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American Night: The Ballad of Juan José

Richard J. Montoya

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION

**SAMUEL
FRENCH**
FOUNDED 1830

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AMERICAN NIGHT: THE BALLAD OF JUAN JOSE was originally commissioned by The Oregon Shakespeare Festival for American Revolutions: The United States History Cycle. It was developed by Culture Clash and Jo Bonney. The American Revolutions Director was Alson Carrey.

CHARACTER CHART

1. Juan Jose
2. Marachie Band/Crooked Cop #1/Cuoto/Kyle The Bear/Mexican Man/Hobo 2 (Lefty)/Bob Dylan/Another Man in Audience/ICE/Man in Turban/Shark/Farm Hand/Juan Corona/Ronnie Burke/Rabbi
3. Marachie Band/Cooked Cop #2/Border Patrol Officer/Teddy Roosevelt/Dona Tencha/Hobo 1(Pancho)/Foley Man (mr. Kishi)/Man In Audience/ICE/Sherrif Joe/Sumo Wrestler/Cuban Radio/Abelardo (Juan Jose's Father)/Sect Woman 1/Neil Diamante
4. Marachie Band/Lydia/Cuevas/Sakajawea/Riala (Mexican Woman)/Ralf Lazo/Joan Baez/Young Latina In Audience/ICE
5. Skinny Tie 2/Harry Bridges/Nicholas Trist/Lewis (Explorer 2)/Man in Robe/Announcer/Madrigal Singer/ICE/Fidel Castro/Abe Lincoln
6. Skinny Tie 1/Johnny/Calvary Officer/Calvary Officer Blanchard/Asian Man in Audience/ICE/Game Show Host/Sect Woman 3/West Virginia Coal Miner
7. Ben/Saint Adrian/Padre/Hop Ling/Madrigal Singer/Jackie Robinson/Postal Worker/African American Audinece Member 1/George Washington/Sect Woman 2/Statue of Liberty
8. Mrs. Finney/Calvary Officer/Clark (Explorer 1)/Woman in Robe/Cavalry Officer Seguin/Woody (Singer)/Anglo Woman in Audience/ICE/Spokes Model/Shark
9. Viola/Border Patrol Officer/Madrigal Singer/Emit Till/African American Audience Member 2/ICE/Ben Franklin/Celia Cruz

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Yo sets! The US Army Tent is borrowed from The Grapes of Wrath and before actually... We borrow too from the fervor and spirituality of the Revival Tent but for another kind of social justice. The Barracks of Manzanar somehow remind us of our fathers who served and of those we held captive on US soil. Your elderly audience may recognize it. Be sure to build it for them. Or a close approximation there of... Gracias!

American Night: The Ballad For A Nation's Soul...

This Dream is fleeting and front-footed... Prepare.

Juan José is not a sleepy Mexican. Even if he does succumb to his exhaustion. No. He is a hyper time-traveler scaling walls and whole epoch's of US history that most concern him. If we slow we risk stepping into melodrama or sentimentality.

We *soldier on*.

Courageously.

Swiftly.

Paradoxically – our Night knows when to well be still – as a matter of survival – should your horse winey or baby cry, your pursuers could well find you.

We are still – then – judiciously we pounce!

Braver is the actor who recedes back into the shadows with the speed of ghost lightening, aware of the accumulative power of this Night and unconcerned with finding or making too much of the individual moment: a revolutionary action for the collective as storyteller/actor!

Juan José needs this from us most urgently.

Help me prosecute his case.

And allow this Immigrant to dream. Consider that Juan José is not merely a re-actor in his dream. No. At times his words and his actions propel the dream reeling into over-drive.

The Night is here, lo, we must move!

Trampling Rove underfoot and carrying our banned books of Arizona across America.

One...

for mountain lion montoya - two and half years young

(The Stage: A nearly open space.)

(Far upstage resembles box cars or a corrugated steel wall.)

(Razor wire could snake high atop The Wall. [It lights lovely.])

(This text is scrawled in the universal language of graffiti:)

FRONTERAS: Cicatrices en la Tierra...

BORDERS: Scars on the Earth...

(Swirling sounds of Mexican radio and Evangelical static:)

(A man enters – this is JUAN JOSÉ.)

(JUAN JOSÉ reaches center stage and steps onto an embedded treadmill where he walks and walks then stops:)

JUAN JOSÉ. I had to flee my hometown...

Too many guns and bullets that do not miss

My mother had too many tears in her eyes

And too many sons in the ground... So, now...

(Two men have entered: Brother and Elder Clark.)

(They wear white shirts, black ties, name tags and glasses.)

(In a flash, a table and chairs are set in place. lights shift:)

I have it the Green Card. *(holding it up)* Okay. But what this mean? Permanent resident alien? Temporary alien? Illegal alien? *Amnistía?* It mean I not American. I not vote, *nada*.

JUAN JOSÉ. (*cont.*) I am invisible. When first I come here, I prove I have the terrible danger in Mexico. So The Man he say I can be *Legal Alien*. Okay. But this is not enough for me man. I *need* it to be the U.S. Citizen. *Completamente*. My family in great danger. I need this, man. I must do this. *Sí señor*. Then I bring my *Señora* here. My son also. To here...

SKINNY TIE 2. (*softly*) America.

JUAN JOSÉ. America. I was policeman there, yes, but I never take the bribe. *La mordida*. *Nunca*. *Los Narco-traficantes*. You know these bad guys?

SKINNY TIE 2. The cartel men who sell the drugs...

JUAN JOSÉ. Oh *sí*. Very-very bad guys. They are the most powerful. The most rich. They are the *Zetas*, man, they own the president and the governor and all the mayors. And they rent the people.

SKINNY TIE 1. Rent the people?

JUAN JOSÉ. Oh yes. This is for real. *Mira*, they can rent you to kill you (*pointing*). Then they rent the people to go to your (*pointing*) funeral and cry, they also rent a family to celebrate *your* life with very nice flowers. Then they rent the guy to go to prison for you who *kill* you. *La renta...*

SKINNY TIE 2. This is a *real* thing?

JUAN JOSÉ. It is a Mexican thing! But they will never own, never rent Juan José. Never. The drug war is very-very real man.

SKINNY TIE 1. (*offering softly and helpful*) We have Cupcake Wars here.

JUAN JOSÉ. I prefer your terrible wars. My war force me to leave my land, my *señora* Lydia-Esperanza and the baby boy.

SKINNY TIE 1. Esperanza means hope?

JUAN JOSÉ. Mexican hope. Not Obama Hope.

