

**Scene 2 - Washing**

*SCENE: the Barracks – Miami 1966.*

*(drab and industrial looking housing projects... more WOMEN than MEN, the WOMEN wash clothes in a huge communal sink, hang other clothing to dry and carry things to and fro...a few MEN, some elderly and some younger, depressed, who would much rather be working, sit around...an OLD MAN sits and fans himself in a chair)*

**OLD MAN:** Glorita! Regálanos una canción

**LITTLE GLORIA:** I have to do the washing.

**OLD MAN:** It's a grey day here in Miami. Bring back the sun. Sing. A güangüanco!.

**LITTLE GLORIA:** I can't. I have to--.

**GLORIA FAJARDO:** (interrupting) What are you doing?

**LITTLE GLORIA:** I was just...

**GLORIA FAJARDO:** There's no time for singing right now

**CONSUELO:** *(kissing GLORIA's head)* You sound beautiful.

**LITTLE GLORIA:** Hi, Grandma.

**GLORIA FAJARDO:** Where's your sister?

**LITTLE GLORIA:** Taking a nap

**SONIA:** Do you have enough detergent?

**CONSUELO:** We have enough

**GLORIA FAJARDO:** Did you give her lunch?.

**LITTLE GLORIA:** Yes

**SONIA:** Enough detergent for all of us?

**CONSUELO:** We have enough

**GLORIA FAJARDO:** And your homework?

**LITTLE GLORIA:** Finished

**SONIA:** Porque last time we used all my detergent

**AUGUSTINA:** Pero, ay coño! Enough with the detergent! They say they have enough, they have enough. Stop talking about detergent! Stop saying detergent!!! (*they all look at AUGUSTINA*) I'm hungry

**GLORIA FAJARDO:** Vamanos!

**CONSUELO:** Gloria, Belen wants to know if she can come with us to the supermarket

**GLORIA FAJARDO:** Tell her we don't have enough room in the car. Tell her...

**CONSUELO:** She won't be able to wait

**GLORIA FAJARDO:** Listen. Tell her to make a list. We'll bring back whatever she needs. Go ahead. (*CONSUELO crosses to BELEN*)

**GLORIA FAJARDO:** Glorita, wash those in the big sink. Use the bleach but not too much'

**LITTLE GLORIA:** Okay

**GLORIA FAJARDO:** And don't let your sister sleep too long; we'll never get her to bed tonight

**LITTLE GLORIA:** Yes, Mami

**GLORIA FAJARDO:** (*kisses LITTLE GLORIA's forehead*) That's my girl. (*to SONIA*) Let's go

**SONIA:** (*to LITTLE GLORIA*) I wish my daughter Carmen was more like you. You're an angel. Carmen's an idiot. (*the LADIES exit...CONSUELO crosses to LITTLE GLORIA*)

**OLD MAN:** (*singing*) WA-LA-LA-LA WA-LA-LA-LA

**CONSUELO:** Practice your guitar. (*CONSUELO kisses GLORIA's forehead and exits*)

**LITTLE GLORIA:** Bye, Abuela

**OLD MAN:** Washing cleans the clothes. Music cleans the soul. Por favor, Glorita. One song. Una canción. Eh? (*singing*) BA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA

(*GLORIA looks at him...he smiles a devious smile...she turns and looks for her MOTHER...she turns back to him and smiles a rebellious smile*)

*(music and dance...clothes being waved in the air...LITTLE GLORIA dances in the middle of it all...during the instrumental, LITTLE GLORIA is swallowed up by the DANCERS... when they break, LITTLE GLORIA is replaced by a 17-year-old GLORIA who finishes the song)*

*(as the song finishes, the mood has changed... ALL exit)*

----- Revision History -----

Revision

0      First draft