

THE WICKED ASYLUM

FOR WAYWARD VICTORIAN GIRLS

BEHIND THE MUSICAL

SELECTED SONGS

EMILIE AUTUMN

THE ASYLM FOR WAYWARD VICTORIAN GIRLS: BEHIND THE MUSICAL (SELECTED SONGS)

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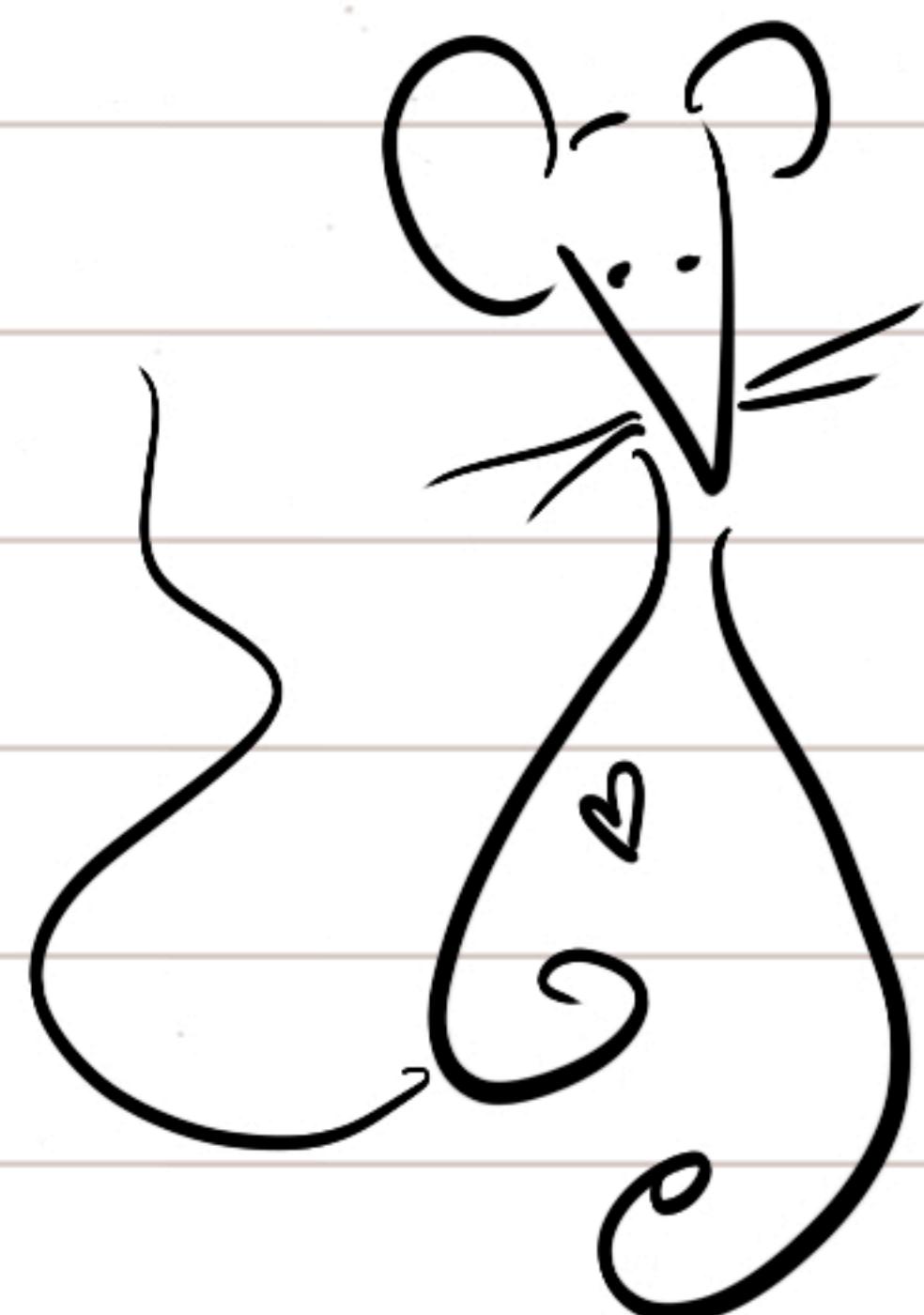
WORDS & MUSIC BY EMILIE AUTUMN.

