

LUIS TOSAR

MARTA ETURA

Don't let the bedbugs bite.

# SLEEP TIGHT

a Film by Jaume Balagueró

COPIES FOR DISTRIBUTION  
HARVY ENTERTAINMENT presents a JUAN FERNÁNDEZ PRODUCTION "SLEEP TIGHT"  
LUIS TOSAR starring MARTA ETURA JUAN FERNÁNDEZ CARLOS FERNÁNDEZ & ALBERTO MARIN COSTUME DESIGNER ALBERTO MARIN  
DIRECTED BY JAUME BALAGUERÓ

Producción y distribución  
Harvy Entertainment

Producción  
JUAN FERNÁNDEZ

CANAL+

Producción y distribución  
Harvy Entertainment

Producción  
JUAN FERNÁNDEZ

## CREDITS - PROVISIONAL SEQUENCE

During the credits, we see a series of scenes shot in Super 8, obviously from another era:

A bunch of kids at a soccer game, dressed in red team shirts, celebrate a win, laughing and shouting victory. Beyond them, a crowd applauds enthusiastically. A rather gaunt, dark-haired boy, dressed in the same red shirt, stands impassively amongst his companions. Apathetic. Indifferent.

The same dark-haired boy dispassionately blows out the candles on a cake. Around him, friends and family happily applaud. There are open birthday presents around. A woman hugs the boy from behind, trying to cheer him up, although looking a little worried herself. The boy gives a forced smile.

On a balcony the dark-haired boy is approached by a man about 50 years old as he leans on the railing, looking out at the horizon. The man brings him a white puppy. The boy turns around and looks impassively at the animal. The man pets it and brings the puppy closer to him, but the boy doesn't smile. He just looks curiously at the dog.

A backyard family party. Everybody is laughing and looks happy. A bunch of children decked out in costumes run around and scream delightedly. The dark-haired boy stands alone, dressed as a musketeer, absent and serious.

Title:

# "SLEEP TIGHT"

FLASH-FORWARD: INT. UNDEFINED SPACE - NIGHT

César(35), unkempt and with a month's worth of beard growth, is sitting at a table. On top of it is a black notebook and a blank sheet of paper. His fountain pen scrawls across the paper:

"DEAR MIMI..."

CÉSAR (V.O.)

Dear Mimi, I hope you  
don't mind me calling  
you that. I figure no  
one has in a while, so  
I thought you'd like  
it.

The murmur of traffic makes its way in from  
outside. Every once in a while, the shine of  
headlights comes through a small window and  
smears across the room's blank walls.

CÉSAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The truth is, I've  
never felt the need to  
write a goodbye note.  
And believe me, it's  
pretty odd considering  
how I've lived each  
day of my existence.

EXT. BARCELONA AERIAL SHOT - SUNSET

The pale winter sun fades amongst the buildings  
of downtown. Shadows stretch over the rooftops.  
Some of them, or just sections, have been  
converted into lovely terraces with tarps and  
plants.

Others are simple, bare spaces where buildings  
end and chimneys and air conditioning vents  
emerge.

CÉSAR (V.O.)

But now I don't feel  
like leaving without  
you understanding why  
I did what I did,  
without you knowing  
that you have been the  
only reason for me to  
stay on here until  
today.

The sun disappears behind a bare rooftop.

FADE TO BLACK:

BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM - NIGHT

The faint sound of an alarm on a wristwatch: it's 4 a.m. César, clean shaven and lying on the bed, opens his eyes. He rushes to turn off the alarm before the person sleeping next to him is awakened.

He lies there, on top of the covers in pijama bottoms and a t-shirt, staring at the ceiling, expressionless.

A redheaded girl is next to him, under the blankets. She sleeps deeply.

César gets up. He delicately arranges his side of the bed in silence, careful not to wake the young woman.

On the night stand is a radio alarm clock, a picture that shows the redheaded girl hugging a man that is not César and a woman's antique watch.

César hesitates a few seconds at the night stand. Then he picks up the watch and puts it in his pocket. He picks up a backpack from the floor and walks barefoot out of the room.

INT. BUILDING/8TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Still barefoot and in pajamas, César leaves the apartment. He slowly closes the door without making a sound.

INT. BUILDING/ELEVATOR - NIGHT

He looks tiredly down at his feet. Completely white with groomed nails.

EXT. BUILDING/ROOFTOP - NIGHT

He opens the rooftop's metallic door and the rush of winter's freezing air wakes him. César wraps his arms around himself because of the cold. It's a few degrees below freezing.

He walks quickly along the roof, trying to bring a quick end to his feet's suffering on the frozen rooftop.

A thick column of smoke billows from the building's chimney.

He reaches the guardrail, sets his backpack down and climbs onto the edge.

He balances shakily, grabbing onto a cable attached to a television antenna. Below him, the void.

In front of him, the city still sleeps.

The sidewalk below is empty. Just a red car, parked directly below César.

