



# Rocio

## a pesar de todo

*a musical monologue*

for Marlene Forte

by Oliver Mayer

*prensa de la vanidad, 2004*

SCENE: ROCIO DEL RIO sits with a brandy snifter.

Low-cut neckline and extreme slit skirt.

“A PESAR DE TODO” plays.

She breathes, remembers.

ROCIO

(sings along)

A pesar de todo....

(breathes)

In spite of everything. And that's a lot! You got to know who you are. I didn't know then. It's taken me this long to find out the truth. The sordid bitter beautiful truth.

(sings along)

Vuelvo a ti....

(breathes)

I return to you. True! You, my mirror. The reflection of your eyes. Tu!

(sings along)

Por que tu eres parte de mi misma....Even if the glass gets a little foggy sometimes. All that heavy breathing. All that manly musk. All that misplaced sticky love juice. Ay. Oooh. Aaah. Maybe it's me who gets a little oversteamed sometimes.

(fans herself)

It's just I need you to see me.

(rises)

All the years trying to get -- trying to keep --  
your attentions.

(her tits)

These. Their ups and downs.

(squeezes)

Ay, my ladies. Talk about a telenovela.  
Augmentation. Implants. Gel. Saline. Slit!  
Jamming em in. Slit! Yanking em out. In, out.

(reaches in, removes two semi-transparent  
sacks)

I got so used to it I can do it myself. So  
squeezeable! And they look just like chicken  
breasts!

(she leaves them out)

The nips, tucks, surgeries to remove a rib here,  
a set of molars there –

(outlines her cheekbones)

The personal trainers recommended by or  
stolen from Cher and Jose Jose. The Kabala  
scholars and Tantric Yoga swamis and sand  
painters and shiatsu gurus -- you like my henna  
tats? I'm part of the Madonna gang!

(throws down a gang sign)

My friendship bracelets? Luis Miguel tied that  
to my ankle personally.

(chuckles)

That wasn't all he tied.

She looks at herself long and hard as if in a full-length mirror.

ROCIO

And the fashions. The statements. The searching for a signature.

(adjusts her thong)

Accentuate the positive, eliminate the pernil! But that's hard on a la'in girl! The camera adds ten pounds, ha! I can add ten pounds at the local taco stand! But a good designer hides the grassa from the massa, the sin from the cinema. Or at least makes it look sexy. And firm.

(shrugs)

And the hair! From Farrah to Birgit Nielsen. Mary J Blige to Eryka Badu.

(to her hairI fried you, corn-rowed, dredded, peroxidized, feathered, teased, dyed and extended your tired ass. It's a wonder you're still up there. You must still love me. Ah well. Asi es la vida.

(tugs)

Esperando que me quiera....

(caresses herself)

And the men. Eres tu...y tu y tu y tu. All the men -- and a couple of women, for laughs. But that's all in the past. Men don't interest me anymore.

(sets snifter down)

What's left to see? I've done it all. Believe me, I've done it all. And it hurts. To give yourself away every time as if it were the first. To go

with this man or that for love, and have it end up all about business.

(suddenly angry)  
Turn it off. TURN IT OFF!

The MUSIC shuts off.

ROCIO

It's because my heart was so BIG!! Love does that -- it exercises your heart muscle. You're mostly a bunch of 99 pound weaklings -- I'm Superwoman. It doesn't make me better -- well maybe it does. It's hard to love so much. I mean literally, your body gets tired. But the love remains, somehow. Why can't we all just be the way we were as children? Everything for the first time and no business to worry about? Just love.

(she laughs to herself)

A pesar de todo, I remember. Raul Velasco and Siempre en Domingo, the camera zooming in, and the song just coming out of me, like sweat, from me to you. Por que tu, eres parte de mi misma...!

As she sings, she does a pelvic thrust.

ROCIO

And yes, I got a little excited, you could say I forgot myself. But what really happened is I remembered myself. And no, I was not quoting Elvis (although he was really hot). I was feeling the music. And you felt me back. This was long before Madonna writhed around in a wedding dress, before Sinéad O'Connor tore the Pope's photo. And I didn't mean it to be sensational. I had sensations, and I let them out. And I'd do it

again. It must come out, one way or the other.  
And somewhere there's a 12-year-old  
transfixed, watching me and dreaming.  
(beat)

Well there's quite a few. I don't mean the gay  
ones, bless their hearts, who want to be me.  
(They can't!) I mean a boy, a real boy, nearly a  
man, somewhere far from here, wishing  
without knowing, hoping beyond his  
imagination for something only dreamt of,  
beyond J-Lo and Britney, and not his Mama  
either, but another kind of mama, a better kind  
of mama....

(another pelvic thrust)

Regreso a ti....And he sees me. A woman. He  
hears me. An enigma. And this boy will never  
be the same.

(one last)

Soy de ti....The bravest of these boy writes to  
me from wherever the hell. Finding my  
address through a website or a record label or  
God knows.

She pulls a letter out -- there are a lot of letters.

ROCIO

So much love. So much want. So many  
obstacles. Such amazing secrets.

A photo falls out. A naked torso.

ROCIO

Such nice illustrations. I'm not a stickler for  
beauty. But occasionally a certain boy comes to  
the fore and speaks to me, the way my songs,  
my life, my self, my pain, speaks to him.

(Finishes her brandy.)

ROCIO

Corazon!

A naked YOUNG MAN enters, a little zonked from champagne etc. He refills her snifter with champagne. She shrugs. Pinches his ass as he returns to the bedroom.

ROCIO

It's hard to love so much. So deep. For so long.

(She tugs at her thong.)

ROCIO

Play it again.

As "A PESAR DE TODO" plays, and she sings along,

—

END SCENE

fin



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*Prensa de la vanidad*

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note: the \$3 dollar fee for this text INCLUDES a donation to help defray the honoraria and traveling expenses for Mr. Mayer and Ms. Forte.