

MOCOSOS

By

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INT. HOSPITAL EXAM ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP: on BERTA GARCIA'S (29) static shocked face.

We PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Berta is sitting on an exam table. A military DOCTOR (65), who is also frozen, smoking a cigarette-- smoke frozen in mid air--is sitting in front of her. He wears military khakis covered by a lab coat with a tag that reads "CPT. ELI DUNN".

We pull back further to REVEAL: the NARRATOR, a man in scrubs. He's also frozen until...

NARRATOR

HI!

He moves around superciliously, because he knows what that means, and he can.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. How come I can move and they can't. Because I'm a narrator. It's a great gig. Watch this.

He snaps his fingers and "Baby Love" by The Supremes starts playing

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Isn't that cool?!

He walks toward Berta. She has her hair bouffant-ed up, her make-up done, and is wearing a smart, but thrifty, outfit.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

So...this is Berta Garcia, the matriarch of the family. This is how women went to the doctor in 1964. How did men go to the doctor in 1964? They didn't.

(then)

Looks like she's just gotten some bad news...

The Narrator takes the lit cigarette out of the Doctor's mouth and puts it out in an ashtray.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Yes, he's allowed to do that in here. It's 1964, after all, and we're at the U.S. Army Military Hospital at Fort Hood, TX. Berta is Puerto Rican. In Texas. That's gotta be weird, huh?

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Her husband is in Vietnam and she has three children, and she's doing the best she can, people! I think that'll do it for now.

The Narrator snaps his fingers, the song fades into a TRANSISTOR RADIO SOUND, and the action begins.

The Doctor's first few words are muffled, then suddenly his voice shoots into full clarity...

DOCTOR

(thick Texas accent)

...Do you have any questions?

The Doctor coughs intermittently.

BERTA

(thick Puerto Rican accent)

Are you sure?

DOCTOR

Positive.

He reaches for his cigarette and notices it's been snuffed. That's odd. He lights another cigarette.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'd say you have approximately six months before...

Berta begins to cry. Without a thought, the Doctor offers her a cigarette. She shakes her head "no".

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I have a prescription for some pills that will help. It's imperative that you take them at this stage otherwise you run the risk of long term hospitalization.

Berta howls with grief, then chokes out a sentence.

BERTA

I'm twenty-nine.

DOCTOR

Well, at least you're not thirty.

Berta howls again.

BERTA
By the time it happens I will be
thirty.

The Doctor looks at his file.

DOCTOR
Oh. Look at that. You're right.

Another howl.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST DESK - MOMENTS LATER

The Doctor walks the obviously upset Berta out of the exam room. The Doctor and a NURSE (25) conduct a conversation with their Texas accents while Berta blows her nose and expresses her grief.

DOCTOR
Please schedule this lovely Mexican
lady--

The Narrator passes behind the Doctor.

NARRATOR
(correcting)
Puerto Rican.

DOCTOR
--for an appointment a month from
today.

NURSE
Absolutely. Mrs. Garcia, how about
eleven A.M. on November thirtieth?

BERTA
Thirty?

NURSE
--*eth.* Yes.

Berta howls again. The Nurse tries to figure out what she did wrong.

NURSE (CONT'D)
I also have an eleven-*thirty*.

Berta responds with what sounds like indiscriminate syllables while nodding her head. Some of it is actually Spanish but as far as the all-white staff is concerned it's unintelligible. After all, it's 1964. In Texas.

NURSE (CONT'D)
The thirtieth it is.

Berta heads toward the exit as we stay with the Doctor and Nurse.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Oh my goodness. What happened to
that poor Mexican lady?

The Narrator pokes his head into frame.

NARRATOR
(correcting, again)
Puerto Rican.

The Doctor whispers something in the Nurse's ear.

NURSE
I...don't understand.

DOCTOR
She'll be thirty.

The Nurse lets out a little scream then...

NURSE
Thirty?!

She begins to sob.

NURSE (CONT'D)
That poor Mexican woman!

Berta, still sobbing, pokes her head back through the doorway.

BERTA
I'm PUERTO RICAN!!

The Narrator pops in behind the Doctor and Nurse.

NARRATOR
I warned you.

The Doctor lights another cigarette and the Narrator waves his hand in the air and coughs.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Berta gets into the passenger seat of a car.

INT. CESSIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

An attractive, Afro-Latina woman, CESSIE RIOS (29), also aged sits in the driver's seat.

The Narrator pops up in the back seat, now wearing a jacket made of the same material the back seat is. Action pauses again.

NARRATOR

This is Berta's friend, who is also Puerto Rican, Cessie Rios. Her husband is in the same platoon as Berta's husband. I should let you know that some clipped, fast Spanish is coming your way.

[SPOKEN LINES ON LEFT/SUBTITLES ON RIGHT]

The action begins. Alarmed to see her friend in such a state...

CESSIE
Hay dios mío! Que pasó,
Berta?

CESSIE
Oh my God, Berta. What
happened?

Berta can't answer. Cessie is really worried now. She takes a stab and says what we're all thinking.

CESSIE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Cancer?

CESSIE (CONT'D)
Cancer?

NARRATOR

Did we really need that subtitle?

