

RUN!

By Susana Cook

A pretty ordinary white nationalist family falls into a muddy and desperate identity crisis when they are attacked by La Contaminación Cultural. Their sense of language, grammar and origin gets altered, making them confused of who they really are.

RUN! It's getting ugly

There's gotta be something better somewhere.

A Family melodrama for these fascist times.

Characters:

Donnie Darko: The father

Hanna: His wife

Tommy: Their kid

Alejandro: The Salsa Teacher

Rebecca: Alejandro's wife

Mother: Alejandro's mother

Amélie and her husband: The next door neighbors

Other Neighbors for the town hall meeting.

Donnie Darko, Hanna and Tommy are sitting at the table. Hanna is serving food. Tommy is drinking soda, he burps.

Hanna: Don't burp!

Donnie Darko: Don't yell at him

Hanna: He's burping!

Donnie Darko: Were you burping Tommy?

Tommy: yes

Donnie Darko: Well, at least he shows some honesty

Hanna: Pass the salt honey

Donnie: Sure, this is delicious honey. Did you put cream on it?

Hanna: Yes, I did

Donnie: Mmmmm, it's really good

Hanna: I am glad you like it hon

Tommy: (mocks them and mumbles something)

Hanna: Go wash your mouth! (To Tommy)

Donnie Darko: Why?

Hanna: He was cursing!

Donnie Darko: Were you cursing Tommy?

Tommy: yes

Donnie Darko: You see? He's consistently taking responsibilities for his actions. That's a good thing!

Hanna: with soap!

Tommy goes to the bathroom to wash his mouth.

Hanna and Donnie Darko are alone. Pause

Donnie Darko: Are you in love with me?

Hanna: What kind of question is that?

Donnie Darko: It doesn't matter what kind of question it is, it's a question, not a specific kind of question, a regular question. Just answer: Are you in love with me or not?

Hanna: Well, yes, of course honey

Silence

Hanna: (*whispering*) Tommy is coming, don't talk about these things in front of him... (*louder*) oh yeah, I heard about that on the radio....
You okay Tommy?

Tommy: No

Hanna: What's wrong sweetie?

Tommy: I don't like soap

Hanna: Soap is clean... it's prophylactic, antiseptic, a very good disinfectant of bacteria and bad influences. It's a purifying force...

Tommy: it tastes bad

Hanna: It's a very small price to pay to wash away your sins
Did you do your geography homework?

Tommy: I don't like the world

Hanna: What do you mean you don't like the world? It has so many countries and monuments and little people who live in those countries, with weird clothes, and they sell postcards ... Geography is beautiful. Don't you like maps?

Tommy: I hate maps

Donnie Darko: Geography is very important Tommy, you can learn about countries, and rivers, mountains and oceans, and volcanoes, and icebergs, and the volcanic eruptions and the continents, and the directions of the winds...

Tommy: I don't care about any of that

Donnie Darko: And what do you care about young man?

Hanna: Who cares???? Are you asking him?? Seriously??

Donnie Darko: Yes

Hanna: I can't believe this! You know what he cares about!! We are at the table!

Donnie: Do you care about the things she thinks you care about Tommy?

Tommy: Yes

Donnie: Tommy!

Hanna: You see?

Donnie: Listen Tommy, we are your parents, and we love you. Are you worried about our gender identity? Is that distracting you from doing your homework? Because we are perfectly aligned with the norm. I hope you are not getting confused here.

Hanna: Why are you saying that to him?

Donnie: Because there's so much weird stuff on TV, kids get confused

Hanna: Honey, did somebody put weird ideas in your head?

Tommy: yes

Hanna and Donnie: What did they tell you?? Where??

Tommy: At school

Hanna: What did they say??

Tommy: I don't know, they taught us 4 words in Spanish

Hanna and Donnie: What???

Hanna: What words honey?

Tommy: Hola Amigo

Hanna: That's two words sweetie

Donnie: yes, it's still bad, but it's just two words Tommy

Tommy: (counting) Ho-La – A- migó.... It's 4 dad!

