

MOTHER'S DAY SAMPLE

From Act II, scene 1: STAN has just publicly humiliated JORGE in front of the crowd at the fiesta. JORGE has sworn revenge. STAN and DOT are in their bedroom above MANUEL's bar. STAN is pleased with himself. DOT is frightened at what might happen.

ACT II

Scene 1

(THE UPSTAIRS BEDROOM in the early hours. It is still stifling.)

(STAN, sweating in pajama bottoms, and DOT, in a nightdress, are sitting downstage at a table. STAN is leafing impatiently through a magazine. DOT is staring into space.)

(The candles are lit—one on the table at which they sit, one next to the crucifix by the bed.)

(STAN fans himself exasperatedly and gets up to open the shuttered, floor-length window.)

No!

DOT

I gotta have air.

STAN

Leave it shut.

DOT

Relax, for chrissake. That asshole's not coming back.

STAN

Leave it! DOT

Lambie, I *gotta* have air! STAN

(He reaches for the wooden bar.)

DON'T OPEN IT! DOT

Friggin' sauna! STAN

When Manuel said go, we should have gone. DOT

And sleep on the floor of some grungy airport? I paid for this bed. And how! STAN

What time is it? DOT

(STAN looks at his watch.)

'Bout two thirty. STAN

Maybe there's an earlier flight. A different airline. DOT

From this place? Ha! Relax. STAN

Don't tell me to relax. Not after that performance. DOT

Like I said, he's not coming back. He's off somewhere getting drunk, licking his wounds. Shtupping a chick somewhere. To prove he can. STAN

How could you have done that? DOT

I got inspired. STAN

You got drunk. DOT

STAN

You know what, lambie? It felt really good. It felt like...like, there was the bully on the playground, swaggering around, beating up on all the little kids...and I stood up to him, took him out.

DOT

"Home." Not even one night. *One* night! Was that too much to ask?

STAN

Sometimes a guy's got to make sacrifices in order to do the right thing. You heard what that sleazeball's been doing to those two kids. A two-bit drug dealer who thinks he's got the whole town by the balls! Well, you ain't got *me* by the balls, kiddo! A wake-up call, that's what this town needed.

DOT

It was none of our business.

STAN

That's why the bullies run this world, lambie. Everyone says "It's not *my* business." Someone had to take that asshole down a peg or two, let him know he couldn't go around screwing with other people's lives. I just happened to be in the right place at the right time. And you know what? I did it. It was worth the whole damn trip.

(STAN goes to the sink and splashes cold water on his face and over his neck and chest.)

STAN (CONT.)

Christ, now I gotta pee.

(He fumbles at his pajama front.)

DOT

Not in the sink.

STAN

Okay, okay.

DOT

Thank you.

(STAN goes to the door. DOT follows him.)

STAN

I don't need help, Mom. I'm big enough to go alone.

I'm locking the door after you.

DOT

Gonna let me back in?

STAN

(STAN exits. DOT locks the door after him.)

(She goes to the bed and sits. Her back is to the shuttered window so she does not see the long blade of a butcher's knife quietly slide in between the shutters.)

(The knife, with a forceful upward movement, unseats the wooden bar from its brackets, sending it clattering to the floor. The shutters fly open.)

(In a flash, RAUL is at the bed, a stiletto under DOT's chin. JORGE, holding the butcher's knife, follows, STAN's bright bandanna around his head.)

A vow of silence, *Señora*. *Silencio absoluto!*

JORGE

(DOT is paralyzed.)

Don't make nothing happen, *Señora*, please. Do like he says.

RAUL

(JORGE goes to the door and waits. STAN's footsteps come down the hall and stop at the door.)

STAN'S VOICE

(He speaks in a childishly exaggerated Spanish accent.)

Open zee door, *Señora*. Eet eez the boogeyman. Weeth the leetle dick. Come on, lambie, open up.

(JORGE unlocks the door. Standing out of sight behind the door, he opens it.)

(STAN enters and is instantly pinioned by JORGE against the wall.

(STAN sees RAUL and DOT on the bed. DOT stares at him with fear and reproach.)

Oh Jesus!

STAN

JORGE

(Imitating STAN's voice)

No, fatman, only the boogeyman. The one weeth the beeg knife.

(JORGE releases STAN, keeping him at knife point. He gestures toward the chair.)

Be seated.

(STAN complies.

(JORGE relocks the door and puts the key in his pocket.)

Whatever you got in mind, buddy—

STAN

JORGE

What I got in mind? I got in mind to teach you some manners.

STAN

You won't get away with this.

(JORGE grabs STAN's hair and pulls his head back sharply.)

JORGE

First lesson: Do not speak unless you are spoken to.

(STAN reacts with the beginning of a lunge. JORGE pushes him back with the point of the knife.)

JORGE

Numero dos: You stay in your place 'til I tell you to move. *Comprende?*

STAN

You sonofabitch.

JORGE

The nuns punished us for words like that. Put your hands behind.

