

INTRODUCTION: Bruising For Besos

Adelina Anthony

Bruising for Besos *is the first solo play from Adelina Anthony's The Xiqana Xronicles, a cycle of four plays, each dedicated to one of the four directions and created from a Xicana-Indígena, feminist, and queer platform. These plays are conceived by the artist as "offerings" to the directions, to our ancestors, to our communities of today and tomorrow, and more importantly, to her mother. In Anthony's words, "The cycle works to examine the intersections of multiple oppressions and to show a body metaphorically walking through a medicine wheel. While each play is meant to stand alone, the interconnectedness of the themes and storylines seek to create a larger web of meanings and questions around our survival as Chicanas/os. If story is medicine, then these plays work towards our necessary healing, and the rite of performance requires the audience as active witness."*

Anthony's artistic goal is to premiere one play every year until the cycle is complete. Notably, she will refrain from publishing the entire multiple play cycle that comprises The Xiqana Xronicles until all four plays have been performed. As each play is meant to stand alone yet also in community with the other plays, it may well be that the version of Bruising for Besos published in this volume of C/LS will change depending on what the other stories in the cycle finally dictate.

One of Anthony's aspirations is that together the works will challenge our sense of temporality; the audience might experience or enter the cycle at any point and participate in a memory-making of their choosing. Anthony says of the work, "I am writing these pieces with a personal and communal intention. They are first and foremost the offerings I promised my mother—that I would take the experience of what she and my family have survived (and also what we haven't survived) in order

to make peace with the legacies of violence I inherited. But these are not necessarily auto-dramas; they are fiction; they are art; they are spirit work. These plays take up the knowledge of surviving domestic violence, and through the transgressive process of honest art-making, I allow the story to shape itself. And this is how it becomes part of the communal work. I know the stories touch upon the experiences of many of us. The recent staging of the work in Los Angeles confirmed that the communities I am writing for are also hungry for these voices and images. My hope as others read the text is that they imagine the world vividly and always remember that plays are not written for the sole purpose of the page—they must be performed. In the ephemeral space of performance, the transmission of shared energy creates a wholly sacred and cathartic experience, and it confirms that the solo work is never just about one individual.” Dedicated to the West, *Bruising for Besos* begins in the place of death and with the examination of self. This print version is based on the world premier production in 2009. *Fist of Wild Flowers*, the second work in The Xiqana Xronicles multiple play cycle, will open in 2011.

Bruising for Besos had its world premiere on February 20, 2009, at the Davidson/ Valentini Theatre at the L.A. Gay & Lesbian Center, under the guidance of Jon Imperato, the Director of the Lily Tomlin/Jane Wagner Cultural Arts Center. It was directed by Rose Marcario; produced by Allison Moon, with dramaturgy by Jon Imperato, set design by Robert Selander, lighting design by John Pedone, sound design by D’Lo, music consultation by Lorenzo Herrera y Lozano, and costume design by Adelina Anthony. The stage manager was Michelle Born.

Bruising for Besos was presented in workshop form in part or full at the following places from 2004-2008: Stanford University, University of California at Davis, University of California at Santa Cruz, La Peña Cultural Center, and aligo (a statewide queer people of color organization in Texas). The first incarnations of the script came out of Cherríe Moraga’s playwriting courses, and she provided initial dramaturgy.

BRUISING FOR BESOS

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Characters

YOLI VILLAMONTES: A queer Xicana daughter

YOUNGER YOLI: Yoli as a young girl

TEENAGE YOLI: Yoli during adolescence

MOM: Yoli's mother

DAD: Yoli's father

CHICHI: Yoli's brother

DAÑA: Yoli's lover

LORI: Teenage Yoli's basketball teammate and best friend

FRANKIE: Teenage Yoli's boyfriend

LA MARICELA: Teenage Yoli's high school rival

Scene

TIME: Yesterday and Today (fall season).

PLACE: West of San Antonio, somewhere off I-10.

SETTING: Downstage there is a giant, cracked picture frame holding the world of the play, which is desert land, a desolate road with dark yellow lines, an abandoned TV set, and some litter. Upstage there is a theatrical representation of a classic '65 Ford Mustang melded with bones—something modern, something ancient. These are YOLI'S wheels. A Raggedy Ann doll sits on the passenger side along with a gym bag of clothes. The car is loaded with other personal items like an ice chest, cigarettes, flashlight, a hairbrush, and so on. It's past midnight, and there's a full moon pregnant with possibility.

LIGHTS RISE. We find YOLI VILLAMONTES in the middle of the road talking on her cell phone. The busted radiator surrounds her in a cloud of smoke. She's been driving for at least twenty-four hours.

YOLI: Uh-huh, uh-huh, okay, well, all I know is that I'm west of San Antonio on I-10, so if you send a tow truck I'm sure...excuse me? Sure, I can be more precise. And what's your name? Lindsey?

Okay, Lindsey, I'm exactly ten feet and two inches from a fucking shrub on my left, and on my right, I'm approximately fifty feet from a hill that looks like a nipple. Is that precise enough? Hello? Hello? *(YOLI's phone has died. She almost tosses the phone in frustration.)* Ah, fucking phone. *(Beat.)* Ah, pinche Daña... *(YOLI runs to her car and rummages through her black gym bag.)* Please tell me you threw my charger in here. *(She tosses clothes all over the place. She finds the charger, kisses it, and plugs it in.)*

Man, I can't afford to be breaking up like this. A few years ago I had a fully furnished apartment. Mira nomás; these days I'm down to my pinche calzones. *(YOLI grabs her Monster energy drink from the console. She finally takes in her surroundings. She crosses downstage and looks up to the sky while speaking the following lines.)* Amá, I'm trying to get there as fast as I can. Damn, you gave us all a fucking scare. I thought I was coming home to your funeral. Just a stroke, I mean not just...chingao, you know what I mean. *(Pause.)* I meant to come home sooner. *(She drinks the last drops of her energy drink, tosses the can, and goes to her car to retrieve the ice chest that she places near the road.)*

I mean, to this day, I still crave those creative Chicano meals you made at the end of the month when the food supply ran low. You know, like toasted pan con mustard, or tortillas con ketchup, or just good ole' bulk bologna that we could eat from the center out and then wear the red plastic like bracelets or something; anything to stop the grumbling in our tummies. *(Beat. From the ice chest she pulls out another Monster energy drink and a Heineken bottle.)* Pos, technically, I ain't driving no more.