Hanna: Okay, whatever. Honey, this is very dangerous. We can't have our kid going around speaking Spanish in the streets

Donnie: Tommy, do you think you could forget those words?

Hanna: No, he shouldn't do that. They would stay in his unconscious and they would come out in the most unexpected and probably dangerous moments.

Donnie: Not if he doesn't do drugs!

Hanna: Tommy, do you do drugs?

Tommy: No

Donnie: Listen young man, if you get drunk and accidentally say those words to somebody you could get unjustly deported, understand?

Hanna: You are an American son! Be proud!!

Tommy: It was the teacher!

Hanna: I should talk to the department of Education. They can't forcibly insert a language into a kid's brain without authorization from the parents.

Donnie: Should I go with you honey?

Hanna: No, stay with him please, and close the windows!!

Donnie: I am sure there's a way we can get those words out of his brain ...

Hanna: That language activates a part of the brain that gets changed, altered beyond repair

(Hanna gets her purse and coat and goes to the department of Education, in the bar. She approaches anybody at the bar, looking for the person in charge)

Hanna: Excuse me! Who's in charge of this? Who's in charge of our education? What's happening to our country! To our schools, to our children? Aren't we proud of our white heritage anymore?

Why are you teaching those words to our children?

Do you feel guilty about being white?

Well, don't be! We invented great things! We created civilization

(triumphal music)

We invented pretty much everything they steal from us. We, the whites I mean, the Americans ...

Some of the things were invented by the Germans. So in general all white inventors, some German some American... but white

(She goes back home)

Hanna: I told them

Donnie: You are so brave honey. It takes a lot of people like you to save our culture. I am not sure what's happening to our country... We've been invaded

(On the little stage Alejandro, a white guy who doesn't know Spanish, will teach a Salsa class. His Spanish has a strong American accent))

Alejandro: Hola, mi nombre es Alejandro. We vamos a bailar Salsa

Uno – dos – tres. Cha Cha Cha. Uno- Dos- Tres- Cha Cha Cha
Salsa Salsa cuatro cinco Salsa Dos. Cha Cha Cha Salsa Uno Uno Uno

Hanna: Stop destroying our culture!! What is this? Cultural contamination?

Go to sleep Tommy!! No More TV!!

Come-on sweetie, let's go to bed and pretend this never happened

Tommy is sleeping. Hanna sings for him:

Hanna: Old Mc Donald had a farm... and the immigrants thank god were on the other side of the wall... ia ia ohh

Silence. Tommy is sleeping.

Hanna: *(to Donnie, whispering)* What a revolutionary day. I am glad it's over. I feel so patriotic though. I contributed my two cents to save our culture...

Donnie: You are a champion pumpkin. When there's an invasion, every piece of resistance counts.

Tommy: *(in his sleep)* Ho.... La.... A....mi..go

Hanna: He's having Latino nightmares!

Donnie: Undocumented hallucinations!!

Hanna: What have they done to my child? Who let them in??

Donnie: Tommy! Tommy! Wake up! This is America! The land of the free. The land of the white! The land of champions and owners. The white land. The land of winners! That will run through the field with the ball in their hands, and will kick the ball to the sky. Because it's God kicking the ball my son! It's God who's making us champions! And to be a champion you have to keep going. And the losers will be mad and ugly. Don't look at them. Keep running with the ball. It's yours! God gave it to you! The big fish has to eat the little fish! It's nature my son, it's nature! We are the big fish. Fuck off the little fish. God made them for us to eat them! No time for losers. Cause we are the champions of the world!!

Hanna: *(To Donnie)* You have an accent!

Donnie: No, I don't!!

Hanna: Yes, you do! A thick accent! What did you do?

Donnie: I don't know! How do I sound?

Hanna: Like Ricky Ricardo!

Donnie: Don't say that!

Hanna: Who are you?

Donnie: It's me Hanna! It's me!

Hanna: You told me your parents were diplomats!

Donnie: It's true!

Hanna: And that's why you don't know where you are from!

