

I was looking at the ceiling and then I saw the sky

Libretto

Acte 1

1- Ensemble

Consuelo

I thought everything was over and I had lost my lover
I thought my life was permanently out of orders
because my world lay on the wrong side of some arbitrary border

Dewain

I thought that love and all the freedom of the air would only last awhile before they had to disappear
I thought that I was preordained to fail and that I'd never manage to stay out of jail

Rick

I thought she'd never give me anything much but still I was dreaming about the weight
and the temperature of her possible touch

Leila

I thought he would never settle down from chasing women all over town

David

I thought I'd end up old and lonely because one or another female wanted to be my one and only

Tiffany

I thought there was something the matter with me something only I couldn't see

Mike

I thought that love was strictly extracurricular to what's important!
And that sex in general is not particular!

Tutti

I was looking at the ceiling and then I saw the sky!
I was miserable and aching
at the way the news kept breaking
I was looking at the ceiling and then I saw the sky!
I felt broken into compromise with nothing left to hope or prize
I was searching for a reasonable reason for my smile
I was finding what I want washed out completely in denial
I was looking at the ceiling and then I saw the sky!
I was looking at the ceiling and then I saw the sky!

Consuelo

I thought that I would never find my place
where I could live without hiding my language and my face

Dewain

I thought happiness is like the laughter of a fool and I was happy!

Rickie

I felt like I was treading water in between this country and Vietnam

I thought I'd never find my way to someone who would give a damn

Leila

I knew enough to know I didn't know what happens when your heart takes over and you have to just let go

Tiffany

I thought there must be something the matter with me something only I couldn't see

Mike

I thought as long as I'm solid and honest and strong

I don't have to worry about what if I'm wrong unless all along I've got it all wrong!

David

I swore I'd end up old and lonely because one or another female wanted to be my one and only

Tutti

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I was miserable and aching at the way the news kept breaking

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I felt broken into compromise with nothing left to hope or prize

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2.A sermon on romance (David Leila) Coupé

David

Let me tell you the Gospel according to this girl

Like to make me Lose my religion (Hallelujah!)

Make me tremble (Lord God Almighty!)

Make me shiver (Good Father)

Make me make me feel the spirit (Sweet sweet Jesus)

Make me Make me Make me slap my hands

Make me Make me move my feet

and beg and beg for mercy! Mercy!

Make me Make me praise her name

Make me forsake all other names

Tear up the pages Forswear the numbers

Close my eyes and concentrate (devoted) concentrate

I can't wait I can't wait to see this girl again

this serious child of God this stunning Holy Sister

this Paragon of Personality and Face and Form

beyond description beyond the willing worship of my open arms

*Oh! Oh! I can't wait I concentrate I feel the spirit overtake my sinner's body
overtake my sinner's body feels the spirit (Hallelujah!)*

Makes me tremble (Lord God Almighty!)

Makes me shiver (Good Father)

Makes me makes me feel the spirit Glory Glory Glory

Leila's counterpoint

Glory

Gloria/ Aisha/Rosalind/ Patricia

*which little girl you screaming for?
The one you took home yesterday
the one you met this afternoon
the one you talk to when I'm not around?
(and God knows how many more?)
(Holy/ Hallelujah/Hey! She's gone so I can play?!)
Gloria/ Aisha/Rosalind Patricia
which little girl you screaming for?*

3- Leila's song of the wise young women

Leila: Girl, I can't believe you're asking these questions! What is the matter with you?
I'm glad that you've come back to the clinic but how can I get you to use some protection?
What do I have to do?

I can't believe you're asking these questions! What is the matter with you?

Consuelo: But what of my heart! I love my babies! My six-year-old son of El Salvador! My seven-month-olds *hija* de Los Angeles!

Leila: If he's the kind of a brother with fifteen women on his mind, you better get yourself another man. Don't be a sucker! Don't step into some Big Mac Plan!

Consuelo: But I never have to worry whenever we're apart! Each of my children come from something I believe in and a lover I never want to forget!

Leila: Beat this message into your head and lay down this baseline deep on drums. We gotta use condoms, or go to the movies instead.

Consuelo: Pero what is more beautiful than babies born of a lust for justice and dignity and me? I know you think I am not so very smart and my english is not to good but each time we kiss and we start to be close together and I'm asking him whether or not he thinks that we should...