YOLI opens the beer bottle. She takes in more of her surroundings. A sound of something scurrying nearby scares the hell out of her, but she covers it up with sheer bravado. She whistles and then sits in her car, humming "Te Vas Angel Mio." She gets a cigarette. YOLI catches her reflection in an imaginary rearview mirror. She then grabs her Raggedy Ann doll from the passenger seat and speaks to it.

Ay, Anita...My poor Mexican-Irish girl...Watcha. We're gonna look like shit by the time we get home. You still givin' me the silent treatment? Damn, you're just like every other mujer I know. Resentimiento.

YOLI puts the doll back on the seat. She plays with the imaginary radio dial; static is heard, and then "La Noche De Mi Mal" by Lola Beltrán plays. This makes YOLI recall a sweet memory. She notices the mess she's made and starts picking up the clothes she threw on the ground. She transforms into her MOM while picking up a blouse on the road downstage. LIGHTS CHANGE.

MOM: Ay, diosito...I'm always picking up after you kids. You *don't* have to make such a mess just because you're leaving all angry, Yolanda. *(Pause.)* Oh, mira nomás, qué bonito, so now you're the one who's going to give me the silent treatment? *(Pause.)* And why are you packing your Raggedy Ann? Que supposedly you're all grown up now. *(Pause.)* Bueno, if you do walk out that door to go live with your little friends, Ms. Teenager, Ms. Yo Sé Todo, you think about everything I sacrificed for you kids; you especially, Yoli. *(She prepares to leave.)* I hope one day que me puedas perdonar...*(Beat.)* Y otra cosa, Yolanda, you're a mujer in this mundo, you can't be running away all your life like your father. *(Beat.)* You don't got it that easy mi'ja.

LIGHTS CHANGE.

YOLI (*picking up the remaining clothes and speaking to her doll*): I know. I know. I know. (*She grabs the doll and walks toward a small mound.*) I shoulda never taken you west to Cali with me. I shoulda left you here in Tejas with Amá. Sure, you'd be saran-wrapped in a closet somewhere—but you woulda been safe, cabrona. So cut me some slack, girl, don't act like you weren't there.

LIGHTS CHANGE. We hear arcade sounds.

YOUNGER YOLI (*speaking to her brother*): Stop it, Chichi! Let go! (*He stops.*) I'm gonna tell Amá you're hitting Anita. Oooh, y te va a pegar...but I won't say nussin' if you gimme your dollar and then, mira...we can get a hot dog, a Big Red soda, and a free token for skeeball!

CHICHI: Yoli, why d-d-d-on't we use your d-d-d-ollar?!

YOUNGER YOLI: Cuz my "d-d-dollar's" not for playtime. I'm working. Amá said you're just keeping me company. Mira, you see that beauty salon way over there? The one con the flashing red sign? It says "Hermosa." Pos, en la washateria la señora Flores told Amá that she's seen papi's car parked there. So if it's true, we gointu catch him with his...(*she covers her doll's ears*)...puta. Otherwise, Amá says it's just chisme rolling hot inside las bocas de las vecinas, like ropa spinning in the dryers. (*She illustrates this by spinning her doll.*)

CHICHI: Yoli, what happens if we c-c-catch him?

YOLI (*thinking about the possible outcome and shrugging her shoulders*): Mmmm. So you gonna gimme the dollar? (*YOLI takes his dollar. She looks in the distance and sees something.*) Chichi...mira! Papi's green Mustang slowly rolling into the parking lot like a huge marble! C'mon, Chichi! (*Running.*) Amá! Amá! Allí está! Amá!

YOLI sits in the car and quickly becomes her mother.

MOM: Qué? Apúrensen, huercos! Hurry up! Get in the car, Chichi!

YOUNGER YOLI: C'mon, Amá! He's gonna get away! Oooh, someone just got in the passenger side. I see her big, poofy hair! I wonder if she's pretty, huh? Like the name of the salon.

MOM: Ay, diosito, diosito mío, which key, which key is it?!

YOUNGER YOLI: C'mon, Amá! Hurry up! *(To her brother in the back seat.)* Chichi, stop laughing and screaming. This ain't funny, menso!

MOM: Ya, 'pasíhuate, Chichi! Pinche negro feo como tu papá! Everybody, shaddup!! Suzy, Ralphie, Yoli, everybody!! SHH!! *(Mom finally starts the car up. It rumbles. Lucha Villa's "Te Solte La Rienda" blasts on the radio.)* Okay, mi'ja, donde está parquiado ese cabrón?

LIGHTS CHANGE.

YOLI *(grabbing a cigarette from the passenger seat and smoking)*: He was gone already. Gray clouds of smoke puffing out of the Mustang's muffler like a giant cigarette. My dad and his puta speeding down Military Drive past I-35. *(Beat. She rises from car and walks toward the road.)* Ay, Amá, you looked like a janitor with all those keys. Why did you always have so many keys? We didn't own shit...except our rinky-dinky TV that our abuelos gave us.

She squashes the cigarette with her boot and becomes her father. The Incredible Hulk television show plays in the background. LIGHTS CHANGE.

DAD: Órale! Papi's home! Quién me quiere abrazar primero? C'mon kids, open the door. (*He kisses the children.*) Ey, y tu mamá?

YOUNGER YOLI (*wiping away the kiss from her cheek and remaining engrossed with the TV*): She's en la cocina. And shhhh, papi, we're watching *The Incredible Hulk*... (*YOLI's viewing appears disrupted as she says, "Stop it," and pushes an invisible sibling away from her. She focuses back on the TV and speaks along with a character: "Please, don't make angry. You wouldn't like me when I'm angry."*)

MOM: Ah, mira nomás, que bonito, Jesús. Eres un sin vergüenza, Jesús. We all saw you today...with your puta, cabrón!

DAD (*Beat. He is smiling.*): De qué estás hablando? Estás loca, nena? Who saw me? Did you see me, Yoli? Huh, mi'ja? Don't be scared to say la verdad, you saw me?

MOM: We all saw you, cabrón!

DAD: Cállate! I was talkin' to my daughter. She don't lie. Tu me viste, mi'ja? (*He cracks his knuckles. Younger Yoli looks at him, then at her mother, and finally shrugs her shoulders. The father approaches her mother and puts on the charm.*) Ya ves, nena? Nobody saw nussin'! De veras que estás loca.

YOLI's cell phone rings. LIGHTS snap back to present. YOLI is disoriented for a second. She runs to her phone, which is charging in the car.

YOLI: Hello? Hello, Suzy? 'manita...I can barely hear you. Look, if you can hear me, call me back on a landline or something...and tell mom I'm on my

way, okay? Hello?! Chingao. (*She looks for better reception in the area, finds it, and dials.*) Yes, hello, okay, so this is the second time I call...oh, yeah...(*Digs for her Triple A card from her back pocket.*) My membership number is 5-5-6-2-1-9-6-8-0. Yolanda Anita Villamontes... My radiator's busted, so I need a tow truck. (*Sighs.*) I don't have an exact address. But I know the last major city I passed was El Paso, only that was hours ago... A mile marker? No, I don't see one.

But if you send a truck just west of San Antonio on the I-10, I promise you the driver will see my red Ford Mustang on the side of the road. Hello? (*She moves to another area and speaks frantically.*) Hello?! I'm sorry the reception's awful.... Can you say that again? (*She crosses to the ice chest and sits on it.*) Thank you for sending someone. Yeah, I'll be here, trust me, there's nowhere for me to go. I'm kinda feeling like a Chicana *Waiting for Godot*. Uh, nothing; it's a literary reference. And what's your name? Bryan? Okay, thank you very much. Yes, sir, that's the correct number on file. Bryan—wait, wait, um, how long before you think he'll get here? (*Pause.*) But why is he gonna come all the way from Abilene? Ah, right, the holidays. Yeah, thank you. Yeah, Happy Thanksgiving to you, too. (*YOLI sits on the ice chest in silence for a second. She starts to fidget and discovers her doll by accidentally stepping on her.*) Ah, girl, I'm sorry. (*She dusts her off and sits with her for a moment. YOLI taps her foot.*)

YOLI: Hey, Anita, you think Mom will like meeting Daña one day? I mean, if we work things out. Wouldn't it be great if I could just tell Amá the uncensored story of how Daña and I fell in love? (*YOLI has the doll speak the following line in a falsetto voice.*) "Oh, so now you love her?" (*She returns to addressing the doll.*) Ey, don't turn Chucky on me. (*YOLI rises and leaves her doll on the ice chest.*)

Yeah, yeah, I'd be all like, Amá, this is Daña Dominguez, a Puerto Rican babe. Not Nuyoricana, but an island bred mamita. I met her at this party for

jotería... Amá, I told you I was gay. Cómo qué you forgot? (*Beat.*) Yeah, okay, so I was at this pachanga, when I heard this laughter. Not no irritating nymph girl laugh, but a deep, I'm laughing from my ovaries sound. Sure enough, I turn around, and there's this mujer there.

And she has these labios that are a deep purple. And I got a theory that has yet to be proved wrong. If you know the color of a woman's lips up here (*points to mouth*) then you already know the color of her lips (*points to crotch*). I know... it makes you hate lipstick; takes away from the visual. So, check it out, Amá, later that evening—after a game of ojitos—Purple Lips and I get to talkin'.

LIGHTS CHANGE. Lisa Lisa & Cult Jam's "I Wonder If I Take You Home" plays.

YOLI: Hola, beautiful, my name is—

DAÑA: Yoli, right? Puñeta.

YOLI: Ah, chingao, how did you know my name? (*Beat.*) Did we already...?

DAÑA: Mmmm... you see that woman over there, ma'? She's a *friend* of mine, negra.

YOLI: Woah, woah! Hold up... like no-one's ever called me black before. If anything, since my community college days, I'm one of these güeras trying to prove how brown I am inside. (*Pause.*) That was a joke.

DAÑA (*not impressed, rolling her eyes*): Boricuas call everybody negra or negrita, es de cariño... tú sabes?

YOLI: Yeah, yeah, I know. And what you doin' in L.A.? Don't your people live in "nueva yol" or something? (*She looks at the other woman DAÑA referenced*

earlier.) And, look, like I was gonna call your friend back, but...like, I lost her number...so...How good of friends?

DAÑA: Oye ma', tú eres brutal! Demasiado...I guess I can see why she fell for you. You kinda cute.

YOLI: Oooh! I will take the pseudo compliment. *(She extends her hand.)*
Yoli. Yoli Monta-mujeres. Nah, just kidding, it's Villamontes. But now that you're smiling, can I get you a beer?

DAÑA: Seguro, mamita. But I don't like that cheap stuff, so make it a Heineken. I'm Daña. And if you make a joke about my name, mira, que te vas a joder.

LIGHTS CHANGE. YOLI acknowledges a slight headache.

YOLI: Yup, we clicked like the sound of billiard balls bumpin' fast and hard into each other...*(She finds her Tylenol bottle in her jacket pocket, goes to the car to down the pill with her beer, and then reconnects her phone to the charger.)* A week later, Amá, I took Daña out to a fancy Italian restaurant. *(Restaurant sounds are heard. YOLI sits on the edge of the car.)* So you know, I find out things about her. Like she's a little older than me. *(Counts on fingers.)* Okay, a lot older. She used to work as a nurse for disabled kids up in the Bronx. Disabled kids...*and* she's been taking care of her mama single-handedly for almost ten years now. And surprise, surprise, she ended up in L.A. four years ago, blah, blah, blah, she fell in love with a gringo and followed him back to the West Coast, blah, blah, blah, but they broke up six weeks before we met.

DAÑA: Oye negrita, it's not like he ever hit me in the face. I wouldn't put

up with that, oiste? But that pendejo started to push me around like I was his muñeca or something y mira, que eso no esta cool, right?

YOLI: And I'm looking at this beautiful mujer and thinkin', who would be that stupid? (*She rises.*) And then outta nowhere, Amá, I realize you were around this woman's age when I was a kid. And I can't help but remember that last family Easter when everybody had confetti all over their heads, especially you, Amá. You tried to shake it off the way Abuela's old dog, El Frijol, used too; just the way he flung water all over the place after his baths de manguera. And you ran around the picnic table so fast, Amá, your hair whipped in the wind like the long tail of a kite. I swear I saw you fly cause your corazón was so light that day. (*YOLI is about to sip her beer, but stops.*)

But after plenty of beer-soaked fajitas and cervezas, Dad was leaving us again. You protested. He left the dingy white wall of our single looking like the eggshells we cracked earlier that day. Ricardo and I tried to stop him from hitting you. He only brushed me aside, but he left Ricardo on the floor looking like a broken Mexican puppet. (*We hear park sounds. YOLI downs the beer and becomes her father.*)

DAD: Órale! Qué chingaos es esto, Yoli? What do you mean qué you hate Easter? Go find the eggs, damnit. Híjole! (*He kicks the ice chest and then puts the beer on the floor.*) Gasté todo mi pinche cheque pa' este barbecue y ahora me dicen esto? What's up with your chiquillos, nena?

YOUNGER YOLI: You don't even live with us no more.

DAD: Ya vez, nena. I tole you. Nomás porque estabas chinge y chinge y chinge! You broke up this familia.

YOUNGER YOLI: No, you did!

DAD: Was I talking to you, Yolanda Anita Villamontes? Me respetas o te pego, niña.

YOUNGER YOLI: Uh-uh...you're not supposed to hit us. Hit me, and I'll tell my teacher, Mrs. Rosenbaum, and she'll call the child abuse! She's an old Jewish lady who survived Hitler—so she ain't afraid of nobody!

MOM (*rocking the baby, whispering*): Yoli, ya mi'ja, por favor.

YOUNGER YOLI: Amá, he didn't even ask us if we wanted to come to estupid San Juan Mission Park. If you ask me, there's nothing special about this parque. It's just the first stinky projects ever built, except instead of *us* they made the Indians live here.

MOM (*rocking the baby*): Ay, Yoli, how do you come up con this stuff? Mi'ja, say sorry to your papi.

YOUNGER YOLI: No, tell him, Amá, we're tired of the Bexar County shelter. Just so he won't find us! I'm sick of the little cartons of white milk, the scratchy blankets, the dirty sacatines smell of that place—I'm sick of it! (*Holds her head.*) Sick, sick, sick! (*Repeats.*)

MOM: Yoli! Ya! (*Sweetly.*) Mi'ja, por favor, you're too little to understand las cosas entre los adultos. We're trying to have a good time with your papi.

YOUNGER YOLI: He's not my father no more.

DAD (*genuinely hurt*): Órale, mira nomás, qué bonito, qué bonito, Yoli. Hija

de su... (*He cracks his knuckles. Beat.*) Later, nena, I don't need these chingaderas. (*He leaves.*)

MOM: Mi'ja, dile a tu papi que estás sorry. Yoli, your papi's leaving...you better stop him and say you're sorry. (*YOLI just stands there.*) Ay, niña, te odio a veces! (*Calling out.*) Jesús, no te vayas, Yoli wants to say she's sorry.

YOUNGER YOLI: Pero, Amá, why do you want him? He already lives with his other poofy-haired vieja—and her kids! Man, you must like the golpes. (*She gets hit on the head.*) Ow!

MOM: Y cómo chingaos vamos a comer, Yoli? How am I supposed to work when I have all you kids to take care of? You don't think I hate him sometimes? You think he's the kind of man I wanted to end up with? I know he's nobody, nomás otro mojado pelado, but at least he works hard. And when you grow up y tengas tus propios hijos, you'll learn things. Men don't carry babies. That's why they get to float around the world so freely. Pero, I got five anchors in this mundo, but don't you go and sink me with your bad attitude, niña. Now, here he comes, be good. Chichi, stop giggling. Suzy, leave your brother alone.

DAD (*whistling*): Pos vamos a tener a good time, o qué? (*There is no response. He digs into his pocket for a gift.*) Mira, lo que tengo aquí pa' mi princesa.

CHICHI: Y y-yo p-p-papi?

DAD: No seas un pinche maricón, güey! That's why they still call you Chichi, huh? No tienes vergüenza, Ricardo? Six years old and you still acting like a pinche little girl. You really want this pink plastic egg, Ricardo. (*Chichi shakes his head and whispers, "No."*) Here, Yoli. Pos, ándale mi'ja, take it.

YOUNGER YOLI (*opening up the egg and handing half of it to her brother*):
Here Chichi. (*She unravels the surprise inside.*) Ten dollars?! I'm rich, Amá!
Ajúa! Ten dollars!

DAD: Pos, me dijeron que you got good grades.

YOUNGER YOLI: Yeah, I got all A's, papi! And Mrs. Rosenbaum says I'm one
of the smartest in my whole class! That I can go to college one day and (*she shrugs
her shoulders*) mmm...make lots of money. Like, I dunno, maybe even fifty dollars
a week. Watcha, I'll be taking care of you, Amá, Suzy, Ralphie, Chichi, baby Leo,
everybody, even mis abuelos. (*She pounds her heart with her fist.*) I promise.

DAD: Claro, you get all those brains from your papi, right, nena?

MOM (*rolling her eyes*): Ay tú.

DAD: Pos, then from who? (*He kisses her.*) Not you. N'ombre, ni fuiste a la
high school, nena.

YOUNGER YOLI (*laughing*): You didn't go to la high school either, Papi.

DAD: Ey, pués no fue mi culpa. They don't like mexicanos in this pinche
country, just our sudor. Pero tú y tus hermanos ain't got no excuse, you were
born here. Now bring me that confetti egg. Apúrate, mi'ja. I'm gonna teach
you something. (*He breaks it on her head.*) Mira, for being una hocicona. Órale,
c'mon, nena, this is a fiesta. Put on the radio.

*"Hey Baby Qué Pasó," by Texas Tornadoes plays. DAD dances with YOUNGER
YOLI, until she transforms to her adult self and the present day. LIGHTS
CHANGE. The music changes to merengue. YOLI dances with DAÑA.*

YOLI: Ay, Amá, if it's one thing my tejana ass can do, it's merengue, 'cuz it's close enough to cumbias. Just don't ask me to do salsa, cause if it's not the salsa for my tacos or huevos rancheros—*olvidalo!* Merengue is where Daña and I can meet each other halfway. That first night we went out we eventually found ourselves up against a mirrored wall where I gave Daña...*(Kisses her.)*...Not a deep beso, just an invitation. A soft tease. An apology for all of the pendejos who've wasted those precious purple lips of hers.

And then the weirdest thing happened, Amá. From the corner of my eye, I swear I saw Lori. Lori! Lori Jackson. Tall, beautiful and muscular, Lori. But when I took a good look at the woman, she looked nothing like Lori. Lori was ten times more beautiful. La Lori Jackson. We met in sixth-grade English class, and bonded like this *(crosses her fingers)* 'cause we both cried when Mrs. Carillo read us the story of "Old Yeller." Funny, how we barrio kids related to that poor country dog.

LIGHTS CHANGE. Music fades out.

Anyway, the woman at the club was not Lori, so I focused back on Daña and her precious purple lips. I grabbed her from the waist and pulled her body close to mine, my leg between hers. And before I knew it, she was rubbing herself—hard and hungry—on my thigh. I felt her legs tightening around mine, and my hands found their way inside her blouse and up her soft back. No kissing yet, just our mouths flirting, just our breasts pushing up against each other. Breath. Mingling. Hot. *(Beat.)*

So a'course, she took me back to her place...*(Faint sounds of Spanish television are heard. LIGHTS CHANGE.)* Damn, I remember we got to Daña's place in Echo Park way after 3 a.m., and her mamá, la Sra. Dominguez, was still awake watching some religious show on Telemundo.

