

MONOLOGUES

ANDREA

On the other side of the Island safe behind high walls and iron gates, the Grandhommes dance to a different tune. They entertain tourists at their fine hotel and tell their servants... "Polish up the Mercedes" My dear Mademoiselle, I have something to say. Something I fear was left unsaid... Many thanks for all you've given Daniel, but do not be misled. My dear Mademoiselle, you dance so very well... I pray you'll dance for Daniel and for me, when we are wed. Daniel and I have been promised to each other since we were children. This is how things are done, Ti Moune.

STORYTELLER #1

There is an island where rivers run deep. Where the sea sparkling in the sun earns it the name "Jewel of the Antilles." An island where the poorest of peasants labor – and the wealthiest of the grands hommes play. Two different worlds on one island! The grand hommes, owners of the land and masters of their own fates. And the peasants, eternally at the mercy of the wind and the sea, who pray constantly...to the gods. Asaka, Mother of the Earth, Agwe, God Water. Erzulie. Beautiful Goddess of Love. And Pape Ge, sly Demon of Death.

STORYTELLER #2

Once on this island, there was a terrible storm. Many huts washed away! Many peasants drowned by Agwe's angry water! But one small girl caught his attention. And she was spared. An orphan plucked from the flood by Agwe. Sheltered in a tree by Asaka... and sent on a journey by the gods: a journey that would test the strength of love against the power of death... on this island of two different worlds!!

STORYTELLER #3

And Ti Moune was cast out of the Hotel Beauxhomme, and the gates slammed shut behind her. And for two weeks, Ti Moune did wait at the gate. Not eating. Not sleeping. Only waiting, only watching, as the grounds of the Hotel Beauxhomme were made even more lovely, in preparation for the wedding. And at last, Andrea and Daniel were married. And as superstition dictated, they came to the gates of the hotel to throw coins to the peasants, thus assuring that their own fortunes would multiply. And the gods began to cry – tears of compassion for the orphan Ti Moune, who proved that love could withstand the storm, and cross the earth, and survive even in the face of death.