

MIXED SPIRITS

"Pilot"

Written by

Sam Santana

Email address: sam.santana103@gmail.com
Phone Number: 6023215640

TEASER

INT. NYC ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT (ANXIETY DREAM)

MATEO GUTIERREZ (early 30s), stuck between dreams and reality, sits in front of a mirror, staring at his reflection. His face is full of pity and disdain.

VOICE #1 (O.S.)
Is that Mateo?

VOICE #2 (O.S.)
It totally is.

VOICE #1 (O.S.)
He's such a piece of shit.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)
Huge piece of shit.

Mateo gets up from the bar and walks through a crowd of happy-go-lucky BAR PATRONS. Their smiles fade when Mateo nears them. The Voices follow him.

VOICE #1 (O.S.)
We should let him know.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)
He has to know already. Everyone else does.

EXT. NYC ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT

Mateo walks out of the bar. RAIN falls only on him as he sips his drink. No one seems to notice or care.

VOICE #1 (O.S.)
I'm sure no one would even notice if he just disappeared.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)
I already forgot who we were talking about.

Mateo reaches the edge of a pool and stares into the water.

VOICE #1 (O.S.)
Who cares about Mateo Guiterrez?

VOICE #2 (O.S.)
Nobody.

SPLASH. Mateo falls forward into the pool, seemingly content as he sinks.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. An alarm blares, snapping him out of his daze. He tries to swim back to the surface, but the weight of the water keeps pulling him back down into a dark abyss.

Darkness overtakes him, and he wakes up in...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Mateo's bloodshot eyes spring open. He is lying fully clothed and soaking wet in a tub. The shower head sprays water on him. He shuts off the water and looks around, hungover and confused.

VRRRR. VRRRR. He grabs his phone from the floor and looks at it.

MATEO

SHIT.

He jolts up and rushes out of the bathroom.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Very small. Very messy.

Mateo dials a number and puts his phone on speaker as he rushes to dry off and change clothes.

ANNIE (V.O.)

WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?

MATEO

Heyyyyyy...it's me.

ANNIE (V.O.)

I know! Where are you? Everyone's waiting.

MATEO

I'm on my way.

ANNIE (V.O.)

Oh my god. You're still at your apartment?

MATEO

No, I'm not. I'm almost there.

ANNIE (V.O.)
I'm tracking your location. You're
at your apartment.

MATEO
Okay, first off, we're gonna need
to talk about boundaries. And
second, I'm near my apartment, but
I'll be there soon - just stall.

ANNIE (V.O.)
Stall? How am I supposed to do
that?

VRRRR. VRRRR. *INCOMING CALL - MARI.* He rejects it.

MATEO
I'm sure you'll figure it out. I'll
be there soon.

He hangs up.

INT. OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ANNIE (late 20s) stands at the front of the room next to a
projection showing charts. She presents to a room full of
EXECUTIVES.

ANNIE
We believe this campaign will
resonate with your customers and
boost engagement--

The door swings open, and Mateo walks in, a shaky, confident
mess.

MATEO
HELLO...sorry, that was loud.
Apologies for being late. That dang
subway, right?

Mateo heads to the front of the room next to Annie.

MATEO (CONT'D)
Okay, let's get started. Where are
we?

Annie clicks on the next slide, which displays: ANY
QUESTIONS?

MATEO (CONT'D)
Right...

EXT. CAFE - DAY

A SERVER brings Mateo a delicious-looking breakfast sandwich. Annie sits in front of him, fiddling with her drink.

MATEO

That's for covering this morning. I forgot to set my alarm.

He takes a bite of the sandwich.

ANNIE

Management was so impressed with everything that they said the Art Director job is mine if I want it.

MATEO

(mouthful)
That's great.

ANNIE

Which is why I think we should stop seeing each other.

GULP.

MATEO

I'm sorry?

Annie grabs his hand.

ANNIE

No, I'm sorry.
(beat)
Mateo, you're great. Like, so great.

