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April 13, 2015

Somewhere In Between

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An abstract of

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Abstract

Somewhere In Between

By Ian Gregory Trutt

Ian and Anna live a normal married life until they discover an old radio in their attic (or maybe the basement). When the radio suddenly comes to life with the voice of Ian's grandfather, tensions arise between the couple. Anna try at turning the occasion into her big break, and Ian's violent response cause the two to separate for a time. Will their past love and young daughter help the two reconnect? Or will it end in divorce? Or will they find themselves somewhere in between?

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CHARACTERS

IAN..... 20 in the ballgame flashback, but 30 otherwise, white and Puerto Rican

ANNA..... IAN's wife, his age, Anglo-Irish

GREG..... IAN's grandfather and JOEY's father, a voice on the radio

ELIZABETH..... ANNA's mother, sixties but acts like she's from another era

JOEY..... IAN's uncle, Puerto Rican, 40

EMILY..... IAN and ANNA's daughter, never seen

RADIO voices also occur.

Shadow dreams are played by the actor as noted in the scene.

SETTING

There should be a scrim to use for shadow dream scenes. There should be a table for the radio and space for an easel. A couch should be used to denote this space as a living room.

TIME

Modern-day, with some anachronisms. It's a world where radios can talk and the Expos play in Montreal. Some scenes are set in the dreamscape. Flashbacks are shown on film.

Music might be used after parts one, two, and three.

SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN

By Ian Gregory Trutt

PART ONE

Forgotten Dreams

(ANNA lays on the couch and speaks into a tape recorder.)

ANNA

Lopez looked a little worse for wear today. One error in the sixth inning left the Diamondbacks in a –

(IAN enters, wearing a suit.)

IAN

(a caricature of the 50's)

Honey, I'm home.

ANNA

I hate it when you do that.

IAN

You're supposed to say "I'm so glad my husband is back from bringing home the bacon!"

ANNA

When have I ever sounded like that?

IAN

It's a game. It's role play.

ANNA

It's a bit early in the night for that...

(SHE struggles to turn off the recorder.)

ANNA

Stupid thing.

IAN

I thought you were the expert on electronics.

ANNA

It's just an old model.

IAN

You working on an article?

ANNA

Yeah. Diamondbacks and Expos.

IAN

(picking up a baseball from the table)

Who won?

ANNA

Diamondbacks, despite some shitty infielding.

IAN

Ugh, that's upsetting. Not that I'm a big fan of Montreal either. Or Canada at all. Except for their bacon.

ANNA

You mean ham?

IAN

Canadian *bacon*.

ANNA

Good Lord, you've just got bacon on the brain.

IAN

Speaking of which, you know that thing about "bringing home the bacon?"

ANNA

Yeah?

IAN

Not happening anymore.

(beat)

ANNA

What do you mean?

IAN

I'm no longer a detective with the Fulton County Police Department.

ANNA

Did you get transferred?

IAN

Nope.

ANNA

You just decided to change precincts?

IAN

No, there's no new precinct. There's no precinct at all. I got laid off.

ANNA

Oh my God.

IAN

They wanted more blues on the streets, so they cut me and Giberson.

ANNA

They can't just do that!

IAN

They can.

ANNA

What about us? I don't make enough on my own to cover the house and all of Emily's afterschool things. Shit, and we just enrolled her in summer camp! I really don't want to have to withdraw her after we told her –

IAN

Hey, one thing at a time. I'm gonna start looking at other counties, maybe do some private security gigs... Part of me wants to leave the force entirely.

ANNA

What else would you do?

IAN

I don't know. It's been my life. My whole family –

ANNA

I know. Your uncle, your dad... everyone was a cop or in the military.

IAN

It's just something to think about.

ANNA

Well, don't think about it for too long, because we're fucked if you don't find something soon.

IAN

I've got good news, too...

ANNA

You were just joking about getting laid off?

IAN

Nope.

ANNA

You've already got another job lined up?

IAN

Nope.

ANNA

I give up, what's the good news?

(HE puts the baseball in her hand, runs out, and comes back on with something behind his back.)

IAN

I found *this*.

(HE pulls an old radio from behind his back. Pause.)

ANNA

What the fuck is that?

IAN

It's a radio.

ANNA

I see that it's a radio. I wanna know why you think hauling in a dusty old radio is good news.

IAN

It's my grandfather's radio.

ANNA

Really?

IAN

It says “Greg Santiago” right on the side. Papa always liked doing that. Put his name on all his things to prove it was his, that he had earned it...

ANNA

Where did you find it?

IAN

In the attic.

ANNA

Our attic?

IAN

Yup.

ANNA

Aren't you afraid of heights?

IAN

Must've been the basement, then.

ANNA

Why were you in the basement?

IAN

Just digging around. Found some art supplies from college... Emily's baby toys...

(Pause.)

ANNA

Well, it'll be nice to have something to remember him by. Greg was a funny old man.

IAN

You think you could fix it?

ANNA

It's broken?

IAN

Well, I put batteries in it, and it didn't work. So that's broken to me.

ANNA

I have to finish the article first.

IAN
No big deal, I'll just leave it right here. For the master.

(HE sets it on the table next to her.)

ANNA
You're trying to tempt me.

IAN
Maybe...

ANNA
It won't work.

(Silence. SHE hands him the baseball and starts to open it up.)

ANNA
Fine. Let's see what's wrong with it.

IAN
Sports writer by day, handyman by night.

ANNA
Handyman?

IAN
Handywoman? Handyperson?

ANNA
(focusing on the radio)
Nice save.

IAN
I'll be right back.

(HE sets the baseball on the table and exits.)

ANNA
(calling off)
It should be an easy fix.

IAN (O.S.)
What's wrong?

ANNA
You're an idiot.

IAN (O.S.)

Hey!

ANNA

There's a loose wire that says "signal transmitter."

(IAN comes back with a canvas on an easel.)

IAN

You're just making shit up. I didn't see that.

(He sets it downstage and runs back off.)

ANNA

It's written in Spanish.

IAN (O.S.)

Well, you're better at reading that than me.

ANNA

(mumbling)

I married the one Puerto Rican who doesn't speak Spanish...

IAN (O.S.)

What?

ANNA

(louder)

Nothing!

(IAN comes back with a pencil, drafting triangle, a paint brush, and a small can of paint.)

ANNA

It's fixed. Good as new.

(SHE switches the radio on. Static. IAN has begun drawing on the canvas, making precise lines with the pencil and triangle.)

IAN

Great job, honey.

(SHE mutters something under her breath. She stares at him.)

ANNA

What are you doing...?

Painting. IAN

No, you're drawing. ANNA

You have to draw before you paint. IAN

Oh yeah, Picasso? ANNA

Hush, I am trying to work! IAN

You don't paint. ANNA

I do. IAN

(ANNA picks up the baseball and crosses to him.)

Since when? ANNA

I did some in college. IAN

You painted walls and shit. It wasn't fine art. ANNA

My grandfather painted a bit. IAN

I don't think it's a hereditary skill. ANNA

Maybe not. IAN

(Silence.)

You still haven't seen your daughter since you've been home today. She's been asking for you. ANNA

IAN

Well that explains the animosity.

ANNA

Children don't really harbor animosity.

IAN

I meant from you. Emily misses me because I'm the cool parent.

ANNA

I'm cool!

IAN

Who did she bring to show and tell?

ANNA

I'm a cool parent.

IAN

But I have a badge and a gun. And people *love* detective shows.

