

# **An Explorer's Desire**

*a Creative Corps project*

## **Play List And Cast List**

### **THE HEART OF AN EXPLORER by Bianca Bagatourian**

The Conjuror (Host)

Storytellers (Remainder of cast in unison)

### **TERRA, TERRA, TERRA (LAND, LAND, LAND) by Alessandro Grisolini**

Man

Voice (Remainder of cast in unison with or without Host)

### **RARE STEAKS - NATIONAL NEWS NETWORK by Roberto Andrioli**

Reporter 1

Reporter 2

Girl

### **DENTIFRICIO FIOR D'IRIS (IRIS TOOTHPASTE) by Marcos Najera**

Iris

Marcos/Police

Marta/Guard

### **CROSSING AN INLAND ISLAND by Susan McCully**

Prepper

Paula

### **THE MEETING BEFORE DINNER by James "Prince" Coley**

Big Sister

Big Brother

Camper

Abul

### **DEDICATED TO YOU AND TO VESPUCCI by Tomas Jelenik**

Full Cast & Audience

### **HERE ARE THE FEW THINGS YOU WILL NEED FOR A SUCCESSFUL EVENT:**

A bell or sounding bowl and stick

Small pitcher and bowl

Candles/candle sticks/incense

Matches/lighter

Performance scripts (4-5)

Sound system of some sort

Projector and computer or printed copies of the images

Pens or pencils for each audience member

Enough printed Participant Booklets for Audience and Actors to have one each

Glasses

Napkins

Juice and/or wine and water

Vegetable sticks (celery, carrots)

Salt water in bowls for dipping

Mandarins or oranges (enough for everyone)

Soft tortillas and salsa (enough for everyone)

Paper plates

Name tags (option of: people writing their country of origin during BENEDICTION sharing)

Brochures or any information pamphlets from local organization you are supporting.

**SOUND** (you will see the indications in script where to use the following if you choose)

"Entry" sound track

sound of children crying

Final music

## AN EXPLORER'S DESIRE

*Table is set. Small pitcher and bowl. Candles. Incense. Pens and paper are at each audience member's location. Food items, water or wine, paper plates and napkins are easily accessible for the audience and actors who sit with them. Bell or Sounding Bowl is also near Host. Actors read play titles in unison. Section titles (**BENEDICTION, PURIFICATION, etc. are not read**)*

*"Entry" sound track plays as audience enters, sits, reads first page of booklet & waits to begin*

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### **BENEDICTION**

**HOST** washes hands ritualistically as **SAYS**:

"MAY WE HONOR THE ANCESTORS WHO BROUGHT US HERE TO THIS MOMENT. AS BEST AS YOU KNOW SHARE WITH US ONE PLACE YOUR FAMILY TRAVELED FROM THAT BROUGHT YOU HERE, WRITE IT AND WEAR IT PROUDLY. WE'LL START WITH ME . . ." (All share. Host sounds the bell. Titles of ALL pieces in **bold** are to be read by full cast.)

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### **THE HEART OF AN EXPLORER** (actors read title in unison)

#### ***The Conjurer:***

Where are our explorers of today and yesterday?  
Where have these men and women strayed?  
Under which stones are they laying unturned?  
Under what conditions can they be heard?

(Host lights the candles and incense)

Come one, come all, heed the explorer's call.  
Come forth from generations to the town hall.  
Come forth from the past and our history.  
Come forth to make us a brand new story.

Where lies the hope for today's explorer?  
Where be this spirit for which we are poorer?  
Without the help of a brave heart like yours,  
as those that discovered all countries and shores.

Then slowly I hear perks and peeps from old bones,  
from cracks and crevices of paved gravel and stones.  
Under sleepy blankets of tatters and wool,  
emerge the pluckiest, most courageous of them all!

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### **PURIFICATION:**

*Actors pass around printed images or projected images are shared on wall/screen*

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***The Conjuror:***

For who is the explorer of today's high seas?  
Say, could this adventurer be you and me,  
who migrate to other lands in a mad dance  
and end up somewhere as immigrants?

As we dare to cross lines of language and word,  
a convergence of sounds and textures blurred.  
The noises and smells of foreignness,  
becoming one in the bloom of this egress.

Moving between two points on a map,  
the act of entering and exiting is planned.  
Thriving on foreign soil amongst issues of race,  
to make a small corner and call the pavement theirs.

***Story Tellers:***

I enter your city with its sunbaked highways,  
and vastness of land matching only blue skyways.  
As the rhythms of a wave can well tell what's to come,  
under the blunting sharpness of the acrid sun.

***The Conjuror:***

So the earth is all done, explored and old,  
with no more myths and legends to be told.  
Aliens legal and illegal chart a new biography,  
a new guide to planet earth's geography.

This is human migration cut from a new cloth,  
of patterns and portraits of new growth,  
the chronology of which is already false dust.  
Newborn communities sing in closed chorus.

***Story Tellers:***

I erase previous lines to travel even further.  
Who sees a reason why I should not wander  
where my heart chooses itself to so saunter  
overstepping boundaries as I enter?

***The Conjuror:***

Making firsthand encounters in strange places,  
observing intrigue on new faces  
Seeking after new scraps of knowledge,  
learning along the way an entirely new language.

**Story Tellers:**

Our new home! Land of metropolitan mobility.  
Immigrant-rich land, who are your new citizenry?  
With multiple prides driven by lofty ambitions,  
I strive to understand your geography of immigration.

**The Conjurer:**

For man will surely suffer abroad,  
when he leaves his own shores and lives in the clouds.  
His soul can agonize from wandering this earth,  
a rootless alienation, a disease from our birth.  
For what have we done, what design have we approved?  
What map have we drawn? What is our new route?

On what have we imposed, on whose call have we implored?  
I ask you to consider the conditions we've ignored.  
Born with natural curiosity, be it primary or secondary,  
lack of which may provoke mere insanity.

But is not curiosity timeless and imagination boundless,  
the desire to know endless and the capacity of man tireless?  
Nonetheless, this isn't a tale of woe as I may have led.

I look to the future and contemplate the long haul.  
I imagine a one with no borders at all,  
where we will move freely from there to here.  
A borderless world where no lines interfere.

For it does not matter where you stem from,  
or matter it not where you stem too.  
The heart of the matter is we are all one  
in a democracy of exploration.

**Story Tellers:**

I am explorer and an immigrant all in one.  
One and both – one and the same man.  
I stand at this crossroads of humanity,  
this massive examination of the spirit of morality.

And if you forbid me from the attempt, from reaching that shore,  
you not only forbid me from myself, but much more!  
And with that you will kill the immigrant in me,  
and succeed to forbid every man from he.

**Conjurer:**

For what is keeping us out and what is keeping us in?  
Is it just a matter of skin?  
Was I born with a border to my tomb?  
Was there a border in my mother's womb?

