

so go the ghosts of méxico, part two
by **matthew paul olmos**

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the people

important casting note:

*though all these Mexican cartel members are men,
they are to be portrayed by women*

jefe – later 40s, a force

la burra – mid 20's, with compassion

el azul – early 20's, not to be trusted

el chango – late teens, innocent in a dangerous way

narco otro – early 50's, had been a force once

a place

méxico, present day

05.10.16

los capos

in the darkness, an warring of music; a clashing of violence against beauty; the hostile against the dead; of male'ness up against its opposite.

a house. once majestic, now ventilated by bullet holes.

JEFE stands, overseeing the increasingly empty rooms; music of male'ness.

with stealth, enters NARCO OTRO (Otro); he points an automatic to the back of JEFE's head, who pulls an automatic and points it back. a tableau of arms drawn.

this is broken by the music of the dead; they both look up to see where it is coming from.

black out.

the sky

sounds of a small plane engine fill the darkness; the music of male'ness in full force.

LA BURRA pilots an airplane; like in the air he is. a few moments of his checking levels, switching switches.

walks up, yea, walking fucking up to the airplane that's in mid'fucking flight, smacking his fucking lips is EL AZUL.

he sits in the co-pilot.

EL AZUL

Wow. This the nice view from up here, Burra. No wonder you like taking all the flight trips.

LA BURRA

What're you doing here, Azul? Did Jefe ask you to check on me?

EL AZUL

Hey, you in charge of flying from back an forth to forth an back an tha's it, okei?

(BURRA nervously busies himself with the controls)

It is nice to see you, Burra, in all the controls of things. I know control is not what you were...overflowing with. But me, I'm going to tell Jefe the control I seen of you today.

LA BURRA

Please, Azul. Just let me keep my flight. Just let me do my job. I don't need you to tell Jefe what you seen of—

EL AZUL

Oh, I know you don't need; but me I give; es like what I do.

(EL AZUL plays with the controls)

So like, wha's this one do? Wuz about all these little switches right along here, wuz they do, huh? (pause) Oh, lookit tha'one, eh? Oh, tha'one nice. Tell me, Burra, is this one right here how come you fly?

(EL AZUL messes with the yoke)

LA BURRA

Azul. Why're you doing this to me???

(EL AZUL takes over the yoke)

We're gonna lose control.

EL AZUL

Lookit me, I flying.

LA BURRA

We're losing altitude.

EL AZUL

Hey, so wuz like the button for the landing gear an shit? You know, so we don't skid into fucking flames.

(EL AZUL lowers the yoke, LA BURRA tries to stop him, but gives up for safety's sake)

LA BURRA

You can't just put it down—Azul, we're in the middle of—

(AZUL lowers the plane harshly; BURRA switches on the landing gear then reaches for the radio; AZUL stops him)

I have to let them know location, we have a shipment.

AZUL

Don't you worry about your location, Burra. Everybody already know what direction your ass is headed.

LA BURRA

Did I do something? Tell me whatever I did—please, you can tell Jefe for me, you can tell Jefe that I didn't do nothing, please—

EL AZUL

You see, Burra, es just...these little zips you do, these little up an down trips you take...they been took.

(EL AZUL exits the plane, leaving BURRA with a sharp descent which turns into chaotic landing. BURRA is banged around the cockpit unconscious; blood.)

With BURRA's crash still in the background, AZUL walks up to CHANGO, who stands looking at the wreckage)

EL AZUL

Hey, if anybody ask, there was an engine problem, huh. (pause) Hey, you heard?

CHANGO

Engine problem.

EL AZUL

Oh, that, and I was never here.

CHANGO

That, and you was never here.

EL AZUL

Hey, anybody ever tell you that you're an interesting motherfucker?

(CHANGO shakes his head)

Nah, they wouldn't. Cuz yer not. (pause) So, wuz yer name.

CHANGO

El Chango.

EL AZUL

El Chango, huh? Yer with la familia de Narco Otro, ain't you?

(EL CHANGO nods. AZUL puts his arm around CHANGO)

And tell me, are you right now, scared to be here with me?

(EL CHANGO nods)

Ay, don't you worry, lil'Chango, this is what we familias do.

CHANGO

He on his way here tho'. Narco Otro.

EL AZUL

Oh, I know. Tha's why we gotta hurry, c'mon.

(AZUL leads CHANGO off)

CHANGO

What about him tho'.

(CHANGO points back to BURRA unconscious in the plane)

EL AZUL

Ay, mijo, he Narco Otro's to deal with now.

(AZUL leads CHANGO offstage. LA BURRA wakes; he looks around lost.

Enter NARCO OTRO, admiring the plane. BURRA spots OTRO and gets out of the plane and offers the keys. Music of male'ness)

OTRO

It's nice, to see one of Jefe's con inteligencia. Didn't know he had any left in his house. Where's Azul? Where's mi Chango? The agreement was Azul would be here.

LA BURRA

...

OTRO

You don't know the agreement, or you don't really know Azul?

LA BURRA

...I don't know anything. Why don't you just take these and do what you're going to.

OTRO

Your Azul is good at making people believe. I even came here believing he meant the deal he dealt me. There was a time when what a man said could be counted on. But I guess Azul played both of us. And now you're fucked, and me, I've an airplane that does not belong to me. (pause) But if you want to help me fly it, mijito...

(OTRO offers his hand to BURRA, who doesn't take)

Ay, what is it you think, that now your Jefe will just, what, take you back? After you lose all his entire sky to me? You think, what, that your Azul is right now taking the blame?

(BURRA throws the keys to the Earth)

OTRO

I understand. For you loyalty is a proud thing. If only there were more like you, mijo.

(OTRO forces BURRA into a dance; on the dip OTRO pulls a blade and sticks it into BURRA, then cuts up. BURRA falls to the Earth)

OTRO(cont)

But if this how your familia want to play, then I say thank you, that me, this my sky'way now.

(OTRO picks up the keys and opens the back of the plane; his eyes glow at the product. SONG: Otro's Song to the Product)

“Ah, lookit you, my love
From the sky to my arms at last,
At last, lookit you, my love
Oh, to the America you'll go,
an then America's love back to me, me, and more to me...”

(On the floor, BURRA has begun to hum)

(to BURRA) Is that...are you...*humming*? What're you, a fucking woman?

(Lights out over the plane; lights resume over AZUL and CHANGO with JEFE, who is texting, typing on a laptop)

AZUL

Jefe. Es La Burra.

JEFE

What mi Burra?

AZUL

I were driving along, an there in the sky I watched while his plane went down; slowly down.

JEFE

Went or shot?

AZUL

Went. An when I drive over to see Burra okay, that our shipment still in place—

JEFE

What, say it.

AZUL

Narco Otro. Was waiting for him; all expecting. Like they friends. (pause) But see look, I got one of his just like he got one of ours.

(AZUL presents CHANGO)

JEFE

Azul, what do I care some kid, huh? You've enough kids in this house already.

AZUL

You said the sky didn't matter anymore, you said you had something new, something—

JEFE

Right now, while you're talking, Otro is in the air; just over the border. An when he land, do you think the Americanos will ask "Wha'happen to Jefe?" Do you??

AZUL

...no.

JEFE

They'll say, "Jefe who?" "I don't remember no Jefe. All I see is Otro. Narco Otro." An Narco Otro will be the only name up their entire line. ¿jEntiendes!? ¿jEntiendes!?

AZUL

Sí, Jefe. Yo entiendo.

JEFE

Now go. An take yer whatever-this-is with you.

(AZUL motions CHANGO with him downstage. AZUL sings, JEFE does not see or hear. CHANGO watches)

AZUL

You will entiendo *me*, my Jefe
you will hear me what I say.
What I do is not for stupid,
What I see is for a new day
Oh, you do not entiendo, mi Jefe
You are too dumb blind to even see,
that I am building up my army,
and going to overtake your everything

the last breaths of la burra

Enter BURRA, crawling to JEFE.

AZUL watches nervously.

LA BURRA

...please, jefe. call somebody for me. i need—

JEFE

What're you, a fucking woman begging, pleading; asking always asking.

LA BURRA

...they can still stitch me up; they can still—

JEFE

So...I'm gonna take a wild'ass guess an guess that the delivery didn't go so well.

LA BURRA

...azul, he was—

JEFE

Yea, Azul was there, I know.

LA BURRA

...please call a doctor...i can make it if you call me a doctor...

JEFE

Doctor.

LA BURRA

...please don't let me just bleed out on the floor like this...

(BURRA begins to lose consciousness. JEFE kneels by him)

JEFE

I am sorry that the Otro trick you, mijo. But thank you for crawling back to me. That shit mean a lot.

(The music of the dead swells. *With different physicality, BURRA gets up with ease, he is no longer alive, but also not yet dead. BURRA steps away from where his body is laying; neither JEFE nor AZUL notice*)

JEFE(cont)

I thank you regardless for bringing me my sky while it last, Burra, and may peace come to you.

(JEFE signs the cross; AZUL does not)

LA BURRA

“This is not peace, Jefe, this is nothing of what a dying should be. But death is never what it should con los narcos.”

JEFE

Azul, go on, pay your respect. An then get his blood outside.

