

UNIVERSIDAD DE PUERTO RICO  
DEPARTAMENTO DE DRAMA

LAS DOS CARAS DEL PATRONCITO

1965

CHARACTERS

ESQUIROL  
PATRONCITO  
ARMED GUARD

Seminario Multidisciplinario  
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UPR-PP

FIRST PERFORMANCE: The Grape Strike, Delano,  
California on the picket line.

In September, 1965 six thousand farm workers went on strike in the grape fields of Delano. During the first months of the ensuing Huelga, the growers tried to intimidate the struggling workers to return to the vineyards. They mounted shotguns in their pickups, prominently displayed in the rear windows of the cab; they hired armed guards; they roared by in their huge caruchas, etc. It seemed that they were trying to destroy the spirit of the strikers with mere materialistic evidence of their power. Too poor to afford La Causa, many of the huelgistas left Delano to work in other areas; most of them stayed behind to picket through the winter; and a few returned to the fields to scab, pruning vines. The growers started trucking in more esquirols from Texas and Mexico.

In response to this situation-especially the phoney "scary" front of the rancheros, we created Dos Caras. It grew out of an improvisation in the old pink house behind the Huelga office in Delano. It was intended to show the "two faces of the boss."

A FARMWORKER ENTERS, CARRYING A PAIR OF PRUNING SHEARS.

FARMWORKER (TO AUDIENCE.) Buenos días! This is the ranch of my patroncito, and I come here to prune grape vines. My patron bring me all the way from Mexico here to California - the land of sun and money! More sun than money. But I better get to jalar now because my patroncito he don't like to see me talking to strangers. (THERE IS A ROAR BACKSTAGE.) Ay, here he comes in his big car! I better get to work. (HE PRUNES.)

THE PATRONCITO ENTERS, WEARING A YELLOW PIC FACE MASK. HE IS DRIVING AN IMAGINARY LIMOUSINE, MAKING THE ROARING SOUND OF THE MOTOR.

PATRONCITO Good morning, boy!

FARMWORKER Buenos días, patroncito. (HIS HAT IN HIS HANDS.)

PATRONCITO You working hard, boy?

FARMWORKER Oh, si, patron! Muy hard! (HE STARTS WORKING FURIOUSLY.)

PATRONCITO Oh, you can work harder than that, boy. (HE WORKS HARDER.) Harder! (HE WORKS HARDER.) Harder! (HE WORKS STILL HARDER.) HARDER!

FARMWORKER Ay, that's too hard, patron!

THE PATRONCITO LOOKS DOWNSTAGE THEN UPSTAGE ALONG THE IMAGINARY ROW OF VINES, WITH THE FARMWORKER'S HEAD ALONGSIDE HIS FOLLOWING HIS MOVEMENT.

PATRONCITO How come you cutting all the wires instead of the vines, boy? (THE FARMWORKER SHRUGS HELPLESSLY, FRIGHTENED AND DEFENSELESS.) Look, let me show you something. Cut this vine here. (POINTS TO A VINE.) Now this one. (FARMWORKER CUTS.) Now this one. (FARMWORKER CUTS.) Now this one. (THE FARMWORKER ALMOST CUTS THE PATRONCITO'S EXTENDED FINGER.) HEH!

FARMWORKER (JUMPS BACK.) Ay!

PATRONCITO Ain't you scared of me, boy? (FARMWORKER NODS.) Huh, boy? (FARMWORKER NODS AND MAKES A GRUNT SIGNIFYING YES.) What, boy? You don't have to be scared of me! I love my Mexicans. You're one of the new ones, huh? Come in from.

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FARMWORKER Mexico, señor.

PATRONCITO Did you like the truck ride, hoy? (FARMWORKER SHAKES HEAD INDICATING NO.) What?!

FARMWORKER I loved it, señor!

PATRONCITO Of course you did. All my Mexicans love to ride in trucks! Just the sight of them barreling down the freeway makes my heart feel good; hands on their sombreros, hair flying in the wind, bouncing along happy as babies. Yes sirree, I sure love my Mexicans, boy!

FARMWORKER (PUTS HIS ARM AROUND PATRONCITO.) Oh, patron.

PATRONCITO (PUSHING HIM AWAY.) I love 'em about ten feet away from me, boy. Why, there ain't another grower in this whole damn valley that treats you like I do. Some growers got Filipinos, others got Arabs, me I prefer Mexicans. That's why I come down here to visit you, here in the field. I'm an important man, boy! Bank of America, University of California. Safeway stores - I got a hand in all of 'em. But look, I don't even have my shoes shined.

FARMWORKER Oh, patron, I'll shine your shoes! (HE GETS DOWN TO SHINE PATRONCITO'S SHOES.)