Leila: I don't care how cute he is. If you can't be his one and only you need to move on down the line.

Consuelo: but who are you talking about? It is not me! This is not my difficulty! My problem is when I'm able to buy or find food I can put on the table!

Leila: How many babies you planning to raise by yourself in spanish or english and God knows what? Don't you think that two is more than enough when babies and boyfriends is all that you've got? Girlfriend! I'm no Angel and I'm not the Pope but I'm not steering you wrong! You better get with it! The rope for hanging yourself up is not really very long!

4- Solo in sunlight (Dewain) Coupé

I got sunlight on the door knob, I got sunlight on my key, I got sunlight in my pocket, I got light all over me. I got sunlight through the window, I got sunlight on my shoes, I got sunlight through the window, I got sunlight on my blues, I got sunlight through the window, I got sunlight all over me.

Where am I now and where will I go? How do I figure out what I should know?

Slamming the streets, or slamming for schools, I'm fixing for tricks said I'm ready for treats. I'm ready whatever the mix.

I got sunlight on the table, I got sunlight on my chair, I got sunlight and it's network and it's cable, I got sunlight in my hair, I got sunlight and I'm free! I got light amm over me!

5- Donde estas? (Consuelo) Coupé

My son! I t is so late! Have the soldiers captured you too? My son!

El Salvador/ Los angeles. No hay diferencia el sequestro la tortura, la falta del refugio. Donde estas? Mi hijo? Es tan tarde! Te han capturado los soldados?

El Salvador/ Los angeles. What's the difference to me? The death squads that murdered your father, the INS hunting us down! And I must not open my mouth! We live in secret. We live in silence from north to south. There is no safety in any village, any city, any town. No, not for us!

6- Mike's song about arresting a particular individual (Mike)

Mike: spread your legs! Both hands on the car! (I'm following a regular procedure, this way he can't try anyfunny stuff. And he damn straight can't go far!)

Down on your knees! Cross your hands behind your back! (This way he can't try to impede your arrest procedure and by adding on this handcuff (menottes) thing it makes him more or less freeze while his public immobility cuts me some slack!)

You have the right to remain silent! (I'm telling his rights! This individual is one of our local community lights! A real gangbanger! A leader of Thugs!)

Everyone around here knows his stupid mug and they listen to him and they trust his joker! So you have to be careful how you bust him. This alleged criminal out of the streets!

He'll get a high price attorney to broker a second or third gift of probation for good behavior his alleged reform. That's the norm! And then on the next day, the next punk perpetration of another felonius violation will implicate him again. This particular individual I know very well! Hell! I honestely believed that this one had really turned around! Keep your eyes on the ground! Don't move!

7- Tiffany's solo (Tiffany)

How far can I go? How far can I go in a car (driven by a cop). How far can I go before the killer chill out of our intimate situation, before the thrust and thrill of our intimate investigation into murder, burglary, false alarm, drug bust and domestic altercations overcome our actual easy palpitations, overcome the actual and natural charm of riding side by side.

How many ways do I have to try before I succeed and get close to this guy? I'm trailing my hand over his thigh. I'm tickling my nails all over his knee. But whether it's homicide, may hem or me, I'm not sure why he's hot or why he stays high! We look like a hellifield couple out hunting down trouble. Oh God! He's so fine! He's so strong! I'm excited just tagging along

How far can I go? How far can I go in a car (driven by a cop).

Night after night in a car, night after night on the passenger seat, night after night I feel good, I feel right, around and beside his beautiful head and his chest and his beautiful legs and his beautiful feet.

How many days do I have to try before I succeed and get next to this guy? It's even okay if I fall asleep, because he's in charge. He's a guy who can keep things under control, no matter the roll of the dice. He's eager! He's amazing! And he's totally nice! And still he's one man I don't understand!

8- Song about the on-site altercation (Dewain, Tiffany, Leila, Mike)

Dewain: I'm not your jungle bunny for the news! Get that camera out of my face!

Tiffany: I captured the whole thing on film! And besides I saw you for myself.

Dewain: What's that supposed to mean?

T: I saw you take those bottles of the shelf!

Leila: Big deal! Who's looking for clues? That's nothing the Brother was trying to hide!

