SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

SF PERUSALS

Chimichangas and Zoloft

Fernanda Coppel

A Samuel French Acting Edition

SAMUEL FRENCH
FOUNDED 1830

SAMUELFRENCH.COM
SAMUELFRENCH-LONDON.CO.UK

ISBN 978-0-573-70164-1

www.SamuelFrench.com
www.SamuelFrench-London.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

UNITED STATES AND CANADA
Info@SamuelFrench.com
1-866-598-8449

UNITED KINGDOM AND EUROPE
Theatre@SamuelFrench-London.co.uk
020-7255-4302

Each title is subject to availability from Samuel French, depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *CHIMICHANGAS AND ZOLOFT* may not be licensed by Samuel French in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Samuel French office or licensing partner to verify availability.

MUSIC USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for all music clearances and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Samuel French, against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of music by licensees. Please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

CHIMICHANGAS AND ZOLOFT had its world premiere at the Atlantic Theater Company in New York City on June 3rd, 2012. The performance was directed by Jaime Castañeda, with sets by Lauren Helpern, costumes by Jessica Wegener Shay, lighting by Grant Yeager, and sound by Broken Chord. The Production Stage Manager was Michael Alifanz. The cast was as follows:

PENELOPE LOPEZ . . . . . Xochitl Romero
JACKIE MARTINEZ . . . . . Carmen Zilles
ALEJANDRO LOPEZ . . . . . .Alfredo Narciso
RICARDO MARTINEZ . . . . . Teddy Cañez
SONIA MARTINEZ . . . . . Zabryna Guevara

PERSONAJES

PENELOPE LOPEZ – 16 years old, Mexican-American, sassy, loves attention

JACKIE MARTINEZ – 15 years old, Mexican-American, tomboy, wise beyond her years

ALEJANDRO LOPEZ – 38 years old, Mexican, very handsome, metrosexual, a bartender

RICARDO MARTINEZ – 45 years old, Mexican, a very successful lawyer, a quiet man, keeps his emotions to himself

SONIA MARTINEZ – 40 years old, Mexican-American, tired, doesn't understand her own pain

TIEMPO

The present

LUGAR

Los Angeles, California

BLOATED

(Lights come up on **SONIA***, she is 40 years old with circles under her eyes. She packs a duffle bag as she speaks to the audience.)*

(The sound of a fart…)

SONIA. What? *(to audience)* That wasn't me OKAY. *(beat)* What? You think I'm gassy cuz I ate a chimichanga? Huh? Maybe its because, lately, vodka tastes like tap water AND my eyes look like a third world country. OH and smiling, just seems obsolete My heart feels like a metal weight in my chest affecting the gravitational pull of my insides AND voices of people that died seem to ring in my ears. Like an old teacher of mine, who once told me "Sonia, youth is walking down a hallway with hundreds of open doors, and as you get older and time passes doors close and close…" AND fast forward to this morning, I woke up BLOATED after my 40th birthday dinner cuz I went a little loco and had four chimi-fucking-changas. I looked past my panza to see a pair breasts that USED to look ambitious on my chest AND rolled over to a man that has these gross grey HAIRS growing out of his ears, AND fumbled into my closet to find that my daughter gave me a pair of PANTUFLAS for my birthday! FUCKING PANTUFLAS, I'm 40 not 65 damn it. This can't really be how my life turned out, right? If met the 20 year old version of myself NOW I think she would kick me in the Cho Cho, so that I could feel SOMETHING, ANYTHING again. I mean, I'm 40 years old, damn it. I want to say that with an excited inflection in my voice, not the poutty tone that mimics my breasts.

(She violently zips the overstuffed duffle.)

AND, I FUCKING hate being bloated. None of my pants fit!

*(***SONIA** *carries the bag off stage, another faint fart sound is heard.)*

(Lights out.)

VACATION

*(***JACKIE** *and* **PENELOPE** *lay out in* **PENELOPE***'s backyard. They wear bikinis,* **PENELOPE***'s is two sizes too small, and sip root beer in the brown glass bottles that look like beer bottles.)*

JACKIE. *(mid conversation)*… so basically that's some bullshit.

PENELOPE. Dude, no.

JACKIE. Dude, yes.

PENELOPE. Ugh, dude, I thought it was really good pot.

JACKIE. No, That's like way unacceptable. How long have we been getting high Penelope?

PENELOPE. Uh, forgot.