DAÑA: Hola, mami, this is my friend, Yoli. G'nite!

YOLI (*laughing*): Daña dragged me down the tiny hallway to her bedroom where it looked like a Texas tornado had hit! Magazines on the bed, wrinkled nurse uniforms on the floor, and everywhere chones, chones, chones! Next thing I knew, Daña was clawing at the buttons on my jeans. And I was trying to keep her from moaning so loudly, cause her mamá was down the hall. But Daña didn't care. So, ni modo, I turned whirlwind on her luscious tetas and sucked those deep purple nipples of hers. And then she just started pushing my head down, down, down...to purplelandia.

And this could've been the beginning of a great love story. But the next morning, when our eyes met, there was this deep sadness glazed over hers. Nah, it wasn't glazed, I had seen that mirada before. It was just the way you sometimes used to look at us kids, Amá. Esa tristeza oozed from Daña's insides, leaked all over me. Just the way it feels when someone hugs you wet with rain.

DAÑA (*whispering*): Yoli. Yoli. (*Caresing her.*) Yoli, mamita, you know what we did last night was a sin, right?

YOLI: What the fuck?!

DAÑA: Te hubiera dicho anoche, ma'. But you had me so caliente. And your besos are so sabrosos, mi negra. I ain't felt like that in a long time. (*Beat.*) Look, negrita, I just want to know if you'll go with me to church today and ask Jesus to forgive us.

YOLI *laughs uncontrollably*. LIGHTS CHANGE.

YOLI: You see, Amá, there are some jota Jesus holy rollers out there! *(She rises and picks up her doll.)* Oh, you thought that was funny, Anita? Ey, you know what's even funnier? I did go to church. Just to get some more yum-yum. In the beginning it was that good. *(Beat. She crosses to the broken TV on the side of the road.)* You see, Amá, if you're patient with me, maybe I will try to work things out with Daña and bring her down so we can celebrate a pinche Easter bunny meets Jesus resurrecting holiday. *(Beat.)* We'll even come on the Greyhound for old time's sake.

While sitting on the broken TV, she becomes YOUNGER YOLI. LIGHTS CHANGE. We hear bus station sounds.

YOUNGER YOLI: Amá, these people here at the Greyhound station don't shop at the Goodwill like us, huh? They dress more worser. Like those other kinds of Mexicans you warn us about...*(whispers)*...like papi's familia, huh? Mira, Amá, that pretty little black girl has colorful piochitas all over her head. Ooh, can you fix my hair like that?

MOM: Mi'ja just keep doing your homework, por favor. Y ya, stop staring at that little black girl. Those people don't like us, sometimes they're worser than los gringos.

YOUNGER YOLI: Pero, Amá—

MOM: And stop talking so much, Yoli, I need to think, mi'ja. And why did you bring that muñeca? I told you only to bring necessary cosas. Ya 'stas grande, Yoli.

YOUNGER YOLI: I know, but you gave her to me, Amá. Plus, Anita keeps away the bad dreams.

MOM: You still having pesadillas, mi'ja? What kinds?

YOUNGER YOLI: I dunno. Ambulances. Bright lights. Somebody's always dying.

MOM: Mi'ja, people die all of the time. (*She notices Yoli's concern.*) Pero, if God is willing, I ain't going nowhere until you kids are all grown up and don't need me no more.

YOUNGER YOLI: That's why you've been praying so fast the sound coming outta your mouth is like the noise papi's eight-tracks make when they rewind, huh?! (*She makes the sound.*)

MOM: Mi'ja...mejor get me that newspaper over there on that chair.

YOUNGER YOLI: Here, Amá.

MOM (*reading*): Mendigo Reagan wants to get rid of el welfare. Nunca in my life have I ever met a welfare queen driving a welfare Cadillac. He's losing his mind if he thinks that's what we do with our food stamps. He's nothing like el Jimmy Carter, ese presidente si era bueno.

YOUNGER YOLI: Amá...(Yawning.) Why don't we just stay with our abuelos? Grampa said we could live there!

MOM: No! We can't stay there he's...he's not a good man.

YOUNGER YOLI: But he's my—?

MOM: Ya! No se puede, and that's it.

YOLI: Geez...*(She puts her hand on her head and says the following under her breath.)* At least they always have food in the fridge.

MOM: Yoli, just because someone...you got another headache, mi'ja? *(Under her breath.)* Me, too. *(Beat. There is the sound of a bus arriving.)* Mira, Yoli, ya llego el bus. Wake up your hermanitos and help me.

YOUNGER YOLI: Houston? That's far! How am I gonna get to school tomorrow?

MOM: Yoli, ándale mi'ja, it's just like those adventure books you like to read. No seas negativa.

YOUNGER YOLI: Uy! Uy! Qué adventure, Amá, I bet you Nancy Drew never jumped on no Greyhound. And lugging a trash bag pa'acabarlo! Hey, Chichi, Suzy, Ralphie, Leo, everybody, wake up! C'mon.

LIGHTS CHANGE SLOWLY.

YOLI *(feeling the cold air of the present night)*: In Houston, as soon as we got off the bus, the humidity stuck to our bodies like manteca. And then we got picked up by your curandero friend. He was a big brown man with fat cheeks that looked like a baby's butt, so behind his back, us kids, we just called him Cachetes. But I never got a good feeling from him. Never liked the way he looked at you either, Amá. Sure, he did the typical limpieas with eggs, limones, or sweet smelling ramas de romero for gente that looked broken from the inside. I could tell they were walking with tired spirits. They slouched. Their bellies caved in like half-beaten piñatas. One more chingazo from life and they would bust open. *(There is the sound of a beating heart. YOLI experiences a sharp*

pain in her head, but also feels something intuitively in her heart.) Amá? (She dismisses her gut feeling and pulls out a small Tylenol bottle from her pocket. As she opens the bottle, she transforms into her own mother trying to find an aspirin.)

MOM: Ay, ya no hay, mi'ja. Mira, that's why I told el señor que you get really bad headaches.

YOUNGER YOLI: Uh-huh.

MOM: Pos, el señor dice that he'll cure you for free. No es natural for a little girl to get these kinds of dolores de cabeza. And when you start school again, I don't want you missing no days. Cause you're bien smart, mi'ja, and you can be somebody in this life. Not like me, I didn't get a chance to be nobody. So, ándale, quitate la ropa. Te va a ser una limpia el señor. I'm gonna go check on the babies.

