

**10/21/15**

***Blue House/Two Hearts on the Outside***  
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***Play by Oliver Mayer***

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***Blue House/Two Hearts On The Outside***

Londres 247, Del Carmen, Coyoacán.

COBALT BLUE WALLS: Otherwise, no color.

SOUNDS of birds and monkeys nearby.

Two props on stage: A large frame that will function as window, easel, mirror, bathtub, etc. as needed; and a rack of clothes that both actresses will use as needed throughout the action.

PERLA appears in white wearing an eagle's wings. DAVID appears alongside her in overalls. They stand together like a rural Mexican version of the bride and groom topper on a wedding cake.

MUSIC.

PERLA

(sings "BLUE HOUSE")

*Hay una luz que me alumbra por adentro*

*En mi casa azul*

*Me alumbra por adentro*

*En mi casa azul*

*There are two girls with their hearts on the outside*

*In my Blue House*

*With their hearts on the outside*

*In my Blue House*

*FRIDA-VIDA-FRIDA-VIDA*

Song stops and SOUND of great wings flapping as --

MI FRIDA, who seems older than her 47 years, enters with a pronounced limp. She looks up towards the flapping wings.

AN EXCRETION falls from the sky, landing with a splat near her.

MI FRIDA

*Ay Gertrudis!*

Although it pains her, she gets a wet rag and cleans the *guano* from the floor, using one foot instead of her hands. She does this with the grace of a dancer.

PERLA

(cont. song "BLUE HOUSE")

*And a girl sprouting vines from the inside*

*In my Blue House*

*Sprouting vines from the inside*

*In my Blue House*

*There's a girl in a bath of wonders*

*In my Blue House*

*In a bath of weird wonders*

*In my Blue House*

*FRIDA-VIDA-FRIDA-VIDA*

During the song, Mi Frida lights a lights a cigar and smokes it expertly. She blows smoke rings.

MI FRIDA

*Mas vale el fondo que la forma.*

SU FRIDA, a younger version of Frida, enters from the opposite side and takes the cigar from her: Almost no limp.

SU FRIDA

The essence over the form: In what? Art?  
Men? Women?

MI FRIDA

*En todo.*

Su Frida has a harder time blowing smoke rings. Mi Frida shows her how. They mirror one another sharing the cigar. From the folds of her Mexican skirt, Mi Frida reveals a bottle of tequila.

MI FRIDA

You read my mind.

SU FRIDA

That's not very hard.

They swig from the bottle, again mirroring one another.

MI FRIDA

I tried to drown my sorrows, *pero los pinches pendejos* learned how to swim!

SU FRIDA

Maybe we should stop the drinking and the pills.  
We'd live longer.

MI FRIDA

It would definitely feel longer.  
(checks the label: it's a good one)

*Hijole!*

## SU FRIDA

We deserve it. If we're going to drown,  
let's drown in the best *anyejo*.

## MI FRIDA

Tequila opens my third eye!

## PERLA

(cont. song "BLUE HOUSE")

*Hay una dama con arêtes de Picasso*  
*En mi casa azul*  
*Un regalo de Picasso*  
*En mi casa azul*

*There's a girl on the stage with a letter*  
*In my Blue House*  
*On the stage with a letter*  
*In my Blue House*

*FRIDA-VIDA-FRIDA-VIDA*

By now, Su Frida has perfected her smoke rings.

## SU FRIDA

Tobacco opens *mis labios*.

Mi Frida outlines Su Frida's mouth with her finger.

MI FRIDA

*Como se dice el dicho: Mujer con bozo....*

SU FRIDA

My moustache? What moustache?

MI FRIDA

*Beso sabroso!*

SU FRIDA

It is a tasty kiss. Lots of lovers would agree.

MI FRIDA

What did he say? The first time he kissed us?

SU FRIDA

(imitates DIEGO)

*"Si el tatuaje de tus labios esta en mi corazón, bésame cien veces más para tatuarme el alma."*

MI FRIDA

To tattoo my soul. Ay that bastard. No wonder we fell in love.

The Fridas kiss, mirror one another. Mi Frida breaks off, in pain.

SU FRIDA

Worse than usual?

MI FRIDA

*Mal que no es durable, no es tolerable.* I don't remember my life without pain.

SU FRIDA

It's just pain. We look good.

MI FRIDA

We do, don't we? You'd never know there was gangrene under this skirt. *Colorada por fuera, podrida por dentro.*

SU FRIDA

The body rots from within.

MI FRIDA

Not yours. Not yet, anyway.

SU FRIDA

But the essence –

MI FRIDA

*El fondo.*

SU FRIDA

Very tasty.

Su Frida picks up the dirty rag and takes it away.

MI FRIDA

The memory is tasty: The now, not so much. I am not the Frida I once was.

SU FRIDA

I am not the Frida I will become.

MI FRIDA

Have I done enough with my life?

