



NOSOTROS 2ND ANNUAL

YA TU SABES!

MONOLOGUE SLAM

MONOLOGUE BOOKLET

A Collection Of The 2020 Semi Finalists

PRESENTED BY



NOSOTROS 2ND ANNUAL
YA TU SABES!
MONOLOGUE SLAM

ACTORS SELF-TAPE SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Nosotros is currently seeking self-tape submissions (**5 minute max**) for our upcoming 2nd Annual Ya Tu Sabes Monologue Slam presented by NBC. To audition, please select up to two monologues from our list of original monologues located in this document. All Latinx actors (including gender fluid, non-confirming, and people with disabilities) are encouraged to submit.

Please read the following guidelines below **carefully** to ensure that your monologue meets the requirements and will be reviewed by our Celebrity Selection Council:

1. Make sure your FilmFreeway profile includes your 2 headshots and a short bio.

If selected, your information will be included in a public announcement via our social media, newsletters, various studio/network platforms, our electronic press kit, and our event program.

2. You may choose up to 2 monologues to self-tape from the list of top 25 monologues included in this document.

Please select the monologue(s) that you best identify with or are appropriate for you.

3. Please be off-book but you may hold your printed monologues just in case they are needed.

4. Performances should express a clear sense of Character, Setting, and Incident.

Who is your character?
Where is your character at?
What situation is your character in?
What is your character's goal?

5. Include a slate at the beginning of your audition.

Make sure to tell us your name, what city you are based in and the title(s) of the monologue(s) you will be reading.

6. Your slate and up to two monologues should all be edited into one video file.

Please label your self-tape as follows: First and Last Name_City_Ya Tu Sabes
(Example: Jane Torres_LA_Ya Tu Sabes)
Submissions should not exceed a total of 5 mins.

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Self Tape Suggestions:

- Use a tripod to secure your phone or camera so you have a steady shot.
- Make sure to record your video audition horizontally and not vertically.
- Frame yourself in a medium shot. The bottom of the image should hit around your chest and make sure to leave a little bit of space above your head.
- Please have good lighting (ring light, filming lights, natural lighting, etc.). We want to be able to see you clearly.
- Be sure your sound is working and that we can hear you clearly.
- Please keep your wardrobe simple, but make sure it hints at something your character might wear. If the script calls for a specific wardrobe, do your best to wear something as close to it as possible.
- Feel free to either sit or stand for your audition. It all depends on what the scene calls for.

SUBMISSION DEADLINE:

SEPTEMBER 4th, 2020

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EB & FLOW

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

The room is empty but yelling is heard off stage/
off frame.

EB

- I don't care, ma. Me vale madre lo
que piense el padre!

EB, formerly Estevan Barreras (22 years old), male
but gender- fluid, of Latinx-American descent en-
ters
exasperated.

(Door slams!)

EB

Dear God!

(beat)

Uhhh! Sorry Diosito, my bad-

Eb, Does a sign of the cross

I mean no disrespect- Sorry!! I didn't
mean to assume you're a dude- See!?
This is exactly what I'm talking
about. Why is God a father? Uh, hey
Siri, When did God become a Man?

Eb lowers phone away from face.

I mean who died and decided
the almighty, creator of the universe, has
a penis? Ughhh, Men.

Eb Reads through phone, mumbling gibberish.

Yada-yada-yada... Say what?! Jesus
wasn't walking around talking to his
Dad... The historical term used was ab-
wooon, abwoon? Father/Mother of the
Cosmos, ooooh... I like the sound of
that!

(MORE)

EB & FLOW

Wraps arms around themself, sighs in comfort.

Abwoon, Is it too crazy to think that at some point the patri archal civilizations that have existed since biblical times lied to everyone, that God should be gendered? God was an omnipotent being and now our Bibles & Biblias tell us he, she, they? The life force that runs through all planet Earth?! Has a penis?!?!

If you really had a penis, please give me a sign...or please just take mine.

EB peeks in their chonis.

(sigh)

I'm grateful for how you made me, I just wish it were easier for others to see what I see. What I feel, What I know.

EB touches their face. and gets comfortable in front of the mirror.

I wish we could all just stop thinking and simply...

Exhale

FLOW TO BLACK

THE PRACTICALITY OF ONENESS

Are we going to get along? You told me people decide as much before they even open their mouths. What's it going to be? We could save some time.

It's not a just damn protest and I refuse to be told to sit inside while you're patrolling, waiting to get news you've been - I feel better out there, in a weird way closer to you, while standing up for myself and for my black brothers and sisters.

We've never been on the same side of the line, you and I. You told me people choose to get along - we decided a long time ago. Before you got your badge, before we met. My roots are soaked in the blood of my ancestors, I feel them coming up, cracking in my bones, shaking me awake - refusing to let me walk this earth in silence.

It would have been easier to be with someone who shared my history, my skin tone, but I excused it - because a kiss from you is like taking a breath. A breath underwater. And this world is the vast, deep ocean. I can't think about the vastness because I feel like my guts will just -- ocean vertigo? I reach out for your hand and you keep me from getting lost in the blue.

You pull me up to the light. Your rescue instinct makes you a good cop. But my other hand is holding firmly to my ancestors, stuck and sunken below. So I protest to bring 500 years of colonization stories to the surface.

We get along when we realize we're the same. Please, help me free your ancestors from the darkness.

TOXIC RELATIONSHIP

Juan, male latino, talks about his toxic relationship. It's meant to be light hearted comedy regarding mental health.

JUAN

Mental health is needy!! This is something my friends don't understand. Having any sort of mental health illness is a 24 hour toxic emotional draining relationship. Hear me out. My friends will call me up and be like "Hey bro let's hang out," in which I respond to, "Hey man I wish I could, but, I cant I'm chilling with my depression."

They think it's an excuse for me not to hang out with them. Like trust me I'd rather be out having drinks at a bar than lying in bed alone. But just like any relationship Depression is very jealous and not the cute type of jealous, I mean it wants me ALL to themselves.

It's is worse than having a toxic girlfriend. At least with your girl you can sneak out, you know, ask for forgiveness later. Depression follows you, all night! And when you try ignoring it, uff, it calls for BACK UP!! From no other than Anxiety! It's over when Anxiety arrives, just ruins the whole night.

THE DEVIL WEARS NADA

Context: In the midst of a pandemic and growing unrest over mask requirements, 24 year old Angelica, a Salvadoran college student working at Grocery Outlet, encounters a "soldier of freedom" who refuses to wear a mask citing her individual rights.

Alejandra organizing her register:

Essential? ESSENTIAL TO WHO?

Has Grocery Outlet not seen the news?????!
Why the hell are we being expected to
come into work right now? The numbers
are sickeningly high. What is going on?
Why are people not listening? Did you see that
stupid lady just walk in without mask????!?!
What is wrong with people???? WHAT?!?

Where did you hear that?!?!?!?!?! That's not a
fact lady, that's OPINION.

Can you please put on your mask? If not,
I'm going to have to ask you to leave.
Look, please, I don't want to argue, I'm
too stressed as is, can you PLEASE just be
courteous? I have a grandfather at home,
and my mother has onset diabetes.

Why do you keep walking away? MA'AM PLEASE PUT
ON YOUR MASK OR GET OUT!!
NO! I'm not going to touch you, but PLEASE abide
by our protocol, OR GET OUT!
Lady are you DENSE!?!?!? Are you obtuse!?!?!?
No, this isn't my career stupid! I'm a student!!

Walter!! Walter! Can you please call
security?!?!?

This rude, IGNORANT, SELFISH woman is refusing
to wear a mask is putting the rest of us
in danger.

(MORE)

THE DEVIL WEARS NADA

YES! DANGER LADY, I don't live alone you know??!? I have people I love and care about awaiting me when I go home from my shift.

WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM??? Are you tone deaf??? Can you not show the smallest bit of respect for us "essential" workers???

You came to US. If you want to endanger your own health and your family's health, then FINE by ME, but you will NOT put mine in jeopardy over your pathetic, misplaced, pride!!

Step out where!?!? Outside? You're going to do what????! Ok, let's go then!!! You want me?!?!? YOU GOT ME!!!!

Alejandra walking aggressively towards the door following unruly customer:

Walter!! lock the door on this ingrate.

Sorry honey, I can't hear you through this glass, wear a mask if you want to come in and speak to me like a civilized person. I speak 2 languages, but stupid isn't one of them.

BROWN BILLBOARDS

Character: Julio

Age: 27-32

Description: The oldest and only brother of social media superstar Jayden. He tends to be reserved, quiet and grounded. Though he may not be the loudest presence in a room he is always aware of what is going on around him. Ever observant of how people move. When push comes to shove he can handle his own and when he feels the need he will hit you with some hard truths. He's been Jayden's right hand man and moral compass on his rise to the top. Julio has always been supportive of his younger brother's dreams. Recently he's noticed a change in Jayden's content and the laughter surrounding it that doesn't sit well with him. This is the moment that he drops some much needed truth on Jayden after his world has become flooded by yes-men.

JULIO

Dawg you started a movement. A fucking new wave of Latinos proud to be who they were. Unapologetically. And then what? Saliste pinche vendido wey! You turned our beautiful people into these generic caricatures of themselves. You sacrificed our culture and humanity in the name of your "brand". ¿Y pa que? For some internet clout and a handout from these companies that prey on our hunger to be accepted by America? Nah wey, te aprovechaste de la gente. You're better than this and you know it. It's why you can't even look at me right now. They won't tell you, porque les vale madre. They don't give a fuck about you or your fans. All they care about is the money you're making them and the connections you can get them. You walk around now like you are so goddamn special but you're not. You're a brown billboard with a heartbeat. That's all you are to them. Our people will buy what you push even if they can't afford it because at the end of the day we just want to be accepted by them.

(MORE)

BROWN BILLBOARDS

JULIO (CONT'D)

To fit in and be seen as one of them. Equals.
Sad part is... we never will be and neither
will you.

You know.. I believe that deep down inside
there's still that young kid who started all
of this with just a camera and a dream. You
got a gift bro. The power to bring people
together and listen. Why not tell them
something worth hearing?

HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

ZERO

You know there are 19 year olds with million dollar deals and I'm on my couch eating Takis watching "Beauty and the Baker" like it's my job. You know I tried to do a 24 hour fast and by hour 4 I forgot cuz my mom made huevos rancheros that morning and you, her lil chiquito, don't miss out some lil huevito.

I promised myself I would learn Spanish, that was when I was in third grade, Now I'm in my twenties and I can't even enjoy a Bad Bunny song. I wake up everyday and I tell myself you are going to get it today. You're going to finally see what you want in your life, you are unstoppable, you are... then I realize. I've spent three hours trying to hype myself up while a 15 year old builds their empire on Tik Tok. I feel like the odds are stacked against me, I wake up and see kids my age in the Bahamas, and I'm over here on Saturday mornings cleaning Moms bathroom windows with Fabuloso.

Sometimes feel like I'm already out of the race, but this channel, this idiotic channel where I video tape myself rating different chips. As dumb as it sounds is the only purpose I have right now in life. There is no greater satisfaction than seeing someone write in the comments, "thank you for recommending trader joe's brands because my chips were the talk of the potluck, even my boss even asked me where I got them." Without this I don't have a reason to get up in the morning.

So please, can you just give the discount of the Fritos this one time. You may not know this but you are saving a life.

TE QUIERO

An excerpt from:
Franklin. Father. Papi

GABRIELA is wide awake. Something plagues her mind. Her BOYFRIEND next her is asleep. She ogles him. She's trying to stop herself from saying something but the need is larger than life but--

GABRIELA

Te quiero.

(pause)

Te quiero simple y ligero como el viento, te quiero libre...como te encuentre

(pause)

You have no idea what I'm saying.

I'm saying te quiero. Not "Te amo" or "I love you" but "Te quiero." As in "I want you"--But not for myself because that would imply that in some of sort of possessive way I'm expecting YOU to be mine for the time being or forever--

WHICH I personally have a problem with because I think that YES, our bodies are solid but our souls are made of..Air! And you can't own air. No no no. You can only breathe it in for as long as it will allow you to do so and then let it go! and move on to the next inhale, to breathe-in another thought, another person, another world--

And even if that feels like you are losing something with every breath you take--

I actually think it's beautiful. So beautiful I could cry.

(But I won't, because I'm in the middle of a very important sentence)

I'M SAYING TE QUIERO.

(MORE)

TE QUIERO

An excerpt from:
Franklin. Father. Papi

GABRIELA (CONT'D)

As in: I want you to know how much I appreciate that the other side of the bed is warm.

And the moment I get to confirm that when I open my eyes-- which is a gamble in and of itself because my eyes have been shut for over eight hours. Complete darkness. Total shut down
Boom.

A LOT can happen in eight hours, okay?

But in some miraculous turn of events I dare to open my eyes and... you're here.

