

27/abril/06
10/nov/04

50/50

921

The Cross of Bonaventure

by

Kevin Costello

1080983

Director's Copy

RECINTO DE RIO PIEDRAS
UNIVERSIDAD DE PUERTO RICO
FACULTAD DE HUMANIDADES
JOSE EMILIO GONZALEZ
SEMINARIO MULTIDISCIPLINARIO

Seminario Multidisciplinario Jose Emilio González
Bachillerato de Estudios Interdisciplinarios
Facultad de Humanidades
Universidad de Puerto Rico
Recinto de Río Piedras

mdrsrs
c1

Produced at the Greystone Theatre,
University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon.
1974

© KEVIN COSTELLO 1976

For production rights and royalty fees,
contact:

KEVIN COSTELLO
P. O. Box 761, Palo Alto
California 94302

The Cross of Bonaventure

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

In the order of their appearance

Col. Roberto Vargas	40-45, officer in the regular army of the Republic of Dondequiera. Loyal to General Gonzales, 'El Baston,' self-elected president of Dondequiera.
Fr. Antonio Echevarria	68, Spanish Basque priest assigned to Mission of San Tomas in Las Milpas, Dondequiera.
Sister Superior	55-60, Irish nun assigned to Mission of San Tomas.
Sister Bonaventure	20-22, Irish nun assigned to Mission.
Col. Fernando Guardarrama	40-45, ex-officer in regular army of Dondequiera. Known as 'El Panuelo Verde,' for his custom of wearing green scarf at throat, he is now leading revolt against <u>El Baston</u> .
Capt. Juan Garcia	32, adjutant to Guardarrama.
Paul Prescott	35-40, American correspondent.
Conchita Morales	25, girlfriend of Guardarrama.
Col. Francis X. McGonegal	45-50, U.S. Marine Colonel.
Col. Eduardo Elizondo	45-50, regular army officer, loyal to <u>El Baston</u> . Vargas, Guardarrama and Elizondo were all classmates at <u>El Colegio Militar Nacional de Dondequiera</u> .

Ambulance attendants, orderlies.

N.B. It is possible to do this play with six characters and four Spelvins.

THE PLACE: The Republic of Dondequiera, a Latin-American country in revolt.

THE TIME: The Present.

THE SET
(See Diagram, reverse)

The scene is a small airport tower in the Republic of Dondequiera, alternately occupied by both loyal and Insurgent troops. The entire action takes place between just before dawn and just after dusk on a single day.

The audience sees the tower diagonally, the upstage area forming a 'V,' and the opposing 'V' is presumed to exist between the audience and players. The walls, whether existing or presumed, are composed of glass from the waist up.

There is a large desk upstage in corner of 'V' with telephone and microphone. This desk is parallel to footlights, thus diagonal to tower. In front of desk, downstage, is an armless, backless sofa or couch parallel to this desk.

Along wall, stage left, is a cabinet with four compartments, each 3' high by 3' deep by 2' wide. The door to each compartment has a slit about 5" from the top, measuring 2" x 4", directly below which there is a circular hole 3" in diameter.

There is a smaller desk, stage right, parallel to existing wall, thus diagonal to audience, with three office chairs around it. On it there is a telephone and goose-neck lamp and there is a first aid kit on downstage corner of desk, visible from all points.

Directly in front of sofa and parallel to it there is a coffee-table, and slightly right center, a leather armchair. On top of downstage compartment of cabinet is a tray containing coffeepot, cups, etc. Above cabinet against glass hangs flag of Dondequiera.

There are doors, downstage, right and left, both visible when open. Door left is to bathroom and door right is tower entrance from iron staircase. This audible but invisible staircase vibrates on all entrances and exits. There are twenty steps--ten to each landing and the foot of this staircase is presumed to be at stage door, aisle left. This stage door, which opens outward to house is marked JALE VD. and appears to be of heavy, fireproof construction.

There is a wall map hanging, stage right, behind smaller desk. Gooseneck lamp on desk can be turned to play

THE SET (cont.)

upon this map.

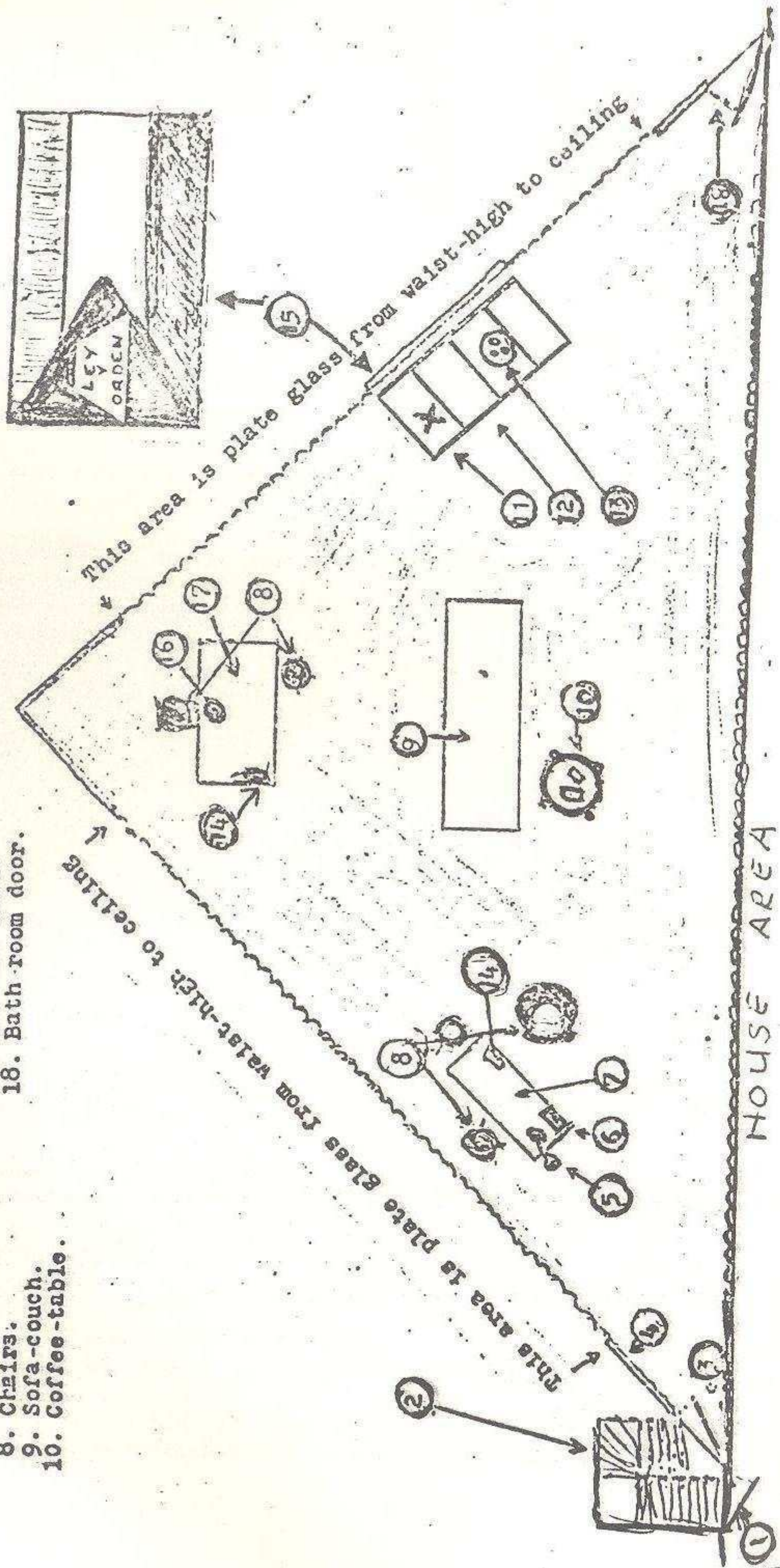
(There are no major time lapses between acts or scenes. The passage of time must be indicated by sunlight moving across stage, and by use of typical airport clock, accelerated imperceptibly from backstage.)

SET DESIGN
THE CROSS OF BONAVENTURE

BY
Kevin Costello

11. Sr. Bonaventure's hiding place.
12. 4-Compartment cabinet.
13. Coffee pot, cups, etc.
14. Telephone.
15. Flag of Dondequiera.
16. Microphone.
17. Control desk.
18. Bath-room door.

1. Stage door.
2. Presumed staircase.
3. Tower door.
4. Wall tap.
5. Goose-neck lamp.
6. First Aid kit.
7. Desk.
8. Chairs.
9. Sofa-couch.
10. Coffee-table.



ACT ONE

Scene One

As curtain rises, the stage is dark and the sky visible through windows is illuminated sporadically by the flash of gunfire. The rattle of this gunfire is audible throughout scene, over and under sound of Rosary. One becomes aware that a male voice is leading the Rosary in Spanish, but that the responses are in English by female voices with Irish brogues.

Male Voice
(FR. ECHEVARRIA)

Padre nuestro, que estas en los cielos, santificado sea Tu Nombre. Venga Tu reino. Sea hecha Tu voluntad como en el cielo, asi tambien en la tierra.

Female Voices
(SISTERS SUPERIOR AND BONAVENTURE)

Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. Amen.

Fr. Echevarria

Dios te salude, Maria; llena eres de gracia. El Señor esta contigo. Bendita eres entre todas las mujeres y bendita sea El Fruto de tu vientre, Jesus.

Sisters

Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

(The last two speeches are repeated until they are interrupted by developments on stage.)

During this scene, one can distinguish between the gunfire of the attackers (BACK-OF-THEATRE) and that of defenders (BACKSTAGE), the former becoming closer during consummation of scene. A revolving green beacon, emanating from back-of-house area bathes the stage momentarily at five-second intervals, revealing in eerie fashion, the distribution of characters on stage. Father Echevarria, gray-haired, handlebarred, is kneeling down center, facing

stage left, his elbows on coffee table. Nuns in white habits kneel left of him behind couch facing house. Colonel Vargas is pacing downstage, turning occasionally toward group, but his words are, in effect, a bitter soliloquy.

Colonel Vargas

...to have my career finish like this?
...at the mercy of an idiot...a crazy man. Está loco! We were in military college together...this crazy man and I...do you believe we drink together many times, this traitor and I. He has send his medals back to General Gonzales and then he revolt! He revolt! He say that he will arrest General Gonzales. (TURNS TO CLERGY IN EXASPERATION) He lead a gang of peasants, of rabbles against the government! He wear a grazy green handkerchief...a green what-you-call 'escarf' around his neck and call the president a criminal! I should have kill' him myself five years ago!

The revolving green beacon suddenly goes out in mid-trajectory as it passes center stage. After a crescendo, the gunfire dies from both sides and the silence is complete but for the murmur of the Rosary. Vargas can be seen in dim silhouette going from window to window, muttering. He comes down left to presumed window and strains to see over house.

Vargas

(HIS VOICE IS HOARSE STAGE WHISPER, INDUCED BY UNNATURAL QUIET)

?Porque se apagó el faro? Why do the light goes out? What is he do?...Where is my men?
...Are they run away? Are they surrender?
...Nombre de Dios, que pasó?

As he stands, uncertainly, down left, two men have entered house from lobby. They stand at back of house and one speaks into bullhorn.

Fernando Guardarrama

(INTO BULLHORN)

!Atención, señor Coronel!...!Óigame!
Esta torre, la tenemos completamente
cercada...y si no la rinde Vd., la
tumbamos! (THE VOICE WHICH HAD BEEN SLOW AND AUTHORITATIVE, NOW BECOMES SOFT AND MOCKING) ?Me oyes, compadre?

In the diffused pre-dawn light from windows, Vargas can be discerned going upstage to desk (UC). He flips microphone switch and his voice can be heard over airport PA system.

Vargas
(INTO MIKE)

Si...oigo.

Fernando
(INTO BULLHORN)

!Bueno!...prenda la luz y párate por la
vidriera con las manos arriba...vacías!
(THE VOICE BECOMES MOCKING AGAIN)
?Y compadre?

Vargas

?Si?

Fernando

Nada de trucos, ni trampas, ni movidas.
?Me entiendes? A ti, yo te conosco.
(PAUSE) Voy a contar hasta diez...uno
dos...tres....

As Fernando begins to count, Vargas comes down right to desk (DR) and lights gooseneck lamp. He turns beam toward house, then steps downstage between lamp and apron of stage. He raises hands slowly and stands motionless.

Vargas
(OVER SHOULDER TO CLERGY)

He give me ten seconds to surrender.
I am sure you will come to no damage...
no harm...even if he is crazy.

Fernando

(HAS STOPPED COUNTING AS VARGAS COMPLIES)

!Esta bien! !No se mueva!

The two men come down aisle left to stage door. It may be discerned that older man is carrying bullhorn and wearing a green scarf around throat under open military collar. They move in a brisk military manner, the younger man slightly behind the older but in step with him. They wear side arms and garrison caps but have helmets slung. The older man has knapsack slung over shoulder which he

shifts to draw gun as they approach stage door. Younger man draws his with left hand and with greater flourish as they enter door and disappear backstage.

They can be heard ascending vibrating iron staircase, and audience will become aware that this staircase consists of two landings of ten steps each, the second of which is the entrance to the tower door, extreme stage right. A very dim blue safety light becomes visible when this door opens on stage.

Vargas
(REMAINS IMMOBILE AS MEN ASCEND FIRST LANDING. AS THEY CONTINUE ASCENT, HE GLANCES OVER SHOULDER AT LAMP THEN SPEAKS TO CLERGY, WHOSE ROSARY IS BARELY AUDIBLE.)

I think I will take this traitor with me
...we start our military careers together,
so we can finish together!

As footsteps approach door, Vargas drops hands, turns and yanks lamp, unplugging it. The stage is dark save for dim blue light as door opens. Vargas fires and both men enter firing. Door slams behind them and several shots are exchanged. Vargas falls down right. One of the men can be seen moving rapidly across stage at a crouch. There is a sigh from Father Echevarria and a sound of scurrying as both men fire repeatedly upstage center. There is an unguished groan from Echevarria and as this groan dies, there is absolute silence. Both men can be seen on their knees one stage right, one stage left, both facing upstage with guns drawn.

(Dialogue for remainder of scene is in Spanish. It is authentic but simple and is either explained instantly by action on stage or is self-explanatory. Only Fernando's certain line in this scene remains unresolved chord to non-Spanish speaking viewers, but this deliberate teaser is explained immediately in Scene Two.)

Fernando
(DOWN RIGHT, IN CAUTIOUS WHISPER)
?Ya, Juanito?

Juanito
(DOWN LEFT, IN SAME WHISPER)
!Ya, jefe!

Fernando

!Prenda la luz!

Juanito

...a ver donde está.

