

Chencha

Whatever, you guys!

*(Beat. She sits and looks at her phone. Suddenly she jumps up and stomps out the door, she huffs under her breath "What...ever...". They all watch her exit.)*

Kika

*(She wanders over to the table where Fita is unpacking candles and flowers.)* So how do we make this thing?

Fita

Well first you have to gather the pictures around. The table is like an altar, and we can put the pictures all over it. We'll fill in the holes with the flowers and candles.

*(As the girls start to unpack flowers and candles, Carlota wanders over to the table and looks through the pictures Fita has printed out. She holds one longer than the rest.)*

Carlota

Where did you find this one, *mija*?

Fita

Aunt Carmen let me copy it.

Carlota

I haven't seen this picture of your father in a long time. *(She smiles tenderly. It is a picture of her husband when he first joined the Army. A dashing man of 23, smile glistening and proud. She abruptly sets the picture down, her voice seems like*

*she might be on the verge of tears.*) You have to put this all  
away, *mija*.

Fita

No, mom, I want to honor him.

Carlota

To honor him? Honor him like an American. This (*She gestures at  
the supplies.*) means nothing.

Fita

Mom. *Ofrendas* are the number one way people in Mexican culture  
offer respect to those who have died. I want to do this, for  
dad.

Carlota

Do you want the neighbors to see this?

Fita

What if they did?

Carlota

They'll think we're crazy! This is a *nice* (*Read: white*)  
neighborhood, Josefina.

Fita

Oh, and you think white people wouldn't appreciate some flowers?

Carlota

(*Trying a different tactic.*) Your father wouldn't care.