

¡Hasta la Vista Baby!

1. Comunidad feliz. / Happy Community

Este cuento comienza en un pueblito donde las familias viven en comunidades unidas, ayudándose unas a otras, en cualquier problema que se presente. Tienen a los tíos y a las tías, a los abuelitos y a las abuelitas y a los amigos a su alrededor y tienen una familia compacta.

This story begins in a small village, where families live in united communities, helping one another, no matter what problem arises. They have uncles and aunts, grandpas and grandmas, and many friends that surround them.

Cuando nace un niño es una gran alegría y responsabilidad para toda la comunidad.
When a child is born, it brings GREAT joy and the whole community takes responsibility.

2. Trabajando juntos. / Working Together

Aunque ellos tienen que trabajar mucho para sobrevivir, siempre trabajan juntos y unidos, esa es la costumbre de nuestra cultura y de nuestra fe.

Although they have to work a lot to survive, they always work together and united. This is the custom of our culture and of our faith.

Trabajan con las manos, trabajan con la tierra, trabajan con orgullo, trabajan con el corazón.

They work with their hands, with the earth, with pride, and they work with their hearts.

3. Emigración. / Migration

Pero los tiempos cambian y algunos tienen que emigrar por mejores oportunidades de vida y libertad. En muchas partes la tierra se ha secado y ya no da más, y en otros lugares, las compañías transnacionales los han condenado a sembrar miserias; otros huyen perseguidos por dictaduras militares y la guerra.

But times change and some must migrate for better opportunities of life and liberty. In many parts, the land has dried and nothing is harvested, and in other places the transnational companies have condemned them to sow miseries, others flee, persecuted by military dictatorship and war.

De todos los puntos del planeta cruzan las fronteras persiguiendo el “sueño americano.”
From every side of the planet they cross the borders in search of the American dream.

4. **Marginación y soledad.** / Isolation

Perdidos en una nueva sociedad, sin entender claramente la cultura y el sistema que glorifica el individualismo y el dinero, se aíslan por un lado por las barreras del idioma y la educación, y por otro lado se esconden en sus debilidades, vicios, miedos y frustraciones, olvidando la fuerza que existe en una comunidad unida y organizada.

Lost in a new society, without clearly understanding the culture and the system that glorifies individualism and money. They isolate themselves because of language and education barriers and they hide within their weaknesses,, addictions, fears, frustrations, forgetting the strength that exists in an organized and united community.

Escuchemos las voces que han sido acalladas, escuchemos el grito de petición de ayuda de estos corazones olvidados.

Lets listen to the voices that have been silenced, lets listen to the cry for help of these forgotten hearts.

Primera Ronda- Español:

Josefina:

Soy nueva a este país, no entiendo el idioma. El otro día se enfermó mi hijo y no sabía que hacer. Recuerdo que en México, mi mamá le hacía remedios y con eso tenía. Pero aquí, hay que llevarlos al hospital o con el doctor. Tengo miedo. No tengo papeles.

Luis:

¿Quién crees que eres tú que me dices a mí como crear a mis hijos? ¿Crees que eres mejor que yo?

No necesito de tu información o educación. Llévense esos papeles y no vuelvan a mi casa jamás.

Lucia:

En este condado la situación se ha puesto muy difícil y tengo que trabajar en dos lugares, lavando platos en la mañana y de janitor en la noche, para poder mantener a mi familia. No tengo tiempo de ayudar a mis hijos con sus tareas... ¡Ojalá hubiera un lugar donde me pudieran ayudar!

Arturo:

No si yo tenía mi buen jale en la construcción, pero ya saben como está todo, me corrieron y ahora tengo que cuidar a mis chamacos. Pero eso de cambiar pañales, hacerles de comer, que ponerlos a dibujar y jugar con ellos, eso no es cosa de hombres, es trabajo de viejas, pero no se que van a pensar de mí, que soy un mantenido, pero...

Second Round - English:

Josefina:

I am new to this country. I have no family or friends; I don't speak English. I feel so lonely here. The other day, my son got sick and I didn't know what to do. I remember back home, my mom would make home remedies, but here I have no one. I have to take my son to the hospital or the doctor. I don't even know where to go. I am so afraid. I don't have my papers.

