

Fantasia De Colores  
A fantasy in two acts

### Cast of Characters

Beebee, a woman in her twenties  
Gloria, her mother  
Lorraine, a doctor  
    also plays Lady, Sister Pie and Patricia  
Estaban, a Mexican who works for Lorraine  
Lisa, a fourteen year old girl  
    also plays J.J.  
Angel, a Mexican driver  
    also plays Daniel, Gloria's husband  
Popo, a young boy

### Setting

A colorful world somewhere in the Veracruz mountains  
A colorless world existing in a living room in Iowa

### Time

Sometime in the 20th century

### NOTE:

Songs are common domain except *Santa Muerta*, used by permission from the band *Loretta Lynch*.

Act 1

SCENE 1

PROJECTION READS: EVERY EGG MUST BURST  
AND EVERY LIFE HAS A DEATH

(Late afternoon. A living room and a kitchen and bedroom offstage. White and gray drab. But a brilliant and colorful abstract landscape on the wall. Gloria and Beebee are in house coats and they watch television. The musical score on the television is something sweet and romantic.

Gloria drinks a martini and there is a plate of tortilla chips and guacamole. Beebee's eyes are full of tears. Her wrists are bandaged. Gloria turns off the television with a remote.)

Hey!

BEEBEE

It's over.

GLORIA

I like the credits.

BEEBEE

Blah blah blah. We've seen it a million times.

GLORIA

They show my favorite scene again. At the wedding.

BEEBEE

Well, watch it then.

GLORIA

The moment has passed.

BEEBEE

That's enough of this. I won't have you wallowing in self pity. You know what the doctor said.

GLORIA

(Gloria grabs the chips and dip and goes into the kitchen.)

How about Mexican tonight?

GLORIA (cont'd)

BEEBEE

I'm not wallowing.

GLORIA

Dwelling. You're dwelling. No more romantic comedies. They're too morbid.

BEEBEE

They won't deliver.

GLORIA

What do you mean, they won't deliver?

BEEBEE

I mean, they won't deliver here. You insulted them.

GLORIA

What? When?

BEEBEE

When you went in there last week.

GLORIA

I didn't go in there last week.

BEEBEE

You went in and said they overcharged you for the last delivery.

GLORIA

They did overcharge me for the last delivery.

BEEBEE

You made a fuss.

GLORIA

It's the only way to get through to some people.

BEEBEE

They won't deliver again.

(Gloria dials the phone.)

GLORIA

Hello, I'd like to place an order for delivery... This is not Mrs. Atwood, this is her sister Gladys, I'm visiting... well, that's outrageous...

(She hangs up the phone and goes into the kitchen. Beebee turns the television back on and rewinds to the credits. The music plays again. She watches, her eyes dreamy.)

From another room, there is the sound  
of someone moaning.)

GLORIA (cont'd)  
(in kitchen)  
Can you see what he wants?

(More moaning, more insistent.)

GLORIA (cont'd)  
Just bring him out here!

BEEBEE  
He's hungry.

GLORIA  
Of course, he's hungry, it's dinner time. Bring him out.

BEEBEE  
He doesn't want to come out. He's mad.

GLORIA  
Now what's he mad about?

BEEBEE  
He's mad we didn't take him to church this morning.

GLORIA  
He's still mad about that?

BEEBEE  
You know how he is.

GLORIA  
Yes, I know how he is.

BEEBEE  
I made soup yesterday. It's kind of a mish mash.

GLORIA  
I suppose.

(Beebee walks to the bedroom doorway.)  
Gloria goes into the kitchen offstage;  
she comes in and out of the kitchen as  
she sets the table, etc.)

BEEBEE  
Daddy, if I heat up some soup, will you eat it?

DANIEL (O.S.)  
Gruuuuuuuheeeelaaaaa-

BEEBEE

Do you want me to put on the television?

GLORIA

Don't indulge him! Bring him out here.

(Beebee enters with Daniel, in a wheelchair. Gloria sets the table.)

DANIEL

*'U'uyeh nohoch! Kinaam!*

GLORIA

You'll eat what I give you.

DANIEL

*Kinaam!*

GLORIA

The van is still in the shop, can I help it if the van is still in the shop?

(Beebee puts a bib on Daniel.)

DANIEL

*Yaan in meentik.*

GLORIA

Yes, well, that's easy for you to say. I've got an appointment myself tomorrow, then meeting my sister for lunch. Beebee's got to drive me so we can pick up the van after.

DANIEL

*Chich íik ka'anan.*

GLORIA

Mrs. Sweet is going to sit with you.

DANIEL

*Chich íik ka'anan!*

BEEBEE

I'll just stay, it's all right. They'll deliver the van if we ask them.

GLORIA

Nonsense, you're coming with me. You sit in this house day after day like you're waiting out the plague.

(Gloria puts a bowl of applesauce in front of Daniel.)

GLORIA (cont'd)

Here.

(Beebee begins to feed Daniel.)

GLORIA (cont'd)L

Let him do it, you must let him. He's putting it on half the time, aren't you dear? When you were in the hospital last month, Beebee, he actually got up and walked around. He's a big faker, aren't you, dear, a big faker.

BEEBEE

I don't mind.

DANIEL

*Xóok tsikbal.*

BEEBEE

We'll watch television later, Daddy.

DANIEL

*Xóok tsikbal.*

BEEBEE

But you haven't eaten all day.

DANIEL

*Meentik yaakuntik.*

GLORIA

Oh, just let him be if he doesn't want to eat. Oh, God, it's probably boiling over.

(Gloria runs to the kitchen.)

BEEBEE

(playfully as she feeds him)

*I like to eat, eat, eat apples and bananas*

*I like to eat, eat, eat apples and bananas*

A-

*A lake to ate, ate, ate ay-ples and ba-nay-nays*

*A lake to ate, ate, ate ay-ples and ba-nay-nays*

E-

*E leke to eat, eat, eat ee-ples and bee-nee-nees*

*E leke to eat, eat, eat ee-ples and bee-nee-nees*

I-

*I like to ite, ite, ite i-ples and by-ny-nys/*

*I like to ite, ite, ite i-ples and by-ny-nys*

O-

*O loke to ote, ote, ote oh-ples and bo-no-nos*

*O loke to ote, ote, ote oh-ples and bo-no-nos*

U-

*U luke to oot, oot, oot oo-ples and boo-noo-noos*

*U luke to oot, oot, oot oo-ples and boo-noo-noos*

DANIEL

Tuuuuuuuuuuuu- tuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu-

BEEBEE

What is it?

GLORIA

You got him worked up now.

DANIEL

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa- kkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk-

BEEBEE

It's all right, I'm here.

PROJECTION READS: THIS IS DEATH, THE PLACE WHERE MORNING IS BORN

DANIEL

(bangs his hands and head)

*Tu ka teem, ka teen! Tu ka teem, ka teen! Tu ka! Teem ka teen! Tu ka teem, ka teen tu! Ka ka ka teem ka ten! Teem Tu ka tu ka tu ka tu, ka teen! Tu ka teem! Ka teen, tu ka teem, ka teem! Tu ka teem, ka teen! Tu ka teem, ka teen! Tu ka! Teem ka teen! Tu ka teem, ka teen tu! Ka ka ka teem ka ten! Teem Tu ka tu ka tu ka tu, ka teen! Tu ka teem! Ka teen, tu ka teem, ka teem!*

GLORIA

(Dear god in heaven) how about listening to last week's sermon, would you like that? I've got it on tape, (Beebee get me his pills), you slept through most of it, I think you'll find Reverend Harris most calming, (Beebee pull him away from the table at least) you're going to give yourself another seizure if you don't stop this, God help me if I don't smother you in your sleep, now cut this crap!

(She goes into the bedroom. After a moment, the recorded sound of church music. Throughout the scene, we will hear music interspersed with a sermon. Gloria reenters. She sits down, very tired.)

GLORIA

(long beat)

You'll have to do it.

BEEBEE

I did it this morning.

GLORIA

I just can't. I'm too tired.

(Beebee goes into the kitchen. She gets a bowl of water and cloths.)



She takes them into the bedroom. Then she comes and gets Daniel and wheels him in the bedroom.)

GLORIA (cont'd)  
(sings to herself  
unaccompanied, *The Pleasure of Love*)

*The pleasure of love lasts only a moment  
The sorrow of love lasts a lifetime  
I gave up everything for my ungrateful sweetheart,  
Now she leaves me for another lover.*

*The pleasure of love lasts only a moment  
The sorrow of love lasts a lifetime  
"As long as the water flows softly  
toward the stream at the edge of the meadow,*

*I will love you," she told me  
The water still flows but she has changed.  
The pleasure of love lasts only a moment  
The sorrow of love lasts a lifetime.*

(Beebee enters and sits down. They begin to eat the soup.)

GLORIA (cont'd)  
What in heaven's name is this?

BEEBEE  
It's just left overs. Chicken, rice, some vegetables I found in the crisper.

(Gloria vigorously shakes the salt shaker. Then Beebee does the same. Gloria takes another bite and makes a face but she continues to chew. She spears another morsel and holds it up.)

BEEBEE (cont'd)  
Mushroom. Shitake, I think. I found them in the freezer. What?

GLORIA  
God, that's probably been in there for years!

(Beebee takes the morsel from Gloria and eats it.)

BEEBEE  
Not so bad. Probably if you cut it up into smaller...

(They both cut up their soup and continue to chew with some effort.)

GLORIA  
I don't know, it needs something.

BEEBEE  
How about a can of creamed corn?

(Gloria starts to laugh.)

BEEBEE (cont'd)  
What?

GLORIA  
I don't know, it sounds funny, that's all. A can of corn.  
Creamed of corn. Creamed corn. We've got acres of corn out  
there! And you want me to open a can of creamed corn?

BEEBEE  
That's feed corn, Mother, not the same at all.

GLORIA  
Oh, feed corn. Yes, well, I'm thinking of becoming a  
vegetarian.

BEEBEE  
What does that mean?

GLORIA  
It means I won't be eating meat.

BEEBEE  
What does that have to do with feed corn?

GLORIA  
They feed corn to cows and pigs and horses. I won't be eating  
any of those things again. So it's useless, right? Might as  
well burn it all down.

(She spears another mushroom.)

GLORIA (cont'd)  
Vegetables. Fungus. Fungi. Or is it fungee.

BEEBEE  
I read somewhere that the hormones in meat are causing  
deformities in fetuses.

GLORIA  
Now that's a very good reason to give it up!

BEEBEE  
Except we won't be having any babies. You and I. Seems  
pointless, then, doesn't it?

GLORIA

Then for humanitarian reasons.

BEEBEE

Humanitarian. Humanitarian. I understand what you mean, but it's an odd word to apply to animals. Is the idea that we should treat them as well as we treat ourselves?

GLORIA

In death if not in life.

BEEBEE

Yes, it's the end that matters. We can't control earthquakes and other acts of God. But if we could just go out in peace. That would be something, wouldn't it?

GLORIA

What's wrong with your hair?

BEEBEE

Nothing.

GLORIA

Did you wash it?

BEEBEE

I washed it on Thursday.

GLORIA

It's ugly, really.

BEEBEE

My hair isn't ugly.

GLORIA

I mean, each individual hair. You put it all together and it's this wave, don't you see? But individually, if you separate one from the pack. It has a hideous construction. Hair is dead, you know. Your hair is especially dead.

DANIEL (O.S.)

*Tu ka teem, ka teen! Tu ka teem, ka teen! Tu ka!*

GLORIA

Speaking of death.

BEEBEE

I'm coming, Daddy!

(Beebee runs into the bedroom.)

GLORIA

*I will love you," she told me  
The water still flows but she has changed.*

*The pleasure of love lasts only a moment  
The sorrow of love lasts a lifetime.*

(Beebee returns. She is wearing a colorful Mexican shawl.)

GLORIA (cont'd)  
What have you got on?

BEEBEE  
I found it.

GLORIA  
Where did you find it?

BEEBEE  
I don't know. On the bed.

GLORIA  
That's ridiculous. Give me that.

BEEBEE  
It was in the back of your closet. I'm cold.

GLORIA  
Give me that shawl!

BEEBEE  
Why? You never wear it. There other things in there. In a box. A tiara, some combs. This skirt, two of three. What colors.

GLORIA  
That doesn't matter. There are some things... There are some things that are sacred. There are some things that are not to be touched.

BEEBEE  
Okay. Here then.

(Beebee throws her the shawl. It flies in slow motion - a kaleidoscope of color erupts from it. Beebee's hair starts to stand on end, it moves, it swirls, it seems to catch fire. Then the bandages on Beebee's wrist seem to burn. She holds up her hands. She waves them about a bit.)

BEEBEE (cont'd)  
How are you feeling?

GLORIA  
Probably shouldn't have had that soup.

SCENE 2

PROJECTION READS: EVERY EGG MUST BURST  
AND EVERY LIFE HAS A DEATH

(The world distorts and changes. Now we are in a world of color. A small building in the background. Crude signs in Spanish selling wares and food. A small shrine to Our Lady of Guadalupe. Also sounds of animals, chickens, goats, cows. The sun is setting; the sky is red. Gloria and Beebee sit on a little bench. Gloria holds a sign that reads ATWOOD PARTY.)

(Our Lady of Guadalupe comes to life and sings *Fandanguito de los Muertos* (Dance of the Dead.)

LADY

(sings)

Senores que son es este,  
Senores el Fandanguito,  
Senores el Fandanguito,  
Senores que son es este,  
Senores el Fandanguito.

La primera vez que lo oigo,  
Valgame Dios pero que bonito,  
Senores qu son es este,  
Senores el Fandanguito,  
La primera vez que lo oigo.

(She continues to sing over the following dialogue.)

GLORIA

Beebee, stop fussing with that.

BEEBEE

You'll thank me before this is over that I brought it. We are, as the crow flies, sixty miles from Kumar Kaj. But by the looks of this map, it's 180 kilometers, let's see, translating that into miles- Look here, Mother, we're at almost the same longitude here as at home.

GLORIA

Would you put away that map? You're driving me crazy. Here. Study the phrase book.

BEEBEE

*Buenos dias. Mi nombre es Beebe. Soy una Americana.*

GLORIA  
No kidding.

BEEBEE  
*Donde esta el banyo?*

GLORIA  
What does that mean?

BEEBEE  
Where's the bathroom.

GLORIA  
Have you ever seen so much dirt? Beebee, get out of the sun, you're going to get heat stroke.

BEEBEE  
*Uno, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco, seis, siete, ocho, nueve, diez...*

GLORIA  
You're driving me crazy with all that Spanish. Do you have a book to read?

BEEBEE  
Do you suppose nobody's coming? What if nobody's coming?

GLORIA  
Of course somebody's coming, although who gets here first Jesus Christ or Mr. Gonzalez is the question. I said, get out of the sun!

BEEBEE  
Where's the map?

GLORIA  
You're going to faint! And put out that cigarette! You don't think I see you over there?

BEEBEE  
I only smoke when I'm out of the country.

GLORIA  
Dear God. What's wrong with that poor woman?

BEEBEE  
What poor woman?

GLORIA  
Over there. The one that's crying.

BEEBEE  
I think she's singing.

GLORIA  
She's wailing.

BEEBEE  
It's a kind of singing.

GLORIA  
I know wailing when I hear it. But she's so beautiful.

BEEBEE  
Try and figure out what this means, Mother. *El hospital está en la ciudad.*

GLORIA  
Where does it say that?

BEEBEE  
I made it up. I made it up in my head.

GLORIA  
Something about a hospital.

BEEBEE  
Guess what *cuidad* means.

GLORIA  
I don't care.

BEEBEE  
It just means city. *Cuidad. City. Cuidad. City.*

GLORIA  
Would you shut up?

(Angel Gonzalez enters.)

ANGEL  
Mrs. Senora! *Dios mio!* Where are you doing? I am wait by the sign for the *fruta* stand. In the other way.

GLORIA  
Are you Mr. Angel?

ANGEL  
*Angel Felipe Jacinto Dominic Gustavo Hernandez y Gonzales.*

GLORIA  
We were told to wait here.

ANGEL  
No, by the *fruta* stand.

GLORIA  
What *fruta* stand? That man is selling fried crickets.

ANGEL

He run out of *fruta* and now he is selling crickets. You like?  
I am pay for one people.

GLORIA

Obviously we're two.

BEEBEE

*Dos.*

ANGEL

Is another hundred pesos.

GLORIA

I have prepaid five hundred pesos.

ANGEL

That for one. Now we have two.

BEEBEE

Give him the money, Mother!

GLORIA

Oh, fine. We should never have left Mexico City.

ANGEL

Is nice clinic where you go. Plenty babies.  
(to Beebee)  
You skinny for baby.

GLORIA

Shall we go?

(They all sit on the bench.)

ANGEL

Watch foot. Floor of car a little...

(They lunge forward.)

ANGEL (cont'd)

Your first time in Mexico?

GLORIA

My best friend from college is a Mexican.

BEEBEE

I've been to Spain.

ANGEL

Ah, Spain. They don't speak good Spanish over there. Better here.



(There is the sound of singing in the distance.)

BEEBEE

What are all those people doing?

ANGEL

Getting ready for *Carnaval*. Big party for rest of week. Then Lent.

BEEBEE

Oh. Mardi Gras.

ANGEL

Village is wild place now. Is *Carnaval*. Much drunk and singing and parade. Hundreds of peoples coming. No place for *gringas*. Not safe. Do you know what happen at *Carnaval*? One of the *senoritas* is stolen by *bandito*. *Si*, it is custom. And then entire town must find. Sometimes they never find.

BEEBEE

You mean she's just kidnapped? But isn't that illegal?

GLORIA

Oh, it's just a ceremony. A ritual. Julia took me once. It's all in fun.

BEEBEE

Can we go?

GLORIA

Are you crazy?

BEEBEE

I'd like to see some of the local culture. You just said it's all in fun.

GLORIA

That was a long time ago. And it was in Mexico City near civilization.

BEEBEE

I'd like to paint you.

ANGEL

Paint me?

BEEBEE

Will you sit for me?

ANGEL

What is "sit"?

BEEBEE

Your face is a map of Mexico.

ANGEL

My face?

GLORIA

*Elle veut peindre votre portrait.*

(to Beebee)

He understands me.

ANGEL

Cost money.

BEEBEE

Senor Angel, will you take me to the *Carnaval*?

GLORIA

This is not a vacation! Why did we leave the road?

ANGEL

This *is* road! You see that volcano? The big one? Now look on other side. You see that one? That Iztaccihuatl and Popocatepel. Lovers, see? Iztaccihuatl's father was Aztec king. Popo not Aztec, you see? So he send Popo to war and tells him if he returns he can marry his daughter. Then he tell Iztaccihuatl that Popo dead. Then she die from broken heart. Popo comes back, find lover die, he kills self. Then snow falls on their bodies and God makes them into mountains. For all time they are together. It's true story. It's in the Bible. You understand? You cannot separate lovers. They always find a way.

GLORIA

How fascinating.

BEEBEE

How do you spell Popop-

ANGEL

Just remember story. Veracruz mean "true cross". You catholic? The ocean only 100 kilometers. I know a restaurant where you pick out your *pescado* and they serve it to you in twenty minutes.

BEEBEE

You mean they kill it?

ANGEL

You want to hear a song? Just ten pesos.

BEEBEE

Sing me something sweet.

(She gives him some money.)

ANGEL

(sings)

*My lady, your little parrot wants to take me to the river,  
I've told him I will not go there,  
I'd die with cold all a shiver,  
Peck, O peck, O peck, O poll parrot peck, O peck,  
O peck the sand crystals, Peck, O peck, O peck,  
O poll parrot peck O, peck O at your sister.  
I should like to be a parrot in the air shifting and veering,  
Then to tell you all my secrets, without anybody hearing,  
fly off, fly off, fly off poll parrot,  
seek the hotter lands of the tropics, flee then, flee then,  
flee then, poll parrot, flee then, flee then from everybody.*

GLORIA

Ten pesos for that?

BEEBEE

Mother, you should call Julia while we're here.

GLORIA

Oh, Julia. I don't even know if she's alive.

BEEBEE

Course she's alive. At least, she was alive last Christmas.

GLORIA

What are you talking about?

BEEBEE

Last Christmas. You talked to her on the phone.

GLORIA

I never talked to Julia.

BEEBEE

I heard you. It was very sweet.

GLORIA

You probably heard me talking to your Aunt Gladys.

BEEBEE

You were talking in French.

GLORIA

Beebee, you don't even speak French.

BEEBEE

No, but Julia does.

(The melody continues and children's voices singing.)

As Angel stops the car there is a terrible noise. They get out of the car. The door comes off in Angel's hands. Doctor Lorraine Price enters.)

LORRAINE  
Mrs. Atwood? I'm Doctor Price.

GLORIA  
Oh, thank God!

LORRAINE  
Welcome to *Kumar Kaj*.

GLORIA  
You're American!

LORRAINE  
Canadian.

GLORIA  
Close enough.

LORRAINE  
Call me Lorraine.

GLORIA  
This is my daughter, Beatrice.

LORRAINE  
Nice to meet you.

ANGEL  
And now a tip?

GLORIA  
A tip?

ANGEL  
Custom is 20 percent.

GLORIA  
I gave you 600 pesos.

BEEBEE  
Give him some more, Mother.

ANGEL  
*Muchas gracias, senorita!*

BEEBEE  
*De nada. Con mucho gusto.*

ANGEL

*Ella habla muy bueno espanol!*

BEEBEE

*Sólo cinco o seis palabras.*

LORRAINE

You can leave your bags here for now. I'd like to show you the grounds.

GLORIA

I'll need to place a call to the States a little later.

LORRAINE

Of course. We have seventy-five acres, more or less and it includes an orange and grapefruit grove, you'll be having fresh juice every morning. The barns over behind the building, we raise our own chickens and pigs, everything you eat will be fresh. Let me show you the vegetable garden.

(Beebee wanders away.)

GLORIA

Where are you going now?

LORRAINE

Probably wants a little time to herself.

GLORIA

Probably smoking a cigarette! You shouldn't be smoking!

(Popo enters. He holds a frog out to her.)

POPO

*Cogí una rana. Quiere venir a ver?*

BEEBEE

You look like, you look like the sun.

POPO

*Mirar! Que no muerden. Podemos darle de comer grillos!*

(He pops a cricket into his mouth.)

GLORIA

I'm exhausted.

LORRAINE

Of course. Come this way.

ANGEL

*Mrs. Senora! Bad news! The car won't start.*

GLORIA  
That is not my problem.

ANGEL  
I'm going to need a new car!

GLORIA  
Find another junk heap.

ANGEL  
The door is come off!

LORRAINE  
I'll take you into town tomorrow to get it fixed. You can stay here tonight.

ANGEL  
I will need a thousand pesos! I have six children. One with a short leg.

GLORIA  
I just want to lie down!

LORRAINE  
Angel, we'll get this sorted out.

ANGEL  
I bring you these girls-

LORRAINE  
Yes, if you'll just head over to the kitchen, Yolanda will fix you some food-  
(to Gloria)  
I'm sorry-

ANGEL  
And a hare lip, my Rosa, she need an operation! *Chingada madre!* Three hundred pesos for this piece of shit! How I'm going to get back to my babies? *Su madre me mata!*

BEEBEE  
What is her name?

LORRAINE  
Who?

BEEBEE  
That nun.

LORRAINE  
What nun?

BEEBEE  
I saw a nun. And a little boy.

LORRAINE

Must be someone from the village. Probably Mayan. What makes you think that she's a nun?

BEEBEE

I don't know. I just supposed.

LORRAINE

Let me know if you see her again. Someone's been stealing our chickens. Let's get you settled in. Just one other girl and now you. But we're expecting more in a couple of weeks. You'll have lots of company.

BEEBEE

What is that boy, he's going toward the river, it isn't safe, is it? Mother look at that boy.

GLORIA

I've got a headache, Beebee.

LORRAINE

Dinner is in an hour. And I'll want to examine you later.

GLORIA

We're not sure how far along she is.

LORRAINE

That's all right. Everything is going to be all right.

BEEBEE

Where's he... what's he doing? Get your feet out of that water! If you fall in-

(Angel whittles a piece of wood.)

BEEBEE (cont'd)

Mother?

(She walks toward the clinic. She sits.  
Lisa enters.)

LISA

Hi.

BEEBEE

Hi.

LISA

You just get here? Where are you from?

BEEBEE

Iowa.

LISA

Oh. I'm from California. West L.A. Okay, Beverly Hills. It always sounds like bragging.

BEEBEE

Do you know any movie stars?

LISA

Tons. My father's in real estate. He rents buildings to studios, mostly action flicks. Warehouses for shootouts. Crime movies. My name's Lisa.

BEEBEE

Beatrice. They call me Beebee.

LISA

I like that. Beebee. Like a gun. Little bullets. Sweet. Got any dope?

BEEBEE

Dope.

LISA

Pot. Or whatever.

(She holds up a pouch.)

BEEBEE

You've got dope?

LISA

Sh.

BEEBEE

Really?

LISA

It's for medicinal use only.

BEEBEE

(beat)

How long have you been here?

LISA

Oh, forever. Can't wait until this thing is born.

BEEBEE

Do you know if it's a girl or a boy?

LISA

Girl. Gargantuan girl. They think eight pounds.

BEEBEE

She'll be okay?



LISA

Oh, god, yes. They'll find some desperate grateful family. You see them drive up. The clinic sells the babies to rich Americans.

BEEBEE

No.

LISA

Of course. How do you think they get all their money? I'm here on scholarship.

BEEBEE

I thought you were from Beverly Hills.

LISA

I am. But I ran away. My cousin brought me here.

BEEBEE

What are you... what are you going to do?

LISA

Oh, I don't know. Go to Hollywood. Get a job as a waitress. Get some acting jobs. I'm going to name her June.

BEEBEE

Won't someone else name her? I mean, later?

LISA

Dr. Price said she would tell them to keep her name. I had a sister named June but she died.

BEEBEE

I'm sorry.

LISA

What are you having?

BEEBEE

We don't know.

LISA

We?

(Lorraine enters.)

LORRAINE

There you are!

LISA

I just wanted to get some air.

LORRAINE

You're not to wander, remember, we talked about that.

LISA  
It's so nice outside. Yolanda said I should have some air.

LORRAINE  
But not unsupervised. Estaban!

LISA  
I'm not a baby, I don't need supervision. I'm just having a conversation.

LORRAINE  
I want to examine you before dinner.

LISA  
Then can I come back?

LORRAINE  
We're all having dinner together tonight. But early to bed. We've all had a long day. Estaban?

(Estaban appears.)

ESTABAN  
*Si, Senora.*

LORRAINE  
What's the matter?

ESTABAN  
Is nothing, I think a coyote.

LORRAINE  
The chickens?

ESTABAN  
*Si. No. Is the goats. Dos cabras están muertas.*

LISA  
That means dead.

BEEBEE  
Who is dead?

LORRAINE  
Hand me my bag, Estaban.

LISA  
I know what it is, *el chupacabras.*

LORRAINE  
You'll want a bath later. Not too hot.

BEEBEE  
What is *chubacabara-*

LORRAINE

Nothing. A boogey man.

LISA

Estaban saw one last week, it's like a dog with spikes on its back and it walks on its hind legs and it has these terrible teeth and it sucks the blood out of its victims. He saw it at the river.

BEEBEE

I don't believe you.

LORRAINE

Beebee, why don't you go lie down before dinner. A nap will bring you right back to life.

LISA

(to Estaban)

She's pretty. Do you like her?

(Lorraine examines Lisa.)

LISA (cont'd)

Tell me on a scale of one to ten.

ESTABAN

What scale?

LISA

One means you hate her, ten means you want to marry her.

ESTABAN

What is five?

LISA

Five means it could go either way.

ESTABAN

I pick five.

LISA

Liar. She's got a secret.

ESTABAN

How do you know?

LISA

It's obvious. The way she looks at me. Like she wants to ask something. Or say something. God, it's creepy, kind of.

ESTABAN

She feels sad, I think.

PROJECTION READS: LOVE IS BORN IN THE  
SHADOWS OF OUR HEARTS

LISA

You do like her.

(sings the Cu Bird)

*Little bird you are pretty,  
And of a pretty color,  
And of a pretty color,  
Little bird you are pretty.*

LORRAINE

One thirty over ninety. You're flushed. How do you feel?

LISA

*But you would be prettier,  
If you would do me the favor,  
Of taking this little piece of paper,  
To the one who owns my heart.*

LORRAINE

On a scale of one to ten, how do you feel?

LISA

*Tell me what your name is,  
So I can love you, so I can love you,  
Because I cannot love you,  
Without knowing you.*

*You are my precious jewel,  
My precious jewel you are,  
Pretty women are  
The adoration of men.*

ESTABAN/LISA

(sing)

*Amarillo es el oro  
Bien de mi vida, blanca es la plata  
Negros son los ojos  
Que a mi me matan  
Eres mi prenda querida  
Eres mi prenda adorada  
Eres el pájaro cu  
Que canta en la madrugada  
Que pajarito es aquel  
Que canta en aquella lima  
Que canta en aquella lima (cont'd)  
Que pajarito es aquel  
Anda y dile que no cante  
Que mi corazón lastima  
Que pajarito es aquel  
Que canta en aquella lima  
Tírame la lima*

*Tírame limón  
Tírame la llave  
De tu corazón.*

ANGEL

She is a little *loca* that one. She jump in river once trying to go to Sister Pie. Estaban pull her out.

BEEBEE

Who is Sister Pie?

ANGEL

Indian that live over there.

(He points toward the river.)

ANGEL (cont'd)

She is *profeta*.

BEEBEE

You mean she sees the future?

ANGEL

No. She sees the past.

(Angel holds out a wooden figure.)

ANGEL (cont'd)

A little man. You want to buy?

BEEBEE

It doesn't look like anything.

ANGEL

Not yet. But inside is a little man. I just have to find him. Then I paint. In my village everyone grow hemp. Work in sun like you want to die. One day I pick up piece of wood and make man. I take to town and sell to *gringos* and save until I buy car. Now am - how you say in English - entrepreneur. The trouble was I am not realist. I see things that nobody else see.

BEEBEE

Like an impressionist?

ANGEL

What is that?

BEEBEE

I don't know. Suggestions of real things. Usually very colorful.

ANGEL

Oh, I like color. Here, you try.

BEEBEE

I haven't got any idea what to do.

ANGEL

Just look for the little man. I think you may be impressionist, too.

BEEBEE

Can you take me to town?

ANGEL

Car no work.

BEEBEE

Isn't there another car?

ANGEL

Belong to Estaban. Have to pay him.

BEEBEE

Could you ask him?

ANGEL

Why you want to go to town?

BEEBEE

I want to go to *Carnaval*.

ANGEL

Ah. Very bad idea.

BEEBEE

A thousand pesos.

ANGEL

Very good idea. Okay, then. And five hundred more for Estaban so he don't shoot the whistle.

BEEBEE

Okay.

(Lorraine approaches Beebee. Gloria enters.)

LORRAINE

There you are. I'd like to examine you.

GLORIA

I had a nice sleep. With the windows open. Did you hear the dog crying? Almost broke my heart.

LORRAINE

Here. Put this on, won't you?

(She hands her a robe.)

GLORIA

You can smell the ocean from here. Is that the ocean I'm smelling?

LORRAINE

Lie down. It will only take a minute.

GLORIA

Daniel and I went to the Pacific Ocean for our honeymoon. Is this the Pacific? Where is Beebee when I need her? She's so oriented. I know it can't be the Pacific, but somehow I equate warm waters with the Pacific.

BEEBEE

Pacific's on the other side. I think.

GLORIA

Is the Caribbean considered the ocean or do we just say, "the Caribbean?"

(to Beebee)

Did that hurt, sweetheart?

BEEBEE

I've felt worse.

LORRAINE

Five months, maybe a few weeks more.

BEEBEE

Ouch!

LORRAINE

I'm a little worried about the size of her pelvis-

GLORIA

She gets that from me but I had both my children vaginally.

LORRAINE

Have you used drugs or alcohol in the last six months?

GLORIA

I can't get her off those cigarettes. I blame it on my husband. He influenced her no end.

LORRAINE

We'll do an ultrasound later. No reason to suspect anything abnormal.

GLORIA

There are some family issues. Honey, please don't cry.

LORRAINE

Yes, but she has youth on her side.

BEEBEE

Mother, didn't you say something about... what was the word...

GLORIA

Within some families there is a proclivity...

LORRAINE

Blood pressure is excellent, no surprise...

GLORIA

I'm not sure how to say this.

BEEBEE

I think the word was-

GLORIA

If there was a chance that the father was a relative...

LORRAINE

Oh, yes.

GLORIA

It's difficult to ascertain this for certain.

BEEBEE

If a father is a god, then god is the father.

GLORIA

We cannot believe everything she says.

LORRAINE

Not uncommon in young girls.

GLORIA

But if there were a familial connection-

BEEBEE

If there is a seed of truth in any of this-

LORRAINE

That is why we're here.

(The sound of children singing. Then  
Beebee screams.)

GLORIA

Beebee! Darling! Don't!

BEEBEE

He's dead! He's dead, he's dead, he's dead!



GLORIA  
He's not dead, just a dream-

BEEBEE  
His face-

GLORIA  
Just paralysis-

BEEBEE  
I can't look-

GLORIA  
Sh. You're dreaming. Look around you. What do you see?

BEEBEE  
But his face- his eye - that one eye-

GLORIA  
He squeezed my hand just before we left. Don't you know he squeezed my hand? And I said, I asked, is there anything you want to tell Beebee? Do you want to tell her you love her? And he squeezed my hand again.

BEEBEE  
I can't go and see him. He was tangled up in the sheets-

GLORIA  
We'll be home before you know it.

BEEBEE  
I can't wash him or anything-

GLORIA  
No, of course not, whoever suggested you would wash him?

BEEBEE  
I saw a movie. These old people-

GLORIA  
He's not even old-

BEEBEE  
They had to be washed.

GLORIA  
You know your father. You know he's going to recover and goodness sake, he can wash himself.  
(to Lorraine)  
My husband is sixty-two years old. Sixty-two years old and a stroke.

LORRAINE  
I'm sorry.

GLORIA

If someone had only been there with him. They have these drugs. If you can get to the hospital in time. The damage is minimal.

LORRAINE

There are wonderful rehabilitation centers.

BEEBEE

He's never going to walk. Or talk.

GLORIA

We don't know that. He's made great progress these past five months.

BEEBEE

He's got a tube stuck into his throat and I saw his penis - he was tangled in the sheets but I saw his penis-

(A bell sounds.)

LORRAINE

Ah. Dinner. You can get dressed.

BEEBEE

What do you suppose I'm having, a girl? A boy?

LORRAINE

Later we'll make fires in your rooms-

BEEBEE

Or a monstrosity?

(Stars begin to appear in the sky. Estaban rolls out a cart. Everyone sits down. A night sky.)

LORRAINE

We should have a toast. An ounce of tequila, no more.

(Estaban pours shots.)

BEEBEE

What is that fire?

LORRAINE

Oh. Those are people carrying torches. It's *Carnaval* in the town. The tortillas are very good. Yolanda makes them fresh.

BEEBEE

It's the most amazing sight.

LORRAINE

You're in the country, darling. The stars are alive here.

GLORIA

I went to *Carnaval* once. My girlfriend, Julia - they say *Hoolia*- invited me home with her on school break. It was very colorful. The costumes. And of course, everybody drinks tequila. That was a long time ago, though. Nobody was taking drugs in those days. Getting drunk was the zenith.

BEEBEE

I can't imagine you drunk, mother.

GLORIA

Only that once. And not terribly. I really can't stand the taste of alcohol. I'm chilly.

(Estaban produces a colorful shawl. He puts it on her.)

GLORIA (cont'd)

Thank God we both could speak French. With that nosey family of hers, we never could have arranged anything! The Mexicans are, well, let's just say protective of their daughters.

BEEBEE

Except on *Carnaval*.

LISA

My brother went to Mardi Gras with his friends and they all got arrested.

GLORIA

My point exactly.

(Angel plays the guitar.)

LISA

I was once on a float in the Orange Bowl Parade. My girlfriend's father owns stock in Disney and we got to ride on Mickey Mouse's ears.

BEEBEE

I'd like to propose a toast. To the trip of a lifetime!

LISA

Hear! Hear!

LORRAINE

May I say a few words? I'd like to welcome you once again to Kumar Kaj. You are family while you are here, your sorrows, our sorrows, your joy, our joy. This is a special place, and believe it or not, many of our - friends - return here. I want you to know that this is a sanctuary for you when you need it for the rest of your life.

BEEBEE

I wonder if we could see some ruins while we're here.

LORRAINE

Oh, yes. Tulum isn't far. It's an ancient walled city overlooking the white sands of the beaches and the ocean. The Mayans called it *Zama*, meaning the City of Dawn, or "the place where morning was born." Imagine what they must have felt when they saw the sails of the first Spanish ships. When you see something so far outside of your understanding, the mind must construct a new paradigm of the world in order to include it.

(They all look out and see the ships.)

PROJECTION READS: THIS IS DEATH, THE PLACE WHERE MORNING IS BORN

BEEBEE (MAYAN)

*Hach kíichpan, maasima nohoch ch'iich' páahtal k'a'anab chinga'an, tóokik yaanal hatsutsil. Páahtal ya'ab k'iinam uchben tun núuk. k'uch' tumen cha'an taal ts'íikil ya'ab. Ooken! Nic te' in lak hatsutz ki'imak ool. Mina'an ti pol ool wii'. Maasima'. K'ahool. Ohel. 'U'uyik. Kaxan yaah. Kaxan yaakuntik. Kaxan yaakun. meentik uinik, k'abeet, k'abeet ten boon 'awooche uyoochel. A'alik cháam beelil tsikbal behla, sáamal. Dzíibtik báaxten?*

GLORIA

You're making a fool of yourself, sit down.

BEEBEE

I wonder if you have a map.

LORRAINE

A map?

GLORIA

She's obsessed with maps.

LORRAINE

I don't think we have a map. Estaban, could you make one for Beebee?

ESTABAN

I will do my best.

LISA

I'll make one. I know my way around.

LORRAINE

Yes, I think that is a good idea. I can see you like to wander. That way you will not get lost, at least not for too long.

GLORIA  
*Salud!*

(They drink. Gloria refills her glass.)

BEEBEE  
Did you call the hospital?

GLORIA  
Oh, yes. They had your father in a pool. I guess he loves the pool. Splashes around. They said we should consider putting one in.

BEEBEE  
I can't swim and I'm not going in there with him.

GLORIA  
A shallow pool. Where he can splash around. Goodness sake, it will raise our property value, they always say you get your money back out when you update the kitchen and put in a pool.

LISA  
Where I live everybody has a pool.

BEEBEE  
Her father's in real estate. Beverly Hills.

(Gloria drinks the tequila.)

GLORIA  
See what I mean? And look how the property values have soared out there.

PROJECTION READS: THE BIRD TAKES FLIGHT

GLORIA (cont'd)  
These mushrooms are divine. Are they wild?

LORRAINE  
Oh, yes.

PROJECTION READS: THE BIRD CIRCLES HER NEST

BEEBEE  
What are they singing?

ESTABAN  
*They say coco is very good  
Cooked with fine spices  
Cooked with fine spices  
They say coco is very good*

*But, I say that's not so*

*That chicken is better  
That chicken is better  
But I say that's not so*

*I loved you with abandon,  
I constantly adored you,  
Little birds fly,  
Guard-birds fly,  
If rock is hard,  
You're a diamond,  
Where my love has not  
Been able to soften you  
If I caress you  
You respond with disdain  
And later you tell me  
My love is foolish...*

(Rest of song is underneath  
dialogue below.)

GLORIA

How charming!

LORRAINE

(to Gloria)

I understand you were at *Carnaval*.

GLORIA

Oh, a long time ago. What kind of tequila is this? It has such an unusual flavor.

LISA

You're probably tasting the worm. There's one in the bottom of the bottle, see?

LORRAINE

It's just sediment.

GLORIA

Oh, when in Rome.

(She refills her glass.)

BEEBEE

Do you speak French?

LORRAINE

I'm from northwestern Canada. My father met my mother during the war. He had lost a leg, or rather, he was about to lose a leg. She was working in the hospital, she wasn't a nurse or anything, really was only there to read to the patients and hold their hands. So that's what she did the day they sawed off his leg at the hip. And then she just couldn't leave him so she brought him home.

GLORIA

And what brought you here?

LORRAINE

Love. Isn't it always the way? He was also a doctor and we wanted to live somewhere exotic. That was - how long ago, Estaban?

ESTABAN

Fourteen years in June.

GLORIA

And did you marry?

LORRAINE

It didn't work out that way.

GLORIA

So no children.

LORRAINE

Will you excuse me?

(Lorraine gets up and hurries away.)

BEEBEE

What did you say to her?

ESTABAN

You must try the *Kinich*.

BEEBEE

What's in it?

ESTABAN

A Mayan dish. It means *an erotic kiss from the sun*.

BEEBEE

Pass it over.

GLORIA

Now I remember. That woman that was crying while we were waiting for Angel. Remember the woman that was crying? You said she was singing but she was crying. I've seen her before. I saw her, goodness, I saw her at the *Carnaval*.

(Behind a screen we see Lorraine put on a long black shawl.)

ESTABAN

Perhaps you see *La Llorana*. The legend say that a beautiful woman drown her children to be with the man she love. But then he rejects her and she kill herself. Now she wander the earth searching for her dead children.

BEEBEE

What a horrible story.

ESTABAN

We especially take care on nights of *Carnaval*.

GLORIA

I'm going to want this recipe. What is this sauce?

ESTABAN

*Mole, Senora*. Chocolate and spices-

GLORIA

Chocolate? On chicken? What a concept.

BEEBEE

It's supposed to be an aphrodisiac. I read that somewhere.

GLORIA

Beebee!

BEEBEE

Well, it is.

(She smiles at Estaban.)

BEEBEE (cont'd)

Tell us about the *Carnaval*, Mother.

GLORIA

Is that cinnamon I taste? You know, the craziest thing happened? I was in the street, I was dancing and then I was swept up in a man's arms. He was wearing a crown, and then someone put a crown on me, or it just appeared suddenly, on my head and there was light coming from it, I suppose it had batteries of some kind. You have no idea of the power of those people, dancing and singing and it was religious in its nature. How do I know? Because of their faces, they were ecstatic, there is no other word for it, and I suppose I was, too, I certainly felt ecstatic. And then this man kissed me and we were spinning or we were standing still and the world was spinning and I closed my eyes and when I opened them, there was Julia. In my arms. I had been kissing her.

ESTABAN

You danced with *El Rey Feo*. The ugly king. They crown a man at the parade and then they choose the most beautiful woman.

GLORIA

How strange. The ugly man gets the beautiful girl. Only in Mexico!

LISA

Or Beverly Hills.



BEEBEE

Did you really kiss a girl?

GLORIA

I don't know. I was a bit high. Everything kept changing. It was like I took a trip to the moon except instead of being barren the moon was full of life. Then I came home and married your father. He couldn't wait for me to finish school. I still have one more year and then I'd have my degree. Of course, I don't remember much of what I studied.

BEEBEE

And did you ever see her again?

GLORIA

See who?

BEEBEE

Julia.

(Lorraine returns. She is dressed in a striking Spanish costume.)

GLORIA

Oh, heavens, I suppose she's married with a brood by now. She was very Mexican, you know. Catholic. Religious family, her brother was a priest. They had a husband picked out for her, what was his name, something, Fernando or Juan, I don't know, it doesn't matter. A big hulking figure. I remember he had hairy arms. And Julia was truly an aristocrat, spoke, I don't know, four or five languages, rode a horse like a general. One morning she woke me up just before dawn and insisted we go for a ride. Of course, I barely rode and she insisted on bareback, have you ever tried it, the only way to stay on the horse is to hang on for dear life. You know, when you're moving fast like that, when it all depends on the powers of the earth and the sun and the sky and the beating heart of your companion, when you've had an experience like that, you never really get over it. Life goes on, you turn corner after corner, but the pulse of your life can never be the same when you have lived for a moment on the lip of eternity.

LISA

What are you going to be, Beebee?

GLORIA

Lisa asked you a question.

BEEBEE

Sorry. I was somewhere else. I was thinking of the colors, how in the world can there be so many colors?

GLORIA

But what does it all mean?

BEEBEE

It doesn't mean anything, Mother, that's the point.

(Lorraine returns. Estaban serves coffee.)

LISA

I'm feeling something.

BEEBEE

Uh oh.

LISA

It's in my back.

GLORIA

Back labor is the worst.

LISA

I'm scared!

LORRAINE

Nothing to be afraid of. The baby is in the right position. You're already five centimeters dilated. It will be an easy birth. But I think you're just tired.

LISA

I- oh, it's sharp...

BEEBEE

You're supposed to breathe.

ESTABAN

One a scale of one to ten, how is pain-

LISA

Twenty!

(Beebee shows her. Lisa follows.)

LORRAINE

Did it just start?

LISA

No, all day, but now it really- *puff, puff, puff, puff...*

LORRAINE

Just breathe like we practiced.

GLORIA

How old are you, honey?

LISA

Fourteen.

(another contraction)

Jesus said, "He that believeth in me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." What does that mean, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.

BEEBEE

Maybe it means your water breaks.

LISA

One of the girls had a stillborn baby. Sister Pie put her mouth to it and she breathed it back to life.

BEEBEE

Who is Sister Pie?

LORRAINE

The baby was blue. It - he - had a little trouble breathing.

LISA

The baby was dead. And he wasn't blue. He was black. He had turned black- and then she put her lips to his and gave him life, just like that. If my baby should die-

GLORIA

Nonsense. Listen to me. This can be like it never happened. You're going to go home and go back to school and this will be a dream. And it will fade. And one day when you're all grown up you will get married and have more children. And you will find happiness. Do you like going to the movies?

LISA

Yes.

GLORIA

What's the last movie you saw?

LISA

I think it was in health class.

GLORIA

I meant at the cinema. Tell me about the last movie you saw.

LISA

There, that was... ooh.

LORRAINE

What?

LISA

Gas. Sorry. Hm. I guess it was just gas.

(beat)

Oh, I'm scared. What if I can't do it.

GLORIA  
One thing is for sure. You're going to do it.

LISA  
It's going to hurt!

GLORIA  
It doesn't hurt that much-

BEEBEE  
Of course it hurts that much, what are you saying?

GLORIA  
I'm just saying that there's a lot of hype around the subject.

BEEBEE  
You told us you almost died from the pain.

GLORIA  
Anyway, I have a narrow pelvis. Look at the hips on this girl.

LORRAINE  
It's true, you have big hips.

LISA  
Are you sure?

(Music and singing can be heard from the town.)

LORRAINE  
(to Lisa)  
A bath, I think. I'll draw a bath.

BEEBEE  
There's that boy. Stay away from the river. What about the goat killer? The dog that walks on its hind legs?

GLORIA  
What goat killer?

BEEBEE  
The *chup-a-cabra*-

GLORIA  
What is she talking about? What are you talking about?

BEEBEE  
Nothing. A story.

LORRAINE

There are old canvases in the barn. Estaban can get them out for you in the morning. I understand artists paint over old canvases. It will be a nice way to pass the time here. Beebee, are you coming?

BEEBEE

In a little while. I think I'll have more coffee.

GLORIA

It will keep you awake.

BEEBEE

I'm just not feeling tired, that's all. I want to enjoy the night air.

(Gloria goes to her bed. She dresses herself in a colorful Mexican outfit. Lorraine draws a bath for Lisa; Lisa gets in it. Lorraine washes her.)

ESTABAN

How is coffee?

BEEBEE

Oh, it's delicious.

ESTABAN

You want more?

BEEBEE

Yes, please. Get yourself a cup, too.

ESTABAN

*Gracias.*

BEEBEE

*De nada.*

ESTABAN

You are married?

BEEBEE

Oh, no. Just dating nobody in particular. I finished college last year.

ESTABAN

You are very smart.

BEEBEE

Well, not too smart. I majored in geography.

ESTABAN

So you know many things.

BEEBEE

I like knowing where things are. It seemed practical. I like travelling.

ESTABAN

Where have you been?

BEEBEE

Paris. London. Ireland when I was fifteen. I have relatives there to this day.

ESTABAN

That is very far from here.

BEEBEE

Mexico is my favorite.

ESTABAN

*Verdad?*

BEEBEE

I think it's the people that I like.

ESTABAN

You have met many?

BEEBEE

No. Just one. Or two. *Uno. O dos.* Is there, have you, a *senora?*

ESTABAN

My wife die.

BEEBEE

I'm so sorry!

ESTABAN

It is many years now. In Seville. I came here, I thought, to die. My uncle lived in Mexico City and I thought, this is far enough away, my family won't feel the pain of my death so much. But then my cousin, Carlotta, was raped and became pregnant. My uncle asked me to bring her to here. The girls here are very unhappy, as you know. And I felt, for the first time since my wife's death, some comfort. You know death, she has many colors. They hide in the shadows but occasionally a little breeze comes and it lifts her skirts and you see her pretty knees.

BEEBEE

Where is your cousin now?

ESTABAN

Why, she is here. Would you like more coffee?

BEEBEE

What? Oh. Yes, please. *Gracias.*

ESTABAN

*De nada.*

BEEBEE

I don't normally drink it at home. But everything just tastes so good here in Mexico.

(Estaban picks up a guitar and tunes it, then plays softly. Gloria finds Angel.)

ANGEL

Oh, *Mrs. Senora*, how you go?

GLORIA

I go fine, Angel. Angel, I need a favor. I want to go for a ride.

ANGEL

Tonight? Is first day of *Carnaval*.

GLORIA

I know.

ANGEL

Is very dangerous.

GLORIA

How much?

ANGEL

A thousand pesos.

GLORIA

Forget it.

ANGEL

Okay.

GLORIA

Five hundred. And I don't want the girls to know. You see this address?

(She gives him a piece of paper.)

ANGEL

Oh, is far from here.

GLORIA

How far?

ANGEL

One hundred kilometers.

GLORIA

I want you to take me there. Tonight.

ANGEL

Seven fifty. And two hundred for Estaban so he don't spill the coffee.

GLORIA

How do I know you'll give it to Estaban?

ANGEL

*Esta grueso!* You are cracking my heart!

GLORIA

Five hundred and no more.

ANGEL

Okay, okay.

GLORIA

At ten o'clock. After the girls are asleep. But you have to wait there and bring me back. I brought a mask. I realized when I booked the flight - that we would be here for Carnaval. *La vie n'est-elle pas merveilleuse parfois?*

ANGEL

Is destiny.

(Lights on Beebee and Estaban.)

BEEBEE

Do you sing?

ESTABAN

In Mexico everyone sings.

BEEBEE

Do you know any romantic songs?

ESTABAN

*Uno o dos.*

BEEBEE

I played the flute when I was in high school. We mostly just played classical pieces. Or we marched in parades. What I really wanted to do was learn to dance but Mother said my legs weren't pretty enough. Then I wanted to learn the guitar but we had already bought that damned flute.



ESTABAN

You have a line of your shoulder and neck. The way you hold your head. Like a queen.

BEEBEE

Oh, I don't think so.

PROJECTION READS: THE BIRD DREAMS OF  
LOVE AND IS WILLING TO FALL INTO THE  
OCEAN

ESTABAN

(sings *Pajaro Carpintero (The  
Woodpecker)* )

*De los pajaros primeros  
que en el munco han gorgeado  
de los pajaros primeros  
el sensontle y el jilguero  
son de los mas apreciados  
y de los mas apreciados  
el jararo carpintero*

*Quiero decir y no quiero  
decir a quien quiero bien  
quiero decir y no quiero  
porque si digo a quien quiero  
quien quiere saber a quien  
eso es lo que yo no quiero  
decir a quien quiero bien*

BEEBEE

That was beautiful. I don't know what it is about and I don't want to know.

ESTABAN

But it is the feeling, *si?*  
*la pajarita hermanita  
vio su pajaro volando  
la pajarita hermanita  
con su jarana rojita  
le cantaba este son  
pajarito carpintero  
hechame tu corazon*

BEEBEE

*Si.*

(The following overlaps.)

GLORIA  
Look at the sky! Have you  
ever seen such glorious  
colors? I'm going to bed now.  
And you?...

BEEBEE  
I've never felt like this in  
my life.

(Lisa gets out of the tub. She falls to  
the floor.)

GLORIA  
(sings *Le Plaisir*  
*d'Amour*)  
*La la la la la la la la la*  
*la...*  
*Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'on*  
*moment*  
*Chagrin d'amour dure toute la*  
*vie*

ESTABAN  
But it is a good feeling? *The*  
*pleasure of love lasts only a*  
*moment. The sorrow of love*  
*lasts a lifetime.*

GLORIA  
*J'ai toute quitte pour*  
*l'ingrate Sylvie*  
*Elle me quit et me prend un*  
*autre amour.*

ESTABAN  
On a scale of one to ten, ten  
being the highest—I gave up  
everything for my ungrateful  
sweetheart, Now she leaves me  
for another lover.

GLORIA  
*Tant que cette eau coutera*  
*doucement*  
*Vera a ruisseau qui bord la*  
*prairie*

BEEBEE  
Ask me how I feel between a  
million and infinity.  
Infinity being the highest.

GLORIA  
*Je t'amerai, me repetait*  
*Sylvie*  
*Mais l'eau coule encore elle*  
*a change portant.*

ESTABAN  
*I will love you," she told*  
*me. The water still flows but*  
*she has changed. The pleasure*  
*of love lasts only a moment.*  
*The sorrow of love lasts a*  
*lifetime.*

GLORIA  
(to Beebee)  
I called your father again. He sends his love.

BEEBEE  
How can he do that?

GLORIA  
I don't know. He just said, "Give the girls my love."

BEEBEE  
What number did you call?

GLORIA

What a question, I called our number.

BEEBEE

Maybe you called the wrong country code.

GLORIA

I called 1-50-107-122-1090.

BEEBEE

That's not our number.

GLORIA

Well, who's is it?

BEEBEE

I don't know, I've never heard it before.

GLORIA

That's funny. I can see it in my mind, I can see it on a piece of stationary with my name and address and... oh. It's someone named Alfred Holbein. I called someone named Alfred Holbein. Now that's hilarious.

BEEBEE

Who is Alfred Holbein?

GLORIA

You know what he said? He said, "Give the girls my love." I suppose there are people all over the world who can say that, who must know someone to whom they can say, "Give the girls my love." It's kind of a universal language.

(Popo enters dressed as Death.)

GLORIA (cont'd)

All this time I've been calling him Daniel. And just like that I dial a different number and he says, "Give the girls my love."

BEEBEE

But he doesn't talk.

GLORIA

He didn't say it in English but he said it all the same. Goodness sake, after twenty-five years of marriage, I ought to know what my husband says. What an adorable child.

BEEBEE

It's a carving.

GLORIA

I know it's a carving. Where is his mother? It's funny, you think of corn, you think of Iowa.

Miles and miles of corn fields but here we are eating tortillas and they're made of corn, I seem to know they *worship* corn, but in Iowa we don't think of tortillas and we certainly don't worship anything. We eat a lot of potatoes. There's something in that. Beebee, look at the sky, I want you to paint that.

BEEBEE

It's getting dark.

GLORIA

Have you ever heard of memory? You look at a thing and it seals itself in your mind. She only has to look at this sky and she will memorize it. The trick will be to create those colors. I've never seen anything like it before. We simply don't have these kinds of colors in Iowa. Where is Angel? Where is that glorious man?

ANGEL

I am here, *Mrs. Senora*.

GLORIA

I want to go to the *Carnaval*. I want to dance. I want to find Julia.

ANGEL

I am sit for Beebee. In an hour we go.

GLORIA

Did I pay you?

ANGEL

*No, Senora.*

GLORIA

Here you are. Oh. You must remember to tell your father about the sky. Daddy would love it here, don't you think, Beebee?

LISA

It's happening again! I feel it!

BEEBEE

(to Popo)

What, are you hungry? There are sweets. Do you like sweets?

POPO

*¿Usted quiere oír una canción? A tan solo diez pesos.*

BEEBEE

We're going to *Carnaval*, would you like to come? I just need to get dressed. We mustn't tell Mother.

LISA

I'm going to have this baby, will nobody listen?

LORRAINE

Tch, tch, little parrot, calm your feathers.

LISA

I want to go home!

LORRAINE

Remember what we talked about, the pain is a river and all things flow through it, your fear, your memories, your joy, it moves through you, watch it flow-

LISA

It hurts!

LORRAINE

*Sí, sé. La rabia del río. Es la vida. Usted es la vida.*

LISA

Oh, I'm so tired.

PROJECTION READS: EVERY EGG MUST BURST  
AND EVERY LIFE HAS A DEATH

LORRAINE

(sings soothingly, *I Have A  
Doll Dressed in Blue*)

*Tengo una muñeca vestida de azul  
Con su camisita y su canesú  
La saqué a paseo, se me constipó  
La tengo en la cama con mucho dolor  
Y esta mañana me dijo el doctor  
Que le dé el jarabe con un tenedor  
Dos y dos son cuatro  
Cuatro y dos son seis  
Seis y dos son ocho  
Y ocho diez y seis  
Y ocho veinte y cuatro  
Y ocho treinta y dos  
Ánimas benditas me arrodillo yo.*

(Estaban and Popo decorate Lisa's bed. It becomes a colorful float. Angel plays the guitar, the melody of *Recuscito*. Now everyone is in costume. They dance around the bed as it begins to move, then floats up. A queen's crown is placed on Sister Pie's.)

BEEBEE

Breathe life into me.

(Lorraine puts on a mask with a skeleton face. They kiss. A scream from Lisa.)

The music continues as everyone returns their beds. Beebee climbs high in the air. The light gets very dim. Popo comes to Lisa's bed and takes the baby from her. She continues to sleep. He walks toward the river. He places her in the water. Lorraine joins him.)

LORRAINE/POPO

*None can enter into the Kingdom of God, except he be regenerate and born anew of Water and of the Holy Ghost./  
Nadie puede entrar en el Reino de Dios, salvo que se regeneran y nacido de nuevo del agua y del Espíritu Santo.*

END OF ACT 1.

ACT 2

SCENE 1

PROJECTION READS: DEATH IS DELIVERANCE

(Beebee creates a shrine to *Santa Muerta*. A statue of a SKELETON GODDESS with offerings of flowers, fruit, cigarettes and tequila.)

(Lisa paints on a large canvas. She is no longer pregnant. Estaban sets the table for breakfast. It is piled high with fruit and bread and meat. Wild color abounds.)

BEEBEE

If you would, please, my Lady... I had an accident. Something happened accidentally... if you would please... heal me...

(The Skeleton comes to life.)

ENSEMBLE

(sings)

*Santa Muerte*  
*Ladybone, your body glistening white*  
*Skeleton queen ablaze in the night of the flesh*  
*Santa Muerte*  
*Protectress of all the lost souls of the street*  
*Prostitutes praise you and stray dogs curl up at your feet*  
*Santa Muerte*

*Chorus: Santa Muerte, you who know the darkness in my heart*  
*You accept me, another child who's gone astray*  
*Your empty eye is the eye and the calm of the storm*  
*Bruja mia, all my sins will wash away*

*Santa Muerte*  
*Tequila, chocolate and cigarettes, too*  
*Sweet accomplice, I light a candle for you*  
*Santa Muerte*  
*The alley is dark, but I'm not afraid*  
*If I am wayward then God must have made me this way*  
*Santa Muerte*

*Chorus*

*I place my faith in you, Lady Ladrona*  
*Santissima, shield me from my enemies*  
*Weave your spell, sparkle me with your sequins*  
*In the temple of your arms, I will lay me down.*  
*Santa Muerte.*

(Estaban serves Lisa a plate of food.)

LISA

I'm not hungry.

ESTABAN

The eggs, they are fresh.

LISA

I hate eggs.

ESTABAN

You love eggs. And the jam, just taste a little.

BEEBEE

It's very good.

LISA

I dreamed about my sister last night. She looked like she did the last time I saw her. In the casket. Dressed in white. They had put makeup on her face. Her cheeks were rosy red and her lips were pink. And she wore blue eye shadow. My father said they had to put that stuff on her face because she had been so bruised.

BEEBEE

How did she die?

LISA

She fell out a window. Sometimes I think I'm already dead and don't know it. For example, I almost drowned once. Someone pulled me out and I threw up and coughed and I laid there for a long time thinking, what if I've actually died and I'm dreaming that I was saved. Since then any time I almost die, like if I walk out in front of a car and someone grabs me, and sometimes I look out a window and wonder should I jump, I only think it for a moment, but in the moment, suppose I have actually jumped and I'm just thinking about walking away and leaving the room in the same way that I appear to be thinking about jumping out the window.

BEEBEE

Why did you sister fall out a window?

LISA

She lost her balance. Actually, I think she was on drugs. The kind of drugs that make you believe you can fly.

BEEBEE

Ah, those drugs.

LISA

What do you think she saw as she was falling?



BEEBEE

I don't know.

LISA

I think she probably saw colors.

BEEBEE

I like what you're doing there.

LISA

Oh, I'm just scribbling. Can you scribble with paint?

BEEBEE

I don't think anybody scribbles anything. It's what you see. You're simply showing what you see.

LISA

It feels very weird to have my baby outside of me. Like I've lost my soul. Did you see how pretty she was?

BEEBEE

I did.

LISA

Can I tell you something?... June was supposed to be deformed. Or worse. My mother wanted me to do something, you know? But I couldn't so I came here. She told them it was my brother's babu, but I don't have a brother.

(Lorraine has gotten up from the bed she shared with Gloria. She enters.)

LORRAINE

Estaban said you were up and around.

LISA

Can I see my baby?

LORRAINE

Oh. Oh, honey.

LISA

What?

LORRAINE

Remember yesterday when we talked. Remember that Sister Pie came.

LISA

Yes, she came, she gave us her blessing. I went to sleep and I was holding her-

(Following is overlapping.)

GLORIA

(weeping)  
Oh, no, oh no no no-

BEEBEE

It's all right, Mother-

LISA

I didn't get to see her, I didn't get to say goodbye to her,  
you tricked me, you gave me something to make me sleep-

LORRAINE

No, to forget-

LISA

I want to hold my baby, I want to kiss her-

LORRAINE

She was very sick, sweetheart-

GLORIA

Oh, no, oh no no no-

BEEBEE

Mother-

GLORIA

How could I let him?

LISA

No, she cried, she was healthy-

LORRAINE

There was some chance, you knew that, you knew we were  
concerned- Sister Pie will know what to do-

LISA

Oh, I feel something - oh, I'm bleeding -

LORRAINE

We all knew there was some chance.

LISA

I'm not going- I'm not going with you- oh, what was wrong,  
why don't I have her-

PROJECTION READS: NOW THE EGG HAS  
SHATTERED IN THE HAND IT HAS LOVED

LISA (cont'd)

(sings softly)  
*I have a doll dressed in blue  
With his and his yoke camisita*

*Got to the ride, my stomach hurt  
I got in bed with much pain  
And the doctor told me mañanita  
Getting syrup with a fork  
Two and two are four  
Four and two are six  
Six and two is eight  
Eight and sixteen  
And eight and twenty-four  
And eight hundred and thirty-two  
I kneel souls blessed me.*

(Angel enters.)

ANGEL

We have a long ride, *muchacha*.

GLORIA

Where are you taking her?

ANGEL

It was arrange a long time ago.

LISA

I want to see Sister Pie! Please!

ANGEL

We will go to Sister Pie. There. Across the river.

LISA

You will?

ANGEL

*Si, mi amor.*

LISA

You saw her Angel, did you see her?

ANGEL

I see her. She is beautiful. We go?

LISA

I want to get some flowers!

(Lisa runs off.)

GLORIA

The poor child!

BEEBEE

Don't think of it, Mother.

GLORIA

But you saw her.

BEEBEE

I didn't actually. I stayed away.

GLORIA

How in this world do these things happen? How much suffering are we supposed to take?

(to Lorraine)

How do you stand it?

LORRAINE

I can't. I can't stand it. But I don't have to. *C'est le travail de Dieu.*

GLORIA

Well, that's fine for you in Mexico, but I'll tell you what, there is no god in Iowa! Just corn. Something to chop up and spit out and feed to hogs and cows. But what is there to feed the heart and soul? That child gave birth to a monster!

BEEBEE

Mother, she'll hear you!

GLORIA

Do you know she is losing her mind? Picking flowers - going across the river - for what?

(Children's voices can be faintly be heard singing *De Colores.*)

BEEBEE

You're a doctor. Can you help me?

LORRAINE

I can try.

BEEBEE

I had an accident. A female accident. Something happened accidentally.

LORRAINE

It's all right.

BEEBEE

No. I can't have children. There was this procedure. It was medically advisable but as a result I can't have children.

LORRAINE

But that's so silly. You do have a child. A wonderful, beautiful-

BEEBEE

What are you saying?

(Lisa emerges dressed in a gorgeous dress made of flowers and feathers. Angel and Estaban kneel.)

LISA

I'm ready.

GLORIA

Don't you just want to take all this with you? Is it possible? Just to drink in all this beauty and take it with you wherever you go.

LORRAINE

You chose, you followed one possibility but don't you know-

GLORIA

You look very nice, dear. I love your dress.

LORRAINE

-that eventually all possibilities converge.

ANGEL

I am going to carry you on my back. I will hold you up to the sky and God will look down from heaven and say, *sí, es lo que quise decir.*

ESTABAN

Here. I make a basket for you. Tequila, cigars, *fruta*, and cake.

GLORIA

Oh! Here, take these.

LISA

Thank you. Thank you, Angel.

ANGEL

*Le traje, le tomaré.*

LORRAINE

Are you scared?

LISA

No. I'm going to see my father.

PROJECTION READS: EVEN IN DEATH, WE ARE NOT ALONE, MORE THAN PRAYERS, MORE THAN PROMISE

LORRAINE

*Imix Waterlily, Ik' Wind, Ak'bal Nig K'an Corn, Chikchan Snake, Kimi Death head, Manik' Hand, Muluk Water, Ok Dog, Chuwen Frog, Eb Skull, Ben Corn stalks, Ix Jaguar, Men Eagle, Kib Shell, Kabam Earth, Etz'nab Flint, Kawak Storm cloud, Ahaw Lord. A seed of time, a metal crown of flowers, a seed of light, and a sacred pouch.*

(Angel picks Lisa up in his arms. He carries her to the river. Popo chases after them. All sing *Resucito*.)

ALL SING

*Resucitó, resucitó, resucitó, aleluya.  
Aleluya, aleluya, aleluya, resucitó.*

*1. La muerte ¿dónde está la muerte?  
¿Dónde está mi muerte?  
¿Dónde su victoria?*

*Resucitó, resucitó, resucitó, aleluya.  
Aleluya, aleluya, aleluya, resucitó.*

*2. Gracias sean dadas al Padre  
que nos pasó a su reino  
donde se vive de amor.*

*Resucitó, resucitó, resucitó, aleluya.  
Aleluya, aleluya, aleluya, resucitó.*

*3. Alegría, alegría hermanos,  
que si hoy nos queremos  
es que resucitó.*

*Resucitó, resucitó, resucitó, aleluya.  
Aleluya, aleluya, aleluya, resucitó.*

*4. Si con Él morimos, con Él vivimos,  
con Él cantamos. ¡Aleluya!  
Resucitó, resucitó, resucitó, aleluya.  
Aleluya, aleluya, aleluya, resucitó.  
Resucitó, resucitó, resucitó, aleluya.  
Aleluya, aleluya, aleluya, resucitó.  
Aleluya.*

(Popo returns He has emerged from the river and carries a bouquet of flowers and hands them to Beebee.)

For a moment, the world loses its color and in its place is a graveyard. The dead rise from their graves.)

END OF SCENE.

SCENE 2

PROJECTION READS: DEPARTURES ARE ILLUSIONS; I WILL NEVER LET YOU GO

(Morning. Suitcases and the canvas wrapped are in the middle of the stage. Estaban brings out a breakfast cart. Parts of his body are bandaged. Gloria and Beebee are dressed in black. They sit at a table and quietly begin their breakfast. The pelts of two goats hang on a wall.)

Coffee? ESTABAN

No. *Gracias*. BEEBEE

(Angel enters.)

ANGEL  
*Buenos dias, Mrs. Senora y Senorita.*

GLORIA  
*Buenos dias.*

ANGEL  
I wonder what time you want to go.

GLORIA  
We're ready any time.

BEEBEE  
I'm not hungry.

ANGEL  
No, must eat, must eat. Here. My wife make a package for you. Fruit and tortillas. You will be hungry later, believe me.

BEEBEE  
Thank you.

ANGEL  
Sometimes the trains are slow, *verdad?* Long day ahead.

ESTABAN

Senorita Beebee looks very pretty today. *Ojos verdes*. Your eyes are like emeralds.

BEEBEE

What? My eyes are blue.

GLORIA

No, Beebee, he's right. Today they look green.

ANGEL

In this light, so early, they change. Is not a bad thing. My brother, he has one brown eye and one gray eye. My father almost put him out of the house. But in time we learn that he sees both the past and the future. He has a touch on him.

BEEBEE

Are both of my eyes green?

ESTABAN

Maybe they will stay green now. You change your personality, your attitudes, why not eyes?

BEEBEE

I don't feel any different. I mean, I just feel terrible.

ANGEL

I make present for you. To remember me.

(He hands her a carved figure.)

BEEBEE

It's very nice.

ANGEL

Little man was inside the wood. All I had to do was find him. Life is like that.

BEEBEE

I don't know how to do any of that.

ESTABAN

Maybe that is why you have *ojos verdes* now. Maybe you don't know what you can do. But you will find out, I think.

BEEBEE

I don't want to go. I don't want to leave.

GLORIA

Beebee, stop that-

BEEBEE

Just go-



GLORIA  
You're being ridiculous-

BEEBEE  
I could learn Spanish-

GLORIA  
For what? What are you going to do-

BEEBEE  
I could teach, maybe, I could teach geography-

GLORIA  
I don't have the patience for this right now, you're being cruel-

BEEBEE  
Estaban, do you think maybe I could stay? I could help Yolanda in the kitchen. And I know how to garden, at home we grow corn, acres and acres of corn, for as far as the eye can see, it's just these green stalks coming out of the ground. When I was little I picked some and tried to eat it. I didn't realize we grew corn that only animals could eat.

GLORIA  
Oh, you were so cute that day.

BEEBEE  
I'm staying.

GLORIA  
You're coming. I need you. I need your help. How am I supposed to cope with everything, your father. Just come home and help me. Then if you want to come back, whatever you want to do, that's your choice. But I can't do this alone.

BEEBEE  
No.

GLORIA  
Anyway, the clinic is closing.

BEEBEE  
I don't believe you.

GLORIA  
Believe it. I'm suing them. I've already called a lawyer. You think I'm going to do nothing after what has happened? It's costing me thousands of dollars just to get us back to the United States. I don't want to hear anymore about this.

BEEBEE  
Where is Dr. Price?

ESTABAN

She went to the town to make arrangements for Lisa.

GLORIA

Good. I never want to see her again as long as I live. Angel, we're ready to go.

BEEBEE

It wasn't her fault!

GLORIA

You'll learn eventually. Everything is somebody's fault.

(She gets up and walks to the car.)

BEEBEE

Thank you for what you did.

ESTABAN

*No era nada.*

BEEBEE

At least you tried. That dog, that creature, will it ever come back?

ESTABAN

I learned a long time ago. Everything comes back.

GLORIA

Beebee!

ESTABAN

*Until I see you again.*

BEEBEE

*Hasta la vista.*

(Angel puts their suitcases and the canvas in the car. They leave. Sister Pie and Popo enter.)

ANGEL

Is beautiful morning. A good day for journey.

BEEBEE

(looks in the distance)

Popo is quiet now.

ANGEL

Is waiting. Popo always wait. I tell you the first day, remember? Cannot separate lovers. They always find a way.

(Beebee gets out of the car. She runs to Estaban. They kiss.)

ANGEL (cont'd)

You know story about cuckoo? The cuckoo is beautiful feathers but lazy. One day the owl, big boss bird, tells other birds they has to work next day gathering seeds. The birds go to sleep and dream of work except for cuckoo. She stay awake and sing to herself about her beauty. Then she see fire burning in field. Cuckoo work all night in fire picking up seeds. She lose her beautiful feathers but in morning she has saved seeds and the birds no starve.

GLORIA

I never like those stories. The obvious thing would be to wake the other birds up. They could have had the whole business done in an hour. And she would still have her feathers.

(Beebee gets back in the car.)

GLORIA (cont'd)

What is that?

ANGEL

What is what?

BEEBEE

It's a dog.

GLORIA

It's not a dog. It's a monster! What does it have- oh, my God!

ANGEL

*No se ven! Cierra los ojos!*

GLORIA

It was a child! That monster had a child in its jaws! What kind of a place is this? And you just driving - Beebee!

BEEBEE

It was a coyote. And he had a sack, probably garbage.

GLORIA

I can't even believe my own eyes.

BEEBEE

*Somos en México, querida. Pero entonces no habría ningún milagro.*

GLORIA

Real life isn't like that, Beebee. I never want to see this place again. Oh, I'll never get that image out of my head.

(to Beebee)

Now, what are you crying about?

. don't know what anything means anymore.

You can't just keep crying. You have to bear up. We both have to bear up. What would happen is I fell apart?

PROJECTION READS: WE ARE IN  
THE PLACE OF THE BEGINNING

ANGEL

(sings Fandanguito of the Dead)

*Señores what son is this  
Señores, the Fandanguito  
Señores, the Fandanguito  
Señores what son is this  
Señores the Fandanguito  
The first time I've heard it  
Oh my God, how beautiful  
Señores what son is this  
Señores, the Fandanguito  
The first time I've heard it  
Let's row  
Let's row, in the river  
For he who doesn't row, won't get on a boat  
Let's row  
Let's row, let's row sailor  
For he who doesn't row, won't get the cash  
This jar  
This jar smells like wine  
I empty it because I'm out of tune  
This jar  
This jar smells like coconut  
I empty it because I'm going nuts  
I sing for my dead  
Because their song is my song  
I sing for my dead  
Those I miss every day  
And those I never knew  
Those who fought for me, and for you, I sing  
I sing for my dead  
For the voice that's been silenced  
And for my dead I sing  
Celebrating their life  
To keep the memory of their  
Struggle and their glory, I sing  
I sing, I sing, I sing  
For my dead I sing  
To honor them  
And for my dead I sing  
Undoing the anger  
At losing what I love  
For what could have been, I sing, I sing*

(Angel stops the car. Beebee and Gloria get out.)

Popo, Lorraine, Estaban and Lisa stand ghostlike in the distance watching. Lisa holds a baby.)

ANGEL (cont'd)  
*Mi primo* take you the rest of way. He say to wait by the *fruta* stand.

GLORIA  
You're going to just leave us?

ANGEL  
This is where we start, this is where we finish. Fernando is good driver. See? He is there.

GLORIA  
I don't like the look of him.

BEEBEE  
*Madre, déle un poco de dinero.*

GLORIA  
Here.

(She gives him all the money she has. Popo comes and takes their bags. He scurries from the car to the place where the ride is waiting.)

GLORIA (cont'd)  
Get your daughter's teeth fixed.

ANGEL  
Is hare lip.

BEEBEE  
I'll never forget your face.

ANGEL  
Is map of Mexico, *verdad*?

BEEBEE  
*Verdad.*

ENSEMBLE  
*For my dead I sing  
Because the emptiness remains  
And for my dead I sing  
Because their pain is mine  
For if they might be listening  
I keep on singing, I sing, I sing  
I sing, I sing, I sing  
For my dead I sing  
Because I don't believe in heaven*

*And for my dead I sing  
Even if there is a hell  
My dead live within me  
They are my blood and my breath,  
I sing, I sing, I sing.*

SCENE 3

PROJECTION READS: DANCE OF THE DEAD #2

(Iowa. Same as first scene. Beebee and Gloria are sitting at the table. They are dressed in colorful costumes and their hair is adorned with faded flowers. Many hours have passed. Perhaps many days. The doorbell rings. It rings again.)

Telephone.

BEEBEE

Oh, Jesus.

GLORIA

(She runs into the bedroom. A moment later, Beebee gets up. She picks up the telephone. The doorbell rings again, then knocking. Beebee makes her way to the door. She opens it. Patricia Benedita stands in the doorway. She holds a medical bag.)

I'm Patricia Benedita. Respiratory therapist? Didn't you get my message?

PATRICIA

My mother will be sorry she missed you.

BEEBEE

Excuse me?

PATRICIA

When I was a child, I had a bird. A parakeet. Yellow, very pretty, you know?

BEEBEE

I wonder if your father is here.

PATRICIA

Oh, yes. He is. He's in the bedroom. He as very angry about church and wouldn't eat any dinner. Would you like some soup?

BEEBEE

PATRICIA

I'm Steven's replacement. He usually comes on Monday. That's why I called.

BEEBEE

Yes, yes, I know. Mother and I were busy today and we just totally spaced it out. Steven, yes, Steven.

PATRICIA

Is your father around?

BEEBEE

Well, it would be strange if he wasn't!

PATRICIA

Is it okay to see him?

BEEBEE

Oh, Mother will be right out. She was just tidying up. Father, I mean. Do you want something to drink?

PATRICIA

That's all right.

BEEBEE

Steven got married. He told us. He told us he was getting married this weekend. How lovely. I suppose they'll have many children. Did you go? To the wedding?

PATRICIA

No, I don't really know him. We just work for the same agency.

BEEBEE

He's honeymooning in the Virgin Islands. That's in the Caribbean.

PATRICIA

Uh huh.

BEEBEE

Just east of Puerto Rico.

PATRICIA

Do you travel much?

BEEBEE

Oh, not since Daddy got sick. I went to France and Ireland when I was in college. Are you Spanish?

PATRICIA

Portuguese.

BEEBEE

Which part?

PATRICIA

Um, actually I'm from Minnesota, originally. I've never been to Portugal. I think my family came from the north.

BEEBEE

That's why I thought you might be Spanish. Portugal borders Spain to the north. Probably intermarried with the Spanish. My mother will be right out. Mother!

PATRICIA

You certainly know your way around.

BEEBEE

I think Benedita may be the name of a town in Portugal.

(Beebee finds an atlas and looks it up.)

BEEBEE (cont'd)

There it is. Right in the middle. So much for my theory about the Spanish connection.

(Gloria emerges from the bedroom. The sound of a church sermon floats out with her. She is dressed and made up.)

GLORIA

Why, hello.

BEEBEE

Mother, this is Patricia Benedita. She's a respiratory therapist. She's Steven's replacement.

GLORIA

Now Beebee stop that.

BEEBEE

He met her, what, six months ago? Tall and blonde. Heather or Halley. They're soul mates, that's what Steven said.

GLORIA

I was just getting Daniel ready. He's a big crank today. Weekends are the worst. Beebee, for heavens sake, I've been trying to get her dressed all day. The two of them. It's this weather I think. Would you like something to drink?

PATRICIA

No, thanks. We've met, actually.

GLORIA

Really? Where?



PATRICIA

In the line at the grocery store. The electricity had gone out while the girl was checking you out. A couple of months ago?

GLORIA

Oh, God, what a day. The air conditioning went off too, of course. Yes. I do remember you. Of course. You were buying flowers. You were on your way to a funeral. Oh. Of course. You were you were so sad. You looked so beautiful, though. Was it-

PATRICIA

Her name was Maya.

(Gloria leads Patricia into the bedroom. Then comes back a moment.)

GLORIA

I don't want to hear another word about Steven. It's was all in your head, anyway.

BEEBEE

I know he loved me.

(Beebee puts the book away. There is a knock on the door. Beebee answers it. A fourteen year old girl stands there.)

PROJECTION READS: EVEN IN DEATH, WE ARE NOT ALONE, MORE THAN PRAYERS, MORE THAN PROMISE

J.J.

Can I use your bathroom?

BEEBEE

Sure.

(Beebee leads her to another room.)

J.J.

I couldn't hold it.

(J.J. exits. Beebee holds her hand over her mouth. A minute later, J.J. enters again. She sits down.)

BEEBEE

I think I'm going to throw up.

J.J.

What's with the bandages?

I tried to kill myself. BEEBEE

Oh, that can be fatal. J.J.

Do you want something to drink? BEEBEE

What have you got? J.J.

Soda. Juice. Milk. BEEBEE

Soda. J.J.

(Beebee exits to kitchen. J.J. looks around.)

Nice pool. J.J. (cont'd)

(Beebee returns with a glass of soda.)

We put that in for my father. He's had a stroke. He splashes around in there. Sorry I'm in my bathrobe. BEEBEE

Oh, I hate getting dressed. Some days I don't bother. J.J.

I'm Beebee. BEEBEE

Beebee? Like BB gun? J.J.

Sort of. BEEBEE

I'm J.J. J.J.

J.J.? BEEBEE

Yeah. Just the letters. J.J. J.J.

J.J. BEEBEE  
B.B. (beat)

(They giggle. J.J. looks at the painting.)

J.J.  
Is that an oil?

BEEBEE  
I think so.

J.J.  
Cause I work in acrylic. Oil takes too long to dry.

BEEBEE  
My sister painted it.

J.J.  
Oh, yeah?

BEEBEE  
You look just like her.

J.J.  
No kidding. Got a picture?

(Beebee finds a picture in a drawer.)

J.J. (cont'd)  
Wow. That's creepy. What's her name?

BEEBEE  
June. My mother named her after her college roommate.

J.J.  
This is, like, incredible.

BEEBEE  
I know. She was really trying to do something here. What, I don't know.

J.J.  
It doesn't have to mean anything. I mean, it's an expression of something that doesn't have any words. Kind of like, colors have taste, maybe, or it's music but not the kind of music you hear. Kind of like the music that your blood would make if it was squeezed out of a lemon.

BEEBEE  
Wow. That's deep.

J.J.

I'm just making it up. I don't even know what I'm saying.  
What does she say about it?

BEEBEE

Nothing. I mean, she's dead. But even if she wasn't dead, she  
wouldn't have said anything. Anything that made sense. Kind  
of like you. But still, it's kind of comforting, you know?

J.J.

She painted that before she died? Okay, that was stupid. I  
meant, when did she paint that?

BEEBEE

Before she died. The night before.

J.J.

It's kind of weird.

BEEBEE

What's weird?

J.J.

I don't know. Look. Do you see that?

BEEBEE

See what?

J.J.

I think there's something underneath it. I think she painted  
over something else. All the old painters did that because  
canvases were so expensive.

BEEBEE

You're really an artist?

J.J.

Oh, you know.

(Gloria enters. Organ music pours out  
of the room.)

GLORIA

Beebee, we could use a hand in here.

(There is a long moment.)

BEEBEE

J.J. needed to use the bathroom.

(Another long quiet moment. Gloria  
shuts the door and the music is no  
more.)

GLORIA  
Did you offer her something to drink?

BEEBEE  
Yes.

J.J.  
You've got a killer pool.

GLORIA  
Oh, do you like to swim?

J.J.  
Well, yeah.

GLORIA  
You should come over and use it. Any time. We hardly do.  
There's only a few months of the year that you can't use it.

J.J.  
Can I bring a friend?

GLORIA  
Of course.

J.J.  
Sorry about your husband. B.B. told me he had a stroke.

GLORIA  
Oh, you mustn't worry about him. He's used to it. Eleven  
years now we've been caring for him. He hardly knows he's  
alive, I think. Every day is the same. Nothing changes. One  
day he was young, well, young enough, and vibrant. Hell on  
wheels. And then there was a tragedy. It was too much for  
him. His brain simply exploded.

J.J.  
Can I see him?

GLORIA  
Why would you want to see him?

J.J.  
I don't know. I've never seen anyone who has had a stroke.

(Gloria goes into the bedroom. J.J.  
studies the painting again.)

J.J. (cont'd)  
May I?

(J.J. takes it off the wall and holds  
it in better light.)

R.F.Y.L. J.J. (cont'd)

What? BEEBEE

It says that underneath. J.J.

*Run for your life.* BEEBEE  
It was a kind of sister code. Does it really say that?

I think there are special lights you can put it under so you can see. I don't know. It's pretty dirty. Do you have some bread? J.J.

(Beebee goes into the kitchen and gets a loaf of bread. J.J. takes out a piece and begins to clean the painting. Gloria and Patricia wheel Daniel into the living room.)

Oh, I see. J.J. (cont'd)

(Beebee looks closely at the painting.)

What are you doing? PATRICIA

Nothing. Just cleaning the dirt. J.J.

I thought you were going to wait in the car. PATRICIA

She had to use the bathroom. GLORIA

She couldn't hold it. BEEBEE

(J.J. turns around and looks at Daniel.)

PROJECTION READS: EVERY EGG MUST BURST  
AND EVERY LIFE HAS A DEATH

Hi. J.J.

(She walks up to him. She looks closely into his face. He moans and stands up on his hind legs and opens his mouth wide and screams a long time. He manages to walk a few steps toward J.J. He falls into her arms. She catches him and puts him back in the wheelchair.)

GLORIA

It's okay, darling. He always loved young people, isn't that right, Beebee? Especially girls, he had a way with them. He had the stroke the night June died so he never knew, did you, dear? We came home and found them both. First him because he was in the bedroom. I thought he was asleep. I didn't know until morning. When I found June. She had jumped off the roof, the investigators decided. She had gone up there and jumped. A brilliant bird leaping into the night. She must have seen the fire burning. The fields were on fire that night, we hadn't had any rain. Sometimes I go back in my mind to that morning. I had gotten up early and I went out on the deck. The sun was coming up and the sky was red and gold and pink. And I hold myself there and the moment gets bigger and bigger until I seem to melt inside it. Until there is only the color and its vast possibilities.

J.J.

Did they do an autopsy?

GLORIA

Yes.

(They look at Daniel. He is now asleep or exhausted or dead.)

PATRICIA

I think we're all set here. J.J.?

J.J.

(to Beebee)

It will take at least the whole loaf of bread. You can also use a raw onion.

BEEBEE

Will you be coming back again?

PATRICIA

I think just this once.

GLORIA

I'm so sorry about your friend.

PATRICIA

Maya wasn't my friend, she was my lover.

GLORIA

It's so sad when it happens to young people.

PATRICIA

That's what everyone says and I suppose I thought the same thing before she died. But I was with her. It was at her parent's house, it's what she wanted. She was on a morphine drip and coming in and out. We were sitting around staring at each other. Waiting. Then all at once I decided to call everyone she knew and I mean everyone. Just to say, this is the end. Please think of her. And thirty or so people came over and somehow it turned into a big party. Then we noticed that one of the cats had chewed through the morphine hose and we were frantically trying to fix it, we had to call the service and someone had to come over. But the result was that Maya woke up and saw everyone. I mean, really woke up. And she was like a queen. Someone gave her a glass of tequila, she wanted to smoke a cigarette but of course, with the oxygen it wasn't possible. So we just put on in her mouth and the room was full of flowers and she was so happy, it was like we were sending her off on a trip and the sad thing was that there was only one ticket.

GLORIA

But she was so young, there was more she must have wanted to do.

PATRICIA

Who is to say she is not doing it?

J.J.

There is an Indian legend that explains why we have death. They placed an animal hide in the water and if it sank, there would be death. But the Navajo turned their backs and a coyote threw rocks on the hide to make it sink. Because if no one died, one day there would be no room in the world for everyone.

(J.J. goes to Daniel and kneels down.)

J.J. (cont'd)

When death is close, you must take care. The dying should be separated from the living in the final hours or they will be exposed to evil spirits. Then the burial must be as soon as possible. The dead person's belongings should be carried to the burial site, as well. And then be careful to make sure no footsteps are left behind.

(She stands up.)

J.J. (cont'd)

Thanks for the Coke.



(Patricia and J.J. exit. Beebee goes to work on the painting.)

GLORIA

Did you take your pills?

BEEBEE

Yes. No. I don't know.

PROJECTION READS: THE BIRD TAKES FLIGHT

GLORIA

(speaks while Beebee sings)

I was thinking that maybe we should take a trip. After this is over. Somewhere exotic. Palm trees. Blue skies. A vast ocean. One of those resorts where you only have to snap your fingers and a cocktail appears on a tray held by a little brown man with a knowing smile. There are birds and flowers like we've never seen before, wild colored petals and strange songs that speak of the local legends who make you forget you ever lived in a world that made too much sense. And if you want to charter a boat you simply walk down to the dock and someone says, "*Senora, I have been waiting for you.*" *Senora, I have been waiting for you.*

(Beebee hears the sound of Estaban's voice singing *Pajaro Carpintero.*)

PROJECTION READS: THE BIRD DREAMS OF LOVE AND IS WILLING TO FALL INTO THE OCEAN

BEEBEE

(sings in English with him)

*I bid you all farewell  
for the road ahead is long  
I bid you all farewell  
and the last thing I want to say  
is that I'm heading for the sanctuary  
and if I should die along the way  
pray a rosary for me.*

(Beebee holds the painting up to the light.)

BEEBEE (cont'd)

It's a fucking map! All this time it was a fucking map! Can you believe it? And I never saw it. I looked at it a million times and I didn't fucking see it!

(Beebee works frantically. Gloria considers. She wheels Daniel outside. We hear a splash. She reenters and walks slowly into the bedroom.)

EPILOGUE

PROJECTION READS: THIS IS DEATH, THE  
PLACE WHERE MORNING IS BORN

(The melody of *De Colores*. The same as  
the clinic but with some changes. Still  
colorful but older. The look of a ruin.  
Popo sits and whittles a piece of wood.  
Estaban plays the guitar.)

POPO

*No veo el pequeño hombre.*

ESTABAN

*Tal vez es mejor que cierre los ojos. Mírame.*

(Estaban closes his eyes and whittles.  
Popo plays with his frog. Beebee  
enters. She is dressed in a colorful  
Mexican skirt and blouse and shawl. She  
sits down.)

ESTABAN (cont'd)

*A veces, si no sabe dónde va usted a encontrar el camino. El  
camino es establecido por caminar.*

(Beebee opens a Spanish/English  
dictionary.)

BEEBEE

Can you say that again?

ESTABAN

*Perdón. I was teaching my son a lesson. I said, "Sometimes if  
you don't know where you are going, that is when you will  
find your way. The path is laid by walking."*

BEEBEE

Do you have a room for rent? It says here that you rent  
rooms.

ESTABAN

In that book it says that?

(Estaban looks.)

Oh, it is very old. The river used to run through... here.  
Now it is diverted. We had an earthquake the night that Popo  
was born. The inn is on the other side of the river now. This  
is a convent. Or used to be.

(Sister Pie enters.)

SISTER PIE

*¿Quieres algo de beber a su invitado?*

ESTABAN  
Would you like something to drink?

BEEBEE  
*Gracias.*

POPO  
(to Sister Pie)  
*Mami, traedme un postre.*

(Popo picks up the guitar and comes toward Beebee.)

BEEBEE  
How old is she?

ESTABAN  
Nobody knows. She raised me, though. And a hundred before me.

POPO  
*¿Está muy rico?*

ESTABAN  
*Popo, por favor!*

POPO  
*¿Usted quiere oír una canción? A tan solo diez pesos.*

ESTABAN  
*Popo, tu es ser grosero. You must forgive Popo. He sees Americans and he sees money.*

BEEBEE  
Here.  
(She gives him some money.)  
Sing me something sweet. Dulce.

PROJECTION READS: LOVE IS BORN IN THE SHADOWS OF OUR HEARTS.

POPO  
*De colores, de colores  
se visten los campos en la primavera.  
De colores, de colores  
son los pajaritos que vienen de afuera.*

*De colores, de colores  
es el arco iris que vemos lucir.  
Y por eso los grandes amores  
de muchos colores me gustan a mi.*

*Y por eso los grades amores  
de muchos colores me gustan a mi.*

*Canta el gallo, canta el gallo  
con el kiri, kiri, kiri, kiri, kiri.  
La gallina, la gallina  
con el kara, kara, kara, kara, kara.*

*Los polluelos, los polluelos  
con el pio, pio, pio, pio, pi.  
Y por eso los grandes amores  
de muchos colores me gustan a mi.*

*Y por eso los grandes amores  
de muchos colores me gustan a mi.*

*De colores, de colores  
brillantes y finos se viste la aurora.  
De colores, de colores  
son los mil reflejos que el sol atesora.*

*De colores, de colores  
se viste el diamante que vemos lucir.  
Y por eso los grandes amores  
de muchos colores me gustan a mi.*

*Y por eso los grandes amores  
de muchos colores me gustan a mi*

(Sister Pie brings something to eat and  
drink.)

BEEBEE

Thank you. *Gracias.*

ESTABAN

*Gracias, Piedad.*

BEEBEE

How do I say, that was wonderful.

POPO

*La canción era hermosa.*

BEEBEE

You speak English?

(Popo laughs.)

ESTABAN

You have children?

BEEBEE

I am not married. But I came here once. Not here, but  
someplace near two volcanoes.

ESTABAN

We have many volcanoes.

BEEBEE

These were special ones. There was a love story, I don't remember it now. I went to *Carnaval*. I had run away from home and met a girl who lived in Pueblo and I remember dancing in the street and someone put a crown on my head and the next thing I knew, I was on a horse with my arms around a man's waist and we rode through the night and then another day and another night passed and when they finally found me, I supposed I had died, not because I was hurt or afraid, but because I thought I must be in heaven, I loved him so. He had taken me to a small house by the ocean where he had lived as a child and we ate fish that he caught and also oranges and pineapples. That last morning he asked me to come for a swim. The sun was rising like a golden orchestra in the sky and he took my hand and we walked into the water and all at once I realized that this moment was never going to come again, and I looked at him and he was unrecognizable to me, a vast foreign force that might have sucked the skin off my body and handed me my heart on a platter of roses. Then he disappeared under a wave and the men from the village pulled me out of the water. I didn't know what love was, you see. I went home and my father almost killed me, I mean that quite literally.

(Beebee looks at the plate of food.)

BEEBEE (cont'd)

What is that?

ESTABAN

A delicacy.

(Popo eats one.)

BEEBEE

They look like bugs.

ESTABAN

Crickets. Try one.

(Beebee puts one in her mouth. Estaban, Popo and Sister Pie applaud.)

BEEBEE

I've decided to say yes to everything until I die. Do you believe in soul mates?

(Sister Pie fills a cup and gives it to Beebee. She tastes it, makes a terrible face, and laughs.)

SISTER PIE  
It's an old family recipe.

BEEBEE  
I won't even ask.

(She drinks some more. They watch her  
intently.)

LIGHTS FADE. END OF PLAY.