YOUNGER YOLI: I'm not gonna take off my clothes. Amá...he's weird.

MOM: You do as I say, Yoli. I don't have money to be buying Tylenol all of the time. El Señor te va a curar for free.

YOLI: I don't miss school cause of my headaches. It's cause we're always moving.

MOM: Yolanda Anita Villamontes, no seas carancha! Ven pa'ca. Yoli? Where are you going?! Yolanda! (*Younger Yoli runs. There is the sound of a heart beating. LIGHTS CHANGE.*)

YOUNGER YOLI: I'm okay... (*She repeats this phrase several times. Then she starts to cry. She grabs the side of her stomach, her head, and then her chest as she leans by the pole.*) Ay, my chest is hurting like someone's pinching my heart

with long uñas. Oh my god, maybe it's my time to go...But...but I'm so young. *(She starts to gasp for air, and then breaks the drama.)* Wait...I've seen this before. I ain't dying. I'm just...*(There is a bursting sound of shape shifting from The Incredible Hulk series.)* Incredible Hulking!!

I can't believe she's so stupid and superstitious! Everybody knows witch doctors are fakers! She is just a dumb Mexican like I heard Mrs. Rosenbaum say about the dark kids in my class. But Amá's not even morena. And I'm not dumb! Look at me, just like Amá says, I got the Italian blood. Man...*(Beat.)* Maybe I can run all the way home. Or maybe I can hitchhike with someone from this liquor store. Or maybe...*(Beat. She looks around and walks to the pole where she dials an imaginary phone.)* Collect call please. San Antonio. 9-2-2-8-4-6-8... Yoli...Papi? Can you please come and get us? *(She finally breaks down and cries. LIGHTS CHANGE. She quickly comes out of the moment.)*

YOLI: So the next morning Dad came. He pulled you out of the curandero's front door by your hair. Kicked you in the head with his botas y te grito, "Don't you ever run away from me again, nena. Not with my kids." We all watched you dumped like a heap of dirty, bloody laundry on the sidewalk. My brothers and sisters cried. But not me. I was tired of crying. *(A warped rendition of "Hey Baby Qué Pasó" plays.)* You sobbed all the way back home to San Anto. Nobody talked. Nobody moved. Nobody dared to breathe. For three and half hours we all just listened to conjunto on the radio, everything from Texas Tornadoes to El Flaco Jimenez. But the fact that you couldn't stop bleeding must have terrified dad, 'cuz he just dropped us off at los abuelos. *(The music stops.)*

And that was it. That was the last time I ever saw my Penzoil-under-the-fingernails father, my Indio immigrant dad. My first lesson in loving as much as I hate.

Pause. A sound scares her. She searches for the flashlight in her car, and then walks around.

YOLI (*warning*): I know karate! (*YOLI grabs her doll.*) Pos, help me, cabrona. (*Beat. She drinks her beer, sets the flashlight down, and sits on a nearby rock with her doll.*)

But, I guess Dad's the one who taught me that I can run away from the mujeres, or I can swerve my smile into their corazones. What we do for love, Amá. I don't even have to be loved in Spanish. It could just be Spanglish—all broken up with the roughness of English jutting through. Órale, to be loved like this... How do I say it? Daña is such an obvious dyke. I don't care how many Bibles her fingers flip through, those fingers are meant to be on womyn.

Before I know it, I'm kissing her mouth, her cheeks, her neck, and curling my tongue around that little gold cross she's gotten used to wearing—'cause we're sinning all the time—and then, right Anita, there are those nights when she's the one pulling me into the bathroom, the only room in that apartment with a lock... and I know it means the next day I gotta listen to more Jesus crap, but in the moment, I don't give a fuck. I just fuck. And I let my fingers get all tangled up in her short, curly, black hair, and I let Daña fuck, eat, bite, and suck me, until I'm raw. Or at least until we think her mamá might come back from la tienda.

And I admit it, that very first night I met Daña, I thought it was just going to be another, "Hey, gracias for licking my pancha. For reals, it was fun. And let's try not to act weird if we run into each other." (*She notices a large feather on the ground and casually fingers it—one that could be used in ceremony, if YOLI had the eyes to recognize it.*) Three years later, it all feels like home. Even if that home feels like a fist in the heart.

YOLI tosses the feather. She checks on her cell phone and dials.

YOLI: Hey, Suzy, I haven't heard back from you. You awake? Call me. My phone is halfway charged now, and AAA should be here soon. And tell mom... tell her...I'm on my way. Okay? Love you, bye. *(She looks at phone, dials, and then hangs up. She yawns. YOLI grabs her beer. There is silence. The phone rings. She doesn't pick up. The cell phone rings again. YOLI checks it, but does not answer. She grabs the doll and puts it on top of the cell phone to mute the noise.)* Sorry, Anita, you're probably gonna get a tumor on your ass. She'll stop calling. I know Daña. *(The phone stops ringing. Beat.)*

Funny what missing someone will make you do, huh? All these years, and I still miss La Lori. In the eighth grade we were the only girls who battled the boys in breakdancing. *(She breakdances to music.)* It was easy. The guys were so predictable, always going for their dicks when they couldn't battle better than us.

Oh, and one morning before the first bell for classes, Lori made Ramón Vasquez look like a pussy...I bet you that's why his puta-girlfriend, La Maricela, provoked us after school. She rammed into Lori, made my best friend drop all of her books. *(She becomes LA MARICELA.)*

LA MARICELA *(chewing gum)*: Move pinche negra.

TEENAGE YOLI: Fuck you, Maricela! You ran into Lori.

LA MARICELA: Maybe I don't see her porque es el color de mugre. Right, nigger?

TEENAGE YOLI: Say something to this bitch, Lori. Don't just stand there and look like you're gonna cry.

LORI: My mamá taught me not to dignify ignorance.

TEENAGE YOLI (*to Maricela*): You heard her, cabrona, so fuck off, at least Lori knows how to speak English without a fucking mojada accent. Fucking Mexican! (*Sounds of jeers from the crowd.*) C'mon, fucking wetback! Why don't you fucking go back to Mexico, you fucking bitch! (*YOLI is about to punch her. She holds her fist in mid-air. Then she comes back to the present moment.*)

YOLI: In a flash it was like my father was in my body and I knew exactly how to hurt another female. (*Beat.*) From that point on, Lori and I were even tighter, like chicle tangled in the hair. That is, until we turned sixteen. It was our junior year, and the McCollum Cowboys just finished stomping our rivals, the Harlandale Indians, in a game of basketball. (*LIGHTS CHANGE. She pretends to play basketball.*)

TEENAGE YOLI: Oh, and what about that last shot? Slo-mo. I'm telling you, Lori, we were poetry in motion.

