

# I CAME HERE TO WEEP

Duration: 10:49 min

CONCEIVED, WRITTEN AND DIRECTED  
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The Guide begins speaking suddenly. The suddenness of her voice is quietly amplified and urgent. The Guide's Puerto Rican accent is smooth and crisp like rich ink or liquid flame. Around us is a light, rhythmic percussion beating, a train, falling rain, and the crackling of a fire - all almost indistinguishable.

GUIDE

We came here to weep.  
Here, where our bodies are right now

There is a pause with a quiet breath of wind rushing. The percussive beating and crackling are morphing into the sound of thunder and rainfall. The Guide continues with instructive finality.

GUIDE

We came here to weep.

An aural calamity begins with a dial tone from an old landline phone and becomes a seemingly endless soundscape of disaster and displacement, a cacophony of climate catastrophe. There is constant fire crackling and rain falling with a steady rush of wind and static white noise as of old television sets. There is a buzzing and the heavy footfall of running down a hallway, toward a door that is quickly slammed shut.

Radio static and hurried packing of a zippered bag, washing with water - there will be a quick escape. A clatter of metal cans turns into the hooves of horses galloping away while water continues to fall and gurgle all around.

The wind and dial tones pick up as an alarm begins to sound in the distance. The rain continues to tempest as Morse Code beeps around - SOS?

Wood creaks and chains clink as if we have made it onto a ship. Sirens are blaring. All is urgent and hurried.

Surrounding us is static buzz and footfall, static buzz and bricks, pushed and tumbling.

Fire and rain and static and siren, and hurrying and hiding and fleeing.

We are ready and un-ready all at once with cortisol on the rise and shot nervous systems.

We feel the liminality and extremity of fight or flight.  
We are exhausted.

The Guide returns intently and focused - speaking above the whirl and droning of aural debris leftover from our hurried displacement.

GUIDE

Uh.

We lost power.

We need a plan.  
We need each other's expertise.

What do you have?

We need a checklist.  
We need to get messages to people's people.

The Guide's voice leads a dire inquiry and inventory - pleadingly compelling.

GUIDE

Who has power?  
¿Tienes luz?  
¿Un machete?  
A shovel?  
A fan?  
An air purifier?

Checklist:

Arroz.  
Habichuelas.  
Platanos.  
Sanitizer.

We need to stem the flood.  
We need to put out the fire.  
We need to bail out water.  
The living room is full of barro.  
We need to collect, forage  
pitch a tent.  
Get a tarp.  
Scavenge plywood.  
Close all the windows.  
¡Cierra las ventanas!  
¡Ciérralas!  
We need to get out.  
Dig out.  
Dig, dig, dig them out.  
Go. Find! ¡Vete! ¡Vete!  
Where? ¿Dónde? ¿Dónde?

The ambient humming silences as The Guide's pleading becomes somber, mournful.

GUIDE

What is the disaster you are preparing for?  
What is the disaster you think you can save yourself from?

The body needs  
to wash.  
shelter.  
eat.  
drink.  
Be.  
The body needs to birth, not birth,  
menstruate, urinate, defecate.  
Sobrevivir. Survive.

With agonizing effort, The Guide exhales and generates a thunderstorm clapping and rainfall.

GUIDE

Uh.

The rain continues to fall along with a dull whistle of ambient sound. Heartbreak cracks the voice of The Guide as the next directives are outlined for us.

GUIDE

Weep.

It's ok. We can cry.  
We can cry.

A timbre of comfort comes from The Guide as she softly, slowly unravels the last directive and leads us out to the wilderness. The ambient hum becomes more melodic with muted bells or xylo-

phone rings. The rainfall fire crackle is constant and joined by the sounds of evening fauna - owl hoot, grasshopper chirp, frog croak.

GUIDE

Lets free your hands. If you have anything in your hands, put it down. Away.

Open your hands. Ábrelas.

Bring your palms to your face. Bury your face in your palms. It's ok.

The Guide is entranced as the next set of instructions are delivered to us. Her voice trembles and sing-songs and sometimes whispers us along like an unsettling lullaby leading us further out. All the while, the fires crackle and the rain falls.

GUIDE

Weep.Weep.

Weep.Weep.Weep.

Weep.Weep.Weep.

Weep.Weep.Weep.

Weep.Weep.Weep.

Weep.Weep.Weep.

Weep.Weep.Weep.

Weep.Weep.Weep.

Weep. Weep. Weep.

Weep. weep. Weep. weep.

Weep.

Weep.

Weep.

Weep.

Weep.

Weep.

Weep. weep.

weep.

Weep.

weep.

Weep en los estados unidos.

The Guide leaves us succinctly with our final charge. And she is gone. The crackling fire and falling rain are all around us. The wind blows and there are calls of far off birds. Grasshoppers and frogs. An ovation of thunder joins the deluge of rain - and is gone as soon as it arrives. We are left surrounded by the falling rain.

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