PERFORMED, RECORDED, MIXED, MASTERED, AND PRODUCED BY EMILIE AUTUMN IN THE ASYLM.

THE
ASYLUM FOR)
WAYWARD
VICTORIAN
GIRLS:

BEHIND THE MUSICAL

~ SELECTED SONGS ~



LYRICS + NOTES

EMILIE AUTUMN

THE ASYLUM OPENS

NOTE: While there are no lyrics to this piece, the brief vocal segment is in fact incredibly important as it is the first voice heard in the entire show. The voice is, of course, a ghost... one of the many Asylum ghost girls who were there before this story began, and who will be there after it is over. It is this ghost who leads us into the whole world, and who won't allow us to turn back when we try to run.

NOTE 2: After the ghost screams, we launch into the orchestral bit previously heard in "HELL IS EMPTY," which will hurtle us directly into the modern-day hospital, and will come back around again when the inmates go on the rampage and wage their bloody war towards the end of ACT 2.

PRIVATE PRACTICE
to be Sung by
Dr. SHARP + EMILIE

(HOSPITAL: Dr. SHARP is in EMILIE's room — she is sitting up in the bed.)

DR SHARP: You know I have a private practice...
It isn't very far from here...
And while I am a little slammed
if you would like I may be willing...
willing... to give you some time...

You see, I think I know your problem...
I think you ought to let me help...
For if you don't I really fear that your
condition will get worse, dear...
So much worse, dear...
Let me give you my time...
Just a little time...

Time for us to be alone
on our own and talk...
Otherwise you'll stay right here
where, let's be clear, you can't even walk...

So, as I've said, my private practice...
I've noticed you don't care for noise...
But what I think you'll really like, my dear,
is that it's very quiet... oh so quiet...
Let me give you my time...

Dr. Sharp: Now, you're aware that you're bipolar?

EMILIE: Painfully aware...

Dr. Sharp: And you've been medicated?

EMILIE: Like a horse...

Dr. Sharp: You're witty!

But I suspect there's something more
and though I really shouldn't tell you,
there - I've told you...

Let me give you my time...

Just a little time...

It's my responsibility, you see, Emilie,
to do what I can...

As a psychiatrist I swore an oath, to us both,
I'm that kind of man...

EMILIE: What if he's right?

Dr. Sharp: What if I'm right?

EMILIE: But no one told me this before...

Dr. Sharp: Well if your doctors were any good,
you wouldn't be here, would you?

EMILIE : I know this illness is my curse to wear, my cross to bear,
but what if there's more?

DR SHARP : What if there's more?

EMILIE : What if there's more?

DR. SHARP : What if there's more?
What if there's more?

Let me help you, Emilie...
Let me fix you, Emilie...

NURSE (over speaker) : Dr. Sharp, you're needed upstairs, a patient
wants restraining.

(Dr. Sharp, irritated by the interruption, has not taken his eyes from
He glares at her a moment further, then turns and stalks out
of the room and out of sight. Emilie is left alone, stunned.)

EMILIE : I know what he's doing now...
Now I see his little plan...
Dr. Sharp is not my friend...
He is just another man...

PRESNTATION OF THE BIGGEST SPOON
to be sung by
SIR EDWARD & HIS LEAGUE, Emily

(Emily's Cell: Instrumental section as the RATS emerge from within the wall, carrying between them a large, Silver Spoon. SIR EDWARD directs them to their proper formation, then steps forward.)

SIR EDWARD: And now, my dear, when good is done,
'twould be remiss not to reward
the gracious one...
And thou art she, the League has found,
who laid our fallen brother in the ground.

