

Pobrecitos.

WORKER 2

Yo sé. I heard their house is just four cement walls with a tin roof on top. Just one room. I heard her husband built it with his brother in a few weeks when she first got pregnant. No permit or anything, just found an empty lot and started building.

WORKER 1

De vera? I hope it doesn't get reported. With all those kids.

WORKER 2

Eh, I doubt it. If they tore it down, they'd have to tear down every house in Tocones.

WORKER 1

They live in Tocones?

WORKER 2

Si, mija! This is what I'm telling you!

WORKER 1

Pobrecitos.

WORKER 2

Mhm.

Worker 1 and 2 tut, pack up their stand and exit. Opposite stage, Adolfina sits on the edge of her bed with an eviction notice. She begins to cry. Carmensita runs into the room and she quickly recollects herself.

ADOLFINA

Mija, why don't you go play outside with your brothers? Mama esta ocupada.

CARMENSITA

Que te preocupa, mama? Necesitas ayuda?

ADOLFINA

No, mija. This is nothing for children to worry about. You go outside and enjoy yourself, okay?

Carmensita exits.

ADOLFINA

Kneels at the foot of her bed. All of the joy has left her voice. Her prayer is now a plea.

Madre Yuisa, Madre Yuisa, por favor bendiceme. Soy pobre, soy negra, soy feliz y solo necesito tus bendiciones!

Sighs.

I know what everyone says. Qué lastima. Pobrecita. But I don't care. People pretend to have pity, like they're helping me somehow by saying pobrecita every other word, like that'll make me less poor. They're cackling chismosos, chatty bluejays with nothing good to say, puffing their feathers before they go in for the kill.

Looks down at notice.

But maybe they're right.

Reads.

Señora Adolfina Villanueva Osorio—este día, el cinco del febrero, diecinueve ochenta, es su ultimo día para cumplir con su aviso de desahucio. Si no lo cumples, tus pertenencias estarán agarradas y estarás desalojada de tu casa mañana, al mediodía.

Begins to cry.

Pobrecita de mi.

Recollects herself.

No, Adolfina. There's enough pity going around without you feeling sorry for yourself too.

She gets up, shakes her body and begins to dance the basic sica step, slowly, with her eyes closed, as if listening to an imaginary drum.

Yuisa, ayudame. Yuisa, ayudame. Ayudame, por favor!

As she dances, drummers and singers enter and surround her, playing to her rhythm and singing. She opens her eyes and see them. Yuisa, La Negra Martina, Woman 1, Woman 2. They all dance together. A police officer enters and tries to break up the batey, but the women keep dancing.

POLICE OFFICER

Señora Villanueva! Señora Villanueva, vengase conmigo por favor! Usted esta en violación de su aviso de su desahucio.

The women keep dancing.

Señora!

The women keep dancing.

Señora!

The women keep dancing.

SEÑORA!!!