César loosens his grip and opens his arms out.

CÉSAR (V.O.)

Reasons to stay: I  
have a good job, the  
tenants behave  
themselves...I just  
started with Clara.

(beat)

Reasons to jump: the  
job is just a job... I  
have no future with  
Clara.

He ponders a few seconds. Hesitates. Then he takes the redheaded girl's watch out of his pocket and lays it out on his palm. His reason to stay.



INT. BUILDING/ELEVATOR - NIGHT

César presses the button for the basement.

Then he looks at his feet, now ruddy from the cold. But his expression has changed. His eyes have filled with life.

INT. BUILDING/BASEMENT - NIGHT

César steps off the elevator.

He walks down the building's long basement passageway accompanied by the sound from the pipes running along the ceiling overhead.

He walks past the noisy boiler room where all of the pipes finally converge.

His destination is the basement's very last door: his studio apartment.

INT. BUILDING/BASEMENT/CÉSAR'S STUDIO/BATHROOM  
- NIGHT

César enters a furnished studio apartment. The studio has been austere decorated, even with some taste. Despite its miniscule dimensions, it would almost be considered cozy, if not for the lack of natural light and the murmur from the adjoining boiler room.

César sets his backpack on his still made bed and starts to get undressed.

CUT TO:

César under a stream of steaming hot water. He roughly scrubs his body, delighting in the water pouring over him.

CUT TO:

César, just out of the shower, dresses by the side of the bed: a white shirt and jeans. His outward appearance does nothing to belie his inner torment. César looks like a normal, easy going man.

On the night stand is a small transistor radio playing a late night program of phone calls where listeners recount their woes and dramas.

César takes the notebook with the black cover out of his backpack and puts it in his pocket.

He finishes dressing in front of the closet mirror. He puts on a grey work coat over his clothes.

I/E. BUILDING/LOBBY/FRONT DESK/SIDEWALK - DAWN

César opens the door to the front desk of the building's elegant lobby. Everything is calm and quiet: the building has yet to awaken.

The lobby has a double door leading to the street. First, an inner glass door and then an outer iron gate.

César goes over to the door and starts to open the iron gate. He looks out the glass. The red car is parked just in front of the door.

THUD!

A body smashes savagely into the car, causing the windows to shatter into a million pieces. The body is dressed in the same pajama bottom and t-shirt that César wore up on the roof. It's him.

César stops. He looks again. This time, no one is out there. No sign of a body. It was clearly just his imagination.

He goes back to his task. He unhooks the big metal bars that secure the gate and opens it.

César adjusts his coat and sits down expectantly behind his desk. He looks at his watch: 6:55 a.m. The light over the elevator bank goes on. It looks like the activity has begun.



César deposits his things on the desktop and carefully arranges them: his black notebook, a pen, the small transistor radio.

A bell notifies that the elevator just reached bottom. César looks up.

The elevator doors open and MS. VERÓNICA (65) appears, an eccentric old lady in with an excessive look in both make up and hair. With her are two sickly looking dogs on a leash in bright colored doggie outfits.

MS. VERÓNICA

(stepping off  
the  
elevator)

Okay, okay... Such a  
hurry!

(off seeing  
Cesar)

What do you have to  
say to Cesar?

CÉSAR

Good morning, Ms.  
Verónica. Always the  
first.

MS. VERÓNICA

Good morning. What's  
it like out there?

CÉSAR

Pretty cold, I'm  
afraid.



Ms. Martin checks on her dogs' jackets.

MS. VERÓNICA

A wonder. And then on  
TV they go on and on  
about this climate  
change business. What  
can I say? Here, it  
gets colder every day.  
And the last thing I  
need is these two  
catching cold on me. I  
wouldn't want another  
unfortunate incident.

A moment of silence.

CÉSAR

Still no word?

Ms. Verónica shakes her head and sighs, upset.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

What you should do is  
go out a little bit  
later. Then at least  
the weather would be a  
bit milder...

MS. VERÓNICA

There's nothing I'd  
rather, my dear, but  
poor Rocío wakes up at  
five... and at her  
age, you understand...

CÉSAR

What?

Ms. Verónica looks at him, rather  
uncomfortable. She drops her voice, as if the  
subject were awkward.

MS. VERÓNICA

Well, she can't hold  
it in, my dear. The  
trials of aging.

CÉSAR

Of course...

César opens the door and Ms. Verónica walks out  
with her dogs.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

Stay warm.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM - MORNING

The radio on the alarm clock goes off. A morning show. Shrill. Unbearable. CLARA (27), the redheaded girl, covers her head with a pillow to drown it out.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BATHROOM - MORNING

The morning radio show can still be heard playing from the bedroom.

Clara, her long locks of hair hiding her face, stumbles tiredly into the bathroom. On autopilot, she sticks a hand behind the double curtains on the bathtub and turns on the shower.

She brushes her teeth.

