

UNDONE  
EPISODE ONE

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ACT ONE

INT./EXT. ALMA'S CAR - DAY

ALMA WINOGRAD-DIAZ (28, Mexican American, artsy) is SOBBING while driving. She slams her hands against the steering wheel. She's hysterical, driving dangerously, running stop signs.

TIME SLOWS DOWN as she sees SOMETHING we don't see. She looks shocked and confused to see this thing.

Distracted, she drives through the intersection, and is t-boned by a truck, snapping back into REGULAR TIME.

Her car goes spinning, eventually crashing into a lamp post.

Alma collapses onto her steering wheel - falling against the horn: BEEEEEEEEEEEP.

ALMA (V.O.)  
I'm so fucking bored of living.

MONTAGE - ALMA'S DAILY ROUTINE:

We SLOWLY PUSH IN on a shot of Alma's head as the backgrounds around her change: Her head on A PILLOW, Alma stares into space.

ALMA (V.O.)  
I wake up every morning in the same  
bed with the same person.

We see the ARM of another PERSON stretch in front of her.

Alma brushes her teeth - BATHROOM.

ALMA (V.O.)  
I brush my teeth.

Alma stands under THE SHOWER.

ALMA (V.O.)  
And shower.

IN HER BEDROOM - SHE PULLS A SHIRT OVER HER HEAD AND ATTACHES A COCHLEAR IMPLANT.

ALMA (V.O.)  
I get dressed.

KITCHEN - ALMA PUTS A SPOON OF OATMEAL IN HER MOUTH.

ALMA (V.O.)  
And I eat the same breakfast.

The TORSO of the other person passes behind her.

ALMA DRIVES IN START-AND-STOP TRAFFIC.

ALMA (V.O.)  
And take the same commute to work.

Traffic stops. Alma jerks forward.

ALMA (V.O.)  
I'm twenty-eight years old and I'm  
terrified this is all there is.

She sighs.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Alma stands in the aisle looking at two cans of beans.

ALMA (V.O.)  
Sometimes I'll be in the store and  
I'll be looking at two different  
cans of beans and I'll think: These  
beans are better. And then I'll  
think: That's the most boring  
thought anyone has ever had.

INT. JOSEPHINE STREET BAR - NIGHT

Alma is talking, but we don't see who she's talking to.

ALMA  
And then I'll think: No you just  
want it to be the most boring  
thought anyone has ever had so your  
boredom can be special. But it's  
not - it's the same boredom  
everyone has. Even my boredom is  
boring. God, everything is  
pointless.  
(a beat, then)  
Anyway, what's new with you?

WE REVEAL Alma is at the bar with her little sister, MEGAN  
(23, Mexican-American, bubbly). Megan is being coy.

MEGAN

What's new with me? Oh nothing...

Megan ostentatiously scratches her face with her ring finger -- adorned with a LARGE ENGAGEMENT RING. Alma doesn't notice.

ALMA

(raising glass,  
despondent)

Great.

MEGAN

No Alma... My face itches. My face is really itchy tonight. Check out how itchy my face is.

ALMA

It looks fine. Do you think you're getting eczema?

MEGAN

No, I don't have eczema, why would you-- Look at my finger.

ALMA

Oh my god! Holy shit!

Megan and Alma hug.

ALMA (CONT'D)

How do you feel? Do you feel happy?

MEGAN

Of course!

ALMA

Because you love Reed and you feel he should be a member of our family - forever?

MEGAN

I do. Do you not feel that way?

ALMA

I mean maybe your skin is itchy because your body's being like: "Hey lady, this isn't right, lady!"

MEGAN

My skin's not really itchy.

ALMA

I know. It's just... Reed Hollingsworth? Forever?

(MORE)

ALMA (CONT'D)

I mean, that's great - if you think it's great.

MEGAN

What's wrong with Reed?

ALMA

Nothing. At all. He's fine. He's totally fine, and unassuming, and nice. He's very nice.

MEGAN

That's a good thing. It's good to be nice.

ALMA

And his family is really rich, and well-connected, and super classist.

MEGAN

Oh really, they're "classist"?

ALMA

And racist.

Megan SIGHS.

MEGAN

This is about the asparagus.