SIR EDWARD + RAT CHORUS: To she, our Queen, we raise
our claws...
'Twould be remiss of us not to
unite our paws,
and serenade her with our tune...

SIR EDWARD: So thus it falls to me as our tribune
to now present you with the Biggest Spoon.

(The League presents the spoon to Emily, who has stood in awe throughout the scene. As Emily accepts the spoon, all Rats cross their paws over their hearts and lift their noses skyward as if in prayer.)

RAT CHORUS: Biggest spoon...

(At SIR EDWARD's command the Rats scurry back through the hole in the wall, leaving SIR EDWARD and Emily alone.)

SIR EDWARD: Ahem...

If you don't mind, my lady,
I'll leave the tunnel open
that we may meet again...

Emily:

Oh, yes, of course, Sir Edward...
I almost forgot to thank you...
For the pencil, I mean...

SIR EDWARD: 'Twas my pleasure, my Queen...

(SIR EDWARD goes back through the hole in the wall. Emily lifts the spoon above her head - it sparkles in the shaft of moonlight.)

Up She Rises
to be sung by
THE CAPTAIN, EMINY + INMATES

(A Cell : THE CAPTAIN crouches on a bed, looking up at nothing as if in a trance. EMINY and other inmates watch her from their own beds.)

CAPTAIN : Lift the anchor, raise the sail...
Draw your sword and do not fail...
Sight be sharp and aim be true...
Captain's blade knows what to do...

Through the salty sea air that blows,
Up she rises, down she goes...
Sailing to someplace that nobody knows,
Singing up she'll rise 'til the morning...

Captain keeps watch as the darkness grows...
Up she rises, down she goes...
They'll fall to no harm if my eyes never close...
Singing up she'll rise 'til the morning...

EMINY : What is she doing?
And does she ever sleep?

INMATE #1 : Not with her eyes closed...
She says she's watch to keep...

EMINY : She speaks so strangely...
She's not from London?

INMATE #2 : No, I've heard she's German ...

EMILY : I knew it !

INMATE #2 : Keeps to herself -

EMILY/INMATES : But when we're sleeping,
Up she'll rise...
Up she'll rise...
Up she'll rise...

CAPTAIN : Through the thunder and rain that flows,

CAPTAIN/EMILY : Up she rises, down she goes...

CAPTAIN : A pirate will fight when her enemy shows...
Singing up she'll rise 'til the morning...

(Emily vocalizes, echoing the Captain.)

THE SPIDER'S FACE
to be sung by
DR. STOCKILL

Dr. Stockill: There's a world outside of these crumbling walls
where the weak men hide under battles and brawls,
and the only pride is a spider that crawls
into the cracks and calmly waits
for the flies to realize
as they're sitting in the shit and dirt
that their heads all ache
and their bellies all hurt
and there's nothing that can save,
neither drink nor skirt,
for the disease has proven fatal and spreading...

But the spider knows and will generously give,
and he promises the flies that they all shall live...
Though the cost of a drop of the cure is dear,
how the penny doth flow when it's death they fear...

And he cast his web so prodigiously wide
that he snared the whole sniveling world inside,
and the lot who couldn't pay him, well, they bloody died,
but that's all for the best —
puts the terror in the rest,
for you fear the man who can save your life,
and your bastard child, and your blithering wife,
and the petty little people with their petty strife.
So have a cough? Have a chair,
for the spider's there!

DR. STOCKILL: And the spider sees how to bring them all in line,
how to keep them very quiet, how to herd the swine...
Though the cost of a drop of the cure is dear,
how the penny doth flow when it's death they fear...

Now, the spider thinks, what a glorious game,
but it's not the gold, and it's not the fame,
it's the fear the fools are feeling when they praise his name,
for in their prayers they'll say, "He who gives can take away."
And they never ask, not in any last case,
where this plague came from in the very first place,
and the spider smiles with a spider's grace...
for he knows when all humanity for centuries to come
envisions God, they will see... the spider's face!

