

mama #1

ARMAND

Your black blood will keep you
forever on this island..
while your hearts yearn forever for France!

*(As Armand exits, Daniel removes the BEAUXHOMME
mask and hurls it after Armand.)*

STORYTELLERS (Looking at DANIEL)

THE UNLUCKY ONE. THE UNLUCKY SON.
BEAUXHOMME. BEAUXHOMME.
FROM BAD BLOOD TO WORSE
THE NAME OF THE CURSE:
BEAUXHOMME.

THEY DESPISE US FOR OUR BLACKNESS.
IT REMINDS THEM WHERE THEY'RE FROM.
THE SAD, SAD TALE
OF THE BEAUXHOMME!

Beauxhomme!

*(ALL spit at Daniel angrily. STORYTELLERS begin
THEIR exit on the following lines.)*

STORYTELLER (ERZULIE)

This was the story Monsieur Julian brought with him, when
he returned to his village, ragged, exhausted, storm-tossed
and covered with mud.

MAMA EURALIE

Julian! Thank god!

STORYTELLER (ASAKA)

Leading the way for Daniel's people. The Beauxhommes. Who
reclaimed their injured son, and took him back to their
fine hotel, with its high iron gates, on the other side of
the island.

*(Two people carry Daniel offstage. STORYTELLERS
exit after them. TI MOUNE enters, and sees
Daniel being carried away. SHE runs after HIM,
screaming. TONTON catches and restrains HER.)*

TI MOUNE

NO! Let him go! You can't take him! Come back! (etc.)

start
→

Read for mama & TONTON!

TONTON

Now the gods are happy. He is in his world. And you are here, in ours. Everything is as it should be, Ti Moune. There an never be anything between a peasant and a grand homme.

TI MOUNE

Tonton, he needs me! Without me, he'll die!

MAMA

Let the gods decide his fate. What can a peasant do for a grand home but shine his she's?

TI MOUNE

Mama, his ancestor once loved a peasant girl. This time, a grand homme will marry one! I know it! I am in his blood, and he is in mine!

MAMA

Marry you! You are mad! He will not marry you, Ti Moune!

STOP

TI MOUNE

~~I must go to him! His heart beats for me like a drum. The gods are dancing for me, Mama! Please, Mama. Please Tonton Give me your blessing and let me go. I will go!~~

mama #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.