

Olivia O

The Musical

Book by: Diane Currie Sam & Jessica Carmona

Lyrics by: Jessica Carmona with additional lyrics by Diane Currie Sam

Music by: Gil Yaron

CHARACTERS

Olivia Ortiz (14) Olivia is the titular character and protagonist of the show. Facing the loss of her mother, and the cruelty of the system she's caught in, she must maintain her hope, kindness and strength of will in order to survive.

Isabel Castillo (27) Olivia's newly-found aunt, Isabel was hoping to offer a new life to her niece, but now finds herself stuck in the neverending maze that is the immigration system. Strong willed and determined, she knows she has to emerge from her shell and understand more about her own past if she wants to find her family and create the life she wants.

Guy Madden (30) A journalist-turned- activist who wears his heart on his sleeve. Guy continues to put the cause before himself, even as he struggles with anxiety and PTSD from a past run-in with the border police.

Gloria Ramirez (17) An undocumented immigrant who meets Olivia at the detention center. All sharp edges, Gloria is already bitter and jaded, because of the way she's been treated her whole life. She's lost the light at the end of the tunnel and refuses to believe it could be there for anyone else.

Maria (9) Traumatized by an experience while crossing into the States, Maria remains mostly silent while following Olivia on a shared journey through El Paso.

Bill Collins (58) A charismatic pastor turned controlling foster parent. Bill sets his sights on rebuilding his failing TV ministry with a new family that can't fight back.

Nancy Collins (57) The second half of Bill's foster family. Nancy has stood by Bill's side through thick and thin, but may soon find her limit when Bill's scheming comes into conflict with her beliefs.

Luis Martinez (31) A community leader, activist and long time friend of Guy, Luis likes to enjoy himself and have fun, while putting everything on the line and working passionately for a cause and community he believes in.

Jen Martinez (31) A co-leader of the immigration justice group along with her husband Luis, Jen is a community builder and organizer. Her growing friendship with

Isabel and concern for Olivia's plight moves her to activate the women of El Paso in support of the cause.

Gabriella Ortiz (38) Olivia's mother (and also a memory of her), who gives Olivia the strength she needs to get through this tough time.

Ensemble / El Pasoans

The ensemble characters are a mix of six men and women representing the ordinary people of El Paso. Roles played include:

- Detained Girls
- Guards/ICE Officers
- Working People (nurse, shipper, coffee kiosk owner, day laborers, volunteers)
- Immigration Community members - family members of detained/deported people who share stories with Isabel (Dia, Miguel, & Anna) and women volunteers who join Isabel and Jen as they pass out information pamphlets outside the courthouse (Favianna, Pat, Sophie)
- Carlos - Gloria's uncle who takes in Olivia and Gloria for a meal, only to find he must ask them to leave again after a traumatizing immigration raid
- Val - Gloria's aunt who is doing what she can to take of her own family and can't risk doing anything else
- Eric - Gloria's older cousin who trivializes the trauma his cousin has gone through, as he tries to adjust to his cousin's recent arrival in their home

TIME & PLACE

The story is set in El Paso, Texas, in the El Paso immigration processing center and the surrounding community.

It is early spring in 2017, and the US government has suddenly and secretly ramped up their practice of separating migrant parents from their children, in an unannounced 'pilot project'. The pilot project ran in El Paso prior to the zero tolerance policy, eventually publicly implemented nationwide in May 2017.

Under this policy, undocumented asylum seekers were imprisoned or deported, and any accompanying children under the age of 18 were handed over to the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, which shipped them miles away from their parents and scattered them among 100 Office of Refugee Resettlement shelters and foster care arrangements across the country.

SONGS

ACT ONE

1. CAGE OF LIES
2. MONSTERS
3. PAINT ME A PICTURE
4. CENICIENTA AT THE BALL
5. GUARDIAN ANGELS
6. MANOS A LA OBRA
7. MAMA, I'M SORRY
8. WHERE VOLCANOES SLEEP

ACT TWO

9. GOOD MORNING, WE'RE ALIVE
10. CENICIENTA AT THE BALL (REPRISE)
11. WOMEN ARE TALKING
12. IN THIS BEAUTIFUL PLACE
13. SALIÓ EL SOL
14. COUNT TO TEN
15. MAMA, I'M SORRY (REPRISE)
16. WEAVE THE WORLD

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

Lights up on a dimly lit detention center in El Paso, Texas. The stage is bare save for guards and staff standing with their backs towards the audience, facing upstage center where a large set of double doors stand. Guards stand at the ready, hands on their hips close to batons or tasers. Staff stand with clipboards and silver mylar blankets in hand.

1. CAGE OF LIES

There is a palpable sense of tension. Music builds as staff and guards shout out into the darkness.

GUARD 1

Zero tolerance.

GUARD 2

A tough deterrent.

STAFF

I don't know if we have enough room—

GUARD 2

These people need to get the message—

GUARD 1

These are the laws.

Suddenly, the double doors begin to open, light spills out and the detention center starts to brighten as a group of young girls enter. They are confused and disoriented, but the guards and staff spring into action.

Guards lead the children downstage while staff roll onstage small cots and provide each child with a mylar blanket.

Upstage, still standing by the double doors, alone and afraid, is Olivia. She's still staring into the light from the double doors. When

she turns around, she finds herself watching as children are assigned to cots and checked off of a list.

A guard approaches and grabs Olivia, bringing her downstage to join the others.

Mama? **OLIVIA**

Calmate!! **GUARD**

Mama ... **OLIVIA**

Guard keeps pushing her along. Staff Member walks by, looking at a piece of paper on a clipboard.

STAFF
Busy, heh? Have you seen the new orders that came in?

GUARD 1
Better get used to it. There's a new sheriff in town!

Olivia is just getting more agitated, the guard has a hold of her, but she keeps indicating she wants to go back.

Quiero a mi mama ... **OLIVIA**

Another guard walks by.

Need the cuffs? *(laughs)* **GUARD 2**

Not yet. Pero si tu no te callas la boca...!! **GUARD 1**

Another staff member walks by, looking at a bunch of papers, and they seem to find the situation with Olivia amusing.

GUARD 1

Laughing

Yup, zero tolerance. No room at the inn, chica.

Lights up on Gloria, leaning against a wall near the sleeping girls on the benches, wrapped up partially in a silver blanket.

GLORIA

As for your mother, well, maybe they know ..
Maybe they don't ...

GUARD 1

And maybe we'll tell you ...
Maybe we won't

Guard plunks her in the middle of the stage. Dramatic sound of a big metal door closing. Lights dim around her until she is alone center stage, spotlighted.

OLIVIA

MAMA, WHERE ARE YOU?
YOU SAID IT'D BE OK
YOU'D NEVER LEAVE MY SIDE
OH GOD, MAMA, WHERE AM I?

The sleeping mounds of silver blankets all 'wake up' suddenly, it should have an ominous, ghost-like feel, like waking the dead.

GIRLS

CAUGHT INSIDE A CAGE OF LIES
WHERE HOPES AND DREAMS ALL GO TO DIE
CUT OFF FROM THE LIGHT OUTSIDE
LOCKED UP, BROKEN, SAY GOODBYE

ATRAPADO A LA LUZ
GRITA TODO LO QUE QUIERAS
SILVER SHEET'S ARE ALL YOU GOT
THIS IS A CAGE, AND YOU'VE BEEN CAUGHT

Lights out on the girls/Olivia. Lights up on Isabel. Isabel is at a gate/walkway near the Paso del Norte port of entry. Sounds of

chaos again in the background. She is anxious, looking at her watch, checking her phone. People are walking by her.

A man and woman walk by, they both look terrified.

MAN

Santo cielo! Que desastre! I thought they weren't going to let us through.

WOMAN

¡ay, dios!

MAN

I can't believe this is happening. I heard zero tolerance now. Chaos.

WOMAN

Call your brother! Call him now! He'll get picked up! Tell him to wait!

As they run off, a young pregnant woman with an older woman, her mother, walk by, and Isabel stops them.

ISABEL

Con permiso, Senora. Can you tell me anything about what's going on?

YOUNG WOMAN

Tanta mierda!! Y mentiras!! What's going on is a pack of lies!

Older woman consoles the younger woman, starts to lead her away. We hear the sound of helicopters overhead. Isabel turns to the older woman, desperation growing.

ISABEL

Lo siento, Senora. It's just that I've been waiting for my niece, Olivia. My sister too, Gabriella. Last name Ortiz. I've been here for hours. They should be here. Hay un problema?

OLDER WOMAN

Señora, no se. Ten cuidado! Danger in the sky!

More people walk by as Isabel looks scared.

ISABEL

OH SISTER, WHERE ARE YOU?
WHY WILL NO ONE SAY?

CHAOS IN THE SKY!
I SAID IT'D BE OK
SANTO CIELO! WHERE AM I?

The girls appear to be answering Isabel, turning as if they know she is there.

GIRLS

GIRL, YOU'RE IN A CONCRETE ZOO
WHERE YOUR LIFE IS TORN IN TWO
WHERE YOUR DREAMS ALL GO TO DIE
TOSSED ASIDE IN A CAGE OF LIES

ATRAPADO, NO HAY LUZ
GRITA TODO LO QUE QUIERAS
EMPTY HOME IS ALL YOU GOT
THIS IS A CAGE AND YOU'VE BEEN CAUGHT

Lights out on Isabel. Lights up on Olivia again. A guard puts a hand on her shoulder and walks her toward another side of the stage, where we see a 'deportation area' light up.

We see Gabriela de Ortiz, Olivia's mom, with another officer right beside her behind a fence, looking in toward Olivia. She appears in anguish and desperately upset, struggling with a guard who has her by the arm and is trying to move her away.

GABRIELA

¡No puedes hacer esto! ¡Déjame ir! ¡Mi hija! ¡Déjame ir! ¡No!

Olivia runs toward the fence.

OLIVIA

Mami ... ?

GABRIELA

Olivia! Ay, hija, escuchame—

OLIVIA

Mami! Where are you, what's wrong?

GABRIELA

Estoy siendo deportado, hija.

OLIVIA

What? They can't deport you—

GABRIELA

Mija, lo siento, pero—

OLIVIA

I want to go with you, I don't want to—

GABRIELA

El nombre de tu tía, qué es hija?

OLIVIA

Mami, don't! I want to go with *you*—

GABRIELA

El nombre de tu tía, hija, por favor, dílo.

OLIVIA

(Scared.)

My auntie's name is Tia Isabel, I know.

GABRIELA

Isabel Castillo.

Guard approaches Gabriela, motioning for her to wrap it up.

GUARD 1

Alright folks, time's up.

GABRIELA

Ay, lo siento mucho, pero ya me tengo que ir.

Gabriella grabs Olivia's hand, desperately holding next to her heart. Gabriella ties a bracelet on to Olivia's wrist, they put their hands together.

Sé fuerte, Olivia, mi corazón.

OLIVIA

Mami, don't go yet, please!

GUARD 1

Bus is waiting. Vamonos!!

GABRIELA

Isabel Castillo! Y mija, cuida tu rosario, te protegerá!

Olivia pulls a rosary out of a little bag that she is holding and clutches it.

Te quiero, mija— su número de teléfono.

Gabriella reaches into her bag, just as she is about to hand a paper to Olivia, an ICE guard pulls her away. The paper drops in the space between Olivia and her mother. Unreachable.

GUARD 1

Bus is waiting. Let's go. No más tiempo!!

OLIVIA

Mami!

He pulls Gabriela away and drags her offstage as Olivia sobs. They each reach out their hands for each other. As Gabriela is pulled offstage, Olivia desperately reaches for the paper as tears are rolling down her face.

No! I need that! That's tia's phone number!

Olivia is also pulled away from the fence, leaving the paper with Isabel's contact information on it on the ground.

Protestors fill up the space outside the fence, the sound of chaos mounts as the protestors yell out.

GIRLS

GIRL, YOU'RE IN A CONCRETE ZOO
WHERE YOUR LIFE IS TORN IN TWO
WHERE YOUR DREAMS ALL GO TO DIE
TOSSED ASIDE IN A CAGE OF LIES

POR FAVOR AYÚDAME
GRITA TODO LO QUE QUIERAS
MAMA'S GONE, WE'RE ALL YOU GOT
THIS IS A CAGE AND YOU'VE BEEN CAUGHT

The guards surround Olivia, holding her and pulling her relentlessly and harshly toward center stage as she keeps reaching for her mother who is no longer there.

Music abruptly stops. Silence. Lights out on everyone but Isabel and Olivia, who are each standing alone, looking stunned, sad and scared.

The light over Isabel fades, leaving only Olivia, who briefly stands alone in the darkness, before lights return to the detention center.

SCENE TWO

Gloria enters, walking up to Olivia who doesn't realize she's there.

GLORIA

Hey. Hello? Oye, chiquitita, listen up!

OLIVIA

What? Oh! Sorry, I uhh— My mama! She, they said that she had to—

GLORIA

(Scoffs.)

Wow, fresh off the boat, huh?

OLIVIA

Boat? No, no. We came in a bus. Mama asked for asylum and then—

GLORIA

And then you wound up here? Join the club.

OLIVIA

Where are we?

GLORIA

En los estados unidos, or, if you wanna get more specific, lovely El Paso, Texas.

OLIVIA

What? Are you sure *this* is El Paso? My tia was supposed to meet us here.

GLORIA

I'd say look out the window, pero, no windows.

(A guard walks by, frustrated. Olivia seems to want to ask him for help.)

GUARD 1

Keep it down. Voz baja. Entiendes?

OLIVIA

(Shrinking.)

Sí.

(To Gloria.)

I don't understand.

GLORIA

First lesson, uhh, what's your name?

OLIVIA

Olivia. And you?

GLORIA

Gloria. Nice to meet you, chica. But, like I was saying, first lesson, no one is here to help you.

OLIVIA

What?

GLORIA

And second, mami's gone. If not already shipped off, then soon. And third—

OLIVIA

Where did they take her? I want to be with—

GLORIA

There's nothing but monsters outside these walls.

2. MONSTERS

GLORIA

You're in the place between
Where no one's seen
Where monsters live
in children's dreams

OLIVIA

Hay, Gloria! Los Monstros no son reales. You're just trying to scare me!

GLORIA

Nobody's scaring anybody. I'm just telling you how it is.

GIRL 1

Sí, es cierto!

Gloria pulls Olivia aside. We hear the sounds of women crying in the distance.

GLORIA

DON'T YOU HEAR THEM? THE WOMEN. THE CRYING. LA LLORONA
THE WAILING AT NIGHT. THE CALL OF THE DEAD.
THEY WANT US TO MISS THEM SO MUCH WE BREAK. LA LLORONA
SHE'LL DRAG YOU DOWN INTO THE DEEP
AND YOU'LL DROWN ALL ALONE IN YOUR TEARS AS YOU WEEP.

OUR MOTHERS, THE TEARS, THE CALL OF THE DEAD
THE CRYING AT NIGHT THAT PLAYS IN YOUR HEAD
MONSTERS BETWEEN WHAT'S REAL AND WHAT'S TRUE
THEIR HAUNTING CRIES WILL BREAK YOU IN TWO

OLIVIA

Stop it! It's just women in the other rooms!

GLORIA

What did your mama tell you? This is the land of apple pie and sunshine? It's the land of Chupacabras y noche eterna! Escuchame.

LET ME TELL YOU 'BOUT THIS PLACE. IT'S LIKE NO OTHER.
IT'S A BORDER. THAT MEANS IT DOESN'T REALLY EXIST.
IT'S NOT ONE PLACE OR THE OTHER, 'TWEEN LIVING OR DYING
FORGOTTEN. ABANDONED. LOST IN THE MIX.
BIENVENIDO A LA FRONTERA, TU CASA, TU PRISIÓN

LA TIERRA DE LOS PERDIDOS, NO AMADOS, WELCOME HOME
THIS LAND EATS CHILDREN, IT'S A TRAP, IT'S A CAGE
AND THE MONSTERS ARE WAITING, JUST OFFSTAGE

Lucia, tell her what happened to your brother.

LUCIA

MI HERMANO, MY BROTHER SHOT ON THE AMERICAN SIDE
ASKING FOR WATER, A DEAD MAN WHO CRIES
MONSTERS BETWEEN THE STORM AND THE FLOOD
RUN CAUSE THIS DESERT WILL SUCK YOUR BLOOD

GLORIA

YOU GOTTA TOUGHEN UP, O.
MAMI AIN'T HERE TO TUCK YOU IN BED
SING YOU TO SLEEP, BRING YOU WARM MILK AND SWEET BREAD
NIÑA ESCUCHA, YOU GOTTA BE READY O,
CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT THESE MEN REALLY WANT FROM YOU?
LOOKING AT YOU IN ALL THE WRONG PLACES

GIRLS (Random)

Despiértate mijita,
Abre tus ojos!
You're on the menu,
There's nowhere to hide.

GLORIA

No seas tan nina!

(Gloria turns to another girl.)

Tell her about... El Sombrerón

GIRL 2

LOOKS HELLA COOL, SO HANDSOME, SO SMOOTH
DIABLO, THE DEVIL, SWEET TALKING DUDE
MONSTERS BETWEEN, DON'T TURN YOUR BACK
CHICA, LISTEN, YOU BETTER RUN FAST
HE'LL FEED YOU DIRT, AND HE'LL KICK YOUR ASS

Girl 2 lifts up a sleeve to show Olivia her bruises. A girl who has been watching from the sidelines, suddenly joins in.

GIRL 3

What did your mommy even tell you? That someone would be here to welcome you? Gloria's right- deja de soñar, little O!

Girl 3 should seem to transform, lighting changes, she grabs a silver blanket and puts it over her like a shimmering veil.

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, THE CONQUERORS CAME
WITH THEIR IDEAS AND THEIR WEAPONS IN JESUS' NAME.
ALL THE ANCIENT GODS AND MONSTERS, GOOD AND BAD,
HID UNDERNEATH THE POWER OF THE MILITARY MAN –

THE STENCH OF THE BEAST WITH ITS DRIPPING CLAWS
YOU'LL CRAWL LIKE A SERPENT IN AND OUT OF THE LAW
HIDING IN THE SHADOWS OF THE NEW UGLY GOD
STALKING YOU, CAUSE THEY WANT YOU GONE!

Everyone looks stunned, where the hell did this come from?

GLORIA & GIRLS

THE CRUSH OF THEIR BOOTS, STALKING THE NIGHT (STALKING THE NIGHT)
GUNFIRE, SCREAMS, AS YOU QUIVER IN FRIGHT (QUIVER IN FRIGHT)
MONSTERS BETWEEN THE NEW AND THE OLD
BE STILL, BE STILL, BE STILL
THE BEAST, THE BEAST, THE BEAST
WILL SWALLOW YOU WHOLE

GLORIA

This is where you live now. Las sombras. In the shadows. In between. Figure your way, chamaca. You're officially in limbo land and there's no one here to help you.

Song ends. Olivia is shaken.

GLORIA

(To the other girls.)

Pobrecita, look at her, shaking.

OLIVIA

Mentiras!

(Olivia suddenly rushes forward and shoves Gloria whose back is to her.)

It isn't true! You are a liar!!

GLORIA

Ay, pendeja! Who do you think you are?!

Gloria faces Olivia and lunges at her, pushing Olivia to the floor. Olivia tries to defend herself, slapping and scratching at Gloria who is pinning her down. It's the way two kids would fight in a play yard. Gloria lands a solid punch.

Suddenly, a guard enters.

GUARD 1

Hey! Hey! Knock it off! Déjala ya!

The guard enters the holding space and pulls Gloria and Olivia apart. They still try to get at each other.

