

Que bonito es ver la lluvia

By

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Panel	Description	Dialog
1.1	Wide, establishing shot. Lorimar, a young Hispanic woman, about 18-19, comes home to a tiny California duplex in the rain. She has a raincoat but no umbrella, and is clearly soaked. The lawn needs to be mowed, but the duplex is otherwise in decent condition.	
1.2	Closer shot. Lorimar's face is clearly visible, though her expression is the distracted one of a person with a lot on their mind. She has stopped to pull letters out of the mailbox, a little metal box by the door. Title can go into Panel 2 or Panel 3, integrated along the wall. Artist/writer (etc.) credits under the title.	Caption: HOW NICE IT IS, TO SEE THE RAIN (Que bonito es ver la lluvia)
1.3	Inside the duplex. The main entrance, a small hallway with a coat rack and a framed picture by the door. Lorimar has taken off her raincoat, and is reaching up to hang the still-dripping raincoat on the rack. Her other hand is full of letters.	

Panel	Description	Dialog
1.4	Behind shot, maybe torso-height. Lorimar, her attention mostly on the letters, is entering the kitchen, a sparse but cramped room with a single table. The doorway frames the kitchen, but Lorimar breaks the frame and serves as the foreground. Her mother TANIA and grandmother ARCELIA are already sitting at the table eating, though her mother has paused in this panel to speak. There is a third place seating. Her mother is facing and addressing Lorimar, though the grandmother seems occupied with dinner.	TANIA Lorimar, you're late. We started dinner without you.
1.5	Closer in on Lorimar's head and shoulders, though the mother is still visibly frowning at Lorimar in the background. Lorimar, one hand on the empty chair at the table. She is <i>still</i> looking at the letters rather than at her mother.	LORIMAR Yeah, fine. Hold on, I got a letter from the university.

Panel	Description	Dialog
2.1	Tania, frowning, across the table from Lorimar, who has not yet managed to sit. She is in the middle of tearing the letter open.	<p>TANIA Can't it wait until you've eaten?</p> <p>LORIMAR Look, I'm just going to- I want to know.</p>
2.2	The letter, in Lorimar's hands. It's a rejection, and a standard one. The text starts out clear but fades; the details aren't important.	<p>Caption: (text on the letter) Dear Ms. Vasquez, thank you for your interest in attending Pacific University. We regret to inform you at this time that your application for admission has been denied. If there are any questions, please contact the office of admissions and registration at ...</p>
2.3	Closeup of Lorimar's face and shoulders. She stares at the letter blankly.	<p>TANIA (OFFSCREEN) Did you get in?</p>
2.4	Lorimar, slumped at the table. A mirror of Panel 1, but closer in, more claustrophobic, more dejected.	<p>LORIMAR ...no.</p> <p>TANIA Waitlist?</p> <p>LORIMAR No.</p>
2.5	Pulled out further. Her curiosity satisfied, Tania has returned to eating. Her fork lifted in the air, she is in the process of launching into a well-meaning but well-worn lecture on Lorimar's future. To the side, the grandmother is looking at Tania, but her expression is unreadable.	<p>TANIA Good, now you can focus on your career. The shop's been--</p>

Panel	Description	Dialog
3.1	Lorimar explodes at her mother	<p>LORIMAR Why can't you talk about anything other than my <i>career!</i> University is what I want to do for my career!</p>
3.2	Who responds equally angrily	<p>TANIA And when you're in debt, what are you going to do? We can't afford to pay-</p> <p>LORIMAR I'm working, I'm-</p>
3.3	Her grandmother watches them fight silently	<p>TANIA Try to be reasonable about this for <i>one moment!</i> You're going to end up back at the shop-</p> <p>LORIMAR At least let me <i>try</i> to get a degree! See how far it's gotten you without one!</p>
3.4	Lorimar storms outside while her mother watches her go, at least as upset as she is.	
3.5	and sits in the rain, head down, arms crossed.	

Panel	Description	Dialog
4.1	Her grandmother comes outside, with an umbrella. She stands there for a bit	
4.2	and lights a cigarette	
4.3	before Lorimar acknowledges her.	<p>ARCELIA Bad day at work?</p> <p>LORIMAR ...yeah.</p>
4.4	.	<p>ARCELIA Would you like to talk about it?</p> <p>LORIMAR Not really, abuela.</p>
4.5		<p>LORIMAR (sort of embarrassed) I'm sorry.</p>
4.6	Beat panel, silent. At most there's the sound of rain. Pulled back to encompass both Lorimar and Arcelia in the shot.	
4.7	Lorimar covers her face.	<p>LORIMAR It's -- why's she so-- I don't understand! It's not even her money, I'm working both jobs, she should be happy for me! College, that's like, the American dream, right? Get a degree, get a better job. But I don't get-- it's not like I got bad grades!</p>

Panel	Description	Dialog
5.1	Dryly, smoke curling up from her cigarette. Lorimar's face is still covered by her hands. She's soaked.	ARCELIA La plata. That's the American dream, bonita. LORIMAR ...hah.
5.2	Looking out at the distance, not at Lorimar.	ARCELIA Your mother wants the best for you.
5.3		LORIMAR She wants the best for her crappy little business.
5.4	Beat; silent panel of them both in the rain.	
5.5	Unamused, but matter-of-fact. The focus here is on Arcelia's expression. There's both frustration and patience.	ARCELIA I founded that business.
5.6	From Lorimar's expression, she knew that but forgot. Her wet hair now clings to her face.	

Panel	Description	Dialog
6.1	An exhale of smoke.	ARCELIA Hm... I wasn't all that much older than you.
6.2		ARCELIA Married, two children already! Did I ever tell you why I decided to start it? LORIMAR Uh... I don't think so.
6.3	There's a sort-of flashback to her younger self here. Lorimar is sitting and listening with real interest.	ARCELIA My diabetes.
6.4		ARCELIA Who wanted to tell that to an employer back then? They think you'll drop dead.
6.5		ARCELIA This way, I could take the day off to go to the doctor, and no one would know! (laughs)
6.6		ARCELIA Your grandfather was against it, bless his soul. But it worked out when his job fell through, huh? Kept us afloat. Not you, you weren't born.

Panel	Description	Dialog
7.1	Lorimar's expression indicates both that her grandmother has said this sort of thing before- she is looking up at her from her perch on the stairs with a mix of mild irritation and amusement.	<p>ARCELIA When you said you wanted to go to university, to study ... Native history, or whatever it was-</p> <p>LORIMAR -anthropology, abuelita-</p>
7.2	Her grandmother continues as if uninterrupted.	<p>ARCELIA -I thought, why waste your money on that? Go talk to them in person, if you want to know the history.</p>
7.3	Lorimar's good humor has run out. A shot of her face, scowling up at her grandmother with a return of her earlier irritation.	<p>LORIMAR That's not the <i>point</i>-</p>
7.4	Again continuing unabated.	<p>ARCELIA -but you know, who am I to say what you should be doing? Maybe want to be a teacher, or Ann Dunham, or Indiana Jones, well, as long as you love it, you've got that drive, no one should be able to keep you from it.</p>
7.5	(from irritated to upset)	<p>LORIMAR If I hadn't been rejected.</p>

Panel	Description	Dialog
8.1	ARCELIA (looking at her, bluntly): There's other universities.	
8.2	Lorimar gives her grandmother an odd look.	
8.3		<p>LORIMAR You going to tell mamá that?</p> <p>ARCELIA Yeah.</p>
8.4		<p>ARCELIA Are you going to come back inside?</p> <p>LORIMAR Yeah.</p>
8.5	Her grandmother puts out her cigarette.	
8.6	Lorimar stands. She looks genuinely grateful, if a bit sheepish, and has one hand on her grandmother's arm as a polite gesture of support and love.	<p>LORIMAR Thanks.</p>
8.7	They go inside together.	