ANNA

Had.

IAN

What?

ANNA

You *had* a badge and a gun.

(A tense silence between them.)

ANNA

What are you painting? Or drawing, I guess...

IAN

I don't want to say.

ANNA

Come on, tell me.

IAN

You already criticized me for painting in the first place! If I tell you what it is, you'll think it's stupid.

I mean, maybe. If it really is stupid.

(Pause.)

Please?

(Silence.)

I keep having this dream...

You're painting your dreams?

I'm painting *a* dream.

What about?

I'll tell you if you quit asking *questions!*

Sorry! Fucking sensitive artists.

I dream that I'm running.

From what?

That's a question!

Ugh.

I'm running... down. Like I'm descending. Sometimes in a hotel, sometimes in a warehouse, anywhere with levels... And I'm running from police, the army, the FBI.

Guilty conscience, darling?

ANNA

ANNA

IAN

ANNA

IAN

ANNA

IAN

ANNA

IAN

ANNA

IAN

ANNA

IAN

ANNA

IAN

No. I mean, I don't know. I thought about it and... at first I thought it was something about my job. But I remembered that I've been having this dream since I was a teen. You know my uncle was a cop, and my other uncle was special forces. So I thought maybe it was some internal struggle with being Latino. But it's not just the Puerto Rican side. My dad was Air Force. So maybe it's a thing about the guys in my life and what I'm supposed to be? And then there's the running. Some people would leap down staircases or rappel down the side of a balcony, but heights are my biggest fear. So maybe it's that I'm running but my fears are keeping me from getting away from the things I know about myself and who I am. Or that all that reputation and what a man should be is following me, and if I want to truly get away from it, if I don't want that, I'm going to have to make a serious leap.

ANNA

A leap of faith?

IAN

I dunno. I mean, maybe I do want to leap, but can't I take some of the other stuff, too? Do I have to let go of everything to move forwards?

(Pause.)

IAN

Do you ever just feel like you're two different people fighting to try and make something beautiful? Some yin-yang dichotomy that you just can't seem to land on?

(Pause.)

ANNA

I like your painting.

IAN

It's just a drawing.

ANNA

Then drop the pencil and dive right into painting.

IAN

Maybe that's my leap.

ANNA

Only if your income leaps with it, babe...

IAN

Very funny.

(SHE loosens up his tie.)

ANNA

And try not to get it on your nice clothes.

(SHE turns to go. HE stops her.)

IAN

We're gonna get through this, Anna.

ANNA

I know.

(SHE exits. IAN removes his tie and jacket. HE dips a paintbrush into red paint and touches it to canvas. Blackout.)

Within

(IAN lays on the couch with the paintbrush in hand. HE falls asleep. Various cutouts and props are used to create shadow landscapes that relate to different images in the monologue. Specific images are demanded by the stage directions, but others are open to interpretation. A MAN, played by JOEY's actor, stands in front of the scrim. His clothes should be timeless and his face obscured in some way.)

MAN

I took a walk with a friend earlier. Elizabeth, her name was. She and I took a walk. We went down 7th Avenue towards the nightlife district. We came across a few courtesans, and I gave them a wink as we passed.

(Distorted shadows of three larger, well-dressed men.)

MAN

My companion and I passed by a few clubs of ill repute, where disheveled white men in equally white suits loiter about the sidewalks. I positioned myself between these devils and my companion in an attempt to ease her anxiety, as women are prone to feel in such situations. Undoubtedly, the other men saw this as an act of possession, that the young lady I travelled with was mine and mine alone. I assure you, of course, that no such thought entered my mind. I took my companion's hand and ushered her along quickly past their groping hands, and when we had passed I pulled her back into my embrace. I asked whether she was alright, and she assured me that she was, though her eyes suggested otherwise. I turned her chin, looked directly into her eyes and asked again. This time she responded in a meek voice, as women are prone to do in such situations. I chuckled and released her, then she and I resumed our walk.

(A large door looms.)

MAN

We arrived at her home, and she shakily reached for her keys. A woman's hesitation at the door is generally an indication that she wishes to continue the evening inside in more private chambers.

(As MAN approaches the "door" upstage, it grows smaller and smaller until it is comically too small for him to pantomime against.)

MAN

I, however, was not one to take advantage of such a young girl, and so I grabbed the keys from her hand and unlocked the front door on her behalf. I opened the door widely and allowed her to pass by me into her home.

(MAN stands in front of a now bare scrim. The only projection is that of MAN's own shadow.)

MAN

I left her there and began this journey home, where I came across –

(He peers offstage.)

MAN

There's a girl sitting on the curb just up ahead. She appears to be crying.

(MAN's shadow grows slightly.)

MAN

Excuse me, miss? Miss?

(The shadow grows.)

MAN

Miss! I said, excuse me!

(The shadow grows quickly.)

MAN

No, don't go. I'd like to help you.

(The shadow grows.)

MAN

Let me –

(He reaches out his arm suddenly, and the shadow fills the height of the scrim.)

MAN

She's gone. But why? What could have scared her? She was safe! I was right here, ready to protect her, and now she's run off into the night. What a fool! Someone who would run from safety should just as soon be scared of their own shadow.

(He turns and sees his towering shadow which stays in place. A beat, then blackout.)

(Wo)Man And Machine

(The radio sits on the table, PLAYING barely audible salsa puertorriqueña. ANNA enters with the baseball. The radio STOPS. ANNA leans over the radio while wielding the ball menacingly.)

ANNA

I know you're alive. I just heard you.

(Silence.)

Some static and fuzzy salsa music... is that all you've got?

(Silence.)

Alright, this is how it's gonna work. Me and my little friend here are going to make you talk. And when you do, I'll stick a bow on you, and you'll make a nice little surprise for my husband.

(Silence. ANNA sighs, sets down the baseball and opens up the back panel of the radio. After some fiddling, she gives up.)

Fuck you, you old dinosaur.

(Pause.)

GREG (ON RADIO)

Didn't your mom ever teach you to respect your elders?

(ANNA's eyes widen. SHE slowly turns to the radio.)

GREG

I may be getting old, but I still sharp in the head!

ANNA

What station is this on?

(SHE tries to change the station. Static and muffled sounds.)

RADIO

– Bottom of the ninth here at Turner Field –

(ANNA tunes the radio again. An up-tempo version of “America the Beautiful” plays.)

RADIO

– O BEAUTIFUL FOR PATRIOT DREAM
THAT SEES BEYOND THE YEARS
THINE ALABASTER CITIES GLEAM
UNDIMMED BY HUMAN TEARS!
AMERICA! –

(ANNA tunes the radio again. Silence. A bit of static.)

ANNA

Hello?

(SHE tries one more time.)

GREG

– And they say, “Greg, you a funny guy!” But that was a long time ago...

ANNA

Greg...

GREG

Where’s my grandson?

ANNA

What?

GREG

He’s a good kid... But what were we talking about?

(SHE runs her fingers over the back of the radio.)

ANNA

Greg Santiago...

GREG

Well, who else would I be?

ANNA

This is weird. No, this is incredible! It’s a miracle. I don’t even know what this is. I should go. I should tell –

Womans talk too much. GREG

Excuse me? ANNA

Getting 'em to talk is easy, but you can never shut 'em up! GREG

Alright, asshole. Fine. You talk. ANNA

You want me to talk? Nobody ever get me to shut up, and you want me to talk? What you wanna know? GREG

(IAN enters. His button-down shirt with a small paint splotch on it.)

I got paint on my shirt... Don't be mad. IAN

(ANNA switches off the radio.)

(excitedly) ANNA
I have to tell you something.

Me too. IAN

You're really gonna want to hear this. ANNA

(in a sing-song voice) IAN
I bet my news is better...

(matching him) ANNA
I really bet it's not...

(blurting out) IAN
I want to be a painter.

(ANNA falters. SHE forgets for a moment about the radio.)

ANNA

Excuse me?

IAN

I think this is what I'm supposed to do. It's like, everything happens for a reason. When they laid me off, it was a sign that I'm not supposed to be on the force anymore.

ANNA

Have you called any companies to see if they're hiring?

IAN

Companies?

ANNA

Yeah, companies. I mean, unless you want to paint houses with the Mexicans...

IAN

No, not that kind of painter. I mean like an artist. I want to paint the kind of things you put up in galleries.

(beat)

ANNA

You're shitting me.

IAN

I called up my captain and said I didn't need a recommendation for transfer. I'm not going back.

ANNA

Fine. Then you can go tell your daughter that she's not going to summer camp because her dad was having a midlife/ crisis.

IAN

Midlife? I'm like/ thirty –

ANNA

And then *you* can explain it to her again why she has to get a summer job, and why she can't go to college, and why we can't help pay for her wedding –

IAN

Wedding? She's in elementary school!/
/

ANNA

If you're confused... if you're afraid... that's fine. I am here for you. But don't you dare put this family's financial security on the line because you're having an identity crisis.

IAN

You don't think I can do it?

ANNA

Not without training! Your degree says criminal justice, not visual arts.

IAN

Great. Glad to know you have so much faith in me!

ANNA

It's not that I don't have faith in you. It's just not lucrative. If we were retired or I was making six figures, I'd say paint your heart out. But we've got a daughter, and a house, and I'm a sports writer for a newspaper. *A newspaper.*

IAN

Are we talking about my life choices or yours?

ANNA

This isn't about me.

IAN

You couldn't write news stories, so you did sports. And ESPN wouldn't hire you, so now you're stuck at the AJC and that makes you –

(ANNA slaps him. His hand clench into fists.)

ANNA

I'm sorry –

IAN

No, I shouldn't have said that.

(beat)

I'm going to be a painter, though. I'll bet you I can sell my art.

ANNA

For how much? The same as you paycheck with the police department?

(SHE puts the baseball in his hand. HE starts to walk off.)

IAN

Of course not, but...

ANNA

Are you gonna tell me what this is really about?

IAN

What do you mean?

ANNA

People don't just throw away their past.

IAN

I'm trying to preserve my past.

ANNA

Not following ya.

IAN

I'm going to paint Taíno art.

(ANNA makes a "go on" gesture.)

IAN

Well, I thought about my dream. About the reputation of a man, and about being a Puerto Rican... And I remember my grandfather talking about the Taínos – the first Puerto Ricans. They were matriarchal, and they used red ochre paint to –

ANNA

So you're painting Taíno people?

IAN

Not exactly. I want to paint their ideas. I want to paint the things they represented, and maybe I can figure out myself through their culture. *My* culture, I guess. I'm just having a hard time getting started because I can't remember the stories Papa used to tell...

ANNA

I know how you feel. Not being able to –

IAN

You know I feel? No. Your parents traced your ancestors back to Europe. Your English mother and Irish father had records and history to find that out. The Puerto Ricans have limited records, and the Taínos sure as hell didn't have any. They're barely remembered by anyone, much less the people who enslaved them! You can't possibly understand what's it's like not to know who you are and where you came from. I appreciate it, but you just can't.

(beat)

ANNA

I can't understand?

IAN

No.

ANNA

Then I guess you're on your own. Have fun with your self-discovery.

(Silence.)

(HE shoves the baseball into her hands and exits. ANNA stands with her arms folded.)

ANNA

I wouldn't understand... Because I don't know what's it's like to be feel confused or torn or lost?

(ANNA looks at the radio and realizes something. SHE switches it on.)

ANNA

Alright. You asked what I wanted to know... I want to know everything. I want to understand.

GREG

Oh buddy, if you got all day...

ANNA

I hope you don't mind being interviewed... Tell me about Puerto Rico. About the Taínos. Or even about my husband. I want to know where he came from.

(Silence.)

ANNA

Oh for God's sake!

(SHE hits the radio desperately.)

GREG

There was this one time in New York. I had quit my job at the factory. And I was supposed to be getting unemployment. It's not much, just enough to feed my wife and the kids. And I think your mom had been born already, so we had four kids. One day, the check supposed to come in, but it don't. It just don't show up. So I ask the guy who gets our mail if he seen it. He says, "Oh, geez, I'm sorry to hear that, Greg. I haven't seen any mail for you. I guess it just didn't show up." So about a week later, I'm about to have dinner with my family – and by now we only eating rice and bread and beans. We sit down to eat, and I hear a knock at the door.

GREG

I open it, and there's this guy I don't know. Dirty coat, old hat. And he says to me, "Are you Greg?" I say sure, what can I do for you? And he tell me... "Greg, I stole your check. And I can't give it back to you because I already spent it. I'm sorry. My wife and I were starving." I didn't even think of your family.

ANNA

Wait, who said that, you or him?

(Silence. SHE hits the radio.)

GREG

And so I invited him to come in and eat with us.

ANNA

So, the moral of the story is family comes first?

GREG

How you get that of what I'm saying? The point is, if somebody fuck you over, you make him feel like shit. He came in with his tail between his legs, and we fed him full of guilt!

ANNA

Really?

GREG

Okay, and maybe the thing about family.

ANNA

In my family, a few drinks and some broken dishes tended to resolve most things.

(Silence.)

ANNA

Hello?

(Static. ANNA tries hitting the radio again. Nothing.)

ANNA

Boy, do I have an article for you, AJC...

(Static. Then silence.)

ANNA

Hello?

(Silence. SHE tries the knob. Static.)

ANNA

Hola?

(Silence.)

ANNA

Go!

(Silence. SHE tries clapping. Still nothing.)

ANNA

If this requires a blood ritual, you can just forget it... Stupid radio.

(Pause.)

ANNA

I'm sorry, you're not stupid... I just want to know more.

(The radio crackles.)

GREG

– And they killed them all. Taínos are extinct. That's what the government say. But everybody on the island, they all got Taíno in them. But nobody knows the music or the clothes... A lot of it got lost. But we still proud of who we are. –

(Static.)

ANNA

Wait! No, no, no! Go back. That's the hard-hitting stuff. Please?

GREG

When I was your age, I worked at this warehouse. And the guy who run it – big Jewish guy/ – he hire me to move crates on the loading dock. I ask him for a promotion after about a year. I told him I have a family, my wife just had another baby, I need more money.

ANNA

Oh come on. Go back to the other thing! Please, Greg? That was quality!

(beat)

Fine. I'm not going to listen.

GREG

He tell me “Greg, I tell you what. If you can figure out how to do their job, I give it to you.”

(ANNA begins to hum “My Country, 'Tis of Thee.”)

GREG

So I just watch the other guys./ And man, I pick it up quick.

ANNA

LAND WHERE MY FATHERS DIED –

GREG

And once they see me learning, this one black guy, Eddie,/ he starts teaching me how to fix the machines. –

ANNA

FROM EVERY MOUNTAIN SIDE –

GREG

So Eddie and I go the boss's office, and I knock on the door./ And Eddie starts telling him through the door, "Mr. Salman, it's Eddie. I think you owe Mr. Santiago a promotion."

ANNA

Alright, fine. Just tell me what I'm supposed to be getting out this story.

GREG

The point is, you gotta work for the things you want. That's all I ever did. If you don't want to give it to me, fine, I earn it myself. They call that "the American dream." But we been doing that for centuries in Puerto Rico.

ANNA

Yes! Good. Go on.

(Silence.)

ANNA

Really?! You have my attention now! Come on, talk about Puerto Rico again. Or about the Taínos. I want to know more about them. Did you tell my husband any of these stories? I'll share them with him. I'll share them with everyone!

(Silence.)

ANNA

What's a girl gotta do to get some answers?

(SHE tries tuning the radio. A Taíno calling song plays.)

RADIO

OKAMA OKAMA
YOCAHU BAGUA MAOROCOTI

ANNA

Is this...? This must be a Taíno thing, right? I thought you said they were extinct.

RADIO

OKAMA OKAMA
GUABANCEX ATABEIRA

GREG

Everybody... they all got Taíno in them...

(Lights shift. ANNA picks up the baseball and considers it.)

RADIO

OKAMA OKAMA
YOCACHU YOCACHU ATABEY
TAINO-TI TAINO-TI TAINO-TI
YOCACHU YOCACHU ATABEY

ANNA

It's beautiful.

RADIO

OKAMA OKAMA
YOCACHU BAGUA MAOROCOTI
GUABANCEX ATABEY YOCACHUGUAMA

OKAMA OKAMA
YOCACHU YOCACHU ATABEIRA
TAINO-TI TAINO-TI TAINO-TI
YOCACHU ATABEIRA

(The radio emits static. Lights shift back to their previous state.)

(IAN enters with more paint on his clothes.)

ANNA

I have to tell you something –

IAN

Can it wait? I'm trying to/ schedule a –

ANNA

It really can't.

(SHE places the baseball in his hand.)

IAN

Okay, then give me just a minute/ to –

ANNA

The radio is alive.

IAN

I mean, I heard the static on it, but I wouldn't call it alive –

ANNA

No, you don't get it. It's *alive*.

IAN

Like a plant?

ANNA

You know those stories you were trying to remember? I found them. In the radio. Greg told me.

IAN

What are you talking about?

ANNA

Your grandfather, he's been talking to me through his old radio.

IAN

This isn't funny.

ANNA

I'm not *joking*. I fixed the radio, and now he's started talking to me –

IAN

Do have any idea how crazy you sound?

ANNA

I'm crazy? I'm being responsible! I have a real, hard-hitting article. A radio comes to life and starts telling me about a forgotten past? This is huge!

IAN

Then why didn't you tell me?

ANNA

I just wanted to understand what you're going through. This thing that's been eating at you... But I was afraid you wouldn't believe me.

IAN

You're right. I don't. And this is sick. If you're trying to pull over on me, drop it. Because I'm seriously thinking about driving you to a hospital right now.

ANNA

I can prove it! I know about the guy that stole his paycheck and the guy who helped/ him get a promotion –

IAN

Who told you that?

ANNA

And he told me about the Taínos.

(beat)

IAN

I am the only one he told those stories to. I'm the only one who wanted to hear them!

ANNA

I know.

IAN

I know that you know! I want to know *how* you know!

ANNA

He told me that people think the Taínos are extinct. But they live on in their culture and in the people.... There was a song!

IAN

Stop it.

ANNA

Shit, how did it go?

IAN

Shut up!

ANNA

OKAMA, OKAMA –

IAN

I SAID CUT IT THE FUCK OUT!

(HE throws the baseball in her direction. It hits the radio behind her.)

(Silence. He's crossed a line.)

(ANNA stares at him, both hurt and furious. SHE turns and leaves quickly.)

IAN

Anna! Anna, come back. I'm sorry, okay? It was an accident.

(HE's beating himself up on the inside. HE looks up and sees the radio lying on the ground.)

IAN

You can't talk. Not really *talk*... She's lying... right? Because if you can talk to her, why wouldn't you talk to *me*? I need you more than she does. I sit in this room every fucking day, trying to paint, and you don't say a word. I'm the one who needs to know the stories; they're mine. I need to remember! I've forgotten them. You told me, and I wrote them down or recorded them somewhere, but I can't find them, and I can't remember...

(HE picks up the radio. A crackle of static.)

IAN

Hello?

(A louder crackle of static and inaudible words.)

IAN

Come on, you stupid machine! Talk. Come back! Who in the hell gave you the right to leave!? How could you leave me?

(Pause.)

Come back, please. I'm not done yet. I need you!

(Pause.)

DO YOU HEAR ME? I NEED YOU... Please, don't go... Just tell me something. One more story. One more joke. Just say... something.

(IAN sets the radio on the table. Static.)

GREG

Hello?

(Blackout.)

To Conquer

(The following scene takes place on film.)

(A baseball game. There should be noises of cheering, vendors, etc. Lights up on IAN, ANNA, and ELIZABETH sitting side by side on bleachers. ELIZABETH wears a large hat and sunglasses. She carries herself in a stiff fashion. ANNA wears her baseball cap and snacks on a soft pretzel.)

IAN

One day, you're gonna be a famous sports writer, and we'll be getting these seats for free.

ANNA

Hey, ten bucks for college students isn't a bad deal.

IAN

You know what's a better deal? Free. Think about it. A future cop and a writer. We'll be broke for the rest of our lives.

ANNA

Then you'd better make detective quick.

IAN

Gimme some of your pretzel.

ANNA

You should have gotten your own.

IAN

But I'm hungry...

ANNA

If you want it, you're going to have to take it from my cold, dead hands.

(HE grabs her by the wrist and tries to pull the pretzel closer to his mouth. SHE struggles against him, but he's gripped her too tightly.)

ANNA

Ow!

(HE lets go of her quickly.)

IAN

Sorry, sweetie.

(IAN stands.)

IAN

I'm going to get my own pretzel, while I can still afford them.

ANNA

Bring me a coke while you're up?

IAN

Sure. Elizabeth, can I get you anything?

ELIZABETH

Not a thing in the world.

IAN

I'll be right back.

(HE kisses ANNA on the cheek and exits.)

ANNA

(cheering and clapping)

C'mon boys. Hustle!

ELIZABETH

Anna?

ANNA

Strike!

ELIZABETH

Anna, dear?

ANNA

What's up, Mom?

(ELIZABETH looks slightly disgusted at hearing "What's up.")

ELIZABETH

I want to have a word with you...

ANNA

(still focused on the game)

Alright

ELIZABETH

About you friend...

ANNA

(finally turning to face her)

You mean my boyfriend? Isn't he adorable.

ELIZABETH

If you insist.

(Pause.)

I'd like to give you some advice about... alliances and such.

ANNA

Alliances? I'm dating someone, not joining NATO.

ELIZABETH

No, relationships aren't like a coalition. They might start out like a U.N. meeting, but soon you'll learn it's more like... imperialism.

ANNA

What the fuck are you talking about, mom?

ELIZABETH

You language, sweetie.

(beat)

Someone comes in and acts like they're there to make your life better, but they've got a darker side to them.

ANNA

Get under it! It's a pop fly, Kimbrel. Get under it like it's your wife!

ELIZABETH

Anna, *listen*. They'll charm you, they'll seduce you... they'll tell you it's *for your own good!* They –

(Silence.)

ANNA

Do the wave with me, ma.

ELIZABETH

What?

ANNA

Do the wave with me.

(Pause.)

ELIZABETH

Oh, alright.

(ELIZABETH stands, raising her arms over her head. ANNA does the same. They laugh.)

ANNA

Look at that, you've started something. It's going all the way around.

ELIZABETH

I do believe I'm a trendsetter.

ANNA

You didn't invent the wave. It's been going on long before you.

ELIZABETH

So will you consider it?

ANNA

What?

ELIZABETH

What I told you. If you don't want to get hurt, you have to be the colonist.

ANNA

He's not like Dad was to you –

ELIZABETH

(interjecting)

Not yet.

ANNA

We're partners in everything.

ELIZABETH

Anna, you don't know what his kind of –

ANNA

His *kind*? Mom, he's Hispanic. And only half at that. He's not some alien from Mars –

ELIZABETH

They call that a Martian, darling.

ANNA

MY BOYFRIEND IS NOT A MARTIAN!

ELIZABETH

I never said he was, you did. I just meant you should consider where you stand –

ANNA

I will not. I will not treat him differently than I do now. Not tomorrow or in five years or in... 250 years!

ELIZABETH

Well, you don't know what can happen in a year, much less five!

ANNA

I'm gonna marry him.

(beat)

He hasn't proposed, but we've been talking about it. Where we'd live and all that...

(Silence. ANNA shifts her focus back to the game.)

ELIZABETH

I've said what I wanted, and that's all.

ANNA

(standing)

Run! Run!

ELIZABETH

(staring out front)

Just think about it.

ANNA

Keep going! *Slide!* YEAH!!!

(whistles and yells)

WOOHOO!

ELIZABETH

I just want you to be safe.

ANNA

(not listening)

RUN, DAMON. Run like your mama's trying to give you relationship advice through metaphors!

(Lights fade.)

END OF PART ONE.

INTERLUDE

(A light only on the radio. IAN and ANNA's voices can be heard occasionally through the radio in between static.)

...You did what?
IAN

I wrote down the stories –
(static)
– sent it to the AJC.
(static)
ANNA

– my family in the newspaper!
(static)
IAN

– money to send Emily to camp, and you can keep doing your painting and –
(static)
ANNA

How could you –
(static)
IAN

Someone has to take care of –
(static)
ANNA

You betrayed my –
(static)
IAN

Me? I don't feel safe –
(static)
ANNA

– accident! You know –
IAN

ANNA
– did this when we lost the first house, you broke the –

(static)

IAN
– your mother never liked me –

(static)

ANNA
Maybe I should just stay with her for a little while, until you –

(static)

IAN
Go! I can't sleep in the same bed –

(static)

ANNA
– as a violent, raging –

(static)

IAN
Emily!

(A door slams.)

(After the scene, the action goes immediately into part two.)

PART TWO

Batting Practice

(ANNA putting on earrings, shoes, etc.)

ANNA

Mom, are you ready?

(ELIZABETH enters in simple but elegant dress.)

ELIZABETH

Do your mother a favor and zip her up, will you?

(ANNA goes to do so but stops suddenly.)

ANNA

What's this mark here?

ELIZABETH

Mark?

ANNA

It looks like a scar...

ELIZABETH

Just zip me up, Anna. We have to leave.

ANNA

I hadn't seen that one before... Did... did Dad leave it?

ELIZABETH

He left me *you*. And that was the only good thing he ever did. So if this ends in... divorce... I hope you fight for that little girl.

ANNA

We're just separating for a bit. We both needed to reflect on some things.

ELIZABETH

After what he did –

ANNA

He never hit me.

ELIZABETH

But you were afraid.

(beat)

You think I wanted your father to leave? Even after everything that man did, I still thought the boy I fell in love with might still be in there. But he's *not*, Anna! He's not.

(Pause.)

ANNA

Let's just hope it doesn't come to that.

ELIZABETH

(dryly)

Don't look now, but the cavalry has arrived...

(IAN and JOEY enter in police uniforms. THEY each carry a box.)

IAN

Hi.

ELIZABETH

I'll be in the car.

(SHE exits.)

IAN

I got my uncle to help bring a few things over.

ANNA

Hi, Joey.

JOEY

Hi.

IAN

I just – we just came by to bring a few of Emily's school things... She's really excited about having a bigger bed.

(Pause.)

JOEY

Where's her room?

ANNA

Two doors down on the right. Thanks.

(JOEY goes. Silence.)

IAN

I read in the paper you won some kind of award. I think I'm the only one who still reads the newspaper.

(Pause.)

Look, I'm trying here. But you're gonna have to try, too! You think this is easy? Watching you profit from my family? Watching you take my daughter away from me?

ANNA

That little girl loves you.

IAN

But you're the cool parent now.

ANNA

When I was a girl, I used to pray my dad would leave us alone. But Emily? I couldn't get her to forget you if I tried.

IAN

Jesus, Anna, I'm not him! Why can't you *see* that?

ANNA

I *saw* a baseball hurtling towards me!

IAN

I didn't hit you! And it was an accident./ I lost control because you were talking to my dead grandfather behind my back!

ANNA

You didn't mean to? You didn't MEAN to? Give me a fucking/ break!

IAN

Look, I'm sorry! What's it gonna take for you to feel safe again?

ANNA

Safe?

(SHE crosses to him.)

ANNA

I married a cop, and I thought I was safe.

(grabbing his shirt)

I married this uniform to feel safe!

(Silence.)

Anna – IAN

I didn't know you were back on the force. ANNA

(deadpan) IAN

I'm not. I'm a stripper.

(ANNA tries to stifle a laugh. HE smiles at her.)

Well, I guess I'll let you get to your awards ceremony... IAN

I'm sorry, I know that it/ must be – ANNA

It's fine. IAN

I got a *book deal* out of it – ANNA

From which you've been sending me royalties for Emily. IAN

Still... ANNA

Still. IAN

(Pause.)

Why did you go back? To the force, I mean. What happened to the painting? ANNA

(Pause.)

I needed money. The paintings weren't covering it. I'm still waiting on that masterpiece to happen. IAN

What happened to the radio? ANNA

(Pause.)

IAN

I threw it away.

(beat)

Congratulations. You really are the best news anchor in the region.

ANNA

You don't have to say that.

JOEY

(entering)

What'd I miss?

IAN

I watch every morning. "Wake up, Atlanta! With Anna and Ryan." It's a great show.

JOEY

I love that show. But that Ryan guy is a tool... You let me know if you need me to rough him up a bit!

(Only JOEY laughs. IAN and ANNA both flinch. A tense silence.)

ANNA

Well, thanks... I should finish getting ready.

IAN

Right. Sorry.

(IAN and JOEY exit. SHE takes a few steps towards where IAN was, then resumes her business. Lights fade.)

Without

(IAN tosses himself on the couch and falls asleep. Another shadow dream. A WOMAN, played by ELIZABETH's actor, stands in front of the scrim. Her clothes should be timeless and her face obscured in some way.)

(La Fortaleza appears like a magnificent castle or palace.)

WOMAN

Women in politics are always having to prove themselves. Prove that they're just as smart and cunning and charming as the men who are insecure about their little *salchichas*.

WOMAN

I refused to have this problem. I had a job, and I was going to do it, and no one was going to have any reason to question me. But it had been years since I'd worked in *La Fortaleza*, and when I came back as governor, it had changed so much...

(*La Fortaleza* begins to crumble into ruin.)

WOMAN

(quickly)

I got my people right on making repairs and reorganizing files and figuring out the phones. *Coño carajo*, it feels like Rossello told his people to sabotage this place on his way out the door! But he failed, because I was in charge, and I was going to fix it. I came here to help my people, and I would do that with or without the mold on the ceiling and the phone lines down. I told my staff, "we are here to make change. Consider this the physical part of the test." We were all ready to do what we came here to do. After months of organizing and cleaning and learning, we were ready to really run a government. And then...

(Silence. In shadows, multiple figures scurrying around.)

WOMAN

Someone tells me the mailroom was evacuated. Everyone is accounted for except Iris Morcilio. Where is Iris? Wasn't she with you? Everyone is trying to figure out where she is, but then the phone rings. It's working again.

(In shadow, a man holding a woman at knife point.)

WOMAN

Hostage. A man has Iris Morcilio at knifepoint. He wants to speak to you, Governor. Of course, we don't negotiate with people like this. No contact ma'am, that's how the Americans do it. You just sit tight, and *la policía* will handle it.

(beat)

I wait for what feels like days, waiting for someone to do something about the man with a knife. I feel like a coward. He's got one of my girls, and I'm holed up in my now mold-free office. I could already hear what people would say about me, the governor who did nothing. The governor who hid and let some guys with guns do the talking... *Bruja. Puta*. I've had a target on my back since I was elected, and now I was giving them the ammo.

(beat)

I couldn't wait anymore. I walked out and down the street to the mailroom. From outside, I could hear the sounds of prayer.

Dios te salve, Maria.

Llena eres de gracia:

El Señor es contigo.

Bendita tú eres entre todas las mujeres.

WOMAN

A woman's voice... but also a man's. I burst through the doors, and I saw him. Fearful. He looked at me and at Iris Morcilio and... he dropped it. He dropped the knife and sank to his knees, begging for forgiveness. Through tears he asked for my help. He'd lost his job and just needed to take care of his family. All he wanted was a little help.

(beat)

The police thought they would save Iris, and I thought I'd be the one to save Iris, but in the end... she saved herself. She saved herself with a prayer.

(beat)

Afterwards, a reporter asked if I felt overwhelmed by the messy turnaround in *La Fortaleza* followed by this hostage crisis. He asked if I felt lost... Me, lost? Never... It's like coming back home.

(La Fortaleza appears magnificent again. Blackout.)

Gears Turning

(The same night as the awards ceremony. ANNA lays on the couch. ELIZABETH enters from a different part of the house.)

ELIZABETH

Poor little Emily fell asleep right away.

ANNA

It is past her bedtime.

ELIZABETH

Yes, I know that.

ANNA

I know.

ELIZABETH

What is the matter with you? You've been in a state since we left the ceremony.

ANNA

I'm not "in a state," Mom. I'm just tired.

ELIZABETH

Anna, do not lie to your mother.

ANNA

I just... I wanted him to be there. It's not his fault, I didn't invite him. But still, I wanted him to be there.

ELIZABETH

Sweetie, I know it's hard when someone betrays/ your trust and –

ANNA

I betrayed him, too! I have a short book coming out! I knew these were things that he wanted to know so badly, and I hid them from him. I fucked up, Mom.

ELIZABETH

Language –

ANNA

Fuck my fucking language, and fuck me for doing this!

(Silence.)

ELIZABETH

You don't have to apologize for anything. Look where you are now! You have an amazing job, a popular book out... I only wish I could have had what you have.

ANNA

Don't do that.

ELIZABETH

I'm just saying... isn't this what you wanted?

ANNA

But at what cost? What will that do to Emily?

ELIZABETH

Your father and I didn't stay together, and look how you turned out!

(beat)

ANNA

My kid is screwed...

(Blackout.)

Good Game

VOICE ON RADIO

... She worked as an editorial intern with the Atlanta Journal-Constitution and later became their leading sports writer. She made headlines last year with her story on the living radio she found in her home. Though later proven to be true, controversy around the legitimacy of the story caused her novella to be published in a limited run.

VOICE ON RADIO

You can buy Tune In: Stories from the Great Beyond on Amazon in ebook form. She is now the co-host of Atlanta's highest rated news program, "Wake Up, Atlanta! With Anna and Ryan." Without further ado, it is my pleasure to introduce this year's regional anchor of the year, Anna Keating-Trutt.

(The following scene takes place on film.)

(ANNA holds an award and stands at a podium. She addresses a crowd.)

ANNA

There is an excerpt from my book that I want to share with you. It's about how baseball has impacted the way I look at life and this great award you have bestowed on me today... "Ever since I was a kid, I've always been a baseball fan. I know that I'm in the minority on that one, because our generation is a football generation. You might denounce baseball for its lengthy innings, low-scoring games, and dwindling attendance... but for me, America's pastime has always meant something more than hot dogs and jerseys. Life is closer to a baseball game than any other sport: It's long while you're living it but short when you look back. It's divided up into innings – high school, college, marriage, family, retirement. And it's not about points or fouls or flashy half-time shows. It's about being able to shake hands with the people who shared it with and say 'good game.' I'd bet that divorce rates are higher amongst football and hockey fans. My mom... she always loved baseball, and she got her heartbroken by an Irishman who loved hockey. But my husband –

(SHE falters.)

My husband and I grew up with game and with each other, and we know that a strike doesn't always lead to an out. In life, and in baseball, sometimes you have to charge the mound. Sometimes you have to challenge calls. But often, living life like a baseball game is about looking at the signals that big coach in the sky is giving you and knowing when to run and when to stay safe. And then maybe someday a Little Leaguer comes into your life, and you remember why you love the game. So to all you sports fans out there, give baseball a second chance. Enjoy the seventh inning stretch between those long innings. Focus on the players rather than the score. And live your life like you've got no strikes against you."

(beat)

Thank you.

(Outburst of applause. Films ends abruptly.)

END OF PART TWO.

PART THREE

Shoot

(IAN and JOEY hold pistols and wear ear and eye protection. They are at a firing range, their targets offstage. THEY wear polo shirts with police insignia.)

(IAN is about to fire.)

JOEY

When's the last time you shot?

(IAN shoots. HE grimaces.)

IAN

Hey, it was good enough to qualify when Dekalb hired me.

JOEY

(teasing)

Barely.

(JOEY lines up his own shot.)

IAN

Uncle Joe?

JOEY

Let the master show you how it's done.

(HE fires off a shot.)

IAN

Joey?

JOEY

Huh?

IAN

I wanna ask you something.

JOEY

It's your shot.

IAN
I need to ask you something. It's about Papa.

JOEY
My dad? What about him?

IAN
I know you weren't always close –

JOEY
Understatement.

IAN
Before he died, he told me a lot of stories about the Taínos and about life on the island and about how he and Mama raised you guys.

(JOEY takes a shot.)

JOEY
Never a dull moment.

IAN
Did he ever tell you stories? Did he tell you about the Taínos?

JOEY
Not really. Just that they're our ancestors, or something.

IAN
Oh.

(IAN takes a shot.)

JOEY
What made you think of that?

IAN
Guess you could say I wanted a history lesson... I've been trying to figure myself out. Who I am and what I am...

JOEY
Did I ever tell you why I stop playing baseball?

IAN
No, but I always heard you were great.

JOEY

Well, just like you, I was being...” tempted” is the wrong word. But I had to make a decision about who I was, and what was important to me.

(Pause.)

I got an offer during college to play pro ball. Me and my best friend both did... But we would have to pick up everything and go right then. I had to explain to everyone very politely that I chose college. I wanted to get my degree, and I wanted to stay with my team.

IAN

So you think it’s wrong just give everything up and do something new?

JOEY

Hell if I know. Seems to have worked out for my old buddy. He plays for the Yankees now.

IAN

They’re coming into town next week. Anna and I... were going to take Emily to her first game. Do you want to go?

(Pause.)

JOEY

Yeah. It’s been awhile since I’ve seen a game.

(IAN starts packing up his things and holstering his gun.)

IAN

I’m gonna call it a day.

JOEY

Alright, boy. Catch you later.

(Silence.)

IAN

And you’re happy with the choice you made? With working for the PD? With your life?

(JOEY raises his gun and fires at the target offstage. An oversized target flies in. All shots are perfectly centered except one.)

JOEY

I’m as content with my life as I am with this target.

IAN

You missed one.

JOEY

Always do.

(Lights fade.)

Home

(A shadow dream. The actors will appear behind the scrim, each sitting in the bleachers of a baseball game.)

GREG

I'm gonna tell you something. You been listening real good, but I gotta tell you one more thing. It don't matter, the mistakes you made...

(ELIZABETH enters and takes a seat on the bleachers.)

GREG

Who your father was...

(ANNA enters and sits next to her.)

GREG

What you been through...

(IAN enters and sits next to ANNA.)

GREG

It's what you choose to do with all that.

(JOEY enters and sits next to him.)

GREG

And for me, that's taking care of my family. And sometimes, I think I'm the luckiest guy in the world.

(Some static starts to break through.)

GREG

None of my kids have drug problems, no one in prison...

(ELIZABETH tries to do the wave. The OTHERS join in.)

GREG

I can sleep at night, because I know where my family is. Not many people can say that.

(Loud static. IAN kisses ANNA's cheek.)

GREG

So even though I don't got much money, I'm the richest man I know. I got everything I want. I got my family.

(The FOUR shadows come together in such a way that they resemble a single person. Static. Blackout.)

Static

(IAN sits with the radio. HE still wears his uniform.)

IAN

Okay, Emily is with her mom, so it's just you and me. We go through this every week, and it would be nice if you just gave me any indication that you can still talk.

(beat)

I can't believe I called my wife crazy. I mean, at least she was sure she heard something.

(HE picks up a stack of canvases and shows them to the radio.)

IAN

I painted a few things, but they're just not working. This one is the beach at San Juan... I still haven't gone, I just Googled a picture... This one is the Puerto Rican flag and the text says *mi orgullo*... And this other one is of Anna... I know, that's not related, but I miss her. I know you were probably just trying to help, but now I'm the one feeling excluded! I need the stories. I can't remember them. I can't paint without them, I can't *live* without them. And I can't ask her to tell me because... I screwed up. I hate myself every time I put on this uniform and realize that I swore to protect people, but I can't protect my family. I can't protect them from me...

(Pause.)

IAN

I'm not gonna go into that. But I do have to fix this.

(beat)

I can't believe you didn't tell my mom any of the stories! She didn't know anything about the Taínos. She just said they were our ancestors. But you told me so much more than that. And you knew how to tell those stories. You'd told them before, I could tell. But to who?

(Pause.)

IAN

I know you didn't tell Uncle Joe. Yeah, that's right. I talked to him. You didn't even tell your own son.

(Static from the radio.)

IAN

What's that? Did you have something to say? Cause I'd love an explanation! If you didn't tell them to anyone else, what made me so special? And if I am so goddamn special to you, why won't you talk to me now?

(Static.)

GREG

I love you, *mijo*.

(Long transmission of static. Blackout.)

Postgame

(From the radio, a voice:)

RADIO

It's an inside the park home run! Becker slides in to home, and just like that, the Otters are going to the College World Series.

(The following takes place on film.)

(JOEY is just coming off the field. Celebratory sounds can be heard in the background.)

REPORTER (O.S.)

We're here with Joe/ Santiago –

JOEY

I actually go by José.

REPORTER (O.S.)

(whispered)

Listen, kid. You're playing in the middle of Indi-fucking-ana. You're gonna want to be Joe.

(to a cameraman)

We ready to roll again? Okay.

(in reporting mode)

We're here with Joe Santiago, coming off his hot win with the Otters here today. Joe, why do you think your team has had so much success this season.

JOEY

Um, heart. These guys got a lotta heart. We play like a family, and family comes first. For us, the game means nothing if we're at each other's throats. We win like brothers or we lose like second cousins.

(Laughter from the REPORTER and maybe the cameraman.)

REPORTER

You'll be a senior next academic year, is that correct?

JOEY

Yeah.

REPORTER

So you're a year away from graduating, and scouts are looking for new talent. Anyone you're especially hopeful caught this game?

JOEY

Actually, my buddy and I just had a conversation with a girl from New York right before I talked to y'all...

REPORTER

So we'll see you in the spring?

JOEY

Nah, I gotta finish school. They said I'd have to leave in February, but I can't drop out.

REPORTER

A lot of pro players don't have college degrees. Do you think maybe you're playing it safe?

JOEY

No. I can't leave.

REPORTER

Why not? I mean, clearly you guys have put a lot of/ work into –

JOEY

I'm the first in my family to go to college. I can't throw that away.

REPORTER

Don't you think your family would be proud of having their first MLB player?

JOEY

The risks are too high for me. If it doesn't pan out, I've got nothing to fall back on.

REPORTER

But this is the dream for a lot of guys like you. Some would argue you'd have financial security for life!

JOEY

Until you tear your ACL.

REPORTER

And what about your team? Is your decision being affected by staying one more season? I mean, the Otters are definitely/ on a hot streak.

JOEY

I can't let down my team. I can't let down my family. That's all. You should talk to our third baseman.

(calling)

Hey, Johnny!

(to REPORTER)

He's taking the invitation.

REPORTER

The third baseman? You guys are close, aren't you?

JOEY

Well, the shortstop is/ pretty close –

REPORTER

I mean, you're friends?

JOEY

Yeah, he's my best friend.

REPORTER

Has this decision caused any tension/ between –

JOEY

Tension? We talked to the scout like ten minutes ago! Look, he'll do what he has to. And I'll do what I have to. End of story.

REPORTER

What if he makes it? If Johnny goes pro, would it damage your friendship? Would you watch him play?

JOEY

As long as he gets me good seats. Excuse me.

(The REPORTER's voice morphs into GREG's.)

REPORTER/GREG

One more thing, before you go! What will your father say about your decision?

JOEY

My father?

GREG

Word is he used to be a player himself. Do you think he'll see your decision as a waste of talent he could have only dreamed of –

(JOEY punches the camera lens. The film ends.)

RADIO

I think the best playing we saw tonight was from the infield. I don't think I've ever seen such chemistry between the third baseman and shortstop. Nothing got by their gloves. I'll say this, those two are going places!

(Blackout.)

END OF PART THREE.

PART FOUR

Extra Innings

(IAN is in dress clothes. HE enters from a different part of the house.
ANNA stands awkwardly.)

IAN

Thanks for bringing Emily over.

ANNA

She's been pretty excited to come see you.

IAN

That's good to hear.

(Pause.)

ANNA

You look... nice. Going somewhere?

IAN

Actually, I just got home. They reinstated me to detective, so no more blues for me. Which is fine with me. That uniform is itchy.

ANNA

So you got your job back, that's great.

IAN

So I'm right back where I started.

(Pause.)

ANNA

Have you... painted anything lately?

IAN

I've tried, but nothing's come to me.

ANNA

I'm sorry.

IAN

It's not your fault. I just need to keep working at it.

ANNA

Why is it so important to you?

IAN

I told you. I'm painting the Tainos. What they were.

ANNA

But why? Why do you feel like you have to do this now?

IAN

You're the one telling the news to us every morning, and you don't know why? What were the headlines from yesterday?

ANNA

Um... Congress fails to pass –

IAN

The other one.

ANNA

Police shoot Hispanic teen who –

IAN

My people are killing my *people*. I have a daughter, a part Latina girl who has to walk to school and date boys and get a job in this world. And I am *scared*, Anna. I am scared of myself for myself. And I am scared for my daughter.

(beat)

And that is why I paint. To find strength. To find strength in being who I am.

(Pause.)

ANNA

I think I understand now.

(Pause.)

IAN

Do you ever think...

ANNA

What?

IAN

Do you ever think it'll go back to the way it was between us?

(ANNA pulls a pencil from her purse.)

Break this. ANNA

Okay... IAN

(HE snaps the pencil.)

Say you're sorry. ANNA

Sorry, pencil? IAN

Did it go back to the way it was? ANNA

(Silence.)

No. IAN

(Pause.)
But I can duct tape it. Or hot glue it.

You could. ANNA

Or I can buy you a new pencil. Start over from scratch. IAN

You could. ANNA

Or I could... IAN

(HE has a realization.)

Or I could remind you of what that pencil did. What it was able to do! IAN

You lost me. ANNA

IAN

I've got something I need to take care of... Would you be able to come over for dinner tomorrow?

ANNA

Um, I guess...

IAN

Great. I'll see you then.

(HE gives her a kiss on the cheek and exits. Confused, ANNA exits the opposite way.)

Genetic Memory

(Another shadow dream. A MAN and WOMAN, played by IAN and ANNA's actors respectively, dance behind the scrim.)

(The MAN and WOMAN dance a traditional Taíno *areyto*.)

MAN

Long ago, the Taínos had their own form of dance. They would cover their bodies in paint and dance wildly for days on end.

WOMAN

But history is written by the victors. By those who colonized *la tierra del Altivo Señor*, the land of God. And they took the culture away.

MAN

But they left us with *La Borinqueña*, the tune that would become the national anthem of the island.

(La Borinqueña begins to play. The MAN and WOMAN begin to dance bomba.)

WOMAN

Over the years, the dance changed.

MAN

The people changed.

WOMAN

The names changed. The *tierra del Altivo Señor* became *la isla del encanto*.

(The MAN and WOMAN begin to dance plena.)

MAN

The land of God became the island of enchantment.

WOMAN

The music changed, but the tune stayed the same.

MAN

Borinquen is the daughter, the daughter of the sea and the sun.

(A Ricky Martin song plays. The MAN and WOMAN dance to it in a modern style.)

WOMAN

Not many people today know the Taíno customs or the dances or the language.

MAN

But everyone on that island still has Taíno in them. And there is evidence that your genetic material can retain information over centuries. So even when our history books forget, our bodies never will.

(The MAN and WOMAN dance the Taíno *areyto* again, but now in time with the Ricky Martin song. Lights fade to blackout.)

Conflux

(ANNA stands, looking at a set of four canvases. Each is painted with a figure representing each of the four shadow dreams.)

IAN

Hi.

ANNA

Did you do all these... yesterday?

IAN

And today. I took the day off work.

ANNA

That's not possible.

IAN

It is possible. I just called and said I was sick.

ANNA

No, I mean these. It's not possible to sit down and figure out what you're doing and draw it out and paint the different layers –

IAN

I didn't draw.

(beat)

I took a leap and just started painting.

ANNA

You already knew what you wanted to paint?

IAN

I'd dreamt them.

ANNA

They look like shadows.

IAN

I talked to Kelly Elliott. Remember, that art dealer friend from college I told you about before? She's coming tomorrow. She's thinking of buying them as a set.

ANNA

Congrats.

(beat)

I have something to tell you, too.

(Pause.)

ANNA

I applied for a job at ESPN. I interview with them on Saturday, but they seemed pretty excited to meet with the "magic radio girl."

IAN

That's amazing! I – hold on.

(IAN runs off. HE comes out with containers of red, white, and blue paints.)

ANNA

What are you doing?

IAN

I'm going to paint something for you.

(HE picks up a can of blue paint.)

IAN

The American flag has undergone numerous changes over the nation's history.

(HE tosses blue paint on the floor and begins to spread it.)

IAN

As we know it today, it has a star for every state in a pool of blue. And the stripes represent the thirteen original colonies.

(HE dips into the red with one hand and white with the other. HE begins creating the stripes.)

IAN

A simple design to symbolize something as complex as freedom. On the other hand, the Puerto Rican flag is incredibly intricate. Every color has meaning.

(HE starts on the blue of the flag in another area of the floor.)

IAN

The blue represents the sky and the waters. The triangle is for the three branches of government.

(HE splats a white spot in the center of the triangle.)

IAN

The white star is for the island.

(HE begins on the stripes.)

IAN

The red stripes are the blood of warriors throughout the island's history. The white stripes are for victory and peace gained from independence.

(HE begins to connect the red and white between both flags.)

IAN

Two flags, two freedoms, two people. And yet, we share our people... and our businesses and rights and stripes and ideals. And maybe... just maybe... those rules don't have to apply to just flags.

(HE spreads red paint vertically on one half of his face.)

IAN

Maybe the pieces of me aren't from a puzzle with a missing piece. Maybe the pieces are stars and stripes. Maybe they're red and blue. Maybe more than just pieces, but not entirely sewn together. Maybe I'm somewhere in between. And I'm okay with that.

(HE spreads white on the other side of his face.)

IAN

Maybe you and I can be a flag, too. We started as different fabrics, but we chose to be sewn together to be something greater than ourselves. And maybe we flow together to make something beautiful, because love runs deeper than the color of your skin and deeper than any culture that separates us. One flag, one freedom, one *person*. Our love made a beautiful person who's playing upstairs. And she's more beautiful than any flag I could paint for you.

(ANNA moves to him. SHE smears blue paint horizontally on the lower half of her own face. THEY kiss. As lights fade:)

VOICE ON RADIO

What an incredible game! Now that is a team that knows how to come together for the love of the game. No selfish players here at Turner Field tonight. But you know, loyalty is a big part of this team's history. Tom Glavine spent most of his career in Atlanta, even coming back in the 2008 season until his retirement. But even that doesn't compare to Chipper Jones, who spent his entire major league stint in our backyard... Yes sir, if the Braves have anything, they've got loyalty and they've got heart...

(Blackout.)

Little League

(The following scene takes place on film.)

(IAN, in a police academy t-shirt, takes off his shoes and walks over to the couch. ANNA enters, holding something behind her back. SHE looks anxious.)

IAN

Anna?

(A long silence. ANNA reveals a pregnancy test.)

ANNA

I'm pregnant!

(IAN rushes over to her.)

IAN

I get to be the cool parent.

(THEY kiss, mirroring the same position seen at the end of the previous scene.)

(We hear the end of “The Star Spangled Banner” come over the radio:)

RADIO

OH, SAY DOES THAT STAR-SPANGLED BANNER YET WAVE
O’ER THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE

GREG

Play ball!

(The film ends.)

(Blackout.)

END OF PLAY.