

# **DOGSBLOOD**

*A Speculative Fugue on the Filipino Future*

## **SYNOPSIS**

In the not-so-distant future Philippines –

An officer and his brother, both serving in the Philippine National Police, are fighting their nation's protracted War on Drugs, each in his own way – the former as a killing machine, the latter as a Reprocessor who manages the traumas of the police force.

One incident involving eighteen dogs and an old woman awakens something in the officer, coinciding with the broader awakening of an outraged, benighted people.

*Dogsblood* is inspired by Sophocles' tragedy *Ajax*, now reset and retold in a post-Duterte, dystopic Filipinas.

## Characters

*(in order of appearance)*

An Old Lady

A Major General

The Officer

A Social Worker

Vida, *six years old*

The Student

The Therapist

Dogs, *18 in number*

A Boy, *around Vida's age*

The Father

The Rebel Leader *(played by the actor that plays An Old Lady)*

The Revolution, *a hundred, a thousand, a million people strong*

The Midwife

## Place and Time

In the Philippines. Post-Duterte, sometime tomorrow.

N.B.

A slash (/) indicates the moment when the next line begins.

In this play, format and spacing carries meaning: Line spacing approximates the amount of time for gaps, pauses, silences. Lines with single space denote a normal pace, sometimes rapidity, not only of speech but also of thought. Where a character's name is not followed by any lines, it means that SILENCE functions as their line.

The presence of water should be suggested figuratively. No actual water onstage is needed. Perhaps a fly system to represent flotation. Perhaps mirrors to replicate the reflective surface of water. Or maybe just clever lighting.

The Revolution (among other things) is a logistical and theatrical challenge. The playwright invites any producer to represent this multitude in any way they best see fit. The more figurative and cleverer, the better.

In toto: Stage directions are more image than event; gesture than direction. Condition the audience to see what the theater cannot show.

## **ONE: AN EPIGRAPH**

*A video is projected. Of President Rodrigo Roa Duterte addressing a room full of Boy Scouts in Malacañang Palace, dated **April 2017**. The date must be projected.*

*(Video can be accessed on YouTube uploaded by Rappler titled 'After Duterte speech, kid promises to 'kill drug pushers'', posted April 3, 2017.)*

*His words and the words of some of the children later on (in English translation, below) are projected on the entire acting space.*

### **DUTERTE**

we protect you from the scourge of drugs  
we protect you from exploitation  
and we're saying, I'm saying  
I am angry  
I could kill a person who lays their hands on our youth

because you

*(applause)*

you will become our mayors, our presidents tomorrow  
as early as now, I must protect you  
I am really harsh. and they say that I murder people  
it's true, I kill  
when they lay their hands on our children

*(audience applauds)*

my role is to preserve and defend the Filipino nation  
so I want you to grow as boy scouts, then enter military training  
so you're taught guns and how to fight the enemy  
because now, there are too many who have these libertarian attitudes  
they refuse to become boy scouts and get military training  
and so know nothing except drinking, fighting, and wrecking the country  
then promoting drug use

you know, these addicts  
(are there addicts among you?)

*(audience laughter)*

you don't see them? wasted?  
these people are useless because they have no discipline  
if only they'd gone through boy scout and military training  
with a sense of responsibility

let me just issue another warning  
to drug addicts  
now that you've been identified

**AVOID THE STREETS**  
lock yourselves inside your houses  
because...

...when I pick you up,  
I will throw you in Manila Bay...

**A BOY SCOUT**  
I'll become a soldier. I'll kill rebels!  
I will kill drug pushers!

*Darkness.*

## TWO

*Projection: **Tomorrow.***

*Lights go up.*

*An Old Lady, in her 70s, is in delirium, a psychotic paroxysm.*

*Sound of a hundred dogs barking around her.*

*We watch her intoxication for quite a while, not shorter than five minutes. It must be a little protracted, a little too exhausting for the actor.*

*Then –*

*A door is kicked open.*

*Gunshots. The Old Lady dies in a torrent of bullets. Blood spatters.*

*Dogs barking mad.*

### **THREE**

**MAJOR GENERAL**

What do you mean you want to take care of them?

Why?

**THE OFFICER**

I was down at Social Services, there was a PAWS representative, sir

They can't take them all in

**MAJOR GENERAL**

You're not answering my question

Why?

**THE OFFICER**

I dunno

**MAJOR GENERAL**

What's happening here?

**THE OFFICER**

Nothing

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Something's happening

**THE OFFICER**

Compassion

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Compassion?

**THE OFFICER**

That's not aberrant behavior, sir

With all due respect, we are officers of the law

We work from a place of compassion



**MAJOR GENERAL**

Compassion for what, officer?

**THE OFFICER**

For the victimized

**MAJOR GENERAL**

The dogs were victimized?

**THE OFFICER**

Yes, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

In what way?

**THE OFFICER**

Orphaned, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

How many are they?

**THE OFFICER**

18

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Fuck

18 dogs?

She kept 18 dogs?

Actually took care of them?

**THE OFFICER**

They all seemed well taken care of, sir

No signs of neglect

Or malnutrition

They didn't stink

**MAJOR GENERAL**

She did

She stunk

Through and through

The stink of addiction

Right, officer?

**THE OFFICER**

Yes sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

How on God's green earth are you gonna take care of eighteen dogs?

**THE OFFICER**

I'll manage, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Again, this not-answering-questions game

Answer my question

**THE OFFICER**

Yes, sir

I live alone, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

You have a house?

**THE OFFICER**

Yes, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Not some small apartment? Or tenement housing?

**THE OFFICER**

No, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

With a lawn?

**THE OFFICER**

A nice big garden, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Lucky man

**THE OFFICER**

I was blessed, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

With property

**THE OFFICER**

Yes, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Ancestral home?

**THE OFFICER**

Well

Not that old

Not ancestral

**MAJOR GENERAL**

But you inherited it?

**THE OFFICER**

Someday, sir, I will

From my father and mother

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Father bought the house while mother tended the garden  
Are they alive?

**THE OFFICER**

My mother died last year  
Father is alive

**MAJOR GENERAL**

What did he do?

**THE OFFICER**

A soldier, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

He must be a great man

**THE OFFICER**

**MAJOR GENERAL**

He must be a great man

**THE OFFICER**

Yes

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Fine

**THE OFFICER**

Thank you, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

You are a strange one, officer

**THE OFFICER**

Thank you, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Thank you?

**THE OFFICER**

Sir?

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Did you thank me?

**THE OFFICER**

Yes sir I did

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Uhuh

*(smiles)*

Did you shoot her?

**THE OFFICER**

Yes, sir

All five of us

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Never mind the other four

Let's focus on you

How'd it feel?