SKINNY TIE 2. And you've never seen your baby?

JUAN JOSÉ. No *señor*, he was born when I walk to here.

SKINNY TIE 2. You walked to America son?

JUAN JOSÉ. (*serious and fatigue*) But I sing most of the way. They will keep coming. And hiding in the shadows but for me, man I need most than anything in the world to pass this *pinche* US citizenship test *mañana*. I *must* do this important thing. For my family... I study so hard man, but now my God I so nervous, I forget *mucho*. I think I have Mexican ADD, and I stressed out man like I drink ten venti cappuccino with foams from Estarbucks or something... I no sleep in so many days...

SKINNY TIE 2. You've made amazing progress in the short time we've known you.

JUAN JOSÉ. The Catholic guy say the same thing to me but I quit him for Presbyterian guy – but he was so taciturn that I thought I kill him – and then I meet the Unitarian guy and he get naked for me so I run like *loco* out of his yurt and find the Scientology guy but I fail his personality test and so now I am here with you nice guys. (*brightly*) I choose you! See?

SKINNY TIE 1. Juan José, I want to follow up on something you said.

JUAN JOSÉ. *Claro que sí Brother Clark...*

SKINNY TIE 1. I understand you *need* to be an American...

JUAN JOSÉ. *Sí señor*. I need for sure this.

SKINNY TIE 1. But do you *want* to be an American?

SKINNY TIE 2. Have we lost leave of our manners Brother Clark?

SKINNY TIE 1. The differences between *need* and *want* is vast Elder Lew...

JUAN JOSÉ. It the same thing for me man: I *need* – I *want* – I *must*!

SKINNY TIE 1. But we're failing to see the...

SKINNY TIE 2. Okay. Okay. Enough. Enough. Semantics.

SKINNY TIE 1. I apologize...

JUAN JOSÉ. Do not apologize *Hermano* Clark, you are a good Spanish Inquisitor.

SKINNY TIE 2. *Bueno.* Let us move on, shall we?

JUAN JOSÉ. *Si porque* must study my Civic Flash Cards and my Citizen's Almanac very-very hard...

SKINNY TIE 2. I'll come here early in the morning, I'll baptize you myself and drive you to your exam. Okay *amigo?*

JUAN JOSÉ. I am grateful for this. You are my *new* friends for sure.

SKINNY TIE 1. That we are Juan Jose.

SKINNY TIE 2. And, we have a little gift for you.

(Lights shift rapidly. Two Mexican Police Officers enter wearing drab uniforms with bright yellow stripes down the outer pant leg.)

(A low electronic throb pulsates: cheap Mexican electricity.)

(SKINNY TIE 1 and 2 move into the upstage shadows.)

(CROOKED COP 2 places a Mexican cop hat on JUAN JOSÉ.)

(CROOKED COP 1 holds out a brown letter size envelope with a visible cartel stamp [Mexican skull]: cash)

JUAN JOSÉ. You have gift for me?

CROOKED COP #1. *Un regalito, para ti cabrón... ¿Qué pasó Juan Jose? Es tuyo guey...*

CROOKED COP #2. Merry Chree-mass and a Happy New Jear...

(He tosses the tainted envelope on the table.)

JUAN JOSÉ. But I did nothing to deserve this.

CROOKED COP #2. *Exacto.* And continue to do *nada* and there will be more.

(The COPS slowly circle JUAN JOSÉ like Mexican sharks.)

CROOKED COP #1. You are a very good Mexican Policeman Juan José.

(CROOKED COP 1 is slyly checking for wires on JUAN JOSÉ's upper shoulders as he slowly crosses behind him.)

Just like your grandfather. *¿Su abuelo eh compadre?*

JUAN JOSÉ. But if I accept this *regalo*, I will be in some sort of big trouble no? Something like this for sure...

CROOKED COP #2. We are poor. We take the money. We do not ask why.

JUAN JOSÉ. But we take The Oath.

CROOKED COP #1. We take The Mexican oath *cabrón*.

CROOKED COP #2. Take it Juan José. Think of your *familia*...

(An upstage door slides or swings open revealing – JUAN JOSÉ's pregnant wife – she looks down on the action from high.)

LYDIA. Think of the things we can buy at the new Wal-Mart.

JUAN JOSÉ. Lydia. *Mi amor*. We have Wal-Mart in Sinaloa?

LYDIA. Three of them! And they are shiny and beautiful and they have the new GMO corns on the cobs and the baby will need many *cosas*. We *need* money husband!

JUAN JOSÉ. *(softly)* Lydia *Esperanza!*

(With a slight panic and surprised excitement of a contraction:)

LYDIA. Husband!

(LYDIA is gone. JUAN JOSÉ slowly lifts up the dirty envelope.)

JUAN JOSÉ. If I take this, what I have to do? Something for *sure?*

CROOKED COP #2. *Nada cabrón. Nada!* And continue to do nothing.

(JUAN JOSÉ lays the jack back on the table.)

(CROOKED COP explodes off his chair charging at JJ.)

CROOKED COP #1. *You refuse our gift cabrón? Te crees que estás más mejor que nosotros cabrón? Te mato cabrón. ¡Te mato!*
[threat on his life]

JUAN JOSÉ. *Claro que NO Luis Andres...*

(**JUAN JOSÉ** stands ready to defend like a learned boxer.)

(**CROOKED COP 2** settles his partner down then works on **JJ**.)

CROOKED COP #2. *Cálmate, cálmate! (Good Cop Bad Cop in any language). They will come for you. The Carteles. And they will rent him to visit your familia...*

CROOKED COP #1. And then they will rent me to express my outrage and sympathy to the press. But only a little bit *pescadito*. ¿Sabes?

CROOKED COP #2. We are rent-a-cops.

CROOKED COP #1. Sit here then with your God's and your fucking principles and think about what you are doing *pinche fresca...* (with a quick and expert snort of meth off his upper palm)

(**COP 1** is amped and dripping in the back of his throat.)

(**JUAN JOSÉ** slowly takes re-possession of the envelope.)

CROOKED COP #2. (chummy) *A sí me gusto!* I knew you would not disappoint us. Good Mexican.

CROOKED COP # 1. (chummy too) Good Mexican!

(**CROOKED COP 1** removes **JJ**'s cop hat and kisses the top of his head like an uncle. With a sudden bright idea to his partner.)

Hey, let's go to the new Olive Garden *cabrón!*

(**Bad COPS** exit.)

(**JUAN JOSÉ** waits for **COPS** exit then rips the envelope in two.)

