



YA TU SABES!

MONOLOGUE

Slam!

2021 MONOLOGUE BOOKLET

PRESENTED BY





ACTORS SELF-TAPE SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Nosotros is currently seeking self-tape submissions (**5 minute max**) for our upcoming 3rd Annual Ya Tu Sabes Monologue Slam presented by NBC. To audition, please select up to two monologues from our list of original monologues located in this document. All Latinx actors (including gender fluid, non-confirming, and people with disabilities) are encouraged to submit.

Please read the following guidelines below **carefully** to ensure that your monologue meets the requirements and will be reviewed by our Celebrity Selection Council:

1. Make sure your FilmFreeway profile includes your 2 headshots and a short bio.

If selected, your information will be included in a public announcement via our social media, newsletters, various studio/network platforms, our electronic press kit, and our event program.

2. You may choose up to 2 monologues to self-tape from the list of top 24 monologues included in this document.

Please select the monologue(s) that you best identify with or are appropriate for you.

3. Please be off-book but you may hold your printed monologues just in case they are needed.

4. Performances should express a clear sense of Character, Setting, and Incident.

Who is your character?
Where is your character at?
What situation is your character in?
What is your character's goal?

5. Include a slate at the beginning of your audition.

Make sure to tell us your name, what city you are based in and the title(s) of the monologue(s) you will be reading.

6. Your slate and up to two monologues should all be edited into one video file.

Please label your self-tape as follows: First and Last Name_City_Ya Tu Sabes (Example: Jane Torres_LA_Ya Tu Sabes)
Submissions should not exceed a total of 5 mins.



ACTORS SELF-TAPE SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

- Use a tripod to secure your phone or camera so you have a steady shot.
- Make sure to record your video audition horizontally and not vertically.
- Frame yourself in a medium shot. The bottom of the image should hit around your chest and make sure to leave a little bit of space above your head.
- Please have good lighting (ring light, filming lights, natural lighting, etc.). We want to be able to see you clearly.
- Be sure your sound is working and that we can hear you clearly.
- Please keep your wardrobe simple, but make sure it hints at something your character might wear. If the script calls for a specific wardrobe, do your best to wear something as close to it as possible.
- Feel free to either sit or stand for your audition. It all depends on what the scene calls for.

SUBMISSION DEADLINE:

July 30th 2021

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NOSOTROS 3RD ANNUAL
YA TU SABES!
MONOLOGUE *Slam!*

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ABUELA'S DALIAS

INT. JOSE'S LIVINGROOM. NIGHT

The living room of JOSE has become the hosting place of Abuela's funeral. Jose wears all black and sits still. Jose looks at his little daughter, Rebeca, who sits next to him and cries silently. Jose looks around and points at a beautiful flower that rests in front of the livingroom window.

JOSE

You see those flowers? They're Dalias. A Mexican flower. Abuela's favorite flower. You know...Abuela loved Dalia's so much that when we moved to the U.S. she brought some seeds from Mexico with her. When we arrived to this house, she would plant new seeds every morning. Everyone told her she was crazy. Tio Kike told her, "It's not an American flower Mamá, it's not gonna grow in gringolandia...It needs Mexico". Abuela looked Tio Kike in the eye and said "Well if this pinche flower needs México, I'm gonna give it Mexico". So every morning she would sing to the Dalia seeds. She would play them Jose Alfredo Jimenez, Chavela Vargas. She would read them the poetry of Octavio Paz and pray to the Virgen de Guadalupe. She repainted every wall in this house so it would feel more like México. But still, the Dalia's wouldn't grow. Eventually Abuela gave up.

A beat

The next couple of weeks Abuela cried every night. People would tell her "Abuela, it's just a flower, let it go".

(MORE)

ABUELA'S DALIAS

JOSE (CONT'D)

But what people didn't understand was that Abuela WAS that flower - away from her motherland - unable to live in a new place.

A beat

A year passed and on the 4th of March, you were born. When we brought you to the house, everyone was here, Tios, Amigos, todos. Everyone was so excited to welcome you to the family. "The first American in La Familia, La Gringa!" That night Abuela wore a beautiful Mexican dress. She did her hair and makeup. She made Mole Poblano with Arroz Rojo. She wanted Mexican food to be the first food you ever tried. I remember when she saw you for the first time, she became nervous. You were her first "American" granddaughter. She held you and her eyes regained a light that they had lost. She didn't let you out of her arms all night. She kissed you and prayed for you. The next morning I woke up early and came downstairs, and I saw her next to THAT same window. She called me and said "Look Mijo, La Flor ya Viene". And sure enough, there was a baby Dalia growing.... She held my hand and said "I had forgotten. Mexico means family. As long as we have family, no matter what happens, no matter where we go, no matter where we end up, we will always be fine".

A beat. With tears in his eyes, Jose holds his daughter's hand

Baby I know the next couple weeks are gonna suck. But trust me when I tell you. We will be fine.

ADHD-DAD SAYS I LOVE YOU

INT. DAY – PADRE'S HOME OFFICE

Padre's difficulty with validating emotions has gone unacknowledged too far, he tries to console his trans child.

PADRE

Mira miya, uh- ah, digo... shit. Ya sabes, Emma lo que quiero decir; entonces por favor no empiezes. NO me alces la voz! To put this in a language you might better understand, we're on the same team... okay? And no, you're not a sin.

I'd always done my best to provide a brighter future for my kids like your abuelo tried, and although he was never perfect, there's a lot I hope you can learn from our ways, y pues the errors of our ways. *Yo quiero que crezcas a ser más hombre que cualquiera de nosotros dos*; and I somehow knew you always would.

In this exchange, Padre is learning to look directly at their son and see them as they are.

Mari, uh Martin; I think it's time we lay this out. Sabes, your grandfather was always so bad at the dad stuff, sabia ponernos una chinga but he wasn't ever an "I love you" type-of-dad; "I'm proud" type-of-dad... but he did have this look he'd give you, no words, just a stare...

PADRE tries giving the stare until reaching discomfort.

Look, I don't really know any other way than to say I'm sorry than with the fast food of your choice... so uh, tell me what spicy chicken sandwich you're craving and uhh....

(MORE)

ADHD-DAD SAYS I LOVE YOU

Padre shakes their head and the angst grow until the truth comes out. Padre slows down his breathing

PADRE (CONT'D)

I uh, I'm... I am still processing not having your *abuelo* around, you know? Sometimes, I even miss the beatings, you know?

Ese ruco, he was a bad duude. No no like that!-well, kinda? No, EYY! You watch your mouth, o si te doy en el ósico-

Padre catches themselves cocking back a threatening backhand in the air. Tries to laugh off their old ways.

