

CONGO SQUARE
(A Musical)

Original book and lyrics
by
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Music
by
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BLURB

“I know that you’be been worryin’,
but you don’t have to worry anymore--
‘cause I am safe now. . .”

A trap door flies open, a rifle is thrown up onto the stage and Willy Beau, a young Black Man, wearing an R.O.T.C. uniform and carrying a rifle, climbs up into a dimly-lit space, where cobweb-covered Mardi Gras costumes, floats, elaborate masks and costumed mannequins have been stored for years. He's pursued by the Mayor, the police, and an angry mob. Not knowing why they're after him, Willy Beau wildly shoots some rounds out over the mob! In a kind of self-induced, frenzied amnesia, he retreats into musical fantasy worlds with his mannequin friends; fantasies that involve corruption, madness, the heroism of historical or mythical black characters--and Congo Square, where the slaves would dance to release their joy!

A white woman, Delphine, enters, with her own fantasies and, together, the two innocents fall in love; confront a corrupt mayor who gets into the space, and they journey through a minefield of corruption to discover the truth about what brought Willy Beau to this point. Finally -- and often with outrageous humor -- they find the strength to face a violent -- but transcendent -- destiny.

Through powerful, moving music and lyrics, CONGO SQUARE is a musical tour-de-force that takes the audience on a roller coaster ride of audacious theatricality -- and into a moving spectacle of shattered, romantic innocence.

CLAIBE RICHARDSONComposer

Claibe Richardson composed the score for the Broadway musical, THE GRASS HARP, based on the Truman Capote novel. He also wrote the songs and incidental music for Faye Dunaway's, THE CURSE OF AN ACHING HEART, Ellis Rabb's, THE ROYAL FAMILY and THE PHILADELPHIA STORY--all produced on Broadway. THE GRASS HARP and the his musical, LOLA, have been recorded on CDs. His songs are also featured on Barbara Cook and Ben Bagley UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS recordings.

His musical, GROSSINGERS, is headed for production; and NIGHT OF THE HUNTER, which was produced at New York's Vineyard Theatre in 1998, was released on the Varese Sarabande CD label.

Before he died last year, Claibe was present at Carnegie Hall on October 25, 2002, when Skitch Henderson, conducting the New York Pops Orchestra, gave the World Premiere performance of THE GRASS HARP SUITE, orchestrated by Jonathan Tunick (Sondheim's Orchestrator) -- an event that led to a standing ovation and gave Claibe great joy.

SONG BREAKDOWN AND BOOK SYNOPSIS:

“CONGO SQUARE”
(as featured on CD recording)

ACT 1

The place is New Orleans. The scene is a dimly-lit room where cobweb-covered Mardi Gras costumes, floats, elaborate masks and costumed mannequins have been stored for years. Prominent in the dust is an elaborate Mardi Gras float with a huge puppet hanging from it.

1. OVERTURE

At curtain: a trap door flies open, a rifle is thrown up onto the stage and Willy Beau, a young black man, enters wearing an R.O.T.C. uniform and carrying a rifle. He's come to this space often, to quietly live out fantasies with his mannequin friends. Feeling secure, he sings to them while changing into various costumes:

2. (Song) SAFE NOW (Willy Beau)

Outside, amplified, Mayor Anderson calls up to Willy Beau to give himself up for killing someone -- a black man. Willy Beau blocks out the shooting incident--wildly shoots out some rounds over the mob--and in a kind of self-induced, frenzied **amnesia**, now retreats into violent fantasies that involve corruption and/or madness of historical or mythical black characters--and also involve a once actual place in New Orleans, called Congo Square, where the slaves were allowed to dance and release their joy!

(First musical fantasy:

Willy Beau as the corrupt black boy about to bribe the natives from Congo Square.

(Songs:)

3. CONGO SQUARE ON SUNDAY (Willy Beau)

4. DANSE CALINDA (Willy Beau)

5. TWO FACE! SPLIT TONGUE! (Willy Beau)

Pressed further by the amplified Mayor, Willy Beau moves into his

Second musical fantasy: as the corrupt, swashbuckling, 19th century mulatto sword master and seducer of white women, Bastille Croquere.

