THE CONGA GUERRILLA FOREST

By Susana Cook

1999

At the end of the millennium a group of women get together to build a time capsule. Believing the prophecies and that the Y2K will end the world, they decide to spend the last days of the millennium building a time capsule for future civilizations.

They try to conciliate religion and science. How the destruction of the world, produced by science and computers and the belief in prophecies will come together in one second at midnight 1999.

Written and Directed by Susana Cook
Performers: Jennifer Steil, Ira Jeffires, Imani Henry, Sacha Yanow, Migdalia Jimenez, Cynthia Hampton-Sosa, Lara Crete and Susana Cook

The Cast

Congaza ___________________ Ira Jeffries
Congalia ___________________ Migdalia Jimenez
Congangel the Angel __________ Imani Henry
Congeta _____________________ Cinthia Hampton-Sosa
Congocha _____________________ Sacha Yanow
Congon ______________________ Susana Cook
Conguita _____________________ Jennifer Steil
Photographer ________________ Lara Crete
Todas las Congas _____________ everybody
At the very beginning, The Conga Guerrilla Forest

(Todas las Congas enter walking slowly, we hear “Noche de Paz, Noche de amor”. Later a Christmas carol, they will be getting ready to take a photo. They are sitting and standing in a family photo style trying not to move while they talk)

**Congalia** - Where did we start?
**Congocha** - In Africa
**Congeta** - Is the evolution theory still accurate?
**Congon** - I think it’s obsolete. We didn’t evolve, they found us
**Conguita** - No, it’s not obsolete
**Congocha** - Nobody knows shit
**Conguita** - Well, the universe started, not the people, but the universe started in a black hole. That we know for sure
**Congangel** - Who?
**Conguita** - Who what?
**Congocha** - Who knows for sure?
**Conguita** - We
**Congocha** - Who is we?
**Conguita** - We humans, We civilized creatures, who can read a book and learn.
   - Do you have any idea how many wise scientists devoted their life to find out where we come from?
   - At the beginning they thought it was the nothing, not even the time and then the big bang occurred, and the universe and the time started
   - Now we know that they were wrong. We actually started in a kind of noodle soup. That’s what the string theory says
**Congangel** - We?
**Conguita** - Not we, the universe as we know it
**Congeta** - Not as we know it. It was different then
**Congocha** - Of course it was different, it was empty
**Congalia** - Wasn’t it full of dinosaurs?
**Conguita** - I think the dinosaurs came later. In any case it was empty of humans
**Congon** - Who knows?
**Congeta** - She is right, who knows?
**Congalia** - For how long was it empty?
**Congocha** - Empty of humans it’s not empty. That’s what you people think, that without humans there’s nothing

**The Angel**
(The photographer starts singing a church song. **Congangel the Angel** the Angel walks slowly toward the platform to the right side of the audience, wearing big wings, looking at the sky)

**Congangel the Angel** - At the end of the millennium the good souls will fly
**Congocha** - She is going up there again
**Conguita** - You are not going to be waiting there for fourteen days, are you?
Congangel the Angel the Angel - I wait for the message
Conguita - Come here. She’ll need to eat at some point

Congon - ..... God found us

Congocha - Did you hear?. Somebody stole the virgin
Congalia - Nobody stole her. She disappeared in the air. People saw it
Conguita - Why would somebody steal a virgin?
Congeta - To sell it. It was a one hundred and fifty dollars virgin
Conguita - You can’t price a virgin. You can’t buy a virgin
Congon - People buy virgins every day
Congalia- You don’t understand. You go to church if you want to see a virgin, you don’t buy one. They belong there

The Photo

Photographer - Don’t move please
Conguita - When is this photo going to be ready?
Photographer - I need a couple of minutes
Conguita - Not the shoot, when will you give us the photo?
Photographer - This time of the year is very busy, Christmas, you know? Everything. Allow me a couple of weeks. I’d say by January second you’ll have it all ready

Todas las Congas - January second?
Photographer - Well, I need to make the contact sheets first, I’ll show it to you, you choose one. I’ll print it, we select a nice frame, by January second you’ll have it ready to hang

Congocha - She is out of her mind
Conguita - Who is gonna hang anything on January second?
Congeta - And who is talking about frame?
Congon - We don’t need a frame
Conguita - Right, it won’t fit in the capsule with a frame
Photographer - What capsule?
Congalia - Time capsule
Photographer - Are you guys building a time capsule?
Todas las Congas - Aha
Photographer - And this picture is for the time capsule?
Todas las Congas - Aha
Photographer - I didn’t know that. So of course you don’t need a frame

Congocha - And we obviously need it before the end
Conguita - We are closing the capsule on the 30th. There are some discrepancies about the exact time the millennium is ending. There’s a range of 24 to 27 hours that are fluctuating with the... with the what?

Congeta - With the solstice
Congocha - No, it’s not with the solstice it’s with the leap years
Congalia - No, it’s the errors that have been made in the world’s calendar
Congon - It’s true, some say we actually are in the year 2004 already
Congalia - I wish that was true, I wish all this would be over
Congocha - Don’t worry, it is going to be over
Conguita - Please, don’t get so tragic, you make me nervous
Photographer - You think everything is going to blow up?
Congeta - Everything is going to blow up
Congangel the Angel - We have different opinions
Congon - But we basically agree on the blowing up
Conguita - In a very basic way
Congangelthe Angel - Some of us are more spiritual than others
Congoch - Some of us have some scientific background
Congon - I am more rational
Congalia - (To photographer) You are not getting ready?
Photographer - I have so many jobs, Christmas and New Years is a very busy time. I make money for the whole year

 todas las Congas (laughing) - What whole year?
Conguita - You are very irresponsible

