

ACT TWO

Scene 1

When the lights come up, it's three months later. Ana has fallen asleep on the couch with the TV on, and we hear the Spanish station. For a moment, it's unclear which living room she's in, hers or the Robins'. A door opens and closes, waking Ana, and Richard enters.

RICHARD. *(Calls out.)* Ana, I'm home —

ANA. Oh — good evening, Mr. Robin —

RICHARD. *(For the tenth time; smiles. She gets up and turns of the TV.)* Ana, please ... Richard. Sorry I'm a little late. Client of mine, schizophrenic, got out of the VA hospital — started to direct traffic. Caused a ten-car pile-up on Wilshire Boulevard.

ANA. Ay no!

RICHARD. I should've been a personal-injury lawyer. Everything okay here?

ANA. Yes, fine! Guess what happen, Mr. Robin!

RICHARD. I give up.

ANA. Jenna is crawling!

RICHARD. She is? You're kidding! She crawled?

ANA. Yes!

RICHARD. That's amazing! Eight and a half months old and she — ? Wow. God, I wish I'd seen that! She's been doing that snake thing, lately, but — where did she — ?

ANA. Right here. She was trying to get the remote.

RICHARD. *(Laughs.)* Uh-oh. *(He goes to the spot where she crawled. Beat.)* You know, Ana — I have a thought ...

ANA. Yes?

RICHARD. Don't tell my wife. When she gets back from her trip.

About Jenna crawling.

ANA. *(Surprised.)* You want me to — lie?

RICHARD. Of course not. Just don't mention it. She's been gone

so much these last couple of months ... She'll feel just awful that Jenna crawled when she wasn't here.

ANA. *(Torn.)* Okay ...

RICHARD. She'll see her crawl when she gets home, right? No harm in her thinking it's the first time ... *(He goes to the fridge.)* No point in adding to her ... *(With an edge.)* stress. *(He gets a beer.)* Oh — Ana, would you like one before you hit the road?

ANA. A beer? No no! Thank you —

RICHARD. *(Laughs.)* Oh, c'mon, someone should toast my daughter's first crawl, don't you think?

ANA. Well —

RICHARD. *(Playful.)* Look, I'm your employer and I insist.

ANA. Maybe a juice?

RICHARD. You got it. *(He gets a beer and a glass of juice. Mutter.)* Someone should acknowledge the moment ... *(Ana looks at her watch. He brings her juice.)* How do they toast in El Salvador?

ANA. "Salud, amor, dinero."

RICHARD. Let's see, I have a little Spanish from high school ...

"Health ... love ... money?"

ANA. Yes. But I like how the Mexicans say it ... "Amor, salud,

dinero ... y el tiempo para disfrutarlos."

RICHARD. I'm sorry, I should have added that I failed Spanish —

ANA. "Love, health, money — and the time to ... to like them"

— *(Searches for the right word.)* no — the time to ...

RICHARD. "Enjoy?" "Enjoy" them?

ANA. Yes.

RICHARD. The time to enjoy them ... Hell, I'll drink to that!

(He does.)

ANA. What do you say? "To your health?"

RICHARD. *(Laughs.)* Well, that's what we say ... After all, it wouldn't be nice to say, "To your money!" *(They smile. An awkward pause.)* Wow. That Jenna. What next? *(Beat.)* You know, I had her in the car the other day and I had this Elvis Costello tape on, and she starts cooing along with the song — and I swear she was in the same key! I think that kid has perfect pitch.

ANA. *(No idea what he's talking about.)* Yes?

RICHARD. Well, I was in a band after college —

ANA. *(Can't help but laugh.)* You was in a band?

RICHARD. Shit yeah. Rock 'n' roll. Ana. Never judge a man by his clothes. We played a lot of the clubs in Hollywood. We opened for Seinfeld ... Lot of guys — *(Ana smiles, but glances at the clock.)*

What kind of music do you like?

ANA. Latin music I guess I like the best —

RICHARD. Salsa, Tejano, Cubano...?