SU FRIDA

What has life left in store for me?

The monkeys shriek.

SU FRIDA

And the monkeys?

MI FRIDA

*Como dijo Darwin, fuimos monos.*

SU FRIDA

I mean, what will they do...*cuando estemos muertos?*

MI FRIDA

Diego. He owes me that much.

SU FRIDA

(points at animals outside)

The animals deserve to live on here.

Maybe this will become a sanctuary. Or a zoo!

MI FRIDA

It's a zoo all right.

Bird wings flapping.

SU FRIDA

(points at PERLA)

Y Gertrudis Caca Blanca?

MI FRIDA

*El aguila?* That's my girl! She's earned the right to take a shit in peace. Anywhere she wants.

SU FRIDA

At the moment of our death, I hope Gertrudis flies away straight up *El Popo*. Right to the top. In solidarity! Woman power!

MI FRIDA

It won't happen. Gertrudis likes us: She loves Diego. It's his power over females, human or bird.

Bird wings flapping.

SU FRIDA

*Ay pobrecita....* She's got as bad as we do.

MI FRIDA

Diego loves the animals more than we do: They haven't cuckolded him. Their bodies haven't broken in his hands. They don't smell of death. They haven't grown old and ugly....

Su Frida stares into the darkness of the frame.

SU FRIDA

Chin up. *No bonita que admire,*

*ni fea que espante.* If you're no slave to beauty, then don't be scared of a little ugliness in the last days of your life.

MI FRIDA

But I am. And I do. Nothing's done! My eyes see new things to paint with every breath I take. But my hands...these claws... See how the nails are turning blue? How can I paint with these? When the function is gone, what's left?

SU FRIDA

The spirit remains.

MI FRIDA

But it needs to fly.

They hold hands.

SU FRIDA

*Mujeres juntas....*

MI FRIDA

*Ni difuntas.*

(beat)

Cheer up, *Putita*. It's not like it's the last day of our life.

David speaks as a FLOWER VENDOR with a cart:

FLOWER VENDOR/DAVID

*Flores! Para los vivos!*

SU FRIDA

*Ay Bruja, you're right. It's Flower Day!*

The Fridas move excitedly as Perla sings "Flower Day."

PERLA

*Don't let the summer blind you  
With birds and butterflies  
Fill your heart with excess  
Touch your lips with lies  
Take you to the market  
Sell you to the sun  
Drop you like a storm cloud  
When your work is done*

ALL

*It's Flower Day  
It's Flower Day  
It's Flower Day*

*Forget the words Ramirez wrote  
God does not exist  
Forget the tears left in your bed  
And all your cowardice  
Manipulate the chaos  
Like Cantinflas in the air  
Around the world in eighty days  
The wind all in your hair*

ALL

*It's Flower Day  
It's Flower Day  
It's Flower Day*

SU FRIDA

Dance!

MI FRIDA

I can't feel my feet.

SU FRIDA

You only have one.

MI FRIDA

*Fresca!*

PERLA

*Standing in the forest of  
An urban light  
Beneath a thousand lampposts  
Against the blackened sky  
Take off my calla lily mask  
Lift up my conquered eyes  
Your contest is already won  
Don't ever say, ever say, ever say goodbye*

ALL

*It's Flower Day  
It's Flower Day  
It's Flower Day*

Flower Vendor goes as the Fridas return with arms full of flowers.

SU FRIDA

I'll dance with you.

## MI FRIDA

Walk first.

They walk together, arm in arm. Within the frame A LARGE MAN appears asleep nearby in a chair. The Fridas stare at him.

## PERLA

*In Rockefeller's mural  
The future was the past  
Another war was coming  
It wouldn't be the last*

*Uncannily as it turned out  
In my premonition  
I even saw the mushroom cloud  
From atomic fission*

*My Nightmare of War and my Dream of Peace  
My gift to Mao gone missing*

*But you and I  
Are always here  
On Flower Day  
Still kissing*

## ALL

*It's Flower Day  
It's Flower Day  
It's Flower Day  
It's Flower Day*

Mi Frida finally leaves a flower on his chest. Su Frida sets flowers around him almost like in a ritual. He does not awaken.

MI FRIDA

*Aqui esta, el gran mono.*

SU FRIDA

Sleeping?

MI FRIDA

Waiting: For me to croak.

SU FRIDA

He dreams with his eyes open.

MI FRIDA

The sleep of the dead. I know it well.

Mi Frida reaches through the frame to touch him.

SU FRIDA

Comrade Diego. *Pobrecito!* His painting is all he ever lived for.

MI FRIDA

And his conquests. Too bad! When we're gone we won't be able to get him back anymore with our own affairs.

Su Frida tickles his ear. Sleeping, he brushes her hand away.

SU FRIDA

Unless there's an afterlife: A great Aztec afterlife with all his favorite Gods. Tlazolteotl, the sin eater; as soon as Diego gets there, I'll open my legs and let the God eat it up!