(The photographer starts singing again while striking her camera and tripode. The Congas start moving to the left side of the audience, where the high chairs are. They create a wall of women having a conversation as if sitting in the street in a summer afternoon. Congocha will slowly remove her shoes and socks, she will cut her toenails, Congalia has her hands in between her legs, she takes them out only when she has to talk. Conguita rocks nervously touching constantly some part of her body)

The Angel is eating a sandwich

Congon - What are you doing?
Congangelthe Angel the Angel - I am having some lunch
Congon - Aren’t you gonna miss the message?
Congangel the Angel the Angel - I think it’s a different kind of message I’ll receive. I don’t think I need to be standing there all the time
Congon - What is it? mail? e-mail?
Congangel the Angel the Angel - Don’t be shallow. It’s a spiritual message
Congon - Is it coming from inside?
Congangel the Angel the Angel - No, it’s like a revelation
Congon - Is it going to appear?
Congangel the Angel the Angel - Yes, it’s going to appear

(They stay looking around, waiting)

Congon - Will I be able to see it?
Congangel the Angel the Angel - I don’t think so
Congon - So, it is coming from inside. I was right. You see it, only you can see it, because it’s coming from inside you
Congangel the Angel the Angel - Revelations are coming from Outside, that’s why they are called revelations
Congon - Then, how come I am not gonna see it, if I am here sitting with you at the moment of the revelation?
Congangel the Angel the Angel - Because you have to be spiritually awake. You are ready inside, to see what happens outside

Congon - Can you tell me when you see it? Maybe I am ready inside after all. What do you know about my insides readiness?

Congangel the Angel the Angel - You are not
Congon - How do you know? I am very spiritual

Congangel the Angel the Angel - O, yeah?
Congon - Yes, I am. I love candles and incense, I love nature, quiet moments, that’s spiritual

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Do you pray?
Congon - Let’s pray. What religion? Let’s pray

Conguita - I don’t believe in the prophecies anymore
Congocha - Why?

Conguita - Every supermarket I go, they are different
Congeta - What supermarkets?

Conguita - I mean I grab the books when I am waiting in line to pay. They have different versions about the prophecies. Nostradamus, you know? Nostradamus is one of the prophets. He is very accurate. But I mean they don’t seem to agree on what he announced. I am not talking about some translation problems, but huge differences and inconsistencies, about the dates, about the facts

Congalia - When they mention the end of the world, they mean the universe?, or planet earth?
Congocha - Prophecies are not that specific. Did you ever read a prophecy? It could mean anything

Congon - The deadline of deadlines is near. It’s a mathematical reality. This is the year 1999. One plus nine equals 10. One plus zero equals one. One is God. 999 it’s 666 inverted, Deus versus Demon. 9+9+9 equals 27. 2+7 equals nine again, the number of God.

During this year we witnessed some signals that seem to be the preparation for the second coming. The big cross of planets, on August 11th 1999, which meant the bigger approaching of the Christic Pole to the planet, center of the drama of creation. This Christic pole, approached before, on August 8th 1997, which added is 888. 8 for the day, 8 for the month and 8 by adding 1997. 888 are the numbers corresponding to the name of Jesus. It also approached on September 9th 1998. 9 for the day, 9 for the month and 9 by adding 1998. And 999 is the Sacred Circle of God.

Congalia - That’s a translation problem
Congocha - There’s translation, adaptation, distortion

Conguita - Everybody was having revelations at the time. They were allowed, they were popular.

Congon - If I would have a revelation, I wouldn’t tell anyone about it

Todas - Why?

Congon - They would put me on medication
Congocha - She is right, today it would be considered a hallucination. They didn’t know any psychology at the time
**CONGETA** - Maybe we are wrong, maybe hallucinations are revelations. Maybe we are giving medications to the prophets

**CONGOCHA** - No, that’s crazy

**CONGON** - Or maybe prophecies are a disorder

**CONGANGEL THE ANGEL THE ANGEL** - You can’t question prophecies, you can’t question two thousand years of history

**CONGALIA** - It’s the computer bug, that Y2K that worries me

**CONGUITA** - Motherfuckers, they didn’t care about us (she gets angry and nervous). They knew everything was going to blow up. The atomic bombs are connected to computers. The intercontinental ballistic missiles carrying nuclear warheads are controlled by computers. They just didn’t care. For sure they built nuclear shelters for them. With golf fields, tennis courts. They’re going to blow us up. And they have our money down there

**CONGOCHA** - Relax. I think the universe didn’t start, so it’s never gonna end. We just can’t understand it because we can only think of finite things. endings and cycles. Because that’s the way they organized our thinking

**CONGALIA** - Who did?

**CONGOCHA** - At school. I don’t know. The scientists

**CONGUITA** - I think it was more the religions than the scientists

**CONGOCHA** - They were working together at the time

**CONGALIA** - (crying) Oh, my God. We’ll die

**CONGON** - Not me. I am with the Jewish calendar. I am trying to keep thinking about it. It’s the year 5761. In the Chinese calendar 4698, in the Muslim calendar 1421

**CONGETA** - That’s a very good idea. The Muslim calendar sounds so much better. Why only 14 hundred?

**CONGOCHA** - They say that whatever has to come, it might just as logically be linked to the death of Jesus, rather than his birth. And they presume that Jesus died at age 33, so in the year 2033 is going to be really bad

**CONGUITA** - Also, the Western calendar starts with the year one and not year zero, so the 21st century and the third millennium do not begin until January 1, 2001

**CONGALIA** - Oh, God, this is never going to be over

**CONGOCHA** - When the year 1000 arrived people were crazy too

**CONGETA** - I know some villagers swore that a sooty snow that fell was in fact a rain of Satan’s blood and they burned their village to the ground

**CONGUITA** - The pope told them

**CONGALIA** - You don’t know who to believe in, the scientists the popes

**CONGETA** - Nobody knows shit

**CONGUITA** - They thought the earth was on top of a big turtle

**CONGALIA** - Maybe it is

**CONGON** - Who came up with the Big Turtle Theory?

**CONGOCHA** - I don’t know. Maybe it was just a metaphor

**CONGON** - Maybe there is a fucking turtle below us and we just can’t see it

**CONGOCHA** - Wait a second, certain things have been proved, they are true

**CONGANGEL THE ANGEL THE ANGEL** - Like what?

**CONGOGHA** - Like maps for example

**CONGON** - I believe in the turtle
Conguita - Nobody has ever seen the big turtle
Congon - Somebody did, for sure somebody did at some point. People believed for years in the giant turtle
Congeta - Nobody has seen the turtle, nobody has seen God, nobody has seen the Holy Ghost
Congon - You don’t need to be a genius to see what is going on in here
Conga family - What?
Congon - Some people made reservations to have a dressed up ball in a fancy hotel. They will be celebrating that we’ll all gonna blow up. They are the ones who have money, ergo power, ergo they know what is gonna happen. We know shit. They are not gonna come to tell us what is going on
Congalia - We should go to the hotels
Congeta - What for?
Congalia - They’ll be safe, for sure they’ll be safe
Congocha - She is right. We should go where they go. That hotel is not gonna blow up
Conguita - She could be right
Congangel the Angel the Angel - She is paranoid. You think they passed secret information of what it’s going to happen?
Congeta - Yeah, they’ll blow up with us
Conguita - I am ready for the end of the world, like the religious part. But I don’t feel ready for the whole computer bug thing. When I was a kid and I read in the bible that the skies would open, and the angels with trumpets, was it trumpets?
Congeta - What are you talking about?
Conguita - The end of the world, the judgment day
Congon - I didn’t read it. I didn’t read any of that. Good for me
Conguita - I was so terrified. I think I devoted my life to prove that it wasn’t true. But I didn’t learn anything about computers
Congangel the Angel the Angel - They didn’t know about computers at the time, that’s why they couldn’t describe it so well in the prophecies. But they knew something strange was gonna happen and everything would end
Congocha - Maybe the Final Judgment is just a computer program
Congangel the Angel the Angel - It’s The tribulation. The rise to power of a cunning man disguised as a kindly world leader, but in reality he is the diabolic Antichrist. He will plunge the world into a catastrophic war that will end all wars on the plains of a mid-east valley known as Armageddon
Congalia - They say that the one-world leader already exists, and you know what it is? It’s the United Nations, and its leaders are under domination by Antichrist agents who want to imprint all of us with the mark of the beast
Congocha - And they are doing it, very slowly, with the universal identity cards, the Social security numbers, DNA tests and secret high tech methods of monitoring our every move
Conguita - Oh, my God. Is that the mark of the beast that John described?
Congocha - It looks like. First it’s going to be the economic meltdown when our electronically linked worldwide computer web struggles to find the year 2000 in its programs. Then we will all become in our social security numbers, identification cards, DNA, we’ll all be just 666
Conguita - Oh, Stop it please
Congangel the Angel the Angel - We should relax. Panic could lead to the rise of the Antichrist
Congalia - We should go to the hotels
Congeta - Do you know how much it costs to get in?
Congangel the Angel the Angel - If there’s Hell, those people are going to hell. You shouldn’t be near them
Congalia - No way, they always get the good part
Congangel the Angel the Angel - Not when it comes to hell
Conguita - Yes, she is right. You don’t understand. The Purgatory has different values
Congocha - The apocalypse
Conguita - Yeah, Heaven and Hell
Congalia - Everything becomes reverse
Congon - Yeah, we’ll be dressed up having dinner in a God’s hotel, you are so naive. You think everything will be the same, only reversed?
Congocha - It doesn’t work like that, it’s more complex
Congon - When Galileo said that the earth was not the center of the universe, they were laughing at him
(Pause. The other ones look at each other)
Conga Family -- So?
Congon - I don’t know. We’ll blow like cockroaches
Conguita - Actually they say that the cockroaches will be the only survivors
Congon - How do they know? They put a cockroach in a lab, they activated a tiny atomic bomb, and the cockroach survived. So they proved, that cockroaches will survive the atomic bomb
Conguita - No, in the vicinities of sites where they carried out nuclear bomb tests, they found nothing but bugs
Congangel the Angel the Angel - If you were good you’ll survive, if you were bad you’ll crash like a frog
Conguita - I am good
Congocha - I’m good
Congeta - I’m good
Congalia - I’m good
Congangel the Angel the Angel - How good?
Congalia - Good, in general
Congangel the Angel the Angel - What do you do to be good?
Congalia - I recycle, I care about the earth. I don’t hurt anybody, I am good!
Congangel the Angel the Angel - Do you pray?
Congalia - No, you have to pray too?
Congangel the Angel the Angel - Of course
Congalia - Well, it’s never too late to start. I can pray. I could start praying right now
Congangel the Angel the Angel - It’s too late now
Congocha - You don’t become good the first day you pray
Congeta - It’s accumulative
Congalia - How long does it take?
Congocha - I don’t know. (to Congeta) How long does it take?
Congeta - I don’t know but there’s also the baptism. It’s not a one day thing. You don’t become a good Christian in one day
Conguita - Do you have to be Christian?
Congocha - Of course
Congalia - Well I’m not Christian
Congeta - But you are trapped in a Christian era
Conguita - I could be a good non-Christian
Congocha - I don’t think there’s such a thing
Todas las Congas - No, there’s not such a thing
Congalia - What about people from other religions?
Congocha - They have a different calendar
Congeta - The question is that either you believe or you don’t believe in the year 2000
Conguita - You can’t believe in a year
Congangel the Angel the Angel - If you believe that Jesus was the son of God, and therefore a new era started when he was circumcised
Congeta - If we’ll start the year 2000, everything will blow, and it’s gonna be the end of the world
Congalia - So the Christians will blow. I am not a Christian then
Conguita - No, they think everybody will
Congalia - They can think whatever they want. Non-Christians we’ll be fine. We’ll be OK. Let’s forget this whole millennium thing. We don’t want that
Conguita - But the computers are Christian in a way. And fucking everything is connected to the computers. Forget it, we gonna blow with them. It’s hopeless
Congocha - We are trapped. Everything is Christian
Conguita - OK. Let’s work in our time capsule, just in case. (She goes center stage and looks for the paper where she is writing the document for the time capsule)
Congeta - This is an interesting fact. We can write that we were not Christian, and we blew with them
Congochas - Yes, right down. “The Christians took over the time and we all blew with them”
Conguita - Why couldn’t they leave us alone with the Jewish calendar? Or the Chinese calendar. Or the Aztec calendar? We would be already in the year 5 thousand three hundred, what is it?
Congocha - 5761
Todas las Congas : Ahhhh, it sounds so nice.
Congalia - I think I am Jewish
Conguita - Me too
Congeta- What happened in the Jewish year 2000?
Congon - I don’t know. We should find out. It could be an interesting reference

