

## Emcee, Father Fernandez, Debbie

pleasure. You've had little enough.

VALERIE. (Offstage/babyish.) Eeeeddiiee!

DAHLIA. What is that?

EDDY. That's ...

DAHLIA. (Cuts in.) No, wait. I don't want to know if her name is Cindy or Wendy or Candy. I don't want her in my house, and I don't want her outside.

DOLORES. Ay, Dahlia ...

DAHLIA. Ay, Dahlia, nada. I've had it. Una puta más.

EDDY. Mamá. This isn't ...

DAHLIA. (Cuts in.) I don't care what it is this time. I'm not going to have people saying Dahlia Cruz has a traveling whorehouse in front of her home. (A car honks outside.) That's him! (Checks herself in mirror.) And now look at me. You got me all red and splashy. (Guzzles the rest of her beer.) Wish me luck. (She exits [front door]. The others go to the window to peek.)

DOLORES. You see him?

EDDY. No. But I see his Honda X-L. The old man ain't doin' so bad. (The car pulls away. Dolores returns to her tortillas, making a brief stop by her shrine.)

DOLORES. Ay, if that Dahlia could get him out of her head. Ayudanos, Virgencita. (To Eddy.) Well. We have to give thank-you that things are okay for you and Nelson. (Not convinced.) And for me.

VALERIE. (Offstage/babyish.) Eddy ...

EDDY. (Calls out.) Yeah, I'm coming.

DOLORES. Eddy, I don't care what your mother say. Go to invite that girl right now. What is wrong with you?

EDDY. (After a beat.) I need to talk to you.

DOLORES. We are talking. Now bring her and talk to her too.

EDDY. Well, I'm in a tight spot.

DOLORES. But I told you she can sleep in my bed.

EDDY. I'm not talkin' beds. I'm talkin' money.

DOLORES. Money?

EDDY. Yeah. (Trying to joke.) Little green paper theories?... I feel bad coming to you with this. But you're the only one I know who's got a little something stashed away.

Start

DOLORES. If you know how little you will laugh.

EDDY. No, I won't. Look, I know it's unfair of me. And I wouldn't even ask if I thought you were really gonna use it for that trip or anything. But ...

DOLORES. (Cuts in.) The raffle! (She turns to the radio.) A Spanish jingle. To Virgencita. Ay, Virgencita, can Dahlia leave me the right to listen to my radio in peace?

EMCEE. (Radio.) And we're back at the St. Agatha school cafeteria, where in just a few moments we'll be drawing that lucky ticket. Right Father? (Dolores makes a sign of the cross to the Virgin.)

FATHER. (Radio.) That's right, Gus.

DOLORES. (Cuts in.) That's Father Fernandez. (She carefully turns off the radio.)

EMCEE. (Radio.) Standing next to me is the man who's been the guiding light of the St. Agatha footbridge raffle. Father, I understand the support of this community has been quite amazing.

FATHER. (Radio.) It sure has, Gus.

DOLORES. (Cuts in.) I'll be right back. (She turns off the radio.)

EDDY. It's just a loan. I'll get it back. (He turns off the radio.)

EMCEE. (Radio.) There's over eighteen-thousand raffle tickets in this drum. And here to pick out our happy winner we have little Debbie Ramirez. Hello, Debbie?

DEBBIE. (Radio.) Hi.

DOLORES. (Cuts in.) Please, I'm begging you.

EMCEE. (Radio.) You want to say hello to anyone out there, Debbie?

DOLORES. (To Eddy.) You should be saying everything.

EDDY. (Cuts in.) You and your radio.

EMCEE. (Radio.) Debbie?

DOLORES. (Cuts in.) Please, I'm begging you.

EMCEE. (Radio.) Looks like Debbie doesn't want to say hello

to anybody.

EMCEE. (Radio.) Okay then, Debbie. I guess we're ready. Let's start turning that biiiiig drum!

DOLORES. But you have that big contract  
EMCEE. I don't see any contracts. Drums play radio as  
drum turns.

DOLORES. But Nelson said ...  
EMCEE. Nelson was all over the place of a lie that you

DOLORES. Why would he lie about something like that?

EMCEE. 'Cause he's named of it.

DOLORES. It is not. Your brother is the one you've

EMCEE. He's named of me, Tia. Like you're ashamed of you.

DOLORES. Now you're talking crazy. She starts turning her

tortillas.

EMCEE. He's ashamed of your virgin and your troubles.

DOLORES. That's no lie.

EMCEE. (in.) And your friends in prison to you.

DOLORES. Stop, Eddy.

EMCEE. (in.) And all your goddamn friends.

DOLORES. Ka bastal! (Drum starts to play.)

EMCEE. (Radio.) Alright, Debbie. Reach in and pull out that winning ticket to Lourdes, Fatima, and Cava di Pistoia — where the Virgin is appearing this very minute.... Okay, now read the number for us very slowly. (Dolores tries to compose herself. She turns to the Virgin with a weak smile and makes one last sign of the cross.)

DEBBIE. (Radio.) Seven.

DOLORES. (Radio.) Seven.

DEBBIE. (Radio.) Seven.

EMCEE. (Radio.) That's another seven.

DEBBIE. (Radio.) Two ...

DOLORES. (Radio.) Two ...

EMCEE. (Radio.) Go on, Debbie.

DEBBIE. (Radio.) Four ...

DOLORES. (Radio.) Av Mamá! (Eddy's excitement vanishes. Dolores.)

DEBBIE. (Radio.) Eight ... two ...

EMCEE. Yes ... yes! (Dolores heart pounds.)

DEBBIE. (Radio.) Nine ... one ...

EMCEE. (Radio.) And now for the last number.

EMCEE. (Radio.) Debbie?

DEBBIE. (Radio.) Seven.

EMCEE. (Radio.) Seven! (Eddy's excitement vanishes. Dolores continues checking the tickets [with her her glasses on], as if she might still have overlooked the right one.) Once again. That lucky ticket to Lourdes, Fatima, and Cava di Pistoia is 7-7-2, 4-8-2, 9-1-7. End

EMCEE. I'm sorry, Tia.

DOLORES. It's okay. God probably has a reason that he didn't want me to travel. (Eddy starts to go.) Eddy.

EMCEE. Yeah?

DOLORES. Tomorrow we can go to the bank. (She returns to her tortillas. Instantly his old peppy self, Eddy gives her a big kiss. Then as he gets ready to exit, a dejected looking Dahlia comes in [front door].)

EMCEE. Yahooooo! (He jumps over to sweep his mother into an embrace. But not amused Dahlia hits him on the head with her purse.)

Ouuul! (Abrupt.) Goodnight! (He exits [side door]. Dolores continues pounding tortillas. Dahlia makes herself a stiff rum and Hawaiian Punch. Both women are very aware of each other, but afraid to break the ice. Dahlia finally does so.)

DAHLIA. Looks like Mamá's not as influential up there as you thought. (Dolores is still afraid to say anything.) He wants an annulment.

DOLORES. Annulment?

DAHLIA. The Fat Cow want him to get an annulment so they can get married in the church. She wants to be legal in the eyes of God. A legal fat cow. I can just picture her stretching