

Devising Theatre: Experience as Art

By

Annie Parham

A THESIS

Submitted to

Oregon State University

University Honors College

In partial fulfillment of  
the requirements for the  
degree of

Honors Baccalaureate of Science in Civil Engineering

(Honors Scholar)

Presented March 7, 2018

Commencement June 2018



AN ABSTRACT OF THE THESIS OF

Annie Parham for the degree of Honors Baccalaureate of Science in Civil Engineering presented on March 7, 2018. Title: Devising Theatre: Experience as Art.

Abstract approved: \_\_\_\_\_

Elizabeth Helman

Any work of literature is a product of its time revealing truths about its culture. My thesis explores how pre-selected inspiration, personal experiences, and current events play a role in the devising process of a script. The inspiration for this particular devised play is *Letters to a Young Poet* by Rainer Maria Rilke; an assembly of ten letters which explore solitude, self-discovery, love, fear, sorrow, and moreover, the synthesis of these concepts in the creation of art.

I outline the devising procedure including discussion of the significance of current events, an analysis of Rilke's writing, the ensemble's creation of personal writings and reflections through introspection, and the workshopping process of the final script, *The Upward-Beating Heart*, which was performed on the Oregon State University Mainstage in Spring 2017.

In conclusion, we devised a play which embraced not only the themes present in *Letters to a Young Poet*, but also the personal experiences of the devising ensemble and the political climate of early 2017. Although not set in our current day and age, the story reflects what is going on in the world today.

Key Words: theatre, performance, writing, devising

E-mail: [parhama@oregonstate.edu](mailto:parhama@oregonstate.edu)

©Copyright by Annie Parham

03/07/2018

All Rights Reserved

Devising Theatre: Experience as Art

By

Annie Parham

A THESIS

Submitted to

Oregon State University

University Honors College

In partial fulfillment of  
the requirements for the  
degree of

Honors Baccalaureate of Science in Civil Engineering

(Honors Scholar)

Presented March 7, 2018

Commencement June 2018

Honors Baccalaureate of Science in Civil Engineering project of Annie Parham presented on March 7, 2018.

APPROVED:

---

Elizabeth Helman, Mentor, representing Theatre Arts

---

Dan Stone, Committee Member, expert in the field of Theatre Arts and Devising

---

Randall Milstein, Committee Member, representing Honors College

---

Toni Doolen, Dean, Oregon State University Honors College

I understand that my project will become part of the permanent collection of Oregon State University, Honors College. My signature below authorizes release of my project to any reader upon request.

---

Annie Parham, Author

## Acknowledgements

First and foremost, I would like to thank Dr. Elizabeth Helman for her mentorship through the thesis process and throughout my college experience. Dr. Helman has filled the role of director, thesis mentor, role model, and more over the past five years of my time at Oregon State University. Without her encouragement, I may have not been involved with *The Upward-Beating Heart*, and that would have been a shame.

Next I would like to thank the other members of my committee, Dan Stone and Dr. Randall Milstein. I would like to thank Dan Stone for being a role model in the practice of devising theatre to tell stories pertinent to our world today; *Peace Be Upon You* was truly a beautiful piece of theatre. As for Dr. Milstein, my experience within the theatre department may not have happened without taking his class “The Science of Art, The Art of Science” during my freshman year. He has always pushed me to remain involved in the arts even if most of my time is dedicated to the sciences.

To the ensemble of *The Upward-Beating Heart*, this play would not be the same without every single person’s involvement. Our story is one I hope to share over and over again.

Lastly, I would like to thank my family and friends for being so supportive during this process; from reading drafts of my thesis to helping me prepare for the defense, I could not have done it alone.

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction.....	9
What to Do? .....	9
Scientific Method .....	10
What is Devising .....	10
Letters to a Young Poet.....	12
The Author .....	12
Synopsis .....	14
Current Events .....	15
The Audition .....	17
Writing Process.....	18
Analyzing the Text.....	18
Introspection.....	19
Blog Posts .....	19
Solo Performances.....	20
Nailing Down the Details.....	21
Historical Context .....	22
The Key Events .....	26
Creating Characters.....	27
Interludes.....	29
Filling in the Blanks .....	31
Kill Your Darlings.....	33
Synopsis .....	33
Rehearsals & Performances .....	35
Conclusion .....	38
Bibliography .....	42
Appendices.....	44
Appendix A: The Upward Beating Heart.....	45



“That something is difficult must be one more reason for us to do it.”

-Rainer Maria Rilke, *Letters to a Young Poet*

Even before I read them in Rilke’s *Letters to a Young Poet*, I have done my best to live my life fearlessly and not shy away from challenges. Without Rilke’s advice I may have never auditioned for *The Upward-Beating Heart*. Had I deemed the prospect of helping to write a play to be too difficult, I would have missed out on one of the most impactful experiences of my life.

## INTRODUCTION

### WHAT TO DO?

From the beginning of my Oregon State University experience, I assumed my Honors College thesis would focus on civil engineering. As the years flew by, I became increasingly nervous about finding a lab that would facilitate research for a project I was passionate about. I spent so much time on engineering classes, homework, and tests that the thought of writing my thesis on an engineering topic did not make me want to find a subject any faster: I never looked for a thesis opportunity outside of my field; engineering was engrained into me.

Before giving up hope on a thesis topic, I learned the 2016-2017 Oregon State University Theatre Season would include an original devised play inspired by Rainer Maria Rilke’s *Letters to a Young Poet*. I have been involved with OSU Theatre as an actor nearly every term since I started college, but I had never before considered myself a

writer. I assumed writing and rehearsing would require so much time it seemed impossible to balance with completing my degree and writing my thesis. I met with Dr. Elizabeth Helman about the show and realized I could have my cake and eat it too. I craved the ability to involve myself with this production, write my thesis, finish my degree, and have enough time to eat, sleep, and breathe without going crazy. How would I do that? Writing my thesis about this play and its process opened a world of possibilities.

## SCIENTIFIC METHOD

One can always find crossovers between art and science such as the physics of ballet or the Golden Ratio. Although play writing is a creative project, it is possible to view the process in terms of the scientific method with the first step being identification of the ultimate goal. At the most basic level, the goal of this devising project is to create a work of theatre speaking to the Oregon State University community by blending the diverse voices of OSU student collaborators.

## WHAT IS DEVSING

The process of devising a piece of theatre changes with each production making it difficult to create a universally unified definition. Generally, the final piece is an original collaborative performance featuring an ensemble heavily involved in the creation process. The first step requires finding a topic for the devised piece. This may come from

a current event, an object, a feeling, or anything that stimulates creativity. Improvisation often plays a significant role in defining the subject and creating a script.

With ideas and elements stemming from multiple perspectives, it is impossible to predict what the final piece will be from the outset. One play might become a movement piece with no spoken words, while another a detailed account of a historical event told from many perspectives. An example of such a play is *The Laramie Project* produced by the Tectonic Theater Project. Members of the theater company travelled to Laramie, Wyoming in 1998 and conducted hundreds of interviews with the residents after the murder of Matthew Shepard. The Tectonic Theatre Project members used information gathered through interviews combined with news reports and personal accounts to create a piece of theatre which brought to light the lack of laws against hate crimes in some states including Wyoming (Kaufman, et al.). Devising methods vary from company to company. The Tectonic Theater Project uses a method called “Moment Work” in which specific moments are designed visually, and the scene is built around that moment (Brenner, Kaufman, Pitts). The SITI Company utilizes the “Viewpoints” technique, relying on movement and gesture within the performance space, and the “Suzuki” method, another body centric method influenced by dance and martial arts (SITI Company). These are just three particular methods, but each ensemble ultimately synthesizes the technique which will work best for them.

Plays, devised or otherwise, can respond to relevant current events and issues with immediacy. The connection between art and life may not always be obvious, but an artist’s personal experience will inevitably impact the final product. The following section explores the background of Rainer Maria Rilke and his *Letters to a Young Poet*.

## LETTERS TO A YOUNG POET

### THE AUTHOR

René Karl Wilhelm Johann Josef Maria Rilke, or Rainer Maria Rilke, was born December 4, 1875 in Prague (Freedman 9). He grew up in a military family and eventually attended a military academy (14). The school's rigid structure did not satisfy Rilke's creative side, which led him, with the help of his uncle, to leave the academy and attend a preparatory school where he studied philosophy, history, literature, and art (19-22). At nineteen-years-old, Rilke published his first volume of poetry. In the next two years, he published two additional poetry volumes while enrolled at Charles University in Prague (Holthusen).

Rilke eventually decided to travel rather than finish his degree; venturing to Germany, Italy, and Russia where he met Leo Tolstoy who greatly influenced Rilke's work (Poetry Foundation). In 1900, while living in Worpswede, Germany, Rilke met sculptor Clara Westhoff (Freedman 136). They married and had a daughter, Ruth, by the end of 1901 (152). Before traveling to Paris in summer of 1902, Rilke and Clara separated, but never officially divorced because of his status as a Catholic (160). Despite their separation, the two remained close until his death (160).

In his first few years in Paris, Rilke worked as the secretary for the French sculptor Auguste Rodin (Holthusen). Their close relationship influenced changes in Rilke's writing style, which developed from a traditional style to a uniquely modern one

(Holthusen). Rilke spent much of his time in Paris writing poetry including *Neue Gedichte (New Poems)* and *Der Neuen Gedichte Anderer Teil (Another Part of New Poems)* published in 1907 and 1909 respectively as well a few longer pieces (Poetry Foundation). During this time, Rilke continued to travel the region, and spent most of his time between Paris; Ronda, Spain; and Trieste, Italy (Holthusen).

The beginning of World War I in 1914 caught Rilke away from his Paris home on a trip to Germany and made it impossible for him to return (Freedman 381-382). He resided in Munich throughout the majority of the war until he was required to undergo basic training in Vienna, Austria (405). His influential friends interceded and prompted his transfer to the War Records Office and an eventual discharge in June 1916 (411). Even with his distance from the battlefield, his experiences reminded him of his time at the military academy and negatively impacted his writing (412).

After the war ended in 1918, Rilke traveled to Switzerland on an invitation to lecture in Zurich (Freedman 417). This experience lifted a creative block and he quickly finished the *Duino Elegies*, which he had worked on for over a decade. He also completed a collection of 55 sonnets titled the *Sonnets to Orpheus* in 1922 (479-501).

Rilke's health deteriorated prompting him to return to Paris for nine months in 1925. He hoped a change in location would cure his illness (Holthusen). Despite his unrelenting poor health, Rilke continued to write poetry for the last years of his life prior to his diagnosis of leukemia shortly before his death on December 29, 1926 (Poetry Foundation). Rilke was buried in Switzerland on January 2, 1927 with his own poetry

comprising his epitaph: “rose, o pure contradiction, desire to be no one's sleep beneath so many lids” (Gass).

## SYNOPSIS

*Letters to a Young Poet* is a collection of letters written from 1902 to 1908 to Franz Kappus; a young, aspiring writer enrolled at the same military academy as Rilke had attended (Rilke). The absence of Kappus’ letters leaves a mystery as to the precise context of his letters to Rilke. The published one-sided conversation is a compilation of advice that can be interpreted numerous ways. Rilke sent Kappus ten letters over the six-year period and although the two artists never met, the writing demonstrates an intimate bond they share as poets.

Kappus initiated the correspondence with the hope Rilke would provide feedback on his amateur poetry. Although deeply flattered by the request, Rilke refused to critique the writing because, “there is nothing that manages to influence a work of art less than critical words.” Instead they embark on a journey where Rilke passes on life knowledge he has gained over the years. These letters explore many themes and provide Rilke’s advice; no matter how many times he protests his limited qualifications. While each letter has a different focus, they share common threads. The following includes specific lessons I find within Rilke’s writings, but I recognize these lessons may change from person-to-person; each interpretation being different. Rainer Marie Rilke’s advice transcends the questions of Franz Kappus to become a collection of writing cherished by artists for years.

*To realize one's purpose in life, it is crucial to search within yourself and accept the answer you are provided rather than seek outside assistance.*

*The artistic experience is not dependent upon any outside source, be that critique or time, to come to fruition.*

*Although we are all alone in our lives, it is important to connect with the world and people around you, for through living and learning, your questions will be answered.*

*Nature is the ultimate beauty in the world, and its beauty is reflected in Man's lauded creations.*

*You cannot push life to be something it is not, nor can you push yourself to be something you are not.*

*For humans to experience a truly pure love, they must still accept that they are alone and reflect on that in order to strengthen their love.*

## CURRENT EVENTS

While Rilke's letters are the initial inspiration for *The Upward Beating Heart*, other cultural events influenced the devising process. Any artwork is influenced by the personal experiences of its creator. The devising ensemble of OSU college students aged nineteen through twenty-four means many of the major political and social events of the past twenty years were universally experienced within the group. The ensemble represents a diverse set of experiences and perspectives of race, gender, sexual orientation, and religious affiliation, but bound by age and student status.

The devising process of *The Upward-Beating Heart* began with auditions on November 6, 2016. The 2016 presidential campaigns had been in full swing for months and two candidates remained: Hillary Clinton and Donald Trump. A *USA TODAY* article

published November 7, 2016 presents results of multiple polls placing Clinton with a 4 point lead over Trump (Collins). Although polls reported Clinton's lead, November 8 demonstrated an unexpected outcome. Trump won the election with 306 electoral votes over Clinton's 232, but Clinton beat Trump in the popular vote 48.5% to 46.4% (CNN Politics). Two days after the election, Dr. Helman posted the cast list.

By the time writing concluded on the play, Donald Trump's administration had banned the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA), and the National Park Service (NPS) from publishing studies without review and approval by a political appointee, attempted to put multiple travel bans in place, and even had mentions of climate change, LGBTQ issues, and civil rights removed from the White House website (Almasy and Simon; Davenport; Itkowitz; Park).

The Trump Administration's actions led to a variety of responses in resistance. Science groups created unofficial Twitter pages and posted articles and reports on banned topics such as climate change (Leetaru). The Woman's March on January 21, 2017 was the largest march in United States history including up to 500,000 participants in Washington, DC and over five million demonstrators worldwide (Hartocollis and Alcindor). The protesters spoke out against the Trump Administration's stances on women's rights, racial equality, worker's rights, LGBTQ issues, environmental issues, freedom of religion, and healthcare reform (McGraw and Kelsey). These public demonstrations inspired the devising ensemble to explore issues of the oppressed speaking out against the powerful.



## THE AUDITION

The process of creating devised theatre takes an extreme level of commitment and willingness to collaborate. The process begins with a meeting for those interested in the project to provide background information on the inspiration text as well as the process of devised theatre. The meeting concludes with an assignment: using a randomly assigned surrealist image and a quote from *Letters to a Young Poet*, each performer then creating a three-minute devised piece to be performed at the formal audition. This demonstrates an ability to devise an original work, and a subsequent group activity tests the ability to work with others in a limited timeframe.

The auditions began with solo devised performances. Each performance represented a personal interpretation of the prompt. Some performed songs, some people danced, some performed written word compositions, and some combined multiple art forms. The auditions for *The Upward Beating Heart* ranged from comic to tragic and dramatic to silly. With individual audition performances complete, Dr. Helman assigned random groups to create devised pieces using randomly selected props, quotes, and the scene's opening and closing lines. By the end of audition night, it was clear the people who had auditioned would make fantastic additions to the ensemble. Dr. Helman had a few additional people to audition and would then decide how many people would make up her devising troupe. A few days later, the cast list was posted of eleven students chosen to collaborate in the TA 416 class (Topics in Theatre: Devising) throughout winter term and write *The Upward-Beating Heart*.

## WRITING PROCESS

### ANALYZING THE TEXT

Over winter break, Dr. Helman assigned the ensemble to find and read a copy of *Letters to a Young Poet*. Due to the popularity of the work, numerous German to English translations exist, and rather than limit the group to a single translation, Dr. Helman encouraged ensemble members to find different versions so we could read and compare different interpretations. This proved to be a great decision as small differences in translations prompted lengthy discussions on how we could justify the variation or how the meaning of a sentence changed.

At the beginning of winter term, each cast member analyzed Rilke's letters to discover themes and quotes that inspire strong responses, both positive and negative. The first weeks of the class were spent discussing the letters and personal responses to the material. Thematic connections in the letters became apparent as our analysis continued, and the group consolidated them into five main groupings:

1. Solitude and abandonment
2. Helping others
3. Overcoming fear and sorrows
4. Beauty, love, and appreciation
5. Childhood, self-discovery, and reflection

Once the themes of Rilke's writing were agreed upon, we all moved on to the next steps in the devising process.

## INTROSPECTION

### *BLOG POSTS*

While spending time outside of class analyzing Rilke's writing, the class completed a series of personal writings posted on a private blog each week. These writings encouraged creativity and served to provide each cast member with material to use in the final devised piece. Two themes of writing included letters "to ourselves" and prompted writings.

The first writing theme the class was asked to follow was writing letters to ourselves at various ages, specifically 5, 10, 15, 30, and 60 years old; each letter's content was open ended. We could ask questions, give advice, and say anything we wanted to our older or younger counterparts. A trend I found in my writing was giving more advice to myself at younger ages because I knew what was going to happen. As the recipient of my letters aged, I found myself asking more questions about the future and how life had changed and finding ways to remind older-me what I was like at 22 year old. These personal letters allowed the cast to explore the childhood, self-discovery, and reflection themes present in Rilke's writings.

The second assignment was a weekly post beginning with an opened-ended phrase including: I hope, I am afraid, I regret, when I'm alone, I will never, in my dreams, I don't know, I never thought I, when I cry, and I'm happiest. As an engineering major, these assignments allow me to stretch my creative writing skills in a way writing technical papers don't allow. I followed Rilke's lead to write half of these posts as poetry and the other half as short essays or stories. Each open-ended topic encouraged ensemble

members to be open and honest with each other. Through these posts, we learned a great deal about each other, strengthening our connections and introducing a level of vulnerability within the group crucial to the writing process. Some of these posts provided materials which made their way into the final script as character backgrounds.

### *SOLO PERFORMANCES*

Outside of blog posts, cast members were also expected to devise two individual in-class performance pieces, the first inspiration being “How Others See Me vs. How I See Myself” and the second “Who I Was vs. Who I Want to Be.” The performance guidelines included a three to five minute time limit; a structure with a clear beginning, middle, and end; and a creative and honest interpretation of the specific topic. Self-assessments followed each performance to assess whether or not we had “taken a risk” and opened ourselves up to the ensemble.

My performances focused on difficult life events I learned a great deal from. Sharing these parts of my life through the blog posts and solo performances forced intense introspection ultimately leading to more honest writing in the final play. Without going through the process of internal reflection, the ensemble would not have worked together as well as we did to create our final product. These creative writings and performances continued throughout the term, but they would not be performed on stage. Within the first few weeks after the cast analyzed Rilke’s letters and worked on opening ourselves to each other, it was time to begin creating *The Upward-Beating Heart*.

## NAILING DOWN THE DETAILS

The first step in the creative devising process established the foundation for *The Upward-Beating Heart*. Dr. Helman divided the ensemble into five groups and asked us to meet outside of class to brainstorm multiple pitches for the play. These could be as specific or vague as necessary, but each pitch must tie into themes from *Letters to a Young Poet*. The class met and discussed their initial pitches and Dr. Helman assigned four new groups. Based on the first round, each group was to come up with a single pitch and build upon existing ideas and story elements. These pitches provided the foundation of a story and plotline. These potential stories included:

1. Cloud Atlas style format with the same characters presented in different storylines and theatrical genres; the threads throughout the plot connecting storylines together.
2. Parallel storylines in a small town with each character representing a different theme from *Letters to a Young Poet*. Characters brought together for a wedding which does not happen. Focus shifting from character to character to give context to the relationships in the play.
3. An old man looking back on his life during the Spanish Civil War. Exploration of artists vs. political oppression. Memories used as life lessons.
4. A story told out of sequence with the end at the beginning and the beginning at the end. Use of a garden setting. Individual experiences contributing to a common goal. Comparing personal and communal growth.

Following the presentation, the class voted. The ensemble unanimously selected option number three: our play would be told as memories from an artist who lived in Spain during the Spanish Civil War. The decision to use the Spanish Civil War as the historical context for *The Upward-Beating Heart* was not accidental. Research on the Spanish Civil War suggests parallels between historical events and current events and the writers included in *The Upward-Beating Heart*.

## HISTORICAL CONTEXT

The Spanish Civil War, known in Spain as La Guerra (The War), took place from 1936 to 1939 between the leftist Republicans and the rightist Nationalists (Beevor 7). The Republicans, joined by the Anarchists, fought for the left-leaning democratic Second Spanish Republic which was the ruling state beginning in 1931 (20). Modernization of Spain was one of the guiding goals of the Republic, but this was not popular with the entire population (20). In mid-July 1936, a coup d'état occurred which splintered the Spanish Republic Armed Forces (Thomas 134). The aristocratic, conservative, and religious; particularly Catholics, supported this military rebellion made up of a number of groups which eventually unified under the leadership of Francisco Franco (Payne 46-51). While the Anarchists were not supporters of the Republic pre-coup, they did join the socialists and the communists in what they claimed was a fight for freedom against the tyranny and oppression of conservative Nationalists (Beevor 30-33). On the other fighting side, the Nationalists viewed the war as a fight for "Christian civilization" (247).

By the end of the initial coup, the Nationalist-occupied land containing 11 million citizens to the Republican 14 million (Westwell 9). The Nationalist forces included 60,000 men from the Territorial Army of Spain, 35,000 men from the Army of Africa, and just shy of half the police forces (Howson 28; Westwell 10). Along with manpower, the Nationalists obtained over half of the Republican Army's tanks, two of the Navy's most modern ships, almost half of the rifles, and approximately a third of the artillery and machine guns (Howson 20-28).

The combatants within Spain's armies were not enough and both sides began to recruit within and outside of the country. While many countries including the United

States, the United Kingdom, Germany, Italy, the USSR and other European countries had promised non-intervention including an embargo on all firearms to Spain, this did not prevent the International Brigades from forming which provided the Republicans with volunteers from around the world who would fight for their cause (Thomas 260-262, 637). The USSR and Mexico were supporters of the Republican cause, ignored non-intervention, and provided weapons for purchase as well as diplomatic aid (Thomas 262; Beevor 139-140). The Nationalists on the other hand had gained the support of Adolf Hitler in Germany and Benito Mussolini in Italy (Thomas 226-227). Between these two dictators, the Nationalists found themselves with a strong supply of men and weapons (227-229).

Both the Red Terror and White Terror began after the coup and led to many deaths on both sides of the fighting. The Red Terror associated with the Republicans saw the execution of somewhere between 40,000 Spaniards including almost 7,000 members of the Catholic clergy and the burning of many churches (Beevor 70). The Republicans and anarchists targeted The Church for their vocal views against social reform (70). The White Terror of the Nationalists focused on the cleansing of society, which led to the deaths of about 200,000 between the start of the Spanish Civil War and the end of WWII (94). Protestants, liberals, anarchists, intellectuals, and many other cultural subgroups were targeted in these executions. Both of these terrors continued throughout the war (94).