ANA. Yes.

RICHARD. You like the Buena Vista Social Club?

ANA. I don't think I been there —

RICHARD. What? Oh — no, no — they're a band! Let me put 'em on for you. Jenna's crazy about these guys — *(He goes to the cabinet and puts on a CD. "Chan Chan" would be ideal here. If that is not possible, Richard's next line changes to — "Oh, wait — listen to this! This is Cubano too. You have to check this out.")*

ANA. Oh no, I don't want you to go to no trouble —

RICHARD. These guys are like the original — they're like the Beatles of Cuban music. You have to check this out. *(Ana sighs. The music, "Chan Chan" or something similar, starts to play.)**

ANA. It's very pretty. *(Richard dances to the music and strums an imaginary guitar.)*

RICHARD. Isn't it? So simple, so pretty ... *(Listens.)* No synthesizers, no samplers ... No electronic bullshit. *(Listens more.)* These guys didn't live in fancy houses ... Their cars weren't "retro" — they were *old*! Think these guys get all bent out of shape over air? They just breathe ... *(Ana sneaks another peek at her watch. Richard keeps grooving.)* What does this part say — ? *(Ana listens. This is not an easy thing to translate for your boss.)*

ANA. Oh — it's like ... "The love I have ... I can't stop —" *Cómo se dice ...* "I can't stop drooling for you."

RICHARD. Wow. Heavy. *(Ana worries they're about to hear the whole album. Finally ...)*

ANA. Well, thank you for playing it for me — *(He's lost in the music and doesn't hear. Louder.)* Thank you for playing it for me! *(The baby cries. She puts her glass on a side table and rises.)* Excuse me — *(He puts his beer down next to her glass and they go to the baby's room. Ana gets Jenna.)* It's okay, Jenna — *(She brings the baby to the couch and rocks her. Richard sits next to her on the arm.)* She's going to go right back to sleep.

RICHARD. Really? How do you know?

ANA. From the cry. *(Ana imitates the exact cry.)*

RICHARD. So ... simple.

ANA. She's a very easy baby.

* See Special Note on Songs and Recordings on copyright page.

RICHARD. *(Surprised.)* She is?

ANA. And she's so smart! She's much smarter than the other babies in the park. I think she even know how to say my name! Only she say, "Ana" —

RICHARD. *(Laughs.)* Gee, hope she's not trying to say, "Mama —" *(She looks up at him and smiles. He looks down at her and smiles ... Suddenly it's terribly awkward. She hands him the baby and rises, fast.)*

ANA. Okay — pues — I see you tomorrow. *(She heads for the door.)*

RICHARD. Listen, it's the weekend for godsake — I'm perfectly happy to take care of my own daughter. Take the ... tiempo por disfrutarlos.

ANA. Oh no, Mrs. Robin already pay me. I'll be here. *(She exits. The music resumes for several beats, as Richard dances Jenna back to her crib ... And Bobby enters Santiago's room and watches his sleeping son.)*

Scene 2

Ana enters her apartment and calls to Bobby.

ANA. Bobby — ?

BOBBY. *(Entering from Santi's room.)* Santi amorcita! *(He hugs her, spins her around, playful. He has good news.)*

ANA. All these nights I'm working late ... te sientes solo?

BOBBY. I miss you like crazy, mamá. Cada noche.

ANA. Pero, you don't never ...

BOBBY. Qué? What are you ...

ANA. No se. When I was working tonight, the señor —

BOBBY. Qué? He tried something? Because if he did, I'm going to go over there right now and — I don't want you working there, that's it. You don't know nothing about men.

ANA. He just seemed a little lonely — with the señora gone.

BOBBY. Do you have to hear about the señor and all this — lonely —

ANA. I'm sorry. *(She tries to kiss him.)*

BOBBY. I'm not in the mood no more.

ANA. Okay — *(She flops down on the sofa.)*

BOBBY. *(Smiles.)* I'm telling you, you give up too easy ... Guess what happen?