(STAN does not move.)

You are a difficult student. If you want ten fingers to count with, you put them together behind.

(STAN still does not move.)

JORGE

(to DOT)

Señora, maybe he listen to you.

(DOT says nothing.)

Raul, help the *Señora* find her tongue.

(RAUL presses the stiletto more firmly against DOT's neck.)

DOT

Do it, Stanley.

(STAN puts his hands behind the chair.)

STAN

Don't hurt her, I warn you.

JORGE

Don't *make* me hurt her. Don't make me hurt your "lammy."

(JORGE takes the bandanna from his head and ties STAN's wrists.)

DOT

Where did you get that?

(JORGE winks at her.)

JORGE

A girlfriend gave it to me. What means "Lammy," fatman.

STAN

Nothing.

DOT

It's what he calls me, that's all.

JORGE

(to STAN)

Doesn't mean nothing?

STAN

A little lamb, for chrissake.

JORGE

Ah, *un corderito*. "*La sangre del cordero*." You know what that is?

(STAN and DOT are silent.)

Answer me, fatman!

(He jabs STAN sharply.)

STAN

Not a clue, buster.

JORGE

Señora?

DOT

I don't know.

JORGE

Tell them, Raul.

RAUL

The blood of the lammy, no?

JORGE

Exactamente.

(to STAN)

She call you "Lammy," too?

DOT

"Honey." I call him "honey."

JORGE

Order! To who am I asking the question?

DOT

I'm sorry.

JORGE

Very bad students you are.

(He finishes tying STAN's wrists.)

Bueno.

RAUL

Can I have it now, Jorge?

JORGE

Patience.

RAUL

Jorge, please. I need it *now!*

JORGE

You will earn it, Raulito. With the help of Lammy and Honey. So. Is there order in the classroom? Good. First we will take attendance.

(From his pocket he takes the slip of paper DOT gave ESTRELLA.)

DOT

You haven't hurt her!

JORGE

Hurt her? Hurt Estrellita? Never. Oh, maybe the first time. Did it hurt for you the first time, Lammy?

JORGE

Now she begs for more

(JORGE reads from the paper.)

"Dorothy and Stanley Pusio. Two thirty three Meadowbrook Road. Saginaw, Mitchigan." And a telephone number. That is good. If you misbehave, I shall call your parents. The nuns were *always* talking to my parents. Well? Are you present?

(STAN and DOT are silent.)

Answer to your names! Say "here!" No, in *my* language. *Presente!* Dorothy Pusio. Known also as "Lammy."

DOT

Here.

(JORGE shakes his head.)

DOT (CONT.)

I mean *presente*.

JORGE

Muy bien. Stanley Pusio. Known also as "Honey."

Gimme a break!

STAN

Hey, Raul, that sound like *presente* to you?

JORGE

Not very much.

RAUL

Presente!

JORGE

(STAN is silent.)

We have only one student today? Speak, fatman, speak.

JORGE (CONT.)

(STAN is still silent.)

If you ever want to speak again.

JORGE (CONT.)

(JORGE places the point of his knife on STAN's lips.)

Open!

JORGE (CONT.)

(STAN complies. JORGE taps his knife on STAN's teeth.)

I am listening.

JORGE (CONT.)

Presente.

STAN

Louder.

JORGE

Presente!

STAN

Better.

JORGE

(JORGE holds the slip of paper to the candle flame and drops it in the ashtray.)

JORGE

She is not going to the States, Estrella. And even if she go, I do not think she finds you still at this address.

DOT

What do you mean?

STAN

People know we're here. No way you gonna—

JORGE

Silencio!

DOT

Manuel knows we're here.

JORGE

Ah yes, Manuel. Your friend Manuel. Manuel the upright, the honest.

STAN

MANUEL! MANUEL, HELP!

JORGE

You would have us wake him? Very well: MANUEL!

(MANUEL answers outside the door.)

MANUEL

Sí, Jorge.

JORGE

Adelante, Manuelito.

(JORGE unlocks the door. MANUEL enters, wearing a nightshirt.)

DOT

Manuel, help us!

MANUEL

I told you to go!

JORGE

Who are you talking to, Manuel?

(MANUEL shrugs.)

JORGE (CONT.)

Who you see in this room?

MANUEL

Nobody, Jorge.

STAN

Oh Jesus.

JORGE

Anyone take a room in your *casita* today, Manuel?

MANUEL

No one, Jorge.

DOT

Oh, Manuel!

JORGE

Not, by any chance, two *gringos*, one who makes a fool of himself in the plaza?

MANUEL

No, Jorge. Certainly no one like that.

DOT

He didn't mean it! He was drunk. He's sorry!

(to STAN)

Tell him you're sorry!

JORGE

"Sorry?"

DOT

You *are* sorry, aren't you, honey? Tell him!

STAN

I'm...sorry.

JORGE

"Sorry" no even *begin* yet! *Gracias*, Manuel. You can return to your sweet dreams.