

*Maria*

by  
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CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
Carlos	A young writer who's deeply in love with Maria, who has helped him see things differently and understand the need for change. He has significant difficulty portraying his feelings accurately to Maria, and in turn funnels his feelings into his plays until he's able to confront her directly, while also beginning to take arm in a new revolution. [Must be Latin American]	20-30	Male
Peter	Slightly older than most of the group, he's generally accepted as the leader and has studied military strategy on his own time, hoping to form a militia, because he didn't feel comfortable joining the Brazilian military.	25-35	Male
Paolo	An Italian immigrant, he's the youngest of the group and an aspiring writer who deeply admires Carlos. Paolo has a history of being naïve, but is a very passionate person. [Should be Italian-Brazilian, but not necessary]	20-30	Male
Antony	The actor of the group, he's extremely well-read and has a history with Maria. It wasn't anything serious, so there are no qualms about it between him and Carlos, but it still affects his relationship with Maria at times.	20-30	Male
Luís Carlos Prestes	A major proponent of the Tenente Revolts, and Tenentism, Captain Prestes became somewhat of a folk hero for trying to rally the masses against the dictatorship's lording over Brazil in the first half of the 20th Century. Prestes was able to survive several revolts with his life, and at one point escaped to Europe where he met Olga. The Two married in order to secure her safe travel into Brazil and, in this version of history, much sooner in order to rally the masses with a group of young visionaries. [Historical Figure] [Must be Latin American]	30-40	Male
Maria	A talented actress, Maria is the most idealistic of the group. Though she generally only takes the spotlight when on stage, she's very eloquent about describing her beliefs and ideals. Maria is a very practical person and doesn't have much patience for pointless thought and action. Though at times she seems to have a hard exterior, she's extremely passionate and feels her emotions deeply, but she prioritizes what she believes is right above all else. [Must be Latin American]	20-30	Female
Timóteo	Almost as old as Peter, Timóteo is a talented director and is extremely empathetic. He puts his understanding above all else and tries to be there for everyone as much as he can.	25-35	Male

Olga Benário Prestes

20-30 Female

Born in Germany, but trained in Russia, Olga is one of the best military-minded of the group. She's young but experienced. Olga has had plenty of life experience, from breaking her former partner out of prison, to being hired as Luís' body guard while he's in Europe. Olga and Luís fell in love and now she's a part of a new revolution in her new home of Brazil. [Historical Figure] [Should be German, but not necessary]

Bernardo

20-30 Male

A military prodigy, Bernardo caught the eye of Captain Prestes early on. Now, finally able to take part in a real revolution, he's excited to get close to the people with who he's embarking in creating a new history with.

Police 1

Any Any

A police officer ordered to arrest Carlos. [Can be played by any actor not playing Carlos or Maria]

Police 2

Any Any

A police officer ordered to arrest Carlos. [Non-speaking role] [Can be played by any actor not playing Carlos or Maria]

Governor or Antônio Vicente de Andrade Bezerra

46 Male

Bezerra is the new Governor of Pernambuco on an interim basis while Governor Carlos de Lima Cavalcanti's brief absence. [Non-speaking role] [Historical Figure] [Can be played by actors playing either Carlos, Bernardo, Luís, or Olga.]

**SETTING DESCRIPTION****LOCATION****TIME**

Prelude to the Red Revolt of 1935

Brazil

1930-1935

Set in 1930's Brazil, the setting jump around locations between Recife and Rio de Janeiro. There's some unrest in Brazil ever since Getúlio Vargas has taken control of Brazil. Vargas made a failed attempt to run for president, but with his military background was a part of a militia uprising that took control of Brazil and established a provisional presidency and a temporary constitution, which eventually became Vargas' dictatorship. There have been failed rebellions in the past, but Luís Carlos Prestes, among others, have made new attempts at raising people against Vargas' dictatorship. In this new history, artistic strides are becoming a powerful tool to help encourage people to join rebellions that have lacked the faith and support in the past.

## ACT I

### SCENE ONE

*CARLOS is alone on stage.*

*There is a light from above showing only him.*

*He speaks to the audience but looks down.*

CARLOS

I remember when I showed you Mozart's *Lacrimosa* and you thought it was beautiful. Seeing you love something I showed you like that made me so... happy.

*CARLOS looks up at the audience.*

I don't know how to tell this story from the beginning. And since it's coming from me, I don't think it can be.

*Slight pause.*

All I can do is tell you the story from how I feel... and hopefully it'll make sense to you. I wish it made sense to me.

*Lights reveal two chairs center stage behind CARLOS as MARIA walks in from stage right.*

*MARIA and CARLOS sit in the chairs facing towards each other.*

*Pause.*

*Blackout.*

### SCENE TWO

*Lights come up.*

*There's a setting of a small town with a small marketplace, and general sales go on in the background.*

*PETER, PAOLO, and ANTONY are congregated downstage left.*

*CARLOS enters from stage right carrying a satchel on his back when PETER notices him coming into town.*

PETER

Carlos!

*CARLOS spends the whole scene excited to see his old friends, but seems slightly reserved the entire time.*

CARLOS

Peter.

*PETER embraces CARLOS with enough momentum to force CARLOS back a step or two.*

PAOLO

Carlos, you're back!

ANTONY

Where have you been?

*They each take a turn embracing CARLOS based on their proximity.*

CARLOS

Paolo, Antony, it's good to see you.

ANTONY

Where have you been?

CARLOS

Do you not know?

*CARLOS briefly scans the group and verifies that they have not been actually wondering the entire time he's been gone, and in fact knows he's been in prison.*

I've been at the beach. Where do you think I've been?

PAOLO

How did you get out?

*CARLOS smiles and then slightly shakes his head no.*

CARLOS

I don't want to talk about that.

*Beat.*

PETER

He just got back. Let's not flood him with questions just yet. Come on, let's get you settled in. You can stay with me and Timóteo for now.

CARLOS

Thanks. Sure, that sounds good. Where is Timóteo?

PETER

He's off right now. Something Luís sent him to do in Rio.

CARLOS

Rio? Is he going to be okay?

PAOLO

He's really just delivering a couple of messages to some people who may help strategize on some things. It's important, but he should be fine.

CARLOS

A message to who?

PAOLO

Someone named Bernardo de Araújo.

CARLOS  
Bernardo, huh.

PAOLO  
And Olga.

CARLOS  
Oh, really?

ANTONY  
I was going to go, but I'm in deep with rehearsals here in Recife.

CARLOS  
Really? What's the play called?

ANTONY  
*Two Lives.*

CARLOS  
Good title. Sounds interesting.

ANTONY  
Hopefully. We open this weekend.

CARLOS  
I'm glad I made it back in time then.

*They all look at each other slightly  
awkwardly.*

ANTONY  
The thing is-

PAOLO  
You really shouldn't be going.

CARLOS  
What?

PAOLO  
None of us are.



CARLOS

Why not?

PETER

Things have been much more... on edge... since you were arrested. We've all been trying to keep low profiles. Writing under pen names, hiding any supplies in shelters, only going into the city proper when necessary.

ANTONY

No one really knows I'm a part of the party yet, so there isn't as much risk with my involvement in the actual production. It's also helpful to have one of us inside so no one tries to change the play around.

CARLOS

Who wrote it?

PAOLO

I did, but-

CARLOS

Really? That's amazing! Wow, Paolo Montale, Pernambuco's next literary giant!

PAOLO

I write with a pen name.

CARLOS

What? Why would you be so in danger? Who out there knows who you are yet?

PAOLO

My name doesn't carry any weight yet, but I would prefer to keep it that way.

*Pause.*

I don't want what happened to you... to happen to me.

*Pause.*

CARLOS

Look, prison really wasn't as bad as you might think. They just wanted to punish me in some way for *Institutions*. Not to mention all the poems and essays I've written over the years, most of which had little to nothing to do with Vargas or any of those fascists, but none of them are smart enough to tell the difference.

*Starts to talk more humorously.*

I swear, I had to try so hard to keep it together when I was being interrogated about poems I wrote about Maria as if they had some political meaning. They're absolutely clueless.

ANTONY

Huh.

PAOLO

It may not have been as bad in prison... I don't know, but things have gotten worse, particularly in the South, but it's making its way up here in a very real way.

*CARLOS is shocked to hear this, and genuinely remorseful that it may be his fault.*

CARLOS

I'm sorry if I've made things worse for you all.

*LUÍS begins to enter the scene and overhears their conversation.*

PETER

It's not that, Carlos; we're just learning from you, from your mistakes.

LUÍS

Mistakes? Carlos brought new life to this town!

CARLOS

Luís! It's great to see you!

LUÍS

Likewise, Carlos! It's wonderful to see you again. You've been gone too long; a truly spectacular hole has been left in our operations without you. *Institutions* was a revelation! These boys don't see the true reach of your words throughout Brazil, but I can tell you, there are places your play has reached that we never could have touched even if we'd had all the reach of the sun's light to guide us.

CARLOS

Thanks, Luís, that really means a lot.

LUÍS

Of course. I hope to speak with you soon about what's next. I assure you there is plenty we have for you if you're still up for it. Every man has to make himself as useful as he can.

CARLOS

Absolutely.

LUÍS

Now, I will leave all of you to your reunion. I have to see to Timóteo's return. I'm sure he'll be very pleased to hear you're back.

ANTONY

He's back already?

LUÍS

He's due in at dark. Safer that way.

CARLOS

Safer? Is he in danger?

LUÍS

Not yet. Just a precaution at this point. Now, Peter, please make sure Carlos is taken care of tonight. Get him settled in; I will see you all later.

*LUÍS begins to exit stage right.*

PETER

Yes, sir.

*Beat.*

We should probably be getting out of town as well.

CARLOS

First I want to hear about *Two Lives*. When did you start writing it?

PAOLO

Right after you were arrested.

ANTONY

How did that happen by the way?

CARLOS

What do you mean?

ANTONY

What happened? *Institutions* premiered, you went off that night, and the next day you were gone. Peter filled in your part for the rest of the run, but it wasn't until about three weeks later that Luís confirmed that you were being held captive outside of Pernambuco.

CARLOS

What? Maria didn't say anything?

PETER

She was in shock and didn't have much to say other than you were taken.

PAOLO

What happened though?

ANTONY

I talked to her about it a week later. We haven't really spoken about that since then. She and I don't speak much anymore....

PAOLO

She talks to Luís more than any of us these days.

ANTONY

...but she said you didn't talk long that night.

*CARLOS speaks very stoically.*

CARLOS

Yeah, that's true. She's okay though?

PAOLO

Do you want to see her? She doesn't live very far now. She-

CARLOS

No, no, it's fine.

ANTONY

Are you all right?

CARLOS

Yeah, of course. It's just weird being back and all, but Paolo, tell me more about your play; I'm dying with anticipation.

PAOLO

It's nothing really, just a play about two people in a prison cell.

*CARLOS is amused.*

CARLOS

Oh really? And you started writing it right after I was arrested? Interesting.

*Laughs.*

PAOLO

Ha, yeah, pretty much. You'll have to tell me if you find it accurate to your experience at all.

CARLOS

Well, I was alone in my cell, so I don't know how much insight I'd really have; I'm glad you're putting my pain to good use though.

PAOLO

Art doesn't exist without pain, right?

*Smiles.*

CARLOS

That's right, Paolo, that's right.

PETER

We really should be getting inside.

CARLOS

Peter, I've just returned from prison, prison with unbearable torture. Am I not allowed to reminisce with you all for just a little while longer? You have no idea how good it is to see your face and hear your voice again.

PETER

Unbearable torture?

CARLOS

I- I'm exaggerating. It was more like forceful interrogation.

*Pause.*

PETER

Did they-

CARLOS

Maybe not about that right now?

PETER

Of course.

PAOLO

Did they let you go? Or did you escape?

CARLOS

Paolo...

PETER

How about we pause this discussion and continue it when you've got your things put away?

*PETER looks at how little CARLOS has with him when he says this.*

Then I'll tell you about every moment since you left. Then if Carlos is willing, he can decide what he would like us to know, and what's better left unsaid.

CARLOS

I can agree to that. This bag is getting a little heavy, but I'm gonna hold you to that... every moment since I've been gone.

*Smiles.*

PETER

Every moment.

*They all begin to exit stage left when all of a sudden MARIA enters from stage left, stopping when she sees CARLOS.*

CARLOS

Maria.

MARIA

Carlos!

*Everything freezes except for CARLOS.*

CARLOS

Maria.

*Pause.*

I-I can't... I don't think I can talk about Maria right now. Not here. I wanted to start the story here, but it's a little too raw right now; I'm sorry.

*CARLOS walks downstage while the rest of the scene goes black.*

I don't want to rob you of Maria. She's a truly interesting person, but I'm not ready for this scene right now.

*Pause.*

I'll show you something else until I'm ready.

*Blackout.*

### SCENE THREE

*CARLOS is a bit younger here.*

*The scene starts in a market with MARIA onstage.*

*MARIA is looking at fruits when she sees CARLOS passing.*

MARIA

Carlos, is that you?

CARLOS

Oh, hey, Maria. How are you?

MARIA

I'm doing all right. It's been weird without Alberto around.

CARLOS

Yeah, it's been weird for me, too.

MARIA

You know, you look just like him.

CARLOS

I do?

MARIA

What are you doing strolling around town?

CARLOS

I was just on my way to see Timóteo.

MARIA

Oh yeah? And what are you two up to tonight?

CARLOS

Well, he had this idea for a play....

MARIA

A play?

CARLOS

Yeah, honestly I think I like working on poetry more than writing scripts, but his idea is kind of exciting.

MARIA

You write poems?

CARLOS

I do.

MARIA

You should write one about me.



CARLOS  
About you?

MARIA  
Maybe someday.

CARLOS  
I-

MARIA  
So what's this idea?

CARLOS  
Idea?

MARIA  
Timóteo's idea you're all excited about.

CARLOS  
Well, I don't want to talk about it without him; it's still his, but if it becomes something more, I'll tell you more about it.

MARIA  
Why don't you read me a poem then?

CARLOS  
I don't have any on me, and I don't have any memorized or anything.

MARIA  
You couldn't write one now?

CARLOS  
No, I don't think I could.

*Almost laughing.*  
I have to feel inspired to write. It's not that easy.

MARIA  
Well, is there anything you can show me from your poetic side? Or are you going to leave me disappointed?

*Pause.*

CARLOS

Well, I had an idea for a line the other day, but I haven't decided what to do with it yet. I haven't tried to turn it into a poem yet.

MARIA

Well, let's hear it.

CARLOS

Well, okay.

"Dreams of a man who's in between sleep keep the roses in the sky."

*Pause.*

I know it's not much. I think the line should be longer, but I think there's something there.

MARIA

I think so, too.

*Pause.*

Hey Carlos, I know you're heading to see Timóteo, but is there any way you could help me carry all of this food home? I could really use an extra hand if you could spare the time.

*CARLOS thinks about it for a moment and then speaks with a slight reluctance.*

CARLOS

Sure, I suppose.

MARIA

Great.

*MARIA smiles and then turns around to give money to someone running the market and gets some more fruit.*

*MARIA hands a decent amount of the load to CARLOS.*

*They walk off stage right together.*

*Lights go down as the stage changes into a raggedy old shed.*

*From offstage.*

MARIA

Here, let's go through here; it's a shortcut.

CARLOS

Is it?

*They enter from stage left.*

MARIA

Wow, look at this shed, Carlos.

CARLOS

Looks old and abandoned.

MARIA

Abandoned places are often the most beautiful.

CARLOS

Is that true?

MARIA

Of course. There's a certain quality about them. Kind of like a snake; they're abandoned the moment they're born, but they have a strength about them they would never have otherwise. Kind of like this shed; no one comes to take care of it anymore, but it still stands. Now you can see the green of the vines and the hole in the ceiling that lets the sunshine inside; it adds character.

*Pause.*

Feels romantic.

*CARLOS disagrees but says nothing.*

Have you ever been romantic?

CARLOS

Romantic?

MARIA

With a girl. Ever swooned?

CARLOS

No, well, yes. I fell for a girl once, but nothing happened before it ended.

MARIA

Did you love her?

CARLOS

Yeah. I think I did.

*Beat.*

MARIA

What am I going to do without your brother around?

