The Swimmers
Rachel Strauss-Muniz
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INT. FERTILITY CLINIC WAITING ROOM - MORNING
We see Rosa, late 30's, praying the rosary.

ROSA
Santa Maria, madre de Dios ruega
por nosotros los pecadores ahora y
en la hora de nuestra muerte Amen.

Rosa sees Eddie enter and quickly stashes her rosary in her
purse.

EDDIE
Uhh, were you just praying for my
semen?

ROSA
No. I mean yes. Papi, we need good
swimmers for in vitro fertilization
to work.

EDDIE
Babe, my plasma posse
dea pasión
are
a bunch of semen olympians. We
don't need you praying to the jizz
gods for us...WE GOOD!

ROSA
Eddie, you know that IVF is the
last resort we have to make a baby
of our own, so I want every step of
the way to go smoothly.

EDDIE
Well this step wasn't the
smoothest, but I think me and the
boys did ok.

ROSA
What do you mean?

EDDIE
It's kind of hard, well, in my
case, not so much...trying to get
erect and whacking off in an exam
EDDIE (cont'd) room with folks talking that fertility medicine shit right outside the door. And the pornos they had were from 1985. I couldn't even see past all that bush. Why couldn't you bet in that room to help me out? Nah meannnn?!

ROSA I'm sure there is some scientific reason why I can't go in the room with you. Maybe it would contaminate the specimen or something.

EDDIE I don't need your hands or your mouth on it babe, just watching you dance to a little Romeo Santos in there would have worked just fine.

He reaches for an embrace.

ROSA Seriously Eddie? Not now. He tries again.

EDDIE (Singing) Son las cinco de la mañana...

ROSA Por favor Eddie. I can't get turned on in a place that is going to freeze our future babies, Por Dios!

EDDIE Come on mamita.

ROSA Mamita? I'm trying to focus right now on becoming a mamita. Unlike you.
EDDIE: Just focus on me babe. He continues to sing Romeo Santos music.

ROSA: Why is everything a fucking joke to you?

EDDIE: Rosa! I just blew my own horn with the lights on in there. I just shuffled my iPod with no music, for God’s sake! (He shivers) I feel so... so self-violated!

ROSA: I can’t believe you’re complaining about jerking off, you jerk off! Do you even understand what I’m going through to help us make a baby?

EDDIE: Well, whatever it’s going through, that body look good to me!

ROSA: Enough already! Do you even understand what I’m doing to make us a baby?

EDDIE: Of course I do. You eat a lot of beets. Sleep with your legs in the air. And you do your kegels every morning...

ROSA: Oh, so you think I just eat healthy, sleep like a bat and do vagina exercises?

EDDIE: Well, I--
ROSA
I have to inject myself in the ass every morning with drugs that are making me more emotional than a telenovela. I have to come to this depressing-ass clinic three times a week on my lunch break so they can drain me of my blood like a vampire. I had to lie down spread eagle while they pulled the eggs right out of my swollen ovaries, just so they could "maybe" meet up with your swimmers. And you're complaining about depositing a little spunk in a maldito cup?!

EDDIE
Rosa, I--

ROSA
What, Eddie? What...with all the fucked up things I've been doing for US, do you have the right to complain about? And whose body is the vessel here, huh?

Rosa's breaks her rosary into a million pieces. They take a beat.

EDDIE
I'm sorry you and your beautiful body are going through all this. And I appreciate everything you're doing for us. I do. I'm just...really, really scared.

ROSA
What are YOU scared of?

EDDIE
After the miscarriage, I wept for hours. I knew how much you were hurting, and I couldn't stand adding to that pain. That baby boy was half mine too, Rosa, and I started to love him. I even bought him a whole NY Knicks wardrobe.

(MORE)
ROSA
I know. I found it and pulled it out of the trash.

EDDIE
Even though we got doctors mixing your eggs and my sperm this time around, I'm scared it won't work. I'm scared if it does work. And I'm scared we're going to be broke after all this IVF shit. Girl, I'm even scared of jerking off now.

ROSA
I'm scared too papi. I can't talk to anyone in my family because they just don't get it. All of my cousins are popping out their fifth and sixth kids, and here we are, just a ripe plátano with a side of scrambled eggs.

EDDIE
Con Dios a'lante Rosa my love. We're going to become parents one way or another, and no matter what, I want you to know that I love you and your scrambled eggs. We just gotta keep swimming upstream - like salmon you know? We'll make it to the pond, together mi amor.
CONTINUED:

ROSA
Sure. And maybe I'll dance to some Romeo Santos for you in the parking lot...

EDDIE
So nasty...

Fade to Romeo Santos music.