

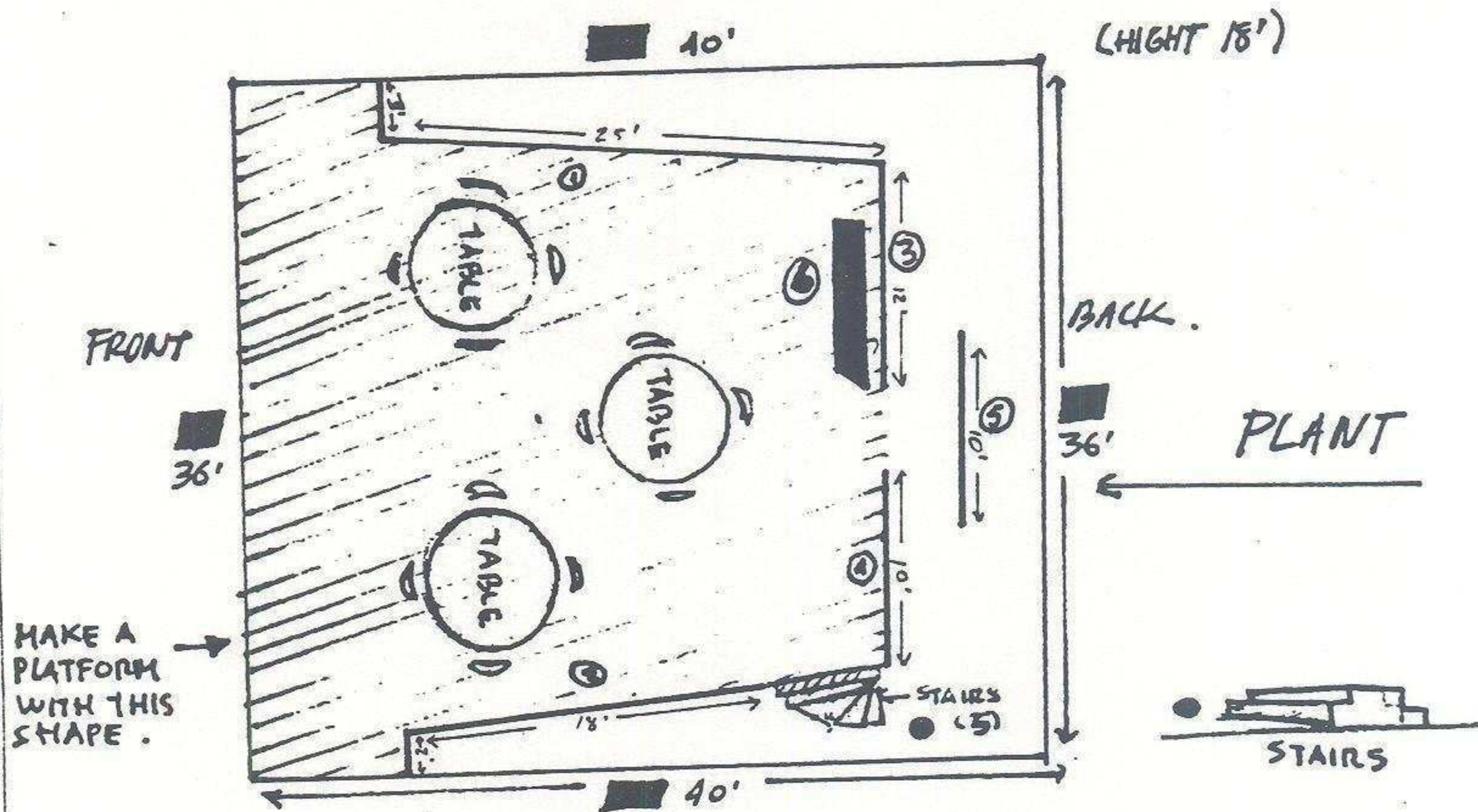
THE ENGLISH ONLY RESTAURANT

Silvio Martínez Palau

C.4 1081271 15/11/08.

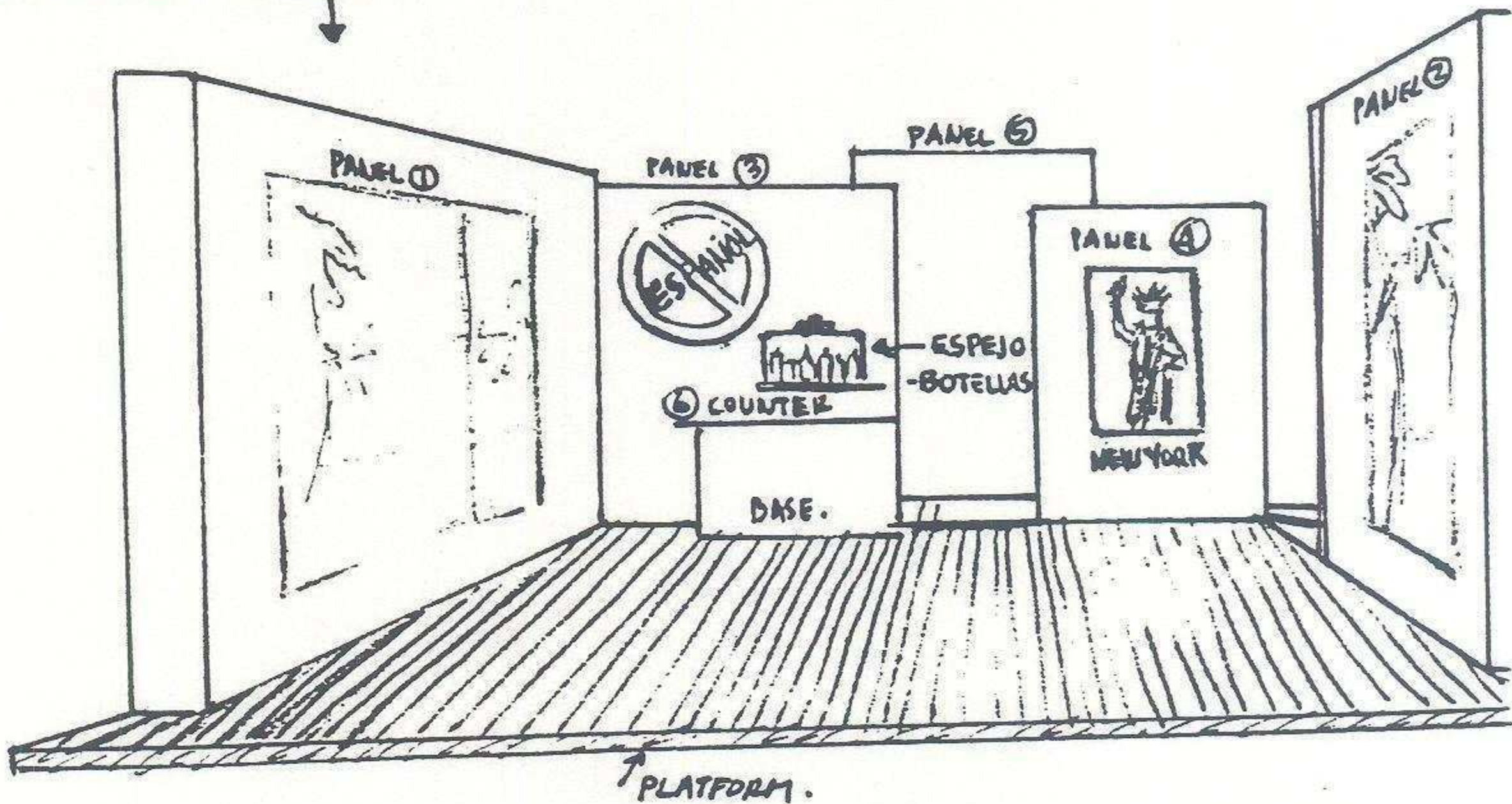
Seminario Multidisciplinario
José Emilio González
SMJEG
Facultad de Humanidades
UPR-PR

STAGE DIMENTIONS.



- PANELES
- ① 25' x 12' (HIGH) (WIDE)
 - ② 18' x 12'
 - ③ 12' x 11'
 - ④ 10' x 10'
 - ⑤ 12' x 10'
 - ⑥ COUNTER

APROX. ELEVATION



ESCENARIO DE JORGE POSADA

La acción toma lugar en un restaurante en el distrito de Ocean Park en la ciudad de San Juan --para algunos, Saint John City. Al abrirse el telón, Mr. Martinezz, el dueño del restaurante, sale de la cocina acompañado de Henry, el mesero, y Jorg, el cocinero. Martinezz prende las luces. El salón es una fiel imitación de un restaurante americano de Nueva York: paredes lila, manteles granate, espejos y avisos de neón en inglés...El lugar tiene tres mesas y un bar al fondo, éste adornado con mementos "americanos" y atiborrado de botellas de licor. La música del drama será incidental. Música instrumental de las Big Bands, temas de Broadway: Annie, America, de West Side Story, etc. Música esterilizada, en volumen moderado. Son las doce del día en un futuro cercano y, ojalá, mítico.

Los tres personajes comienzan a revolver entre las mesas, ejecutando una variedad de quehaceres antes de abrir: arreglan los manteles, ponen servilletas, cubiertos, avisos de no fumar, etc. Los actores ad lib la conversación: preguntas, respuestas (más que un diálogo son palabrejas sueltas, órdenes, afirmaciones, mugiditos...)

La mayoría de los personajes hablará en un inglés incipiente, erróneo, con el ritmo infantil de una clase de inglés para principiantes. Los dos americanos, Johnny García y el crítico culinario hablarán en un inglés genuino. Las palabras mal escritas lo están pues es de esa manera que sus personajes las pronuncian. Jorj y Johnny, un mismo actor.

PRIMERA ESCENA

MR. MARTINEZZ

Henry, don't forget those No Smoking signs on the tables, they look good, you tink (sic)?

HENRY

(parando de trabajar y volteando hacia Mr.Martinezz) Yes, Mr.Martinezz, I think. I like those signs very much: they are very nice. We don't smoke here. We are healthy.

MR.MARTINEZZ

Yes, Henry, that is right. We are very responsible people, we don't smoke. (Insistiendo, alargando la doble o de la palabra "good") That's very good, Henry. Here we don't smoke...(cogiéndolo de las manos, con efusión) And we speak English! (Gritándole de buena manera al cocinero, quien pone salsa picante en las mesas) Jorg, open di door, please. It is time. (señalando con todo el brazo) Go open the door.

JORG

Yes, Mr.Martinezz. I open your door for you, thank you.

HENRY

(al cocinero) Why you say "thank you"? You cannot say "thank you" for opening the door. You have to practice more, Jorg. The (como palabra en español) clientele expects good English from YOU.

JORG

(Va a abrir la puerta principal) I practice with video every night, with the videos you borrow me.