Both sides of the Spanish Civil War used art and propaganda including radio programs, leaflets, and movies. Some of the events inspired many great pieces of art including Pablo Picasso's iconic painting of the bombing of Guernica in April 1937

(Picasso). Following this event, the Republican retaliations became more effective and better able to delay Franco's advances, but the Nationalists eventually took over much of northern Spain (Payne). By the close of 1937, the Republican government had to move from Valencia to Barcelona to avoid the converging Nationalists (Payne).

The natural fortress city of Teruel became the focus of the Republicans nearing the end of 1937 (Wyden 421). Teruel was held by the Nationalists but could prove useful in shortening the line of communication between areas held by the Republicans and coastal Valencia (421). When intelligence of an attack on Madrid planned for December 18, 1937 reached the Republicans, they knew they would have to act in order to divert Franco's army (Thomas 504). Two armies with 100,000 men between them set out to take Teruel from the less than 10,000 Nationalist defense on December 15<sup>th</sup> amidst what has been called "the worst Spanish winter in 20 years" (Thomas 504; Wyden 425). Not until December 23<sup>rd</sup> did Franco make the decision to send aid of 100,000 men to Teruel thereby putting his attack on Madrid on hold to ensure no Republican victory during the war would happen (Thomas 789-790). The Republicans had taken most of Teruel by Christmas Day and the aid sent by Franco would not arrive until December 29, but fighting could not last long as a blizzard halted all efforts temporarily (505-507). Despite continued aid provided by Franco, the Republicans managed to seize Teruel by January 8, 1938 (507-508). The Republican forces killed their Nationalist captives and the civilian population evacuated the city (508).

Just over a week later at the onset of the improving weather, the Nationalists advanced to take back Teruel and by February 7, they broke the Republican line of defense and captured many soldiers (Thomas 792-293). The final push began eleven days



later and Hernández Saravia called for the withdrawal of the Republican army when it became clear they would lose (511). Although most of the Republican army was able to escape, the Nationalist forces trapped 14,500 men and the battle concluded on February 22<sup>nd</sup> (511-515). The Battle of Teruel has become known as one of the most decisive battles of the Spanish Civil War and the Nationalist victory at Teruel was a turning point in the war (515). The Republicans suffered a depletion of resources and losses of around 85,000 men compared to the Nationalist 57,000 (773).

The recapture of Teruel and decimation of the Republican forces allowed for Franco to lengthen his reach from Northern Spain to the Balearic Sea coast which effectively cut the Republican occupied land in half (Beevor 346-347). Because of Franco's condition of unconditional surrender the fighting continued through 1938 and into the early part of 1939 (347). Franco and the Nationalists officially claimed victory on April 1, 1939 (397). The Republicans surrendered and many were imprisoned or executed with death estimates ranging from 50,000 to 200,000 (405). An estimated 400,000 to 600,000 deaths occurred during the Spanish Civil War (Thomas 632).

France and the United Kingdom recognized Franco as the official head of state after his victory (Thomas 424). Franco's rule continued as "Su Excelencia el Jefe de Estado" ("His Excellency the Head of State") despite his declaration that Spain was a monarchy (424). He did however assume many of the privileges held by a king (Payne 347). Franco's oppressive authoritarianism continued with tactics including censorship, the promotion of Catholicism as the "true religion", and the prohibition of some languages to suppress the population (Beevor 262-265). Franco's reign continued until his death on November 20, 1975.

Following the death of Franco, Spain entered into “The Pact of Forgetting” to put the nation’s past behind them in order to move forward in a positive way (Poggioli). The Pact of Forgetting prevented those involved in the atrocities of the war from being prosecuted and even stopped the exhumations of mass graves, thus closure for many families could not be provided (Poggioli). In 2000, Emilio Silva led the cause to exhume a mass grave in search of his grandfather (NBC News). Many people joined him and his efforts resulted in formation of the Association for the Recovery of Historical Memory (NBC News). In 2006, the King declared that year as the “Year of Historical Memory” in an effort to learn from the past (Keene).

## THE KEY EVENTS

With the devising class’ script foundation selected and historical context researched, we created an outline of the story we would tell. Discussion of the play’s established context produced six major plot points we all agreed could appear within the script.

Scenario 1: A Fascist sympathizer and Artist have a falling out, while lover 1 eavesdrops.

Scenario 2: Artist and Lover 1 are at [the Artist’s] home and realize the love is fading.

Scenario 3: Lover 2 tries to convince Artist to join the fight for “the cause”.

Scenario 4: A performance piece by artists to illustrate the political climate.

Scenario 5: Artists must sing for food from fascist soldiers.

Scenario 6: Artist and Lover 1 hide together during an attack on a club.

Dr. Helman divided the ensemble into small groups and assigned each group to write two scenes. The next round of writing saw some of these scenes adapted to fit into the finalized script. These scenes allowed anyone to introduce new potential characters to the group in addition to the core characters. With the inspiration of these scenes giving a general outline of the story and characters, it was time to decide which characters would tell our story.

## CREATING CHARACTERS

The first factor to consider in creating characters was the knowledge we would have to include at least eleven acting roles in the play so each of the writers would also have a performing role. Using previously written scenes, the ensemble members added additional characters to expand the story. Eventually, the group generated a list of eleven characters and each group was responsible for creating a backstory for 2-3 characters.

The characters include:

- Artist/Protagonist
- Lover 1 (Waiter/Waitress/Owner of Bar)
- Lover 2
- Fascist Sympathizer
- Resistance Fighter 1
- Resistance Fighter 2 (Violent, Extremist)
- Apathetic Friend (Charming and Likeable, No Substance)
- Wildcard 1 (Fascist Related to Artist)
- Wildcard 2 (Journalist)
- Wildcard 3 (Any)
- Wildcard 4 (Any)

Each group developed two different names and background information combinations for each character. My group was assigned the Violent Resistance Fighter, Journalist Wildcard, and one of the open-ended Wildcard characters.

Our group presented two options for the Violent Resistance Fighter, both as male. This seemed fitting given Rilke's warning against toxic masculinity appearing in his writing. The first scenario we portrayed a man named Guillermo who had been bullied but was learning to stand up for himself, often taking his responses too far. Guillermo views fascist soldiers as bullies. The second scenario paints a man ironically named Franco as a more introverted character who falls into extremism by the tragedies happening to those around him.

Creating ideas for the journalist character, we had more freedom to decide if this character would make more sense as a male or female character. For this reason, we presented one idea as a man named Alvaro who is a leader at the newspaper where he works. Alvaro enjoys pushing the boundaries of what might get him into trouble and will certainly take the blame if it will keep someone else safe. Our female option was a woman named Eugenia who grew up as the middle child in a well off family and was rarely noticed by her mother and father; seeking the attention of her peers instead. Eugenia has a habit of eavesdropping and uses that to her advantage in writing articles.

Our final assigned character was Hermana Catalina, the artist's older sister and a nun of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Hermana Catalina and the artist's parents die in both scenarios though this occurs at different times. In one scenario they die by fire when Catalina is 17, in the other, the mother dies in childbirth and the father dies from

alcoholism. In both scenarios Catalina is a devout and giving person who finds peace in The Church. Including the character of a nun provides the plotline for mentioning church burnings during the war.

At the next group meeting, the ensemble presented our character options and discussed within the group what would work best as a cohesive story. Dr. Helman took our proposals and feedback and created the finalized core character list including a few secondary characters to aid in storytelling. The new secondary characters meant additional actors had to be found and added to the ensemble. Over the following sessions, the class improvised scenes as particular characters to continue to develop potential plot points and get the characters on their feet so that we could get a better feel for who they would be on the page and on the stage. Through this process, a number of ideas stuck including the puppet show which ended up in the final script. This was a particular portion of the devising process that I was partially absent for but still maintained minor involvement.

## INTERLUDES

Once characters for the play were formalized, each person created a short written piece expanding on a character or storyline. Some people created monologues for a specific character while others took a broader approach and wrote lyrics for songs. My final product were lyrics for a love song by Federico to his love interest Desiderio. Because love is a major theme in *Letters to a Young Poet*, I decided to go back through

the text and find the most descriptive lines about love. I then used some of Rilke's lines of text to create a found word poem I presented to the ensemble.

### MY UPWARD-BEATING HEART

For one human being to love another  
is the epitome, the ultimate test.  
In this there is no measuring with time.  
A year doesn't matter;  
ten years are nothing.

With our upward-beating hearts, we love.  
We feel our heartbeat quickening.  
We have been changed.

Come to find a truth within your very soul.  
You will feel in your innermost being  
how very much I am yours.  
The future stands firm and still,  
but we are moving in infinite space.

With our upward-beating hearts, we love.  
We feel our heartbeat quickening.  
We have been changed.

Love the life that is mine,  
and for this love you shall be repaid  
a thousand and a thousand times over.  
It is no longer possible to be erased from your life  
Nor you from mine.

I had never written a song before, so I worked with another member of the ensemble, Elena Ramirez, to refine the lyrics and set them to music. The finalized lyrics can be found in Appendix A, Act 1, Scene 8.

## FILLING IN THE BLANKS

With the major plot points outlined in scenes and specifics included in the various interludes, the final step to creating the first complete draft of *The Upward-Beating Heart* was writing the in-between scenes. Dr. Helman created a two-act outline based on the writing of the ensemble. Groups wrote scripts for specific scenes to share with the ensemble. I collaborated with Alex Small and Kyle Stockdall to write Scenes 1, 3, and 7 from Act 1 and Scenes 3 and 4 from Act 2.

While working in this particular group, I found my major strength was expanding the basic scene outline to create a clearer storyboard. This process included further historical research into the Spanish Civil War. Below is a specific example of the way I expanded upon the prompt; in this case for Act 1 Scene 1, with the description provided by Dr. Helman and followed by the expanded outline.

### ORIGINAL PROMPT:

Scene One: It is the fall of 1937, the Nationalists have taken over a large swatch of Western Spain (more land, but they do not yet control many of the largest industrial cities including Madrid or Barcelona). The Nationalists have controlled Teruel since 1936. Emilia comes into the café (are we calling it Colorín?) She has left her job at the school to help her brother Desi. She is late. She was perhaps harassed by some soldiers on her way. Aná is there, as usual, drinking. The siblings talk and tease each other. Guillermo and Lucia enter, chattering about the meeting later that night, but semi-secretly. In this scene we also meet Federico and Martín who come in for a drink. People grow tense at their entrance.

### EXPANDED DESCRIPTION:

It is the fall of 1937, the Nationalists have taken over a large swatch of Western Spain (more land, but they do not yet control many of the largest industrial cities including Madrid or Barcelona). The Nationalists have controlled Teruel since 1936.

EMILIA comes into the Café Colorín. She has left her job at the school to help her brother DESI. She is late. She was perhaps harassed by some soldiers on her way. ANA is there, as usual, drinking. Perhaps CARMEN is there with her initially but leaves to type up her newest story for the newsletter. Ana stays behind to drink more (some bad joke about wanting more Spanish in her coffee?).

The siblings talk and tease each other in the back room as EMILIA puts on her apron and such; maybe EMILIA hangs some artwork made by her students on the wall of the back room which is already alive with color and other artwork. Some information about their jailed father is revealed.

GUILLERMO and LUCIA enter, chattering about the meeting later that night, but semi-secretly. Maybe they discuss ideas for their next performance piece or edit each other's writing.

In this scene we also meet FEDERICO and MARTIN who come in for a drink. People grow tense at their entrance. MARTIN is likely wearing a Nationalist uniform. EMILIA tells DESI that she has dealt with enough Nationalist soldiers for the day and sends him to wait on MARTIN and FEDERICO. [Does EMILIA know that DESI is gay? Would she make a comment about FEDERICO being attractive?] They sit together at a table where MARTIN notices MARIA for the first time (perhaps there with a friend?) and decides to go talk with her.

DESI waits on MARTIN and FEDERICO's table, so this "alone" time with Martin at another table is where FEDERICO and DESI first meet and interact. Perhaps there is some mirroring in the conversation between FEDERICO and DESI and the one between MARTIN and MARIA. MARTIN eventually returns to the table ending the conversation between DESI and FEDERICO abruptly. DESI takes their orders and returns to the back of the cafe.

A drunk ANA attempts to hit on MARTIN but when he doesn't return her advances gets annoyed and causes a small scene (maybe breaks a glass?). She immediately laughs it off and returns to her table and her drink.

EMILIA discusses with DESI that if the artists continue to be bad for business, they may have to stop providing the secret meeting space. GUILLERMO is (not so quietly) ranting about how the Nationalists are bad people and the soldiers are pigs while MARTIN is obviously within hearing distance. LUCIA listens quietly, probably agreeing with the points made by GUILLERMO, but not wanting to egg him on and potentially cause an unnecessary fight between MARTIN and GUILLERMO. MARTIN shakes his head but says nothing to the pair. This negatively colors FEDERICO's initial opinion of LUCIA and GUILLERMO.

MARTIN requests that he and FEDERICO leave. FEDERICO says that he will meet MARTIN outside after he pays their tab. This gives FEDERICO a chance to say a quick goodbye to DESI and their interaction should prompt him to return later that evening.



Once I finished expanding the story, the group created dialogue for each scene. Our assigned scenes were all character-heavy and allowed us a chance to develop dialogue for almost all the characters. Once each group submitted their assigned scenes, Dr. Helman edited the work into a cohesive script.

## KILL YOUR DARLINGS

The combined scenes went through many revisions before the finalized script. First, Dr. Helman eliminated continuity errors. The initial read through after the first round of edits lasted over three hours, not including transitions and songs. It was clear to all involved significant cuts would have to be made in order to create a play an audience could reasonably sit through. The saying commonly credited to William Faulkner, Oscar Wilde, Anton Chekhov, and many more writers: “in writing, you must kill your darlings” is descriptive of the process of editing; though the ensemble felt every word was crucial to the story, Dr. Helman decided what was less important to the plot and made cuts accordingly. By the end of the winter term, we had a finalized script. Or so we thought.

## SYNOPSIS

The story of *The Upward Beating Heart* follows the memories of a man named Federico “Rico” Garcia Leon. He returns to the café, the Colorín, years after the end of the Spanish Civil War in an attempt to reconnect with his lover, Desiderio “Desi” Moreno Reyes, who he had not been in contact with since his departure from Teruel. As

Rico waits, he remembers his time in Teruel and the events that transpired during the war.

Rico remembers his first time going to the Colorín in 1937 with his brother Martín, a Nationalist soldier, where he meets the artists Emilia, Ana, Carmen, Lucia, Guillermo, and Desi. Their immediate connection grants him entry to a private exhibition of art and theatre meant to be used against the Nationalists later that week. While Guillermo, the extremist Republican, does not trust Rico, the rest of the artists welcome him into the fold. Following a kiss that evening, Rico and Desi's relationship begins to blossom.

Nationalist soldiers frequent the Colorin and cause trouble each time they return, but because the café relies upon rations and supplies provided by the soldiers, they must keep the soldiers happy. Rico witnesses the conflict and turns to his sister Hermana Clara, a nun with the Little Sisters of the Poor, for advice. She tells him that he must be sure that his decisions are his own and are not for anyone else.

Following an altercation between Guillermo and Nationalist soldiers, Rico joins the artists to watch a political speech by Adelita, a member of the Republican resistance. Adelita is injured by a bomb explosion and Rico, with the help of Hermana Clara, take care of her. During a heart-to-heart talk, Adelita pushes Rico to make a choice of whose side he is on. His further involvement in the demonstrations proves he is on the side of the Republican resistance even though it puts him in conflict with his brother. His new involvement with the resistance causes Desi to question their relationship.

When Guillermo takes the action of executing a Nationalist soldier in the café after the first attack on Teruel, Desi decides that it is no longer safe to stay. Despite attempts to convince him to leave, Rico remains steadfast in his decision to stay and fight. Rico's world is falling apart around him as he learns of his brother's evacuation and return to the city, his sister's death in the burning of the convents, and Desi's capture by Nationalist soldiers. Rico joins Guillermo and Lucia in their last stand to convince the people to stand up against their Nationalist oppressors, but when it ends with Lucia's execution, he follows his brother's orders and runs. He runs to France and finds he cannot return to Spain until many years later. When Rico finally attempts to make contact with those he loved during the war, he learns the war resulted in many of their deaths, including Martín.

Fading back to the old man sitting in the café, Rico continues to wait to talk with Desi; an ending which is left open as the lights fade to another memory of the two in bed together at the height of their relationship discussing the idea of leaving Teruel. They decide that it may be the ultimate decision, but not yet as Teruel is still home.

## REHEARSALS & PERFORMANCES

With the "finalized" script, it was time to cast roles. Informal readings for roles happened at one of the final class meetings and Dr. Helman cast the core characters of the show the next day. I was cast as Ana Luisa Barros. Ana fills the contrarian role within the group of artists as she believes the fight against the Nationalists is futile and not a cause

worth being killed for. Although not necessarily revealed in the script, the backstory that was created provides insight into why Ana acts the way that she does:

Ana Luisa Barros was the daughter of a famous classical pianist killed during the Red Terror. She was born in 1908 had begun to make a career for herself as a jazz singer before the Civil War erupted. National political instability has made her life difficult, halted her career, and driven her to care less and less about politics. She is charming, witty, and very cynical. She believes life is ultimately pointless and, therefore, seizes the day with drinking and multiple lovers, both male and female, to pass the time. She performs occasionally at the café but gets most of her money from an older Nationalist officer who keeps her in an apartment.

I was attracted to the role of Ana throughout the writing process as she appeared mostly in scenes I helped write. Ana's view on the war intrigues me, and she presents the point-of-view of people who do not want to take sides in the conflict. Ana is one of many characters with unique views represented in the play.

Although the final script included more characters than original ensemble members, additional auditions were not held. Rather, the ensemble agreed upon asking specific actors to play the roles of old Rico, Carlos, and Luís. The original ending had older Federico and Desiderio meeting at the café, but difficulty finding another older male actor necessitated a change to the script. Once the full cast was decided upon, rehearsals began with the first formal read through. Rehearsals continued throughout the spring term. As performances neared, it was clear the play's run time was still an issue so the script continued to undergo edits until just days before the opening performance. Working with a script of our own making changes easy - if something did not work, the fix was quick.

We all knew this story by heart. In some ways, my familiarity with the script had decreased my enthusiasm for the project. I experience some level of boredom with most plays I perform in as we approach performances after having rehearsed to an empty theatre many times. As is tradition, the cast completed one performance specifically for crew members as they would not be able to see the show during the official run. This was the first time a group of people outside the ensemble entered the world we had created. The ensemble hoped the crew audience would provide insight into responses we might get from larger audiences. To our delight, many members of the crew were moved to tears by our story. As college students trying to find their identities, they connected with the struggle of the characters and found themselves represented on stage. My excitement for the project was brought back, and my craving for an audience was. The rehearsal process begins to build the world for the actors, and it is strengthened by the addition of a set, costumes, and lighting. The audience is the final piece of the puzzle in live theatre. Finally nearly three months of writing and two months of rehearsal culminated in performances of *The Upward-Beating Heart* on May 11-13 and 19-21, 2017.

The audience attendance during the first weekend was moderate. This was to be expected considering the play was entirely new. A positive reception during this first weekend paved the way for the next week's performances as word-of-mouth advertised the play's strength. By the second weekend, audiences were much larger and number of people I know attended performances more than once. A friend of mine even came three times over the two weekends, bringing a new guest or two with her each time. She was so moved by the art the ensemble created she wanted to share it with as many people as she could, even going so far as to share comments about the play on Facebook to encourage

others in the area to buy tickets. While she and many other attendees responded positively to the play, not everyone held the same opinion. Most “negative” comments came from older individuals. While this concentration of problems within the older audience confused me at first, I realized this story was not necessarily meant for them to connect with. They did not have to understand the choices the ensemble made as long as the student community felt a connection: in that way, we achieved our goal.

## CONCLUSION

Considering the final product the ensemble produced and performed, *The Upward-Beating Heart*, it is clear the current U.S. political environment influenced to the story’s creation. We explored the oppression of information and art. LGBTQ themes were extremely important through the story as many of the characters identified as either gay or bisexual. Discussion of religion and the rights of people in the midst of a divided country reflect what we see in our world today. Beyond these current events, our play tells of the journey most college age people go through: finding identity through love and loss, and learning how to stand behind difficult choices, even if it turns out in the end the decisions were wrong. In this way, and considering the fact the writing ensemble was made up of college students exploring life, it makes sense all of the main characters are in their twenties, trying to find their places in the world. This makes the story of *The Upward-Beating Heart* important; even though the story is set eighty years ago, the experiences and decisions explored are still relevant. The journey into adulthood, making difficult decisions, falling in love, and dealing with loss are realities we all experience.

At the beginning of the devising process, I set out to help write a play that would speak to students at Oregon State University. Without prior experience in the field of play writing, I had no other immediate goals for what the play could be in the end. I wanted to stretch myself as an artist and get out of my comfort zone as an actor. Theatre has helped me in life by increasing my comfort level when talking to large groups of people. I hoped working on my creative writing would make me a more engaging person when telling stories. In the end, I gained all these skills and more. I realize even in a creative situation like devising, I am a planner. My strengths lie in taking a prompt and creating a fleshed out story. What I need to work on for the future is writing honest dialogue so a story can breathe rather than just exist as words on the page.

Looking back on *The Upward-Beating Heart* and my experience in the writing process a year after the fact, there are elements I would have done differently or would have changed. Elements of the storyline became thin as we cut the script for time, but it did not always seem appropriate to completely remove them. If I had a chance to go back and edit the script, I would eliminate the potential for a romantic relationship between Adelita and Federico; shift as much focus as possible away from the Nationalist soldiers towards the artists and their actions; and find a way to more eloquently dissolve Federico's relationships with the other characters which did not result in a screaming match at the end of every scene. Something that Dr. Helman reminded us constantly was to "tell the story." The changes I would make to the script would tighten up the writing and better focus the story. Perhaps if I had a hand in writing more of the scenes, I would have used my influence to take them in different directions. That is one crucial element about devised theatre; you must learn to work with the ideas of others to create the final

product. If even one member of the ensemble had not been involved, the play would have been different.

Dr. Helman recently mentioned to me the idea of having more time to work on the script. Rather than limiting the process to two terms (writing in winter, rehearsing and performing in spring), she proposed a full year commitment. This would allow for the writing process to happen during fall, workshopping in winter, and rehearsals and performances in the spring. Adding a workshopping section would allow more time to edit the script to figure out what realistically works and what does not. If we had there were more time, fewer last minute changes would have to be made and scripts will ultimately be more polished.

The major change I would make to my involvement in the devising process would be to ensure that I be present for every step. I was completing my senior capstone project for engineering at the same time as writing *The Upward-Beating Heart*. This meant that I had to leave some of the TA 417 classes early and skip others all together. I did not experience the complete process for this reason. Because the capstone is a graduation requirement that I had to complete at that time, it was an unavoidable circumstance which did control my level of involvement. Even still, I felt connected to the devising ensemble and the final script produced.

