

CHARACTERS

LIPS – 25 – Female.
LUPE – 24 – Female.
CRIS – 25 – Female.
JO – 28 – Female.

PLACE

A Makeshift fortress on a deserted Miami Beach. An ark is being built at the center of it.

TIME

Due-time?

Crashing waves fade towards us. As the light comes in –

There, visible at High Sunset, a fortress made of collected items, both small and large, found on the now completely deserted sands of Miami Beach, Florida. Its walls surround a makeshift ARK – large, but made of similar items. At the moment, it looks a lot more like a giant raft made of giant wood, branches, mattresses, umbrellas for shade, coolers with food, so on. At least it's sturdy enough to walk on...

CRIS is knotting the finishing touches, singing the lyrics to "LA MAZA" by Silvio Rodriguez.

Meanwhile LUPE lays back idly, nearby, tanning, sipping a Copa Di Vino Chardonnay, #4 out of 12 out of a pack beside her beach chair. She's also got a pair of binoculars, but they're just hanging on her neck.

But CRIS's singing seems to be getting to her. Finally, She lowers her shades, glares at the working CRIS. Both have harpoons nearby, btw.

LUPE

Oye... Cristina... Bro...! OYE... CRISTINA! ...CRIS!... 'TORTILLERA'!

CRIS

-- KNOCK IT OFF --!

LUPE

Defuses, like a victim

-- WOAHH WOAHH CHILL, YO! Damn...

But then again

-- Bout time you said something though! I was willing to call you all kinds of nasty-ass shit indefinitely and forever-ently, however long it took, if it meant just being able to get your attention, you sitting there, twiddling your yarn on our ark, singing some humdinger shit you figure's gonna romanticize our end of the world!

CRIS

The hell do you care?

LUPE

I'd like to listen to the waves while I'm taking my break.

CRIS

In an hour the rains will fall and Miami will sink into the loosened slush of a swamp it's been sitting on for the last hundred years – straight to the bottom of the world *y ahora's* when you figure you'll take a break? *Por favor.*

LUPE

I've contributed quite a bit to our cause!

CRIS

Yet now when we're moments away from the launch of our ark, this ship, *you* choose to do *nothing*... outside of sipping all of the *Copa Di Vino Chardonnay* –

LUPE

Wait, wait, wait -- say that shit again like that –!

CRIS

Fuck you –

LUPE

I don't think you gotta put on that Italian accent shit when you citing *Copa Di Vino*, let alone keep that shit going when you's sounding out '*chardonnay!*' –

CRIS

I get lost in moments –

LUPE

Loose way of calling yourself a try-hard bitch, '*Char-DONN-ay!*' –

CRIS

Why do you *always* gotta take the easy hits!?

LUPE

They ain't easy, you just got a whole lot of them!

CRIS

A lot to say coming from somebody so lazy.

LUPE

LAZY!? I've been keeping LOOK OUT!

CRIS

OH, yeah, 'keeping lookout', meanwhile, I've strung up the Christmas lights and hooked the tiki-teeks into the stereo and speakers and built this *fortress* and this *ARK* with woven threads of weave and yarn, not to mention the veils for the launching ceremony, the leftover *bocaditos* I pulled out of the Cafe Versailles dumpster, and the last twelve days I've spent trying to find any kind of MacBook charger in any state of operable condition so that my busted-ass mac could have enough juice for me to fully produce the *ingenious, experimental* mix of music and stories of journeys I've been producing for this very night, *every* night, all hours of *all the* nights, ever since the Radio Wipeout on MacArthur Causeway, SO – THAT – WHEN – WE - LAUNCH - and *board* our ark that will float through the soon-to-be-flooded city of Miami and *towards* our salvation, the Government Barricades –

LUPE

'*QUARANTINE*' –

CRIS

...We would have fucking fun doing so! *With* style, *with* purpose, with PIZZAZZ - IF ONLY WE HAD ENOUGH OF THE COPA DI VINO CHARDONNAY YOU'VE BEEN HOGGING ALL FOR YOURSELF, YOU FUCKING FREELOADER, COME MIERDA!

Beat.

LUPE

...Listen. I will *give* you – one ergonomic glass of Copa Di Vino Chardonnay if you just... calm, the fuck, *down*.

CRIS

In defense.

...*Mira*, I just feel like a lot of shit comes out of people when an ending's coming around without any kind of definitive resolve.