I/E. BUILDING/LOBBY/FRONT DESK/SIDEWALK - MORNING

The elevator doors slide open. Out walks a man, URSULA'S FATHER (40), with his two children: a boy (9) and a girl (11), ÚRSULA.

A knowing look passes between César and Úrsula.

Before going out, Úrsula goes back toward César, takes a wad of gum out of her mouth and sticks it to the wall. Then she immediately runs out to her father and brother.

César remains impassive.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BATHROOM - MORNING

Clara turns off the water and steps out of the shower.

She wraps herself in a towel and sits on the edge of the bathtub. She rubs lotion into her legs.

I/E. BUILDING/LOBBY/FRONT DESK/SIDEWALK -  
MORNING

César sits at the front desk, picks up his fountain pen and opens his black notebook. But he immediately shuts it: the girl is suddenly running back in from the street.

ÚRSULA

You got it?

Úrsula stands in front of the desk with her hand held out, shooting nervous glances at the street.

ÚRSULA (CONT'D)

Hurry it up.

César observes the girl's face, then her hand and then her face again. He takes some twenty-euro bills out of his pocket.

The girl eagerly grabs the money and counts it. Just then her father sticks his head in the door.

URSULA'S FATHER

Úrsula? What are you  
doing, for God's  
sake?! We're going to  
be late.

Úrsula turns her back toward the street in order to hide the money from her father. She pulls a scarf out of her pocket. Her father walks up.

URSULA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

What is going on?

ÚRSULA

César found it.  
(loudly, to  
César)  
Where was it?

César hesitates a second.

CÉSAR

It... it had fallen in  
the elevator.

ÚRSULA'S FATHER  
Come on. Let's go.

The girl turns around and walks off toward the door with her father. Before going out, she turns around a moment to look at César, smiling.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM - MORNING

The morning show is still playing on the radio. Really lively.

Clara just finished dressing in front of the closet mirror.

She grabs her cell phone to stick it in her purse, but she stops herself: on the screen it tells her she has received 8 messages. A slight look of worry crosses her face.

Clara erases the messages without opening them. She looks in the mirror, kind of nervous and forces a smile. Her anxiety washes away.

EXT. BUILDING/ENTRANCE/SIDEWALK - MORNING

César walks quickly along the sidewalk, guarding himself against the cold and carrying a stack of newspapers under his arm.

He opens the building door, lets two residents walk out with a friendly greeting and then goes in.

I/E. BUILDING/LOBBY/FRONT DESK/SIDEWALK - MORNING

César sets the newspapers down on the front desk bench and warms up his frozen hands. He looks at his watch: 8:20.

Four young men in suits have just come in. One of them carries a briefcase. They're laughing as they enter, in the middle of a lively conversation. They are WORKERS FROM THE OFFICE in 1-B. César greets them cordially.

CÉSAR  
Good morning.

But they continue on to the elevator bank without taking any notice of him, just chatting and laughing.

The elevator doors open and the sound of sweet laughter fills the lobby. Clara steps out, talking on her cell phone.

CLARA  
(on her cell)  
I can't believe it...  
Of course I'm going  
cocktail. It's not  
like it's a gala or my  
grandpa's birthday  
party...

Clara stops beside César and winks at him, still talking on the phone.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
(on her cell)  
...I'll carry them in  
my bag and I'll put  
them on after  
dinner...Whatever. I  
refuse to have sore  
feet for two days  
straight just so my  
legs look good one  
night...

Clara keeps talking on the phone as she bundles up. She puts on her ear muffs; she buttons up her coat; she slips on her gloves, but puts them on the wrong hand and has to start all over again. She's always a little clumsy. Every so often, she gives César a lukewarm smile.

MS. VERÓNICA (O.S.)  
Party's over.

Ms. Verónica has just came back with her dogs. César reluctantly goes to help her with the glass door.

MS. VERÓNICA (CONT'D)  
Thank you, dear.

CLARA  
(on her cell)  
Anyway, I'll see you  
in a bit and we'll  
talk... bye.

Clara hangs up.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
Good morning, César.

CÉSAR  
Miss Clara.

They greet one another, but keep up appearances, as if publicly hiding the fact that they slept together.

CÉSAR  
(serious,  
scrutinizing  
her)  
Is everything okay?

CLARA  
(never losing  
her smile)  
Everything's great.  
(to Ms.  
Verónica)  
How about that cold  
out there?

César has gone somber, pondering Clara's answer.

MS. VERÓNICA  
Tell me about it,  
dear. One of these  
days the three of us  
will be found frozen  
out on the sidewalk...

The dog goes over to Clara, who bends over to pet him.

CLARA  
Maybe if you went out  
a little later...

MS. VERÓNICA  
There's nothing I'd  
rather, but poor  
Rocío...  
(talking as  
if  
confidential  
ly)  
...she can't hold it  
in much anymore, you

know what I mean. The  
trials of aging.

(sighs)

Well, we are going to  
retire. That's been  
enough for us today.

