

17. Acrobat Story IV (I'm Here)

Music & Lyrics: Tim Minchin
Orch. & Add'l Music: Christopher Nightingale

Mr Wormwood: You nasty
little... creep! [START]

Turbulent, fast - in 2

1 2 3 4

[K.1] [+Drs.]

mp

[w/W.W. 2] *poco cresc.* *poco dim.*

[w/Vc./Bs.]

3 thumps as Matilda hits bed.
[CUT OFF] on 3rd hit.

Vamp - cut on cue

5 6 7 8

[+W.W. 1]

p *poco cresc.*

o
e

9 A 9A 9B 9C 9D

Celesta

Matilda: At night the escapologist's daughter cried herself to sleep alone in her room.
She never said a single word about the evil aunt's bullying as she didn't want to cause a fuss and so she suffered in silence.

10 11 12 13

mp

14 15 16

[Drs.]
p

This only encouraged the woman to greater cruelties, until one day, she exploded:

Matilda & Sister: You are a useless, filthy, nasty little... creep!

18 **B** **Più mosso** 19 20 21

[W.W.1]
p dark *mp*

[K.1]
mp *mf*

Accordion
[w/W.W. 2/Vc.]
[+Bs]

Matilda: And she beat her, threw her into a dank, dark, dusty cellar, locked the door [ON] and went out.

22 **Vamp - out any bar** 23 24

[+Bs. Tbn.]

V.S.

25

Slightly slower

26

[W.W. 1]

Celeste

[K.1]

But that day the escapologist happened to come home early.

And when he heard the sound of his daughter's tears he smashed the door open!

27

C

28

29

30

Escapologist

Don't

pp *poco a poco cresc.* *mp* *mf* *f*

[W.W. 1&2] [+Brs.] [Thunder sfx]

[+BD] [Vc.] *p* *mp* [+Bs.] [Celli]

31

D

Poco maestoso

32

33

34

35

36

cry, I am here lit-tle girl. Please don't cry, dry your eyes, Wipe a-way your

f *f*

[W.W./Brs.] [Tpts.] [Violins, Piatti]

37 38 39 40 41 42

tears, lit-tle girl. For - give me, I did-n't mean to de - sert you. Don't

[W.W.1]

[w/W.W.2]

mf

43 44 45 46 47

cry lit - tle girl, noth-ing can hurt you, You've noth-ing to fear, I'm

dim poco a poco

Matilda & Escapologist: 'Have I been so wrapped up in my grief for my wife that I have forgotten the one thing that mattered to us most?

48 **molto rall.** 49 **E** 50 **A tempo** 51 52

here.

[Vc. solo]

p

[Gtr.] *mp*

I love you so much, my daughter, I shall spend the rest of my life making it up to you. We shall be together forever. [ON]

poco rit. [+W.W. 2] 53 54 [W.W. 1/+Tpt. 1] 55 56 57 **rall.**

53 54 55 56 57

[+W.W. 2] [W.W. 1/+Tpt. 1] (Vc.)

pp *Piano*

[+Bs]

58 [Matilda] 59 60

Don't cry, Dad-dy... I'm al -

[K. 1] *ad lib.*

mp *sim.*

61 62 63

right, Dad-dy... Please don't cry. Here, let me wipe a-way your

[+Gtr]

mp *sim.*

64 65

tears.

Escapologist

For -

(K.1 cont.) [W.W. 1]

V.S.

66 67 68

Dad-dy _____ for - give me, _____ I did-n't want to up -
 give me, _____ I did-n't mean to de - sert you. _____

[+Bs]

69 70 71

set you, Please Dad-dy, don't cry, I'll be al - right With you by my
 Don't cry lit-tle girl, noth-ing will

72 73

side, I have noth - ing to fear,

hurt you, You've noth - ing to fear,

[+Tpt. 1]
mp

(cont.)

74 75 76

rubato You're here.

rubato I'm here.

mp

[+Tpt. 2] [K1]

[+Timp]

(The Escapologist scoops Matilda up in his arms, takes her to the bed, lays her down to sleep.

Matilda ducks out, leaving the scarf.)

77 **G** **Poco più mosso** 78

Ah

Ah

[+Tbn.] (Tbn.)

p *cresc. poco a poco*

[Cello Section] *mp*

[Bs]

Matilda: But when the little girl fell asleep the escapologist's thoughts turned to the acrobat's sister

and an almighty rage grew inside his great heart.

79 80

[Tpts]

[K1 sim]

mp *cresc.* *sim.*

poco cresc.

Escapologist & Matilda: This demon, this villain, this monster! She has sullied the memory of my wife,
she has betrayed the trust of her own sister, she has shown cruelty to the most precious reality of my marriage.

81 *mp* 82 83 84

[W.W. 1&2] *mf* *f* [+Tpts.] **Strings**

mf **Harp Gliss** **Organ**

[w/Bs, Tbn/Bs cont'd.]

Bullying children is her game, is it? Then let us see what this creature thinks she can do when the wrath of a grown man stands before her!

85 86

[W.W.'s/Brass/Perc] *mf cresc.* [w/Vc]

[w/Tbn, Bs]

87 88 89 **rall.**

[Brass] [Vc] *mp*

[w/W.W.] *f* **Detuned piano** *mp*

[Bs]

(after music starts) Matilda: But that was the last the little girl ever saw of her father. Because he never ever came home. Ever again.

90 91 92

Gently [W.W. 2] *mp*

[K.1] *p* *poco cresc.*

p [Vc.]

Segue