Very STRANGE
to be sung by
Thomson & Emily

(Thomson's Studio: Having briefly met in the song "I Don't Understand," Emily is now brought to the photography studio for her second sitting.)

Thomson: I'm glad to see you...
I was hoping you'd come...

Emily: I was hoping that too...

Thomson: Out in the hallway...
who were you running from?

Emily: I was running to you...

(Emily comes forward into the room — Thomson attends to his camera equipment, nervous to instruct her.)

Emily: Where do you want me?
What is it I'm meant to do?
Should I be smiling?
Should I be looking at you?
This is strange...very strange...
I don't know why I'm here...
Please, won't you tell me?
Well, say something...

(Thomson comes forward at last.)

Thomson: Sorry, I'm sorry...
I wasn't thinking, but yes,
You might come closer
if you don't mind. I confess
this is strange... very strange...

Both: You're not what I thought you'd be...

Thomson: But I'm glad you're here with me...

Emily: I'm glad he's glad...

Thomson: Won't you have some -

(Thomson gestures to a teacup, knocks it over.)

NOTE: The use of the "LET IT DIE" melody for the intro section of this song is very intentional - in order to feel anything for Thomson, Emily has a lot to let go of.

NOTE 2: My goal in writing the melody for this song was to create something impossibly sweet, the key word being "impossible," because of course, in the end, it is. I fiddled around with this melody for about an hour, changing a few notes around, and when I got this sickening ache in the pit of my stomach, I knew I'd gotten it right. Nothing that pretty can last.

I REMEMBER MORNINGS
to be sung by
MADAM MOURNINGTON

(Asylum Corridor: M.M., in her dressing gown, walks alone between the cells.)

M. MOURNINGTON: I remember mornings...
I remember stars...
I remember Sunlight,
and moonlight and firelight and sky...
I remember all these things, but why?

This is no place for memories...
This is no place for tears...
These long forgotten memories
must become forgotten years...
Here no one has a past...
Forget your memories fast...
They'll haunt us if we let them last...
But why do I remember mornings?
In mourning still am I...

This is no place for pity...
They're mad - this is the cost...
Yet every girl reminds me of the child -
the child I've lost...
I'll look the other way -
endure another day -
embrace the part that I must play...
But why do I remember mornings?
In mourning still am I...

M. MOURNINGTON:

And so I'll leave them as I found them...
 My soul has turned to stone...
 But these cages that surround them
 just as well may be my own...

Was I always grey? Was I always cold?
 When did I become so old?
 Was I ever kind?
 Did I ever laugh? Did I ever love?
 Did I ever live?

But I remember laughter
 and joy before she fell...
 This life that followed after is no life -
 I live in hell...
 God save me from my past -
 let darkness follow fast...
 I've let her go and said my last goodbyes...
 But I remember mornings...
 Now I'm in mourning 'til I die...

NOTE: This song incorporates both "4 o'Clock" and "What Will I Remember," AND can be sung simultaneously with "Gaslight" (which will become apparent later in the show when "Gaslight" and "I Remember Mornings" are reprised at the same time). The "4 o'Clock" reference in the beginning has to do with the hour at which she begins this song, while the "What Will I Remember" reference shows a connection with Emilie's original question when she is contemplating ending her own life. Emilie asks, "What will I remember?" Madam Mournington answers, "I remember mornings."

NOTHING
to be sung by
Dr. Stockill, Emily

(Dr. Stockill's Laboratory: Stockill has restrained Emily, is in the process of experimenting on her.)

Dr. Stockill: I look at them...
I look at them and I feel nothing...
I hear them scream...
I hear them scream and I feel nothing...
I watch them bleed...
I watch them bleed and I feel nothing...
Nothing... nothing... nothing...
for they deserve it...

I hold them down...
I hold them down and I feel nothing...
I stop their mouths...
I stop their mouths and I feel nothing...
I see them die...
I make them die and I feel nothing...
Nothing... nothing... nothing...
for they deserve it...

