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Dramatic Publishing

El Viaje de Beatriz

(Beatriz's Journey)



Bilingual Drama/Comedy
By Andrea Moon

Conceived by Andrea Moon
and
Samantha Provenzano

El Viaje de Beatriz (Beatriz's Journey)

*Bilingual drama/Comedy. By Andrea Moon. Conceived by Andrea Moon and Samantha Provenzano. Cast: 1m., 1w., 3 to 10 either gender. When Beatriz slams into her room to escape yet another fight between her parents, she turns to Beatrizita, a doll made for her by her recently deceased *abuela*, for comfort. Beatrizita magically comes to life and sends Beatriz searching for her *abuela* in Dreamland with nothing but a blank map to guide her. From an entangling forest of living trees, through Babble-onia (a land where none of the inhabitants speak the same language), to an audience with the churlish king and queen of Dreamland themselves, Beatriz navigates through her wondrous adventures. Along the way, she discovers the *regalitos* (little gifts) of spirit that her *abuela's* kindness instilled within her. Ultimately, Beatriz encounters Izquierda-Derecha-Avanzado, a three-headed creature who swirls Beatriz back to her bedroom—without her *abuela* but with an unexpected gift. Flexible staging. Approximate running time: 50 minutes. Code: V42.*

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EL VIAJE DE BEATRIZ **(Beatriz's Journey)**

Written by
ANDREA MOON

Conceived by
SAMANTHA PROVENZANO
and ANDREA MOON



Dramatic Publishing Company
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El Viaje de Beatriz (Beatriz's Journey) was first produced in April of 2010 at the University of Northern Colorado.

Directed by Samantha Provenzano

Production Supervisor/Director of
Education and Outreach: Gillian McNally

CAST

Beatriz Mehry Eslaminia
Beatrizita, Curi, Avanzado Jodi Lynn Thomas
Tree, Babs, Izquierda..... Kalen Boyd
Tree, Paca, King Rey..... Ryan Dinning
Beatriz's Father, Tree,
Mortimer, Derecha Bernardo Valdez
Beatriz's Mother, Tree,
Zeno, Queen Reina Megan Krusleski

Educational Outreach: Gina Difelice, Amanda Meltzer
Charge Artist: Anthony Mattivi
Tech Director: Daniel Movick
Sound Designer: Jess Chatham
Painting Supervisor: Mary Lucas
Scenic Designer, Props Master,
Puppet Designer: Matt Wood
Costumer Coordinators: Anne Toewe, Patty Cleary
Technical Director: James Rogers
Set Supervisor: J. David Blatt

EL VIAJE DE BEATRIZ (Beatriz's Journey)

CHARACTERS

BEATRIZ Mexican-American girl 10-12 years old,
prone to both fits of temper and fits of wisdom

BEATRIZITA bunraku-style puppet, "Little Beatriz"
doll made by Beatriz's dead *abuela*, bears the brunt of
Beatriz's fits, sends her off to Dreamland to find her *abuela*

FOREST OF TWISTED LIVING TREES.....intent on
making Beatriz put down roots in a strange land

PACA, ZENO, CURI, BABS.....residents of Babble-onia

MORTIMER SHELDON FIDELMAN The Promise
Keeper, crotchety old man with really thick glasses, a
penchant for mumbling, and a job that's too big for him

KING REY & QUEEN REINAKing and Queen
of Dreamland

IZQUIERDA-DERECHA-AVANZADO guide who
can't decide which way to go

SETTING

Beatriz's bedroom which transforms into Dreamland. It has a bed, perhaps made of blocks with some pillows on top; two chairs, one by a desk (which can be invisible if necessary) and one by the foot of the bed holding a doll sitting on top of a giant old suitcase. The hand-made cloth doll looks a

little bit like Beatriz herself. Everything in the room should serve double/triple duty—one life in Beatriz’s room and quite another in Dreamland, which is a constantly shifting place made up mostly of Beatriz’s bedroom, imagination and human bodies.

NOTES ON DIALOGUE

When characters have an asterisk (*) after their names it means their lines are spoken simultaneously.

In the land of Babble-onia currently Paca speaks Russian, Zeno speaks Dutch, Curi speaks Hebrew and Babs speaks a silly made-up language. Directors can feel free to switch these languages with whatever other languages their actors speak. The only important thing is that the languages used sound different from English or Spanish. (For instance, Portuguese might be too similar to Spanish to get the idea across).