Sleeping next to me. Not a care in the world. You see:

THAT starts a fire in my stomach (not the kind of fire they tell you not to play with when you're a kid- -cause I don't fuck with that)

The kind of fire that turns a house into a home during the winter, the kind of fire that could ignite a million cities: vidas llenas de fuego quemando el corazon, derritiendo eso que nos duele, prendiendo velitas de cumpleaños todos los dias de mi vida porque celebramos cada momento, PORQUE el amor ES REAL!-

BUT HOW WOULD YOU FUCKING KNOW IF YOU DON'T KNOW SPANISH?

(pause)

There can't be any poetry now, man. And that breaks my heart.

(beat, then)

I'M DONE.

With you...mono-linguistic men!

(MORE)

TE QUIERO

An excerpt from:
Franklin. Father. Papi

GABRIELA (CONT'D)

Who refuse to love bilingually, who think english is the language of love. I WILL NOT get lost in translation, or buzz words like "mi casa tu casa, cinco de mayo, I love taco tuesday"-- I'm like, Like Picasso! alright? He had his blue period, I had my white period, I MOVE ON.

(beat)

I am too full of life to be half loved

She exits.

ONE OLD PISSED OFF MEXICAN

Of course Mexicans love chile on their candy. Our candy defines our culture, we suffer even in our snacks.--But that's a good thing! I remember when my Mom gave me my first piece of Mexican candy, I was five and it started out as a delicious little treat, next thing I remember I woke up in the emergency room. You see our candy prepares you life. It can be sweet and delicious but when you least expect it, BAM. Nothing but fire and brimstone, just like life. That shit helped me get through some hard times. When I got laid off from work I thought, "Mexican Candy". When my wife left me for my brother I thought, "Mexican Candy". When I got my third DUI I thought...I fucked up.

But that's beside the point.--You know why Americans are so depressed?...Reese's Peanut Buttercups. It sends the wrong message, that life's too easy. It's the exact opposite of Mexican candy. Think about it, they start off with a silky delicious chocolate-y outside, then once they get through that, they get a creamy smooth peanut butter center--ARE YOU KIDDING ME!? That shit doesn't build character. Shit, it even comes wrapped in brown paper so their delicate little American fingers don't get dirty.

Now let me ask you, who do you think is going to be better prepared for life? Lupito who a skin graft on his tongue after his first Pulparino? Or "Chad" who goes through M&M's like a White Women go through anxiety medication?... That's what I thought.

NOT ALL TAMALES LOOK THE SAME

An excerpt from:
Not All Tamales Look the Same

Character: Catalina Herrera

Description: Catalina, a young college student, is being indicted by the Latinidad Certification Review Board to revoke her official Latinidad Certification License.

Note: Pronounce 'Tamales' in Spanish pronunciation, not English pronunciation.

CATALINA

Dios mio, I'm being indicted by the Latinidad Certification Review Board? Is this because of the Latino Student Union thing last week? Like, when we all went around in a circle to say everyone's favorite band, and everyone was like, Selena, Chicano Batman, Pedro Infante, Bad Bunny... And then, I said, Harry Styles? Because if it's about that, I swear, the only reason I listen to white people's music is because I went to a white high school. And, osea, isn't the look that everybody gave me, like enough of a punishment? I have never felt less Latina in my life.

Or did I not pass my last Latinidad certification test? Osea, I studied my whole life for my Latinidad Certification license, countless telenovelas, newscasts with Jorge Ramos, all those pan dulces... Oh my God, I answered the last essay question wrong, didn't I? In the event of an apocalypse, bolillo is more essential than una conchita, isn't it? Pero, conchitas taste so good!

Senorita Lawyer, is there anyway to appeal this decision? Because, honestamente, if Nacatamales, tamales dulces, humitas, and tamales rojos all still get called tamales, why can't I also be 100% certified Latina?

(MORE)

NOT ALL TAMALES LOOK THE SAME

An excerpt from:
Not All Tamales Look the Same

CATALINA (CONT'D)

Osea, not all tamales look the same, so should all "Latinos" be the same? My mom's Mexican and lightly tan. My dad's Salvadoran and kinda white. My great great grandmother is indigena. I'm from the United States and brown. And there's afrolatinos and asian latinos. And let's not even get into religion or all the different languages. Just because you're a Tamale dulce and I'm a Tamale de rajas, doesn't mean I'm not a Tamale.

THErapy AND SHIT

Based On A True Story

Latinos don't talk to therapists. We have so many family members to choose from, all of them are quick to tell you what to do, so why pay for that shit. No disrespect. I'm not against seeking professional help, obviously, I'm here. Desperate. (Laughs). Just painting a picture of my culture. There are advantages that a therapist provides that you're family can't, like, uh, not spreading rumors or having to listen to someone else's problems, but even when I was in an abusive relationship five years ago, I kept that shit to myself. Still never went to a therapist. Why when you can get 90 percent of the learning shit from TED Talks, right? That's an "A minus", I'll take that shit. But seriously, I recently watched a TED talk that said that therapy is not about getting answers from another person it's about finding out the answers from yourself guided by a safe place to do so, or some shit like that. Good, right?

(a beat)

I'm here because I need to know why I'm not in a committed *romantic* relationship with a woman. The key thing you have to understand is romantic. See, I'm a part time office assistant going on five years for an octogenarian woman. I got the job after a bad break-up five years ago. She paid me well. Hours were limited and odd. Mostly late afternoon and nights. She liked that there was a male in the house since her husband died and her children long since left. We sometimes would talk late into the night about how I deserved a woman who would not cheat on me or threaten me with violence. She knew before I did that my Ex was bad for me. It's funny, because she was hot.

(MORE)

THErapy AND SHIT

Based On A True Story

I mean fifty years ago, but still. Don't go thinking cochino thoughts. I'm just saying, I think I judge people's worth in what they say to me by how they look. Being eighty, her message never really hit me then. Just being truthful. She was like the grandmother I never had. I mean I have two grandmothers but they don't speak English and I don't speak Spanish, so it's a lot of smiling and eating and saying "pues si". God, how they must have felt so alienated by the world let alone by a non spanish speaking me. Maybe, therapy is good, if I'm getting to understand the loneliness we *all* feel at times.

God, I got this shake in my leg when I'm really scared of speaking the truth or about to. So, I'll just get to it. A couple months ago, I was replacing the front door lock for the same lady I was talking about. Do you remember? Okay. So, the wind was blowing especially hard. The windows were closed but some frames were bent so the shutters were slamming against the wall. And the old lady hates loud noises. She's nearly deaf but certain loud noises you would never know it, especially if they were emanating from around me. It's a constant battle between here and I. Evidently, my footsteps are too loud. It doesn't matter what kind of shoes I wear. I pound my way through the house according to her. We get some obese contractors coming through the house, evidently they're fleet of foot. Not a peep from her. I'm a buck fifty and I get hell. I could crawl across the floor and she would tell me to slither. I'm always making too much noise. So, the point is she's yelling at me to close the shutters but the door I'm fixing has no locking mechanism, so the moment I go to close the shutters. The door I'm fixing for her repeatedly slams against the frame. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

(MORE)

THERAPY AND SHIT

Based On A True Story

But the shutters don't have a latch, so the moment I go close the door, the shutters start hitting against the wall. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. It was a comedy act. Man, I was so frustrated I had it out with her. I told her that if she could just give me 20 minutes where I didn't have to chase after the damn wind, you'll have a door that works and new latches on your shutters. Then, she said if she was five years younger she could fix in 5 minutes. So I said " you're right, because if you were actually five years younger I wouldn't be here!" I felt I crossed the line with that one. She didn't say nothing, but not five minutes goes by and she's at it again, yelling at me to go close the shutters. I throw my screwdriver down and I swiftly get up to tell her off. But when I look into her eyes, there's fear. And It stops me in my tracks. I don't know what's going on. I'm confused. I can't describe it, but I'm scared too because I don't know how or why she's scared, you know. I ask her what is it that she wants me to do? And she says a bunch of words like if letters were spilled out of a bag and onto a floor.

(long pause)

The doctors says Dementia progresses differently for everyone. But something really selfish dawned on me as I was learning all this. For the last five years of my life I've been struggling with being alone, and wanting more than anything else to be in a relationship with a woman, and I realized... I was. It's wasn't like that, romantic, but she was (pause) a really kind, smart, funny, formerly very attractive, sorry but it's true, you can tell even if you didn't see old photos of her... And now three months since that episode, she doesn't know who I am.

(MORE)

THErapy AND SHIT

Based On A True Story

And I'm lost and I'm scared that I don't know what I'm supposed to do. It's like I have dementia. So, where does that leave me? I lost my best friend before I realized I had one.

(starts to leave)

I guess I wanted to come here today to keep the memory of my friend alive. But I'm leaving here coming to the realization that I was never really alone, because I always had her. God, it makes sense now. That maybe, she kept me around all these years because she was like me, lonely.

Wow. Therapy! This should be required as part of living. You're pro-rating this, right?

THE LINE

CARMEN

No, no, no, no. Abuela, please stop. Just listen to me. I'm sorry that we can't have this conversation in Spanish. I know it kills you. But do you ever consider what it might feel like to have your abuela hate you? Because of something as silly as language. I know it's more than the language; I know that. I wish I could speak it. I wish mom and dad thought they could survive here with Danny and I speaking Spanish. But they were terrified, and you know that. I wish I wasn't fighting for my identity every single day. That I wasn't a diversity hire to everyone at work. That I wasn't a coconut to everyone back at home...that the ladies at the taqueria didn't talk poorly about me in another language the moment they knew I couldn't properly converse with them...that coworkers are happy to bring me into a room when they need a translator, and just as happy to dismiss me when I can't be an asset to them. She's the brown girl, why was she hired if she can't even speak Spanish? I can't be your hope for a better future if you're denying me at my present. How is it possible to be everything and nothing all at once? I can try to be more this and more that, but I am sick and tired of walking that line. It's too narrow. If I keep failing both worlds, whose gonna catch me if I fall?

OYÉ FLACO

"Oyé Flaco, you're a good man. I don't care what the cheerleaders say about you." My dad would tell me this every time I did a good job. I was so young, I didn't understand the joke. My dad is extremely Chicano. One could even argue that he's chronically Chicano. He doesn't subscribe to anything NOT BROWN. He roots almost exclusively for Latino athletes, or those he'd like to be Latino. "Mira Flaco, that boxer's name is Hone-son, I bet he's your primo from the valley!" Dad, that's a black dude from Atlanta. His name is Johnson. He's had to work so hard for what he has that he's reluctant to spend any money at all. He'd tell me, "Corporate America has got you by the ASS Flaco. Mira, you want these puro designer shoes. Cabron Michael Jordan is selling plastic shoes made by the Vietcong, to the Brown, Black, and Indio kids. And you know what he's doing? He's laughing all the way to the bank.

(Motions toward a cartoonish tattoo of la Virgen de Guadalupe)

You want a \$100 tattoo? Chingao, me and your auntie Gorda gave each other this tattoo for free!" I don't think he was teaching me to be cheap. He was teaching me to think for myself. Don't just buy into something because everyone else is doing it. You see, my dad has a Masters degree in Psychology. He pulls mind tricks on you. He's basically a Mexican Jedi. He will straight up eat your lunch. "Mira Cabron, these aren't the tacos you're looking for." We grew up on a farm. I HATED feeding the chickens, pulling weeds, collecting water from the river. He would always trick me into paying attention. He would say, "Flaco, I paid a really old man a lot of money to show me this trick, but I'm going to show you for free." Of course by really old man he meant his dad, who was born in 1894, but I'm pretty sure he didn't pay him anything. One day I hope to be half as cool as my dad and tell my kids, Mira Flaco, I paid an old man a lot of money to show me this trick, but I'm only going to charge you half.

SAYING GOODBYE

ANNA, a 35 year old woman, is standing with her mom, husband LEO, and two brothers, Junior and Mateo, in a funeral viewing room. Her father lays on the table, he died suddenly of an aortic dissection. ANNA and her brothers are first-generation Cuban-Americans of their father side.

ANNA

I just want a few minutes alone
with him.

Her family exits. She goes and takes a seat alone
across from the body of her father.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Hi Daddy. I have to tell you about
everything you are going to miss.
And you're going to miss so much
Daddy, so much. We had a whole list
of things we wanted to do with you.
All the places we were going to go,
the beach, your favorite cafe, and
that great steakhouse. I just got
you back, and I had all these plans
for our visits. The pups are going
to miss you. You are going to miss
me becoming a mom. We were going to
tell you this weekend, I just hit
twelve weeks, I am pregnant. Do you
know how much it sucks that it
hurts to have any happiness. I was
so excited to tell you, to tell
everyone, and now I can't tell
anyone, not for another few weeks.
And Mom, oh my God, Mom. She is
going to drive me crazy. She is
going to bug me the whole time,
telling me how to do things. It was
your job to hold her back, who is
going to do that now? You know she
already called me fat. It's my
dad's wake, and she said I looked,
"puffy".