In conclusion, we devised a play which embraced not only the themes present in *Letters to a Young Poet*, but also the personal experiences of the devising ensemble and the political climate of early 2017. Multiple times I have been told the honors thesis is meant to be a culmination of the time each student spends at Oregon State University. My



thesis process has been a tribute to my experience in the OSU theatre department and in hindsight is the only thesis path that makes sense. I gained insights into literature, history, and art in ways I had never been exposed to previously. Part of me wishes the ensemble writing process could have gone on longer because I know we could have continued to improve upon the story we were telling. I have been told many times an artist's work is never complete. Only after participating in the ensemble devising process do I feel I understand the idea of the "incomplete work." Without formal recordings of the play or the music, what lives on from this experience is the script ensemble created. May I present to you, *The Upward-Beating Heart*.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Almasy, Steve, and Darran Simon. "A timeline of President Trump's travel bans." CNN, Cable News Network, 30 Mar. 2017, [www.cnn.com/2017/02/10/us/trump-travel-ban-timeline/index.html](http://www.cnn.com/2017/02/10/us/trump-travel-ban-timeline/index.html).
- Beevor, Antony. *The Battle for Spain: The Spanish Civil War 1936-1939*. Penguin. 2006.
- Brenner, Lisa S., Moisés Kaufman, and Barbara Pitts. "Moment Work: an Interview with Tectonic Theater Project." Theatre Topics. Johns Hopkins University Press. July 2016. <https://jhuptheatre.org/theatre-topics/online-content/issue/volume-26-number-2-july-2016/moment-work-interview-tectonic>
- CNN Politics. *2016 Presidential Results*. CNN Politics. 2016.
- Collins, Eliza. "Poll roundup: Clinton has the edge one day before election." USA Today, Gannett Satellite Information Network, 7 Nov. 2016, [www.usatoday.com/story/news/politics/onpolitics/2016/11/07/poll-roundup-clinton-has-edge-one-day-before-election/93414738/](http://www.usatoday.com/story/news/politics/onpolitics/2016/11/07/poll-roundup-clinton-has-edge-one-day-before-election/93414738/).
- Davenport, Coral. "Federal Agencies Told to Halt External Communications." The New York Times, The New York Times, 25 Jan. 2017, [www.nytimes.com/2017/01/25/us/politics/some-agencies-told-to-halt-communications-as-trump-administration-moves-in.html](http://www.nytimes.com/2017/01/25/us/politics/some-agencies-told-to-halt-communications-as-trump-administration-moves-in.html).
- Kaufman, Moisés, et al. *The Laramie Project*. Dramatists Play Services Inc. 2000.
- Freedman, Ralph. *Life of a Poet: Rainer Maria Rilke*. New York : Farrar, Straus, and Giroux. 1996.
- Gass, William H. *Reading Rilke – Reflections on the Problems of Translation*. Knopf Doubleday Publishing Group. 1999
- Hartocollis, Anemona, and Yamiche Alcindor. "Women's March Highlights as Huge Crowds Protest Trump: 'We're Not Going Away'." The New York Times, The New York Times, 21 Jan. 2017, [www.nytimes.com/2017/01/21/us/womens-march.html](http://www.nytimes.com/2017/01/21/us/womens-march.html).
- Holthusen, Hans Egon. *Rainer Maria Rilke*. Encyclopædia Britannica. 2007. <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Rainer-Maria-Rilke>
- Howson, Gerald. *Arms for Spain*. New York: St. Martin's Press. 1998.
- Itkowitz, Colby. "LGBT rights page disappears from White House web site." The Washington Post, WP Company, 20 Jan. 2017,

[www.washingtonpost.com/local/2017/live-updates/politics/live-coverage-of-trumps-inauguration/lgbt-rights-page-disappears-from-white-house-website/?utm\\_term=.ace7fb7663a4](http://www.washingtonpost.com/local/2017/live-updates/politics/live-coverage-of-trumps-inauguration/lgbt-rights-page-disappears-from-white-house-website/?utm_term=.ace7fb7663a4).

Keene, Judith. "Review Article: Turning Memories into History in the Spanish Year of Historical Memory." *Journal of Contemporary History*, vol. 42, no. 4, Oct. 2007, pp. 661–671., doi:10.1177/0022009407082153.

Leetaru, Kalev. "What The 'Rogue' EPA, NPS and NASA Twitter Accounts Teach Us About The Future Of Social." *Forbes*, *Forbes Magazine*, 26 Jan. 2017, [www.forbes.com/sites/kalevleetaru/2017/01/25/what-the-rogue-epa-nps-and-nasa-twitter-accounts-teach-us-about-the-future-of-social/#14addad45a74](http://www.forbes.com/sites/kalevleetaru/2017/01/25/what-the-rogue-epa-nps-and-nasa-twitter-accounts-teach-us-about-the-future-of-social/#14addad45a74).

McGraw, Meridith, and Adam Kelsey. "Everything You Need to Know About the Women's March." *ABC News*, *ABC News Network*, 20 Jan. 2017, [abcnews.go.com/Politics/womens-march/story?id=44884784](http://abcnews.go.com/Politics/womens-march/story?id=44884784).

NBC News. "Journalist Emilio Silva: Unearthing Spain's Forgotten Civil War Victims." *NBCNews.com*, *NBCUniversal News Group*, 19 Jan. 2015, [www.nbcnews.com/news/latino/journalist-emilio-silva-unearthing-spains-forgotten-civil-war-victims-n288891](http://www.nbcnews.com/news/latino/journalist-emilio-silva-unearthing-spains-forgotten-civil-war-victims-n288891).

Park, Madison. "EPA removes climate change references from website, report says." *CNN*, *Cable News Network*, 8 Dec. 2017, [www.cnn.com/2017/12/08/politics/epa-climate-change-references/index.html](http://www.cnn.com/2017/12/08/politics/epa-climate-change-references/index.html).

Payne, Stanley G. *The Spanish Civil War*. Cambridge University Press. 2012

Picasso, Pablo. *Guernica*. 1937. Oil on canvas. Museo Reina Sofia, Madrid, Spain.

Poetry Foundation. *Rainer Maria Rilke*. Poetry Foundation.  
<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/rainer-maria-rilke>

Poggiloi, Sylvia. "In Spain, A Crusading Judge Opens Old Wounds". *NPR*. August 4, 2010. <https://www.npr.org/templates/story/story.php?storyId=128929694>

Rilke, Rainer Maria. *Letters to a Young Poet*. Translated by Joan M. Burnham, Forward by Kent Nerburn. *New World Library*. 2000.

SITI Company. (n.d.). *Training*. Retrieved March 11, 2018, from <http://siti.org/training>

Thomas, Hugh. *The Spanish Civil War*. Harper & Borthers. 1961.

Wyden, Peter. *The Passionate War*. Simon and Schuster. 1983

## APPENDICES

## APPENDIX A: THE UPWARD BEATING HEART

The sections which I contributed writing to are Act 1, Scenes 1, 3, and 7 and Act 2, Scenes 3 and 4, as well as the lyrics to the song “My Upward-Beating Heart” which appears in Act 1, Scene 8.

*The Upward-Beating Heart*

An original devised work by

Casey Collins  
 Sedona Garcia  
 PJ Harris  
 Hannah Fretz  
 Sydney King  
 Thomas McKean  
 Annie Parham  
 Elena Ramirez  
 Alex Small  
 Mike Stephens  
 Kyle Stockdall

MUSIC

“The Lullaby” – Music by PJ Harris and Sedona Garcia, Lyrics by Casey Collins and Sedona Garcia  
 “Song Between Brothers” – Music by Elena Ramirez, Lyrics by Elena Ramirez and Thomas McKean  
 “My Upward-Beating Heart” – Music by Elena Ramirez, Lyrics by Annie Parham  
 “Heartbreak Song” – Music and Lyrics by Sedona Garcia  
 “The Anthem” – Music by Sedona Garcia, Sydney King, Thomas McKean, and PJ Harris, Lyrics by Hannah Fretz, Sedona Garcia, Thomas McKean, and Sydney King

Edited and directed by  
 Elizabeth Helman  
 For Oregon State University  
 May 11-21, 2017

Set and Lights – Don Naggiar  
 Costumes – Demara Cabrera  
 Technical Director – Chad Rodgers  
 Stage Manager – Brian Greer

*Characters:*

Federico Garcia Leon – Thomas McKean  
Hermana Clara (formerly Milagros Garcia Leon) – Casey Collins  
Martín Garcia Leon – Kyle Stockdall  
Adelita Duarte Espinoza – Elena Ramirez  
Desiderio Moreno Reyes (“Desi”) – Alex Small  
Lucia Mariposa Galén – Sydney King  
Guillermo de la Cruz – Mike Stephens  
Ana Luisa Barros – Annie Parham  
Carla/Emilia Moreno Reyes – Sedona Garcia  
Rico (Federico at 63) – Rick Wallace  
Carmen Lobo Esina – PJ Harris  
Maria Elena Ingacio – Sarah Sutton  
Luís/Patient – Ben Lawrence  
Carlos – Matt Holland

*Setting:*

Teruel, Spain fall 1937-February 1938 and 1977

*Prologue*

*In the dark there is a soft chorus of "The Anthem."*

FEDERICO

That something is difficult must be one more reason  
For us to do it

CHORUS

For us to do it  
For us to do it  
That something is difficult must be one more reason  
For us to do it  
For us to do it

*The lights come up into a tableau: Emilia, Desi, Martín, Maria, Guillermo, Ana, Lucia, Adelita, Carmen, and Hermana Clara are posed on stage, Federico moves among them.*

FEDERICO

I remember my youth in brief flashes. A whiff of whiskey. The twang of a guitar string. Ana's perfume. Wine mingled with jasmine. Or maybe rose water. Guillermo's voice. Loud, bellowing. The muted scratch of Carmen's pencil. Maria's silent laugh. And music. There was always music. (*Quietly sings a few lines of "The Anthem".*) I began to hear music, even when there was none. I remember I wanted to do something important. I remember there were so few times I didn't feel lonely.

HERMANA CLARA

(*Sings the "Lullaby".*) Milagros and her Fede Sleep dreamer deep in skies indigo  
Blissfully, mi amor, how you glow

FEDERICO

I was born in 1914 in Teruel, a small and impoverished capital of an impoverished province. I loved the sound of the wind whipping through rocks in the autumn. I loved watching my mother's hands as she did her needlework by the fire. I loved . . . I always loved my brother.

MARTÍN

We thought Mamá was getting better. But . . . when they were both taken in the fire, Milagros left us for God, and he was all I had.

FEDERICO

Life is . . . complicated? It wears you down until you are nothing but dust and then . . .

ADELITA

We all have a part to play when the conflict comes home.



## FEDERICO

Many, many years ago in Teruel there were two children, Diego and Isabel. They were playmates from as long as they could remember, laughing together, hiding in the grass, chasing cicadas at twilight. Over the years, in the dry summer heat, they found themselves in love. When it came time for Isabel to find a husband, she knew she loved only Diego and Diego loved only her. He went to her father, Don Segura, the wealthiest man in the town and professed his undying love for his beautiful daughter, but Diego had no money. Although Don Seguro pitied the poor, young lover he could not allow his daughter to marry a penniless man. He saw that the young lovers were heartbroken and not wanting to cause Isabel any grief, he told the young man that if he returned in six years with a fortune, he could marry his daughter. Diego left that very night with a heart full of love.

## DESI

I believe in love. I believe love is worth dying for.

## LUCIA

I believe in peace.

## GUILLERMO

I believe that the people have power.

## ANA

I believe this is all just . . . bull shit.

## FEDERICO

I want to believe in something. It is now 1977. Franco is dead. And now the air is different. Much different than it has been for many, many years. People can breathe. An old man enters a run-down café.

*The characters exit. Lights up on the Colorín. Rico enters, it is a place familiar and unfamiliar to him at the same time. He is 63, he looks tired and slightly nervous, but he is good humored. A young woman, Carla, is behind the bar, wiping it down. She has a brisk, sassy air about her.*

## CARLA

Sir, we're not open yet.

## RICO

I'm sorry, the door was open and . . .

## CARLA

Yeah? You'll have to come back later.

*Rico stares at her.*

I'm sorry, I just . . . it's . . .

RICO

What is it, old man?

CARLA

Nothing. I'm here to . . . to meet . . . someone.

RICO

Well, that's fine, but like I said, come back later. (*Rico doesn't move.*) Are you deaf?

CARLA

No, it's just. You look so, so much . . . like Emilia.

RICO

Yeah, well . . . people say that.

CARLA

You must be . . . you're her daughter?

RICO

Yeah . . . people say that.

CARLA

Well, you do . . . look like her . . . I mean, when she was your age. She was very beautiful. Feisty.

RICO

Thanks.

CARLA

Is she . . .

RICO

Emilia's dead.

CARLA

I'm so sorry. When . . .

RICO

Long time.

CARLA

RICO

Oh . . . God, I'm so sorry. I didn't . . . know . . . umm . . . I'm so . . . *(He reaches for her hand.)* I was an old friend of . . . of your mother. I'm actually here to meet with . . . your . . . your . . . uncle. *(He pulls a letter from his pocket.)* Ummm . . . Miss . . .

CARLA

Carla, it's Carla.

RICO

Carla. We knew each other. Back during . . . the war. She was a wonderful, wonderful woman. Your mother.

CARLA

I hear that a lot. I don't remember much of her. But . . . well, she was gone when I was very little. *(Pause.)*

RICO

I'm sorry. That must have been . . . hard.

CARLA

Yeah, it was. *(Pause.)* So . . . you want a drink or something?

RICO

Oh, yes. Yes. Sure. Thank you.

CARLA

All right then.

RICO

We'll toast your mother.

CARLA

Sure. She pours two small glasses of wine.

RICO

Salud. *(They drink.)* That's nice.

CARLA

It's all right. *(Pause.)*

RICO

I used to come here a lot. It hasn't changed much.

CARLA

Yeah. I guess. *(Pause.)* Look. You can sit here and wait for Tío if you want, all right? But I gotta set up. Okay?

Yeah. RICO

You gonna be all right here? CARLA

Sure. Sure. RICO

*He looks around. She exits into the back room. Rico sits awkwardly for a few moments the stands and moves around the bar, touching the tables. He looks over his shoulder and approaches the door to the back room, but does not open it. He turns back to the front door and positions himself. He sits and waits.*

ACT I  
Scene 1

*The Colorín. November 7, 1937. Early evening. Desi is cleaning tables, the bar is a mess. Maria sits quietly at a table with a book, sipping a small glass of wine. Ana and Carmen sit at the bar. Carmen writes in her notebook as Ana drinks.*

ANA  
Oh come on Carmen, put that chewed-up little pencil away for one moment and talk to me! When the bar is full you jot down notes; when it's just us, you jot down notes. *(Carmen holds up a finger, continues writing. Ana sighs, leans in.)* Watching your busy little hands scribble down those witty think-pieces for that sad liberal street-rag makes me curious what those lips are capable of.

CARMEN  
Ana, I need to get this down before I forget. This is important, I don't want this piece to come off messy.

ANA  
Oh, I think you could benefit from things getting a little messy . . . or dare I say, sloppy? Carmen is flustered. Desi shoots the pair a meaningful look.

CARMEN  
While you were using your lips during that rush, I had my ears running. I don't think we're the only people in Teruel sensing a shift in the wind. There are volunteers coming to this city from everywhere . . . France . . . Russia. I heard some famous American actor was in Spain. Can you believe it? For the first time in two years, people are talking of hope.

ANA

Hopes and dreams cannot pierce armor or bring down airplanes, Ms. Carmen Lobo Esina, no matter what the Socialist propaganda says.

CARMEN

Hopes and dreams might not pierce armor, Ms. Ana Barros, but they can build bridges that no amount of foreign bombs can destroy.

ANA

How delightfully poetic. A few more bold proclamations like that and surely Franco will be running home to Galicia by Christmas. Maybe you should set down the pencil and use that mouth more often.

CARMEN

I'll set down my pencil when you set down your bottle. (*Ana scoffs, drains the last remnants of her drink, and slams it down. She poses victoriously.*) Bravo! And I'm sure there will be an encore, but I must get these notes into print. Goodbye. (*Sets cash on the bar.*) Money's on the bar, Desi. (*Aside to Desi.*) Don't let her get too . . .

DESI

As if she listens to me.

*As Carmen exits the bar she bumps into Emilia, who is exasperated and carrying a large bundle- contains artwork from her children's class.*

CARMEN

Oh, Emilia! I'm so sorry! Did I . . . I didn't—

EMILIA

Carmen, sorry, I—oh, no, you didn't—It isn't fragile, don't worry.

CARMEN

Ah, good. It is good to see you, I just—

EMILIA

Go on then, I won't hold you up.

*Carmen laughs nervously, waves quickly, and darts outside. Emilia walks a few steps further in, and stops to survey the mess.*

EMILIA

Desi, what happened? Was there an air raid?

DESI

Ha ha. What happened here is that you're two hours late and, if you can believe it, we had a rush. So if you'd like to offer a hand, now that you've decided to arrive, I would be greatly appreciative.

EMILIA

I'm sorry you had to put up with a lot of paying customers, Desi. What a tragedy. Thank you for your concern and asking why I'm two hours late? "Where is my sister?" He asked desperately, "I'm so concerned." Desi, they set up another checkpoint between here and the school. It's hard enough getting by those soldiers with my dignity intact, but being a young woman with a suspiciously large bag makes me a double target.

DESI

Emilia, I . . . I'm sorry, I didn't know. I'm just upset, if I'd have known I wouldn't have said- (*Emilia walks into back room to get her apron.*) Shit.

*Ana turns suddenly to Desi, playfully.*

ANA

Dear Desi, why are women so difficult? We're not having any luck today.

DESI

I couldn't tell you. Although, shouldn't I be asking you that question?

ANA

Not at all! I'm too close to the subject to have an unbiased opinion! My vision is clouded, and I need your advice.

DESI

If your vision's getting cloudy then I'm definitely cutting you off.

ANA

I'm serious Desi. You should know all about how difficult women can be. All the floozies who wander in here, drinking themselves stupid and trying to fling themselves at you, but you always seem to go home alone. "What could be the problem," I wonder? I should think a young bachelor, an accomplished athlete like yourself, surrounded by all of these options, would've figured it out by now. I mean you haven't had a steady girl since . . . my, I can't seem to remember! Perhaps it's the wine.

DESI

I see Carmen isn't the only one taking notes around here. Then again, it isn't exactly breaking news now is it? (*Beat.*)

ANA

Ugh, if only we could be simple—like men! Wouldn't that be nice, Desi? Men are so easy to grasp, don't you agree?

DESI

If I pour you another glass will you stop bothering me?

*He sets a bottle of wine on the bar and turns.*

ANA

HA! So you do understand women!

*Desi moves into the back room with Emilia. She looks through the collection of children's art, smiling.*

DESI

I'm sorry I was rude to you. It was a long day, and . . . what are those, anyway?

EMILIA

Apology accepted, hermanito. They're portraits my class made. Look, some of them are very good! Well, they're all good in a way, but some are exceptional. Like this one. Little Thomás painted the schoolhouse. Didn't you think it was a photo, just for a second?

DESI

It's beautiful. Why don't we hang it over here so that you can see it as you come and go?

EMILIA

What a lovely idea. Will you help me hang these?

DESI

Of course.

EMILIA

Is there anyone left out front?

DESI

Only that quiet girl and Ana, but she has a fresh drink in front of her, so she will be happy for at least a few minutes. (*Lifts a children's drawing into the air.*) Papá would love this one! (*Awkward beat.*) It reminds me a bit of your art when you were this age.

EMILIA

I hardly ever have time for it anymore. But I know soon enough things will get back to . . . the way they were. I'll finish hanging these. Why don't you head back out to make sure Ana hasn't drank us dry.

DESI

(*Saluting her.*) Yes Generalísimo.

*Desi returns to the main room where he wipes down the bar and tables. Lucia and Guillermo enter the café, intensely involved in a disagreement and are cutting each other off.*

LUCIA

I'm serious, Guillermo, the play is the best way to . . .

GUILLERMO

Lucia, please . . . it just seems too childish for . . .

LUCIA

It will appeal to all . . .

GUILLERMO

We need to be taken seriously . . .

LUCIA

Do you have a better idea?

GUILLERMO

Not yet... But I will.

LUCIA

Sure. Let me know when you do. Better yet, you can present it at the meeting tonight. Carmen will be there, and perhaps Adelita will be back from the capital. Hey, Desi!

*Emilia enters the bar.*

LUCIA

Emilia! How are your students?

EMILIA

Energetic as always. Two of the usual?

LUCIA

Please, thank you.

*Guillermo and Lucia sit. Martín enters in a Nationalist uniform followed by Federico in civilian clothing. They choose a table and seat themselves during the next few lines. Lucia notices Martín's uniform, she and Guillermo speak in hushed tones.*

LUCIA

We really need to discuss –

EMILIA

*(To Desi.)* Not another . . . Can you please take their table? I've dealt with far too many soldiers today. And hey, the other one is kind of cute, don't you think?



DESI

I guess he . . . (*Emilia pushes Desi forward.*) Fine! No need to push.

*Desi moves to Federico and Martín's table while Emilia moves to Lucia and Guillermo. Emilia serves them drinks and then returns to the backroom.*

DESI

Can I get the two of you anything to drink? Beer? Wine? Something stronger?

MARTÍN

Whiskey for myself and a glass of Rueda.

DESI

Of course. (*Returns to bar to get drinks.*)

FEDERICO

This is a . . . charming place.

MARTÍN

It is. The Colonel recommended it. He was particularly impressed with the beautiful women who like to frequent it. (*He sees Maria.*) I can't say that I'm disappointed either. What do you think? A girl like that and . . .

FEDERICO

. . . a handsome soldier? Well I've heard beautiful women have a deep aversion to strong, brave men these days.

MARTÍN

She's reading. She doesn't want to be bothered.

FEDERICO

I wouldn't be so sure, brother. Perhaps she has been coming here day in and out under the pretense of reading, but really she has been waiting patiently for that one true love. Weeks pass. Months pass. A string of unworthy suitors has attempted to touch the heart of this mysterious vixen to no avail. Fate has told her to wait for her dream man. He has brown hair and blue eyes, and his name is Martín. Go!

MARTÍN

That's absurd.

FEDERICO

You won't know unless you talk to her.

MARTÍN

What do I say, Fede?

FEDERICO

How should I know? Women are a mystery to me. Go! Before another Martín gets there first.

*Martín walks nervously to Maria, quietly talks with her for a few seconds, and then joins her table. Desi returns to the table with the drinks.*

FEDERICO

Thank you. So is this your place?

DESI

My family's actually. It was run by my father before, but now my sister and I take care of it.

FEDERICO

I like it in here. It feels . . . lived in. In a good way. I love the art. Anyway, it's got more spirit than the clubs my brother usually invites me to.

DESI

Thank you. We want people to feel at home here.

*Desi returns to the bar.*

MARTÍN

If you mingle with the officers, then maybe you have seen me before. I work in radio and signaling, so I spend a lot of time in headquarters. Glamorous, dusty hallways filled with glamorous, wrinkled old men.

MARIA

Hmmm . . . well, I don't think I could forget a face like yours in this provincial town. Teruel is no Madrid. Or Barcelona for that matter. It's certain that we've never met, however. My father is one of those wrinkled men, Major Ignacio, so I spend a lot of time in the Officers Club. But I rarely find it in myself to socialize with the enlisted men.

MARTÍN

Your father is Major Ignacio? We've crossed paths. He's . . . let's just say, rigid. If you don't mind my asking, what does he think of his daughter coming to a bar unattended? I had the impression he was very much a true believer in "Old Spanish values."

MARIA

Do you want to know a secret? My father thinks I'm at Mass right now. And what he doesn't know, won't hurt him.

