

CECILIA. Mira ese Kiki El Loco—how many times have they told him, "Don't dance!"
 MIGUEL. He's not afraid of nothing! ¡Mira—the Dance of the Quetzal! The Bird of Freedom! *(We hear the sound of THE BOOT.)* ¡Los Soldados! The soldiers!

(The VENDORS run off, frightened.)

ANA *(calls from offstage)*. Miguel!
 MIGUEL *(calls, without moving)*. ¡Sí, ahorita vengo, Mamá! Coming! *(We hear THE BOOT, closer. Fierce whisper from MIGUEL.)* Kiki! ¡Allí vienen los soldados, Kiki! The soldiers!

(KIKI stomps into the ground, defying the soldiers. As he dances off, he gives MIGUEL a magnificent red and green feather. THE BOOT fades.)

MIGUEL *(to audience; with wonder)*. The feather of the Quetzal! The Bird of Freedom... Kiki—he danced the soldiers away. He's not afraid of nothing! *(Sings, fearlessly.)*

CHANCA BARRANCA HOJITOS DE LAUREL,
 SOLDADOS DE MI TIERRA, SOLDADOS GO TO—

ANA *(offstage)*. Miguel! Come in now or La Llorona's gonna get you!
 MIGUEL *(terrified)*. La Llorona...!

SCENE THREE

SCENE: ANA runs on and pulls MIGUEL to another part of the stage, and we are in their house. She lays their pezones *(mats)* and blankets on the floor, then begins to wash MIGUEL in a basin, as he continues to the audience.

MIGUEL. La Llorona! "The Weeping Woman." Everybody in the village says she's a witch. They say—
 ANA. She killed her own children! *(ANA is tilting MIGUEL's ears, scrubbing.)*

MIGUEL. ¿Verdad, Mamá?
 ANA. They say she drowned them in the river! *(She nearly drowns MIGUEL.)*

MIGUEL. ¡Ay, Mamá, por favor!
 ANA. And then—was she sorry! She was so sad, she's been going all over the world for hundreds of years crying—*(Bloodcurdling.)* "¡Ay mis hijitos!"
 MIGUEL *(waits)*. "My children! My children!"

(ANA gets him under the blankets. The basin is turned over and covered with a cloth, becoming an altar.)

ANA *(scary)*. And if you're outside after dark, she'll think you're one of her children—and she'll grab you and take you down to the river too! *(Her tone changes completely and she's just a regular loving mom. Sweetly.)* Good night, Miguel. *(ANA ties down beside him and sighs, content. Then we hear, in the wind...)*

LA LLORONA'S VOICE *(bloodcurdling)*. ¡Ay mis hijitos!