

Scene 7 – Office**PHIL'S OFFICE - NYC**

(GLORIA & EMILIO enter...PHIL approaches them)

PHIL: Emilio Estefan and Gloria Fajardo! Look at that. Straight from Miami...

(points to GLORIA)

The sound...

(points to EMILIO)

...and the machine. Welcome to New York! Sorry to keep you waiting.

EMILIO: It's great to finally meet you.

PHIL: It's great meeting you. I can't believe we haven't done this already. How the hell haven't we done this?

GLORIA: We've been trying for a while. Your assistant could never seem to find us a time.

PHIL: What?

(yelling out)

Oliver! You're fired!

(to them)

Kid's useless. Don't worry...I didn't really fire him. He's my sister's kid. She scares the hell out of me. She's got a moustache. Sit down. So tell me, how we doin'?

(in bad Spanish)

Cómo está, amigos?

EMILIO: We're doing okay

PHIL: *(reading a memo)* Okay? I'd say you're doing better than okay. The boys in Florida tell me the Miami Sound Machine is starting to shake up the Latin Markets.

(reading)

Making a lot of noise in, let's see--Venezuela, Peru, Honduras, Argentina--fantastic. Good for you. We're all proud of you.

EMILIO: Thank you

PHIL: So what can I do for you?

EMILIO: We need your help

PHIL: Anything you want. Just ask

(EMILIO takes out a cassette)

PHIL (continued): What's this?

EMILIO: It's our new single. We need the label to get behind us and get it out there.

PHIL: Absolutely. Let me hear it

(EMILIO hands PHIL the tape...he pops it into a tape deck... "Dr. Beat" begins to play)

SONG #7 – Dr Beat

PHIL: Different

(a beat)

Catchy.

(a beat)

Nice rhythms.

(a beat)

This is great. We can definitely...

(the first verse begins...PHIL stops the tape)

PHIL: It's in English. We can't put any money behind it.

GLORIA: We speak English.

(re EMILIO)

Well, not so much him. But the rest of us speak English.

PHIL: Listen to me, because I am looking out for you here. I am. Your numbers are terrific in the Latin Markets. Terrific. But there's still room to grow. Plenty of new markets. New money. Why would we get off that train right now? It wouldn't make any sense.

EMILIO: We can cross over

PHIL: Oh, God. There it is. The phrase. No. You can't cross over. Because nobody crosses over. It doesn't happen. It's an illusion. A Latin band can't compete in the US market. You play 5,000 seats in Lima. You're playing clubs and beach parties here. Look, you guys are big with the Latin Crowd. And, with our help, you're just gonna get bigger. So why don't we just keep our eyes on the prize, okay?

GLORIA: It's in our contract

EMILIO: Gloria...

PHIL: Excuse me?

GLORIA: We reserve the right to record an album in English. It's in our contract.

PHIL: Gloria, I'm gonna give you a piece of advice, friend to friend. For the rest of your life in this business, if you ever decide to use a phrase like that in a meeting like this again, you make sure you have an attorney nearby. Now me, I have about ten of them, just upstairs

EMILIO: It's our group. Our sound.

PHIL: Listen to me...you're not back home anymore. So you don't make the rules

EMILIO: Back home...

PHIL: Come on Emilio, you know what I'm talking about...

GLORIA: We have a contract

PHIL: (*losing patience*) Sweetie, I don't give a shit about your contract.

EMILIO: Hey, Hey!

PHIL: While you're dominating the Latin markets, the next single is gonna be in Spanish! It's that simple. You really wanna cross over? Fine. Get rid of the horns, simplify the percussion, change your name. Then we'll talk. Until then, you want to release in English, you're gonna have to do it on your own.

(dismissing them)

Now, I have another meeting to get to, so thank you so much for dropping by.

(EMILIO and GLORIA go to exit...EMILIO stops)

EMILIO: When I first got to Miami, there was a sign in front of the apartment building next to ours. It said, "No Pets. No Cubans." Change my name? It's not my name to change. It's my father's name. It was my grandfather's name. My grandfather--who we left behind in Cuba to come here and build a new life. Now, for 15 years I've worked my ass off and paid my taxes. So, I'm not sure where you think I live...but this is my home. And you should look very closely at my face, because whether you know it or not...this is what an American looks like

(EMILIO ejects cassette tape)

We'll do it on our own'

(EMILIO and GLORIA exit)

(end of scene)

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

Revision

0 First draft