ALMA

(matronly Texas accent)  
"Oh, I see we're passing the asparagus counterclockwise tonight--"

MEGAN

So his mom has some-- ideas, about the proper direction to pass food around a dinner table.

ALMA

(continuing as Reed's mom)  
"Is that how they do it in Mexico?!"

MEGAN

She could have been legitimately curious.

ALMA

We're not from Mexico, Megan!

MEGAN

Yeah, but our mom is--

ALMA

Besides, she should want to pass asparagus the way they do in Mexico, because everyone in Mexico is awesome because they're real, you know, because they're poor--

MEGAN

Okay, that actually is classist. And racist--

ALMA

They don't give a shit what Miss San Antonio 1965 says about proper asparagus passing directionality. They just share and eat so they can live another day to make art and love each other.

MEGAN

You know Mexico also has rich people, right?

ALMA

Yeah, but they don't eat asparagus.

MEGAN

Yes, they do!

ALMA

Do they?

MEGAN

I don't know! Do you?

ALMA

.... No.  
(then)  
You think Dad would like Reed?

MEGAN

Yeah, I do actually.

ALMA

You don't think it's weird to get married without Dad there?

MEGAN

So what am I supposed to do, never get married?

ALMA

There's an idea.

A HOT BARTENDER DUDE passes by.

BARTENDER  
Ladies. Can I get you something?

ALMA  
Can I get a Fancy Familiar?

BARTENDER  
I don't know what that is.

ALMA  
It's like a Mozambique Samba  
without the sherbert.

BARTENDER  
Uh...

MEGAN  
(to Alma)  
Why do you do that?  
(to Bartender)  
We'll have shots of Patrón, and  
don't go too far - we're gonna need  
you to keep fillin' 'em up.

Megan smiles at him flirtatiously.

BARTENDER  
You got it.

Alma notices Megan slyly covering her engagement ring as the bartender walks off.

ALMA  
You know I'm trying to drink less.

MEGAN  
Alma, your only sister just got  
engaged. This is a big night. We're  
doing shots. And then I'm going to  
force you to listen to how Reed  
proposed.

ALMA  
Oh god. I will need booze for this.

Megan gives her a playfully irritated smile. The bartender brings over shots.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
To my sister and her life choices  
which... I support.

They clink. Megan shoots hers back. Alma hesitates, then begrudgingly shoots. MUSIC PICKS UP and we SEE a SERIES of QUICK CUTS of the sisters shooting shot after shot, then slamming their glasses down.

They get progressively loose - LAUGHING and falling on each other.

We SEE Megan animatedly telling a story with her hands. Alma looks stunned and uncomfortable. Megan LAUGHS. Alma LAUGHS.

We SEE them dancing in a goofy way at each other. The bartender comes and joins them. They crack up again. Everything starts to blur.

One final shot of tequila and an echo-y slamming down of Alma's shot glass in SLOW MOTION leads us to...

EXT. ALMA AND SAM'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

A funky little house. CRICKETS and QUIET, NIGHT-TIME SOUNDS.

INT. ALMA AND SAM'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alma drunkenly strips off her clothes as she stumbles down the hallway - passing a SERIES OF FRAMED PHOTOS of HER AND SAM on VARIOUS ROLLER COASTERS.

INT. ALMA AND SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In her underwear, Alma climbs into bed with SAM (32, Indian-American, delightful, sweet).

SAM  
(groggy)  
Hey, you're home.

Alma climbs on top of him.

SAM (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

ALMA  
Humping your butt.

She is indeed humping his butt.

SAM  
Oh... okay.

Sam closes his eyes and puts his head down. After a beat:



SAM (CONT'D)

How long you gonna do that?

ALMA

Um... until it annoys you.

SAM

Well, it'll make waiting tables more difficult, but if this is how life is now, I'll just have to deal with it.

Alma flips him over. They kiss.

ALMA

Can you promise me something?

SAM

Anything.

ALMA

Can you promise we'll never be one of those couples that just like settles down and has kids and is all happy together.

SAM

Oh god, gross. Never!

ALMA

Thank you.

They kiss again.

SAM

Although, it wouldn't be the worst thing in the world.

Alma looks at him and starts humping him again.

SAM (CONT'D)

You're humping me again.

