

Side 1

Scene 2

Ana's husband, Bobby, sits in the chair downstage right, reading the sports section of La Opinión. Nancy's husband, Richard, reads the sports section of the Times on the couch. The scenes on the Eastside and the Westside are simultaneous, and at times overlap, but each woman clearly speaks to her own husband.

ANA. *(To Bobby.)* Pues — tengo un trabajo! I got a job!
 NANCY. *(To Richard.)* Well — I hired a nanny! *(Richard and Bobby are not pleased, but cover.)*
 RICHARD. Great!
 ANA. I only met the woman. She's seems okay —
 NANCY. *(Positive.)* She's a little young maybe, but she seems fairly intelligent, sweet ...
 RICHARD. Well — great —
 NANCY. I'll put Jenna down and later we can take her to the park.
 RICHARD. Okay — *(Nancy exits. Richard thinks. Bobby tries to read the paper.)*
 ANA. Where's Santiago?
 BOBBY. Next door, playing.
 ANA. I promised to take him to the park to play soccer — *(Ana changes her shoes and straightens up.)*
 BOBBY. I already took him. *(Laughs; kicks an imaginary ball.)* You should see him — gonna be another Maradona! *(Casually.)* So how much you gonna make?
 ANA. Four hundred. And it's only eight hours!
 BOBBY. Ten dollars an hour? *(Feels awful, covers.)* Great! Where?
 ANA. *(Hesitates.)* Santa Monica.
 BOBBY. *(Laughs.)* Santa Monica? You gonna go all the way to the Westside, hour and a half to Santa Monica, and be back to get Santiago by six? What you gonna do, mama? Fly?
 ANA. *(Carefully.)* Pues ... Maybe I'm going to need you to pick him up sometimes —
 BOBBY. Oh sí? So you could take care of somebody else's kid instead of your own son?

ANA. I got to go back to work, Bobby —
 BOBBY. Why you got to work, Ana? I work — *(She nods.)* Mira, I worked all last month! *(She nods.)* I work when there's work, Ana. That's construction. If the guy I work for got no work, what you want me to do?
 ANA. Pues, maybe when you get your papers, I could get my papers — and get a different kind of job.
 BOBBY. I told you the lawyer is working on it.
 ANA. We just got to save the money for our papers. *(Beat.)* And the money to bring Tomás.
 BOBBY. We're going to bring him soon, baby. Can we eat something now?
 ANA. Pero — when? This morning I called El Salvador and my grandmother said he went on a trip with his school —
 BOBBY. Sí?
 ANA. He hit his head in the pool — my grandmother didn't even call me! But I'm his mother, even if I can't do nothing — I got to know! *(Bobby goes and hugs her.)*
 BOBBY. Okay, amor. No te preocupes, we're going to get your son. *(Beat.)* Can we eat something now?
 ANA. Sí. *(Bobby goes to the kitchen table, and Ana starts to prepare something to eat. Nancy reenters with the baby's laundry and stands folding it above the couch.)*
 NANCY. But, you know, I hate the term "nanny." It sounds so British. Makes me feel so PBS.
 RICHARD. Well, if you're not comfortable ... *(He remains on the couch, helping her fold.)*
 NANCY. I heard someone in the park say "babysitter" — but that's not really the truth is it, if it's a full-time job. I've heard "care-giver" too. That sounds warm but not, you know ... fuzzy. More like a regular job description.
 RICHARD. No I meant — if you're not comfortable *having* a — someone —
 NANCY. *(Lightly.)* Well, I have to go back to work, don't I?
 RICHARD. Well, how do you define "have to"?
 NANCY. *(Laughs.)* If I don't go back I'll get fired!
 RICHARD. They can't fire you, you're an attorney, you'll sue.
 NANCY. Then I'll be on the "The Mommy Track." I won't have a prayer in hell of making partner — *(Laughs.)* And then what have the last sixteen years of my life been for?
 RICHARD. I know, sweetie. I understand. *(Beat.)* But you always

