripped on several small items I couldn't see on the floor. I didn't think I had left anything on the floor before I fell asleep, but the darkness was extremely disorientating. I had probably knocked something over without realizing it when I first woke up.

Click... Click, click, click. Great.

It wasn't just the TV but the entire power supply was out; probably for most of the town by this point. The rain kept coming down. I could no longer see the white flashes from the lightning but could hear the claps of thunder, much louder than before. I fumbled my way out and down the hall, trying to find the basement door. It was strangely dark.

Despite living here for almost my entire life, the storm seemed to turn the place into somewhere I was unfamiliar with. I wasn't originally going to try and find a lamp downstairs, but the darkness was oppressive and I had almost dropped my favorite mug trying to find a light switch. I didn't want to trip on something I couldn't see and fall. With my luck so far tonight, I would end up stepping on the broken shards and near-boiling tea.

Crash! (1:25)

After what seemed like 30 minutes, I had finally found the basement door. There weren't any more knickknacks knocked onto the floor, but I couldn't seem to find anything in the dark. Everything felt like it was in the wrong place. I unlocked and opened the door and began to walk down the stairs, the creaking of the wooden steps being the only noise other than the low roar of the rain and the occasional thunderclap.

Creak, creak, creak...

Were there always so many steps to get to the bottom? When I finally got to the bottom of the stairs the roar of the rain had faded away into nothing. Hopefully the fact that I couldn't hear the rain down here meant it was passing by. I began to head in the direction of my emergency lights, annoyed at myself for not getting them out before the storm and for leaving my cell phone upstairs. I figured the cell service would be out, but at least those have a built-in flashlight. That would have made finding the lamps and fuel much quicker and easier. It was then I noticed that something was in the basement. (1:06)

I don't remember what it looked like or what kind of sounds it made. In fact, I don't even remember running away. As soon as I encountered it, my body was filled with something I had never experienced before: in an instant I was dripping in a cold sweat, and shaking as my body filled with an unexpected terror. Just a second ago I was hoping the basement hadn't flooded, but now there was only one thing my brain and body could comprehend, and it was that I needed to run away as fast as possible. In that moment nothing else mattered. If I didn't move, I knew I was going to die.

When I reached the top of the stairway, I slammed it shut and leaned against it, panting heavily. The roar of the rain was back, but I could tell that it was gradually fading from what it was before I went downstairs. Or maybe it was just my rapid heartbeat blocking out the sound. It was still pitch black in the house, but now I was able to look around and see, maybe my eyes had finally adjusted; maybe my fear had made my pupils dilate more than they were before. I didn't care, I was just glad to be able to see. Until I looked around. It was the same house I had seen my whole life, but it was... different. (1:15)

I could see that part of the reason it was so dark was that the windows were boarded up. A layer of dust coated the walls and floor, and that was all that was there. None of the furniture or pictures remained. Shelves were empty, the TV and recliner were no longer in the living room, visible through a half-open door at the end of the hall. I locked the basement door and took a small, caution step forward and immediately winced. I looked down and cursed again. In my rush I had apparently dropped my mug and stepped on one of the pieces; just like I knew would happen. It wasn't a deep cut and was barely bleeding, but it hurt now that my adrenaline was fading. What had I been so scared of before? (0:43)

I must be extra jumpy from my lack of sleep this week. The basement was mostly just storage, nothing could get in there. I was just about to turn back around to get the lamps again when I felt it: the fear was coming back. I couldn't remember what the thing in the basement was, just that I had to get away. (0:19)

I could feel that this thing was right behind the door, and that it wanted me. I immediately broke into a sprint to the kitchen window since it was the closest way out of there. I didn't care where I ended up as long as I was away from here. The pain in my foot was inconsequential now and I ignored it as I ran. I didn't even notice the small trail of blood following wherever I went. There were no other emotions that fear. I had to escape.

It was no good, the kitchen window was boarded up too tightly to squeeze through. Changing plans, I hurried towards the front door at the opposite end of the house, making sure to cut through the living room to avoid the basement, but that was also boarded up. I fumbled with the lock, trying to get it open and pry off the boards on the outside. The rain seemed excruciating loud, but I could almost taste safety on the other side of the door.

CRASH! (0:54)

The basement door broke open with a crack much louder than any of the thunder I'd heard so far. Giving up on the door, I immediately ran up the stairs to my left to the second floor. Knowing whatever it was would only be a few moments behind me I wished I had another door to shut to slow it down, if only for a second. As I ran, I could hear the rain on the roof crescendo

All the windows were boarded up, and other than a layer of dust the only thing in any of the main rooms was a large dark stain on the floor of what was my bedroom. It was quickly obvious that I would not find a way out here so I bolted, limping slightly from the pain in my foot. If I could get to the veranda in the back of the house, I might be able to shimmy down the side of the building to safety; assuming I didn't slip in the rain. It had a glass door after all so I could use my body to break it open. What was a few more scrapes at this point? (1:04)

As I ran, I could feel it getting closer. By this point it was on the second floor with me as I hurried to the door. The closer it got, the more horrified I became. The sound of the rain was almost deafening now, but compared to the entity inside with me, it felt like my salvation. Luckily when I grabbed the veranda door handle, it flew open and I tumbled outside onto the balcony. (0:28)

Outside was pouring rain. The dops fell hard and stung. This constant firing of miniature bullets was painful, but I barely noticed. I needed to find a way out of the house. Out of the neighborhood. Out of the entire town. I was looking around for a drain pipe or a ledge to shimmy across when I noticed it: the view. The trees normally extend through to the hill line below and to the end of my sightline. They were gone.

The trees weren't cut down, or replaced by new building, they were just gone. At the end of my backyard the world seemed to just vanish. I couldn't tell if it was simply too dark to see that far or if my house had been teleported to some other dimension that was pitch black and full of nothing but swirling storm clouds, thunder, and rain. I suppose in the end it didn't really matter. (0:52)

As I was looking for a way to run away, I could feel it: the same feeling I had in the basement. This terror resonated with me to my core. This was something that felt baked into my very being, something at a baser level than any human logic. Pure, unfiltered fear. I knew that whatever the thing was it was now right behind me on the other side of this last door. I stopped and looked up at the rain. At this moment the rain suddenly let up. I could see the stars through the eye of the storm and as the sound of the raindrops stopped, only to be replaced by the crashing of the veranda door being knocked open. (0:53)

Raindrops on a Tin Roof

Transposing Performance Score

Matthew A. Bardin (ASCAP)

Dreary and relaxed (♩ = 56)
walk to stand 1 if not already there

Vamp. Press button 1 and enter in time on measure 2.

Cyberinet in Bb

White flash... 9,10,11... crash!
but it didn't seem to be moving any faster than before. (1:32)

molto rall......

a tempo

walk to stand 3

I decided to take a break from reading...
When I returned to the TV, it was still displaying static.
(0:57)

A

Press button 1 to continue
(when Narrator finishes)

Investigating in the dark (♩ = 72)

12

mf *mf* *p* *mp*



Looking for the Door

16

p *f* *mf*

As I sipped my tea, there was another clap of ...
Crash! (1:28)



B

Vamp until narration is done.
Press button to continue

Slowly Going Downstairis

19

ppp *pp* *mp* *mp*

After what seemed like 30 minutes ...
It was then I noticed that something was in the basement.
(1:06)



molto rall.

Looking... (♩ = c. 36)

23

f *f*

Press to continue
when Narrator finishes.

accel. to as fast as possible

28

mp *ff* *mp* sub.



C

rall. Breathe heavily $\text{♩} = 72$

32

ff *ffff*

Breathe ad lib. or circular
breathe while sound file plays.

I don't remember what it looked like ...
but it was... different. (1:15)

Run to stand 1 while playing

forget what just happened. still breathing hard. (♩ = 72)

35

I could see that part of the reason ...
What had I been so scared of before? (0:43)

f *mf* *mp* *p* *pp*

mf

Vamp until Narrator finishes.
Press button to continue

rall.....

39

p *mf* *mf*

I must be extra jumpy from my lack of sleep ...
just that I had to get away. (0:19)

mp *mf*

.....slowly remembering (♩ = 58)

D

molto rall.....

43

pp *p* *mf*

mf *mf* *mp* *fff*

..... accel. as much as possible

Vamp. Play 3-8x

47

f *fff* *mp*

(Next file will play automatically after the previous one finishes)

I could feel that this thing was right behind the door ...
CRASH! (0:54)

Run to stand 2 when done playing

50 **E It chases you** (♩ = 120)

The basement door broke open ...
What was a few more scrapes at this point? (1:04)

To the second floor

53

accel. Try to find a way out (♩ = 72)

56

mp *f* *f*

As I ran, I could feel it getting closer. ...
I tumbled outside onto the balcony. (0:28)

Vamp if Narrator still talking.
Press button to proceed.

60

(play last time only)

Begin to panic

63

f *p*



accel.

65

mf *f* *ff*



Run to balcony (♩ = 132)

68

F

mf *ff* *mp*

71

mf

p

mf



accel......

74

p

ad.



accel......

77

mf

Slowly walk to stand 1

Vamp

H Sudden Realization (♩ = 56)

(♩ = 56)

rall.....a tempo

As I was looking for a way to run away, ...
the veranda door being knocked open.
(0:53)

89

94

97

J Acceptance

rall......

100

hold for at least 5 seconds after final narration completes.