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NETWORK DRAFT

LOVE AFTER LOVE

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EXT. FARMERS' MARKET - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

OVER the sexy, lively beat of a modern TANGO, Gotan Project's "Santa Maria," we OPEN ON --

A colorful, busy outdoor market in urban New Jersey -- stalls teeming with white corn, red tomatoes, Italian sausage.

Find CAROLINA (40, Latinx), hair loose, dressed in colors as vibrant as the local fruit, humming and moving like the dancer she is to the TANGO in her earphones.

SUPER: TWO YEARS AGO

The VENDOR (male, 60s) smiles at her -- who wouldn't at this gorgeous woman on this gorgeous day?

CAROLINA
What's good today?

VENDOR
(Jersey accent)
Everyt'ing, sweetheart. Don't
insult me.

Carolina laughs. She spots a magnificent Jersey peach and gleefully reaches for it just as --

Another hand, a man's, does the same. CLOSE ON the two hands as they hover over the treasure, unwilling to give it up.

She looks up. The hand belongs to an impossibly handsome man, clothes and hair the kind of casual meant to fool the world of their expense. This is DAMIAN (40s, white). He's saying something. She pulls off her earphones (MUSIC fades).

CAROLINA
Sorry, what?

DAMIAN
I said, pardon me -- ladies first.

CAROLINA
Really?

DAMIAN
No. You're gonna have to fight me
for it.

Carolina laughs in surprise. He smiles back. It's a friendly, slightly flirty exchange between two beautiful strangers.

CAROLINA

I tell you what. You let me have this peach, and I'll let you take first crack at those plums over there.

DAMIAN

Over where? Is this a trick?

CAROLINA

Here, I'll show you --

They take a few steps toward the next stand when --

BOOM!

A massive cement slab CRASHES down from the sky on the spot where they were just standing!

Carolina SCREAMS. She instinctively grabs Damian, who instinctively throws his arms around her.

They both look up to see where it came from: construction work going on in the tall building overhead. Nobody's hurt, but everyone is shouting and running around: the construction WORKERS, the VENDORS, the SHOPPERS. Mayhem.

Damian and Carolina suddenly realize they're still embracing and back awkwardly apart. Both are shaken to the core.

DAMIAN

Are you okay?

CAROLINA

Oh my God. Yeah. Are you?

He nods. They stare at the cement slab.

CAROLINA (CONT'D)

We could've -- we would've -- been killed.

Carolina crosses herself and kisses the Virgin Mary medallion around her neck. Then, her knees go weak. She wobbles. Damian takes her arm.

DAMIAN

Do you need to sit down?

CAROLINA

What I really need is a drink.

EXT. RIVERFRONT BAR - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Carolina and Damian sit at an outdoor bar beside the Hudson River, the Manhattan skyline shimmering across its waters, jazz on the sound system. BARTENDER sets down a fresh tequila on ice before Carolina and takes away an empty one.

BARTENDER
(to Damian)
Still good with just the seltzer?

Damian nods. Carolina's good and buzzed already. He's sober, but charmed by her; she's adorable when drunk.

CAROLINA
Just so you know, I'm not a regular day-drinker.

DAMIAN
It's not a regular day. So, you were saying --

They resume the kind of emotionally honest conversation you can only have with a total stranger, especially after a brush with death.

CAROLINA
Oh, yeah, so, my question was -- if we had died today. If this had been your last day on God's green earth.
(takes a swig)
Did you live the life you wanted?

DAMIAN
Yes. No. In some ways. You?

CAROLINA
Yes. No. In some ways.

They smile at each other and hold the gaze. There's the slightest buzzing sound -- or is there? Is it the growing electricity between them?

DAMIAN
Maybe this was a warning.

CAROLINA
Of what?

DAMIAN
Not a warning. More like -- an alarm. A wake-up call.

CAROLINA
To, like, what's it -- car-pay...

DAMIAN
Carpe diem. Exactly. To live life --
truly live.

CAROLINA
And what kind of life would that
be? For you.

Their eyes lock again. Something's happening here, and both
know it. Like some transcendental force pulling them closer.

DAMIAN
You know what? We don't even know
each other's names.

Carolina looks down at their hands, almost touching on the
table. He looks down too. CLOSE ON her wedding ring and his.

CAROLINA
Maybe it's best we keep it that
way.

They look deep into each other's eyes. The attraction between
them is so palpable now that it's like a living thing. The
MUSIC and tension swell and it's unbearable and we --

SMASH TO --

INT. CLOSET - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Frenzied sex inside a closet! They ravage each other standing
up in the tight, dark space, dress hoiked, hair grabbed,
pants around knees. CLOSE CUTS of groping, thrusting,
groaning. Both climax, panting hard.

INT. DESIGN STUDIO - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

The closet door opens. Damian exits first, tucking in his
shirt. Behind him, out steps not Carolina, but --

RAQUEL (40s, Asian) -- Damian's wife. She's smoothing her
sleek bob and pencil skirt and adjusting her heels, looking
impeccably professional, even now. How would an Asian Gwyneth
Paltrow look, post-wild sex in a closet? That's Raquel.

REVEAL we're in a lobby whose walls are covered with blown-up
articles and ads of Damian and Raquel, a famous home-design
married couple.

Think Chip and Joanna without the Fixer Upper TV show and just the Magnolia brand; he's the designer, she's the business brain. This is their New Jersey design studio.

RAQUEL

I don't know what got into you,
Damian --

Guilt flashes across his face --

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

-- but I sure needed that.

Raquel pulls him in for a kiss. She remembers something.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

Oh. You were starting to tell me
something happened this morning.
Are you okay, honey?

It's a tender moment; she's genuinely worried. She strokes his face, and he puts his arms around her.

DAMIAN

Oh, yeah -- it was the craziest
thing. I was at the market and --

LACEY (O.C.)

Raquel! There you are --

LACEY (20s, white), Raquel's super stylish and high-strung assistant, hustles up. She's holding out an iPad.

LACEY (CONT'D)

(to Raquel)

I've been looking all over for you.
Target called and they need a rush
on that new line of centerpiece
bowls --

RAQUEL

What? That's ridiculous, I told
them we can't deliver for three
months, Damian hasn't even started
that design yet --

(to Damian)

Babe, can you put the pedal to the
metal on that?

And just like that, Raquel is swept away into the work day.

Damian sighs as he steps into the open, loft-like workspace. WORKERS cross, carrying armfuls of textiles, raffia, color wheels.

He goes to his space, a large drafting table covered with a white sheet of paper. He sits down and stares at the blank sheet. Uninspired, he spins to look out the window.

ANGLE from the window of the high-rise office onto the Jersey City streets, Manhattan visible across the river. The sounds of the streets waft up -- car horns, sirens.

OFF the sound of distant SIRENS --

INT./EXT. SANTIAGO'S CAR/MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY - **PRESENT**

MATCH SOUND TO SIRENS as an unmarked, tan Crown Victoria pulls up behind two police cars, an ambulance and a firetruck. We're on the side of a winding, woodsy mountain road with a steep drop on one side. No buildings in sight.

SANTIAGO (40, Latinx) gets out, talking on his cell. Probing eyes, dogged manner, a pronounced scar on his face. Former NYPD; now a well-liked and decorated detective in the 'burbs. The guy everybody calls when they're in trouble.

