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Dramatic Publishing

CONFESSIONS...

A One-woman Show

by

JOSEFINA LOPEZ

This excerpt contains strong language.



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • England • Australia • New Zealand

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JOSEFINA LOPEZ

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(CONFESSIONS...)

ISBN: 0-87129-727-2

Confessions...

is dedicated to Jon Mercedes III, Bill Virchis,
Rafael Rubalcava and Mr. Norman Lear

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CONFESSIONS...

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Playwright's Notes

I started out as an actress at the Los Angeles County High School for the Arts, September 9, 1985. I saw *I Don't Have to Show You No Stinking Badges*, a play by Luis Valdez at the Los Angeles Theater Center that dealt with the racism in Hollywood, I realized that there was no future for me as a Latina actress. There were no roles being written for Latinas besides those of maids, virgins, mothers and whores. I told myself that if nobody was writing roles for Latinas then I would write them so that someday I could play them.

Since then, I've written 11 plays, had 8 produced, 8 published, and performed in two productions of *Real Women Have Curves*. These monologues have been inspired by women that I've seen in East L.A. on the bus, or on the street and they are also all autobiographical. They are me at different stages in my life. When you put them all together you get to understand the Latina that I am. I'm neither a virgin, mother or whore. I have a little of all of them. Hopefully these monologues have captured the diversity and complexity of young Latinas everywhere.

Josefina López
Los Angeles
April 15, 1996

CONFESSIONS...

A One-Woman Show

CHARACTERS

ROSIE. 10, a walking sponge who has her own
TV network in the bathroom

SOFIA. . . 16, a barrio girl who has a white boyfriend and is
tempted to get pregnant to get out of the barrio

LOLITA. . . 25, teases and punishes men with her powerful
sexuality

TIFFANY 20, a valley girl and a Chicana activist who
finds courage and strength in Frida Kahlo's paintings

YOKO 28, a Latino who is trying to pass for Japanese
so she can get a job as a waitress in a sushi restaurant

ROXIE . . 30, a self-defense instructor who accidentally attacks
a man who was merely going to ask her for the time

VALENTINA 26, a Chicana activist who is trying to
organize her people to fight against Proposition 187

SETTING: A bare stage.

TIME: The present.

NOTE: Words in Spanish are in bold print. You will find a
glossary and Spanish terms in the back of the play.

CONFESSIONS...was first presented as a work-in-progress of a one-woman show at California State University, Northridge, April 20, 1995, as a Guest Artist Event, presented by The School of the Arts, Arts Education Equity Office and The Department of Theatre. There were two performances and the original title was *CONFESSIONS OF WOMEN FROM EAST L.A.* The production was directed by William Alejandro Virchis; set design by Gronk; music by Joseph Julian Gonzalez; and produced by Jon Mercedes III. The cast was as follows:

DOÑA FLORINDA Choral Thuet
SOFIA Kaddiz Gonzalez
MARQUEZ-BERNSTEIN, Ph.D. Catalina Maynard
LOLITA CORAZON Josefina López
ROXIE Pola Allen
TIFFANY Catalina Maynard
CALLETANA Choral Thuet

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Special thanks to: California State University, Northridge, the Department of Theatre School of the Arts, Jon Mercedes III, Bill Virchis, Catalina Maynard, Choral Thuet, Pola Allen, Kaddiz Gonzalez, Felipe Salazar, Anamarie Garcia, my mother, Catalina, the lady who sells corn on the cob on the corner of First and St. Louis Street, K-mart, Dr. Maria Viramontes De Marin, Gronk and Joseph Julian Gonzalez.

