

## PROLOGUE

*(DOÑA SEBASTIANA enters pulling her wooden death cart. In the following, she directly addresses individual members of the audience.)*

### DOÑA SEBASTIANA

Hola! Can you hear me? Can *you*? Can *you* hear me? Si? Bueno. If you can hear me, I have an important announcement, but only for those who can hear me: *You're all gonna die*. Si, I know, it's the last thing you want to think about, right? I mean, that's why you're here, no? You're here to see a show. Be entertained. You don't want to have to be thinking about this shit now. But listen, it's all good cuz ain't none of you gonna die in like the next two hours, ok? So, that's good news, right? See, I'm Doña Sebastiana. I'm gonna be the one coming to help you when you die, alright? But this? *(Music is heard and a funeral procession begins.)* This is Burro Alley. You know, up in Santa Fe. They used to call it the Hall of Final Ruin. Like it's always *been* the Hall of Final Ruin. You know those big ass bombs? The ones they dropped on like Japan or whatever? They hid them here. Right on this teeny-tiny street the night they moved them from Los Alamos. That's all crazy, huh? But even before *that*? Like way a long time before that even, it was known as the Hall of Final Ruin cuz it was owned by like this badass gambler lady, Doña Gertrudis Maria Barceló. "La Tules." And this is her death. *(To an audience member.)* I said it's *her* death. Not yours, you dumbass. It ain't all about you, cabron. Shit. Anyway, she's all hung up on doing this good, you know. And you really got to hand it to her cuz, you know, how many of you have this all planned out? Again, it's the last thing you want to think about while at the same time it's the one thing – the *only* thing – you can bet on with a thousand percent certainty it's gonna happen. Funny, huh? But don't think about it now, ok? For the next two hours, you don't have to think about it, alright? You're just a bunch of spectators, ok? So sit back, relax. And let's watch Doña Tules die. Si? Bueno!

## ACT I

### Scene I

*(The sounds of a funeral procession. Two darkly cloaked mourners [CARMELITA and RALLITOS] enter singing a funeral song in Spanish. DOÑA SEBASTIANA falls in line pulling her wooden death cart. Center stage is a shrouded corpse [LA TULES] lying on a bier. The mourners approach the bier and begin lighting the many candles that outline the corpse. Suddenly, a door upstage is flung open and a strongly backlit PILAR stands as a silhouette in the doorway.)*

### PILAR

Doña Tules! *(The music and singing abruptly stop.)* Doña! He's doing it again!