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SF PERUSALS

Dreamlandia

by Octavio Solis

A Samuel French Acting Edition



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In addition the following credit *must* be given in all programs and publicity information distributed in association with this piece:

DREAMLANDIA was commissioned and received its world premiere at
Dallas Theater Center
Directed by Richard Hamburger

DREAMLANDIA was commissioned and produced by Dallas Theatre Center (Richard Hamburger, artistic director) on May 16, 2000. The performance was directed by Richard Hamburger and the assistant director was Marisela Barrere, with sets by Russell Parkman, costumes by Claudia Stevens, lighting design by Steve Woods, and music/sound design by Marty Desjardins. The production stage manager was Christy Weikel. The cast was as follows:

BLANCA. . . . . Zabryne Guevara
LAZARO. . . . . Carlo Alban
PEPÍN . . . . . Felix Solis
CELESTINO. . . . . Gino Silva
SONIA . . . . . Maggie Palomo
FRANK. . . . . Bernie Sheredy
DOLORES . . . . . Dolores Godinez
SETH . . . . . Scott Phillips
CARL . . . . . T.A. Taylor
BUSTAMANTE. . . . . Dolores Godinez
VIVIAN . . . . . Maggie Palomo

The West coast premiere of ***DREAMLANDIA*** was produced by, Dallas Theatre Center (Richard Hamburger, artistic director) at the Thick House in San Francisco, California. The performance was directed by Octavio Solis and the assistant director was Karen Macklin, with sets by Richard Olmstead, costumes by Karen Elsa Lee, lighting design by Rick Martin, and music/sound design by David Molina. The master electrician was Sophia Fong, the fight choreographer was L. Peter Callender, and the production stage manager was Amy Louison. The cast was as follows:

BLANCA. . . . . Dena Martinez
LAZARO. . . . . Sean San Jose
PEPÍN . . . . . Jorge Rubio
CELESTINO. . . . . Carlos Baron
SONIA . . . . . Carmen Elena Sosa
FRANK. . . . . Cully Fredricksen
DOLORES . . . . . Tessa Koning Martinez
SETH . . . . . Jonathan Kluger
CARL . . . . . Hank DiGiovanni
BUSTAMANTE. . . . . Tessa Koning Martinez
VIVIAN . . . . . Carmen Elena Sosa

CHARACTERS

BLANCA (ALFONSO) – Young woman
LAZARO – Young man
PEPÍN – Blanca's brother
CELESTINO – The Father
SONIA – His mistress
FRANK – Border Patrol Sector Chief
DOLORES – Dead, a ghost, Blanca's mother
SETH – Border Patrolman
CARL – Border Patrolman
BUSTAMANTE – played by **DOLORES**
VIVIAN – CELESTINO's wife, played by **SONIA**

AUTHOR'S NOTES

The snatches of lyrics sung in Spanish are from "*Amor Eterno*" by Rocio Durcal.

ACT ONE

PEPÍN. A night big as the state of Tejas with Pepín inside.

(Pounding rain, punctured by lightning. Howitzer thunder. **VIVIAN** *on a bed, screeching in pain.* **PEPÍN** *on floor by the bed, an open suitcase at his feet.)*

VIVIAN. *OH GOD* this *thing* eating me eating me eating me whole CELESTINO!

*(***CELESTINO** *rips through the storm dragging* **DOLORES** *after him.* **PEPÍN** *rushes to her side.* **FRANK** *enters behind them and remains at a distance.)*

CELESTINO. There! Hurry! She needs you! *¡Ayudala!*

DOLORES. *Señor*, what can I do? *No se* –

CELESTINO. *Partera*, they call you! *¿Eres Partera?*

DOLORES. *Si pero* –

CELESTINO. Deliver this baby! Save my wife! Do it!

VIVIAN. Burning! My insides all black!

FRANK. Do it!

DOLORES. She belongs in a hospital! *¡Mira, sangre!*

PEPÍN. Mami, I wanna go home!

CELESTINO. I can't take her to a hospital! No-one can know! No-one can know anything!

DOLORES. I can't help her, *señor! ¡Tiene el Mal de Ojo!*

CELESTINO. *¡Mira*! I'll get you papers, a passport, I'll make you legal!!

DOLORES. *¿Papeles?*

CELESTINO. Everything! Just deliver my baby!

FRANK. He means it!

DOLORES. My cords, in the case! *¡Pepín, espera afuera!*

VIVIAN. Pain filling me with flies, millions of flies.

PEPÍN. Mami pries the legs apart like a curtain.

VIVIAN. My breath become smoke.

PEPÍN. Mami thrusting hands inside the mulch of blood and birth.

VIVIAN. AYY!

DOLORES. *¡No quiere salir!* The wretch is afraid of the light!

CELESTINO. Soon, *mi amor! ¡Ya mero!*

VIVIAN. OH GOD!

FRANK. Don't speak! Don't try to move!…

PEPÍN. Rope in her fists, rope around his little crown, pull against the neverlife, pull against blood, Mami pulls, her veins thicker than lightning, thunder in her throat, pulling –

DOLORES. Come! –

VIVIAN. *Bastards*! –

CELESTINO. Wait! You're hurting her! STOP!

PEPÍN. A whole mess of *tripas*, intestines roping the bed, dragging him back and then Mami says...

DOLORES. *¡TENGO QUE ABRIRLA!*

*(***FRANK** *slaps* **DOLORES** *his knife. The* **VIVIAN** *screams as an infant wails.* **DOLORES** *hoists the wet child.)*

FRANK. OH SWEET JESUS!

PEPÍN. Hanging like meat, a bald pale pigbody limp and dripping with *mamasangre.*

(Lightning, then black, then a riverside. Rain swells the raging current. **DOLORES**, **PEPÍN** *and* **CELESTINO** *with a gun.)*

CELESTINO. My beloved. My Vivian.

PEPÍN. Right on the lip of *Señor Grande*, his black tongue licking our shoes.

DOLORES. She was too sick. The cocaine made her slack.

CELESTINO. So much blood in a woman, who knew?

PEPÍN. River and night become one.

DOLORES. I did all I could, *señor.*

CELESTINO. Swim.

DOLORES. *¿Como?*

CELESTINO. Both of you, in the water.

DOLORES. I don't understand. You told me I would get papers.

CELESTINO. You killed my wife. For that, you want citizenship? Swim back to Mexico, *bruja*!

PEPÍN. ¡Mami!

DOLORES. Please! Not my boy! He'll drown!

CELESTINO. Go!

DOLORES. I delivered your son! I saved him!

CELESTINO. Keep walking!

*(***DOLORES** *and* **PEPÍN** *step into the rivertide.)*

DOLORES. *¡Celestino Robles, hombre desgraciado! ¡Ingrato!* I curse you, I throw my scorpion signs at you, liar, mojado, yes, I know, *mojado* like all of us, I spit ash and gravel on your name, I swear the boy by the stars will be raped, by the stars will he beget his rage, to shit blood on your affairs, poison the kiss of your woman, betray your own word, and love another man better than he ever loves you! *¡Te lo juro, demonio! Te lo juro!*

CELESTINO. SWIM, BITCH!

DOLORES. ¡SINCERO! ¡SINCERO! ¡DONDE ESTAS! ¡SINCERO!

(Blackout. **CELESTINO** *and* **PEPÍN** *wake from the same dream twenty years later, on separate shores of the river.)*

CELESTINO. Is that all it was? A dream?

PEPÍN. *Sueños sueños son.*

*(***FRANK** *walks on.)*

FRANK. You know, cowboy, if I had a fifth of pity, I sure wouldn't waste it on you.

CELESTINO. I don't want your pity. I want your allegiance.

FRANK. Well, I am your dog, sir.

CELESTINO. I would've cut you loose years ago, Frank. I would've spared us both the obligation that keeps us eating off each other's plate.

FRANK. And I woulda thanked you. But I reckon misery loves Mexicans.

CELESTINO. Maybe so. But I'm not a Mexican.

FRANK. Right. So what was it this time? What sick little peach pip a conscience set you on this midnight dosey-doh?

CELESTINO. Vivian.

FRANK. I ain't hearing this.

CELESTINO. I saw her, Frank.

FRANK. I don't care.

CELESTINO. She was my wife!

FRANK. And my sister! Don't you forget that!

CELESTINO. Then why don't you dream her! Why doesn't the grief play over and over in your sleep? Why don't you hear the screams like I do?

FRANK. Maybe I got less to feel guilty about.

CELESTINO. It doesn't change the facts between us, brother.

FRANK. Only fact I live by is on that island out there.

(Across the riverbank in Mexico, **BLANCA** *drags with great heaving effort the drenched body of* **DOLORES**.*)*

CELESTINO. Listen!…

PEPÍN. *¿Mami?*

FRANK. I don't hear anything.

CELESTINO. It's not about hearing.

PEPÍN. Is Mamasangre drunk again?

BLANCA. I found her tangled in the rushes. Wrapped around an old tire.

CELESTINO. I think it's over, Frank.

BLANCA. *¿Como pasó, Pepín?* This morning when I went to work, she seemed fine. How did she end up in the river?

PEPÍN. She packed this case, and held me close to her liver which is brown like *cucarachas,* she said adios, said she was going back, said go to sleep, so I slept. Is she sleeping too?

CELESTINO. I think she's finally dead.

BLANCA. ¡AMA!

(She collapses in tears over her dead mother.)

CELESTINO. The bones are all played out. I waited my time and my time is done, *bruja.* I win!

FRANK. What are you on about?

CELESTINO. What the dream meant, Frank. It's over. The woman that cursed my life is dead. Do you know what that means?

FRANK. I'm a Baptist, Tino.

CELESTINO. Bring him, Frank. Bring my son.

FRANK. No and hell no. –

CELESTINO. It's time.

FRANK. Them's not the terms we struck.

CELESTINO. I decreed him to that hyphen between his mother's name and mine, right in the middle of the *Rio.* Now I decree my son home.

FRANK. He's not the son you think.

CELESTINO. He's a Robles and he belongs by his father.

FRANK. You don't know what being a father means.

*(***FRANK** *goes.)*

BLANCA. Why did you do it, *Ama*? What in that damn country did you drown yourself for?

PEPÍN. She said she was going for *Sincero*.

BLANCA. My father?

PEPÍN. En *mis* dreams, I heard her calling for him while this big *chingon*, Mr. *Migra*, stood by the *Rio* like the sheriff of *pinchi* Walmart.

BLANCA. Sincero. That name *es mi destino*. Without *Ama*, what home, what country, do I live in? All the country I got left is Sincero.

(pumping her mother's chest for air.)

Let there be one *suspiro*, one breath in my mother's lung, one little pocket of *Bilis. Coraje. Susto!* Breathe into me your torment, Ama!

*(***DOLORES** *emits a single gasp of air.* **BLANCA** *inhales it.)*

BLANCA. *(cont.) Asi. Asi.* In your trances, you always walked the water. Now it's our turn.

PEPÍN. Blanca…?

BLANCA. *Vamonos, Pepín*. Let's bury Ama and get going.

PEPÍN. *¿A donde?*

BLANCA. *Yankeelandia*.

*(***BLANCA** *takes the suitcase and goes with* **PEPÍN**. **CELESTINO** *stands as lights change. The island…)*

CELESTINO. I feel you, boy, on the fringes of my sleep, hair parted, skin smooth and brown, little manicured fingers reaching for me, drawing me near, making me say…Lazaro.

*(***LAZARO** *charges out from his lair screaming like an enraged animal until the heavy chain on his neck jerks him back.)*

If I could, I would've sucked you in and held you till the right day the right moon the right sign and then released you to your mother and let you be the son you were supposed to be. But I couldn't and she's gone and you're what family's left.

LAZARO. *¡Escuchame!*

*(***CELESTINO** *goes.)*

Sombras. Shadows. Gassy dreamfuckers. As if *que si.* As if *que no.* You know what rise they come from? Your cuts and punctures. Ghosts slip out the seams and walk. Cry for the homeblood. The wound is mouth. The mouth has voice. Voice has blood. Blood is home. Home bleeds Lazaro. And all the time the voices are saying only no. *Cada vez que no.* Every ever no. Never to be home. Never to see. Never to feel. It makes *el pinchi* heart a gash. *Ay*!

(He violently yanks at his chain.)

Cadena. You one big motherfucking piece of jewelry. Hang on me, sister. Hang your shimmer on, your metal *luz*, your clink and your clank and the weight of that sound, hang your *pinchi* links on me and let me show the world I may be screwed *pero*, honey, I know how to accessorize!

O God, come to where the flavor is!

Gimme one day's good glossy full page dream *de* liberty!

Let me stand in the ad *de mi* own manhood long enough to feel *suave*, *y si no suave*, then *con puro* attitude! How can you leave me like this, in my own rags, with my body reeking me up *y mis* glossy girls smiling in my face! How can you let them treat me *como un animal*? I have seen Italian leather!

Es el mero skin of God.

LAZARO. *(cont.)* Black me out, *ese*! Just black me out! I got no place but this, I got no recall, no friend, *nomas el* Sugar Man *con los* cc's of T-rex *y mi* Happy Meal! I got no hope to hang on. Just fucking black me out, just –

*(***BLANCA** *rises out of the water like a vision. He hides.)*

Whoa. *Ruquita.* Wass your game? What you play *en mi* sandbar? The dreamfuck sends me a cover girl. As if *que si.* Oh, *mira.* Her skin, not white but tinted-glass, full-page lips, the scent of Obsession in the *Vanity Fair*, issue 46, *pagina* 29, I be so good at these delusions.

*(***LAZARO** *steps out. They gape at each other in awe.)*

Hey.

BLANCA. Hey. Listen. Have you seen this boy? I lost him in the current.

LAZARO. *Senorita* Godsend.

BLANCA. Did you see my brother come ashore here?

LAZARO. *Aqui.*

*(***LAZARO** *produces a small portable radio. He turns it on.)*

BLANCA. What's your deal?

LAZARO. My deal? I live and he feeds me. I stay and he enlightens me.

BLANCA. What is this place? You live here? Smells like *mierda.*

LAZARO. My fully furnished hole. A water bowl and a dog dish. Every TV Guide *desde* 1976 *pero no* TV. I do the crosswords. What was Suzanne Somers' name on *Three's Company*?

BLANCA. Chrissie.

LAZARO. You *are* a godsend. *(the radio)* He needs batteries to live.

BLANCA. Duh..

LAZARO. I need pain.

(He shows her his arms, speckled with needle marks.)

BLANCA. Why are you *encadenado*?

LAZARO. For my own good. That's what *Tio* Sugar tells me. *Dice que* I'm a dangerous man. My knowledge of things can shatter the world to pieces. Do I look dangerous to you?

BLANCA. You look pathetic. My kid brother, he's dangerous. He once whacked off a cat's head with a hub cap. *Como el* Oddjob. SSSHHOOOO!

LAZARO. Laughing hurts my throat.

BLANCA. You gotta lose that chain, *ese*. This Uncle Sugar, he the one who put you here? Is he your *jefe*?

LAZARO. This chain is my *jefe*. My *mami* is the water all around. Can I touch you?

BLANCA. Uh-uh.

LAZARO. I won't hurt you.

(He slowly approaches her. Feels her skin.)

LAZARO. *(cont.) Que piel, que piel*, smooth receptive skin with a healthy glow. Enriched with moisturizing plant extracts. Velvety finish, rich and creamy for day-long comfort.

(her lips)

Safe and effective lip balm, imbued with rare florals for that treasured moment.

(her hair)

Ay, que maximum body and fullness. *Cada* follicle carefully revitalized for that healthy lustre and shine that nature gave you.

(He takes the ribbon from her hair and then smells her.)

A captivating signature fragrance, allergy-tested for all skin-types. I smelt you before.

BLANCA. You have?

(He retrieves from his hovel a stack of fashion magazines Elle, Vogue, Modern Woman*, etc. Sniffs earmarked pages.)*

LAZARO. Here. *(sniff)* Here. *(sniff)* You. *(sniff)* All of them you. But never dreamed you out. That took more T-rex than I could take. Who are you?

(noises off)

BLANCA. Not now. Wait, okay?

LAZARO. Where you going?

BLANCA. I have to go!

LAZARO. You can't leave like that! *Tienes que* set free me!

BLANCA. Look, I'll be right back.

LAZARO. FUCK NO! BITCH! You have to let me go! GET YOUR ASS BACK!

BLANCA. Brother, I'm gonna tell you once! You're gonna have to wait. I'll be back for you. I promise. *Te voy hacer* free.

(She goes.)

LAZARO. DREAMFUCKER!!!!

(He collapses in a heap, and rocks himself as he cries.)

Wish her back. Wish her back. Wish her back. See her. Wish her back. Squeeze her out again!

(He squeezes his needle marks. **FRANK** *and his two men enter.)*

FRANK. Hey, pilgrim.

LAZARO. *¿Eres tu?* Are you really there, Frank?

FRANK. Sure am. Look what I brung you. Claudia Schiffer in color. Beauty tips on Page 80. The new Fall Line.

LAZARO. mmgh.

FRANK. You don't sound too excited, son.

LAZARO. I don't need her no more, Frank. I seen the cover girl move.

FRANK. What cover girl?

LAZARO. I seen her shake her ass. She let me *tocarla.* Felt the ph balance of her skin. So rockin.

FRANK. Who are you talkin about? I didn't see no-one.

LAZARO. She's my ghost, Frank. She arose *de mis* sores.

FRANK. That can only mean one thing, son. It's time for you to check out.

LAZARO. *¿De veras?*

FRANK. Cmere, son.

*(***LAZARO** *goes to him.* **FRANK** *gently holds him.)*

I know, boy. I know. Been a hell of a time for both of us. But I'm gonna free you. I'm gonna quit that pain and deliver you from the bonds of this world. Bring me that thermos.

(They bring him the thermos. He opens it. Steam rises.)

Fetch one of your cover girls, pilgrim.

*(***LAZARO** *tears a page from a magazine and hands it to* **FRANK**.*)*

She's pretty.

*(***FRANK** *tears the picture to little pieces and drops them in the thermos. Then he hands it to* **LAZARO**.*)*

FRANK. *(cont.)* Drink it all up.

*(***LAZARO** *drinks.)*

LAZARO. It's strong.

FRANK. Brewed the way a special lady taught me. Now on your back. That's it, boy. Close your eyes.

*(***FRANK** *unlocks the shackle from his neck.)*

LAZARO. I feel…like…kinda…free.

FRANK. That's darkness spreading you out.

LAZARO. Will I see cover girl there?

FRANK. Front row at the Latin Grammys. In a mink and black number slit up to here.

*(***FRANK***'s men slip a large sack over his head.)*

LAZARO. *Se siente* prickly. Does darkness feel so prickly?

