

Scene 3 – Fajardo Apartment**FAJARDO APARTMENT (exterior)**

(EMILIO enters looking lost and stares at a piece of paper in his hand...he wears tight, white shorts and sunglasses and has an accordion slung over his shoulder...as GLORIA FAJARDO sweeps the stoop, she notices EMILIO)

GLORIA FAJARDO: Can I help you?

EMILIO: Gloria Fajardo?

GLORIA FAJARDO: Yes

EMILIO: She lives here?

GLORIA FAJARDO: Yes

EMILIO: Can I speak with her?

GLORIA FAJARDO: You are speaking with her.

EMILIO: That is not possible.

GLORIA FAJARDO: Why is that?

EMILIO: Because you're old.

GLORIA FAJARDO: Excuse me?

EMILIO: My friend from work said to come talk to Gloria Fajardo about the music business. That maybe she wanted to sing in a band or something. But he said that she was young... and pretty.

(GLORIA FAJARDO raises her broom)

EMILIO (continued): No! I didn't mean pretty! Cause you're pretty! Entiendes...la cosa es que tu eres tan bella... I got confused...

(CONSUELO rushes to the door and takes the broom from GLORIA FAJARDO)

CONSUELO: Frank Alvarez sent you?

EMILIO: Yes. I'm supposed to consort with Gloria.

GLORIA FAJARDO: Qué?

CONSUELO: You mean consult.

EMILIO: Uh-huh and what did I say?

CONSUELO: You said consort.

EMILIO: That's different.

CONSUELO: Yes

EMILIO: OK

CONSUELO: You're Emilio Estefan. You play music with the Miami Latin Boys...

EMILIO: Que casualidad. (*coincidence in English*)

CONSUELO: Yes. What a casualty. (*screaming*) Glorita!!!!

EMILIO: (*to GLORIA FAJARDO*) It's nice to meet you.

GLORIA FAJARDO: Really?

(*GLORIA FAJARDO exits into the apartment*)

CONSUELO: Glorita loves to write music. And she has a beautiful voice. I was hoping maybe you could say a thing or two, to encourage her.

EMILIO: OK

CONSUELO: Who knows? Maybe she can sing for your band.

EMILIO: (*politely*) We're called the Miami Latin Boys.

CONSUELO: (*politely*) For now.

(*GLORIA and REBECCA appear at the doorway*)

CONSUELO (*continued*): Ah! Here she is! Gloria Maria, this is Emilio Estefan. He plays music with the Miami Latin Boys

REBECCA: (*stepping forward*) I'm Rebecca.

EMILIO: It's a pleasure to meet you.

(*CONSUELO pulls REBECCA back*)

EMILIO: (*continued*) So, your grandmother tells me you want to become a professional songwriter?

GLORIA: v Oh, is that what she tells you? (*looks at CONSUELO*) I'm actually studying to become a psychologist

EMILIO: Really?

CONSUELO: But she loves her guitar.

EMILIO: Is that right?

GLORIA: I mean. I guess. I just...yeah. I love to write music...and sing.

EMILIO: (*challenging her*) As much as you love psychology?

(*a beat*)

CONSUELO: Rebecca, go get your sister's guitar so she can play one of the songs she's written.

(REBECCA exits into the house)

EMILIO: No. That's okay. Listen, we practice at my house on Tuesday nights. Why don't you come by next week and play one of your songs for us?

GLORIA: Tuesday's no good. I have class, then work. And after that I have to...

CONSUELO: Yes.

GLORIA: Abuela...

CONSUELO: Yes.

EMELIO: Gloria?

CONSUELO: *(to GLORIA)* Say yes.

GLORIA: Fine

CONSUELO: She said fine. That means yes

EMILIO: Alright. I'll see you then.

(EMILIO smiles and walks away...the LADIES watch him go)

CONSUELO: Terrible shorts. *(a beat)* Nice culo.

GLORIA: Abuela!

CONSUELO: What did I say?

(a beat)

GLORIA: What if he thinks I'm terrible?

CONSUELO: He won't.

GLORIA: He's a professional

CONSUELO: He plays weddings

GLORIA: He gets paid

CONSUELO: In chicken and rice

GLORIA: Still...

CONSUELO: Glorita...

GLORIA: I'm afraid. What if I get nervous? I won't know anyone there.

CONSUELO: Why should you be afraid? You won't be alone. We'll be there with you.

GLORIA: I don't like the attention

CONSUELO: I know. But you better get used to it. Because this is what you're meant to do. You just don't know it yet.

GLORIA: What's that supposed to mean?

CONSUELO: Look at me. (*holding her face*) I would do anything for you. You know that. Anything. Eh?

GLORIA Of course

CONSUELO: You're seventeen years old, and you spend your days nursing a father with multiple sclerosis and playing mother to a sister who's only a few years younger than you are. It's too much. You love to play your music. So go and play. Besides, what's the use of writing songs if nobody ever hears them? Don't worry about who likes you. Play because it makes you happy. Please. Just try...for one night, do what makes you happy. (*a beat*) OK?

GLORIA: Okay

CONSUELO: Anyway, it won't matter. I saw the way he looked at you.

GLORIA: Aye! Cut it out.

CONSUELO: It's true.

(*a beat*)

GLORIA: He looked at me?

CONSUELO: Uh-huh.

GLORIA: What? Like the way Grandpa used to look at you?

CONSUELO: No. With your grandfather it was more...polite.

(*GLORIA and CONSUELO exit*)

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

Revision

0 First draft