

THE DEATH OF EVA SOFIA VALDEZ

"Pilot"

Written by

Charise Castro Smith

Fazekas & Butters  
Revised Network Draft  
1/22/16

©2015, ABC Studios. All rights reserved. This material is the exclusive property of ABC Studios and is intended solely for the use of its personnel. Distribution to unauthorized persons or reproduction, in whole or in part, without the written consent of ABC Studios is strictly prohibited.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. 1958 CHEVY - NIGHT

In the thick darkness of pre-dawn, a rusted out 1958 Chevy drives slowly down a long dirt road through the Everglades. The teeming insects and nighttime swamp sounds mingle with a rich downbeat of *son* (à la Buena Vista Social Club) as we discover EVA SOFIA VALDEZ (50's), a modern-day Havana-born Cleopatra with zero fucks to give, sitting in the backseat. She wears a stunning white gown -- wildly expensive, and we're like: did she just come from her own wedding? Her attention is momentarily drawn away from the window and towards ISABEL VALDEZ (8), her daughter. Eva smiles, tenderly tucks a loose curl behind Isabel's ear, then resumes her inscrutable gaze, now directed at THREE WOMEN IN BLACK who share the bench seat up front. The oldest of them drives. Isabel narrates.

ISABEL (V.O.)

This is a story about my mother. My mother was a businesswoman.

EXT. MONROSE RUM DISTILLERY - NIGHT

The car stops in front of a massive rum distillery 'MONROSE RUM'. Isabel waits in the car as Eva and the women head for the distillery.

INT. MONROSE RUM DISTILLERY - NIGHT

The women enter the distillery. Inside, wooden barrels of rum line the walls. Moonlight pours in through the windows.

ISABEL (V.O.)

My mother was a fighter. A restless soul, not the kind of woman you'd want to cross.

Resolute, Eva pulls out a machete that was strapped to her thigh. With rage in her eyes, she bursts open one of the barrels of rum. She and her three accomplices proceed to trash the factory floor, soaking the room in rum.

ISABEL (V.O.)

My mother was a genius, a lover, an immigrant, a madwoman...

When the room is destroyed, Eva surveys her work. Her three accomplices share a look with one another, then leave.

Eva stays behind, her eyes moving along a wall of PORTRAITS. Paintings of Monrose family patriarchs, going back 300 years. This company is older than the country itself.

The very last painting is the modern-day president and CEO of the Monrose Rum Distillery -- BLAIR MONROSE. Even in oil on canvas, his blue eyes seem to briefly draw Eva in.

She walks away, removing a fat CIGAR that she's somehow concealed in that dress. She lights it, throws the cigar over her shoulder, setting the rum distillery on fire.

We settle on the portrait of Blair Monrose as the flames crawl up the canvas, his pretty face melting in the heat.

ISABEL (V.O.)

My mother's name was Eva Sofia Valdez --

EXT. MONROSE RUM DISTILLERY - CONTINUOUS

As the distillery burns in the background, Eva suddenly discovers... an UNSEEN FIGURE pointing a gun at her. Although we see only the most vague outline of her assailant, it's clear from Eva's reaction that she recognizes them. Almost as though she's been expecting this, she grins wildly and stretches out her arms, daring them to shoot.

ISABEL (V.O.)

And this is the story of her death.

To Eva's surprise, the figure pulls the trigger and Eva is shocked as she's shot in the gut. From inside the car, Isabel screams and bangs on the glass. Blood from the gunshot wound gushes out, slowly turning her dazzling white dress dark crimson. She falls to the ground and her eyes close.

CHYRON: SIX MONTHS EARLIER.

INT. CAFECÍTO ISABEL - INTERIOR COURTYARD - NIGHT

In the beautiful Spanish-style courtyard, the 'Valdez Immigrant Shelter' fundraiser is blossoming into full neon sexy glory. It's an all-out, mojito-fueled wild party with a hot salsa band -- straight out of a Pitbull video. The kind of decadent fun that makes you want to jump on Kayak and book a flight to the 305. DAISY (20's) signals the band to take a break and takes the mic as the crowd quiets down.

DAISY

*Oyeme, people. We'll get back to the party en un minuto.*

(then)

(MORE)

DAISY (CONT'D)

Five years ago, I faced the hardest decision of my life. My daughter was two, and she was *bien* curious, you know? There were no milk rations in Havana for months. She asked me, why *mamá*? We had no power. Again, why *mamá*? I kept telling her it would get better.

(beat)

But I was lying to her. And to myself.

ANGLE on the crowd, now rapt and nodding -- except for one conspicuous woman who is pushing her way through -- this is TERESA (40s), dressed in a gown of sequins and flesh-toned lycra. Teresa holds two full cocktails over her head.

TERESA

Excuse me... *con permiso*... out of the way... move it, *chica*, move it...

She downs half of one of the drinks as she skirts around the crowd toward the back of the stage. There she finds --

Eva Sofia -- who surveys the party with calm, confident pleasure. She is in her element here, at the top of her game -- a very different vibe from the rage we saw moments ago.

TERESA (CONT'D)

I got you a drink. For your nerves.

EVA SOFIA

I'm not nervous.

TERESA

Good.

Teresa finishes the first drink and starts on the second.

TERESA (CONT'D)

I am.

EVA SOFIA

Daisy's doing good.

But Teresa is focused on Eva, putting an arm around her.

TERESA

Because of you. Look at all you've accomplished. I'm so proud of my big sister.

On stage, Daisy is choked up, fighting emotion

DAISY

In Miami, we found our guardian angel. *Una mujer* who came here *con nada*. Who built three cafecitos, two beauty salons, a law practice and the charity that we're here to support: the Valdez Immigrant Shelter.

Teresa gives Eva one last speed primp -- hair, lipstick, dress, boobs.

TERESA

You're gorgeous. Now go out there and slay.

DAISY

Help me welcome my role model and friend... Eva Sofia Valdez!

Eva Sofia turns away from Teresa and strides out onto the stage. The crowd goes nuts. They love her.

EVA SOFIA

I wish everyone at this party could see what I see: a room of faces from all over the world coming together in celebration. It's... breathtaking.

Her tone shifts.

EVA SOFIA (CONT'D)

There's been a lot of talk lately from people who don't see the beauty in this room. Who believe this country's promise of freedom extends only to those born on its soil.

(a brief pause)

I reject that.

The crowd cheers.

EVA SOFIA (CONT'D)

Twenty-seven years ago, my children and I journeyed for seven days across the open ocean, and washed up in Key Largo -- barely alive. We had nothing. We were alone.

A hush settles over the crowd.

EVA SOFIA (CONT'D)

But I couldn't let that break me. My children needed me. It's because of them that I'm standing here today.

The crowd cheers.

ISABEL (V.O.)

This was my mother's favorite version of her story -- the victorious American dream come true. With a perfect, happy family to match...

EVA SOFIA

My son Sebastian: the math prodigy who oversees our family's finances. It's a rare thing to see him having fun instead of burying his nose in a computer.

Appreciative laughter as we POP to SEBASTIAN (29), handsome and a little reserved. TIME SLOWS DOWN on Sebastian...

ISABEL (V.O.)

But nothing is perfect.

We quickly FLASH to --

INT. BACK ROOM OF A BAR - NIGHT

Sebastian argues with a sketchy looking MAN. The Man takes a swing at Sebastian -- he easily dodges it and counters with a punishing HAYMAKER. The Man drops to the floor, out cold. Sebastian reaches into the man's jacket pocket, removes an envelope stuffed with cash and leaves.

INT. CAFECÍTO ISABEL - INTERIOR COURTYARD - NIGHT

RESUME REAL TIME. Sebastian smiles at Eva.

EVA SOFIA

My baby, Nicolas: a brilliant lawyer with a killer smile and...

(playfully)

Who knows? The first Cuban American in the White House?

POP to NICOLAS (27), an effortless prince. The crowd laughs again. TIME SUSPENDS on Nicolas as we quickly FLASH to --

INT. PI KAPPA PHI FRATERNITY - NIGHT

Nicolas is unleashed at a UF rager. He snorts a line of cocaine off the exposed back of a bent-over young woman.

INT. CAFECÍTO ISABEL - INTERIOR COURTYARD - NIGHT

We RESUME REAL TIME, and Nicolas gives his mother a thumbs up.

EVA SOFIA

And this night would not be possible  
without the efforts of one amazing  
woman.

Angle on ALEGRÍA, 27, standing next to Nicolas, who smiles demurely, straightening as she awaits her introduction.

ISABEL (V.O.)

My brother's wife, Alegría, had a  
pure heart, and craved my mother's  
approval.

EVA SOFIA

She is my trusted advisor, and my  
best friend. My sister Teresa.

WIDEN to reveal Teresa next to Alegría, raising her glass and cheering. Alegría deflates.

ISABEL (V.O.)

But we don't always get what we want.

EVA SOFIA

If you're here tonight, it means you  
support the brave immigrants whose  
presence makes this nation richer.  
How 'bout we get this party going  
again?

(to the band)

*Dalé fuerte!*

And just like that, the party kicks back into high gear. Eva is mobbed by admirers.

INT. CAFECÍTO ISABEL - NIGHT

Find Alegría in full party coordinator mode -- she is a whirling dervish, eyes everywhere, monitoring every last detail. She stops a WAITER carrying a tray of DRINKS.

ALEGRÍA

Take that back to the bartender. All  
of those need mint sprigs.

WAITER

Of course, Miss...

Alegría spins, practically running right into Nicolas. She's startled -- he's smiling.

NICOLAS

If I start passing out empanadas will you pay attention to me?

ALEGRÍA

I'm sorry, there's just so much to do, I'll be right with you --

NICOLAS

Ale. There are people here to take care of this. Dance with me.

He spins her onto the dance floor before she can argue. They're a captivating couple, but something feels strained about their interaction, as if they're both trying very hard to be polite. Alegría can't stop monitoring the party.

NICOLAS (CONT'D)

Hey. Relax for five minutes, will you? Have some champagne.

ALEGRÍA

No. I'm good.

NICOLAS

Just because I don't drink anymore doesn't mean that you can't. Come on, live a little...

A crack in her resolve.

ALEGRÍA

Maybe just one mojito.

NICOLAS

Good. And then maybe we can leave early..?

He's being suggestive, unsure how she's going to respond.

ALEGRÍA

Maybe. Let's see how it goes.

It's not a yes, but it's not a no -- in slow motion, Nicolas dips Alegría.

ISABEL (V.O.)

My brother Nicolas loved three things: family, beauty and pleasure.

(MORE)



ISABEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
His wife Alegría, was beautiful, and  
he loved her. But she wasn't the  
only beautiful thing in his world...

Mid-dip, Nicolas glances up and sees something that makes his  
face fall. He tries to cover his reaction, but Alegría  
catches his sudden worry.

ALEGRÍA  
You alright?

NICOLAS  
Yeah. Great. A mojito for you and a  
diet coke for me. Be right back.

He kisses her and makes a beeline for the bar. Alegría  
watches him go, her suspicions aroused.

INT. CAFECÍTO ISABEL - BAR - NIGHT

Nicolas looks around anxiously. A pretty blonde girl, PIPPA  
(20s) sneaks up behind him and grabs his ass. He jumps.

PIPPA  
Hey, sexy.

Nicolas spins and grabs her arm, pulling her out of Alegría's  
line of sight. Pippa giggles. She's on her fourth martini.

PIPPA (CONT'D)  
Ow.

NICOLAS  
You need to leave.

PIPPA  
Nice to see you too, Nick.

She's touching his chest, and he pushes her hand away.

NICOLAS  
My entire family is here. My wife is  
here.

Pippa giggles and starts stumbling away.

PIPPA  
Oh, cool! I'll introduce myself.

NICOLAS  
(grabbing her)  
No!

PIPPA  
I'm kidding! God.  
(then)  
Fine. This is boring anyway. Help  
me get a cab.

She grabs his hand and drags him away.

EXT. CAFECÍTO ISABEL - NIGHT

Cabs and towncars line the curb as more guests arrive.

ISABEL (V.O.)  
For every family that has fought for  
the American dream, there is another  
that has been born into it.

From the backseat of a towncar, BLAIR MONROSE emerges -- the  
same man from the burning painting. Handsome, an easy  
confidence born from an easy life.

ISABEL (V.O.)  
Blair Monroe never had to work for  
the life he enjoyed. Which lead him  
to believe this night would be easy.

BLAIR  
Alright, this'll be just a surgical  
strike, in and out.

He turns and helps a tall, patrician blonde woman out of the  
car. This is COURTNEY MONROSE. She's not so sure this is a  
good idea.

COURTNEY  
Don't be cocky. Your polling with  
these people is terrible.

She links arms with him and they walk. A few people around  
them start to notice who they are. Blair speaks low.

BLAIR  
Fifty grand buys a lot of good will,  
and more than that, it'll buy some  
headlines.

COURTNEY  
If you're asked about immigration --

BLAIR  
I've got the talking points.  
(by rote)  
(MORE)

BLAIR (CONT'D)

'Immigration reform benefits everybody, including the Cuban community.' I've got this.

He smiles as Courtney adjusts Blair's tie.

COURTNEY

Just play it humble. If you want to be mayor of Miami, you're going to have to kiss a lot of Cuban ass.

BLAIR

When do we get to the part where my ass gets kissed?

COURTNEY

You get elected, we'll get you an intern.

Blair stifles a laugh as they enter the party.

INT. CAFECÍTO ISABEL - INTERIOR COURTYARD - NIGHT

Sebastian sits alone at a table, watching the dancers. He spots Alegría across the room, hovering near the bar, looking for Nicolas to no avail. As Alegría makes her way towards Sebastian, he's hopelessly in love.

ISABEL (V.O.)

My brother Sebastian loved three things too: Alegría, Alegría and Alegría.

ALEGRÍA

Hey Seba, have you seen Nicolas?

SEBASTIAN

No. I'm sure he'll turn up.

ALEGRÍA

He was supposed to get me a drink, and he just disappeared...

SEBASTIAN

You look beautiful.

ALEGRÍA

Thank you.

Sebastian is looking at her with a level of intensity that would be uncomfortable if she noticed, but she's still looking for Nicolas. He checks himself and changes the subject.

SEBASTIAN

This party is incredible, Alegría.  
You did an amazing job.

ALEGRÍA

It's Eva's world. I just help keep  
it spinning.

SEBASTIAN

My mother might be the star tonight,  
but none of this happens without you.

ALEGRÍA

If I'm not in the society pages or  
knocked up, your mother doesn't care  
what I do.

Alegría's hand flies to her mouth as if she hadn't intended to  
say that out loud, but Sebastian laughs hard.

SEBASTIAN

I bet we can take care of at least  
one of those things tonight.  
(realizes)  
The society pages part... not the  
other... part...

She laughs and puts her hand on his arm. For a brief moment,  
something electric and warm passes between them.

ALEGRÍA

I should... go find your brother.

Alegría smiles at Sebastian and goes. He watches her walk  
away, full of longing.

INT. CAFECÍTO ISABEL - COAT CLOSET - NIGHT

It's quieter here, away from the party. Pippa is leaning  
against the wall, unsteady, as Nicolas digs through wraps and  
sequined jackets. He holds up one.

NICOLAS

Is this it?

PIPPA

(giggling)  
Ew, no.

NICOLAS

(another one)  
What about this?

PIPPA

That's super cute -- I'll take it.

In spite of himself, Nicolas starts laughing.

NICOLAS

No, no, you are not stealing other people's coats --

Pippa throws her arms around him. He doesn't push her away.

PIPPA

Come with me.

NICOLAS

I can't.

PIPPA

You used to be fun.

NICOLAS

Yeah, well, things change.

PIPPA

Not me.

She plants a soft kiss on his cheek. They stand there a moment, Nicolas frozen in place. Finally Pippa steps away.

PIPPA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you're not happy. Good night, Nick --

Nick impulsively grabs Pippa by the waist. And just like that, they're making out and she's got a hand down his pants. Just as they start to really get into it --

ALEGRÍA (O.C.)

Nicolas?

Alegría has appeared from around the corner. Nicolas freezes, caught and he knows it. Pippa quickly turns her head away.

NICOLAS

Whoa! Alegría, I can explain --

ALEGRÍA

Really, *cabrón*? Explain it to me.

Nicolas balks. Alegría storms off, angry tears in her eyes. Nicolas zips up his pants and goes after her.

INT. CAFECÍTO ISABEL - INTERIOR COURTYARD - NIGHT

Teresa peruses the buffet table. Across the room, she notices a clearly upset Alegría hurrying toward the kitchen, Nicolas following her.

Teresa starts to walk toward them, when she hears --

WOMAN AT PARTY (O.S.)

Isn't that the guy running for mayor?

Teresa turns. Blair and Courtney have entered and are working the room, a sizable crowd starting to form around them.

TERESA

Oh, no...

Horrified, Teresa looks around and spots Eva Sofia across the room, chatting with some guests. She hasn't noticed Blair and Courtney's entrance.

Teresa spins and pushes her way through the crowd, barreling up to Eva and startling her.

TERESA (CONT'D)

We have to leave.

Teresa tries to push Eva away. The guests she was speaking to look alarmed, back away.

EVA SOFIA

*Estas loca?* We're in the middle of --

TERESA

Just walk, go, I can't explain now.

Eva shakes Teresa's hand off of her.

EVA SOFIA

What is wrong with you?

Teresa is trying desperately to turn Eva around, but it doesn't work. Eva looks over Teresa's shoulder and her expression changes. Teresa knows -- she's seen him.

TERESA

Walk away, Eva.

EVA SOFIA

(bewildered)

What is he doing... why is he here?

TERESA

It doesn't matter. We are leaving.

