

**KEVIN AND
THE RIVER FLAN**

By

Brandon Urrutia

KEVIN AND THE RIVER FLAN

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KEVIN AND THE RIVER FLAN

Special Thanks to

Sabrina Mendoza, Erin Proctor, Dayron Leon, Diana Buitrago, Danielle Breitstein, Michael Yawney, Ariel Cipolla, Bianca Utset and Lucy Marie-Lopez.

Playwright's Note

Please be advised that **none** of the Spanish in this script is translated. I grew up unable to fully understand the language and that aspect of my life is represented in my work. I did not get subtitles, neither do you.

KEVIN AND THE RIVER FLAN

Characters

Kevin – Taurus. Early 20s. Cuban American. (he/they)

Gwen – Leo. Early 20s. Cuban American. (she/they)

Ofelia Marín – Pisces. Late 60s. Cuban. (she/her)

Ochún – Timeless. Cuban, preferably Afro Cuban. (she/her)

Babalú-Ayé – Timeless. Cuban. (he/him)

Setting

The Park. Two Homes. Realm for the Dead.

All transitions are seamless.

KEVIN AND THE RIVER FLAN

KEVIN and GWEN sit on a park bench. Between them is a fast-food bag. Gwen is nearly done with their food. Kevin hasn't touched his.

KEVIN. I killed a butterfly today. I think it was a Monarch. The orange and black ones? I was turning onto Biscayne on my way here and I hit a fucking butterfly. I didn't mean to. I really didn't, I slowed down when I saw it. But I was going way too fast and now because of me there is a dead butterfly. And if you really think about it. That butterfly could very well have landed on someone's finger and been their reason to keep on living, I probably killed someone! Did you know they symbolize Hope and Life and Rebirth? Not that one I guess, now I'm here with this dead butterfly. Well not here. It's not in my hands. It's smushed and baking onto my car. Like a new decal. Should I bury it? Do I wash it off? Should I leave it there as like an apology to God? What do you fucking do with a dead butterfly! I feel like a goddamn monster man. I can't even eat. Why would I eat? That butterfly was probably on its way to its butterfly wife and its butterfly kids. Maybe it had left for butterfly milk and now it's never going to butterfly come back. And the butterfly kids are going to grow up resenting this Butterfly, but it's not his fault! He was a passerby in all of this. I destroyed a family. What are the reparations for that? It should've been me. It's the butterfly effect in full motion. I killed a butterfly, it'll only make sense for me to kill myself.

GWEN. They don't live that long man.

KEVIN. What?

GWEN. They live for like maybe seven days max.

KEVIN. Really?

GWEN. Yeah.

KEVIN. Okay-

GWEN. You probably killed a baby butterfly.

KEVIN. I can't keep going.

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GWEN. Get over yourself.

KEVIN. Do you hear me?

GWEN. Calm the fuck down and eat your burrito.

KEVIN. No.

GWEN. Why not?

KEVIN. Because I'm killing myself.

GWEN. And make me waste two dollars on buying you lunch? You're out of your god damn mind.

KEVIN. Who are you to tell me that I can't kill myself?

GWEN. Hopefully not a fucking butterfly.

KEVIN. This is way too soon.

GWEN. Did you inform the bug police?

KEVIN. Fuck off.

GWEN. Need me to call Slime-one-one?

KEVIN. Not even funny.

GWEN. Let's ask the butterfly if it's funny! Oh wait, we can't.

KEVIN. You're my thirteenth reason.

GWEN. Eat your fucking burrito.

KEVIN. Shove it up your ass.

GWEN. Call your therapist.

KEVIN. I can't. He gave up on me. Said I was too problematic.

GWEN. The fuck?

KEVIN. He said that "My issues are worrying and that if I refuse to medicate there is nothing else, he can do."

GWEN. Then medicate.

KEVIN. No. The pills make my stomach feel weird, I can't eat on them. It doesn't matter anyway; I'm doing fine without them.

GWEN. You know not all of us want to die. Some of us enjoy our lives.

KEVIN. Bullshit.

GWEN. Elaborate?

KEVIN. Your mom.

GWEN. Touché.

KEVIN. Thank you. How's that going?

GWEN. Still a bitch. Are you going to eat your food?

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KEVIN. Do you think the butterfly wanted to die? One moment it was there. The next it was a Butterfly Pancake.

GWEN. If you don't stop talking about this stupid butterfly, I swear to Christ I will shove this burrito down your throat.

KEVIN. Sorry.

GWEN. You don't need to apologize; you know I'm here to listen.

KEVIN. But look at me, I'm suicidal. But I wouldn't want to go like that. I would rather take pills or drown or something. Float off into a sleep. No pain no nothing.

GWEN. I hate to burst your bubble, but I don't think that's how that works bub.

KEVIN. You lie.

GWEN. I'm pretty sure you just choke on your vomit.

KEVIN. That's so sad.

GWEN. Two dollars gone to waste is sad.

