Seven queer homeless women engage themselves in a ritual representation of a riot. Finding the consciousness that will free them from isolation, connecting their present to the history of survival and revolution, they discover the power of the powerless.

**Characters:**
- Don Antonio
- Maria
- Moreira
- Don Segundo
- Vicenta
- Zoilo
- Vizcacha

Note: All the characters are women played by women even if their name is masculine.

*We hear industrial sounds. On stage seven working stations. Factory, sweaty ambiance. We see them in the far back. They’ll say these lines into a microphone. The music is loud.*

- **Don Antonio** - Gross National Product
- **Maria** - General Narration Performed
- **Moreira** - Nationally Produced by a Gross Product
- **Don Segundo** - Gross Negation Permitted
- **Vicenta** - The Gross Ones in this Nation of Products
- **Zoilo** - What makes me Gross?
  - Why Aren’t I National?
  - Should I become a Product?
- **Don Antonio** - Of how I became gross in this nation of products
- **Maria** - Of how this nation produces products for the gross
Don Segundo - Gross Nations in search of products

Vicenta - The story of something very gross
deeply national
almost a product

Maria - so gross... so national that they made it into a product

Don Segundo - Grossly written. Nationally produced

Zoilo - Looking for the gross. Trying to be national. In search of a product

Don Antonio - She likes me gross. She likes me national.

Moreira - Produced by a national gross product

Zoilo - Produced by the national gross

Maria - National products for the gross

Don Antonio - Who makes the products? In what nation? It’s getting gross

The women enter from the back, walking in line slowly towards the audience. Then music stops. We hear drums. They are walking around at night, trying to stay awake. Don Segundo can’t take it anymore, then she lies down to rest.

Vicenta - Wake up

Don Segundo - Why?

Don Antonio - We shouldn’t fall asleep

Don Segundo - I am tired, I am exhausted. I was riding the subway for three nights

Moreira - (to Maria) For how long didn’t you sleep?

Maria - I don’t know, since I was evicted

Vicenta - For how long can we go on without sleeping?

Zoilo - We are OK for right now

Don Segundo - I am not OK. I want to sleep, I don’t give a damn

All - Get up! Wake up!
Vicenta - This is serious Don Segundo, it’s illegal, you’ll go to jail

Maria - Get up, do you have money to pay a fine?

Don Segundo - No

Maria - Then get up, you can’t afford to sleep

Don Segundo – Is it illegal to sleep?

Maria – Yes, if you are poor, yes. If you can’t pay rent, yes. Get up already (Don Segundo gets up)

Maria - Stay awake

Don Segundo - Until when?

All- (They mumble a couple of reasons, they all talk at the same time) Until we can afford to pay the rent, something like, I don’t know the deposit, it’s not gonna take that long, we’ll save some money

Vicenta – We shouldn’t be that close to each other, let’s spread out

Don Segundo - You guys are paranoid. You are having hallucinations

Vicenta - Move to the sides, move to the sides

Don Segundo – Somebody has to stop her

Moreira – No, we have to move to the sides

Vicenta – This is a private street where we are standing right now

Don Segundo – No, it’s not

Vicenta – It says, PRIVATE STREET NO STANDING

Don Segundo – It means cars

Maria – All streets are private

Zoilo – We should sleep on Sundays, I guess. Because that’s what God said, that we should rest on Sundays

Maria – It doesn’t apply to us. We’ll nap in the morning as if we are not sleeping
Moreira – She is great at that. She sleeps standing at the bus stop

Zoilo – We’ll get a room in a shelter

Don Segundo – I am not going back to that shelter. There are bugs in the pillows

Maria – Don’t worry, there’s no more room anyway

The women will go to their working stations. They will hammer, move boxes, carry stuff, pulling chains, and using heavy tools.

Vicenta - Something is growing

Don Antonio - I know, I heard

Don Segundo - What is growing? The bugs in the pillows are growing

Don Antonio - I don’t know, but they keep talking about the growing

Zoilo - The economy is growing

Don Antonio - That’s right, the economy is growing

Moreira - And what does that mean?

Maria - It means that the economy is growing

Don Segundo - How can we get there?

Maria - Where?

Don Segundo - To the economy

Maria - I don’t know. I think you inherit your place there

Zoilo - We are in the economy, we all are part of it

Don Segundo - But how can we get to the growing part?

Maria - What growing part?

Don Segundo - The flourishing part

Zoilo - I was there, I had a great job, and it was getting only better and better

Don Segundo - What job?
Zoilo - I used to work for the fish industry. I was a fisherman

Maria - Fisherwoman

Zoilo - Well, no, it's called fisherman

Moreira - That's a cool job

Zoilo - Yeah, it was cool. I liked it

Don Segundo - And what happened?

Zoilo - Not much, at some point there were no more fishes

Vicenta - What do you mean no more fishes?

Zoilo - No more fishes

Moreira - What happened to the fishes?

Zoilo - We were all fishing

Vicenta - Gosh

Zoilo - We lost our jobs.

Moreira - And what happened to the company?

Zoilo - The company moved to a different lake
I was a good fisherwoman

Maria - Wasn't it fisherman?

Zoilo - Yeah, fisherman

Don Segundo - I feel sorry for you

Zoilo - Yeah, I feel sorry for the fishes too

Vicenta - How many lakes left?

