

THE SANTA FE OPERA

WORLD PREMIERE

The (R)evolution of Steve Jobs

Mason Bates, composer

Mark Campbell, librettist

Michael Christie, conductor



Live Recording

PENTATONE
AMERICAN OPERAS
★★★★★★★★


SUPER AUDIO CD

The Santa Fe Opera



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The (R)evolution of Steve Jobs

Mason Bates, composer **Mark Campbell, librettist**

Commissioned by The Santa Fe Opera

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with support from Cal Performances

Co-produced with Seattle Opera, San Francisco Opera, and
The Indiana University Jacobs School of Music

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World Premiere: July 22, 2017

The Santa Fe Opera Orchestra

Michael Christie, Conductor

Chorus: Members of The Santa Fe Opera Apprentice Program for Singers

Susanne Sheston, Chorus Master

Robert Tweten, Head of Music Staff

Kevin Newbury, Stage Director

Victoria "Vita" Tzykun, Scenic Design

Paul Carey, Costume Design

Japhy Weideman, Lighting Design

59 Productions, Projection Design

Rick Jacobsohn, Sound Design

Brian Loach, Sound Design

Chloe Treat, Choreographer

Chelsea Antrim Dennis, Production Stage Manager

James Daniel, Assistant Stage Director

Assistance with the electronic sounds provided by Gary Rydstrom of Skywalker Sound.

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Jane Stieren Lacy.

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The Santa Fe Opera

From the unlikelyst of beginnings — an opera company located hundreds of miles from any major city, featuring American singers in a wide-ranging and challenging repertory, and treating theatrical and musical values as equally important in its productions — The Santa Fe Opera has grown to become recognized as one of the world's leading cultural festivals.

Every summer since 1957, opera lovers have been drawn to the magnificent northern New Mexico mountains to enjoy productions at The Santa Fe Opera. Here, the company's dramatic adobe theater blends harmoniously with the landscape. It is this fusion of nature and art that leaves such an enduring impression on all who visit. More than half the audience comes from outside New Mexico, representing every state in the union as well as

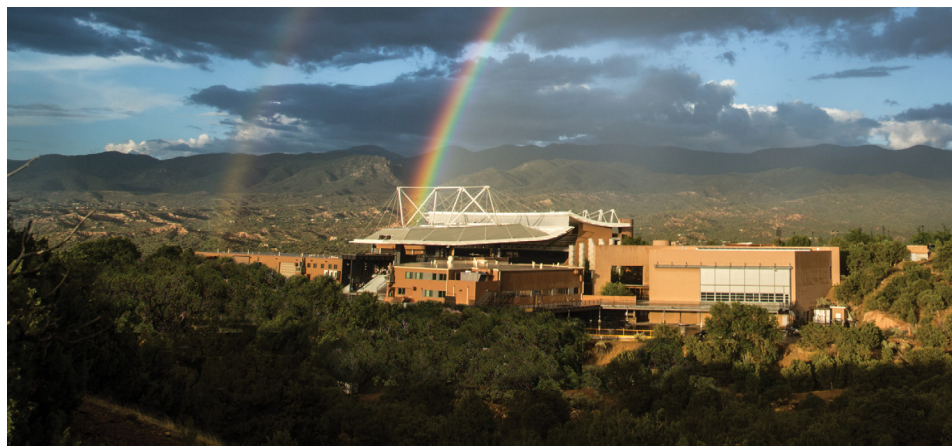
dozens of foreign countries, creating a significant impact on the economy of the State of New Mexico.

The Santa Fe Opera's mission is to advance the operatic art form by presenting ensemble performances of the highest quality in a unique setting with a varied repertoire of new, rarely performed, and standard works; to ensure the excellence of opera's future through apprentice programs for singers, technicians, and arts administrators; and to foster and enrich an understanding and appreciation of opera among a diverse public. More than 2,000 performances of 169 different operas have been given here, including 15 world premieres and 45 American premieres.

The company was founded by John Crosby who, as a young conductor from New York, had an idea of starting an opera company to give American

singers an opportunity to learn and perform new roles in a setting that allowed ample time to rehearse and prepare each production. Crosby was succeeded as founding General Director by Richard Gaddes in 2000. During his tenure in Santa Fe he implemented a wide range of new programming, including community-based productions in the off-season and simulcasts to Albuquerque and a park in downtown Santa Fe. He

retired following the 2008 season when Charles MacKay became the third General Director in The Santa Fe Opera's history. Under MacKay's leadership, the Opera has maintained a balanced budget through a tumultuous economic period and continues to present bold and innovative repertory.



Track Information

CD 1 (PTC 5186 691)

1	Prologue: The garage of the Jobs family home, Los Altos <i>Paul – “I built this table”</i>	3:16
2	Overture	1:19
3	Scene 1: Product Launch, the stage of a convention center, San Francisco <i>Steve and Ensemble – “One device”</i>	7:41
4	Scene 2: Corporate Offices, Cupertino	3:09
5	Meditative Interlude	1:33
6	Scene 3: The hills around Cupertino	2:31
7	Scene 4: A calligraphy class, Reed College	1:05
8	Scene 5: The garage of the Jobs family home, Los Altos <i>Steve and Woz – “Ma Bell”</i>	4:04
9	Scene 6: An apple orchard near Los Altos <i>Chrisann – “I could learn to like you”</i>	5:45
10	Scene 7: The Los Altos Zen Center <i>Kōbun – “Take one step”</i>	6:23
11	Scene 8: A lecture hall, Stanford University	2:14
12	Scene 9: The garage of the Jobs family home, Los Altos	4:42
13	Scene 9: The garage of the Jobs family home, Los Altos <i>Steve Jobs – “Something we play”</i>	3:44

Total playing time CD 1: 47:34

CD 2 (PTC 5186 692)

1	Scene 10: Steve Jobs’ home, Palo Alto	2:54
2	Scene 11: Corporate Offices, Cupertino <i>Steve, Chrisann, and Woz – “Losing it”</i>	3:52
3	Interlude: <i>The Rise and Fall of Steve Jobs</i>	3:03
4	Scene 12: Corporate Offices, Cupertino <i>Steve – “Wrong”</i>	5:54
5	Scene 12: Corporate Offices, Cupertino <i>Woz – “Goliath”</i>	3:04
6	Scene 12: Corporate Offices, Cupertino <i>Coda</i>	2:54
7	Dark Interlude	1:46
8	Scenes 13-14-15: Flashbacks	3:00
9	Scene 16: Steve Jobs’ home, Palo Alto <i>Laurene – “Humans are messy”</i>	7:41
10	Lyrical Interlude	0:51
11	Scene 17: The wedding, Yosemite National Park	3:38
12	Scene 18: The memorial service, Stanford University Chapel	3:23
13	Scene 18 and Epilogue: The memorial service, Stanford University Chapel and the garage <i>Laurene – “Look up, look out, look around”</i>	4:32

Total playing time CD 2: 46:41

Cast

Paul Jobs

Kelly Markgraf

Steve Jobs

Edward Parks

Laurene Powell Jobs

Sasha Cooke

Kōbun Chino Otogawa

Wei Wu

Teacher

Mariya Kaganskaya

Steve Wozniak ("Woz")

