

MI NOMBRE ES

By Teatro Publico de Cleveland

ERNESTO

Mi nombre es Ernesto Guevara Luna.

MÓNICA

My name is Ernesto Guevara Luna.

ERNESTO.

Yo recuerdo a mi padre haciendo un asado a las brazas en el patio de mi casa.

Padre enters and grills meat.

MÓNICA

I remember my father grilling meat in the back yard, **un asado a las brazas**.

ERNESTO

Y mi madre cantando un tango.

Madre enters.

MÓNICA

And my mother singing a tango.

Yo adivino el parpadeo
De las luces que a lo lejos
Van marcando mi retorno.

PADRE

Son las mismas que alumbraron
Con sus pálidos reflejos
Hondas horas de dolor.

PADRE AND MADRE

Y aunque no quise el regreso
Siempre se vuelve al primer amor.

ERNESTO, PADRE, MADRE\

Y aunque no quise el regreso
Siempre se vuelve al primer amor.

ERNESTO

Naci en Montevideo Uruguay en 1973

MÓNICA

I was born in Montevideo, Uruguay in 1973

ERNESTO

En ese año mi país y gran parte de latino America caian en los años oscuros. Gente inocente desaparecia por pensar diferente. La palabra libertad y ciertos nombres considerados revolucionarios y subversivos eran prohibidos.

MÓNICA

During that year my country and greater part of Latin America was falling into dark years. Innocent people disappeared because of thinking differently. The word FREEDOM and certain names were considered revolutionary and subversive, **forbidden**.

ERNESTO

In a bet with my godfather El Gallego my dad had the balls to name me Ernesto Guevara, just like Che Guevara. CHE Guevara el gran revolucionario. This almost made me one of the so many missing babies. En la escuela las maestras tosían por miedo a decir mi nombre.

MÓNICA

At school the teachers would cough in fear of saying his name. He started breathing fear without understanding why. One night los milicos... came kicking doors open and searching without a warrant.

MILICO

Abran la puerta, documentos!!

MÓNICA

...came kicking doors open and searching without a warrant. His mother's instinct made her hide him in the closet. His sister (pause) stayed with Mom holding hands and giving her more strength and courage. The guards entered the room and viciously search each corner. Before leaving one of them spat on the floor and on the wall.

MILICO

MIERDA AQUI NO NADA, LARGUEMONOS!!!

MÓNICA

He was just a baby

ERNESTO

Yo solo era un bebe

MÓNICA

He could have had cried, but he didn't. An angel was in the house that night.

ERNESTO

Mi madre dijo que un ángel llegó esa noche a casa y le dio un consejo.

MÓNICA

The angel told her

MADRE AND ANGELS

“Do not say that you have a son whose name should not be named, make up a name but never say his name is Ernesto.”

MÓNICA

Ernesto.

ERNESTO

Ernesto.

Years later I remember my father, mi Viejo, at the grill, cooking up meat. El asado a las brazas.

MÓNICA

He was a master of the grill. He would always pour some beer on to the flames.

ERNESTO

Eso era como un ritual.

MÓNICA

And he would say:

PADRE

Para que los muertos sepan que hay un asado y que vengan a compartir con los vivos un día en familia.

Padre exits.

MÓNICA

“This is for the death ones, so they will know that there is un asado and they will come and share with the living, a day with the family.”

ERNESTO

Since I was a kid I splash some of my drink, I still do it. I close my eyes and I can hear the whispers of time telling me a fragment of the past that will never be back. It is my “thank you,” my gratitude, that... (*small pause*).

I am here.

I am NOT one of the disappeared.

I am here now.

ERNESTO AND MADRE

Sentir.

Que es un soplo la vida

Que veinte años no es nada

Que febril la mirada

Errante en las sombras

Te busca y te nombra.

ERNESTO

Vivir.

Con el alma aferrada

A un dulce recuerdo

Que lloro otra vez.

My name is Ernesto Guevara Luna.