Zoilo - I don't know. Nobody is really doing the mathematics

Don Antonio - Are we environment?

Vizcacha - So you are a fisherman
Zoilo - Fisherwoman

Moreira - You said that is fisherman

Zoilo - Shut up kid.

Vizcacha - I am a hacker

Moreira - That's what I want to be, but I am not very good with computers

Vizcacha - I don't know much about computers myself but they arrested me for computer terrorism

Moreira - Cool

Vizcacha - They didn't want me to use the phone. I think they were mistaking me for someone else. I go to the library to play with the computers you know? I don't have permission now

Zoilo - They said hacker? They said you are a hacker?

Vizcacha - Yeah

*Industrial music starts again, in crescendo. Then it fades so we can hear the lines.*

Moreira - I wish I could destroy their secret information, and pass it to someone else. And the secret information of this one to the other one. So they destroy each other. But for right now, I have to do it without computers, low tech vandalism. I'll have to break their cars and their shoes and wanna break their horses and the pictures of them

Vizcacha - The kid is right. It's no good to just stay sitting watching

Zoilo - She is a troublemaker

Moreira - I am a peace lover

Vicenta - It has to be peaceful

Vizcacha - Peaceful my ass

Moreira - Yeah, peaceful my ass.

Vizcacha - For peaceful to work we need a government capable of shame
Moreira - I am going to break their fucking beds and the chairs that go with the color of the curtains and the sofa, and the design of the...

Zoilo - No, you shouldn’t

Vizcacha - Yes, you should. They gonna see you kid

Don Segundo - They gonna see you and they gonna put you in jail

Moreira - No, they are not gonna see me because I’m gonna pinch their eyes

Don Antonio - That’s very Shakespearean

Vizcacha - No, don’t pinch their eyes. You want them to see you. You want them to see their broken chairs and sofas

Moreira - I know, but who? Which one? I know I will know. I know I will know

Vicenta - It’s all pretty much the same

Moreira - I am gonna break the window of that store. And that is a window. The window that I will break. That window

Zoilo - 10 million windows may be better

Moreira - Don’t fucking tell me what to do

Don Segundo - There’s no way in

Moreira - Yes. I’ll break the window, and we’ll get in

Zoilo - You said you are a peace lover

Vizcacha - We tried peacefully, and we were crushed

Moreira - I hate this factory. I hate the owner of this factory. I hate every factory he owns. I hate factories. I hate products. I hate selling. I hate the market more market more market. I hate the people who keep buying and buying. I hate to turn on a TV and they are trying to sell me something. To turn on the radio and they are trying to sell me something. To turn on the web and they are trying to fucking sell me something.

Vicenta - Look at the good side, you can find great stuff in the garbage

Moreira - I hate them. I hate them all. I am gonna kill them. I am gonna twist their guts and make a bow

Vicenta - What’s that?
Moreira - From the French Revolution
Maria - The French Revolution?!
Moreira - Yes, the thing about the intestines or the guts. The bow is my creation
Zoilo - Could somebody stop her? She is disturbing me
Maria - Moreira stop please
Moreira - Why should I stop?
Maria - You are disturbing Zoilo
Moreira - Sorry Zoilo
Zoilo - Thank you
Moreira - Thank you for what?
Zoilo - For stopping
Moreira - I am not stopping, I am taking a break
Vicenta – Let her talk, it’s fun
Zoilo – She is just cursing
Vicenta – she might come out with some good idea
Don Segundo – At least she is trying
Zoilo – She doesn’t know anything
Don Segundo - One thing I know, there’s no more time left. We are about to explode
Zoilo - We should talk to the boss. I am sure there’s a way to get some understanding
Don Antonio - Yeah, let’s talk to the boss. Hey, you, motherfucker, we are starving here. If you could please stop piling up our money
Zoilo - That’s not the way to talk. You’ll get nowhere like that
Don Antonio - Excuse me sir, we are suffering the consequences of long term disadvantage. We are feeling the damage of constant deprivation, since before we were in
kindergarten. Could you fucking give us back the money that we and our parents worked for?

Maria - And grandparents

Don Antonio - And grandparents

Don Segundo – Who is the boss anyway?

Zoilo - You need Jesus

Maria - No, we need a riot

Moreira – Whoever you are, we hate your guts, your cars, your ugly face

Zoilo - What after the riot?

Vicenta - You won’t ask that question

Zoilo – They gonna kill us

Vizcacha – They gonna kill us anyway

Music stops. Drums. They will interrupt their work and getting together for a riot.

Moreira – Ok, let’s do it

Zoilo – Let’s do what?

Moreira – Let’s plan a riot

Don Segundo – I don’t think people plan riots, they just explode

Moreira – Let’s explode a riot

Zoilo – What for?

Moreira – Just for fun

Zoilo – A riot is not fun

Vizcacha – It could be fun. The idea of freedom it’s fun. The possibility that freedom could appear is fun

Don Antonio – At least we can think about it
Zoilo – I can think about it. Why? You think I can’t? We’ll have five minutes of glory

Don Antonio – No, it’s not five minutes. It’s gonna be the rest of our lives

Zoilo – The rest of our lives in jail

Don Antonio – We won’t go to jail

Zoilo – Really?