Garrett Sorenson

Chrisann Brennan

Jessica E. Jones

Ensemble Soloists

Adelaide Boedecker

Adam Bonanni

Kristen Choi

Thaddeus Ennen

Andrew Maughan

Corrie Stallings

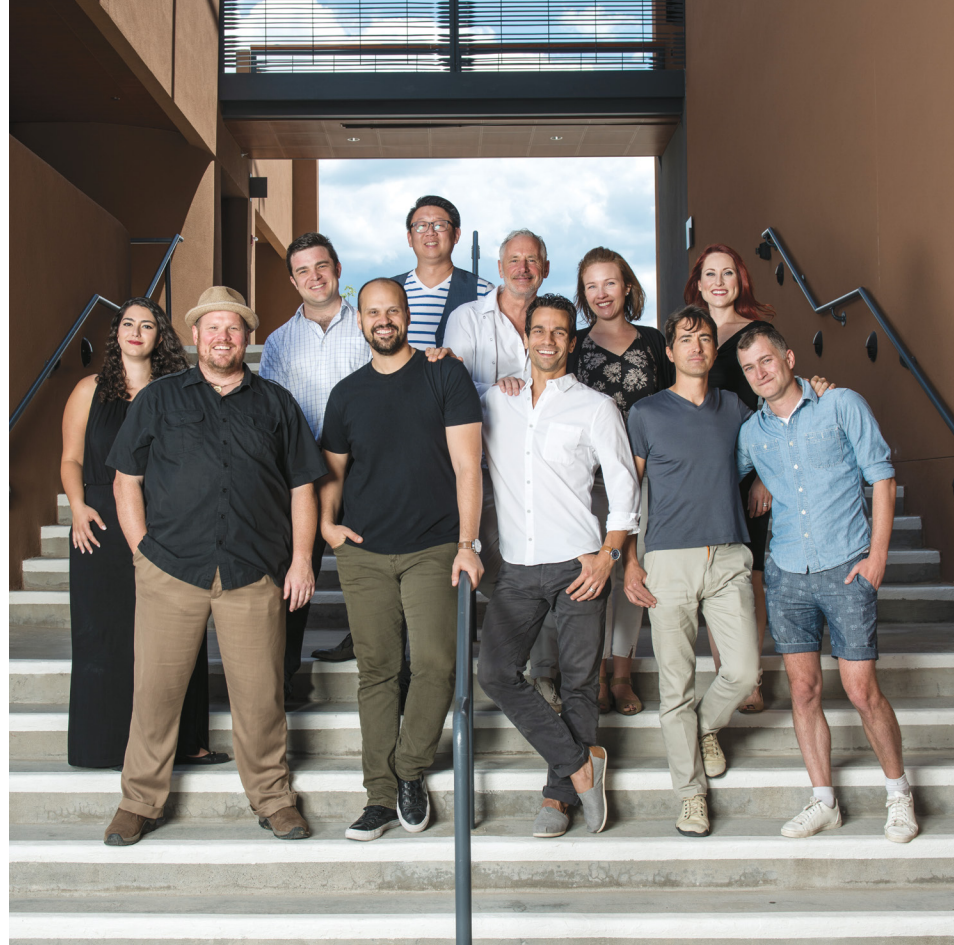
Tyler Zimmerman

Young Steve Jobs (silent)

Jonah Sorenson

Back Row: Mariya Kaganskaya, Michael Christie, Wei Wu, Mark Campbell, Sasha Cooke, Jessica E. Jones

Front Row: Garrett Sorenson, Edward Parks, Kelly Markgraf, Mason Bates, Kevin Newbury



The Music of Communication

Mason Bates, composer

The story of Steve Jobs exists at the intersection of creativity, technology, and human communication — a thematic crossroads that opera can explore unlike any other medium. Opera, after all, can illuminate the interior thoughts of different characters simultaneously through the juxtaposition of individual themes. That makes it an ideal medium to explore a man who revolutionized how we communicate.

The (R)evolution of Steve Jobs explodes the concept of Wagnerian leitmotifs — the melodies assigned to various characters — into soundworlds. Each character in this opera walks onstage with not only a

theme, but an entire sonic identity. As they interact, their musics collide, blending almost as if mixed by a DJ. In my symphonic music, I have often looked to exotic forms to pull new sounds out of me, whether in an “energy symphony” or an anthology of mythological creatures. In this opera, that happens on the level of character. The music of Steve Jobs is a quicksilver blend of orchestra and whirring electronica, the latter of which was partly built using samples of Mac gear. I wanted Steve’s soundworld to have an authenticity to it, whether through the use of internal machine sounds (spinning hard drives or key clicks) or external sound effects (charming whizzes and beeps). Accompanying Steve is also an acoustic guitar — an instrument whose predecessors appeared quite often in early opera, but one that

has rarely been heard in opera houses since. Jobs loved the guitar, and the energetic sound of a finger-picked steel-string illuminates the internal world of a restless man.

In fact, Jobs’ search for inner peace is the story of the opera — which, in a sentence, is about a man who learns to be human again. The key role in this journey is his wife Laurene, who acted as the electrical “ground” to the positive and negative charges of Jobs. His buzzing inner energy made for a visionary of Jesus-like charisma, but he could quickly become a cold tyrant. Laurene is a soulful and strong woman who convinces Jobs of the importance of true human connection, the person who reminds him that people don’t have one button: they are beautifully complicated. Her slow-

moving, oceanic harmonies collide with the frenetic music of Steve, and ultimately she succeeds in slowing down his busy inner world.

Another key character is spiritual advisor Kōbun, an important yet overlooked figure who receives stunning treatment by master librettist Mark Campbell. A panoply of Tibetan prayer bowls and Chinese gongs drifts across the electronics, sometimes sounding purely “acoustic,” sometimes imaginatively processed as if in a nirvana-esque limbo. The “mystical bass” trope in opera has a long history (think Sarastro). This opera continues that tradition with the enhanced storytelling of electronic sounds, which eerily blow across the mesmerizing sound of a low bass voice.



Finally, we have Steve Wozniak and Chrisann Brennan, important foils both musically and dramatically. Woz is always trailed by a pair of saxophones, whereas Chrisann is accompanied by hummingbird-like flutes. These two characters know Steve from the early days, and through their eyes we witness his stunning transformation.

Anchoring the imaginative, non-chronological storyline are numbers — real musical numbers — and a clear-as-crystal through-line: how can you simplify human communication onto sleek beautiful devices — when people are so messy? This opera travels with Jobs on his journey from hippie idealist to techno mogul and, ultimately, to a deeper understanding of true human connection.

The Evolution of (R)evolution

Mark Campbell, librettist

A visionary who changed our lives for the better. A ruthless businessman who exploited his friends' ideas. A misunderstood orphan. A former hippie who sacrificed his principles to the deity of capitalism. A family guy. A reckless egomaniac. An Ayn Rand hero in huaraches. Every person on this planet who is even slightly familiar with Steve Jobs has their own version of the man. Because his passing is so recent, and the showman image he cultivated is so vivid in our imaginations — and because the devices he helped create are such a part of our daily lives — it'll probably take a generation before people are able to push away their own image of Jobs and accept any portrayal of him other than the one they imagine.

That was one of the challenges I faced when Mason Bates invited me to write the libretto for the opera that was to become *The (R)evolution of Steve Jobs*. As aware and wary of this as I was when I accepted Mason's invitation, it soon became apparent that no story I would create could capture all aspects of the Steve Jobs people think they know; nothing I write would be captious or laudatory enough. So I simply focused on writing the story that Mason and I wanted to tell — and the one that would *sing*.

I started by reading and watching everything I could find about Jobs. As I sifted through the events of Jobs' life, several seminal events and anecdotes "caught the light" and I jotted them down in a journal.

Learning that Jobs' father identified talent in his son early on and gave him a workbench for his 10th birthday

provided me "a fine place to start" this story: a typical suburban garage. But I also knew that the set would need to feature a sophisticated projection design because of its subject, envisioning that the walls of this garage would "break apart" and become screens on which video could be projected.

Investigating Jobs' high regard for Japanese minimalism led me to the symbol of the *ensō*, which is a circle Buddhist monks draw by hand every day. That prompted thinking about the story in a circular way, as did Jobs' habit of taking long meditative walks. (The *(R)evolution* in the title refers more to the path Jobs takes in the opera than the one he created in technology.) It also led to the introduction of *Noh* theatre elements in the staging, like the onstage bench (or *jiutai-za*), so characters could enter and exit the story without having to

leave the stage — thereby capturing the way people come and go in memories.

Learning about the phone prank Jobs and Steve Wozniak ("Woz") played on Ma Bell with their "little blue box" not only provided a great way to dramatize the dynamic between the two men, but also showed their youthful proclivities to rebel against authority.

When I found out that Jobs had studied with a Buddhist spiritual mentor named Kōbun Chino Otogawa, I decided immediately to make Kōbun an important character in the story so that Jobs would have a companion to guide him through his past. But there was very little to read at that time about Kōbun. Fortunately my friend and colleague Kelley Rourke, who is also a Buddhist teacher, directed me to the Brooklyn Zen Center, which

practices Sōtō Zen Buddhism. There I met with the priest and dharma teacher, Teah Strozer, who not only studied with Kōbun, but also knew Jobs. Her guidance about the portrayal of Kōbun was invaluable.

Another interesting anecdote that found its way into the libretto was of the time when Jobs visualized a entire field morphing into an orchestra while on an acid trip. This allowed me to imagine Jobs thinking of the computer as a musical instrument: “something we play,” rather than something that plays us.

Other details were incorporated into the libretto: the lack of furniture in his first place, his love for the work of Ansel Adams, his diets, his adoration of Dylan, how he met Laurene, the cruelty he could show his business associates. All these elements figure into the story which soon started

toggling between Jobs’ growth as an entrepreneur and his emotional stasis as a human being. And as befits a journey of memory, Jobs’ circling back on his life is told in a non-chronological way.

While there wasn’t much change in the structure between the first draft I presented Mason and the final libretto, there were quite a few revisions in the text to give Mason the right words to fire his inspiration. He frequently asked me to soften my more cynical impulses about Jobs and create a more sympathetic portrait than I might have otherwise.