Conguita - We should stop all this non-sense and work on our time capsule. It’s very important. Congaza! We can leave a great contribution to future civilizations, so they don’t make the same mistakes we made. I am writing the document. Who would like to say something?

Congon - Don’t build computers. Don’t let anybody change your calendar. But if the calendar gets change anyway and you can’t help it, and you have to start all over at some
point, pray and be a good Christian. Sorry we left you some cockroaches, we couldn’t kill them. They survived us because they are better Christians

**Conguita** - I am not going to put that

**Congon** - And by the way, what happened to the people who were dancing in the hotels? Did you find their bones? If they survived us you can take that as a scientific prove that they are cockroaches

**Congaza** - I wrote a note myself. I would like to read it, to see if everybody agrees in including it

**Todas las Congas** - Sure, go ahead

**Congaza** - (reading from a piece of paper)

“We were good people
Actors, clowns, poets. Nice people in general
We didn’t deserve to blow up
because it was the year 2000
but we did anyway (she interrupts, and explain to the others) - In case we blow up, you know what I mean -

(she continues reading)

We didn’t see any purgatory or announcement of any kind
The only thing that was very publicized was some problems with the computers.
We created the monster. We created technology to serve us and we became it’s slaves

I always knew that those computers that were supposed to solve so many problems one day would become our worst enemy
I knew one day the computers would kill all of us
And so they did (she interrupts herself again) - In case we blow up, you know what I mean -

I hate them so much. That’s why I wrote this note with a pen
and not with a computer.
If everybody would do like me
If they would stop using their computers
We would still be here
and instead of you reading this letter
I would be telling you the story
Looking at you in the eyes”

*(Todas las Congas are very touched by the letter)*

**Congon** - Is that theory accurate? If we stop using the computers nothing will blow up?
Let’s do something about it. We should mobilize people. Maybe it’s not too late

**Conguita** - We have given up already, didn’t you notice? We are writing documents for our time capsule

**Congon** - You don’t understand. maybe we can save the world

**Conguita** - How? You’ll send an e-mail to people telling them to stop using their computers?

**Congeta** - OK. Relax. Stop fighting. I would like to read my poem
Conguita - Why would they need a poem?
Congeta - It’s art. It’s culture. It’s an important part of our civilization
Conguita - Your poem is an important part of our civilization?
Congocha - I agree that we should include some art
Conguita - A Picasso maybe, not her poem
Congeta - My poem is part of the culture too
Conguita - You were talking about art
Conguita - Congaza wrote a poem
Conguita - That is a document. And Congaza is wise
Congalia - How do we know that they’ll know any English?
Conguita - I included an English book that will teach them the basics. And from there they can do some research. If they’ll be so civilized
Congocha - Should we put that we are all lesbians?
Conguita - It’s so obvious

(They suddenly face the audience and start singing a vehement God Bless America)

Conguita - I don’t like labels
Congon - Which one? American?
Conguita - Oh, no, no sorry, I am thinking about the document. If we put that we are all lesbians. I am bisexual
Congon - And that’s not a label?
Conguita - ..... well
Congoch - It’s two labels in one
Congon - If you sleep with men you are straight. If you sleep with women you are a lesbian. if you sleep with both you are confused
Congeta - Or you are cheating
Congang - Christian is not a label right?
Congon - Put spic
Congang - Trans
Congeta - Bulldager
Congalia - Ape descendants
Congang - We should definitely include information about these categories
Conguita - What about the Picasso? We didn’t discuss that yet
Congang - Yes, let’s include a Picasso
Congeta - What about my poem?
Congon - Your poem was replaced by the Picasso
Conguita - *(She is still concentrating in the document she is writing)* Human being is too vague. Women it’s better
Congon - Yes, that’s less vague
Conguita - Well, I don’t think they will care about our sexuality
Todas las Congas - Yes, they will!
Conguita - OK, we can say that we had diverse sexuality
(Todas las Congas talks at the same time, getting loud and nervous)
Congeta -- Put lesbians.
Congoch - And put that you are straight
**Conguita** - I am not straight, I am bisexual
**Congocha** - All the time?
**Conguita** - I slept with a woman in college -
**Congeta** - That doesn’t make you a bisexual that makes you a college student -
**Congon** - That makes you educated
**Conguita** - You can’t help it, you can’t live without categories
**Congalia** - Maybe you didn’t find the right label
**Congeta** - Put butches, femmes, futches and transgender
**Congocha** - most butches wouldn't like to be mistaken for a femme
**Congalia** - Some femmes don't consider themselves lesbians
**Congangel the Angel the Angel** - some women don't like to identify as women
**Conguita** - some females are not women
**Congocha** - some women are not female
**Congon** - some women are not lesbians or bisexuals or heterosexuals
**Conguita** - they hate labels
**Congalia** - they rather be called human beings
**Congeta** - to stay away from categories
**Conguita** - they are free
**Congocha** - there's a lot of free people nowadays
**Congalia** - And that’s how the world ended. All these people fighting over labels and categories (She exits)

