

ANDREA THOME Work Sample: Pinkolandia

SYNOPSIS

Two young sisters living in Reagan-era Wisconsin deal with their Chilean-exile parents' conflicts (and failing marriage) in different ways: Gaby, 8, creates an imaginary Closetland, and Beny, 11, creates fantasies where she's fighting Nazis single-handed and wants to fight the system like their revolutionary Uncle (Tio Ignacio) who's just arrived to stay with them. But sometimes you can't make adults face the truth, and even revolutions can betray you.

CHARACTERS:

BENY – (F, 11) Intense and oversensitive girl (also plays: ANNA)

GABY – F, 8) BENY's little sister, lives often in her imagination

MOM – (F, 30's) Chilean (also plays: MAMA, KID 2, SIRI)

DAD – (M, 30's) Chilean, political exile (also plays: KID 3)

TIO ENRIQUE – (M, 60's) BENY's great-uncle, Chilean, an exiled radical (also plays: MR.PITTMAN, POLAR BEAR, OLD MAN)

KID 1/NAZI/PEPE/MUSICIAN – (M, 20's-50's) Could be played by a female actor

SETTING:

Wisconsin, 1982 – and in the various worlds of Beny's and Gaby's imaginations.

EXCERPT (end of ACT I)

AT THE HOUSE. Nighttime. A party in full swing.

Beny and Gaby, in nightgowns, spy on the party through a doorway. Beny holds a super8 movie camera, sneaking shots of the adults: Tio Ignacio, Mom, Dad, other exile Chileans like Pepe. Like the girls, we see the adults only partially. Sounds of laughter, talking, old Latin records from the 60's and 70's.

MOM

Quien quiere mas vinito?

A roar of approval.

GABY

They're gonna have more wine?

BENY

Look! Señora Olga drank so much she fell asleep in the rocking chair!

GABY

Where? Where? *(sees her)* Oh! *(she laughs gleefully)* What if she falls out?

BENY

I dare you to go rock her.

GABY

Nooo...

BENY

Go on, give her a push! You scared?

GABY

Yes. I mean, no. You go!

BENY

I dared you first.

GABY

They'll see me!

BENY

Not if you act like a spy. Like this, Gaby, look—

She creeps cartoonishly, hands out, glancing side to side.

GABY

Like this? *(tries it)*

BENY

You have to look side to side more to make sure no one's watching you. Watch—

She shows, Gaby imitates, moving her whole head.

BENY
No! Just with your eyes, like Spy Vs. Spy.

GABY
Who?

BENY
Don't you read MAD magazine?

GABY
Just the comics part.

BENY
The whole THING is comics!

GABY
(*still practicing spying*) How come you put your hands out?

BENY
Because— that's just what spies do. If you read MAD you'd know.

GABY
Oh I get it, you're feeling the air, to feel if anyone's moving!

BENY
...sure.

In the other room, Dad puts on a record.

DAD
Ignacio— Ignacio! Escucha este—

GABY
See, I can spy! Now can I help with your mission?

BENY
Maybe.

GABY
Are you really gonna find out all all ALL the secrets of Tio Ignacio?

BENY
Sssshh! Don't talk about it here. The walls have ears.

GABY
Oh! Really?

We hear Brazilian Bossa Nova. Beny turns to film Dad and Tio – we see them behind the wall.

TIO

Aaaah! La divina Elis Regina! Rio de Janeiro, 1963!

DAD

Exacto!

TIO

Ay, pasé todo el '63 en Brasil...Uno de los mejores años de mi vida...hasta casi le gana al '70 y el triunfo de la UP...

PEPE

(in bad Portuguese) Que vivan as Cariocas, eh Tomás?

Gaby pokes Beny.

GABY

Look, Beny— Lina and Moncho are dancing again.

BENY

(turns to look) Where?...Oh, look how his belly jiggles!

They laugh. She films.

GABY

Like Santa.

BENY

Except Santa speaks English.