It’s very fitting that *The (R)evolution of Steve Jobs* premiered at Santa Fe Opera. The company has always shown a pioneering spirit — not unlike Jobs himself — and I’ll always be grateful to Charles MacKay, Brad Woolbright, Paul Horpedahl,

and everyone at the company for helping Mason and I bring our work to the stage so beautifully. I’m also grateful to the company for helping put together this recording so that people can hear our stupendous cast and orchestra, conducted superbly by Michael Christie. Finally a big thank you to the co-producers of the opera: David Henry Jacobs at Indiana University’s Jacob School of Music, Aidan Lang at Seattle Opera and Matthew Shilvock at San Francisco Opera.

Admittedly, there were points in the creation of this libretto when finding my way into a sympathetic portrait of Jobs became tricky. At those times, I would do my own circling back: to 1984, when I had just purchased my first Macintosh. The vision of that amiable face on that toaster-sized computer atop my kitchen table in my toaster-sized East Village apartment

reminded me again of the importance of Jobs’ contribution to our current history. He may have run into some stumbling blocks as a human being, but no one can deny — whatever version of the man they have in their minds — his role in humanizing and democratizing technology.



Mason Bates

Recently named the most-performed composer of his generation and the 2018 Composer of the Year by Musical America, Mason Bates serves as the first composer-in-residence of the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. His music fuses innovative orchestral writing, imaginative narrative forms, the harmonies of jazz, and the rhythms of techno, and his symphonic music is the first to receive widespread acceptance for its unique integration of electronic sounds. Championed by legendary conductors such as Riccardo Muti, Michael Tilson Thomas, and Leonard Slatkin, his music marks an important new expansion in the orchestral sound. His activities as a DJ

have highly informed not only his compositional approach, but his distinctive touch in curating projects. Bates has become a visible advocate for bringing new music to new spaces, whether through institutional partnerships such as his former residency with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, or through his club/classical project Mercury Soul, which transforms commercial clubs into exciting hybrid musical events. Living in the San Francisco Bay Area, he has also composed for films, including Gus Van Sant's *The Sea of Trees* starring Matthew McConaughey and Naomi Watts.

For more information, visit masonbates.com



Mark Campbell

Mark Campbell's work as a librettist is at the forefront of the current contemporary opera scene in the United States. The 25 librettos he has written for the operatic stage demonstrate a versatility in subject matter, style, and tone, and an adeptness at creating musical stories that succeed in both large and intimate venues. The names of his collaborators comprise a roster of the most prominent composers in classical music, and include three Pulitzer Prize winners. Mark's best-known work is *Silent Night*, which received the 2012 Pulitzer Prize in Music and has already entered the standard operatic repertoire.

Other successful operas include: *Elizabeth Cree*, *Some Light Emerges*, *Dinner at Eight*, *The Nefarious*,

Immoral but Highly Profitable, *Enterprise of Mr. Burke & Mr. Hare*, *The Shining*, *Later the Same Evening*, *Volpone*, *Bastianello/Lucrezia*, *Rappahannock County*, *The Manchurian Candidate*, and *As One*. Other awards include: a Grammy® nomination, the first Kleban Foundation Award for Lyricist, two Richard Rodgers Awards, a Larson Foundation Award, a NYFA Playwriting Fellowship, the first Dominic J. Pellicciotti Award, and a NYSCA grant.

For more information, visit markcampbellwords.com

Synopsis

PROLOGUE

1965: The garage of the Jobs family home, Los Altos

Paul Jobs presents his son Steve with a workbench as a birthday present.

SCENE 1

2007: Product Launch, the stage of a convention center, San Francisco

An adult Steve Jobs delivers a public launch of his company's new product — “one device” that will revolutionize technology. At the end, he stops, noticeably weak and short of breath.

SCENE 2

2007: directly after; Corporate Offices, Cupertino

Steve retreats to his office. His wife Laurene chides him for not taking better care of himself and asks him to come home and reconnect with their family.

SCENE 3

2007: later that afternoon; the hills around Cupertino

Steve goes on a long meditative walk. Kōbun Chino Otagawa, Steve's former spiritual mentor in Sōtō Zen Buddhism, joins him. As they gaze at the sunset, Kōbun prompts Steve to acknowledge his mortality.

SCENE 4

1973: A class in calligraphy, Reed College

A teacher discusses the significance of the *ensō*, a circle drawn in Japanese calligraphy. Steve is inspired by aesthetic ideas of elegance and simplicity.

SCENE 5

1973: The garage of the Jobs family home, Los Altos

Steve's best friend Steve Wozniak has created a “blue box,” a device that allows the user to make free calls. Steve and “Woz” celebrate the ease with which corporate giants can be toppled.

SCENE 6

1974: An apple orchard near Los Altos

Steve and his girlfriend Chrisann lie together after taking LSD. Steve imagines their surroundings coming to life as an orchestra playing Bach. The two start to make love when Kōbun interrupts them.

SCENE 7

2007: The hills around Cupertino **1975: The Los Altos Zen Center**

Kōbun informs Steve that he cannot live at the Zen Center and hints that his destiny may lie elsewhere.

SCENE 8

1989: A lecture hall, Stanford University

Steve meets Laurene for the first time.

SCENE 9

1976: The garage of the Jobs family home, Los Altos

Woz presents a new computer interface to Steve. They begin to celebrate when

Chrisann arrives and tells Steve that she is pregnant. When Steve demands that Chrisann end the pregnancy, she leaves in tears. Steve and Woz dream about the future of their invention. Steve remembers the orchestra in the orchard playing Bach.

SCENE 10

1989: Steve Jobs' home, Palo Alto

Steve shows Laurene his sparsely furnished home. Photographs by Ansel Adams in Steve's home prompt a brief discussion about artistic inspiration. Laurene and Steve go to the bedroom to make love for the first time.

SCENE 11

1980: Corporate Offices, Cupertino

Steve severs ties with Chrisann and angers Woz by denying a fellow employee his pension. Chrisann and Woz lament the loss of the Steve they once knew.

SCENE 12

1981-1986: Corporate Offices, Cupertino

Steve denies palimony to Chrisann for their child, Lisa, and offends Woz, who quits. Demoted by the board of directors, Steve bitterly leaves the company and has a breakdown.

SCENE 13

2007: The hills around Cupertino

Kōbun reminds Steve that it was necessary for him to learn from his mistakes. He shows Steve a brief replay of his life after he fell apart, revisiting his first meeting with Laurene and the evening when he fell in love with her.

SCENE 14

2007: The hills around Cupertino

1989: A lecture hall, Stanford University

The day when Steve and Laurene met.

SCENE 15

2007: The hills around Cupertino

1989: Steve Jobs' home, Palo Alto

The evening in Steve's home when he fell in love with Laurene. Kōbun reminds Steve that Laurene also helped keep his ego in check.

SCENE 16

2007: later that night; Steve Jobs' home,

Palo Alto

Steve returns home after his walk to find Laurene waiting for him. She confronts Steve and gets him to accept his illness and mortality.

SCENE 17

1991: The wedding, Yosemite National Park

Kōbun marries Steve and Laurene in a Buddhist ceremony. Steve expresses his love for Laurene and his gratitude to her for teaching him the value of human connection. Kōbun's 1992 death is revealed, prompting a meditation on mortality that segues into the next scene.

SCENE 18

2011: The memorial service,

Stanford University Chapel

Kōbun explains that Steve is witnessing his own memorial service. Steve protests a few production elements of the service, but Kōbun tells him to be still, to simplify. Laurene and Woz muse about Steve. Finally, Laurene is left alone and observes that while Steve will be both lionized and demonized, no one can deny his influence on the world.

EPILOGUE

1965: The garage of the Jobs family home,

Los Altos

As Laurene looks on, Paul Jobs presents his son with a workbench on his birthday as "a fine place to start."

The (R)evolution of Steve Jobs is inspired by the life and creative spirit of Steve Jobs and does not purport to depict actual events as they occurred or statements, beliefs, or opinions of the persons depicted. It has not been authorized or endorsed by Apple Inc., the Estate or Family of Steve Jobs, or by any persons depicted.

Libretto

1 PROLOGUE 1965: The garage of the Jobs family home, Los Altos

As Steve looks on, lights come up on the Jobs family home in Los Altos, CA. The house moves forward so that the garage takes center stage. The door flies open. The interior resembles a chaotic repair shop: various objects — televisions, car radios, lamps, toasters, etc. — lie on end with their insides exposed. On one side of the garage is an old sofa. On another side are two workbenches, one covered with tools and objects; the other, shorter, relatively clear. Paul enters with Young Steve, who has his hands over his eyes and wears a birthday hat; Paul brings Young Steve to the smaller workbench and uncovers his eyes.