MATEO

Thanks. Then why--

ANNIE

Let me finish. As great as you are, you and I aren't moving at the same pace. I mean, I'm progressing, and you're...

Mateo raises his eyebrows.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Well, I just mean -- you've been at the agency for 4 years and are still a Junior Copywriter.

MATEO

Annie, this job is a temporary gig--

ANNIE

Hold on, let me finish.

(beat)

I just mean, you're not the type of person to take charge. And that's fine, I guess. But we're moving in different directions. And I'm in a time in my life when I need to think ahead.

Beat.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Okay. I'm finished.

He nods.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Do you have anything to say?

Mateo looks into her eyes, trying to muster up confidence.

MATEO

If you want to end it, go ahead.
I'll be fine, either way. I don't need anyone.

Annie stands up. She pulls out her phone and shows it to him. Next to Mateo's contact, it shows LOCATION SHARING - ON. She toggles it OFF.

ANNIE

Goodbye, Mateo.

Mateo watches her walk away. He takes a bit of his sandwich.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Mateo walks in and looks around at his sad, lonely apartment. He grabs a glass and bottle of whiskey from the cabinet.

He walks over to his desk. Hung on the wall is a PLAYBILL that reads: *SHATTERED REFLECTIONS* - A PLAY BY MATEO GUTIERREZ.

Next to it hangs a poster for THE PUBLIC THEATER. The headline reads: EMERGING WRITERS GROUP. MATEO GUTIERREZ is among the names on the poster.

Mateo sits at his desk and opens his laptop to a blank screen. He pours a large glass and takes a big gulp.

Beat. He stares at the screen - the blank page mocks him. He slowly types: *PIECE...OF...SHIT.*

VRRRR. VRRRR. INCOMING CALL - MARI. He sighs and answers.

MATEO

Mari, I can't talk long. I'm working on--

He hears whimpers on the other head of the phone.

MATEO (CONT'D)

Mari?

(beat)

Mari, what's wrong?

MARI

Mateo...it's Dad.

(beat)

You need to come home.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. AIRPLANE - IN FLIGHT - DAY

Mateo sips a Bloody Mary and savors it. He fidgets in his seat. ADAM, a passenger, notices his nerves.

ADAM
1 in 11 million.

MATEO
What's that?

ADAM
That's the probability of a plane crash.

MATEO
Oh, that's...nice.

ADAM
(smiles)
It's okay, buddy. I used to be terrified of flying, too. It helped to remind me of the low chances of a plane crash. With those odds, we'll land safely in Chicago.

MATEO
Thanks, but I'm fine.

ADAM
It's okay to admit when you're not, friend.

MATEO
Yeah, I get it, but I'm fine.

ADAM
Distracting yourself works. Did you download any movies? Maybe a book.

MATEO
(re: Bloody Mary)
I should have ordered something stronger.

Adam leans over.

ADAM
Another trick is to say your anxieties out loud.
(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Put it out in the world, and let
the universe deal with it.

Mateo turns to face Adam, annoyed.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Come on, give it a try, pal.

Mateo takes a deep breath. *INHALE...EXHALE...*

MATEO

I'm not anxious about the flight,
I'm anxious about the destination.
I haven't been back to Chicago in 5
years because I try to do
everything in my power to avoid my
family. Do you have a big family?

ADAM

Not really--

MATEO

I have a huge family. I have so
many people in my family that I
don't even know who some of them
are half the time. They like to
think it's a strength, but it's
not. It's suffocating.

Mateo leans closer.

MATEO (CONT'D)

I've managed to stay away for this
long, but now I need to go back
because my prick of a father
decided he didn't want to be around
anymore and ended his life. So I'm
going back for two days, watching
the bastard get buried, and then
I'm getting the fuck out there
before they rope me into whatever
bullshit they've been indulging
themselves in.

Adam's face goes pale. He quietly turns the other way. Mateo
takes another deep breath and turns to Adam.

MATEO (CONT'D)

I actually do feel better. Thanks.