GUARD 1

That's it, isolation for the both of you. Ven conmigo!

The guard drags both girls downstage and tosses them towards the lip of the stage. They land roughly. As they gather themselves, a fence appears between them. They're each in their own cage. The light is tight, making the space feel small, like a kennel.

Gloria stands and wipes her nose like a boxer. This isn't her first scrape.

GLORIA

Now look what you did. Idiota!

OLIVIA

What / did??

GLORIA

(Under her breath.)

Ay, mijita.

(She turns away.)

OLIVIA

(softly)

Stop calling me that. Me llamo Olivia.

GLORIA

Speak up.

OLIVIA

Stop calling me *mijita*. You're not that much older than me anyway.

GLORIA

(She scoffs.)

True, yeah. You are pretty young. And that's why you've got to speak up.

OLIVIA

What?

GLORIA

This place, don't let it bring you down. Toughen up. Pon tu espalda. Be like me!

OLIVIA

Are you...trying to be nice?

GLORIA

I'm trying to be honest.

(She's rubbing her arms. She's cold.)

You've got something I don't have though. Hope. Gave up on that right in the middle of the Chihuahuan desert, after I climbed out of a dry river bed. You know what I saw?

OLIVIA

What?

GLORIA

Just more desert. My tio, he never showed up. The coyote said we should flag down la migra. Said that getting processed would be better than dying. That once that sun rose we'd be as good as dead. So we did. And now we're here. Waiting. Esperando.

(A heavy sigh.)

Like I said, rule number one. No one cares.

OLIVIA

(She doesn't know what to say. What could make this better?)

My Tia cares. She wrote me letters.

3. PAINT ME A PICTURE

Music starts. Lights up on Isabel. She is holding letters.

ISABEL

Gabriella, you don't know me. My name is Isabel. My father died, and I found an old letter, and some documents. It said he had a daughter that he left behind in Guatemala. I think it may be you.

Lights shine on Olivia. There is a light on her and instead of sitting on the dark floor next to Gloria, she is sitting by a desk, with coloured pencils/paints and pen and paper. It's back in her home in Guatemala and she is writing to her Tia.

OLIVIA

Hola! I'm Gabriella's daughter, Olivia. Mama can't write English. She asked me to write for her. I painted you this picture of us.

ISABEL

A picture?

OLIVIA

Yes! A picture of my family.

While they don't 'see' each other, they pass letters back and forth on the stage, musical notes play when the letters/pictures pass back and forth. Isabel opens a letter that Olivia has passed her and looks at a painting of a family. It's childlike, but shows talent.

ISABEL

It's beautiful! So colorful. Here's a picture of me.

Isabel puts a photo in an envelope and 'passes' it to Olivia. The musical note plays.

OLIVIA

Here's a photo. Taken with Papi's camera.

Another musical note as Olivia passes a photo to Isabel. It's a regular photo, but we can see Olivia has decorated it with colours and drawings.

ISABEL

You all look so happy. There's paint everywhere!

OLIVIA

We were painting Papi's bus. He's a bus driver! Do you like the colors?

Each is in their own reality on their side of the stage, but through the letters, it looks like they are talking as they write and pick up letters.

ISABEL

I love them!

Isabel picks up another picture.

ISABEL

I see three women in this photo.... are you... sewing something?

OLIVIA

Weaving. All of the women in my family weave. My mama, and my abuela, and her mama,... One day I will show you... When we are together.

ISABEL

Oh, I would love that, Olivia!

OLIVIA

Now that we have found each other, we are family. I am sending you a bracelet,..(with meaning) **Tia.**

There is a woven bracelet in one of the envelopes. Isabel pulls it out and puts it on her wrist.

ISABEL

Thank you, (with meaning) **Sobrina.**

OLIVIA

I'LL PAINT YOU A PICTURE YOU CAN HOLD IN YOUR HEART
LOOK - THIS IS MY FAMILY

ISABEL

YES FAMILIA!
THAT'S WHERE WE SHOULD START!

OLIVIA

MIRA! HERE'S A PICTURE OF MAMA AND HER THREADS
WEAVING AND SAYING

"OLIVIA, VEN, COME MAKE YOUR BED!"

(They laugh)

CAN YOU PAINT ME A PICTURE
OF A QUETZAL BIRD SO BRIGHT?
GREEN, AND BLUE AND RED AND FREE!
IT'S A COLORFUL, MAGICAL SIGHT!

COULD YOU PAINT ME A PICTURE
OF YOUR HAND HOLDING MINE?

SIDE BY SIDE

OLIVIA

CONTIGO ALL THE TIME

BOTH

PINTA, PINTA YO QUIERO PINTAR
A PICTURE CAPTURED IN TIME
PAINT ME A PICTURE
OF YOUR HAND HOLDING MINE

Isabel is looking at all the paintings Olivia has sent her.

ISABEL

Wow, Olivia! All of these are so beautiful!

OLIVIA

Now you try!

ISABEL

Oh. Ok, I'll give it a try.

I'LL PAINT YOU A PICTURE OF MY MOTHER'S WARM BROWN EYES
OF HER GENTLE HANDS AS SHE GARDENS
BENEATH THE BLUE EL PASO SKIES
SOBRINA! HERE'S A PICTURE OF PAPA IN HIS CHAIR

OLIVIA

He looks just like Mami!!

ISABEL

HE LOVED THE SOUTHWEST AIR

OH, I'LL PAINT YOU A PICTURE
WHERE THE RIO GRANDE FLOWS

THE CACTUS IN THE DESERT

AND THE MOUNTAIN WHERE IT GROWS

COULD YOU PAINT ME A PICTURE
OF YOUR HAND HOLDING MINE?

OLIVIA

SIDE BY SIDE

ISABEL

CONTIGO ALL THE TIME

They share a laugh

BOTH

PINTA, PINTA YO QUIERO PINTAR
A PICTURE CAPTURED IN TIME
PAINT ME A PICTURE
OF YOUR HAND HOLDING MINE

OLIVIA

My mama has been telling all of her friends that she has a sister now.

ISABEL

I have been doing the same thing!

OLIVIA

And what about my abuelo.. What was he like?

ISABEL

Oh, my papa? Well, he was kind. He used to sing me a lullaby before bed.

OLIVIA

Just like my papa!

ISABEL

But his snoring would wake me up a few minutes later.

BOTH at the same time:

OLIVIA

All of Guatemala could hear my Papa snoring!

ISABEL

All of El Paso could hear my Papa snoring!

(Both Laugh)

Paint me a picture of your home. What is it like?

Long Pause

ISABEL

Olivia? Is something wrong?

OLIVIA

People are leaving. It's happening again.

ISABEL

Are you ok?

OLIVIA

Mama's crying all the time. We've sold everything we own. Papa hasn't come home.

ISABEL

Mija, what can I do?

OLIVIA

PAINT ME. THAT PICTURE. DE FELICIDAD
MI CASA, FAMILIA, MI SEGURIDAD.

ISABEL

I'LL PAINT YOU A PICTURE OF A BEAUTIFUL PLACE

OLIVIA

DE PAZ Y AMOR.

ISABEL

OUR LOVE IS NEAR

OLIVIA

EN CADA RINCOR

ISABEL

NO WORRY, NO FEAR.

IN MAMA'S EMBRACE

OLIVIA

No puedo.

ISABEL

AGUANTA, OLIVIA. YOU NEED TO BE STRONG
WE WILL GET YOU THROUGH THIS. IT WILL NOT BE LONG.

PAINT ME THAT PICTURE, OF THAT GIRL WHO KNOWS
THAT FAMILY IS WITH HER WHEREVER SHE GOES

Suddenly, police sirens are heard as well as several gunshots one after the other.

ISABEL

Olivia?

A single gunshot is heard. Olivia screams. Olivia's mother screams.

OLIVIA

Tia, they just shot papa!!

ISABEL

Stay with me. I am here.

SOBRINA, SOBRINA.
TE VOY A AYUDAR.

OLIVIA

THERE'S A STORM ALL AROUND
NO PUEDO PINTAR

ISABEL

SOBRINA, SOBRINA
NO TE VOY A ABANDONAR

OLIVIA

I CAN'T SEE THE COLORS
SOLO QUIERO LLORAR

WHERE'S THE PICTURE,
TIA, I CAN'T SEE

ISABEL

IT'S HERE COME TO ME!

OLIVIA

I'M AFRAID OF THE DARK

Many shots fire.

ISABEL

Come to El Paso! Bring your mama with you!

OLIVIA

Yes, Tia. We will come.

I will wait for you. At the border.

ISABEL

Seguridad? No gunshots? No violence?

OLIVIA

No, not here. It will be different here.

ISABEL

Do you promise?

OLIVIA

Yes, Mi'ja. I promise.

ISABEL

WE'LL PAINT THIS PICTURE,

ISABEL

THE SUN ON OUR FACE

OLIVIA

WE CAN GO TO THAT PICTURE,

ISABEL

TO THAT MAGICAL PLACE

OLIVIA

WE'LL FIND IT, I PROMISE,
THAT BEAUTIFUL PLACE

ISABEL

YO QUIERO PINTAR
CAPTURED IN TIME
PAINTING OUR PICTURES,
YOUR HAND HOLDING MINE

BOTH

MINE!

Lights go out on Isabel. We see Olivia and Gloria, still sitting with the fence between them. Olivia is looking at Isabel's picture. Gloria leans over and looks at the picture with her.

GLORIA

This is the lady that was supposed to come get you? Too bad, mijita, they got you good! Te cojieron! Probably some rando on the Internet. Let's get some rest. Looks like we're both waiting.

Gloria pulls up Olivia's blanket, then pulls up her own, and lies down. Olivia remains looking at Isabel's picture as lights fade on the scene.

SCENE THREE

Isabel breaks free from her column of light and shouts out into the audience, out into the air as if calling out to a faraway guard who won't respond.

ISABEL

I know you can hear me! Hello?! My niece, Olivia Ortiz, she was detained at the border! I need to know where her and her mother are! Hello??

She holds letters in her hand that she's trying not to crumple out of frustration.

Entering, carrying a stack of pamphlets, is Guy. He stops to listen to what she's saying.

I have letters! I can prove who I am! They were supposed to wait for me! Meet me at the port of entry,

No response. Isabel is visibly defeated.

but... Where. Are. They

She's about to exit when Guy runs up to her.

GUY

I wanted to catch you!

(Off of Isabel's reaction.)

Lo siento. Tienes un minuto para hablar?

ISABEL

Yes.

(sighs)

GUY

Oh, ok, uh. I heard what you said and I wanted to ...

He offers Isabel one of his pamphlets. She doesn't take it.

ISABEL

What? I— I'm sorry, who are you?

GUY

Right! Yes, uhh, sorry. Guy. Name's Guy.

ISABEL

Guy?

GUY

I know, super simple. Straight to the point, I like to say.

He reaches out, they shake hands.

ISABEL

Isabel. Uhuh. I need to get going, I have to—

GUY

I'm with E-PAIR.

ISABEL

What?

He shows her the pamphlet again. This time she takes it.

GUY

Sorry, yes, E-PAIR, El Paso Alliance for Immigrant Rights. We're just a small operation. We caught wind of this, well, it hasn't got a name yet. Not that that matters. I wanted to be here to offer aid to anyone who needs it.

ISABEL

...a group?

GUY

Yes! That's what I wanted to talk to you about. We're meeting tonight, if you're up for it.

He exits with a smile and friendly wave. Isabel watches. Then, she unfolds the pamphlet and reads it. Looks at the picture of Olivia she has in her other hand.

(Turning to face the silent guard, the audience.)

ISABEL

I'm coming for you, Olivia. I promise.

Lights fade on Isabel.

SCENE FOUR

Lights up on Olivia who, however impossible it may be, seems to have heard Isabel's voice. Olivia sits alone beside a small group of girls who sit near Gloria.

OLIVIA

Tia?

The girls suddenly start to laugh.

GLORIA

En serio! I kicked the coyote right in the cojones! I'm not letting any man treat me that way!
Cabron!

(Gloria looks at Olivia, something about the lonely girl catching her attention.)

Hey, Earth to, O!

GIRL 2

Leave her alone. Dejela!

GLORIA

I'm just asking if she's okay. Well, O? You good?

OLIVIA

Yeah, I just...I just hope my Tia gets here soon.

GLORIA

Oh, right, your *Tia*.

GIRL 1

Mi hermano también. Es fuerte y viene a buscarme.

GLORIA

Wake up! Your hermano's probably locked up just like us. Or worse, deportado.

GIRL 2

Gloria...

GLORIA

What? I'm just saying the truth, okay?

GIRL 1

Estupida.

GLORIA

What did you say?

GIRL 2

Basta, Gloria. You were just like her when we first got here.

GLORIA

No, I wasn't.

GIRL 2

No? Was there another grown ass girl crying for her papi for two weeks straight?

GLORIA

Don't talk about my mi papi!

GIRL 2

Now who's crying?

Gloria is about to lunge at Girl 2 when the guard whistles.

GUARD 1

Basta! I won't ask again!

(He watches as the girls back off and relax.)

Thank you. Jesus Christ. Now listen up, we've got a kid that's going to be joining you.

A little girl enters, Maria. She slowly walks to the officer who then leads her to the group of girls.

GUARD 1

Look after her. You got time on your hands.

The guard exits. The girls are silent. They stare at Maria who stares blankly back at them.

OLIVIA

What should we do?

GLORIA

Nothing, that's what.

GIRL 2

You can't be serious.

GLORIA

First rule—

GIRL 2

Enough with your rules—

GLORIA

You gonna babysit her?

(Girl 2 looks away.)

What about you?

(Girl 1 avoids eye contact.)

That's what I thought. All talk, no huevos.

Maria starts to whimper, sensing the attention on her. She's scared.

GLORIA

Sleep, mijita. Try it.

(Maria begins to cry.)

Jesus.

Gloria and the other girls back away, but Olivia approaches the crying Maria.

OLIVIA

What's your name, mija?

No response. Girl 1 looks over her shoulder and turns to face Maria.

GIRL 1

You can talk to us. No vamos a molestarte.

OLIVIA

(Slowly.)

¿Cómo te llamas, chiquita? Me llamo Olivia.

MARIA

(Softly.)

Maria.

OLIVIA

Maria?

The little girl nods. Olivia hands her something from her bag, a sparkly hair clip.

That's a pretty name. Bella. Te gustas?

Maria smiles, starts to put it on with Olivia's help. Suddenly, the lights click off. It's bedtime. Maria gets scared.

OLIVIA

Hey, it's okay, don't be scared. That just means it's time for bed, okay?

(Maria is still whimpering.)

Tranquila, querida.

GLORIA

Shut her up, O. Stop treating her like a little princess.

GIRL 2

Shhh.

4. CENICIENTA AT THE BALL

OLIVIA

Come here, Mija, I'll fix your hair.

Olivia fixes up the hair clip, straightens it up since it was put on lopsided, brings her over to the bed and sits down beside her. Olivia notices Maria has a woven worry doll she is clutching.

Is that your doll? Can I see your muneca?

Maria smiles and shows Olivia the doll.

Bonita! And I think she can be magic, a princess ...

Olivia takes bits of the silver blanket, and a small woven bracelet from her bag and weaves them into a pretend crown for the doll. This seems to cheer up Maria.

A princess needs a sparkly .. una corona.

OLIVIA

MIJA, MIJA, NO LLORES
MIJA, MIJA, NO TEARS
TONIGHT WE'RE CENICIENTA
CENICIENTA AT THE BALL

Olivia hands the doll back to Maria, who is delighted, and seems caught up in the magic Olivia is trying to create.

COLORS, MUSIC
ALL AROUND US
WE'LL BE DANCING AT THE PALACE
DANCING
CENICIENTA AT THE BALL

Olivia continues singing, as she takes the 'crown' from the doll and ties onto Maria's wrist, a friendship bracelet. As this is sung, we see Gloria is alone on her bed, about to self-harm and scratch/cut at her wrists, but then she hears Olivia, stops and seems to listen in.

MIJA, MIJA, FORGET IT
MIJA, FORGET IT ALL
MIJA, LET'S DREAM WE'RE HAPPY
HMMMMMMMM
DANCING
CENICIENTA AT THE BALL

As the song ends, the girls join in and tuck Maria into bed, kissing her forehead, etc. Gloria stays where she is, but we see she has relaxed and is only rubbing her wrists in a soothing way.

Lights fade out on the girls as we see Maria relax her head against Olivia and close her eyes.

SCENE FIVE

Lights up on the detention center as a bell rings. Everyone wakes up as a guard starts to rattle off orders.

GUARD 1

If you hear your name, come on down and line up. Repito. Si escuchas tu nombre, acercasen al frente y háganse una línea.

OLIVIA

(Sleepily.)

What's going on?

GLORIA

Kids are getting sorted.

GUARD 1

Sarah, Alessandra—

OLIVIA

What does that mean?

GUARD 1

Maria, Rosita—

GLORIA

They're going to find out if they're staying or going.

OLIVIA

Going where?

GLORIA

Anywhere.

GUARD 1

Gloria. Olivia.

GLORIA

(Under her breath. A crack in the mask.)

Shit.

OLIVIA

They called our names.

GLORIA

I heard.

The guard addresses the line of girls.

GUARD 1

Escuchan! Each of you will be leaving our facility. You may be sent to another somewhere in the United States. You may be placed into foster care. You may be sent back to Mexico and asked to remain there until your asylum case can be sorted. A lucky few of you will be staying with family—

The guard continues to address the girls while Gloria and Olivia have an aside.

OLIVIA

Did you hear that! They said we'd be going with our family!

GLORIA

Some of us. Not all of us.

OLIVIA

But if they got a hold of my tia then she must be here to pick me up, right?

The guard has made his way to Maria.

GUARD 1

Maria, you'll be going to a foster home. It's local, run by good people. Entiendes?

(He waits for Maria to respond, but she doesn't. She stares at him blankly.)

Jesus. A foster home, do you understand?

Olivia goes up to Maria, a protective arm around her. Maria buries her head in Olivia's arms, overwhelmed.

OLIVIA
(to Gloria)

Do you think she'll be okay?

GLORIA

Who? The little one? Foster homes love the little ones. Great for photos.

GUARD 1

Gloria. Looks like tio finally showed.

GLORIA

Ugh.

GUARD 1
(Turning to Olivia.)

Olivia—

OLIVIA

My Tia Isabel, right? Did you finally get a hold of her?

GUARD 1

Your Tia? No, don't know nothing about that. You're going to a foster home, with the little one here.

The guard gestures to Maria and then exits. Olivia stands there, stunned.

OLIVIA

A foster home?

GLORIA

Tough luck, O.

OLIVIA

Gloria, you've gotta help me. Maybe your uncle can find my tia. Her name is—

GLORIA

Isabel. I know. I've heard.

OLIVIA

Please—

GLORIA

Hey. Look at me. You're getting outta here, that's what matters. Know how long I've been stuck in here? Weeks. Longer than you. You've been here, what? Two days barely? And if I'm saying you should be happy, then be happy.

Gloria sees how upset Olivia is getting.

I'm gonna be living at a place near Mamacita's downtown. Come see me. We'll have an ice cream together.

Gloria pats her shoulder, rough, but trying to be supportive.

No llores mija. There are worse things than foster care. Now move aside, I gotta get my shit together.

Gloria exits. Olivia watches her as she leaves. Her hands are fists closed tightly around the edges of her shirt. She isn't sure if she's about to scream in anger or break down crying. Then, a voice from Offstage.

GABRIELA

(OS. Almost a whisper.)

Olivia.

OLIVIA

Huh?

GABRIELA

(Soft, a breeze on the air.)