PATRONCITO Nevermind, get back to work. Up, boy, up I say! (THE FARMWORKER KEEPS TRYING TO SHINE HIS SHOES.) Come on, stop it. STOP IT!

CHARLIE "LA JURA" OR "RENT-A-FUZZ" ENTERS LIKE AN APE. HE IMMEDIATELY LUNGES FOR THE FARMWORKER.

PATRONCITO Charlie! Charlie, no! It's okay, boy. This is one of MY Mexicans! He was only trying to shine my shoes.

CHARLIE You sure?

PATRONCITO Of course! Now you go back to the road and watch for unio organizers.

CHARLIE Okay.

CHARLIE EXITS LIKE AN APE. THE FARMWORKER IS OFF TO ONE SIDE, TREMBLING WITH FEAR.

PATRONCITO (TO FARMWORKER.) Scared you, huh boy? Well lemme tell you, you don't have to be afraid of him, AS LONG AS YOU'RE WITH ME, comprende? I got him around to keep an eye on them huelguistas. You ever heard of them, son? Ever heard of Huelga? Or Cesar Ch'vez?

FARMWORKER Oh si, patron!

PATRONCITO What?

FARMWORKER Oh no, señor! Es comunista! Y la huelga es puro pedo. Bola de colorados, arrastrados, huevones! No trabajan porque no quieren!

PATRONCITO That's right, son. Sic'em Sic'em, boy!

FARMWORKER (REALLY GETTING INTO IT.) Comunistas! Desgraciados! Huidigos huevones!

PATRONCITO Good boy! (FARMWORKER FALLS TO HIS KNEES HANDS IN FRONT OF HIS CHEST LIKE A DOCILE DOG; HIS TONGUE HANGS OUT. PATRONCITO PATS HIM ON THE HEAD.) Good boy.

THE PATRONCITO STEPS TO ONE SIDE AND LEANS OVER: FARMWORKER KISSES HIS ASS. PATRONCITO SNAPS UP TRIUMPHANTLY.

PATRONCITO Atta' baby! You're OK, Pancho.

FARMWORKER (SMILING.) Pedro.

PATRONCITO Of course you are. Hell, you got it good here!

FARMWORKER Me?

PATRONCITO Damn right! You sure as hell ain't got my problems, I'll tell you that. Taxes, insurance, supporting all them bums on welfare. You don't have to worry about none of that. Like housing: don't I let you live in my labor camp - nice, rent-free cabins, air-conditioned?

FARMWORKER Si señor, ayer se cayó la puerta.

PATRONCITO What was that? ENGLISH.

FARMWORKER Yesterday, the door fell off, señor. And there's rats tambien. Y los escusados, the restrooms - ay, señor, fuchi! (HOLDS FINGERS TO HIS NOSE.)

PATRONCITO AURIGHT! (FARMWORKER SHUTS UP.) So you gotta rough it a little - I do that every time I go hunting in the mountains. Why, it's almost like camping out, boy. A free vacation!

FARMWORKER Vacation?

PATRONCITO Free!

FARMWORKER Que bueno. Thank you, patron!

PATRONCITO Don't mention it. So what do you pay for housing, boy?

FARMWORKER Nothing! (PRONOUNCED NAH-THING.)

PATRONCITO Nothing, right! Now what about transportation? Don't I let you ride free in my trucks? To and from the fields?

FARMWORKER Si, señor.

PATRONCITO What do you pay for transportation, boy?

FARMWORKER Nothing!

PATRONCITO (WITH FARMWORKER.) Nothing! What about food? What do you eat, boy?

FARMWORKER Tortillas y frijoles con chile.

PATRONCITO Beans and tortillas. What's beans and tortillas cost, boy?

FARMWORKER (TOGETHER WITH PATRON.) Nothing!

PATRONCITO Okay! So what you got to complain about?

FARMWORKER Nothing?

PATRONCITO Exactly. You got it good! Now look at me: they say I'm greedy, I'm rich. Well, let me tell you, boy, I got problems. No free housing for me, Pancho. I gotta pay for what I got. You see that car? How much you think a Lincoln Continental like that costs? Cash! \$12,000! Ever write out a check for \$12,000, boy?

FARMWORKER No, señor.

PATRONCITO Well, lemme tell you, it hurts. It hurts right here! (SLAPS HIS WALLET IN HIS HIND POCKET.) And what for? I don't NEED a car like that. I could throw it away!

FARMWORKER (QUICKLY.) I'll take it, patron, yes, patron.