SUPER: PRESENT

(Note: our PRESENT looks notably edgier and sharper than our FLASHBACKS, which are warmer and gauzier.)

SANTIAGO
(into phone)
Qué pasa, Hector -- we all set for tonight?

INTERCUT WITH --

INT. HECTOR'S RESTAURANT - DAY - **PRESENT**

HECTOR (40s, Latinx) is Santiago's best friend and a suave and successful restaurateur. He's setting up his upscale, trendy Argentinian bistro for the day; RESTAURANT STAFF arrange fresh flowers, place settings, haul produce.

HECTOR
You know it. My best table, the tasting menu -- it'll be perfect.

SANTIAGO
You got the recipe I sent you?

HECTOR
Santi. I'm a chef, I got my own flan recipe --

SANTIAGO

Point is. She's made it for me special all these years, to show me how she cares. And I wanna show her that from now on -- I'm gonna do things special for her.

HECTOR

Alright alright. Just be here on time. My customers get pissed if there's an empty table while they're waiting for hours.

SANTIAGO

Oh, you get a couple awards and now you're all that? Remember I was there when you fried your first egg. Don't sweat it -- I'll be there.

Santiago hangs up as another unmarked cop car pulls up. This is EDIE (30s, Black), Santiago's partner. He taught her everything he knows, but she's got her own style. If Santiago is a pitbull, Edie's a cat: calm, watchful. Suffers no fools.

She gets out of her car, sees Santiago and shakes her head. STAY on them as they make their way down the steep slope. Their rapport is easy, familiar, a bond forged in part by being the only two non-whites in the Sheriff's department.

EDIE

Uh-uh. I caught this one.

SANTIAGO

I'm senior, I'm calling it. C'mon. You know I need a clean one today.

EDIE

Why, 'cause you got a date with your wife? I got a date with my wife!

SANTIAGO

No you don't.

EDIE

Yes I do -- she's making her lasagne. Some of us prioritize that shit. And anyway -- what makes you think this one's gonna be clean?

They reach the scene. Now we see:

A cherry-red sports car has run off the road and is squashed like a Coke can nose-first against a giant tree. A half-dozen UNIFORMS, EMTS and FIREFIGHTERS surround the car, but the urgency is somewhat subdued. The tone: What's done is done.

SANTIAGO

Car crash. Single vehicle,
untrafficked road, late night.
Tragic, 'cause no way the driver
survived. But, case-wise? Clean.

In the B.G. we see the shape of the DRIVER slumped inside.

EDIE

(to EMT)
Driver DOA?

EMT

(nodding)
Waiting on equipment to get him
out. Died on impact, most likely.

SANTIAGO

No surprise. That's a vintage
Porsche -- no airbags.

EDIE

Who called it in?

COP 1

Passing driver, half hour ago.

Santiago touches the outside of the car.

SANTIAGO

Hood's cool. Happened sometime
overnight.

Santiago walks around the car. Something stops him short: a bumper sticker, classy as bumper stickers go, the letters "EA" in an English-style crest. Edie joins him.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

That's for Everton Academy.

EDIE

Where your kids go?

SANTIAGO

(realizing)
Wait a minute --

He hurries around to the driver's side, Edie on his heels. They peer in. Santiago's face falls.

Now we see: the dead driver -- crushed against the steering wheel, blood caking his hair and neck -- is Damian.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)
Goddammit -- I know him. It's
Damian Krantz.

Santiago looks mournfully into the car, his heart heavy.

CLOSE ON Damian's lifeless face and MATCH CUT TO --

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - **FLASHBACK**

Damian's very much alive face, peering intently at something.

He's standing in the empty hallway of Everton Academy, its expensive private-school status signaled by its classic architecture and the "EA" crest prominent on a wall.

Damian is staring into a trophy case. Inside is a framed portrait of himself as a teenager, holding a huge trophy, beaming like the world would never tell him no. Damian gazes wistfully at his younger self. Whatever happened to that guy?

CAROLINA (O.C.)
What do you mean, you can't make
it?

He's only heard it once before in his entire life, but Damian would know that voice anywhere. He turns.

It's Carolina, on the phone. She's dressed modestly, her hair up in a neat knot, her face contorted in fury at whoever she's talking to -- but she takes his breath away.

CAROLINA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I don't care that you have work,
you know I hate to do these things
alone! Don't you hang up on me,
don't you --

Carolina huffs at her phone -- clearly the person hung up.

Then she looks up. She sees Damian. They stare at each other from across the hall, astonished.

CAROLINA (CONT'D)
You.

DAMIAN
You.

CAROLINA DAMIAN (CONT'D)
 What are you doing here -- Why are you --

They laugh. Awkward, but delighted. He indicates her phone.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
 Everything okay?

CAROLINA
 Yeah. It's just, my husband, he's
 supposed to be here, but...

She trails off, making a pained, what-can-you-do face. Even more awkward now that she's brought up the spouse.

DAMIAN
 (beat, then)
 Hey -- how've you been?

CAROLINA
 Me? Fine. Hard to believe it's been
 a week. How are you?

DAMIAN
 Oh. Good. I'm good.

Just then --

SECRETARY (O.C.)
 Mr. Krantz, Mrs. Alvarado?

Damian and Carolina turn. A SECRETARY is approaching.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
 Principal Bernard is ready for you.

All the sweetness of the reunion evaporates in a flash as they realize: they're here for the same shitty reason.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

PRINCIPAL BERNARD (50s, male, stern) sits at his desk.

PRINCIPAL BERNARD
 As I understand, it began with a
 missed goal --

REVERSE to see Carolina sitting beside her daughter Lola (15, Latinx), scruffy in a field hockey uniform, a tough girl not yet able to be who she is and angry at the world about it.

Damian sits with MIA (15, note: full Asian, not mixed), somehow making the same uniform look cute, a rich girl hiding her insecurity. She holds an ice pack against her eye.

PRINCIPAL BERNARD (CONT'D)
-- and ended in a fistfight on the pitch.

MIA
That she started --

LOLA
I was defending myself --

Principal Bernard holds up his hand.

PRINCIPAL BERNARD
Let me make this clear. We have a zero-tolerance policy on violence at this school, and it applies to everyone at all times -- even on the hockey field.

The principal turns to Mia, softening his tone.

PRINCIPAL BERNARD (CONT'D)
Mia. You're an honors student. And the Krantzes have been part of the Everton community for a long time.

Damian smiles his thanks, which Principal Bernard returns. Then he turns to Lola. Chillier.

PRINCIPAL BERNARD (CONT'D)
Lola. You're...new. As you were the apparent instigator --

Lola opens her mouth to protest, but Carolina's fierce look shuts her mouth. Bernard turns to Damian.

PRINCIPAL BERNARD (CONT'D)
-- I will leave it to Mr. Krantz to decide how we respond. If you'd like us to begin disciplinary proceedings --

LOLA
What?! That's so unfair --

CAROLINA
Lola!

DAMIAN

That won't be necessary. It's a rough game. I think the girls can work it out on their own.

Lola exhales. Mia sulks. Carolina looks at Damian with gratitude. Damian smiles at her. Bernard harrumphs.

PRINCIPAL BERNARD

(to Mia and Lola)

This is the first offense for both of you, so it won't go on your records. But from now on, you will get along, both on the field and off. And that is not a suggestion.