Alma makes aggressive sex faces.

ALMA

(playfully aggressive)

Oh yeah - ugh - you like that? Huh?

SAM

You're so crazy.

ALMA  
(suddenly very serious)  
I'm not. I'm not crazy.

SAM  
Okay. Sorry.

Sam kisses Alma's neck. After a beat.

ALMA  
I just can't do it. I can't do the wedding, and the birth announcements, and the piano lessons, and the matching Halloween costumes.

SAM  
True dat - matching Halloween costumes are lame. But, what if I go as Bruce Wayne and you're Batman, and every time we're together, I'll be like: "Batman, we're in the same room. We must obviously be different people, everyone."

ALMA  
That's a couple's costume.

SAM  
It's a subversion of a couple's costume.

ALMA  
Right, but it's still a coordinated pair of themed costumes that tell a story.

SAM  
No, they're totally unrelated because one's Batman and one's Bruce Wayne. Two different people.

ALMA  
Okay.

Sam kisses her. She stops him.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
But for real. I don't want to settle down.

SAM  
Right now.

ALMA

Ever.

SAM

You never know what's gonna happen.

ALMA

No. I know.

Sam sighs and collapses on his side.

SAM

Okay, we won't settle down. We'll be vagabonds, or cat burglars, or shark hunters.

ALMA

Oh no, I don't want to hunt sharks! They're the pandas of the sea!

SAM

You're right. They're sweetie-pies. Okay, let's be hot-air balloonists.

ALMA

Yeah, yeah! That!

He kisses her head, then closes his eyes.

SAM

(quickly)

And then we'll settle down and have kids. I'm asleep!

ALMA

Whaaaaaat?

Sam pretends to SNORE. Alma shakes her head. She lies on her back. After a beat she sits up, uncomfortable.

SAM

What's wrong?

ALMA

The room is spinning.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

A FAMILIAR MONTAGE, ALTHOUGH MORE HUNGOVER-Y THIS TIME:

We're FRAMED on Alma's head as the backgrounds change:

MORNING - she opens her eyes in bed. Sam's arm stretches in front of her face.

She brushes her teeth, takes a shower, gets dressed, eats oatmeal - Sam's torso passes through frame behind her.

She commutes to work. Traffic halts. She jerks to a stop and SIGHS.

EXT. NURSERY SCHOOL - ESTABLISHING SHOT - MORNING

A cute house with a protective wooden fence. The fence has wooden cut-outs of ducks roller skating on it.

Alma pulls up in her car and parks. She downs a quart of Pedialyte in one insanely long chug, then burps.

ALMA

Ugh.

She drags herself out of her car.

INT. NURSERY SCHOOL - MORNING

QUICK CUTS of Alma hungover at her job: KIDS are SCREAMING. Running. Knocking things over. Alma looks miserable.

She moves to stop CASSIE (3) from pouring out glue--

ALMA

Cassie - no!

As Alma reaches, she knocks a bowl of glitter to the floor. It spills. The metal bowl CLATTERS. Glue drips off the table. Alma looks up. Cassie smiles mischievously as she squeezes out more.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Cassie!

Alma's co-worker TUNDE (30, handsome, buttoned-down, black) approaches.

TUNDE

Everything okay?

ALMA

Yeah, she's just being a C. U. N.  
T.

(beat)

A cunt.

TUNDE

Cassie, do you need a time out?

CASSIE

No!

Cassie pulls a marker from a nearby KID, who cries.

ALMA

Seems like you do.

Alma takes the marker, and hands it back to the kid. Cassie melts down.

CASSIE

Nooooooo!

Alma picks her up and carries her to a chair in the corner.

ALMA

We're gonna sit here until you calm  
down. 'Cause guess what? I'm paid  
to force you to behave. Pretty  
weird, right?

CASSIE

I don't wanna time oooooout!

ALMA

I know, but it's not so bad.

(then)

Did you know that the Kogi tribe of  
Colombia takes their babies and  
puts them in a dark cave?

CASSIE

Yeah, I know that.

ALMA

Oh, really? Well did you know they  
keep their babies in a dark cave  
for nine years. And as the babies  
grow, they tell them stories about  
what the world outside looks like.  
What clouds and trees and birds and  
rainbows look like.

