

ILLEGALS

**a play in two acts
by Tom Baum**

©Tom Baum 2017

Characters (in order of appearance)

JUSTINE, 40s-50s, the mom, a candidate for the Arizona state legislature

BLAKE, 40s-50s, the dad, owner of SafeTech, a manufacturer of tasers, stun guns, pepper sprays, and home security equipment

IZZY, their cynical, ambitious teenage daughter

CURTIS, Izzy's younger brother, an earnest UFO nut

MARISOL, 20s-30s, a visitor claiming to be from Nicaragua

WELDON, 30s-40s, Marisol's associate, apparently African-American

The action takes place in Justine and Blake's upscale house.

ACT 1**Scene 1**

(The set is a cross-section of a house, showing two rooms upstairs, one downstairs, plus a downstairs hallway to the front door, and the first steps of a stairway emerging on the second-floor landing.)

The downstairs room is the family room, with a couch, chairs, and a TV in the fourth wall. A door opposite the family room leads to an unseen dining room, kitchen, and pantry.

Upstairs is the master bedroom, with bed and chairs, and a door to an unseen bathroom; and a boy's bedroom with shelves of sci-fi books and sci-fi DVDs, plus various sci-fi posters on the walls (including a movie poster of "Paul," featuring the cliché bald-headed, big-eyed space alien), and one window with a telescope pointing out toward the heavens. A door between these two bedrooms rooms leads to a third, unseen bedroom.

The above layout can be configured for a single level.

Lights up on JUSTINE, BLAKE, IZZY, and CURTIS in the family room. Next to CURTIS is a tripod holding an iPhone 6.)

JUSTINE: Are we absolutely sure Esmeralda didn't have her papers?

BLAKE: Honestly? I never asked until last week.

IZZY: You just took his word for it.

BLAKE: Whose word?

IZZY: What's-his-face, the gardener.

CURTIS: We didn't find Esmeralda through Santos. She came through José.

IZZY: Who's José?

CURTIS: The tree man.

IZZY: José isn't the tree man. José is the rose man.

CURTIS: Mom?

JUSTINE: I thought José was the rat man.

CURTIS: José is the tree man. The rose man is Roberto. Blanca had just split for Honduras, the laundry was backed up, nobody could figure out the machine, not even Dad, so you asked José the tree man and he sent us Esmeralda.

JUSTINE: And why did you finally ask if she was documented?

BLAKE: (*hint of evasion*) Why? Because I didn't want McCluskey's people to find out she wasn't. Can you imagine what would happen to your double-digit lead? How many kids does Esmeralda have in Colombia?

CURTIS: One son. Diego.

BLAKE: Izzy, hon, you're into colleges, what's the best college in Colombia?

IZZY: (*into phone*) Siri, what's the highest-ranking university in Colombia? (*pause*) She's thinking.

SIRI: (*over*) *Universidad Nacional de Colombia.*

BLAKE: We'll make sure Diego gets into the National University. So who are we seeing first?

CURTIS: (*consults his phone*) Her name's Marisol.

JUSTINE: Another Latina? Haven't we learned our lesson?

BLAKE: This one's got her papers, right, buddy?

CURTIS: Strictly Legal checked her out.

BLAKE: So let's get her in here.

IZZY: Do I really have to be here for this?

JUSTINE: Izzy, you're part of this family. You'll be eating her food, she'll be washing your underwear.

CURTIS: And you'd better find a better place to hide your drugs.

IZZY: Which drugs?

CURTIS: The ones Esmeralda found in your Frye Boots.

JUSTINE: Why didn't I know about this?

IZZY: Mom, if you don't know I smoke weed, there's really no hope for you.

JUSTINE: Of course I know, I'm asking why didn't Esmeralda tell me?

IZZY: 'Cause I offered her a hit, and she didn't say no?

JUSTINE: You realize, of course, my position on that.

IZZY: Getting high with non-white people? Or getting high in general? I know where to get clean urine.

BLAKE: No one in this family is getting busted for drugs.

CURTIS: (*wryly*) At least not till after the election.

BLAKE: Buddy, don't be snide. Let's have a look at this Marisol.

(CURTIS *exits.*)

IZZY: Speaking of drugs, I ran out of Moda, and I haven't begun to write my stupid Harvard essay.

JUSTINE: Talk about waiting till the last minute.

IZZY: Sue me, I can't come up with a theme. I'll settle for Ritalin, Concerta [*con-serta*],... anything. Even cocaine.

JUSTINE: Izzy, stop trying to get my goat. I'll check if I have Adderal.

(CURTIS *enters with MARISOL. She's carrying a large handbag.*)

CURTIS: Mom, Dad, Izzy, this is Marisol.

MARISOL: *Hola.*

BLAKE: Thank you for coming, Marisol. You mind if my son records this interview?

MARISOL: *Cómo no!* Of course not.

(CURTIS *starts videoing.*)

JUSTINE: Did Strictly Legal explain what we're looking for?

MARISOL: You are searching for a person to live in, vacuum, launder, cook, and tend the garden where Santos neglects to weed.

BLAKE: The agency knows about Santos? I'm impressed.

MARISOL: *Si*, they're very thorough.

JUSTINE: May I ask your country of origin?

MARISOL: My country of origin...would be Nicaragua.

BLAKE: I'll tell you why she's asking—

MARISOL: Your wife is running to be in the legislature. You yourself are a well-regarded businessman, owner of SafeTech, a fabricator of tasers, stun guns, pepper sprays, and home security equipment. You are furnishing the money for her campaign.

BLAKE: Exactly right. Amazing.

MARISOL: And I have seen your T-shirts. "Illegals Aren't Immigrants They're Criminals."

BLAKE: Hey. We didn't put out those T-shirts.

JUSTINE: I like to think my position is more nuanced.

BLAKE: But she's not for amnesty.

JUSTINE: Would that be a dealbreaker?

BLAKE: (*to MARISOL*) Not necessarily, am I right? Not all Latinos are Democrats.

MARISOL: You are 70 miles from the Mexican border, so I appreciate your concerns. As for me, I am here to perform all assigned duties. And I am able to start today.

BLAKE: (*to the others*) I like the sound of that.

MARISOL: I would start in this room.

IZZY: What's wrong with this room?

MARISOL: You have an electrical jeopardy.

JUSTINE: A what?

MARISOL: A peril...a risk...*(hits on it)*...a hazard. In that corner. A fire waiting to happen.

BLAKE: You're very observant, Marisol. I'll pick you up a powerstrip.

JUSTINE: *(sharply; with a look at BLAKE)* Of course we're seeing other people. You understand.

MARISOL: You can't be less careful.

JUSTINE: We can't be too careful. That's right. Thanks again.

MARISOL: *No problema.*

(MARISOL starts to exit.)

BLAKE: Marisol, hold on. Why don't you wait in the other room, we may have a few more I's to dot.

MARISOL: *Gracias, señor.*

(MARISOL exits.)

BLAKE: No need to look any further, is there?

JUSTINE: You're kidding.

BLAKE: Well of course it's up to you, darling. I happen to think she's a gem.

IZZY: A gem!?

JUSTINE: "Electrical jeopardy"? "You can't be less careful"?

IZZY: Sounds like Grandma Baker when she lost her marbles.

BLAKE: Those T-shirts didn't seem to faze her. I thought she handled that with dignity.

IZZY: Dignity. You couldn't take your eyes off her boobs.

BLAKE: I beg your pardon, Izzy, I was looking right at her, I never once lowered my gaze.

IZZY: Mom, you know how many men have run off with housekeepers?

BLAKE: That's only in Los Angeles.

JUSTINE: No, darling, that's everywhere.

BLAKE: And my record speaks for itself.

IZZY: You were pretty chummy with Esmeralda.

BLAKE: I'm not even gonna answer that.

JUSTINE: Yes, I said stop baiting us, go start on that Harvard essay. I need to talk privately with Dad.

IZZY: (*warning*) "A fire waiting to happen."

(*IZZY exits, heading up the stairs, followed by CURTIS.*)

BLAKE: (*calls after CURTIS*) You liked her too, right, buddy?

JUSTINE: Blake.

BLAKE: What?

JUSTINE: Whether Curtis found her attractive is not the issue.

BLAKE: I didn't say "attractive."

JUSTINE: We know what you meant.

BLAKE: So did you?

CURTIS: (*to BLAKE*) What do you want me to say? Yeah, I liked her. So did you. So what.

BLAKE: Just an innocent question, buddy.

CURTIS: There's no such thing, and I wish you'd quit asking.

(*CURTIS exits the family room, heads up the stairs, and then into his room. IZZY has emerged at the top of the stairs and gone into her unseen room.*)

JUSTINE: OK, you want my opinion?

BLAKE: You think I'm too hard on the kid.

JUSTINE: That goes without saying. I think she might be spying for McCluskey.

BLAKE: I'm not afraid of a little oppo. What have we got to hide?

JUSTINE: Are you kidding? Izzy's drug use?

BLAKE: Yeah, and if Curtis comes out before the election. *(pause)* Kidding.

JUSTINE: No you weren't.

BLAKE: OK, he comes out, we spin it as a virtue.

JUSTINE: This is your problem, Blake, not your son's. You think all nerds are gay.

BLAKE: You're right, hon, I'm being totally dickish. On the other hand, I've never seen Curtis with a girl.

JUSTINE: Why don't you just ask him instead of beating around the bush?

BLAKE: "Curtis, are you gay?" Hell no. You ask him. Meanwhile, I say we hire this Marisol. If she turns out to be a plant, that only makes McCluskey look bad.

JUSTINE: There was no lust in your heart?

BLAKE: Only in my pants. Kidding. I liked her confidence. Could be a good role model for Izzy.

JUSTINE: Oh meaning I'm not?

BLAKE: You can never have too many role models. Izzy's already got the good of you and what little there is of the bad.

JUSTINE: *(softening)* It's hard to stay mad at you sometimes.