LUPE

There's gonna be resolve. We're gonna do our ritual, fulfill the pact the four of us made, get on our ark and float through the city of Sunken Miami with our cell-phones live streaming the way; so that after we're rescued and pass through the Quarantine, we will become the immortal goddesses of popularity we always should've been.

CRIS

... None of that seems like a stretch, right?

LUPE

Nooooooo...

CRIS

...Good, good. Cause I believe in it. I believe in us.

LUPE

...So I take it you want a Copa?

CRIS

...Yeah. Hit me up.

LUPE whips out a bottle of Copa Di Vino, tosses it over to CRIS.

As she opens it,

Damn, this shit really *is* easy –

LUPE

I know man; pop the lid, peel the seal.

CRIS
Pop the lid, peel the seal.

LUPE
Peel that motherfucking seal and *SIP!*

CRIS sips.

And the taste?

CRIS
Considers. Relishes.
Exactly what it should be. *Salud.*

LUPE
Same.
Salud. Feel better?

CRIS
Swallows, coughs a laugh.
Feels like I'm just getting started.

LUPE
Now *that's* what I wanna hear out of you - wanna come tan with me?

CRIS
With the kinda shit *you* use?

LUPE
This is the shit of our ancestors.

CRIS
Our ancestors gave up baby oil mixed with iodine the first time they walked into a CVS.

LUPE
Raspberries, then –
It is a formula *rich* with history.

CRIS
It's CANCER JUICE! Now, can you get back to work and keep a lookout? I've gotta wrap things up. We've got another one of us out there, thinking you're watching out for her while she gathers materials for our journey to stardom and liberation!

LUPE
Going back to look out...
I got her back, man, she knows that, I get that, she gets it, but... *wait... wait a minute...*

CRIS

...Hm?

LUPE

...*Yeab, yeab, wait a second...* you only listed our good buddy Lips in that little speech of yours just now. Made a point of saying I ain't looking out for *her*, when in actuality you and me and even Lips know she ain't the only one I ought to be keeping watch for. Nothing to be said about looking out for the big YOU-KNOW-WHO, *HUH!?*

CRIS

...Who?

LUPE

Ha-AH, BITCH! Playing the game of 'Who?' only reveals what a petty fuck you actually is. You and I both know the woman we're thinking of is *Josephina*.

CRIS

Your *girlfriend*.

LUPE

Josephina isn't my *girlfriend*.

CRIS

Says you and your candle. Who you praying to nowadays, ah? San Judas? *Hm*. Call it what you want but the both of you's still attached.

LUPE

Our shit's transcendent, I'll give you that.

CRIS

Dave n' Buster's eat-n-play combo's transcendent to you.

LUPE

You coming at the love I am able to believe?

CRIS

Less than that but more so subliminally suggesting that I heard it through the Vine and found it really fucking stupid she'd decided to shorten her name to *Jo* cause that was gonna get her more followers as a click bait journalist.

LUPE

'*Culture Influencer*'.

CRIS

Ah-Ha.

LUPE

Josephina Martin, the transcendent non-love *lust* of my life, is a Scholar of Popular Culture.

CRIS

A cesspool of hypocrites and progressives!

LUPE

That's *why* Josephina's *inspiring* – she's literally an *influence!* ...To *critique* American Gods!?

CRIS

'Celebrities', Lupe, and it's because of people like Josephina that we've all come to disguise the filthy rich as totems of our humanity, just cause they bust out flows, wear Chanel.

LUPE

Oh, JEEZZ, save it for your blog.

CRIS

I am too sagacious for the peasantry.

LUPE

The FUCK THAT MEAN!?

CRIS

That I am too good to be bothered by the likes of having to dumb my shit down.

LUPE

You mad Josephina ain't a try-hard like you?

CRIS

It's easy to do what she does when you're living the life of a shadow.

LUPE

The lives she's influenced, reinforced, how *dare* you, *you're* the shadow –

CRIS

Since when did being influential mean being a petty, jealous know-it-all who figures if they can't do they'll just critique and badmouth those who actually can? *Ab?* Guess that's what happens when a talentless hack moves it out to California; realizes she should've become a scientist, or credit union teller and instead forces herself to make other people listen to what she believes to be true, only her truth is as steeled as her insecurities are great.

LUPE

Bueno, maybe there are some things *greater* than creation; the *mediation* of it, the *critiquing* of it!

CRIS

Oh please, she's no different than what we all were before America became obsessed with celebrity – whoring for acceptance, believing her journey is that of a Virgil. All her words, our light!

