

M A G U I N D A N A O

A TRIBUTE TO THE
MUSLIM - FILIPINOS

presented by

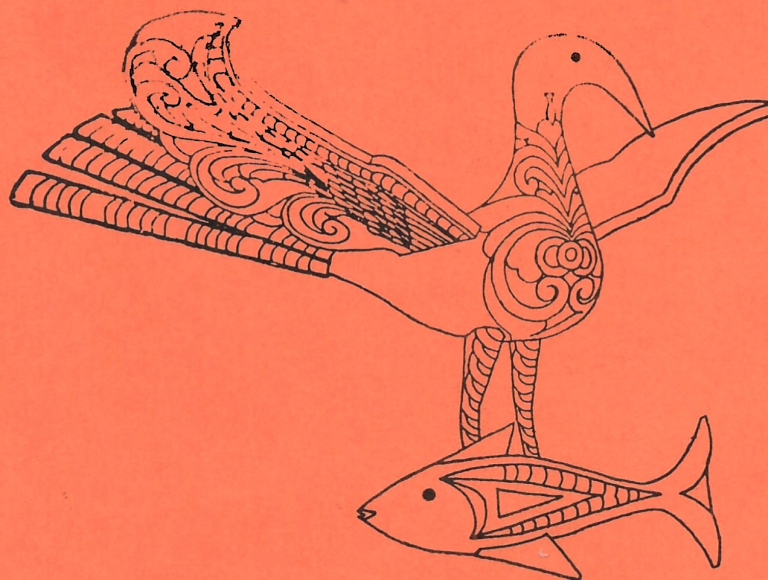
PILIPINO AMERICAN ALLIANCE

and

KATIPUNAN (UNION OF DEMOCRATIC FILIPINOS)

SUNDAY MAY 19 7:30 pm

ZELLERBACH AUDITORIUM, U.C. BERKELEY



P R O L O G U E

(Traditional Moro Filipino music. Lights come up on stage is an old Moro with smiling eyes and a calm, wise countenance. He is playing a flute and then he sings:)

IBRAHIM:

Mindanao, Mindanao

Hear your crickets in the night

Listen to their song in the grove of
the Durian trees

They rejoice the life of the land Mindanao.

(chant: Ah, ah, ah)

In fields of rice we have farmed here

For many centuries

Sailing barangay in the sea we are fishermen

Sun begins to fall we return to barrios.

(chant: Ah, ah, ah)

(He speaks:)

Yes, how beautiful it is to live in Mindanao!

Do you know, the typhoons that go to the North

Never come here to Mindanao!

And we have harvests all year round!

The sea that surrounds us is very beautiful

And plentiful with fish

The land also is very rich and generous.

My people are not selfish

There is land and space for everyone

But many who came from outside Mindanao
Wanted the land all for themselves
They were sakim--greedy!

Our people have learned their lesson
We must be very watchful here.

(He sings:)

Mindanao, Mindanao

This land is our ancient home

Home of Muslim Pilipino, Moro people

We rejoice our love for the land, Mindanao.

(Chorus: Ela-lay, ela-lay, ela-lay, Mindanao)

(He speaks:)

Five centuries ago

The people here were becoming united under the
culture and religion of Islam

And that was when I, Ibrahim, came into being.

(With mild surprise) Ay, Allah!

That makes me 500 years old now!

(chuckling) How can I live this long, you ask?

Well, because I am not one Moro--but many!

I am, you see, the storyteller of my people

And I live as long as my people shall live.

But I know someone else who is also very old

My brother, he is 400 years old!

And he lives in the North

Some of you call him (smiles) "Juan de la Cruz".

You see, when Spain came to our land, four centuries
ago

Juan de la Cruz came into being

But Spain came and with the sword and the cross

She plundered the country

Land and Gold! (angrily) That is all she wanted!

Land and Gold!

It was difficult and terrible for Juan

Many times, he fought back, bravely

But ah, Allah, he finally fell.

Spain also tried to bring me under yoke

But she failed

But the cruel exploiter was able to separate us

And so brothers became strangers

And after Spain departed, we were deeply divided

The Moro people from our Christian brothers

(He sings:)

But beware, Mindanao

There's a demon from the North

Devouring all the trees and the soil

of ancestral land

Beware Mindanao, we must prepare to fight.

(He speaks:)

The play is about to begin

It takes place in 1972

Oh, but don't worry, it's a few months before that

--Fateful September"

You have to be very careful of what you say in public
these days.

Spain had been driven out of the Philippines
But in her place the American colonialists came
Yes, the sly Americans
Unleashing demons from the North: the Manila government
to divide our people with religion
Though the enemy has many disguises
And many names like Del Monte, Shell and B.F. Goodrich
He wants only one thing
The riches of our land
That is why we face the same old problems today
It has gotten much worse!

And that is why here, in Mindanao
My brother Juan de la Cruz and I
Sometimes we meet
And we fight--side by side
Just watch!

(Placing the flute to his mouth Ibrahim plays and
exits.)

E N D O F P R O L O G U E

S C E N E I-A

(April 1972, dawn. The outskirts of the Moro barrio, Linantangan, and the Christian barrio, San Andres. A clearing in the area where a barbed wire fence is partially set up. Two laborers enter to complete the work on the fence. Vic is very nervous and hurried. In contrast, Carlos is relaxed and pokey.)

VIC: Dali, Carlos! Hurry, before the Moros around here wake up and see what we have done!

CARLOS: 'Hindi 'bali, Vic, it is too early in the morning. And besides we will be finished after we put the sign up.

VIC: Ay, you are like a turtle, Carlos! The foreman told us to finish everything by sunrise--it is sunrise now! =

CARLOS: Diyos, that foreman, he sure is scared, no?

VIC: We all are!

CARLOS: Of course, because when these Moros see these bulldozers (indicates bulldozers offstage) and our demolition crew, they are going to be very angry!

VIC: Well, Del Monte's plantations give jobs, don't they?

CARLOS: But what good are jobs, Vic, if people lose their land and homes? We cannot even afford to buy those pineapples and yet we have to supply the whole world!

VIC: Nyah! Only these Moros will lose their land!

CARLOS: No, I hear that one of the barrios we are evicting is Christian!

VIC: (exasperated) Mahirap ang buhay ngayon--life is hard, Carlos! I am just doing my job and so should you. Hurry, it is not safe for us to be outside the fence. Diyos, if these Moros catch us they may come running with their deadly bolos...

CARLOS (correcting him) "Kirs".

VIC: What?

CARLOS: Kris.

VIC: "Kris" who?!

CARLOS: Not "Kris who"--here in Mindanao, the Moros call their bolos "kris".

VIC: Whatever they call it, they will go juramentado! Break down the fence--barbed wire and all and then hack us all to pieces!

CARLOS: Ay, Vic, I never saw a juramentado before!

VIC: It is true, Carlos! This is what they taught us at school in Grade 4. My teacher even said that before they run amok, they shave their eyebrows off first!!!

CARLOS: Naku! Don't believe everything they teach you in school. Anyway, you would run amok too if someone came to kick you off your land. Uy, remember what happened in Bukidnon--you think they will give us armed guards here, too?

VIC: (irritated but afraid) Stop yakking and get that sign up! You want to be skinned alive by these Moros?

CARLOS: (casual grin) Of course, not--I am still too young to die! (from the top of ladder he notices something down the road) Hoy, Vic! I think I see people coming this way!