Ms. Verónica walks away toward the elevators,  
dragging her dogs. Clara looks at her wrist  
only realize she's not wearing her watch.

CLARA

Oh. What time is it?

CÉSAR

Eight twenty-five.

CLARA

OK, gotta go. Bye.

Clara heads toward the door, but stops short.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Um...Hey, César. My  
kitchen sink is backed  
up. Do you think you  
could take a look?

CÉSAR

I'll swing by this  
afternoon.

CLARA

Great. Thank you so  
much.

Clara walks outside and out of sight, unaware  
that she's dragging the belt of her coat along  
the ground.

César goes back to the front desk. He opens his  
black notebook and writes down the times each  
resident left: 3-D out at 6:55; 8-B out at  
7:45; 1-C in at 8:18... Every page of the  
notebook is filled with meticulously recorded  
dates and times of the residents' movements in  
and out of the building.

8-A: out at 8:25. Next to this note he writes  
Clara's name and underlines it over and over  
again. Then he closes his notebook.

CUT TO:

César uses a scraper to remove the gum Úrsula stuck on the wall. A mail carrier enters, greets César and leaves a stack of letters by the door before heading back out.

The door to the elevator opens and out comes the TENANT FROM 3-B (40), an elegant and somewhat attractive woman.

TENANT FROM 3-B  
(off seeing  
César)  
Oh, fantastic.

César turns toward her, smiling.

TENANT FROM 3-B (CONT'D)  
The painter is still  
upstairs finishing up.  
And I told him when  
he's done to leave the  
windows open, so it  
really airs out.

CÉSAR  
Good idea.

TENANT FROM 3-B  
Yeah... Thing is, I'm  
out all day today and  
won't be back till  
night. And I'm afraid  
it's going to rain.  
What with everything  
just being done...I'm  
a little freaked.

CÉSAR  
Not to worry. I'll  
keep an eye on it. How  
did it turn out?

The tenant from 3-B seems kind of flirtatious, almost insinuating something.

TENANT FROM 3-B  
All I can say is, it's  
like a whole other  
apartment. Considering  
the cost, it had  
better look it because  
that thing really  
dragged out.



CÉSAR

Yes, these things  
happen. But if it  
looks good...

TENANT FROM 3-B

It does. The only  
drawback is now I have  
to start from scratch,  
to say the least... do  
the wash, organize  
closets, the  
kitchen... Anyway, I  
don't even want to  
think about it. But  
once everything is  
ship shape, you'll  
have to come up for  
dinner and see for  
yourself. You won't  
recognize it.

She heads toward the door.

TENANT FROM 3-B (CONT'D)

Thanks, César. And  
don't forget about the  
rain.

CUT TO:

César quickly and meticulously distributes mail  
into the tenants' mailboxes.

He stops when he reaches the mailbox for 8-A.  
Three identical yellow envelopes addressed to  
Clara, written in fountain pen in the same neat  
handwriting. He ponders a few seconds...

The elevator doors open: A live-in LATINA  
HOUSEKEEPER (30) pushes an old man in a  
wheelchair. The wheel gets stuck on the  
elevator door. She clumsily tries to free it.

César sticks the three envelopes into the  
mailbox for 8-A and goes to help her.

They finally manage to free up the wheel. The  
housekeeper thanks him and walks away toward  
the door, pushing the chair.

And then César notices that there's a necklace  
on the floor by the elevator. He picks it up:  
it's a small golden chain with a locket

containing a picture. It's a portrait of two smiling children with the Latina housekeeper.

But the housekeeper is no longer in sight.

EXT. AVENUE - DAY

César walks quickly through the pedestrians, wearing his coat and scarf. He eats a sandwich and is carrying a bag from a drug store.

INT. HOSPITAL/HALLWAY/ROOM - DAY

César walks along a hospital corridor and enters a room.

An old woman is prostrate and motionless on the bed. An IV tube is connected to her fragile, skeletal arm. It's CÉSAR'S MOTHER (70).

A nurse changes out the pillow under her back. The old woman doesn't respond to the nurse's touch. Her body puts up no resistance.

CÉSAR

Hi, Mom.

César's mother turns toward him.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

I'm a little late. I  
had to make a couple  
purchases.

The nurse gives him a kind smile and leaves the room.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

How are you feeling  
today?

César's mother stares at him, but doesn't react.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

(tender)  
Good, I'm glad for  
that.

César sits by his mother's side. He takes up her hand affectionately.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

Well, let's see,  
what's there to tell  
you today? Really, I  
don't have much for  
news. Everything's  
quiet at work. The  
tenants are still  
behaving themselves.  
Almost all of them.  
I'm very excited about  
the lady from 3-B, the  
one who lives next to  
the old lady with the  
dogs. You know who I'm  
talking about. I think  
there could be  
something there... and  
soon. I'll keep you  
posted.

(smiles)

The only thing that  
has me worried is  
Clara... I don't know,  
Mom. Honestly, I'm  
putting in my share,  
but I think it's  
harder than I  
expected. I'm not sure  
it's going to work...

(beat)

Anyway, I don't want  
you to worry. I'll  
figure something out.  
You know me.

INT/EXT. BUILDING/LOBBY/FRONT DESK - DAY

César comes walking quickly in. He removes his  
coat and hangs it. He leaves the bag from the  
drug store on the desk top.

TENANT FROM 4-B (V.O.)

Are you aware of the  
time?

César makes a gesture of exasperation and turns  
around. In front of him is the TENANT FROM 4-B  
(50).

TENANT FROM 4-B (CONT'D)

Well, it's four ten.  
Looks like you've  
beaten your own  
record.

CÉSAR

(trying to  
apologize)

I'm sorry, my mother-

TENANT FROM 4-B

Your personal affairs  
are of no interest to  
me. When you're not  
asleep listening to  
music, you come in  
late. Look, maybe you  
haven't heard, but  
we've got a schedule  
here to be kept. And  
you-

MS. VERÓNICA (O.S.)

(interrupting)

César, thank God.

Ms. Verónica comes off the elevator, looking  
very dolled up.

MS. VERÓNICA (CONT'D)

We've got a problem.

CÉSAR

Well, I'm sure we can  
take care of it.

Ms. Verónica stares at the tenant from 4-B,  
obviously demanding a bit of privacy.

TENANT FROM 4-B

This is your last  
shot, I'm warning you.

The tenant points his finger at him menacingly  
before walking away. Without batting an eye,  
César looks attentively toward Ms. Verónica.

CÉSAR

What seems to be the  
matter?

MS. VERÓNICA

Apparently, my friend  
María Pilar is  
celebrating her  
birthday this  
evening... And  
wouldn't you know, she  
couldn't come up with  
anything better than  
having it at the bingo  
parlor. And you know  
how that routine goes.  
You go until all  
hours, without  
realizing it... And  
then you're in a  
pickle.

César raises an eyebrow, not understanding.

MS. VERÓNICA (CONT'D)

It's about the  
kids...I feel bad  
leaving them alone so  
long, but I can't take  
them with me. It's  
terribly forbidden.  
The trials of dogs.  
So you tell me what to  
do.

CÉSAR

Not to worry...

MS. VERÓNICA

Oh, really? What a  
relief...

CÉSAR

It's no bother. I have  
to go up to fix a  
washing machine  
anyway.

MS. VERÓNICA

Oh, well then. All you  
have to do is give  
them their dinner.  
Don't forget that  
Rocío has special  
food...

CÉSAR  
...in the yellow bag.  
No more than two  
scoops.

MS. VERÓNICA  
Any more than that and  
the poor thing gets  
indigestion. You've  
really got to be  
careful with-

CÉSAR  
(interrupting  
)  
I know, Ms.  
Verónica... Don't  
worry.

MS. VERÓNICA  
You are a sweetheart,  
César. You know that?

The eccentric lady blows him a kiss and heads  
toward the exit. She turns back for a second.

MS. VERÓNICA (CONT'D)  
By the way, I left you  
a slice of pie in the  
fridge. I made it  
myself. Blueberry.

CÉSAR  
Thanks, but I have  
plans this evening.

She turns back around and comes over to César.

MS. VERÓNICA  
Ooh, now don't tell me  
you've got yourself a  
girlfriend.

CÉSAR  
No. Just some friends  
from college.

MS. VERÓNICA  
Are you sure it's not  
a girl? You're not  
hiding anything from  
me, are you?

CÉSAR

It's not a girl. If I  
had a girlfriend,  
you'd be the first to  
know.

MS. VERÓNICA

I should hope so.  
Okay, I should go or  
there won't be any  
cards left. You can't  
imagine how these  
ladies get...

CÉSAR

Have fun.

Ms. Verónica turns around and winks at him with  
a mischievous smile.

MS. VERÓNICA

Same to you.

CUT TO:

Cesar, sitting bored behind the front desk. The  
news is on the transistor radio. Going over all  
the ugly things that have occurred.

EXT. BUILDING/ENTRANCE/SIDEWALK - DUSK

Darkness slowly comes on. César walks about the  
sidewalk in front of the building, his hands in  
his pockets. He goes from one side to the  
other, trying to kill time.

The office workers come out, in a lively  
conversation.

CÉSAR

See you tomorrow.

They don't answer. They didn't even notice him.

Úrsula appears with her father and brother,  
approaching the entrance. Úrsula's brother  
drags his wheeled backpack behind him, without  
a care. They're in a heated argument and don't  
notice César either. Except for Úrsula, of  
course.

ÚRSULA

Hi, César.

César doesn't answer.



INT. BUILDING/LOBBY/FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Night has fallen outside. César is straightening up the front desk. He puts his pen, notebook and transistor radio in his pocket.

He opens a padlocked wooden box hanging on the wall. Inside is an assortment of keys with their respective tags. He grabs a couple sets, 3-B and 3-D, and puts them in his pocket. He padlocks it again.