In the Promise Keeper scene, much of Mortimer’s dialogue is mumbled. More improvisatory mumbling is highly encouraged.

EL VIAJE DE BEATRIZ (Beatriz's Journey)

(BEATRIZ huffs into her bedroom amidst the sound of an argument raging from off. She slams the door. It feels so good she opens it back up and slams it again. A voice from off screams, "Beatriz!")

BEATRIZ *(copying voice)*. "Beatriz!"

(She throws herself down on the bed, but the arguing voices start up again. So she gets up again, almost immediately, and paces from one end of the room to the other. A shout from off, "Beatriz! You're going to wear a hole in the carpet." BEATRIZ goes and picks up BEATRIZITA. She sings, as she does a simple greeting dance that you can tell she's done many times before.)

BEATRIZ.

BEATRIZITA, LITTLE BEATRIZ
SAME EYES, SAME HAIR
AND WHERE YOUR HEART SHOULD BE
ABUELA PROMISED
ALL THE LOVE SHE FELT FOR ME

Oh, Beatrizita. You're lucky you don't have ears. You don't have to listen to them yelling all the time. Holy

loco! You don't have ears. Here's an idea. We can switch places. When they call for dinner, you go instead of me, okay? They wouldn't notice. *La muñeca la hija* doesn't make a difference to them.

(She pauses, looking at the doll for a moment, and then sets it down and backs away.)

BEATRIZ *(cont'd)*. I know what I promised Abuela. But I can't do it! I stay with them too long, it's like it grows in me, you know? Until it...pops, and I just start yelling, too. It's just I miss Abuela so much, it's like someone made me swallow hot sharp stones, and they're cutting up my stomach and making it boil at the same time. Oh Beatrizita. I know I'm breaking my promise. *Que debo hacer?* You can't tell me what to do. You don't even have a mouth—I got to listen real deep to hear you at all. I wish Abuela was here. She always knew what to do. What's that? You want to know what it's like? *Tu te lo bucaste.*

(She uses the doll to act out a family fight. The actress playing BEATRIZ can say all the lines in different voices or offstage actors can take the lines as BEATRIZ acts out the fight between herself and the doll. The fight can take place entirely in English, in English and Spanish, or all in Spanish.)

(Papa) I work all day.

(Papa) Trabajo todo el dia.

(Mama) What do you think I do all day?

(Mama) Que crees que hago todo el dia?

(Papa) Why do I even come home?
If this... *(Papa) Por qué
vengo a casa? Si así
es...*

(Mama) Just listen, why don't you
ever listen? *(Mama) Solo
escuchame, por qué
nunca me pones
atención?*

(Papa)
Blahdeblahblahdeblahblah
(Mama) yakka yakka yakka

(Mama, Papa) blahdeblahde yakka yakka blah blah blah

(Beatriz) stop, stop! STOP!

(Papa) Beatriz, stay out of it.

(Mama) Beatriz, go to your room

(Papa) Beatriz, mind your own business

(Mama and Papa) Beatriz! Blahdeblahdeblahdeblah blah.

Yakka, YAKKA, YAKKA! YAKKA!!

I can't stand it. *No lo soporto mas!!* Stop! STOP! *PARA DE
GRITARME!!*

(She gets a little too into playing out the fight or is shaking BEATRIZITA too hard in her shouting for them to stop, and somehow one of BEATRIZITA's legs gets ripped off. BEATRIZ pauses for a moment, horrified, and then she starts to cry.)

BEATRIZ. Oh, no. No. No. NO. NO. Beatrizita. *Le Pido mil disculpas*, I didn't mean to. Ohh, I'm so stupid—what was I thinking?

(She very carefully puts BEATRIZITA back on her perch and throws herself on the bed.)

BEATRIZ. Abuela. Do you see what I've done now? Ruined everything. Again. You promised me. You promised you'd never leave me. *No quiero que estes muerta.*

(She closes her eyes, curled up in a ball on the bed. A moment passes. A faint, twisted, carousel-like tune heard from far away seems to blow through the room—sneaks in the window. As soon as the music touches BEATRIZITA, she comes to life. BEATRIZITA stretches, feels herself, tests how she moves. Then she turns her head toward BEATRIZ, watches her with compassion for a second. She tries to stand but can't because of the missing leg. She takes stock of the situation, looks over at BEATRIZ again and crawls her way onto the bed using her arms and one leg. She comes up to BEATRIZ and strokes her hair. BEATRIZ opens her eyes, realizes someone is touching her, looks, sees BEATRIZITA and jumps away.)