MARTÍN

I promise, I won't tell.

MARIA

Shame on you, Soldier! Keeping secrets from your superiors? And not to mention wandering around town with a scruffy civilian like that. He looks like a Republican agitator. No offense, but don't think you're getting promoted any time soon with such company.

MARTÍN

Him? Oh, he's my brother. He and my sister are why I joined up, actually. Our parents died when he was still young, someone had to bring in some money. I didn't want to see them starving in a newsreel somewhere, so . . . here I am.

*Ana, who has been eyeing Martín for a while, begins to cross towards him.*

MARIA

Hmm . . . that's sweet. I don't know if you're incredibly noble or just deliciously naïve.

ANA

I would say . . . deliciously noble. (*Silence from the two at their table.*) No hello? How very un-noble of you.

MARTÍN

We were in the middle of a conversation, Miss. If you don't mind, I believe we'd like to continue it in private.

ANA

I would love to continue this conversation. A soldier? An officer's daughter? So many intriguing possibilities . . .

MARIA

Haven't I seen you in the company of an officer or two?

ANA

*(To Martín.)* We were both sitting alone, and you came over to her? What is it? What's she got that I don't? *(No response.)* Really, I want to know! *(Grabs Maria's face to inspect her.)* What makes you better, huh?

MARTÍN

*(More forceful.)* Don't touch her!

ANA

*(Stands back, afraid, but returns to joking nature.)* I could say the same to you, my little wind-up soldier. HA! Ana returns to the bar.

MARTÍN

I'm sorry about that.

MARIA

Do you think that's the first time I've crossed paths with a tramp? You are a real darling, aren't you? "Noble" as our inebriated friend might say. I need to get back anyway, "Mass" is almost over. It was a pleasure to meet you, Martín Garcia Leon. Radio and signaling? Now I know where to find you. (*Exits.*)

MARTÍN

The pleasure was all mine, Miss Maria Ignacio. (*Returns to his seat with Federico.*)

*Desi moves to Guillermo and Lucia's table with drinks. Guillermo is eyeing Martín suspiciously.*

GUILLERMO

Serving up more drinks to another soldier, huh? All money is good money, right Desiderio?

LUCIA

Guillermo, calm down.

GUILLERMO

I bet he drinks this much no matter where he is. Helps him to drown the guilt and shame of serving Franco, I'll bet. If he can even feel that anymore.

FEDERICO

Hey, now what are you—

MARTÍN

Shhh, not now Fede. I just want to enjoy my drink and then go home.

FEDERICO

Do you hear what they're saying about you over there?

GUILLERMO

Yeah, can't you hear what I'm saying to you, Nationalist? Or can you not hear me over all the crying orphans and screaming widows?

ANA

Noooooooooo, not now . . .

LUCIA

Guillermo, stop it! He's buying drinks and paying for them. Let it go, sit and drink with me, talk with me!

GUILLERMO

I'm sure he's paying for his drinks. He can afford whatever drinks he wants now that he and his bastard friends are plundering Spain for themselves.

MARTÍN

(Stands.) Fede, I'm going to pay, and we are going to leave.

FEDERICO

Let me. You shouldn't have to listen to any more of this slander. I'll meet you at home.

MARTÍN

Thanks, Fede. (Exits.)

GUILLERMO

And stay out!

DESI

Oh, is he not staying for another?

FEDERICO

No, he decided the atmosphere wasn't really his style.

DESI

I know it's messy in here, but I didn't think . . . (*Turns on Guillermo and Lucia.*) What have I told you? How many times do my sister and I have to say this? The soldiers pay us good money for drinks! They make sure we get our rations safely and on time. During the day you shut your damn mouths and don't spoil this for Emilia and me. If we get shut down, where will you . . . you know what I mean. (*Returns to Federico.*) They mean well, but they can be assholes. Your brother seemed . . . fine.

*Emilia returns from the back and notices Federico and Desi talking awkwardly.*

FEDERICO

It isn't the first time we've heard that from strangers. These are tough times, everyone is on edge. Nothing new. Anyway, here's for the drinks. (*Hands over cash to Desi. Their hands touch and linger for a second.*) Goodbye. It was nice meeting you, Desiderio.

DESI

My friends call me Desi. I'm afraid I didn't catch your name.

FEDERICO

Federico Garcia Leon. But, please, call me Rico.

DESI

Well then, it was a pleasure to meet you, Rico.

FEDERICO

The pleasure was mine, Desi. (*Turns to leave. Then turns back.*) This really is, um, a nice place.

DESI

Yeah. I hope those local nuisances haven't scared you off completely. It would be a shame if you never came back here. You haven't even, um, tried our croquetas.

FEDERICO

Yeah?

DESI

Yes. Best in Aragon. It was my mother's recipe, actually . . . and there's . . . well. Tapas and we have musicians some evenings and . . . you should come back another time. That's all.

FEDERICO

Music? That sounds . . . great. I play actually, and . . .

EMILIA

*(Jumping into the conversation.)* You should play for us sometime. We're always looking for new acts.

FEDERICO

I'd love to. I don't get to perform very often. I'm more of a songwriter actually.

DESI

I'm sure you're great.

EMILIA

Why don't you play something? Like an audition?

FEDERICO

What?

EMILIA

Give us a performance! We have a guitar somewhere around here.

*Guillermo and Lucia take notice and encourage him.*

FEDERICO

*(Apprehensive and obviously not comfortable.)* I'd rather not to be honest. I'm better at writing songs than performing them.

DESI

That's all right, Rico. I don't play well either. Emilia got all the artistic talent.

EMILIA

Don't let Desi fool you. He's a wonderful singer . . . he just got a little distracted by fútbol for a while. But, if I had his talent on the field, I would have done the same. It really was a marvelous thing to behold.

DESI

Stop it, Emilia.

EMILIA

He's just being modest, as usual. He was on the National team in '33, he was so fast, they called him El Rayo.

FEDERICO

Seriously? You were on the national team? You must be incredible.

DESI

*(Desi blushes.)* I got hurt actually. In my third match. Torn muscle. My career was glorious. And short.

*Emilia has located a guitar, which she hands over to Federico. He seems more relaxed.*

GUILLERMO

Are you going to play something or not?

LUCIA

Shhh, Guillermo.

FEDERICO

This is something I've been working on. *(He begins playing the first lyrics of "My Upward Beating Heart." He stops somewhat awkwardly.)* Sorry . . . um, it's still in progress.

EMILIA

That was lovely, Federico thank you. I need to get some things ready in the back for—tomorrow *(A cautious eye towards Federico)*. Guillermo, Lucia, can you give me a hand? *(To Federico.)* I'll see you soon. Emilia urges Guillermo and Lucia to follow her into the back. Ana is passed out on the bar.

GUILLERMO

What about her?

EMILIA

She's taking a nap now. I'm sure Carmen will be back later to check on her.

*Guillermo, Lucia, and Emilia exit into the back room. Federico and Desi stand quietly for a moment unsure of what to do next.*

FEDERICO

Well, I'd better get going. I'm sure Martín is wondering where I am by now.

DESI

Oh yes, Martín. I'll see you around. I hope.

FEDERICO

You will, Desi. Or should I say, El Rayo?

*They smile at each other. Federico leaves. Desi picks up the guitar and strums a few more chords. Music. Transition.*

*Scene Two*

*November 20, 1937. Lucia, Guillermo, and Carmen are huddled at a table. Desi is cleaning. He comes and goes, but is listening to the conversation.*

CARMEN

We need to get the word out to the locals. Rumors are that Nationalist presence is weakening here in Teruel. Volunteers are gathering in secret to launch a counteroffensive. We need to let the people know that hope is on the way, that they can join and help stand up to the horrors of these Fascist dogs.

LUCIA

Have you not been doing that all this time?

CARMEN

I'm printing stories, but people are scared. They don't know who to trust.

GUILLERMO

Cowards.

CARMEN

That's why we need to give them courage. They need a reason to speak up. We should stage a demonstration. The Nationalists have to know that the Republic is still alive and they can't stop the power of the people and a free press no matter how hard they try.

GUILLERMO

We could capture one of the soldiers and make an example of—

CARMEN

Guillermo, no. There is no need for bloodshed. That will only scare people and give the Nationalists more cause to spread fear of the "Red Terror." They have a fine-tuned propaganda machine, we can't let petty acts of violence contribute to their story.



LUCIA

Yeah, we're trying to bring the people to our side.

GUILLERMO

Well pardon me, Miss Lucia, but I don't hear you coming up with any ideas.

LUCIA

Because you didn't give me a chance! You always skip straight to violence.

GUILLERMO

Yeah, well sometimes, it's necessary.

CARMEN

We need to stir hope, not fear.

GUILLERMO

You said we had to show the horrors that—

CARMEN

I meant figuratively. Show them what they're doing figuratively.

GUILLERMO

Fine. So what ideas do you have?

LUCIA

Well I was going to suggest we put on a show in—

GUILLERMO

*(In a petty, mocking voice.)* Well I was going to suggest—

LUCIA

Guillermo, you're talking over me.

GUILLERMO

*(Mocking voice.)* You're talking over me—

LUCIA

Would you stop it?

GUILLERMO

*(Mocking voice.)* Stop it!

LUCIA

You child!

GUILLERMO

You're the child to believe that this can be won without getting your pretty, little hands dirty. I've been on the front. I've seen what's out there. You're wasting your time if you believe story time and little puppet shows will overcome the Franco's Fascist war machine.

LUCIA

Civil discourse is never a waste of time. Do you really believe your countrymen are so poorly evolved that only brute force can solve problems? *(In a caveman voice.)* Oooo, me Guillermo. Me strong, use fists to smash!

GUILLERMO

Oh yeah, very accurate portrayal.

*Adelita enters carrying a bag and wearing an overcoat. She stops at the door and watches the bickering.*

LUCIA

Smash! Smash!

GUILLERMO

*(Sarcastic slow-clap.)* Brava! What a performance! Those acting skills are really showing.

LUCIA

You know what, Guillermo?

GUILLERMO

Oh no! Say that this magnificent performance isn't over so soon! Encore! Encore!

CARMEN

Calm down, you two. You're both missing the point.

GUILLERMO

All I'm saying is that we need action not some pretentious little skit—

LUCIA

Pretentious? Theatre is not pretentious! Theatre has provided moral guidance for all cultures since the dawn of man.

GUILLERMO

Right, you keep telling yourself that.

LUCIA

You're such a bastard!

ADELITA

What is going on here? All go quiet and turn to Adelita. Well?

GUILLERMO

*(Simultaneously.)* Adelita, Lucia was—

LUCIA

*(Simultaneously.)* Guillermo wouldn't—

ADELITA

No, not from you. Carmen?

CARMEN

We were discussing ways to get people more involved . . . more aware. We need more volunteers, we need to raise morale, but the public is afraid to speak out.

ADELITA

And this bickering duo had some insight to solve this problem?

CARMEN

Guillermo had the brilliant idea to make an example of a Nationalist soldier and Lucia thought we should—well I don't know what she wanted. They were at it before she could finish.

LUCIA

I— Adelita holds up her hands and looks to the others.

ADELITA

What have you been doing all day? *(Pause.)* No really. I'm asking. *(The room remains quiet.)* Lucia, have you finished your play?

LUCIA

Well, I mean I'm pretty close and—

ADELITA

And Guillermo, you attack Lucia but you aren't creating anything. You want to fight, but for what reason? There is a time to fight and there is a time to organize and gather support for the cause.

GUILLERMO

I do have cause. I'm not afraid to stand up to these assholes and show them—

LUCIA

Shut up Guillermo! You don't know what—

CARMEN

Why won't you two listen and—

GUILLERMO

I do listen, which is why I want to act and—

LUCIA

But, you never think—

CARMEN

If you two would simply—

*Carmen, Guillermo, and Lucia talk over each other. Desi taps a glass with a spoon to get the group's attention.*

DESI

Quiet down! Adelita has news.

GUILLERMO

THIS IS HORSESHIT! What is painting going to do if we're not going to share it? What good is theatre if we're not going to take it outside this stuffy little hole in the wall?

LUCIA

What good does it do anyone if we're killed for speaking out?

GUILLERMO

Then we've given our lives for a good cause! I'm not afraid to face the enemy. I'm not afraid to die. Are you? Huh?

ADELITA

Calm down, Yermo, I assure you, the time will come for you to face the enemy. And maybe sooner than you think. There is intelligence that Franco is planning a major offensive in Madrid in mid-December.

GUILLERMO

Then I'm going to Madrid . . .

ADELITA

Just listen . . . Troops will be diverted. This is our chance. Saravia has been assembling a massive army for the Republicans. We must tell the people of Teruel that the Republic has not abandoned them to the hands of Franco. This little "hole in the wall" is the perfect place to stir the sentiments of our friends and inspire them to fight back.

GUILLERMO

Finally! The front is coming to us. My friends, you want to be inspired? Come hold a rifle and help our brothers and sisters put down those Fascist animals!

LUCIA

Jesus, Guillermo, they're not animals. They're people too.

GUILLERMO

I've seen them up close, Lucia. These monsters would shoot you without a second thought. And all in the name of saving their so-called "Christian Civilization." How many of your friends have been lined up against a wall, Lucia?

LUCIA

One. My husband.

GUILLERMO

Then what are you doing hiding when you have the chance to avenge him?

LUCIA

Ramón was a peaceful man. That's not how he would want to be remembered.

GUILLERMO

He won't be remembered at all if they win! He'll just be another forgotten casualty. If we don't fight back, we'll all be forgotten. Obliterated from history by the narrative of an unforgiving victor.

LUCIA

I just want peace!

GUILLERMO

Then fight for it! All of you! These pigs believe they have a god on their side. Franco is fighting for the Old World. They fear progress and new ideas and will stop at nothing to gain control. We have a righteous cause. They fear our dissent. We have an obligation to defend those that add color into our world. These traitors deny the richness of our country, the passion of our people. They see a world of grey.

ADELITA

That was a very nice speech, Guillermo, but we must be pragmatic. Not everyone needs to fire a gun to resist. We fight with words, with passion, and ideals.

GUILLERMO

I will be at your side, Adelita, when the battle comes to Teruel.

ADELITA

I know, Yermo. *(To the others.)* And you all have a part to play. We need to rally the community and gain support. Carmen, let's work on pamphlets to distribute in the city. Things are going to get worse before they get better.

CARMEN

Of course.

LUCIA

I'll organize meetings to prepare families for what is about to happen. Some of them should probably just evacuate.

GUILLERMO

Desi? Anything from you?

DESI

I might have something. Wait here for a moment.

*Desi exits.*

LUCIA

You ask too much of him. He's already risking so much by letting us meet here at all.

ADELITA

We're all risking a lot, Lucia.

GUILLERMO

We all need to make sacrifices.

*Re-Enter Desi carrying a crate labeled "Pacharan."*

DESI

Here. Have the troops drink it, use it to clean wounds, whatever. Just make sure it's useful.

LUCIA

Desi, this is too much.

DESI

Do you think I'd give up the good stuff? Adelita, take it, I insist. It was collecting dust anyway.

ADELITA

Thank you, Desi.

*Guillermo takes a bottle out of the crate, opens it, sniffs, and grimaces. He then pours a little bit for each person.*

GUILLERMO

Viva la causa! Salud!

ALL

Salud!

*Everyone drinks. Music. Transition.*

*Scene Three*

*Later in that evening in the Colorín. Federico enters.*

DESI

Rico! I'm glad you made it.

FEDERICO

I thought this was closing time.

DESI

It is. *(He slyly winks).*

*Desi walks toward Ana. She is seated, asleep with her head on the table.*

DESI

Come on, Ana. Wake up. *(Pushes her gently.)*

ANA

Desi . . . I was having an amazing dream. There was a party. Or was it a parade?

DESI

It's time to go in the back. The show is about to start. Join us.

ANA

Fine . . . I'll join your little Socialist pep-rally. But I'm bringing a drink. *(She slides to her feet and saunters toward the back).*

DESI

I would expect nothing less.

FEDERICO

Back there?

DESI

Some nights, we use our storeroom for meetings and we put on shows. Shows that some of our countrymen would not find suitable. They are about to start. *(He grabs Federico's hand.)* We don't want to miss it.

*Desi leads Federico toward the backroom. They enter and stand just inside. Artists are spread throughout the colorful space. Someone strums a guitar while Ana lazily looks around for a place to sit. Carmen watches her from a distance, scribbling notes in a journal. Emilia is restocking items on shelves and waiting on people. She makes her way to the door leading to the main room and sees Federico and Desi.*

EMILIA

*(While passing by them.)* So good to see you again, Rico. I take it you're joining us tonight?

*Federico drops Desi's hand.*

FEDERICO

If that's all right.

EMILIA

You are a welcome guest here.

*Emilia moves to lock the front door and then leads Federico and Desi into the back room where Guillermo and Lucia are setting up on a makeshift stage, with ridiculous props scattered about, most notably a puppet dressed as a Nationalist. Scattered around the stage is the group of friends, all rehearsing their own performances.*

GUILLERMO

Ladies and Gentlemen! Come one, come all! Come witness the triumph of justice and compassion over the evil forces of Tyranny and Oppression!

LUCIA

Please, listen up! *(To Carmen.)* And would you drop that pencil already? Everyone listens, sits.

GUILLERMO

We take you now to the streets, the beating heart of our country. There is an illness here, one not treatable by the marvels of modern medicine. No! It is an illness of the mind. One that taints the hearts of evil men.

*Lucia picks up Nationalist puppet and holds out for audience to see.*

LUCIA

I AM EVIL!



GUILLERMO

Gaze upon him! And let your soul awaken in you the fires of glorious revolution! Who shall bear witness to our universal truths?

*Audience nervously looks amongst themselves. Guillermo looks expectantly at them. A long beat passes. Lucia shoves puppet into Guillermo's hands, crosses to Emilia, and drags them onstage and retrieves puppet from Guillermo.*

LUCIA

You!

GUILLERMO

Tell me, do you love liberty?

EMILIA

Yes?

GUILLERMO

Ah yes! Another ardent supporter of the cause!

LUCIA

Don't you think it's important to have racial purity?

EMILIA

Uh, no.

GUILLERMO

Do you support the rights of the worker?

EMILIA

Yes, absolutely!

LUCIA

What about maintaining our devotion to the true Church?

EMILIA

Well, if someone chooses to be religious . . .

GUILLERMO

How about equality?

LUCIA

Or a strong military?

GUILLERMO

FREEDOM!

CENSORSHIP!  
LUCIA

FRATERNITY!  
GUILLERMO

HIERARCHY!  
LUCIA

ANARCHY!  
GUILLERMO

AUTHORITY!  
LUCIA

SOCIALISM!  
GUILLERMO

*Lucia chases Guillermo with puppet. When caught Guillermo falls to floor, receives "brutal beating" from puppet.*

GUILLERMO  
Oooo! Ouch! I'm being oppressed! Only with the strength of a unified community can we stand against this regime. Who will stand with me!? Beat. Who will stand with me!?

EMILIA  
Fine. *(Walks over to Guillermo.)*

LUCIA  
Oh! I am crushed by your solidarity! Alone you were an easy target but united I cannot hope to win! I am defeated!

*Lucia's puppet "collapses" on ground.*

LUCIA  
*(Beat. Notices silence, speaks weakly)* Please clap.

*Audience claps. All bow. Guillermo and Lucia flourish while Emilia begrudgingly joins. She exits, embarrassed. Guillermo notices Federico.*

GUILLERMO  
What is he doing here?

DESI  
I invited him. What's wrong with him being here?

GUILLERMO

For starters, he is a fucking Nationalist.

DESI

But he's . . .

FEDERICO

Martín is my brother and, yes, he's a soldier in Franco's army. We may be related, but we are two very different people; I prefer a pen to a pistol.

CARMEN

Here, here.

ANA

Your brother clearly has poor taste. Couldn't even be bothered to buy me a drink.

LUCIA

All artists are welcome here . . . I'm sorry, but I don't know your name.

FEDERICO

Federico Garcia Leon. But please, call me Rico. It's nice to meet you all.

DESI

This is Carmen, Lucia, and Ana. And the one pouting over there is Guillermo. He doesn't like strangers.

GUILLERMO

That's not why I don't like him. His brother is a Nationalist soldier, a traitorous dog trying to destroy Spain.

LUCIA

Guillermo, stop.

CARMEN

There is no need to string him up for his beliefs before we get to know him.

ANA

Tell us Rico, what do you use that pen of yours for?

FEDERICO

Poetry mostly.

DESI

He writes songs too.

ANA

Mysterious and musical? My, my, my.

FEDERICO

Thank you, but you all so creative. Carmen, was it? You are a writer if I'm not mistaken.

CARMEN

A journalist. Have you read any "unsanctioned" newsletters lately?

FEDERICO

I can't say that I have.

CARMEN

Well, the next time that you do, look out for an article by "La Lechuza Ciega."

LUCIA

I wrote the puppet show. I'm trying to find a non-violent way to explain the resistance movement to the younger generation so that they know what we are really fighting against.

GUILLERMO

The dead would roll over in their graves if they saw me perform with dolls instead of actually helping the cause.

CARMEN

Look at me. I fight for our rights without ever picking up a gun! ( *Holding up her pencil.* )

ANA

( *Holding up her drink.* ) Yeah, me too!

GUILLERMO

Shut up, Ana. Unless you call "screwing the enemy" an act of resistance—

CARMEN

Enough, Guillermo.

ANA

I am your audience aren't I? They say theatre is never complete without an audience. I do what I can. You're welcome.

GUILLERMO

You're disgusting.

CARMEN

Enough!

ANA

It's fine, Carmen. I believe I hear the spirits calling me from the bar. (*Mock ghost voice.*)  
Ooooooooooooo aaaaaaaaaaah. They are calling me! (*Ana exits.*)

GUILLERMO

Uhg. Pathetic.

CARMEN

Guillermo, you need to stop. When are you going to understand? If you can't cool the rhetoric long enough to sway Ana, how will do you ever expect to inspire the hearts of the scared strangers in town?

GUILLERMO

And when are you going to stop defending that worthless drunk?

CARMEN

Excuse me . . . but the spirits seem to be calling me as well.

*Carmen exits.*

LUCIA

Carmen's right. We're on the same side, Yermo. Ana is . . . well, Ana. But you can't attack her like that. (*She reaches for his hand.*) I want you to apologize, and we can all drink to those who have fallen for the people of Spain.

GUILLERMO

Fine.

*Lucia and Guillermo exit.*

DESI

Sorry about that, Rico. Everyone is a little on edge these days. This cafe is a sanctuary for so many. When people get angry like that it also means they feel safe.

FEDERICO

Yeah. (*Beat.*)

DESI

My father used to use this room as an art studio. He taught my sister and I how to draw in this room. It's my sanctuary within a sanctuary.

FEDERICO

Has your father retired?

DESI

Retired? No. (*Beat. Making a choice.*) Rico, he was taken by the Nationalists last year. Emilia and I haven't seen him in months.

FEDERICO

Desi, I'm so sorry. I had no idea . . .

DESI

I know. It's just, the way it is now. Right? The conflict reaches all of us, even in a "happy" place like this. But . . . I need to believe that there are some places that are still—

FEDERICO

Safe?