(*Lights restore. SKINNY TIES move back down from shadows:*)

SKINNY TIE 2. Take the gift Juan José.

(SKINNY TIE *still holding out the wrapped gift:*)

JUAN JOSÉ. If I accept this gift, what I have to do?

SKINNY TIE 1. *Nada, amigo, nada.*

SKINNY TIE 2. May it comfort you on your long night of study.

(*He rips into it and must mask his disappointment at:*)

JUAN JOSÉ. Oh thank you. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. *Qué lindo...* It smell so fresh and nice. Oh I very much like the new American books.

SKINNY TIE 1. You *know* this book Juan José?

JUAN JOSÉ. I see The Mormon's book once before in Mexico but I not read it yet.

SKINNY TIE 2. No time like the present.

JUAN JOSÉ. *Claro que sí.* Hey could you guys get for me one comp ticket for *The Book of Mormon* show? Those guys they are LSD, right?

SKINNY TIE 1. LDS yes. And they're not comping.

SKINNY TIE 2. I should tell you son that stagecraft and non-profit theater is the devil's playground.

SKINNY TIE 1. We can only get you a ticket to meet our Lord The Sheppard.

JUAN JOSÉ. (*quiet awe*) The Chepper?

SKINNY TIE 2. Yes. For he awaits to bathe you in the blood of lambs.

JUAN JOSÉ. And *this* is better than non-profit theater?

SKINNY TIE 2. Why sweet gentle Jesus yes.

JUAN JOSÉ. (*polite*) Bummer mang. What else you got?

SKINNY TIE 2. Possible space-travel in the after life?

JUAN JOSÉ. El Star-chip Enterprise?

SKINNY TIE 1. Where no Mexican has gone before...

SKINNY TIE 2. Shall we pray in fellowship?

SKINNY TIE 1. What is it, *qué pasa Juan José?*

JUAN JOSÉ. Do I surrender to your God or to *mine?*

SKINNY TIE 1. Which God would you prefer?

JUAN JOSÉ. (*quite serious*) Whichever God help me be American faster.

SKINNY TIE 2. Our God will do.

(SKINNY TIES try to join hands JJ as he politely recoils.)

JUAN JOSÉ. Maybe better we do this *mañana?*

SKINNY TIE 1. Are you sure?

JUAN JOSÉ. I think so, it is very late and I must *study* my book.

SKINNY TIE 2. For soon you shall be an American Citizen.

JUAN JOSÉ. *Americano...* This is my dream. *Mi sueño...* Hey do you guys know where I can sign up for the carpal tunnel syndrome?

SKINNY TIE 2. Are you hurt boy?

JUAN JOSÉ. No, no. I just wanted to feel like American. We are not allowed to have carpal tunnel in Mexico.

(SKINNY TIES are confused.)

Man I can never repay you guys...

SKINNY TIE 2. Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, that we shall sit in the Kingdom...

SKINNY TIE 1. For one day soon perhaps you can help us spread the Good News about religious circumcision in your Spanish tongue.

SKINNY TIE 2. Your journey, your trek, is not unlike that of our ancestors.

SKINNY TIE 1. Our Mormon Trail was bloody as yours.

SKINNY TIE 2. *Without* the drugs!

JUAN JOSÉ. I carry no *contraband...*

SKINNY TIE 2. You are a member of our Dark Tribe Juan José.

SKINNY TIE 1. The Lamanites!

JUAN JOSÉ. Lamanites?

SKINNY TIE 2. Old as the Land and the Land old as Oil.

(JUAN JOSÉ is confused then:)

See, our people knew of inhospitable lands, great migrations. Our bloody trail *West*.

SKINNY TIE 1. You are walking to Zion JJ. *El Norte*. To your citizenship.

SKINNY TIE 2. To your New Jerusalem.

JUAN JOSÉ. Exodus...

SKINNY TIE 2. Exodus 22:21 – “Thou shalt neither vex nor oppress a stranger: for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt”.

JUAN JOSÉ. *Hejole*... Mexicans in Egypt?!

SKINNY TIE 1. Hispanic’s are the fastest growing members of our church.

JUAN JOSÉ. I know I was a size thirty when I leave Mexico.

SKINNY TIE 2. *Nuestra gente camina mucho en la noche también...*

(JUAN JOSÉ is impressed with the Spanish command.)

Bueno, this man has much on his mind. Let us allow him rest.

JUAN JOSÉ. No-no sleepy tonight *señor*. I will study all the night!

SKINNY TIE 1. I did that in college, drink a Coke super fast!

SKINNY TIE 2. (*darkly grave*) There shall be no drinking of Coca Cola here tonight.

JUAN JOSÉ. *Espera un momentito*, I do have a question. *Si permites...* Okay, if America, she want to build a big wall to keep out the Mexicans, who do they think will build the wall?

(SKINNY TIES consider the question.)

JUAN JOSÉ. The Mexicans will! And it will be a very professional wall, very beautiful. Sí. But we will know where the holes are so we can sneak back in.

SKINNY TIE 1. Oh snap! Ha ha ha... (*getting it and laughing crazy*)

(**SKINNY TIE 1** *laughs but not.* **SKINNY TIE 2**)

SKINNY TIE 2. Go wait in the car Rodney.

SKINNY TIE 1. Yes Elder Clark.

SKINNY TIE 2. And flog thyself but good son...

SKINNY TIE 1. (*quiet and sincere*) In obedience and perfect submission...

(**SKINNY TIE 1** *slowly backs away into the shadows.*)

JUAN JOSÉ. "Book of Mormon: in case of emergency this book can be used as a floatation device. L.O.L Rodney..."

(**SKINNY TIE 2** *slow burns to SKINNY TIE 1, he darts off stage.*)

SKINNY TIE 2. *Hasta mañana Juan José.*

(*Then with seriousness and a caring hand touching JJ's heart:*)

Study our sacred history books with fervor, son.

JUAN JOSÉ. Yessir. *Claro que sí* Elder Lewis.

(*Elder exits. JUAN JOSÉ opens the Mormon Book. He smells it newness, its American-ness. It comforts him somehow.*)

Libros, libros...too many books!

(*He closes the LDS book and opens his Citizen's Almanac.*)

No sleepy-sleep Juan José.

(*He turns on a small battery powered radio at low level.*)

*(Radio dial settles a Billie Holliday song about
“Dreams” –)*

JUAN JOSÉ. *(reading)* “We hold these Truths to be self-evident, that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.” Wow. What beautiful promise they make to me... I want to exist here. Just do it *loco*...