A woman walks in from outside, the CLEANING LADY (50), accompanied by a young man who looks like he's not the sharpest stick in the bundle, the CLEANING LADY'S SON (18).

CLEANING LADY

Evening.

CÉSAR

Comrades...

It looks like a played out routine. The woman and her son leave their coats in a wooden closet in the wall and grab their cleaning products.



CLEANING LADY

Quiet day?

CÉSAR

Quiet? The tenants  
went out; we got mail;  
the tenants came back  
in... insanity.

The Cleaning Lady laughs. Her son looks  
apathetic.

CLEANING LADY

You're still young.  
You should find  
yourself something  
more fulfilling...  
(looking  
reproachfull  
y at her  
son)  
...since you're one  
who can.

Now César opens the front desk drawer and grabs  
the only keys in there. They have a tag that  
reads, "OFFICE 1B".

CÉSAR

I don't think so. I  
wouldn't trade this  
job for anything in  
the world.

CLEANING LADY'S SON

Each to his own...

César comes out from behind the front desk,  
shuts it and hands the office key to the  
cleaning lady who, in turn, hands it to her  
son.

CLEANING LADY

You keep your mouth  
shut because you are  
not one to talk.

César goes to the door and locks the gate.

CLEANING LADY'S SON

Jesus, Mom.

CLEANING LADY

Don't you "Jesus" me.  
You should be ashamed.

CÉSAR

When you've finished,  
leave them in the  
drawer.

CLEANING LADY

Like always. God, what  
a pain you are!

César heads for the elevator bank.

CÉSAR

Well, all yours. See  
you tomorrow.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 3-D/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN  
- NIGHT

César enters Ms. Verónica's apartment wearing headphones, intoning a song. He carries a small toolbox. The two dogs come running to him, their tags wagging.

The apartment is a testament to her age and loneliness, full of pictures and mementos. There are many shots of a much younger Ms. Verónica at society events, her hugging a brown cocker spaniel, her as a girl at her first communion, her looking younger with people who are likely her parents. And more portraits of the brown cocker spaniel with her two other dogs.

César moves assuredly through the apartment. He goes into the kitchen and grabs two bags of dog food, one of them yellow.

He goes out into the hall and pours out the food onto two little plates on the floor. On one of the plates, he pours out two portions from the yellow bag. And another and another until the food falls off the plate.

César stands there for a moment watching the dogs as they voraciously eat.

INT. BUILDING/3RD FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

César walks out of 3-D and stands still a moment, in silence. Then he approaches the door to 3-B, sticks the key in the lock and enters.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 3-D/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

The apartment looks like it was just renovated, with recently painted walls, a ladder still in the middle of the hall and two closed buckets of paint in a corner. The new parquet floor shines. The windows are open.

César goes into the kitchen. The wash machine is on, but not churning.

He forces it aside, leaving a gap open behind it. He sets his toolbox on the floor next to him and opens it.

He rolls up his sleeves, ready to work.

INT. BUILDING/BASEMENT/HALLWAY - NIGHT

César walks along the dark hallway to his studio, carrying the toolbox.

INT. BUILDING/BASEMENT/CÉSAR'S STUDIO/BATHROOM - NIGHT

In the bathroom, César removes various sticks of fragrance-free deodorant and a bottle of nail polish remover from the drug store bag. He places them neatly on a shelf next to others.

CUT TO:

César showers under very hot water. He meticulously scrubs down his body.

CUT TO:

Sitting on his bed in boxers, he smears fragrance-free deodorant all over his body. He goes over and over practically every inch of skin.

CUT TO:

He opens the fridge, takes out a plastic container of food and puts it in his backpack along with pajamas and the black notebook.

INT. BUILDING/LOBBY/FRONT DESK - NIGHT

The lobby is in half-light. César goes behind the front desk. He opens the desk drawer and puts the keys to the office in it.

He opens the wooden box for the keys and puts back those for 3-B and 3-D.

Finally, he grabs the keys to 8-A and closes the box back up.

INT. BUILDING/8TH FLOOR LANDING- NIGHT

The elevator doors open. César steps out and walks slowly down the hall, listening attentively for any stirring about in the apartments.

He stops in front of the door to 8-A.

He looks to one side, then the other. There's nobody there. He goes back and stares at the door just in front of him, the door to 8-B. He observes it for a moment distrustfully. Everything seems quiet.

He takes the key to 8-A out of his pocket, puts it in the lock and enters.

He closes the door behind him.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

It's the apartment he left in the middle of the night. Clara's apartment.

It's medium-sized, cute. The front door opens straight into the living room which leads into the kitchen. A hallway leads back to the bedroom, with a door leading off to the bathroom before it.

The living room is somewhat untidy, but within acceptable bounds. The ironing board is set up between the couch and the television with a basket of clothes on top of it.

César takes off his shoes and places them in his backpack. He walks barefoot back to the bedroom.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM - NIGHT

César enters the bedroom.

He lays on the bed. Waits. Looks at his watch. It's 9:30 p.m. He turns on the clock radio that sits on the night stand and music fills the bedroom.

CÉSAR  
Don't be late...

He closes his eyes, laying down face up.

CUT TO:

Time lapse. The song on the radio has changed. César is still on the bed, immobile, dozing.

Finally, the sound of a key in the front door lock.

César opens his eyes. In a fast movement, he shuts off the radio.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN  
- NIGHT

Clara enters her apartment. She turns on the light.

She throws her bag down on the couch and, a little nervous, opens one of the yellow envelopes that were in her mailbox. She gives it a quick once-over and then rips it up. She does the same with the other two.

She breathes deeply a couple seconds to calm herself down.

More relaxed, she goes straight to the refrigerator. She ponders what to grab, finally settling on a carrot. She's about to shut the

door, but has second thoughts and grabs the jar of Nutella as well.

She treats herself to a spoonful of chocolate. She savors it. Then, as if to distance herself from the temptation, she quickly replaces the cover and sticks it back in the fridge.

She crosses the living room, munching on the carrot, which doesn't seem half as satisfying, and turns on the television to a music station.

She heads toward the bedroom.

BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM- NIGHT

She turns on the light. The bed is undisturbed. There is no sign of César.

Clara removes her heels as she undoes her skirt. She lets it fall to the floor.

She opens the big closet in front of the bed, full of clothes and shoes. She digs around in her things.

She takes off her shirt and lets it fall next to her skirt. She's now in her bra and panties.

Clara jumps, startled. She sees that the curtains aren't shut and she can be seen from outside. Clara tries to cover herself as she goes over to the window and shuts them.

CLARA

Ciao.

She goes back to the closet and chooses a man's extra large t-shirt with the JUVENTUS shield on it, wearing it like a nightgown.

She goes over to the night stand. Her feet move about just inches from César's face, who is there, lying under the bed.

There's about a foot and a half between the mattress and the floor, enough space to allow him some freedom of movement.

Suddenly, the notes of a new song come floating in from the living room. César watches as Clara starts to get into it, dancing and singing along.

The light goes off in the bedroom. Clara's feet disappear into the hallway.

César is once again submerged in half-light. He lets out a big breath and relaxes. He shuts his eyes and waits calmly in his position.

From the living room, Clara's voice is still singing along to the song.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Clara has fallen asleep on the couch with the television still on. A plate sits on the floor.

César peeks out from the bedroom.

He stealthily approaches the girl. One light step followed by another, trying not to make a single sound. He gets to within a short distance of Clara, of her face.

Suddenly...he's surprised by the ringing of a telephone.

César quickly shrinks back to the bedroom as Clara, confused, wakes up and looks through her purse for her cell phone. She clumsily spills half the contents before finding it.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM - NIGHT

César quickly slides back under the bed.

CÉSAR  
(without  
making a  
sound, lip  
syncing)  
Hey, babe.

The television is turned off in the living room.

CLARA (O.S.)  
(from the  
living room,  
happy)  
Hey, babe... It's  
kinda late, isn't it?  
(long pause)

No... I already ate. I  
was just watching tv,  
hoping you'd remember  
me.

The bedroom light comes on. Clara's feet  
approach the bed.

Clara lets out a huge laugh in response to a  
witty comment from the other end of the line.



CLARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
...you dummy!...

Clara gets in bed. The mattress presses down  
toward César's face under her weight.

CLARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(tenderly)  
...nothing. I'm  
getting in bed. I'm  
exhausted.  
(pause)  
... Yeah, I sleep  
fine, it's not that.  
But I'm like groggy  
all day long. I don't  
know...  
(beat, she  
goes  
serious)  
....Yes. Text messages  
all day, a couple  
calls at the office.  
And letters... But



don't worry. I'm fine,  
really...

(pause)

No... I don't know.  
It's no big deal. What  
would I say, anyway?  
Hey, I want to report  
someone sending me  
texts and...

(pause)

Okay, I'll call  
tomorrow. I promise.

César smiles, satisfied.

CLARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(changing  
tone)

So, what about the  
wedding?

(pause)

...I know Marta  
doesn't care if you  
come or not... but  
it's a chance for us  
to be together. At  
least one weekend...  
Fine, whatever. But if  
I hook up with a  
hottie wedding guest,  
no complaints...

(now  
tenderly)

Yeah, right... Well,  
good night, babe. I  
love you...

CÉSAR

(without a  
sound)

So much.

CLARA (O.S.)

...so much.

Silence. César waits. The light remains on.  
Clara seems to have stopped moving. César  
nervously clenches his fists.

Finally, the light goes off. The sound of Clara  
getting in under the covers.

FADE TO:

Time lapse. In the bed above him, Clara breathes deeply. She seems to have fallen asleep.

