

THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF LAS CRUCES (abridged) by Tom Smith

(Cheesy telenovela music begins to play.)

VOICEOVER: Buena tarde, audiencia de la televisión. Para inglés, pulse el botón de traducción su mando a distancia. ("Good evening, television audience. For English, press the translate button on your remote control.") You've chosen to hear this program in English. Thank you. Now please enjoy our telenovela, "The Trails and Trials of Don Juan de Oñate."

(Lights rise.)

In our last episode, Don Juan de Oñate, a proud man sent by the King of Spain in 1598 to search for gold, began his trek through the great Pass of the North—

STEVE/OÑATE: *(Breathing deeply the glorious air.)* El Paso!

VOICEOVER: —heading west through Las Cruces, New Mexico. He is accompanied by hundreds of men, including his brother and rival, Don Cristóbal.

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: *(Smelling something funky.)* El Paso!

VOICEOVER: Their trek is a long and arduous one. But both men have the eye of the tiger, and the spirit of a bigger tiger, and the heart of a sabertooth tiger, which is the biggest tiger of all! Except, of course, for Tony the Tiger from the Frosted Flakes commercials. I mean, man, he's, like, 6 feet tall! But he's only a cartoon. So the sabertooth is really the biggest real, non-cartoon tiger. And that is how big their heart is.

(During the above, Oñate and Cristóbal are looking at the voice quizzacally.)

Anyway, we begin tonight's episode as Don Juan and Don Cristóbal follow the Rio Grande River— *(Whispering to someone off mic.)* Isn't that sort of repetative, since "rio" means "river?" I'm just saying... *(Back on mic.)* —as they follow the Rio Grande north. *(Dramatic music sting.)*

STEVE/OÑATE: It is hot today.

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: Yes, my brother. Yet not as hot as my anger towards you!

STEVE/OÑATE: Cristóbal! Do not be angry! You chose to come on this expedition.

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: Yes. But you did not tell me it would be so dusty! And hot. Oh, so hot.. *(He pours water on himself in sexy slow motion as cheesy music plays.)*

STEVE/OÑATE: Water may cool your body, brother, but it must not cool your spirit! We must continue along this Camino Real!

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: Nothing will cool my spirit, brother! I will make it to the end of our journey so I can prove to Father that I am as good a son as you! *(Turns around and*

wipes away a tear.) Or better!

MICHAEL/ISABEL (off): You men look thirsty!

STEVE/OÑATE: Who said that? Who's there? *(Ripping open his shirt, prepared to fight. He has a lot of chest hair. A lot.)*

MICHAEL/ISABEL: *(Entering.)* Only me!

STEVE/OÑATE: Isabel!

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: *(Aside.)* Isabel!

MICHAEL/ISABEL: Aye, me: Isabel de Tolosa Cortés Moctezuma.

STEVE/OÑATE: Oh my darling, why have you come here? It is no place for a woman!

MICHAEL/ISABEL: I am not a woman, Don Juan. *(He looks at her quizzically.)* I am your woman!

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: *(Longingly.)* Isabel...! *(He gets lost in a daydream of kissing and making love to her.)*

STEVE/OÑATE: That is true. And nothing will tear us apart! Nothing! *(He pulls her into his chest. She chokes a little.)* Now, go and see if my brother needs more water. He is behaving very strangely.

(She crosses to Cristóbal as Oñate combs out his chest hair.)

MICHAEL/ISABEL: Don Cristóbal! You look thirsty. Let me give you some water. *(She pours it into his mouth and sexily down his shirt in slow motion as cheesy music plays.)*

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: I am thirsty, Isabel, that is true. But not for water! *(He grabs her and attempts to kiss her. She quickly turns around, still in his grasp.)*

MICHAEL/ISABEL: No, Cristóbal. We cannot. I am betrothed to your brother!

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: We share everything.

MICHAEL/ISABEL: *(Whipping her hair around madly and slapping Cristóbal in the face.)* Not this! Not me! Not now! *(She stops, her bosom heaving.)*

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: Isabel, I can see from the way you are...breathing...that you did not come here only to see Don Juan.

MICHAEL/ISABEL: I am only breathing this hard because the sun is so hot. *(She pours water on herself in sexy slow motion as cheesy music plays. One of her breasts—an orange?—falls out. Beat. What do we do now? She continues to pour water in slow motion, eventually rolling on the floor and replacing her boob, then returning to the same position as if nothing happened. 2 "breaks" character for a moment. All three laugh. Then:)*

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: You must leave Don Juan. Run away with me!

MICHAEL/ISABEL: You know I cannot.

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: You must.

MICHAEL/ISABEL: I can't.

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: You will!

MICHAEL/ISABEL: I shan't!

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: ISABEL!

MICHAEL/ISABEL: CRISTÓBAL!

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: ISABEL!!

MICHAEL/ISABEL: CRISTÓBAL!!

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: ISABEL!!!

MICHAEL/ISABEL: CRISTÓBAL!!!

STEVE/OÑATE: *(Finally noticing them.)* Isabel?

MICHAEL/ISABEL: Don Juan Oñate!

STEVE/OÑATE: Isabel! ["For shame!"]

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: *(With disgust.)* Don Juan Oñate!

STEVE/OÑATE: Cristóbal? ["Is it true?"]

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: Don Juan... ["Don't take it so badly."]

STEVE/OÑATE: Cristóbal! ["I hate you!"]

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: Don Juan! ["And I you!"]

(They roll up their sleeves, preparing to fight.)

MICHAEL/ISABEL: Don Juan! Cristóbal!

STEVE/OÑATE: Isabel! ["For Isabel!"]

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: Isabel. ["For Isabel."]

MICHAEL/ISABEL: Cristóbal... ["Please, don't..."]

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL: Isabel! ["Don't worry. All will be fine!"]

MICHAEL/ISABEL: Don Juan Oñate... ["Please, don't..."]

STEVE/OÑATE: Isabel! ["Don't worry!"]

SANTINO/CRISTÓBAL; STEVE/OÑATE: *(Rushing towards each other.)* ISABEL!!!

MICHAEL/ISABEL: Nooooooooooooo!

(Sexy slow motion fight ending with Isabel getting clocked. Lights change to tableau and all freeze.)

VOICEOVER: Tune in tomorrow for another thrilling episode of our telenovela, "The Trials and Trails of Don Juan de Oñate."

(Telenovela music plays. The lights do not go to black. The music ends. The actors are still frozen. They look terrified. A long moment. Finally, as a group, they all shuffle offstage.)