BLAKE: That's because we adore each other. Now don't you have some blue-haired-lady event this afternoon?

JUSTINE: The Paradise Club.

BLAKE: Better get on the stick. *(calls)* Marisol? Wanna step in here for a minute?

(MARISOL *enters.*)

BLAKE: How soon can you move out...of wherever you're living?

MARISOL: I have already accomplished that.

BLAKE: See what I mean? Confidence.

JUSTINE: What about your personal effects?

MARISOL: (*indicating handbag*) Everything I need, I have them in here.

BLAKE: You travel light.

MARISOL: I do. I travel by light.

BLAKE: (*amused*) You travel "by light." OK. Listen...Marisol...you're gonna enjoy working here. We're a loving family. We're a functional family. My wife Justine, what a powerhouse, best tax lawyer in Tucson, if you ever need help in that area. Our children, they inherited all her smart genes. Izzy's got a super GPA, and if she doesn't get into Harvard I'll eat my hat. Curtis, he's my good buddy, half the time I don't know what he's saying. He can be shy around strangers, so don't be offended.

MARISOL: He seemed very nice, your son.

BLAKE: He's a nice boy, yeah. Maybe too nice. How does twenty an hour sound?

MARISOL: It sounds...*perfecto*.

BLAKE: Outstanding. So....cleaning products are in the pantry, along with the machines. I'd show you your room, but I'm late for a board meeting, and my wife is off to a fundraiser.

JUSTINE: And I'd start on the laundry. Don't mess with the dials, they're pre-set.

BLAKE: Welcome to the family, Marisol.

(BLAKE and JUSTINE *exit*. *The moment they're gone, MARISOL takes a phone out of her bag. BLAKE pops his head back in. MARISOL quickly buries the phone back in her bag.*)

BLAKE: Forgot to ask, are you registered to vote?

MARISOL: Vote? Oh. *Si*. I will.

BLAKE: So you're a citizen.

MARISOL: I have...I am...a citizen.

BLAKE: *Perfecto!*

(BLAKE *exits*. MARISOL *takes her phone out again. Taps it. Speaks into it.*)

MARISOL: *Tenzer tiddy...Taysmat snobvelt....Torkpeep... Flum.*

(*Blackout.*)

Scene 2

(Lights up on CURTIS, JUSTINE, and BLAKE. JUSTINE and BLAKE are seated side by side on the couch, opposite CURTIS's iPhone6, mounted on the tripod. It's some days later.)

JUSTINE: —The tide of undocumented aliens is a threat to all law-abiding citizens. They flood our hospitals, our schools, our prisons, and our welfare system. When I get to Phoenix, I will devote every ounce of my energy to ending this drain on our public resources.

BLAKE: Amen to that! *(off their looks)* What?

JUSTINE: Curtis can edit that out.

BLAKE: Why should he edit that out? We're a team. And shouldn't I be sitting closer? With my arm around you? I'm feeling marginalized here.

CURTIS: I've already shot the happy family stuff. *(to JUSTINE)* Still rolling.

JUSTINE: We have people in this district—white people, black people, brown people—who already have trouble getting jobs. And that's why sealing the border is my number one priority.

BLAKE: I'd leave out black people.

JUSTINE: Why?

BLAKE: Muddies the waters. How many are gonna vote for you anyhow?

CURTIS: Dad...could you just let Mom talk?

BLAKE: Then put it this way: the Mexicans take the jobs, and the black guys end up in jail. What? It's true.

CURTIS: Keep going, Mom.

JUSTINE: If immigration helped everybody, we wouldn't be talking about this issue. Yes, the business people get cheap labor, the well-off folks get cheap gardeners and roofers and maids, but that leaves a whole lot of poor folks behind the eight ball. They're the ones who suffer when our borders are so porous—

(JUSTINE breaks off, noticing that MARISOL has entered, carrying her bucket of rags and cleaning products.)

MARISOL: Excuse me, Ms. Justine, I did not know you were filming.
May I remake Mr. Curtis's room now?

JUSTINE: Yes, you can "remake" his room now.

MARISOL: Thank you. *Perdón.*

(MARISOL exits. And lingers outside the door.)

JUSTINE: You think she heard anything?

BLAKE: Hey, we're only speaking the truth. And you might want to add something against global warming.

CURTIS: It's not a local issue, Dad.

BLAKE: It's an issue for me. McCluskey's yammering about cap and trade. What, you think climate science is a settled thing?

JUSTINE: He didn't say that, Blake.

BLAKE: Scientists don't know everything. They say ibuprofen doesn't help you sleep? I take it to sleep, I take it when I feel a bad mood coming on, and that's why I'm so cheerful all the time.

CURTIS: Good share, Dad. Let's take it from the top, and Dad, this time, don't interrupt.

BLAKE: Hey, you're the director. I'm just the bank account.

CURTIS: Go ahead, Mom.

JUSTINE: The tide of undocumented aliens is a threat to all law-abiding citizens...

(The lights dim on the family room as JUSTINE continues. During this, IZZY has emerged on the stairway. She sees MARISOL eavesdropping.)

IZZY: Marisol, what are you doing?

MARISOL: *(caught)* I am on my way to your brother's room. May I then do yours?

IZZY: I'm working on my college essay, I can't be interrupted. And you shouldn't listen at doors.

(MARISOL continues to eavesdrop as IZZY enters the family room, where JUSTINE is winding up her speech.)

JUSTINE: ... We've already got more than 300,000 illegals in Arizona. Can we afford to let in more? Not on my watch. That is my solemn pledge to the people of Tucson.

CURTIS: Perfect. That's a wrap.

IZZY: Thank God.

JUSTINE: I'm sorry, were we bothering you, hon?

IZZY: Are you kidding? I'm tearing myself apart trying to think of an essay topic, and all I could hear was blah blah blah.

CURTIS: Nobody said you had to apply to Harvard.

IZZY: If I want to be on the Court? It's practically a requirement. I need something huge to happen in my life.

BLAKE: Isn't your mom running for office a pretty big event?

IZZY: (*mock sincere*) Right, I forgot about that. How does being anti-immigration help with Harvard exactly?

BLAKE: I hear Harvard doesn't let in enough Orientals. If they went by test scores, they'd have nothing but Chinese in their classrooms.

JUSTINE: Harvard's a big myth, sweetheart.

BLAKE: You'd be better off applying to Arizona State.

IZZY: You're joking.

BLAKE: ASU was good enough for your mom. And look at her now. Up twenty points in the polls, with an 85% chance of winning.

JUSTINE: And if I want that to hold up, I can't be late for this Fox 11 interview. Curtis, do you have enough material to cut together?

CURTIS: I'll make it work, Mom.

BLAKE: Good job, buddy. We'll catch you later.

JUSTINE: Izzy, hon, you'll write a fabulous essay. I have total faith in you.

(BLAKE and JUSTINE exit the family room, head out the front door, past MARISOL, who pretends to dust and continues to eavesdrop.)

IZZY: How come we're so smart? When they're so stupid. You're nobody's "buddy" and you never will be. And Mom with her "total faith" in me. Makes me want to barf!

CURTIS: Why are you stressing so hard? Won't your SATs be enough without the essay?

IZZY: Ohmigod, everybody who applies to Harvard has perfect SATs.

CURTIS: You don't.

IZZY: Duh, that's why I'm stressing.

CURTIS: So who are you gonna pay to take the re-test?

IZZY: Ha ha. OK, since you ask. Take a look at this.

(IZZY takes a fatter-than-usual pen out of her pocket.)

CURTIS: What is it?

IZZY: It's a Bluetooth Pen. Gets you wi-fi where there isn't any. Comes with an earpiece and a built-in mike so you can whisper the questions to somebody outside the exam room.

CURTIS: Who's going to give you the answers?

IZZY: You kidding? Our school is crawling with cheaters.

CURTIS: What about Aaron Shingler? He's crazy smart. And doesn't he owe you for the blowjobs?

IZZY: Those were mutually satisfying events. Aaron doesn't owe me anything...OK, I'll ask him.

CURTIS: Just don't get caught. The scandal could ruin Mom.

IZZY: But then I'd have something to write about. Or wait—here's an idea— what if I told them we were having sex? I could lie and say you were adopted. They'd never check. I could say I did it to resolve your doubts about your sexuality.

CURTIS: Izzy, stop ragging on me, all right? It makes me hate you.

IZZY: Dude, it's why you steal books. To prove you're manly.

CURTIS: I do not steal books.

IZZY: All those idiotic sci-fi books in your room? They're from the library. From the library! That's the lamest thievery in the world.

CURTIS: They're not stolen. They're overdue.

IZZY: Ohmigod, you're so desperate to be a bad boy, and you can't even admit when you do something bad. Come on, help me figure out this Bluetooth pen.

CURTIS: Sorry. I can't be a party to this.

IZZY: Then I've gotta tell Mom about those stolen books.

CURTIS: *(starting out)* You wouldn't snitch on me. Any more than I would snitch on you.

IZZY: But you're a better person than I am. You're a better person than most people. *(calls after him)* That's why you don't have any friends!

(As CURTIS heads out of the family room, MARISOL hurries up the stairs, emerging on the landing with her bucket, enters Curtis's room, proceeds to tidy it.

CURTIS heads upstairs, emerging on the landing. IZZY stays behind in the family room, experimentally pressing buttons on her Bluetooth Pen.

MARISOL is eyeing the space alien in the movie poster of "Paul" as CURTIS enters.)

CURTIS: Stupid, huh?

MARISOL: *¿Qué?* What is stupid, Mr. Curtis?

CURTIS: What Hollywood thinks a space alien would look like. Big black eyes. Never blue. Never any other color. Big black liquid Anne Hathaway eyes.

MARISOL: You wonder where they harvest their ideas.

CURTIS: You want the real truth? There's no such thing as space aliens.

MARISOL: *Ah si?* But how can we know that?

CURTIS: A great Italian physicist, Enrico Fermi, he proved it.

MARISOL: I am curious to hear this proof.

CURTIS: OK. If they exist now, they must have existed a long time ago, right?

MARISOL: *Si.*

CURTIS: All right, so they screw up their home planet, they have to find another place to live.

MARISOL: Why do you assume they screw up?

CURTIS: All right, they don't screw up. They explore. They colonize. They keep evolving, they keep screwing up, colonizing, whatever, they keep going from planet to planet, leapfrogging across the Cosmos. And they're not the only ones doing it. Billions of other species are doing the same thing. Eventually one of them would end up here on Earth. But they haven't. Nothing. No space aliens. Why? Because the assumption was wrong. They don't exist. QED. Fermi's proof.

MARISOL: Then why do you hang this poster? And read all these science fiction books?

CURTIS: I guess I like to scare myself.

MARISOL: What about aliens from this planet? Do they scare you?

CURTIS: Their numbers scare me, yeah, you bet. Illegals should be sent back to where they came from, and let law-abiding people make an honest living. But am I scared of them personally? No way—

(During this, MARISOL has been edging closer and closer to CURTIS. Now she kisses him. The room lights flicker, accompanied by a bug-zapper sound.

MARISOL *releases him*. CURTIS *resumes talking as though the kiss never happened, but now he's in a daze.*)

CURTIS: (*as though realizing*) —If you're scared of immigrants, what you're really scared of is...sexual contamination.

MARISOL: By whom, *cariño*?

CURTIS: Black people. Brown people. That's why we try to suppress them. We're really suppressing our sexual desires.

MARISOL: Do you think of me as a brown person?

CURTIS: All the time. (*embarrassed*) I don't mean I think of you all the time, I would just hate to be in your shoes. I mean if you didn't know, one day to the next, if you were going to be deported... torn away from your friends and family... without warning... that must be a terrible feeling.

MARISOL: No one is going to deport me.

CURTIS: You've been vetted.

MARISOL: *Si*. By Strictly Legal.

CURTIS: Right...but still...you must get a lot of fishy looks. Like if people thought you were gay and they were homophobic.

MARISOL: Ah *si*. You think because Mr. Blake is your father, he knows something about you that you don't.

CURTIS: Yeah. Exactly. I get confused.

MARISOL: You know, Mr. Curtis...if boys in your class are more sexually advanced than you are...there's no shame in admiring their physical attributes. Your turn will come.

CURTIS: Oh God, when?

MARISOL: As soon as you put your mind to it. That girl in Calculus 2, why don't you invite her to the winter dance?

CURTIS: 'Cause that dance is mainly for dorks and spergs. (*puzzled*) How do you know about Destiny Squires?

MARISOL: Pretend I'm Destiny. What are you going to say to her the next time you see her?

CURTIS: We only talk math.

MARISOL: The next time you're doing math with Destiny, look her in the eye, not too hard, a little shyly, and say, "I like your hair that way."

CURTIS: "I like your hair that way."

MARISOL: Girls like to be noticed, *cariño*.

CURTIS: I know that's their main thing in life.

MARISOL: Never mind what you think you know. Just do it.

CURTIS: But her hair is always the same. This giant frizz-ball.

MARISOL: Trust me, *mi amor*.

(MARISOL squeezes CURTIS's hand, exits his room with Curtis's wastebasket, and heads down the stairs, emerging on the ground floor with her phone to her ear.)

MARISOL: *(excited, happy)* —*Yatyag sankal tiddy!* One down, three to go!

(Blackout.)

Scene 3

(Lights up on CURTIS and BLAKE in the family room. CURTIS is cuing up a campaign video on the system. Lights are down in the other rooms, including the master bedroom, where JUSTINE is dressing. It's several days later.)

CURTIS: —This is the 30-second spot. I'm still wrestling with the long version.

BLAKE: I love how you're helping us out with this, buddy. Saves me a ton of money.

CURTIS: I enjoy it, Dad.

BLAKE: You like working by yourself, don't you?

CURTIS: I get a lot more done that way. Why?

BLAKE: Well, 'cause you never seem to bring anybody home. You know, like to do homework with?

CURTIS: I don't need any help with homework.

BLAKE: I surely did. Not that I brought that many people home. Just a girl now and then.

CURTIS: I haven't brought any girls home.

BLAKE: Hey, you don't owe me any explanations. When I was your age? I kept my sex life to myself. Your grandfather, Grandpa Baker, he never asked questions. There were times I wished he would. How about you?

CURTIS: How about me what?

BLAKE: Any worries? Anything preying on your mind?

CURTIS: Nothing's preying on it, no. *(quietly)* Except when you bring up the subject.

BLAKE: Just trying to be a better dad.

CURTIS: *(obliging)* Well...OK...sometimes I wonder—

BLAKE: I mean, if you don't want to talk about this, that's all right, too.

CURTIS: I do get worried sometimes.

BLAKE: (*uneasily*) About what?

CURTIS: You know...if I'll be able to maintain an erection.

BLAKE: At your age? Shouldn't be a problem. With a girl, you mean.
(*quickly*) Not that it's any of my business.

CURTIS: I meant...without coming too soon.

BLAKE: Got it. What I do? I list all the Super Bowl winners, starting with last year and going back in time. You? Try doing some math. Multiply two-digit numbers in your head. That helps when you're trying to piss and there's some guy at the next urinal.

CURTIS: But in that case you're trying to let loose, not hold it in—

BLAKE: Stop stressing about it, is the main thing! Glad we cleared the air.
(*calls*) Justine! Curtis is ready to show us the spot.

(*JUSTINE has already exited the master bedroom.*)

JUSTINE: (*emerging on stairs*) I'm coming!

(*JUSTINE enters the family room. BLAKE and JUSTINE take their seats in front of the unseen TV screen.*)

BLAKE: This is the 30-second spot. All cued up and ready to go. Hit it, buddy.

(*CURTIS hits the remote. Blackout.*)

(*Lights up on BLAKE and JUSTINE, several minutes later. Their jaws have dropped.*)

BLAKE: That's it? That's the whole deal?

JUSTINE: Hon, what happened to all the material on immigration?

CURTIS: (*uneasily*) I thought it was a little....strident.

JUSTINE: Strident! Sweetheart...it's the major plank in my platform.

BLAKE: (*to JUSTINE*) We can't go out with this.

JUSTINE: Tell me about it.

CURTIS: See, I think you have to say something...about how painful it is to live under the threat of deportation.

BLAKE: Now why would we want to say that?

CURTIS: I mean...don't immigrants get bashed every day? Shouldn't we be trying to help them? Instead of making them feel more insecure?

BLAKE: Buddy...we gotta help the people of Arizona first. You start coddling the illegals, they'll just keep coming.

JUSTINE: And the more that come in, the more jobs Americans lose.

CURTIS: Retrain them.

JUSTINE: They don't retrain, sweetheart. They go on disability. What on earth's happened to you, hon?

CURTIS: Mom, you need the brown vote.

BLAKE: Curtis. Seven out of ten women are voting for your mom, unless she starts endorsing amnesty. So let's stay on message here, OK? (*off* CURTIS's *look*) What's the matter, buddy?

CURTIS: Nothing. Nothing's the matter. Stop picking on me.

JUSTINE: Nobody's picking on you, hon.

BLAKE: Hey. If I came down too hard about your social life, I'm sorry.

CURTIS: Yeah, well, for your information, I've been invited to a roller-skating party.

BLAKE: I hope you said yes.

CURTIS: By Destiny Squires.

BLAKE: That's a girl's name?

CURTIS: Yes!

BLAKE: Black girl?

CURTIS: She's in my calculus class.

BLAKE: So she's not black.

CURTIS: Yes she's black, what about it?

BLAKE: Who's giving the party?

CURTIS: Her parents. It's her birthday.

BLAKE: Her dad lives with the family?

CURTIS: Yes, her dad lives with the family. Why?

BLAKE: What does he do?

CURTIS: What difference does it make? He owns an auto detail company.

BLAKE: A businessman. OK, we'll get you some skates.

CURTIS: Is that all you're going to say?

BLAKE: What do you want me to say?

CURTIS: "Good job, 'buddy.' Glad you're hooking up with a girl."

BLAKE: You haven't hooked up yet. Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

(BLAKE's phone rings. BLAKE looks at the incoming number.)

BLAKE: Excuse me, I gotta take this. *(into phone; alarmed)*

Hello....What?!...How the hell did that happen?!...

CURTIS: I'm not redoing the spot! And I'm not what you think I am!

(CURTIS storms out and up the stairs into his room, slamming the door, during:)

BLAKE: *(into phone)* ...No no, don't call Hartford, our premiums will go through the roof. We'll pay the doctors' bills, but if Julio so much as whispers the word "lawyer" make it clear we have deep pockets. *(hangs up)*

JUSTINE: What happened, hon?

BLAKE: I never said Curtis was gay. Not to his face, anyhow.

JUSTINE: What happened at the factory?

BLAKE: They were trying out the new stun gun. They sprayed Julio with tear gas, then tased him. Clothes burst into flame.

JUSTINE: This is all we need.

BLAKE: No reason to panic, it's only second-degree burns.

JUSTINE: Are you kidding? Somebody's bound to tweet that out. Why are you conducting dangerous experiments in the middle of my campaign?

BLAKE: I run a dangerous business, these things happen. It's Curtis I'm worried about.

JUSTINE: Well that too.

BLAKE: All that pro-immigrant nonsense. You think Marisol's been in his ear?

JUSTINE: Why is she even talking to him?

BLAKE: And you were worried about me. What's on the schedule for this afternoon?

JUSTINE: The Ahwahtukees. Oh shoot, I'm late already.

BLAKE: I'll have a word with the girl and meet you over there.

(BLAKE exits into the hallway, calls:)

BLAKE: Marisol?

(No answer. BLAKE heads up the stairs as JUSTINE exits by the front door. He emerges on the upstairs landing, enters the master bedroom, starts to take off his clothes.)

Meanwhile MARISOL enters from the unseen ground-floor room with an armful of towels, goes upstairs. She enters the master bedroom.

BLAKE covers up.)

MARISOL: *Si, señor?*

BLAKE: I need to ask you something. Have a seat.

(MARISOL *sits on the bed.*)

BLAKE: Tell me something, and you can speak freely: Are you happy here?

MARISOL: Oh yes, Mr. Blake. Just as you predicted.

BLAKE: Nice kids, aren't they?

MARISOL: *Si*, very nice.

BLAKE: You've talked with them?

MARISOL: Well...Ms. Izzy, she's always busy with her essay.

BLAKE: What about Curtis?

MARISOL: I have spoken with Mr. Curtis, *si*.

BLAKE: So what do you talk about?

MARISOL: Well...apparently... he has developed a romantic interest.

BLAKE: In a girl. Or so he claims.

MARISOL: Well, I encouraged him to pursue her. I hope I was not out of line?

BLAKE: Time will tell. Did you talk politics by any chance?

MARISOL: Politics?

BLAKE: The immigration question, for example. See, I don't know how much you know about the way I run my business.

MARISOL: I know you hire Latinos.

BLAKE: All documented. Every last one. I'm scrupulous about that.

MARISOL: You pay them minimum wage.

BLAKE: That's correct. And believe me, they're glad to get it...

(*During this, IZZY has come out of her room. She starts for the stairs, hears Blake's voice coming from the master bedroom.*)

BLAKE: ...Mind you I've tried to hire black people. They won't work for minimum wage. They try to unionize, and I can't afford that. But I treat my employees fairly. Doesn't mean I indulge them! I urge them to assimilate. Press 1 for Spanish? Not on my phone tree. Bilingual education is a scandal, and my workers know it. They want the American way of life, and that means—

(MARISOL has moved close to BLAKE and is searching his face, as though waiting for a kiss.)

BLAKE: —that means English, what are you doing?

MARISOL: Time we got to know each other better.

BLAKE: Now hold on, Marisol. I believe you've misread my signals.

MARISOL: No one will ever know.

BLAKE: What do you mean, no one will know, I'll never forgive myself... I've been a faithful husband. I've never stepped out on Ms. Justine—

(MARISOL kisses BLAKE. As with CURTIS, the room lights flicker, accompanied by a bug-zapper sound, but longer and louder than before.)

IZZY appears on the landing, puts her ear to the master bedroom door, straining to hear. Can't hear anything. Starts back to her room. Hesitates in her doorway. Then disappears into her room.

MARISOL breaks the kiss. BLAKE comes to, as though from anesthesia, totally dazed.)

BLAKE: ...except for that one time. I only cheated on her once! I had to know: could I please another woman the way I please Justine? Especially a woman of a different race—I wanted to set a high bar. And Esmeralda, wow, she was so attractive, that didn't hurt either.

MARISOL: *Muy bien*. Now what about your new workers?

BLAKE: What new workers?

MARISOL: Consider, Mr. Blake. The more immigrants come to this country, the more fearful white people are going to be. More demand for stun guns. And home security equipment. That means more workers.

BLAKE: I like where you're going with this.

MARISOL: But first you have to settle a lawsuit.

BLAKE: How do you know about that? One freak accident. That's all it was.

MARISOL: Pay Julio what he's asking. And raise your employees' wages. All those unemployed people in Nogales? They'll come flocking.

BLAKE: Sounds like a plan.

MARISOL: And if they demand a union? I'd let them unionize.

BLAKE: All right, but no Mexican music stations during work hours. That's where I draw the line.

MARISOL: You're the boss, *señor*.

BLAKE: I knew you were the woman for this job. (*going*) Time for a cold shower.

MARISOL: Mr. Blake? Aren't you forgetting something?

BLAKE: What? Oh yeah. You're right. I should lighten up on Curtis. Girl, boy, what difference does it make? Love is love.

(*MARISOL exits the master bedroom as IZZY comes out of her room.*)

MARISOL: (*uneasily*) *Hola*, Ms. Izzy.

IZZY: Marisol, I wonder if you could help me with something.

MARISOL: Happy to help with anything I can.

IZZY: I'm working on that essay? For Harvard? And I'm thinking of writing about you.

MARISOL: Why would you write about me?

IZZY: You're an immigrant working for people who want the borders closed. Doesn't that make you horribly uncomfortable?

MARISOL: Why, does it make you uncomfortable?

IZZY: I'm post-political, I don't take positions. But if my family had something embarrassing to hide, that would be a good topic, wouldn't it? Especially with an election coming up?

MARISOL: Embarrass your family just to get into Harvard? That would be inappropriate.

(MARISOL *moves toward* IZZY.)

IZZY: But you know what I'm talking about, don't you.

MARISOL: I can see you're upset about something.

(MARISOL *takes* IZZY's *hand*.)

IZZY: What are you doing? Don't touch me! Esmeralda never touched me.

MARISOL: Never?

IZZY: Not even when we got high together.

MARISOL: *Cariño*, how sad.

IZZY: There's nothing sad about it. And don't call me *cariño*, I'm not your sweetie pie. Is this the way you acted in your last job? If you even had a last job.

MARISOL: It's listed in my dossier.

IZZY: The one Strictly Legal provided.

MARISOL: *Si*.

IZZY: Well, the thing is, Marisol...I Googled Strictly Legal. I didn't find any employment agency for domestics with that name, this close to the Mexican border, or anywhere else for that matter. How much did you pay for those phony papers?

MARISOL: I didn't pay a thing to anyone, Ms. Izzy. I'm not what you think I am. Now if you're finished with your accusations, I have laundry to do.

(MARISOL *exits in the direction of the kitchen*. IZZY *takes out her phone*.)

IZZY: Siri, how do you report an undocumented worker?

SIRI: (*voice over*) If you wish to report an illegal alien, please call Immigration and Customs Enforcement at 866-347-2423.

(IZZY *keys in the number*. *Listens impatiently to the menu options*.)

IZZY: Agent!...Agent!...Agent!

(The lights begin to fade.)

IZZY: Hello, I need to talk to your supervisor...Because I always end up asking for one, so why not save us both some time?...Sir, the more you act like a robot, the more likely they'll replace you with a robot...Of course I have someone to report, why else would I be calling? Do you even live in this country? God, what a world.

(Blackout.)

Scene 4

(Lights up on JUSTINE and BLAKE in the family room. It's night, several days later.)

JUSTINE: — I know it comes with the territory, but ohmigod, these DWP folks—Deport White People? They're at all my appearances now. "Check your facts, bitch," that's what they yell, when I talk about Mexicans pouring across the border.

BLAKE: They might have a point.

JUSTINE: What point?

BLAKE: More Mexicans are leaving the country than coming here.

JUSTINE: According to who, a liberal-funded study? Next you'll be telling me we have to grant them amnesty.

BLAKE: Well...it might encourage more of them to come here.

JUSTINE: Of course it'll encourage them. What are you trying to say?

BLAKE: It's business, sweetheart. I've decided to add more workers.

JUSTINE: Since when?

BLAKE: Since...since I decided to. OK, look at it this way. Every poll says you win in a walk because McCluskey is a philandering asshole. You've got the women's vote locked up, you can afford to lighten up on immigration.

JUSTINE: Ohmigod, Izzy was right. She's feminized you.

BLAKE: "Feminized" me?

JUSTINE: I'll tell you who they should feminize. Their wife-beating Mexican men. Leave ours alone.

BLAKE: If you're referring to Marisol, she's Nicaraguan, not Mexican.

JUSTINE: I fail to see the difference. Where did this feminizing take place?

BLAKE: Will you please stop using that word? There was no "feminizing" involved. We had a chat about my business. She made me see things in a new light.

JUSTINE: New light. Blake, you have officially lost your mind.

BLAKE: Fine. I guess you won't want a crazy man's support.

JUSTINE: Are you threatening to cut me off? I'll call OSHA about that taser incident.

BLAKE: Are you sure you want to do that? Bite the hand that feeds you?

JUSTINE: Only if you push me to it.

BLAKE: OK. Settle down. You call OSHA, you know what they're going to find? I'm offering free English lessons and a chance to unionize. No, please don't walk away. Don't you see, darling, I'm doing this out of love, I live to make you happy. Everything I've ever accomplished, everything I do, turning the TV off when you come into a room, wearing every Hawaiian shirt you buy me, no matter how silly I look, come on, who encouraged you to run in the first place?

JUSTINE: And now you're trying to sabotage me.

BLAKE: I just think it's the right thing for my business.

JUSTINE: Then go ahead, stop writing me checks. I could quit campaigning tomorrow and I'd still win by double digits. You can tell that to Marisol too.

(JUSTINE storms out of the family room, past IZZY, entering from the kitchen. CURTIS enters through the front door, roller-skates over his shoulder. He's drunk and doesn't know it.)

CURTIS: *Hola, sis! La vida es bella!*

(CURTIS starts away.)

IZZY: Hey! Aren't you going to ask me how the SATs went?

CURTIS: Oh yeah, my bad. How did the SATs go?

IZZY: Disaster. Aaron Shingler crapped out on me.

CURTIS: After all those blowjobs.

IZZY: I know, right?

CURTIS: Ungrateful wretch.

IZZY: Plus the stupid proctor was staring at me the whole time. I just know she's gonna report me for cheating.

CURTIS: How do you think you did?

IZZY: No better than last time. Probably worse, I was so stressed out.

CURTIS: Right, so no red flag! You're home free! QED!

IZZY: Curtis, are you stoned?

CURTIS: Stoned? I'm not stoned.

IZZY: Yes, you are! Welcome to the human race!

CURTIS: I'm just happy, sis.

IZZY: What do you have to be happy about?

CURTIS: Destiny Squires.

IZZY: Ohmigod, that's right, her birthday party. It went OK?

CURTIS: It went great.

BLAKE: (*from living room*) Curtis, that you? Come on in here, buddy!

CURTIS: I'm coming, Pops!

IZZY: "Pops"?

(*CURTIS enters the family room. IZZY heads upstairs, then enters her room.*)

BLAKE: How'd your date go, son?

CURTIS: Very well. Fantastically well.

BLAKE: You learn how to skate?

CURTIS: Ohmigod, it was so great. We had lunch at Destiny's house and then we went to the rink in five different SUVs. Destiny was sitting on my lap and...wow.

BLAKE: You had sex in the SUV?

CURTIS: No, but we could have. I had no trouble keeping an erection, and I'm pretty sure she could tell I had one, even through our clothes. Greatest day of my life. I took a bunch of selfies, wanna see them?

BLAKE: Never mind the selfies. What did they serve for lunch?

CURTIS: Pizza and birthday cake.

BLAKE: What did you have to drink?

CURTIS: Cranberry punch.

BLAKE: How much cranberry punch?

CURTIS: Three glasses? Four? It was really good punch.

BLAKE: What's the name of her dad's company?

CURTIS: Squires Auto Detail, why?

BLAKE: *(heading out)* I think I'll give the man a call.

CURTIS: Yes, you oughta thank him, he throws a really great party.

(BLAKE exits, heading upstairs. CURTIS collapses onto the couch, closes his eyes, opens them again, suddenly gulping back nausea. MARISOL enters the family room, with her bucket of rags and cleaning products.)

MARISOL: Oh, excuse me. You're sleeping.

CURTIS: Can't sleep. Room's going around. I think I'm going to be sick.

(MARISOL slides her bucket of cleaning products in front of CURTIS. He bends over it. Pause.)

CURTIS: Nope. False alarm.

MARISOL: I will leave you now, *cariño*.

(MARISOL starts out. CURTIS stops her.)

CURTIS: Marisol?

MARISOL: What, *mi amor*?

CURTIS: *(dazed)* Thank you.

MARISOL: (*uneasily*) For what, *cariño*.

(*A sudden burst of light. Massive whooshing sound. MARISOL stiffens.*)

CURTIS: What was that?

MARISOL: What was what?

CURTIS: You didn't hear that? Ohmigod, I'm getting the DTs.

MARISOL: Shh, no, it's all right. It's just...a wind.

(*Doorbell.*)

CURTIS: What about that, did you hear that?

MARISOL: I heard the doorbell.

CURTIS: Can you get it, please? I don't think I can move.

(*MARISOL exits the family room. CURTIS sinks back onto the couch. MARISOL ducks out of sight, exiting in the direction of the unseen rooms.*)

Doorbell.

(*IZZY comes out of her room.*)

IZZY: Is somebody going to get that? Marisol!?

(*No answer. IZZY heads downstairs, emerging in the hallway, goes to the front door, peers through the peephole. Sees something that pleases her.*)

IZZY: Excellent.

(*IZZY opens the door. MARISOL enters the hallway, and unseen by IZZY, hurries up the stairs.*)

(*On the other side of the door is an African-American man, WELDON. He's holding up his badge.*)

IZZY: You guys don't waste any time...(peering)...Weldon.

(*WELDON enters. Upstairs, MARISOL emerges from the stairway and enters Curtis's room.*)

WELDON: The message we received sounded urgent. Are your parents home?

IZZY: Yeah, but I'm the one who placed the call to ICE.

WELDON: (*checking his phone*) Would this "Marisol" be here now?

IZZY: She's always here. (*calls*) Marisol, somebody here to see you! (*to WELDON*) I think she's doing my brother's room. I'll show you where.

WELDON: Don't bother. Just point me in the right direction.

IZZY: Weldon, you don't understand. I'm applying to Harvard, I'm in desperate need of a topic for my application essay. So I need to be there when you grill her.

WELDON: Sorry, that won't be possible. We have to follow protocol.

IZZY: This is why people hate the government. All right, I'll interview you afterwards. Don't leave without checking in with me.

(*WELDON starts up the stairs. IZZY exits in the direction of the kitchen.*)

MARISOL opens the door to Curtis's room, greeting WELDON at the head of the stairs.

MARISOL beckons WELDON into Curtis's room and closes the door.)

WELDON: *Slib umu scal. Gig voog?*

MARISOL: (*unaccented*) English. The younger female listens at doors. How was your trip down?

WELDON: The usual nausea. Can't quite get used to the body.

MARISOL: It's actually well-designed.

WELDON: The skin.

MARISOL: (*palming her breasts*) These.

WELDON: Very impressive. And the tongue.

MARISOL: It helps them kiss. That's when the firewalls come down. No protection at all, in either direction. I can send and receive at will. It's so...how can I describe it?

WELDON: Pleasurable?

MARISOL: Well, it has to be.

WELDON: (*levelly*) So long as we're getting results.

MARISOL: Even better than we hoped. Prominent businessman, rising political star, two bright young "millennials"—if we can turn them, we can turn anybody. And I think I'm doing the younger male some good. These humans have the strangest ideas of gender. They think it's infinitely flexible.

WELDON: You're not here to do therapy.

MARISOL: Oh but they're carrying such heavy burdens.

WELDON: Just stop. The more involved you get with these subjects, the more excited you get. And you know what can happen then.

MARISOL: So far everything's stable. No sign of reversion.

WELDON: Well, stay within your boundaries. Avoid stress. And above all don't give in to these carbon-based emotions.

(WELDON *starts out*.)

MARISOL: Where are you going? Come here. (*tenderly*) *Yat slevvy*.

(MARISOL *cuddles up to* WELDON.)

MARISOL: *Slevvy diggy*.

WELDON: (*grudgingly*) *Mippy mippy*.

MARISOL: *Ooty yat*.

WELDON: (*relenting*) *Yat poggy*.

(*In the family room, CURTIS's eyes snap open. He forces himself off the couch, staggers out of the family room and up the stairs.*)

(*In Curtis's room, MARISOL and WELDON are snuggling.*)

MARISOL: *Poggy poggy mippy*.

WELDON: *Mippy yat.*

(CURTIS emerges at the top of the stairs. Hesitates at the door to his bedroom. Then opens the door—in time to see WELDON and MARISOL in mid-snuggle. They pull apart.)

CURTIS: Who's that? What's going on?

MARISOL: It's none of your concern. Please go.

(MARISOL closes the door. CURTIS backs away, sinks down at the head of the stairs. WELDON gives MARISOL a what-now look. MARISOL hears Izzy's door open, holds a finger to her lips, as IZZY enters the landing.)

IZZY: What's the matter? Why are you sitting there?

CURTIS: Someone's in there with Marisol. A man.

IZZY: Yes, I asked him here.

CURTIS: You asked him here?!

(IZZY motions CURTIS downstairs. They emerge in the hallway.)

IZZY: *(sotto)* I called ICE.

CURTIS: ICE?

IZZY: Immigration and Customs Enforcement.

CURTIS: I know what ICE stands for, why did you do that?

IZZY: I don't believe this Marisol is who she says she is. Shh, I hear him coming.

(WELDON has exited Curtis's room upstairs, emerging on the stairway.)

IZZY: So...Weldon...What's your conclusion?

WELDON: You're to be commended for your patriotism.

IZZY: She's undocumented, right?

WELDON: Sorry, no. Her credentials check out.

IZZY: Oh really? Try Googling Strictly Legal. Nothing comes up about an agency for maids.

WELDON: Next time Google more deeply. Thanks again for your vigilance. Goodbye.

IZZY: That's it? That's all? You're just going to blow this off? I hope you realize, people like her are taking jobs from people like you!

WELDON: People like me?

IZZY: Black people! What did you think I meant?

WELDON: Thanks for your concern. We will continue to monitor the situation.

IZZY: You'd better, or I'm calling your Agent in Charge.

WELDON: Young female, I advise you not to do that.

IZZY: "Young female"? Seriously?

WELDON: The less said about my visit the better.

IZZY: OK. I'm starting to lose it now. I hate to say, "We pay your salary," but we do.

WELDON: And don't think it's not appreciated.

(WELDON *exits.*)

IZZY: I didn't like the way he talked to me.

CURTIS: You were wrong, though.

IZZY: About what?

CURTIS: Marisol's not taking a job from a black person. Black people don't want to be housekeepers anymore.

IZZY: Ohmigod, that's so not the point! You think maybe she paid this guy off? I could maybe get an essay out of that. Where are you going? Dude, please don't tell Mom or Dad about this. Although they probably should thank me. Promise?

CURTIS: Yeah, no, I promise.

(CURTIS, *still dazed*, is mounting the stairs. IZZY watches a moment, then exits in the direction of the kitchen.)

CURTIS *emerges at the top of the stairs, enters his room. Stares at the alien poster on his wall.*

MARISOL *enters CURTIS's room.*)

MARISOL: *Que pasa*, Mr. Curtis?

CURTIS: What in God's name is going on here? What were you doing with that man?

MARISOL: You are deeply upset and I will try to explain.

CURTIS: Are you from Nicaragua or aren't you?

MARISOL: No, *mi amor*, I'm not from Nicaragua.

CURTIS: So where are you from?

MARISOL: Well...I really hate to burst your bubble...but all Enrico Fermi proved was how little he understood about the Cosmos.

CURTIS: No....What are you trying to say?

MARISOL: You've heard of Kepler-254b?

CURTIS: Yeah. It's an Earth-like planet.

MARISOL: Kepler-254b is my Nicaragua.

CURTIS: No. No way.

MARISOL: It's the truth, *cariño*. Sadly, we abused our native home. We bled it dry—much as you Earth people are doing. Some of us stayed behind, most of us left. Some were lucky to leave. We're a lost race of refugees, wandering the heavens in search of permanent asylum.

CURTIS: (*skeptical*) Yeah, so where's your mothership? How come nobody's seen it?

MARISOL: Because it's coated with a 50-nanometer-thick layer of magnesium fluoride, topped by a pattern of tiny gold antennas.

CURTIS: An invisibility cloak.

MARISOL: *Si.*

CURTIS: All right...assuming I believe a word you're saying...why us?

MARISOL: Because your planet is still somewhat livable. And America, for all its current faults, still admits more immigrants than any other nation.

CURTIS: Fine, so you did your homework. Why this family, is what I meant.

MARISOL: You satisfy all the criteria. Your father, with his business success, you and your sister, you have such bright futures, and your mother—*¡dios mío!*—she might even be President someday.

CURTIS: We're your right-wing guinea pigs.

MARISOL: I wouldn't put it so harshly, but yes.

CURTIS: If you can change our minds, you can change the world. So you and your species can take over.

MARISOL: No no, *querido*, we just want to assimilate.

CURTIS: (*skeptical*) Oh, and that's all?

MARISOL: Well...now that you ask...climate science is important to us. We're tired of wandering. We want to stay here as long as possible.

CURTIS: Where?

MARISOL: Where most of you prefer to live. On the seacoasts.

CURTIS: OK, now I know you're messing with me. (*as she approaches*) No, don't come any closer.

MARISOL: *Cariño*, shh. I'm here to help.

(CURTIS bolts for the door. MARISOL restrains him.)

MARISOL: Didn't you enjoy your time with Destiny Squires? Weren't you reassured by your erection? Don't you want to take that to the next level?

CURTIS: Yes, but not with you. (*off her caress*) Please don't do that...

MARISOL: Oh, *cariño*, didn't you know? Having a sexual relationship with the help...it used to be an important rite of passage.

CURTIS: I thought that was only in France.

MARISOL: All the European nations. Relax, *querido*.

(MARISOL *kisses him*. The room lights flicker, to the sound of a bug-zapper. *Blackout.*)

CURTIS: (*in darkness*) What are you doing? Stop. Please. No. (*then*) Oh my God!!!

(END OF ACT 1.)

ACT 2**Scene 1**

Lights up on the family room, where BLAKE is on the phone.

BLAKE: (*into phone*) —Don't argue with me, pal, just pay Julio whatever his lawyer is asking...Hmm, that much, huh?...All right, we'll pay Julio a third up front, the balance over two years. ...'Cause I'm doing a major expansion, I'm in the hole for my wife's campaign—just deal with it, all right? I've got a million other things on my mind.
(*hangs up*)

(CURTIS *enters.*)

BLAKE: Heartless bastard, I'd oughta tase his ass. What's doin', buddy?
You look like you had a bad night.

CURTIS: Yeah, it was pretty weird.

BLAKE: You got a headache? Furry tongue?

CURTIS: (*testing*) Yeah, it's pretty furry.

BLAKE: You're hungover, that's all.

CURTIS: Yeah, I'm not sure about that.

BLAKE: Trust me. I went to see your Mr. Squires. You weren't the only one who came home reeling. They found an empty fifth of vodka in their trash. I told him, if it wasn't this close to the election, I'd have my wife sue his ass. He goes, "Yeah, you don't want to lose the black vote." We made a date to play golf.

CURTIS: Dad...when I woke up this morning...there was a wet spot in my bed.

BLAKE: Is that all. That's nothing to worry about. That's a nocturnal emission, is what that is. Happens to the best of us, or so I hear.

CURTIS: You never had one?

BLAKE: Nunh-unh. I beat off too much. When I was your age? On a good day? Minimum eight times. Oh yeah. I kept a calendar on my bedroom wall. Gave myself a gold star for every day I didn't jerk off. Were you dreaming about sex, is that what happened?

CURTIS: Yeah, but it seemed so real.

BLAKE: Who were you dreaming about?

CURTIS: The wrong person.

BLAKE: How could a dream be wrong? Were you dreaming about a boy?

CURTIS: No, Dad.

BLAKE: Because hey, whatever rocks your boat.

CURTIS: It wasn't a boy.

BLAKE: Was it Destiny Squires?

CURTIS: No.

BLAKE: Hold on. It wasn't Marisol, was it?

CURTIS: Yeah, Dad. It was Marisol.

BLAKE: (*uneasily*) OK. That's all right. Nothing illegal about that. Can you imagine? If there was such a thing as the dream police? We'd all be on death row. What happened in the dream?

CURTIS: Dad...

BLAKE: No, you're right, I don't want to know.

CURTIS: ...I think Mom has to come out for climate change.

BLAKE: Why would she ever do that?

CURTIS: People want to live on the seacoasts. And if the seacoasts are underwater, they can't.

BLAKE: We don't live on a seacoast. What's going on here, buddy? Is Marisol still putting ideas in your head?

CURTIS: What about you? You changed your mind about immigration.

BLAKE: For business reasons. OK, now I have to ask: did she make a move on you?

CURTIS: Why do you assume that? What if I did have sex with Marisol? What if I didn't just dream it? It used to be a tradition.

BLAKE: What did?

CURTIS: Having sex with the help. That's how kids used to lose their virginity.

BLAKE: Did Marisol tell you that?

CURTIS: It's kind of hazy, but yeah, I'm pretty sure she did.

BLAKE: *(calls)* Marisol!

CURTIS: Please don't yell at her. She was only trying to help.

(BLAKE exits into the hallway, calls again:)

BLAKE: *(calls)* Marisol? Can I see you a minute? It's important.

(MARISOL comes out of the kitchen area, enters the family room.)

MARISOL: *Hola*, Mr. Curtis.

CURTIS: *(smitten)* *Hola*.

BLAKE: Buddy, I need some private time with Marisol.

CURTIS: *(jealous)* Why?

BLAKE: 'Cause I said so, buddy.

(CURTIS exits. Then pauses at the doorway.)

BLAKE: Curtis? I said go.

(CURTIS heads reluctantly upstairs. BLAKE follows him out, watches him go, then re-enters the family room, as CURTIS emerges on the landing, enters his room, flings himself on his bed.)

MARISOL: Is there something I can help you with, Mr. Blake?

BLAKE: Have a seat.

(MARISOL sits.)

BLAKE: First of all...I want you to know...I truly appreciate the job you've been doing here.

MARISOL: It's a pleasure to work for such a lovely family.

BLAKE: And it's been a pleasure to have you around. You're a very attractive woman. I hope you don't mind me saying that. I'm sure my son has noticed, in the course of your conversations.

MARISOL: I can't speak for Mr. Curtis. But thank you for the flattery.

BLAKE: These conversations...I gather they're fairly intimate, from what he tells me.

MARISOL: Well, I don't know exactly what he's told you—

BLAKE: He's saying my wife has to come out for climate change.

MARISOL: Well...you know...it does get hot here in the summer.
Brutalmente.

BLAKE: Always has been brutal, what about it?

MARISOL: And if it gets too much hotter, people won't leave their houses. That means less street crime. Less revenue for you.

BLAKE: Who says it's gonna get hotter?

MARISOL: I believe there's a consensus on the subject.

BLAKE: You call it a consensus. I call it a conspiracy. Marisol...be honest with me...are you using your charms to manipulate my son?

MARISOL: Manipulate him?

BLAKE: You're filling his head with unworkable ideas. It's hubris to think we can change the weather. Whatever we do to the planet, it fights back tooth and claw. Whether we like the results is not up to us.

MARISOL: (*approaching him*) What about alternate sources of energy?

BLAKE: (*backing away*) Hell, you can change all the light bulbs in the world, it won't make a dent. Solar power...wind power....carbon taxes...We can pretend they're helping, but Nature will triumph every time. Nature...is an all-powerful force.

MARISOL: Oh Mr. Blake...I couldn't agree more.

(MARISOL *grabs* BLAKE *and kisses him*. Lights flicker, sound of bug-zapper.

Blackout.

Lights up. MARISOL *is no longer in the family room. She's upstairs, tidying the master bedroom.*

CURTIS *is in his room, sitting on his bed, head in hands.*

BLAKE *is still in the family room, buttoning up, looking for his shoes. He's dazed.*

JUSTINE *enters through the front door.*)

JUSTINE: Blake? I'm home.

(BLAKE *starts looking frantically for his shoes.*

JUSTINE *enters the family room.*)

JUSTINE: What a day. I had to scream my lungs out over all the heckling. And half those DWPs were women! I told them, "If McCluskey has his way, you'll have to travel 300 miles to get an abortion." Hello? What are you doing with your shoes off?

BLAKE: What? Oh. Yeah. I was taking a nap. So what else did you tell those DWPs?

JUSTINE: I didn't lighten up on immigration, if that's what you're asking.

BLAKE: What about global warming?

JUSTINE: What about it?

BLAKE: OK, hear me out. We had the warmest summer on record last year. If it gets any hotter, folks will stop leaving their houses. Less street crime. Less business for me.

JUSTINE: That's nonsense on so many levels. If people stay home, they'll want more burglary protection.

BLAKE: Not if the burglars stay home.

JUSTINE: Now you're just being silly.

BLAKE: When temperatures rise above a hundred, the crime rate goes down.
That's a proven fact.

JUSTINE: Fine, then let them rise.

BLAKE: At my expense?

JUSTINE: Honey, stop it, you're just driving yourself crazy... What are you looking for?

BLAKE: My other shoe.

JUSTINE: Men...why can't they learn to look for things?

(JUSTINE feels under the couch...and extracts something from underneath.)

JUSTINE: Blake.

BLAKE: What? Did you find it?

JUSTINE: What's been going on here?

BLAKE: What do you mean?

(JUSTINE shows him what she's holding—a pair of women's panties.)

JUSTINE: This is what I mean.

BLAKE: Are you kidding? Those are yours.

JUSTINE: I think I'd recognize my own panties.

BLAKE: Obviously you don't. Come on, don't you remember our second honeymoon? Those Dollywood souvenirs? You bought yourself a bouffant blonde wig, I bought you those panties. It was the last time we had sex, that's why I remember it so vividly. I'm amazed you don't.

JUSTINE: Nice try, Blake. Very inventive, for you.

BLAKE: Not since you started campaigning, that's how long it's been.
Those panties were supposed to remedy the situation.

JUSTINE: Which makes you a lying asshole.

(JUSTINE slams the door, heads upstairs, panties clutched in her fist.)

BLAKE hunts for his other shoe. During what follows, he manages to find it.

JUSTINE *enters the master bedroom. MARISOL is in the master bath. Her bucket of cleaning products is visible in the doorway.*)

JUSTINE: Marisol, can I have a word with you?

(MARISOL enters from the master bath.)

MARISOL: Yes, Ms. Justine?

JUSTINE: Tell me: Do you miss Nicaragua?

MARISOL: Sometimes, yes.

JUSTINE: What do you miss about it?

MARISOL: Well...the climate.

JUSTINE: It rains in Nicaragua, doesn't it.

MARISOL: It's a tropical country, *si*.

JUSTINE: What about the government?

MARISOL: Nicaragua is a constitutional democracy, with executive, legislative, and judicial branches.

JUSTINE: What are the cabinet posts?

MARISOL: Defense, Education, Environment, Foreign Affairs, Health, Industry, Labor...there's even a Minister of Women.

JUSTINE: You know so much about Nicaragua! And in alphabetical order too. The McCluskey people drilled you too well.

MARISOL: I have never met these McCluskey people.

JUSTINE: Well, I think you're lying. I think you were sent here to create a scandal.

MARISOL: Ms. Justine...believe me...I am here to help, not hurt you.

JUSTINE: Then what were these doing under the couch?

(JUSTINE shows MARISOL the panties.)

MARISOL: Are you implying those are my panties?

JUSTINE: Marisol...do I have to get an DNA test?

MARISOL: No, *señora*. There's a simpler proof.

(MARISOL *takes the panties from JUSTINE and holds them up to the light. There's a giant E over the crotch.*)

JUSTINE: Oh.

MARISOL: *Si*. E for Esmeralda. She worked for your family, but she had to return to her native land.

JUSTINE: My husband paid her to go away.

MARISOL: For the sake of your campaign, I suspect.

JUSTINE: How noble of him.

MARISOL: I can see you're very upset.

JUSTINE: Marisol, you swear to me you're not a McCluskey plant?

MARISOL: *Por mi vida*. I promise.

JUSTINE: Then why have you been working on my husband?

MARISOL: How do you mean?

JUSTINE: Before you came here, this family had firm beliefs about immigration. You show up, next thing I know, my son is in favor of amnesty, and now my husband wants to stop global warming before his business goes bankrupt. What do you say to them? Am I missing a bet here? Should I be trading sex for votes?

MARISOL: *No, claro*. I'm not advising that.

JUSTINE: You're not here to give anyone advice! Never mind. I need you to pack your things and leave this house. Immediately.

(MARISOL *goes to the door. And locks it.*)

JUSTINE: What do you think you're doing?!

MARISOL: Relax, *mi amor*, and all will be revealed.

(MARISOL approaches JUSTINE. For an instant they stare at each other. MARISOL slowly takes JUSTINE in her arms and kisses her. Room lights flicker, sound of bug-zapper.

In the master bedroom, JUSTINE comes out of the kiss, dazed.)

JUSTINE: I was jealous. That's why I got so angry with you. I was jealous of Blake, I was jealous of my son. Why couldn't I see that?

MARISOL: *Ah si.* You've lost touch with your carbon-based emotions.

JUSTINE: Carbon-based?

MARISOL: As opposed to...immaterial.

JUSTINE: Wow. That's so deep. You remind me so much of Hannah.

MARISOL: You mean Hannah Gray.

JUSTINE: Ohmigod, you've read her blog? Yes! She was my poli sci professor. Everything about her was like her name. Prematurely gray hair. Used to dress all in gray. Everybody warned me against her. "She'll bring down your GPA. Never gives A's." I got an A the very first trimester. Hannah asked me to her house for tea. I woke up the next morning in Hannah's bed.

MARISOL: You've been haunted by that liaison.

JUSTINE: Oh gosh, I've been living in such dread. All my Kappa sisters suspected. As soon as I ran for office, I braced myself for a twitter storm.

MARISOL: But no regrets.

JUSTINE: Never! Not for a second! Hannah taught me to stand up for myself. Regret it? Goodness, no. It used to be a badge of honor.

MARISOL: To have sex with a professor.

JUSTINE: This country used to be so great. So what do you think, Marisol? Should I be pre-emptive? Come out to the voters?

MARISOL: (*uh-oh*) Um....I'd think twice about that.

JUSTINE: I mean what do I have to be ashamed of?

MARISOL: First things first, is all I'm saying.

JUSTINE: Amnesty. Citizenship. That's what I need to focus on. I can always come out after the election.

MARISOL: It's a wonderful option. Maybe a word about global warming instead?

JUSTINE: Don't we want the crime rate to disappear?

MARISOL: Is there really much danger of that?

JUSTINE: I guess not, right? We'll always have criminals. We're only human.

MARISOL: Yes, *cariño*. You're only human.

(Pause. JUSTINE and MARISOL stand staring into each other's eyes. MARISOL pries herself loose.)

MARISOL: I must do Miss Izzy's bathroom now.

(MARISOL picks up her bucket of cleaning products and starts out.)

JUSTINE: Marisol?

MARISOL: What, Ms. Justine?

JUSTINE: Don't go.

(MARISOL hesitates, torn. Then turns. MARISOL and JUSTINE fly into each other's arms. The room lights remain stable. No bug-zapper sound this time. IZZY has her ear to the door. CURTIS retreats to his room, as MARISOL and JUSTINE sink down together. Blackout.)

Scene 2

(Lights up CURTIS, in Curtis's room. It's late afternoon, several days later. Election Day, in fact. CURTIS is curled up in bed.

BLAKE is in the family room, watching election returns on the unseen TV screen.

(Downstairs, JUSTINE enters through the front door, then enters the family room.)

JUSTINE: Any results yet?

BLAKE: Just a trickle.

JUSTINE: Did you vote for me at least?

BLAKE: Why wouldn't I? It's good for my business.

JUSTINE: I saw more Latinos at the polls.

BLAKE: Stands to reason.

JUSTINE: I got loads of hugs from the Deport White People crowd.

BLAKE: The ones who called you a bitch?

JUSTINE: They took credit for changing my mind. *(starts out)* By the way, I'd like to add to Marisol's job description.

BLAKE: Make her part of the team?

JUSTINE: If I win, yes, I'd want her in Phoenix.

BLAKE: Can't fault you for that. I sensed Marisol was special the minute I saw her.

JUSTINE: Yes, and a good thing I didn't know about you and Esmeralda. I would never have let you hire her.

BLAKE: Now hold on a minute. Me and Esmeralda? We had a cordial relationship, that's as far as it went.

JUSTINE: Cordial! Those panties had an "E" on the crotch!!

(In CURTIS's room, CURTIS and IZZY react to JUSTINE's raised voice.)

BLAKE: Hon, shh, calm down. You're a lawyer—you know better than to make rash accusations. Have you considered all possible suspects? No, you haven't. Esmeralda had the house to herself in the daytime. Who knows who she asked in for a quickie? Could have been what's-his-name, the guy who recommended her—

JUSTINE: José.

BLAKE: José. Or maybe Santos... or Roberto...

JUSTINE: Or the mailman.

BLAKE: Or the mailman.

JUSTINE: So will you do me a favor?

BLAKE: Anything, sweetheart.

JUSTINE: Tell me the god bless-ed truth for a change! Esmeralda was legal, wasn't she?

BLAKE: OK, yes, she was legal.

JUSTINE: And you paid her off so she wouldn't go to the tabs with your affair.

BLAKE: Darling, you're construing this all wrong.

JUSTINE: Blake? This is your last chance with me, I'm giving you fair warning, you'd better not blow it.

BLAKE: *(pause)* All right. I slipped up. I admit it. You and I weren't having sex. I was backed up, I was home alone with Esmeralda, we got high on Izzy's weed. Esmeralda was scared she'd end up on TMZ, I told her you weren't famous enough for the tabloids, but that failed to reassure her. So yeah, I paid her fare back to Colombia and her son's tuition at the National University, don't I deserve some credit for that?

JUSTINE: *(heading out)* You're an idiot.

BLAKE: *(calling after her)* Does that mean I'm forgiven?

(Burst of light. Whooshing sound.)

BLAKE: What the hell was that?

(Doorbell.)

MARISOL *comes running from the direction of the kitchen, hotfoots it up the stairs.*)

JUSTINE *goes to the front door.*)

JUSTINE: Who is it?

WELDON: *(other side of door)* I'm from ICE, ma'am.

JUSTINE: We didn't order any ice...*(peers through peephole)* Oh.

WELDON: *(other side of door)* Ma'am, please open the door.

JUSTINE: I need to see a warrant first.

IZZY: Mom, for God's sake, let him in!

(IZZY comes rushing in, yanks open the door. There's WELDON, pocketing his badge.)

WELDON: Evening, folks. Sorry to intrude.

BLAKE: How exactly can we help you, sir?

WELDON: I'm here to collect your illegal.

IZZY: Well it's about freaking time!

JUSTINE: Izzy, hush. *(to WELDON)* Are you referring to Marisol by that hideous term? Marisol happens to be documented.

WELDON: Sorry, ma'am, we've run a thorough check. Those papers are forged.

JUSTINE: I'm supposed to take your word for that? Whoa, where are you going?

(WELDON has started for the family room.)

WELDON: Unless you tell me where Marisol is, I'm prepared to search your entire house.

JUSTINE: Blake, stop him. *(to WELDON)* How does ICE even know about Marisol?

CURTIS: *(entering)* Because Izzy called them.

IZZY: *(to CURTIS)* Ohmigod, you hopeless dork! *(to BLAKE and JUSTINE)* All the books in his room? He stole them from the library.

JUSTINE: Curtis, is that true?

CURTIS: I'm not as good as everybody thinks, all right?

IZZY: *(to WELDON)* Marisol's upstairs.

JUSTINE: Izzy!

IZZY: She's an impostor! Stamp that on her phony papers and send her back to where she came from!

(WELDON starts upstairs.)

JUSTINE: *(calls; to WELDON)* You have no right to do this! This is a flagrant Fourth Amendment violation!

BLAKE: *(from family room)* Justine, hon? You might want to see this, sweetheart. Fox 11 is ready to call the election.

JUSTINE: *(heading into family room; to IZZY)* If we lose Marisol, you're grounded for life.

(IZZY gives up, follows JUSTINE and CURTIS into the family room, where BLAKE has seated himself before the fourth-wall TV. Lights down on the family room.)

Lights up on WELDON as he emerges at the top of the stairs, enters the master bedroom. MARISOL enters from the master bath.)

MARISOL: What are you doing back?

WELDON: I came to get you.

MARISOL: I'm not finished here yet.

WELDON: As far as I'm concerned you are. You told the younger male everything.

MARISOL: He saw us together. I was following procedure.

WELDON: What's your excuse for the older female?

MARISOL: I don't owe you any excuses.

WELDON: No? You don't think you went a little far with her?

MARISOL: You asked to be my control. I didn't request it.

WELDON: I didn't expect you to "fall in love."

MARISOL: I never expected you to have a "jealousy attack."

(Suddenly, from the family room, cheers.)

MARISOL: *(thrilled)* She's won!

WELDON: Let's go. On to the next. While they're still glued to the returns.

MARISOL: No.

WELDON: What do you mean, no?

MARISOL: I don't want to.

WELDON: You have to.

MARISOL: I can't.

(MARISOL's starting to shiver.)

WELDON: I warned you about this.

MARISOL: I know you did.

WELDON: I said, don't get too excited. Don't get too close to this family, it will only stress you out.

MARISOL: I couldn't help myself. I'm sorry. She was so...

WELDON: So what?

MARISOL: So conflicted. So confused. *(dreamily)* And so fragrant...

WELDON: That's enough! Now I'm getting stressed! Come on, before we both revert!

(MARISOL's shivers grow more violent.)

WELDON: Now! This instant!

MARISOL: I don't want her to see me like this.

WELDON: Of course you don't, that's why we have to hurry. There's a side exit through the pantry. *Cruntsneap!*

MARISOL: *(to the air)* Forgive me, Ms. Justine.

(Writhing with discomfort, MARISOL heads out of the bedroom.)

(In the family room, the family is toasting JUSTINE.)

BLAKE: Turned out to be a two-point squeaker. Congratulations, darling.

JUSTINE: More Latinos came out than ever before.

IZZY: *(wryly)* Yay, Mom. Good flip-flopping.

JUSTINE: *(calling)* Marisol, great news! *(to CURTIS)* Sweetheart, go find her.

(MARISOL emerges on the stairs, tiptoeing down. She's no longer writhing, and she's now a full space alien—with a strong resemblance to the alien in Curtis's "Paul" poster. CURTIS enters the hallway, looks up the stairs at alien MARISOL.)

CURTIS: Oh my God. *(pause; darkly)* Mom? Dad? You're gonna want to see this.

(BLAKE joins CURTIS in the hallway.)

BLAKE: Great green Jesus.

(IZZY joins CURTIS and BLAKE in the hallway.)

IZZY: Whoa. I'm getting into Harvard.

JUSTINE: *(heading out of family room)* What's going on here?

(JUSTINE enters the hallway.)

JUSTINE: [screams]

CURTIS: Mom...it's OK.

(MARISOL *takes a step toward JUSTINE.*)

JUSTINE: [screams]

MARISOL: Ms. Justine...don't be frightened...it's me.

JUSTINE: This isn't happening. I'm dreaming.

BLAKE: Then we're all having the same dream. (*to MARISOL*) Marisol, look at you.

CURTIS: I knew it.

BLAKE: You knew what, buddy? (*realizing*) Oh boy...

CURTIS: It was all part of her mission, Dad.

BLAKE: You read our minds. You put thoughts in our heads.

MARISOL: It was my pleasure, Mr. Blake.

BLAKE: Was it?

MARISOL: Very pleasurable.

BLAKE: Oh for me too, Marisol.

IZZY: Eew, Dad. You had sex with her?

BLAKE: I believe so, yes.

IZZY: You believe so? You don't remember? That's date rape!

BLAKE: (*to MARISOL*) The first time I think we just kissed.

IZZY: Curtis?

CURTIS: What? Yes. The first time was just a kiss.

IZZY: Mom? (*no answer*) Mom?!

(JUSTINE *and* MARISOL *share a loving look.*)

IZZY: Oh gross! What about STDs? You could all be infected with new lethal microbes!

JUSTINE: Honey, that's what folks have always said about immigrants. We give them ugly names and claim they contaminate true Americans.

IZZY: Hello! The Spanish brought disease to the West Indies! They enslaved the natives! It was a holocaust! *(to MARISOL)* What happened to that guy from ICE? Did you brainwash him too? Where is he? What have you done with him?

(WELDON now steps into view—also full alien.)

CURTIS: Oh wow.

WELDON: *(to MARISOL)* Come on, we've got a flight to catch.

(MARISOL doesn't move.)

WELDON: *Snorfluk sneep.*

(MARISOL still doesn't move.)

JUSTINE: See? She wants to stay. Don't you, Marisol? Seriously. I have people I can call. Please, Marisol?

IZZY: Mom, don't be ridiculous, she's a freaking space alien! That's not even her name.

JUSTINE: What is your name?

MARISOL: *Shira Nell.*

JUSTINE: *Shira Nell.* That's a beautiful name. And who is he, *Shira Nell*?

MARISOL: He's my...my minder.

WELDON: Come on, we're going.

JUSTINE: Marisol, do you want to go?

MARISOL: He's also my husband.

JUSTINE: *(deflated)* Your husband?

MARISOL: *(sadly)* Yes.

JUSTINE: How long have you been married?

MARISOL: In Earth years? Forever. We mate for life. Like your pigeons.

JUSTINE: Poor pigeons.

MARISOL: (*sigh*) Poor pigeons.

WELDON: (*to MARISOL*) *Snab tortfluk!*

MARISOL: *Flensik mafflor inz!*

WELDON: *Graflinzenkor! Flenznutz!*

(WELDON *starts for the front door*. MARISOL *doesn't move, looks from WELDON to JUSTINE*.)

JUSTINE: Yes! Stay with me!

WELDON: *Zrgum flotz!*

MARISOL: (*to WELDON*) I'm coming! Mr. Blake, I hope your new factory thrives.

BLAKE: I might even name it after you. Shira Nell Home Solutions!

MARISOL: Ms. Izzy, I'm sorry I didn't get to know you better.

IZZY: Yeah right, just go please.

MARISOL: Mr. Curtis, I enjoyed our conversations very much.

CURTIS: So did I. Thank you for Destiny Squires.

MARISOL: Ms. Justine—

(JUSTINE *lunges at MARISOL and hugs her. The hug lingers*.)

WELDON: (*impatiently*) *Cruntsneap!*

(MARISOL *ends the hug*.)

MARISOL: (*tenderly; to JUSTINE*) Goodbye. I'll never forget you as long as I live. (*to the others*) Any of you. You Americans are so touching. So full of aspiration and anger. You really are exceptional, no matter what anybody says. Keep the oceans from rising. Open your borders. Watch the skies.

(MARISOL hugs JUSTINE again, then exits with WELDON.

JUSTINE rushes to the front door, opens it.

A burst of light, a massive whooshing sound, a gust of wind. JUSTINE is blown back from the open door. BLAKE catches her in his arms.)

CURTIS: That was awesome.

IZZY: We're toast. The whole human race.

BLAKE: (to JUSTINE) Sweetheart, you want to set her straight?

JUSTINE: (*distantly*) Every immigrant group has contributed to our culture.

IZZY: Ohmigod, don't you people get it? These ETs are smarter than we are. (to CURTIS) All the brainiacs like us are gonna be on welfare.

BLAKE: Well, they can't put me out of work. My business is gonna boom, are you kidding, all the paranoia this is gonna generate?

IZZY: Meanwhile your daughter will be cleaning houses. Don't anyone bother me for the next twelve hours, I've got a Harvard essay to write.

(IZZY exits, heading upstairs, followed by CURTIS, who's taking out his phone.)

JUSTINE: (*rallies herself*) And I have a victory speech to give. And yes, some jobs will be lost to the more qualified, that's the essence of our democratic system, but we have to welcome the homeless, the tempest-tossed, with open arms.

BLAKE: With loving arms.

JUSTINE: Loving arms. Otherwise we're not America. And that's what I'm going to tell the people of Tucson tonight.

BLAKE: And I'll be right there at your shoulder.

(BLAKE follows JUSTINE to the front door. Offers her his hand. JUSTINE hesitates a moment, looking fondly up at the sky. Then takes BLAKE's hand. They exit together.)

CURTIS emerges at the top of the stairs, on the phone.)

CURTIS: (*into phone*) ... I'm not messing with you, Destiny, I swear...Kepler 254b... Sure, we'll be picking grapes and cleaning toilets, I just hope that's the worst that happens to our country...No, nobody's here except my sister... You could even stay over if that's OK with your dad...I know it's OK with mine... And Destiny? (*pause*) I really do like your hair that way.

(MARISOL's voice booms out:)

MARISOL: (*echo; over*) "Open your borders. Watch the skies."

(Sudden blast of blinding light. Huge ominous whooshing sound. The whooshing sound grows deafening. Blackout. END OF PLAY.)