I don't know why...

Emily: I don't know why...

Dr. Stockill: I don't know why I haven't killed her...

Emily: I don't know why he hasn't killed me...

Dr. Stockill: There is a voice...

Emily: There is a voice...

DR. Stockill: Inside me telling me I should...

Emily: Telling me my time is at its end...

Dr. Stockill: She's just the same...

Emily: I'm just the same...

DR. Stockill: She's just the same -

BOTH: As all the others...

Emily: Others... I cannot leave them...

DR. Stockill: She's stronger now...

Emily: Because of them...

Dr. Stockill: She's stronger now...

Emily: I'm stronger now -

BOTH: Than when I/she came...

Dr. Stockill: My god, it sickens me to touch her...

Emily: If only I could get my hands free...

Dr. Stockill: And yet, my pulse, it quickens as I do...

Emily: If only I could move...

Dr. Stockill: Let's play our game...

Emily: I'd try to run...

Dr. Stockill: Where would you go?

Emily: I'd tell someone...

Dr. Stockill: Who do you know?
Come now, you're cleverer than that...
I'd find you in five seconds flat...

Emily: I'd use the key...

Dr. Stockill: How would you get it?

Emily: Someday you'll see...

Dr. Stockill: Is that a threat?
There now, she's finally closed her eyes...
I wonder why she never cries...

Dr. Stockill: There's something keeping her alive...

Something that I can't bottle up...

She should be dead by now with
everything I've done to her...

I've given her the strongest dose...

Of all these whores she's had the most...

She should be underneath the ground
but she's alive...

I am the Saviour of this world!

For this I've killed a thousand girls.

But every time I watch one die

I'm thinking only of the first one...

The first one, the first one, the first one,
the first one, the first one, the first one,
the first one, the first one...

She is the closest thing I have
to a companion... yet,

I look at her...

I look at her and I feel... nothing.

Note: This is my favorite song ever, ever, ever... we see Stockill's full emotional range in just these few minutes, and, for someone who thinks he can't feel things, he sure feels a lot! The thing I'm most pleased with, and what I'm looking forward to seeing in the show, is how the energy between two people who hate each other this deeply can feel almost romantic.

Don't Kiss Me

to be sung by
VERONICA + INMATES

(VERONICA's / Emily's Cell : VERONICA teaches the inmates the number that made her a star of the Vaudeville Stage.)

VERONICA: There was an English lass
as pretty as a rose,
but chaste she was and never would she play...
From her pretty little a— , hands
to her pretty little toes,
a waste it was to keep them hid away...
The gentlemen who called her she denied...
And like a proper lady would, she cried...

You may paint my portrait and buy me champagne,
but don't kiss me...
You may pet me over and over again,
but don't kiss me...
You may call me darling and ask me to dance,
for dancing is my cup of tea...
No, these lips are not for the taking,
but if you'll only agree
that we never should part,
you'll be breaking my heart
if you don't kiss me!

No lovers would she claim,
all sweethearts would she scorn,
but one day when a suitor came to call,

VERONICA: She saw that, to her shame,
her stocking she had torn!
And at her feet the gentleman did fall...
She swished her fan to keep the hound at bay,
and like the bless'd Madonna did she say...

You may paint my portrait and buy me champagne,

VERONICA/INMATES: but don't kiss me...

VERONICA: You may pet me over and over again,

VERONICA/INMATES: but don't kiss me...

VERONICA: You may call me darling
and ask me to dance,
for dancing is my cup of tea...

VERONICA/INMATES: No, these lips are not for the taking,
but if you'll only agree -

VERONICA: that we never should part
you'll be breaking my heart
if you -

VERONICA/INMATES: don't kiss me!

VERONICA: Everybody!

VERONICA/INMATES: You may paint my portrait and buy me champagne,
but don't kiss me...

