六一排练日记：从周一到周五的大课间

五月二十五日 星期一 阴

从今天起，我们班的课本剧进入倒计时。老师把排练定在每天大课间，地点是教学楼后面的小广场。我们的剧演《晏子使楚》，我演楚王的手下，台词一共三句。走廊尽头风大，念台词得提着嗓子。第一遍排下来，扮演晏子的周阳把那句你是谁派来的念成了你派谁来的，全班笑倒，导演刘冉喊重来。风把剧本纸吹跑了一张，我追出去二十米才捡回来。

五月二十七日 星期三 晴

今天大课间排第二场。我三句台词已经背熟了，闭着眼都能说。出问题的是演门客的李多，他一上场就顺拐，同手同脚走了半个广场，自己先红了脸。刘冉没骂他，让他靠墙练二十遍走路。练完李多的顺拐好了，可他一上台又开始摸鼻子。我们在旁边给他数拍子，一二一，一二一，他踩着我们的声音走，终于顺了。

五月二十九日 星期五 小雨

昨天在礼堂彩排，出大事了。最后一幕要全体上前鞠躬，结果音乐提前十秒停了，我们后排三个人还在道具树后面，慌慌张张跑出来，队形全乱。回教室的路上没人说话。刘冉在黑板上写：把跑位再走三十遍。今天大课间我们就真走了三十遍，从道具树后面进，退，再进。走到第十五遍的时候，连最调皮的赵天野都没笑。

六月一日 星期四 晴

正式演出在晚上。候场的时候我手心全是汗，三句台词在心里过了四遍。幕布拉开，灯光打过来，我看不见台下，只看见一片黑。轮到那句楚王赐座，我声音又稳又亮，连我自己都吓了一跳。最后一幕，音乐响完，我们按三十遍的路径上前鞠躬，一步没乱。台下掌声响起来的时候，我忽然想起追那页被风吹跑的剧本的那个下午。

回教室拆妆，李多说他们组下周也排，问经验。我说不出什么大道理，只说了一句话：把跑位走三十遍。他愣了愣，笑了。这一周累是真的，可幕布拉开那一下，什么都值了。

Children's Day Rehearsal Diary: Break Times from Monday to Friday

May 25th. Monday. Overcast.

From today our class's textbook play enters the countdown. The teacher fixed rehearsals at every long break, at the small plaza behind the teaching building. We are performing Yan Zi's Envoy to Chu; I play a retainer of the King of Chu, with three lines in total. The wind is strong at the end of the corridor, so the lines have to be thrown from the diaphragm. In the first run-through, Zhou Yang, who plays

Yan Zi, flipped his line Who sent you into Who did you send, the whole class collapsed laughing, and director Liu Ran shouted again from the top. The wind snatched one page of the script and I chased it twenty meters to get it back.

May 27th. Wednesday. Sunny.

Today's break rehearsed scene two. My three lines are so familiar I could say them with my eyes shut. The trouble was Li Duo, who plays a court guest: the moment he entered he went same-side-same-foot, arms and legs on the same side across half the plaza, his face red before his lines. Liu Ran did not scold him; she had him practice walking against the wall twenty times. After that his walk was fixed, but once back on stage he started touching his nose. We counted beats for him from the side, one-two-one, one-two-one; he walked on our counting and finally got it right.

May 29th. Friday. Light rain.

Yesterday's dress rehearsal in the auditorium was a disaster. In the final scene everyone was supposed to step forward and bow, but the music stopped ten seconds early, and the three of us in the back row were still behind the prop trees, scrambling out in a mess, the formation ruined. Nobody spoke on the way back to the classroom. Liu Ran wrote on the blackboard: walk the blocking thirty more times. And today at the break we really walked it thirty times — in from behind the prop trees, back, then in again. By the fifteenth round, even the mischief-maker Zhao Tianye had stopped laughing.

June 1st. Thursday. Sunny.

The show was at night. While waiting backstage my palms were soaked, and my three lines ran through my head four times. The curtain opened, the lights hit me, and I could not see the audience — only a wall of darkness. When my line Bestow a seat for the King of Chu came out, my voice was steady and bright, startling even me. In the final scene, when the music finished, we stepped forward and bowed along the path we had walked thirty times, not one step wrong. When the applause rose from the dark, I suddenly thought of that afternoon chasing the page of script the wind had stolen.