**THE OFFICER**

Amazing

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Tell me about it  
Describe it  
In detail

It's been a while since I was last on the field

Put me

there

**THE OFFICER**

Do you know how  
Do you remember  
The sight  
Of a person  
Of an addict  
It comes in the form  
Just like any other human being  
Limbs and all  
Then something – their eyes  
Their spastic movement  
The drooling mouth  
The unkempt hair  
The dirt under the fingernails  
Grime Gnarly human beings  
Just flailing their arms to some

unheard music

**MAJOR GENERAL**

yes

**THE OFFICER**

You see their countenance  
It resembles

A neighbor  
Your Lola  
Your uncle  
A stranger on the train  
But something else sets them apart from the rest of the population  
The madness the depravity the

**MAJOR GENERAL**

the inhumanity

**THE OFFICER**

Right

They're not human

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Yes  
Not anymore

**THE OFFICER**

How could they be  
They've forfeited it  
They've lost the right to be called human  
That's the simplicity beautiful simplicity of this equation

**MAJOR GENERAL**

That's the most astounding philosophical discovery in recent history  
Everyone – all these priests and professors and activists and –  
They got it all wrong  
They miss out on this fundamental – no –  
They *refuse* to understand this fundamental truth  
HUMANITY CAN BE FORFEITED

Let me ask you, son

If Hitler were right in front of you  
No, tired, worn-out example  
Let's see uhm

uhhh

Oh —!

If a homeless man  
Think about it

If a homeless man were to  
I dunno  
Rape

Your mother right in front of you and you can't do anything 'cause you're all tied up he tied you up in your sleep and you're watching him rape your kind old mother right in front of you just his mouth on your mother's tits his cock rubbing against that sacred organ from which you've sprung into life and after your mother faints in utter disgust his smell the smell of him pungent the stink the stink of bestiality just animal smell non-human smell his smell his stench meaning some microscopic particles of him his person has snuck into your mother's innocent, innocent virgin nostrils imagine that

IMAGINE THAT, my son

is that still a human being that one on top of your mother? tell me

ask me

**THE OFFICER**

Is it?

**MAJOR GENERAL**

You tell me

He's not



So

You kill him

To defend your mother

**THE OFFICER**

Yes, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

There is justice in that killing

**THE OFFICER**

Yes, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

There is justice in that wrath

You are, your entire angry, angry being

Is Justice personified

And so you kill him

Because you can

It's on you

To defend Mother

Now

An addict You were saying Go on

**THE OFFICER**

Yes

An addict is

killable because a) he still resembles your fellow human being

with a difference but the resemblance is key because it awakens your natural sense of rage toward a fellow human being, a real rage not against a brainless animal but with a human being with human will who chose to

devolve

human

but with a difference

**MAJOR GENERAL**

yhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhes

**THE OFFICER**

And b) that difference is what crushes your heart  
to see what he once was and now he's c) not human anymore

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Right

A, B, and C

Beautiful, officer, beautiful

*(smiles)*

So you pull the trigger, yes?

**THE OFFICER**

Yes you do

**MAJOR GENERAL**

And you save Mother

**THE OFFICER**

I save Mother

**MAJOR GENERAL**

And the mother is?

**THE OFFICER**

**MAJOR GENERAL**

The mother is.....?

**THE OFFICER**

**MAJOR GENERAL**

**THE OFFICER**

the Philip/pines –

**MAJOR GENERAL**

The nation YES

The nation is raped by these homeless nameless soulless addicts

**THE OFFICER**

the old lady

She looked like my mother

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Well...

The point is

Every addict you fail to kill is rape the rape of Mother waiting to happen not if but when

## **FOUR**

*Sound of dogs panting, barking, rattling inside their cages.*

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Who's this?

**VIDA**

Lucas

**SOCIAL WORKER**

And this?

**VIDA**

Tom

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Cute

How about this one?

**VIDA**

Lennon

**SOCIAL WORKER**

*Lennon, not Lenin? You mean, the Beatle!*

*(delighted)*

And this one?

**VIDA**

Matt

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Back to the disciples

And this?

**VIDA**

Ringo

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Another Beatle!

This?

**VIDA**

Bart

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Bartolome. Mhm. I get it. This?

**VIDA**

Ipe

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Felipe. This one?

**VIDA**

Hudas

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Oooh. He made the cut, huh? And this?

**VIDA**

Andres

**SOCIAL WORKER**

That one?

**VIDA**

Juan

**SOCIAL WORKER**

This one?

**VIDA**

Marky

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Mhmm?

**VIDA**

Pedro

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Upon this rock, I shall build my church. Uh-huh  
And this one?

**VIDA**

Jaime

**SOCIAL WORKER**

And this?

**VIDA**

Tad

**SOCIAL WORKER**

That one?

**VIDA**

Paul

**SOCIAL WORKER**

From the Bible or the Beatle? The Beatle I suppose  
And this?

**VIDA**

George

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Harrison. My fave  
And this?

**VIDA**

Simon

**SOCIAL WORKER**

And lastly?

**VIDA**

Diego

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Wow

So many  
And you know them all by heart

And they're all male?

**VIDA**

No

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Oh, but their names are boys' names

**VIDA**

I don't know  
Lola named them Some are girls

**SOCIAL WORKER**

How do you know which ones are girls?

**VIDA**

*(shrugs)*  
Check their cunts

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Oh

Vida dear, we don't use that language  
Did Lola use that language?

**VIDA**

*(nods)*

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Tsk tsk

Well, Lola's dead now

Killed –

Now, now, don't cry... Try not to cry when you think of Lola...

We have to reeducate you, Vida. Start from scratch.

And always, we begin with the heart



## **FIVE**

*In bed, The Student is resting her head on the chest of The Officer. They are both naked under the covers.*

*She is smoking a cigarette. She flicks the ashes on the floor.*

### **THE STUDENT**

So supposedly this funeral home proprietor made a deal with the local precinct that for every dead body they rush to her mortuary, she pays the precinct a commission of 900 pesos. Which doesn't hurt her at all since she nets 5,000 pesos for every corpse. The local parish's Human Rights Watch says an average of 4 people are executed per day in this precinct, so that means this particular funeral home that has the monopoly on dead bodies earns around 20,000 pesos a day, minus the 3,600 commission, making it 16,400 pesos per day –

*The Officer rises and sits at the edge of the bed, staring at the floor.*

– and the police precinct takes home 25,200 pesos a week, meaning 100,800 pesos on average per month. Get this: the daily minimum wage in the country is around 500 pesos a day. A construction worker earns 2,500 pesos a week. That's ten times less than the precinct earns on commission for the addicts they throw in the mortuary.

The professor in the US who did a study of this racket calls it a “necroeconomy.”  
Interesting, right?

You did not know about this? This scheme?

### **THE OFFICER**

*(shakes his head)*

### **THE STUDENT**

Are you ok?

### **THE OFFICER**

**THE STUDENT**

Maybe you should see someone

It accumulates, you know

**THE OFFICER**

It does

To a point where

Makes me want to die

*She sits up.*

*Touches his shoulder.*

*She puts the cigarette to his lips.*

*He smokes.*

**THE STUDENT**

I love you

See someone

**THE OFFICER**

I need to go home

Father

I need to feed Father

*The Officer gets up and leaves.*

*The Student is alone in bed.*

## **SIX**

*Vida is in front of a microphone. She sings "Bagong Lipunan."  
The Social Worker applauds her.*

## SEVEN

**THE THERAPIST**

Night sweats?

**THE OFFICER**

that's to be expected, right?