HENRY

(exasperado, haciendo gestos dramáticos) Lend me! Lend me!

JORG

Lend you guat?

HENRY

(didáctico) You don't say "borrow me." You suppose to say "lend me." You undertan' me?

JORG

(no muy encantado ni seguro) Yeah, yeah. (y se va para la cocina)

MR.MARTINEZZ

(quien ha estado detrás del bar revisando el libro de contaduría, preparando la máquina registradora y ordenando las botellas, cerca de un aviso enorme y redondo donde se ve la palabra ESPAÑOL tachada por una línea diagonal) Henry, you have to be patient with Jorg while he learn to speak. If you practice everyday, everybody can learn everything. My father tol' me when I was a little boy, practice and time: that is what it is. I know Jorg study because he speak better now that when he came from Aguadila (sic) in Agost. I think Jorg will learn to speak good. Lless, sir!

SEGUNDA ESCENA

Entran John Table y Ms.Eugenica Heads, su secretaria, los primeros dos comensales. Ms.Heads porta un enorme diccionario inglés-español en la mano. J.Table viste de saco y corbata apretada. Ms.Heads: vestido sastre.

JOHN TABLE

This the place I told you, Eugenic (pronunciado: Iuyínica). Isn't it chic?

MS.HEADS

Yes, Mr.Table, I like it. This is a very pretty restaurant.

HENRY

(allegándose comedido) Good afternoon, lady and gentleman.

JOHN TABLE & MS.HEADS

(unísono) Good afternoon waiter, how are youu?

HENRY

(casi deja caer la carta al piso) Very well, thank you, and you?

JOHN TABLE & MS.HEADS

Very well, thank you, too.

HENRY

(llevando a la pareja a una mesa central) This way, please. Follow me, follow me.

JOHN TABLE

(sentándose) Do you want an aperitif, Ms.Heads?

MS.HEADS

Yes, please. I think I will order a colated piñapple. (a Henry) Do you have colated piñapples?

HENRY

Yes, we have it, very good piñapples.

JOHN TABLE

I am going to have a beer. Do you have English beer?

HENRY

Yes, of course, we have English beer (un aviso de English Beer en neón cuelga de una de las paredes). Look! (mostrándole a ambos el aviso)

Durante todo el drama este aviso se prenderá y se apagará intermitentemente. El aviso está diseñado como un escudo de armas con la palabra ENGLISH cruzándolo a lo diagonal. Palpita como un corazón de neón.

MS.HEADS

(cuando se va Henry) Did you hear how well the waiter speaks, Mr.Table?

JOHN TABLE

Oh! Yes, of course, Ms.Heads.

MS.HEADS

This is very good. This is going to be a very exciting lunch in English.

MR.MARTINEZZ

(acercándose a la mesa) How are you today, Mr.Table? How nice to see you again.

JOHN TABLE

(dándole la mano a Mr.Martinezz) How are you, Mr.Martinezz? (a su secretaria, rápido y en voz baja) This is the owner.

MS.HEADS

Excuse me, Mr.Table? I did not understand what you said. Could you please repeat it for me?

JOHN TABLE

(sin prestar atención a lo que dice Ms.Heads) This is my secretary, Mr.Martinezz.

MR.MARTINEZZ

(a Ms.Heads, sonriendo y dándole la mano) I am glad to meet you. What is yur name?

MS.HEADS

My name is Eugenica Heads and I am Mr.John Table's secretary. I am glad to meet you, Mr.Martínez.

MR.MARTINEZZ

(con demasiada efusión) Oh! You speak very well; (ahora, explicativo) but don't pronounce my last name "Martínez". It is "Martinezz," with the accent on the last syllable and (en español) double "z"...(mostrando con los dedos) Two Z's at the end; it sound more American like that. You see it, my dear young lady?

Henry llega a la mesa con los tragos.

MS.HEADS

Oh! Yes, thank you for telling me. I don't want to make mistakes. I am learning to speak English with video. Mr.Table lent me his video and I study every night.

MR.MARTINEZZ

Ohh! What method do you have?

MS.HEADS

Ohh! I study English Only Method, it is very good. And (inquiriendo) it has the same name as this restaurant.

MR.MARTINEZZ

Yes, of course. I got the name for this restaurant out of **The Method**. I study it when I was learning to speak. Your last name is a very good English word.

MS.HEADS

Yes, I know it. (con gran convicción) Since I changed my name, I think I will never speak Spanish again!

JOHN TABLE

Ms.Heads has learned very quickly. English Only is the best. It guaranty you success in your life and in your busi(pausa)ness. In my

Importation-Exportation (sic) company everybody learns to speak with English Only. I want to have smarted (sic) personnel that speak good.

HENRY

(interrumpiendo la conversación) You're order to ready?

JOHN TABLE

(regresándole la carta) Yes. Are you ready to order, Ms.Heads? (se oye al cocinero renegando en español en la cocina)

MR.MARTINEZZ

Quiujmi! (y se va para la cocina gritando) Jorg, you piquinpani there?

JORG

(saliendo de la cocina y atropellando a Mr.Martinezz) Oops! No, Mr.Martinezz. We cooking in English very well, thank you.

MS.HEADS

I am going to order pasteles (pronuncia, "pastels") with ketchup and blue mayonnaise.

JOHN TABLE

I think I going to eat large alcapurrias au gratin, with rice and ganduls (sic) in barbiquiu sause...and plátanos...I'm sorry: pleitanos. Thank you.

HENRY

Bery good choice.

TERCERA ESCENA

Mientras Henry se lleva las órdenes, entran Sam Peters y Mrs.Peters. Son estreetipos gringos: rudos, cara roja, ignorantes, racistas inconcientes. Visitan mucho "Saint John City" desde la jublición del viejo, dado que muchos se mueren por practicar el inglés con ellos.

Sam Peters entra como a su casa. Se rie estruendosamente, es Santa Claus. Mrs.Peters, displicente, con úlcera.

MR.MARTINEZZ

Oh! Very good, Mr.Peters, are you here again! (lleva a la nueva pareja a una mesa lateral) come this way, please sir, dear lady.

SAM PETERS

(esperando de pie a que Martinezz sienta a su esposa) I told the little woman what a nice restaurant you have here, Fernández. I brought her so she could see for herself.

MR.MARTINEZZ

(a Mrs.Peters) I hope you like my restaurant, Mrs.Peters. We speak English here.

MRS.PETERS

(seca) That's what Sam tells me. You have a nice little place here.

MR.MARTINEZZ

(servil) Oh, thank you very much. I do my best for people like you.

HENRY

(acercándose con vasos de agua y los menús) How are you today, lady and gentleman?

SAM PETERS

(ignorando a Henry y volteando a ver a su esposa, quien mira abismada y grosera al mesero) I told you; isn't it a pleasure to see the little monkeys speaking English? Nobody can say that I don't want the Puerto Ricans to do well. I love their cooking and their attitude. Wish everybody was like them.

MRS.PETERS

(a Henry, con frialdad) What's the specialty of the day?

HENRY

(efusivo) Oh, the especialiti of today, yes; we have chicken and cow sancocho with rare pleitanos and yautía salad inside. Very good, very good!

MRS. PETERS

(grosera) Whaat?

SAM PETERS

(hablándole a su esposa con sonrisilla burletera) It is a soup made of green bananas, beef and chicken. (imitando el acento de Henry) Bery gud, bery gud!

MRS. PETERS

(aun fría, como dirigiéndose a ambos y a ninguno de los dos personajes cercanos) I want a hamburger, something I can pronounce.

SAM PETERS

I know, woman --but they have very good food here. (guiñándole el ojo a Henry) Right?

HENRY

Yes, Mr. Peters. Anything you say. Our food is good food. We are here to serve you.

MRS. PETERS

(desalentada) Ok, ok: bring me whatever voodoo cooking you serve. What am I gonna do?

MR. MARTINEZZ

(quien ha estado escuchando la conversación, para sí, hablándole al público en español, envuelto en una aureola brillantísima) ¿Vender jambergues en English Only? ¿Papitas fritas, también ja-dós? Sí, ¿por

qué no?/¿Quién comerá ya/a la boricua en un futuro?/¿Quién sufrirá ya/
la afrenta/de no gozar nuestro derecho a las delicias/ del jardín
culinario americano? (Shakespereno) Servir o no servir/sancocho 'e
pollo/comer o no comer/más cuchifraitos/(pausa solemnísima) No hay tal
dilema/ ¿Beber Pepsi-Cola?/¿Vender jambergues en English Only?/ Claro
que sí. (yendo hacia Mrs.Peters, saliendo de la revelación)

Mrs.Peters, I am very sorry that we don't have hamburgers. But I
guarantee you that tomorrow we have everything you want: jambergues,
French fries, Pepsi, chewing gum for bad breath, everything!...You
give me great idea. From now on, everybody have to learn to eat
jambergues...

MRS PETERS

(molto grossa) Whattt?!!!

MR. MARTINEZZ

...(mano en alto) junk food is the American way.

MRS.PETERS

Yes, indeed.

MR.PETERS

You mean, no more P.R. food, López?

MR.MARTINEZZ

Oh, no, Mr.Peters! We will have tostones...

MRS.PETERS

(de nuevo) What!?

MR.MARTINEZZ

...and sancocho for people like you. What I mean is that the Ochanpar
cliente have to be educated to eat American fut. Learning to eat
hamburgers increase tenfold the possibilities of success for our

English speaking community. And all thanks to your wife (con solemnidad hace venia a Mrs.Peters) who gave me the idea. Thank you so much, Mrs.Peters.

MRS.PETERS

Jummm.

Una vez servidos, los Peters no pararán de comer con desespero, ni de gritar: "More sancocho!"

CUARTA ESCENA

Martinezz deja a los Peters y se dirige a la cocina. Entra en el restaurante Henryque Curly. Henryque, joven entrepreneur, viste un poco menos formal que Table, pero de saco, corbata y maletín de negocios pegado a la mano. Saluda con un gesto a S.Peters, quien lo mira de arriba a abajo mientras va a sentarse.

MR.MARTINEZZ

(saliendo de la cocina, haciendo aspavientos y hablando sin que se le entienda una iota de su inglés. Tiene problemas lingüísticos con Jorg en la parte de atrás. Parado en la puerta del a cocina a Jorg) And no more spiqui panis! (viendo a Curly, gran sonrisa) Mr.Curly, my friend, today I am lucky. I am getting my best customers. Welcome to English Only. Where you all these days I don't see you?

HENRYQUE CURLY

(con pronunciación afectada, la cual hace más denso su acento latino)
Oh, llesss, Mr.Martinezz, I am very busy man. Business, you know,

Miami, New York, Saint Sunday. I'm sales traveling man, you know. Big American company of pork conserves (como palabra del español) for Hi-panic people, very busy man, Mr.Martinezz. And how are youu?