Olivia.

OLIVIA

Mami?

A song in the air. A mother humming. Olivia is overwhelmed and walks around the space, trying to find the source of the singing.

The singing gets louder and it seems to change, becoming almost angelic. A distant chorus singing, but Olivia doesn't notice the change. She makes her way to the double doors at the back of the stage. Standing in front of them.

OLIVIA

Mami? Is that you?

The doors suddenly swing open, rays of light spill through and the angelic choir comes through loud and clear. But it isn't Olivia's mom. It's Bill and Nancy. Olivia's foster parents.

As Bill sings and leads the choir, Nancy is collecting donations and filming it with her cell phone.

5. GUARDIAN ANGELS

BILL

BROTHERS & SISTERS!
CLEAR THE PATH IN THE WILDERNESS!
THE LORD HAS SENT ME!
I HAVE HEARD THE CRY OF THESE POOR CHILDREN, CAPTURED BY THE DESERT OF
SIN AND DESTRUCTION!
I AM THE VESSEL OF THE LORD! HIS BOUNTY FLOWS THROUGH ME
GIVE TODAY AND HELP US PROVIDE A BEAUTIFUL HOME FOR THESE WRETCHED
SOULS.
SAVE THE CHILD IN THE MANGER!
WELCOME GIRLS, I'M YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL!

CHORUS

ALLELUIA
ALLELUIA

BILL

TURN UP THE VOLUME, PUMP UP THE SOUND
SEE THE GOLDEN CALF RISE FROM THE GROUND!
PUT YOUR MONEY IN MY MIGHTY HAND!
AND I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE PROMISED LAND

I'M FLYING HIGH ON HEAVEN'S WINGS
GOD HAS GRACED ME, SEE THE BLING!
I'M YOUR GOLDEN TICKET! PLANT YOUR SEED WITH ME
SUCCESS AND WEALTH, THEY'RE GUARANTEED

OPEN YOUR WALLETS AND PART THE SEA
SAVE THESE WRETCHED GIRLS FROM POVERTY
TRUST YOUR MONEY WILL SET THEM FREE
I'M YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL

CHORUS

PRAISE BE!
HE'S OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL PRAISE BE!
HE'S OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL PRAISE BE!
HE'S OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL PRAISE BE!

BILL

FLY WITH ME ON BLESSED WINGS
GLORY! GLORY! KING OF KINGS!
FUND MY MANSION AND MY MINISTRY
ALL HEAVEN SINGS PROSPERITY!

GIVE AND GIVE, AND GIVE AGAIN
GET OUT YOUR WALLET AND YOUR PEN
LOAVES AND FISH SHALL MULTIPLY
WITH THE CASH THAT YOU SUPPLY

OH, BLESS THE CASH UPON THE BOARD
I'VE COME TO SAVE YOU IN THE NAME OF THE LORD!
TAKE YOUR MONEY AND PLANT YOUR SEED
I'M YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL,

CHORUS

PRAISE BE!
HE'S OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL PRAISE BE!
HE'S OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL PRAISE BE!
HE'S OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL PRAISE BE!

NANCY

POOR LITTLE GIRL, LET ME FIX YOUR HAIR
THIS IS OUR LOT, OUR CUP TO BARE
JUST LIKE THAT CHILD IN THE MANGER
I'LL SWADDLE YOU, YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL

BILL

LORD, LORD, LET THESE CHILDREN COME TO ME
LORD, LET IT BE AS YOU DECREE
LORD, LORD, LET THESE GIRLS BE FREE
THEIR SALVATION IS UP TO ME

CHORUS

SOUND THE TRUMPETS! WHAT A MAN!
ALLELUIA! HE'S GOT A PLAN!
PAY WITH CREDIT AND YOU'LL BE DEBT FREE!
HE'S YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL, PRAISE BE

BILL

GET THAT DEVIL OFF THEIR BACK
SEND US LOADS AND LOADS OF CASH
LET OUR MINISTRY BE RESURRECTED
NO DONATION WILL BE NEGLECTED

CHORUS

HE'S OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL PRAISE BE!
HE'S OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL PRAISE BE!
HE'S OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL PRAISE BE!
HALLELUJAH! WHAT A MAN!
HALLELUJAH! HE'S GOT A PLAN!
HALLELUJAH! PROSPERITY!
HALLELUJAH! PRAISE BE!
HALLELUJAH! PLANT YOUR SEED!
HALLELUJAH! NO MORE POVERTY!
HALLELUJAH! GIVE AND BE DEBT FREE!
HALLELUJAH! PRAISE BE!

AMEN!

(looks directly at Nancy's cell phone camera and points down.)

BILL

CLICK BELOW AND DONATE
"SUCCESSMINISTRIES.COM"
IT'S GOING TO BE A LOVE BOMB

Lights soften as the song fades out. Bill is left panting, a large smile on his face. He wipes at sweat as he turns to face Nancy, Olivia, and Maria, the four of them standing alone in the foster home.

As the lights return to normal, no longer the bright and glamorous lights of the song, we see that the foster home feels almost colorless. It is drab and lifeless. A hollow home.

Bill starts to change outfits, taking off his showy suit and handing pieces of his outfit to Nancy.

BILL

Honestly, Nance, I think that was our best show yet.

NANCY

You were great, hun.

BILL

I mean, did you see all their sad little orphan faces?

NANCY

They aren't exactly orphans—

BILL

Whatever, that doesn't matter, what matters is how badly they wanted us to whisk them away.

(To Olivia and Maria without really acknowledging them.)

You both better thank your lucky stars that we got you out of that cell block.

Bill stands now in only a large pair of boxers, a corset, and a dirty looking a-frame shirt rolled up over the corset. He reaches around his back to start unlacing it.

NANCY

Yes, it really was quite sad in there. And so cold.

BILL

(Struggling.)

Help me out here, Nance.

(Nancy crosses and begins unlacing his corset. Bill starts snapping in the direction of Olivia and Maria.)

You two, Ophelia and Medea—

NANCY

Olivia and Maria.

BILL

That's what I said. Listen. We've got some rules around here. One. We're not Mommy and Daddy, we're Mr. and Mrs. Collins. Two. This isn't a vacation. This isn't a little magic getaway. You're living under our roof while we train you up. That means you're gonna work to earn your stay. Cleaning. Cooking. Hell, singing. Doesn't matter. If me or the Mrs. asks you to jump I better see those dirty little fingers touching my ceiling. And three. No. Spanish.

(Nancy undoes the last lace and, like water breaking through a dam, Bill's gut erupts. He rubs it and lets out a long satisfied sigh before rolling down his pit stained a-frame shirt over his stomach.)

Understood?

(Olivia and Maria nod, even if just out of confusion.)

Good. Nance, I'm hungry.

Bill exits before getting a response.

NANCY

(A small sigh. Turning to the girls.)

Well girls, this is your room for now.

(Nancy gestures to the small room around them: two small cots, a lamp, a box of donations and a worn rug.)

I stopped by the church earlier and grabbed some clothes out of the donation box. I had to guess at your sizes, but there should be plenty of options.

(Nancy is rummaging through the box, seems surprised and pulls out some coloring books, kids art supplies, cheap, half used, but Olivia notices.)

Oh, and some nice people put some toys and paints in there for you ..

Bathroom is down the hall, the door with a wooden angel on it. I'll call when dinner is ready. Any questions?

OLIVIA

(Looking smaller than she ever has.)

Umm, no, Mrs. Collins. But, thank you. For the clothes, and stuff.

NANCY

You're welcome.

Olivia nudges Maria.

MARIA

Si, gracias.

NANCY

(After a moment, she kneels down to face Maria, placing a hand on the little girl's cheek.)

It's, "thank you."

(She rubs at Maria's dirty cheek.)

No Spanish. Be sure to wash up before dinner.

Nancy exits, leaving Olivia and Maria alone. Olivia wraps her arms around Maria before lights fade.

SCENE SIX

Lights up on Jen and Luis, immigrant activists in their early thirties, and Guy. The three are setting up folding chairs in a small circle center stage, and one of them pulls over a rolling bulletin board, and pins up a welcome sign written in both Spanish and English.

The bulletin board has pictures of families, and people who are missing, news clipping of people lost or missing in the desert. It is a church basement and the meeting space for El Paso Alliance for Immigrant Rights. Dialogue starts with lights up and continues as the three set up chairs.

LUIS

How bad is it?

GUY

It's bad.

JEN

Is this a policy change? Why didn't we hear about this?

GUY

No clue. Asked around. Nobody's saying a word. Radio silence.

JEN

I just wish we knew...something. Anything! Ay, dios. Everyone's going to have questions.

LUIS

We'll figure it out, cariño, don't worry.

Isabel enters, but the others don't notice. She looks a little awkward, standing to the side.

Isabel clears her throat, getting their attention.

ISABEL

Sorry, I know I'm early, did I come at a bad time?

GUY

Isabel! No, no, not at all.

(Guy crosses and might instinctively go for a hug, but instead goes for a handshake.)

I'm glad you came.

JEN

Hi, Isabel? Welcome, and you didn't come at a bad time.

GUY

We're just getting set up and going over, well, new developments.

LUIS

That's a gentle way to describe a fucking nightmare.

JEN

Luis, language. And we don't know anything yet.

ISABEL

(looking toward Guy)

We met this morning outside the Paso Del Norte station.

GUY

She was drumming up noise trying to get answers.

ISABEL

Noise?

GUY

Sorry, no, not noise, that's just what we call it. When folks picket or chant, we call it noise.

JEN

How can we help? Is someone you know detained?

ISABEL

That's the thing. I don't know. I was expecting my sister and her daughter, from Guatemala. A *new sister. Half sister.*

(She is getting upset.)

JEN

It's ok. Take your time. Are you from there? Your family?

ISABEL

Me, no. But, my dad, papa, yes. He fled the civil war, I think. He never talked about it. I found out about a sister, only after he ...

GUY

Olivia?

ISABEL

Si. Olivia is her daughter. Mi sobrina. We've kept in touch, almost a year now. Letters, pictures, calls sometimes. Then when the father was killed, I told them to grab the next bus and come. I thought ... I just wanted ..

Isabel starts to cry. Softly, not wanting to cry in public. You can tell Guy wants to hold her, perhaps he starts to reach out, but decides otherwise. Instead, Jen steps forward and hugs Isabel. Guy crosses to a small table and gets a napkin for Isabel.

JEN

Hey, it's okay. This is good, that you're here. We can help.

Guy hands Isabel the napkin, pulls out a seat for her. The four sit in chairs at the center circle.

GUY

If you're comfortable, could you tell us the whole story?

Jen brings out her binder/notepad as if she is going to take notes.

JEN

Where they might've crossed, where they've been, how they've been traveling, when they were supposed to meet up with you.

ISABEL

Do people just disappear?

Luis gestures over the bulletin board.

LUIS

Si, the desert, deportación.

Jen puts her hand over his.

GUY

It's happening more now though. Definitely scaling up.

JEN

And separating the children is new.

ISABEL

What?

GUY

Ya, deport the parent. Detain the kid. We're trying to figure it out.

ISABEL

Oh God. You think, Gabriella ..

She gestures toward the bulletin board, toward the missing people.

LUIS

(softly)

Si.

ISABEL

And so Olivia ..you think she's alone

Luis nods solemnly.

GUY

I'm sorry.

Guy again seems like he wants to reach out, but Jen gets there first and comforts her.

JEN

We do find people, we help, provide shelter. We try to bring attention to the issue.

LUIS

Strictly by the book.

He leans over and taps the binder/notepad Jen has with her.

JEN

Always.

LUIS

To the letter. We always follow The Ten Suggestions.

JEN

(laughing)

Commandments Luis, Commandments!

Suddenly, several people come into the space, holding the pamphlet Guy's been handing out. Each one a little more frantic than the last.

ANNA

This can't be true—

MIGUEL

Oye, Luis, ¿sabes algo de esta mierda? I heard they're sleeping on concrete floors!

DIA

They told us 'claiming asylum'. Me dijeron que todo estaba bien con los documentos!

MIGUEL

My wife was coming with our son —

ANNA

My husband. I need diapers, groceries, no tenemos dinero! He promised to call. Nada.

DIA

Estan deportando todos?

MIGUEL

(turns to Luis and Guy)

Some secret operation?

GUY

Either they're not talking, or

LUIS

Their head is so far up their ...

JEN

(from across the room, at Luis)

Ask if you can get a reporter in!

GUY

I'll try, but total embargo at immigration.

(turning to Luis)

I could get us press passes ... interview people at the courthouse ...

DIA

No se donde esta!

ANNA

Ayudanos!

LUIS

Everyone please—

GUY

We know, we're trying to figure this out—

ANNA, MIGUEL

Trying?! Que carajo es esto?!!

DIA

What are we supposed to do now, huh?

GUY

We're not sure yet, but-

DIA

(in despair)

You're not sure? ¡Sin esperanza!

Isabel, upset and moved by the exchange, feels compelled to step in to defend Guy and to calm others down.

ISABEL

Wait a minute!!

Everyone turns, surprised to hear from Isabel.

We just have to-

Music starts, as everyone looks at Isabel.

6. MANOS A LA OBRA

ISABEL

When I was little, when I was crying or upset, my papa would bring me into the garden. He'd say "Está bien miija. If it never rained, everything would dry up. Rain is hope."

DIA

Rain? Garden? What about mi madre?!

ISABEL

It's ok, I know we're all worried.

She looks at Anna, who is wiping away a tear.

And sad... but he used to say "We need the tears, so we can clean our hearts and our minds and go back to work." It's all about *the work*.

Manos a la obra. Hands to work.

She looks around at all of them, finding courage in the memory of her father's words.

They are slowly coming toward her and each other, forming a circle. She addresses Anna directly.

ISABEL

Tell us about your husband. Do you have a picture?

Anna slowly responds to Isabel's burgeoning compassionate leadership and pulls out a picture of her husband. Holding up with passion toward Isabel and the group.

ANNA

Mateo Morales! He supports the whole family. How are we going to survive? Did they take him away?

She gives the photo to Jen, who puts it on the bulletin board.

ISABEL

DON'T BE AFRAID TO LET THE TEARS ROLL DOWN
THEY WILL SHOW US THE WAY
THIS RIVER OF SADNESS
WILL BRING A BRAND NEW DAY

OUR TEARS WILL BECOME OUR STRENGTH
SENDING A FLOOD TO DROWN OUT OUR PAIN
WE'LL WEEP TOGETHER 'CAUSE INSIDE WE KNOW
THAT SUNSHINE, EL SOL, ALWAYS FOLLOWS THE RAIN

MANOS A LA OBRA, TIME TO PUT A PLAN IN MOTION!
WE ARE NOT AFRAID TO RIDE THE WAVES OF THIS OCEAN
JOINING HANDS, SHOUTING OUT, CAUSING A COMMOTION
MANOS, MANOS, MANOS, MANOS A LA OBRA!!

How about you, Miguel?

He pulls out a photo of his wife.

MIGUEL

Mi esposa. Se llama Lucia Dominguez. What will we do without her? Mi flor. *(He cries.)* Lo siento.

ISABEL

REMEMBER HER FACE
CAN YOU REMEMBER HER SMILE?
YOU WILL SEE IT AGAIN
HOLD ON A LITTLE WHILE

He gives his photo to Jen, motioning for her to put it on the bulletin board too, she does.

DIA

Mi madre. Se llama Daniela Sanchez. She is everything to us.

Dia gives her photo to Isabel.

ISABEL

HOLD ON TO THE HOPE
KEEP THE FAITH AND NEVER LET GO
SIEMPRE EN TU CORAZÓN
TU FLOR DE MEXICO

DIA

How? What can we do?
She cries.

Isabel comforts Dia as she puts the photo on the board.

ISABEL

WE WILL ROLL UP OUR SLEEVES
PUT OUR HANDS IN THE DIRT
EL FUTURO NOS ESTÁ LLAMANDO
WASH AWAY THE FEAR, ALL THE PAIN, ALL THE HURT
ARE YOU WITH ME? ESTÁN ESCUCHANDO?

WE WILL WORK THE SOIL AND PLANT THE SEEDS
SIN MIEDO, WORKING AS A TEAM
CREATING A WORLD TO MEET OUR NEEDS
RAISING UP OUR FAMILIES AND OUR DREAMS

ISABEL, GUY, JEN, LUIS

MANOS A LA OBRA, TIME TO PUT A PLAN IN MOTION!
WE ARE NOT AFRAID TO RIDE THE WAVES OF THIS OCEAN
JOINING HANDS, SHOUTING OUT, CAUSING A COMMOTION
MANOS, MANOS, MANOS A LA OBRA!!

ALL

MANOS A LA OBRA!
MANOS A LA OBRA!

MIGUEL

What about you, Senora?

ANNA

Si, tell us about your...*sister?*

ISABEL

Si, Gabriela!! I And now, my niece-Olivia, all alone! No one will tell me anything! The only family I have left!

MIGUEL

(moved, he is gaining momentum)

WE ARE HERE
WE ARE ONE
NO SOMOS INVISIBLE!

He reaches out to Isabel, gently taking the photo from Isabel and giving it to Jen, who puts it right in the center of the bulletin board.

JEN

GET TO WORK
GET IT DONE!
LOGRAREMOS LO IMPOSIBLE!

MIGUEL

RISE ABOVE EVERY HURTFUL PALABRA
NO CLOSED DOORS -

JEN

QUE CON FUERZA NO SE ABRA!

ISABEL, GUY, JEN, LUIS, MIGUEL

WITH OUR FEET ON THE GROUND

ALL

CAN'T YOU HEAR THAT SOUND?!

ALL

THE WINDS OF CHANGE ARE BLOWING
LET'S GET THIS MOVEMENT GOING!

DIA

WE WILL SPEAK AND BE HEARD
ESCUCHARAS MI LAMENTO!

ANA

STRONGER TOGETHER

VALIENTE ES LO QUE SIENTO

ALL 3

MANOS A LA OBRA
WE KNOW WE HAVE THE POWER!!

ALL

MANOS A LA OBRA, TIME TO PUT A PLAN IN MOTION!
WE ARE NOT AFRAID TO RIDE THE WAVES OF THIS OCEAN
JOINING HANDS, SHOUTING OUT, CAUSING A COMMOTION
MANOS, MANOS, MANOS A LA OBRA!!

MANOS A LA OBRA, TIME TO PUT A PLAN IN MOTION!
WE ARE NOT AFRAID TO RIDE THE WAVES OF THIS OCEAN
JOINING HANDS, SHOUTING OUT, CAUSING A COMMOTION
MANOS, MANOS, MANOS A LA OBRA!!

Lights fade out on the scene, until we only see the bulletin board with Olivia's face front and center. Then darkness.

SCENE SEVEN

Lights up on the Collins' home. A modest dining room table sits center stage. Bill and Nancy are in the living room, Olivia and Maria are setting the table and getting dinner ready.

BILL

Good news Nance!

NANCY

Donations are up?

BILL

Yes, 'poor little migrant girls' - our best show yet! Just like the old days. Wallets were opening up all over the state! But I'm talking about their placement.

NANCY

Placement?

BILL

Work placement. In a week or two. Chambermaids in Missouri. Just keep the training going, Nance. The hotel people will appreciate the hard work you've put in.

(Nancy looks unsure, skeptical. He pats her arm.)

A Christian group owns the place, so don't worry, they'll get to church on Sunday.

NANCY

Are you sure this is the right thing Bill?

BILL

These people work these types of jobs all the time. We're doing them both a favor. Job training, teaching them English.

NANCY

No one will find out?

BILL

Nance, no one is looking for these girls. I checked. No one's even keeping track ...