**THE THERAPIST**

You've had them before

**THE OFFICER**

I have

**THE THERAPIST**

But –

**THE OFFICER**

We don't trivialize I know

**THE THERAPIST**

Correct

We do not trivialize our pain

**THE OFFICER**

*(Nods)*

**THE THERAPIST**

We recognize that the symptoms may not have changed, may still be the same, same shaking, same sweating, same waking up in the middle of a nightmare, same since the very first time, the very beginning but

**THE OFFICER**

We acknowledge that they change too

**THE THERAPIST**

How?

**THE OFFICER**

In degree

**THE THERAPIST**

Right.

In degree.

They can become better over time.

Or worse

**THE OFFICER**

They get worse

**THE THERAPIST**

They do? Tell me how

**THE OFFICER**

They just do

**THE THERAPIST**

We try our best to concretize. We use descriptors or, when difficult, similes

Go ahead

It gets worse how? Like how?

**THE OFFICER**

Tiring it gets tiring the repetitiveness

**THE THERAPIST**

I see Go on That's very clear That's very good Go on, please

Analogy, simile, remember

**THE OFFICER**

It's like

An itch that you scratch over and over again until you scratch every day not because it itches but because you get used to the feeling of scratching

**THE THERAPIST**

Very good

'Like'

Similes are useful, yes?

**THE OFFICER**

*(Nods)*

**THE THERAPIST**

Now, let's unpack the simile

*Like an itch*

What does an itch feel like?

**THE OFFICER**

Whaddya mean?

**THE THERAPIST**

Try your best to describe an itch

I know it might seem silly at first to describe in words how feelings are  
Feelings hardly come with words but we try

**THE OFFICER**

Okay

**THE THERAPIST**

Synesthesia remember that? is very, very helpful

**THE OFFICER**

Yes I remember

**THE THERAPIST**

Right

Utilize it go on

An itch...

**THE OFFICER**

It's irritating and distracting when not scratched

**THE THERAPIST**

Very good

**THE OFFICER**

And when scratched, very satisfying

**THE THERAPIST**

So when you feel an itch and then you scratch it can you say it feels pleasant?

**THE OFFICER**

In a way yes

**THE THERAPIST**

Right. Interesting. Very good.

So what's the problem?

**THE OFFICER**

From pleasant, it will, at some point, become painful

**THE THERAPIST**

Then stop

**THE OFFICER**

Stop what?

**THE THERAPIST**

Scratching

**THE OFFICER**

I can't

**THE THERAPIST**

Why not?

**THE OFFICER**

It itches still but now not just itch it also stings

**THE THERAPIST**

I see

Like a doubleness

**THE OFFICER**

Yes, two feelings at once

**THE THERAPIST**

On one hand it itches, therefore it enjoys the scratch

**THE OFFICER**

Yeah and on the other it hurts and it fucking stings when touched

**THE THERAPIST**

I see. Puts you in a bind. You must scratch, it feels good, but when you scratch, it also hurts

**THE OFFICER**

Yes

**THE THERAPIST**

What happened this time?



**THE OFFICER**

It's really this new drug that's going around, imported from Colombia

**THE THERAPIST**

What is this drug?

**THE OFFICER**

The street name is *diosa*

**THE THERAPIST**

Diosa

**THE OFFICER**

Delta-desmethylpyrrolidinolintane

**THE THERAPIST**

I've heard about it

**THE OFFICER**

It's

Wild

**THE THERAPIST**

Describe a typical short-term effect

**THE OFFICER**

Usually we know it's diosa by some distinct qualities

We can even tell whether an addict is in the first, second, or third four-hour phase of the trip

First four hour's just fucking spazzing out just uncontrollable jolting you know one of those fucking tics whaddya call 'em

**THE THERAPIST**

Like Tourette's

## **THE OFFICER**

Yeah, that one

Just twitching at the fucking speed of light, but by the fifth hour their bodies are fatigued and they're frothing at the mouth and dehydration kicks in the body just folds and plops on the floor and there's these twitches like fish out of water

We call this the dip

It's relatively calm it's common for addicts at this stage to piss on themselves even sometimes shit themselves. They're practically in cloud nine at this point, if you touch them they can cum, some choke on their spit or their vomit, some pass out and go into a coma 'cause of dehydration, but this is the trip they seek, really, this nirvana

But it ends. They wake up. When they awake –

This is where their humanity ends and their satanic form begins

A fucking tsunami of anabolic hormones floods the entire system turning them into fucking superhumans I've seen old frail men at this phase wreck doors and furniture, even saw a 70-year-old man choke his strong hefty 19-year-old grandson to death

The things I've seen this drug can do

An old lady in her 70s

It happened to her

Addict Fucking addict

We shot her

## **THE THERAPIST**

You've seen cases before

Why does this one case linger?

## **THE OFFICER**

Her dogs  
She had 18 dogs  
And a granddaughter

**THE THERAPIST**  
18 dogs?

**THE OFFICER**  
Yes  
I've volunteered to take them home

**THE THERAPIST**  
You did?

**THE OFFICER**  
*(Nods)*

**THE THERAPIST**  
All 18 of them?

**THE OFFICER**  
*(Nods)*

**THE THERAPIST**  
Why?

**THE OFFICER**

I dunno

**THE THERAPIST**

No

I'm sure you know

**THE OFFICER**

I don't

**THE THERAPIST**

I'm sure you do  
The answer lies within you

Don't be afraid Say it

**THE OFFICER**

**THE THERAPIST**

It's guilt, obviously

**THE OFFICER**

No

**THE THERAPIST**

It's guilt  
And it's normal

**THE OFFICER**

No it's not

**THE THERAPIST**

Why not?

**THE OFFICER**

She's an addict I know I was right

**THE THERAPIST**

You were

**THE OFFICER**

I've never felt it before

**THE THERAPIST**

But now you do

And there's nothing wrong

**THE OFFICER**

That's not true that's just something you doctors say but to us protectors officers of the LAW it's not true we never feel guilt we know we're right and we only feel it when something's wrong

**THE THERAPIST**

Like what?

**THE OFFICER**

Whaddya mean like what?

**THE THERAPIST**

Like what's wrong?

**THE OFFICER**

Maybe me

Maybe I'm broken

Maybe I remember her

**THE THERAPIST**

Let's stop here

Really I suggest you do this with the counselor assigned to your division not with me this was a bad idea

**THE OFFICER**

Why?

**THE THERAPIST**

I told you –

**THE OFFICER**

I remember mom/ –

**THE THERAPIST**

STOP

This isn't right

**THE OFFICER**

I remember m/om

**THE THERAPIST**

I SAID STOP

Let's stop here

You need help

**THE OFFICER**

I do

**THE THERAPIST**

Then seek help

**THE OFFICER**

You're my brother I'm seeking help from you

**THE THERAPIST**

This isn't the way

**THE OFFICER**

Why?

**THE THERAPIST**

I've explained this before, come on

We need to draw boundaries There must be distance between –

**THE OFFICER**

There is

Distance

Between us

Say something good

**THE THERAPIST**

Whaddya mean?

