

**Scene 12 – Dressing Room****GLORIA'S DRESSING ROOM—WASHINGTON, DC**

*(EMILIO stands by the dressing table... GLORIA enters followed by her DRESSER)*

**GLORIA:** Washington D.C. The White House is a long way from Santiago, huh?

**EMILIO:** 1,306 miles

**GLORIA:** Seriously?

**EMILIO:** Yeah

**GLORIA:** How the hell would you know exactly...

**EMILIO:** I've been dreaming about this day for a long time

**GLORIA:** Yeah, except in your dreams I bet you were the president

**EMILIO:** Yeah. Maybe. So what. Mind your own business.

*(they share a smile...a beat)*

Listen, I know tomorrow's supposed to be our day off, but I figure since we're heading to New York for the Sony dinner anyway, we should take advantage and do a few of the morning shows to promote the East Coast Swing

**GLORIA:** Fine

**EMILIO:** What's wrong?

**GLORIA:** Nothing...

**EMILIO:** Baby, c'mon what's wrong?

**GLORIA:** I'm tired. Two years on the road. Hotels, airports, cameras...

**EMILIO:** Okay. Talk to me

**GLORIA:** I don't know what to...something doesn't feel right. It feels like every time we get on that bus we leave something else behind.

**EMILIO:** Yeah...

**GLORIA:** Doesn't it bother you?

*(a beat)*

**EMILIO:** What did you think of the White House?

**GLORIA:** It was incredible

**EMILIO:** These are the things we get to say now in normal conversation. The son of two Cuban immigrants just shook hands with the President of the United States. That's what we leave behind. *(a beat)* Call her.

**GLORIA:** I did and she won't answer

**EMILIO:** Then you keep calling until she does. It's been two years. This has to end.

**GLORIA:** She's a stubborn woman, my mother.

**EMILIO:** So are you

**GLORIA:** Yes

**EMILIO:** W Call her again. (*kisses her*) We'll be on the bus

*(GLORIA dials her mother... on the opposite side of the stage, the lights come up on GLORIA FAJARDO...a phone on the counter next to her rings)*

**FAJARDO KITCHEN**

*(from the machine)*

**GLORIA FAJARDO (V.O.):** Ha llamado a la residencia Fajardo. No le podemos atender en este momento. Por favor deje un mensaje

*(GLORIA FAJARDO crosses to the phone...the sound of a beep...GLORIA's voice stops GLORIA FAJARDO from picking up the phone)*

**GLORIA:** Mom... It's me

*(a beat)*

**GLORIA (continuing):** I was just... *(a beat)* We're in Washington D.C. right now, about to get on the bus and head up to New York. *(a beat)* I wanted to... *(a beat)* I had a dream about Abuela last night. She was still alive. I really miss her. *(a beat)* And I miss you. Anyway, I'm thinking about you

*(end of scene)*

----- Revision History -----

Revision

0 First issue