Turns to the girls, gets up to go to the table, puts his hand out to Nancy as if they are going to a fancy dinner.

Dinner ready girls?

OLIVIA

Yes Mr. Collins.

Olivia puts the dinner on the table and they all sit down. Olivia and Maria look scared as Bill bows his head ceremoniously, and Nancy gestures at them to bow their heads too. They do, but keep their eyes open.

BILL

We thank you Lord for this bountiful meal in front of us, lovingly prepared by a devoted child of your flock, my beautiful wife. Amen.

(Nancy clears her throat in an effort to remind Bill about the girls.)

Yes! And thank you for bringing these poor little girls into our home, a sign of the great fortune you are sure to bring to this family in the very near future. Help them to serve the Lord with humility and love. Amen. Now let's eat!

OLIVIA

What did you mean by a, uhh, great fortune?

BILL

Well, you're probably too young to know this, but I was once a very famous televangelist. That is, of course, until, well, the Lord called me down another path, to serve the poor and downtrodden —

NANCY

He had a tv show- thousands of people would tune into his sermons.

OLIVIA

Had?

NANCY

Well, like a tide, any great success comes and goes. And it has been a low tide for quite a while now.

BILL

Hundreds of thousands, if not more! I speak and they listen.

OLIVIA

Could you...could you ask them about my mom?

(Silence. The air has suddenly become tense.)

BILL

Have we not given you enough already? A roof over your head? All this food? The training we're giving you?

NANCY

Bill, she wasn't—

BILL

And now you want to use my congregation to find someone that abandoned you? To keep the free ride going?

OLIVIA

She didn't abandon—

BILL

Nancy is your mother now.

NANCY

Bill, we talked about this—

BILL

While you're here, while she's teaching you to work, feeding you, dressing you, she is your mother.

OLIVIA

My mom is out there, looking for me—

(He slams his hand down onto the table.)

BILL

Your mother is who I say she is!

OLIVIA

Her name is Gabriela Ortiz and—

BILL

Enough!

NANCY

Bill—

BILL

No, this is my household and I will not let this ungrateful little girl disrespect you.

(To Olivia, pointedly.)

Look around this table. This room. Your mother isn't here. Hell, she ain't even in this country anymore and do you know why that is? She was reckless. Bringing you here, *leaving* you here. That's no mother. But Nance here. She's got a heart of gold and I'm not going to watch you break it. Now, who is your mother?

(Olivia looks to Nancy, then Bill. She shakes her head. Bill brings his fist down hard on the table.)

Now!

OLIVIA

(Holding back tears.)

Mrs. Collins is.

BILL

Then look at her and say it.

OLIVIA
(To Nancy.)

You're my mother.

BILL

Good. Now take the little one upstairs. You've had enough dinner.

Without missing a beat, Olivia takes Maria by the hand and runs off with her, tears running down her face.

NANCY

(Wiping at her mouth with a napkin.)

That wasn't necessary, Bill.

Nancy stands and exits.

Bill looks at the empty dining table in front of him. He brings his fist down on it once more.

Lights shift to Olivia and Maria's bedroom. Maria is also crying.

Olivia lays Maria down to sleep, gently tucking her into bed through her own tears.

It's motherly. She wishes there was more she could do. She puts her head into her hands, desperate and sad.

7. MAMA, I'M SORRY

Music. A column of moonlight streams through the window, as if clouds have parted. Olivia pulls her head up, stands and makes her way to the light, hand outstretched as if touching the water of a river. She steps into the column.

OLIVIA

I WALKED TO THIS LAND WITH AN ANGEL, FOLDED INSIDE HER WINGS
WE CAME HERE BELIEVING IN HEAVEN, IN ALL SORTS OF WONDERFUL THINGS
MAMÁ, TE LLEVO EN MI CORAZÓN
WITHOUT YOU BESIDE ME EVERYTHING'S WRONG

THE DAYS ARE HOT
THE NIGHTS ARE COLD
I'M NOTHING
I'M NO ONE
I DO WHAT I'M TOLD

QUERIDA MAMÁ, YOUR HAIR TUCKED WITH ROSES THEY SOLD ON THE STREET
QUERIDA MAMÁ, THE HEAT OF THE SUN, THE WARMTH OF YOUR CHEEK
TE QUIERO CON TODO MI CORAZÓN
I'M TRYING SO HARD TO BE STRONG

THEY CUT MY TONGUE
THEY TAKE MY WORDS
I AM SHADOWS
I WHISPER
I CHOKE IN THE DIRT

MAMA I'M SORRY
MAMA I'M SORRY
I FORGET
WHO I AM
DREAMS DIE IN MY HAND

ARE YOU LOST IN THE DESERT, ALONE, IS THERE NOTHING TO SAVE?
GOD, TAKE ME TO HER! IF SHE'S DEAD, I WILL JUMP IN HER GRAVE!
THEY HAVE TAKEN MY NIGHT
THEY HAVE TAKEN MY DAY
I AM LOST
I AM BROKEN
I'M FADING AWAY

MAMA I'M SORRY
MAMA I'M SORRY
I DON'T KNOW
WHO I AM
ROOTS DIE IN THE SAND

I'M SO SORRY
OH, SO SORRY
GOD I PRAY BRING HER NOW
GOD DID I LET HER DOWN?
I'M SO SORRY
OH, SO SORRY

MY ANGELS HAVE DIED
HEAVEN IS GONE
I'M NOTHING
I'M NO ONE
I'LL NEVER BELONG

MAMA I'M SORRY

MAMA!

Lights fade over Olivia.

SCENE EIGHT

Lights up on the El Paso Alliance for Immigrant Rights team. There is a buzz in the room that wasn't present before. Luis and Jen are speaking with new volunteers who have joined the cause. Guy enters with Isabel, they are both holding coffee cups. They're surprised by the commotion.

GUY

Whoa, what's going on here?

LUIS

'Bout time you two showed up!

Jen hands Guy a clipboard and he leaps into action and joins Jen and Luis organizing volunteers.

ISABEL

Did something happen?

LUIS

You happened!

ISABEL

What—

JEN

Your story about Olivia spread throughout town. We've got volunteers showing up by the dozens.

Isabel is stunned by the response she's seeing.

ISABEL

Wow.

JEN

Everyone here wants to find her, Isabel. Like you said, one family, one story at a time.

Volunteers are having fun, as Guy hands them each a pen and they sign up on the volunteer sheet that he's holding. The crowd is energized and seems to be getting ready, pulling together signs, etc.

Guy steps towards Isabel, Jen comes forward too.

GUY

We wanted to ask you - Is it ok if we tell the story of Olivia? Put her picture front and center.

Gestures to the bulletin board full of missing people. The volunteers are looking at Olivia's picture, talking.

There's a lot of people to help, but she's the kind of story, I mean person, that people seem to be rallying around.

JEN

Sometimes people get nervous, want things private.

GUY

Only if you're ok with it. It could stir things up ..

Isabel thinks for a moment.

ISABEL

We hold a ceremony. We tell her story. We make them listen to us.

JEN

Right outside their doors.

ISABEL

A candle lit vigil.

LUIS

Making some noise. .

GUY

(To Isabel.)

How does that sound?

ISABEL

Perfect.

SCENE NINE

Lights up on Olivia and Maria. We can see that Olivia has used the cheap art supplies, there's some coloring books open, and a few paintings up on the wall. Including a painting of landscape with a volcanic mountain in the background, surprisingly good considering her age and the cheap paints.

Olivia is showing Maria how to use the paint brushes, and trying to paint with her.

OLIVIA

PINTA, PINTA YO QUIERO PINTAR
A PICTURE CAPTURED IN TIME
PAINT ME A PICTURE
OF YOUR HAND HOLDING MINE

OLIVIA

Now you try. What do you remember? You can paint a picture of your family.

Olivia gives the paintbrush to Maria, encouraging her. Maria just holds the paintbrush, but can't seem to do it, and freezes up. Olivia keeps trying to encourage her. Looking off in the distance, as if she is remembering something.

PAINT ME. THAT PICTURE. DE FELICIDAD
TU CASA, FAMILIA, TU SEGURIDAD.

A scene with Gabriella tucking a child into bed, (or a vignette of a Guatemalan mother holding a child) could light up in the background.

CAN YOU PAINT A PICTURE OF YOUR MOTHER'S WARM BROWN EYES
OF HER GENTLE HANDS AS SHE HOLDS YOU?
BENEATH THE BLUE AND LONELY SKIES .. ?

*Maria tries for a second, then drops the paintbrush, stricken,
buries her face in Olivia's chest. Olivia, realizing that she's pushed
Maria too far, just holds her tight consoling her.*

OLIVIA

I'm sorry Maria. I'm sorry. You can't do it, can you? You don't have to remember. It's too hard. isn't it? You can be quiet if you want. It's ok. You don't have to remember right now. I'll take care of you. I promise. When we find Tia Isabel, she'll take care of you too. I promise.

Nancy enters.

NANCY

Girls.

OLIVIA

Hello.

Olivia nudges Maria, pushes away the art supplies.

MARIA

Ho— Hello.

NANCY

Maria, will you go downstairs and set the table? I want to speak with Olivia.

*Maria looks up at Olivia, who gives her a gentle nod. Maria stands
and exits. Nancy watches as the little girl makes her way off stage.
Once she is gone, Nancy crosses closer to Olivia and sits on the
edge of the bed closest to her.*

NANCY

You don't have to call me mom.

OLIVIA

Good.

NANCY

Bill shouldn't have spoken to you like that.

(She thinks.)

But, I'm going to tell you the truth, because I think you're old enough to hear it. I didn't want this. Bill is convinced, well ...

(Beat.)

My point is, I said I told him this wasn't a good idea. Told him I didn't want this. And you know what happened?

OLIVIA

What?

NANCY

We picked you up the next day.

(Beat.)

And I'll tell you something else. When Bill gets upset, you gotta lay low and let it pass.

OLIVIA

Lay low?

(beat, like it is dawning on her what Nancy means)

Is that what you do Mrs. Collins? Lay low?

NANCY

Yes. Just be quiet and do what you're told. That's what I've learned to do.

(A moment of understanding between them, but Nancy dismisses it.)

And that's what you should do too! Now, Maria is too young to know this and that's a problem. It's up to you to keep her calm. Teach her what I'm teaching you.

Nancy notices the paints and coloring books, which seem to annoy her. She angrily grabs them and dumps them back in the donation box. Olivia is looking dazed, not looking up.

And it's time to put away all these childish things and crazy dreams that your mom is coming back. Olivia, look at me. Like I said, the truth.

(Olivia looks up at Nancy)

Your family abandoned you.

OLIVIA

No! They haven't. My Tia,

(corrects herself)

Auntie ... Maybe she was waiting for us, but they never told her what happened. My friend lives near a place called "Mamacitas". She said we could have an ice cream. Could you take me and Maria? She could help me look for Auntie Isabel. Maybe .. we could ..

NANCY

Olivia, this is little girl talk. Ice cream! Childish things! Think! If your auntie wanted you, don't you think she would have come for you by now? She would have been there? She wasn't. We were. And you should be grateful for that. Even if I didn't agree with Mr. Collins at first, maybe it's for the best in the long run ..

(Beat.)

Now, you are a good little worker. And you are good with Maria. So I've arranged for you two to go together.

OLIVIA

To school?

NANCY

Don't worry about school. Mr. Collins has arranged for you to work for a nice Christian lady who owns a hotel. They'll be bible study every other night. You can learn all you need to right in here.

(holds up bible.)

You want to be a good Christian girl, right Olivia?

OLIVIA

Yes.

NANCY

Now. Get ready, you'll be going in a few days. Maria needs you. You don't want her to be alone do you?

OLIVIA

No.

(Like an agreement has been made.)

Okay.

Suddenly, a loud crash comes from off stage. The sound of a plate shattering. Then, Bill.

BILL

Jesus H. Christ! Now look what you've done!

Nancy and Olivia immediately rush off stage to see what has happened.

Meanwhile, at El Paso Alliance for Immigrant Rights, Guy and Luis enter, it's clear they've been arguing.

GUY

I'm not hearing it, Luis.

LUIS

I just don't get it. I recruited you because you chased stories man! Best journalist in town. You put up a fight when we left those water jugs —

GUY

And where did all that get you? Remember the shots? The arrests? I still see you wince ...

Luis shakes it off, like it's nothing.

LUIS

We know it's risky. But people die in that desert.

GUY

Don't you think I know that? I was the one writing about it.

LUIS

You were the hot shot. You had balls as big as Texas!

GUY

That was then, this is now!

(pause)

Texas Luis?

LUIS

Well, El Paso anyways ...

GUY

I bring too much heat and shit happens ... and usually to someone else.

LUIS

The system needs to change, Guy, not us.

GUY

I need to make sure the timing is right. That she'll be safe. We'll be safe.

LUIS

Isabel, Olivia...that's a cause worth fighting for, worth making noise—

GUY

I know, It's just ...

Isabel enters on stage carrying protest signs. Guy gives Luis a look, one that tells him not to say a word.

ISABEL

(Running out of breath.)

We have signs and candles and those little cups that go under the candles. Wait— Did we get the cups? I don't want wax dripping onto people's hands! Guy, did we—

GUY

(Trying to reassure her.)

Yes! Yes, we did. We have everything we need.

Volunteers from the earlier crowd enter and take the signs from Guy and Isabel, taking them to the other side of the stage and then exiting. Luis follows.

LUIS

Guy, think about what I said, okay amigo?

Guy waves him off.

ISABEL

What's that about?

GUY

Nothing, just some ideas Luis has to get Olivia's name out there.

Isabel looks around, still a little unsure.

ISABEL

Is this enough?

GUY

No, it's never enough, but that's why we keep going.

ISABEL

I can't lose her, Guy. Not like this. Not before even meeting her. She deserves her chance here.

(beat)

And I promised her.

A moment between them. Guy reaches out to her, but pulls back when Jen enters, in a rush.

JEN

They're putting kids on a bus at the detention center!

ISABEL

What! Is Olivia—

JEN

We don't know, but if we hurry, we can block the bus. Are you ready?

Guy and Jen look at Isabel.

ISABEL

(She nods. She's determined.)

I'm ready.

All three rush off stage.

Returning to the foster home, Nancy and Olivia walk in on Bill who is tightly gripping Maria's arm. He is red with rage. Pieces of a shattered dish are scattered on the floor.

OLIVIA

Maria!

NANCY

Bill, what's happening here?

MARIA

¡Lo siento, señor!

BILL

What did I say about Spanish in my household?

NANCY

Bill, let go of her—

BILL

Do you see what she did, Nance? Broke one of our good dishes!

OLIVIA

You're hurting her!

MARIA

¡Lo siento!

Olivia, in a panic, is trying to help Maria remember to use English, whispering to her.

OLIVIA

Say "sorry", Escuchame. No: ¡Lo siento!. Díselo. Sorry.

Maria doesn't understand, just keeps repeating herself,

MARIA

¡Lo siento! ¡Lo siento!

BILL

What did I say about Spanish—

(He yanks her arm.)

In my house!

Maria screams.

NANCY

Bill!

Bill lets go and Maria immediately runs off, running past Nancy and Olivia to her room.

BILL

(Yelling after her.)

That's right! Go to your room!

NANCY

(Starting to cross towards Bill.)

What the hell were you thinking, Bill!

BILL

(Menacing)

Don't push me Nancy.

Suddenly, Olivia pushes past Nancy and runs towards Bill, crashing into him, her fists trying to pummel his chest.

OLIVIA

You hurt her! I can't believe you hurt her!

Bill pushes Olivia off of him and, without missing a beat, smacks her. Sending her to her knees.

Coming onstage, arms linked together, are the volunteers of El Paso Alliance for Immigrant Rights. Candles in hand they are starting the slow walk down stage. Humming as music slowly builds.

Olivia slowly stands, Nancy tries to help her up, but Olivia pushes her away. The room is tense. Bill is seething.

BILL

Let that be a lesson.

Olivia runs away, crossing back to her room on the other side of the stage, joining a crying Maria.

Bill and Nancy fade away as lights focus on El Paso Alliance for Immigrant Rights and Olivia and Maria on opposite sides of the stage.

As the music starts, Olivia has made a decision. She gets up, starts angrily putting things in her backpack and getting Maria ready to go.

7. WHERE VOLCANOES SLEEP

OLIVIA

I don't need a lesson from you! I had a papa! He was a bus driver. He painted his bus crazy colores, and he loved us! Mama never left me! They took her!

OLIVIA

I WANT TO GO HOME, ME VOY, ME VOY!
NO ONE CAN STOP ME, YO SE QUIEN SOY!

QUIERO IR DONDE ESTA MI MAMA
SU VOZ, CADA DIA ME LLAMA

She shouts through the door to Bill.

BASTA YA! I know who I am!!

She continues to pack her bags furiously.

OLIVIA

WE LIVED IN THE LAND WHERE VOLCANOES SLEEP
WE THOUGHT THEY'D SLEEP FOREVER IN THEIR LONESOME HEAT
BUT WE WERE WRONG, AND THEY WOKE, THEY HAD SOME THINGS TO REAP
THERE WERE ANGRY MEN, BLOOD LET FLOW LIKE FIRE IN THE STREETS

AND THAT FIRE CAME FOR US
THE NIGHT THEY SHOT PAPA IN HIS BUS
MAMA, SHE CRIED
GUNSHOTS FILLED THE SKY

FULL OF FEAR
WE HAD TO DISAPPEAR
A PEOPLE ON THE MOVE
A CITY ON THE RUN
MIERDE! IT'S NO BETTER HERE, JUST MORE MEN WITH GUNS!

*We see the lights come up on the other side of the stage where
protestors are marching peacefully.*

PROTESTORS

Na Na Na Na Na
Na Na Na Na Na
Na Na Na Na Na
Na Na Na Na Na
MANOS A LA OBRA.
GOING TO PUT OUR PLAN IN MOTION!
WE ARE NOT AFRAID
TO RIDE THE WAVES OF THIS OCEAN.

MANOS A LA OBRA
BASTA! BASTA YA!
WE ARE NOT AFRAID

BASTA! BASTA YA!

MANOS A LA OBRA
BASTA! BASTA YA!
MANOS A LA OBRA
BASTA! BASTA YA!

As they sing, the light of two bright headlights shine on the protestors. The bus' horn blares, but the singing continues, Olivia singing over the protestors.

PROTESTORS

MANOS A LA OBRA
BASTA! BASTA YA!
MANOS A LA OBRA
BASTA! BASTA YA!

OLIVIA

BASTA YA!! THIS VOLCANO IS ALIVE!
BASTA YA!! THIS VOLCANO IS AWAKE!
CAN YOU FEEL THE EARTH TREMBLE?
CAN YOU FEEL THE EARTH SHAKE?

Suddenly, a police officer pushes and shoves Jen, the others witness it. A dramatic, collective gasp! Luis is angry!!

LUIS

(getting in the police officer's face.)

BASTA YA!!

PROTESTORS

BASTA YA!! ENOUGH! ENOUGH!!
BASTA YA!! ENOUGH! ENOUGH!!
BASTA YA!! ENOUGH! ENOUGH!!
BASTA YA!! ENOUGH! ENOUGH!!
BASTA YA!! ENOUGH! ENOUGH!!

OLIVIA

(Tossing a bag to Maria and helping her pack.)

Manos a la obra, chiquitita. This is no place for you.

To Bill on the other side of the door.

Basta!

THINK YOU CAN CAGE US UP? HAVE US DISAPPEAR?
YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME!

BASTA YA!! ENOUGH! ENOUGH!!

Lights up on another section of the stage with Bill and Nancy in their home.

