

Monsters We Create

A Noir Dystopian Fable
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The music fades, they melt away. We see something different in them: They are CHANGED for good.

Their journey has come to an end.

The wrath of a desert storm rages outside.

Silence.

FJ notices the broken radio.

FERNANDEZ, J.

(in RE her worst fear)
No, no, no, no, no.

Everyone's focus snaps on.

She reaches it. Inspects it: Broken.

And so this is how the story ends...

Some nod others stare others...smile?

WILL

They're not coming. The ice truck. No one's coming.

A long and painful realization

Beat.

YORIK shoots a look at the shotgun, then, unseen, he goes to exit.

Long silence.

ROMAN

I should have gone to the ocean...at least once...Or skydiving. I would have gone skydiving.

KATIA

I'd kill for a shrimp cocktail...

FLIP

I want to make love in the back of a truck on the fourth of July.

KATIA

Well, well. You're cute.

FLIP
No one wants to make love to “cute” in the back of a truck.

KATIA
You’re wrong...

Beat.

WILL
Jimena. Marry me.

FERNANDEZ, J.
Don’t be an idiot.

WILL
marry me.

FERNANDEZ, J.
Stop it.

WILL
I mean it.

Laughs. Then stops.

FERNANDEZ, J.
Oh. You’re serious...

ROMAN
Or told the woman I love that I love her.

WILL
I love you, let me try to—

FERNANDEZ, J.
Your father hates my *kind*.

WILL
Fuck him. Let’s do it. Right here. Right now.

ROMAN
I love you Jimena.

FERNANDEZ, J.
What?

ROMAN
I can’t skydive or visit the ocean anymore.

FERNANDEZ, J.
I don’t understand.

I just had to say it. ROMAN

I don't FERNANDEZ, J.

Don't you? ROMAN

Thank you. I..... FERNANDEZ, J.

You're welcome. ROMAN

FJ and ROMAN share a genuine moment.
WILL goes on one knee.

Oh Jesus, please stand up. FERNANDEZ, J.

No. WILL

Up! FERNANDEZ, J.

I'm not standing. WILL

Willy. Why? FERNANDEZ, J.

Why? WILL

Yes why. FERNANDEZ, J.

Why not? WILL

Why now? FERNANDEZ, J.

If not now then when? WILL

Later. Maybe. FERNANDEZ, J.

And if there's no "later"? Then—

WILL

Stand.

FERNANDEZ, J.

Is that a yes?

WILL

There's nothing attractive about a man on one knee, please stand.

FERNANDEZ, J.

WILL stands.

I love you. Please, please let that be enough.

She holds his face in her hands.

The storm rages. They all remember the outside world. FJ goes to ROMAN—after all, she does love him...as a friend.

The familiar silence that follows fear is felt in the room.

KATIA takes FLIPS hand.

Come here. Please.
Just...
Let me be with you.

KATIA

KATIA kisses FLIP's eyelids.

(To FJ)
The end of days is the place for lovers, eh? Well I'll be... The Lord works in mysterious ways, as Yorik would—*(pause)* Where's Yorik?

ROMAN

KATIA takes a piece of candy wrapper out from her bosom. She takes FLIP's hand and makes them feel the paper.

What is it?

FLIP

Yorik??

ROMAN

ROMAN exits momentarily to one of the other rooms.

It's...from a long time ago.

KATIA

KATIA (CONT'D)

(in RE the candy wrapper)

For ten years...I read it everyday. It kept me company. It kept me safe. Remember this? You wrote it on this candy wrapper. Feel it. Feel how worn it is.

FLIP

The candy-wrapper poem from detention. It's shitty. Just words.

KATIA

Just words that kept me from pushing down. Just words that gave me hope. Just words that—

FLIP

Katia, you don't want to be with me. You just like the idea of me.

KATIA

Wrong again.

Beat.

FLIP

I uh. I actually have something for you too. Been carrying it around for years. Until I could deliver it.

FLIP digs into their pants, KATIA is intrigued and also finds it funny.

Don't laugh. It's the one place no one checks.

They produce a small business-card size painting.

KATIA

What's this? Oh...It's...me.

FLIP

It's probably—I mean I was going from—I sketched it from memory.

KATIA

Flip...it's...

FLIP

It doesn't do you justice, but—

They are about to kiss when—

ROMAN returns.

ROMAN

HE'S GONE. Just...GONE.

KATIA

What do you mean he's—who's—where's—

ROMAN

Yorik!

A GUNSHOT ECHOES IN THE SPACE.

WILL's eyes dart around the room, looking for his gun.

WILL

Fuck. Goddamnit Yorik! Jesus fuck!

ROMAN

FUCK! Why....

A moment. They are all in shock. ROMAN...Oh Roman...He cries despite himself. At last. It's a release. The REAL Roman.

FJ goes to him, she kisses his hand, then his heart, then hugs him... KATIA takes FLIP, they join in the hug, WILL stands, then goes to the group.