- PATRONCITO You're tellin' me! (STOPS, LOOKS TOWARD HOUSE.) Oh yeah, and look at that, boy! You see her coming out of the house, onto the patio by the pool? The blonde with the mink bikini?
- FARMWORKER What bikini?
- PATRONCITO Well, it's small but it's there. I oughta know - it cost me \$5,000! And every weekend she wants to take trips - trips to L.A., San Francisco, Chicago, New York. That woman hurts. It all costs money! You don't have problems like that, muchacho - that's why you're so lucky. He, all I got is the woman, the house, the hill, the land. (STARTS TO GET EMOTIONAL.) Those commie bastards say I don't know what hard work is, that I exploit my workers. But look at all them vines, boy! (WAVES AN ARM TOWARD THE AUDIENCE.) Who the hell do they think planted all them vines with his own bare hands? Working from sun-up to sunset! Shoving vine shoots into de ground! With blood pouring out of his fingernails. Working in the heat, the frost, the fog, the sleet! (FARMWORKER HAS BEEN JUMPING UP AND DOWN TRYING TO ANSWER HIM.)
- FARMWORKER You, patron, you!
- PATRONCITO (MATTER OF FACTLY.) Naw, my grandfather, he worked his ass off out here. BUT I inherited, and it's all mine!
- FARMWORKER You sure work hard, boss.
- PATRONCITO Juan...?
- FARMWORKER Pedro.
- PATRONCITO I'm going to let you in on a little secret. Sometimes I sit up there in my office and think to myself: I wish I was a Mexican.
- FARMWORKER You?
- PATRONCITO Just one of my own boys. Riding in the trucks, hair flying in the wind, feeling all that freedom, coming out here to the fields, working under the green vines, smoking a cigarette, my hands in the cool soft earth, underneath the blue skies, with white clouds drifting by, looking at the mountains, listening to the birdies sing.
- FARMWORKER (ENTRANCED.) I got it good.
- PATRONCITO What you want a union for, boy?
- FARMWORKER I don't want no union, patron.
- PATRONCITO What you want more money for?
- FARMWORKER I don't want -- I want more money!
- PATRONCITO Shut up! You want my problems, is that? After all I explained to you? Listen to me, son, if I had the power, if I had the POWER... what a minute, I got the power! (TURNS TOWARD FARMWORKER, FRIGHTENING HIM.) Boy!
- FARMWORKER I din't do it, patron.
- PATRONCITO How would you like to be a Rancher for a day?
- FARMWORKER Who me? Oh no, senior. I can't do that.
- PATRONCITO Shut up. Gimme that. (TAKES HIS HAT, SHEARS, SIGN.)
- FARMWORKER No, patron, por favor, senior! Patroncito!
- PATRONCITO (TAKES OFF HIS OWN SIGN & PUTS IT ON FARMWORKER.) Here!
- FARMWORKER Patron...cito. (HE LOOKS DOWN AT PATRONCITO SIGN.)
- PATRONCITO Alright, now take the cigar. (FARMWORKER TAKES CIGAR.) And the whip. (FARMWORKER TAKES WHIP.) Now look tough, boy. Act like you're

the boss.

FARMWORKER Si, señor. (HE CRACKS THE WHIP & ALMOST HITS HIS FOOT.)

PATRONCITO Come on, boy! Head up, chin out! Look tough, look mean. (FARMWORKER LOOKS TOUGH & MEAN.) Act like you can walk into the governor's office and tell him off!

FARMWORKER (WITH UNEXPECTED FORCE & POWER.) Now, look here, Ronnie! (FARMWORKER SCARES HIMSELF.)

PATRONCITO That's good. But it's still not good enough. Let' see. Here take my coat.

FARMWORKER Oh no, patron, I can't.

PATRONCITO Take it!

FARMWORKER No, señor.

PATRONCITO Come on!

FARMWORKER Chale.

PATRONCITO BACKS AWAY FROM FARMWORKER. HE TAKES HIS COAT AND HOLDS IT OUT LIKE A BULLFIGHTER'S CAPE, ASSUMING THE BULLFIGHTING POSITION.

PATRONCITO Uh-huh, toro.

FARMWORKER Ay! (HE TURNS TOWARD THE COAT AND SNAGS IT WITH AN EXTENDED ARM LIKE A HORN.)

PATRONCITO Ote! Okay, now let's have a look at you. (FARMWORKER PUTS ON COAT.) Naw, you're still missing something! You need something!

FARMWORKER Maybe a new pair of pants?

PATRONCITO (A SUDDEN FLASH.) Wait a minute! (HE TOUCHES HIS PIG MASK.)

FARMWORKER Oh, no! Patron, not that! (HE HIDES HIS FACE.)

PATRONCITO REMOVES HIS MASK WITH A BIG GRUNT. FARMWORKER LOOKS UP COUTIOUSLY, SEES THE PATRON'S REAL FACE & CRACKS UP LAUGHING.

FARMWORKER Patron, you look like me!