Eva is rooted in place, staring like she's seeing a ghost.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Look. I get it. You've been preparing for this moment for 27 years. The chance to finally show him everything he's missing, everything he's thrown away. But this is not the time, Eva.

Eva looks around the gala, all the people gathered to honor her. And then looks finally at Teresa, smiling.

EVA SOFIA

You're wrong. This is the perfect time.

Eva pushes past Teresa and strides right toward Blair. Teresa curses under her breath and follows.

INT. CAFECÍTO ISABEL - COURTYARD ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Blair is in the middle of delivering part of his stump speech, addressing a few guests. Courtney stands nearby.

BLAIR

...there would be no Miami without people like yourself, a vibrant, hard-working community that contributes to our economy, to our culture, and I think we can all agree --

EVA SOFIA (O.S.)

Blair Monroe.

Blair looks at her. ON Eva, her shoulders back, looking gorgeous and self-assured. She awaits a reaction from him, time seeming to slow down as the sound fades away...

But Blair just smiles easily and approaches her, hand outstretched. Cameras flash.

BLAIR

It's a pleasure to meet you, Señora Valdez.

ISABEL (V.O.)

In this moment, my mother could have done this:

**CRACK!!** Eva SLAPS Blair hard across the face.

ISABEL (V.O.)

Instead she said:

EVA SOFIA

What are you doing here? I know you weren't invited.

She doesn't shake his hand, and Courtney steps in, trying to smooth things over.

COURTNEY

We're here to show our support --

EVA SOFIA

-- and your husband needs the Cuban vote if he wants to be mayor.

COURTNEY

We believe in your charity's mission, Ms. Valdez. Sweetheart?

Blair starts, then reaches into his jacket pocket and withdraws a check, holding it out to Eva.

BLAIR

Please accept this donation on behalf of my family. Fifty thousand dollars, along with my thanks for the terrific example you've set for this community.

A murmur goes up through the crowd. More photos taken. But Eva makes no move to take it. She looks at Blair for a long moment, realizing what this all means. Then steps close to him, so that no one else can hear --

EVA SOFIA

You don't remember me.

Blair stares at her for a long beat. Then --

BLAIR

I'm so sorry, my memory is terrible.  
(then)  
Did you work in my mother's house?  
In the kitchen?

Eva Sofia reacts as if she's been punched in the gut. She steps back, clenching her jaw. Then, to the room --

EVA SOFIA

You cannot buy Cuban votes, Mr. Monroe. We don't need your money.  
(MORE)



EVA SOFIA (CONT'D)

And we don't want you running this city.

She turns and walks away, Teresa on her heels. Blair and Courtney exchange a look -- that didn't go as planned.

Eva is near tears. Teresa guides her away from prying eyes.

TERESA

You were great. It's okay. Here.

She digs a pack of cigarettes out of her purse, tries to pull one out. Eva grabs the pack and escapes through a side door.

EXT. CAFECÍTO ISABEL - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Eva, tears of rage in her eyes, bursts out the back door. She paces in circles, cursing under her breath. Finally running out of steam and leaning against the wall and FLASHING TO --

EXT. HAVANA - 27 YEARS AGO - FLASHBACK

Note: the style of the flashbacks evolves over the course of the episode and the series. Now they appear as brief, vibrant images -- things that Eva Sofia has tried very hard to forget. But as time goes on, and as Eva Sofia's past comes back to haunt her, the flashbacks will be longer, more detailed.

In quick succession:

- An esplanade along the coastline of Havana.
- Young Eva Sofia, happy, radiant, looking up at --
- Young Blair, smiling down on her.

YOUNG BLAIR

I love you.

- A bedroom. The pair twisted up in the sheets. We hear Blair's voice --

YOUNG BLAIR (V.O.)

I'll send for you.

- Lightning streaks across a stormy night sky.
- A cobbled-together raft is tossed on the ocean.
- a Florida beach, the raft practically ruined on the shore. A very pregnant Young Eva Sofia holds Young Sebastian's hand as she walks across the sand, full of determination.

ISABEL (V.O.)

She waited six months. He never sent for her. And when she arrived on his doorstep in Miami...

- Young Eva Sofia and Sebastian stand on the doorstep of the Monroe's mansion. A WOMAN (YOUNG ASTRID MONROSE) hands her a few hundred dollars and shuts the door.

- Young Eva Sofia looks at the money, before letting it fall to the ground and blow away.

EXT. CAFECÍTO ISABEL - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Eva shuts her eyes at the memory. She looks at the cigarettes in her hand, fishes one out, but realizes -- no lighter.

EVA SOFIA

*Coño...*

She digs through her purse, desperate for a light, when we hear the distinctive sound of a match being struck.

Eva Sofia looks up. Before her are three women. The one in the middle holds a match. At the end of the alley, a 1958 Chevy idles.

CLARA

Tough night?

CLARA (70's), but looks ancient. She's flanked by LUZ (30's) wild haired and hugely pregnant, and DOMINIQUE (18), a teenage *chonga* with flaming red hair. All three are dressed in black. Although they're separate people, their eyes move as one. We soon recognize them as the three women from the teaser.

Eva Sofia takes in the weird trio. The match still lit in Clara's hand. Eva tosses the unlit cigarette onto the ground.

EVA SOFIA

Thanks. I don't really --

CLARA

You gave him your heart; he gave you a blank stare and a slap on the face.

LUZ

Rich boys *mija*: they can look right at you without even seeing you.

DOMINIQUE

It's a twisted mess, *jefa*.

Now these chicks are freaking her out.

EVA SOFIA

Yeah, and it's none of your business.

Eva rises to go, but they are blocking her way.

DOMINIQUE

Girl relax, we're your friends.

CLARA

Admirers.

LUZ

Three bad bitches who wanna see  
someone like you --

CLARA

Make someone like Blair Monroe --

DOMINIQUE

Open his eyes and recognize that he's  
not dealing with some freaking  
*qualquiera* from his Mama's kitchen --

LUZ

He's dealing with a real life Cuban --

DOMINIQUE

Put on this earth to kick ass and  
take names --

CLARA

Bows down to no man --

CLARA/ DOMINIQUE/ LUZ

Queen.

DOMINIQUE

Don't you know who you truly are?

CLARA/DOMINIQUE/LUZ

(icy whisper)

You could own him. We can help.

They've been steadily pushing closer to Eva Sofia throughout, so that now they're practically nose-to-nose with her. She seems mesmerized by their pattern of speech -- and suddenly she snaps out of it and pushes away from them.

EVA SOFIA

I don't need your help!

She puts distance between herself and the women. But she's thinking about what they've said.

EVA SOFIA (CONT'D)

I don't need anybody's help. He took everything from me. I'll take everything from them.

Clara nods approvingly, holds out the matchbook to her.

CLARA

In case you change your mind.

Eva takes the matchbook. As she does, the STREET LIGHT at the end of the alley BUZZES and DIMS briefly. As it comes back on, the door to the cafecito opens again, revealing Teresa.

TERESA

Eva, *cariño* --

Teresa stops dead in her tracks when she sees the three women. She is instantly riled.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Get out of here! Go!

The women smile, Luz makes a hissing sound with her tongue.

LUZ

So much hostility.

TERESA

Nobody wants you here, *véte!*

The women move, in unison, toward the mouth of the alley. Teresa turns to Eva, intense.

TERESA (CONT'D)

What did they say? Did you take anything from them?

EVA SOFIA

Will you relax? No... they're just some crazy homeless people --

TERESA

No they're not. They're trouble, and we don't need their help. Let's go.

Teresa heads back inside, Eva following. She looks down the alley -- the three women stand by their Chevy in silhouette, watching, though we can't see their faces. Off Eva --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. TOWNCAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Eva and Nicolas sit in the back seat, each looking out their own windows, lost in thought but for very different reasons. Finally Nicolas glances at his mother.

NICOLAS

Tonight went well... seems like we raised a lot of money.

EVA SOFIA

(distracted)

It's all for a good cause.

NICOLAS

Did you really turn down fifty grand from Blair Monroe?

A beat, as Eva sizes Nicolas up.

EVA SOFIA

That money wasn't to help anyone but himself.

NICOLAS

So? If we can use it for good --

EVA SOFIA

(snapping)

No. And maybe you should worry about why you're going home with me instead of your wife. Where is Alegría?

Nicolas sighs.

NICOLAS

I... ran into an old friend. Alegría got jealous.

EVA SOFIA

Did you give her a reason to be jealous?

(Nick looks away)

*Ave Maria.* Were you drinking?

NICOLAS

No! When's everyone going to get off my back? I've been sober two years --

EVA SOFIA

Then stop putting yourself in compromising situations. You're better than that.

Nicolas looks out the window, clearly this is a sore spot.

EVA SOFIA (CONT'D)

This my fault. If you had a father in your life --

NICOLAS

-- Mom, how is it your fault that my father is dead?

This gives Eva Sofia a moment of pause.

NICOLAS (CONT'D)

(charming her)

You did a great job raising us.

EVA SOFIA

*Mijo*, I know you think I am hard on you... but from the moment you were born I could tell you were special.

NICOLAS

I bet you say that to Sebastian too, when you're trying to guilt him.

EVA SOFIA

I don't. You're better than all this *jodeando*, Nick. You could be anything you wanted to be...  
(suddenly dawns on her)  
You could be mayor.

Nicolas laughs.

NICOLAS

How much have you had to drink?

EVA SOFIA

(dead serious)

People are tired of politicians. They're looking for new blood. Original ideas. Someone to speak for them. That's why Blair Monrose is so desperate -- Miami doesn't want him.

NICOLAS

There is no way I am running for mayor. It's crazy.

EVA SOFIA

So you think Blair Monrose would make  
a better leader than you.

NICOLAS

I'm not saying -- that's not the  
point. This isn't the time --

EVA SOFIA

This is the perfect time. There is  
no one smarter or more charismatic  
than you. With the Cuban community  
backing you -- you'd be unstoppable.

For a brief moment, Nicolas actually seems to be considering  
this. The car comes to a stop in front of Eva Sofia's house.

EVA SOFIA (CONT'D)

Think about it.

NICOLAS

Yeah. Yeah, alright.

EVA SOFIA

And fix it with Alegría.

She exits the car. Off Nicolas, thinking --

INT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eva Sofia enters her opulent and oddly foreboding house. It's  
the home of someone who has known terrible poverty --  
everything is well cared for, appreciated, and also totally  
over the top. A house designed to remind her that she made it  
out alive. As she turns on a lamp, she's surprised to find  
ISABEL standing in her pajamas, holding a wooden toy boat.

[NOTE: Anytime Isabel appears on camera, she speaks Spanish  
with English subtitles.]

EVA SOFIA

Isabel, mi amor. It's late. How come  
you're not in bed? Where's Adela?

ISABEL

She's asleep. I missed you.

EVA SOFIA

I missed you too.  
(re: the toy boat)  
What's that?

ISABEL

I don't know. I just found it.

Isabel winds a little crank on the side of the toy boat and it plays an odd, haunting melody.

EVA SOFIA

Wow. That's a pretty song.

ISABEL

Can I sleep in your bed?

Eva scoops Isabel up, tickles her and carries her to bed.

INT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - EVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eva stands before her bedroom mirror. Reflected behind Eva, we can see Isabel dozing peacefully. Then suddenly, we glimpse three shadow figures standing over Isabel. Eva gasps, but when she turns around, there's no one there. She looks around to make sure she's alone, then quickly gets into bed. She spoons Isabel as she stares, afraid, into the dark.

INT. MONROSE MANSION - NIGHT

Modern and cold -- all white, immaculate and sparse decor. Courtney and Blair enter. Blair is subdued.

COURTNEY

... I'm happy I was wrong. Your donation made all the eleven o'clock newscasts, even the Spanish ones.

BLAIR

A donation she didn't take.

COURTNEY

Which only makes Valdez seem stupid and you seem generous. This is a good thing, Blair.

BLAIR

Hope so.

Courtney stands at the base of the stairs, considers him.

COURTNEY

You okay?

BLAIR

Just tired. Be right up.



She turns and climbs the stairs. He watches after her a beat, and his expression changes. He's worried. When he's sure she's upstairs, he hurries to --

INT. MONROSE MANSION - BLAIR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Blair enters and shuts the door quietly. He knows what he's looking for. He crosses to a credenza, takes out a small key and unlocks one of the drawers.

Inside is an old cigar box. He pulls it out and opens it. Old travel brochures. Ticket stubs. Cuban money. And finally, a small stack of photos. The first one is of his younger self, arms around Young Eva Sofia. Happy and in love.

Blair considers the photo and we realize -- he remembers her.

PRELAP:

NICOLAS (O.S.)  
Alegría, can't we just talk?

INT. NICOLAS AND ALEGRÍA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nicolas stands at his bedroom door. We can hear movement on the other side.

NICOLAS  
Please. I am so sorry. I'll make it  
up to you --

The door suddenly opens, and Alegría blows past him, pulling a full suitcase behind her.

ALEGRÍA  
I'll make arrangements to get the  
rest of my things.

Nicolas chases after her.

NICOLAS  
Wait -- wait, no. Let me explain --

ALEGRÍA  
-- how a skank ended up with her hand  
down your pants? No explanation  
necessary, I got it.

NICOLAS  
I have problems, I know. I'm weak.  
Please, just give me a chance --

They've reached the front door, and she stops and turns to him, tears in her eyes.

ALEGRÍA

I've given you so many chances I've lost count. You can't charm your way out of everything, Nick.

She exits, slamming the door. Off Nicolas, reeling...

EXT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - MORNING

Teresa exits the house, holding a pink pastry box. She's surprised to see Eva wrapping up a meeting with a handsome young man in a suit (WARSHAUER). Teresa slows, listening in.

WARSHAUER

... you've given me a difficult decision to make, Ms. Valdez.

EVA SOFIA

Good.

She flashes a devastating smile, extending her hand to shake.

WARSHAUER

I'll be in touch by end of business.

EVA SOFIA

Make it lunch, Mr. Warshauer.

WARSHAUER

(smiles)

You ever want to run for office, let me know. You'd be a shoe-in.

Warshauer leaves, nodding to Teresa as he passes. Teresa joins Eva, setting the pastry box down and pulling one out.

TERESA

I brought *pastelitos*. Who was that?

EVA SOFIA

Blair Monrose's campaign manager.

TERESA

What's he want?

EVA SOFIA

I offered to double his salary if he comes to run Nicolas's campaign.

Teresa freezes mid-chew.

TERESA

Nicolas wants to run for mayor?

EVA SOFIA

He will.

TERESA

Eva... don't do this.

EVA SOFIA

You don't think Nicolas could win?

TERESA

I think Nicolas can do whatever he sets his mind to. But this isn't about him. This is about Blair.

Eva Sofia doesn't deny it. She stares into the distance.

EVA SOFIA

He doesn't remember me, Teresa.

TERESA

That can't be true.

EVA SOFIA

He thought I worked in his mother's kitchen.

Teresa takes this in. That, more than anything, infuriates her.

TERESA

*Pendejo.*

EVA SOFIA

Everything I went through when we came to Miami. Everything I had to do to survive.

Teresa covers Eva's hand with her own.

TERESA

And he will pay for what he did to you, *nena*. God will punish him for his sins.

EVA SOFIA

I'm not waiting for God. I want Blair to feel as powerless as I felt. Starting today.

TERESA

By making him lose the election?

EVA SOFIA

By making him lose everything. His business. His legacy. All of it.

Teresa gives her a sympathetic look, just now realizing --

TERESA

After all this time. You're still in love with him.

EVA SOFIA

No. No I'm not.

TERESA

Be real with me, *chiquita*. He broke your heart, and I get that. But you can't do this. It's not possible. That family is ruthless.

EVA SOFIA

(rising)

So am I. I just need to find a way in.

Eva walks into the house, determined. Off Teresa, worried --

EXT. CAFECÍTO ISABEL - BACK ALLEY - MORNING

Sebastian walks toward the back entrance, pulling out his keys. But when he gets to the door he notices -- it's open.

Sebastian looks around, alarmed. And then reaches into his jacket and pulls out a pistol. Cautiously, he enters.

INT. CAFECÍTO ISABEL - BACK OFFICE - MORNING

Sebastian walks in, on high alert. Nothing seems amiss. He goes to an area rug, pulls it back -- revealing a FLOOR SAFE.

Quickly entering the combination, he opens the safe -- inside are STACKS OF CASH. More than a cafecíto would be pulling in.

The door CREAKS behind him and he spins, training his gun --

ON ALEGRÍA, who yelps.

ALEGRÍA

Seba! *Por poco* you almost gave me a heart attack!

Sebastian lowers the gun, heart pounding as the adrenaline leaves him.

SEBASTIAN

Sorry... sorry. I didn't know anyone was here.

ALEGRÍA

Why do you have a gun?

Sebastian looks at the gun in his hand, quickly reholsters it.

SEBASTIAN

There's been some, uh... burglaries in the neighborhood.

ALEGRÍA

(stepping forward)

Oh my god, Sebastian -- where did all that money come from?

Sebastian turns and winces -- the safe is still open.

SEBASTIAN

A little side business I've got going.

He shuts the safe and fixes the rug. Alegría gives him an appraising look, not buying any of his explanations.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

People like the Dolphins and the Heat. They make bets, I... facilitate.

ALEGRÍA

That amount of money? You are going to bring so much trouble on yourself.

SEBASTIAN

That's not how it is --

ALEGRÍA

You're waving a piece around, and 'that's not how it is?'

SEBASTIAN

It's a precaution. And if you'd keep this between us I'd appreciate it.

(realizing)

What are you doing here?

Suddenly Alegría can't meet his eyes. He finally takes a good look at her -- sweatpants and a t-shirt, ponytail, no makeup.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Did you sleep here?

ALEGRÍA

I caught your brother with a woman at  
the party. Enough is enough.

(beat)

I left him.

As Sebastian takes this in --

ISABEL (V.O.)

What my brother wanted to do was:

Sebastian strides to Alegría, grabs her shoulders and pulls  
her into a long, passionate kiss.

ISABEL (V.O.)

But what he said was:

SEBASTIAN

I'm... really sorry to hear that.

ALEGRÍA

He's never going to change. I have  
to accept that and move on.

SEBASTIAN

You should've called me. You don't  
have to sleep here.

ALEGRÍA

He's your brother, Seba. That  
wouldn't be fair to you.

SEBASTIAN

I love Nick. But you deserve better.

Sebastian pulls out his keys and hands them to her.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Here. Go to my place, take a shower  
and get some rest. You can stay as  
long as you need to.

She considers, part of her knowing that it might not be a good  
idea. But she takes the keys and kisses him on the cheek.

ALEGRÍA

I won't tell your mama about your  
'side business.' Just be careful.

Alegría exits. Sebastian watches after her, unable to hide  
the smile on his face.

## INT. CAFECÍTO ISABEL - COUNTER - LATER

Sebastian mans the counter. The cafecíto is busy. A couple customers sit at a table playing dominos. Eva Sofia enters.

SEBASTIAN

*Hola, Mamá. Que pasa?*

EVA SOFIA

Have you talked to your brother today?

Sebastian decides to keep what he knows to himself.

SEBASTIAN

No, why?

EVA SOFIA

He's not answering his cell. If you speak to him, let him know I'm looking for him.

A doorbell from the back of the cafe rings.

SEBASTIAN

That's the bakery truck. Watch the counter for a minute?

Eva nods, paying attention to her phone.

EVA SOFIA

Hurry. I've got a busy day.

Sebastian heads out.

## EXT. CAFECÍTO ISABEL - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Sebastian exits, but stops -- no bakery truck. Before he can do anything else --

**WHAMMM!** Someone **PLOWS** into Sebastian and slams him against the brick wall of the building. A **RUSSIAN GOON (ENVER)** puts Sebastian in a headlock and squeezes tight.

ENVER

I got a message from --

Sebastian **DRIVES** his head back hard, nailing Enver in the nose, which breaks with a loud **CRACK**. Enver releases Sebastian and doubles over, blood gushing into his hands.

ENVER (CONT'D)

*Suka blyad! You broke my nose!*

Sebastian pulls out his gun and trains it on Enver.

SEBASTIAN

Who sent you? Tell me!

ENVER

You know who sent me.

Sebastian does. And though he can front pretty well, it clearly scares him.

ENVER (CONT'D)

Keep your business with the Cubans.  
Or you're gonna be out of business  
permanently.

SEBASTIAN

Tell Sokolov if I see him or any of  
his crew here again, I'm gonna do  
more than break a nose.

ENVER

Don't be stupid, Valdez.

In no state to fight, Enver heads out of the alley. Off Sebastian, watching and freaked out --

INT. CAFECÍTO ISABEL - COUNTER - DAY

Eva stands behind the counter, on her cell.

NICOLAS (O.S.)

(filtered)

You've reached me, but you haven't  
reached me. Leave a message.

EVA SOFIA

I need to talk to you, Nicolas. Call me.

She hangs up. After a moment, she realizes -- it's gotten awfully quiet.

She looks up -- the cafecíto is inexplicably nearly empty now. Except for THREE MEN at the counter. They're all looking down.

Above her, an overhead light flickers, then POPS.

A chill runs up Eva's spine. She slowly approaches, getting a good look at the men. The one in the middle is very old. The other is younger, with a big belly. The third has flaming red hair. A newspaper rests in front of the Old Man.



OLD MAN

Look at you, *jefa*. Places to go.

RED-HAIRED MAN

People to see.

FAT MAN

*Una mujer del mundo.*

OLD MAN/RED-HAIRED MAN/FAT MAN

Queen.

EVA SOFIA

(unnerved)

Do I know you?

FAT MAN

Just patrons.

RED-HAIRED MAN

Friends in the neighborhood.

OLD MAN

Who doesn't need a friend now and then.

They're still not looking at her. But Eva has had about enough of this shit.

EVA SOFIA

Right. Well I don't need any more friends. So you should leave.

OLD MAN

Relax, *mami*. We are going.

The Old Man puts some money on the counter. In unison, the three men rise and file out. She watches after them, then looks down the counter -- next to the cash is their newspaper. Something catches Eva's eye -- she pulls the paper closer, looking a PHOTO of Blair shaking hands with A MAN. The headline reads: PRESTON GRANT LOSES FINANCIAL BACKING ON NEW HIGH RISE. A sub header reads: FAMILY TIES TO MONROSE COULD HELP IF ELECTED.

The door CHIMES as Eva holds the paper up.

EVA SOFIA

You left your --

But when Eva looks up -- the three men are gone.

Off Eva, frozen in place, newspaper in her hand weirded out --

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. NICOLAS AND ALEGRÍA'S HOUSE - DAY

TIGHT ON EMPTY LIQUOR BOTTLES, strewn about a coffee table. A hand comes into frame, picking one up.

Eva Sofia grips the bottle, angry.

ISABEL (V.O.)

When my mother saw what Nicolas had done to himself, what she'd wanted to do was this:

Eva Sofia fires the bottle at the wall and it shatters.

ISABEL (V.O.)

And so she did.

NEW ANGLE: Eva Sofia fires the bottle at the wall and it shatters.

INT. NICOLAS AND ALEGRÍA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

*WHAM!!* The door to the bedroom flies open and Eva Sofia stands in the doorway, a woman possessed.

Nicolas and Pippa are passed out in the bed. They stir awake.

PIPPA

(groggy)  
Who are you?

NICOLAS

Ah, crap.

Eva strides toward them and yanks Pippa by the arm, dragging her bodily out of the bed.

EVA SOFIA

Get out. Get out!

Pippa tumbles to the floor, grabs a blanket to cover herself.

PIPPA

What the hell is wrong with you?

EVA SOFIA

(intense)  
Get out or I will kill you.

She is not playing. And Pippa is not about to argue. She crawls away, grabbing her clothes and getting the hell out.

Eva turns to Nicolas, disgusted. He looks like hell.

EVA SOFIA (CONT'D)

Wash that *puta* off of you. We have to talk.

She turns and exits. Nicolas drops his head into his hands.

INT. MONROSE DISTILLERY - BLAIR'S OFFICE - DAY

Large and wood-paneled, antique furniture that's been in the family for generations. Blair sits across from his mother, ASTRID MONROSE, a 90-lb ballbuster in a Chanel suit, 70s but looks younger due to excellent plastic surgery.

ASTRID

I saw the news last night. Mostly favorable, but be careful you don't come off as pandering. New polls come in?

BLAIR

Up two points.

ASTRID

Good. But not enough.

BLAIR

Your input is appreciated.

ASTRID

This is your legacy, Blair. Every male Monrose has held elected office.

BLAIR

I'm well aware of that, mother.

ASTRID

Then do better. Fifty thousand dollars to a bunch of Cuban illegals is nothing. Quadruple that and dump it into advertising.

BLAIR

I can't just buy the election.

ASTRID

Then you're not doing it right.

Courtney walks in, pissed.

COURTNEY

You're not going to believe this.  
Warshauer just quit.

BLAIR

What? When?

COURTNEY

Five seconds ago.

BLAIR

He can't quit -- the election is in  
eight weeks!

COURTNEY

He can and he did. Jumped to the  
campaign of a new candidate -- an  
immigration lawyer named Nicolas  
Valdez.

BLAIR

Never heard of him.

COURTNEY

You heard of his mother. She's the one  
who wouldn't take our money last night.

Blair blanches. Astrid sees it.

ASTRID

What do you know about this family?

BLAIR

Not a thing.

Astrid sets her tea down and rises.

ASTRID

Find out.

COURTNEY

Dominic Paloma has a PI firm, I'll  
call him --

BLAIR

(interrupting)

No. I don't trust anyone outside the  
campaign with this. I'll handle it.

Blair exits. Courtney and Astrid exchange a look.

COURTNEY

I'll call Dominic.

ASTRID  
Of course you will.

INT. NICOLAS AND ALEGRÍA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A plate of food is shoved in front of Nicolas, who sits at the counter, dressed, hair still wet from the shower. Eva angrily cooks. As Nicolas digs in --

EVA SOFIA  
Now. You have a meeting with your  
new campaign manager in an hour --

NICOLAS  
Whoa. Wait. I never said I'd run  
for mayor --

EVA SOFIA  
-- no, you said you'd fix things with  
your wife. And what did you do  
instead?

NICOLAS  
I wasn't thinking straight, okay?

EVA SOFIA  
So somebody has to think for you.  
Look at the interest I was able to  
generate with only a few phone calls.  
We have donors lined up to give their  
support. There's a whole community  
that needs you to represent them.

NICOLAS  
How can you be serious? Look at me.  
Alegría is gone. I ruined my  
sobriety. It's not gonna happen.

Eva considers him, and adjusts her approach, softening a bit.

EVA SOFIA  
I know things seem bad now *mijo*, but  
nothing is lost. Never forget -- you  
were born for this.

NICOLAS  
I love that you think I can do  
anything, Mom. But I'm telling you --  
I can't do this right now.

EVA SOFIA  
You have always been the one to  
inspire those around you.

(MORE)

EVA SOFIA (CONT'D)

Your work helping people at your law practice was just the start.

(then)

You can be so much more. Don't walk away from this without a fight.

Nicolas can't help but be swayed by this.

NICOLAS

Even if I wanted to, I can't do it without Alegría.

EVA SOFIA

I'll talk to her.

(checks the time)

I have to go. Don't be late for your meeting.

And with a kiss on the forehead, she's gone, leaving Nicolas to contemplate his breakfast.

INT. ROYAL PALMS COUNTRY CLUB - DINING ROOM - DAY

In the swanky dining room of an upscale country club, with ne'er a brown face to be seen, PRESTON GRANT (40's) sips a Manhattan. He spots Eva across the room. She's transformed -- this woman can rock Versace and Brooks Brothers with equal ferocity. Preston smiles and pulls out a chair for her.

PRESTON

Ms. Valdez, thanks for meeting me.

EVA SOFIA

No, thank you for making the time.

PRESTON

I have to admit I'm intrigued. It's a bold move cold calling a stranger. So... what's your proposition?

EVA SOFIA

I'm interested in buying out your shares of Monroe Rum.

Preston pauses. This is not what he expected.

PRESTON

And why would you want to do that?

EVA SOFIA

Even in a recession, people buy liquor. It's a good investment.

PRESTON

What's your angle here, Ms. Valdez?

EVA SOFIA

No angle. I'm just looking to expand my portfolio. I like keeping my investments local.

PRESTON

(laughs)

That's good. So who's your source?

EVA SOFIA

Source?

PRESTON

The only person who knows I'm looking to sell off some assets is my lawyer.

EVA SOFIA

Clearly not.

A WAITER appears with drinks, places them on the table. He smiles at Eva.

EVA SOFIA (CONT'D)

*Gracias.*

WAITER

*De nada, Ms. Valdez.*

The Waiter smiles, and walks off. A light bulb goes off in Preston's mind.

PRESTON

Quite clever, Ms. Valdez. I bet you have little birds who hear all sorts of information.

Eva smiles, sips her drink. Preston sits back, starting to enjoy her.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

It's not a simple ask, I'm afraid. The company belongs to my family.

EVA SOFIA

I'm aware of that. But I also know you're the black sheep of that family.

PRESTON

Is that a fact?

EVA SOFIA

(shrugs)

It's not an insult. I like black sheep.

She smiles. He does not know what to make of this woman.

PRESTON

So, what do you have to offer me that's worth more than my family loyalty?

EVA SOFIA

What loyalty? Your grandfather left controlling interest to your cousin, Blair. Doesn't seem very loyal to me.

Preston freezes for just a moment, bested.

EVA SOFIA (CONT'D)

But to answer your question: I'll beat the market price by two percent.

PRESTON

Not good enough.

EVA SOFIA

Five --

PRESTON

Let me be clear: I'm not interested in selling to you. Even if you are the great brown hope to all those huddled immigrant masses.

(runs a hand up her leg)

Unless you'd like to sweeten the deal. Help me keep an open mind?

A long beat as Eva stares blankly at him. And then with lightning speed she GRABS A FORK AND JAMS IT INTO HIS THIGH. Preston SCREAMS. The entire room stares at them, but Eva Sofia merely stands, refolds her napkin, and walks away.

Preston pulls the fork out of his thigh. He's in pain -- but he's also impressed.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

(calling after her)

My offer stands!

Off Eva's exit --

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

INT. VALDEZ IMMIGRANT SHELTER - DAY

A small bullpen with several desks manned by volunteers. Alegría sits with a YOUNG WOMAN (20s), going over paperwork.

ALEGRÍA

... your resume looks great. I've found a few nurse's aid positions that are open right now --

YOUNG WOMAN

I was a doctor in Havana.

ALEGRÍA

I know. And after you get your degree you can be a doctor here.

YOUNG WOMAN

I can't afford school.

ALEGRÍA

We pay for it. You just have to do the work.

YOUNG WOMAN

I don't know what I'd do without you.

Alegría rises, seeing Eva Sofia enter. Great.

ALEGRÍA

We're here to help. *Adiós.*

Alegría walks away, past Eva. She barely spares her a glance.

ALEGRÍA (CONT'D)

I don't want to talk about it. This isn't any of your business.

Eva follows her.

EVA SOFIA

He's my son. Like it or not, he is my business.

They walk into --

INT. VALDEZ IMMIGRANT SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

ALEGRÍA

Then you know you raised a pig.

EVA SOFIA  
He needs you, Alegría.

ALEGRÍA  
He needs someone to take care of him.  
And he already has you.

EVA SOFIA  
Do you love him?

Alegría doesn't answer. Which is answer enough.

EVA SOFIA (CONT'D)  
I know you do. He's special.  
Everyone knows that. But he doesn't  
believe he deserves the things that  
come his way. He doesn't believe he  
deserves you.

Tears spring to Alegría's eyes.

ALEGRÍA  
I deserve better.

EVA SOFIA  
He can be better. But not without  
you. If you leave him... I don't  
know that he'll survive it at all.

Alegría wipes her eyes, and shakes her head with finality.

ALEGRÍA  
I'm sorry, Eva. This time I'm done.

Eva considers Alegría. Love and guilt didn't work. Time for  
the big guns. She steps close, puts her hand on her arm.

EVA SOFIA  
You had trouble not so long ago,  
didn't you?

Alegría turns to Eva, unnerved. Eva's tone is loving and  
warm. But she is still making a threat.

EVA SOFIA (CONT'D)  
Trouble that could have been very  
serious had I not intervened.

ALEGRÍA  
You'd actually use that against me?

EVA SOFIA  
You better believe it, *cariño*.  
(then)

(MORE)

EVA SOFIA (CONT'D)

Look past his flaws and see his potential. Don't throw everything away because of a stupid mistake. We all make them.

Eva squeezes Alegría's arm and smiles at her, as if they've just had the most supportive, productive talk. She exits, Alegría watching after her. Only now realizing that she is not in control of her own life.

EXT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Establishing.

INT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Eva watches as Isabel plays on the floor next to her. Isabel winds up the toy boat and it plays a lilting, sad little song, a bit out of tune. Eva smiles. In b.g. we catch glimpses of ADELA, her housekeeper.

The house phone rings -- Eva rises and answers.

EVA SOFIA

Hello?

BLAIR (O.S.)

(filtered)

Pilar. It's me. Don't hang up.

Eva slams the phone down, rattled.

ISABEL

Who was that?

EVA SOFIA

No one, baby.

Eva stares at the phone, and suddenly flashes to --

EXT. HAVANA - 27 YEARS AGO - FLASHBACK

A fragment of a memory from happier times. Young Blair reaches out and gently tucks Young Eva's hair behind her ear.

A RINGING PHONE knocks us out of the flashback, to --

INT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Eva picks up the receiver and slams it down once more. Her hands are shaking.

ISABEL (O.S.)  
There's someone outside.

Eva turns -- Isabel is now near the front door, looking out the window.

EVA SOFIA  
What? Who?

ISABEL  
(pointing)  
He's in his car.

Eva rushes to the window and looks. A dark BMW is parked at the curb. We can see the silhouette of the driver through the tinted windows. Eva glares.

EVA SOFIA  
Stay with Adela.

EXT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Eva marches down the driveway toward the car. Blair exits, holding his hands up in surrender.

BLAIR  
Just to talk --

EVA SOFIA  
No. Leave. I have nothing to say.

BLAIR  
Pilar, please --

EVA SOFIA  
That's not my name anymore.

Eva faces off with Blair. In spite of everything, there is still an undeniable, profound charge between them.

BLAIR  
I didn't know. The fundraiser said  
Valdez Immigrant Shelter. I swear I  
didn't know until I saw you.

EVA SOFIA  
And so you decided to call me a  
servant?

BLAIR

I panicked. I didn't want to drag up the past in front of everybody, so I --

EVA SOFIA

Took the easy way out? Just like you did before?

Blair's guilt is quickly transforming into anger.

BLAIR

Look. I was young. I didn't know what the hell I was doing. But it's in the past and there's nothing I can do about it now. You have no idea how it was for me --

Eva laughs.

EVA SOFIA

Am I supposed to feel bad for you? The poor little rich boy who sent his Mama to deal with the inconvenient fallout of his tropical vacation? You ruined my life, Blair.

He gestures toward her house.

BLAIR

You seem to have done alright.

EVA SOFIA

I had a family that was counting on me to protect them.

BLAIR

Then protect them now.

EVA SOFIA

What is that supposed to mean?

BLAIR

What are you hoping to accomplish, getting your son to run against me? Nothing good will come of this.

EVA SOFIA

You're afraid. You should be.

BLAIR

No, I'm not. You don't know my family, and frankly, you don't know me. If you don't stop, you'll get hurt.

EVA SOFIA

Is that a threat?

BLAIR

If that's what it takes to make you listen, then yes, it's a threat.

(then)

Preston's not going to sell you the shares.

Eva reacts to this -- surprised that he already knows.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

And your son... I promise you, my family will go after him with everything they've got. They'll destroy him. I've seen it before.

Eva looks like she might explode at those words. Blair can see this and tries to soften his approach.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Look, you hate me, and I probably deserve that. But you've made a very nice life for yourself. Don't mess that up. Let it go, Pilar.

EVA SOFIA

(beat)

Pilar is dead. My name is Eva Sofia Valdez.

Eva turns and strides back into the house.

INT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Eva enters and slams the door shut, holding back tears. She heads for her vanity and grabs her purse, digging through it and finding the pack of cigarettes. One left.

She dumps out the purse, looking for a light -- and coming upon: THE MATCHBOOK given to her by the three women.

Eva snatches it, opens the flap -- but stops still. For the first time she sees, in shaky, scrawled handwriting: *31803 County Road 29.*

Off Eva Sofia, her face hardening as an idea forms, prelap  
THUNDER --

## EXT. A ROAD IN THE EVERGLADES - TWILIGHT

The skies burst open in an epic South Florida thunderstorm. Rain and hail pounding on the car like bags of nails. Eva turns off the main road down a gravel path that leads to where a lone, ramshackle trailer is parked.

## EXT. THE THREE SHADOWS' TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

When she spots the 1958 Chevy, she realizes she's got the right address. Odd twisted metal sculptures litter the yard, and other than the gravel path, the trailer is encircled by swamp. She approaches the door and knocks. Clara answers.

EVA SOFIA

I need your help.

Clara opens the door and ushers Eva Sofia into the trailer.

## INT. THE THREE SHADOWS' TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Cats roam between towering piles of hoarded junk. Clara, Dominique, Luz and Eva Sofia sit at a table lit by candles.

CLARA

We've been expecting you.

DOMINIQUE

Hope you're not allergic to cats.

Eva Sofia's not quite sure where to begin.

EVA SOFIA

Are you real?

DOMINIQUE

Yes.

EVA SOFIA

Are you... Santeras?

LUZ

No.

EVA SOFIA

So then who the hell are you people, and why are you offering to help me?

DOMINIQUE

Think of us as...

LUZ

Karmic personal injury lawyers.

DOMINIQUE

Settling suits and slights to the  
soul, mind and heart.

CLARA

And you, my dear, have been very  
badly injured by the Monroe family.

EVA SOFIA

What is it you can do for me?

LUZ

We're well connected.

CLARA

Friends in high places, low ones, and  
everything in between.

DOMINIQUE

So the only real question is --

LUZ

Eva Sofia Valdez.

CLARA

What do you want?

EVA SOFIA

I want them to pay.

The women lean back, barely concealing their glee at having  
reeled in another desperate human to do their bidding.

CLARA/ DOMINIQUE/ LUZ

And we want to help.

LUZ

The Monroe family is going to pay  
full price for what they did to you.

DOMINIQUE

This is going to be fun.

EVA SOFIA

So how much is this going to cost?

CLARA

Eva, we don't want your money.

LUZ

All we want is your friendship.



DOMINIQUE

A friend in need is a friend indeed!

The women all start laughing, delighted. It's bizarre. Clara rummages through a couple of piles until she finds two large distinctive black envelopes and offers them to Eva Sofia.

CLARA

Give this to Preston Grant --

CLARA/DOMINIQUE/LUZ

And he will pay.

They smile as Dominique ushers Eva Sofia out of the trailer.

INT. PRESTON GRANT INVESTMENT - OFFICE - NIGHT

Preston's working late, tumbler of scotch in hand. Eva Sofia enters his office without knocking.

PRESTON

Ms. Valdez. I'm delighted, but not surprised to see you. You've reconsidered?

EVA SOFIA

No. But you're about to.

Eva tosses one of the black envelopes onto Preston's desk.

PRESTON

What's this?

EVA SOFIA

A few choice documents, photos and receipts that you might find interesting.

Preston looks through the envelope. He goes pale.

PRESTON

I underestimated you, Ms. Valdez.

EVA SOFIA

Embezzling from your family is one thing, but some of the things you chose to... invest in? Who should I call first, Astrid or the FBI?

PRESTON

Who are you? And how the hell did you get your hands on this?

EVA SOFIA

Does it matter? Do we have a deal?

PRESTON

If I agree to sell, how do I know you won't be back for more?

EVA SOFIA

I'm only interested in Monroe Rum.

PRESTON

Why?

EVA SOFIA

That's my business.

PRESTON

Ah, so it's personal.

As Eva Sofia turns to go --

EVA SOFIA

The police will be in touch very soon.

(re: envelope)

You can hold onto that. I've got copies.

Preston stands shakily, beaten.

PRESTON

Wait...

(Eva turns to him)

My lawyer will draft up a bill of sale. You'll own enough shares to be on the board of Monroe Rum by tomorrow.

EVA SOFIA

It's been nice doing business with you.

Eva Sofia leaves, victorious. Preston watches her go, downs the rest of his scotch and looks out the window.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Eva enters, putting an earring on, dressed to kill -- which may seem a bit overdone for a family meal. Adela is cooking.

Eva glances into the den, where Isabel is curled up on the couch under a blanket. Eva approaches, feels Isabel's forehead.

EVA SOFIA

How are you feeling? Your brothers will be here soon.

ISABEL

Just tired, mama. I'm not hungry.

EVA SOFIA

Okay. I'll save you a plate.

Eva plants a kiss on Isabel's forehead and pulls the blanket up to her chin. We hear the sound of the front door opening.

SEBASTIAN (O.S.)

*Hola.* It's me.

ISABEL

Is it a party?

EVA SOFIA

Yes. Our family has a lot to celebrate.

INT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - FRONT ENTRY - NIGHT

Sebastian shrugs out of his coat as Eva comes into the hall.

SEBASTIAN

Nick here?

EVA SOFIA

Not yet.

SEBASTIAN

What's the big announcement?

EVA SOFIA

You'll have to wait.

The door opens again, revealing Nicolas, who stands at the threshold for a moment.

NICOLAS

*Hola, Seba.*

He enters -- revealing Alegría behind him. Sebastian holds her gaze as Nicolas hugs him. Nicolas claps his brother on the back.

NICOLAS (CONT'D)

It's been too long, brother.  
(to Eva)  
I'm starved.

EVA SOFIA

Come. Dinner is almost ready.

Nicolas and Eva enter. Sebastian and Alegría stay behind.

SEBASTIAN

What are you doing?

ALEGRÍA

I spoke to your mother. She...  
helped me see things in new light.

SEBASTIAN

Alegría...

She reaches into her pocket, taking out Sebastian's keys and handing them to him.

ALEGRÍA

Thank you. For everything.

She looks away, follows Eva and Nicolas inside, as Sebastian watches after her, heartbroken. PRELAP the *TING* of a knife tapping on glass, taking us to --

INT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Where Eva stands at the head of the table. Sebastian and Teresa sit across from Nicolas and Alegría.

EVA SOFIA

There is nothing I love more than  
seeing my family together. We've  
been through so much, and we've been  
blessed with good fortune.

Nicolas looks to Alegría, places his hand upon hers. She doesn't look at him, and quietly pulls her hand away.

EVA SOFIA (CONT'D)

It's time to move our family into a new era. So I want to congratulate Nicolas on entering the race to become the next mayor of Miami.

Sebastian looks up, shocked.

EVA SOFIA (CONT'D)

And I want to tell you all that we now own twenty percent of the Monroe Rum distillery.

(hold up her glass)

*Salud!*

Eva drinks, as does Teresa. No one else does. Sebastian is dumbfounded.

SEBASTIAN

Mayor? What the hell are you talking about? Nick?

NICOLAS

It's happening. Believe it or not.

He puts his arm around Alegría, who holds herself stiff as a board, staring at her hands.

SEBASTIAN

And where did we get the money to buy stock in Monroe Rum?

EVA SOFIA

Don't worry about that.

SEBASTIAN

Don't worry about it? I'm supposed to be in charge of the family's finances --

NICOLAS

I agree. Sebastian should have been included in this --

EVA SOFIA

(sharp)

I don't need to ask permission to make business decisions.

Nicolas shuts up -- that's about the extent of his ability to stand up to Eva. Alegría pours more wine for herself. Sebastian looks around the table, incredulous. He turns back to Nicolas.

SEBASTIAN

Do you understand what this means for you? Your lives will be put under a microscope. Are you ready for that?

Nicolas slides a worried glance to Alegría.

NICOLAS

I don't know. I hadn't really --

EVA SOFIA

(interrupting)

It's a risk we're willing to take. And Nicolas has nothing to hide.

Sebastian almost laughs.

SEBASTIAN

He's got nothing to..? Are you serious? Do you remember when he was in college? Or in rehab?

EVA SOFIA

We will deal with it.

SEBASTIAN

This is a mistake. We don't have the funds to mount a political campaign, especially if we blew it all on Monrose Rum. We can't do both.

Eva slams her glass down onto the table.

EVA SOFIA

I'm tired of thinking about what we can't do. From now on, our family focuses on what we can do. We need room to grow, and that's not going to happen unless we take some risks.

She sits. Conversation over.

SEBASTIAN

Then what the hell am I even here for.

Sebastian pushes away from the table and storms out. Nicolas goes to follow him, but Teresa puts up her hand, rising.

TERESA

I'll talk to him.

Teresa follows Sebastian out. Alegría downs the rest of her wine. Off Eva -- this is not what she had planned --

INT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - FRONT ENTRY - NIGHT

Sebastian grabs his coat as Teresa intercepts him.

TERESA

Sebastian. Come here.

Pulls him into --

INT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Teresa shuts the door. Sebastian paces, knocking papers off the desk as he does.

SEBASTIAN

All these years, I've sacrificed everything for the family. I put my education on hold to help grow the business...

TERESA

I know *mi amor*.

SEBASTIAN

When Nicolas screwed up, repeatedly. When he sucked half of Mom's savings up his nose, I bailed us out.

TERESA

You did, *mi vida*. You always have.

SEBASTIAN

She's lost her mind. She can't run a business like this. And Nicolas running for mayor?

TERESA

Your mother always dreamed big. If she hadn't, you wouldn't be where you are.

SEBASTIAN

Then why doesn't she ever dream big for me?

Something in her eyes says she knows more about this subject than she can tell him.

TERESA

You are both so different. When you were little, you would spend the day with me at the salon. You'd help sweep. You were so cute, but you took it so seriously.

(MORE)

TERESA (CONT'D)

You've been grown ever since you were a boy. Nicolas...

(beat)

Your mother was wild when she was younger. She sees herself in him. And she sees that he needs her more than you do. But she does love you.

Sebastian shakes his head. Teresa hugs him.

SEBASTIAN

I'm going for a walk.

He exits. Teresa bends down to pick up the papers from the floor. Something catches her eye -- documents stuck inside the flap of an open black envelope. As she reads, her panic rises.

INT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Eva is now alone at the table, drinking wine and lost in her thoughts. Teresa appears in the doorway.

EVA SOFIA

Nicolas and Alegría couldn't get out of here fast --

TERESA

Where did you get these?

Eva looks up. Teresa holds the black envelope and the documents from within. She tosses them onto the table.

EVA SOFIA

It doesn't matter.

Eva rises and goes into the kitchen, Teresa on her heels.

INT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

In the den, we can see Isabel still on the couch, watching television. Teresa dogs Eva through the room.

TERESA

I warned you to stay away! I warned you not to take anything from them!

EVA SOFIA

You're wrong. They want to help.



TERESA

Help you? *Mija*, you have no idea  
what you've done.

From the den, we begin to hear a breaking news story. At first Eva and Teresa don't notice.

EVA SOFIA

Everything I've done is for my family.

TERESA

No! It's a vendetta. You want to make him regret what he did to you, but trust me, *mija*, you will be the one to pay. I need to see if there's anything I can do to fix this --

But at a certain point, Eva has stopped listening to Teresa. She's taken a couple steps toward the den, eyes riveted to the television screen.

ON THE TELEVISION

A NEWS ANCHOR reports.

NEWS ANCHOR

(on screen)

... positively identified the man as Preston Grant, cousin of Miami mayoral candidate Blair Monrose. Police believe Grant jumped from his twenty-sixth floor office late last night.

Eva and Teresa exchange a horrified look.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

(on screen)

Rumors of financial problems have plagued the developer and financier for months...

INT. PRESTON GRANT INVESTMENT - FLASHBACK

Preston looks out the window. Then he takes off his suit jacket, then his shoes.

ISABEL (V.O.)

If nothing else, Preston Grant was a practical man.

(MORE)

ISABEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Shortly after he ordered his lawyer to transfer his Monroe shares to my mother, he reasoned that sometimes it's possible to be screwed in ways that are irreparable.

Preston opens his office window, which overlooks all of downtown Miami. He climbs onto the windowsill --

ISABEL (V.O.)

And so, he opted out.

And jumps. We FLASH back to --

INT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In quick cuts we see:

- Eva grabbing the black envelope and documents off the dining room table.

- Eva grabbing the newspaper with Preston Grant's photo from her office.

- Eva dumping out her purse, finding the matchbook with the Everglades address.

EXT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

ON A FIRE PIT as it ignites in a fireball with a tremendous *WHOOOMF!*

Eva stares at the flames for a moment before tossing every item into the fire. They're incinerated in seconds.

ANGLE through the flames and heat into the pitch of the backyard, where we see the three women emerge from the shadows, moving as one.

Eva is long past being surprised by this. She stares at them, defiant.

CLARA

So, who's next? Blair? That evil Mama of his? Maybe his wife?

EVA SOFIA

We're through. I don't want your help anymore.

LUZ

Whoa! That's not how friends treat friends.

EVA SOFIA

I drove a man to kill himself. With your help.

CLARA

You didn't kill Preston Grant.

DOMINIQUE

You know what killed Preston Grant?

LUZ

His secrets.

DOMINIQUE

That's what destroyed him.

CLARA

He sealed his own fate.

Eva Sofia pauses as she takes this in.

CLARA (CONT'D)

The world is unfair. But there's one thing that levels the playing field --

LUZ

Secrets.

DOMINIQUE

Everybody's got one.

CLARA

We just happen to know lots of them.

DOMINIQUE

Blair's got secrets, so does Astrid --

LUZ

Aren't you the least bit curious?

Of course she is. But she knows there is a price for getting in bed with these women.

EVA SOFIA

What do you really want from me?

CLARA

Just your friendship.

LUZ

And love.

DOMINIQUE

And sometimes --

CLARA/DOMINIQUE/LUZ

-- a favor.

CLARA

We want what you want, *amiga*.  
Justice.

LUZ

The Monroe family is powerful.

DOMINIQUE

So are we.

Eva wavers, considering the offer. The flames in front of her whip higher in the night wind.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

Think about it. Pilar.

Eva's glance snaps to them -- *what did she say?*

CLARA

Yeah. We know all about you too.

LUZ

We even know about...  
(calling out to Isabel in a  
sing-song voice)  
Isabel...

DOMINIQUE

She's cute. Thought you could keep  
her all to yourself? Well, there's  
no secrets between friends.

Clara, Luz and Dominique stare at Eva Sofia, then their gaze moves over to the pool. There's a high pitched little girl's scream, then a SPLASH in the pool.

EVA SOFIA

Isabel!

Eva Sofia frantically runs across the backyard, and finds --

EXT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Isabel floating motionless in the pool. The toy boat floats beside her.

EVA SOFIA

No! Isabel!

Eva Sofia dives into the pool and swims toward Isabel.

ISABEL (V.O.)

We are, all of us, sinners.

And suddenly we FLASH TO:

EXT. THE OCEAN - A RAFT - FLASHBACK

Twenty seven years ago on the little raft. Eva's in the midst of a terrible argument with A MAN -- we have never seen him before. Young Sebastian holds hands with Isabel -- whose appearance is exactly as we've seen her in present day -- terrified as they watch him fight with their mother.

ISABEL (V.O.)

And though our sins may remain hidden...

We see the Mystery Man swing his arm and accidentally knock Isabel off the raft. They scream and try to save her, but she drowns. Eva Sofia, wild with grief, grabs a knife and DRIVES it into the Man's abdomen. He chokes for breath, falling off the raft, disappearing beneath the black waves of the ocean.

And Young Sebastian witnessed the entire thing.

ISABEL (V.O.)

... one way or another, we will still pay the price.

EXT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Eva Sofia sobs and tries to resuscitate her daughter. The women watch, dispassionately at first, then laugh as they recede into the darkness.

INT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - ENTRY - NIGHT

Sebastian enters. He's calmed down some, ready to talk.

SEBASTIAN

Mom?

He looks into the dining room.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
(calling out)  
Where is everybody?

EXT. EVA SOFIA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Eva frantically tries to revive Isabel. Suddenly, Isabel's eyes flutter open.

EVA SOFIA  
Thank God!

But Isabel's in a trance.

ISABEL  
(whispering)  
You're going to die. They're going to kill you.

EVA SOFIA  
What?!

ISABEL  
You're going to die, they're going to --

EVA SOFIA  
Who is going to kill me?! Isabel?

REVERSE to reveal that Sebastian standing near the back door, watching all of this go down, but for some reason not making a move toward them.

EVA SOFIA (CONT'D)  
(sobbing)  
I'm sorry Isabel. I'm so sorry...

Sebastian backs away. He seems terrified.

SEBASTIAN'S POV

And now we see why -- from Sebastian's perspective, Eva Sofia is standing in her pool, fully clothed.

Talking to no one.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT