

Steep Summary: An Eat Pray Love for the 2018 woman, *Steep* follows Mimi, an immigrant from Buenos Aires living in New York City pursuing her dreams of becoming an artist. Mimi falls in love with Jas, the swarthy intellectual-type that can only be found in a city like New York. Mimi becomes completely enmeshed in the life of Jas and his single Mother Katherine. Life seems perfect. Then, a presidential election shatters everything. *Steep* examines falling in and out of love *in* Pre and Post Trump America and falling in and out of love *with* America. In a modern day retelling of Saint Miriam and Moses, Mimi's voice and self advocacy become her downfall until she re-discovers herself and ultimately, her purpose.

EXCERPT:

Working parents having three daughters in Buenos Aires meant two things:

1. We were damned. At least according to the parish at Imaculada Concepción De Belgrano. The church was technically led by the priest but the true power belonged to the gaggle of hat wearing, nude tight dawning, snickering ladies in the pews. When they were all together they looked like a bouquet of multi colored tulips. Not ones that grow from the earth, but manufactured cloth plants, painted and overpriced. Las Chicas Chismosas (Gossip girls). They would tell my Father that he needed at least one boy to continue his legacy, huddled around him at luncheons squawking: " But Oscar, who will carry on the family name and provide for the three of your beautiful butterflies when you die?" as they sipped tea from floral teacups, that mirrored the shapes of their bodies; bulbous and extravagant. To this my father would always reply, "I suppose they may have to take care of themselves!"

2. We were all named Maria. Mary: the mother of the most famous hippie in the world. The Argentinian Beyonce. Her image worn on chain necklaces amongst the great saints. Her face painted on metal sheets kept in the kitchen. My eldest sister, Maria Natalia was the only one who went by Maria, or Mary when we came to the states. She upheld her title with great dignity. She was the peacemaker, the babysitter and of course the tattle-tail.

Then there was the other Maria. My middle sister, Maria Magdalena, Maddy. Named after the second most famous woman in the Catholic Church, who just so happened to be a whore. You may remember her from that time she kneeled at Jesus' feet and washed them. I always found that gross. To which the Gaggle of Tulips would say: "The feet of christ are as clean as the whitest marble in the vatican". Following in her name sake she was quite the active one. Always socializing. The quickest to learn english. Maddy was my guardian angel. Always there, with her unwavering strength and sharp tongue.

And then me, The youngest daughter. The Littlest Maria. Maria Miriam- Mimi.