You may pet me over and over again,
but don't kiss me...

VERONICA: Come on, lads!

VERONICA/INMATES: You may call me darling and ask me to dance
for dancing is my cup of tea...

No, these lips are not for the taking,
but if you'll only agree
that we never should part,
you'll be breaking my heart...

VERONICA: If we ever should part,
you'll be breaking my heart!

VERONICA/INMATES: If we ever should part,
you'll be breaking my heart
if you don't kiss me!

FROM THE GUTTER TO THE STARS
to be sung by
EMILY & VERONICA

(INSIDE EMILY'S/VERONICA'S CELL: VERONICA has fallen asleep.)

Emily: Lying in the gutter,
looking at the stars,
listening to her breathing
as she passes through these rusty bars,
free as any bird with wings as wide...
I'm free when I am with her...

Dancing down the hallway,
laughing at her chains...
Others fade away, yet somehow she remains
Strong as any storm and just as wild...
I'm strong when I am with her...

Yes, I know they could separate us...
This is true...

They don't even hate us,
it's just what they do...

But if only in my dreams I will follow you
from the gutter to the stars...

(VERONICA has woken up, EMILY now sings directly to her.)

Emily: I will wash your stockings,
lace your corset tight...
Waiting in the wings -

VERONICA: No! On the stage with me...

Emily: Alright...

VERONICA: When the curtain closes...

Emily: I'll be there...

VERONICA: You won't go nowhere?

Emily: I'm home when I am with you...

With the slightest touch
I'm in Trafalgar Square...
Swinging round the lamp posts...

VERONICA: Breathing in clean air...

Emily: Will they understand us?

VERONICA: Just be brave...

Emily: I'm brave when I am with you...

Yes, I know they could separate us,
this is true...

They don't even hate us,
it's just what they do...

But if only in my dreams I will follow you
from the gutter to the stars...

VERONICA: What is that over there?

EMILY: It's a trap...

VERONICA: It's a stage!
What is this in my hand?

EMILY: It's a scrap...

VERONICA: It's a page from a playbill
With both of our names!

EMILY: Side by side?

VERONICA: As it should be!

EMILY: It could be?

VERONICA: My darling, just look!

EMILY: It's a carpeted floor,
it's a dressing room door,
it's a crowd wanting more!

BOTH: I can see it now!

(Emily runs to Veronica center stage, they kiss for the first time.)

EMILY: Yes, I know they could separate us...

VERONICA: They could separate us...

EMILY: This is true...

VERONICA: This is true...

EMILY: They don't even hate us...

VERONICA: They don't even hate us...

EMILY: It's just what they do...

VERONICA: It's just what they do...

BOTH: But if only in my dreams I will follow you...

EMILY: From the gutter to the stars...

VERONICA: Let me show you what living is!

BOTH: They could separate us...

This is true...

They don't even hate us,
it's just what they do...

But if only in my dreams I will follow you...

EMILY: From the gutter to...

VERONICA: From the gutter to...

BOTH: The stars...
The stars...



Note: Most songs come together for me within a few days, once I understand what a character needs to say at that moment in their journey, but this one took a bit longer, I think because I knew that the stakes were rather high... that I was going to attempt to depict a passionate lesbian romance in a way I've never seen before in musical theatre, and then, to go further, in a way that transcended medical - sounding words like "lesbian" and simply came across as romance, no additional description necessary.

I also knew that it would likely end up as a sort of centerpiece of the show. I had a pretty melody very quickly, but something was off ~"pretty" wasn't going to be enough to sell this relationship as anything more than a gimmick.

I had the tonic major chord that starts the verse being followed by the obvious choice - a minor chord a whole step up, the second. Fiddling around on the piano in frustration, trying to diagnose why the song felt like on-stage love, not "real" love, the goddess struck! I began to play the verse, but the third finger on my right hand crept up just slightly, turning that minor second chord into a major one! That was it! The sound of awakening, of revelation, of what love really feels like.

~GF