PRODUCTION NOTES

COSTUME LIST

ROSIE

- 1 shorts overall
- 1 cute “kids” top
- 1 pair tennis shoes
- 2 hair pendants for ponytails

SOFIA

- 1 pair sweatpants
- 1 flannel shirt
- 1 pair socks

LOLITA CORAZON

- 1 low-cut spandex floral dress
- 1 pair red heels
- 1 black bag
- 1 pair large, gold hoop earrings

TIFFANY

- 1 brown beret
- 1 blouse
- 1 pair jeans
- 1 pair boots
- 1 Native American vest
- Silver and turquoise jewelry

YOKO

1 Kimono

ROXIE

1 pair black jeans

1 black sleeveless t-shirt that shows off her tattoos

1 black leather jacket

1 pair black biker boots

VALENTINA

1 pair black pants

1 red t-shirt

1 pair black combat boots

1 brown beret

PROPERTY LIST

ROSIE

1 chair

1 clothes hamper

1 hand-held mirror

1 toilet paper roll

1 pair heart-shaped sunglasses

SOFIA

1 flashlight

1 bed sheet

LOLITA CORAZON

1 empty pill bottle
1 chair
1 box female condoms
1 box male condoms
cosmetics

TIFFANY

chalkboard
1 letter
1 piece of paper
1 podium

YOKO

1 menu
1 fan

ROXIE

1 chair

VALENTINA

1 table
1 cardboard sign that says: "KILLER TACOS of East L.A.
Over 1 million served."
1 U.S. Citizen application form

Glossary/Spanish

¡Ah, que la chingada! ¡Se me olvido! Oh shit! I forgot!

Amá - Mama

Ayy, Papi como me gustas - Oh, Daddy, how I like you!

Ayy, que grandototote estas, chulo - Oh, how big you are, cutie.

Barrio - neighborhood

Chingóna - (playwrights' word:) kick-ass, fighter, femme-fatal

debemos luchar contra la Proposicion 187!! - we must fight against Proposition 187!!

En mi corazón - in my heart

Eres mi rey - You are my king

Gente - my people

Gringo - slang for Anglo

Hermano - brother

es que, es que - is that, is that

Las razones que... - the reasons that...

Las razones que nuestra raza debe resistir este racismo es que la Proposicion 187 es un ataque contra todos. Primero comienzan con los Latinos, despues con los Asiaticos, y todos, los demas que no son Anglo-Saxones. ¿Qual es la diferencia entre Wilson y Hitler? ¡Si como Hitler que se encargo de tratar de desacerse con toda una raza, asi Wilson quiere desacerse de nuestra raza! ¡Por eso todos los Latinos debemos luchar contra la Proposicion 187!! - The reasons our people must resist this racism is that Proposition 187 is an attack against all of us. First they begin with Latinos, then with the Asians, and then everyone else who is not an Anglo-Saxon. What is the difference be-

tween Wilson and Hitler? Like Hitler, who took charge of getting rid of a group of people, Wilson would like to get rid of our people! That is why all Latinos must fight against Proposition 187!!

Lonjas - love handles

Mariachis - traditional Mexican musicians

Mija - my daughter

Mijita - my dear daughter

Nalgas - buttocks

¡O mi dios! - O my God!

¡Orale! - Hey, yeah!

Panza - stomach - belly ache

Pero no se puede - But we can't

¡Pos que chingados, estos pinches gringos! - Oh, those damn whites!

Prieta - dark one

Puta - whore

Que rico, suave... - How delicious, smooth...

¡Sabroso! - Delicious!

¡Si se puede! - Yes, we can do it!

Tamarind - a traditional Mexican drink

Te amo, mijita - I love you, dear daughter

Telenovela - soap opera

¡Uno, dos y tres! - One, two and three!

Virgen de Guadalupe - Virgin of Guadalupe

Rosie “Generation XVHS” Brady

AT RISE: *Lights fade in. We are in a bathroom. An outline of what is supposed to be a mirror is DL. There is a toilet and an ugly beat-up mat. ROSIE, a loud girl with crazy hair and a dirty face, tomboyish, runs in, shuts the door, and locks it. Offstage we hear screams coming from her brothers and sisters who were beaten to the bathroom.*

ROSIE (*screaming*). No, I’m not getting out of the bathroom, it’s my turn! You wait like I waited. Go by the fig tree and pee, I always end up doing that while I’m waiting for you to finish shaving. Yeah, well tough! (*ROSIE walks to the mirror and talks into it.*)

Mirror, mirror, on my bathroom wall, who’s the cleverest in my family of them all? ’Tis I, ’tis I! Ha, ha, ha, ha.

