

16 ¡BOCÓN!

MIGUEL (*to audience*). A lot of my father's stories were long, but it was a long walk to the fields...

LUIS. When the earth was about your age, there was only one man, Adam.

MIGUEL (*cus in*). I know—the guy who ate the apple. And then he said, "This apple is so good I'm going to—" LUIS (*hand over MIGUEL's mouth*). "Sell it."

(*A line of CAMPESINOS appear U, working the fields in a slow rhythmic movement across the stage. LUIS's story is punctuated by the sound of their machetes. D. LUIS and MIGUEL work too.*)

LUIS. Well, God didn't like Adam selling his apples, because they weren't Adam's apples.

MIGUEL (*laughs*). "Adam's apples—"

LUIS (*gives him a look*). They were the earth's apples. And God was so angry he took his machete and chopped Adam in three— (*He chops with his machete, illustrating.*)

MIGUEL. Cómo una manzana—

LUIS. Like an apple, sí. And God said, "Adam—I'm going to take your head, Adam, and out of your head I'm going to make the Rich Man. Just a big head—and a pair of hands for grabbing. Then I'm going to take your arms and your back, Adam, and make the Poor Man. And the Poor Man will work the fields to put food in the Rich Man's mouth. (*Pause.*) A ver, qué falta? What's left..."

MIGUEL. The foot! Sí! And—and God said, "Adam, I'm going to take your foot, and out of your foot I'll make..."

LUIS. "The soldier. And the soldier will kick the Poor Man to do the Rich Man's work forever!" (*Laughs.*) Y ya, m'hijo, that's the world. (*Beat.*) Pos, Adam forgot that he used to be one man, and all that's changed in thousands of years—is now the soldier's got a BOOT! (*Laughing.*) And a dirty one, too! Y' fea y cochina tumbié!

MIGUEL (*frightened*). Papá, not so loud, Papá—the soldiers will hear you, they'll think you're laughing at them!

LUIS (*laughing*). But I am—I am laughing at them! Big ugly boot y apestosa, smelly, también! (*Beat.*) But one day, m'hijo, the Poor Man's going to put down his machete... (*Raises his arms*) and use his arms to tell. The Boot, "NO MORE!" ¿Sí?

MIGUEL. Sí, Papá.

LUIS. No más. Eso. Soon. A trabajar...

MIGUEL (*takes the feather from his pocket; tentatively*). Mira, Papá—

LUIS. The feather of the Quetzal—the Bird of Freedom! Vete—run, Miguel, show your mamá—tell her it's good luck!

MIGUEL (*starts to run*). Sí, Papá!

LUIS (*exits, singing, chopping with his machete*).

BRAZOS PARA TRABAJAR...
CORAZÓN PARA AMAR...
SEMILLAS PARA PLANTAR...
ESTA VOZ PARA GRITAR...