(He yawns exhaustion setting in.)

Flash cards, flash cards! Okay *bueno*...

(JUAN JOSÉ lightly slaps his face to keep alert.)

When do we celebrate Independence Day? *Cinco de Mayo! No manches.* The Fourth of July. Man, I am going to esmoke this test! Next *carta!* Name the original Thirteen Colonies. Thirteen Colonies sound like a gang. *Chingow* this test is going to be hard.

(Another Flash Card even later in the night: Time lapse –)

Next: Why do Chicanos love Morrissey? *(quietly sings)*

I AM HUMAN AND I NEED TO BE LOVED.

It is a conundrum. Be serious Juan Jose! Okay...

(He changes the radio to help concentration as it skips over a dodger game and lands on a song he likes – the band america on easy listening station singing mid-song “Ventura Highway.”)*

(JJ somehow knows the chorus and sounds funny singing...)

ALLIGATOR LIZARDS IN THE AIR... IN THE AIR...

Back to the test! Name one war fought by the US in the 1800s? I know this: The Mexican American War. *Hejole* I am getting sleepy Mexican Syndrome from too much reading. I will succumb to my slumbers!

*Please see Music Use Note on page 3

(The weight of JJ's sleepy Mexican head is slowly pulling him down to the table – in the instant JJ's head hits the table after long cartoon snore:)

(Huge gun and cannon blasts!)

(The physical world around him changes in an instant:)

(We are suddenly at the altar of old Cathedral of Guadalupe at La Villa Hidalgo just north of Mexico City.)

(Box car and border walls open to reveal The Black Saint – St. Adrian of Nicomedia – Patron Saint of Arms Dealers and Narcos standing high near the Stained Glass and surrounded by flickering red candles.)

(Gun blasts and cannon fire punctuate the urgent proceedings.)

(Enter US Representative NICHOLAS TRIST, a US Cavalry Troop and an American Attaché in bowler hat as well as the Mexican Officers and Government Man Luis and Bernardo.)

(All create a sort of antique painting then:)

(A huge cannon blast pushes the “painting” into action.)

NICHOLAS TRIST. *Señores!* President Polk is not a patient man.

(The Mexicans confer and grumble.)

Your signature Juan José!

JUAN JOSÉ. What am I signing?

COUTO. *(grim)* The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

(CUOTO double checks the document on podium in horror.)

CUEVAS. *(matter of fact translation)* El Tratato de Guadalupe Hidalgo.

JUAN JOSÉ. Oh my God... Really?

(A LARGE MEXICAN WOMAN with a sash bearing the colors of the Mexican standard quietly weeps and works with an cordless floor buffer with text: Property of Mexico. Shelling abound:)

NICHOLAS TRIST. Mexico City is under complete US occupation as we speak. And her retreat is only possible after you cede parts of Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and the Wyoming territories to the US government.

JUAN JOSÉ. He is *keeding* right?

(CUOTO gravely shakes his head "no" from the dais.)

NICHOLAS TRIST. In addition we shall receive the California and Nevada Territories.

CUEVAS. It is a cold dark day in the Land of the Serpent and Eagle!

(Huge blast sending JUAN JOSÉ to the church floor.)

JUAN JOSÉ. *Híjole* what does Mexico get?

NICHOLAS TRIST. We guarantee that all Mexican citizens currently living in the Territories will receive American Citizenship.

JUAN JOSÉ. Son of a *beech* I missed *that* boat!

NICHOLAS TRIST. We shall like to annex Texas, Utah and parts of Oregon.

COUTO. Oregon no! I give you South El Monte adjacent to gentrify like you did Williamsburg but not Oregon!

NICHOLAS TRIST. Oregon *sí*!

LARGE MEXICAN WOMAN. *(mournful moan)* ¡Ay, *mi Lindo México!*

NICHOLAS TRIST. Weep not large Mexican gentlewoman, for I will care for you as a father does for an illegitimate child. Now go fetch papa a spittoon...

(With a hard slap on her generous Mexican bottom.)

LARGE MEXICAN WOMAN. *Aye, bruto. (breathy if not a touch sexy)*

NICHOLAS TRIST. Okey-Dokey. Who will sign my Treaty?

JUAN JOSÉ. How many people die in this Mexican-American War?

NICHOLAS TRIST. Tens of thousands!

CUEVAS. Surely more...

JUAN JOSÉ. And my signature will end the bloodshed?

(CUOTO pulls JUAN JOSÉ down stage for an urgent word.)

COUTO. My beloved Moore may I speak to you in *semi-privado-soto* voice? Your signature makes an outlaw of any Mexican ever wishing to enter the United States. Ever!

JUAN JOSÉ. Ever?

COUTO. *Sí!* Your signature, without question give away 1/18 of the entire continent forever shifting the tectonic narrative of the Americas my Lord!

CUEVAS. He must sign! The killing must stop.

JUAN JOSÉ. Killing? No! I only want to be American.

(JJ moves toward the podium.)

COUTO. But you are Mexican!

(CUEVAS and CUOTO struggle over JJ with the feathered pen.)

CUEVAS. His signature ends the bloodshed!

COUTO. Let the bloodshed continue!

(CUOTO yanks the Feathered Pen lodging in heart.)

Son of a bitch that fancy fathered pen smarts!

(He turns to all with great drama and flair:)

The *San Patricios* have joined us in *Churrabasco* with great dispatch. Surely a conscripted Irish farmer knows how to lay a Yankee in his grave...

(A smile and dig for TRYSTE who volleys with a tip of hat.)

JUAN JOSÉ. I hate to be the one to tell you this, but Mexico will never ever defeat the Americans...

(JJ walks over and pulls the Feathered Pen from CUOTO's chest.)

COUTO. ¡Ay Dios! *(reacting to pen removal)*

(COUTO cocks a revolver and moves in at JUAN JOSÉ's head.)

Do not sign that document Juan José.

(A low pulsating sound throbs.)

CUEVAS. Sign the document now peasant!

(CUEVAS now points his revolver at JUAN JOSÉ's head.)

NICHOLAS TRIST. *Híjole*, such a passionate and folkloric people!

JUAN JOSÉ. I don't know what to do...

NICHOLAS TRIST. *(Victorian evangelical fervor)* The die has been cast!

JUAN JOSÉ. Alas. I should sign, but... *(confused stall)*

NICHOLAS TRIST. What part of surrender does the simple Mexican *not* understand?

JUAN JOSÉ/CUOTO/CUEVAS. *Simple...?*

COUTO. Hath not a Mexican eyes?

