

Pre-show

@ 30 min - call half hour

7:13~ @ 17 min - Noel / Grace places

Before house opens

LX 1

sound 1

Prj. .5

(12:45 / 7:15) @ 15 min - House open
(12:48 / 7:18) @ 10 min - call 10 min
(12:53 / 7:23) @ 7 min - call 5 min
(12:58 / 7:28) @ 2 min - call places

when have house

com check

- Paul
- LX
- spot
- SR Deck / SL
- sound
- Projections

when have places

warn

- top of show
- FLY 56
- LX 2
- LX 3
- sound 1.5
- SR OL

House to 1/2 + announcement

LX 2

sound 1.5

VOG - Pre-show

Announcement over

LX 3

START TIMER!

warn

sound 1

TURN
6

Blackout complete

LX 10

sound A

3 beats in

SR QL

warn
sound B

Jesus xite

sound B

HENRIETTA ISCARIOT:

☒ No parent should have to bury a child... No mother should have to bury a son. Mothers are not meant to bury sons. It is not in the natural order of things.

LX 105

spot 10

I buried my son. In a potter's field. In a field of Blood. In empty, acrid silence. There was no funeral. There were no mourners. His friends all absent. His father dead. His sister refusing to attend. I discovered his body alone, I dug his grave alone, I placed him in a hole, and covered him with dirt and rock alone. I was not able to finish burying him before sundown, and I'm not sure if that affected his fate...

FLY 50

LX 11

Prj. .5

I begrudge God none of this. I do not curse him or bemoan my lot. And though my heart keeps beating only to keep breaking – I do not question why.

I remember the morning my son was born as if it was yesterday. The moment the midwife placed him in my arms, I was infused with a love beyond all measure and understanding. I remember holding my son, and looking over at my own mother and saying, "Now I understand why the sun comes up at day and the stars come out at night. I understand why rain falls gently. Now I understand you, Mother"...

warn

• set change
SL/SR

I loved my son every day of his life, and I will love him ferociously long after I've stopped breathing. I am a simple woman. I am not bright or learn-ed. I do not read. I do not write.

• GL SL ent
• sound D

My opinions are not solicited. My voice is not important... On the day of my son's birth I was infused with a love beyond all measure and understanding... The world tells me that God is in Heaven and that my son is in Hell. I tell the world the one true thing I know: If my son is in Hell, then there is no Heaven – because if my son sits in Hell, *there is no God*.

LX 15

spot 11

sound D

in blackout

SL+SR QL

during set change

warn

• sound E
• SL QL (Clones)
• SR QL (Butch)
1
TURN!
↳

stage clear

SL GL

Sound E

GLORIA ent A COURTROOM

LX 20

Spot 20

Court is in session. A woman with wings, GLORIA, rises.

GLORIA:

BH SK GL

Between Heaven and Hell – there is another place. This place: Hope. Hope – is located right over here in downtown Purgatory.

JUDGE LITTLEFIELD:

Next case!

GLORIA:

Now, Purgatory contrary to popular belief, has plumbing, and bodegas, and they even got a movie theater and a little park that people can walk their dogs at. Hope - well it ain't got none a that, and it definitely don't smell good.

JUDGE LITTLEFIELD:

Next case, Bailiff!

GLORIA:

I worked here in Hope for two and a half years – thass how I got these wings. And I wouldn't trade nothing for these wings - I can fly with these wings! At night, I fly down to Earth, and I watch my littlest Babyboy sleep. He's seven, and he's got a picture of me on his wall – right between Kobe Bryant and the Incredible Hulk. Then, I go fly uptown to the window of my oldest Babygirl's house and watch my grandchild, Little Bit, sleep. Most nights I can see my oldest Babygirl, Tanya, with her feet in a pot of hot water, always studying books; and I'll stick around to see her man, Winston, come home late at night from work, always with a muffin or hamburger for my Babygirl. Winston's love for my Babygirl is all over his face – I was wrong about him, I always thought he was shiftier... When I get back to Heaven, I tell my husband, DeLayne, all about it. DeLayne don't like to fly, but he likes to hear the stories, and he likes how I look like when I come from Earth all "windblown" ... Now Hope, it changes with the times, but has stood always as God's gift to the last of his children. It is said that every civilization rearranges the cosmic furniture differently. In biblical times, Hope was an Oasis in the Desert. In Medieval days, a shack free of Plague. Today, Hope is no longer a place for contemplation – litigation being the preferred new order of the day.

JUDGE LITTLEFIELD:

Where's my damn bailiff??!

LX 25