

Calling Script Key:

T — Toulou C — Candylady

A — Ace J — Jib

x — Cross LX — Lights


SB — Standby \mathcal{A} — Sound

Q Δ — Quick Change

→ — Next page

↑ — Up/Start/Stand

↓ — Down/End/Sit

 — Turn

○○ — Look for/Watch

F - Flip (Standby near top of next page)

FF — Fast Flip (SB at top of next page)

FFF — Freaking Fast Flip (Cue at top of next page)

then you get every-
re. That's only fair.

eginnin'. (Ace deals

ay, faster and faster

re lesser of two evils.

true.

(The game stops

better than me, no
u back in the day.
ne told me number
by.) You was scared.

ad.)

: need nobody. She

JIB. What? I ain't joogin'!

ACE. So you can do anythin' you want just as long as you get down on yo' knees
at the end of the day and pray?

JIB. All sins can be washed away. He who walks in the mud, at some point must
clean his feet. See if you read Romans 6, you see we is forgiven even before we
sin. "Sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but
under grace — hah. What then? Shall we sin — hah, because we are not under
the law, but under grace? God forbid."

ACE. Last time I checked with God, funnin' yo' sister is unforgivable. Ace of
Spades. Does it everytime. (Ace raises the last card. It is the Ace of Spades.)

JIB. For all you know, that's my baby up in her belly. (Silence.) Looks like you
won. Yo' nineteen trumps my seven. But seven's a heavenly number. (Jib hands
over the poisoned Jack flask. Ace opens it and takes a long swig from the bottle to tame
the anger down. He coughs.)

ACE. That some skrong shit. (Ace begins furiously packing up his things. Just then
Toulou walks back into the house.) I thought I was gone be gone 'fore you got here.

TOULOU. Where you thank you goin'?

ACE. Lookin' like you been the one steppin' 'tween midnight and day — wit'
yo' own kin.

TOULOU. I ain't did nothin' —

ACE. Seem like you done did e'erthang up under the sun! Ain't this some shit?
Hexin' me, makin' me feel all womanish in front of you, coatin' on me witcho'
own brother!

TOULOU. No, that ain't what had happened. You gotta listen to — (Ace raises
his hand toward Toulou.)

ACE. You shut yo' mouth! I hate you with a passion that can burn a hole
through hell! Ooooweee, I just knew you was bad news. I felt it all up in my gut.
It was all there. Well, I hope I never have this feelin' again. I can't even feel no
more after today. From this day on I feel. I feel. I feel like I'm dyin'. (Ace falls
as the poison begins to take over his body.)

TOULOU. Jib, whatchoo tell him!

JIB. I ain't tell him nothin'!

TOULOU. You told him somethin', but you ain't tell him the truth. You ain' tell
him whatchoo done did, you lyin' son of a bitch —

JIB. I ain't said shit!

TOULOU. Then what he talkin' 'bout?! (Ace begins to writhe and shake.)

JIB. He just drunk off that Gold Medal. (She suddenly realizes. Toulou runs to the
fallen Ace and searches him. She finds the flask.)

TOULOU. Noooo! Go ask Candylady for the backwards potion!

JIB. Oh, Lawd have mercy. Whatchoo done put up in my flask?

TOULOU. JUST GO GET HER! NOW!

JIB. Candy lady! Candy lady! *(Jib exits to Candy lady's house.)*

TOULOU. *(To Ace.)* In a minute it's gone be alright. Candy lady gone come back. Just hold on a minute. We just gotta get you the backwards potion. Thass all. Thass all.

ACE. The backwards potion?

TOULOU. Yes —

ACE. But blues the best medicine. *(Beat. He gazes into her eyes.)* Toulou, can you sing me a song?

TOULOU. Whatchoo want me to sing?

ACE. That song you sang to me. Yo' first song.

FROM MEMPHIS TO CHICAGO

FROM NEW ORLEANS ON UP TO HARLEM

TOULOU.

