

What You Can't See, Can't Hurt You

Alejandro, teenage

Emiliano, teenage

Mateo, teenage

Jorge, teenage

Carnival members

/ - an interruption by another character
- - the end of the thought or sentence
... - when a character is speechless

Streams of bright colours pass the four students as they stand facing the audience. The lights on their face are wonderful, watching the carnival pass. Though Alejandro stares ahead into the audience, with a look of trepidation.

Mateo Hey, hey she waved at me! Hey!

Emiliano Nah, hey bro she waved at me, she's waving at me!

Mateo No way, hey which one (*He points towards himself and Emiliano*). Hey which one do you want?!

Emiliano She's not intrested in you bro.

Jorge (*To Alejandro*) You okay man?

Mateo Bro, she kissed, she kissed with her hand, at me bro.

Alejandro stares ahead.

Emiliano That was to me, that was to me, you don't know what you're talking about.

Mateo I know exactly what I'm talking about. Wanna go speak to her? Prove it?

Emiliano Nah, leave it you'll only embarass yourself.

Jorge Alejandro?

Mateo You don't wanna prove it?

Jorge Alejandro?

Mateo Cus' your chicken?

Jorge Hey.

Emiliano Man I ain't chicken bro, I don't need to prove anything.

Jorge Hey (*Nudges Alejandro lightly*)

Alejandro lets out a loud scream, he's panicked and rests on the crowd safety bars in front.

Mateo What the...heck?

Emiliano Bro, are you okay?

Jorge Alenjandro. Jesus. (*To an unseen crowd*) Sorry, it's okay, it's okay, stop looking he's okay.

Emiliano Come look ahead, there's a show on man. There's a show.

Mateo You'll scare all the ladies away man.

Jorge Guys you keep watching, I'll get him some water or something.

Emiliano You sure?

Jorge Yeah man it's fine.

Emiliano Alright.

Mateo Be good.

Emiliano Focus now, man.

Mateo I got it, I got it, eyes on the prize.

Emiliano We're not leaving this carnival without a girl in each arm.

Mateo I know it.

Jorge takes Alejandro who's as light as a feather to the steps upstage. He sits him down, looking down on the street. They can still see the carnival, the view is clearer here actually. Whilst this happens Mateo and Emiliano go dark, they sink to the floor so the audience can watch the action behind.

Jorge Again.

Alejandro Again.

Jorge Every year I swear to Christ.

Alejandro Yeah again.

Jorge Let it lie man. Just, get it out your head, I dunno.

Alejandro I can't. I can hear it coming.

Jorge The drums?

Alejandro Yeah, the beat of it. I can hear the beat of it, it's down the corner. It's coming.

Jorge Right.

Pause

What do you want me to do then? Take you home?

Alejandro No I need to be here.

Jorge Why?

Alejandro Else it'll come to me.

Jorge Fuck. Man. This shit ain't right.

Alejandro Yeah right. Yeah man.

Jorge Man.

Alejandro ...

Jorge ...

Alejandro I gotta stay here.

Jorge You seen someone about this?

Alejandro You mean a therapist?

Jorge No as in, a medium, a fucking soothsayer I dunno.

Alejandro No.

Jorge Fuck, a priest even?!

Alejandro Yeah a priest, I did once.

Jorge And?

Alejandro He didn't believe me. He said they were visions caused by my own actions.

Jorge Right.

Alejandro That I had sinned, and this is God trying to warn me that my actions have consequences, shit like that.

Jorge But that don't make sense.

Alejandro No it doesn't.

Jorge Because you're not the one.

Alejandro I'm never the one.

Jorge You know. I thought you were nuts.

Alejandro Yeah?

Jorge When I first heard it, yeah. Then that first time I saw it happen. Fuck man.

Alejandro Yeah.

Jorge I mean, I know you don't know who it's gonna be, but, fuck.

Alejandro Yeah.

Jorge It wasn't even that old man dying. It wasn't even that. It was your face.
 Seeing your face. Realising that whilst this old man was on the floor, his soul leaving
 his body and shit. It was watching your face, coming out of alley, I think it was.
Seeing you come back to the scene, knowing what happened. Like, you were the only person
standing on that corner who wasn't white as a ghost. You knew it. You weren't smiling or shit,
but you, just had this look in your eye.

Alejandro Yeah.

Jorge When I saw that face, that look, I believed you. And every year.

Alejandro Every single year.

Jorge Damn.

Alejandro Without fail.

Jorge Who's it gonna be this year?

Alejandro What?

Jorge Come on. Who's it gonna be, that old guy? That woman? She's getting on,
 bet she's got a weak heart.

Alekandro Jorge. Stop.

Jorge What?

Alejandro Don't.

Jorge Don't you think about this, about who it's gonna be?

Alejandro I try to forget the whole thing.

Jorge Right.

Alejandro I forget it.

Jorge But/

Alejandro /Jorge. Stop! You think I turn this into a game? That I like hearing people die? You have no fucking idea man.

Jorge Jesus, I'm sorry.

Alejandro No, no, you're not. Thank you for believing in me, but you have no idea the fucking pain this causes. Do you know, that every single night before the carnival I think about killing myself? Putting an end to all of this, in the hope that I might save people! Jorge. I can't tell if this is me or him. I don't know if people are dying because I'm still alive. Like. Why the fuck is it me? Why is it me that can see this shit, why only me? Why why!?

Jorge Alejandro stop. I'm sorry.

Alejandro And I've got to hide. And I've got to hear the screams. If I died. He gets what he wanted right? He gets what he wants. And then that's the end of it. I think that all the time. All the fucking time.

Jorge But you know it's not you.

Alejandro Then why do I hide? Why do I have to hide? Why can't I watch his face as he rides by, as he chooses, as he fucking *(Alejandro changes his hand to a gun and aims it at a random crowd member)*.

Jorge Because you know what happens when you don't.

Alejandro ...

Jorge Bro. I know this is horrible. In fact, I can't even imagine it. But at least you know you're protecting us, right. It's never been us. Except...

There is a silence. Filled with the knowing that if Jorge witnessed the events, someone he loves dies. This has only happened once before.

Alejandro ...

Jorge ...

Alejandro Yeah.

Jorge So. You know what you've gotta do/

Alejandro /It's louder.

Jorge He's here?

Alejandro 4 floats down.

The other boys stand back up. Lights on their faces. The carnival floats continue to pass, the colours lit up onto Mateo and Emiliano. They continue to cheer at the floats. Whilst this happens the stage begins to rotate. Mateo and Emiliano slowly end up facing the back of the stage, while the platform Jorge and Alejandro were on lowers, allowing the audience to see the whole action.

Jorge Then you gotta go.

Alejandro Yeah.

Jorge Go underneath the steps, there's a little alleyway underneath for access to
the basement.

Alenjandro Just down here?

Jorge Yeah.

Alejandro Yeah, that's the one I saw when we arrived.

Jorge It's perfect.

Alejandro Thank you brother.

Jorge Thank you.

They hug. Alejandro moves under the platform, he sits down and faces us, we watch his reaction as the beat gets louder and louder. Jorge joins the other boys. We notice a beautiful float with woman and men dancing, sea themed, bright blue and pink colours shine on us as the beat gets louder and louder. Alejandro is struggling to keep it together. The music sounds like a harsh steam punk beat, with deep low synths and a breathing, heavy and tormenting that grows louder and louder.

Alejandro 4.

The next float passes, red and yellow. A whole float emitting royal colours, with fantastic dancers and a beautiful woman riding on top. She blows the boys a kiss, to which a silent mouthed argument is seen between Mateo and Emiliano.

Alejandro 3.

The music is louder now, and dominates the sounds from the other floats. The cheers and happy

drumming start to melt away. As the harsh and ritualistic drumming continues. We want the audience to be unnerved by what is coming, we want the hairs to stand up on their necks. A Green and White float, pulled by a tractor, farmers and labourers are waving at the crowd. A young girl sits on top of a hay bale waving, she's the carnival queen.

Alejandro 2.

Purple and Gold, mocking royalty, fantastic dancers frolic on the stage and two comically large paper mache headed figures (portraying a king and Queen wave at the audience).

Alejandro 1.

Silence. The last float passes and there is a gap.

Emiliano Wooooo!

Mateo Come on ladies!!!

Jorge says nothing but looks around. To see what's about to happen.

Silence, nothing comes. We see Alejandro crying looking directly ahead into the audience. Jorge, Emiliano and Mateo look past what's about to come, all they see is an empty space.

Then.

BOOM, the music lifts back up with sudden energy, the beat is furious and menacing, our hearts are racing as the next float comes. It moves across the stage as a large platform enters. Hell. It is dripping with blood, with mutated bodies screaming out of the surface, begging for help. Mountains of skulls rise on this float, moving and congealing like water. The drumming rises. Faster louder, the breathing more intense. As we see a headless figure not of a man dancing horrifically, the float continues and then we see. The figure, all in a dark crimson red, with no face. surrounded by hands and faces reaching out for help. It stands perfectly still, while the float moves onwards. Another headless dancer flanks the demon. We watch as hell traverses the stage, and the music is pumping into our ears. Alejandro is crying and screaming as it does. Traumatized. And then within an instant. The demon lifts its head up, opens its mouth and screams a demonic tone. It slams its trident into the ground. And the music and lights blackout.

Spotlight on Alejandro who is hyperventilating. We hold this for some time. Then the lights come up and the happy carnival sounds flood back in. A light blue float starts to emerge, as Jorge returns for Alejandro. He runs.

Jorge Alejandro. Alej/

Alejandro /It's over.

Jorge Yes?

Alejandro What happened?

Jorge Nothing. I don't think.

Alejandro Nothing?

Jorge No. I don't think so.

Alejandro Really?

Jorge Are you okay?

Alejandro Fine.

Jorge How was it this time?

Alejandro Worse. Worse I think. Worse.

Jorge At least it was just the sound.

Alejandro Yes.

Jorge Let's go.

Alejandro Can we?

Jorge Oh.

Alejandro What?

Jorge I meant to see the rest of the carnival. Do you, do you not want to?

Alejandro Jorge. I hate the carnival.

Jorge Of course.

Alejandro Can you take me home?

Alejandro is wiping the tears, but they just won't stop.

Jorge Of course.

Alejandro I did it.

Jorge You did.

Alejandro And no one died?

Jorge I-I don't know.

They turn around and there's a commotion on the light blue float. A woman riding it is lying down. Some of the dancers go to check on her as she rides. A scream.

Alejandro Ah.

Jorge Don't look.

Alejandro I have to. I need to know who it was.

Jorge Alejandro.

Alejandro walks over to the barrier. The stage begins to rotate back as the light blue float goes off in the background. We see the four boys resting on the barricade again.

Alejandro Ah.

Emiliano You okay man?

Jorge He's fine.

Alejandro Was she okay?

Mateo Think she fainted.

Alejandro Ah.

Mateo Hot day.

Emiliano Hot day for hot ladies.

Mateo Oh yeah.

Alejandro Yeah.

Jorge She just fainted that's all.

Alejandro But the scream.

Mateo Over reaction. You know how girls are.

Alejandro Yeah...

Jorge Alejandro.

He shoots a look to Jorge.

Jorge Come on. Let's go home.

Alejandro Yeah.

Alejandro stares dead ahead. Jorge tries to move him. But Alejandro just stares.

Blackout

End.