JACKIE. Since freshman year, Marco's pool party? When Titi shot gunned you and you asked me if that meant that you were gay.

PENELOPE. Oh ya huh, that was a while ago.

JACKIE. Exactly, so you should know the difference between GOOD weed and some CRAP.

PENELOPE. Look, it was dark and my dad called me the second I picked it up. I just got a little nervous.

JACKIE. Ya sure, then you wake up and realize that you have a thing for John, so you won't say shit when he tries to scam you.

PENELOPE. Shut up.

JACKIE. …*(a moment)* did you hook up with him?

PENELOPE. *(giggles)*

JACKIE. SLUUUUUT.

PENELOPE. Dude I really like him, I mean I know he trembles a lot and he's super paranoid all the time. But when we're alone, I feel like a serious connection.

JACKIE. I HOPE he bagged it.

PENELOPE. What's your problem?

JACKIE. What's your's?

PENELOPE. Psh, your's.

JACKIE. Ugh, your's…you hoochie.

PENELOPE. Fuck you.

JACKIE. I can't I'm not a skinny drug dealer.

PENELOPE. SHHH. *(points towards the window of her house)* Somebody has CIA ears.

JACKIE. Wait, so how was it?

PENELOPE. *(checks to see if her dad was around)* How was what?

JACKIE. The sookie sookie, with the junkie monkey.

PENELOPE. He's not a junkie.

JACKIE. It must have been sick, if you're defending him.

PENELOPE. It was fine.

JACKIE. Fine?

PENELOPE. Yup.

JACKIE. Yup? Yup?
You spend half of my allowance to buy weed that looks worse than my lawn And all you fucking tell me is YUP.

PENELOPE. Yup, thanks for the invite to your pity party but I'm kinda busy now that I have a new boyfriend.

JACKIE. WHAT? You're with our pot dealer????

PENELOPE. *(Loud whisper)* OH MY GOD, Jackie do you not understand that my Dad is home. Shut the fuck up already.

JACKIE. Just tell me one thing…

PENELOPE. No.

JACKIE. You don't /even know

PENELOPE. Don't be gross.

JACKIE. Dude, don't be immature.

PENELOPE. HA, I'm the one that's older bitch.

JACKIE. We need a be down for each other, especially now that shit's starting to get hairy.

PENELOPE. Ew, dude. Why you trying to talk about pubes right now?

JACKIE. Quit playing, this is serious shit right here.

PENELOPE. Okay well, I did have a question about something.

JACKIE. Something about sex?

PENELOPE. Well, ya.

I kinda feel weird talking to my Dad about it cuz he's a dude. God, I just really miss your Mom. I mean she's so easy to talk to about everything.

JACKIE. Well my mom's not around right now.

PENELOPE. Ya, dude, I noticed.

I mean, don't you hate it when my Dad drives the carpool? He plays Juan Gabriel all loud. It's REALLY embarrassing.

JACKIE. Word.

PENELOPE. I miss your Mom a lot.

JACKIE. So do I, dude.

PENELOPE. I mean, who am I supposed to talk to around here?

JACKIE. Uh, you have me.

PENELOPE. But you've never had sex.

JACKIE. Ya so, I know the gist.

PENELOPE. Well it was…when his THING.

JACKIE. Penis?

PENELOPE. Ya, THAT. When it was uhhhhh/

JACKIE. Erected?

PENELOPE. Ya, ya THAT.

Well, when he came it was…*(physically eludes to John ejaculating inside of her without a condom)* …Damn, this is awkward.

JACKIE. It doesn't have to be. How about, THIS I'll ask you questions, then you talk about it.

PENELOPE. Ya, okay that might work.

JACKIE. Great, okay. First question: Did you go?

PENELOPE. Go where?

JACKIE. You know, go…like on the oh, oh, oh tip.

PENELOPE. Sorta, I mean, it was just…probably the most intense five minutes of my life.

Some of it was awkward, and I felt worried about My body even though it was dark in the back of his Civic… But some of it was super passionate and could have been an orgasm/

JACKIE. I don't think you had one.

PENELOPE. Why?

JACKIE. Cuz you would have totally felt it.

PENELOPE. I felt a lot of stuff, I mean John is really sensual and kind when we do it.

JACKIE. Ya, whatever. Sensual and kind doesn't get you OFF.

PENELOPE. Psh, you haven't had one either. Have you?

JACKIE. HELL YES, I have.

PENELOPE. HAVE NOT, with who?

JACKIE. *(refers to her hand)* Manuela.

PENELOPE. You're such a lesbian.

JACKIE. I prefer the term, vaga-tarian.

PENELOPE. Try virgin LEZ.

JACKIE. YA SO, better a member of the V club than have some skinny white boy with a twitch grinding me!

PENELOPE. He's not that bad, dude. He has a steady income and really strong ambitions.

JACKIE. To be the next Eminem?

PENELOPE. You're just being a hater.

The way I see it, this is totally gonna benefit you. I mean, since you're my best friend And I'm with John were gonna get free weed all the time AND his brother is a bouncer at Dakota.

AND John said that if we wear slutty clothes we can even get in on a weekend night.

JACKIE. NO WAY.

PENELOPE. WAY.

JACKIE.
EEE!!!

PENELOPE.
EEEE!!!

*(***ALEJANDRO** *enters. He carries a tray of nachos and snacks for the girls.)*

ALEJANDRO. I brought your fav.

JACKIE. PB and J?

ALEJANDRO. No more PB and J for my corazon.
Peanuts give her a rash in the *(whispers and points)* bikini area.

JACKIE. *(points and laughs)* PUBE RASH!

PENELOPE. DAAAD.

ALEJANDRO. This isn't the bathing suit I bought for you Penelope Maria Lopez.

PENELOPE. Ya it is, you just don't 'member.

ALEJANDRO. Uh, Sorry?
I don't think I would approve of your cha-chas hanging out like that.

JACKIE. Hee hee, Mr. Lopez said cha-chas.

ALEJANDRO. Go change Penelope.

PENELOPE. But DAD/

ALEJANDRO. What did I say?

PENELOPE. But Jackie's Dad is coming in a little bit. Can I just change after, PLEASE?

ALEJANDRO. Ricardo's coming?

PENELOPE. Be nice Dad.

ALEJANDRO. I'm always nice.

PENELOPE. Now that Sonia's been away you guys have been acting like bitchy drag queens.

ALEJANDRO. When IS your Mom coming back Jackie?

JACKIE. She's, uh on vacation.

ALEJANDRO. Oh is she? She sure didn't mention anything to me about it. Am I supposed to drive the carpool until she comes back? Its been two weeks in a row and your Dad is always too "busy"…

*(***ALEJANDRO** *notices that the girls haven't put their drinks on the coasters.)*

ALEJANDRO. Ay DIOS, you guys are gonna stain the new table…

*(***ALEJANDRO** *runs to the kitchen.* **JACKIE** *digs into the nachos as if she hasn't eaten in years.)*

JACKIE. He okay?

PENELOPE. Ya, dude. He just has intense diva moments sometimes.

JACKIE. OH, *(takes a big bite of the nachos)*…but he makes heavenly nachos.

PENELOPE. I know, he buys this aged cheese from Trader Joe's. He is like obsessed with it, but it costs like a million dollars.

*(***JACKIE** *stares off into space.)*

JACKIE. *(mumbles)* Maybe she didn't like the pantuflas…

PENELOPE. What? What's your issue dude?

JACKIE. Shit is weird at my house.

PENELOPE. Word? Your Dad is probably going crazy with your Mom out of town.

JACKIE. No.

PENELOPE. No?

JACKIE. Nope, I've never seen him happier. I mean, they fight all the time.

PENELOPE. I thought they were gonna see a therapist.

JACKIE. No, my Dad sent my Mom to the therapist cuz she's always emo.

PENELOPE. Like someone else I know…

JACKIE. Shut up! I'm not like my Mom, okay?

PENELOPE. Maybe a little.

JACKIE. Am not, dude. My Mom gets like slit your wrist emo.

PENELOPE. Ya but she would never do that, right?

JACKIE. …right.

PENELOPE. I mean your Mom is so dope, why would she ever try to hurt herself.

JACKIE. I don't know, dude. Sometimes people just do that shit.

PENELOPE. But not Sonia, why would she?

JACKIE. Don't you think it's weird that my Dad isn't really talking about it?

PENELOPE. Maybe he doesn't wanna worry you.

JACKIE. Dude, I don't know. All he does is buy me shit, the other day he just gave me an iphone just cuz.

PENELOPE. Siiiiiiiiick.

JACKIE. Or is it?

Is it that "sick" to work all the time and then plop an Iphone on your kid's bed when her Mom leaves for two weeks without explanation…

PENELOPE. What color iphone is it?