FLOW, FLOW HONEY —

ACE. I'm flowing UpSouth ain't it? *(She nods her head "yes.")* You always had a song in you. You got a lotta songs. *(Candy lady enters the shack and gives Toulou a look. There are no backwards potions for this.)*

TOULOU. This what Candy lady saw ...

ACE. Toulou, sing me another.

TOULOU. Whatchoo want to hear, baby? Let me thank of somethin'. Oooo ...

I got a new song! A new song I know you gone like ...

ACE. *(Trailing off into a whisper.)* You still my wife ... Abby. *(Ace dies in her arms. Silence. She closes his eyes. From the abyss of her gut, sorrow finds its way into her trembling mouth. She vomits forth a scream of a million tortured souls. The shack crumbles beneath the weight of her wail. Jib stands outside the shack, afraid of going in. All Toulou can do is sing through her tears.)*

TOULOU.

GOTTA CATCH THAT TRAIN

RIDE IT LIKE A MAINE

GOTTA CATCH THAT TRAIN

IT'S COMIN' IN

MY HEART WILL DIE JUST TO

RIDE ON THAT TRAIN

GOTTA CATCH THAT TRAIN

RIDE IT LIKE A MAINE.

End of Act Two

58

beat

1-2-3-4-5-60

LX: 183
A: 589

LX: 179

20 Cent LX: 180

C porch LX: 180.5

A: 581

SB LX 181-185
A 582-590
walls

LX: 181 & A: 582

on black A: 583

on clear

LX: 182
walls 123
A: 584
wall 2
A: 585

A: 586

Spring

SB LX 180 780.5
A 581

TOULOU.

I LOVE

AND HE

BUT SW

DON'T I

BUT GIV

MAMA U

KNOW V

THE RO

I'MA STA

GOTTA C

RIDE IT

GOTTA C

IT'S COM

MY HEAR

JUST TO

GOTTA C

IT'S COM

A WOMAN

SHE BREA

A MAN HI

HE TAKE

BUT THIS

GOT SOM

I'MA SHAI

TIL EVERY

GOTTA CA

FFF

EPILOGUE

T humming LX: 185

Springtime. Morning. Ruby-lipped Toulou stands playing the guitar, continuing the song she started when Ace died her arms.

T ent 1:590

TOULOU.

I LOVED THAT MAINE
AND HE LOVED ME TOO
BUT SWEET LOVE
DON'T DO NOTHIN'
BUT GIVE YOU THE BLUES
MAMA USETA SAY YOU GOTTA
KNOW WHEN TO LEAVE
THE ROAD MADE BY WALKIN'
I'MA START MY FEET

GOTTA CATCH THAT TRAIN
RIDE IT LIKE A MAINE
GOTTA CATCH THAT TRAIN
IT'S COMIN' IN
MY HEART WILL DIE
JUST TO RIDE ON THAT TRAIN
GOTTA CATCH THAT TRAIN
IT'S COMIN' IN

A WOMAN HEART BROKE
SHE BREAK DOWN AND CRIES
A MAN HEART BROKE
HE TAKE A TRAIN AND RIDES
BUT THIS LIL' LADY
GOT SOMETHIN' TO SING
I'MA SHAKE THIS SKY
TIL EVERYBODY KNOW ME

GOTTA CATCH THAT TRAIN

SB 4593

RIDE IT LIKE A MAINE
GOTTA CATCH THAT TRAIN
IT'S COMIN' IN
MY HEART WILL DIE
JUST TO RIDE ON THAT TRAIN
GOTTA CATCH THAT TRAIN
RIDE IT LIKE A MAINE

2:593

(The train sounds.)

CANDYLADY. It's time. So you leavin' the ol' lady, huh? When you comin' back to visit us?

TOULOU. I'm gone play a couple of joints down the road. Be back soon.

CANDYLADY. Lil' Acie Mae, what Mama gone call herself? "Hoodoo Toulou"? Yes, Mama gone call herself —

TOULOU. Naw, I thank I'ma come up with somethin' else. Better. Name myself for once.

CANDYLADY. I's see. I's see. (Toulou comes to peer over Candylady's shoulder.) Ain't that face the face of yo' love?

TOULOU. She got his lips.

CANDYLADY. Mmmmmhmmmm. People will stay in yo' heart much longer than in yo' days. But, we'll always have a lil' piece of him with us. Won't we? (The train whistle blows.) That's the last train to Clarksdale. (Toulou picks up her bag and begins to walk away. Candylady grabs her hand.) You know ... ain't no backwards potions to them kinda changs. (Toulou nods her head.)

TOULOU. They say, "When a woman heart broke, she break down and cries. When a man heart broke, he take a train and rides." I'ma catch that train. (Toulou looks at Candylady. A look is all they need. Toulou walks away down the road. Candylady sings a lullaby "The Story," while rocking the baby to sleep. The sounds of Rhonda's playing children can be heard.)

CANDYLADY.

AND THAT'S THE WAY THE STORY GO
ON THE BLUFF WHERE BLUE GRASS GROW
THAT'S THE WAY THIS HOODOO TALE END
WHERE BROKEN WINGS DON'T TRY TO MEND
AND THAT'S THE WAY THE STORY GO
AND THAT'S THE WAY THE STORY GO

End of Play

C. clear

Cast ext

Post-Show

60

C hum

lights

LX:187

LX:189
2:700

LX:191

LX:193

LX:186.5

2:603

SB 4595

2:595

SB LX:186
2:600

LX:
186
2:600

SB LX:186.5-193
2:603-700

As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me!

VALENTINE

I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my page,
Bid them make haste and meet me at the North-gate.

PROTEUS

Go, sirrah, find ~~him~~ **them** out. Come, Valentine.

VALENTINE

O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine!

Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS

LX:112

LAUNCE

I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to
think my master is a kind of a knave.

on text

LX:114
sd: 27

① comm check
② SB LX 118-124
sd 29-32

--Intermission--

when Meg off

house lights
LX:116
sd: 28

back from intermission

③ LX:118
sd: 29
LX:120
sd: 31
④ LX:122

LAUNCE

I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to
think my master is a kind of a knave, but that's
all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now
that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a
team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who
'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I
will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid.

⑤ step out
of circle

LX:123
sd: 32

Meg set (music
bump)

She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel.

Pulling out a paper

SB LX 124

Here is the cate-log of her condition.

Item: She can fetch and carry.' Why, a horse
can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only
carry; therefore is she better than a jade.

Enter SPEED

LX:124

SPEED

TIMER

Two Gentlemen of Verona – New Swan Cut by Beth Lopes – 2019 season

THURIO

Who? Silvia?

PROTEUS

Ay, Silvia; for your sake.

THURIO

I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, Host, and JULIA in boy's clothes

LX: 152

Host

Now, my young guest, methinks you're melancholy: I
pray you, why is it?

SB LX 154
Ad 38

JULIA

Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host

Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where
you shall hear music and see the gentleman that you asked for.

JULIA

But shall I hear him speak?

Host

Ay, that you shall.

JULIA

That will be music. / on Thurio button press
Music plays

LX: 154
Ad: 38

Host

Two Gentlemen of Verona – New Swan Cut by Beth Lopes – 2019 season

Hark, hark!

JULIA

Is he among these?

Host

Ay: but, peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG. (Some combo of Proteus, Thurio and musicians)

Who is Silvia? what is she,

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair and wise is she;

The heaven such grace did lend her,

That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness.

Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness,

And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling;

She excels each mortal thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling:

To her let us garlands bring.

To her let us garlands bring.

Host

How now! Are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? The music likes you not.

JULIA

You mistake; the musician likes me not.

But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host

I tell you what Launce, his man page, told me: he loved
her out of all nick.

JULIA

SB LX 156 - 168
1d: 39, 40

LX: 156

LX: 158

② Thurio speaks LX: 160

③ proteus takes mic LX: 162

LX: 164

⑤ LX: 166
1d: 39

LX: 168
1d: 40

SB LX 170
1d: 41