

avoid further discussion.)

NANCY. Which reminds me — God, I better get home and do some work!

WALLACE. I didn't realize you worked, Nancy —

LINDA. What do you do?

NANCY. I'm an entertainment attorney.

LINDA. Oh!

WALLACE. Well, if you have to work, that must be an interesting job.

NANCY. And you?

WALLACE. Oh, my husband and I are on a few boards ...

LINDA. *(Laughs.)* Oh give me a break. This woman has done more diseases than anyone else in town. She runs, she walks —

WALLACE. *(To Nancy.)* I used to run a museum, actually, but I gave it up when Alex was born.

LINDA. You should see the Thanksgiving decorations she made for our school!

WALLACE. *(Smiles; to Nancy.)* I keep trying to get her involved with philanthropic work —

LINDA. Well, get over it. I don't have time to get my roots done.

WALLACE. Find the time, honey! Do. Yoga.

LINDA. *(To Nancy; bit defensive.)* Well. Guess I just have my hands full just being a mom!

NANCY. Of course!

LINDA. I just couldn't imagine not being there the first time one of them crawled, or walked, or said their first word ... Could you, Wallace?

WALLACE. Oh God no.

LINDA. I mean, why else have kids?

WALLACE. *(Nods.)* Why else have kids? *(The two moms look at Nancy and smile. Nancy tries to smile back. As they exit in the scene transition, Ana enters on the phone.)*

Scene 11

Ana is on the phone with Tomás, in a pool of light. Bobby fixes a truck for Santiago in the kitchen.

ANA. Tomás? My mami! ... Me puedes oír, mi hijo? ... Cómo estás? ... Sí? Recibistes el paquete? And the shirt? Does it fit? *(Pronouncing it for him.)* "Hill-fing." *(Laughs.)* I don't know, miijo, they like to put their name on everything, quien sabe? ... How is school? ... Then you got to study a little harder, Tomás, so when you come here you know your math ... Okay, just read a little more time ... What are you eating? ... Bueno, Tomás, you don't eat too much sugar ... Pues, tell me something else ... *(Hill running out of conversation.)* Do you miss me? ... I miss you up to the sky! ... You're going to come real soon, miijo. *(Surprised.)* No, no, not for vacation — you're going to come here to live! ... No, not with abuela. Your grandmother don't want to come, miijo, she says she's too old. *(Bobby exits. Pained.)* I know it's hard to leave her. But don't you want to be with Mami? ... Oye, did you get the pictures I sent you from the beach? What are the rides? *(Laughs.)* Te gustan? That's me and my sister-in-law and her friend. *(Pause; fighting tears.)* No, miijo ... I'm the one in the middle. *(She hangs up and walks right into the next scene.)*

Scene 12

Nancy is making coffee at the kitchen counter downstage left. Ana enters, still upset by her call with Tomás.

ANA. Good morning, Mrs. Robin.

NANCY. *(Thrilled.)* Ana! I wasn't sure you'd be back — *(Adds quickly.)* so soon! My husband took Jenna out for a run. How's your mother doing?

ANA. She's fine. She always say, "I talk to God, I tell him I see him

next year." She's a very stubborn woman.

NANCY. *(Laughs.)* Mine too. She always says, "If Hitler didn't get me, why the hell should I fear God?"

ANA. *(Surprised; blurt.)* Oh! You — Jewish?

NANCY. Uh-huh. Would you like some coffee?

ANA. Okay — *(Nancy gets a cup and saucer.)*

NANCY. You sure everything's all right? You seem worried.

ANA. My first son is having a little problem in school.

