

LOS TECOLOTES DEL NORTE

CLARA (early 20s, Mestiza), dressed in a thirty-dollar suit from Ross Dress for Less, which is to say corporate on a shoestring budget, looks nervously into her cell phone, directly addressing someone on the other end of the video chat. There's a lanyard and ID card strung around her neck. Her face is illuminated by the camera's glow and the background behind her is black.

CLARA

Marjorie, I'm like, super thankful to be here because I know interns don't usually get asked to events this big... and I can tell by the roar of the crowd out there that this is, like, BIG-big... but I feel there has been, um, a misunderstanding of a very fundamental sort.

When I said I was from the border, I can understand why you interpreted that as me having the skills necessary to help the firm welcome this band to the stage. I get it, it's not every day you launch a new line of wireless headphones on a date that happens to fall on Cinco de Mayo.

But I'd like to pause here to mention that technically and culturally speaking, Cinco de Mayo is only celebrated in Puebla, Mexico, and the band out there is from Zacatecas, several hundred miles to the northwest. But Marjorie, I AM NOT FROM THE MEXICAN BORDER. I'm from the Canadian border. I was very clear about that in my intake interview, I'm sure it's in my school file. Oh god, I think I hear an accordion.

Marjorie, I cannot stand up there and be the go-between for them and the C.E.O. You have to sober their interpreter up! There are bagels to the left of you, in the conference room! I am terrified of public speaking, especially in front of hundreds of people, and the press, and that is very hard for me to admit out loud because I come from the land of stoic politeness and hockey and ice fishing.

(More)

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CLARA (CONT'D)

I know I have to leave this supply closet but it feels really safe and warm in here right now. Marjorie, what do I do? I can hear footsteps. They're coming for me.

Marjorie! I don't even speak Spanish! My parents are Brazilian!

(SILENCE. Then Clara, terrified, hearing footsteps, makes THE SIGN OF THE CROSS. To herself, in Portuguese:)

CLARA (CONT'D)

Meu Deus, me ajude, eu ouço botas de caubói...

FADE TO BLACK.