LORI: Yeah. And wasn't their point guard really pretty?

TEENAGE YOLI: Uh... (*She shrugs her shoulders.*) Mmm... I think she's kinda stuck-up. N'ombre 'sta ugly la girl!

LORI: (*Beat.*) I been thinking about girls, Yoli, like, kissing them. You think that's weird?

TEENAGE YOLI (*still joking with her*): What, you're a lezbo, Lori? (*She laughs and jokes while kissing her arm.*) Ooh, that's why you like me sleeping over, so you can kiss me all dykey and jotita... (*She stops.*) Lori, why are you crying? (*Beat.*) Ah, nah, nah, nah, nah... that's sick and disgusting, Lori... (*Beat.*) You know your kind

gets AIDS, right? I don't give a fuck if the ocean pours out of your eyes. *(Beat.)* How could you do this to the basketball team? We're starters for chrissakes! Stay the fuck away from me...a fucking nigger dyke. And a fucking liar, too! *(She starts to leave and then stops.)* Ey, you know you're going to hell, right?!

LIGHTS CHANGE. Long pause.

YOLI: So, she didn't go to school the next day. Or the day after that. A week later, coach says Lori's been at the Bexar County Hospital. She swallowed a whole bottle of Tylenol. She wasn't supposed to be sharing that kind of private information with us, but we were her teammates, her closest friends. And Lori's mom thought it might be a good idea if we paid her daughter a visit. *(Beat.)*

I never went. I heard she and her mom moved back to Houston. So I never got to apologize, to say that I figured out that during all of those teenage sleepovers it was me. Me, who reached over to feel her warm body against mine so I could fall asleep. Me...I'm the fucking one-generation removed wetback dyke. *(Beat.)*

Lori's gone, so I bury her in the grave of my heart where lost loves turn to bone. *(She shrugs her shoulders.)* Mmmm...I just thought I'd deal with it later, much later, like in college. You know, where you do important things like study Marxism, world history, or ceramics. *(Beat.)* Ceramics. Yup, fell in love with my college art teacher, Ms. Xochitl Inés Soto. An old school Chicana. "Yolanda, what do you mean, you've never heard of Chicano history. Where are you from? Oh." With that *mujer*, *así nomás*, I discovered my destino was to be a lover of womyn. I mean, everything fell into place for me. All of a sudden, I was in the scene.

LIGHTS CHANGE. YOLI is at a local club for poetry night. THIS IS THE ONLY TIME IN THE PLAY THAT SHE BREAKS THE FOURTH WALL AND

INCORPORATES THE AUDIENCE. This scene walks the fine line of parody, albeit YOLI, the character, is very sincere and earnest in her energetic delivery.

YOLI: Hey, everybody, it's nice to be here at Woody's on Queer Womyn of Color Nite! Let me hear the jotas in the house!! Okay, ya'll, I'm a lil' nervous to be reading my poem to you all. 'Cuz I just wrote this shit last nite. Ah, anyway, fuck it, here it goes...DJ...*(There is the sound of stylized drums.)* All right, everybody, I call this one: "My Lovely Coyolxauhquis."

It's as if mujeres
These moon goddesses
Have been left everywhere
Scattered, and all that matters
Is for me to find-n-grind
These undulating ladies
shattered pedacitos
of some cosmic clay pot
& I don't mean *(takes an imaginary bit of mota)* that kind
talkin' about pieces of
incarnate deseos
females with brilliant minds
conversating ladies
Only something broke us
apart so long ago
most of da time
we don't recognize
how we belong to each other
Lovers, daughters, sisters, mothers
But I know...

Ah, shit, sorry you all, I fucked up...*(She reads her poem to herself.)* Hey, fuck you all; you try to host this community event. I ain't even getting paid...all right, you all get the vibe we're gonna try to keep here at Woody's...so, okay, okay, let me just get to the last stanza. DJ...*(Music resumes.)*

if some mujeres bite
 with jagged, rough edges
 that have cut me so deep
 Yeah, it's okay, Yoli
 'cuz others have that smooth
 surface like drop of moon
 where I just slip off like
 saliva on the lengua
 Still, I'm sticky residue
 lingering on their minds
 slicking their bodies
 'cuz long after goodbye
 after the kiln loses heat
 and has died down, they
 know I, too, went down...down...down.

LIGHTS CHANGE.

YOLI: Hmm, Xochitl Inés Soto, now that Chicana-jota revolutionized my mundo. She liked my poetry. Too bad she was practically married to that white dyke on campus. *(She laughs.)* Married...Ay, Amá, I know the first thing you're gonna ask me when I see you tomorrow, "How's el Frankie, mi'ja?" As if I would know. Yeah, I know you secretly hoped I'd marry him. He was sweet, in that dopey way high school gang bangers who've lost their way can be.

YOLI combs her hair. LIGHTS CHANGE. She plays with the car radio: Bryan Adams' song, "Everything I Do, I Do It For You," comes on.

TEENAGE YOLI: Fuck, Frankie, what do you mean you forgot the condom? If you ever get me pregnant, I'm gonna have an abortion. I need to go to college, make some money, get out of here.

FRANKIE: Why can't you just go to school here, Yoli?

TEENAGE YOLI: In Texas? And what? Major in breeding cows? Babe, don't you ever remember watching that show *CHiPs*? I want to go to L.A. It's beautiful out there. Southern California, that's where I was supposed to be born.

FRANKIE: But, I love you, Yoli. I wanna marry you, have a family.

TEENAGE YOLI: When I come back, okay?

FRANKIE: Well, c'mon babe, trust me then...c'mon, I'll be careful, please, just the tip, just the tip...

TEENAGE YOLI: Fuck you, Frankie! I can't just be somebody's wife and have lots of kids. *(There is silence.)* Why you getting all sadded? *(Pause.)* Fuck it, just pull out. But for your sake, Frankie, I hope no sperm thinks of hibernating. I'll kill you.

LIGHTS CHANGE.