KEVIN. Maybe it still had a chance. I should've pulled over.

GWEN. Here comes the airplane.

KEVIN. Could've used my car charger to defibrillate it.

GWEN. Open wiiiiiiide.

KEVIN. Or would death on- (*Gwen shoves burrito in their mouth.*) Wgat thw fwack!

GWEN. Eat your goddamn burrito.

KEVIN. You could've killed me! What if I choked?

GWEN. Listen bud, you squashed a butterfly with your car. It's over and done. The real travesty here is that there's half a burrito in your lap and you're about to owe me money for it.

KEVIN. You're not listening to me!

GWEN. Yeah I'm not! It's always the same thing with you. Kill myself this, kill myself that. I'm so tired of hearing you complain about living. If it bothers you so much, just do it already!

KEVIN. Thats-

GWEN. "Not the point." Yeah, sure Kev.

KEVIN. If I really did it you'd feel shitty.

GWEN. Probably. But you're not. So, eat your burrito and relax. (*Kevin pauses and eats his burrito. Enter Ofelia with a piece of flan on a Styrofoam*

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plate. The pair notice her. Gwen chooses to ignore and stay on her phone. Kevin watches her every move. OFELIA puts the flan on the Riverside, kneels beside it.)

OFELIA. Gracias a Dios. *(Exits.)*

KEVIN. What do you think she was-

GWEN. Ignore it.

KEVIN. What?

GWEN. Ignore her.

KEVIN. But she left a perfectly good plate of-

GWEN. Pendejo, listen to me. We're not talking about it.

KEVIN. Sure. Fine. I'm just going to stretch my legs for a moment then.

GWEN. Kevin please.

KEVIN. Don't worry I'll be right back. *(He casually gets up and then sprints to the ofrenda.)*

GWEN. GOD SHIT KEVIN.

KEVIN. It's a Flan! A Piece of Flan! And a note!

GWEN. Put it the fuck down.

KEVIN. "Ochún, te ofrezco el último pedazo de flan para tu alegría." Da fuck does that mean?

GWEN. Kevin. This is fucking sacrilege.

KEVIN. What do you mean? We're at the park, not a church.

GWEN. That's a god damn offering Kev. She was offering it to the saints.

KEVIN. The what?

GWEN. What kind of Cuban are you?

KEVIN. The kind with a white mother.

GWEN. The saints. The Orishas?

KEVIN. Is this brujería?

GWEN. You know what? Maybe you should kill yourself.

KEVIN. What did I do?!

GWEN. Santería, Kevin. We don't talk about it. It happens. You ignore it. Now be a good catholic and go put that Flan back where it came from or so help me I will kill you myself and then bring you back to kill you again.

KEVIN. Why would you put it down though? What does this "offering" mean?

GWEN. I'll tell you if you put it down.

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KEVIN. It's still fresh. At least it looks like it is.

GWEN. Why aren't you listening to me?

KEVIN. You ask a lot of questions for someone who is upset.

GWEN. Kevin please, if you ever cared about our friendship, you would put it down. If not for me than for that woman.

KEVIN. Why did she place it down?

GWEN. It's a gift, to Ochún.

KEVIN. So it is Brujería.

GWEN. No. Santería. There's a difference. The saints protect you from Brujería.

KEVIN. Losing me.

GWEN. You need to put the flan back. And the note. And then pray for forgiveness.

KEVIN. I just don't get it. What's the point of putting down the flan?

GWEN. Why do you go to church?

KEVIN. I don't go to church.

GWEN. You go every Christmas!

KEVIN. Yeah, for my Mom.

GWEN. Why does she go?

KEVIN. Catholic Guilt.

GWEN. Why would someone else go?

KEVIN. Because they believe in it?

GWEN. Well, there are people who believe in the orishas.

KEVIN. You're still not explaining the reason for the Flan.

GWEN. Jesus fucking christ Kevin. It's how people say thank you. Or how they ask for something. It's just a thing. Fuck. Fucking asshole. (*Opens phone.*)

KEVIN. You're really mean.

GWEN. God fucking dammit.

KEVIN. What happened?

GWEN. I can't tell you. Don't open Instagram.

KEVIN. No tell me.

GWEN. I really can't. It'll give you a reason.

KEVIN. A reason for what!

GWEN. Killing yourself.

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KEVIN. You just told me to kill myself.

GWEN. Yeah well this might push you to it.

KEVIN. Tell me or I'll eat the flan.

GWEN. Stop fucking around.

KEVIN. What did you read!

GWEN. Put the flan down.

KEVIN. Read it out loud.

GWEN. No.

KEVIN. Here comes the airplane.

GWEN. Stop it.

KEVIN. You can end this.

GWEN. Will you overreact?

KEVIN. When have I ever overreacted?

GWEN. Seriously?

KEVIN. Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah.

