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Desvelado

By

JOSÉ CASAS

Dramatic Publishing Company

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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JOSÉ CASAS

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(DESVELADO)

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

This play is dedicated to:

Rebecca Drew Ramsey

a wonderful friend and collaborator
whose love of creating theatre for the very young
has inspired me to do the same.

Desvelado received its world premiere at Kaleideum’s Peppercorn Theatre in Winston-Salem, N.C., on Feb. 6, 2019.

CAST:

HARVESTJustin Harrington
LITTLE ONE.....Julissa Lopez
MÚSICA Eddie Garcia
HARVEST/LITTLE ONE (understudy)Omar Sosa

PRODUCTION:

Director Rebecca Drew Ramsey
Music..... Eddie Garcia
Scenic and Projection Design Patrick Lord
Managing Director Corinne Bass
Costume DesignAndrew Walsh
Lighting Design/Production Fabrication.....John Bowers
Projection Design Assistant Nico Schiavone
Stage Manager Leo Morello
Lead Teaching Artist Acy Jackson
Teaching Artists Omar Sosa, Britt Caninno Stone

“Life is something that happens when you can’t get to sleep.”

—Fran Lebowitz

“The moon is a friend for the lonesome to talk to.”

—Carl Sandburg

Desvelado

CHARACTERS

LITTLE ONE: A precocious and inquisitive 5-year-old child who looks at the world with the widest of eyes. The child dreams big dreams and thinks deep thoughts; yes, even at that young age. The child revels in the present, all the while, with an eye toward what the future holds, in particular, what tomorrow holds.

HARVEST: Also known as the moon or *la luna*. Harvest enjoys his purest form in the fall, embracing the evening with loving arms. Harvest watches over the world, sharing his luminescence with the galaxy and protecting all living souls.

MÚSICA: An abstract being not defined by the physical. It is the harmony and the melody that paints the picture of a story full of imagination. It carries the magic of the journey on its shoulders.

TURTLE: Has no name but is very much loved. Turtle is a nonspeaking stuffed animal and, most importantly, is Little One's best friend.

TIME: The present. At night. In between the light and the darkness. A space that is boundless.

PLACE: Little One's bedroom in a house holding a family and a limitless amount of possibilities ... and the dream that Little One is experiencing right in front of our eyes.

PRODUCTION NOTES

In an ideal situation, Música is played physically by an actor playing live music. If this is not possible, please use the following guidelines:

The music should be recorded.

Música should be represented by a small suitcase record player.

Next to the record player should be a classy hat that speaks to a simpler time.

The record player and hat should sit atop a small drawer that is painted in soothing colors.

It is recommended that a teaching artist interact with the audience before the beginning of the show and have a friendly dialogue about some of the themes in the play such as friendship, the stars, home, etc. This will also be a good time to hand out paper fans to each audience member for use as indicated on page 23 of the script.

It is not only allowed but encouraged for the actor playing Harvest to engage with audience members and even improvise a bit if needed. The idea is to create a truly interactive experience for our young audiences.

Although the characters in the script are identified with he/him pronouns, producers are allowed to cast in any way they prefer.

Desvelado

(Quiet. It is day, but almost night. The bedroom is empty. The tired sun warms the space.

Extended beat.

The stage slowly goes dark.

Extended beat.

Music fills the dark space, inspired by the night, sounds that embody a world of heartbeats and memories. The notes are soothing and whimsical. After a few moments, the music slowly fades into silence.

Extended beat.

The glow of the full moon begins slowly shining through an open window situated upstage, creating a path of light that ends in a spotlight located downstage. At the end of the light is HARVEST, who is lying on the floor, asleep. His eyes are closed, and he is slightly snoring—not an annoying snore, but a cute snore. By the smile on his face, it is apparent that he is dreaming a wonderfully pleasant dream. HARVEST is dressed in all white, fanciful and free. His clothing radiates a different type of light—the type of light that only exists in the darkness, bringing serenity to the end of the day. After a few moments, HARVEST begins to wake up for the nighttime, which is his daytime. He yawns and stretches, stretches and yawns as big as possible. He is preparing to start his job of illuminating the night, bringing comfort to the sleeping world. Once HARVEST truly wakes up, he notices the audience. He steps back, momentarily surprised,

not out of fear, but out of a genuine “oh, hello.” After the initial surprise, HARVEST addresses the audience even though the only source of light is the moonlight peering in through the window. Another smile crosses his face.)

HARVEST *(to audience)*. Hi. Hello. *(Beat.)* Hola. *(Waving.)* Some people call me the moon. Other people call me *la luna* ... but my friends call me Harvest. You can call me Harvest if you want. Is that all right with you? *(Waits for response.)* Let me introduce you to my friend, Música, who likes to sing songs when the sun goes down and the sky gets dark.

