

¿Qué te pasó?

LUCIA. My stupid boss. (*Beat.*) I turned in my first thing today to him – he just asked us to write down pitches, just ideas for him. It's not like the biggest deal / but it's the first thing I was turning in, so...no, I can't sit right now.

ABEL. Come on, sit down.

LUCIA. It's the first thing I've turned in so of course I'm on edge. And my, my boss comes out of his office before lunch, holding my document in his hands, and says, "Lusha, / could I see you after we wrap up?" I seriously think I flat-lined for maybe three seconds there...

ABEL. Man, can't he get your name right?

LUCIA. I KNOW!

ABEL. What is so hard about Lucia?

LUCIA. Yeah, but he's never looked in my direction, much less said my name. So end of day, we get done, and I sort of stay in the writers' room shooting the shit with the assistant, just waiting until he finally peeks his head in and he's like – "Lucia, could I see you a moment?" So I go into his office –

ABEL. (*Like a heart beat.*) *tunTUN.tunTUN.tunTUN.*

LUCIA. Basically.

ABEL. And then he yells at you.

LUCIA. Um. No. And then he says, "I'm a man who likes the simple things."

ABEL. Oh, shit.

LUCIA. No, wait. (*Beat.*) He tells me that in the mornings he likes to come out of his bedroom and have his papers fanned out outside of his room, a cup of coffee waiting for him in the upstairs kitchen.

ABEL. He has an upstairs kitchen?

LUCIA. Oh, yes, apparently his house is like four stories with a huge basement that has like a basketball court and a movie theater – it's insane.

ABEL. Man. These fucking people.

LUCIA. I know. But listen to this, apparently he likes his *Variety* and his *Hollywood Reporter* and *Wall Street Journal* and whatever else fanned out in a certain kind of order and his maid, Carmen, hasn't been doing it the proper way. Or she's inconsistent about it. And he's been very clear about this request. And it makes him very angry – in fact, it ruins the rest of his day to know that he is being ignored. "I feel as if she's mocking me," he says.

ABEL. ¿Eso dijo?

LUCIA. Yeah. He literally thinks he's being mocked if you don't organize the papers and fan them out exactly how he wants. Apparently Carmen failed to even have any of the papers there at all this morning and the man blew his lid. Something big went down. He almost fired Carmen or something.

ABEL. These fucking people, man.

LUCIA. But his wife was like, "No, John! She's the best maid we've ever had. She does windows without me having to ask her. / Please work this out with her." Like in tears and everything.

ABEL. Pinches gringos...

LUCIA. And John, my boss, is magnanimous, right? He is just and fair and tells his wife, "Well, if you can get her to understand that she has to fan out the periodicals / exactly as I indicate, then she can stay."

ABEL. Periodicals. Shut up "periodicals."

LUCIA. But then the wife, who apparently has like a condition, bursts into even more tears and says, "But she doesn't speak English, John. How will I ever do that?!" And my boss is like, "Must I solve everything?!"

ABEL. The burden of the White man.

LUCIA. Abel. THIS is why I'm sitting in his office.

(ABEL doesn't get it.)

He wants me to call Carmen and explain to her about the magazines.

ABEL. What?

LUCIA. He asks, "Could you communicate in her language that I must have the coffee ready to go by the time I wake up and the magazines pre-arranged to the right of my door? I would really appreciate this."

ABEL. Or Carmen gets fired.

LUCIA. Can you believe it?

ABEL. Oh, yeah. I can believe it. I can believe poor Carmen's going to walk on glass every time the guy's around until she gets a condition herself, man. / But what can she do? Complain to somebody? No, she gotta take it, cuz she probably has three kids at home and they need shoes and uniforms and money for band. So yeah, I can believe that. I can believe your boss is a fucking asshole who should be punched in the face.