MR.MARTINEZZ

Very well, thank you, my friend. What can I serve you today, Mr.Curly?

HENRYQUE CURLY

(tomando la carta que Henry le trae) Oh, let me see, Mr.Martínez. I'm sorry, Mr.Martinezz.

MR.MARTINEZZ

(acongojado) I know, Mr.Curly, don't worry. I know how easy is to pronounce bad my last name.

HENRYQUE CURLY

(interrumpiendo a Mr.Martinezz, a Henry) Bring me today's special. (a Mr.Martinezz) I am sorry, Mr.Martinezz, what you say before?

MR.MARTINEZZ

No. I said, lucky you that cheinye your name. Poor me almost didn't get nothin'. I was late and I don't change my name good like you.

HENRYQUE CURLY

But at least you got that (en español) extra "z." Err...You should be proud of that extra "z" at the end of your last name.(al mesero que va pasando cerca) One English beer. (Henry asiente) I think that second "z" gives you a touch of class.

MR.MARTINEZZ

Yes, I know, Mr.Curly. But I envy you change your name, anyway. I can't help.

Henry regresa con cubiertos y más...y una cerveza marca English.

HENRYQUE CURLY

But if I change my name, Mr.M., it was too because I am responsible person that reads newpeipel in English. I found out through the **Newly Day**. When the article that announce that respectful Puelto Ricans haved (sic) the chance to change their names for more acceptable American ones, I rushed to my house, put on my best suit, my English Leather cologne and took a taxi to the Pooblic Works Bildin. The place was packed when I arrived well dressed. I was amazed to see so many people from Saint John City, ready to succeed (su-sí). (mostrándose)...and before me! I felt proud of my roots that day, Mr.Martinezz...

MR.MARTINEZZ

(sin querer interrumpir a Henryque, salamero) Yes, yes, Mr.Curly.

HENRYQUE CURLY

(resumiendo) Imagine! To see so many Boricuanans wanting to go places. I started to believe that day in our people, not before. I always said that we were no good people, lazy and criminal, like they say in the **Newly Day** and TV. But after that day, I change my mind.

MR.MARTINEZZ

(sobándose las manos, encantado) Oh, Mr.Curly, what a story, lovely. Write it inside a piece of paper and send it to the **Newly Day**? They will like it. Such a moving story of Boricuamerican success in this beautiful enchanted island. Stories like that gives us good name in Unaité Teits, make us proud. (el teléfono suena y Martinezz va a contestar)

SAM PETERS

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(a los gritos) We want more sancocho! (Henry sale de la cocina con el sancocho)

EUGENICA HEADS

Oh, yes, Mr. Table, (mostrando el diccionario) it has helped me very much. Every time someone says a word I don't know, my dictionary is there to help. For example, today I looked for sanabambiche, because I did not know that word. I heard a man yelling to an American: "sanabambiche!" in the guager, going to work. I, then, opened my dictionary and there, the definition. Sanabambiche: son-of-a-biche. I understood then what he was calling the American man. The sanabambiche got very angry and said a lot of fast words that I did not understand because he spoke too fast in English. But very soon, you will not have to be ashamed of me anymore, Mr. Table. Very soon I will speak as well as you.

JOHN TABLE

I ho' so, Eugenia, I ho' so. You know that a businessman that respect himself had beside him a secretary that speak in English good. I told you and you are speaking more now. You pay attention to my words and that take a load off my hair. (su pelo es un pegoste de brillantina) I am proud of you.

SAM & MRS. PETERS

(al unísono) Sancocho! More sancocho! (desde el teléfono, Martinezz le indica a Henry que les traiga mas sopa)

MR. MARTINEZZ

(regresando a la mesa de Henrique, sonrisas) Mr. Curly, I'm proud of Rich Portians like you.

Henry les trae más sancocho a los Peters.

HENRYQUE CURLY

You know, I will think about that you say before the story for the newspaper, Mr. Martinezz. Too bad my first name did not come out like I want, you know: Henryque. Being a little late that wonderful day --and I will never forgive me for it-- the Change Your Name Ministry don't allow me complete reversal. The quota for first name change had been exhausted, for my misery when I found out. They were very collaborative at the Change Your Name offices in Hato King, anyway. They introduced me to a man named Moonox, who was an expert in depuertorriqueñization of names and all the important sciences related. He looked my name, analyzed it and came with the great idea of changing the "i" of Enrique for a "y," and then a simple addition of an "H" at the beginning would do the job as recommended by the Ministry: no too American and no too Boricuan, a middle of the way...but my last name change totally! A godblessing indeed, Mr. Martinezz.

MR. MARTINEZZ

(lacrimoso) Please ejquiujmi. That estori you tell me before is invaluable (en español), Mr. Curly. I am very proud of you. (comienza a irse pero regresa al instante) But, listen, Mr. Curly, don't say too loud that you read newspapers. It don't look good for Borricuan businessman to read newspapers too many. Somebody can think you are independentistis. You undertan what I mean?

HENRYQUE CURLY

Yes, I know, Mr. Martinezz. Thank you for telling me.

MR. MARTINEZZ

I have a good nose for these things. For nothing I am very successful businessman. Esqueeze me again. (Deja a Henryque con su cerveza)

JOHN TABLE

(a Henry) Waiter, please bring me the salt.

HENRYQUE CURLY

(abordando a John Table) Pardon me, sir. (se para de su mesa) My name is Henryque Curly, and I listen to you speaking good and I said to myself: I have to introduce myself to that very good English speaking Rich Portian gentleman.

JOHN TABLE

(desentendiéndose de Ms.Heads, limpiándose la boca con la servilleta, se para a saludar a H.Curly. Dándole la mano) Hello, my name is John Table, I speak English and I'm very glad to meet you.

HENRYQUE CURLY

(extasiado) Me too! Me too!

JOHN TABLE

I happy you speak to me: you see, my secretary don't speak good like me. She's learning now, and I said to myself, there is a man of jonor, somebody that know good English, somebody I can talk to. (señalando a Ms. Heads, quien ha abierto su diccionario y ahora conjuga el verbo to eat en el presente) My secretary, Eugenica Heads. (a Ms.Heads) Mr. Henryque Curly.

HENRYQUE CURLY

(Extendiendo la mano a Eugenica) Good afternoon, Eugenica, lovely name.

MS.HEADS

(cerrando el diccionario, sonriendo) Thank you very much, Mr.Curly. And your name is very good, too. I love it.

S. Peters grita que más sancocho, mientras Miss Heads es dejada a sus verbos y los dos "Boricuans" se alejan de la mesa, gesticulando, y se paran cerca del bar. Se nota que están de acuerdo en todo lo que se dicen. Henry sale de la cocina con más sancocho para los Peters.

MR.MARTINEZZ

(sale de la cocina. Al ver a Ms.Heads --quien ha vuelto a conjugar mientras juega con un bocadillo que le dejó Henry-- se le para detrás y haciéndole coro comienza a conjugar también. Miss Heads se para de la mesa y conjuga con furia. Martinezz le responde con otra conjugación. Se entabla un diálogo grotesco de conjugaciones erróneas y recíprocas hasta que) Oh, Ms.Heads, how nice of you, practicing your verbs. That is what I do when I can, home alone, because here I am busy men. I feel so good that all my guests are so interested and understand the importance of speaking English. I want to tell you: before I epoke English, I was no good. Now I have restaurant and feel proud of myself...something I never did before. I am so happy. (brazos extendidos en el aire) Everybody is very good in my restaurant! How exciting this is it! If my father could see me now! (de nuevo a Ms.Heads) And to think that I have one cousin that don't like speak English. He don't want put English accent in that Spanish he speaks all the time. You know, to make sound a little more acceptable, American. I don't understand people sometime.

SAM PETERS

(llamando a Mr.Martinez) Suárez, come'ere.

MR.MARTINEZZ

(a brinquitos de emoción va en dirección del gringo) Coming, Mr.Peters, coming! May I help you?

SAM PETERS

Núñez, the wife wants to call the waiter. Howd' you say waiter in Spanish? (más que una pregunta, una orden)

MR.MARTINEZZ

(sonriendo satisfecho, como acabando de resolver un problema terrible)
You can call him "güeiter," o "Henry"; he understand very good, Mr.Peters, like me. You can call him in your successful language. No problem.

SAM PETERS

Aren't you gonna tell me how to say?

MR.MARTINEZZ

(como una tonta mordiéndose el delantal) Oh, Mr.Peters, I don't know. (señalando el aviso de NO SPANISH) We no suppose to speak Spanish here. Is the law.

SAM PETERS

(Mirando al aviso y después a Martinezz) I'm sure that don't applies to me.(con orgullo) I'm a red-hot blooded American, you see?

MR.MARTINEZZ

(consternado) Oh, Mr.Peters, yes, I see, but...

SAM PETERS

C'mon! Go ahead, Díaz, tell me. I know you're Puerto Rican and all that, but I ain't going to throw the Language Police on you. You know that. C'mon!

MR.MARTINEZZ

(abochornado, como perdiendo su virginidad) You say, "mozo".

MRS.PETERS

Whaat?

SAM PETERS

(con perfecto acento de Brooklyn) Matzo.

MR.MARTINEZZ

(avergonzado) Excuse me (y se va con el rabo entre las patas en dirección a la cocina, pasando por donde Ms.Heads todavía recita el verbo to eat, esta vez sin mirar el diccionario)

MS.HEADS

Had I eaten, had I had eaten? Eaten had I? I aten? Eiten? Oh, no! Jesus! I don't know that verb yet. I'm never going to learn! (comienza a lloriquear, apoya su cabeza en la mesa mientras la voz de Henryque se oye alto cuando pasa hacia el centro del escenario con J.Table)

HENRYQUE CURLY

Me too! Me too! You habe Trinitron TV, friend?

JOHN TABLE

Yes, yes, of course.

HENRYQUE CURLY

Me too! Me too!

MS.HEADS

(irritada, levantando la cabeza con vigor) I eat!

JOHN TABLE

(a Henryque Curly) Do you have Playboy subscription?

HENRYQUE CURLY

And Penthouse; no Screw.

MS.HEADS

(histérica, parándose de la mesa) I can't speak!

HENRYQUE CURLY

(a John Table, señalando a Ms.Heads) she practice hers tenses?

MS.HEADS

(en trance, desesperada, en español y con aureola de luz cubriéndola)

Practico y practico a diario pero no puedo hablar bien. El próximo examen lo voy a reprobar y no sé qué haré. Yo soy una persona muy respetable. (llanto díscolo y cae desconsolada sobre su asiento)

JOHN TABLE

(a Ms.Heads) Practice, practice.

MS.HEADS

(levanta) I eat!

HENRYQUE CURLY

(elegantemente pasándole la bola al contendor) CD's

MS.HEADS

(agónica) You eat!