GWEN. Ok! ok ok ok. Sit down. *(Kevin sits.)* And put the flan down. *(Kevin tentatively puts the flan down. Keeps a hand close to it.)* “Monarch butterflies are now endangered.” *(Kevin sits in silence. Gwen watches him. Kevin grabs the flan with his bare hands and starts eating it.)* FUCK! STOP! YOU ASSHAT.

KEVIN. GWATS TA POONT. TS OLL MAH FOLT.

GWEN. Swallow your food- No! Spit it out! We can still put it back. *(Kevin Swallows.)* You're a monster. Don't you know what you've done.

KEVIN. Oof. I've had better.

GWEN. Have you?

KEVIN. Yeah. It was squishier than I hoped.

GWEN. I'm sorry for you.

KEVIN. You're sorry for me?

GWEN. Yes Kevin. You just don't know how to listen do you?

KEVIN. I can listen alright. I listened to you tell me how I should just go and die. I listened to you telling me how the butterflies are going extinct.

GWEN. I did not tell you to go die.

KEVIN. “If it bothers you so much, just do it already!”

GWEN. You're completely taking that out of context.

KEVIN. How. Please. How.

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GWEN. I need you to be alive. I want you to be alive. But all you ever do is talk about how you want to die.

KEVIN. The Monarch Butterfly is going extinct. I hit one with my car today. The earth is burning. The ocean is rising. The air is polluted. You want me to enjoy living? Look around! We can't be happy off burritos or poorly made flan. There are no river gods-

GWEN. Saints. They're saints.

KEVIN. Same fucking difference. The butterfly effect is a real thing. I did a hit and run, a species is dying. If this world wants to keep going it might as well do it without me.

GWEN. Honestly Kevin.

KEVIN. What.

GWEN. Fuck you.

KEVIN. Fuck you!

GWEN. You make it so fucking difficult sometimes!

KEVIN. A real friend wouldn't tell me to kill myself.

GWEN. I never said that!

KEVIN. You absolutely did!

GWEN. Alright. Fuck this. Fuck you. I'm out. *(Begins to exit.)*

FYI. Planting milkweed in your yard is an effective way to bring them back. Asshole. (Gwen exits. Kevin sits there. Scooping more of the Flan into his mouth. The world shifts in its own way. He's still on the bench. Blind to the changes around him. A figure comes out from the river.)

OCHÚN. I am not keen on those who steal from me.

KEVIN. AH SHITFUCK.

OCHÚN. Especially when it is something as delicious as Flan.

KEVIN. Who are you?

OCHÚN. No child, who are you? To consume an offering laid for me.

KEVIN. I'm Kevin. This is flan.

OCHÚN. I am aware of what it is.

KEVIN. It's not that good.

OCHÚN. I believe that is for me to decide.

KEVIN. I hate to break it to you but I'm just about done here with it.

OCHÚN. Wait. You ate it all?

KEVIN. Yeah.

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OCHÚN. It was on the floor.

KEVIN. It was on a plate on the floor.

OCHÚN. You could get food poisoning.

KEVIN. God I hope.

OCHÚN. Oh child, do you have a deathwish?

KEVIN. Yes, actually. Can I help you?

OCHÚN. Yes, actually. You owe me a new offering.

KEVIN. A new flan?

OCHÚN. Yes.

KEVIN. Jesus, why do you want this flan so bad? It was on the floor.

OCHÚN. Nene. Look at me. Do you know who I am?

KEVIN. Should I?

OCHÚN. Read the note for me.

KEVIN. What note?

OCHÚN. The one for the Flan.

KEVIN. How do you know about the note?

OCHÚN. Just read it.

KEVIN. No no. How do you know I have a note?

OCHÚN. Because it's mine. So read. Please.

KEVIN. No. Who the fuck are you? How do you know so much about this?

OCHÚN. You aren't a very social butterfly are you?

KEVIN. A what?

OCHÚN. Un saying. Social Butterfly? Don't you know it?

KEVIN. Intimately. (*Ochún swipes the note from Kevin.*) Hey!

OCHÚN. "Ochún, te ofrezco el último pedazo de flan para tu alegría." So who's it for?

KEVIN....Ochún?

OCHÚN. So who am I?

KEVIN. I'm not sure?

OCHÚN. How are you not sure?

KEVIN. I don't speak Spanish.

OCHÚN. Niño what?

KEVIN. My mom is white.

OCHÚN. And?

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KEVIN. And what? That's it. End of sentence. I have a white mom and don't speak Spanish. Now who are you?

OCHÚN. How do you not speak Spanish?

KEVIN. You're kidding me.

OCHÚN. Spanish is an important language.

KEVIN. Yes I know.

OCHÚN. Almost everyone who talks to me speaks in Spanish ¿Comó sucedió esto?

KEVIN. Who are you!

OCHÚN. I am the owner of that flan.

KEVIN. You look nothing like her.

OCHÚN. No not Ofelia.

KEVIN. You know her?

OCHÚN. You could say that.

KEVIN. Then ask her for another flan.

OCHÚN. Doesn't work that way nene. She writes me, I don't write back.

