

**TACHO SIDE**

edited into a monologue from pages 71-73 and from book pages 201-202  
Don't read words in italics... they are for you to know what Rigoberto is saying.

(TIJUANA. A payphone. TACHO calls TIA IRMA)

TACHO

Tia Irma. It's Tacho. I'm back in Tijuana. I lost the girls.

What is Matt's phone number?

What's his address?

Well, m'ija, what do you know, because I am calling you to find out, and you aren't telling me anything!

Look! Don't start with me, Doña! I've been arrested, I've been beat up, I've been deported! And I'm not going to listen to your homophobic comments. Oh, no! Eso sí que no. Esas babosadas NO! Not tonight! Tonight I'm going to a bar de ambiente anyways! And that's it. Irma, do you hear me?

How he longed to visit a gay bar. To drop his guard for just an hour. To laugh with men who did not laugh at him.

He met Rigoberto at the far end of the rosewood bar, as he leaned over a green-apple martini and swayed to the comforting music.

You can call me Tacho

I'm a stranger here.

*Brother, this is Tijuana. Everybody's a stranger. (He puts his hand out).  
Rigoberto. Call me Rigo... Your face...*

I've looked better. The Border Patrol...

*Ah. You are one of those...*

It's more complicated.

Going to the Yunaites to bring back 7 magnificent Mexican Men to protect our town. Look at this trash I'm wearing. I look good in the real world. Would I go out looking like this if I hadn't just escaped with my life? Look at how everyone else is in Versace...

God...I feel like... like I'm home.

We don't —We don't gather where I come from. We don't have clubs. It's nice.