(With great Shakespearian simmer and flourish:)

Hath not a Mexican hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affect ions, passions; fed with the same food, hurt by the same weapon, suffer the same disease as the Gringo? If you prick us, do we not bleed man? If you tickle our *testículos*, do we not laugh? If you wrong us shall we not avenge, *cabrón Treest!* *(Tryst)*

(CUOTO points revolver to TRIST then at his own chest. Bam!)

COUTO. Aye there is *blood! Blood! Blood! Blood! Blood!*

(Pulling crimson fabric/entrails from inside his vest.)

(Holding for a final dramatic flourish:)

Manifest Destiny hath robbed us of our *Tierra y Libertad!*
Grathias. (with Victorian bow)

ST. ADRIAN. Drama queen...

COUTO. Hey...

(JUAN JOSÉ holds the feathered pen high above his head:)

JUAN JOSÉ. I cannot stop history. I will sign...

(Time slows.)

(The Feathered Pen is slowly lowered to the podium as it nears the signing of the Treaty.)

(The instant pen touches parchment paper the world swirls ever fast:)

(Quickly enter Two MODERN BORDER PATROL OFFICERS.)

(Hear: "Bad Boys Bad Boys (What you gonna do?)" Deafening Helicopters.)*

TOUGH FEMALE BORDER OFFICER. Okay everybody hands in the air! Identification now.

(Only JUAN JOSÉ and CUEVAS remain. They comply.)

JUAN JOSÉ. I have no identification... I have only US flashcards!

TOUGH FEMALE BORDER OFFICER. Oh no she di'int gurl...

TOUGH MALE BORDER OFFICER. Keep those hands where I can see them!

JUAN JOSÉ. *Jessir!*

*Please see Music Use Note on page 3

TOUGH FEMALE BORDER OFFICER. (*in radio*) Smokey-smokey, I have two suspected illegal aliens in Secondary Inspection over!

TOUGH MALE BORDER OFFICER. Which one of you Hispanic geniuses just signed the Treaty of Guadalupe?

(CUEVAS and JUAN JOSÉ *pointing at each other.*)

CUEVAS.

JUAN JOSÉ.

He did.

She did.

TOUGH MALE BORDER OFFICER. That makes you Illegal Aliens effective immediately. On your knees!

TOUGH FEMALE BORDER OFFICER. Spread those legs player-player...

(*expertly and swiftly kicking the limbs out*)

JUAN JOSÉ. May I please have a moment with my wife?

TOUGH MALE BORDER OFFICER. Whad'ya you got in the bag? Drugs? Out of state fruit? Don't lie to me now, son...

JUAN JOSÉ. Lydia-Esperanza say something!

CUEVAS. ¡Cállate cabrón!

TOUGH FEMALE BORDER OFFICER. Aha! (*found*) A feathered pen!

(*JJ reaches for pen out of instinct.*)

TOUGH MALE BORDER OFFICER. I said stay down!

(*Hitting JUAN JOSÉ with baton.*)

(**FEMALE OFFICER** *on shoulder radio:*)

TOUGH FEMALE BORDER OFFICER. I have two highly agitated Hispanic males requesting back up, over!

(**MALE BORDER COP** *finds a suspicious books Holding one up.*)

TOUGH MALE BORDER OFFICER. What the hell is this?

JUAN JOSÉ. *That* is the Book from the Mormons guys...

TOUGH MALE BORDER OFFICER. The Koran! Holy camel shit!

JUAN JOSÉ. *Por favor* Lydia-Esperanza you *must* talk to me
mi amor...

CUEVAS. I am not Lydia!

(BORDER OFFICER removes CUEVAS' hat. Her
hair falls!)

CUEVAS/LYDIA. You got me. I am Lydia.

(LYDIA calmly unpeels her mustache off.)

TOUGH FEMALE BORDER OFFICER. This here some sick-ass
Tranny mess. Over.

TOUGH MALE BORDER OFFICER. Back-to-back detainees!
Back to back now! Sergeant, I think I got me a terrorist
over here.

(The Detainees are B-2-B as the COPS confer in
that cop way.)

JUAN JOSÉ. *Mi amor* I knew it! Why are you here?

CUEVAS/LYDIA. You are always in trouble. Everybody is mad
at you.

JUAN JOSÉ. Why are you nagging me, wife?

CUEVAS/LYDIA. I am not nagging you! I am *saving* you.
What happened to you?

(CUEVAS/LYDIA reaches for JUAN JOSÉ's face.)

TOUGH MALE BORDER OFFICER. *No toco! No toco!*

TOUGH FEMALE BORDER OFFICER. Smokey-smokey I have a
domestic dispute in progress.

BARELY INTELLIGIBLE PATROL RADIO. Delta-Tango-Bravo-
Zulu-Spear-chucker-churros. Over!

TOUGH MALE BORDER OFFICER. Copy!

TOUGH FEMALE BORDER OFFICER. Clear!

TOUGH MALE BORDER OFFICER. We will be back to tazer
gun you both in the buttock area.

TOUGH FEMALE BORDER OFFICER. (Holding up the feathered
pen) *Contrabando!*

(BORDER PATROL OFFICERS exit on line:)

Where the damn donut shop? I need me a got damn churro!

(JUAN JOSÉ is drawn close to CUEVAS' neck locket.)

CUEVAS/LYDIA. He look just like you, *papi*.

JUAN JOSÉ. *Mi hijo lindo, mi Juan Josécito...*

(They kiss gentle. Automatic gunfire erupts off stage.)

CARTEL GOON. (offstage) *Juan Jose! ¡Estoy buscándote cabrón!*

(The married couple leap to their feet quick like.)

CUEVAS/LYDIA. The *Cartel* is here! You must run now Juan José. Run!

JUAN JOSÉ. I will protect you and the baby...

CUEVAS/LYDIA. My God the baby! Come on Juan José, run, run!

JUAN JOSÉ. *I can't!*

(LYDIA is slowly lowered slowly down the center trap door.)

(JUAN JOSÉ's legs are frozen like a bad dream –)

CUEVAS/LYDIA. I am melting! I am melting. Very slowly...
Adios amor...

JUAN JOSÉ. Until next time *mon amor!*

CUEVAS/LYDIA. *Until next time...*

(The stage rapidly shifts to yet another place: Juarez Factory.)

(Narco banda music and factory sounds as we hear the radio:)

NPR AUDIO VOICE. *The human face of NAFTA can be seen in the violent border towns like Juarez and Tijuana, it is the face of the poor. As American productivity shifts to these shantytowns local drug cartels are pressed into service as the de-facto security arm of the US Maquiladoras. The Dow Index rose sharply today with news of large profits for the makers of genetically modified corn and in other news...*

(Mexican factory workers push carts and prepare.)