KEVIN. Well then how-

OCHÚN. In that transaction who is the receiver?

KEVIN. What transaction?

OCHÚN. Who did Ofelia deliver the flan to?

KEVIN. The river saint? Ochún?

OCHÚN. Ahí estás! Good job baby!

KEVIN. But she's not real?

OCHÚN. Niño, Soy lo más real en este mundo. You're talking to Ochún, Virgin del Cobre, the baby of the family and your people's favorite.

KEVIN. My people?

OCHÚN. Cuban people.

KEVIN. I'm not Cuban?

OCHÚN. Your Daddy is.

KEVIN. Ew. Don't say that.

OCHÚN. Daddy? Why?

KEVIN. It's dirty.

OCHÚN. Daddy isn't dirty.

KEVIN. I'm going to kill myself.

OCHÚN. Why?

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KEVIN. What?

OCHÚN. Why do desire such darkness?

KEVIN. I don't desire darkness.

OCHÚN. Then why ask for it?

KEVIN. It's like a saying. Don't you know it?

OCHÚN. Why eat the flan?

KEVIN. What?

OCHÚN. Just a moment ago. You said that eating the flan off the floor was a death wish. Por que?

KEVIN. It's not like that.

OCHÚN. Then what is it like?

KEVIN. Why do you care!

OCHÚN. Because you owe me a flan and I need you alive to make it.

KEVIN. What?

OCHÚN. You need to make me a new flan.

KEVIN. I don't even know how to make flan.

OCHÚN. Well I'm not taking storebought.

KEVIN. Who are you!?

OCHÚN. I already answered that question. Who are you?

KEVIN. I'm Kevin.

OCHÚN. Well Kevin, I want my flan.

KEVIN. I can't make flan! We just went over this.

OCHÚN. Pues que aprendas.

KEVIN. In English please.

OCHÚN. You better learn.

KEVIN. Where did you come from?

OCHÚN. Africa.

KEVIN. No but really.

OCHÚN. Oyo.

KEVIN. I mean now!

OCHÚN. The river.

KEVIN. So you're really one of those Orishas?

OCHÚN. Sí mi amor.

KEVIN. Prove it.

OCHÚN. Qué?

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KEVIN. Prove you're an Orisha

OCHÚN. Prove I'm an- are you serious?

KEVIN. Yeah.

OCHÚN. I'm not a magician.

KEVIN. And for all I know you're not a river god. Sorry. River Saint.

OCHÚN. Okay Kevin. Try this. (*Ochún causes the rain to fall.*) Does that change your belief?

KEVIN. Hey Siri, is it supposed to rain today? (*Siri responds with a 0% chance of rain.*)

OCHÚN. Cálmate, chico. You're really starting to piss me off.

KEVIN. Doesn't hurt to fact check.

OCHÚN. Este singao.

KEVIN. For someone from Africa you sure speak a lot of Spanish.

OCHÚN. La Lucumí were stolen. Like my flan was stolen. They were taken from Oyo and brought to Cuba. Our people wanted comfort and we wanted to ease their pain. Entonces explicame Kevin, how you managed to be the one person to do something as stupid as eat mi ofrenda? If you thought your dead butterfly was a problem wait till you see-

KEVIN. How do you know about that.

OCHÚN. Doesn't hurt to fact check.

KEVIN. I only told Gwen about the butterfly.

OCHÚN. Yo se. I like flan Kevin. I don't like murderers and thieves.

KEVIN. I'm not a murderer.

OCHÚN. You were just yelling about it.

KEVIN. But you weren't here then.

OCHÚN. I was right there. Through the river watching you desecrate my gift. You have ruined two lives today Kevin, the butterfly's and yours.

KEVIN. The Butterfly was an accident.

OCHÚN. But your actions are deliberate, for that you must make amends.

KEVIN. I don't have to do anything.

OCHÚN. I taste pepper in your words.

KEVIN. If you wanted that flan you should've gotten to it faster.

OCHÚN. You should have braked sooner.

KEVIN. Nothing you've done has proven anything. It almost always rains here and I was distraught earlier. You probably overheard me.

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OCHÚN. Does it feel safe? Hiding behind your beliefs?

KEVIN. What beliefs? What are you on now?

OCHÚN. That if you were to die the world would move on fine. *(Silence.)*
You are to find the woman you wronged, ease her pain and bring me my new Flan.

KEVIN. Wait wait! Where are you going?

OCHÚN. To sleep. It wasn't supposed to rain today. I'm tired.

KEVIN. How are you gonna know whether or not I brought you this flan?

OCHÚN. Oh I'll know.

KEVIN. What, you're going to come here every day?

OCHÚN. No need to. You have three days.

KEVIN. Three days? Flan's almost a two-day process.

OCHÚN. Then hurry.

KEVIN. And how do you expect me to find this woman?

OCHÚN. Figure it out. You're a smart boy.

KEVIN. This isn't fair!