Don Antonio – We’ll create a strategy

Maria – We should place small groups of people in different parts of the city. And we start moving gradually. So, when they turn their attention to one group, there’s another group starting somewhere else

Zoilo – I see, so this is not a riot, it’s more like a guerrilla warfare

_They will start grabbing pieces of wood and sticks for the riot_

Don Antonio – No, it’s a riot. A chronic riot. We should last for a longtime, or we’ll start one every day, like a ritual

Zoilo – Why don’t you open a church?

Maria – I really want to rehearse this, it’s gonna be very therapeutic

Moreira – Yes, let’s do it already

_They stop working joining Moreira in the planning_

Zoilo – What? We’re going to rehearse?

Vicenta – Yeah, until we believe that we can do something

Zoilo – Yeah, we can do something. You know what we can do? We can go for our bologna sandwich. That’s what we can do. Let’s go, let’s go get our sandwich

Don Segundo – I don’t want anymore bologna sandwiches. It’s making me sick. If you mention it again, I’m gonna throw up

Zoilo – You are too political. And what is this? Revenge

Vicenta – It’s not revenge, it’s justice. People have to pay for their wrongdoings

Zoilo – According to the law, and they didn’t do anything wrong according to the law
Don Antonio - But the law is there to create some order, and this is a mess. If they keep thinking that this is order, they’ll never change the law.

Zoilo - We can’t change the law.

Don Antonio - But we can change the order, we can show the disorder.

Vicenta - They force us into order.

Maria - No, they are just covering up the disorder, but it’s still legal.

Don Antonio - No, it’s not. This is crime, people are dying.

Moreira - Revenge is not that bad, we should legalize revenge.

Don Segundo - Talking to an imaginary police officer - Excuse me officer, we have legitimate feelings of resentment and outrage here.

Vizcacha - I read in a bumper sticker that we have to thank a police officer. Nice car, a Mustang.

Don Segundo - We require material restoration, apology, and even retributive justice.

Vicenta - what do we need to thank a police officer about?

Vizcacha - In the name of somebody.

Don Antonio - Compensation, we want compensation.

Moreira - We are America!

Don Antonio - neat.

Loud music. They will rehearse a riot. This riot is loud and fast. They will run towards the audience with sticks and tools in their hands.

Don Antonio - Run!

All - Where?

Vicenta - This way.

Don Segundo - Glory!

When they get very close to the audience they’ll stop, we’ll hear “Kill me”, a slower song. They’ll go back, and rehearse again. When they get close to the audience for the second time they turn their back and walk slowly towards a heavy bin placed center- stage with
ropes. Each of them will grab a rope and pull out while saying their lines. When the tension of the ropes it’s extreme they’ll start turning slowly as a wheel around the bin.

Zoilo - This is violence

All – It is kind of violent

Vicenta – It is not pure violence though

Don Segundo - It depends. Everything is relative

Don Antonio - God is on our side. Ergo it’s not violence anymore

Maria – And what does God have to do with all this?

Don Antonio – I don’t know. When people assume that God is on their side, they can do whatever they want

Zoilo – Thinking is fine, thinking is not dangerous

Don Antonio - It’s an uprising. It’s part of the nature cycle. It’s a natural law: Everything that goes too far down, down-raises, needs to go back up. Upraises

Pure physics

Vicenta - It’s part of the balance, the natural equilibrium

Don Segundo- Something went wrong with the trickle down. The pipes got clogged, everything was getting stuck up there

Maria - So we are cleaning the pipes in a way

Don Segundo- We need to change the pipes

Vicenta - I think we need a new pipe system

Moreira - I think we need to trickle up. Using the same pipes. Shoooom! A bullet trickling right up, far up, all the way up

Zoilo - I find this really disturbing, I can’t concentrate. I know what I want, and I’ll get it without having to pinch anybody’s eyes. How much is the rent? I’ll pull it together, how much?

Don Segundo – You can get a place for $700, but then it’s the deposit

Vicenta – Come-on, who can make 14 hundred?

Maria – And you need to eat sometimes
Zoilo – I’ll do it. I’ll eat and everything, and I’ll help you guys

Don Antonio – You make $153. What are you talking about?

Maria - Let’s say that you could have what you want. You have what you want and you want what you have. What do you want?

Zoilo - You

Maria – Things, things. What things do you want?

Zoilo - I want to be smart, young, beautiful, interesting, important

Maria - Things honey, things

Don Segundo – Can I ask for something too?

Maria – Sure

Don Segundo – I would start by sleeping, that’s what I want, I am tired. I would pay myself enough to pay rent, and good food. No, first I would need to sleep. I would sleep for a week first, more, more than a week

Don Antonio - Are we legal?

Maria - For right now, yes, I think

Don Segundo- We are suspects

Don Antonio - We should be illegal

Moreira - What are you talking about? You want to go to jail?

Don Antonio - No, they should go to jail. This should be illegal. The whole thing

Maria -(to Zoilo) You look good

Moreira - You look terrific

Vicenta - I like your garment

Maria - Seriously, you look good

Zoilo - I feel good

Maria - Go darling, the world is yours. Go for it. You can make it
Zoilo - I'll make it

Maria - Look at you, you are so strong, so muscular. What is it that you want?

Zoilo - I am not sure, but I am so excited. I feel my individuality growing

Don Segundo - Are they talking about sex?