BILL

I AM FLYING HIGH ON HEAVEN'S WINGS
GOD HAS GRACED ME, AND I WANT MY BLING!!
MY TIME HAS COME, I'LL GET IT BACK
GET THIS COUNTRY BACK ON TRACK!

PROTESTORS

BASTA YA!
BASTA YA!

BILL

ENOUGH. ENOUGH.
ENOUGH. ENOUGH.

PROTESTORS

BASTA YA! ENOUGH. ENOUGH.
BASTA YA! ENOUGH. ENOUGH.
YA NO MAS! ENOUGH. ENOUGH.
YA NO MAS! ENOUGH. ENOUGH.

OLIVIA

Gloria was right, Maria. We have to be smart.
Toughen up.

I'M TIRED OF WAITING.
TIRED OF PRAYING
DOING WHAT I'M TOLD
LOCKED IN, MY LIFE ON HOLD

Don't be afraid, Maria.
Te prometo que encontraremos nuestro hogar.

OLIVIA

OLIVIA

I COME FROM A LAND
WHERE VOLCANOES
SLEEP

DID YOU THINK I'D SLEEP
FOREVER IN THIS
LONESOME HEAT

ISABEL

SOBRINA, SOBRINA.
TE VOY A AYUDAR.
SOBRINA, SOBRINA
NO TE VOY A
ABANDONAR
SOBRINA, SOBRINA.
TE VOY A AYUDAR.

PROTESTORS

MANOS A LA OBRA
BASTA! BASTA YA!
MANOS A LA OBRA
BASTA! BASTA YA!

MANOS A LA OBRA
BASTA! BASTA YA!
BASTA YA!

BILL AND NANCY

ENOUGH. ENOUGH.
ENOUGH. ENOUGH.
ENOUGH. ENOUGH.

WELL YOU WERE
WRONG
I WILL NOT BREAK

THERE'S A FIRE INSIDE,
I'M WIDE AWAKE

I'M NOT YOUR SLAVE,
I'D RATHER LEAVE AND
SLEEP OUT ON THE
STREET

NO TE VOY A
ABANDONAR
NO TE VOY A
ABANDONAR

BASTA YA!
BASTA YA!
BASTA YA!

POLICE

All of you need to disperse immediately!

ISABEL

(Breaking away from the wall to confront the officer.)

I'm here for my niece! You can't take her!

(Tearing the paper away from her. Back to the crowd.)

POLICE

Disperse now or you will be forcefully removed.

More police appear along all sides of the stage.

ISABEL

I'm not leaving without that little girl! Without Olivia!

Isabel suddenly advances and gets in the guards face.

POLICE

That's it! Break them up!

The officer forcefully grabs Isabel and starts to handcuff her while the rest of the officers advance and start breaking up the crowd.

Shouting and cries breakout. Guy tries to break away from the rest of the protestors to help Isabel, but the chaos keeps him from her.

OLIVIA

THINK YOU CAN CAGE ME UP?

ISABEL

THINK YOU CAN SHUT ME UP?

LIKE I'LL DISAPPEAR?

YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME!

MAKE US DISAPPEAR?

YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME!

CHORUS

(BILL AND NANCY, OLIVIA, PROTESTORS, ALL)

THIS VOLCANO IS ALIVE!

THIS VOLCANO IS AWAKE!

CAN'T YOU FEEL THE EARTH TREMBLE!

CAN'T FEEL THE EARTH SHAKE!

BASTA YA!!

ENOUGH! ENOUGH!

BASTA YA!!

ENOUGH! ENOUGH!

BASTA YA!!

PROTESTORS

BASTA YA!! ENOUGH! ENOUGH!

BASTA YA!!

BASTA YA!!

The officer pulls Isabel forcefully away.

ISABEL

Get your hands off me!

OLIVIA

I'm awake!

Olivia opens the window to go. She seems about to leave her bag with the rosary and yarn in it, but then decisively grabs it and Maria's hand, and they escape out the window.

ISABEL

Olivia!!

Sound of iron bars clanking shut as the window Olivia has escaped from drops down with a bang.

ALL

BASTA YA!

Blackout.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

A jail door buzzer sounds. Isabel walks on stage and finds Guy already waiting for her. She's rubbing her arms, cold. He hands her a sweater he brought with him.

GUY

Here.

ISABEL

Do I have you to thank for bailing me out?

GUY

Not just me. A few of us pitched in.

ISABEL

Oh, God. I hope it wasn't a lot of money.

GUY

It's not the first time we've had to bail someone out.

(beat)

I'm sorry though. It shouldn't have been you. We didn't expect .. I tried to ...

She puts her hand on his arm as the two begin to walk across the stage.

ISABEL

It's ok. Was anyone else arrested?

The scenery shifts around them, bringing us away from the cold, dark of whatever cell she spent the night in, into the early morning light of downtown El Paso.

GUY

Nope, just you. Most people scattered after they grabbed you.

She's quiet, like she's been lost in thought the whole time.

GUY

You ok?

ISABEL

It's ... I never thought this would happen to me. Middle class. Mestizo. Grew up here. Never got in trouble in my life. I was a cheerleader!

(beat)

We had candles!

(They laugh a bit and that seems to break her out of her mood. She changes the subject.)

You've been through all this before? Locked up?

GUY

Sure, yeah.

ISABEL

Oh. Uh, what for?

GUY

About a year ago, Luis and I were ...

Jen and Luis enter. Luis is carrying a small box filled with flyers while Jen holds a plastic Walgreens bag with supplies.

LUIS

There's our little jailbird! Buenos Dias!

JEN

Ay, Luis, you said you wouldn't make jokes. Deja eso!

LUIS

No, you said I shouldn't, there's a difference.

Jen hands the bag to Guy and hugs Isabel, whispers to her.

JEN

You ok?

ISABEL

Si, gracias.

(to Luis)

Hola. You're out early.

LUIS

Si, of course, it's crush hour!

(They all look at him quizzically, he elbows Guy, yawns dramatically, looks at this watch.)

Guy gets a crush, we come out at this crazy hour.

Guy smiles, shakes his head, Jen starts to hand out tape from her plastic bag.

ISABEL

What is this for?

Luis opens the box and everyone looks inside. Isabel looks stunned. She pulls out a flier and reveals a missing girls poster of Olivia using the same photo she sent to Isabel. Below it, a phone number.

JEN

Guy's idea! We're plastering them all across the city.

LUIS

If she's here, someone's got to have seen her.

GUY

What do you think? Make some noise?

A smile spreads across Isabel's face.

ISABEL

Let's get started.

8. GOOD MORNING WE'RE ALIVE

Downtown El Paso seems to wake up as people start their workday. The stage is filled with blue and white collar workers alike - a busy morning. People are rushing to work, distracted.

Jen, Luis, Guy, and Isabel start to hand out posters to passerbys. Throughout the scene, some people take the posters, some people wave them off. At the center of the action is a coffee kiosk. Some people stop for a coffee, and some just rush by, but the kiosk owner seems to know their orders and likes, waves at them all.

Luis heads over to a coffee kiosk.

LUIS

But first, coffee!

(to the coffee vendor)

Buenos días! Cuatro cafe's por favor. Hey, could we put a poster ..

Jen yells across at Luis.

JEN

Ask if we can put a poster up!

Guy moves to be close to Isabel and stands next to her handing out posters, moving away from Jen and Luis.

However, Jen/Luis are close enough that they can hear the conversation, and while Guy seems to want a moment alone to chat with Isabel, Jen and Luis can't seem to resist interjecting, yelling across at each other and to Isabel and Guy.

Isabel and Guy continue their conversation.

ISABEL

Ok, so, what were you arrested for ... ?

JEN

It's ok Isabel, they dropped the charges, so he's not really a felon!

LUIS

Dodged a bullet girl!

Isabel looks at Guy quizzically, still wanting her question answered..

GUY

It was nothing. Luis asked me to do a story about his work. So I went out with him - the Chihuahuan desert. Just the two of us and his dad’s truck. He was leaving gallons of water for migrants.

Luis interjects.

LUIS

Then we start finding our water jugs with bullet holes in ‘em. Border patrol, doing its best to empty every single one.

Luis/Guy at the same time:

LUIS	GUY
Pendejos.	Assholes.

GUY

And it wasn’t me who dodged a bullet.

LUIS

Ya, you were too busy mouthing off and kissing the dirt with a boot on your back!

GUY

Hey, I learn from the best Luis.

Luis puts his hand out and they both start to do some odd combo of handshake/high five hand slapping, like it’s some weird cheer thing they did as high school students.

LUIS

El Pasoan! Sucking it up, duking it out ...

Guy joins in.

LUIS & GUY

.. dodging, surviving, corn-fed thriving, money owing, keep on going ...

GUY

Staying strong.

Guy puts his hand up high for Luis to slap it, but Luis tries and winces, like he can't quite do the full high five. Guy realizes this, and quickly moves his hand lower, looks concerned. Luis shakes it off and continues for the final handshake as if nothing happened.

LUIS

.. and moving on! .. to better things ey hermano.

The clapping/high fiving thing ends. At the end, Luis smiles/ gestures at Isabel, teasing Guy and indicating that she is the 'better thing' Guy is moving on to.

ISABEL

Shooting water jugs. My god ..

GUY

Yeah...

Now Guy, Luis and Isabel at the same time:

LUIS	GUY	ISABEL
Pendejos.	Pendejos.	Pendejos.

LUIS

Anyhow, you can't get rid of me that easily.

Jen can't resist joining in. Yells from across the stage.

JEN

I tried for years, but eventually I gave up and married him!

LUIS

Not with Juan-Carlos making these donuts so damn good!

GUY

God yeah. These are what should be a felony.

(Grabbing some donuts off the plate, sharing with Isabel. They all share a laugh.)
Give us those.

A mom pushing a baby stroller is rushing by. Isabel tries to get her to take the poster. She doesn't stop.

MOM WITH STROLLER

Late for daycare!

The coffee kiosk owner holds up a cup, wafting the scent in her direction, trying to tempt her to stop.

COFFEE KIOSK OWNER

Cappuccino with extra foam .. your favorite ..

She stops. He grabs the poster from Isabel, and smiling puts it in on the stroller. She waves as she leaves.

LUIS

Don't forget every Tuesday free lunch at the shelter!

Isabel turns to Guy, continuing the conversation.

ISABEL

Luis? Was he actually shot?

Luis interrupts again.

LUIS

It was just a warning shot. Like I said ...

GUY

Dodged it.

Jen has had enough of their downplaying and interrupts.

JEN

Why don't you two go measure your machismo by comparing the size of your ..

(beat, hands them a stack of posters)
stack of posters.

(She pulls Isabel aside)

I need to talk to Isabel. De mujer a mujer. Women talk amigos.

As she shoos them away, Guy and Luis take the stack of posters she gave them and head back to handing them out. She turns to Isabel.

I'm going to tell you the worst kept secret of all time.

ISABEL

Alright.

JEN

Men are not as strong as they pretend to be.

Isabel bursts out laughing, Jen joining.

ISABEL

I know! I mean crap, a shot, an arrest. It didn't sound like nothing! And what the hell was this?

Isabel waves her arms mimicking what the men were doing with the high five thing, they both laugh.

How long did they spend in jail?

JEN

Both of them? A few weeks altogether. But it wasn't so much that. Sucking it up, surviving, duking, dodging... It was more like sucking up their feelings, surviving a beating and dodging reality!

(She yells across the stage at Luis and Guy, teasing them.)

All broth and no beans!

Her and Isabel share a good-natured laugh as we see on the other side of the stage, Guy and Luis are telling an animated story to one of the community members, laughing, slapping them on the back as they hand out a poster. Luis hears her, smiles but waves her off. But Isabel still wants to know more.

ISABEL

Beating?

JEN

Luis. A massive kick in the ribs. Guy was the loud mouth for once but for whatever reason it was Luis who got the beating.

ISABEL

For *whatever* reason?

JEN

Yeah I know. They were charged with aiding and abetting. Our whole budget blown on legal fees, hospital bills.

ISABEL

For leaving water? That's humanitarian aid!

JEN

Guy quit his job at the paper, got too involved. Said he couldn't focus. Nightmares.

ISABEL

And how's Luis?

JEN

Ribs are mostly better. But he gets up in the middle of the night. Can't sleep. Pretends everything is fine. Same story.

ISABEL

So, not nothing.

JEN

No. Not nothing.

Luis interjects, curious about what they're talking about.

LUIS

You telling our secrets over there Jen?

JEN

Si, I'm telling your secrets! This poor girl has to know what she's getting into. Manos a la Obra boys ... women are talking here!

ISABEL

You know what the next worst kept secret is about men?

JEN

They think they can protect us.

ISABEL

And save the whole world ..

BOTH

But they can't.

Jen puts her arm around Isabel.

JEN

You know another secret, Is? *(beat)* We love them for it.

Isabel looks over at Guy and Luis, who are still joking but also hard at work.

Pause. Will Isabel admit she is falling in love with Guy ...?

ISABEL

God help us.

They both laugh.

JEN

So who's the real fool, eh? The fool, or the fool who loves the ...

A pompous 'official' looking person suddenly walks by interrupting them - the mayor. Jen notices him, starts yelling across at Luis, motioning Luis to go talk to the mayor.

Oh for God's sake. Talk about fools. Luis! Luis! Look who just showed up! Go, go! Go talk to him!

(she turns to Isabel)

We've been trying to get a meeting with him for months. Could you get the rest of the stuff?

Isabel nods yes. The mayor seems to be in a hurry, and Luis runs to try to catch up to him.

LUIS

Mayor! Mayor Andres! Can I talk to you for a minute? We're with E-PAIR, Immigrant Rights.

Luis runs off, following the mayor off stage. Jen follows, determined, with poster in hand, also trying to talk to the mayor.

JEN

That's E PAIR, like a pear with an E on the front. E for El Paso. I mean the P too. The E *and* the P. E-PAIR! Could we talk to you about ...

Jen rushes off stage as well. As it looks like the morning rush is over. Isabel and Guy unite, gather up the supplies, and talk a bit as they walk.

GUY

You sure you're ok?

ISABEL

What?

GUY

Getting arrested, that's serious. It's scary. Jarring. If you needed to take a step back, we'd understand. We'd keep looking for Olivia, but you don't have to—

ISABEL

I'm not done fighting. How can I sit back knowing she's out there somewhere, alone, afraid. I can't stand by and just, what? Cross my fingers? Pray? No. I'm fighting, and you can't stop me.

Guy cracks a big smile, one he can't hold back.

GUY

I wouldn't dream of it.

ISABEL

Good.

(A small smile starts to show, then:)

But...

(Something dawns on her.)

Wait, Olivia! If she wasn't on that bus then—

GUY

Well, Jen got word that some of the kids were released into foster care—

ISABEL

Foster care—

GUY

Yeah, a handful of girls were sent to local foster homes. We think Olivia was one of them, that she's here, in El Paso. That's why the posters were so urgent.

(He seems concerned.)

ISABEL

This is good news, right? That she's in El Paso?

GUY

Well, yes, but.

ISABEL

Just tell me.

GUY

I've never seen it like this. Everyone is tight lipped, and the longer kids stay in the system, the harder it is to find them. They're shipping kids to group homes all over the place. New York, Chicago.

ISABEL

They must have a list. Who they sent where!

GUY

From what I've heard, they don't. They've lost track of parents, kids.

ISABEL

What?

GUY

It's all being rushed along. I'm worried ...

ISABEL

She'll be shipped off some place. Oh God ...

She looks devastated, reality hitting harder than ever. She reaches for his hand.

GUY

If she's in El Paso ..

ISABEL

We gotta find her.

They look around at the people, who are moving away and starting to go about their day. They continue to hold hands as they walk offstage with posters in hand.

The coffee kiosk owner moves a coffee pot right in front of Olivia's poster so it is now barely visible. There's a poster taped to a park bench.

From the opposite side of the stage enters Olivia and Maria. They walk towards the audience as the music fades.

OLIVIA

We just need to...We need to ...I don't know, Maria. Ay, dios. Was it stupid to leave? I don't even know where we are.

Music plays on the wind. A gentle strumming of a guitar.

CARLOS (O.S.)

(Grumbling.)

Ay, have people forgotten how to tip?

Carlos enters, counting a handful of crumpled bills. He is dressed in a black and silver trimmed mariachi outfit, though his hat is missing.

He nearly walks into the young girls.

CARLOS

Ay, mijitas, I'm sorry. Buenos dias.

Carlos continues walking until he finds a place to sit. A park bench. He puts his guitar down and unwittingly blocks an Olivia poster. He sighs as he stuffs the paltry change into his pocket.

OLIVIA

(She looks to Maria who stares right back.)

Hey, señor? Mister?

CARLOS

¿Qué quieres?

OLIVIA

Do you know Isabel Castillo?

CARLOS

(He sucks at his teeth and thinks a moment more.)

Castillo...No. No hija, I don't. Is that your mamá?

OLIVIA

No, she's my Tia. We're looking for her.

Eric and Gloria enter.

Eric is wearing an open blue flannel with a white shirt and jeans. He wears a modest silver chain necklace. He's wearing his dad's mariachi hat. He's older than Gloria by three or four years.

Gloria is wearing loose fitting clothes, second hand. She looks a little cleaner than before. Like she's had access to a shower and soap.

CARLOS

Mijas, this is my hijo, Eric and esté niña es—

OLIVIA

Gloria?!

GLORIA

Olivia?!

CARLOS

You two...know each other?

OLIVIA

We...uh...we met in the detention center.

CARLOS
(To Gloria.)

En serio?

GLORIA

Sí. We did.

CARLOS

(To Olivia and Maria.)

Are you two hungry?

Maria immediately starts nodding.

CARLOS

That settles it then.

GLORIA

Settles what?

CARLOS

Mijitas, you're coming home with us.

GLORIA & OLIVIA

What??

Carlos crosses to Eric, leaving his guitar in its place on the bench.

CARLOS

The little one is hungry and Eric's mamá makes the best huevos con chorizo. Vamos!

Carlos begins to sing a ranchero as he and Eric exit. Olivia, Maria, and Gloria linger on stage.

Gloria looks at the shivering Maria, then back to Olivia.

GLORIA

All right. Let's go.

(She turns and points her chin in the direction of the exiting Carlos.)

But O, uhh, please don't mention the detention center, okay? I'd rather not talk about it with my family.

OLIVIA

Sure, Gloria.

The trio exit. Gloria grabs Carlos' guitar - she doesn't notice the Olivia poster.

SCENE TWO

Lights up on a small apartment, just enough furnishings to imply its small size and cramped interior. Just outside the window we see a sign advertising a restaurant “Mamacita’s” with an ice cream cone.

A woman, Val, begins plating food when Carlos, Eric, Gloria, Olivia, and Maria enter.

CARLOS

Viejita, amor mia, llegamos! We’re home!

VAL

Buenos Dias, Amor. Quienes son estas? Who are these two?

CARLOS

Our guests! They’re friends of Gloria.

Eric laughs as he sits down and starts eating breakfast.

ERIC

(Through a mouthful.)

They met in jail.

CARLOS

(Gives him the stink eye.)

Gloria wasn’t in jail, it was detention.

Carlos brings two extra chairs to the table while Val serves food for the girls.

Olivia and Maria both get seated. Maria immediately starts eating

VAL

So, do you have family in El Paso?

OLIVIA

Si, my Tia Isabel, but we were put in foster care.

VAL

Foster care? They didn't contact your Tia?

OLIVIA

I don't know—

CARLOS

Mi amor, you know an Isabel Castillo?

VAL

No.

