

# Agwe #1

## #1 - PROLOGUE / WE DANCE

*(In darkness, we hear the sounds of a violent storm. Thunder roars, and lightning flashes to reveal a group of PEASANT STORYTELLERS huddled together in fright around a fire. A CHILD cries out in terror and the ADULTS begin to tell HER a story in order to soothe HER.)*

start  
→

MAMA

There is n island where rivers run deep.

TONTON

Where the sea sparkling in the sun earns it the name Jewel of the Antilles.

TI MOUNE

An island where the poorest of peasant labor.

DANIEL

And the wealthiest of grands hommes play.

ARMAND

Two different worlds on one island!

ANDREA

The grand hommes, with their pale brown skins and their French ways, owners of the land and masters of their own fate.

PAPA GE

And the peasants, black as night, eternally at the mercy of the wind and the sea, who pray constantly...to the gods.

*(One by one, the STORYTELLERS stand, and appeal to the GODS. The dance begins.)*

stop

~~MAMA~~

~~ASAKA, GROW ME A GARDEN~~

~~TONTON~~

~~PLEASE AGWE, DON'T FLOOD MY GARDEN~~

~~TI MOUNE & ANDREA~~

~~ERZULIE. WHO WILL MY LOVE BE?~~

~~ALL~~

~~PAPA GE, DON'T COME AROUND ME~~

- 1 -

Do lines as monologue!

# Agwe #2

ALL

~~PRAY!!!~~

~~(PEASANTS exit, fighting against the high winds, as a STORYTELLER continues the story for the CHILD.)~~

STORYTELLER (ANDREA)

Some say it was the worst storm the gods had ever sent. The peasants prayed that they would live to see the morning. But what of Ti Moune? Some say she had gone without sleep so long, her mind wandered further into her dreams. That she heard no wind. No rain. Only the beating of heart for this pale, dying boy.