**Congangel the Angel the Angel** - I have some seeds I think we should include

**Todas las Congas** - (They feel very touched) Awww...

**Congangel the Angel the Angel** - I am not trying to be poetic. You guys are writing a whole anthropological essay of our culture and the labels, they might be interested in our flowers instead

**Congalia** - *(She comes with a magazine)* Sorry to interrupt, I just found this religion update, I thought it could be useful. It’s, you know, as everything... just in case... it could not be true. It’s a bit disturbing. But, I don’t know, this guy is a leading theologian.
**Todas** - Go ahead, what is it?

**Congalia** - Well, it looks like if things happen the way we think they could happen, I mean, apparently none would survive the slaughter. He wrote some notes about the purgatory too. He says that the Purgatory is inherently unpleasant, but it doesn’t have to be a nightmare. How bad it is and how long you spend there depends a lot on you. The disturbing part is that, you know the John’s prophecy in the bible, the Antichrist right? And his followers will wear the mark of their true master, Satan, by bearing the numbers 666 on their body. And you know the four Horsemen of the Apocalypse you know?

**Congas** - Yes, we know
**Congalia** - OK, Nostradamus predicted three Antichrists, not one three *(reading)* “Arising ahead of the time of the final onslaught just before the new millennium” Most agree that
he was referring to Napoleon and Hitler as the first two, and this guy says that Saddam Hussein might be the third and final Anti-Christ. (reading) “Hussein is already on the scene and continually pushing the world toward a devastating war at the same time nature, in the form of the great comet, wreaks natural havoc on the earth before 1999 is over.” And you know what happened with the mosquito spray. I don’t know is scary

*(From the back appears a The Procession of a Virgin. A group of people walk slowly and quietly in procession, carrying a big image of a Virgin. They walk around the stage. All the characters join quietly the procession. They exit, disappear in the back)*

**Congeta** - What was the Virgin doing in the Purgatory?
**Congocha** - We are just practicing, right?
**Conguita** - Who exactly was Santa Claus?

*(Congangel the Angel he Angel the Angel is on top of the ladder again)*

**Congangel the Angel the Angel** - When I was a little boy and I started for the first time to experience wheels. I was not trying to understand the mechanism. How could I, it was far away. But somehow I knew I was being transported on wheels. I didn’t have access to the use of my legs as we know it. I was walking on my mother’s legs but I had wheels, to play with, I removed them from those little cars they gave me to play with. It was so evident. It was so evident. I didn’t have wings. I was not trying to draw up, the old shapes were the ones to stay. and then Lady Queen died. They told me she died, I read that she died, but I didn’t see her dying, I didn’t see her when she was alive either. She couldn’t see my wings, because she couldn’t see me, maybe she wasn’t alive. I remember her lady style, her Lady Queen style, her smell. How can I remember her smell? I was just a little boy, and I played with what I had to play. I knew she couldn’t see me, I was removing the wheels of the little cars they gave me to play with. She was raising my expectations unduly. She didn’t know I could smell her. I seem to remember another in the anomalous apartment, I do not remember much of me standing up, in front of all that strange fashion. What was that? It didn’t seem to remind me of anything. Why was it there? Everything was there to remind me of something, but it didn’t, this one didn’t. Why couldn’t I place it anywhere in my memory. Of objects, of things. Maybe it wasn’t there because I couldn’t remember what it was.

I wasn’t forced to play with wheels. Everything seemed so natural at the time. I know they were given to me. And I could understand them. What was the mechanism to go up Lady Queen? Balance is a different thing now. Balance is not what it used to be

**Conguita** - No, I don’t think she is going yet
**Congocha** - No, it’s not the time
**Congalia** - How much longer?
**Congeta** - 14 days
**Congocha** - What are we going to do during all this time
**Congon** - We’ll wait (To Conguita) Is the Time Capsule ready?
**Conguita** - Kind of, there’s no more room in it
**Congeta** - Where are we gonna put it?
Conguita - We’ll bury it I guess.
Congangel the Angel the Angel - Sinners have reasons to fear God
Migdalia - It’s true. Seven years of Hell on earth is what God planned for the wicked

Congangel the Angel the Angel - We might be the generation that sees Armageddon

Conguita - What is the official catholic position in this?
Congeta - Christ return is near

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Holy Spirit

Congocha - (To Congangel the Angel the Angel) - Which one is going to be the signal?
Congangel the Angel the Angel - Comets will appear. After the comet the great nation will be devastated by the earthquakes, storms and great waves of water, causing much want and plagues and most living creatures will be killed, and even those who escape will die from horrible diseases, for in none of those cities do persons live in accordance with the laws of God.

Todas las Congas - Oh, shit

Congeta - This could be the day
Congocha - (to Congangel the Angel the angel) - How can we know?

Congangel the angel the angel - There will be wars and fury that will last a longtime, whole provinces shall be emptied of their inhabitants, and kingdoms shall be thrown into confusion

Todas las Congas - Oh, shit.
Congocha - What about the beast?
Congalia - Is that the Antichrist?
Congocha - You were talking about it
Congangel the angel the angel - The whore of Babylon

Todas las Congas - What whore of Babylon?
Congon - The whore, the whore of Babylon, it’s in the bible

Congangel the angel the angel - At the trumpet’s blast, all true Christians will suddenly ascend half way to heaven the moment Christ begins his descent
Congon - Why half way?
Congocha - You see? You have to be a true Christian
Congon - They’ll stay halfway?

Conguita - I don’t want to die, I really don’t want to die. I don’t know what is gonna happen if I die
Congon - Let’s watch TV
(They turn on a TV. They watch it. We hear Songs of Freedom)
Congalia - It’s out there
Todas las Congas - What?
Congalia - The parade, they are there, they are marching. They are so organized. Neat

(They all approach the window and watch the parade, which is in the audience. They wave and smile to them, the audience, or yell things. At the end of the parade or military march they come back inside.)

Congangel the Angel the Angel -
A woman dressing as the sun. The moon under her feet. On her head a crown of 12 stars. It’s the beginning of a new celestial age, new teachers and prophets arise and their influences dominate life on earth. We are already in contact with those incredibly advanced and peaceful people. They are living among us, waiting for the right moment to reveal themselves and the wonders they can teach us, when they deem us ready to know. The comet Hale-Bopp is drawing closer to Earth, Aquarius is nearly upon us

Pause

Congon - That’s the message you’ve got?
Congangel the Angel the Angel - For right now, yes
Congeta - Is not that bad
Conguita - So you don’t need the wings anymore?

Congon - We are not sure if the scientific or religious information provided in this show is accurate in any way. We know that this people are real and that this is a true story. They are really waiting for the end of the world, and they are really building a Time Capsule (While she is talking the rest of the performers nod with their heads approving every word she says) They really took a picture and they’ll be living here (asking to the rest of the performers) -We are right?

Todas las Congas - Yes

Congon - the last fourteen days of the millennium as it was announced in the prophecies. People ask us “What does it mean? this whole thing? Is that lesbian scene really necessary? What were you trying to say, that lesbians are here to save the world?” (The rest of the cast nods approving)

Yes, lesbians are here to save the world. We are the last hope, it’s in the prophecies. (To Las Congas) Do you have the book with the prophecies?

Las Congas - No, we couldn’t find it

Congon - Ok. It’s something like:
“Thay’ll give birth to hundreds of androgynous. Our new teachers in the age of Aquarius will come to us from our own species but far from the reaches of . Virgins loving virgins will reveal the horizon of the mysterious circumstance . Crossing the line of Sun.”
Eventually somebody added a comma. So it read: Virgins, (comma) loving virgins. But originally it was “Virgins loving virgins” which sounds very much like lesbians to me

(Romantic music, dance. Then poem. While Congon recites her poem to Conguita Todas las Congas wait looking at them uninterested)

Congon -
I love you like I never loved before
I never loved this way
I never loved you before
this way
This is not the way I usually love
Did I ever loved?
Is this love?
I'm loving
but
loving
but
loving
but
in loving?
my love grew and grew and grew
and got old
and died
and was born again
then
it's eternal
When I see you lying in your bathtub
my whole existence makes sense
the universal equilibrium makes sense
my past lives come to life
Inside you
I remember every one of my past lives
I remember loving you as a holy horse
I remember loving you in a savage place
I remember loving you in a far away island
I remember when I was a king
the emperors kneeling before me
and that deep romantic night
when I discovered that my power was coming from your thighs
Ancestral voices prophesying war
I went to you my cathedral
-Don't shut the door, let me enter your divine gate
let me unravel in your breast my entangled life
Save me my most dear! Let me rest my wings
I am hungry for you, I want to be replete with you
my tongue is rehearsing in front of your monument
my tongue-tied, dried in desserts
waiting for your water
I love your hands, your smell, your temperature
I love the decoration in your house
my passion for Gothic churches is nothing compared with my passion for you
let me be a boat in your jelly ocean
I, proudest sailor, hold me afloat
transport me farthest....take me to the rainy rainbow.... bring more water for my wave
and the ship moves on
I, mariner refreshed with rain... I am sailing my ocean
I am sailing..... Land Ho!

_Todas las Congas_ - I thought we were going to save the world
_Congon_ - yes
_Congocha_ - Who is going to do the flyers?
_Congangel the Angel the Angel_ - Do you think we should start a lesbian calendar?
_Congalia_ - It’s a good idea
_Congangel the Angel the Angel_ - When would we start?
_Congocha_ - I think that will make us operate like a religion
_Congeta_ - We need something. If we don’t have a specific time, or a specific place, people won’t have anything to hold on to
_Congocha_ - We could wear a uniform
_Congon_ - We kind of do already

_We hear Tango music_

_Congocha_ - Oh, my God. That’s the tango. We said we were not gonna do the tango
_Congon_ - Yes we are
_Congocha_ - We don’t know the steps
_Congangel the Angel the Angel_ - Because you are trying to lead
_Congon_ - Ah, no. Congangel leads Congocha
_Congocha_ - I am not trying to lead anything

_They dance tango choreography_

_Congangel the Angel the Angel_ - Are we going to save the world dancing?
_Congon_ - We are not dancing, we are creating meanings

