

# **La Chingada**

By

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CHARACTERS

Malinche, Latina, 500ish years old but looks 40

TIME

Present

PLACE

In between worlds - somewhere between modern day Santa Ana, California and sixteenth century Mexico.

Lights up.

The song "Nine to Five" from Dolly Parton is HEARD. ENTER MALINCHE, a professional dressed woman in a power suit with her workbag and phone. She angrily looks at her phone.

MALINCHE

Motherfuckers! Almost five hundred years, and still the same bullshit. Google my name - *La Malinche*. I have resisted looking myself up in the Urban Dictionary for years. Instead I've been googling how to embody the modern working woman.

But I can't stop thinking about it. It's like my phone is tapping me on my shoulder. "Just look yourself up. People have been writing about you for 499 years. I know your descendants, you, would finally got your back".

But no, under my name in the urban dictionary it says, "sellout, whore, traitor, slut." And they referenced the other name for me - *La Chingada*. Translation - the fucked. The willing mother of the raped. My name is used as the worst insult. *¡Hijos de la chingada!*

Did you google me yet? (beat) *La Malinche*, the indigenous "mistress" of Hernán Cortés, *el conquistador* of the Aztecs and Mexico starting in 1519. *¡La vendida!* The woman who betrayed her Aztec People.

They say I spread my legs for the colonizer, and he spread his colonization over me - and the continent.

I'm going to tell you what really happened. *Esto no es chisme*. If google existed 300 years ago, while Mexico was under the Spanish crown, you would see that I was celebrated as the mother of Christianized Mexico, La Doña Marina.

After Mexico's independence - the new country needed a common identity to unite the different indigenous groups, a sense of nationalism. Solution: a common traitor. A woman. An indigenous woman. Me. *La Malinche*. Mother of the *Mestizo*, the mixed descents of the white male European colonizer and raped indigenous women.

Do you know a Mexican Nobel Prize Winner blamed all of machismo on me? He said I "allowed" myself to become the fucked by Cortés. He straight up called- *La Chingada*. He said I am the reason their white father did not love them and their Mexican father can't. I am the reason Mexican men have to be assholes to prove their masculinity. To be *chingón*. (beat) Shut the fuck up! I'd like to see him try and call me *La Chingada* to my face, and well see if leaves the room with his balls still attached!

*¡Hijos de la chingada!* Do you hear that ladies? Dicks shrinking? Balls tightening up in their sack? Crawling up in their bodies? Fists clenched in rage of the abandoned half-indigenous sons of hundreds of years. (beat) *Ay, Pobrecitos.*

I am done with men blaming their ethnic oppression on a sex slave trying to survive. Me. To be the fucked, there must be a fucker, and there are many to choose from.

I was of noble birth, but that's useless when I was born a woman. As a small child my mother sold me to steal my land for my younger half-brother. She told everyone I was dead. (beat) Eventually I was given to a different people with a different language - Maya.

When Cortés arrived, the Mayans fought him. The Mayans lost. The Mayans were like, "Dude, sorry about trying to kill you and shit. Here are twenty vaginas. Do what you will, and let's call it even bro." I was one of them.

This is not a love story. This is a rape story. Hernán baptized me before giving me away to one of his men, so my vagina had a white male god's blessing before I was raped.

Hernán only took me back when he learned I spoke both Mayan and Nahuatl. When I learned Spanish, I put one of Hernán's men out of a job. Fuck! He could only speak Spanish and Mayan. I spoke all three *y mas!*.

Translator? I was a cultural intermediary. A strategist. An equal. Without my knowledge of the Aztec noble class, Cortés would have been a head on a rack. Like many of this countrymen before him.

History is quick to blame me, but yet never the other indigenous groups that worked with Cortez to defeat the Aztecs. I was like, "Hey Hernán, those people over there, they hate the Aztecs. And those people over there, they do too. Everyone is like, totally done, with the excessive tribute and the whole human sacrifice thing."

I don't owe the Aztecs, nor their descendants, anything. I hear them cry "The massacre at Cholula". Look, I got some really good *chisme*.

"Mande? Hide? You're planning what?" (*sarcastically*) Yeah sure, they won't kill me. Because no one is pissed I'm riding with the Spaniards? (*Yells to person off stage*). "Hey *pendejo*, they're going kill us tonight!"

After the conquest I gave Hernán a son, Martín. My baby boy was sent to Spain to be raised by his father's family.

When they took Martín from my arms, I thought of my mother. I had to let my son go, but she chose to give me away. What kind of mother holds her little baby in her arms and falls in love with the smiles, and nine years later, willing gives her away as a slave?) They say after the conquest I saw my mother again and I forgave her. (*beat*) Forgive? Maybe. Forget? Never.

Did I betray my people? I've had almost 500 hundred years to think about it. I was a woman in a fucked up situation and made the best of it with my wit and natural gifts. What could I have done different? What would you do? Do you think the indigenous people would have been allies with Cortés if they knew what would happen? No. I don't. But they had a choice. They were men.

When I was no longer useful to Hernán he gave me to another one of his men, whom I married. With him I had a daughter, Maria. And that is the last of me you can find in history. Some say I lived out the rest of life in luxury, others say I died in childbirth with my daughter, and others say I died from smallpox.

I say, I never died.

I survived. I survived these men. (*beat*) I survived with my gift of tongues, my command of three languages.

*Yo soy una mujer.* I am from this brown earth and I have gone back. But my spirit is still here. My daughters feel it, when "Viva la gente!" plays out as "Viva el hombre!"

We have always been here, and we always will. You can trade our wombs away, but you can't trade us. We are women. *Somos mujeres.* We flourish. We will never be broken.

Until my decedents honor *la mujer*—until I am no longer called *la chingada*, I wait here and watch over you all. I bear witness to the violence used against women, the petty injustices, the bullshit women deal with day to day, century to century. You are seen. You are heard. You do not suffer alone.

My name is neither Doña Marina the Saint nor La Chingada, Malinche, the whore. It's Malinali. I am named after the Aztec name-day for grass.

SOUND of grass blowing in the wind  
is heard.

In life I was flexible. Beginning as fresh green shoots, bright and hopeful. In youth I bent in the wind of my mother's betrayal. In maturity I bent with the wind of men's decisions over my body. But my roots have remained deep. In our collective psyche, in our art, in our language, in our bodies. In your body. The Mixed. The Mestizo.

Lights out.

End of play.