

OLGA DIES DREAMING

Written by

Xochitl Gonzalez

Pilot

"A Polish Wake"

Adapted from the novel, OLGA DIES DREAMING

November 18, 2020

TEASER

OVER BLACK: We hear rain falling.

FADE IN:

On a hand of a woman.

INT. ABUELITA'S HOUSE - SUNSET PARK, BROOKLYN - DAWN - 1990

BLANCA sets an envelope with the name, "Olga", onto a dresser. We glimpse the back of her head, covered in a YELLOW SCARF, as the door closes behind her. In the room, her daughter OLGA (13) stirs in her sleep. *Note: The colors of our cold open are that of a washed-out, faded Polaroid.*

CUT TO:

A GOD'S EYE POV

Looking down over JFK as BLANCA'S PLANE takes off in a storm. We hold for a beat as the rain falls onto Jamaica Bay. The first notes of Hector Lavoe's "*Triste y Vacía*" play as we begin traveling towards Brooklyn.

The rain tapers off as we get closer and closer, over the JACKIE ROBINSON EXPRESSWAY, down ATLANTIC AVENUE, over the CLOCKTOWER building, across GREENWOOD CEMETERY, SUNSET POOL and eventually dropping us down over Abuelita's House on 53rd Street in Sunset Park, just as the clouds give way to sun.

BLANCA (V.O.)

Querida Olga, I write this to you
on your 13th birthday, one that I'm
sad to miss. But there's work in
the world I've been called to do
and the time has come for me to go.
I've given you and your brother all
the wisdom I think a mother can.

INT. ABUELITA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM/HALLWAY - DAY

Young OLGA emerges from the shower and wipes the steam off the mirror. She is beaming.

SUPER: NOVEMBER 1990

BLANCA (V.O.)

Thirteen, Olga is a powerful age.
At thirteen, the big picture of the
world becomes clearer.

(MORE)

BLANCA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 You get to decide, day by day, what
 kind of woman you want to become.

She opens the bathroom door, and the noise of a house in preparation bursts through - vacuuming, yelled commands. On a stereo, Hector Lavoe sings, "*Ella va, triste y vacia...*"

OLGA
 (screaming aloud)
 Prieto, I'm outta the shower!

INT. OLGA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Olga enters her room, spots a sneaker box on her bed.

OLGA
 (still screaming)
 Titi! You got me the LA Gears?

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

TIA LOLA is setting out the birthday cake.

TIA LOLA
 So you can wear them for your
 party!

TIA CHACHA lays out drinks. TIO RICHIE clears furniture.
 Cousins MABEL, ISABEL, TONY, and their PARENTS, arrive.

INT. OLGA'S BEDROOM - ABUELITA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Olga heads to her dresser to pick an outfit to match her new kicks. She spots the envelope, recognizes the handwriting. Her heart drops.

She opens it, absentmindedly pulling the shower cap off her head as she reads, her curly mane spilling out, the front half styled with small barrettes.

EXT. 53RD STREET BROOKLYN/ABUELITA'S HOUSE - DAY

A street of attached limestones bustling with *viejitas* sweeping stoops and moms with kids pushing laundry carts.

BLANCA (V.O.)
 You begin to learn more for
 yourself than any parent or teacher
 could possibly tell you. I know it
 was that way for me.

We see ABUELITA, a sixty-something woman with marvelous pride in her appearance, sauntering up to her home, carrying bags of ice and soda for the party.

YOUNG PRIETO (16), impeccably groomed- spotless sneakers, Karl Kani sweatsuit, perfectly edged haircut- is outside, tying up birthday balloons to the low wrought iron entry gate that fences in the small front yard.

ABUELITA

Prieto! Busca a tu padre! ("Go get your dad!")

Prieto heads off and we follow Abuelita into the house.

BLANCA (V.O.)

You and Prieto grew up going all over the country to protests, meeting Brothers and Sisters in the struggle. But, back then, our whole world was but a few blocks wide.

INT. OLGA'S BEDROOM - ABUELITA'S HOUSE - DAY

Olga stands at her dresser, still undressed, the new sneakers in front of her, the letter in her hand. She is seething.

BLANCA (V.O.)

Girls like me and Lola were put in dresses and told to sit like dolls in a corner.

Young MABEL (12) appears in the doorway, watches her cousin for a second before attempting to get her attention.

MABEL

(hesitantly)

Yo! Birthday girl! We're waiting on-

In a fury, Olga hurls one sneaker, and then the other, at her cousin. Mabel pounces on Olga, still in her robe. The girls swat at each other, screaming.

OLGA

Leave me alone, Mabel! Stay the fuck out!

BLANCA (V.O.)

To listen and not speak. But I could still see. Sunset Park was changing.

Lola enters, pulls the girls apart.

EXT. 3RD AVE, BROOKLYN, UNDER BQE - LATER

Prieto comes jogging around a corner onto a treeless boulevard darkened by Robert Moses' BQE. He stops in front of a run down tenement - a local trap house.

An older demographic mills on the stoop outside. A TOOTHLESS MAN blasts a boom box. A WORN-DOWN WOMAN spots Prieto; she heads inside and emerges a beat later with his (and Olga's) father, JOHNNY, clearly high. He is tall and lean from neglect. He wears a Local Union shirt under his Army jacket.

BLANCA (V.O.)

As the Puerto Ricans came and the whites left, there were less cops in the streets. Less men picking up our trash. Nobody pointed this out to me, I saw it for myself. For you I expect this to be doubly true.

With effort, Johnny makes his way down the steps where he kisses his son's cheek and slacks into his arms. Prieto sighs. He can't bring him back this way. He sets him on the stoop, slips cash in his pocket.

BLANCA (V.O.)

Your Papi and I, we took great pains to ensure that we raised you and your brother with all of the knowledge that we'd had to seek for ourselves.

INT. ABUELITA'S HOUSE - PARLOR - EVENING

A party ends which never got its start; the family sits around, deflated. Prieto, dejected, walks through the door.

BLANCA (V.O.)

Things we were told to be ashamed of...

PRIETO

I couldn't find him.
(beat)
Where's Mamí?

BLANCA (V.O.)

... my curly hair, your father's dark skin- you've grown up knowing that these things are beautiful.

INT. OLGA'S BEDROOM - ABUELITA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Olga lies on her bed as Abuelita reads the letter. Prieto appears, hovering in the doorway.

PRIETO
Where's Mamí?

BLANCA (V.O.)
We raised you this way to make you
strong. Because life, for girls
especially, is full of challenges.

Abuelita hands him the letter, kicks off her shoes, sits on the bed, pulls Olga to her lap and removes the barrettes from around her tear stained face. She begins to brush her hair. Prieto sits at the edge of the bed, reading.

BLANCA (V.O.)
But you, mi'ja, I am not worried
about. Because you're no ordinary
little girl, but a beautiful young
Boricua.

ECU OF 13-YEAR-OLD OLGA'S EYES bracing herself for the pain.

TITLE IN:

OLGA DIES DREAMING

SAME ECU - BUT OF 40-YEAR-OLD OLGA'S EYES

Olga awakes with a start - from a dream - a version of which has plagued her for years. Tears are in her eyes.

ACT ONE

INT. OLGA'S OFFICE SUITE - DAY - 2017

SUPER: JULY 2017

We pan around an office suite- all white, filmy fabric curtains, shelves lined with linen-covered binders. Four women (OLGA, CLAIRE, MRS. DAVIS and Olga's assistant, MEEGAN) sit on Philippe Starck Ghost Chairs around a delicate conference table, a white floral arrangement at its center.

CLAIRE
Look Olga, I won't be coy here. I
was just a guest at the Cohen
wedding, and it was am--

OLGA
Sheila or Ruth?

CLAIRE
Sheila. We were at HBS together. We really want to work with you, but we're concerned our budget isn't as...robust as what you're used to.

MRS. DAVIS
Claire, a million dollar budget is nothing to be embarrassed about. But Olga, that *would* have to include your fee- my husband won't spend a penny more- and I *am* concerned its not feasible.

OLGA
(intimately)
Ladies. Say no more. I understand completely. I'm sure it will be fine. I can't promise anything until I see the property, of course. And naturally, property visits happen after we're officially a part of your team. But, I don't want to rush you. This is a big investment. Today? Don't sign anything. Talk to Sheila. Meet with other planners, even. Make sure that this feels right. Next, since you come through the Cohens-wonderful family- I'll drop my fee from the usual 18% of the total budget to... 15%-

MRS. DAVIS
Oh my! Well, I don't want to-

OLGA
No, no! It's my pleasure.

CLAIRE
(anxious)
But you'll hold the date for us, yes? I don't want to lose the date.

OLGA
(smiling)
Oh. Well, no. No. Unfortunately I can't. We aren't able to hold any dates without deposits, you understand. But, like I said, give it a think--

Claire gives her mother wide eyes and Mrs. Davis scrambles for the wallet in her purse.

MRS. DAVIS

No, no, no, no! Let's not take any chances. Why don't I just leave you a check for... \$10,000? Just to reserve the weekend? We can sort out the budget later.

Olga gently puts her hand out to stop her.

OLGA

Mrs. Davis, why not put it on your Amex? Might as well get the points.

The mother and daughter exchange delighted glances and Mrs. Davis takes out her black American Express.

INT. OLGA'S OFFICE SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Meegan is closing the door behind Claire and Mrs. Davis; Olga is hovering and waving.

OLGA

We'll see you in a couple of weeks!

The door closes. Beat.

MEEGAN

That was unusually generous of you.

Olga walks towards her desk, pulls a lipstick and brush from her purse. She wears a bright blue sheath dress and Tamara Mellon stiletto sandals. She glances at the clock as she brushes her long, straightened hair in the mirror. Meegan sorts through some mail that had come through the mail slot.

OLGA

I'm playing the long game, Meegan. Guarantee Mrs. Davis spends 2 mil before it's all said and done.
(glances at Meegan)
Any invitations in that pile?

MEEGAN

Just bills; you expecting something?

OLGA

Expecting? No. Hoping? Yes. The Blumenthal Summer Party is coming up and I've been working every angle I can trying to get an invite. Every financier in NY will be there. I'd be shooting fish in a prospective client barrel.

MEEGAN

(cheerily)

Well, we won't be able to handle all the calls if you get this "Good Morning, Later" gig.

OLGA

(forced, heading out)

Right, yes. I've gotta go.

MEEGAN

You've got that final walk-through with Mrs. Henderson and Jan at 4.

OLGA

Saturday can't come fast enough. She says it's a walk-through but I guarantee we spend half the time talking about fucking wine glasses.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE, UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

Olga is walking down Madison Avenue as she dials her brother PRIETO (now 44).

PRIETO (O.S.)

I don't want the lame apology, Sis.

EXT. POLY PREP COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Prieto is parking his hybrid Ford Escape amidst a sea of luxury vehicles. He begins walking towards the main building.

OLGA (O.S.)

It's not lame, I really *do* feel badly to miss my niece's recital.

PRIETO

At the bougie day camp that you signed her up for...

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - DAY

OLGA
Jeez, let no good deed go
unpunished.

PRIETO (O.S.)
Leaving me with my ex-wife and no
buffer and--

OLGA
Eek. Right. Sarita. Sorry.

EXT. POLY PREP COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

OLGA (O.S.)
I'm coming over on Sunday to make
up for it, ok?

PRIETO
You better. Aiiirght. I'm here so--

EXT. THE CARLYLE HOTEL - DAY

Olga has now reached her destination, The Carlyle hotel.

OLGA
Wait! Hold up. I've got a favor to
ask. You know that Blumenthal party
out in the Hamptons? Do you think--

INT. POLY PREP COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL LOBBY - DAY

Prieto is now approaching the school auditorium.

PRIETO
You're too much, you know that?
First you leave me hanging and then
you're asking for favors? The
answer is no. I'm not here to help
your social climbing--

INT. CARLYLE HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

OLGA
It's not social climbing.

PRIETO (O.S.)
Bye.

He hangs up.

OLGA
(to herself)
It's a business opportunity.

INT. A LUXURIOUS SUITE AT THE CARLYLE HOTEL - DAY

At the far end of the room is a terrace where DICK EICKENBORN (54) sits reading the FINANCIAL TIMES. He's extremely fit, rugged, and wears a white button down with the sleeves rolled up, a Jaeger LaCoultre watch on his wrist.

DICK
Cherry? Is that you?

She kicks off her shoes and tosses her bag onto the dresser as if she's been here a hundred times before. Once on the terrace, Dick sets down his paper, pulls Olga onto his lap. We linger on the front page headline: BUSINESSSES PREPARE FOR HISTORIC HURRICANE SEASON."

INT. POLY PREP COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

Prieto enters the auditorium, forcing a sunny expression on his face as he finds a seat next to his ex-wife, SARITA (37).

PRIETO
Hey! How's it going?

He moves to kiss her cheek; she pulls away, puts up a hand.

PRIETO (CONT'D)
Olga was trying to make it, but-

Sarita SHOOSHES him; she doesn't care about Olga. Or him. In the darkened auditorium Prieto looks exasperated.

EXT. TERRACE OF DICK'S SUITE AT THE CARLYLE HOTEL - DAY

Olga is still on Dick's lap. A bottle of champagne is chilling in an ice bucket nearby.

OLGA
You've got to stop sending dick pics to my work phone.

DICK
Well, Cherry, that's why I got you a new phone.

OLGA

I'm just not a two-phone kind of girl. It's a whole production: two chargers, ringtones, address books.

DICK

(momentarily wounded)

Fine. One phone! I'm just glad you're here. I'll order up a little lunch... and I got some champagne!

She pours them two glasses. He pulls her legs onto his lap- a little aggressively- and places her feet onto his crotch.

DICK (CONT'D)

We're celebrating no longer needing clandestine phone lines.

OLGA

Because you're finally going to stop sexting me?

DICK

My divorce was finalized last night. I can stop living in these hotels. And we can finally be out in the open with everything.

OLGA

Open with what?

DICK

Well, with us!

OLGA

What we do together isn't meant to be performed in public, Richard.

DICK

I meant that we don't need to go skulking around anymore. We can walk the streets, go to restau--

OLGA

Haven't you had some fun skulking, though?

DICK

It's been nothing but fun. I just want to show you off a bit.

OLGA

(joking, but not)

Like one of your horses?

DICK

Not exactly. But, well... Yes.

Olga heads into the suite. Dick watches as she slips out of her dress, lays on the bed in her underwear, casually flipping through a hotel magazine.

OLGA

You know, Dick, I think this is a lot like when you asked me to move in with you. Everything was so fresh, you only *thought* that's what you wanted, because living with someone was familiar. This, now, is the same. You *think* you want to be out and about, hand in hand with me because that's what you've done in the past, but, the reason you're so happy now is because the way things are is already perfect. For you and for me. Spontaneous! You were married for how many years?

DICK

(unbuttoning his shirt)
Twenty-seven.

OLGA

After twenty-seven years with one person, the same routine, day after day after day, the last thing you actually want is a relationship. What would be the fun in that?

Dick pounces on her, they roll together on the bed and she laughs, somewhat victoriously.

INT. POLY PREP COUNTRY DAY LOBBY - DAY

Prieto is taking a selfie with A MOTHER, other PARENTS lining up for some of his time. Sarita stands nearby, body turned from him, scrolling on her phone. Prieto is all charm.

MOTHER #1

(flirty)
Thanks for the selfie, Congressman!

PRIETO

(flirty)
Anytime. Great meeting you.

PARENT #1

Congressman, I just wanted to say
thanks for supporting small bus--

Prieto spots his daughter LOURDES (12) and smiles.

PRIETO

Of course! If you'll excuse me, my
star is here! Lourdes!

Lourdes runs to her father and gives him a hug. Hearing her
daughter's name, Sarita looks up.

LOURDES

Did I sound good, Papi?

PRIETO

Oh, it was definitely an L & B
worthy performance.

LOURDES

With Spumoni?

PRIETO

Of course, Spumoni!
(to Sarita)
We're gonna get pizza, wanna come?

SARITA

(ignoring him)

Mi'ja, you were wonderful up there!
You and your Papi enjoy your night
together. We'll do something
special tomorrow. Ok?

PRIETO

Can you give me and Mamí a second?
(as Lourdes walks away)
You know it doesn't have to be like
this, right? We can be friends.

SARITA

Can we? I'm not sure you can be
friends with anybody once the
cameras are off.

PRIETO

Sarita...

SARITA

Prieto, you had your chance at the
picture perfect family. Just
because you still want to act
doesn't mean I still need to, ok?

(MORE)

SARITA (CONT'D)

And if you need to know, I have a date tonight. With a man. Who is interested in *me*.

Prieto shakes his head before he walks away.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL BALLROOM - AFTERNOON

The vast ballroom is empty, save for one lonely round table around which stand Olga, JAN, the catering captain for the event (44, tall, lean, handsome, blonde), and MRS. HENDERSON (60), the mother of that weekend's bride. The table is set with dozens upon dozens of variations of wine glasses. Jan is performing a demonstrative wine pour.

MRS. HENDERSON

No, no, no! You just put the Bordeaux into the Burgundy glass! If this is the dress rehearsal, how awful is opening night going to be?

OLGA

I know how important this is, but remember, most people don't have tastes as highly refined as yours.

MRS. HENDERSON

Well, that's true.

OLGA

But, also... Well, I'm standing here thinking that we just don't know- with so many options- which wines might be more popular than others. I would hate for us to run out of any of them...

MRS. HENDERSON

(terrified)

Oh. Well, of course not. No.

OLGA

So I'm just going to up the order on all of them. To be safe.

EXT. BERGDORF GOODMAN FROM GRAND ARMY PLAZA - NIGHT

We hear JAN and Olga GIGGLING.

JAN (O.C.)

Two Proseccos, sir.

INT. THE BG RESTAURANT AT BERDORF GOODMAN - CONTINUOUS

Olga and Jan are getting comfortable on their bar stools.

JAN

And they better be in the right
kind of flute, so help me God!

They both laugh. Olga suddenly stops.

OLGA

Seriously, Jan, you'll make sure
that wine shit is perfect, right? I
can't deal with her meltdown.

JAN

Yes. Your client's completely
insane, OCD request for the
handling of her wine glasses will
be met with perfection.

OLGA

Fuck. Why do I care so much about
these women being happy with me?

JAN

Because you were abandoned by your
mother and need external validation
to fill the hole.

OLGA

Shit. Yeah. Speaking of external
validation, guess what I'm doing on
Monday?

(Jan shrugs, clueless)

A screen test to be the planner for
"Good Morning Throws a Wedding."

JAN

Well, that calls for more Prosecco!

OLGA

I still need to get the gig.

JAN

Who's more charming than you?

OLGA

It's exciting, but I feel weird
about it. The being on TV. Like I'm
performing a version of myself or
something? But, then I remember
that it's a massive opportunity.

(MORE)

OLGA (CONT'D)

National exposure, weekly appearances. I'll be able to charge more, maybe get a book deal, parlay that into party products--

JAN

The Puerto Rican Martha Stewart!

OLGA

Well, wepa! Cheers to that!

INT. BALLROOM OF THE PLAZA HOTEL - DAYS LATER

A cluster of flowering branch centerpieces parts, each being carried by a MAN, revealing the same ballroom from days prior now in the midst of a massive production. WAITERS set tables. RIGGERS hang lights. The STAFF all wear black shirts with "Olga Acevedo Events" elegantly printed on the back.

OLGA (O.S.)

No, not a cool white, a warm white.

Olga stands in a black sheath dress and Louboutin pumps shouting out instructions to a LIGHTING TECH.

OLGA (CONT'D)

Like candlelight. A glow.

MEEGAN

Olga... there's a man here to see you. He says you're expecting him?

Olga looks towards the entrance and spots IGOR, a large Russian man in a fitted black T-shirt, dress slacks, shiny wingtips and much gold jewelry. Next to him is ANOTHER MAN with a hand truck, even larger than Igor.

OLGA

Igor! Come with me.

INT. "BACK OF HOUSE" AT THE PLAZA HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The bowels of the place. Olga, Igor and the man come into frame, passing racks of dishes, linens, and bustling waiters.

OLGA

Normally, I'd wait for our usual date, but I know how much your boss loves Stag's Leap.

IGOR

He appreciates it.

Olga walks them into a windowless room filled with wine and liquor. She points to several cases of Stag's Leap and Veuve Clicquot, Post-its marked "Henderson Wedding" on them all.

OLGA

These are for Dmitry, and these...
I was hoping you could *please* drop
at my office? I'd do it myself, but
the kid asks so many questions--

Igor laughs as he hands her an envelope full of cash. She glances inside and smiles.

IGOR

Fine. But only because I'm happy
you've finally become a smart
businesswoman.

OLGA

Business? I wish. Family. My cousin
Mabel's getting married.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL - CEREMONY ROOM - LATER

Olga is on her hands and knees meticulously laying out an aisle runner. A team of FLORISTS puts the finishing touches on a small stage. On ladders, TECHNICIANS focus pin spots on the chuppah. Meegan begins setting programs on seats.

MEEGAN

Who were those men? That left with
the wine?

Olga looks at her watch. Deflects.

OLGA

Meegan, do you realize the time?
Where the fuck is Jan? We should've
gone over the run of show by now.

MEEGAN

Shit. I forgot to--He isn't coming.
They're sending Marco instead.

Olga pulls out her phone and dials. We HEAR "This is Jan."
Olga sends a text, then makes another call.

OLGA

What? No. I asked for Jan.
Mrs. Henderson's met Jan. I can't
have Marco. I asked for Jan and
I... Carol? Carol this is Olga.

(MORE)

OLGA (CONT'D)
 With all the fucking business I
 throw your way--

Olga is interrupted by Carol. She listens for a moment before dropping her phone on the floor.

OLGA (CONT'D)
 Jan isn't coming to work because
 Jan is dead.

ACT TWO

EXT. SUNSET PARK POOL - THE NEXT DAY

MUSIC CUE: Residente's "*Dagombas de Tamale*". OVERHEAD: Sunset Park Pool. It is the size of a football field and looks like you dumped all the children of the neighborhood into the water like a bowl of Cocoa Puffs.

We draw lower and the scene is chaos: kids playing Marco Polo, teens having chicken fights, people sunbathing on the concrete deck. Boom boxes blaring. In the midst of this we see Olga, grumpy and dry on the pool deck, in a designer bathing suit and sunglasses, hair in a bun high on her head, feet in the water. Next to her, a soaking wet Prieto.

PRIETO
 Maybe you'd be less grouchy if you
 actually got IN the pool?

OLGA
 I don't wanna get my hair wet. It
 takes forever to straighten. My
 audition is tomorrow, and now I've
 gotta go to a wake--

A passing FAMILY stops and greets Prieto, he stands to shake their hands. In the pool, Lourdes swims up, splashing.

LOURDES
 Titi! Watch this!

OLGA
 Show me, mi'ja!

Lourdes does the trick, is called by another group of GIRLS.

OLGA (CONT'D)
 You're a fucking congressman. We
 can't do better than a public pool?

ANOTHER MAN stops Prieto to say hello, he greets him as well. He leaves and Prieto crouches down to talk to his sister.

PRIETO

What's the matter? You used to love coming here. Talking to all the boys. Practicing your doggy paddle--

And with that, he shoves her in. She screams, but laughs.

OLGA

Fuck you, Prieto! I'm making you pay for my blow out!

EXT. SUNSET PARK - AFTERNOON

Olga, Prieto and Lourdes are leaving the pool, walking through Sunset Park. Olga wears cut-offs and perfectly white Air Force 1's. From a car stereo we HEAR Jay-Z's "Marcy Me."

OLGA

I'm sorry I've been such a bitch today. Do you remember my friend--

PRIETO

Wait? You have friends?

OLGA

I have... work friends. Acquaintances. Whatever.

They're interrupted by someone SHOUTING Prieto's name. It is adult MABEL (39) with her corpulent fiance, JULIO (40).

Everything about Mabel, in contrast to Olga, is amplified: complexion darker, hair bigger, her voice- even her curves- comparatively, are extra thick. She kisses Lourdes and Prieto hello, but only feigns the gesture to Olga.

MABEL

Oye! Look at you, cousin! You're a real man of the people.

PRIETO

I try, Mabel, I try!

MABEL

(to Olga)

Some people, you know, they come up a little bit, they think they're too good to take a dip in the public pool. You know?

OLGA

I'm wet, aren't I?
(beat)

(MORE)

OLGA (CONT'D)

Hey, Julio, how's that new job working out for you?

JULIO

Yeah, damn... So cool for you to hook me up with that opportunity and all, but you know, I realized the hospitality industry just isn't where my passion--

MABEL

(cutting him off)

Olga, the fucking bridal salon called and told me you still haven't gone to get your bridesmaid dress. If you fuck up my wedding--

OLGA

Jesus, Mabel, I'm going this week!

Mabel sucks her teeth as she starts to walk away.

MABEL

Don't play me, Olga. C'mon, Julio. Let's go before the pool closes.

CUT TO:

A DREAM.

We hear OCEAN WAVES LAPPING. The color shifts to mimic the opening as we approach the edge of a shore in a fog. A vastness of water before us. In the distance -- far, yet reachable -- we see a thicket of trees seemingly coming out of nowhere, largely obscured by the fog. There's the glimmer of something yellow moving in the wind. We step closer into the water, slowly, until suddenly we are under and--

Olga bolts out of bed. We are back in full color.

INT. OLGA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

MUSIC CUE: Fela Kuti's "Zombie". In the kitchen we see Olga prepare her coffee, click on the news, pull out her Brown University Bear mug. In her bedroom, she opens a closet full of near identical dresses in multiple colors, several rows of expensive heels; a tiny corner annexed for sneakers, hoodies and jeans. In the bathroom, she burns her ear with a flat iron as she tries to straighten her hair. The music stops.

OLGA

Ow. Fuck.

EXT./INT. HOT 97 STUDIO, "EBRO IN THE MORNING" - MORNING

Prieto, EBRO DARDEN, host of the popular morning radio show and his co-hosts ROSENBERG and LAURA STYLEZ sit around a table. Hip-hop beats soundtrack the conversation.

EBRO DARDEN

Wake up everybody, it's time to get the inside scoop on politics. Congressman Prieto Acevedo is back in the house. So, Prieto, how screwed are we in D.C. right now?

PRIETO

Good to be back, man. I can't emphasize enough how important this mid-term election is gonna be.

ROSENBERG

Checks and Balances.

LAURA STYLEZ

Then we can impeach this clown.

EBRO DARDEN

Gotta take back that House.

PRIETO

Exactly. Exactly.

INTERCUT:

INT. THE "GOOD MORNING, LATER" STUDIO - DAY

Olga stands behind a table set with wedding props- a cake, some engagement rings. A SOUND ENGINEER is wiring a mic through her plum colored sheath dress. STEVE (30), the segment producer, stands by as ANNE (40), the Executive Producer, talks to her.

ANNE

Since it's our first time having this contest, we want to do it up big. And, obviously the planner will be a giant part of that. No pressure or anything.

OLGA

Anne, I'm a wedding planner. We thrive under pressure!

ANNE

Excellent point! If you're as lively on tape as you are in person, this will be an easy choice! So, Steve is going to walk you through a few scenarios.

OLGA

Great!

STEVE

Ok, Olga, let's get an intro from you. Say your name, and some version of "I'm super excited to be doing this!" Ok?

Olga nods.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Big energy!

OLGA

(to the camera)

Hi. My name is Olga Acevedo and I'm thrilled to be planning, with America's help, the first ever "Good Morning Throws a Wedding."

Steve and Anne look pleased.

INT. HOT 97 STUDIO - DAY

LAURA STYLEZ

So, what's all this about Puerto Rico maybe becoming our 51st State?

EBRO DARDEN

Ain't never gonna happen, Laura.

PRIETO

Ah, dude, don't be so cynical. Right now Puerto Rico is a commonwealth and last month, the people voted and they overwhelmingly want to become a state. So, now the motion will go to the Senate and--

EXT. REGGIE KING'S TRIBECA PENTHOUSE ROOFTOP - MORNING

REGGIE KING (50), a fit, dark skinned Black man, sits in the pool on the roof of his penthouse, headset on, coffee in one hand, the Wall Street Journal in the other. (He is also Olga's ex-boyfriend, something that will factor in later.) From the stereo system we hear "Ebro in the Morning."

EBRO DARDEN (O.C.)

There is NO WAY, NO WAY, these white Republicans are ever gonna vote for a new state that is literally 100% brown people.

PRIETO (O.C.)

The optimist in me feels it could happen, bro.

ROSENBERG (O.C.)

Plus! Their debt issues; they can barely keep the lights on!

PRIETO (O.C.)

In all fairness, Rosenberg, the island's in this situation because of U.S. Colonial policies. If we allow Puerto Rico to become a state- and I'm gonna fight like hell to make it happen- they can declare bankruptcy and rebuild their economy on equitable terms.

Reggie King rolls his eyes, picks up his phone.

INT. "GOOD MORNING, LATER" STUDIO - LATER

STEVE

Ok, so after viewers pick the couple, each week you'll present another aspect of the wedding for people to vote on. So, maybe you can tell us a little bit about those engagement rings?

OLGA

Sure.

(beat, to the camera)

America, this week your job is extra tough, because you have to pick just one of these gorgeous engagement rings.

(MORE)

OLGA (CONT'D)

Will it be the 14K gold pear cut, a platinum set princess cut or the round solitaire with the rose gold band?

STEVE

Great! Now, let's get some reaction shots of you tasting that cake.

OLGA

Ok.

Olga picks up a plated cake slice and, playing to the camera, puts the fork to her mouth and smiles.

OLGA (CONT'D)

So good!

EXT. REGGIE KING'S TRIBECA PENTHOUSE ROOFTOP - LATER

We hear the end of Drake's "Passionfruit".

EBRO DARDEN (O.C.)

And we're back. Congressman Prieto Acevedo is with us, representing BK to the fullest. Who do we have on the line next?

ROSENBERG (O.C.)

A surprise celebrity guest, Ebro.

REGGIE KING

What up; this is Reggie King from the Bronx, though right now I'm calling from the rooftop pool of my TriBeCa penthouse, because that's how I live, you know?

EBRO DARDEN (O.C.)

See you're staying humble, Reggie.

Everyone laughs.

INT. HOT 97 STUDIO - INTERCUT

Eyes on Prieto, who looks annoyed.

LAURA STYLEZ

To what do we owe the pleasure of a call from the legendary Reggie King?

REGGIE KING (O.C.)
 Well, Laura, you know I'm a man of
 many passions. I made my name in
 music, and I've got my various
 business enterprises- wind farms,
 healthcare- and of course, my
 homeland, Puerto Rico.

ROSENBERG
 I forgot you're Puerto Rican.

INT. GOOD MORNING LATER STUDIO - LATER - INTERCUT

STEVE
 Um. It needs to be bigger. Hmm.
 More fiery.

OLGA
 Fiery?

Steve nods. Olga looks skeptical. Olga again picks up the
 cake plate, plays to the camera and takes a bite.

OLGA (CONT'D)
 Mmmm. So Good!

STEVE
 Once more. With more... passion.

OLGA
 More passion.
 (beat)
 About wedding cake.

Olga hesitates. She lifts the fork to her mouth, closes her
 eyes and slowly puts the cake in her mouth.

OLGA (CONT'D)
 Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm. Delicious.

ANNE
 Great! I think we've got enough.

CLOSE UP on Olga, trying to mask a grimace with a smile.

BLANCA (V.O.)
 Pendeja.

EXT. REGGIE KING'S TRIBECA PENTHOUSE ROOFTOP - INTERCUT

REGGIE KING

So I'm calling with a question for my dear old friend, Pedro: if you're such a champion for Puerto Rico, then why did you vote in favor of PROMESA last year?

PRIETO (O.C.)

Right. Old friends. Well, Reggie, you of all people should know how few viable options I had.

INT. HOT 97 STUDIO - INTERCUT

EBRO DARDEN

What the hell is PROMESA?

ROSENBERG

It's a board that took control of Puerto Rico last year. The Puerto Rico Oversight, Management and Stability Act. Basically, P.R. was in so much debt, but since they're not a state they can't declare bankruptcy, and if the--

PRIETO

If the lenders had collected, everything- utility companies, pension funds, school systems- could have been wiped out. We had a bunch of bad choices and this seemed the best one at the time.

REGGIE KING (O.C.)

In what world is the best choice giving control of a government to a panel of corporate raiders? How's that democracy?

Ebro begins to play Notorious B.I.G.'s "What's Beef?"

EBRO DARDEN

It's getting hot!

PRIETO

(pissed)

The board is subject to Congressional oversight and I'm doing everything in my power to-

REGGIE KING (O.C.)
Completely destroy the island?

We PUSH IN on a livid Prieto; the sounds of the studio fade.

LAURA STYLEZ (O.C.)
Damn!

EBRO DARDEN (O.C.)
Aiiiright! Aiiiright! Let's calm
down. We're all friends here.

ROSENBERG (O.C.)
Reggie, you gotta come back on--

EBRO DARDEN
(laughing)
For a rematch!

INT. "GOOD MORNING, LATER" RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Olga enters the reception area and beelines towards the door.
Meegan follows, Olga's purse in tow.

MEEGAN
How did it go?

OLGA
(flatly)
Great. I'm going to be the Puerto
Rican Martha Stewart.
(looks at her watch)
Fuck. I'm already late.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - GREENPOINT, BROOKLYN - EARLY EVENING

A taxi pulls up; Olga emerges.

INT. BROOKLYN FUNERAL PARLOR

Olga enters the repose room, takes in the scene. It's like
two different wakes: To the right, beneath an oil painting of
Pope John Paul II, sits a gaggle of OLDER POLISH WOMEN on
parlor chairs. To the left, CATER-WAITERS, dressed-down DRAG
QUEENS and older, UPPER EAST SIDE LADIES.

At the entrance, a large photo of Jan is on an easel; in the
front of the room, his casket.

Mourners pay respects to MRS. WOJCICK in Polish, Olga next in
line. She bends to address the old woman, who takes her hand.

OLGA

Mrs. Wojcick? I'm Olga. Jan's friend. I'm so sorry for your loss.

Mrs. Wojcick whispers something to a younger woman (JAN'S SISTER), touches Olga's face and smiles.

JAN'S SISTER

She says thank you for coming. She's always wanted to meet one of Jan's girlfriends.

OLGA

Oh no! We just worked together.

To the mother, crossing the language barrier with volume:

OLGA (CONT'D)

I plan weddings. Jan was very hard working!

Jan's sister whispers something to Jan's mother. She pauses and then laughs a bit wildly.

JAN'S MOTHER

Girls love my Jan! So handsome!

Olga smiles politely and is turning away when Jan's sister taps her shoulder.

JAN'S SISTER

Listen, I told my mother that Jan wouldn't commit to you because he wanted to play the field. If anybody else asks, can you just- I don't know- act the part?

OLGA

Of a woman? That Jan was into?

Jan's sister motions to the painting of John Paul.

JAN'S SISTER

It's bad enough he killed himself, she needs to know he was gay?

OLGA

I'm sorry for your loss.

She turns away and spots CHRISTIAN, Jan's long time partner, greeting another MOURNER and crosses the room towards him.

Christian has the poise of a former dancer: a tall, thin, lithe and elegant dark-skinned Black Man. She leans in to hug him, inhaling him deeply.

OLGA (CONT'D)

I am so, so, sorry.

They break apart.

CHRISTIAN

There's nobody sorrier than that motherfucker. Making me sit with his crazy ass family like this.

OLGA

(whispering)

Christian, they really didn't know he was gay?

CHRISTIAN

People think we had an open relationship because I was a ho, but truth is I just wanted him to have one place where he didn't have to hide anything... I could NOT convince that man to get on PrEP. Always had some excuse or another. He got the diagnosis, started to withdraw. A few weeks later, I found him dead in the apartment.

OLGA

Fuck.

CHRISTIAN

So, not only was I the one to find this bitch, I can't even be in my house without thinking about his dead body.

OLGA

You can't possibly stay there?

CHRISTIAN

I can't afford to move, girl. Especially now.

Christian is overwhelmed. By all of it. Olga thinks.

OLGA

I almost forgot... I still have his tip from our last wedding. \$500.

CHRISTIAN

Really?

Olga nods yes as she pulls Igor's envelope from her bag. She slips several bills into Christian's pocket.

ACT THREE

EXT. NOIR - FORT GREENE, BROOKLYN - TWILIGHT

A storefront bar with a "For Sale" sign on it. The awning reads "Noir", with a crudely painted wine glass. Through the plate-glass window we see Olga at the jukebox.

INT. NOIR - TWILIGHT

Olga selects Syretta Wright's "*Keep Him Like He Is*", returns to her seat at the bar. Her heels replaced by her Nikes.

Noir is an almost intentional fuck you to the gentrification of Brooklyn. Nothing matches, drinks come in plastic cups, the staff is not particularly nice. It is Olga's happy place.

She opens a book - *100 Years of Solitude* - using a candle for light, when someone hovers closer, peering over her shoulder.

OLGA

Can I help you?

MATTEO (45) is a swarthy fellow, of ambiguous ethnic/racial background and a disheveled look: salt and pepper hair, perpetual 5 o'clock shadow, haphazard outfit.

MATTEO

Yeah, I had a meeting nearby, stopped in for a drink and could hardly believe it, but you went and played one of my favorite songs.

Olga nods, unsure of the point.

MATTEO (CONT'D)

Did you know that the woman who sings this was once married to Stevie Wonder?

OLGA

Everyone knows that. I appreciate your truly excellent taste in music, but I came in here to clear my head and have a drink—

Matteo leans against the bar, drawing, if anything, closer.

MATTEO

Drinking isn't what anyone does for real clarity, is it?

OLGA

There are about a million writers and artists who'd beg to differ.

MATTEO

Are you a writer or an artist?

OLGA

I'm a wedding planner.

MATTEO

I'm a realtor.

OLGA

I didn't ask.

She looks him up and down, finally really taking him in.

OLGA (CONT'D)

Hold up. You're a realtor?

MATTEO

Yeah, why? You looking for a place? Can I interest you in the New Brooklyn lifestyle?

OLGA

Please! I bleed Old Brooklyn, thank you very much. My family were some of the first Puerto Ricans to own in Sunset Park. When the neighborhood got too brown for her landlord's taste my grandmother bought the place.

Matteo hops on to the bar stool next to hers.

MATTEO

Well congratulations to *abuela* for taking advantage of White Flight!

Olga laughs, raises her glass, drinks the last of her wine.

OLGA

Salud!

Matteo takes off his book bag, makes himself comfortable.

MATTEO

I'm from South Slope. In case you were wondering.

OLGA

Really? Born and raised?

MATTEO

Born and raised.

Olga relaxes in towards him.

OLGA

We're practically an endangered species.

(sips)

Listen, can I ask you something? Brooklynite to Brooklynite?

MATTEO

Shoot.

OLGA

This neighborhood is hot right now. Luxury properties. New money. The realtors I know are all kind of slick and polished...

MATTEO

And you want to know how I get away with looking like a crazy community college professor?

OLGA

Kinda?

MATTEO

Well, I'm talented. I've got some swag, as you can probably tell... I went to the best schools- Packer, Bennington, the works.

OLGA

That's interesting...

MATTEO

You're wondering why I'm "just" a realtor.

OLGA
 (lying)
 No.

MATTEO
 Well, I used to be an investment banker. Then my mother died and I got my real estate license to deal with her house and then one thing led to another and... next thing you know I'm doing this and living in her place and I kind of became a hoarder.

OLGA
 Excuse me?

MATTEO
 Yeah. I've got lots of stuff. Mainly furniture.

OLGA
 You mean that metaphorically. Like a pack rat. Not like the TV show.

MATTEO
 Um, no. No, I mean exactly like the TV show. I don't keep newspapers or food, so I might not meet the clinical definition, but trust me, it's not normal. Like I said, my thing is really furniture. And electronics. And Knick Knacks.
 (he offers his hand)
 I'm Matteo.

OLGA
 Olga.

Olga reappraises his schlub as something sexier.

MATTEO
 So, Olga, let me get you a drink while you tell me what you were trying to clear your head about?

Matteo leans in a bit; Olga fiddles with her necklace.

OLGA
 Well. Ok. I have this friend. From work. Jan. He was the catering captain on all my parties. For years, actually. Anyway, I was at work the other day, a wedding --

MATTEO

Where?

OLGA

Where was the wedding?

MATTEO

Yeah, I like visuals, you know?

OLGA

It was at The Plaza.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL - FLASHBACK

Back at the Plaza, we see the phone falling from Olga's hands. For a moment, Olga and Meegan stand stunned before they're interrupted by the sounds of LAUGHTER and CHATTER.

MATTEO (V.O.)

Nice.

OLGA (V.O.)

Eh. Kind of a pain to work in.
Anyway, my friend was supposed to
work the party, only he doesn't
show up. Totally unlike him.

A dozen bridesmaids and groomsmen, already drunk, enter.

MATTEO (V.O.)

Wait. Did he die?

BRIDESMAID

Is this where we wait?

INT. THE BAR AT WALTER'S FOODS - NIGHT

Matteo and Olga are seated as we left them, now at dinner.

OLGA

How did you just guess that?

Fries and oysters are on the bar, Dixie cups of wine replaced by martinis. We hear A Tribe Called Quest's "Find A Way".

MATTEO

Waiters don't get paid if they
don't show up and the Plaza's gotta
pay some bank, so, I just figured.

OLGA
That only death would stop him from
coming to work?

MATTEO
I've been called morbid before.

OLGA
Shit. At least *you* figured
something was wrong. *I* didn't think
about Jan at all.

MATTEO
Capitalism and kindness don't
always go hand in hand.
How'd he die?

Olga finishes the martini, eats the olive.

OLGA
He hung himself. From a pipe in his
closet.

MATTEO
Fuck!

OLGA
Yeah. And that's not even the half
of it. At the wake-

MATTEO
Where was it? Visual.

OLGA
Greenpoint.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY - FLASHBACK

Olga hesitantly approaches the coffin, taking Jan in.

OLGA
He's Polish -- was Polish. 44-years-
old. Had been with the same dude
for ten years. Nobody in his family
knew. He was this ridiculously
dapper guy, so they had him in this
fantastic suit. And I just kept
thinking how even dead, he's stuck
wearing this invisible costume.

EXT. OLGA'S BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Matteo and Olga again in the same position, now high above Ft. Greene, the bar replaced by the guardrails of a rooftop, martinis now glasses of wine. They pass a joint between them.

MATTEO

Let me ask you something though.
When you go home, to Sunset Park, I
mean -- do you dress like this?

OLGA

Please! This is my work uniform. I
must own two dozen versions of this
exact same dress.

MATTEO

And you need a work uniform,
because...

OLGA

People hire me to create their
fantasy and fade away. This makes
my life easier.

MATTEO

Because you know that bamboo
earrings and some Yeezy's won't
help you advance in this particular
arena. So you -- like anybody else
trying to be "a success story" --
have adopted a secondary persona
and wear a uniform, as you call it.
Or... dare I say, an invisible
costume?

OLGA

And you? This is *your* uniform?

MATTEO

Who said I was trying to be a
success story?

Beat.

OLGA

It's funny. Years ago when I was
just getting started, I had one or
two of these kinds of dresses. Just
for an important meeting or a
wedding, or whatever. Dress the
part, you know? And then, the rest
of the time, I'd just be me.

(MORE)

OLGA (CONT'D)

Anyway, a few months ago I got that Home Organizing book everyone was reading. The cute woman from Japan?

MATTEO

Marie Kondo. Yeah.

OLGA

And you're supposed to only keep the things that bring you joy. But the problem was, all the stuff that brought me joy were things I never get to wear anymore, because somehow over the years, the costume has become my wardrobe. But there's only so much closet space, right? There's just not room for all of it. Something's got to go...

MATTEO

Or maybe... you just need an apartment with better closets.

OLGA

That's the thing. My apartment's dope. And people tell me all the time that I've got a dream job. I get to do to all the things people supposedly aspire to do. Like today, right? I auditioned to be the planner for this wedding on "Good Morning, Later."

MATTEO

No shit, really?

OLGA

Sounds impressive, right? A big opportunity. But part of me worries that if I do this- wear my costume on National TV- I won't be able to take it off.

MATTEO

And then what happens to the other stuff? The real you?

OLGA

It goes in a bag for Goodwill, I guess?

MATTEO

Then maybe it isn't much of an opportunity after all.

(MORE)

MATTEO (CONT'D)

(beat)

Jan wasn't much different than the rest of us, you know? We're all keeping some secret or another behind closed doors.

OLGA

(a bit slyly now)

Really? What's your secret?

MATTEO

I already told you. I'm a hoarder.

Olga laughs at how absurd, yet honest this is.

MATTEO (CONT'D)

What's yours?

OLGA

I'm a terrible person.

Matteo leans in and kisses her deeply, she responds in kind.
PRE-LAP: Sammy Davis Jr.'s *"On a Wonderful Day Like Today."*

EXT./INT. ABUELITA'S HOUSE - SUNSET PARK, BROOKLYN - MORNING

Prieto adjusts his tie in the foyer mirror. The house shows few changes from when it was Abuelita's. He puts a smile on his face, grabs his suit jacket and heads out the door.

EXT. SUNSET PARK STREETS - CONTINUOUS

He makes his way down 53rd, and is all smiles as he walks along 4th Avenue towards 36th Street, saying hello to SHOPKEEPERS, BODEGUEROS and NEIGHBORS along the way.

NEIGHBOR

Buenos dias, Prieto.

EXT. 36TH STREET N AND R STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Prieto's Chief of Staff, ALEX, an uptight Latino with a limited sense of humor, awaits, campaign flyers in his hands.

PRIETO

Alex! What's good this morning?

CONSTITUENTS begin to trickle down the block towards the subway entrance, dressed for work.

PRIETO (CONT'D)
Good Morning! *Buenos Dias!*

Alex tries to hand him the flyers.

ALEX
If you're going to waste time
campaigning in a non-election year,
I figured you could at least give
these out.

PRIETO
Pssh. I'm not campaigning! I'm
letting my constituents know I
care. My parents always said the
most important work they did with
the Young Lords was in the streets,
with the people! This is the best
part of my job. Good morning!

Alex shrugs, puts the flyers in his bag.

ALEX
So, it's getting wild down in P.R.
PROMESA's budget cuts forced the
University to close. The students
are protesting and the cops have
been hitting them with tear gas.

PRIETO
Ugh. We've got that oversight
hearing coming up. Let's fly some
of the UPR Students to DC. Let
people see this is impacting kids
just trying to get a degree. Maybe
if we put a face to this we can
make somebody care?

ALEX
We'll make it happen.

Alex walks away as A WOMAN with a stroller approaches, he
helps her down the stairs.

PRIETO
Hey ma'am, how you doing? I'm
Congressmen Acevedo. Let me help
you. What a beautiful baby!

INT. OLGA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Olga bolts upright in bed. She remembers Matteo is there and slowly, stealthily gets out of bed, Matteo's socked feet are sticking out from the white duvet. She shudders as she ties on a robe. She is about to sneak out, when --

MATTEO

Morning! This is some mattress.

INT. OLGA'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Olga walks down the hall into her beautiful, open concept kitchen with sweeping views of Fort Greene Park, Flatbush Avenue and 3rd and 4th Avenues. On the walls: Sue Kwon's Biggie Smalls photo, a vintage Puerto Rico flag, Tribe Called Quest's "People's Instinctive Travels" album, all framed.

OLGA

(awkwardly)

Um, thanks?

She puts on the news, begins to make coffee.

OLGA (CONT'D)

(to self)

Don't be weird, don't be mean.

She pulls out her Brown Bear mug from the cabinet, fingers a second one for Matteo, leaves it.

MATTEO (O.S.)

Damn!

Olga grimaces, bracing herself. Matteo enters and heads straight to the windows. He is naked.

MATTEO (CONT'D)

This is some view! I mean the construction of these buildings are garbage -- I hope you lease and didn't buy -- but wow, the view.

He makes a Chef's Kiss gesture. Olga is holding her coffee cup mid-sip, staring at his nakedness.

OLGA

You're naked.

MATTEO

I am. Is that weird somehow? We were naked all night.

OLGA

Yes, but now it's daytime. So I was surprised that you're still --

MATTEO

Naked? Interesting. I didn't take you for the Puritanical type, but then again, I didn't know you'd spent formative years with the Witch-burners up north.

He gestures towards her mug.

OLGA

Ah! Clever. Funny. Listen, yesterday was fun, but --

Matteo has become distracted by the news: on Olga's large screen TV we see Prieto briefly, the Chyron reads "NYC Flood Zones 'Ready' for 2017 Storm Season."

NEWSCASTER

The people of Puerto Rico and Florida are preparing for Tropical Storm Emily, the first of what experts are saying will be a brutal season of extreme weather... New Yorkers wonder, "Are we ready for another Superstorm Sandy?" Congressmen Acevedo says, Yes...

MATTEO

(to the TV)

This guy! If you called Central Casting and asked for a politician, they'd send him. It's the world's longest presidential campaign.

Olga sips her coffee. Mutes the TV. Smiles.

OLGA

My brother'd be an amazing president. He'll never run though. So, the people of Sunset Park and the great state of New York will get to keep their home grown Pedro Albizu Campos all to themselves.

MATTEO

No! Don't tell me you're related?

OLGA

Fine. I won't tell you.

MATTEO
(embarrassed)
Damn.

OLGA
(amused)
Damn.

MATTEO
No hard feelings?

OLGA
None. You know what they say about
opinions and all!

MATTEO
Funny girl.

He walks up behind her and whispers in her ear.

MATTEO (CONT'D)
So, listen, ma. Since there's no
hard feelings: what's a dude got to
do to get a cup of coffee?

Olga stiffens.

OLGA
How do you take it?

He reaches around her for a mug.

MATTEO
Light... and slightly bitter?
(Olga smirks)
For real, though, don't worry about
me. I can fix my own coffee. Go do
your thing. Just going to drink my
Java and be on my way. You're not
the only one with shit to do!

INT. OLGA'S BATHROOM - LATER

In the shower Olga smiles as she shaves her legs, carefully
avoiding wetting her hair, now in a bun. From the kitchen we
hear a THUD. A thought hits her. IN HER MIND'S EYE, SHE SEES:

MATTEO

Still naked, thumbing through her color-coded book shelves.
He picks up the framed photo of her parents at a protest,
wearing their Young Lords berets.

He opens her desk drawer, sees the stack of letters from her mother, pulls out the letter on top- *the one that lives evergreen in Olga's mind*- and begins to read it.

BLANCA (V.O.)
Querida Olga...

INT. OLGA'S BATHROOM - INTERCUT

Her face is agitated now. She shaves quickly, nicks herself, and nearly slips as she scrambles to shut off the water, her bun getting soaked in process. She stumbles out of shower.

BLANCA (V.O.)
(taunting)
I hear from my friends that you're working for rich white people. Planning parties for them. Like a secretary. Or, maybe worse, a maid!

INT. OLGA'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Olga enters the room in a robe, a trail of water behind her, hair dripping and blood running down her leg.

OLGA
You need to get out of here!

Her POV: Matteo is, of course, not naked or going through her things, but fully dressed, backpack on, washing the two mugs and placing them on a drying rack.

BLANCA (V.O.)
Mi'ja, what are you doing with your life?

MATTEO
Whatever's clever girl. Wash your own dishes.

He walks down the corridor to the door.

MATTEO (CONT'D)
Ciao!

Olga exhales and closes her eyes.

EXT. BUSH TERMINAL PIERS - SUNSET PARK, BROOKLYN - DAY

A small stage is set with red, white and blue bunting, a SALSA BAND is seated, the WATERFRONT visible in the background. A balloon arch flanks one of the buildings.

Prieto is speaking to a small CROWD, locals with some hipsters sprinkled in. In the audience are local officials and NICK SELBY (54), a wealthy real estate developer.

PRIETO

For years, these buildings -- where my grandmother and my father worked -- were dormant until Nick Selby and his brother had a vision -- good to see you Nick -- Today, we re-open Building 22 as home to the largest Together@ co-working space in the U.S. The future of work is co-working, and the future of America is right here in Brooklyn! We know your tenants will love Sunset Park as much as we do!

Some half-hearted applause. A group of PROTESTORS holds up a sign: END GENTRIFICATION NOW. Prieto moves on.

PRIETO (CONT'D)

And thank you, Together@, for sponsoring the first "Summer Lunch Jam Sessions" here at Selby's Bush Terminal! Wepa! Let's go!

The band plays "Y No Hago Mas Na'". The attendees begin dancing as Prieto exits the stage, heading straight to Alex, as Nick Selby heads straight to him.

NICK

Eloquent as always, Congressman.

Prieto gestures to Alex that they should keep moving.

PRIETO

Thanks --

NICK

Just a moment of your time.

Reluctantly, Prieto walks ahead with Nick towards the same strip of 3rd Avenue where young Prieto ventured to find his father. The edifices now refurbished and manicured; the hovering BQE one of the few remnants of the past.

NICK (CONT'D)

My brother and I were expecting you at dinner tonight and now your office says you're unavailable?

PRIETO

We're trying to streamline my schedule, constituents and donors only. Since you don't live out here and I don't take developer money --

Nick gives him a pointed look.

NICK

So virtuous lately. Don't forget, we couldn't have built this without your support, Congressman. What were you, on City Council then?

PRIETO

(tightly)

Please. A vote under duress should not qualify as support.

Nick begins to walk towards an idling MERCEDES S CLASS.

NICK

(a veiled threat)

I'll let my brother know there was a misunderstanding and that we will see you at dinner after all!

Prieto watches him, pissed. TWO FIT YOUNG MEN are crossing towards him, headed to the festivities. One man gazes at him, they lock eyes for just a second. Prieto quickly looks away.

ACT FOUR

OVER BLACK.

OLGA (V.O.)

Do you know how you can tell you're at a rich person's wedding?

INT. LOW-BUDGET CATERING HALL SOMEWHERE IN BROOKLYN - DAY

A WAITER- in cheap black polyester pants and vests- collects a just mixed drink from a BARTENDER tending a rolling bar.

DICK (V.O.)

How?

OLGA (V.O.)
The napkins.

The waiter takes a drink over to a GUEST and promptly spills it on them. The guest jumps up. We zoom in on the spill, then the napkin, following the drops as they bead up and roll down onto the busy carpet.

OLGA (V.O.)
At a not-rich person's wedding, if a waiter spills wine or a mixed drink of crappy well liquor onto a guest, it would just bead up, roll off the cheap, poly-blend fabric, down the guest's legs and pool up on the hideous carpet.

INT. DICK'S SUITE AT THE CARLYLE - AFTERNOON

Dick and Olga are laying in bed.

DICK
(amused)
And at a rich person's wedding?

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. DICK'S DAUGHTER'S WEDDING IN MARTHA'S VINEYARD - DAY

We are inside a sailcloth tent. A WAITER, in a white dinner jacket and full bow tie is pouring water for an elegantly dressed GUEST. We zoom in as a small drop of water spills, lands on the guest's lap and is absorbed by the linen napkin.

OLGA (V.O.)
Ah. Well, there's no ugly carpet because they covered it over, and the napkins are made from linen nice enough for a Tom Wolfe suit. So, if a waiter did spill anything- bottled water, vintage wine- that napkin would absorb it, dutifully.

INT. DICK'S SUITE AT THE CARLYLE - AFTERNOON

OLGA
But you know what? It would never happen because the waiters at a rich person's wedding wouldn't spill things.

Dick laughs at this and nuzzles close to her.

DICK
And how were the napkins at my
daughter's wedding?

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. DICK'S DAUGHTER'S WEDDING IN MARTHA'S VINEYARD - DAY

Dick and his DAUGHTER (25) are on the dance floor. In the background, we see Olga with Jan, an agitated MRS. EICKENBORN before them. She is holding two napkins up in front of them. One has a lipstick mark on it and the other a bit of food.

MRS. EICKENBORN
Olga, these napkins are soiled!
We'd discussed this at length.

OLGA (V.O.)
Divine. Your ex-wife was very
particular about the napkins.

OLGA
I promise you, Mrs. Eickenborn,
this won't happen again.

INT. DICK'S SUITE AT THE CARLYLE - AFTERNOON

OLGA
She was so paranoid, she had us
order 600 custom-made napkins.

DICK
(laughing)
Is that why your bill was so high?

MUSIC CUE: Mr. Finger's "Mystery of Love."

INT. OLGA'S OFFICE SUITE - SAME TIME

Inside Olga's office, we see Igor and his man, wheeling the Veuve Clicquot cases from the Henderson Wedding into a storage room. They place them in a corner labeled "Mabel's Wedding" next to a box marked "Eickenborn Wedding: Napkins."

DICK (V.O.)
I wonder what happened to all the
extras?

OLGA (V.O.)
I don't know... Probably still at
your house in the vineyard.

INT. DICK'S SUITE AT THE CARLYLE - AFTERNOON

OLGA
Fuck! Mabel!

She jumps out of bed and rushes to get dressed.

OLGA (CONT'D)
I've got to go.

As Olga moves to leave, Dick grabs her wrist, a bit firmly.

DICK
When do I see you again?

OLGA
Spontaneous! Remember?

EXT. PARK AVENUE & 72ND STREET - SAME EVENING

Clouds are rolling in.

INT. ARTHUR SELBY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

At a large, formal dining room table, we see ARTHUR SELBY (60), Nick Selby, and several unidentified, besuited MEN and Prieto. They are at the tail end of a dinner.

PRIETO
I've got to be honest, I don't get
it. Since when do you guys care
about Puerto Rico?

NICK
What's to get? All we need you to
do is cancel this hearing.

PRIETO
You realize PROMESA Oversight is
ceremonial, right? Congress has no
real control over what PROMESA does
or doesn't do on the island.

ARTHUR
(threatening)
I hope that's not reticence that
I'm hearing, Congressman.
(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Do I need to remind you who has the upper hand here?

Prieto shakes his head in resignation. Throws his napkin on the table and gets up.

PRIETO

My mother always says, You might not know what they're up to, but when white people's eyes are on our island, you can be sure it's nothing good.

Nick laughs.

NICK

So, we can count on you then?
You'll cancel the hearing?

Prieto is headed towards the door. Doesn't look back.

PRIETO

Like I have a fucking choice.

INT. PRIETO'S CAR - EVENING

Prieto closes his car door.

PRIETO

Fuck!

He starts the engine, turns up the radio, Boosie Badazz' *"Smile to Keep from Crying"* plays.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - EVENING

It is dusk but the cloud cover gives the sky an ominous glow. We look down on Park Avenue as Prieto's car comes into view.

INT. PRIETO'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Prieto is driving now, arm out window, music up, when the sky cracks open and a downpour begins. He pulls up to a red light, and instead of rolling up the windows, stretches his arm out further into the rain.

BLANCA (V.O.)

Lombriz.

The light changes. Prieto drives off into the rain.

EXT. BRIDAL STYLES, SHEEPSHEAD BAY - SAME EVENING

Olga comes running down the avenue through the rain, same dress, the heels replaced by the Air Force 1's. The neon lights of the neighboring restaurants and retail stores begin to glow, but none shine as bright as Bridal Styles.

INT. BRIDAL STYLES - SHEEPSHEAD BAY - EVENING, CONT'D

The walls are lined with illuminated cases filled with Swarovski Crystal tiaras. Tulle veils hang neatly from hooks. Mabel and her mother, RITA (67), are sipping glasses of white wine, Mabel with several tiaras banged up her other arm.

OLGA

(breathless)

This place is really in bumblfuck.

She kisses her Aunt and her cousin hello.

MABEL

So, did you pick up your dress yet?

OLGA

Coño! You just reminded me the other day.

MABEL

Seriously? You're so wack sometimes, Olga.

OLGA

I'm so wack that I hooked your man up with *another* job that he quit after- what was it? One week?

Mabel looks embarrassed, wounded. Olga's gone too far.

OLGA (CONT'D)

I'll go tomorrow, promise.

TIA LOLA (60 enters. She is still petite but stockier now, with butch office style. She kisses her nieces and her sister-in-law hello and slumps onto a velvet pouf.

TIA LOLA

Sorry, sorry! Usually the summer is nice and slow y hoy? Madness! Ok, *mija*. All our eyes are on you.

MABEL

Oksana!

The clerk emerges with a massive, Swarovski edged, cathedral length veil that transforms Mabel into the pistil of a lily.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Is this the shit or what?

The women take her in. Rita pulls a tissue from her purse.

RITA

(teary)

Ai, Mabel! You look gorgeous. I don't know how I'm going to get through this day.

LOLA

I just wish my mother was still here to see you...

OLGA

I'd wish for my mother, too, but she thinks weddings are bourgeoisie tools of oppression so she'd probably just kill the mood.

Her two aunts just look at her, but Mabel giggles.

OLGA (CONT'D)

(sincerely)

Mabel, it's beautiful.

MABEL

(holds up two tiaras)

Enough with the water works, let's focus? Which one is more elegant?

Olga's phone begins to ring.

OLGA

Hello, this is Olga...

INTERCUT:

INT. BIERWAX BAR - BROOKLYN - EVENING

Matteo thumbs through record bins.

MATTEO

Have you been to this spot, "Bierwax"? All the fucked-up shit I talk about new Brooklyn, this place is kind of dope. You pick records, the bartender plays them. How sick is that?

INT. BRIDAL STYLES - EVENING

Olga walks away, mouthing "Sorry" to Mabel and Tia Lola.

OLGA
I knew you went through my shit!

MATTEO (O.S.)
Not to split hairs, but picking a
business card off your desk and
rifling through your drawers are
not the same thing!

OLGA
Fair point.

INT. BIERWAX - EVENING

Matteo is handing a record to the bartender (Outkast's
"Speakerboxx/Love Below").

MATTEO
So whatcha doing?

OLGA (O.S.)
I'm a... shopping for a bridal
tiara with my cousin Mabel.

"Pink & Blue" begins to play in background.

MATTEO
You guys should check out this spot
in Sheepshead Bay. I've never been
inside but it looks fucking wild.

EXT. BRIDAL STYLES - EVENING

OLGA
That is literally where I am right
now. How the hell do you know about
this place?

MATTEO (O.S.)
I, uh, sold a building near there
and I was just blinded by the glow.

There's a pause. Olga is anxious.

OLGA
Well, I better go back --

INT. BIERWAX - EVENING

Matteo is on a stool now with a beer.

MATTEO

Hold up. I, uh, I called to ask you a question. I wanna take you somewhere. This place. I think you'll like it.

EXT. BRIDAL STYLES - EVENING

The rain has stopped, Olga leans against the glass storefront now. She realizes she's holding her breath, exhales.

OLGA

Listen. I should have said something this morning. Yesterday was fun. Really. But--

MATTEO (O.S.)

Olga, we're both adults here. How about you let me decide if I think you're a terrible person instead of choosing for me?

Olga is surprised by this and has no quick answer.

MATTEO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

So, drinks tomorrow? Around 6?

OLGA

Um. Sure.

MATTEO (O.S.)

Great. I'll text you the address.

INT. BRIDAL STYLES - EVENING

Olga re-enters, flushed and a little flustered. The clerk is standing near Mabel, waiting with the two tiaras.

OLGA

You've got my full attention now!
 (looks at the tiaras,
 quickly picks one)
 This one for sure.

Mabel stares at her.

MABEL

Olga likes a dude.

Lola and Rita laugh, then Lola looks at Olga and stops.

TIA LOLA

Wow. *Si, claro.*

OLGA

You two are fucking crazy! I don't like anybody.

(looks at Mabel)

This looks good. How much?

CLERK

\$550.

Olga scoffs before taking Igor's envelope from her bag and laying several hundred dollar bills onto the counter.

OLGA

Fine, let's do it. Happy Wedding!

ACT FIVE

ANOTHER DREAM.

We run to the shore and see the island in the distance. We spot the yellow scarf in the trees. There's a life raft by the shore, tied loosely to a tree. We ignore it. We dive into the water, swimming confidently into the depths. We look under and suddenly, our feet have become concrete blocks. We begin to go under and...

INT. OLGA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Olga gasps as she bolts upright in bed.

We hear Fela Kuti's "Zombie" over QUICK CUTS of Olga making coffee. Turning on news. Pulling out mug. Picking out her sheath dress. Flat-ironing her hair.

INT. PARTY RENTAL SHOWROOM, MADISON AVENUE - DAY

Olga is with DREW (42), MARIAN (27)- two of her clients - and TRACY, a florist. The showroom is full of chairs, china, and other items one might rent to have a lavish party. In front of them is a mock table for Drew and Marian's wedding.

Drew wears Nantucket Reds, Marian a white linen Kate Spade dress. Olga is in her usual sheath, this one navy. She sets out various glass options, including a large purple goblet.

OLGA

And I thought that these could be a nice way to tie the purple of the orchids to the tabletop.

TRACY

Oh, that's great.

MARIAN

I love it!

DREW

Olga, the wedding's at the New York Public Library, not the Latin Quarters.

Drew laughs at his own joke as Olga's phone begins to ring.

OLGA

(to Tracy)

I hate this fucking guy. Hello?

ANNE (O.S.)

Olga? This is Anne from "Good Morning, Later." I've got news! We want you to plan our wedding!

OLGA

Oh, wow. What an honor Anne.

ANNE (O.S.)

That's not hesitation I'm hearing, is it? Because everyone here loved you and, well, this would be a huge springboard for you, personally.

Olga looks over at Drew, Marian and Tracy. Drew is lecturing them about orchids. She exhales, changes her expression.

OLGA

Definitely not hesitation. I actually couldn't be more excited. Just caught me at a weird time.

ANNE (O.S.)

Great! You know what? Let's celebrate- while I still have an expense account. Dinner tonight! Have you been to The Pool in the Seagram's Building?

OLGA

No. Not yet. But sounds amazing.

INT. PRIETO'S DISTRICT OFFICE - DAY

Prieto sits at his desk while Alex stands in the doorway, looking visibly frustrated.

ALEX

Do you know how much work we did to get this hearing together, sir?

PRIETO

Absolutely. But the long game here is statehood for P.R. If it looks like there's an inability to self-govern, it won't help our case.

ALEX

The students from UPR are arriving today. What do we tell them?

PRIETO

I'll head down tomorrow and take them all to lunch. Let them know that they have an ear in D.C.

ALEX

These kids aren't morons. They won't be placated by lip service.

PRIETO

When have I been about lip service?

EXT. MADISON SQUARE PARK - DAY

Olga sits at a park bench, Shake Shack milkshake in hand. From a car radio we hear Thundercat's *"Them Changes"*. She checks her watch, it's 3 o'clock. After several attempts to cancel on Matteo, she lands on: *"Great news! I got the Good Morning gig! Need to go out to celebrate with their team tonight. Rain check? (One small step for man, one giant leap for Puerto Rican Martha Stewart, right?)"*

She sees bubbles, but he never writes her back.

OVER BLACK:

We HEAR: Residente's *"Hijos de Cañaveral"*

INT. NY 1 STUDIOS - EVENING

We're on set for *"Inside City Hall"*, a local, political TV show. Prieto sits opposite the host, ERROL LOUIS.

ERROL LOUIS

Good Evening. This is "Inside City Hall" and I'm Errol Louis. If it's Thursday, it means we're Sounding Off. On the hot seat tonight is Congressman Prieto Acevedo, who represents the 7th Congressional District of Sunset Park, Brooklyn.

PRIETO

Good to be here, Errol! You're letting me hear from fellow New Yorkers- that's not a hot seat, it's an opportunity!

ERROL LOUIS

Let's see how you feel in an hour. Hello? Who's our first caller?

ANITA (O.C.)

Hi Errol! This is Anita...

INTERCUT:

INT. THE POOL RESTAURANT - EVENING

From overhead we see a pool at the center of the dining room as we make our way to the table where Olga, Meegan, Steve and Anne are seated. A WAITER refills their wine.

STEVE

20 million people have already voted to select the couple.

OLGA

Wow, if only actual democracy generated such enthusiasm!

The group laughs.

MEEGAN

My mother is so excited.

ANNE

Your mother? Olga's mother must be over the moon! Right Olga?

Olga reaches for a roll.

OLGA

Actually, my mom isn't around.

ANNE

Oh. I'm sorry, Olga. For your loss.

She begins to butter it.

OLGA

(cheerful)

Oh, no! She's not dead. Just gone.

The group is a mix of apologies and surprise.

OLGA (CONT'D)

It's ok. Really. She left a long time ago. It's been almost thirty years! I was very young.

An uncomfortable silence comes over table. Drinks are sipped.

OLGA (CONT'D)

Just meaning that, you know, old news! I barely think about it. My brother and I just know she's out there, somewhere. Fighting for social justice. Power to the people kind of thing.

Awkward smiles abound. Olga takes a nibble from the roll and motions to the waiter.

OLGA (CONT'D)

But she writes! My God, does she write. He and I get letters all the time. My mother loves a good, old fashioned letter! Hi? Can I get a martini? Up, two olives. Thank you.

INT. NY 1 STUDIOS - EVENING - LATER

We are near the close of the show.

ERROL LOUIS

Ok, I think we have time for one last caller. Who's on the line?

BLANCA (O.C.)

Good evening, Errol. This is Blanca from Brooklyn. I've got a question for the Congressman.

Prieto is stricken and can barely hide his shock hearing his mother's voice after twenty-seven years.

INT. THE POOL RESTAURANT - LATER

Olga has nearly finished her Martini, gesturing for another.

ANNE

I've got to tell you- wow! Everyone went crazy for your audition tape. Steve put together a great edit.

OLGA

Oh, I'd love to see it!

ANNE

I'll send it right now. From top to bottom- Tammi and Toni, our hosts, Chuck, the head of news- everyone adored you. And the network is so excited about the new demographic you're going to open up for us.

OLGA

What demographic is that, Anne? Wedding enthusiasts?

ANNE

And the growing Latinx demographic, of course. We check a couple of boxes with you.

Olga feigns laughter as the others laugh sincerely.

INT. NY 1 STUDIOS - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

BLANCA (O.C.)

You call yourself a Champion of The People in Puerto Rico--

There's a moment of silence, Prieto can't speak.

ERROL LOUIS

(whispering)

You good, man?

PRIETO

Hi. Um. Yes. Blanca. You said you were in Brooklyn?

BLANCA (O.C.)

No. I said I was *from* Brooklyn. Back to my question.

INT. THE POOL RESTAURANT - LATER

OLGA

Can you excuse me for a minute?

Olga rises from the table, crosses the restaurant.

BLANCA (V.O.)

You call yourself the Champion--

INT. RESTROOM AT THE POOL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Olga checks her phone for messages from Matteo. There are none. She tries to call her brother, he doesn't answer.

PRIETO (V.O.)

I've been called that. I didn't give myself that moniker--

BLANCA (V.O.)

The point is, you claim to be so proud of being Puerto Rican. Waving your flag; riding floats at the Parade...

INT. NY 1 STUDIOS - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE UP on Prieto's hand nervously tapping his leg. We hear the quiet hum of his phone vibrating.

BLANCA (O.C.)

Claim to be looking out for the people of Puerto Rico- who have no representation in Congress. But not only did you vote yes on PROMESA--

PRIETO

My hands were completely tied. It would've passed with or without me.

BLANCA (O.C.)

You absconded your responsibilities by canceling the oversight hearing for this corrupt panel pillaging the island!

There is another silence. Prieto doesn't know how to respond.

ERROL LOUIS

(confused)

Um. Blanca. Is there a question here for the Congressmen?

BLANCA (O.S.)

Yes. Prieto, how does your mother feel about having such a fraud for a son?

Blanca hangs up. Errol is shocked. Prieto, stunned.

EXT. PUERTO RICAN COMPOUND - NIGHT - SAME TIME

A compound surrounded by forest. MEN and WOMEN running military-like drills, illuminated by floodlights. A large PUERTO RICAN FLAG flies above it all.

INT. BLANCA'S OFFICE - PUERTO RICAN COMPOUND - NIGHT

Errol Lewis on a TV. We pan the room and find BLANCA (60's) at her desk. Her hand on a receiver.

ERROL LEWIS

Well, I guess that Blanca from Brooklyn will have the last word. Thanks to Congressmen Prieto Acevedo. This was Inside City Hall and I'm Errol Lewis. Goodnight.

INT. NY 1 STUDIOS - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE UP on Prieto's face.

ERROL LOUIS (O.C.)

Wooo! That was a doozy! You good man? You looked a little shaky there for a second.

PRIETO

(back in character)

Nah, nah! All good. "Everybody takes a beating sometimes." Right?

Music ends. PRELAP the sounds of NYC.

EXT./INT. THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE/OLGA'S TAXI - NIGHT

Olga opens the email from Anne and clicks the link. We HEAR Mambo No. 5 as Olga introduces herself to camera, dancing girl emojis rotating on either side of her name.

On Olga, wide-eyed with horror. We cut back to the screen, she's now tasting the cake.

The camera zooms in on her face as she closes her eyes and says "Mmmmmmm..." The dancing girl emojis now replaced by pepper and fire emojis, also rotating.

She drops the phone like it's on fire. A panic attack wells to the surface. She takes a deep breath, picks up the phone, sends link to Matteo. She calls him; it goes to voicemail.

OLGA

(a bit drunk)

Well, I picked door number two and my prize was an evening of micro-aggressions and humiliation. Can't help but feel I made the wrong choice. I just sent you this audition. What a fucking costume to get stuck in.

INT. OLGA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Olga crosses her lobby and gets into the elevator.

OLGA (V.O.)

I'm... I'm sorry I bailed. And not just because my night fucking sucked. Give me a call, maybe?

INT. OLGA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Olga drops her bag, walks despondently into the kitchen. Her apartment is dark, save the glow of a TV left on and the city lights. She pours herself a glass of wine.

We gently push past her... to a photo of her parents on her desk... before finding Olga again, looking out towards South Brooklyn, her hometown.

INT. OLGA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

She sits on her sofa, wine glass in hand, phone on her lap. The news is on TV. She picks up her phone, hesitates, dials Anne. She leaves a voicemail.

OLGA

Hi Anne, this is Olga Acevedo. I'm sorry to call so late...

INT. THE KITCHEN AT ABUELITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Prieto sits at the table with a glass of scotch, illuminated only by the light on the old stove. A pile of his mother's letters and his phone on the table. He feels utterly alone.

OLGA (V.O.)

... but I wanted to tell you right away... I don't think I'm the right fit for this project and what the network seems to be looking for.

INT. OLGA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Our focus shifts to an ominous weather graphic swirling over a map of Puerto Rico and Florida on the TV. The Chyron reads: "UNPRECEDENTED HURRICANE SEASON EXPECTED."

OLGA (O.S.)

I appreciate the opportunity, but unfortunately, I'm going to have to bow out. Thank you again and I hope you don't get stuck with that dinner check now.

BACK TO OLGA, who sighs, watching the news, blankly. Her phone buzzes: a message.

PRIETO (V.O.)

Yo, sis. We've gotta talk. Call me.

She sighs, disappointed it's not Matteo. Tosses her phone and stares at the TV. ECU on Olga, FINAL CUE: Hurray for the Riff Raff's "*Pa'lante*".

WEATHERMAN (O.S.)

Climate scientists are anticipating an unprecedented hurricane season...

#end