

Working Title: Huevos Revueltos

written by

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INT. THE PALOMO HOME KITCHEN - MORNING

MONTAGE

- A woman's hands prepare tortilla masa.
- Eggs are cracked onto a frying pan and scrambled
- Refried beans are heated on a separate pan.

The youngest sibling and only son of the family, JORGE, sits at the dining room table looking on at his mother, CARMEN, prepare breakfast.

CARMEN

Vas a querer queso?

Jorge looks over at his mom, big grin on his face. He nods and smiles.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Bueno. Ve y dile a tu hermana que ya esta el desayuno.

Jorge rolls his eyes.

JORGE

(yelling)

SOFIA! Breakfast is ready.

Carmen looks over at her son and shakes her head.

CARMEN

No seas haragan. Ve y tocale la puerta.

INT. THE PALOMO HOME - MORNING

Jorge jumps off the dining room chair and walks down the hall to his sister's room. He knocks.

Silence.

Jorge knocks again.

SOFIA

(tired and annoyed)

Queee?

JORGE

Mom says breakfast is ready.

Sofia's door creaks open, revealing her in an oversized t-shirt and rocking some serious bed-head.

SOFIA
Y que preparo?

Jorge pushes past his sister and sits at the edge of her bed.

JORGE
Tortillas, cheese, scrambl-

SOFIA
Jorge, pero porque estas hablando
ingles aqui en casa?

Jorge looks away and at Sofia's nightstand. He fixates on a picture of her with some friends.

JORGE
Es que...

Sofia notes her brother's unusually toned down demeanor and sits next to him.

SOFIA
Que paso? Cuéntame.

JORGE
Bueno. No se. Es que mis amigos de la escuela solo hablan ingles. A veces ni los entiendo lo que dicen. No se. Creo que se burlan de mi. No se. Dicen cosas y se rien. Y pues no entiendo.

SOFIA
Oye, escuchame. Si de verdad estan burlando de ti, no son niños con quien quieres ser amigo. No deberias tener pena del hablar espanol.

JORGE
Pero todos mis compañeros hablan el ingles perfecto. Y todo me cuesta mas.

SOFIA
Bueno, si, entiendo.
(beat)
Mira, si quieres, practicamos el ingles tu y yo en las noches.

JORGE
 (choking up)
 Es muy dificil...

Sofia looks down at her brother holding back his tears.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 Odio solo saber español.

Sofia puts an arm over his shoulder and brings him into an embrace.

SOFIA
 Shhh, shhhh, shhhh, shhhh. No te preocupes. Todo va estar bien. Ya vas a ver.

CARMEN
 (yelling from across the house)
 VENGAN YA A COMER.

SOFIA
 Mira. Ve y limpiate la carita y hablaremos mas de esto despues de desayuno.

INT. THE PALOMO HOME KITCHEN - DAY

The two siblings sit at the table enjoying the typical fare: tortillas, refried beans, some cheese, scrambled eggs with little chopped up ham bits.

Jorge looks down at his plate, barely touching it.

CARMEN
 Que pasa? Porque no comes?

Jorge continues looking down at the food before him. He slowly pushes his plate away.

JORGE
 No quiero.

Carmen looks at her son, confused.

CARMEN
 Pero como que no quieres? Tienes que desayunar. Si no, no vas a tener en-

JORGE
 Quiero cereal. Y pancakes.

SOFIA

Ay Jorge. Mira, comete los huevitos y las tortillas que te gustan y mañana yo to preparo pancakes, que aprendi hacerlos en la escuela.

CARMEN

Pero que es esto de pancay y cereales? Que ya no te gusta lo que cocino?

Jorge's eyebrows furrow. He looks directly downward.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Que? Estas mudo ahora?

SOFIA

Ay, ma. Dejalo. Jorge, just eat the food mom made, okay? I'll make you pancakes tomorrow.

JORGE

You promise?

SOFIA

Yes. I promise.

CARMEN

No me gusta cuando hablan ingles. Bien saben que no entiendo.

SOFIA

Ay ma, no es nada. Verdad, Jorge?

Jorge looks up at his mom. He reaches back out and pulls his plate closer. He looks down at the scrambled eggs for a second before shoveling a fork-full in his mouth.

Carmen looks on at her son, a little confused.

25 YEARS LATER

INT. JORGE'S APARTMENT - PRIVATE STUDY. NIGHT.

A digital clock reads 2:00 AM as a now older Jorge sits in front of a computer, typing away. The walls adorned by diplomas and certifications. Awards. Bookshelves lined with encyclopedias and other texts. His phone buzzes.

Looking down, he sees Sofia has sent him another message, which he does not bother reading. He continues typing away. Then, a call comes through.

Sofia, again. He hesitates for a moment, but reaches out and grabs the phone.

JORGE
 Uh. Hello?
 (beat)
 Hello?

SOFIA
 Jorge?

JORGE
 Yeah, uh. Hi. What...how can
 I...How are you?

Sofia laughs from the other line.

SOFIA
 You sound so happy to talk to your
 sister.

JORGE
 (distracted)
 No, it's just...late. Sorry. I'm
 happy. How are you? Is something
 wrong with mom?

Sofia does not respond right away.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 Hello?

SOFIA
 Well, you know. She's okay. Mostly
 the same, which just means she
 forgets who I am about ten times a
 day, but. She's okay.

JORGE
 Shit. I'm sorry. I don't know. I
 guess that's just...what happens.

SOFIA
 Yeah...Listen, I don't want to
 alarm you, but. Took her for a
 checkup the other day. Dr.
 Organvidez.

JORGE
 Shit. That old dude is still her
 doctor? How the fuck?

SOFIA

Well, yeah. She refuses to let anyone else see her. I think he's retired, but he offers to come in and see her. His son took over the practice so it isn't a huge deal.

JORGE

Wow. I remember him. Crazy.

SOFIA

Anyway. Look. There was something wrong with some kind of levels of I don't know what, and her kidneys but...

JORGE

But what?

SOFIA

I think you should come.

JORGE

(continuing to type while on the phone)

I can't. I'm working on this new book and my editor is on my ass about it. I'm up to my ass on revisions, an-

SOFIA

Jorge. You should come.

The two share a moment of silence and acknowledgment.

EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. DAY.

Jorge exits out onto the arriving flights, looking down at his phone. He looks over at an approaching car.

JORGE

Enrique?

ENRIQUE

Si, si.

Enrique, the Uber driver, parks and gets out of the car to help Jorge with his luggage.

JORGE

Thank you.

The two men get back in the car, Jorge taking his seat in the back.

ENRIQUE
Viene para pasar las navidades
aqui?

JORGE
I'm sorry. No hablo Español.

ENRIQUE
Ah, sorry.
(in shaky English)
You home for the holidays?

JORGE
Uh, well. I guess so. I don't know
how long I'll be staying. My mom,
she's sick.

ENRIQUE
Sorry. My mom die last year, back
in Cuba. I not get a chance to say
bye.

Jorge looks down at his phone, avoiding eye contact.

JORGE
That's...really hard. I'm sorry.
Uh. Lo siento mucho.

ENRIQUE
Ah pero si hablas Español, eh?

JORGE
No, no. I. I understand it more
than anything. Can't speak it.

ENRIQUE
Well. I no speak English good, but
I talk to you okay, yeah?

JORGE
Yes, that's very true.

Jorge looks out at the once familiar streets of Miami.

FLASHBACK

Carmen gets in the family car, a teenage Jorge jumping in the back seat.

CARMEN

Quieres que te haga un sopita de pollo cuando llegemos a casa?

Jorge shrugs. Carmen sighs at her son's less than emphatic response.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Tambien puedo hacerte un sanwichito de tuna.

JORGE

Whatever.

CARMEN

Si, si, whatever. Whatever pa todo, eh? No sabes decir otra cosa?

Jorge grits his teeth.

JORGE

What do you want me to say? I don't want to eat anything. I just wanna lay down. Just get me like a Gatorade or something.

The car comes to a stop at a red light.

CARMEN

(looking at Jorge through the rearview)

Un gaydoray. Vaya pues. Te dejo en la casa y voy a Pobli rapidito.

JORGE

(annoyed)

Thanks.

CARMEN

Se dice "Gracias, mami. Te quiero mucho, mami. Aprecio todo lo que haces por mi, mami. Eres la mejor madre en todo el mundo, mami."

Jorge looks out the window, disinterested and avoidant. Carmen reaches behind and tickles her son's knee.

JORGE

Ma!

Unable to fight it, Jorge bursts out into laughter and the two share a warm moment. Jorge looks at his mom and smiles, then looks back out the window.

JORGE (CONT'D)
Te quiero, ma.

FLASHBACK ENDS

EXT. PALOMO HOME. DAY

Jorge looks out the window, lost in thought, as the car comes to a stop.

ENRIQUE
Llegamos.

Jorge hesitates for a second to get out of the car.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)
Hey. Just tell Mami you love her
and you miss her. Pasa tiempo con
ella.

Jorge nods.

JORGE
Uh. Enrique, right?

ENRIQUE
Si.

JORGE
Thank you. Gracias.

Jorge walks up to the front door of his childhood home. He leans forward to knock, but the door swings open.

His older sister, now even older than he remembered her, stands before him.

SOFIA
Wow. Look at you.

Jorge laughs and looks down at his sister.

JORGE
(laughing)
Look at you! Gosh.

SOFIA
I know. I'm old.

JORGE
No, not at all. You look great.

SOFIA
Well, come in. She's sleeping.

INT. THE PALOMO HOME KITCHEN - DAY

Jorge sits down at the familiar dining room table.

JORGE
This place is...like a museum. Wow.

SOFIA
Can I get you something?

JORGE
No, no. I ate on the plane.

Sofia sits down across her brother and looks at Jorge.

JORGE (CONT'D)
Uh, how is she?

SOFIA
She's okay today. Humberto came and checked her out yesterday. She mostly just sleeps.

JORGE
I uh. I wonder if she'll recognize me.

SOFIA
She will. I show her pictures all the time. She's always asking about you.

JORGE
Pictures?

SOFIA
Well, I pull up your faculty page and show her that picture.

JORGE
Right. Well. I just don't like social media too much.

SOFIA
You could call more, you know? I could put her on FaceTime for you. We tried, remember?

JORGE
Eh. Yeah, I...I was pres-

SOFIA

Presenting at a conference in Chicago. I know. I remember. You coulda called back.

JORGE

I wouldn't know what to say.

SOFIA

Just hi for starters. That would work.

JORGE

Look. I. I know. I know I've been distant.

SOFIA

If that's what you wanna call it.

JORGE

(nervous laughter)

I mean...I'm just so busy.

SOFIA

We're all busy, Jorge. Even me. She's our mom, you know? You could talk to her more often.

JORGE

No, I can't. I literally can't. I don't know how.

SOFIA

Don't give me that shit. What you still swear you don't know Spanish? Bullshit.

JORGE

Look, I can't. I just haven't kept up with it, okay? And at this point, I can hardly bring myself to speak it at all. I sound fucking stupid.

Sofia's eyebrows furrow and she takes a deep sigh.

SOFIA

You think any of that matters?

JORGE

It does to me.

SOFIA

Ay hermanito, hermanito. Has pasado toda la vida preocupado de lo que la gente piense de ti. Why?

Jorge looks down at the table in silence.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Jorge...

JORGE

Look. I know. Okay? I know. I am sorry for the position I've put you in. I'm sorry you've had to be this intermediary between me and my own mother, but I just...

SOFIA

You turned your back on your language. On us. You left for school as far away as possible and never looked back.

JORGE

Hey, I send checks every-

SOFIA

Checks. Checks, Jorge? Yeah, you do, and I appreciate that. And look I get it. I don't hate you for going out and living your dream. Becoming this big-time professor. I am so happy for you. I am.

Sofia reaches out and grabs Jorge's hands, cupping them within her own.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

But you really hurt mom. All those years you just talked to her in English, as if she understood half the shit you said. She tried though. She tried. Which is more than you can say.

JORGE

(sullen)

I know. Look, I just. I didn't think anyone would take me seriously. Dad used to say it, right? "Hay que mejorar la raza."

SOFIA

God. I know you didn't just...bring him up. How do you even remember anything that asshole said? He was out of here before you even started middle school.

JORGE

Look what do you want me to say? Yes. I fucked up. I did. I know that. I hated Spanish. I hated feeling less than for it being my first language. Everywhere I looked, it was always someone correcting me or saying I needed to better my English. Do you know what that's like? And dad.

SOFIA

Fuck dad and his raza shit.

A bell rings.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

(still angry)

She's awake. Do you wanna go see her?

Jorge looks down the hallway and back at his sister.

JORGE

What do I even say?

SOFIA

I'm sure you can figure that out. Just start with hi.

Jorge gets up from the table and takes a few steps down the hall. He pauses before the closed door at the end, and takes a deep breath before opening it. He stares in, eyes increasingly misty.

CARMEN (O.S.)

Hijo? Eres tu?

JORGE

Hola, mami. Te e extrañado mucho.

Jorge's gaze holds on his mother as his tears turn to a smile. And we cut to black.

THE END