_(They are pushed into a new choreography. Ca Cha)_

_Congeta_ - The problem is that any of us is a good singer. Otherwise we could sing
_Conguita_ - Well, none of us is a good dancer either
_Congalia_ - That’s true
_Congangel_ - Do you think we’ll recruit new women with these dances?
_Conguita_ - We should try to get more multimedia, that’s what everybody likes now
_Congon_ - Listen, I am not doing this for personal reasons, there’s a purpose behind every move
_Congalia_ - The main thing about us is that we are smart
_Todas las Congas_ - It’s true
_Congon_ - I think that the main thing about us is that we are charming dancers
_Conguita_ - I really think that we could be the queens of multimedia
_Congeta_ - No way, we are poor
_Conguita_ - We can get creative about it
_Congocha_ - She is right, we have a TV here, If we turn it on, we’ll be almost multimedia
_Congon_ - We should try to get some kind of projector. Do you have a projector?
_Congeta_ - No, I don’t
Congangel the Angel the Angel - No
Congocha - No, what kind of projector? I don’t have any, anyway. No, I don’t
Congon - Some kind of sound system, movie system?
Congalia - No, nothing
Congon - A computer?
Congeta - I don’t have a computer
Conguita - I have one at work, but I can’t bring it
Congon - A VCR?
Congeta - Yes, I do, but it’s not really good
Congocha - I have a radio
Todas las Congas - Bring your radio
Congon - What about you guys, a vacuum cleaner, a toaster?
Conguita - I have a toaster, but what are you going to project in a toaster?
Congalia - It should be some computerized toaster with screen incorporated
Congeta - We could project slides on the toasts
Conguita - Technology has no boundaries. We are staying behind. This is the moment to show equipment, to show the fascination of men with technology, and we don’t even have a computer

Congocha - OK, here is my radio
Todas las Congas - Turn it on

Conguita - The radio is not working. People were fascinated with radios 50 years ago
Congon - OK, we could be historical, epic multimedia

(calling Congaza)
-Congaza!
(Congaza comes)

Congon - Congaza, what can we do to save the world?
Congaza - To what?
Congon - To save the world
Congaza - Ah, OK
Todas las Congas - What can we do?
Congaza - Be loud
(Congaza leaves)

Conguita - She is right
Congocha - Yes, she is right
Congalia - We need a mic then
Congon - No, I don’t think she means a mic
Congeta - Right, she means loud
Congangel the Angel - Maybe she means louder
Conguita - Do not stay quiet
Congocha - To speak up
Congangel the Angel - It’s like a metaphor I think
Congalia - Do you want me to call her and ask her again what she meant?
Congon - No, she said what she had to say. Be loud, we have to think about it
Conguita - I think it’s clear

(Loud music of parade. They try to continue the conversation, but they are interrupted by the loud parade, so they go to the window to look at it)

(The procession of the Virgin comes back)

(They sing America with the Virgin)

(Congangel the Angel the) Angel goes to the back, next to the window

Congangel the Angel the Angel - I think I am going, I think I am going!

Todas las Congas - Come back here! We need you

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Ahhhh!!

Todas las Congas - Life goes on in town. There’s fourteen days left

(We hear the photographer in the back singing frenetically. Las Congas will sit around a table, with wine, grapes and olives. They hug each other)

Conguita - I am so glad you are back
Congocha - This is scary, it reminds me too much of the last supper
Congon - Everything is always going to remind you of something
Congeta - It’s a pity we don’t have enough infrastructure to show that you are a hero, we can’t show big battles or that kind of thing
Congon - It’s OK, heroes always tell the stories afterwards. you don’t see anything, you just know that they did it, or you hear the story
Conguita - Right.
Congon - It was a long battle
Todas las Congas - Yes, tell us
Conguita - I am sure it was very difficult
Congon - It wasn’t like any battle
Todas las Congas - No
Congon - This battle had to do with honor, with my best friend’s honor
Congeta - I love friendship
Congalia - What happened to your friend’s honor?
Congon - This guy stole his wife
Todas las Congas - Oh, no
Congon - I couldn’t stand it
Conguita - Maybe she left
Congon - No, he stole her
Congalia - Awful
Congon - We had to enter the city
Todas las Congas - Oh, my God
Congon - But how? was the question
Todas las Congas - How did you do it?
Conguita - I am sure you had an idea
Congon - Yeah, we disguised ourselves as horses
Conguita - Brilliant
Congon - Running like crazy around the city
Congocha - Exhausting
Congon - Eating grass, drinking water from the lake
Congeta - disgusting
Congon - And they were feasting. And they had my best friend’s wife
Congalia - Oh, God
Congocha - What did you do?
Congon - We were horses for six long hours, until we gained people’s trust. We had to approach the palace
Congalia - Oh, God, it makes me nervous
Conguita - It’s really smart
Congon - And then, when we got to the palace
Todas las Congas - What did you do?
Congon - We got out of the costume and we killed them, all of them. Seven thousand six hundred and seventy eight men, who thought we were horses
Congocha - How many horses did you have?
Congon - Seventeen, not really horses, you know. I killed about 5000, with these hands, with this sword. Bloody moments. It’s not nice to remember
Conguita - Yeah, don’t think about that
Congon - A guy running towards me, parts of my horse costume obstructing the full movement of my legs. I couldn’t run. I was trapped in my own lie. My sword penetrating the bodies of all those men that thought that I was a horse. I fouled them. And I killed them. Mostly out of surprise. “It wasn’t a horse god damn it” I heard them saying amongst themselves. Before they could recover from the surprise, fast and sharp my sword was there to explain the trick. Don’t you foul with my friend’s wives, I yelled, killing them with a statement, of loyalty and friendship
Todas las Congas - good
Congon - I met a couple of Gods too during my trip. I learned about heaven and earth, death and life, humans and animals, animals and vegetables and minerals. I learned about destiny and origins, about memory and predictions, about gods and men, about love and home, about home and property, about property and prophecies
Todas las Congas - Aha
Congon - Do you know what was here before us?
Todas las Congas - What?
Congon - Nothing. And this is what is left of me. Nothing
Todas las Congas - ooo....
Congon - And you know what is gonna happen in fourteen days?
Todas las Congas - What? What is gonna happen?
Congon - Nothing
Conguita - You defeated them
Congon - Yes. but the work is not finished yet
Todas las Congas - Is not?
Congalia - What else do we have to do?
Congon - We have to stay here for the next fourteen days
Congocha - On, no, I want to get out
Congeta - I want to see the sky
Congon - There's no sky
Congalia - I have three cats at home
Congon - No, we'll be performing fourteen more days. We were written in the prophecies
Conguita - But you defeated them, we don't have to obey the prophecies anymore
Congon - We are not obeying any prophecies, I wrote them
Conguita - Write something different
Congangel the Angel the Angel - Calm down everybody, there's only seven days left. We are having a good time here
Congon - Do you want to hear about the other battles? It could be inspiring
Todas las Congas - Yes, go ahead
Congon - I was still recovering from the battle, from all that grass I had to eat. We launched our ship into the sea. The ship was drawing near to a strange island
Congalia - Which one, what island?
Congon - We didn't know. None of us had ever seen that island
Congocha - Scary
Congon - It was night. I was alone looking at the sea, the sky, the stars
Congas - Yeah, yeah
Congon - I met a beautiful siren. that night. God she was a great singer. My men were terrified “Don't listen to her! She is wicked! It's a trick! She'll make us drown into the deep ocean” What the heck, she was so beautiful. But I am not stupid. She thought she was tricking me. But I knew all the time what was going on. I knew how many men had drowned in the sea following a beautiful voice singing lovely tones, a beautiful face with a fish tail
Todas las Congas - Right
Congon - But I still wanted to have a good time, after all those battles. I always liked fish.
(To Conguita) I was thinking about you my love. What did you do during all this time?
Conguita - Nothing, I waited for you
Todas las Congas - We all waited for you
Congon - I was trying really hard to come back home. It was so difficult, so .. . But I am a hard man, never downhearted and never tired. I must be made of iron
Conguita - You are a woman
Congangel the Angel - Of course she is, it’s just an expression
Congocha - I think that was Odysseus, the story you were telling
Congon - Everything is always going to remind you of something
Conguita - Yes, heroes are always very similar
Congon - I am not. Five thousand six hundred and seventy men, where did you hear that?
Congocha - I think I heard something similar. At least the sirens thing is very common
Congalia - Listen, we love you. Nobody is questioning that, we do love you, no matter what
Congon - I learned so much during all these years. Do you know how is it like to be a horse? Do you know how horses feel inside? I am so exhausted, it was so hard, I can’t
hear any criticism right now. It was really heroic. It’s not easy my job. You, common, unblessed people, you have an easy life. To be a hero is...