(JUAN JOSÉ finds himself in a Nike shoe factory.)

(He turns a large factory wheel activating the conveyor belt.)

(Shoe-boxes bearing the unmistakable Nike logo and green and gold of the Oregon Ducks move down the belt.)

(Buzzers buzz. Bells ring: Lunchtime!)

(The First Worker [CARTEL GOON 1] leads JUAN JOSÉ downstage.)

(He opens his lunch box and offers bags of white powder and huge cash roll to a scared and back stepping JUAN JOSÉ.)

(The worker whips out a pistol from his lunch box.)

(Another CARTEL GOON 2 in cowboy hat enters with an UZI.)

(Narco banda music makes for a grotesque Mexican Vaudeville as GOONS spray bullets with JUAN JOSÉ stick in the crossfire:)

(JUAN JOSÉ dies 1000 cartoon deaths in hail of bullets.)

(Gun fire and music stops abruptly.)

DRUG CARTEL GOON 1. *¡Hasta mañana, amigo!*

DRUG CARTEL GOON 2. This must be what they call a cycle of violence!

(GOONS exit laughing. NPR Tag:)

NPR AUDIO VOICE. *Juan José the US Citizen hopeful is still dreaming and amazingly studying his US Flashcard, a sign of his unyielding determination to be American perhaps...*

(JUAN JOSÉ is prone on a rock that has been set.)

(He slowly reaches to make sure all his parts are in-tact, relieved he pops up and continues with his US flashcards.)

JUAN JOSÉ. My determination, *sí!* *Bueno*, name an American Indian Tribe in the United States? Okay. Cherokee. What territory did the United States buy from the Frenchies in 1803? The Louisiana Purchase *creo...*

(Factory is completely gone – a deer appears on a Soda Machine.)

(Snow falls as TWO AMERICAN EXPLORERS enter in a wooden canoe.)

EXPLORER 1. Meriwether, I've just discovered a man on a rock!

EXPLORER 2. A lost Mexican Gold Miner perhaps?

EXPLORER 1. A wayward Spanish Fur Trapper? What shall we name it?

EXPLORER 2. I shall call him Trader Joe.

EXPLORER 1. What is that flat thing you eat?

JUAN JOSÉ. My last organic corn tortilla.

(They climb out of the wooden canoe.)

EXPLORER 2. How ever does it work?

JUAN JOSÉ. Put the Soyrizo-beaver-meat inside and make burrito!

EXPLORER 2. I shall call it a wrap.

EXPLORER 1. Your provisions are lifting our spirits. We thank you.

JUAN JOSÉ. *No hay de que...*

EXPLORER 1. I am Mister Clark, this exquisite half-starved and medicated white man is Meriwether Lewis!

JUAN JOSÉ. *Hijo* man I meet the great Clark and Jerry Lewis?!

LEWIS. The Great Lewis, *then* Clark...

CLARK. Hark...

JUAN JOSÉ. Hark...

(Enter: Buckskins and plastic trinkets. A baby in a papoose is on her back.)

(An external metallic Dental Guard around her mouth remind us that Sacagawea is young. She sprays a bit when she speaks.)

SACAGAWEA. Fur Trappers ahead, trading diseased pelts.
We avoid them or shoot them on sight.

JUAN JOSÉ. My God. *La Saca-Chihuahua*. The great Indian Woman on my US dollar coin!

LEWIS. Mother *fucker* minted before us! We suck...

JUAN JOSÉ. *La Saca-chihuahua*... How cool is this?

SACAGAWEA. Who is this strange man who butchers my name?

JUAN JOSÉ. I am the great Juan José?

(Unsure but with the Victorian bow he learned from CUOTO.)

SACAGAWEA. You must leave my camp immediately.

LEWIS. *Por qué* why?

SACAGAWEA. He likely carries small pox or measles or Mexican mono.

CLARK. Oh my.

(CLARK quickly hand sanitize with small bottle.)

LEWIS. Best leave him for bear!

JUAN JOSÉ. El Poo Bear *que curioso*... Man, this is too many, (*much*) I estudy you in my book *la Sac-Chihuahua*. You lead these famous men even though you are only fifteen years old.

SACAGAWEA. Fifteen and a half!

JUAN JOSÉ. *Perdon*. Your beautiful name *Saca-chihuahua* mean many things...

LEWIS. Like Boat Launcher...

CLARK. Or Leads The Young Nation on Sacred Golden Stripper Pole.

JUAN JOSÉ. *OR*, Mother of Beautiful Baby Boy!

SACAGAWEA. Silence! (*dental guard spit*)

CLARK. What is it mother/child?

SACAGAWEA. Beaverhead Gorge is near. We are close to Three Forks. I have put Lewis and Clark back on the proper trail.

LEWIS. Another excellent job, American guys.

CLARK. We're out. Westward whores!

JUAN JOSÉ. I mean no disrespect but according to my JU. S. History book...

CLARK. The History of the Jews...? (*a grim pronouncement*)

JUAN JOSÉ. Not that Good Book. No. My special *libro*, *aquí*.
Mira...

(**JUAN JOSÉ** opens his book and a page unfolds 20 feet.)

(*Magic sounds and lights focus on the long "corridor of pages" which reveal a huge and helpful map never before seen.*)

(**SACA** is pulled down to the map. **L** and **C** hover about in awe. **JUAN JOSÉ** pushes sensing an in or friendship with **SACA**.)

Many miles ahead, you will find the Snake River, it will swallow you but the Columbia River is passable...

LEWIS. But only here...

SACAGAWEA. I totally knew that! (*defensive*)

JUAN JOSÉ. Many days from now you will come to a big fork: The South Fork is the Donner Party trail: (*beat*) *Do not go this way.*

CLARK. My God man! Look at the clarity of these illustrations...

LEWIS. Topography, scale even rainfall!

JUAN JOSÉ. You see?

LEWIS. Look, Meriwether Lewis State Park. How bitch'n is that?

CLARK. Clark National Forrest. Ha!

LEWIS. I want a forest...

JUAN JOSÉ. You have a rock outcropping *there...*

(CLARK pulls LEWIS downstage a few feet.)

CLARK. (*concern*) Meriwether, nothing to honor Sacagawea?

LEWIS. Oh sure, look: Squaw Valley, Mohegan Sun, Morongo Casino!

SACAGAWEA. What's this big Blue Snake with a number on it?

JUAN JOSÉ. That is the I-5 Corridor.

CLARK. Thank you Juan José. You are welcome to join our expedition anytime...

JUAN JOSÉ. *No gracias señor*, I must respect Sacagawea's *espace...*

LEWIS. May your families multiply and prosper in our Blue State territories...

CLARK. And may your country send ours more left handed pitchers as we welcome you with open arms and a loaded shotgun with safety lock on!

LEWIS. God speed then young sire. Moving out!
Lively now!

(LEWIS and CLARK climb back into the wooden canoe and exit as:)

CLARK. (*singing like Crosby and Hope*)

"OH WE'RE OFF ON THE ROAD TO MOROCCO..."

LEWIS. Take the Siskiyou Pass the freeway is backed up...
Four!

(*They move off as something crashes back stage:*)

SACAGAWEA. You think you are so smart Spanish...

JUAN JOSÉ. I was impressive for a Mexican no?

(*He magically removes the coin from behind her ear.*)

(*She studies her image on it.*)

SACAGAWEA. (*studying the coin*) I look fat... (*sounding as any American teen*)

JUAN JOSÉ. No, no...

SACAGAWEA. You're cute, *and* arrogant like my French husband...

JUAN JOSÉ. You are strong like my Mexican wife.

SACAGAWEA. Where is she?

JUAN JOSÉ. In Mexico taking care of our son...

(SACAGAWEA signs silent for:)

SACAGAWEA. *(US sign language)* Do you miss them?

(JUAN JOSÉ understands:)

JUAN JOSÉ. Oh yes, I miss them very much. So much my heart is bleeding.

(touching his heart)

SACAGAWEA. My feet are bleeding.

JUAN JOSÉ. I can help you...

(Old Factory whistle blows:)

(Center doors slide open revealing a GRIZZLY BEAR with 3 Nike Shoe Boxes from the Juarez Factory – JUAN JOSÉ fetches.)

JUAN JOSÉ. Thank you Grizzly Bear!

KYLE THE FACTORY BEAR. Go Bruins!

(Mister Bear masturbates like a just woke bear as doors close.)

JUAN JOSÉ. Here take these.

SACAGAWEA. What is it?

JUAN JOSÉ. NIKE. Waterproof. Oregon Duck sneakers. You will need these for The Trail. Take a pair for Señor Lewis and one for Sr. Clark.

SACAGAWEA. *Cool!* I shall run like the Puma.

JUAN JOSÉ. Just Do It, *local*!

(The multi-cultural Trail Cook HOP LING arrives dragging a contained campfire by a rope to down center near the rock.)

SACAGAWEA. Here comes Hop Ling, put-upon trail cook for lost White Man.

HOP LING. Who are *you*?

JUAN JOSÉ. I am Juan José Lost Mexican.

HOP LING. I give to you most benevolent friend: free-range jack-rabbit from Whole Foods. Organic, *and* kosher.

JUAN JOSÉ. Kosher? *Gracias* Hip Hop Ling. Excuse me but you are African and Jewish *and* Chino?

HOP LING. I am American. What is Juan José?

JUAN JOSÉ. I am in between countries right now. But *mañana* I be something for sure I hope!

HOP LING. Keep hope alive man. Believe you can Bro and you are halfway there...

JUAN JOSÉ. Tony and Maria say this in *West Side Story*?

HOP LING. No sir. Teddy Roosevelt!

JUAN JOSÉ. Ah, *gracias* Hip Hop Ling.

HOP LING. *De nada* player... *De nada*... Shalom!

(SACAGAWEA *fist bumps* HIP HOP LING.)

(*He exits with nike boxes singing his Mitzvah Song.*)

JUAN JOSÉ. How cool is it that we find each other on the Pacific Crest Trail?

SACAGAWEA. I am on The Trail. You are in a Spirit Dream.

JUAN JOSÉ. I hope your people will be kind to you...

SACAGAWEA. Why wouldn't they be?

(*There is only silence as JUAN JOSÉ struggles for words.*)

(*almost hurt*) Why wouldn't they be?

(*Lights soften as the day slowly takes flight into night.*)

JUAN JOSÉ. Some might say you are like a sell-out, a traitor, who only facilitate the onslaught. Like *la Malinche* with Cortéz...

SACAGAWEA. And what will you say Juan José?

(Lovely-lovely guitar as lights soften gently.)

JUAN JOSÉ. I would say that your youthful laughter around the campfire with your little son must have meant so much to these brave and lonely men.

(A Bird softly chirps its "binding song" in the high canopy.)

SACAGAWEA. *(sounding of a woman)* Look, a double-crested blue jay.

(The Blue Jay is a hopeful omen.)

JUAN JOSÉ. *(eyes closing)* You are a dream *inside* a dream...

(Slowly lowers her dental guard and not sounding like LYDIA.)

SACAGAWEA. Come back home to me Juan José... Come home...

(SACAGAWEA becoming a woman before our eyes and is now gone.)

JUAN JOSÉ. Lydia!!!

KYLE THE FACTORY BEAR. Roooooaaarrr!!!

(The GRIZZLY BEAR has entered.)

(Shotgun blast! The BEAR is hit.)

TEDDY ROOSEVELT. Right between his hairy balls!

(KYLE turns and whips off his bear head to expose the actor.)

KYLE THE BEAR. Oh son of a bitch! *Right* in the lower Rush Limbaugh's... I'll never need contraception from the government again. Fuck me!

(KYLE sounds like a wounded ChewBacca from Star Wars as he limps off. TEDDY moves in on JUAN JOSÉ and the space.)

TEDDY ROOSEVELT. I like your dash kid. Take a knee, look here, Keep your eyes on the Stars, and your Feet on the Ground!

JUAN JOSÉ. Okay *Señor Presidente.*

TEDDY ROOSEVELT. Call me Teddy, excuse me...

(He aims and fires. Shotgun blast.)

Ah, bully-bully... Almost got him! There is not a man among us who does not at times need a helping hand to be out to him, and shame upon him who will not stretch out the helping hand to his brother, excuse me!

(Another shotgun blast, a car crashes violently.)

Stop texting! Damn Subaru drivers. Remember Juan José: just because you have a pretty little mouth don't mean you were born to suck!

JUAN JOSÉ. This is strange thing for a president to say, no?

TEDDY ROOSEVELT. Bubba Clinton who? Well then, speak softly *in English* and carry a Big Shtick!

JUAN JOSÉ. Okay Teddy!

(Another shot from TEDDY. Large Elephant roar is heard.)

TEDDY ROOSEVELT. Bully! Killed the GOP Elephant. *You're welcome!*

(TEDDY is gone.)

(Transition to West Texas 1918:)

(A wooden Grave Marker is placed on the edge of the stage. The Campfire and Rock are there from before. As we hear:)

RADIO VOICE. *The H1N1 form swine flu virus is a close descendant of the Spanish influenza that caused an estimated fifty million deaths in 1918...*

*(Sorrowful and soulful guitar of *Lead Belly swirls.)*

(Lead Belly was chased by Texas Law Men during this time.)

(A Tumbleweed moves across upstage.)

(The shadow of a huge lone Mesquite Tree provides a moving gobo on a white US Army Tent that rises from the floor.)

(The tent should have an amber light source from within which provides scarce hearth for these lonely plains.)

(We are one hundred yards west of the Marathon Cemetery: The actual place where VIOLA pitched her "US Army Flu tent." JUAN JOSÉ is pulled low to a crude wooden grave marker:)

JUAN JOSÉ. *(reads marker)* Novella Pettus... Born 1903. Depart this world September five, 1918. Beloved daughter of Ben and Viola Pettus. Marathon Texas? What in the heck is going on now, 1918?

(Big gun click.)

(A man resplendent in full Ku Klux Klan garb enters with a loaded German Luger pointed at the back of JJ's head.)

MAN IN ROBE. Stand up Mexican!

(JUAN JOSÉ slowly rises and turns toward the voice.)

What'chu doing on this side of the Border, boy?

JUAN JOSÉ. Dreaming?

MAN IN ROBE. Thought I run all you wetbacks 'cross the river last Night?

JUAN JOSÉ. I was with Saca-chihuahua and the South Park guys last night.

MAN IN ROBE. Prepare to meet your Maker boy.

(MAN pulls back the cocking slide of the lugar.)

(VIOLA PETTUS: self-taught African-American Nurse emerges from her tent with her loaded shotgun pointed at KKK Man.)

VIOLA. What be your business in my camp mister?

(KKK Man hesitates – VIOLA pumps her shotgun.)

MAN IN ROBE. My baby! The baby...she's in a terrible way...
I need your help Viola Pettus.

*(BEN PETTUS, Black Cowboy – weary and wise –
enter from tent.)*

VIOLA. Where the child be now Klansman?

MAN IN ROBE. Yonder automobile. She won't make it to Ft.
Stockton. Help us!

VIOLA. I cannot help you with that *pistola* pointed at the
boy's head. Kindly holster your iron before I put a cap
in *your* head. Sir.

(MAN IN ROBE lowers his iron shaky.)

Now take them sheets from around your head. I be
need'n 'em inside my tent.

*(Infant cries in the distance. KKK Man removes
his robe revealing hard shoes and sox held up by
garters – no pants.)*

Time *be* wasting now!

*(The ROBED MAN shuffles and slowly removes his
head sheet.)*

Judge? *(not totally surprised)*

MAN IN ROBE. Miss Viola. How do Ben...?

BEN. Your Honor...

VIOLA. Now get that child into my camp. Go on now git...

MAN IN ROBE. Yes ma'am.

(KKK Man darts off.)

BEN. Fix'n to get us killed with that shotgun, woman?

VIOLA. Damn site better than the influenza I reckon...

(JUAN JOSÉ pokes at the KKK garb with a twig.)

JUAN JOSÉ. She just save my life.

VIOLA. Who he?

BEN. Never laid eyes on him before...

VIOLA. Who you boy? You sick? You need Viola castor oil?

JUAN JOSÉ. I cannot afford your oil *porque* I have no Obamacare.

BEN. What the hell is *that*?

VIOLA. Ben, this here boy might be touched, soft about the head like.

BEN. Soft about the head?

VIOLA. Uh huh...

BEN. You soft about the head boy!?

(JUAN JOSÉ touches his head to check for softness.)

Best just move on down the road hombre.

VIOLA. We could use another hand Ben.

(VIOLA quickly reaches into the tent and drags the end of a wrapped corpse slightly out of the tent.)

BEN. You know how to plow a field boy?

JUAN JOSÉ. No. But I will Google it.

BEN. He no use to us.

VIOLA. Come here boy, fetch this here end of Mr. Johnson. Take him down to the willows. Bury him up but real good now. Go on. Both you. *Ándale* now!

(BEN and JUAN JOSÉ quickly grab Mr. Johnston.)

Don't forget the lime Mr. Ben.

BEN. We all but out of lime Miss Viola.

VIOLA. Don't trifle with me now. Got no time for it.

(Removing his cowboy hat for moment to wipe his bald-head.)

BEN. Yes ma'am. You heard the lady.

JUAN JOSÉ. Yessir. I not trifle. How the Mr. Johnson he die?

BEN. Spanish Lady got 'em. Just like all the rest...

JUAN JOSÉ. A Spanish Lady?

BEN. Influenza, Spanish Flu, I call it The Black Plague...

(JUAN JOSÉ drops his end of Mr. Johnson.)

Lucky die quick. Yessir. A killer has hit West Texas with a wallop.

JUAN JOSÉ. I cannot die before my big US test tomorrow!

BEN. Suit yourself...

(KKK Man re-enters with baby.)

MAN IN ROBE. Miss Viola! Here be baby Jessup...

VIOLA. Oh Lord... What have we got here?

(KKK Man's infant is in head to toe baby-klan wear.)

(VIOLA holds it aloft the way all mothers inspect babies.)

MAN IN ROBE. Is *that* the corpse of Mister Johnson?

VIOLA. Yessir. More hot water Mexican boy!

JUAN JOSÉ. More hot water, more hot water? Suddenly I am the water boy? *Chingow* my dream is starting to suck a little bit.

(JUAN JOSÉ moves toward the Judge and the fema water bucket.)

Señor Judge, do you know who are the Original Thirteen Colonies?

MAN IN ROBE. Sure. Everything south of the Mason Dixon Line, boy.

JUAN JOSÉ. Oh snap...

(JJ checks his little US pocket study book.)

BEN. Coffee for ya Judge?

MAN IN ROBE. Never took coffee with no Nigger before.

BEN. That makes two of us...

(Men sit with coffee. JUAN JOSÉ and cards. Crickets.)

Question for you Judge... Do y'all wives ever complain about all they fancy bedding gone missing? They fine linens and Egyptian cottons riding buck wild, terrorizing the countryside?

(Judge considers this. VIOLA can be heard from her tent:)

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