MI FRIDA

Or a great Communist reunion in Hell....A  
great big Stalinist show trial with Trotsky  
as defendant. We'll make Diego testify  
about the time he found me here wearing Trotsky's  
little round glasses – and nothing else!

Mi Frida pulls his nose hair.

SU FRIDA

And the little music box he left on my pillow  
that played Tchaikovsky – *So bourgeois!*

MI FRIDA

If there's anything Diego hates, it's when I  
open that Pandora's Box of Russian longing.  
Suddenly he's not the biggest man in the  
room anymore.

Diego frowns in his sleep.

SU FRIDA

He looks so sad.

MI FRIDA

Don't fall for it.

SU FRIDA

I know it's how he gets the girls.

MI FRIDA

It's how he got us – twice.

SU FRIDA

Not that we're special. He'll fuck anything.

MI FRIDA

Not anymore. Cancer of the penis.

SU FRIDA

Sounds rare.

MI FRIDA

In more ways than one. He's had to cut back on his flings. No wonder he's sad.

SU FRIDA

*Ay Diego!* Finally our afflicted bodies understand each other's pain.

MI FRIDA

Even in our infidelity, we are chained together.

Su Frida swaddles him like a baby, combs his hair with a wet finger, as Perla sings "Diego My Destiny."

PERLA

*Diego my builder*

*Diego my friend*

*Diego beginning*

*Diego the end*

*Diego my mother*

*My father, my child*

*Diego my crying*

*Diego my smile*

*Diego my destiny  
Diego my destiny  
Diego mi amor*

*What would I do  
Without the absurd  
Without all my monkeys  
Without all the birds*

*Without every mirror  
Over my bed  
Without every pillow  
To hold up my head*

*Diego my boyfriend  
Diego my son  
Diego my lover  
Diego my husband*

*Diego my destiny  
Diego my destiny  
Diego mi amor*

*Inst.*

*Diego my painter  
Diego my me  
Diego my universe  
My Unity*

*Diego my destiny  
Diego my destiny  
Diego mi amor*

Diego awakens with a noncommittal smile. He stretches like an oversized animal. He does not approach the Fridas.

FRIDA

He's afraid to come in, but he's  
scared to leave. Is this what marriage  
becomes after so many years? Duty  
without passion?

Su Frida dons something sexy – mannish?

SU FRIDA

I seduced him once. I can do it again.

Each Frida takes an item of clothing. What starts out comic and tongue in cheek ends up loving.

MI FRIDA

I don't have to seduce him. He's mine.  
But perhaps I might, for fun, wear this.

SU FRIDA

He always preferred linen to lace.

MI FRIDA

Leather to silk.

SU FRIDA

He liked me in men's clothes.

MI FRIDA

I like me in men's clothes.

SU FRIDA

And no high heels. He always said, --

DIEGO

(not looking, but hearing,  
doing a Humphrey Bogart  
gangster impression)

“Wear something you can run in,  
in case we need to make a getaway!”

MI FRIDA

And more than once, we did!

Diego nearly joins the Fridas. Their moment is interrupted by the bell of the front gate. Diego turns to UNSEEN GUESTS.

DIEGO

Welcome. *Mi casa es su casa.*

MI FRIDA

No it's not.

DIEGO

Have a look. Just don't go in there. She's  
resting. We'll speak quietly.

(gestures like a tour guide)

It's all Frida. The murals, the photos, the ornaments,  
the colors: She designed this house top to bottom....

MI FRIDA

Who is he talking to?

DIEGO

Not just art: *Animales y plantas exóticas.*  
*Cosas, chismes, chanchullos.*  
*Materias, mercancías, bienes.* Stuff!

MI FRIDA

What stuff?

SU FRIDA

My stuff!

DIEGO

A house full like a bladder. What to do  
with it? Release the pressure. Pack it all  
up and sell it to the highest bidder.

SU FRIDA

Sell my stuff?

DIEGO

I don't want any of it.

SU FRIDA

*Pendejo!* Who says you're getting any?

DIEGO

We could lock it all away in storage.  
Or...we could make the house a museum.

MI FRIDA

Of what? Despair? Impotence?

DIEGO  
(to the FRIDAS)

Our love.

(to whom he's talking to)  
For an affordable price. Cash, of course.

SU FRIDA  
He's broke!

DIEGO  
Down payment as soon as possible.

MI FRIDA  
*Sinverguenza!* Not even dead yet, and he  
sells the home right from under our feet.

SU FRIDA  
Foot.

David plays guitar opening to "Awakened." Diego looks around at everything but the Fridas, his tone changes.

DIEGO  
Between us two, she was the greater.

MI FRIDA  
What did he say?

DIEGO  
I paint public space. She painted her insides.  
My work was monumental. Now I see that hers was the  
greater art. You watch. Her fame will grow and grow.

One day the world will come to the Casa Azul. And it won't be for me.

MI FRIDA

He said that!?

DIEGO

As the saying goes: *Mucho sabe el raton, pero mas el gato.* She was the cat.

MI FRIDA

That would make you the rat!

SU FRIDA

(simply)

*Saber es poder.*

Perla sings "Awakened."

PERLA

*We walk down to the water's edge  
From all that really matters  
And lie down on the sandy bed  
Where everything is scattered*

*Resistance holds until it's gone  
His arms no longer know you  
Your heart beats in a different song  
And other fingers mold you*

*Face to face  
With the new  
Eye to eye  
With the truth*

*There is no need to hesitate  
We're shining like the pebbles  
Small and round we roll away  
Siding with the devil*

*Let's forget  
Who we are  
In the soft  
Closing heart*

*The sound growing louder  
Insistent, the coward  
Is dying and falling away*

*A joy is emerging  
A voice ever urging  
The song of this simmering place*

*Awakened  
Awakened*

*As time collapses in a heap  
A breathlessness upon us  
We slowly get back on our feet  
For all the world to want us*

*Where there's smoke  
There is fire  
Fade to blue  
Ever higher*

*The sound growing louder  
Insistent, the coward  
Is dying and falling away*

*A joy is emerging  
A voice ever urging  
The song of this shattering place*

*Awakened  
Awakened  
Awakened  
Awakened*

Throughout the song, Diego fights not to look at the Fridas.

#### DIEGO

Knowledge is power. Frida would want this.  
Keep everything: every slip of paper,  
shoe-lace and sweat-stained undergarment.  
It's a mirror: She painted it, it painted  
her. Please go now: She needs her rest.  
And forward the down payment to my  
personal account, forthwith!

#### SU FRIDA

(making fun of him)

"Forthwith!" Jolly good, jolly good!

Bell from the front gate as Diego's unseen guests disappear.

#### MI FRIDA

*Cobarde!* Sell it all, as if you were  
never there. But you were. You are.

Su Frida approaches the frame as an open window. She watches Diego feed the monkeys and the bird.

SU FRIDA

He's old. He's suffering, in his way.

MI FRIDA

He was old when we met him. How did I dare give him my love?

SU FRIDA

You dared. We are never so defenseless against suffering as when we love.

Perla sings "Comrade Rivera" as Diego dances a traditional dance.

PERLA

*Comrade Rivera dances with the weavers and  
the cloth-dyers and the farmers and the miners*

*In the Burning of the Judases*

*And the Dance of the Deer*

*In the Tehuanas Dance*

*And the Dance of the Ribbons*

*In the Corn Harvest Dance*

*And the May Day Dance*

*And he remembers his Indian mother*

*And her far-seeing clairvoyance*

*And remembers his goat mother doting*

*And the milk fresh from her udders*

ALL

*And the paint-boxes, canvases, easels and  
brushes and all of his painting gear*

*And the paint-boxes, canvases, easels and  
brushes and all of his painting gear*

*Comrade Rivera is watching the glaring  
Red ball  
bounding over the horizon  
and come to  
rest in a greenish-white bank of clouds*

*From Conquest to the Revolution  
To a future shining with new suns  
From Conquest to the Revolution  
To a future shining with new suns*

ALL

*Comrade Rivera dances with the weavers and  
the cloth-dyers and the farmers and the miners  
The miners  
The miners  
The miners*

Diego finally sees The Fridas in the frame. Rushes to her.

DIEGO

*Mi Frijolita!* Why are you up? You need  
your rest. I'm sorry I woke you.

SU FRIDA

*Ay my great big frog!*

MI FRIDA

There will be time enough for rest soon enough.

Diego chooses Su Frida to address.

DIEGO

You look just like a child, Frida.

MI FRIDA

Now he's really dreaming with eyes open.

DIEGO

Like the girl who woke me up.

David plays the melody to "Awakened."

Eagle wings as Perla perches, the song suspended.

Diego grabs her hand, kisses it.

MI FRIDA

Don't let him kiss you!

Su Frida kisses Diego's hand.

SU FRIDA

I kiss the hand that painted Lenin  
on Rockefeller's wall.

DIEGO

I kiss the hand that painted her heart  
on the outside.

SU FRIDA

(visibly proud\_)

Strange how the work that was  
destroyed – that nearly destroyed us –  
is the work we remember in the end.

DIEGO

*Es la lucha. Y la lucha es ser humano.*

They hold hands, unified.

SU FRIDA

*Companero.*

DIEGO

*Companera.*

MI FRIDA

Partners? How can you leave your partner?  
How could you leave this house?

DIEGO

How could I stay? Every inch reminds  
me of your skin, your smell. Courtship,  
marriage, divorce, marriage again – all  
in this house.

SU FRIDA

Every kiss.