(MORE)

SAYING GOODBYE

ANNA (CONT'D)

First of all, I am pregnant, second of all, I lost about ten pounds because your little grandson had me puking my guts out for three months straight. Oh, yeah, its a boy. And we aren't telling anyone, but we are naming him after you, Alberto. And now you won't be there, you won't ever get to meet him. He won't get to meet you, wont get a Papi. It's not fair, everyone else got you as a grandpa but my kids don't get that. How am I supposed to do this all by myself? I am so angry, Mateo and Junior got all of this, they got to have you for everything. Me, I don't get any of it. And its not the same. I have to go now. I'm sorry Daddy, I'm sorry. If I don't go now won't be able to.

Anna gets up to leave, but then goes back and takes her father's hand.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I can't, I can't leave yet. I am going to miss you so much. I don't want to go out there. Because then your really gone, and my dad really died. You died on me.

Anna struggles to leave. She take a deep breath.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Bye Daddy. I love you.

Anna exits.

YO SOY AWESOME

Well I guess my only question for you would be... Do you know how awesome I am? When I was born my baby grip was so freakishly strong that I allegedly broke the nurse's finger. She freaked out and said I was "El anticristo". And that's the story of how I was banned from all Catholic hospitals at age 0.

Even as a kid I was known to be smarter than my peers. I got an A in every single class... except Pottery. Never got anything above a D in Pottery.

My mother always had high hopes for my future. She said "Mira nene, you are destined to become the greatest dermatologist or lawyer in all Upstate Rhode Island, Me cagüen la crica de Marta'!" But I had other plans, Dorotea Cristal Gonzalez Quintero Román Villa Marrero Grau Ramirez Suau Hernández de Mullet. Plans that were much bigger than Rhode Island but smaller than, like, New Jersey or something.

Here's a fun fact about me... I was voted 'Most Likely to Succeed'... At the mental hospital. Don't worry, I was there voluntarily, the handcuffs and gurney were just for show.

Let's play a game: I'm going to name all the jobs I've had in the past ten years, but one of them isn't true. Can you guess which one it is? Fight attendant. Amateur wrestler. Magician. Dog Trainer. Boner pill salesman. Teacher. Stripper. Marine Biologist. Surprise! They're all true. I'll work on anything that doesn't have to do with pottery or creepy twins that smile too much. So yeah, I think I have a lot to offer to this company. When do I start?

“ACCESSIBILITY NOT INCLUDED”

I once performed on a storytelling show, the theme of which was “Inclusivity and Different Perspectives”. You had me, Gregorio (or “Greg” for those who can’t roll their r’s), check the Hispanic and disabled boxes for the show’s white curator, and my fellow storytellers checked their boxes of respective othernesses. The show’s lineup looked like a community college information pamphlet.

As I check in, they tell me there’s an accessible pathway through the back. I’m expecting a Goodfellas-style entrance, but the supposedly accessible pathway is a narrow isthmus, cherry-topped with steps. Ironic that white liberals who are quick to call out Trump’s wall are unaware of the walls they’ve created for disabled Mexicans like me.

I comb my hair into a Karen-cut and complain to the manager. He apologized and stood there, doing his best to look concerned without offering any help. Dude was more stuck than I was. Finally, he weakly mustered up “I’m afraid you won’t be able to perform tonight”. My inclusion was revoked as quickly as it was offered. There were no concrete solutions, because there was no concrete ramp.

I turn around, defeated. Another storyteller suggests, “We could just lift Greg up.” There, I realized that that’s always been the answer to providing better opportunities for disabled people: lifting us up, both literally and figuratively. So some black, brown, and queer hands grab ahold of my wheelchair and lift. Which shouldn’t be surprising, because those hands have lifted America since its beginning. As I take the stage, I open with my first line: “They say the hardest part about performing is just getting up here...”

LADY DENTIST

Hi, I'm Marisol Flores, I'm here for a drilling—I mean, cleaning. Sorry, I'm kinda nervous, I haven't seen a lady dentist since I was 13, so like 5 years ago.

I met my first one when my parents dragged me to her house to get my teeth fixed in time for my *quinceañera*, which was like 2 years away, but my mom insisted que el tiempo vuela, so there we were.

We pulled up in my dad's old, pea-green lancha at this sketchy duplex with black-out curtains. My dad knocked in some sort of code, and when the door opened, this perfect, tall lady stood there. Taller than any Mexican woman I'd ever seen. This beautiful voice filtered through her face mask. *Hola, soy Linda*. Yes, yes you are. It was as if my heart bloomed for the first time ever, releasing thousands of tiny butterflies into my belly.

She had a legit dentist's chair crammed into the tiny dining room. This was the best option without insurance, but since she was referred by a trusted compadre, it checked out.

Once a week, she poked around my crooked ass teeth to John Lennon blasting over a little bluetooth speaker, singing along loudly to every word. A voice so tone-deaf it made you question why she even bothered with the black-out curtains.

I pictured us dancing together at my quince, me in my poofy dress, and her, in her scrubs. I wanted to tell her I loved her, but I was way too shy. Then, the quarantine happened. My lady dentist cancelled our visits. My heart sank. Months went by, until FINALLY, she called. This was my chance!

The lancha couldn't get us there fast enough. My dad knocked, and as she opened the door, and before my parents could notice, I reached up to adjust my brand-new face mask, and behind that *tela*, I whispered, *I love you*.

NET QUEEN

ROSA, in baggy sweats, walks into her room and begins trying on different outfits—each one more risqué than the last. She eventually finds herself in soft purple lingerie and tops it off with kitten ears. She's perplexed at what she sees in the mirror.

ROSA
You know what? Screw it.

Rosa takes out her phone and fiddles with it for a minute.

ROSA (CONT'D)
Username...? Okay. Hmm...

She looks at the kitten ears.

ROSA (CONT'D)
QueenKitty. Taken?! Fine. Then I'll just go with...QueenKitty1. Profile picture, check. Bio, check. Okay, I think I'm good to go.

She scrolls for a second. Seeing all the accounts is incredibly overwhelming.

ROSA (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ there are so many friggin' people on this thing.

Rosa takes a breath. She tosses her phone on the ground and turns directly towards the audience.

ROSA (CONT'D)
(a beat)
This... is fucking amazing. Think about it? I have a chance, WE have a chance to be, to like, basically be small business owners from the comfort of our bedrooms and all we have to do is take a few scandy pictures in our underwear? I've been doing that for years FOR FREE. Some guys didn't even have to ask for them, I just did it out of the kindness of my own heart! But now? This is business. No cash, no ass! I need a strategy, a foolproof marketing and proper distribution strategy. Okay, so what do we know?