Don Antonio - No, about property

Moreira - No, about nationality

Vicenta - There’s no boundaries. We are flourishing. There’s a great job awaiting for you. Go get it

Zoilo - I know, I know, I will. I have skills
writing skills, social skills
I have achievements
I am computer literate
I think I am the person you are looking for
I know Mac, IBM

During Don Antonio’s monologue they will be throwing stuff center stage. Rock music. Don Antonio is talking to a microphone, facing the audience.

Don Antonio – I am sweet and tolerant
I like to work with people and without people
I can handle the most difficult customers
I know some carpentry
I anticipated that you might be in the need of someone
With my unusual blend of qualifications
I am incredibly qualified
I am very enthusiastic
I eat whatever you give me
I show initiative
I can speak concisely yet with sufficient detail
I have a good appearance, good presence
I can smile, I love smiling, I could smile all day
I am positive
I am positive you will find the time you spend analyzing my capabilities well worth your time
I like this environment
I am healthy, happy, charming
I love your country, my family, your company
I love you
It would be my pleasure to offer you additional details regarding my qualifications during an interview
At your earliest convenience
I am available immediately
I have referrals ambitions
I am clean, responsible, neat and sweet
Not only am I healthy, but I also look very healthy
You should see me in an interview
My public speaking is amazing
I can work under pressure, even harassment
I can work hungry, tired, over time, over you
I am deeply satisfied to live in America
I would be happy here
I am happy already thinking of how happy I would be to work here
This place is great; I match with the walls
I have hobbies, little hobbies that will keep me happy when I am not at work
I’ll be whatever you want me to be: Train me - Guide me
Your success is my success
I have a corporate soul
I like this team feeling
I can easily be pressured into conformity and obedience
I can pass as nobody
I can accept very graciously being excluded from opportunities, culture, public debate and power

Music stops.  They will stand in line waiting for food.  There’s going to be bowls and a big pot with soup.

Don Segundo- Let’s think about the future

Zoilo - yes, let’s thinks about the future

Moreira - children are the future

Vicenta - Right, so they should worry about it

Moreira- I think we are in jail

Vicenta - No, we are not

Moreira - Yes, we are

Maria - No, we are not, we are free

Don Segundo- right, we are outside, don’t you see?

Don Antonio – So you give jobs?  That’s very nice of you.  You’ll give me the possibility to work for the minimum legally possible pay. I am healthy now, but I would get
psychosomatic diseases here. Psycho-social, soma- social things. I forgot to mention in my resume, I like to go to people’s houses and steal their CDs. I am having trouble remembering things

They’ll start cleaning the stuff center stage, mopping and sweeping.

Vicenta - Stop worrying about that, you only make it worse. Just remember your name, you don’t need anymore

Don Antonio - It’s good I don’t have to change clothes. It would make things more confusing I was cleaning this woman’s house the other day, she yelled “Are you cleaning the bathroom again?” And she was right: I had cleaned it already

Don Segundo - I am the opposite. I can’t think forward. I have no imagination

Don Antonio - Then I went to the living room, there’s a very nice fancy red velvet queen couch- chair. I wanted really badly to throw up on that chair. I thought, this would be a perfect moment of communion of my intestines with my sweat and my blood

Zoilo - The vomit doesn’t come from the intestines

Don Segundo - where does it comes from?

Zoilo - I don’t know the stomach

Don Antonio - No, the vomit comes from everywhere

Vicenta - Did you do it?

Don Antonio - No

Moreira - It’s OK, you could vomit everywhere sweetie

Don Antonio - I know, but it wouldn’t make any sense

Vicenta - Yes, it would

Don Antonio - A different one, I wanted my communion

Don Segundo - Shh, shut up, I am trying to vomit

Zoilo - I can’t vomit like that

Vicenta - What are you gonna vomit? You need to eat before you vomit

Don Segundo - I did, I did
**Don Antonio** - I wonder why sometimes it gets absorbed into the body, and sometimes becomes vomit. What makes it go out?

**Vicenta** - It’s very interesting.

**Don Antonio** - The same vomit can get reabsorbed. If you swallow your vomit it goes back in. The body doesn’t recognize it as vomit anymore. Come on, body, you didn’t want this shit before. Why are you taking it in now? It’s not food, it’s vomit, get it out again

**Maria** - I thing that this whole conversation about vomit is really disgusting

**Don Antonio** - Excuse me, but this is a scientific conversation about why the body reabsorbs fluids that were previously expelled as vomit, and takes it in as good food

**Maria** - I got it, stop it. It’s not polite to talk about vomit

**Don Antonio** - You are wrong there, it’s not polite to vomit, but to talk about vomit it’s fine, it’s a medically oriented conversation. I found some doctor’s clothes

**Zoilo** - Jesus said...

**Moreira** - stop with Jesus already

**Zoilo** - Life is about surviving

**Don Antonio** – Jesus didn’t say that

**Zoilo** - Yes, and he said that it would be easier to pass a camel though the eye of a needle than to get a rich person enter heaven

**Don Segundo** - so they are going to hell?

**Don Antonio** - Yes, we take turns

**Moreira** – Let’s switch

**Maria** – Switch what?

**Moreira** – Speed up the process

**Zoilo** – What process?

**Moreira** - Let’s send them to hell

**Vicenta** - Right, we can say that we are speeding up a Christian statement
Don Segundo - We are saints

Moreira – Jesus said that they are going to hell? And who’s gonna send them?

