

CANDYLADY. Honey, he'll always be in the wind.

TOULOU. Well, how you make him love you when you ain't there?

CANDYLADY. Well, you can try yo' way. Get on yo' knees and pray to God or you can steal him, ya know? Put him inside here... *(She pulls out a blue crushed velvet bag and tries to hand it to Toulou, who just stares at it with great fear.)*

TOULOU. That's yo' mojo. I can't touch it.

CANDYLADY. Sho you can! Woman can touch another woman's nation sack. *(She gain some strength. Leave a lil' bit of hers behind. It's the man that can't. 'Cause he usually the one we carry inside.)* *(Candylady tries to make her touch the bag.)*

TOULOU. Stop it, now!

CANDYLADY. Just look at it!

TOULOU. It gone make my eyes fall out.

CANDYLADY. Touch it, crazy *(chile)*! This here hold some good memories and some candy for yo' *(dreams)*. *(Toulou overcomes her fear and touches it.)*

TOULOU. What's inside yos?

CANDYLADY. All my mens. Got my first husband in here: Winky. *(We wouldn't never married though. Not in the white way. Massa wouldn't 'low it. I 'member he used to throw a lil' bit of cotton in my sack when we was in the fields. I couldn't never pick the 'mount I was suppose ta pick. "You slow gal!" he useta say. He knew he was a fast picker. Had a fast hand. Could play him some guitar, honey. They sold him off up river. I never saw him again after that. But I know he loved me, still love me. His guitar strang be shakin' in that bag on our marriage birthday. My second husband was a sweeeeeet muthafucka!)*

TOULOU. Oooooooo, tell it now!

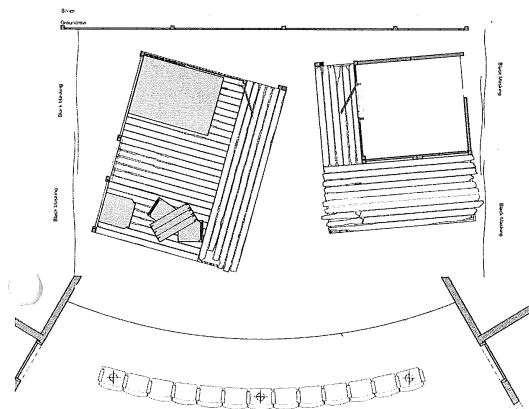
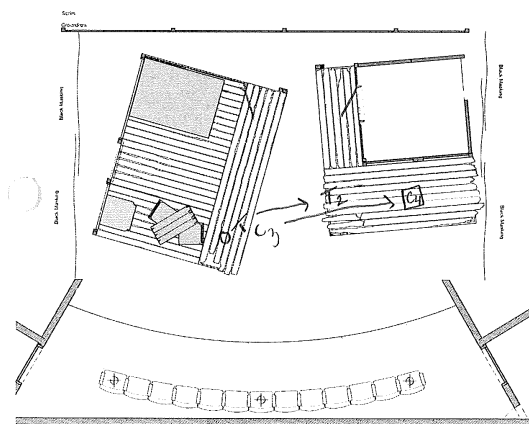
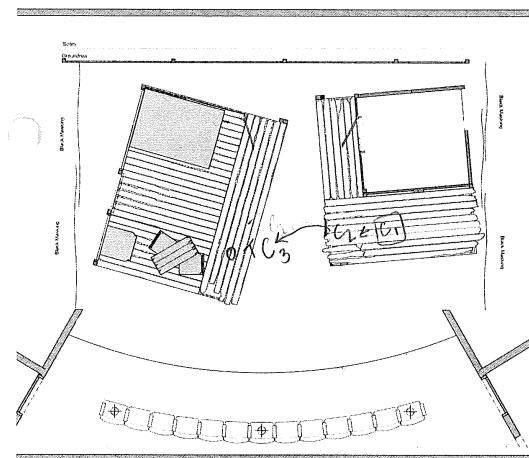
CANDYLADY. Called himself Suede! Kisses smooth one way and rough the next. He worked next to the blacksmith, makin' the animal skin into saddles, clothes, whatever them crackers wanted. He was the only nigger 'round here wearin' animal skin pants. He had eyes round as peach pies and a manhood as long as that river.

TOULOU. Oooooooo!

CANDYLADY. I'm tellin' you chile, that man was fierce! 'Til one day he caught one of them white boys down the street funnin' his sister Mae Jean. Suede struck him down in one blow. He was fierce I tell ya... They strung 'em up on that oak tree at Auction Street. He burned bright red. Never heard him scream. I gotta piece of that noose in my bag, chile. I gotta a piece of my third husband, my fourth one, my fifth... Yeah, I been good at makin' men into memories, chile. As long as they don't make a fool out of me.

TOULOU. I can always keep him by puttin' him inside here?

CANDYLADY. Just be sure it's his memory you want. It ain't always fo' sho', but faith ain't neither. *(Beat.)*



start: T sitting on floor

(a) C1 x C2

(b) C take out mojo bag

(c) C2 x C3 (brace self for step down)

(d) T stand & cover eyes

(e) C shows mojo bag in T's face

(f) T slowly turns to face C

(g) T slowly grabs bag

(h) C3 x C4 sit on "hand"

(i) T x T2 & sit on porch

TOULOU. What might I do if ... I happened to ... to decide ... ya know? — uhm — “lay down a trick?”

CANDYLADY. (Smiling.) Mmmhmm. Now, you speakin’ my language. Let’s goofer him. Make him sick ta love ya!

TOULOU. I’dn wanna make ‘em sick!

CANDYLADY. Nah! A mojo bag’ll just have ‘em thankin’ ‘bout ya, draw him to ya, but if we fixed up a root ... well, he’ll always be rooted to yo’ side.

TOULOU. Mama useta say even love can’t possess a ramblin’ man. I don’t ‘spect a trick’ll do neither!

CANDYLADY. You ain’t always gotta play with the cards you dealt. Remember, the man who got two Queen of Hearts in his hand is a cheat. But the woman wit’ two Jokers in her hand —

TOULOU. (Go) too damn much to handle!

CANDYLADY. Alright, I’m tryin’ to learn ya a lil’ somethin’, nah ... You’ll learn to play cards like a man one day. I know I have.

TOULOU. This ain’t no card game. This my life.

CANDYLADY. You’d be surprised; ain’t no difference in the two. (A train whistle blows in the background. They both look up. A man dressed in a suit enters with a small carpet bag over his shoulder.) Who is that fine hobo man comin’ up in here?!

TOULOU. Who? (She freezes.) Oh, my God! Hide me! (Toulou hides behind Candylady.)

JIB. Is that my Toulou I see o’er yonder playin’ hide-go-seek?

CANDYLADY. Look more like duck-the-lynch-mob to me.

TOULOU. Hide me, nah!

JIB. She ain’t changed since we was chilun. Two years. Two whole years! Come give yo’ big brother a hug. I bet you won’t ‘spectin’ to see me, huh? (Toulou stands still with her mouth hanging wide open.)

CANDYLADY. This the first time I’m hearin’ ‘bout a brother.

JIB. Awwww, you didn’t tell folks ‘bout yo’ favorite brother?

TOULOU. My only brother.

JIB. Gurl, quit stallin’ and give me a doggone hug!

TOULOU. I been warshin’ clothes all day. Don’t wanna get you wet. Look at that suit you got on.

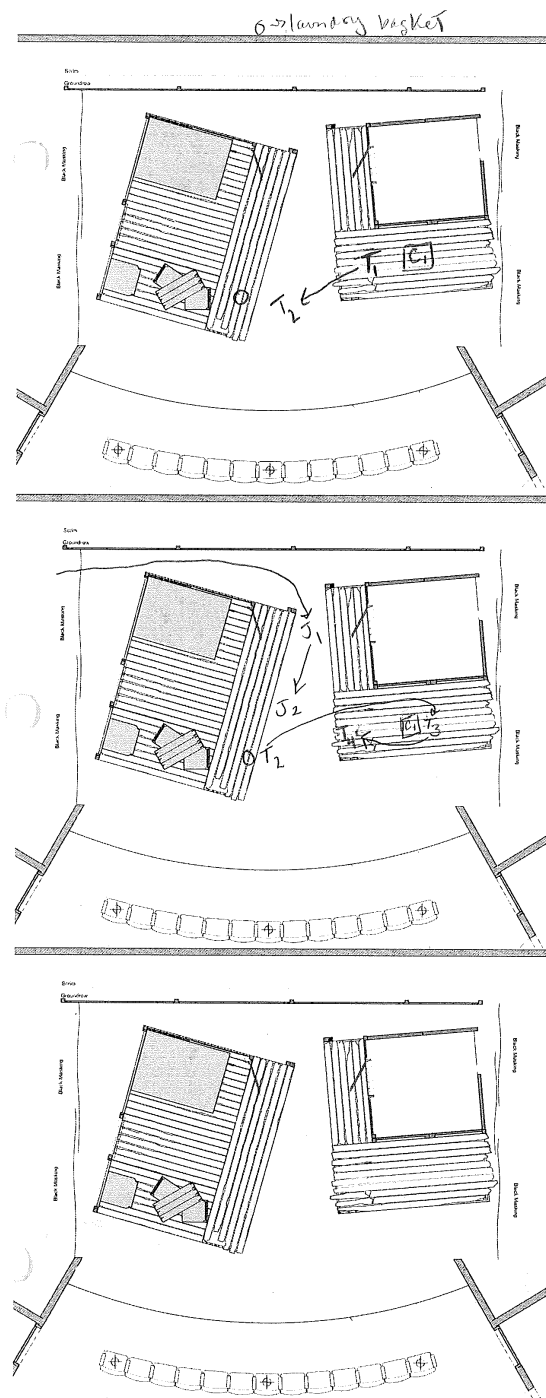
JIB. It fine, ain’t it?

TOULOU. Sho’ll is.

JIB. If I’m gonna be a preacher I got to dress like one, don’t it?

TOULOU. Followin’ in Daddy’s footsteps, huh? Well, I’d be ‘fraid to wash a suit like that on my hands. ‘Fraid I’d tear it or somethin’. How’n find me?

JIB. How I caught ya? Awwww, I remember when you was just yah-high, runnin’



start: T sitting on porch,  
in chair

a) T look straight into C eyes

b) T toss C bag & X T2

c) T grab O

d) J x J, (hits J by "me")

& T pick up laundry basket

e) T turn quick

f) T drop O

g) T2 x T3 crouch behind chair

h) J1 x J2

i) T stand

j) T2 x T4

'round in 'nem fields, you used to dream about livin' pretty top a bluff. Memphis, the Bluff City!

CANDYLADY. Now, what a fine man like you doin' bein' a preacher?

JIB. Who this heathen?

TOULOU. Where my head at? Candy lady this Jib. Jib this —

JIB. What kind of name Candy lady?

CANDYLADY. What kind of name Jib?

JIB. You got me on that one.

CANDYLADY. They call me Candy lady for one simple reason. Everybody need a lil' honey now and then. Ain't that right, Toulou?

TOULOU. She got all we need — grits, corn meal, sour pickles with peppermint sticks in the middle. Folk come all the way down from Ripley to get some of the sweet stuff she got.

CANDYLADY. And I does a lil' rootwork now and then. *Jib takes his holy oil vial and makes a cross on Candy lady's front step.*

JIB. "Depart from evil — hah — and do good; seek peace — hah — and pursue it." Psalms 34:14. I ain't sho' I'd be right proud of that.

CANDYLADY. *You want salvation; go to church. You want somethin' done; come to me.*

JIB. Guess you can't change folk evil ways, but folk come all the way down from Ripley! Whatchoo sellin' fo' free?

CANDYLADY. Oh, nothin' don't go fo' free, but my mouth.

JIB. Ooooooweeee!

CANDYLADY. I thank I likes him, chile! Yo' sister won't give you a big welcome? I will.

JIB. That's awright. I'm sure she'll give me a right good welcome later on.

CANDYLADY. Well, it was so nice to meet you. I'm fixin' ta get my store together. You stop by for anythang you want. *Candy lady exits.*

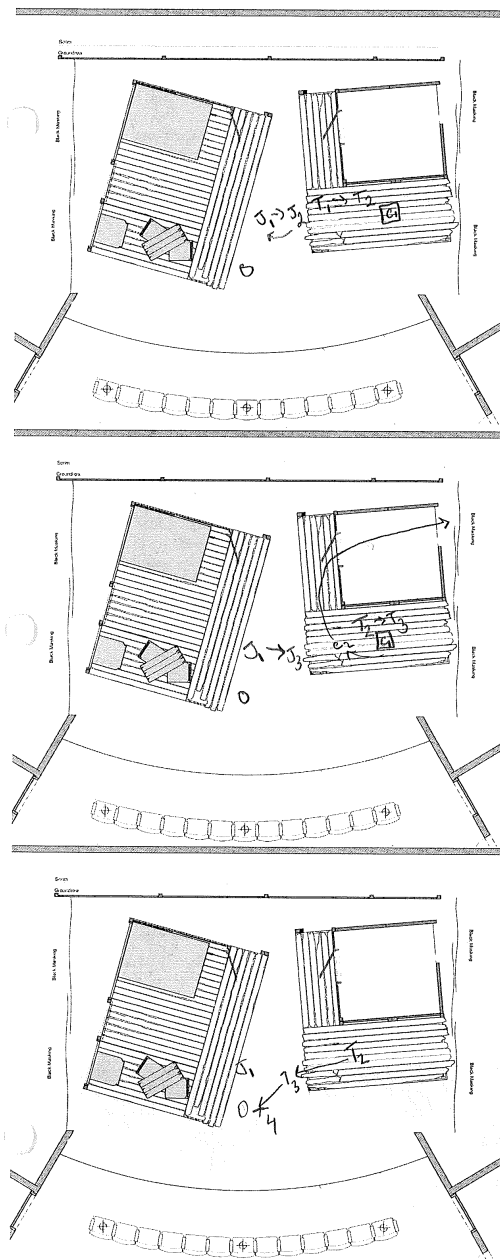
JIB. *Look a' here! Look a' here!* My sister! Done run away from home to the big city. Me and Daddy didn't know what to do when you left. Hard to find somebody that don't write ya, let ya know where they at. But "Seeketh — hah — and ye shall find." We done really missed you.

TOULOU. Folks up here talk too much.

JIB. They sho'll do, Toulou. You 'bout the only person 'round up here wit' that name.

TOULOU. *So when you leavin'?* Ya betta get goin'. It's hard to catch the train after sundown —

JIB. Whoa! Whoa! Slow down that horsie 'tween yo' legs. Where's yo' hospitality at? I just wanted to visit you for a day or two.



(a) J, X J<sub>2</sub>, J reach to T  
DS elbow, T slap J arm away,  
T<sub>1</sub> X T<sub>2</sub>, J<sub>2</sub> X J<sub>1</sub>.

(b) J pick up suitcase

(c) J put suitcase, take out  
holy oil, J<sub>1</sub> X J<sub>3</sub>, put some oil on  
finger & make a cross on porch  
then J<sub>3</sub> X J<sub>1</sub>

(d) C stand (C<sub>1</sub> X C<sub>2</sub>, T counter T<sub>2</sub>)

(e) C<sub>2</sub> ext

(f) J sits on porch lip

(g) T<sub>2</sub> X T<sub>3</sub>, T<sub>3</sub> X T<sub>4</sub> & get O

TOULOU. Mmmmmhmmph ... So how the church down there?

JIB. Well, you know after Mama pass, all Daddy could do was throw hisself into that church. You should come back and see it. Membership gettin' so big now. Everybody need some savin' 'specially them niggers runnin' 'round out here. You see, I might be startin' me up a church. Daddy say we need to spread our seed. Plant it everywhere and watch it grow like cotton in the Mississippi mud. If you do it right, it grow fast. Just need the right man to take care of it.

TOULOU. Ya sho' you'se that right man?

Q JIB. Yes, Pastor Jib is. See I gots goals. What them high falutin' blue-blood niggers call asp-cr-hations!

TOULOU. Well, look at you. Been readin' more than the Bible I see.

(C) JIB. I thought I'd be able to stay with you awhile. Maybe I can get that church  
runnin' ... (d)

TOULOU. Jib... I don't know, now.

JIB. We kinfolk. I *am* yo' big brother.

TOULOU. It's a lil' tight up in here nowadays.

JIB. Who you livin' wit'? A man. You shackin' up? So you'se a fornicator. "Let the woman — hah — learn in silence — hah — with all subjection." First Timothy, chapter 2 verse 11.

TOULOU. You might as well be talkin' jibberish for all these folks up here know. These folks don't go to church 'round here. Whatchoo need to open up is a joint, a hole-in-the-wall. That's where you'll make you some money. *(Jib sneaks up and hugs his sister from behind.)* Unh, unh, Jib! Whatcha doin'?

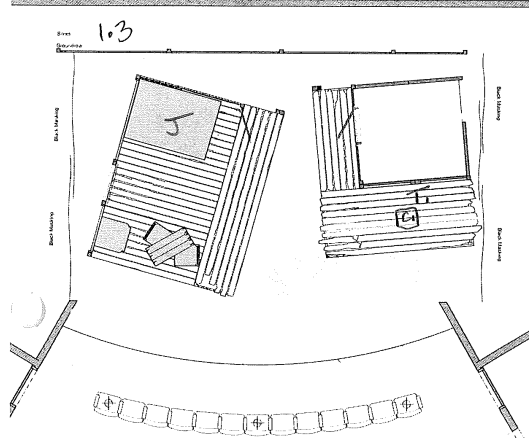
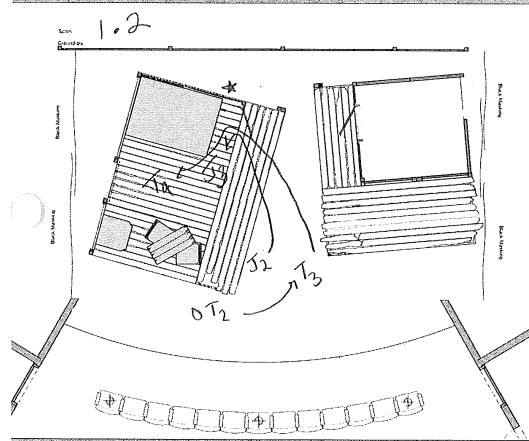
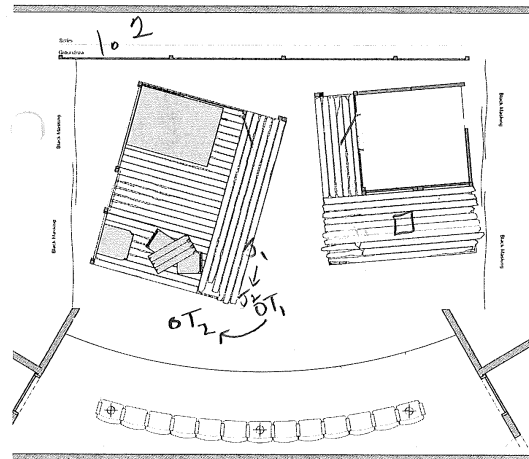
JIB. Just wanna hug my sister, that's all. *(Jib hugs her tightly and looks into her eyes. Toulou tries to push him away.)* That's all. *(He lets her go. Straightens his suit wrinkled from the tussle.)* Which one of 'em yourn? *(Toulou reluctantly points to her shack. Jib walks into it. Toulou stands watching him.)*

### Scene 3

*Morning. The shacks. Candy lady sits on her porch smoking a corn pipe, while Toulou combs her hair.*

TOULOU, I thanks I need one of them.

CANDYLADY. Not before you go to work. They get rid of you soon they



start: J sitting on porch

(a)  $T_1$  bring 0 to  $T_2$  & sit

(b) J stand

(c)  $J_1 \times J_2$

d) T stand w/ (b)

(e)  $T_2 \times T_3$ , J stops T

(f) J take D & throw on floor, gets in T's face

⑨ T goes to grab basket,  
T grabs T to hug from behind  
& flips her to face him, on  
"that's all" he let her go

h (1) T points to shack  
(2) J picks ↑ things & X J's

③ T watch  $5x$ ,  $T_x$   $T_2$

i) during trans: T put @ @\* & take  
under DSE corner of bed

i) T combining C hair

\* J eat & glasses on table,  
coat on hook, shoes on  
DS side of bed