Fernando

(STARTS CRAWLING ALONG WALL UPSTAGE)

...a ver.

Both men can be seen crawling upstage along their respective walls feeling for light switch. Fernando st

Fernando

!Aquí está!...?Listo?...!Cuidado!

Fernando pulls switch and hurls himself to protect of desk (DR) and crouches facing downstage, covering hood with pistol. Juanito is stage left in similar crouch covering upstage area with pistol in left hand. He spins suddenly and kicks open bathroom door behind him, enters then steps out, holstering pistol. Fernando, also holstering pistol, stands erect, looking at corpse of Vargas. He shrugs, moves upstage, center, where Juanito joins him. They exchange mystified glances at the sight of the corpse of one priest and one nun. The second nun is nowhere to be seen.

Fernando

(SHAKING HEAD SADLY)

!Ay, qué lástima! (THEN BITTERLY,
GESTURING AT CORPSE OF VARGAS)
!Este cabrón tiene la culpa!

Juanito steps upstage left to the corpse of Sister Superior, which has fallen left of couch and upstage from cabinet. He kicks corpse maliciously. Fernando watches frowning, his eyes narrowing, but does not speak. Juanito turns, catches Fernando's eye, shrugs and grins malevolently but sheepishly. He cannot hold Fernando's stare, so he overturns coffee table upright and becomes businesslike.

Juanito

?Y ahora, jefe, qué hacemos?

Fernando
(INDICATING TOWER WITH CIRCULAR MOTION OF HAND)

Yo ocupo la torre. (GESTURES OFF-STAGE THROUGH WINDOW, UL) y tu te encargas de la terminal...pero, primero (INDICATING ALL THREE CORPSES) primero, manda sacar estos para afuera. (PAUSES, FIXES JUANITO WITH LONG STARE) y Juanito....

Juanito

?Si, jefe?

Fernando
(MAKES KICKING GESTURE WITH FOOT)

Ya nada de patadas, ?me oyes?

Juanito
(SHRUGS)

Si, jefe. (GOES TO PHONE, CALLS) Bueno, Sargento. Aquí estamos. Oiga, Sargento, manda unos elementos con camillas. Si, unos camilleros con tres camillas....
No. Muertos.

During the above, Fernando has rolled corpses of nun and priest over gently and placed rosaries on coffee table. He picks up passport of Father Echevarria and reads aloud.

Fernando
(READING)

'Antonio Echevarria y Aguirre...nació en España, mil ochocientos y ocho, en el pueblo de Guernica (INTERESTED) Nació en Guernica. Es vasco. (TURNS TO JUANITO) Es padre vasco, Juanito. Este pobre era vasco...de Guernica.

Juanito, who has been watching Fernando curiously, now shrugs, unseen by Fernando, to register 'Who cares?' As stretcher-bearers come through house from lobby, Fernando places passport on cabinet (DL) and salutes the corpse of the priest.

Fernando
(SALUTING)

Padre Echevarria. Yo siento mucho haberte matado, y te saludo por tu pueblo tan valiente, Guernica.

(AS CURTAIN FALLS)

While curtain is down, stretcher-bearers, led by Juanito, who is now carrying bullhorn, carry corpses through house to exit through lobby. As they pass down aisle, one bearer is heard to say: !Cuidado! !Se van a caer! To which another replies: ?Qué importa? !Están muertos! and entire group laughs.

ACT ONE

Scene Two

The curtain rises to the sound of plumbing noises from bathroom. The stage is empty and it is full of daylight. The furniture has been straightened and although bullet-holes are visible, the windows are miraculously unshattered.

Fernando's helmet is on coffee table, his garrison cap on top of cabinet (L) and his knapsack, open, on floor downstage in front of coffee table. There is a Pan-Am flight bag on floor under couch.

Fernando steps from bathroom (DL) buttoning shirt and adjusting green scarf at throat under open collar. He picks up shirt he has removed, and facing downstage, removes medal, which he shines briefly on soiled shirt. The medal is a gold Maltese cross suspended under gold bar, which he now pins on clean shirt. He turns upstage, notices flight bag, stoops to pick it up, placing soiled shirt on upstage end of cabinet as he does so. One sleeve of shirt hangs down far enough to cover slit and circular hole on door of compartment. He opens bag and removes breviary, which he scans briefly. He sets book on couch and removes cassock from bag which he holds up to shoulders, as though measuring it. It would apparently fit him. As he does this he grimaces, but his expression is only lugubrious, neither amused or mocking. He then replaces both breviary and cassock back in bag and carries it over to desk (R) where he picks up passport, opens it and glances at first page for moment, then places it also in bag, which he then brings to upstage side of cabinet and sets down next to wall.

He returns to bathroom, reaches in and retrieves gun and belt from what was apparently towel rack or wall hook. He crosses center, lays gun on coffee table, removes bottle from knapsack and sets it also on table. He then removes books from knapsack, which he stacks neatly on desk (R). There are eight of them. He picks up helmet and knapsack and tries to improvise pillow on couch with them. He rests thus, precariously and uncomfortably for a few seconds, then helmet slips from under knapsack and falls to the floor, stage left, and rolls toward cabinet with a clatter. The door of the upstage cabinet opens and Sister Bonaventure falls out to the floor in a dead faint. A revolver and a vial of pills fall out with her.

Fernando has reacted with incredible speed. He is on feet, gun in hand, covering her body almost before it hits the floor. He moves to her and rolls her form straight, sees large bloodstain on habit very low. He reaches under and feels her ankles, satisfies himself that it is not her blood, picks her up gently and places her on couch, head left. He sets pistol on cabinet next to garrison cap, picks up coffee cup and pours whiskey into it, then lifting her head, forces her to drink. She coughs, sputters, her eyes become wide, then close, then open again suddenly and her face assumes an expression of horror. She sits up and looks at Fernando.

Sister Bonaventure
(IN IRISH BROGUE)

Oh, you fiends! You've murdered Father
and Sister Superior....

Fernando
(HAND UP LIKE TRAFFIC COP)

Not murdered....

Bonaventure

Oh, God forgive you! (BURIES FACE IN HANDS)
Oh, God forgive you!

Fernando is uncomfortable as he watches her shoulders heave. He takes drink from bottle absently, then searches pocket for handkerchief, finds one, decides that it is too dirty and replaces it. He stands over her, makes hesitant gesture of patting her head but cowl of bonnet makes this action impossible. He stands uncertainly for a moment, then picks up vial of pills and gun and places them on cabinet. He picks up dirty shirt, closes door of compartment, carries shirt to bathroom and tosses it inside. While he is doing this, Sr. Bonaventure has looked up from under bonnet and is watching him intently. Her hands are clasped and her elbows are resting on her knees awkwardly.

Bonaventure

Who are you?

Fernando
(TURNS TOWARD HER AND QUESTION SEEMS TO
SURPRISE HIM)

Who...am I? ...Well, I am el coronel Fernando
Guardarrama y Lopes. (HE DIPS HEAD IN QUICK
BOW) A sus órdenes.

He pours a cup of coffee, brings it to coffee table, places it in front of her and starts to pour whiskey into it, but she covers cup with hand, shaking head vehemently.

Fernando
(AUTHORITATIVELY, PUSHING HAND FROM CUP)
Come on, Seester, you need!

Bonaventure
(DROPS HEAD IN LAP AS HE POURS THEN LOOKS UP AND TAKES CUP IN BOTH HANDS)
Oh, I'm sure God will forgive me at a time like this! (MAKES MOUÉ AS SHE DRINKS)

Fernando
Seester, what were you do' in this tower, you and the others?

Bonaventure
(SHE IS MORE COMPOSED BUT HER VOICE IS FLAT, LIFELESS)
Sister Superior and I came to meet Father Echevarria who flew down from Mexico, and Colonel Vargas brought us all up to the tower when your band of cut-throats attacked.

Fernando
(FROWNING)
We are not cut-throats...and this big hero, Vargas don't offer much protection. It was because of him that the others were kill'. We do not know who you are in the darkness, and we do not expect a priest or a nun. It is Vargas who was the cut-throat...one of El Bastón's professional cut-throats.

Bonaventure
El Bastón?

Fernando
El general Gonzales. He call himself 'President' but nobody elect him. We call him 'El Bastón' because he have the big stick over the people of Dondequiera for fifteen years. He is a criminal with bloody hands. (GESTURE OF DRIPPING HANDS)

Bonaventure
HEAD BACK IN HANDS)

Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone!

Fernando
(SHRUGS, THEN SIGHS)

Well, Seester, I got to get you some kind of safe-conduct back to...where do you come from and what is your name?

Bonaventure
I teach in the Academy of San Tomás in Las Milpas, a little town about twenty miles from here. My name is Sister Bonaventure.

Fernando
I know where is Las Milpas. (RUEFULLY) I was born in Las Milpas. (SHE LOOKS UP BUT HE CONTINUES) You are Seester Bonaventura? Mmmmm...Buena Ventura. That means 'Good Luck'...I thought you people do not believe in lock. (MAKES GESTURE TOWARD HEAVEN) I thought 'What's-His-Name' took care of you.

Bonaventure
(WITH FLASH OF FIRE)
Oh, 'What's-His-Name' is it?...It's a good job you can't remember His Holy Name or you'd be taking it in vain!

Fernando
(WEARILY)
Well, Seester Goodlock, I got to get you back to you mission. (GRINS SUDDENLY) You know, Seester, maybe you are Seester Goodlock back at the mission, but you are sure Seester Badlock to me...with you here it is like try' to fight the bull with a dozen of eggs in the other hand. (DEMONSTRATES WITH IMAGINARY SWORD, HOLDING LEFT HAND AWAY FROM BODY AWKWARDLY)

Fernando

You was with Abbey Theatre?
(ADMIRINGLY) Then you must be
good actress.

Bonaventure
(SURPRISED)

What do you know of the Abbey
Theatre?

Fernando

Oh, I know about the Abbey Theatre
(GESTURES VAGUELY TOWARDS BOOKS)
Also, I am actor. (HE GRINS BOYISHLY
AT LONG-FORGOTTEN MEMORY). I am what
you call the 'actorzuelo' the big
'ham.' (HE CHUCKLES BUT SHE NODS,
HAVING UNDERSTOOD THE TERM AND HER EYES
HAVE THE GHOST OF A TWINKLE) I was an
actor at the University. I do Hamlet,
Julius Caesar, many things. (GESTURES
TOWARDS BOOKS AGAIN) I learn English
from Shakespeare.

Bonaventure
(THERE IS A DEFINITE TWINKLE IN HER EYE NOW)

Oh, come now! You can't be laying the
blame on poor Shakespeare for your
English!

Fernando

Oh? (REALIZES WHAT SHE HAS SAID AND
LAUGHS IN GENUINE AMUSEMENT. SUDDENLY
THEY ARE BOTH LAUGHING, A LITTLE
NERVOUSLY AT FIRST) Okay, okay, Seester.
I don't blame Señor Shakespeare for my
English no more. Okay, little Badlock?
I forgive him for my English. Okay?

They chuckle almost happily for a few moments, but
mirth dissipates and atmosphere becomes even more oppressive
and they remain uncomfortably silent, until Fernando goes to
cabinet and picks up coffeepot. He sets it down and picks
up vial of pills and gun.

Fernando

Where did you got this gun?

Bonaventure

Colonel Vargas gave it to me...in
case...in case....

Fernando

(PURSES LIPS: SEES THAT SHE IS NOT GOING TO
FINISH)

And these pills? What are they for?
Are you sick?

Bonaventure

Father Echevarria gave them to Sister
Superior and me in case...in case...
your men tried to...tried to....

Fernando

Tried to rape you?

Bonaventure

Yes.

Fernando
(CURIOSLY)

And these pill'...what do they do?...
do they kill you?

Bonaventure

Maybe, if you take a lot of them. They
are a powerful sedative. One is enough.

Fernando

Enough? Enough for what? Enough so that
you don't feel nothing?...so that you are
unconscious?...so you make the man twice
as big animal?

Bonaventure
(SHOCKED)

Aaagh! You sound as though you approved
of rape!

Fernando

No, I don't approve. (GRINS MALICIOUSLY)
Besides, I don't want to have to fight
with a woman. (PAUSES, THEN BECOMES
THOUGHTFUL) No, little Badlock, I do not

Fernando

You was with Abbey Theatre?
(ADMIRINGLY) Then you must be
good actress.

Bonaventure
(SURPRISED)

What do you know of the Abbey
Theatre?

Fernando

Oh, I know about the Abbey Theatre
(GESTURES VAGUELY TOWARDS BOOKS)
Also, I am actor. (HE GRINS BOYISHLY
AT LONG-FORGOTTEN MEMORY). I am what
you call the 'actorzuelo' the big
'ham.' (HE CHUCKLES BUT SHE NODS,
HAVING UNDERSTOOD THE TERM AND HER EYES
HAVE THE GHOST OF A TWINKLE) I was an
actor at the University. I do Hamlet,
Julius Caesar, many things. (GESTURES
TOWARDS BOOKS AGAIN) I learn English
from Shakespeare.

Bonaventure
(THERE IS A DEFINITE TWINKLE IN HER EYE NOW)

Oh, come now! You can't be laying the
blame on poor Shakespeare for your
English!

Fernando

Oh? (REALIZES WHAT SHE HAS SAID AND
LAUGHS IN GENUINE AMUSEMENT. SUDDENLY
THEY ARE BOTH LAUGHING, A LITTLE
NERVOUSLY AT FIRST) Okay, okay, Seester.
I don't blame Señor Shakespeare for my
English no more. Okay, little Badlock?
I forgive him for my English. Okay?

They chuckle almost happily for a few moments, but
mirth dissipates and atmosphere becomes even more oppressive
and they remain uncomfortably silent, until Fernando goes to
cabinet and picks up coffeepot. He sets it down and picks
up vial of pills and gun.

Fernando

Where did you got this gun?

Bonaventure

Colonel Vargas gave it to me...in
case...in case....

Fernando

(PURSES LIPS: SEES THAT SHE IS NOT GOING TO
FINISH)

And these pills? What are they for?
Are you sick?

Bonaventure

Father Echevarria gave them to Sister
Superior and me in case...in case...
your men tried to...tried to....

Fernando

Tried to rape you?

Bonaventure

Yes.

Fernando
(CURIOSLY)

And these pill'...what do they do?...
do they kill you?

Bonaventure

Maybe, if you take a lot of them. They
are a powerful sedative. One is enough.

Fernando

Enough? Enough for what? Enough so that
you don't feel nothing?...so that you are
unconscious?...so you make the man twice
as big animal?

Bonaventure
(SHOCKED)

Aaagh! You sound as though you approved
of rape!

