

Letters to My Dead Lovers

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Summary:

Rom-Com short about two roommates that have a no-holds-bar-girls-night-in breakthrough of their toxic relationships.

Isa: 20s-late 30s, to play mid-20s to open, Latinx, curvy and confident, in and out of “relationships”.

Jay: 20s-late 30s, to play late 20s to open, Open, best friend and roommate of Isa, has relationship issues, more conservative and traditional. Overly dramatic about her breakups.

Scene One:

Scene opens to a dark apartment living room. Jay walks in from the front door, she is dressed to go out but is quickly reaching for all the comforts of a sad single lonely night in, its very ritualistic. The last thing Jay pulls out under the sofa, is a box filled with letters and mementos of her past relationships. Isa walks in from the hallway door with bat in hand ready to catch the “intruder”. Isa has her hair up in a towel but is mostly dressed to go out on the town.

ISA: What the fuck!

JAY: What are you doing here?

ISA: Me?! What happened to your hot date?

JAY: He... he

ISA: He stood you up?

JAY: I stood myself up.

ISA: You, no showed on him?

JAY: There was no date, Isa. I made it up.

ISA: What the fuck for?

JAY: I didn't want to sound pathetic the other night when all you girls were chismiando about your big dates and hookups. And then you all started pushing me, "It's time JAY." "Go out, JAY." "He wasn't worth it, Jay."

ISA: It's been 3-months, Jay

JAY: What you heifers don't understand, is that... I'm going through a horrible-

ISA: BREAKUP!!! Everyone knows you're going through a horrible breakup. Our postman Paco, the cute deli guy that stopped flirting with me, the damn server at Norms, and the whole city block knows you're going through a HORRIBLE BREAKUP! (beat) You've written seventeen blog posts and poems analyzing and deconstructing every little detail of how dipshit Cha-

JAY: Don't say his name, Isa. I'm not ready.

ISA: Sorry, Dipshit Asshole Freeloader broke your heart. No, you're not pathetic. Pathetic is lying to your homegirl and sitting on your ass feeling sorry for yourself when you could be going out and painting the town HOT PINK with me. But NO, you'd rather sit here and watch, let me guess? "Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind" for the hundredth time. (beat) Andale, slap on a smile and let's head out to Xelas.

JAY: Hell-to-the-Muther-fucken-No. I may not be at my best, at this exact moment in my life. But spending a Saturday night getting all chuladad out, just so I can babysit your drunk ass, as you maddog your exes exes is not a good time. I'd rather watch HGTV and chill, ALONE, thank you very much.

ISA: I do not hunt down my exes or my exes exes!

JAY: I didn't say hunt. But that's some twisted shit if you are.

ISA: Get over him already!

JAY: Easy for you to say, your a stone cold bitch. You don't give a fuck about anybody.

ISA: That's not true, I give a fuck about you.

JAY: It's easy to love me. I'm talking about falling in love not just lust or your locuras. Real love, romantic love, bend over backwards love.

ISA: That shit is overrated. We're *still* young, it's time to have fun, and open all the boxes of chocolates before we settle for one or two flavors for the rest of our lives. So wrap up this pity party and forget about "The-Fucker-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named"

JAY: But shouldn't we be married now and have babies running around us..?

ISA: Okay, okay (*goes over to do magic on Jay*) "POOF" you're married, "Double POOF" you're with child, now what?

JAY: (getting defensive) I get it.

ISA: No. I don't think you do.

JAY: Don't start, Isa. You have more to offer than your Conchita Alonso! At least I put myself out there long enough to know what love even feels like.

ISA: Oh my god, this girl. What does it feel like? Some bullshit a man feeds you.

JAY: You don't even give men a chance to-

ISA: To what, JAY? Fuck me over? That's what they do. I don't need that kind of drama in my life. And at least I'm not home watching the same sobfest movies or writing lovesick poems for an asshole (beat) that never even loved me in the first place.

JAY: He did love me. And can you please stop blaming ALL MEN for your "daddy issues". Because when you say ALL MEN you're including my papi God rest his soul, my SEVEN brothers, and my tio Bonifacio de la Cruz that I swear walks on water. And they never "fucked" over anyone. It's not what they do. It's not what ALL MEN DO!!

ISA: I didn't mean your papi, but that "daddy issues" bit was a low blow.

JAY: "He never loved you in the first place" wasn't? Let's face it, we no shit about love.

ISA: We know a lot about what love isn't. (beat) Fuck, who needs a drink?

(brings out two beers and a bottle of tequila.)

JAY: What happened to painting the town hot pink?

ISA: That shit is overrated too. You know what we need? A good ass limpia. I bet if we got drunk and burned your box of forget-me-nots it would make us, I mean you feel way better.

JAY: First, we are not starting any fires so we can get evicted. And secondly, I'm not getting rid of my box, it's sentimental and some of it is expensive and one of a kind. Look? *(shows her an ugly piece of sketched art on a napkin.)* He drew this for me on our second date.

ISA: Didn't he puke on your second date too?

JAY: OK, if I'm willing to sacrifice and toss out some...

ISA: All of it.

JAY: Then you have to get rid of your "love sick" mixtapes.

ISA: Those are private.

JAY: How can they be private when you're blasting them in the middle of the night.

ISA: Don't act like you don't listen to them. *(Pops CD player open)* A-ha Letters to My Dead Lovers #23. Admit it, it's good. It starts off all soft *(Plays: Shakira "Antologia")* and wraps up to my favorite track, *(Plays Kelis "Caught Out There at 1:22)* This jam right here is dedicated to Mr. Abel Garcia, the lying bastard who always knew when I was happy and dating someone new. It's like he had built in radar, "Time to fuck with, Isa."

JAY: *(Hands over the trash can)* It's been three years, time to move on, honey.

ISA: See that felt good *(takes another shot)* You're turn!

(360 short. Jay grabs an old pair of boxers from the box, smells it and right before she tosses it with determination her cell rings, it's her ex Charlie. Before she can answer it, Isa rips it from her hands.)

JAY: It's a sign! He felt me.

ISA: I thought we blocked him from all our phones.

JAY: I drunk texted him "hi" the other night.

ISA: Is that all?!

JAY: A smiley face...and maybe, "i miss u"

ISA: We said NO going back, Jay.

JAY: I need to answer it.

ISA: *(Isa answers the phone)* Hey, loser! How about you eat shit and drop dead and leave my best friend alone!! *(Hangs up the phone)*

JAY: How could you?

ISA: Because you wouldn't.

JAY: Save yourself, Isa. I have my own back.

ISA: Fine, call him. I'm out of here.

(House phone rings, both look over at phone. Caller ID says it's Isa's mom.)

JAY: Don't worry, it's not him. It's your mommy.

(Phone rings one more time and goes to voicemail)

ISA: Don't answer the phone. I'll call her tomorrow.

AMA: (V.O) Isa, don't forget your taking me to the 7 o'clock mass in the morning. Afterwards there is a Guadalupana meeting...and they're still looking for more members, mija....

JAY: *(answers phone on speaker)* Senora Sandoval, Isa is here and she would LOVE to be a Guadalupana!

ISA: Hi Ma, I'm on my way out. Let me call you in the morning-

AMA: (V.O) What kind of senorita goes out at this hour?!

ISA: It's not late, Ma.

AMA: (V.O) A estas horas, Isa, (beat) don't be anybody's leftovers, mija. (beat) Why don't you call up Rene and patch things up.

ISA: Te llamo manana, Ama. (*hangs up phone*)

JAY: Isa-

ISA: Congratulations. You two can bond over how I'm a puta over brunch tomorrow (screams in frustration) Rene- oh if she only knew of her precious Renesito.

JAY: Isa, I'm sorry

ISA: (*ignoring Jay - talking at phone to "her mother"*) Ahh Saintly Rene, I remember when she and my sisters yanked into the kitchen at a family party, "Don't fuck this one up, Isa." "He's a good one, owns his own house, union job, que mas quieres?" Little did they know, the good one had anger issues behind closed doors.

JAY: He hit you?

ISA: He tried. I gave him my best Maria Felix "I'll cut you look" and told him to get the fuck out.

JAY: You never said anything. (beat) I thought you broke things off because he looked like Baby Huey.

ISA: That too.

(*Isa sits back down. Jay pours them another two shots*)

JAY: Do you have a mixtape for this?

ISA: No, just tequila

(Jay lovingly grabs bottle from Isa and corks it)

ISA: I'm sorry for telling off Cha- sorry- for you. It wasn't my place.

JAY: Charlie. That fucker's name is Charlie. Actually, his name is Carlos, pinche sell out. (beat) you're right, I don't need that pendejo in my life.

ISA: Amen, sista! (beat) You know there's still time to go out-

JAY: Bu-but...I just want to love someone so bad it hurts.(beat) I want to give him everything and just love until my heart shatters into a thousand pieces.

ISA: Fuck, I would love to love myself that way.

JAY: I'm being serious. I'm talking about *real* love here.

ISA: So am I. *The greatest love of all:* Self-Love. It's unprecedented-

JAY: Someone's happy with their new vibrator. (beat) Seriously Isa, I want a love that will break me. That will transform my world and make me feel like I can conquer anything. I want a man...

ISA: No! You want a prince, and homegirl you're no Disney princess. Snap out of it. You want a love that will "break you"?! Why does your version of love have to be so painful? And why can't you conquer the world right now? You're a Strong, Independent, CHICANA, who don't need no manz to take care of you.

JAY: Yeah, but sometimes I just want to be a pampered Mexican American chiquiada who can appreciate a gentle-man taking care of me.

ISA: Don't you think it's important to love ourselves even half of what you describe. We give our heart and soul away too much. (beat) We need to learn to love ourselves first before we give it up to any man. To anyone really.

JAY: Not just anyone, girl. I may be lonely, but I have standards.

ISA: Yeah but you fall for any Tom, Dick, or Miguel that tells you "I love you" on the third date. Me, I want a Capital L-O-V-E VERB kind of love.... and furthermore...

JAY: Oh God there's a furthermore...

ISA: *(ignoring Jay. Talking more to herself)* and when I am so in love with myself, that no-one and nothing can break me down. Then I want a man that 1. Who is not going to try to control me. 2. Who thinks I'm perfect even when I am spitting nails. 3. Who sees me for ME. 4. Who loves, respects, and supports me as his equal, and the badass Warrior Woman that I am.

JAY: Is that all?

ISA: A big smile and big booty wouldn't hurt.

JAY: Thank you, Señorita Isabella "Isa" Guevara de las Guadalupanas" I get it, I do. I want all of that too. But on nights like these when I'm all locked up at home and feel the solitude creep up on me, all the self-love in the world can't lift me up. *(beat)* And all I can think about is the way we cuddled over coffee in the morning, and how he made love to me in Spanish, broken Spanish, but it was still hot.

ISA: That's easy. You call your homegirl. Hello. And I'll remind you what an amazing smart funny loving chingona you are, who deserves more than-

(Jay's cell phone starts ringing, it's Charlie. Both watch it ring.)

ISA: *(beat)* It's a sign?

JAY: Yes, it is. *(answers phone)* "Carlitos, I am a strong, independent, mujersota *(beat)* who deserves more than your nasty, good for nothing, manipulating, piece of- coma mierda ass *(hangs up phone)* Come on, the night's still young..."

ISA: Eso!

(The two exit out "front door" after cheering and hugging.)