

HOW TO MARRY A GRINGO

"Fix Your Makeup"

Written by

Natalia Fuentes

FADE IN:

INT. FUNERAL HOME - VIEWING ROOM - LITTLE HAVANA, MIAMI - DAY

Two Colombian women stare into a coffin.

MARIANA GARCÍA MARTÍNEZ (24; workaholic, a certified loner) and her abuela, ELENA "NANA" DE MARTÍNEZ, (65; leather clad. A badass, always.)

They sigh, disappointed.

NANA

I hope there are no mirrors in heaven nena, 'cause she'll have a second heart attack if she sees this.

LUZ ELENA MARTÍNEZ (45; the kindest-looking corpse you've ever seen) rests below them. Her makeup is a tragic mess.

Nana rummages through her purse. She retrieves a makeup wipe.

MARIANA

What are you doing?

NANA

Fixing that cheap lipstick.

MARIANA

I don't think makeup is her biggest problem right now.

NANA

If I don't do this, I'm gonna start crying, and then *my* makeup will be ruined. I'm burying my own daughter and I'm going to look good doing it!

Mariana frowns. She pulls a pink lipgloss from her purse.

MARIANA

Here... let me help.

They fix Luz up. Both nod, satisfied.

**BUZZ BUZZ.** Mariana pulls her phone from her pocket. She groans. Puts it back.

NANA

¿El Colombiano?

MARIANA

Su nombre es Alejandro.

NANA

Why is he still texting you? I thought you'd told him to scram.

MARIANA

I'm trying to let him down gently. You know how he gets. Been sending me Paulo Coelho quotes the whole week. He says the universe wants us together.

NANA

I don't want you together and that's all that matters. You won't end up married to a Colombian. Not on my watch.

MARIANA

Why do you say that like it's something bad? We're Colombian too, remember?

NANA

That place hasn't been my home for twenty years. And it's not yours either. *This* is your home, Mariana.

Mariana looks around the bleak viewing room.

MARIANA

And what a charming home it is.

NANA

You know what I mean. The United States is where you belong.

MARIANA

I'm not going anywhere, Nana. Don't worry. Mami was not perfect, but she made sure of it when she got me my Green Card.

NANA

Right...

Nana clears her throat, suddenly uncomfortable. She digs into her bag. Pulls out a rhinestoned flask.

NANA (CONT'D)

¿Quieres tequila?

MARIANA

Oh, no. You only drink tequila when you have bad news. Last time you made margaritas after you gave Henry chlamydia. What's the problem?

NANA

Everything is the problem! Don't you see the coffin in front of you?

MARIANA

It's something else. What are you not saying?

Nana hesitates. Mariana stares her down. Nana chuckles.

NANA

Your mamá would've done anything for you. You know that, right?

MARIANA

I know.

NANA

Bien... Muy bien. Because she couldn't get you your Green Card.

Mariana's mouth falls open. Nana cringes.

MARIANA

WHAT?!

Nana pulls the flask back out. She offers it, embarrassed.

NANA

Tequila..?

EXT. WHITE BEACH APARTMENTS - NIGHT

A dainty apartment building resembling something from the 1960s. Real estate agents would describe it as "well used."

A sign at the entrance reads "WHITE BEACH bitch APARTMENTS."

INT. NANA'S PLACE - NIGHT

A dining table overflown with homemade Colombian food.

GUESTS of all colors and sizes pick from plates of arepas con queso, tostones, steaming guisos and golden empanadas.