

Tomás Urtusástegui

Retired from medicine, he is now a very well-known and prolific playwright. He was part of the Grupo de los Doce/Group of Twelve, with whom he made known *El árbol del tiempo/The Tree of Time*. The Autonomous University of Puebla published *Huele a gas/Smells Like Gas*, *Agua clara/Clear Water*, and *El poder de los hombres/The Power of Men*. Other works, such as *Vida, estamos en paz/Life, We Are at Peace*, *La duda/Doubt*, and *Cupo limitado/Limited Quota*, have achieved showings of considerable duration. Recently, he is a fellow of the Sistema Nacional de Creadores/National System of Creators.

Gay Dracula

Character

Count Dracula. He has the well-known image of his long cape with a high neck. What differentiates him from other Draculas is that he is missing his long fangs. In their place, he has two gaps.

Setting

Magical place with brilliant white fabrics lit up in red, large candelabras with lit candles, divan, cushions, and a modern stereo. Upon the opening of the curtain, we see Dracula, who is trying to sleep on the divan, but cannot; he gets up, goes to the stereo, turns it on, and puts on a CD of gloomy music. He lies back down to listen to it. After a moment, he gets up, irritated, and turns it off. He goes to look at himself in a mirror, opens his mouth as much as he can, gestures, touches his gum, whimpers, gets angry, moans, cries. He remembers that he is a count; he gets up and steadies himself in a very dignified way. He collapses again and cries.

Dracula

Why, why? (*Long pause in which he is crying. He addresses the audience.*) They say it's good to cry. It's true. For me, it's been a long time since I have done it; now I feel better, much better--more than better; I feel like I'm in excellent condition. (*He smiles widely. While doing so, he sees himself in the mirror, goes back to crying.*) No, it's not true--I feel fucked, like shit... What a wretch I am! (*Full of anger.*) But this isn't going to stay like this, of course not; damn dentist, you'll pay for this--you'll pay for this today; remember that at night I'm the one with the power; you had it during the day, you and your damn machine. (*He mimics the noise of a dentist's drill being used. He moans.*) Bastard! That's what you are and all of your colleagues, too: evil sadists. (*He*

goes back to mimicking the noise of the drill.) But you'll see tonight what you're in for. *(He laughs sadistically. He stands in front of an imaginary dentist's chair.)* In the night, you are no one, and I'm the king. *(He laughs.)* Yes, I'll come out of my tomb, I'll open my coffin, I'll put on my cape *(he puts it on)*, I'll fly, and I'll come in your bedroom window; I'll approach the bed where you're sleeping painlessly, as if you've never done anything, and... *(Tries a variety of bites, touches his mouth in pain, then cries.)* Disgraced! You had to pull my fangs. Wouldn't the molars or the incisors have been enough for you? No! You liked my fangs. You like them, surely to show them as a trophy, to boast about them, "Look, look, Dracula's fangs, Count Dracula's." I can see you laughing now, but that won't last long, not long.... Until tonight twelve on the dot, when the sixth bell rings, not before, not after. *(Evil laugh.)* When you see me in your bedroom, don't go telling me that you pulled my fangs because they had cavities. If they did, you needed to fill them, and in the worst case, cap them. Or maybe you didn't know how to? *(Short pause.)* There's no lie bigger than that one--you just have them made, and you're set. But no, you wanted them for your collection... Damn asshole! And to think, I got cavities from the stupid diabetics! If I hadn't eaten so much sugar, it wouldn't be this way. I should have paid attention to Hugo "The Toothbrush Guy" Sánchez and Plácido Domingo. *They know how to take care of the mouth. (He comes closer to the audience, showing them his gum.)* Look, look how he left me--so you don't say afterwards that I was completely exaggerating. And this is when I'm doing better. You should have seen me when he pulled them. I was all swollen, disfigured, black and blue... Can you imagine, me, Count Dracula, swollen, deformed? Me, who has always had a pretty little face? Well, that's how it was. Now, the goddamned-son-of-a-bitch says that he's going to have some acrylic ones made, very good ones, that he put them on a removable bridge for me... I don't want them. No, no, and no! He can keep them if he likes them so much! *(He thinks; he gets more and more startled, little by little, until he is appalled.)* I'm going to die of hunger... In fact, I'm dying already. It's been, even if you all don't believe it, seven days since I've had a single drop of blood. Can you imagine? I can't eat! I'm going to die! I'm hungry! Without going any further, yesterday, a perfect opportunity presents itself to me with one of those guys who have marvelous necks. He was one of those Adonises that sleep naked. *(He gets excited.)* The moonlight was coming in the window, bathing his white, smooth neck with light. *(He pretends to come closer to the supposed Adonis; he contemplates him; he draws his face closer to his neck, and tries to bite it in one motion.)* And poof, I bite him, and nothing, I bite him again and still nothing, and come on, a bite here, a bite there... and nothing... Only marks. I left there hungrier than ever. *(Playing the martyr.)* I know now that they wrote somewhere--I don't know where and it doesn't matter--that all of us are going to disappear from the face of the earth. I think it's true. And how won't it happen if the quality of blood these days rots the teeth? And that isn't the worst of it. Now we don't know whom to bite; if we bite a Mexican macho man--one of those with a huge pistol on his belt and a wide-brimmed hat--we find out that he has AIDS; and the ones who don't have that have hepatitis, salmonella, gonorrhea, or chancres. And there they have us, infecting us freely,

without even enjoying it. (*Sighs.*) There are good reasons why, but the blood now isn't even as good as the worst of blood before; *that* was blood: pure, red, oxygenated, blood with a taste and a smell, finger-licking good blood, blood for blood pudding, blood for fleshy stemmed weeds, blood with a shot of tequila. And the varieties! How to compare them? Before, you could suck the blood of princes, of counts, of dukes, of kings, of cardinals, of Popes. Now what? Now, just low class poor trash. Low class trash everywhere: in the Lomas neighborhood, in Polanco, in Herradura, in del Valle, in Roma, in Olivar del Conde, in Primer Cuadro, in the north, in the south. Low class trash in sports, in the theater. All dark and beer-bellied. I wish someone here could smell their blood. Yuck! They all smell the same: like McDonald's hamburgers, Cuban sandwiches, Lays potato chips. That blood doesn't work--it doesn't beef you up. It's pure Diet Blood. (*Very sad.*) And that isn't for me. Not that, not any. I can't eat anymore. (*He faces the audience.*) I'm hungry; I'm fucking hungry! I'm so hungry, I could suck any of you here. (*He observes the audience, smiles at some, walks as if he's searching for something. He addresses one audience member in particular.*) If I suck yours will you swear to me that you don't have AIDS? (*To another.*) And you? Open your eyes big so I can see that you don't have hepatitis. No, not like that, you're just making eyes at me. (*Sadly, he covers his face with his cape, then uncovers his eyes, and makes eyes back at the spectator. He walks, looking at the audience.*) In a minute, I'll pass out some cards so you can write down your addresses. (*Flirting.*) I'll visit you at night; no, you won't regret it. If anyone in this world sucks well, it's me. (*To a spectator.*) Don't tell me that you don't like them to suck it... Blood, of course! In Mexico, everyone likes to suck. And for the Mexicans in the audience, I'm not talking about drinking! [Translator's note: the word "chupar" in the original text can mean to suck or to drink, as in to drink alcohol. Urtusástegui is playing with this double meaning]. The politician sucks... and you bet if he sucks; the police suck, the bureaucrats. Athletes like to suck a lot. (*Crying.*) Now I'll be the only one who can't suck. Oh, hell, I'm so unhappy! (*To a spectator.*) Do you know me--do you know why I'm like this? Maybe you know my mother; you know my preference for sucking young men, young men with long, thick necks, straight necks, hard, smooth, necks surrounded by curly hair. Do you know about it, yes or no? And if you know it, do you know the causes? I can assure you that you don't, but now that I'm in my death throes, I can tell you my story, my hysteria, and my traumas. My problem began with my name: Dracula! Yes, with that. My mom made sure to tell everyone that Dracula was a masculine name--that names like that are used in Eastern Europe, like Karol. What a lie! If there's Mario and Maria, Paul and Paula, Antonio and Antonia, Louis and Louisa, "Why do I have a woman's name?" I used to insist. She finally told me the reason but added that I was going to stay Dracula because she didn't like vulgar or coarse words. And I stayed Dracula. I wanted them to call me "Draculito" when I was a kid, "Draculo" when I was teenager, and now "Draculón." The problem is that in Spanish these names also connote "Small Ass," "Normal Ass," and "Big Ass." But that wasn't all. She dressed me in velvet, little short pants, embroidered blouses. (*He approaches a woman in the audience.*) Yes, ma'am, you guessed