OCHÚN. Any shot you had at fair left once you ate my flan.

KEVIN. And if I don't?

OCHÚN. I will be the last of your worries.

KEVIN. Is that a threat?

OCHÚN. No. A warning. *(beat.)* Metiste la pata Kevin. I'll see you with my Flan. *(She disappears into the river and the rain stops. World shifts. Kevin calls Gwen.)*

KEVIN. Gwen. Gwen. Gwen. Hold on. Where are you? *(beat.)* I'm on my way. *(Suddenly Gwen's house.)*

GWEN. Are you mocking me? Is this like a big joke?

KEVIN. I swear to God. No. All the Gods.

GWEN. Why are you here?

KEVIN. I need to talk to you.

GWEN. Are you just going to yell at me again?

KEVIN. I apologized for that.

GWEN. The best apology is one done on your knees.

KEVIN. Pause. What?

GWEN. Begging. Begging on your knees. Pendejo.

KEVIN. You want me to beg?

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GWEN. You come in here after yelling at me in the park? You're damn right I want you to beg.

KEVIN. I'm not begging.

GWEN. Did you finish your lunch?

KEVIN. The flan? No. Well yes.

GWEN. No. The Burrito.

KEVIN. You watched me finish it.

GWEN. Kevin, there were two burritos.

KEVIN. No there wasn't.

GWEN. Yes there was? I paid for them.

KEVIN. Well. I ate one of them.

GWEN. On your knees.

KEVIN. I'm not getting on my knees.

GWEN. Then get out of my house.

KEVIN. I MET OCHÚN!

GWEN. YOU LEFT MY BURRITO AT THE PARK!

KEVIN. How is that what you're focused on right now?

GWEN. Because I went out of my way to get you lunch and you left it there.

KEVIN. It was a good reason!

GWEN. Two dollars!

KEVIN. River. Saint. She's real and I've met her.

GWEN. I'm not listening to you until you apologize.

KEVIN. Gwen, c'mon.

GWEN. Do you hear that God? It sounds like the beat of butterfly wings.

KEVIN. Seriously?

GWEN. Phwip Phwip Phwip.

KEVIN. I don't want to get on my knees.

GWEN. I wonder if Kevin is okay? If he ever recovered from that hit and run?

KEVIN. Fine. Fucking fine. (*Gets on knees.*) What do you want to hear?

GWEN. Dear Gwen, I am so sorry for wasting your loving lunch.

KEVIN. Dear Gwen, I am so sorry for wasting your lunch.

GWEN. I said loving lunch.

KEVIN. Wasting your loving lunch.

GWEN. I promise never to get mad at you again.

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KEVIN. I promise never to get mad at you again.

GWEN. And I will stop saying I want to die.

KEVIN. And I will stop saying I want to die. Are you happy now?

GWEN. WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU MET OCHÚN?

KEVIN. Fucking Finally! She walked right up to me after you left.

GWEN. You're shitting me. How do I fucking miss this.

KEVIN. That's not the point here.

GWEN. What did she tell you? What was she wearing? Was she made of water?

KEVIN. What? No? She was in like a yellow jumper. She just said I have to make her a new Flan.

GWEN. You don't know how to make Flan.

KEVIN. I'm also pretty sure it wasn't her.

GWEN. Shut your whore mouth.

KEVIN. You would doubt it too if you were there!

GWEN. How do you know it was Ochún?

KEVIN. She knew about the butterfly.

GWEN. Oh.. Seriously?

KEVIN. Yeah!

GWEN. That's all?

KEVIN. She also made it rain.

GWEN. SHE WHAT?

KEVIN. I'm like 30% sure it was a coincidence though

GWEN. En el nombre del Padre, el Hijo y del Espíritu Santo. I can't believe this.

KEVIN. Can we get to the real issue at hand here?

GWEN. You need to learn to make flan. I have a recipe.

KEVIN. I'd rather die than do that.

GWEN. You can't die now. You have a quest to finish.

KEVIN. There isn't a quest.

GWEN. Yes there is and the timer began the second Ochún entered the river.

KEVIN. This is ridiculous.

GWEN. What are the rules?

KEVIN. Why does it matter?

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GWEN. Because it's something to do and you need that right now. Maybe burning yourself on caramel will remind you what it's like to be alive.

KEVIN. And if I don't want to be alive?

GWEN. Shut the fuck up and tell me the rules already.

KEVIN. Ugh. I have Three days, I need to find "Ofelia", ease her pain and bring a new flan to the river.

GWEN. Who's Ofelia?

KEVIN. The woman who dropped the flan off.

GWEN. I didn't get a good look at her.

KEVIN. Does it matter?

GWEN. It's fine, I've watched enough Catfish to figure out how to move forward from here. (*Opens phone.*) How many older women named Ofelia are there?

KEVIN. Maybe a thousand. We don't have to do this.

GWEN. Well, did Ochún tell you exactly how to spell it?

KEVIN. No why?

GWEN. According to the White Pages there's 50 in Miami.

KEVIN. You're kidding. What did you type?

GWEN. The most Cuban thing I could think of: Ofelia with an F.

KEVIN. Does it tell you where she lives?

GWEN. We got the Hammocks, Westchester, Palmetto Bay, Hialeah-

KEVIN. Oh Oh Oh! Try Hialeah.

GWEN. You racist prick.

KEVIN. What?

GWEN. You think just because she's practicing Santería she has to be from Hialeah?

KEVIN. No. I think she's from Hialeah because she's Cuban.

GWEN. Cuban people live in Westchester.

KEVIN. They also live in Cutler Bay, but we were at Jose Marti Park and that's closer to Hialeah.

GWEN. No it isn't?

KEVIN. We're googling people not finding a murderer!

GWEN. We already know where one is.

KEVIN. Ha. Ha.

GWEN. I'm checking Westchester first.

KEVIN AND THE RIVER FLAN

KEVIN. You could check the moon for all I care!

GWEN. There aren't any Cuban people on the moon. *(beat.)* It would be easier if I had a photo of her.

KEVIN. If you want to find her so bad just copy and paste her name onto Facebook.

GWEN. I don't have Facebook.

KEVIN. Give me a name and I'll type it, how about that? *(Opens his phone.)*

GWEN. You still use Facebook?

KEVIN. So?

GWEN. Nada Abuelo.

KEVIN. Why are you so mean to me?

GWEN. It's called love. Ofelia Fernandez?

KEVIN. No. And that's not love it's bullying.

GWEN. Tough Love then. What are you going to do when you even find her? Ofelia Gutierrez?

KEVIN. I'm not doing anything. No.

GWEN. Ofelia Garcia?

KEVIN. Not her either.

GWEN. Here's one from Little Havana. Ofelia Marín?

KEVIN. N- Holy shit.

GWEN. Let me see!

KEVIN. It's a coincidence?

GWEN. Is that her?

KEVIN. Well yeah, but still.

GWEN. Still nothing, you gotta go through with this now!

KEVIN. What do I do then? Message her? That's stupid.

GWEN. Whitepages baby. I got her address, phone number, even her son's name.

KEVIN. So what?

GWEN. Call her.

KEVIN. Right now?

GWEN. Yeah?

KEVIN. And say what? That I ate her Flan and Ochún is forcing me to make a new one with her?

GWEN. It's a solid start for sure.

KEVIN AND THE RIVER FLAN

KEVIN. Better idea, kill myself and I don't have to deal with this.

GWEN. Stop with that. You promised.

KEVIN. I'm serious! Can't make Ochún a flan if I'm dead.

GWEN. But what about Ofelia?

KEVIN. She's not my problem.

GWEN. She became your problem after you ate her flan and an Orisha told you to fix it.

KEVIN. What if she doesn't speak English? We won't be able to communicate.

GWEN. I'll make the call for you. How about that?

KEVIN. That somehow feels worse.

GWEN. I'm calling her.

KEVIN. Wait stop no!

GWEN. What.

KEVIN. Do star69 so she can't call you back.

GWEN. Fucking fine. (*Dials.*)

KEVIN. Put her on speaker. (*We hear the dial tone.*)

OFELIA. ¿'Allo? (*Kevin hangs up the phone.*)

GWEN. What the fuck Kevin?

KEVIN. What if it's her?

GWEN. Isn't that a good thing?

KEVIN. I mean yeah.

GWEN. So then why the fuck did you hang up?

KEVIN. I don't want to do this Gwen.

GWEN. I can talk to her if you want.

KEVIN. Not that, I don't want to make the flan.

GWEN. I don't think you have a choice buddy.

KEVIN. But I do. Free will is a gift from God and if she's a river saint, then she's an agent of God and has to agree with my choice.

GWEN. This isn't a matter of choice, this is an order from the Saints.

KEVIN. And I am choosing to disobey.

GWEN. Stop being a baby and make the Flan.

KEVIN. I didn't sign up for this. None of this. Zip. Nada.

GWEN. Kevin, Ochún is probably one of, if not, the nicest Orisha. Why are you trying to make an enemy with her?

KEVIN AND THE RIVER FLAN

KEVIN. This isn't a Greek god vision quest. I should have a choice here.

GWEN. We're not picking what movie to watch. You are dealing with powers beyond your control.

KEVIN. No. Why? Aren't I allowed any choices? Choice to live? Choice to die? Choice to make a stupid fucking flan?

GWEN. Shut the fuck up. I swear to God. You can't keep pulling the "I want to die" card.

KEVIN. And why not!

GWEN. Because you have a purpose right now. A reason to live. To make good.

KEVIN. I'm making a dessert for someone who might just be a homeless woman! Have you thought about that at all?

GWEN. Why did you even come here?

KEVIN. Because you're my friend?

GWEN. No but really.

KEVIN. You don't believe me?

GWEN. I know you.

KEVIN. What does it matter!

GWEN. Because I'm worried about you Kevin.

KEVIN. I appreciate the worry but I don't need it.

GWEN. It's okay to ask for help. *(beat.)* If you want help you can ask.

KEVIN. I don't need-

GWEN. Shh. Stop. I need you to be honest with me. Do you need someone to talk to?

KEVIN. No. I don't.

GWEN. Then why the fuck are you here.

KEVIN. Can we not talk about this right now?

GWEN. Not if you're going to keep avoiding. Talk to me goddammit.

KEVIN. There isn't anything to talk about! I'm fine, I'm okay. You don't need to worry about me. There isn't anything to worry about.

GWEN. How can I help you?

KEVIN. Let's call Ofelia back!

GWEN. Kevin... *(Kevin nabs Gwen's phone and calls Ofelia. Put on speaker. Dial tone.)* You have to be able to talk about what's going on.

OFELIA. ¿Hallo?

KEVIN AND THE RIVER FLAN

KEVIN. Yes hello? Is this Ofelia?

OFELIA. Sí, ¿Y con quién hablo?

KEVIN. Mi name is Kevin.

OFELIA. ¿En qué puedo ayudarte, Kevin?

KEVIN. Hablan English?

OFELIA. Little bit. What you want?

KEVIN. Were you at the park today?

OFELIA. ¿Qué?

GWEN. ¿Fuiste al parque hoy?

OFELIA. Sí, ¿quién habla?

GWEN. Mi nombre es Gwen, estoy llamando sobre su Flan.

OFELIA. No vendo Flan.

GWEN. No señora, el flan para Ochún. (*Silence.*) Mi amigo se lo comió.

OFELIA. Kevin?

GWEN./KEVIN. Sí. / Yes?

OFELIA. ¡Eres un hijo de puta! (*Hangs up.*)

KEVIN. What was that?

GWEN. She called you the son of a whore.

KEVIN. What the fuck. My mom isn't a whore. (*Calls back.*)

OFELIA. Déjame en paz. (*Hangs up.*)

KEVIN. What the actual fuck. You have her address? (*Calls back.*)

GWEN. Right here yeah.

KEVIN. Get in the car. We're leaving.

GWEN. To Publix?

OFELIA. Deja de llamar.

KEVIN. No to her house. I'm coming over!

OFELIA. ¿Qué?

KEVIN. I am going to your house.

OFELIA. No?

KEVIN. Sí. Sí I am.

GWEN. We should go to Publix, you have to get your Flan ingredients.

KEVIN. I'm not going to make the flan.

OFELIA. ¿Flan?

GWEN. Then why are we going at all? Vamos hacer un Flan.

KEVIN. No we are not.

KEVIN AND THE RIVER FLAN

OFELIA. ¿Hacer un Flan?

GWEN./KEVIN. Sí / No!

OFELIA. ¡No lo conozco!

GWEN. Nimporta! Voy pa'lla. Voy pa'lla. (*Hangs up.*) I can make a Publix run while you're apologizing.

KEVIN. I don't want to make the flan.

GWEN. Then why are we going to her house?

KEVIN. So I can blow my brains out on her lawn.

GWEN. Kevin!

KEVIN. I just want to talk to her.

GWEN. You ate her flan.

KEVIN. So what?

GWEN. So she doesn't owe you a conversation. She doesn't owe you anything. (*The world shifts. Ochún walks in.*)

OCHÚN. You owe her.

GWEN. HOW DID YOU GET IN MY HOUSE?!

OCHÚN. Is this how your generation greets people?

KEVIN. So you're real?

OCHÚN. Haven't we already had this conversation?

GWEN. Who is this?

KEVIN. But you're not like. A homeless woman?

OCHÚN. No nene. I am not.

GWEN. Who are you!

KEVIN. Gwen, Ochún. Ochún, Gwen.

GWEN. Ochún? Like Ochún Ochún?

KEVIN. Yes.

OCHÚN. Hola Gwen.

GWEN. H-Hi.

OCHÚN. I thought you might need a little push.

GWEN. I was trying to get them to go.

OCHÚN. I know.

GWEN. They were just leaving.

OCHÚN. I know.

GWEN. Right Kevin?

KEVIN. No...?

KEVIN AND THE RIVER FLAN

GWEN. Kevin. Get the fuck out of here.

OCHÚN. Bye Kevin.

KEVIN. Aren't you coming?

OCHÚN. They're staying behind.

GWEN. I'm staying behind.

KEVIN. What is happening?

GWEN. You are leaving.

KEVIN. Who's going to translate for me?

GWEN. ¿Quieres Café?

OCHÚN. Claro que sí.

KEVIN. Hello??

OCHÚN. How are you doing Gwen?

KEVIN. What happened to going to Publix?

OCHÚN. Ofelia already has everything.

KEVIN. Of course she does.

GWEN. I'm doing okay.

KEVIN. Okay. I'm just going to leave then.

OCHÚN. Don't hit any butterflies on your way there.