GABY

Oh yeah.

Dad gets up to dance, still holding his wine glass.

PEPE

Échale, Tomás!

GABY

Look at Daddy! He looks so funny when he dances.

BENY

Like a wind-up toy.

(turns camera on Dad, who approaches Mom, playing suave)

DAD

Camila, may I have this dance?

MOM

Ay no, no...

DAD

Un bailecito no más...

TIO

Vamos, flaquita! Dance! Dance!

MOM

No tengo ganas, Tio.

DAD

Bueno. I shall dance alone.

MOM

Quién eres, Fred Astaire ahora? Ya estás bien pasadito, Tomás.

Dad dances off, picking up another bottle of wine. Beny keeps camera on Mom.

GABY

Is Mom gonna get mad that Daddy's dancing with Lina now?

BENY

Mom never wants to dance, so what's Daddy supposed to do?

GABY

Dance by himself?

BENY

It doesn't work like that.

GABY

You and me dance by ourselves. Like today, remember? *(sings and dances)* Let's get physical! Physical!

BENY

Stop! At grown-up parties, you don't dance by yourself. Like at Siri's sister's Bat Mitvah, we danced with boys.

Gaby stops dancing.

GABY

Oh. Really? With who? Davey Moran?

BENY

No, stupid, he's not Jewish.

GABY

Neither are you!

BENY

Yeah but I'm Siri's best friend, so I practically am. And at Bat Mitzvahs you dance with partners.

GABY

Well I don't care!

She starts dancing again, down the stairs.

BENY

What are you doing!

GABY

Dancing!

BENY

Stay up here, Gaby, or they'll notice and they'll send us back to bed.

GABY

But they already know we're here, Daddy winked at me.

BENY

Yeah, but they're pretending they don't notice.

GABY

They're pretending? Why?

BENY

So they don't look like bad parents in front of the other grownups! But if you start dancing all obvious, then they'll have to notice us and act mad that we're still up and make us go back to bed.

GABY

It's not fair. They always tell me not to pretend so much.

BENY

That's 'cause you get mixed up about what's pretend and what's not. Besides, grownups get to pretend whenever they want. Or maybe they like to pretend that they don't pretend. Either way, you're supposed to act like what they say is real, even when you can tell it's not.

GABY

Oh! Like right now...maybe Señora Olga's just pretending to be asleep?

BENY

Go find out! Give her a little PUSH...

GABY

Okay. *(she starts to go)* Wait. If she's really awake, she'll yell at me.

BENY

She's too drunk to notice. Now's your chance!

GABY

Drunk people don't look like that. They go "blarrrbeghederrrshyishy." *(slurring and stumbling)*

BENY

Not always. Look at Dad.
(they look)

GABY

Daddy's not drunk!

BENY

Yes he is. *(filming Dad)* Look, he keeps bumping into Lina.

GABY

Daddy doesn't get drunk.

BENY

He's spilling his drink! Ooh, next time he yells at me I'm gonna show him this movie.

GABY

Lina's the drunk one.

BENY

Cristobal told me she gets drunk at home. I feel sorry for him. His Mom is weird already.

GABY

Yeah. Look, Pepe's got his guitar again!

BENY

Oh no! Dad's gonna sing.

Pepe turns down the record, plays a melancholy song on guitar.

GABY

(sighing) Now they're gonna get all quiet and start crying and breaking glasses and stuff.

BENY

Yeah, it's so embarrassing.

The adults gather around Pepe.

BENY

Cover your ears!

They plug their ears. Dad starts to sing a Chilean song that sounds like a lament. Beny films with one hand.

GABY

Look, Beny, I'm Dad—

(imitates his sad singing while strumming a pretend guitar)

Ay, ay, ay, ay, aaaaaay...

BENY

(giggling) Now you have to sing about how you lost something and you're so sad.