(AZUL pulls his mobile and takes a photo of where BURRA’s body would be; he sends it)

JEFE

One of these times, Azul, those pictures you post, those videos you stream...

AZUL

Me, I no post, I don’t stream. Es my little ones, mi Jefe, that do all the things for me.

(to offstage) Hey, mi Chango...!

LA BURRA

“You fuck with death, you bend it to your will, you cheat los muertos and make them exist just somewhere in between.”

(Enter CHANGO)

AZUL

Yo, Chango, take Burra and go hangout outside, yea?

(CHANGO stares; unmoving)

Hello?! The body, outside. Hello, do you talk at all?! (pause) Fuckin’empty’ass kid.

JEFE

Wow, Azul. Thank you for bringing me this one, huh. Narco Otro must really be missing him.

AZUL

Chango. March your little legs out with La Burra an try to find yourself a personality, huh.

(CHANGO drags what would be Burra's body outside.
BURRA goes with them)

JEFE

An hey, for Burra's family, don't do anything too much. He was one of us.

AZUL

No, Burra was like the opposite of us.

JEFE

That is how come you will never go so far, Azul; no matter how much to you I teach. You believe only in what's for Azul...and Azul has no ideas about what los narcos actually need.

(JEFE exits. AZUL joins CHANGO outside the house. Both look
down at where La Burra's body would be. LA BURRA watches)

EL AZUL

In case it's worth anything, Burra, you weren't going to be flying much longer anyways. The sky was like on the fucking other side of forward. (pause) Ay, mi Burra, didn't you know, in this life, loyalty will take you.

LA BURRA

"No, Azul, in this life, *everything* will take you. Tell me, how does it feel standing above your own familia."

EL AZUL

For truth tho', even here looking down at you...you were not meant for the world los narcos live. Men like you, belong someplace else.

LA BURRA

"Don't make me suffer, Azul, do it already. Send me someplace else. Please."

(AZUL pulls his piece, he hands it to CHANGO)

AZUL

(to CHANGO) Ysee, mi Chango, sometimes a personality, find *you*.

(AZUL wraps CHANGO's hands around the piece)

LA BURRA

(to AZUL) "How old is he even? How long has he been away from home. His mother, father, I wonder what they're wondering, I wonder how long they'll wait."

EL AZUL

I promise you won't feel nothin', mi Chango; just a jump in your chest, an then nothing. Your entire insides will be nothing a silent song; te lo prometo.

(CHANGO begins to shake. AZUL places his hands over CHANGO's, together they shoot where LA BURRA's head would be. CHANGO reacts. AZUL takes his piece back, then begins to exit; he stops short and tosses a mobile to CHANGO, who doesn't catch it)

You can take bedroom top of the stairs. An hey, you can call for pussy if you need it.

(EL CHANGO picks up the mobile. A moment of him with mobile looking down at Burra's body. CHANGO comforts himself with song, but hasn't the first fucking clue how to sing)

EL CHANGO

Hey, check it, huh
They got me on blood detail
Pussy detail too
But hey, what I hear,
they ain't so different, those two

Got me a room, got me a key
An if I make that call, all the ass in the world just for me
No lies, son, dolla bills,
this shit is fo'real
Man, I can't even believe it,
Finally me I'm gonna break that seal...

LA BURRA

"You have no idea what a woman even is, do you? What blood even means."

EL CHANGO

Is that...?

LA BURRA

How old are you even?"

EL CHANGO

Yo, somebody there?

(LA BURRA responds with humming, CHANGO looks for the source)

los capos again

JEFE sits; texts; types. Enter OTRO; both draw their arms. A moment.

JEFE

So, is this how we are now? Just taking whatever whenever you have no other moves to make?

OTRO

Oh, Jefe, that sky was offered to me. Use your intellgencia.

JEFE

Mi Burra would never have offered.

OTRO

...

JEFE

What, what that's look?

OTRO

No look, Jefe. But what's done is done.

JEFE

I don't even know what yer gonna do with all that sky. You haven't the capacity to even run it.

OTRO

Anyways. Apologies for your Burra, he was a sweet'tasting kid.

JEFE

At least mine love me. Come home to me. But yours, what's its name? Chango? Yours don't give a shit. Your little ones would turn you up while you sleep.

OTRO

Oh, but this how I sleep: my eyes on you all through the night. Shit, you the bitch uh my dreams. But when you an me are at arms at each other for realz, won't nobody be crawling back to you for nothing.

JEFE

They will though; my little ones *love* their Azul. He's got children never'ending. So you can keep breaking to our rules, you can send us a cut, you can send us a kill, it won't matter, my house is regenerations, son.

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OTRO

Oh, Jefe, our rules are no longer ruling; and your Azul was never never'ending. So when death catches up to him, oh Mamacita, your house won't regenerate shit.

(OTRO slips out as easily as he entered. Lights out)

la burra and his family

JEFE sits at his laptop typing, he texts; music of male'ness coming from the laptop speakers.

A strange sound; a single note, or held instrument of the dead.

JEFE pulls his piece. More sound.

JEFE

Hey, come the fuck in or what.

(Enter LA BURRA, music behind him; he is now dead)

La Burra.

LA BURRA

El Jefe.

(JEFE stares, then shoots a single shot into BURRA; no impact)

Sorry, just checking.

LA BURRA

Peace never came to me, mi Jefe.

JEFE

What peace.

LA BURRA

The sleep you wished me, after you thanked me for your sky while it last.

JEFE

So...you heard me.

LA BURRA

And now *you* hear *me*.

JEFE

I do.

LA BURRA

And you will hear so much more.

JEFE

More what.

LA BURRA

Just think of all the young ones who your Azul is filling up this house. And all the empty homes of México that you're making that way.

JEFE

So what, this is you come back to haunt me—

LA BURRA

No. Haunting is for a death *stuck* inside some unfinished place. But me, I am not stuck. But yes, I am *far* from finished. You see, Jefe, I am free to be anywhere on this Earth I please to be.

JEFE

So go then. Anywhere on this Earth. Please.

LA BURRA

You have no idea of who your Azul even is, do you? How many deaths he'll put in place. .

JEFE

Burra, tha's sorta like his job though...

LA BURRA

He is not just recruiting the little ones, he is making them into something that should not be made.

JEFE

This is a business, Burra.

LA BURRA

No, Jefe, this is what will end your business. Azul is making death into an unrecognizable thing. And now our children are watching.

JEFE

I can control Azul when Azul needs controlling.

LA BURRA

Then why am I here standing, Jefe? Death is already not what it ought to be.

(Sound of an incoming message from Jefe's computer)

LA BURRA(cont)

What is it. What is that?

JEFE

...I asked for Azul nothing too much for your family. But...

(A horrific scream from the computer both look. We see a projected image: online video clip of a young child squirming upside down, several masked men encircle the child; they begin hacking at the body; male music backdrops)

...I warned him, about the online posting, about the streaming...he just...he gets all his little ones all lit up, all shouting his name... He wasn't supposed to do that to your nephews, or nieces; whichever's the ones there...

LA BURRA

That's them both, Jefe. Without gender. You took it from them.

JEFE

Hey, that's Azul, not me.

LA BURRA

Your los narcos have forced them beyond gender. Beyond age, beyond money and country. Your control, Jefe, has led those children beyond...all things...

(LA BURRA begins to sing to himself; children's voices join him.
As LA BURRA speaks, the music continues on its own)

And you will hear us. Of every age, of every death; singing a song to you, you, and more to you...

(LA BURRA and the voices turn to more. JEFE lets fear show on his face for the first time. The sound of children wailing on his laptop heighten, but as with any laptop, the sound is weak to what's real. A small battle of song versus laptop. Song wins)

azul and his children

we hear several rooms of young men's voices; laughing; rowdiness. CHANGO stands holding a tablet. AZUL yells towards the men's voices from the bottom of the stairs;

EL AZUL

Hey, calm your little selves, we'll have some more fun tomorrow.

(Stands JEFE)

JEFE

What fun?

(The voices discontinue; total silence)

EL AZUL

The fun you missed, Jefe.

JEFE

I said for Burra's family nothing too much and this is how you do???

EL AZUL

Do what?

JEFE

What is it you think that mi familia look like with what you would cut into children like that, huh?

EL AZUL

What your familia look like is what we will go further than *any* other narcos can ever go.

JEFE

No, Azul, what I look like is that I massacred La Burra's family because Otro taking my sky actually mean something.

EL AZUL

Nobody think it you, Jefe; everybody know it me.

(JEFE pistol'whips AZUL)

JEFE

That's what this is really about, isn't it, Azul.

AZUL

What you look like, Jefe, is un capo who cannot be crossed. Because if anyone do, Azul will gather up his crew.

JEFE

No. I am un capo who is losing the control of his Azul. And if that happen, if I lose over my control of you, it isn't *I* who will be unprotected. And los narcos, will all be out there, gathering up their crew...at you.

(JEFE moves to exit, but stops to look at CHANGO, who still stands holding the tablet nervously)

Do you even know how to use that?

(CHANGO shakes his head)

C'mere. Come on.

(CHANGO goes obediently)

Now turn it on.

(JEFE shows CHANGO the button; who then turns it on. A glow from the tablet)

Now, do you see the little camera thingy?

(CHANGO looks, then finds it)

Press it.

