

THE LAST INCA

TUPAC. I come to you out of the dry and folded years of the past. I speak to you from beyond the grave. I am Tupac Amaru ... last of the Incas.

MUSIC. [Signature up and down for:]

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MUSIC. [Signature up and out.]

[Sound of wind down and under.]

TUPAC. Tupac Amaru ... remember my name. Somewhere in a field in Peru a naked skull lies white in the sun and does not remember. The socket is empty where once my eye was living and warm and saw the things I have to tell. Do not pity me. Pity only those who are not dead and suffer still. Or, if you must, pity the cruel men who did to me and to my wife and to my children what cruel men do today in other lands. I shall tell you my story and you shall judge it.

[Wind up and out.]

MUSIC. [Narrative theme and under.]

TUPAC. Tupac Amaru was the name of my death ... but the name of my birth was José Gabriel Condorcanqui. José ... name of the last prince of the Incas of Peru. In the years when the French and the English were fighting in the other America to the north, I grew to manhood. My father was rich and respected and the rulers of the province were our friends. When I was eighteen and I married Micaela, the Viceroy sent gifts and the Corregidor, who governed the province, was our guest. For Micaela and for me and for our children it was a good and a generous life, and if the Indians sometimes complained that the Corregidor treated them ill, I did not complain, for he treated me well. [Music out.] A time came when my father grew old and the Corregidor, Arriaga, came to me and said ... [Fading.]

CORREGIDOR. I do not give my praise lightly, José. You will go far.

TUPAC. I am a prince of the Incas.

CORREGIDOR. Nonsense. You are more Spanish than I am.

TUPAC. I wonder. My teachers have been Spanish, my books, my thoughts ... but when I hear an Indian melody or a word, even one I do not understand, I say to myself, there is your people.

CORREGIDOR. We are your people, José. Not the savage, barbarian Indians. Now do not misunderstand. There are good Indians and bad Indians. The good I like. Some of my best friends are Indians. Like you, José.

TUPAC. [Dryly.] I am flattered, Arriaga.

CORREGIDOR. I have something to say that will flatter you more.

TUPAC. Yes?

CORREGIDOR. Your father is old. We need a younger man for cacique. You!

TUPAC. Me? Cacique? Chief of Tungasuca ...

CORREGIDOR. And Surinani and Pampamarca. What do you say?

TUPAC. What can I say? I understand well enough to know that the wish of the Corregidor is my command.

CORREGIDOR. [Laughing.] I take it my offer is accepted ... unconditionally.

TUPAC. There is only one thing.

CORREGIDOR. Say it. What thing?

TUPAC. The repartimiento!

CORREGIDOR. Do I detect a note of criticism in your voice? Really, Don José, I am surprised.

TUPAC. It is a system that works much mischief.

CORREGIDOR. Careful ... I am a pleasant man ... with my friends. I like you, José ... do not meddle in things that make for unpleasantness.

TUPAC. Only modify the system, Señor. Let the Indians buy only what they like. Do not force them to buy. Modify the repartimiento.

CORREGIDOR. The repartimiento stays as it is. I do not change the system.
Especially a system that brings civilized Spanish goods to a wild people.

TUPAC. But you make people who wear no shoes buy stockings of silk.

CORREGIDOR. It makes them more civilized.

TUPAC. All right. But do not charge so much.

CORREGIDOR. They will buy what I tell them and pay what I tell them.
The
matter is closed. Look, José ... see what I have in my hand . . . a
Spanish
shawl ... from Sevilla...

TUPAC. Yes, I see. It is very fine.

CORREGIDOR. Take it. Go ahead. It is a gift. From the Corregidor to the wife
of the new cacique. Micaela will like it, eh? She will be very
pleased, yes?

TUPAC. She will be delighted.

CORREGIDOR. Ha. Ha. Fine, fine. You see, Don José, I know how to temper justice with a little sweetness ... for my friends.

MUSIC. [Narrative theme and hold under.]

TUPAC. The freedom of my people traded for a Spanish shawl. I was blind. I
let myself be used ... a tool of the Corregidor, an instrument for oppression. He made me rich. Richer than my father had been. I became a Spanish Marquis ... an Indian, but Marquis of Oropesa. I forgot my people. I
was a convert to tyranny ... and like every convert, I was more Spanish than
the Spaniards. But it could not endure this way. [Music out.] I
heard of
things that were happening which troubled me ... [Fade.]

PEDRO. VOICE. PEDRO.

VOICE. What do you want?

PEDRO. I am Pedro. I want my pay for the year.

VOICE. Pedro, huh? We have many Pedros. Which one are you?

PEDRO. I am Pedro Bastides.

VOICE. Bastides, Bastides... here it is. Pedro Bastides... for working one
year on the encomienda ... fifteen pesos.

PEDRO. I was promised eighteen.

VOICE. Do you call me a liar? Fifteen pesos. Take it or leave it.

PEDRO. I was promised eighteen.

VOICE. You were promised Heaven when you die, but you will not go there.

Fifteen pesos.

PEDRO. It is not right.

VOICE. Well, I haven't all day. Do you want fifteen? It's fifteen or nothing.

PEDRO. [Sullenly.] I take the fifteen. Give it here.

VOICE. Not so fast. Seven pesos less.

PEDRO. Seven pesos...

VOICE. Tax for the Corregidor ... seven from fifteen leaves eight ... here are six pesos ...

[Sound of coins.]

PEDRO. You just said eight.

VOICE. You forget the repartimiento. Here is a razor worth two pesos; you have just bought it. A fine Toledo blade. You are a lucky Indian.

PEDRO. What will I do with it?

VOICE. Shave, you fool, we're going to make a civilized man out of you.

PEDRO. But I am an Indian. No hair grows on my face.

VOICE. Then shave the hair that grows on your melon. It's all the same to me.

The Corregidor says at this repartimiento we sell razors and razors it is.

PEDRO. You force me to do work I do not want to do. And now I am not even paid for it. I will complain.

VOICE. Save your spit. You will do what you are told and like it. Do you hear me? Take your razor and your six pesos and get out of here or I will take a whip to your back. Get out, scum!

MUSIC. [Short bridge.]

[Murmur of small crowd ... men and women.]

TUPAC. What is this congregation? Why am I troubled like this on a feast day?
What is it Amaraç?

MAN I. Don José ... it is the Corregidor.

TUPAC. Arriaga? What have you to do with him?

MAN I. Ask him!

TUPAC. Well?

MAN I. I am a good Christian.

TUPAC. To the point. To the point.

MAN I. He will not let me enter the Church unless I wear eye glasses.

MAN II. Also me!

WOMAN. Yes, Don José. Me also.

MAN I. All of us. We must buy eye glasses from him or we cannot worship.

WOMAN II. We do not even know to read. Why should we buy eye glasses?

MAN I. We come to you, Don José. You are one of us, our leader.

TUPAC. Forgive me. I spoke sharply before. Have patience. All of you. I shall talk to him. This thing is wrong and Arriaga the Corregidor will be made to see it. Have patience.

WOMAN II. Patience. Easy for you. One doesn't grow tired watching another man carry a heavy burden.

WOMAN I. He has made us buy things we do not want, things we do not need, things we shall never use.

WOMAN II. For cloth worth two rials he has made us pay a peso.

WOMAN I. He has made my husband buy a trumpet. A man with a catarrh in his chest.

WOMAN II. And me a pewter mirror. Do I need such a thing?

WOMAN I. [Rattling dice.] And these things. Don José, what are these things he has made me buy?

TUPAC. Dice.

WOMAN I. What am I to do with them? What is their purpose?

TUPAC. They are for gambling.

WOMAN I. May heaven forbid. I am a good Christian woman.

TUPAC. Leave them with me. Here is your money. [Sound of coin.] Trust me and have patience. I will explain to the Corregidor. I will show him that it is wrong.

MUSIC. [Short bridge.]

CORREGIDOR. Ah -- a visit from my friend the cacique. It is always a pleasure to see you, Don José!

TUPAC. The Indians are complaining.

CORREGIDOR. Barbarians and infidels always complain.

TUPAC. Don't say that. They are good Christians. They are baptized.

CORREGIDOR. If you will forgive me, my friend, the best way to baptize an Indian is to hold his head under water for five minutes.

TUPAC. I am an Indian. You forget.

CORREGIDOR. No -- I don't forget. You are one of us.

TUPAC. Whatever I am, I can no longer hold them in check. They are getting out of hand.

CORREGIDOR. Still an Indian, José, eh? Very well, I am no Indian. If you can't deal with them, I can. Firmness, my friend, that is the word, firmness. Leave it to me!

MUSIC. [Short bridge.]

[WOMAN sobbing ... she has been sobbing for a long time.]

WOMAN II. Pedro, Pedro, my son, my son, my son, my son... [Sobbing.] [Sharp intake of breath.]

TUPAC. [Fading in.] They called me. What is wrong ... Pedro ... [Appalled.] ... Who did this to you, Pedro?

WOMAN II. May the Great God Quiracocha enter a burning fire into his bowels.

TUPAC. Who did it?

WOMAN II. Let the vultures consume his entrails.

TUPAC. Who, woman, who? Tell me!

WOMAN II. I have a dagger for his heart.

TUPAC. She has lost her mind. Can you speak, Pedro?

PEDRO. [Brokenly.] The Corregidor ... I went to him to complain about the repartimiento. I showed him the razor they made me buy.

WOMAN II. Hot coals for his mouth. ...

PEDRO. I raised my hand ...

WOMAN II. He shall be impaled on a stake and the red ants on his breast...

[Sobbing.] My son, my son, my son ...

PEDRO. His men seized me. The Corregidor took the razor....

WOMAN II. And cut off my son's ears ... with his own hands ... he did it... .

TUPAC. [Shaken.] Bind his ears.

WOMAN II. [Laughing crazily.] His ears, you say. His ears. Look, Don José, look in my hands.... [Sobbing.] I hold my son's ears in my hands.

TUPAC. Mother of God. Mother of God.

PEDRO. [Softly.] Shall we still have patience, Don José?

[Fade on sobbing and hysterical laughter.]

MUSIC. [In mood and segue to narrative theme and hold under.]

TUPAC. I was a man of peace. I tried every remedy. From the Corregidor, I went to the Viceroy. He would not listen. I spoke to the Bishop. He promised to help. But nothing came of it. Finally, I decided to send my Uncle Blas to the King of Spain. I gave him a letter reciting the grievances of my people. He sailed from Callao in a fast caravel. I waited. Months went by. Many months. Meanwhile I argued, I pleaded, I begged. I was not too proud to beg. But the injustice did not stop. In a village of a thousand men all were seized and forced to labor under the system of the mita. Of the thousand seized, only one hundred came back alive. One hundred out of a thousand.

Still I waited. The King would understand. The King would see that his ministers were bad, that the Corregidor was unworthy of his office. Then word came. On the return voyage from Spain my Uncle Blas was murdered. By a hired assassin. No need to ask who hired him. [Music out.] It was no longer a time for patience. It was no longer a time for waiting.... [Fade.]

[Fade in night sounds -- crickets -- footsteps on a stone road.]

CORREGIDOR. [Humming--and suddenly breaking off.] Who's there? Who is on the road? Oh! It's you, Don José! [Uncertainly.] Fine evening, José, fine evening, eh?

TUPAC. [Ominous.] A wonderful evening.

CORREGIDOR. Who is that you have with you?

TUPAC. A very good friend of yours. His name is Pedro.

CORREGIDOR. Pedro. Ha! Ha! I know many Pedros.

TUPAC. You know this one best. Once you were his barber, Corregidor.

CORREGIDOR. Me?

TUPAC. Don't you remember?

CORREGIDOR. What are you talking about? ... what is this?

[Footsteps.]

TUPAC. Stand where you are. Step into the moonlight, Pedro. Now, do you remember him? Of course you do. Yes, Corregidor. This is the same Pedro. You shaved his ears off.

CORREGIDOR. Where are my men? My men? [Shouting.] Soldiers! Soldiers!

TUPAC. You waste your wind. There are only Indians ... my men. Come peacefully!

CORREGIDOR. What do you want?

TUPAC. Surround him, men.

CORREGIDOR. I am the Corregidor. I demand to know. Where are you taking me?

TUPAC. Stop blustering, you will find out soon enough.

MUSIC. [Short bridge.]

[Sound of large crowd.]

TUPAC. [Slightly off mike and addressing an audience.] Bring the prisoner to the gallows [Footsteps on board floor.] Stand there, Corregidor. Let me look into your face. These are the infidels, the barbarians. You are the conqueror. The man of the God of sweetness and mercy. I do not hate you, Arriaga, for I am a Christian. I believe in the God of mercy ... but he is also a God of justice. This is your justice. It is ordered by the people of Peru. Sound the drums. Let them be heard as I speak. [Drums.] Let this man of the conquerors hear the sound and understand before he hangs from the gallows that it is the drums of the Incas beating again. It was a sound they heard when they came to Peru and put my ancestors to death. They were men like you, Arriaga. They swore by the cross but they carried a sword. And some of the princes were weak and they yielded. [Shouting.] They yielded. They should have died resisting. I should have died resisting. Indians of Peru, I have betrayed you. I have been used by the Spaniards. I have been a traitor. A tool of this man ... a cloak to cover his robberies and his murders. I take off the cloak. I put away my Spanish name. No longer am I Condorcanqui. I take up the name of my fathers . . the name of Tupac Amaru. Sound the drums higher. Send the swiftest runners on the four roads of the Incas. Summon the clans, wake the villages, rouse the sleeping men. The time for sleeping is passed. [Pause...Drums up.] Arriaga, in the name of the people of Peru I condemn you to death. May the Lord of justice have mercy on your soul. [Drums.]

MUSIC. [Take it away, segue to narrative theme and hold under.]

TUPAC. Here was a fitting end to outrage and to robbery. The drums sounded, the runners were swift and Indians in the thousands gathered slings and pikes and flew to join me. I could have taken Cuzco many times. But I did not want to spill blood. Right was on our side. Justice was on our side. Merciful Lord, was it not enough? I thought so. To the Spaniards I sent messages [Music fading.] asking to negotiate our grievances and I sent Pedro to the

Visitador Areche who had been sent to deal with me. This is what Areche said.

[Fade.]

ARECHE. Who are you?

PEDRO. I come from Tupac Amaru.

ARECHE. What does the traitor say?

PEDRO. You have the power to abolish the mita and the repartimientos and to appoint a judge for the Indian people who will hear our complaints. Do these things and we shall lay down our arms and return to our homes.

ARECHE. An Indian scum tells me what to do. You wage war against the Spaniards and now you send terms. You send! To us! Tell Tupac I shall be generous with him. Let him cease this useless revolt and we shall be lenient with him. But if he refuses, I shall have wild horses tear him limb from limb. I do not speak lightly. I mean every word I say. Limb from limb. Tell it to him.

MUSIC. [Bridge ... segue to narrative theme.]

TUPAC. After months of war, I and my wife and my children came to a church to rest and it was there that we were betrayed to the Spaniards. [Music out.] I, my wife Micaela, my sons Hipolico and Fernando, my uncle, my brother-in-law ... betrayed and captured ... and brought before Areche ... the visitador ... [Clank of chains ... footsteps.]

ARECHE. So you did not believe me, Tupac? I meant every word. Are you ready to hear your sentence?

TUPAC. Spare my wife and my children. If you are a Christian, you will free the innocent.

ARECHE. Tupac Amaru, it is my sentence that your tongue be cut out of your mouth. That mute and bleeding you witness the execution of your wife, your sons, your uncle, the brother of your wife and all your captains. That four horses be then attached to your limbs and driven in different directions until you are torn to pieces. Let the sentence be carried out. Let every Indian now and forever remember the 10th day of May, 1781.

MUSIC. [Agitated and segue to narrative theme and hold under.]

TUPAC. As he decreed so it was done. Before my eyes, my wife and my sons
strangled. I was a man of iron; I saw it ... I stood and saw it. There was no
tongue in my mouth to cry out. But my eyes and my ears heard. The horses were
tied to my limbs -- and I could smell the fright of the animals. Areche
stood and looked on, no expression on his face. And then he raised the small
delicate Spanish hand that could hold a rose or stroke a woman's face and he
flicked his wrist ... and the horses moved ...

MUSIC. [Up and out.]

[Sound of wind.]

TUPAC. I bear him no hate. Hate is no consolation beyond the grave. I bear
his people no hate. For no people is to be held to account for what the
wicked do. I affirm before God that no race has been created without beauty
and without ugliness. And if there is ugliness among us there is also beauty,
and if there is enmity there is also friendship, and if there is hate, there
is also love. Do not tolerate the Indian. He tolerates another man who thinks
another is less than he. Give us only your friendship and your love and only
... only let us live and go our way in peace. [Pause.] I see the Indians ...
flesh of my flesh. I speak for the silent mass ... for the first America.
I speak of the America that can be. The America of all races living together,
Indian and white and black and yellow. From beyond the grave and the dry and
folded years I say to you ... hold out your hand and a day will come when we
shall put in it a flower that will adorn the world.

[Wind higher.]

MUSIC. [Under sound, up and finish.]