GABY
My dog! *(singing)* Tengo un perrito perdido...En Chile, en Chile—

BENY and GABY
(singing) —en Chiiiiile

GABY
(singing) Y estoy tan triste—

BENY and GABY
(singing) En Chile, en Chile, en Chiiiiile

GABY
(singing) Dame mi perrito..Se llama....Esnowball.

BENY
(cracking up) Woof WOOF woof, woof WOOF woof—

GABY
—No, you have to go ‘Guau guau guau’ like in Chilean books—

BENY
Oh yeah. *(sing-barking)* Guau GUAU guau, guau guaaaauuuuu

GABY
(singing more and more dramatically) Ay Esnowball, Esnowball, Esnowball— *(interrupts self)* Ay Snowball! Te hiciste caca!

The Girls laugh hysterically. They hear people approaching and hide behind stairs.

BENY
Sshh! Tio’s coming!

GABY
(very softly) Guau guau guau!

They crack up again. We partially see Tio, talking with Pepe. He opens more wine.

TIO
Es que Francia es fantástico— tan progresista—

PEPE
Pues allí nació la revolución, no?

TIO
Por lo menos nos recibieron con brazos abiertos.

GABY
(whispering) What are they saying?

BENY

Ssh.

PEPE

Y el vinito francés no es malo, ah? Liberté, égalité—

TIO

— y fraternité! Salud! *(they toast and drink)*

GABY

Salud!

BENY

Shush!

TIO

Claro, compárandolo con el Chileno...

PEPE

Mmm ...vas a tener que darme un poco mas para compararlos mejor...

They crack up, Tio pours Pepe more wine.

GABY

(loud) What'd they say, Beny!

BENY

Shut up!

TIO

(noticing girls) Aaaaay mira! Mis sobrinas!

BENY

Errgh! Gaby—

Mom enters. Girls try to hide. .

MOM

Que pasa, no encontraron el vino?

TIO

(about girls) Me lo trajeron dos angelitas

MOM

(sees girls) Niñas! Todavía estean despiertas!

BENY

Someone yelling woke us up—

GABY

—yeah but it was just Daddy trying to sing.

Laughter. Dad pokes head in.

DAD

I heard that! (*jokingly scolds*) Malcriadas.

MOM

Tus hijas.

TIO

(*to Gaby*) Ay you is which one? Cordelia?

GABY

Gabriela. Gaby. And Beny.

TIO

Claro! Por Beny Moré! The best singer en la historia!...Ay Beny.. (*singing to her, Beny Moré style:*)
Como fue...no se decirte, como fue, no sé explicarte que pasó...pero de ti me enamoré...

GABY

Her real name's Buenaventura.

BENY

Stupidest name ever! Just 'cause Daddy had an 'amiga' once with that name who was "very attractive" --right Dad?

Adults laugh.

TIO

He name you for la ex!

DAD

Amiga, amiga—

TIO

Oye, Tomás— mas atrevido!

PEPE

(*to Mom*) Flaca, tú lo sabías?

MOM

Mala suerte para él que yo fui la última! (o así me dice..)

Laughter.

TIO

Niñas, did ju know your papi fue un Casanova?

BENY

No.

GABY

What's a Casinova?

TIO

Exacto— casi no va! (*laughter*) Que secretos tiene esta familia! Tu papi no teach you nada?

MOM

Sólo a vivir en la fantasía.

BENY

I don't! Gaby's the one who lives in fantasyland.

GABY

What?

DAD

¿Que es eso? No—les enseño la diferencia (*sings*) que hay de lo cierto y lo falso—

PEPE

(*finishing line with guitar*) —de lo contrario, no canto. (*toasts*) A la Violeta Parra – Salud!

DAD and TIO

(*toasting*) Salud!

BENY & GABY

Salud!

DAD

(*embracing girls*) Niñas, see through the lies to find the truth! Salud!

BENY & GABY

Salud, salud, salud!

Pepe keeps playing.

MOM

(*sarcastic*) Claro, el experto— el que cree que la vida es sueño!

TIO

Like Calderón de la Barca say, flaca! (*to Beny, exaggerated*) Life...is a dream...