CARLOS

What do you mean?

MARIA

Alberto used to walk me home every night. I feel alone without him.

CARLOS

Well, he won't be gone forever. I hear they're not even fighting anymore, just marching. Maybe they'll even come east and you can see him.

MARIA

Maybe he will.

*Pause.*

You know, you really do look just like him.

*MARIA looks at CARLOS very deeply. He then begins to understand that she is looking at him in a way he's never noticed before.*

*MARIA leans forward and kisses him once.*

*They both pull away.*

*CARLOS is surprised, but then they both lean back in and kiss again, more passionately this time.*

*Lights fade.*

*CARLOS walks downstage with a single light on him.*

CARLOS

Isn't that kind of a sweet story? I really wish it were true. I wish she kissed me first. I wish I had a brother to look up to, instead of being the older brother and falling short. There's a lot of things I wish, and if I'm telling the story... I guess I can make it look like whatever I want, can't I?

*Pause.*

I'm sorry. I don't want to lie to you. I just needed to feel nice about this before I got back into things. I promise I'll tell the rest of the story with as few lies as I can.

*Lights come back up behind him, and the scene has changed into the inside of a room with a few chairs and an ottoman in the middle.*

*MARIA is sitting on the floor leaning on the ottoman with a glass of wine.*

*CARLOS walks downstage, sits on the opposite side of the ottoman from her, and picks up a glass of wine from where he sits down.*

CARLOS

I'm surprised you finally came back here with me.

MARIA

Shut up.

CARLOS

What?

MARIA

Don't be like that; just talk to me.

CARLOS

I am talking to you; I'm talking about how you always seem to avoid me.

MARIA

I don't avoid you, Carlos.

CARLOS

Well, I see you every day, but we talk, what? Maybe once a week?

*MARIA sits up and looks him in the eyes.*

MARIA

We're talking now.

*Slight pause.*

CARLOS

Yes, we are.

MARIA

How's the wine?

CARLOS

Terrible.

MARIA

Stop.

CARLOS

No, it really is awful.

MARIA

I don't care about getting expensive wine.

CARLOS

That's evident. I can tell there's other factors about wine you care about more than price.

MARIA

Is that such a crime?

*CARLOS looks at MARIA's eyes like she looked in his before.*

*CARLOS grins somberly.*

CARLOS

Not yet.

MARIA

Stop it. Besides, you'll probably make it worse with your play!

CARLOS

I don't know that anyone will notice it, or that it'll make any difference, but things like São Paulo give me hope.

MARIA

Oh, Di Cavalcanti again? You're so in love with him.

CARLOS

I feel like he has the breath of Caravaggio, but without resembling his brush strokes.

MARIA

Is he gonna be in your play?

CARLOS

No, you are.

MARIA

Am I?

CARLOS

You are.

MARIA

Are you?

CARLOS

Am I?

MARIA

Are you in it?

CARLOS

Oh, well, yeah, I wrote a part I think I'd like to play, but the lead is a woman. I showed what I have to Luís Prestes, and he loved it. He said if it does well here in Recife, then he'd talk to some people about putting it up in São Paulo, or maybe even Rio.

MARIA

Carlos, that's amazing!

CARLOS

I think he's a little scared though, ever since the Coluna Prestes.

MARIA

And you're going to protect him?

CARLOS

Not like that. I mean, I don't think he wants me to fight, but without support from the people, the same thing will happen again. And we both know there's enough people out there who believe in overthrowing Vargas, but with people like Plínio Salgado spreading Integralism and treating it like Júlio Prestes and the PRP are truly any better, people don't trust that there's enough people who also believe in something better.

*Beat.*

But the concept of my play potentially being able to take on any of that? It's truly daunting.

MARIA

Carlos, why do you think the Tenente Revolts and Prestes' Column failed?

CARLOS

The Centralized government was too powerful?

MARIA

No, it's because the Lieutenants were too weak.

CARLOS

Well, I don't think-

MARIA

Without the support of the masses, they can't change anything themselves, and they just didn't have enough people.



*CARLOS thinks about this for a beat.*

It's up to people like you, and Timóteo and whoever out there can write something powerful enough to get through to people. It's not enough to have a few people who know what's really happening and want to change it. You need people who can show everyone else what's really going on. That's the only way Luís and Isidoro and everyone, everyone whose fate is caught up in the future of Brazil, have a chance at a better life.

CARLOS

Huh, I never thought of it like that before.

MARIA

Well, you need to start thinking this way if this play is gonna truly change anything for Brazil.

CARLOS

Let's just focus on Recife right now. We'll tackle the rest of Brazil when the time comes.

MARIA

All right then.

*MARIA smiles.*

So when do rehearsals start?

*MARIA gets out a cigarette and begins to smoke.*

CARLOS

I need to talk to Timóteo about that. Luís said he wants me to direct, but I've never directed before, and since I'll be acting in it, too, I figured Timóteo could help guide me through it.

MARIA

Cigarette?

*CARLOS is unsure for a moment but then nods in affirmation.*

*MARIA gives him the cigarette she's started to smoke and then gets out a new one for herself.*

How big is your part then?

CARLOS

It's significant; I'm giving Antony the other lead though.

MARIA

Antony, really?

CARLOS

That isn't a problem for you, is it?

MARIA

Carlos, stop. Things between Antony and I were not that serious; of course I can act with him.

CARLOS

That's great, I guess. I thought you two were more...

MARIA

What?

CARLOS

Intimate.

*MARIA feels a little strange with that comment and pulls back.*

What happened between you two?

MARIA

It really wasn't anything, Carlos. You just have a tendency to make things more dramatic because you're a writer.

CARLOS

What does being a writer have to do with it?

MARIA

Nothing, being a virgin does; I just wanted to be nice.

*CARLOS is embarrassed but keeps his composure.*

CARLOS

That's been my choice.

MARIA

Has it?

CARLOS

You know it has.

*They exchange looks back and forth, but  
MARIA makes a concession in her stare.*

*She stands up.*

MARIA

Being that as it is, I need to know more about my character if I'm going to take the stage by storm.

*Beat.*

What's her name?

CARLOS

Sylvia.

MARIA

Sylvia? Where's that name from?

CARLOS

I don't know; I was aiming for something ambiguous.

MARIA

Well, I don't think it's ambiguous; I think it's specific to somewhere.

CARLOS

Whatever, her name is Sylvia. The whole thing is the struggle between man and the gods, well, the Greek gods.

MARIA

Greek?

CARLOS

Do you have to question everything I say?

(Play fully.)

MARIA

Sorry, sorry.

CARLOS

The god Hades has taken over parts of the mortal world and established his institutions across the world. Everyone kind of submits except for Sylvia. She fights back.

MARIA

She fights a god?

CARLOS

More or less. It's more about the uprising of the people than an actual battle.

MARIA

Do you play Hades?

CARLOS

No, actually that's Antony's role. You know he's a great villain.

*CARLOS laughs a little.*

MARIA

Who are you in it?

CARLOS

I'm a guy. I play, well, I will play a guy who's in love with Sylvia, but she's so fixated on her goals that she never notices.

*Pause.*

*MARIA looks at CARLOS intently, even more than before.*

MARIA

I think she'd notice.

*Blackout.*

SCENE FOUR

*Stage is set for a rehearsal of "Institutions."*

*CARLOS stands next to a chair near the proscenium arch on stage left facing towards the ongoing scene.*

*MARIA is standing slightly upstage of CARLOS, slightly right of center stage.*

*ANTONY is standing further upstage left of MARIA.*

*Others are walking around setting things up, including TIMÓTEO, who begins crossing from stage left to right.*

CARLOS

Hey, Timóteo.

TIMÓTEO

Yeah, what's up?

CARLOS

What do you think of the blocking I've set here?

*TIMÓTEO starts to analyze the setup of the actors.*

TIMÓTEO

Which part is this? Are you in yet?

CARLOS

It's just before I enter.

TIMÓTEO

Hmm. I think this is good then, but before you come on, Antony's staging is too weak for their conversation.

*TIMÓTEO thinks for a moment, then looks at MARIA and walks closer to her.*

I do like her staging. Maybe more over a step or two?

*MARIA moves as TIMÓTEO gestures.*

No, no. I take that back.

*MARIA returns.*

But the important part is the exchange between you two. Antony, come here.

*TIMÓTEO and ANTONY walk slightly  
downstage left of MARIA a bit towards  
CARLOS at the proscenium.*

*TIMÓTEO then guides ANTONY during his  
line.*

Now here is a great place for Antony to start, slightly downstage of Sylvia, holding the power, as Hades does, but during the exchange he moves upstage, where you had him before, keeping his attention centered on Sylvia. She doesn't understand the effect his attention has on her yet, but she feels it... and keeps the tension going, which is broken by your entrance. And, all of a sudden, you've taken control.

CARLOS

Lovely. That works perfectly. Thank you, Timóteo.

TIMÓTEO

Of course. Do you still need me?

CARLOS

No, I think we need a break anyway.

*Gestures to MARIA and ANTONY.*

Maria, Antony, go ahead and take a few minutes.

ANTONY

Sure, thanks.

*ANTONY exists upstage right.*

*CARLOS draws his attention back to  
TIMÓTEO.*

CARLOS

What are you working on right now?

TIMÓTEO

Oh, trying to get the lighting right for the start of the second act.

CARLOS

Brilliant, because I have no ideas.

*TIMÓTEO laughs.*

TIMÓTEO

Well, we'll figure it out. Don't worry.

CARLOS

I won't. Thank you.

*TIMÓTEO leaves to work more on the lights. The lights change periodically.*

*CARLOS finds a chair and sits down in it to rest for a moment.*

*MARIA approaches CARLOS.*

MARIA

So, how are you feeling?

CARLOS

Exhausted. I should've had Timóteo direct it by himself.

*CARLOS takes in a deep breath.*

Next time.

MARIA

Oh yeah? What's the next play going to be about?

CARLOS

Oh god, I have no idea. The future is such a blur, but I'll probably start working on it the moment we close.

*Laughs.*

What do you think about it? Is it a good show?

MARIA

I think so. It's very you.

CARLOS

The hell is that supposed to mean?

MARIA

It's a compliment.

CARLOS

I think you mean it as a compliment, but I don't know if you know me well enough to make a statement like that.

MARIA

What else should I know about you?

*Sighs.*

CARLOS

I don't know. We're on break, Maria; don't make me think too hard.

*Beat.*

How are you and Antony getting along?

MARIA

Lovely.

CARLOS

All right. Good. I guess.

*PETER enters.*

PETER

Hey, Carlos.

CARLOS

Peter, what are you doing here?

PETER

Can I talk to you about your play?



CARLOS

Sure, what's the issue?

PETER

I just... I've been hearing things every time I go into the city. Not just people from Recife, but people from Rio and São Paulo, too. Have you taken any precautions for the aftermath of opening night?

CARLOS

Aftermath? Not really. I mean, I'm hoping for a reaction, but-

PETER

Well, you should be ready for something. I can tell the police are noticing there might be something more to this play. Calling it *Institutions* isn't exactly being cryptic.

CARLOS

The title isn't meant to be cryptic. Peter, it's okay. I know how to handle myself. We're not soldiers here, not really. I don't think we have to worry about being dragged through the streets to be made an example of.

PETER

Just be careful.

CARLOS

I will, Peter.

*TIMÓTEO enters from stage right.*

TIMÓTEO

Peter, what are you doing here?

PETER

Hey, Timóteo. I was just talking with Luís, and I got a little concerned that this production is becoming too well-known. Could be dangerous.

TIMÓTEO

Is Luís concerned?

PETER

I don't know. You can never really tell with him. He didn't seem concerned, but if he was, I don't know if I'd be able to tell the difference.

CARLOS

Okay.

MARIA

Should we be concerned?

PETER

Always, but you personally probably have less to worry about. I don't know that I see them coming after actors. I don't think they'd blame you.

CARLOS

Blame her?

PETER

Well, she isn't the one veiling her critique of Vargas, is she? I don't think they'll care as much about someone embodying the proletariat.

TIMÓTEO

Peter, since you're here, how about we talk about some legitimate plans of how to deal with the aftermath of the show?

CARLOS

Are you really worried about it?

TIMÓTEO

I'm not worried, but let's just say everything doesn't pan out exactly how we've planned. What if this goes up and the masses don't care, and it doesn't give them the confidence we wanted it to? We have to be prepared regardless of the reaction we get.

PETER

It's just being safe, Carlos.

CARLOS

Yeah, sure. Of course.

TIMÓTEO

Come on, Peter, let's talk.

*TIMÓTEO and PETER begin to exit stage right.*

Carlos, I'll fill you in later.

*They exit.*

MARIA

So... you're not worried?

CARLOS

I'm trying not to be.

MARIA

What do you mean?

CARLOS

I'm not clueless. I'm aware there's risk. I'm aware there could be a real fallout from this play, but I'm trying not to be scared about it.

MARIA

Be scared.

CARLOS

What?

*ANTONY enters but isn't close enough to hear most of the next line.*

MARIA

Be scared. It's okay, Carlos, you don't have to put on a front. We're all in this together. I didn't write this, but I'm part of it now. I'm with you.

*CARLOS and MARIA embrace.*

I don't want anything bad to happen to you.

ANTONY

Who's something bad happening to?

MARIA

Us.

*CARLOS gives a look to ANTONY to suggest he'll be okay.*

ANTONY

Why is something bad happening to me?

MARIA

It's not. It's just Peter being cautious, well, all of us being cautious.

CARLOS

Hopefully, you two are at less of a risk, but Peter and Timóteo are discussing how to handle things right now, just in case.

ANTONY

Why aren't you with them?

CARLOS

I fully trust Timóteo to handle all of my interests. He'll inform me of everything I need to know later. We collaborate very well.

*Pause.*

MARIA

How about we rehearse some more?

ANTONY

Good idea.

CARLOS

Uh, yes, all right, let's get to it. I guess we'll just take it from the top. Can you two get back into position?

*CARLOS picks up his chair and moves it closer to the wings, and then moves closer to the apron than he was before.*

*ANTONY and MARIA return to the staging they were at before, MARIA being slightly stage right and ANTONY stage left and downstage of her.*

That looks great. All right, let's go ahead and run it. Maria, whenever you're ready.

*MARIA takes a moment. She turns away from ANTONY to gather herself and then turns back towards him to begin the scene.*

*At that moment MARIA and ANTONY freeze at the same time.*

*Lights go down on MARIA and ANTONY and stay solely on CARLOS.*

I knew she was scared. More scared than she let on. I wish I pushed her more... to tell me, but the way her discomfort materialized on stage... I just couldn't risk losing that. I don't know if that makes me a coward or a narcissist, but god was she good.

*Lights switch to MARIA and ANTONY, and CARLOS is in darkness.*

*CARLOS inconspicuously makes his way off stage after the scene starts.*

*MARIA, as Sylvia, begins the moment the lights go up on them.*

MARIA [SYLVIA]

You're losing your footing.

*Before saying anything, ANTONY, Hades, walks up to MARIA, looks at her closely, and then continues walking in a half-circular pattern.*

ANTONY [HADES]

I've lost nothing.

MARIA [SYLVIA]

You can't expect no one to notice you up here. You're everywhere people look. All around the world, your influence leaves traces and people are beginning to notice.

ANTONY [HADES]

I leave my mark wherever I go. That's not by accident, Sylvia. I've been around a long time and seen enough people like you to tell the difference between a real threat and someone who has risen out of her place. I realize you're getting a taste of power... People are starting to notice you, respect you, give heed to what you have to say, but it is all fickle earnings, and it seldom lasts.

MARIA [SYLVIA]

I'm not afraid.

ANTONY [HADES]

I'm counting on that. I'd be a little worried if you were. Then you might have enough sense to do something about it, but I don't lose any sleep wondering what will become of "the people's Sylvia."

MARIA [SYLVIA]

Or "the little Hades."

*Slightly amused.*

ANTONY [HADES]

Is that what the people are calling me now? They've called me so many names. It's cute.

*CARLOS, as Edward, runs on stage.*

CARLOS [EDWARD]

Hades?

MARIA [SYLVIA]

Ed, what are you doing here?

CARLOS [EDWARD]

Sylvia, why do you keep coming back to him?