Gloria is anxiously rubbing/scratching her wrists (that look red and sore), but also trying to hide it with her sleeve. Val notices.

Stop that. You're just making it worse.

ERIC

So, what was Gloria like in jail?

(Val smacks him upside his head.)

Ow!

OLIVIA

I'm sorry, umm, if you don't know my Tia, do you know how I can find her?

CARLOS

You're at a foster home, qué no? Ask them to find her?

OLIVIA

I tried to—

VAL

El Paso's a big city, mijita, it takes time.

OLIVIA

(Sudden, and big.)

We ran away!

VAL & CARLOS

What??

(Tension is rising with Val & Carlos, Olivia doesn't really understand why).

VAL

Mija, you can't run away from the foster parents, they could send you away. No Tia, no nada.

CARLOS

Your Tia, she has papers, ¿Qué no?

OLIVIA

Papers? I don't know ...

CARLOS

Ay, ay. She tries to pick you up .. sin documentación... deportado, deportado!

VAL

What if someone saw them? Coming here, leaving here? Es Peligroso!

Cuts to the Collins' house. Bill and Nancy are arguing. Nancy has a phone in her hand, like she just found out something.

BILL

She has an aunt in El Paso! Jesus Nancy, you were supposed to check! We gotta get her back.

NANCY

We could just let her find her own way, find her aunt maybe.

BILL

Her own way? Her own way? What if the press gets hold of this? You were supposed to make sure, no parents, no local family. This is a fucking disaster.

NANCY

We could report her as a runaway.

BILL

Like we lost her? You think the donations will keep coming?? "Sorry we lost the first two, but send us money for more??" Think Nancy, think for one single minute!!

NANCY

No one needs to know.

BILL

Jesus! You're like a child Nancy. Grow up. This whole thing. How do you think it all works? It works because of the story. We control it. We are the good guys! We love the children! It works

because I say it works! Because we love them all! We love each other! We are their Guardian Angels! Fucking love Nancy!!

(He grabs the phone from Nancy)

Give me that, I'm calling our immigration guy.

Jack. Pastor Bill here. Yes, we need you to find the girls.

(to Nancy)

Where was that place you think they went?

NANCY

Mamacita's.

BILL

Mamacita's. An apartment block near Mamacita's downtown. Get 'em.

Lights back up in the cramped apartment, everyone is looking at Olivia, concerned. She seems small again.

OLIVIA

Dangerous? But I thought, we just wanted ...

Suddenly, heavy knocking on the door. It's loud, intense. It shakes the room. Everyone goes still.

Then, wood cracks as their neighbor's door is kicked down. There is muffled screaming, and shouting coming from the upstage wall. Carlos and Val start to usher the kids away from the upstage wall, bringing them downstage, behind a couch or table, as if the old furniture could protect them.

Maria covers her ears as Olivia holds her tight.

OLIVIA

(Scared.)

What's happening??

GLORIA

It's a raid.

CARLOS

La migra.

*The sound of a woman crying grows. La Llorona. The monster.
The hurt.*

Maria starts to cry. Carlos shushes her which only makes it worse.

*The crying of both woman and child grows and the walls seem to
shake.*

*Then. A song. Gloria sings a reprise of CENICIENTA AT THE
BALL, and Olivia joins in. As they sing, the lights tighten around
her and the girls. The crying of both Maria and La Llorona begins
to fade.*

9. CENICIENTA AT THE BALL (REPRISE)

OLIVIA

MIJA, MIJA, NO LLORES
MIJA, FORGET IT ALL

OLIVIA & GLORIA

DANCING
DANCING
TWIRLING
LAUGHING,
CENICIENTA AT THE BALL

*As the song ends, only the sound of boots on wood remain. The
boots stomp out of the neighbors apartment. One set of boots
sounds louder than the rest. It walks slowly. It sounds as if
whoever the boots belong to, they are waiting. Listening.*

Maria whimpers, but stays quiet as Gloria gently strokes her head.

The heavy boots leave.

*Carlos is the first to stand. He goes to the back wall and listens.
Then he peeks out the front door. After a quick moment he closes
it and turns to the others.*

CARLOS

They're gone. It's okay.

Carlos crosses to Val, the two whisper while occasionally looking at the girls. Olivia, Maria, and Gloria sit, still shaken.

OLIVIA

Was that...the Border Patrol?

GLORIA

Sometimes them. Sometimes ICE.

OLIVIA

I thought they were only at the border.

GLORIA

This is the border. They can do whatever they want here. Nowhere is safe.

Val looks to Carlos who takes a deep breath and starts to wring his hands as he crosses to the young girls.

VAL

Olivia, mija, I'm sorry, but you can't stay here. The best place for you is back at the foster home for now.

OLIVIA

Oh.

GLORIA

This is ridiculous.

VAL

We can't risk being seen with runaways. If we get caught...it's not just you girls that will get taken, but Gloria too. We want to help, but...lo siento.

GLORIA

We have to help them! You heard, they ran away! And their Tia is here, in El Paso!

OLIVIA

It's okay.

(Everyone grows quiet and focuses on Olivia. Olivia bends down to Maria and talks to her softly)

No llores, Maria. Tenemos que ir. Manos a la obra.

VAL

Mijita...

CARLOS

Please, try to understand. Es mejor asi. It'll be better for you back at the foster home, qué no?

Olivia nods, not really believing it, but resigned. Gloria, frustrated, looks to her aunt and uncle and then Olivia and Maria.

GLORIA

Fine. I'll...I'll put together some things.

SCENE THREE

Mid afternoon in a public square in El Paso, set outside the local courthouse. There is a sign-up table set up promoting the "E-PAIR El Paso Alliance for Immigrants Rights Community Support Network". It's the same group, but the signage looks a bit more professional and they seem better organized. There is a bulletin board with a growing group of pictures on it, Olivia's picture in the middle.

Isabel and Jen are 'working the booth', they have clipboards and flyers and it looks like they are signing people up, getting them to sign petitions, etc..

JEN

Did I tell you Anna found her husband Mateo? Someone called the help line and we tracked him down.

ISABEL

Still in detention?

JEN

Ya. Shipped to Arizona. But at least now she knows. Luis has been calling, arranging a visit.

ISABEL

Jesus.

Isabel pauses, looking far off and kind of sad. Jen taps her arm kindly.

JEN

Hey, I'm sorry. you've been working so hard. I wish we knew more about where Olivia is. It's harder with kids. But we've done a lot in a month. Someone's got to know something.

Isabel shakes herself out of her mood, and gets back to what they were doing.

ISABEL

Thanks. Working at this, trying to help - it's the only thing that keeps me sane.

JEN

(trying to lighten the mood)

Yeah, that and trying to figure out how to pay all the fines that keep you all out of jail.

(She hands Isabel a stack of flyers)

Manos a La Obra.

Isabel laughs as she takes the flyers. A woman in a nurse's uniform walks by and Isabel hands her a flyer.

Music starts.

10. WOMEN ARE TALKING

ISABEL

Here's the number for the help line.

NURSE

Thanks. I'll put it up in the clinic.

JEN

Bilingual. Free. Confidential. Tell them to call anytime.

ISABEL

Spread the word. We're looking for volunteers.

NURSE

I'll keep an eye out. If I see anything, I'll give you a shout.

ISABEL

Gracias.

JEN

Look at this sign up list!

ISABEL

Hola, El Paso!

JEN

WE'RE MORE THAN JUST SUN!

ISABEL

WOMEN ARE TALKING AND GETTING SHIT DONE!

Another woman, Favianna, arrives, comes up to Isabel.

FAVIANNA

Are you Isabel Castillo?

ISABEL

Si.

FAVIANNA

Oh good, my Tia said I should ask for you. Abuela too, they heard your story at church. Let me help.

Favianna grabs a pile of flyers, which she starts handing out as she chats with Isabel and Jen.

I work with the immigrant justice group at the college. We're having a fundraiser. Did you know they're charging 20 bucks just to make a call in the detention center?

JEN

Ya. Boom. \$20 just to connect, there goes our budget ..

FAVIANNA

You speak for 2 or 3 minutes, it's already \$70 bucks. Crazy. No one can afford that.

Turning to Isabel.

We're thinking a barbeque at the student center. Would you like to speak about your group? Come tell your story?

Isabel seems surprised. Up until this moment, she has considered herself more as a volunteer in the group, and

less as a leader/speaker, she turns to Jen as if to ask if that would be ok, Jen excitedly nods and gestures yes. Isabel turns back to Favianna.

ISABEL

Yes. For sure. Gracias.

FAVIANNA

We needed something like this. It's getting people going ...

JEN

WOMEN ARE TALKING

ISABEL

GOT OUR EYES ON THE STREET

Another woman "Pat" has stopped by, she knows Jen.

JEN

People are fighting back, Is. They heard you. Now they're speaking out too.

PAT

Jen, how are you? You still keeping Luis in check?

JEN

Always! Isabel, this is my friend Pat. Works at the kids' school.

Pat looks at the bulletin board.

PAT

Yup. Trauma counselor.

Isabel gently touches Olivia's picture.

ISABEL

You must be busy.

PAT

Si.

(beat)

Jen told me about your niece. I want to help.

ISABEL

Gracias! You'll volunteer?

JEN

Yes, she's in! Answering phones. Counseling services.

ISABEL

Thank you!

to Jen

This is really happening!

JEN

HELP LINE IS BUZZING
EYES ON THE STREET
WOMEN OUT THERE TALKING
BRINGING ON THE HEAT

ISABEL

WOMEN ARE TALKING
HOLDING UP THE SUN
WOMEN ARE TALKING
GETTING SHIT DONE

JEN

Oh yeah, we're talking!

FAVIANNA

JUST AN ORDINARY WOMAN
ON A ORDINARY DAY

PAT

HOLDING UP THE SUN
GOING ON MY WAY

FAVIANNA

HAPPY TO HELP
COMING OUT OF MY SHELL

PAT

I'LL KEEP AN EYE OUT
AND I'LL RAISE SOME HELL

CHORUS

WOMEN ARE TALKING
EYES ON THE STREET
WOMEN ARE TALKING
BRINGING THE HEAT
WOMEN ARE TALKING
HOLDING THE SUN
WOMEN ARE TALKING
GETTING SHIT DONE!

*Another woman "Sophie" has stopped by, she greets Jen.
She looks business-like.*

JEN

Hola, Soph, thanks for coming. How's your mom?

SOPHIE

She's good. Said to tell Luis to come visit his Tia sometime.

Turns to Isabel, shakes her hand.

Heard the story of tu sobrina. So sorry, such bullshit.

Talking again to Jen.

Got you some volunteers for the legal clinic!

JEN

Gracias. That'll really help.

SOPHIE

Anything for my cousin. Let's get at it.

She picks up flyers, starts handing them out to the people walking by.

SOPHIE

WE'RE ORDINARY WOMEN
WORKING EVERYDAY
HOLDING UP THE SUN
GONNA HAVE A SAY

TIRED OF THIS SHIT,

GAMES WE GOTTA PLAY
LAWYERS ARE COMING,
GET OUT OF THE WAY!

CHORUS

WOMEN ARE TALKING
EYES ON THE STREET
WOMEN ARE TALKING
BRINGING THE HEAT
WOMEN ARE TALKING
HOLDING THE SUN
WOMEN ARE TALKING
GETTING SHIT DONE!

WOMEN ARE TALKING
CALLING A STORM
WOMEN ARE TALKING
BETTER BE WARNED
WOMEN ARE TALKING
TOGETHER AS ONE
WOMEN ARE TALKING
GETTING SHIT DONE!

Excitement builds in the group, they are happy, laughing. Handing out fliers. We see two of the women, Favianna and Pat, getting excited over something they are reading on a cell phone.

PAT

She did it!

FAVIANNA

Yes! This woman is a badass!

Jen and Isabel come over. Jen looks at the phone, turns to Isabel.

JEN

It's the high school principal you talked to!

Pat is excited, happy.

PAT

The moms' groups have been raising hell!

Favianna is reading a press release/ announcement, Pat looking at the phone with her.

FAVIANNA

Sanctuary schools, ladies!! All the high schools in the district. Look!

She hands the phone to Pat, who takes it and reads.

PAT

You are safe here.

FAVIANNA

No border patrol within 2 miles of the school. No reporting of kids.

Pat, the trauma counsellor, is emotional, grabs both Jen and Isabel's hands.

PAT

Thank you. This is ... it's everything for these kids.

FAVIANNA

Safe in their own school! Yes!! Nadie es ilegal!

CHORUS

WOMEN ARE TALKING
EYES ON THE STREET
WOMEN ARE TALKING
BRINGING THE HEAT
WOMEN ARE TALKING
HOLDING THE SUN
WOMEN ARE TALKING
GETTING SHIT DONE!

WOMEN ARE TALKING
TAKING UP SPACE
WOMEN ARE TALKING
KEEPING KIDS SAFE
WOMEN ARE TALKING
BEATING THE DRUM
WOMEN ARE TALKING
GETTING SHIT DONE!

Luis and Guy enter during the chorus. They are both wearing press passes. Guy is holding two coffee cups, and gives one to Isabel. Luis has a box of donuts. Jen takes it from and hands some flyers to Luis.

The rest of the male ensemble arrive/join in, doing helpful things like bringing in more flyers, putting up posters. Guy and Isabel are flirting.

CHORUS

WOMEN ARE TALKING
EYES ON THE STREET
WOMEN ARE TALKING
BRINGING THE HEAT
WOMEN ARE TALKING
HOLDING THE SUN
WOMEN ARE TALKING
GETTING SHIT DONE!

WOMEN ARE TALKING
LEADING THE WAY
WOMEN ARE TALKING
SEIZING THE DAY
WOMEN ARE TALKING
OUR DAUGHTERS, OUR SONS
WOMEN ARE TALKING
GETTING SHIT DONE!

Jen tries to get Luis attention amid the chaos.

JEN

Luis! So much is going on! Sophie signed up a bunch of volunteers. She was saying ...

SOPHIE

Mi mama me dijo que llamas a tu mama y manda a ella que llama a mi mama.

The crowd is laughing and cheering, a spontaneous street party.

ISABEL

Hold our coffee!
We got something to say

Jen grabs a donut that Luis was just about to eat, and puts it back on the plate.

JEN

Save the donut for another day

ISABEL & JEN

ORDINARY WOMEN
WORKING EVERY DAY
DOING DOUBLE SHIFT
EARNING HALF THE PAY

ORDINARY WOMEN
GONNA RAISE SOME HELL

ALL

CAUSING A STIR
EYES ON THE STREET
HOLDING THE SUN
BRINGING THE HEAT

ALL

WOMEN ARE TALKING
AND WE'RE GETTING SHIT DONE!

The song ends and music fades. As the movement group clears out, Jen and Luis head off to leave, Isabel and Guy head to the booth to clean up. Isabel grabs a binder that was left on the table and snaps it shut.

The sound startles Luis, who seems to freeze suddenly.

Lights focus on Jen and Luis, as Luis is looking anxious. Jen puts her arm on him, gently handing him a business card.

JEN

It's ok. Just a binder.

(pause, he nods his head, coming out of his shock response)

.... I talked to Pat. She doesn't just deal with kids. Her trauma counseling .. they have a men's group. She says to call anytime.

LUIS

I'm fine cariño, don't worry.

JEN

Just hold on to it. You don't have to do everything alone. There's people that can help.

Luis takes the card, puts it in his pocket.

LUIS

Ok. I'll hold on to it.

Luis and Jen exit.

Guy and Isabel arrive at the 'booth' and start to pack up.

GUY

God, can you believe it?

ISABEL

It's amazing isn't it.

(beat)

They want me to speak at the college.

Her expanding role as a leader is starting to sink in with her.

Guy puts his arm around her, encouraging her.

GUY

Making noise at the college! You are getting shit done!

A happy moment between them as she laughs and leans into him.

.. and you'll fit right in. College kids are fearless.

They end up near the booth/table, and start packing up. Guy pulls out a small ladder, climbs up and starts to untie the banner, as Isabel puts flyers back in boxes.

ISABEL

How were the hearings?

(touching the press pass he is wearing on his chest)

Jen said you got the ok to interview people? Was it bad?

GUY

Terrible. Parents were ...

A police officer approaches Isabel.

OFFICER

This is a courthouse. There's no protesting here. Clear out.

ISABEL

We're not protesting. We're handing out information about our helpline.

The officer looks up at the banner.

OFFICER

Clear out or you can take your own turn in the courthouse.

Isabel grabs a paper from the stack on the table, hands it to the officer.

ISABEL

We have a permit.

Looks at it, hands it back.

OFFICER

It says you gotta clear out by 6pm. Get all this junk outta here.

Guy steps down from the ladder, looks at his watch.

GUY

It's ten to six. We got time.

OFFICER

I'll wait.

Officer walks off just out of hearing range. Another officer shows up, holding a coffee cup. They both lean against some shrubbery, watching Guy and Isabel in an intimidating way.

Guy just watches them, then turns to Isabel, tries to continue the conversation.

GUY

So, I ...

Isabel is looking over at the cop and seems agitated.

ISABEL

He's just going to stand there?

GUY

Yup. That's the game. Luis and I are on his radar now.

(beat, realizing something)

Maybe you too ...

Softly, puts his hand on her shoulder.

Just ignore him, Is, we have every right to be here.

She nods, turns back to Guy.

ISABEL

Today, at the courthouse? You said it was terrible ..

GUY

It was. Parents, shuffling in, shackled like criminals. No idea where their kids are.

ISABEL

Shackled? For an asylum hearing?

GUY

Yeah. Hands, legs, belly chain. Terrified.

ISABEL

The crime of being poor.

He nods agreement, as he keeps talking and tidying up fliers and boxes.

GUY

We had half an hour to interview a hundred people. We were expecting maybe 5 or 6.

ISABEL

A hundred?

He nods, he couldn't believe it either.

GUY

One woman was talking about her son's medicine, how sick he was. I turned around to take down her information, and she was gone. Probably deported. What's going to happen to that

kid? If I'd been faster maybe we could have got them a medical release or something ...

ISABEL

Do you think we could find her?

GUY

I don't know! Luis said he'd try and track her down, but it's total chaos there. The agencies aren't talking to each other, no one is tracking the kids they've separated.

ISABEL

No list? Not even at the courthouse?

GUY

No. No list! They were being herded like cattle. We were trying to write it all down, but we couldn't keep up. They were desperate to find their kids. Nobody had a chance, Is.

He pauses, stops tidying up, everything sinking in for him. Isabel takes his hand. He continues, gesturing like a judge knocking down a gavel.

Deportado, deportado, one after the other.

ISABEL

¡Dios mío, a hundred families ..

GUY

Ya, and just the two of us. Luis and I trying to stem a tide.

Isabel raps her knuckles on the volunteer sign up list.

ISABEL

It's not just two people. It's all of us.

She taps the volunteer sign up list, again, softer this time but with real meaning.

It's love one another. Right here. This will save them.

The first officer has gotten impatient, seems irritated that they aren't moving fast enough, takes a couple of steps forward and yells at them.

OFFICER

You folks got five minutes to get the hell out of here.

Guy starts packing up again.

GUY

Just about done, Officer.

Isabel has been transformed by the story and no longer seems anxious. She takes a few steps toward the two officers. There is a pause as they all look at each other. Guy looks up too.

ISABEL

¡Tenemos derecho a estar aquí! And that plant is delicate this time of year! You shouldn't be leaning on it! It's about to flower!

One of the officers gets up, fast, like he is going to go after them. The other officer holds him back, but gets up and walks toward them and then stops. There is a tense moment, but then the officer backs down, warning them as he and the other officer leave, saying the Spanish in a sarcastic tone toward Isabel.

OFFICER

Five minutes. Cinco.

As the officers leave, one of them dumps his coffee, cup and all, on to the plant/shrub.

Guy comes over and holds Isabel's hand as they watch the officers leave. They stand there quietly for a second.

ISABEL

My dad planted those. Him and his crew. He owned a landscaping company. He was so proud when he got the courthouse contract. Spent his whole life trying to make this city a beautiful place ... I miss him everyday. Him and mom. They both wanted to make the world beautiful.

(pause, he pulls her in closer, as she looks at him.)

What's happening to us? What is this country .. what are we doing?

GUY

We're trying. We're ..

Pause, he smiles at her, as he takes a bracelet out of a box on the table and puts it on Isabel's wrist, (next to the one from Olivia that Isabel has been wearing).

Loving one another.

ISABEL

What's this?

He shows her a box full of woven bracelets with notes attached, the kind of thing that little kids would make, construction paper, ribbons, yarn.

GUY

A lady dropped them off at the shelter. She heard about Olivia, the bracelet she made you, got her Sunday School kids to make them.

Guy comes close to her and they look at the bracelet together.

Look at the ribbon.

He reads out one side of the ribbon.

“Olivia Ortiz”

Then flips it over and reads the other.

Call the shelter! And the number.

ISABEL

Some kids made these?

He digs into the box, pulling out another one.

GUY

Yeah, from the church. You gotta see this one. Some kid wrote

Reading one side of the ribbon, then flipping and reading the other

“Olivia O” “Call the Shelter. Ho Ho Ho”

They both laugh.

ISABEL

Come here.

He comes closer, and she ties one around his wrist.

They are silent, the emotional and sexual tension rising between them.

Guy, this is ... this is the way the world could be.

(beat)

It could be ...

Music begins.

11. IN THIS BEAUTIFUL PLACE

In a playful way, Isabel and Guy act how things would be in their new beautiful place.

Isabel becomes The Statue of Liberty.

ISABEL

Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free.

GUY

Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me, I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

ISABEL

I wish we could go back to when those words meant something.

GUY

Maybe we can.

He steps behind her and gently puts his hands over her eyes, then releases them to open her eyes to the beautiful place. He holds her hand and they both step into the beautiful place.

What do you see, Isabel?

ISABEL

CHILDREN ARE PLAYING
AND FAMILIES PRAYING
AT THE BORDER, HELPING HANDS

GUY

THE FLAG IS SWAYING,
AS WE HEAR THE JUDGE SAYING:
“WELCOME! THIS TOO, IS YOUR LAND!”

ISABEL

A CARING, OPEN, COMPASSIONATE NATION

GUY

FAMILIES ARRIVE, THERE'S NO SEPARATION

ISABEL

THERE IS JOY

GUY

THERE IS PEACE

BOTH

IT'S A NEW GENERATION

GUY

IN. THIS. BEAUTIFUL PLACE
EVERYONE HAS A HOME

ISABEL

IN. THIS. BEAUTIFUL PLACE
NO ONE IS EVER ALONE

BOTH

IN. THIS. BEAUTIFUL PLACE
EVERYONE'S LIFE HAS WORTH
AND IN. THIS. BEAUTIFUL PLACE
WE SHARE THE EARTH

GUY

MY SISTER AND BROTHER
AN IMMIGRANT MOTHER
WORKING, SIDE BY SIDE

ISABEL

ONE HELPS THE OTHER
AND IN TURN, ANOTHER
LOVE, ONLY LOVE IS THEIR GUIDE

GUY

PROVIDING ASSISTANCE

ISABEL

WITHOUT RESISTANCE

BOTH

A TRUE CO-EXISTENCE
WHERE EVERYONE THRIVES

IN. THIS. BEAUTIFUL PLACE
EVERYONE HAS A HOME
IN. THIS. BEAUTIFUL PLACE
WE ARE NEVER ALONE

IN. THIS. BEAUTIFUL PLACE
EVERYONE'S LIFE HAS WORTH
AND IN. THIS. BEAUTIFUL PLACE
WE SHARE THE EARTH

GUY

I WANT TO WALK WITH YOU IN THIS BEAUTIFUL PLACE
AND GAZE ON YOUR KIND AND GENTLE FACE

ISABEL

WITH YOU BY MY SIDE, I AM BOLD. I AM STRONG
I KNOW IN MY HEART, THIS IS WHERE I BELONG

They kiss! They hold hands.

Isabel becomes The Statue of Liberty. She gestures to Guy to come toward her, as he does, he transforms into an imaginary immigrant from an earlier time in New York history.

GUY

God bless you, I'm tired, a little sick
Just off a boat from Limerick

ISABEL

Oh, kind sir, take my hand
Welcome! This too, is your land!

Guy becomes The Statue of Liberty, and gestures to Isabel, she transforms into an imaginary immigrant from an earlier time in New York history.

ISABEL

Praise god I found you, help me find which
Here are my papers, written in Yiddish

GUY

Oh madam, take my hand
Welcome! This too, is your land!

They switch roles again.

GUY

Mi perdoni! Tell me, where do i go?
To start a cafe, serve cappuccinos!

ISABEL

Oh, kind sir, take my hand
Welcome! This too, is your land!

Dance interlude.

GUY

What else do you see?

ISABEL

OLIVIA AT SCHOOL, SHE'S NO LONGER AFRAID

GUY

HER MOTHER IS THRIVING, IN THE LIFE THAT SHE'S MADE

BOTH

ALL OF US WALKING, SAFE IN THE SHADE.
IN THIS BEAUTIFUL PLACE
IN OUR BEAUTIFUL

IN. THIS. BEAUTIFUL PLACE
EVERYONE HAS A HOME
IN. THIS. BEAUTIFUL PLACE

WE ARE NEVER ALONE

IN. THIS. BEAUTIFUL PLACE
EVERYONE'S LIFE HAS WORTH
AND IN. THIS. BEAUTIFUL PLACE
WE SHARE, WE SHARE THE EARTH

The song ends. Guy and Isabel are about to kiss again. Luis enters, interrupting the moment. Guy and Isabel quickly separate.

LUIS

Oh, uh, sorry!

GUY

No, no—

ISABEL

That wasn't—

GUY

It wasn't?

ISABEL

No, no, it was—

GUY

Good, good—

ISABEL

Yes! Very good!

LUIS

(clearing his throat.)

So...

GUY

Yes! Right! Sorry, what did you need?

LUIS

Jen's got a few calls that could be a lead on Olivia.

ISABEL

Really?

LUIS

Not enough details lining up, but she wants to double check with you.

ISABEL

I'll take whatever I can get.

There's an awkward, but sweet moment, between Guy and Isabel before she exits. As she goes, she grabs the coffee cup and drops it in a recycling bin nearby. Guy and Luis watch her go.

GUY

So, uhh...

LUIS

None of my business.

GUY

Thanks.

LUIS

But... I talked to my buddy at the TV station and—

GUY

Not this again.

LUIS

National broadcast, but only if it's you.

GUY

Why me?

LUIS

What can I say? You have a reputation as a big mouth.

GUY

It needs to stay local for now.

LUIS

People need to know what's happening here! Not just in El Paso, the whole country. And we're not doing fine. Have you seen our budget?

GUY

I know, I know. I can't get anyone to go on record. No change in policy, business as usual. Deny. Deny. Deny.

LUIS

It's right in front of our eyes!

GUY

All the details have to be right or the whole thing backfires! Big news media writes us off, the story dies, and we get a hundred cops on our back. You know that Luis.

Luis suspects Guy is holding back.

LUIS

What's going on?

GUY

I'm not sure yet. I've got people asking around. Money's changing hands. Files disappearing.

LUIS

Sometimes you gotta hit hard and fast.

GUY

Yeah, but do it at the wrong time, tip off the wrong person and more people disappear.

Guy holds up his phone.

Five anonymous threats so far. These people aren't playing. Something more is going on.

LUIS

Ok. We'll wait. But we can't keep playing defense.

GUY

I know.

LUIS

(He pulls out a business card)

There's no expiration date. You wanna go national with the story, just give him a call. Just, hold onto it.

(Hands the card to Guy.)

Familia amigo. We don't wait forever.

GUY

(Taking the card.)

Okay. I'll... I'll hold onto it.

SCENE FOUR

Gloria, Olivia, and Maria enter. They walk downstage, Gloria has a couple used sweaters in her arms. It is dusk. They look around the bare stage. After a moment, Gloria hands her the sweaters.

GLORIA

I hope these fit. Do you think...do you think you'll be out here very long?

OLIVIA

We just need to find someone that knows my tia. Then we'll be fine. Right Maria?

Maria nods her head as she puts on one of Eric's old sweaters.

GLORIA

If you find her...try and let me know, okay?

OLIVIA

Si. We can visit .. all eat together.

GLORIA

That would be nice.

(Beat.)

Hey, O...back inside detention, I said a lot of things that—

OLIVIA

It's okay.

Olivia digs in her bag, pulls out a woven friendship bracelet, puts it on Gloria's wrist.

Here, I made this for you.

Gloria looks at her wrist, her bracelet, suddenly feels embarrassed about the scars on her wrist she's been trying to hide.

GLORIA

Covers up the ugly.

OLIVIA

No Amiga, no. Bonita. It makes you beautiful.

Gloria wasn't expecting this kindness. She doesn't know what to say. Instead she hugs Olivia tightly and, with a final nod goodbye, she exits.

Olivia begins to cry as she watches Gloria leave. She's been holding it in. She leads Maria over to a bench and they sit down.

Maria fiddles with Olivia's woven bracelet, and seems to be trying to cheer her up, but Olivia is lost in her thoughts and in despair.

OLIVIA

Rule number 1, no one cares.

A voice on the wind catches Olivia's attention.

Someone singing, or crying. It's hard to tell. Olivia follows the voice until it leads her to a poster, taped to a wall. The poster has the contact number torn off. She smooths out the poster and gasps, running back to Maria.

OLIVIA

Maria! Maria, look at this! That's...that's the photo I gave Tia Isabel! She's looking for me, she's looking for me!

She tries to smooth out the rest of the poster. She pulls in Maria close and they both look at the picture.

12. SALIÓ EL SOL

Music starts.

Olivia, looks at a far away light that has appeared, imagining her mother.

The ensemble characters of the El Pasoans are in partial darkness, going about their day.

OLIVIA

COULD THIS BE REAL.
COULD THIS BE TRUE?
THAT VOICE ON THE WIND
MAMA, IT WAS YOU!
THEY TOLD ME YOU'D LEFT ME- BUT I KNEW IN MY HEART
YOU WERE ALWAYS BESIDE ME, NEVER APART

IT'S BEEN HARD TO STAND TALL, TO ALWAYS BE STRONG
THINKING I WAS ALONE, THAT I'D DONE SOMETHING WRONG
THEY MADE ME FEEL GUILTY, MY SOUL FILLED WITH SHAME
BUT THE TRUTH IS RIGHT HERE
I'M NOT TO BLAME
I'M NOT TO BLAME

MARIA, IT'S ALL GONNA BE OK
NO MORE MONSTERS IN THE DARK!
YOU THINK YOU CAN BEAT ME?
BUT FROM A PROMISE LIGHTS A SPARK

TIA, SOON WE'LL BE TOGETHER
SOON OUR HEARTS WILL HEAL
THE COLORS ARE SO BRIGHT
THE PICTURE IS SO REAL

OLIVIA & ENSEMBLE

SALIÓ EL SOL, I CAN SEE
ESTOY VIVO AND SO IS MY DREAM
YOU ARE ALWAYS, ALWAYS, ALWAYS WITH ME
I WILL BE HOME
SALIÓ EL SO, NOW I AM FREE

Olivia turns back to the picture.

OLIVIA

I'VE BEEN SEARCHING, SEARCHING HOME
NOW I KNOW I'M NOT ALONE
NO MORE DARKNESS, I ONLY SEE LIGHT
MARIA, WE'RE GOING TO BE ALRIGHT!!

Olivia touches the bracelet on her wrist.

YOU WOVE YOUR DREAMS AROUND MY WRIST
YOU PUT HOPE IN EACH COLORED THREAD
YOU GAVE ME COURAGE TO PUSH, PUSH, TO PERSIST
I AM HERE! MY DREAMS ARE NOT DEAD!!!

Her bracelet magically lights up here!! A bright neon color!

CHORUS 2 - OLIVIA & ENSEMBLE

SALIÓ EL SOL, I CAN SEE
ESTOY VIVO AND SO IS MY DREAM
YOU ARE ALWAYS, ALWAYS, ALWAYS WITH ME
I WILL BE HOME
SALIÓ EL SOL, NOW I AM FREE

ENSEMBLE

Echoing her. Supporting her.

¡SALIO EL SOL!!

¡SALIO EL SOL!!

Olivia grabs Maria's hand and they start weaving around the people, who are half aware of them, but also going about their day. The El Pasoans stay in partial darkness as the light follows the girls.

Olivia pulls two brightly colored and sparkly paint brushes out of her woven bag, in a way that feels magical and surprising, even to her.

Olivia and Maria go through the crowd and touch the woven bracelets the ensemble members are wearing with the paintbrushes and as they do, the person lights up. Olivia and Maria are laughing and saying "unos, dos, tres" as they light up the people. It is the first time we see them having fun, like young girls.

As the people light up and become more colourful, they become more aware of Olivia/Maria and join in the song, encouraging the girls.

OLIVIA

I'M NOT TURNING BACK, TIA, I'LL FIND YOU!
 I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK!
 I WON'T LIVE IN THEIR HOUSE FULL OF LIES
 I'M GOING TO PAINT MY DREAMS ALL OVER THE SKY!

ENSEMBLE

(Encouraging them.)

ESO ES! CANTA, CANTA!

OLIVIA

THIS PICTURE INSIDE ME, I'LL MAKE IT REAL
 I'M HOLDING ON TIGHT, TO WHAT I FEEL
 TIA, I'LL FIND YOU, WE'LL MAKE THINGS RIGHT.
 I SEE NO MORE DARKNESS, I CAN ONLY SEE LIGHT!

CHORUS	CHORUS
SALIÓ EL SOL,	#1: ESO ES, ESO ES!
I CAN SEE	#2: ¡NO PERDER LA ESPERANZA!
ESTOY VIVO	#3: UNO, DOS, TRES, Y DALE, OTRA <u>VEZ!</u>
AND SO IS MY DREAM	#4: DALE, NIÑAS! CON <u>CONFIANZA!</u>
SALIÓ EL SOL,	#1: ESO ES, ESO ES!
YOU ARE ALWAYS ME	#2: ¡NO PERDER LA ESPERANZA!
SALIÓ EL SOL,	#3: UNO, DOS, TRES, Y DALE, OTRA <u>VEZ!</u>
WE WILL ALL BE FREE	#4: DALE, NIÑAS! CON <u>CONFIANZA!</u>

An ICE officer arrives, who seems to be looking for them, asking questions, the people continue to protect the girls,

blocking them from view, etc. as it now gets darker around the people.

The light is still following Olivia and Maria. The ICE guard comes closer and closer. Olivia continues to sing, her strength and passion growing as the spotlight on Olivia/Maria gets smaller and smaller.

<p>OLIVIA</p> <p>I CAN DREAM AGAIN LIKE I DID BEFORE OTRA VEZ PUEDO PINTAR OTRA VEZ PODEMOS SOÑAR</p> <p>WHEN SOMETHING LIVES INSIDE YOUR HEART NO ONE CAN EVER TAKE IT AWAY KEEP BELIEVING IN YOUR DREAMS THEY WILL COME TRUE ONE DAY</p>	<p>CHORUS</p> <p>NA NA NA NA NA NA NA NA NA NA NA NA NA NA NA NA NA NA NA NA NA NA NA NA</p> <p>LA ESPERANZA</p> <p>CON CONFIANZA KEEP BELIEVING IN YOUR DREAMS THEY WILL COME TRUE ONE DAY</p>
--	---

SALIÓ EL SOL,
 I CAN SEE
 I AM ALIVE
 I AM HOME

I'M FREE

CHORUS

WE WILL ALL BE FREE!

OLIVIA

I'M FREE!

Olivia and Maria are captured by the ICE officer. She sings, defiantly positive despite the fact that she is getting arrested.

Olivia and Maria are taken away.

As people leave the stage, continuing their business, Gloria remains. She is the lone person who watches as Olivia and Maria are taken away.

GLORIA

Olivia...

SCENE FIVE

Lights up on Luis and Isabel who are in a heated discussion. Guy enters. They both turn to face him.

GUY

Hey, uhh...what did I miss?

ISABEL

Guy, why didn't you tell me about this TV offer?

Guy looks to Luis.

LUIS

She overheard Jen and I talking, Guy, I'm sorry.

GUY

Is, I—

ISABEL

This could really make a difference in our search for Olivia.

GUY

We don't need it, Is—

ISABEL

And you alone get to decide that?

GUY

I can't confirm anything. Cops are jittery. Border patrol all trigger happy. Crazy rumors all over the place!

ISABEL

It's right in front of our eyes! What about those hundred families?

GUY

They just deny it. No change in policy. I'm trying ..

ISABEL

(getting more angry and frustrated)

So they get to decide what's true?

GUY

No, it's just .. All this commotion, all this action...it's because of you. We don't need a TV interview to—

ISABEL

Me? Guy, no, that's not—

GUY

It's true. You and Olivia, the both of you. Your passion is making things happen.

ISABEL

My passion?

GUY

You've got everyone buzzing—

ISABEL

This isn't a party for me, Guy.

GUY

No! No, of course not, I—

ISABEL

Olivia's still stuck out there and we're no closer to finding her than when we started. She's not just some story!

She gestures at the bulletin board that is now fully plastered with pictures of missing people and now Olivia is not the only child on the board - there are more pictures of kids up there now.

These are real people!

GUY

Yes, yes, of course, Is, I didn't mean—

ISABEL

(Frustrated, and done.)

It doesn't...it doesn't matter. It's fine. I...I've put everything I can into this fight, Guy. We all are. But not you. If that's where you draw the line then fine.

GUY

It goes on national news, the whole thing blows up!

ISABEL

Maybe it needs to blow up!

GUY

I'm trying to keep you safe!

ISABEL

Safe! God, you sound like my dad. 'Be safe. Be quiet. Don't talk about it. Blend in. It's not the right time.' There is no safe, Guy!! I can't be 'safe'!! Small, scared, little group of fears. All wrapped up around me. I can't be that anymore!

(gestures to the bulletin board again)

Look at these kids!! We can't be that!!

(beat)

I gotta go. I'll...I'll talk to you later.

Isabel exits leaving Guy stunned. He starts to make his way towards her exit, but Luis stops him.

GUY

I should've told her everything.

LUIS

You still can.

(Beat.)

Just, give her some time.

Luis gives a forced, little laugh, trying his best. He starts to leave, but then stops, realizing how upset Guy seems.

Hey, Amigo.

Guy turns and looks at him.

She said 'we'.

He exits. Guy watches him leave as the music starts.

14. COUNT TO TEN

GUY

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
WHY DON'T YOU GROW A PAIR
DO WHAT YOU GOTTA DO!
DO WHAT YOU GOTTA---

YOU REALLY BLEW IT, GUY! YOU REALLY BLEW IT-
YOU GOT NO COURAGE, WHY?! MAN UP, AND DO IT!
WHY DON'T YOU JUST ADMIT-
YOU'RE A CHICKEN SHIT!
SO AFRAID TO COMMIT
YOU'RE A HYPOCRITE!
YOU'RE NO LEADER, GUY
IT'S OVER, THIS IS IT!

Shouts to Isabel, as if for help.