FRANK. Darkness does, son.

LAZARO. I'm gonna find her, Frank. I'm gonna… hhh…

SETH. You don't have to do this, you know.

FRANK. Shut up, Seth.

SETH. Mr. Robles ain't the INS. You don't have to take orders from him.

FRANK. I said shut up. What the hell you know about this, dumbass?

SETH. Well, I know you like this kid more'n he does. –

FRANK. Dammit, Seth, this boy is an abomination to me. if it was up to me, he'd a been drowned long ago. It ain't up to me.

*(***CARL** *finds the ribbon.)*

CARL. Lookit this, Frank. Where'd he get this?

FRANK. Maybe cover girl paid a visit after all. Put him on the boat. And you, mister, remember yourself. You gotta badge to uphold here.

(They take up the sack and go. **FRANK** *studies the ribbon.)*

FRANK. *(cont.)* Cover Girl? You mess with my pilgrim?

*(***FRANK** *goes as* **PEPÍN** *enters, crying out after* **BLANCA**.*)*

PEPÍN. Blanca! *¡Blanca Dolorida! ¡Blanca de mi vida!* Where are you?

(He sees the audience.)

Oofas! Who the refried beans are you! Are you… waspichis? Ancient tribe of white people? Waspichis from the land of Wasp? *¡Chevre!* I thought *Americanos* were taller, like that *presidente*, *como se llama*, Rano…Rano…Rano Macdano! The big red hair! Mami admire him so much, she dressed me like him sometimes, put me on the street to do presidential tricks. I juggle, I breathe kerosina and vomit fire, make all the waspichi kiddies laugh.

Oofas, are you the *presidente*? *Orale*, presidunce, I got one thing to say to you. these *problemas* with the border that we got? I know how you can erase them all, *mano*! Switch countries. That's right. Move the US to the south and Mexico up north, and watch how things change. Wait a minuto puto, ain't that whass happening already? *¡Chale!* You're a *chingon presidente*!

*(***BLANCA** *appears behind him dressed in a man's suit.)*

BLANCA. Pepín.

(Startled, **PEPÍN** *stands at attention and checks his pockets.)*

PEPÍN. *Si señor.* I have *mis papeles.*

BLANCA. No, Pepín. It's me. Me.

PEPÍN. *¿Blanca? ¿Que te pasó, carnala?*

BLANCA. I'm a man now, okay? You gotta call me by my man's name, okay?

PEPÍN. But where are your *chi-chis*?

BLANCA. As soon as I set foot in *Tejas*, my hair fell off and I grew some things that I had to cover with man clothes. Follow me so far?

PEPÍN. So we're in the Land of Billy Bob! Yeehaw! *Andale*, Blanca's a cowboy! Yeeeehaw! Ride em, pardner!

BLANCA. *Escucha*, Pepín. My name is Alfonso now. *No me llames* by that other name. No-one'll bother us if we're boys.

PEPÍN. Is the same thing gonna happen to me!? Can I have your *chi-chis*, please?

BLANCA. No, just me. I can't be a girl now. Not if I'm going to find him.

PEPÍN. Our father who art in Tejas?

BLANCA. Pepín, I want you to think. Does this look like the riverside in your dream? Are we close to that place?

PEPÍN. *¿Sabes que?* It's *un poquito* like it, but I think in my *sueño* it was this a-ways, gotta dream this a-ways, ooo-ooo-oooo!

(He wanders off in a daze. **BLANCA** *watches him.)*

BLANCA. *Pobre loquito.*

*(***DOLORES** *appears as* **PEPÍN** *exits.)*

DOLORES. He was never meant to live.

BLANCA. *Ama.*

DOLORES. But he lives to spite us all.

BLANCA. *Ay, Ama. ¿Porque?* Why did you go in the river?

DOLORES. I had to, *mija*. Why did you bring Pepín? He's going to need a lot of care.

BLANCA. He's the only one who's ever seen him. He'll recognize him for me.

DOLORES. Your father.

BLANCA. You never showed us any pictures, you never told us anything but his name. A name you couldn't say without crying. In a house where from the ceiling hung all these herbs to dry and all these wooden *santos* stared out at me and the smells of healing filled my senses, there was no healing. This man caused you pain, Ama.

DOLORES. I had to die to stop it.

BLANCA. Now I got your pain. I have to stop it. Even if means coming to these *pinchis gringos*, I'll find him and I'll stop it.

DOLORES. Better make sure you got a green card, honey.

BLANCA. Is that all you have to say? Is that what you came for?

DOLORES. I came because I thought you were him. Those are his clothes you're wearing.

BLANCA. This…is his?

DOLORES. You stand like *Sincero* in those pants.

BLANCA. Oh god. They were in that old suitcase.

DOLORES. With those old records. Lucha Villa. Javier Solis. He loved those old Mexican boleros. *(sings) "Tu eres la tristeza de mis ojos que lloran en silencio por tu adiós…"*

BLANCA. I can't wear it…I can't…..

DOLORES. Wait, *mija*. Don't take it off. It does my swollen heart good to see his old coat filled with life again. You bring him back to me.

BLANCA. Who is he, *Ama*?

DOLORES. I'll tell you, honey, if you'll dance with me.

*(***BLANCA** *slow dances with* **DOLORES**.*)*

Your father is a good dancer. He holds my hand like it's this little bird and makes me feel special. Every night he comes to my house and sometimes drives me to the barrios where I bring in the songs of little babies. On Sunday afternoons, he helps me collect herbs for my healing and plays with Pepín in the garden.

BLANCA. He plays with Pepín?

DOLORES. Oh he loves him so, and he loves the taste of fresh corn tortillas, and has a smile the wingspan of a sparrow, and he touches the place where you are being formed…

*(***BLANCA** *places her hand on* **DOLORES***' stomach.)*

BLANCA. Ohhh…

DOLORES. Shh, he says. No-one can know about us. We are a secret. Our love is a crime. Shh. Shh.

BLANCA. And then there is so much blood and lightning and then we are at the river

DOLORES. Deported in the worst of ways

BLANCA. On the worst of nights

DOLORES. Forced to swim across the *rio* like a wetback but backwards!

*(***BLANCA** *roars back, ripping a knife out from the pocket of her coat.)*

BLANCA. WHERE ARE YOU, COBARDE! HOW CAN YOU LIVE WITH YOURSELF! I'LL RIP YOU TO PIECES!

DOLORES. If the blade fits, *mija.*

*(Voices off calling***:** *ALTO! ALTO!* **BLANCA** *hides the knife and runs.* **DOLORES** *turns to see* **CELESTINO** *enter.)*

I dream a man dreaming of me and this creature with no arms no legs and no face, this creature called night is dreaming us.
"Prefiero estar dormida que despierta…"

*(***DOLORES** *dances away. Lights up on Nextex.)*

CELESTINO. – *"De tanto que me duele que no estés…."*

*(***SONIA** *appears at her desk.)*

SONIA. I love how you sing to me, baby! *Dame un besito.*

(He kisses her.)

CELESTINO. How's my darling?

SONIA. Busy like hell. I got these *pinchi* mid-quarter reports to go through and its inventory time and then another girl in assembly went missing last night.

CELESTINO. Another one?

SONIA. Third one this month. Too bad, this Blanca Rosario was good. Tough to replace, that's for sure.

CELESTINO. So what's this about a call?

SONIA. It came early this morning about eight-thirty. I don't know how the call got routed.

CELESTINO. Who was it?

SONIA. You ever heard of Bustamante?

CELESTINO. No.

SONIA. That's the problem. Nobody has.

CELESTINO. So what did he want?

SONIA. She. It was a *pinchi* woman.

CELESTINO. The hell you say.

SONIA. She said she had a special shipment she wanted us to move for her. More *contrabanda* than you can dream in twenty years, she called it.

CELESTINO. What the hell does that mean?

SONIA. Nobody knows who this bitch is. Nobody has anything that big in the works.

CELESTINO. Then she's a crank.

SONIA. Not so fast, baby. This lady knows how we cut deals with the narcos, how we charge them a toll so that *pinchi* Frank and the INS look the other way at the *puente*.

CELESTINO. She knows this?

SONIA. And she knows they smuggle their shit in our trucks in TV boxes.

CELESTINO. *Cabrona.*

SONIA. She even offered to give us information on other local smuggling operations so Frank can bust their ass. Is this wild *o que*?

CELESTINO. Keep checking her out. If she's for real, we'll know it soon enough.

SONIA. This woman freaks me out, *mi amor.*

CELESTINO. Let me worry about her. There's more pressing *negocio* afoot.

SONIA. Now what?

CELESTINO. Sonia, between you and me, I don't understand Mexico anymore. Juarez disagrees with me. And this factory, you deal with it more than I do nowadays. You make this maquila hum.

SONIA. Damn right.

CELESTINO. You got good people skills –

SONIA. Fire and hire!

CELESTINO. You're bilingual –

SONIA. English and html.

CELESTINO. And you know how I like things.

SONIA. Eggs hardboiled, cars imported, women four-alarm. What's your point?

CELESTINO. I need your help with a young man.

SONIA. What kind of help? Who's the young man?

CELESTINO. It's complicated. My…my son is home after a long absence and he's going to need some help adjusting.

SONIA. Hold the phone. I thought you said he was stillborn.

CELESTINO. Only to the world. I'll explain it all later. Right now, I need your help.

SONIA. You mean, he needs a mother.

CELESTINO. There's a big change coming and I want you to be part of it. I looked at the charts and by the stars' conjunctions, you are there.

SONIA. What am I wearing?

CELESTINO. Silver, 16 million volts of flowing silver just above the knee, sandals, a brooch like a jaguar's eye, regal hair pinned back by regal hands.

SONIA. On my ring finger. Is the diamond one full carat?

CELESTINO. *(presenting her with a ring)* Two.

SONIA. Let's see the boy.

(The Robles Estate. **FRANK** *enters.)*

FRANK. That's not possible. I just had him washed and changed. He's sleeping it off.

CELESTINO. How is he?

FRANK. Sleeping it off. I guess you know the whole story.

SONIA. Oh yes. Maybe you should send the servants home till he gets better.

FRANK. Are you ordering me?

SONIA. Just a suggestion, Frank.

FRANK. I saw your bags in the hall. Does this mean you're moving in?

SONIA. Looks like it. Now you can spend more time with your family, I'm sure your wife misses you.

FRANK. Lady –

CELESTINO. Frank, Sonia is my wife now.

FRANK. Many happy returns.

SONIA. Gracias, Francis.

CELESTINO. We work as a team on our other enterprise. I expect us to work as a team here.

*(***FRANK***'s cell phone rings. He answers.)*

FRANK. Hello…Yeah? Who?…Hold on…You know a Bustamante?

SONIA. How did she get the number?

FRANK. Something about a shipment. Shit guaranteed to break your heart, her words.

CELESTINO. A poet.

FRANK. She's got some shit on a rival operation. Coming next week. She wants to rat these losers out as a sign of good faith.

CELESTINO. I don't talk with snitches. Take it, baby.

*(***SONIA** *takes the phone and notates as* **SETH** *and* **CARL** *enter.)*

FRANK. Your hats, boys.

SETH. Mr. Robles.

CARL. Sir.

FRANK. What's the news, Carl?

CARL. Picked up a couple wets outside the city limits.

SETH. Young guys. Right off Highway 80.

FRANK. Any I.D. on them?

CARL. *Nada.* One of them's a retard but the other speaks English pretty good for a greaser.

CELESTINO. The term used in this house is Mexican.

CARL. Messican.

FRANK. Drive them to the station. We'll process them tonight.

CELESTINO. Wait. Bring them in, Frank. Let me see them.

FRANK. What for?

CELESTINO. I might need their services. Bring them in.

*(***SETH** *and* **CARL** *go.)*

SONIA. *(clicking the phone off)* Done, *mi amor.* Time, place, tonnage, and caliber.

CELESTINO. Let's arrange a reception for these fuckers. No-one comes through my sector without my knowing. Or my fee.

FRANK. So you gonna tell me who this Bustamante is?

CELESTINO. In time, *compadre.*

*(***SETH** *and* **CARL** *bring in* **ALFONSO** *and* **PEPÍN**.*)*

SETH. This is them.

FRANK. Which one of you's the retard? *(no response)* All right. Which one's the genius?

PEPÍN. Me, *señor.*

FRANK. How old are you?

PEPÍN. Many ages, *señor.* My feet are babies cause they came out last, my head's retired cause it came out first, my mouth's of drinking age, my hands old enough to drive, and my weenie is newborn every night.

FRANK. And you? You don't talk? That's a fine old hat. Where'd you get the hat, boy?

BLANCA. Hats R Us.

SETH. Musta stole it, this funny guy.

PEPÍN. *Oye,* I'm the funny! How many wetbacks does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

SETH. How many?

PEPÍN. I'm asking you, stupid.

*(***PEPÍN** *roars with laughter.)*

SONIA. Where were you going?

BLANCA. Wherever they need pickers.

FRANK. What's this suitcase for, Jose?

BLANCA. It's Alfonso to you, *pendejo*!

PEPÍN. He don't have *chi-chis.*

CARL. *(striking him)* Shut up, retard!

BLANCA. *ORALE,* I TOLD YOU LEAVE HIM ALONE!

(She jumps on **CARL** *but* **FRANK** *grabs her.)*

FRANK. Boy, in case you ain't noticed, you're a *mojado* now, and in this state, *mojados* rate lower than dog. You understand?

BLANCA. I understand you're a *pinchi gringo* in a country fulla *pinchi gringos,* and I'd rather be dog than you any day!

*(***FRANK** *takes out his gun, aims it at her.* **CELESTINO** *places his hand on* **FRANK***'s gun and slowly lowers it.)*

CELESTINO. Willful boy.

FRANK. Nobody's ever talked to me like that before.

BLANCA. How come we're here? How come you don't send us back?

CELESTINO. I have need of a tutor. Say yes, you get bed, board, and documents. Say no, you go back.

BLANCA. What a country. Who am I tutoring?

CELESTINO. My son. Lazaro. I'll have sandwiches in the kitchen for you.

FRANK. Put the Jerry Lewis in the car –

PEPÍN. NO! NO! ALFONSO! CARNAL!

BLANCA. Wait, he don't go nowhere without me! He's my brother!

CELESTINO. I only need one of you.

BLANCA. He won't take up room. He'll eat off my plate. He'll sleep with me.

PEPÍN. How many wetbacks does it take to change a bed?

CELESTINO. You start now.

*(***CELESTINO** *and* **SONIA** *go.)*

CARL. Is he serious, Frank? Guy's one taco short of a combination plate.

FRANK. I'm sure you men will manage with him just fine.

SETH/CARL. WHUT! US? NO WAY!

PEPÍN. *¡Orale!*

(Lights change. **DOLORES** *over the sleeping* **LAZARO**.*)*

DOLORES. Embryos inside embryos inside embryos. Your dream is your chrysalis, a flicker of the eyelid your wing, your waking a pinch of this skin.

(She pinches him and dances away. **LAZARO** *stirs.)*

LAZARO. *Luz. Mas luz.* Too much *pinchi luz.*

(He takes in the newness. Feels his neck. Sees his arms.)

No chain. No pain.

(The fabric of his pajamas.)

Soft.

(He twists around and checks the label of his pajama top.)

Pierre Cardin. *Chingao*, this **is** heaven.

*(***CELESTINO** *steps forward.)*

CELESTINO. Do you know me?

LAZARO. Are you God?

CELESTINO. I am your father.

LAZARO. …father?

CELESTINO. You are my son. *Mi varon*. Born under *Centauro*. You don't remember me? You don't remember anything?

LAZARO. I remember being pissed about something.

(He feels **CELESTINO***'s leather coat.)*

Italian?

CELESTINO. Yes. Lazaro, *escuchame*. You've been very sick. You had a rare condition. For three weeks you've been sleeping.

LAZARO. Asleeping?

CELESTINO. Dreaming. You spoke of an island. And a chain. But there is no chain.

LAZARO. *¿Un sueño?*

CELESTINO. I missed you, boy. I missed you so much. A lifetime gone by.

LAZARO. No shit.

CELESTINO. I'll teach you. I'll make up for the lost time…*mijo*.

LAZARO. *Apa*.

*(***SONIA** *steps forward with her opened compact. She shows him his reflection.)*

SONIA. Lazaro. *Mira.* This face, this young man….

(He is intrigued by the reflection. He sniffs the make-up.)

CELESTINO. This is Sonia, she's your –

SONIA. Mother. I'm your mother. Don't you know me?

LAZARO. I know Anne Klein.

*(***FRANK** *steps forward.)*

Frank?

FRANK. Pilgrim.

LAZARO. You were in this dream. You were Tio Sugar who kept me chained. Shot me up with T-rex. Sent me on prickly death. You were a real fucker, Frank.

FRANK. Well, what can I tell you.

CELESTINO. Can you stand? Are you ready to see your house?

SONIA. It's real. Twenty-two rooms.

FRANK. Tino, I don't think it's a good idea. I don't think he's ready.

*(***LAZARO** *suddenly turns and lunges at* **FRANK***.)*

LAZARO. *PINCHI* FRANK! *TU ME CHINGASTE, CABRON! TU!*

(He latches onto **FRANK***'s head and tears his ear off.* **CARL** *and* **SETH** *run in to separate them.* **LAZARO** *spits the ear out.)*

SONIA. OH MY GOD!

CARL. JESUS H!

CELESTINO. LAZARO! Get him off! Stop it!

(They tear **LAZARO** *off* **FRANK***, who screams holding his bleeding head.* **LAZARO** *spits the gory mass on the floor.)*

LAZARO. I WANT MY CHAIN! *MIS* COVER GIRLS! MY TV GUIDES! GO BACK! I WANNA GO BACK!

(He knocks **SETH** *and* **CARL** *to the floor and runs out.)*

SONIA. Oh my god! My god!

CELESTINO. He's an animal!

SONIA. What did you expect! He's been caged all his life!

FRANK. Goddammit! Can we talk about this later? Get me an ambulance!

CELESTINO. Get up and find him!

FRANK. He's going back, Tino! I'm putting him back!

SONIA. NO! He's just scared and confused!

LAZARO. *(off)* WHERE IS *MI ISLA!*

CELESTINO. *¡MADRE DE DIOS!*

*(***CELESTINO** *and* **SONIA** *rush out.)*

FRANK. Lord….I'm passin out….

*(***DOLORES** *enters with a jar bristling with herbs and wildflowers.)*

DOLORES. *Ruda, romero,* passion flower, yarrow. *Cascara sagrada, yerba buena.* yellow shame. All my remedies crowd the river banks, catching wind and drowsy bees on their buds. If you doze off, they'll catch your daydreams too.

