Thirty Eight Days

from *#zoologicalsociety*

Music and Lyrics by Vikki Stone

About

#zoologicalsociety is a musical comedy which reveals the innermost thoughts of a troupe of loveable zoo animals: from gossiping giraffes and depressed monkeys to a penguin nervous about becoming a single mother and two pandas feeling the pressure to procreate. *#zoologicalsociety* was released in 2020 as a concept album, with animated music videos. 'Thirty Eight Days' is sung by Connie, a penguin who is now on her own after her partner Marvin disappeared. Connie is in the middle of incubating her first egg, and there are thirty-eight days left to go until it hatches. Penguins form strong bonds, and having a partner disappear is unheard of in their community. Connie is worried about the impact of having to bring up a chick on her own.

In performance

The song begins with the character searching for answers. This will require a specific way of communicating ideas — are they to self, or are you talking to the audience? Once the tempo kicks in, the questions become more frequent. Use your spoken voice to colour your work and to bring more truth to the text.

There's a desperation to the choruses that builds each time they are repeated. How are you going to deal with the final bars of this section? Ideally, it would be best to aim for a big sound here to effectively communicate Connie's situation. What part of your journey is being considered here? In the musical context, Connie is guarding her 'egg'. What might you guard if you changed the scene's context and character? Physicality choices are essential for this song. Once you have decided on a specific posture, you must ensure you are comfortable. Some physicality influences the way you act, so take care.

Lyrics

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Dora That's what I'll call her I like the sound of Dora. If it's she. Yes, I'll call her Dora. And I'll adore her. My little Dora. But will she like me? What if I drop her or forget to feed her. And how do I teach her to swim? I don't remember how I learnt to do it I don't know where I'd begin.

Thirty-Eight Days now I've been here. Thirty-Eight days I've been sat on you. Thirty-Eight Days I've been waiting. Waiting because he was meant to be sitting here too.

It's fourteen days each on the egg, then swap Me and Marvin were meant to take turns. Only twenty-two days left to go now. And what if he never returns? I'm not really sure that I'm ready. But it's too late to turn back now.

It's clear I don't know what I'm doing. And I've no one to help show me how. Thirty-Eight Days now I've been here. Thirty-Eight days I've been sat on you. Thirty-Eight Days I've been waiting. Waiting because he was meant to be sitting here too.

Thirty-Eight Days now I've been here. Thirty-Eight days I've been sat on you. Thirty-Eight Days I've been crying. Crying because he was meant to be named after you. Boys are named after their fathers. It's just how it is, it's our way I won't name him Marvin, I'm sorry 'Cos I can't hear that name every day.

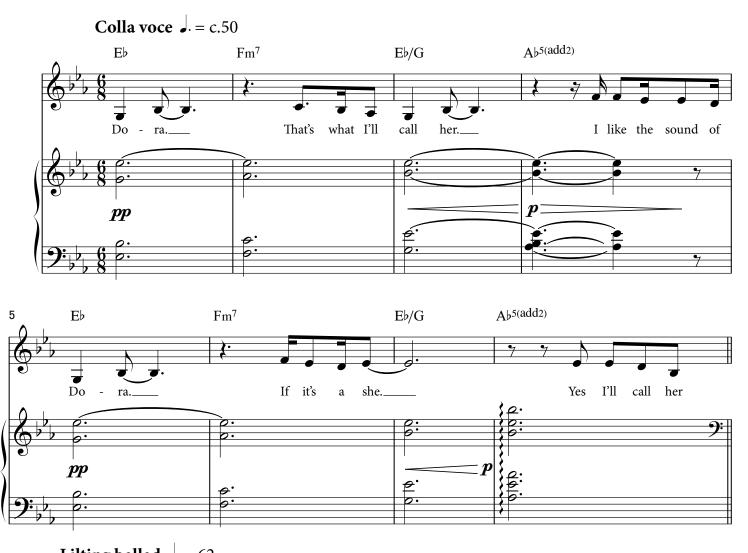
So little one if you can hear me. Whilst you're there sat on my leg. If you're a girl, you'll be Dora. And if you're a boy, you'll be Egg.

Thirty-Eight Days till you'll be here, Thirty-Eight days until I meet you. In Thirty-Eight Days I'll be waiting. Waiting to see when you get here. Waiting to see when you get here. I'm waiting to see when you get here if you'll love me too.

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