Donnie: It's true!

Hanna: Where were you born??!!

Donnie: I don't know! I think Switzerland!

Hanna: Liar!

Donnie: Finland!

Hanna: Stop it! I want to see your birth certificate!

Donnie: Hanna, we are married, who cares about birth certificates? We are one person now

Hanna: I am not one person with a Oh My God! I can't even say that!

Tommy: (*wakes up crying*) What's happening? Why are you fighting? Is it the war?

Hanna: Tommy, go back to sleep!

Tommy: You were screaming and you woke me up!

Hanna: Because you were saying scary things in a scary language

Tommy: is daddy a Mexican?

Donnie: No Tommy! No!!!

Tommy: Dad!!! (*crying*) Are you going to be deported?

Donnie: I am an American son!

Hanna: We don't know that!

Donnie: Hanna! You know me!

Hanna: I don't know you. I know my fellow citizens. I don't know suspicious birth certificate people.

Donnie: Shut up Irish!

Hanna: What did you say?

Donnie: Nothing

Hanna: Yes, something. You said Shut up Irish you Mexican!

Donnie: I am not Mexican, I was born in Switzerland!

Hanna: Of Mexican parents!

Donnie: That's not true! For your Information California was American territory when my parents were born

Hanna: But not when your grandparents were born! It was Mexico, you are Mexican!

Donnie: American!

Tommy: (from his room) MOOOOOMMMMM!!! Are you Irish??!

Hanna: (*crying*) No, honey, I am not. I am an American

Donnie: (*crying confused*) What am I?

They have a deep identity crisis. They cry, mumble, and are very confused about their feelings and their identities.

Hanna: I don't know!!! I am so confused! I think I am not a real blonde now! You are destroying my own sense of myself you partially confusing immigrant!

Amélie the neighbor knocks at the door.

Amélie: Hi! Anybody home?

Hanna: Hi Amelie, how are you? Come in!

Amélie: Everything okay?

Hanna: Sure, yes

Amélie: I heard screams, and I got worried

Hanna: Oh yeah, we were discussing our next vacation plans, and you know, one gets passionate... I like the mountain! I like the ocean!!

Amélie: Oh yeah, I heard something about Mexico and Ireland too

(AHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!! Horror movie music)

Hanna: Yes, yes, we were considering those countries too

Donnie: Catherine! Rudolph! Stephan! Marcello! Rachel! Are you all here??

There's no way you can respect me for this. I am strangely inclined to connect with grammatical structures.

Amelie: What's happening to him?

Hanna: He likes grammar

Donnie: Please give me a sentence or something. I need to hold on to drama, grammar and structure

Amelie: (whispering) Should we give him a sentence?

Hanna: No, it's okay. It's a rhetorical question

Donnie: We lost the truth! It was disguised and buried
I am holding a silver plate in my hands! And you are watching it! Looking at it!

Era de noche. Y estaba lloviendo
Y se escuchaban los perros ladrando
Era el cinco de Mayo
Y yo no podia acordarme que era lo que se festejaba el cinco de Mayo
Pero estaba tan ocupada que no tenia tiempo de googlear

Sali de Nuevo a escena, no te lo esperabas, no?
Todo tenebroso con sobretodo y sangre
Y me rio!
Me rio!
Soy marinero!
Tengo guantes blancos

Soy un muchacho sencillo, casi insulso

si, sos insulso

Es que a mi no me han dejado hablar

Vos sabes quien soy yo? Vos sabes?
Soy Ceferino namuncura! Eso soy! Ceferino namuncura!

El santo de los Perros

sabes que quiere decir perros? dog

Los perros! Los perros estan ladrando!

Soltaste a los perros pelotudo?

Tengo miedo de vos
sos medio creepy... Andate! Andate!

Hanna: We just found out he's Mexican

Amélie: really?

Donnie: Wow. This is going to be a big change in my life. I didn't know I could speak Spanish...

Amélie, the neighbor: This is going to be a change in the life of us all. In the life of the whole neighborhood!