Carolina manages a tight smile as they get up.

CAROLINA

We understand. Thank you, Principal Bernard. Believe me -- it won't happen again.

(hissed, to Lola)

Because I am about to murder you.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Carolina hustles Lola toward their minivan and lets fly.

CAROLINA

What were you thinking? You are here on scholarship, as is your brother! Do you even understand how lucky you are, how hard your Dad and I worked for this?

LOLA

How can I not when you remind us every day?

CAROLINA

Hitting another girl in the face! Why in the name of God --

LOLA

You know what'd be nice, Mom? If one time, just one time, you'd take my side.

CAROLINA

(appealing)

Lola. What is going on with you? You know you can talk to me.

Lola throws her mom a look -- yeah, right -- then throws her gear in the car and gets in, slamming the door. Carolina wants to scream in frustration. Instead she gets in after Lola, starts the car and revs out of the lot.

Damian enters the parking lot with Mia and watches Carolina's minivan go. They walk toward his cherry-red Porsche, and he opens the trunk for her gear.

MIA
Does she know?

DAMIAN
Hm, what?

MIA
Mom.

Damian is startled. But Mia lifts her ice pack off her eye.

DAMIAN
Oh. About the fight. Not yet.
You're lucky they called me first.
Let me see it -- ?

MIA
Is it bad?

DAMIAN
(it's bad)
Nothing a new haircut won't cover.

Mia groans as Damian kisses the top of her head. He slams the trunk shut. As they get into the car --

CLOSE ON the trunk and the "EA" crest bumper sticker as we
MATCH TO --

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY - **PRESENT**

The bumper sticker on Damian's wrecked Porsche.

WIDEN to see that the accident site is now swarming with white-suited CSI, more UNIFORMS, the MEDICAL EXAMINER team.

TECHNICIANS have used the Jaws of Life to pry the car apart and extract Damian's body. Santiago watches grimly as the body is placed on a gurney and into the M.E.'s van.

EDIE (O.C.)
Santiago --

Edie approaches, carrying a bag of dark, broken glass.

EDIE (CONT'D)
CSI found this on the floor of the car.

SANTIAGO
Looks like...pieces of a wine bottle.

EDIE
I guess it does. Wouldn't the interior of the car been drenched in wine, though?

SANTIAGO
Not if the bottle had already been drunk. Ask the M.E. for a rush on the tox screen, will you? Could be we're looking at a DUI.

EXT./INT. KRANTZ HOME - DAY - **PRESENT**

Santiago stands before a spectacular home, his face grave.

Raquel opens the door. It's still early morning but she's beautifully dressed and fully made up, still screwing on earrings. She's surprised to see him, but warm.

RAQUEL
Santiago! This is a nice surprise.
Come in, come in --

He enters. The house is gorgeously designed, a showcase for their work. Raquel bustles around tidying, arranging.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)
I'd offer you an espresso but I'm in a bit of a rush -- we've got a reporter and photographer coming, like, now -- we're launching this new line, and honestly where the hell is Damian, out running or I don't even...

She trails off as it dawns on her: Santiago -- a friend, but also a police detective -- is standing in her foyer, waiting.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)
Santiago...why are you here?

He speaks evenly, matter-of-fact, just as he has more times than he can count -- but it never stops being painful.

SANTIAGO

Damian was in a car accident, and
he was found early this morning.
He's dead, Raquel. I'm sorry.

Raquel doesn't move. She just stares at him. Beat. Another beat.

Then, she opens her mouth and lets forth a soul-shattering WAIL.

Santiago watches and waits. After a few seconds, though, he breaks protocol and takes her in his arms. He holds her tight until her wail cracks into jagged sobs.

INT. KRANTZ HOME, KITCHEN - DAY - **PRESENT**

Raquel sits at her concrete-countertop island in her stunning kitchen, numb and staring vacantly, her face rivered with tears. Santiago hands her a steaming cup of tea.

RAQUEL

Santiago. Is this...real?

Santiago nods as he takes a seat nearby.

SANTIAGO

I'm so sorry.

RAQUEL

What...happened?

SANTIAGO

All we know right now is that he
crashed his car off of Route Nine,
sometime late last night.

RAQUEL

But we went to bed before midnight.

SANTIAGO

Did you hear him leave the house?

RAQUEL

No. I...took an Ambien.

SANTIAGO

Okay. Raquel -- is it possible he'd
been drinking?

A troubled look passes over Raquel's face. It's fleeting -- but Santiago clocks it.

RAQUEL
Damian? God, no. He hasn't touched
a drink in over ten years.

OFF Raquel --

INT. KRANTZ ESTATE, FOYER - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

CLOSE ON a cut-crystal tumbler of amber liquid. WIDEN to see
it's in Damian's hand.

He's dressed in a fine bespoke suit and standing in the
sumptuous foyer of his family's mansion. Soaring ceilings,
chandeliers, fresh-cut flowers, period furniture, classic art
-- every inch tasteful but meant to exude extreme wealth.

RAQUEL (O.C.)
Your sister-in-law is staring at
Mia.

Raquel approaches. She too is dressed to the nines, her hair
longer than in the present, diamonds dazzling her throat.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)
I think she notices her black eye.
I don't see how, I put like a pound
of concealer on it, I need you in
there to intercept --

She stops short, sees the glass in Damian's hand.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)
Damian --

DAMIAN
Relax -- it's not mine.

INT. KRANTZ ESTATE, GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS - **FLASHBACK**

They cross the threshold into the Great Room, where a
professional PHOTOGRAPHER is setting up and the Krantz family
is assembling for a family portrait.

DAMIAN
I caught Joshua sneaking into the
butler's pantry with it.

Across the room, their nephews JOSHUA (17) and EZRA (14)
horse around. Joshua catches Damian's eye and scowls. Damian
grins cheerfully and holds up the drink as if to toast.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

I told him, my brother catches you drinking -- he'll kill you. Like for real kill you.

Damian's older brother AVI (40s) talks on his phone. Avi is Damian's opposite: unsmiling, uncharming, tightly wound. He looks like he could indeed for real kill you. We'll get to know Avi later, but for now he gives Damian a curt nod.

RAQUEL

Well, if I catch you drinking again, I'll for real kill you.

He puts his arm around her and they kiss. Her words are fierce, but he knows they come from fierce love.

DAMIAN

Not gonna happen. That was B.R. -- Before Raquel. In fact, here -- take it. You're the one who's gonna need it.

RAQUEL

(taking the drink)
I hate family portrait day.

Together they watch as Avi's wife SHARON (40s, white) fusses over thousand-year-old GRANDMA ESTHER in her wheelchair, both dripping diamonds. Mia stands nearby thumbing her phone, looking like a Gossip Girl with age-appropriate diamonds. Sharon keeps craning to get a good look at Mia's face.

DAMIAN

I got this.

Damian steps smoothly between Sharon and Mia.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

Sharon -- long time, gorgeous -- is that a new hair color?

Sharon preens while Raquel squires Mia away. Raquel dabs at her eye with some last-minute pancake. Mia is tense.

MIA

She's going to notice.

RAQUEL

She won't notice.

MIRIAM (O.C.)

Alright, everyone!

MIRIAM KRANTZ (70s), the Queen of Diamonds, has entered the room. She's tony Upper Saddle River by way of gritty Bayonne, a pretty secretary who married her unfathomably wealthy boss and became the best known (and most feared) Jewish socialite in the tri-state area. Miriam holds a stack of yarmulkes.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
Eli, darling --

ELI KRANTZ (70s) enters behind her. He's the King of Diamonds, third-generation owner of Krantz Diamond (think DeBeers), a ruthless, pugnacious tycoon who dotes on his wife but values everyone else in terms of their usefulness to him.

We'll get to know them both later. For now Eli takes a yarmulke from Miriam and sits next to his mother Esther.

ELI
Looking good, Krantzes. Let's do this.

With everyone posed, Miriam walks down the line to assess. She hands yarmulkes to Avi and his boys.

MIRIAM
Here you are, Avi, dear. Joshua and Ezra, make sure we can see the kippahs --
(pause)
Sharon. Is that a new haircolor?

Miriam's tone is clear: she hates it. Sharon dies a little.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
Eli, my love, a little closer to Grandma Esther -- there.

Miriam gives Damian a yarmulke and the smile a mother reserves for her favorite. She smooths the lapels of his suit -- a gift from her.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
Looks perfect on you. I knew it would.

DAMIAN
I always trust your taste, Mom.

Now Miriam turns to Raquel. The temperature plummets.

MIRIAM
Raquel.

RAQUEL

Miriam.

As Miriam's laser eyes move to Mia, Raquel angles her own body to shield Mia's bruised face. But Miriam misses nothing. The tight skin around her eyes tightens more as we PRELAP --

RAQUEL (V.O.)

It's not about the black eye, I'll tell you that much.

INT. KRANTZ HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

CLUNK. Giant diamond earrings tumble into a bowl. Raquel gets ready for bed in the en suite bathroom, door open to the bedroom. Damian sits up in an enormous bed wearing pajama bottoms, iPad on his lap. Raquel has worked up to a rant.

RAQUEL

It's not even about Mia. It's me. She still fucking hates me. She can't get over her precious boy, marrying a single mom -- an Asian single mom, no less -- and adopting her Asian kid. Like I tricked you or something. It's racist, is what it is.

DAMIAN

Raquel --

RAQUEL

She kicked Mia out of the family portrait! Because she has a sports injury! As if she's never heard of Photoshop! I can't believe you're not angrier about this.

DAMIAN

It's just, the photo goes out to all our vendors, and they're --

RAQUEL

-- "trained to spot microscopic flaws with the naked eye" -- thank you, I heard the speech. Poor Mia...she looked like she wanted to die. Or vomit. Vomit, then die.

(emotional)

Don't you get it? It's not about the stupid photo, or even about me.

(MORE)

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

It's about our daughter being
acknowledged as a member of the
family.

Damian crosses to her and puts his arms around her.

DAMIAN

I do get it. But for my mom, it's
about me leaving the family
business. It broke her heart.

RAQUEL

So she's been holding a grudge for
ten years?

DAMIAN

Ten years? That's nothing -- she
hasn't spoken to her sister in
forty. Listen. My mother is...my
mother. My father, my brother,
Grandma Esther -- they're the
family I got.

(tender)

But you and Mia are the family I
chose.

Damian kisses Raquel deeply. Finally, she relaxes into him.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

I want to make things right. For
Mia.

RAQUEL

(hopeful)

With your mother?

DAMIAN

With everything. In fact I was
thinking we invite the other family
over. For dinner.

RAQUEL

(baffled)

Who?

DAMIAN

The girl she got in a fight with.
In hockey. I met the mom, they seem
nice. Not your usual Everton types.

Raquel pulls back and stares at him. He just doesn't get it.
As he keeps talking, she walks away and puts on her robe.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

Coach said they need to get along.
You know this is a big year for
college recruitment. Principal
Bernard said this was a final
warning -- where are you going?

RAQUEL

(sad, weary)

Damian, I love you. But whenever I
try to talk to you about your
family, or anything that's hard --
you change the subject. And right
now? I need a break.

She exits and shuts the door, leaving Damian frustrated and alone. He sits down on the bed and gazes at a framed portrait on the nightstand of the two of them in happier times.

Then he picks up his iPad. CLOSE ON the screen: a photo of a girls' hockey team; the Everton Academy crest; and a roster of players and parents' phone numbers.

DAMIAN

"Alvarado..."

OFF the photo of the girls' hockey team in action on the emerald green pitch, we MATCH CUT TO --

EXT. SCHOOL, ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY - **PRESENT**

A field hockey game in play. The CRACK of wood on wood, the OOMPH of flesh on flesh, the SHOUTS of spirited girls.

Mia comes tearing up the field. She's now 17 and looks different from when we last saw her two years ago in the principal's office: the stuck-up girly-girl is gone, replaced by a flat-out beauty who's not afraid of her strength.

Watching intently from the sidelines is JAVIER, 17, dressed in Everton's school uniform, floppy haired, lean but muscular. We only see him from behind for now.

JAVIER

C'mon, c'mon -- Mia, to your right!

Mia looks to her right just in time to avoid a looming DEFENDER. Aim. THWACK! Textbook-perfect goal. They've won!

The team erupts in CHEERS. Breaking free of the team hug, Mia runs to the sidelines straight for Javier, and the two break into a goofy, pre-rehearsed celebration dance. Then they hug.

As they do, we get a closer look at Javier. He looks familiar. And we realize...

Javier used to be Lola.

MIA
(sobering)
Team sucks without you.

JAVIER
We just won!

MIA
Yeah, and did you see? I almost got
knee-capped. Fucking Olivia, can't
guard for shit.
(beat)
I'm gonna talk to Coach again.

JAVIER
It won't help.

MIA
Javier --

JAVIER
Mia -- they won't let a boy play in
a girls' sport. School policy.

MIA
I know, it's just --

COACH (O.C.)
Krantz!

COACH is waving Mia over.

JAVIER
Hey -- I think I see your mom.

They look. Raquel is standing downfield next to Coach,
looking miserable.

MIA
What the hell? She never comes to
my games.

They exchange a look before Mia trots off, Javier watching.

REMAIN in Javier's POV as Mia approaches Raquel. We see but
don't hear as Raquel speaks to Mia. Mia CRIES OUT. Raquel
tries to hug her but Mia fights her off, then falls to the
ground, sobbing.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY - **PRESENT**

Santiago returns to the scene of the accident from Raquel's. He approaches Edie at the accident site, still crawling with uniforms and CSI in and around Damian's crushed Porsche.

SANTIAGO

Damian's wife didn't know he'd left the house last night. Said she slept right through it. But -- she lied about his drinking.

EDIE

You know that for a fact, or this the human lie detector talking?

SANTIAGO

Something in her face. But I'd bet money on it. Tox screen back yet?
(off Edie, shaking head)
There's a camera on this road a few miles north. Maybe it'll show him swerving or speeding.

EDIE

I'll get on it. Also, we found this.

Edie holds out an evidence bag with another piece of dark glass, this one with paper plastered to it.

EDIE (CONT'D)

A piece of the label from that broken bottle in the car.

SANTIAGO

Let me see that.
(peering closely)
Huh. From Argentina. I know this wine...

CLOSE ON the piece of the distinctive label.

MATCH CUT TO --

EXT. KRANTZ HOME, DRIVEWAY - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

CLOSE-UP of the same label on an intact bottle of wine.

REVEAL it's being held by Santiago, cleaned up and hair combed. (Note: Santiago in flashback has NO FACIAL SCAR; whatever happened was in the last two years.)

WIDEN to show Santiago is standing beside Carolina. (Note: this is the first time we've seen the married couple together.) Carolina looks ravishing in a form-fitting number from TJMaxx, her hair up. She carries a casserole dish.

CAROLINA

I can't believe this is our same
zip code.

They're standing before the Krantz home. She's gawking at its magnificence. Santiago is unimpressed.

SANTIAGO

Remember, kids -- rich people got
problems just like all the rest.

REVEAL Lola, dressed gender-neutral but still Lola and not Javier, beside Santiago. She'd rather be anywhere else.

LOLA

Yeah, but their problems are like,
which car matches my purse today.

Lola and Santiago eye the rainbow of pricey cars in the driveway, including Damian's cherry-red Porsche.

SANTIAGO

See? Think about the stress.

They snicker. In this family, these two are ride-or-die.

NICO (O.C.)

How long do we have to stay?

REVEAL beside Carolina: NICO (17, Latinx), the Alvarados' son, Lola's studious and serious older brother, glasses almost obscuring his mother's sculpted looks. A mama's boy not just in appearance; he and Santiago are oil and water.

NICO (CONT'D)

(to Carolina)

I got that Calc test tomorrow.

CAROLINA

I know, baby --

LOLA

How about we just leave now?

NICO

Says the reason we're here in the
first place.

LOLA
 Shut up, Hermione Granger.
 (appealing to Santiago)
 Dad. We don't have to do this.

CAROLINA
 Oh, we are so doing this.

Carolina marches to the front door and rings the bell.

INT. KRANTZ HOME, DINING ROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Dinner-slash-détente. The two families sit at a long table, Krantzes on one side, Alvarados on the other, grown-ups on one end, teens on the other. They're midway through a beautifully prepared meal, and the ice remains at subzero.

The contrast between the families is marked, the Alvarados in their Sunday best, the Krantzes effortlessly elegant. Damian is working hard as the host; Raquel is polite but reserved; Mia pouts prettily behind her dramatic eye bandage.

Carolina and Damian trade an awkward smile. They're trying.

DAMIAN
 So, Nico. You're a senior. Do you
 know what you want to study?

NICO
 Economics. I'm interested in labor
 market analysis as it applies to
 socioeconomic reform.

LOLA
 (mutters)
 How you've survived high school, I
 have no idea.

CAROLINA
 (proudly, over Lola)
 Nico's first in his class. Applying
 early decision to Columbia.

DAMIAN
 My alma mater. Mia's too, we hope.

Mia looks at Nico and smiles. He drops his fork. She has that effect on boys, and she knows it. Lola looks at him, and her, catching all of it. She shakes her head. Pathetic.

RAQUEL
 Not if she keeps skipping.

MIA
I get straight A's, Mother --

DAMIAN
(hurried)
Carolina, is that a flan?

SANTIAGO
Wait'll you taste it -- best you've
ever had. She makes it from
scratch, takes hours.

CAROLINA
It's the only thing I know for sure
that'll get Santiago home in time
for dinner.
(to Raquel, apologetic)
I don't know if it goes with what
you've made.

RAQUEL
What I made? Damian did all of it.

Carolina glances at Damian, impressed and flattered. All
this, for them? Raquel pours herself more wine. She's had a
few, and her usual poise is slipping.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)
Here's my secret -- I can't cook.
Isn't that hilarious? The press
calls us Mr. and Mrs. Martha
Stewart...if only they knew. I can
make rice -- that's about it.

SANTIAGO
All I can make is beans. And by
"make," I mean heat in a pot.

RAQUEL
You know you can cook 'em together.
Rice and beans. Throw it all in the
same pot.

SANTIAGO
Oh, that's the best. Gets the
flavors all mixed. Little Adobo?
Mmm.

RAQUEL
There was a lady next door taught
me that, back in Queens --

SANTIAGO

You're from Queens? We're from
Elmhurst.

RAQUEL

Flushing.

SANTIAGO

You know what they say about
flushing Queens --

RAQUEL / SANTIAGO

What's stopping ya?

Santiago and Raquel GUFFAW, then raise their glass to CLINK. Carolina and Damian exchange looks. Maybe the evening's not such a flaming disaster after all.

INT. KRANTZ HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Damian washes dishes. Carolina enters, carrying more. In the B.G., we hear Santiago and Raquel CACKLE.

CAROLINA

Thanks for inviting us. This was a
really nice idea.

DAMIAN

Yeah, I thought we could all use a
reset.

Carolina sets down the dishes she was carrying and picks up a dish towel, drying as he washes. They're standing close, shoulder to shoulder. Damian glances at her.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

I lied to you.

(off Carolina)

The other day, at the school. When
you asked me how I was after what
happened that day, and I said I was
good. The truth is -- I haven't
been able to stop thinking about
it.

CAROLINA

(beat)

I keep thinking about it too.

They keep washing and drying. Each knows: on the surface they're talking about their brush with death, but really they're talking about each other. There's another burst of LAUGHTER from Raquel and Santiago in the next room.

CAROLINA (CONT'D)
Santiago flipped out when I told
him. About my near-death by
concrete slab.

DAMIAN
Raquel wanted to call the lawyers --
it was a whole thing.

CAROLINA
But...I didn't tell him about you.

Damian stops washing the dishes and looks at her.

DAMIAN
You didn't? Why not?

CAROLINA
I don't know.

DAMIAN
(beat)
I didn't tell Raquel about you
either.

They gaze at each other -- then drop their eyes. The moment
feels illicit; they're complicit in a lie by omission.

INT. KRANTZ HOME, REC ROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

A tricked-out rec room, complete with pool table, state-of-
the-art media set-up, old-timey arcade games. Mia saunters
over to the wet bar. Nico checks out the LP collection. Lola
hangs back, intimidated but damned if she shows it.

MIA
(to Lola)
For the record --

Mia pours two glasses of Grey Goose Pear vodka on the rocks.

MIA (CONT'D)
I had nothing to do with this. I'm
not gonna be friends with someone
who Mike Tyson-ed me just because
our parents say so.

She picks up the glasses and walks toward Lola -- passing
right by her and to Nico instead. She stands close enough for
him to smell her (intoxicating), and for her to notice his
looks (objectively handsome). She holds out the glass.

MIA (CONT'D)
Cheers.

NICO
(hesitates)
I really don't --

MIA
Oh, come on. Live a little.

She clinks her glass to his. It's impossible to say no to her. Charmed, he takes a sip. Mia knocks hers back.

Lola watches all of this and scoffs. Mia turns, smiling.

MIA (CONT'D)
You want some? Help yourself. I'm not serving you.

LOLA
You're the last person I'd drink with.
(lower)
And if you ever bring it up again, I have no problem taking out your other eye.

NICO
(overhearing)
Bring what up?

LOLA
Nothing --

MIA
I saw her bind her boobs in the locker room.
(to Lola)
What -- are you gonna deny it?

OFF Lola, furious and humiliated --

PRELAP LAUGHTER --

EXT. KRANTZ HOME, DECK - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

The grown-ups have moved out to the deck and on to stronger spirits (except for Damian). Carolina sits with Santiago, Damian with Raquel. The vibe is a 180 from earlier: relaxed body language, raucous laughter, fire pit, fun music.

Raquel tops off Carolina's drink. As she does, Carolina notices her gumball-sized diamond ring.

CAROLINA

I don't mean to be rude, but that's the biggest freaking diamond I've ever seen.

RAQUEL

The Krantzes like us to wear the product. It's advertising.

CAROLINA

I wouldn't mind being a billboard.

SANTIAGO

You? You don't even like diamonds.

RAQUEL

What girl doesn't like diamonds? Be serious.

SANTIAGO

Oh my God -- and I call myself a detective.

(to Carolina, mock
crestfallen)

You mean all these years, you were just saying that because I didn't get you one? So you wouldn't hurt my feelings?

All laugh. Carolina explains to the other couple.

CAROLINA

We didn't have time for an engagement. We were kind of in a hurry...

Santiago points to Carolina's belly.

SANTIAGO

City Hall wasn't so bad.

DAMIAN

Nicer than you'd think.

Santiago and Carolina look at him in surprise.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

That's where we got hitched, too.

RAQUEL

Threw the bouquet on the Law & Order steps -- the whole deal.

CAROLINA

Really? I would've thought --

RAQUEL

Big wedding, Vows section of the Times, fancy guests with those fascinator hats? Nope. Damian's family wasn't exactly on board.

Maybe it's the drink, but Raquel suddenly seems vulnerable. Damian reaches over to her, takes her hand. Tender.

Carolina clocks the gesture and feels a twinge.

DAMIAN

So it was just the two of us at our favorite restaurant.

SANTIAGO

Us too. Unless you count all the *milongueros*. We went to a *milonga* to celebrate --

CAROLINA

That's like an Argentine dance hall.

SANTIAGO

-- and Carolina blew 'em all away. She's a dancer, you know.

DAMIAN

You are?

SANTIAGO

Argentine tango. Studied with a legend, won competitions -- those guys you see on TV? They got nothing on her. You should see her trophies.

CAROLINA

Stop it!

Carolina pretend-shoves Santiago, laughing. Santiago grabs her hand and pulls her toward him.

Damian clocks it, and feels a twinge.

CAROLINA (CONT'D)

(to Krantz)

I don't do that anymore.

SANTIAGO
You teach --

CAROLINA
Little old ladies!

RAQUEL
Show us a few moves. Come on!

The others join in. They're drunk, laughing.

CAROLINA
Okay, okay! Just a few.
(getting up)
At least give me some music --

RAQUEL
Hang on, hang on --

Raquel puts on Shakira's "Clandestino." The others start to clap to the sexy groove.

Carolina pulls her hair out of the knot and lets it cascade down her back. She straightens her back, stretches her neck -- and suddenly, it's like she becomes someone else. She glides easily into a move, swishing and swaying in the fire light.

Raquel HOOTS. Santiago WOLF-WHISTLES.

But Damian just watches her, silent and mesmerized. Until --
CRASH! The sound of glass shattering. Then, SHOUTS.

INT. KRANTZ HOME, REC ROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Damian bursts into the rec room. Raquel, Santiago and Carolina follow. There, an unsightly scene:

Lola and Mia are smacking the shit out of each other! Kicking, punching, pulling hair. The shattered remnants of a glass, hurled against a wall.

Nico is between them, trying and failing to keep them apart. POW! Lola's flying elbow lands accidentally on his cheekbone. Nico goes staggering. Carolina grabs him.

Santiago dives in, yanking Lola away. Damian pulls Mia off.

Raquel runs to Mia, whose bandage has come off. Raquel GASPS to see Mia's eye is bleeding. All her good will dissolves in an instant. She hisses at Damian.

RAQUEL

I told you this was a bad idea!

INT. ALVARADO HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Carolina paces the room, undressing, nerves jangling from the drama of the night. Santiago enters and shuts the door.

CAROLINA

What'd she say?

SANTIAGO

Nada. I've had criminals break easier. Whatever it is, she ain't talking.

CAROLINA

It's gotta be about more than field hockey, right? I know -- it's a boy. Has to be.

SANTIAGO

Well, she is your daughter.

CAROLINA

What's that supposed to mean?

SANTIAGO

You don't remember that fight in tenth grade? You and, who was it, Julia somebody -- over a boy named, what was it, Santiago something -- ow!

Carolina slugs him, laughing. He responds by wrestling her on to the bed, pinning her down. He kisses her neck.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

You looked hot tonight. Dancing. That Damian guy thought so too. I saw him watching you.

CAROLINA

(hiding her delight)

Yeah?

He kisses further down her body. Carolina squirms with pleasure. Just as it gets heated, Santiago stops.

SANTIAGO

Caro. Do you ever think about it?

Carolina's turned on and wants to get back to it.

CAROLINA

About what?

SANTIAGO

About what woulda happened if you'd been with someone else. A rich guy, like Damian. A guy who could give you...more.

Carolina feels a flash of hot guilt. Truth is she's been thinking plenty about being with Damian, so she covers by overcompensating. She grabs Santiago's face with both hands.

CAROLINA

More what? More diamonds? More cars? Listen to me, Santiago Alvarado. I do want more -- of you. Your time. Your attention. Your love. You give me that -- and there's nothing more I need.

She pulls his face in close for a deep kiss. Then she pushes his face back down her body. They giggle as he picks up where he left off, peeling off the last of her clothes as he goes. Down, down. She MOANS in excitement just as --

SQUAWK. It's Santiago's police radio, on the nightstand. He reaches for it. Carolina sighs, already resigned.

But, for once -- he turns it off.

PRELAP SQUAWK OF POLICE RADIO --

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY - **PRESENT**

The SQUAWK of the police radio on Santiago's belt. He's standing at the accident site, talking on the phone.

SANTIAGO

Yeah, Chief. Got it.

He hangs up as Edie approaches.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

That was the boss. Says the family's all up in the D.A.'s ass to make the DUI go away.

EDIE

Can they do that?

SANTIAGO

They got the money to try. We just gotta make sure the case is tight. Whaddaya got?

EDIE

That speed-cam footage you asked about...definitely over the limit, but -- there's something else.

Edie shows him her phone. Santiago peers into it.

SANTIAGO

Is that --

EDIE

Yeah. A passenger.

CLOSE ON Edie's phone screen and a grainy black-and-white slow-motion video of Damian's car -- with the shape of a person in the passenger seat.

EDIE (CONT'D)

Someone else was in that car.

Santiago rubs his head. Case just got more complicated.

SANTIAGO

Shit. Well, one thing's for sure --
(getting out his phone)
Date night's gonna have to wait.

Santiago dials home.

INTERCUT with --

INT. ALVARADO HOME, KITCHEN - **PRESENT**

The landline phone is RINGING as Javier enters the house. He picks up, agitated.

JAVIER

Yeah, Dad. Just got in. Dad, Dad, did you hear about Damian --

SANTIAGO

I did, honey. I'm so sorry. I'm working the case. How'd you hear about it?

JAVIER

From Mia. She's a mess.

SANTIAGO

Poor girl. We'll talk more later,
but -- I need to talk to Mom. Is
she there?

JAVIER

No -- pretty sure she's teaching
today. Not that she talks to me.

SANTIAGO

You know she still loves you --

JAVIER

Dad, can you just try her cell? I
gotta go, Mia's here...

REVEAL Mia standing in the door, stunned with grief. She's
still in her hockey uniform, her face streaked with tears,
body slumped against the doorframe.

SANTIAGO

Okay. Good. She could use a friend
right now.

Javier cuts the call. He turns to Mia, whose face crumples as
she starts to cry again.

JAVIER

C'mere.

The two embrace. Mia SOBS and shakes.

MIA

I can't go home right now.

JAVIER

You're okay here.

MIA

People are gonna say, he wasn't
even your real dad. But -- he's the
only dad I ever knew.

Mia cries harder. Javier strokes Mia's hair. Mia pulls back.
They look at each other for a charged beat.

Then -- Javier kisses Mia on the lips. It's tender, loving,
reciprocated -- and familiar. Like they've done this a
hundred times...which they have.

MIA (CONT'D)

I need you, Javi. I can't get
through this without you.

JAVIER
I'm not going anywhere.

MIA
We have to tell him. He's getting
out soon.

OFF JAVIER, troubled --

INT. PRISON - DAY - **PRESENT**

A tiny prison cell in the Newark Correctional Facility. Cinderblock walls. Rusty bars. The cacophony of other inmates. On the bottom bunk, a young male INMATE, asleep.

PAN UP to the upper bunk. This inmate sits cross-legged in his bed, wearing a tan jumpsuit, leaning against the wall. He's prison-yard fit, iron biceps tattooed, square-jawed, head shaved -- not a guy you'd mess with.

It's Nico. Now 19. Inmate No. 78924.

He's gazing at a snapshot in his hands. CLOSE to see: it's Nico as we last saw him two years ago, handsome but unthreatening, his arms around a gorgeous girl, both laughing and in love. The girl is Mia.

Nico kisses the photo, then tucks it under his mattress.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY - **PRESENT**

Santiago calls Carolina's cell. CLOSE ON his phone as he selects her mobile number, dials and waits.

Then --

A PHONE RINGS NEARBY.

Santiago freezes. Did he just hear that? It was faint, muffled by the sounds of the investigation and the woods --

IT RINGS AGAIN.

He stares at the phone in his hand, calling Carolina.

Eddie approaches and sees the look on his face.

EDIE
What is it?

Santiago motions for her silence. He heads into the woods, away from the crash site. Eddie follows.

ANOTHER RING, THIS TIME LOUDER.

EDIE (CONT'D)
Is that a phone?

SANTIAGO
There!

It's coming from the ground, half-obsured by fallen leaves and dirt. Santiago dives to his knees for a closer look, his own phone in his hand, not touching the phone on the ground. It's got a distinctive and feminine case.

He ends his call -- and the RINGING stops. Edie squats down next to him.

EDIE
Whose phone is that?
(off his silence)
Santiago. What the hell is going on?

Santiago turns slowly to Edie, his face drained of blood.

SANTIAGO
This phone. It's...Carolina's.

Edie stares at Santiago, bewildered. CLOSE on the cell phone on the ground.

MATCH TO --

INT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

The same distinctive phone, RINGING.

WIDEN to see we're in a dance studio, a charming space strung with twinkling lights and plate-glass windows looking out across the river at the Manhattan skyline.

Carolina's teaching a class of SENIOR CITIZENS (male and female, 70s and 80s), dressed nattily and dancing admirably. Carolina is wearing a tight top, sweeping skirt and dance heels, a flower behind her ear. Glowing. In her element.

CAROLINA
Okay, keep going, keep going --

She hustles over to her phone and picks up.

CAROLINA (CONT'D)
Hello?

INTERCUT with --

INT. DAMIAN'S CAR - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Damian is driving his red Porsche as he calls Carolina.

DAMIAN
It's me. Damian.

CAROLINA
Oh. Hi.

Carolina turns away from her class so they can't see her flush like a schoolgirl.

DAMIAN
I just -- wanted to apologize for
the other night. It was a --

CAROLINA
Shit show?
(laughing)
I'm so sorry. Was Raquel mad?

DAMIAN
No. Yeah. It's okay, I'm gonna make
it up to her. It's kind of why I'm
calling -- I have a favor to ask.

CAROLINA
Of course -- anything.

DAMIAN
Would you teach me how to dance?

CAROLINA
You and Raquel?

DAMIAN
No -- just me.
(beat)
I want to surprise her. For Mia's
Sweet Sixteen. She's always going
on about how I won't dance with
her, but then when I do it's like
dancing with Frankenstein, and...

CAROLINA
(laughing)
Of course. I'll teach you,
Frankenstein. When?

DAMIAN
How about...now?

OFF CAROLINA, staring at her phone --

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY - **PRESENT**

CLOSE ON Carolina's phone on the forest floor. Santiago and Edie kneel in the woods, staring at it.

EDIE
Why would Carolina's phone be here?

SANTIAGO
I don't know.

EDIE
Was she the person in the car with
Damian Krantz?

SANTIAGO
I don't fucking know, Edie!

They stand. Santiago looks around frantically.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ. All I know is, if her
phone is here, if she was in the
car when it crashed -- then she
could be here! She could be hurt,
or, or -- we have to find her!
Right the fuck now!

OFF Santiago, wild-eyed --

INT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Damian enters as the last of the seniors leaves. Carolina stands across the room. The fairy lights twinkle. It's intensely romantic. They smile at each other. Then, Carolina clears her throat and assumes a professional tone.

CAROLINA
So. What do you know about tango?

DAMIAN
Not much. Just from the movies. And
those dance shows Mia likes. The
ones with the celebrities.

CAROLINA
Ah. That's ballroom tango.
Argentine tango is different.

She switches on the music: a modern take on Jacob Gade's "Tango Jalousie" -- a classic song about jealousy, its mood set from the first few, moaning bars of the VIOLIN.

CAROLINA (CONT'D)
It started in Buenos Aires, in the bordellos. Too many men, too few women...even a prostitute could have her pick. A man had to win her over.

Carolina circles around Damian. It's delicious.

CAROLINA (CONT'D)
First, the *cabacejo*. The "eye invitation." Go on...try it.

Damian wiggles his eyebrows at her. They both laugh.

DAMIAN
Did that work?

CAROLINA
We'll see. Here's my response.

She turns her face away, then slides her eyes to him. Bats her lashes comically. They laugh again.

DAMIAN
Is that a yes?

She walks up to him and stands before him, close.

CAROLINA
It's a yes.

The air between them is tingling now. She places his arms so they encircle her waist, and rests hers on his.

CAROLINA (CONT'D)
In the dance, the man makes the first move. Go on, step forward. And -- the woman says "yes" by stepping back.

With their arms around each other, Damian steps forward as Carolina takes a small step back. They stand still. Bodies close but barely touching, eyes locked, breath shallow.

CAROLINA (CONT'D)
(softly)
Now...we begin.

Note: TANGO MUSIC CONTINUES over the coming scenes, as we
INTERCUT TO --

EXT. WOODS - DAY - **PRESENT**

Santiago crashes through the woods. We see but don't hear him
screaming Carolina's name.

CAROLINA (V.O.)
In ballroom, the dancers connect at
the chest. But in Argentina, we
connect here --

INT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

TIGHT on Carolina and Damian's waists as she pulls him in
suddenly --

CAROLINA
At the hips.

