

SIDES OF LISA ESTRADA

**LISA spins once around the pole and begins to gain her confidence. LISA is charismatic, and perforative here. Lisa has a distinct accent, thickly Hispanic, but spoken with intimidating confidence. She is highly charismatic and performative in her speeches, which more than compensates for her broken English.**

LISA

Lisa, they tell me... Lisa... Lisa Estrada... You're a great white shark. A GREAT white shark who prefers her frijoles y huevos rancheros y cerveza, but a WHITE shark, with BIG WHITE teeth, and us little baby seals, we're AFRAID of you... so maybe you can just stay over there (she gestures with both hands), and we'll stay over here (gesturing), okay? So I say okay. So I left them over there, to say all their *poor me's*, and *I'm in an outrage*, and their *I'm a victim*... and it didn't bother me, because (gesturing) they were over there and I was here (gesturing).

**LISA is more vulnerable in this scene, as she has been blamed for all the city's problems (and she is aware that she is partly to blame).**

TISHA (becoming more bold)

Well, how would you feel if I made a joke about immigrants?

LISA

I make jokes about immigrants all the time. It's funny. Immigrants are, well, let's admit it, they're funny. I mean, it's a nasty game. It is. I've seen it, what the illegal immigrant sees. I saw it when I was five. You can't unsee it. The rape. The violence. The sickness. The freeway. Have you ever seen an 18-wheeler run over a human body? You can't unsee it. Imagine a bug on the windshield. You can't unsee the guts. From where the wheel of the truck caught the immigrant, to where the truck stopped fifty feet ahead, just a long streak of brown, the immigrant's *mierda*, staining the highway. I never knew the immigrant had so much *mierda*. I'd rather laugh about it. Squashed like the Frogger. Kerplack! Too slow! Haha! I survived. Jokes don't matter. You can make all the jokes you want about the immigrants.

**LISA is overcome by a sense of hopelessness, as if reflecting on the traumas of her past:**

LISA

(to TISHA, with a sense of hopelessness; Lisa is revealing that her racism is actually her own disillusionment caused by her own family's struggles)  
I've seen the wars. Tisha will never win her war for the blacks. When the men fight the men, the women lose. When the rich fight the rich, the poor lose. When the poor fight the poor; well, nobody wins; the dead lose. Who do you think this person is, this park lady, who doesn't want Lisa to be a strong woman who dances on her pole and speaks her mind? It's someone who hasn't seen war. This park lady doesn't know how the war ends.