Unhappy with Cessie, Berta looks up, incredulous. They speak quickly and over each other, with much genuflecting.

BERTA
Virgen santísima no digas
eso, Cessie.

BERTA
Mother Mary, don't say that,
Cessie.

CESSIE
Pues, yo no sé!

CESSIE
Well, I don't know!

BERTA
No debe hablar de eso.

BERTTA
One does not speak about
those things.

CESSIE
Tu estás llorando después de
una visita al doctor, y...

CESSIE
You're crying after visiting
the doctor, and...

BERTA	BERTA
Es mala suerte hablar de...	It's bad luck to talk about...
(whispering)	Cancer.
Cancer.	

CESSIE
Entonces, dígame que es si no es
(whispering)
Cancer.

CESSIE (CONT'D)
Well, then, tell me what it is if
it's not...Cancer.

Berta takes a deep gulp.

BERTA	BERTA
Estoy encinta.	I'm pregnant.

Cessie stares for a beat.

CESSIE	CESSIE
A los treinta años?	At thirty?

They both burst into tears. The Narrator raises up, and the action stops.

NARRATOR
In 1964, thirty was the new eighty.
Berta thinks she's too old to
safely have a baby. Well, that, and
she's a *little* dramatic.

The Narrator sinks back down in the back seat and the crying starts again.

EXT. GARCIA FRONT YARD - NINE MONTHS LATER - DAY

Our Narrator is outside in Texas on a summer day. He now wears typical 1965 shorts and a button up short-sleeved shirt. We follow as he walks through the yard to the driveway. He's sweating.

NARRATOR
It is now June of 1965. It's hot as
hell! Maybe it's cooler inside.

INT. GARCIA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Narrator opens the screen door.

NARRATOR

Nope! All the doors and windows are screened and wide open, awaiting the slightest breeze.

We follow him into the kitchen.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Berta is sitting at the breakfast table, holding a phone receiver attached to the wall. Fancy.

The Narrator walks out of frame.

BERTA

Hace un calor en Texas como el infierno!!

BERTA

It's hot as hell here!!

The voice on the other side of the phone responds. It sounds like a teacher from *A Charlie Brown Thanksgiving*.

BERTA (CONT'D)

Que? No. No voy a decir nada a los niños. Ellos no deben saber de eso.

BERTA (CONT'D)

What? No. I'm not going to say anything to the kids. They shouldn't know anything about that.

The Charlie Brown teacher voice responds.

BERTA (CONT'D)

No. No se han dado cuenta. Okay. Nos vemos, miya.

BERTA (CONT'D)

No. They haven't noticed. Okay. See you later, girl.

She hangs up just as she does her daughter, EMMA GARCIA (13), ENTERS the kitchen.

The Narrator comes back into frame.

NARRATOR

This is Emma Garcia. She's the eldest of the Garcia children at thirteen and is the undisputed leader.

The Narrator steps out.

As she heads for the fridge...

EMMA

Can I go over to Christina's house? We're going to watch Shindig on her twenty-inch TV.

BERTA
Twenty-inch?! Show offs. Take your brothers.

EMMA
But--

As if on cue, in walks VICTOR GARCIA (9 1/2).

The Narrator saunters in again.

NARRATOR
This is Victor Garcia the more energetic of the twin boys. By "energetic", I mean he can't stay still. The twins are 9 1/2.

The Narrator skips out.

VICTOR
Mom. Mom. Mom.

BERTA
Van a la casa de Christina con su hermana.

BERTA
You're going to Christina's with your sister.

VICTOR
But we're going to play baseball at the school with some friends.

Emma sees her chance.

EMMA
Oh, then I'll go change so I can play baseball.

BERTA
Que cosa?!

BERTA
No daughter of mine is going to be seen playing baseball. People will think you're a loose woman.

VICTOR
Please, Mommy, can we go play baseball.

Berta looks at her daughter. She's been played.

BERTA
Yes, mijo, go play baseball.
(to Emma, sharper)
Home before dark.

Emma shrugs her shoulders.

VICTOR
What time should we come home?

BERTA
Whenever. You're boys.

JUNIOR GARCIA (9 1/2), the other twin, saunters in slowly.
Narrator in.

NARRATOR
I knew he'd saunter in at some point. Technically this is Vicente Garcia, Junior, but they just call him "Junior". He has no problem being still. The twins act, look, and behave nothing alike, but it works.

Narrator out.

JUNIOR
Can we go play baseball?

Victor sprints by.

VICTOR
Yes. Already got our stuff.

And he's out the door.

JUNIOR
Wait for me.

Junior lumbers out of the kitchen.

Emma has been at the open fridge the whole time.

BERTA	BERTA
No te quedes en frente de la nevera abierta por tanto tiempo! Te va dar catarro y te morirás!	Don't stand so long in front of the refrigerator! You'll catch a cold and die!

Emma grabs a peach and closes the door. A pill bottle falls from the top of the fridge. Emma picks it up and reads it.

EMMA
Pre-natal vitamins? Aren't those for pregnant women.

The Narrator walks through.

NARRATOR

Uh-oh.

Narrator out.

Berta is not pleased.

BERTA

Para quien?

BERTA

For whom?