Paul:
Thought it was high-time,
You got your own space.
A place to make things,
And take things apart.
So I built this table,
So I built this table for you.
Should be just the right height,
Long as you don't grow an inch.
Got your own tools,
Got your own table,
Got all you need.

Putting things together,
Taking things apart,
You'll find out how they run,
Learn what makes them tick.
Hope you like this table,
Hope you like this table I made.
Only plywood and nails,
Still, it's a fine place to start.
Happy birthday, son.

2 OVERTURE

Young Steve smiles at Paul, removes his birthday hat, and sits down to work. Suddenly, the walls of the garage break apart and become projection screens. A small bench is brought in and placed on the periphery of stage right. Paul walks to it and sits. Steve moves to the center of the stage and addresses the audience directly.

3 SCENE 1 2007: The stage of a convention center, San Francisco

Steve:
Thanks for coming.
Thanks for being here.
We got a lot to cover,
And not much time.
Now is a fine place to start.
But before we do,
Can I ask you all

Edward Parks (Steve) and Jonah Sorenson (Young Steve)





Steve:

To turn off your phones?
Turn them off.
That's right, turn them off!
And when you hear what I say,
You'll want to throw out
Your old junk anyway.

Ensemble:

"Junk!" "Junk?"
He called my smartphone "junk?!"

Steve:

A quote...
Popular Mechanics,
Nineteen Forty-Nine.
[quoting]
"Computers in the future
May perhaps
Weigh only one-and-a-half tons."
[Steve laughs with the audience.]
You'll recall
I once said:
"Never trust a computer
You can't lift."
But now, today,
I say:
"Never trust one
You can't fit in your pocket."
And here you have it.
Right here, right now.
[teasingly]
Nestled in my pocket,

Cradled in my hand,
Today, right now...

*Steve reveals a small device in his hand.
The ensemble enters and moves
frenetically in many directions across
the stage. The screens quickly fill up with
hundreds of flashing images.*

Steve:

Only one device.
Does it all.
In one hand,
All you need,
One device.
Does it all.
In one hand,
All you need.
Communication,
Entertainment,
Information,
Illumination,
Connection,
Interaction,
Navigation,
Communication,
Inspiration,
Comprehension,
Not to mention,
Communication.

Ensemble: *[with above]*

One device...
Does it all...

Ensemble:

In one hand...
All You need.

The ensemble freezes. In the following rapid sequence, image after image is flashed on the screen: news reports, text messages, emails, maps, etc., all cued by the text.

Steve:

Tap,
Get the news.
Tap,
Set a date.
Tap,
Book a flight.
Tap,
Stay in touch.
Tap,
Stay in shape.
Tap,
Talk to friends.
Tap,
Stalk celebs.
Tap,
Map a route.
Tap,
Pay a bill.
Tap,
Plan a day.
Tap,
Clear a day.
Tap,

Try an app.

Tap,

Scrap the app.

Hear some Bach.

Hear The Boss.

Hear your boss.

[as if typing an excuse, rapidly]

Type type type type swipe.

Cheer the game.

Play a game.

Send a card.

Mend a heart.

Buy a tie.

Learn some Thai.

Order Thai.

Miss your kids?

Miss your wife?

Miss your home?

Miss your life?

Tap,

[live image of a family waving (as on Skype)]

Make up with your girlfriend.

[image of text message with hearts]

Tap,

Break up with your girlfriend.

[image of text message with skulls]

Tap,

Break up with your parents.

[photo of a person with parents]

Zap,

[the same photo with parents deleted]

Take up with a puppy.



Steve:

Snap,
[photo of a puppy]
Your cute new puppy.
[leading the audience's reaction]
Snap,
[photo of a flashy car]
Your cute new car.
[photo of the puppy in the car]
Your cute new puppy,
In your cute new car...
Tap,
Being driven by the Pope.
[Pope photo added to the car and puppy.
The Pope waves.]

The ensemble reanimates. More images appear: advertising for the product, reporters announcing the product, Wall Street bells ringing for the profit from the product, designers analyzing the product.

Steve:

All with...
One device.
Does it all.
In one hand.
All you need.
Information,
Education,
Entertainment,
Communication,

All you need,
To review,
To relive,
To control...

Ensemble: *[with above]*

Boom or bust?
Hope or hype?
Hot or not?
State of the art or
Art of the sale?
Hit or miss?
Score or snore?
Wow or meh?
May spell a trend,
May spell the end?

Today it was revealed...
Our people have confirmed...
Another product launch...
Excitement running high...
The future has arrived...
Creating quite a buzz...
A revolution in...

Some of the images on the screen take on a darker meaning: a factory in China assembling the product, environmental waste, security invasion/hacking, etc.
The ensemble grows as images become positive again.

Edward Parks (Steve) and The Santa Fe Opera Chorus



Ensemble:

Today it was revealed...
Our people have confirmed...
Another product launch...
Excitement running high...
The future has arrived...
Historical event...
A revolution in...
Creating quite a buzz...
Boom or bust?
Hope or hype?
Hit or miss?
Score or snore?
Flop or fail?
Is it state of the art or
Art of the sale?
Education...
Inspiration...
Interaction...
Information...
Everything...
Comprehension...
Inspiration...
Interaction...
Information...
Everything.

Steve: *[with above]*

It's all you need,
In one hand,
In your pocket,
Everything.

Ensemble:

One device,
Everything
To relive
All of those
Precious moments
In your life.
Your life,
Glorious,
Beautiful
Moments
In your life.

Steve: *[with above]*

In one hand,
All you need,
To control
All of those
Messy moments
In your life.
All of those
Chaotic moments.

Ensemble:

One, one device,
All you need to
Revive, review, relive, renew,
I need it, I need it,
Must have it now!

Steve: *[with above]*

Control,
Control,
You need it,



Steve:

You must have it now!
To capture and control
All those mad and messy moments
In your life!

The music is suspended; there is a low pulse. The ensemble freezes. The images fade. Steve stands in the center, clearly exhausted, breathing deeply, wavering wanly. The ensemble leaves the stage as Steve walks slowly to his office, formed by two screens put together. He sits in a chair to catch his breath.

4 SCENE 2
2007: directly after; Corporate Offices, Cupertino

[Laurene enters]

Laurene: *[kissing Steve on the mouth]*
Hey, stranger.
Nice work.

Steve:
Only “nice”?
[a little defensively]
Sales are already through the roof.

Laurene: *[ironically]*
That’s good.
Because — God knows —

We really need more money.

Steve:
Just need to finish a few more things...

Laurene:
You know what you need?
Really need?
Some rest.

Steve:
Not that again.
Not the right time.

Laurene:
Rest.
You’re tired.
You’re overworked.
You’re not well, Steve.
You have to get better,
And carrots alone —
Ain’t doing the trick.
You need time off,
Down time,
Time away,
Time away.

Steve: *[reflexively]*
Time.
Maybe in a month...

Laurene: *[a flash of anger]*
“One month?”



Laurene:

That leads to six,
Then a year, then five,
And suddenly,
Reed's voice has changed,
And Erin's talking college.
You know how it goes:
One device, one device...
We lose you.

[softening]

And you lose yourself.
Come home, Steve.
Come home.
The kids miss you.
[sweetly ironic]
And sometimes I do, too.

Steve:

Promise.
Just need a walk.
To clear my head.

*[Steve and Laurene kiss meaningfully.
Laurene walks to the bench and sits.]*

5 MEDITATIVE INTERLUDE

Steve walks slowly in a kinhin, a meditative circle. The ensō is projected on the screen and drawn in one stroke as he completes the circular path. Bucolic images of the Silicon Valley sky and mountains appear.

6 SCENE 3

**2007: later that afternoon;
the hills around Cupertino**

[Steve stops and sits. Kōbun enters and stands for a short while before Steve sees him.]

Steve:

What are you doing here?

Kōbun: *[off-handedly]*

I'm your spiritual mentor.
I'm always around.
Lucky you.
[simply and directly]
You're dying, Steve.

Steve:

I know.

Kōbun:

And you resent the diminishment.

Steve:

Deeply.
What was it I said?
In that speech...
Years ago?

Kōbun:

I don't know.
You said so many foolish things.

Steve:

"You can't connect the dots going forward.
You can only connect them
Going backward."

Kōbun:

Pretty good.
Must have gotten that from me.

Steve: *[looking off]*

Quite a sky.
The sky of my youth.

Kōbun:

Quite a sun.
Always loveliest when it's leaving.
[pointedly]
Diminishing.

Steve:

And returning.
[muttering a line from a memory, tracing the circular shape of the sun with his finger]
"...Basically a circle."

Kōbun stands, walks to the bench and sits. The screens form a classroom as students in desks roll on. A teacher stands before them drawing the ensō on a chalkboard. On the heading of the chalkboard is written the date: January 25, 1973.