FRANK. Dolores…

DOLORES. *(as she rubs some herb extract on his ear)* Rub a little self-heal on and the swelling will go down.

FRANK. I'm seein' things….

DOLORES. Me, too. I'm seeing that maybe if the sun stays warm, I might be coaxed on the grass and toward my girl's conception. It just seems like the thing to do.

FRANK. No….

DOLORES. Now, while Pepín's dipping his feet on the shore, digging up crayfish with his toes. I could hike my dress up and fuck or just keep picking *yerbas* all day.

FRANK. I never, never meant to…

*(***DOLORES** *delicately picks up the ear.)*

DOLORES. Here's a rare and pretty one. I'll save you for my birth pains.

FRANK. Whut? Birth pains? What do you mean….?

(She nimbly places it in her jar and seals it.)

DOLORES. *Albacar*, bitterroot, y *linaza*. All these I'll save for the fevers of denial. Teas and *purgas* for the fevers of denial.

(She smiles on **FRANK**. *Lights change.* **BLANCA** *and* **PEPÍN** *eating sandwiches in the kitchen.)*

PEPÍN. Mm. Good. *¿Y el tuyo?*

BLANCA. Good.

PEPÍN. I like baloney. Baloney is the best meat. You make baloney into many things. Baloney makes sun, baloney makes flower, baloney makes happy face….

BLANCA. Don't play with your food.

PEPÍN. What do you have?

BLANCA. Ham.

PEPÍN. You know, *carnal*, *hamon* is the best meat –

BLANCA. Pepín, that dream you had, the one before Ama died, you said you saw this man and a woman giving birth…

PEPÍN. *¡Mamasangre!*

BLANCA. You don't remember their faces?

PEPÍN. It's all a big darkmess. Only one face I dismember.

BLANCA. Who?

PEPÍN. He was dark and quivery –

BLANCA. Yeah?

PEPÍN. Scary and glary –

BLANCA. Like Sincero?

PEPÍN. No, baloney. He was a big bloody piece of baloney…WWWAAAHHH!

BLANCA. You mean, the baby.

PEPÍN. WWAAHHH! He went, like a monster without any chones!

BLANCA. Don't eat my sandwich. I'm gonna see if there's a way outa here.

*(***BLANCA** *goes.* **PEPÍN** *puts slices of baloney on his face and staggers around like a big monster.)*

PEPÍN. AWWOORR! GRRR! OOGA BOOOGA!

*(***LAZARO** *enters. He takes the meat off* **PEPÍN***'s face and eats it.)*

LAZARO. *Isla.* Where did *cabrones* put my island?

PEPÍN. I didn't take it.

LAZARO. *As if que si, as if que no*, they said a dream, but I don't believe it.

PEPÍN. *Oye, vato*, maybe you're a dream. My dream. Maybe I'm *mimis* and the baloney is making me see shit!

*(***LAZARO** *eats* **BLANCA***'s sandwich.)*

Hey! That's not yours!

LAZARO. Hungry.

PEPÍN. *Mano*, you gonna get me in trouble! Blanca's gonna be mad cause she'll think I ate her samwich cause you won't be here cause I'll wake up!

LAZARO. And maybe if I wake up, you won't be here!

PEPÍN. *¿O si? (He leaps on* **LAZARO***.)* Get back in my dream, duermevato!

LAZARO. *¡Ya!* Get off me!

(They wrestle as **CARL** *and* **SETH** *enter.)*

CARL. Easy, *muchacho.*

SETH. Lookee here, Lazaro. TV Guide.

LAZARO. TV guide….

CARL. Survivor…

SETH. 20-20…

(He reaches for it. They knock him out.)

CARL. Smackdown!

(They carry him off.)

PEPÍN. *¡Chingao! Duermevato* fell outa my sleep and now he's the shit-kicky outa him! I gotta get him back in!

(He runs off. Lights change. **FRANK** *talks as* **CELESTINO** *scans his charts and peers through his telescope.)*

FRANK. I'm telling you, it was her! I saw her right before I passed out. She was gatherin' flowers and weeds.

CELESTINO. There. Disturbance in the field of Centaur.

FRANK. She said something about conceiving a girl. My daughter.

CELESTINO. A collision of star systems. He's on fire.

FRANK. Do you register what I'm saying? I saw her! She looked like she always did. Like I remember her.

CELESTINO. You remember her too fondly, Frank.

FRANK. Only woman I ever washed my truck for. Look, maybe his coming's got something to do with this.

CELESTINO. I have to make things right, Francis.

FRANK. For who? For you? Cause it ain't for him. He don't know how to act, he don't know thing one about being human!

CELESTINO. He'll learn.

FRANK. He'll learn that you let his mother die!

*(***FRANK***'s wound stings and thunder explodes. The lights change as* **DOLORES** *appears before him, her hands stained with blood.)*

DOLORES. *¿Que paso, baby?*

FRANK. Judas priest…

DOLORES. Why do you look at me like that?

FRANK. Dolores…

DOLORES. I did all I could, I swear.

CELESTINO. What's the matter with you? Vivian was your sister! That's her blood on her hands!

FRANK. I know, I know! JESUS!

CELESTINO. Pull your head out of your ass, fool! She's illegal! When are you going to tell your wife about her? When are you telling your blue-eyed babies? Does the agency know you're balling her every night?

FRANK. You wouldn't, Tino! You wouldn't!

DOLORES. *¿Que dicen?*

FRANK. Hold on, honey. *Un momento.*

CELESTINO. She can't ever come back and you can't go looking for her.

DOLORES. *¿Que pasa?*

FRANK. Dolores, Tino here is gonna drive you home. I have to stay with the baby and…

DOLORES. *Perdoname.* I did all I could.

FRANK. I know. I know. I'll meet you there.

DOLORES. Will you, *querido*?

FRANK. Count on it.

DOLORES. I waited for you, my love, all those years ago, even as the current took me and my sweet Pepín I waited for you to save us. I waited for you. I'm waiting for you still.

FRANK. I don't go there. I never go there. You know that.

DOLORES. *"Amor eterno, E inolvidable*
Tarde o temprano estaré contigo
Para segir, amándolos."

(She fades away and the lights resume.)

CELESTINO. Are you in love with a ghost, Frank?

