

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

Written by

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EXT. HOUSE - DAY

TONY (29), the type of guy who does Spartan Races in his free time, reaches up to RING the doorbell.

He holds hands with MONICA (27), bookish, not a hair out of place. At their feet, a suitcase and a weekend bag.

Monica pulls her hand away from Tony's. Nervously, she straightens her already crisp white blouse.

MONICA

Hun, look at me. Is my shirt wrinkled?

He looks at her as if this is the fifth time she's asked this question. He lets out a small laugh.

TONY

Monica, it's fine, honestly. You act like you've never met my parents before.

MONICA

I just get... nervous.

Suddenly, the door opens revealing SANDRA (50s), a 5 foot woman with a 6 foot presence. A beaming smile on her face. **The following dialogue is in Spanish, with subtitles.**

SANDRA

Tony! It's so good to see you, *cariñito*. I've missed you!

Sandra pulls Tony in for a tight squeeze.

TONY

Missed you too, Mom.

Behind her is OSCAR (50s), kind eyes behind his tough exterior. Oscar greets Monica with a kiss on the cheek.

OSCAR

Hi, *míja*. How've you been?

MONICA

Good, good, and you?

Oscars smiles and nods.

OSCAR

Good.

Sandra lets go of her son. She looks Monica up and down.

SANDRA

And, Monica. You look...thin.

Monica looks down at herself, self-conscious. Sandra and Monica exchange a half-hearted hug. Meanwhile, Oscar and Tony greet one another.

MONICA

Hi, Sandra. How are you?

Sandra immediately shifts her focus back to her son, who picks up the suitcases. Monica makes a face.

SANDRA

No, no, no, leave those, *mi amor*.
Your *Papí* can bring them in.

Sandra, Tony, and Monica enter the house. Oscar follows behind with the luggage.

INT. TONY'S MOM'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tony and Monica sit across from Sandra and Oscar, each has a plate of carne asada, beans, and rice. They eat.

This scene is spoken in Spanish with subtitles.

SANDRA

Monica, you eat like a bird. You
have to be nice and healthy to
carry a baby.

Monica, mid-bite, nearly chokes on her food. She brings a napkin to her mouth. She coughs into it.

Oscar drops a tortilla on her plate.

OSCAR

Eat up.

Monica puts a hand up in protest.

TONY

Monica isn't... ready for that yet.

Sandra gasps.

SANDRA

No? I was ready for a kid before I
even met Oscar.

She chuckles.

MONICA

I really want to establish myself at my firm before taking on any more... responsibility.

SANDRA

Ayí, míja. Don't be silly, work isn't going anywhere. But, those eggs won't be young forever.

Monica swallows a smart remark.

OSCAR

Besides, Tony will be working. Right?

Tony nods.

MONICA

I mean it really isn't about the money. I like my job.

Sandra, smiling, shakes her head.

SANDRA

Okay, Monica.

An awkward moment of silence.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

How do you like the salsa, Tony? It used to be your favorite, remember?

Monica scoots out of her chair.

MONICA

(quietly)

I'm gonna go to the bathroom.

They look at her, surprised.

She walks into--

INT. HALLWAY

She stops when she hears--

SANDRA (O.S.)

That Monica is so strange, míjo. She's almost thirty. What is she waiting for?

Tony laughs.

TONY (O.S.)
I don't know.

SANDRA (O.S.)
¿Pués?

TONY (O.S.)
I can't force her, *Amá*. I'm fine
with waiting.

Monica clenches her jaw.

SANDRA (O.S.)
Are you sure? I mean, what ever
happened to that *gringa*, Chelsea?
She was nice, no?

TONY (O.S.)
Yeah, she was... nice. But--

Fuming, Monica walks back into--

INT. KITCHEN

At the sound of footsteps, Tony falls silent. A smile on her
face, she sits back down.

MONICA
What are we talking about?

TONY
I was just telling my mom how great
the *carne* came out.

Sandra nods.

MONICA
¿Oh, *sí*? Glad you're enjoying it.

They continue eating. It's mostly quiet as forks hit against
plates.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Tony and Monica lie in bed. Monica faces the wall, her arms
crossed. Tony lies his back.

Tony reaches over and tries to tickle Monica. She doesn't
react. She scoots ever so slightly further away.

TONY
Mon, is something up?

She doesn't respond.

TONY (CONT'D)
I know you're still awake.

She closes her eyes. After a couple moments of silence, he sighs and turns away.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Tony pumps gas into a dated Honda-CRV. He eyes Monica sits inside the car, scrolling through her phone.

The price reaches 50.00. Tony takes out the gas nozzle, taps it, then puts it back into the holder.

He opens the car door and steps into--

INT. CRV - MOMENTS LATER

Tony sits in the driver's seat. He throws a bag of sunflower seeds into the cupholder. He starts the car, a ROCK SONG blares from the radio. Monica makes a face.

She tears open the bag of sunflower seeds and pours some into her left palm.

TONY
(under his breath)
I could've bought you your own.

MONICA
Hm?

Tony shakes his head. He puts his hand on the gear stick.

TONY
Nothing.

Monica cranks the volume knob all the way to the left.

MONICA
I can't hear you over this damn music. What did you say?

Tony is silent. Monica looks at him, expectantly. He puts the car in drive.

TONY
I just said I could've bought you your own snack. You said you didn't want anything.

MONICA
Well, I changed my mind.

She glares at him.

MONICA (CONT'D)
I can do that you know.

TONY
I know. I'm not trying to argue
with you.

MONICA
Then what are you trying to do?

He shakes his head. Tony turns the music back up. Monica reaches over to turn it down a bit.

He stops the car. They are still in the parking lot.

TONY
What's going on with you?

MONICA
(snappily)
What are you talking about?

TONY
Can you cut the shit already?
You've been giving me the cold
shoulder the entire time we were at
my mom's.

She doesn't respond.

TONY (CONT'D)
Jesus, Mon, I can't read your mind!

She swallows, attempting to fight back tears.

MONICA
Do you wish you had married Chelsea
instead?

Tony looks at her, stunned.

TONY
What the hell are you talking about?
I swear, you're always trying to
start shit.

MONICA
I heard you and your mom.

TONY

Well... then you know that my mom was the one that brought her up. Not me.

A pause.

MONICA

I bet she'd be ready to start giving your mom grandbabies, huh.

TONY

Yeah, she probably would be.

Monica looks taken aback.

MONICA

What's that supposed to mean?

TONY

It means she'd be ready. She always was.

MONICA

And that's what you want?

TONY

Chelsea and I broke up years ago. If that's what I wanted do you really think you and I would be here right now? You're being ridiculous.

MONICA

But--

TONY

But, what?

MONICA

Don't you want kids.

TONY

I do. And you aren't ready. What are you trying to get at?

Monica chews on her bottom lip.

MONICA

What if I'm never ready? Or, if I can't have any?

TONY
(concerned)
Did something happen?

MONICA
No, just a hypothetical.

TONY
Then...

He groans.

TONY (CONT'D)
I don't know, Monica. I don't have
an answer for you.

A beat.

MONICA
But, you get it, right? I mean
we're not even 30 yet. And works
going really good for me, for us.

She looks up at him with sad eyes.

TONY
I get it, but... I can't wait
forever.

Monica nods, smiling, as a tear drops down from an eye. She quickly wipes it away.

MONICA
I know. Let's go home? We have a
long drive ahead of us.

Tony starts the car. His hand rests on top of the center console. Monica places her hand on top of his.

Tony turns the key. The engine shuts off.

He shakes his head sadly.

TONY
No, we gotta figure this out, Mon.

FADE TO BLACK.