SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

SF PERUSALS

i put the fear of méxico in 'em

Matthew Paul Olmos

A Samuel French Acting Edition

SAMUEL FRENCH
Founded 1830

samuelfrench.com
samuelfrench-london.co.uk

Copyright © 2014 by Matthew Paul Olmos
Cover Photo: CarrilloPhoto
All Rights Reserved

I PUT THE FEAR OF MÉXICO IN 'EM is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-70199-3

www.SamuelFrench.com
www.SamuelFrench-London.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

UNITED STATES AND CANADA
Info@SamuelFrench.com
1-866-598-8449

UNITED KINGDOM AND EUROPE
Plays@SamuelFrench-London.co.uk
020-7255-4302

Each title is subject to availability from Samuel French, depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *I PUT THE FEAR OF MÉXICO IN 'EM* may not be licensed by Samuel French in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Samuel French office or licensing partner to verify availability.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *I PUT THE FEAR OF MÉXICO IN 'EM* is subject to a licensing fee. Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to the appropriate agent before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Professional/Stock licensing fees quoted upon application to Samuel French, Inc.

No one shall make any changes in this title for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall upload this title, or part of this title, to any social media websites.

For all enquiries regarding motion picture, television, and other media rights, please contact Samuel French.

MUSIC USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for all music clearances and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Samuel French, against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of music by licensees. Please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

I PUT THE FEAR OF MÉXICO IN 'EM was first produced by Teatro Vista, at Chicago Dramatists in Chicago, Illinois on November 4, 2012. The performance was directed by Ricardo Gutierrez, with sets by Regina Garcia, costumes by Chirstine Pascual, sound by Christopher Kriz, lighting by Sara Hugley, video by Kyle Hamman, and props by Jamie Karas. The Production Stage Manager was Stephanie Hurovitz. The cast was as follows:

EFREN . . . . . Miguel Leonardo Nuñez Natoli
JUANA . . . . . Charin Alvarez
JONAH. . . . . Bryn W. Packard
ADRAY . . . . . Cheryl Graeff
OTHER MEXICANS. . . . . Marvin Quijada
VIVIA . . . . . Cruz Gonzalez Cade

I PUT THE FEAR OF MÉXICO IN 'EM was developed, in part, with the assistance of the Sundance Institute Theatre Program, with additional support from the Sundance Institute's Time Warner Storytelling Fellowship. It has also been developed, in part, by INTAR Theatre's H.P.R.L. program, Gala Theatre and with special thanks to Nichol Alexander, Mando Alvarado, Teddy Cañez, Audrey Esparza, Maria Helan, Annie Henk, Gabriel Gutierrez, Abel Lopez, José Joaquín Pérez, Debbie Saivetz.

CHARACTERS

EFREN – Mexican, 37

JUANA – Mexican, 30

ADRAY (uh-dray) **–** güera, 34

JONAH – güero, 34

VIVIA – female

ALL OTHER CHARACTERS – Mexican

SETTING

Tijuana, Mexico

TIME

Now

ACT ONE

(Lights reveal the sort of alley you're not supposed to go down.)

*(***EFREN** *corners* **JONAH** *and* **ADRAY** *against a wall; they wear backpacks and frightened faces.)*

*(***EFREN** *clears a Tecate, drops the can to the floor, and kicks it at* **JONAH** *and* **ADRAY***; they flinch.)*

*(***EFREN** *laughs his ass off, then looks to* **JUANA** *who does not laugh her ass off, but only smiles politely.)*

(There are several emptied cans of Tecate around both **EFREN** *and* **JUANA**'s *feet.)*

EFREN. *(to* **JONAH***)* C'mon…I'm not gonna do nuthin'. Hey, c'mere. *(pause)* I wanna know something. *(pause)* C'mon, I just said I won't do nuthin'.

*(***JONAH** *reluctantly walks to* **EFREN.***)*

So uh…you don't look too comfortable, huh?

JONAH. You could say that.

EFREN. I just did fuckin' say that.

JONAH. What was it you wanted to know?

EFREN. …so like, if you could like be anywhere but here, where would you be?

JONAH. …

EFREN. Like right now, if you could disappear someplace, *anyplace,* where would you go to?

JONAH. …a bar.

EFREN. *(to* **JUANA***)* Hey, Fea, a bar he says.

*(***EFREN** *motions for another Tecate,* **JUANA** *tosses one to him, he opens, takes a sip, then offers to* **JONAH**, *who accepts.)*

Ehh, salud. To our wives.

(to **ADRAY***)* Oh shit, wait, you two married?

JONAH. Yea.

EFREN. *(to* **JONAH***)* I wasn't talking to you, was I?

(to **ADRAY***)* You two married?

*(***ADRAY** *nods.)*

What's a matter, you don't talk? Ain't you gotta tongue? Shit, I'm about to feel lotta sorrow for Jonah here if I hear you don't gotta tongue?

JONAH. She has one.

EFREN. *(to* **ADRAY***)* So why don't she talk then, I ask you a question, why don't you talk.

JONAH. She talks.

EFREN. I ain't ask you, did I.

JONAH. Adray, will you…

EFREN. *(to* **ADRAY***)* Hey, yoo-hoo, Little Thing…I hear you got a good tongue in that mouth. …why don't you lemme see that purty tongue, huh? Awh, what's a matter, Little Thing, you a shy one? Hmm?

(to **JUANA***)* Hey, Fea, why don'you show Little Thing here about what kinda tongue *we* got.

*(***JUANA** *shows the entire of her tongue.)*

(to **ADRAY***)* Now you see that, tha's the kinda tongue a man can come home to. Wake up with. Tha's the kinda tongue make a man stay put for life. *(pause)* So why don't you show me what your husband come home to…

JONAH. Mister uh, Efren, can I get another?

(A moment of **EFREN** *sizing up* **JONAH.***)*

EFREN. Fea, the man ordered up, huh.

*(***JUANA** *pulls a fresh Tecate.)*

JONAH. *(to* **JUANA***)* It's for her.

*(***JUANA** *tosses the beer to* **ADRAY***, she catches, drinks.)*

EFREN. *(to* **ADRAY***)* Tha's some kinda gentle man you got there, Little Thing. *(pause)* Always comin' home good an' early. *(pause)* Never lay a hand, raise a fist. *(pause)* Never got lipstick on his neck, never got other-women-scent on his fingers. *(pause)*

Always make sure you cum. Every time.

*(***EFREN** *waits for response.)*

Yea, with a man like that you must get real, real thankful, yea? *(pause)*

How thankful?

*(***ADRAY** *pulls in Tecate, then sticks her tongue out at* **EFREN.***)*

Oh. Little Thing you ain't so little. Will you lookit that, Fea. What's a little güera like you doin' with a lengüita like that, huh?

(to **JONAH***)* Shit, no wonder you treat her so good. Hey, how is it, her lengüita? Is it fast? Does it circle around down there? Does it do tricks?

JONAH. You said imagine we were at a bar.

EFREN. You know what, you're right. Know what happened? I got whatsitcalled…side tracked, yea? *(pause)* Okay, okay, so picture just us two, we're in a bar sitting. We got our legs open, we got our Tecates in hand. An' know what? Just for picture's sake, there's a fútbol game, huh? *(pause)* What? You wan' something else, beisbol?

JONAH. Soccer's fine.

EFREN. Okay, so we can watch "soccer" on the T.V. *(pause)* An' do you know what I like the best about two men talking good with each other at a bar?

JONAH. That we don't have to—

EFREN. That we're honest. *(pause)* Women don't give a shit, they'll tell to each other whatever the fuck, but men, we say the truth to each other, huh?

JONAH. Yea.

EFREN. So do you know what I would like to ask, at this bar, with our Tecates, watchin'our fútbol, huh? *(pause)* What I would like to ask is…How Is Your Wife's Tongue?

*(***EFREN** *puts his hand on* **JONAH**'s *shoulder.)*

JONAH. It's…fine.

EFREN. Is it fast?

JONAH. It can be.

EFREN. Does it circle around down there?

JONAH. If she's in the mood, yes.

EFREN. Yes?

JONAH. It does.

EFREN. Does what?

JONAH. Circle around down there.

EFREN. An' does it do tricks?

JONAH. None that I know of.

EFREN. Does It Do Tricks.

JONAH. …she used to, she…used to use the bottom of it, of her tongue. The underneath. Was softer.

EFREN. Thank you, Mister Jonah. For bein' honest with me.

*(***EFREN** *and* **JONAH** *share a moment.* **EFREN***'s phone rings; they both notice. Lights focus on* **JUANA***, who stands up allowing us to see clearly that she has had an assault rifle hanging from her shoulder the entire time. She walks to* **ADRAY** *and speaks to her closely.)*

JUANA. *(to* **ADRAY***)* That shit all true, güera? 'Bout usin' the bottom part uh your lengüita? That shit really work? *(pause)* Wow. You know what I think, though? If you use the bottom, es like you can't really taste what you're putting your tongue to? 'Cuz even if mi Efren don't always taste so good, I like to know es him I'm

making happy. So maybe is it you use the bottom 'cuz es softer, or 'cuz you don't like to taste? *(pause)* You're not gonna respond to me, huh? *(pause)* Tha's okay, I know es hard to have a real, honest conversation between adults if one of you…

*(***JUANA** *holds up the machine gun awkwardly.)*

Efren says it to me that I haffta hold the gun 'cuz why, Feo?

EFREN. Equal rights.