Todas las Congas - Yes, we know, we know
Congon - It's sweaty, it's exhausting, demanding. Lonely. Uncomfortable. And dirty. There’s no beds out there, no showers, and all those girls rubbing oil all over my body
Conguita - You should be rich by now, you deserve it
Congon - I should be rich, I know
Congalia - Or at least have a comfortable bed, you deserve it, you are exhausted
Conguita - You can sleep in my bed tonight if you want
Congon - It’s OK, I’ll sleep out here, when things get too easy, too comfortable you risk to lose your stamina. You can get soft and vulgar. I am a warrior, I can’t forget that. If I sleep with you it would be too sweet, too soft, .... unless you want me to protect you
Conguita - Sure, you can protect me
Congon - So you want me to protect you
Conguita - yes, I do
Congocha - You can protect me too
Congalia - Me too. I was having awful nightmares, there’s so much noise at night. I am so worried
Congon - OK. I’ll protect all of you
Congeta - Maybe we should sleep all together
Congon - OK. You sleep all together and I’ll protect all of you
Congangel the Angel the Angel - I am fine. I don’t want protection. I sleep better alone
Congon - OK
Congangel the Angel the Angel - Are we a religion, an army or a political group?
Congalia - We are a race
Congon - No, we are not a race
Conguita - We are a community
Congon - I think we are a ballet
Congalia - Yes, I like ballet
Congangel the Angel the Angel - I don’t know. Congaza told us to be loud
Congeta - She is right, ballets are very quiet
Conguita - It’s an expression of the body. It could be considered loud
Congon - We could be a ballet with very loud music
Congocha - A ballet of thinkers
Congon - A non-trained ballet of thinkers with loud music
Conguita - A non-trained, but very inspired, ballet of thinkers who care
Congalia - With very loud music
Congeta - Loud bodies in dance
Congon - Loud brains in dancing bodies
Congocha - Not mute ballet
Congalia - The art of activism
Congangel the Angel - Activism in the arts
Congeta - Dancing for a cause
Congocha - The meanings of the bodies that can’t move too well
Conguita - Words of bodies
Congon - We are a museum.
Todas las Congas - Why a museum?
Congon - I don’t know
Conguita - According to the prophecies without the comma, we are here to announce The Age of Aquarius
Congeta - You are right. We are like prophetesses or something
Congocha - We have to teach the mysterious circumstance
Congalia - Yeah, the crossing the line thing
Congocha - I think we should stop the dancing part
Todas las Congas - No way
Congocha - It doesn’t add any credibility to what we are saying
Todas las Congas - We like dancing
Congocha - But we are bad
Todas las Congas - That’s the point
Conguita - These people should go. We have to start the protection part now
Congocha - Yes, let’s do the protection part
Congon - Sure, I feel like protecting
Congeta (to Congalia) You should ask in the audience if someone could feed your cats
Todas las Congas - Shhh
(Walking backstage in line, seven steps. The photographer and Congaza will join them. Facing the audience now they walk 7 steps forward and bow. When they are down, loud music starts)

FIN