KATIA steps away. She takes the wrapper. She reads.

KATIA

“To Every Self Out There:
When Self is hated, Self gets angry.
When Self is anger, Self gets scared.
When Self is scared, Self is broken.

FLIP & KATIA

When Self is broken, Self hides away.
When Self is hidden, Self is dead.

Pause.

KATIA

So then Self is remade.

FLIP

So then Self is born again.
And when Self is made itself again,
Only then is Self regained.
And Death...
Death is just the beginning.

Suddenly a light. They all freeze.

WILL

What's that.

Beat. A helicopter flies nearby.

Someone knows we're here.

We fight.

FLIP

Suddenly: YORIK bursts in from a different side of the room.

They're coming!

YORIK

ALL

(Ad libs)

They're coming! AAAAHHH oh my god on a stick! Ah balls! Etc..YORIK! What the flying hell! I thought you died! What was that?

YORIK

Someone is here. I shot the gun to try to get 'em. But.

WILL

But what?

YORIK

Lost them.

A moment. A GROWL. A RUMBLE. A beat.

Then. FERNANDEZ, J.

FERNANDEZ, J.

Un elefante se columpiaba sobre la tela de una arana, como veia que resistia fueron a llamar otro elefante.

A look. WILL joins her, grabbing her hand.

WILL

Dos elefantes se columpiaban sobre la tela de una arana, como veian que resistia fueron a llamar a otro elefante

YORIK joins...

YORIK

Tres elefantes se columpiaban----sobre la tela de una araña, como veia que resistia fueron a llamar a otro elefante—

The song gets louder as each person joins, as does the pride, the resistance, the rest...

FLIP

Cuatro (mumbles the rest)

KATIA

Cinco malfantes say columbiaban sober la tae-lah de....etc.

In loud, proud defiance, they link hands and face the unknown threat...

ROMAN

SEIS ELEFANTES SE COLUMPIABAN SOBRE LA TELA DE UNA ARANA, COMO VEIA QUE RESISTIA

ALL

FUERON A LLAMAR A OTRO ELEF—

As if activated through their chant, suddenly from the broken radio, the world breaks through with:

PALOMA'S MESSAGE (V.O.)

Hi, hello— This is a message for all the artists of Latin America. I am Paloma Dávila we are transmitting here from Ecuador.

WILL

What did you do?

YORIK

Me? It wasn't me.

PALOMA (V.O)

We are with a murderous government, a murderous state... The military has risen against the government, a group of military, and we are, at this moment transmitting only from these networks because the media the media is bought and they are cutting the signal, so we ask the entire international community to support us by spreading what we are transmitting here.

ROMAN

Where is this coming from?

FERNANDEZ, J.

Shhh.

PALOMA (V.O)

There have been deaths, bombs dropped in hospitals where children and mothers are — we have a criminal state that announces to the world that nothing happens here...but they are killing us.

FLIP

Sounds familiar.

KATIA

But the radio is...(busted)

NONAME enters unnoticed by the clan.

He approaches the audience and shines the lantern on them.

PALOMA (V.O)

Artists, Friends, we ask everyone to help us by sharing everything you hear of your friends down South, share this message, please believe us, we who are your friends. A hug, and we continue: Until victory always!

As the lights shine on them we hear static or interference on the radio.

VOICES combine; those we can make out include

“Reporting from the middle east. Things are not safe here. Please disseminate...”

“...Until victory, always.”

“El Pueblo Unido Jamas Será Vencido”

LOUD VOICE

“Vox Populi, can you hear us?”

ROMAN

What is it?

WILL

Sleeper Cells.

KATIA

Not sleeping anymore.

NONAME howls from the audience. MAYBEE joins him.

“El Pueblo Unido Jamas Será Vencido” CHANT ensues and continues throughout.

FJ spots MAYBEE.

FERNANDEZ, J.

Oh my god.

YORIK

(In RE last call + audience)

So. It worked?

“El Pueblo Unido Jamas Será Vencido” Continues.

MAYBEE and FJ. A look of incredulity and relief sweeps over MAYBEE’s face. They embrace.

FERNANDEZ, J.

You’re real! *(pause)* You did this?

MAYBEE

I did it for you.

The FRIENDS walk out into the audience, to the sleeper cells, to the future.

A moment: They are WOKE.

WILL

Jimena. This is it.

She checks in with the group. Then:

With FJ leading them, they exit through the aisles:
joining the resistance, the voices, the call...

As they exit the chant and the lights

FADE TO BLACK.

OPTIONAL* EPILOGUE

A moment. MAYBEE and NONAME are left alone. The
lights come up on the house as the sounds from the radio
come to life.

They go to the radio, take it in, take the audience in. Will
they make the call?

MAYBEE grabs the radio.

MAYBEE

Vox Populli....*presente*.

LIGHTS OUT.

END OF PLAY.