

# BASILIO

ESTRELLA. Learned Euclid...

ASTOLFO. You, who amid the zodiac...

ESTRELLA. Amid the stars...

ASTOLFO. Are ruler today...

ESTRELLA. Reside today...

ASTOLFO. Permit me, in humble windings--

ESTRELLA. In tender embraces.

TOGETHER. To be the fat, heat, and salt to you, El Carne King of Vallarta.

*They bow to him.*

BASILIO. Nephew. Estrella. Abandon the pomp and embrace me.

*They do. He sits at the breakroom table and unwraps a Milanesa torta. They sit, as well.*

BASILIO. Some matters must take precedence, and I ask you to first let me speak, as the decision I have made will undoubtedly impact the futures of you both.

ASTOLFO. Whatever you say, Uncle.

ESTRELLA. Yes.

BASILIO. I've run this Vallarta with fairness and justice for many years, earning the gilded reputation of Carne King, but, my dear kin, for four and twenty years I've been harbouring a disgraceful secret.

ASTOLFO. Fear not, Uncle. I am blood. No judgment will befall you.

*As Basilio tells the tale, we see it portrayed by the company.*

BASILIO. Yet the secret lies in our blood. You see, with Cloriene, my dear wife and your late Aunt, I had a son. Even before he emerged into the lovely light from her ill-fated womb, God had marked him damned. Night after night, his mother waked in fevered sweats from nightmares of her entrails being ripped from within, by a monster in human skin, dyed in her blood, killing her, and walking among our race as an unstoppable tyrant. The day she went into delivery, these forecasts came true. The beast was born at such an astrological junction, that the sun was fiercely entering into a joust with the moon and the greatest, most terrifying eclipse, not seen since the death of Christ, took hold of the sky. The heavens were darkened, buildings shook, clouds rained stones, rivers ran blood. Under all this, my son, Segismundo was born, and, as Cloriene had predicted, she died as the monster took breath. I looked frantically through my astronomy books, and I found an ancient prophecy: My son, my blood, would grow to be an impious monster who would fragment and divide this Vallarta, and one day I would find myself groveling before his terrible power.

**End**

~~Basilio -- From Uncle --~~

~~BASILIO. What was I to do, knowing I had bred this creature of potential evil? I had no choice: I had to lock up my only heir in the meat freezer, and see whether I, a wise man, could prevail over the stars. It was announced, falsely, that the prince was stillborn. In truth, in the meat freezer of this store I harbored Segismundo, where he grew up in chains, isolated. Only our noble Clotaldo has spoken to him, kept him company, and taught him the ways of the world. I tell you this because, in recent days, as I've faced my retirement head-on, I've come to reflect on the decisions in my life. I love this store and its employees, and stand by my decision to shield them from oppressive service to a tyrannical king. However, depriving my own flesh and blood of the rights he was given is not Christian charity. No law ever stated that, to prevent another man from being tyrannical and insolent, I should act that way myself. And so tomorrow, without him knowing that he's my son or the prince, I have asked my humble servant Clotaldo to my dress~~