Isabel!!

YOU'RE A BEACON OF HOPE
YOU'RE A SHINING LIGHT
I SHOULD LEARN HOW TO COPE
I SHOULD GET UP AND FIGHT

I WANNA STAND BY YOUR SIDE
I DON'T WANNA HIDE
I WANNA GIVE IT ALL I GOT
I WANNA GIVE IT A - SHOT!

Sound of a loud gunshot. Guy brings his hands to his head and kneels in a PTSD childlike protective pose. Images of the

*traumatic incident in the desert with Luis could appear on the
backdrop.*

HERE IT COMES AGAIN
COME ON, GUY JUST COUNT TO TEN

One, two, three, four, five ..
One, two

THAT WAS THEN, THIS IS NOW
GOTTA FORGET IT SOMEHOW

IT WAS A YEAR AGO
YOU GOTTA LET IT GO
IT'S TOO LATE TO GO BACK
YOU GOTTA STAY ON TRACK!

I'M GONNA STAY ON-

HERE IT COMES AGAIN
COME ON, GUY JUST COUNT TO TEN

Two, three, four, five, six...
Two, three...

WE'RE ON OUR KNEES, IN THE DESERT SUN

One.

LOOKING STRAIGHT INTO THE BARREL OF A GUN

Two.

THEY'RE PUSHING ME DOWN, MY FACE IN THE SAND
LUIS TO MY LEFT,
I CAN SEE HIS HAND
I CAN SEE HIS...

HERE IT COMES AGAIN
COME ON, GUY JUST COUNT TO TEN

Three, four, five, six, seven
Three, four...

NOW THEY'VE TIED MY HANDS,
I CAN'T PROTECT HIM

Three

I HEAR A SHOT AND A SCREAM,
I'M GOING DOWN THE ABYSS

Four

DON'T TAKE MY FRIEND,
OH GOD, NOT LIKE THIS

Five

THAT WAS THEN, THIS IS NOW
GOTTA FORGET IT SOMEHOW

HERE IT COMES AGAIN
COME ON, GUY JUST COUNT TO TEN

I SHOULD HAVE KEPT MY MOUTH SHUT ,
SHOULD HAVE SHOWN SOME RESPECT

THEY'RE WATCHING ME NOW
THEY WON'T LET ME FORGET

Another voice joins in as we see Luis in the office, looking at his phone, upset, scared, like he's just received a threatening call or email. Jen is looking at the phone too, concerned but also consoling him.

GUY & LUIS

ANOTHER HANG UP CALL
ANOTHER EMAIL THREAT

THEY KNOW WHO WE ARE
THEY KNOW WHO I AM
THEY'LL CRUSH US ALL!

THEY DON'T GIVE A DAMN

Lights fade on Luis/Jen.

GUY

COME ON, GUY. WE'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.
COUNT TO TEN, JUST A FEW NUMBERS MORE

One. Two.

IF SOMETHING HAPPENED TO YOU
I'D HAVE MYSELF TO BLAME
WHAT IF THEY HURT YOU?
THIS ISN'T A GAME

A YEAR AGO I MIGHT HAVE HAD THE NERVE
TO STAND UP AND FIGHT FOR WHAT WE ALL DESERVE

BUT IF YOU HAD BEEN THERE, AND HEARD WHAT THEY SAID
I'D RATHER BE A COWARD THAN SEE YOU -

He slumps back into a seated position. Despair. Another voice joins in as it lights up on Isabel hard at work at the shelter with Luis/Jen on another part of the stage.

ISABEL

WAKE UP, GUY,

Another voice joins in, as we see Jen comforting Luis, as he is upset/anxious by whatever he saw on his phone.

ISABEL & JEN

YOU'RE NOT ALONE IN THIS FIGHT
WE'RE GONNA STAND TOGETHER TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT

GUY

I WILL ROLL UP MY SLEEVES
PUT MY HANDS IN THE DIRT
I'M GONNA RIDE THIS WAVE
I'M NOT AFRAID TO GET HURT

ISABEL, GUY, JEN, LUIS

SUNSHINE, EL SOL, ALWAYS FOLLOWS THE RAIN.

GUY

DON'T GO BACK AGAIN, I'LL MAKE IT TO TEN

ALL

(almost as if they were all in the same room together)

GUY	LUIS, JEN, ISABEL
I'LL NEVER STOP AGAIN I'M GONNA COUNT TO TEN	MANOS A LA OBRA
I'M NOT ALONE IN THIS FIGHT WE'RE GONNA MAKE THINGS RIGHT	TIME TO PUT A PLAN IN MOTION
THERE'S NO STOPPING ME NOW! YOU'VE SHOWED ME HOW!	MANOS A LA OBRA
I'LL NEVER STOP AGAIN	MANOS A LA OBRA
1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9...10	

The song ends, leaving Guy revitalized and determined. He picks up his phone, dials.

GUY

Send me what you know ...I don't care if you think the story's not ready to break! These are real people! This is bullshit! I can't wait anymore.

Guy rushes to exit and nearly collides with Gloria who enters, an Olivia poster in her hand. Guy throws out a half hearted apology as he continues exiting.

Gloria looks upstage where Isabel is hard at work with the volunteers, at the bulletin board, more determined than ever.

Luis enters carrying a box of printer paper. He looks at Gloria who hasn't noticed him.

LUIS

(Clearing his throat.)

Mijita, you need something?

(Gloria folds the poster and puts it in her back pocket.)

GLORIA

Oh! Uh, sorry, no I...Just out for a walk.

LUIS

(Not buying it. He puts the box down.)

It is pretty nice out. We've uhh, we've got some water and snacks inside if you're hungry.

GLORIA

(Beat.)

Can I ask you a question?

LUIS

Si, shoot.

GLORIA

I've seen your posters around, for Olivia ...um .. what would happen to her if you found her?

LUIS

She'd be with her family. We're here working with her Tia.

(Beat.)

We aren't with the government.

GLORIA

Good. That's good. I...I hope you find her.

LUIS

Me too, mijita.

Beat. He senses she may know something. He nods toward the poster half sticking out of her pocket.

If you do know something, let us know.

Luis digs in his pocket, balancing the box on his hip. He pulls out some change and hands it to Gloria, gestures to an old payphone on the wall outside the shelter.

Here you go. Call a friend. Get home safe.

He's about to leave, but then digs in his pocket and hands her a flyer about the shelter, as he does, the card Jen gave him comes out too.

We have a youth group, meets every Thursday. We're looking for leaders. You don't need to do everything alone. There's people who can help.

Gloria takes the flyer, walks away toward the old payphone.

Luis turns to exit, but stops, looks at the business card in his hand. Takes out his phone. Sighs.

Hi. Pat? It's Luis Martinez, Jen's husband. Do you still have room in your trauma counseling group?

Luis exits.

Music builds as Gloria looks at the handful of change and the people hard at work upstage.

15. MAMA, I'M SORRY (REPRISE)

GLORIA

I LET THEM GO
THEY'VE GOT NO ONE
SANTA MARIA
WHAT HAVE I DONE?

MAMA I'M SORRY
MAMA I'M SORRY

DEAR ANGELS PLEASE GUIDE ME
GOD BY MY SIDE
QUERIDA MAMA,
I'VE GOT TO BE STRONG

As the song ends, Gloria is rubbing her wrists, the bracelet Olivia gave her. She makes a decision - crosses the stage and uses a payphone with the spare change Luis gave her. It rings. She listens. After a moment.

GLORIA

Hi, yes, I...I know where Olivia is.

SCENE SIX

Lights come up on the movement group. Jen hurriedly takes down notes as Isabel enters, still mad from her fight with Guy.

JEN

And you're certain? Olivia Ortiz?

ISABEL

(This grabs her attention.)

Who was that Jen? What did they say?

JEN

I don't know who it was, she didn't say, but, Is... It's Olivia. They saw her get picked up by ICE somewhere downtown. She thinks Olivia and another girl have been taken back to the holding center, back to where we first protested.

ISABEL

Oh, God Jen, are you sure?

JEN

I don't know, but...they knew her full name. Knew where she'd been. Is, I think this is it. I think we found her.

ISABEL

We have to go.

JEN

(Grabbing her jacket off a chair.)

Way ahead of you, Is. I'll call, Guy—

ISABEL

No time, let's go.

Isabel exits, Jen hurries after. Lights fade over Jen and Isabel as they rise back on Olivia and Maria, who have arrived with an ICE guard, at the door of the Collins' house. Notes of Guardian Angels play, as Bill opens the door.

BILL

Oh, there they are! Our little angels!

NANCY

(To the Guard.)

Thank you so much, sir. We've just been worried sick. Thank you so much for finding them.

GUARD

It's no problem, Mrs. Collins. Glad I found them before they got themselves hurt.

BILL

I couldn't bear it if anything happened to these darlings.

Bill pulls in Olivia and Maria who aren't eager to be reunited with their foster parents.

NANCY

Girls, come on now. Haven't we caused enough trouble?

BILL

(To the officer, quietly, as if they know each other.)

Thanks Jack. Thanks for acting so quickly. God bless you.

The Guard nods and exits.

BILL

Get inside! You put poor Nance through hell worried about you.

NANCY

It's dangerous what you girls did. Lord knows what could've happened to you, out there alone.

BILL

And after everything we've done for you. Fed you, clothed you. You thought that was rough? Just wait.

SCENE SEVEN

Staged to echo the separation felt in the opening scene, we see each short vignette of the characters lighting up in separate areas of the stage, reaching out for each other by phone.

We see Jen and Isabel in a street scene, heading quickly as if they were going to get into a car. A phone rings. Isabel answers it.

ISABEL

What do you mean where am I going? I'm going to the detention center. We got word Olivia is there. She's been picked up. Someone has to move into action!

(Lights up on Guy, on another part of the stage, also heading somewhere).

GUY

Isabel, she's not there. She's at a house on Mountain View Road. I'm heading there now.

ISABEL

Guy, I ..

(pause, she is conflicted, upset)

How do you know? If we miss her at the detention center, I don't know where they'll send her next!

GUY

Isabel. I'm sorry. I should have told you everything, maybe moved sooner. Not maybe. I mean, I know that.

(Beat)

But, Is, she is in danger. Someone finally talked. They're tracking this shady preacher, saw him take in two girls. They sent me a photo. It's her.

ISABEL

Guy, are you sure? I can't lose her again.

GUY

Is, she's not back at the detention centre. Please. You can't waste time going there.

ISABEL

(Checks her phone, sees the address)

Mountain View Road?

GUY

Yes. I'm on my way there. I'm going to call Luis. But you and Jen have to get there first.

(a beat)

Please Isabel. Go. I'm sorry. Trust me.

ISABEL

Ok.

(hangs up, turns to Jen)

Let's go. We're going to get her.

(Lights off Isabel and Jen, Lights up on Luis, who is answering a call.)

LUIS

What's up?

GUY

I'm texting you an address. Olivia and another girl. About to get trafficked to work in some fucking hotel in the middle of nowhere.

LUIS

We need to get there now. Stop it!

GUY

Call people. Jen and Isabel are on their way.

LUIS

I'll be there. We'll be there. Don't worry amigo. I'll give them the non-violent speech.

GUY

There's enough evidence to put this guy away Luis.

LUIS

I can't wait.

GUY

Let's make some noise bro.

LUIS

Let's make some noise!

Lights off Luis. Lights up on Isabel and Jen. They are standing at the door of the Collins house. Knocking loudly. Ringing the doorbell. Inside, we see Bill looking through the window, gesturing at Nancy to take the girls away. Nancy tries, but Olivia stands firm, shrugging her off.

ISABEL

¡Ya basta! Open up goddammit!!

Olivia is looking tense, holding on to Maria tight, staring at the door, still struggling with Nancy.

NANCY

Come on girls, let's go upstairs. It's no one.

ISABEL

(yelling as loud as she can)

Olivia! Tu tía está aquí! Tia Isabel!!

Olivia grabs Maria's hand, pushes aside Nancy and runs outside. Stops. Finally, Olivia and Isabel share the stage. They make eye contact. Time almost stops.

ISABEL

Olivia.

OLIVIA

Isabel?

Isabel starts to move towards Olivia, but Bill and Nancy move to stand between them.

BILL

I'm sorry, who are you?

ISABEL

I'm Isabel Castillo, Olivia's aunt. Who are you?

NANCY

We're her foster parents.

BILL

Her *legal* guardians.

JEN

(Stepping in.)

Hi, I'm Jennifer Martinez, from El Paso Alliance for Immigrant Rights. I'm sure this is a lot to take in, but we'd love to talk to you about guardianship over Olivia. See, the detention center should've contacted Isabel, but for whatever reason—

BILL

Save your breath, we're not interested.

JEN

Excuse me?

BILL

We're her guardians. If you want to discuss this, we'll see you in court.

(Motioning to Nancy and the girls.)

Let's go.

(Nancy is slowly but firmly pushing the girls back inside.)

OLIVIA

No! Wait, please—

BILL

I've heard enough out of you, Olivia. Go back in the house. This woman never showed up when you needed her. We did.

Olivia looks to Isabel and shrinks.

ISABEL

Olivia, please. I was here, right outside these walls, knocking on every door I could. Called every number they gave me. I tried—

BILL

You *tried*. How sweet.

Isabel takes out the photo from her pocket. She passes it to Nancy who looks it over.

ISABEL

Please, I'm her family.

BILL

Family? What does that word even mean? Obligations? Formalities? I don't care. I built this family and Olivia is ours to keep.

They don't listen, until... music.

People start to appear on stage, from all corners. They have their phone flashlights on. They all have the woven bracelets on, and are 'making noise', calling out, chanting. Music starts.

Guy and Luis appear and it's clear they are organizing the crowd, telling them what's happening. As the crowd arrives, we see Gloria is with them, but she is standing apart, not quite joining in, like she is afraid, but still wanting to see what happens.

LUIS

Over here, we need your help —

A camera person shows up behind Guy. Luis turns to Guy, motions to him to come closer.

I want this recorded —

Bill waves dismissively, angrily, at the crowd, who are getting agitated.

BILL

I don't care how many people you bring out to try to intimidate a good Christian family. You want to fight for her? You can fight us in court. Let's go, Nance.

Just as they are about to go back inside, Luis steps up, Guy and the camera person right next to him.

LUIS

You want to talk about court? Let's talk about court.

He puts his hand out, and Guy hands him a piece of paper.

Ever heard of the Comfort First Hotel in Missouri? Seems there are a bunch of underage girls working there as chambermaids. Would you know anything about that?

BILL

I don't know anything about that.

GUY

Really? Cause it's all here.

Guy has a folder full of papers, Jen takes it from him, Isabel looks at them too.

Protesters are getting more agitated, coming closer toward Bill.

Bill is panicking, reverting to his preacher persona, still blocking and holding on to the girls. Nancy seems very aware of the camera, and is trying to block the camera, and get Bill to go back inside, but he is riled up and brushing her off.

BILL

We love these girls! We are saving them!

LUIS

Let's talk about child endangerment.

JEN

Trafficking.

ISABEL

Fraud.

BILL

You have nothing!

GUY

We have everything.

ISABEL

She belongs with her family!

Tensions are rising, both Luis and Guy are starting to get in his face.

BILL

One phone call and I can get you arrested again! Go back where you came from Amigo. They belong to us!

Suddenly, Maria cries out. Loud, plaintive, heartbreaking.

MARIA

No!

Everything happens fast and all at once. Luis and Guy move forward as if they are about to move in on Bill. Jen holds them back.

Isabel rushes forward toward the girls, but before she can get there, Olivia grabs Maria, pushes aside Nancy and runs past Bill.

OLIVIA

No, we don't!

Olivia runs to Isabel, jumping into her arms. Maria, holding tightly to Olivia, follows.

Nancy is holding Bill back, trying to get him back in the house.

BILL

I'll have you arrested! One phone call! The Lord's work! I'll ...

Jen steps up and shuts the door in his face.

JEN

Shut up!

16. WEAVE THE WORLD

OLIVIA

(Beginning to cry.)

Isabel! It's you! It's finally you!

ISABEL

(Also beginning to cry.)

Yes, mijita! It's me, your tia!

The crowd cheers. They start to make their way towards the reunited pair, and Luis triumphantly cries out:

LUIS

Familia!

Jen and Luis go to each other and hold hands. Jen whispers privately to Luis. They motion to Guy who comes over to them. Jen is showing them papers, they are nodding. Guy & Jen kneel down and talk to Maria. We see they are taking care of things.

Light focuses on Isabel and Olivia.

Olivia notices Isabel's woven bracelet and touches it gently. Olivia shows Isabel her bracelet. They put their hands together and close to their heart.

I kept it with me the whole time.

ISABEL

I did, too.

OLIVIA

NO MORE RUNNING
NO MORE HIDING
I AM *HERE* NOW, MI'JA
I AM *HERE* NOW

ISABEL

NO MORE RUNNING
NO MORE HIDING
YOU ARE *HERE* NOW, TIA
YOU ARE *HERE*, NOW

OLIVIA

ONE STRING
ONE STRAND
ONE THREAD AT A TIME
LOOKING FOR YOU

ISABEL

LOOKING FOR YOU

OLIVIA

ONE STITCH

ONE BRAID
ONE ROW AT A TIME

ISABEL

WE'LL WEAVE SOMETHING NEW

OLIVIA & ISABEL

WE'LL WEAVE SOMETHING NEW
STRAND BY STRAND
WE'LL WEAVE A NEW DREAM

GUY

UNTIL WE FIND THAT BEAUTIFUL PLACE

LUIS

UNTIL WE FIND ALL THOSE WHO ARE LOST

JEN

UNTIL WE ALL FEEL SAFE

GLORIA

UNTIL WE ALL HAVE A HOME

ISABEL & OLIVIA

UNTIL WE SHOW THE WHOLE WORLD
HOW TO WEAVE SOMETHING NEW
WITH THE STRINGS OF OUR HEARTS
WE'LL CHANGE THE WORLD, IT'S TRUE

Upstage, in the crowd, is a woman. A light from the sky seems to focus on her. The woman stands upstage, just beyond Isabel, but within Olivia's sight.

OLIVIA

You won't forget her?

ISABEL

Forget her? How could I forget her? She's my family. You're my family.

OLIVIA

Si. Familia. Somos una familia.

ISABEL

Yes, Olivia. We are.

ISABEL & OLIVIA

WEAVE, WEAVE THE WORLD TOGETHER
OUR STRING HAS NOT BEEN BROKEN
SHOW, SHOW THEM HOPE'S ALIVE
OUR HEARTS AND SOULS ARE OPEN, WIDE OPEN

ALL

WEAVE, WEAVE THIS WORLD TOGETHER
WEAVE, WEAVE THIS WORLD TOGETHER
OUR STRING HAS NOT BEEN BROKEN
SHOW, SHOW THEM HOPE'S ALIVE
OUR HEARTS AND SOULS ARE OPEN, WIDE OPEN

WEAVE...
WEAVE...
WEAVE...
WEAVE....

WEAVE, WEAVE THIS WORLD TOGETHER
OUR STRING HAS NOT BEEN BROKEN
SHOW, SHOW THEM HOPE'S ALIVE
OUR HEARTS AND SOULS ARE OPEN, WIDE OPEN

WEAVE....

WEAVE, WEAVE THE WORLD TOGETHER

WEAVE, WEAVE, WEAVE THE WORLD.

WEAVE THE WORLD!!

Spotlight on Olivia, Isabel and Gabriella. Slow fade on everyone else. Music fades.

Olivia looks to the woman. The woman nods and Olivia smiles. She turns back to Isabel and hugs her again, tighter than before.

END OF MUSICAL