Shit, sorry. Haha, wow, here I am apologizing for saying everything 'xcept saying sorry. I guess it's like your *abuelo* didn't really have to say sorry, su palabra es la ley. You know? And that's how I've tried to run this household... but uhh, I'm realizing with everything going on: uh, our Republican congress and our Republican Senate... My laws can't keep you safe from the laws out there. Mija uh, mijo? Mije?? Look, Este mundo- like you say, "*The White Supremacist, Capitalist Patriarchy*-" *siempre va querer que te escondas*. And Martin, even if I don't get it or agree... I understand why you have to do what you have to do. Be the person none of us could ever imagine.

Even a machista like your *abuelo* -after he'd do a round on your *nachas* for calling him out on his BS- He woulda been proud of the way you stand up to "The Man," by just your being you.

An organic look of awe rests on Padre's face.
I, I love you, son.

CUT TO: BLACK

BATTLE OF THE BANDS

INT. COFFEEHOUSE - NIGHT

A Chicano man, early 60s, dressed fashionably, stands at an open mic, shuffles through some papers, and begins to speak.

CHICANO MALE

"BATTLE OF THE BANDS!" the day-glo telephone pole posters read. "June 25th, 1970. Rivera Park." I loved those Sunday days in the park. All the Moms in orange-juice can curls, bringing out potato salad and pan dulce in Tupperware. Dads talking 'bout fights at the Olympic. Older brothers home from Viet Nam, and us kids in endless games of freeze tag. But lately, it wasn't the days of play I longed for, it was the cool air of dusk. That's when the candy-colored metalflake Ford Galaxies would float in from Whittier Blvd, carrying pachucos in buttoned-up Banlons, cigarette thin. They were followed by gold Skylark barges driven by pachucas in tall black Aqua-net beehives and Cleopatra mascara, giggling at secret jokes. They joined the boys amidst darkening trees. From the stage bands covered "Spill the Wine" and "Oye Como Va." Ruben, my neighbor, had once put his naked brown 15 year old arm around my 12 year old shoulders to show me the Santana album cover, an inky drawing of a lion's face. "It's all hidden pictures. See if you can find the naked lady?" I found her quickly, but I pretended I didn't, because the weight of Ruben's muscled arms felt good to me, important. I wanted to know if there was a naked man too, but I didn't dare ask. Ruben lifted his arm and told me that his gang, the Junior Lords of Pico Rivera, were going to have a "jump-in", the same Sunday as the band contest. "You should do it. We could be 'manos.'" In a jump-in, they initiated you by pushing you into a circle and everybody beat you to see if you could last three minutes. "It'll toughen you up, make you a man."

(MORE)

BATTLE OF THE BANDS

CHICANO MALE (CONT'D)

Soon it was Sunday night. Usually the bands wore tuxes, had names like Thee Nitedreamers. The kind that played to the end of wedding dances, when the crepe paper streamers were falling down. But this band on stage were young Mexicans in striped flares and vests with no shirts. Something in me felt drawn to the stage, the notes of "Black Magic Woman" like a spell. My Mom called after me, but I went closer; the guitarist had stripped to his bare chest, Fender at his groin. I never seen anything like it, and I stood there staring so long at first I didn't notice the pachuco with his arm around his heina looking at me, shaking his head in disgust. "Maricon." I looked away, and that's when I could see, beyond the stage, the jump-in had begun, exactly what I hoped to avoid. But not now. I bolted, I ran toward the darkness, I ran towards the thudding body blows, I ran past Ruben, I ran right into the middle of the circle. I felt a bass thrum running up my thighs and when the first kick came it hurt like the snap of a snare. My swelling eyes reached towards Ruben, but he did not reach towards me. When the punches landed, I was surprised how much they sounded like muffled drumbeats. There was a battle of the bands going on inside of me, and I didn't know which side would win. But there was one thing I did know. Long ago, longer than I could know, I had already been initiated.

The man gathers himself, and walks off the stage.

CLEAN SLATE

Sari looks into a camera. Paper in hand.

SARI
(Mexican accent)
Hi, my name is Sah-di Sah-nchez,
five-three, Los Angeles.

To person off camera.

SARI (CONT'D)
(no accent)
One more....

Back to camera.

SARI (CONT'D)
(Chicana accent)
Hi, my name is Sari Sanchez. Five-
three, Eh-Laaay.

To person off camera.

SARI (CONT'D)
I'll just let them choose. They
know the casting director, so
they'll choose the right slate.
Okay, it's two lines. Ready?

To camera.

SARI (CONT'D)
(Chicana accent)
"I don't know who was messing with
him. I'm not his abuela, homie--"

To person off camera.

SARI (CONT'D)
--Wait, should I give it like a
Chicana or like a Puerto Rican New
York? Or like...yeah no, one more.

To camera.

SARI (CONT'D)
(Puerto Rican accent)
"I don't know who was messen wit him.
I'm not his abuela, homie."

(MORE)

CLEAN SLATE

To person off camera.

SARI (CONT'D)
(excited)
Right? That's good, right?

SARI (CONT'D)
(deflating)
I don't know man, I'm so over it.
(pause, listens))
No! I can't not, not do some kind
of affectation.
(referencing phone)
It says "Latinx, street". Which I
am, but the character has to sound
like street-street. Like, hood
street. Which...
(realizing)
She got a scholarship and her mom's
white, so... she could be exactly
like me... but they'd never cast
that. So, I'll keep pretending to
be what I already am, homie.

She laughs. BEAT.

SARI (CONT'D)
Actually. Yeah, let's try one
regular...

To camera.

SARI (CONT'D)
Hi, my name is Sari Sanchez, five-
three, LA.
(pause)
"I don't know who was messing with
him. I'm not his abuela, homie."

To person off camera.

SARI (CONT'D)
(deep breath)
That felt... like her. That felt
great! Awesome. We got it.

ECHALE GANAS

Alex (a young college student), is at a cemetery visiting their sister's grave.

ALEX

Remember when Mom and Dad would always say "echale ganas!". You know like "always work hard"..... I asked myself the other day if that sentence has an expiration date. Because sometimes I sure wish it did... Last week while I was coming home from school, I was able to see dad head off to work his second shift of the day. My heart broke. As he drove off I looked into his eyes and saw a tired soul that has devoted his entire life to work... to barely support his family. Till this day, grandma tries to figure out how she can make an extra buck to put food on her table. I started to think about how they and every other immigrant that has crossed these borders enters a train that takes and takes but never gives, and the only time it stops moving... is when you drop dead, and for what?

Alex begins to show frustrations and some signs of guilt.

ALEX (CONT'D)

AND I KNOW! I know they came here for a better life but this so called "American Dream" seems very selective on who it grants freedom to.... I just wish the opportunity to grow in this country didn't limit itself to someone who falls under the word "citizen" or to someone who doesn't sound or look like us. And to think that some of these "Americans" really complain about us "taking their jobs". As if they would put themselves through the sweat and pain our people go through...

(MORE)

ECHALE GANAS

ALEX (CONT'D)

yet they do enjoy the our fruits of our labor right?! I can care less if they accept us or not because we will continue be here! I care more about our people surviving without giving up so much of themselves.

Alex is frustrated fighting the urge to tear up. I'm tired of it.

I'm tired of our farm workers being exploited, I'm tired of the abuse our street vendors have to suffer. It saddens me to see someone 3 times my age work insanelly back breaking jobs for just a speck of what others earn. I need to see our people be given a chance to breath... and not live in this endless cycle of stress. What I fear the most is growing old and knowing that I had the privilege of actually doing something about it, but instead I wasted my time getting angry and complaining.

Alex takes a deep breath, remembering the good their sister left behind.

ALEX (CONT'D)

But then I just think of what you would do.....
I'm still hopeful you know, I've been trying to surround myself with people just like you. Hard working, ambitious, loving. I won't stop trying to help our family and our community. I'll continue where you left off hermana. Echale Ganas Right?

EMPTY BOX OF CEREAL

At rise: ANDREA, (mid 20's) sits in a wheelchair outside an emergency room, and makes a phone call.

ANDREA

Hey! I just got out, um this is my third time calling you. I hope you're on the way now. Uh...They gave me a wheelchair! To get to the car, don't get to keep it, unfortunately! I think they caught on to the fact that I probably wouldn't return it because the nurse insisted on waiting with me until you got here. She got a little impatient. I tried to make small talk but we both know I'm not too good at that. She's a little old lady, I didn't want to keep her waiting in the cold so I lied and said I lost my discharge papers inside...She reminds me of your mom a little corajuda but well intentioned. She scolded me all this way for refusing to let the hospital call me an Uber. I said "No, no it's fine! My boyfriend....sorry, I mean my ex boyfriend would be on his way soon!" Which I hope is true, because I'm scared of what she'll do to me if you're not here when she gets back.

But I guess I will also not know what I'll do if and when you show up. Ah! I guess that's what I would do right? Ask why? Ask how? One minute we are planning a trip to New York and then I am suddenly sobbing in the shower...Is this really where it ends? You leaving me stranded with a broken leg? (Beat) Which is your fault by the way both the crying and spilled dandruff shampoo I comedically slipped on.. (Sighs) I guess you're right I guess I am a disaster waiting to happen.

(MORE)

EMPTY BOX OF CEREAL

ANDREA (CONT'D)

An over emotional, out of touch, selfish void. An empty box of cereal? Ha! God knows how you manage to make such poetic attacks on me.

I really wish I could be angry at you but I can't because it's not like you're wrong? I am sad and I wouldn't want to be around me either. I guess you learned that the hard way. I'm not some quirky negative Nancy. I wish I was.. I-- wish didn't hate my life, my job, my dad, or even the larger systems acting on me. I wish I could just be content with the life we created for ourselves. If I could just shut off my brain, I would. Then you know, I would be the smartest person everyone pretends I am but, I can't so currently it's exhausting. It's exhausting to put on a smile everyday, I am sorry you had to see the imposter I am. (Beat) But that's okay! We are over! Yay! Hopefully now all you'll see is what everyone else does, the gifted, first generation, Latina trying to change the world. I mean unless you block me, then I guess all you'll have to remember me by is the unorganized, insecure, crybaby, you fell out of love with.

But, hey, who knows? Maybe one day my meds will work?

I really was hoping they would do more than let me do the dishes sometimes. Maybe something along the lines of allowing me to stop measuring my worth with productivity, or my capital or success.

But alas! I cannot predict the future or promise you that one day I'll become the super rare toy that comes with the cereal box. I really don't blame you. And I guess I answered my own questions on that matter.

(MORE)

EMPTY BOX OF CEREAL

ANDREA (CONT'D)

So...I guess I'll go find the
answers to my first question and
find that nurse and get myself
home. Text me when you're ready to
pick up your
things.

She hangs up.

HAMMOCK - I DON'T SLEEP AROUND

Character: Alejandra González a young Mexican girl living in NYC and trying to navigate the dating scene.

ALEJANDRA

I put *salsa de habanero* on his pasta amatriciana. He was SO upset: "YOU DONT PUT HOT SAUCE ON PASTA AMATRICIANA, ARE YOU CRAZY?! YOU JUST RUINED A PERFECT DISH!"

And I'm sorry but I tried it before and it was anything but perfect, it was lacking a kick and I gave it to it. And then I really enjoyed it, it was yummy. After the habanero that is. Listen I've learned to carry around my chilly powder and my , because picante other wise you find yourself in some pseudo Mexican place and all they have is Tabasco, everywhere you go: Tabasco. I HATE TABASCO.

He asked me where I got the sauce from, and I said "my purse of course! I carry my *chilito*, my *salsita*, my toothbrush, and extra underwear just in case". I was trying to be flirtatious and then he said, "Oh, so you sleep around?"

(pause)

I DON'T sleep around. I don't! I can't! Not because I'm a prude or anything. I can't sleep. I have insomnia. Ok, it's not really insomnia. It's just that I need all these things to sleep, like my mouth guard. I cannot sleep without it. I get a massive headache because I clench my jaw. But I don't think is very sexy so I try not to wear it around a guy I'm sleeping with, or having sex with anyway- We've established that I can't sleep. I also need my eyes covered. And what about my fan?

(MORE)

HAMMOCK - I DON'T SLEEP AROUND

ALEJANDRA (CONT'D)

I need white noise in order to sleep. Fine, all of that has a solution, I could even play my white noise on my phone. Did you know that YouTube has these ten hour videos of just fan noises?

Anyway, none of that actually matters. The issue here is that... I... sleep in a hammock. I know what you're probably thinking: WHAT. A. HIPSTER.

But no, the hammock... It's a cultural thing. I'm from a very very hot and humid part of Mexico, the Yucatan Peninsula?...You know?...The Mayans?...Chichén Itzá?...Cancun? Cancun always rings a bell!

Anyway, before AC it was impossible to sleep in a bed, so people had hammocks. My mother put me in a hammock as a child and left me there, so thirty years later I still can't sleep in a bed.

I know you have a million questions, like:

Wait what? You sleep in a hammock? Do you have a hammock in your room? Wait. So you DON'T have a bed? Isn't that bad for your back? Wait. Can two people sleep in a hammock? Wait, wait, wait...How do you have sex in a hammock?

No, no, it's just me in my hammock, because as it turns out the walls in America are all made out of gingerbread so they can't hold the weight of two people going at it.

But for now, all you need to know is... Yes, I sleep in a hammock all year round. I don't want to leave right after sex. I like to cuddle.

(MORE)

HAMMOCK - I DON'T SLEEP AROUND

ALEJANDRA (CONT'D)

But you have to understand that I don't want to give a Yucatan history lesson to every one night stand, so I omit the fact that I sleep in a hammock and try my best to sleep... In a bed... With another human being...

I FORGIVE YOU

FEMALE

I'm not sure if you can hear me or not. Some people think that they can be heard when speaking to someone in a coma. I'm not sure if that's true but I have something to say and I hope you can hear this. I thought long and hard about this and I need you to know that I forgive you. I need you to know not for you but for me. I forgive you! I forgive you for taking my innocence away from me. I forgive you for taking my childhood away and I forgive you for suffocating my soul. Most of my life I could not make sense of all that I was feeling or what I should say what I was unable to feel. I tried so hard to cover the pain but nothing worked. The alcohol, the drugs the destructive and dangerous choices I made. Nothing numbed the horror of my pain. You almost destroyed me. You are the monsters in my nightmares and the ugliness that consumed me. You had no right to do what you did to me. I lived my life in fear and darkness was all I knew. After my suicide attempt I knew I had to do something. I knew I had a right to be happy after all I didn't do anything wrong. I didn't deserve to live in such despair. So I reached out for help and I fought for myself and it has been the hardest thing I have ever had to do and I need you to know that I survived. I survived the sexual abuse and the mental abuse. I survived. I need you to know that. The doctors say you probably won't come out of this coma and it will be any day now before you pass on. I often wonder if there is a hell and if that is where you will end up.

(MORE)

I FORGIVE YOU

I hope you go to heaven, I really do because I can't imagine what you must have been through as a child to become the person you are. I do truly pray that you Rest In Peace. I have to go now daddy and I don't know if you need to know, but I will be okay. You don't get to hold me hostage anymore. Your death will finally set me free. Goodbye daddy.

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LATINOS DON'T PLAY HOCKEY

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY 1

JESSIE, late 20's scruffy looking man stands at the reception desk. He is a high school dropout but considers himself in tune with the pulse of woke society by listening to podcasts and renting audio books on cassette from the library. He has many visible tattoos, wears a Raider's jersey, but under his arm is a copy of *Pride and Prejudice*. He's an enigma.

JESSIE

No way homie, I can't watch hockey. I'm sorry I just can't do it. Something in my DNA won't allow it. Bro, anytime it's on I must immediately evacuate the premises. Maybe I just can't relate man. I mean, are there any Latinos in hockey? Seriously, are we even allowed to play? When was the last time you heard, *starting at goalie for the Vancouver Canucks José Manuel Gonzales?* That ain't happening primo. Maybe it's my Comanche ancestors beckoning me to fight the man, or maybe I just don't want to freeze my balls off bro. We don't do well in the cold. It's weird man. Our butts get real tight, mocos start running, and our hips just lock up. If you can't move your hips all sexy like this, I'm pretty sure your Latin card gets revoked. Second of all, do you realize how expensive Winter sports are? Pretty sure they make you buy all this shit to weed out the poor kids. You need skates, gloves, sticks, skis, boards, sleds... fricking parkas, and of course tequila por que if you're going to freeze your ass off you should at least be buzzed.

(MORE)

MAN

One day you are going to become a man and when that day comes, you'll have to make a choice. A choice that will determine what type of man you'll be. Becoming a man, comes with great responsibility. And how you respond to that responsibility will define your character. Let me be very clear, becoming a man isn't just about being able to have sex with a woman. It could be as simple as telling the truth or as difficult as understanding the power of the word NO, or standing up for yourself or someone who can't stand up for themselves or even just knowing who you are. I mean really knowing who you are and what you want in life, not letting exterior motivation influence you. We all have our time.

I was nine, my parents had been drinking. I could see the tension building. BOOM! I sat on the couch scared watching a rerun of ducktails one of my favorite cartoons.... Man, you don't know anything about that! Hahaha....
(they laugh followed by
Silence)

I heard the back door crack and break off its hinges. Fucking asshole pushed her through it. My Mom ran and stumbled over my little brother's baby-swing and fell on the couch right next to me. My Dad jumped on top of her and started hitting her with his bare hands like she was a man.....and I...I just froze. I was only nine, he was so big. When he got tired he walked back outside and continued drinking. My mom laid next to me so helpless, boiling in her own anger until she exploded on me!

(MORE)

MAN

(CONT'D)

"YOU'RE NOT A FUCKING MAN, YOU JUST LET HIM HIT ME LIKE THAT!? A REAL MAN PROTECTS HIS WOMAN!! YOU AINT NO FUCKEN MAN!!"

Until this day I never understood why she did it. Pain I guess? With piercing red eyes, she instinctively broke off one of the four metal legs from the baby-swing and started to beat me with it. I could hear my bones crack every time it hit my body, you know that sound a bat makes when it hits a baseball? Yeah that....and as she continued I could hear her voice, "YOU AIN'T NO MAN."

My dad must've heard me screaming from outside. I was filled with a sense of relief when my dad pulled her off of me. But the feeling vanished when he snatched it out of her hand and started beating her with it, "YOU WANNA SEE HOW IT FEELS?" My dad kept saying to her. I watched my mom scream exactly the way I did, I heard her bones crack just like mine did, I could see she wanted it to stop, just like I wanted it to stop.

I jumped on his back and started to pull his hair and yell "LEAVE HER ALONE!" He grabbed and peeled me off of his back and tossed me to the ground like a rag doll. My dad just stood there looking at us both with disgust, then walked away. My mom and I both cried. I sat on the couch next to her. We couldn't bear to look at each other. Moments went by before I contemplated getting up and leaving but I was scared, I wasn't sure if she was going to snap and start hitting me again.

I built up the courage to slowly walk away, right as I was going to walk out the door she yelled my name, "JOSE!" As my legs shook I slowly turned to face the woman I loved more than anything in the world.

(MORE)

MAN

(CONT'D)

She looked at me with multiple knots on her head and a bloody mouth, and said: 'NOW THATS A FUCKING MAN.'

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MEJORANDO LA RAZA

VALENTINA, 20s, a compassionate firecracker - finally opens up to her mother about their experiences as a mixed race family.

VALENTINA

But it is a big deal to me, Mom! Do you remember when I was a kid and got lost at the mall? Security wouldn't give me back to you because they didn't believe you were my mother. "Are you sure you're not the nanny?" they said. And I remember then, too- you just laughed.

"Ay, mejoraste la raza bien."

I'll never forget the way Doña Melita praised you for it- not realizing it erases you from my history. Erases Abuela's blood from my veins because you can no longer see it in my face.

"Ay, que lindos salieron sus hijos! No se parecen indigenos ni un poco," she said, and I wanted to scream out, "but I am! And what's so wrong about looking indigena?!"

It's not my place, I know. I have my father's name. His coloring.

But still...can't they see how much of you there is in me? Can't they see that it's your fire burning in my eyes? You're the one who taught me to look at people in them directly- sin miedo! Y con orgullo!

I am proud of my heritage. I'm so proud to have you as my mother.

So tell me, Mom, how can you laugh in those moments and say it's "not a big deal?"

(MORE)

MEJORANDO LA RAZA

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

How can you let them talk to you
like you've done some great service
to la raza by erasing where you
came from?

PROPERTY OF NOSOTROS.ORG.

MIXTAPE MIA

A park somewhere in the San Gabriel Valley. Mia is sitting on a park bench next to an elderly gentleman. She is mid thought-

MIA

It's like, if you wanna guilt trip me about not knowing how to speak Spanish you should have spoken it in the house while I was growing up! Ya know? Like I wish he hadn't given me a choice....Maybe he tried and I was a brat about it? It's not like there were a ton of other Mexican kids at my elementary school. It was all very white. I mean, I'm white. And I'm Mexican. Half. Half Mexican, half SwedishIrishGerman.....

And I've always lived in this "middle". I am a mashup. A mixtape of Selena and Crosby, Stills, and Nash. Of frijoles and corned beef. Ew. But maybe they would be kind of good together? And dont get me wrong, I know my privilege. There is ease in the way I walk through the world and I know that. I'm not complaining at all. The chasm of this "middle" is wide and complex and problematic and ultimately perhaps, like maybe an illusion? But at the same time it's completely 100% nessesary to distinguish levels of privilege.

(beat)

Wow that was a tangent. Anyways, yes..um..so my family.

(beat)

I actually have 40 first cousins on my Mexican side. Our family get togethers are huge and loud and fun and crazy and honestly sometimes overwhleming? They always force me to sing for everyone. Which is sweet but a little stressful.

(MORE)

MIXTAPE MIA

MIA (CONT'D)

Last Christmas I got high in the garage with my cousin Lynsey and then my Aunt Betty asked me to sing for everyone at the gift exchange. I improvised some weird Christmas song. They loved it. It was kind of good I think?

I'm the youngest cousin out of the first cousins by like 7 years and they're close because the all essentially grew up together, so at family get togethers I would just hang out with my tías at the poker table eating desserts and playing my gameboy. But as an adult I feel closer to them. My cousins I mean. I apparently get high with them in garages now. So I guess I've felt in the middle of all of that too. In a way.

It all makes sense. I am a Libra, so balance is everything. It's hard for me to make decisions and I constantly think people are mad at me, so I'm a bit of a people pleaser, but I like all the other libra gaulities. They say libras are charming, so you tell me... Actually dont respond to that, I'm sorry. I'm not trying to say that the qualities of a libra define me. I just identify with them. Well, most of them. When's your birthday?

Mia looks over at the elderly gentleman. He's fallen asleep.

NENA

INT: Nena is sitting but it's unclear where she is. She speaks directly to the camera as if talking to a friend. She wears a gold necklace with a turquoise stone that she nervously plays with throughout.

NENA

I love Marvel. But like, LOOOVVVEEE Marvel. And not really Marvel the company, cause you know corporations are evil especially now that they're owned by Disney, but I love super heroes. I just love the whole, one day you're normal maybe even awkward or weird or getting bullied all the time and then BOOM, you get bitten by a spider or shot with super-serum or accidentally ingest some weird chemicals or maybe even just born with a mutation and all of a sudden you have this responsibility to humanity because you and only you can save the world. And in your own special way, you know? Like, Spiderman can do things Captain America can't so sometimes they're together but sometimes they're separate and that's ok. And I love these guys- well, not all of them are guys thank god. Like Captain Marvel and Rogue and Storm and Scarlett Witch, like they're badassess. Even Black Widow- no super powers but man is she badass. Like they could save the world on their own you know? And I love it. I really do. But I wish there was someone who looked like ME. I know, I know- it's kinda selfish, right? Like, the world isn't about me. I know that. Duh.

(MORE)

NENA

NENA (CONT'D)

But can't there be a super hero, who's maybe a little chubby, and maybe a little brown who hails from the streets of El Sereno? Like, is that TOO MUCH TO ASK? And maybe not me but, like, why can't there be a super hero like my mom? Who was the first in her family to graduate, and not only that, but get her ph motherfucking D? Like, my mom is a Chicana with a PhD! Ok, maybe that's the super hero. Right? Like, maybe there can be this girl, this chingona girl who, against all the odds and all the prejudice and all the bullshit, fights for what she wants- but it's not just for her, but for her community. Cause once she gets these powers, it isn't just about her you know, but about making sure that all of us come up and that all of us are safe. And that's exactly what my mom did. She got her PhD and became a psychologist, and spent her entire life making sure that her comunidad was safe- that they were given the respect they deserve. And now she's gone. And I wanna scream cause she should still be here. And if that white frat boy hadn't been drinking and driving she still would be. Y tu sabes? That white boy got off SCOT FREE. Of course he did. Ok, so maybe my chingona super hero makes sure that people have to deal with the consequences of their actions. Oooo! Like, ok, she is short, chubby and brown (just like me and my mom) and her gift is that she has this necklace that's been passed down in her family since before anyone of them can remember. Kinda like this necklace that belonged to my mom...anyway, she has this necklace and maybe it looks like this one, just a simple gold chain with a turquoise stone. And when she hits it, she gets the strength, speed, skill and knowledge of all of her ancestors- she's a direct descendant of Aztec warriors!

(MORE)

NENA

NENA (CONT'D)

But also because she has centuries of knowledge flowing within her she can also just help people 'the human way'- like maybe if she'd been the lawyer in the courtroom, that white boy would've gone to jail...Maybe I should brainstorm this, write the pilot and send it to marvel.

CAMERA BEGINS TO PAN OUT- WE SEE THAT NENA IS SITTING IN A CAR

That'd be healthier than sitting outside this white boy's apartment everyday planning his demise. I know it would be healthier. But I can't seem to drive away.

NI DE AQUI, NI DE ALLA

I was put in ESL classes when I was in Kindergarten because English was my second language. My parents spoke only Spanish to me but I had an older sister who spoke English. I picked up English faster because I talked to my sister all the time so I was eventually moved out of ESL class and into an English one.

I remember going to the restroom during class one day and a little girl kept staring at me at the sinks. As I finished washing my hands, I looked back at her. She steadied herself, wrinkled her face and exclaimed "FEA!" Ugly. I remember not hesitating for a second and responding confidently, "Yo se hablar español!" Her eyes grew wide. She was so startled that she ran away. I told my mom that story when I got home and she laughed and seemed proud of me.

I don't know when it clicked in my head that I felt "different." I continued to get comments in school like, "what are you?" and "why do you talk white?" You don't look Mexican," all from other Latinx kids and white classmates. My mom says that as a kid I would go around proudly claiming that I was from Mexico. Wanting to assert my heritage. To prove it to others because for some reason they couldn't see it. She would laugh and correct me and say, "Tu eres Mexicana- Americana. Tu naciste aquí. nací en Yo México." Reminding me that I was born here not in Mexico.

To this day, I still sometimes feel a little bit like an outsider. That feeling of not quite fitting into one group. "Ni de aqui, Ni de allá." "Not from here, nor there."

NO ES ADIOS

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

JENNIFER sits at the dining room table, silently rehearsing to herself the speech she plans to give to her FATHER. He suddenly walks through the dining room.

JENNIFER

(nervously, a bit caught off guard)

Hey, Papi? Can I talk to you for a sec? Ok, so...um...I have some exciting news! I got an apartment! Wait, before you say anything, please hear me out.

(convincingly)

So this place is only a few miles away. It's not like I'm moving across the country or anything. I'll still come visit you and Abuelita every weekend. We'll still eat pozole on Sundays together and play Rummikub. I'll still come over every time you need me to pay your cell phone bill online. Just fyi - there's an automatic payment option I can help you set up so you don't have to pay online every month. But, if you want me to keep coming by to help you pay it, I'm totally cool with that too.

I need you to know that me moving out doesn't mean I don't love you any less. I actually think it'll make our relationship stronger. I'm approaching my 30s, and I just really need to try doing life on my own. And I know most of my other cousins continued living at home until they got married, but let's be real, you know I'm not expecting, or even wanting, to get married anytime soon. I need to move out to feel some level of independence. I need to at least try.

(MORE)

NO ES ADIOS

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

When I moved in with you after college, that was the first time I had lived with you since I was eight years old. I really had no idea how it was going to work out. I truly thought it was only going to be for a few months until I figured out my life post-college, but months turned into years, and, well...here we are!

These last few years with you have been monumental for me. We were able to make up for all the time I didn't get to have with you growing up - those years where you left to provide a better life for us.

I never really told you this, but growing up, I was so angry at you for leaving. It felt like you were abandoning our family, abandoning me. I realize now that you leaving to provide for our family was a selfless act - an act of love. And I don't want you to think me moving out is me abandoning you. It's just starting a new chapter of my life.

Papi, I'm so thankful for the sacrifices you've made to help provide me a better life. I am the woman I am today because of you. No es adios. I'm always going to be your mijita, no matter where I live.

NOTHING TO DECLARE

Character Description: DANI, non-gender or age specific. Mexican-American.

Context: DANI is driving back across the border from Tijuana with his / her / their friend when they have a revelation after finding a banana in the car.

DANI

So remember, when they ask us where we went... you say? Uh huh... yeah... "Just a week at the beach in Ensenada" that's right. Yeah... I know. I KNOWWW that's what we actually did. I was just... double checking, ok? I just... I don't want any problems or questions at the border, alright? Hey, don't look at me like that. If you had to wake up every morning at 4am to cross the border to go to school and there were a bunch of rules you had to remember when crossing you would be a little neurot-

(DANI GASPS)

Oh my god... Is that... is that a BANANA??

(DANI HOLDS UP A BANANA)

Holy shit! You brought a banana?? Dude you can't bring fruits or vegetables in you dummy! Ayyyyy ay ay... Okokok... here, EAT IT. Yeah, no, seriously, you have to eat. So when they ask us, we can just say: NOTHING TO DECLARE. (BEAT)

Man, I don't know why crossing the border always brings up all this anxiety. Probably cause all my life it's always, where are you going? What did you do? Where are you from? No, where are you really from? Like my mere existence is something to be questioned. I was born in this damn country! I'm an AMERICAN CITIZEN!!! OK???? Isn't that enough??? Like, what else do you want from me???

(MORE)

NOTHING TO DECLARE

DANI (CONT'D)

You know what? Fuck that. I do. I do have something to declare. Not only was I born here, but I am worthy of being here. And NOT because my ancestors gave you tacos or... popcorn or GUM!! Which we did, by the way. Yeah, the Mayans were the first to discover chicle. But we also invented the colored television and gave you tequila, and chocolate... and... and SELENA!!! Well... I guess Selena was from Texas... technically. But we gave you Texas! And Arizona AND California and Utah, and New Mexico... and Nevada... So really, at the end of the day, the point is that we gave you Selena.

So yeah, next time they ask me if I have something to declare, ima muthafuckin say... NOPE, nope, Nothing to declare. Cause I wanna skip secondary inspection. But, you better believe imma be thinking it!

ON THE WINDS OF LOVE

BRISSA: A Queer, hopeless romantic Afrolatine. The joyful self-possession of their own human "flaws" is what makes them so magnetic. Their gender expression is fluid and can change day to day - performance to performance, even, or not. As the writer, I will use they for Brissa. However, all pronouns perfect for the actor's choice.

BRISSA

Once I tell you, you'll never be able to unhear it, understand? And I don't wanna hear about you being traumatized ni nada.

So basically, Samir was serving me the best big spoon action of my life and I knocked out fast. I don't know how long I was out, but I woke up for a quick second to shift a lil bit and then...

Brissa blows a raspberry to indicate a toot.

BRISSA

Right in their crotch. I know, ok? In my head, I was like:

"Noooooooo. Yes. That was you. You did that. Oh god. Okay. Calm yourself. We have options, sucia.

Option 1: Proceed as though your anal echoes are a hallucination...or a neighbor...body slamming the wall.

Option 2: , never to return.

Option 3: End him."

So I split the difference and just giggled, asi. (Brissa giggles.) I thought for sure they were gonna do that polite slither out of bed cuing me to leave. Pero no! They chuckled, then they made a joke and risked it again as big spoon! Not to brag, but how else was that gonna go?

(MORE)

ON THE WINDS OF LOVE

BRISSA (CONT'D)

Like, what's not to love about me?
I'm adorable and I now have
receipts that even my pedos are
cute too...

They flash their wedding ring - there is no giant diamond.

BRISSA

Four years strong, baby.

OUR (MY) LATE NIGHT CHAT

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The CREEK of a door opening slowly, Ana Vasquez peers in, holding a dish towel drying her hands. She sees her daughter in deep sleep, hesitant, and tip-toes to her bedside, makes a turn to head back out but instead kneels down. She tries to breath the words out while picking at the carpet.

ANA (WHISPERS)

Y-You know...mija, you can skip all the dinners you want pero I still got you when you are sleeping. I got your ear...bueno mas o menos. How is it that it feels like just yesterday you were this little pudge in my hand and all you wanted was to grab my finger? Now its me trying to grab you when I get the chance. Barely happen anymore, even when I make you Flan.

BUZZ BUZZ, the phone on the bedside has a text notification. The daughter slightly reacts to this but if anything just tucks herself in even further like a puppy in their sheet.

ANA (CONT'D)

Y mira, who texting you at this hour, not even let you dream alone without being around you.

Checks her own phone, reads 12:59-1:00AM

ANA (CONT'D)

Ya voy a llegar tarde al trabajo. You friends have you all the time, but right now? Maybe I need to pull your curfew back-

-ZZZZzz! The daughter lets out a huge snore making Ana grasp her mouth from being any louder, staying perfectly still as if she were encountering the T-Rex from Jurassic Park. As the daughter settles in breathing low,

(MORE)

OUR (MY) LATE NIGHT CHAT

ANA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry miija, You get good grades, you treat people right and you always come home no matter what but Vegas? No miija, y para tu quince?! Ha, soy un cool mom pero estas loca o que? Your buela? I never could ask her something like that. I never wanted to be her. I wanted you to have more then what I had.

(MORE)

Esta hora I get to have with you before I go to work, is still more then what I got from buela, and it's one of the BEST parts of my day and I think somewhere deep down in that weird snore that you definitely didn't get from me, you can hear me.

Ana pushes the hair off her daughters face gently

ANA

I could miss work for this, but then I know you would hate not having pollo loco on Thursday gorda...

Her daughter slightly reacts to this, is she actually awake this whole time?

ANA (CONT'D)

...I'm just saying. Pues, ya me voy. Maybe you wont skip dinner this time when I get back.

She stands, forgetting the dish towel on the bed and tip toes her way out and takes one last look before we hear the creek of the door shut.

ANA (CONT'D)

Te amo mi niña.

Slowly her daughter grabs the towel, and clutch it tight.

PAPI

FADE IN.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Rain falls on the city street. JOSE (20's, bald head with thin facial hair) runs to the corner street. He ducks for cover under the bus terminal. There is a figure sitting at a bench.

JOSE

Did the bus just pass? My phone just died and I'm running late.

Jose locks eyes with a figure sitting on the bus bench. The figure is ANGIE (20's, big glasses with hair in a tight bun) sits there with a Subway sandwich. Before he can say anything Jose notices Angie's baby bump.

JOSE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Hey! Oh shit! Is this why you didn't want to see me the whole winter. Fuck! I thought we had fun at the Wisin & Yandel reunion concert. They lost a step but we had fun. Fuck! I'm going to be a dad! Shit! I don't even like it when girls call me papi when we're doing it. That shit never felt right.

(beat)

No. I'm not gonna be another bad dad. Angie, I got you. Don't eat this.

Jose grabs the sandwich from Angie and balls into a bag.

JOSE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

It's not good for the baby. Whatever craving you have, I'll get it for you. Day or night. I'm going to go back to Community College and finish this time. Who knows maybe I'll get a degree and become a lawyer, a doctor, or a TV host like on Primer Impacto.

(MORE)

PAPI

JOSE (CONT'D)

While I'm studying I can get a part-time job to support us, I think Whole Foods is hiring. That would be perfect because I'm real good at choosing the best produce and white people like me. Hold up. Shit I might even get promoted and become a floor manager. Imagine that!

JOSE (CONT'D)

I'll buy a house with a giant backyard so you can plant flowers and I can grill a carna asada for our friends and family. Let me finish. We'll get a cat or dog. I prefer a cat because they're easier to maintain. We might have a little boy or girl, I hope it's a boy but I really hope for the baby to be healthy. I'm not done. We can teach our child lessons to by live by, to be kind, to be forgiving, to root for la Chivas and never la America. Most importantly through thick and thin we'll always support them, what! It's not mine?! But Angie we had sex. Oh you were also with someone else. Wow, you really had me going.

(beat)

I could be a good papi. We could have been great parents. We'll you are, I know that but it would've been nice to do it together. I would have taught them how to speak Spanish. Mine is trash so learning together would have been cool. We could of done a family portrait like the ones they do at Wal-Mart. So years later when we're old, our grandkids can look back at it and tease us. Look at abuelito's tight pants, look at grandma's big glasses. I like your glasses. I'm just going to walk to the club tonight. Oh here's some money for the sandwich. That's my bad.

FADE OUT.

REACHING THE MOMENT

Character: Pedro Gonzalez

Age: 26-32

Description: A hopeless romantic. Born and raised in Brooklyn. Works as a customer service rep for a bank. Awkward and shy, he tends to play it 'safe' in life. Until he meets Alicia, a 3rd grade teacher. Only thing is, she's aiming to move to California to take care of her ailing mother. She plans on staying in New York for 1 more month, just as the school year ends. This is the moment where Pedro decides to live in the 'now' and tell Alicia how he feels.

PEDRO

Look, I know you're not gonna be here for long and I-, I'm just someone who's recently popped into your life. But I really want to get to know you as much as possible. I'd love to make whatever days left we've got together count. I really want to...I dunno.

(beat)

...you know what happens when you go skydiving?

(off Alicia's stare)

I mean, I wouldn't know! I've only heard stories from my friends. They tell me that as soon as you're about to jump, the instructors say, "On 3. 1-", and then they jump! No warning, no second guessing. They just...jump. Because the moment the door opens and your legs dangle mid-air, you get scared. Which only makes the jump more dangerous if you freeze up.

(rubs his palms together)

It's human nature. To get scared at the very last second. Sensing how unrealistic it is, to be able to see the world from that high above. I've always been someone who's tried to plan out every step. So I'd be prepared for any obstacle. But I stop and-, and think and process for so long that I never end up doing shit!

(stares intently at her)

I don't wanna freeze up anymore. I just wanna jump and enjoy the fuckin' view as I'm falling. And I'll worry about the landing once it comes, but not before.

(MORE)

REACHING THE MOMENT

PEDRO (CONT'D)

Not during. And-, and I know you're probably thinking - "I'm not looking for anything serious", "I don't wanna get attached". But I mean, we've made it this far. We passed the point of only talking about the weather, we stopped talking about our work lives the second day we met. Now we're talking to just...talk. It takes a lot of fuckin' work to reach that point with someone you've never met before. So I just wanna live it with you. I wanna keep the momentum going - even if I don't know where any of it's gonna lead to.

(beat)

'Cuz what's the point of reaching that moment if you're not gonna enjoy it?

SHAME

GUERA

No, I don't speak Spanish. Hm. I know what you want to say. Shame, right? "Shame." Ha. I could tell you the story: that my Mexican grandma was teaching me Spanish, but she died when I was two and my Mexican grandpa was pretty sick until he died when I was nine. But I'm sure that wouldn't be good enough for you and honestly, I'm tired of telling it anyway. Now you feel a little bad for me. "What a shame," you say. Yeah, it is.

But you don't stop there. I can hear it about to slip off your tongue. "Well, shame on your parents, then." You sneaky shame-shifter. "Shame on them." And now I get defensive, because I have really great parents, who are loving, kind, hard-working, the list could go on and on. They taught me to be proud of who I am - an American of Irish/Mexican descent. But, they didn't teach me Spanish so I guess that voids everything else they did, right? No one asks me if I speak Irish Gaelic, by the way. Oops, I made you think.

But you are dying to wipe that shame across my face. Make me stew in it, like a child in timeout. "Shame on you." Third time's the charm, I'm sure. I'm an adult, I could've, excuse me, should've learned it by now. I mean, I grew up on the border, so I really have no excuse.

(MORE)

SHAME

GUERA (CONT'D)

If not from my Mexican grandparents, or my Mexican dad, or my white mom, who is actually fluent in Spanish, I could've learned in high school or college or from my Mexican husband and his family. Did I surprise you with that one? Heck, I could've bought Rosetta Stone! But would learning it make me any less of a guera? Because if I did speak Spanish, I'd still be a guera and you'd still judge me before I opened my mouth, right? I could tan my skin and dye my hair, but then that would be...something else. So there's only one thing I can do.

I reject your shame. I'm so sorry, but I just can't take it. Because English and Spanish are both colonizer languages and neither is better than the other. Because Latinos are not a monolith. We are Brown, and Black, and Asian, and sometimes gueras, like me. The vastness of our experiences cannot be boiled down into one language or one look. And shame, is not a great motivator. If it were, I'd be the most fluent Spanish speaker on the planet by now. It's actually had the opposite affect on me, so...Sorry. You can keep your shame. It doesn't match my hair.

THE AUDACITY

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Lemuel (late 20's), angrily walks out of the hospital. His hands begin to shake as he searches his pockets for his lighter and pack of cigarettes. The nurse chases after him. He uses a steal zippo lighter to ignite the cig.

LEMUEL

Y'all got some nerve...

He puffs and inhales.

LEMUEL (CONT'D)

Mam, please... No offense, I know you're a nurse here but I don't want to talk- He exhales.

LEMUEL (CONT'D)

-To you or that guy who claims TODAY that he's my father.

He ashes the cig.

LEMUEL (CONT'D)

(beat)

When the hospital called and said LEMUEL SENIOR wanted to talk, I knew something was up. He puts the lighter back in his pocket.

LEMUEL (CONT'D)

I was doing just fine ignoring my childhood problems, pretending that he never existed, and now this.

Inhales his cig.

LEMUEL (CONT'D)

The audacity...

Blows out the smoke harder.

(MORE)

THE AUDADCITY

LEMUEL (CONT'D)

I don't hear from him since I was three and now I have to decide his fate once he becomes a complete vegetable?!

He looks up to the sky.

LEMUEL (CONT'D)

God has a sense of humor man...

Chuckles to himself.

LEMUEL (CONT'D)

When I was eleven, my mother was working to jobs while I was alone at home. I prayed that I could've had someone to play with. Wishing that my father would just show up one time for a birthday, a graduation, or shit just-show-up!

He takes another hit and shakes his head.

LEMUEL (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Is this universe sick or what?! HA! I HAVE to decide when to pull the plug?!

Chuckles to himself as his eyes get watery.

LEMUEL (CONT'D)

He must literally have... No one else. Basically lived his life for others, to simply die alone.

He takes his last hit and throws the cig.

LEMUEL (CONT'D)

You say he's gonna be brain dead?

The nurse confirms with a nod.

LEMUEL (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Well, let me use whatever time I have left. I'll regret it if I don't... Sorry for yelling at you.

He slowly walks back towards the hospital with the nurse.

(MORE)

THE AUDADCITY

LEMUEL

After this I'm definitely gonna
need my therapist.

-END

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THE PUERTO RICAN WITH THE METS HAT

School bells ring. Books open. Papers rustle.

P.R. WITH THE METS HAT
Kids, my personal motto is fuck everyone cause that's their motto towards me. Nobody talks to us. Nobody cares about us. Nobody listens to us. Not until it's an election year and we have politicians playing despactio on their iPhone's, and speaking cringey Spanish on a microphone pretending they know our culture. LatinX. LatinX. LatinX. Who coined this term? I mean, I support the movement behind the term, I like to think of myself as progressive in many ways. I just don't know where it came from. Our history is a bit fabricated in this country if you haven't noticed. If you do your own research...Ugh...do your own research...That's not what I want to sound like. Like our history is a conspiracy theory or somethin. Let me start over. I'm a Puerto Rican from New York, just like a lot of you, and I never heard the term LatinX until I was around a bunch of olda white people tryna sound politically correct. Let me tell yah about these olda white people kids...they're fucking smart...and manipulative. So when I hear a term like LatinX, I question the shit out of it because I didn't hear it from someone like us. I know. I know. Like us is a broad term. You're Puerto Rican, she's Dominican, mah homie over there is from Ecuador, but let me tell yah somethin..we're all the same.

(MORE)

THE PUERTO RICAN WITH THE METS HAT

P.R. WITH THE METS HAT (CONT'D)

Some of our ancestors lived in the Americas before these Conquistador motha fucka's came ova, rapped and slaughtered most of em, and then the slave trade happens, and then war, and war, and war, and war, and war. There's a lot of war in our history. Not by choice. Did you know the Taino Indians use to fight with wooden weapons so they wouldn't severely injure their opposition. That's the warm hearted part of us. Then there's the part of us that hates to be crossed. You don't cross a LatinX...ugh fuck that. Can we say Latine? I like that way better. You can't cross a Latine without facing some kind of backlash. We're generally trusting people, but when we get crossed it's like all of our history comes roaring back at once. Why do we trust people? After all the years of being crossed...why do we do it? Look, I'm not tryna confuse yah. I just want you guys to understand that we're complicated people. We suffer, we dance, we laugh, we cry. But if there's one thing I want you to take away from this class, it's that we're the ones. We're the ones that need to lead. All of yah are leaders. So when I say fuck everyone. I mean fuck everyone who tries to bring you down. Fuck everyone who says you're not good enough, or this is not your country, because papa, this was your country before it was there's. And Mama, you also took this country from your ancestors, and papi, one of your ancestors was probably a slave, and the other one was probably running the slave trade. We have a little piece of everybody in us. History literally runs through our blood. So lets take the lessons we learn from our history and help push ourselves forward. Because if there's one thing that's a fact, it's that we are underrepresented, and we don't have enough of our voices out there trying to change the world.

(MORE)

THE PUERTO RICAN WITH THE METS HAT

P.R. WITH THE METS HAT (CONT'D)

And who better to change it then
people who have a piece of everyone
in them. Change the world. I know.
Sounds ridiculous. But it's
possible. It starts with not giving
a fuck about what anybody says. It
starts by you knowing who you are.
And who you are is everything.

THE WORLD CUP

The world cup is coming, it's the greatest futbol celebration in the world!!!, Except in my house. You see, my house during the World Cup is like Game of Thrones, you never know who is going to survive. My mom is 100% Mejicana and my Dad is 100% Colombiano. My brother and I wear a Colombian or Mexican jersey depending on who is playing that day, but if they play each other, oh boy it's like an old western movie at the house. My dad and my mom don't talk to each other. The tension can be cut with a cuchillo. The food is great though. We have Empanadas, tacos, bunuelos, and tamales. Then the game starts. My brother sits with my dad on one corner of the living room and I sit with mom on the other. We stare at each other. If the game ends in a tie it was a great game, if one of them loses, we have 4 years of how the winner cheated, the ref was bought!!! Fun times...



YA TU SABES!

MONOLOGUE

Slam!

**THANK YOU TO ALL
WHO SUBMITTED!**

PRESENTED BY