VIC: (Naku!! They will scalp me! (exits running)

CARLOS: (eyes still glued to the road) No, they are not carrying bolos--I mean kris. (Looks for Vic) Vic? Vic??!! Ay-y-y-y!! (scrambles away with the ladder)

S C E N E I-B

(Nizam, a young Moro peasant youth rushes in at the head of the others).

NIZAM: There, Ismail! You see--you see the bulldozers!! (Ismail enters, stops in shock then slowly walks closer to the fence)

ISMAIL: Yes, Nizam, the bulldozers are here.'

(The other people of Linantagan now enter, shocked, with the picture of doom on their faces.

JAMILAH: (hushed) Ay, Allah! They are so big!

NIZAM: Monsters!

JAMILAH: (in a rage) she points to the sign) Whad does this say!?

ISMAIL: Private Property, Ina. No Trespassing.

JAMILAH: Private property? Yes, but ours, not theirs! And we will fight to keep it ours!

HASSAN: Let's go into the town--to that crook Mayor Balilis.

I will strangle him right now!

ASADA: No, we must go to Datu Amil and Alrashin! They can help us!

ISMAIL: (to his mother, Jamilah) Ha! I can see it now-- Datu Amil and Alrashin rushing off to court to file all their injunctions and when they come back, all our homes are demolished.

JAMILAH: Yes, but not so harsh about Datu Amil, my son. He has been a good cousin to us. But this is as we thought--Balilis and Del Monte will go ahead with the eviction.

ISMAIL: And without the proof of their ownership of the land.

JAMILAH: They move fast.

ISMAIL: They think it is still early to outmaneuver us. Well, they are wrong!

NIZAM: Ismail, Auntie Jamilah, the emergency mass meeting-- it will now happen tonight?

ISMAIL: Right.

JAMILA: Uy, I will announce it. (hesitates) Or why don't you, son.

ISMAIL: Go on, Inah, you are the head of the peasant association.

JAMILAH: But...

NIZAM: Everybody! Everybody! Auntie Jamilah is going to speak!

JAMILAH: (A little shy. Jamilah, mother of Ismail is about 65 years old. She is a simple humble woman, widow of a poor farmer and herself a poor farmer.) She has My friends, neighbors and relatives. For many months now, we slept in fear of the eviction. And now today, the nightmare has come true! Those Ilagas-- those Christian mercenaries from the North--they think they can drive us out of our land? No! We will show that crook Balilis! (no longer shy as she rallies her people) And his landgrabbing partners-- Del Monte! And now, we must also show the good Datu Amil and our lawyer Alrashin, that we cannot passively wait for the final doom of their court battles. Will we be passive still when these bulldozers destroy our lands, our homes! (The crowd of people respond throughout her speech) You see, the Datu is only one man, while we in Linantagan are 300. And this is what our peasant association stands for--the action of not just one, but the action of all. And we have no time to lose. So tonight is the time for the emergency mass meeting.

Many of you are already members of the association. And everybody in Linantangan has joined in our many projects. Remember before, every rainy season, the river flooded our fields and destroyed our crops. But then when our peasant association was formed....

NIZAM: Thanks to Ismail!

JAMILAH: (Smiling) Yes, my son helped! And then the peasant association told all of Linantangan that we can put a stop to that flooding. Ay, you know the whole story--we worked so hard day and night digging that...that... (turning to Ismail)

ISMAIL: "Bypass", inah.

JAMILAH: That "Bypass" from the river.

NIZAM: (Smiling and jumping up to mimic digging with the shovel) Like this! Ay-y-y! (Joking he mimics the pains in his back from digging. The others laugh at his clowning)

JAMILAH: And we placed so many sandbags on the riverbank!

ISMAIL: (Clowning, he mimics carrying the sandbags) Like this! Ay-y-y! (Joking about the pains in his back, too)

JAMILAH: Ay-y-y!! But it all worked!

(The others agree with enthusiasm)

JAMILAH: And remember, just a few months ago many of us were robbed of our animals in the night. Uy, Farrah, how many of your poultry were stolen?

FARRAH: Ay, Allah! Almost half!

JAMILAH: And Nizam, your father lost his carabaos, no?

NIZAM: Our two best carabaos!

JAMILAH: And who was it who trapped the thieves? The PC's-- the Police Constabulary from the town?

NIZAM: Ha! It was the PC's we caught--and those goons of Balilis!

JAMILAH: Yes, and we caught them because Linantangan, led by the peasant association, organized the lookout system. You see, my friends. We have grown from our past experiences and efforts. And we grow not only in numbers but in ability. Ay, this is so important because now we are faced with the biggest enemy in our lives. So this is all I have to say: You must come to the emergency meeting tonight and we will strengthen the peasant association in order to lead Linantangan to defeat all enemies!

(The people are enthusiastic, start to exit, adlibbing about going to the meeting, etc.)

HASSAN: (jumping up and with a stern expression) My friends! My friends! So you are all going to the association meeting!? And you are all prepared to defend our land!? But are you also prepared to work with those Christians in the next barrio??!! (pause) Because that is what the association has in mind for us. Well, I say: stop the bulldozers, Yes! But work with those Christians? No--Never!!

ISMAIL: Hassan, for the good of Linantangan, unity with the Christians must--

HASSAN: (cutting him off) Jamilah, what is wrong with you. You and I talked many times about our hatred for those Ilagas. Have you forgotten that it was Christians who murdered your husband--your own father, Ismail! Have you forgotten that it was Christians who drove your family off your lands!

FARRAH: Hassan is right. Every year hordes of Christians arrive in Mindanao to claim our people's lands. And now the Christians will soon outnumber us. They will soon swallow us up.

HASSAN: Jamilah, I cannot believe that you and the association can talk about Moro-Christian unity. I say, Linantangan shall defend our lands--but leave San Andres to defend their own! Speak, Jamilah! Say what is truly in your heart. I know we agree!

(All turn to Jamilah. She is distressed but speechless)

ISMAIL: If we hate the Christians so much, Hassan, then we should fight them--San Andres--not Balilis and Del Monte. Is that what you mean when you talk like that Hassan?!

HASSAN: Stop your nonsense, Ismail, and let Jamilah speak!

JAMILAH: (With great difficulty) Yes,it was the Christians who killed my husband...

HASSAN: And you must never forget that. Nor the rest of us!

ISMAIL: We will never forget, Hassan. Yes a Christian killed my father, but he was a Christian landlord. Not like the peasants of San Andres. And who is evicting us now? Another landlord. But this time a Moro, our own Mayor Balilis--not a Christian! How do you explain that, Hassan?!

(Angry and unable to answer, Hassan exits)

ISMAIL: You all know that the association is asking

Linantangan to unite with San Andres. Just like San Andres asks their people to unite with us. Both our associations have met and discussed this already. We know the past antagonisms, but we must unite to save our lands. San Andres fights the eviction and so do we. What could be more logical than to join forces. With Linantagan we are 300. But with San Andres we are 300 stronger.

FARRAH: But Ismail, the people of San ANDres fight for a lost cause. They do not even own their land. They are only tenants and Balilis is their landlord. San Andres has no choice if Balilis wants to turn his land into a plantation for Del Monte. But our cause is clearly a just one!

ASADA: No! Remember, the San Andres land was not Balilis' before. It was communal land 25 years ago until his family claimed them!