JOHN TABLE

Electronic mail!

HENRYQUE CURLY

(señala a Ms.Heads) She eat!

J.TABLE, MS.HEADS, H. CURLY

(unísono, manos en alto) Microwaves.

MS.HEADS

We eat!

EL TRIO

(alto) Microchips!

MS.HEADS

(cansándose, señalando a los dos caballeros) You et.

JOHN T. & HENRYQUE

Madonna inflatable-dolls!

MS. HEADS

(calmándose un poco, señalando con dedo que tiembla a Henryque) He eats.

JOHN TABLE

VCR's

MS.HEADS

(a punto del desmayo otra vez, señalando a los dos hombres) You eat..

JOHN TABLE & HENRYQUE C.

(unísono) BMW's!

Cuando los dos hombres notan la coincidencia, comprenden lo grandioso la ocasion, se abrazan fuertemente y continúan gesticulando, casi bailando. Se han hecho grandes amigos, mientras Ms.Heads ha vuelto a reclinar su cabeza en la mesa, exhausta.

BOTH PETERS

(a grito tendido) Mozo, more sancocho! (Martinezz y Henry corren a la cocina, gritándole a Jorg "More sancocho, Jorg!")

JORG

(parado en la puerta de la cocina, dándole la sopa a Henry) I heard, I heard, leave alone. Go! (gesticula con las manos, irritado. Alcanza a ver a Ms Heads tirada sobre su diccionario)

AMBOS PETERS

Mozo, more sancocho! SAM: Hurry up!

En su apuro, Henry se tropieza y riega la sopa sobre los Peters.

MRS.PETERS

(a los gritos, mientras Henry le limpia con un trapo su camiseta McDonald's) What are you doing!

HENRY

I'm sorry (le soba los pechos con el trapo)

MRS.PETERS

What are you doing! (avergonzada y, al instante, complacida) Ohhh!
Ahhhhhhh! Ja Ja Ja!

SAM PETERS

You really enjoying that soup, ain't ya? How much you gonna have?

MRS.PETERS

Look who's talking. Who ate 18 of those, whatchamacallit? Colombian things in Barruancuila?

SAM PETERS

Butifaurras. It wasn't 18. (a Henry antes de que se vaya) Matzo, bring us some of those cuchifraitos you had last, I want the Mrs. to taste them.

MRS.PETERS

(empeñada) 19! It was nineteen. You ate nineteen of those long things in Barranquilla.

SAM PETERS

No way! What about you in Yankee Stadium? How many...

MRS.PETERS

Awright, awright, Sam; don't bring that up again. I know I ate all those hotdogs (se ríe)

SAM PETERS

How many, hah? How many?

MRS.PETERS

(rindiéndose) 20, Sam, 20. You know that. God! (Henry con otra sopa y una orden de cuchifraitos)

JOHN TABLE

Why, my friend! You have blue eyes, Mr.Curly! This is great! Wow! You

can join the Blue Eye Club of America, you know that? Are they real blues?

HENRYQUE CURLY

(sonríe) Yes, they are real. But what is the (en español) club you talk about?

JOHN TABLE

(sorprendido. Habla lo alto suficiente para que los Peters --que ahora tragan en piloto automático-- oigan) You mean you don't hear about the Blue Eye Club? It is the most exclusive club, only for people with blue eyes, not the brown eyes like me. We have to be excluded, you understand. (enfático) I don't believe you don't know about the club. I would give an arm and a leg to belong to it. So selective!

JORG

(sale de la cocina y va a poner una salsa en el aparato musical. Sube el volumen por detrás de la máquina. Va hacia la mesa de la abandonada y agónica Ms.Heads y la invita a bailar) Ven diviértete un poco, negra. No estés tan triste. (Los comensales actúan como si hubieran visto al diablo. Comienzan a pedir que quiten el disco, "Oh! No! Spanish!" Señalan el aviso de NO SPANISH)

MS HEADS

(sorprendida se deja llevar de Jorg. Reacciona al momento) Wait! What you doing to me? (Martinezz sale despavorido a quitar la música. Los comensales se quejan y le muestran a Jorg el letrero de No-Spanish. Martinezz pateo la radiola sin poder quitar la salsa. Jorg vuelve a enparejarse con Ms.Heads. Ella lo repele)

MR.MARTINEZZ

(cuando finalmente para la música) Jorg! What are you doin'? I tol' you to take that salsa off the music box!

JORG

(enojado) Ok, ok, hoy la quito. Chit!

MR.MARTINEZZ

Jorg, be careful. Remember: this is an English Only zone of Saint John.

JORG

(mascullando en voz baja) ¡San Juan!. (Jorg se interna en la cocina, mientras Martinezz pide excusas. Henry le trae otro platillo a Heads para que se entretenga)

JOHN TABLE

Mr.Martinezz (señalando a Henryque C.) The gentleman has blue eyes, do you know? You have appliquechos for join the club, don't you?

MR.MARTINEZZ

(sabiéndose culpable de omision, a J.Table) Yes, I have applications for the Blue Eye Club of America.

JOHN TABLE

Why you don't give one to Mr.Curly? (sorprendido) How come?

MR.MARTINEZZ

(avergonzado) Well, I don't know...maybe I forgot.

HENRYQUE CURLY

(para sí, mirando el público) A club for only people with blue eyes! How beautiful! (le da un vahído, se recobra) I need a drink (va al bar y le pide a Henry un licor)

JOHN TABLE

You forgot to give an application to the gentleman? (señala a Henryque) Really? (se muestra incrédulo)

MR.MARTINEZZ

(disminuido) I...I don't forget, Mr.Table. I, I don't want to tell Mr.Curly about the club. I...I feel envious. I am sorry. I will give application, now I have...

JOHN TABLE

(abrazando comprensivamente a Martinezz y mirando a Henrique quien ha regresado a su mesa, abstraído. Bebe complacido) Mr.Martinezz, my dear Mr.Martinezz, I know how you feel. I have brown eyes, too --for our bad luck. But you cannot stand in the way up of a person who wants to succeed like the gentleman I just meet...(señala a H.Curly)

SAM PETERS

(se para de su mesa y con vozarrón se acerca a los del blue-eye) What are you talking about, the Blue Eye Club of America? I belong to that club. I'm a member in good standing.

JOHN TABLE

(a S.Peters) This gentleman have blue eye and he can join that marvelous Blue Club of the Eyes.

MR.MARTINEZZ

(a los presentes) Yes, he can. (a Henryque) I am going to give you an application now, Mr.Curly. I am sorry I not give up before.

SAM PETERS

(sin entender bien lo que escucha) Who has blue eyes?

MR.MARTINEZZ

(diligente, tratando de redimir su omisión) He (señala a Henryque) has blue eyes. He can join your club, Mr.Peters.

SAM PETERS

(Se agacha obscenamente a mirarle los ojos a Henryque. Entonces se yergue para gritarle a su esposa) Look'ere, Flo. Come'ere! See. This Puerto Rican has blue eyes! Can you believe it?

MRS. PETERS

(desde la mesa) Whaaat?!

SAM PETERS

Come'ere, I tell you. You ain't gonna believe this.

Mrs. Peters se levanta de la mesa y mostrando impaciencia va a unirse al grupo.

SAM PETERS

(con absoluta incredulidad) Look, look woman! Can you believe it?

MRS. PETERS

(agachándose a mirar los ojos azules) I'll be damned!

QUINTA ESCENA

Entra William F. Fartley, un columnista culinario.

MR. MARTINEZZ

(diligente se aproxima al nuevo comensal) Good afternoon, sir. Welcome to English Only. My name is Tony Martinezz and I am the owner.

W.F. FARTLEY

(con superioridad y hastío) Antonio?

MR. MARTINEZZ

(escondiendo la cara, ruborizándose) Well, yes. But the Change Your Name Ministry allow us that little concession. (pausando, sobrecogido por la frialdad del comensal. Recobra su servilismo) You are American, don't you? How exciting to have American clients, you know?

W.F. FARTLEY

No, I don't, sir.

MR.MARTINEZZ

I mean, we have other Americans here...today: the Peters. (señala. El periodista no se molesta en mirar) They just like you. You belong to the Blue Eye Club of America? I believe you do. The Peters are good standing members of the club. (vuelve a señalar la pareja) You know them?

W.F.FARTLEY

(aún sin mirar a los Peters) No, I don't know them. And yes, I belong to the Blue Eye Club...it is obvious.

MR.MARTINEZZ

Yes, of course, I know what you mean, the Blue Eye chapter of United States is so big, one cannot know all its members. It is the bigger chapter in the world. Germany and Australia, (or is Austria?) come second. I read it in the Newly Day every year, when the results are in. But nobody will ever beat United States, that's for sure. Always number one in everything, you know. I love United States... Oh, and today we have one of our own Boricuan gentleman clients that will join very soon the Blue Eye Club. I introduce him to you soon. We are all so proud to have he here!

W.F.FARTLEY

(exasperado) Do you serve food here?

MR.MARTINEZZ

Yes, we have food here, but I am sorry that today we don't have hamburgers. Beginning tomorrow we have hamburgers and hotdogs. (pausa) I love your accent when you speak.

W.F.FARTLEY

It is a Harvard accent, and I don't want hamburgers. Tell me, my good chap, what kind of clientele do you have in your restaurant?

MR.MARTINEZZ

(dentadura afuera) Oh! I am fascinated with your accent. (ahora es un amable businessman) I tell you, sir, we at English Only have the good luck of having two kinds of very good clientele. As you see now, for lunch, we are proud to serve a selective group of very, very high businessmen in the area of Ochan Par' The New Condeiro and Lucdesí. They speak very good in English, I sure. That's our very proud lunch crowd. At night, on the other side, we at this, your family restaurant-- we present a delicious group of the most selected yuppy that this neighborhoods have given to Rich Port, the Ochanpar community, and society in general. Here you see the leaders of today and the leaders of tomorrow.

Todos asienten en el comedero. Griticos de: Yes, indeed. How so.

MR MARTINEZZ

(todavía con Fartley) Let me reiterate, gentleman that I admire your accent.

W.F.FARTLEY

It is a Harvard accent, I told you.

MR.MARTINEZZ

(el nombre de Harvard empieza a sonarle) Harvard? (recordando, excitado) Oh! Harvard, Harvard University! (abstraído, mirando el infinito) My restaurant is getting class. Harvard University! (corre donde W.F.F.) I love Harvard!

W.F.FARTLEY

Do I understand that you are going to change your indigenous food for a North American variety?

MR.MARTINEZZ

Oh! You want aboriginal foot? You know, Mr. Peters asked me the same question before. You Americans are all alike, ha, ha, ha. I love you. I let him know that in our restaurant we will always have wild, indigenous food for gentlemen like you, who prefer it. But I want the local client to eat modern American food. Is good for them, you know.

W.F.FARTLEY

Let me get this straight. You mean to say, you want to teach this people to eat hamburgers and French fries?

MR.MARTINEZZ

Hotdogs, too.

W.F.FARTLEY

(para sí, ambicioso) This could be a great article. It would put the food section on the first page of the *Newly Day* (y, dirigiéndose a Martinezz, le muestra credenciales) Let me introduce myself, sir. I am William F. Fartley and I am the food editor of the *Newly Day*. Do you know the paper I am talking about?

MR.MARTINEZZ

Yes, I know, very famous paper. (reconociendo quien es WFF) Oh, my God! You are William Fartley! (cardiaco) You mean from the *Newly Day*? You want article about my English Only? Oh, my God! This is heavens! (desmayo)

Con el estruendo de la caída, todos se levantan y van hacia donde el crítico culinario hace gestos de impaciencia y Martinez yace tirado en el suelo.

SAM PETERS

(curioso) What happened?

MS.HEADS

Mr. Martinezz fartled.

TODOS

Fainted!

JORG

Let's take him to the kitchen.

HENRY

Yes.

Todos ayudan a cargar a un desmadejado Martinezz fuera del escenario.

JORG

(en la puerta de la cocina, a los clientes) No enter! Staff only! No staff, no allow.

Los comensales se quedan a la espera del staff, comentan los hechos.

SAM PETERS

(entreabriendo la puerta de la cocina, a Henry) While you are at it, bring us some more of that sancocho, would ya, boy?

El periodista de cocina es el único sentado. Tras un momento, sale todo el personal. Martinezz, agitado y con la cabeza chorreando agua, va al frente.

MR. MARTINEZZ

(hablando a Henry y a Jorg, con un papel en la mano) Business is business, I don't have time. Henry (señalando al periodista) go take

the gentleman's order, quick! (a los otros, parados por la puerta de cocina) Please, sit down, everything is ok, nothing happen. (va a Henryque Curly) Mr.Curly, this is your application for the Blue Eye Club of America. I am sorry for what happen to me. I won't let it happen again. But I am excited, you know. That gentleman (señala a Fartley) is from the good newspaper, and he go to write good article about English Only Restaurant. So many good things hapenes to me!

Mr.Martinezz sale en dirección de la mesa de Fartley y se da contra Henry, quien regresa ya con la orden.

MR.MARTINEZZ

Henry! (gesticula hacia W.F.F.) What the gentleman order? (sin dejar contestar a Henry) Give the best, the best asopated for him, you understand? Very important customer, hurry! (Henry regresa a la cocina y Martinezz donde Henryque C.)

MS.HEADS

Are you ok, Mr.Martinezz?

MR.MARTINEZZ

Yes, yes, Ms.Heads. I'm sorry, I'm ok. (a Henryque, who sits with J. Table and Eugenica) You need a sponsor to join the club, and I have the person ready for you. Wait a minute. (Martinezz corre hacia los Peters, quienes vuelven por los fueros del "more sancocho") Mr.Peters, I have ask you a favor...

MRS.PETERS

Whaat?

MR.MARTINEZZ

If is no much too trouble you be sponsor for the gentleman (señala a Curly) join the Blue Club Eye?

MRS.PETERS

Whaaat!

SAM PETERS

Ramírez wants to know if we could sponsor Jousei to join the Blue Eye Club.

MRS.PETERS

(pausa y en seguida mira iracunda a su marido) Oh, no! Don't you go telling me you gonna do somethin' like that!

SAM PETERS

(se queda pensativo y luego habla a su esposa) Yeah, why not? He's got blue eyes. He's got blue eyes, Florence. What is one gonna do?

MRS.PETERS

I don't know, Sam. He's Latino, you know. If you wanna do it, that's your business...And howd' you know those eyes are real?...With all that plastic surgery...(a Mr.Martinezz, parado respetuosamente al lado de la mesa) Are those eyes for real?

MR.MARTINEZZ

Yes, yes, Mrs.Peters; I guarantee you. I know my coostomers.

MRS.PETERS

Because there are those colored contact lenses I see every sorry body in this city wearing. They are an affront to the good, clean life of America with a capital A.

MR.MARTINEZZ

Yes, Mrs.Peters, I agree with you a hundred percent. One has to know his place. And we brown eyes should always be brown.

MRS.PETERS

Jummmm

SAM PETERS

I think I'm gonna do it, Flo. What the hell, the man's got blue eyes. And he looks decent, look at'em. He's well dressed, he knows how to show respect. Don't you think?

MRS.PETERS

Well, no. But listen to me. I don't trust'em, you know that. You wanna go ahead with your sponsoring or whatever, go ahead! But I'm out of this. Remember.

SAM PETERS

I think it will work out fine, woman. Don't worry so much. He will be like a pet or something strange to amuse yourself with...(a Mr.Martinezz) I'm gonna do it, González, go tell the man that I'll be his sponsor.

MR.MARTINEZZ

(explotando en el aire) ¡Epale! (de inmediato se pone la mano en la boca) Oh, I'm sorry. It won't happen again. (brinca hacia la mesa de Curly) Mr.Curly, Mr.Curly! You got sponsor, you got sponsor! (mermándole un poco) Mr.Peters will sponsor you. He say that don't matter you are Latino, he sponsor you.

SAM PETERS

(Estentóreo, como Uncle Sam, apuntando a Henryque Curly) I'll sponsor you, fella. You got blue eyes, ain't ya?

Henryque Curly levita de su silla. Todos a excepción de W.F.F. tomando notas, y Mrs. Peters, engullendo sancocho, se paran a hacerle un semi círculo a Henryque, quien ahora está frente a Sam Peters.

SAM PETERS

(contemplando la escena) This looks like something. (risita ahogada y burletera)

JOHN TABLE

(solemne, medieval) Like the anointing of a knight.

TODOS

Ohhhh!

SAM PETERS

(toma un tenedor de la mesa donde su esposa grita que más sancocho Entonces le habla a Henryque) Kneel down, Pancho! I'm going to allot a new member into the Great Order of the Blue Eye.

Henryque Curly cae de hinojos en medio de idólatras Oh!s y Ah!s.

SAM PETERS

(golpeando el humilde hombro de Henryque) With this here tap I thee bring into the wholesome bosom of the Blue Eye Club of America Inc. (de nuevo le da con el tenedor) I, hereby, name you thee a full standing member of Our Sacred Order of the Blue. (ahora coge el aceite de mesa y lo sacude sobre la cabeza de Henryque como si ésta fuera una ensalada. Después de sielenciosos segundos) Thee may rise.

Aplausos y gritos y felicitaciones.

THE KNIGHTING SONG (coro de clientes) He's got blue eyes/ He's a knight/ Oh! how lucky/ Oh! how mighty/ He's by now.. (especie de Yankie Doodle Dandy) Descanso de 15 minutos.

ULTIMO ACTO

Lluvia, tú tienes

PRIMERA ESCENA

Ya han regresado los comensales a sus mesas, comen en inglés. El público escucha un murmullo de voces. Mr. Martinezz, se para en la puerta de la calle y de ahí anuncia: It is raining outside. Esto produce una avalancha de comentarios metereológicos. Puros lugares comunes.

MS.HEADS

Oh! It is raining outside, Mr. Table. I wonder if it will rain tomorrow.

SAM PETERS

(desde su mesa, a Ms. Heads) They didn't say nothing in the news this morning. They didn't even announce rain for today.

JOHN TABLE

They never get it right, Mr. Peters. It is a pity because the weather is very important if you want be successful. I listen to the weather two, three times a day.

MS.HEADS

The weather is an American institution, one everybody can be proud of.

SAM PETERS

(fatuo) Very good, very good, young lady. You are learning.

MS.HEADS

(tímida) Thank you. (a John Table) But, you know, Mr. Table, they did announce rain for today, now that I remember...this morning..

JOHN TABLE

Don't you hear what Mr. Peters say no rain by today?

SAM PETERS

(inmiscuyéndose) Yeah, no rain.

JOHN TABLE

(a Ms. Heads) You have to be more aware of the weather, Ms. Heads. You know how important it is. It might get you in trouble. (a H. Curly) Mr. Curly, what did they say on the radio --rain?

HENRYQUE CURLY

I did not hear rain or gales today, Mr. T. (Henry va pasando) Henry, did you hear the weather report today?

HENRY

Yes, of course, Mr. Curly. I always listen to the weather two, three times a day. Is the law.

HENRYQUE CURLY

I'm glad to hear that, Henry. I'm happy for you.

HENRY

Thank you, Mr. Curly.

MS. HEADS

(desde su mesa, donde, acompañada de Curly y Table, ha estado escuchando la conversación anterior) Did they announce rain for today, Henry?

HENRY

No. At least not in radio TNT (en español) ...I'm sorry, in radio Tine Doctor Mudball said just partly cloudy, with a 30% probababability. (en ese momento sale Jorg de la cocina, busca algo) Jorg, you listen to the weather? They say rain for today?

JORG

I don't listen to the weather, man! C'mon! I'm busy. (regresa a la cocina. Enojado, Henry va y recoge los platos de la mesa de J.Table. Se va para la cocina refunfuñando)

JOHN TABLE

(to Ms.Heads) You see, I told you, but you wouldn't believe me, Eugénica, I remember. (se oye un alegato "bilingue" que empieza y se apaga en la cocina)

MS.HEADS

(consternada) But I am sure I heard gales and rain, Mr.Table.

JOHN TABLE

I think you should consult a weather specialist, Ms.Heads. It might be that you have certain psychoanalytical problem. They are very good weather advisers here in Ochanpar. They should help you.

HENRYQUE CURLY

(con la boca llena) Oh, yes, yes!

JOHN TABLE

I had a friend in college who suffered a weather lapse, out of too much school stress and his parents put him under the care of an adviser during the summer.

Next year he was well and accurate...

LOS PETERS

Two more sancochos! Hurry up, these ones are almost gone.

MRS. PETERS

(relajando) More San Juan, Zapata! (con su marido) Ha,ha,ha!

J.TABLE

...Maybe that is what is wrong, Eugénica. Because you remember the past weather events, but not the important, present ones...or confuses them. I think that is what happen to you.

De las mesas, el público escuchará exclamaciones como: Thunderstorm; Heat-wave in 89; The green house effect; Long live the weather! y más términos referentes a la temperatura.

MR.MARTINEZZ

I love these weather conversations!

La pelea en la cocina ha estado subiendo de volumen gradualmente. Se desarrolla ahora por completo.

HENRY

(desde la cocina, a Jorg) You no have no good English-only attitude. You don't come out no more outside. Stay here!

