

We find ourselves in picturesque mexican cantina patio where fans of Chivas and New York City Football Club are huddled together, eyes glued to a makeshift screen showing a soccer match. The atmosphere is electric, with colorful jerseys, scarfs, and flags adorning the crowd. (An interesting fact: In Argentina and Uruguay, "Chivar" is slang for sweating a lot. So "Chivas" literally means "you sweat.") The first chords of a Spanish remix of 'Hot in Here' by Nelly kick in and will move the story forward.



We discover our hero, Pedro, who is so engrossed in the game that he's become a ball of nerves, refusing to be interrupted by anyone or anything. Even when offered a snack, he refuses, obfuscated. We introduce the singer singing: Its getting hot in here.
(In Spanish, if we want to keep the same metric could be: hace calor aquí)

We notice him, as a detail of fanxiety, fidgeting with a small Chivas ring or scratching nervously a small medallion hanging around his neck.

And we see in close up his eyes that are almost rolling out his face. Drop of sweat falls.