7 SCENE 4

1973: A calligraphy class, Reed College

Ensemble:

A circle...

Teacher: *[repeating Steve's sentence]*

In Japanese calligraphy,
The ensō is basically a circle.

Ensemble:

A circle...

Steve joins the class. While others take notes and repeat phrases, Steve notes the information in his mind.

Teacher:

Drawn in one or two continual strokes.
It can mean:
Enlightenment...

Ensemble:

Enlightenment...

Teacher:

Elegance...

Ensemble:

Elegance...

Teacher:

The universe...
The void...

Ensemble:

The universe...
The void...

Teacher:

Characterized
By the minimalism
Of Japanese aesthetics.
Shizen (nature)...

Ensemble:

Shizen (nature)...

Teacher:

Yugen (grace)...

Ensemble:

Yugen (grace)...

Teacher:

Datsuoku (freedom)...

Ensemble:

(Freedom)...

Teacher:

Kanso (simplicity)...

Ensemble:

Kanso (simplicity)...

Steve:

Simplicity...
Simplicity.

The teacher exits and the students in desks roll off. The screens come together and form the garage again. The garage door flies open. Woz stands with a beer and a "blue box" attached to a phone. Steve walks over to him.

8 SCENE 5**1973: The garage of the Jobs family home, Los Altos****Woz:**

It's like totally simple.
This little blue box
Matches the tones
Ma Bell uses to make
Long distance calls.
And we get them for free.

Steve:

The wonderful wizard of Woz!
You and I are hereby
Bona fide "Phone Phreaks."



Woz:

All right. Press the buttons.

Steve presses the buttons at one end of the blue box. Woz picks up the receiver of the phone.

Steve:

Who are you calling?

Woz: *[speaking into the phone with a bad German accent]*

Ja, hello.

Dis is Henry Kissinger,
Calling Daß Vatican.

Steve: *[dancing in a circle laughing]*

Oh man, oh man, oh man!

Woz: *[gesturing for Steve to be quiet]*

Ja, hello.

Is dis Daß Vatican?

Steve:

Holy shit!

Woz:

Here ist Henry Kissinger.

I vish to cancel

My meeting mit der Pope.

Thank you,

Auf weidersehn.

[Steve and Woz laugh wildly.]

Steve:

It worked!

Woz:

It worked!

Steve:

Do you know what this means?

Woz:

I know what it means!

Steve:

Do you know what this means?

Woz:

I know what it means!

Woz/Steve:

I know exactly what this means...

Steve:

Ma Bell

Was just taken down.

Woz:

Ma Bell

Was just screwed over.

Steve/Woz:

Ma Bell

Was just brought to her...

Woz:

Money-sucking...

Steve:

Monolithic...

Woz:

Monopolistic...

Steve:

Autocratic...

Steve/Woz:

Knees!

Steve/Woz:

Ma Bell was just brought to her knees!

Steve:

That's one, one for the common people,

Woz:

That's one for Abbie Hoffman,

Steve/Woz:

That's one for Cesar Chavez.

That's one — that's one for

The trouble-makers,

...Rebels, freaks, and sinners

Who keep this planet spinning.

For Dylan...

Woz:

For Bob Dylan...

Steve:

Dylan Thomas...

Woz:

Bob and Thomas...

Rebels, freaks, reformers,

Who keep this planet spinning.

Steve/Woz:

Only goes to show...

Only goes to show...

All you ever need...

All you ever need...

To take down the corporate Goliaths...

Take down the Wall Street behemoths...

Is a decent slingshot.

Decent slingshot.

Woz walks over to the bench and sits.

The screens come together and a field and apple orchard are projected.

Chrisann enters and sits on the ground.

Steve walks to her.



9 SCENE 6
1974: An apple orchard near Los Altos

Steve: *[after a short beat]*
I still don't feel anything.

Chrisann:
It's pure purple microdot.
Give it time.

Steve:
Time...

Chrisann:
Always in a rush.
Be patient.
I missed you.

Steve:
You, too.
It's good to be back.
I still don't feel anything.

Chrisann:
Steve, give it time.
Still on that diet?

Steve:
Which one?

Chrisann:
Phlegm-free —

Steve: *[correcting]*
Mucus-free.
Yup.
Apples only.

Chrisann:
You're crazy.

Steve:
Crazy about Fujis.

Chrisann:
And also just crazy.

Steve:
And now, a college drop-out!
At age nineteen,
[melodramatically]
My life is over!
[Steve and Chrisann laugh.
She smiles at him.]

Chrisann:
I could learn to like you,
Weird as that may be.
I could learn to like you,
Maybe like a lot.
A dropout,
Jobless,
Living at home.
Often distant,
Often moody.

Chrisann:

And you don't even know
What you want in life!
But your brain —
It's always clicking, clicking,
Clicking away.
You could be a genius
Or a psycho...yet...
I could learn to like you,
Maybe, like a lot.
Bizarre diets,
Usually shoeless,
French hygiene,
Anti-antiperspirant,
Budding Buddhist,
And you may never know
What you want in life.
But your mind,
Keeps working,
Working,
Searching,
Percolating,
Clicking, clicking away.
I could learn to like you,
Like a lot a lot.
And when we're together,
Something just connects.

[Chrisann kisses Steve.]

Steve: *[suddenly]*

Hear that?

Chrisann:

Hear what?

Steve:

A clarinet.
And a flute.
And that reed...
The oboe!
Strings,
Brass,
Reeds,
Branches,
Stones,
Grass,
The entire field.
It's playing something.
But what's it playing?
What is it playing?
Bach!

Chrisann:

Bach?

Steve:

The composer!

Chrisann:

Guess the drug's beginning to work.

*They kiss. Steve undoes Chrisann's blouse
and they start to have sex. Kōbun rises from
the bench and taps Steve on his shoulder.*

Steve: *[to Kōbun]*

Your face is the last thing
I want in my brain
At this particular moment.

*The screens form to create a Sōtō Zen
center, with a projection of the ensō on it.
Chrisann walks to the bench and sits.
Kōbun brings Steve into the Zen center.*

10

SCENE 7

2007: The hills around Cupertino

1975: The Los Altos Zen Center

Kōbun: *[pointing to the ensō]*

That can also be a ticking clock.

Steve:

Like my body isn't telling me that already.

*[Five members of the ensemble enter
and form a meditation class.]*

Steve:

It was around this time we met.

Kōbun:

'75.

Ensemble: *[chanting softly under scene]*

*Ji ho san shi
i shi fu*

*shi son bu sa
mo ko sa
mo ko ho ja
ho ro mi*

Steve:

Remember?

I wanted to be a monk.

*[Lights change, and Steve and
Kōbun are instantly in the past.]*

Kōbun:

A monk?

Steve:

I like it here.

Kōbun:

Yes, but here is where
You learn the truth,
Not avoid it.
(Why do I feel like that old nun in
The Sound of Music?)
Steve...
You're all loose wires,
Broken parts,
Too much noise.
If I let you stay here,
You would end up killing me.



Kōbun:

If I let you stay here,
They would end up killing me.
That much murder
At a Zen Center
Isn't healthy.
I recommend you
Take one step.
Take one step...
One little step,
One little step.
Kick a stone,
See it land,
See it land...
In the pond.
Watch it ripple
On the pond.
On the pond...
In the moonlight,
That shines as brightly
In the teardrop
As in the sea.
See a frog...
See a blind old frog,
Who feels that moonlight,
And leaps into the air,
Leaps high, leaps high!
...Into the mouth
Of a snake,
Who then sleeps.
This is the way of nature.
Never force it,

Always allow it,
Take one step,
One little step,
And try
To simplify.

*One screen rolls on; it shows an image
or images of a lecture hall. A sign says
"View from the Top/1989." Steve goes to
sit when Laurene enters. They take each
other in, smile, then both sit.*

11 SCENE 8
1989: Lecture Hall, Stanford University

Steve: *[placing words as if on a marquee]*
Welcome to
"View from the Top 1989."

Laurene:
Hope the speech
Isn't boring.

Steve:
Shouldn't be.
I'm the speaker.

Laurene:
I know.
I still hope
It isn't boring.

Steve:

And what made you sit here?

Laurene:

Won it in a raffle.

It's supposed to

Include dinner

With the speaker.

[they laugh]

Seriously, it was the only seat left.

[They look at each other and feel a large jolt of attraction.]

Steve:

Vegan okay?

The walls form the garage again.

Woz rises from the bench, walks to the garage and sits at the workbench.

12 SCENE 9

1976: The garage of the Jobs family home, Los Altos

Woz: *[finishing his work]*

One more thing...

Just one more thing...

Steve:

You said that an hour ago...

Woz:

One teeny tiny thing.

Just one more thing.

Steve:

Stop telling me that, Woz.

Woz:

It has to be exactly right.