T: But he did'nt pay!

L: So what? It's not a big deal!

Mike: It's a criminal offence!

L: Screw you and your girlfriend!

M: Let's keep things calm! And clean! And clear! Be careful or I'm gonna have to book you too!

L: Don't even try it! You better get real! You're violating my neighborhood! You're violating my space!

M: As the arresting officer on duty at this time I must advise you it would probably be in your best interests to stop escalating things! Otherwise I might have to amend my report and change this from a misdemeanor to a felony crime.

D: a felony?
M: You just tried to intimidate a witness!
D: This is really really messed up!
M: It's on you big boy! If you cooperate...
D: Take off these handcuffs. Call me boy again and I'll cooperate my fist upside your had!
T: That's beautiful! That's precisely what all of America wants to see! Singelhandedly you'll make my ratings soar! Threatening an officer!
L: Hey! I'm about to do more that threaten the two of you bozos!
M: I'm warning you!
L: Why don't you shoot me? Go'head! Shoot! What are you waiting for? Don't try to act like you're not hot and bothered about any excuse to take me out!
M: Be polite now or I'll have to run you infor incitement to riot!
L: Fine! I'll be quiet! But you better believe you'll be hearing from me and the rest of us! A felony?
M: A felony crime!
L: No, I don't think so!

9- Song about the bad boys and the news (Leila, Consuelo, Tiffany)

The 3: For days I been dreaming 'bout changing the news, but sometimes the news ain't something you choose.
T: My mind is a camera and my body's a clock
3: But feelings invade me and leave me in shock.
C: Political nightmare all over the place I'm running elentless a circular race
3: Political nightmare all over the place and sometimes it scares me to see my own face
L: But then there's the bad boys
3: and when there's the bad boys bad news can't do nothing bad to me!
I'm talking about a seven day kiss
I'm talking about mucho premarital bliss
I'm stalking down a seven day kiss
L: I'm looking at his legs honey!
3: I'm looking at his I-run-ten-miles-four-times-a-week-just-to-keep-my-perspective legs!
L: He run like a God. He do more 'n that like a God
3: He do more 'n that like a do-right-dude-in-the-all-night-delicatessen of my MTV-excitable-excitement. He run.
T: And the there his shoulders, and then there's his smile, then there's his voice, then there's my smile,
C: then there's the curly hair right below his belly button.
L: What about the buns! Tight and high like african suns!
Like significant African Suns and you notice them hot and ripening between your hands, your tights!
T: And then there's the absolute sleeper, the flower,
C: the fish,
L: and the bone
C: and the bone on the throne,
T: and the delicate flesh on the bone on the throne
C: the pen on the pillow of sperm
3: The penis streched out for Venus. The thunderbolt long as it's firm!

10- Your Honor my client he's a young black man (Rickie, Dewain) Coupé

Rickie: *Your Honor my client he's a young black man (coupure
Your Honor my Client He's Not Really Impossible to Understand So I ask you to try Just as I/Just as I Have to trust what I know/where I stand in relationship to This remarkable Young Black man!
He's enjoying the day on the street*

*He's heading in no particular direction
He's following the drift of his feet
But his beeper goes off
His girlfriend's number comes up
And because he hopes (of course) to keep her
this girlfriend the mother of his first and only child a seven-month-old a baby daughter he's wild
to protect and to hold
my Client is not inclined to delay or to scoff at this sudden alarm
So he does what he believes a Black man oughta do
he calls this young lady to inquire/to make sure that no harm has befallen her out of the blue
Coupure)
Your honor he's not really impossible to understand. He's just this minute back from a second term
in jail for a couple of wobblers with little or no reason except that this man is a natural born leader
as you probably know it's always open season on a young black man set up to fail!
I apologize if I digress to get back to the point: My client he's recently released. I guess you could
say he's just back from the joint and his girlfriend, well, clearly he needs her! She waited for him
and she wants him right now! Over the phone she tells him she can't find her son! Immigration
has taken him somewhere as bait! She's screaming and crying! She's completely undone! Maybe
she should hide! Maybe he should bring her a gun! What if they come to the house for the baby
girl too! (coupure
Your Honor my Client He's a Young Black man!
Your Honor my client he's not really impossible to understand He's familiar with the terror of the
armies of the State
He will do whatever he must whatever he can
And he doesn't know why and he doesn't know how
But he'll Rush to his girlfriend and chill out all her fears He'll rescue her boy and Stop all her tears
He's Racing to stand there in front of her face — coupure)*

*Now here is where (I would say) it's a cultural thing: Momentarily my client strays from the path
on his way: He snatches two bottles of beer*

Dewain: *I messed up again! I'm failing Consuelo! The court won't allow me to speak! I'm
supposed to be vicious but humble and weak!*

Rickie: *Two bottles of beer! One for his girlfriend and another one he figures will help him to calm
things down but then there's a crowd and he can't wait around just to pay for two bottles of beer.
Two cold forties from a local convenience store. Okay: he steals them: four dollars and thirtynine
cents' worth of iccold brew. He's thinking this has been a hella day for him and his girlfriend and
two bottles of beer is not more than he's due!*

*Your honor my client is a young black man. Your honor he's not really impossible to understand.
They've stolen a child! He's taken two beers! Three strikes and he's facing fortyfive years!*

Dewain: *Go Rick! But you're wasting your time!*

Rickie: *And one witness claims that my client allegedly he almost took away her breath. But!
There was no injury! There is no death! And who has he hurt?*

Dewain: *Check out my skin! Talk all you want but I just can't win!*

Rickie: *And what will we lose if the law rules inert (which is what you may choose)*

*Your Honor my client he's a young black man. Your honor he's not really impossible to understand.
It's a cultural thing! His rage and his petty mistake! Two bottles of beer and his life's now at stake!
. I give you five dollars to cover the brew. It's a bargain! For five bucks the Court can be through
with my client or if all of us lose we spend twentyfive thousand a year for the rest of his time
incarcerated for two bottles of beer!*

11- Consuelo's dream (Consuelo)

I heard the knocking at the door. I thought it might be the soldiers. But oh, my love, it was you
forever coming back for more! Night stars danced around our fears. The sirens never made a
sound and jasmine bloomed and perfumed the air and peaches and cherries covered the ground.

The baby lay sleeping and safe on the grass and neighbors came by just to see. And my son was whispering the names of the things that you pass on your way to a school where the teachers speak Spanish like me. And you, mi amor, you gave me your lips and you held me so close in the dark, that all of the violence fell into eclipse. And wasteland became like a wonderful park. And the earth began to rumble and roar and buildings began to crumble and fall. And there was no house and there was no highway anymore. But you came to me serious and tall suddenly. And we stayed together forever and ever. And then the enemies left us alone.

I heard the knocking at the door. I thought it might be the soldiers. But oh, my love, it was you forever coming back for more!

And you my beloved became a rich man and I became as fat as my mother. And our baby became a beautiful woman who adored and defended her very big brother.

I heard the knocking at the door. I thought it might be the soldiers. But oh, my love, it was you forever coming back for more!

12- Rickie's cross-examination of Tiffany and Mike (Rickie, Mike, Tiffany)

Rick: How do you know each other?

Mike: she has her job and I have mine

R: No crossing of borders? No fudging of boundaries?

M: I do my job. She does her job. It works out just fine.

R: No social dimension to your interaction?

M: I do what I do. She sees what she sees!

R: For purposes of pure professional satisfaction, the two of you ride together side by side

M: Hey, nobody's lied to you!

R: Then it's true?

M: What?

R: The two of you willingly submit to unusual proximity inside a small space day after day

M: I don't follow you! This is insane!

R: and still you say "No social dimension"?

Tiffany: Yes, I swear to tell the truth.

R: How do you two know each other?

T: Professional necessities!

R: He is not your boyfriend or your brother?

T: Right! And I am not your girlfriend or your mother!

R: For your purposes of pure professional satisfaction the two of you ride together side by side

T: Obviously, we've got nothing to hide!

R: The two of you willingly submit to unusual prolonged and intimate physical proximity inside a small space hour after hour and day after day and still you say "No social dimension"?

T: I find this line of questioning and suggestion impertinent and inane!

R: Is there a failure of attention? Would it be abnormal and unnatural for a friendship to develop?

