

DOLORES. (Offstage.) I don't care, Eddy. You invite that poor girl to come in. She must be very tired.

EDDY. (Offstage.) Later, Tia. (Sticks head in window.) Here, Mi baby! Can you pull on this? (Embarrassed, Nelson jumps away from Beverly and goes to window. Eddy hands him an electrical plug.)

DOLORES. (Offstage/to Eddy.) She will sleep perfect on my bed. I can move to the utility.

EDDY. (Offstage.) Are you kidding? Val loves it in that van. (To Nelson.) Okay, now. Pull 'til you got enough to plug in. (Side-tracked by Beverly's flirting Nelson keeps pulling on cord.)

DOLORES. (Offstage.) But do you have enough room?

EDDY. (Offstage.) All we need.

NELSON. (Realizing all he's pulled in.) Okay, ready!

EDDY. Plug it in! (Eddy enters with Dolores still on his track. Nelson plugs in. Suddenly there's a half-dozen electric sounds coming from the van — radio, fan, blow-drier. Seconds later the lights blow out. Only a candle flickers by the Virgin.)

VALERIE. (Offstage.) Eddies!

EDDY. Oh, pipe down and unplug your goddamn blow-drier and all that other shit.

DOLORES. Eddy! Ojalá me viera de hablarle a una señorita.

EDDY. Ah. The señorita knows I'm teasin'. Got a flashlight?

DOLORES. Flashlight?... Ay, Dios mio. (We hear drawers being opened.) All I need now is to miss my raffle.

EDDY. All you need's a new fuse.

DOLORES. 'Fiuse?' Ah, sí. (Huge rattle made by a falling drawer full of kitchenware.)

BEVERLY. (Worried.) Nels? Where are you? (The lights come back on. Dolores is at the fuse box smiling proudly. Beverly's clutching on to Eddy — who doesn't seem to mind.)

NELSON. Beverly! (Realizing her mistake she quickly lets go.)

EDDY. (To Nelson.) Anyone can make a mistake. (Then, still hearing electrical sound from van he shouts out.) Now cool it with the gadgets! (Dolores has gone straight to checking her radio. A sensual Latin jingle comes on.)

DOLORES. (To Virgin.) Ay, gracia, Virgencital (To Beverly.) She doesn't want me to miss that raffle. (She turns off the radio. Singing is now heard outside the front door. It opens — to a triumphant

Start

looking Dahlia singing a sensual Latin song, like "Amor."*)

EDDY. (Cuts in.) Mamá!

DAHLIA. Mi baby! (They rush to each other. Eddy sweeps her into an embrace and spins around with her.)

BEVERLY. (To Nelson.) You Latins sure are huggy.

DAHLIA. (To Eddy.) What are you doing here?

DOLORES. (To Dahlia.) This is what I was going to ask you.

BEVERLY. She said she'd be back in a jiffy.

DOLORES. Yes. But this is too jiffy.

DAHLIA. Can I help it if for once in my life I had perfect timing? (Hugs a bewildered Beverly.) How are they treating you, my dear?

EDDY. (Cuts in/to Dahlia.) What have you been up to, you wicked thing? I can see the devil in your eye. Don't tell me — it's a man.

DOLORES. No. Is the devil. (Eager to distract, Nelson raises his beer can.)

NELSON. (To Dahlia.) Hey. We'd started having a little toast, and — (Eyes to Beverly.) I'd kinda like to make another one.

DAHLIA. Wonderful. Get me a beer. (While he goes to get one Beverly tries to make faces to discourage him. Dahlia primps for Eddy.)

So? How do I look?

EDDY. Hot to trot.

DAHLIA. Hot? Nah. I'm too thin.

BEVERLY. You know what they say. There's no such thing as too rich or too thin.

DAHLIA. There is for Pancho.

BEVERLY. Who's Pancho?

NELSON. (Quickly hands Dahlia a beer.) Well! Here's to ...

DOLORES. (Fearful/to Dahlia.) You saw him.

DAHLIA. (Aside.) He's coming to pick me up as soon as he can dump 'you know who.'

DOLORES. He's coming here?

EDDY. Wait a minute. Where'd he pop out of?

BEVERLY. Maybe purgatory?

End

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