GWEN. Oh you're funny.

OCHÚN. Aren't you sweet.

KEVIN. Alright. Whatever. *(Kevin exits.)*

OCHÚN. You can tell me the truth now.

GWEN. What do you mean?

OCHÚN. How are you feeling?

GWEN. I said I was fine.

OCHÚN. Kevin may not see your pain. But I can.

GWEN. No?

OCHÚN. Sí. I see how you long for him.

GWEN. Excuse me?

OCHÚN. I was there, I heard it all. Toda la conversación era sobre él.

GWEN. I was talking someone off a ledge, I think there's a difference at hand there.

OCHÚN. And your ledge? ¿Y los problemas tuyos? Tell me the last time someone listened to you. It isn't fair, even if you're in love with someone.

GWEN. Wait.

KEVIN AND THE RIVER FLAN

OCHÚN. ¿Qué?

GWEN. You think I'm in love with Kev?

OCHÚN. Isn't it obvious?

GWEN. I'm literally a lesbian.

OCHÚN. Oh my God.

GWEN. Yeah.

OCHÚN. I am so sorry.

GWEN. This is so fucking funny.

OCHÚN. I feel so bad.

GWEN. Do I have to talk you off a ledge now?

OCHÚN. Stop.

GWEN. Do I? I'm fairly good at it.

OCHÚN. Are you like this to all your friends?

GWEN. Only the ones I care about.

OCHÚN. Then you are very kind.

GWEN. And you're still here?

OCHÚN. You offered me Café.

GWEN. The person you came here for just left for a dessert quest.

OCHÚN. He did.

GWEN. Are you blushing?

OCHÚN. Where's the café?

GWEN. Oh my God you are.

OCHÚN. Gwen.

GWEN. Are you avoiding this?

OCHÚN. It has been a long time since I've spoken to mortals.

GWEN. I see.

OCHÚN. And Ofelia is important to me.

GWEN. Oh, I see.

OCHÚN. No no. Not that. She is going through a lot right now. I think the flan will be good for the both of them.

GWEN. Isn't meddling a bad thing?

OCHÚN. This is not meddling.

GWEN. Kevin would disagree.

OCHÚN. Kevin ate an ofrenda.

GWEN. Kevin is dumb. But not wrong.

KEVIN AND THE RIVER FLAN

OCHÚN. I would just like to see the both of them happy.

GWEN. Do you need someone to talk to?

OCHÚN. No.

GWEN. Even an Orisha could use someone to talk to.

OCHÚN. I don't think it is that easy.

GWEN. Why not?

OCHÚN. There is nothing to talk about.

GWEN. Now you're avoiding! Why are people just avoiding their problems?

OCHÚN. I am not avoiding.

GWEN. Then stay. Have café with me.

OCHÚN. And what happens to Kevin?

GWEN. Who gives a fuck? He'll figure out his shit.

OCHÚN. ¿Y Ofelia?

GWEN. Her I don't know.

OCHÚN. She has been bringing me flan for a long time now.

GWEN. Which is a good thing?

OCHÚN. Sí sí sí. But it has changed. The flan doesn't taste the same.

GWEN. You're worried over a change of ingredients?

OCHÚN. No no. Not ingredients. Emotions. The flan is sad. There is something wrong with Ofelia.

GWEN. Then do something about it.

OCHÚN. I did.

GWEN. No, you sent Kevin to do something about it.

OCHÚN. Sí.

GWEN. YOU do something about it.

OCHÚN. It is not that easy.

GWEN. You're here? Be there.

OCHÚN. I cannot interfere directly. There needs to be a mediator.

GWEN. She gives you flan, you do nothing, and then some sad sap eats your dessert and now has to fix it?

OCHÚN. If you want to barbarically put it like that yes.

GWEN. He ate your flan because he doesn't give a shit anymore. He's just going over there to yell at her and threaten to crash his car. How are you so sure he's going to do anything?

KEVIN AND THE RIVER FLAN

OCHÚN. Because he is still alive.

GWEN. Why are you still here?

OCHÚN. Because you are a kind soul and have a cute smile.

GWEN. Cute smile?

OCHÚN. Yes.

GWEN. Yeah well. You're not so bad yourself.

OCHÚN. Gracias Gwen.

GWEN. Do you still want café?

OCHÚN. I think the question is: Do you still want Café with me?

GWEN. So you can't meddle with flan, but can go on a date?

OCHÚN. Yes?

GWEN. Bueno. I like it. One request.

OCHÚN. Yes?

GWEN. Don't bring up this flan stuff.

OCHÚN. You have a deal. *(They exit. Suddenly Ofelia's House.)*

KEVIN. Stupid fucking river. *(rings doorbell.)* Stupid fucking flan. *(beat.)*
Stupid fucking Och-

OFELIA. Hallo?

KEVIN. Ofelia Marín?

OFELIA. Kevin?

KEVIN. Yeah! I wanna talk to you.

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
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