it; she also made me wear great big curls a la Shirley Temple. And they hoped I wouldn't become gay! Ask any psychiatrist, any one: Cuevas, Lomoglia, Martínez, whoever. All of them will agree: "Childhood is destiny." (*To a member of the audience.*) Yes, sir, I already know that that sentence isn't mine--I'm not plagiarizing. But be that as it may... I am also aware that I wasn't always a child, that I also grew up and as I grew up I had other tastes. (*To the audience.*) Don't be curious--I'll tell you about them later--they are very intimate things. Okay, I'll tell you one: my love of capes. (*Models with his, he can even dance.*) I simply love it! A cape dresses you well, gives form to the body, warms, hides, encircles. (*He smiles.*) My capes aren't made of just any fabric, no, of course not, the fabrics that I use should have drape, movement for when I fly or dance, smoothness to caress my skin, breadth to encircle my lovers. (*Plays with the cape, dances with it, shows it off.*) Look at its colors: the color of blood, the color of love for the interior; the color of night, the color of ire, the color of envy for the exterior. Does a more elegant piece of clothing exist? What else lets us hide our faces when we cover ourselves with it? What else protects us from inclement weather so gracefully? My cape serves me as a wing, as a bullfighter's cape to make fun of love's charges, to hide my naked body. What piece of clothing can you take off so quickly in supreme moments? Which one covers us the most quickly if we're discovered? (*Dances a tango with the cape. Stops brusquely, becomes serious.*) But I'm losing myself in trivialities instead of continuing to explain my sexuality. (*Looks at the public.*) Pardon me! Maybe I'm saying inadvisable things, things that not everyone should hear. (*To the audience.*) Does this topic bother anyone? (*Waits a moment.*) Don't be afraid, tell me. (*To someone shy.*) Does it bother you? Really, it doesn't? Okay. In that case, I'll continue. The truth is that I began to do it when I was very little. The first one that I sucked... his blood... was my dad; I liked it, and I think he did too. Then I've sucked it from many, from many, many people. (*Looks at the public.*) Of those who are here, at least three. (*Smiles, discreetly waves at someone.*) No, there are four. Hi, Luigi... Every night someone different: youngsters, adults, white, brown, engineers, lawyers, salespeople, journalists, students--each one of them with a different neck. I've sucked all kinds: long necks like swans, white necks, little dark necks, playful necks, short necks, little tiny necks, some so small it was hard for me to sink my teeth into them. No other vampire has my technique, which leaves the client satisfied. Do you want to know it? Are you absolutely sure? Okay. I'll tell you but with the condition that you don't go putting it in practice just anywhere with anyone. Ready? Okay. First, I arrive, I discover; then I lick: it's necessary to salivate the area well--it serves as an anesthetic. After the bite, a little, tender bite; from this moment you must suck, suck slowly at first, little by little increasing your speed until the gushing starts, the gush that fills the mouth, that almost drowns, the gush of blood... Easy, isn't it? But I recommend that you don't do it. You might like it. I know what I'm talking about. (*He sees himself in the mirror, becomes sad all over again.*) Now I can't do it anymore. I ask the world--I ask all of you... Is it fair, what's happening to me, what's happening to all of my fellow human beings? There are various species in the world on their way to extinction, and I'm one of them. Are you going to allow

this to happen without doing anything to avoid it? I don't think so. With me I have a telephone to listen to commentary, proposals, solutions. It's possible that I'm the only survivor of my race. Ladies and gentlemen, you have the last word! *(He sits down on the floor, on top of his cape, places the telephone in front of him, takes advantage of the wait to clean his fingernails. The phone rings.)* Hello, who is it? Yes, it's me, Dracula. You're going to give me a solution? Great! Tell me, I beg you. Uh-huh, uh-huh, mmm, yes. You think? No, yes, that what? Ma'am! Is it possible that you don't read the newspaper? There aren't any blood banks any more! *(Hangs up, indignant.)* These people need to inform themselves--they don't read, they aren't up to date. The only places where you can get blood are the Institute for State Employees and Social Security. Yuck! Not even if I were crazy! *(He waits. Someone calls again.)* Hello, yes, yes, of course... Anything else? Sir, I can't change my diet overnight! *(Hangs up on him.)* Are they stupid or what, he wanted me to drink yogurt. *(The phone rings again.)* Hi! Hello, who is it... *(Smiles wide. At the audience.)* A child, I like them. *(Into the phone.)* Let's see, tell me... You what? I don't understand, your classmates what? *(Hangs up, angry.)* Damn little brats! He came up with all of his classmates were bloody pains in the neck, and maybe they could help me... Who the hell does he think he is! *(Waits for a long time. To the audience.)* None of you can come up with anything? Okay. What country do we live in? *(The phone rings.)* Yes? Who is it? What up bro'?! *(To the audience.)* It's Batty, my cousin. *(Into the phone.)* That's great that you called. I was just saying that I was left alone in the world, but you're here, too. What a marvel! Yes, yes, thanks, Bat. What are you saying? It can't be. What do you mean, they pulled your fangs, too? And what do you do to live? Oh, yes, uh-huh, uh-huh. No, how can you think that? What are you thinking? I can tell you no way, never that. I'm gay, and proud of it. Listen, I'm not ready to change that much for any reason. No, of course, of course I don't want to die. Well, if there's no other remedy... The sucking gets you ready to stick it in. *(Another phone rings.)* Excuse me, but I have a call on my "gays-a-cell." *(He takes out a pink cell phone from his pocket.)* Hello. Yes? Yes ma'am, yes, no, of course not. I don't like it, and it's not enough! *(Hangs up, annoyed. Talks on the other phone.)* That cretin offered me her sanitary napkins. Women! They really throw me for a loop. No, I'm not mad at you. It's these.... Let's forget about them! I was telling you that I don't know if I can start putting it in. Yes, of course I have one. Yes, it's big, about eight inches; yes, it's thick too. You want me to try it out with one of the members in the audience? I don't know if they'll want to. *(Looks at the audience. Smiles.)* It seems like it. I can start today--not today--right now, this instant. *(Looks at the audience.)* I already know who I'm going to stick it in. Thanks. You are a friend. You already know how it works--you help me today; tomorrow I help you. Ciao. *(Hangs up, turns his back on the audience. To music, he starts a series of movements in which he seems to take something out of his pants, once in a while he looks at the audience out of the corner of his eye. When the music ends, he turns to face the audience. In his hand he has a large syringe. He shows it to the audience, holding it like an erect penis.)* Which one of you is the good little one who wants me to put it in him, to insert it so that you

can give me the gift of a little of your blood? It's not going to hurt. It will be in just a little vein--don't be like that--I'm hungry. (*He walks through the audience showing his syringe and pleading with his eyes. Suddenly, he becomes happy, looks towards the dressing rooms.*) One that *does* want to is in there. Goodbye. I'll see you in your homes. Now I know that right now you refused because of embarrassment, but what about when you're all alone? (*Blows kisses at everyone. Covers himself with his cape.*) Ciao, ciao, ciao. (*Leaves very flirtatiously.*)

Curtain