Donnie: (*holding his head*) I know !

Amélie: Should we report him?

Hanna: No, he hasn't done anything wrong yet

Amélie: Well, he has been hiding his identity all this time. That's wrong. That's illegal.
You should at least change the lease

Hanna: yes, I'll have to do that. I will talk to the management

Tommy comes

Tommy: (To Hanna) Hola Amigo!

Amélie: AHHHHH!!!

Hanna: He learned that at school

Amélie: really??

Tommy: (walking around crying and confused) Amigo. Amigo. Cha Cha Cha. Uno Dos Tres. Cha Cha Uno – dos – tres. Cha Cha Cha. Uno- Dos- Tres- Cha Cha Cha
Salsa Salsa cuatro cinco Salsa Dos. Cha Cha Cha Salsa Uno Uno Uno

Hanna: Tommy! I told you to stop watching sesame street!

Alejandro, the salsa teacher is on the small stage. He has an envelope in his hands. He opens it and reads:

Alejandro: Department of Homeland Security... dance division...
I can't believe this! They cancelled my class! Rebecca!!

Rebecca: What honey? What's happening?

Alejandro: They cancelled my class!

Rebecca: What??

Alejandro: They cancelled my class!

Rebecca: Why? What are they saying?

Alejandro: (*sobbing*) I don't know... that I am a terrorist, that this is an attempt to infiltrate our culture, to stain our pristine flag... and that it is damaging to our values ...

I believe in dance! I believe in art! I don't support the life style of those people! I love my dance! It's MINE now! This is not fair.

Rebecca: Oh sweetie, I am so sorry. It is not fair, absolutely not. You didn't infiltrate anybody, dance is dance, it's pure...

Alejandro: exactly!

Rebecca: You are not a Puerto Rican

Alejandro: No, I am not. I learned the dance doing research. I am a dance studies major, did you know that?

Rebecca: Of course! Well, maybe you should dance a different dance, a more American Dance. Maybe country dance?

Alejandro: (*crying*) But I like my Merengue! I worked hard to get my Cha Cha Cha perfected!

Rebecca: I know sweetie...

Mother enters

Mother: What's going on?

Alejandro: Oh Mother, nothing, don't worry...

Mother: Of course I worry, I am your mother! I have to worry, and I do, I am worrying. Now tell me, what am I worrying about? What's happening?

Rebecca: He might be going to jail

Alejandro: No, I am not. Why are you saying that?

Mother: To Jail? You're going to jail?

Rebecca: All because of the Puerto Ricans

Mother: Oh sweetie, I told you. Don't tell me I didn't tell you. What did you do to the Puerto Ricans?

Alejandro: I didn't do anything to the Puerto Ricans mom!

Mama: Why did they do to you?

Rebecca: He's not a Puerto Rican mama

Mama: I know he's not a Puerto Rican, I gave birth to him. Do you think I didn't know where I was?

Rebecca: Well... where were you? What is all this fascination with the merengue?

Mama: You have fascination with the merengue?

Alejandro: She's talking about the dance mother

Mother: What dance?

Rebecca: The merengue

Mother: You dance the merengue?

Alejandro: Yes mother, I do! I dance merengue and salsa and cha cha cha!

Mother: Oh Dio mio! That's illegal now. No son. No more merengue here. No more dancing. I don't want to hear any cha cha cha, salsa, nothing. Dio santo. I didn't know that was going on here. (she exits mumbling) cha cha cha, give me a break. I know where my son was born. I was not in Puerto Rico, no, I wasn't. I am going to make some merengue now. For eating, not for dancing...

Rebecca: I have to go get Lenny from school. I'll bring you a little ice cream or something to make you feel better okay?

Alejandro: Okay (*sobbing gesture*)

Donnie knocks on the door. Alejandro opens

Donnie: Hi, you must be Alejandro

Alejandro: Yesssss

Donnie: I heard so much about you. I am interested in taking Salsa lessons with you

Alejandro: Why???

Donnie: Because I am having an identity crisis... and I thought that maybe if I explore that culture... I mean, your ... you're Puerto Rican right?