JORJ

(desde la cocina, a Henry) Si no me dejas en paz te voy a clavar esta estaca por detrás. ¿Me estás oyendo? (la puerta de la cocina se abre y sale Henry despavorido, gritando HELP!, tropezándose y cayendo en medio del escenario. Jorg sale con un cuchillo grande en la mano y cuando ve a Henry tirado en el suelo, lo amenaza con el cuchillo) Te lo advierto. (y vuelve a la cocina. Mr.Martinezz corre a la cocina al tiempo que los Peters gritan)

LOS PETERS

More sancocho! What's the matter with these people?

HENRY

Excuse me please. I'll be back. (entra a la cocina siguiendo a Martinezz)

MR.MARTINEZZ

(a Jorg, desde la cocina) Why you speak Spanish in front of my customers? You bad boy.

Yo no soy un niño, zoquete. Ni me jodas tú tampoco que ya me están cansando con el English de mierda ése.

MR.MARTINEZZ

Don't speak Spanish! You work no more here and I call Language Police. No Spanish please, Jorg. And don't cut Henry.

HENRY

Yes. He is a criminal.

JORG

A decirle criminal a tu madre, mamao. (persigue a Henry con el cuchillo y salen una vez más al comedor, seguidos de un Martinezz agitado. A Martinezz) I going to kill he.(señala a Henry) He stupid.

MR.MARTINEZZ

(a Jorg, enojado) Give me that knife. You work no more. Here. (saca un zurro de billetes de la caja y se los da a Jorj) No work here no more. (mano en alto) Go home!

JORG

(tomando el dinero) Sí, me regreso. Está bien. Con gente como Uds. es mejor volver a mi pueblo. Y no es (pronunciando grotescamente) "Aguadila." Se dice "Aguadilla," singaos! (sale del lugar muy orondo)

MR.MARTINEZZ

(una vez regresa la calma) I am unusually sorry, ladies and gentleman. I am in consternation. Please excuse this Spanish problem in my respectful restaurant. (los otros le dicen palabras comprensivas y vuelven a su comida. A Henry) Henry, you will cook while I get other cook by telephone, now ¿Yes?

HENRY

Yes, Mr. Martinezz. I happy you fire Jorg. He no good... (Henry se pone el delantal dejado por Jorg, y Martinezz sirve ahora)

JOHN TABLE

Mr. Martinezz, put some music. It help relax after problem (Henry va y pone un disco. Suena la cancion de Mickey Mouse. Todos dicen "Ahh! en señal de aprobación. Algunos bailan como robots.

JOHN TABLE

That's great American music.

HENRYQUE CURLY

So modern!

HENRY

Futuristic!

MS. HEADS

Postmodernistic!

SAM PETERS

Destructivistist!

SEGUNDA ESCENA

Entra Johnny García. Es de Nueva York. Está vestido a la Papa Morrison: vestido blanco, anillos en las manos, bigote, sombrero Fedora. Johnny habla el español, pero es el inglés la lengua que mejor maneja. Entra ensopado. Se para en la puerta de entrada, mira y en seguida se dirige rápido al bar.

HENRY

(cuando finalmente lo alcanza) Good afternoon, gentleman. Welcome to English Only.

JOHNNY GARCIA

(volteando a ver a Henry, divertido por el pesado acento de su inglés)
 Oye, mira, tráete un café, brother. Y si tienes Ron Caña, dame uno también. (mientras Henry se marcha con la orden después de un "Quiujmi," Johnny va al teléfono público a hacer una llamada) Yo', it's me. What's happening? There's no one there, I was knocking on the door... (pausa) ¡Coño! (los comensales se incomodan ante el español) He said Tuesday, not Thursday. (Johnny escucha) ¿Por qué no me habló en boricua entonces, si sólo está aprendiendo inglés? (pausa) ¿Ya no habla español el pendejo? I know he's phony, but... (otro silencio, irritado) Oye, ven por mí, entonces, shit! What am I gonna do estos dos días? (silencio corto. Martinezz se ha parado al lado de Johnny) Yeah, hold it. (toma una carta del bar y lee) I'm at The English Only Restaurant (se ríe) No, no te estoy gufiando, así se llama esto. Estos boricuas: cada vez que vengo los encuentro más locos. Corner of Ashford and McKinley. ¿Cómo está María? (se ríe) Nos vemos veneno.

MR. MARTINEZZ

(abordando a Johnny) Good afternoon, sir. Let me introduce myself: my name is Tony Martinezz and this is my restaurant, English Only. Let me first congratulate you on your impeccable American accent. It is delicious to hear people talking English so delicious. But, tell me if I wrong: it is my impression I have no pleasure of looking at you here in my restaurant before...

JOHNNY GARCIA

Mira, Mariscal, yo ya ordené algo ¿me entiendes? Déjame estar aquí en paz. Mejor ve a ver si ya paró de llover. (los dos se miran a la cara) Y, dime una cosa, ¿qué es eso del "American accent"? (se ríe y voltea a ver a la mesa de Curly y Table, como pidiendo explicación) ¿De qué

habla éste? (la mesa de borricuans lo ignora. A Martinezz, burletero)
 Just beat it, hah? (Mr.Martinezz se retira sin saber qué hacer. Johnny
 coge el café que Henry le trae al bar) I don't believe it! ¿Qué es lo
 que habla de "American accent?" The nerd!

TERCERA ESCENA

Mientras Johnny hace otra llamada, y los Peters piden "More sancocho,"
 entra Patricia Rodríguez. (vivaz. Usa el inglés muy bien, pero habla
 siempre en español. Vecina de Ocean Park. Joven y atractiva. Ensopada)

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

¡Qué aguacero! ¡Ay, qué ensopá! Y una sin paraguas. (va al bar,
 chorreando agua. a Henry, quien está detrás del bar) Dame un ron doble
 a ver si me caliento.

HENRY

(se vuelve de piedra cuando escucha el español) Excuse me. May I help
 you?

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

(creyendo que Henry la embroma, ríe alto) ¡Ay, qué cómico!

HENRY

Do you want anything to drink?

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

(todavía piensa que Henry juega. Exagerando un acento americano)
 Ohhhh! No! But, please, for you, Mr.Borricuan, have one glass full of
 hot aguasal if you please, monseur le cantinerou. (fracasado, Henry va
 y le sirve un trago de ron a Patricia)

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

(ve a Mr. Martiezz y lo reconoce) Oye. ¿Tú no eres Martínez? El que iba a El Jalijala? ¿no es verdad? Estás gordito (Patricia le aprieta la barriga a Martinezz y se le ríe como boba)

MR. MARTINEZZ

(irritado) My dear young lady, I believe that we have not meet before. Whatever circumstances may be, I ask you to please to speak English. This is an English speaking restaurant. Please, miss, do me a favor...

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

(dándose cuenta del tipo de sitio en el que se encuentra) Ah! Ya entiendo. (mira a Martinezz y al resto, se ríe y se le rompe la risa) Sorryyyyyy.

Mr. Martinezz se va ofuscado y casi tropieza con Johnny que regresa del teléfono.

JOHNNY GARCIA

(dirigiéndose a Patricia y mirando a Martinezz con extrañeza) Ese hombre 'tá loco.

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

¿Y es que tú no hablas inglés, o qué? Porque si te oyen hablando...

JOHNNY GARCIA

¿Qué?

HENRY

(interrumpiendo) Are you speaking English there?

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

(remedando la voz de Henry) Yeah, we are speaking English there. ¿Qué te pasa a ti? No me digas que eres espía de la Language Police...

JOHNNY GARCIA

(A Patricia, mientras Henry se retira en medio de la consternación de los English-speaking comensales) ¿Qué dice el comemierda? (Patricia levanta los hombros y Johnny se quita el sombrero) Johnny García.

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

Patricia Rodríguez, encantada (saluda de mano a Johnny)

JOHNNY GARCIA

Yo tenía un tío Rodríguez.

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

Yo también. (se ríen y Patricia busca fósforos en su bolso. No tiene) Espera, ahí. (se dirige hacia el bar donde está Henry) Dame un fósforo... (burletera) I'm sorry. Give me match.

HENRY

We don't smoke at English Only, we are clean people.

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

(fastidiada) ¿Cómo que no smoking? ¿Qué lugar es éste?

JOHNNY GARCIA

(acercándose al bar) Un momisterio. (ambos ríen)

HENRY

English Only is a very exclusive restaurant.

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

Exclusive, my ass! (y se pavonea con el cigarrillo apagado, acercándose a la mesa de Mr. Table. Heads, Curly y Table hablan cualquier inanidad)

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

(interrumpiéndolos) ¡Ah! También están con lo del English? You have matches, cabezón?

JOHN TABLE

More respect for the gentleman, miss...

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

Miss your bus, jerk! ¿Tienes fósforos o no?

JOHN TABLE

(insultadísimo, tratando de pararse) No, we don't. This is a no-smoking, no-Spanish table. (casi ni se puede volver a sentar)

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

(alejándose) I'm sorryyyy amerik-anos. (se encuentra a Johnny) Oiga, padre, tiene un fósforo? (Johnny no responde, pero saca un fósforo y prende el cigarrillo de Patricia) Gracias, caballero.

MR.MARTINEZZ

(a Patricia) Listen to me again, miss, stop speaking Spanish in my restaurant. Is the law when a place is declare an English-only zone, speaking Spanish becomes a superfederal offense. You cannot speak Spanish in Ochanpar o my restaurant. Please, I ask you. I don't want to call the Language Police. And, put out that cigarette! Don't you see the signs? We are a healthy English-speaking restaurant, we have no smoking license; (exasperado) Please, put that cigarette out! (todos en las mesas están de acuerdo con Martinezz y le muestran a Patricia los avisos de No Smoking, mientras ventilan el lugar con los menús y servilletas. Johnny ha puesto la misma salsa que Jorg puso en el primer acto. Invita a Patricia a bailar en medio de la consternación de todos los comensales.

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

(antes de reunirse con Johnny) Si yo quiero, fumo (y le llena de humo la cara a Martinezz)

Martinezz corre a parar a los dos bailarines que le hacen quiebres y

no se dejan atrapar. Los otros comensales se muestran aturridos y dan alaridos de "No Spanish, please!" Algunos patean la radiola porque no pueden parar la música.

JOHNNY GARCIA

(después que su baile con Patricia ha sido obstaculizado por todos y ahora en la radiola suena Annie una vez más) Yo quiero saber una cosa aquí: ¿es que ustedes no son pueltorros? ¿A Uds se les olvidó hablar español, o qué? (a J.Table) Porque yo te he estado escuchando toda la mierda que le estás diciendo a la vieja (señala a Heads)

JOHN TABLE

(aturdido por lo que ha escuchado. Furioso) This is English Only Restaurant, my good man. Please abide the law.

JOHNNY GARCIA

¿Qué tú dices, jicoteo, cuál law?

JOHN TABLE

Did you see the sign when you enter? This is a restaurant for the respectful English-speaking boricuan gentleman that want to practice his English in an atmosphere of comfort, elegance and above all, **English!**

JOHNNY GARCIA

Yo no vi sign ninguno, jicoteo. Estaba tratando de salirme de la lluvia, un aguacero del carajo. (mirando a Patricia, que desde el bar mira incrédula) Are these people for real?

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

Esto parece una telenovela, no sé por qué.

MR. MARTINEZZ

(yendo hacia Patricia) Please, miss, you are going to make me lose my English Only license. Do speak English if you want to stay.

JOHNNY GARCIA

(regresando de patear la radiola, ofuscado de no poder cambiar a Annie) ¿Qué tú le dices a la jeva? Tú.

MR. MARTINEZZ

And you too, sir. Please control yourself and be proper in your language. I cannot believe that a person like you, a lucky gentleman that speak English so good could disregard the law so bad by speaking that no good language Spanish is recognized to be.

JOHNNY GARCIA

Holy shit! Pero, oye. Ven acá (señalando a J. Table) Yo lo que digo es que... Mira, entiéndeme, bro: (divertido) ese tipo ahí no puede hablar ingles pa' ná'... y así mismo rehusa hablar español. (altanero) ¡Y tú igual!

JOHN TABLE

(parándose de la mesa cuando oye a los dos hombres hablando sobre él. Va directo a Johnny) Let me introduce myself, gentleman. I am John Table, I speak English and I want to say a few things to you.

JOHNNY GARCIA

¡Qué nombre más raro tienes tú, bro!

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

(desde el bar, cerveza en mano) Ese es uno de los que se cambiaron el nombre el año pasado.

JOHNNY GARCIA

(pensándolo un poco) ¿Quieres decir que tú te llamabas Juan Meza antes? Mira pa' llá!

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

Antes de la Anestesia.

JOHNNY GARCIA

What?

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

Amnesty. Permiso para agringarte el nombre.

SAM & MRS. PETERS

More chicken and cow sancocho!

JOHNNY GARCIA

(a Henryque Curly, quien ahora se para al lado de J. Table, atraído por el tono de la conversación) ¿Tú también te cambiaste el nombre, roquete?

HENRYQUE CURLY

(sin prestar atención a Johnny. A J. Table) There is anything the matter, my dear friend?

JOHN TABLE

(a H.C.) I was trying to explain to the gentleman (muestra a Johnny) that certain places are off limits for Spanish...

HENRYQUE CURLY

Yes, (poniéndole la mano a Johnny en el hombro) You have the right to do as you please languagewise. The constitution guaranty it. But please, reduce yourself for that Spanish language to the unsuccessful neighborhoods of the city.

JOHNNY GARCIA

(mirando al cielo, sin poder creer lo que oyó. A Patricia) ¿Tú estás escuchando, negra? (Patricia hace un gesto de exasperación y comienza a maquillarse un poco. Johnny se dirige a H.C.) In "the unsuccessful neighborhoods of the city"?

JOHN TABLE

(entrometiéndose) Are you inform, sir?

HENRYQUE CURLY

Don't you watch the news every night?

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

(desde el bar, remedando) Don't you watch the news every night?

JOHNNY GARCIA

(impacientándose) Yo no veo news or nothing like that, man! ¿Qué me importa a mí lo que digan los diarios...ni a ti.

HENRYQUE CURLY

(triunfante) Well, sir, let me inform you that the English Only law is in effect in Ochanpar and The Condeido as of a week ago today. You may say that we are celebrating the anniversary of a great law.

JOHNNY GARCIA

(después de mirarlo con sorna) ¿Cómo puede ser un anniversary si sólo fue a week ago? Coño que tú eres bien bruto! Y sabes lo que pienso de tus flippin' laws? (hace el gesto de limpiarse el trasero con un documento) English Only!

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

(se aproxima a Johnny con un trago) Tómate esto, Johnny. (a J.Table y H.Curly) Ustedes están pal manicomio. (trata de llevar a Johnny hacia el bar)

W.F.FARTLEY

(sale a interceptar a Johnny García antes de llegar al bar) Excuse me. (Johnny da la vuelta y espera a que se acerque Fartley) I listened to what you said to the gentlemen and I completely disagree with you. You are dead wrong in what you're saying...

SAM & MRS.PETERS

More sancocho!

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

(a Henry) Los gringos quieren más sancocho. (a grito) Mozo!
 (pronuncia: "Matzo") Ha, ha, ha (Henry la mira con desprecio)

JOHNNY GARCIA

(a W.F.F.) Look, schmuck! (calmo, agarrándole las solapas) I don't know who you are, nor do I give a damn about it. You understand? (se yergue sobre Fartley, y hace gesto de querer sacar algo de entre la chaqueta) I already don't like you, and this place is giving me the creeps. So don't go telling me what to do, say or like, got that?

W.F.FARTLEY

(ofendido) Take your hands off me! (se quita a Johnny de encima) I am William F. Fartley, food editor in chief of the Newly Day. What you are doing is completely antilibertarian, you cannot stop, or laugh at Rich Portians (señala a los insultados boricuas) who are exercising their right to speak English. You cannot mock obedience of the law. I'm a Harvard School of Food Processing graduate. I know what I'm talking about.

JOHNNY GARCIA

What are you? The food arbiter at the Newly Day? What does the Newly Day know about nothing, man! or Harvard? You're just a bunch of well paid bums leaving off the fat of the land. You make a big deal out of eating food, hopping around and spewing your shit on paper for everyone to eat. (coge lo que Fartley ha estado anotando y lee) ¿Los plátanos could use Whipped Cream? Yo', give me a break! Great business that of yours...

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

Dame otro fósforo, nene. No te alteres Johnny, este lugar esta lleno de (en inglés) imbeciles. (a Johnny) Ven siéntate acá.

JOHNNY GARCIA

Un momento.

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

(antes de regresar al bar, a W.F.F.) Yo leo el Newly Day. Un diario dolor here (se nalguea)

JOHNNY GARCIA

(resumiendo su conversación con W.F.F.) Look, I did not tell those clowns (muestra a J.Table, H.Curly y a Ms.Heads)...

LOS CLOWNS

Ohhhh! Clowns!

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

(cantándole a la mesa de Table) Where are/the clowns? Ja,ja,ja!

JOHNNY GARCIA

I didn't tell'em not to speak English --if you can call English that! they speak. I just thought insane what they do... And I talk Spanish si me da la gana. I never heard such ridiculous a law. I don't read papers, I told them...

W.F.FARTLEY

Well, my young man, ignorance of the law does not make you innocent.

JOHNNY GARCIA

(pausa a pensar, y, en mímica grotesca) Well my young man, ignorance of the law...What kinda talk is that! Nobody talks like that! You know what you are? I think what you are is a real pussy-boy.

W.F.FARTLEY

(furioso) I am not a pussy-boy. I am a Harvard graduate. I talk as Harvard graduates talk. And let me repeat to you: Ignorance of the l...

JOHNNY GARCIA

(interrumpiendo y remedando una vez más) does not make you innocent. That's bullshit! (escupiéndoselo en la cara) Bullshit! (al público) No les digo!

W.F.FARTLEY

Besides, you make fun of that noble institution of the name changing. Let me tell you that this society (apunta al suelo) was founded on the basis of changing your name. These gentlemen (señala a J.Table y H.Curly, en su mesa prestándole atención al alegato) have all the right and have done right by changing their names.

J.TABLE, H.CURLY & MS.HEADS

Yes we have

JOHNNY GARCIA

Wait! Wait! Wait up! What society are you talking about? This is Puelto Rico, brodel. People don't change names here. And let me ask you, what do you do working for a San Juan newspaper anyway? You couldn't get a decent job up there in Disneyland? (lo aprecia divertido) You're our own Harvard hara-kiri, ain't ya?

W.F.FARTLEY

There are very good opportunities in Rich Port...

J.GARCIA

Puelto Rico, cabrón!

W.F.FARTLEY

...for Harvard speaking gentlemen like myself. The climate is good, and the way the natives treat us...But I was saying, you cannot go about making a laughingstock out of good people like them. Besides, I thought I heard you say to the woman (señala a P.Rodríguez, quien bebe cerveza, deleitada de presenciar la discusión) your name is "Johnny." That's not your real name, either, is it?

JOHNNY GARCIA

Johnny is my name, pussy-boy. That's my mother who named me Johnny, not me. People saw too many crazy movies up north. But I ain't changing Johnny to Juan, if that's what you suggest. (coge a Fartley del cuello y le dice en la cara) Me-lla-mo-Joh-nny-Gar-cí-a. (lo empuja para que vuelva a su mesa y se dirige hacia Patricia)

JOHN TABLE

(dejando ver que las últimas palabras de Johnny rebosaron el vaso)
Let's go, Ms.Heads, I don't think this is the proper place for people like us to be seen. (dirigiéndose a H.Curly) We are going, Mr.Curly, this place is not living up to our expectations, if you know what I mean.

HENRY

(alto) Your flan pudding, Mr.Fartley. (cosa que para la discusión entre J.García & W.F.F., pues el último se va a su mesa donde prueba el flan y escribe notas)

W.F.F.

(a Johnny) Excuse me. I have work to do. I don't think we can ever get to communicate with each other, sir.

JOHNNY GARCIA

You've got that right, gringorrea.

HENRYQUE CURLY

(incorporándose) I'm going too, Mr.Table. Me too, me too! Too much Espanich!

MS.HEADS

(alistándose) This is unacceptable! I feel bad for Mr.Martinezz, he's a nice man.

JOHN TABLE

(sacando su targeta de crédito, llamando a Henry, quien está por el bar tratando de callar a Patricia y a Johnny, quienes, muy buenos amigos ya, departen en español gritao) Henry, the check, please! (mira furioso a la pareja que ahora se ríe sonoramente, a H.Curly y MS.Heads) I think Mr.Martinezz should be more careful who he let in his restaurant. This is inadmissible, the way those two behaves and talk.

MR.MARTINEZZ

(saliendo de la cocina con sopa en mano y viendo al grupo partir) Mr.Table, Mr.Curly, you are leaving! Why so soon? Please stay a little more. A drink...on the house.

los tres insultados se van cabizbajos, pisando duro en el tablado.

JOHNNY GARCIA

(desde el bar, ron en mano, a la caravana) Good bye and good riddance, assholes! ¡Váyanse a comer mierda a otra parte!

Mr.Martinezz se da cuenta que el crítico culinario ha estado anotando los happenings. Primero va hacia él a decirle que pare. Ve que no hay caso, el hombre escribe como un loco. Entonces se vuelve hacia Johnny y Patricia, quienes siguen detonando la lengua española.

MR.MARTINEZZ

(casi arrodillándose, a Johnny) Please, sir! I implore you, please stop speaking Spanish on my restaurant. You are going to make me lose all my clients. Speak English, please.

JOHNNY GARCIA

(mira tranquilo a Martinezz) ¿Tú quieres English? (pausa en la que finge pensar) Deja ver.. (y en seguida le avienta en la cara) Fuck you --How's that? (furioso) I talk...lo que me salga de los cojones, puñet

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

Calma, Johnny, por favor, esto aquí no vale....

JOHNNY GARCIA

(a P.Rodríguez) This place sucks! Esto no me gusta aquí. ¿Quieres ir a otra parte?

HENRY

English, English only! (showing anguish) What is happening here?

SAM & MRS.PETERS

More sancocho!

MR.MARTINEZZ

(mirando a la pareja de indisciplinados que comienzan a desobedecer una vez más en el bar) This is too much! (le gesticula a Henry para que llame la policía. Henry toma el teléfono y marca)

SAM & MRS.PETERS

More sancocho! What kinda restaurant is this?

W.F.FARTLEY está que se va, esperando la cuenta con tarjeta en mano.

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

Johnny, ese hombre está llamando la Language Police.

JOHNNY GARCIA

(va hacia Henry) Yo, bro! Tú llamaste la Language Police?

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

Sí, Johnny, sí! Vámosnos

JOHNNY GARCIA

POLICIA #1

(en inglés de método) Yu estop, boy. No move nobody. (Johnny suelta el arma)

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

Ay, no joda! Ahora que se estaba poniendo tan bueno.

Un escuadrón de Language Police (cascos con LP en letras blancas) entra derrumbando todo y se paran al fondo a cantar una suave balada: English is the language of success/ English is the language of the law/ English/ I speak English / I'm a good/good/Language Policeman. Tras la canción el policía encargado grita: Charge! y sus subordinados se tiran contra los comensales y las mesas. Ponen a todos contra la pared, pero dejan quieta a Mrs. Peters, quien grita que más sancocho, y a Fartley que les informa sobre su Harvard accent. Martinezz es sacado a patadas de su escondite detrás del bar. El periodista anota mientras Johnny y Patricia son encadenados. En este momento llega el Canal TNT, Saint John.

MR. MARTINEZZ

(a quien quieren esposar, ve a Fartley escribiendo, se safa de la garra que lo aprisiona y corre hacia él) Please, don't write this about my restaurant, it will ruin me. I am a hard working man, family.... (W.F.F. no le presta atención, entonces corre hacia la reportera del canal) Please, lady, don't take any pictures, this is bad for business...

LA REPORTERA

Are you kidding? (mirando al público, hablando en el más atroz de los ingleses) This is Canal TNT (en español) ..I'm sorry Channel TNT, the

English language channel for San John City y vicinities, live from another arrest of another bad place where the English language laws are not respeted nor obeyed...

MR.MARTINEZZ

No! No! No! (al del video y a la reportera, gateando por el piso tras un segundo desmayo)

POLICIA A CARGO

(mirando al lente de la cámara, haciéndose el importante) This is capitán Robotics of the 14 Police Language Division Ochanpar, serving an arrest of the English-Only law of the nation, protected and sponsored by the 4th amendment of the Constitution. And, we shoot Spanish. (apunta su pistolón al público)

LA REPORTERA

Capitán Robotics, please tell the no-Spanish vieweres of TNT que... what happened here tonight.

CAPITAN ROBOTICS

La Language Police Departament, Ochanpar and Condedos division, receive a unanimous telephone call informing that, at the present location, the language law was very broke by people.

THE REPORTER

You arrest?

COP IN CHARGE

We have two sospechs arrest in custody; we need witness to testificai. (a un subordinado) I speak to the owner now! (al crítico) Sir, please come one moment.

LA REPORTERA

(a la cámara) We witness, live, no in Spanish, the deposition of

witness in this case, one of the that is bad for the court system and many people in jail población! This is another case in a place that look respectability turns to be bad bad place of thieves, lowlifes and English language brokers.

Un policía trae a un maltratado Martinezz al centro del escenario.

POLICIA A CARGO

(a Mr.Martinezz) You the owner of the restaurant?

MR.MARTINEZZ

(temblando) Yes, I am the owner of this...

POLICIA A CARGO

You speaking Spanish here, yes o no?

MR.MARTINEZZ

(con terror) No, I don't break law, I speake English, I-I love English! My restaurant is like American...

POLICIA A CARGO

(a Mr.Martinezz, señalando a Johnny García y P.Rodríguez, quienes tienen pistolas puestas en en la cabeza y son zarandeados por los encargados de hacer cumplir la ley. P.Rodríguez furiosa grita "No me toquen, porquerías! etc) And those two?

MR.MARTINEZZ

(débil) Oh! Yes, they speak Espanish in my restaurant. I have English Only license and...

POLICIA ENCARGADO

(A J.García Y P.Rodríguez, quienes han sido traídos frente a la cámara) What your name and your name?

JOHNNY GARCIA

Johnny Bernardo García.

POLICIA ENCARGADO

What?

PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ

Patricia Rodríguez, at your service.

POLICIA ENCARGADO

(a W.F.Fartley) And you, sir, you see them (señala a J.García y a P.Rodríguez) speaking Spanish?

W.F.FARTLEY

I don't know if they were really speaking Spanish. I studied classical Spanish at Harvard, and it didn't sound anything like what this gentleman and his significant other were yelling all over the place. Rather, I believe that they were using that aberrant tongue Spanglish.

LA REPORTERA

(a la cámara y al público al tiempo) Lless, this is Canal TNT, I'm sorry: Channel TNT bringing you the latest news from another place of the criminal Spanish-speaking element of this important city.

Algunos de los policías se paran frente a la cámara a hacer gestos, comienzan a sonreír, a decir: "Hi, Mamá", a mostrar sus músculos y pistolazas)

POLICIA ENCARGADO

(a J.García y a P.Rodríguez) I accuse you of spoking Spanish in off limits place designated in the municipality of San Juan...er, Saint John, under the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution of Richport.

JOHNNY GARCIA

(ya siendo arrastrado hacia la calle. Para un momento al lado de Fartley) con/que Spanglish, ah? (piensa y muestra el letrero de NO-Spanish, que sigue imperturbable en la pared) I don't see no German or nothing there but Spanish. (pausa) Spanglish, right? (otra vez lo arrastra la jara. Al columnista de cocina) You know something: now that I think of it, those chicken soup degrees of yours with the Harvard accent and all can't be all that bad. They've just hatch my freedom. I'm gonna beat this case. (y riéndose, ya casi llegando a la puerta en compañía de P.Rodríguez, también arrestada) Spanglish! Ha, ha, ha! De esta yo salgo libre, libre, libre, libre...(su risa se oye ya fuera del lugar) ¡Libreee! (se van los policías)

W.F.FARTLEY

(dándole un último vistazo al lugar. Satisfecho mientras Martinezz camina anonadado por entre los escombros) Well, I think this is it. This is going to be a masterpiece. What a triumph! (regañómano) I think this article will be part of the exotic food writing literature of all times. (a Mr.Martinezz) You have made my day, sir. I will never be able to pay you. Thank you very much. (se va al tiempo que Martinezz comienza a gemir. Mrs. Peters parte también, sacudiéndose migajas del vestido. Al pasar al lado del sollozante Martinezz le tira su último "Whaaat?")

LA REPORTERA

Live, this is Charlene Warrior for Channel TNT, your Boricuan family channel, all in (dando brinquitos infantiles) wonderful, wonderful English! Stay tuned. Back to the studio.

El camarógrafo apaga sus aparatos y comienza a salir del lugar con la reportera.

LA REPORTERA

There's nothing here for us anymore. (al camarógrafo) Let's go Raul (Rawl) (Se van sin despedirse de un Martinezz que ahora camina tambaleante otra vez)

MR.MARTINEZZ

(cayendo de rodillas y encontrando la pistola de Johnny. Una vez más cubre la aureola de luz supernatural y habla en español de ultratumba) ¡Ah! La pistola. (coge el arma y la mira con cuidado) ¡Qué bella pistola es la pistola (mirando al público con ojos vidriosos, mostrándosela) Es pistola de marca. Es una Kalvin Klan...como el Koo K Klan. ¡Qué americano! ¿No? (vuelve a mirar la pistola) De venta en Pennie's! (dispara al aire) Como en Unaité Teit... ¿Aquí? (con angustia, mira al público *ya* su entorno. Comienza a llevarse el arma a la sien. Tiene la mirada de un loco apabullado. Con voz profunda) Balas de Yves St.Laurent. (aprieta el gatillo pero el magazine está vacío. Mira con desaliento, y tira la pistola al suelo. Comienza a pasearse una vez más por entre las mesas caídas hasta que se topa con el cadáver de Mr.Peters) Mr.Peters! How are you? You ok, Mr.Peters? Yes? Anything you say, Mr.P. We are very proud to have you here...Oh! Yes, I love America. (canta) I want to live in America. Do you like more sancocho... Mr.Peters? (a Henry, quien se encuentra despaturrado en medio del rubujo) ¡Henry, Henry! ¿Qué haces muchacho? ¡Levántate! ¿No oíste? Más sancocho for Mr.Peters! Henry! Henry! No te quedes ahí como un Lázaro. (Henry no resucita y Martinezz vuelve a pasearse entre las ruinas. Acomoda bien una mesa y comienza a hablarle) ¿Qué tal, Mr.Table? Contento aquí en mi restaurante? No le provocarían unos

cuchifraitos, Mr. Table? o un jambergue? ¡Jambergues! How cooking
darling!...(otra vez a Henry) Henry! Henry! ¿Qué te pasa? Te dije que
más sancocho y jambergues para (señala la mesa) John Table. Avanza,
Henry, Avanza! Henry, por favor! Avanza (mientras baja el telón,
Martinez repite "Avanza!," imitando con su cuerpo los movimientos de
un caballo mecánico que se dobla, dobla, que se va doblando sobre sí
mismo hasta quedar en posición fetal. (silencio y oscuridad)

TELON

SALIDA CON MUSICA DE ANNIE: TOMORROW/TOMORROW'S/ANOTHER DAY.

In Saint John I was born
Many years ago
To a Boricuan family.
We had wijki, had ron
Our house was OK
In the American way.

But in our paradise
One thing wasn't so nice,
It was wrong for my anguish.
But we was very wise,
So we fought for our rights
And we changed our language.

Coro

Wrong, wrong/very wrong
My dear gringoricans
--Let me tell you all--
Wrong/it was so wrong
Speaking Spanish,
New Boricuan of my soul
Wrong/it was so wrong
Ejpiquin in that lingo
But we got rid of it
And we're now called Rich Port
And no more Puelto Rico.

In my old Saint John
I learn to assimilate
Into a Mickey Mouse fashion.
I loved Iunaitejteit.
Gave no damn for this place
And we war supercool.

It was awfully bad
To speak that everyday
That secondary language.
But we got rid of it
And we're now called Rich Port
And no more Puelto Rico.

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