Zoilo – Not you, relax

Don Antonio - I am a messenger of God

Maria - Really? And what is your message?

Don Antonio – “You Pigs”

Maria - That’s it? That’s your message?

Don Antonio - Yes, that’s it, it’s short but eloquent, “you pigs”

Zoilo - Well, nobody is getting your message

Vicenta - It’s always like that

They will start lifting heavy stuff that they will move around back and forth.

Don Segundo- what is that story that God comes to earth disguised as a homeless person, to check people’s reaction? To see what the truth is. They were waiting for God to show up, and God was already there amongst them. Because they think God will come as a big thing, like a King you know? But no, She was like one of us

Maria - Actually when they see you they get the message, only reversed. They read “You Pig”

Moreira - So God was there checking up on something? What should we be doing?

Maria - I don’t know what but something for sure

Don Segundo - This is an emergency but I don’t have the energy

Moreira - Yes, you do

Don Segundo- I feel like there’s a truck on top of me

Vicenta - There’s a couple of trucks

Moreira - No, there’s no truck

Zoilo - It’s that job that you were doing with the toxins
Don Segundo - Yes, it’s the superaccumulation of shit

Don Antonio - It’s always like that. Outside, above or below

Maria - What?

Moreira - She has never been too good with details

Don Segundo - I think I am getting sick

Maria - No, you are not, you can’t

Don Segundo – It’s the bologna sandwiches

Don Antonio – No, it’s not only the bologna sandwiches. There is a war in here and we are not fighting

Vicenta - What are we gonna do?

Don Antonio - (to Zoilo) Where is your priest costume?

Zoilo - I told you I lost it

Maria – And why a priest costume?

Don Antonio – It helps

Vicenta - If the market is free. Deregulated. And we are part of the market. Everything is part of the market. We are deregulated. We are free to destroy the market

Don Segundo - Yes, but how?


Zoilo – I’ll tell you what the logic is. The people who give the money for the presidential campaign are the ones who will get all the favors when that person gets to power

Don Segundo – We should raise money for the presidential campaign then

Zoilo – No, Don Segundo, we are talking millions, but you can work for those people, and get part of the favor

All – Yuuk! (expression of disgust)
They will change clothes. The clothes are in garbage bags and in the sides. They’ll wear factory workers’ uniforms.

**Don Segundo** – What do you say when you work for no money?

**Maria** – Volunteer

**Vicenta** – worker

**Don Segundo** – No, when it’s almost no money

**Maria** - It’s a germ

**Don Segundo** - What is a germ?

**Maria** - The rich thing

**Vicenta** - It’s a ritual of death

**Don Antonio** - No, it’s more like torture

**Don Segundo** – We are like volunteers

**Zoilo** - We could be rich one day

**Don Antonio** - Torture is the almost death. It’s about survival. Surviving death just about, on the verge. They don’t want us dead.

**Vicenta** - They can hear the yelling, the crying, the starving.

**Don Antonio** – Right, so they know we are alive

**Don Segundo** – Working

They will place themselves in line. They’ll start repetitive factory work.

**Zoilo** - Why don’t you think about a nice little story? The bear and the mamma bear. And the little bears playing. Mamma bear is cooking. Bear is sitting by the fire

**Maria** - And then they turn on the TV, and that’s it, they hate their place, they hate their face. They feel like buying. They buy a computer. They go online. Oops, everything is about buying again; they change the decoration of the bathroom this time

**Don Segundo**- and there’s only white bears on TV

**Maria** - (continues)
Mamma bear goes to work; little bears go to work
Where is the bathroom?
There’s no bathroom
I can’t breathe, where is the window?
There’s no window

Mr. Bear, Mrs. Mr. Bear and little bears sit at the table to eat pasta. And they are sick of eating pasta. Bears are not supposed to eat that much pasta.

Little bears go to school and there are no more chairs to sit in. The class is so crowded.

- Don’t worry, teacher says, in a couple of months we’ll have enough chairs
- Yeah! Are they gonna bring more chairs?
- No, most of these kids will drop out of school and these chairs will be enough.

Little bear waits patiently for those kids to drop out of school so she can sit. Not under that leak. It’s cold at school. It’s cold at home, but it’s hot at work.

So bear, mamma Bear and little bears get sick of it and one day...

Zoilo - OK, I got it, and then what? What after the riot?

Don Antonio - We’ll smoke a cigarette

*Intimidating white light. They start spreading. The stage gets empty of workers. We’ll hear their voices coming from the sides.*

Don Antonio - Oh, “nobody” threw a stone.

María - All those things running. So much yelling.

Zoilo - My cleaning lady didn’t show up yet.

Don Segundo - Oh, no, I don’t have any employee today, I’m loosing lots of money.

Moreira - My clothes are all dirty.

Vicenta - Where are the cashiers?

Vizcacha – “Nobody” threw up on my chairs.

Don Antonio - There’s something like horse shit on the sidewalk.

Moreira - The windows look so dirty.

Maria - Who is gonna get me a taxi?

Vicenta - Where’s our doorman?

Don Antonio - Doorlady sweetie, doorfemale.