MOM (*voice-over*). **Mija**, don’t forget to wipe your **nalgas** real clean!! Not like the last time.

ROSIE. **;;;Amá!!!!** I always do...most of the time...yeah, I do! (*ROSIE stares at the mirror dramatically.*) Where is the “Brady Bunch” at a time like this? How come I don’t have a family like the Brady Bunch? Mike and Carol, please take me away! (*ROSIE spins around as though she were about to become “Wonder Woman.” She chants “Brady” Bunch several times and then stops spinning*

immediately. In Newscaster's voice.) Rosie Garcia, you just got adopted by "The Brady Bunch," what are you going to do next? *(As herself.)* I think, I think I'll...*(ROSIE pulls out a hand-held mirror from the clothes hamper and uses it as a microphone.)* I think...*(Singing.)* I'll go for a walk one day. A sunshine day! Everybody sing! A sunshine day! *(She struts and starts dancing as though she were dancing with her adopted siblings.)*

BROTHER *(voice-over)*. **Amá**, tell Rosie to get out of there, she's doing the "Brady Bunch" dance again and I gotta pee!

ROSIE. Yes, Mike and Carol, I promise, I will never leave you. To me, being a Brady is the most important thing in the whole wide world! Let's go camping! With my other Bunch, we never went camping...You'll go camping just for me? Oh, I feel so special! Thank you, Mike, thank you, Carol, thank you, Greg, thank you, Marcia, thank you, Peter, thank you, Jan, thank you, Bobby, and even thank you, Cindy who, in a couple of years, will need a nose job, but that's okay, you're still cute and you are my sister! *(She pretends to kiss Cindy's cheek.)* So let's go camping to the Grand Canyon and let's go find some Indians!!

(ROSIE spins again like "Wonder Woman," grabbing a pair of heart-shaped sunglasses from the clothes hamper and putting them on. She spins herself all the way to the toilet seat and sits down on it. Immediately she takes hold of her seat and she is now on the studio set at the "Oprah Winfrey Show" making a confession.)

ROSIE. Yes, Oprah, I came from a very deprived home. I used to sleep on the sofa in the living room with three of

my brothers and sisters with the plastic cover on. Summers were like sleeping in a lake and it gets worse, Oprah. One of my sisters was a sofa-wetter. But things changed when I was ten and the Brady Bunch adopted me...But why should I tell you anymore, you can read it all in my best-selling autobiography, "The Ex-Garcia Bunch: Portrait of an Oppressed, Beautiful, Bright, Young Bean." Oprah, I understand you had a tough life too, but I, Oprah, grew up with 11 brothers and sisters and only one bathroom. Imagine, 14 people living in one house and only one bathroom. But I don't want anybody to feel sorry for me. Because as God is my witness, I will never go hungry or wet again! Except to diet and get rid of this baby fat... Oprah, maybe after the show we can exchange diets and I'll give you an autographed copy of my book... Great!... What are my future plans? I'm glad you asked, Oprah. (*ROSIE pulls out the hand held-mirror and looks at herself touching up her hair and make-up. Being very much the "star."*) There's talk of a miniseries about my life, and I've gotten offers to replace Heather Locklear on "Melrose Place," but I'm thinking of turning the show down because of Mr. Aaron Spelling, the man who also brought you my favorite show "Gilligan's Island." He insists that I have to get a nose job like his daughter and get rid of this beautiful Mayan nose. It's this nose that got me the role of Selena as a little girl... (*ROSIE looks at her "Mayan" nose in the mirror and acts like it's the most perfect nose.*) So I'm going to have to say "no." Besides, I'd rather be on "Friends" and give those **guerillas** some real competition. I don't see what men see in them, Oprah, they're blonde, bland, and can't act their way out of a Dorito's tortilla chip bag...Don't believe the *Enquirer*, I

wasn't really abducted by aliens. That's not true! I got deported, once.

And yes, the rumors are true, I took on Brad Pitt as my lover, however, I have warned him that if he wants to marry me he has to sign a "pre-nuptial agreement." I'm sorry if I broke anybody's heart or if I offended anyone, but that's just the way I feel. Also, Oprah, I have to be honest with you, I'm getting my own talk show next season, and am coming out with a new exercise video. It's called Aztec Aerobics. So stop the insanity and work off your **lonjas** with my "Aztec Aerobics." (*She grabs the toilet paper roll and pretends it's a video box. She does an Aztec dance. Speaking enthusiastically.*) And one, and two, and three! **¡Uno, dos y tres!** And ay, ay, ay, ay, ay!! Work it off, work it off!!

SISTER (*voice-over*). Dad!! She's doing aerobics again. Get her out of there. I have to take a shower!

ROSIE (*stops exercising and sits again*). Anyway, I have to go now, Oprah. My limo is waiting! Yes, Oprah, no one can stop me! Because...(*ROSIE starts singing and dancing as though she were in the movie "Fame."*) Fame! I'm gonna live forever. I'm gonna learn how to fly. Strong and forever, people will remember my name! Fame! Remember, remember, remember, remember, fame!

FATHER (*voice-over*). Rosie, get out of there! Am I going to have to remove the door again?! All your brothers and sisters are waiting! (*ROSIE dances a little bit more and does a grand finale. She runs out triumphantly. Lights fade out.*)

END

Sofia “The ‘Stupid’ Girl”

AT RISE: *Lights are off and we hear loud popping noises. Lights fade in on SOFIA. She is cute, and in love with dark lipsticks and dark eyeliner. She walks in wearing a white sheet covering all of her body except her face. (She is supposed to resemble the **Virgen de Guadalupe**.) In one hand she is holding a flashlight.*

SOFIA. Were those gunshots or were they firecrackers? I hear them every night. I hear them every night and they seem so close, but if they were gunshots then the police would come, right? Right?! Stuuupid!!!! They never come! It’s sad because the police station is only two blocks away. So I just pretend I hear firecrackers or cucarachas popping as someone steps on them in the kitchen floor...How stuuupid, huh? (*SOFIA turns on the flashlight and directs the light to the floor. She starts stomping on the imaginary cockroaches with zeal.*)

They’re like relatives who never go away. And the worse part is when you’re asleep, they go inside your mouth. I remember once, when I was little, a cockroach got into my ear and my **mamá** had to pour pee-pee on it to kill it. But when she poured it, a drop fell down my cheek into my mouth and I accidentally tasted it. Ugggg! So now when I see cockroaches, I get grossed out! I

hate cockroaches and I hate this house. When I get older I wanna have a house that has no cockroaches. A house that's clean with no bugs, no cracks. And a maid. 'Cause I ain't gonna be no statistic. I'm gonna get an education and get the hell out, even if it's cosmetology school. But I ain't gonna be no statistic. I ain't gonna walk down the street with a **panza** and have people look at me and think "what a stupid chick, didn't she know about condoms?" Yeah I know plenty about condoms and contraceptives and that you can get pregnant the first time you do it. I know all that, but I also believe in waiting. I'm not dumb, I value my virginity...Actually my mother values it a lot more than I do, but that's okay. I want to stay a virgin so I can walk down the aisle in a white wedding dress and have it mean something. Not like some girls who are seven months pregnant wearing a white dress. Or like Tita who had her daughter as the flower girl. How stuuuupid!!!! Like we wouldn't know...

...I want my life to be different. I'm not gonna have sex 'til I get married, that's what I say. That's what I say to Brian, my white boyfriend, when he says let's do it and I tell him "Look, I'm not like those white girls on '90210,'" except for **la** Tori Spelling, but she just pretends to be a virgin. I'm not Catholic either, but I'm gonna save myself for the man I marry 'cause I want my virginity to mean something, to be special, to share it with one man. That's what my mother tells me. The thing I don't get is, and I ask my mother about this but she gives me a real lame excuse, how come I can't go bicycling? "'Cause I'll lose my virginity!" Go tree climbing? "'Cause I'll lose my virginity!" And can't

wear tampons? And guys can do whatever they want and they don't have to save themselves? All my mother can say is "'Cause that's the way it is." Like nothing's gonna change and I'm a girl and that's my fault. Like no matter what I do, it's just the way it's supposed to be, so I don't like it. But I still can't lose my virginity...I want to do it for my mother. Anyway, I'm too scared to do it. Some girls say it really hurts, that you bleed and it feels like the guy is cutting you open, but if you practice with one finger first, then a second, pretty soon it becomes looser. But I wouldn't know. I'm not scared of pain. I'm scared of how I'll feel about myself after I do it. Whether my mother is right. If he won't care about me, like he got what he wanted. At first I used to think that if a guy ever said to me "If you love me, prove it to me," I would say "If you love me you wouldn't ask me to do it." Just like that. But now that I met Brian, my **gringo** boyfriend, it's not as easy to say that. It's not as easy when you've kissed and I feel all weird and...(SO-FIA becomes embarrassed.) ...I start feeling, well, you know. But I would never do it, 'cause I wouldn't want to get pregnant and be forced to marry my boyfriend like a lot of my friends. I can't imagine getting pregnant. If I did, my parents would force me to marry Brian, my **gringo** boyfriend, and I would have to go live with him in Arcadia! What would I do there? All they have are shopping malls and white people all around. It's probably so boring, so quiet. And then I would have to live with his parents...His mother's kinda nice, but she would become my mother-in-law...They're kinda nice people, educated and nice-off. Then my name would have to be changed to Sofia Taylor. How stuuuuuupid!!

No? Sofia Taylor, mmmm. Sofia Taylor... (*She becomes embarrassed and gives herself away.*) All right, all right, so I did it! Busted! “Stuuupid,” I tried to fool you huh, yeah I did it, busted...(*SOFIA sits on the floor, still wrapped in the sheet.*)

...So he’s kissing me and he’s getting ready. But I hear a noise and I tell him stop. And he asks me “Are you sure you want to do this?” Then I say “Whatever happens we’re both in this together.” Then he continues kissing me. But I hear another noise and I’m scared. He tells me to stop being paranoid. I’m not Catholic, but, boy, do I feel guilty...He gets on top of me and he’s trying to find my hole and then *I see her*...She’s wearing a white wedding dress and her veil touches my face as she stands above me looking down with a sad look, the kind of look my mother gets when my father has gone out to the bar and doesn’t even invite her. The bride looks at me and begs me not to do it. She tells me (*In a different voice.*) “Don’t do it. Wait. Do that for your mother who couldn’t get married in white. Do it for her. Save yourself.” (*SOFIA lies on the floor reminiscing with the sheet covering her body.*)

I imagined my mother looking at me, crying. And all I can tell her is, but I love him and he loves me, isn’t that good enough? And she tells me “Don’t be a **puta**! Your mother didn’t raise you to be that way!” I’m not a **puta**. “Yes, you are!” She screams at my face, and it hurts. It hurts because I don’t want to be a **puta** to my **mamá**. I think of all the times I stayed home, looked the other way, crossed my legs, wore long skirts, walked home fast, kept away from boys, all so that no one would ever call me a **puta**. Now, why am I a **puta**? And

why is my virginity so important! My *pussy* is only a small part of who I am. I'm not an object that if it's messed up it's no longer good. I'm a good person and I'm intelligent, and I've got dreams! And I ain't gonna be no statistic! (*SOFIA slowly sits up.*)

...So Bret, Brian, or whatever his white-ass name is, gets inside me and I don't feel any different, except some pain. I don't feel dirty, I don't feel used, I don't feel worthless, I don't feel scared. But I tell him to stop. "Get out of me." He doesn't understand, but he gets out. I tell him. "Put on a condom. I don't want to get pregnant." (*SOFIA, stands up. She stares at the ground.*)

The next day my mother sees me and I can't look at her. I avoid her eyes, but my mother knew right then and there. "You did it last night, didn't you?" I looked away and told her that was none of her business. "You're a **puta**." She says. And I'm hurting inside but I keep looking away. I look away trying not to let her words tear at me...Someday I'm going to get out of here, but not by getting pregnant. 'Cause the **barrio**, or as my **gringo** ex-boyfriend, Brian, called it, the "ghetto," is not where you live. The ghetto is in your mind. (*We hear gunshots.*) Were those gunshots or firecrackers? Stuuupid!!! I'm so stupid...They're gunshots. (*Fade out.*)

END