

Scene Three

ABEL. Well, those shelves aren't too sturdy. They keep puttin' them up and takin', 'em down, so of course they're gonna be loose.

(LUCIA's head shoots up. A pause. She stares at ABEL as if she's looking at him for the first time.)

LUCIA. You speak English.

ABEL. Yup.

(Pause.)

LUCIA. So why have I been speaking to you in Spanish?

ABEL. Um, I don't know.

(ABEL starts fixing the shelves.)

LUCIA. Why did I do that?

ABEL. Couldn't tell you.

(Beat.)

LUCIA. Sorry.

ABEL. 's okay.

LUCIA. You know how sometimes you go on autopilot?

ABEL. No.

LUCIA. Like you know when you assume?

ABEL. I don't assume stuff like that.

LUCIA. Oh. *(Beat.)* I guess I do. Which I didn't even know I did.

(ABEL starts to go, then LUCIA, so fucking needy:)

People don't like it here right? Like in LA.

ABEL. I don't know.

LUCIA. Yeah. They don't. Mexicans don't like it here. I was at this restaurant the other day – by myself, like a total loser because, well, I know zero people in this town – so my waitress was taking my order and to me it's obvious that Spanish is her first language, right? Her accent was just, well, of a person who'd be more comfortable in Spanish. So she's taking my order and I'm like, "Me puedes traer agua por favor?" and she shoots all this shade and all this attitude – and she refuses to answer me in Spanish. I'm like here thinking, "It's OBVIOUS you speak Spanish. Why are we playing this little game? I'm trying to make it easy for you." Just ridiculous.

ABEL. Sometimes they don't let you speak it at work.

LUCIA. Oh, well, I guess that's / true. But she'd rather struggle with her broken English than answer me in Spanish when it's obviously easier for her?

ABEL. Sorry...but what do you mean it was "obvious"?

LUCIA. What was obvious?

ABEL. You said that you spoke Spanish to her because it was "obvious" that she spoke Spanish. What does that mean?

LUCIA. Like she looked like she spoke Spanish.

ABEL. Like I look.

(LUCIA tries to recover.)

LUCIA. Like...we look.

(ABEL nods in understanding.)

ABEL. Right.

(Alright, why did this just get awkward?)

LUCIA. I'm sorry. *(Beat.)* Me assuming you speak Spanish wasn't like an insult. It was like a good thing. I do it because...I mean, it's actually what I'm most comfortable with. And it's a little like, "We're in this together" when I do it, you know what I mean?

ABEL. We're in what together?

LUCIA. I'm just saying that it's my comfort tongue, so whenever I get a chance to speak it, it's like taking off a tight belt, you know? Like...

(She makes a sound like she just unbuckled her pants. They just stand there, so fucking awkward.)

Wait. Are you even Mexican / ...? I'm sorry, I totally just assumed...

ABEL. Of course. No, I am. I just try not to speak it at work, you know?

LUCIA. Wait. Why?

ABEL. Why I try not to speak Spanish at work?

LUCIA. Yeah.

ABEL. I don't know. Maybe because this is America?

(Beat.)

LUCIA. Are you serious?

ABEL. Yeah. Last I checked.

LUCIA. Alright, Donald J.

ABEL. What?

LUCIA. Nothing.

(Tense pause.)