

EXT. UPPER MIDDLE CLASS HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

A funeral reception: A crowd of well dressed people with food and drinks speak in hushed tones. ROSETTE, 21, pretty, sits on the swing of an old swing set. As she gets up and walks toward the house, all eyes turn to her. As she reaches the back door, everyone goes quiet. Rosette pauses, takes a deep breath, walks inside.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

As Rosette enters the room, her mother, GUADALUPE, turns to her father, RICARDO, and hisses:

GUADALUPE
Get her out of my house!

He hesitates.

GUADALUPE (cont'd)
Now!

Ricardo tries to gently turn Guadalupe away from Rosette.

GUADALUPE (cont'd)
(to Rosette)
She was the good one. Why wasn't it you?

RICARDO
Lupita, she's your daughter.

GUADALUPE
She is *not* my daughter!
(to Rosette)
My daughter is *dead!* And you killed her!

Guadalupe breaks into hysterical sobbing as Ricardo hugs her close and waves Rosette away. Rosette bolts out the front door of the house, crying.