

TORTILLA SOUP.

CARMEN: Leti, you have papers to grade. Why don't you let me and Maribel finish?(no answer)

How long are you gonna give me the silent treatment? I don't know what you expected, I mean, we are three grown women.

Ok make that two grown women living at home with their daddy. That might have worked in Mexico but he doesn't realize things are different. He needs to meet someone he's been alone too long.

LETICIA: He only had one true love in his life.

CARMEN: All they did was bicker and fight.

LETICIA: That's how they loved each other.

CARMEN: Please, Leticia...

LETICIA: I mean, what do you remember, you were what?

CARMEN: I was old enough to know. Anyway, I have to get out and so do you.

LETICIA: When will you get it through your head that I choose to live my life this way?

CARMEN: Por favor Leticia, you are lying to yourself.

LETICIA: Ok, somebody has to care what happens to dad.

CARMEN: I care, ok? I care very much what happens to him but I won't use that as an excuse to not live my life.

LETICIA: Well, all you think about is you.

CARMEN: Stop pretending you're mad at me. You are mad because Carlos showed you the door a decade ago.

LETICIA: At least I don't sleep with every guy I meet.

CARMEN: Don't make me out to be a slut just because I've had sex in this decade. Why don't you wake up and get a life?

LETICIA: I have a life.

CARMEN: "I have a life". You should've stayed catholic and join the convent for all the fun you're having.

MARIBEL: You're aggravating her colitis.

CARMEN: What is wrong now?

MARIBEL: Why do you always do that?

CARMEN: Do what?

MARIBEL: Dismiss me like I don't exist.

LETICIA: Is not just you she does it to everybody.

CARMEN: What are you talking about?

MARIBEL: Don't play dumb, Carmen. You can be a real bitch when you want it. No wonder you don't have any friends.

CARMEN: What do you know, you're so irresponsible you cant even show up on time for dinner.

MARIBEL: Oh please, why should I if it always ends up like this?

LETICIA: Ahhhggg, Basta! I can't take it anymore!

MARIBEL: Is that a promise or a threat, Leti?... Oh Jesus, you are pathetic. Give it to me! (Breaks plate)

LETICIA: Are you crazy??

MARIBEL: So fun! No wonder the greeks do it! And they sing and dance. Let's try that! (singing) "You wont admit you love me and so how am I to know you only tell me Perhaps, Perhaps, Perhaps."

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