FRANK. I hate you, as I hate him, as I hate all your god-damned race. And I reckon I'd despise her too if I didn't hate myself more.

(Lights change. **LAZARO** *hog-tied on his bed.* **BLANCA** *in a separate area.)*

LAZARO. No memory of my hole, my chain, my isla. But this room. This bed. These ropes. They remember me.

BLANCA. Trying to run. Stay with my cause. Sincero. Sangre. But I can't. Against my will, I go this way.

LAZARO. Something here was

BLANCA. Compelled by the suit

LAZARO. Dreamt in blood

BLANCA. Compelled by his shoes

LAZARO. A tearing of membrane

BLANCA. Legs obeying trousers

LAZARO. A mother's cry

BLANCA. Up the marble staircase

LAZARO. A womb on fire

BLANCA. Hallways like uterine canals

LAZARO. Bleeding on this bed

BLANCA. Through a bone-colored door

LAZARO. Parting of the legs

BLANCA. Opens like an eyelid opens

LAZARO. Opening

BLANCA. Slowly

LAZARO. Now

(They see each other: a recognition.)

BLANCA. Are you Lazaro?

LAZARO. Am I?

BLANCA. I'm Alfonso. I'm supposed to tutor you.

(They remain mesmerized by each other. So many recognitions.)

LAZARO. C'mere. In the light. *(She approaches.)* I seen you before?

BLANCA. I don't know you, *vato*. This is my first time in this house.

LAZARO. Bitchin.

BLANCA. How are you supposed to learn anything tied up like that?

LAZARO. I can learn about knots….

BLANCA. Get up.

(She begins to undo the ropes.)

LAZARO. You sure we never met?

BLANCA. Positive.

LAZARO. I was on this *isla* where I saw the strangest *locos*. Came and went like vapors.

BLANCA. Uh-huh.

LAZARO. Anyway, this one covergirl came up my shore.

BLANCA. A covergirl, huh?

LAZARO. *Bonita*. She rose from the water *y me dijo*, she said, you're gonna be free soon. She said to wait for her.

BLANCA. Maybe you should have.

LAZARO. She was something else. *Oye*, can I ask you, which do you read, *Elle* or *Esquire*?

BLANCA. Me?

LAZARO. *Elle* or *Esquire*?

BLANCA. *Motor Trend*. How's that?

LAZARO. Better.

BLANCA. What's that smell, man? Did you crap on yourself?

LAZARO. I had to go.

BLANCA. Man, you are too much. I don't know about this.

LAZARO. *Mira*, Alfonso.

BLANCA. Look, maybe I'm not cut out –

(She starts out. He knocks her down and sits on top of her.)

LAZARO. I'm all teeth today, *carnal*, clamp myself on that vein, make a red drape from your neck to the floor, *puto*!

BLANCA. Whatever, *vato*! Whatever!

LAZARO. Answer me one *cosa*!

BLANCA. Sure. Anything.

LAZARO. Am I *soniando*? Is this real?

BLANCA. It's real, brother.

LAZARO. Then okay. Teach me.

BLANCA. Get off.

*(***LAZARO** *gets off her.* **BLANCA** *gets up, turns around and grabs* **LAZARO** *by the balls.)*

First lesson. When your body functions go, do not, I repeat, do not sit them on top of your tutor. It's a foul practice and it grosses me out. *¿Me oyes?*

LAZARO. I hear you.

BLANCA. Then okay. On to lesson two.

(She drags him off. Crossfade to **SETH** *and* **CARL** *with flashlights trained on the ground.)*

SETH. Now, tell me again, what's it look like?

CARL. Looks like a big ol' goddamned ear, Seth. Frank said it floated off so it floated off. Now hunt! Goddog!

*(***PEPÍN** *enters.)*

PEPÍN. *Hey, migra!* Migra! Where is he? What did you do with him?

CARL. Fuck off, retard.

SETH. Hey, little guy.

PEPÍN. Where's my dreamvato, *ese*? *You* took him away!

SETH. What dreamvato?

CARL. Don't pay any attention to the retard, Seth! Git!

SETH. Hold on, Carl. Fella needs our assistance. I'm Seth and this is Carl.

PEPÍN. Thirst and Carol.

CARL. That's Carl. *Carl.*

SETH. You say he's the man of yer dreams?

PEPÍN. No, he fell out of my dreams. He was in my sueno but he got out!

SETH. Well, from the sound a things, I'd peg him for a illegal alien.

CARL. For crying Jesus!

SETH. He violated the borders of that territory, Carl! You just don't do that!

PEPÍN. That's right, *ese*! He's a dream *mojado*!

SETH. According to our mission statement, it's our duty to prevent unlawful entry, employment, or receipt of benefits by those who are not entitled to them.

PEPÍN. He ate my samwich!

SETH. And to apprehend and remove those aliens whose stay is not in the public interest.

PEPÍN. That sounds like him, Thirsty!

SETH. Brother, I suggest you enforce the departure of this individual as expeditiously as possible.

CARL. Retardo's a wet, too, in case you forgot.

SETH. Not if he's here to escape persecution. He can apply for asylum.

CARL. He looks like he already belongs in one.

PEPÍN. *¡Gracias, Carla!*

CARL. CARL!

SETH. I'll get a form I-589 from the car for you to fill out. In the meantime, buddy, raise your *mano*.

SETH. You pledge to uphold the Constitution of the United States of America and to obey its gun laws and such, and stand up for the National Anthem at ball games no matter who sings the damn thing? Say I do, *señor*.

PEPÍN. I do, *señor*.

SETH. You're now a citizen-patrol chief of the INS.

PEPÍN. *¡Hijola! ¡Un Americano!*

SETH. Now you're authorized to use whatever method it takes to nab your *mojado*. The method I recommend is D & D.

PEPÍN. D & D?

CARL. Detention and Deportation.

SETH. You gotta set your trap in order to **detain**, and once he's in custody, you **determine** his status and **deport** his ass back. Which kinda makes it D, D & D. Do you know the point of entry?

PEPÍN. The kitchen!

SETH. Then start the search there, chief. Cause that's where he's prob'ly stashed. You know what? I got something for you. Hold on.

*(***SETH** *runs off.* **CARL** *searches for the ear.)*

PEPÍN. Carol, how come you so ugly?

CARL. What are you talking about? This is just my stern face. I wear this out on the field for protection. It's seen me through a few close calls.

PEPÍN. *¿De veras?*

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