

MOMENTOS

movement, mourning, and dialogue

By Santi Castro

PARTS REPRESENTED

Leona
Alejan
Fool
Mariana
Miguel
Ensemble

SPACE REPRESENTED

A Latin-Caribbean country
A set of rubble, broken pipes, and brick.

WRITER'S NOTE

Intended for a BIPOC bodied cast
Mariana and Fool should be played by queer actors
Should not be portrayed as 'apocalyptic'

MOVEMENT ONE

Heat. Cycles. War. Deconstruction.
A body enters this space.
They run, fall, rise, repeat.
Repetitious, exhaled audible breath.
A second body enters, parallel.
They run, fall, rise, repeat.
Repetitious, prolonged, uncomfortable eye contact.
Bodies unite. The first body leads- the second follows.
A third body enters this space.
They run, fall, rise, repeat.
Entire cast enters, running, falling, rising, repeating.
Shared breathe, shared eye contact.
All inhale, fall. Exhale, rise.
Several repeated moments.

ALL

¡Enfermedad! ¡Debilidad! ¡Velocidad! ¡Mania!
¡Calor! ¡Ciclos! ¡Guerra! ¡Destrucción!

Stillness. Scattered, various breathe.
One by one, couples form.
One body falls into the other,
Falling, rising, repeating.
With each fall, a body releases sound.
Several repeated moments.
One body (Fool) leaves their other person,
Others continue to fall, rise, repeat into nothingness without them.
She speaks-

FOOL

The sound of all of the voices of every creature to have
ever lived on Earth, in one cacophonous orchestra.

All stop.
One body leads; the other follows.
All release a harmonious, continuous hum.

FOOL

It is heard at the beginning of time, and at the end of it.

It is heard in caves.
In whispered Devil's secrets.
It is the sounds of a country,
somewhere hidden in the Carribean.
A country that's crumbling to pieces.
Especially in times of panic, rage, agonizing trouble you can hear this sound.
Listen-
here it is.

BEAT

The hum transforms into- 'Aum'
Several moments of this.

We attempt to conduct this music.
Some will raise their arms and lead.
I can see,
though at times I stumble,
that at this moment we are brilliance.
I am tiptoeing at the edge of lunacy
during this time of rebirth for our nation.
But still I am the least a fool
of them all.

All gather together.
Continuous movement.
Breathe.
Fear.
Death.
Few bodies drop, then get up and repeat.
Several repeated moments.
Sound intensifies.
The sound of a helicopter flying by,
Then police sirens,
Then a radio broadcaster, in Spanish.
A baby's cries,
Voices yearn.
Sound 'Aum' turns into all that is spiraling desperation.
Moments.

FOOL

Let us begin!

Silence. All collapse into one unit.

LIGHTS DOWN, end of movement one.

MOVEMENT TWO

LIGHTS UP

The aftermath of War.

*Somewhere there is a radio that managed to survive on top of bricks,
from it comes Spanish murmurs of what sounds like a news report.*

Moments pass.

The sound of a helicopter near, then far.

A BODY (1) rises from the unit.

They are limping. Light creates their shadow, following.

Another BODY (2) rises from the unit. They are on the floor, propped up by wobbly elbows.

*BODY (1) notices BODY (2) and turns to run towards B(2) as fast as their legs will let them.
B(1) falls just before reaching B(2). They reach out to B(2).*

BODY 1

Tu madre estaba preocupada.

It will be alright, she won't be mad once she sees you.

She sees you, Jacalyn. She does. Please, ahora. Mira mi cara, Jacalyn.

BODY 2 looks over to them. B(2) attempts to stand up, but is not strong enough.

BODY 2

No soy. Los siento. Who are you looking for? What do they look like?

BODY 1

No eres.

BODY 2

No soy. I'm sorry.

BODY 1

No eres.

B(1) slowly rises again and goes to B(2). They stop when their shoe meets B(2)'s knee. B(2) winces. B(1) bends down and presses their hand to B(2)'s face, brushing away hair that's matted. B(2) begins to shake their head no. B(1) follows. Moments pass by the two, shaking their heads at each other. BODY 1 crumbles into themselves, BODY 2 grabs them into their arms and

comforts. Intensely, B(1) begins to lose control and sobs heavily into B(2)'s lap, murmuring in Spanish.

LIGHTS force shadows from the two's bodies that grow behind them.

The radio noise becomes louder, as it crescendos the voice from the news gets aggressive and fast, police sirens, BODY 2's comforts and BODY 1's wails, and the unit of bodies breathes together.

BODY 1

No eres.
Preocupa mi mente con
no eres.
Rot my mind with
No eres.
Everything is decay,
nothing is the way
it should be.
Show me
mi nina!
Ahora.
No eres ahora.
No puedes ahora.
Párate con la no eres.
Bueno.
Bueno, diablo.
Decaer my mind.

A body (PRINCESS LEONA) rises from the unit.

All becomes still and quiet.

She scans the world.

The radio starts up again quietly, playing a soft trumpet solo.

Moments pass.

BODY 1 and 2 return to the unit.

LEONA speaks.

PRINCESS LEONA

My mind has been spiraling into an oblivion of you, mi isla.
I think you are here to remind me of a should have,
or a could have, or the
kind of innocence some lose when they're tempted.
Los siento, mi isla escuchó tus gritos.

This power is the kind understood and hidden in a dark, lonely toxic place.
 Within this debris, I can sense the possibility of a blank canvas,
 or maybe a checklist of all we have yet to overcome.
 Tranquilo, ahora, mi isla.
 Déjame comenzar esta recuperación.

BEAT

My father, the king has been hiding from his people.
 There are colonizers coming from distant lands to
 steal our people, our resources, and our island.
 My father thinks that the best way to keep our isla the safest as possible
 Is to compromise and give in.
 But he doesn't see the grief and agony that he is putting his people in.
 Some people have had their children stolen from them.
 The colonizers have taken them to build up their own army
 in order to continue this war on other islands nearby.
 Some people have been
 mourning over the things they lost from their homes.
 Others have been seeking out loved ones.

A body (ALEJAN) rises from the unit and paces CS.

The low sound of drums from the radio.

LEONA exits.

B3 approaches body CS and hands him a photograph.

BODY 3

You went to school with him, He was such a good student. He was! Santiago Arbelaez!
 I don't have much, my savings got lost when the banks crashed, los sientos. This is what I
 brought.

*B3 holds out a small wad of cash and a snowglobe. It is beautiful, they flip it over and snow
 flurries inside. ALEJAN takes the snowglobe and money.*

ALEJAN

Yes. Estos son buenos.

Moments pass. He looks at the photo.

Take a seat.

I remember him. He was really soft spoken. He asked us to call him Orestes. No se porque.

BODY 3

That was his grumpy-his grandfather's name-

ALEJAN

I promise. It only works when I'm speaking.

Entonces. He was quiet, pero when he spoke it was always something clever. He usually knew the answers to questions in math.

Moments. He thinks.

BODY 3

Is that all? All you remember of him?

ALEJAN

A moment.

It's blurry.

BODY 3

Oh.

BEAT

Alright.

They begin to exit. ALEJAN watches. He looks down at the snowglobe in his hands.

ALEJAN

Espere.

They turn back around to him.

He used to bring this to school every day in grade school. He'd get so excited to show us how the snow would never fall the same way, that every time you turn it upside down, the snow falls en este rincón. And. And he would tell us that he'd seen real snow before.

We all knew he must have been lying,

‘¡Mentiroso! ¡Callate ya con la nieve!’

but he wouldn't let it go.

You remember that one year, in February.

Where it actually snowed?

B(3) walks DS.

They hold a strong gaze into nothingness ahead, clinging.

They move, erratically.

First slow, then fast.

Grasping and reaching.

Repetitiously grabbing at their heads.

ALEJAN CONT.

He was beautiful. He ran outside of class as soon as we all saw it. Maestra was yelling at him to come back in, she chased him down the hallway.

We watched him from the window, and seeing him- He was always so quiet, and this island is
always so hot.

We all just kind of sat and watched as both of them surprised us.

His hair was so dark.

Negro como un cuervo.

Most people's here is, so he didn't really stick out that much.

But.

I'll never forget what it looked like when he came back in and there were still some snowflakes
in his pitch black hair.

It was like he stood out for once, he was someone.

And I- no digo eso para ser malo.

It's just, we all have those moments, you know?

Esos momentos.

Those moments when a specific day feels like it was created just to highlight us.

As if God picked it out and said,

¡Este es el día en que pueden respirar!

that there will be snow on this scorching hot island.

All because this boy needs to be seen.

Moments pass.

The energy B(3) is reaching for seems so close.

BODY 3 reaches out to touch, falls to the ground.

They convulse, painfully for moments.

BEAT.

ALEJAN

I should have warned you, the effect doesn't last long. Lo siento.

He walks over to them, hands them the money back..

It's really alright, take it back. I couldn't keep it after seeing the look in your eyes.

BEAT

BODY 3

I heard you told stories about loved ones.

About children who were missing after the attacks ended.

That you could help us see my brother again.

How?

How did you do that mijo?

I saw him, he was there in front of me.

Being torn to pieces.

BEAT

It's all a trick.

Where is it? A projector? How did you make those images of my brother?

You gave me him, and took him away.
You took him away from me, just like the colonizers.

ALEJAN

I just tell the stories. Anything that is a product of that is from you. I promise. It's just me and my memory.

ALEJAN begins to walk away, cautiously.

BODY 3

Liar! They took him from me. With their guns, and their knives. They took a child, they were scared of a child!

ALEJAN

It's not my fault.

BODY 3

He was nothing to you! You said it yourself, he was a nobody.

Why would they want him, he wasn't strong! Or fast!

My brother.

They took him from me and you play games with my head!

ALEJAN

You're right, it's not like it was actually him. I'm sorry.

He runs off stage.

LIGHTS DOWN, end of movement two.

MOVEMENT THREE

FOOL enters.

Perhaps she enters by cartwheeling.

Or she enters in hysterics.

Everything is hilarious, always.

She gets center stage and stops,

Looks around.

LAUGHS.

FOOL

I had a job to do...

But I can't remember what it was.

I've taken just a few steps outside the castle and into this warzone.

And,

It feels like all my senses
have been stripped from me.

Torn from my heart and my
hands and my eyes and nose and ears.

¿No es gracioso pensar en eso?-
ripping out one part of yourself at a time.

Until you've got yourself one big old disembodied body

Just laid out in front of you.

What compromises a Fool...

Lo que compone todo eso soy yo.

If I were to tear myself apart limb from limb, would I even be able to recognize all that makes
me up...

BEAT.

Moments pass.

The story begins innocently.

*Then gains momentum and
turns into a nightmare.*

SABÍAS-

that I actually
shed my skin today.

Down the drain,
green and grey.

My shower made an awful sound as it all slinked down

melting into this week's sighs, frowns and deceptions.

Taking in my reflection for the first time this week,
hair cut short brows trimmed neat-
I noticed something slithering up my spine.

A two headed snake,
slithered up from my back
down my throat.

The thoughts it evoked
as its venom groped
the problems in my bloodline,
spewed scarlet from my pores.
Looking closer, wanting more-

In the mirror
puedo verla.

Forcing me to split into two people in two places.

Into one me I can shower with love
and one where my identity enrages.

Two headed snake swallow two sides of one soul,
make me whole, make me whole, make me whole.

Venomize my lying heart,
unify my every part.

Stop being who I'm not
Let the wrong me shed and rot.

BEAT.

Moments pass.

Thinking,

She laughs nervously.

A radio starts up, static at first.

Then, switching chaotically from one song to another.

FOOL begins to break down-

FOOL

Todos estamos hechos de sistemas complicados.

Nervioso, digestivo, respiratorio.

Nuestro mundo interior es un espejo de nuestro mundo exterior,

La Tierra está compuesta por su propio conjunto de sistemas.

clase, carrera, militar industrial,
para nombrar unos pocos.

Por nombrar algunos de
las cosas que nos agobian.

Los sistemas nos agobian.

Son irrompibles y necesarios para lo que juzgamos
 Aceptable desde el punto de vista social y médico.
 Pero, ¿y si alguien rompiera estos sistemas?
 ¿Y si viniera alguien?
 alguien con demasiado amor en su corazón
 vino y
 destruyó lo que consideramos aceptable.
 ¿Y si viniera alguien?
 y dijo todas las palabras correctas
 después de planear qué decir,
 son capaces de descubrir los secretos del universo.
 Todo lo que es desconocido para las mentes humanas.
 Ellos desbloquearon todo lo que necesitamos saber para liberarnos de
 nuestros sistemas.
 Estar libre de las limitaciones de la humanidad.
 Que es la humanidad
 Humanidad para mi
 Ahora mismo
 Es guerra
 Está muerto
 Es mentira
 Engaño
 Verdad
 Supervivencia
 Arena
 Suciedad
 Y anochecer
 Yo soy el tonto
 Soy el único que ve a través de la tierra
 Que esta guerra ha creado.
 Déjame llevarte en este viaje
 por todo lo que no puedes ver
 y tal vez al final
 conmigo
 dirás las palabras
 que desbloqueara el universo.
 Tal vez
 Solo tal vez
 O tal vez
 Estamos estancados así
 Siempre.

Sin esperanza.

LIGHTS DOWN, end of movement three.

MOVEMENT FOUR

*MARIANA, MIGUEL, and the REVOLUTIONISTS planning.
Their workspace is makeshift, unstable, made of reused materials.
It is warm, inviting, fiery.
Music plays, it is latin doom jazz.
The swell of the revolution is at home here.
MIGUEL and MARIANA play dominoes, some watch, others dance
Some make anti-war propaganda and others smoke cigars.
Everyone is drinking.*

MARIANA

Oye, chapas!

¿Qué crees que estás haciendo?

MIGUEL

I am doing what I have to to survive, mamás!

There are many ways to play this game.

MARIANA

I am tired of playing games with you
You always cheat or steal or are a poor loser.

MIGUEL

And I am tired of playing with you!

MARIANA

Por qué?

MIGUEL

Because you listen to all the rules.

Sounds of encouragement from the folks who are watching.

MARIANA

Oh do I?

Then how about this?

*MARIANA places a domino down dramatically,
And picks up her bottle of wine.
She downs it very fast, everyone is impressed.
MIGUEL stands on his seat and holds two bottles of beer to his mouth.
He drinks them both at once, pouring them sloppily into his mouth.
MARIANA and MIGUEL cheer their empty bottles.
A REVOLUTIONIST runs up to them, frantic.*

REVOLUTIONIST

Mariana, Miguel, I am troubled.

MARIANA

What troubles you brother?

REVOLUTIONIST

This war has gotten my head
it's tearing me apart, limb by limb.
There is no tomorrow! There isn't today! There was no yesterday!
The dirt of war clouds our perception, the passing of time
rising, rising up into our minds and clouding all sense of self.
With each inhale
there is a sharp burning sensation in my limbs.
Muscles
twisting.
Painful
numbness.
A sort of internal fracturing of my entire nervous system.
Vertigo,
a coagulation of heat
grips onto the entire surface of my skull and cuts it into pieces.
There is an anguish.
Anguish that constricts the umbilical cord of life.
There is an anguish that threatens
powerful as a knife
tough vermin that strangles the mind and is born of its own asphyxiation.

MARIANA

Todo esto es cierto, la guerra es despiadada.
Pero debes persistir.
Debes persistir, venceremos.

REVOLUTIONIST

But it seems more and more impossible each day,
Trying to become something greater than what I am.

MIGUEL

You are becoming greater than what you are.
That greatness that seems larger than you has always been what you are,
we do not have the ability to see ourselves, no?
We can only see what our mind wants us to see when we look in the mirror.
But what you do not realize is that you are constantly in motion,
avanzando hacia la grandeza.

To everyone,

TODOS!

Acercate!

I have a story to tell.

Everyone surrounds MIGUEL.

In my last life, I lived as a 'madman'.
And all my thoughts started to become echoed.
They sounded as if I were in a cave, in the darkness,
With only a single fire giving me lightsource
And I'd yell to the cave walls.
My words would bounce back to me,
slip past my teeth. Syllables
tapping against my tongue until
they reformed and softened back
into soliloquy. This would happen
for days.
Midnight's magnetism moved
through my veins, deterred my
vitality, pulled close my flaws
at night. Upon my wake, I
noticed that prayer siphons
out venom from my chest.

I wished not to be bound to
impressions that are received
through echoed senses.
After countless days I found that
I must live without the venom in my chest.
I let it pour from me, I surrendered
and was able to step out of the cave and
I yelled to the moon.

But still, my words came
raining down on me and
stabbed my chest and soul.
I could not escape the echoing
in that lifetime.

gniohce eht epacse ton dluoc I

And that alone told me,
there must be a world for us out there.

A world for us to really live.

Free of this consciousness trapped in this human body, marching towards war.
Free of echoing thoughts. .sthguoht gniohce fo eerf

At night, now, I have visions of a crucified soul.

A soul who has left every last desire on the table

Choosing to not just die and part with its particular human body

But instead a soul that moves on from this understanding of life
and onto something so much greater.

It is now a matter of indifference to me whether I seem to exist in the eyes of anyone at all.
I attempt to reject all things that make me human and only wait and live now for my life to be
over, finally and to never live in any matter, any way, ever again.

Let this war tear you limb from limb.

Let it tear us all into pieces.

Maybe then we can live as souls without a body.

Recycled into the greater good.

Let this war turn us into our greater selves,
the one we can not see in the mirror.

After all, to hold the mirror up to nature is to
see what we perceive and what we perceive only,
it is impossible to understand what the mind has not labeled and created.

BEAT

MARIANA

Raising a glass

To perception, and the truth that we choose to recognize that is unperceivable!

Everyone cheers and drinks.

I AM DONE WITH THIS WAR.

I AM

DONE with having a thought shift within myself.

Done with not being able to speak what is actually on my mind.

Done with not being able to be heard.

I want to be REALLY heard.

You know,

the kind of heard when someone

slithers in between your soul and your consciousness.

And makes a home there.

They feel each vibration of your thought as they are produced within the folds of your brain.

Taking a right at the frontal lobe

Moving in towards the cerebral cortex

Crossing down into the hypothalamus.

I only want human life that is visceral.

The kind that leaves me exhilarated for days.

On the edge of my seat waiting for more and more and more and more and

MORE AND MORE

QUIERO MAS.

THAT'S IT!

I WANT MORE!

Iwantmoreiwantmoreiwantmoreiwantmoreiwantmore

Other REVOLUTIONISTS and MIGUEL begin to echo MARIANA's thoughts.

They repeat, 'I WANT MORE' until all is frantic, madness.

ALEJAN enters.

He is stagnant in the movement.

He is making choices.

He is scared of what is to come.

He goes up to his friends, all in the trance of revolution.

He attempts to break them out of it, but they move forwards onto greatness.

He yells at MARIANA, who is stuck in a motion on repeat.

He leaves.

LIGHTS DOWN, end of movement four.

MOVEMENT FIVE

*FOUR BODIES scattered around the stage.
 They all stand in uncomfortable looking positions.
 Slowly, they all begin to move fluidly in place.
 They move continuously as they and others speak
 One body begins to speak*

BODY ONE

I'm here to pick up my prescription
 Medicine isn't erasing its masking
 Its tasked in
 Hiding what's normal for me
 From the normalcy of others
 When i'm manic
 Im gigantic
 I'm on top of the world
 All fears unfurl into nothingness
 Illness or pure bliss
 Which is which
 War's caused scars
 Scars are ours for the keeping
 Im weeping every day
 They took my medicine away
 I'm floating on top of the world
 Im quoting what i hear on tv
 Tv is free but what is the cost of hearing the news

BODY TWO

Sighing is the body remembering what the mind can not
 I am split in two
 Body
 And mind
 What comes first
 The physical or logical
 In this war it's neither
 Everything is
 Vicious

And that's the only way to describe it
 I sigh
 When i see what's happening around me

BODY THREE

This war....

BEAT.

Moments pass.

There's a hole in the world
 Where people ought to be
 And i'm just stuck inside
 There's a bottle in my hand
 Where a smoke ought to be
 I can hear old death reply
 And a ringing in my ear
 Where a soul ought to be
 There's no devil down in hell
 That's only god when he's drunk
 Drink drink drink
 Till your hearts gone and sunk
 There's no devil down in hell
 And I don't seem myself anymore
 No I walk through myself time to time
 And I don't seem myself anymore
 In the mirror there's a man that I hide
 And I sing and I dance and I sway with the moon
 Drink drink drink raise your glass to the sky
 So I resent the sun
 Find a ragged sense of longing
 For the pale light of the moon
 How I see in it myself
 Tired and barely smiling
 Till something makes me swoon
 There's tomorrow after yesterday
 And a yesterday after now
 There's a hole theres a hole in the world
 There's tomorrow after yesterday
 And a yesterday after now
 There's a hole theres a hole in the world

BODY FOUR

This is it.

Guerra

guerra
guerra
Guerra
Let us wail

Let us cry
And moan

Let us groan

And gag

Words are useless

They make no sense

No make they sense

Make they sense no

They sense make no

Nothing can

Truly describe

The

Pain

THAT

IS

LIVING IN A WAR

I WANT

GET

WANTS

WANTS

ME

OUT

GET

I WANT

ME

I WANT

OUT

WANTS

WANTS

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I

I WANT

I WANT

WANT

I RELEASE A SIGH OF DESPERATION

I RELEASE A SIGH OF MOURNING

LET THIS BE MY LAST TIME

THIS WILL BE MY LAST TIME

MY MIND PROPOSES THESE

HIGHS AND LOWS

MY BODY CONTROLS

I DECOMPOSE

I PICK AT LIMBS THAT

FEEL REMOTE

I WILL IMplode FROM HERE

DO YOU FEEL
TOUCH

I AM IN PAIN

THIS IS IT THIS IS IT THIS IS IT
I A M LEAVING THIS SOUL I AM LEAVING MY WORDS BEHIND
FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO FIND
ONCE I HAVE STEPPED IN THE SAND OF TIME
NOTHING ELSE WILL EVER REWIND

I AM GOD

I AM ALL

I AM IT

THIS IS IT

THIS IS THE SOUND OF ME DYING
THIS IS THE SOUND OF PAIN
NOTHING I WILL EVER SAY MATTERS
NOTHING I WILL EVER THINK MATTERS

THERE IS NO MORE FOR ME

I AM DONE

I AM EXCRUCIATINGLY DONE

LIGHTS DOWN, end of movement five.

MOVEMENT SIX

Bodies rise.

They spread out, marching, each approaching a brick or piece of rubble.

They grab an item from the rubble-

*There are guns, knives, helmets,
flasks, gas masks, a small drum.*

One at a time, they begin to interact with the items.

They form straight lines, still marching as a unit.

Music plays from the radio, it is cheerful.

As bodies march and interact with items, they release breathe.

It is synchronized, quiet, then transforming into a harmonious-

ALL

Sickness! (Enfermedad!) Weakness! (Debilidad!) Speed! (Velocidad!) Mania! (¡Mania!)
Heat! (¡Calor!) Cycles! (Ciclos!) War! (¡Guerra!) Destruction! (Destrucción!)

All drop items, except the two with guns.

All except armed bodies begin to convulse.

*Slowly at first, beginning with one part of the body
and then with extreme vulnerability and lack of control.*

Few begin to drop to the floor.

Once all have gotten to the floor, except armed bodies, harmonious breath.

Moments.

The fallen bodies begin to move together, rising from the ground.

They drag and stomp their feet

As if they are bulls beginning to run.

When the bodies all rise up, the armed bodies fall.

When the armed bodies rise, the bodies fall.

With each fall, a sound is released.

Several moments of this.

BEAT.

The bodies are on the ground.

They rise, beginning to walk backwards towards the armed bodies,

Who struggle to break free of the circle,

They circle the armed bodies, chanting-

BODIES

¡El pueblo unido jamás será vencido!

1-2-3-4 the working class will go to war!

5-6-7-8 organize and smash the state!

Kill the cops and burn the prisons! What we need is socialism!

¡El pueblo unido jamás será vencido!

Several moments of this.

The armed bodies break out of the circle, running off stage.

The bodies still circle.

ALEJAN enters, standing downstage.

He pulls someone from the circle of war, and tells them a story.

ALEJAN

There is a revolution.

And there are leaders of it, who are filled with greatness.

And there is a city that has been hiding.

One nation, covered in dirt and dusk.

And we are reaching the end of the world.

And we are all blind, because the dirt has

risen and

breached our

perception

and made it impossible to

see what we've become.

I hope that when I am strong enough to wipe the dirt from my eyesight

that I will be marvelous.

That we all will be.

For our island deserves it.

For our souls deserve to breathe.

And you,

you will be able to send breathe on from yourself, to others.

We will break this cycle.

One at a time, the bodies stop circling and stand CS.

They make eye contact with ALEJAN, and begin erratically moving, due to his story.

ALEJAN moves through each body faster, telling stories and causing them to hallucinate.

ALEJAN finds one body, begins to tell them a story

ALEJAN

There once was a boy

who had so much love in his heart for others

that it started to weigh down his chest.

And when he went to the town's doctor they could not help him

because they saw it the same as only other heart

they could not see his love.

Así que él continuó

amar a los demás

y pronto su corazón comenzó a gotear.

Y el amor en su corazón se derramó de su pecho y cayó al suelo detrás de él.

Por lo general, no miraba hacia atrás por donde había caminado,
así que no se dio cuenta de que su rastro había hecho una hendidura en las calles del pueblo.

Su amor allanó el camino para que otros amen,
y el amor se filtró por los caminos de tierra y profundamente en los cimientos de la ciudad.

He was a hero.

He walked

and walked

and walked

until

he reached the end of the world.

And he had nowhere to go,

and no home to go to,

and no one to hold him tight

or give him love.

I AM NOTHING.

I AM EMPTY.

I am emptied.

What will happen to me when there is nothing left.

What will happen when there is no fight or love or echoing thoughts in any of us.

CORTARÉ MI CORAZÓN.

Y MI LENGUA.

Y MIS PULMONES.

TERMINARÉ LOS CICLOS.

NO SOY NADA SIN MIS HISTORIAS

YO SOY NADA.

YO SOY NADA.

POR FAVOR.

VERME.

MIRA LO QUE SIENTO.

INTRODÚCELO.

At the end of his story, they all clump into the unit on the side of the stage.

ALEJAN is alone, out of breath.

He looks up, smiles, and runs offstage.

LIGHTS DOWN, end of moment six.

MOVEMENT SEVEN

LEONA searches the space upstage. A voice calls for her offstage.

FOOL

Princessa! Oye! Princessa?
Princessa it's almost midnight!
The third night this week! Wandering off...

To the audience

To find where the Princess lies....
Well, I wouldn't dare say she lies anywhere!
To say the princess lies! I'd have my head chopped off by the king himself!

FOOL erupts into laughter

What was I looking for?
Oh, do I know where the princess sleeps tonight?
Pssh! Nonsense, to tell you where the princess sleeps is to tell you where I'm lying!
I don't know where she's staying, so to tell you if she was sleeping here or there, I'd be lying!

Hysterics

I'm afraid I'm rather restless.
You see, the princess has been gone for three nights this week.
TRES NOCHES, oye.
And she refuses to return.
It's been said she is seeking the leader of the revolution in order to join forces with them.
PRINCESSA! PRINCESSA LEONA!

From a distant corner of the space, attempting to hide

PRINCESS LEONA

Callate!

FOOL

Running to her

Leona! My love, mariposa, goddess on whom these airs attend!

PRINCESS LEONA

Enough.

She is transfixed on something in the distance

FOOL

Something catches your eye, cat?

PRINCESS LEONA

Pretty sure it's 'got your tongue?'.

FOOL

Tongue, ear, thigh, waist, anyplace!

PRINCESS LEONA

Finally looking to FOOL

How can you still make jokes, talk in riddles, run and cartwheel when the island looks like this.
When there's blood shed on the walls.

FOOL

How can you be so grumpy, especially when I've brought you-
Hands LEONA a square of tin foil

Guava y queso?

PRINCESS LEONA

Doesn't feel right to eat delicacies in the midst of all this chaos.

FOOL

You're welcome! Yeah, no big deal, not like the palace chef was yelling after me for this,
"Oye, tonto! Trae lo que no es tuyo, cabrona!"

Unwraps and starts to eat the pastelito, with a mouthful-

Mmm, and it's really good, mariposa. Sure you don't want a bite?

PRINCESS LEONA

I'm not going back.

BEAT

Not until I do something. About all of this.

We're letting people down, these past three nights I have heard enough cries to fill a lifetime.

The murals are covered with words written in blood.

'Viene Mas' they say.

And my parents stay above it all just because they have some power.

You know how they refuse to hold court with the revolutionists,
God forbid actually come down from their castle to talk to the people.

They have stayed complacent in their venture towards greatness,
they have the dirt of the war in their eyes, feeling helpless
to the colonizers, giving in to whatever they say,
telling the people they know what's best for the island,
showing the people some bullshit compassion mask-

FOOL

Ugh, Have you eaten, Bolivar?

Still eating-

So flaky, tangy, tastes like home! Oh! Home! Imagine, princessa. Warm blankets. Parents that don't kill me for letting you sneak out a third night in a row!

And for what?

To get your hair all tangled and your dress all-

PRINCESS LEONA

This is where I need to be, talking to the people, asking them what they need, what they don't, helping them-

FOOL

MMMMMM Guava y Queso!

Princesa, dame un beso.

Kisses her forehead

Why do you choose to sleep in the street?

Why're you fascinated by shadows born from heat?

It's crazy out here

It's hazy out here

It's warm inside-

PRINCESS LEONA

Under her breath

I'll conform inside.

FOOL

I miss you, princessa.

Come back home.

PRINCESS LEONA

Esta isla es mi hogar!

A body rises from the unit stumbles past them, marching, chanting

CITIZEN

No temas una muerte gloriosa!

¡Que morir por la patria es vivir!

¡Yo vivo en el calor de esta isla!

Y esta isla es el calor en mi.

The citizen repeats their chanting, goes into a series of erratic movements, stumbles offstage.

BEAT.

FOOL

It's time to come home, Leona.
I'd do a hell of a lot for you before I'd see you get hurt.

PRINCESS LEONA

Who are you so afraid of?
Who's going to hurt me.
Huh?

The old junkie communist vets?
There's hundreds of those poor panzones roaming the island,
They've been living in their own debris for years.
It's all the people who were stable before the war to be scared of, they're ruthless. Desperate.
Clinging to whatever they can, to maintain the illusion of functioning life.

BEAT

They're the ones to be scared of, they're terrified of having less than.
Clueless to atrocity, chaos.
And those old vets, they live in it.
Nothing to be afraid of, fool.
They have no clue what it's like to live like that.

Turns away, about to leave

FOOL

Is one meant to live at all during war?

Two bodies with large guns from offstage charge towards FOOL and PRINCESSA. Body 1 walks to FOOL and aggressively takes FOOL by the arms. A few moments as the BODIES ad lib to FOOL to stop resisting, etc. PRINCESSA LEONA is conflicted to run or fight. FOOL is laughing, in hysterics.

BODY 1

Princess Leona, your highness. It is demanded that The King see you taken home immediately.
Was his highness's Fool bothering you in any nature?

LEONA

The only fool around here is my father.

BODY 2

We need you to come with us Princessa.

FOOL breaks out of B2'S reach, drops onto the floor.

FOOL

Ay! Calor! It's too hot, I'm fainting.

B (1)&(2) run to FOOL, who discreetly motions for LEONA to escape. She runs offstage, and once out of sight-

FOOL

No temas una muerte gloriosa!
¡Que morir por la patria es vivir!
¡Yo vivo en el calor de esta isla!
Y esta isla es el calor en mi!

SOLDIERS realize FOOL is faking it, they drop FOOL and look around for LEONA, running in the opposite direction as her.

FOOL runs off in the direction of LEONA.

LIGHTS DOWN, end of movement seven.

MOVEMENT EIGHT

LIGHTS UP on ALEJAN, sitting on a mound of rubble.

A radio turns on, at first full of static and chaos.

But then, settling on a single station.

Mi Corazon Se Fue by Ernesto Lecouna is playing.

ALEJAN sings along.

ALEJAN

Mi corazón se fue
 En busca de una ilusión
 Que diera aliento a mi ser
 A mi loca pasión
 Mi corazón se fue
 Y en el camino encontró
 Tan sólo desilusión
 Y un amargo rencor
 Triste de mí que no tendrá
 Ni un solo amor ni corazón
 Que calme todo el fuego
 De mi alma
 Mi corazón volvió
 Con el inmenso pesar
 De no encontrar un amor
 Que consuele mi afán

BEAT.

Moments pass,

ALEJAN dances to the music.

He picks up some dirt from the ground
 and watches as he lets it fall from his fingers.

He looks up to the sky, and
 reaches his arms out.

He sings up to the skies.

Triste de mí que no tendrá
 Ni un solo amor ni corazón
 Que calme todo el fuego
 De mi alma
 Mi corazón volvió
 Con el inmenso pesar
 De no encontrar un amor
 Que consuele mi afán

MIGUEL, who has been concealed in the shadows, enters

ALEJAN notices him and is embarrassed.

He would never sing in front of anyone.

MIGUEL begins to laugh, coming close and lurching at ALEJAN

Which scares him and makes him flinch.

MIGUEL laughs.

MIGUEL

Mi corazon volvio?

Mijo, who broke your heart?

Do you have un un novia!

HAHA!

Alejan and Alejandria sitting in a tree

K-I-SS-I-N-G

ALEJAN

Miguel!

No, I don't have a girlfriend, it's just a song.

Oye, cono.

You're always teasing me don't you have something better to do.

A girlfriend of your own to attend to?

MIGUEL

Alejan, Mijo, I fly solo.

Head is in the revolution.

But tell me, what were you thinking about?

ALEJAN

What do you mean, ese.

MIGUEL

You were singing with passion!

You were singing through your cajones!

ALEJAN

Ew.

MIGUEL

Ah, you never struck me for the Romeo type.

ALEJAN

How am I supposed to worry about girls, or boys, or love, when this whole war has gotten
everyone in a rut.
There's no room for love in war.

MIGUEL

I hear you, mijo.

ALEJAN

If you have to know, I was singing to the island.
Mi isla.
She deserves a love song right about now.
With the colonizers claiming her for their own.
The king and queen are not even putting up a fight to defend our country.
How much can the land take?
La noticia se transmite a todos.
Cuántos niños lo están tomando todo como esponjas.
Tomando conciencia de la complacencia del derramamiento de sangre.
People can't walk down the streets,
Going to a bodega or to visit a friend without
Fear of the colonizers.
They have been monitoring the streets, sitting at each corner
Surveying and controlling the energy in the air.
The air.
It's so hard to breathe.

MIGUEL

But, your lungs were built with strength.
And your mind, too.
Everything the island needs right now is within you.

ALEJAN

I'm sure you've heard of my powers, and how they're affecting people.
I don't know if what I'm doing is for the better.
But to see people see their loved ones, stolen by the colonizers,
one last time
the light in their eyes...

MIGUEL

Maybe there's a way you can spread hope,

without any damage.

I'm sure your stories bring that to people but also remind them of what they lost, which is difficult to handle.

ALEJAN

I just feel that even if there are some slight repercussions,
A little bit of hope can last a mile in war.

MIGUEL

Don't try measuring this war in any limits-
What is a mile in a war?
How many lives lost is too many?
When will it all soak into us,
days of nightmares bleeding into our everyday language?
Something kind of hit me today.
Earlier, when I played dominoes with Mariana-
the game can last forever.
There will always be more variations of the same pieces to be played.
More techniques to discover,
more moves to make.
But when it's over, it's over.
When all resources are run dry, there is no more to be played with.
And soon our earth will be dig up by the colonizers
its resources turned into another capitalist pawn
in the globe's world of chess, or dominoes, or any game really.
But what can we do, Alejan?
What is there more to do?
I will fight.
That's for sure.
That's what I will do.
Because if I can have my children say they had their father fight
instead of suffer,
instead of allowing himself to suffer-
That's all I could ask for.
I'm losing hope for the bigger picture, Alejan
I won't lie to you.
I think maybe the colonizers will win.
But not after we put up a big fight.
Not until we get the last word in.
And Mariana has been working so hard to get the right final words.
So continue what you're doing.

Don't be afraid of your tongue.
 Because it is a part of you and you are fighting like the rest of us
 and in the future that's all our children will have hoped for.

ALEJAN

You're right
 I'm terrified of the possibilities that are me.
 I am scared of my tongue.
 And my heart
 and, there it is again.
 out of the corner of my eye- my heart. Leaking. All over the city.
 It's presence begs to eat me alive, dares to
 chew through my bones as if they are frail
 and numb. Finding solace in the fact that my
 veins are absent, that my lungs are filled with lies
 that my knees are weak and heavy from my inability
 to stand ground against myself. I go to speak, and
 the words are balancing on my lips.
 Syllables tap against teeth, survey out my thoughts.
 Consonants liquifying and vowels hardening at the thought of speaking once more
 I am alone in this. I am not right in this-

MIGUEL

-You are right.
 You are young.
 The future is for the young.
 The future is for you.
 I may not have hope, but you have handfuls more than I,
 so I think,
 maybe just maybe-
 because of you
 we will win after all.

BEAT.

Moments pass.

ALEJAN begins to sob.

MIGUEL reaches out to him and embraces.

It is beautiful.

MIGUEL backs away.

MIGUEL

You know, my mother used to sing that song all the time.
It's beautiful.
And so are you,
don't let anyone tell you any different.

BEAT.

MIGUEL sings the last portion of the song, then leaves.

MIGUEL

Triste de mí que no tendrá
Ni un solo amor ni corazón
Que calme todo el fuego
De mi alma
Mi corazón volvió
Con el inmenso pesar
De no encontrar un amor
Que consuele mi afán

LIGHTS DOWN, end of movement eight.

MOVEMENT NINE

LIGHTS UP on MARIANA wheat pasting a 'Únete a la revolución' poster onto a brick wall.

She works fast, attempting not to get caught.

In runs FOOL, from her encounter with LEONA.

She sees MARIANA and slows down,

Starting to walk seductively.

She looks to the audience and winks,

But not before checking her breath and underarms for- anything less than perfection.

She walks to MARIANA who is unaware of her presence.

FOOL

MARIANA turns in shock and grasps onto the wall in fear

Mi amor, una vez más soñé contigo.

Y, la verdad, que necesito decirte

Singing Jerry Rivera's Casi un Hechizo

Mira mis manos, tiemblan así por ti

Sé que tiembles por mí

Siento el encanto de una noche entre tus brazos

Ven y dame, al fin, de tu amor

De tu corazón

Que ya es hora de ser feliz

MARIANA

OYE, TONTA.

FOOL

Oye, novia.

MARIANA

I told you not to call me that in public.

FOOL

Okay.

Oye, mi amor.

MARIANA

Fool!

Not here

can't you see I'm doing something,

do you even care about what it is that I'm doing?

FOOL

Of course, baby.

Why do you think I'm here, other than to help you.

I'll do the next one, you take a break.

MARIANA

I can't afford to just take a break, Fool.

There's shit to be done.

FOOL

Just let me do it.

FOOL takes a poster and pastes it

Next to the one MARIANA was hanging.

It says, 'END THE TYRANNY'

Moments pass.

MARIANA

If you truly cared, you would quit your job.

You literally work for the castle, for your royal fucking king or whatever.

How long are you going to support the tyranny instead of just being here with me,
ending it, mi angelita.

Mira, I want you.

I need you so desperately, but it feels wrong to have to hide our love
just because you have ties to the castle.

I want you to join us.

FOOL

It's not that simple, mi flor, or else I would have already.

MARIANA

And what makes it not that simple.

FOOL

I have the duty of watching over la princessa, protecting her.

MARIANA

She is just a confused kid,

She still must have some ties to the castle that leaves her biased.

She's not where the revolution lies.

It lies with us, and you know that.
Leave the castle.
Why are you out on the streets right now, anyways.
I saw you running in, you were running from someone.

FOOL

I was running away from the king's men, to get them to stop following the princessa.

MARIANA

You're telling me you're leading the king's men right towards me,
Do you know what the king would do to find out that the
head of the revolution is a woman in love with his fool
You fit the role of a tonta perfectly, my love.

FOOL

Ouch.

MARIANA

It hurts me, fool.
To not have you with me every night.
Each night may be my last,
I don't want to keep spending them wondering where you are.
You may think so, but just because you are in with the king doesn't mean
his loyalty lies with you.
Or the princess.

FOOL

I am yours-

MARIANA

-Then prove it.

*MARIANA kisses FOOL passionately, then leaves hastily.
FOOL is left to her thoughts.*

FOOL

Sometimes I sleep-talk.
Heart beating
all night non stop.
Dreaming of a lake
frozen over frigid,

limbs rigid in my dreams
 they are longer
 in my dreams
 I am lighter.

Nightmares fleeting across lakes I'm proceeding towards nomansland.

Long light limbs on iced over water
 unconcerned if the weight of my soul
 will crush the ice, I'll drop down and fall under-

When I wake she
 whispers my name for me in only three syllables
 making it hard to remind myself
 of how small she thinks she exists in my heart.

She's dead wrong.

She gives me her hands.

She could cup her hands and take
 handfuls and handfuls and handfuls

Of my molten core and walk away from me with it
 letting it puddle up and harden in the strength of her footprints.

She whispers,

'Bad dreams don't exist'.

Her eyes in the darkness make me draw from my skin
 to sing woe songs of distance.

She makes me smell things in piano
 and hear things in rose.

She whispers,

whispers me back to sleep, whispers-
 Sometimes I sleep-talk.

Hibernating cave heart

beats forever resting

waiting for spring

to melt into the winds that

push my long light dream limbs across frozen lakes

is she the winds

should I wake my heart out of this

should I wake my heart

should I wake

should I

-She whispers me back to sleep, whispers...

LIGHTS DOWN end of movement nine.

MOVEMENT TEN

LIGHTS UP on ALEJAN and LEONA running onto the stage.

Their eyes meet, they stop CS.

The radio begins to play- trumpets and drums.

ALEJAN AND LEONA

Aren't you the-

LEONA

Storyteller?

ALEJAN

Runaway Princess?

ALEJAN AND LEONA

Yes.

ALEJAN

Bowing

You don't look like much of a princess.

LEONA

Tears off a large, crystal necklace.

Good.

She tosses the necklace to ALEJAN who catches it clumsily.

She giggles, and walks past him.

He grins, turns back to her.

ALEJAN

Espere!

She stops.

I've heard about you, in secrets whispered on the streets.

It's rumour that you destroyed all your satin dresses, crowns of sacred jewels-
and gave the materials off to people to sell for food, warmth.

It's rumour that you speak openly to children against the politics of el rey y la reina.

People have been painting you on the sides of walls and car doors!

LEONA

And I've heard about you. You've got everybody on this island's head in the clouds.

They're out of their minds, thinking they're seeing their children running around. Hearing socialist chants.

ALEJAN

I know, I'm sorry, I'm just trying to help.

LEONA

I know. You have a power, you could really change things.

ALEJAN

I'm not so sure.

LEONA

You could really change things.

ALEJAN

Claro, I can make people see what's not really there, but you're the one who-

LEONA

Who has been cooped up in a tower of deception.
I was never told what the people want, I was sheltered.
You lived their life, you know more than I do about the real inner workings of the war.

BEAT.

Tell me. What does revolution really look like?
From my home, I see such a filtered, glittering, reality of what this war is.
The colonizers have destroyed my island- our island.
And I know there's people out there that have been forming a revolution as my parents give in
to the other side.
I've been out here for three days now, I hear the people singing,
I've seen the blood on the walls,
I've wept for the children who were taken as prisoners,
People have nailed their dolls to the outside of the castle.
There is power out there, and in you, that my parents and the colonizers
couldn't even fathom.
Show me your world.

LEONA reaches out her hand for a handshake.

The sound of drums intensifies, then quiets.

ALEJAN

I know the effects my stories have had on the people.
It's become a drug. I watch them, they're hungry for just a glimpse.

To see their kid, stolen by war, just one more time.
 To see themselves, happy, smiling, dancing.
 It's not healthy to keep doing this to them.
 Feeding into their sadness only keeps them weak,
 And the colonizers have broken them down enough.
 The people see you as a bright light, but you don't know the half of it-

LEONA

Which is why I need your help-

ALEJAN

I'm sorry, I can't. I'm doing the best I can but I don't see an end to this madness.
 It feels like it was meant to be. We're too weak, and your parents have so much power. They've
 already made the decision to-

LEONA

Enough! ¡Necesito pelear!

*She grabs the necklace from his hands,
 Grabs a brick and smashes it against the ground.
 She walks to him, and without looking from his eyes, she
 Takes a broken crystal from the necklace and pierces her skin
 till a steady line of blood emits.
 ALEJAN gasps,
 She quiets him.
 She takes his arm and pierces his skin too.*

LEONA

I won't listen to a word of that mierda about my family having ultimate power.
 We bleed the same.
 We are children of this island, and cono carajo I won't let any colonizing bastard take that away
 from us.
 We will fight this war with our fists,
She wipes blood on his cheeks and hers.
 We will fight this war with our minds,
She wipes blood on their foreheads.
 And we will fight this war with the power of all the people on this goddamn island.
She grabs his forearms fiercely,
 Now you show me where I can find the heart of this revolution
 And we will force an end to this all.
She backs out for a handshake again.

ALEJAN

Taking her hand

Viva la revolución.

LEONA

VIVA LA REVOLUCION!

He runs offstage with her hand in his.

LIGHTS DOWN, end of movement ten.

MOVEMENT ELEVEN

*MARIANA, MIGUEL, and the REVOLUTIONISTS
in their space.*

*MIGUEL is standing on some bricks,
The REVOLUTIONISTS all crowd around
MIGUEL who is telling a story.*

*MARIANA is sitting apart from them,
writing in a notebook.*

*FOOL comes in, worried and looking around for MARIANA.
MARIANA notices FOOL and stands up, shocked to see her
in the REVOLUTIONIST'S space.*

MARIANA

Fool?

FOOL

Mariana.

MARIANA

What.

What are you doing here?

FOOL

I'm sorry, is it okay?

MARIANA

Of course,

I mean

I'm so happy you're here

I missed you so much.

FOOL

And I you.

What are you working on?

MARIANA

Just writing out some thoughts I've been having.

Trying to find the right words for when we have our moment, you know.

FOOL

I believe in you,
 your mind is so powerful I mean
 whatever you've got is probably going to be mind blowing.

But enough gushing...

I.

I left the castle.

For good.

For real.

I walked right into el rey y la reina as
 they were having dinner
 and I told them,

THIS

IS

IT.

I told them about the people.

And I told them about their suffering.

I told them that out there there is a woman,
 the most powerful human I've ever met

And that she's preparing some words for them
 Words that would break the spell they are under
 and when they hear them they will

Abandon their senses,

The dust will rise up from their eyes

And they will see what's real and what's not.

You.

You are the woman of my dreams.

Well, the woman of all of our dreams- you

Will guide us through the dust and dirt and dusk and

Lead us into a new tomorrow.

La princessa, she has good intentions, I promise you.

There is no fear.

I believe that as much as I believe that we will live

And not just live, cono we will survive and thrive together

Through this war

Unto tomorrow.

I wouldn't be certain of that unless I had you by my side through it all.

It's this moment right here

This is the moment we've all been waiting for.

I believe in us.

WE WILL PERSIST.

BEAT.

Moments pass.

MARIANA embraces FOOL.

They kiss passionately.

There is the sound of celebration from

MIGUEL and the REVOLUTIONISTS.

MIGUEL

TO LOVE

ALL

To love!

MIGUEL

Let nothing ever stand in the way of
These two powerful hearts ever again.
Love is love and it will survive through war
Yes it will!

ALL

Yes it will.

MIGUEL

Fool,
We've been waiting for you!

FOOL

Once I made myself see clearly through the war,
I knew this is where I was meant to be.

MARIANA

Come with me, I want to show you what I've been working on.

FOOL takes MARIANA's hand and they exit.

MIGUEL motions for everyone to move back towards him.

They stand in a semi circle, surrounding MIGUEL.

He breathes in.

Motions for everyone to do the same, they do.

MIGUEL breathes out, they follow.

MIGUEL starts, the others repeat after him.

MIGUEL
VIVA LA REVOLUTION!

REVOLUTIONISTS
VIVA LA REVOLUTION

MIGUEL
THIS IS IT.

LIGHTS OUT, end of movement eleven.

MOVEMENT TWELVE

LIGHTS UP on MIGUEL, MARIANA and FOOL.

They stand far away from each other,

In a triangle.

FOOL smokes a cuban cigar.

MIGUEL is humming Mi Corazon Se Fue.

MARIANA is observing FOOL from afar.

MARIANA

Of course,

there she is again

chewing through Cuban cigars

with a glare that sits with me like a barrel
of rum left to spoil in some madman's stomach.

And she's calling my name now, it's cold
in the air, squished into only

two frail syllables-

Mar iana .

Mar iana, come here.

Mar iana, what's the matter?

Mar iana, you're scaring me, ven.

It weighs on me.

It hurts.

It's

threatening. It's.

Taking up a fixed

amount of space

in my head it's a

constant worry I

am nothing under

her gaze, she-

blows an O with smoke by tapping lightly on her cheek

pours me a glass of what she's having

rubs my wrists until I imagine the

skin that's there wearing down

empty, bloodless vessels

thoughts evading

weary mind.

This is

it.

MIGUEL stops humming.

MIGUEL

The boy's words echo in my mind.
 The echoing I felt in a past life,
 it returns to me,
 stronger than it ever was before.
 In fact,
 I can hear bells ringing
 and children singing
 And the sounds of family reunited after this sick war ends.
 The end of a war-
 What it sounds like...

BEAT.

It sounds like echoing-
 because once it has begun it feels like it will never stop.
 Does this mirror war world go on forever?
 Or will the boy end it?
 Will Alejan end the war
 with his power?
 What the others do not see is that
 there is power in all of them.
 He is the brave one for accepting it and moving forward with it
 The boy will win this for all of us.

FOOL

Tonta.
 They call me tonta.
 When they are the tontas-
 HAHA!
 Words words words
 words.
 Words consume the three of us.
 Battling ourselves in order to find correspondence to each
 anguishing, disembodiment, burning minute that your consciousness lives on.
 but we're all madmen-tontas if you will.
 People who attempt to put into any words what part of what goes on in their mind are all
 madmen.
 When all language drains away,
 when minds run dry

at the end of each of our
puny, worthless
undesirable lives.

When tongues dry up from lack of water and
when our faces dry and shrivel up in the exhaustion of this marvelous sun
will we still have need to speak?

Will we still torture ourselves
uttering
this and that?

THERE IS NO REAL ORIENTATION OF THE MIND.

Something vile must be destroying my mind that has yet to reach everyone.

I am, everyday robbed of the true expression of my consciousness.

LIGHTS DOWN, end of movement twelve.

MOVEMENT THIRTEEN

LIGHTS UP on bodies rising.

They begin to hum.

Passionate Salsa emits from the radio.

They retrieve an instrument from the rubble and bricks,

They sit and play.

Some bodies are dancing various latin dances.

Others are painting bricks with socialist slogans.

ALEJAN and LEONA enter, running from offstage.

LEONA gasps at the sight.

Several cheerful moments.

MARIANA, dancing, catches ALEJAN's eyes.

MARIANA

Alejan!

ALEJAN

Mariana!

MIGUEL

Alejan!

FOOL

Leona! Mi mariposa!

LEONA

Tonta, what are you doing here?

FOOL

There is a lot we have to get you caught up on.
If you don't stand for something, you'll fall for anything.

LEONA

Laughing

I knew you had to be on our side!

They hug, FOOL, to all-

FOOL

Now, comrades, let the glass blush red,
Drink up for the unforgotten dead

The people armed in brain and hand,
 Will claim our rights in our own land!
 Down among the dead men, fight the war machines,
 Don't worry friend,
 The end will justify the means!

LEONA

I've never seen you act like this I-

*MARIANA sweeps ALEJAN into a hug, kissing both his cheeks.
 They begin to dance, LEONA watches, entranced.
 A body from the unit invites LEONA to dance.
 She joins them all. A large dance ensues, celebratory.
 Several moments of this.
 FOOL, amongst the crowd, finds LEONA and dances with her.
 She is shocked, but continues.
 Suddenly, during the dance, in a moment when LEONA is CS, in the middle of the dancers-*

MIGUEL

Cono carajo, that's Princessa Leona!
The REVOLUTIONISTS go wild. There is chanting and whistling, they circle her.

REVOLUTIONISTS

¡Viva la revolución! ¡Viva la revolución!

MARIANA

Bien, bien! Settle down, give her some space.
 Never would I have thought to see the Princessa of our island here.
 We are the revolution.
 We are have been planning for weeks,
 spreading our words over the island,
 bringing aid to those who lost loved ones to the colonizers.
 Alejan has been using his power and voice to bring hope,
 as little as it may feel in the grand scheme of things-
 hope to those who need it most
 Princessa Leona,
 I have heard of your work.
 Please tell me the rumours of your politics are true.

ALEJAN

Ella es uno de nosotros, she wants to know-

LEONA

She can speak for herself, ese.

*The REVOLUTIONISTS and MARIANA react to this, impressed, chummy.
As LEONA speaks, the revolutionists begin to shake lightly, she is oblivious. As she gets more passionate, she stands on the platform, a politician. When MARIANA begins to speak, LEONA also loses bodily control. MARIANA then takes over the platform. The REVOLUTIONISTS in the background are more and more affected as the speeches intensify.*

LEONA

I'm here to provide whatever resources I can. I need to be a part of this.

MIGUEL

El rey y la reina think the safest way to get out of this war is to give in.
The other side has already tried to destroy our people, our economy, breaking us down in every way possible so we're weak enough to think we need their money and their materials.

LEONA

But if there was ever a moment in the history of our island where despair was not an option, now is the time. We must break the cycle!

MARIANA

Wepa, Mija!

We must reject the path of hatred and hostility and find the conviction to choose the higher path of compassion, justice and love!

MIGUEL

We are not free, and we will never be free. What does it mean to be free?

Each line should be said by a separate revolutionist.

The lines can be simultaneous, separate, in no particular order.

Can be said at any interval, cadence.

As long as by the end, speech is nonsensical and absurd.

Noise. Despair. Argument.

As all dialogue is being spoken, at some point a fight should break out and the REVOLUTIONISTS get violent. Bodies are dropping, knives, guns, and gas masks are utilized from the rubble. LOTS of the erratic, convulsion movement from before.

Strobe lighting. Police Sirens. Helicopters. Latin music.

All that is

Chaotic

Pandemonic

Hysteria

Unfolds.

LEONA, ALEJAN, and MARIANA watch but do not participate.

REVOLUTIONISTS

Are you free if you don't have water? Sun? Air?

Are you free if you sleep out on the streets?

Are you free if you're black?

Are you free if you're queer?

Are you free if you're brown?

Freedom! Dignity! Rights!

No temas una muerte gloriosa!

¡Que morir por la patria es vivir!

¡Yo vivo en el calor de esta isla!

Y esta isla es el calor en mi!

¡Viva la revolución!

¡El pueblo unido jamás será vencido!

1-2-3-4 the working class will go to war!

5-6-7-8 organize and smash the state!

Kill the cops and burn the prisons! What we need is socialism!

As chaos unfolds, ALEJAN begins to fold into himself.

MARIANA is moving erratically.

LEONA is terrified, entranced, watching and cautious.

When the last few bodies are ending, MARIANA approaches LEONA- unhinged.

MARIANA

An end to monarchy.

An end to government.

We will win this country back.

We must take out those blinded by power.

LEONA

I don't understand, what is this-

MARIANA

It's cyclical, all of it mija.

MARIANA & MIGUEL

We win, we lose.
 We rise, we fall.
 We fight, we love.

MARIANA

Centuries of the same kinds of oppression, everywhere.

She looks out to the audience.

It's all
 Codes and physics
 There's no limits
 At the death of these material bodies we will download consciousness
 But before, we'll only make war,
 After we will communicate in
 dings in bells, Organelles
 will get thrown in wells at the end of this sun
 Nova's begun
 It never cared anyways
 Die or stay
 A star's a star
 Destroy all cars and
 Melt down their metal to
 Choose who we are
 A new era is coming
 Forget making children I'm sorry
 AI's the way we
 will all move forward
 We're obsessed with war and
 Trust me this chaos
 is higher than all.
 Don't run and turn for hope,
 It's lost
 It flew to a new boss called
 Chthulucene mutation
 It will begin with mutation
 We will always mutate and
 Look for new frontiers
 Have no fears
 Accrue a new frontal lobe
 That processes larger patterns, intelligence explodes
 Intercepted: the

Mandated
 Institutionalized
 Truth we've accepted
 A stability we've been trained to know
 Power dynamics false as devil's woe
 New brains expanding
 Receptors connecting
 The last neanderthal
 gene is ending
 Humans descending -
 I don't want to go.
 I crave answers
 to-
 Why are we lonely
 when people are around?
 And why do we dismiss the heat
 as earth's dying sounds?
 And why do we lie?
 And how did we master it?
 And where will love go
 when thoughts form in micro bits?
 And how can I grasp that if I don't have children before this singularity
 That they will not have been crushed by human questions of worldly disparities
 Like babies
 In cages
 And great forests burning
 And more than ten years
 Of countries civil warring
 They won't have to ask
 Why there's no clean running water
 Or why there's missing black fathers
 Who were stolen, by violence, and unjust police collisions
 And how only cis white straight men
 get to make the decisions-

She falls.

A fallen body in the back rises. It falls.

Bodies rise and fall.

Entire cast runs, falls, rises, repeats.

Shared breathe, shared eye contact.

ALEJAN takes a blade from his back pocket.

*He cuts out his tongue,
 he struggles to walk towards LEONA,
 She is in shock.
 ALEJAN raises his fist, and drops it over and over again, stuck.
 Blood is everywhere.
 LEONA takes his blade from his hands and uses it to stab her chest.
 She becomes stuck in this action, repeating.
 MARIANA and FOOL walk amongst the unit of bodies, watching as if they are soldiers.
 They are all stuck in repetitive movement.
 They all speed up as blood begins to emit from them.*

MIGUEL

Viva la revolution!
 Long live the singularity!
 Commence- the chronic alienation from your consciousness.
 Refuse to accept it.

FOOL

The real pain is to feel one's thought shift within one's self.
 Physiological
 Phenomenology
 Of unending
 Desolation!
 Minds deteriorate!
 Souls liquify,
 coagulating, emptying from one place into another.
 Words rot in the face of the singularity.
 We cycle, recycle
 earth's midden heap of rot and dirt and dust

MIGUEL & FOOL

War is larger than life!

LEONA

I often dreamt in mushroom clouds,
 Runaway trains and shattered crowns.
 My life is ending a bit too loud,
 I'm sorry to the skies I never screamed into.
 They leave me now.
 El Cielo.

I see tunnels of light, others, welcoming me into their world.
I never got to love.

*All inhale, fall. Exhale, rise.
Several repeated moments.*

ALL

Sickness. Weakness. Speed. Mania.
Heat. War. Destruction. Moments.

Cycles.

Cycles.

Cycles.

Cycles.

*All stand still.
They raise their fists.
All release a harmonious, continuous hum.
They hold this for a few moments.*

ALL

VIVA LA REVOLUCIÓN.

LIGHTS OUT. END OF PLAY.