(Song:)

6. I'M BASTILLE CROQUERE (Willy Beau)

A white woman, Delphine, finds her way into the secret, magical, space. In his fear and confusion he knocks her out and, guilty, retreats to a fantasy where he imagines himself as the tragic black jazz trumpeter, Buddy Bolden

Third musical fantasy:

(Song:)

7. MY NAME IS BUDDY BOLDEN (Willy Beau)

Delphine revives; tells Willy Beau she works as a waitress downstairs in the Chateau Leveau, and has followed him this time to persuade him to give himself up--something that would make all of New Orleans finally see her, "Miss Nonentity." She also claims she knows him. But Willy Beau can't remember--doesn't want to remember; instead, he seduces her into his fantasy worlds.

4th musical fantasy:

In drag, Willy Beau becomes a corrupt but generous and elegant Storyville Madam of the Chateau Laveau--and transforms Delphine from frightened loser --into a Star!

(Songs:)

8. WHA, WAH WAH! (Willy Beau)

9. ELEGANCE AND GRACE (Willy Beau)

10. STAR! (Delphine)

Overwhelmed at Willy Beau's ability to give her self confidence and totally attracted to him now -- and also secure in **his** fantasy world-- Delphine fills in more of the jig saw pieces of their lives--and Willy Beau begins to remember; and when Mayor Anderson's amplified voice once again intrudes, Willy Beau recalls more details of some major corrupt enterprise that the Mayor is involved in -- and retreats into an even more brutal

Fifth musical fantasy: Willy Beau and Delphine as the infamous butchers of New Orleans: The white Madam DeMaurier and her black butler/lover, Giles; who torture her black slaves, are discovered; but who, like so many of the Mighty, escape retribution.

{Songs:}

11. THE BIG HOUSE ON ROYAL STREET (Willy Beau)

12. AND SHE DANCES (Willy Beau)

13. YES, THERE WAS THE LIE (Willy Beau)

14. AND ONTO THE CARRIAGE (Willy Beau)

The act ends with Willy Beau and Delphine dancing wildly and knocking over mannequins. Mayor Anderson's amplified voice is heard. "I'm coming up. You and I have got to meet." But the dancers keep dancing . . .

END OF ACT ONE

ACT 2

The Dancers are still dancing. Mayor Anderson, a Black Man, comes on -- he's found a secret entrance into the room -- the anus of a horse float. He's captured, but warns Willy Beau that Willy Beau's father is also involved and will be implicated if exposed. Willy Beau agonizes over this

(song): 15. WHY CAN'T I BRING HIM IN CLEAR? (Willy Beau)

Mayor Anderson urges Willy to give up, take all the blame for killing the black man and not implicate the Mayor of his father or it will lead to Willy Beau's

(Song)16. DESPAIR! (Mayor Anderson)

Willy Beau still can't remember killing anyone; but he's close to remembering. . .one more fantasy. . .this time it will be a fantasy with a larger-than-life black hero. And Mayor Anderson is forced to take part -- be the heavy plantation owner in the

(Sixth musical fantasy:

Willy Beau as the swamp hero, Bras Coupè.

(Songs:)

17. SWAMP FEVER (Willy Beau and Delphine)

18. BRAS COUPE (Willy Beau, Delphine, Mayor Anderson)

In the fantasy The Mayor, as the Plantation Owner, gets Delphine to betray Bras Coupè. Willy Beau breaks out of the fantasy in despair.

(Song)19. EVERYTHING ENDS (Willy Beau)

Mayor Anderson leads the defeated Willy Beau through a reenactment of the event where the black man was killed.

(Song) 20. MARCHING TO THE FAIR (Willy Beau)!

In a concluding confrontation, the corrupt mayor is killed and Willy Beau and his Delphine are willing to face all the consequences of their actions now; decide to stay in their magical world and they waltz and waltz and waltz-- as the wrecking ball hits and hits and hits; and the whole world collapses around them. But, through it all, they keep waltzing, waltzing

(finale) 21. WALTZ TO

CURTAIN

Characters

Willy Beau Squire
Delphine DeMaurier
Mayor Anderson

Time

The Present.

Place

New Orleans.

In a dimly-lit, warehouse-sized room,
where cobweb-covered Mardi Gras costumes,
floats, and costumed mannequins have been kept for years.

Act 1

A space, where cobweb- covered Mardi Gras costumes and floats have been Kept for years. Figures are dimly-seen standing, leaning, sitting throughout the space.

AT CURTAIN: Silence.

Then a trap door flies open and a rifle is thrown up onto the stage, followed by Willy Beau Squire. He's a young black man dressed in an ROTC uniform.

He slams shut the trap door. Some of the figures in the shadows move.

WILLY BEAU

Hey! It's only me! Willy! Willy Beau! I'm back!

(Begins taking off ROTC uniform.

He says the next very "darkie.")

How come all you chil'in are settin' there in the gloomy dark?

(Himself again)

Mama? You forget to pay the light bill again? . . . Now, now, Mama; you know Willy Beau Squire; likes to josh. . . . Buddy. How's your lip? Swelling gone down? Oh, damn! I didn't get that cup mute for you. Wurlein's wasn't open. Sorry, Buddy; I'll get it for you tomorrow. Okay? . . . Buddy? . . . Wow! I can see I'm going to have a rough time with you guys tonight. --Hey! How about you, Marie!!--You're always

WILLY BEAU

(continued)

good for a few laughs> Any new dirt on some of your well-heeled tricks? . . .
Nothing. . . C'mon, all of you; don't be like that. So I've been gone longer than
usual this time. But I'm back and everything is going to be all right.

(SINGS; SAFE NOW)

I KNOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN WORRYING,
BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ANYMORE;
'CAUSE I AM SAFE NOW.
YOU KNOW I COULDN'T STAY AWAY,
AWAY FROM THIS ENCHANTED PLACE;
WHERE I AM SAFE NOW.

WE PUT IT ALL TOGETHER HERE
AND I RAN BACK TO PLAY THE GAMES WE PLAY;
THE GAMES THAT ONLY WE KNOW HOW TO PLAY.

YOU KNOW WE'VE GOT A LOT TO SHARE,
AND WE HAVE ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD;
SINCE I AM SAFE NOW.
FEEL HOW THE JOY IS RUSHING IN;
FEEL IT EXPLODING,
NOW THAT I'M BACK HERE--
SAFE NOW!

HERE WHERE I KNOW I'M AT HOME AGAIN!
HERE WHERE I KNOW I BELONG AGAIN!
SAFE TO RELAX AND LET GO, I'M FINALLY SET FREE!
INSIDE THIS PEACEFUL, PAINLESS PLACE,
I'M SAFE NOW WITH YOU. . .

AND YOU'RE SAFE HERE WITH ME.

(Willy Beau moves into the shadows
and brings on some of the figures
we have seen.

THEY ARE MANNEQUINS!

Willy Beau arranges them around the room
so that they are clearly visible.)

WILLY BEAU

(SINGS)

'CAUSE I AM SAFE NOW. . .

WHERE I AM SAFE NOW. . .

WE PUT IT ALL TOGETHER HERE,
AND I RAN BACK TO PLAY THE GAMES WE PLAY;
THE GAMES THAT ONLY WE KNOW HOW TO PLAY.

(As he lights the room, we see that there
are other mannequins wearing costumes. Also
revealed in the room is the remains of a
huge Mardi Gras Puppet hoisted up a pole)

YOU KNOW WE'VE GOT A LOT TO SHARE,
AND WE HAVE ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD;
SINCE I AM SAFE NOW.

FEEL HOW THE JOY IS RUSHING IN.
FEEL IT EXPLODING,
NOW THAT I'M BACK HERE--
SAFE NOW!

HERE WHERE I KNOW I'M AT HOME AGAIN!
HERE WHERE I KNOW I BELONG AGAIN!
SAFE TO RELAX AND LET GO, I'M FINALLY SET FREE!
INSIDE THIS PEACEFUL, PAINLESS PLACE,
I'M SAFE NOW WITH YOU. . .
AND YOU'RE SAFE HERE WITH ME.

ANDERSON

(Off. Over AMPLIFIED BULLHORN)

William! William Beauregard Squire! We tracked you down!

WILLY BEAU

(picking up a rifle)

Everybody stay still! Don't make a sound!

ANDERSON

(Off)

Come to the window, William. Talk to me. I'm right across the street from the Chateau Laveau. The unarmed man talking into the bullhorn--that's me: Mayor Anderson.

WILLY BEAU

(Peeking out)

Will you look at that! There's an army of them down there!

ANDERSON

(Off)

William--you should know that there is some sympathy and understanding for what you did. It was visibly clear, after all, that you were trying to protect your father.

WILLY BEAU

—FATHER!?

ANDERSON

(Off)

—and he's all right, William. Just minor shock. He's resting comfortably at your house. —But please try to understand, William: You can't hide behind a father forever; no matter how prominent and beloved he is.

WILLY BEAU

(To a black woman mannequin)

Do you have any idea what he's talking about, Mama?

ANDERSON

(Off)

And William, you may think you're safe buried up there somewhere in The Chateau Laveau--

WILLY BEAU

(To the room)

Damned right I'm safe! I'm the only one who knows the trap doors into this secret room!

(To the Mama mannequin)

Isn't that right, Mama?

ANDERSON

(Off)

--but we can rush the building; tear it apart. Find you. But you are armed. And, justified or not, you did shoot a man.

WILLY BEAU

Crazy! The man's crazy!

ANDERSON

(Off)

He's still alive, thank God! But, I've got to tell you; it's touch-and-go for that poor old black man you shot.

WILLY BEAU

Shot?!?! Never! I mean--Christ!--Mama, I couldn't shoot any-- Not the way you brought me up! Jesus!!

ANDERSON

(Off)

William! At least show yourself! Make some sign that you understand!

WILLY BEAU

I'd better get out there. Clear this up. A mistake.

(Starts to dress)

ANDERSON

(Off)

Hey! Stop that man! He's going to--For God's sake! Stop him!

(A CANISTER OF GAS CRASHES
THROUGH THE WINDOW.

Willy Beau quickly picks up the canister, flings it back out through the window before much gas can fog the room. Then, rapidly, as if he's done this before, Willy Beau places and secures boards against windows; pulls dusty old drapes that block out parts of the window; pulls some levers and creates pools of light)

WILLY-BEAU

Crazy! Ugly! Mean! My place!

(Then, through some narrower, slit-like stained glass windows near the door, Willy Beau fires a few rounds out.

SOUND; Crowd in terror)

That was tear gas, you know. Tear gas, for Christ's sake! You all all right? --Marie? --Buddy?--Mama?

ANDERSON

(Off)

William? That wasn't one of us! Who fired the tear gas! Not the police!--Some "gas-happy"--somebody! --You've got to believe that. Now, I'll try my best to see that that kind of thing doesn't happen again. But you see how they're losing sympathy for you--how edgy they've become?

WILLY BEAU

You mean how crazy they've become!

ANDERSON

(Off)

And no more bullets from you. Okay, William? Because that won't settle anything or make us go away. We tracked you down from Beauregard Square, William. So we're not about to pull back now.

(MUSIC: under)

WILLY BEAU

Hey, Mama--Everybody! We know Beauregard Square, don't we? We've sure used it enough in our games. A hundred years ago it had a different name, though. Congo Square. Congo Square--where all the slaves had the right to dance--let themselves go--GET THEIR JOY! And nobody--NOBODY--could stop them. Congo Square.

(MUSIC: Out)

ANDERSON

(Off)

So I'm offering you the only deal you can take, William. If you come out now, I promise to use all my influence to see that you get treatment--not punishment.

WILLY BEAU

Always a deal. Always a goddamned deal! --Hey! Everybody! That's what we've got to do this time! Get ourselves involved in a deal! But this time we've got to make up something low and dirty and--

(Holds his head as if he's just been stabbed over the eyes)

Why? --Why low and dirty? Why do I understand it must be low and dirty? What's going on? Why can't I understand? Anything?--Mama! All of you! You've got to help me to understand--No no! I DON'T WANT TO UNDERSTAND!

ANDERSON

(Off)

William!--Treatment!--Not punishment!

(Willy Beau stabs the Giant Puppet.
A WOMAN FALLS OUT!)

WOMAN

Oh, God! You wounded me! Look! I'm bleeding!

WILLY BEAU

Oh, my G-g-g-god! I d-d-didn't m-m-mean--

WOMAN

No! Don't touch me! You're crazy!

WILLY BEAU

N-n-no. Not crazy. Clumsy. C-C-confused.

ANDERSON

(off)

William! William! Give me an answer! Believe me! They are getting on my back down here! Help me help you!

WOMAN

Help!

WILLY BEAU

What are you doing here!?

WOMAN

(Shouting out!)

He thinks he's other people! --stabbed me! Get me out of--!

WILLY BEAU

(clapping his hand over her mouth)

How did you find me?

(Realization)

The puppet!

(He drags her to the Puppet)

--Another trap?! --One I don't know about?! This float--!

(Releases her to secure the trap)

WOMAN

(Rushes to the window)

Help!

(Willy Beau rushes to her; Stops her before she gets to the window; claps his hand over her mouth again)

WILLY BEAU

Stop that!

ANDERSON

(Off)

--William! --What's going on up--?! William--!!!

(The Woman bites Willy Beau's hand.
He hits the Woman. She falls)

WILLY BEAU

I'm sorry I hit you. Hey! You all right? Oh, God! I killed her for sure. She's dead.

(MUSIC: Under)

Look. Listen! A funeral carriage! A coffin--! Man, I gotta join that funeral parade! --that Dixieland funeral--!

(Starts putting on a Jazz man's costume)

You can follow me if you like, Ladies. Why, I just hear about a funeral parade shapin' up to progress to the graveyard other side o' town and I close up my tonsorial Parlour; grab my cornet--

(takes cornet hanging from nearest manikin)

--an' play sad an' low goin' down--that's to show respect for the dead--an' play happy an' snappy comin' back--to show respect an' joy for the livin'--An' see!--see all those kids standin' on the road with their mouths open?! That's 'cause they never heard such a sound! Right! 'Cause I'm the dude--they say--who created the jazz horn--yeah!-- an' they are right! It's 1890 an'--

(SINGS: MY NAME IS BUDDY BOLDEN)

MY NAME IS BUDDY BOLDEN,
LOOK AT ME GET DOWN.
I'M THE BARBER THAT ALLTHE GAL'S ADORE.
I HIT THE LOW NOTES; I HIT THE SWEET NOTES.
I HIT ALL THE NOTES IN BETWEEN.
BUT THE NOTES I LOVE--THE NOTES I LOVE
ARE THE NOTES THAT START OUT FROM THE FLOOR!

AN' THEY FLY!

AN' THEY FLY!

THEY HIT SAINT PETER'S GATE--THEY FLY SO HIGH.
THEY BECOME THE LORD'S FRONT BUZZER
AS HE LETS YOU THROUGH THE LIGHT.
AN' THEY HANG UP THERE
AN' THEY BECOME THE STARS IN THE NIGHT.

(Willy Beau dances.

The Woman revives and looks on.

Frozen.

Willy Beau is happy, confident in his strut.
Then something dissonant happens in his head.
He becomes frightened, confused, disoriented.
And suddenly, it's not Buddy Bolden singing anymore;
it's Willy Beau Squire trying to sort out
the threat and feeling of despair)

WILLY BEAU

(continued. Sings)

BUT IF BUDDY WAS SO HAPPY,
THEN HOW COME HE WENT MAD?
'CAUSE HE DID, YOU KNOW,
THEY SAY THAT HE WAS, OH SO SAD:

HE WAS BLOWIN' A PARADE
AND HIS GOLDEN CHEEKS TURNED RED,
AS HE BLEW SO HIGH HE FINALLY BLEW HIS HEAD!

WHY, WHY, WHY!?
WHY BLOW SO HIGH!?
WHY GET SO HOT THAT YOUR BRAINS GOT TO FRY!?!?

PLAY IT LOWER, BUDDY BOLDEN.
PLEASE DON'T GIVE THAT HORN A SCOLDIN'.
AND YOU'LL REACH AN AGE THAT'S GOLDEN. . .
BY AND BY.

(END OF SONG)

ANDERSON

(Off)

William! Now listen! We have sent for your father.

WILLY BEAU

No! No!

(SINGS)

WHY CAN'T I BRING HIM IN CLEAR?
WHY CAN'T I BRING HIM IN SHARP?

(The Woman starts inching toward
the window)

ANDERSON

(Off)

Do you hear, William?! Your father! We getting him out of his sick bed--even that! Anything to get you to see the light! Maybe he ca--?!?!

(Willy Beau gets to the Woman;
drags her to the window. Without thinking,
he chokes her while he shouts out:)

WILLY BEAU

Stop talking! And stop calling me "William!" William is weak! William is confused! William is led by the nose! I'm Willy Beau--Willy Beau Squire! Do you hear?! And Willy Beau Squire will find his joy!!!

ANDERSON

(Off)

Who is--!? William!! IS THAT A HOSTAGE!?--!! William!! --Easy! Easy!-- Whoever it is--don't hurt her!!!

(Willy Beau stops choking the Woman)

It's okay, William! We won't do anything! We won't!--Just don't hurt her!

(Pause)

WILLY BEAU

(To Woman)

I'm sorry. But you're here and I keep--why? Why did you come up here?

1-25

WOMAN

You're a part-time doorman at The Chateau Laveau. I'm a waitress.

WILLY BEAU

Doorman. . .The Chateau Laveau. . .

(He moves to a mannequin with a gown)

WOMAN

We never met. Just did our jobs. Blended into the place. Ignored. But I could see--I really could--that there was an intensity, a fire--a fire?--No! --a blaze going on behind your eyes; the same kind of blaze that was still flickering in me.

(Willy Beau begins to put on
the gown from the mannequin)

WILLY BEAU

The Chateau Laveau. Yes.

(MUSIC: Whorehouse piano. Under)

. . .Famous Sportin' House from famous Storyville. . .Conspicuous elegance. .
. Champagne. . .the most beautiful women in the French Quarter: Quadroons;
Mulattos; whites. . .Yeah, Mama, that's another kind of corruption I've got to
taste!. . .to create! . . .Flesh peddling and elegance. Payoffs and Chic. Depravity
and class!

(He's now completely in drag,
as Marie Laveau)

COME ON IN! STEP RIGHT IN! I'm the Madam and I call myself Marie Laveau.
Base myself on the famous Voodoo Queen. Where this house is, the famous
Voodoo Parlour of Marie Laveau used to stand. I'm successful and rich and
elegant and shrewd and tough and beautiful. And I'm black. So that's an extra
kick. And my musicians are the best. It's 1917 and Storyville is the place to be
from coast to coast. SO--

(SINGS: RAMBLE ON DOWN TO THE CHATEAU LAVEAU)

RAMBLE ON DOWN TO THE CHATEAU LAVEAU, BOYS.
WAH, WAHWAH WAH WAH.
WHERE ALL OF MY GIRLS WILL GET UP AND GO, BOYS.
WAH, WAHWAH WAH WAH.

THE DECOR'S HAUTE; THE FURNITURE GRAND.
I'VE GOT MY PROFESSOR LEADING THE BAND.
AND IF THAT DON'T GRAB YOU, I'LL TAKE A HAND
AND WAH, WAHWAH, WAH WAH WAH.
WAH, WAHWAH, WAH WAH WAH.

WILLY BEAU

(continues SINGING)

HAVE A CIGAR AND TILT THE OLD HAT, BOYS.
WAH, WAHWAH, WAH WAH.
LOOSEN THOSE MUSCLES AND LET OUT THE FAT, BOYS.
WAH. WAHWAH, WAH WAH!

SNAP THOSE SUSPENDERS; SHINE UP YOUR SPATS.
OPEN YOUR WALLETS TO MY PUSSY CATS.
AND RAMBLE ON DOWN TO THE CHATEAU LAVEAU
AND WAH, WAHWAH, WAH WAH WAH
WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

(The Woman is mesmerized
and somewhat delighted by Willy Beau's
carrying on)

WILLY BEAU

(continues as Marie Laveau)

And introducing Marie Laveau's elegant sirens of North Basin Street.

(moves from mannequin to mannequin
while snares beat out a raunchy beat under)

Flo Meeker, stronger and taller;
Step right out and floor your man.

Ida Parish, known as "the Mauler;"
Glide out here and claw your man.

Jeanette Parker, called La Globes;"
Bounce on out and bump your man.

Lucille Douglas, hot for ear lobes;
Show your whites and bite your man.

But with elegance, ladies. . .elegance. . .

WILLY BEAU
(SINGS: ELEGANCE AND GRACE)

ELEGANCE AND GRACE,
DADDY USED TO SAY,
ARE THE CIVILIZED WAYS THAT PEOPLE HAVE
TO SHOW YOU THAT THEY ARE LOVING.

ELOQUENCE AND STYLE,
MEAN THE VERY SAME THING TODAY.
DON'T GIVE IN TO THE FEW
WHO TELL YOU
YOU'RE A FOOL, IF YOU COMPLY.

NEVER DISREGARD
THE PART OF YOU THAT'S SWEET.
DENY WHAT IS TENDER IN YOU
AND KILL ALL FEELING.

NEVER BE A SLAVE
TO THE THINGS THAT ARE REFINED.
ON THE OTHER HAND, DON'T IGNORE THEM,
IF YOU DO YOU'RE LOST FOR SURE.

KINDNESS AND FINESSE.
DON'T LOSE THE GENTLE WAYS.
WITHOUT USE THEY'LL PERISH.
SO CHERISH THEM TODAY.

(MUSIC: under)
(Speaks)

Oh, God, how I love managing the Chateau Laveau. And how did I do it? How did a black lady pull herself up to the economic heights of her white counterparts? By her twat, that's how! And by the twats of her girls. You see, we're exotic and we're supposed to be much hotter, and diddling with us makes the white gentlemen seem sooooo sinful. And so I thrive; am allowed to thrive. And I make money; lots of money. And I pay my bribes, and I find out information--valuable information--

from bouncy, sweaty, pot bellies, and jizemed-soaked mustaches, in the quiet elegance of my red-velvet twat rooms--and/or--wrinkled on my twat-percales. And I sell that information and buy favors and ruin reputations and speculate on land tips and break hearts and balls. In short--you see before you--the best of the bunch! --The top of the heap! THE BLACK TWAT QUEEN OF BASIN STREET!

WILLY BEAU

(continued. (SINGS))

NEVER BE A SLAVE
TO THE THINGS THAT ARE REFINED;
ON THE OTHER HAND DON'T IGNORE THEM,
IF YOU DO, YOU'RE LOST FOR SURE.

KINDNESS AND FINESSE,
DON'T LOSE THE GENTLE WAYS.
WITHOUT USE THEY'LL PERISH,
SO CHERISH THEM TODAY.

(END OF SONG)

DELPHINE

I saw it! I saw everything you wanted me to see! For awhile, your unreal Chateau Laveau was real. I was a real star. Real! And by taking part in a dream! Up until now I've only existed in what was real. I was taught to. Expected to. "--Delphine," my daddy used to say to me, "--Delphine, Baby, the DeMaurier's are nobodies. That's the reality of things for us. And as long as you keep looking that reality in the face, no hidden boxing glove will spring out of nowhere and bash you in the eye." . . . That was life to daddy: Booby traps all over the place that he was meant to trip. . . .Well, I loved my clumsy daddy. And believed him. --Still, I questioned him: "But I have dreams, daddy! I have blinking Christmas lights in my toes and four belting calling birds in my throat--and that's reality, too!" "No, it ain't, Delphine baby. Like you say; it's dreams. And dreams ain't real." . . .I loved my daddy and believed him. So, what could I do? --Oh, I went on blinking and belting. . . .A reflex, I guess. . . .And, because I loved to, I suppose. . . .I was sort of in a twilight zone. You know? --Like I was the dreamer looking in on my dream of me blinking and belting. . . .Then, in college, I fell in love with Mr. Musical Comedy! And he laid me. And I thought that now the reality would change with his help. But as tender as he was when he laid me, that's how brutal he was when he talked in that-- "it's good for you" way; --you know, how certain people do when they're being honest with you, and deciding, somehow, that honesty won't hurt as much-- or at all--as the lie. Of course, it kills you and you long for the lie. "Dell, honey," he said, "you lack an inner fantasy life; so it follows that what you project is a life without fantasy. Consequently, there is no grandeur; no arrogance. You are smaller than life. You project nothing more than what you are and what you are—

DELPHINE

(Continued)

must always be--is a chorus girl blending into a chorus backdrop for the one in front who is larger than life! For the murderous one! the one who wills her fantasy life to be real: --The Star!!" "You're a pro," I said. "Can't you give me a fantasy life?" "Hell, no, Dell. Nobody can do that. Now, Dell hon, get on your hands and knees. I want to take you doggie fashion." --I laughed at that; although I wanted to cry; but I laughed because I learned never to show how upset I was. But my body showed it anyway. It farted on him. . . .And so it has gone: blinking and belting and farting into the twilight zone. . . .But not anymore! Oh, Willy Beau, you did it! In this wonderful place you released the fantasy in me. No more--tacky!--Chateau Laveau Bar. No more waitress for me! No more doorman for you!