**Story Tellers**

I will cross. I will make it to the other side,  
whatever that side may be. I will not hide.  
Because the other side is what I have lived for.  
For I was born with that nature, the heart of an explorer.

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(Host *sounds the bell*)

**"THE APPETIZER" -**

**HOST SAYS:**

WE EAT VEGETABLES SYMBOLIZING THE SACREDNESS OF LIFE AND DIP IT IN SALT WATER TO GIVE THOUGHT TO THOSE WHO HAVE TRAVELED MANY SEAS AND SWEATED THROUGH MANY DESERTS TO ARRIVE TOWARD SAFETY. WE CRY FOR THOSE WHO DID NOT MAKE IT ARE ARE LOST FOREVER.

WHILE YOU'RE DIPPING YOUR VEGETABLES IN THE SALT WATER PLEASE TAKE A MOMENT TO USE YOUR PENCIL/PEN AND FINISH THE PHRASE "TO MY KNOWLEDGE THESE ARE ALL THE PLACES MY FAMILY MIGRATED FROM ....." AND CLOSE YOUR BOOKLET WHEN YOU ARE DONE."

(Host *sounds the bell* when all are ready to move on)

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**HOST SAYS:**

LET'S BEGIN TO READ SOME FACTS AND IMPORTANT INFORMATION. WE WILL GO AROUND THE TABLE STARTING TO MY RIGHT WITH EACH OF US READING ONE FACT.

- THE WORLD IS IN THE MIDST OF THE WORST REFUGEE CRISIS IN RECENT HISTORY WITH 68.5 MILLION FORCIBLY DISPLACED PEOPLE WORLDWIDE.
- 40 MILLION OF THEM ARE INTERNALLY DISPLACED.
- 25.4 MILLION ARE REFUGEES
- AND 3.1 MILLION ARE ASYLUM SEEKERS.
- 44,400 PEOPLE A DAY ARE FORCED TO FLEE THEIR HOMES BECAUSE OF CONFLICT AND PERSECUTION OR . .
- NEARLY 1 PERSON IS FORCIBLY DISPLACED EVERY TWO SECONDS.

**TERRA, TERRA, TERRA! (LAND, LAND, LAND!) (actors read title in unison)**

**Man:**

Land, land, land!! That's what I cried out loud when I first saw the coast of Sicily, like an explorer who has finally reached his goal. My throat was dry, my skin scorched by the salty air but nothing mattered anymore. Excitement had already exploded on the boat, our spirits were higher now. But our joy was spoiled by the recollection of the bodies we had handed over to the sea. Where are they now? I cried each time one of my fellow travelers of hope died, but I couldn't give up, I couldn't lose hope. I wanted to touch the Promised Land.

**Voice:**

Yes

**Man:**

I knelt down and started to stroke the soil, smelling it, searching for its rich scent. I could feel the wind gently brushing over it, taking it south, towards the sea and beyond. "Land, land, land" I cried and they thought I was insane. They brought me to a hospital and a doctor saw me. He said I had a case of delirium, due to temporary traumatic shock from the crossing...I had been gone 20 days.

He said I was fit and able to work. Two men entered. Big and sweaty, wearing white shirts and hats and told me:

**Voice:**

*"Come with us to work the land".*

**Man:**

Yes, here I come. This is what I came here for: I want to work the land. What a country! Just got here and I've got a job. So this is the Promised land, I thought. The land of plenty. They piled me into a small truck with ten or twelve others. I couldn't make out any familiar faces. It didn't matter. We were happily laughing, singing.

*Voice laughs and sings*

**Man:**

A new life was about to begin. We drove for hours. Jolted by the potholes on the dirt road and then we were in the country. A disused factory. They shoved us in and then locked us in with a padlock.

*Voice stops laughing and singing*

**Man:**

This is what I used to do to the goats, when I was a child and I would lock the animals up at night. Broken window panes, water pouring out of the pipes. Our beds were mattresses cast on the ground, eaten up by rats that were fatter than us. I almost envied them.

*(pause)*

Once during our lunch break the water flask I kept in my pocket broke. You see, the only thing I brought with me from Africa was a little bag of soil, my African soil. By day I kept it in a little cloth bag in my jacket pocket. At night I would pull it out and let the soil slip through my fingers. But that day I reached in my pocket and felt a soft mush. I pulled the bag out and mud tumbled out and hit the ground. At first I wished to separate the African soil from the Italian soil. What a fool. In the end I started to play with it. I kneaded and pounded the earth. I made a little mud ball and then two little worms that I divided and made two legs. I made two more and they became arms and then a body. A childish excitement lent a strong emotion to my hands as I worked. I, the creator. I went back to work. At the end of the day the sun had dried my little toy. I no longer had African soil in my pocket but my first sculpture. For months, when I had a break, I kept a little water aside for my new creations and poured it on the ground that would greedily drink it all up. I was free to invent a whole world with earth. Water. How I craved it those days in the fields while we were picking oranges and tangerines. My back was not happy to carry all those crates: 1 euro for a crate of tangerines and 50 cents for a crate of oranges. And from our pay they withheld money for themselves, our masters. Every morning, when they opened the gate of the factory, we had to have 3 euros ready to pay for our commute to work. How things had changed: in the past it was the masters who paid for slaves, transporting them to working sites across the Atlantic at the expenses of the whites. Now we, attracted like flies to honey, were the ones to pay to become slaves.

One day two Italians decided to break the boredom that gnawed at their little village and used a compressed air rifle to shoot at two of us on the way back from the fields. In no time, more than a hundred of us invaded the streets with sticks in our hands, breaking the windscreens of the cars, the windows of the shops. Asking for justice. And you know what? It worked. We made so much noise that the media arrived. Reporters wanted to interview us. The government reacted. The police arrested our jailers and stopped their exploitation of illegal immigrants.

*(silence)*

I told my story to the police and was rewarded with a permanent visa. I collected all my things and left, like a tourist off to discover a new world. How different the panorama was now from the one I had seen until then and how different from the land of Africa! From the train I could see thick vegetation, trees on the mountains, hills with vineyards and olive groves. And then towns, villages, people. Men and women. Before me there was a woman. Alone. She started asking me questions about my life. She was the first Italian woman to talk to me without being a policewoman. When I first arrived in this country, I could not approach a woman. Immigrant to them meant rapist. We arrived in Florence. I showed her my little sculptures and she started laughing. Right then a policeman came up and asked for my ID and where I was going. The woman replied for me:

**Voice:**

*"He's one of my workers".*

**Man:**

I proudly showed my brand new working visa. We got off the train. She really did give me a job. *(silence)* It took me some time to understand the suspicious look of the people who have lived their entire life in the same place and who fear their land will be taken away by the newly arrived. It takes time to support a soccer team. It takes time before my kids can understand both my language and that of their schoolmates. It takes time to let my daughter go out alone with



her boyfriend and to accept that my eldest son is gay and wants to live his own life. I need many hands and feet to step on this land.

