PABLO AND TANIA

Scene One: Monday Afternoon

PABLO. Tania! There you are!

TANIA. Pablo, you're home early.

PABLO. Should you be doing that?

TANIA. It's fine. I'm so sick of unpacking. I hate being inside on such a beautiful day!

PABLO. You should take it easy.

TANIA. Gardening relaxes me. You're the one that's been working so hard.

PABLO. I have to. This firm is so intense... So intensely...

TANIA. Competitive?

PABLO. – American.

TANIA. American...

PABLO. American.

TANIA. You're just the new guy.

PABLO. No. I'm the foreign guy. And that's different.

TANIA. That's why they want you, because you are different.

PABLO. Tania, I think I've done something I might regret.

TANIA. Really? What?

PABLO. I invited the entire firm to our house.

TANIA. You did what?

PABLO. The senior partners were joking about me being the "new guy." And Mr. Krause, as in SMITH, KRAUSE, and WILSON, said he barely thinks you exist –

TANIA. – But, you told him I'm finishing my dissertation... and the baby – right?

PABLO. Before I knew it, I channeled my father and invited all of them over to our house.

TANIA. You didn't!

PABLO. It gets better: the party is this weekend.

TANIA. Puta madre!!!

PABLO. Breathe. Breathe. Remember the Lamaze...

TANIA. Maldita sea. Are you crazy?! How did that happen?

PABLO. I'll tell you how: The Letterhead Partner, Mr. Krause, says, "Pablo! That's a generous offer. When would you like us ALL over?" And I say, "Sir, mi casa es su casa." And we all laugh. And he says, "I'd love to see where you live. Tell you what, I'm free this Saturday –"

TANIA. Saturday! –

PABLO. "– Does that work for you?" It was a test. A Total Test. He was watching me with this gleam in his eye.

TANIA. This is where you say NO...it doesn't work for me or my beloved pregnant wife!

PABLO. I didn't skip a beat. Looked him straight in the eye and said: "YES! Mr. Krause, this Saturday is perfect." And he said: "I like that. You have cojones, son."

TANIA. Mr. Krause actually said "cojones"?

PABLO. He even did the quotation marks.

TANIA. Oh God.

PABLO. I see it as his form of cultural outreach. Which could be a good sign to becoming partner

TANIA. No! Nothing about this ballsy, machista law firm party-planning is good!

PABLO. I know. But Tania: this could be bigger than Steven Johnson's Martini Happy Hour. Because the only living, letterhead boss said he would come. I could become the first Latino to make partner in this place. Maybe one day, they'll add DEL VALLE to the letterhead. That would be a first, huh?

TANIA. Pablo!

PABLO. It was fight or flight, Tania. And you've taught me to never run away from a fight.

TANIA. Sixty strangers here in six days? We don't have enough furniture. Our walls are half-painted. Our plaster is cracked. And I have my own research to do before the baby comes. It's just too much. You are trying too hard.

PABLO. I know! I know. It's too much. I'm so stressed. I don't want to let you down. I don't want to let the baby down. I want to fix up the house for us. I need to make partner –

TANIA. So an impromptu party for the whole firm?

PABLO. I don't know what I was thinking. We can't fix-up a fixer-upper in six days.

(Beat.)

I'll tell Mr. Krause that I can't deliver.

TANIA. Wait! So let's be up front, confident. Show them we are do-it-yourselfers in the best way: We have the party outside.