YOLI: Just as quickly as Frankie wanted to get into my pants, that's how fast I wanted to ditch San Anto. I had been working as a grocery checker at H.E.B. for a while. So, I had my own wheels and my own money. *(Pause.)* And no family to call

my own. (*She gets out of the car.*) I thought it was going to be the most awkward situation to say goodbye to a family I hadn't seen in a while. But the second you opened the broken screen door, Amá, you just... (*She hugs herself tightly.*)

TEENAGE YOLI: Hey mom, I'm gonna go to L.A. and enroll in community college out there. I know it doesn't matter if I say UCLA or DeVry University...not like you know the difference. But, I just came by to—

MOM: College? Ay, mi'ja, qué bueno! I prayed for you, mi'ja. See how good God is? Ya, ven, kids, come say goodbye to Yoli. She made it. See, you all can make a better life for yourselves, too. Study, nomás, right, mi'ja? I tole you all that's why she left to live with her friends. 'Cause they're smart people like her.

YOLI: I couldn't believe my ears, Amá, you created this convenient myth around my earlier adolescent departure. But, I caught a whiff of your agua florida scent, and I didn't want to fight anymore. I had some of your fideo, and then I hugged everybody goodbye. (*Pause.*) I just didn't know it was going to be a ten-year goodbye. Goodbye. (*Repeats "goodbye" many times.*) What's so good about saying adios?

YOLI starts to sing, "Te Vas Angel Mío," but she struggles to find the words, and then she struggles to keep away a bad memory. LIGHTS CHANGE.

YOLI: Goodbye then, Daña! Obviamente, nunca vas a cambiar! Don't you get it? Look at us, we're fucking mariconas. And there ain't nothing sick about it. What is sick is how we fight all the fucking time like dogs. Man, you don't think your mom suspects we're more than roommates? C'mon, how old are you, Daña? When you gonna face your mom and all that fucking Bible hypocrisy?

DAÑA: Cálmate, Yoli, por dio! Shhh! Por qué tú dices ésto? You want her to hear you? Puñeta, and what do you know about loving a mother? Puñeta, you don't even talk to yours.

YOLI: Ey, who the fuck do you think you are pushing me? Get the fuck out of my way, Daña. Stop it. Don't...don't fucking get me angry.

DAÑA: Cálmate! (*We hear sounds of violence.*) Yo soy tu mujer, Yoli. La única que te comprende. La única...(*There are more sounds of violence.*) You need to grow up, ma. 'Cuz, nobody, nobody's gonna love you like me. Who you got? Where you gonna go, negra? Who you got...?

YOLI (*Pause. She drinks her beer.*): Man, I must like the golpes, right? 'Cause, you're right, mira, how much fucking wetter can I get right now? All right, you wanted to fuck, baby? (*She takes off her jacket.*) Órale, is that what this stupid pleito is all about? Vamonos.

DAÑA: Yoli, negrita, listen to me. I do love you, es qué me vuelves loca, mi negra.

YOLI (*touching her*): Shhh, cállate. Mira, you too...You're flooding like el pinche rio grande.

DAÑA: Yoli, I don't want it rough.

YOLI: Fuck you, no te hagas, you know you want some of my Incredible Hulk. (*Her cell phone rings in the distance.*)

DAÑA: Puñeta, who the fuck is calling you at this hour?!

YOLI: I dunno, pro'ly just a friend. Chingao, mujer, I miss my friends... Besides we're just having dinner. Ándale, spread your legs.

DAÑA: Oh, so you already made plans, ma'? With all of your little friends who happened to be the same little bitches you fucked before me?

YOLI: I'm not going to a club or anything, Daña. Why you got to get all celosa and start actin' crazy, bitch? Sábes qué? I was gonna fuck you so good tonight—but fuck you!

DAÑA: Nah, ma', you not leavin' me again. After all I've done for you! Look at you, gas money, schoolbooks, hasta te compre ropa, Yoli...yo no soy tu idiota, Yoli. Oh? But maybe I understood you...is that what you wanted, Yoli? You wanted me to be your 'lil bitch? Bueno, primero, pégame! C'mon, Yoli, hit me! Hit me like your papi used to hit your mama!!

YOLI's phone rings, but from the present moment at the roadside. Instead of hitting Daña, YOLI kicks the ice chest. The cell phone rings again. LIGHTS CHANGE slowly back to the present time.

YOLI (*having a major breakdown and landing by the broken TV*): And then, and then, and then...after hitting me, she starts kissing me...and I want to pummel her into ash for saying that...but I made a promise to myself at sixteen. I try to push her off, but she's stronger. And the more I push, the more she grinds her pelvis into mine...Fucks me with her angry fingers like she wants to tear up my insides...and I'm so fucking broken, all I can do is take it, and then kiss her back with even more ferocity. We fuck best when one of us says no. 'Cause when we fuck like that...we can forget. I can forget. I can. I can just fuck her. I can fuck. (*Repeats this phrase many times, each time with a different intention, until the last "I can fuck" is cloaked in bravado quickly undermined by a sob. Long pause.*) I didn't...I didn't hit Daña with my fist, Amá...like I did you when I was sixteen. (*Pause.*) And

that was it...I knew I/we had crossed a line...we no longer recognized how we belonged to each other. *(Pause. She looks up at the sky.)* You...you used to be my everything, Amá. Mi luna llena amongst a sky of broken glass. *(Huge beat. She gets frustrated with herself, stands up quickly, and then shakes off her emotions.)*

Thing is, Amá...after all this time, despite everything, I'm really happy that I'm gonna see you tomorrow. I'm just afraid of how much it cost to love you. *(Pause. She smiles.)* Amá, you remember when Ralphie tried to choke that chicken, and we all got in trouble 'cause you said, "Hey, that's dinner." And—

YOLI's cell phone rings again. This time she hears it. She answers it.

YOLI: Suzy? Yeah, 'manita, I can hear you just fine. *(A truck honks in the near distance.)* Hey, hold up, hold up...the AAA guy is finally here. Look, tell mom, I'll be on the road as fast as I can and that—what? Wait, wait, slow down, 'manita I can't understand you...what do you mean they had to take mom back into surgery...? Ah, nah, nah, nah...ah, nah, nah, nah. *(REPEATS many times, trapped in primal pain, as she slowly bends down to the ground. Blackout.)*

Immediately, a running shower is heard. Low lights come up on YOLI, in the persona of her mother in the shower. She is humming "Te Vas Angel Mío," when she finally notices baby Yoli. This epilogue scene plays in silhouette.

MOM: Yoli...ay, mi'ja...how long have you been standing there? *(She turns the shower off, and bends down to the size of her daughter.)* Ay, mi güerucha, do you know what I wish? That you could stay little forever...bueno, ya quieres tu teta? Sí? Okay, pero first I have to take you a bath porque andas toda chorriada

y mocosa y cochina...ay, Yoli, who loves you? (*There is the sound of a child laughing.*) Quién te quiere, mi'ja?

A child's laughter is heard as we go to final BLACKOUT.

END of OFFERING #1.