DIEGO

Electric.

SONG: "We Become a Lightning Rod." As they sing the lights flicker and go on/off on cue.

PERLA

*The moment our lips touched  
The electric light above us went off  
And when our lips parted  
The light popped on again  
The light popped on again  
Popped on again*

*A few minutes later  
Under another street lamp  
We stooped for another kiss  
And we put out a second light  
A second light  
A second light*

ALL

*When we kiss the lights go out  
When we stop they go back on  
We become a lightning rod  
We are human lighting rods*

*A little self-consciously  
Repeating the experiment  
Three more times  
With the same mysterious result  
Mysterious result  
Mysterious result*

*Months later*

*As we stood directly below a blazing bulb*

*We enjoyed a very long kiss*

*And the light went on and off five times*

*On and off five times*

*On and off five times*

ALL

*When we kiss the lights go out*

*When we stop they go back on*

*We become a lightning rod*

*We are human lightning rods*

PERLA

*Between the privileged and the dispossessed*

*Between the bullfight and an empty bottle*

*Between the promises of fulfillment*

*Between the desire and the ravages of age*

DAVID/DIEGO

*When we kiss the lights go out*

*When we stop they go back on*

*We become a lightning rod*

*We are human lightning rods*

*(repeat)*

One last kiss as the song ends.

PERLA/FRIDAS

*We become a lightning rod*

*We become a lightning rod*

*We become a lightning rod*

*We become a lightning rod\**

*(repeat)*

SU FRIDA

*Mujer con bozo*

DIEGO

*Bien sabroso!* But your peach-fuzz  
lives above your eyes. Uni-brow!

SU FRIDA

*Y tu? Con tu barriga?* I wouldn't talk.

DIEGO

(proudly)

A man without a belly is like a  
house without a balcony.

MI FRIDA

What house? You've sold it.

SU FRIDA

Don't sell it.

DIEGO

You've left me, I've left you. All that  
remains are things. Let them go.

MI FRIDA

For a price. You always were a bull-shit  
Communist.

DIEGO

Until the Revolution comes, show me  
the alternative to money.

MI FRIDA

*Como carajos le haces para conquistar a tanta mujer si estas tan feo hijo de la chingada.*

DIEGO

(sadly)

I'm not dead yet, *Mi vida*.

MI FRIDA

And I am?

SU FRIDA

Not yet!

Full of life and youth, Su Frida fully crosses through the frame to the other side and him.

MI FRIDA

Don't leave me! Don't break!  
That's what he wants.

SU FRIDA

It's what I want. I'm broken  
anyway. And I won't let it stop me!  
I'm ferocious with life!

DIEGO

Come to me, *Mujer*.

SU FRIDA

No.

DIEGO

Please. *Ven. Ven mi nena!*

SU FRIDA

No. *El amor hace pasar el tiempo  
y el tiempo hace pasar el amor.*

DIEGO

Oh yeah? *El amor reina sin ley.*

SU FRIDA

No. *El amor is como los pasteles  
que recalentados no sirven.*

DIEGO

Enough with the *dichos*. Who do you love?

SU FRIDA

Myself!

Su Frida leaves them both and goes to the frame. It becomes an easel. We see Frida's artwork: colorful, vicious, intimate. Su Frida sets to work painting.

SU FRIDA

I was born a *perra*.

(makes a painting motion)

I was born to paint.

(grows focused as she paints)

I used to think I was the strangest  
person in the world.... But then I realized.

The art images changes surprisingly.

SU FRIDA

There are so many people in the world.  
There must be someone like me. Someone  
unresolved...odd...imperfect.

Another major image change.

SU FRIDA

I dreamed of her, imagined her out  
there somewhere dreaming of me too.  
(stops painting)  
Are you there?

MI FRIDA

*Estoy aqui!*

SU FRIDA

I don't mean us. I mean them.

The frame becomes an actual mirror. Preferably the audience  
gets a glimpse of itself.

MUSIC: Maurice Ravel piano, "*Le Tombeau de Couperin.*"

SU FRIDA

That first time: When you really see  
your body in a shop window. Your face  
in passing in a dressing room window.  
Not just the features, but what's  
roiling inside: Your sexuality on the  
skin, raging. Your mind bouncing with  
energy looking for a place to play.  
Your soul – or whatever that thing is –

behind the eyes, looking to give away  
your secrets. Remember?

MI FRIDA

No.

SU FRIDA

It was in Paris.

MI FRIDA

Were we there?

SU FRIDA

He was.

Diego approaches the frame as an artist would a blank canvas.

DIEGO

*A Mexicano* in Paris. I ran so far  
away that I ended up where I began.

SU FRIDA

That's what Paris is there for.

Perla as Diego sings "Mexican in Paris."

