

INT. KITCHEN

MOM and DAD sit together at the kitchen table with their son, JUAN. They gaze into each other's eyes.

MOM
You should be the one, I've changed
my mind.

DAD
No. We already agreed that it would
be you.

MOM
It's such a big moment though--

Dad interrupts.

DAD
--Which is why we agreed that you
should do the honors.

Confused this entire time, Juan chimes in.

JUAN
OK, you guys have been arguing for
the last ten minutes about who
should do this something that needs
to be done. Do I really need to be
here for this?

Mom and dad chime in together.

Yes!

MOM

Yes!

DAD

JUAN
Ok, ok... I'll stay. But could you
go ahead and get to it?

Dad nods at mom. Mom smiles gently at dad and then turns her gaze to Juan.

MOM
Juan, we have something to tell
you. It will probably come as a
huge surprise, but we need you know
that no matter what. We love you.

Juan still has no idea.

JUAN
Ok?

Mom and dad say nothing.

JUAN (CONT'D)
Do you want me to guess what it is?

DAD
Oh, that might be fun! That could
be fun, right honey?

MOM
Are you serious, no!
(to Juan)
No, honey, we don't want you to
guess... unless you'd like to.

Mom and dad gaze at Juan.

JUAN
I dunno... you're pregnant?

Mom and dad share a good laugh. They then stop and look at
Juan.

JUAN (CONT'D)
You didn't say yes or no, you just
laughed.

DAD
That's because your guess was
funny.

Mom agrees.

MOM
Very funny!

Juan is still baffled.

JUAN
Mom, dad... I have no idea. Why
don't you just tell me?

DAD
All right, but just remember that I
love you and your mother loves
you... no matter what.

Juan gets worried.

JUAN
Just tell me already, you're
hurting my brain, my feelings,
my... just tell me.

MOM

Juan... you'll probably find this hard to believe, but you're adopted.

Mom and dad wait for a reaction from Juan. Juan looks back and forth from his mother to father as a smile grows across his face.

JUAN

You thought I didn't know?

DAD

Well, of course... why did someone tell you?

MOM

Oh, I bet it was your mother... she's terrible at keeping secrets.

DAD

That's not necessarily true, she saw that my zipper was down before a debate tournament and kept that a secret... still a bit scarred by that one.

MOM

But you remember her blabbing about your father's incontinence to everyone, right? He didn't want people knowing--

JUAN

--Mom! Stop it! Gam Gam didn't tell me.

DAD

Oh, then was it Po Po?

JUAN

No! Dad, I've always known. Since I was like three or four. I figured it out a long time ago.

MOM

Oh my goodness... I'm so sorry. Was it something we did that tipped you off?

DAD

It was the disposable diapers. I told you we should've gone with cloth, that he'd think he wasn't special enough for cloth diapers, but no you wouldn't listen! You--

JUAN

--Dad! Stop! Both of you! Stop.

Mom and dad stop. Juan has their attention.

JUAN (CONT'D)

I've always known because, I mean, who wouldn't? I'm brown. My first name is Juan and my last name is McKenzie. You threw me a quinceanera when I turned fifteen... I didn't have the heart to tell that's a girls only tradition.

Mom and dad look at one another.

MOM

I told you so.

Dad throws up his hands. Guilty.

JUAN

You put on a good show, but I know you guys aren't Mexican. But thanks for trying to give me a little bit of what I would've gotten if I'd been with my birth parents.

Mom and dad look at each other with concern.

DAD

Son, I don't know how to tell you this... but your parents were from Canada. You're Canadian.

Juan takes this in.

JUAN

Why didn't you tell me?!
(stands up)
I hate you!

Juan storms out. Dad stands up to follow. Mom jumps up and stops him.

MOM

Don't honey, let him go. He needs
time to process.

Dad relents. He walks back over to mom and holds her hands in
his.

DAD

You're right. It's not every day
that you find out you're adopted
and Canadian. But we'll get through
this.

Mom leans in and places her head on dad's shoulder, smartly
facing out so the audience can see her face which is full of
anguish. Dad comforts her.

END SCENE