**THE OFFICER**

Say something soothing I need it

**THE THERAPIST**

The itching  
You said *it's like an itch*

**THE OFFICER**

Yeah

**THE THERAPIST**

That's a good thing

**THE OFFICER**

How

**THE THERAPIST**

You know what itches?

When you're wounded when does it itch when does a wound start itching?

**THE OFFICER**

When it's getting better

**THE THERAPIST**

Good. You know you're getting better.

**THE OFFICER**

Do I?



**THE THERAPIST**

You do.

The pain that comes with

service

they peel away. Slowly, it sloughs off you.

**THE OFFICER**

I love you, brother.

**THE THERAPIST**

I love you too.

**THE OFFICER**

Dad asked about you the other day –

**THE THERAPIST**

Not now. Not here.

**THE OFFICER**

He did –

**THE THERAPIST**

I SAID NOT HERE

**THE OFFICER**

He loves you.

**THE THERAPIST**

He loves *you*

Why don't you seek help Actual help from someone else Not from me Trust me this won't work Seek help from someone else

**THE OFFICER**

*(nods)*

**THE THERAPIST**

Let's proceed to the Reprocessing, okay?

**THE OFFICER**

*(nods)*

**THE THERAPIST**

Do you remember her

*The Therapist lifts a finger. The Officer stares at it.*

The old lady

*Using his finger, he does a repeated movement, like moving a bead from an imaginary abacus. The Officer follows The Therapist's finger with his eyes.*

The dogs

*Hypnotic, but not hypnosis, then –  
The Officer catches the finger and looks away –*

**THE OFFICER**

I don't want to Reprocess  
Not that memory

**THE THERAPIST**

This is dangerous

**THE OFFICER**

What if this guilt is good?

What if this guilt is an indicator

**THE THERAPIST**

Of what?

**THE OFFICER**

that something deep something hidden is deeply deeply wrong

**THE THERAPIST**

Then we will Reprocess that part of you

**THE OFFICER**

No not a part of me

Not within me

**THE THERAPIST**

Where, then?

**THE OFFICER**

In everything else

In everything

In Justice

## **EIGHT**

*The Student is alone in her room. She takes off her top and faces the mirror.*

*She has earphones on. We hear the ringing of her phone.*

*She expands her stomach.*

*The ringing stops.*

**THE STUDENT**

Hello. Love.

I think I'm pregnant.

*She smiles.*

**NINE**

*Sound of dogs panting, barking, rattling inside their cages.*

**SOCIAL WORKER**

He's going to take care of your dogs  
All 18 of them

**THE OFFICER**

Will you let me

**VIDA**

*(Nods)*

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Good girl

**THE OFFICER**

Your Lola took care of all of them

**VIDA**

*(Nods)*

**THE OFFICER**

She did it well

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Did she do it well?

**VIDA**

*(Nods)*

**SOCIAL WORKER**

They're all so cute and fluffy and healthy  
They sure do bark a lot  
They bark *so* much

**VIDA**

*(Nods)*

**THE OFFICER**

Are you sad that I'm taking them away?

**SOCIAL WORKER**

No she's not sad –

**THE OFFICER**

I was talking to her

What's your name again, little girl?

**VIDA**

Vida

**THE OFFICER**

Vida

Will you be sad if I take your Lola's dogs away?

**VIDA**

*(Nods)*

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Why would you be sad?

**VIDA**

I will miss them

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Why will you miss them?

Don't they remind you of Lola?

**THE OFFICER**

That's precisely why she'll miss them

**SOCIAL WORKER**

But we don't want to remember Lola anymore, do we?

Do we?

Vida – do we?

**VIDA**

*(Shakes her head)*

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Because to remember Lola is to remember  
What, Vida?

What does Lola remind us of?

**VIDA**

An enemy of the people

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Besides, our policeman friend over here will take good care of your dogs – all 18 of them  
– and make them forget about your Lola too –  
After all, *did* she take good care of her dogs? All 18 of them?

**VIDA**

*(Nods)*

**SOCIAL WORKER**

But some of them have fleas and ticks that suck on their blood, right?

**VIDA**

*(Nods)*

**SOCIAL WORKER**

And some, if not all, of them have become mangy 'cause of it, right?

**VIDA**

*(Nods)*

**SOCIAL WORKER**

So Lola didn't really take good care of the dogs, now, did she?

Right?

Vida, answer.

**VIDA**

No.

**THE OFFICER**

They were well-fed.

**SOCIAL WORKER**

They *were* well-fed alright

But what were they fed, Vida?

**VIDA**

Leftovers

**SOCIAL WORKER**

We know that leftovers aren't good for doggies, correct?

Doggies need dog food

Lola didn't take good care of her dogs

How could she?

Lola was an addict

She was distracted, she was high, she was disoriented

She did not even take good care of you, Vida



So, are we still sad about this kind policeman taking your dogs to a new home?

**VIDA**

*(Shakes her head)*

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Very good

It's part of forgetting all about Lola and her neglect, her addiction  
She *is* an enemy of the people

**THE OFFICER**

What was your last memory of your Lola

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Sir –

**THE OFFICER**

Answer me, Vida

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Sir, what is your name? –

**THE OFFICER**

Vida, what do you remember last about your Lola?

**SOCIAL WORKER**

Sir –

**THE OFFICER**

Shut up –  
Vida

**VIDA**

She was crying

**THE OFFICER**

Crying?

**VIDA**

With the other women

**THE OFFICER**

What other women?

**VIDA**

The other women in our street

She made me boil ginger for ginger tea and buy rice cakes from Manang Ising

She called the young priest, Fr. Ruel, to come by the house

To pray for the widows, she said

And then another woman came, she was pretty, had chinky eyes and white skin

They called her ‘attorney’

**THE OFFICER**

There was a lawyer?

**SOCIAL WORKER**

I will have to report this –

**VIDA**

Fr. Ruel said they were gonna pay for what they did  
They were saying *hustisya, hustisya* –

**THE OFFICER**

Justice

**SOCIAL WORKER**

ENOUGH

This is highly irregular  
What is your name, / officer

**THE OFFICER**

Was your Lola an addict?

**VIDA**

*(Nods)*

**THE OFFICER**

The truth, Vida  
Was she?

**VIDA**

*(Nods)*

*The Social Worker shields Vida from The Officer.*

**THE OFFICER**

Says who?

**VIDA**

*(Points/looks at the Supervisor)*

**THE OFFICER**

*(kneels to address Vida from the same height as hers)*

Do you know I was one of them who killed your Lola?

I killed your Lola

**SOCIAL WORKER**

OFFICER –

**THE OFFICER**

What do you want to do to me –

**VIDA**

*(begins to sob)*

Kill / you

**SOCIAL WORKER**

OFFICER!

LEAVE AT ONCE!

*The Officer leaves.*

He's taking the dogs far, far away, and you won't remember Lola anymore

Good girl

*(embraces Vida)*

you were so brave, so brave

It's your heart You have so much heart So much heart in you

Come

*(disengages from the embrace)*

remember Lola

*The Social Worker lifts a finger. Vida stares at it.*

Remember her turning into a monster

*Using her finger, she does a repeated movement, like moving a bead from an imaginary abacus.  
Vida follows The Social Worker's finger with her eyes.*

The gunshots, her blood, the dogs barking

*Hypnotic, but not hypnosis –  
Vida stops sobbing, she smiles –  
It works.*

Good girl. We love you, Vida, all of us.  
We, the government, love you.  
We, the government, will shield you from pain.