JUANA. He's so stupid. Between you an' me, güera, I think it just turn him on. A woman, a gun, sometimes I think I never understand the men. *(pause)* For truth tho', güera, lookit me, I don't understand the gun either. I leave it on "safety" an' there's nothing he could say to me that I'd set it to unsafety. *(pause)* Know what tho'? I like holdin' it. Heavy. I feel like you hear me, you know? But maybe that's not such a good thing, huh, feeling finally like you listen, 'cuz me I'm holding in my hands something that was not meant for talking.

Es like earlier today when we tried to speak to you. What? You don't remember? *(pause)* Over by where all that shit with the red buses. I know I seen your eyes pass over us when come up close to you. I guess we were just one small part of your foto background. But when we try to speak, when we try to ask if you need help, you yank your husband away from us like he the one that be needing the help. An' lookit you now, now you do need help, don't you? Both of you, and yea, güera, I bet if you take a foto now, we won't be background no more. But not because we equal. Es just because you're scared. That we might shoot you.

*(***JONAH** *enters* **JUANA** *and* **ADRAY***'s light.)*

For truth tho', güera, I don't know how people do it. Los Narcos. Los Soldados. Los Policias. Es only for our son, Javier, he's thirteen, for mi Javi that I holding this gun.

JONAH. We have a daughter. Angela. She's close to your Javier's age. She's home. Alone. We promised to call three times daily. We did this morning, but…this morning feels like a lot of days ago.

(Lights shift to several hours before. **ADRAY** *and* **JONAH** *are both on their mobiles in a San Ysidro Motel 6. A moment. They both hang up.)*

ADRAY. Angela says she's in love.

JONAH. Mexicoach says there's won't be any buses at *all* today.

ADRAY. She wanted to wait till we were away. That I'm judgmental.

JONAH. Apparently there's some sort of glitch. Like in all the buses. The entire fleet; some sort of mechanical failure?

ADRAY. Some boy who sits in the back of the class. Shy.

JONAH. She called you that? Judgmental?

ADRAY. So, what, there's no tour buses anywhere? Thank God.

JONAH. Service on indefinite hiatus.

ADRAY. She said 'cuz I always roll my eyes at those movies you two like.

JONAH. All that shit you talked about the red buses an' here ya go, I hope yer happy.

ADRAY. Jonah, I just don't want our daughter growing up thinking that's what love is gonna—

JONAH. What, an' we're not romantic?

ADRAY. Are we?

JONAH. I proposed to you at the top of—

ADRAY. That's different.

JONAH. You cried.

ADRAY. I had bites on my ankles. I was hungover from that forty percent bullshit you got suckered into. Your breath was stale, sorry. Movies don't ever show any of that, but that's what love is like.

JONAH. You were also on your period.

(They share a laugh.)

ADRAY. See, it's a sign, Jones, we argue all over the little red buses an' now lookit us.

JONAH. Yea, you got your way. Again.

ADRAY. Oh, shut up. C'mere.

(She pulls him in for a kiss.)

So that website said we could just take one of the sidestreets off that Revolution street, down a little hill and there'll be like multiple cars.

JONAH. It said there'd be station wagons, Adray.

ADRAY. Yea, station wagons driven by actual citizens, like real people...

JONAH. You're doing the talking.

ADRAY. "Yo queiro ir a Ensenada."

JONAH. You have to say it in 'we' form.

ADRAY. I'm sure they'll get it.

JONAH. Adray, the website didn't say anything about driving us back.

ADRAY. Jones, we were stupid in Marseille, this time I have the public transport schedule printed out, we have the street map—

JONAH. This isn't fucking France, you know. How fucking accurate do you think a public transportation print out is?

ADRAY. Well, it's only a hundred and ten kilometers from Tijuana, even if it's all-the-way backwards, I'm sure we can—

JONAH. Miles. It's seventy miles, okay. You're not European.

ADRAY. Jones, c'mon, it'll be just you an' me. That dirt road we saw on that one website. We'll push past all the beer cans and left diapers— What? What's the matter?

JONAH. It's just with Mexicoach there was a credit card record of where we were going. What bus times? If anything happened Angela could at least—

ADRAY. C'mon, Jones, a little off-the-map between consenting adults…

JONAH. If you think I'm doing *anything* in public, in fucking Mexico…

ADRAY. Just knowing that like…even satellites couldn't trace us. God, it's so…real.

JONAH. Yea, satellites don't cover Mexico, I forgot. Alright, so fine, I'll go along with the station wagons, but we are *getting off* at that little lobster town whatever.

ADRAY. ...fine, *when* we resurface, we'll visit yer little Puerto Nuevo tourist bullshit people acting like they don't have a goddamned ocean at home.

JONAH. I like the idea of fried lobster. Langosta.

ADRAY. You like romantic comedies.

JONAH. So what else'd she say, she didn't wanna talk to me?

ADRAY. Know what does scare me though, Jones? *(pause)* How much her heart will be broken. How many hearts she'll break. It's like until today, she was safe. That boy in the back of the class was safe. But now…I almost wish it she would wait. Just get a couple more years of being untouched.

JONAH. Touched, she said touched?

ADRAY. No, not *touched*.

JONAH. Oh. Well…I think it's cute then. Her, some boy. I'm glad he's shy.

ADRAY. Awh, maybe he's just like—

JONAH. Well would you rather him be, what, forward?

ADRAY. No, I wish…I just didn't think we'd have to deal with this so—

JONAH. Her heart is open, Adray, least we know it works.

ADRAY. What was that, a line from movie? My God.

JONAH. Shut up.

ADRAY. Look, after lunch, why don't you call her? See if she tells it to you any different. "Her heart is open…"

JONAH. Just don't forget the phone card.

ADRAY. Got.

JONAH. Hey, really, why don't we just take one of our phones, it's stupid not to.

ADRAY. Oh God, my wife's a fucking tourist too. Way to disconnect, Jonah.

JONAH. You know Mexicans do have cell phones, Adray.

ADRAY. And I'm not judging, y'know. That she thinks she's in love.

(beat)

JONAH. Well, I just hope this Nepalese statue is as off the map as Google said it was.

ADRAY. Oh, shut up, how else are you supposed to—

JONAH. Yea, yea, just don't forget your underground website print outs, Miss Native of México.

ADRAY. Don't worry, they're in my bag right next to your balls, Princessa.

(Lights up on a bar, cheap strobe effects and twitching neon. **JONAH** *sits, he looks about a bit lost. A salted margarita on ice gets placed in front of him. He looks at it surprised, sniffs. As he confusedly takes a sip, a souvenir, straw cowboy hat with red bandana reading: "Viva Tijuana!" is placed on his head, he looks to see who placed it, but no one is there.* **JONAH** *clears his margarita and watches in disbelief as he is refilled.* **JUANA** *takes a seat next to him. He looks at her strangely.)*

(Lights shift back to alley.)

EFREN. You're never going to believe this, Little Thing.

ADRAY. Where's Jonah, is he okay?

EFREN. He's in a bar, just like he wished for. So, know what you ain't gonna believe?

ADRAY. A bar where?

EFREN. Me, I just got off the phone. Mi Javier, he calls me like multiple times a day, little shit misses me I guess. But do you know what he call me about today?

ADRAY. What bar?

EFREN. There's lots of bars in Tijuana, güera, an' I bet you couldn't tell the difference between one of'em. *(pause)* So…he say that some girl, some little güerita who sits in front uh the class, is top-of-the-heap-in-love with him. Can you believe that?

ADRAY. …I'd like to go the bar where my husband's at.

EFREN. No, you don't. I know you didn't come down here for that.

ADRAY. Well, I'm sure he'd rather be here with his wife—

EFREN. When Mister Jonah wants to be here with you, güera, he will be.

(Lights brighten over **JONAH***, as he's served two margaritas. He drinks ravenously.* **JUANA** *watches him.)*

(Lights dim over the bar.)

EFREN. So Javier, he loves to sit in the back of the class. Well, I don't know that he loves it, more like…he prefers to sit in the back of the class. Hey, you listening?

ADRAY. …yea.

EFREN. So there he is just sittin', and this little güera comes on up to him, an— oh shit, wait, you know what a güera is?

ADRAY. I get the implication.

EFREN. So what is it then?

ADRAY. A…a woman who's white…but clearly not welcome.

EFREN. Oh, no, es not like that. Es just, yea somebody like you, but… güera don't mean you're not welcome.

ADRAY. Thank you.

EFREN. Where was I?

ADRAY. The back of the class.

EFREN. So some güerita comes up to mi Javi, right in the middle of some movie they're showing. Plate teh'tonics or…how's it called—

ADRAY. Plate tectonics.

EFREN. You know?

ADRAY. Yes, I know what it is, go on.

EFREN. So what is it then?

ADRAY. It's…it's the movement of the plates, like continents…away from each other. Like from Pangaea, I suppose.

EFREN. Pan-wha?

ADRAY. Pangaea. It's when, it's the belief that all the continents or—

EFREN. All six.

ADRAY. Anyways, Pangaea is one of the theories that all the plates, or continents, were…all together at one point.

EFREN. Well Javi didn't say nuthin'about that.

ADRAY. Maybe wasn't paying attention—

JAVIER. Yea, or maybe he jus'don't give a fuck about continents.

ADRAY. Okay.

EFREN. So anyways, right when the classroom is all dark… this little güera comes up and sits in the empty seat next to him. Smiling that smile. You know?

ADRAY. I think so.

EFREN. Hey, how come girls smile like that, huh?

ADRAY. …I guess they want to seem welcoming.

EFREN. Hey, "welcoming," we were just talking about, huh?

ADRAY. We were.

EFREN. So…she leans over right close into his ear and says… "I think I'm in love with you, Javier." *(laughs)* Can you believe in that?

ADRAY. If you say so.

*(***EFREN** *takes* **ADRAY** *softly by the hand, she reacts, but he motions her to relax.)*

EFREN. An' then, know what? Mi Javier took her hand out into the hallway where nobody is and nobody's supposed to be.

(Lights turn young, **EFREN** *leads* **ADRAY** *to a corner spot. They speak as teenagers.)*

"Don't worry, no one will come. No one will see."

ADRAY. "But we shouldn't—"

EFREN. "Shh….I wanted to bring you here, Angela, because I didn't want anyone to hear what I want to tell you."

ADRAY. "…tell me…?"

EFREN. "Do you know why I sit in the back of the class all the time?"

*(***ADRAY** *shakes her head.)*

"It's 'cuz I'm afraid."

ADRAY. "Of what?"

EFREN. "Like if I sit too up close that…"

ADRAY. "What?"

EFREN. "That I won't be able to look at you. That you'll see me looking. That you'll know."

ADRAY. "Know what?"

EFREN. "…how I feel."

ADRAY. "…how do you feel?"

EFREN. "I feel like when I wake up, I only do it 'cuz I wanna see what you'll be wearing. I feel like when I get ready for school, I'm really gettin'ready for you."

ADRAY. "…you never told me…"

EFREN. "Can…can I kiss you?"

*(***ADRAY** *nods.* **EFREN** *kisses her.)*

"Know what I think about?"

*(***ADRAY** *shakes her head.)*

EFREN. "Promise you won't make fun, promise it will be our secret, just yours and mine."

ADRAY. "I promise."

EFREN. "I think about what it would be like to touch you… like underneath."

ADRAY. "Me?"

EFREN. "So…soft. So clean."

ADRAY. "...well, maybe…maybe you could put your hand…"

EFREN. "You aren't teasin', are you?"

ADRAY. "…I wouldn't tease, not with you. Here, you can…"

*(***EFREN** *gently puts his hand up* **ADRAY**'s *shirt. She allows. They both enjoy for a few innocent moments.)*

EFREN. "Do you have brothers?"

*(***ADRAY** *shakes her head.)*

"Have you ever seen it?"

ADRAY. "What?"

EFREN. "It."

ADRAY. "No, omigod, of course not."

EFREN. "Do you want to?"

ADRAY. "No, what if somebody comes?"

EFREN. "See, it's got all hard now. Because of you."

ADRAY. "Omigod."

EFREN. "I want you to."

ADRAY. "No, really we should—"

*(***EFREN** *offers her a peek down into his pants. She glimpses.)*

"…it looks…crowded. Are you sure there's enough room down there for it?"

EFREN. "You can touch it if you want to."

*(***ADRAY** *takes a few moments, then dips her hand in.* **EFREN** *closes his eyes, she watches him, then touches more. She kisses him.)*

"So…you've seen mine…I've never seen what yours looks like. I don't have any sisters."

ADRAY. "Well…I can't show you *here*."

EFREN. "What if I just like peek in. Like you did.

ADRAY. "I don't think you'll be able to see like that."

*(***EFREN** *kneels.)*

"No, c'mon."

EFREN. "Please, just for real quick."

*(**ADRAY** gives **EFREN** a peek, then reaching out to touch, she allows. He explores. She closes her eyes. **EFREN** stands up and returns her hand between his legs with his between hers. They both close their eyes. A few beautiful moments of connection. Then interruption, **EFREN** opens his eyes.)*

"Shit. Somebody's coming."

(He pulls his pants up and walks away.)

"C'mon."

ADRAY. "But…"

*(She looks at her hand. Smells. Then wipes it on her clothes embarrassed, then looks around nervously.) (Lights shift, **EFREN** resumes his usual voice.)*

EFREN. With a morning like that, I can't even guess what the rest of their day was like, huh.

ADRAY. Can I please use your phone.

EFREN. …

ADRAY. I'd like to call my daughter.

EFREN. Ta say what?

ADRAY. To see how she is.

EFREN. I just tol'you how she is.

ADRAY. Please.

EFREN. What, you don't believe me?

ADRAY. Can I make my call or can't I?

EFREN. You think I was just makin'that story up for your amusements?

ADRAY. I have a calling card.

EFREN. Congratulations.

ADRAY. It won't cost you any money.

EFREN. What will it cost then?

ADRAY. I just want talk to my daughter.

EFREN. What, I ain't reliable?

ADRAY. Thank you anyway.

EFREN. What will it cost me, güera?

ADRAY. I'm not calling, so nothing I guess.

EFREN. If I let you make that call, that'd be saying that the story I told you, about mi Javier and your Angela, was untrue.

ADRAY. What do you want? If you want money, it's yours.

*(***ADRAY** *throws her wallet at* **EFREN**.*)*

If you want to embarrass us, you have.

EFREN. What I want, Little Thing, is for you to believe in a world of continents where a little girl like your Angela and a boy like mi Javier could and would sneak themselves into the hallway. How you say, "lose their innocence" together, yea? That that could happen.

ADRAY. Why don't you leave my daughter out of whatever it is you're doing? Please.

EFREN. That boy, in the back of the class, do you know his name?

ADRAY. What?

EFREN. Your daughter. She's in love with some boy. Back of the class. Do you know his fucking name?

ADRAY. …no, I do not.

EFREN. Could it be Javier?

ADRAY. …

EFREN. So how do you know it wasn't him? How do you know my boy and your girl didn't get their paws an' mittens mixed up this morning?

ADRAY. Well, for one they live in different countries.

EFREN. So? You an' me are different countries, but here we are. Talking intimately about intimate things. Hell, we might as well be rubbing our paws an' mittens too.

ADRAY. It'd be a little hard for your Javier and my Angela to be in the same school, wouldn't it?

EFREN. Did I tell you what school mi Javier attends?

ADRAY. …does it matter?

*(***EFREN** *hands her the phone.)*

EFREN. Use your fucking calling card.

*(***ADRAY** *takes a moment, then pulls a card and begins the process.)*

ADRAY. *(into phone)* Hey, kiddo, what're you— *(pause)* Oh, I'm glad I caught you then. *(pause)* We're at…we're outside shopping. Are you…okay, everything's usual as usual? *(pause)* Yea, I'll see what we can find, okay. *(pause)* I know, I know. Listen, Angela, that uh…boy you told me about this morning. Did you see him, I mean was he at school— *(pause)* I'm just curious is all. *(pause)* Did…did he talk to you, I mean did you get to talk to him today? *(pause)* What's a matter, you sound nervous. *(pause)* No, your voice just…must be the connection. *(pause)* An' you think he likes you, yea? *(pause)* So…what's his name anyways? *(pause)* Oh. And…um…what's his first name then…?

(long godawful pause)

…okay look, uh, I lost your dad, I gotta run. I'll call you later, okay? I will. I know. Bye, baby.

*(***ADRAY** *lowers phone, closing it.)*

EFREN. What's a matter, Little Thing, you're lookin'at me like you know me.

ADRAY. Who are you?

EFREN. Me, I'm just some mejicano nobody.

ADRAY. How do you know my daughter?

EFREN. Me, I never met her myself.

ADRAY. Where did you get that story from?

EFREN. Mi Javier tol' me.

ADRAY. What school does your son go to?

EFREN. Dos Pueblos.

ADRAY. …how do you know that name?

EFREN. Don't most parents know the school their kid goes?

ADRAY. How do you know who my… *(pause)* …how do you know that name?

EFREN. We're not so far apart, Little Thing. I know there's supposed ta be an iron'steel wall between us. But see, your Angela—

ADRAY. Don't say her name—

EFREN. Your Angela and mi Javi. They're not tall enough to know about any iron'steel wall between them. They don't have anything between them. Not yet. They get up, they go to school. They're just little kids every day, but they're also not just little kids every day. *(pause)* Me, I don't find it such a strange thing that they got a whatcha'muh'callit…a shared experience. I'm glad Javier's Dos Pueblos and your Angela's Dos Pueblos are like one fucking pueblo.

ADRAY. We haven't done anything to you.

EFREN. An' me, what have I done to you?

ADRAY. You grabbed us—

EFREN. NO, no we didn't grab no one—

ADRAY. You forced us into this alley—

EFREN. We asked.

ADRAY. Your wife pointed a machine gun at us.

EFREN. Yes. Yes, okay, my wife did point a machine gun—

ADRAY. We didn't mean anything by…

EFREN. Why did you get off the main street?

ADRAY. Excuse me?

EFREN. You heard me.

ADRAY. We wanted to…that statue…on the way to Ensenada. We were taking one of those station wagons at the bottom of the hill—

EFREN. Why didn't you just wait for the red buses like everybody else?

ADRAY. We just didn't.

EFREN. Why not?

ADRAY. There wasn't any red buses, we talked to Mexicoach, there was some glitch, some mechanical failure—

EFREN. So, if there was no "glitch" or "mechanical failures" you would not be here with me?

ADRAY. …if it were up to me, I don't know where I'd be.

EFREN. Let's just pretend for talking sake then, güera, that things *are* up to you.

ADRAY. …I was glad the buses broke down. I don't like going places that way.

EFREN. What way?

ADRAY. That…packaged way.

EFREN. Oh…so you *wanted* to be walking down that street with no one around an' be crawling into the back of some shitty little station wagon all crowded.

ADRAY. Yes. I did.

EFREN. Well then you should thank me, Little Thing. This is like un'packaged as shit. Look at how close everything is. You and me here. My wife and your husband there. My son and your daughter, look how close we all have come. *(pause)* This is what you wanted, no? This is the kind of story you wish to go back with, eh? Machine guns an' real locals telling you real local things. Drunken Mejicanos. An alleyway. There's even a little sexuality, huh? Little bit. Teenage.

ADRAY. Look, you can think what you wish about me. That's fine. But don't talk about my daughter. I'm asking you.

*(***EFREN** *looks at her. A moment.)*

And…okay, look if you need me to go to an ATM or—

EFREN. Oh, c'mon now Little Thing, let the assholes who hang out on La Revolución play with the money. Let them be cliché.

ADRAY. Well, what is it you—

EFREN. Me? I just want what you do, güera. What everybody want. To get close. To be less alone.

*(***ADRAY** *covers her body and turns away from* **EFREN.***)*

Oh Little Thing, you don't have to worry about that. I don't even like güeras. All güeras ever do is…just

lay there. *(pause)* What, you don't? You don't just lay yourself down and let whatever just—

ADRAY. I *never* just lay there.

(Lights shift to **JONAH** *and* **JUANA**, *several empty margarita and shot glasses in front of them.)*

JUANA. So, this is what you would do tho', ehh? If your vacación were up to you, this is where you would be, no?

JONAH. Maybe.

JUANA. What you mean "maybe?" I jus'asked you a question what you want. How can you say "maybe?" *(pause)* What, you don't wanna talk to me?

JONAH. I think I'd need a little more than Cuervo shots and margaritas to put me in the mood for anything besides wanting to go the fuck home.

JUANA. Tha's funny. Most people, they come here, they drink Cuervo shots an' margaritas and they get in the mood to never wanna go home.

JONAH. Well most people don't get held up by fucking gunpoint an hour after they cross the border.

JUANA. No, but some do though, huh? *(pause)* Mister Jonah, you say if you could be anywhere in the world, you would be in a bar. An' here you are. Sitting with tequila sliding down the bar to you, with margaritas always filled up. This is what people pay good money for, well, maybe not *good* money, but they pay a little money, huh, like bargain.

JONAH. Yea, this has all been just fucking fantastic. You two should offer your personal fucking machine gun service to more tourists, really.

JUANA. So tell me, Mister Jonah, why did you not bring your Angela?

JONAH. What?

JUANA. Was my English confusing?

JONAH. Why did you ask that?

JUANA. Why did you not answer?

JONAH. Look, what is this?

JUANA. What is what?

JONAH. This. You hold me an' my wife up, you scare the shit out of us, and now what, you wanna drink with me? You wanna talk with me?

JUANA. I was just curious. Angela. So close to mi Javi's age. At home alone. An' that you call to her three times a day, like you are scared for her to be safe, but…

JONAH. But what?

JUANA. If you are so scared that she will not be okay, why did you leave her then? Why do you not bring her to things?

JONAH. We don't not bring her.

JUANA. You didn't come here to drink in the bars, you didn't come here to dance all night. And, I don' know if this is for truth or not, but it don't look like you two came here to be…

JONAH. Be what?

JUANA. A man an' woman.

JONAH. Okay, you know what? Why don't you drop talking about my family, alright? You don't hear me talking about yours.

JUANA. You don't know mine.

JONAH. An' that's fine with me.

JUANA. You are not curious?

JONAH. No, I am not curious.

JUANA. How come?

*(***JONAH** *drinks, ignores.)*

Ay, Jonah, lo siento. I didn't mean to say about how you leave your daughter places. I just feel bad for her, tha's how come.

JONAH. *My daughter* has fucking school, okay?

JUANA. Ahh, so tha's how come? Si, yo entiendo. Her education was "the most important thing."

*(***JONAH** *finishes his drink, ignores.)*

Angelita…I would like to meet her someday.

JONAH. Okay, maybe this is a me thing, but I don't like hearing strangers talk about my daughter so…familiar.

JUANA. Me, I don't know your Angelita. I am not familiar.

JONAH. Exactly.

JUANA. But are you?

JONAH. Look, the only reason I even mentioned we *had* a daughter was just in case you two had some sort of conscience.

JUANA. Es okay, you know. I know it is hard to be close to your children.

JONAH. Just because we didn't bring our daughter to fucking Mexico doesn't mean— …this is ridiculous.

JUANA. What is?

JONAH. That we're even—

JUANA. Even what?

JONAH. That I'm sitting in fucking Tijuana talking about my daughter with you.

JUANA. We're just two parents talking about our children, güero. So…

JONAH. So what?

JUANA. You were scared she would slow you down? That she would see things not good for kids?

JONAH. …yes, to both, I guess.

JUANA. …if ugly is how you an' your wife see things here in México, why do you come?

(pause) Or maybe it is just your wife. Whatever güerita want, güerita get, huh?

JONAH. Look, I agreed to come because I wanted to, okay. I *wanted* to come here. An', what, just because you meet my wife for—

JUANA. What.

JONAH. It's not whatever she wants.

JUANA. No?

JONAH. An'…

JUANA. What, say it, Jonah.

JONAH. Despite what you may think, Adray is a wonderful mother.

JUANA. An' you? *(pause)* Are you a *wonderful* father?

*(***JONAH** *drinks)*

Well, my hope is that you both are, equally, the most wonderful parents that could be. *(pause)* What? What is it?

(beat)

JONAH. …when Angie was a uh…when we finally put her crib in the other room…you know she'd cry. She'd be so loud, that if we were sleeping of course we'd wake up. We'd—

JUANA. I get it.

JONAH. Right, so do you know what I would do?

JUANA. You tell me.

JONAH. I would just leave her there. With my eyes shut. With my breathing as if I was sleeping. I would stay like that until Adray got up and checked on her herself. I didn't want to deal with it.

JUANA. So, you're lazy.

JONAH. No, see every time Angela'd cry, always I would have these nightmares in my head that I'd walk into her room, peer over the rail and…the loose end of a blanket stifling her breathing. A toy sticking out of her mouth. Blood *anywhere* in that crib. And so instead of getting out of bed and picking Angela up, I would leave her for Adray to deal with. It made more sense for Adray to curse me under her tired breath and think me the laziest son of a bitch that ever laid horizontal than to wake up to nightmares like those ones.

(beat)

JUANA. Do you know what parenting is?

JONAH. Making sure your children have better than you did.

JUANA. No, that's a result of parenting.

JONAH. *You're* gonna tell me what parenting—

JUANA. An' what the fuck does that mean?

JONAH. …

JUANA. Well...

JONAH. You're holding a machine gun.

JUANA. So. Did I shoot you?

JONAH. No.

JUANA. You listen to me, huh. Every night I say the prayers and lose at least one hour sleep for my boy. An' d'you know how come?

*(***JONAH** *shakes his head.)*

Because I worry. Because that's what parenting is. It's worry. Worrying about somebody else's life in front of yer own. *(pause)* You can fuck up. You can make the mistakes. But if you don't let your worry guide you in everything that you do…then you're separate from your children and what good are you?

JONAH. I worry about Angela.

JUANA. But you also run from her.

JONAH. My worrying'll only worry her.

JUANA. And one day she'll run from things the same that you do.

JONAH. Or maybe she won't. Maybe she'll look at me and do better than I did.

JUANA. You need to face your daughter Angela, no matter how ugly you imagine things to be. Otherwise she'll grow up thinking you only like the pretty parts of her, when she has no troubles. Otherwise you'll be a tourist in your own daughter's life.

JONAH. *(to bar)* Can I get another fucking margarita, blended with no fucking salt, please.

JUANA. Why not have a shot on top.

JONAH. And another Cuervo Gold, this time chilled, por favor. Can I get that muy rapido, please!

JUANA. Your drink. Drinks. Are there.

*(***JONAH** *drinks.)*

Mi Javier fell in love today. With some girl front of the class.

*(***JONAH** *spits up, stares at* **JUANA**. *A moment. Lights shift to behind them, a spotlight and smoke rise on a pole. A strip club pole to be exact. A young girl,* **VIVIA**, *who is about nineteen, but could easily play fourteen in a movie, walks up to the pole and tries to maneuver it. Fails. She tries again. Fails. She tries one last time before failing and hurrying off the stage. Lights shift back to the bar.)*

JONAH. Who the fuck are you?

JUANA. Just some ridiculous mejicana, I guess.

JONAH. I'm going.

JUANA. Where, back to the alley? Un momento por favor, let me just grab the machine gun then.

JONAH. What Do You Want.

JUANA. For you to be okay with mi Javier.

JONAH. Fine, I'm okay with Javier.

JUANA. With your Angela.

JONAH. I told you not to use her fucking name.

JUANA. Why don't you order another.

(He does.)

JONAH. Where the fuck am I?

JUANA. This is a bar in Tijuana, where the fuck are you.

(Enter **VIVIA**. *She walks to him.)*

VIVIA. Hello. I Vivia.

JONAH. Uh, Jonah. …hi.

VIVIA. Do you…want to…?

*(***VIVIA** *looks towards the back of the room.)*

JONAH. Um…thank you, I'm okay.

FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:



*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.

SF PERUSALS