BEATRIZ. Holy *loco*. Beatrizita? You. I. I must be dreaming. Or *I'm holy loco*. Tell me I'm dreaming.

(BEATRIZITA nods, sits herself down.)

BEATRIZ. This is a really weird dream.

(BEATRIZITA shakes her head. She gestures with a flourish, and the music rushes into the room as if it's blown the window open. A FOREST OF LIVING TWISTED TREES [played by the remaining actors] move into the room, whispering and creaking. They transform the space as they dance on until it is no longer Bedroomland but Dreamland. In the process, BEATRIZ has to dance out of their way numerous times. BEATRIZITA almost gets pulled into the forest, but BEATRIZ rescues her at the last minute. After the trees have built Dreamland and taken their place in the forest, they are mostly still except for some creaking and swaying.

THE TREES shift and sigh and seem to lean toward BEATRIZ who jumps back.

BEATRIZITA taps BEATRIZ and points to THE GROVE OF TREES now twisting and creaking menacingly.)

BEATRIZ. What? You want me to go there? Nuh uh. You're holy loco. NO! *No voy a entrar.*

(BEATRIZITA points to her own heart, to BEATRIZ and into the forest a few times until BEATRIZ begins to understand.)

BEATRIZ. You're saying I can find Abuela. If I go through there.

(BEATRIZITA nods. BEATRIZ looks skeptically toward the trees. BEATRIZITA points to her heart and into the forest with more urgency.)

BEATRIZ. But what if I get lost?

(BEATRIZITA opens up a hole in her own chest. The action is accompanied by a sound almost like birdsong.)

BEATRIZ. What are you doing? Are you crazy?

(BEATRIZITA reaches into her heart and pulls out a folded up piece of paper—it looks very old and worn. She holds it out to BEATRIZ.)

BEATRIZ. What is this? “*un mapa de un reino de ensueno.*” A map? But it’s, it’s blank, Beatrizita.

(BEATRIZITA points to BEATRIZ, the map, the trees.)

BEATRIZ. I’m supposed to draw it as I go? What good is a map that only shows you where you’ve been?

(BEATRIZITA pulls a crayon out of her heart or from behind her ear or from nowhere and offers it to BEATRIZ. BEATRIZ takes it.)

BEATRIZ. Okay. If this is what it takes to find Abuela. Beatrizita, you stay here. This is my fault and I’m going to fix it, okay? I’ll find Abuela.

(BEATRIZ folds up the map and puts it into a pocket with the crayon. She moves with purpose into the trees. At first, she can't figure out how to move through them, but then she squeezes her way into them and immediately becomes twisted up in their branches. She untwists herself and tries to move forward, but THE TREES block her/move with her. THE TREES groan and moan and grab her limbs and begin to twist her into one of them.)

BEATRIZ. No. I'm not one of you. I know who I am.

(BEATRIZ fights against THE TREES, but they're stronger; she tries to move forward, but one arm is twisted like a branch of a tree. She tries to move faster to get away. A TREE grabs her leg and twists it.)

BEATRIZ. Oh, no.

(She moves forward, one twisted arm and one twisted leg, more slowly now. One of THE TREES plants the twisted foot down into the ground. BEATRIZ keeps saying "no," but her voice begins to sound more like the moaning of the trees than a human word. All THE TREES sway and moan together one thing; it sounds like "no más allá." BEATRIZ at first joins in with the word but breaks herself out of it by speaking quickly. BEATRIZ's struggle with and in THE TREES as she speaks becomes slower, as if each sentence makes her stronger and THE TREES weaker.)

BEATRIZ (*cont'd*). No! My name is Beatriz Sofía Tobar Hernandez. My *abuelo* and *abeula* came from Zacatecas, Mexico. Abuela said they followed a swallow across the desert to come here. They followed the swallow across the border, from orchard to orchard. They never put down roots because, Abuela said, the farther they followed the bird, the more like a bird they became.

(Her head and torso become free, though her arms and legs are twisted and rooted. THE TREES moan “no más allá.” But they seem to shrink away from her some.)