**TEN**

*Water.*

*The Therapist takes off his backpack and his clothes, puts them on a bench, and prepares to swim in the pool.*

*He looks at his reflection.*

*He wears goggles and dives.*

*On the bench, his cellphone rings.*

*After a few laps, The Therapist surfaces from the water and catches his breath.*

*He goes to pick up the call.*

**THE THERAPIST**

I told you look for someone else –

Wait What

Wait

Slowly I can't understand you

Just today?

In school?

Okay, okay I'll be right there

Yeah give me an hour

Bye

*He stares at his reflection.*

*Again, he jumps into the water.*

*He tries to drown himself.*

*He rushes to the surface to catch his breath.*

*He climbs out of the water and lays on the floor.*

*He exits with his backpack and clothes.*

## ELEVEN

*18 dogs.*

*Dogs know when a person is in distress. 'Emotional contagion.' They care for them.*

*At some point in the scene, The Student receives this canine kind of care.*

*There is a huge CAGE in the center of the stage which The Officer is hosing down.*

*The Student's voice is very hoarse.*

*The Therapist is listening to her.*

### THE STUDENT

It was during our soc dev class our group was supposed to report

We were worried the night before Our group was worried

'Cause our team leader, Gavin

Suddenly he wasn't replying in Telegram

The dude's an A student Super passionate Really into social advocacies

And that was soc dev class right up his alley

We thought he just AWOLed on us

But then he showed up

He was going mad

He was carrying a harvest knife you know those ones that farmers use

We knew he volunteered in some program with the farmers over the weekend

So the guys in class tried to hold him down

He was so strong one guy got gashed in the arm

Three security guards showed up

Then in a minute, not even five, in just a minute some police officers showed up

I don't know how they found out how they could've responded so quickly

And then

They shot Gavin

They shot Gavin

Gavin was an addict, they said, he's been for quite some time

They said he was a diosa addict

Some of his blood splattered on my shirt

Our prof was shot 'cause he tried to shield Gavin from the police

He's alive but wounded

Now the uni dorm where Gavin stayed is in lockdown

'Cause they're suspecting drug-related activities in that building

Pretty soon they'll be investigating the entire campus

The police and the military aren't allowed inside the campus by law but the university

president let them in

Gavin wasn't an addict  
I swear to God, love  
I knew him  
He wasn't an addict

I don't wanna go back to school  
Fuck  
I was so afraid  
I've never gotten so scared my entire life  
I've never seen anything like that my whole life

*(to The Officer)*

Love  
I was so afraid  
I thought I'd lose our child  
Our baby  
I was so scared  
I was screaming and screaming and screaming I lost my voice

*The Therapist lifts a finger. The Student stares at it.*

## **THE THERAPIST**

Gavin

*Using his finger, he does a repeated movement, like moving a bead from an imaginary abacus.  
The Student follows The Therapist's finger with his eyes.*

The classroom

*Hypnotic, but not hypnosis –  
The Therapist finishes the movement. The Student closes her eyes.*



*The Officer kisses The Student.*

**THE OFFICER**

Let's put them back in.

*All three gather the dogs and put them back in the cage.*

## TWELVE

*Vida and a Boy are playing cops and robbers.*

*The Boy is chasing Vida.*

*They are laughing, enjoying.*

*The Boy trips; hits his head. He begins to have a seizure.*

*Vida, still playing, wonders why her pursuer has disappeared.*

*She runs to look for him.*

*She finds him. She watches the Boy, writhing.*

*Then with her hands, pretends to shoot him. She does the sound effects of a machine gun.*

*She stops.*

*The Boy comes to.*

*He sits up, confused.*

*He begins to cry.*

*The Social Worker runs in.*

### **SOCIAL WORKER**

Hey, what happened?! Shhh shhh Poor baby What happened?

*The Social Worker tries to comfort the Boy. She looks at Vida, demanding an answer.*

### **VIDA**

He's an addict

### **SOCIAL WORKER**

## **THIRTEEN**

*Water.*

*The Therapist takes off his backpack and his clothes, puts them on a bench, and prepares to swim in the pool.*

*He looks at his reflection.*

*He wears goggles and dives.*

*A Policeman enters.*

*After a few laps, The Therapist surfaces from the water and catches his breath.*

*He sees the Policeman.*

### **POLICEMAN**

Someone needs to speak to you

Come with me

Now, please

*He climbs out of the water and exits with his backpack and clothes, following the Policeman.*

## **FOURTEEN**

*The Student is chanting along with the voices of hundreds of students marching. Her voice is hoarser.*

*We notice that The Student's stomach has grown.*

### **STUDENTS' VOICES**

*(chanting)*

**JUSTICE FOR GAVIN!**

**STOP THE KILLINGS! STOP THE KILLINGS!**

**WE ARE ACTIVISTS**

**WE ARE NOT ADDICTS!**

*The Officer, in civilian clothes, enters.*

*They see each other. She stops chanting.*

*The Officer goes to her. He stands by her as she continues to join her hoarse voice with the shouts of the other students, their chorus ringing with righteous anger.*

### **STUDENTS' VOICES**

**JUSTICE FOR GAVIN!**

**STOP THE KILLINGS! STOP THE KILLINGS!**

**WE ARE ACTIVISTS**

**WE ARE NOT ADDICTS!**

*Then –*

*A BOMB EXPLODESPANICDARKNESS*

**FIFTEEN**

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Officer –

**THE THERAPIST**

I'm not an officer, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Yes you are

Anyone who works for Law and Order is an officer as far as I'm concerned

You have been taking care of the minds and hearts of policemen for

How many years now?

**THE THERAPIST**

12

**MAJOR GENERAL**

A long time

Officer

You know why I wanted to speak to you?

**THE THERAPIST**

No, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

For official business, but more on that later

Now, I want to get to know you  
Who you are  
Deep inside  
What makes you tick  
What it takes for someone like you  
To wake up one day and decide  
“I will be of service, and in a special way,  
Because I shall be of service to those who  
Are of service, in a more conventional way.”  
See  
The men and women in the field  
Fighting crime and restoring peace and order in this God-forsaken country –  
Do you think God has forsaken us, officer?

### **THE THERAPIST**

I'm not sure, sir

### **MAJOR GENERAL**

Do you believe in God, officer?

### **THE THERAPIST**

I'm not sure, sir

### **MAJOR GENERAL**

That's very  
Discouraging  
Of course, there is a God  
And He has a plan  
More on that later –  
As I was saying  
The men and women in the field, fighting crime and facing the enemies of the people  
They're of service  
But who serves those who serve?  
That's a fascinating question, because you will see that under this substructure of Law  
and Order that's keeping this nation from devouring itself  
Is the actual, hidden bedrock, a deeply buried mechanism

YOU

Our therapists, our mental health experts, our

*Anima*

the feminine, the soul

You care for our mind and body

You Reprocess us when we are broken

I fucking fucking bitchmotherfucking *love it* Do I scare you

**THE THERAPIST**

Yes

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Favorite music?

