

*mf*

GAR. *mf*  
 In - ez, they've laid their snare cun - ning - ly, like a cob - web. If you make a move - ment, raise your hand to fan your - self,

Sax. \_\_\_\_\_

Pc. \_\_\_\_\_

Va. \_\_\_\_\_

Vc. \_\_\_\_\_

139

*mp*

GAR. *mp*  
 Est - elle and I feel a lit - tle tug. — We're linked to - geth - er in - ex - tric - a - bly. Hul - lo?

Sax. \_\_\_\_\_

Pc. \_\_\_\_\_

Va. \_\_\_\_\_

Vc. \_\_\_\_\_

*p* ♩ = 104c.

INEZ *p*  
 They've let it. The win - dows — are wide

GAR.  
 What's hap - pen - ing?

Sax. \_\_\_\_\_

Pc. \_\_\_\_\_

Va. *con sord.*  
*pp*  
*con sord.*

Vc. *pp*

140

INEZ o - pen, a man is sit - ting on my bed! They've let it! Step in make your - self at home!—

Sax.

Va.

Vc.

INEZ — There's a wo - man too. She's put - ting her hands on his shoul - ders. Damn it, why don't they turn the lights on?

Sax.

Va.

Vc.

141

INEZ It's get - ting dark. Now he's going to kiss her. But that's my room, my room!— Pitch -

Sax. *pp*

Va.

Vc.

142

INEZ - dark now. I can't see a thing, but I hear them whis - per - ing, whis - per - ing. — Is he going to make —

Sax. *mf*

Va.

Vc.

*poco* *p* *mf*

INEZ love to her on my bed? What's that she said? It's noon and the sun is shi-ning?

Sax. *p* *mf*

Va. *mf* *pp*

Vc. *mf* *pp*

*p*

INEZ I must be go-ing blind. Blacked out. I can't see or hear an-y-thing.

Sax.

Va.

Vc.

INEZ So I'm done with the earth, it seems.

Va.

Vc.

*pp*

INEZ I feel emp-ty, des-ic-ca-ted, real-ly dead at last. All of me's here, in

Va.

Vc.

146 ♩ = 82c.

INEZ *mp*  
 this room. What were you say-ing? Some-thing a-bout help-ing me, was-n't it?

**Lockdown S** (page xviii)

♩ = 104c.  
 play both drums with fingertips and sides of thumbs  
 S D  
 B D *p*  
 (all accents are *sfz* in *p*)

➡ **Lockdown S**

continues

Pc.  
 Va.  
 Vc.

INEZ *mp*  
 Hu - man

GAR. *mp*  
 Yes, and in re - turn you can help me. It needs on - ly a lit - tle spark of hu - man feel - ing.

Pc.

INEZ *mp* *p*  
 feel - ing. That's be - yond my range. It's no use. I'm dried up. How could I help you? A dead twig, rea - dy for

Pc.

INEZ falls silent, gazing at ESTELLE, who has buried her head in her hands.

INEZ  
 burn - ing.

GAR. *mp*  
 You re - al - ize this young wo - man's fa - ted to be your tor - tur - er? They'll get you through her.

Pc.

147

*stringendo*

INEZ *mp* *cresc.*  
 I know what's com-ing. I'm going to burn, and it's to last for - ev - er. Do you think I'll let go? —

GAR. *mf*  
 It's a trap.

Pc.