

Electricidad by Luis Alfaro

(Electricidad is in their front yard, talking to the dead body/alter of a their father, Agamenón)

Electricidad:

I scare her.

I know I do.

That's why she took away my...

Oh, Papa...

My Orestes. My brother.

My sensitive hermano, with the poet's corazon.

She's killed him too.

You should hear her, Papa.

Me espera.

She wants me to come back inside.

And pretend.

Yo no!

I will not go back inside con ella.

As long as I have this memory of you,

I will make mi casa, la tierra.

Yes, Papa, my house is now this front yard...

She laughs at us, mocks us.

Drives off en el Monte Carlo with her cigaros
and her cancer cough that she thinks is so sexy.

She doesn't sound like la J-Lo.

Esa cabrona sounds like el John Wayne! She tries so hard, but everyone knows she's not from
the barrio. She never learned our ways.

(screaming toward the house) SHE'S ALL MUY-MUY, AIN'T SHE PAPA?