**Voice:**

*Land, land, land.*

**Man:**

I can't do without soil, earth, land. I need to touch it, stroke it, let it slip between my fingers and coat my arms with it, my face...

**Voice:**

Yes.

**Man:**

Yes... . . . YES

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*(Host sounds the bell)*

## SPLITTING IN TWO

### **HOST SAYS:**

IN THE JEWISH CULTURE THE FOOD OF SUFFERING IS ALSO SYMBOLIC OF THE FOOD OF FREEDOM. IT HAS DUAL MEANINGS - LIKE WHEN WE CONSIDER AN ORANGE (hold up the orange), EACH INDIVIDUAL SECTION HAS ITS VALUE - BUT HELD TOGETHER AS A WHOLE, THE VALUE IS EVEN GREATER.

WHILE YOU ARE ENJOYING YOUR ORANGE, PLEASE USE THIS MOMENT TO, ON YOUR PAPER, FINISH THE PHRASE: WHEN I THINK OF MY OWN FAMILY'S JOURNEY I WONDER \_\_\_\_\_.

*(Host sounds the bell when all are ready to move on)*

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## THE TELLING

### **HOST SAYS:**

LET'S CONTINUE LEARNING WITH MORE INFORMATION. *(point to the next audience member to read)* PLEASE BEGIN FOR US AND WE WILL CONTINUE AROUND THE TABLE

- THERE ARE 10 MILLION STATELESS PEOPLE IN THE WORLD
- 1,224 SEXUAL ABUSE COMPLAINTS WERE FILED BY INDIVIDUALS IN ICE CUSTODY BETWEEN 2010 AND 2017. ONLY 43 WERE INVESTIGATED
- TRAFFICKING OF HUMAN BEINGS IS BELIEVED TO BE THE THIRD LARGEST SOURCE OF MONEY FOR ORGANIZED CRIME, AFTER ARMS AND DRUGS.

- EXPERTS ESTIMATE THAT GLOBALLY AT LEAST 1.8 MILLION CHILDREN, PRIMARILY YOUNG GIRLS, ARE EXPLOITED IN THE SEX INDUSTRY EACH YEAR.
- ANNUAL PROFITS FROM HUMAN TRAFFICKING HAVE BEEN ESTIMATED AT FIVE TO SEVEN BILLION DOLLARS .

**RARE STEAKS - NATIONAL NEWS NETWORK** (*actors read title in unison*)

**Reporters:**

Good evening, our first piece of news today comes from our nation's capital.

**Reporter 1:**

A few hours ago, a special squad of the police broke into the kitchen of a nationally famous restaurant and arrested the owner, Chef William Smith.

**Reporter 2:**

The Police had discovered that Chef Smith is involved in human trafficking and child prostitution between our Capital and Venezuela, in particular the suburb northwest of Caracas and the neighborhood of the barrios, the slums that surround the hills of the Venezuelan capital.

**Reporter 1:**

When the children arrived in our country, the Chef sold some of them to mysterious and wealthy friends and clients, but most ended up in the kitchens of his restaurants "New Lands", famous for combining the best of our country's culinary traditions with refined ethnic influences.

**Reporter 2:**

According to investigations young Venezuelan girls were living illegally without documents, and without any legal identity they were totally non-existent.

**Reporter 1:**

And here's the most dramatic part of the story. We must warn you that this information is horrifically disturbing.

**Reporter 2:**

As new girls arrived at the restaurant, the ones already there were eliminated:

**Reporter 1:**

killed, immediately cooked, and served as special cuts of meat.

**Reporter 2:**

This news is incredible and horrifying especially since this traffic went on undisturbed for over ten years, until one of the girls managed to escape and report everything to the police.

**Reporters:**

Here is our exclusive interview with her:

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**Reporters:**

Good evening

**Girl:**

Good evening

**Reporters:**

What shall we call you?

**Girl:**

We never had a real name from the time we were taken away and brought here. In Caracas I was called Concita, then for many months, nothing at all, and finally he . . . our master . . . called me Nini.

**Reporters:**

Would you like to tell us your story, Concita.

**Girl:**

No, please don't call me Concita. Concita doesn't exist any more. I don't know why he wanted to save my life, I'm the only one he gave a name to, one night he took me out of our hideaway and took me to a Villa and...

*( she begins to cry)*

**Reporters:**

And what happened Concita ? .....Did he rape you?

**Girl:**

I already told you, there is no Concita anymore!... He was nice to me, he let me get washed and changed, he gave me a beautiful dress, I saw paintings and sculptures and beautiful things, things I'd never seen before, then he offered me wine in a glass with a gold rim, we had dinner, then ...

**Reporters:**

You see, emotion gets the better of Concita and she breaks down, but Concita please, try to be strong, there are thousands of people watching and wanting to know the TRUTH, please, what happened then ..... did he rape you?

**Girl:**

Why don't you hear me? Concita.... doesn't exist...No, he took me into his bedroom and started to ..... bite me, he said he wouldn't eat me because I was too beautiful but he couldn't resist at least biting me...

**Reporters:**

Ah Concita, can we see, is it possible to see the bite marks?

**Girl:**

Yes, here look, but please stop calling me that name—

**Reporters:**

And then... what happened?

**Girl:**

He wanted me to do... certain things... to him and when he fell asleep, that's when I escaped.

**Reporters:**

To the Police?

**Girl:**

No! I was afraid to go there, because the police in Venezuela are bad and they can be dangerous ... I walked until dawn, I was very tired. In the morning I went into a hairdresser's shop and I asked for help and she let me get washed and helped me, now she is my only friend, Elisabeth. Then she told me to go to the Police.

**Reporters:**

So, Concita, can you tell us what happened in the kitchens of William Smith's restaurants?

**Girl:**

We worked there, we did everything, we worked all day long and at night we slept in a house right next to the kitchens, underground. It was big but we could never go outside. Sometimes some of his friends would come over and we would have... a kind of party...

**Reporters:**

But, what happened in the kitchens?

**Girl:**

When new girls came, some of us would leave, nobody knew where to, but others, especially the fatter girls, he would make us kill them with a stick. . .

**Reporters:**

.....were you ever afraid, Miss Concita?

**Girl:**

My name is not Concita!!! I have no name. I am no one!! Was I afraid? I think I was lucky. he never wanted to kill me, every time I saw new groups come in, I'd see some girls disappear and others die .....

**Reporters:**

*(to the camera audience)* That's enough, emotion has taken over again,

*(to the cameraman)* can you escort her out

*(pause)*

**Reporter 1:**

That's all for now, let's go back to the studio for news and sports and then after the break a

**Reporter 2:**

new episode of the season's hot new cooking show "Eat Hearty."

*(the horrific irony dawns on both reporters, they look at each other, let out a sigh and hang their heads)*

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*(Host sounds the bell)*

## **COMBINING**

**HOST SAYS:**

"TORTILLAS ARE RELATIVELY PLAIN UNTIL WE DECIDE WHAT FLAVOR TO GIVE THEM, WHAT TO COVER THEM WITH, WRAP THEM AROUND. EACH MOMENT OF LIFE IS

SIMILAR. IN A BREATH'S TIME IT IS OPEN AND PURE, WHAT WE CHOOSE TO PUT IN IT OR ON IT GIVES AN IDENTITY THAT WE MUST CELEBRATE OR CONFRONT. TO LEAVE HOME WILLINGLY OR BE FORCED TO FOR A MYRIAD OF REASONS IS IN ALL OUR FAMILY'S HISTORY... IN HUMAN HISTORY AND, SADLY, CURRENT TIMES.

WHILE YOU'RE CONTEMPLATING WHETHER OR NOT TO PUT SALSA ON YOUR TORTILLA PLEASE FINISH THE SENTENCES: FOR ME COURAGE IS \_\_\_\_\_ AND, WHEN I THINK OF LOSING EVERYTHING I AM MOST AFRAID OF \_\_\_\_\_."

(Host sounds the bell when all are ready to move on)

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**HOST SAYS:**

THERE'S MORE TO LEARN. (*pointing to the next audience member*) PLEASE CONTINUE WITH SHARING THE INFORMATION AROUND THE TABLE.

- WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE CHINESE EXCLUSION ACT, WHICH BANNED ALL IMMIGRATION FROM THAT COUNTRY ONCE ITS WORKERS WERE NO LONGER NEEDED TO BUILD U.S. RAILROADS, ALL IMMIGRATION WAS LEGAL IN AMERICA FOR ITS FIRST 300 YEARS.
- ABOUT 700,000 UNAUTHORIZED IMMIGRANTS WHO WERE BROUGHT HERE AS CHILDREN HAD TEMPORARY WORK PERMITS AND PROTECTION FROM DEPORTATION THROUGH DEFERRED ACTION FOR CHILDHOOD ARRIVALS - OR DACA
- IN THE MOST RECENT SURVEY OF 3,063 DACA RECIPIENTS, THE AVERAGE AGE THAT RESPONDENTS SAID THEY'D ARRIVED IN THE US WAS 6-AND-A-HALF YEARS OLD.
- DACA RECIPIENTS HAVE SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER AND WILL HAVE PAID \$19.9 BILLION IN TAXES TOWARDS SOCIAL SECURITY (AND \$4.6 BILLION IN TAXES TOWARDS MEDICARE)
- AND MORE THAN \$11.74 BILLION IN STATE AND LOCAL TAXES. AFTER JUST ONE DECADE OF THE PROGRAM'S EXISTENCE . . .
- [HOWEVER] DACA INDIVIDUALS WILL NEVER ACTUALLY BE ABLE TO COLLECT ANY OF THESE SOCIAL SECURITY BENEFITS.
- RESEARCH CONSISTENTLY SHOWS THAT IMMIGRANTS COMMIT FEWER CRIMES THAN CITIZENS DO; WHILE THERE'S LESS RESEARCH SPECIFICALLY ON UNAUTHORIZED IMMIGRANTS, WHAT INFORMATION THERE IS SUGGESTS THEY, TOO, ARE LESS LIKELY TO COMMIT CRIMES THAN THEIR US-CITIZEN PEERS.
- "THERE IS NO RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN DACA AND MS-13 (GANG)"

**IRIS TOOTHPASTE**

**LOS ANGELES, FALL 2011** (*actors read title in unison*)

**Iris:** (*speaking to the audience*)

The streets of Los Angeles look a lot like they do on TV. But the streets of Los Angeles don't look like they do on TV. It's weird. But I love it. I like thinking that something looks one way. Then finding out it's totally different. That's Melrose Avenue for me.....Dreamy. Now, all of a sudden, I am here on Melrose!!! Like I popped inside my TV screen transported here from back home in Arizona.

By the way, my name is Iris Leyvas. I'm a senior in high school. And I'm kind of a dork because I belong to the University Club at my school, Alhambra High, in Phoenix. Every Wednesday morning before class, our club meets to help each other write college applications, watch videos that universities send us as prospective freshmen and we raise money for trips to make campus visits. This week, we are here in SoCal to visit UCLA. It's my top-choice school. If I get in, I'll study electrical engineering next fall. Don't laugh, but I'm also part of the Robotics club. Yes, we build robots for fun. And we compete against other schools in underwater robotics contests. Like I said, dork. A Chicana dork. And yes, I'm the only girl in the robotics club. Tomorrow we will take the UCLA tour and meet with the admissions dude. But today, we get to explore the town.

So of course the girls wanted to come shopping on Melrose Avenue. The guys have totally been pretending they are pissed, but I can tell they are having fun while trying on hip shirts and shades. Besides, I'm pretty sure three of the guys are gay. Or at least they will be by the time we all graduate from college. Especially Marcos. He is super gay and doesn't know it yet. He knows way too much about Fred Segal and Jonathan Adler for a brown boy from Phoenix. I love him for that. Plus, he is super smart. Everyone knows he'll get into Harvard or Stanford. But he says he just wants to run away to Italy to study art at a place called the Uffizi. In a town called Florence. God, I hope it's not like Florence in Arizona, because that's where the big state prison is: The Florence Jail. It's a huge detention center where they lock-up all the Mexicans who get caught trying to cross the border. People die inside of there. That super sucks. I hope the Florence in Italy super sucks much less. Hopefully, nobody dies there. Otherwise, Marcos won't last a week. He is too much of a diva to be tossed in a cramped jail cell. He needs too many bath and hair products to survive incarceration.

Anyway, Marcos comes running up to me in this fab store with bath products and beauty products lining the shelves and squeals:

**Marcos:**

"I found you something . . . It's IRIS toothpaste from Florence Italy!!!! It's a sign. You have to get it!"

**Iris:**

"Twenty dollars? Are you serious? For toothpaste? Oh my god!"

**Marcos:**

"It's a sign."

**Iris:**

"A sign of what? Willful poverty?"

**Marcos:**

"No, it's good luck because it's Iris toothpaste. Let's split it. You pay \$10. I'll pay \$10. We'll share it. Someday, you can come visit me in Florence. In Italy, not in the jail. We will go to a real Italian pharmacy and buy more when we are adults and rich! This is good practice for the lives we want, Iris!"

**Iris: (to the audience)**

He talks me into it. The next morning, we brush our teeth in the hotel room with the Iris Toothpaste. I don't know what Iris root is supposed to taste like, but the sweet, cinnamon licorice-esque flavor is wonderful. UCLA. Here we come!!!

**PHOENIX, ARIZONA, JUNE 2012** (title announced by whole cast)

**Iris:**

I can't believe I got a summer internship at Intel out in Chandler! That is so awesome. I get paid AND I get college credit at UCLA before I even get there. I just graduated from high school last month. I already feel like a superhero. Just wait until I move to Westwood. People will trip out on me. A Chicana engineer with a penchant for conjuring up artificially intelligent bots. I am the bomb.com. I love everyone at Intel in my summer work group. Except for our main supervisor Marta. She is out-of-shape, gruff and a bit of a gossip. She is a Latina like me. But she knows English is my first language and Spanish is my second language. So she purposely tries to speak to me in Spanish as fast as she can in front of people so I will mess up when I answer her. She says,

**Marta:**

*(in Spanish if possible)* "Oh, Iris, your American accent is so thick. Have people told you this before? Has it been a problem for you?"

**Iris: (to Marta)**

*(In English)* "Not until I met you. I guess most people accept that I speak Spanish the same way Shakira speaks English. It doesn't seem like it's been a problem for her."

Last night, after a wonderful day at Intel (despite Marta's ignorant insults), I was driving home to the Westside of Phoenix. It was getting dark so I turned on my headlights. I decided to avoid traffic on the 1-10 freeway so I cut through the little town of Guadalupe. It's a little Yaqui Indian village right smack dab in the middle of Phoenix. White folks are too scared to drive through there because of all the brown folks. But I love it. I love looking at the beautiful Yaqui people and their little street-side markets.

All of a sudden, blue and red lights popped up in my rearview mirror accompanied by a shrill siren. The police were pulling me over. They were nice? I think? They asked for my license. I said nothing. I just handed them my insurance, registration and license like my mom told me to do. They said

**Police:**

"Young lady, your tail lights are out. We need to give you a fix it ticket."

**Iris: (to the audience)**

I nodded. They asked

**Police:**

"Do you understand what we are saying?"

**Iris: (to the audience)**

I grew cold. I nodded.

**Police:**

"Hablas español?"

**Iris: (to the audience)**

they asked. I nodded.

**Police:**

"Wait right here please ma'am."

**Iris: (to the audience)**

I nodded. Several moments passed, when one of the officers—who looked Latino—came back to my car and said

**Police:**

"Are you here in this country legally?"

**Iris:** *(to the audience)*

I nodded.

**Police:**

“Do you have papers to prove your citizenship?”

**Iris:** *(to the audience)*

I froze. I didn't move a muscle. I didn't say a word.

**Police:**

“Please step out of the car young lady and place your hands above your head.”

**Iris:** *(to the audience)*

Tears started streaming down my cheeks. But I didn't utter a word. Not a sound. Fear and panic choked me silent. The officer got my backpack from my passenger side seat. He placed it and me in his cop car. I had never been inside a cop car before. Ever. I never even had detention in school. The criminal had finally been caught.

**Florence, ARIZONA, THE NEXT DAY, JUNE 2012** *(title announced by whole cast)*

**Iris:**

My detention cell smells like pine sol cleaner. Many of the detention officers are Latino. I feel ashamed. I learn that night that I am being deported to Magdalena, where my family is from— even though I have never been there before. And don't know anyone there any more. And as Marta can attest, I can hardly speak Spanish with my grotesque American accent that was raised on MTV and That's So Raven re-runs and Lady Gaga lyrics and the sound of scientific formulas dissected and digested in English. My flight leaves in a few days. I can call my family in Phoenix when I land in Mexico. At least that's what my court-appointed attorney promises me. I am so tired. I lay my head down on the jail cell pillow and let the tears drop on the scratchy pillowcase. They are about to call lights out. A guard comes by and raps on my metal cell bars and prompts

**Guard:**

“Iris Leyvas?”

**Iris:**

“Yes?.....”

**Guard:**

“Is this your backpack?”

**Iris:**

“Yes,”

*(to the audience)*

She opens the cell door and hands it to me. I sit on the bed and clutch it. After a few minutes, I unzip it. Inside I find my Intel summer intern badge. My UCLA acceptance letter. And a near empty tube of my always lucky Iris toothpaste.



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(Host sounds the bell)

## THE FEAST

### **HOST SAYS:**

“PLEASE TAKE THE NEXT TWO MINUTES TO DO THE FOLLOWING: WRITE DOWN, IN A LIST OR IN EVERY SPACE OF THE PAGE, EVERY WORD OR PHRASE THAT COMES TO MIND ABOUT YOUR MIGRATION STORY, YOUR THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS ABOUT IMMIGRATION AND REFUGEES TODAY, AND WHAT IS HAPPENING ON OUR SOUTHERN BORDER, AS WELL AS TO THE FAMILIES SEPARATED AND STILL LOST FROM EACH OTHER. PREFERABLY IN SINGLE WORDS AND SHORT PHRASES, NOT FULL SENTENCES OR STORIES. BEGIN.

(Host sounds the bell when all are ready to move on)

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**HOST SAYS:**

CONTINUING WITH OUR LEARNING PLEASE LET'S START WITH YOU (*pointing to audience member*)

- THE US HOSTED A TINY FRACTION OF THE WORLD'S REFUGEES, WHICH TOTALED 11.7 MILLION IN 2013.
- OF THE OVERALL REFUGEE GROUP, JUST 2.3 PERCENT RESIDED IN THE UNITED STATES.
- 85% OF THE WORLD'S DISPLACED PEOPLE ARE BEING HOSTED IN DEVELOPING COUNTRIES
- THE PERCENTAGE OF IMMIGRANTS IN THE OVERALL POPULATION IS NOT MUCH DIFFERENT THAN MANY OTHER TIMES THROUGHOUT US HISTORY. TODAY IMMIGRANTS MAKE UP APPROXIMATELY 13% OF THE TOTAL U.S. POPULATION.
- “THE SUGGESTION THAT INDIVIDUALS THAT HAVE TIES TO ISIL HAVE BEEN APPREHENDED AT THE SOUTHWEST BORDER IS CATEGORICALLY FALSE, AND NOT SUPPORTED BY ANY CREDIBLE INTELLIGENCE OR FACTS ON THE GROUND.”
- “THERE ARE NO KNOWN INTERNATIONAL TERRORIST ORGANIZATIONS OPERATING IN MEXICO, DESPITE SEVERAL ERRONEOUS REPORTS TO THE CONTRARY.”
- THE VAST MAJORITY OF U.S. RESIDENTS LINKED TO TERROR SINCE 2002 ARE U.S. CITIZENS.

### **CROSSING AN INLAND ISLAND** (*actors read title in unison*)

#### **Prepper:**

She came onto my property—my property-- and demands I grant her an easement through the back pasture. Gives me a real snotty voice, “are you familiar with the term easement?” Said I was, but she keeps on about how she's got a right to dig out a driveway up through my property so she can build on the land her great aunt give her. Says all this like I'm too dumb to know what the word easement means. She's not from here. Just cause she's got people from up here . . . never mind . . . She's city people. They want to live with the immigrants and the illegals, and the drugs and all that mess that's their business . . . I guess. She builds a little

cabin up here . . . that's how the creep starts. People get to creepin in your space . . . I'm not letting that happen.

**Paula:**

It's Pennsylvania law. He cannot impede my clearing a narrow drive up to my property. I could just as easily have had my lawyer send the paperwork ahead of my contractor and his heavy equipment arriving to do the work. That's not who I am. That's not how I want to interact with my neighbor. Suddenly our conversation becomes a kind of microcosm—my little driveway becomes a metaphor for all the hostilities in this country. It was shocking how fast it turned. He is married to this scarcity model—there's only so much land, water, resources and he's going to assure his own share; feels everyone else is a threat to his share. Now, I'm a threat, too. I'm going to let loose hordes of foreigners into his land. The fear this man embodies beats a palpable terror. And paranoid. He's squints his eyes up tight, says, "I seen yah out looking at my shelter." There's an opening to what looks like an old ice house or a root cellar, so yeah, I walked around it. Next thing I know, he's ranting about how he knows I know he's a Prepper and I better stay the hell away from his safe house. The guy is preparing for the end of civilization.

**Prepper:**

There's those of us who's prepared and are gonna survive. We already got more people in this country than we need. The power grid gets knocked out or terrorists get hold of dirty bombs, those of us knows how to survive are gonna have to keep the rest of them out. See, I already decided who are my people and who belongs with me. I've got food and water . . . protection for my own. You understand me? That, right there's basic human instinct, so I know if you give it an honest thought, you see I'm doing what's right. Told her, real clear. We will be armed and we will be ready, so . . .

**Paula:**

For a moment I wondered, is this a threat? Not an in the future, come his Armageddon, whatever his imagined horror show is, threat . . . But, is he telling me to get off his property or he'll shoot me? I honestly do not broker in these gross stereotypes of the Second amendment crazies . . . I'm a deeply empathic person. So, I get this guy, but suddenly, I thought, oh my god, is he going to shoot me? Is he that scared? That's heartbreaking, really, isn't it? But maybe, I admire him . . . a little, too? But, oh my god! Is he going to shoot me?

**Prepper:**

I seen fear cross over her eyes. Good. I want her scared. My people, we don't get scared. Not like that. That's our advantage. Warriors. That's how we got this land, how we're gonna keep our land. You know me. All my Shelly's kids, little shits, but they know their Grandad's gonna take care of all us. So I give her a piece of my mind. "Listen good. Those kids are our 12th generation on this land. Paid our dues. Fought our way out of Scotland, then Ireland, starved our way over on a boat. Early 17something, my grandmother walked . . . walked across Pennsylvania. Widowed with 7 children, so don't let on you're tough. My people got drove up here into the mountains cause no body wanted this land. Same kind of rich assholes lived on the coast then, too. They drove us out, up to these hills cause they knew we was mean and hard and we wasn't gonna bend. That's the real truth . . . They wanted someone to fight off the Indians, push them in the other direction. They weren't gonna do it . . . Her PC friends want to spit on us, piss on the rednecks. Mark my words, they'll want to crawl their way up here when the shit hits the fan. Not happenin'. We're the one's made all this a place to live. She wants to turn it into real estate. Drive up to her weekend "getaway Got cleared roads to drive on and water wells dug because of us. Paid for this land with our blood. Look at the military! Who's the ones still doin' all the work, payin' all the blood? We're the one's! The ones have been here and are stayin here! . . . and I'll die protectin' it. And I told her that.

**Paula:**

Let me be clear. I do not want to press charges. I just want you to take a police report. He didn't hurt me. If I'm completely honest, it's probably partially my fault. I could sense he was irrationally angry. Looking back I probably shouldn't have walked over to the shelter, but . . . No. That's ridiculous, he shouldn't . . . Hm, ok . . . I just want to be friends with this man. I want to be a neighbor. I want to be part of a community? I don't want to distrust him. But . . . He locked me in bug out shelter. That did happen. He wanted to intimidate me. At the very least, that's what he was up to. I don't want to live like that. I have a right to all the things he has a right to . . .

**Prepper:**

All right, I snapped a little; wasn't right. But all the sudden I'm seein' . . . she doesn't know what it feels like to get closed in on. I'm getting closed in on. And, I got say about. So, I give her a taste of her own medicine . . . For a couple of minutes. It was a couple of minutes. (haha, ahh) No way she was getting' out of that shelter unless I let her out. Built from a root cellar got dug out by my people about 1730. Been fortifying it for years; dug way back into the side of the hill. I told her. Now you know what I feel like; all the immigrant . . . government's lookin out for them; not us. Nobody's pushin me out. Told her she don't want to see who I am I get backed into a corner. Just wanted her to think about that . . . I know . . . There was probably a better way. Just wanted to get my point acrossed. I'm down here, suppose she havin me arrested . . .

**Paula:**

What do you suggest I do? Now no one feels safe. I am not the problem, but I've been made to feel like I am . . . as if I'm the threat. I understand why he feels this way, but that doesn't mean it's justified. It's not my problem that he has stayed on this tiny bit of land . . . Well, I guess it is; well, he's made it my problem. I don't accept that. He has stayed on this bit of land. He's on this beautiful mountainside, surrounded by trees and water and bounty, and it's as if he's on an island alone; cut off. Adapting to . . . what? Everything else; everyone else is terrifying. I don't want to be afraid of people. I guess I have to talk to him. That's all I can do, right? He wants me to be afraid. I refuse.

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*(Host sounds the bell)*

**HOST SAYS:**

"PLEASE TAKE A MOMENT TO LOOK AGAIN AT THE WORDS ON YOUR PAGE AND SEE IF THERE IS ANYTHING ELSE YOU WOULD LIKE TO ADD.

THANK YOU. NOW, IF WE CAN ALL HOLD HANDS, GOOD. LET'S CLOSE OUR EYES AND TAKE IN A BREATH OR TWO AND LISTEN *(play sound of children crying for 30 seconds)*

WE WILL CONTINUE."

*(Host sounds the bell)*

**OUT OF HIDING**

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**HOST SAYS:**

LAST BIT OF FACTS AND FIGURES FOR THE NIGHT. LET'S BEGIN WITH YOU, THANK YOU.

- REFUGEES WHO DON'T RETURN HOME OR AREN'T RESETTLED SOMETIMES LANGUISH IN LIMBO FOR YEARS OR EVEN DECADES. THE AVERAGE LENGTH OF STAY IN A REFUGEE CAMP IS 17 YEARS
- GIRLS IN REFUGEE CAMPS — RUN BY INTERNATIONAL NONGOVERNMENTAL ORGANIZATIONS UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE UNITED NATIONS — ARE ALSO AT RISK OF SEXUAL VIOLENCE.
- ONE REVIEW OF PSYCHOSOCIAL STUDIES CONDUCTED IN CANADA, THE UNITED STATES, AND SWEDEN FOUND THAT BETWEEN 30 PERCENT AND 75 PERCENT OF REFUGEE CHILDREN AND ADOLESCENTS DEMONSTRATED SYMPTOMS AND SIGNS OF POSTTRAUMATIC STRESS DISORDER
- CHILDREN BELOW 18 YEARS MAKE UP ABOUT 46 PERCENT OF THE WORLD'S REFUGEES.

**THE MEETING BEFORE DINNER** (*actors read title in unison*)

**Big Sister:**

LISTEN YOU ALL...COME ON...now... Fellow campers the owners are going to be here after the new camper dinner. This is the only time they ever will show up to the damn camp. How sad. They think they know what is going to be said tonight! How sad. They think their going to hear a speech that will consist of the good ole "We're so Happy to be here, thank you " tone! GUESS WHAT Y'ALL? NOT... THIS TIME! WE TOO MUST EAT GOOD, LIVE GOOD!

*Campers clap.*

*(Rhythmic)* As we can see nothing has changed. But now that me and big b...

**Big Brother**

Thas right!

**Big Sister**

...are your representees this is going to be real exciting to watch. Our heart and soul won't grow old or be sold. Now I give you Big Bro! He has a preview of what's to come later tonight!!

*Big bro clears throat, takes out a piece of paper*

**Big Brother:**

I'll say good evening to the owners and bless all the campers. I will read a piece entitled "kids vs. adults:" (*clears throat again*) "As campers, we rely on the owners like we're children in your care. Kids know that the heart and home are synonymous."Home is where the heart is" so we can all face facts, face it, adults and heart in this - or any CAMP - don't mix. So this is where we will spill our red glasses over to you all."

**Big Sister:**

You tell them bro!

**Big Brother:**

We will pour it out with the history lesson. We hear about stories involving people going to the "promise land." The land full of milk and honey and I ask to all of you campers today has anyone

ever tasted this milk before, has anyone had honey? Hell No! We be low on the pole we be gettin' syrup not honey. I will say to the owners and I speak for the campers, we want some damned Honey!!!

**Big sister:**

... Bro... calm down Bro! Professional Voice

**Big Brother:**

Let me make my point sister, for years the owners have the TRADITION of eating their lobster bisque and looking at campers and smiling! TRADITION. . .

**Big Sister:**

. . . TRADITION, has us all doing things we don't want to do. CAMPERS AND OWNERS. Campers have been wanting the piece of the pie for centuries. And time and time again what happens to the campers - we get ignored, and who by?

**Big Brother:**

Brings us to my next piece entitled "The power is in the voice of the campers." Throughout the history of these refugee camps no one has ever dared to challenge the owners in the way we are doing right now. It's US this time.

**Big Sister:**

Shit you see what's happening in Australia to those campers, lets label it torture. Oh and what about the owners in France? They had enough with their campers so much that they said fuck this camp, we're getting rid of this notorious "jungle".

**Camper:**

Child abuse .... Child abuse!

**Big Sister:**

Yes! and the US with those child tent-cities of kidnapped babes!

**Big Brother:**

...Dear Owners . . . . What's happenin' with your promises? Shit is still real fucked up on our camp grounds, pretty much the same way it was right around the time you first corralled people together to lay in limbo. When was that?

**Camper:**

First refugee camp: established by the British in the South African War, year 1900. The initial goal was to provide protection to the families who had surrendered voluntarily. As the 'scorched earth' policy of the British forces proceeded they stopped being refugee camps, and became concentration camps. By the end of the war 4,177 women, 22,074 children and 1,676 elderly men, died in these camps.

**Big Brother:**

And what we do know is, ain't nothin' changed since 1900. We still HUNGRY and STARVING for REAL FOOD. FULFILLMENT. You know owners, the food you all eat with the milk and honey at your table and chair.

*Campers all clap.*

**Big Sister:**

New campers are always important to us because they remind us of what we felt like coming into camp like newborn babes forced to explore an unfamiliar world.

**Big Brother:**

Hah!....

**Big Sister:**

Innocence, curiosity and the willingness to explore life. . Like when you were a kid safe in the arms of mom and dad. We all remember that time . . . right campers? RIGHT owners? Let's highlight Abdul, new camper from Syria. Nice! welcome Abdul. The new transition is hard because it's not his home. He wants to eat all the traditional food from his country with his family again.

**Big Brother:**

... Ah man, the meat, the fish and veggies! Your right Abdul most of us prefer that home cooked too, but home ain't been right as of late! It's been way left. Caskets and crates! But change is what we stand and ask for.

**Big Sister:**

He wants to be a teacher. He wants to teach his peers. Communication is the key. The key that could open up many doors. Communication is the key.

*Campers clap.*

Abdul would you like to say something, anything, to your new family?!

**Abul:**

I would like to say, I pledge my allegiance to my fellow campers also known as "the family".

**Big Brother:**

We are family! All of us! Not just the campers! Owners too! But you don't damn know it! Do you all hear us owners?

**All:**

*Whispered directly to the audience:* You're too near us not to hear us!!

**Big Brother:**

Welcome home to our new brothas and sistahs. We treat camp like home and our peers like family. And the owners should sit right with us! I will end with a poem entitled "Don't Call Me A Refugee."

My life, my destiny  
Has been so painful, so don't call me refugee.  
My heart aches, my eyes cry,  
I beg of you, please don't call me "refugee"

It feels like I don't even exist in the world,  
As if I'm a migrant bird far away from my land  
Turning back to look at my village.  
I beg of you, please don't call me "refugee".

Oh the things I've seen during these painful years  
The most beautiful days I've seen in my land,  
I've dreamed only about our house.  
I beg of you, please don't call me "refugee."

The reason why I write these sad things

Is that living a meaningless life is like hell.  
What I really want to say is:  
I beg of you, please don't call me "refugee."

**Big Sister:**

Written by Lamiya Saforova age 9 in 1991. Sister Lamiya fled her home in Azerbaijan.

**Big Brother:**

I raised our voices for you all. US! Past - present - future.  
Peace! Hope! Action!

**Campers applaud**

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**BLESSING AFTER THE MEAL**

(Host sounds the bell)

**HOST SAYS:**

"IF YOU WILL PLEASE TURN TO SOMEONE, PREFERABLY SOMEONE YOU DON'T KNOW, AND SHARE YOUR LIST WITH THEM. WHEN YOU'RE DONE YOUR PARTNER WHO WAS LISTENING WILL SAY TO YOU ONE SENTENCE OR PHRASE OR WORD IN RESPONSE TO WHAT THEY HEARD. WRITE THIS DOWN. THEN WE WILL SWITCH"

WHEN YOU ARE FINISHED PLEASE SIT IN SILENCE AND THEN WE'LL MOVE ON.

(Host sounds the bell when all are ready to move on)

"NOW PLEASE TURN TO 2 MORE PEOPLE TO FORM A GROUP OF 4 AND SHARE YOUR WORDS OR PHRASES THAT ALLOW YOU TO JUMP INTO A DISCUSSION. THE GOAL IS TO IDENTIFY ONE QUESTION - A BURNING QUESTION THAT YOU WOULD LIKE ANSWERED AS A GROUP. SOMETHING THAT CAN COME OUT OF YOUR PERSONAL LIST, THE LIST OF YOUR PARTNER, THE FACTS YOU'VE HEARD, THOUGHTS OR FEELINGS THAT CAME UP FROM THE PLAYS, YOUR CONCERNS FOR THE CURRENT SITUATION AT OUR SOUTHERN BORDER, OUR IMMIGRATION POLICIES, ETC. YOU HAVE 5 MINUTES TO FIND COMMON GROUND AND A COMMON QUESTION. THEN I WILL SOUND THE BELL."

(Host sounds the bell when all are ready to move on)

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**ACCEPTANCE:**

**HOST SAYS:**

"I ASK OUR FRIEND \_\_\_\_\_ OF (IMMIGRATION ORGANIZATION) TO SPEAK FOR A MOMENT. EACH GROUP PLEASE SHARE WITH HER/HIM YOUR QUESTION AND THEN SHE/HE WILL ADDRESS YOUR QUESTION AS BEST SHE/HE CAN AND SHARE WITH YOU WHAT IS HAPPENING IN OUR OWN CITY. AS WELL AS WHAT WE CAN DO TO STOP THE SITUATION AT OUR SOUTHERN BORDER AND BRING THE FAMILIES OF THOSE LESS FORTUNATE THAN US BACK TOGETHER AS SOON AS POSSIBLE."

(NOTE: speak in advance with your expert and decide together the best way to organize this time. Be sure to be responsive/inclusive of the questions raised from the process, but also be

sure the expert can share the current reality of your city/town and what can be done both locally and to help with the reunification of families. Your audience should leave feeling both motivated and clear on what they can contribute to the situation. If you have invited a recent immigrant to the event, now might also be a good time to hear their story if you choose.)

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## **SONG OF PRAISE**

*(Host sounds the bell)*

### **HOST SAYS:**

"LET'S READ TOGETHER OUR CLOSING PIECE WHICH YOU FIND IN YOUR BOOKLET"

### ***Everyone reads together:***

#### **DEDICATED TO YOU AND TO AMERIGO**

What were the great explorers looking for when they left home?

And what did you come to here to find?

And what about all of us others,

including myself,

that have migrated to many cities here and there and everywhere,

expecting to find what they were missing,

what they lacked.

How many steps in the unknown forest,

the desert,

the mountain passes.

How frightened at night, in the daytime, in a storm, on the rocky path,

where nothing is certain and no certainties have been packed arriving in the city,

a city of angels,

laughing, because they, they know that the only thing packed is a soap bubble.

But the journey is beautiful, curious, and creative. As a guest we learn to respect our hosts, who provide us with the shadow of an angel's wing.

And when we are the hosts, and invite someone to our homes

man,

woman,

angel,

learning their languages, their cultures and meeting their needs,



we enrich each other.

Thanks to the roundness of our planet,

thanks to the horizon.

Thanks to those who go exploring new planets.

Thanks to our ancestors, to you, to those people like me, who are looking on the Moon, on Mars for new lands to host those expelled from hysterical Queens.

Have a good trip, good tidings.

Have a great future without boundaries. Have a great future respecting all cultures.

Peace be with you, with me, with us

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## **FINAL BLESSING**

*(Host sounds the bell)*

“HERE IS A PHRASE THAT KEEPS POUNDING IN MY HEART AND HEAD: “THERE IS NOT A SINGLE HUMAN BEING ON THIS PLANET NOW OR EVER THAT WAS NOT BORN OF A MIGRATORY LEGACY.” THIS IS BOTH A LOCAL AND GLOBAL ISSUE. AS WE’VE LEARNED TONIGHT IT IS NOT GOING AWAY ANYTIME SOON. AND IT IS ONLY GOING TO BECOME MORE PRESSING. WE ARE, CLEARLY, A GLOBAL TRIBE OF MAN LEARNING TO LIVE TOGETHER. WE WANT THIS EVENT TO OPEN THE CONVERSATION, CELEBRATE THE UNIQUENESS AND THE COMMONALITY OF OUR JOURNEY THROUGH HISTORY AND LIFE. AND, HOPEFULLY, INSPIRE YOU TO ENGAGE OTHERS IN A MORE SOPHISTICATED, FACT-BASED, CURIOUS, PRODUCTIVE, EMPATHETIC AND ACTIVE CONVERSATION ON IMMIGRATION AND THE MIGRANT CRISIS IN THIS COUNTRY.

WE ASK YOU TO BECOME A PART OF A MORE HUMANE CONVERSATION ABOUT HUMAN MIGRATION WITH ALL ITS CHALLENGES AND, THEREFORE WORK TO DIMINISH THE FEAR AND IGNORANCE THAT SURROUNDS THE ISSUE. FOR ALL OUR SAKES.

PLEASE TAKE YOUR BOOKLET HOME WITH YOU. IN IT YOU WILL SEE SPECIFIC ACTIONS YOU CAN TAKE AND SHARE WITH OTHERS THAT WILL MAKE AN IMMEDIATE IMPACT HERE IN OUR CITY, AT OUR SOUTHERN BORDER AND MOST IMPERATIVELY TO HELP WITH THE REUNIFICATION OF FAMILIES SEPARATED IN OUR NAME.

*(Final music begins to play)*

I WOULD LIKE TO LEAVE YOU WITH A FINAL THOUGHT TOWARD THE LEGACY OF THE TRAVELLER. LET’S CLOSE OUR EYES FOR A MOMENT AND OPEN OUR HEARTS - “THINKING OF OUR ANCESTORS, OUR OWN JOURNEYS AND THE JOURNEYS OF OTHERS HAPPENING RIGHT NOW. MAY THEY BE SAFE AND KNOW THEY ARE CARED FOR. AND THAT THEY ARE A PART OF A SHINING PRISM CUT FROM OUR COMMON HUMANITY. THE BEST WAY THEY WILL KNOW THIS, AND THE BEST WAY WE WILL EXPERIENCE THIS IS TO HELP THEM.”

*Host sounds the bell. The HOST takes the candles and blows them out. The actors and audience are encouraged to stay. Actors and visiting expert can turn to audience members and continue the discussion for clarity on what actions to take. Make sure any materials - brochures, etc. as well as the Audience Participation Booklet - go home with each audience member.*

## **THE BEGINNING**