

STORYTELLERS

(Sung)

- IN ADVANCE.

ARMAND

(Spoken)

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!

(Shouted)

BEAUXHOMME!

(STORYTELLERS spit at BEAUXHOMME angrily. THEY 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. -

CALL BACK SIDE BEGIN

MAMA

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.)

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 can 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 homme* but shine his shoes?

TL 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!

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!

CALLBACK SIDE END

#8 Ti Moune

MAMA

WHAT CAN I SAY TO STOP YOU NOW,
NOW THAT YOU'VE HEARD YOUR DRUMS
AND SEEN YOUR DANCERS,
NOW THAT YOU THINK YOUR HEART HAS ALL THE ANSWERS...?

WHO KNOWS HOW HIGH THOSE MOUNTAINS CLIMB?
WHO KNOWS HOW DEEP THOSE RIVERS FLOW?
WHO KNOWS HOW WRONG A DREAM CAN GO,
TI MOUNE?

TONTON

I WON'T BE THERE TO GUIDE YOUR WAY -

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