NANCY. I'm so sorry. Well, anyway, I'm so glad you're back. And I've been thinking ... Maybe I can be of some help with the, uh, immigration situation. I am a lawyer after all. *(She brings Ana's coffee to the table and starts adding teaspoons of sugar.)*

ANA. *(Surprised, eager.)* You could help with — immigration? *(Then; proud.)* No, no, it's very nice of you, but — *(After three teaspoons of sugar, Ana puts her hand over the cup.)*

NANCY. No, really, I want to help. In fact, I took the liberty of speaking with a friend who gave me the name of an excellent immigration lawyer, and he'd be happy to have a phone conversation with you, no charge. *(Ana thinks for a moment. Her need to get Tom's is more important than her pride.)*

ANA. Thank you, Mrs. Robin. Thank you very much.

NANCY. Ana, please — "Nancy." *(Nancy hands her a piece of paper with the lawyer's name and number.)* Well, now I can get to the office! Oh — I'll probably have to make up for yesterday, so I may not get back till six or seven —

ANA. Okay — *(Nancy starts to leave. Ana runs and hands her the cell phone she's left on the table.)* Mrs. Robin —

NANCY. Nancy.

ANA. Nancy. *(Nancy smiles and leaves. The rest of the scene is a collage of time and space over the next few weeks. Lighting and a few costume changes indicate the passage of time. Bobby comes on and sits on the couch. If the set's on a turntable, the living room is now upstage, so the couch faces upstage.)*

BOBBY. Ven, amor, SÁBADO GIGANTE! Ven! Sientate! *(He turns on the TV to a popular variety show. Ana hands him the paper. In a fine mood.)* What's this?

ANA. Mrs. Robin give me the name of a real good immigration lawyer, Bobby. *(He turns off the TV and moves downstage.)*

BOBBY. So you been talking to her about my business? Who told you you could talk to her about my business?

ANA. No! Pues ... she's a lawyer, Bobby —

BOBBY. So is the lawyer I got, Ana! You told her I was with the guerrilleros? *(Nancy enters and goes to her kitchen counter.)*

NANCY. He was with the guerrillas?

ANA. *(To Bobby.)* Pues — you were fifteen years old, you were with them because they took you before the army did. What difference does it make to the Americanos which side you was on?

BOBBY. *(Laughs; ironic.)* It don't. They gave the guns. We gave the bodies. Americanos probably don't even remember which side they was on now! All they know is, "Ay! Where'd all these brown people come from?" *(He gives her back the paper.)* Don't be talking about my business. *(He exits, pissed. Ana straightens up Nancy's kitchen, as we jump in time.)*

NANCY. So the lawyer was helpful?

ANA. I ... haven't called yet. *(Richard enters, turns on the TV, and sits on the couch.)*

NANCY. Well, don't worry, we'll call together —

RICHARD. Nancy? That program about the development of the brain's on — *(Nancy does not want Richard to find out about any of this.)*

NANCY. Be right there, honey! *(Nancy goes and sits with Richard, as Bobby enters and reads the paper at the kitchen table. Ana sits with Bobby.)*

ANA. He said it's no problem you were with the guerrilleros, Bobby ... *(Bobby doesn't reply.)* So ... what's the problem? *(Bobby doesn't reply.)* Is there a problem, Bobby?

BOBBY. The problem is you talking to some woman you work for instead of listening to your husband! *(Richard and Nancy exit.)*

ANA. She's trying to help us, Bobby!

BOBBY. So she don't have to worry about hiring nobody illegal! Tu estas ciega?

ANA. I don't care! I want my papers! And that lawyer you got don't do a damn thing! So I don't care why she's trying to help!

BOBBY. Well, she's helping a lot, Ana. 'Cause you never talk to me like that!

ANA. *(In his face.)* Well, maybe I should have —!

BOBBY. Ya! Cállate! I don't want to hear no more! *(He turns away. Ana gets up, hurt and furious. Nancy goes to her.)*

NANCY. *(Feels awful.)* Ana? I'm so sorry. I — certainly didn't mean to cause you any ... stress. *(Richard enters, with his briefcase, excited.)*

RICHARD. Hey, Nance, remember that Vet I was defending? I