Their groins SLAM together. It's unbearably sexy.

DAMIAN
(breathless)
Hips. Got it.

EXT. WOODS - DAY - **PRESENT**

MUSIC CONTINUES AS Edie races through the woods with a half-
dozen uniforms in tow, all shouting Carolina's name. She
halts when she spots Santiago up ahead, fallen to his knees.

CAROLINA (V.O.)
Every dance tells a story. And in
tango -- it's the story of a fallen
woman.

INT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Carolina corrects Damian's positioning of his feet and elbows
with a few sharp moves. She's in complete control.

CAROLINA

The woman is in love, you see? With a *gaucho*, a cowboy. A poor but good man.

Carolina pushes him away suddenly as she executes a spin, then spinning just as fast back into his arms.

CAROLINA (CONT'D)

Then she meets a handsome noble.

DAMIAN

What does she do?

EXT. WOODS - DAY - **PRESENT**

Edie catches up to Santiago. He's on his knees, his face stricken with shock and grief. Edie sees what he sees, and her face falls. The other uniforms surround them.

CAROLINA (V.O.)

She leaves the poor man for the rich one.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

What about the *gaucho*?

INT. BALLROOM DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Like a flash, Carolina flicks her leg through Damian's, then back behind her. It's a dazzlingly sexy move.

CAROLINA

He takes revenge -- and kills her.

Carolina places Damian's hands around her lower back, then tightens his grip. She looks intensely into his eyes.

CAROLINA (CONT'D)

That's why the last move of the tango is always the same. It's called The Falling Woman. Falling -- and fallen.

Without warning, she drops back into a spectacular dip that has her head almost touching the floor. Damian just barely manages to catch her. Thrilled, he holds on tight.

On Carolina's face, eyes closed in the dramatic pose as we CUT TO --

EXT. WOODS - DAY - **PRESENT**

Carolina's face, eyes closed, pressed against the dirt, body lying face-down on leaves and dirt.

A curdled animal CRY rips forth. It's coming from Santiago, on his knees by the inert body of his wife.

SANTIAGO

Oh no no no no --

Edie dives to her knees next to him and over Carolina. Santiago covers his face with his hands.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

Oh my baby, my Caro --

Edie is looking closely at Carolina and notices something.

EDIE

Santiago.

SANTIAGO

I'm sorry, I'm so sorry --

EDIE

Santiago!

Santiago opens his eyes. Together the two partners stare into Carolina's face. And --

Her eyelid flutters!

Santiago falls back, in shock. Edie grips Carolina's neck, takes her pulse.

EDIE (CONT'D)

She's alive!

Edie LEAPS into action as Santiago remains frozen in shock.

EDIE (CONT'D)

(shouting, at a Uniform)

Call another bus -- get EMTs back here, now! Car accident, one victim multiple injuries, make sure they got a trauma board --

Uniforms radio and SHOUT and run back for help as Santiago, uncharacteristically at a loss for what to do, takes off his jacket to cover Carolina for warmth. As he does, his hand brushes her back and touches something wet.

He looks at his hand. It's blood.

Edie crouches next to him. CLOSER to see: a bloom of blood in the middle of Carolina's back.

EDIE (CONT'D)
That's not from the car accident.
That's a...bullet wound.

SANTIAGO
(stunned)
Carolina's been shot.

OFF SANTIAGO'S stricken face --

PRELAP soft beeps and bustle as we CUT TO --

INT. HOSPITAL, WAITING ROOM - NIGHT - **PRESENT**

A hospital waiting room. Santiago paces as doctors work to save Carolina. The occasional NURSE, ORDERLY or VISITOR crosses, but the hour is late and foot traffic has slowed.

Hector approaches, still suave if a bit rumpled after a long day running his restaurant. He sets down a paper bag on a chair before he goes to his friend. They embrace.

HECTOR
Is Carolina --

SANTIAGO
Still in surgery.

HECTOR
How's it look?

In Santiago's face, the answer: not good. They sit down and together dwell in that bleak news.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
She's a fighter.
(off Santiago's nod)
The kids know?

SANTIAGO
(shaking his head)
Where do I start? "Hey, kids. Your mom's been shot." Or, "Hey, kids. Your mom was..."
(makes himself say it)
"Your mom was having an affair."

HECTOR
You don't know that for sure.

SANTIAGO

Come on. She was with a guy, in a car, in the middle of the night. I'm not a goddamned fool.

(beat)

Or maybe I am. What the hell kinda detective doesn't know his wife is stepping out?

HECTOR

(sympathetic)

You guys been rocky for a while.

SANTIAGO

I know I made mistakes. I wasn't there for her...I wasn't the man she deserved. But we were trying, we were both trying. That's what tonight was supposed to be. Just us, at your place. Starting over.

Hector reaches for the paper bag he brought, takes out a beautifully beribboned cardboard box and hands it to Santiago. Santiago opens it. Inside is a single serving of a perfect flan, expertly presented.

HECTOR

You were right. Her flan...it's tricky, hard to get right. A dish like this, if she was making for you special -- she was showing you she loved you, man.

SANTIAGO

(emotional)

I don't care if she cheated. I just need her to pull through -- so I can tell her I love her. I love her so much.

Santiago breaks down as Hector puts his arm around him. Edie approaches. Santiago pulls himself together.

EDIE

Speak to you alone?

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - **PRESENT**

Santiago and Edie walk and talk outside the hospital.

EDIE

Tox screen came back negative.
Damian wasn't drunk...this wasn't a
DUI. No surprise given Carolina's
shooting, but --

SANTIAGO

The accident wasn't an accident.

EDIE

Working theory is, it was a...

Edie hesitates, reluctant to say the words.

SANTIAGO

A lover's quarrel. You can say it.

EDIE

(nodding)

They argue. He shoots her. He's an
emotional wreck, he gets back in
the car -- runs it right off the
road. Maybe even on purpose.

SANTIAGO

Murder-suicide...

EDIE

Only, she didn't die.

SANTIAGO

Yet.

(enraged)

If Damian Krantz wasn't already
dead -- I'd kill the motherfucker
myself.

OFF SANTIAGO, his fury unfurling --

INT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Damian swoops Carolina up to standing from her dramatic
finishing dip. They're both sweating, panting, elated. They
let go of their embrace and take a step apart.

CAROLINA

You can dance. You said you were
Frankenstein!

DAMIAN

I...lied.

CAROLINA

Why?

Damian takes a deep breath -- and takes the plunge.

DAMIAN

The day we met, something happened
to me. Ever since, I just feel --
alive.

(beat)

And...I think you feel it too.

MUSIC and tension rise as they stare into each other's eyes.

OFF Carolina and Damian --

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT - **PRESENT**

Eddie walks toward her car in the parking lot. She notices
Santiago's parked car, the unmarked Crown Vic -- with its
headlights on.

EDIE

(muttering)

Santiago, buddy, you left your
lights on --

She pulls out her cell phone to call him when something
catches her eye. She steps closer to the front of the car and
crouches down.

There, illuminated by the headlights, is a new-looking
scrape. She touches it with her finger, then holds her finger
to the headlight beam.

CLOSE ON fresh paint chips. Cherry red -- the color of
Damian's crashed vintage Porsche.

OFF EDIE, as the possibility of Santiago's involvement in the
crash dawns on her, we --

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT