## **Dialogue and Narration for Voice Overs of Animated Versions**

**Spout's First Note:** 

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### **Dialogue and Narration for Voice Overs of Animated Versions**

#### **CHARACTERS**:

Male Narrator – classic male announcer's voice

Female Narrator – classic female announcer's voice

George Hymnster – Father of Spout – Low male voice

George Hymnster's Wife – Mother of Spout – Higher female voice

Spout – Itself, a Songsing Youth – Higher youth voice

The Master of Song – Songsing Music Official – Middle male voice

Background music up.

#### Act 1

#### Male Narrator -

Now the folks of Songsing were a proud bunch, no doubt. Each was proud of the music that would come from each snout. Each Songday in Summer, each Songday in Spring, in Winter and Autumn, their songsnouts would ring.

Each child of Songsing had a First Day of Note. They would stand on a riser, and all Songsing would vote.

#### Cast (ad lib) -

Amazing! Marvelous! Stupendous!

#### Female Narrator -

For the "Best of Young Snouts"; for the "Young Snout with Poise".

## Cast (ad lib) -

Superlative! Astounding! Scrumptious!

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#### Male Narrator -

For the "Young Snout, The Loudest"; for the "Young Snout of Noise".

### Female Narrator -

Then with medals for all and in neat harmony, the folks of old Songsing would march through the streets.

#### Male Narrator -

Blowing songs from their snouts, raised from high down to low, they'd blow up a cadence; in formations they'd flow.

#### **Female Narrator -**

By the end of each Songday, their snouts would all tingle. Then they'd march off for home without stopping to mingle.

#### Male Narrator -

They would crawl into bed, while notes rang in each head. And they'd dream of next Songday when their note needs are fed.

#### **Female Narrator -**

A few days past Songday, George Hymnster and wife, were preparing for First Note when son Spout joins Song Life.

## George Hymnster -

It is time.

Male Narrator -
Said Pa Pa.
George Hymnster's Wife –
It is time.
Female Narrator -
Chimed Ma Ma.
George Hymnster's Wife –  Our Spout has been silent. Now he must play "TaTa!"
Our Spout has occir shellt. Now he must play TaTa:
Male Narrator -
When that day of First Note came for Hymnsters and son, they got up real early and did a First Run.
Female Narrator -
By tapping their snouts in beats – one, two, three; and by shaking their snouts, they got loosened and free.
Male Narrator -
With a bowl of fresh rhythm and a glass of Sweet Tune, they left for the contest where they knew Spout would croon.

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#### **Female Narrator -**

And the folks of Songsing, in parade, hand-in-hand, wound from suburb to city, and around the bandstand.

### **Male Narrator -**

They had come for First Note. They had come to hear Spout.

#### Female Narrator -

So, they leaned in to listen as Spout raised up his snout.

### **Male Narrator -**

Spout filled up his lungs with air to his toes, and stuck out his snout, like a section of hose.

### Female Narrator -

From the base of his belly, from the tips of his toes, Spout pulled for a blast to pour forth from his nose.

#### Male Narrator -

All Songsing leaned in to hear that first tone. But each face dropped in sadness when poor Spout produced none.

	George Hymnster –
Oh my.	
	Male Narrator -
Sighed Pa Pa.	
Oh dear.	George Hymnster's Wife –
	Female Narrator -
Sighed Ma Ma.	

George	Hymnste	r's	Wife –

Our Spout isn't able to play a Ta Ta.
Male Narrator -
Then The Master of Song, marched up on the stage. He looked in Spout's snout, and announced like a sage.
The Master of Song –
This Child can't play notes. Now all must take heed. Spout cannot make music. His snout has no reed!
Cast (ad lib) — Oh my!
Male Narrator -
Cried the crowd.

Cast (ad lib) — Oh dear!		
Female Narrator -		
Cried Songsing.		
Male Narrator -		
And the parents of Spout felt their ears start to ring.		
Female Narrator -		
Spout just stood still, in the center of the stage, while his face turned bright red, like it did in a rage. But this time Spout's eyes, built up two little tears. And he looked at his parents, as they huddled in fear.		

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### **Male Narrator -**

Then as Songsing turned homeward, Ma Ma leaned to Spout.

# George Hymnster's Wife -

Come on, little guy, let's go work this out.

### Female Narrator -

So, the Hymnsters and son, with their heads hanging low, stumbled off for the house, in a pace that was slow.

### **Male Narrator -**

That night, round the table, there were no soft tunes; just two folks bent in sadness, and a son who can't croon.

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	George Hymnster –	
It's my fault.		
Sighed Pa Pa.	Male Narrator -	
No, it's mine.	George Hymnster's Wife –	
	Female Narrator -	
Ma Ma decreed.		

Spout -

No, it's mine.	
Spout intoned.	Female Narrator -
	Spout –
I'm the one with no reed.	
	Male Narrator -
So, they all sat in silence, for the rest family's plight.	of the night. Each one sighed out of sadness, over their
Sigh!	Cast (ad lib) –
	End of Act 1