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Fuente

by Cusi Cram

A Samuel French Acting Edition



SAMUEL FRENCH
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FUENTE was first produced in 2005 by Barrington Stage Company, (Sheffield, Massachusetts) with Julianne Boyd, Artistic Director. The production was directed by Sturgis Warner, with the following cast and creative team:

ESTÉBAN/GUSTAVO . . . . . Paolo Andino
SOLEDAD . . . . . Lucia Brawley
CHAPARRO/ PADRE GUSTAVO. . . . . Michael Ray Escamilla
ADELA. . . . . Zabryna Guevara
OMAR. . . . . Piter Marek
BLAIR-MARIA. . . . . Jeanine Serralles

Set Design - Brian Prather
Costume Design - Guy Lee Bailey
Lighting Designer - D. Benjamin Courtney
Dramaturge - Alexis Greene

CHARACTERS

CHAPARRO/ PADRE GUSTAVO
SOLEDAD
ESTÉBAN/ DENVER
ADELA
OMAR
BLAIR-MARIA

SETTING

Fuente, a southern, desert place – not as far south as you can go but south nonetheless.

A NOTE ON THE ACCENTS

For Chaparro, Soledad, and Estéban, English is their first language but the rhythm of their speech is infused with Spanish. Spanish is Adela's first language. Omar was born in an Arabic-speaking country.

A NOTE ON THE LANGUAGE

Although the language is poetic, it is spoken quickly and should mirror everyday speech.

PART ONE

LOVE AND HAIRSPRAY

(Blue sky. Clay earth. Dry heat, turning wet.)

CHAPARRO. North of nowhere. South of bumfuck. East of your ass. Fuente. It gets all murky clear in my thinking. It's like the back of my hand and the back of Venus at once. Fuente. I say, I say to folks who ask, 'cause everybody thinks they got the right to know where you from. I say back at them, like they wanna hear, I say, Fuente. And they, with them grid-line, map charts of understanding up their fat asses, don't know where or what the fuck Fuente might be. I know.

It is not a bedroom community. It is not a seaside resort. It's not Pleasantville or suburbia, or urban decay. It's not your city, village, or hamlet. It's not a crossroads or some spookety spook ghost town. It's not on map you can buy at your Exxon, 7-Eleven type establishment. It's not a locale, if you get my point.

Fuente is Soledad. And she is un-mappable as a planet not yet discovered. She is the glass of lemonade with ice cubicles that you crave in high Fahrenheit heat. She is all things to anyone who wanted or knew wanting deep. She knows without asking and is mine, all mine. Mine. My mine. I mine her. I'm rich. So rich, I get silly. Silly in Fuente. Dry old Fuente. West of any thought you ever had. Soledad! Soledad!

*(***SOLEDAD** *runs toward* **CHAPARRO**. *He picks her up and twirls her around.)*

SOLEDAD. Where's your truck, silly man?

CHAPARRO. Ran out of gas two miles back but I ran. Ran to see you.

*(***SOLEDAD** *runs away from* **CHAPARRO**.*)*

SOLEDAD. Maybe you gotta run some more.

*(***CHAPARRO** *chases* **SOLEDAD**.*)*

CHAPARRO. You are a pirate and I'm gonna capture you and take your golden booty.

*(***CHAPARRO** *catches* **SOLEDAD** *and brings her to her knees. She giggles.)*

CHAPARRO. You are a sly river fish but I'm gonna hook you this time.

*(***CHAPARRO** *lies on top of* **SOLEDAD** *and kisses her some more. She giggles some more.)*

CHAPARRO. You are a doughnut and I'm gonna suck the jelly out your middle.

(He sucks her neck.)

All day.

(She giggles yet again. She suddenly stops.)

SOLEDAD. I'm bored.

CHAPARRO. What?

SOLEDAD. Like, get off me you feel heavy, bored. Like you could crush my bones. Why you such a bone crusher, Chappo?

CHAPARRO. Bone? What?

SOLEDAD. I'm tired of your face always wanting. Like for once, one time, once, give me a face all satisfied and then maybe, maybe I won't feel all itchy.

*(***SOLEDAD** *scratches herself.)*

CHAPARRO. Itchy?