Alejandro: No, I am not! I am a Dance Studies Major and I am considering focusing on Country Dancing now

Donnie: Why???

Alejandro: Because I am not a terrorist and I don't have any intention to destroy our beautiful rich culture, full of traditions that should not be contaminated with artistic expressions from inferior cultures ...

Donnie: Would you teach me a couple of steps please, before you retire from Merengue?

Alejandro: No!

Donnie: Why?? Please! I need to find my identity. You are the only Salsa Teacher in this town

Alejandro: Do you think I would risk my life for your identity?

Donnie: WHAT AM I? What is this sudden identity crisis? I think I am Mexican

Alejandro: Mexican? And you want to dance Salsa?

Donnie: What should I dance Maestro?

Alejandro: I think Mariachi. You have an accent!

Donnie: I just found out I can speak Spanish. I can't recognize the words I'm saying but it's definitely Spanish

Alejandro: OMG, this is really dangerous. Please leave my house. I don't want anybody to see you here.

In the other room

Tommy: I am dying!! I am dying!!!

Hanna: No Tommy, you are not dying!

Tommy: I am not?

Hanna: No sweetie, you are not

Tommy: Why don't I have a cat??? You never gave me a cat!!

Hanna: Tommy, you know I am allergic to cats!

Tommy: I don't care! Take Benadryl!

Hanna: No Tommy, Benadryl makes me very sleepy

Tommy: Take Claritin!

Hanna: No! Claritin has serious side effects, like diarrhea and heartburn or something

Tommy: Tylenol!

Hanna: That's for headache!

Tommy: No, that's for fever and allergies. Take Robitussin! Take Milanta! Pepto Bismol!

Hanna: Stop it! You can't have a cat!

Tommy: Get me a dog then!

Hanna: I'll get you a bird, okay?

Tommy: I don't want a bird!! I want a dog! A Chihuahua!

Hanna: Shut up Tommy!! Not a Chihuahua!! Stop it!!

Tommy: I am going to die!! I am dying!!

Hanna: No, You are not dying!

Donnie enters.

Donnie: What's going on here??

Hanna: Tommy wants a cat

Tommy: A dog! A Chihuahua!

Donnie: A Chihuahua??? Like a Mexican taco thing Chihuahua??

Hanna: Yes, it's the Mexican complex! This is getting deep inside his brain

Tommy: Quiero un amigo

Donnie: I think he needs a therapist

Hanna: We don't believe in therapists, we believe in God

Donnie: You need God Tommy!

Tommy: No, I need a Dog!

Donnie: No Tommy, God, you need God

Tommy: A dog

Donnie: God Tommy

Tommy: Dog

Donnie: God!

Tommy: Dog

Donnie: DOG. GOD. D-O-G-O-D-O-G-O-D. It's almost the same.
Let's pray.

Amelie and Rebecca are holding a neighborhood meeting. The neighbors are the audience and the other actors will mix in. There's noise and protesting voices. Tommy appears with a sign that says: I was forced to learn Spanish in school!

Neighbors: The Stop sign at the corner of Vanka and Kardashian Needs to be re painted!
There was a homeless person sleeping at the bench in the park on Sunday. Why do we have benches there?

Yeah, close the benches!
We should be able to fold them and put them away at night.
And they are teaching Spanish to the children at school!

Amelie: Quiet please! We will start our meeting!

Neighbors: I heard rumors that they want to remove the flag? From the country?
Oh my God!
There was a car alarm honking all night! I couldn't get any sleep!
What's going with that health care thing... for the lazy!? There won't be anymore doctors for us!
They want to take everything away from us!
And the food stamps! That's scary!
They use food stamps to buy drugs!

Amélie: Quiet! We will hear all your concerns! Let's organize this! This is not a political protest! We are just concerned, well-intentioned neighbors in search for an answer!

I would like to thank Mrs. Gallaguer for the cookies... delicious Mrs Gallaguer. They are like, oh my God! Pass the cookies around please!

The first topic on our agenda:
We just discovered there's a Mexican in the neighborhood...

Neighbors: English! English! We speak English here! They gonna kill us all! Save the children first!

Amelie: Quiet please! Our main concern is that the value of our property is going down by the minute!

Neighbor 1: But I heard he was born in Finland!

Amelie: The genes is what counts when it comes to real estate value

Neighbor 2: Should we move the town to another town?

Rebecca: We are considering all options, we will vote

Neighbor 3: We should protect the children first!

The neighborhood meeting gets a bit chaotic. Voices of neighbors complaining about the immigrants, the refugees, the healthcare gets louder and louder, with operatic choirs in the background.

Then Donnie will go to the mic

Donnie:

I want to thank whoever wrote this for writing a character with an accent in this play because that gives an opportunity to people like me to get good roles. And I want to thank the casting director for casting me. I am very honored that I was selected and I want to thank my agent for getting me to the audition as well. I know he worked hard trying to find parts for people with accents for me. People usually forget about us, but we are a big community: the people with an accent community. Our accents come from different sections of our tongue. Little almost invisible muscles that were trained or not trained when we were kids, and most of the time, there's Nothing we can do about it. It is impossible to re-train those muscles after a certain age, 13 years old to be more precise, because they are atrophied. I also want to thank the institutions who awarded me with grants that I needed badly for my training as an actor. I took Zumba classes, singing lesson and speech improvement, because even if I will never be able to get rid of my accent the speech lessons are necessary to make you speak clearly, if not correctly and then you counterbalance that deficiency with the dancing and the singing ...

Neighbor 3: Shut up Spic!

Neighbors: Yes! Shut up! Stay on the other side of the wall!

Donnie: What wall?

Neighbors: THE wall!! Can't you see it?

Donnie: No, I can't! Where is it?

Neighbor: Show him the wall sweetie!

Donnie: No, No! NOOOOOOOO!!!! I can see the wall now!!

Broadway style song

We hate you ... we hate you... we hate you ... we hate you... we hate you...

Donnie dies. They continue singing. Then, he will start talking on the mic, while still lying on the ground and while the choir continues singing: I hate you

Donnie: Then the skies opened. And it was God, coming down from heaven. With the angels playing harps and singing. And Jesus was there too. God was descending with Jesus and the angels. There was like a smoke effect, and the singing of the million angels was divine. The white, light, silky fabric of the robes was making the scene even more divine. All the angels were wearing white robes. Jesus too, and God. Everybody had the same white, silky robes. And there were flying pianos and harps, played by the flying angels. Everybody had curly long beautiful hair.

But they were rapturing! The Evangelists were rapturing! At the exact same time! God was coming down and they were going up!

It was a very unfortunate timing for the evangelists.

The prophecies were talking about the return of Jesus and about the rapture of the evangelists. But it was not clear when each event was going to take place. It didn't say that both things were going to happen at the same time. So they kept ascending the evangelists, and they could see God going down, and Jesus and the angels.

Hey guys, we should go back! God is going down!

But when you are being raptured you have no control of the direction you are going. You just go up... and up.

A couple of them tried to scream: God! God! We are ascending to see you!

Because we were good! But the choir was so loud and the harps, God couldn't hear anything, neither did Jesus. They kept descending God and Jesus and the angels. There were a bunch of people on earth looking up.

They all got out of their homes and restaurants and theaters because the singing was so loud, and they were like: Oh my God, what's that?

Some thought it was Superman, because they didn't know anything about theology.

But somebody explained to them: It's God.

Wow, a woman responded, I should read my bible more often.

What a pity the evangelists are not here to see this, commented a compassionate old man

Where are they? People asked

They just went up, they were rapturing.
What a bad timing. Didn't they want to see God coming down? And Jesus?
And the Angels?
I am sure they did! It was a bad coincidence.
I am sure it is not a coincidence
I wonder if there's someone up there waiting for them...
I doubt it, everybody seems to be descending here.
So you think there's gonna be nothing when they get up there?
Who knows?....