**THE THERAPIST**

Japanese meditation mu/sic

**MAJOR GENERAL**

I love Pat Benatar

My wife loves it, when she does her Pilates

*(sings)* "Hit me with your best shot!"

Used to hate it, but she played it every fucking time

Till I learned to love it

You married?

**THE THERAPIST**

No, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Why not?

**THE THERAPIST**

Haven't met anyone, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Find a wife

Family is the basic unit of society, the first, most fundamental form of national defense

Civilizations rise and fall because of family

You watch TV?

**THE THERAPIST**

No, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Streaming?

**THE THERAPIST**

Not often, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

You read a lot of books?

**THE THERAPIST**

Those related to the field, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Recommend a title

**THE THERAPIST**

Sir

Uhm –

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Read Ludlum Have you read Robert Ludlum

**THE THERAPIST**

*(shakes his head)*



**MAJOR GENERAL**

Ugh, read Ludlum Read the Jason Bourne series

IT BOILS THE BLOOD

What do you do for recreation?

**THE THERAPIST**

I swim

**MAJOR GENERAL**

*You swim*

That's *very* nice

I *love* that

Swimming

Pool? Ocean?

**THE THERAPIST**

Ocean, when I can

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Oh yes

Island hopping

Swimming

Describe that

What do you like about it?

Take me there

I haven't swum in a while

Describe it

The water

Put me

there

## **THE THERAPIST**

It's the

Rigor

The muscles get taut as you swim against the current  
When the oxygen in the blood thins out and you stop feeling the water  
It becomes like air like turbulence in the skies  
And the alternating sound of waves above the water then the gurgling deafness  
underwater rhythmic like the chugging of old trains like a drumbeat  
The water is cold but your body is fevered the salt is caught in your hair embedded in  
your scalp  
Then when you're tired you stop you  
float

and you suck in cold breath that turns to steam inside your cramping lungs and you taste  
the acid and the iron of your  
blood

## **MAJOR GENERAL**

You know, I've always thought  
The ocean  
Tastes like pussy

Now I feel like I know you, officer  
I know now who you are  
I know you completely

You're a trooper

I have a recommendation:

FIND GOD

You know where?

In the ocean

He is there

He is everywhere

If you open your eyes

His fingerprints are all over the goddamn place You can trace His providence  
every*fucking*where

Because He has a plan

I was telling you

And he has a plan for everything, from the littlest sparrow to a whole nation

He has a plan for The Philippines, officer

And it is a mighty plan

A destiny

You may ask how I know

Well, officer, I know because we're smack dab in the middle of it

And I can tell you this because

the other thing about you that I've just found out now is that you're a bona fide  
intellectual

Listen:

What this is is a young nation coming to its fullness, to its mastery as a people

It is our nation rejecting the false progress of libertarian democracy

We are taking democracy and redefining what it means

And what it means – or rather what it will mean starting now – is not the freedom to err  
but the freedom from the burden of error to even exist in the horizon of  
possibilities

It is the people's freedom and not the ideologue's freedom not the academic's freedom or  
the philosopher's freedom nor American freedom

It is a purely Filipino freedom

It is a disciplined freedom that recognizes genuine freedom can only come from a  
strategic and principled curtailment of some other freedoms

It is an abstemious, humble, self-possessed freedom

That is the campaign, the cause of the New Society

And the Filipino people has allowed it, has mandated it and they will not fight against the  
harshness of their tutors because the Filipino spirit yearns to learn, to pay for  
growth with service and obedience, so that the sacrifice may give birth to his  
dignity

This proud Philippines is not the shamefully lazy Philippines that relies on civil unrest  
It is the Philippines that knows that whatever the shortcomings of its elected leaders, they  
are nothing compared to their own shortcomings in life, and that they are  
responsible for their wealth or impoverishment  
It is a Filipino who is docile not because he is cowed, but because his soul is ascetic and  
militant

Question: Do you have a place in this New Society?  
The answer is in your hands.

Question: Does your *brother* have a place in this New Society?

Answer: No,

because your brother is an addict  
Did you know that?

**THE THERAPIST**

Know what

**MAJOR GENERAL**

That your brother is an addict

**THE THERAPIST**

He isn't

**MAJOR GENERAL**

How'd you know?

**THE THERAPIST**

We talk, I know.

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Did you have him tested?

**THE THERAPIST**

No –

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Did you examine him?

**THE THERAPIST**

Examine him?

**MAJOR GENERAL**

He saw you, right? He would go to you, for therapy

**THE THERAPIST**

NO –

**MAJOR GENERAL**

His assigned therapist met him once and only once, and in that session your brother went  
on record saying that he preferred seeing you

As a practicing therapist, a licensed Reprocessor, are you allowed to work with a  
relative?

**THE THERAPIST**

No, sir

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Have you or haven't you performed Reprocessing on your brother?

These irregularities, officer, have given birth to a sick mind

Your brother has a sick mind

Made sick by drugs

By diosa

**THE THERAPIST**

Delta-desmethylypyrrolidinolintane

**MAJOR GENERAL**

It's wild

Your brother was seen acting wild

He's now a wild man

And you won't be able to recognize him

Frothing in the mouth, screaming, wanting to dig his hands on human flesh to tear it apart

You know what may happen, right?

You've lost your brother

He is gone

And these irregularities, which you are guilty of, have killed him

You have failed not only as a licensed Reprocessor of the Mental Wellness Department of  
the Philippine National Police but

Also as a brother

What's your Father gonna say?

That great man

That great, great man

A soldier

Left his ancestral house to you and your brother

What face have you to show this great, old man?

**THE THERAPIST**

Where is my brother Please do not hurt him Do not kill him

**MAJOR GENERAL**

It's diosa that's killed him

And you

But we absolve you and we free you from guilt

Learn from this, officer, learn  
LEARN  
And enjoy our mercy  
You will neither be dismissed nor suspended  
It's like nothing ever happened  
Except your brother

**THE THERAPIST**

Please do not hurt him. Do not shoot him.

