

HORNY LITTLE TREE FROGS

(Mimics by whistling the sound of the coqui) Co-qui, co-qui. Co-qui, co-qui. Ay, callate (shut up)! Se calle (Shut up)! (Mimics the sound once again, seductively) Co-qui, co-qui. Co-qui, co-quuuuuuu. OHOHO-I hear you alright. I can't sleep withchu makin' allat noise, 'cause you wanna bow-chika-wowow, yeaah, I know all about that. See, people think you're singin' this sweet, beautiful, melodic song-pero (but) I know the real you. You tryna slide into a shawty's DM real quick, hit it, then quit it, yeaah, you sound so familiar. My homegirl had a pregnant belly, an' a ghost of a partner...an' it wasn't no romantic ghost either-come un spanish conquistadora so...(looks around her) I know you not singin' about the sofrito my abuela's makin', or la barbacoa (barbeque) the bar downstairs is cheffin' up, or the coquito I gotta put some shots in for tomorrow 'cause-I love my family-pero (but) yeaeeesh-ya girl needs a break from all these questions about, y donde ta tu novio (and where is your boyfriend) this y that like perdoname dios (excuse me God), I am not like the rest! I am not a horny little tree frog callin' for her mate! I'm not in a rush, I'm not gonna die in a year, six years, ten...(looks out and above the audience's heads) they didn't ask you about no novio did they? 'Cause I heard you were a horny little tree frog, an' I think they got me confused! Haha...you were always partyin', dancin', drinkin', singin', cookin', an' laughin'...you still had the same laugh from when we were little-this giggle-your own song...I'm gonna be older than you soon.

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You were always supposed to be my big brother, do you become my little brother now or...I know that doesn't make sense I...I know it was an accident pero (*but*), why doesn't it feel like one, why does it feel like a suicide? You were sad an' you weren't bein' careful an'...what did mami an' papi tell us, to stay away from all that an' you still...I know you wanted to be here with us, I'm just...hey, if you're not too busy up there scarin' the neighbors, or hauntin' your ex, or (*smiles*) stealin' tres leches from the bakery, can you do me a favor? Can you visit me in my dreams? I wanna hold you again. I wanna hear you say, "Okay that's enough, let go of me!" I wanna make you laugh so I can hear your giggle again out loud, not as a fading memory. I wanna hear your song, I wanna know it's you...did you know I always wanted to have a son with curly hair? An' I didn't realize until after you were gone, that it was because I wanted him to look just like you. (*Pauses listening. Then mimics the sound back*) Co-qui, co-qui. Co-qui, co-qui. This sound sings me to bed every night, it keeps me company even when I don't want it to. It's always here when I think of you. It reminds me that even the most beautiful of sounds, aren't actually meant for us at all. (*To the coquis*) You horny motha-fudgers. (*Smiles*) Because of you, I'm not alone...it's my birthday tomorrow. (*Tears and looks over the audience*) I'll officially be older than you...come visit me, okay? An' yeah, I'll tell the rest of the family that I ain't ever gonna have a novio (*boyfriend*), 'cause you know what-yeah-I could be a horny little tree frog too-(*smiles*) an' then I'll introduce her-to the family.