(CHANGO presses)

Good. Now why don't you put both hands.

(CHANGO holds the tablet with both hands)

See that, how you learn; how steady. Now, why don't you steady it at Azul.

(CHANGO points the tablet at AZUL, who just stands awkwardly)

That's a boy, go on get him full frame.
Hey, Azul, what's the button for how to stream.

EL AZUL

...y'just open up the program, little logo on the left.

(CHANGO opens up the program)

JEFE

There you go lil'Chango, you go an stream our Azul for all the world to see.

(A few moments of AZUL being shamed)

...yea, that's it, lil'Chango, you remind who it is learns this family...an who it is still don't know shit.

(JEFE exits. CHANGO still holds the tablet awkwardly)

CHANGO

Does he want me to keep the streaming—

(AZUL growls at CHANGO, who drops the tablet and runs away. AZUL stares down at the tablet. Enter LA BURRA)

EL AZUL

La Burra.

LA BURRA

El Azul.

EL AZUL

I know how you must feel, in regards to your family, but...you know Azul gotta do what Azul gotta do.

LA BURRA

It is a choice, Azul, to build your house with the children of parents waiting. To let children be the killing of children. You are a choice, Azul.

EL AZUL

What choice? I ain't make no choice. I's a kid just like you. Just that big with no ideas about how to get bigger. But when Jefe come save me, just like he save you, ain't either one of us choose nothing.

(LA BURRA picks up the tablet and points it at AZUL; we see an image of AZUL; shaky; close-up on his face. AZUL looks away. LA BURRA places the tablet in AZUL's hands and exits)

that shovel

Nightmare Doll Sequence: this can be stylized so we know it is paranoia, but with an underlying of real fear. They behave with doll-like movements.

AZUL and CHANGO finish digging a rather large plot.

CHANGO wipes his brow.

AZUL looks about suspiciously, to which CHANGO bursts forward, grabs the shovel and begins ridiculously using the back of it to bludgeon AZUL down into the ground. When he is done, CHANGO does a little dance of promotion.

CHANGO smiles at the audience proudly. Maybe even a wink, maybe even he throws down the shovel in victory like an athlete.

Enter OTRO, who pats CHANGO on the head. They both grin.

A few moments.

OTRO exits. AZUL crawls up from the plot, takes the shovel back from CHANGO and they reposition themselves as in the beginning of this sequence, with them both digging...

CHANGO wipes his brow.

JEFE enters, he thanks AZUL for digging such a well'dug plot. He motions AZUL to come in for a hug. JEFE holds AZUL with real love for a few moments before grabbing the shovel and bashing AZUL back into

the plot. JEFE exits, CHANGO begins burying. A few moments.

AZUL crawls back out of the plot. He and CHANGO sit by the plot with the shovel between them.

End of nightmare.

the ground

EL AZUL sleeps on the floor with an automatic. There is a shovel placed near his head.

Time moves fast.

AZUL tries to sleep, sometimes instinctually looking up for a quick second.

Early morning. AZUL wakes and notices the shovel; he jumps at the sight of it. He pulls his piece.

Slips in OTRO.

OTRO

So...you always sleep with a...shovel?

EL AZUL

Get that thing the fuck away from—

OTRO

Hey, I didn't put it there.

EL AZUL

Then who did.

OTRO

What am I, fucking subtle?

EL AZUL

How long have you been here?

OTRO

Just long enough to see you can't sleep for shit, no wonder your eyes are so black. Then again if you waking up to fucking shovels all the time—

EL AZUL

If I woke up to fucking shovels all the time I'd be fucking used to it.

OTRO

Guess your Jefe don't appreciate somebody so easy to turn over their own familia.

EL AZUL

Look. Fuck Burra. Fuck the past. Fuck this fucking shovel. An fuck you. K? Weak is weak.

OTRO

And a piece of shit's a piece of shit.

EL AZUL

Hey, when es time for me to be buried, then I'll be fucking buried, alright?
The fuck do you want?

OTRO

What do you got?

EL AZUL

Oh, I got so many things, Otro, that that's why you keep coming back for. Ain't that right.

OTRO

It was never about the sky, was it.

(AZUL shrugs)

And adding one of my little ones to your collection; that was a nice touch.

EL AZUL

I'm deeply proud.

OTRO

But a man who would do what you did to Burra's family, to those children...

(AZUL points his piece at OTRO's head. Enter EL CHANGO, shakily holding a piece at OTRO)

EL AZUL

What I do...is motherfucking popularity. Shit, I so fucking popular these days, that I can't even go nowhere without all the little ones saying my name. Azul, Azul, we love at you Azul...

OTRO

Ah...so *that's* what you about, I see.

EL AZUL

You're so fucking aging, just what the fuck do you see, huh.

OTRO

Business was never what you were in the business of.
How famous do you wish to be, Azul? More than your Jefe? More than me?

EL AZUL

You think you're famous, Otro? *Narco Otro?*

(OTRO stares at AZUL; they look generations apart)

OTRO

Ay, Azul. Fame isn't what los narcos were ever meant to be. Let Fame to the America, let them die by their lead.

EL AZUL

Oh, I will.

OTRO

Ay, mi Chango. Look at how he has you, look at how he has you playing his game.

EL AZUL

Chango doesn't matter. And neither do you.

(OTRO puts CHANGO's piece to his chest)

OTRO

So why don't you shoot me then, Azul. Go on, pull your triggers.

(CHANGO begins to shake, AZUL reluctantly lowers his piece)

Ah...but you can't. You're not there yet. You're just a young influence who has no idea what un real capo is actually capable. And you needn't bother trying to sing yourself otherwise, you haven't got the voice yet for that shit.

(OTRO exits. AZUL embarrasses. CHANGO lowers his gun)

EL CHANGO

So...what's with the shovel anyways?

(Lights out)

underground

JEFE stands with AZUL, CHANGO and the shovel.

JEFE is mid-laugh, a cannot'breath kinda laugh.

A few moments of this.

JEFE goes to his knee still laughing. AZUL looks uneasy. CHANGO looks confused.

JEFE begins to catch his breath, gets back up. Picks up the shovel.

JEFE jokingly motions smashing AZUL with the shovel. More laughter.

It subsides.

JEFE

...why would I lay a shovel...when I could have just stood over you while you slept and...

(JEFE jokingly points his piece at AZUL. A moment. JEFE then points it more seriously)

Answer me my question, Azul. Tell it to me that I don't have some kinda empty'headed bitch by my side, yea?

EL AZUL

You wouldn't shoot me because I still have a use to you. But when I don't, you will.

(JEFE lowers his piece, motions them to follow with. He leads them downstage, pulls a switch, which reveals something absolutely unimaginable before them; they stare)

JEFE

Well, say something.

EL AZUL

...wha's there to say. Sometimes Azul...has no words.

EL CHANGO

Where does it go?

JEFE

That right there, tunnels to where the sun shines so Americano an bright.

EL CHANGO

But...who dug it then? What do we need a shovel if it's already a tunnel?

JEFE

Let every other narco keep driving across up there, flying across from up there, sneaking always sneaking.

EL CHANGO

So, what? Los narcos will walk all the way across through there?

(Sounds of a truck engine starting)

JEFE

Hey Chango, sometimes, don't talk, huh.

EL AZUL

So let's do already. What're we waiting for. What state will we come out?

JEFE

Easy, Azul. For right now, al California, pero in time, al Arizona, al Texas, al Nuevo México. And years from now, we'll be under their entire country, speeding through their highways while they sleep. With every state united over the quiet what we keep.

EL AZUL

What do we need years, Jefe? Me, I have enough little ones already to times this by three, and if we start digging now—

JEFE

You have to wait, mi Azul. Patience is the only way we will ever get into the America the way that we need.

EL AZUL

Sí, mi Jefe. Yo entiendo.

(JEFE types, texts as he exits, leaving AZUL and CHANGO staring into the vast of the underground tunnel, with the lights of truck headlights flashing over their wide eyes.)

Sounds from within the tunnel turn to the music of los narcos gaining power. AZUL sings into the tunnel, CHANGO listens)

EL AZUL

Can you see how easy,
can you believe that aging fool
Lookit this my opening,
Lookit...how I go
Can you hear me California,
can you hear the name Azul,
Lookit me mi Arizona,
Lookit me Texas too,
Lookit me mi Estados Unidos,
At how fast my influence about to enter you...

(AZUL motions for CHANGO to follow him into the tunnel, they walk into its darkness.
Enter OTRO, he stares at the vast of the opening, BURRA walks up to him; hums. OTRO turns, stares at LA BURRA; scared)

LA BURRA

So, what will you do?

OTRO

...what will who do where...

LA BURRA

Well, there is no need for the sky...is there.

OTRO

...what're you...

LA BURRA

I like the way you look at me, Otro. Narco Otro.

OTRO

..and how am I looking at you?

LA BURRA

Like you actually see what the dead can do.

OTRO

...

LA BURRA

You know, the Azul will take to this tunnel and fill it with every child his hands can reach.

OTRO

...I don't know, La Burra. I can only think.

LA BURRA

Think what.

OTRO

That what is happening con los narcos that the dead now can speak.

LA BURRA

We can do more than speak, Otro, and what los narcos have coming, you will not be able to believe.