EMMA

Pregnant women?

BERTA

Nadie es...esa palabra.

BERTA (CONT'D)

Nobody is...that word.

EMMA

Then why do we have pre-natal
vitamins?

Berta stands up from the table OBVIOUSLY pregnant. You could tell she was pregnant from space.

Narrator in.

NARRATOR

Nobody pregnant here.

Narrator out.

BERTA

(through pursed lips)
Nadie está encinta. Dámelos.

BERTA

Nobody is pregnant. Give them
to me.

Emma starts to squirm, but gently hands the bottle to her mother.

EMMA

I'll be at Christina's.

Emma EXITS.

BERTA

(yelling after her)
Que cosa!

BERTA

Be back before dark or people
will think you're a loose
woman.

Berta shakes her head, looks at the bottle, sighs, and turns around. Junior is standing right in front of her. She startles.

JUNIOR
You're pretty, mom.

He lumbers off.

Berta turns to a picture on the wall of a man in uniform.

BERTA
Hay, Vítin. Siete meses mas en
Vietnam.
(she sighs, then)
Perro afortunado.

BERTA (CONT'D)
Oh, Vítin. Seven more months in
Vietnam. Lucky Dog.

INT. CHRISTINA'S ROOM - LATER

Another frozen scene with Emma and her friends CHRISTINA (13)
and VALERIE (13).

The Narrator comes into scene dressed like a Beatle.

NARRATOR
This is a teenager's bedroom in the
sixties. This ancient artifact is a
hi-fi record player and these
plastic things are records. Forty-
fives to be exact. This was a
staple for any teenager worth their
while. Friendship in the military,
like everything else, is temporary
and therefore intense. You're best
friends forever, until your dad
gets his next orders.

The girls listen to music on the hi-fi.

EMMA
I think my mom's pregnant.

Christina scratches the needle across the record; the music
stops.

CHRISTINA
What makes you think that?

EMMA
She cries all the time, she's
taking pre-natal vitamins, and look
at her.

Emma opens a drape to a window to REVEAL: Berta very slowly waddling down her driveway.

CHRISTINA

May-be.

VALERIE

I don't know why anyone would want to bring a child into this world.

EMMA

Because of the assassinations?

CHRISTINA

Civil unrest?

EMMA

Vietnam?

VALERIE

No, because of how they're made.

EMMA

What do you mean?

CHRISTINA

You don't know?

Emma is intrigued as Christina holds court.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Well, a man and a woman put their tongues in each other's mouths and nine months later a baby is born. That's why my mom told me I can never kiss a boy until I'm married.

EMMA

Ew, I would never let a boy stick his tongue in my mouth. Gross.

CHRISTINA

Not even John, Paul, George, or Ringo?

EMMA

No!

(she ponders)

Maybe Marvin Gaye.

Christina and Valerie, both white, are shocked that Emma said she'd kiss a Black guy.

CHRISTINA
Emma!? You're so wild!

Emma shrugs her shoulders.

VALERIE
Wait a minute, I let Jimmy Roseman
stick his tongue in my mouth and
I'm not pregnant.

Valerie is very impressed with herself. They all giggle and make noises of glee and revulsion. It's Valerie's turn to hold court.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
I heard that the man takes his
"thing"...

She looks down.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
And puts it in...

Emma and Christina's eyes widen with anticipation.

The Beatle Narrator enters.

NARRATOR
We now interrupt this sex talk for
some baseball.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - SAME TIME

The Garcia boys play baseball. Victor connects with ball...THWACK! He does color commentary while playing.

VICTOR
...And he swings! It's a double.
Roberto Clemente rounds first base.
He heads for second and slides
barely ducking the tag.

Nobody is even near second base. Junior comes up to bat.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Comin' up to bat is *the* Junior
Garcia...

The kid playing CATCHER (10) tries to rattle Junior.

CATCHER

Hey, I hear your mom's pregnant.

JUNIOR

I don't know what that means.

The pitch comes in. Junior knocks it out of the park. He runs to first base eagerly. Victor speeds around the bases.

VICTOR

The crowd goes wild as Junior Garcia hits it out of the park. Roberto Clemente rounds the bases...

Victor unnecessarily slides into home.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Sliding into home base and the Pirates win the pennant!!!!

BACK TO:

INT. CHRISTINA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The girls are silent. Emma and Christina look stunned as Valerie sits back triumphant.

CHRISTINA

In the mouth?

EMMA

I guess that's why the stomach gets big?

The still Beatle-clad Narrator steps in.

NARRATOR

Oops. Brought you back to soon.

Narrator out.

CHRISTINA

I refuse to believe my parents did that.

VALERIE

I know. Mine did it at least three times.

EMMA

Wow, Christina, that means your parents did it eight times.

Suddenly, CHRISTINA'S MOM (40) opens the door.

CHRISTINA'S MOM
Okay, girls, it's almost dinner
time.

The girls just sit there, looking at Christina's Mom in wonder and dismay.

After a couple of beats.

CHRISTINA'S MOM (CONT'D)
You're welcome to stay. We're
having cucumber salad.

She holds up the cucumber. Emma and Valerie quickly get up.

EMMA/VALERIE
Bye Christina!/No, thank you.