SOLEDAD. Like the opposite of content or pleased as punch. Itchy. Looking to be scratched, just not by you.

*(***SOLEDAD** *scratches some more.)*

CHAPARRO. Careful, you'll make yourself bleed something bad. Cuts turn nasty quick in Fuente.

SOLEDAD. *(in a slightly strange British accent)* Stop your infernal chattering, you're giving me a migraine.

*(***SOLEDAD** *catches herself, she has never talked like this before.)*

CHAPARRO. Infernal? Migraine? What…what kinda words is those?

SOLEDAD. My words, my words, that's what they is.

CHAPARRO. It's like someone put a tape recorder device in you.

SOLEDAD. I feel unstuck. And for the record, it was not something I was seeking. I liked my glue just fine. You. You all sweet and fully-poseable and puppy-boy like. I was more than satisfied with the glue of you.

CHAPPARRO. These past tenses are freaking me.

SOLEDAD. I swear up and down me, I swear, the weather is getting wet.

CHAPARRO. We haven't had weather in years. Just sun and dust. That's what we have in Fuente. Dust and sun 'til you die.

SOLEDAD. I know things humid, Chaparro. I visited the shore when I was ten and felt the word they call briny, so I know. *(suddenly realizing)* My hair is curling upwards, like that time I went to the beach, just like that. And it means something. It means a change in weather or plans. And I can't change the weather but I can change my plans. And I been thinking up and down my head, I've been thinking, and I want a life that's all mixed and different than this one.

CHAPARRO. And what life is that?

SOLEDAD. Like that show Dynasty on the television set. I want an Alexis Carrington life with stapled hair and shoulder pad sex. Can you give me that, Chaparro?

CHAPARRO. I…I…don't know.

SOLEDAD. Some days I wish your name was Blake, so bad I wish it.

CHAPARRO. Blake? I ain't never met no one named Blake.

SOLEDAD. But don't you want to?

CHAPARRO. What's all this Blakey Blake nonsense?

SOLEDAD. Forget it.

CHAPARRO. Come on, Soledad. Ain't no secrets between us.

SOLEDAD. I don't want your mumblings on the subject. Your lack of object.

CHAPARRO. What you just said means nonsense. You look all sideways. And your mouth just got small. Did you drink my home made brew? It's not a lady's beer.

SOLEDAD. I ain't a lady, Chaparro. And I don't never drink beer. *(as Alexis Carrington).* Champagne cocktail's my particular poison.

*(***SOLEDAD** *stops herself. She is not quite sure where these words, this accent are coming from.)*

CHAPARRO. This some game? Something you read 'bout in a lady's magazine? I can play games. I can be Blake. Look at me I'm Blake. What he talk like? Like this? *(in a real Gringo accent)* Well, hello Soledad, fine weather we're having here at the estate.

SOLEDAD. This ain't no game, Chaparro.

CHAPARRO. *(trying to kiss her)* My sweet skinned girl, with the flowery smile. Be soft like you usually is. I miss you. This feels like what rheumatism could be. I am full of aches for you, Soledad.

SOLEDAD. Poor, Chappo from two towns over. Poor boy.

CHAPPARRO. Why you acting all like jelly or wind, like something I can't hold?

SOLEDAD. It's my hairspray, I think.

CHAPARRO. Your hairspray? I'm lost, lost without a map lost.

SOLEDAD. I think my hair spray changed the patterns in my brain.

CHAPARRO. Your brain gotta a pattern? Didn't know that.

SOLEDAD. I got the hairspray from the Arabs 'cause Esteban's closed early yesterday, I was in town, mostly buying cutlets for your supper. And I stopped in at the Arabs and bought two packs of Juicy Fruit chewing gum and my normal extra hold Aqua Net aerosol branded hair spray. And the bottle looked all normal, 'cept there was the English letters and then some that looked like what Arabic is.

CHAPARRO. What you doing using A-rab-looking Aqua Net?

SOLEDAD. Then I come home and brushed my hair thirty three times for luck and straightness, 'cause I know you like the straight look.

CHAPARRO. It's not me that likes your hair combed straight. I don't care which way your hair might go as long as it's close to me smelling of whatever the smell it always has.