(MORE)

NET QUEEN

ROSA (CONT'D)

White guys on the internet LOVE fetishizing Latinas. That's just fact. But their deep-rooted misogyny is our financial gain, baby! Hell, I don't even speak proper Spanish, but they don't gotta know that!

I think one picture a day will do it to lure them in, and then on...Sunday FUNDAYS I'll give them a 30-second video of me doing something stupid like like... eating fuckin' cereal in my underwear or playing videogames with my tits popping out or something. Point is, it really doesn't matter. These men, or women, get off more on this idea of exclusive intimacy than they do the actual content. I never said content is King and for that reason...us Queens get to thrive using whatever we got, whenever we want, and however we want to do it. What we say goes and their card will still be on file next month.

ERASING YELLOW LINES

Clothing: Large basketball shorts that are commonly worn when paroled. All white shoes. Medium sized socks. Large, white t-shirt that has a stenciled "CDCR" in the front, displaying names and numbers of people incarcerated. A regular sized picture is to be used interchangeably.

(Opening tableau: The corrections officer [c/o] is breathing heavily and filled with anger. Performed with the voice of an older, white guy. The c/o stands center stage with chest rising and falling, looking at the audience with a note [prop] in hand)

c/o

Rod-Re-Guess,
pack your shit
Let's go. *(Curls finger in front of face, motioning to come here)*

JOHN

(Runs forward then stops suddenly)

In six months' time *(taps wrist, motioning for time)*
They say I'll surely be back *(Points and looks backwards)*
to a place that is often misunderstood.

Couldn't vote *(motioning a check mark with note)*
take a swig from the booze *(drinks from invisible container)*
or rip a cigarette *(Motion of smoking. Pause)*

(Jumps and lands in a squatting position)
Make the concrete my home *(hand gestures of wall closing in)*
where the caskets are stacked
like black and brown Legos. *(stacking items in front of him)*
tattoos are used *(grabs left hand and caresses it with right hand from fingertip to inside shoulder)*
to cover childhood traumas.
Boots continually clank *(stomp feet military style)*
keys dangle *(shake coins in pocket)*
no more phone calls *(heightened voice, stomping gets louder)*
the mail stops *(strong clap. Let photo drop)*

(MORE)

ERASING YELLOW LINES

C/O

Rod-Re-Guess (*smiles angrily at audience*)
you'll be back motherfucker (*Springs forward and points index
finger at audience*)

JOHN

I gather my things (*picks up photo from ground*)
Don't know how to use a phone (*shakes head*)
or understand the perpetual posts of photos (*motions the hand in
a flickering motion,
resembling invisible
posts in the air*)

Or why folks look at screens when they eat (*places photo close
to his face and
stares at it like a
robot*)

The jeans have become tighter (*grabs jeans and pulls them closer
to his skin*)

The four-way crosswalks still scare me (*looks at four directions
as if stuck in the
middle of a street*)

Hello? (*motions joining a call with photo that acts as a phone*)
Your phone call may be monitored or recorded
But I do it for them
I embody 'em in every move
Everything I do
Take them into classrooms (*swings imaginary classroom door open,
comes forward*)
Let their spirits ride shotgun with me (*motions controlling a
steering wheel and stares
at passenger seat,
imagining a friend next
to him*)
As we idle in traffic (*deeply hurt, voice breaks. Stands there
breathing deeply, exhausted*)

C/O

(*Heavy breathing turns into the deepest level of anger. Voice
and body are trembling. Body shakes with anger*)

Rod (*quick pause*) Freakin' (*quick pause*) Re-Guess!
A-E-2-2-2-6! (*Slaps table*)

(MORE)

ERASING YELLOW LINES

JOHN

(Head is looking down and is slowly raised)

I hurt, because they are not home *(holds photo forward with one
hand, showing audience)*
and I am a representation of the youth that have been disregarded
not inmates
not homies *(Long pause. turns photo around, looks at it, takes a
deep breath, then smiles and looks at audience)*

but family.

Sir, (looks backward then forward)
I am never coming back (slowly shakes head side to side)

*(Closing tableau: John hugs the picture, covers it over his heart
with two hands, closes his eyes and motions head downward)*

LOS TECOLOTES DEL NORTE

CLARA (early 20s, Mestiza), dressed in a thirty-dollar suit from Ross Dress for Less, which is to say corporate on a shoestring budget, looks nervously into her cell phone, directly addressing someone on the other end of the video chat. There's a lanyard and ID card strung around her neck. Her face is illuminated by the camera's glow and the background behind her is black.

CLARA

Marjorie, I'm like, super thankful to be here because I know interns don't usually get asked to events this big... and I can tell by the roar of the crowd out there that this is, like, BIG-big... but I feel there has been, um, a misunderstanding of a very fundamental sort.

When I said I was from the border, I can understand why you interpreted that as me having the skills necessary to help the firm welcome this band to the stage. I get it, it's not every day you launch a new line of wireless headphones on a date that happens to fall on Cinco de Mayo.

But I'd like to pause here to mention that technically and culturally speaking, Cinco de Mayo is only celebrated in Puebla, Mexico, and the band out there is from Zacatecas, several hundred miles to the northwest. But Marjorie, I AM NOT FROM THE MEXICAN BORDER. I'm from the Canadian border. I was very clear about that in my intake interview, I'm sure it's in my school file. Oh god, I think I hear an accordion.

Marjorie, I cannot stand up there and be the go-between for them and the C.E.O. You have to sober their interpreter up! There are bagels to the left of you, in the conference room! I am terrified of public speaking, especially in front of hundreds of people, and the press, and that is very hard for me to admit out loud because I come from the land of stoic politeness and hockey and ice fishing.

(More)

LOS TECOLOTES DEL NORTE

CLARA (CONT'D)

I know I have to leave this supply closet but it feels really safe and warm in here right now. Marjorie, what do I do? I can hear footsteps. They're coming for me.

Marjorie! I don't even speak Spanish! My parents are Brazilian!

(SILENCE. Then Clara, terrified, hearing footsteps, makes THE SIGN OF THE CROSS. To herself, in Portuguese:)

CLARA (CONT'D)

Meu Deus, me ajude, eu ouço botas de caubói...

FADE TO BLACK.

EVELYN TORRES AT ICU

EXT. HOSPITAL- NIGHT

Evelyn Torres stands outside of a hospital ER. She smokes a cigarette.

EVELYN

"Evey, life is not a TV show." Its something my mom used to say to me. Telling a kid that, or any person, for that matter, is good intentioned, and ill natured, simultaneously, know what I mean? So you're telling me life isn't a TV show because you want me to get my head out of my ass so I can get my supposed life together? Yeah, isn't that generous. My mom deputized herself to be the alarm clock of my dreams because she wanted me to wake up and not be her. Cool. She didn't realize sobering me up to the daily realities of adulthood would tear away any sense of wonder I had. And that's just mean. And wrong, cause life is indeed a television show.

Or, at least it is for some people. Like my father, in there. He's in ICU. Oh, he was the star of his own show, and he never even had to move to L.A. Just like a main character on one of those sitcoms, no matter how deep in it he got, no matter how many people he pissed off, hurt or betrayed, by the end of the episode, at least to him, everything has turned out the way it was supposed to. You know what I would love about living in TV show too? The lines are drawn in bright neon highlighter telling you who the bad guys are, and who the good guys are.

That man in there taught me to ride a bike, and is the same man who had to give up my laptop over a gambling expense, and is the same guy who lit my boyfriends car on fire in 11th grade when I found out he was cheating on me, and is the same guy who once broke my mom's jaw, and i know I should hate him, but I can't because he's my dad. The star. And I'm so sick of being just a character in his show.

(MORE)

EVELYN TORRES AT ICU

EVELYN

Hey, I'm gonna go...yeah. No, don't worry. I have plenty of people to talk to. I will take another cigarette if you want to be generous. Thanks.

Evelyn takes the cigarette and begins to walk back into the hospital.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Maybe I need to start working on my spin off.

THE PINEAPPLE DIARIES

CATALINA

So I had this serious craving for some bistec con arroz y habichuela the other day. The one from Miami Restaurant. I was right around the corner so I just went in to order take out.

It was raining out that day so I couldn't really kill time walking around the neighborhood- you know, so I just bought a cold presidente and sat at one of the tables by myself.

Raulin was playing so loud on the speakers. There was this group of middle-aged men in windbreakers wearing Red Sox hats huddled together at a table by the window- leaning back in their seats to watch the baseball game that was playing on the screen in the corner behind them.

I looked around the restaurant, noticing the clutter of photographs that use to hang on the walls, wasn't there anymore. I realized in that moment, that I missed them- that I wished they were still there. But why?

I was awkwardly scrolling through my phone, taking small sips, hoping it would last long enough - waiting in a space filled with men with a soundtrack of loud overly bassed bachata in the background probably would make anyone feel like they had to awkwardly disimular- *dique como que ta haciendo algo en su celular.*

I kept looking up to la muchachita at the counter. She'd turn around to ask the cook through the metal ventanita if my food was ready. She'd turn back around and shake her head like - *"todavía"*.
"Quieres otra cerveza?"

I shook my head *"No gracias"*. Them rice and beans are worth it though. I just kept waiting. At this point I put my phone down- stopped looking through wedding day to-do lists and took a final sip of my beer.

(MORE)

THE PINEAPPLE DIARIES

CATALINA (CONT'D)

You know that last sip you take just out of habit at this point 'cause there's not really even a drop left.

And I just decided to sit there resting my chin on my hand. Looking at the now empty wall.

Just then a man came into the shop- little pancista, aviator style seeing glasses and one of those 90s style bomber jackets- not like funky - just like simple, in like a muted brown -- something you would see Balbuena wear in Nueva Yol.

He seemed surprised to see that group of men near the window. Maybe they use to work together- I didn't quite make that out. But anyway- they greet him, "*Hey Fulano!*" I didn't- I don't remember his name. Anyway- that part doesn't matter. He shook each guys' hand and they did a little small talk.

You know, that kind of small talk Dominicans do so well:

"Bate- como está todo?"

"Bieeeeeen bieeen. Todo tranquilo."

"Te mudaste, verdad? Como va eso?"

"Oh bien, gracias a Dios. Si. Si. Si."

"Y tu hija?"

"Oh bien- bien una maravilla, una maravilla- ella se mudó también, compró su primera casa por ahí por Salem."

"Que bien mi hermano - y los nietos?"

"Oh bieeeeeen bieeeeeen - eso muchachito tienen pila de energia. 24/7, 24/7. Si si"

It was comforting to me, I don't know why - it brought a smile to my face- just kind of feeling like I knew what this small talk was gonna look like and it ended up looking just like I had imagined. The dragged out "*biens*" the repeated "*biens*" the "*gracias a Dios*" and "*tranquilito*".

(MORE)

THE PINEAPPLE DIARIES

CATALINA (CONT'D)

Fulano kind of patted one of the guys on the back to softly end the conversation and hop over to the counter to pick up his take out order. When he was at the counter I got a good look at him- his pudgy cheeks, his small crater scars, the grey around his side burns.

He reminded me of my Dad. Papi lives in DR, taking care of the family business and a couple colmadones. I try to see him every year- we talk as much as we can on the video chat and whatsapp.

We do that small talk thing all the time.

"Mija, como tu ta? Como va eso en los Boton?"
"Biennn Papi todo bien"

In that moment I had this vision in my head - of my Dad, in Santo Domingo, walking into a restaurant to pick up takeout and seeing a group of old friends gathered at a table.

"Rodolfo! Oh Oh! Cuanto tiempo! Como va todo? Y la familia! Y tu hija? Y los nietos?"

...and I wondered about what he says. What does he say? Does he tell them real stories? His daughter is divorced, no kids -31. Does he sugar coat it- or just say, "bieeen bieeen"?

Does he say, "she's working hard, just graduated- she's a pharmacist now!" Does he even call it that? Does he say something more general like, "she's in the medical field" - does he say I'm getting re-married. Does he say any of that stuff at all. Does it stress him out when his friends ask about me? Or is he proud to talk about me? Does he say he's proud of me? (Beat.)

(MORE)

THE PINEAPPLE DIARIES

CATALINA (CONT'D)

I don't know. In that moment, I thought to myself, I don't know if my Papi says he's proud of me in those moments of small talk... maybe he doesn't need to say it for me to feel that he is. It just occurred to me, how much it would mean to me to know that on any given day, at any moment- when coming across a friend in an unexpected place...that he can say that in some way, I have made him proud.

LEO'S MONOLOGUE

An excerpt from:
"Familia on the Verge of a..."

Leo has just rushed out of his parents' house during Thanksgiving dinner with his 1 year old child bundled up in his arms. He has just suffered a major panic attack and is sitting outside on the curb talking to his older brother who's checking up on him.

LEO

I'm sorry, alright. I'm sorry I rushed out of there like that.....No, the baby stays with me while that's happening.....I don't want him anywhere near that...besides my therapist says fresh air is good..... (They stare up at the night sky) Remember when you'd come home late at night and I'd peak my little 8 year old head through the curtains waiting for you all night.....I'd get so excited when lights hit the driveway....."He's home! He's home!" I'd yell.....I'd waddle over to the door and bam.....there I was waiting for you in my little overalls and Tupac shirt you got me.....we'd hug. I'd start talking to you about some videogame or cartoon and then after like 5 mins you'd go directly to your room. You were a moody 19 year old.....I'd knock and knock and knock on your door but my arm would get tired..... so I'd give up...and then...and then I'd go to my room.....and then.....you know.....I could hear them fighting...fighting at 11:30pm.....Karla and Imara would rush over when things got really bad. I remember them physically ripping mom off of dad once or vice-versa, didn't really matter really..... then sometimes you'd all try to save each other and you had to pull one of you off from them....things got really bad when the police would come.....

(MORE)

LEO'S MONOLOGUE

An excerpt from:

"Familia on the Verge of a..."

LEO

but sometimes.....sometimes....we'd all hang out and talk like a family...like what we witnessed wasn't real.....gone in a instantwe'd be a family for a moment...the world would stop and we'd talk for hours, cook food, play games and then it'd be 2 in the morning; Imara would leave, followed by Karla, then you....and then like clock work....30 mins later mom and dad would fight again....and here I was.....alone....all my siblings gone.....and me alone. All of you saving yourselves from them.....and this 8 year old boy alone.....(he tears up).....why didn't any of you save me.....I'd sit their listening to them complain, argue, and hit each other..... Why didn't you take me with you and save me?! WHY?! WHY?! (he breaks down) I needed you.....when things got the worst they could be....none of you were there.....and mom and dad couldn't be there cause.....they were the problem. (he's crying....he looks at his baby) But I won't let that happen to him.....I'll save him. (he proceeds to sing "Arroró mi Niño" The baby goes to sleep)

DISTANCE

I take pride in calling myself a "patriota." I was raised under the Caribbean sun and las chancletas de mi abuela. Sunday morning, I was at church, and by night I roamed the street of "El Viejo San Juan." I grew up around the ocean and mountains. Even when I moved to the United States, my pride never died. I have seven Puerto Rican flags in my room, three baseball jerseys, and I can recite every single song of Hector Lavoe from memory. Boricua hasta en la luna.

I thought nothing would question my patriotism. But you know what did? Distance.

My grandfather died in the middle of a hurricane, and I couldn't say goodbye. I was in an apartment with water and electricity while my family had to drink from the river, hoping that they wouldn't catch bilharzia. While I was sleeping in my empty bed, my aunt was holding her door shut, so the winds and rain wouldn't destroy her house. I went to a bakery to grab a coffee, maybe a pastry or two, while my mother didn't know what to cook because aid couldn't arrive in the mountains. But I saw people gathering supplies and canned goods for Puerto Rico, and I helped. I felt better.

Months after, my people were marching to overthrow a corrupt government. My uncle was arrested while protecting his people's rights while I was at the gym. My best friends protested day and night, while I was drinking wine with my coworkers. My pastor led his church while they joined thousands of Puerto Ricans marching down the biggest highway on the island, and I was just... home. But then I saw some Puerto Ricans marching at a civil rights museum near my house, so I joined. I felt good.

Now they have tremors while fighting a pandemic. They cannot go outside because of social distancing, but they fear to be inside because the house might collapse, while I jog some laps around my neighborhood. How can I call myself a patriota if I don't feel what they feel? I thought I wouldn't question my patriotism. With distance, I did.

IN YOUR HANDS *EN TUS MANOS*

Character: Gabby

Age: 30's

Sex: Female

Nationality: Mexican American | Latina Americana

Summary: Gabby speaks to God while in the bathroom, and finally comes to terms with her infertility and her faith in God.

GABBY

Not pregnant. God, you sure have a sense of humor. You give me this feeling in my gut that I'm supposed to be a mother. You even come to me in a dream with it, and yet here I am. One more test stick for the trash.

I guess it's true what they say, that there is a plan and that everything happens for a reason, but all I know is that I am tired. Tired of the fertility drugs, the ovulation kits, the tears, and the money spent. It's exhausting to hope and wait only to be disappointed over and over again and in the bathroom. Always feeling disappointed in the bathroom.

Maybe, I stop. I won't have to talk about how we're trying, and feel the look of pity when yet again, it all didn't work. And to not have to hear, "But you're Mexican, aren't you like, born fertile?" The ignorance. It's not fair, to want something so much.

You're right, I don't need kids. Why did I want them anyway? No more peeing, on sticks right? But if I accept this fate, what was it all for? Leave it all to God they said. How could you lead me on like that?

Two years. I'm so tired. Tired of the expectation that I should be able to do this one thing. Tired of believing. I wanted to believe, to believe in you so badly, but I can't. Not anymore. This stops now.

WHITEISH

What else do I want? For all the questions to stop, for starters. I didn't mean you, sorry. It's just... unbearable. As if I had to prove my existence. I'm not a unicorn.

Maybe it's all in my head. I'm projecting my insecurities. No. People are easily confused. It's always black or white. There isn't any room for gray, or rainbows for that matter. But there should be.

When will I stop having to explain the fact that I don't like spicy food, for example? No jalapenos, thank you. Do you think it's weird that I don't want jalapenos? Exactly. Why can't people accept that? As soon as people know I'm Latin, they quickly assume I like spicy food. But I don't! I'm not breaking any rules. Am I?

It's frustrating. People who don't know I'm of Latin descent, also get confused. Do you speak Spanish? I had no idea you were Mexican. TWENTY different countries speak the language. If you call them out, you're too sensitive, or ashamed of who you are. It is not the case! But try to win that argument.

No onions, no secret sauce. Could I please have the ketchup on the side? Sorry. I did say no ketchup before, but I've changed my mind.

You're right. I am confusing. Huh. I'm not white enough, not Latin enough...I'm just me.

Everybody listen up! I'm whiteish! I don't like certain foods, and that is okay. I speak multiple languages, and that is okay. I don't need you to understand me. I am who I am, and that is okay.

Wow. That felt good. Thank you, Kenyatta. What a unique name, Kenyatta. Is it Russian? Oh. What language do they speak in Kenya? Really? I had no idea. Do you mind if I ask a few more questions?



N O S O T R O S 2 N D A N N U A L

YA TU SABES!

M O N O L O G U E S L A M

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WHO SUBMITTED!**

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