Fernando

No, I don't approve. (GRINS MALICIOUSLY)
Besides, I don't want to have to fight
with a woman. (PAUSES, THEN BECOMES
THOUGHTFUL) No, little Badlock, I do not

Fernando (cont.)

approve of rape, and I do not understand the man who like to rape ...but also I do not understand the woman who do not like to make love. Maybe one is the cause of the other... but I don't know which one... (ABRUPTLY) Look, little Badlock, you have this gun.. why you don't shoot me through your your little eye-hole?

Bonaventure
(INDIGNANTLY)

I am not a murderess, to be killing people...unless they were killing me or some defenseless person. But it's yourself that's the gun-man...why didn't you kill me like you did the others?

Fernando
(GRINS IN SILENCE FOR A MOMENT)

Maybe for all the same reasons.

He pours coffee, but stops, listening. Juanito has entered stage door from house and his footsteps can be heard on staircase. Fernando looks thoughtfully at Sister Bonaventure, then moves rapidly, gesturing her to cabinet and opening door. She enters without protest and closes door. He picks up pills and gun, opens cabinet door.

Fernando
(PROFERRING PILLS AND GUN)

Here, little Badlock, hide your pills... and here is your gun...if anybody try to rape you, you shoot him. (CHUCKLES) You shoot him where he can't rape nobody no more! (CLOSES DOOR, STILL CHUCKLING)

Juanito enters with packing lid serving as tray. He is very tired and yawns as he sets tray on cabinet over Bonaventure's hiding place.

Juanito

¡Hola, compadre! ¿Tienes hambre?

Fernando

¡Sí, Juanito. ¿Ya comiste tu?

16

Juanito

¡Sí...pues, ya mañana la capital, ¿verdad?

Fernando

Si, Juanito--con un poco de buena suerte. Oyes, compadre; tienes sueño. Echete un dormitazo. Hoy en las tarde tenemos consejo de guerra.

Juanito

(POURS FROM BOTTLE, DRINKS TOAST)

¡Viva la Revolución! ¡Mañana la capital!
(SALÓ: & CASUALLY) Si necesitas algo, háblame, jefecito.

Fernando

No, Juanito. Yo no necesito nada. Descánsate tú.

Juanito

Está bien. Adiós, jefe. Hasta la tarde.

Both

(ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY)

¡Viva la Revolución!

(EXIT JUANITO)

Fernando goes to cabinet, raps on door and picks up tray, carrying it to coffee table.

Fernando

Time to eat, little Badlock. (HE SITS AT EXTREME RIGHT OF COUCH-AS BONAVENTURE STEPS OUT OF CABINET. SHE STANDS AWKWARDLY IN FRONT OF IT FACING HIM. SHE HAS GUN AND PILLS IN CUPPED HANDS. HE GRIMACES AND INDICATES COUCH BESIDE HIM WITH GRAND GESTURE) Come just like you are, Seester--without the gun! (GRINS) This chicken already dead!

Bonaventure

(PLACES PILLS AND GUN ON CABINET BEHIND HER AND SITS ON EXTREME LEFT OF COUCH)

I can't eat chicken. Today is an Ember Day.

17

Fernando

Oh? And what is a...what did you say,
Nember Day?

Bonaventure

Ember Day. Certain days during Lent are
called meatless days, and I observe them.

Fernando

(FEIGNS SURPRISE AT SUCH INTERESTING INFORMATION)

Oh? I see. Some days you don't eat meat?
And today is one of those days? Well,
then I must run down to the sea and catch
you a big fish...it is only seventy
kilometers away!

Bonaventure shrugs and looks away. Fernando eats
chicken awkwardly but not sloppily, occasionally darting a
glance at her.

Fernando
(AT LENGTH)

Why does not What's-His-Name forgive
you for eat' a little meat? Why don't
he give you...a dispensation...for
emergency...for wartime?

Bonaventure
(HUFFILY)

This war is none of the Lord's doing!
This is your own madness! This is your
war!

Fernando
(SERIOUSLY)

It is not my war...it is the people's war.
(SUDDENLY VERY BITTER) Do you know that
for most of my people, every day is Ember
Day?

He nibbles on chicken leg for a few minutes silently,
glancing at her from time to time out of corner of eye. At
length he gets up, chicken leg in hand and crosses to phone
on desk (DR).

18

Fernando

(OVER SHOULDER, ON CROSS)

Well, if you think it is my war, I gonna
have to supply the fish.... You know,
little Badlock, I don't think my
muchachos got any fish.... (GRINS) But
maybe I make a miracle, like What's-His-
Name. (CALLS, SPEAKS INTO PHONE) ?Bueno,
sargento? Habla el coronel...digame...
por casualidad, ¿hay un pedacito de pescado
por allí?... Ay, qué bueno! ...Si, gracias
No, no es por eso.... Nada mas tengo ganas
de comer un poco de pescado.... Gracias,
sargento. Adios. (PUTS DOWN PHONE: REMAINS
STANDING AT DESK NIBBLING ON CHICKEN LEG, THEN
GRINS AT HER WITH EXAGGERATED SMUGNESS)
Maybe tomorrow, when we capture the National
Palace and I got a little time to myself, I
gonna learn to walk on the water....

Bonaventure

Aaagh, you're blasphemous!...and callous!

Fernando
(PONDERING WORD)

Callous? ...Mmmmm...callous is like
the blister on the foot? (BECOMES
THOUGHTFUL AS HE COMES TO WINDOW (DR),
AND PEERS OUT) ...Do you know why the
blister get...get the callous, little
Badlock? ...Because when something
hurt too bad, La Naturaleza, what you
call Mother Nature, make the callous so
you can stand the pain. Nobody is
born with callous.

Orderly comes through house carrying plate and enters
stage door. Fernando signals her to be quiet and steps out
door. Stage right. Both men's footsteps can be heard
on staircase and exchange is apparently made on first landing.
Fernando returns with plate and sets it on coffee table.

Fernando

19
¡Ay, carramba! That smell' good, little
Badlock. (GOES TO BATHROOM AND RETURNS
WITH SILVERWARE AND PAPER TOWELS) Be very
careful with the bones, little Badlock.

He pushed coffee table closer to her and they sit side by side. She crosses herself and says grace as he watches her from corner of eye. She is murmuring but she finishes more audibly.

Bonaventure

...about to receive through Christ our Lord, Amen.

Fernando
(AMUSED)

You want to thank somebody for that fish, I call my sergeant up here. (HE STOPS SMILING AND VOICE LOSES ITS HUMOR.) Next time you talk to What's-His-Name, you ask him why so many of my people are hungry...people who do not make war...people who starve because they don't got enough food...who I'm gonna thank for that!

Bonaventure
(AFTER SILENCE DURING WHICH SHE PICKS AT HER FOOD)

Why did you salute Father Echevarria's body?

Fernando

Because he was Spanish Basque priest and during the war in Spain...before you were born, little Badlock, the Basque priests stay' with their people and fight the fascists...and the Germans came and destroy' his home, the city of Guérnica. They make it flat (GESTURES) ...and then Franco kill many Basque priests when they are captured.... And then I kill him. Thirty years later I kill him, because of another fascist named Vargas. Is your god laugh at us, me and the little Basque priest? Does What's-His-Name play tricks on people?

She does not answer and they both pick at their food silently. Soldiers' voices can be heard singing off-stage and at back of house. (N.B. SEE SCORE AND SPANISH LYRICS ON PAGE 71)

20

Bonaventure

(AS MUSIC FADES. SHE HAS REACTED SLOWLY, BUT THE REALIZATION OF WHAT THE MELODY IS, IS SUDDEN AND VEHEMENT)

Why, that's the Soldiers' Song! Why, you've stolen the Soldiers' Song! That's the Irish Soldiers' Song!

Fernando

(HE HAS BEEN SINGING ALONG SOFTLY AND HE SAYS CALMLY)

No, little Badlock, we don't stolen it. We...we lend it...no, I mean, we borrow it. It is a very beautiful song from a very brave people. (HE LOOKS AT HER FOR A LONG TIME, THEN ASKS GENTLY) It make' you homesick, little Badlock?

Bonaventure
(HER EYES ARE WET)

No!...my duty is here!...and besides, there's more to Ireland than soldiers' songs and soldiers singing...there's love and friendship in Ireland, too... and there's a weird, lovable...and some of them are quite mad....

Fernando

...Yeah, little Badlock, we got some crazy ones, here, too....

Bonaventure

...and the lakes and the villages... and the soft mist in the mornings. (SHE BURIES HER FACE IN HER HANDS)

Fernando
(GENTLY)

Why did you left Ireland, if you love it so much?

Bonaventure
(MUFFLED, NOT LOOKING UP)

God called me to Him and I've never regretted it. I'll go where He sends me.

21

Fernando
(DIGESTS THIS WITH SYMPATHETIC
SMILE)

Hmmm...well, like my English teacher
always say to me (GESTURES TOWARD
BOOKS), 'Me think thou dot' protest
too much.' (BECOMES SERIOUS) You
know, little Badlock, nobody ever gonna
call me away from Dondequiera...unless
they exile me if I lose...and also, if
I am very lucky, because El Baston
rather send me al paredon. (GESTURES
WITH IMAGINARY RIFLE) ¡Pas! ¡Pas! *
...El Baston say over the radio that
he gonna make me the blindfold with my
green scarf and shoot me himself. (HE
TOUCHES SCARF) You know, little Badlock,
I think I show you a little secret.
(PHONE RINGS) Excuse me, little Badlock.
(GOES TO PHONE, ANSWERS) Si, Juanito.
?Quien?...Señor Prescott? (SHRUGS TO
INDICATE THAT NAME MEANS NOTHING TO
HIM) ...del Capley News Service?...
?y qué quiere?...?entrevista?
(ACQUIESCES RELUCTANTLY) Okay, Juanito,
dile que se suba. (HANGS UP, TURNS TO
BONAVENTURE) Do you mind to go back
in your little box again? I have to have
some entrevista...interview, with some
gringo, then I figure out some way to
get you safe-conduct back to your mission.
Maybe this gringo can help...but first
I find out about him.

Paul Prescott comes through house. He is wearing white
suit and carrying camera over shoulder. He is perspiring
and his collar is open. As he enters stage door and is
heard climbing staircase, Fernando is removing evidence of
two-plate meal as Bonaventure re-enters cabinet.

Fernando
(GOING TO DOOR AS PRESCOTT OPENS IT)
Pase Vd. Senor Prescott. Mucho gusto.
(THEY SHAKE HANDS) You like to sit
down?

Prescott
Well, well. 'The Man in the Green Scarf.'
The famous 'Pan-you-ello Verdy.' (SNAPS
QUICK PHOTO) You certainly don't look too
terrifying. (HE SMILES WITH INTENDED BONHOMIE
BUT THE EFFECT IS ONE OF CONTEMPT) 22

* Spanish onomatopoeia for 'BANG! BANG!'

Fernando
(UNCOMFORTABLE BUT COURTEOUS)

Well, maybe El Baston think I am
very terrifying...but what can I do
for you?

Prescott
(POINTING TO BOTTLE)

Well, for openers, you can offer
me a drink. I don't suppose you
have any women stashed around
here. (LEERS AND LAUGHS)
...then I'd like to ask you a few
questions...just a few facts...the
usual stuff.

Fernando
(POURING DRINK. EYES RISE)

The usual stuff? You have been to
many revolutions...to know what is
the usual stuff?

Prescott
Not revolutions...rebellions...
like the last three military coups
here in Dondequiera.

Fernando
Well, this one is going to be
different. This is no cuartelazo.

Prescott
No what?

Fernando
Cuartelazo. Golpe militar. Military
coup. You don't speak Spanish?
How long you are in Dondequiera?

Prescott
Oh, about five years, except for a
short time I was assigned to Saigon.
Oh, I can speak a little Spanish.
Un poquito. Enough to get by. Nearly
everybody I deal with here speaks
English. 23

Fernando
(FLAT, ALMOST INAUDIBLE VOICE)

The peasants and the miners don't speak English.

Prescott
(IGNORING THIS)

Why do you say 'This one is going to be different?'

Fernando

Because this time the people of Dondequiera are revolting. This time El Baston can't take a bunch of ambitious generals out and shoot them against the wall. This time, he have a peoples' revolution on his hands...his bloody hands.

Prescott
(SHRUGS)

Well, I hope the people know they have a revolution going for them ...in case you find yourself against a wall...all by your lonesome. (AT DESK) Are these your books?

Fernando
(DRINKS, FROWNING AT PRESCOTT OVER GLASS)

Si.

Prescott
(READS TITLE ALOUD GLANCING AT FERNANDO AT EACH TITLE)

'The Complete Works of William Shakespeare,'
'The history of the American Revolution,'
'The History of the Russian Revolution,'
'The History of the Irish Rebellion,' 'The Spanish Civil war,' 'Guerrilla Warfare,'
by Che Guevara, 'Das Kapital' and
'Thoughts of Chairman Mao.' Hmrrrrrrrr.
All best-sellers. No Bible?

Fernando

El Bastón keep the Bible. He thinks he wrote it.

24

Prescott

Well, that's some library. I think I'll call this story: 'An Interview with Greenscarf, the Compleat Revolutionary.' Do you buy your scarves at Abercrombie and Fitch?

Fernando
(PUZZLED)

Abercrombie and Feetch?

Prescott
(LAUGHS)

Never mind. Why do you wear the green scarf? And where are your insignia of rank?

Fernando

We throw away our insignia of rank. They are El Bastón's insignia of rank...we are a people's army. I wear the green scarf for...good luck.

Prescott

Well, if I mention your library, Washington will probably blow the whistle on your little carnival. And that number about a 'People's Army' makes them nervous, too.

Fernando

Why is somebody in Washington worry about what I read? ...well, I don't care what you write...just say that I am a student of history.

Prescott
(LAUGHS IN GENUINE AMUSEMENT)

You gotta be kidding, dad. If I said 'The rebel leader described himself as a student of history,' the State Department would really shit!

25

Fernando
(PATIENCE THIN, HE MANOEUVERS PRESCOTT
TO DOOR)

Look, Senor Prescott. Why you don't
come back when we get more settle'
here? Then you can talk to Captain
Garcia, my adjutant. He is also my
press officer. He will be glad to talk
to you. He talk to you all night.
Juanito, you can't shut him up, but
you can't see him now--he have to sleep.

Prescott
(FINISHES DRINK AS HE IS LED TO DOOR)
Well, all right, Pan-you-ello Verdy, I'll
be back and I hope your Captain Garcia
is more cooperative than you've been.
(HIS VOICE HOLDS VAGUE THREAT) Thanks
for the drink.

As Prescott exits down stairs and out through house,
Fernando fumbles with books, preoccupied, then lets
Bonaventure out of cabinet. She sits on sofa and pours
coffee.

Fernando
(IRRITABLY)

Do you hear that idiota, little Badlock?
He talk to me like I was a baby...he
think that the tragedy of my country is
like a bullfight or a football game...
he take pictures and interview the
players, but he don't feel nothing...I
like to hit him in the mouth.

Bonaventure

I thought you were going to. He was
arrogant, wasn't he? I think you showed
admirable restraint.

Fernando
(PUZZLED)

Admiral what? Admiral Who?

Bonaventure

Admirable restraint. It means, well,
it's the kind of thing a drama critic
says...or they say that an actor's
performance was 'adequate.'

26

Fernando
(GRINS COMPREHENDINGLY)

Well, I wish I don't show such
admirable restraint. I wish I
throw him down the stairs. Well,
Juanito can take care of him.
Juanito is a good talker, but he
can also throw him down the stairs.

Bonaventure

So Juanito has the gift of the gab?

Fernando
(PLEASED AT IDIOM)

'The gift of the gab'? I don't see
that in Shakespeare. Is this more
drama critic talk?

Bonaventure

No, it's an Irish expression. It
means to be a good talker. (PAUSE,
THEN ABRUPTLY) Why don't you trust
Juanito?

Fernando
(FROWNS)

I don't say I don't trust him. I say
he have the gift of the gab.

Bonaventure

Oh, I didn't mean that...I mean that
it's obvious that you don't trust him.

Fernando

What do you mean 'obvious'? I trust
him with my life...I save his life
once...that's where I got this medal.
(TOUCHES IT)

Bonaventure
(INTERESTED BUT SEES THAT HE IS NOT GOING TO CONTINUE)

Is that the only medal you have, and
you a colonel?

27

Fernando

Oh, I have a lot of medal', but they are for stupid things...so I throw them away when I revolt...but this one I keep. It is called 'La Cruz del Buen Compañero,' they give you when you save the life of another soldier.

Bonaventure

Tell me about it...why you kept this one and threw the others away.

Fernando

I kept this one because I was brave.

Bonaventure
(DARTS SIDELONG GLANCE)

Oh?

Fernando

You think I have big head, little Badlock? No, I don't need somebody to tell me when I am coward and when I am brave. I don't have to keep' ask What's-His-Name about everything I do.... Do you know, little Badlock, sometimes I get medal for be' a coward.

Bonaventure

How did you save his life?

Fernando

One time we are have' war training and a tank get on fire, and I hear somebody scream...and I am afraid...when I am a little boy and all my life I am afraid of fire...when I am young and sometimes since, I have...what you say...pesadillas.
(LOOKS TO HER FOR TRANSLATION)

Bonaventure

Nightmares.

Fernando

Yes, nightmares about being in fire, but there was nobody else close enough to help, so I go in and pull him out. We are both burned, but now he follow me around like a poppy dog, so I make him my adjutant.

Bonaventure

But why don't you trust him?

Fernando

(GETS UP, TAKES DRINK, LOOKS AT HER QUIZZICALLY)

Tell me, little Badlock, why do you keep say' that I don't trust Juanito?

Bonaventure

Well for one thing, you didn't tell him I was here.

Fernando

(LOOKS AT HER FOR LONG TIME, THEN SUDDENLY GRINS APPRECIATIVELY)

You know, little Badlock, you too smart to be a seester...you should be in some other business. No, you are right, maybe. Juanito is very young and he have a lot of foolish ideas that will go away when he is older, but he is going to be O.K. I am going to teach him the difference between right and wrong.

Bonaventure

(ROLLS EYES HEAVENWARD)

Oh, God save us all if you're going to teach him the difference between right and wrong!

Fernando

(THROWS HANDS UP IN GESTURE OF MOCK FUTILITY)

Now, you see, little Badlock, you going to argue with me. We start to get along fine. We almost become friends.

Bonaventure

29 (GOES TO CABINET, POURS COFFEE: STANDS WITH BACK TO HIM)

How did...why did...when did you decide to revolt?

Fernando

Oh, one morning...one morning about three o'clock, I was lay awake...I lay awake often to think...then one morning I get up and look in the glass, and I say, 'Fernando Guardarrama, you are a good actor...you act like a good soldier...you get medal' and promotion...if somebody was watch' you they say that you play good role of soldier...but do you know, Fernando, that nobody is watch you but Fernando Guardarrama, and you don't fool him. He don't like the role you are playing...you are play' the role of a brute, and the people of Dondequiera don't need no more brutes...they need a friend and a leader, a leader with pechuga with what you say guts'... so I look all around, and I look inside of me, to see if I have enough courage...and I don't know the answer to that question even now, but there was nobody else... (HIS VOICE TRAILS OFF)

Bonaventure

What did...what did you do first?

Fernando

Well, first I find out...no, no, first (GRINS, POINTS TO CHEST), first, I throw all my medals away except this one...then I call Juanito and tell him what I'm gonna do. He don't understand, but he want to come with me...then I find out how many men I can trust.... I already know pretty good because I serve with them, and I know who are the brutes and who are the good men...Juanito, he is full of glory but he is good in the battle problems and he do what I tell him...but, like I say, he have a lot to learn, because he think that the miners and the peasants are scum.

Bonaventure

Do you think you stand a chance to win?

Fernando

(SHUDDERS, AS WITH COLD)

Brrr. I have to win, or El Bastón slaughter us all like sheeps. (HE IS SILENT A MOMENT, THEN TURNS TO HER) I guess you don't understand, little Badlock, why a man do something because he feel that he must do it... because it is his...his destino... his destiny...and that he feel inside that he don't really got no choice... that somebody else chose him to do it?

Bonaventure

No, I don't...(HESITATES)...well, maybe I do understand a little bit. (GOES TO SOFA AND SITS)...maybe I understand better than you think.

Fernando

So, today we have come very far, but tomorrow we must attack the capital; and capture the national palace...and El Bastón going to fight very hard.

Bonaventure

And if you lose, you'll be executed, and if you win, you'll be fighting among yourselves like Kilkenny cats. What was that someone said about it-- 'Revolution devours its own young, its own children'?

Fernando

'La Revolución devora a sus hijos.' (GRINS) Well, little Badlock, this revolution not going to eat its own children. We gonna eat El Bastón on a big Ember Day! (PHONE RINGS) Maybe this is What's-His-Name. Maybe he call up to tell you not to associate with me. (CROSSES, PICKS UP PHONE) ?Bueno?...si, Juanito...? Conchita? ...?Ay, que milagro!... !Dile que se suba! Adios. (TURNS TO BONAVENTURE) Little Badlock, I gonna ask you to go back into your little box.... My girlfriend come all the way through the lines to see me...tiene mucha pechuga.... (ROLLS EYES) !Ay, que pechuga tiene!

ACT TWO

Scene One

He leads her to cabinet which she enters with reluctant docility. She does not speak, but her expression is one of distaste. Conchita, seductive even in military blouse and skirt undulates down aisle, left, carrying portable transistor. She enters stage door and radio can be heard ascending staircase. She enters stage right and Fernando greets her with passionate kiss. She tunes radio to loud cha-cha-cha, which makes dialogue inaudible, and rest of scene is in lip-moving mime.

She moves around tower, apparently chattering animatedly and incessantly, handling books, bottle, gun, etc..as Fernando makes himself comfortable with knapsack and pillow on couch, facing left, and lights cigarette, beaming on her fondly.

She moves to Fernando on couch and puts arms around him, kissing him. As she snuggles close, Fernando makes Latin gesture of 'What can I do?' for the benefit of Sister Bonaventure, over Conchita's shoulder. Conchita kicks off her shoes and kisses him more passionately. She gets up and goes toward bath-room removing bandolier and shirt. As she steps into bath-room, Fernando raises himself up on couch and makes broad gesture of closing eyes with both hands, indicating to her that she should close hers, as

CURTAIN FALLS ON ACT ONE.

Just before curtain rises, Conchita is seen to exit tower through house, her transistor still playing. As curtain rises, Fernando is standing down right, watching Conchita depart through presumed window. As she approaches back of house, she turns and waves at tower. Fernando is also waving and blowing a kiss but both gestures are slow and broad, since they are now quite distant and neither is even certain that the other can see them.

Fernando then crosses slowly, opens cabinet door and passes up center to desk, where he can be seen, facing down-stage, occupied with tinfoil and scissors which he has taken from desk. After a long moment, he glances at cabinet, since Bonaventure has made no move to come out. He continues to clip tinfoil, one eye cocked at cabinet door. At length Bonaventure emerges slowly like a turtle, pivoting until she sees Fernando, then steps out and goes to couch and looks at it for a moment, hesitantly, then crosses to leather chair (RC). Fernando drops tinfoil, but retaining scissors, comes down rapidly to move leather chair closer to stage center. His voice is a warning hiss.

Fernando

Stay away from window so nobody can see you!

She sits on chair where he has placed it, facing house at angle. Fernando returns to desk, up center, and is out of range of her vision because of cowl of bonnet. She sits silently, her face impassive. Fernando, behind her, facing house, has resumed clipping tinfoil, glancing at her from time to time, waiting for her to speak.

Fernando
AT LENGTH, CASUALLY)

You very very quiet, little Badlock. A little while ago, you have awful big gift of the gab.

Bonaventure
(THIN-LIPPED)

I suppose you're proud of that disgraceful performance!

Fernando
(CALMLY)

No, little Badlock, I not proud of my performance (LOOKS AT HER BACK, EYES TWINKLING)...but, maybe, like the drama critics say, I think my performance was adequate.

Bonaventure

Aaaagh, you're an animal! As my father used to say, 'What do you expect from a pig but a grunt?'

Fernando
(SERIOUSLY)

No, little Badlock, I am not an animal. That is the mistake that El Baston make about my people, to think that they are all animals... (POINTS FINGER AT HER BACK) Do you know, one time in the American Continental Congress, some guy was talk' about all the things he own, and he say' that his orchards, his cattle and his slaves, was all the same kind of property, and Benjamin Franklin say' to this idiot, 'Tell me, sir, do you ever hear of an insurrection of cows?' (SIGHS AS HIS VOICE SOFTENS) No, little Badlock I am not an animal, also I am not an angel!

Bonaventure

Hah! No truer word than that was ever spoken! I am going to pray that the Lord will forgive you!

Fernando
(HOLDING UP HANDIWORK WHICH SHE CANNOT SEE.
IT IS A TINFOIL STAR)

How come you always so sure What's-His-Name gonna forgive you, but when it come to me, I got to have you for a lawyer. You got This Guy hypnotize'? (HE CLIPS ONE MORE ROUGH EDGE FROM THE STAR) You know, little Badlock, I guess What's-His-Name don't have too much on His mind to worry about, if He got time to watch what me and Conchita

Fernando (cont.)

are doing, and to see that you don't eat no meat on Ember Day.

Bonaventure

Ah, you're a difficult case. You are incorrigible! But He's a loving God and there's hope even for the likes of you!

Fernando
(SOFTLY)

You know, little Badlock, I think maybe What's-His-Name love you the way you love Him...but I don't think He love revolutionaries (HIS VOICE HARDENS) or He don't make it so hard for us all the time. Here in Dondequiera, His church is always on the side of the big fat ones, the rich people. El Baston and the bishop are just like this. (MAKES GESTURE OF CLOSENESS WITH FOREFINGERS)

Sister Bonaventure falls silent as Fernando comes down left and pastes tinfoil star to door of cabinet in which she has been hiding. She watches curiously as he smooths it and steps back to admire it.

Bonaventure
(UNABLE TO RESTRAIN CURIOSITY)

What in heaven's name kind of nonsense is that?

Fernando
(CASUALLY)

Oh, I make you a star for your performance when Conchita was here...you show admirable restraint.

Bonaventure
(ROLLING EYES TO HEAVEN)

Oh, you are incorrigible! (LEANS FORWARD IN SHAME SO FACE IS NOT VISIBLE)...and I know you prolonged that disgusting episode just to make me uncomfortable!

Fernando
(WITH EVIL GRIN)

Oh, no, little Badlock, I don't prolonged it on account of you ...it's just that I'm past forty. (GATHERS UP REMNANTS OF CLIPPINGS AND THROWS THEM IN BASKET, LOOKS AT HER BACK FOR LONG MOMENT, THEN SLOWLY AND INSINUATINGLY) Besides, little Badlock, how do you know how long it supposed to take?

Bonaventure

Oh, you are a fiend! (GETS UP, FUMBLES WITH COFFEEPOT, POURS CUP WHICH OVERFLOWS, THEN AFTER REGAINING COMPOSURE, SAYS, RESIGNEDLY) Oh, well, everyone has a cross to bear, and I suppose you are mine.

Fernando
(IN EXASPERATION)

I...I...I am your cross?What do you think you are to me?...You are my cross!...I don't come into your church and interfere with your revolution!

He crosses to bathroom rubbing paste from fingers. She sits silently, her face blank. Juanito and Prescott enter through house. They have been drinking and are moving erratically, laughing. As they enter stage door, they are singing 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow,' and as they ascend, Juanito can be heard teaching Prescott Spanish lyrics, 'El es Buen Companero.'

Fernando comes out of bathroom drying hands and stops, listening. He gestures toward cabinet door for her benefit, then crosses right to tower door and opens it. He steps out on landing and Bonaventure enters cabinet. She touches star and is forced to cover mouth with hand to stifle smile.

Fernando can be heard to say, 'Hola, Juanito,' and all three enter. Phone rings as Juanito and Prescott sit heavily at desk, right. Fernando answers extension at other desk, up center.

Fernando
(INTO PHONE)

!Bueno!...!Si!...!Si!...?Paracaidistas?...?Gringos?...?Cuantos? ?Donde?...?A diez kilometros?... !Oiga, teniente Mendoza, ordene a los muchachos que no abran fuego.... Si, para no darles pretexto para atacarnos.... !Si!...Ya voy.

Fernando (cont.)

(HANGS UP, TURNS TO PRESCOTT) Your paisanos just drop some parachute troops outside the lines--what do you know about that, Senor Prescott? I have to go and be sure that my men do not open fire and give them an excuse to wipe us out! (BITTERLY) I wish George Washington was still president of your country. He know which side to be on!

Prescott
(GIGGLING DRUNKENLY)

George Who?

Fernando throws him a look of disgust as he hastens to retrieve helmet which has remained on floor since Act 1, Scene 2. As he stoops to pick it up, he makes finger-over-lips gesture to Bonaventure's peephole. He crosses, adjusts helmet as Juanito staggers to his feet.

Juanito

?Voy contigo, jefe?

Fernando

No, Juanito, quédate tú, aquí.
(INDICATES PRESCOTT WITH EYES)
...y acéchalos como gavilán! (EXITS)

Fernando moves downstairs and through house at gait that is nearly a dog-trot. Prescott has picked up bottle and is measuring contents owlshly. Juanito has gone to bathroom and returns as sound of flushing can be heard; he crosses to leather chair, moves it so it is now facing stage right; sits and puts feet on desk (DR).

(In ensuing scene, it is difficult to believe that any thing really sinister can result, since both men are drunk the language barrier is tremendous, Prescott's English being most colloquial, and Juanito's being skeletal at best. The scene must not be played as pure comedy, but not so heavily that it dissipates the shock of its culmination.)

Prescott
(UP-ENDS BOTTLE, DRAINING IT)

Well, the marines have landed...gotta hide the whiskey. (BLINKS) Hey, you know, Juanito, there better be some more whiskey to hide. (GETS UP TO LOOK)

Fernando
(CALMLY)

No, little Badlock, I not proud of my performance (LOOKS AT HER BACK, EYES TWINKLING)...but, maybe, like the drama critics say, I think my performance was adequate.

Bonaventure

Aaaagh, you're an animal! As my father used to say, 'What do you expect from a pig but a grunt?'

Fernando
(SERIOUSLY)

No, little Badlock, I am not an animal. That is the mistake that El Baston make about my people, to think that they are all animals... (POINTS FINGER AT HER BACK) *Do* you know, one time in the American Continental Congress, some guy was talk' about all the things he own, and he say' that his orchards, his cattle and his slaves, was all the same kind of property, and Benjamin Franklin say' to this idiot, 'Tell me, sir, do you ever hear of an insurrection of cows?' (SIGHS AS HIS VOICE SOFTENS) No, little Badlock I am not an animal, also I am not an angel!

Bonaventure

Hah! No truer word than that was ever spoken! I am going to pray that the Lord will forgive you!

Fernando
(HOLDING UP HANDIWORK WHICH SHE CANNOT SEE. IT IS A TINFOIL STAR)

How come you always so sure What's-His-Name gonna forgive you, but when it come to me, I got to have you for a lawyer. You got This Guy hypnotize'? (HE CLIPS ONE MORE ROUGH EDGE FROM THE STAR) You know, little Badlock, I guess What's-His-Name don't have too much on His mind to worry about, if He got time to watch what me and Conchita

Fernando (cont.)

are doing, and to see that you don't eat no meat on Ember Day.

Bonaventure

Ah, you're a difficult case. You are incorrigible! But He's a loving God and there's hope even for the likes of you!

Fernando
(SOFTLY)

You know, little Badlock, I think maybe What's-His-Name love you the way you love Him...but I don't think He love revolutionaries (HIS VOICE HARDENS) or He don't make it so hard for us all the time. Here in Dondequiera, His church is always on the side of the big fat ones, the rich people. El Baston and the bishop are just like this. (MAKES GESTURE OF CLOSENESS WITH FOREFINGERS)

Sister Bonaventure falls silent as Fernando comes down left and pastes tinfoil star to door of cabinet in which she has been hiding. She watches curiously as he smooths it and steps back to admire it.

Bonaventure
(UNABLE TO RESTRAIN CURIOSITY)

What in heaven's name kind of nonsense is that?

Fernando
(CASUALLY)

Oh, I make you a star for your performance when Conchita was here ...you show admirable restraint.

Bonaventure
(ROLLING EYES TO HEAVEN)

Oh, you are incorrigible! (LEANS FORWARD IN SHAME SO FACE IS NOT VISIBLE)...and I know you prolonged that disgusting episode just to make me uncomfortable!

Fernando
(WITH EVIL GRIN)

Oh, no, little Badlock, I don't prolonged it on account of you ...it's just that I'm past forty. (GATHERS UP REMNANTS OF CLIPPINGS AND THROWS THEM IN BASKET, LOOKS AT HER BACK FOR LONG MOMENT, THEN SLOWLY AND INSINUATINGLY) Besides, little Badlock, how do you know how long it supposed to take?

Bonaventure

Oh, you are a fiend! (GETS UP, FUMBLES WITH COFFEEPOT, POURS CUP WHICH OVERFLOWS, THEN AFTER REGAINING COMPOSURE, SAYS, RESIGNEDLY) Oh, well, everyone has a cross to bear, and I suppose you are mine.

Fernando
(IN EXASPERATION)

I...I...I am your cross?What do you think you are to me?...You are my cross!...I don't come into your church and interfere with your revolution!

He crosses to bathroom rubbing paste from fingers. She sits silently, her face blank. Juanito and Prescott enter through house. They have been drinking and are moving erratically, laughing. As they enter stage door, they are singing 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow,' and as they ascend, Juanito can be heard teaching Prescott Spanish lyrics, 'El es Buen Companero.'

Fernando comes out of bathroom drying hands and stops, listening. He gestures toward cabinet door for her benefit, then crosses right to tower door and opens it. He steps out on landing and Bonaventure enters cabinet. She touches star and is forced to cover mouth with hand to stifle smile.

Fernando can be heard to say, 'Hola, Juanito,' and all three enter. Phone rings as Juanito and Prescott sit heavily at desk, right. Fernando answers extension at other desk, up center.

Fernando
(INTO PHONE)

!Bueno!...!Si!...!Si!...?Paracaidistas?...?Gringos?...?Cuantos? ?Donde?...?A diez kilometros?... !Oiga, teniente Mendoza, ordene a los muchachos que no abran fuego.... Si, para no darles pretexto para atacarnos.... !Si!...Ya voy.

Fernando (cont.)

(HANGS UP, TURNS TO PRESCOTT) Your paisanos just drop some parachute troops outside the lines--what do you know about that, Senor Prescott? I have to go and be sure that my men do not open fire and give them an excuse to wipe us out! (BITTERLY) I wish George Washington was still president of your country. He know which side to be on!

Prescott
(GIGGLING DRUNKENLY)

George Who?

Fernando throws him a look of disgust as he hastens to retrieve helmet which has remained on floor since Act 1, Scene 2. As he stoops to pick it up, he makes finger-over-lips gesture to Bonaventure's peephole. He crosses, adjusts helmet as Juanito staggers to his feet.

Juanito

?Voy contigo, jefe?

Fernando

No, Juanito, quédate tú, aquí.
(INDICATES PRESCOTT WITH EYES)
...y acéchalos como gavilán! (EXITS)

Fernando moves downstairs and through house at gait that is nearly a dog-trot. Prescott has picked up bottle and is measuring contents owlshly. Juanito has gone to bathroom and returns as sound of flushing can be heard; he crosses to leather chair, moves it so it is now facing stage right; sits and puts feet on desk (DR).

(In ensuing scene, it is difficult to believe that anything really sinister can result, since both men are drunk the language barrier is tremendous, Prescott's English being most colloquial, and Juanito's being skeletal at best. The scene must not be played as pure comedy, but not so heavily that it dissipates the shock of its culmination.)

Prescott
(UP-ENDS BOTTLE, DRAINING IT)

Well, the marines have landed...gotta hide the whiskey. (BLINKS) Hey, you know, Juanito, there better be some more whiskey to hide. (GETS UP TO LOOK)

Juanito
(ALSO GETTING UP)

Si, Pablo. It is our mi-li-ta-ry duty to prevent supply from fall' in hands of enemy.... Hey, Pablo, these Marine', they not gonna be enemy, no?

Prescott
(OPENING DESK DRAWERS)

Hey, this is a helluva way to run a revolution...no whiskey. (LOOKS AT JUANITO) The Marines?... I don't know what their orders are...but Marines never stay neutral long...especially if they get their meat-hooks on a whiskey stash!

Both men are moving around, rummaging. Juanito opens net doors, starting from downstage side, but at moment reaches door of Bonaventure's cabinet, Prescott cries: "BER!" and emerges from bottom of (UC) desk drawer a bottle in each hand. Juanito abandons search and goes to (DR) desk, as does Prescott. Both sit, Juanito in leather chair, and each has bottle in front of him.

Prescott
(TAKES DRINK, LEANS ACROSS DESK CONFIDENTIALLY)

Juanito, what did old Greenscarf say about a 'hawk' when he took off just now?

Juanito
(HESITATES, THEN GRINS)

You understand 'gavilán,' ?verdad?
He tell me to watch you like a hawk.

Prescott

Oh, he did, did he? Well, like I was telling you down in the terminal, you better watch him like a hawk (WAGS FINGER) or he's liable to lead this whole circus into Red square or the Peking Cow Palace. Where did he say he was going when he left?

Juanito

He going to cheer up the boys...make sure they don't fire on the gringos until he find out what they gonna do.

Prescott

Old pan-you-ello Verdy...the Compleat Revolutionary...the Man of the Hournow he's gotta go and stick his finger in the dyke. (LAUGHS AT SUDDEN THOUGHT) Man, he better not ever go into one of those joints in San Francisco and try to stick his finger in a dyke.....they'll clobber him! (CHUCKLES AT OWN HUMOR)

Juanito

Tell me, Pablo, why do you keep say' that Fernando is a communist?

Prescott
(WITH DRUNKEN CONFIDENCE)

Well maybe he doesn't carry a card.... but he sure smells like one to medo you see the crap he reads?

Juanito

Well, even if he turn out to be a communist...then we don't let him rule the country....we get rid of him.

Prescott

Then it'll be too late....once the commies get on top you can't shake them loose....anyway, unless I miss my guess, the Marines are going to have something to say about it.

Juanito

You mean they would fight on the side of El Bastón?

Prescott

It all depends....El Bastón is about washed up...and somebody's gonna take over, but I don't think the U.S. is gonna hold still for old Kelly with the green necktie.... (CHUCKLES, SINGS) 'Anybody here seen Kelly, Kelly with the green necktie. (FINISHES ON NASAL BARBER SHOP NOTE) That old necktie.....

Juanito

Why they not gonna hold still?...They think they gonna pick somebody? (STANDS UP)

Prescott

Now, sit down, Juanito....Sit down, goddammit!...I'm gonna tell you about the birds and bees (JUANITO SITS AND TAKES DRINK FROM BOTTLE)....now listen, ...Old Big Daddy's gotta lotta loot invested down here....but now, understand, he doesn't mind giving somebody a piece of the action for minding the store...El Bastón did a good job for a long time but he's losin' his grip.... and Big Daddy's about reconciled to getting himself a new boy....but I don't think old Greenscarf's the logical contender for the title (CONFIDENTIALLY) I filed a story this morning giving my opinion of Fernando's politics.

Juanito

They listen to your opinion in Washington?

Prescott

In Washington, you can't always tell... you know, Juanito, I sometimes get the feeling they don't even listen to each other.

Juanito

What do you think they gonna do, the Marines?

Prescott

Well, right now they're waiting for somebody in the Government Printing Office to send them a program so they can tell the Good Guys from the Bad Guys....You know, Juanito, if you were the Top Banana here it would make all the difference in the world.

Juanito

Top Banana?

Prescott

Yeah, if you were in charge of this clambake, instead of Guardarrama.

Juanito

How I'm gonna be Top Banana?.....Fernando ain't gonna resign.

Prescott

Well, that's your problem....anyhow it would change the whole picture.... how old are you, Juanito?

Juanito

Thirty-two. Why?

Prescott

Because there's a saying around Washington, 'Never trust anyone under thirty'.....so you're under the wire.

Juanito

What wire?

Prescott

I mean, you qualify. It's too bad you're not running this rodeo.

Juanito

? A lo macho?

Prescott

Olló Motcho? What do you mean 'Olló motcho'?

Juanito

I mean, are you talk' to me, man to man?...are you tell' me the truth?

Prescott (WETS THUMB, CROSSES HEART IN EXAGGERATED GESTURE)

Olló motcho, Juanito.

Juanito

This is crazy....the only way Fernando gonna step down is somebody shoot him....then they gotta shoot him in the back....because he is muy...muy vivo he very smart. (SHAKES HEAD)

Prescott

Well, I'm just a broken-down newspaper-man, I'm not gonna tell you how to run your revolution, but don't say I didn't warn you...(POINTING) Hey, what the hell is that star doing there?....it wasn't there this morning...do you suppose old Greenscarf freaked out and now he's cutting out paper dolls?

Juanito

(SWIVELS AROUND TO LOOK)

I don't know. I don't see no star before either...maybe he use for target practice. (KNEELS UP IN CHAIR FACING CABINET AND DRAWS BEAD WITH PISTOL) I bet you I can shoot six bullets into that star. Right in middle.

Prescott

Ollo Motcho?

Juanito

Si. Si. A lo macho. (TAKES AIM) You want to make bet?

Prescott

Not me. When I was a kid in East St. Louis, I learned three lessons. One: Never bet on anything against a southpaw. Two: Never play poker with a guy who wears dark glasses, and three, never gamble with revolutionaries named Garcia.....and besides, Juanito, baby, if you start shooting up Fernando's tower, he's liable to come down and shoot up your terminal, and that's gonna impede your war effort. 42

Juanito
(CHANGING HANDS)

I shoot right hand and put six bullets. You afraid to bet. You coward. (PUTS GUN AWAY)

Prescott

I only bet on aces, straights and cinches, and I wouldn't bet three bottle tops on your revolution, unless you dump old Greenscarf,....he'll dump you if he comes to power,....if you don't like vodka...(BECOMES SILENT, THEN RISES SLOWLY TO FEET)..Man, I gotta go, Juanito.....I'm getting pretty stoned. (TAKES LONG DRINK, FIXES EYES ON JUANITO) Look, Juanito, baby, if there's any... changes in personnel, any...sudden shifts in the table of organization....just, lemme see, I got an idea....just flip that mike switch over there and just whistle into the mike...it'll just sound like feed-back but I'll get up here on the double and get a few pictures and the story....you'll need all the favorable publicity you can get.

Juanito
(GRINS VAPIDLY)

Pablo, I don't understand what you talking about. (TAKES ANOTHER DRINK. LOOKS AT PRESCOTT FOR LONG TIME) Pablo, are you talk' to me a lo macho?

Prescott
(WITH DRUNKEN EMPHASIS)

Ol-lo motch-o! (POINTS TO MICROPHONE, PURSES LIPS TO WHISTLE BUT CAN EXPEL ONLY AIR)

Juanito
(TRIES TO WHISTLE, BUT WITH SAME RESULT BOTH MEN GIGGLE DRUNKENLY)

O.K. Pablo. A lo macho.

Prescott (ON EXIT)

43 Ol-lo motch-o (CAN BE HEARD ON STAIRS SINGING "Ollo motch-o" TO THE TUNE OF

Prescott (cont.)

"ALOUETTE." AS HE ENTERS HOUSE FROM STAGE DOOR, HE IS SINGING, TO THE SAME MELODY "Pan-you-ello Verdy." HE FALLS HEADLONG INTO AISLE) Goddammit, Prescott, you don't listen. They told you that first step was a son-of-a-bitch! (LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY) Ollo motcho, Prescott, next time you'll listen. (GETS TO FEET, BRUSHES HIMSELF OFF AND STUMBLES THROUGH HOUSE TO EXIT SINGING: Anybody here see Verdy, the commie with the green necktie.)

On Prescott's exit, Juanito has taken drink from bottle and settled himself comfortably in chair, facing stage right with feet on desk (DR) as CURTAIN FALLS on Scene One, Act Two.

ACT TWO

Scene Two

As curtain rises, we find Juanito in same position, snoring. It is dark, but thin shaft of light from bathroom, where door is ajar, illuminates cabinets, stage left. We see the door of Sr. Bonaventure's cabinet open and tinfoil star picks up light. Juanito stirs; his feet fall from desk and cabinet door closes instantly.

Juanito begins to snore again, his feet back on desk, and cabinet door opens again and remains open. Sr. Bonaventure peeks out and surveys scene for long moment, then darts rapidly at a crouch to bathroom, closing door behind her, leaving stage in darkness.

There is enough diffused light for us to see Juanito stir and his feet slip from desk, awaking him. He stands up, stretches, takes long drink from bottle and sits down again. He murmurs tuneless snatch of 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow,' puts feet back on desk, and is shortly snoring again.

Sister Bonaventure leaves bathroom, having extinguished light and we see her silhouette hurrying back to cabinet just as Juanito's feet slip from desk again. She closes door and Juanito gets adjusted again, just as Fernando appears at back of house coming down aisle left. As he ascends staircase, Juanito stirs and murmurs tunelessly, then resumes snoring. Fernando enters, illuminated by neck lamp as door closes. He turns narrow beam of lamp on wall map (DR) and hurries past Juanito toward cabinet door, which opens. Fernando pushes it shut emphatically and hisses, "Shsssh! Shhh!" then turns to Juanito and shakes him forcibly.

Fernando

¡Despiértate, Juanito, despiértate! (AS JUANITO GRUNTS DRUNKENLY AND LUMBERS TO HIS FEET. FERNANDO CROSSES RAPIDLY INTO SHAFT OF LIGHT FROM LAMP AND POINTS TO AREA ON MAP) Aquí están los gringos!

Juanito
(CROSSING VERY SLOWLY)

¿Dónde, jefecito?

45 As he crosses very slowly he pulls gun. Fernando glances over shoulder and reacts instantly. Both men fire

(cont.)

almost simultaneously, but two distinct shots are heard. Juanito falls, down right, his gun clattering to the floor. Fernando kicks it stage center and flips light switch on wall and we see that he is clutching left side above belt and large bloodstain is growing. Juanito is lying supine, his right arm near apron of stage, his right profile invisible against floor, his left hand covered with blood and lying across body with fingers hanging down to stage at waist on his right side. Fernando takes first aid kit from desk (DR) and tosses it on Juanito's body.

Fernando

!Sinvergüenza! !Tenga, Vendate! (HE STANDS FACING DOWNSTAGE OVER BODY SHAKING HEAD, AND HIS VOICE IS BITTER) How sharper than the serpent's tooth... (THERE IS A NOISE AS BONAVENTURE FALLS OUT OF HER CABINET IN DEAD FAINT.) !Ay!....Carramba! Little Badlock! (HE STARTS TO CROSS, HIS MOVEMENTS ARE SLOW, PAINFUL) I am up to my ass in revolution... but I have to stop and pick you up every time you fall out of your little box!

He picks her up gently, but with great effort and places her on sofa. He pours drink from bottle and forces her to drink it. She tries to speak but he shushes her, until she finishes whole glass.

Fernando

Sssssh, little Badlock, drink it all. You need it, come on, come on, little Badlock, ...He gonna forgive you...He always forgive you...besides, He like a little drink himself.

When she is quiet, apparently sleeping, he gets up and gets bottle on cabinet. He then picks up her gun and pills which have fallen from cabinet with her and sets them on cabinet also. He looks over at Juanito, who has not moved and walks slowly over to him.

Fernando

(KNEELS BY BODY, REACHES FOR FIRST AID KIT)

!Ay, de veras, tienes vergüenza ó estás borracho!

He starts to bandage Juanito's hand, stops curiously and feels pulse. Mystified, he turns Juanito's head and his eyes widen at sight of bloody gaping wound at Juanito's

(cont.)

right temple. He stares for a moment over house, his eyes narrowing, then very slowly pivots head left toward Sr. Bonaventure. He stares for a long moment, his lips pursed, then gets up and crosses to cabinet; he picks up her gun, smells it and checks cylinder. He stands erect and places gun on cabinet. He turns to her sleeping form and salutes her. It is a full military salute. He then takes medal from chest and pins it on cabinet door above tinfoil star. He removes helmet and shirt which is very bloody and goes to bathroom. He emerges immediately with wet towel, which he adjusts in bulky bandage over wound and held in place under T-shirt by belt. He takes clean shirt from knapsack and puts it on, adjusting green scarf at collar. He puts on officer's garrison cap rakishly and brushes uniform with hand as though for inspection. He lies on floor parallel to Sr. Bonaventure and takes her hand, which hangs over side of sofa, between his.

Fernando

Ay, little Badlock,.....sleep.....sleep the sleep that knit' the ravel' sleeve of care.....I gonna sing you a little lolloby.....I think maybe it is my...my swan song.....but I think maybe you like..... (HE SINGS SOFTLY AND PAINFULLY AND HIS VOICE FADES AFTER A FEW BARS AS CURTAIN FALLS) (SINGS) Les voy a cantar una canción. La canción del Soldado.....

Curtain falls on Act Two.

N.B. While curtain is down, a dummy must be substituted for corpse of Juanito. Much of the drama in the final act will depend upon how authentic this dummy appears.

ACT THREE

Scene One

As curtain rises, Fernando and Bonaventure are in same position. Her left hand covers her face, but Fernando's face is toward house. He is breathing heavily and at every breath his face grimaces slightly. There is the sound of gunfire at a distance and the sudden flat sound of mortars, which, although still distant, is the sound which has awakened them. She wakes instantly, but Fernando comes alive, more slowly and painfully. He struggles to his feet, clutching his side, which although wet from towel is not too visibly bloody. He moves slowly downstage and stands peering through presumed window (DL) Sr. Bonaventure steps down center and looks at Juanito's body, but without approaching it, and stands with back of hand to teeth. She stands thus, immobile, apparently oblivious to Fernando's words.

Fernando
(SQUINTING THROUGH GLASS)

Well, little Badlock, you are actress, you know all about theatre.....I think our little drama is in the last act.....I think the Roman legions are at the gates of the city.....and they bring everything but the sink of the kitchen....you know, little Badlock, the gringos used to be famous for bringing candy and chewing gum for the kids when they capture a villagebut that was before My Lai.....and anyhow, the kids in my village don't need chewing gum....they need real food and schools and more doctors....and.....
aaaah shit! (HE TURNS TO HER APOLOGETICALLY)
I'm sorry, little Badlock. (HE SEES THAT SHE IS STANDING IN HORROR: HE MOVES CENTER AND LEADS HER TO LEATHER CHAIR, WHICH HE FIRST TURNS TO FACE STAGE LEFT)

Bonaventure
Is he...is he...dead?

Fernando
(NODS TO HER, THEN MUTTERS TO HIMSELF)

Si. Está muerto. (SADLY) Desgraciadamente.

Bonaventure
Oh, my Lord, I have committed murder!

Fernando
(SOOTHINGLY)

Oh, come on, little Badlock....you don't murdered nobody.....you miss him by two thousand miles.

Bonaventure
(EYES WIDE, SEARCHING HIS FACE)

I did? Oh, thanks be to God! I wanted to hit his hand but I've never fired a pistol before...I...I...I must have closed my eyes! (RELIEVED) Oh, thanks be to God!

Fernando

You thank What's-His-name because you are innocent. Who do we thank because Juanito is dead?

Bonaventure
(CONTRITE)

Oh, I..I..didn't...I didn't mean that...I'm sorry....but how do you feel. He tried to kill you.

Fernando

Yes, but I didn't wanted to kill him.... just to wound him....I wanted him to liveto grow up and learn between right and wrong....he was too young to...to resist the temptation.

Bonaventure

You don't.....you don't hate him?

Fernando

To hate somebody....especially to hate a dead man is...is... (GROPES FOR WORD THEN FINISHES IN SPANISH) un lujo que uno no se puede proporcionar.

Bonaventure
(NODS IN COMPREHENSION AS SHE TRANSLATES)

A luxury...a luxury that no one can affordbut you hate El Bastón.

Fernando
(FROWNS THOUGHTFULLY)

Yes, that is true....but it is different somehow..I don't know why.(PAUSES) Maybe because Juanito only attack me and I can protect me from Juanito..but El Baston attack the little people of Dondequiera who can't protect themselves. (HE MOVES CLOSER TO HER, SHEEPISHLY) Seester Badlock, will you do me a favor and don't told nobody about it?

Bonaventure
(HESITANTLY)

Well, yes, if I can.....

Fernando

Put your arms around my shoulder....I think....I think maybe I like to cry a little bit.

Her eyes widen in sympathy, but she only nods in affirmation. Slowly he kneels and rests his head in her lap. She puts one arm around his shoulder and takes handkerchief from sleeve. She leans forward and her shoulders can be seen heaving. Fernando's eyes blink slowly a few times and remain open. He is not crying; after a few moments, he struggles to his feet, goes to cabinet and takes drink from bottle.

Fernando

I can't cry, little Badlock.....I guess to be able to cry is also.....what you say...a loxory that a revolutionary can't affordI have a big callous around my heartso it don't hurt so much (TAKES ANOTHER DRINK).....besides, I don't got no time to cry. I got to make a decision and I can't think about these things too much.... 'Conscience dot' make cowards of us all'hey, you see, little Badlock, I don't forget.....'And thus the native hue of resolution...of revolution' (HE LAUGHS. IT IS A TRAGIC BARK) 'is now the same color as a rebellion.....' and tell me, little Badlock, what I'm gonna do with you?When they get close they gonna blow up this tower into

Fernando (cont.)

the air if I don't surrender....but I got to get you out first.

Bonaventure
(STOPS CRYING. LOOKS UP)

What would you do if I weren't here?

Fernando

I don't knew. Maybe blow the tower up myself so they can't use it. Anyhow, like I say, too much thinking makes cowards..... I gotta decide...these mortars are only a few kilometers away, all around us.

Bonaventure

Where would you go if you could escape?

Fernando

Back to Las Milpas, my village....your village, too. My friends would hide me ...my brother is a doctor...maybe he could fix me up, good as new. I'm still alive and I don't lose so much blood. Yes, I betcha he could fix me up.

Bonaventure
(WRYLY)

Until the next time. (FERNANDO SHRUGS)
If I helped you to escape, would you promise to be good?

Fernando
(GRINS)

Oh, little Badlock, you and I, we never gonna agree about what it is to be goodand besides, little Badlock, you can't help me...maybe you got a lot of political influence in the next world, but you can't help me down here.....right here is where my problem is (PAUSE) and something else, little Badlock, if What's-His-Name find out you want to help me, He never gonna forgive you for that! (HE GRINS BROADLY, THEN LOOKS AT HER CURIOUSLY FOR A LONG MOMENT) Tell me, little Badlock, why do you want to help me escape?

Bonaventure
(EYES WET, BUT TWINKLING)

Well, maybe, like you said about Juanito, I want you to escape and grow up and learn to distinguish between right and wrong. (HE LAUGHS A SHORT APPRECIATIVE BARK, BUT HER VOICE HAS ALREADY STRUCK A NOTE OF FUTILITY) Aaaaaaagh, but you'll never grow up, any of you! Men are just little boys flying in the face of God's will! (PAUSES IN EXASPERATION) Do you know what my father said when he was dying, instead of a prayer? He was lying in the road, after being struck by a lorry, drunk, and there was a great throng of people about, and he turned to them with his last breath and a laugh and said, "If I had known yez would all be here, I'd have worn my blue suit!" (SHE PAUSES AND WIPES HER EYES) Oh, Fernando, what can I do to help you? Can't you use me for a hostage?

Fernando
(INCREDULOUSLY)

For a hostage? Tu!...You?you want to be a hostage for me? (LOOKS AT HER WITH AWE) Oh, little Badlock, you gotta lotta pechuga! (SHAKES HEAD SADLY) But it don't gonna work. Only in the moving picture they do those thing',.....in a revolution, everybody shoot at everybodyyou get killed and I get killed and nobody escape. (HE LOOKS AT HER FOR A LONG TIME IN ADMIRATION. You know, little Badlock, I wish I have you for a daughter.

Bonaventure
(WITH A FLASH OF HUMOR)

For a daughter, is it? I feel more like your mother.

Frenando
(GRINNING)

O.K., little Badlock, then I wish I have you for a mother.

Bonaventure

Well, you certainly would have turned out

Bonaventure (cont.)

better (HESITATES)...I think.

Fernando

You should be mother to El Baston. Maybe he turn out different. ¡El desmadrado! (PHONE RINGS. HE ANSWERS)? Bueno?.....? Quién?..... Colonel McGonegal? (HIS VOICE BECOMES FLAT) What are you doing in my country, Colonel McGonegal?No, Colonel, I am not going to abandon this tower. (PAUSE, THEN BITTERLY) No, Colonel, I don't know what you are going to do..... I don't care what you are going to do.....you do what your conscience tell you to do. (HANGS UP) That was some gringo officer, Colonel McGonegal. His name sound like one of your paisanos, but he is norteamericano.

Bonaventure

You sounded pretty defiant.

Fernando
(SHRUGS, THEN SMILES)

I was make the bloff. (HIS FACE BRIGHTENS) But he was bloffing, too. He don't want to blow this tower up, except as last recurso. He should be afraid I will blow it up!

Bonaventure

How can you be so sure of that?

Fernando

I learn military tactic from these same gringo! I am very good soldier. (HE TOUCHES CHEST WHERE MEDAL HUNG)

Bonaventure
(NOTICING GESTURE)

Where is your medal?

Fernando
(POINTING TO CABINET DOOR)

I award' it to another soldier who save my life. (GRINS) Now, little Badlock, you got another cross to bear!

Bonaventure

But you said I missed him!

Fernando

You miss him by ten thousand kilometers, but you scare him so he can't shoot straight. You know, little Badlock, you scare me, too, and I am very good with pistol. That is why I shoot him in the head instead of just to knock pistol from hand.

He crosses to Juanito's corpse and shielding his actions with his own body, he places Juanito's bloody left hand under the body out of sight. He then straightens up and faces house over body. She stands watching.

Fernando

!Juanito!.....!Juanito!.....!Juanito!.....
?Porque?...?Porque?.....?Porque?.....You have private dreams of glory? (SHRUGS SADLY) La Revolución devora a sus hijos (HE GRIMACES IN PAIN, CLUTCHING SIDE) y a sus padres, también. (HE LOOKS UP AT SUDDEN SOUND OF MORTAR, CLOSE) Well, it sure take those gringo' a long time to decide who is the Democrats and who is the Republicans, but I guess my revolution is now declare' officially 'an unsuccessful rebellion.' (GESTURES TOWARD BOOKS) Do you think I can blame Mr. Shakespeare for getting the words all confuse'. (HE MOVES UPSTAGE TO MICROPHONE) I better tell my muchachos to escape before we are completely surrounded.

Bonaventure

What are you going to do? Will El Bastón really...really...shoot you?

Fernando

Shoot me?.....I am already shot. Like the

54

Fernando (cont.)

gringo say, 'He don't got no virgin if he shoot me.' (FLIPS MIKE SWITCH) !Oiganme, muchachos! Muy pronto nos van a tener completamente cercados.....asi es que les ordeno que se salven y se tengan listos para otra oportunidad.....no se preocupen Vds. de mi....y que les vaya bien. (RAISES VOICE) !Y muchachos! !Viva la Revolución!.....!La proxima!

Bonaventure

La próxima.....the next revolution.....Oh, and I am sure there will be.....Oh, God help us all! Men are all such fools! You don't have to fight with guns for the Kingdom of Heaven!

Fernando flips mike switch off and voices offstage sho 'Viva La Revolución! and 'Viva la próxima! and then are heard withdrawing singing 'La Canción del Soldado.' He moves downstage and sits on leather chair. Bonaventure has knelt at couch on her last lines facing upstage, back to house, praying, as gunfire becomes more intense, then reced In ensuing silence, Fernando speaks.

Fernando

'Nymph, in thy orisons, be all my sins remember.' (HE GRINS, GESTURING TOWARD BOOKS) You think Shakespeare going to be proud of me, even if El Baston shoot me? (SPREADS ARMS IN CONSCIOUSLY COMIC GESTURE) You can't satisfy everybody!

Bonaventure
(GETTING TO FEET BRISKLY)

I've been praying for Divine Guidance.

She goes to Father Echevarria's flight bag and rummage her back to house and Fernando.

Fernando

And did What's-His-Name give you some?Some Divine Guidance?.....Look, little Badlock, you don't need no guidanceI am going to surrender this tower ahora mismo...right now. Then the gringos

55

Fernando (cont.)

gonna bring you back to your village, to my village. Hey, little Badlock, when you get back to Las Milpas you tell my brother, Doctor Ramon Guardarrama, that you are a friend of mine. Maybe he take your tonsils out for free. (HIS SMILE IS WRY. AS HE STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET, IT FADES) Well, I got to call this gringo, McGonegal, so he don't blow up this tower before he find out you are here. Maybe he not such a good soldier as me, to try and save the tower, or maybe he just don't care. This is not his country and when the gringos get finish' with a country there ain't much left.....:

Bonaventure
(INTERRUPTING)

Now, just a minute, don't be so hasty! (SHE HAS REMOVED SOMETHING FROM FLIGHT BAG AND HAS PLACED IT OUT OF FERNANDO'S SIGHT ON CABINET) Now, don't be calling McGonegal just yet. (POURS STIFF DRINK, ADDS PILL FROM VIAL, HESITATES, LOOKS AT FERNANDO WHO SEES NONE OF THIS, THEN ADDS ANOTHER PILL) Here, Fernando, have a drink before you call. My father, Lord rest him, always needed a drink to make a decision...and the only decision he ever made then was to have another drink. Here! (SHE FORCES GLASS INTO HAND AND HE FALLS HEAVILY BACK INTO CHAIR)

Fernando
(LOOKS AT HER, THEN AT GLASS)

Hey, little Badlock, What's-His-Name not gonna forgive you, you go around and make people drunk.

Bonaventure
(STANDING IN FRONT OF HIM EXPECTANTLY)

Oh, come on, now Fernando, drink it down. It helps to be a little drunk if you are going to be talking to someone named McGonegal.

Fernando
(DRINKS SLOWLY BUT WITHOUT STOPPING)

Aaaaagh! (COUGHS, CLUTCHES SIDE IN PAIN, THEN LICKS LIPS SUSPICIOUSLY) Hey, little Badlock....what are you try' to do? You poison me?.....Dope me?.....Why little Badlock (GRINS).....I know you don't gonna try to rape me, (HIS TONGUE IS THICKENING AS HE STRUGGLES TO KEEP HIS EYES OPEN) oh, little Badlock....He....never....gonnaforgive....(HIS HEAD DROPS AS BONAVENTURE STANDS IMMOBILE, WAITING. HE THEN SLIDES SLOWLY TO THE FLOOR WHERE HE LIES SNORING AS CURTAIN FALLS.)

END OF SCENE ONE, ACT THREE

ACT THREE

Scene Two

As curtain rises, Fernando is supine on floor, down center, head toward stage right. He is dressed in cassock, which is open in front. Bonaventure is putting finishing touches on bandage over wound in his side. She is working rapidly, but deftly. She pats bandage, pulls his pants closed and adjusts belt so that it holds bandage in place. She then buttons cassock up full length. At collar she removes green scarf, throwing it carelessly behind her. She takes bottle of white liquid from First Aid kit and proceeds to dye his hair white with daubed cotton. She reaches under her bonnet and snips enough of own hair to make handlebar moustache to resemble photo of Father Echevarria, whose passport she refers to constantly. Gunfire, which has been constant through scene, stops suddenly and she looks up, frowning. Suddenly the voice of Colonel McGonegal is heard from back of house, through bullhorn.

McGonegal
(INTO HORN)

Ahoy the tower! (PAUSE) Now hear this! You are completely surrounded and your position is untenable!.....Do you read me? (PAUSE, ASIDE TO COL. ELIZONDO, WHO IS BESIDE HIM WITH WALKIE TALKIE AT BACK OF HOUSE) Say, this guy Pan-you-ello Verdy, speaks English pretty good, doesn't he?

Col. Elizondo

Oh, Si, mi Coronel. He went to your War College, and he is an aficionado of Shakespeare.....what you call a Shakespeare...fan...a Shakespeare not? No?

McGonegal

Jesus, a Shakespeare nut from the War College. (WITH GERMAN ACCENT) Verrrrrry interesting...so the Marines have to come and smoke him out of a tower! That figures! (INTO BULLHORN) What ho! What ho! Colonel Guardarrama, if you do not surrender this tower before I count ten I'll blast it into orbit with a hey, nonny nonny 58

McGonegal (Cont.)

.....are you ready? (STARTS COUNTING)
Ten.....nine.....

Sr. Bonaventure is moving rapidly, having finished making up Fernando. She hurriedly places lotion bottle, pills, gun and passport on cabinet, stopping on route to take swig from bottle, crossing herself as she does so, and hurried to microphone. As McGonegal reaches 'Three' she flips mike switch.

Bonaventure
(TAKING DEEP BREATH)

Hello! (HER VOICE DOES NOT SATISFY HER. SHE BRUSHES BOTH HANDS OVER HER FACE TOWARD BACK OF HEAD AS THOUGH CLEARING HAIR OR SOME PSYCHOLOGICAL OBSTACLE TO DICTION. SHE TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND STARTS AGAIN. THIS TIME SHE HAS FOUND HER ROLE. SHE IS THE FIFTH GRADE MARTINET) Hello, Colonel McGonegal, is it?well you can just stop that counting, although I am sure, if I know the likes of you, that you can't count much beyond ten! Now, if you'll just stop that nonsense about blowing things into orbit like a spoiled child and get an ambulance over here, it will do more good for the state of your soul than whatever juvenile destruction you were contemplating. Do you hear me, Colonel McGonegal?

McGonegal
(IN STARTLED ASIDE TO ELIZONDO)

Well, I'll be goddammed! Who the hell is this? It sounds like Tugboat Annie! (INTO HORN) Whoer.....who is speaking please?

Bonaventure
(SHE HAS THE ROLE BY THE TEETH, NOW)

This is Sister Bonaventure, and I have a very sick priest up here. We need an ambulance right away, for he's not long for this world unless we can get him back to the Mission... so there's not a moment to waste for your childish war games!

N.B. During all of Sister Bonaventure's speeches in this scene she will, when facing house, beg forgiveness with roll of eyes to heaven and crossing of lips with thumb, whenever her blatant lies become really outrageous.

McGonegal
(INTO HORN)

Who else is up there, Sister? Where is Guardarrama, the guy with the green scarf?

Bonaventure

Oh, he's here...but he's beyond any help you might give him with your bazookas. He's shot himself, may the Lord forgive him!...and now, if you don't hurry you'll have the death of Father Echevarria on your hands....and on your soul, McGonegal.

McGonegal

O.K. Sister, O.K. (ASIDE TO ELIZONDO) Get an ambulance over here, Colonel.

Elizondo
(INTO WALKIE TALKIE)

?Bueno?.....?Teniente?.....Bueno, procure una ambulancia....si....a la torre. Si... luego, luego. Gracias.....Adios.

McGonegal
(INTO HORN)

Sister Bonaventure? I've ordered an ambulance. Shall I bring a medic until we get a doctor?

Bonaventure
(HURRIEDLY)

No, there's no need. I know how to take care of him as soon as I can get him back to the Mission. And you, McGonegal, come you up alone. And don't be leaping around with your heavy brogans. And there's nothing to be afraid of, now, McGonegal, so you needn't bring your cannons nor your men;...there's nothing to shoot at but a dead man, a sick priest and a tired nun, if you find that disappointing!

McGonegal
(ASIDE TO ELIZONDO)

Except for the brogue, she sounds just like my mother-in-law! (BOTH MEN LAUGH. MCGONEGAL

McGonegal (Cont.)

RAISES HORN) Look, Sister, I'm bringing Colonel Elizondo up with me.....He's in official command here.

Bonaventure
(SHE IS A MERCILESS BARGE)

Oh, so he's in official command, is he? And sure, it's yourself that's been doing all the talking. It's easy to see that you're a true McGonegal!.....Well, come ye up, the two of you, but don't be step-dancing about in your hobnailed boots or you'll have the death of a martyred priest on your souls! (CROSSES LIPS AT LIE)

She flips off mike switch and hurries back to hide items she has left on cabinet, but passes green scarf on floor where she has thrown it. She picks it up together with Juanito's gun and hurries down right to corpse. She places gun in Juanito's right hand and starts to adjust scarf around his neck. She opens it and discovers that it is, in fact, the ancient Irish 'Harp' flag with the words 'Erin Go Bragh' on it. 'Ireland Forever.' She breaks down crying beside the corpse, as footsteps of Elizondo and McGonegal can be heard ascending the staircase. It is a tense moment, but she is able to recover herself, wipe eyes on flag, adjust it at Juanito's throat and be back kneeling at Fernando's side when tower door opens. She looks up with feigned irritation and hisses "Sssshhhh! The two men tiptoe in and look around tower, exchanging questioning glances at sight of corpse. (DR)

Elizondo
(HOARSE WHISPER)

Do you know, Colonel, if it not be for this stupid scarf, we never identify the body of Guardarrama. He almost blow his head off!

McGonegal

Damn near. A forty-five makes a big hole, Colonel.

Elizondo
(SPITS ON CORPSE)

He is cobarde as well as traitor! only

Elizondo (Cont.)

a coward shoot himself because he lose!

McGonegal

Not necessarily.....it's a soldier's privilege.....maybe he.....

Bonaventure

(BACK IN CHARACTER, INTERRUPTING)

Oh, a soldier's privilege, is it? Oh, aren't you the fine ones to be taking a privilege? No one has the right to take his own life under any circumstances! A soldier's privilege, indeed!

McGonegal

(EXCHANGES GRIMACE WITH ELIZONDO AS BOTH CROSS TO LOOK AT FERNANDO)

The ambulance will be here in a minute, Sister. You know, Sister, I thought you were much older--from your voice.

Bonaventure

And I thought you were much younger, Colonel...about forty years younger, with your talk of blowing things into orbit and all this nonsense about a soldier's privilege!

McGonegal and Elizondo exchange amused glances and return right center, and leave bullhorn and walkie-talkie on desk. (DR)

McGonegal

Where does he have to go, Sister?

Bonaventure

The Mission of San Tomás in Las Milpas.

Elizondo

That is not very far, and the ambulance come in a few minutes.

McGonegal

Is there anything we can do while we're

McGonegal (Cont.)

waiting, Sister? Are you sure you don't need a doctor?

Bonaventure
(HURRIEDLY)

Oh, no. There's nothing you can do. He's catatonic right now, and we know how to bring him around at the Mission, if that ambulance would only hurry! No, a doctor who didn't know anything about his case would only waste precious time examining him! (AS SIREN IN HEARD) Oh, thanks be to God! There it is, now!

McGonegal crosses to window (UR) and peers out, back to house. Elizondo crosses left to cabinet and starts fumbling with items Bonaventure has left there on top. She glances over shoulder, realizes what he is doing, faces house and her lips can be seen moving in prayer! He picks up gun, opens chamber, grimaces, sets it down. She turns head slowly and catches his eye. As their glances meet, he flashes her a quick, humorless smile. She faces front again, imploring heaven. He picks up vial of pills, takes one, smells it, tastes it, returns it to vial and replaces top. He sets the vial on cabinet and picks up lotion bottle. He pours drop on hand, smells it, tastes it, replaces top, then picks up passport, scrutinizes it close. He steps downstage and peers into Fernando's face for a moment, passport open in one hand, lotion bottle in other. He is tossing the lotion bottle end over in short parabolic

Elizondo

(SUDDENLY TURNING TO MCGONEGAL,
WHO TURNS FROM WINDOW)

Colonel McGonegal!

McGonegal

Huh?

Elizondo

(GESTURING WITH PASSPORT)

You know, Colonel, this padrecito look' just like Josef Stalin!

Bonaventure

(IN ASIDE TO FERNANDO'S INERT FORM)

It serves you right, too!

McGonegal
(TAKING PASSPORT FROM ELIZONDO)

Yeah, he sure does.

Elizondo sets lotion bottle back on cabinet; McGonegal leaves passport on desk (R) as ambulance arrives. Siren had reached crescendo after last lines and faded. Blinking red light can now be seen from lobby area. Two attendants come through the house bearing stretcher. They are in fatigues and are wearing arm-bands which read: 'CUERPO MEDICO.' As they enter stage door and begin ascent, McGonegal and Elizondo are mumbling at wall map (DR) Bonaventure is fussing with Fernando's cassock, biting lip in anxiety. She accidentally touches him and Fernando groans audibly, !Madre de Dios! McGonegal and Elizondo look over. Bonaventure hisses to Fernando "What do the likes of you know about the Mother of God," but it is an aside.

McGonegal
(CURIOUS)

What did he say? What language was that?

Bonaventure
(STILL THE VIRAGO)

It was Gaelic.....it means 'Yankee go home!'

Elizondo darts a quick look at McGonegal who laughs and throws up arms as though to ward off a blow. Elizondo then laughs and both men are chuckling as ambulance attendants stand over Juanito's body, whispering to each other. Phone rings and both men reach for phone at desk (DR) but McGonegal is first and Elizondo makes Latin gesture with hand, waiving privilege, then stands attentively, listening to conversation. Bonaventure is grimacing in anguish at the delay, and as the one-sided conversation can be heard, she is beside herself with tension.

McGonegal
(INTO PHONE)

Colonel McGonegal.....Paul Prescott?..... well, well, well, what ill wind blows you here, Paul.....you've never been this close to a combat zone before.....you lost?What do you mean, you were the first American in the tower?.....Come on, Paul, you're putting me on, you've never been

McGonegal (Cont.)

within ten miles of this tower..... until now, that we've got it secure.Yeah, he's here, colder than a mackerel...blew his own head offNo, there's no Captain Garcia here.....wrong hotel, Paul.....the priest's name is Etch--Etche--varry or something like that.....what do you mean 'what priest?'....I thought you said you were up in this tower.... (ELIZONDO MOVES CLOSER, LISTENING ATTENTIVELY) No priest, eh?...Maybe he's who, disguised as a priest?..... Captain Garcia? again.....look, Paul, who do you figure Sister Bonaventure for, Batman in drag?.....who's Sister Bonaventure?...Come on, Paul, hang up, you're wasting my time.....I used to read your copy in Viet Nam and it was pure science fiction! Goomby, please! (HANGS UP)

Sister Bonaventure has been on pins and needles during this exchange but breathes a sigh of relief, crossing herself as she mouths 'Thanks be to God!' At a signal from Elizondo, stretcher-bearers, cross to position, stage center, behind Bonaventure, spread and open straps. Bonaventure is thus still between Fernando and stretcher-bearers, fussing with him. As she starts to rise so they can approach Fernando, he opens one eye, facing house. It is vague, unfocused, at first, but becomes alert instantly. He plucks at cassock, curiously. She hurriedly places hand over his mouth. His eyes widen, but he becomes docile and winks, then closes both eyes and lies perfectly still as medics lift him and put him gently on stretcher. Stretcher has been moved closer to him since Bonaventure has stepped back and is watching operation anxiously. Phone rings, McGonegal answers.

McGonegal
(INTO PHONE)

Yes. Colonel McGonegal.....yes, Sergeantthe bodies of a priest and a nun?..... just a minute, I can find out for you.. (TO BONAVENTURE) Sister, was there another priest and nun?

Bonaventure

Yes, there were (MAKES SIGN OF CROSS ON LIPS, UNSEEN BY MCGONEGAL) They were murdered when he captured the tower. (POINTS TO JUANITO'S BODY)

McGonegal

What were their names? My sergeant is listing battle casualties.

Bonaventure

There was Sister Superior. Her secular name was Brigid Callahan.....and may the Lord have mercy on her soul.....(PAUSES, THEN MIMES 'GOD-FORGIVE-ME')...and er, Patrick...Aloysius...Murphy.

McGonegal

Sergeant?.....that was Brigid Callahanno, the nun, you meathead; the priest's name was Patrick Aloysius Murphy.....A-L-O-Y-S-I-U-S.....what do you mean, 'He doesn't look like no Murphy to you?' He looks like who?(HIS EYES NARROW AS HE LOOKS FROM ELIZONDO TO FERNANDO TO BONAVENTURE, BUT HE MERELY SAYS TO SERGEANT): Funny..... funny.....funny, Sergeant. (HANGS UP)

He gets up, his lips pursed and crosses left, as stretcher-bearers lift Fernando and move stage right.

McGonegal

Can I speak to you a minute, Sister. (HE HAS STOPPED HER WITH HIS VOICE AND THEY ARE BOTH STANDING STAGE CENTER. STRETCHER-BEARERS HAVE REACHED TOWER DOOR BUT ELIZONDO STOPS THEM WITH CASUAL GESTURE OF HAND. FERNANDO'S EYES ARE OPEN, FACING HOUSE AND THEY REGISTER ANXIETY) Something isn't kosher here, Sister, but I don't know what it is. Do you have a passport, or anything?

He watches as Sr. Bonaventure makes gesture of sudden remembrance, crosses and picks up Father Echevarria's passport from desk, confusedly. She is losing her poise as McGonegal eyes narrow and he does not accept the passport she proffers him.

McGonegal
(IGNORING THE PASSPORT)

No, Sister, I meant one of your own.

Bonaventure
(RATTLED)

Oh, yes, of course. (SHE REACHES UP SLEEVE AND PRODUCES PASSPORT, WHICH SHE HANDS HIM)

McGonegal
(TAKES PASSPORT, STUDIES IT WITH COP'S EYES AND STARES AT HER TO COMPARE PICTURES)

'Sheila O'Donnell. Born: Ballynagh, Mayo--Sister Bonaventure.' (HE FROWNS AND LOOKS AT HER A LONG TIME WITHOUT SPEAKING. SHE SITS SUDDENLY ON LEATHER CHAIR, WHICH FACES LEFT. SHE IS ON POINT OF COLLAPSE) Well, you sound legitimate, and that brogue isn't phoney. (HE HANDS BACK PASSPORT AND HIS EYES ARE LESS HARD. SHE DROPS HER HEAD IN RELIEF. SHE IS AT END OF HER TETHER) Look, Sister, I don't know what you're up to, and it'll probably cost me my career, (HIS VOICE IS HOARSE WHISPER, INAUDIBLE TO OTHERS) but I'm going to go along with the gag, whatever it is. (HIS VOICE BECOMES AUDIBLE TO OTHERS AND IT IS UNEXPECTEDLY HARSH) Now, get him out of here! (HE SIGNALS ELIZONDO TO LET STRETCHER PASS)

As stretcher-bearers exit, Bonaventure is still sitting, depleted, her head thrown back in chair. Her face is tear-stained but radiant with gratitude. She is looking at McGonegal and her lips are saying, 'Oh, thank you, oh, thank you,' but her voice is almost inaudible. She wipes her eyes with her sleeve and gets to her feet, giving McGonegal a quick military salute, but he has turned to window (UL) deliberately ignoring her exit. She hurries to door, right, and as Colonel Elizondo steps aside, saluting, she turns suddenly turns and crosses rapidly to cabinet and removes star and medal, which she tucks up her sleeve. McGonegal looks over her shoulder and turns, eyebrows raised, as she recrosses to door, right. As she passes corpse, she reaches down and snatches Irish flag

(Cont.)

from Juanito's throat. She exits and overtakes stretcher on staircase, and her voice can be heard admonishing 'Cuidado, cuidado.' As she exits through house, walking backward in front of stretcher, McGonegal and Elizondo exchange glances, shrugging. McGonegal suddenly laughs, but it is the laugh of a man who has missed the punch-line and Elizondo laughs because McGonegal has seen fit to laugh.

They stand for a moment in silence, and as ambulance leaves, siren can be heard on a stereo moving from back-of-house to backstage. Blinking red light leaves lobby and can shortly be observed, though, diffusedly, through window (UR). McGonegal picks up bottle by neck and gestures to Elizondo, who makes jerky, palm-inward Latin gesture for 'No, thanks.' He steps to window (UR) and peers after departing ambulance. McGonegal sits at desk (UC) his brow furrowed, staring at label on bottle, as though it contained some clue to the mystery.

McGonegal

I wonder what the hell she... (HE PAUSES, GLANCING OVER SHOULDER AT ELIZONDO, WHO IS STILL LOOKING OUT WINDOW. HIS VOICE BECOMES MILITARY, MATTER-OF-FACT) Well, they'll have no trouble between here and Las Milpas. We've got the whole area secured.

Colonel turns and starts to speak, but thinks better of it, and merely stands frowning at McGonegal sideways, but McGonegal seems utterly preoccupied with bottle. Sound of siren can be heard dimuendo over scene and red light is fading through upstage windows.

McGonegal
(DRINKING FROM BOTTLE)

You know, Colonel, I used to go to parochial school....Catholic school, back in the States...and boy, some of those nuns were too much..we used to have nicknames for them....there was one we called Sister Jawbone....she was tougher than a Marine Drill Instructor. (HE LAUGHS BUT ELIZONDO'S LAUGH IS MERELY POLITE)...Then there was Sister Milka Magnesia.....she was a sweet-heart, but we gave her a bad time.....

McGonegal (Cont.)

we had one real neruotic that we called Sister Perpetual Emotionshe was always screaming 'Francis Xavier McGonegal, you're incorrigible!.....yeah, they were sure some.....

There is the sudden flat sound of a mortar, close, and both men exchange startled glances and run to window, up left.

McGonegal

That's a mortar.....where the hell is it coming from? (PICKS UP WALKIE TALKIE FROM DESK AND BARKS INTO IT) Listen, Watson, where the hell is that mortar? (ANOTHER FALLS)....They're dropping right in our perimeter.....is it a counterattack?... what?.....well, knock it out or it might be our last fart, too. (ANOTHER CRASH) Goddammit, find their range and knock them out. (EXPLOSION CAN BE SEEN THROUGH UPSTAGE WINDOW) Goddammit, they're dropping right in our lap!

Elizondo
(AT WINDOW, EXCITEDLY)

They hit the ambulance! They hit the ambulance! !Madre de Dios!

McGonegal looks out window and swears. He flips mike switch and talks into mike and walkie talkie simultaneously.

McGonegal

Watson, they've hit an ambulance over here...get some fire equipment on the goddam double.....

Watson voice
(SQUAWK)

They've hit the fire station, too, Colonel!

McGonegal
(SHOUTING)

Can you get something close to that ambulance? There's people in there!

There is a pair of loud explosions, one more distant than the other.

Watson voice

No way. No waaaay.....it's too hot. But we knocked out the mortar. It was their last fart!

McGonegal
(RIGID AT WINDOW)

Jesus Christ!... (MONOTONE OF ANGUISHED ECHOLALIA) It's too hot.....it's too hot.....it's too hot. (HE MOVES CLOSER TO ELIZONDO AND BOTH MEN STAND RIGID) Jesus what a way to go!

They stand thus as flames rise, then recede. Both men cross themselves; Elizondo blows nose as McGonegal nudges and walks slowly to desk (UC), takes long drink from bottle, then sits heavily in chair.

McGonegal
(CRASHES FIST ON DESK IN EXASPERATION)

Goddammit, Colonel, why the hell would a real swinging chick like that want to become a nun?

Elizondo
(SHAKEN, BUT PEDANTIC AND OMNISCIENT)

Oh, she renounce....she renounce everything. (STROKES MOUSTACHE POMPOUSLY) She never learn how to face reality! (HE FLICKS LINT FROM UNIFORM AND MCGONEGAL'S SIDELONG STARE IS RATHER MORE QUIZZICAL THAN CONTEMPTUOUS, AS CURTAIN FALLS)

The End

As curtain falls last few bars of 'Soldier's Song' can be heard in slow dirge. Martial tempo resumes as male chorus sings over bows and curtain calls, using Spanish lyrics.

ÉIRE (IRELAND)

Amhrán na bhFiann

THE SOLDIER'S SONG

Words by
PEADAR KEARNEY (c.1909)

Music by
PEADAR KEARNEY and PATRICK HEANEY
Arr. by T. M. CARTLEDGE

Tempo di Marcia

VERSE

1. Seo dhíbh, a-cháir - de du-an Óg-láigh, Cath.
1. We'll sing a - song, a sol - dier's song, With

-reim - each briogh-mhar ceol - mhar, Ár dtein - te - cnámh go
cheer - ing, rous - ing cho - rus, As round our - blaz - ing

bu - a - cach táid, 'San spéir go min réal - tó - gach, Is
fires we - throng, The star - ry heav - ens o'er us; Im -

sonn - mhar faobh - rach - sinn chun gleo, 'S go tiún - mhar glé roimh
 - pa - tient for - the - com - ing fight, And as we wait the

cresc. *f*

thíocht do'n ló, Fé chiú - nas - chaomh na hoí - che ar - seol: Seo libh,
 morn - ing's light, - Here in the si - lence of - the - night, We'll

cresc.

CHORUS

can - aidh Amh - rán na bhFiann. Sinn - ne Fian - na Fáil A -
 chant a sol - dier's song. Sol - diers are we, Whose

- tá fé gheall ag Éir - inn, Buidhean dar sluagh Thar
 lives are pledged to Ire - land; Some have come From a

RECINTO DE RIO PIEDRAS
 UNIVERSIDAD DE PUERTO RICO
 FACULTAD DE HUMANIDADES
 JOSE EMILIO GONZALEZ
 SEMINARIO MULTIDISCIPLINAR

tuinn do ráin - ig chughainn, Fé - mhóid bheith saor. Sean -
 land be - yond the wave. Sworn - to be free, No

- tír ar sinn - sear seas - ta Ní ság - far fé'n tío - rán ná fé'n
 more our an - cient sire - land Shall shel - ter the des - pot or the

p

tráil. A - nocht a thé - am sa - bheár - na bhaoghail, Le
 slave. To - night we man - the - bear - na baoghail in

cresc. *f* *cresc.*

gean ar Ghaedhil chun báis nó saoghail, Le gun - a - sgréach, fé
 Er - in's cause, come woe or weal; 'Mid can - nóns' roar and

cresc. *cresc.*

lámhach na—bpiléar, Seo libh, can-aidh Amh-rán na bhFiann.
ti . . fles'—peal We'll chant a sol—dier's song.

rit. *D.C.*

By permission of Minister of Finance, Éire.
 Chorus adopted as Irish National Anthem, July 1926

La Canción del Soldado

Les voy a cantar una canción,
 La Canción del Soldado,
 Y por la higuera tenemos reunión,
 Bajo cielo estrellado.

Con fe en un mejor almanacer,
 Ya no hay nada que temer;
 Del valle al mar, nos oyerán gritar
 Esta, nuestra canción.

Listos a todo dar,
 Hijos de Dondequiera,
 Y a pesar de ellos de ultramar,
 ¡Valdremos!

Ya no hay lugar, en la vieja Patria,
 Ni para esclavo ni para déspota.

Y si nos mandan hasta al paredón
 Allí cantamos este son,
 Y se oyerá hasta desde mas allá,
 Esta, nuestra canción!

Spanish lyrics
 by Kevin Costello.

Seminario Multidisciplinario José Millio González
 Bachillerato de Estudios Interdisciplinarios
 Facultad de Humanidades
 Universidad de Puerto Rico
 Recinto de P.R. P.R.