**MAJOR GENERAL**

I pity your father in all this I pity him the most

**THE THERAPIST**

FUCK my father  
WHERE IS HE

**MAJOR GENERAL**

Oh sons sons – A dying breed

## **SIXTEEN**

*The Officer is naked, in delirium, a psychotic paroxysm.*

*Sound of a hundred dogs inside THE CAGE.*

*We watch his intoxication for quite a while, not shorter than five minutes. It must be a little protracted, a little too exhausting for the actor. And for us.*

*Then, a fucking tsunami of anabolic hormones floods his entire system turning him into a fucking superhuman. He grabs a harvest knife and starts to stab at the dogs inside the cage –*

*STABSLASHSTABBREAKS THE CAGE  
SNEAKS INSIDETHROUGH THE BARS HEGRAPPLES  
ANDSTABS THE DOGSTHEDOGS THEIR FLESHRIPPED OPEN HIS  
HANDS LIKE HERCULES' TEARING JAW  
ANDBONEAND  
FLESHANDSKIN  
APART THE HARVESTKNIFE CUTTING DOGSFLESHSPILLING DOGSBLOOD*

*We watch this carnage for quite a while, not shorter than five minutes. It must be a little protracted, a little too exhausting for the actor. And for us. And for the dogs.*

*He exits.*

*Reenters. With a gun.*

*He shoots at the dogs. The dead dogs. DogsfleshDogsblood.*

*He froths at the mouth.*

*The Student enters. She still has no voice. No sound comes out. But she is shouting.*

*She can only manage a hoarse –*

### **THE STUDENT**

**my love my love stop please stop!!!**

*No one can even hear her, except The Officer –*



*He sees her –*

*A moment of clarity*

*of remorse*

*Then –*

*HE SHOOTS HIMSELF IN THE CHEST the thud of his human body hitting the earth*

*SHE SCREAMS*

*but no sound comes out*

*she*

*screams her*

*silent scream*

*till –*

*DARKNESS.*

## SEVENTEEN

*The Student and The Therapist clear The Officer's body and wash the stage of dogsblood.*

*The Student and The Therapist attaches The Cage to a hook which pulls The Cage up above the stage.*

*It's suspended up there during the rest of the play.*

## EIGHTEEN

*The Therapist pushes his Father, an old paralyzed man in a wheelchair, onstage.  
He feeds him soup.*

### THE THERAPIST

He's dead

Sorry it took me a month to decide whether to tell you or no

I knew it would kill you

My brother's dead

Your son's dead

Your favorite son

Eat

You remember how you'd get angry and drag me and my brother by the legs you were so strong your arms were so strong you'd drag us across the floor to the backyard with the big drum of water then you'd lift us up we'd dangle in midair then you'd threaten to dip us in the drum you'd make our foreheads touch the water and we'd cry we'd be so afraid to drown you never did it to him but to me once you did it when you accused me of peeping while you and mom were having sex it wasn't me it was our neighbor Kevin that boy with a hairlip from next door he would peep and laugh while watching you and mom fuck in the afternoons after you'd drank the whole morning Kevin he'd touch himself and my brother and I would force ourselves to laugh but really it disgusted us you heard us laughing my brother ran so fast Kevin ran so fast but I tripped I fell and you caught me and you dragged my by the foot to the backyard and you dipped me into the drum of stagnant water I remember the mosquito eggs floating entering my mouth

Just one of your many cruelties

Eat

I thought you were going to drown me Kill me I must have been submerged head first in water for a good two minutes You pulled me up and dropped me to the floor I blacked out there It was my brother and Kevin who carried me to my room I slept the whole afternoon I felt feverish with so much crying and the feeling of water entering my nose creeping up to my brain

I woke up past midnight and I said I was going to run away

I did

I ran to the mangrove trees behind the house you remember that? With the river? The water was rushing

I thought I survived drowning so I jumped and I taught myself to swim I swam and I swam until I think

I don't remember

Did I pass out?

I can't remember

I just remember Mother crying beside me in bed washing my body with warm water because I was shaking so cold

You got called back to serve in Mindanao You were gone for quite a long time and that was the happiest few months in my life as a child

Mother was happy too Brother and I were so happy

Everyday I would go to the river and challenge myself to swim as far as I could

One night, my brother asked me where I'd go every afternoon because they were always short one player for their basketball matches, they wanted me to join them, but I stopped playing with them 'cause I preferred swimming alone in the river

I didn't want to tell him about it. It was my secret. So I told him it was a secret. He said he wanted to know. Tell me, tell me, he said. I said no. He said, if I told him about my secret, he would tell me his. I never thought my older brother had a secret. So I said, okay.

Eat

You know what his secret was?

That he hated you.

So much. I didn't expect his secret to be so deep.

He said he hated you so much that sometimes, when you were asleep, he would get up in the middle of the night and sneak into your room. You and Mother would be fast asleep, he'd take your gun the gun you'd hide under the altar in your room, he'd get that, he said, then aim it at your face. He wanted to shoot you.

We both hated you.

He wasn't very happy about my secret he said it wasn't as interesting as his. I had to make up another secret something about seeing naked girls bathing in the river.

We both hated you. So much. When Mother died last year I told him, just throw that old man in a home. Maybe somewhere run by Muslims then we'll tell them all about the massacres you've done in the south. He didn't think it was funny, I was dead serious too.

The man The boy who wanted to shoot you  
took care of you

You know how he died?

Shot himself

The official reports say he was an addict That he led a double life He took this new drug  
Diosa it's called

Eat

Of course this is a lie He was starting to turn  
I knew it was gonna happen He might have joined the underground movement I don't  
know His partner  
you know they're expecting? You're gonna have a grandchild soon  
But she's run away I don't know where she is she must have joined the underground  
movement she's a university student

They knew your son was turning so they did what they always do

They drugged him

But you see, my brother, he had better sense He was a cut above the rest

Instead of being shot instead  
He took his own life

Shot himself here (*presses his father's chest near the heart*)

HERE

Disgraced he was  
No police honors  
I had him cremated and threw his ashes away  
You're left with me  
And I don't care for you  
I want you to die

Soon

Father, I'm leaving I cannot stand this place this country I will swim away before these  
Godfucked Godabandoned killing fields burn to the ground

*The Father moans as The Therapist shoves soup down his throat*

## NINETEEN

*A bench.*

*The Rebel Leader, an old lady, is eating a popsicle.*

*The Student, very pregnant, is eating sliced green mangoes dipped in shrimp paste.*

**REBEL LEADER**

You might be too pregnant, sweetie

**THE STUDENT**

I'm due anytime

**REBEL LEADER**

Why will you do this?

**THE STUDENT**

Because I am angry

**REBEL LEADER**

Why?

**THE STUDENT**

Because they killed the father of my child

Because they killed my friend

Because they've killed many countless people in the past and it's only now that I've  
found my rage

**REBEL LEADER**

They killed the father of your child?

**THE STUDENT**

Yes

**REBEL LEADER**

How?

**THE STUDENT**

They drugged him

**REBEL LEADER**

Did they shoot him?

**THE STUDENT**

No

He shot himself

**REBEL LEADER**

What an honorable death

**THE STUDENT**

He was a policeman

**REBEL LEADER**

**THE STUDENT**

Yes

he was

He killed Rowena Alindogan

**REBEL LEADER**

Comrade Rowena

**THE STUDENT**

Yes

He took care of her 18 dogs



**REBEL LEADER**

And killed them too

**THE STUDENT**

In a fit of madness

**REBEL LEADER**

Comrade Rowena was a huge loss to the movement

**THE STUDENT**

He learned the truth afterwards

He was with me when we marched for Gavin dela Fuente

He was my classmate at the university

**REBEL LEADER**

Gavin loved the people

Especially the farmers in Sumilao

**THE STUDENT**

Yes I know

**REBEL LEADER**

So this is revenge?