They're out of there, leaving Christina looking at her mom.

INT. GARCIA LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The whole family sits in the living room watching "Bonanza".

Narrator in dressed like a salesman.

NARRATOR
This is another staple of the
sixties household: a console
television. There were only three
stations and they all went off the
air around midnight with the
National Anthem and didn't come
back until around five A.M. the
next day. And you had to wait a
whole week to see the next episode
of your favorite show. Wonderfully
barbaric, isn't it?

Narrator out.

Victor and Junior sit in front of the TV. Victor rocks back and forth with energy while watching intently. Junior lays on his stomach, docile. Berta sits in the female version of the recliner, which is next to the empty male version. Emma lounges on the couch.

Little Joe comes up on the screen and Emma slightly smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BONANZA BARN - EMMA'S IMAGINATION - DAY

We are in the TV with Little Joe. Emma enters the scene dressed in Old West garb.

LITTLE JOE

Emma, what are you doing here? I haven't told my father yet.

EMMA

You must tell him that you are marrying me.

LITTLE JOE

There's nothing more that I want. I can't wait until we're married and I can put my "thing" in your mouth and have children.

Emma hesitates.

EMMA

Uhhhh...

(she cups her ear)

What was that? I think my barn's on fire. See ya!

Emma hightails it out of "Bonanza".

DISSOLVE BACK:

INT. GARCIA LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma's face is filled with horror. She turns her head slowly to look at her mom's belly. She tracks up to her face. Emma jolts to see that her mom is staring back at her. She returns her gaze to "Bonanza".

INT. BASE COMMISSARY - DAY

Berta goes grocery shopping with her friend Cessie.

BERTA

Ay, Cessie, no puedo esperar para tener este bebé. Me duelen mis pies. Me duele mi espalda...voy a perderlo de todos modos porque soy vieja.

BERTA

Oh, Cessie, I can't wait until this baby comes out. My feet hurt. My back hurts...I'm going to lose the baby anyway because I'm so old.

CESSIE
(un-fazed)
Cinco centavos por un
tomate?! Todo está tan caro!

CESSIE
Five cents for a tomato?!
Everything is so expensive!

BERTA
Yo voy a perder este bebe y
hablas de tomates?!

BERTA
I'm going to lose a baby and
you're worried about
tomatoes?!

CESSIE
Lo siento, Berta.

CESSIE
Sorry, Berta.

BERTA
No es nada. Ese precio es
ridículo!

BERTA
It's okay. That price is
outrageous.

Cessie turns around toward Berta revealing that she too is
pregnant.

The Narrator enters the scene dressed as a store clerk.

NARRATOR
Yep. Cessie ended up getting
pregnant about 4 months after
Berta. Looks like another ruined
thirty-year-old life.

CESSIE
Parece que las dos vamos a
perder nos bebés.

CESSIE
I guess we'll be losing
babies together.

NARRATOR
Misery loves company...and cheap
tomatoes.

Store clerk Narrator fades into the background.

BERTA
No puedo creer que Vitín no
vuelve de Vietnam hasta
después de la Navidad.

BERTA
I can't believe Vítin isn't
getting back from Vietnam
until after Christmas.

CESSIE
Es la primera Navidad sin
Luis. Los niños lo estrañan.
Yo lo estraño.

CESSIE
I know. This will be the
first Christmas without Luis.
The kids really miss him. I
miss him.

Cessie begins to well up. Berta puts her hand on Cessie's
shoulder.

BERTA

No te preocupes. Pasaremos el día de Navidad juntos. Los niños van a tener un buen tiempo comiendo, abriendo regalos apenas recordarán sus nombres propios.

BERTA

Don't worry, girl. We'll do Christmas together. The kids will be so happy to eat, open presents, and play, they'll barely remember what their names are.

They share a hug. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL: they are surrounded by white housewives buying their groceries and casting side glances of concern and curiosity.

BERTA (CONT'D)

Ahora, deja de llorar. Me está dando vergüenza al frente de los gringos.

BERTA (CONT'D)

Now, stop crying. You're embarrassing me in front of the white people.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - SAME DAY

CLOSE-UP: on a beehive hanging from a branch, high up in a tree.

Bees fly harmlessly around the hive. Suddenly something big quickly flies past the beehive, barely missing it. The bees get a little agitated. Then another projectile flies by. Again the bees get agitated.

We PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Victor and Emma are taking turns throwing rocks at the beehive.

The Narrator strolls in dressed in full beekeeper regalia.

NARRATOR

This should work out well.

Narrator strolls out.

VICTOR

Ha! You missed! My turn!

EMMA

You missed too. Let Junior try.

They turn around to see Junior walking aimlessly through the tall grass, not doing anything in particular.

VICTOR

Hey, Junior! Bet you can't hit this beehive with this rock.

Junior looks up, shrugs his shoulders, picks up a rock, and throws it from where he's standing, which is quite a bit farther than the other two.

It looks effortless and he doesn't even pay attention to the outcome, immediately gets distracted by nothing in particular.

We follow the rock and...SMACK! It hits the beehive.

Emma and Victor open their mouths in amazement. Their eyes follow the hive down as it lands on a big branch and steadies for a second. Then their eyes follow as it drops again to another branch and steadies for a bit longer.

Victor and Emma sigh in relief. Junior frolics in blissful ignorance.

Then the hive crashes to the ground, splitting open and spitting out a torrent of bees. Emma and Victor run faster than they've ever run in their lives, screaming and nervously laughing along their path.

Junior is oblivious, and luckily not the focus of the bees. He notices his siblings running and screaming. He shrugs and follows them in a care free jog.

Victor and Emma are still hauling butt with a cartoonish cloud of bees following them. Junior is now skipping behind all the action.

They make a sharp turn around a house. Some bees break off, but a good number still pursue. Junior skips and hums.

They turn another corner and run around another house to the back yard. They stop and look back around the corner. The bees appear to have dispersed. They pull their heads back from around the corner of the house to relax but are startled by the presence of Junior next to them behind the house.

EMMA

Wait. Weren't you behind us?

VICTOR

How'd you get here?

JUNIOR

What were you guys running from?

EMMA

Bees, dum dum!

JUNIOR

Nuh-uh! Where?

Emma and Victor point around the corner.

Junior walks over to the corner of the house and looks around. We see the back of his head.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Liars! I don't see any bees.

Junior's head comes back to face his siblings. There's a huge bee on his eyelid.

Emma and Victor inhale to scream..

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GARCIA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The Garcia living room is quiet and pristine. We see the front door open with the screen door shut and the sun still shining outside.

Suddenly we hear a faint siren. Getting louder, it becomes clear that it's a scream.

The screen door swings open and Junior runs in screaming bloody murder, followed quickly by two other screamers.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. GARCIA HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Our focus is from Junior's POV, who looks at Emma and Victor as they "attend" to him.

EMMA
I can't even tell.

VICTOR
Only if I squint.

Junior turns to a mirror revealing an almost completely shut right eye. He whimpers, and Emma grabs him by the collar.

EMMA
When she gets back you're not going to say anything. You got that!!
KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!

VICTOR
You think she's not going to notice?

JUNIOR
She's seen my eyes before.

Emma lets Junior go and begins to accept her fate.

EMMA

You're right. I guess I'll get sent
to a home for wayward girls.
Goodbye, my brothers.

Victor and Junior begin to tear up. Junior in one eye.

VICTOR

No. Maybe we can use makeup?

JUNIOR

I could run away and never come
back.

Emma plays up the drama.

EMMA

No, no. I'd get blamed for that
too. Only a miracle can save me
now.

EXT. BASE COMMISSARY - SAME TIME

Cessie and Berta banter their way to the car with their groceries. Cessie opens the trunk, puts her groceries in, and heads for the drivers seat. Berta finishes putting her groceries in, slams the trunk and we...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. BASE COMMISSARY - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE-UP: a puddle collects under Berta. Her water has broken.

ANGLE ON: Berta's face.

BERTA

Se hodió la bicicleta.

BERTA

Fuck.

INT. GARCIA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - HOURS LATER

A clock ticks in the distance. A sense of doom permeates the air in the otherwise silent living room. Victor rocks back and forth, soothing himself. Junior sits with a bag of ice haphazardly strapped to his eye. Emma awaits her fate like a 1965 Joan of Arc.

A car pulls up in the driveway. The boys begin to whimper. Emma stands at attention. She might as well have a blindfold and a last cigarette dangling from her mouth.

The screen door opens. Emma closes her eyes. Cessie enters. Notices the quiet.

CESSIE
Dios mio, ustedes son tan
educado.

CESSIE
Wow, you're so well behaved.

The children stare in amazement. Where's their mom?

CESSIE (CONT'D)
Su mama está en el hospital
teniendo un...

CESSIE (CONT'D)
Your mother is in the
hospital having a...

Should she say "having a baby"? Probably not.

CESSIE (CONT'D)
...Uh, algo removido. Se van
a quedar conmigo esta noche
hasta que ella vuelva a la
casa.

CESSIE (CONT'D)
...Having something
"removed". You're going to
stay with me tonight until
she can come back home.

EMMA
(under her breath)
It's a miracle.

Cessie thinks Emma is talking about birth.

CESSIE
Si. Un milagro. Especialmente
a la edad de treinta.

CESSIE
Yes. It is a miracle.
Especially at the old age of
thirty.

EMMA
(to the brothers)
Let's go pack some things.

They get up and nonchalantly head for their bedrooms.

CESSIE
(re: Junior's eye)
Esperate. Dios mio! Que
paso?!

CESSIE
Wait a minute. My God! What
happened?!

Damn. They were almost out of there. Emma prepares to admit guilt.

JUNIOR
A bee got in the house and stung
me.

VICTOR
It swoll(sic) up really big and
Emma put ice on it.

They wait for the reaction.

CESSIE	CESSIE
Pues, tienen mucha suerte de	Well, You are lucky to have
tener una hermana tan	such an intelligent sister.
inteligente. Deben darle las	You ought to thank her.
gracias.	

VICTOR/JUNIOR
Thank you./Thank you.

Emma looks at her brothers with gratitude for covering for her.

EMMA
You're welcome.

They head back to the bedrooms.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. GARCIA HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - FIVE MONTHS LATER - DAY

POV: BABY. We see the entire family's smiling faces staring down directly at camera making silly sounds.

The scene freezes. The Narrator's head joins them. He's wearing an adult version of what the baby's wearing.

NARRATOR
Who's that adorable baby??!! He's
so verbal for five months. Sounds
like he's going to grow up and be
an incredible narrator, named
Martin.

The Narrator smiles broadly as his head exits frame. The action starts again.

ANGLE ON: MARTIN GARCIA, looking up, intrigued, confused, perhaps entertained.

Everybody continues entertaining the Martin.

BERTA
Okay. Okay. Déjalo quieto. Go play
outside.

That's all Victor needs. He EXITS. Everyone starts walking toward the living room.

JUNIOR
Can I hold him?

BERTA
Later. Go outside. I have things to do.

Junior EXITS.

EMMA
I'm going to the D.Y.A. with Christina.

BERTA
Bueno. Be back a las seis. We have to put up the new Christmas tree I bought.

EMMA
Okay.

Emma EXITS.

BERTA
Ponganse sus COATS!

Berta picks up the baby and heads toward the kitchen through the now empty living room. She stops at the photo of Vítin on the wall, shows the baby the picture.

BERTA (CONT'D)
Mira! Ese es su papá. Can you say "papá"?

She looks at the picture.

BERTA (CONT'D)
Mira, Martincito. Say "hi" to Daddy.

The baby Narrator smiles obliviously, as babies do.

FADE TO:

INT. GARCIA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

A hand lowers a HI-FI Stylus onto a spinning record.

BEGIN MONTAGE: SONG - "SI NO ME DAN DE BEBER...LLORO" plays throughout.

-BERTA AND THE KIDS OPEN THEIR NEW CHRISTMAS TREE BOX

-THEY START PUTTING UP THE TREE, WHICH IS A SILVER ALUMINUM TREE

-THE CHRISTMAS TREE IS UP WITH PRESENTS UNDERNEATH AND BERTA DANCES WITH BABY MARTIN IN HER ARMS, WHILE THE OTHER KIDS DANCE TOGETHER

-DAYS LATER, THE GARCIA AND RIOS KIDS ADMIRE THE PRESENTS UNDER THE TREE. AN ELECTRIC LIGHT WITH A GLASS WHEEL OF COLORS OVER IT SLOWLY SPINS, GIVING THE CHRISTMAS TREE HUES OF THE HOLIDAYS.

-CESSIE AND BERTA ARE IN KITCHEN COOKING

-THE KITCHEN TABLE IS PACKED WITH FOOD FOR A CROWDED HOUSE OF THE GARCIA AND RIOS FAMILIES.

END MONTAGE.

INT. GARCIA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Salsa Christmas music plays quietly in the background. The kids sit in front of the TV, watching another holiday special. Victor rocks back and forth as usual. Everyone has a plate of food to eat.

BERTA

Feliz Noche Buena, everyone!

Everyone shares cheer for Noche Buena (Christmas Eve).

A baby starts to cry in the distance.

CESSIE

Parece que Edwin quiere decir
Feliz Noche Buena también.

CESSIE

Sounds like Edwin wants to
say Happy Christmas Eve, too.

Cessie gets up to attend to her new born baby, Edwin.

BERTA

Necesita ayuda, hija?

BERTA

Do you need help?

CESSIE

Sí. Se me olvidó mi polvo.
Tiene?

CESSIE

I forgot my powder. Do you
have any?

BERTA

Seguro que sí.

BERTA

Of course.

Berta picks up Baby Martin and heads for the master bedroom with Cessie.

INT. GARCIA HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cessie takes Edwin out of a small bassinet and puts him down on the bed to change his diaper. Berta walks in with powder and lays Baby Martin down next to Edwin.

<p>BERTA</p> <p>Toma.</p> <p>(then)</p> <p>Mira, los dos amiguitos.</p>	<p>BERTA</p> <p>Here you go.</p> <p>(then)</p> <p>Look at the little pals.</p>
---	--

<p>CESSIE</p> <p>Van a jugar en el mismatch equipo de pelota.</p>	<p>CESSIE</p> <p>They're going to play on the same baseball team.</p>
---	---

They look down at the two children.

<p>BERTA</p> <p>Estoy contento que estan saludables, y, por supuesto, tan chulos.</p>	<p>BERTA</p> <p>I'm happy they are healthy, and, of course, so cute.</p>
---	--

<p>CESSIE</p> <p>Gracias, Berta. No se que hubiera hecho sin ti.</p>	<p>CESSIE</p> <p>Thank you, Berta. I don't know what I would have done without you.</p>
--	---

Cessie pulls a small package from her diaper bag and hands it to Berta.

<p>BERTA</p> <p>Me siento igual, hija.</p>	<p>BERTA</p> <p>I feel the same way.</p>
--	--

Berta pulls out a package from her dresser and hands it to Cessie.

They both open their gifts to reveal they have gotten each other the same Avon perfume, Mist of Roses. They look at each other and laugh. Then a voice startles them...

JUNIOR

Hey! Do we get to open presents?

<p>BERTA</p> <p>(smiling)</p> <p>Que haces aquí? Sinverguenza.</p>	<p>BERTA</p> <p>(smiling)</p> <p>What're you doing in here? Shameless.</p>
--	--

A beat.

BERTA (CONT'D)

Okay, just one.

Junior races back to the living room.

INT. GARCIA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JUNIOR

We can open one present each!

The kids attack the aluminum tree like it's candy.

FADE TO:

INT. GARCIA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Christmas wrapping paper litters the living room. The kids all play with their toys. Berta and Cessie are in the kitchen cleaning up after dinner. A version of "Silent Night" plays in the background.

Suddenly, headlights beam through the window pane as a car pulls up in the driveway.

Emma gets up, pulls up a blind...

EXT. GARCIA DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A military sedan has pulled into the driveway, and two soldiers in full dress exit the vehicle and start toward the Garcia front door.

EMMA

MOM!

Berta enters the living room.

BERTA

Porqué estás gritando,
chica!?

BERTA

Why are you screaming!?

Emma looks at her mother. A knock at the door.

Cessie enters from the kitchen. Berta looks back to Cessie, eyes starting to water.

Deafening silence as Cessie puts her hand on Berta's shoulder and walks with her to the door. The door opens almost on it's own, revealing the two soldiers.

Berta takes a deep breath. The Garcia kids, minus Baby Martin, come up next to their mom's side. Sound comes crashing back.

SOLDIER 1

Good evening, m'am. May we come in?

Berta takes in an even bigger breath.

BERTA
Yes. Of course.

She lets them in and they all migrate to the living room.

SOLDIER 1
Could you please have a seat, m'am?

Berta inhales deeply and sits. Cessie sits down next to her, comforting her.

SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)
Am I speaking to Mrs.--Cecelia
Rios? Wife of Seargent Luis Rios-
Rosario?

Berta exhales with relief, but only for a small moment. She turns toward a blindsided Cessie who lets out a small sound of shock and begins to sob. Berta, also now crying, grabs Cessie and cradles her head against her shoulder.

SOLDIER 2
The Secretary of the Army would
like to extend his deepest regrets
to you and your family...

The scene goes silent with only "Silent Night" playing in the background. All the children in the room cry. The Garcia children for what could have been and the Rios children for what is.

We see the Christmas tree surrounded by wrapping paper and toys and focus in on a bunch of green toy soldiers, all standing, except for one.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. GARCIA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER

The front door opens and Berta and the children enter the house, all dressed up, in black suits and dresses. Junior strains to carry Baby Martin, who's becoming a Butterball of a baby, and sets him down in a playpen.

BERTA
Quítanse sus good clothes.

The kids rush to their bedrooms. They've been waiting to get these things off.

BERTA (CONT'D)
 AND hang them up!
 (to herself)
 Virgen Santísima.

She crosses herself and sits down, putting her hand to her forehead and closing her eyes.

The kids enter to see that their mom is a little distressed.

EMMA
 Mom? Do you need us to do anything?

VICTOR
 Wanna come watch us play baseball?

No answer.

JUNIOR
 Or we could stay here and--stay
 here.

Berta smiles.

	BERTA		BERTA
No. Vete.		No. Go.	

Just then, Baby Martin, holding himself up to standing in the play pen, makes a sound.

BABY MARTIN
 Dada.

Everyone stares at him. He seems to like it.

BABY MARTIN (CONT'D)
 (smiling and slobbering)
 Dada. Dada. Dada.

Everybody starts crying and laughing.

The Narrator comes in, again dressed similarly to Martin.

NARRATOR
 My timing was impeccable even then.
 What? Oh, not this time? Okay.

Narrator Martin exits. "Turn, Turn, Turn" by The Byrds starts to play and continues under the scene.

BERTA
 Okay. Shows over. Vete p'afuera!

VICTOR
I'm going--

BERTA
--to play baseball. I know.

EMMA
Can I...?

BERTA
Yes. Christina's.

JUNIOR
I'm...

BERTA
Baseball! I know.

The kids head out. Berta picks up Baby Martin, who's still saying "Dada".

BERTA (CONT'D)
What about Mama? Can you say
"mama"?

BABY MARTIN
Dada.

BERTA
Y que soy yo? Chopped liver?

She heads for the kitchen. The Narrator comes in.

NARRATOR
Wait. Something's still missing.
Have you checked the mail?

The Narrator Martin exits.

Berta stops and opens the front screen to get the mail. Just one envelope.

INSERT: The return address reads, "Vicente Garcia".

It is from Vitín. She opens the letter and reads.

INSERT: "VENGO PATRAS JANUARY 10, 1966, SI DIOS QUIERE" (I'M COMING BACK JANUARY 10, 1966, GOD WILLING)

Berta smiles, breathes a sigh of relief, and returns into the house excitedly talking to Martin.

EXT. GARCIA DRIVEWAY - JANUARY 10, 1966 - DAY

The Garcia family, minus Baby Martin, waits in an orderly fashion in their driveway. Finally, a car pulls up. VICENTE "VITÍN" GARCIA (34), the patriarch of the family, exits the passenger side of the car.