(MORE)

ALMA (CONT'D)

And when the babies come out, nine years later, they see clouds, and trees, and birds, and rainbows for the first time ever. And they are so blown away by how much more amazing the world is than they ever imagined, that they have incredible respect for whatever it is that created this place we live in, and all the perfect things in it. Can you imagine feeling that way about anything?

Cassie huffs and pulls books off a shelf. Alma grabs a blanket and wraps it around Cassie.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Do you want me to put you in a cave so you can feel what it's like to have nothing and be no one?

CASSIE

No, you be in the cave.

Alma takes a second blanket and wraps it over and around her and Cassie.

ALMA

Okay, I'll be in the cave, too. We'll be in the cave together.

UNDER THE BLANKET, Cassie sits quietly in Alma's lap. Alma dozes off. After a beat Cassie whispers:

CASSIE

I like this.

ALMA

(sleepily)  
Me, too.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

Again we're FRAMED on Alma's head as the backgrounds change:

Alma drives home from work in traffic.

She eats dinner - Sam's torso passes behind her.

She brushes her teeth.

She lies in bed. Sam's arm stretches in front of her face.

EXT. CAMILA'S HOUSE - DAY

A lower-middle class, modest, beige, 1950's bungalow.

INT. CAMILA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM / DINING ROOM - DAY

CAMILA (53, Mexican-American, budget-elegant, Alma's mom) and Alma look through old photos on the dining room table.

CAMILA

Here's one of her after her first haircut.

Camila holds up an image of BABY MEGAN.

ALMA

Where's that one where she's toddling around the market in San Cristobal with the apple soda and laughing? She looks like a tiny, drunken sailor.

CAMILA

Alma, don't come and help, if you're not going to help.

Alma sighs.

ALMA

What'd his mom send?

Camila holds up an 8x10 photo of a dopey WHITE BOY in a nice suit, smiling with an air of entitlement.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Ugh.

CAMILA

What's wrong with that?

ALMA

Everything.

Alma holds his photo in front of her face.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Hello, I'm Reed Hollingsworth of the San Antonio Hollingsworths.

(MORE)

ALMA (CONT'D)

I think I'm special because I'm white and my parents have money, but sadly I have the personality of a reduced-fat wheat thin.

Camila shuffles through more photos of Megan.

CAMILA

Well, he's been nothing but lovely to me.

ALMA

Of course he has. That's how he was trained to be.

Alma finds old photos of a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN from the 50s and 60s. She picks up a black and white photo of the woman at a BLACK, UPRIGHT PIANO looking joyful.

ALMA (CONT'D)

What did you know about Geraldine?

CAMILA

Not much. She was your father's mother. She died.

Alma picks up a color photo of Geraldine from the late 60s - she's surrounded by THREE KIDS and a HUSBAND. She looks shattered and depressed.

ALMA

And she got married, had three kids, and lost her mind.

Changing the subject, Camila holds up another PHOTO of Megan.

CAMILA

What about this one?

ALMA

(shaken from her reverie)  
Sure. Love it. Done.

Alma stands.

CAMILA

Where are you going?

ALMA

(suspicious)  
To get some water... ?

As Alma heads to the kitchen.



CAMILA

Are you coming to church on Sunday?

ALMA

(pouring water)

Eh, you know. I'll see how I feel.

CAMILA

There's a new priest. I think you'll like him. He's into indigenous cultures.

Alma returns.

ALMA

Like conquering them and appropriating them, or...

CAMILA

Studying them.

ALMA

Oh, cool. Maybe.

CAMILA

Are you going to bleach your upper lip before Megan's dinner?

ALMA

(slumps)

Unbelievable.

CAMILA

You just look so pretty when you try.

ALMA

Gotta go, Mom.

Alma looks down and spots a photo of A WHITE MAN (38) in a red and black flannel shirt smoking a CIGARETTE.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Whoa, is this Dad smoking?

Camila takes a look.

CAMILA

Yeah. He smoked on occasion.

ALMA

Why didn't I know that?

CAMILA  
He didn't want you to.

ALMA  
Was he smoking when he had the  
accident?

CAMILA  
No.

ALMA  
How do you know?

CAMILA  
Because I saw the police report.

