

CHAT

by
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*Tyger tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?*

*In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
William Blake*

*“You will know the truth
and the truth
will make you desperate”
Anonymous*

CHARACTERS

ACTOR 1 (Man): BORIS22 (BORIS), 80MIN, ARTE44 (COYOTE)

ACTOR 2 (Young man): AHMED911, DYLAN17 (DYLAN), OFFICER 2.

ACTRESS 3 (Woman): ANDREA40 (ANDREA), PILARSUR (PILAR), OFFICER 1. MOTHER

ACTRESS 4 (Young woman): ERIKA18 (ERIKA), MOMTOBE.

The rhythm and structure of the play were created to be performed by 4 actors.

ACT 1

1

**MUSIC.
ONSTAGE FOUR COMPUTERS.**

**TWO OF THEM LIGHT UP, THE MOST DISTANT.
BORIS TYPES ON HIS KEYBOARD. AHMED911
ANSWERS HIM RHYTHMICALLY.**

- AHMED911: Do you want to do something with us, here in Pakistan?
- BORIS22: Pakistan? That's where you live?
- AHMED911: We can help you do something with your body and your soul. So you'll transcend, so you'll survive death.
- BORIS22: Survive death. What's that?
- AHMED911: Allah is memory. To live in eternity, in the memory of all, to overcome villainy and evil. We would remember you as a hero, as a Mojahedin and you will live forever.
- BORIS22: And I'll really never die. To live forever. Huh?
- AHMED911: You will never die. We don't die. We don't believe in death. Death does not exist. There is only beginning. And in the end, seventy-two virgins await you. Would you like to visit us in Pakistan?
- BORIS22: Of course, but it's so far away.
- AHMED911: It is far away, but we are close, we feel close to you. Don't you feel close to us? Don't you feel the love our people and our prophet have for you?
- BORIS22: I know you love me.
- AHMED911: And we respect you. That's what Jihad says. "Respect." Did you read the *Encyclopedia of Holy War*?

BORIS22: Yes, and I liked when it talks about respect. My wife and daughters don't really respect me.

AHMED911: What about us? Haven't we treated you with respect?

BORIS22: In the chatroom, always, every night. And if it wasn't for our conversations every night, I wouldn't know what to do with my time.

AHMED911: And your soul. You must listen to your soul.

BORIS22: Well I haven't heard from it much these days. It's gone quiet lately, I think it's turned into a mouse.

AHMED911: Do you read the holy book?

BORIS22: Every day.

AHMED911: And?

BORIS22: I like it, it gives me peace. How can it be that my wife, my daughters, my country, the entire West, all of them, are so different from everything good, human and respectful in the holy book and I feel so close to it?

AHMED911: You belong to the culture your soul dictates, not the one imposed by governments.

BORIS22: I've thought about it a lot. Especially, about the power they have. Yesterday, in this chatroom, they were selling a baby that hadn't even been born yet. Just think: selling a baby. There's no values, just savages. You're right; we're responsible.

AHMED911: Guilty. It's very important to make that clear. You're guilty, not responsible. So, Boris22, are you coming?

BORIS22: I don't have the money.

AHMED911: That's not important. We can help you. What do you need?

BORIS22: A ticket, for starters.

AHMED911: I will give you a ticket.

(SIRENS IN THE DISTANCE)

BORIS22: Do you mean it?

AHMED911: We're friends, aren't we? Money is everywhere, Boris22. But, friends and family? Where are they? Where's your family?

BORIS22: They look right through me. My wife is in her routine, with her secrets, and my daughters only look at me to ask for money.

AHMED911: And at work?

BORIS22: Work? I teach Biology to a bunch of stupid teenagers at Nazareth High School, the name's like an omen. That's my job.

AHMED911: Nazareth is territory occupied by Satan, Boris22. A great prophet, Jesus, came from there, but today it is a land held hostage by Zionism. What about your friends?

BORIS22: Acquaintances. I don't have friends. How many friends do you have?

AHMED911: Friends? I have my people. And my people want to be your friend too.

BORIS22: My friend... What do I need to do?

AHMED911: You must be alert, be prudent and think:
Humanity's finest; What did he seek for himself?
He wanted to be a martyr.

BORIS22: A martyr, wow!

AHMED911: Are you coming? Over there no one will notice you're gone.

BORIS22: That's true. But let me think it over and let's meet tomorrow at the same time in this chat room. I'll let you know.

AHMED911: May Allah guide you.

BORIS22: Yes, may he guide me. Goodbye.

(MUSIC. WE STILL HEAR SIRENS)

2

THE THIRD COMPUTER LIGHTS UP. ERIKA WRITES. 80MIN AND DYLAN17 CIRCLE HER.

ERIKA18: About me?
 Ok.
 My real name's Erika.
 Erika18 because I'm almost 18.
 I go to Nazareth High. Catholic school.
 I want to be a physical therapist.
 I like to laugh and have a good time.
 I don't have a boyfriend.
 I like to go out dancing all night.
 But like dancing in different places, you know.
 I love playing jokes and doing stuff on the spur of the moment.
 I don't like uptight people.
 I don't talk politics.
 I love shopping, even when I don't buy anything.
 Music's the greatest thing in life.
 I like driving around and getting lost.
 I like my family, my mom's Teresa, my dad's Gerardo and my
 friends all have different names and are cool.
 My favorite site: Messenger.
 My second favorite: YouTube.
 Site where I spend the most time: Facebook.
 My favorite real place: the beach.
 I want to learn to surf.
 I'm no good at making decisions.
 I love to talk. I adore chatting.
 I posted my latest pictures on MySpace so they'll transcend me.
 My dream is that in 100 years, guys of the future will keep falling
 in love with me.
 I want to meet fun people.
 Who are like nice.
 And make me laugh.
 And are hot and gorgeous or pretty and beautiful.
 If that's you, send me a message.
 And we can start a nice friendship.
 Send it anytime.
 I'll answer right back.
 I spend five hours easy on my PC.
 Bye!

Erika.

(80MIN JUMPS TO HIS COMPUTER FIRST. DYLAN TRIES BUT REALIZES HE’S LOST THE BATTLE AND IS ANNOYED)

80MIN:

Erika, you rock.

We like the same stuff.

I’m eighteen too and I like going to parties.

My dad lets me take his car, a JEEP CHEROKEE. How’s that?

Just one thing:

Can we meet for real?

Do you want me to pick you up at Nazareth High?

In my Jeep?

Huh?

(ERIKA, LIKE SHE CAN’T BELIEVE WHAT SHE JUST READ, ANSWERS HAPPILY.

MUSIC)

3

MOMTOBE AND ANDREA40”, WHO ALSO TALKS ON HER CELL PHONE, WRITE.

MOMTOBE: It’s a difficult subject, if you know what I mean?

ANDREA40: I understand. What do you want to do?

MOMTOBE: Let’s go to a private chat.

ANDREA: (TO PHONE) She says she wants to chat in private. Ok.
(CHATTING) All right.

(THEY BOTH DOUBLE CLICK)

MOMTOBE: I want to give a baby up for adoption.

ANDREA40: How old is it?

MOMTOBE: I’m five months pregnant.

ANDREA40: (TO PHONE) She’s five months along.(CHATTING) And you don’t want it?

MOMTOBE: I’ve already got two kids and no money. I’m on my own. This is an unwanted pregnancy and I’m barely 21.

ANDREA40: And you’re sure you want to give it up for adoption? (TO PHONE) She wants to give it up.

MOMTOBE: Positive. I’d like to give this baby to a family that can give it everything it needs. Do you know someone?

ANDREA40: We’re that family. We’ve been trying for a long time, but there are so many people ahead of us on the adoption lists, we’ll be old and gray when we finally get a baby. (TO PHONE, HAPPILY)And turn our son into a fine man, a doctor, a scientist, an artist, someone who transcends. And through him, we’ll all transcend. Right, sweetheart?