Maria - Come-on, we are doing OK, we are all OK, come back here I said. We are happy. This is America.
Don Antonio - Dirty immigrants, you see? They didn’t show up to work today lazy bastards.

Lights change to soft ceiling ambiance. We hear cheesy happy white music. Performers change their clothes into festive attire, yellow, pink, bright colors, hats, purses and gloves. They will bring toy furniture.

Moreira is now Jackie, Maria is Patricia, Vicenta is Leslie, Don Segundo is Dottie, Zoilo is Patty, Vizcacha is Daisy, Don Antonio is Jody

Jackie turns on the TV, they are showing a movie with only white people in it. There’s only one black woman in the background. Jackie is black, she gets very excited

Jackie – Patricia! Patricia! Come!

Patricia – What? What is going on? I am in the shower!

Jackie – Come!

(Patricia comes, there’s no sign of her coming from the shower. She is dressing festive attire like the rest of them)

Patricia – What is going on?

Jackie – I am on TV. Look!

They watch the TV, the images from the TV have nothing to do with Jackie, but they get very excited

Patricia – Wonderful honey, congratulations

Leslie – Who is on TV?

Jackie – I am on TV, look! Jody! Dottie! Patty! Leslie! Daisy!

Patricia – I’ll make some cookies to celebrate

She goes to the toy oven and makes toy cookies. Jody comes.

Leslie – Dottie! You want some cookies?!! (Dottie comes)

Daisy – (entering) Who is on TV?

Jackie – I am. We are celebrating

Patty comes. They are all happy to see something like Jackie on TV

Jackie – Look Patty! I am on TV
Patty – I know, I saw it yesterday

Jody – You were yesterday too?

Jackie – I think so

They eat cookies happily

Daisy - Oh, by the way, I have a surprise for you guys

The girls – You do?

Daisy – Yes

The girls – Great

Jody – These cookies are delicious

Jackie – Patricia made them

Patricia – Well, she was on TV

Leslie – You are a good cook

Patty – And a good friend

Dottie – Well, it comes together

Patricia – Not always

Dottie – Well, if you cook with love, it tastes good

Leslie – It’s true

Daisy – So, do you want to see my surprise?

The girls – Sure, where is it?

Daisy – Here, in the computer. You have to come

Dottie – We have to go over there?

Leslie - It’s ok, let’s go.

Patty - Let’s finish with the cookies first.
Patricia - Let’s go she wants to show us her surprise. Here we go sweetie

*Daisy grabs a little mic from the computer.*

Daisy – If you talk to this little mic, they can hear us in Germany

The girls – Nooooo

Daisy – Yes. It’s virtual communication

The girls – In Germany. Our voices? I can’t believe it

Daisy – Who wants to start?

Jackie – Go Patricia

Patricia – Me?

The girls – Yes, go

*Patricia grabs the mic.*

Patricia – Hello

... They heard me in Germany?

Daisy – Yes

Leslie – I want to say something

Daisy – Go ahead

Leslie – We are in New York saying these things

......... It’s great, it’s like a phone. I never called Germany

Daisy – No, it’s not like a phone, they can see you too

The girls – They can?

Daisy – Yes, stand in front of the computer, do something

Patty – We should speak in German

Patricia – We could do a little dance
Dottie doesn’t join the dance. She sits with the radio. They play a song, any popular song, she turns the volume loud

Dottie – It’s me! It’s me! On the radio

During the song they will go back to previous clothes and characters
Dottie becomes Don Segundo, she is sitting alone center stage.
We hear funeral music, everybody comes back in their original clothes and characters.

Don Segundo - I better have another life

Maria - What’s wrong?

Don Segundo - I am not feeling well

Zoilo - We need a doctor

Maria - We need a lot of things honey, we just can’t afford them

Vicenta - Sit here by the fire

Don Segundo - if I wasn’t hungry I could think. What do you have there?

Maria - Danish sugar cookies. What do you have?

Don Antonio - Italian fogliatelly

Vicenta - What are you eating?

Zoilo - crackers

Maria - From where?

Zoilo - I don’t know, crackers. From the cracker factory

Maria - Let me see, from Great Britain. Can’t you read? You are eating Great Britain crackers

Zoilo – Cool

Maria – No, it’s not cool. They keep moving all the shit around. “Danish people eat American sugar cookies, Americans eat Danish sugar cookies, the exchange of recipes would certainly be more convenient”

Don Antonio - Something went wrong, but it’s legal, there’s nothing we can do about it, rest in peace
Don Segundo - I am not dead yet

All - We know

Don Segundo - It’s not like this is my funeral or something

Vizcacha will start singing a funeral song, Maria will join her

Don Segundo - Here rests in peace the soul of this African-American, Queer-American, Homeless-American

Moreira - Shut up, you are not dead. Lady Di died, JFK junior died

Don Segundo - And she is not even dead yet

Maria and Vizcacha are singing loud now, the song becomes more intense, loosing or transforming its funeral mood into painful violence. Maria will get up and act up a dominatrix scene. She carries a wet towel that she will squeeze letting the few last drops to fall. We hear loud drums, she dances to the rhythm of the drums. The rest of the cast is watching her, reacting with their bodies to her blows. At the end of her dance, the other women start talking.

Vicenta – That’s your job?

Maria – No, for right now just blow jobs at the Laundromat. But I am learning, if I get these gigs, I can pay rent for all of us

Don Antonio – Beautiful

Moreira – It’s a cool job

Zoilo – Not beautiful, interesting

Vicenta - I wouldn’t say cute, but beautiful, yes, romantic

Moreira - When I lost my virginity...

Vizcacha – Oh, please

Moreira – What?

Don Antonio – I have some left

Vicenta - Some what?

Don Antonio - Virginity
Maria - I am a total virgin. I feel more virgin that when I was a virgin

*We’ll hear jazzy music, they will talk with sexy choreographed moves.*

Zoilo - I love virginity

Maria - What kind?

Don Antonio - I lost my virginity when I had to touch shit for the first time. And it was an accident

Zoilo - Virgin means brand new

Don Antonio - I know, I was brand new, I never touched shit before

Maria – It’s about honor

Zoilo - It’s about the body.

*They all turn to the left side in sexy attitude, placing right hand in between the legs, holding right leg. The moves will dissolve into vague moves touching their bodies*

Vicenta - Is it the first time you touch your body or the first time somebody else touches your body?

Vizcacha - It’s the first time you think about your body.

Maria - No, it’s the first time somebody else thinks about your body

Don Segundo - No, it’s the first time you think about touching your body, or somebody else touching your body

Vizcacha - I think it’s about what you put inside

Maria - No, it’s the first time you want to show your body

Zoilo - No, it’s when you read something disgusting or you eat something disgusting.

Don Segundo - It depends on who you are, where you live

Vicenta - It’s about how much you know. If you don’t remember anything it’s fine, if you don’t imagine anything it’s fine

Vicenta - I pulled down my underwear when I was six in front of four boys, does that count as the moment I lost my virginity?
All - *(They mumble, but they are not sure what is the answer)*

**Don Antonio** - You can’t think about virginity like that, in broad terms, it goes part by part, like chastity, it applies according to the law, or the religion. For example the chastity of my knee.

*They all look at her knee*
I have a virgin knee, nobody has ever touched my knee. Nobody has sexual fantasies with my knee. I don’t think about my knee in a sexual way

**Maria** - Can I see your knee?

**Don Antonio** - Shut up, you are ruining it

**Maria** - Let me see it

**Don Antonio** - My antiseptic virginal knee

**Maria** - You never show your knees. I always wanted to see your knees

**Don Antonio** - *Showing her knee* That’s it, it’s all polluted now

**Zoilo** - A knee is not a sexual part

**Maria** - What if I touch your belt
A belt is like a sex toy

**Zoilo** - It’s different, the difference is that you won’t go to jail for wearing a sex toy, I mean a belt

**Maria** - If they knew how much a belt can turn me on, they would put some butches in jail just for wearing them

**Vizcacha** – Thank you baby

**Maria** - I have a client who has a company guess where?

**Don Antonio** -Where?

**Maria** - In your country

**Zoilo** - In her country?

**Maria** - In her country

**Vicenta** - Really?
Maria - *(To Don Antonio)* Hey, in your country

Don Antonio - It’s not mine. In his country

Vizcacha - Right

Zoilo - It’s your country of origin, you know

Vicenta - It is your country, you can’t be deported from there

Don Antonio - That’s not true

Maria - Anyway. I need you to teach me some words in Spanish

Don Antonio - Oh, God

Maria - Come-on, you are not going to?

Don Antonio - No

Moreira - I know a couple of words in Spanish: camion, novia, señorita, baño, mi amor, la casa

Maria - I don’t need those words

*Everybody shaking right knee, bending down, during Antonio’s lines*

Don Antonio - I know the words you need: *(Spanish insults)* Hijo de puta. Baja la cabeza mierda. Quedate ahí sentadito que te reviento a patadas. Me oís? Chancho de mierda

Maria - Yes, that’s more like it. *She tries to repeat some of the words in Spanish*

Don Antonio - Escupi mierda, vomita

Maria - Ok, I need you to go slower, I won’t remember. Maybe you can write them down for me

Vicenta - You gonna give that guy pleasure?

Don Antonio - Shoot you are right

Maria - No, she is helping me, it’s ok. Just a few hon, he doesn’t know much anyway

Don Antonio - Chancho burgues de mierda

Maria - Chancho burgues de mierda
Don Antonio - Go home

Maria - Go home

Don Antonio - Rich people are boring
White people are boring
Straight people are boring
Conservative people are boring

Maria - Vanilla people are boring

Zoilo - Nah

Moreira - Christians are boring

Don Antonio - Thanks God for La Pachamamma

Moreira - Good thing they die

Maria - They need something to turn them on

Don Antonio - Turn them on, please

Maria - Well, I do. But I can’t do everyone

Zoilo - Yeah, do your mathematics

Don Antonio - To make the money my boss makes in one year, I would have to work 8 thousand years. And that’s great, because I am gonna live longer than him

Don Segundo - Why?

Don Antonio - If one hour of work is worth 97 times less than their hours, it might be because we have more hours

Maria - We only need to wait. At some point nobody will have money to buy anything, and it’s gonna be the end of this whole shit

They will go get empty baby carriages from the back.