Alma cocks her head, curious.

ALMA  
Can I see it?

CAMILA  
No.  
(Off Alma's look)  
I don't have it. That was twenty  
years ago. I doubt anyone has it.

Alma returns her attention to the photo.

ALMA  
Are there other pictures of him I  
haven't seen?

CAMILA  
No, that's it.

Not believing her, Alma knits her brow. Re: photo:

ALMA  
I'm taking this.

CAMILA  
Fine.

Alma exits with the photo. Camila looks tense.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN ANTONIO - RIVER WALK - DAY

Sam and Alma are walking along the River Walk. Sam has on his  
WAITER'S UNIFORM.

ALMA

It's just weird to think there's stuff about my dad I never knew.

SAM

My mom was married to some other guy before my dad.

ALMA

Really?

SAM

Yeah, he had two Pomeranians, a red sports car, and he beat her until she had to be hospitalized.

ALMA

Jesus. When'd you find out?

SAM

After I graduated college.

(then)

I think she didn't want to mess me up. But once I got that diploma she was like: My work here is done! Let me drop my secrets on you.

(then)

She also had endometriosis. A doctor had to peel her uterus like a grapefruit.

(off Alma's look)

It was a really intense dinner.

ALMA

See, I never got that. My dad died before he could stop being my dad and spill the family secrets.

Sam nods, sympathetically, then checks his phone.

SAM

Okay, I gotta get back to work.

ALMA

Um. Hey. I want to talk to you about our conversation the other night.

SAM

Yes. I'm glad you brought it up. I see your point about Bruce Wayne and Batman.

But Alma doesn't play along.

ALMA

(tentatively)

If you want something I can't give you... I don't want to waste your time.

SAM

We're not wasting time. I don't know what's going to happen, but right now this is good, so let's stay in the right now. Can't we just stay in the present? This is good, right?

ALMA

...Yeah, this is good.

He kisses her.

SAM

I'll see you tonight?

ALMA

Yep.

He walks off, leaving Alma alone.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

BATHROOM - we JUMP CUT as Alma puts on base, then powder, then eyeliner, then fake lashes, then mascara, then blush, then red lipstick. She examines her work, then reaches for one last thing...

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMILA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The CAMERA follows Sam and Alma as they enter the house. Camila is carrying a dish to the table when she spots Alma.

CAMILA

I knew I shouldn't have said anything.

WE REVERSE ANGLE to find Alma is in full make-up, but has drawn a MUSTACHE on with eye-liner.

ALMA

I know you like it when I wear make-up. So...

CAMILA

Okay. Well, have fun embarrassing your sister on her special night.

ALMA

This is not her special night. The wedding is the special night. This is just dinner.

CAMILA

This is also a special night. There are multiple special nights.

ALMA

Megan's not going to care. You're the only one who cares.

Camila kisses Sam on the cheek.

CAMILA

Always good to see you, Sam.

SAM

Ohhh, Sam's getting some love tonight. Alma, you should wear a mustache more often. Really makes me look good.

Camila rolls her eyes.

CAMILA

Okay, just come inside.

INT. CAMILA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alma and Sam enter. Across the room, Megan and REED (26, handsome, super nice, genuine) chat with Reed's parents: BETH (55, blonde, uptight) and LAYTON (57, Texas good-old-boy).

On the wall, construction paper letters spell: "Congratulations Megan and Reed!" Below are the photos of Megan and Reed as kids.

ALMA

We can go whenever you're ready.

SAM

Don't you think we should at least  
stay through the dinner portion...  
of the dinner?

Alma shrugs. Reed spots Alma and Sam. He makes his way over.

REED

Oooo Alma, love the 'stache!

ALMA

Thanks, Reed.

Megan joins the group. Re: moustache.

MEGAN

What's this, like some rebellion  
against Mom?

ALMA / SAM

Not... Exactly. / Exactly.

Beth and Layton approach.

BETH

Good to see you again, Alma. And  
you must be Sam.

SAM

Nice to meet you.

LAYTON

(to Alma)

Hey, haven't I see you before... on  
a Pringles can?!

This gets a LAUGH. Alma SIGHS.

SAM

You getting the reaction you were  
hoping for?

Alma shoots Sam an annoyed look. Reed raises his glass.