ISMAIL: And that is why the San Andres fight is also a just one. You see, it is not just for the sake of numbers that we unite with San Andres. Because it is not only Moros like my family who had to resettle here. The people of San Andres came here from the North because they too were driven off their lands. Their history and ours are the same. Their enemies and ours are the same. That is why our two peasant associations have united on a plan. But without you, the people, there is no genuine unity. And without

you there can be no meeting tonight and no action to save our land.

FARRAH: Well...I never thought I would live to see the day when Christians came to fight with me instead of against me!

ASADA: (chuckling) Now is our chance, Farrah!

ISMAIL: Good! Now let us go and spread the news about the bulldozers and tonight's meeting!

(All but Jamila start to exit)

JAMILAH: Ismail...

ISMAIL: Yes, Inah?

(Jamilah cannot answer)

ISMAIL: (helpfully) Shall we talk about what happened just now?

JAMILAH: (nods).....Did I betray the association because I did not defend it in front of the people? (confused and emotional) Or maybe, somehow....I betrayed your father because I could not answer Hassan! Ay, Allah, I could not find the words. But it was not fair of Hassan to bring up your father's death. Ay, that Hassan is a sly one, my son. He is sly! (trying to avoid crying) And it almost worked. ...Because in my mind, I know it is right to unite with the Christians. But in my heart there is hatred still.

ISMAIL: I think the people understand, Inah. Hassan tried to confuse you--

JAMILAH: And what if it happens again at tonight's

meeting? The Christians will be there and our people too. Ay! I could make the same mistake! Maybe...I should not preside over the meeting.

ISMAIL: Inah, Linantangan relies on you. They chose you as chairman of the association. Prove to them that although Hassan tried to confuse you with guilt it did not work. An when they see you presiding at the meeting, together with the chairman from San Andres they too will feel confident about unity. You see, you are a symbol, Inah, to both Linantangan and San Andres. You represent all the hardships they suffered; and all the aspirations they envision and fight for. You inspire their trust. It is important that you lead the meeting.

JAMILAH: ...Maybe you are right.

ISMAIL: Why don't you go to San Andres and meet with Sebastian so you can prepare for the meeting. And together you can summarize the problems that have come up so ar and how to deal with them for tonight. Remember, there may be others like Hassan there. So the more you prepare, the less you have to fear.

JAMILAH: (Coming around but still a little hesitant)
There is no way I can get out of presiding at the meeting?

ISMAIL: (smiling) No--I won't let you!

JAMILAH: (shrugs her agreement)

ISMAIL: Good! Now I am going to speak to the brothers of

Hassan and his wife. And you are going to San Andres
to meet with Sebastian, right? (starts to exit)

JAMILAH: (another shrug in agreement)

ISMAIL: So I will see you at tonight's meeting, huh!

JAMILAH: (blankly) Uh...what meeting?

ISMAIL: (surprised, worried) Inah!!

JAMILAH: (laughing)

ISMAIL: (laughing too then teasing her back) Why you
stubborn old peasant woman!

JAMILAH: Ay, Ismail--I am only teasing! Go on now, I have
much work to do. I am going to San Andres to meet
with that comrade Sebastian. And you better talk to
Hassan's brothers!! (pause) Ay, your father would
have been so proud of you, son.

ISMAIL: And he of you.

JAMILAH: Salaam, my son. (exits)

ISMAIL: Salaam, Inah. (exits in opposite direction)

E N D O F S C E N E 1

S C E N E I I

(Same day, a few hours later. Siti and Anouk, two young women from Linantangan are washing laundry at the riverbank)

FELIPA: (calling from offstage) Siti! Siti!

ANOUK: Who is that?

SITI: (seeing her friend coming) Bernadette from San Andres. Salaam, Bernadette!

FELIPA: (enters) Good morning, Siti, good morning, Anouk!

SITI: (laughing) Ay, Allah, we sure had a lot of excitement last night, huh Felipa.

FELIPA: Ay naku! That's why I came to find you--to apologize!

SITI: Never mind--I had a good laugh!

FELIPA: Your mother was so furious! But it really was funny!

SITI: Ay, Anouk, you should have been at my house last night! What a sight! Some of the pigs from Felipa's farm got loose--

FELIPA: Ay! It was all my fault--

SITI: And they wandered onto my mother's coconut grove. And when Inah found out--ay, she was screaming and screaming! I ran to fetch Felipa. We ran back to the coconut grove to catch all those little pigs and in the dark! There they were running and squealing with fright from my mother's screaming and cursing.

(laughing hard) And then Inah kneels down praying and crying out to Allah for forgiveness that those pigs desecrated her coconut grove!

(They all laugh good-naturedly)

ANOUK: Shhh! I hear someone singing. It's coming from the road. (she peeks offstage) Uy, it's Fatimah from the town. Quick, let's hide and then surprise her!

(Giggling, they hide. Singing offstage builds) then Fatimah enters singing. Her old Auntie Mariam accompanies her vainly attempting to shade the two of them with a parasol. This is difficult because Fatimah is singing with such animation. Both are dressed in very fine clothes.)

FATIMAH: (singing)

Saya mao kuli-kuli

Saya mao kuli-kuli

Ana tuhan ana

Ana tuhan ana

Tabang, piki simba, piki simba, piki simba

Kitan yu, Tabang, tabang--

SITI/ANOUK/FELIPA: (jumping out) TABAAAAANG!!

(Fatimah and Auntie Mariam jump in fright then laugh with the others)

SITI: Don't stop singing, Fatimah! Let's dance, too!!

(In merriment they all dance a traditional folk dance. But Siti and Anouk are clowning around)

AUNTIE MARIAM: Girls! This is a very beautiful dance.

Now do it right! (tugging the clowns by their ears)

(Joking aside they finish the dance. Then two of them break into a faster, spectacular dance with a big climax.)
The others cheer and clap)

FATIMAH: Ay! That was a beautiful dance!

SITI: (teasing) And that was beautiful singing, Fatimah!
Tell us, was that song for "Alrashin"?

FATIMAH: Stop your teasing!

SITI: Of course, if I was just married to a rich and handsome lawyer like Alrashin, I would sing my heart out day and night. Even in my sleep!

ANOUK: (laughing) We should call you Mrs. Attorney from now on, Fatimah!

FATIMAH: Ay, stop your teasing!

FELIPA: Anyone can tell you are a new bride, Fatimah!

AUNTIE:MARIAM: Yes, because you still look very happy.

People married for a long time look very sad!

(laughter)

SITI: Tell us about your honeymoon--your trip to Manila!

ANOUK: What did you do there, Fatimah? What did you see?

FATIMAH: (excited) Ay, Manila is so exciting and beautiful!

So many big buildings and movie houses and restaurants.
Some day, I hope our town will grow and develop like Manila!

SITI: (serious) But at what cost for our people!

FATIMAH: Oh, but if my father had won the election, the town could have an honest mayor and--

ISMAIL: (entering) Anyone would have been better than that

crocodile, Balilis!

ALL: Uy, Ismail, Salaam! (etc.)

FATIMAH: Ismail, I came from town to visit Auntie Jamilah. And shame on you, why didn't you come to my wedding? Father was looking for you and especially Alrashin. He has not seen you since you were in school together.

ISMAIL: Greetings, my cousin and my apologies to your family. (quickly addressing the others) Mga kasama, I have terrible news. Late last night, Mayor Balilis brought bulldozers. It seems the eviction will take place soon. Spread the word--there is an emergency meeting tonight in Linantangan. The people of San Andres will meet with us, too.

(The barrio women quickly leave. Adlibbing: We haven't much time, etc.)