He stands for a moment, then Berta quickly walks up to him and hugs him tastefully, even though you can tell she's very excited. They walk arm-in-arm to the kids. He sternly observes them, then smiles and hugs them. They all walk him into the house.

INT. GARCIA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As they enter, Baby Martin looks toward the door from his playpen, dressed rather snappily for his first meeting with his father. Baby Martin stares at his dad for a moment, and Vitín meets his gaze.

The Narrator saunters in dressed like the baby.

NARRATOR

There he is. Now we can really get things started.

The Narrator stays behind the playpen. Baby Martin, then lets out an excited squeal and smiles. Vitín goes to his son he's never seen, grabs him, and hugs him.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Love at first sight.

EXT. AIRPORT - A FEW WEEKS LATER - DAY

An almost Jurassic Chevy Impala pulls up to the curb at an airport. Vitín exits the drivers side, heads for the trunk.

Cessie and her children exit the back seat. Berta exits the passenger side, but not without an epic struggle with the seat belt.

BERTA

Por qué tienen estas estúpidas correas??!! Que hodienda!

BERTA

Why do they have these stupid straps??!! Fucking annoying!

Berta's struggle with the seat belt makes Cessie giggle, which then makes Berta giggle. A short respite from real life. As Vitín unloads luggage from the trunk. The seriousness hits the two friends.

BERTA (CONT'D)
Tengo tu número de teléfono y
la dirección de tu primo.

BERTA (CONT'D)
I have your phone number and
your cousin's address.

Cessie is not the same energetic, happy person she was.

CESSIE
Avísame cuando sepan su
dirección en Alemania.

CESSIE
And let me know when you know
where your address in
Germany.

BERTA
Seguro que sí. Que dios te
bendiga, hija.

BERTA
Of course. God bless you.

Berta grabs Cessie and embraces her like she's never going to let go.

BERTA (CONT'D)
Gracias por todo. Todo va
estar bien.

BERTA (CONT'D)
Thank you for everything.
Everything is going to be
fine.

CESSIE
Hasta el próximo.

CESSIE
Until the next time.

Vitín approaches.

VITÍN
Cessie, tengo algo para ti.

VITÍN
Cessie, I have something for
you.

He gives her an envelope. In it is some money and a letter.

CESSIE
No puedo aceptar este.

CESSIE
I can't accept this.

VITÍN
Por qué no? Es suyo. Luis lo
mandó conmigo.

VITÍN
Why not? It's yours. Luis
sent it with me.

CESSIE
(holding back tears)
Bueno.

CESSIE
Okay.

Cessie hugs Vitín. Hugs all around. Cessie and her children enter the airport, heavy laden with their luggage. Berta cries as she and Vitín head back toward car.

The Narrator Martin passes by in pilot's uniform.

NARRATOR

I told you. Temporary and intense.
And what a great car. Five miles to
the gallon.

INT. JURASSIC CHEVY IMPALA - CONTINUOUS

Vitín and Berta enter their car.

BERTA

Ay, que triste. Siempre
estamos diciendo adiós a
nuestros amigos. Cuanto
dinero le diste a ella?

BERTA

Oh, how sad. We are always
saying goodbye to our
friends. How much did you
give her?

VITÍN

Como...dos cientos.

VITÍN

Like...two hundred.

BERTA

(shocked)
Dos cientos??!! Somos
millonarios??

BERTA

Two hundred??!! Are we
millionaires??

VITÍN

Sí. Llámame Rockefeller.

VITÍN

Yes. Call me Rockefeller.

They pull out from the curb and head home.

INT. GARCIA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - WEEKS LATER - DAY

"Leaving on a Jet Plane" by Peter, Paul, and Mary underscores
this scene.

The living room is empty.

CUT TO:

INT. GARCIA HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

The kitchen is empty.

CUT TO:

INT. GARCIA HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME TIME

The master bedroom is empty.

CUT TO:

INT. GARCIA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens. Vitín sticks his head in.

VITÍN
Vamos! Let's go!

Berta hurriedly walks out the twins, and Emma follows, carrying Baby Martin.

JUNIOR
(to Baby Martin)
We're going to fly in a plane again.

VICTOR
Over the ocean!

Berta doesn't like flying.

BERTA
(genuflecting)
Si dios quiere!

BERTA
God willing!

EMMA
It'll be his first time seeing snow.

They exit the house.

EXT. GARCIA DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

They hug and say goodbye to Christina, Valerie, and their baseball friends and eventually make it into the car.

The Jurassic Chevy Impala pulls out from the driveway. The friends stay, waving.

The Narrator comes into frame in the driveway in snazzy sixties-style suit.

NARRATOR
See? Life goes on...and the adventure is just beginning. For me. Are you ready, Germany? Here I come!

He smiles at the camera, then turns to wave goodbye in the direction of the car. It stalls. Peter, Paul, and Mary stops.

The Narrator awkwardly turns to face the camera.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

After a couple of stops or something. I don't know. I'm not in charge. But...I'm pretty sure I have poop in my diaper.

A collective "EW!" issues from the car. Neighbors and friends disperse.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Yep. I thought so.

The car starts up again.

"Over and Over" by The Dave Clark Five starts and the Impala drives out of sight.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Sorry, everybody.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW