

"80 Teeth, 4 Feet & 500 Pounds"

by

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*"...Baseball...the sum total of our historic life."
Walt Whitman*

*"We forget our guilt when we confess it to another.
The one who doesn't forget is the other person*

Thus play premiered April 4, 2008, performed by the group Textoteatro on the Main Stage of the Teatro San Martín de Caracas, under the direction of Luis Domingo González, with the following cast:

ÁNGEL: José Gregorio Martínez
CACHO: David Villegas
CÁNDIDO: Leonardo Gibbs
FOSSA: Rubén León
MARÍA: Carolina Torres

"80 Teeth, 4 Feet, and 500 Pounds" is a play in three chapters: "80 Teeth...", "Someone to Watch Out For" and "The Offensive Heart of Tucson". The three chapters take place between 1975 and 1998.

1

"80 Teeth, 4 Feet & 500 Pounds"

CHAPTER ONE

CHARACTERS:

ANGEL: 15 years old

CANDIDO: 15 years old

CACHITO: 15 years old

MAN: DOORMAN/FATHER

WOMAN: WAITRESS/MOTHER

1

That day

SIRENS.

ON STAGE, ANGEL, MAKING A SPEECH

ANGEL: In the stadium, we meet the same people we'd ignore anywhere else. We learn how to be a team, how to be with other people. We learn how to use strength, strategy, and self-confidence.

Because our passion for the game brings us together the way no other organization can. That's it, Baseball, our dream, that factory of legends.

WE HEAR THE BEE GEES' "STAYING ALIVE."

1975 LAST SATURDAY IN OCTOBER 4:30 P.M.

A RUNDOWN PLAYGROUND

CACHO: Why don't you tell Angel what happened this morning?

ANGEL: Why weren't you in class?

CACHO: Tell him...tell him...

ANGEL: Tell me what?

CANDIDO: Should I?

ANGEL: Come on.

CACHO: Besides, we need you to help.

CANDIDO: Right.

ANGEL: Help. With what? What happened?

CANDIDO: Ok. Come on.

(MOVING AWAY FROM CACHO)

ANGEL: What happened? (AFTER A PAUSE, HE GUESSES)
You screwed Mary Carmen.
Was that it? Was that it?
You nailed her?
At my house?

(CACHO MOVES CLOSER WITH A GESTURE BETWEEN OBSCENE
AND IDIOTIC)

CANDIDO: She came over "to do our Chemistry homework."

CACHO: (MAKING THE IDIOTIC GESTURE AGAIN) "Chemistry homework."

CANDIDO: So I asked her if she wanted to and she got in the bed. Blah, blah, blah and me zoommmmm. And her, blah... blah... blah... And then after a while: I nailed her.

ANGEL: Right there? Just like that?

CANDIDO: She wanted to.

CACHO: Of course she wanted to.

CANDIDO: They all want to.

ANGEL: Did you cum outside?

CANDIDO: Fuck, of course. I'm not irresponsible.

ANGEL: Was she a virgin?

CANDIDO: I think so.

ANGEL: What do you mean "I think"? Was she or wasn't she, assface?

CANDIDO: Well I wasn't the first.

ANGEL: Then she wasn't.

CANDIDO: I mean, the first today.

ANGEL: Huh?

CANDIDO: (POINTING TO CACHO) We both did.

ANGEL: What?

CACHO: Both of us were with... We both did it.

ANGEL: Both of you?!?!?

CANDIDO: Both of us.

ANGEL: And how'd you get her to do that...?

CANDIDO: Well, she came over to my house and Cacho hid in the closet to watch. Then I...Rohypnol.

CACHO: Rohypnol.

CANDIDO: Rohypnol. It's this new drug. You put it in their Coke and they fall asleep.

CACHO: I came out after she fell asleep, I mean, she doesn't know that I...I did too. But just a little.

CANDIDO: Rohypnol. You do whatever you want and she doesn't even know.

ANGEL: Rohypnol. How do you spell that?

CANDIDO: Rohypnol, like it sounds.

ANGEL: And I can buy it...?

CANDIDO: Anywhere.

ANGEL: And when she woke up, what'd she say?

CANDIDO: Well, that's why I wanted to talk to you, cause Mary Carmen, well, she hasn't woken up yet.

ANGEL: She hasn't woken up.

CANDIDO: I don't know what happened to her. We nailed her, we even did it twice each. We got tired. We decided to watch TV and wait for her to wake up, but she hasn't woken up. Cacho says that this Rohypnol can last up to 20 hours.

ANGEL: So where is she?

CANDIDO: We put her in...

ANGEL: Where?

CANDIDO: In, well, first she was at my house. Out on the balcony.

CACHO: Out on the balcony.

CANDIDO: But then my mom might see her when she got home.

CACHO: Even though we covered her up with a blanket.

CANDIDO: Then, just picture the chick waking up in my house and screaming and my mom going crazy.

ANGEL: Because you raped her?

CANDIDO: Because we left her there alone. She doesn't know she was raped.

CACHO: It wasn't rape. She wanted to first.

ANGEL: With only one of you.

CANDIDO: Of course, you idiot. Isn't that what we've been telling you, moron? Weren't you listening to the story? We knocked her out so she would do it with both of us. Rohypnol. Get it?

CACHO: We waited a while and since she didn't wake up and his mom was gonna get home from work, then, then, it hit me, we take her down and hide her.

CANDIDO: Hide her in...

CACHO: There.

CANDIDO: Under the abandoned bridge. In the bushes.

ANGEL: YOU LEFT MY SISTER UNDER THE BRIDGE, ASLEEP!?!?!?

CACHO: We didn't know where else to take her.

ANGEL: And when were you planning on telling me?

CACHO: We're telling you now.

CANDIDO: I was gonna tell you after the game.

ANGEL: How long's she been there?

CANDIDO: Like... two, three hours.

ANGEL: Three hours asleep.

CACHO: She's there. I checked on her a while ago.

ANGEL: And the animals, the animals are eating her!

CACHO: We put a blanket over her and some cardboard.

CANDIDO: Yeah.

CACHO: We're not inconsiderate.

CANDIDO: But that's not the point, Angel. She's fine where she is. The point is we need for you to take her home and put her in bed, so no one gets suspicious.

ANGEL: By myself?

CANDIDO: It would look crazy if we all took her.

ANGEL: Now?

CANDIDO: Whenever you want. It's your call.

ANGEL: We can't take her now, my mom's home and she'd see us. Let's wait a while.
(TO CACHO) Did you cum?

CACHO: Cum?

CANDIDO: He doesn't even know what that means.

ANGEL: Did you use condoms?

CANDIDO: I can't do it with a condom.

CACHO: Me neither.

ANGEL: You shut up, you never even did it before.

CACHO: What about our Grammar teacher? Doesn't that count?

CANDIDO: But she fucks you.

CACHO: Still, she wants me to use a condom, but I can't.

CANDIDO: Can you imagine you get our Grammar teacher pregnant?

CACHO: She'd pass me with an A+.

ANGEL: This ignorant, stupid dope can't even read and he's got the best grade in Grammar.

CANDIDO: 'Cause he's a rat.

ANGEL: It's no fair.

CACHO: It's no fair, but that's the way it is.

CANDIDO: ...he can't even spell his own name.

CANDIDO: Did you see Chucho's experiment?

CACHO He had to cut open a frog.

CANDIDO: And he opened up a cockroach.
And he pulled out its guts.

ANGEL: Uggggh.

CANDIDO: And he put them in Garcia's Coke.

ANGEL: No way.

CANDIDO: And the bimbo, glug, glug, glug.

ALL: Uggggh!!!

CANDIDO: And the son-of-a-bitch says: "Coke always tastes like cockroaches when it goes flat".
We all bust out laughing and she catches on and then she asks and suddenly she gets this look like she's gonna cry. She's a friend of your sister's.

CACHO: A good friend.

ANGEL: So what about Mary Carmen? Now you're gonna be going together, right?

CANDIDO: Going together?

ANGEL: Well, you slept together and all. (TO CACHO) You too, but she didn't know. So she thinks she was with you and that's it. Now she's gonna be

calling you every day "oh, honey, what we did was so beautiful for me and I want it to be something special." And in less than two days you're holding hands and it's all serious. We might as well kick you off the team now.

CANDIDO: Don't talk b.s.

ANGEL: All the guys with steady girlfriends play like retards.

CACHO: That's true.

ANGEL: It's true.

CANDIDO: Totally true. But that's not how it is with Mary Carmen. A day in the sack's one thing, but commitment and the team, that's something else.

ANGEL: Ok, you screw her and act like you didn't.

CANDIDO: See? That's what I really wanted to talk to you about. The sizable advantages of the miracle of Rohypnol.

CANDIDO: Let's have a game.

CACHO: Yeah. Before it gets too dark.

(THEY GET READY TO PLAY)

ANGEL: Strike one. Strike two. Strike three. You're out. Next up. "My sister bats better".

(HE STOPS TO THINK FOR A MOMENT. HE LOOKS AT CANDIDO SWINGING THE BAT CHALLENGINGLY)

CANDIDO: Come on...pitch it... pitch you fairy, I'm gonna slam it down your throat... come on... pitch... pitch... pitch...!!

(ANGEL IS STILL THINKING SOMETHING OVER. HE IS ABOUT TO MAKE A DECISION WHEN HE LOOKS AT HIS FRIENDS AGAIN)

CANDIDO: Come on... come on...!!!

CACHO: Hurry up, it's getting dark.

(ANGEL PITCHES)

ANGEL: (HAPPY) Strike one! (BLACK)

2

A BEE GEES SONG

7:01 P.M.