And would it be abnormal and unnatural for romance to deepen and enhance, for romance to

deepen and envelop your mutual comprehension? And since the two of you solemnly swear to improbable assertions such as no social dimension to your daily exertions, would it be abnormal,

R: Would it be abnormal and unnatural for the two of you to join in cruel collusion at the expense of my client, jeopardized by intrusion of very personal loyalties, aided and abetted by your passionate attachment as well?

M: Go to hell!

T: Why don't you get back on a boat!

R: What do you know about me or my family? Two years searching for an open shore or beach or anywhere the fishermen could reach, Thailand, Hong Kong, Singapore, sometimes three hundred folk choked together on a miserable fishing boat barely afloat on the notion of America!

T: Give me a break!

R: At least my father got permission to come here! Not like yours!

T: It is a cultural thing – these people children- they wash up on our shores and then they attack
R: My family we are not some species of fish! And you do not look like anybody's Native American, so you have no right.
T: Because I'm white? Oh please! This dis would make (possibly) good dialog for a news special sometime. But save it Mister Asian America, I gotta go!

13- Song about law school as the natural follow-up to jail (David, Dewain) Coupé

Dewain: De Reverend Doctor Felgood, I presume!

David: Don't start! Don't get smart! We've raised the money for your appeal! And I assume that means a fiftyfifty chance to get your black butt back and rolling on the happy wheel of ghetto roulette!

That woman, the witness, she may refuse to testify! Because she's been listening to her very special guy, the cop! And he's a little bit sweet on Blackfolks!

Dewain: Oh yeah! That's obvious!

David: Hey! Hey! Sweet comes in different flavors! Different strokes! But remember when you qualified as his Absolute Pet Peoject for interior and exterior rehabilitation?

Dewain: Don't remind me!

David: Whatever, but he, but you fry it does'nt put him in the public eye looking too much like a dogood hero! And he wants everyone of you

Dewain: One of who?

David: everyone of you retarded, recidivist and irredeemable

Dewain: Listen Homeboy! I can come straight through this bulletproof glass and tighten up your ass!

David: You always did have a way with words!

Dewain: Better that I play with words than women! Your respectability depends on your detectability! If anybody knew how much you dog around you'd be through! That would nail your philandering flat feet to the ground!

David: You're just so basic homegrown doofus knockkneed raggedy and dumb, that you stopped to take two beers

Dewain: I thought she might be thirsty!

David: That's how I gotta call you dumb dumb!

Dewain: Go find yourself some ugly Babe in a tight blackdress and lighten up!

David: I tell you what! You really need to get rid of that earring you been wearing! That would help a lot!

Dewain: I'm planning to clear up my act! I'll even wash windows!

David: I'm talking about your salvation and you like to act the fool!

Dewain: I'm serious! I been thinking about Law school as the natural followup to jail! If there's something that can get me in here and then that something can get me outta here I figure I should get into that something and see what I can get out of it!

David: Yeah, sure! "Law school As The Natural Follow Up To Jail!"

14- Leila's song: Alone (again or at last) (Leila)

After all it said and done, I want to be somebody's staightup Number One. And after every crisis every problem, like the setting of the sun, I want somebody, I need somebody hold me close and tell me stories when it rains. I need somebody break apart the meaning of the chains that choke my heart.

After all it said and done, I want to be the reason for the sunrise and the flowers out of season, I want to be somebody's dressed up, dressed down, naked, threehundredsixtyfive nights of one light year's piercing us tight together, one times one.

15- Song about the sweet majority population of the world (the men) Coupé

Acte 2

1- Three weeks and still I'm outta my mind (David, Leila) Coupé

David: Three weeks and still I'm outta my mind about you

Leila: Three weeks and still I'm still thinking about you

D: Three weeks and still I walk around blind without you

L: Three weeks and still I'm watching what you do

D: Don't send me no deadend no Sorry We're Through ! I gotta get a program compatible with you. I gotta get my disc to match your drive!

L: How do you expect my heart to behave unless you enter my love then SAVE

D: Three weeks and here I still can't get stop! Three weeks and still I'm crazy to see you!

I'm ready to pop! I wanna be one you call to figure out the VCR

L: I want you as the designated driver of my car

D: I want to be the one

L: I want you as my driver

The 2: What do I have to prove to put my lovin' in the middle of your very next move?

D: If I can't fly myself into the total energy of your cybernetic (you know) astrophysical configuration. If I can't fix myself inside the anti-entropic centripetal space of your blow me away hot body's agile consumation. Baby I'll just have to, have to think about somebody else!

L: You said it! I heard you! I'm outta here now!

D: Baby, here I am! Still I can't stop! Oh my God!

2- Earthquake

3- Crushed by the rock I been standing on (David, Leila vocalise, Choeur)

David: You were laughing and smiling at me and romance! And so sweet! I felt I had one more (magical) chance just to hold you the way that I feel real close real close whenever we could be together.

I'm crushed by the rock I been standing on. Who would hurt you like this?

How could it happen right here in the Church! I'd give up my life for your kiss!

You could be dying Arid here I am trying to pray!

I'm crushed by the rock I been standing on

I was happy and trusting and proud of the Church

I thought that love had answered my prayers

and the dreams of my search

And I can't tell whether you're breathing or not!

3- DUET IN THE MIDDLE OF TERRIBLE DURESS (Mike, Tiffany)

Mike: Is everything ok?

Tiffany: Oh, everything is fine! And now that you're here, it's perfect somehow!

I've spent the last fortyfive minutes trying to figure out this tent! I can't find flashlight that works or a phone I can use and who knows how I'm supposed to be handling the news! The radio's down and the neighbors bailed out like major league jerks! It's perfectly fine and completely allright taht the water's turned off for the rest of the night or the week! No water! No windows! And the closet collapsed on my clothes and my camera! How did you get here?

MIKE: It took me a while! I was nowhere near your side of town when it hit. The streets are cracked up pretty good and packed with people standing around with blankets! I should probably bring you something like a first aid kit!

TIFF.: But why did you come?

MIKE: You know you're not at all the same as anyone I ever knew! And it'd be dumb And I'd be sorry if I came up short or lame where you're concerned I've wanted to come through!

TIFF.: Then why can't we fly? Is there some other woman? Is there a man? A secret agenda? An underground plan? Why can't we fly?

MIKE: I feel this great connection with you! A special bond!
TIFF: Special as in fond of nothing to be done and nothing to do? But no desire as in physical fire?
MIKE: I like how we are riding around in the car!
TIFF: How long have I been waiting for a train that never made it to the tracks!
MIKE: I thought we were friends!
TIFF: Maybe Mike, maybe you're gay! Maybe you're queer!
MIKE: Me, queer?
TIFF: Yes! That's what I said! It just came to me! It just go through a really thick part of my head!
Maybe you're gay!
MIKE: Me? What should I say? Aw no! I don't think so! Hey: absolutely no way! If you mean physically
TIFF: Oh I do mean physically
MIKE: Because I don't feel the way that you want me to deal
TIFF: I mean what you do or you don't feel That's real for you
MIKE: If you were right I'd kill myself! I'd kill myself!
TIFF: Obviously this is not a good night! And then again maybe there is nothing the matter with me! That sure would be an enormous relief from a mess of crazy personal grief!
MIKE: So we're not breaking up!
TIFF: I do not exactly qualify for partnership with you!
MIKE: We're breaking up!
TIFF: Mike, it's broken! I'm waking up! We're taking up a new direction
MIKE: Then it's ok between you and me?
TIFF: Ok? Nothing's ok! But you're alright! You're just all wrong for me!

RICK: Is everything ok?

TIFF: What do you care? And why are you here?

Coupure:

RICK: Look, I just risked my life pushing through chaos nonstop just to check on my favourite queer bashing cop and his would-be-wife.

MIKE: You'd do better checking on your client in his prison situation now that he's nailed in jail he's wrecking your big gun reputation!

RICK: From what I understand about you and Dewain why aren't you there with him? How come you're here instead with her? From what anyone might reasonably infer his pain is your pain.

MIKE: What are you talking about?

Fin de Coupure

RICK: All the way here I couldn't decide if I needed to be sure you're dead or if I needed to be sure you're alive and not some figment of my ambivalent head. All the way here I wanted you out of the case, I wanted you out of danger, I wanted you out of my dreams.

TIFF: You come in and I'm spinning in space and thrown from homebase. I want something that nothing will shake and that no one will take away.

RICK: What kind of people Who are you, anyway How could you ruin a man as a casual part of a regular day? Do you even notice when that's what you do?

Coupure

Rick: Do you ever have a clue about anyone else or what's real and what's true?

MIKE: I don't think I'm queer! And I'm here! And I'm not going anywhere!

TIFF: Did I say I don't make mistakes: I'm perfect? With nothing to learn I start and I stay with my heart And saving the world is not my concern! Right now I wouldn't know how or why!

Fin de Coupure

RICK: Well, I was thinking

TIFF: I wouldn't know how

RICK: Actually I wanted to

MIKE: What about me?

RICK: What about love?

TIFF: I wouldn't know why

MIKE: What about me?

RICK: What about the last thing when you close your

MIKE: What about me?

TIFF.: What about the three of us? What about me?

RICK: I would meet you there

MIKE: I was thinking

RICK and TIFF.: If you think we could I would meet you there

MIKE: Maybe... Jesus Christ! Maybe you're right!

4- DEWAIN'S SONG OF LIBERATION AND SURPRISE (Dewain)

I saw the moon in the morning I felt the water on dry land

I saw the moon in the morning I found the river in the sand

And the walls shook and they fell And I heard the shattering

And I heard I felt the roar of the devil climbing out of hell

And the air itself was battering The windows!

And the door flew open and my books crashed to the Floor And it was like a miracle of fish
and flowers covering up the chaos of any cell

But I could not trust my feet because the ground was weird and incomplete So I stood still.

I said, "I am the way I will be free.

It doesn't matter where/I put my head to bed: I'm here!

I am the way I will be free."

5- Este Pais! This country! (Consuelo, Dewain) Coupé

Consuelo: Este pais! This country! It doesn't want you and it doesn't want me!

Dewain: I think that this land belongs to w do I ask for permission to stay?

D: Where can I move in the world without fear? What is the price and who do I pay?

*So the earth in her fury shakes under the sea and breaks down the locks and burries the key! And
everything real is illegal it seems from homeless to hungry to living on dreams!*

*C: Home means nobody else can close the door. I'm going back to the FMLN, I want to become
political again! I want to keep the hope for land and the open hand of justice alive inside El*

Salvador! Will you come home with me?

D: But you could be killed there!

C: And you could be killed here!

*D: I wouldn't be much good to you or me outside my neighborhood! This is where I belong! This
is where I started out a lightweight on the scales and this is where I need to weigh in heavy as I
can and strong! I have to stay and fight for you and me my way!*

C: Pero nuestro amor y la niña! No hay che hacer! Y eso no puedo entender!

D: Please don't talk to me in spanish!

*C: Okay, en ingles! I think that this land belongs to a gun! And we have no rights stnding under
the sun!*

D: I think that this land belongs to a gun!

6- ONE LAST LOOK AT THE ANGEL IN YOUR EYES (CONSUELO, DEWAIN)

One last look at the angel in your eyes

And then no regrets the fact that we met still fills me with surprise

And the fire of my wanting you —That fire never dies!

But the days and the nights do not carry our names

into one and the same sounding of darkness and light

One last look at the angel in your eyes

7- FINALE (Tutti)

DAVID Baby I can't call an ambulance and even if I could
that wouldn't do any good because the freeway's down
and no hospital is working anywhere in town

LEILA Which little girl you screaming for?

MIKE Anything so we straighten things out and we keep things clear

So we all know (like) exactly who we are
and nobody's confused or demoralized or queer!

DEWAIN I got sunlight through the window

I got sunlight on my shoes I gat sunlight on my blues I got light all over me!

LEILA For days I been dreaming about changing the news

but sometimes the news ain't something you choose

TIFFANY I can't find a flashlight that works or a phone I can use

and who knows how I'm supposed to be handling the news!

TIFFANY and CONSUELO For days I been dreaming about changing the news

but sometimes the news ain't something you choose

CONSUELO And you mi amor! You gave me your lips

And you held me so close in the dark

That all of the violence fell into eclipse

And wasteland became like a wonderful park

TUTTI And the earth began to Rumble and Roar and buildings began to crumble and fall and there
was no house and there was no highway anymore

I was looking at the ceiling and then I saw the sky!

I was searching for a reasonable reason for my smile I was finding what want washed out
completely in denial

I was looking at the ceiling and then I saw the sky!

I was looking at the ceiling and then I saw the sky!