Luis:

Who do you think you are trying to tell me how to raise my children? Do you think you are better than me? Take all these pamphlets, I don't need none of your info or you stinking education.

Lucia:

In this county the situation is really bad and I have to work 2 jobs, washing dishes in the morning and as a janitor at night. I don't have time to help my children with their homework.

Arturo:

They lay me off and now I have to take care of my children, But do you know what? Changing diapers, cooking and playing with kids is not for men to do, it's women's job, trabajo de viejas!

Tercera Ronda:

Luis - Landlord- Policeman

Lucia - Teacher & Supervisor

Arturo - La Migra

Josefina - Undocumented immigrant

Josefina: I am so afraid. I don't have my papers. My rent is due and I don't have enough money to pay.

Luis:

Knock, Knock, Knock

Josefina:

Who is it?

Luis:

It's the landlord. I'm coming in. (*begins circling Jesus*) Do you know what day it is? Your rent is due! How many people do you have living here? I've heard you have 13 people living in this house. And what are all of these broken cars doing in the driveway? Leaking oil, making a mess. Do you know who's liable for all this? Me! It's my butt! This is a code violation. I'll think about letting you stay here but I'm raising your rent! ¿Comprende? *Freeze.*

Josefina: (*walks stage left*) How am I going to afford to pay more rent? I've been saving just to be able to buy school uniforms for my children.

Lucia enters:

Mrs. Molla! I'm so glad to see you. I sent you a note home to you weeks ago. Didn't you get it? Your children are the only children who come to school without a school uniform. They must be in school uniform or we will have to send them home. It's school policy! ¿Comprende?

Josefina:

I'm sorry, can you speak more slowly? I don't understand very good English.

Lucia:

(*loudly and slowly*) I'm sorry. OK. I speako bueno español. You need to pay money, dinero, for school uniforms. (*with big physical gestures*) ¿Comprende? *Freeze.*

Josefina:

(*walks stage right*) I don't know how I can do it but I have to go buy school uniforms.

Luis:

(*enter making police siren noise, pull over Jesus*) Good afternoon maam. Can I see your driver's license?

Josefina:

I forgot it at home.

Luis:

You forgot it? What's your name?

Josefina:

Josefina Carrillo.

Luis:

Let me check here. I don't see any Josefina Carrillo. You must be one of those illegal aliens. If you don't have a license, I'm going to have to impound your car. It'll cost you \$2,500 to get it out. And I'm writing you a ticket with a \$1,000 fine. We'll see you in court. ¿Comprende? (*walks far stage left*) I love these illegals. (*freeze with hands in money position*)

Josefina:

What am I going to do? I don't have the money to get out my car. I have an idea! I've been working at my job for two years. I'm going to ask for a raise.

Ai enters, taking 3 big steps, then one turn step toward audience, crosses arms)

Lucia:

Josie, I've been looking for you.

Josefina:

Excuse me, patron. I've been working here for two years and now I have to pay more rent and buy school uniforms for my kids. Can I have a raise?

Lucia:

I'm sorry, I cannot give you a raise. As a matter of fact, you didn't even give me the right social security number. I'm going to have to let you go. But when you get a correct social security number, you can come back. *Freeze.*

Josefina:

(begins walking, weaving through frozen statues) Ay Dios mio. I just lost my job. I have to pay the rent. I have to buy school uniforms. I lost my car and I can't get a license because they call me "illegal".

Arturo:

Illegal???

Josefina:

¡La Migra!

Arturo:

(leans over, hand cupping ear) Did I hear Illegal????
Josefina gasps. Begins running away, frantic...

Arturo: *(playing with audience, sniffing air)* Do I smell an illegal alien? Where is she? Have you seen an illegal alien? *Chasing after Jesus...* Aha! There she is! ¡Hasta la vista Baby! *Lunges toward Jesus, Freezes.*

Josefina:

¿Qué puedo hacer? What can I do?