BEATRIZ (*cont'd*). I am Beatriz Sofía Tobar Hernandez. Papa put down roots here, but Abuela said she was too old to grow roots in a strange land. She said when she died she would turn into a swallow and soar in the skies above Mexico. I told her when I died I'd turn into a tree and put down roots in Zacatecas so she would have somewhere to land. She said she would always find me. If I hummed, she'd follow the vibrations my voice made in the air. *Dejame ir!* I have roots, I won't put down roots here, *dejame ir. Abuela. Ayudame.*

(BEATRIZ begins to hum in a different pitch than the moaning of the trees around her. With her humming comes music like a swallow calling. BEATRIZ harmonizes her humming with the music, looks up, and one of her arms breaks free as she reaches toward an invisible bird just out of reach. She uses her free arm to try to get her other arm to work. THE TREES groan in unison and try to close in on her, but there's an invisible sphere that seems to protect her. BEATRIZ frees her legs; she pushes

her way finally through the trees. She moves as if following the bird as THE TREES back offstage. She can't catch the bird and watches it fly away. She turns and looks back toward where the trees were.)

BEATRIZ (*cont'd*). *Lo logre!* But now where? (*She pulls out the crayon and the map.*) What good is a map that only shows you where you've been? Well here's the...the creepy forest. There's where I've been. Maybe Abuela will find me here.

(BEATRIZ closes her eyes and hums a slightly muddled tune. The music of Babble-onia comes up—it matches her humming. Instead of Abuela, the song attracts the residents of Babble-onia: PACA, ZENO, CURI and BABS. They build their land out of pieces of BEATRIZ's bedroom as BEATRIZ hums to the music. It becomes obvious that they aren't cooperating very well because they're all speaking different languages. BEATRIZ sees them and approaches.)

BEATRIZ. Oh, hello. Maybe you can help me.

BABS*. *Hiendadadaddada! Eekoona hoonownow!*
(*Nonsense word indicating great joy*). (A little girl!)

PACA*. Как вы получили здесь? (How did you get here?)

BEATRIZ. Oh boy. I guess you don't speak English. *Habla español?*

ZENO* (*to Paca*). *Hier bracht u haar? Dit is onaanvaardbaar.* (Did you bring her here? This is unacceptable.)

PACA*. маленькая девочка!! (A little girl!)

BEATRIZ. I guess that's a no. I'm trying to find my *abuela*.

(*PACA, ZENO and CURI speak at the same time.*)

PACA*. Запах маленьких девочек смешной. (They smell funny.)

ZENO*. *Dit is hoogst onregelmatig. Ik heb geen tijd voor dit.* (Highly irregular. I do not have time for this.)

CURI*. תוֹזָה וִיהִי אֵל בָּא. (Unless we all are having hallucinations.)

BEATRIZ. I can't understand you. Especially when you're all talking at once.

BABS. *Hoonownow slipontaha.* (The little girl must be hungry.)

BEATRIZ. Nope. Didn't understand that either.

CURI. יְתִימָא הוּא בָּא תוֹאֲרֵל הוּא תָּא טוֹבְצָא יִנָּא. (I'll pinch it to see if it is real.)

(*CURI moves in and pinches BEATRIZ.*)

BEATRIZ. Ow. *Eso me dolio!* What'd you do that for?

CURI*. הֲזֵה הֵם לְבָא. יְתִימָא הָאֲרֻנֵּכ הֵז. (It seems to be real. But what is it?)

BABS*. *Hiendadadaddada! Eekoona strepicoccinoneyna! Zoopla!* (Nonsense word indicating great excitement.) (A pinch-war. How fun!)

(*BABS moves in and pinches BEATRIZ. BEATRIZ starts trying to get away from them.*)

BEATRIZ. Ow. I don't like this place. *Vete!* I'm trying not to get mad here. STOP THAT! WHAT' S THE MATTER

WITH YOU? See what you made me do? I did it again. I got all mad and started yelling. *Calmate, Beatriz.*
BABS. *Ca soopoo!* (Like this.)

(BABS pinches ZENO. ZENO pushes BABS away.)

BEATRIZ. Don't start pushing each other. Oh boy. I make everything worse. Don't fight.

(PACA tries to separate ZENO and BABS by stepping between them and putting her/his hands out.)

PACA. Теперь. Теперь. Препятствуйте нам работать это вне как возмужалые взрослые. (Now, now. Let's work this out as mature adults.)

(BABS and ZENO begin pushing slapping and pinching, with PACA trying to stop them as CURI follows BEATRIZ around, inspecting her.)

BEATRIZ. I need to find my *abuela*. And you don't understand a word I'm saying.

(Things become very, very chaotic and fast paced, with the BABBLE-ONIANS talking all at the same time, building into shouting. BEATRIZ puts her hands over her ears and shouts above the chaos.)

BEATRIZ. *Para ya. Para ya.* Stop.