MOMTOBE: So I can count on you?

ANDREA40: (LISTENS TO THE PHONE) I'll tell her. (CHATTING) Maybe we should meet...

MOMTOBE: There's someone else interested, the Gutierrezes. They lost their daughter two years ago.

ANDREA40: (TO PHONE) Oh, sweetheart. There're other people. What should I do? (LISTENS TO INSTRUCTION) Ok, I'll say that. (CHATTING) Who's first? Us or them?

MOMTOBE: I'm so unhappy I was thinking of taking care of this another way.

ANDREA40: (TO PHONE) I think she wants an abortion. (CHATTING) But you're really far along.

MOMTOBE: There's always a way.

ANDREA40: No, don't do it!

MOMTOBE: It's just I'm broke and I'm on the edge.

ANDREA40: (TO PHONE) What do I do? (PAUSE) I'll say that. (CHATTING) We're interested.

MOMTOBE: How can you prove it?

ANDREA40: Proof? (TO PHONE) What kind of proof do I give her?

MOMTOBE: It's just you meet all kinds of phonies in these chat rooms... Besides, me and my kids are having a real hard time. We really need to eat.

ANDREA40: (TO PHONE) Ok, I'll say that. (CHATTING) We're willing to help you. If we send you money would you believe us? If we send, say, (TO PHONE) How much? (CHATTING) fifteen hundred dollars, as a show of good faith. What do you say?

MOMTOBE: That would be good.

(ANDREA, VERY EXCITED, TELLS HER HUSBAND ON THE CELL PHONE. THEN SHE CALMS DOWN)

ANDREA40: (CHATTING) Give us the information and we'll send it right away. Then, when you're feeling comfortable, we'll talk about the "project."

MOMTOBE: The project?

ANDREA40: To adopt your baby.

MOMTOBE: You're getting me out of a problem of life or death.

ANDREA40: Life, all life.

MOMTOBE: (WRITING) You can leave money at this place.

ANDREA40: Good. See you soon.

(THEY BOTH DISCONNECT. ANDREA, HAPPY, TALKS TO HER HUSBAND)

ANDREA: You're wonderful! I can't believe how you handled her! And the idea of offering her money! It's great! She'll feel committed!

Those Gutierrezes have no idea who they're up against. That baby'll be ours, sweetheart. You'll see.

Who'd have guessed? All that time looking in agencies and overseas and it turns out we find life in a chat room.

(MUSIC)

4

ERIKA18, PILARSOUTH/ANDREA40, 80MIN AND DYLAN17 ONSTAGE, TYPING.

ERIKA18: I've got to lose weight, I'll get an operation. They knock you out, you wake up and that's that.

80MIN: I confess I went in through her bedroom window; she was asleep and I covered her mouth. She barely moved.

DYLAN17: I think school's days are numbered.
All I learn I get from chatting.

PILARSOUTH: I want to try to find a different country. And if I don't find it, then I want to try to find death. Find it asleep, drugged or dreaming...

ERIKA18: How can I stay thin if I can't fight my own self? But, then again, what if they're operating on me and I die?

PILARSUR &
ERIKA18: ...asleep, drugged or dreaming...

80MIN: I ran my hands all over her sweet body, I took off her clothes and raped her fast.

ERIKA18: To sleep, to dream and lose weight.

PILARSOUTH: Dreaming is death's way of getting to know us.

DYLAN17: Chatting here last night I learned you can make this virus that turns on your webcam.

80MIN: I think she liked it. I didn't. The truth is I liked it more when I killed her.

DYLAN17: And I learned how to make homemade atom bombs and order weapons online. It's so easy and they deliver right to your front door.

ERIKA18: Like when the anesthesia's kicking in before the operation. And you think...

PILARSOUTH &
ERIKA18: ...maybe I won't wake up and I'll be a corpse.

ERIKA18: And maybe I'll wake up and I'll be thin.

PILARSOUTH: Like they say, "life's a dream." If it is a dream, then who's sleeping?

80MIN: I gave her the pills, waited a few days and then one morning she was dead. I didn't say anything, but I'm confessing now.

DYLAN17: Like an UZI or a TEC or grenades. And they don't ask questions.

PILARSOUTH: And if living's a dream...would waking up be death?

ERIKA18: I think I need to lose weight.

PILARSOUTH: To sleep and to dream. Dreaming's how death gets to know us.

80MIN: Like when I confessed to shooting thirteen people. Just thirteen 'cause the number seemed significant.

DYLAN17: Last night chatting I learned this poem about a tiger and I learned all about love. Positions, kissing, blowjobs, double penetration, anal sex, fetishes, master-slave. You don't learn that in school.

80MIN: I'm a tribute to serial killers. All from the U.S. I'm the first in my country.

DYLAN17: School's days are numbered.

ANDREA40: I looked for my baby in a chatroom and I found him.
There he was and nowhere else, my angel who doesn't fall, who comes with a charm.
My reward for desperate souls.
Like going to work and finding a vista.
Like looking in one place and finding all the sites.
Like breathing air and perfume.
That's it.
That's how my baby will be.

(MUSIC)

5

ON STAGE ART44 AND PILARSOUTH

- ART44: So you like this chatroom?
- PILARSOUTH: It's great. You meet great people. Where are you from?
- ARTE44: Los Angeles.
- PILARSOUTH: What do you do?
- ARTE44: I'm studying Art and I work in a museum. You ever been to LA?
- PILARSOUTH: No, I've never left my country.
- ARTE44: You like it there?
- PILARSOUTH: It's beautiful here. They say the happiest people in the world are here.
- ARTE44: Happiest how?
- PILARSOUTH: They've got some way of measuring happiness and they say everyone's really happy here. But I'd like to visit your country.
- ARTE44: So why don't you?
- PILARSOUTH: I've tried to get a visa three times but no luck.
- ARTE44: The museum's got a whole network to help out.
- PILARSOUTH: Help how?
- ARTE44: Work permits, even crossing the border, when people need it.
- PILARSOUTH: Oh! Tell me more.
- ARTE44: There's this truck we know about. They hide there and we pick them up here. The trip's short, but it's not cheap. Three thousand a head. You got that much?
- PILARSOUTH: I can get it.

ARTE44: Well, if you want...

PILARSOUTH: I'd really love to visit.

ARTE44: How old are you?

PILARSOUTH: How old are you?

ARTE44: Me, I'm single, young, 30. No kids. I'll send you a picture. (HE DOES) Can you send me yours?

PILARSOUTH: Yeah, sure... Wait, I've got a list on my PC.

(SHE SENDS HIM A PICTURE SHE HAS READY. IT'S NOT OF HER)

ARTE44: I'll wait. You get mine?

PILARSOUTH: Yeah, here it is. You're blonde. You're really cute. I hope you think I'm pretty.

ARTE44: I got your it now. Wow! You're hot! A redhead! You're gorgeous! What is it you do?

PILARSOUTH: I work at a high school cafeteria. I'm really into poetry and painting.

ARTE44: So, you're an artist, like me! I can find places and contacts to show your work. I can help you.

PILARSOUTH: How can you help me?

ARTE44: We can set everything up in two weeks.

PILARSOUTH: Oh my God! I don't know what to say. It's all so fast.

ARTE44: You're a fellow artist, you can pay me with paintings. You want to come to this country or don't you?

PILARSOUTH: It's one of the things I want to do now.

ARTE44: Then do it.

PILARSOUTH: So what do I do?

ARTE44: You better get packing and do exactly what I tell you. Copy this.
 There's a hotel at the border...

(PILAR DOES, EXCITED)

(MUSIC)

6

80MIN AND DYLAN17 CHAT IN RAPID FIRE, VERY HEATED.

DYLAN17: Let me take a picture of my ass. I'll send it in a sec. I was already naked hoping someone would connect with me, I'm dying for someone to fold me over backward like a sock. I've got the picture. Here goes.

80MIN: It's coming, but keep writing about what you want...

DYLAN17: So do you like women?

80MIN: Yeah. But I like sex more when it's a man's ass... I'm getting your picture...! Wow! That's one smooth little ass you've got.

DYLAN17: You like it? You want it?

80MIN: It looks like you take good care of it.

DYLAN17: But I share it every chance I get.

80MIN: So where and when?

DYLAN17: Wherever and whenever you want. But just one thing: no love

80MIN: What?

DYLAN17: Don't fall in love with me.

80MIN: I never fall in love. It's sex for me. I'm not gay. So where can we meet? When? Come on, I'm really horny.

DYLAN17: Ok. Are you for real, for real? It's just people fuck around a lot in chatrooms.

80MIN: Do I sound like I'm bullshitting?

DYLAN17: No, you sound real.

80MIN: I am real.

DYLAN17: Then here's my info.

80MIN: Nazareth High School? Again?

DYLAN17: I'll be waiting for you, faggot.

(THEN ERIKA APPEARS, WITH A LAPTOP. 80MIN AND DYLAN17 CHAT WITH HER)

ERIKA18: Whoever's out there, please, help...!

80MIN: Who are you?

ERIKA18: I need help...help...!

DYLAN17: What? Who is it? What's going on?

80MIN: Someone wrote something, I didn't get it.

DYLAN17: They were asking for help.

80MIN: They're not writing any more.

DYLAN17: What do you think?

80MIN: There's all kinds of crazy guys in these chat rooms.

DYLAN17: Crazy girl. She had a girl's name.

80MIN: Ha! No one's got a name here, we're all made up.

DYLAN17: That's true. How many times have I met a girl in a chat room and it turns out to be some fat hairy dude in a wig?

ERIKA18: He went out, but he'll be back! He left his laptop! And I don't know what to do!

DYLAN17: Where are you?

80MIN: What's going on?

ERIKA18: He's got two computers, one in his room and this one, but he left it here by accident and I was able to get online!

DYLAN17: Who's this guy? What's going on? Where are you?

ERIKA18: He's chatting, like he always does, every night. He doesn't know I am too. I'll bet he's trying to find another girl like me.

DYLAN17: Like you how?

80MIN: A slut, hahaha!!

ERIKA18: Please, it's not a game. He's kept me locked up here for two years. We met in a chat room, he said he'd pick me up in his Jeep and we agreed to meet at my school. I went with a friend, just in case, but he never showed.
Hang on, I heard a noise. I'm going to see if he's near...

DYLAN17: What do you think?

80MIN: She's crazy.

DYLAN17: I've never seen her in this chat room before.

80MIN: It must be "DOMITILA70" or "CINDERELLA." You know how they like to pretend they're someone else. Check out her entry date: this very day, right now. It's someone fucking around. Remember the time they said they got online from an airplane that was going to crash? 120 lives a minute, they said!

DYLAN17: And you bought it.

80MIN: Me and everyone else in the chatroom.

ERIKA18: I'm back. It was nothing.

DYLAN17: I don't really see what it is you want.

ERIKA18: He kidnapped me two years ago. When I was walking to school he pulled up next to me in his Jeep. He had followed me that day, to see where I lived and catch me alone. That's how he kidnapped me. For two years he's kept me locked up in his basement, I can't get out at all. I have a bathroom and books, but that's it.

80MIN: You don't have TV?

ERIKA18: That's not important. What's important is I need help.

DYLAN17: Is this for real?

80MIN: She's fucking around. I've seen her here before, I think it's a guy.

ERIKA18: It's real! I've been locked up for two years!

DYLAN17: And now you're sick of it and are ready for another kidnapper?

80MIN: Were you really kidnapped or do you like being locked up?

ERIKA18: Please, believe me, my name's Erika Gutierrez. The nickname of the guy who kidnapped me was "80MIN" in the chatroom.

80MIN: Son of a bitch.

ERIKA18: ...Check with the police, my parents must be looking for me. Please, look for the information.

DYLAN17: Sounds weird. I'm gonna Google it.

80MIN: Don't waste your time.

DYLAN17: It just takes a second. If she exists, it'll be in Google. Why don't you tell me where you are now?

ERIKA18: I don't know where I am, only that it's a neighborhood with a dog. My kidnapper never goes out and he especially never leaves his laptop so handy. So I'm scared, I'm scared it's a trap. I think he's planning to kill me.

80MIN: And eat you up. Does he lick you while he's raping you?

ERIKA18: Please, this is real, please, call the Police. It's a two-story house, there're lots of dogs, about a half hour from my school, Nazareth High. My mom's Teresa Gutierrez; my dad's Gerardo Gutierrez. Please, do something, he'll be back soon. I think he's opening the basement door.

DYLAN17: I Googled it and it's true! A teenage girl was kidnapped, named Erika Gutierrez. It happened two years ago, it all matches.

80MIN: Maybe she or he checked first to screw with us.

DYLAN17: The story really sounds the same.

80MIN: Leave her alone, stay out of it.

DYLAN17: We have to help her. Erika, you can call the police from your computer. Just do this...

80MIN: Leave her alone and stay out of it. (DIRECTLY TO ERIKA)

Erika, I’M COMING DOWN TO YOUR ROOM RIGHT THIS SECOND. I WANT you in your BED, and if you do what I say I promise not to kill you!

ERIKA18: It’s you!

80MIN: Don’t make me kill you, Erika, don’t make me do it.

(ERIKA CLOSES HER LAPTOP)

DYLAN17: She got off! It was true! It was true!

80MIN: Don’t do anything. Remember I know where to find you.

DYLAN17: Wow! How’d you do it? Do you think I could do it too? Are you there? Huh?

**(WE HEAR 80MIN BEATING ON ERIKA’S DOOR.
SHE LOOKS AT THE AUDIENCE, IN TERROR)**

ERIKA: God, someone help meeeeeee!

(MUSIC)

7

**WE HEAR THE THEME MUSIC.
WE HEAR KNOCKING ON DYLAN’S DOOR.
ON STAGE, THE FOUR COMPUTERS ARE LINED UP
FACING THE AUDIENCE. THEY ARE ALL LIT UP
INDIVIDUALLY, BUT ONLY ONE IS BRIGHT, DYLAN’S)**

MOTHER: DYLAN! I told you to shut off that computer and go to bed!

DYLAN: Just a second, Mom.

MOTHER: Not just a second, NOW! It’s late. Tomorrow I’m taking that computer out of your room and locking it up. You stay up all night and then you don’t want to go to school.

**(THE SPOT ON DYLAN’S COMPUTER DIMS. THEN
BORIS’S COMPUTER GROWS BRIGHTER. HE HAS
FINISHED PACKING HIS TRAVEL BACKPACK. HE
LEAVES A MESSAGE ON THE TELEPHONE
ANSWERING MACHINE)**

BORIS: I’ve left and won’t be back for a while. Please, leave a brief message.
May Allah be with you.

**LIGHT DIMS ON BORIS, LIGHT RISES ON PILAR
SHE IS PACKING HER SMALL SUITCASE. SHE’S READY
TO LEAVE. SHE LOOKS AROUND HER ROOM.**

PILAR: Goodbye grimy room, humiliated neighborhood, shameful city, filthy country, infernal people, shitty air, ruined nation, colorless friends, dismantled future, long nights, shattered streets, dejected daybreaks, food for pigs, God, how I despise you! That’s it! Goodbye, goodbye, cruel smiles, switchblade loves, life I’ve yet to live.

(TAKES HER SUITCASE)

How humiliating to have to go through the world coming from here!

When I get to my new country, when I become a citizen of the first world and begin to transcend, I’ll say I came from somewhere else,

but never from here, this herd of nobodies; and that I don't even know, or care, if this scourge of a nation exists or went under for good.

TAKES SOME BOTTLES OF PERFUME FROM BESIDE HER COMPUTER

He said to get across the border they smear you with Tiger shit to scare off the border control dogs.

But when I get to my first world, instead of big cat shit, I'll smell like Chanel.

I'm going. And I won't be back.

(TURNS OFF HER COMPUTER FURIOUSLY. LIGHTS DIM ON PILAR. RISES ON ERIKA)

80MIN: Erika, Erika, open this door!

ERIKA: You're going to kill me!

80MIN: I won't kill you!

ERIKA: That's what you said!

80MIN: Because you were chatting!

ERIKA: I want out of here, I want you to leave me alone!

80MIN: Fine! If you want to go, open the door.

ERIKA: Really?

80MIN: Open the door.

(ERIKA OPENS THE DOOR. LIGHT DIMS ON ERIKA. LIGHTS RISE ON DYLAN. SOUND OF KNOCKING AT THE DOOR)

MOTHER: Did you turn it off or not?

DYLAN: (TURNING OFF PC) Yeah, Mom. It's off.

MOTHER: OK, get your things ready for school tomorrow and go to bed.

DYLAN: Ok, Mom.

MOTHER: And turn off that light! I don't want to have to tell you again. Understood?

DYLAN: Yes, Mom.

DYLAN WAITS FOR HIS MOTHER TO LEAVE. HE LOOKS FOR A BAG AND PUTS IT ON A CHAIR. HE LAYS OUT HIS SCHOOL CLOTHES. THEN HIS BOOKS AND OTHER SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

HE COUNTS THEM AS THOUGH CHECKING AGAINST A DAILY LIST.

EVERYTHING IS FINE.

HE WALKS AROUND THE ROOM. LOOKS AT THE CLOCK.

GETS HIS BED READY.

WHEN EVERYTHING IS READY, FROM UNDER THE BED HE PULLS OUT WEAPONS. UZI SUB-MACHINE GUN, GRENADES, CAMOUFLAGE, SWASTIKAS, RIFLES, KNIFE, FLASHLIGHT.

HIS MOTHER POUNDS ON THE DOOR, STARTLING HIM.

MOTHER: Done?

DYLAN: I'm getting in bed. Good night.

MOTHER: Good night, sleep tight.

DYLAN TURNS OFF THE LIGHT, BUT TURNS ON THE FLASHLIGHT. PUTS THE WEAPONS IN HIS SCHOOL BAG. ZIPS UP THE BAG.

LIGHT UP ON ANDREA

ANDREA: Soon I'll be a mother. 44 years old and for the first time, a mother. Bought, but a mother.

**(ANDREA PRAYS AVE MARIA, SOFTLY.
TO ONE SIDE, ERIKA, TERRIFIED, YELLS, FLAILING
HER ARMS IN SELF-DEFENSE)**

ERIKA: Just don't hurt me! Please, make it quick and don't hurt me! Will you let me pray? Can I pray first, for God's sake?

(ERIKA PRAYS OUR FATHER, SOFTLY)

80 MIN: Don't bother, this hurts me more than you.

**(“80MIN” SAYS THE LYRICS TO A CHILDREN’S SONG,
SOFTLY.LIGHTS UP ON PILAR)**

PILAR: **(TAKES OFF HER SANDALS)** I'm not even going to take your dirt with me, you repulsive country

**(PILAR SHAKES HER SANDALS AND THROWS THEM
AWAY. SHE REPEATS HER INSULTS TO THE
COUNTRY: “GOODBYE, GRIMY ROOM”, SOFTLY)**

DYLAN: No one's gonna survive at that shitty school.

**DYLAN RECITES BLAKE’S POEM “THE TYGER,”
SOFTLY)**

**(BEGINS TO PRAY. LIGHTS OUT ON ERIKA. LIGHTS UP
ON BORIS, WHO STANDS. CHECKS HIS TICKETS)**

BORIS: **(READS)** Miami-London-Islamabad. It's a long trip. I better go to bed early.

**(CHECKS THE TIME. PUTS A CLOTH ON THE FLOOR,
KNEELS FACING MECCA AND PRAYS. BLACKOUT ON
BORIS.**

(AND SHAKES THEM)

(LIGHTS OUT. BLACKOUT.

**THE PRAYERS MIX WITH THE SOUND OF AN
INTERNET CONNECTION)**

END OF FIRST ACT

ACT 2

1

**ONSTAGE BORIS.
HE HOLDS A CELL PHONE. HE IS VERY NERVOUS. IN
THE OTHER HAND HE HOLDS SOME KIND OF
CONTROL, LIKE A TV REMOTE. OFFICER 1 AND
OFFICER 2 TRY TO TALK TO HIM.**

BORIS: Four years ago I sat in front of the TV. There was nothing. It was me and the shadow reflected on the empty screen. I moved my arms and the shadow moved his too, but I never got an answer. The TV reflected me, but it didn't answer me. And I thought: "Life is sad." And I didn't know that.

Then, I started chatting. I didn't watch TV, I'd chat. I'd be impatient when I got home from work, nearly exploding with the desire to get into a chat room and be a mystery. That's it. Being a mystery to other people. The chat room may love you or insult you, but it always respects you. It knows you exist, even if you don't have a name, you aren't a real person. And I, who never liked myself, who was never aware of anything I was doing, then I was someone who loved what he was doing. That's it, chatting was my work and my oxygen tank.

(SUDDENLY, RAISES HIS VOICE AND YELLS AT OFFICER 2)

When will the PC and chatroom connection get here?

OFFICER2: (TO TWO-WAY RADIO) He's still talking a lot and asking for an Internet connection.

OFFICER1: Boris? Boris is your name?

BORIS: Boris22 in the chat room.

OFFICER 1: (SHUTTING UP OFFICER 2) Tell me... Boris22. When did you plan to do this?

BORIS: We have God's permission to kill up to ten million people.

OFFICER 2: Ten MILLION! Bastards!

OFFICER 1: But God forbids killing!

BORIS: The Koran discourages killing, but it's talking about infidels. The clerics have approved ten million. One more would be a sin. But not less.

OFFICER 2: So that's why you became a terrorist?

OFFICER 1: Boris, tell me something. How did they convince an upstanding man like you, with a wife and kids, no criminal history or anything bad at all, to commit this craziness?

OFFICER 2: To attack your own country!

BORIS: This isn't my country!

OFFICER 2: But you were born here!

OFFICER 1: (SHUTTING UP OFFICER 2) Talk to me!

BORIS: When will the PC get here? I need to get in the chat room!

OFFICER 1: The chat room's on its way.

OFFICER 2: What else do you want? What are your demands?

BORIS: Don't make me nervous, don't make me nervous!

OFFICER 1: Ok, Boris. Talk to me...

BORIS: Ok.

OFFICER 1: So tell me. How many explosives do you have in that belt?

BORIS: Allah is great.

OFFICER 1: I'm sure he is. But, how much do you have there? What kind of explosives? TNT? C4?

BORIS: A lot. Enough.

OFFICER 1: Tell me, Boris22: are you going to detonate it?
(BORIS DOESN'T ANSWER)

Will you kill us all? Will you give me time to evacuate the women and children from this theater? And, besides, the TV's here and I'm sure your daughters are watching. You don't want them to see you maiming or killing innocent people?

BORIS: No one is innocent and I'm not talking any more. I want a laptop with an Internet connection. I need to get in the chat room.

OFFICER 2: The computer's on its way. We'll do what you say, just don't detonate the explosives. Don't do it, all right?

BORIS: (ANNOYED, THREATENS HIM WITH THE CONTROL) We'll all die, we're all going to go if I don't get into that chat room soon!

OFFICER 1: Talk to me. Let's calm down.
Listen carefully. We know you're a combatant.

BORIS: Mujahedin.

OFFICER 1: No one's disputing that.

BORIS: In Gaza, in Tel Aviv, in Beirut, in London, in New York, here, in this theater. We're close, we're everywhere. The planet is our battlefield.

OFFICER 1: That's it. You're a combatant, you have a cause, but you're not evil. Am I right?

BORIS: The chat room!

OFFICER 1: It's on its way, the chat room's on its way. (TO OFFICER 2)
Am I right?

OFFICER 2: (WITH THE TWO-WAY RADIO) They say it's almost ready.

OFFICER 1: You see? The chat room's on its way. What else do you want?
What are your demands?

BORIS: Just the chat room.

OFFICER 1: What is it you're planning to do in the chat room?

BORIS: Get the order. Ring the phone and goodbye to ten million.

OFFICER 2: (TO THE RADIO) The order's coming in a chat room!

OFFICER 1: But, Boris, Boris22, honey, with the explosives you've got the most you can do is kill all of us who are here, maybe eighty in the whole theater.

BORIS: You don't understand. The belt protects the detonator.

OFFICER 2: What detonator?

BORIS: I'm the detonator.

OFFICER 2: Detonator of what?

BORIS: Of this W-87 I've got behind me.

OFFICER 1: Oh my God!

OFFICER 2: W-87? What's that?

OFFICER 1: An 800-pound nuclear warhead with enough plutonium to erase the entire city!

OFFICER 2: Oh my God!
(music)

2

AN ALARM CLOCK GOES OFF. A PRETTY SONG, UPBEAT, YOUNG.

DYLAN JUMPS OUT OF BED. TURNS ON HIS COMPUTER. DOES SOME CALISTHENICS. HE BRUSHES HIS TEETH AND SINGS ALONG WITH THE SONG ENERGETICALLY. HE STARTS TO DRESS. KNOCKING AT HIS DOOR.

MOTHER: Dylan, breakfast's ready.

DYLAN: Coming, Mom!

MOTHER: Are you all ready?

DYLAN: Homework, uniform, bag, everything.

(MOTHER ENTERS)

MOTHER: Hurry up, I've got a rough day today.

DYLAN: Don't worry, Mom. I've got it easy. I'll be home early. I'll wash up before you get home tonight.

MOTHER: Don't you have a test today?

DYLAN: Yeah, but it's ok.

MOTHER: I'd be terrified if I had a test.

DYLAN: I know what they're going to ask.

MOTHER: If you keep up your studying and getting good grades, you'll be the first one in our family to make it. The only one to get where he wants.

(MOTHER EXITS. DYLAN HAS FINISHED DRESSING. LOOKS FOR HIS BAG UNDER THE BED AND PUTS IT BESIDE HIM. SITS AT THE COMPUTER)

DYLAN: Dylan's blog.
Why?
Because of the fire.

You know what I’m talking about?
Have you felt its magnetism? Does it pull you in? When you see
fire, can you take your eyes off it?

If you look carefully, at the heart of the fire you’ll see this minute
shadow.

A dark shadow outlined by the red and orange of the flame. A
shadow dancing at the heart of the fire. It’s the divine image. If
you look carefully you’ll see that figure wears a black toga and a
pointed hood, it has three or two eyes and protruding out of its
black toga there are arms. Arms? More like Wings! That’s it. The
figure in the fire has wings.

If you watch the heart of the fire and the divine image carefully,
your eyes burn too. And then you’ll see that the figure in the black
toga dances his dance and has a face. And the figure is looking at
you.

It looks at you because that figure looks like you.
And you wonder: WOW! Who’s watching who?
Am I the one watching the fire or is the heart of the fire watching
me? Huh?

Well, that why I’m doing it. Because of that question.
Thanks for giving me this chance to talk to all my chat room
friends.

(CLOSES HIS PC. GOES TO HIS BAG. DOUBLE-CHECKS)
995 rifle with scope; TEC 9mm; two propane bombs; my pipe
bombs filled with nails, bullets, gasoline.

Ready.

MOTHER: DYLAAAANN! YOUR BREAKFAST’S GETTING COLD!

DYLAN: Coming, Mom!

(TAKES HIS BAG AND EXITS, MUSIC)

3

ONSTAGE, PILAR, WITH A SUITCASE A HER SIDE. WRITES ON A COMPUTER

PILAR: My friend Art 44 in Los Angeles: I've made it to the hotel at the border and I'm waiting for your contact. They let me use this computer in the lobby, but there's lots of people waiting. So I'll write you quick and maybe I'll make a lot of mistakes or sound a bit cold.

I'd like you to make the trip with me tonight on one of the cargo trucks heading North. In the one carrying boxes of electronics, the one taking chickens or the one with bananas, I'm the banana, a green banana, ready to ripen, brought straight from my Banana Republic. To wake up there tomorrow, in my new civilized life.

This banana's coming with almost no clothes so I'll fit in the truck, like you told me the last time we chatted; that we'd be going in a truck with very little room, squeezed between boxes, inside hidden traps, so the border inspectors don't see us. Anyway, I won't care, because this banana's very happy about the future rushing in on her.

Your contact at the border told me that sometimes the cargo is fish so the smell throws off the border control dogs. They say sometimes, if the police are really on the lookout, they sprinkle you with elephant or tiger shit so, when the dogs smell a bigger, more dangerous animal, they go away.

So I brought some Chanel perfume too, so when you see me I won't smell like horrible cat excrement. Can you imagine? Me, a banana, without clothes and smelling of Tiger, Tigress, in my case.

I looked up a poem about tigers on the internet to memorize for when they smear me with his filth.

*"Tiger, Tiger burning bright
In the forest of the night
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?
In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the fire of thine eyes?"*

What can the Tiger in the poem be?
If only that trick worked not just in the truck with the police, but in daily life, every day. Yesterday, two years ago, when I was a teenager. I could

really have used a bit of lion shit then to bite the people who wanted to chew me up; eagle shit, to cross this border without the shitty truck; or even better, hyena shit, to start laughing right now, at myself and my life instead of all the shit surrounding me.

The thing that scares me the most is I'm doing this alone. But that's how it's got to be. This tiger banana will come into your world alone, your first world, and tomorrow I'll be the last one to come to the first world. But as bad as I want to be there, soon, I'll be one of the first tigers in the distant deeps and skies and in the fire of your eyes.

You know me. This tigress will devour the world. Even if it is the first world. Even if she's going alone and scared. Even if it costs three thousand five hundred dollars and even if she smells like wild animal waste and the Tiger Tiger doesn't know what it means in the end to be seen as a banana banana, well I'm going North so it's North I go.

I'll see you tomorrow at the museum. Tomorrow, I'll be a new woman, the same Banana, but smelling of tiger, painting my world, happy and in unconditional future.

MUSIC

4

ONSTAGE, 80MIN, DYLAN17, ERIKA18 AND ANDREA40 IN FRONT OF THEIR KEYBOARDS AND WEBCAMS

80MIN: Here’s my video. I’m doing it fast and in disguise, forget my face. You won’t recognize me. I’ve covered all my tracks. I’m no amateur serial killer.

DYLAN17: The program’s called “voodoo doll.” It gets in and takes over your hard drive. And from there, your world; that world that talks to you, that listens to you, that whispers to you and turns off the noises of the solitary night.

ANDREA40: The voodoo doll controls your life and...

ERIKA18: ... each time you connect, it sticks in the needles...

ANDREA40 and ERIKA18:...one by one, no hurry, one by one...

80MIN: I promised her, if she opened the door, I’d let her go. After two years living with me, being the noise in my house, my sleepless night, my unbroken fever,

80MIN AND ERIKA18: my TV and chat room companion, my adopted daughter, my housekeeper...

80MIN: ...my wife, my hot sex, you who I vanquished, you my frenzy?

ERIKA18: Why don’t you let me go?

80MIN : Let you go? You? My perfect victim? My favorite prey? My devoured lamb?

DYLAN17: Then, the Voodoo doll pops from every corner and starts sticking needles in you.

ANDREA40: Or the needle penetrates you like it was a memory; a tune you can’t stop humming that day; the face of someone you saw in passing and now you can’t stop seeing.

DYLAN17: You are the doll and preparations are being made for your burial as the main character in the casket of needles, in your backyard.

- 80MIN: What if I confess that I’m nothing more than a serial confessor?
That I like to confess to crimes because I can’t stop feeling guilty
for everything and, as for the rest, I’ve had a girl locked up in my
basement for two years now.
- 80MIN Y DYLAN17: We’ve all got our desires, our dreams, an unconscious and
a collective perversity.
- 80MIN: But if I tell you I haven’t killed anyone. If I confess: Would I still
be a main character?
- DYLAN17: Because when the Voodoo doll is buried, awaiting the fatal climax
from her casket, then you hear the Internet connection, the day’s
needle.
- ERIKA18: It’s not the world in your hands. It’s you in the world’s hands.
- DYLAN17: And the needle slides in silently, almost painlessly, in your back,
your neck, between your two ears and splits your head in two.
- ERIKA18: You are the doll, you’re in its hands and it’s the Voodoo that
makes you chase the fire. You lamb, you sedated by your desire to
be devoured.
- 80MIN: And in the end you are the protagonist of the internet world.
- 80MIN & DYLAN: Not the hero.
- 80MIN: In the end, the victims are virtual and that’s all.
- ANDREA40: Though every victim is a reality.
- 80MIN & DYLAN17: You’ll know the truth, and the truth will make you
desperate.
- DYLAN17: Like the reality of the main character who lies lifeless looking at
the Internet screen with the final needle you stabbed through their
heart.

MUSIC

5

HOTEL ROOM. ONSTAGE ANDREA. ONSTAGE MOMTOBE. BESIDER HER, ART44.

ANDREA: My husband and I both come from big, close families. When we have family get-togethers we don't have room for all the cars. Or enough chairs for everyone, or cups or glasses. We're the only ones without children and the pressure's been tremendous. No one says anything, but we can feel it.

MOMTOBE: In only a few days you'll have your baby.

ANDREA: And how does he feel?

MOMTOBE: Come touch him.

(ANDREA REACHES OUT TIMIDLY. MOMTOBE TAKES HER HAND AND THE TWO FEEL HER BELLY)

MOMTOBE: Do you feel anything?

ANDREA: (HAPPY) Something...something like...a heartbeat! Could it be his heart?

MOMTOBE: He was moving like crazy a few minutes ago.

ANDREA: We're counting the seconds. We're so excited at home. My husband's finished painting the room now. We want him to be sensitive. This boy is our life; everything makes sense since you offered us this gift of God.

MOMTOBE: I have to confess, after meeting you, I wish it had been just that, a gift.

ANDREA: Money means nothing, honey. (TAKES OUT A PACKAGES AND HANDS IT TO HER) This is everything. We decided to give it all to you at once because, really, you're like a daughter to us

MOMTOBE: Hey, we have to decide who'll cut the umbilical cord!

ANDREA: You decide, you're really the mother

MOMTOBE: I'm just carrying him inside me, but you're the mother. It'd be better if you cut the cord and take him right away. I don't want them to show him to me, or to see his face. He's your son, your family. He'll be your blood, because that comes with raising him, values, examples and hope. (FEELS AN INTENSE PAIN) Oh! Oh! God God

ANDREA: What is it?

MOMTOBE: (POINTING OT THE FLOOR) Look!

ANDREA: What?

MOMTOBE: I think he's coming now, I think I'm in labor!

ART44: (GRABS A SUITCASE) I'll take you!

MOMTOBE: I'm ready!

ANDREA: (TAKING OUT HER PHONE) I'll tell my husband to meet us at the hospital.

MOMTOBE: (TO ART44, WHO NODS) The car has gas? We've got my change of clothes? Money? Of course, I've got it here! God, he's coming now!

ANDREA: (TO PHONE) Honey. She's in labor. Isn't it wonderful? We're going to be parents today! Oh good God! What day is it? I'm so excited! (LISTENS TO THE PHONE) Perfect. I'll see you at the hospital.

ART44: (TAKING EVERYTHING) We're all ready to go!

ANDREA: I'll go ahead to arrange everything with hospital administration. I'll see you there!

MOMTOBE: Right behind you!

(THE TWO WOMEN SHAKE HANDS. ANDREA KISSES HER WITH REAL AFFECTION)

ANDREA: Everything will turn out fine. We're in God's graces.

MOMTOBE: Amen. Drive carefully!

ANDREA: (EXITING) God. I'm going to be a mother!

(EXITS HAPPILY. MOMTOBE LETS OUT A FEW GROANS. BROTHER TAKES THE PACKAGES)

ART44: So?

(MOMTOBE TOUCHES HER BELLY AND WITH A GESTURE OF PAIN, REMOVES SOMETHING FROM UNDER HER SHIRT. WE SEE SHE HAS A DEVICE, BETWEEN PILLOW AND CLOTH, THAT MAKES HER APPEAR PREGNANT)

MOMTOBE: You have no idea how hot this thing is.

ART44: (IMITATING HER) “Come touch him.”

MOMTOBE: The last one felt it move.

ART44: People are crazy.

MOMTOBE: And all that about the family get-togethers and they’re the only ones without kids? Have you ever seen anyone more pathetic than that woman?

ART44: That was easy.

MOMTOBE: Easy for you who didn’t do anything, but I had to make up the story and keep it going.

ART44: And they gave you all the money.

MOMTOBE: It happens a lot. People are so trusting they give you the whole amount.

ART44: They’ve seen you.

MOMTOBE: And they’ll never forget me. I change my makeup, my hair, do what I have to. Besides, they don’t even have my name. They still write to my nickname, “Momtobe”.

ART44: And the police?

MOMTOBE: They never call the police. They’ve got no name, no address or way to find me. And worst of all they can’t describe me. The pain won’t let them describe me.

ART44: And everything by chat?

MOMTOBE: That’s where the world is, honey. Yesterday a kidnapper and his victim were there, arguing.

ART44: There’s all kinds of crazies in chat rooms.

MOMTOBE: And me, I’ve been pregnant so many times online I feel like a rodent already. Come on. **(BOTH WIPING AWAY PRINTS AND LEAVING EVERYTHING CLEAN)** On the way I need to stop to make a medical pigmentation.

ARTE44: Again!

MOMTOBE ...and I’ve got to get into the chat room fast. I’ve got a family, the Gutierrezes, expecting a girl. **SUDDENLY, SHE SEES ART44 PUT THE MONEY IN HIS POCKETS)** Come on, give me a kiss.

ART44: What ”this”?

MOMTOBE: A kiss, stupid.

(THEY KISS. ARTE44 WITH DISGUST. MUSIC)

6

DYLAN, GOING INTO SCHOOL

DYLAN: I'd be the first in my family to make it.

I walk through Nazareth High like Jesus in his youth. My friends and teachers say hi. The security guard barely glances at me.

They wave at me: one-time teachers, forgotten students, hostile classmates, servant kids, loathsome minorities, shitty people. They wave automatically, Zombies who don't look me in the face and with them the others who turn away before they see me.

That's why no one notices me as I enter Nazareth High with a Tiger by my side. I know they hear its growl, they sense the screech of its claws on the granite floor, they feel its breath of devoured lamb. But even so, no one notices the wild beast stalking them.

It's the Tiger. A Tiger and me, at school, settling scores.

A Malaysian Tiger that opens its eyes and is thinking of you.

(DYLAN MOVES ACROSS THE STAGE. BEHIND HIM WE SEE THE IMAGE OF A TIGER. THEY WALK IN THE SAME WAY)

DYLAN: Then, I go in the cafeteria.