SOLEDAD. It's the extra hold Aqua Net that you like the smell of. So, I bought it on account of and for you, 'cause that's what women do. And it didn't work.

CHAPARRO. What do you mean?

SOLEDAD. Nothing, and I use that word on purpose, nothing could keep the curl out of my hair. The hairspray smelled strange. Strange like cinnamon and Arab spice. And then just now, I started feeling all itchy and I don't know why but I just can't stop thinking about Alexis Carrington and her face all tight and full of confidence and that accent she has from Europe and that she lived in some place called "Acapoolco" before she came back to Denver to ruin her ex-husband for keeps.

CHAPARRO. Acapool…Acapoolco? What's Aca…aca

SOLEDAD. It's like my head is full of all the 101 things that I don't have and can't even get in this place. And I ain't just talking 'bout stuff, 'cause stuff is stuff. Words like "Paris" and "possibility" keep racing around my head, and all that racing is giving me the biggest headache I ever known.

CHAPARRO. What you need is some Aspirin. I got aspirin.

*(***CHAPARRO** *rifles through his knapsack.)*

SOLEDAD. Ain't that type of head-ache.

CHAPARRO. What type is it then?

SOLEDAD. Kind that starts at your feet. I been stuck in the same pair of Payless shoes for a long, long time and they make my head hurt. I want new shoes, Chaparro.

CHAPARRO. Fine. I'll get some gas, get back in the truck and drive to Oriba, or Cateña, or all the way to Fuente Central.

SOLEDAD. Let me go with you. Let me go, Chappo.

CHAPARRO. Ain't the time yet.

SOLEDAD. *(as Alexis Carrington)* I'll be toothless and on a gurney before you can ever give me what I want.

CHAPARRO. I told you not to talk that way.

SOLEDAD. Ain't got no choice in the matter. When?

CHAPARRO. When what?

SOLEDAD. When am I gonna see something sides this dirt road?

CHAPARRO. Soledad, we'll go to magical places like from where that accent is from.

SOLEDAD. Promise?

CHAPARRO. Promise.

SOLEDAD. I wish I could believe you, so bad I wish it.

CHAPARRO. Believe me. You always believe me, Soledad.

SOLEDAD. I want to go somewhere, somewhere with a name that I don't know how to say.

CHAPARRO. Maybe that hair spray did do something to you, something strange weird.

SOLEDAD. What about my shoes? I was serious about the shoes. Dead serious.

CHAPARRO. I have enough for two pair. And after I get them, there will be no more itching or speaking of others to scratch the itching.

SOLEDAD. What I want is shoes like a nurse or old lady. Shoes for walking. I have sandals with wide open toes and they have gotten me nowhere Chaparro. Nowhere. Nowhere but Fuente.

(Lights out on **CHAPARRO** *and* **SOLEDAD***.)*

(Lights up on **SOLEDAD** *she sits outside and drinks a large can of beer.)*

SOLEDAD. I swear, I seen three cross-eyed kittens today. And that means something. Something. It ain't good. I remember that much.

(She crushes her beer can and tosses it out in to the desert.)

SOLEDAD. *(cont.)* Take that you motherfucking bad omen kittens. I got plans. Alexis Morrell Carrington Colby Dexter Rowan plans.

*(***SOLEDAD** *is not quite sure where all those names just came from.* **ESTÉBAN** *enters and picks up the beer can. He carries a paper bag.)*

ESTÉBAN. Littering ain't legal.

SOLEDAD. Like I give two turnips.

ESTÉBAN. Where's Chaparro?

SOLEDAD. Looking for my walking shoes.

ESTÉBAN. Out of town?

SOLEDAD. Gone two days. Supposed to be two hours.

ESTÉBAN. He teach you how to drive, yet?

SOLEDAD. Do I look like I got a car? Do I look like I'm in some red convertible with my hair blowing every which way? *(as Alexis Carrington)* Do I look like I'm about to take over Denver Carrington from that no good, two bit, double crossing louse once and for all?

*(***SOLEDAD** *stops herself.)*

ESTÉBAN. What was that?

SOLEDAD. Nothing that concerns you.