*Desi smiles. Federico looks away, blushing.*

DESI

It can be good to escape sometimes. (*Desi holds Federico's hand. They look longingly into each other's eyes.*) Really puts what matters into perspective. (*They kiss!*)

*Transition*

MARIA

My mother died in childbirth and I was raised by my father. It's a tragic story, really. Tragically clichéd. Father was a lifelong military man and I will assume Mother's death was hard on him. He almost never spoke of her unless I asked and even then, the responses were short. As a girl, I remember a number of young women leaving the house in the early hours. I rarely saw them more than once. They were always pretty with pouty mouths and I remember the sound of their high heels clacking on the tiles as they attempted to slip out undetected. I saw them. I knew they were there. Poor Father, he didn't know what one actually does with a daughter. My days were always strictly managed by nannies and nuns. "Poor Maria," I would often hear. "To grow up in that way without a mother." I never minded. I found that father would fill the distance between us by indulging me in other ways. A new dress here. Gold earrings there. A pony. Two ponies. Anything I wanted. As I grew older, I began to remind him more of Mother. Over dinner one night he looked over the piece of stew on the tip of his fork and smiled slightly. "You laugh like her." He didn't say anything else, but we began to spend more time together. He isn't a bad man. He cares for order and honor. He only ever wanted to protect me.

*Scene Four*

*December 1, 1937. Federico is working on songwriting. He rubs his hands to stay warm. He is attempting to write a song. Martín enters, carrying a bucket of potatoes and two small knives. He watches his brother for a moment before speaking.*

MARTÍN

Hey Pajarito.

FEDERICO

Shhhh. I'm trying to work. *(Throws wadded up paper at Martín.)*

MARTÍN

Woah, settle down there, hermanito. You know, if you're going to be at home all day, the least you can do is clean up after yourself.

FEDERICO

Little bird. Little brother. Very funny, Martín. I'm working.

MARTÍN

Oh, I'm sorry, Fede, I didn't realize one could work and not actually bring home any money. Come, on brother, I have something for you to help earn your keep.

*He holds up the potatoes.*

FEDERICO

Again?

MARTÍN

Yes. Even in such troubled times, we do eat meals every day. And those meals do require some preparation. Let's get to it.

FEDERICO

No, it's just. Potatoes.

MARTÍN

You can register your complaints through the official channels of hotel management. For now. *(He holds up the knife and sits at the table. Reluctantly, Federico sits next to him.)*

FEDERICO

Shit.

MARTÍN

Language, Pajarito. I know it seems impossible for a gifted songwriter and musician to be equally gifted in the art of potato preparation, but indeed, you're an expert potato peeler. I believe in you.

*They peel potatoes together in silence for a moment.*

MARTÍN

I haven't seen much of you lately.

FEDERICO

Yeah.

MARTÍN

I've been seeing more of Maria.

FEDERICO

I know. You've been grinning for a week. It's becoming unnerving.

MARTÍN

I haven't spoken to her father yet about courting her. I don't think she wants me to. Fede, she's hard working, honest. And her laugh is perfect. It's that kind where she doesn't make any sounds, but you just see her shoulders move up and down like this. (*He demonstrates the laugh.*) She's beautiful. And smart. And . . . well, a little mischievous, if I'm going to be honest. She reminds me a little bit of . . .

FEDERICO

Of Mamá? Yeah, I noticed that at the café. That smirk. (*Thinking of Desi, but being supportive for his brother.*) Martín, that's great. Can't wait to meet her officially. (*Holds up a potato.*) How about having her over for a gourmet feast?

MARTÍN

Ah, as they say, "the way to a woman's heart is a pot full of boiled potatoes." (*Pause.*) Fede, you'll love her, I'm sure of it. I just don't know how much a girl like that is ever going to love a guy like me.

FEDERICO

Never underestimate the uniform. (*Pause.*)

MARTÍN

So what's wrong with you?

FEDERICO

What?



MARTÍN

Fede, I've known you your entire life. I can tell when something is bothering you.

FEDERICO

It's . . . it's nothing really. I just . . .

MARTÍN

What?

FEDERICO

Martín . . . what do you do all day? At work, I mean, we never really talk about it.

MARTÍN

I work at a desk, Fede. I mostly turn knobs. It's not nearly as thrilling as it sounds.

FEDERICO

I know that, I just . . . Martín, you have to have noticed the things going on in the streets. The checkpoints, the searches . . . it's just . . . I don't know.

MARTÍN

Oh, our sensitive little brother.

FEDERICO

Stop it, Martín. I'm not being sensitive, I see some of these things going on and it doesn't seem right and . . . sometimes I just. I don't know. I feel like I should be doing something or . . . doing something . . . else . . .

MARTÍN

Fede, this is hard for me too. I can't say I agree with everything that's happened, but these Anarchists are dangerous. They stand for nothing and are trying to tear God away from the people. The tactics may seem unsavory, but the Nationalists are working to keep Spain safe.

FEDERICO

But the . . .

MARTÍN

When did you get so interested in politics anyway?

FEDERICO

I'm not . . . really. I just . . . I don't know what to believe sometimes.

MARTÍN

Fede, in times like these we must remember. God is good. We'll get through this. We all will. (*Looks into the bucket.*) Eight more.

FEDERICO

You peel. I have something better for you. (*Federico moves to pick up his guitar.*) If you want to impress Maria, you're going to have to offer more than just potatoes. I've been working in this, maybe she'd like it.

MARTÍN

I thought women were a mystery to you.

FEDERICO

They are. But I do understand music. It's how I earn my keep.

*Federico plays the first verse of "My Upward Beating Heart" Martín listens and happily peels potatoes. Transition.*

*Scene Five*

*December 13, 1937 in the Colorín. Desi is cleaning the bar while Carmen sits and writes on a notepad. Several days have passed.*

DESI

Can I get you another coffee, Carmen?

CARMEN

Yes please, Desi. I'm probably going to be here for a while.

DESI

Sure thing. Enter Emilia in a huff. She sits down at the bar and pours herself a stiff drink.

CARMEN

Students were little brats today? (*Beat*) Emilia? Emilia shushes Carmen with a held up finger while she drains her glass.

EMILIA

No. The students were excellent. They're always excellent.

DESI

Of course they are. They're your students. What happened?

EMILIA

Some Fascist pig – (*Emilia quiets down.*) Some Nationalist officer came into the school today and told us that they were shutting it down. Today was the last day.

CARMEN

What? That's ridiculous. They can't do that.

EMILIA

In case you haven't noticed, they do whatever they want these days.

DESI

What about the students? Surely they're not so heartless as to have children running around in a warzone?

EMILIA

Oh don't worry about them. They're going to new "state sponsored" schools. Some of the kids cheered and clapped for these people. Clapped! (*She groans and puts her head on the bar.*) Pour me another one, Desi.

*Desi takes her glass and sets it aside.*

DESI

I can't, hermanita. You've got to take over tonight, and I can't have you running a bar drunk. Here, I can get you something else.

*Desi pulls out an apron from behind the bar and throws it over Emilia.*

EMILIA

Go away.

DESI

Love you too, hermanita. See you later tonight.

EMILIA

You mean, tomorrow morning, don't you?

DESI

Goodnight, Emilia.

*Desi kisses her on the cheek, takes off his apron, and exits.*

CARMEN

Not to hassle you, Emilia, but can you get me a glass of water?

EMILIA

Of course. (*Emilia puts on the apron and moves to serve Carmen another coffee*) I just can't believe it. I thought they'd never go for the school. Is nothing sacred to them?

CARMEN

I really don't know, Emilia. But remember, hope is on the horizon.

EMILIA

I'm having a hard time believing that anymore. A rowdy group is heard outside.

CARLOS

Been here before? Get in here, Lovebirds.

MARIA

Very funny, Carlos.

*Carlos and Luís enter. Followed by Maria and Martín, hand in hand.*

LUÍS

Ha ha, oh Miss Maria, don't tell me, your heart has been forever lost to this pussy! What's your secret, Señor Pussy?

MARTÍN

*(Laughs.)* That's enough, Luís. No need to talk that way in front of a lady.

MARIA

While I appreciate the chivalry, Señor Pussy, I think I can handle myself with a couple of idiotic twats like these.

CARLOS

*(To Maria.)* I always knew I liked you. *(Separately to Martín.)* Lucky man, Martín. Keep this one in line. She's nothing but trouble.

MARTÍN

*(Joking.)* Maybe I enjoy living dangerously.

CARLOS

Yes. Of course. To danger! Let's have a round for our lovebirds, shall we? And then, of course, for the real men. *(Carlos and Luís move to a table.)* That is, if this place can handle our appetites. *(To Emilia.)* You can. Can't you, sweetheart? I've been known for my . . . appetite. *(He reaches out and strokes her cheek.)*

EMILIA

I don't know what menu you ass holes have been looking at, but—

CARMEN

Emilia . . . *(She pulls Emilia back to the bar.)*

CARLOS

Hey, four-eyes, it's fine. I like 'em a little bit wild. I've always enjoyed the chase. That way you know you've earned it. *(He orders two whiskeys and turns back to the table.)*

CARMEN

Are you all right?

EMILIA

Yeah . . . I've dealt with plenty of their type.

LUÍS

I am feeling quite parched at the moment. *(To Carlos.)* After so much time with my face in your mother's cunt.

MARTÍN

Luís. There is no need for that.

CARLOS

Oh, sensitive Señor Pussy! I think this man just needs a drink.

LUÍS

Damn right. *(To Emilia.)* Hey, girl! Can we get two sangrias for the ladies over here?

*Carlos and Luís laugh a little too hard at their joke.*

MARIA

Actually, I'll have a whiskey please. Double.

MARTÍN

I'll have the same.

EMILIA

*(Brings them drinks, setting Luís and Carlos' drinks down roughly.)* You're welcome.

CARLOS

Hey!

EMILIA

Yes? *(Beat.)* Sir?

CARLOS

You spilled my drink.

EMILIA

I guess I did.

CARLOS

You going to clean it up?

*Emilia leans slightly over table. Carlos smacks her rear end. Carlos and Luís laugh like a couple of complete jackasses.*

EMILIA

Hey you, watch it—

*Carmen quickly knocks over glasses or bottle at bar top.*

CARMEN

Oh no! Sorry, Emilia I'm so clumsy!

*Emilia goes back to the bar to clean up the mess.*

CARLOS

No surprise, with vision like that.

*Laughs from all four at table, Martín's laugh is subtle.*

EMILIA

Carmen, why on earth would you . . .

CARMEN

Calm. Down. You're too upset to handle them.

EMILIA

I am not—

CARMEN

If I hadn't stopped you, you might as well have spit in his face. Haven't you noticed? They're . . . Nationalist soldiers.

EMILIA

I can handle myself, Carmen.

CARLOS

*(To Emilia.)* Hey Sweetheart! If you've finished up with that mess, you got some thirsty, thirsty men waiting on another round!

MARTÍN

Slow down, we have the whole night ahead of us!

LUÍS

A whole evening to fill with as many fine libations and fine women as possible! But cheap booze and cheaper women are just as good.

MARIA

*(To Martín.)* I've always appreciated a man who takes his time with his drink.

MARTÍN

*(To Maria.)* And I've always loved a woman who can handle her whiskey.

CARMEN

Please, Emilia. You've had a long day. Let me take...

EMILIA

No, I can do it. I'm fine, really. They're just another group of customers.

*Luís and Carlos jest while Emilia pours two more whiskies and goes to deliver them to the table.*

LUÍS

*(As Emilia walks over)* You have incredible taste, my friend.

CARLOS

I'm thinking I'm extra thirsty tonight. Get over here, darling, your country needs you. *(Carlos grabs Emilia's wrist and tries to get her to sit on him. She struggles.)* Someone's feeling feisty tonight.

MARTÍN

I think we've had enough of this place. There's another bar down the street I'd like to show Miss Maria.

MARIA

Maybe there's a bar down the street I'd like to show you.

MARTÍN

This round is on me. Meet you outside, gentlemen, Maria.

*Luís, Carlos, and Maria get up to gather their things and leave. Carlos passes Emilia.*

CARLOS

I'll see you later.

*Carlos and Luís laugh as they exit.*

LUÍS

We were just having a little fun you know.

CARLOS

A man can get lonely out there . . .

MARIA

You idiots need to learn some manners . . .

*After Maria, Carlos, and Luís have exited, Martín approaches the bar.*

CARMEN

*(Bitterly.)* Hello.

MARTÍN

I give my deepest apologies for what just occurred.

CARMEN

Martín isn't it?

MARTÍN

Yes.

CARMEN

You're Rico's brother?

MARTÍN

Rico? Yes. *(Beat.)* Look . . . You two need to be more careful. Times are changing and someone may not always be there to make sure that you don't get hurt. *(Martín takes out a large sum out of his pocket and places it on counter.)* They're waiting for me. *(Martín exits. Music.)*

### Scene Six

*December 14, 1937 in a hospital run the Littler Sisters of the Poor. Hermana Clara tends to a patient with an amputated leg. Federico enters, guitar case in hand.*

FEDERICO

Buenas Tardes, Milagros.

HERMANA CLARA

*(Focused on her patient.)* Fede, you know you can't call me that anymore. Didn't our mother teach you any manners?

FEDERICO

*(Flustered, gives Hermana Clara a look. She starts to laugh.)* You're terrible. That's not funny.

HERMANA CLARA

Fede, come here. *(Federico sits next to his sister.)* What should we call this one?



FEDERICO

Franco.

HERMANA CLARA

Yeah, that's a name. Franco.

FEDERICO

Franco the Bastard.

HERMANA CLARA

Why don't we just call him Franco. Could you pass me that cloth please? It's just so far away, I don't think I could (*stretches for it*) ugh, reach . . . (*Federico passes her a cloth. She turns to the patient.*) Señor Franco, would you like a clean cloth on your amputated leg? (*To Federico.*) I don't know how these legs just fall off all the time.

FEDERICO

(*Goes to the head of the hospital bed and pretends to be the patient*) How dare you offer me anything?

HERMANA CLARA

I just have such nerve.

FEDERICO

Damn straight you do.

HERMANA CLARA

Jesus says to love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you.

FEDERICO

Oh, so you just do whatever Jesus tell you to do?

HERMANA CLARA

Yes. Yeah, that's basically all of it. Señor Franco, why don't you want this clean cloth?

FEDERICO

Well, if I'm being completely honest . . . I've kinda grown attached to this dirty one.

HERMANA CLARA

I understand. I've been wearing the same pair of socks this whole week (*whispered*) They're my lucky socks.

FEDERICO

That's disgusting. (*Hermana Clara laughs, gives up the gig and changes the bandage.*)

HERMANA CLARA

What's going on Federico?

FEDERICO

I can buy you some new socks.

HERMANA CLARA

Fede, I don't wear socks.

FEDERICO

You've never worn socks?

HERMANA CLARA

Come on, Fede. What's wrong? You didn't come to talk to me about what goes on below the ankles.

FEDERICO

I've made some new friends recently . . . friends who are interested in my work.

HERMANA CLARA

Ah friends, I remember when I had some.

FEDERICO

They're passionate. They're passionate about what they do, how they talk, the art they make, but they feel trapped.

HERMANA CLARA

Fede, come here. I know you just named him Franco, but I've been calling him Fernando. Watch this. (*Moves his un-amputated leg, patient groans in pain.*) Fernando feels a lot of things. (*To patient.*) Did you feel that Fernando?

PATIENT

Yes, sister. Also my name isn't Fernando.

HERMANA CLARA

I know it . . . I know it hurts. (*Back to Federico.*) Fernando feels trapped by pain. But feeling trapped is just a perspective.

FEDERICO

Fernando? Sorry sir, what's your name?

PATIENT

Francisco.

FEDERICO

Francisco is trapped. You are trapped. I am trapped. In a way, we all are.

HERMANA CLARA

What do you mean? Who trapped us?

FEDERICO

The war traps us. It traps us between the Nationalists and the Republicans. And now my friends want me to pick a side.

HERMANA CLARA

You mean they want you to pick their side.

FEDERICO

But if I do, I won't be on the same side as Martín.

HERMANA CLARA

Why don't you come be on my side? You'd look nice in a habit.

FEDERICO

C'mon Mila- (*Hermana Clara cuts him off with a gesture.*) Hermana.

HERMANA CLARA

Don't forget little Federico Pajarito, war is an invention of man. You can both be on the same side in what matters. In your heart, in who you trust in.

FEDERICO

Well yeah, but I just . . . It feel like . . . What if . . .

HERMANA CLARA

When you were a little boy, you flitted around from friend to friend, between me and Martín, from place to place. Mamá never knew where to find you. Were you throwing rocks in the river with those boys from the neighborhood? Were you smoking behind the church with cousin Victor? Yes . . . I knew. You always loved the new, the novel, whether that was people or places or things . . . You tell me, Pajarito, why can't you choose a branch to land on?

FEDERICO

It's always been easy for you. You believe in something.

HERMANA CLARA

Fede, I felt alone too. I felt abandoned by everyone including myself. When you were a little baby with the squishiest legs in the world, Mamá used to rock you to sleep in her arms. "Milagros and her Fede. My rainbow. Sleep dreamer deep skies in indigo. Blissfully, mi amor, how you glow." Then she got sick, the rocking stopped, the singing strained. I tried to sing for her. (*She hums.*) But, I got trapped within myself. (*Sneeze.*) Bless me. Later, I began feeling an ache in my heart that lasted for a long time. Nothing seemed to fill this ache – not my boyfriends, not my friends, not even being with my Fede. The world lost some of its color. In early June of that year was the fire. Just when

mama was getting better. Everything was lost. Everything. And that's when I ran away. I'm so sorry for leaving you like that, Fede. I should never have run from you.

FEDERICO

It's all right.

HERMANA CLARA

No it wasn't. When I came back, that ache and my anger and my loneliness was bigger than ever. Everything was noise. Our neighbor Claudia, with that dog.

FEDERICO

What was . . . oh yeah. Julius Siberia.

HERMANA CLARA

Strange woman. Anyway, she dragged me to Mass, completely against my will. But that Sunday, I heard Christ speak to my heart, "Milagros, regresa a mi. Milagros, come back to me." I couldn't move. I couldn't see through my tears. Claudia left me there. When my sockless feet finally worked, I left the chapel, walking down the street dazed. I heard singing behind me. It was the same tune mama rocked baby Fede to. (*Singing in the tune of the lullaby.*) "Blessed are you among women, and blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus." I turned around and saw three Little Sisters of the Poor praying the rosary. Leaving you was the hardest.

FEDERICO

Wasn't being my sister enough?

HERMANA CLARA

No.

FEDERICO

But . . .

HERMANA CLARA

Fede, I am free. In God I am free. This war, this order do not trap me. And I never stopped being your sister. If anything, I'm your double sister now.

FEDERICO

But I don't hear God like you do. How am I supposed to know what to do?

HERMANA CLARA

I can't answer that for you, Fede. No one can. (*She stands to reach for his hand, but feels faint and loses her balance. She sits on the edge of the bed. Federico stands to help her.*)

FEDERICO

Milagros . . .

HERMANA CLARA

Just a spell. It's just a spell.

FEDERICO

*(Grabs a glass of water from the patient's table.)* Here, sit here. How often have these been happening, Milagros?

HERMANA CLARA

It's Hermana Clara.

FEDERICO

Answer me. Please.

HERMANA CLARA

A couple times . . . a day.

FEDERICO

And the Sisters still make you serve?

HERMANA CLARA

They don't make me do anything. I choose to serve.

FEDERICO

You know that's not what I meant.

HERMANA CLARA

The spells are so short. See, I'm already feeling better. You don't have to worry about me, Fede. All things pass.

FEDERICO

But this hasn't. It's getting worse.

HERMANA CLARA

Oh Fede, you always were a worrier.

FEDERICO

One of us has to be. Does Martín know?

HERMANA CLARA

Yes. He came by earlier in the week.

FEDERICO

Why didn't he say anything?

HERMANA CLARA

Don't be angry with him, Pajarito. He was only trying to protect you and your soft heart. He knew you'd worry.

FEDERICO

Of course I'm worried! I don't understand why he isn't . . . Soft heart?

HERMANA CLARA

He is. And he's trying to protect me in his own way. Just like I know you'll try to protect me in yours. (*Hermana Clara begins to tend to the patient.*)

FEDERICO

I'll be back soon.

HERMANA CLARA

Fernando would be sad if you weren't.

FEDERICO

And Milag . . . Hermana Clara . . . please take care of yourself. Even God rested on the seventh day.

*Federico exits as Hermana Clara resumes tending to the patient. Hermana Clara hums as she moves the patient's leg and he groans.*

HERMANA CLARA

I know it . . . I know.

*Transition*

MARTÍN

Mamá had been sick for a while. It was nothing, at first, "a spell," she would say carelessly. But she was getting weak. I could tell. She sang less. She slept longer. It started to get bad and Papá and Mamá took Milagros, Fede, and me to the coast for fresh air, a normal day. The sun was out and we were happy strolling through a grassy patch of beach. We would lie in the grass. I decided to walk to the water to get away from the heat when I saw Fede struggling to get back onto the sand. I caught his wrist and pulled him up. He started crying which is what Fede always does when something doesn't go his way. He is sensitive like that. Mamá said I was a good boy, looking after him. When we were out in the city, I was always sure to hold his hand so he wouldn't get lost. Milagros would make fun of me so I had to let go, but I was always sure to walk behind Fede because he has a knack for losing himself. We used to sit on a hill behind our house and watch the stars. My favorite constellation was always Libra but little Fede loved Lyra, the harp. We thought Mamá was getting better. But when they were both taken by the fire, Milagros left us for God, and he was all I had.

*Scene Seven*

*December 15, 1937 in the Colorín. Carlos and Luís sit at a table. Luís is loud, drunk. Lucia, Ana, and Federico are seated at a nearby table, Carmen sits alone near the Nationalists and listens to their conversation. Martín in a Nationalist uniform is carrying boxes of supplies and food into the space. Guillermo is playing Nationalist approved music unenergetically. Desi is waiting on the Nationalists. Carlos eyes Emilia.*

LUIS

Play “Cara al sol,” motherfucker.

GUILLERMO

As you wish . . .

*Guillermo begins to play “Cara al Sol” and the officers begin to cheer.*

CARLOS

I never thought a cabrón like you could play. (*To Emilia.*) Isn’t that right, Sweetheart?

EMILIA

Sure. Can I get you anything else?

LUÍS

I think you know what I’d like, Honey.

*Ana watches this happen and crosses between Emilia and Luís.*

ANA

Hold on there. I don’t think she’s really fit to take care of anything more than drink orders. But if you’re looking for some help with anything else, maybe I could be of assistance . . .

LUÍS

Hey, you look familiar. Haven’t I seen you around with the Colonel before?

ANA

It isn’t impossible. I try to know as many of you fine soldiers as I can, and as intimately as I can. I have a weakness for the uniform.

*Carlos and Luís are amused by Ana. She sits with them. Carmen gives Ana a jealous look and then becomes more engrossed in the conversation. Guillermo becomes visibly upset as the song goes on and as Carlos and Luís become more rowdy. Guillermo begins to play the Republican anthem. Luís and Carlos notice almost immediately and become quiet.*

CARLOS

What are you playing?

GUILLERMO

Are you not enjoying yourself?

CARLOS

Excuse me?

GUILLERMO

Are you not enjoying yourself, Sir?

LUÍS

What the fuck are you playing, you little bitch?