(CAFETERIA NOISE)

I'd be the only one in my family to make it.

I stop in the doorway and look at them all. My Tiger raises his head, licks his lips and stares at the rat-beauties, the ones who never invite me to their parties, their nights out, their projects. The rat-beauties who kiss everyone and spit on me.

That's it Tiger, you're right. Look at them carefully. Memorize their satin figures. Smell their suffocated perfume. Don't let them run to the window when your moment comes Tiger, the rat-gazelle runs easily when it's in love with death.

Then there I am, in the doorway to the cafeteria, my Bengal Tiger with no leash at my side.

And just like always, even then, no one pays attention to me.

They all talk, girls, boys, with their bankrupt conversations, their predictable, suspect friends, and their golden processions.

Like when you step in the elevator and we all want to communicate but the truth is, automatically, defensively, we look at the floor. We're all so close and enclosed. If we held each other's gaze, who knows what might happen to us?

And the Tiger burns again and with him, the tremor in my hand and with my hand the skies and so, I thank God because this time, in this same cafeteria where I haven't lived so many times, now I have with me my Uzi with 1100 rounds, my TEC 9mm, my double-barreled rifle, my four fragmenting grenades, my invincible hunting knife, my conqueror's boots, my Bengal Tiger and my sincere desire to fuck up all these shiteaters as fast as possible.

I'd be the only one in my family to make it.

And along with me, a single bold thought, a devout thought, a transcendent one, an epic thought that will come out in tomorrow's paper and our daily chats and all the Voodoo dolls buried in your house, on web sites, Blogs, hotmail, MySpace, YouTube, Google, Yahoo, RSS, iTunes, SMS, Podcasts and the rest.

And that tightly woven thought will be:

What look was on their face when they saw me *taking aim* at their head?

Let's go Tiger. This is the cafeteria and it's time to eat.

CAFETERIA NOISES MIX WITH MUSIC.

7

BORDER.

ONSTAGE COYOTE AND PILAR. SHE HANDS HIM THE MONEY.

COYOTE: Our best price, just for you, so no complaints. Now, the trip. Look, it's very simple. You get in the back of the truck. We knock twice, like this (DEMONSTRATES) it means we're at the border. Or there's border patrol or danger. Then you cover up with this blanket.

PILAR: That smells like tiger shit-

COYOTE: That smells like tiger shit, to throw off the dogs. They smell it and move off, it's natural. You sit tight there and don't move. And if they open the door and you hear voices, you play dead. The police will try to scare you into moving, but they really don't know if you're in there or not. They don't know.

When we get there, we open the door and you're free.

PILAR: How long does it take?

COYOTE: With checks and stops, plus a cushion to be safe, about six hours.

PILAR: What if there's an emergency?

COYOTE: Didn't I just tell you we knock twice?

PILAR: I mean going to the bathroom.

COYOTE: Come on, you think you're traveling first class or in an airport?

PILAR: Of course I know perfectly well how I'm getting there.

COYOTE: Tell me something, you got papers?

PILAR: Of course I don't have papers. If I did...

COYOTE: You wouldn't be here, right?

PILAR: Exactly.

COYOTE: Well then think of it like this. Think of all the times you want to go to the bathroom but you can't cause there's no toilet paper. You can't wipe so you decide to wait. Well, it's the same. Hold it, cause there's no paper. And if you've really got to go, well hold it. And if you can't hold it, if you're desperate, if it's life or death, then, well, hold it. That's life, lady, holding it. You may as well learn that now. Take it from me.

PILAR: Then I'll hold it. And if I can't, I'll go in my pants.

COYOTE: We're all in the same situation, going in our pants. Just try not to fuck up anyone else. Unless you shit pink. We had one lady try that one. She called it Medical Pigmentation and she shit pink.

PILAR: Don't make fun of me. I get the point.

COYOTE: It's all part of the trip, madam. (ANNOYED) Besides, they said you were 22.

PILAR: A misunderstanding...

COYOTE: It doesn't matter. It's all the same.

PILAR: And another thing...

COYOTE: A ring?

PILAR: No, a thing.

COYOTE: What?

PILAR: Who else is going with me?

COYOTE: Those two guys there.

PILAR: Two men?

COYOTE: That's how it looks. Though these days, you never know.

PILAR: What if something happens?

COYOTE: Like what?

PILAR: Well, what if one those idiots wants to molest me.

COYOTE: Look, lady, we're all honest people here. They've all got families and want to start a new life. No one's here to commit a crime. That's what they think up there, but the truth is there's no crime and no criminals, just the desire to work. You, what is it you want?

PILAR: To work.

COYOTE: Then don't fuck with us.

(COYOTE TURNS HIS BACK ON HER. BEFORE LEAVING HE TURNS AROUND)

COYOTE: You coming or not?

PILAR: Just a minute. I'm going to take a Medical Pigmentation, but brown going on black and I'll be right back.

COYOTE: Go to it. It'll be your last day with emergency paper.

(PILAR HIDES TO ONE SIDE AND SQUATS AS THOUGH GOING TO THE BATHROOM, BUT REALLY SHE STARTS TO RECITE THE POEM.

BUT SHE CAN'T FINISH, BECAUSE SHE STARTS TO CRY, LIKE A LITTLE GIRL. MUSIC)

8

**(WE HEAR SIRENS, THOUGH FEW.
BRIGHT LIGHT ON ERIKA)**

ERIKA: I think when he finds out I’m going to escape, he’ll kill me. He always said: “I’m going to kill you this way or that way” and he named serial killers who had done this or that. But in two years I learned that when he started his stories, in the end nothing happened to me.

He liked me to be scared of him.

And I was.

Although sometimes I faked being scared, which isn’t all that hard to do when they’ve had you locked up for over two years after a chat room blind date.

But today my cell door’s open.

And now I’m in a quandary:

Could it be a trap? Should I try to run? And if I do, will he kill me? And if I don’t, will I be stuck here forever?

Then, I decide it’s time to go.

And I run!

**(THE LIGHT DIMS ON ERIKA.
WE HEAR SCREAMS AND SIRENS APPROACHING.
LIGHT UP ON BORIS, IN THE SAME SITUATION WITH
THE EXPLOSIVES BELT AND DETONATOR IN HIS
HAND. OFFICER 2 POINTS HIS GUN AT HIM)**

OFFICER 2: I’ll shoot him instead!

OFFICER 1: If you shoot him, we all blow sky high!

OFFICER 2: An atomic bomb, bastard!

OFFICER 1: Wait for back up, this is too much for us to handle!

OFFICER 2: I'll kill him and end of story! I'll kill him!

BORIS: Allah will take me to him!

OFFICER 2: Allah is shit!

BORIS: Allah is great!

OFFICER 2: This bullet is great too and I'm gonna shoot it through your eye, asshole!

OFFICER 1: He's going to blow us all up! All of us!

(THE SIRENS GROW LOUDER. LIGHT DIMS ON BORIS. LIGHTS UP ON PILAR AND NOW THE SIRENS SOUND FAR OFF)

PILAR: The first rape goes no further. The second time's a bit rougher, more desperate. The third time, they hit me harder, because, like a fool, I tried to fight back, like saying: "you did it already, leave me alone."

But the third time came with a fourth and fifth on its heels. I stopped counting when they started hitting me; when one of them left the imprint of his belt buckle on my face three times; when they opened the door and the Coyote and someone else came in; when they bit me, tied me up and said:

COYOTE: Don't worry, Madam, the night is long and we're just now getting started.

PILAR: I'm not heading North anymore, I think. I think tonight I'm going much further.

(LIGHT DIMS ON PILAR. LIGHTS UP ON DYLAN. WE HEAR MACHINE GUN FIRE AND SCREAMS. THEN, WE HEAR THE SCHOOL SIREN, WHICH LATER MIXES WITH SIRENS APPROACHING, AT MID-VOLUME)

DYLAN: It was hours, days, nearly the whole history of contemporary man, a proud moment in devoured Nazareth High.

In the cafeteria alone I shot off the Uzi’s 1100 rounds. In one minute, maybe two, because I let off the trigger a couple of times, not to take better aim, but because my finger hurts.

Two minutes, tops. (LAUGHS INNOCENTLY, LIKE A CHILD)
Like in video games, pow, pow, pow! Incredible.

And even though the cafeteria was full of students, I only hit thirty. It’s not fair.

The rest run or hide behind the emergency tables. When I stop shooting, I go for them.

I hear moaning, noises. I drop the Uzi and take out my TEC 9mm. They cry, “No buddy, don’t do it.” They don’t even know my name.

Dylan. Your buddy’s name is Dylan, I tell them, affectionately.

Then I shoot them between the vacant hands they use to shield themselves.

I leave the cafeteria, call the Tiger, who’s happily devouring the rat-beauties. First mystery: Chewed up, they don’t look so beautiful.

(TO AUDIENCE) Do they, Tiger?

**(WAITS FOR A RESPONSE FROM THE AUDIENCE.
LIGHTS DIM ON DYLAN.**

**LIGHTS UP ON PILAR. WE HEAR CACKLING, A
WOMAN’S SCREAMS. PILAR IS HIT AS SHE IS
SPEAKING)**

PILAR: Then, one of them, all of them, anyone, I don’t know, tied a noose around my neck.

COYOTE: Hold it! I told you to hold it, fucking whore!

PILAR: And I stop fighting because I try to hold it and lose the battle and my breath. The other men break my body, bite my breasts, spill my blood, tear my legs apart. I barely breath. And then, he moves in and says:

COYOTE: Aren’t you the happiest people in the world? Well, let’s see if you can turn happiness into pleasure.

PILAR: (DISBELIEVING) What? You?

COYOTE: Didn't I tell you I studied art?
Well, sweetheart. This border is my museum and this here between my legs, is my art. So prepare yourself, because what's coming next is pure aesthetics!

(SUDDENLY PILAR STANDS UP QUICKLY, BUT SHE SEES THE SITUATION FROM THE OUTSIDE)

PILAR: It's him! Of course it's him! But he's not like his picture, he doesn't treat me the same way, he doesn't introduce me to life, he doesn't mean faith. But it's him, my chat room voice, my online illusion, my Internet dreams.

And the surprise steals my breath and then....

(LIGHTS DIM ON PILAR. LIGHTS ON DYLAN. THE SIRENS ARE CLOSER NOW, ARRIVING)

DYLAN: The hallways are empty. I open several classroom doors, but almost no one is left. In one of them, I see two people trying to jump out the window. I shoot at them and hit them both in the back.

I go up the stairs and hear there are people in the Chem Lab. They have the lights off but you can hear at least fifteen people. In silhouette I see two teachers crouching down, hushing everyone.

Then I take a fragmenting grenade and toss it. I run and hide behind the door of the girl's bathroom. The explosion in the Lab is fabulous, wonderful, one-of-a-kind.

Then, I hear whining in the bathroom. I go over and there's my ex-girlfriend in a stall with two friends. One of them, Elisa, who's always quiet and I like somehow. I liked Erika too, but someone else got to her before I could.

My ex ducks her head and says: "baby, not me, not me."

I shoot each of them in the head quickly. I shoot Elisa three times, to be sure she's good and dead.

And, who knows why, even though they were already done for, I left a fragmenting grenade on top of their bodies. I don't know, the idea that they won't be able to recognize them seems important.

I run down the hallway again toward my main objective: the gym. And when I'm almost there, I hear the explosion in the girl's bathroom.

And I think: this is sad news for me because, really, the one I've always loved is Elisa.

(WALKS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE)

Without skipping a beat, I open the door to the gym.

And in their living eyes I can see they didn't expect it.

I begin shooting with all I have; the 9 mm and the rifle.

And in their dead eyes I can see they still didn't believe it.

(IMITATES THEM)

“But, me? But these things never happen to me, they happen to other people. This must be a dream, it's not real.”

That's it. Death is a dream. That's how it seeks us and knows us.

(LIGHTS DOWN ON DYLAN, UP ON ANDREA)

ANDREA:

I was waiting there at the hospital door and then I thought maybe I'd gone to the wrong place. I checked every hospital in the area. The next day I checked the whole city.

I waited for her to call me, to give me my baby, at 40, a baby to show me the world far from borders, a world unheard of, a world now gone. I waited for a baby like a bonus, a divine addition, a cold, calm light that rises beyond the unceasing flame. An angel that doesn't fall and comes with a charm. My baby: my reward for desperate souls.

Like going to work and finding a vista.

Like looking in one place and finding all the sites.

Like breathing air and perfume.

That's it.

That's how my baby would be, who never came.

(LIGHTS DOWN ON ANDREA, UP ON ERIKA. SIRENS IN THE DISTANCE)

ERIKA: I go up the basement stairs, try the middle door and it's open too. What can this mean?

I reach the family room and there's the computer, the chat room onscreen. Next to it, the phone and on the floor, there he is, a bottle by his side, asleep.

Then I think. Do I call the police and tell them where I am or will I have a better chance if I go out the front door and run? What if the door's locked? What if he's not asleep and it's a test and when I move he kills me or hurts me?

When I remember that none of the serial killers he likes so much ends up in this situation, I decide the best thing to do is run to the front door. And fly.

Then, that's what I do. I open the door, spread my wings and he aims his gun at me and says:

80MIN: Erika!

(LIGHT DIMS ON ERIKA, UP ON PILAR. WE HEAR SIRENS APPROACHING)

PILAR: Then I move away from my body and I see my executioners from outside, as if I were flying, as if I could just fly, as if I had wings. A Tiger with wings.

(LIGHT STAYS BRIGHT ON PILAR AND NOW RISES ON DYLAN. THE SIRENS APPROACH)

DYLAN: I see the flare that seeks me and in the blaze I see the fire's image; the silhouette living at its heart, that with its wings, its black mantle and its dance, looks back at you (TO AUDIENCE) Because that figure looks like you. It is you. Tiger, my audience. It's you.

(LIGHT REMAINS ON DYLAN. RISES NOW ON BORIS. THE SIRENS ARE LOUD, AS THOUGH ONSTAGE)

ERIKA: ...And like a child he says: "Erika, don't go. I love you." But when I was going to answer him...

PILAR: And then, I see a light, a dazzling light. And I understand that this is the light I heard the dying speak of so often, the one that allows them to cross over to the other life.

DYLAN: And since everything was ready, I think it's time to escape and go live in the mountains, like I'd planned.

ERIKA: And I tell him: “You don't love anyone, you son of a bitch. You only want yourself!”

PILAR: **But I return to my body** with wind as strong as the fiber of the immigrant who hands over everything for something that isn't hers.

DYLAN: And I think: I don't want to die, what I want is to kill.

ERIKA: **Then, I ran. Escape. Start again. Never turning back.**

PILAR: This was immigration. To go, leave here; immigration is this wind, this light and this violence. Then I saw the men who were breaking me and I said: you're too late, like always. Men have come too late. **And I leave. I ran. Escape. Start again. Never turning back.**

DYLAN: The doll pulls out the needles and rises from her grave and her gaze melts my brain. I'm going to run...

BORIS: And I said to the ruins: I am here, this is my martyrdom.

ERIKA: “You will know the truth and the truth will make you desperate”

PILAR: And the truth is:

DYLAN: Terror has no fear.

PILAR: *“Tiger, Tiger burning bright
In the forests of the night*

(LIGHTS DIM. LIGHT ONLY ON PILAR AND BORIS)

PILAR I wonder what the Tiger in the poem means?

(SOUND OF INTERNET CONNECTION)

END.