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Not Going Anywhere**

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# NOT GOING ANYWHERE

A PLAY IN ONE ACT BY  
*Emma Fonseca Halverson*



Not Going Anywhere

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## Characters

2M+3W

- MIGUEL:** A hardworking guy, immigrated to the United States at a young age. MAMI is his first priority. Constantly working. Older brother to ALE. Age 22.
- ALE:** An ambitious and driven high school girl who dreams of making it as an actor. Younger sister to MIGUEL. Age 17.
- MAMI:** The mother of ALE and MIGUEL struggling to support her kids without PAPÁ around, who wants her children to have an easier life than she had. In her 40's.
- CARLY:** ALE's best friend, who shares and supports ALE's dream. Fairly wealthy, and white. Same grade and age as ALE.
- PAPÁ:** The father of ALE and MIGUEL, husband to MAMI. Lives in Mexico, In his 40's.

## Production Notes

It is very important that the actors playing ALE, MIGUEL, MAMI and PAPÁ, be Latino/a/e/x or Hispanic actors for representation, and actors who speak Spanish to some degree to be able to pronounce the Spanish sections correctly.

Supertitles may be used, though the playwright would prefer if they were not, to preserve the integrity of the Spanish portions.

## Set Notes

The main set is the apartment where MAMI, MIGUEL and ALE live.

**DINING ROOM/KITCHEN:** The dining room/kitchen has a dining table and chairs. Behind that, there is a counter, sink, perhaps a fridge, stove and oven. This area could have Mexican grocery staples, homey decorations, and photos of the family.

**ALE'S BEDROOM:** In ALE's room there could be a bed and nightstand, perhaps a desk where ALE does homework, reads, etc. The walls are covered in posters and programs from past high school and community theatre productions.

**SCHOOL BENCH:** This bench near the school could be portrayed in front of a closed curtain, or in a pool of light indicating it is separate from the rest of the set.

**CALLING AREA:** The area where ALE and MIGUEL call each other from could also be in front of the curtain, with pools of light for each to stand in their respective spaces.

## **Props**

Printed monologue + script for Ale.

Stack of mail/ letters for Mami and Miguel.

Vegetables/pico de gallo ingredients (lime, tomato, onion, cilantro) for Miguel and Mami.

Agua de sandía \*watermelon water- can be substituted\*

Ale and Carly's backpacks.

Homework for Ale.

Apron for Miguel's job, which Ale wears.

Cell phones for Mami, Miguel and Ale. (one that Mami should be able to throw.)

A book for Mami to read.

Acceptance letter for Ale.

Carnitas.

Yearbooks and pens for Carly and Ale.

## **Language Alternatives**

If necessary, the following lines may be adjusted.

Page 10 - In PAPA's first monologue he says "pinches gringos." It may be replaced with "gringos."

Page 17 - In Ale's line "You know what, fuck you Miguel! I never know what you mean because you are always fucking lying!" The first "fuck" can be changed to "screw you" and "fucking lying" can just be "lying". Then change Miguel's line "Whoa, whoa, language!" to "Whoa, Whoa, hold on!"

Page 22 - At the top of Mami's monologue, she says "Esta pendeja" which can be replaced with "esta estúpida."

Page 24 - In Carly's line "Thanks. And sorry..." she says "bitch" which can be replaced with "jerk."

## **Translation**

An English translation of the Spanish text is available by contacting Theatrefolk at [help@theatrefolk.com](mailto:help@theatrefolk.com).

**Scene I**

*ALE's bedroom. Saturday afternoon. December.*

*A cramped, colorful bedroom. Posters from past high school productions cover the walls. Perhaps there are some Christmas decorations. CARLY sits on a messy bed, watching as ALE stands, rehearsing a printed monologue.*

ALE: ...Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste:  
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy –  
(*breaking character*) I'm sorry, Carly, but I just can't do this. I have no idea what any of this even means.

CARLY: Come on, Ale. You need a classical piece to audition with. In a couple of months, when the admissions letters get here, you will be thanking me.

ALE: (*flopping down on the bed next to CARLY*) I know, I know. Did ol' Shakespeare have to make it this confusing though?

CARLY: (*laughing*) Shakespeare must have looked four hundred years into the future, known "The Midwestern University for Performing Arts" would require one classical monologue to audition with, known you would audition, and then proceeded to deliberately create the most confusing monologue possible for you, and somehow forced you to pick it out.

*ALE does not smile at this.*

CARLY: Hey. What's wrong?

ALE: Nothing...fine. Just – assuming I even got in, which, I probably won't, how would my mom ever afford to pay that much tuition?

CARLY: Well... well it's ok, you'll get a scholarship!

ALE: Oh. Yeah you're right.

CARLY: Anyway, you're never even going to need a scholarship if we don't lock this monologue down. Let's see it again; it's looking really good so far!

ALE: Alright, if you insist. (*stands up and begins again*)  
How happy some o'er other some can be!  
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she...

*End of Scene.*

**Scene 2**

*Dining room/kitchen. Saturday afternoon. April.*

*The family dining room and kitchen area. Mexican kitchen staples such as chiles and tomatoes sit on a counter where MAMI stands chopping vegetables. Photos of the family, perhaps First Communion photos, or school pictures hang on the walls. A small table has a bowl of Easter candy sitting on it. MIGUEL walks in carrying a stack of mail. He rifles through the stack, when one catches his eye.*

MIGUEL: Mami, Mami! A letter from Papá!

*MAMI looks up and rushes over to MIGUEL.*

MAMI: ¡Ay, qué bueno!

*ALE and CARLY walk in the front door with backpacks into the dining room/kitchen. They set down their backpacks.*

I was so worried. ¡Bueno – abrelo! (seeing ALE and CARLY) Oh... hi girls! Glad you are back from school, you must be wanting some food, or a drink maybe? Carly, nice to see you, can I get you something? We have agua de sandía, and I could make quesadillas, if you want. Oh, and some of those, ah – (to MIGUEL) como se dice Pascua en Inglés?

MIGUEL: Easter.

MAMI: Ah, sí. Some Easter bunny marshmallows. (gesturing to a bowl on the table)

CARLY: Sure, I'll take some of the (mispronouncing) agua de sandía, if it is not too much trouble.

MAMI: Of course not, it is my pleasure!

*MAMI gets up and pours CARLY a glass of agua de sandía.*

ALE: Hey, Mom, could you pour me a glass too?

MIGUEL: Actually Ale, our Mami was just about to read a letter from Papá, so let's give her a minute to do that, ok?

MAMI: Gracias, Mijo.

MIGUEL: Por supuesto, Mamita.

*MAMI opens the letter, and reads silently for a moment while ALE pours herself a glass of agua de sandia and ALE and CARLY stand sipping their drinks.*

CARLY: So which costume did you end up choosing for the second act?

ALE: Well, I haven't made my final decision yet, but I'm thinking the blue one. The peach colored one just does not look good on me.

CARLY: Ooo yes, I love that one. I'm just so glad we both get to be leads this time around.

*MAMI looks up from the letter and groans.*

MAMI: Ay, no.

MIGUEL: ¿Que paso?

MAMI: Dice que inmigración no la deja venir. Le negaron la entrada por lo menos por cinco años.

CARLY: What does that mean? Is everything ok?

ALE: Um—I'm not completely sure, Mami, what does negaron la entrada mean?

MIGUEL: They denied him entry. So, immigration won't let him come here for at least five more years, because he was deported before.

ALE: Whoa.

CARLY: Oh my god. That is horrible!

MIGUEL: (to MAMI) W-well, todo va a estar bien. I will pick up some extra shifts. Maybe my boss can let me stay late this week and I could get some extra cash, and get a lawyer. Yeah, a lawyer is a good idea. I'll fix this.

MAMI: Gracias mijo, but I couldn't do that to you. Tú debes pasar más tiempo estudiando, no limpiando mesas. We will make do. Tengo fé.

MIGUEL: No, I would be happy to.

MAMI: I'm serious, Miguelito. Necesitas una educación. Yo se que tan difícil va a ser si no estudias. I don't want you to end up como tú papá y como yo. You children must get good jobs. (*glancing to ALE*) You too mija. Y por eso, you must get a good education, ¿entiendes?



ALE: Yes! Education. Two thumbs up from me.

MIGUEL: Of course, Mamita. But I also know that I can handle school and a little work on the side.

*MAMI raises her eyebrows.*

Te lo prometo. Now, you get some rest, you deserve it. I'll finish dinner.

*MIGUEL takes up chopping vegetables, and MAMI sits down at the table.*

CARLY: Oh! I have an idea about your dad! If he gets a passport, then he can fly here now! I actually just got mine renewed, but the photo turned out so bad that my dad let me get another one. Actually, my dad knows this Congressman guy, I could ask him to give your dad one.

*MIGUEL snorts.*

MAMI: Thank you for the offer, Carly. (*CARLY beams. To ALE.*) Tu amiga la gringita me cae bien, pero si es muy tontita.

ALE: Mom! Wow!

*MAMI and ALE laugh for a moment.*

CARLY: What's happening?

ALE: Nothing, um, my mom was just about to go rest anyway. Right, mom?

MAMI: Wow, kicking me out? Ok, ok, I'm going now. See you kids in a little while.

*MAMI walks past MIGUEL and pulls him aside.*

MAMI: Miguel! Promise me you will be careful.

MIGUEL: What is this about, Mami?

MAMI: Just... hearing the news from Papá, and Gloria's son was taken by ICE last week... just makes me worry. Prometame que vas a tener mas cuidado.

MIGUEL: I'm always careful; you have nothing to worry about.

*MAMI leaves, MIGUEL returns to chopping.*

ALE: You wanna go to my room and we can run lines? Ms. K is going to be super pissed if we're still calling lines in tech week.

CARLY: Ooh, but it looks like Miguel is cooking something up!

MIGUEL: Yeah, I'm making some pico de gallo right now.

CARLY: That's so cool! I always get that on my burrito at Chipotle, but I can never make a good batch at home. Could you show me?

ALE: Actually, Carly, maybe we should head out, Miguel is busy.

MIGUEL: No, it's all good, I can show you.

*CARLY peers over MIGUEL's shoulder while he chops.*

MIGUEL: So, right now I am chopping up some tomatoes, and see over here on this cutting board I already have some onions and cilantro and chiles cut up. Ok, now the tomatoes are done, and now, listen closely, here is the secret to a perfect pico de gallo. *(cuts a lime in half)* most people will put all the ingredients into a bowl, and then put the lime and the salt on.

CARLY: That's what my mom and I did when we tried to make it.

MIGUEL: Ah, ok. That way works fine, but what we do here in the Muñoz Arredondo family is the best. Instead of the bowl we put the lime and salt on right here on the cutting board. *(squeezes lime over ingredients and then sprinkles salt over)*

ALE: You never told me that's how to do it right.

MIGUEL: Well, you never asked, did you? *(to CARLY)* See, the flavor does not really get into the tomatoes and onion if you just mix it around in a bowl. But now that it has, we can dish it up. *(Pours pico de gallo into a serving dish)* And we are done! You want to be the taste tester?

CARLY: Yeah, for sure!

*MIGUEL hands CARLY the bowl and chips. She tries the pico de gallo.*

CARLY: Mmm, wow! That is amazing! Definitely better than Chipotle's!

MIGUEL: Whoa, a higher ranking than I expected! Must be an extra good batch.

CARLY: *(scooping some more)* Mmmhmm!

*ALE walks over, scoops a bite and eats it.*

ALE: It's not even that good. Mom's is better.

*ALE grabs her backpack and sulks out of the room.*

MIGUEL: Uh oh. Looks like she is grumping about something.

CARLY: Seems like it. I'll go talk to her.

*CARLY fills a small bowl with pico de gallo and chips, grabs her backpack, and follows ALE.*

*End of Scene.*

### Scene 3

*Dining room/kitchen. Same Saturday, evening.*

*MAMI is standing in the dining room/kitchen, re-reading the letter from PAPÁ. PAPÁ enters the room and stands behind MAMI. MAMI does not see him, but rather looks at the letter as she reads.*

PAPÁ: Mi querida Rosa,

No puedo empezar a decirte cuanto te extraño. Estoy haciendo todo lo que puedo para reunirme contigo, y con Miguel, y finalmente conocer a mi hija. La mala noticia es que, con este proceso ridículo de inmigración, no me dejan entrar. Ellos dicen que tengo que quedarme aquí por cinco años porque trate de entrar y me atraparon. Pinches gringos. *(MAMI laughs shortly)* No tengo la menor idea porque, pero así es. Ya sé que te estoy estresando mucho, pero te prometo que todo va estar bien. Te veo tan pronto como pueda. Cuídate, Rosa. Te amo muchísimo. Marcelo

*PAPÁ walks offstage, and MAMI is left alone, clutching the letter. She folds it up neatly, puts it back in the envelope, places it in a drawer, and leaves.*

*End of Scene.*

### Scene 4

*ALE's bedroom. Same Saturday, evening.*

*ALE is laying on her bed working on homework. MIGUEL knocks on the door.*

MIGUEL: Can I come in?

ALE: Ok.

*MIGUEL opens the door and stands in the doorway.*

MIGUEL: Did Carly go already?

ALE: Yep. She had a voice lesson.

MIGUEL: Oh. That's cool.

*MIGUEL continues standing awkwardly in the doorway.*

ALE: What are you doing here?

MIGUEL: Oh. Ah... yeah! Thought we could, ya know, sit down and chat. Haven't done that for a while. *(sits on the edge of a chair)*

ALE: What would you want to chat about?

MIGUEL: Umm... how's school?

ALE: My school is going great. How is your school?

MIGUEL: Aaah...um...well, you know...the usual—stuff. Mmm, actually, I needed to talk to you about something other than school.

ALE: Ok? And?

MIGUEL: Well, it's about Papá's immigration.

ALE: Yikes. Conversations starting with that have not been ending well recently.

MIGUEL: I just heard about a new lawyer who is offering to help with our case.

ALE: Another one?

MIGUEL: Don't worry, I researched this one, I promise she's legit.

ALE: Sure.

MIGUEL: I need you to cover my shift on Thursday while I try to meet with her, ok?

ALE: Come on, Miguel, I have stuff to do Thursday.

MIGUEL: Please. This is really important.

ALE: Yeah, well, I have stuff to do Thursday. I have the dress rehearsal for my show, ok?

MIGUEL: Really, Ale? That again? I have told you time and time again that is a waste of time. Do something actually productive for me, will you?

ALE: *(quietly)* It's not a waste of time for me.

*MIGUEL's face softens and he moves to the bed next to ALE.*

MIGUEL: Look, I'm sorry if that upset you. This meeting is just really important to me. I have a really good feeling about this lawyer.

ALE: Sure.

*A silent pause.*

MIGUEL: You know, Papá, he's a great guy, really the best father either of us could have asked for. I remember, before we left, he was starting to teach me how to play the violin. Every night I would sit by the door waiting for him to come home so I could play with him. And he was so patient with me, and even when I started to cry because I couldn't hit a certain note, or whatever was bothering five year old me, he was always calm and helped me try again. My biggest concern when we left and he stayed behind, was that I would fall behind on my violin lessons and not be able to play Las Mañanitas for Mami's birthday, as we had planned. Of course, we didn't know then that he would still be there today.

ALE: You're acting like I know nothing about him. I do know some stuff, ok? And I do want him to be here.

MIGUEL: I know.

ALE: Ok, it just feels like you don't believe me. And I really do want him to be here with us.

MIGUEL: Of course. So, will you cover my shift? It really would help him get here faster.

ALE: Ah, ok, fine, whatever, your guilt trip has been successful. I'll help out. But this is a one time thing, not going to become a thing we do.

*MIGUEL smiles broadly and pats ALE on the back.*

MIGUEL: Deal. Thanks, sis. I'll drop you there, Thursday, three o'clock.

*MIGUEL gets up and walks out of ALE's bedroom.*

ALE: (dryly) Yippee.

*End of Scene.*

**Scene 5**

*The dining room/kitchen. Saturday evening.*

*MIGUEL is standing in the dining room/kitchen, holding an old letter from PAPÁ. PAPÁ enters the room and stands behind MIGUEL. MIGUEL does not see him, but rather looks at the letter as he reads.*

PAPÁ: Miguel,

¡Me da mucho gusto que puedas leer esto! Se que te enseñe bien, y se que tu Mamita te va ayudar muchísimo cuando empieces a ir al kinder. Te extraño tanto tanto, tan solo en unos meses voy a llegar allá con ustedes. Se que se siente como que es mucho tiempo, pero solo piensa, que voy a llegar antes de que tu hermano o hermana vayan a nacer, y tú y tu mamá solo estarán planeando tu sexto cumpleaños. A partir de este día, el cinco de septiembre del dos mil cuatro, solo hay tres meses y diez días antes de que llegue a Estados Unidos. Por lo pronto en los meses siguientes, te pido que cuides bien a tu mami, y te portas como el hombre de la casa en mi ausencia. O como lo dicen en Estados Unidos, man of the house. Te veo muy pronto!

Papito

*PAPÁ leaves.*

*End of Scene.*

**Scene 6**

*ALE's bedroom. Tuesday evening.*

*ALE and CARLY are sitting on the bed.*

CARLY: I already got my letters from KTU, BCFA, LMU, SHM, and I think even from VNTU. I seriously cannot believe it. I mean, if VNTU was late, I wouldn't even be surprised. But MUPA!?! Definitely my first choice, and it seems, the last to mail. I just don't think I can take the waiting anymore! I'm so nervous all the time, and my mom and dad asking me every single day if I found out yet definitely does not help. Oh – well I guess I'm preaching to the choir here, you know how it is. Are your parents being so obsessive too?

ALE: Oh um – yeah, totally. It's all I can think about too.

CARLY: I don't think I could handle any more stress—oh my god, was that insensitive? With your family's... situation?

ALE: No, no, it's fine.

CARLY: Any updates?

ALE: Well, y'know, he's trying to get here, so...

CARLY: Yeah I get it. But, I mean, I know he wants to be here now, but if he just waits his turn, I'm sure they'll get to him soon! And then he can come the right way.

ALE: Carly, did you really just – never mind.

CARLY: Hm?

ALE: It doesn't matter. Um, anyway, we don't need to talk about my dad right now, what we do need to talk about is how our admissions letters need to get here faster!

CARLY: Yes! Seriously, they have taken more than enough time. Yesterday my dad was even threatening to make a generous (*air quotes*) “donation” before I talked him out of it. Seriously, if I am going to get in, it's not going to be that way. And don't even get me started on my mother!

*End of Scene.*

## Scene 7

*Outside the lawyer's office and restaurant. Thursday afternoon.*

*ALE and MIGUEL are both outside. ALE is on break. She wears a restaurant apron over her clothes. MIGUEL is outside the law office and wears a formal, neat outfit. They speak on the phone.*

MIGUEL: I was talking to the new lawyer, and she said that it would be a possibility to bring Papá here sooner than five years from now! Imagine him being here for Mami and his anniversary! I just need to fill out some forms, and it's not very likely, but we might be able to get him a humanitarian visa, so that would be a visa for extreme circumstances until he is allowed to get a green card.

ALE: Oh! Wow, that's amazing! I was actually just thinking, that if this does work out and Papá does come here, I'm going to make this big “welcome home” Instagram post, with all the pictures, and

videos and all that stuff we can get when he is here! Don't you think he would like that?

MIGUEL: Ah, maybe? I don't know, but let's be excited for him coming for other reasons, ok?

ALE: Yeah, yeah, I know!

MIGUEL: Alright, ok. Listen, the lawyer says she needs me to stay another hour, so you think you can walk yourself home?

ALE: Come on! You said you would drive me so I wouldn't miss any rehearsals. It's tech week, you know!

MIGUEL: I know I did, but, Ale, this is our father we are talking about. Papá!

ALE: Miguel, I know. My reputation is at stake here! I'm never going to get accep – I mean, theatre is a small world, ok?

MIGUEL: Calmate, sis. I promise you, in five years, nobody will remember this one little play practice. I'll try to make it, but don't count on me.

ALE: PI-

MIGUEL: Look, I need to get back. Being charged by the hour here!

*MIGUEL hangs up. MIGUEL heads back into lawyer's office, and ALE puts her cell into her uniform pocket.*

*End of Scene.*

## Scene 8

*A bench outside/near ALE and CARLY's school.  
Thursday evening/night.*

*The sky is dark and it is almost night. Nobody is at the school anymore except for CARLY who sits on a bench, waiting. ALE, looking flustered, pulls a sweater over MIGUEL's work uniform and rushes up to the school. CARLY stands when she sees ALE.*

CARLY: Where were you?

ALE: I was – I got busy. Miguel made me-

CARLY: (*sharply, knives in her voice*) Busy? Since when are you too busy to come to our final tech rehearsal?



ALE: Carly, I'm sorry, just – how much longer do we have rehearsal today for?

CARLY: (*sitting back down*) They're over. Ms. K decided it was better to call it early than to try and rehearse with only one of the two leads.

ALE: (*flopping down beside her*) Oh. I'm sorry, Carly. I do have a killer excuse, though. You know what's going on with my—

*As soon as ALE sits down next to her, CARLY springs back up.*

CARLY: Gotta go. Lots of practice to do tonight. You know, to make up for a rehearsal wasted.

ALE: It was only one time.

*Beat.*

ALE: We could run lines, if you want.

CARLY: I gotta go. See you tomorrow. (*leaves*)

*End of Scene*

## Scene 9

*The dining room/kitchen. Thursday evening/night.*

*MAMI is sitting at the dining room table, reading. MIGUEL enters.*

MAMI: Oh, good, ya llegaste!

*MIGUEL clasps MAMI's hands.*

MIGUEL: I was talking to our new lawyer, and she says that if I fill out some more papers and come into the office a few more times, Papá podría llegar pronto!

*MAMI looks shocked for a moment, but then hugs MIGUEL*

MAMI: ¡Ay, enserio? ¡Qué increíble!

MIGUEL: Anything for mi familia.

MAMI: Realmente eres el mejor. He dicho esto antes, pero no sé qué haríamos sin ti!

MIGUEL: I'm not going anywhere.

MAMI: Te quiero mucho, Miguelito.

*ALE enters, storming in and slamming the door behind her.*

MAMI: Ale, Miguel has some good news!

ALE: I've heard.

*ALE throws down her backpack and sits down in a chair. She pulls out her script and begins reading lines.*

ALE: And yet she tells me the barriers of the walls cannot be broken, even with the strongest of...

MAMI: Are you not excited?

ALE: Thrilled. (*continues reading*) even with the strongest – with the strongest of wills.

MIGUEL: Hey, Ale, can you not be reading those in here right now?

*ALE smacks the script shut and slams it on the table.*

ALE: Oh, I'm sorry Miguel. Are my rehearsals disturbing your plans? I hadn't noticed.

MAMI: Ale, Mija... are you ok?

MIGUEL: She's just being overdramatic. As usual. I can't wait to see Papá's face again, I mean – this could be it! We could all be together at last and never have to worry about being separated ever again.

MAMI: That sounds incredible. Miren, Chicos, I'm so sorry you kids have to take this into your own hands, we never meant for you two to have to live away from Papá for so long, I mean... It was our worst nightmare.

MIGUEL: I barely knew him, you have it much harder than I do, and Ale wasn't even born then so she—

ALE: Oh yeah, lucky Ale, she never even met her father, she'll be just fine.

MIGUEL: You know that's not what I meant.

ALE: You know what, fuck you, Miguel! I never know what you mean because you are always fucking lying!

MIGUEL: Whoa, whoa, language!

MAMI: What? What lies?

MIGUEL: Hey, hey. No need to get snappy. Today is a happy day.

ALE: Mmm. Yeah, super happy. Which part was most happy for you, my director being furious at me for missing the last tech rehearsal and last minute needing to do some “revisions” on my previously-glowing letter of recommendation, or was it the part where my reputation has permanently become that of an unreliable flake?

MIGUEL: What? You don’t need her letter, Appleton Community College doesn’t require—

ALE: Who said I’m going to that shitty community college?

MIGUEL: Ale, you know we can’t afford more than that.

MAMI: What were you lying about, Miguel?

MIGUEL: She’s mad because I made her miss her little play practice to cover my shift.

ALE: Rehearsal! How hard is it to just say “rehearsal”?

MAMI: You made her miss her rehearsal? Mijo, no puedes hacer eso, even when you have to—

MIGUEL: MAMÁ!

*Beat.*

MIGUEL: Oh my gosh, I’m so sorry Mamita, I should never have snapped at you like—

MAMI: It’s fine... you two need to work this out solitos I think.

*MAMI exits.*

MIGUEL: Mamita, I didn’t mean – Shoot...alright listen, I understand that you are feeling upset right now, but let’s choose to be happy. Missing your rehearsal was not a big deal, I promise you. However, Papá coming to the United States is a big deal. Mami was happy about it before you came in ruining the mood.

ALE: (*sighs*) Whatever.

MIGUEL: Thank you. My boss Andrew said you did a wonderful job today.

*ALE does not respond.*

MIGUEL: And, I was thinking, since I need to go back to the lawyer's office as soon as possible, and they have an opening tomorrow, you could fill in for me again?

ALE: What!?! Miguel, I can't do it tomorrow. I will be very much occupied. Opening night of my show, remember? (*pause*) You didn't have my opening night blocked from work? Weren't you going to come see it?

MIGUEL: Well, you know I have other important things to do then.

ALE: I can't believe you weren't going to come.

MIGUEL: Look, sis, I can't just skip work.

ALE: Except when your little sister covers your ass.

MIGUEL: To make this work, we all need to pitch in as a family and work together. This is the only slot for three weeks, you told me you would help out.

ALE: Three weeks is still sooner than five years! I'm not going to cover for you when I happen to be performing!

MIGUEL: You are a big character, right?

ALE: Yes!

MIGUEL: So, they probably have a backup person to perform your part.

ALE: No, they don't. Even if they did, I need to be there. I already let them down once because of you, I can't let that happen again. These people are like family to me.

MIGUEL: We are your family, family matters to real Latinos. Stop acting like such a coconut. It's just a stupid play; nobody really cares.

ALE: I care! And it's not stupid. And – and you should care too! (*MIGUEL starts to interrupt*) No, listen, if I am an actor who gets really famous then I'll have all the money that you and our Mom and Dad need! And...um...Oh! I'll probably know, like, the US ambassador to Mexico, and I'll be so famous that they can just bring Papá over here!

MIGUEL: Ale, you're grasping at straws.

ALE: Ok ok ok just (*takes a deep breath*) ok, even if that didn't happen, you can't just expect me to leave theatre, ok? It's like, this is my future, it's all I even have for my future. I have to look ahead; I can't keep wallowing in the past.

MIGUEL: We are not your past.

ALE: I know, I know, – I just can't cover your shift, ok? I'm sorry, but not tomorrow.

*ALE stands to leave.*

MIGUEL: Alejandra, I am your brother. I am the man of this house.

ALE: And?

MIGUEL: And you need to listen to me. You need to listen to me when I am telling you that you are covering my shift. From 3:00 PM to 7:00 PM, that's where you will be.

ALE: I don't have to obey you.

MIGUEL: Yes, you do.

ALE: No, I don't! You really think I am going to obey a twenty-two year old who barely graduated high school because he was too busy being at home, fawning over our mother, who spends his days washing dishes and bussing tables because he has no aspirations at all except being the perfect little housebound son. You—you even lied to us about going to school, and expected me to believe it! (*MIGUEL looks shocked*) For years, you have lied to everyone close to you, because you think you are protecting us. You think you can boss me around? Hate to break it to you, but I don't take orders from pathetic, sad, useless little-

MIGUEL: ENOUGH! You know what? Do your show tomorrow. I. Don't. Care.

*MIGUEL storms out. ALE sits down, picks up her script, and tries to keep rehearsing.*

ALE: And yet she tells me – she tells me – she – (*defeated*) aargh.

*ALE closes the script and buries her face in her hands.*

*End of Scene.*

## Scene 10

*Dining room/kitchen. Friday night.*

*ALE's play has just ended and ALE and MAMI are getting home.*

ALE: Ok, now, which was your most favorite line?

MAMI: Your first monologue, obviamente! It made me laugh so much!

*ALE and MAMI laugh for a moment.*

MAMI: We should get Miguel! I'm sure he is dying to hear all about tu obra, especialmente porque he couldn't come.

ALE: Oh...yeah, maybe.

MAMI: No te preocupes, I'm sure he wanted to see your play, he just had a meeting he couldn't get out of. He has to be here, his meeting ended an hour ago. (*calling loudly for him*) Miguel! ¡Ven aquí, mijo!

*MAMI goes and knocks on his bedroom door, to no answer. She opens the door, he is not there.*

MAMI: He isn't in his room, and he didn't answer when I called. ¿A dónde se iría?

ALE: He probably just got stuck at the lawyer's office. Last one ran long, too.

MAMI: Oh. Bueno, I hope he texts soon.

ALE: ...yeah. Me too.

*A moment passes in silence, until a bright envelope from the Midwestern University for Performing Arts catches ALE's eye.*

ALE: Oh my god, is that...

*ALE practically jumps onto the envelope, ripping it open.*

ALE: (*reading aloud*) Dear Ms. Muñoz Arredondo, we are pleased to inform you... (*screaming*) AAAH! I got in!

MAMI: ¿Que paso?

ALE: Well – I didn't tell you because I wasn't sure if I would be accepted or not, but I was! I auditioned for a school, it's a school for performing arts. It's one of the most prestigious in the country! And I just got in! And look at this scholarship!

*ALE shoves the paper in MAMI's face.*

MAMI: ¡Wow, eso es increíble!

ALE: Thank you! Eee, I'm so excited!



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