LUPE

Yeah, well, she's Certified. What are you?

... You bitch.

CRIS

I'M JUST SAYING.

LUPE

I had a lot of traction back in my day, back on Cristinalinguics, when I'd stuck the course; relentlessly promoting my work on social media.

CRIS

And then you gave it up.

LUPE

I was told and shown I wasn't good enough.

CRIS

I only ever showed you why you needed an editor.

LUPE

Right.

CRIS

And yeah, maybe of us do and *did*. We all took ESOL. Even Josephina!

LUPE

Josephina is a FRAUD!

CRIS

SHE KEPT GOING THOUGH! And doing. Fraud to you's, Ghandi to another being.

LUPE

What's the Fraud to you?

CRIS

She's...

LUPE

Mhmm.

CRIS

Everything I've wanted to be. But I chose the path that wouldn't include having me always bring myself down, live in a coffin of a life. I chose to embrace and like, value the successes of somebody else as something I could appreciate vicariously!

LUPE

So long as you were fucking them.

CRIS

LUPE

Even if we *were* together, how often you figure her and I slurped clammies? It can be sexless but it can still be love!

CRIS

SO YOU ADMIT IT!

LUPE

Only that I value her the same way I value you and Lips!

CRIS

Only you value her more, *way* more.

LUPE

Okay!?

CRIS

Even after what she did to us!

LUPE

We were young! *YOUNGER!* Sometimes you push through. You fuck up and recognize shit and evolve into a better person. You *change!*

CRIS

Yeah, she's changed; changed her name to prove a point she herself drove into existence.

LUPE

Do you even *know* what the term "gender-viscosity" *stands for...*?

CRIS

Only care that it's the term she made up.

LUPE

Discovered.

CRIS

The one where she demands we all call people what they want to be called, right?

LUPE

That's right.

CRIS

Like, literally, our names? She wants people to call other people by their *names*?

LUPE

You're just sounding mad jealous, if we're being completely honest, here.

CRIS

Jealous or not, she is detestable.

LUPE

The shit she talks about is *real*, Cristina. It was in an *article* she herself had written! She brought Gender Viscosity to light, even though it's always existed! Sometimes it takes a village, sure. *Pero* sometimes, all it takes to re-shape the world is a degree in Cinema studies.

CRIS

It's drivel, it's reductive. Over the years, we've come to accept and fight for the right for any person to be whatever the fuck they ought to be, believe they are. She's fueling a dying flame; a bandwagon chopped into firewood.

LUPE

You just can't stand the fact she made a name for herself.

CRIS

After ruining ours.

LUPE

I...

CRIS

Or is that *not* why we've agreed to come back here? To this spot? Today. To sift through our bullshit? To see if by finally making it through the end of the world that withdrew its belief in us, we'd be able to re-emerge as independent beings? *Worth* valuing?

LUPE

My love for her goes beyond needing her forgiveness.

CRIS

...You'd settle for tribalism.

LUPE

For a tribe called 'Resistance' –*absolutely!*

CRIS

You only ever became part of the Resistance the moment you learned something of yours was at stake too – this *city*. Back with Houston you only ever complained about *come mierda* Joel Osteen keeping his doors closed to the public. And yet – you even take the time to donate?

LUPE

I was moving out of my ma's during that time, you know that.

CRIS

Excuses, excuses – could've donated through Facebook!

LUPE

They were taking 5 and a quarter percent of the donations as service charges!

CRIS

Maybe you should've hustled a little more.

LUPE

At least I'm not a fascist like you.

CRIS

Lupe darling you've only ever thrown that bone at me cause I once suggested that the Antifa weren't *not* communists.

LUPE

It'd have been different than Cuba.

CRIS

And more like Venezuela, ah?

LUPE

Que Cubano.

CRIS

Cubans have always known the signs.

A STIR in the distance – a CLATTERING OF ALUMINUM CANS.

THE FUCK!

CRIS

SHHHH!...behind me.

CRIS snatches her harpoon as LUPE does too – they stand, then takes position against LUPE'S back.

LUPE

'Circle Jerk?'

CRIS

Confirming the move.

Circle Jerk.

They rotate in unison, counterclockwise, scanning, armed --

You think the animals from the zoo found a way to cross MacArthur Causeway yet?

LUPE

I dunno, but this Laura Croft shit's gonna fuck up my Acrylics –