GUILLERMO

Is this not a proper version of “Cara al Sol”?

LUÍS

You know it isn’t. It’s some extremist bullshit.

CARLOS

*(To Guillermo.)* You should be careful. If hadn’t noticed in the past two years, the winds have changed, friend. *(To Emilia.)* And you should make sure your musician stays in line.

EMILIA

It’s not my place to choose what musicians do and do not play.

CARLOS

Make it your place. Emilia moves away. Desi moves to Guillermo.

DESI

Stop. You’re going to get yourself killed. They have been ordering drinks all night.

GUILLERMO

I can’t take it anymore. They act like they own the place. This was our place once! Or don’t you remember?

DESI

Don’t give me that.

GUILLERMO

Well, do you?

DESI

Fine. Do whatever you want.



*Desi storms out into the back room followed by Federico. Guillermo continues to play his song and Luís becomes visibly agitated, throwing napkins and harassing him. All the while, Martín has been carrying in boxes of supplies.*

FEDERICO

You have to admit, Guillermo has a point. The soldiers don't run this place, you do.

DESI

Yes, but those soldiers pay for booze and food so that we can survive. We've got a good thing here. I can't have anyone starting any fights and spoiling that for us.

FEDERICO

Desi, look at me. Calm down. People are tense now, and they throw around harsh words, but nobody's going to fight each other over something like this. It's just a song.

DESI

I'm sorry. This is . . . I really hate this.

FEDERICO

I know. It's hard for all of us.

*Federico leans in to kiss Desi. Meanwhile the fight escalates between Guillermo and Luís. They begin to argue audibly. Desi and Federico enter the bar to see Luís pushing Guillermo and hitting him. He knocks him to the ground. Carlos drags Luís out of the bar, Lucia rushes to Guillermo.*

LUCIA

(*To Carlos.*) Why did you do that? He was just playing a song.

CARLOS

I warned him. He brought it on himself. Martín enters with another box of supplies, surprised at the scene.

CARLOS

Take it away. They've forfeited their right to this.

EMILIA

You can't do that! Those are our rations, I'm entitled to those crates! That is our food, our supplies.

CARLOS

You should have thought of that before.

LUCIA

(*To Guillermo.*) Why did you have to do that?

GUILLERMO

It's nothing. Just a bruise. These Nationalist pussies can't hurt me.

*Martín and Luís exit. Carlos begins to leave.*

DESI

You didn't pay your tab.

*Carlos methodically removes a single coin from his pocket, revealing a holstered gun in the process. He makes his way to the bar and places it down. He turns and exits.*

ANA

What the fuck was that, Guillermo? You care so much about bringing down Franco, but how will you do that when you are dead because you couldn't shut your god damned mouth?

GUILLERMO

If I die even to inconvenience one soldier—well, a thousand inconveniences add up to a real roadblock. This is my home. I've lost too much already. That's why I'll sing my stupid protest song. Because maybe enough stupid songs sung together can drown out all their hatred.

EMILIA

*(Looking around. The supplies are gone.)* This is . . . Guillermo. We let you use this space. We support your cause, but we need to survive. Don't you understand that? I . . . I just . . . Guillermo looks back at her.

*He doesn't know what to say. Desi moves toward Emilia.*

DESI

We will figure out how to get those crates back. Trust me.

EMILIA

Go. I need to be alone. They all look at her. Just GO! All of you. Now.

*Awkwardly, quietly they leave. Emilia closes and locks the door behind them. She turns and crosses to the piano. She begins to play for a moment, at first a soft tune but it becomes more powerful. She stops. Crying. Transition.*

Scene 8

*December 19, 1937. Desiderio and Federico are laying lazily in bed. A partially filled wine bottle stands next to the bed and two empty glasses are knocked over on the floor.*

FEDERICO

How long have we been here?

DESI

Where?

FEDERICO

Lying here.

DESI

Something like four hours.

FEDERICO

I love being lazy. I love wine. *(He attempts to reach the wine glasses from where he lays and is unsuccessful. Desi laughs and gets out of bed to pick up the glasses. He refills them with wine and puts them on the bedside table.)*

DESI

It's so nice to be here with you. *(Sits back down.)*

FEDERICO

*(Pushes Desi playfully away and picks up guitar, which is set leaning against the bed.)*  
I've been working on the song. Do you want to hear it? Sorry if it seems . . .

DESI

Just play. I like it when you play.

FEDERICO

*Federico plays the first verse and chorus of "My Upward Beating Heart."*

For one human to love another is the epitome, the ultimate test.  
There is no measuring with time.  
A year doesn't matter;  
Ten years are nothing when two hearts are touching.

Find a truth within your soul.  
Trust me, you will feel it inside how very much I'm yours.  
The future stays in place,  
but we're moving, we're moving through infinite space.

*(Pause.)* Well . . . Sing with me.

DESI

Rico . . . I . . .

FEDERICO

Price of admission . . . audience participation. (*They sing together.*)

FEDERICO / DESI

With our upward-beating hearts, we love.  
I feel my heartbeat quickening  
And I've thought of you often.  
This moment, this moment it's so eye-opening.  
I have been changed.

Love the life that is mine,  
and you will be repaid  
a thousand and a thousand times.  
It is no longer possible to be erased from your memories  
Nor you from mine.

With our upward-beating hearts, we grow.  
Do you feel your heartbeat quickening?  
Have you thought of me often  
In these moments, these moments like I've thought of you?  
Have you been changed too?

DESI

It's perfect. Like you.

FEDERICO

Stop.

DESI

I don't want to . . . perfect musician with perfect hair and a perfect smile . . .

*They kiss.*

DESI

You're all music and light, aren't you, my Rico?

FEDERICO

(*Coyly.*) Oh, stop. You make me sound so frivolous.

DESI

No. It's not. It's . . . nice.

FEDERICO

Yeah. Can we just hide out in here?

DESI

Hmmmm. Yes . . . as long as we don't run out of wine.

FEDERICO

It's different here. With you. The world isn't so complicated. I can't believe what happened to Guillermo.

DESI

Guillermo acts on his convictions, no matter how foolish they might seem. He's always been like that.

FEDERICO

But, they're all like that, aren't they? Carmen, Lucia . . . Choosing between safety and what's right. How do you even start to make those kinds of choices?

DESI

Just because something is difficult shouldn't stop you from doing it, Rico. Sometimes that's even more reason to persist. This. This conflict isn't going to last forever. It will pass. All things do and then . . .

FEDERICO

And then?

DESI

And then . . . I don't know.

FEDERICO

That's comforting.

DESI

I don't think it's supposed to be. But we're here now. And I'm not going anywhere.

FEDERICO

I'm not either.

DESI

Good. (*Pause.*) And when this is all over . . . I want to go see the coast. I want to go as far South as possible and look across the sea to Morocco. I've never even been outside of the province. I want to go there. You can take me. We can drink wine and bake on the beach and be lazy. Two fat cats basking in sunbeams.

FEDERICO

(*Incredulous.*) My dearest Desi, I will not only take you, I will build you the most magnificent sandcastle ever created and sing you endless love songs under a full moon.

DESI

Ha, what a romantic! (*Pause.*) What about you?

FEDERICO

What?

DESI

What is it that you most want to do when this is all over?

FEDERICO

I'm not sure. It doesn't matter. All I know is that I'd go anywhere with you.

*They kiss. Music. Transition*

ADELITA

Dearest Leo, Are you well? I have been keeping busy but clean and healthy. I miss you. You are always in my thoughts and memories of your piano taunt me. I've kept it tuned— ready for your return. I imagine the first thing you'll do when you return is sit at the bench; you'll hug me after you get your fill of the keys. I still remember the lullaby we used to play together. Do you? (She hums the lullaby to herself.) I'm still no good at playing on piano. I've tried. Really, but I haven't learned a thing all this time. I keep you in my prayers. May Mother and Father watch over you.

*Scene Nine*

*December 20, 1937 in the Colorín, Emilia is wiping down the bar, Carmen and Ana are huddled around a paper, lyrics to one of Federico's songs.*

CARMEN

(*Looking over the paper.*) No, Desi's right. This is good.

EMILIA

What's good?

CARMEN

One of Rico's poems.

EMILIA

New material?

CARMEN

Yes. I'm going to publish it.

EMILIA

Does he know . . .

CARMEN

Yes, of course he knows.

EMILIA

No, does he know . . . the risk. He doesn't want his name attached to that . . . not with Martín . . .

CARMEN

It's fine. I'll publish it under a pseudonym if he wants.

EMILIA

Carmen, you can't publish that, period. The Nationalists wouldn't like it . . .

ANA

That might be the point.

EMILIA

You're inviting trouble.

CARMEN

I'm implementing change . . . Now the song's trickier. We'll have to show it to Adelita before we move forward.

*Desi emerges from the back room with a crate. He begins to restock shelves.*

EMILIA

Has Rico shown you this? *(She snatches the paper from Carmen.)*

CARMEN

Hey—

DESI

What . . . what . . . is? Yes, of course.

EMILIA

Does he know what he's getting himself into?

DESI

You'll have to ask him yourself.

*Federico enters the café. He seems cheerful.*

FEDERICO

Good morning.

DESI

Good morning.

EMILIA

*(Holds up the poem.)* I see you've been hard at work here—

ANA

And obviously between the sheets as well.

CARMEN

I was just telling the ladies here that we should show your song to Adelita.

FEDERICO

Do you really think it'd help the cause?

CARMEN

I do.

ANA

You want to perform for the public? Rico, I love you, best of friends you and I, but you're stupid.

CARMEN

There's nothing stupid about standing up for what you believe in. You should be proud that you're finding your voice, Rico.

ANA

*(Ana stands.)* Except that there's something suicidal about it. And in this case, stupid and suicidal walk hand in hand.

*Conversation pauses when Martín enters with Maria. Federico crosses to Martín.*

FEDERICO

Nice to see you here.

MARTÍN

Yeah, María wanted coffee after our walk. But she'll have to get back to the apartment soon.

MARIA

Don't want Papá to think I'm out soiling my reputation with one of those no-good enlisted men. Darling, order for me?

*She pulls him in for a long kiss. Ana and Carmen look as if they want to gag.*



MARTÍN

Of course. (*Martín crosses to Desi.*) Two cups of coffee please.

DESI

No problem. Just a moment. Desi prepares the coffee while Martín turns to Federico.

MARTÍN

I stopped by to see Hermana Clara. She said to tell you she bought socks. Not for herself, but she wanted you to know she did buy socks. I hope that means something to you, because she just laughed when I asked her about it.

FEDERICO

Yeah, we were talking about lucky socks when I visited her last week.

MARTÍN

You visited her. Ah, so that's why you haven't been home.

ANA

Yeah . . . that's why he hasn't been home.

FEDERICO

(*Federico shoots Ana a look and then walks Martín away from the bar for a more private conversation.*) Martín. When were you going to tell me? You need to talk to her. She'll listen to you.

MARTÍN

That woman has never listened to anyone but God and herself.

FEDERICO

Then tell God to make her listen!

MARTÍN

Fede, we have to face it. She's been getting worse for a while now.

FEDERICO

You still should've told me.

MARTÍN

Told you what, Federico? That sometimes you're a shit brother. Don't make this about you, Hermana Clara is the one who's sick. (*Martín moves to sit with Maria.*)

FEDERICO

(*Federico sits back down as Lucía rushes in from the back room, holding a box of assorted props, Guillermo and Adelita talking in hushed tones.*) Lucía what is all that?

LUCIA

(*Puts box down on counter.*) There's a thing.

ANA

A thing?

CARMEN

Yes. A thing.

ANA

No, not that thing. That's just as suicidal as Rico's thing.

LUCIA

It's not suicide. Adelita has everything planned out.

FEDERICO

Adelita's here? (*Desi points to Adelita who is talking to Guillermo.*)

ANA

Hell, Guillermo's involved. It really is suicide.

LUCIA

We've gotta go if we want to make it to Town Hall in time. Guillermo and I are performing our puppet show on the steps. Adelita's speech will be in the square. Guillermo! Put those muscles to use and carry this.

CARMEN

Adelita, Federico wrote something for us. I'm going to publish the poem, but I thought you might want to use the song.

ADELITA

Oh, you're Federico. Pleasure—

GUILLERMO

Ladies, we need to go if we're going to stick to the schedule.

LUCIA

Relax, Guillermo. We're going. (*To Adelita.*) Viva España!

ADELITA

Viva España! (*Lucia, Adelita, and Guillermo exit.*)

CARMEN

I'm going to Town Hall. La Lechuza Ciega has a story to cover. (*To Ana.*) Coming? Come on, Ana. Let's get you some fresh air.

ANA

Only if we stand in the back. (*Pays for her drink.*)

CARMEN

What about you Desi? You coming with us or going to see Adelita?

DESI

What I'd give to hear Adelita today . . . But I'm all tied up. (*Gestures to his apron.*)

CARMEN

Alright, we'll see you afterwards then. Ana and Carmen exit.

FEDERICO

I'm not tied up. (*Looks to Martín.*) Maybe I better not.

DESI

He won't know.

FEDERICO

Alright, but just for a few minutes.

DESI

Please be careful.

*Scene 10*

*In the town square Adelita is giving an impassioned speech. Federico watches from the side.*

ADELITA

Remember your senses and heed my words. We Spaniards are a proud people, but we have fallen victim to a power that strives to steal our humanity. And in the wake of this irrefutable transgression we have not quieted our fear but our voices. How can we, a people of painters, of poets, of playwrights, fade away into the monotone hues of conformity when we have the brilliance to radiate change over Spain? If we fall silent, if we stifle our colors then we might as well don Nationalist uniforms. Our silence is an injustice! I implore you fellow Spaniards: stand up for your rights! Your mothers and fathers sacrificed their lives so that we may fight to preserve our great privilege to protect our sons and daughters. My friends, together we must rise and follow our upward beating hearts! Para nuestras familias! Y para España!

*A bomb goes off. Black out.*

*In the dark Federico sings.*

FEDERICO

That something is difficult must be one more reason  
For us to do it.

## ACT II

*Federico sits on his bed with his guitar. He plays and sings. Maria, Martín, Carmen, Ana, Adelita, Hermana Clara, Desi, Emilia, Lucia, and Guillermo gradually appear as the song builds. They sing "The Anthem."*

FEDERICO

That something is difficult must be one more reason  
 For us to do it  
 This conflict cracks my heart, the roiling storm we ride  
 Two paths marked uncharted, rise and claim a side  
 Follow the march, stand apart,  
 They demand that I decide

MARTIN

My family defines me, the path I walk is lonely

MARIA

Take my hand, please understand

MARIA/MARTIN

Together we can

HERMANA CLARA

Do not worry dear brothers I know that  
 Everything will work according to His will

EMILIA

Look at what they've stolen.

DESI

My father

EMILIA

My students

DESI

I'm broken

EMILIA

But we'll keep on going for love, Desi for love,

EMILIA/DESI

All for love

ALL

That something is difficult must be one more reason  
 For us to do it  
 For us to do it  
 That something is difficult must be one more reason  
 For us to do it  
 For us to do it

ANA

Let's raise a glass for the living,

CARMEN

Tell the stories of those who are dead

ANA

Douse, don't feed the fire,

CARMEN

Raise a pen to drown their dread

GUILLERMO

We must stand against these oppressors and fight,

LUCIA

And do what is right,

GUILLERMO

But there's something more

LUCIA

If we lose ourselves in this war, than what was it for?  
 Why not restore?

ADELITA

For the broken, the tried and the tarried,  
 For the sons and the daughters of war  
 For the wounded the weak and the weary,  
 For the hatred our neighbors have born

ADELITA/LUCIA/CARMEN/HERMANA/EMILIA/ANA/MARIA

For the silence, the lost and the buried  
 For our loved ones who came before

ALL

That something is difficult must be one more reason  
 For us to do it  
 For us to do it  
 That something is difficult must be one more reason  
 For us to do it  
 For us to do it

*Scene 1*

*December 20, 1937 in the hospital. Federico sits at the foot of Adelita's bed, writing in his notebook. Federico has a small scratch on his forehead. Adelita is bandaged up.*

HERMANA CLARA

Fernando will be happy. Now he has friends to keep him company.

FEDERICO

I'm sure he wouldn't remember us.

HERMANA CLARA

You'd be surprised what you remember when you have nothing to do by stare at a ceiling all day long. Now, dear Pajarito, what have you gotten yourself into?

FEDERICO

Just a few scrapes here and there. Nothing fatal.

HERMANA CLARA

Do you want to tell me why you were near that bomb?

FEDERICO

My friend. (*He gestures to Adelita.*) She was giving a speech.

HERMANA CLARA

And you were her protection?

FEDERICO

More like moral support.

HERMANA CLARA

That's good, because you did a lousy job protecting her.

FEDERICO

That's . . . nice. (*Adelita stirs.*)

HERMANA CLARA

Good morning, Almira.

ADELITA

Thank you Sister, but it's Adelita.

HERMANA CLARA

I know . . . I know it is. (*To Federico.*) Head injuries can cause delusions.

FEDERICO

No, Sister, her name's Adelita.

HERMANA CLARA

Hmmmm . . . All right, Adelita.

FEDERICO

Adelita, this is my sister . . . well, double sister. Hermana Clara.

HERMANA CLARA

Be careful with this one . . . not much of a body guard, but he is a fine musician. Excuse me. (*Hermana Clara exits.*)

ADELITA

It couldn't have been that bad.

FEDERICO

It was . . . you need to rest now. Go back to sleep.

ADELITA

I can't.

FEDERICO

Is there something that you need?

ADELITA

I need to get out of here. There is work to do. (*She looks at his notebook, he pulls it away.*)

FEDERICO

Let's check that bandage. It looks a little loose. (*He begins tending to a bandage on her arm.*)

ADELITA

This wasn't supposed to happen. It was supposed to be a peaceful protest. Art can change things weapons can't . . . no one was meant to get hurt. I shouldn't be surprised. The Fascists have no respect for life.

FEDERICO

If you knew they'd be there, why did you?

ADELITA

Why did I?

FEDERICO

Organize the protest. You've seen what they've done before.

ADELITA

I did it because I know what'll happen if I don't. Franco's little coup is strangling our freedoms. We've been indifferent for too long, and we've woken up in a day where hate and oppression rule.

FEDERICO

That's a noble cause.

ADELITA

It's why I'm fighting.

FEDERICO

Yeah.

ADELITA

Why are you here?

FEDERICO

I don't know. I'm just here. (*Hermana Clara re-enters with a fresh bandage.*)

HERMANA CLARA

Oh thank you for changing those— not bad. Perhaps you can join me, I think you'd look cute in a habit. (*Beat.*) Let us pray now. (*Federico stirs uncomfortably.*) Fede? (*Hermana Clara, Adelita, and Federico make the sign of the Cross, Federico does so weakly.*) In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

HERMANA CLARA, ADELITA, FEDERICO

Amen.

HERMANA CLARA

Come Holy Spirit, take away any anger, frustrations, or anxieties. Strengthen our hearts. I invite you to speak to Jesus with your heart. Open yourself up to Him (*Beat.*) Jesus—



ADELITA

I trust in you.

HERMANA CLARA

Santa Inez—

ADELITA

Pray for us.

HERMANA CLARA, ADELITA, FEDERICO

Amen. Federico's "Amen" is a little delayed. Hermana Clara gets up too fast, stumbles slightly.

FEDERICO

No no, Hermana . . .

HERMANA CLARA

Just a spell, just a spell, it's just a spell.

FEDERICO

You need to rest.

HERMANA CLARA

Fede? I . . . I need to rest.

FEDERICO

Yes, yes of course. (*He leads Hermana Clara out of the room. Adelita picks up his notebook.*)

ADELITA

Is she all right?

FEDERICO

Yeah, she'll be fine. She's . . . overworked.

ADELITA

Yes.

FEDERICO

Sorry if she made you uncomfortable. She can be . . . zealous.

ADELITA

I wasn't uncomfortable. You were the one squirming through her prayer.

FEDERICO

I don't know, I just feel like I'm sitting there like an idiot, talking to air.

ADELITA

I understand that. But, I look out and think how lucky I am to be in a place that's full of so many possibilities, but I'm sad that people in my life aren't all here with me. I can't bring them out of their world. I regret not spending enough time with them. But I know God has a plan for me, I don't understand "why," so I trust.

FEDERICO

How do you trust when everything's turning to shit? I feel like everyone is slipping away. My sister . . . my brother . . . I feel alone. They've gone off in their own directions . . . God doesn't care . . . I'm sorry.

ADELITA

Pardon me for saying, but Rico, you sound like a self-centered, ungrateful ass.

FEDERICO

Excuse me?

ADELITA

We have all lost people. And even if we haven't, we constantly stand to lose them. Every day.

FEDERICO

You don't know what I've lost.

ADELITA

I do. My brother, Leo . . . he was a medic on the front lines. And two weeks ago, he was dragging an injured woman off the field when the bomb went off. So, no matter how strained, no matter how broken, I would do anything to have any relationship with Leo because it'd mean he was still alive. Don't talk about loneliness, Rico, because you don't know a damn thing.

FEDERICO

Adelita. . . I had no idea. I'm sorry.

ADELITA

We all feel alone sometimes. In a way, I'm grateful for the quiet times, so I can hear my own voice inside me.

FEDERICO

You're lucky. I wish I could be content with my being. I never thought I would be surrounded by people who value me and now I'm afraid of losing them. I'm afraid I'll make the wrong choice. I never want to look back on my life with regret, but I'm afraid to speak up.

ADELITA

You have a voice, Federico. (*She acknowledges his notebook.*) This is good. This is something that might make a difference. The right words can inspire.

FEDERICO

It's just a draft. I was just trying to get something down on paper. It's nothing really just some thoughts and . . .

ADELITA

"As I was not worried to be born, I do not worry to die." We need someone like this. Fearless and willing.

FEDERICO

We?

ADELITA

It's through our creations that we disrupt the enemy and hope to unify our people through peace again. If this is just a draft, I would love to see your finished work. (*Beat.*) I'm leaving tomorrow to go back down South with some of the others to plan for the siege. Come with me. We could use more people like you. This is your chance to be part of something meaningful. Worthy.

FEDERICO

Adelita . . . I . . . I don't know how I can do anything right now. My brother, my sister, my friends . . . they're all pulling me in different directions.

ADELITA

At some point you have to choose. What's your choice, Rico?

*Music. Transition.*

*Scene Two*

*Early in the morning of December 21, 1937. Desi nervously paces around. Sits then stands again. Federico rushes in.*

FEDERICO

Desi . . .

DESI

Where were you? I heard about the bomb, I've been worried. I went out to the square, but no one had seen you and . . .

FEDERICO

. . . there were so many people there. I never thought that there would have been that many...

DESI

I couldn't find you.

FEDERICO

. . . and I have no experience. I tried to do my best to . . . but I was getting in the way, and . . .

DESI

Rico, where have you been?

FEDERICO

I was at the hospital.

DESI

Are you alright!? Are you hurt!? What were you doing there!?

FEDERICO

I'm fine. I was helping. Calm down. I was helping out with . . . with some of injured. I lost track of time and then . . . Milagros was getting faint and Adelita . . .

DESI

Adelita was there? Is she all right?

FEDERICO

She was injured, but she's all right. She's going to be all right.

DESI

Rico, don't scare me like that. It's awful out there. People are taken away. They're hurt. They're killed. I don't know what I would have done . . . I can't stand the thought of you being in danger like that.

FEDERICO

In danger? Desi, we should be putting ourselves in danger. It's the only way. God, Adelita is so fearless. She got hit by a bomb yesterday afternoon and where is she going tomorrow? Back out in danger. She's standing up for something! For all of us? What have I been standing up for? What are you standing up for? All we're doing is staying in that little café and talking and talking and talking. But we aren't doing anything. I want to do more. At least I went out into the streets. You were hiding. I'm not going to apologize for wanting to do more.

DESI

Rico, you wanted to go, but if you wanted me to go with you, then why didn't you ask?

FEDERICO

I . . . I . . . I don't know, Desi. I just, I know you can do more. We both can. (*Beat.*) I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I just want to do something, to make some kind of difference.

DESI

Yeah. (*Beat.*) I would do anything for you, Rico.

FEDERICO

I know that. (*They embrace.*) I just can't stand and watch anymore, Desi. Spain needs us, now, more than ever. The world is changing all around us and . . . I don't want to be on the wrong side of history.

*Music. Transition.*

*Scene Three*

*In the Colorín, friends have gathered to celebrate Christmas Eve, Midnight Mass has just been released and there is joyful noise in the streets. The air in the café is warm and cozy. Desi is about to leave for home.*

LUCIA

You can't go yet! Desi attempts to respond, but his friends cut him off several times.

CARMEN

Yes, stay for one more drink! This is a night to celebrate.

ADELITA

Tonight is not meant for sleeping.

LUCIA

Esta noche es Noche-Buena, y no es noche de dormir. You won't be getting any sleep with the noise outside. Midnight Mass is out, and the streets are full. Please stay!

GUILLERMO

Those people outside know that something good is coming. They know that we will soon have our city back. Celebrate with them. Celebrate with us!

DESI

I would, but I have to open this place back up in just a few hours. Unless my beautiful sister would like to—

EMILIA

No, thank you. You can handle it yourself.

DESI

Fine. This is the end of my night then. Feliz Navidad everyone.

*Desi hugs Emilia and walks toward the door. He brushes a hand across Federico's shoulder as he passes and then exits. The conversation continues at the table. Emilia cleans the bar.*

ADELITA

I want to toast all our brave volunteers that have come to our aid in this past week. I can't think of anything better to wish for.

CARMEN

I just wish for this to be over as quickly as possible. The conflict makes great subject material, sure, but I can write about anything. I can't believe I'm saying this, but I'm longing for less news. Not more. When this is over . . . I can't even imagine when this is over . . .

LUCIA

I can. I'll return to the theatre. I miss performing on a real stage. I want to write and perform in a play about what has happened to our country; (*dramatic flourish*) maybe play the tragic character who dies for her cause.

GUILLERMO

Ha, how appropriate for you. But more people than just snobby theatre-goers need to hear this story. I'm going to return to the University and teach the next generation all about this fucking war. Maybe they'll be smart enough to learn some lessons from history this time.

FEDERICO

Great, you can all stay and tell our story over and over, day in and day out. I'm going to the sea. I'll sail around with my guitar in one hand and a drink in the other! Write music all day long, and sing from my boat when we reach a port at night. The townspeople will be so overcome, they'll beg me to stay with them, feeding me and asking for encores!

ADELITA

Ha, there is so much pain here in Spain and it won't vanish when one side raises a white flag. A military victory is only the start of the real work, and that's when we'll need artists like you the most.

ANA

You aren't needed running around the countryside or jumping into a fight. You're Socialists, not social workers!

CARMEN

Ana, you know better. There is little good done if these ideas aren't shared. We all want to be safe, but what's the impact of Rico's poetry or Lucia's shows if no one else sees

them? Our actions do matter. It's risky, sure, but isn't it worse to just go along with things and always wonder "What if?"

ANA

Fine then. You can all go and be risky, go be political. But when you walk out into that Christmas night, even if you do kick out those Nationalist soldiers, it'll be just like when Napoleon finally captured Moscow. Cold as shit.

*To door flings open and a very intoxicated Luís enters. Martín is desperately trying to keep him under control.*

LUÍS

Another bar for us to conquer, Señor Pussy! And look, what pitiful resistance there is!

MARTÍN

That is not a proper way for a soldier to speak, Luís. Especially in a civilian bar.

LUÍS

Ah come on, you know I'm just joking. And they know it too! *(He sits and looks over to Emilia.)* Sweetheart, a pair of whiskeys!

EMILIA

Sorry gentlemen, but we're closed.

LUÍS

Naw, naw, naw, the lights are on, people are still at the bar. You're open. Now whiskeys!

EMILIA

This is my bar, and I'm telling you it's closed. I'm telling you leave. Understand?

LUÍS

*(Stands slowly, then turns and slaps Emilia. She bends over, covering her face.)* You've got a big mouth, do you know that, woman?

MARTÍN

Luís, enough!

GUILLERMO

You let her go, now! *(He rushes at Luís, followed closely by Lucia. Ana screams and claws at Carmen for support. Rico stares at Martín.)*

LUÍS

*(Draws a pistol and aims at Guillermo.)* Hey! Back up, you! And young lady, I like my whiskey cut. *(Tosses Emilia back. Guillermo moves to support Emilia, Lucia advances on Luís.)*

ANA

That's funny you didn't shoot your pistol. I hear you always fire off early.

LUÍS

What the fuck did you just say?

MARTÍN

*(Takes the opportunity to grab Luis' arm, wresting the pistol from him.)* CORPORAL ALONZO! What in the hell do you think you're doing?

LUÍS

Give that back! You heard how they were talking to me! These people need to learn respect if they're ever going to—

MARTÍN

You are the one who needs a lesson in respect and discipline. I can make sure everyone at headquarters hears about this. You know I have a direct line to the Major. If you want this to stay between us, you leave, now. And I hang on to this until you sober up. *Luis stares at Martín for a beat, then slumps outside, muttering to himself.*

CARMEN

Real brave of you to wait until after he hit our friend, soldier.

FEDERICO

*(Crosses to Martín.)* Thanks for that. That could've gotten really ugly. That's what they mean to say.

MARTÍN

This isn't the worst thing that could happen, Fede.

*Adelita perks up at hearing this. The rest of the group moves to console Emilia.*

FEDERICO

What are you talking about?

MARTÍN

You've always been all song and no smarts, Pajarito. I've heard their plans, Fede. I hear snippets when I'm on duty. I never get the full story, but I've heard enough to know they are planning something dangerous.

FEDERICO

Have you told anyone? I mean, have you heard any names, or—



MARTÍN

No. No one else knows. Lucky for them, I don't have any good evidence. I couldn't present this if I wanted to. But whatever you do . . . be careful. Think how your sister would feel if you got hurt. (*Martín exits.*)

GUILLERMO

May I walk you home, Lucia? Those crowds out there can get pretty rowdy, I wouldn't want anything else to happen to you tonight.

LUCIA

Thank you, Yermo. Carmen, Ana, you two are welcome to join us. You too, Adelita. I don't want anyone else to have to put with more drunk idiots tonight.

ANA

I need one last drink to help me fall asleep with all this racket.

CARMEN

Come on, Ana. You've had enough. We'll go together. (*She takes the drink from Ana's hand.*) It's Christmas. Better to sleep in a warm bed, than with your face on a bar.

ANA

(*Quietly.*) Thank you.

GUILLERMO

Adelita?

ADELITA

Thank you, but I'm going to stay to help Emilia clean up.

EMILIA

Thanks, Adelita.

FEDERICO

I think I'll stay here a while too . . . Have fun, you all. Take in the night.

LUCIA

No es noche de dormir!

FEDERICO

La Noche-Buena!

*They all smile and laugh and exchange good-byes. Guillermo, Lucia, Carmen, and Ana exit into the night. Adelita picks up a box of glasses from the bar while Emilia begins to straighten up and sweep.*

FEDERICO

(*To Adelita.*) Let me help you with that. What a night. They move into the back room and start to put away the glasses.

ADELITA

Yes. These past couple of days have been inspiring. I think . . . I think we've turned a corner. Teruel is just a sliver in the finger of Franco's reach, but a sliver can cause and infection that brings down a monster.

FEDERICO

That's . . . graphic.

ADELITA

Oh, Rico. Don't you see? This is what we've been fighting for. This is our chance . . . 1938 is only going to lead us to a brighter future.

FEDERICO

I hope so. (*Adelita moves to the piano and begins to play fragments of the lullaby.*) What is it that you're playing?

ADELITA

Just a lullaby I used to know.

*Federico walks over and stands next to her. He watches her fingers stroke the keys. Adelita keeps playing the melody of the lullaby but keeps messing up the end of a phrase. Federico moves his hand past hers and resolves the phrase with the correct note. Adelita looks up at him.*

ADELITA

That's it! Have you heard it before?

FEDERICO

No, I just guessed.

*Federico laughs and Adelita playfully hits him. She begins to play again and they hum the tune together. She sings a few words and Federico begins to sing along. "Mi cielo. My rainbow. Ineffable is the love that grows. Isabel and her Diego." While this is happening, Emilia has moved to the door to the backroom. She watches Federico and Adelita for a moment. They play together and sing. They both make a mistake at the same time and laugh. Adelita looks at Federico for a moment. She kisses him. Emilia, seeing this turns away quietly and moves to the bar.*

*Scene Four*

*January 4, 1938. In the Colorín, Emilia is cleaning the bar. Ana sits gloomy in a corner with a drink. Enter Lucia, Rico, Adelita, and Carmen, all loud and celebratory.*

FEDERICO

We've done it! Finally all of Teruel is free! The people listened to your speeches, read your articles, and rose up against their oppressors!

LUCIA

And having all those soldiers from the countryside standing with us didn't hurt.

ADELITA

Now, what matters is that everyone's done their part. Today we celebrate!

*Group cheers. Emilia goes behind the bar, anticipating what will happen next. Group sits at the bar.*

FEDERICO

Emilia, break out the good stuff. A round of brandy, on me!

EMILIA

*(Coldly.)* Whatever you say.

LUCIA

Just look at what we did today! Weeks ago I would've said that kicking out the Nationalists would be impossible, but now we've done it! It really has taken all of us: writers, speakers, musicians, fighters, teachers, but this town is free now because of us. Do I look scared now, Franco? Is this what you think fear looks like?

ADELITA

Spoken like a true revolutionary! I can tell you've been spending more time with Guillermo.

CARMEN

I love this sense of drive, of purpose that's spread across town! Of course, it hasn't reached everyone yet . . . *(Looks to Ana who sits, unengaged at the bar.)*

LUCIA

Even with everything that's going on around her, she still just sits here in the bar? What a shame.

ANA

Y'know I can hear you? Y'know I can always hear you?

LUCIA

What do you know, she's still coherent.

EMILIA

That's a little uncalled for, don't you think?

CARMEN

Yeah, maybe back off Ana right now. How about we get another round and let's plan the next step.

ANA

What's uncalled for is this little party you're throwing for yourselves. There's a pack of wild dogs circling your house, and you're pouring brandy because you just kicked a puppy? HA! You people are talking like this is your Waterloo!

FEDERICO

This isn't our Waterloo, we won! Do you know what Waterloo is?

ANA

Yeah, and somebody lost at Waterloo, but they lost in a big way! This isn't like that at all, this is like . . . what is it like? Like . . . you've poked a dragon. It's only going to come back with more fire.

FEDERICO

True, we might not have vanquished the dragon yet, but we're closer than we were before. And that still deserves a celebration! Ana, you can stay over there and sulk, or you can join your friends in their victory, whether you think it's foolish or not.

ANA

Fine, you've convinced me, Rico. Not that I ever need convincing to raise a glass.

*Ana crosses to bar. As Ana reaches the middle of the room, Guillermo bursts in, dragging a bloodied and feebly-resisting Luís. All spring back in surprise and horror.*

ANA

Fuck shit, God-damned WHAT?!

GUILLERMO

Lock that door, get away from the window! Come on people, move! (*Beat. The group stares dumbfounded.*) Do you want everyone in town to see this? Come on!

ADELITA

Guillermo, what are you doing? Is that—

GUILLERMO

Lock the fucking door already! (*Beat. Still no response.*) Lucia, would you please lock the door? I don't want any more people dragged into this business. (*Beat. Lucia complies quietly.*)

EMILIA

Guillermo, you've always been rash but I never once thought you were stupid enough to drag a wounded soldier in here.

GUILLERMO

Fine. I'll take him to the back.

*Guillermo forces his way past Emilia to the back room. The artists follow. Luís is waking up and recognizes the location.*

LUÍS

The Colorín? You, bar lady, you always acted weird whenever we came by, and . . . and I know you. You're Martín Leon's brother?! What in the fuck . . . I knew it! (*Guillermo hits him across the face.*)

GUILLERMO

You speak when you're spoken to, you Fascist fuck.

LUCIA

Guillermo, don't hit him! He's hurt enough, and I don't think he's going anywhere.

GUILLERMO

This bastard was skulking around the square. Spying, no doubt. I'm going to ask him a few questions to figure out where these friends of his are.

LUCIA

And then what? Guillermo, he's in uniform. If he's a spy, he's a pretty terrible one.

LUÍS

Listen to her. I'm not a spy. I got separated from my squad in the fight, we had a rally point—

*Guillermo moves to strike Luís again. Adelita catches his arm mid-swing.*

ADELITA

Enough! Guillermo.

FEDERICO

He recognized me . . . he recognizes all of us! If he escapes, the Nationalists will know our names, our faces, our families . . . We have to lock him up somewhere.

LUCIA

The prison is already full. Where would we put him?

GUILLERMO

There's plenty of room underground.

ANA

Guillermo, WHAT THE FUCK?! (*She turns to storm out but is stopped by Guillermo.*)

GUILLERMO

What do you think you're doing? Nobody leaves until this is all sorted.

*Ana slinks away to Carmen's side, crying softly.*

CARMEN

Shhhh. It's all right. Guillermo, this is insane . . . All of this.

FEDERICO

So you're just going to interrogate this guy? Because you found him in the bushes? Jesus Christ man, he was probably just taking a piss.

GUILLERMO

There's one way to wrap this up quickly, if no one is coming up with any ideas.  
(*Guillermo draws a gun.*)

LUÍS

No, no no no no please! Please don't kill me!

GUILLERMO

And why not? Huh, pig?

LUCIA

Put that away! There's no need for more bloodshed today!

LUÍS

There isn't a priest around for miles, I . . . I need my last rites! You can't just put me down like an animal!! I have family—my mother and sisters need me. They're depending on me, please I . . . (*He begins to cry.*)

FEDERICO

Oh Jesus, Guillermo . . . I can't watch this.

LUCIA

See? Look at him! You can't do this to another person, just because of the uniform he's wearing!!

GUILLERMO

There's no safe place to keep you around, and no priests to pray for you. So pray for yourself, you bastard.

LUÍS

*(On his knees, sobbing.)* Our Father, who art in Heaven. Hallowed be thy name—

*Gunshot. Luís crumples to the floor.*

ADELITA

What have you done, Guillermo?

GUILLERMO

He would have killed me if he had the chance. If he a gun pointed at my head, he wouldn't think twice before pulling the trigger.

LUCIA

But he didn't have a gun pointed at you! You attacked him. How does that make you any different from this animal you are describing?

GUILLERMO

I am fighting on the right side.

CARMEN

Everyone thinks they are on the right side.

GUILLERMO

Are you telling me that those—

ADELITA

She's right. We can't know for sure who is right and who is wrong. History will tell that tale. That doesn't mean that we stop fighting for what we believe is right. Kill if you are about to be killed. That is the only reason to put a bullet through someone's brain.

GUILLERMO

If you want me to take it back, I can't. The animal is dead. The city is safe. We are safe here.

EMILIA

No you aren't. Get out. All of you! This is not a hideout for murderers.

ADELITA

He made a mistake, Emilia, but you have to—

EMILIA

No. I don't. Now get the hell out of here. NOW!

*Adelita, Guillermo, and Lucia start to leave.*

EMILIA

*(Points at the body.)* Take him with you. They throw a blanket over him and carry him out.

CARMEN

I am so sorry, Emilia.

EMILIA

Just get out. And take the drunk with you.

*Carmen and Ana leave. Ana has a black handkerchief over her head and walks out like she is following a funeral train. Only Emilia and Rico remain.*

FEDERICO

I can't believe he did that . . . Guillermo has always been aggressive . . . but execution . . .

EMILIA

Why didn't you stop him?

FEDERICO

I just—

EMILIA

Do you truly stand for anything, Rico? Or do you just attach yourself to whatever nice thing comes along.

FEDERICO

I . . . I stand for the cause.

EMILIA

Really?

FEDERICO

Yes really. I risked my life today. I helped liberate Teruel.

EMILIA

At what cost?

FEDERICO

I have found something I believe in, Emilia. This is something bigger than us. It's worth fighting for, it's worth paying a price.

EMILIA

Get the fuck out of my sight!



*Transition*

## CARLOS

I survived this nonsense for one reason. I. Don't. Care. I was twenty-seven and serving under Franco in Morocco. I saw which way the wind was blowing. Franco was smart. He stood for something. He knew how to stir a crowd, how to gain support for the sake of our glorious "Christian civilization." Fine. Bravo. I don't care for causes. And why should I? Ethical arguments? Morality? These are just words, words, words. And they count for nothing if you are in prison. They count for even less if you are dead. The only side to take is the side of the victor. Put a pistol in my hand and tell me where to shoot, Sir. When I was a child, I wanted a new hunting knife. It was beautiful. Abalone inlaid handle and a blade sharp enough to split a hair. My father would not buy it for me. "It's too expensive. When you are older." Nonetheless, I wanted it and I would get it. When my parents slept, I took a ring from my mother's jewelry box. I sold it and I bought the knife. The blade gleamed in the sun and I loved the feeling of it in my hand. I kept it hidden under my pillow. When my mother realized the ring was missing, she asked me, "Carlos, did you take Mamá's ring?" I said "no." She said, "Tell me the truth Carlos. Did you take Mamá's ring? Tell me the truth now and I won't punish you. To lie is worse than to steal. It is honorable to be honest no matter the consequences." I looked her in the eye, "No, Mamá. I wouldn't lie to you. Maybe Celina took the ring." She pressed me and pressed me. But I wouldn't budge. I wouldn't blink. Mamá was wrong. Consequences do matter. Honor means nothing if you suffer for it. Celina was dismissed for stealing. I kept my knife.

*Scene Five*

*January 6, 1938, Federico is in his bedroom. Sheets of music are scattered about. Desi enters. He looks disheveled. Federico jumps up.*

## FEDERICO

Desi, you're here. I've been worried. Emilia didn't know where you were and—

## DESI

I've come for my things.

## FEDERICO

What?

## DESI

I can't do this anymore, Rico. I spoke with Emilia and I can't. . . That business at the bar . . . Guillermo . . .

FEDERICO

I'm so sorry, Desi. He was out of control, he was scared. I think we're all—

DESI

It's not just that. I'm tired of this Rico. I never know where you are. I hear gunshots in the streets and I can't stop thinking about you being out there. Someone breathing out slowly as they pull the trigger and you standing there with that same dreamy look you always have on your face. And you falling and never getting back up. I can't live constantly worried about what's going to happen to you, to Emilia . . .

FEDERICO

Desi, I've never even held a gun. You know that.

DESI

But that doesn't mean you aren't involved! That doesn't mean you won't be! You and Adelita and all of them . . . they are putting you all at risk. It's gone too far. We can't keep protecting them.

FEDERICO

Where are we supposed to go, Desi? You said you'd do anything for me. We need this.

DESI

We need to leave, Rico. Most of the civilians are already gone. We can't stay here and stay safe.

FEDERICO

If we leave, we will lose all the ground we've gained. This is our home.

DESI

I don't know if it is anymore. We can find another home. Please. Rico you are going to get hurt and I can't sit here and think about it anymore.

FEDERICO

Then don't! You said we shouldn't give into fear.

DESI

What are you asking me to do?

FEDERICO

I want you to join this fight.

DESI

Do you understand what a risk it is already, just supporting you? My sister and I have housed you, fed you, drunk with you, and hid your art from the Nationalists when we had to. How dare you ask me to put my life in any more jeopardy? I can't do this.

*Desi begins to gather some of his belongings.*

FEDERICO

No. No. No. You can't. Desi, the war is already here. We don't have a choice anymore, but to fight. Please. For everyone's sake. We need you. Please. Adelita has shown me what true courage looks like and I can't abandon her and everyone else now because you lack that courage.

DESI

I don't lack—

FEDERICO

Then show me that fire. We're so close.

DESI

I love you.

FEDERICO

Just rest now . . . it's going to be all right.

*They hold each other for a moment, but Desi pushes him away.*

DESI

I need . . . I need to go now. I just . . . I need some time.

*Desi takes his things and leaves. Music.*

### *Scene Six*

*January 7, 1938. Federico sits with his guitar. He plays a few chords of "The Heartbreak Song."*

FEDERICO

I painted pictures of you with every line  
 Capturing the thoughts of a brilliant mind  
 And I fell, I fell I fell I fell, I fell, I fell, I fell  
 I fell, how I fell, oh I fell, I fell.

*Maria enters, disheveled. Federico is startled by her presence. She explodes.*

MARIA

Where did you take him?

FEDERICO

What are you talking about?

MARIA

You or your friends, are hiding him! Tell me where he is!

FEDERICO

Maria, what is going on?

MARIA

You know exactly what I'm talking about because you're hiding him! You and all of your Republican (*spits the word like a curse*) scum!

FEDERICO

Maria please, calm down, I have no idea what you are talking about.

MARIA

Your brother, Federico, your brother! Where is Martín?

FEDERICO

Martín is gone?

MARIA

He's been gone for two days you selfish bastard, ever since that charming assault. Or didn't you notice? You and your insane Republican friends took him somewhere. Tell me where he is!

*The next lines pass quickly, Maria cutting off Federico frequently when she knows what he is going to say.*

FEDERICO

Maria, I don't know where Martín is!

MARIA

Yes you do! I know you do! If you don't, your friends do.

FEDERICO

Maria, please!

MARIA

Tell me, Fede!

FEDERICO

Maria I don't know! I don't know where he is!

*She looks into his eyes for the first time and sees that he is telling the truth. Her legs lose strength and Federico catches her and sits down on the floor with her.*

MARIA

Where is he? Why didn't you protect him?

FEDERICO

Maria, he made his choice a long time ago. There's nothing I could say that would make a difference with him.

MARIA

That's not true. You're his brother. You knew this was happening, you could've protected him!

FEDERICO

No, I couldn't.

MARIA

You don't understand. Martín means everything to me. *(She regains her strength and stands up. Federico stands. She turns to leave.)*

FEDERICO

Maria, listen to me. You need to evacuate. Leave with the other civilians. Get out of here. You don't know what they'll do if any of the anarchists find out who your father is. When Martín gets back, I'll tell him . . . I'll tell him where you are.

MARIA

You really don't understand, do you? Rico. This is your fault. If anything has happened to Martín, it's on your hands. You are his brother.

*Maria turns coldly and exits.*

FEDERICO

I know. *(His voice finally breaks. He slumps back onto the floor and puts his heads in his hands.)* I know.