REED

Now that we're all here, I'd like  
to propose a toast.

Camila joins the group. They raise glasses.

REED (CONT'D)

To Megan Winograd-Diaz. The love of  
my life.

(MORE)

REED (CONT'D)

When we got together it was like we were two puzzle pieces who had been spinning through the universe, and then click - we found each other. And the puzzle was complete. It was only a two piece puzzle. Like a puzzle for a little baby. But... yeah.

(beat)

To Megan! And the rest of our lives!

Megan kisses him. There's a smattering of clapping and awws. Sam takes Alma's hand and smiles at her. She smiles back, then looks sad.

INT./EXT. ALMA'S CAR - NIGHT

Alma and Sam drive in an uncomfortable silence. Finally:

ALMA

Hey, I love you.

SAM

I love you, too.

ALMA

We need to talk.

Sam looks at her, and then out the window.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

MONTAGE:

Alma wakes up in bed. NO ARM stretches across her face.

ALMA (V.O.)

Do you ever feel like you're in a play, except you're the only one who knows it's a play?

She brushes her teeth, showers, gets dressed, eats oatmeal - NO TORSO passes behind her.

She drives to work in traffic.

She sits at work, in a daze, as a LITTLE KID runs past her.

ALMA (V.O.)

And everyone else is just playing the role they think they're supposed to play, because that's what you do?

Then, Alma drives home from work in traffic.

She eats dinner - NO TORSO passes behind her.

She brushes her teeth. She lies in bed. NO ARM stretches in front of her face.

CUT TO:

INT. JOSEPHINE STREET BAR - NIGHT

Alma talks to someone.

ALMA

And you're like: Hey, this is just a play. We don't have to do this. And maybe we shouldn't.

We REVEAL she's talking to Megan, who rubs her forehead.

MEGAN

What are you talking about?

ALMA

I broke up with Sam.

MEGAN

What happened? Are you okay?

ALMA

I just don't want to be in a play, you know? I don't want to just do what I think I'm supposed to do.



MEGAN

Do you think I'm just doing what I think I'm supposed to do?

Alma weighs how to answer this.

ALMA

I know you don't really remember, but Dad's mom was schizophrenic.

MEGAN

I know. What does that have to do with anything?

ALMA

She was perfectly happy and then she got married and made a family, cause that's what you did back then. She ended up on lithium, getting shock treatments, and shoving a broom handle through the television set while her sons watched Howdy Doody.

MEGAN

Getting married isn't what made her crazy. She just had a bad brain.

ALMA

Yeah, but if you know your brain is broken, why would you put other people through that.

After a beat:

MEGAN

Okay. Tough love time?

ALMA

You say that like you're asking me, but I never agree to "tough love time."

MEGAN

I think what's really going on here is your little sister is getting married before you, and you feel your life slipping away.

ALMA

No... That's not it.

MEGAN

An amazing guy wants to marry me  
and you're jealous.

Alma rolls her eyes.

ALMA

Okay. Amazing?

MEGAN

Alma, it's okay. It's good. You  
finally realized Sam isn't good  
enough for you, so you broke up  
with him.

ALMA

That's not why I broke up with Sam.

MEGAN

Alma, it's okay to want a better  
life. No one's forcing you to keep  
going in circles.

ALMA

What are you talking about?

MEGAN

I'm talking about how you keep  
dating losers. How you could go  
back to school and get your B.A.,  
but instead you're working at a day  
care. How you always make the  
losing choice to like prove... I  
don't know what. But you don't have  
to be afraid to move forward. I  
mean, I'm doing it, why can't you?

Alma takes this in. Something inside her shifts. She eyes  
Megan's ring.

ALMA

Can I try on your ring?

MEGAN

Sure.

Megan gives her ring to Alma, who slides it on.

ALMA

Oh my god, this blood diamond makes  
me feel so valuable. Now I get it.

MEGAN

Okay, give it back.

Megan reaches for it. Alma pulls her hand away.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

And it's not a blood diamond, it's a family heirloom.

ALMA

Excuse me, this family heirloom - most likely purchased through the exploits of natural resources, such as oil and probably cattle - proves how much my man loves me and how valuable I am as his woman. It, in essence, defines me as commodifiable property.