(MÚSICA begins playing a song, a song encouraging community and love, throughout the next few moments. HARVEST begins clapping softly, both with his hands and on his body creating a beautiful rhythm. HARVEST gestures to the audience to join along, clapping to the same rhythm, a gesture of community building. After a few moments, HARVEST slowly fades out the rhythm until there is nothing but peaceful silence. Beat.)

HARVEST *(cont'd)*. Thank you, friends! I'm so excited to have new friends like you! My other friends also like to ... *(Stops himself.)* Wait. Do you have friends? *(Waits for response.)* That is soooo cool!! My other friends, the ones who love me ... they love the night, too. I think, maybe, you might know them.

(The stars of the evening inhabit the night sky as well as LITTLE ONE's bedroom, as well as LITTLE ONE's dream. The stars begin to twinkle, adding more light to the space, a special light to the space. The stars guide every child's dreams ... hopefully, even LITTLE ONE's dreams.)

HARVEST (*cont'd*). Do you know my friends . . . the stars? *Las estrellas?* (*Waits for response.*) They play in the dark because darkness is needed (*Pointing to different people.*) for you to see them, for you to see them, for you to see them, I guess for you to see them, and even for me to see them!

(Extended beat.)

HARVEST (*cont'd*). I like sharing. I would like to share a story with you! (*Waits for response and smiles a huge smile.*) Well, then, *bienvenidos* and welcome as we follow the story of a child on this night, a night not like most nights.

(MÚSICA riffs on the guitar.)

HARVEST (*cont'd*). A story about a child trying to (*Gesturing.*) fall asleep. A child trying really, really, really, really, really hard to go to sleep.

(Lights go up, but the lighting is still a bit sparse. We see the bedroom of a young child, LITTLE ONE. There are a number of different stacks of vintage suitcases in different sizes piled up around the bedroom. The reason is that LITTLE ONE's family has traveled the world for one reason or another ... maybe looking for the perfect home. The stacks of suitcases create a beautiful image, one that resembles different images of vintage funky pieces of art. There is a pretty colored door that leads to the rest of the house. Next to the door is a pole with direction signs aligned vertically pointing to different areas of the world. The destinations are:

Hogwarts

Manny's Taco Truck

Neverland
The North Pole
Wonderland
La Panadería
Skate Junction
Abuela's House
Over the Rainbow
My Favorite Place

Beside the illuminated stars, there are also paper stars hanging by strings around the entire bedroom. A beautiful shower of simplicity. And, maybe, there are other stars that aren't obviously seen. There is a bed, but not just any bed. It's a giant bed. Much too big for the likes of LITTLE ONE. It is the type of bed that allows for adventures to stretch over miles and swallows up restless little children. The large bed makes the tiny room seem enormous. The bed cover is LITTLE ONE's security blanket, a blanket that has the ability to transform into anything and everything magical. It is the color of the sky. It is the color of the ocean. It is a color of peace. LITTLE ONE is lying underneath the covers of his bed, which are covering LITTLE ONE entirely.)

HARVEST (*cont'd, pointing*). A child named Little One.

(LITTLE ONE begins to rustle underneath his covers. The tossing and turning becomes more and more exaggerated with each movement. MÚSICA plays to the comedic nature of the child's struggle.)

HARVEST (*cont'd, comically mimicking LITTLE ONE*). Little One tosses. Little One turns. Little One moves this way. Little One moves that way ... but nothing is working!!

(LITTLE ONE keeps at it. After a few moments, he gives up, releasing a very loud, very melodramatic sigh. MÚSICA stops. Beat. LITTLE ONE remains still for a moment. LITTLE ONE slowly starts to lower down the covers of the bed. After a moment, we see LITTLE ONE's head. LITTLE ONE begins staring at the ceiling, not pleased and definitely frustrated ... definitely tired. Beat.)

LITTLE ONE *(to self, loudly)*. Necesito ir a dormir ... I need to sleep.

(LITTLE ONE takes a long stare, listens for a moment, then rubs tired eyes. It is easy to see that LITTLE ONE wants to rest, but LITTLE ONE's mind won't allow that to happen.

Extended beat.

LITTLE ONE tries to go back to sleep. LITTLE ONE stands on the bed, staring up at the stars. LITTLE ONE starts naming the stars.)

LITTLE ONE *(cont'd, singing quietly)*. Twinkle twinkle little stars, how I wonder ...

(LITTLE ONE stops singing, having a moment of reflection. Beat. LITTLE ONE looks back up at the stars.)

LITTLE ONE *(cont'd, pointing)*. I'll name you Tina, and I'll name you Bandit, and that one Paco, and that one Angelica, *y te nombraré* Leslie, William, Julie, Cortney, Karen, Eddie, Jen, Lauren, CC, John, Roberto, Patrick, Veronica, Leo, Justin, Becca-Drew, Corinne, Diego, Omar, Luz, Francisco, Alex, Jackie, Mondo, Joaquín, Rowan, and that one, blah blah blah ... ugh. *Esto es tonto. La estrellas no tienen nombres.* Stars don't have names.

HARVEST *(to audience, amusingly annoyed)*. Uhm, yes, they do. Watch this!

(LITTLE ONE falls back on the bed. LITTLE ONE lies on the bed staring up at the ceiling. After a moment, sheep can be seen jumping in a straight line ... a boring straight line. HARVEST “baaas” the sheep sounds.)

LITTLE ONE. *Uno. Dos. Tres. Cuatro. Cinco—*

(At this point in the counting, the sheep start jumping and running all over the place. MÚSICA plays music that reflects a fun chaos, then quickly stops. LITTLE ONE struggles to count the sheep.)

LITTLE ONE *(cont'd, rapid fire)*. *Seis-siete-ocho-nueve-diez— (Frustration getting the best of LITTLE ONE.)*

(LITTLE ONE begins to count again but gets more frustrated and begins to “shout out” numbers over and over again, becoming more confused and frustrated until he stops in defeat. With LITTLE ONE’s last futile shout, the sheep disappear and the music stops. Beat. LITTLE ONE starts mumbling. After a few moments, LITTLE ONE begins to calm down.)

LITTLE ONE *(cont'd, to self)*. *Yo puedo dormir. I can sleep. (Beat. Hopeful whisper.) Sé que puedo.*

(LITTLE ONE tries again because the sleep is desperately needed. Beat. LITTLE ONE’s eyes close. As they do, the face of a clock appears. The clock begins speaking the language that only clocks can speak. The tick-tock rhythm is heard, an eerie sound in the dark.)

LITTLE ONE (*cont'd, frustrated*). Tick. Tock.

HARVEST (*comedic*). Tick. Tock.

LITTLE ONE (*more frustrated*). Tick. Tock.

HARVEST (*more comedic*). Tick. Tock.

LITTLE ONE (*even more frustrated*). Tick. Tock.

HARVEST (*even more comedic*). Tick. Tock.

(HARVEST and LITTLE ONE continue this “back-and-forth” with HARVEST ad-libbing funny opinions with the audience. Finally, HARVEST and LITTLE ONE both stop at the same moment. LITTLE ONE is hopeless; HARVEST is very amused.)

LITTLE ONE (*giving up, more frustrated than ever*). Tick.

HARVEST (*comedic victory*). Tock ...

(Extended beat.

LITTLE ONE can find no peace. After a moment, MÚSICA plays a few notes, the kind of notes that conjure images of Halloween and monsters. LITTLE ONE is startled and stands up on the bed. HARVEST ad-libs to the audience. He encourages the audience to transform into monsters, ghosts, zombies, vampires, witches and the chupacabra to help scare LITTLE ONE. HARVEST begins talking about the creatures of the night who are projected.)

HARVEST (*melodramatically amused*). Monsters ... and ghosts ... and zombies ... and vampires ... and witches ... and the chupacabra!

(LITTLE ONE jumps up over the bed cover and stands on top of the bed. Every muscle of LITTLE ONE's body is tense with a little-kid type of fear. LITTLE ONE confronts the creatures of the night, pushing them away as they disappear.)

LITTLE ONE (*loudly afraid*). *Monstruos ... y fantasmas ... y zombies ... y vampiros ... y brujas ... (As HARVEST howls.) y, el chupacabra!!*

(A frustrated LITTLE ONE scrambles back to the bed and under the covers, still trying to fall asleep, while the audience and HARVEST enjoy their prank.

Extended beat.

Extended beat.

HARVEST, still amused from the prank, looks at LITTLE ONE. The look of amusement on HARVEST's face morphs into a look of guilt with the realization that he should be helping LITTLE ONE sleep, not keeping LITTLE ONE from sleeping.)

HARVEST (*to the audience, still guilty*). Maybe we shouldn't have pretended to be monsters? (*Waits for response.*) Little One needs to fall asleep. (*Looking at LITTLE ONE, then the audience.*) Have you ever had trouble falling asleep? (*Waits for response.*) Me, too. Why is it hard to fall asleep sometimes?

(HARVEST listens to audience responses, ad-libbing to what they are saying, thinking if he could use any of the answers to help solve the problem. After a few moments, HARVEST looks back at LITTLE ONE.)

HARVEST (*cont'd*). Little One is still awake. (*Beat.*) Música, can you help?

(MÚSICA begins playing notes meant to soothe LITTLE ONE's worries. It doesn't, but it at least helps LITTLE ONE not be so afraid anymore. Slowly, LITTLE ONE lifts the covers and attempts to search after that elusive sleep. After a few moments, LITTLE ONE gets out of bed.)

LITTLE ONE (*to self*). *Tengo que dormir ... why can't I sleep?*

(LITTLE ONE begins running around the room, doing exercises [jumping jacks, pushups, sit-ups, etc.]. MÚSICA begins playing a song that reflects high energy and motion. As LITTLE ONE begins exercising, HARVEST jokingly ad-libs his thoughts, but doing so thinking the action taken by LITTLE ONE will accomplish the goal of helping LITTLE ONE sleep. LITTLE ONE does so much physical action that it probably will make everyone in the audience more tired than LITTLE ONE. The pace of LITTLE ONE's activity is so hectic that it becomes funny to watch, as if one were watching a classic Charlie Chaplin film. LITTLE ONE collapses [in a funny way] onto the floor in exhaustion. The music stops. The only sound in the bedroom is that of LITTLE ONE's tired heavy breathing.

Extended beat.

LITTLE ONE doesn't know what to do because nothing seems to be working. Beat. LITTLE ONE ponders for a few minutes. LITTLE ONE looks at one of the stacks of suitcases and begins crossing toward them. LITTLE ONE opens the top suitcase and looks down into it. LITTLE ONE closes the suitcase. LITTLE ONE peeks into the suitcase and closes it again. LITTLE ONE opens the suitcase a third time. This time LITTLE ONE opens it all the way back. Beat. LITTLE ONE smiles. Beat. LITTLE ONE reaches into the suitcase, slowly and tenderly picking up a TURTLE. It is LITTLE ONE's pet TURTLE who has no name but is very much loved.)

LITTLE ONE (*cont'd*). Hey, you.

HARVEST (*to audience*). Little One is talking to the pet turtle. This turtle has no name but is very much loved. Quite strange. A *tortuga* with no name ... *sin nombre*.

LITTLE ONE. I hope you like your new *casa*.

HARVEST *(to self)*. I wonder what would make a good turtle name? *(To the audience.)* What would you name a turtle if you had one? *(Waits for responses.)* Hmmm ... very interesting.

(LITTLE ONE holds the TURTLE closer. It is apparent that LITTLE ONE cares deeply for the TURTLE.)

LITTLE ONE *(to the TURTLE)*. *Eres mi mejor amigo en todo el mundo. Mi único amigo.* You and me. *Amigos para siempre.*

(LITTLE ONE begins caressing the TURTLE's shell.)

LITTLE ONE *(cont'd)*. *Necesita ayudarme.* You need to help me.

(The TURTLE doesn't reply.)

LITTLE ONE *(cont'd)*. *Necesito ir a dormir.*

(The TURTLE doesn't reply.)

LITTLE ONE *(cont'd)*. Well, aren't you going to say anything?

(HARVEST, pretending to be the TURTLE, yawns loudly.)

LITTLE ONE *(cont'd, guilty)*. *Lo siento.* I didn't mean to keep you awake, too.

HARVEST. Now, Little One isn't the only one who can't fall asleep.

(LITTLE ONE takes the TURTLE and crosses to the bed, both of them climbing into it. LITTLE ONE begins thinking.)

LITTLE ONE. *Buenas noches, tortuga. Si te duermes ...* maybe, you can sleep for the both of us.

(There is a reason that LITTLE ONE can't sleep. The thing that is bothering LITTLE ONE lays heavy on LITTLE ONE's mind, too heavy for such a young child. Beat. LITTLE ONE tries to think happy thoughts, but they are not coming. MÚSICA is touched and begins playing a gentle song. The song is beautiful and, you would think, is enough to lull LITTLE ONE to sleep. MÚSICA continues to play the song through LITTLE ONE's sorrow. Each note of music catches each one of LITTLE ONE's tears. The song reaches its intended audience of one. The music slowly starts to fade to silence.)

HARVEST *(to the audience, touched)*. Why can't Little One sleep? *(Waits for response.)* Do you think something is bothering Little One? *(Waits for response.)* Little One should be sleeping. Little One should be dreaming. *(Beat.)* Hey, what kind of things do you dream about?

(HARVEST listens to the comments from the audience. The comments inspire HARVEST.)

HARVEST *(cont'd)*. Those are such wonderfully colorful beautiful dreams.

(MÚSICA begins creating big-idea-thinking-imagination types of notes. HARVEST puts on his "thinking cap." Suddenly, a wide smile crosses his face.)

HARVEST *(cont'd, to the audience, excited)*. That's it!! I know what we need to do. We need to help Little One find the perfect dream. That will help Little One sleep. Will you help me? Do you think we can do it?

(HARVEST waits for responses. HARVEST reacts positively to the positive responses.)