Zoilo - Thank God we are acting. It would be really bad if all this was true. I love fiction, stories. Can you imagine if we couldn’t fall asleep? God! Or if we would be worth 97 times less than somebody else’s life?
Things make sense, that’s always the case, historically, historic sense. We can’t loose faith. Everything is a choice. We are choosing or we did at some point. I know some people can’t help themselves, but the government is there to help them. This is America

_We hear classic music. They’ll come carrying baby carriages_

**Don Segundo** - What a beautiful day

**Maria** - Isn’t it gorgeous?

**Vizcacha** – Healthy day

**Moreira** - So beautiful, I could stay outside all day

**Zoilo** - Wouldn’t it be great?

**Maria** - Honey, it’s so sunny, so warm, let’s stay outside

**Zoilo** - I am a very outdoorsy person

**Vicenta** - Breath deep, enjoy the air

**Moreira** - I would stay outside all day

**Maria** - Me too, if I could

**Don Antonio** – Beautiful, beautiful day

**Moreira** - Gorgeous

**Zoilo** - Let’s go hiking

**Vizcacha** - I would just sit in the sun

**Don Antonio** - Let’s keep walking, let’s keep walking, it’s so beautiful outside

**Juan** - *(to Maria)* could you grab the baby please?

**Maria** - There’s no baby in here honey

**Juan**- What do you mean no baby?

**Maria** - It’s symbolic

**Moreira** - It symbolizes that the babies are dead

**Vicenta** - No, that they will die
Maria - No, that they were taken away by foster care
Don Segundo - No, it represents the statistics, that the average homeless person is a child
Juan - All the baby carriages are empty?
All – Yes
Maria – It’s symbolic, everything is just symbolic
Don Antonio - I represent the immigrant
Vizcacha - I represent the hackers
Moreira - I represent the young queers, who were kicked out from home
Vicenta - What do I represent?
Maria - The butches
Don Antonio - No, I represent the butches
Maria - You said that you represent the immigrant
Don Antonio - An immigrant butch
Don Segundo – I hope I don’t represent the femmes here
Don Antonio – I think you represent the women who had to run from abusive husbands
Zoilo – Why do I always get to be vanilla one?
Maria – I should represent the butches, I am sick of being the over-sexualized femme
They get ready for another riot
Don Antonio – Let’s move
Maria – We should make a long line, like it has no end
Don Segundo - We need more people
Don Antonio - It’s ok, people will join. We’ll go in slow motion, they won’t stop us and we’ll give time for people to join
Moreira - We should take them by surprise
Vizcacha - The slow motion will take them by surprise
Zoilo - They will think it’s a performance
Don Antonio - It is a performance
Zoilo - There’s a permit required to do performances in the streets
Don Antonio - Really? We’ll get a permit then
Maria - So this is a slow motion riot?
Don Antonio - Yes
Don Segundo - There’s no such thing as slow motion violence
Don Antonio - Yes, there is
Moreira - What if we have to run away from the police? We gonna run in slow motion?
Vizcacha - We won’t run
Moreira - But how will people know what is going on?
Vizcacha - They know what is going on. And if they approach us, we can explain. Or maybe they’re just gonna join us
Don Segundo - So how are you planning this exactly?
Don Antonio - I don’t know. I think it’s gonna be like marching in a way. Like a slow motion riot, that will not speed up but will never stop. Like a snow ball, we should start finding each other, so we will grow in numbers
Zoilo - And that’s when you need the permit
Vizcacha - The slow motion will take them by surprise, they won’t know what the fuck is going on, they will probably think it’s a performance, and will ask for a permit
Maria - Riot by definition is fast
Don Antonio - But this is a slow motion riot, so by definition it has to be slow
Maria - Then it’s not a riot
Moreira - aren’t we gonna break any windows? (to Zoilo) Do we need a permit for that?
Zoilo - They will think we are crazy
**Vicenta** – They do anyway

**Don Segundo** – And why slow?

**Moreira** – Maybe we should start from many different spots and then join up in one place

**Maria** – It’s gonna take for ever that slow

**Don Antonio** – It has to be long

**Don Segundo** – You gonna be switching people, or it’s always the same people? Are we gonna take breaks?

**Vizcacha** – Maybe it should become a ritual. We start every day, so we keep recruiting

**Moreira** – I like it, I think we need this

**Zoilo** – What is the point? What will we be getting out of this?

**Vizcacha** – We’ll see how many we are

**Vicenta** – And they’ll see how many we are

**Vizcacha** – And who we are

**Vizcacha** – And they’ll be afraid, they are chickens, they’ll be terrified. We need this.

**Don Segundo** – It’s like getting out of the closet

**Vizcacha** – Right, we can be proud you know?

**Don Segundo** – You can’t be proud of poverty

**Vizcacha** – Why not? We didn’t do anything wrong. We are honest. We can’t be proud that they fucked us up, but we can be proud that we are not like them

**Moreira** – Right, we are proud of that, we are not like them

**Vicenta** – We are survivors

**Maria** – Are we bringing the baby carriages?

**Don Antonio** – Yes

**Don Segundo** – So, this symbolizes a riot or it is a riot?
Don Antonio – When they do a military parade, is it the symbol of a military parade or is it a military parade?

Maria – Or is it a performance? The performance of a military parade?

Slow motion riot.

Moreira – Where are we staying tonight?

Don Antonio – Here

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