

Excerpt terms and conditions



This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

Dramatic Publishing

Luchadora!

Drama by Alvaro Saar Rios



**“The most exciting father-daughter
saga this side of the Pecos.”**

—Milwaukee Journal Sentinel

“Inspiring and relevant to young people.”

—HowlRound

“An absolute gem. ... A beautiful story with an upbeat message for young people and their parents.”

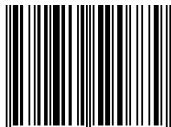
—GMToday.com

Luchadora!

Drama by Alvaro Saar Rios. *Cast: 7 to 12m., 6w., extras as desired, doubling possible.* Imagine the Chinese legend Hua Mulan set in the world of lucha libre—Mexican wrestling. The discovery of a worn pink wrestling mask prompts Nana Lupita, a Wisconsin grandmother, to share her tale about growing up in 1960s Texas. As her tale unfolds, Lupita’s life as a teen tomboy comes alive—bike riding with her friends Leopold and Liesl, working at her father’s flower stand and lucha libre. When a World Championship match is announced, Lupita anticipates seeing it until she discovers her ailing father is one of the wrestlers. With the help of a magical mask maker, Lupita secretly trains to take her father’s place. She soon finds it difficult keeping her secret from her friends and, most importantly, her father. “One of the most moving and important productions likely to be seen in Milwaukee.” (*OnMilwaukee.com*) “An engaging, lively piece that teaches while it entertains.” (*Shepherd Express*) *Unit set, minimal staging. Approximate running time: 80 minutes. Code: LL5.*

*Cover: First Stage, Milwaukee, featuring (l-r) David Flores, Bree Kazinski and Michelle Lopez-Rios.
Photo: Paul Ruffolo. Cover design: Molly Germanotta.*

ISBN: 978-1-61959-077-9



9 781619 4590779 >

www.dramaticpublishing.com



Dramatic Publishing
Your Source for Plays and Musicals Since 1885

311 Washington Street
Woodstock, IL 60098
800-448-7469

© Dramatic Publishing Company

Luchadora!

By

Alvaro Saar Rios



Dramatic Publishing Company

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

*** NOTICE ***

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. Current royalty rates, applications and restrictions may be found at our website: www.dramaticpublishing.com, or we may be contacted by mail at: THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098.

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including, but not limited to, the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication and reading, are reserved.

For performance of any songs, music and recordings mentioned in this play which are in copyright, the permission of the copyright owners must be obtained or other songs and recordings in the public domain substituted.

©MMXV by
ALVARO SAAR RIOS

Printed in the United States of America
All Rights Reserved
(LUCHADORA!)

ISBN: 978-1-61959-077-9

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of the play *must* give credit to the author of the play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the play and in all instances in which the title of the play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the play and/or a production. The name of the author *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent (50%) the size of the title type. Biographical information on the author, if included in the playbook, may be used in all programs. *In all programs this notice must appear:*

“Produced by special arrangement with
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., of Woodstock, Illinois.”

Luchadora! was workshopped at Palo Alto College in San Antonio, with the following cast and crew.

Liesl, Hannah	Erika Beard
Leopold	Tyler Bigler
Lupita	Renae DeHoyos
Boys	Benito Lara, Zach Morgan, Justin Vera, Jesse Tellez
Vanessa.....	Dulce Martinez
Father	Thomas McBryde
El Hijo.....	Mario Moreno
The Mask Maker.....	Loray Romano
Ring Announcer, Referee.....	Jesse Tellez
Nana Lupita.....	Alison Vasquez
Director	Alison Vasquez
Stage Manager	Caley Richardson
Costume Design.....	Alison Vasquez
Lighting Design	Benito Lara
Light Board Op	Christian Schneider
Scenic Artist.....	René Vasquez, Jr.
Scenic and Sound Design.....	Alison Vasquez
Technical Director.....	Benito Lara

The world premiere production took place First Stage in Milwaukee, on April 10, 2015, with the following cast and crew:

Father	David Flores
Nana Lupita.....	Lucinda Johnston
El Hijo.....	Dan Katula
The Mask Maker.....	Michelle Lopez-Rios
Wrestler/Referee	Sherrick Robinson
Understudies	Karen Estrada, Karl Iglesias
Lupita	Bree Kazinski, Jamie Mercado
Vanessa.....	Lizzie Borg, Gaby Musickant
Hannah.....	Lizzie Porter, Mackenzie Swart
Liesl.....	Claire Zempel, Miranda Cecsarini
Leopold	Gavin Rangel, Preston Carr
Boys 1-4.....	David Edmundson, Sam Nunez, Rowan Chheda, Nikolai Morrow, Jacob Hauswirth, Lawson Mitchell, Jackson Hake, Tyler Johnson
Director	Jeff Frank
Scenic Designer	Sarah Hunt-Frank
Costume Designer.....	Alex Tecoma
Lighting Designer	Noele Stollmack
Sound Designer.....	Lucas Clopton
Wrestling Choreographer.....	Chris Multerer
Fight Consultant.....	James Fletcher
Boxing Coach.....	Tom Reed
Vocal Coach	Michelle Lopez-Rios
Stage Manager	Sarah Deming-Henes
Assistant Stage Manager	Ryan Treviranus

Luchadora!

CHARACTERS

VANESSA: 16, Latina, curious and athletic.

NANA LUPITA: 70, Vanessa's grandmother.

LUPITA: 16, Latina.

FATHER: 40, Lupita's father.

THE MASK MAKER: 40, owner of Casa de las Mascaras.

LEOPOLD: 14-16, Lupita's friend.

LIESL: 10, Leopold's sister.

EL HIJO: early to mid-20s, wrestling champion. Can also play BLUE LUCHADOR.

HANNAH: 19, Leopold's older sister.

BOY #1, #2, #3: Can also play NEWSPAPER BOYS.

NEWSPAPER BOY #1, #2, #3

RINGANNOUNCER: Can also play YELLOW LUCHADOR and/or GREEN LUCHADOR.

YELLOW LUCHADOR

GREEN LUCHADOR

BLUE LUCHADOR

SETTING:

Santa Teresa, Texas and Milwaukee, Wisc.

TIME:

Now and 1968.

PRODUCTION NOTES

This is a memory play. Scenes should be very fluid.

All songs are traditional folk songs.

The song with the lyrics “Flor se llamaba” is adapted from Juan Antonio Perez Bonalde’s poem “Flor” written in 1883.

Words in brackets [] are translations and are not meant to be spoken.

Luchadora!

ACT I

The Mask

(In darkness, a wrestling bell dings.

Lights rise on two masked wrestlers, GREEN LUCHADOR and BLUE LUCHADOR.

As GREEN LUCHADOR slams BLUE LUCHADOR to the mat, NANA LUPITA, a 70-year-old grandmother, appears, watching a TV with deep concentration.

GREEN LUCHADOR celebrates while BLUE LUCHADOR gets up. When GREEN LUCHADOR turns around, BLUE LUCHADOR applies “The Claw” to his face. Immediately, GREEN LUCHADOR’s knees buckle.

VANESSA appears with a worn briefcase. Her wrist is wrapped in a cloth bandage. She notices what NANA LUPITA is watching.)

VANESSA. Who’s winning?

NANA LUPITA. Ay, mijita. Don’t do that. What? You think that’s funny?

VANESSA. I didn’t mean to scare you, Nana.

NANA LUPITA. You don’t know how lucky you are. I almost threw a chankla [*flip-flop*] at you.

VANESSA. So, who’s winning? The guy in green?

NANA LUPITA. See that one in blue. That’s the son of El Hijo. His father was one of the greatest luchadores around. He’s the one who’s winning.

VANESSA. I didn't know you liked watching lucha libre, Nana.

(Beat as NANA LUPITA considers answering but decides to turn off the television. BLUE and GREEN LUCHADOR disappear.)

NANA LUPITA. Tienes hambre? *[Are you hungry?]* I'm making sopa. *[soup.]* It's almost done.

VANESSA. I can't stay long, Nana. I just came by to drop off your briefcase.

(VANESSA hands over the briefcase.)

NANA LUPITA. Gracias, mijita. I was looking all over for it. I must have had a lot of things on my mind to leave this at your house. You didn't look in it, did you?

VANESSA. No. *(Beat.)* OK. Yes.

NANA LUPITA. Vanessa Josefina!

VANESSA. I know. I shouldn't have looked. I'm sorry, Nana, but I was curious. You're always carrying around that briefcase everywhere you go. And I just wanted to take a quick peek. And when I did, this fell out. *(Pulling out a pink wrestling mask from her pocket.)* I was just going to put it back and pretend it never happened. But when I touched it, something told me this mask was special. Very special.

NANA LUPITA. Damela. *[Give it to me.]*

VANESSA. This mask doesn't look cheap, Nana. It looks like it was made by a real professional.

NANA LUPITA. Mijita. La mascara, por favor. *[The mask, please.]*

VANESSA. I bet anything that this has a real good story tied to it.

NANA LUPITA. Vanessa Josefina Martinez, give me the mask or I will tell your parents how you hurt your wrist.

VANESSA. They know. I sprained it. In dance class.

NANA LUPITA. I'll tell them the real reason.

(Beat. Then VANESSA gives NANA LUPITA the mask.)

NANA LUPITA *(cont'd)*. You remind me so much of myself.

VANESSA. Smart?

NANA LUPITA. Terca. *[Stubborn.]*

VANESSA. I'm not stubborn. I was just hoping you were going to tell me about the mask.

NANA LUPITA. Well, if you really want—

(A bell is heard. It sounds like a wrestling ring bell, but it's VANESSA's cellphone. VANESSA pulls out her phone and reads. As VANESSA talks, she continues to respond to her texts.)

VANESSA. Mom says hello. She said she'll be here in about 10 minutes. You know, Nana, the other day I was helping mom in the flower garden and she starts singing this song. It was different than the ones she usually sings. And I asked her about it and she didn't know much about it other than she remembers you singing.

NANA LUPITA. What song was it?

(Beat as VANESSA tries to remember the song.)

VANESSA. I can't even remember how it goes right now but I would recognize it if I heard it. Mom said it was probably a song you learned growing up in Texas. And when she said that, I thought she was playing with me. I always thought you were from here.

NANA LUPITA. No, mijita. Nací en Tejas. *[I was born in Texas.]* I grew up in a teeny tiny town called Santa Teresa.

VANESSA. What made you come to Milwaukee?

NANA LUPITA. The first time I came had a lot to do with this mask. I could tell you but it's a long story. Not something I can share in 10 minutes.

VANESSA. Oh! Well, I can tell mom to pick me up later.
(Pulling out the phone and texting.) Done!

NANA LUPITA. You really want me to tell you this story?

VANESSA. There is so much I don't know about you, Nana.

NANA LUPITA. Maybe you should come over more often.

VANESSA. I'm here now.

(Beat.)

NANA LUPITA. If I tell you, you can't tell anyone else.
Nadie. *[No one.]* Especially not your parents.

VANESSA. This must be some story.

NANA LUPITA. We have a deal?

VANESSA. Of course, Nana. Should we shake on it?

NANA LUPITA. I trust you.

VANESSA. I would hope so. I am your granddaughter.

(NANA opens the briefcase. It's filled with pictures, newspaper articles, and various other trinkets and memorabilia. NANA LUPITA pulls out a few newspaper clippings and hands them to VANESSA.)

NANA LUPITA. Mira.

(As VANESSA looks at the clippings, NEWSPAPER BOY #1 appears.)

NEWSPAPER BOY #1. Extra! Extra! Post Here. Mascara Rosa Challenges World Champion.

(VANESSA continues to look at more clippings as NEWSPAPER BOYS #2 and #3 appear.)

NEWSPAPER BOY #2. Lady Astronaut Rockets into History Books.

NEWSPAPER BOY #3. Texas Matadora Talks about Bull Fighting.

NEWSPAPER BOY #1. Thousands March to Protest War in Vietnam.

(As NANA LUPITA speaks, the NEWSPAPER BOYS disappear.)

NANA LUPITA. It was the summer of 1968. For most kids who grew up in that time, summer meant riding bikes from sunup to sundown. Or playing at the park until the fireflies came out. Or even just listening to the radio until the stars disappeared. But for me, summer meant none of that.

(A flower stand appears. LUPITA, age 16, appears holding flowers.)

LUPITA. Flores! *[Flowers.]*

NANA LUPITA. From the first day of summer vacation to the last, I was stuck at my father's flower stand.

LUPITA. Flores!

NANA LUPITA. And that summer, I expected it to be like all the rest of my summers. Long. Hot. And plain ol' boring.

(LIESL, age 10, appears, working on an upside down bike.)

LUPITA. Flores! I don't know why I'm yelling. No one is out here.

LIESL. It's too hot.

LUPITA. I hope your brother gets back with the water soon.

He should have been back by now.

LIESL. Lupita, check this out.

(LIESL pushes the pedals, and the rear wheel spins.)

LUPITA. You fixed it?!

LIESL. Kind of. Your bike chain is old. Really really old.

LUPITA. I think this was my dad's bike when he was a kid.

LIESL. I fixed it so your chain won't pop off anymore.

LUPITA. Thank you so much, Liesl.

LIESL. But ...

LUPITA. There's always a "but."

LIESL. You can't ride too fast or the chain will break for good.

LUPITA. I wish my dad would just get me a new bike.

LEOPOLD *(offstage.)*. I'm almost there!

LIESL. Finally!

(LEOPOLD enters pulling a wagon with a bowl and a water jug.)

LEOPOLD. I know I took too long but I brought something better than water.

LUPITA. Sandía!

LIESL. Watermelon! Did Dad give this to you?

LEOPOLD. Not exactly.

LUPITA. What do you mean "not exactly"?

LEOPOLD. He closed the fruit stand early. After he left, this was just sitting there.

LIESL. What did dad tell you about doing things without his permission? He's gonna ground you for sure when he finds out.

LEOPOLD. It'll be worth it.

(LEOPOLD and LUPITA grab a piece and eat. LIESL refuses to take part, but she eventually gives in.)

LUPITA. I could eat sandía all day, everyday.

LIESL. Me too.

LEOPOLD. Me three.

LIESL. Should we save some for your dad, Lupita?

LUPITA. No. He doesn't like it.

LIESL. Doesn't like it?!?! I thought everybody ate watermelon.

LUPITA. Not my dad.

LEOPOLD. When your dad gets back, you think we can go riding?

LUPITA. I wish but he's pretty strict about me being here to help him.

LEOPOLD. Tell him it's too hot to be out here.

LUPITA. I already know what he's gonna say. "Lupita. Sabes que ... a smart businessman works in all kinds of weather."

LIESL. You sound just like your dad.

(They continue to eat as FATHER appears, holding an apple box filled with calla lilies and a briefcase.)

FATHER. Lupita. Did we sell out?

LEOPOLD. Hola, Señor Guerrero.

LIESL. Hi, Mr. Guerrero.

LUPITA. Hi, Papí.

FATHER. Give it to me straight. Can I finally retire?

LUPITA. We haven't sold one flower all day. It's too hot.

FATHER. Too hot? This is winter compared to the heat I've experienced.

LEOPOLD. My dad closed down early.

LUPITA. That's a great idea. We should do that too.

FATHER. If we close down, we'll miss out on good business.

Any good businessman will tell you that's a bad idea. Sabes que ...

LUPITA & FATHER. The American Dream isn't free.

FATHER. It is true, you know. If you ask me, I think if a certain someone was wearing a pretty dress like Liesl, we would have sold out hours ago.

LUPITA. Papi. I'm not wearing a dress. We've talked about this.

FATHER. No one can resist a girl in a dress selling flowers.

Right, Leo?

LEOPOLD. I'm not sure that's true, Señor Guerrero.

FATHER. You're just saying that because you're Lupita's friend.

(LIESL holds up the briefcase that was in the apple box.)

LIESL. Is this yours, Mr. Guerrero?

FATHER. Ay Dios Mio. Se me olvidó. *[I forgot.]*

LUPITA. What did you forget?

FATHER. I ... I was planning on dropping that off somewhere but ... I guess I had other things on my mind.

LEOPOLD *(to LUPITA)*. This is our chance to go riding. Ask him.

LUPITA *(to LEOPOLD)*. He's gonna say no.

LEOPOLD. Just ask.

LUPITA. Papi, let me drop it off for you.

FATHER. I can do it later.

LUPITA *(to LEOPOLD)*. What did I tell you?

LEOPOLD. You give up too easily.