say the job's unrewarding —
 NANCY. I never said it's "unrewarding." I said it's "unfulfilling."
 RICHARD. Oh. Sorry.
 NANCY. *(Smiles.)* I mean — it may not be as important as the kind of law you practice —
 RICHARD. *(Lies.)* Well, that's not true —
 NANCY. I mean, I may not be working for the "People" —
 RICHARD. Well, people in Hollywood are — people ...
 NANCY. But I'm an attorney — it's what I'm good at, it's what I — do. We talked about all this when I got pregnant —
 RICHARD. I know. I just thought we could take this time right now to enjoy —
 NANCY. Besides, we're going to need my salary with the new mortgage, honey.
 RICHARD. *(Bit tightly.)* Uh-huh ...
 NANCY. And a good pre-school costs nine thousand a year ...
 RICHARD. Uh-huh ... *(Ana brings Bobby his food, and the two scenes start to overlap.)*
 BOBBY. *Gracias, amor.* You got a beer? *(Ana gets Bobby a beer.)*
 NANCY. Unless you'd want to consider taking a job with a firm ...
 RICHARD. *(Laughs.)* Defending Halliburton? No thanks!
 BOBBY. *(To Ana.)* Gorda, you got chips? *(Ana gets the chips.)*
 NANCY. And, you know, honey, several of the studies I've read say it's actually good for a child to see a mother do work she loves —
 RICHARD. Well sure. Unless the stress is ...
 BOBBY. *(To Ana.)* Bring a little lemon too, baby, please? *(Ana gets him some lemon.)*
 NANCY. *(Laughs.)* Well, that's why we're hiring a nanny! *(Nancy sits next to Richard. Kisses him.)*
 BOBBY. *(To Ana.)* Mira, mira, sit down a minute, mama, I ain't gonna bite. *(Bobby pulls Ana down next to him. Richard puts his arms around Nancy.)*
 RICHARD. Listen. I completely support whatever decision you make, Nance ... *(Bobby kisses Ana and bites her neck.)*
 ANA. *Mentiroso!*
 RICHARD. I'm only questioning the timing. *(A last attempt.)* You're still breast-feeding, honey ...
 NANCY. I'll pump! They have pumps that look like a purse! And she had excellent references, Richard. Plus she has two kids of her own so she's had experience!
 RICHARD. Two kids? What if they get sick? How's she going to take

care of Jenna? *(Nancy rises and starts to leave, passing Ana and Bobby.)*
 NANCY. They're in El Salvador! *(Ana and Bobby exit.)*
 RICHARD. Oh. *(Richard follows Nancy off, as Wallace and Linda enter with baby carriages and move to the couch, which becomes the park bench.)*

Scene 3

The park. Wallace and Linda sit on a bench.

WALLACE. So how are the boys?
 LINDA. Terrific! They're fine! They're much better. *(Nancy enters with Jenna, who is sitting in her carriage or in a sling.)* Who's that?
 WALLACE. She looks familiar. Maybe yoga?
 LINDA. Oh — do you think she's the one who just moved into that fixer-upper on Marguerita?
 WALLACE. Aren't they tearing that down?
 LINDA. Guess not ...
 WALLACE. I love her diaper bag. I'd ask her to sit down. *(Nancy approaches.)*
 LINDA. Hi! Sit down! Sit!
 NANCY. Oh — thanks. *(She sits.)*
 WALLACE. What a pretty baby! *(Wallace turns her own baby towards Nancy.)*
 NANCY. Thank you — *(Looks in Wallace's carriage.)* Yours too! *(Looks again.)* Well, not pretty, I mean — handsome.
 WALLACE. I'm not big on color-coding babies. I think, in this day and age, a boy should be able to wear salmon.
 NANCY. Absolutely. I'm Nancy Robin.
 WALLACE. Wallace Breyer.
 LINDA. Linda Billings Farzam.
 WALLACE. You look familiar. Do you go to Yoga Works?
 NANCY. *(Laughs.)* God no. I mean — I'm sure yoga — *(Jokes.)* works — I'm sure it's great —
 WALLACE. It's an excellent way to get your body back after a baby.
 NANCY. Then I really should go! If I could find the time ...