(admiring ring)

Now I, and everyone else, knows my worth.

MEGAN

Just give it back.

Alma motions to the hot bartender.

ALMA

Hey! Shots of Patrón, and keep 'em coming.

BARTENDER

You got it.

As the bartender fills shot glasses:

MEGAN

Don't get wasted. We promised Mom we'd meet her at church in the morning.

ALMA

You promised. I said I'd see.

Alma hands Megan a shot.

MEGAN

I'm not doing shots.

ALMA

(holding up ring finger)

Megan, your only sister just got engaged. We have got to do shots! I'm the bride so you have to do what I say.

Megan glares at her as Alma slugs hers back. The bartender pours himself one. Then to Megan:

BARTENDER  
Here, I'll do one with you.

Megan reluctantly does a shot with the bartender. He pours more. He smiles at her. She half smiles back.

A SUPER FAST TIME-LAPSE MONTAGE of them knocking back shots, slamming down glasses, laughing, dancing, spinning, and ending up at--

EXT. ALMA AND SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

From inside we hear the sounds of drunken laughter.

ALMA (V.O.)  
Wait wait. Okay. Who's next?

INT. ALMA AND SAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mexican decor dominates Alma's style. Otherwise, there is a notable lack of furniture, as if the person who owned all the furniture just moved out. Only an antique, BLACK, UPRIGHT PIANO remains.

Alma, Megan, and the Bartender are sitting on the floor playing Truth or Dare.

Alma is in her bra with the bartender's tie around her head. The bartender is shirtless and half-petting an ORANGE CAT who butts against him. Megan is sloppy drunk.

BARTENDER  
Did whoever stole all your furniture have something against pianos?

ALMA  
That is not the answer to my question, Thomas!

BARTENDER  
Sorry, my bad.

MEGAN  
I'm next.

ALMA  
Thank you, Megan. Okay, ask me.

MEGAN  
Truth or Dare?

ALMA  
Truth.

MEGAN  
(wasted)  
Okay. What are you most excited  
about getting married... about?

Alma, still wearing the ring:

ALMA  
Well, probably, you know, having  
sex for the first time. I'm really  
looking forward to giving myself to  
my husband.

Megan chuckles and throws a pillow at her.

BARTENDER  
Nuh-uh, shut up. Are you seriously  
a virgin?

MEGAN  
She's kidding.

BARTENDER  
Okay, because I was like you do not  
seem like a virgin.

ALMA  
Oh no? What do I seem like?

MEGAN  
Stop flirting! You're engaged,  
remember?

Alma looks at Megan, gets an idea.

ALMA  
All right, my turn.

She points to the bartender.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
Truth or dare?

BARTENDER  
Dare.

ALMA

Okay. Great. I dare you... to kiss my sister.

MEGAN

No.

BARTENDER

You don't want to kiss me? That's cool.

MEGAN

No. I do. But I can't.

ALMA

It's just a game, Megan.

BARTENDER

What, you got a boyfriend?

ALMA

It's just a little, dumb kiss.

Megan groans deciding whether to do this, or not. Then:

MEGAN

Fine. One dumb kiss.

The bartender makes his way over to Megan and sweetly pecks her. She smiles at him.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Thanks, that was nice.

ALMA

Boooo. That was terrible. That was an Uncle Oscar kiss.

Megan laughs.

BARTENDER

Your uncle lip-kisses you?

Megan and Alma laugh.

ALMA

He does. He totally does.

MEGAN

It's so weird.

ALMA

We're always like adios Tio Oscar.  
(miming ducking)  
Nos vemos!

Megan and the bartender laugh, then:

MEGAN

We've decided it's a generational  
thing.

ALMA

Mostly out of emotional-self-  
preservation.

BARTENDER

Well, I don't want to kiss you like  
your uncle.

Megan looks at him, then says:

MEGAN

Okay.

She gives him a real passionate kiss. They start to make out. Alma watches them for a beat, then stands up and heads to the bathroom.

INT. ALMA AND SAM'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alma stumbles a bit down the hallway. The ROLLER COASTER PHOTOS are now gone. Only outlines, where the paint faded around them, remain.

