

JUANA

I don't know what he knows anymore. He walks to this tree every morning. He doesn't speak. He still sings. But only one song.

(POLO doesn't respond. JORDY looks up at the tree.)

JORDY

[REDACTED]

JUANA

It's an anacua.

JORDY

[REDACTED]

JUANA

You call them trash trees. You don't plant them. But this tree does everything. The little berries fall down and feed the chickens, the leaves give you the coolest place to sit and, when they have flowers, it looks like a cloud and smells beautiful. When the teacher calls us trash, I say I'm an anacua. I can make food for my children. I can—

JORDY

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

JUANA

It's okay. There's a song a girl I know sings all the time. "*La vida no vale nada*" Life isn't worth anything. I don't think like that. Cause I'm going to make my moves. I'm gonna be a teacher.

MUSIC 22: THERE IS A CHILD

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

JUANA

I only want to teach in Mexican schools.