Afterward in the classroom, wiping off makeup, Li Duo said his group rehearses next week and asked for advice. I had no grand wisdom, only one sentence: walk the blocking thirty times. He paused, then laughed. This week was truly exhausting, but the moment the curtain rose, it all paid for itself.

www.vv99.net

六一排练日记：楼梯间的合唱声

五月二十六日 星期二 晴

音乐老师把我们的合唱排练安排在每天中午的楼梯间。楼梯间拢音，四十个人的声音挤在两层楼之间，唱歌的人自己先被吓一跳。我们唱《明天会更好》，分两个声部。第一遍，低声部总是被高声部带跑，音乐老师喊停六次。她不说重唱，只说把耳朵借给旁边的人。第二遍，楼梯间里真的安静了一秒，然后四十个声音自己找到了位置。

五月二十八日 星期四 阴

出事的是领唱的陈晚。她唱到第二段副歌，前奏过了两小节，她的声音没进来。四十个人里四十个声音都在，唯独缺她那条最高的线。音乐老师没喊停，带着大家唱完，然后才回头看陈晚。陈晚站在原地，手指抠着谱架的边。回教室的路上她一直走在最后。班长追上去跟她并排走，两个人头碰头说了一路。第二天中午，陈晚自己走到音乐老师面前说，再给我排一次。

五月三十日 星期六 晴

今天加排了一场，专门排副歌进唱。音乐老师让陈晚闭上眼睛，只听前奏，听到第三个音再开口。练了十几遍，陈晚的耳朵记住了那个音。排练完她站在楼梯间窗口，跟每个人说对不起。没人接她的对不起，大家只是起哄说再来一遍。她愣了一下，也笑了。

六月一日 星期四 晴

演出在下午第三节课，礼堂坐满了人。第二段副歌的前奏响起来的时候，我在后排屏住呼吸。两小节，三小节——陈晚的声音进来了，比排练时还高半度，稳稳压在所有声音上面。那一刻我鼻子有点酸。最后一个音收住，礼堂静了两秒，掌声才炸开。

后台拆领结的时候，陈晚说她上台前在厕所隔间里哭了五分钟。音乐老师路过，听见了，装作没听见，只说了句唱得好。回教室的路上，我们四十个人在走廊里排成一排，谁也没说话，可谁都在哼那段副歌。这一周最难的不是嗓子，是那个卡在两小节前奏里的声音，终于自己走出来了。

Children's Day Rehearsal Diary: Singing in the Stairwell

May 26th. Tuesday. Sunny.

The music teacher scheduled our choir rehearsals at noon every day, in the stairwell. The stairwell gathers sound — forty voices squeezed between two floors, so the singers frighten themselves first. We are singing Tomorrow Will Be Better, split into two parts. In the first run, the lower part kept getting dragged off by the higher part, and the teacher called stop six times. She did not say sing it again; she only said, lend your ear to the person beside you. On the second run the

stairwell truly went quiet for one second, and then forty voices found their places on their own.

May 28th. Thursday. Overcast.

The trouble came for Chen Wan, our lead. In the second chorus, two bars past the intro, her voice never came in. Forty voices were there, and only her highest line was missing. The teacher did not stop us; she carried everyone through the song, then turned to look at Chen Wan. Chen Wan stood frozen, her fingers clawing the edge of the music stand. On the way back to class she walked at the very rear. The class monitor caught up and walked shoulder to shoulder with her, heads bent together the whole way. At noon the next day, Chen Wan walked up to the music teacher herself and said: give me one more rehearsal.

May 30th. Saturday. Sunny.

We added an extra session today, devoted to the chorus entry. The teacher had Chen Wan close her eyes, listen only to the intro, and come in on the third note. They ran it a dozen times until her ear memorized that note. After rehearsal she stood at the stairwell window and apologized to everyone one by one. Nobody accepted the apology; the class just heckled her into one more round. She froze for a second, then laughed too.

June 1st. Thursday. Sunny.

The performance was in the third period of the afternoon, the auditorium packed. When the intro of the second chorus began, I held my breath in the back row. Two bars, three bars — Chen Wan's voice came in, half a tone higher than in rehearsal, steady above every other voice. My nose stung a little at that moment. The last note closed, the auditorium stayed silent for two seconds, and then the applause burst.

Backstage, undoing bow ties, Chen Wan said she had cried five minutes in a bathroom stall before going on. The music teacher walked past, heard it, pretended not to, and only said: well sung. On the way back to class, the forty of us walked single file down the corridor, nobody talking, yet everyone humming that chorus. The hardest thing this week was not the voice — it was the voice stuck inside those two bars of intro, finally walking out on its own.

六一排练日记：谢幕之后想起的那一周

六月一日 星期四 晴

刚刚谢完幕。我坐在后台的台阶上，腿还是酸的，演出服的水钻硌着下巴。礼堂的灯一盏盏灭下去，我脑子里全是这一周的画面，像倒着放电影。

最先想起来的是昨天彩排那一下。舞台监督喊五、四、三，我们八个人在侧幕候场，马小跳转圈的时候踩到了自己的鞋带，整个人歪在道具花丛上，塑料花倒了一片。他趴在地上喊我没事，声音都变了。舞蹈老师蹲下去看他的脚踝，没肿。回教室的路上，马小跳说他不上场了，换人。全班没人接话。班长说，离演出还有一天，换人来不及，我们把他的转圈改成两个并步，他点头，眼泪在眼眶里打转。

再往前想，是这一周每天课间的排练。地点在水房旁边，那里有块水泥空地。我们对着手机里的音乐练，前奏八拍进舞步。压腿的时候水房的龙头滴答滴答伴奏，路过的低年级同学围观，被我们轰走了三次。周三练队形，八个人走成菱形总是挤成一团，舞蹈老师把地上贴了八个圆点，让我们闭着眼走，走到第八遍，睁眼，菱形自己出来了。

最早的画面是周一。舞蹈老师放音乐，我们跟着跳，跳完她只说了一句话：像八个各跳各的人。那天我们全班留在教室，把整支舞拆成八拍一节，一节一节数着过，数到放学。

然后是今天。音乐响，前奏八拍，我们八个从侧幕并进舞台，一步不差。马小跳的两个并步稳稳当当，比原来的转圈还齐。最后一个造型定住，台下亮成一片白。谢幕时我们排成一排，心里数着一、二，一起鞠躬，数到三再起，台下又笑又鼓掌。

现在后台安静了，马小跳的鞋带重新系了两个死结。他说明年六一他还跳。我把演出服上的水钻一颗一颗数了一遍，一共六十八颗，正好是我们这一周排练的总次数。原来坚持是有数可数的。

Children's Day Rehearsal Diary: The Week I Recall After the Curtain Call

June 1st. Thursday. Sunny.

We just took our curtain call. I am sitting on the backstage steps, legs still sore, the rhinestones on the costume pressing into my chin. The auditorium lights are going off one by one, and my head is full of this past week's scenes, playing backward like a film.

What comes back first is yesterday's dress rehearsal. The stage manager called five, four, three, and the eight of us waited at the side curtain when Ma Xiaotiao stepped on his own shoelace mid-spin and toppled into the prop flowers, knocking a whole row of plastic blossoms flat. He lay there shouting I'm fine, his voice already changed. The dance teacher crouched to check his ankle — no swelling. On the way back to class, Ma Xiaotiao said he would not perform, someone should replace him. Nobody answered. The class monitor said there is one day left, a replacement is

impossible, so let us change his spin into two step-togethers. He nodded, tears rolling in his eyes.

Further back is every break time this week at the rehearsal spot by the water room, where there is a patch of concrete. We practiced to the music on a phone, entering on the eight-beat intro. While stretching our legs, the dripping faucet kept time, and the little kids who stopped to watch were chased away by us three times. On Wednesday we drilled the formation; the eight of us always squeezed into a blob trying to form a diamond, so the teacher stuck eight dots on the ground and had us walk with our eyes shut. On the eighth round we opened our eyes, and the diamond was there by itself.

The earliest scene is Monday. The teacher played the music, we danced, and when it ended she said one sentence: you look like eight people dancing alone. That day the whole class stayed behind and broke the entire dance into eight-beat sections, counting through one section after another until dismissal.

And then today. Music on, eight beats of intro, the eight of us slid from the side curtain onto the stage without a wrong step. Ma Xiaotiao's two step-togethers were solid, even neater than the old spin. The final pose froze, and the audience lit up in white. At the curtain call we lined up, counted one, two in our heads, bowed together, and rose on three — the audience laughed and clapped at once.

Now the backstage is quiet, and Ma Xiaotiao's shoelaces are tied in two double knots again. He said he will dance again at next year's show. I counted the rhinestones on my costume one by one: sixty-eight in all — exactly the number of times we rehearsed this week. So persistence can actually be counted.

www.vv99.net