INT. ALMA AND SAM'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Alma looks in the mirror, not loving what she sees. She opens the mirrored cabinet. The bottom shelves are cleared out. She moves her hand through the empty space, then closes the cabinet door.

She looks in the mirror again and gets sick, puking in the toilet. She takes off her cochlear implant. The world is silent as she pukes more.

We HEAR the first keys of *Greensleeves* on a PIANO. The piano piece continues as we...

CUT TO:

INT. ALMA AND SAM'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Alma draws a bath and climbs in.

CUT TO:

INT. ALMA AND SAM'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alma goes under water.

The pianist falters a few times, and finally stops.

Alma closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PETER'S CHURCH - MORNING

BIRDS ARE CHIRPING. AN AIRPLANE PASSES OVERHEAD.

INT. ST. PETER'S CHURCH - MORNING

THE CAMERA moves through the congregation as FATHER MIGUEL (late 30s, humble-hot, Mexican-American) delivers a sermon.

FATHER MIGUEL

(reading)

"Look at the birds of the air; they do not sow or reap or store away in barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not much more valuable than they?"

THE CAMERA FINDS Camila, and then Alma wearing sunglasses, clearly hung-over. There's no Megan.

FATHER MIGUEL (CONT'D)

What does this mean? Does this mean we should not farm and store away food?

(a beat, then)

That we should blindly trust God will provide for us? That we should do nothing to provide for ourselves?

He takes a dramatic pause, then:



FATHER MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Recently I was at a gathering of several indigenous groups from South and Central America.

Alma peers over the top of her sunglasses, suddenly interested. Camila clocks this.

FATHER MIGUEL (CONT'D)

One thing the disparate groups agreed on was that humans have lost their connection to nature. In fact, we have forgotten we are nature. And it is in rhythm with nature that we are provided for.

Megan enters, looking bad.

FATHER MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Through our not taking selfishly, more than we need, but instead recognizing there is a natural balance more intelligent than our small, fearful desires - we are able to step back into this natural balance, and live freely - just like the birds...

As Megan squeezes into the row, she shoots Alma a dirty look.

CAMILA

(sotto to Megan)

Where have you been?

Megan rolls her eyes. Alma lets a small smile slip. Megan catches it.

EXT. ST. PETER'S CHURCH - PARKING LOT - DAY

Megan heads to her car. Alma follows.

ALMA

(apologetically, sort of)

Okay. Last night...

MEGAN

Alma, this isn't funny, okay? This is my life.

ALMA

I said I'm sorry!

MEGAN

No you didn't!

ALMA

(beat)

No?

MEGAN

What is your problem? You have to wreck my life because you're tired of screwing up your own?

ALMA

Hey, I didn't make you do whatever it is you did with him.

MEGAN

No. It's not your fault. Never. Oh, wait, no, it always is. Well, I hope it made you feel special to ruin something beautiful because it wasn't yours.

ALMA

Megan, I'm not trying to ruin your life. Believe it or not, I'm trying to help. You don't want to marry Reed.

MEGAN

I get it, he's rich and white and you don't like him.

ALMA

It's not about that.

MEGAN

Then what's it about?

ALMA

We're broken people. We come from broken people. And broken people break people.

MEGAN

I'm not broken, Alma. I'm really fucking happy, okay. Stop thinking you know what's best for me. I'm not you. Okay?!

ALMA

Okay...

MEGAN

God, you are so insanely-- self-  
involved. You don't even know all  
the things that are wrong with you.

Alma feels the weight of this, then genuinely:

ALMA

No. Trust me. I know.

(then)

Here's your ring. Try to hold onto  
it.

Alma tosses Megan the ring and gets in her car.

INT./EXT. ALMA'S CAR

She drives away and starts to CRY.

We see the beginning of the episode again: Alma is sobbing  
while driving.

She sees SOMETHING. It's A MAN. He looks subtly out-of-time,  
like he just fell out of the nineties. He's wearing a red and  
black flannel shirt. He lights a cigarette, and turns to look  
at her. It's her DAD.

Alma stares at him, in awe. She can't believe it.

Distracted, she drives through the intersection, and is t-  
boned by a truck.

Her car goes spinning, eventually crashing into a lamp post.

Alma collapses onto her horn and doesn't move:  
BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP

END OF FIRST EPISODE