MARIA [SYLVIA]

I'm here to-

CARLOS [EDWARD]

I don't know why I bother!

ANTONY [HADES]

Do I sense a bit of jealousy brewing?

CARLOS [EDWARD]

You want change, don't you? Then why do you keep coming back to him? He's never going to be the one who changes!

MARIA [SYLVIA]

Edward, you know that isn't the point. I can't just change every woman, child, and man if I don't try to go to the source. There may be little I can do through him, but I stand my ground here where I'm put in danger, rather than keeping myself tucked away, preaching change, without ever going out in the world to make it happen.

CARLOS [EDWARD]

What are you here for?

MARIA [SYLVIA]

Revolution! What else?

ANTONY [HADES]

Revolution is the opium of the masses.

MARIA [SYLVIA]

I'll take opium through revolution over what you're selling any day!

ANTONY [HADES]

I'll find a way to reach back in and fill your pipe once more.

CARLOS [EDWARD]

Do you not see how easily he distracts you? I wish I knew what you hoped to achieve.

MARIA [SYLVIA]

Edward-

CARLOS [EDWARD]

I hope it makes more sense to you than it does to me. I came here because I care about you. I-

*Slight pause.*

But I can't be here waiting for you to change when all you can do is focus on him.

MARIA [SYLVIA]

Carlos!

ANTONY

Carlos?

*Lights come up around them a little.*

MARIA

Sorry, I just slipped up a little. It won't happen again.

CARLOS

Um, that's okay. It was good. I liked the intensity. If we continue, can you keep it? Or should we take a break and start again?

MARIA

We can keep going.

CARLOS

All right, let's take it from my line then.

*Lights darken again.*

*CARLOS, as Edward, says the line slower and more pensive this time.*

I came here because I care about you. I-

*Slight pause.*

But I can't be here waiting for you to change when all you can do is focus on him.

MARIA [SYLVIA]

Edward!

*CARLOS walks off stage left. MARIA follows behind him for a few steps but stops short once he hits the wings.*

*CARLOS returns to the position in the dark where he had directed from earlier as inconspicuously as possible.*

*MARIA takes a moment to herself and then turns to ANTONY.*

Why can't you be a little more human?

ANTONY [HADES]

What would be the fun in that?



MARIA [SYLVIA]

I'm not joking around. You come and take from everyone. Give something, dammit! Is there nothing real in you? Or is it all just fire and metal crackling under your skin? You think you're special, but I've met many men like you. You're strong and able, but you fall just like the rest of us if pushed. You'll never maintain your hold on these institutions left on Earth forever. There will come a day when everyone all around the world sees the traces of what you've left behind, and all of the things you've done against their livelihoods... and they will be the ones who burn you. I may not be the one who champions the people now, but when I lay dying, the world will be a better place after it. It will be because I did everything in my power to keep your strength held down. The voice of the people, the breath in the streets will be kept unsuppressed and free as the very air they breathe... and I'll be done with you.

*MARIA and ANTONY freeze.*

*CARLOS walks into the lights.*

CARLOS

She said my name, before. I won't ever forget how that felt, to hear my name... to be taken out of the scene like that. I felt like I had directed something worthwhile, something real out of her. I don't know; it was probably a mix of feelings of accomplishment and vanity...

*CARLOS walks closer to MARIA.*

...but I could never talk to her about it. That was the weakness I felt in myself. I felt confident in every way I carried myself, except with her, and I don't know why.

*Pause.*

I like to think I wrote this play to show Getúlio Vargas is a monster, and we can be Sylvia; we can be a unified presence to take back our Brazil. I'd like to think that was all it was, and not as a shrine to immortalize my feelings of unreciprocated love, but I know that was in me. I know it was there, but it wasn't always like that...

*Lights come up on the whole stage.*

*CARLOS looks at MARIA and ANTONY but doesn't go back to his former position.*

ANTONY

Maria, that was really great!

MARIA

Thanks, Antony.

*MARIA and ANTONY walk off together.*

*CARLOS looks back to the audience.*

CARLOS

...It used to be sweeter.

*Blackout.*

SCENE FIVE

*Lights come up and MARIA is center stage right near the apron standing still.*

*The light is only on her.*

*CARLOS walks towards her, still in the dark.*

CARLOS

I know it seems strange, but sometimes, I feel like she's more beautiful when she's frozen like this. Maybe it's because I can see everything about how she is in one moment, and it's so revealing.

*Pause.*

There's an intimacy to it. It almost feels like it makes things even. I can see her vulnerable, like how I always feel around her.

*More lights come up to reveal the setting they were at before with the chairs and ottoman.*

*MARIA unfreezes and looks at CARLOS.*

Do you think you know what it feels like to be loved?

MARIA

What do you mean?

CARLOS

The first woman I ever loved didn't love me back.

*Pause.*

Do you think you can feel when someone's in love with you? The difference.

MARIA

I don't know, Carlos. I don't know that I know what love is.

CARLOS

I don't believe you.

MARIA

What?

CARLOS

I think you're just scared.

MARIA

As scared as you?

*MARIA laughs, but CARLOS continues his thought.*

CARLOS

I think you've loved, but you don't want to be hurt.

MARIA

I think to love someone you have to be honest.

*Pause.*

I lie sometimes.

CARLOS

You lie when you love someone?

MARIA

No... come on, you know.

CARLOS

What?

*MARIA looks at the audience in a similar way to how CARLOS has been looking at them when he addresses them; then she looks back at him.*

MARIA

I'm scared. I'm as scared as anybody. It's not an easy thing to let yourself be vulnerable that way.

*CARLOS is a little shocked.*

Aren't you scared?

CARLOS

Of course I am.

*Pause.*

Sometimes you don't know what love feels like right away. Sometimes you don't know until they break your heart.

*MARIA grins.*

MARIA

You're such a Romantic.

CARLOS

I prefer to think of myself as Enlightened.

*Laughs.*

MARIA

I think that time has come and gone.

CARLOS

Where are we now then?

MARIA

I guess we'll have to wait to find out. And someday we'll just know.

CARLOS

We can only hope.

*As they start to look at each other and feel overly chummy with each other, MARIA freezes and CARLOS walks downstage to clear his head.*

What is this? Sorry, I need to pause. I'm getting a little too deep. Sometimes I forget how it used to be with her. I try to forget the subtle moments where I feel physically pulled towards her... and she leans in a little, too.

*CARLOS leans towards her during this line, but MARIA stays frozen.*

*As he turns away, she unfreezes and looks at him while he talks to the audience.*

*To himself.*

No!

*To the audience.*

Sorry, I'm trying to control myself better this time.

MARIA

Carlos?

*He turns around and looks at her, surprised.*

What are you doing?

CARLOS

I'm... I'm trying to show them.

MARIA

Show them what?

CARLOS

You.

*Pause.*

Me. Everything in a way.

MARIA

Why me? Of everything that has happened, why would you...?

CARLOS

This is the only way I know how. I can't tell the story without you. And I can only tell them about you the way I see you.

MARIA

Is that different?

CARLOS

Probably. I might see more than I understand.

MARIA

What do you s-

CARLOS

I'm in love with you, Maria.

*Pause.*

MARIA

Why haven't you ever told me this before?

CARLOS

I'm scared. I'm as scared of you as I am anything. The only reason I can tell you now is because I know by the time we sit back down in those chairs, you won't remember any of this. But it still feels good to say out loud.

MARIA

Carlos, what do you think will happen if we sit back down?

CARLOS

What do you mean? We'll both forget....

MARIA

No, I'm not talking about us. I'm talking about them...

*MARIA gestures to the two currently empty chairs.*

...the two people sitting in those chairs right now. What will happen to them?

CARLOS

I don't know. I don't know how to continue the scene.

MARIA

Why? It's okay if you're scared, but sooner or later you have to remember, Carlos.

CARLOS

But why was it so hard with you?

MARIA

Because you loved me.

CARLOS

Then why couldn't I say it?

MARIA

It's okay, Carlos. Just sit down and face what happened.

*They pause for a moment before MARIA starts to guide him back to the chairs.*

*CARLOS starts to walk towards the chairs but then breaks away.*

CARLOS

Can't I just tell you I love you here? Can't we just stay here?

*CARLOS looks around the auditorium.*

MARIA

Carlos.

*CARLOS doesn't look at her.*

Carlos!

*CARLOS looks back at her.*

You're not escaping anything here. Lying to them won't change anything. I wish we could live our lives here reliving old memories, but at a certain point, we have to move on with the story... and you can't just switch to a different part every time you start to love me.

*CARLOS looks back at the chairs.*

CARLOS

I-

*MARIA walks closer to CARLOS.*

MARIA

It's time to forget about them for a moment and sit down.

CARLOS

But I-

*MARIA grabs him by the hand and walks  
him towards the empty chairs.*

*Once they are both in front of the chairs, and  
before they have started to move apart from  
each other to sit down, they let go of each  
other's hands and then sit down in the chairs  
they were in before to resume the scene.*

... sometimes you don't know what love feels like right away. Sometimes you don't know until they break your heart.

MARIA

You're such a Romantic.

CARLOS

I prefer to think of myself as Enlightened.

*Laughs.*

MARIA

I think that time has come and gone.

CARLOS

Where are we now then?

MARIA

I guess we'll have to wait to find out. And someday we'll just know.

CARLOS

We can only hope.

*They have a slight pause and then lock eyes.*



*CARLOS leans forward and abruptly kisses  
MARIA.*

*They take a very brief moment and then  
CARLOS breaks away.*

I'm sorry .

MARIA

Carlos.

CARLOS

I don't know where that came from.

*MARIA's mood changes a little.*

MARIA

Where do you think it came from?

CARLOS

I don't know. I guess you're just so attractive.

*MARIA's mood changes to be a little upset as  
she starts to stand up and make her way out.*

MARIA

Look, Carlos. You're a great guy, but if you're gonna finally kiss me, and then reduce me to my looks, then I don't think I need to be here anymore.

CARLOS

Please don't go. It's not just that I find you attractive. I care about you.

MARIA

What do you mean by that, Carlos? That's sweet but fine, you care about me. Why do you care?

*Slight pause.*

If you can't spell it out, give it to me in a real and meaningful way without redirecting all over the place, then I don't know what to say to you, Carlos.

*Pause.*

I'll see you at rehearsals.

*MARIA begins to leave.*

CARLOS

Maria.

*MARIA leaves.*

*Lights darken and are more centered on CARLOS as he waits a moment, then turns to the audience and speaks to them as if he were still speaking to MARIA.*

I love you. I love you, and I wish I had told you.

*Blackout.*

#### SCENE SIX

*Lights open with TIMÓTEO center stage in front of a closed curtain facing the audience.*

*TIMÓTEO is about to speak, but just as he opens his mouth, he freezes, and another light reveals CARLOS standing stage left of him.*

*CARLOS walks in front of TIMÓTEO and towards the audience to address them.*

CARLOS

"Dreams of a man who's in between sleep keep the roses in the sky and music in the deep canals of the ears of the long lost children who are longing to come home. I dreamt the sound went mute, but I never stopped listening in. It'll come back one day. I know I won't always be alone. I tried to hear her listening with me. But that's not the sound I'm supposed to hear right now. So I listened again."

*CARLOS is heard walking in the dark all the way offstage before TIMÓTEO resumes.*

TIMÓTEO

Ladies, gentlemen, this project has been wonderful to work on, and I hope you enjoy .

*Beat.*

Lights!

*TIMÓTEO walks offstage as the curtain rises with lights on MARIA, as Sylvia, slightly stage right of center and CARLOS, as Edward, stage left.*

MARIA [SYLVIA]

I can't live like this anymore.

CARLOS [EDWARD]

What's wrong?

MARIA [SYLVIA]

I'm so sick of living like a criminal, being treated as though I've done something unforgivable, and am spending my life trying to repay the debt.

*As MARIA says this line, the lights on stage left go out and darken CARLOS, and lights come up on stage right which reveal ANTONY, as Hades.*

ANTONY [HADES]

Everyone has a debt to pay, Sylvia. You're not so special. You may think that because there's a love in this world for what you call art, that that means people can really change, but the art you create is just a nice distraction from the debt due.

MARIA [SYLVIA]

You may think you have this power over everyone, but it only exists as long as you keep our spirits down.

*Slight pause.*

But that's why I'm here. I'm here to change the hearts of the people and bring you down.

*Lights switch back to CARLOS and off of ANTONY.*

CARLOS [EDWARD]

Is your heart really changed, Sylvia? I look at you and I'm scared. I worry you've become callous to everything that isn't in line with your cause.

MARIA [SYLVIA]

I care, Edward. That's all I'm trying to do is care.

CARLOS [EDWARD]

I guess I just don't feel it anymore. I'm starting to miss you, and I don't know how to process that.

MARIA [SYLVIA]

You don't have to miss me, Edward. I may be fighting, but I'm only fighting so I can love more freely and honestly.

*Lights switch back to ANTONY and off of  
CARLOS.*

ANTONY [HADES]

You can pretend as much as you'd like, but I can see it in you. I see how you're crumbling.

MARIA [SYLVIA]

I can withstand you, Hades.

ANTONY [HADES]

For a while, sure. I see a lot of strength in you, as much as it pains me to admit, but at the end of the day, you're nothing new. This all might take on a new name, have a new champion, and come at a new time, but I've seen many like you, and just like the ones before, they all fall sooner or later.

MARIA [SYLVIA]

I won't fall. Not before you do.

ANTONY [HADES]

Presumptuous, aren't we?

MARIA [SYLVIA]

I'm here until the end, Hades.

ANTONY [HADES]

Aren't we all?

MARIA [SYLVIA]

Some more than others.

*Lights cut off ANTONY and stay on MARIA.*

*I don't want to fall, but I think it's more about keeping faith than it is about outlasting. If everyone can hear my cry and feel how I feel, then maybe it will last.*

*Pause.*

Sometimes I think I'm kidding myself, but I can't let Hades see that side of me... I can't let Edward see that side of me, or at least I don't want to. Sometimes the pressure is just too much.

*Lights come up on ANTONY again.*

ANTONY [HADES]

The pressure is only going to get worse, Sylvia.

*CARLOS walks into the light from stage right.*

CARLOS [EDWARD]

Just trust yourself, Sylvia. It'll get better.

ANTONY [HADES]

Sylvia, why don't you just leave this all for a while. I'll let you run things for a while. Who knows, maybe you can change things from the inside.

MARIA [SYLVIA]

What?

ANTONY [HADES]

Don't you want to stop fighting? You don't have to live your whole life uncomfortable... I'll make things easier for you. Just stop fighting with me.

*Pause.*

MARIA [SYLVIA]

You're sick.

ANTONY [HADES]

Sylvia, I only thought...

*MARIA gets very worked up.*

MARIA [SYLVIA]

I can see you, Hades. You realize that, right? I'm not blind. I see everything you do when you try to manipulate me into letting you win. If you're that scared, then I must be doing better than I thought.

ANTONY [HADES]

Don't be silly.

*MARIA intensifies even more.*

MARIA [SYLVIA]

No, Hades. You listen to me. This fight will never end. I'll follow you, and I will break you. There will be peace on this earth, but there will never be peace between you and me because I can see you, and you hurt people... and that doesn't matter to you. I know no one ever tried to call you human, but you wouldn't deserve it.

ANTONY [HADES]

I'm more than-

MARIA [SYLVIA]

No, you're not! You just wish you had the power to change, but that's not something you're capable of, is it? You're just jealous, but we will prevail past you... no matter how long it takes.

ANTONY [HADES]

I guess you don't want things to be easier on yourself, Sylvia, but no matter. I'll give you war if you want.

*ANTONY walks into the dark stage left.*

*When ANTONY is gone, MARIA loses her balance as she's given so much energy towards keeping herself collected against Hades.*

*CARLOS catches her and stabilizes her on her feet.*

Sylvia! Are you okay?  
CARLOS [EDWARD]

He's right.  
MARIA [SYLVIA]

What?  
CARLOS [EDWARD]

He's wrong about most things, but I am tired. I'm so tired of this war.  
MARIA [SYLVIA]

*Pause.*  
Edward, if I'm honest, I don't always know if I'm strong enough to keep this up much longer.

Don't worry so much....  
CARLOS [EDWARD]

What if he wins?  
MARIA [SYLVIA]

Don't think like that.  
CARLOS [EDWARD]

Don't I have to though? Isn't it irresponsible not to? I just don't always know. Who's there to guide me? To show me where to go? Do I have to do this all by myself?  
MARIA [SYLVIA]

*Lights cut out on CARLOS.*  
I guess I always knew I'd have to do this alone. Ed tries, and he's wonderful for it, but sometimes a movement is bigger than you, and you have to be bigger for it.

*Pause.*  
The stronger I get, the more scared I am, but I think I'm coming to terms with that. I'm accepting it. Even if I have to do it alone.

*Lights come up on stage left to show ANTONY.*

Lonely, isn't it?  
ANTONY [HADES]

MARIA [SYLVIA]

I don't have to be lonely. I have more and more of the world behind me. I feel the daughter of the world giving me strength against you.

ANTONY [HADES]

Come on, Sylvia. The world doesn't know you exist.

MARIA [SYLVIA]

They hear my name, and more and more, they'll come to find me.

ANTONY [HADES]

I found you, Sylvia. I know it hurts to remember, but I made you. You'd be nothing without me. You see that, don't you?

MARIA [SYLVIA]

That's not true. I've become so much more than just someone who went to war with you.

ANTONY [HADES]

Not in their eyes.

MARIA [SYLVIA]

You'd like to think that, wouldn't you?

*Lights cut out on ANTONY and leave MARIA on stage.*

*MARIA falls to her knees.*

I don't know what to do! Everything I create just gets bowled over later on down the road. Everyone who cares about what I have to say forgets, and I'm left under this spell again and again and again.

*MARIA stands up.*

I just want someone to care.

*Lights come on with CARLOS stage left of MARIA and slightly upstage with ANTONY downstage of both of them like they were in rehearsal.*

CARLOS [EDWARD]

I came here because I care about you. I-



*Long pause.*

But I can't be here waiting for you to change when all you can do is focus on him.

*Pause.*

*MARIA speaks slowly with a lot of emotion.*

MARIA [SYLVIA]

Edward, I-

*CARLOS walks off stage left. MARIA follows behind him for a few steps but stops short.*

*MARIA takes a moment to herself and then turns to ANTONY.*

Why can't you be a little more human?

ANTONY [HADES]

What would-

*MARIA is far more intense than she was in rehearsal.*

MARIA [SYLVIA]

I'm not joking around! You come and take from everyone. Give something, dammit! Is there nothing real in you? Or is it all just fire and metal crackling under your skin? You think you're special, but I've met many men like you. You're strong and able, but you fall just like the rest of us if pushed. You'll never maintain your hold on these institutions left on Earth forever. There will come a day when everyone all around the world sees the traces of what you've left behind, and all of the things you've done against their livelihoods... and they will be the ones who burn you. I may not be the one who champions the people now, but when I lay dying, the world will be a better place after it. It will be because I did everything in my power to keep your strength held down. The voice of the people, the breath in the streets will be kept unsuppressed and free as the very air they breathe... and I'll be done with you!

*Lights go down on ANTONY, and only MARIA is left on stage.*

*MARIA slowly sits down and begins to cry a little to herself.*

*MARIA regains her composure, wipes away her tears, and stands up.*

I will not be kept down. It's always a new day.

*Lights go off of MARIA and come up on ANTONY and CARLOS who are now center stage with CARLOS stage right of ANTONY.*

CARLOS [EDWARD]

Why can't you leave her alone?

ANTONY [HADES]

What? You're scared the woman you love is going to forget about you?

CARLOS [EDWARD]

It's not about me.

ANTONY [HADES]

Sure it isn't.

CARLOS [EDWARD]

I'm worried about her. I think this may be taking too large of a toll on her.

ANTONY [HADES]

Of course it is, Eddy. She's not the first person to take arms against me, and she won't be the last to exhaust herself trying.

*Beat.*

I know how to play this game. She can move around the chessboard all she wants, but at the end of the day, I can't lose; I never put my king on the board.

CARLOS [EDWARD]

What does that mean?

ANTONY [HADES]

It means "the people's Sylvia" will fail. Sooner or later.

*Lights go down on CARLOS and up on MARIA who is stage left.*

MARIA [SYLVIA]  
I won't fall to you, Hades.

ANTONY [HADES]  
Oh yes, you will, Sylvia.

MARIA [SYLVIA]  
I-

ANTONY [HADES]  
You already have.

MARIA [SYLVIA]  
What?

ANTONY [HADES]  
Your "people" have turned against you.

MARIA [SYLVIA]  
What are you talking about?

ANTONY [HADES]  
You may have declined my offer of a comfortable life, but they couldn't resist.

MARIA [SYLVIA]  
What are you talking about?

ANTONY [HADES]  
It's a tale older than time, Sylvia. Everyone can be corrupted into betrayal. Maybe it would've been better if yours hadn't tasted so sweet.

*MARIA's character has a realization.*

MARIA [SYLVIA]  
The wine!

ANTONY [HADES]  
That's right!

MARIA [SYLVIA]  
But-

ANTONY [HADES]

It works slow, but it'll start constricting your blood soon.

*Pause.*

MARIA [SYLVIA]

You coward! You couldn't face me yourself so you tried to-

ANTONY [HADES]

That's great, Sylvia, get mad! It'll make it quicker.

*MARIA starts to look like she's experiencing increasing pain which starts in her extremities and makes its way to her heart.*

MARIA [SYLVIA]

You couldn't just face me, could you? You had to manipulate someone into doing your dirty work for you.

ANTONY [HADES]

Why would I ever play fair? It's much too difficult, and I like winning.

MARIA [SYLVIA]

Someone will take my place.

ANTONY [HADES]

I'm sure.

MARIA [SYLVIA]

They will rise without me!

ANTONY [HADES]

No, they won't, Sylvia. I know it's nice to believe in something, but everyone who believes in something eventually gets their heartbroken.

*MARIA cringes and grabs her heart.*

MARIA [SYLVIA]

Ah!

ANTONY [HADES]

I wish you'd just accepted your fate. I never wanted you to die, but I grow tired of insolence after a while.

*ANTONY walks into the dark stage right as MARIA continues clutching her heart.*

*CARLOS walks on stage left.*

CARLOS [EDWARD]

Sylvia!

*CARLOS grabs MARIA and holds her over him while he sits on the ground.*

*MARIA is still breathing and holding her heart, but only just barely.*

Sylvia.

MARIA [SYLVIA]

I wasn't strong enough. None of us were.

*Lights go out entirely, and then the same lights that were left on MARIA and CARLOS are up only on ANTONY, who then makes his address to the audience as if they were a crowd for him.*

ANTONY [HADES]

I mourn Sylvia. The people mourn Sylvia. Our nation will not be weakened by her passing, but will remain strong! As many of you know, she frequented my stead often, and though we did not always agree, we truly believed in each other's abilities to make a difference in the world. Though she has fallen, I know it will not be in vain, for we, all of us, will make a new nation on the back of her sacrifice that will be stronger and more profitable than ever!

*Cheers are heard.*

I need the support and confidence of the workers, and they in turn will find in me a true friend, ready to help them in their just aspirations. They should avoid being misled by agitators and rabble-rousers. They may come to me without fear, and I will lead them to just and equitable solutions, using the official agencies created to accomplish this.

*Cheers again.*

Come to me, and we will make this wrong right again. Come to me, and we will achieve greatness for your pain, and suffering will no longer be ignored.

*Beat.*

I am imprisoned by a wall that separates me from the suffering and humble people, who elected me in the hope of a better life! I must fulfill that promise!

*Blackout.*

*Cheers are heard again.*

*Long pause.*

*Lights come up and ANTONY takes a bow.  
Then MARIA comes from behind and  
ANTONY leaves, and she also bows.*

*MARIA makes her way stage right and  
waves as she leaves as if she's still bowing.*

*At the same time, CARLOS is walking in the  
same direction, but stops center stage and is  
not bowing for the audience.*

*Cheers stop and CARLOS now addresses  
the audience again.*

CARLOS

I didn't bow. I don't know what it was, but everything coming together and being all that it was... I just couldn't be there anymore. Being around her was... overwhelming. She found me anyway though.

*Blackout.*

SCENE SEVEN

*Lights come up on a garden with CARLOS,  
slightly disheveled, sitting on a bench trying  
to slow down his breathing and calm down.*

*CARLOS takes a deep breath and exhales.*

*MARIA enters.*

MARIA

Carlos.

CARLOS

Maria?

*CARLOS stands up and looks at her.*

MARIA

You just ran off. We didn't even-

CARLOS

I love you.

*MARIA is stunned.*

I love you. I don't know why I didn't tell you when I kissed you; I was a fool.

*Pause.*

*Still no clear reaction from MARIA.*

I don't care if it ruins the play, and you don't want to work with me anymore. Brazil can find another play to rally around, but I can't live with this anymore. Edward didn't know what he wanted, but I do now, and I need you to know that.

*Pause.*

*CARLOS sees no discernible reaction from MARIA, reads this as a rejection, and begins to walk away.*

MARIA

Carlos.

*MARIA grabs him, turns him around, and kisses him.*

*As she stops kissing him, she slides her hands down to his shoulders and looks at him for a moment before speaking.*

That play. It felt different tonight. So much more real. I think you're not always able to convey yourself, but when you put it in a play... Carlos, you're all there.

CARLOS

I'm sorry I didn't just tell you. I've been in love with you for so long.

MARIA

You found a way.

*They smile at each other for a moment.*

Now let's get back. I'm sure there's plenty of people who want to talk with you about what you've made.

CARLOS

I don't know if I have the energy, to be honest with you.

MARIA

Oh, come on, you're not that modest. Go on, indulge in a little vanity.

CARLOS

I don't know, Maria.

MARIA

I overheard Luís talking about Rio with Timóteo.

CARLOS

Really?

MARIA

I think this play would do great there.

*CARLOS processes the concept of going to Rio de Janeiro for a moment.*

You would do great there.

*CARLOS smiles and kisses MARIA again.*



CARLOS

All right. Let's go back, but I don't want to stay too long.

*They begin to exit upstage right.*

*Two policemen enter.*

POLICE 1

Carlos Sampaio?

*CARLOS and MARIA turn around to face them.*

CARLOS

Yes?

*The policemen immediately grab CARLOS.*

*CARLOS stumbles and starts to fall, but the police continue to drag him and escort him offstage.*

MARIA

What are you doing to him? He didn't do anything wrong!

*MARIA tries to grab CARLOS back, but POLICE 2 pushes her away very forcefully.*

Carlos!

*Blackout.*

SCENE EIGHT

*Lights come up on a setting of a small town with a small marketplace, and general sales go on in the background.*

*PETER, PAOLO, ANTONY, and CARLOS are congregated downstage left.*

*The scene returns to when PETER, PAOLO, ANTONY, and CARLOS are leaving.*

PETER

How about we pause this discussion and continue it when you've got your things put away?

*PETER looks at how little CARLOS has with him when he says this.*

Then I'll tell you about every moment since you left. Then if Carlos is willing, he can decide what he would like us to know, and what's better left unsaid.

CARLOS

I can agree to that. This bag is getting a little heavy, but I'm gonna hold you to that... every moment since I've been gone.

*Smiles.*

PETER

Every moment.

*They all begin to exit stage left when all of a sudden MARIA enters from stage left and stops when she sees CARLOS.*

CARLOS

Maria.

MARIA

Carlos!

CARLOS

Maria.

Maria

You're back.

CARLOS

I'm back.

PETER

We'll meet you at my place.

*CARLOS nods in confirmation and PETER, PAOLO, and ANTONY leave.*

MARIA

I hadn't heard anything in a while. I was afraid you...

CARLOS

Yeah, I guess not.

MARIA

Are you okay?

CARLOS

Honestly, no. It's been extremely hard, but I'm out now.

MARIA

What happened to you in there?

*CARLOS winces and thinks back, but isn't able to say anything yet.*

I'm sorry, you don't have to talk about it.

CARLOS

No, it's okay. Honestly, it was pretty unbearable. There were many times I thought I was going to die.

MARIA

My god.

CARLOS

Sorry, I shouldn't have been so blunt.

MARIA

No, no. Carlos, it's okay. I'm sorry that happened to you.

CARLOS

I forgot who I was in there... I... I-

*MARIA embraces CARLOS.*

*He is still for a moment, and then wraps his arms around her.*

This feels like a dream.

MARIA

What does?

CARLOS

Holding you... seeing you. I can't believe you're in my arms again. I felt like I dreamt of your voice, the song your words make, and it all brings me to this moment, but I feel like I'm on the brink of opening my eyes and losing you again.

MARIA

I'm here, Carlos. I'm here.

CARLOS

I can barely tell what's a dream and what's reality, but either way, I'll come here every time as long as you're right where I left you.

*Blackout.*

ACT II

## SCENE ONE

*The stage opens with a light on CARLOS who stands where he was in the beginning.*

CARLOS

"Dreams of a man who's in between sleep keep  
the roses in the sky and music within the shallow canals  
of the ears of the long lost children  
longing to come home.  
I dreamt the sound went mute, but I didn't stop  
listening in. It'll come back one day. I know  
I won't always be alone. I tried to hear her  
listening with me  
But that's not the sound I'm supposed to hear  
Right now. So I listened again.  
This time I kept my premonitions at bay,  
those premonitions which I'd let deafen me  
in the first place.  
Then, between the noon and night, the song;  
the song of My mouth played as loud as I could hear.  
Even though I did not play it.  
I followed the song and it brought me back  
once more to the sound which was slipped  
in between the dream and the reality  
And there she was.  
Just like the dream I left her in."

*A door closing followed by a loud gunshot is heard.*

*Gunshots and battle noises can be heard intermittently throughout this scene.*

*Lights come on the whole stage to reveal a large shed (likely the same one used in ACT I, but maybe some of the holes haven't been made yet).*

*CARLOS walks off stage left as the light turns on.*

*PAOLO and ANTONY are seen in the shed sitting down leaning against a wall.*

PAOLO

Where's Timóteo?

ANTONY

I haven't seen him. I don't know what happened to him.

PAOLO

Did something happen to him?

ANTONY

I have no idea. I'm scared he went further south than he was supposed to.

PAOLO

I guess that explains why I ran into you.

ANTONY

Aren't you too far north?

PAOLO

I can't find Peter. Have you seen him?

ANTONY

I actually thought I saw him about half a kilometer back towards Beberibe, but I couldn't get to him. There was too much chaos going on, and I was worried about Timóteo.

PAOLO

*Beberibe? Damn. How sure are you it was Peter?*

*ANTONY shrugs.*

ANTONY

I don't know. I don't feel very confident in my perception of things today.

PAOLO

Hand me your mirror.

ANTONY

What about yours?

PAOLO

It broke, just let me use yours.

*ANTONY takes his pocket mirror out of his breast pocket and gives it to PAOLO.*

*PAOLO, being closer to the window, holds the mirror by his fingertips, angling it to see out the window and combing over the area.*

I don't see anyone around.

ANTONY

Anyone at all?

PAOLO

Here, take a look.

*PAOLO hands back the mirror and shifts over about a meter to let ANTONY sit closer to the window.*

*ANTONY angles the mirror to see outside the window.*

ANTONY

Yeah.

*ANTONY continues to search.*

I can't find anybody either.

*PAOLO starts to get up.*

PAOLO

Well then let's-

*ANTONY grabs PAOLO's shirt and pulls him down.*

ANTONY

No, wait, I see someone.

*PAOLO sits back down.*

PAOLO

Where are they?

ANTONY

There's someone hiding in a shadow behind a building across the square.

PAOLO

Army? Us? Who is it?

ANTONY

Just wait; I can't tell yet... come on... move into the light.

*Beat.*

Wait! It's Peter!

PAOLO

What, let me see!

*PAOLO forces ANTONY over and looks at him through the mirror.*

There he is!

*Beat.*

Oh wait, I think he's looking over here.

*PAOLO pulls back the mirror so it can't be seen.*

Move over, he's taking out his rifle. He doesn't know who we are.

*PAOLO and ANTONY move over and cross past the door and move closer to another window on the opposite side of the shack which is broken off and now just an open space in the wall.*



ANTONY

Is he coming over here?

PAOLO

I can't tell.