**THE STUDENT**

Yes

I am not ashamed to say it

**REBEL LEADER**

Our anger should never shame us

Never

Our anger is sacred

Our anger is the anger of history

But I've always wondered if anger is ever enough

### **THE STUDENT**

Comrade

I cannot pretend to know anything about the cause

To understand the politics, the ideologies, the economics of it all

All that, I'm sure, can be learned and I am a good student

What I am sure of is that the anger and the grief inside me is so purifyingly utter that it

has clarified all my thoughts and has alloyed them into this one single image:

Of people of no name, no education, who speak only the simplest words, no ambition,

napes burned by the sun, flocking the halls of congress, the senate, and the Palace,

wielding power and caring for the nation

I know this cannot be but by spilling blood,

that some of us will have to die for it to happen

But

Clean slate

Clean slate

To start again

Our history, behind us

But in front of us, sheer clarity

A new people

### **REBEL LEADER**

And your child? A people's war is no place for a child.

## **THE STUDENT**

She will be a child of this new morning  
Parentless

The moment I give birth to her, I will leave her behind  
Choke all my maternal instincts, the love that's grown inside me  
And surrender this child to strangers

Only then can I be free to fight and die for this country

## **REBEL LEADER**

Give birth  
Then you can join us  
After we attack the city  
We will continue the fight in the mountains  
Till then

*(cups The Student's face)*

Make your baby strong

Nurture her

After the end, you will come back and she will remember how her Mother has shone the  
light of that new day

## TWENTY

*The Boy is asleep.*

*Vida awakens.*

*Outside, noise.*

*The Revolution has begun.*

*The Social Worker enters running.*

### **SOCIAL WORKER**

THEY'RE HERE THEY'RE HERE WE HAVE TO GO CHILDREN LET'S GO LET'S  
GO RUN RUN THEY'RE HERE

*The Revolution rushes onstage –*

*A HUNDRED – A THOUSAND – A MILLION ANGRY FILIPINOS –*

*Deafening.*

*The Social Worker tries to protect The Boy and Vida –*

*But The Revolution pulls her away from the children –*

*The Social Worker SCREAMS –*

*The children are carried away –*

*The Social Worker is dragged and carried to a high place –*

*And pushed to her death.*

*Above, The Cage –*

*Creaks. Like something has snapped in the pulley system –*

*It lurches –*

*The Revolution is silenced, they look up.*

*The Cage manages to dangle.*

*Darkness.*

## TWENTY-ONE

*From the darkness –*

*The Student screams.*

*Lights on her –*

*Giving birth.*

*Agonizing.*

*In another part of the stage:*

*The Therapist wheels in his Father.*

*A river rushes nearby.*

*The Therapist leaves his Father, takes off his clothes –*

*And swims.*

*The baby comes out.*

*A Midwife hands the baby to its mother.*

*The Student embraces her child. She kisses it with her tears.*

*She caresses her child.*

*The Father dies.*

*She hands it back to The Midwife  
Fatigue crushes The Student.*

*But she gathers her strength.  
She stands and begins to walk away, reeling.*

**MIDWIFE**

Wait You're too weak Rest Rest Where are you / going

**THE STUDENT**

No I must go The Revolution has started without me I must go

**MIDWIFE**

The baby cannot survive without you –

**THE STUDENT**

She has to  
Don't make me look back please

I must go  
To the mountains I must go

**MIDWIFE**

You must tell me her name at least

**THE STUDENT**

Rage call her Rage

*She struggles to exit.  
The Midwife is left alone carrying the newborn child.*

*The Therapist emerges from the water, panting.  
He goes back to his Father.  
He notices his Father has died.*

*He checks his pulse. Nothing.  
The Therapist carries his Father to the water.*

**THE THERAPIST**

Do you see that burning  
In the distance?  
It has begun,  
Father,  
It has begun.

*He takes his Father's arms and ties his Father's sleeves around his neck  
such that he looks as if his Father is embracing him.  
He then walks into the water, deeper, deeper –*

*Underwater, his Father weighs him down.*

*The Therapist drowns.*

*His drowned body stays onstage until the very end of the play.*

## TWENTY-TWO

**VIDA**

*(speaking into a microphone)*

They said my Lola was an addict

Not true

She was very kind to me

And to our neighbors

When our neighbors came by to our house, they cried to her

Because their husbands were killed by the police

When the jeepney drivers went to the streets

My Lola asked me to help her cook a huge pot of rice porridge

We fed the drivers when they were fighting with the police

They were shouting, *Higher wages! Higher wages! Lower the price of gas!*

One night the police barged inside our house

Lola told me to hide in the cabinet

I saw that they injected something in her arm

Lola started to act strange

I was so scared

The neighbors were calling the police because Lola started doing strange things  
outside our house

Our 18 dogs were barking and barking and barking

Then when the police came, they shot her

I saw them killing my Lola

Then they brought me to the facility

The lady there said Lola was an addict

Then they made me look at their fingers until I couldn't remember Lola's face  
anymore

They said they will make me forget about Lola

I tried to not forget her I almost did

But every night, I would hide under my blanket and think of Lola

Whenever I feel like I was going to forget her, I recited the names of all our 18 dogs

Then I remember her again

I just pretended to forget

The other kids in the facility, they all forgot about their family

I didn't

Because I remember Lola, I also remember I'm sad



I also remember I'm angry  
I will never forget how angry I am

*She is applauded by the Rebel Leader and The Boy.*

## TWENTY-THREE

*The Revolution rushes to the stage and destroys EVERYTHING.*

*The stage turns into Hieronymus Bosch's "Harrowing of Hell."*

*We see in one corner of the stage the Major General being hung upside down and beaten to death. They leave his body, and the body of other policemen, to rot.*

*The mayhem crescendoes until –*

*The Cage above creaks –*

*It lurches –*

*Everyone turns silent as they stare up at it from below –*

*Then –*

*The Cage door unfastens –*

*A TORRENT OF DOGSFLESHDOGPARTSDOGSBLOOD POURS ONSTAGE*

*The whole nation drenched in the deluge*

*Christened by blood*

*A long moment of silence SEARING WHITE LIGHT*

*The Revolution exits quietly.*

*The stage is empty.*

*Underwater, The Therapist –*

*Awakens.*

*He unclasps himself from his Father and floats to the surface.*

*He catches his breath.*

*He walks back to the shore.*

*He walks away.*

**THE THERAPIST**

my life

will never end

## TWENTY-FOUR

*The Rebel Leader enters carrying The Baby in one arm, and holding Vida with the other.*

*They stand midstage.*

**REBEL LEADER**

Do you want to hold her?

**VIDA**

*(nods, holds the baby)*

Where is her mother?

**REBEL LEADER**

In the mountains  
Fighting the war to free the farmers

**VIDA**

She's one of us?

**REBEL LEADER**

Yes

**VIDA**

But the father of this baby

**REBEL LEADER**

Yes

**VIDA**

He killed Lola, right?

**REBEL LEADER**

Yes he did

**VIDA**

I am angry with him

**REBEL LEADER**

I know

**VIDA**

Maybe I should kill this baby

**REBEL LEADER**

Why

**VIDA**

Revenge

**REBEL LEADER**

Do you want to?

**VIDA**

Yes.

**REBEL LEADER**

Will you?

**VIDA**

No.

*Lights fade out.*

**The End.**