PATRONCITO You mean... I... look like a Mexican?

FARMWORKER Si, señor!

FARMWORKER TURNS TO PUT ON THE MASK, AND PATRONCITO STARTS PICKING UP FARMWORKER'S HAT, SIGN, ETC. AND PUTTING THEM ON.

PATRONCITO I'm going to be one of my own, boys.

FARMWORKER, WHO HAS HIS BACK TO THE AUDIENCE, JERKS SUDDENLY AS HE PUTS ON PATRONCITO MASK. HE STANDS TALL AND TURNS SLOWLY, NOW LOOKING VERY MUCH LIKE A PATRON.

PATRONCITO (SUDDENLY FEARFUL, BUT PLAYING ALONG.) Oh, that's good! That's... great.

FARMWORKER (BOOMING, BRUSQUE, PATRON-LIKE) Shut up and get to work, boy!

PATRONCITO Heh, now that's more like it!

FARMWORKER I said get to work! (HE KINGS PATRONCITO)

PATRONCITO You sure learn fast, boy.

FARMWORKER I said SHUT UP!

PATRONCITO What an actor. (TO AUDIENCE.) He's good, isn't he?

FARMWORKER Come 'ere boy.

PATRONCITO (HIS IDEA OF A MEXICAN.) Si, senior, I theenk.

FARMWORKER I don't pay you to think, son. I pay you to work. Now look here - see that car? It's mine.

PATRONCITO My Lincoln Conti- Oh, you're acting. Sure.

FARMWORKER And that LBJ Ranch Style house, with the hill? That's mine too.

PATRONCITO The house too?

FARMWORKER All mine.

PATRONCITO (MORE & MORE UNEASY.) What a joker.

FARMWORKER Oh, wait a minute. Respect, boy! (HE PULLS OFF PATRONCITO'S FARMWORKER HAT.) Do you see her? Coming out of my house, onto my patio by my pool? The blonde in the bikini? Well, she's mine too!

PATRONCITO But that's my wife!

FARMWORKER Tough luck, son. You see this land, all these vines? They're mine.

PATRONCITO Just a damn minute here. The land, the car, the house, hill, and the cherry on top too? You're crazy! Where am I going to live?

FARMWORKER I got a nice, air-conditioned cabin down in the labor camp. Free housing, free transportation.

PATRONCITO You're nuts! I can't live in those shacks! They got rats, cockroaches. And those trucks are unsafe. You want me to get killed?

FARMWORKER Then buy a car.

PATRONCITO With what? How much you paying me here anyway?

FARMWORKER Eighty five cents an hour.

PATRONCITO I was paying you a buck twenty five!

FARMWORKER I got problems, boy! Go on welfare!

PATRONCITO Oh no, this is too much. You've gone too far, boy. I think you better gimme back my things. (HE TAKES OFF FARMWORKER SIGN & HAT, THROWS DOWN SHEARS, AND TELLS THE AUDIENCE.) You know that damn Cesar Chavez is right? You can't do this work for less than two dollars an hour. No, boy, I think we've played enough. Give me back.

FARMWORKER GIT YOUR HANDS OFFA ME, SPIC!

PATRONCITO Now stop it, boy!

FARMWORKER Get away from me, greaseball! (PATRONCITO TRIES TO GRAB MASK.)  
Charlie! Charlie!

CHARLIE THE RENT-A-FUZZ COMES BOUNCING IN. PATRONCITO TRIES TO TALK TO HIM.

PATRONCITO Now listen, Charlie, I -

CHARLIE (PUSHING HIM ASIDE.) Out of my way, Mex! (HE GOES OVER TO FARMWORKER.)  
Yeah, boss?

PATRONCITO This union commie bastard is giving me trouble. He's trying to steal my car, my land, my ranch, and he even tried to rape my wife!

CHARLIE (TURNING AROUND, AN INFURIATED APE.) You touched a white woman, boy?

PATRONCITO Charlie, you idiot, it's me! Your boss!

CHARLIE Shut up!

PATRONCITO Charlie! It's me!

CHARLIE I'm gonna whup you good, boy! (HE GRABS HIM.)

PATRONCITO (CHARLIE STARTS DRAGGING HIM OUT.) Charlie! Stop it! Somebody help me! Help! Where's those damn union organizers? Where's Cesar Chavez? Help! Huelga! HUELGA!!!!!!

CHARLIE DRAGS OUT THE PATRONCITO. THE FARMWORKER TAKES OFF THE PIG MASK AND TURNS TOWARD THE AUDIENCE.

FARMWORKER Bueno, so much for the patron. I got his house, his land, his car - only I'm not going to keep 'em. He can have them. But I'm taking the cigar. Ay los watcho. (EXIT.)

F I N

September 6, 1978

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