### *Scene Seven*

*January 8, 1937 in the Colorín. Lucia, Guillermo, Carmen, and Adelita are huddled around a radio. It's tense. Emilia and Desi are tending to the bar, ignoring the others and looking unhappy. The radio plays German opera and Guillermo shuts it off.*

LUCIA

Hey! I like that one.

GUILLERMO

Well I don't.

EMILIA

Interesting.

GUILLERMO

What?

EMILIA

As I have observed, when you don't like something you usually just execute it.

DESI

Emilia—

*Everyone moves quickly. Guillermo makes a move towards Emilia and she braces herself. Desi steps between them.*

DESI

Over my dead body.

EMILIA

Don't encourage him, hermanito.

GUILLERMO

Oh come on, you know I'd never lay a hand on you. I'm not a monster.

EMILIA

Whatever helps you sleep at night.

GUILLERMO

He was the monster and you know it!

DESI

Alright, stop it. Guillermo, we let you come back here after that . . . after that. Show some respect. Emilia, there's some stocking to do in the back. (*Emilia exits. Desi turns to Guillermo.*) If you so much as look at her again, I will have you all out on the street permanently. (*To others.*) Control him. (*Desi follows Emilia into the back.*)

CARMEN

Nice going knuckle-dragger.

GUILLERMO

She—

ADELITA

Guillermo. I will not have your temper losing us this place.

GUILLERMO

I didn't even start it, though; she just began attacking me out of nowhere!

ADELITA

That is not what I asked.

GUILLERMO

Yes, ma'am.

ADELITA

Good. So then you know why I have to take their side.

LUCIA

Adelita, we've taken the city back already.

ADELITA

It would be a wonderful thing if it were that simple, but I know you've felt it Lucia. I know you all have. It's quiet out there. It's too quiet.

CARMEN

Like the eye of a storm.

LUCIA

But doesn't that mean we've won?

ADELITA

Your optimism is inspiring, Lucia, truthfully. But cockroaches don't die easily. The fire may make them scatter, but when the flame burns out, they'll crawl out of their hiding holes. I think it's time we begin plans to evacuate citizens, children first.

GUILLERMO

She's right Lucia. We haven't won yet.

LUCIA

I know we haven't I just . . . I want this to be over! (*She begins to cry.*) I wasn't made for this—Losing Ramón . . . losing so much. I want to believe that peace can be possible . . . I . . . (*She begins to sob. Guillermo rushes to her, begins to rub her back and comfort her. He turns the radio back on.*)

CARMEN

I didn't expect that.

ADELITA

Losing someone you love is hard, Carmen. Grief digs its claws into every part of you and can pull you back into its darkness at any moment . . . It's always there, ready to fill the void that was left.

CARMEN

Adelita . . .

ADELITA

I hope you never have to feel its sting Carmen. I really do.

CARMEN

My family evacuated long ago, I think they're safe. I hope . . .

*Adelita puts a hand on Carmen's shoulder. Ana enters abruptly. She is wearing a coat and carrying a small suitcase.*

ADELITA

Ana, there you are! We didn't know . . .

*Ana walks straight to Carmen, she grabs her hands and kisses her.*

ANA

I'm leaving the city. Come with me?

CARMEN

Ana . . .

ANA

Carmen! I'm leaving. Today. And if you have any sense left, you'll come with me.

CARMEN

Are you drunk?

ANA

I've never been more sober. Please, I can't stay here, but I can't imagine leaving without you.

CARMEN

This isn't funny, Ana.

ANA

This isn't a joke—

ADELITA

Ana, what is going on?



ANA

*(Turning on Adelita.)* You! This is your fault! I go home last night to find my house ransacked. I was robbed in the chaos of your stupid rebellion. These Anarchists are out of control. They took everything.

ADELITA

Ana, I'm so sorry—

ANA

That's not all! Oh no, if only. They weren't gone when I arrived. I caught the Anarchistbastards mid pillage. They grabbed me and pushed me against a wall. They were acting like animals . . .

*Ana begins to tear up. Carmen holds her and soothes her.*

CARMEN

Shhhh . . . they . . . did they . . . hurt you?

ANA

No. Luckily my neighbor, La Señora Ramirez chased them off with her shotgun. That woman is an angel with a devil's determination. I can't stay here. I'm not safe with the Republicans and I won't be safe when the Nationalists come back. So please, Carmen come with me. I have an aunt in Paris . . . she'll take us in and . . .

CARMEN

Ana, trying to travel now is suicide. I can't . . . I'm needed here. Someone needs to keep a record of this. Someone needs to be telling the truth about what is happening—

ANA

Staying here is suicide, Carmen. Enough with your pride! Enough of your cause. I don't want to die here!

CARMEN

You're not going to die! I won't let you. I'll protect you.

ANA

With what, your pamphlets and poetry? If that could save anyone I wouldn't have needed La Señora to rescue me.

CARMEN

I . . . no. I can't . . . I'm doing something meaningful here—

ANA

My darling Carmen, my friend, there will be no meaning to any of it if you aren't around to continue telling stories.

CARMEN

Ana . . . listen . . .

ANA

Fine. I'm going. Franco's revenge will be swift and if you don't wise up and run, he'll get you all! The train leaves at 2:00. I hope you will be there too.

*Ana exits. Carmen watches her go for a moment, Adelita crosses to her and puts a hand on her shoulder.*

ADELITA

I'm sorry Carmen. That happens in this type of work. Sometimes, we have to let go of those—

CARMEN

Oh, shove it, Adelita!

ADELITA

Carmen . . . what you're doing here is bigger than yourself.

CARMEN

She's right, Adelita. You know? Aren't you tired of this? There's no point in making a better world if we're not around to see it.

ADELITA

Carmen—

*Carmen looks around the room. She exits.*

GUILLERMO

And then there were three . . .

*Federico enters in a rush.*

ADELITA

Rico, what's wrong?

FEDERICO

Where is he? What did you do with—

GUILLERMO

Desi? He's in the back with—

FEDERICO

No, not him! Martín! He's missing. He hasn't contacted Maria and—

*Desi enters.*

DESI

Rico? What—

FEDERICO

Martín, has he been in?

DESI

No.

FEDERICO

Oh God. Oh God. Oh God.

DESI

I'm sure he's fine.

FEDERICO

It's more than that. The Anarchists . . . they burned the convent. It's gone. Milagros . . .

ADELITA

They . . .

*Federico begins to feel sick. He falls into a chair weakly. Desi comes to his side.*

DESI

Rico? Rico? Take a breath, Rico!

*Adelita watches distantly, feeling slightly uncomfortable.*

GUILLERMO

Yeah. And I'm the monster.

LUCIA

Yermo.

GUILLERMO

This is why we can't leave. This is why we have to fight. For the innocent.

ADELITA

You're right . . . *(She looks to Desi who lovingly tends to Federico.)* For the innocent.  
*(She turns and leaves the Colorín.)*

*Scene Eight*

*January 11, 1938, Federico sits on the floor of the apartment. He strums his guitar, disinterested. He plays.*

FEDERICO

I didn't mind that you possessed my heart, I trusted you  
I just knew that you were the one to see everything through  
You became the muse to all my creations  
The part, the spark, the heart

I painted pictures of you with every line  
Capturing the thoughts of a brilliant mind  
And I fell, I fell, I fell  
I fell, I fell, I fell

*God . . . (Martín enters in civilian clothes. Maria is by his side. They look at each other for a moment.)* Martín?

MARTÍN

Fede? You haven't evacuated.

FEDERICO

Maria.

MARIA

Federico. *(Beat.)* Martín, I'm tired. Help me with my things?

MARTÍN

Of course.

*Martín helps Maria off with her suitcase. He returns. He and Federico look at each other for a moment.*

FEDERICO

Where've you been? I thought . . . I thought I wasn't going to see you again.

MARTÍN

I retreated with the rest of the soldiers.

FEDERICO

But now you're back. Martín, it's not safe for you two here.

MARTÍN

It's not safe for any one here now. I was sent back to establish communication with the remaining officers . . . and to find Maria. I'm putting her on a train this afternoon. She needs to evacuate. Her father was killed.

FEDERICO

Oh, I didn't know. I'm sorry to hear that.

MARTÍN

I'm sure, Fede. I'm sure. (Beat.) Fede, I'm glad I found you, but—

FEDERICO

Did you hear about—

MARTÍN

Yeah.

FEDERICO

I see. I wasn't sure.

MARTÍN

Well at least now she won't be needing any socks.

FEDERICO

Shut up, Martín. You weren't even here when it happened! You were off cavorting with Franco and your Fascist piggy friends.

MARTÍN

Federico! Your "cause," the movement you stand for is responsible. Not Franco. Not the Nationalists. The Republicans are the ones who burned the—

FEDERICO

How do you know what I stand for!?! I would never support that kind of brutality. My friends are not the same as the Anarchists. Besides, how can you crucify me for standing with the Republicans when your Nationalists are responsible for twice as many deaths?

MARTÍN

I'm doing what I can to keep you and Hermana . . . To keep you safe.

FEDERICO

I don't need you. Or your help.

MARTÍN

Yeah? What do you need Federico?

FEDERICO

I just need to do something that matters.

MARTÍN

And what about shelter? Food? Spending money for paper and guitar strings? A job?

FEDERICO

I have a job.

MARTÍN

Yeah?

FEDERICO

I am a musician.

MARTÍN

You don't make any money!

FEDERICO

Money's not the most important thing, Martín.

MARTÍN

But how will you take care of yourself?

FEDERICO

I've been taking care of myself.

MARTÍN

Without me.

FEDERICO

My friends will take care of me.

MARTÍN

What friends, Federico? From Colorín? The ones who have been adding fire to this rebellion? The ones who've run away? The ones who can barely afford their own lives? How do you expect them to take care of you if—

FEDERICO

My friends will take care of me!

MARTÍN

NO THEY WON'T!

FEDERICO

Yes they will!

MARTÍN

THEY BURNED HER CONVENT. (*Breaks down, finally overcome by the grief.*)

FEDERICO

THEY'RE NOT LIKE YOUR KIND! THEY DID NOT KILL MY SISTER.

MARTÍN

Our sister.

FEDERICO

Our sister.

MARTÍN

Fede . . . Franco is sending more troops. The Germans . . . the Italians . . . they are sending more aid to Franco. You got lucky last time. Your friends can't protect you. Not even your Republic can protect you from what's coming. You need to leave.

FEDERICO

I won't. This is my home and I need to protect it. This matters, Martín.

MARTÍN

Fede, if you stay, I can't protect you. Please take your friends and go.

FEDERICO

What friends?

MARTÍN

Grow up, Fede. Grow up and see the world for what it is.

*Martín exits and Federico is alone. He packs up his guitar and puts on his jacket. Making one last look around the room, he exits. Maria reappears from the doorway and stands beside Martín.*

MARIA

I'm sure he'll come back.

MARTÍN

No this time. I think he's gone.

*Scene Nine*

*January 12, 1938 in the Colorín, Emilia stands behind the bar, half-heartedly cleaning a glass.*

FEDERICO

Emilia, Martín warned me that more Nationalist forces are going to be sent back here. Where is Desi? The brigade is gathering, they need more hands—

EMILIA

Did your brother tell you about the Nationalists that came back last night?

FEDERICO

No . . . Wait, what? Emilia . . . what's happened?

EMILIA

Yeah, they came here. They took him, Rico. They took Desi. My Desi.

FEDERICO

Oh my God, Emilia. We'll find him and—

EMILIA

Rico, have you ever seen the tombs of the Lovers of Teruel?

FEDERICO

*(Taken aback.)* Yes, of course. My mother used to tell me that story all the time.

EMILIA

Yes. I think we all grew up with that garbage. I used to think that was the most noble thing of all . . . to die for love. Diego and Isabel. Something we can all hope for and aspire to. Such untainted and devoted love. The selflessness. The sacrifice. All for love. But it's all shit. Isn't it? They're nothing special, are they? We all die. We all die for love. We love our families. We love our ideals. We love the vague promises of a better future. We love and love and love until it kills us. *(Beat.)* He LOVED YOU, Rico.

FEDERICO

I loved him . . . I love him too—

EMILIA

Not like you love this fucking cause. Look where it has landed you. All of us. The precious Republican cause, fight for what's right. What's right about any of this? You think you're on the right side? This isn't one sided, dear Rico. Why don't you look outside and watch the hospital burn? What about all those people driven out of their homes? Ana was right not to take sides. Do you pick the lesser of two evils when each evil has the power to destroy you? Because I choose neither. Get out! Go to your demonstration! Join the other murders!

FEDERICO

But . . . Emilia—



EMILIA

You think this is bad? Do you think this is going to end? No. No. This isn't close to the end. This isn't close to the worst. Not just for Spain. For everyone.

FEDERICO

I love him too, Emilia.

EMILIA

Leave!

*Federico exits.*

*Scene Ten*

*Later that afternoon, the sounds of distant bombs and gunfire. There are shouts and noise as the lights come up in the Town Square. Lucia, Guillermo, and Federico are on their knees. Carlos paces in front of the captives.*

CARLOS

Not so tough are you now, you dog, without your stupid little shithole to hide in? (*Carlos crosses to Lucia and caresses her cheek.*) And you. You thought you were so untouchable with your peaceful ways. Welcome to the ground where you can actually get dirty for once.

GUILLERMO

Don't touch her, you bastard.

*Carlos crosses behind Guillermo and puts the pistol against his head.*

CARLOS

Or what? What'll you do? Sing me to death? (*Carlos kicks Guillermo over and laughs.*) That's right. I thought so. You won't do anything, because you don't have any balls.

FEDERICO

Please, let them go. They weren't . . .

CARLOS

Quiet, you little faggot! I don't believe I was talking to you.

*Martín enters. He sees Federico and the others. He stops himself from saying anything.*

CARLOS

Chief Leon, look what I found creeping around town hall. Three little ratas . . .

MARTÍN

What exactly did they do?

CARLOS

They were scouting. This one (*smacks Guillermo*) was looking to plant an explosive.

MARTÍN

Do you have proof? Let's take them in for questioning. They might have information about the brigades coming from the east.

CARLOS

I'm just going to put down a few rabid animals, isn't that right, little bitch? (*He kicks at Federico.*)

MARTÍN

We need to keep at least one of them alive, for questioning. Don't be hasty. (*He crosses quickly over to Federico and picks him up off his knees.*) This one looks like he'll talk. He looks . . . weak. (*Martín pulls Federico off to the side.*)

FEDERICO

No. No, don't hurt them.

MARTÍN

Shut up. Do you hear me? Or do you want to be put down with your little friends?

CARLOS

Give me a hand, Leon. I want that little bitch to see how Spain deals with fucking traitors.

FEDERICO

Franco's the traitor.

MARTÍN

(*Harshly.*) Shut up! Now.

CARLOS

Leon. Now.

*Martín and Carlos lock eyes for a moment. Martín pushes Federico aside and reluctantly draws his pistol. Horrified, Federico watches from the side. Carlos moves to intimidate Guillermo and Lucia.*

LUCIA

People! Listen to me! Keep fighting! Peace must come to Spain, but there will never be peace if we allow tyrants to prevail! Tyranny is not peace! Injustice is not peace! We must throw off the yoke of our oppressors and—

CARLOS

Shut up! That's enough, you stupid whore.

LUCIA

. . . expel this cancer from our glorious homeland! Viva la Causa! Viva la Republica!  
Viva España!

CARLOS

I said, Shut. Up! (*Carlos crosses to Lucia and pistol whips her. She falls. Martín starts to follow, but is held back by Federico's hand on his shoulder. He shrugs it off and crosses to the two captives, standing in front of Guillermo with pistol in hand.*) You take that one. It's a shame we're not in a more private space, you pretty little puta. I'd like to put something in you before this bullet.

GUILLERMO

Kill me and three more fighters will take my place! Viva la Causa! Viva la justicia!  
Viva—

CARLOS

Shut him up!

GUILLERMO

Viva España! When I get to Hell, Carlos, I'll make sure to fuck your mother.

*Carlos looks at Guillermo and casually pulls the trigger, killing Lucia.*

MARTÍN

Shit.

CARLOS

You pussy. I should've known that some fucking radioman wouldn't have the balls to do what needs to be done.

MARTÍN

You've made an example of her. Let him go. I really need to get . . . this prisoner interrogated. Let him go.

CARLOS

Fine. Get that faggot out of here. I can't look at him anymore.

*Martín moves to Federico, who is still in shock.*

MARTÍN

Fede, you need to go. Now. Get out of the city and run.

FEDERICO

Lucia . . . she's . . . she's . . . dead.

MARTÍN

We are at war, Fede. This is what happens in war. People die.

FEDERICO

But . . . I . . . I didn't . . .

*Martín slaps Federico.*

MARTÍN

Fede, I need to get you out of here. Get out of here and get to the outskirts. And you go. You just go and don't look back. Go North, go South, just get somewhere safe.

*Federico nods and exits hurriedly. Martín lingers for a moment and then exits.*

CARLOS

Let this serve as an example for anyone that might question the might, reach, and resolve of Franco! We are the true heirs of Spain. If you stand in our way, you will suffer. Join us, however, and you will be rewarded with honor! Que Dios esté con ustedes! Viva España! (*Guillermo has started to crawl to his feet. Carlos pins Guillermo down with his boot.*) Go and tell the rest of the cockroaches that this is what happens when you cross Franco.

*Carlos kicks Guillermo, holsters his gun, and exits briskly. Guillermo crawls over to Lucia and holds her in his lap. Guillermo sings the last few lines of the anthem before breaking into tears. Blackout.*

*Epilogue*

*The sound of the Anthem comes in the darkness. Maria, Martín, Guillermo, Lucia, Adelita, Desi, Emilia, Carmen, Ana, Hermana Clara are arranged on stage. They are still. Federico moves between them.*

FEDERICO

And I ran. I took a train to the North. I left Teruel. I left Spain. I took a train to Paris, I thought I would be safe. I thought I could wait it out and return soon. I was going to find Desi. I wanted to help Emilia and be there for her for everything she did for me. But the months wore on and Hitler's strangle over Europe made it impossible for a long, long time. Years. And so I traveled on. Alone.

EMILIA

When I saw Desi again. Prison had changed him. He was quieter. Even quieter than before, that is. But after many months . . . he began to talk. And write and to tell his story.

## MARIA

I told our son our story. How his father was brought in front of a firing squad when he refused to follow an officer's orders to shoot an unarmed woman in the head as the Nationalists seized Madrid. It was March 5, 1938. The last day . . . the last day I saw his face. Until I saw his eyes in our son looking back at me. So much like his father. Always full of love.

## GUILLERMO

I want to believe that peace is possible. I do. I want to believe that peace is possible.

## CARMEN

I want to believe that love can be stronger than hate and that hope can live on.

## ANA

It can.

## CARMEN

We lost so . . . so many.

## ANA

But there are still some that can tell their stories.

## DESI

I still believe in love.

## FEDERICO

Time passed. Year after year, Isabel waited patiently, and after five years, Don Segura found another man for his daughter to marry, and although she still loved Diego, she married Don Pedro of Albarracín. On the wedding night, a strange figure approach in the distance. It was indeed Diego, who had made his fortune and was returning to Teruel to his beloved. The watchmen told Diego, Isabella had married another. Not believing this, he crept into the bridal chamber and saw Isabel sleeping beside her new husband. He wept and his tears fell upon Isabel's sleeping face, waking her. "Kiss me," he said to her, "for I am dying." Isabel could not believe this and she wept too. "I cannot," she replied, "I cannot betray my husband." And with that, Diego died at her side. In that moment, Don Pedro awoke to his new wife weeping beside him. She told him everything. "Why did you not kiss him?" Asked Don Pedro. "Because, I could not betray my husband." Don Pedro held his Isabel and comforted her. He promised her that Diego would be buried with honor for he died for love. The next morning, Isabel appeared in her wedding dress at the funeral procession. She looked upon Diego's face and gently brushed his lips. At that moment, she died. The citizens at Teruel demanded that the two lovers be buried, side-by-side. They rest there today in the Iglecia de San Pedro. Everyone exits.

*Lights up on the Colorín in 1977. Rico waits at the table, facing the door. He has waited all day. Carla enters, she watches him for a moment.*

CARLA

Still here?

RICO

Still here. I'm sure he . . . got caught up somewhere. He's famous now.

CARLA

I wouldn't go that far. He's known.

RICO

Did you . . . read his book?

*Carla sits at the table with Rico.*

CARLA

Ha! Yes . . . of course. Many, many drafts. I read things that aren't in the book.

RICO

So, you know?

CARLA

Yeah.

RICO

There were so many things, I didn't know.

CARLA

Yes. It was that time, I suppose. Tío always said, things happened quickly . . . back then. Now? Not so much.

RICO

Yes. I suppose they did. I can't remember . . . half the time I think I'm remembering pieces of a dream.

CARLA

Señor Federico, I promise you, it was real. I trust my Desi.

RICO

I know. I know. I'm . . . so, so sorry about Emilia about . . .

CARLA

If there was one thing I learned about you . . . you were always sorry about something.

RICO

I was stupid. I didn't know who I was or what I . . . It's just . . . it's so good to see . . . you. It's like seeing . . .

My mother. People say that.

CARLA

I know. *(He reaches for Carla's hand. There is a long beat.)* And.

RICO

And?

CARLA

What happens now?

RICO

Hmmm? Dunno. This isn't my story, Federico.

CARLA

I wanted to see him. I was hoping . . . he wanted to . . . see . . . me.

RICO

*(Shrugs.)* He probably does.

CARLA

You have no idea what it's been like—

RICO

Yes. Yes, Señor, I do. *(Beat.)*

CARLA

I know. I know and I'm . . .

RICO

Sorry? *(Beat.)* Tío would speak of this time as if he couldn't quite believe it was part of his life. For a long time, we weren't to speak of it. Were we? Any of us. He told me once about his time in that hole, that cell. So many months in the dark. He was angry for a long time . . . Not at you. Not really. Emilia was waiting for him. On the other side. He said that when she . . . when she died. I became his light.

CARLA

*(Softly.)* Desi.

RICO

Yes.

CARLA

Where do you think he is?

RICO

CARLA

Not sure. *(She stands.)*

RICO

No. Please . . . will you . . . stay here? Just a little while longer?

CARLA

Yeah, all right. Sure. A little while.

RICO

If he doesn't come . . . will you tell him that—

CARLA

Yeah. I'll tell him.

*Coda*

*Desi and Federico are in the bedroom. They hold each other quietly. Overhead there is the distant sound of an airstrike.*

FEDERICO

I hate it.

DESI

Me too. It will end though. Eventually.

FEDERICO

Yes. We have to keep telling ourselves that.

DESI

It's so easy to be cynical, Rico. We can't let fear overtake us.

FEDERICO

*(Softly.)* Just as I was not afraid to be born . . . I'm not afraid to die.

DESI

Yes.

FEDERICO

That was . . . the last . . . well, one of the last things my mother told me. *(There is the sound of bombs in the distance.)* How long can this possibly go on?

DESI

I don't know.



FEDERICO

Do you want to leave?

DESI

Some days. Yes. Do you?

FEDERICO

Yes. Of course. So many times I want to run. I want to go anywhere else. The mountains, the sea . . . it doesn't matter. Just, somewhere quiet. But, not just yet. This is still . . . home.

DESI

Yes. (*Beat.*) Go to sleep, Rico. And when this is no longer home . . . we'll go. (*Music, blackout.*)