FATIMAH: I must go back to town to tell Father and Rashin about the bulldozers and the meeting.

ISMAIL: They were never interested in the meetings of the peasant association, Fatimah. Only in their court papers.

FATIMAH: But now that the bulldozers are here the eviction will take place. Ismail come, let's tell father it is too late for his court papers.

ISMAIL: Inah has already tried to get the Datu's support for the association. And he refuses to listen.

FATIMAH: Talk to Rashin first. He will listen--you are old friends. And maybe together you can convince father.

AUNTIE MARIAM: Datu Amil is very stubborn but so am I. And
I say you are returning to town with us to talk to
Rashin and then him. Come!

(They exit, the women nudging him along while he protests
in vain)

S C E N E I I - B

(Later that same day in Alrashin's law office. He is at
his desk working, referring to his law journals, writing,
etc. Fatimah enters with Ismail)

FATIMAH: Rashin, look, Ismail is here to visit!

RASHIN: Ismail, it's good to see you!

ISMAIL: (a little uncomfortable) Salaam, Rashin.

FATIMAH: Rashin, Balilis brought bulldozers to the
barrio and that means that--

RASHIN: I know, Fatimah, that's why your father and I
have already started on some new papers for court.
I'll be with you in a moment. Fatimah, pour
Ismail a drink. (returns to his writing)

FATIMAH: (pouring drink) Rashin opened the office when
we returned from our honeymoon. (then in a low
voice:) I know you can persuade him, Ismail!
(conversationally)and indicating office) Well, how
do you like it?

ISMAIL: (Uh.hh.h, well he seems to have everything.

RASHIN: (getting up from desk) Fatimah, please take these
to father right away.

FATIMAH: (taking papers.) Allright. Well, I guess you
two have a lot to talk about. Salaam, Ismail.

ISMAIL: Salaam, cousin.

RASHIN: Ay, Ismail, it's been a long time!

ISMAIL: Yes, it has.

(Both are a little awkward but then they give each other
an affectionate embrace)

ISMAIL: Well, you seem to have changed a little, Rashin!

RASHIN: Well, yes. I'm now happily married to Datu
Amil's daughter. And I just opened my law office
in the town.

ISMAIL: So you finally made it, Rashin. You know, ever
since I can remember, you always wanted to marry
my cousin....and become a lawyer.

RASHIN: And you wanted to study medicine and become a
doctor. Remember? Datu Amil was going to pay
for it all--your education, an office. And were
going to open our offices next door to each other!

ISMAIL: It was a good idea at the time.

RASHIN: But you had to run off and become (teasing)
...a revolutionary! (laughs) That's why you're
so thin now!

ISMAIL: (laughs) And here you are....an up and coming
bureaucrat...and already getting a little fat!

RASHIN: (annoyed then tries to change subject) You know, Ismail, I was hoping you had stopped all your radical nonsense after you left school. But now I hear rumors that you even have ties with the guerrillas in the mountains.

ISMAIL: I work with the peasant's association, Rashin. And we've been preparing for the eviction.

RASHIN: (condescending) Ay, yes! Peasant associations! Well, being organized is important. In Manila, I learned to appreciate this when I was studying there.

ISMAIL: And you were even a law clerk in the Constitutional Convention.

RASHIN: (proudly) Yes! And Ismail, the Constitutional Convention is the greatest advancement of this political system. In fact, President Marcos endorses the convention and I am sure with his help progress can develop much faster in the country.

ISMAIL: Rashin, it sounds like Marcos is sabotaging the Convention not helping it. Some of the delegates are even cooperating with him--accepting bribes. And then these scandals about delegates carrying on like a bunch of playboys and gamblers--

RASHIN: (preachy) Never mind, never mind! There will always be a few who carry on like that. But they are not doing any harm except to their wives--

and God. Ismail, the vulgarities of the few will drown in the good deeds of the many. You've got to look at the whole picture. Oh, and as for these radicals and activists in Manila. All they know is how to shout slogans in the streets.

ISMAIL: That is not true, Rashin. But one reason why people go to the streets is because they have given up hope with the government. Yes Rashin, the whole picture. And you were in Manila so you should know. What about everything else happening outside the Convention hall. Like Marcos suspending the writ of habeas corpus. Like demonstrating workers and students being shot down in the streets. And the Plaza Miranda bombing! Marcos has the boldness of a fascist to try and wipe out the opposition candidates. And even when his goons were caught, he dared to deny it! Now people feel they have to take their cause everywhere--except the government.

RASHIN: (unshaken from his idealism) Ismail, when the new constitution is implemented your friends can come down from the mountains and stop fighting. Everything will change for the better. There were many nationalists at the convention who fought for bills that limit profits by foreign corporations and that protect our ancestral lands.

ISMAIL: Can such reforms be really implemented, Rashin? You know Del Monte has been in Mindanao since the 1900's and others--B.F. Goodrich, Standard Oil,

American Nickle. They rake billions and billions of dollars from Mindanao. And it is our land and labor that brings them their profits. They are so powerful that no government officials are on their secret payrolls. Everyone knows that the Balilis brothers are Del Monte's puppets. This government serves the foreign corporations. So what can a few well meaning, local politicians do in the face of all that.

RASHIN: (insulted) This is where we disagree, Ismail! I will fight it out with Balilis in court. Just watch!

ISMAIL: Balilis is ready to evict us today!

RASHIN: (angry) And just what do you intend to do!?

ISMAIL: (Tonight, the two peasant associations will discuss a plan to stop the eviction.

RASHIN: Are you crazy? What can people do against bulldozers?!

ISMAIL: What else do we have except the people? Rashin, the people--well organized, can be a very powerful force.

RASHIN: Ay, rhetoric! You haven't changed, Ismail. Let me tell you what the people need. They need me, a lawyer who can bail them out of their problems. And they need Datu Amil. When they face trouble, they don't run to you, Ismail, or to the peasant association. No! They run to Datu Amil like they have always done for years. You cannot change

tradition!

ISMAIL: If we depend on the 'datus as people have done in the past, it is only by luck whether we end up with a good datu or a bad one. Two years ago, didn't Datu Abas of Basilan secretly place his people's ancestral lands under his name and then sell it to that American logging company? And there were others who did the same because the people entrusted their power to their datus. And power--

RASHIN: Ah yes, the "power of the people", huh Ismail? And what does that mean? Picking up the kris and running amok?

ISMAIL: It's imperialism that is running amok!

RASHIN: (speechless for a moment) But, but is it practical fo the people to take their fate into their own hands

ISMAIL: Yes!! Because it is their future at stake. If Balilis succeeds in the eviction, who loses? Not you. Not even Datu Amil. But the people of Linantangan and San Andres. And against Balilis and Del Monte, it is only the power of the people, organized that will make this struggle decisively in our favor.

RASHIN: How naive, Ismail. The law is the power of the people. The government is the people.

ISMAIL: Then why did everybody vote for Datu Amil and yet he lost the election, huh! And you--when you

go to court, Rashin with all your legal jargon, it will be the same outcome.

RASHIN: (blowing up) Jargon, huh--you should talk. A year ago, that's all I heard from you: ruling class, imperialism, revolution! Rhetoric--just empty rhetoric! And what's more, it is rhetoric from your friends in the mountains! I've had enough of it, Ismail. As soon as I get those legal titles, I will slap them in your face!

(painful silence)

ISMAIL: (trying to relieve the antagonism) Well, I hope you get those papers, Rashin. But meanwhile, you must understand, the people must take their own path to stop the eviction.