Steve/Woz:

Enough, Woz/Just one more thing.

Shut up, Woz/And then...

Woz:

Presto, change-o!

All done.

[Woz holds up a prototype for something resembling the circuit board for Apple I.]

Steve:

That's it?

[Woz nods "yes."]

Let's celebrate.

Steve lights a joint. Chrisann has risen from the bench and shambles disconsolately to the garage.

Steve: *[looking at the board]*

She sure is ugly.

Woz:

An interface only a motherboard could love.

Chrisann:

Steve...

Do you have a moment?

Steve hands the joint to Woz and takes Chrisann outside the garage, out of earshot of Woz.

Steve:

Not now.

I'm busy.

Chrisann:

The tests came back.

I'm —

Chrisann gestures with a circular motion around her belly to indicate that she's pregnant.

Steve: *[turns away, coldly]*

How could you do this to me?

Chrisann: *[incredulous]*

Do this to you?

How can you say such a thing?

Steve:

Especially now.

I have too much going on.

Chrisann:

You should have told your sperm that.

Steve:

Seriously...

[suddenly, coldly]

I can't do this —

Not now.

Chrisann:

No...You won't shut me out this way.

Steve:

Get rid of it.

Chrisann:

Get —?

Steve:

Rid of it.

I don't want it.

Chrisann:

You don't mean that.

Steve:

Not now.

Not ever.

I'll say it's not mine.

Steve stands and stares at Chrisann silently. He folds his arms. She looks at him in disbelief, then returns to the bench. Steve returns to the garage, takes the joint from Woz and draws from it heavily, then broods.

Woz:
You okay?

Steve: *[He's not.]*
I'm fine.

Woz:
You sure?

Steve:
Fine.
[looking at the board]
We have to cover it up.
Cover it up completely.
No clutter.
No wires.
It's messy.
My friend will make a case for it.
Outta koa wood.

Woz:
If you want.
But it's not about how it looks.
But what it does.

Steve:
Wrong.
It's all about how it looks.

Woz: *[placating a little]*
Maybe we could add a keyboard.

Steve: *[His brain starts clicking.]*
How it looks and...feels.
Keyboard — check.
What about color?

Woz:
With some work.

Steve:
So, color.
A sleek monitor?

Woz:
That could be arranged.

Steve:
Screen.

Woz:
Keyboard.

Steve:
Power switch.
And while we're at it...

Steve/Woz:
Sound.
Sound. Sound!

13 Steve: *[suddenly remembering]*
Music.
Bach.
Instruments.
These machines could be
Something we play.
Something we play.
Like a violin.
Or a guitar.
All music is merely mathematics,
Merely math,
But when we hear music,
Really listen,
We think of God.
We think of sunsets,
We think of life,
We think of death.
We think of great sex.
More than think,
We feel.
These machines
Can be the same way.
Something that doesn't play us,
But something we play.
Like a clarinet,
Or a French horn.
Or what's that reed —
The oboe.
Instruments,

Musical instruments,
They are all
Valves,
Wires,
Pedals,
Pegs,
Keys,
But when we connect to them...
Connect...
Connect...
They become
Something we play.
Something we play,
Something we
Bang,
Hit,
Blow,
Something we
Trill,
Hum,
Strum,
Something we play.

Two screens form an empty interior space. The year is projected: 1989. There are projections of large black and white photographs on walls. Steve walks into this space with Laurene, holding her hand.



CD 2

1 SCENE 10

1989: Steve Jobs' home, Palo Alto

Laurene: *[looking around the empty space]*
Just move in?

Steve:
Been here five years.
Since '84.

Laurene:
There's no furniture.

Steve:
Never found any I liked.

Laurene: *[seeing the photos]*
My favorite —

Steve:
You like Ansel Adams?

Laurene: *[quoting]*
"I can look at a fine art photograph
And sometimes I hear music."

Steve:
Beautiful.

Laurene:
Not mine.
He said that — Mr. Adams.

Don't you hear music
When you make things?

Steve:
Used to.

Laurene:
You should.
Why make them if you don't?
You have all the money in the world.
And all the time.
If you can't find joy in what you do,
Who can?
[softer, sexier]
So, do you at least have a bed?

*Steve goes to Laurene and kisses her. They
part. Laurene returns to the bench. Steve
moves into the office to talk to an engineer.*

2 SCENE 11

1980: Corporate Offices, Cupertino

Steve: *[addressing one engineer]*
One button,
Turn it on,
And you're off.
Simple,
Clear-cut,
Uncluttered,
And clean.
Clean.
A lean and clean machine.

Chrisann rises from the bench. Lights switch and the scene moves from promotional to intimate.

Chrisann:

Hello, stranger.

[Steve tries to walk away.]

Stop ignoring me!

Steve: *[coldly]*

I don't have time for this now.

Chrisann:

If you don't want to be with me anymore,
Then just say so.

Steve:

I don't want to be with you anymore.

Lights switch. Steve returns to address a group of engineers and doesn't hear Chrisann.

Steve:

One button,
Turn it on,
And you're off.
Simple,
Clear-cut,
Uncluttered,
And clean.
A lean machine.

Chrisann: *[with above]*

You don't want love.
You don't have the time.
You don't want us.
No room.
And this new life,
That's kicking inside me.
You can't make me end it.
You can't and won't.

Woz rises from the bench. Lights switch and the scene moves from promotional to intimate.

Woz:

We talked about this.
He was one of our hardest workers...
He's down on his luck.
He was with us from the start.

Steve:

He also quit.

Woz:

Come on.
A little stock.
It's the least we can do.
I'll match whatever you give him.

Steve:

Great.
I give him zero.



Lights switch. Steve returns to a large group of people at a product launch. Woz and Chrisann are in separate spaces apart from Steve.

Steve:

One button,
Turn it on,
And you're off.
Simple,
Clear-cut,
Uncluttered, ordered,
Self-contained,
And clean.
A lean machine.

Woz: *[with above]*

You're losing it,
You're losing it.
The guy I thought I knew
Has no time,
No space,
No life.
My poor old friend:
Where did you go?
You're losing it, losing it,
The dreams we once had:
All gone, all gone.

Chrisann: *[with above]*

You're losing it,
You're losing it.
The man I used to love
Has no time,

And no space,
In his life.
My crazy Steve:
Where did you go?
You're losing it, losing it,
The love we once had:
All gone, all gone.

3 SCENE 12
1981-1986: Corporate Offices, Cupertino
INTERLUDE: *The Rise and Fall of Steve Jobs*

Videos project images of Steve's meteoric rise in business. Stock market, successful sales reports, reviews, headlines about his money, his power, his reach. The screens form a maze of corporate offices. Steve goes from room to room and faces various configurations of the ensemble that form marketing groups, designers, engineers, etc. His energy gets increasingly manic, demanding, and rude.

4 Ensemble:
They need to make a change...
We fell another point...
They oughta let him go...
Morale is really low...
We're losing everyday...
He hasn't got a clue...
Seattle pushed ahead...
They need to make a change...
We fell another point...

They oughta let him go...
Better...
Brighter...
Newer...

[Steve stands before a group of people in a boardroom.]

Ensemble Soloist:
We need focus groups...

Steve: *[interrupting]*
What the hell for?
Henry Ford said:
"If I asked people what they want,
They'd ask for a faster horse."

Ensemble:
Faster...
Better...
Lighter...
Darker...
Newer...
Cheaper...
Better...

Steve moves into another area with a designer who shows him a computer case.

Steve:
Wrong. All wrong.
I need more curve.
More like a circle.

Ensemble Soloist:
More?

Steve:
A circle.
Not a square.
I assume you know the difference.

Ensemble:
Wrong. All wrong.
He needs more curve.
More like a circle.
Faster...

Steve moves into another room. Chrisann has risen from the bench. She stands in front of him.

Steve:
You...

Chrisann:
I called.

Ensemble:
Brighter...

Chrisann:
Like a hundred times.

Ensemble: *[with above]*
Quicker...

[An engineer has entered with a clipboard.]

Ensemble Soloist:

July can't happen.

Ensemble:

Better...

Steve: *[to Ensemble Soloist]*

What do you mean July can't happen?

Ensemble:

Cheaper...

Lighter...

Darker...

Better...

Better...

Steve: *[to Chrisann]*

I told you, she's not my child.

Ensemble:

Lighter...

Darker...

Ensemble Soloist: *[to Steve]*

July can't happen.

Steve: *[to Ensemble Soloist]*

Just make it happen.

Chrisann: *[to Steve]*

Steve, I'm struggling.

You could help us out.

Steve: *[to Chrisann]*

I don't do hand-outs.

Chrisann:

I'm not asking for a —

Steve: *[to Chrisann]*

I told you not to go through with it.

