









EDDIE Side

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.

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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 *platano* 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*.

END