LUPITA. I promise I'll be very careful.

FATHER. I'll take care of it, mijita.

LUPITA. Dad. I'm 16. I think I can handle delivering a briefcase.

FATHER. It's not that ... It's just ...

LUPITA. Then what is it? Why won't you let me take it?

(Beat.)

FATHER. Let me write the address down.

LEOPOLD *(sotto voce)*. I knew you could do it.

(FATHER pulls out a pencil and paper. The pencil falls. FATHER attempts to pick it up but quickly stops himself. Pain.)

LUPITA. I'll get it.

FATHER. Gracias, mija. *[Thank you, my daughter.]*

(LUPITA gives a pencil to FATHER.)

FATHER *(cont'd, writing on paper)*. When you get there, ask for The Mask Maker. She'll know what to do with it.

(FATHER gives the paper and briefcase to LUPITA.)

LUPITA. What's in here? Can I open it?

FATHER. No, no, no. It's just a bunch of papers and things. Stuff I don't want to lose. Just give it to The Mask Maker.

LIESL. Is she fixing it for you?

FATHER. No. She's ... Actually, yes. That's exactly what she's doing. She's fixing it. You should hurry. She's going to close soon.

LUPITA. A los caballos! *[To the horses!]*

LEOPOLD. A los caballos!

LIESL. I forgot what that means.

FATHER. It means "to the horses."

LIESL. But we don't have horses.

LUPITA. We have bikes.

LEOPOLD. It's just a figure of speech, Liesl.

LUPITA. Papí. Don't start loading up the flowers without me.
Por favor.

FATHER. I won't. I have a feeling tomorrow will be a better
day. We're going to sell more flowers than ever before.

LUPITA. If that happens, can I get a new bike?

FATHER. I'll think about it.

LIESL. When my dad says that, he usually means no.

FATHER. We'll see.

LIESL. That also means no.

FATHER. A los caballos!

LUPITA, LIESL & LEOPOLD. A los caballos!

NANA LUPITA. Off we went. Down the dusty dirt roads of
Santa Teresa. We chased the wind as stray dogs chased us.
We even made sure to ride by the panadería that filled our
town with the sweet scent of pan dulce. All along the way,
there were trees with yellow ribbons for those who had
daughters and sons in far off places.

(LEOPOLD, LIESL and LUPITA appear riding bikes.)

LIESL.

FREUT EUCH DES LEBENS

[Enjoy life.]

WEIL NOCH DAS LAMPCHEN GLUHT

[While the lamp still glows.]

PLUCKET DIE ROSE

[Pick the rose.]

EH SIE VERBLUHT

[Before it wilts.]

LUPITA. I've been meaning to tell you. That song is neat
mosquito.

LIESL. Hannah taught it to me. She said it's her favorite.

LUPITA. Has anyone heard from your sister?

LIESL. I thought we would have heard something by now.

LEOPOLD. I've told you, Liesl. I'm sure Hannah's OK.

LIESL. How do you know?

LEOPOLD. I just know.

LIESL. You always say that.

LEOPOLD. Hannah's tough. She can take care of herself.

LIESL. I just want to know why. Why did Hannah run away?
Why didn't she want to live with us anymore?

LEOPOLD. I'm sure she had her reasons.

LIESL. But she used to tell me everything.

LEOPOLD. C'mon. Let's keep riding.

LIESL.

FREUT EUCH DES LEBENS

*(LIESL, LUPITA and LEOPOLD ride off. NANA LUPITA
and VANESSA appear.)*

NANA LUPITA.

WEIL NOCH DAS LAMPCHEN GLUHT
PLUCKET DIE ROSE
EH SIE VERBLUHT

VANESSA. That's it! That's the song I was telling you about.
The one my mom was singing. What language is that?

NANA LUPITA. Leo and Liesl's family was originally from
Germany. They came to Tejas and settled in Santa Teresa
just as other German families before them. One of my

favorite things about riding my bike through town was that sometimes I would hear songs in German, Spanish and English mixing freely in the air.

VANESSA. Do you know what the song means?

(NANA LUPITA nods.)

VANESSA *(cont'd)*. What does it mean?

NANA LUPITA. Paciencia, *[Be patient.]* mijita. My legs needs exercise. Let's go for a walk.