

**INT. - Xiomara's Bedroom - Night**

Xiomara sits in her vanity, doing her makeup. Mia bounces on her bed.

MIA:

Look, you don't have to perfect the smokey eye in one night. The club opens in, like, 10 minutes. I wanna get there early.

XIOMARA:

Relax, I'm almost done.

MIA:

I wouldn't have such a problem with that statement if you hadn't been saying it for the past ten minutes.

XIOMARA:

Maybe if you quit yapping, the time would go by quicker.

MIA:

If you're gonna be a cocksucker about it, just say that.

XIOMARA:

Cocksucker? Why, I'd never. You just give me three more seconds and I'll get up off my knees.

Mia sits on the bed, and lights a cigarette.

MIA:

You better hope that mouth gets you some kind of man tonight. I'm sick of your vent sessions.

XIOMARA:

You kidding me? I'm a saint in the holy book compared to your skanky ass.

Xiomara closes her eyeshadow palette, and stands up. Her skin tight dress affects her posture. Mia walks over to Xiomara and blows smoke in her face.

XIOMARA:

Hey, c'mon, what'd I say about smoking in my room? You can poison my backyard with that shit, but not my goddamn room. And while you're at it, could you fix my bed? I made it this morning.

Mia puts her cigarette out.

MIA:

Who's the one yapping now?

**END SCENE**

**INT. PEDRO'S CAR - NIGHT**

Xiomara and Mia hop in Xiomara's father's car. Mia hops in the driver's seat, and Xiomara sits in the passenger.

MIA:

Still can't believe your dad isn't home yet.

XIOMARA:

Well, he called my mom saying he's been backed up with extra work these past couple weeks. He's expecting a major promotion, too, apparently.

MIA:

Good for him.

Mia starts the engine and feels the steering wheel leather.

XIOMARA:

Your mom still work at the panaderia?

MIA:

Nah, she quit. The manager was super handsy.

XIOMARA:

Oh, gross.

MIA:

I know, right! I mean, if he was a little cute, maybe it'd be some kind of excusable; something out of those cheap romantic novels you find at the dollar store. But no. He was another statistic to American obesity.

XIOMARA:

Aw, that's a little mean.

MIA:

Mean, but not a stretch in any way.

Xiomara turns on the radio. "Inolvidable" by Luis Miguel starts playing.

MIA:

God, when's the last time you heard this song?

XIOMARA:

2 days ago. My dad worships him.. you want me to turn it off?

MIA:

Nah. I like it a little.

Mia and Xiomara drive off to the club.

**INT. ANASUAVE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

AHMAD, 17, is an African American teen with glasses and notoriously nerdy attire. He stands tall in the crowd as he waves at Mia and Xiomara.

AHMAD:

About time you guys got here. Did you get a peek at the line out there?

MIA:

We did! Thank god for those VIP passes Damien got for us. Where is that fedora freak anyway?

AHMAD:

He's backstage setting up for the show later tonight.

Ahmad gestures at Xiomara.

AHMAD:

Who's this behind you?

MIA:

This is Xiomara. She's the friend I've been telling you about.

AHMAD:

She's stunning.

XIOMARA:

You don't have to talk about me like I'm in some other room.

AHMAD:

..You're stunning, Xiomara.

Xiomara blushes. The lights illuminate their faces with lulling teals and appealing pinks. Romance blooms like the rebirth of a butterfly.

MIA:

You guys get to know each other. I'm gonna get us some drinks.

AHMAD:

I'll have vodka punch.

XIOMARA:

Just water is fine..

Mia exits the scene to let the two be.

AHMAD:

First time?

XIOMARA:

Totally. Is it that obvious?

AHMAD:

Nah. You just had that nerdy first impression.

Ahmad and Xiomara slowly intertwine their hands, and dance together.

**End scene.**

**INT. ANASUAVE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

Several hours have passed since Mia and Xiomara had arrived. Ahmad holds Xiomara by the waist from behind.

AHMAD:

You getting tired at all?

XIOMARA:

What? You wanna keep me up or something?

AHMAD:

Hey, you said it, not me.

Ahmad and Xiomara make intense eye contact. Ahmad leans in for a kiss. But before they can, Mia runs in to interrupt them.

MIA:

We gotta go. NOW!

XIOMARA

What? Why?

MIA:

I'll tell you on the way, but we need to get out of here.  
You can come with us if you want, Ahmad, let's just go!

Mia takes Ahmad and Xiomara by their wrists. Xiomara pulls back in annoyance.

XIOMARA:

Woah, woah, tell me what the hell's going on first, please..

MIA:

Your dad's here.

Xiomara turns around to see her father, Pedro, kissing another woman. When they break their passionate makeout session, Pedro and Xiomara make eye contact for a brief moment across the club.

XIOMARA:

Wha... what...? What?

MIA:

LET'S. GO.

Xiomara doesn't protest as Mia drags her and Ahmad out of the club like ragdolls.

**End scene.**