JACKIE. DUDE. I'm worried she's not okay.

PENELOPE. *(pats* **JACKIE** *on the back)* Dude, Sonia's fine. She probably just needed a vacation/

*(***ALEJANDRO** *comes back out with watering can, a big straw gardeners hat, and a fist full of coasters.)*

(He meticulously places the coasters under each of their drinks.)

ALEJANDRO. *(notices tension)* Everything okay here?

PENELOPE. Ya, shit's good.

ALEJANDRO. Speak like a lady, Penelope.

PENELOPE. *(in a British accent)* Everything is fan-bloody-tastic, father.

ALEJANDRO. You don't have to sound like Mary Poppins.

JACKIE. I kinda like it, it's like totally Euro trashy.

ALEJANDRO. I give up.

*(***ALEJANDRO** *puts the coaster under* **JACKIE** *and* **PENELOPE***'s cups. He begins to water plants in his garden.* **JACKIE** *watches as she scarfs down more nachos.)*

JACKIE. Your Dad loves gardening.

PENELOPE. Ya so?

JACKIE. It's kinda cute. My mom hates doing stuff around the house.

PENELOPE. He has to do it and LIKE it.

JACKIE. Why's that?

PENELOPE. Ugh, cuz I don't have a Mom, stupid. What the fuck is your point?

JACKIE. …sorry.

PENELOPE. Sometimes you just talk and don't think about what's coming out, Jackie. It's super lame.

JACKIE. I said SORRY.

PENELOPE. I don't wanna talk about IT.

JACKIE. You never do.

PENELOPE. Ugh, your dumb dude… I think your Dad just pulled into the drive way…

*(***JACKIE** *continues to stare at* **ALEJANDRO** *as he meticulously gardens.* **RICARDO** *enters.)*

JACKIE. Dang, you're early?

RICARDO. Ya, well this carpool arrangement is exhausting. I don't know how your Mom does it. I had to cancel a couple of meetings to/ pick you up.

PENELOPE. Hi Mr. Martinez.

*(***RICARDO** *looks at* **PENELOPE***'s breasts, which are busting out of her bikini.)*

RICARDO. Hey? Penelope, you've…you're looking…mature there.

PENELOPE. Well I did just turn 16.

RICARDO. *(looks up trying to avoid her breasts)* Must be THAT. You still have the glow going on, there…uh Jackie, time to get going.

JACKIE. BUT Dad, we were just gonna start doing our Biology homework.

RICARDO. It's World Cup season, honey. US versus Mexico, so hurry up.

JACKIE. But DAD don't you want to say hi to Penelope's dad?

*(***RICARDO** *hesitates to look at* **ALEJANDRO***, his caramel muscles glisten angelically in the sun.)*

*(***ALEJANDRO** *becomes self conscious and puts his shirt back on as he greats* **RICARDO***.)*

ALEJANDRO. Hola Ricardo, como estas?

(They shake hands.)

RICARDO. Hi Alejandro, the garden's looking great, as usual.

*(***RICARDO***'s squeeze is a little too firm.)*

ALEJANDRO. Yup, best of the block every year. Gonna keep it that way/

*(***ALEJANDRO** *pulls his hand back towards himself. His hand hurts but he plays it off well.)*

RICARDO. Sorry, didn't mean to overpower you there.

ALEJANDRO. No, *(laugh arrogantly)* please. I've been hitting the gym five times a week lately, couldn't be in better shape.

RICARDO. Yes, well being a bartender must allow you a lot of free time to enjoy the pleasures of life.

ALEJANDRO. And being a lawyer is the most redeeming job there is right?

JACKIE. Uhhhhh/

PENELOPE. Dad I think Mr. Martinez was in a hurry to leave, so/

ALEJANDRO. Oh how rude of me, I didn't even offer you a drink or anything.

RICARDO. Well, it is a warm day.
That would have been the first thing I offered if this was my home.

*(***ALEJANDRO** *pours* **RICARDO** *some fruit drink leftovers from the pitcher he brought the girls earlier.)*

ALEJANDRO. But it isn't your home.

*(***ALEJANDRO** *shoves the drink into* **RICARDO***'s face, some spills onto his shirt.)*

RICARDO. Damn it.

PENELOPE. Dad what the hell?/

RICARDO. This is a new Armani shirt.

ALEJANDRO. Sorry, look buy a new one. You can afford it right?

PENELOPE. UH, rude.

*(***RICARDO** *tries to wipe his shirt.)*

JACKIE. Dad what about the game? Should we go now?/

PENELOPE. DAD, lend him one of your shirts or something.

*(***ALEJANDRO** *hands* **RICARDO** *a napkin.)*

ALEJANDRO. Look come inside, I'll wash the shirt and put it in the dryer.

RICARDO. …*(still pissed about the shirt)*…

ALEJANDRO. You can catch the first half of the game while I wash the shirt, alright? I insist.

RICARDO. I guess.

*(***RICARDO** *and* **ALEJANDRO** *walk into the house together.)*

(The second they are offstage, **JACKIE** *and* **PENELOPE** *look to each other.)*

PENELOPE. DUDE.

JACKIE. Our Dads are about to throw down like on some WWF shit.

PENELOPE. I KNOW. Is your Mom coming back from vacation anytime soon?

JACKIE. I think she's out for a minute dude.

PENELOPE. But she's coming back right?

(Lights out.)

ZUCHINNI

*(**SONIA** is in the midst of her daily medication routine. She sits in front of a bottle of Zoloft pills and a tall glass of water.)*

SONIA. The first time I took anti depressants, I felt so… defeated? Is that the right word? There I was, this woman with wrinkles on my knuckles and thick veins infesting the back of my hands, like my mothers. Pesky grey hairs on my head and memory slipping from my brain like water running through my finger tips. Here I was this GROWN woman sitting calmly at the kitchen table with a tall glass of water and a small green pill grinning up at me from the table. Zoloft is like pot, seriously, its green and makes your eyes squinty from mass stimulation, your heart delirious and your stomach opinionated. I wondered if my shrink had ever taken Zoloft, or smoked weed or felt the type of thick depression that chronically fogged up my life. I must have sat there for a good hour, just staring at that pill and thinking about my mother, the way her eyes were always swollen as if she had always been crying. My last thought was Ricardo, well the sound he makes when he is frustrated with my moods. Its an interesting mix between a scoff and a gargle from his throat. Like an "URGGGGHH", I've been putting up with your bullshit for 16 years bitch "ugggggh". I took that stupid little green pill and shoved it down my throat like it was zuchinni, and I HATE zucchini but I read on the internet that is really good for your eyes. And well, I want to be able to see better. Just see, especially what's right in front of me.

(Lights out.)

TAEBO TAPES

*(***ALEJANDRO***'s living room.* **ALEJANDRO** *and* **RICARDO** *(has his shirt off) sit awkwardly on a swanky couch. The TV is on,* **RICARDO** *sips a drink with a pink umbrella in it.* **ALEJANDRO** *taps his finger on the couch, and often looks to* **RICARDO** *who is completely focused on the World Cup game.)*

ALEJANDRO. Who are you rooting for?

RICARDO. Mexico.

ALEJANDRO. Interesting.

RICARDO. Oh ya?

ALEJANDRO. No, it's just really quiet and I'm bored.

RICARDO. I really love the World Cup, ya know?

ALEJANDRO. I know the feeling, I LOOOOOVE soccer.

RICARDO. Oh ya?

ALEJANDRO. No, I'm kidding. I hate sports.

RICARDO. You're a funny guy.

ALEJANDRO. I am. I find that humor deflects any sort of genuine intention

(Mexico scores! **RICARDO***, who is half paying attention to the game, and half to* **ALEJANDRO** *is now immersed in the game.)*

RICARDO. Iralos. Iralos. PINCHE CHICHARITO! *(to* **ALEJANDRO***)* Did you see that? That was amazing!

ALEJANDRO. I could tell by your, enthusiasm.

RICARDO. Do you know anything about soccer?

ALEJANDRO. Kick the ball into the goal.

RICARDO. Right, but there's a logic, a spiritual quest of sorts.

ALEJANDRO. Spiritual quest?

RICARDO. Yes, soccer is so intense.

So physically and mentally demanding. The stamina it takes is, like other worldly *(The game picks up again.)* IRALOS! IRALOS! CHINGASUMADRE!!

ALEJANDRO. Oh my god, I'm gonna get back to watering the plants.

RICARDO. Go ahead. I could use some time alone after the day I've had.

ALEJANDRO. Oh, And I haven't had a long day?? I've been driving the carpool for two weeks in a row. Sonia didn't even give me warning or anything.

RICARDO. I just want a moment of peace and sports, alright?

ALEJANDRO. Ya, okay.
How about you drive the carpool for a week and see how that messes up your whole schedule. Huh?

RICARDO. I can't take them in the mornings. I work. It's hard enough to pick her up after school.

ALEJANDRO. Oh and I don't work?

RICARDO. At night/

ALEJANDRO. My job isn't as distinguished as yours so I might as well be your kid's nanny right?

RICARDO. No, no. That's not what I meant, okay?

(awkward silence)

ALEJANDRO. Do you want another smoothie?

RICARDO. I'm okay, thanks.

ALEJANDRO. I can get you some chips and salsa if you want.

RICARDO. No, I'm good. I had a big lunch.

ALEJANDRO. I make amazing nachos if you're still hungry.

RICARDO. Do you over feed all of your guests?

ALEJANDRO. OH damn it.

RICARDO. I was kidding, Nachos sound alright.

ALEJANDRO. No I just realized something about myself/

RICARDO. I wasn't trying to insult you Alejandro/

ALEJANDRO. No, its just that I saw myself in that moment… and I, um… I'm turning into my mother.

RICARDO. I see, how do you feel about that.

ALEJANDRO. Are you gonna try and be my therapist now?

RICARDO. Nope, just a friend.

ALEJANDRO. That will take some time.

RICARDO. I can wait.

ALEJANDRO. I just don't have a lot of friends. I'm a good parent.

RICARDO. Meaning?

ALEJANDRO. When you're dedicated to being a parent you don't have a lot of free time.

RICARDO. So you don't have a life?

ALEJANDRO. My life IS that girl. This family is my dream.

RICARDO. That's a lot of pressure.

ALEJANDRO. We have each other, and I think we do fine.

RICARDO. I'm sure you do, its just not healthy.

ALEJANDRO. And what is your parenting philosophy?

RICARDO. Let them figure it out, be there as a reference guide.

ALEJANDRO. So you just let Jackie live and wait for her to fall/

RICARDO. Well not fall, no.

ALEJANDRO. Yes, you wait for her to fuck up then you clean it up?

RICARDO. When you put it that way it sounds/

ALEJANDRO. Lazy?

RICARDO. There you go being funny again.

ALEJANDRO. Where did Sonia go, Ricardo?

*(***RICARDO** *looks to the television.)*

RICARDO. Red card??? Come on ref, chingado!

ALEJANDRO. Hello?

RICARDO. Hm?

ALEJANDRO. Sonia?

RICARDO. Right, right.

ALEJANDRO. So?

RICARDO. *(points to the T.V.)* The Game.

ALEJANDRO. *(points to the door)* The Plants.

(A moment. Intense eye contact, they quickly look away.)

ALEJANDRO. Penelope…

RICARDO. Jackie…

ALEJANDRO. Right.

RICARDO. Right.

ALEJANDRO. Blah.

RICARDO. Womp.

ALEJANDRO. You can say that again.

RICARDO. Womp. Womp.

ALEJANDRO. When you say it like that.

RICARDO. The sound track to our lives.

ALEJANDRO. That's Great. Just great.

RICARDO. Is it really?

ALEJANDRO. No.

RICARDO. Nope.

(Fireworks!)

*(***ALEJANDRO** *and* **RICARDO** *engage in a passionate kiss. When they pull away their hair is messed up and they are panting.)*

ALEJANDRO. This is crazy.

RICARDO. Just go with it.

ALEJANDRO. Do you think the girls know?

RICARDO. No way, we played it off well.

*(***RICARDO** *kisses* **ALEJANDRO**, **ALEJANDRO** *eventually pulls away.)*

ALEJANDRO. The girls are home.

RICARDO. We can meet at our usual spot later.

ALEJANDRO. What about Sonia? Where is she?

RICARDO. She's not home.

ALEJANDRO. Until when?

RICARDO. What do you care?

ALEJANDRO. She's my friend.

RICARDO. Yes, I know.

*(***RICARDO** *looks disappointed and defeated,* **ALEJANDRO** *reaches for his hand.)*

ALEJANDRO. Maybe stay here and Try to be gentle.

RICARDO. I'm always gentle.

ALEJANDRO. Why would I ask you to be gentle, if you're always gentle?

RICARDO. Like this?

*(***RICARDO** *kisses down* **ALEJANDRO***'s neck.)*

RICARDO. Or like that?

*(***RICARDO** *continues kissing* **ALEJANDRO***'s chest.)*

ALEJANDRO. Fuuuuck.

*(***ALEJANDRO** *unzips* **RICARDO***'s pants and reaches inside.)*

(We hear stomping around and someone trying to open the door to enter the living room, **ALEJANDRO** *panics and throws* **RICARDO** *off the couch.* **RICARDO** *hits the floor. We hear* **PENELOPE** *from off stage.)*

PENELOPE. Dad? You okay? The door's locked.

ALEJANDRO. Ya everything is, uhhh cumming along?

PENELOPE. Is Mr. Martinez still here?

RICARDO. We're just hangin/

ALEJANDRO. It's half time and we put on the Taebo tapes, sweetie.

PENELOPE. Oh okay…

Hey Dad can me and Jackie go to the mall? We don't have homework and we got a ride there And a ride back.

ALEJANDRO. Sure corazon.

RICARDO. Ya that's fine with me.

PENELOPE. Okay, byeee! XOXO

(We hear a door slam and someone run off stage.)

*(***ALEJANDRO** *gets up and paces the room.* **RICARDO** *sits back down on the couch.)*

ALEJANDRO. I feel scandalous.

RICARDO. They're.. we have the whole house to ourselves.

ALEJANDRO. We almost got caught.

RICARDO. But we didn't and it's not the first CLOSE CALL.

ALEJANDRO. Maybe it NEEDS to be the last.

(A frustrated **RICARDO** *checks his blackberry* **ALEJANDRO** *re-arranges the pillows on the couch. He needs to fix the pillow behind* **RICARDO**, **RICARDO** *is immersed in his blackberry.)*

ALEJANDRO. Excuse me.

*(***RICARDO** *doesn't move.)*

ALEJANDRO. Excuse me, please?

*(***RICARDO** *doesn't move, he's reading an important email.)*

ALEJANDRO. FUCKING MOVE.

*(***RICARDO** *moves to the other side of the couch.)*

RICARDO. Look, blue balls after a long day isn't fun.

ALEJANDRO. Would you rather they walked in on me giving you head?

RICARDO. But they didn't/

ALEJANDRO. She was right THERE.

RICARDO. Way over THERE.

ALEJANDRO. This is getting annoying.

RICARDO. You didn't think that last night.

ALEJANDRO. There's a lot at stake here in the morning.

RICARDO. Ya, I know.

ALEJANDRO. I don't know what to do.

RICARDO. Be more careful?

ALEJANDRO. We're on the same page about this right?

RICARDO. Psh, ya of course.

ALEJANDRO. This is just sex, awesome-soul-excavating-sex.. right?

RICARDO. Uh, ya. Ya. Of course.

ALEJANDRO. Come here.

*(***RICARDO** *walks to* **ALEJANDRO**. **ALEJANDRO** *unbuttons* **RICARDO***'s pants and begins to give him oral sex.)*

RICARDO. I…love…that…I…I…love…you…love…you…

(Lights out.)

HOMERUN

*(***SONIA** *calmly smokes a cigarette and sips on some Vodka as she speaks.)*

SONIA. Do I look like an idiot to you? Come on. I know a thing or two about shit and I KNEW they were fucking. Of course I did. Are you kidding? Sure he was lying to me during the day, but between the sheets, no lie goes unnoticed. And oddly enough, our sex got better after they started fucking. Before, making love to Ricardo was like grad school. Both are a this huge time and soul commitment that JUST provide you with all this equipment. But YOU have to figure out how to get yourself off, all by your lonesome. That's why I dropped out of grad school, I mean, It would drive me crazy how meek Ricardo was. Like he was scared to touch me. Like he was scared of pleasure, like pleasure and pain were synonymous. I had to place him here and there, everywhere, until. One night I found a match box from Alejandro's bar in his jacket pocket. I didn't say anything, it could have been a coincidence. Ricardo has NO LIFE, he gets up Goes to work, comes home and watches sports…that's IT. but THAT night, he came home typsy and horny for once And he fucked me. Guilt and tequila sweat from his back, as I dug my finger tips into him trying to get a hold of what was different. He was fucking me like I was a hole in the ground to rub his dick in. Rough, impersonal, completely dry and I loved it. I loved watching him fuck me, he was doing it so confidently, I felt like his parent, watching him hit his first home run at little league and I was cheering him on, Even though it was hurting me, The ache was so intense that I bit my lip And bled onto the pillow and I loved it. I winced into his soft chest and I loved it. I knew my husband was with another man, and I loved it.

(Lights out.)

MALL RATS

*(***JACKIE***, wears jeans, a t-shirt and silver hooped earrings and* **PENELOPE***, wears a tub-top and jeans.)*

(They are posted in front of Macy's, **JACKIE** *mad dogs people that walk by. She crosses her arms to her chest and notices that her breast is sore.)*

JACKIE. Dude, my boob hurts.

PENELOPE. You on your rag?

JACKIE. Ya so…shouldn't you be on yours?

PENELOPE. *(nervous)* Uh, no. I think we changed cycles.

JACKIE. Oh, weird. *(looks at her breasts)* Hopefully they're growing.

PENELOPE. Awww, you want big boobies. That's cute.

JACKIE. Bitch.

PENELOPE. Small boobies are okay, dude.

JACKIE. Just cuz your boobs grew two sizes in a month doesn't mean you're better than me.

PENELOPE. No, but it means that I'm BALLIN' in the boobie department!

JACKIE. Nah, not it.

PENELOPE. Boobie is a funny word.

JACKIE. Kinda, ya.

PENELOPE. We should make Boobie our new word, like "ohhh snap that shit is boobie!"

JACKIE. Shh, I heard Marta was coming to the mall today. Don't embarrass me.

PENELOPE. Oh really?..who told you.

JACKIE. Lulu.

PENELOPE. Damn, that's a pretty reliable source…*(checks* **JACKIE** *out)* and your, uh, wearing THAT?

JACKIE. *(self consciously examines her outfit)* What's wrong with it?

PENELOPE. It's like whatever.

JACKIE. You're like whatever.

PENELOPE. Let's go shopping and give you a lesbian makeover.

JACKIE. What?…no dude, what's your problem.

PENELOPE. Dude, didn't you get the memo? Gay people have excellent taste, so, uh basically you needa step your game up.

JACKIE. I thought that was a gay male stereotype.

PENELOPE. Uh, no? Way to rep the lesbians.

JACKIE. *(self consciously looks around)* Shh… Are you tone def?

PENELOPE. You're pretty Jackie you just, You need a LOOK, something that will make Marta drop her panties and burn them.

JACKIE. I look fine dude.

PENELOPE. DUDE, I'm your best friend. My job is to help you get you laid.

JACKIE. My Mom is my best friend.

PENELOPE. Oh so you blaze and eat flaming hot Cheetos with Sonia after school?

JACKIE. Well no/

PENELOPE. Oh and Sonia helps you run from the Po Po when they roll Lulu's parties?

JACKIE. Not exactly/

PENELOPE. Oh so your mom defends you when all the girls in the locker room make a big stink outta changing in front of you.

JACKIE. Dude/

PENELOPE. Your mom gets made fun of for being your "girlfriend" at school too right? Like guys ask her what your vag tastes like all the time too, huh?

JACKIE. No dude, she doesn't.

PENELOPE. Then stop playing it off. You're like my sister, stupid.

JACKIE. We're tight, dude, no doubt. But that doesn't mean you're always gonna have the answers. You're not always gonna get what the fuck is going on with me.

PENELOPE. Dude I'm trying to be there for you, I mean your Mom freakin peaced out on all of us. We all miss her/

JACKIE. You've never had a Mom, Penelope, how could you miss something you never had.

PENELOPE. Woa. That was messed up.

JACKIE. I'm just saying/

PENELOPE. Dude your Mom is the closest thing I have to a Mom/

JACKIE. Ya, but she's MY Mom. Not your's.

PENELOPE. She's LIKE a Mom to me.

JACKIE. But she's not YOUR MOM. You have your Dad and I have my MOM.

PENELOPE. You have a Dad too.

JACKIE. Dude, he's never around and he barely talks. I wouldn't call him a Dad, I'd call him an Uncle or some shit.

PENELOPE. An uncle that buys you an iPhone son, you better appreciate THAT shit.

JACKIE. I do.

PENELOPE. I would KILL for a MOM and a DAD, so you better rep that shit. You better rep it hard.

JACKIE. Dude, you don't know what my family is like so shut it.

PENELOPE. Um your Mom has driven me to school every morning since kindergarten fool/

JACKIE. The carpool isn't LIFE Penelope.

PENELOPE. I come over for dinner TOO dude.

JACKIE. Ya but you don't hear them fighting after you leave, And you don't find my Dad crying in the garage late at night.

PENELOPE. Maybe he has nightmares?/

FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:

*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.

SF PERUSALS