ANTONY

Why didn't you look?

PAOLO

I didn't want to get mistakenly shot by Peter.

ANTONY

Well, go look now, he's clearly not shooting.

PAOLO

What if he's waiting with his rifle ready to shoot anything that comes past that ledge?

ANTONY

Use the mirror.

PAOLO

I don't want to lose my hand.

*ANTONY takes out some chewing gum, chews it briefly, then takes out his knife and applies the gum to the end of it.*

ANTONY

Give me the mirror.

*PAOLO gives the mirror.*

*ANTONY applies the mirror to the gum.*

*PETER gradually appears at the other window and looks to find ANTONY and PAOLO.*

*ANTONY and PAOLO are too concerned with the other window to notice PETER climbing inside the shack.*

*ANTONY also hands the knife/mirror to PAOLO to let him use it to try and see.*

There.

*PAOLO observes with the mirror.*

PAOLO

No, he's gone. He must have-

PETER

I wouldn't shoot at the mirror. I'd shoot underneath the window to make sure I got ya, if I didn't know it was you, that is.

ANTONY

Peter!

PAOLO

How'd you know it was us?

PETER

There's so many of them. Why would anyone other than you be hiding?

*Beat.*

Wait one second.

*PETER grabs some coarse blankets that are in the shack and hangs them over the windows to block anyone from seeing inside.*

*PETER then helps PAOLO stand up while ANTONY helps himself up.*

Where's Timóteo?

ANTONY

I wish we knew. I haven't seen him at all.

*Pause.*

PETER

I'm sure he's all right.

*Pause.*

PAOLO

I hope things are going better in Natal and Rio.

PETER

I can't imagine it being much worse. There's no way they're this outnumbered.

*ANTONY walks towards the window.*

PAOLO

Should we abandon-

PETER

No, no, no. Our plan was never about numbers... not in Recife. This is just more than Bernardo, Maria, or I expected.

*ANTONY lifts back the makeshift curtain to look behind.*

ANTONY

Keep quiet, here they come.

*Footsteps of many of the Brazilian Army are heard along with gunshots, etc.*

*PAOLO, PETER, and ANTONY crouch down under the curtained window and speak quietly.*

What troops are they shooting at? I don't think Timóteo would be on the road right now.

PETER

I don't think it's troops.

PAOLO

Who else could it be?

PETER

I think Maria was right. I think Olga's attempts to spread the word worked and the people are coming out in support.

ANTONY

So they're killing civilians?

PETER

That's what I'm saying.

ANTONY

God.

PAOLO

Peter, what should we do?

PETER

Well, we need to get to the bridge somehow. It looks like these troops are heading to the conflict in Graças, which is getting out of hand. I don't know if that's in a way that helps or hurts us overall, but for now, it's drawing the attention away from the Palace.

*Beat.*

Antony, don't worry about Timóteo, he'll head to the bridge I'm sure, but make a sweep along the south near Rio Capibaribe just in case he's lost his way. Make sure to stay covered as you get closer to the river, but don't take too long to cross the bridge.

*Beat.*

Paolo, make a sweep up north before the bridge. Just make a wing in case Timóteo went up there. Take a little time, but not too long.

PAOLO

What are you going to do?

PETER

Once they've passed, I'm going to keep an eye on the road and make sure to see a way across the bridge before we meet and make sure we don't run into trouble getting across.

ANTONY

What if they're rallying at the bridge waiting for us?

PETER

Olga knew the people would rally... hopefully she's right about diverting their attention as well, but that's why I'll make it out there first.

*PETER says this very seriously.*

If you don't find me at the bridge, cross without me. Don't wait for me.

PAOLO

Are you going to wait for us, or are you going to cross without us?

*PETER takes out a flare gun.*

PETER

If I cross without you, I'll send a flare over the bridge to let you know it's safe. If I send the flare east or down the peninsula, then don't cross the bridge.

ANTONY

What will we do then?

PETER

You'll have to improvise.

*PETER looks out the curtain to check on the passing soldiers.*

I think they're almost past. Antony, go ahead now. It'll be all right.

*PETER puts his hand on ANTONY's shoulder.*

You've got this.

*ANTONY takes a breath, then nods and makes his way out the window, and disappears.*

*Pause.*

PAOLO

So when you fire the flare...

*Pause.*

PETER

Yeah?

PAOLO

Just be careful... in case they see.

*PAOLO gestures towards the troops who have been walking away from them.*

PETER

I'm counting on it, but we have other troops who will see it, too, and if things are going well, it might give them hope.

PAOLO

Just be careful. We can still win this war if we don't win Recife.

PETER

That may be true, but we're here to win Recife.

*PETER checks the window again.*

Okay, Paolo, it's time.

*PETER and PAOLO move towards the door.*

*PETER cracks open the door.*

Paolo.

PAOLO

Yeah?

PETER

Stay safe.

*Blackout.*

## SCENE TWO

*Lights come up on MARIA and CARLOS getting off at a train station on stage left. (Alternatively, this could be set in a different town square, or anywhere near where they would be getting in).*

*LUÍS comes from stage right to greet them.*

LUÍS

Maria, Carlos! Welcome to Rio de Janeiro!

CARLOS

It feels bigger than I remember it.

LUÍS

You've been before?

CARLOS

Yeah, back in 1931. I don't- I don't really know why I felt compelled to come, but I saw a film while I was here that changed me in many ways.

LUÍS

What film?

CARLOS

*Limite* by Mário Peixoto.

MARIA

3 years ago, and he hasn't stopped talking about it.

LUÍS

It must have been something.

CARLOS

It was.

LUÍS

Have you ever seen *Ganga Bruta*?

CARLOS

No, I don't get to go to the cinema as much as I'd like.

LUÍS

It's by Humberto Mauro, truly a master of cinema.

CARLOS

What's it about?

LUÍS

It's this whole love triangle story.

MARIA

Really? With a title like *Ganga Bruta*?

LUÍS

It's all around criminal activity, but that's not what you care about.

MARIA

Why not?

LUÍS

Romance, Maria, don't you think it's so much more human.

MARIA

Maybe so, but humans should focus on more than one thing.

LUÍS

You've got me there.

CARLOS

Luís, at the risk of being too blunt, why did you have us come down here?

LUÍS

We'll talk about that over dinner tonight. Olga and Bernardo will be there, too.

CARLOS

Really?

MARIA

We finally get to meet them.

LUÍS

Yes, I think you should all get along very well, and there's important matters I want you both to talk over with them, but that's all for tonight. I have more to get done in the city first, but I will meet you both at Bernardo's home tonight. Do you know the way, or do you need some help?

CARLOS

I think we're okay.



MARIA

We studied the maps pretty well coming down here. I don't think we'll have any issues getting there.

LUÍS

Wonderful, see you tonight. Until then, enjoy the city.

MARIA

Thank you, Luís.

LUÍS

Thank you for coming.

MARIA

Of course.

*LUÍS leaves stage right.*

CARLOS

He's been acting a little strange since I got back from prison.

MARIA

He started acting strange after you were taken away.

CARLOS

Did he?

MARIA

He left Brazil.

CARLOS

And brought back Olga, huh.

MARIA

What?

CARLOS

Just seems strange to me.

MARIA

What does?

CARLOS

Why does she want to come all the way across the ocean to take part in someone else's revolution?

MARIA

It's her revolution, too.

CARLOS

How?

MARIA

Revolution can't abide by national barriers. We're the people, and so is she.

CARLOS

You haven't met her yet, have you?

MARIA

Nope. I'll meet her tonight, which says a lot, I think.

CARLOS

What do you mean?

MARIA

Being invited to Rio for dinner to meet Luís' new wife.

CARLOS

And whoever Bernardo is.

MARIA

Have you heard anything about Bernardo?

CARLOS

Luís said Peter reminds him of Bernardo, but other than that, I just know that Luís met Bernardo in the military, so whatever that tells you.

MARIA

Could be a lot of things.

*Blackout.*

*Scene opens back up in a living room or back porch.*

*OLGA, BERNARDO, CARLOS, and MARIA are all sitting around a table while LUÍS is walking in with a tray that has either drinks or some sort of simple food for the guests to enjoy while talking.*

*There is a bit of laughter and an air of levity in the room.*

MARIA

Really?

OLGA

I was, I was protecting Luís.

BERNARDO

Captain Prestes needed protection?

OLGA

Things are not the same in Europe as they are here.

BERNARDO

I'd think Europeans would be more open to change and progressive ideals than Brazilians.

OLGA

Where do you think Fascism came from? "Progressive" places have just as much of a storied past as anywhere.

MARIA

When you think about it, there's been plenty of European influence on Brazil. Most of the original ideas in Brazil died when Cabral claimed what wasn't his.

CARLOS

What about Di Cavalcanti?

MARIA

What about him?

CARLOS

He's originally Brazilian.

LUÍS

That's somewhat true. Di Cavalcanti's intention, at least what he told me, was whenever he put brush to canvas to not use any influence from European art.

CARLOS

You met him?

LUÍS

A long time ago, but I argued with him that night.

MARIA

How so?

LUÍS

I said, "Emilio, if you're aiming specifically against European styles, then doesn't that mean, in some way, European art is driving your own style? If white is the culmination of all color, and black is the absence of color, does white not need black to create an absence that white can fill?"

CARLOS

Huh, I wouldn't have thought about it that way.

LUÍS

He fought me on it. Something about pigments instead of light, but I think he was just being stubborn.

OLGA

I don't know, Luís. I think you were being stubborn.

MARIA

What do you think?

OLGA

I think every piece of art is its own.

CARLOS

Even a replica?

OLGA

Don't be cheeky, Carlos.

*CARLOS smiles.*

You can't have art without influence. You can't have anything without influence. That's how the world works. You can't exist without everything leading up to your own existence.

BERNARDO

But doesn't that just prove the Captain's point?

LUÍS

Luís, Bernardo, please.

BERNARDO

Sorry, wouldn't that prove Luís' point?

CARLOS

How so?

BERNARDO

If you can't have Brazilian art without European influence, then he's right in saying that Di Cavalcanti wasn't able to make something truly separate from European art.

OLGA

It's a matter of perspective, Bernardo, but to require that something has to be entirely new and void of all influence is an absurd standard to hold someone to, not to mention it takes out all meaning of the word "new." At that point, you're just getting caught up in semantics, and just trying to prove that you're right, rather than come to a better understanding of the art you're discussing.

*LUÍS and OLGA share a grin with each other.*

The important thing to remember is that we don't need to separate the influences between Europe and South America... if we're working towards the same goals, then why bother determining who was first?

LUÍS

Speaking of working together, why not continue with your story?

MARIA

Yes, I'd love to hear the rest.

OLGA

So I was assigned to protect him. I'd had plenty of military training, and I'd assisted in a prison break or two in Germany.

CARLOS

Oh really?

OLGA

Otto Braun, he and I were together for a long time. Later on, after I was trained by the Soviets, I was introduced to this helpless Brazilian man who needed a body guard.

*LUÍS grins.*

So I protected him for a while.

LUÍS

Originally I wanted to stay in the U.S.S.R., but the more I started to fall for Olga, the more I wanted to bring her to Brazil and continue our work there.

OLGA

I was very excited to come to Brazil. Stories Luís had told me made me dream of how naturally beautiful it was. So different from Germany and Russia. We married so I could get into the country, and now, here we are, working towards dismantling the Vargas dictatorship in any way we can.

*There are general laughs.*

LUÍS

Speaking of Europe, Maria, Carlos, you really should try to make it out there when you get the chance. It's not Rio de Janeiro, but it is worth seeing in one's lifetime. Not to mention it would really do you some good to learn from some of the true idealists over there. The people in every state have something unique to their souls, and if you never travel, you never learn about any uniqueness other than your own.

OLGA

And then it's not so unique.

BERNARDO

When they get the chance? Do you expect this to be over anytime soon?

*LUÍS sits up.*

LUÍS

I do. I think we can take Vargas.

*Pause.*

I think we can do it within the year, and the three of you can help me with that.

BERNARDO

How so?

LUÍS

Olga and I can only do so much here in Rio. Even the lieutenants are limited. Not everyone has the fire we once had, not everyone is still alive, and those who are, have a history... it's hard to act swiftly with eyes on you.

CARLOS

Do I not have a history as well?

LUÍS

They know you as a disturber of the peace. Someone who people have faith in, but I do not think they see you as militant. I mean, why would a playwright get involved with a bunch of tenentes, foreigners, and the likes of myself? But whether they're paying attention to it or not, the people of Rio saw *Institutions* and were moved by it. It made an impact in Recife, but when Bernardo and I put it up here in Rio de Janeiro... ripples. Throughout all of Brazil, you can't even imagine.

BERNARDO

Rio sets the tone for the rest of the country. And the people are ready now. Not all of them...

LUÍS

But increasing at a rate I never saw even with the Column.

BERNARDO

And if we have you with us here, I'm sure we can gather enough people to make a real stance against the capital.

OLGA

If you're here, the people will know. And if a writer can fight, why can't they?

CARLOS

So I'm here to fight?

LUÍS

Yes. That's not what you're here for right now, but that's why I asked you down here. Bernardo is something of a strategical prodigy.

BERNARDO

As it were.

LUÍS

It was actually his plans which we based our plans for the Paulista Revolt off of in '24, but he wasn't able to be there, unfortunately.

MARIA

What happened?

BERNARDO

I was back home. My sister was sick. I'm not sure what would have happened with her, or with the revolt if I had been in São Paulo, but I made my choice.

LUÍS

You're here now.

BERNARDO

That I am.

LUÍS

If Bernardo secretly trains you two, without a strong connection to Olga or myself, then we can spread word of your being a part of the revolution without having any government interference.

MARIA

Really?

LUÍS

Of course, I don't want to make you do anything that you don't want to do; I want you both to feel safe...



MARIA

No, I'm comfortable, I just didn't know this was what you had in mind about my involvement when we talked after Rio's *Institutions*.

OLGA

You don't have to fight, Maria.

MARIA

I'm here to fight.

*OLGA smiles.*

OLGA

Good to hear.

*CARLOS puts his hand on MARIA's shoulder, stands up, and kisses her on her head.*

CARLOS

I think I'm going to step away for a smoke if that's all right.

LUÍS

Of course.

BERNARDO

I just got a new box of cigars if anyone would like one.

LUÍS

I'll partake.

CARLOS

A cigar, I haven't had a cigar since I was sent to prison.

BERNARDO

I know what you mean; I got sick of cigarettes. I haven't touched them since I was at Realengo. I bought 4 boxes of cigars the week I got out and haven't smoked anything else since.

*BERNARDO and LUÍS stand to make their way out with CARLOS.*

CARLOS

That's some commitment.

OLGA

Maria, did you want to smoke?

MARIA

No, I'm okay; I'm not in the mood to smoke tonight, but feel free to join them. Don't feel obligated to stay here with me.

*BERNARDO, LUÍS, and CARLOS have  
made their way out by this time.*

OLGA

Not at all. I'm enjoying the air out here tonight.

MARIA

Me, too.

*Beat.*

So what happened after?

OLGA

After what?

MARIA

After you were assigned to protect Luís? Before you both left Europe.

OLGA

It was really quite strange. Have you ever been in love, Maria?

MARIA

I am. I used to think I didn't know how to love.

OLGA

I think that's ridiculous. Don't get me wrong, I think you're right to feel that way, but it's a lie we tell ourselves.

MARIA

I think I've begun to agree with that.

*MARIA smiles.*

OLGA

I fell in love once when I was young, and once when I was very young.

*They both laugh.*

Comparing my love then to now is such a strange thing. It made sense back then, but now it seems so ludicrous. I'm sure when I'm in my 60's the way I feel about Luís now will seem like a fantasy, but I'm enjoying it now, and I intend to enjoy it as long as I can.

MARIA

But how did it happen? It just seems so unlikely for it to happen so quickly. I've never fallen so fast before.

OLGA

It doesn't have to be fast for everybody. I think two people, put together, working towards a common goal, interacting... not to seem unromantic, but sometimes the circumstances just make it easy. And when I was taking care of Luís, he really shared an intimate side of himself, and something just started to blossom.

MARIA

Is that the same as love?

OLGA

I love Luís. That may not last forever, but it's worth so much to me now. Sure, the marriage was a necessity to get me across the border to Brazil, but I would've married him anyway. The intimate moments someone shows you... their vulnerability, it's so much stronger than attention or affection, or always knowing the right words to say.

MARIA

What about Otto?

OLGA

What about him?

MARIA

How does your love differ with Luís from when you were in love with Otto?

*Pause.*

OLGA

I loved Otto very deeply. He meant so much to me when I was younger, just as Luís means so much to me now. They are nothing alike.

*Beat.*

Sure, they both care about the oppression of the people, but my relationship with Luís doesn't resemble my relationship with Otto at all.

MARIA

Did things change when Otto was in prison?

*Slight pause.*

Would things be different if you hadn't broken him out?

OLGA

Why are you asking me this, Maria?

*Pause.*

MARIA

I don't know what I'll do if something happens this time.

OLGA

Because Carlos was imprisoned?

MARIA

Yes.

OLGA

Why is this time different?

MARIA

I don't know if I could do it again. He told me he loved me, I blinked, and he was being dragged off, and I couldn't do anything.

*Pause.*

I love him. I love how he cares about changing the world, and how he makes me feel about myself. He gives me confidence in myself without even trying. I was broken when he was gone though.

OLGA

Why were you broken?

MARIA

I didn't have time to prepare. I used to think I didn't know how to love, and then I think I knew I loved him, but he couldn't be open with me, so I thought what's the point? But then he came to me with all the confidence in the world, and my world was changed right before it was taken away. I'm still not over that.

*Pause.*

OLGA

Carlos is here now.

*Slight pause.*

It's not much in comparison to all you had to go through, but he's here now. So enjoy what you can. I can't tell you what's the way to handle being imprisoned or having a loved one being imprisoned, but you're not imprisoned right now. So enjoy it.

*CARLOS starts to casually walk back into the scene with a cigar in his hand.*

*When MARIA sees CARLOS, she immediately stands up and walks towards him.*

CARLOS

Sorry to interrupt, Maria, you should really try this-

*MARIA kisses CARLOS passionately and he stops and embraces her while they kiss.*

MARIA

I love you, Carlos. No matter where you are.

*Lights fade slowly.*

SCENE THREE

*Scene opens with MARIA in the garden where CARLOS was taken away in ACT I.*

*MARIA is alone after CARLOS has been taken away.*

*MARIA is standing slightly off-center stage extremely still. All of a sudden she gasps for air because she had forgotten to breathe since she stopped screaming.*

*MARIA falls to her knees and tries to regain her composure, but lets out a scream that is not as loud as she can and then gasps really hard.*

*MARIA holds herself up, keeping herself from completely collapsing on the floor, but is still in shock.*

*TIMÓTEO bursts into the scene, running in from stage right.*

TIMÓTEO

Maria?

*TIMÓTEO sees MARIA.*

Maria! Are you okay?

MARIA

They took him. They took Carlos.

TIMÓTEO

What happened?

MARIA

They took Carlos. I can't remember what happened; I just remember them coming out of nowhere, asking if he was Carlos Sampaio. Then they were dragging him away and then I just blacked out until now.

*TIMÓTEO hugs MARIA.*

*PETER runs in behind where TIMÓTEO ran in.*

PETER

Maria, are you okay?

TIMÓTEO

She said they took Carlos.

PETER

Who took Carlos?

MARIA

Police, I think.

*PETER's worst fear is fully realized.*

PETER

Oh my god.

TIMÓTEO

Which way did they take him?

*MARIA doesn't speak but looks towards where they left to indicate.*

*TIMÓTEO looks at MARIA, and then leaves her to make his way in that direction.*

PETER

Timóteo.

*TIMÓTEO stops and turns around.*

PETER

What are you going to do?

TIMÓTEO

I don't know. I figured we needed to-

PETER

You can't do anything right now. We need to talk to Luís. He's the only one who could do anything about the police.

TIMÓTEO

Maria, are you sure it was police?

*MARIA speaks very quietly but nods her head to make herself clear.*

MARIA

I don't know.

TIMÓTEO

It'll be okay, Maria.

*TIMÓTEO holds her again for a quick moment to comfort her, but she doesn't really embrace him back fully.*

PETER

Maria, can you remember anything else? If we're going to get Carlos back, we need as much information as we can get.

MARIA

I-

TIMÓTEO

What were you two talking about before he was taken? Could that have been a reason they took him, if they heard?

*MARIA ponders this very quickly and is put off at the concept, and slightly hurt.*

MARIA

We didn't say anything that could've given them cause.

*Pause.*

We didn't talk long.

*Pause.*

We were about to head back in to see everybody.

*Pause.*

*MARIA continues to ponder and doesn't acknowledge what's being said.*



PETER

They must have been planning to take him for a while.

TIMÓTEO

Do you think they saw the show?

PETER

I doubt it. I'm sure they knew what was in it enough beforehand; they wouldn't have cared.

MARIA

How could they know where he'd be?

TIMÓTEO

What?

*MARIA looks at TIMÓTEO.*

MARIA

How could they know where he'd be? Why here? Why this garden?

TIMÓTEO

I don't know, Maria.

PETER

There were probably people stationed all around for wherever he would come out.

*MARIA doesn't say anything.*

Come on, let's get back. We should tell Luís and start to work on getting him back.

TIMÓTEO

Maria, you okay? Are you ready to come back?

*TIMÓTEO and PETER freeze.*

*MARIA takes a moment and then walks towards the audience a little.*

MARIA

Carlos told me he loved me. I kissed him. He was ripped away from me. That's what happened. And now I don't know where he is.

*MARIA walks back to TIMÓTEO, nods, and then they walk offstage.*

*Blackout.*

*Lights come back up as MARIA is intently walking back onstage to talk to the audience.*

Why couldn't he have been more careful? Was he that careless? And right then, of all possible times, right after he's truly vulnerable with me? Fuck! This is what THEY were talking about. I told him to be scared....

*Pause.*

*MARIA thinks about how scared he must be in prison.*

I told him to be scared. And now he's in prison, and I'm scared.

*Blackout.*

#### SCENE FOUR

*Lights come upstage right on OLGA smoking a cigarette outside of a building center stage that isn't lit yet.*

*MARIA walks on stage and notices OLGA.*

MARIA

Olga!

OLGA

Maria, how are you? Looking for Carlos?

MARIA

No, I assume he's already inside. He went and got Bernardo earlier while I was working on a couple of ideas for today.

OLGA

Yeah, I think I saw them go in together earlier.

*Slight pause.*

Would you like a cigarette?

MARIA

Yes, that would be great actually.

*OLGA pulls out a metal case for her cigarettes that she has and gives one cigarette to MARIA.*

Are these hand-rolled?

*OLGA nods slightly.*

OLGA

I like them better that way.

*Slight awkward pause.*

MARIA

Do you have a light, too?

OLGA

Of course.

*OLGA lights MARIA's cigarette.*

Sorry. These meetings make me nervous.

MARIA

Why is that?

OLGA

I don't like planning death.

MARIA

Then why are you here?

OLGA

Because there's more to living than not dying.

MARIA

Oh, I thought you were saying..

OLGA

It's never one or the other, Maria. You can't do anything after you're dead, but if you do nothing other than not die, then you might as well have just died to begin with.

*Pause.*

Sorry. I'm very stressed.

MARIA

Maybe that's okay.

OLGA

Maybe it is.

*MARIA puts her cigarette out. OLGA gets another cigarette out.*

*OLGA and MARIA walk into the building. Lights come up where there is a table with LUÍS, CARLOS, BERNARDO, PETER, TIMÓTEO, and ANTONY.*

*LUÍS stands at the front of the table.*

LUÍS

All right. Let's begin. I know you've all heard of my wife, Olga, and you may have seen her coming in here, but this is her first time in Recife. So I would like to formally introduce you to her. Olga?

*OLGA lights her cigarette and blows a little smoke.*

OLGA

Hello, everyone. I'm happy to be here.

LUÍS

Olga, this is Antony, Paolo, Peter, and Timóteo; and of course, you've already met Maria, Carlos, and Bernardo.

ANTONY

Welcome to Brazil.

OLGA

Thank you, Antony. I love it here.

PAOLO

Do you miss Germany?

OLGA

No. No, I don't miss Germany. I haven't been to Germany in a few years actually. I left a long time ago.

PAOLO

That's right.

PETER

I'm glad you're here, Olga.

ANTONY

And, I'm sorry, so you're Bernardo?

BERNARDO

Yes, Bernardo de Araújo. I came from Rio with everyone and have been staying with Maria and Carlos.

ANTONY

Not to be rude, but then why are you here? We're going to be going after Rio as well, aren't we? Why not stay down there?

BERNARDO

I'll be going back to Rio before the day comes. Carlos, too.

PAOLO

Carlos?

CARLOS

Looks that way.

LUÍS

Bernardo is here to help beforehand. After tonight, Olga and I are going north to prepare things in Natal with Eva Franco and Mariano Vaz, but Bernardo and Carlos are going to work with you all while we're up there, especially with Peter and Maria, to get things going here.

TIMÓTEO

So what's the plan here then? You know, when things actually start to happen.

LUÍS

Peter, would you like to explain your thoughts on the matter?

PETER

Sure, but first, Olga, you've been doing a bunch of recruiting, right? How has that been going?

OLGA

Don't worry, Peter, you'll have all the women and men you'll need for your plan.

PETER

That's great. Thank you, Olga.

*PETER takes out a map of Recife and lays it out on the table.*

So basically the name of the game, as I see it, is force. If the mass of recruits Olga gets are enough, we should be able to start all the way back here in Encruzilhada and follow the road to the Governor's Palace. As we march down the road, hopefully, more people will come out. I think starting back far enough should help us get large enough by the time we cross the bridge to be able to totally overtake the palace.

*Beat.*

Bernardo, was that essentially the idea?

BERNARDO

Yes, that's part of our plan for Rio, too, but with a lot else planned as well. Seeing that Recife isn't the size of Rio, hopefully, this should work out.

TIMÓTEO

How often does something like this work?

BERNARDO

Well, I don't know, that's hard to say really. There have been countless military strategies that have worked and failed in the past, so you just have to go with your instincts on the situation and hope that it works.

MARIA

That still seems risky though.

BERNARDO

How do you mean?

MARIA

Historically, numbers have not been on our side. Not in Brazil anyway. Back in 1922, not enough strength to do anything; in '24, not enough people, you weren't able to be there either; on to 1927, and even 1930. Every time someone attempts to mount a large-scale revolution, we fail.

PETER

How else do you propose we go about it?

MARIA

What if we hide?

PETER

Where?

MARIA

Wherever we can. In the trees, bushes, abandoned buildings, inhabited buildings if need be, anywhere where the military won't see us.

PETER

Okay, what about after that? We can't win a war by just hiding.

MARIA

Targeted attacks. Olga, you said you've rallied plenty of troops, right?

OLGA

Yes.

MARIA

How many groups of say, 5 to 10 people do you think we could get out of them?

*OLGA smiles.*

OLGA

I don't know, but I could recruit more. How many do you think we need?

MARIA

I'm not sure, but if we make attacks on places that will hurt them, and retreat before we get hurt, or stand our ground in certain places, then it could distract the military and give those of us here a chance to take the Palace with almost no resistance.

*CARLOS smiles.*

BERNARDO

Huh.

*BERNARDO looks at CARLOS and smiles,  
too.*

What do you think, Carlos?

CARLOS

I think it could work.

BERNARDO

Luís, Olga?

*They both smile and nod.*

Peter?

PETER

It'll have to be ironed out more for sure, but I think Maria's plan could work.

LUÍS

Who's in office right now at the palace?

ANTONY

Right now? Lima Cavalcanti, isn't it?

LUÍS

That's right. Vargas appointed him. What if you take him hostage?



PETER

You think that would work?

LUÍS

If we take control of Natal, Recife, and Rio de Janeiro, and instead of killing their Governors, we capture them and hold Vargas' men captive until we get the chance to take him on ourselves with the people as a whole backing us, we might have a shot.

PETER

Then that's what we'll do.

BERNARDO

Are you five all comfortable being the ones who capture him?

*MARIA, ANTONY, TIMÓTEO, PAOLO, and  
PETER all give comments of affirmation.*

Then I think I have an idea. Peter, I think you should stick around the road. If we go with this full plan, hopefully, troops will be rushing down west to handle attacks in... where are these areas?

CARLOS

Torre, Graças, Arruda, Derby, Paissandu, and Coelhos.

BERNARDO

Olga?

OLGA

Yeah, I can recruit enough to make attacks on each area.

BERNARDO

Great. So, Peter, you'll be along the road, curving around the road to make sure there are no disturbances or soldiers heading towards the palace instead of away. Maria, follow the Rio Capibaribe. I wouldn't say be right on the river, but be close enough to see how the attacks in each area are going.

*MARIA nods in affirmation.*

In between the two of you, Paolo, can you come up underneath from here, and meet Peter in case something happens that he needs help with?

PAOLO

Sure.

BERNARDO

Antony and Timóteo, you two can keep an eye on northern Recife. Antony, you go high up here, and Timóteo a little lower, and meet above the road over here, and make your way down to meet Peter and Paolo on the road, just in case, and you'll all meet Maria here, right before the bridge.

PETER

At that point, we'll take the palace.

MARIA

Should we take the palace or just sweep through?

PETER

That makes more sense.

OLGA

When the governor is out, there will be less morale for the soldiers who come to fortify the palace, and if things are going well in Graças, then those soldiers can make their way to the palace, and take it over while the five of you make it back here.

CARLOS

We should probably amend our plan in Rio with this.

LUÍS

That's true. We'll still need a strong central attack, but with how much more we'll have to deal with in Rio, this should undoubtedly lighten the load.

OLGA

Great work, Maria.

MARIA

When will we be attacking?

LUÍS

November 22nd.

TIMÓTEO

That soon? That's only a couple months away.

OLGA

There's a lot of unrest in Brazil right now, specifically in Rio.

LUÍS

I've been sensing a move coming from Vargas. They're clearly onto us, and if we don't attack soon, then they may attack first, and if we don't have surprise on our side, then we won't stand a chance.

*Blackout.*

SCENE FIVE

*Stage is filled with bushes and foliage all around.*

*MARIA is hidden, dressed to camouflage herself within the foliage, and is unseen or mostly unseen by the audience.*

*ANTONY enters stage left and crosses very carefully towards downstage right.*

MARIA

Antony?

*MARIA comes out from hiding and walks towards ANTONY. They both crouch down to be hidden by the bushes, but they are still able to be seen by the audience.*

ANTONY

Maria?

MARIA

What are you doing here?

ANTONY

Things haven't gone entirely according to plan. I've been searching for you.

MARIA

What do you mean, not according to plan? What's wrong, Antony?

ANTONY

Things are fine, I think. I was trying to meet up with Timóteo. I think he got off course, and then I got off course, but then I ran into Paolo, who couldn't find Peter, but then we ran into Peter, and now we're both looking for Timóteo, but I found you.

MARIA

Are Paolo and Peter okay?

ANTONY

Yeah, they're okay. What have you seen so far?

MARIA

Well, it looks like things have been predicted right. I've seen tons of troops running out towards the river, but most of the time, our troops have moved on when they get there, except Graças. Things are really heating up out there.

ANTONY

Are we losing in Graças?

MARIA

I can't tell, but we need to move either way.

ANTONY

You think?

MARIA

If we're winning, we need to capture Governor Bezerra before our troops arrive, and if we're losing, then we definitely need to get him before their troops arrive.

ANTONY

Does it matter if we're losing?

MARIA

Of course, it does. We'll still have a chance if we've taken Bezerra hostage and Carlos, Bernardo, Olga, and Luís win in Rio, and if Mariano and Eva take Natal, then we've got a huge advantage.

ANTONY

Okay, but if we can't win here in Recife, should we really believe Luís is winning in Rio?

MARIA

We have a job to do here, Antony.

ANTONY

I know that. I'm just worried. I don't want to die in a war that we would lose anyway.

MARIA

Then don't lose, Antony.

*Blackout.*

*Lights come up and the bushes and foliage are rearranged to show a different part of Recife.*

*PAOLO walks on from stage right trying to stay mostly hidden and immediately spots something offstage.*

*PAOLO aims his gun and seems to track something moving closer to him. He calmly dips his head a little lower, and he can be heard reloading and cocking his rifle.*

PAOLO

Timóteo!

*From offstage.*

TIMÓTEO

Paolo?

PAOLO

In the bushes!

*TIMÓTEO dips down and crawls to meet PAOLO.*

Too many close calls.

TIMÓTEO

Where is everyone?

PAOLO

Hard to say.

*A loud explosion is heard from far off, but  
close enough to be concerned.*

TIMÓTEO

Who's safe, do you know?

PAOLO

Peter and Antony are safe.

TIMÓTEO

You've seen Antony?

PAOLO

Yeah, I ran into him before I found Peter.

TIMÓTEO

I don't know how we got so turned around. What about Maria?

PAOLO

I have no idea. I hope she's all right.

TIMÓTEO

So you don't know how things are going along the river?

PAOLO

I'm afraid not. I wasn't close enough to see.

TIMÓTEO

I really hope everyone is all right.

PAOLO

So do I, Timóteo, but it's not about us right now. It's not even really about Brazil anymore.

TIMÓTEO

Who's it about then?

PAOLO

Everyone.

TIMÓTEO

I don't know if our rebellion can take on the whole world, Paolo.

PAOLO

Name the last rebellion that fixed the entire world.

TIMÓTEO

What?

PAOLO

Do it.

TIMÓTEO

No rebellion has-

PAOLO

Every single one of them.

TIMÓTEO

What?

*Pause.*

PAOLO

The point I'm making is that we're only having this rebellion because we've heard of rebellions in the past that inspired us. Whether they won or lost, they contributed. We're a part of the history now, Timóteo, and win or lose, we're contributing to the rebellion of the whole world.

TIMÓTEO

I hope you're right. But I also hope Vargas pays for what he's done.

PAOLO

I hope Vargas gets what's coming to him, too, but he's not here in Recife, so we can't focus on him too much.

TIMÓTEO

I just-

PAOLO

I know, Timóteo. I know.

*A gunshot is heard in the distance.*

*TIMÓTEO and PAOLO look towards  
upstage right.*

*Blackout.*

*The bushes and foliage are rearranged back  
to where MARIA and ANTONY are.*

ANTONY

You haven't had any run-ins with soldiers yet, have you?

MARIA

You worried about me, Antony?

ANTONY

Of course.

MARIA

Not so far. What about you?

ANTONY

I haven't had to fight, but I've had to hide around corners from soldiers. I was tempted to run out and attack a few times.

MARIA

We have to-

ANTONY

I know. I'm sticking to the plan. I talked with Olga about it before she left. She really talked me through it and made me think it'll work. It's just not what I imagined when I signed up to fight in a revolution.

MARIA

You talked to Olga?

ANTONY

I did. We mostly talked about Europe though.



MARIA

Are you planning on going?

ANTONY

I'd like to travel. Or at least dream about traveling. I've been finding myself fantasizing about what to do after today more and more. If there is anything after today... keeps me going, I guess.

*A loud gunshot is heard coming from stage left, and bushes near ANTONY shake.*

*ANTONY immediately lowers further to the ground and tries to move to the opposite side of MARIA without making noise or touching any bushes.*

*ANTONY gestures to MARIA to move to the other side of him so she's further away from where the bullet came through.*

*As MARIA moves, ANTONY takes his rifle and starts to aim it towards where the gunshot came from, downstage left.*

*ANTONY cocks his gun.*

*Another loud gunshot is heard, but further off and from stage right. Bushes, where MARIA and ANTONY were before, move.*

*MARIA turns around and looks up towards where the gunshot may have come from.*

*Another loud gunshot is heard from stage right, and bushes move very close to them.*

*MARIA cocks her gun.*

*Pause.*

*Two gunshots are heard.*

*MARIA moves slightly from the pullback of her gun.*

*A soldier on stage left falls onstage dead.*

*A loud thud is heard from where the soldier on stage right falls down.*

*MARIA looks behind her and then at ANTONY, wondering if he shot.*

*ANTONY, also wondering what happened, gives her a nod to say he didn't take a shot and then uncocks his gun.*

*Steps are heard from offstage left.*

*ANTONY cocks his gun again.*

*MARIA looks very hard in that direction and lifts her head slightly.*

*She then puts her hand on ANTONY's rifle and pushes it down.*

*(Quietly.)*

MARIA

Paolo!

ANTONY

Paolo?

*PAOLO and TIMÓTEO come onstage crouching down to join MARIA and ANTONY.*

*PAOLO and TIMÓTEO hug MARIA and ANTONY quickly.*

TIMÓTEO

You two are okay!

ANTONY

Where did you come from?

PAOLO

We heard gunshots. We didn't know who it was from, but we wanted to help if we could.

TIMÓTEO

Wasn't there a second shooter?

ANTONY

I think Maria got them.

*ANTONY looks to MARIA for confirmation.*

MARIA

I think so.

PAOLO

Is anyone else around?

MARIA

No one that's made themselves known to us. On either side.

*Beat.*

Where's Peter?

TIMÓTEO

At this point, we're hoping he's made it near the bridge, but I haven't seen him yet.

PAOLO

He was okay when Antony and I saw him earlier.

ANTONY

As much as he can be.

PAOLO

Agreed.

MARIA

Did you two see anyone else on your way over here? Or around here?

PAOLO

No, we only saw the soldier I shot. Other than that, we heard the other gunshots but didn't see or hear anyone else.

ANTONY

Do you think it's safe to make our way back towards the bridge?

PAOLO

I'd wait a little longer.

TIMÓTEO

How long?

*Slight pause.*

PAOLO

I'd say just wait until it really feels empty around us, but I don't know. This is my first war, so I don't have a gauge for these things yet.

MARIA

How do you like the change of pace then?

*PAOLO laughs slightly.*

PAOLO

I'm here, and I'm here as long as I can be. That's all I can say.

*Very long pause.*

*Each of them look around and occasionally make eye contact, but say nothing.*

TIMÓTEO

I don't think anyone else is around.

PAOLO

I don't either.

MARIA

Let's go then.

PAOLO

Let's go.

*Blackout.*

SCENE SIX

*The stage is the inside of a train car.*

*The train car is oriented with the front stage right.*

*CARLOS and BERNARDO are seated slightly off-center stage towards stage right.*

*CARLOS is facing stage right; BERNARDO is facing stage left.*

*There are two people seated towards the back of the train car, stage left.*

*Quiet sounds of a running train can be heard.*

CARLOS

Happy to be going back to Rio?

BERNARDO

I'm happy to be here.

CARLOS

Here on the train? Or to have been in Recife?

BERNARDO

Sure. Either one. I love traveling around Brazil. I never want to leave this country.

CARLOS

Really? Spending time with Olga and Luís hasn't made you want to travel the world? Or at least to Europe?

BERNARDO

There's more than one type of person in this world. I'm similar to Olga and Luís in many ways, but some people are meant for the world; I'm meant for Brazil.

CARLOS

You don't care about the rest of the world?

BERNARDO

I do, but I'll never be able to fix the world, so I'm content to commit all the efforts of my life to Brazil. And I'm hoping that life extends beyond the 22nd.

CARLOS

Is your life what you're worried about?

BERNARDO

I'm worried about many things. Why can't my life be one of them?

CARLOS

Is it the most important?

BERNARDO

Of course not.

CARLOS

Well, what is?

BERNARDO

Brazil, always Brazil. I've seen this country change constantly since I was a child and all of my life I've wondered how I can be one of the people to make a difference here and be a part of that change. I tried going to Realengo and joining the military, but what did that do?

CARLOS

You regret your time in the military?

BERNARDO

Of course! But also no. Every experience is a learning experience.

*Beat.*

There's a lot of corruption in Brazil's military. That's why we had to revolt. I still wish I'd been in Paulista.

*Long pause.*

You know I worked with Nilton Prado?

CARLOS

Really?

BERNARDO

Yep. Not under him directly, but he and I got along very well, and he was looking into giving me a command under him.

CARLOS

What happened?

BERNARDO

I caught a sergeant stealing from Prado while he was off in Pará for some unknown reasons. I walked by Prado's office, and he looked up at me and just smiled. I guess he knew that I wouldn't just let it go and that it wouldn't matter. You see, he has the other lieutenants under his wing. Basically, the way Prado liked me, they liked him. And there were more of them. I think they knew Prado was going to join what became the Tenente Revolts.

CARLOS

Then what did you do?

BERNARDO

I reported him to my lieutenant. Nothing happened. I reported him to the Captain.

CARLOS

Prestes?

BERNARDO

No, I hadn't met him yet. Not personally anyway.

CARLOS

How did you meet Prestes?

BERNARDO

Nilton Prado introduced us after the Paulista Revolt failed. They came to my house because Prado had explained how he took some of my ideas for the revolt.

CARLOS

Oh wow.

BERNARDO

But since the Captain wouldn't listen to me, I decided to wait until Prado returned and tell him myself.

CARLOS

What did he say?

BERNARDO

I never got the chance. A couple days before Prado was supposed to return, I was told by my lieutenant that I had to return home immediately because my sister had a terrible case of Yellow Fever and might not make it.

CARLOS

Down here?

BERNARDO

I know, it was strange.

*Pause.*

I've known of people getting Yellow Fever around Rio before, but it had been a long time.

*Slight pause.*

Long time. I was a child the last time I heard of anyone getting it.

*Pause.*

I don't know. It seems crazy, but that sergeant gave me a look and smiled, just like the one he gave me before when I was leaving the base. I still wonder sometimes if he had something to do with it.

*Pause.*

CARLOS

Is your sister okay?

BERNARDO

Yeah, she pulled through. Apparently, it was one of the worst cases in someone so young.



CARLOS

I can't imagine what I would do if someone hurt my brother.

BERNARDO

You have a brother?

CARLOS

Yeah.

BERNARDO

Younger?

CARLOS

Yeah.

BERNARDO

Is he in Recife?

CARLOS

No.

BERNARDO

Does he-

CARLOS

I actually don't talk about him all that often.

*Slight pause.*

I don't know. I wish I did more for him. I wish he didn't have to live with my father, but there's nothing I can do now.

BERNARDO

I understand that. I worry about my sister all the time. It's always what my mind comes back to.

CARLOS

How do you mean?

BERNARDO

With everything I've seen and experienced in my life- I didn't tell her any of this... you know? And maybe I should have. There's so little I've told her of my world, and my parents would never expose her to the rest of the world past the state of Rio de Janeiro.

I had to push myself and go out into the world, but I worry my parents have restricted her even more ever since I left. I can't sleep at night when I think of my sister growing up completely ignorant to the world.

CARLOS

Well, why don't you go see her before we go to the Capital?

BERNARDO

If I see my sister before we start this war, I'll never come to battle. And there's nothing more important to me than freeing Brazil. I just hope that I can see her once this is all done.

CARLOS

I hope you can, too, Bernardo.

BERNARDO

Thanks, Carlos.

*Pause.*

If I don't... make it, will you go to my sister, and tell her about what happened to me? About why I was there... why I was killed?

*Pause.*

CARLOS

Of course.

BERNARDO

Thank you.

*Long pause.*

*BERNARDO sighs after a while.*

What about you?

*CARLOS looks more intently at  
BERNARDO.*

Why are you here?

*Pause.*

CARLOS

Maria.

*Slight pause.*

It's always been Maria. She's why I wrote *Institutions*. She's why I want to change the world. She's what makes me believe the world can change. I wouldn't have changed without her.

BERNARDO

I thought she might have been the inspiration for Sylvia.

*CARLOS nods.*

CARLOS

You know, she was the one who introduced me to Luís, more or less.

BERNARDO

Really?

CARLOS

She heard Luís was coming through Recife, and I had written this scene. She had the idea for it, but I took a shot at writing it. It was this idea about the fall of a phoenix that she and I performed together for Timóteo and some friends. But when she heard Luís was coming, she said we had to meet him. She was the one who showed, really showed me, what the dictatorships ruling our country were like, and how we'd been robbed of our freedoms before we were even born. By this point we both admired Luís so much, we agreed we had to find him.

*Slight pause.*

Maria did the research and found where he was going to be, and we caught him while he was in town. I hadn't planned on showing him the script, but Maria brought it and got him to actually read it right there. It wasn't that long, but it always stuck with me that he cared enough to read it right then and there.

BERNARDO

What did he say about it?

CARLOS

He loved it. He saw the allusion I'd written into it about the Brazilian people being shot down from the moment they're born, but they had a chance to rise again.

BERNARDO

Is that what made him care about plays?

CARLOS

I think so, haha. I don't know why Maria thought he would appreciate plays, but she knew he'd see what it could be. And we never would have been able to put on *Institutions* without him... and I wouldn't be here.

BERNARDO

What kind of a world would that be, I wonder?

CARLOS

I hope that this is the better world to live in.

BERNARDO

You think so?

CARLOS

I only hope, but I hope a lot. I keep dreaming of a future where people are aware. We're born half-formed and ignorant, reliant on the ones who came before to tell us the truth, to teach us how to build a society that won't abuse us and use us for its own gain. How absurd is it that we still have people like Getúlio Vargas? How the people who came before him haven't secured the world to keep people like him from coming to power?

BERNARDO

I've always seen it as a smaller society of the powerful who don't prioritize teaching the rest of us what we really need to know but ensuring power for themselves.

CARLOS

Well, of course, that's what it is. It doesn't have to be, but it has been for thousands of years. It's a fantasy of mine that the people will have real freedom for themselves within the century.

BERNARDO

That's quite a fantasy.

CARLOS

I know, but isn't it a fantasy worth having?

*Slight pause.*

BERNARDO

I think it'll be a reality one day. I have to; otherwise, I wouldn't be able to do what I do, to care. Within the century, though, that's truly dreaming. I wish I had your imagination.

CARLOS

Maybe it's all a matter of Brazil setting an example.

BERNARDO

Wouldn't that be nice?

CARLOS

It would.

*Pause.*

BERNARDO

Have you been having any weird dreams lately?

*Pause.*

CARLOS

Yeah, actually.

BERNARDO

For the first time in my life, I mean, I've never heard of this happening to anyone, but I've been having dreams where... nothing moves. It's like a still frame. It feels like a nightmare, but even worse. I'm on the steps of the Palace in Rio, and I can't see you anywhere. I have no clue where you are, I don't see Luís, and I think there are some people behind me, but I truly have no idea. My heart starts racing, and I can't breathe. Then I wake up and I wonder how long the dream lasted.

CARLOS

Why are you scared?

BERNARDO

Is that not terrifying to you? Not being able to move?

*Pause.*

CARLOS

I guess I can understand that, at first, but I think you get used to it. When I was in prison, at times, I'd be kept in this... box that could barely fit me. I had to bend my knees and press them against the wood, with my head cocked forward as far as it goes. I still have neck problems from that thing. The first time I was thrown in there, I think I reacted similarly, but when you're in there for hours—and in order to survive, you have to struggle to breathe each breath—and you never wake up, you find the peace in it. After a while, it was better being in there, alone, not having to experience what they'd do to me when I was outside of the box, but it's better when someone is alone with you.

BERNARDO

What do you mean?

CARLOS

I've been having those dreams, too. Ever since I met you actually. Not on the steps of the Palace, but somewhere... dark. I don't know where; the image is a little fuzzy. At the start, it brought me back to the box, but afterwards it felt comforting... having someone else there. Someone there who's having the same petrifying experience as I am. Someone who understands.

BERNARDO

Wow.

CARLOS

It's a little comforting when someone understands... even when it's something so terrible. Sometimes you need that. Maybe it's all part of the price we have to pay for the freedom of the people of Brazil.

BERNARDO

Well, if it's the price to pay, I'm more than willing to be a part of it.

*Beat.*

That's crazy that you're having still dreams, too. I've never heard of that happening to anyone before.

CARLOS

Me neither. Maybe it means something.

BERNARDO

God, I hope so. I hope this all means something. Anything at all, but I can barely keep up with it sometimes.

CARLOS

I can barely keep up all the time.

*They both laugh slightly.*

*They exhale and take in the moment.*

*BERNARDO looks behind him towards the front of the train.*

BERNARDO

Do you know if there's any food on this train?

CARLOS

I have no idea, but I was just wondering the same thing about somewhere to use the bathroom.

BERNARDO

That's in the back for sure; I hope there's a food cart though. I didn't eat this morning, and I don't know if I can make it to Rio on an empty stomach.

CARLOS

Well, go find one then! Bring me back a drink if you find one.

BERNARDO

What do you want?

CARLOS

Whatever you find, Bernardo.

BERNARDO

Whatever I find. All right. Then we'll toast to a new Brazil!

*CARLOS laughs.*

CARLOS

A new Brazil, and a new world!

*BERNARDO laughs.*

## BERNARDO

Why not?

*BERNARDO gets up and walks offstage towards the front of the train.*

*The train can be heard coming to a scheduled stop once he is offstage.*

*CARLOS, worried that the bathroom may fill up at the stop, gets up and makes his way stage left towards the back of the train.*

*As CARLOS nears offstage, CARLOS looks briefly towards the two people at the back of the train.*

*In a moment, they quickly get up to grab him.*

*CARLOS pulls back and tries to run towards the front of the train, but they catch him and wrestle him to the floor.*

*One of them puts their hand around his mouth as he tries to shout.*

## CARLOS

Bernardo!!

*The other person punches CARLOS in the side to shut him up.*

*They put a gag in his mouth, bind his hands and feet separately, and carry him offstage left.*

*The scene stands still for about 20 seconds before the train is heard starting up again and proceeding.*



*Blackout.*

SCENE SEVEN

*Scene opens with CARLOS and MARIA at the train station waiting for BERNARDO to come before CARLOS and BERNARDO leave Recife.*

CARLOS

I'm surprised Bernardo isn't here yet.

MARIA

It's still early.

CARLOS

I know that. I just thought he might beat me here.

MARIA

I'm sure he'll be here.

CARLOS

Unless he's been arrested.

MARIA

That's not funny. You should be scared, Carlos. Things are real again.

CARLOS

I'm not trying to be funny. It's a very legitimate concern. I was arrested just for writing a play. He's been associated with Nilton Prado and Luís Prestes for years. It's possible he's had arrests I don't know about, but I don't think so. I wouldn't be surprised if now was the time they decided to come for him.

MARIA

Maybe he just doesn't rally as many people as you do.

CARLOS

Maybe he doesn't. I don't know, I never really think of that being why I was arrested.

MARIA

That's how Luís talks about your arrest.

CARLOS

That's scary.

MARIA

Good, you should be scared.

CARLOS

I wish you were coming with us to Rio.

MARIA

I'll be here when you get back.

CARLOS

I have no idea when that could be.

MARIA

If things go well, then we'll see each other further down the road. We'll have so much to celebrate by then that you'll be glad we waited all that time. And if things don't go well, then we'll see each other even sooner, and we'll celebrate even more.

*CARLOS laughs.*

CARLOS

I'll try not to worry too much.

MARIA

Let's go somewhere when this is all over.

CARLOS

Where were you thinking?

MARIA

I don't know, somewhere in Europe, I think. Maybe Germany.

CARLOS

Why Germany? Because of Olga?

MARIA

No, because of what I got you.

CARLOS

What? What did you get me?

*MARIA pulls out a copy of "Thus Spoke Zarathustra" by Friedrich Nietzsche and gives it to CARLOS.*

*CARLOS looks at the book.*

Nietchey?

MARIA

It's actually pronounced Nietzsche. He's a German philosopher. I think you might like this one.

*CARLOS reads again.*

CARLOS

Thus Spoke Zarathustra. I'll have to give it a read.

*CARLOS puts the book in his back pocket, or in the waistband of his pants.*

All right then. We'll go to Germany, birthplace of Nietzsche.

MARIA

It was actually Prussia when he was born.

*CARLOS laughs.*

CARLOS

All right then.

*Beat.*

Maybe we could go to southern Europe, too.

MARIA

Oh yeah?

CARLOS

I've been thinking about how much I'd love to see Caravaggio's The Calling of Saint Matthew in person. I've seen pictures, but it's not the same. I feel like I still don't know it.

MARIA

Do you know where it is?

CARLOS

I've heard it's in the Church of San Luigi dei Francesi in Rome.

MARIA

Let's go to Roma then.

*Slight pause.*

How nice does that sound?

*They both take a moment to relish being in Europe looking at art instead of being in the middle of a revolution.*

CARLOS

It almost feels wrong to have a fantasy like that right now.

MARIA

It's not a fantasy; it's a dream.

*CARLOS laughs at MARIA saying "dream."*

CARLOS

Wow.

MARIA

What?

CARLOS

Nothing, it's just, I've been having these weird dreams that remind me of being in prison lately.

MARIA

Are you okay?

CARLOS

I think so. It just feels a little like when I was in that box they kept me in.

*A horrified and concerned look comes upon  
MARIA's face.*

MARIA

Carlos!

CARLOS

I don't know though. I don't know what it is, but there's something different about it.

MARIA

Really?

CARLOS

Yeah, I mean, I'm not in the box in these dreams, just feels like it.

MARIA

Why does it feel like it?

CARLOS

I can't move in these dreams. I'm not bound by wood, but I'm still absolutely still.  
Nothing moves. But there's someone else there.

MARIA

Who?

CARLOS

I don't know, but he's still, too.

MARIA

He can't move?

CARLOS

Nope, perfectly still.

MARIA

Maybe that's why.

CARLOS

What do you mean?

MARIA

Maybe it's a little comforting... that someone's going through it all with you.

CARLOS

Is that better?

MARIA

I don't know. It's worse that someone has to go through the pain with you. Hear all the lies whispered to you through the cracks in the wood...

*CARLOS is visually hurt by remembering  
the box so vividly.*

...feel the blood streaming down your shin without being able to reach it, and in the darkness. A real darkness that penetrates deep.

*CARLOS is still in a bit of pain remembering  
it.*

It's sad anyone else has to endure that, but still comforting that someone understands. That way, you're not alone. Or at least that someone is alone with you.

*CARLOS takes a second to compose himself.*

CARLOS

God, that's a terrifying thought. I think you're right though.

*Slight pause.*

I think it is a little comforting.

MARIA

And think of it this way. Dreams aren't always so literal. Maybe you can't see him move, but maybe you've endured so he doesn't have to take all that pain.

*CARLOS starts to tear up.*

What's wrong?

CARLOS

Just that thought. That going through something like that would actually have a purpose... so much so that it actually keeps someone from having to experience that hell. I don't know... that just hit me really hard.

MARIA

That's what we're doing, Carlos.

*CARLOS looks up at MARIA.*

That's what this is all about. We're fighting this hell of a revolution so someone in the future doesn't have to.

CARLOS

If only someone in the past had done that for us.

MARIA

They did.

*CARLOS looks at her and realizes she's right.*

Remember that everything you have to go through for the sake of freedom will mean someone else doesn't have to.

*CARLOS smiles and wipes away some of his tears.*

CARLOS

Don't ever let them imprison you, Maria.

MARIA

What?

CARLOS

Do whatever it takes to stay away. I can't bear the thought of you going through any of that. If there's anyone that my imprisonment kept from being imprisoned, let it be you.

MARIA

Okay, Carlos, okay. Honestly, I don't think they're going to be taking any prisoners this time.

*CARLOS grabs MARIA, and they hold each other closely.*

It'll be okay, Carlos. It'll all end for us someday, and we can only hope things get better later on.

*They kiss.*

*CARLOS looks up and sees BERNARDO coming.*

CARLOS

Looks like Bernardo is here.

MARIA

Good luck in Rio.

CARLOS

Good luck in Recife.

*They embrace again.*

*BERNARDO enters from stage left.*

BERNARDO

Maria, Carlos, wow, you're early.

CARLOS

I couldn't stay still any longer, I guess.

BERNARDO

Well, I guess we should go ahead and board then.

MARIA

I think so.

CARLOS

All right, Bernardo, let's get back to Rio.

BERNARDO

Wonderful.

MARIA

Stay safe, Bernardo.

*BERNARDO nods then makes his way past them towards the train.*

CARLOS

This is it, Maria. The beginning of a revolution.



## MARIA

The revolution began long before today, Carlos.

*CARLOS smiles, kisses MARIA goodbye,  
and walks towards BERNARDO.*

*CARLOS and BERNARDO freeze.*

*Lights go down except for a small light that  
stays on MARIA.*

*MARIA walks towards the audience a little to  
address them center stage.*

*A flare is heard going off, and a red light  
from behind the curtain is seen as the flare is  
heard.*

*The red light makes an arch, which is  
reflecting off of Maria while she speaks.*

Why couldn't he have been more careful? Was he that careless? And right then, of all possible times, right after he's so vulnerable with me? Fuck. I told him to be scared...

*MARIA tears up a little, but still has a mix of  
emotions, more than just sadness.*

I told him, but he wasn't careful enough.

*Blackout.*

## SCENE EIGHT

*Scene opens on Antônio Vicente de Andrade  
BEZERRA tied to a chair center stage and  
gagged so he can't speak.*

*The room is very nice. It's clearly a nice  
room in the Palace.*

*PAOLO has a gun on BEZERRA, just in  
case, but he doesn't seem to be trying to  
break free.*

*MARIA and PETER are upstage securing a rope along a window to repel down.*

*ANTONY and TIMÓTEO walk into the room.*

PETER

Anyone left in the halls?

TIMÓTEO

No, I think we got everyone who was still here.

ANTONY

We must have lured a lot of people away then.

PETER

Well, let's not take our chances. I'm sure someone will be at the door any minute, whether it's us or them.

ANTONY

How's the drop looking?

MARIA

It's high, but we should be able to repel down it safely enough. We'll have to go one at a time though.

PAOLO

What about Bezerra here? Do we trust him to go down on his own?

PETER

Where is he gonna go? Left?

*There's a small amount of laughter.*

I'll go down first. Timóteo, you come down after. Then make Bezerra come next. Unbind his hands and feet, throw the binds down, and I'll re-bind his hands and feet while Timóteo holds a gun so he doesn't try anything.

PAOLO

All right.

MARIA

Peter, can you come help me over here?

PETER

Sure.

*PETER and MARIA finish tying the rope to the post of the window.*

*As they are securing this, the telegram receiver on BEZERRA's desk starts to move.*

PAOLO

What's that?

TIMÓTEO

The telegraph.

PETER

Anyone read Morse?

TIMÓTEO

I do.

MARIA

What does it say?

*TIMÓTEO walks over to the receiver and tries to decipher the message.*

TIMÓTEO

Looks like there are several messages from today.

*TIMÓTEO looks at BEZERRA and then back at the messages.*

*TIMÓTEO reads slowly.*

Rio is under attack. Stop.

*Everyone pays attention.*

Natal has fallen and Rio de Janeiro is under attack. Stop.

Please be on high alert. Stop.

Luís Carlos Prestes is suspected to be behind the attacks. Stop.

Reports state he has been spotted in Rio. Stop.

*Beat.*

Then there isn't another message for a while. Not until this one that just came in. It's a long one.

*Beat.*

Hello to all the peoples of Brazil. Stop.

*Everyone walks towards TIMÓTEO and  
gives him their full attention.*

This is Bernardo José de Araújo. Stop.

I speak to you now on behalf of the great Luís Carlos Prestes. Stop.

Too long the people of Brazil have lived under cruel dictatorships and had their freedoms kept from them since birth, but we are bringing forth a new future for a new Brazil, a better Brazil, and a better world. Stop.

We may have a victory today, but the battles are not yet won. Stop.

We will not win, and we will not have true freedom until the people come together and take the peace they so rightly deserve. Stop.

We do not call for bloodshed where there is no need, but we instead call for the masses, the masses of those who want their freedoms, to go out and make their voices heard. Stop.

Do not sit down quietly while you are robbed of your own lives; be reborn and live freely so that all other generations of Brazilians and every nation of the world may also live freely. Stop.

Act now, so your children may be free, free living in a new Brazil. Stop.

*TIMÓTEO looks up.*

*Silence.*

ANTONY

Wow. They did it.

PETER

We all did.

PAOLO

It's not over yet.

PETER

That's very true. There's sure to be a lot more pushback in the coming weeks, but we have Rio.

ANTONY

So we take Bezerra... then what?

PETER

Hopefully, our troops break down that door and hold Recife while we hide him.

MARIA

What about Carlos?

*They all look at MARIA.*

We heard from Bernardo. Where's Carlos?

PETER

I don't know, Maria.

PAOLO

He didn't say if Luís was all right either.

TIMÓTEO

He said he spoke on his behalf. Don't you think that means he was there?

PAOLO

I don't know. It could have been on behalf of him because he didn't make it there. Maybe Carlos is all right, and Luís didn't make it.

PETER

I don't think Bernardo would do that.

ANTONY

I hope Carlos is all right though.

*Pause.*

*MARIA composes herself.*

MARIA

Well, there's nothing we can do for him here. Let's get moving.

*TIMÓTEO unbinds BEZERRA while PAOLO keeps his gun on him.*

ANTONY

All right, Maria.

PETER

That's right. Let's get going.

*PETER climbs out the window and disappears as he repels down.*

*Time is given and then TIMÓTEO repels down next. BEZERRA is sent down after him.*

ANTONY

Go ahead, Paolo.

*PAOLO nods and then goes out the window.*

It'll be okay, Maria.

MARIA

I know that.

ANTONY

I'm sorry for doubting earlier. I'm sure Carlos is okay.

MARIA

It's okay, Antony. You didn't make me feel any differently about him. I was worried about Carlos before, I'm worried now, and there won't be a day when I don't worry about him until I see him again.

ANTONY

I know that. I just wanted to say I'm sorry.

MARIA

Thank you.

ANTONY

You can go down next.

MARIA

No, it's okay, Antony. You go first.

*ANTONY sees the seriousness in her eyes, even though he doesn't fully understand it.*

*ANTONY nods in confirmation.*

*ANTONY then climbs out the window and repels down to the others.*

*MARIA walks towards the window slowly. She stands tall and breathes deeply.*

*Loud knocks start to bang at the door, but MARIA's composure is completely uncompromised.*

*MARIA puts her leg on the windowsill slowly.*

*MARIA slowly turns her head to look back at the door that remains closed.*

*Blackout.*

## SCENE NINE

*Lights come back up with CARLOS inside of the room he and MARIA were in in ACT I SCENE THREE with a few chairs and an ottoman in the middle.*

*MARIA is sitting on the floor leaning on the ottoman with a glass of wine.*

*CARLOS is sitting on the opposite side of the ottoman from her with his own glass of wine.*

MARIA

Who are you in it?

CARLOS

I'm a guy. I play, well, I will play a guy who's in love with Sylvia, but she's so fixated on her goals that she never notices.

*Pause.*

*MARIA looks at Carlos intently, even more than before.*

MARIA

I think she'd notice.

*Long pause.*

*CARLOS stays sitting down but turns towards the audience.*

*He takes a solid sip of the wine he's holding and grimaces because it's not good wine.*

CARLOS

I guess she noticed.

*MARIA turns and looks towards the audience as well, but also still at CARLOS.*



MARIA

This is it, you know... the beginning.

CARLOS

I know. I just wish I knew where it was going.

MARIA

How could you at this point? You'd just written *Institutions*. Aren't you happy about what came from it?

CARLOS

Should I be?

MARIA

Yes.

*CARLOS looks away from her.*

CARLOS

Where are you now?

*MARIA doesn't answer.*

I feel like you're not here anymore. Not like you were back then.

MARIA

I can't be everywhere at once.

CARLOS

What happens when I start to forget about you?

MARIA

You'd forget about me?

CARLOS

You don't know what it's like when they take you away. They take away everything from you. Everything they can to break you.

MARIA

Don't let them.

CARLOS

It's not so simple.

MARIA

Of course not, but it could help you survive.

CARLOS

I don't know that I can do that without you.

MARIA

You have to. You don't have a choice.

CARLOS

What if I'm not strong enough?

MARIA

It's not about you anymore, Carlos. It's about everyone, and you know that. Something big is happening here; this is the beginning of the rest of time. I can only help you see so much of it, but if you don't want to see it for yourself, there's only so much I can show you.

CARLOS

It's just hard right now. I know I'm at the beginning, but the harder I try, the harder it is to see the end.

MARIA

Keep looking.

*Blackout.*

*The End.*