MOM

Ya! Hablando de sueños, niñas— bedtime!

TIO

(*sings to girls*) To edream...ze imposible edream...

BENY

Wait, I know that song!

MOM

Vamos. Buenas noches, Don Quixote.

TIO

Todos juntos, Beny!

(Beny tries to sing with Tio, Pepe and Dad – none of them know the rest of the words)

To reach...ze da dee da laaaaaa...Yes, yes, "I hav ehdream!" You hav ehdream, Beny?

BENY

Yes!

GABY

I have lots of dreams!

TIO

Thas because you have revolución en tu sangre.

GABY

Sangre..?

TIO

In your blood! The blood of Lautaro el Indio rebelde! de la Araucanía–

GABY

(whispering) Beny where's there blood?

BENY

Ssh! It's revolutionary blood, get it? In my veins.

TIO

Lautaro was a fighter! He resist los Españoles! The Indians invented la revolución, niñitas...they inspire Tomás Jefferson, y la revolución de la France–

MOM

Ahora va decir Marx was Chileno too, right?

BENY

I know Marx!

DAD

Good girl!

GABY

What about me? Is it in my veins too?

TIO

Les Francais made from la revolución una civilización that was...human—revolucionariamente humana! Y a la revolución hay que darle de comer. Feed it! Eh? Y les francais, they know how to eat!

DAD

C'est vrai!

GABY

What'd he say what'd he say?

BENY

(to Gaby, translating) ...Revolutions...have to eat? And...French people eat a lot.

TIO

La cuisine c'est la civilisation!

PEPE

Se vé que tú sí eres bueno pa' comer, Don Nacho.

Tio pats his stomach.

TIO

Más guata, más civilización!

GABY

Tio's gordo!

TIO

(intensely to the girls) Mira, if you lose la civilización, pierdes la humanidad. Me entiendes?

GABY

...if you lose weight –

BENY

– you lose your humanity?

GABY

Is that what happened to Daddy?

DAD

(joking about tio's stomach) Se ve que su humanidad sigue presente– [I see your humanity is still present–]

TIO

Sigue creciendo! [Is still growing!]

All laugh.

MOM

Ya niñas, a la cama.

BENY

Wait!

GABY

I'm not tired!

TIO
Camila déjalas... *(to girls)* Ju like crepes? Eh? Los panquequitos flaquitos?

BENY
Sí!

GABY
Sí! Pancakes, pancakes, / pancakes—

MOM
Tio...Ay.

TIO
Tráeme..huevos! I show ju humanidad revolucionaria. Estilo frances.

Beny gets him eggs. Tio pulls out a pan, starts making batter.

(The dialogue in this section should overlap – there is a running dialogue between the girls, and another between the adults, which the girls also listen to and intersect. As the scene continues and Beny’s fantasy grows, lights change on Beny and soften on the adults.)

TIO
Cuando me encarcelaron los fachos

BENY
(to Gaby) I told you! He was in jail!

GABY
Real jail?

BENY
No stupid, monopoly jail.

TIO
esos asesinos de mierda—

MOM
De nuevo con eso?

DAD
Déjalo hablar, Camila—

BENY
I wanna hear.

TIO
(talks over them) —en la carcel me daban de comer un pedazo de pan viejo y una paila de basura mojada—

MOM
It's not for you girls. *(to Dad)* Se van a asustar!

BENY
I'm not scared.

DAD
Déjala, Camila.

TIO
—Comía las sobras de los soldados, todo lo viejo y podrido.

BENY
(gasps. to Gaby:) Just like in the Count of Monte Cristo! He shared his stale bread and gruel with the rats! I gotta get this— *(she films)*

TIO
(overhears) Sí, con las ratas! / Y me daban la comida en una paila sucia. Nos moríamos de hambre.

GABY
(to beny) Tell...

BENY
(whispering) They starved people. Just like the camps.

GABY
At Camp Shalom they gave us yummy bread and grape juice on Fridays.

TIO
(to Pepe) Pásame el vinito?

BENY
The concentration camps, stupid. In the pictures they're like skeletons.

TIO
Salud!

GABY
Tio doesn't look like a skeleton.

BENY
I'm talking about the Nazi camps.

DAD
De veras está bueno este vinito frances...

GABY
(gasps) You met Nazis, Tio?

BENY

Agh!

TIO

Nazis? Síiii...pero estos fachos eran peor!

BENY

How could they be worse than Nazis?

(As Tio talks, he makes batter. He cracks the eggs violently for emphasis.)

TIO

Porque they is estúpidos! (*crack!*), sin imaginación! (*crack*) solo violencia (*crack!*), brutalidad floja (*crack!*)— Pinochet no talks! (*crack!*) No como Hitler. (*he whips eggs into a frenzy*) —Hitler was sicótico, but brillante. He had una filosofía —crazy, pero una filosofía. (*he measures flour*) Pinochet just imitate, is sadista, nada más que un carnicero imbecil roto de mala clase.

He throws in the flour and whips the batter.

GABY

Who's Pinoché?

BENY

(to Gaby) He's even dumber than Hitler. He's a stupid imbecile butcher.

TIO

Cuando al fin nos tiraban la comida, los prisioneros se tiraban encima, para comerlo del suelo.

He tosses batter into a sizzling pan.

BENY

(to Gaby) In jail they ate food off the floor!—

GABY

Pancakes, I want pancakes!

TIO

Les crepes, ma cherie. Sa lanzaban como perros. Like rats. Pero yo no. No. Eso no es vivir.

BENY

—they threw themselves on it like dogs! But not Tío.

TIO

Todos los dias, when come time to eat, (y solo hay una hora, y no sabes cuando va a llegar), I took mi pañuelo and lay it on the bench— I make una mesita con mantel.

Tio flips a crepe.

Beny imagines herself in a prison cell. Beny takes out an imaginary dainty napkin and carefully covers her chair with it, like a table.

The adults become evil kids.

KID I (PEPE)

Rot in jail where you belong, commie traitor!

Kids laugh. A Soldier (Mom) enters carrying a tray of school hot lunch.

SOLDIER (MOM)

Here's your dinner, slug. Eat it!

She puts it on the floor. The Kids rush toward it. Gaby, as a Rat, also scuttles toward the tray.

KID 3 (DAD)

Eew, a rat!

TIO

Despues, I took a piece of wood I made –con mis uñas– mas o menos en... spoon? Y me sentaba en mi camota, and I ate my dinner, como hombre decente. No podía perder la civilización!

Beny acts out Tio's words. She carves out a wooden spoon using only her fingers. Gaby the rat sniffs at the tray and nibbles. Beny, with great dignity, stands up and takes the tray away from her. Gaby squeals.

GABY (as the RAT)

Eeee! My food, my food, eat, eat!

BENY

No, my little rat friend. We must eat with dignity. We are decent men. We must be civilized and fat, or our humanity is lost forever.

She sets the tray on top of the chair. She whips out a silver spoon. She daintily sits on the floor in front of the chair and begins to eat. The Rat and the Kids creep forward tentatively. Beny holds up her spoon full of food. The others eye it hungrily.

TIO and BENY (simult.)

NO!

(Beny's fantasy and "reality" merge. Tio begins his speech, but Beny's version overlaps, becoming louder as Tio's continues in the background.)

TIO

No iba a dejar que esos chanchos fascistas
me vieran portándome como uno de ellos!
No! Soy hombre, no soy cerdo! /

(Beny's speech overlaps)

Iban a ver que mi dignidad no me lo podían
quitar. Que aquí tenían un comunista con
orgullo – nada que ver con esta mierda
mentira que decían de socialistas sucios y
descuidados, maleducados y mal
preparados. Sin civilizacion.

BENY

I am a girl, not a pig. I won't be like the
piggy fascists. I am a communist with
pride, not a dirty socialist with ugly
clothes, like they say. I will not wear gross
fluorescent green and pink Esprit outfits
just to match the popular girls: they are
dumb and mean. Uncivilized! Who is

Tio flips the crepe higher and higher.

Quen tiene la falta de civilizacion– el que lucha por sus ideales, usando todos los modos necesarios, o el que mata para mantener su poder ilegítimo y imoral, para robarse mas y mas dinero y explotar mas y mas gente, para ser instrumento del monstruo Yanqui imperialista y capitalista!

more civilized, the one who fights for her ideals by whatever way necessary, or the one who laughs at and teases and lies about other people just to hold onto their immoral power and exploit other 6th graders? They are instruments of the Yankee capitalism empire! Yes, I'm talking to you, Stacy Hanssen. You and all your creepy minions!

Beny makes a grand gesture. The food flies off her spoon. The Kids and Gaby the Rat pounce on it.

BENY and TIO

No!

All stop and stare.

TIO

No señor! Yo no me presto para eso. Soy civilizado. Soy revolucionario. Ciudadano y Caballero. Y si uso la violencia, es solo cuando sea absolutamente necesario. Porque a este monstruo hay que destruirlo desde adentro. Plantear una bomba en el vientre de la serpiente. No por miedo. No para defender el poder de los ricos vendidos hijos del puto Kissinger, persiguen a los únicos pueden dar esperanza y respeto al pueblo. No señor. Mi dignidad no se vende. Yo sé comer bien.

BENY

I Will Not Be One Of Them! I am civilized. I am a student, and I am a revolutionary. A citizen and a gentleman. I will only use violence if I have to, but we have to blast this monster from the inside, plant a bomb in its disgusting slime-filled belly. I won't be a tool for those stuck-up neon-wearing Kissinger-loving girls from Shorewood who persecute us when we're trying to give hope and respect to you, the people! No. My dignity is not for sale. I know how to eat. And I will eat right.

Tio flips the crepe onto a plate, sits in front of it, and raises his glass. The speeches do not overlap anymore.

TIO (cont.)

Salud, compañeros! A la victoria siempre!

BENY takes a big bite. The Kids cheer. She has inspired them all.

EVERYONE

Beny! Beny! Salud! Salud! Venceremos!

All clink glasses in a noisy toast, and drink. Pepe plays guitar, and we hear 'Canción del Poder Popular,' the old leftist Popular Unity song.

KIDS and RAT

Beny! Beny! Beny! Beny!

*They lift her up and carry her.
The chanting becomes the voice of Mom:*

MOM

Beny!

Back to the KITCHEN. Beny wakes up.

MOM

A la cama, Beny.

BENY

(waking) Hm?

The end of the party. The others sit in the aftermath of their alcohol-fused bout of momentary hope. Gaby sleeps in a corner. Tio Ignacio teeters on a chair next to Pepe, who holds him up. The guitar lies abandoned on the floor. Dad sits at the table, still drunk. He's crying.

DAD

..lo quitaron, me lo quitaron...(sees Beny) Beny...they took it away...

TIO

Asesinos!

MOM

Sssssh, Tio, por favor, las niñas...Niñas! To bed—

She tries to lead Beny away.

TIO

Son asesinos! Todo el mundo debe saberlo—

MOM

Si lo saben, Tio -

PEPE

—por eso canto—

TIO

No lo saben!

PEPE

—donde está mi guitarra?

DAD

...lo cierto...lo falso..cual es...? (he sees Beny) ¿Cual es la diferencia, Beny?

BENY

(scared) What's wrong with Daddy?

MOM

Ya Tomás– / vamos, Beny.

TIO

Siguen dándoles plata a esos / desgraciados. A mi me lo quitaron, Tomás...a mi...

DAD

...they drowned it, Beny. Se lo tragaron.

BENY

¿Que?

DAD

(holds onto Beny) Mi imaginación! Where is it?

BENY

I don't know, Daddy–

DAD

I cannot imagine nothing. I do not dare to imagine I can be someone. I can change nothing.

TIO

Hay que pelear!

MOM

Vamos, mijita– *(tries to pull Beny away)*

BENY

(wrestling out of Mom's grasp) But he's crying.

Tio grabs Beny too.

TIO

Estos hijos de puta– they kill mi Nachito–Beny they kill him!

MOM

Si lo sé, Tio. Lo siento. Es muy...difícil. Ayúdame, Pépe–

She tries to get Tio to his feet. Pepe helps, sort of.

TIO

Mi Nachito...Mi hijito...

PEPE

Yo era MIRista, Ignacio, sé pelear–

DAD

No no no no no, es imposible, no entienden? No hay nada para que pelear, nada nada nada–

PEPE

Que nada, huevón–

BENY

I can fight.

TIO

(to beny)– aniquilar esos psicópatas!– por Nachito! (he stumbles, and steps on the guitar) Uy!

PEPE

La guitarra! Ay...

MOM

Sssh!

BENY

Quiero pelear, Tio.

PEPE

(examining guitar) Se rompió...

DAD

Nada nada nada nada...

BENY

Daddy–

TIO

(shakes Dad and shouts) No dejes que te ganen!

GABY

(waking up) Mommy– (she sees Dad and starts to cry) Tio's hurting Daddy...

MOM

(goes to her) No no, gordita– (to others) Ves lo que hicieron? (to Gaby) No llores, mi guagua–

She picks up Gaby, takes Beny by the hand and marches them up the stairs.

BENY

I can help–

MOM

You're going straight to bed, NO arguments. (to others) Ven? No pueden dejar todo esto? Está en el pasado– ya pasó! Hay que seguir no más.

BENY

But I can fight too–

MOM

There's nothing to fight, Beny. Is too late. We already lost. We lost, and it's over. You're going to sleep.

TIO

Is not over. Nunca.

MOM

(to the adults) Y de ustedes, not one more grito. Ayuden al Tio a su cama.

Mom and Girls disappear up the stairs. The others don't move. Dad lays his head down on the table. Pepe plays a few strings on his broken guitar.

TIO

Cántanos algo, Pepe. Algo bello. Un bolero.

Pepe tries to play a song. Tio tries to sing.

TIO

(half-singing) Sufrir despacio lo aprendí...desde el instante que te perdí...

Pepe stops.

PEPE

No...no es lo mismo. No suena igual...

TIO

Trátalo otra vez...vamos...

Pepe tries again...and again...

Lights fade to the sound of the broken guitar and broken singing.

TIO and PEPE

(singing) y despues de tanto sufrir y amar
el tiempo es el destino..

Voices keep singing as the lights go dark, but they sound different: distant, and almost toy-like.

The lights become a strange, low glow as we enter GABY'S CLOSETLAND.

We only see a blurry shadow that could be a bear. It appears to be crying.

POLAR BEAR

(singing)
el tiempo es el que sabe
cuanto yo he sufrido
escuchame
escuchame
escuchame

Sound of closet door. We hear Gaby's whispers.

GABY

Bear?

POLAR BEAR

escuchame

GABY

...

POLAR BEAR

escuchame

GABY

I'm listening.

POLAR BEAR

(sings)

I'm a polar bear lost in the south.

I had to emigrate because my own land fell apart

cracked into a million pieces.

everywhere I stepped, the ice broke.

whose fault is that?

GABY

I don't know

POLAR BEAR

who let this happen?

how did we get here?

GABY

I don't know

POLAR BEAR

I've never heard of this

my parents never spoke of it

it's never happened before

has it?

GABY

I don't know

POLAR BEAR

someone made a mistake somewhere.

POLAR BEAR and GABY

(singing together)

someone

someone

someone made a mistake somewhere

The Polar Bear howls. Gaby howls with him.

The sound of ice cracking.

END OF ACT ONE