RASHIN: Well, I've got lots of work to do.

ISMAIL: And so do I. (starts to leave)

RASHIN: Ismail....you're right..that is, I am getting a little fat.

ISMAIL: (wry smile) Youssee, we agree on something afterall. (exits)

(RASHIN, disturbed, starts to crumple the paper on his desk but then recovers himself, puts his eyeglasses on and gets back to his work)

E N D O F S C E N E I I

S C E N E I I I

(The same day in the office of Mayor Omar Balilis. The mayor is admiring his campaign poster from his re-election campaign. Hajijah; his mistress is filing her fingernails in boredom.)

OMAR: (beer in hand) Ha-ha! Drink up, Hajijah! Happy days are here again, right honey? After all that campaigning, whew! I'm going to take us on a nice little vacation!

HAJIJAH: Good! How about Baguio?

OMAR: Sure, baby, but first give me a kiss. Come on, hurry 'up.

HAJIJAH: (hiding her reluctance) Allright. (she kisses him then turns away with a grimace at his bad breath)

OMAR: Ah, these posters won my re-election. I spent thousands of pesos just for these alone. And Datu Amil--ha-ha, his posters looked so bad, he probably drew them by hand! Ah, but the election--it was the biggest and fanciest campaign this town has ever seen!

HAJIJAH: Yes Omar, but thanks to the half million pesos from Del Monte.

OMAR: Yes! And that's the biggest contribution Del Monte ever made to a political candidate--ever! That just shows that Del Monte regards me as the best person to be mayor! And the people benefitted from that money. Wow, that big fiesta I gave for

the voters. People talked about it for weeks. That party showed how powerful I am, and how concerned I am for their personal lives--all the beer they could drink! The best food they've ever had in their lives! Why I must have had eight cows and thirty goats slaughtered for that fiesta.

HAJIJAH: But the star attraction was that band from Manila--Tirso Villegas and his combo--and that singer, Rico J. Vega--oh he's so handsome!!

OMAR: Okay, okay, that's enough, Hajijah. I saw how you were flirting with him. Anyway, you know, now that I look at this poster more closely, it seems that I have bags under my eyes, no? Look Hajijah, come--aren't those bags?

HAJIJAH: But it's not noticeable, Omar.

OMAR: Are you sure, Hajijah--are you sure?

HAJIJAH: Well, if it was noticed (mocking) people will think you get them from spending long late hours working for the good of the people. When the voters saw those baggy eyes they picture you at your desk studying proposals and plans for the modernization of the town!

OMAR: (satisfied) Ha-ha that's good! Hajijah, what would I do without you. Come, another kiss.

HAJIJAH: (avoiding the kiss by pretending to drop her fingernail file) And little do the people know that you actually spend those late hours playing cards,

getting your manicure or forging the account books so you can cheat a few pesos from the Congressman.

OMAR: Oh, thanks for reminding me, Hajijah. These totals don't match. (looking thru account book) I better balance them before my brother arrives. He'll strike me like lightning if he sees how I've tampered with this. I need those phony receipts. (rummages thru desk) Where are they?

ABDUL: (enters) Boss, Mr. Mayor, I have some news. Linantangan and San Andres are ahl furious over the bulldozers. It looks like they're planning something. They called a meeting for tonight!

OMAR: Humph, it must be that Datu Amil and that damn Alrashin. They must be up to no good.

ABDUL: But we don't know what it is yet.

OMAR: It must be the legal papers Alrashin is waiting for. Bud don't worry, the Congressman can fix that when he arrives tonight. He knows everything! Meanwhile, where are those damn receipts?

(Like the devil himself, the Congressman quietly enters. He signals Abdul to keep quiet as he surveys the scene. Hajijah has not noticed him and so takes the receipts and hides them in her garter)

HAJIJAH: Oh, Omar, don't panic. Tell you what, my sweet. If I find those phony receipts will you give me shopping money for tomorrow.

OMAR: Of course, baby. I'll keep you in the best of style. Now find me those receipts.

DAUD: You seem to be working hard, Omar!

OMAR: (surprise and panic) Daud! Uhh..welcome, welcome. My goodness if I knew you were arriving this early I would have ordered the maids to clean up--heh, heh. This place is such a mess! (Tries to hide the account book) Abdul, get the Congressman a chair-- get him a beer!

(Abdul places chair by desk.)

OMAR: Not here stupid, the desk is such a mess! (moves chair away) Here, this is better. Heh-heh!Uhh..Oh! Hajijah, come meet my successful and famous brother. The whole family is very proud of him. Come on, go to the Congressman. He is known for his appreciation of beauty, right Daud? He might even give you some money, right Daud?

(Hajijah walks to Daud. Daud eyes her carefully then suddenly gives her a furious slap. She falls and he yanks out the receipts from her garter.)

DAUDA: Are these what you're looking for? Fool! If my men had not tracked down your other tramp, you would have ended up in the poorhouse from what she stole. Ay, never mind. My warnings never seem to get through your thick skull.

OMAR: I'm sorry, Daud. (to change the subject) Oh, Daud, the six by six trucks from Japan arrived. I instructed our boys in the Customs office to pass--

DAUD: Let's deal with the most important things first, Omar--

OMAR: Oh, yes! Well then the rifles and other weapons have been delivered and--

DAUD: Damn your stupidity! I already know all that. And put away that account book if it makes you nervous!. I already caught you red-handed so stop covering up. And get that girl out of here!

(Omar signals her away)

OMAR: Ay, Daud, why didn't you say so? I know what you want to discuss, my brother--

DAUD: I feel like vomiting when I hear you call me brother!

OMAR: Daud! I mean, Congressman? Oh, yes, you want to discuss the bulldozers--

DAUD: YES, THE BULLDOZERS! FOOL! I get so tired of your stupidity, Omar!

OMAR: But--

DAUD: Shut up! Ay! These past years it has been unbearable to face my political associates when even in my own hometown my own brother cannot carry out the simplest of plans! If it hadn't been for me, Omar, you would have not received campaign money from Del Monte and you would have been a sure loser. Ay, let's get back to the bulldozers. I suppose you have carried out the eviction. Mr. Johnson called me earlier and I said that everything--

OMAR: Uhh...well, Daud--the bulldozers are here but--

DAUD: But did you carry out the eviction?

OMAR: Uhh, you see the uhhh demolition crew soon, I mean--

DAUD: (furious) Omar! Did you or did you not carry out the eviction?

OMAR: No, not yet, Daud--forgive me--

DAUD: (violently grabbing him by the collar) YOU!
...If you were not my brother I would have gotten you killed. Look, Omar, (cooling down) you don't seem to understand. Mr. Johnson will be very unhappy if those lands are not cleared right away. It's costing them money, just to sit and wait when they could already be making profits! They might reduce our fee, YOU FOOL!

OMAR: I'm sorry, Daud, but I heard the barrio people are up in arms! We need guards to protect the demolition crew.

DAUD: What about your men, what do you think they are, CARABAOS!

OMAR: Oh! Well, the courts haven't settle the legal ownership to the land yet.

DAUD: (presents papers from his jacket) Here, these papers were produced by the Bureau of Lands in Manila--proof that our family has been paying taxes the taxes for the Linantangan land for the past twenty years. Look, Omar, I want no more excuses. I want those people out and I want those houses down no later than tomorrow, understand!

OMAR: (with confidence once again) For sure, Daud. Uy, let me show you around the equipment site. Abdul!

Watch my office, I'll be back later.

ABDUL: Yes, Mr. Mayor!

(Abdul watches them exit and then relaxes)

ABDUL: Now I'm the boss-man, ha-ha! (helps himself to beer)

(HAJIJA enters, checking to see if the Congressman has left)

ABDUL: (laughing) So Omar's little princess got slapped by the big bad Congressman. I hope you didn't break any of your fingernails, Madame!

HAJIJAH: Shut up, Abdul. Have they gone?

ABDUL: (laughing) Would I be playing boss-man if those two idiots were here? Ha-Ha. But you know, Hajijah, I admire those two crooks. They have a juicy deal with Del Monte. Look. (goes to the desk and picks up the Bureau of Lands document.) The Congressman brought this. This is proof that Linantangan is the property of the Balilis'. Ha, that fool Alrashin will never get anywhere with his legal petitions. Tomorrow, I will lead the bulldozers to Linantangan.

HAJIJAH: Someone should tell the people.

ABDUL: Hoy! Whose side are you on?! And even if you tell them, nobody will listen to you. You're the Mayor's mistress, they will throw stones at you even before you open your mouth!

HAJIJAH: They will believe me--afterall, I cam from Linantangan, too. They must liste or else their

homes, and crops will be destroyed! Maybe if we both go, Abdul. Maybe they will believe it if there are two of us to convince them.

ABDUL: Are you crazy?! I don't stick my neck out for anybody. The boss would kill me. Hey, are you really going to squeal to the barrio people!

HAIJIAH: Maybe, maybe I will!

ABDUL: (laughing) You're a tramp! And nobody listens to a tramp Hajijah! Ha-ha!

(Hajijah slaps him but Abdul blocks it and laughs. She exits angrily)

ABDUL: (laughing) Tramp! Tramp!

E N D O F S C E N E I I I

S C E N E I V

(Early dawn the next day. Jamilah is onstage with a wooden pole in her hands.)

JAMILAH: At the break of dawn the first of us were
aroused from our sleep. A few people were already
pouring into the road. The air was full of tension.
For it was as we envisioned. Balilis had given
the orders to evict! Rise up, everyone! Go to
the barricade! Stop the bulldozers! Save our
land!

(She pantomimes calling out to the people. One by one
they enter joining the march down the road. The people
from San Andres join them and their leader, Sebastian
carries a red banner. All have a very determined and
militant expression. All carry weapons--farming imple-
ments, krises. Much of the acting for this part of the
scene is stylized, pantomime movements and the spoken
lines are delivered in verse, sometimes in choral)

ALL: Moros and Christians
Slaves in our own land
Driven and pushed for so long.

Let no one stand before us
Let no one dare divide us
For ours is a common struggle.

And we will never ever let up

For victory will be ours

In the end!

(They march on)

JAMILAH: Suddenly, the gleaming blades of the bulldozers flashed in the early morning light. And then a few armed guards came into sight. An loud voice called out to us--

SEBASTIAN: "Halt! We have orders to evcit!! Clear the road!"

(The people tighten their ranks and the front row links their arms)

SEBASTIAN: Closer and closer they came till they were only a few yards away from our front lone. The voice yelled out again: "Clear the road, NOW!"

(The front row in defiance, sits down on the ground)

ISMAIL: For a minute it looked as though they were determined to roll the bulldozers right over us! ...but finally, the machines came to a halt!

(Gun shots)

NIZAM: Warning shots were fired in the air. But we held our ground. Slowly they began aiming their rifles at us. There was a long drawn dilence. Everything came to a standstill...

FELIPA: (frightened, rising from the front row) They'll kill us! All of us!

NIZAM: Don't give up, Felipa. You can't compromise with them!

ISMAIL: Felipa looked back and saw behind her banners and flags and hundreds of people with strong determination.

(Emboldened by the sight of her people she takes a few steps forward, looking the guards straight)

FELIPA: NO! WE WON'T GIVE UP! We won't move! You're only brave because you have guns!

NIZAM: (worried takes a few steps toward her) Felipa, get back on the line. They might shoot--

(Gunfire. Nizam falls. Felipa screams out Nizam's name and then cries. The others also cry out. Slow motion acting)

JAMILA: The early morning of April 14, 1972. At the main road of Linantangan and San Andres. A day that will be remembered by the revolutionary masses of Mindanao.

CLARITA: The sky is full of darkness--

ASADA: The air is thick with cries--

ISMAIL: We shall fight for your life--

FELIPA: And bravely for your death--

ALL: We shall fight for your example, Kasamang Nizam.

(Two carry off Nizam's body)

JAMILA: For persecution or death hold no terror for our people!

ALL: We shall continue to raise the banners!
We shall continue to advance and fight!
And on this betrayed soil of Mindanao

Our struggle will spread

Drop by drop, piece by piece!

(All out gunfire, din, etc. Actors pantomime battle.

Cries. Jamilah cries out: "Quick, grab the rifle, the rifle!"

A few moments later Ismail cries out: "Seize the bulldozers!")

JAMILAH: Look--they're turning around! We stopped them!

(All are jubilant, embracing one another with joy and exhaustion.)

ALRASHIN: (enters, seething with anger. Ismail approaches him but Rashin violently pushes him away) You killed a young boy! You could have wiped out the whole barrio! How many times have I told you--there are other ways to stop this eviction. Peaceful ways and civilized!

JAMILAH: Stop Alrashin! Yes, they shot Nizam--and Allah knows we mourn his death. But why do you show your anger to us and not at Balilis and Del Monte who cause this brutality and grief! We want no martyrs. But do they give us a choice? No! Because we already saw too many evictions happen in this province!

RASHIN: But we have a stronger case here. Linantangan is ancestral land. What Balilis does is totally illegal and must be settled in court. Patience! It's better than sacrificing lives and shedding blood. Come with me, all of you. I'm going to Balilis right now to demand an explanation!

(Asada and Rafael are going with Rashin. Others try to convince them to stay.)

JAMILAH: Rafael, Asada--you're being misled!

ASADA: (crying out) Nizam's been killed!

JAMILAH: Ismail, stop those two!

ISMAIL: Let them go! We have more important things to do right now. Yes, today we are victorious but now we must defend this victory. We all know they are prepared to kill each one of us. We must prepare, too, for their next move. They may even bring government troops from Manila.

JAMILAH: Yes! My friends, this is no longer a matter of blocking the bulldozers with a human barricade. No, we must change our tactics--to match theirs. (picks up one of the confiscated rifles) I say-- we pick up the gun. I say we stop speaking in whispers about getting help from the guerrillas of Barrio Jabidah. And that we speak more openly about--revolution!

(Actors freeze into a tableau of militance and optimism)

E N D O F S C E N E I V

S C E N E V

(Omar Balilis' office several hours after the people's successful barricade against the bulldozers. Hajija is the only one present--she is pacing nervously. Abdul and Ahmed, another Balilis goon, enter. They both look battle worn; Abdul is especially angry)

HAJIJAH: Well--that happened there. Tell me!

ABDUL: They blocked the road. There were too many of them! But damn that coward Harith! If he didn't run first nobody else would have!

HAJIJAH: So what--you all ran didn't you? (laughing)

ABDUL: Shut up!

HAJIJAH: Those people are going to keep their land! And there's nothing you can do about it--especially if you're all a bunch of cowards.

ABDUL: You shut your mouth!

HAJIJAH: (laughing) Cowards!

(Abdul moves threateningly to Hajijah. Ahmed tries to cool him down.)

AHMED: Uy-uy--Abdul...uhh.h.h it wasn't Harith. It was one of those boys on the demolition crew--from Manila.

ABDUL: Well, whoever it was, he better keep on running. And see--Harith has not shown his damn face yet!

(Suddenly Rashin enters with Asada and Rafael. Tension as Abdul and Ahmed are on guard.)

ABDUL: What do you want?

RASHIN: Balilis. I want to talk to him.

ABDUL: You cannot. He's not here.

RASHIN: Then we'll wait.

(Tense, angry silence.)

ASADA: (Walking up to Balilis' campaign poster)

Yah--Mr. Town Mayor! Landslide victory?! Hah!

Landslide vote buying and terror!

RAFAEL: Datu Amil was our choice. If he was mayor we
wouldn't have this trouble.

(Asada, emboldened, spits on poster and tries tearing it
down. Abdul pulls her away and twists her arm behind her
back. Ahmed blocks Rashin who is protesting. Rafael tries
to free Asada from Abdul but Ahmed hits his in the stomach
with his rifle butt.) Hajijah is screaming: "Stop Abdul!"

HAIJIAH: Stop Abdul!

OMAR: (Enters) Abdul--what's going on?

ABDUL: (releasing Asada) Mr. Balilis, these trouble
makers--

RASHIN: It's good you came, Balilis. Look what your goons
have done to these people!

OMAR: Abdul, why?

ABDUL: But boss, she spit on your face and trampled it!
(indicates campaign poster)

OMAR: (to Rashin) You see, it's not my men who start
trouble. First, they are provoked! Now what do
you want?

RASHIN: This morning your men tried to bulldoze Linantangan and SAn Andres! And killed a young boy!

OMAR: Let me tell you this again. My men don't start trouble. That boy must have provoked them. Be careful, Alrashin, you are committing character assassination.

ASADA: Character assassination--ha! There is no need!

RASHIN: Listen Balilis, it's against the law to level that land while the case is still in court. Now what's going to happen to the people when they see their leaders abuse the law!

OMAR: That's enough! You think that because you are a big time lawyer now that you can destroy my name? I have something to show you. (gets documents from desk) Here--the torens title and tax declaration to the Linantangan land. (turns to Rafael) You-- if the land is truly yours, then why has my family paid the taxes on it for the past 20 years!

RAFAEL: (tries to snatch papers) Damn your papers Balilis! (guards move threateningly to Rafael)

RASHIN: That's enough!

(Omar signals guards back)

RASHIN: The Supreme Court has ruled that papers like these aren't enough evidence to prove ownership anymore!

OMAR: But these are the torens title!

RASHIN: Which are forged by your connections in the Bureau of Lands!

ASADA: We are being fooled! And you are being used to give our land to Del Monte.

OMAR: Their plantations give you jobs. This gives your children a brighter future--don't you want that? You must give way to foreign corporations who can develop our economy! And I have never been used by the foreign corporations. It is only my responsibility to help them in their rights!

RAFAEL: The trouble is, they take over our economy--everything!

OMAR: Ha! You talk a lot of nonsense--like the activists in Manila.

RAFAEL: I don't care what you call me. I will fight you for my land.

OMAR: I know Datu Amil was responsible for the mob that attacked my bulldozers this morning.

RASHIN: (hesitates)..And what if he was! The people are always behind Datu Amil. They'll do anything he thinks is right for them.

ASADA: (confused) But Datu Amil didn't lead the barricade--

RASHIN: (trying to hush her) Let me handle this, Asada.

ASADA: (bewildered, to Rashin) But the peasant association organized the road block--

RASHIN: Asada, leave this to me!

BALILIS: (he didn't catch the above) Ha! If Datu Amil respects the law why did he send that mob to barricade the road? And isn't Datu Amil's nephew--

Ismail--a Maoist bandit from the mountains? Who knows--Datu Amil must have become a communist, too!

RASHIN: How dare you! That is character assassination! Everyone knows that Datu Amil would defend this system of government--to his dying day! (turns to Asada & Rafael) My friends--you see how difficult it is to talk with this man. We must report this to Datu Amil. And don't you try to move those bulldozers again, Balilis. We will see you in court instead--just wait!

(Rashin, Asada and Rafael exit. Balilis is shaken and angry.)

OMAR: Damn that Datu Amil. He's going to ruin all our plans!

HAJIJAH: Omar, these people are serious. Maybe you shouldn't--

ABDUL: Datu Amil is only a man. It's easy to kill a man, boss.

HAJIJAH: (aghast) Don't listen to him, Omar!

OMAR: (motions her to shut up). Go on, Abdul.

ABDUL: Every night after dinner he returns to his office and works late--and alone.

OMAR: (thinking) Yes, Abdul--it is easy.

(The two laugh lowly)

E N D O F S C E N E V

S C E N E V I

(Later that evening in the home of Alrashin. Alrashin is pacing nervously. Fatimah enters with his suitcase; she is concerned over his disturbed state)

FATIMAH: I packed your best suits, Rashin.

RASHIN: (half listening) Uh.h--what?

FATIMAH: (smiling) Afterall, you will rubbing elbows with those big shots in Manila!

(No response from Rashin)

FATIMAH: What's wrong, Rashin?

RASHIN: Nothing! I..I'm only trying to think about this trip to Manila. I have to be well prepared, that's all.

FATIMAH: For who?

RASHIN: Oh, you know, my friends in the National Press Club...some senators and congressmen...and officials in Malacanang.

FATIMAH: I still don't understand, Rashin. I mean, what about the court case? How can you drop everything here to go to Manila?

RASHIN: (covering up) Oh, well your father is here-- and he's a better lawyer than I!

FATIMAH: But, Rashin...you are going to Manila because we have no more chance here in court--right?

RASHIN: (defensive) Of course not! We have a strong case here!

FATIMAH: Tell me the truth, Rashin. You are going to lose in court, huh.

RASHIN: (finally an admission) Balilis has won this round. But it's not over yet. That's why I must go to Manila, Fatimah. Don't you see, I have to play Balilis' game. He can lord over this town because he has backing from Manila! Well, I have my connections, too you know.

FATIMAH: What good is that! Balilis is one of Marcos' "Mindanao warlords". Oh, yes, you say you must play their. Well, I know what that means. It was just like father's election. First you and father condemn Balilis for his bribery and intimidation. Then you saw you might lose if you didn't pass around bribe money, too. And it doesn't stop there. The next--

RASHIN: I didn't like it anymore than you! But damn it-- it's...it's like an old tradition in this country!

FATIMAH: But Rashin, if you play them at their own game, then you have already lost because you have lost your principles. The corruption and inequality that you say you are fighting to end--

RASHIN: Fatimah, what do you want me to do? There's no other way--

FATIMAH: Ismail would say get rid of this...this rotten system if it corrupts everyone trying to work within it! And Ismail would say--

RASHIN: Ismail! Ismail! He doesn't know what he's talking about and neither do you! (pause) Your father and I already discussed our plans. You are confused, Fatimah. Don't worry yourself with all this. Things will be better--trust me. Balilis will not lord over this town forever. His days are numbered! We've got him right where we want him--in court. And when we win this case it will be a big blow against him. Don't worry, I'll take care of everything. Well, I don't have much time. (He kisses her goddbye) Salaam.

FATIMAH: (not responding really) Salaam.

(He exits)

FATIMAH: Ay, Rashin. Can't you see, Ismail is right. Ay.y.
(There is a noise offstage)

FATIMAH: Rashin? Did you forget something?

(Hajijah enters)

FATIMAH: (surprised) Ay! ...What do you want?

HAJIJAH: My name is Hajijah.

FATIMAH: (coldly) I know who you are.

HAJIJAH: I must talk to Datu Amil. It's very important.

FATIMAH: Don't bother us.

HAJIJAH: Please, I must talk to the Datu! His life is in danger!

FATIMAH: What do you mean--his life is in danger? This is a trick! Balilis sent you--didn't he!

HAJIJAH: No, I swear he didn't! Please, I want to help!

Tell your father that Balilis has orders to kill him tonight--at his office. Tell the Datu not to go there tonight!

FATIMAH: But he already left! Oh, no! He already left! Uncle Acob! Uncle Acob, somebody! Help, Father will be killed!

E N D O F S C E N E V I

S C E N E V I I

(Omar Balilis' office. The Congressman is on the phone)

CONGRESSMAN: I can take care of it, Tony. Thank you for
the information.

(The drunken laughter of Omar and Abdul offstage. Daud
angrily awaits their entrance.)

OMAR: (Unaware of Daud) Ha-ha! Abdul--you crocodile!
Why Datu Amil's ring must be worth thousands!

ABDUL: (laughing) You know what boss? I'm going to
buy you an air conditioner!

(They laugh then shut up at the sight of Daud)

OMAR: Uy! Daud--you're back! Uy--I have good news!
Our troubles are over!

DAUD: Our troubles have just begun--IDIOT!

OMAR: No--Listen Daud! Abdul and I--we took care of
Datu Amil!

DAUD: Yes and you are the prime suspect! The Chief
of the Police Constabulary just phoned me. He
says your men and jeep were seen escaping from
Datu Amil's office after shots were fired. There
are witnesses--Datu Acob--Datu Amil's brother
and Hajijah. They're at PC headquarters signing
depositions. The family is demanding your arrest!

OMAR: Hajijah?!!

ABDUL: Liars! They saw nothing!

DAUD: The chief says their whole clan wants revenge!

(DAUD can no longer hold back his temper. He grabs Omar violently at the collar)

DAUD: Did I tell you to kill Datu Amil!! (releases Omar) I must move fast. This might blow up in the Manila press. We have to beat them to it! My image will be ruined! My business partners will desert me! ...I must handle this right. Datu Amil is dead... (calms down with a good idea) Datu Amil is dead! I must go all the way with this situation--now is my chance to get rid of anybody else in my way. (picks up phone) Operator, get me Manila--463-209. (waits for the connection) Abdul! I want you to go out and provoke some of Datu Amil's clan. You know, get them to run amok. Then choose a couple of your men--and shoot them!

ABDUL: (bewildered) My men?!

DAUD: We want our side to look good, too.

ABDUL: Yes, Mr. Congressman. (exits)

DAUD: (into phone) Uy, hello Sammy! This is Daud Balilis. Listen carefully. I am calling you from my home town in Mindanao. And there is nothing but chaos here! I'm afraid another religious war has broken out. People have already been killed. Even one of the most prominent datus is among the victims. Report this at once to our boys on the newspapers. Oh, yes, I expect further violence. Look, why not

appeal to Camp Crame for a special investigation team down here. I know the revolutionaries will try to take advantage of this. Yes, the chief of Police and my brother the mayor are requesting government troops. Take care of that, won't you. Ah, yes--Governor Sanchez can declare this area under martial law. ...Yes Sammy, the same old story--it's terrible. All the running amok!. I will not tolerate the destruction of property and lives. I am personally directing the defense operations. Yes and homes have been burned, I will start evacuation and resettlement procedures. But we need immediate assistance, Sammy. Good--I knew I could count on you, Sammy. Goodbye! (hangs up phone. Relaxed and chuckling)

OMAR: Sounds good, Daud! ...But are you sure it will work?

DAUD: Don't worry, Omar. Unlike you, I know what I'm doing. I'm adding more confusion to the disorder. It will grow and grow. Then I can call the President in a few days. We'll set up peace talks. He might even be the chief negotiator!

OMAR: (impressed) The president of Del Monte! Why that is wonderful!

DAUD: No, stupid! The president of the country.

OMAR: President Marcos--that's just as wonderful!

DAUD: (laughing) Alright Omar, get to work! I want you to send a big flower wreath to Datu Amil's family!

Ha-ha! With the message: Condolences from your
honor, the mayor and Congressman Balilis!

(The two laugh)

E N D O F S C E N E V I I

S C E N E V I I I

(Actors in a tableau. One week later.)

JAMILAH: For seven days

A thousand demon troops stormed from the North

The Balilises at their head.

They descen upon our sacred land

Unleasing their terror

Sowing confusion

Killing Moros and Christians

For seven days

The town in the distance

Bangs the gongs for the Muslim dead

And tolls the bells for the Christian dead.

All the land bears the sorrows

Of the wounded, the homeless

All the land cries out from

From the peirce of barbed wire

And groans under the tramping

Of a thousand soldiers and strangers!

RASHIN: Vengeance!

Vengeance that must rise from our kinsmen!

Vengeance for the Datu's death!

No--not vengeance, no!

But justice!

Ha--justice!

The people mourn for their dead

And I promised them justice from Manila.

The people ask for their land

And I promised them reforms from Manila.

Manila--the shining seat of civilization and
modern ideas

But here a town is burning and shaking under my feet!

A land is being destroyed before my eyes!

And I promised them justice from Manila!

ISMAIL: Lasting justice can only come from the masses
Who can no longer wait until these demons have consumed
consumed all our soil and plundered all wealth
Justice can only come from us!

(The tableau of actors comes alive into different
poses of defiance and determination)

Mindanao! This land is our life

This land is the heart of our people

And beware the monsters who dare tear away the
heart of Mindanao

For beware, they will be crushed by our bullets!

JAMILAH: We are prepared for the storm

Fortifying our strength, our reliance on one
another

To carry on this fight!

ISMAIL: And the guerillas, our comrades from Barrio
Jabidah have come

And bullet for bullet we shall fight the
imperialist armies!

JAMILAH: Linantangan will not die!

ISMAIL: San Andres will not die!

BOTH: Mindanao shall live!!

(The tableau transforms into another composition with
Jamilah and Ismail joining them. A change of mood from
the lights and the sound of a flute. Ibrahim the story-
teller returns to close the story.)

E P I L O G U E

IBRAHIM: The play is over!

But meetings like this go on.

For the struggle of the Moro people is not over yet.

They say there is much fighting in Jolo, Basilan,

Zamboanga, all over.

And meetings like this are not only happening in

Mindanao

But all over the Philippines!

The tentacles of imperialism are choking this

beautiful country of ours

But the people's resistance grows stronger.

Today, the NPA--the New People's Army--with the

Bangsa Moro Army fight the common enemy.

Ay, both Muslim and Christian Filipino
Bound by the same history of poverty and oppression
Bound by the same history of death and cruelty
But today--bound by the same struggle, a united
struggle.

Our friends, the guerrillas, call it:
People's War.

(He sings:)

Mindanao, Mindanao

This land is our ancient home

(Everyone joins Ibrahim in song)

Home of Muslim Pilipino Moro people

Rejoice Mindanao we are ready to fight

Rejoice Mindanao we are ready.....

TO FIGHT!!

T H E E N D