PERLA

*One day I saw a pushcart  
Filled with peaches  
By every detail  
I was transfixed*

*I ran back to my studio  
And I began my experiments  
That very day*

*One day in Paris  
In 1917  
On a beautifully lit afternoon  
I found the way*

*I used to paint from  
The fourth dimension  
Breaking down every form  
As seen for centuries  
Creating out of the fragments  
New forms and new objects  
New patterns and—ultimately--new worlds*

*When it dawned on me  
That all this innovation  
Had little to do with-- real life*

*One day in Paris  
In 1917  
On a beautifully lit afternoon  
I found the way*

The frame reveals images that inspired Diego's art – from the Renaissance as well as Contemporary Art. Then we see images of Diego's art that are unexpected – Cubist, portrait art, all very European and very gorgeous. Then, toward the end of the song we begin to see the trademark Rivera style, theme – The Way.

## PERLA

*I found my murals  
 And I found my masses  
 And "The Zapatistas"  
 In my Paris days*

*Oh in Paris, when I found those peaches  
 filling that pushcart, I found the way*

*One day in Paris  
 A Mexican in Paris  
 On a beautifully lit afternoon  
 I found the way*

*I found my murals  
 And I found my masterpiece  
 And I found my Mexico  
 In my Paris days*

*I found the way*

*In my Paris days*

*I found the way*

Diego reaches into the frame and pulls out a ripe peach and eats it. He shares it with Perla/Gertrudis. She sucks the pit.

## DIEGO

I had to go to Paris to find my Mexico.

MI FRIDA

Our Mexico.

DIEGO

*Lo nuestro.* The Mexico of our blood.

SU FRIDA

(displays the veins in her arms)

*Pura Mexicana.*

MI FRIDA

(displays the veins in her arms)

Not pure. Pure misses so much. The slave  
and the Jew and the Coolie and the Irishman.  
Father's polkas on the phonograph, goulash  
on the stove eaten with *tortillas*.

DIEGO

*Eso es!* Strudel and *champurado*.

MI FRIDA

Is that pure?

DIEGO

*De todo un poco.*

MI FRIDA

You went to Paris in order to  
find Mexico. I went to you in order  
to find myself: In all my impurity.

SU FRIDA

But perhaps I didn't know that then.

Diego comes to Mi Frida like a longtime lover – tenderly. They embrace, but before they can get intimate, Mi Frida winces in severe pain. Su Frida goes to Mi Frida's side. They hold hands. Diego hovers but does not approach.

SU FRIDA

(gives MI FRIDA pills)

For the pain.

MI FRIDA

Pain is Mexican too, *que no?*

DIEGO

You don't have the monopoly on it.

MI FRIDA

Pain is private. Women understand.

DIEGO

And men?

MI FRIDA

Bulls in a vagina shop.

SU FRIDA

Woman's pain is in the hips. Man's is in the heart. As bad as it's been, I'd rather be us.

MI FRIDA

Painting dispersed the pain.

SU FRIDA

At least we tried.

DIEGO

Hearts on the Outside?

(beat)

It's in you. The art comes from your wounds, unhealed, open, like flowers. It's what's kept you young. And beautiful.

MI FRIDA

The mirror doesn't lie. This body that once cavorted with movie stars and Heads of State....That made love to *Huichols* under the blue agave, that danced with *Concheros* in Cuernavaca and climbed The Pyramid of Flowers outside Tlaxcala. This body I no longer recognize: This stump where my leg ought to be: These breasts you once fed on. This home that belongs to neither of us anymore. No, not beautiful.

DIEGO

*Nada es bello excepto la verdad.*

(looks at MI FRIDA)

You are woman

(looks at SU FRIDA)

And child. *Mi Frida, su Frida.*  
 You are beautiful to me both ways.

Finally looking at them both, Diego breaks down.

MI FRIDA

Is he crying?

SU FRIDA

Why are you so sad? So scared?  
 So guilty to your very soul?

DIEGO

I took your youth. I ate it like a mango.  
 I let the juice run down my arms.

MI FRIDA

*Se lo chupó.* It's true.

DIEGO

I never thought you'd run dry.

SU FRIDA

*Y que?* Don't you understand? It's what  
 I wanted. To devour and be devoured.  
 That's life! That's art! That's the Way!

MI FRIDA

There's nothing left. *Putá.* It can't go on.

SU FRIDA

*Bruja.* It goes on forever. We go on forever.

## DIEGO

There are two Fridas: Acid and tender,  
hard as steel and delicate and fine as a  
butterfly's wing, lovable as a smile, and  
cruel as the bitterness of life.

## SU FRIDA

There is only one Diego.

## MI FRIDA

And I'll never understand him.

## SONG "I AM (the Great UnReason)"

The frame reveals IMAGES of Diego's towering art.

## PERLA

*I am The Great Unreason  
Walking an immense tide  
Collecting shells of nonsense  
Under a yellow sky*

*I've got my pencils sharpened  
Into infinity  
I am The Great Unreason  
I walk a yellow sea*

*You and I are strangers here  
You and I are dangerous  
You and I are strangers here  
You and I are glamorous*

*Suffer, rejoice, love and rage and kiss  
and laugh and suffer love and rage*

*I am The Great Concealer  
I am the pigeon's nest  
I am your La Llorona  
I am a tenderness*

*I am a revolution  
I am an open gown  
I am The Great Concealer  
I'm hanging up-side-down*

*You and I are strangers here  
You and I are dangerous  
You and I are strangers here  
You and I are amorous*

*Suffer, rejoice, love and rage and kiss  
and laugh and suffer love and rage*

Diego uses the frame as a scaffold to scale the wall.

PERLA

*I am a house of idols  
I keep a diary  
I am The Great Unreason  
I paint the things I see*

*You and I are strangers here  
You and I are dangerous  
You and I are strangers here  
You and I are glamorous*

*Suffer, rejoice, love and rage  
and kiss and laugh  
and Suffer, rejoice, love and rage  
and kiss and laugh  
and suffer love and rage*

From above:

DIEGO

Generations of guilt: The Conquest that made America. The Rape that birthed us all. This is my subject. This is what I see behind my eyes. Freud saw how the guilt about the murder of Moses is inherited through generations, how it drives Jews to religion out of guilt. I see how the murder of Cuauthemoc murdered me, how I must drive the guilt away by showing it on the wall for all to see.

Perla swoops aggressively like the eagle on the Mexican flag.

DIEGO

My best grew out of things deeply felt,  
my worst from a pride in mere talent.  
My best came from life *contigo*, Frida.

MI FRIDA

And your worst?

DIEGO

From life *contigo*, Frida.

An exhausted and beaten Diego descends back to earth.

DIEGO

You came for me. You wore overalls.  
 You took my hand and ushered me  
 through the house, -- this house -- which  
 seemed to be empty, and into your room.  
 You paraded all your paintings before me. You said, --

SU FRIDA

I am not looking for compliments. I want  
 the criticism of a serious man. I'm neither  
 an art lover nor an amateur. I'm a girl who  
 needs to work for her living. *Y que?*

Su Frida shows him several canvases against the wall.

MI FRIDA

And you said, --

DIEGO

No matter how difficult it gets for you,  
 paint. For us.

Both Fridas smile, the smile of a child.

DIEGO

I didn't know. You had become the  
 most important fact in my life.

SU FRIDA

I kiss the mouth that genius comes from.

When they kiss, the lights go on and off.

DIEGO

I'm an ignoramus as much as the  
next man. I don't know how to feel.

SU FRIDA

I feel for both of us.

Su Frida brings Mi Frida to the edge of the frame.

SU FRIDA

For the three of us. *Besame.*

Su Frida thrusts Mi Frida forward. Diego seems lost in the mirror  
image of the two Fridas.

DIEGO

*La muerte no tiene boca.*

(pulls away)

*Perdon.* Death is in this house.

And I must have life.

Su Frida wipes her mouth.

SU FRIDA

You have another woman waiting?

DIEGO

I must have life. Forgive me.

Perla swoops. Shits on Diego.

DIEGO

*Carajo!* Fucking bird!

SU FRIDA

Gertrudis! *Mi tonali* – My other me!

MI FRIDA

My Azteca birth sign: *El aguila!*

The eagle shits on the rat.

SU FRIDA

(calling after DIEGO)

*Yo no te perdono!*

Diego leaves. Eagle wings chase him each step of the way.

MI FRIDA

(to EAGLE)

There is only one way to become  
an eagle: to be born an eagle!

(to SU FRIDA)

There have been two great accidents  
in my life: Diego was by far the worse.

Su Frida turns on the radio. Kay Starr's "*If You Love Me*" plays.  
Su Frida dances with an imaginary partner, very well.

SU FRIDA

The truth is at the end of the day, we  
can endure much more than we think.

MI FRIDA

Each memory awakens me like  
needles on my spine. But I want to sleep.

Mi Frida turns off the radio.

SU FRIDA

Is it time?

Mi Frida re-lights the cigar. Su Frida swigs the tequila. Mi Frida  
reveals a bottle of pills.

SU FRIDA

You think of everything.

MI FRIDA

Only the end to my pain.  
(brightly)  
What shall we wear?

SU FRIDA

I say we go out in style.

Both Fridas pull out articles of clothing – dresses, outlandish  
footwear, flower prints – mixing and matching and laughing.

MI FRIDA

No black veils allowed. *imás color!*

SU FRIDA

*Flores de los muertos!*

Each shows off amazing red platform boot sneakers that they wear under their dresses.

MI FRIDA

Trails of marigolds to guide the *tonali* on the journey out of the body. To where? What is beyond this broken body?

SU FRIDA

Flowers, all along the way.

The frame EXPLODES with flowers, in bunches and push-carts. A market of flowers in surreal color and size.

An apologetic Diego reappears standing outside with flowers in his arms, bird shit marking the shoulder of his suit.

DIEGO

Forgive me! *Perdoneme!* It's Flower Day!

David plays the melody to "Flower Day" as Diego places flowers around the room and finally on the bodies of both Fridas.

DIEGO

*Eso es mi Frida.*

SU FRIDA

*Eres mi Diego.*

DIEGO

There are no other women.

SU FRIDA

Don't lie. Never lie.

Diego tries to clean the *guano* from his shoulder.

MI FRIDA

*Yo conozco al pajaro por la cagada.*

You are here to guide me.

DIEGO

Where?

MI FRIDA

To my death.

Perla as Eagle reappears, while David begins to play the melody to "Tell Me You Don't Love Me."

DIEGO

*Mi vida*, there are no two Diegos.  
 There is just one old decaying man  
 clutching at life. I bring you flowers  
 because I don't know what else to  
 do when the candle wick goes out.  
 If you asked me to paint the mural  
 of our love, it would stretch for miles.  
 But it can only live above ground.  
*El que por su boca muere hasta la  
 muerte le sabe.* If you tell me not  
 to lie, then I cannot stay.

Smiling the noncommittal smile, he starts to walk away.

SU FRIDA

*Payaso!* I dare you to leave this house.  
I dare you to walk away.

DIEGO

My life just can't deal with your death.

MI FRIDA

If you can say you never loved me, then go.

SU FRIDA

I dare you!

PERLA

*Tell me you don't love me anymore  
Tell me you don't need me like before  
Tell me you don't want me in your arms  
Tell me and I'll leave you to your charms*

*Tell me after all the things we said  
Tell me and I'll put my tears to bed  
Tell me you don't love me anymore  
Tell me you don't need me like before*

*Let the sun come up  
Let the moon go down  
Let the river flow  
Let the earth be bound*

*Tell me you don't want to kiss my lips  
Tell me you don't need my fingertips  
Tell me after all the things we said  
Tell me and I'll put my tears to bed*

*Let the stars come out  
Let the wind go by  
Let my day be day  
Let my night be night*

*Come down  
From your  
Scaffold*

*(Instrumental)*

*Let my sand be cold  
Let my thirst be life  
Let my pain and death  
Be there right by my side*

*Tell me you don't want to kiss my lips  
Tell me you don't need my fingertips  
Tell me you don't need me in your arms  
Tell me and I 'll leave you to your charms*

*Tell me after all the things we said  
Tell me and I'll put my tears to bed  
Tell me you don't love me anymore  
Tell me you don't need me like before*

*Let the sun come up  
Let the moon go down  
Let the sun come up  
Let the moon go down.....*

Mi Frida opens a music box that plays a Russian melody. It infuriates Diego.

DIEGO

I loved you.

Mi Frida slams the box shut. Diego storms out.

Mi Frida lights the cigar. Su Frida swigs the tequila. Each takes a handful of pills. They toast one another.

MI FRIDA

I hope the ending is joyful and I hope never to return.

SU FRIDA

*Ya ves.* There will be no afterlife. Not for us.

MI FRIDA

Why should there be? We lived. If anyone wonders how, they can come to this house.

SU FRIDA

*Caras vemos, corazones sabemos.* We live with our hearts on the outside.

MI FRIDA

As the saying goes.

They hold hands. Settle together into an endless sleep.

Diego reappears outside, unable to go and unable to leave, tries to light a cigarette, fails again and again.

Perla sings BROKEN HOURS for him.

PERLA

*You are my favorite  
In broken hours  
You are just perfect  
In broken hours  
So many frogs sing  
In the water, but  
You are my favorite  
In broken hours*

*They taught me about the earth  
And the universe  
With an orange  
And a lighted candle*

*And, I invented a game  
Called "the agony of the candlewick"  
About a candlewick people stared at  
Until it went out*

*I painted "Moses"  
In broken hours  
One of my nicest  
In broken hours  
I liked Freud's "Moses And Monotheism" and  
I painted "Moses"  
In broken hours*

*I asked my friend, "Bring me seashells  
So I can hear the sound of The sea."  
Well, I think about death too often  
And I've tried in my own way to be free*

Images from their career – paintings and photographs – wash over them like pastels or watercolors, felt more than focused.

*My third eye opened  
In broken hours  
I gave birth to myself  
In broken hours*

*I was a goddess but,  
had no power  
My third eye opened  
In broken hours*

ALL  
(as in a Zen chant)

*Nine  
Teen  
Fif-  
Ty  
Four*

*Pain-  
Ting  
Is  
The  
On-  
Ly  
Skill  
I  
Have*

*And  
No-  
Thing  
Else*

Lights flicker on and off. Eagle wings overhead.

Perla flies towards El Popo in the great distance beyond.

END