Chrisann:

Lisa. Her name is Lisa.

Steve: *[to Chrisann]*

She's not my problem.

Chrisann:

Steve...

Steve: *[to Ensemble Soloist]*

MAKE July happen.

[to Chrisann.]

Not now.

[Steve storms away. The Soloist rejoins the ensemble. Chrisann exits.]

Ensemble:

Brighter...

Quicker...

Ensemble:

Cheaper...

Lighter...

Quicker...

Better...

Steve moves into another room and addresses a designer, who shows him a color palette.

Ensemble Soloist: *[to Steve]*

Here is the palette.

Steve: *[reviewing color swatches with the designer]*

Wrong. All wrong.

I need more grey.

This is like...

Vulture vomit.

Ensemble Soloist:

This is more grey.

You've seen every color there is.

Ensemble: *[with above]*

Wrong. All wrong.

He needs more grey.

Steve:

Then make one up!

Ensemble:

Better...

Better...

Steve: *[to another designer, holding a computer guide]*

Wrong. All wrong.

I want more gloss.

Use that to blow your nose on.

[looking inside the guide]

Wrong. All wrong.

The font's all wrong.

Find something less shout-y.

Ensemble:

Lighter...

Darker...

Lower...

Higher...

Sooner...

Better...

Better...

Ensemble Soloist:

Less "shout-y?"

Steve:

You heard me!

Less shout-y!

Ensemble Soloist:

ByteWorld Magazine...line two.

Steve: *[referring to the phone call]*

Goddamn critics.

[to the designer, shouting]

Steve:

I told you: less shout-y, less shout-y!
[picking up the phone, suddenly friendly]
 Thanks for calling me back.
[suddenly not]
 Listen, what you write is bullshit.
 We're not failing.
 Who cares what the market says?
[The voice on the other line speaks.]
 Those bozos churn out crap
 For dumb clients.
 Their software belongs in the garbage,
 Not my machines.
 Period.
[Steve slams down the phone.]

Ensemble:

Brighter...
 Quicker...
 Cheaper...
 Better...
 Better...
 Lower...
 Higher...
 Better...
 Better...
 Better...
 Better...
 Newer...
 Cheaper...
 Higher...
 Lower...
 Sooner...
 Better...

Newer...
 Cheaper...
 Faster...
 Faster...
 Faster...

*Steve leaves and is encountered by a
 colleague, who plays sound on a speaker.*

Steve: *[An engineer plays sound
 on a speaker.]*
 Wrong. All wrong.
 I ask for Bach,
 And you give me...
 Flatulent mosquitoes.

Ensemble Soloist: *[to Steve]*

That reporter's on line nine.
 Says it is something urgent.

Ensemble:

Lighter...
 Darker...
 Sooner...

*[Steve turns away and takes the telephone
 call; he speaks to the reporter angrily.]*

Steve:

Of course, I know who Ms. Brennan is.
 Of course, I know her daughter's name.
 How do you know
 I'm the father?
 Give me proof.

Ensemble Soloist:

They need that name for the new machine.

Ensemble:

Faster...Sooner...

Steve: *[to the reporter]*

My DNA?

Ensemble: *[with above]*

Better...
 Better...

*[Steve writes a name and slips the
 Ensemble Soloist a piece of paper.]*

Steve: *[to the reporter]*

My DNA lied.

Ensemble Soloist: *[reading the piece
 of paper, incredulously]*

"Lisa?"
 That's the name?
 For a computer?

Steve: *[to the reporter]*

I don't have time for this.
 Twenty-nine percent
 Of the male population
 In this country could be the father!
[slamming down the phone.
to Soloist, explaining]
 Yes, the name is "LISA."
 "Logic Interface...System..." whatever.

[uttering to himself]

(I'll take care of my LISA, Chrisann,
 And you take care of yours.)

[Steve slams down the phone.
An engineer shows him a prototype.]

Steve:

Wrong. All wrong.
 The case is wrong.
 No one should look inside it,
 You wouldn't let a bus driver
 Do heart surgery, would you?
 No one should get it open.
 No one needs to take these things apart,
 No one needs to learn
 What makes them run,
 No one.

Ensemble: *[with above]*

Wrong.
 All wrong.
 The case is wrong.
 Lighter...
 Darker...
 Lower...
 Higher...
 Sooner...
 Better...

Woz:

Hey pal,
 The big M just pulled ahead of us.

Steve: [to Woz]
So what?

Woz:
Their software works anywhere.
You won't let ours.

Steve:
"Won't" is right.
No crap software
Is going to mess up my machine.
You just stick to your circuits and chips.
And I'll run my company.
Got it?

Woz:
Your company?
Your machine?

5 You've become one of the people we hated:
A Goliath...
A Goliath.
Whatever you had before,
Whatever you were before,
Gone,
Gone,
All gone.
The dreams,
The garage,
Your father's garage,
Our machine,
Our beautiful machine,
Something we play,
That doesn't play us.
But now,

You need to control everything.
Decide everything,
And you won't give up,
Not for a single second,
Until you've run us into the ground.
You've become one of the bastards
We hated:
An egomaniacal,
Self-centered,
Self-serving,
Self-deceived,
Mega-corporate
Prick!
You're not who you were,
This company is not what it was,
And I want no part of it.
I quit.
[walks off and sits on the bench]

Steve:
Good riddance!
Go back to making video games
For brainless brats!

6 *[no one is there]*

Ensemble Soloist:
They're waiting for you in the boardroom.

Ensemble:
Brighter...
Faster...
*[Steve starts to move into another room
while an engineer shows him a case.]*

Garrett Sorenson (Woz) and Edward Parks (Steve)



Steve: *[to the engineer]*

Wrong!
Still wrong!
The case is wrong.

Ensemble:

Better...

Steve: *[to the engineer]*

No one should look inside it,
Get it open.

Ensemble:

Higher...
Lower...

Steve: *[to the engineer]*

Shut it in.
Close it down,
Bolt it down.

Ensemble/Steve:

Better...
Faster...
Cheaper...
Brighter...
Faster...
Better...

Steve:

When will anyone around here
Learn to do their freakin' job?!

Ensemble:

Quicker...
Cheaper...
Brighter...

*Steve has entered the room. He stands
before a board of people seated at a table.
There is an empty chair; he doesn't sit.*

Boardroom Ensemble:

We know you're a busy man,
So we won't waste your...time.
Your policies aren't working,
The company is failing.
We have made the tough decision.
To move you to a new division.

Steve: *[flying into a rage]*

A "new division?"
You mean, like, Siberia?
You're sticking me in Siberia?
You can't do that.
This is my company.
No one needs to know how it works,
How wrong it is,
How messy it is.

Ensemble: *[with above]*

Better, quicker, cheaper...
Broken, messy, ugly...
How wrong...

Boardroom Ensemble:

Only for a while.
It's a better place for you,
More suited to
Your managerial "style."
It's better...
A better place for you,
A better place for us.

Ensemble: *[with above]*

Better, newer, better, lighter...
Better, darker, lower, higher, sooner...

*[The ensemble reaches a fever pitch.
Steve breaks down.]*

Steve:

Close it up...
Shut it in...
Bolt it down...
Better...
No one.
No one.
Siberia?
This is my company.
I quit.

7 DARK INTERLUDE

[Steve collapses in rage.]

8 SCENE 13 2007: The hills around Cupertino

[Kōbun speaks from the bench.]

Kōbun:

Karma can suck.
What did you expect?
"Simplify" doesn't mean
Be selfish.

[Steve returns to Kōbun.]

Steve:

I was only seeking perfection.

Kōbun:

You've mistaken "want" for "love."
You let your ego get the best of you.
It happens.
You died your first death.
But you moved on.
And you started again...

Steve:

And I started again.

Kōbun:

You did your best work
In the second ten years.

Steve:

We *all* did our best work.



Kōbun:

And you met Laurene...

Steve:

I met Laurene.

A quick replay of part of Scene 8. One screen rolls on; it shows an image or images of a lecture hall. Steve goes to and is about to sit when Laurene enters. They take each other in, then both sit.

SCENE 14

**2007: The hills around Cupertino,
1989: A lecture hall, Stanford University**

Steve: *[placing words as if on a marquee]*

Welcome to
"View from the Top 1989"

Laurene:

Hope the speech
Isn't boring.

Kōbun: *[from the bench]*

And you fell in love with Laurene...

A quick replay of part of Scene 10. A second screen rolls on to form an empty interior space with projections of large black and white photographs on it. Steve walks into this space with Laurene, holding her hand.

SCENE 15

**2007: The hills around Cupertino,
1989: Steve Jobs' home, Palo Alto**

Laurene:

Don't you hear music
When you make things?

Steve:

Used to.

Laurene:

You should.
Why make them if you don't?

Steve:

And I fell in love with Laurene.

Kōbun: *[from the bench]*

And when your old habits come back,
Laurene was always there to —
As you so poetically put it —
"Kick your ass."

9 SCENE 16

2007: later that night; Steve Jobs' home

[Steve enters. Laurene has been waiting up for him.]

Laurene:

Where were you?

Steve:

Told you.
On a walk.

Laurene:

That was a long walk.

Steve:

I went many places.

Laurene:

I was worried.

Steve:

Not that again.
I'm fine.

Laurene:

You're not fine.
You look awful.
After the launch,
You looked awful.

Steve:

Don't worry a —

Laurene:

No!
You're not shutting me out again.
You did that with Chrisann,
With Lisa,
With your friends,
But you won't do that to me.

Steve:

I'm not shutting —

Laurene:

You've got a family.
And I won't —
We won't —
Let you get sick again.
You need to take care of yourself.
Get normal treatment.
You're not one of your machines.

Steve:

What's wrong with machines?
At least they don't fail you.

Laurene:

Define "fail."

Steve:

The opposite of succeed.

Laurene:

But we're always failing.

Steve:

Not me.

Laurene:

You and me, we're always failing.

Steve:

I don't fail.

Laurene:

Sure you do,
You're a human being.
With an illness.

Steve:

I'm not built that way.

Laurene:

"Built that way?"
Listen to yourself!

Steve:

My health is perfect.

Laurene:

Why do you keep lying...

Steve:

It's perfect.

Laurene:

Lying to *yourself*?
When will you
Let in the truth?
When will you see...
Humans are messy,
Awkward and cluttered,
Look at us closely,
Open our cases,
You'll only find chaos.
Wires all jumbled,
Circuits not working,
Wrong parts,

Broken drives,
Sadness, illness,
Despair, disease,
Madness, misery...
See, humans have failings.
And there isn't one button,
That switches us on,
And switches us off.
We're never that easy.
You know you have an illness,
You know you have an awful illness,
You can't keep
Ignoring it.
You need to
Face the truth,
Face the facts.
And that will start
By accepting that you're human,
And that you may need some help,
That you're not alone in this.
I still believe
In our marriage.
But I can't stand by
And watch you fall apart.
You know that I love you,
But I can't be with you,
Unless you are willing to change.
You know that I love you,
But I cannot be with you,
Unless you are willing
To change,
To change.

Steve:

Don't leave.
Please.
I'll speak to the doctor tomorrow.
I promise.
I'm not good at this.
You know that.
I can only try.

Laurene:

You can only try.

Steve: *[with above]*

I can try.

[Laurene goes to Steve and helps him stand. They kiss.]

10 SCENE 17

**1991: The wedding,
Yosemite National Park
LYRICAL INTERLUDE**

The wedding of Laurene and Steve. A third screen rolls on; two screens project the interior of a religious space; the third a photo of Yosemite. The ensemble enters with benches, places them, and sits. There is a conspicuous empty space on one of the benches at the front). This is not a traditional Western wedding. There are gongs instead of wedding bells and Kōbun chants as Steve and Laurene stand across from each other.

11 Kōbun:

*Kan ji zai bo za tsu
Gyo jin han ya ha ra mi ta
Ji sho ken go on kai ku
Do i sai ku
Yaku sha ri shi...*

[Steve is about to kiss Laurene, when the scene freezes.]

Steve:

And on March 18, 1991,
I married Laurene.
And we had three children.

Kōbun:

And adopted a fourth...

Steve:

Lisa.

Kōbun:

*Shin mu ke ge mu ke ge ko
Mu u ku fu on ri i sai ten do mu so
ku gyo ne...*

The ensō is projected, but this time it is completed by two strokes that conjoin, rather than one stroke.

Steve:

Fitzgerald said:
"There are no second acts
In American lives."

Edward Parks (Steve)



Steve:

Enter Laurene,
And my life is transformed,
From the moment we meet.
[looking at Laurene]
I owe you everything.
For eighteen years
Of patience,
Of strength.
I owe you everything.
For keeping me in line,
For helping me
Rediscover the garage,
While not neglecting
The rest of the house.
For helping me face my illness.
You made me do my best work,
And gave me the happiest moments
In my life.
And...
I owe you everything.

[Steve returns to Laurene and kisses her.]

Kōbun: *[with above]*

Gya tei gya tei
Ha ra gya tei
Hara so gya tei
Bo ji so wa ka...
And soon...
Like the frog
In the snake's mouth.
I was gone.

*[Kōbun takes Steve over to the bench
stage right.]*

Steve:

Drowned...
Trying to save your own child.

Kōbun:

We start at nothing,
Return to nothing.
The circle ends where it was begun.

Laurene: *[with above]*

What was it Kōbun always used to say?

*The ensemble remains. Laurene walks
to an empty space on a bench with the
ensemble, and sits.*

Kōbun:

And there is only one certainty in life,
There's only one.

Laurene: *[with above]*

That "there is only one certainty in life."
Only one.

*A fourth screen is rolled on with a
large-sized poster of Jobs' image.
Lilies are brought on. It is clear that the
wedding has now become a memorial
service. The ensemble freezes. Woz enters
and sits. Laurene is in her own world.*

Laurene:

Only one, only one.

12 SCENE 18

**2011: The memorial service,
Stanford University Chapel**

Laurene: *[to herself]*

And now he is gone.
Twenty years together...

Steve:

Wait.
What is this?

Kōbun:

Doesn't look like another product launch.
Thank God for that.

Steve:

Is it —
Is it my memorial service?

Kōbun:

It is.
To commemorate, as you said,
"The single best invention of life."

Steve/Kōbun:

"Death is
The single best invention of life."

Laurene:

Wish you could have been here.
But your not being here
Is sort of the point.

Steve:

I wanted Austin roses.
Not lilies.

Laurene:

Reed wore the tie you gave him.
He hates it.
[conspiratorially]
Good job.

Steve:

Laurene...
She's beautiful.
Was she ever not beautiful?
[suddenly harsh]
What's that bastard from *ByteWorld*
Doing here?!

Kōbun:

Be still, Steve.

Steve:

And my photo's on the wrong side.

Kōbun:

Be still, Steve.
It's out of your control now.
Be still.

**Kōbun:**

Simplify.
Simplify.

The three screens fill with phrases from online tributes to Jobs until it goes completely white.

Ensemble:

Have a safe journey, Steve...
Fifty-six years...
Condolences to the family...
RIP, Steve...
Thanks for making great things...
Our generation...
Notre génération...
Nós te amamos...
iSad, iTriste, iTraurig, iKanashi...
Making better clouds...
Have a safe journey, Steve...

[The ensemble has exited; Laurene and Woz remain.]

Laurene:

A lot of important people here.
Saying important things.
Soon the press will lionize you,
And vilify you.
You were visionary,
You were cruel,
You were original,

You were a fraud.
You were such a pain,
Both a brilliant man
And a freak
And you were never easy.
But once you found your way,
Discovered you were "human,"
We found a way
To connect,
Took time to find our way
And connect
But we found a way
To connect.
To connect.
You were only a man,
And I loved you.

Woz: *[with above]*

Gone too soon,
Way too soon.
Even though you could be an SOB.
But once you found your way
Back to the garage.
And, with Laurene, a way to connect.
Yes, you did find your way
Back to the garage.
And you found a way to connect.
You found a way to connect.
To connect.

[Woz exits. Laurene remains.]

13 Laurene:
And after this is over,
The very second this is over,
For better or worse,
Everyone will
Reach in their pockets,
Or purses,
And — guess what? —
Look at their phones,
Their “one device.”
I’m not sure Version 2.0 of Steve
Would want that.
Version 2.0 might say:
“Look up, look out, look around.
Look at the stars,
Look at the sky,
Take in the light,
Take another sip,
Take another bite,
Steal another kiss,
Dance another dance,
Glance at the smile
Of the person right there next to you.”
Look up, look out, look around.
Be here now.
Be here now.
And then he would say:
“Please buy them,
But don’t spend your life on them.”

*A fourth screen rolls on and that
combined with the three screens onstage
form the fourth wall of the garage.
Paul and Young Steve reenter as before;
Young Steve uncovers his eyes. Steve looks
on. Laurene remains on one bench.*

EPILOGUE

1965: The garage of the Jobs family home, Los Altos

Paul:
Hope you like this table,
Hope you like this table I made.
Only plywood and nails,
Still, it’s a fine place to start.

Steve: *[with above, recalling]*
Hope you like this table,
Hope you like this table I made.
Only plywood and nails.

Laurene: *[with above, looking on]*
Look up,
Look out,
Be here now,
And now is...

Steve/Laurene:
...A fine place to start.

*[Music rises again as lights brighten
to blinding, then go out. The end.]*



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