

Scene 6 – Kitchen**FAJARDO KITCHEN**

(daylight comes up on the kitchen revealing GLORIA FAJARDO, CONSUELO, and REBECCA)

GLORIA FAJARDO: Mamí, remind me to get a new pillow for Fajardo's back. That one is so worn. And put stamps on the list.

(checking cupboard)

And coffee...and sugar. Rebecca, tell your sister to make Daddy's lunch if we don't get home by 2...

(GLORIA enters the kitchen, dressed in rehearsal clothes, with her dance bag...she seems in a hurry to leave...the rest of them stop and watch her)

GLORIA FAJARDO: And where are you going?

GLORIA: Tampa. We have a show. You know that

GLORIA FAJARDO: You just got home from Atlanta.

GLORIA: That was two weeks ago. It's one night. I'll be back tomorrow.

GLORIA FAJARDO: No, no, no, no

GLORIA: I cleaned the house and did the washing. I made Daddy's lunch and dinner. They're in the bottom of the refrigerator

(GLORIA ignores her MOTHER and packs a lunch in her dance bag)

GLORIA FAJARDO: We still have things to do

CONSUELO: Let them go. I can help with Fajardo today

GLORIA FAJARDO: This has to stop

GLORIA: Aye, can we not have this conversation right now?

GLORIA FAJARDO: And when are we supposed to have it? For two years now I let you play around with your music. And now you're...

GLORIA: Play around? Emilio says in a couple months we're going to book our first tour in South America! How is that...

GLORIA FAJARDO: Por favor, Glorita! You're putting your career on hold. You're putting this family on hold. And for what? For this band? For Emilio?

GLORIA: I'm not putting anything on hold.

REBECCA: Mamí, when we come home we'll...

GLORIA FAJARDO: I am talking to Gloria Maria! You think I don't see what's going on? The way you ignore him when I'm in the room. Please. You're 19...you know 19 things. I'm 48, so I know 48 things.

GLORIA: What do you want from me, Mom? You want me to apologize? For what? I did what you asked. I always do everything you ask, don't I? This is my life. I finally have a life. Why can't you just...

GLORIA FAJARDO: Listen to you. You have a life. You.

(a pause)

Let me tell you something about having... You know what? Go ahead, both of you. Go to your show. Go to South America. We'll take care of the shopping and the house and your father. Don't worry.

(she crosses toward the door)

GLORIA FAJARDO (continued): But do me a favor--tell Emilio that we all have a life

GLORIA: Mamí...

(she (GF) exits...GLORIA, CONSUELO, and REBECCA look at each other)

GLORIA: Why does she hate him so much?

CONSUELO: Because he didn't make her the lead singer of his band. He was a baaaad boy!

SONG #6 – Bad Boy

GLORIA: I don't understand.

CONSUELO: No, you don't. She's just...when your mother was young, 20th Century Fox asked her to sign a contract

REBECCA: The movie studio?

CONSUELO: That's right. They wanted to fly her from Cuba all the way to Hollywood. To be the Spanish voice of Shirley Temple. They wanted to pay her to sing. It was everything she dreamed of.

REBECCA: What happened?

CONSUELO: Your grandfather forbid it. "The family comes first," he yelled. "We're not going to raise a gypsy or a tramp." And that was the end of that. She cried. I cried. And then, your mother watched her dream fly away without her. I should have fought harder.

GLORIA: Why are you just telling this to us now?

CONSUELO: Because this is what you want. And you're not a child. You're a woman. You can fight for yourself.

(somewhere far off, a smooth, percussive rhythm begins)

GLORIA: Was she good?

CONSUELO: Good? I didn't know how much I failed her until the last night in Havana. The last time she sang in front of an audience. That night she was more than good... she was a star.

(as the song begins we see GLORIA FAJARDO in a beautiful gown...the stage transforms into..)

(end of scene)

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

Revision

0 First draft