

ACT I
Scene 2

(LIGHTS UP: 30 MINUTES LATER: Living Room at FRANK VEGA'S condo in NYC. There is a small sofa with a torch reading lamp on one side. A console table behind the sofa for pictures, etc.)

(FRANK is standing. His daughter ARIANA is sitting on the sofa strumming her guitar.)

FRANK

Ariana, please stop. It's been a hard day. I may have lost my best client ... and now I come home to this. It's time for you to grow to up. I make my living by counting the numbers, and according to my calculations, you have less than a thousand to one chance of making it in show business.

ARIANA

But, Dad, I hate college. The only thing I love is writing and singing. It makes me happy.

FRANK

Happiness comes from creating a solid foundation that leads to a prosperous future. Like a degree in Business, so you can eventually takeover my accounting firm. It doesn't come from daydreaming and writing songs.

ARIANA

I can't wrap my brain around numbers, Dad. Accounting doesn't work for me. Music is what I do best.

FRANK

(FRANK is frustrated and throws his hands up into the air)

Look what's happened to the music industry. Today, recording artists are giving their songs away on the Internet for less than a buck. What kind of future is that? I brought you up to be independent ... not to rely on someone else to take care of your financial future. Enough already! You're staying in school and getting your degree.

ARIANA

But what about Miley Cyrus and Madonna? They made fortunes ... and keep coming back with new material and make even more money.

FRANK

And who were they sleeping with to get where they got?

ARIANA

Dad! That's not fair.

FRANK

I'm telling you, music is a dirty business and only a few survive. Even the ones who WIN

American Idol, eventually disappear. I want better than that for you.

ARIANA

What can be better than doing what you love? Right Consuela?

(ARIANA taps her guitar)

ARIANA (Continues)

Isn't that what Nona taught us?

FRANK

Don't ever mention your grandmother to me again! She believes in weird stuff and says lots of things that don't make sense

(The phone rings.)

FRANK (TO ARIANA)

This conversation is over.

FRANK (*into the phone*)

Hello. (*beat*) Yes, this is Frank Vega. (*Beat*) You want me to come down to the police station. Why? Has something happened to my father? (*Beat*) Oh I see. I'm on my way.

(FRANK hangs up then points to Ariana's guitar.)

FRANK

Put that thing down and finish your homework. I have to go now.

(FRANK grabs his coat and EXITS. ARIANA begins to strum her guitar.)

ARIANA (SINGING)

MY SONG

A GIRL CAN GET LOST WHEN HER DREAMS ARE TOSSED
AND THE ROAD SHE HAS CHOSEN IS EMPTY
I LOOK FOR A SIGN FOR THAT THE ROAD WILL UNWIND
AND LEAD ME TO MY HORN OF PLENTY

BUT SOMETIMES I SIGH AND SOMETIMES I CRY
AND MAYBE I DIE FOR A LITTLE WHILE
THEN YOU COME BACK AGAIN
TAKE MY HAND LIKE A FRIEND
WHEN YOU'RE HERE AT MY SIDE I CAN CARRY ON

CHORUS: ALL I WANNA DO IS SING MY SONG
THAT'S THE ONLY TIME THAT I BELONG
SO I CAN THE WORLD THERE'S NOTHING WRONG
AND MAKE BELIEVE YOU LOVE ME