

"CUBAN EXAGGERATIONS"

Written by

Diana Yanez

An excerpt from
VIVA LA EVOLUCIÓN!

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INT. DIANA'S LIVING ROOM

Diana stands center stage, she continues to explaining her experiences growing up Cuban-American in Miami.

DIANA

And everything Cuban - well in my experience, is exaggerated. Even how we call people exaggerated is exaggerated; we say it like this:

Her whole body get into it as the word swirls out of her - her head flips and the word is stretched out.

DIANA (CONT'D)

"ex-XAAA-HEH-RRRRRRAAAADDDDOH."

(beat)

We are the masters of it. This ever happen to you?

Diana pretends to be driving in a car. She's steering calmly down the street. Her foot moving to the imaginary break.

DIANA (CONT'D)

You're driving with one of your parents in the car and you brake just a little too late for their comfort? Do your parents do this?

Instantly Diana becomes her MOTHER as her whole body flips forward, hands slamming down on the imaginary dashboard in dramatic over-exaggeration. When her head comes back up there is a look of pure acid criticism directed at the driver.

Diana shakes her Mother off. Feels she needs to give another example.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Say something shocking to a Cuban and watch closely how they over-react.

(to a random audience member)

Tell me something shocking; tell me that your little teenage sister is pregnant.

AUDIENCE MEMBER
 (presumably repeats)
 My little teenage sister is
 pregnant.

Slamming her foot down, Diana is her Mother again - her
 finger goes into the air, exaggeration exudes and sarcasm
 drips as she responds almost full body - up and down - side
 to side with head and hips.

MOTHER
 Que-que-que-que-que-quuuuuueeee?!?!

Her body still swaying slightly.

DIANA
 (keeping her position,
 showing)
 Did you notice all the nuances?
 The head keeps rhythm with the hips
 but the shoulders and arm stay
 relatively still and relaxed,
 pulled gently by the beat?
 (beat)
 That my friends, is also the secret
 to superior salsa dancing. Its just
 exaggeration with a little hyper-
 sexuality thrown in. Did you know
 we can "salsify" any song? Oh,
 come on, you've seen us at
 weddings!

Diana demonstrates. Singing the famous song by Bon Jovi = but
 converting it to classic salsa as she dances.

DIANA (CONT'D)
 (singing, Cuban
 Accent/Salsa Rhythm)
 Aii-aii!
 We haff way dare!
 Oh-oh!
 Libing on a pra-ger!
 (still dancing)
 Mamita!

She explains again.

DIANA (CONT'D)
 And I am so gringa, I dream in
 English. If you kick me I say
 "ow." (beat) But if I hear a
 Caribbean rhythm something
 mysterious happens...

Diana becomes an upright/uptight caucasian CITIZEN-SELF inquiring about a new living situation for her abuelita.

CITIZEN-SELF
Well we've been investigating
nursing homes for Grandmama and--

SOUND CUE: SALSA MUSIC BEATS. She's cut off by a few beats of Salsa music. It takes her a moment to remember what she was saying.

CITIZEN-SELF (CONT'D)
...And we've found some really nice
residences--

SOUND CUE: SALSA MUSIC MORE BEATS. Again the music - hot and tasty, the Cuban music flusters her.

She shakes it off.

SOUND CUE: SALSA MUSIC PLAYING SOFTLY BUT GETTING LOUDER. She tries again but she can barely resist.

CITIZEN-SELF (CONT'D)
Um... yes, what was I saying--
(she struggles)
--yes some of these assisted living
facilities have a--
(she can't take it
anymore)
Excuse me.

Her Citizen-self takes two steps away and it all comes crashing down. Diana jumps into the salsa dancing vortex of rhythm and denial.

DIANA
(a la Celia Cruz)
AZUUUCA!

Passionately dancing salsa and laughing...

DIANA (CONT'D)
(completely immersed)
What am I talking about!? She
gonna come live with us and suck
the life and happiness out of my
own home - *the way it should be!*
The Cuban way!