ESTÉBAN. I'd teach you to drive.

SOLEDAD. Yeah?

(A moment.)

ESTÉBAN. Got you something.

SOLEDAD. Don't want it. All presents men give have long strings attached right to their cocks and I'm tired of looking at cocks with strings hanging every which way.

ESTÉBAN. Never heard you say that word before.

SOLEDAD. Got all kinds of new words in me, Estéban.

*(***ESTÉBAN** *reaches into his paper bag and pulls out a can of Aqua Net.)*

ESTÉBAN. Been a run on the Aqua Net recently.

SOLEDAD. What you want, Estéban?

ESTÉBAN. Nothing.

SOLEDAD. Everybody wants something.

ESTÉBAN. You could say thank you, polite like, like most folks do.

SOLEDAD. *(as Alexis Carrington)* I'm the sort of woman who says damn you, not thank you.

ESTÉBAN. Why you talkin in that accent?

SOLEDAD. Aqua Net won't do me a lick of good 'cause I'm going natural and somewhere else.

ESTÉBAN. Chappo taking you some place?

SOLEDAD. None of your business. What's a cross-eyed kitten mean?

ESTÉBAN. Don't remember quite.

SOLEDAD. Why you never come by when Chappo's here?

ESTÉBAN. Don't know.

SOLEDAD. Say it out loud. Say it so the kittens can hear.

ESTÉBAN. *(yelling to the kittens)* 'Cause you been my friend for as long as I can remember.

SOLEDAD. I am like Alexis Carrington and she has no friends, just girl enemies and ex-husbands.

ESTÉBAN. That show ain't been on in years, Soledad.

SOLEDAD. It's all that's been on my television set. On all three channels, all day and all night. It means something.

ESTÉBAN. Means Chaparro should buy you a satellite dish, like what most normal folks have.

SOLEDAD. It means that I am supposed to do something, for once.

ESTÉBAN. Something's boiling wrong in you today.

SOLEDAD. *(as Alexis Carrington)* You can either love me or hate me. I enjoy it either way.

ESTÉBAN. You been drinking? Never seen you drink a beer from the can. Never seen you wasted.

SOLEDAD. So much you'll never see. Poor Estéban.

(A moment.)

ESTÉBAN. I should be getting home. Adela's making pork.

SOLEDAD. Wouldn't want to miss pork.

ESTÉBAN. I could sit for a minute, if you want?

SOLEDAD. Long as you promise not to spoil the noise in my head.

*(***ESTÉBAN** *sits. A moment.)*

SOLEDAD. How many miles your truck got on it?

ESTÉBAN. Hundred thousand, I suppose.

SOLEDAD. That a lot?

ESTÉBAN. Not a little.

SOLEDAD. You meant what you said?

ESTÉBAN. 'Bout what?

SOLEDAD. 'Bout teaching me to drive?

ESTÉBAN. Sure.

SOLEDAD. I wanna learn. By the ocean.

*(***ESTÉBAN** *laughs.)*

ESTÉBAN. Ever since I can remember you been talkin crazy nonsense 'bout the ocean.

SOLEDAD. This time it's all different.

ESTÉBAN. Sure it is.

SOLEDAD. I ain't joking.

ESTÉBAN. You mean right now?

SOLEDAD. Later is a word I'm sick to death of.

ESTÉBAN. What you saying, Soledad?

SOLEDAD. Call me Alexis from now on. You know just what I'm saying, Estéban.

ESTÉBAN. I gotta wife who's expecting. I got shipments coming into the store. I can't just leave everything like that.

SOLEDAD. Everybody got something they have to leave get somewhere. Alexis Carrington left Acapoolco to go back to Denver and let me tell you it looked a helluva a lot nicer than Fuente.

ESTÉBAN. You're talking crazy. This is your place.

SOLEDAD. Ain't my place. Don't talk like we're the same.

ESTÉBAN. Once you thought that way too.

SOLEDAD. You in or out?

ESTÉBAN. If you had a family and responsibilities, you wouldn't be asking me what I think you're asking me to do.

SOLEDAD. Everyone knows what a good man you is Esteban. Upright. Honest. Chrurch going. Blah. Blah. Blah. Maybe it's time for you to be bad.

ESTÉBAN. Bad guys do have all the fun.

SOLEDAD. It can't have been fun being so good for so long.

ESTÉBAN. Been the opposite of fun.

SOLEDAD. Is that a yes?

ESTÉBAN. It ain't a no.

*(***SOLEDAD** *looks at* **ESTÉBAN**. **ESTÉBAN** *looks at* **SOLEDAD**. *Lights out.)*

*(***CHAPARRO** *runs on stage holding two boxes of shoes in his arms.)*

CHAPARRO. I done it! I done it! Soledad! You hear me? Nurse shoes! *(He waves the boxes of shoes in the air.)* Nurse shoes ain't easy to come by in these here parts, none in Oriba, they'd heard of them in Cateña and in Fuente Central they'd just run out. Seems like lots of women are looking for walking shoes. All the stores were out of Aqua Net too. Store lady said women had been complaining of a secret humidity.

(calling out) You are violin and I am going to pluck your stings, one by one. Pluck. Pluck. Pluck. You in the bath? Know better than to disturb you when you in the bath.

*(***CHAPARRO** *sits for a moment.)*

I heard 'bout this nursing shoe outlet store in a bar near Lost River and I drove the 200 extra miles for you, Soledad. 'Cause I known you long enough to know your wanting look. Nothing be changing your wanting look. You shoulda seen the place, like racks and racks of the ugliest shoes I ever known. And the colors was like all different shades of vomit, light brown, beige and like

snowy white, like when you vomit on an empty stomach. And I got you one in white and one in beige and the nursing shoe lady promised they would be comfortable and let you stand on your feet for longer than long. And I wanted to get you one of them nursing outfits but I run out of cash. Remember? You remember that? I thought we could play nurse like we did natural – like when we was small. Only then I was the doctor and I gave you breast exams because I scared you and told you little girls was prone to breast cancers. Didn't matter. You liked the exams and smiled. And I loved you for smiling.

*(***CHAPARRO** *stands and holds up the boxes of nurse shoes.)*

(calling out) You are a peanut and butter and jelly sandwich and I'm going to eat you up in one big gulp. Soledad?

(A note falls from the ceiling. **CHAPARRO** *reads the note. Lights up on* **SOLEDAD**.*)*

SOLEDAD. I left with Estéban. Mostly because he has a better truck. And he promised he would teach me to drive, drive by the ocean. All the wetness in the air, the damp nights made me think of the beach and when I was ten. I had the itch to see it again and I figured you forgot about the shoes and got lost in your drinking and living like you do sometimes and I ain't got time for that. I feel gravity everywhere, pulling on my ass and tits and I think that's what other people call getting older and it stinks, for certain. Maybe at the ocean gravity don't exist. I gotta find out.*(as Alexis Carrington)* Backwards Kisses. Alexis Carrington.

(Lights out on **SOLEDAD** *and* **CHAPARRO**.*)*

(Lights up on **ESTÉBAN** *and* **SOLEDAD** *in a truck.)*

SOLEDAD. I smell the sea. All the fishies. I smell them.

ESTÉBAN. Five hundred, maybe six hundred miles to go. You don't smell no fishies.

SOLEDAD. You're not fully-poseable, are you?

ESTÉBAN. I'm hungry and we're running out of cash.

SOLEDAD. Chaparro was fully poseable. Like you could place his thoughts, get him to think your mind. You… you…are different cup of tea.

ESTÉBAN. I ain't no cup of tea.

SOLEDAD. In this kinda mood you are most certain not my cup of tea.

ESTÉBAN. We can't stay in no motel with a satellite dish tonight. Too expensive.

SOLEDAD. But I like the diversity of channels.

ESTÉBAN. What could that possibly mean?

SOLEDAD. I like watching the karate movies and cooking shows. It's like mind h'ordurves.

ESTÉBAN. If we stay in a motel. At least, I get to kiss you and touch something.

SOLEDAD. Stop the truck. I SAID STOP THE TRUCK.

*(***ESTÉBAN** *stops the truck.)*

SOLEDAD. You say anything like that ever again and I get out. I walk in these god-damn sandals. I walk to the ocean. ALONE.

ESTÉBAN. It's just…it's just…it's just…

SOLEDAD. You promised, you promised that you would teach me to drive by the ocean. You gonna break your promise like every person I ever had the misfortune to trust?

ESTÉBAN. It's just I thought…I thought this trip was gonna be different. I thought you'd be…different.

SOLEDAD. I am different. It's you who's the same.

ESTÉBAN. Man, I'm some kinda of dumbass.

SOLEDAD. Estéban, I can't get all attached to no one right at the beginning of a new life. I might interrupt the natural flow of eventual happenings. You are helping me change my destiny but that is it.

ESTÉBAN. Ain't there no place for me in that place you call destiny?

SOLEDAD. Yes there is. A place as my sea-side driving instructor.

ESTÉBAN. But I was supposed to be bad on this trip.

SOLEDAD. Let me ask you a question. You got the life you want?

ESTÉBAN. Who gets that?

SOLEDAD. TV people is who. And me. And maybe you too if you just relax a little and let destiny take you somewhere for a change.

ESTÉBAN. I left my wife, my wife and two kids.

SOLEDAD. I don't know what that's got to do with me.

ESTÉBAN. It's got everything to do with you and you KNOW IT! You see some life at the end of this road and I just need to know if I'm in it.

SOLEDAD. You see a turban on my head? I look like some genie to you that knows the future?

ESTÉBAN. No, you look like you always look. Crazy beautiful.

SOLEDAD. Can it.

ESTÉBAN. You won't give me an inch, Soledad.

SOLEDAD. I thought I told you to call me Alexis.

ESTÉBAN. I'll call you Alexis if you call me Blake.

SOLEDAD. You ain't no Blake and that's a fact.

ESTÉBAN. Just you wait. I can be Blake. Bad, bad Blake.

*(***ESTÉBAN** *starts the truck. Lights out.)*

(Lights up on **CHAPARRO** *and* **ADELA**. *Lying side by side a kitchen table.* **ADELA** *is six months pregnant. A silence.)*

CHAPARRO. I'm sorry.

ADELA. I understand. I ain't no beauty queen, right this instant.

CHAPARRO. Naw, naw, that ain't the case as it stands, at all. Adela, you somethin' else. Adela the desert cat.

ADELA. I don't much care for fucking.

CHAPARRO. What?

ADELA. I like just lying like this, quiet. Don't matter a hoot you couldn't get it up. I'd just have pretended to enjoy myself, make them screamin' noises. It's harder when you're pregnant.

CHAPARRO. But everybody in town, everybody always sayin how they hear you and Estéban makin love like some crazy coyotes.

ADELA. In a small town, you gotta maintain a reputation. Gives people something to think about. Otherwise, people get so bored they wind up killing each other. Can you get it up with Soledad?

CHAPARRO. Only with her. People think all kinds of backwards wrong thoughts 'bout me, Adela. Think I cheat on Soledad, when I leave town. Truth is, I wish I could. She was the first women I ever had and ain't been able to have no others since.

ADELA. And what's wrong with that?

CHAPARRO. That I ain't got no choice, no possibility. Makes a man weak, a lack of possibility.

ADELA. I think I could be one of them lesbians. I do.

CHAPARRO. You don't mean that.

ADELA. I am most certain 'bout what I just said. My husband gone and left with the woman I known he always loved and I'm pregnant as they come with something that feels like it must be triplets and I got two small babies at home with big appetites, know what I feel? Sleepy.

CHAPARRO. Not sure I'll ever sleep again. I'm gonna get in the truck and find her.

ADELA. You can't find something that wants to be lost.

CHAPARRO. I miss her.

ADELA. Everyone's always missing Soledad. Pretty Soledad with the sad, sad eyes. Sometimes…sometimes…I think I might like to kiss her myself. See what all the fuss is about.

CHAPARRO. Don't say things like that.

ADELA. She ain't quite of this world. Be like kissing God or a ghost, I ain't never done that.

CHAPARRO. You a witch Adela?

ADELA. Who told you that?

CHAPARRO. Folks say things.

ADELA. What kind of things?

Hungry for More?

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