ANGEL, CANDIDO AND CACHO ARE ONSTAGE. TIRED.

ANGEL: He says I've got potential, to play in the pros.

CACHO: That's what they tell everyone.

ANGEL: They tell you that?

CACHO: I don't waste my time out here playing every day either.

CANDIDO: Cacho wastes his time doing other stuff.

ANGEL: Where will I be in 1986? Playing in the World Series. Where will I be in 1998?

CACHO: When's the game start?

ANGEL: (ANNOUNCER-STYLE) Cincinnati-Boston. World Series Game Seven. Nine p.m.

CANDIDO: But the concert starts at 9 too. The first and last time the Bee Gees will ever come here.

CACHO: You have to weigh it objectively.
The World Series or the Bee Gees' only concert.
Objectively.(PAUSE) The only and probably last concert in all of history.
Objectively.
(PAUSE) Ok. Let's vote. I say Bee Gees.

CANDIDO: Bee Gees.

ANGEL: Who's gonna take us?

CACHO: Candido's got his dad's car.

ANGEL: That hunk of junk.

CANDIDO: You rather walk?

CACHO: (ANNOUNCER-STYLE)"THE BEE GEES: Barry, Robin and Maurice Gibb!"

ANGEL: Did you see what they said about Barry and those boys?

CACHO: What?

ANGEL: That he raped some boy.

CACHO: People hate him, they're jealous.

CANDIDO: Cause he's sorta faggy and all.

ANGEL: It's a sickness.

CACHO: Whatever. He's a superstar and he can superstick his superass wherever he feels like it.

ANGEL: He paid the boy who said he raped him millions.

CACHO: He loves kids. He'd never rape anyone.
He's a good person.

CANDIDO: Weird, but good.

CACHO: He just made a song about kids.

(HE SINGS THE BEE GEES' "CHILDREN OF THE WORLD")

ANGEL: What you've got in your throat, I've got in my ass.

CACHO: You know what it says?
That it's us, we're the hope of the world. Get it? We're the world. The best thing in the world. Kids our age.

CANDIDO: And he's got other important humanitarian songs, man.

CACHO: His new one, Staying Alive.

CANDIDO: Yeah.

(THEY SING AND DANCE STAYING ALIVE. IT IS ALL COMPLETELY OUT OF TUNE AND RIDICULOUS)

CACHO: It means that the music keeps us alive.

CANDIDO: They're gonna make a movie.

ANGEL: A concert movie?

CANDIDO: No, with a story and all.

ANGEL: Who's gonna be in it?

CANDIDO: Some new guy, his name's Travolta.

CACHO: I heard that Barry Gibb's got boobs.

CANDIDO: Boobs?

CACHO: He shoots up "Hermones."

CANDIDO: Not "Hermones," stupid, "Hormones."

CACHO: Yeah.

ANGEL: What's that?

CANDIDO: Some stuff you take, you pop it or shoot it up and it makes you a woman.

CACHO: Stuff like what?

CANDIDO: I don't know. Like... like milk.

CACHO: Milk turns you into a woman?

CANDIDO: If you drink a lot.

ANGEL: You grow boobs.

CACHO: No fucking way.

ANGEL: And chicken. If you eat chicken too, cause they feed the chickens horsemones so they get big.

CANDIDO: Not horsemones, you dope. Hormones

ANGEL: Yeah.

CACHO: Well, the fact is Barry Gibb and the Bee Gees are supermultinational superstars and we're going to see them tonight. So.

CANDIDO: How much you got on you?

CACHO: Nada.

ANGEL: Next to nada.

CANDIDO: Ok. Let's see if we can find something or someone at the door and do what we gotta do.

CACHO: It won't be the first time we got into a piece of shit concert without paying.

ANGEL: And it won't be the last.

CANDIDO: Let's go like this.

ANGEL: Ok.

CACHO: We're outta here.

(CACHO AND CANDIDO WALK OFF HAPPILY. ANGEL IS GOING TO FOLLOW THEM BUT STOPS SUDDENLY. THE PLACE WHERE MARY CARMEN IS SLEEPING UNDER THE BLANKET LIGHTS UP. AFTER A PAUSE)

ANGEL: Shit. I forgot something. (HE THINKS) What?

(IT SEEMS LIKE HE WILL LOOK OVER TO WHERE HIS SISTER IS LYING. THEN HE CHECKS HIS POCKETS. HE SEEMS REASSURED)

Got everything.
(YELLS) Wait up!

3

BEE GEES CONCERT.
9:30 P.M.

(STADIUM DOOR.
A SECURITY GUARD LISTENS TO A GAME ON THE RADIO. HE
TRIES TO EAT A HAMBURGER BUT IS SPELLBOUND BY
CANDIDO'S STORY. ANGEL AND CACHO STAND TO ONE SIDE)

- CANDIDO: My neighbor ties the kid to a chair surrounded by black candles and thirteen razor sharp daggers.
Then the kid he's begging his mom,
- CACHO: "Don't kill me, mom."
- CANDIDO: But his mother screams at him "Satan, you are the spawn of Satan, vile demon, the Virgin Mary will crucify you".
- ANGEL: Who's winning?
- GUARD: Boston. So then what happens?
- ANGEL: Cincinnati's gonna win.
- CANDIDO: She conjures up all the lost souls, conjures up the devil, and asks for blood and then she goes into a trance. She takes a 6-inch wooden dagger out of a gold box and holds it in the flames.
- (THEY ALL SCREAM IN FRIGHT)
- CACHO: (AS THE BOY) "Why, Mom? Why?"
- CANDIDO: (AS THE MOTHER) "Because you are sucking the blood out of me!"
- CACHO: "But Mom."
- CANDIDO: "Silence, vampire, I'm going to drive this stake through your heart!"
- CACHO: "No Mom, don't kill me!!!"
- CANDIDO: "You are Satan, and it's my curse that you're my son. You live like a vampire clinging to my back.
Then, then, at that point..."

GUARD: (WITH THE UNEATEN HAMBURGER STILL SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR) What?

CANDIDO: ...she tore her son's hide off. (ANGEL AND CACHO YELL IN DISGUST)
...she ate his guts, she ate all of him.

GUARD: Arggggggh...

CANDIDO: She cooked his bastard vampire wings.

GUARD: How awful, My God!!!

CANDIDO: ...and she ate his pointed ears with lettuce, tomato and mustard.

GUARD: Hold on... hold on...

CANDIDO: Vampire tastes good with mustard, everybody knows that.

GUARD: Hang on, are you trying to tell me that...

CANDIDO: ...and then, under the twelve-year-old boy's bed, she found a nest of vampire eggs.

GUARD: The boy was really a vampire?

CANDIDO: That's right. Vampires lay eggs that turn into baby vampires. What do you think?

GUARD: And all that really happened?

CANDIDO: Right next door. I saw it with these very eyes.

GUARD: That story's disgusting.

CANDIDO: So, you gonna let us into the concert?

GUARD: (HE FINALLY BITES THE HAMBURGER) Honestly, I don't think so.

CANDIDO: But you said if I told you a good joke you'd let us in.

GUARD: Yeah, BUT that wasn't a joke. It was a story. A story that wasn't funny at all.

ANGEL: It didn't make you laugh?

GUARD: Jokes are made up and that story sounds real. How do I know you aren't the vampire? Besides. I've got three good reasons not to let you in.

ANGEL: What are they?

GUARD: You're underage and you don't have tickets.

ANGEL: And number three?

GUARD: I don't like vampires.

(THE GUARD STARTS TO WALK AWAY. CACHO TURNS AND SAYS MELODRAMATICALLY)

CACHO: I hope a rat with wings eats your balls.

GUARD: What'd you say?

(CACHO AND ANGEL RUN OFF. THE GUARD CHASES THEM)

GUARD: Come here, you little shits.

(THEY RUN OFF STAGE.
CANDIDO IS LEFT ALONE, LOOKING AT THE UNGUARDED DOOR)

CANDIDO: This is my day.

(CANDIDO GOES INTO THE CONCERT
MUSIC BY THE BEE GEES -- 1975)

4

10:45 pm.

A BAR. YOUNG, 70'S MUSIC PLAYING.

AT A TABLE CACHO AND ANGEL, DRINKING.

CACHO: I dreamt you're shot to death, executed in a hotel. Two guys come in and put a bullet in your brain.

ANGEL: Why?

CACHO: I don't know. 'Cause you scammed a bunch of people. You think your sister woke up yet?

ANGEL: Maybe she woke up already and she's watching the Cincinnati-Boston game.

CACHO: Maybe she's at a party.

ANGEL: Maybe she's crying and telling Mom everything.

CACHO: Then Candido's fucked.

ANGEL: You too.

CACHO: She doesn't know I was there.

ANGEL: Hey. Is it easier to screw 'em awake or asleep?

CACHO: For me, asleep. Then there's not so much pressure on you. You don't have to worry about anything. Want me to get you some Rohypnol?

ANGEL: Nah. It's no big deal to me. I'd rather play baseball. What I like to do is imagine where I'm gonna be in, I don't know...Where am I gonna be in 1985, in ten years? Or in 1987 or 1989 or, just think, in 1998?

CACHO: Fuck, that's too far off. We'll never make it there.

ANGEL: And I'm make it there. And if those two guys like you said are gonna kill me in some fleabag hotel room cause I scammed a bunch of people, I'll bet it'll be cause I liked baseball.

(THE WAITRESS APPROACHES)

WAITRESS: If you wanna stay you gotta order drinks.

CACHO: We did order drinks. We got two Cokes.

WAITRESS: You've been here an hour and all you've done is talk and order one Coke. The owner says if you don't order more you gotta leave. Besides, you're lucky we even let you in.

ANGEL: We're of age.

WAITRESS: Yeah, and I'm Bambi. Well, you gotta order something.

ANGEL: Like what?

WAITRESS: There's a room in the back.

CACHO: So what do you do in this room?

WAITRESS: Once you go in, you gotta let 'em do whatever they want.

CACHO: I'm not going in there.

WAITRESS: You can go with me, both of you. If you've got money, I'll do you. I'll do things to you.

ANGEL: You'd go with both of us?

WAITRESS: I'd go with five of you if the pay's right.

ANGEL: Rohypnol's days are numbered.

CACHO: You couldn't handle both of us.

WAITRESS: Let me see your hands.

(CACHO SHOWS HER HIS HANDS. THE WAITRESS LOOKS AT THEM. SHE PUTS TWO OF HIS FINGERS TOGETHER)

That's what it's like, isn't it? That's the size of what you got between your legs?

CACHO: (FOUND OUT) No fucking way!!!

(ANGEL DOES THE SAME. HE IS DISAPPOINTED BY THE SIZE OF HIS TWO FINGERS)

WAITRESS: You coming?

(AS SHE LEAVES, BOTH CHECK THE SIZE OF THEIR FINGERS TOGETHER WITHOUT SHOWING THE OTHER. SUDDENLY THEY SEE CANDIDO, COMING OUT OF THE BACK ROOM)

CANDIDO: (SEEING THEM, SURPRISED) What are you, a couple of faggots or what?

5

1:30 A.M.

RUNDOWN PLAYGROUND.

ON STAGE, A GARBAGEMAN. BESIDE HIM, CANDIDO, ANGEL
AND CACHO, SMOKING CIGARETTES LIKE MAFIOSOS.

MAN: ...Then, they decided to build that bridge.

ANGEL: A bridge, what for?

MAN: To go across, from here to there and there to here. The point is, back then, the bridge was where there were lots of rapes, 'cause the workers would see their neighbors' daughters go out and they'd seduce them or force them or give them drugs and stuff.

They stopped construction on the bridge cause they found the dead body of a girl who'd been raped floating in the water tank under the bridge.

CACHO: When'd they find it? Today? Today?

MAN: That was a long time ago. But every time I come here, I run into someone. And when there's no one, I feel this weight on my back. Like a monster clinging there, cursing me.

ANGEL: There's a water tank there?

MAN: the tank that supplies water to the whole neighborhood.

CANDIDO: So how'd they find her if you can't see the tank?

MAN: Cause the water tasted bad. Like death and sperm. The weird thing is the body had been there for months, maybe years, and they found it because they couldn't finish the bridge.

ANGEL: Years.

MAN: It was like the bridge didn't want to be built, like they made it in the day and the bats ate it in the night.

ANGEL: So they'd find the girl.

MAN: Exactly.

CANDIDO: This is giving me goose bumps.

CACHO: The bridge is alive ahhhhhhhhh.

(THE GARBAGEMAN IS CARRYING A BAG OF GARBAGE. IT LOOKS LIKE THERE IS A BODY INSIDE. WE CAN'T MAKE IT OUT)

MAN: Well, boys. You better get to bed.
This is my last pickup.

CANDIDO: See you tomorrow.

CACHO: Bye.

MAN: (LEAVING, YELLS) Hold the truck, I'm coming!
People are always tossing garbage under that bridge.
Like it was so easy to get stuff out of there.
Man it's cold tonight.

(HE SLAMS THE BAG OF GARBAGE INTO THE TRUCK AND DISAPPEARS)

CANDIDO: I think Mary Carmen woke up and left.

CACHO: Maybe she was never asleep at all.

CANDIDO: Maybe she was using me and pretending to be asleep.

CANDIDO: Your sister's weird.

ANGEL: Really weird. I've seen her doing really weird stuff. Like, for example, when she picks up her silverware. Her fork. The way she looks at her eggplant.

CACHO: All girls are crazy.

ANGEL: Tomorrow, I'm gonna get spray paint and paint "CINCINNATI CHAMPIONS" really huge on the wall.

CACHO: Spray painting on the...

ANGEL: Huh?

CANDIDO: That story about the bridge.

CACHO: For?

ANGEL: For?

CANDIDO: Huh?

ANGEL: A good idea for what?

CANDIDO: Nothing.

CACHO: Come on, let's get going...

ANGEL: I'm tired.

(ANGEL STOPS. HE GOES OVER TO CACHO)

ANGEL: I hear a voice, a mute voice, like those whistles only dogs can hear. I hear a voice in silence, subliminal like. A girl's voice saying "Run Angel, run and never stop. Don't let them catch you. Don't look back."
"Run, you've got to get there fast, get there fast so you can never get there."
Night, Cacho.

CACHO: Bye. Sweet dreams.

MUSIC

6

BEE GEES' MUSIC, DISTORTED.

5:03 A.M.

CANDIDO'S ROOM.

HE JOLTS AWAKE, TERRIFIED BY A DREAM.

HIS FATHER ENTERS.

FATHER: You're shaking. What were you dreaming?

CANDIDO: Nothing Dad. It's no big deal.

FATHER: Modern psychology says if you talk about your dreams it will be easier to fall asleep. Tell me.

CANDIDO: Ok. I dreamt I was in the morgue, surrounded by lots of people. More than lots of people. The whole country was there...

FATHER: Relax... It was just a dream...

(THUNDEROUS BEE GEES' MUSIC. CACHO APPEARS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE. HE YELLS. BESIDE HIM, HIS MOTHER)

MOTHER: What's the matter, sweetheart?

CACHO: I had a dream.

MOTHER: What did you dream?

CACHO: I was walking in my dream and two vampires were following me. The vampires are following me and they're trying to peck my head. I hide under an old bridge.

MOTHER: The abandoned bridge...

CACHO: That's the one. The abandoned bridge. The vampires are wearing green and squirting out mold.

MOTHER: Have you done something you're sorry for recently?

CACHO: No, nothing Mom. I've haven't done anything.

MOTHER: Angel's sister. Do you know where she is?

CACHO: Mom, do you think I'm going to go blind?

MOTHER: Good heavens, no. Why?

CACHO: Well, because in my dream someone said I would.

MOTHER: Who?

CACHO: A four-foot-long, 500-pound demon with 80 teeth, living on my back.

MOTHER: That's not a demon. It's a guardian angel, honey.

CACHO: Does everyone have a guardian angel?

MOTHER: Everyone. Now, go to sleep.

(MOTHER LULLS CACHO AND SINGS HIM TO SLEEP. AT CENTER STAGE, ANGEL WAKES FROM A DREAM. BESIDE HIM, HIS FATHER)

FATHER: Angel, Angel.... Wake up.
Wake up!

ANGEL: I was having a dream, Dad. I was dreaming about Candido and Cacho and that they were dreaming too. Cacho was dreaming that he was going to go blind and Candido was in a morgue surrounded by a whole country.

FATHER: Angel: Have you seen your sister?

ANGEL: Who?

FATHER: Your sister.

ANGEL: I... I... I...

FATHER: She isn't in her bed.

ANGEL: No... I... um... no.

FATHER: I think your sister's fallen in with a bad crowd.
If you see her, tell her to come to my room immediately.
Your mother's worried sick.
(LEAVING) Sleep tight.
(HE RETURNS) Did you see the Cincinnati game?

I was thinking... if twenty years down the line they gave me the chance to go back, I'd like to see yesterday and today's games and live these two days again, the best of my life.

ANGEL: It'll be the most important World Series in history.

FATHER: And you'll be able to say you saw it, that you were glued to the set, that you were there.

ANGEL: Good night, Dad.

FATHER: Good night, son.

(ANGEL LIES BACK DOWN, RELAXED.
SUDDENLY, HE SITS UP AND FEELS SOMETHING ON HIS BACK.
HE TRIES TO LOOK AT IT BUT CAN'T.
HE HEARS A SOUND, LIKE SOMETHING EXHALING.
HE LOOKS AT THE AUDIENCE IN HORROR.
THE BASEBALL ANTHEM PLAYS)

7

Next day.

4:20 P.M.

RUNDOWN PLAYGROUND.

CANDIDO AND CACHO PLAYING BASEBALL.

TO ONE SIDE, "CINCINNATI" IS PAINTED ON ONE OF THE WALLS.

CANDIDO: Then the cops came. They asked. And then, just like on TV, I looked him straight in the eye and said:
"I don't remember."

CACHO: I don't remember.

ANGEL: And that's it?

CANDIDO: That's it.

ANGEL: "I don't remember."

CACHO: How cool. "I don't remember."

CANDIDO: Exactly.

CACHO: And then what'd they say?

CANDIDO: Nothing, they let me leave the concert.

CACHO: So you didn't get to hear almost anything.

CANDIDO: The Bee Gees only played three songs. Then they quit.

ANGEL: What assholes.

CANDIDO: I felt like asking for my money back.

CACHO: But you got in without paying.

CANDIDO: Exactly. That's what pissed me off the most.

CACHO: Man I wish I'd been there!

ANGEL: So'd they catch the guy who threw the bottle?

CANDIDO: I don't know.

ANGEL: But did you do it?

CANDIDO: I'll answer you with the four best words: I don't remember.

ANGEL: That's three words.

CANDIDO: Yeah, three.

ANGEL: You know what sucks the most about the whole thing?
In the end, we missed the game.

CACHO: Cincinnati won.

ANGEL: YEAH, Cincinnati won. And my dad says we're never gonna forget this Series, it'll be eternal and all that.

CANDIDO: The cops asked about your sister too.

ANGEL: They asked you about Mary Carmen? So what'd you say?

CANDIDO: The truth.

CACHO: The truth.

ANGEL: You told them the truth.

CANDIDO: Of course. That I hadn't seen her.

CACHO: That's right. Me neither.

CANDIDO: Maybe she ran off with some guy.

CACHO: Maybe she found the love of her life and is living in a far away country.

ANGEL: Maybe we'll hear about her on TV.

CANDIDO: Yeah.

CACHO: Let's have a game.

CANDIDO: Ok. Angel bats. I pitch.

(THEY GET READY TO PLAY. THEY MARK OFF THE BASES)

CANDIDO: All right, let's play.

CACHO: Let's play.

ANGEL: Play ball.

(SUDDENLY, CACHO STOPS AND STARES AT ANGEL)

CACHO: Tell me something.
(PAUSE) Do vampires lay eggs?

ANGEL: Huh?

CACHO: Do vampires lay eggs?

ANGEL: Yeah, I think so.

THEY TURN BACK TO THE GAME. ANGEL IS ABOUT TO PITCH,
BUT STOPS. HE LOOKS AT CACHO. HE LOOKS AT THE
AUDIENCE. SUDDENLY, HE STARTS TO CRY SAD,
MELANCHOLY TEARS.

AS IF HE HAD NEVER CRIED BEFORE.
CANDIDO AND CACHO LOOK AT HIM IN SURPRISE.
CACHO THEN LOOKS AT CANDIDO. CANDIDO LOWERS HIS
HEAD. THEY DON'T MOVE.

CACHO LOOKS AT THE SPRAYPAINTED "CINCINNATI", BUT IS
REALLY LOOKING AT WHERE MARY CARMEN WAS LYING.

WE HEAR THE SADDEST MUSIC EVER PLAYED.
ANGEL CONTINUES CRYING, DISCONSOLATELY.

BLACKOUT.

END OF CHAPTER ONE: "80 TEETH, 4 FEET, AND 500 POUNDS"

2

"80 Teeth, 4 Feet & 500 Pounds"
CHAPTER TWO

"Someone to Watch Out For"

Ten years after Chapter One

CHARACTERS:

ANGEL, 25 years old/27 years old/29 years old

CANDIDO, 25 years old

CACHITO, 25 years old/29 years old

MAN; FOSSA, 50 years old

WOMAN; MARIA, 25 years old

1/1985

A NEW YORK BAR.
WE HEAR 80's MUSIC.
MARIA DANCES FOR A CUSTOMER. SLOWLY SHE STRIPS.
ANGEL, CANDIDO AND CACHO DRINK AND LAUGH.
WE SEE MARIA'S WHOLE STRIP TEASE.
WHEN SHE FINISHES SHE WALKS BY THEM)

CANDIDO: (TO MARIA, WHO PRETENDS NOT TO HEAR) I know this guy since he's fifteen!...

CACHO: (LAUGHS) From the neighborhood. Then ten years later we run into each other in Nueva York, no less. Gran tipo.

CANDIDO: Hours and hours hanging out, at night, talking, not doing nothing.

ANGEL: Playing baseball.

CACHO: You remember the World Series – Cincinnati-Boston?

CANDIDO: And after, I go out and spraypaint "Cincinnati".

ANGEL: You spraypaint Cincinnati.

CANDIDO: You don't remember? I was all excited and I write real big: "Cincinnati Campeones."

ANGEL: I always think that was me.

CANDIDO: You can't do nothing.

CACHO: Totally nothing.

CANDIDO: Cincinnati. Yeah. The 75 World Series.

(MARIA DANCES DISTRACTEDLY, LOOKS AT ANGEL)

CACHO: You seen the game at home, on your TV?

ANGEL: With my papa. I cannot take my eyes off the screen.

CACHO: I thought you go out with us. Wasn't that the night when we go to the Bee Gees concert?

ANGEL: No, that was some other day.

CACHO: What about your sister? What happens with her?

CANDIDO: Living like a queen with some rich dude. She was real pretty.

CACHO: She gotta have like 5 kids by now.

ANGEL: My father tries finding her. He puts her picture in the paper, neighborhood watches, the news. But nada. My father dies without ever finding out nothing about her.

CACHO: Hey. I seen you on TV the other day.

ANGEL: How I do?

CACHO: Grounder to the short, pop fly to center, and two strike outs.

ANGEL: 0 for 4. Is harder for me.

CACHO: 0 for 4.

ANGEL: They pitch me harder than the other guys.

CANDIDO: I hear you play in a AAA series.

ANGEL: Just A.

CANDIDO: Just A, but the Series. On the road to stardom.

CACHO: That's mi amigo Ángel.

CANDIDO: Outta all of us, this guy, he's the one can play for real.

(MARIA STOPS DANCING. SHE HAS ANOTHER DRINK AT THE BAR. SHE LOOKS AT ANGEL. THEN ANOTHER CUSTOMER FLASHES HER SOME BILLS. SHE GOES TO DANCE FOR HIM)

CACHO: How long you been in the US?

ANGEL: Two years.

CACHO: And in two years you play in the Series???

CANDIDO: Far, you gonna go real far.

CACHO: So you like it?

ANGEL: What?

CACHO: Here, up north.

ANGEL: Yeah, but I can not talk this language.

CANDIDO: Fucking English. I don't see why you got to learn it when everyone talk Spanish.

(TO SOMEONE CLOSEBY) ¿Verdad mi hermano?

(THEY ANSWER)

(TO ANGEL) The Centroamericanos is screwing up our language.

ANGEL: I has to learn it in six months.

CANDIDO: Fucking faggot gringo racists.

CACHO: Just wait till you makes it to the World Series.

CANDIDO: And a AA Series already.

ANGEL: Just A...

CANDIDO: In what shithole town they play the Series?

ANGEL: Tucson. Close to Tucson. Arizona.

CANDIDO: Arizona. If you was in Arizona, that not even the Arizonians know about, now you playing in Nueva York, they gonna know about you all the way to Japan. By the way, I hear they pays good there.

ANGEL: I practically got a million dollars contract signed.

CACHO: And on to the Big Leagues!

ANGEL: I gonna play pro for ten years at least. Minimum.

CANDIDO: That's talent, mi hermano. You can do anything in this country. Here we are today, talking, 1985, in this city of sleepwalkers and sirens, and three years from now, in this same bar, I have to watch you on TV.

CACHO: You was the best baseball player in the city!

ANGEL: You was good too.

CACHO: The last one to get picked. You put me out in center field and you don't let me bat.

CANDIDO: If you let him play when he was twelve, (POINTING TO HIS GUN) maybe he don't got to carry one of these...

ANGEL: If I know you was gonna turn out to be someone to watch out for, I have let you play.

CACHO: Someone to watch out for.

CANDIDO: Is that what we are? Huh? Someones to watch out for?

ANGEL: You got guns.

CANDIDO: Is a job requirement. Right?

(CACHO AND CANDIDO SHOW HIM THEIR GUNS IN A REHEARSED MOVE)

BOTH: You like?

ANGEL: Nice. You use them?

CANDIDO: To scare people, but nothing serious. Is a cleaner business than you think. There's lots of TV and stories, but that's all. Everyone gots his part. (TO CACHO) Take you, idiot, you got your part as an animal. Bad at numbers, but good at dead bodies. Me, for my humble part, I play someone to watch out for. (TO MARIA) Mata Hari over there gots her part as a brilliant piece of ass. (TO ANGEL) And Mister October here gots his part as a Big League star. That's all. Everyone gots his part. His role. Like in a play.

CACHO: A play. You like theater?

CANDIDO: I look like a fag to you?

CACHO: Fuck no.

CANDIDO: So? Any more stupid questions or is that all you can do?

(ANGEL STARES AT MARIA, WHO HAS JUST FINISHED DANCING FOR A CUSTOMER)

ANGEL: Look at her, look at her...
That is the kind of girl I like to meet.
(IN HIS OWN WORLD) One that come to you.

CACHO: They never come to you when you want them.

CANDIDO: (GETTING UP) 'Cause you ugly. I gonna piss.

CACHO: Ugly tu madre
(CANDIDO WALKS OFF. MARIA COMES OVER)

MARIA: (TO ANGEL) You want me to dance for you?

ANGEL: I want you to do everything to me that you want.

MARIA: I only dance.

ANGEL: How much?

MARIA: It says right over there.

ANGEL: So much?

MARIA: You want me to dance for you or not?

CACHO: And you take off your clothes?

MARIA: Of course.

CACHO: I can watch?

MARIA: Yeah you can. But I dance for just one of you.

ANGEL: And I can... uh... touch you?

MARIA: No, you can't touch me.

ANGEL: But you can touch me.

MARIA: I can touch you, but I won't.

ANGEL: But I pay.

MARIA: Yeah, but that's different.

CACHO: Different?

MARIA: Ahah.

(THEY LAUGH)

MARIA: So?

ANGEL: I no got enough on me.

MARIA: Too bad. (TO CACHO) What about you?

CACHO: Me neither.

(CANDIDO COMES BACK)

MARIA: Well, you know where to find me...

(MARIA DANCES FOR ANOTHER CUSTOMER)

ANGEL: Dios mío, that the most beautiful woman I ever seen.
You ever come here before?

CANDIDO: Every Friday.

ANGEL: And you see her?

CANDIDO: She's always here. She dances for everyone.

ANGEL: She look amazing...

CANDIDO: In the dark... and drunk, all cats are black.

ANGEL: You know her name?

CANDIDO: Her name's Maria and I sure she is Cuban.

ANGEL: She look like a Gringa.

CANDIDO: A Gringa? Here? I bet you a hundred bucks she Cuban.
(HE STANDS, HUGS AND KISSES HIM. VERY MAFIOSO) See you,
Angel. We got to go. We got jobs we got to see to tonight.

CACHO: Got to read the commandments to some people.

ANGEL: Read the commandments? What? You gonna beat someone up?

CANDIDO: Beat someone up? (LAUGHS) Stop watching so much television.

CACHO: Take care. (GIVES HIM A CARD) Take this, just in case. You never
know. Maybe things don't work out, maybe you get tired, maybe they play
you wrong and you got to get out and look for something else.

ANGEL: You know there nothing else for me.

CACHO: Ok, there nothing else for you, but maybe you are for other things.

(CACHO STARES AT MARIA WHO HAS COME OVER. CANDIDO
PULLS HIM AWAY. SUDDENLY CANDIDO RETURNS)

CANDIDO: Before I go, beautiful, where you from?

MARIA: I'm Cuban.

CANDIDO: Told you. It was good to see you again. Don't lose the card. Take care. I
see you in the World Series.

(THEY EXIT)

MARIA: You were watching me.

ANGEL: I like watching you.

MARIA: You can get a closer look.

ANGEL: You better watch out with that.

MARIA: Oh? Are you someone to watch out for?

ANGEL: Of course. I got a gun.

MARIA: Well, for the guys you have to watch out for I do it for half price. You got
that much?

ANGEL: For half price, sí, sí, of course, yes... yes.

MARIA: No touching.

ANGEL: But I no got enough for the whole thing.

MARIA: Don't worry. I've decided it's on the house.

ANGEL: And if I like it, I gonna marry you.

MARIA: Let's hope not.

ANGEL: You no want to marry?

MARIA: Men only get married for three reasons.

ANGEL: Three?

MARIA: Self-interest, a shotgun, or Fear.

(MARIA STARTS DANCING)

ANGEL: Self-interest, a shotgun, or Fear... Self-interest I get it... a shotgun too... but fear?

MARIA: Fear. Also known as: love.

(MARIA DANCES VERY CLOSE TO HIM. SHE STARTS TO STRIP.
ANGEL GETS AROUSED AND MASTURBATES. SHE LAUGHS AND
STRIPS COMPLETELY.
MUSIC UP.
BLACKOUT)

2/1987

A BASEBALL DIAMOND IN THE UNITED STATES.
ON STAGE, ANGEL AND MARIA.
TO ONE SIDE, FOSSA.

- FOSSA: I'll be honest.
You know the routine. That you don't need to learn. You got a good glove, nobody's doubting that. But it's not enough. Look at the Dominicano. Lets more by than a colander, but he bats .345.
Moved up to Cincinnati at 20, Rookie of the year, the All-star Game.
- MARÍA: Batting
- FOSSA: Batting . Who's she?
- ANGEL: My girlfriend.
- FOSSA: And la señorita is from where?
- MARIA: From here.
- FOSSA: From here my ass.
- MARIA: I'm American. My mother's Cuban.
- FOSSA: Then you're not from here, miiija.
- ANGEL: You gonna give me a shot or no?
- FOSSA: You hear what I said?
- ANGEL: I know how.
- FOSSA: No, you don't... You want to bat, but you don't know how to do it without your balls sweating.
- ANGEL: My balls don't sweat.
- FOSSA: They sweat when you step up to the plate. They sweat when they say your name, they sweat when you realize the pitcher throws hard, they sweat

when you see the ball coming. And I'm sure la señorita here can tell us about some other things that make your balls sweat.

MARIA: He's right, Angel, they sweat.

ANGEL: Vete a la mierda, Fossa. Everything they say about you is true. Go to hell.

FOSSA: (LEAVING) Well, adiós. I'll move to a nice hot place. Hope I don't see you there.

(MARIA STEPS FORWARD AND STOPS HIM)

MARIA: Señor, Fossa, wait. You don't know what he's going through. He doesn't want to go back home and all he does is dream about that AAA Series he played in once.

FOSSA: AAA?

MARIA: He needs the job.

FOSSA: (TO MARIA) Do you know his batting average since he finished that Class A, not AAA, but Class A Series?

MARIA: Not so loud. He likes to think I believe it was in AAA.

FOSSA: You know his average?

MARIA: 225.

FOSSA: No, you know it isn't.

MARIA: 125, I get them mixed up.

FOSSA: 125 isn't an average.

MARIA: He's gotten better.

FOSSA: What in instructional league?

MARIA: I didn't know he was in instructional league.

FOSSA: He's spent his whole life in instructional league and you know what his average is: 160.

MARIA: Instructional league, he never told me...!!
And to think my girlfriends all envied me.

Ballplayers make money. "You're so lucky, you got yourself a ballplayer... He's gonna give you a house, a mansion, and a yacht. You'll travel and have all the money in the world..."

(ANGEL TAKES FOSSA BY THE ARM. FOSSA PULLS AWAY AND HITS HIM, KNOCKING HIM DOWN. ANGEL GETS UP)

ANGEL: Wait... Wait...

(HE MOVES TO ONE SIDE WITH FOSSA. MARIA CANNOT HEAR)

ANGEL: You don't know the situation, Fossa.

FOSSA: I don't know? What is it you think I'm doing here? Playing traffic cop?

ANGEL: No, you don't know the situation.
I got two apples I steal back at the hotel and a cold acid drilling into my bones.
Fossa. I running out of money.
They's no jobs.
I got two apples and this frog green coat that make me look like a Salvadorian batboy about to be deported, a zombie in an old movie, a delinquent, a green immigrant shadow just the right size for a dumpster, loving like a drunk, can't speak no language at all, 'cause I can't even talk Spanish no more.
A green scarecrow ready to be deported to Saturn, stuffed with lucky charms, I'm a green imported man, a infiltrator living off Social Security, pulling scams, fucking over the system to see if I can get away with some crumbs.
I'm green Spanish-speaking bad breath clogging up the lungs of this green city.
I got two apples I steal in the hotel and a cold acid drilling into my bones.

FOSSA: That's the way Latinos are. Always stealing. They're shit.

ANGEL: I look for work. In a pizza place. I carry sacks of flour. "Mister, would you be so kind and carry up ten sacks of flour in three minutes?"
TEN SACKS OF FLOUR, mi amigo. You think I got any life left for baseball after TEN SACKS OF ENRICHED FLOUR? (LOOKING AT MARIA)
She don't know. She didn't found out.
'Cause when she find out, she gonna split.
And right now, she the only one with a steady job.

FOSSA: (LOOKING AT MARIA) Why don't you get married?

ANGEL: You hear what I been saying?

FOSSA: Of course I heard you.
She's legal, right? Fine. If you're legal, you got other possibilities. You can do something else. Work the system. You're legal. And if you're legal, I can get you something.

ANGEL: Fuck, Fossa, please, don't play games with me.

FOSSA: No games. If you're married I can get you something. Something real.

ANGEL: Playing.

FOSSA: Playing.

ANGEL: I just want to play ball.

FOSSA: Does she want to or no?

ANGEL: I didn't ask her.

FOSSA: But does she want to?

ANGEL: I think yes.

FOSSA: They all do.

ANGEL: Her mother hate me.

FOSSA: You told her players make money, they buy mansions, spend on luxuries.

ANGEL: Is the only story I got left.

FOSSA: You can get her knocked up...So she's got no choice. She feels... you know.

ANGEL: No choice.

FOSSA: Right, no choice.
You tell the general manager. He likes to know those things. You throw a party, a wedding party. They find out she's a citizen and now you are too. Maybe they'll find a place for you in the office. Invite your friends and the owner. They won't go, but they'll like it that you're married. It inspires confidence.

ANGEL: Anything, anything...

FOSSA: Fine, let's do something. First, give the apples back to the hotel.

ANGEL: Done.

FOSSA: Two: if you're legal, you could be... a replacement player.

ANGEL: (DISAPPOINTED) A replacement.

FOSSA: You'll get paid for it.

ANGEL: Fuck, Fossa. I don't get it. I think you say I can play.

FOSSA: On a replacement team.

ANGEL: A replacement. What the fuck.

FOSSA: Because of the strike. A replacement.

ANGEL: Dios mío!

FOSSA: That's right. God. That's what this is about. It's God's answer for you, muchacho. You get legal and you play as a replacement player.

ANGEL: I don't got to tell you what the real players think of the replacements?

FOSSA: They're shit.

ANGEL: Right. Shit, while you on strike trying to get outrageous amounts of money, someone else is playing so the owners can fuck you and your strike.

You think if I play good as a replacement I got a shot at getting back in? As a regular. With my pride.

FOSSA: Maybe. I don't know. Honestly, I doubt it.
You're in a new club, it needs people with experience, like you and me and here's where you have to make a decision: for the good of the team or for your own good.

ANGEL: For the good of the team.

FOSSA: Don't be an idiot. You work for the good of the team when you got potential. When you're old like me or a player like you, you look out for number one.

ANGEL: A replacement, is so humiliating.

FOSSA: It's not humiliating. It's life. Life is humiliation. It's every day, that's what the hours are made of. Swallowing your words, bowing your head, smelling the farts of the people you hate most. That's living, dropping your pants. Letting them. Keep quiet. Like that Puerto Rican. Did you know they sent him back?

ANGEL: García?

FOSSA: They sent him back and spread the word. No one's gonna hire him. Not even as a replacement.

ANGEL: But...

FOSSA: Gay. They saw him in the bathroom with Scottenson.

ANGEL: Scottenson?

FOSSA: He's not gay. He was doing him from behind.

ANGEL: And they don't do nothing to Scottenson?

FOSSA: He's married, got kids, and all that. He bats over 300. He's a catcher.

ANGEL: And is a gringo.

FOSSA: That's got nothing to do with it. Look, muchacho, I came to this country twenty years ago. Like you. A prospect, good arm, so-so bat. Good shortstop. They sent me to Tucson. I played with 'em all and against 'em all. Suddenly, one day, I start batting good. Over 300. And I was 22 years old. But they didn't trade me or move me up or nothing. Why?, I asked. "You gotta grow" they tell me. And I believed it. But the kids, with less experience and a worse average, they moved them up. Double, triple A, even the Show. And me? The seasons went by. Until I got old. And I never did move up. Then, they gave me this. Scouting. And now, they give me replacement players. And I took it. You know why they do it? You know why they bury you here? Because you're Latino? That's what I thought: "Because I'm Latino, they're discriminating against me and all that, because I'm Latino, racists... blah, blah, blah..."

But then, it wasn't true. It's not because you're Latino. That's what you want to think, to justify what's happening.

They leave you here because they need people WHO GET USED TO being here. Blacks, Latinos, whites, especially whites. I've seen Anglo boys, blonde, blue eyes, broken in A, glued to the instructional league, kissing someone's toes to be a replacement. All right bats, in winter ball they're heroes. But here, they're stuck in this desert.

And then, a little voice in your head wonders:

"If they hold them down in this shit, and they're from here, what about me?"

What about me? See?

It's not your fucking race. That's just what you tell yourself to make it easier.

The answer's simple and it's this:

They leave us here to get used to it.

Because, there's simply not room for everyone.

That's it, not everyone's on top.

And they need more people on the bottom than on top.

So, they leave us. Like they did to me.

THIS IS WHERE I BELONG.

That's the real answer. THEY NEED US DOWN HERE BECAUSE US MEDIOCRE PLAYERS ARE important.

We pave the way, see?

(LEAVING)

See you Saturday. (BEFORE LEAVING, LOOKING AT MARIA)

Remember the party. (FOSSA EXITS)

MARIA: So?

ANGEL: Call your mother and tell her we gonna marry.

MARIA: You're asking me to marry you!

ANGEL: Yes, right away, yes. We gonna marry. We gonna marry...

MARIA: But mamá hates you.

ANGEL: Opinions, opinions.

MARIA: And the money?

ANGEL: We can sell your house.

MARIA: That's my home.

ANGEL: Is one of the sacrifices, for now. Later, with the money I gonna make playing, a mansion, travel around the world. We gonna get everything we want. (PULLS HER IN TIGHTLY) I want to do it right here.

MARIA: You better use a condom.

ANGEL: Don't worry. I get shots. (UNDRESSING) Don't worry, it don hurt you.

MARIA: Hurt me?

(ANGEL TAKES HER LIKE A FURY.
IN THE SHADOWS WE SEE HOW MARIA SUFFERS.
SUDDENLY, ANGEL FEELS SOMETHING ON HIS BACK.
HE TURNS TO SEE IT.
MUSIC. BLACKOUT)

3/1989

SAME BAR AS IN SCENE 1. CACHO AND ANGEL DRINKING
CACHO WEARS DARK GLASSES. MARIA DANCES FAR AWAY

CACHO: The morgue was full. Like the stadium, like the Bee Gees concert. They was all there, the whole country lying there. Candido, in the middle of it, with his face like he still don' believe what happens to him.

ANGEL: How it happens?

CACHO: They bash his head in with a baseball bat. They throw him in the river and when he sinking this black shadow come out, a shadow with 80 teeth come up for air.

ANGEL: Pobrecito.

CACHO: You know what makes me saddest?
Us three isn't never gonna get together again.

ANGEL: Maybe in heaven.

CACHO: Heaven. Maybe. But if they's no heaven, we're fucked. When is the last time we's together?

ANGEL: I don' remember...

CACHO: In Nueva York.

ANGEL: Four years ago. A toast to Nueva York.

CACHO: And to when we play together, when we was fifteen.

ANGEL: To be fifteen again.

CACHO: You remember the World Series between Cincinnati and Boston? When it was over, I go out and spray paint "Cincinnati".

ANGEL: I always think I done that.

CACHO: Yeah. The 75 World Series.

ANGEL: Everything that happen back then was the best in the world.
Not like now.
That's why, I been thinking Cacho and I want to talk to you about that...

CACHO: ...I maybe got to get out...

ANGEL: ...This death...

CACHO: ...and now I'm alone...

ANGEL: ...And Baseball, is abandon me and I...

CACHO: ...and in this business, when you alone, you dead...

ANGEL: I thinking to go back

CACHO: Like being dead. Go back?

ANGEL: Go back. Yeah.

CACHO: To baseball? You thinking to go back to the field?

ANGEL: No, is too late for that.

CACHO: You done really bad as a replacement.

ANGEL: No, the game's not for me no more.
I changing directions, I got different path.

CACHO: Like what?

ANGEL: Well, the first thing I gonna do, I leave it all behind. House, family,
everything.

CACHO: Angel, what you talking about?

ANGEL: I disappear. Go.

CACHO: Where?

ANGEL: I get away from everything.

CACHO: From everything or everyone?

ANGEL: Both.

CACHO: What about your wife?

ANGEL: She gonna be fine on her own.

CACHO: You leaving her? With a kid?

ANGEL: They's been nights I think about drowning him, dropping him, injecting him with air.

CACHO: Angel...

ANGEL: She pregnant again.

CACHO: That's fantastic.

ANGEL: For me, is a nightmare.

CACHO: They's other ways to fix it.

ANGEL: Is too late. I even push her to see if she lose it, but she tough that little Cuban.

CACHO: She's still beautiful...

ANGEL: Beautiful, but heavy. Like when you walking, with a 500-pound load on your back and the road gets longer and longer and the sun shine hotter on you than anyone else.

CACHO: You don' love her anymore?

ANGEL: Is not love, is getting out of a hole. Being someone.

CACHO: When you gonna to leave her?

ANGEL: Today.

CACHO: Today?

ANGEL: Is why I called you. I leaving. With you. We leaving. I leaving. I gonna do whatever you say.

CACHO: She knows?

ANGEL: Are you crazy?

CACHO: (MOVING CLOSER) LOOK, Angel. Before you do anything, I want you to see something.
(SHOWS HIM HIS FACE)
You see this scar? Is a scratch. From a bullet. A old scratch I never did nothing about.
Like you, today, doing nothing about that scratch.
Well, 'cause of this, 'cause of this scratch I done nothing about, I'm going blind.

ANGEL: What the fuck you talking about?

CACHO: I start losing my sight. I feeling sick to my stomach. I go to the doctor and he say, little by little, I gonna go blind.
You see?
Blind.
In a few months, maybe days, I gonna be blind.
And I telling you: I scared. Pissing my pants scared.
Not 'cause I going blind, after all, they's not so much to see.
What freezes my balls is the loneliness.

That's it. Being alone.
That's my darkness. And you heading there too you walk out that door and leave everything.
I telling you this 'cause I know you not gonna to hear me. 'Cause everything you saying got nothing to do with you.
Is not your dream of greatness, is not your decision.
Is just the magnetic field of darkness.
That's it. The magnetic field of blindness, it pull you in. When we're together, it get darker out.
A darkness that make you go the wrong way.
That keep putting you on the wrong side.

ANGEL: I got to go, I got to leave her.

CACHO: You know where the magnetic field of darkness coming from? From your sister.

ANGEL: My sister?

CACHO: Mary Carmen. Is been over ten years.
You remember your sister?

ANGEL: Yeah, sure. Nobody knows nothing about her.

CACHO: No, nobody. Nobody ever find out.

ANGEL: Sometimes I think she never even exist.

CACHO: I, well, I think about your sister, you know, about how we leave her there. Dead.

ANGEL: (UPSET) We leave her? What you talking about? She disappear... She not dead.

CACHO: We leave her under the bridge.

ANGEL: No, no... Maybe you not remembering it right, but we never leave her. She leave, disappear with some guy. We never hear from her again.

CACHO: We done that crime when we was fifteen.

ANGEL: We done nothing. At least, I don'.

CACHO: I done plenty of bad stuff. But Cándido dying, is made me think.

ANGEL: I sorry. It don' affect me. At least not to confess a crime that only exist in your fantasy.

CACHO: (TAKES A DRINK. AGGRESSIVE)
You rotten, Angel, you dead.

ANGEL: Shut the fuck up. Shut up...

CACHO: You never gonna be a old man (PAUSE)
And I think, I think is all like a curse.
Is all go wrong for us since that day.
'Cause before, well, before we normal.
Like any kids. Dreams and all that.
But now,
Now we surrounded by this darkness.
Get it?
We don' got no Guardian Angel on our backs protecting us, we got Satan, a demon, a four-feet long, 500 pounds monster with 80 teeth hanging round our neck, a demon that any time it see something good it turn it to salt.
Sometimes I turn round real fast, maybe I can see it and I just see the tops of its pointed ears.

ANGEL: I don' got no demons, I don' do nothing, I got nothing to do with it.

CACHO: Turn around and see, turn around.

ANGEL: Don' fuck with me...

CACHO: I seen it lots. Sometimes in the mirror, I see some kind of vampire clinging to my back with its claws. Cándido seen it too and he say it got a long tongue and blow fire out it nose.
Like a dragon.
That's our guardian angel. A demon.
Now that I going blind, I see it more.
Lots more.
And now since you here, I tell myself I got to tell you this demon I got, you got the same one on your back.

ANGEL: I DON' GOT NOTHING ON MY BACK!!!

CACHO: Maybe he don' know it, but... but...
(NEARLY CRYING)
It wasn' me come up with the idea.
(SUDDENLY, HE YELLS)
I DON' SLEEP WITH YOUR SISTER!
IS CANDIDO... IS HIM!!!
I was just there, but I don' knock her out.
I DON' GIVE HER THE PILLS.
IS HIM.
AND IF SOMETHING HAPPEN TO HER IS HIS FAULT.
CÁNDIDO FAULT.
You think Cándido listening?
You think he listening from hell?
Hah?

ANGEL: I don' know what you talking about. You not going blind. You going crazy.

(MARIA HAS STOPPED DANCING. COMES OVER)

MARIA: I'm tired. Let's celebrate some other day, Angel. Ok?

CACHO: Celebrate.

MARIA: It's our anniversary.
We've been married two years.
We've got the best marriage in the world and we're working on the biggest family in the city.

CACHO: You better stop dancing in your condition.

MARIA: I can do it. Besides, bills are bills...

ANGEL: I gonna fix all our problems soon. Where I gonna be in 1998 or 2006?
Hah? Where?
(HE GETS UP. TO CACHO)
So. We going?

CACHO: What?

ANGEL: Where I tell you.

CACHO: What's that?

ANGEL: We gonna go.

MARIA: Where are you going?

ANGEL: To get cigarettes.

MARIA: Don't take long. I get off early today.

ANGEL: Ten minutes.

MARIA: Ok.

ANGEL: Goodbye.

MARIA: Goodbye? For ten minutes.

ANGEL: You never know what happen in ten minutes.

MARIA: Don't be melodramatic. Bring me a pizza. I'm hungry.

ANGEL: Sure.

(ANGEL IS LEAVING. SUDDENLY, HE SPINS AROUND, LIKE
SOMEONE WHO SEES SOMETHING BEHIND HIS BACK)

Dios mio!

(ANGEL IS TERRIFIED. CACHO DOESN'T NOTICE. MARIA LOOKS
AT HIM.
ANGEL, DESPERATE, TRIES TO GET RID OF WHAT'S ON HIS
BACK. HE RUNS TOWARD CACHO)

THEY LEAVE.

MARIA TAKES A LONG DRINK.
WE HEAR THE DISK JOCKEY'S VOICE)

DISK JOCKEY: María, you're on.

(MARIA GOES TO THE STAGE, TO DANCE)

MARIA: I waited for the pizza, but he never came back. His children didn't grow much, because one day they got locked in a car that drove into a river and sank.
I couldn't do anything to save them.
Even though the papers say I could.
But they couldn't prove anything.
Sometimes, at night, I hear the voices of two children, before they drown, they're crying "Mom, help us, we're sinking... we're running out of air... help me..."
But then, when my conscience is nearly tearing my soul in two, I remember I couldn't do anything anyway.
Because when they were sinking in the river, I saw a demon that wouldn't let them out.
A demon, a monster just like the one Angel always had clinging to his back.

THE MUSIC GROWS LOUDER.
SHE DANCES WILDLY. SUDDENLY, SHE CRIES. BUT SHE
CONTROLS HERSELF. SHE ASKS IF SHE CAN STOP DANCING.
SHE SITS DOWN AT THE TABLE. TAKES ANOTHER DRINK.

BLACKOUT.

END OF CHAPTER TWO:
"SOMEONE TO WATCH OUT FOR"

3

"80 Teeth, 4 Feet & 500 Pounds"
CHAPTER THREE

The Offensive Heart of Tucson
Nine years after Chapter Two

CHARACTERS:

ANGEL: 38 years old

CACHO: POLICEMAN/REP 1/MAN1/ONE

CANDIDO POLICEMAN/ REP 3/MAN2/TWO

FOSSA:MAN/ POLICEMAN /REP 2

MARIA:WOMAN/DETECTIVE

1st Inning

5:54 A.M.

THE ALARM CLOCK GOES OFF.

THE RADIO TURNS ON AUTOMATICALLY. ANGEL STIRS.

RADIO: Texas 6, New York 2; Baltimore 10, Cleveland 4; Saint Louis 5, San Diego 4; Atlanta 3, Los Angeles 2. Those are yesterday's Big League scores. It's 5.54 in the a.m.

ANGEL: (ANGEL SITS UP SUDDENLY) But I just laid down!

(THE PHONE RINGS. ANGEL ANSWERS)

Yeah, I'm already dressed.

Yeah... sure, you can pick me up now.

(HE HANGS UP. DRESSING QUICKLY)

I'm screwed. I wake up late and nothing's ready.

Fuck, what's the matter with me?

How could I oversleep on a day like today?

(THE PHONE RINGS)

Yeah, it's ready. I overslept, if that's what you want to know.

(LISTENS) But I'll be ready. When they write the history of modern baseball, they'll say the day the Giants were sold I overslept.

(HE HANGS UP)

Jesus Christ...Jesus Christ.

(HE SITS HALF-DRESSED ON THE BED. HE GOES TO THE WINDOW. REHEARSING. SUDDENLY HE STOPS)

Snow?

In October? In Arizona?

ANGEL: (VOICEOVER) Is this real or am I dreaming?

2nd inning

5:55 A.M.

THE ALARM CLOCK GOES OFF.

THE RADIO TURNS ON AUTOMATICALLY. ANGEL STIRS. FOSSA,
TO ONE SIDE.

RADIO: Texas 3, New York 8; Baltimore 1, Cleveland 0; Saint Louis 3, San Diego 2; Atlanta 5, Los Angeles 1. Those are yesterday's Big League scores. It's 5.54 in the a.m.

FOSSA: Late again.

ANGEL: I couldn't sleep.

FOSSA: What'd you think?

ANGEL: It's dirty.

FOSSA: But, did you like it?

ANGEL: I didn't understand much. I don't speak much English.

FOSSA: Understand, fuck. It's porn.

ANGEL: Fossa. Do you like dreams? Because I don't. This morning I had four dreams before I woke up and each time I was dreaming I was getting up and I was going to be late for this meeting.

FOSSA: You ARE late. That's no dream.

ANGEL: Practically a nightmare.

FOSSA: They're "alarm dreams." They're like an alarm clock. Your mind keeps waking you up so you don't oversleep.

ANGEL: Maybe you dream so much because you're alone.

FOSSA: That's bullshit..

ANGEL: Loneliness doesn't have anything to do with shit.

FOSSA: How long have you been alone now?

ANGEL: A long time.

FOSSA: And you haven't noticed the shit all around you?
Shit's the only thing that never changes.
You want another movie for tonight?

ANGEL: I'm too old for that stuff.

FOSSA: I got one with two chicks, two men, and a dog. The dog licks her for like
five minutes.
It's like he likes it.

ANGEL: That's sick!

FOSSA: Not sick, hot.

3rd inning

5:56 A.M.

THE ALARM CLOCK GOES OFF.

THE RADIO TURNS ON AUTOMATICALLY. ANGEL STIRS.

ON STAGE, WOMAN

RADIO: ...this sunny October morning marks another anniversary of that unforgettable World Series, dubbed the Series "never to be repeated", between the Cincinnati Reds – the big red machine – and the Boston Red Socks with Carl Yastrensky.

ANGEL: What?
What?
What time is it? What time is it?

WOMAN: Your coffee's ready. Were you having a dream?

ANGEL: I was dreaming about Fossa.

WOMAN: Fossa's been dead for two years now. Was your friend Cacho in your dream?

ANGEL: Cacho? No. Why?

WOMAN: Because they say that death reveals itself in dreams.

ANGEL: So what's death got to do with Cacho?

WOMAN: Don't you know? He was killed yesterday. When he was coming out of a Strip Club in New York. He was blind. Some teenagers stopped him...

(CACHO COVERED WITH NEWSPAPERS, BURNS)

4th Inning

5:57 A.M.

THE ALARM CLOCK GOES OFF.

THE RADIO TURNS ON AUTOMATICALLY. ANGEL WAKES ANXIOUSLY.

ANGEL SEES THE BODY OF HIS SISTER GETTING UP. SHE RUNS TOWARD HIM.

ANGEL SCREAMS.

BLACKOUT.

5th inning

5:58 A.M.

THE ALARM GOES OFF. THE RADIO TURNS ON
AUTOMATICALLY. ANGEL APPEARS, NUDE)

RADIO: ...It's five fifty eight in the morning... and it's time for today's trivia
question...

ANGEL: Fuck, I'm going to be late if I don't get up already.

RADIO: ...What year was the World Series between the Cincinnati Reds and the
Boston Red Socks?

(SUDDENLY THERE IS A BANGING ON THE DOOR. ANGEL PUTS
ON A ROBE. OPENS THE DOOR. WOMAN COMES IN)

ANGEL: Who is it?

VOICE: The FBI.

ANGEL: Who?

VOICE: The FBI.

ANGEL: BUT...

(HE OPENS THE DOOR. THREE MEN AND THE WOMAN COME IN.
THEY SEARCH THE ENTIRE ROOM)

WOMAN: Are you Mr. Angel Gonzalez?

ANGEL: Yes, but I...

WOMAN: You are under arrest on charges of fraud and conspiracy, improper use of
federal funds, extortion, and ten other crimes.

ANGEL: But... but... I...

MAN: Everything you say can be used against you.

ANGEL: But I didn't say anything.

WOMAN: Then don't. (MECHANICALLY)
"You have the right to remain silent, you have the right to an attorney, if you do not have an attorney the court will appoint you one..."

(WHILE THE WOMAN RECITES THE MIRANDA RIGHTS, THE MAN CONFRONTS ANGEL)

MAN 1: Son of a bitch. My son was dreaming about that team.

ANGEL: I want to call my attorney.

MAN 2: Certainly, of course. That is your right. (PUNCHES HIM HARD IN THE STOMACH)

(ANGEL FEELS THE PAIN. FALLS TO THE FLOOR)

ANGEL: Fuck, that hurts... that hurts... (SPITS) This is a dream, this is a dream.

WOMAN: A dream?

ANGEL: Tell me this is a dream. That the alarm clock is going to go off and then I'm going to get up to go to the meeting... tell me.

WOMAN: To us this is no dream. Gonzalez, it's our job. What you did is no dream either. And from now on, for you, this won't be a dream and it won't be reality, it'll be a nightmare.

MAN: What time is it?

WOMAN: Time to go.

(THE THREE MEN HIT ANGEL AGAIN)

RADIO: It's six seventeen, time for Baseball.

BLACKOUT

6th inning

5:59 A.M.

THE ALARM GOES OFF. THE RADIO TURNS ON
AUTOMATICALLY.

ANGEL IS LYING IN HIS BED.
HE STIRS)

ANGEL: The game's an incredible homeland, as personal and solitary as it is
collective and national. In the stadium we meet the same people we ignore
on the street. It's there we learn to be a team, to be with other people.

You, me, we're all the real offensive heart of the team.

That's it, the game, our dream.
That factory of legends.

DIRT FALLS ON HIM.

ANGEL SCREAMS: "I'M NOT DEAD! IT'S A DREAM, THAT'S ALL!
It's six in the morning! That's all!

7th inning

6:00 am.

THE ALARM GOES OFF. THE RADIO TURNS ON
AUTOMATICALLY.

ANGEL IS LYING IN HIS BED.
HE STIRS. REPORTERS APPEAR)

REPORT 3: Are you barred from leaving the country?

ANGEL: It's really unfair, because now I can't see my children.

REPORT 2: But you walked out on your children ten years ago. And they both were
drowned by their mother.

ANGEL: Those are all lies. My children are fine and they live in another country.

REPORT 1: The FBI is saying that you are implicated in up to fifteen federal offenses,
including fraud.

REPORT 3: An anonymous note says you left your sister in a park when she was
twelve, after she was raped by your best friends.

REPORT 2: Is it true you never had any plans to build the Tucson stadium?

REPORT 3: Is it true that the stadium was used for the fraud being organized against the
city of San Francisco?

WOMAN: That it was a sham to force the people of San Francisco to collect 50
million dollars.

WOMAN: (TAKING A FEW STEPS FORWARD) Mr. González. Is it true you have
a demon clinging to your back?

ANGEL: What did you say?

REPORT 1: That instead of a Guardian Angel, for a long time now you've had a
horrible Demon living with you. In fact, from here we can all see it...

ANGEL: I can assure you I have nothing on my back.

(HE TURNS QUICKLY TO SEE THE DEMON)

I never see anything.

REPORT 3: Is it true you were taking sleeping pills?

ANGEL: Lately I've been having trouble.

REPORT 3: But is it true that tonight, right now, dreaming what you're dreaming, you took the whole bottle of pills?

REPORT 2: Is it that you were trying to kill yourself?

ANGEL: Me dead? (SHOUTS) I'm never going to die!

(HE TURNS QUICKLY TO SEE THE DEMON.

AND HE SEES IT. AND IT IS THE MOST TERRIFYING IMAGE WE CAN IMAGINE.

ANGEL FAINTS)

8th inning

(6:01 A.M.

THE ALARM CLOCK GOES OFF. THE RADIO TURNS ON AUTOMATICALLY. ANGEL STIRS. ANGEL GETS UP, BUT ALMOST CANNOT.

RADIO: ...on this October morning, just hours before the start of the World Series.

(A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. HE SEES AN EMPTY BOTTLE OF PILLS ON THE NIGHT STAND.

HE FEELS A SHARP PAIN IN HIS STOMACH.

THE KNOCKING IS MORE INSISTENT.

LOOKS FOR HIS GUN, CHECKS TO SEE IT IS LOADED BUT TWO MASKED PEOPLE SHOVE THEIR WAY INTO THE ROOM)

ANGEL: Who are you? What you want?
What time is?
What time is?
What you want?

ONE: Shut up.

TWO: Don't say a word.

ANGEL: What you want? (SHOUTS) Help!!!

(THEY GAG HIM. THEY MAKE A SIGN AT THE WINDOW. THEY SEE THE SUITCASES. THEY SEE THE TICKETS)

TWO: Venezuela.

ONE: Venezuela.

TWO: And you thought you could just leave like that?

ONE: For Venezuela.

TWO: (HITTING HIM) Who were you going to fuck over there? Hah? Who you planning to tell you would buy them a baseball team? Hah? Son of a bitch.

(ANGEL MAKES SOUNDS AS THOUGH WANTING TO SAY SOMETHING)

TWO: Well, sorry, but it looks like you're not going to Venezuela.

ONE: No. You're staying put.

(SOUNDS FROM ANGEL WANTING TO SAY SOMETHING. POINTS TO MONEY ON THE NIGHT STAND)

TWO: Great. Money.

ONE: That's just what you need.

TWO: For your flowers.

(ANGEL GESTURES HE HAS "MORE MONEY")

TWO: More money? You want to give me more money?
Why?
You know what we're doing here?
What we're here for?
Do you?
I don't believe you.
You think he knows, hah?

ONE: No, he doesn't know anything.

(LIGHTS UP ON THE COVERED BODY OF MARY CARMEN. A TERRIFIED ANGEL SEES IT)

ANGEL: Ahahahah.

TWO: Strike one.

ANGEL: Ahahaha.

TWO: Strike two.

ANGEL: (YELLS) Ahahahah.

TWO: Strike three.

ONE: You're out.

ANGEL: Where I gonna be in 2001 or 2010?

(A SHOT IS HEARD.
THE BEE GEES' "STAYING ALIVE" PLAYS)

9th inning

HOURS LATER

ON STAGE, WOMAN AND MAN DRESSED AS DETECTIVES, VERY FORMAL. A SINGLE REPORTER FACING THEM)

WOMAN: Please, take careful note as we will go through this one time only. The police report establishes the following chain of events.

The deceased, Angel Gonzalez, former baseball player, born in Caracas, Venezuela, left his room at the Hotel Royale here in the city of Tucson, at six o seven in the morning.

At 7:00 a.m. the victim met with two individuals on motorcycles who robbed him at gunpoint.

The assailants beat him brutally. Then regular people came... uh... people from Tucson who asked not to be identified... these people took him to the closest hospital but then, for a some strange reason unrelated to the case, they changed their mind and... uh... you continue...

MAN: They changed their mind and threw him into a swamp beside a sandy shore that almost always means certain death.

WOMAN: Right. (TAKES A DRINK OF WATER) At 10:15 in the morning a woman found the injured Gonzalez. She blessed him, put aromatic herbs on his wounds and whispered in his ear, in Spanish, of course:

MAN: (READING, PASSIONATELY) "Repent, because today you leave behind the living..."

WOMAN: Right. The living. Very poetic. (CONTINUES) Immediately, the victim lost an arm that was bitten off by an alligator. Though the cut appears to have been made by a sharp knife.

MAN: Maybe someone took it as memorabilia.

WOMAN: In Baseball, everything's memorabilia.

(SHORT LAUGH, THEN SHE COUGHS. CACHO, CANDIDO AND ANGEL, NAKED, ARE BENEATH THE ABANDONED BRIDGE. MARY CARMEN'S SHINING BODY LIGHTS THEM)

MAN: Some decent individual, some do still exist, finally took him to the hospital, but no one treated him. When he was walking along the bridge toward Tucson, they pushed him into a ditch that leads to the city sewer system.

WOMAN: Exactly.

MAN: We have witnesses.

WOMAN: Right. (TAKES A DRINK OF WATER) It says in the report that Mr. Gonzalez was able to use his other arm to hang onto a Ficus tree to avoid being swept away by the foul, polluted water. But it says here: "suddenly he realized there are no ficus trees or any other kind of tree in the Tucson sewers, and so, he let go..."

MAN: In short, he drowned, covered in shit.

WOMAN: In addition to finding that the deceased "slept poorly on the night of his death", the autopsy revealed:
-Three bullets from police revolvers. Do not investigate.
-A clothes hanger twisted in his throat.
-A closed fist in his open mouth. Both mouth and fist belonging to the deceased.
-A roll of toilet paper in his right lung. The left lung could not be located and, excuse me for saying so, no search will be ordered.

MAN: We think -we're quite smart- that this may have been the cause of death.

WOMAN: So, all rolls of toilet paper in the vicinity will be taken in for questioning. Otherwise, case closed.
Any questions?

(LIGHTS LOW. WE SEE THE WHOLE BODY OF MARY CARMEN, IT IS BEAUTIFUL. CANDIDO, CACHO AND ANGEL ARE NOW SHADOWS. WE HEAR CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER)

ANGEL, CANDIDO AND CACHO, AS IN PART ONE, PLAYING IN SLOW MOTION.
BLACKOUT

END OF CHAPTER THREE "THE OFFENSIVE HEART OF TUCSON"
END OF THE PLAY
"80 TEETH, 4 FEET & 500 POUNDS"