

# HACER AGUA

(ah-sehr ah-gwah)

by Alejandro Ruiz

© 2020 by Alejandro Ruiz  
119 West Jackson street  
York PA, 17401  
(323) 793 - 4386  
[aleruiz.actor@gmail.com](mailto:aleruiz.actor@gmail.com)

## CHARACTERS

CHRIS - Mid 30's. HwYTE, with a capital "H".

QUIQUE - Latinx. Preferably of a darker complexion or possessing of Indigenous features.

\*Note: QUIQUE can be played by a human of any gender presentation, physical size, or age  
- as long as they meet the aforementioned description.

## SETTING

A kitchen.

"*HACER AGUA*" - A Spanish idiom. Literally, "to make water" or "to be water." The English equivalent is to "tread water." Usually used in the context of describing a team, in sports, that displays clear debility or is on the verge of imminent failure. Also, to take a piss or urinate.

## SCENE

*A kitchen. The air is thick. Greasy. Outside, it's raining. Water trickles steadily into a bucket in the corner of the room, where there is a leaking door-frame that leads to the back porch. Chris is standing in front of the stove - unable to multitask - mixing tomato sauce into whole wheat spaghetti. Quique is seated at a small dining table, completely engrossed and typing on their phone. There is a single pair of leather huaraches underneath the dining table, but both of them are barefoot. We hear the water trickling incessantly.*

QUIQUE

Being a queer person of color is to exist in the perpetual ... per ... pet ... ually? ... perpetual watchful gaze of fetishizing white men.

CHRIS

What?

QUIQUE

Huh? Oh. It's just a ... Facebook ... status I'm writing.

CHRIS

This? THIS is why we keep losing friends.

QUIQUE

Yeah, well, maybe they're not friends worth having.

CHRIS

You're the one who's always bitching about not having anyone to hang out with.

QUIQUE

Yeah, well, it's not like we can do much hanging out right now.  
The world is ending.

CHRIS

The world is not ending.

QUIQUE

Besides, if I see something racist, I'm gonna call it out. I don't care who it is.

CHRIS

Like you did with Joe and Dominic?

*Silence. The sounds of pasta and tomato sauce slow dancing.*

CHRIS

They didn't even invite us to their wedding.

QUIQUE

Oh, no ... we missed a bunch of white gays in speedos at the beach.  
Let's all take a moment of silence to honor that massive loss.

*Chris laughs.*

QUIQUE

I would've been the only brown person there.

CHRIS

It's not their fault. They grew up in Maine.

QUIQUE

But it IS their fault that they got into Penn and, unlike you, they somehow managed to graduate without making a single friend that wasn't white.  
I don't blame them, personally. It's a ... structural ... issue.

CHRIS

And you think a Facebook post is gonna fix institutional racism?

QUIQUE

Fine. You want me to stop posting? I'll stop.

*Quique slams their phone down on the floor. The bucket begins to overflow.  
Neither of them notice.*

CHRIS

Your phone! What are you doing?!

QUIQUE

Oh my god. You're right. Ugh. You're right.

*Quique hesitantly picks up the phone and examines it.*

QUIQUE

Huh. Nothin'.

CHRIS

Told you it was a good case.

*Chris turns the stove off and brings the hot pan over to the table, setting it on an oven mitt. Quique starts playing some music on the phone - maybe something by Angelica Garcia or Gaby Moreno or Lila Downs. Chris grabs a plate and serves himself. He then takes a moment to search, finding the leather huaraches underneath the table. He slips them onto his feet and begins to leave the kitchen.*

QUIQUE

Hey. Please ask next time.

CHRIS

Huh?

QUIQUE

Ask. You do the same thing in my room. You just take things like they're yours.

CHRIS

Oh. I mean, you do that too.

QUIQUE

It's okay to be wrong. You know that, right?

CHRIS

Well, you do! And I know when I'm wrong.

QUIQUE

Ugh.

*Chris starts to walk out again.*

QUIQUE

You're such an Imperialist.

CHRIS

What?

QUIQUE

*\* to the tune of Britney Spears' "Womanizer"*

Boy don't try to front  
I, I know just, just what you are, ah ah  
You you you are, you you you are  
Colonizer, Colonizer, Colonizer  
COLONIZER

*Chris laughs.*

QUIQUE  
I'm serious.

*Chris is genuinely surprised.*

CHRIS  
Oh. Well, then don't make a joke, then.

QUIQUE  
Well, then don't take my shit.

CHRIS  
... Okay.

*Chris takes off the huaraches and tosses them onto the floor nearby. Splash.  
The water is at ankle height. He exits with his plate.*

QUIQUE  
Hey! Remember to wash your dishes!

*A moment of silence and dripping water as Quique goes back to fiddling with their phone. We hear an advertisement play - the kind of blaring marketing that precedes a YouTube video. Quique has a visceral response, then watches.*

ADVERTISEMENT VOICE  
STOP! Listen to me for just one minute. If you are exercising, you may be doing more damage to your body than health. 95% of weight loss is achieved through changing your eating habits, and I'm here to teach you the 5 ways you ---

*The sounds of footsteps. Quique quickly presses the skip button. We hear Rocío Dúrcal's "La Gata Bajo la Lluvia" play from the phone, softly. Chris reenters.*

CHRIS  
Do we have any dill?

QUIQUE  
For ... pasta?

CHRIS  
Yeah.

QUIQUE  
Do you mean oregano?

CHRIS  
No, dill.

QUIQUE  
Umm ... yeah ...

*Quique wades over to the cabinet, rummages through it and finds the dill - then hands it to him.*

CHRIS  
Thanks.

*Chris kisses Quique on the forehead and is about to rush off ...*

CHRIS  
Is everything okay? What's wrong?

QUIQUE  
Nothing. It's just ... the same stuff as usual.

CHRIS  
You're not fat.

QUIQUE  
Fine. I feel fat.  
And I miss the gym. And being outside. Also, you're biased.

CHRIS  
So?

QUIQUE  
I'm just frustrated.  
I feel ... old. My body's changing and there's nothing I can do about it.

CHRIS  
Well, I still find you very sexy.

QUIQUE

That's not - - I don't want to be objectified. That's not what I need right now.

CHRIS

I ... sorry? I just think you're cute and I like saying so.

QUIQUE

I know. And that's okay. It's just - I feel like my whole life I've only ever been valued for sex?

CHRIS

That's not true.

QUIQUE

Well, not with you, obviously. But other -  
We don't even ... do that anymore.

CHRIS

Well, I want to --

*Chris walks up behind Quique and grabs them gently around the midsection.  
A nearly imperceptible flinch.*

QUIQUE

Not ... there. Please.

*Chris shifts his arm to wrap it around Quique's upper chest, just beneath the collar bones.  
He wraps his other arm around the other side and pulls Quique in close. His arms tighten.  
We can see Quique's face. The water is now at their waists. Quique breathes audibly.*

CHRIS

You know I'm here for you, right?

QUIQUE

Yeah. I know.

*Chris goes for a grope. Maybe the midsection again. Maybe the ass.*

QUIQUE

I said no.



CHRIS  
C'mon, babe ...

QUIQUE  
You know that bothers me. And you know why.

CHRIS  
I'm sorry. I forgot.

QUIQUE  
What is it with white guys and not hearing the word "no"?

CHRIS  
Don't lump me - not all white men are --

QUIQUE  
Not all white men? Really?  
We've talked about this.

CHRIS  
I know, I know - brown people can't be racist, they can only be prejudiced because racism was invented by white people and can only benefit us - I. KNOW.

QUIQUE  
Don't be like them.

CHRIS  
Like who?

QUIQUE  
Like your friends.

CHRIS  
What are you talking about?

QUIQUE  
Your gaggle of suburban, fair-weather liberal, white gays. They pretend to give a shit about people of color, but whenever they talk about race it always comes out sounding like that.

CHRIS  
Like what?

QUIQUE

Like that. All bitter and resentful.

Like they wish they had the balls to say the things that more openly racist people -

CHRIS

Are you serious?

QUIQUE

Like, sure, they'll fuck a black guy once or twice a month on some Grindr threesome ...  
but it's not like they really care.

CHRIS

Oh, fuuuuuuuuuuck you.

QUIQUE

Why do you think I don't hang out with them? Your friends?  
Why do you think I said those things to Joe and Dom?

*The water is at their necks now.*

CHRIS

You - wow.

QUIQUE

You will never understand what it's like to live in this body.  
All that white men have ever given me is pain.

CHRIS

Buuuut you married one.

QUIQUE

Exactly.

CHRIS

Your dad wasn't a white man. What about him?

QUIQUE

Fuck you.

CHRIS

I - I'm sorry. I didn't -

QUIQUE  
FUCK. YOU.

CHRIS  
Q, I -

QUIQUE  
Don't call me that. That's not my name.

CHRIS  
Okay, I won't - I just - calm down.

QUIQUE  
Don't tell me what to do!

*Quique sees the water.*

CHRIS  
Quique?

QUIQUE  
Do you see it?

CHRIS  
See ... it?

QUIQUE  
Estamos haciendo agua. No ves lo que está pasando?

CHRIS  
I - I'm sorry. I'm doing the DuoLingo like you said, but I'm only on the second level. All of the words are so fucking gendered and I keep getting the conjugations wrong and that owl is -

QUIQUE  
It's everywhere.

*Chris begins slowly pushing against the water, making his way toward the door.*

CHRIS  
I'm gonna go get -

*Quique swims over to him. The speed catches Chris by surprise.*

QUIQUE

Something is wrong and you can't even see it and I don't know if this is just what I deserve or if there's something better but I don't know if I know how to live without you anymore and I don't wanna be alone. Please d-

CHRIS

Listen to me. I think you're having a panic attack.  
You need to breathe, okay? In through your nose and out through your mouth.

*Quique is panicking. Quique can't breathe. It's all too much.*

QUIQUE

I don't need solutions. And stop telling me what to do!  
Every time I talk to you, it's like you want to fix everything and this can't be fixed.  
I can't be fixed!

*Quique surges toward Chris and stops mid-gesture. It's as if Quique's hands are choking the air around Chris's "neck", but from a foot away from the intended target. Quique realizes what is happening. Stillness. Silence. We no longer hear the trickling of water into the bucket. They see each other. They see the water for the first time.*

CHRIS

Whoa. That's ... a lot.

QUIQUE

I - I'm sorry I yelled.

CHRIS

Yeah ...

Are we okay?

QUIQUE

I don't know.

CHRIS

Did ... did you pee in the water?

QUIQUE  
Maybe.

Yes.

*They laugh.*

QUIQUE  
How did you know?

CHRIS  
It got a lot warmer in here all of a sudden.

*Quique takes some water into their mouth and spits it at Chris. They splash water at each other.*

QUIQUE  
I love you.

CHRIS  
I know.

QUIQUE  
- - - -

.  
. .  
. . .  
. . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . . .  
. . . . . . .

Lights.