

RODRIGO TOSCANO / Pig Angels of the Americlypse

an anti-masque for four players

Four players: can be of any age, gender, or accent.

Props: one pencil, one hand-held yellow plastic sharpener/tumbler, something in standing for a “fax machine”, blank sheets of “fax” paper.

Scene: P1, P2, & P3 bent down over on the ground (over the ground always, unless otherwise staged), never turning to each other, concentrated, looking down as at an ant farm.

{P1} The sun *the sun*... {P2 & P3 straining to see it}

{P2} And these puercos {snorts like a pig}{sneering} *sin destino*.

{P1} “Se busca”?

{P2} “Wanted”—“is sought”—“we seek”

{P1} Ah.

{P3 takes out a sharp pencil; gestures every word (clearly visible to the audience)}

Se busca—

lápiz {“pencil”}

filoso {“sharp”}

ambriento {“starving”}

{P3 matter-of-factly, to no one in particular}

Se busca (por lo mínimo) un Brasileiro mas Mexicano que un Argentino Gringo.

{P2} And these puercos sin destino...*qué?*

{P1} The moon *the moon*... {P2 & P3 straining to see it}

{P1, P2, & P3 continue inspecting the floor; P4 comes in from the side, stands near them; P4 is not acknowledged by the others, as they can't see nor hear P4; P4 is only slightly conscious of the others}

{P4 in the direction of the three, but not directly}

That can't be the whole of it, folks, comon.

{P3} Se busca—

un fax {pronounced 'fahks'}
del Presidente

de la Republica!

{P4} That's...if there's *ink*...in the Fax Toner. {walks toward the machine}

{P2} And these puercos...sin destino...*qué? qué?*

{P4} And if I've re-ordered a back-up cartridge.

{P3 swoons, salivates, as if seeing an attractive body}

Un Canadiense—*fregón!* {"kickass"}

Uf! Dual citizenship, *that's*

tight underwear.

{P1} Too tight for me

{P2} Oh my god

{P4 fiddling with machine} Is this thing even plugged in? Let's see.

{P1} The groom *the groom*... {P2 & P3 straining to see it}

{P2} We can't "marry" these {snorts loudly several times} *to one another!*

{P4} These presets... (tsk) I wonder if (tsk)

{P3 rolling pencil between palms of hands, evil-like}

Se busca

lápiz	{“pencil”}
ambicioso	{“ambitious”}
vicioso	{“vice-prone”}

{P3 quits 'evil-like' manner, then very matter-of-factly}

and a yellow tumbler

to screw it into.

{P3 takes out the tumbler and sharpens the pencil; blows on the pencil, and touches the sharp tip}

{P1} The bride *the bride* {P2 & P3 straining to see it}

{P2} More slop more slop.

{P4} Tsh, I wonder if I even kept the receipt for it?

{P1} Oh my god—

{P2} Qué? qué?

{P3} El Presidente de la Republica! {P2 & P3 straining to see it}

Se busca...

hair gel (mucho)

y una tropa de poetas

worth a *culo*

{“ass”}

“ambriento”

to anyone!

{P1 somewhat startled, but delighted, pointing}

The sanctimonious hypocrite twilight

and its

attendant northern

sparkling cluster of

—oh—wow

Shine on! shine on!

{P4} I should have priced shopped it (tsk) I mean... oh well {P4 in the direction of the three, but not directly} (—hey, you folks down there getting a little antsy?)

{P2} Watch the gates! Watch those gates, now. The pretty pretty orange... *troughs*.

{P1} The bride *the bride*

{P2} We've already *established* "the bride"

{P1} Sorry

{P3 waving hand over ground, marveling}

Se busca

—Cuddle Machines—

—Octupii—

{P1 alerted} "I needn't budge an inch further" One of them just said that—d'ja hear it?

{P2} I'm... *right here—right now* {gestures erotically, grotesquely, like an octopus}—give me that lápiz—ambriento.

{P2 grabs the pencil from P3, and lowers it toward the floor as if trying stab some tiny thing (continues doing this until **)}

{P4} I *probably* should have checked into newer technology.

{P3} Which way's the sun again? Or the moon for that matter. I'm all *twisted* up.

{P1} Nationstate *up*—personal dreams *down*—got it?

{P2} These puercos, sin destinos... lively bunch.

{P3} "Ethos, lady sovereign, be not my decay!"

Tell me tell me

Who are the *real* Americans of today?"

—What a beautiful songlet.

{P1 lowers ear to the floor} I can't hear it.

{P3} "Ethos, lady sovereign, lend me some velour..."

—I've always liked velour
the touch, the feel of it—

{P2} {interrupts with a very loud snort}

{P1} The border *the border*...

{ P2 & P3 straining to see it; ** P2 stops picking at floor with pencil}

{P3} Se busca—

{P4} A fax—coming through!

{P3} "Paciencia"?

{P2} —"Patience"

{P3} —Ah.

{P4 reading a fax sheet from the machine; after reading the text out loud, continues silently (perplexedly) mouthing from it}

From the...President...of the Republic (I'll be).

"Dear Sir / Madam,

With great uncomfortable and unfortunate condolence (my apologies dependant) is denial of transmitted acceptance, yours...for...Zero Card"

Zero Card?

{P2, looking at pencil, as if he's caught something on the tip of it}

This is... "desvaluado" {"devalued"}

{P1} What means "desvaluado"?

{P4 and P2 speak to themselves as they are (know each other) in real life, using their real names; P2 stands up and faces P4. The casual conversation is about recent travels they've both been on, talk about crossing border, paperwork, lines, patience, impatience, all completely improvised—for about one minute; P1 and P3 continue their inspection of the floor, P1 ear to the ground straining to hear, P3 delighting at songlets, smiling, delighted}

{Example... "Hi Dan, how was your trip to Canada?" "Cool man, or, maybe no, I waited for my-" "Walmart card?" "nah, they only took Target, *plus* the visa to Serbia—stamps... you know, there's these Serbo-Italians—or I don't know what's, just outside of Belgrade—and you, Stephanie, I heard you were in Dayton, Ohio last week" "Sure was" "heard you had a helluva time getting geo-psychic traction there" "geo-psychic traction is right! couldn't use my Macy's card for even *play* ammo! / etc}

{P2 plops back on the floor, picking at it with the pencil as before (unable to sense P4 in any way)}

{P1} The bride the bride the bride. The groom! (I can't tell which is which)

{P4 reading from another fax that just came through}

"Dear Sir / Madam,

Additionally, a downpour of pleasure mine, to bestow, for 28,000 Americos, upon receipt of herebesaid, Pick Five citizenship...in exchange for...Zero Card...wallet

size pic of me, bonus...{keeps silently and intently reading from the fax until next speaking part}

{P2} Slop, more slop for these...{sneering} *puercos de sus republicas*.

{P1 ear to the ground} "I needn't go a centimeter further"—d'ja hear that?

{P3 waving hand over ground, like a medium} Se busca...{matter-of-factly} un Nicaragüense with less of a Castroist mask than the most demasked Chilean, on any Sunday, liberal.

{P3 in a loud, hoarse, monotone voice; P1 and P2 looking at the floor, as if they're seeing something speaking}

"HI"

"HOW ARE YOU?"

"HOW'S YOUR FAMILY?"

"WHAT'S THE GRAPE SEASON LIKE THIS YEAR?"

"HOW DO YOU MANAGE

THE SLIGHT

CHANGE OF

ACCENT?"

{All players throw themselves on their backs, arms and legs spread out, looking straight up}

{pause}

{P1} Dário

{P2} Darío

{P3} Darió

{P2} Darió, ok.

{P3} No no, Darío it is.

{P2} I still think it's Dário.

{P1, P2, P3}

¡THANK YOU RUBÉN DARÍO!

{P1} For the options

{P3} Poetic palmistry

{P4} 28,000 Americos!? Monster Pants! How can anyone manage that?

{P1 P2 and P3 pop up and link arm in arm with P4, like a phalanx, facing the audience; they menacingly charge toward the audience, stopping just short of collision}

{P2, defiant and sober}

What
patch of earth

are these angels
overlooking?

{P3, defiant and sober}

Defiant and sober

that's what

they look like.

{P1} Hell—is *me*, the way I feel.

{P4} Heaven you too {locks arms even tighter} (here, now) and *me*, purged of all *practical* purgatory—cripes... what kind of art-form is this?

{all 4 players}

¡THAT CAN'T BE THE WHOLE OF IT, FOLKS, COMON!

{P1, P2, and P3 plop back on the floor, on their backs facing up; P4 returns to the fax machine and snatches fax after fax (each one blank) throwing them to the floor after a brief inspection of each sheet (continues doing this until next speaking part)}

{P1} Nationstates *up*—personal dreams *down*.

{P2} and mugs

{P3} mugs

{P1} mugs

{P2} mugs

{P3} mugs

{pause}

{P1, P2, P3, slowly, in a semi-sleep state}

{P1} All I see is... The Great Divide.

{P3} I am the heat.

{P2} The wanderlust... where'd it go?

{P1} "Solo se que dios es Bolivariano" I just heard that.

{P2} Puerqueros Hammer.

{P4 frustrated, loses interest in machine, shushes it away} Tsk

{P4 slowly walks to where the other three are and joins them in the prostate position}

{Pause}

{All four players (slowly, calmly, peaceably) act as themselves, addressing each other using their real-life names}

{P2} That's good, [Jocelyn]... it's good you're happy...

{P3} So happy... the nest of some missing pretty baby I am...

{P1} Delighted is a goofy word {chuckles softly}... jazzed... is only a little less goofy
{all four chuckle softly}

{P3} You're here, [David], right... some... far-off... *other* time {all four chuckle softly}

{P4} Borders... silent wars... mirth... gloom.

{P2} Vogue, what's in vogue.

{P3} May...*be...that*, [Stephanie]...*that*

{P1} The way out?

{P2} Art goes art goes

{P3} Away...

{P2} And back...

{P1} In...

{P3} And out...

{P4} “Yo persigo una forma que no encuentra mi estilo,
botón de pensamiento que busca ser la rosa” *

{P2} Contrive
 identify
the themelets
 variate

{P3} Se busca...

{P1} Songlets of sorts, yeah?

{P4} Yeah...

{P2} Mhm...

end of anti-masque

* lines from Rubén Darío's *Yo persigo una forma* ("I seek a form")

"Yo persigo una forma que no encuentra mi estilo,
botón de pensamiento que busca ser la rosa"

"I pursue a form that doesn't find my style,
mind's stem that strives to be the rose"

(trans. R. Toscano)