(OTRO signs the cross)

So, what will you do.

OTRO

This life was never what I was in the business of. Me, I always daydreamed the day, when to some little island los narcos would never'ever be able to find me again.

LA BURRA

So go find one then, Otro. Find some little island. And let this life from you be free.

OTRO

...can I, am I allowed to ask...?

LA BURRA

That I'll never get used to.

OTRO

What?

LA BURRA

Un capo asking if they are allowed from me.

OTRO

What will *you* do?

(LA BURRA hums)

OTRO(cont)

What is that, are you—

LA BURRA

Humming, sí.

OTRO

Me, I don't understand.

LA BURRA

Yes, you do, Otro. And I know that you can see. How surrounded the dead surround los narcos, from sea to shining sea.

(LA BURRA exits. OTRO looks one last time at the beauty of the tunnel, then walks away from it)

what the passageway dragged up

at the mouth of the tunnel stands
EL AZUL

a flash of headlights cross his face as
he talks on a mobile.

enter EL CHANGO, holding keys,
blood from his ears; fresh.

EL AZUL

The fuck've you been?

EL CHANGO

It closed up.

EL AZUL

What closed up?

(EL CHANGO begins putting tissues to his ears)

Hey, contestame.

EL CHANGO

No More Deliveries.

EL AZUL

What you mean no more deliveries, I know the Americanos didn't just stop, cold
fucking turkey, stop fucking sober.

EL CHANGO

Can't you hear?!

EL AZUL

Hear what? (pause) What is that, why're yer ears all...

(AZUL listens to the tunnel, we hear the distant sound of
something)

Please tell me, Chango, that there's not still my fucking shipment in the back of the
fucking truck because of some fucking sound.

EL CHANGO

I was...stopped up.

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EL AZUL

My whole operation is being stopped up—

CHANGO

Not like that! I was fo'realz stopped, fo'realz up.

EL AZUL

Stopped by who—

(From the tunnel, stands LA BURRA, music behind him)

LA BURRA

Boo.

EL CHANGO

That's who.

(Beat)

EL AZUL

Well, congratulations, Burra.

LA BURRA

From *you*? I accept.

EL AZUL

But, what, you think this one vein mean anything? Huh? I tell you what, you can have this one.

LA BURRA

You will go to one of your others; oh, I know.

EL AZUL

What you know.

LA BURRA

We have seen your children digging, we have heard them every night. We have songs through your entire network, Azul, singing through this vein and then that.

EL AZUL

Cunt, I been running so many fucking veins you couldn't keep up with me even if you were a fucking sickness, just floating along the bloodstream to wherever I flow.

LA BURRA

Who do you think it is lives in the Earth what you been digging through, Azul? Look at you so stupid to forget who exactly los narcos populated this dirt with before you decided to run your business right directly through it.

EL AZUL

Burra, even if you stop up every last vein to Estados Unidos—

LA BURRA

Oh, but we already have.

(Beat)

EL AZUL

...y'stupid, Burra. You think that shit matter? It don't.

LA BURRA

Oh, no?

EL AZUL

...Estados Unidos...will come to me. Because I have what they need. Shit, I bet if their country wasn't so full of bullshit procedure already, they'd catapult those dollar bills right over the wall into my goddamned mouth.

And then I'd chew, yea; chew that shit between my teeth, sucking on the flavor, an if you like, you fucking spook, I can even spit it out onto where your body was left at, just so everybody remember where exactly it is you exist in things.

LA BURRA

I exist wherever you do, mi little Azul.

(EL AZUL spits onto the floor at LA BURRA's feet.

LA BURRA sings.

From the tunnel we hear a flurry of sound; the music of the dead pours out of it, brushing AZUL and CHANGO back.

LA BURRA exits.

An awkward moment between EL AZUL and EL CHANGO)

EL CHANGO

Why would the Americanos catapult money over at you? What're you talking about?

EL AZUL

...

EL CHANGO

An why would you chew the dollar bills for?

EL AZUL

...

EL CHANGO

An how come you would suck all the flavor, huh? What about if some of us want some flavor too. I'm not even sure what that even means, but it don't sound so smart to me.

EL AZUL

...

EL CHANGO

An what's gonna happen now? I don't wanna go through no tunnels with ghosts in them, I don't know anyone who would.

An how are you going to explain to Jefe how you lost his every state united?

(EL AZUL pulls his piece and pistol'whips EL CHANGO across the face.

A surge of male music and music of the dead collide at the mouth of the tunnel.

AZUL kicks CHANGO on the floor.

however, a wind from the tunnel pushes AZUL back)

05.10.16

the music

in the darkness, an warring of music;
a clashing of violence against beauty;
the hostile against the dead; of
male'ness up against its opposite.

this extends. instruments increase.
the dead grow in numbers, the alive
grow in savagery.

the warring of music begins to mess,
one cannot tell one from the other.
both collide into a catastrophe of what
music used to sound like.

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the sea

EL CHANGO sits up in his empty bed,
he no longer knows how to sleep.

The colliding of music in the
background.

EL CHANGO tries to sing, but he
can't sing for shit.

EL CHANGO

Hey, check it.
Or don't,
This isn't what I hoped for it to be
Not even all the pussy that I want,
can help me get myself to sleep.
No lies, son, my ears they fucking bleed,
this shit fo'real
Ay, I can't even look to face it
I seen more dead than dollar bills...

(Slips in OTRO)

OTRO

Well that was...pretty.

EL CHANGO

Fuck you.

OTRO

This house, is not what it used to be, mi Chango.

EL CHANGO

Fuck you, this Jefe's house—or, Azul's house—fuck you, this *our* house.

OTRO

Oh, Chango, don't you know. We all live in the same house.

EL CHANGO

fuck you.

OTRO

So. How many days? Since you slept.

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EL CHANGO

...fuck you...

OTRO

You know, there's only one house where people truly sleep, mi Chango.

EL CHANGO

...

OTRO

And I can send you there. Tonight, if you'll go.

EL CHANGO

...

OTRO

I'll send you across, mi Chango. To the America. To where there are no bodies singing back at us. To where there isn't only death. I can send you across, mi Chango, to where hope is everything you hoped for it to be.

EL CHANGO

...what're you talking—

OTRO

Why I'm talkin' about the sea.

EL CHANGO

¿Qué?

OTRO

I'm talking about what this house was supposed to be. I'm talking about future of mi familia.

EL CHANGO

i don't understand. fuck you.

OTRO

I know what it must've been like, in those tunnels all dark. Surrounded by so many voices. I get it what you and the little ones couldn't make it through.

(Beat)

EL CHANGO

Do you know something. Sometimes, I wish me I were dead like they. So strong they sounded. So close together. Me, I never sound strong. I never sound together.

OTRO

You can be together tho', mi Chango. You can be someplace where you will belong.

EL CHANGO

Belong to who...?

OTRO

I'm leaving, lil'Chango.

I'm going away'far'away.

But I need for mi familia something that will let them still operate their day to day. You, lil'Chango, could be who keeps the house what I helped built, to how it was supposed to stay.

(OTRO offers CHANGO a glowing mobile)

Don't be scared, lil'Chango. Where I'm sending you through, you will be so protected, not even the wet of the ocean could touch you.

EL CHANGO

I can't swim.

OTRO

Ay, mijito, you let the legacy de Narco Otro do your swimming for you.

(OTRO dances CHANGO around the room, on the dip OTRO places a strange looking key into CHANGO's hands and whispers into his ears.

CHANGO's eyes light up as he sees the rising of water in the outside window. Sounds of ocean.

The blinking of control lights begin to blip. Sounds of controls are heard.

The music of the dead begins to drown out as OTRO positions CHANGO at the helm of a small submarine. CHANGO begins to "drive" a fucking submarine, like under'fucking'water. OTRO slips out while CHANGO submerges further into the darkness of under'radar'd waters)

el azul

EL AZUL on all fours. JEFE stands above him with a shovel. Blood on AZUL, blood on the shovel.

music of the dead swells.

JEFE

Look at you. You look like a fucking woman, Azul. You look like a piece of ass that ain't even worth seeing the face of. The kind you bury yourself into with just force, cuz who gives a fuck what they feel inside.

(JEFE brings the shovel down, AZUL screams in pain)

Tha's all you are to me now, Azul. Nevermore all my years of bringing you up, by my side. When all you know in giving thanks is to sneak. Right under where I sleep, you sneak around on me. You are just like a fucking woman, Azul. But you will remember your debt to me.

So this is a choice to you, Azul, you and your little ones can get back in line beneath me, or I can parade you, right in our plaza. And then, you will be as famous as all the fame you wanted yourself to be.

(Music of the dead. *With different physicality, EL AZUL stands up, no longer alive, but also not yet dead.* JEFE speaks to where AZUL's body would be. Enter BURRA humming)

EL AZUL

“Look at him, bloodied on the floor, at your feet, but still trying to bite at you his broken teeth.”

JEFE

I'm sorry, what was that, huh? Did you speak something to me, Azul?

EL AZUL

“Speaking was never what Azul was alive for. And no matter how much of yourself that you try to give, if you are so stupid to let him live, he'll spend every lasting breath to take you under.”

JEFE

Just tell it to me, Azul; say to me my name that you want back the life I gave to you.

EL AZUL

“In truth, I want you to put an end to Azul. Who he was. The hate that breathed from out his heart.

JEFE

I can hear you, Azul; I can hear you breathing to breathe again.

EL AZUL

“No. Azul breathes much nicer in death, Jefe. And he sees what you do not.”

(JEFE re’raises the shovel)

JEFE

If you choose this, nobody will chant for you, Azul. Just your silence and hanging shell is all your little ones will see.

EL AZUL

“It is *your* choice, not Azul’s, to give this death what death deserve.”

(JEFE tries to shovel on where AZUL’s body would be, but can’t. He looks down at the narco he has created. Music of the dead strengthens. LA BURRA sings)

LA BURRA

Do you see with every blow,
how strong in pain an filled with hate
Azul is waiting,
to come with me
And me I want his death,
so we can turn the ugly of his voice to we...

(JEFE drops the shovel)

EL JEFE

You march your little men and get back our fucking product before the rest of your tunnels are turned up too.
And then you find us a new way to get it through. How we’ll ever do that in time, I have no fucking clue.

(JEFE pulls his phone and begins to furiously text/type, he shoves LA BURRA out of his way as he exits. AZUL begins coughing, begins to feel pain as he lays back down and rejoins his body; finally manages himself up. He sees BURRA; both grin at each other)

EL AZUL

Death will never catch up with me
Do you see, Azul the only name los narcos speak
No Jefe, no Otro,
Azul be the only narco left to lead
Azul will be the only song the children sing
No Jefe, no Otro
Death will never ever catch up to Azul,
cuz nobody even know how he do...

(to offstage) Hey, Chango! (pause) Chango!

(Lights reveal EL CHANGO happily driving a submarine; he uses the periscope; he presses buttons; he does a little dance of pride)

los capos, at last

JEFE pushes into his room, grabs his laptop frustrated almost throws it on the ground, then stops himself. He pulls at his mobile, almost ripping it in half, then stops.
Enter OTRO.
JEFE pulls his gun and points, however OTRO does not point back.

Well. JEFE

Well what? OTRO

Put it. JEFE

Put what? OTRO

PUT IT. JEFE

OTRO
I'm sorry, I have nothing to put where. Guns are not something I'm in the business of anymore. Me, I'm all about buying myself a little boat, maybe an island all my own.

JEFE
Put your fucking piece at me, Otro.

OTRO
Why, Jefe, when you see what I'm in the business of now, you will try to find me. You will search the entire sea.

(OTRO tosses a set of keys at JEFE)

Oh, and you can have your sky back. I see you need it more than me. Good luck to you, my Jefe, I am sorry that this life is the way it has to be.

(JEFE shoots OTRO in the chest, who stops, holding his wound)

OTRO(cont)

You shoot *me? Me*, who is just like *you???* Me, who you wouldn't exist without; Me???

(JEFE shoots OTRO again. OTRO screams in release. Music of the dead swells. LA BURRA stands by OTRO.

With different physicality OTRO walks away from the situation; not yet dead, but also not still alive. JEFE stays his gun pointed where OTRO's body would be)

“You stupid little man. You haven't any idea about supply and demand. Use your *intelligencia*, Jefe. If you shoot him dead...whose house then is going to get the America what they need? You? Azul? (pause) Your tunnels have all been on the news. The sky is like the ancient of history. And what do you suppose the America will demand, Jefe, if México cannot supply?”

(JEFE stands over where OTRO's body would be)

“If you want my dying thought: the America will just take, and what will you all do then?”

(JEFE shoots where OTRO's head would be)

“Ahhh, that's right. You'll shoot each other repeatedly. Even though you're on the same side.”

(OTRO dies; we see him join LA BURRA. Music of the dead swells. JEFE looks at LA BURRA and OTRO as they exit side by side. JEFE looks up into the swell of music of the dead)

the america

Sounds of ocean lapping. EL CHANGO opens up a hatch; daylight finds him. He beams. He crawls up out of the submarine and hops onto the Earth. He shakes his little limbs into a dance of arrival.

He looks around. Listens. Only the ocean can be heard; no music. He beams.

He pulls his mobile and dials. It rings. And rings. And rings.

Lights reveal EL AZUL, now bandaged up, standing over where the body of OTRO would be. He hears a ringing, looks around.

CHANGO dials again. It rings. And rings.

EL AZUL kneels down and pulls a mobile from where OTRO's body would be, he answers it just as...

EL CHANGO hangs up. Shrugs.

He crawls back into the hatch with his head out. He looks about happily, then rests his head on the edge of the hatch. Sleep finds him.

EL AZUL begins scrolling through OTRO's mobile contacts.

AZUL sings...

AZUL

Ah, lookit you, my love
From the satellites to my eyes at last,
At last, lookit you, my love

AZUL(cont)

Oh, to the Azul now you'll breathe,
oh, America's love finally to me, me, and more to me...

(The light from the mobile shines bright, music of male'ness stirs, AZUL beams with the light of the mobile on his face. The glorious of a ringing is heard.

Lights reveal EL CHANGO sitting in his hatch)

EL AZUL

(into phone) Hiya Chango?

EL CHANGO

Um...Otro???

EL AZUL

No. Azul. Otro dead. Listen.

EL CHANGO

Otro dead?

EL AZUL

Yea. I know, sad right? Anyways. I need you to begin distribution. All the fucking product that you abandoned in the fucking tunnels needs to fucking move.

EL CHANGO

Distribution??? ¡Yo estoy en los Estados Unidos, estoy en California, estoy en el Océano Pacífico de mierda!

EL AZUL

Chango, calm down. Relax. You'll have help.

EL CHANGO

Azul, you know I'm not so good at making the friends. I shy.

EL AZUL

Chango, you've a submarine filled with fucking product, you *not* shy.

EL CHANGO

...but I am...

EL AZUL

Chango, the America is not so different. There are so many little ones just like you. No home, no place to be. They will be your friends just like you and me.

EL CHANGO

Eh, Azul, you actually don't know me very well.

(Lights focus on AZUL and CHANGO. AZUL sings)

EL AZUL

You go to all the alleyways,
you go to all the empty lots,
you go back behind all the schools of the America
And you employ these troubled Americanos for all they've got

You *show* to them your golden gun.

EL CHANGO

Nobody told me to bring no golden gun.

(CHANGO receives a golden gun)

oh...alright, I got it...

EL AZUL

They will listen to you, little Chango,
they will look at you and want to learn your every move
You are no more un soldado
You there are the whole of México,
Now go, and make our country strong!

(EL CHANGO makes to go)

Oh, an Chango?

EL CHANGO

Chango listening.

EL AZUL

Lower the fucking submarine, you know, so the Americanos don't fucking see it.

EL CHANGO

Oh. Chango says okay.

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(EL CHANGO hangs up, climbs back into the sub, closes the hatch, and begins submerging. Lights dim over him)

jefe y azul

In JEFE's room, EL AZUL on a laptop; he types/texts. Enter JEFE, who stares.

JEFE

The hell're you—

EL AZUL

ShhShhShh....

(EL AZUL finishes his texts, clicks the laptop, then looks up)

Okei. What was it you were saying?

JEFE

Who's that, what're you typing?

EL AZUL

Oh, I took care of the shipments. I know that you were worried.

JEFE

Excuse me?

EL AZUL

No, no excuses, Jefe. The product is in fucking motion.

JEFE

Azul, what motion? You don't got no motion. Explain.

(JEFE pulls his piece, EL AZUL pulls Otro's phone)

What, what is that, is that—

EL AZUL

Otro's everything? Yes. It is. And now I have your everything too.

JEFE

What everything?

EL AZUL

Oh, you know. Your product, my children, and now...Otro's ocean. Everything. Today has been...a good day.

(AZUL texts; types. JEFE can only watch)

JEFE

You do this here in my house?

EL AZUL

You've got great reception.

JEFE

...

EL AZUL

Did you know Otro knew English perfect? Es funny. The things you like...find out about a person. Anyways. (pause) Eh, do you mind putting your gun down, es hard to read an do the emails with you drawn like that.

(JEFE puts his piece away. He studies AZUL)

JEFE

I know you don't know how to get true distribution.

EL AZUL

And you *do*?

JEFE

What is it you thought I *do*, Azul?

EL AZUL

You know, I never really thought about it. (pause) Anyways.

JEFE

Ay, Azul, you're such a young influence, you've no idea what los capos are even capable.

EL AZUL

You not los capos anymore, Jefe. But if you say my name con some fucking respect, you could be Azul's.

JEFE

Your generation have no ideas what we've put through. For how many years it took to build what los narcos have built. What *I* have built, what Otro too. You believe this is about los narcos getting across. California is all you see. But what for Nueva York, and the Washington D.C.? (pause) We do not work alone, little Azul. And you need me more than you could ever believe.

EL AZUL

You have nobody under you, not one single soul. My children are my children. The house you built has been sold. I am now your Jefe, and you are my Azul. But don't you worry, mijito, everything you owned, I will turn to fucking gold.

JEFE

Ay, mi hijo, listen to me this one last once. Los narcos do not *own* anything. The sky, an the Earth, and the sea have not been México's since I can even think.

And now, you will finally learn what a small man it takes to be un capo. And what a vast fucking country the America really be.

Yes, I did text
Oh, I did type.
And then I waited for un reply.
I waited while los gringos make the decide.

They will let you believe that with patience you *could* be called con some fucking respect. But the land on which this house was sold, mi hijo, never did it ever belong to me. So I give this to you now...

(JEFE hands his mobile to AZUL, who looks at it but does not take)

...if only we three could have worked together. The connections of El Jefe, the pathways of Narco Otro y the children of their Azul. We could have controlled the fucking weather.

(JEFE signs the cross; he hands AZUL the mobile again)

So go on, El Narco Azul, and do what it is you do...

(AZUL takes the mobile. We hear the connection of static; it bursts into music of maleness, which begins to drown out the music of the dead.
AZUL's computer screen shines bright. The music of los narcos swells from the laptop and into something viral; something more American.
AZUL begins a maddening dance as the vibration of the music hits like an earthquake. AZUL, in his wildness, knocks down the walls of the house. Sunlight breaks in, they make the interior exterior. Wind arrives. It begins to blow the furnishings of the house aside, out into wherever. What was once the narcos' home is now everyone's home.

Enter LA BURRA and NARCO OTRO)

LA BURRA y OTRO

México, the way we go,
lit for a moment,
by the gunfire
oh, by the guns from America sold

México, the way we'll go
dimmed to forever
by the shadow of America's glow

And then for us the quiet of night,
As our lives now forever lay
Waiting for a light
Waiting for a bright
To lead death's way
Waiting for our México to turn the America away...

(AZUL and JEFE look at BURRA and OTRO; none knowing
what comes next. End of Act One)

act two
azul and his kingdom

AZUL sits center stage, with several golden guns; JEFE by his side.

AZUL inserts a barrel into a baggie of white and takes up the line off it. He'll do this in moments of stress throughout the remainder of the play.

JEFE scrolls a tablet.

EL AZUL

...well???

(JEFE reads in an mockingly American accent)

JEFE

(reading) "...eh, 24 defendants were charged, however it is suspected the case involves hundreds of pounds of meth as well a larger collaboration in which Mexican nationals are sent from Mexico to the U.S. to lead narco-rings consisting of hired U.S. citizens. This has been by far the most professional of the criminal groups along the U.S.-Mexico border. The group has highly trained and well-equipped scout teams who operate deep within the U.S. to help get Mexican cartel drugs into the interior of the United States."

AZUL

Tha's it?

JEFE

Tha's it. Es just a small little mention.

EL AZUL

Do they at least mention my name?

JEFE

No.

(AZUL snarls)

EL AZUL

You sure you lookin'in the right section tho'? You know these newspapers Americano, they got a lotta sections an what if all this time you just been looking in the wrong section.

JEFE

Azul, there's no...sections. Es online. Es just links.
Anyways, here's to a better tomorrow.

(JEFE takes a pull of champagne)

EL AZUL

Tell me, Jefe, do you like tit'fucking?

JEFE

...sometimes.

EL AZUL

An how about pussy'fucking, how do you feel about fucking pussy?

JEFE

I love.

EL AZUL

Just sometimes.

JEFE

All times.

EL AZUL

So the fuck are you champagning that you an me, what we do, is in the tit'fucking section of the news stories Americano, when what we want to be is in the pussy section? Hmm?

JEFE

You're frustrated, I get it, I know. Chase?

(AZUL takes a moment, then nods. JEFE pours champagne over AZUL's head)

EL AZUL

I feel happy when you pour champagne on mi head, mi Jefe.

JEFE

Oh, I know you do.

EL AZUL

...hey. Did they at least mention Chango, huh? Did they at least say how he do...?

waves come crashing in

CHANGO standing in the ocean, a tropical drink in his hand while he sings to the troubled youth of the United States. They stare at him.

CHANGO

If you wanna be like Chango,
if you wanna stand in the sea,
if you wanna make you an army,
all you gotta do is fol'low me

Selling mota was so 70's
Pushing the coke oh so true
But if you want to reach every'body
Then meth'an'phedamine is our only glue

Look at you at this country
Oh lookit the ways they live
The rich are forever customers,
And now the poor they are so too
Look at you at this country
Nobody seems to see what we do

If you wanna be like Chango,
if you wanna stand in the sea,
if you want the beauty of the ocean,
just believe in the crystal and go my little pretties off with—

(CHANGO gets a weird look)

What? What is it? My voice, is it my voice/I know it's my voice/it's always been my voice—

(CHANGO looks to where his little ones are looking; he turns around to see the thunderous of growing waves closer to shore)

Alright, mi little ones, go on. You have your assigned...assignments or whatever.
Ay, just go!

(CHANGO looks up at the height of the waves, he points his automatic. Lights out)

sucking the flavor

EL AZUL stares off into the
entertainment of narcotics. JEFE
watches him daze.

JEFE pulls a golden shovel; shaking
his head at such a ridiculous thing to
have in gold.

EL AZUL jumps; looking around.
JEFE puts the shovel out of sight.

...what were we talking about— EL AZUL

Tits. Fucking. Pussy. JEFE

Oh, that, yea. EL AZUL

Yea, that. JEFE

Hey, Jefe. EL AZUL

Yes, Azul. JEFE

Am I hard right now? EL AZUL

(JEFE looks down)

No. JEFE

Hey, be sure before you answer. EL AZUL

Positive. JEFE

EL AZUL

How long's it been?

JEFE

Long what been?

EL AZUL

Since I was *up*, motherfucker. Since I put something through.

(JEFE checks the time)

JEFE

Eh, awhile.

EL AZUL

Ah, shit. You serious?

JEFE

Deathly.

EL AZUL

Go on then, call for me something. Any piece'll do.

JEFE

Do you really think that you will be...able to? Why don't you wait—

EL AZUL

Wait for what?

JEFE

Sometimes, a man has to wait, for his—

EL AZUL

Hey, do you know how come you didn't last so long before I pushed *you* through?

JEFE

Because, you don't believe in anything. And I do.

EL AZUL

Es because you wait. For America to shine on you. You wait. For those white lights to guide you through. You wait. For some opening to open up for you. But es that how men do, Jefe, when they want to push something through?

JEFE

Maybe what you do, Azul, is what men *should* do. But me what I do, is something else.

EL AZUL

And what it is it you do, Jefe? Do you *do* anything?

JEFE

I wait, Azul.

EL AZUL

No shit you wait, wait for what?

JEFE

I wait, by your side. With my eyes looking in every direction, my hearing on every sound. I wait for just the smallest disruption in your kingdom, I wait for just the tiniest opportunity to have your back.

EL AZUL

My what???

JEFE

Your back. I have it. And I promise to you, that so long as my aging breath is still breathing, no young narcos will be able come up from behind at you.

EL AZUL

Sing to me, mi Jefe.

(JEFE takes another pull, then sings to his Azul)

There he is
There he goes
Through the hills and around again
Look at him
The elusive face of love for this our México

He built for us our towns,
he paid for us our children,
he protected for us our families,
Oh Azul, he gave to us a place in the world

Take one lasting look at him
With all the money of an American
With all the women of a King again

JEFE(cont)

Oh Azul, look at you, for every eyes to see, for every mouth to speak
Oh Azul, Oh Azul, Oh Azul, we love *at* you...

EL AZUL

...thank you, mi Jefe, now send for me my Chango...

JEFE

Chango es a busy man. En California, en Nueva York, en the Washington D.C. too.
He can't anymore just—

EL AZUL

Send for him, Jefe.

(JEFE busies with his tablet, then finishes. A few moments,
then enter CHANGO; still looking beachy)

CHANGO

You send for me, Azul?

EL AZUL

How was your flight.

CHANGO

Uh, it was really, really fast. But nice, as it always has.

EL AZUL

We were reading about you. Well, nobody knows es you, but—

JEFE

He was born to be in the America, he is good at what he do.

EL AZUL

And how does he do, Jefe?

JEFE

Chase, Azul?

EL AZUL

What is it you think, Jefe, that you can just chase me everything, that that is all I
do? I'm on to you, Jefe, I see everything you do.

JEFE

And what is it you see, Azul, what is it you are on me that I do?

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EL AZUL

...wait, holdon holdon holdon, what was the question tho'?

JEFE

Chase, Azul?

EL AZUL

...sí...chase. Thank you, mi Jefe.

(JEFE pours champagne on AZUL's head)

Alright, alright, alright. Mi Chango, come to your Azul.

(CHANGO goes to AZUL)

CHANGO

How do I look to you, mi Azul? How proud have you been?

JEFE

You are doing well, mijo. They call you un professional, who thinks all the things through.

CHANGO

And you, mi Azul?

(AZUL takes a few moments of silent thinking)

AZUL

Do you know why'come the newstories Americano do not make mention my name, do not know their Azul?

JEFE

Because El Chango is smart and knows if he is known his successes will not last.

AZUL

No.

CHANGO

Dime, mi Azul.

AZUL

Because they don't care. We are not un businessman whom they look con respect. We are like some nameless piece what a man breathes on top of and doesn't give a fuck what she needs.

CHANGO

Please, mi Azul, what would you have me do?

(AZUL roffers a bump to CHANGO)

EL AZUL

Take it up, mi Chango. Take it inside where you breathe.

JEFE

Azul. No matter what we do, the America will always just—

(CHANGO takes the bump. Repeat. Repeat. Repeat.
AZUL joins him for three more. CHANGO now a bit on edge in
his body)

Congratulations, Azul. You must be so proud...of you.

EL AZUL

(to JEFE) Well?

JEFE

Well what?

EL AZUL

Don't you think Chango want to chase too?

JEFE

No, mi Azul, I chase only after you.

(JEFE hands the champagne to AZUL)

EL AZUL

Now go El Chango. And you make the America say your name, and me mine too.

CHANGO

But, wait, wait, wait, wait, me I still don't know how to do that, I still don't know how to do—

(AZUL manages himself up and attempts to sing like how he
used to; however it is less thought-out; and more violent)

EL AZUL

Don't you worry how your throat will drip,
don't you worry about how fast you'll speak.
Los Americanos need to see you, Chango,
just as dangerous
as what their bloodstreams seek

You ain't no more some empty'ass kid,
you are no longer some aimless fool,
you are un Narco de es Estados Unidos.
And tha's how scared we gonna make los gringos become addicted to.

Don't you worry how scared they be,
don't you worry'bout those frightened fools,
This is México standing up.
This is México how we do.

We ain't no more some silent'ass sin,
we are no longer some underneath crew
we are Los Narcos del Norteamérica
And we demand the Earth she give us a motherfucking listening to.

(AZUL shoves CHANGO out like a man)

Hey, Jefe. Call for me some pussy, huh?

JEFE

Pussy.

(JEFE exits. A moment of AZUL alone; lonesome. Enter OTRO)

NARCO OTRO

Es a lonely hour, I know, when your children leave you.

AZUL

...

OTRO

But don't worry, always there is a quiet before a rising.

AZUL

Nobody cares about your fucking rising.

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OTRO

Oh, but you do. And you splinter the contract that for generations has kept between México y Los Estados Unidos.

AZUL

What fucking contract.

OTRO

To keep death, within our borders.

(AZUL actually takes this in, he listens to the Music of the dead)

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the music

in the darkness, an warring of music;
a clashing of violence against beauty;
the hostile against the dead; of
male'ness up against its opposite.

this extends. instruments increase.
the dead grow in numbers, the alive
grow in savagery.

the warring of music begins to mess,
one cannot tell one from the other.
both collide into a catastrophe of what
music used to sound like.

beachfront property

A single note of the dead plays.

A single note of los narcos plays.

A single static of media is heard,
silencing them both. The static gives
way to the crash of ocean on land.

Stands EL CHANGO in sunglasses,
with a drink; knee deep where choppy
waves fizzle out. He holds a tablet. He
wears shorts in the California sun.

He speaks loudly into his Bluetooth.
He sounds very American. Throughout
the scene, whenever he has a moment,
CHANGO takes a bump.

EL CHANGO

(into bluetooth) Baby, baby, listen to me, Chango's got you. Ain't no need for none uh that bullshit, if Chango says we're in the clear, we're a goddamned crystal and *that bitch* is the motherfucking bride-to-be. And you do know what they say about brides-to-fucking-be don't you? (pause) No, I know that you don't, baby, an that's why I'm tellin'it to you, cuz if ever there was a piece of ass worth havin', it is a bride-to-fucking-be. And do you know why? (pause) No, I know ya don't know why. It's because when a bride-to-be lets that last un'matrimonial dick go up in her, she don't just let it go on up, nah that bitch wrap her lips around tight an unconventional, cuz she know, she know that while love an all that, yea, yea, yea, that that dick in her is the only piece she'll have left to remind her of who she was when *anything* could happen, and so in that moment, you *own* her, you own her youth, you own her dreams even. And so she bends to you, she kneels, she tries to squeeze all the hope in the world up inside her. Enough to last her years, decades, till death do her part.

So when I tell you that bitch is the bride-to-fucking-be, an we the crystal, *that* is what we're offerin'. What we are selling is younger motherfuckin'years to anyone too afraid to get old.

(EL CHANGO looks up the beach, sees something)

Listen, Chango's gotta go.

(EL CHANGO hangs up. Lifts his sunglasses, puts away his tablet, sets down his drink as he watches a sedan drive up the beach and idle right next to him)

CHANGO(cont)

...what the fu...???

(CHANGO walks to the car. Stares at it like WTF)

Fucking gringos. You just roll wherever the fuck you please, huh? Don't even need a road, don't even need an invite!

Hey, you're driving a fucking Accord on the fucking sand! The tires are gonna fucking sink! The water's right fucking there—

(Sound of an electric car window lowering. CHANGO peeks inside, surprised by what he sees)

Wow. Will you lookit that. The hair on you kids, es like fucking gold; California gold. Almost look like fake. You kids dye that shit? (pause) Yo, how the fuck old're—

(We hear static, like a garble from within the car. CHANGO is slightly taken aback by what was said)

Is that right...?

(Quick static)

Well, that would explain it then.

(Static)

It would explain why you little smiling motherfuckers thought you could just...roll directly up to the motherfucking source.

(Static)

Hey, I get it; money is money, and transaction is transaction.

(Static mixed with rummaging. CHANGO motions politely for someone in the car to stop what they're doing)

No, no, no just let your dollar bills down. We'll get there. (pause) You know, I kinda like that you bypassed my little ones Americano an come straight to me. Now I can get my looks at you. (pause) Cuz es lonely here.

EL CHANGO(cont)

But now, Chango gets to see the beautiful blonde hair and white motherfucking teeth that I make so alive. As a matter of what, I feel like this is one of those defining motherfucking moments that motherfuckers write songs about an shit.

(CHANGO points his tablet)

Oh, don't be shy. C'mon, smile again. Like when you rolled up. As a matter of what, shut the engine. Go on. That shit cause pollution.

(An engine killed. CHANGO points the tablet again)

Awh, c'mon. That is not what I call smiling. As a matter of what, tha's what I call the opposite of smiling. An Chango said smile.

(A flash as CHANGO takes a photo; he sends it somewhere)

Y'know, you kids would really like how that came out. After our "transaction" I'll send it around wherever I embed the link.

Yea, you four, look so close; in this screen. Me, I never have close, I never have together. But with you four here, squished in your Accord; you give Chango hope. That I find my own people to be close with. Even in your States United. Maybe even one day, I'll be riding my own Accord up on la playa.

(CHANGO passes his tablet through the driver's window)

Now, I want you to pass that back to the pretty'girl with them little streaks in her hair.

(to pretty'girl) Now, the camera's pressed, the logo has been hit; so all you have is to point the little lens steady so Chango appear full frame.

(Scared static)

Now, you three, get out of the car so we can all be in the shot together. Go on, get your beachy selves out here.

(Static)

I know. You must be nervous. This close to the source an all. But believe in this, once you set eyes...on how bright, you will not be able to fucking believe it.

(CHANGO shines his golden gun in the sunlight, glaring it into their eyes. Three car doors open)

CHANGO(cont)

Ats a girl, ats a boys, come right on out here. An lookit that, you kids're wearing chanclas just like me. Alright, to make this work, I'm gonna need you three to get on the bottom. Go on, dig yer knees into the sand. Es warm, huh?

(Scared static as CHANGO pulls three plastic hand-ties, he ties them off one by one; with force. Crying static)

(to pretty'girl) C'mon, pretty'girl, hold that tablet both hands.

(Pleading static. CHANGO nudges two of the kids)

You two little vatos should be proud. Pretty'girl back there's real pretty; all that gold hair down her sides. Eyes like the ocean. An this one right here, she's a nice piece too. I think, in this breeze, I can even get some of her scent.

(Static)

So, dime, which one uh you fucks which? Or lemme guess, you take turns, or no lemme guess, lemme guess, all four uh you kinda look the same, so you just fuck each other. Ha...

(Desperate static)

I bet you wondering who I'd pick. If I had a choice. If things were up to me.

(CHANGO looks them over then produces a gold machete. Screaming static)

(to pretty'girl) No, no, no, you keep that picture pointed, you keep the recording rolling.

(CHANGO glints the light of the sun off his machete onto the American teenagers)

There ya go, just go yer eyes closed. So you don't haffta bear the bright. You can just imagine it. Imagine how right now, there is nothing, not a fucking thing, between you kids an me. We are as close as close can be.

(CHANGO raises his machete; He sings)

...if ya wanna be like Chango...if ya wanna stand in the sea...

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(The static turns weak; it sputters out. White out. No music
from either side. Bright out)

“death is like a temporary sleep”

LA BURRA stands looking at the ocean.
Sounds of waves turning to chaos.

LA BURRA

I never wanted to sing...
I never wanted to speak...
Only I ever wanted was to sleep again,
Only the dead has ever wished was a quiet end

You will never let us,
you will never let things be
Only you will crash your anger
Against the mother of our country,
and her neighboring sister, see

Only the dead has ever wished was to be buried where we sleep
Only the dead has ever wished was to be buried where we sleep

Now you drag us our children,
you never let us be
Only you publish our remains on the online
For all the countries to see us how we weep.

on the tv

JEFE's tablet lights up; he looks at it. AZUL
stares off into the entertainment of narcotics.

JEFE

...eh...so I think Chango's on the news.

AZUL

Yea, what channel?

JEFE

There's no *channels*, its fucking online.

AZUL

Whatever. What...station then?

JEFE

Station???

(AZUL blows his coke in JEFE's face; powdering it, then
laughing like a child)

Chango killed four American teenagers. He cut their arms off. And legs. Then
stuffed the parts into the backseat of their own Accord. And after, he drove them
into the ocean.

AZUL

...wait, what...?

JEFE

Apparently he also left the driver's door open. And some of the...parts were found
going back and forth in the waves. Right there on a California beach. (pause) Some
kids were swimming along an...that's who found the floating...

AZUL

...*Chango* did that???

JEFE

I guess he wasn't in his right mind.

AZUL

I didn't tell him to...fucking do *that* to any little—

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Children? JEFE

I tol'him to scare some gringos, I tol'him to... AZUL

What. JEFE

Fuck. Can we call him? AZUL

(JEFE dials his mobile)

Number no longer works. JEFE

Wait, how do they even know it was— AZUL

Chango streamed it. JEFE

He streamed it??? AZUL

Well, he made one of the kids hold the tablet. Just like... JEFE

... AZUL

The stream was credited from us. From you, Indirectly. JEFE

(AZUL looks at his phone; indecisive)

So, what do you want us to do?

...no se... AZUL

(Music of the dead swirls into the room; both notice. Stands OTRO; he smiles)

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OTRO

Lemme guess...you got your customer relations all fucked up.

(Music of the dead swells. Lights out)

the cold of the ocean

CHANGO shivers looking out at the sobering ocean. The waves crash with violence.

CHANGO sees something in the water; he pulls his gun.

CHANGO

Hey, enough; stoppit right there—

(Enter BURRA; all wet)

...did you just come up from the...

BURRA

Walked along her ocean floor; walked her entire the way here.

CHANGO

fuck you.

BURRA

I had hoped you for a choice, I had hoped you for an entire sea.

CHANGO

...what does that even mean...?

BURRA

I don't know whether you had a chance, I don't know you were gave a choice. But lookit you now, you are your own Chango—

CHANGO

Don't call me that.

BURRA

And you are all the fame...both on land and out to sea.

CHANGO

No, nobody knows me where I'm at, nobody knows—

BURRA

After they pulled their sunken Accord; after they scooped their sunken limbs, there was so much more for the America still to see. Why, I had to *step over* my entire walk here.

CHANGO

Step over what? What're you even talking about—

LA BURRA

All the deaths you've been dumping. All this time. All by your lead.

CHANGO

...but I had to, I had no other—

LA BURRA

It's all one ocean. It's all the same sea.

CHANGO

...

(Music of the dead)

LA BURRA

The dead know no borders, Narco Chango. And now it is our turn to choose, it is our turn to get mention. And I am sorry, that you will turn out, not so different from me.

(BURRA turns back towards the ocean; CHANGO looks too)

CHANGO

What, what is it?

(BURRA begins to sing)

LA BURRA

just under the white of the waves,
be the bodies of this our numbers
be the bodies that will not stand just in the sea
no, my Narco Chango, you have led us here to march America's beaches
and now we are here for the entire Earth to see.

(Sounds of a mass exodus from the ocean. CHANGO staggers
back looking in all directions as thousands of the dead appear in
the waves. A chorus of music joins forces with BURRA through a
surge of sound which sends a deafening through the space.
CHANGO tries to put his hand up to stop the bright)

We rise up from the white of the waves
We rise up from the white of the waves

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We rise up from the white of the waves
We rise up from the white of the waves...

(White out)

what do you suppose America will do?

AZUL, JEFE, and OTRO just as we'd last seen them.

OTRO

You stupid little man. Use your inteligencia, Azul. Your faces are on the news through every state united. Your submarines are now the sunken of ships. And what do you suppose the America will look at you now, that your resourcefulness have runeth dry.

(AZUL half'assedly shoots OTRO; no response, no surprise, nobody cares)

The United of States will make you a mule to their dollar bill. No longer can you stand upright and free to kill and live a life of endless wealth. And pussy too. Because this is the truth about los narcos. We are no longer living, we are not yet dead. Lookit us, you stupid, estupido men. Jefe and your Azul. Each of us three. Our eyes what vacancy means. Like that of a doll. Only the shiny and blackened want of love, or was it money? *We* are the America's customer; and not one of us have ever supplied to them anything but each our everything.

(OTRO disarms AZUL and JEFE, tossing the arms at their feet. AZUL and JEFE both move to pick up the weapons, however they find that their limbs do not bend. They panic, however can only move like dolls; or as when blood has left the body. Lights shift; similar music to the Nightmare sequence.

AZUL tries to use his mobile, but his fingers are stiff; he drops the phone for lack of grasp. JEFE tries to move to his laptop, but his legs will not get him there. They both begin awkwardly kicking various items, in anger they try to entangle stiffly, but cannot.

The music of the United States plays rather loudly. Both force their necks to look up at it. LA BURRA joins OTRO, as they also look up at the music. White out)

the life of lil'chango

In the serenity of the white, CHANGO stands; no sunglasses, no Bluetooth; he looks much like we saw him at the beginning of the play; like a child. He tries to sing but hasn't the first fucking idea how to.

CHANGO

...if you wanna be like Chango,
...if you wanna stand in the sea,
...if you want to just be somebody...somebody you don't know how to be...

(The song begins to fall apart, as CHANGO begins to crumble)

...if you wanna be somebody...if you wanna...be...like...me...

(CHANGO pulls his gun and stuffs it into his mouth while still trying to find his song. He pulls the trigger to shut himself up. Blood happens. His body crumples to an unrecognizable nobody on the ground. Lights out on him. In the darkened quiet a single note of the dead; it is oddly beautiful)

the dead

An underscore of the music of the United States. LA BURRA and OTRO look down at the tangled limbs of AZUL and JEFE in a pile.

OTRO looks to BURRA like, What Now?

LA BURRA calmly picks up a golden remote control; he aims it up, presses a button. Silence. As though he's pressed Mute.

When BURRA and OTRO speak; it has a different tone than we have previously seen of them. Almost as if they are out of character.

OTRO

Where's it come from anyways?

LA BURRA

What, the music?

(OTRO nods)

Y'know, nobody really knows. Some say the heartbeat. Some say the magnetic pull of the Earth. Others believe it to be God.

OTRO

An what about you?

LA BURRA

What's it matter about me?

OTRO

Well, you're holding a remote.

(OTRO motions at the golden remote control)

LA BURRA

Oh. This.

OTRO

That.

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LA BURRA

Yea.

OTRO

So?

LA BURRA

Ever since I was a little—anyways, I always just...

OTRO

Just?

LA BURRA

Listened, I guess. Even when I wasn't. There it was. Always, this *music*.

And it never quiets.

It stays with us, doesn't it. Music.

Even when I think I've buried the most painful sound, even when I think I've lost the most sheltering song, there it is again. It comes back for us.

(Beat)

And you?

(OTRO doesn't know how to answer)

Which was the one again?

OTRO

Which was what again?

(BURRA holds up the golden remote)

LA BURRA

The one that got you. That you hear.

OTRO

Oh. Let's see...

(OTRO begins to hum. LA BURRA listens carefully then points the remote to the sky, pressing a button repeatedly, we hear a flurry of songs from earlier in the play. It stops on one particular element of the music of the dead. OTRO smiles)

Ah, there she is...

(A moment of OTRO humming along to the music)

LA BURRA

I like that one.

(The sound fades; OTRO finishes humming)

OTRO

What got you? Sound, I mean. That *you* hear.

(LA BURRA flips through music again, stopping on a sound we have not heard yet. It is simple and melancholic)

Oh, that's nice. Simple. Pretty.

LA BURRA

I think people *want* to hear when they are no longer living, but not quite yet dead. Just lost somewhere in between.

OTRO

Even Jefe, Azul?

LA BURRA

In less than a month from what we saw, Jefe would bash Azul's vertebrae with a shovel. Those male men. All *they* could hear was each other. And that same sinking song, over and then over, again and again.

OTRO

...what about Chango?

LA BURRA

...Chango I think heard too much. More than children are meant to. But those ones, in the California Accord.

OTRO

Out of the Accord.

LA BURRA

The two girls were sisters. The two boys were family.

OTRO

Ay, they were all of the same house.

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LA BURRA

The girls' mother is a poet.

OTRO

A poet?

LA BURRA

And she will not rest. She will refuse to stay silent until the children's ends are brought to just.

OTRO

Ay, that is what mothers do.

LA BURRA

She will march across the entire of México, Los Estados Unidos too.

OTRO

She'll be killed...

LA BURRA

She will. But only after these countries of men listen and see what she shines so bright.

OTRO

What's bright? Shine on what exactly?

LA BURRA

On the unbearable for a parent to lose a child. On the darkest we people could ever create.

(Song of things uniting)

OTRO

I didn't know you lost a—

LA BURRA

I didn't.

OTRO

Then how do you—

LA BURRA

Because my mother and father lost me. And I have never forgiven myself.

(LA BURRA sings a song to his parents, apologizing for his untimely and stupid death. Music of forgiveness begins to breathe under LA BURRA. He exits.

OTRO looks up, listening to the amazing of female'ness and compassion, then follows the sound.

Lights out. END OF PLAY)