There is something like a patch sewn onto the bottom of the mattress. César delicately cuts the thread and reveals a round hole in the mattress' latex interior, some 3 inches in diameter.

He sticks his hand inside and pulls out a surgeon's mask and a little vial containing clear liquid. He also takes out a roll of gauze and some scissors. He cuts a piece of gauze, puts on the mask and comes silently out from under the bed.

Clara is still asleep.

He approaches her, slowly. He opens the vial and wets the piece of gauze...

Quickly and stealthily, he brings the soaked gauze to Clara's nose. A few seconds go by...

...Clara is knocked out, in the bed.

César relaxes. He removes the mask and sits beside her. He uncovers her. Clara doesn't move.

CÉSAR  
Hello, Clara.



INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN  
- NIGHT

César enters the kitchen with the plastic container he brought from home.

He opens the dishwasher. It's half-full. He grabs a dirty plate and fork and washes them in the sink.

The water backs up. Indeed, the drainpipe is clogged.

He pours his food from the container out onto the plate.

CUT TO:

César inspects the contents of a chest of drawers in the living room. He takes out a photo album.

Sitting on the floor, he opens the album to a page marked with a scratch. He carefully pores over the pictures, page after page, as he eats.

He stops on every picture in the album. They're pictures of Clara as a teenager, on the beach in summer. A picture of Clara posing in a red bikini, a group shot with Clara in a flowered miniskirt. She's hugging a DARK-HAIRED TEENAGE BOY.

He keeps going over pages. More pictures of Clara with friends from school, in a theme park. César marks the page and closes the album.

He stands up and puts it back in the drawer, just as he found it.

He picks up his crumbs from the floor.

CUT TO:

César puts the plate and fork he used back into the dishwasher in the exact same position he found them in.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BATHROOM- NIGHT

César stands in front of the bathroom mirror, squeezes toothpaste on Clara's toothbrush and brushes his teeth.

He inspects Clara's beauty products at the same time. He opens and touches every bottle of beauty product.

They're all around: in the bathroom cabinet, on the edge of the bathtub, on the chest. Lotions, all kinds of exfoliants, conditioners, toners.

He rinses out his mouth, dries off the toothbrush with toilet paper and puts it back where it was.

He lifts the toilet seat and urinates.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM- NIGHT

He goes back to the bedroom, accompanied by the lingering sound of the toilet tank filling.

Clara still doesn't move. She's knocked out and uncovered on the bed.



César stands by her. He talks to her as if she could hear him, his fingertips caressing her hair.

CÉSAR  
You like lotions,  
don't you, Clara?

César takes off his t-shirt... his pants.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)  
That's why you're  
always so soft...

He brings his face close to hers.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
...and smell so good.

Then he takes off his boxers. He's naked,  
standing next to her.

Then César pulls his backpack out from under  
the bed. He takes out pajama bottoms and puts  
them on.

Once in pajamas, he gathers up his clothing and  
puts it neatly into his backpack. He picks up  
his cell phone.

He lays down beside Clara and starts to write a  
text message.

Clara's cell phone beeps, letting her know she  
received a message. And another one. And  
another.

César puts his cell phone back in his bag.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Good night.

César curls up beside her, spooning her. He  
closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

The faint sound of the alarm on his watch goes  
off. It's 4 in the morning.

César opens his eyes. He's still holding Clara,  
on top of the covers.

He rushes to turn off the alarm before it has a  
chance to wake her.

He just lies there, staring at the ceiling,  
expressionless. Slowly, anguish overcomes him.

Next to him, under the covers, Clara is still  
in a deep sleep.

INT. BUILDING/8TH FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

César walks barefoot out of the apartment,  
carrying his backpack and still in pajamas. He  
slowly, silently closes the door.

ÚRSULA (O.S.)  
Still at it?

César recoils. The door to 8-B is open. Úrsula  
is in her nightgown, staring at him  
provokingly.

ÚRSULA (CONT'D)  
You're pushing it.

César regains his composure.

CÉSAR  
What the fuck are you  
doing?

ÚRSULA  
What are you doing,  
dickwad?



CÉSAR  
(somewhat  
threatening)  
Do your parents know  
you're up at this time  
of night?

ÚRSULA  
If you want, we can  
ask them right now.  
Dad?

César hurries it up.

CÉSAR  
(whispering)  
Shut up. I already  
gave you what you  
asked for.

ÚRSULA  
(also  
whispering)  
Oh, yeah, that's  
right. But it's, like,  
you can't imagine how  
bad I want to tell my  
parents just how nasty  
you are... or Miss  
Clara... or the cops.

CÉSAR  
What do you want?

A few seconds of silence.

ÚRSULA  
An adult movie.

CÉSAR  
What?

ÚRSULA  
You know exactly what  
I mean.

CÉSAR  
Is that it?

ÚRSULA  
That's it...for now.

CÉSAR  
Fine. Now go to bed.

ÚRSULA  
But one you see  
everything in. None of  
that soft core stuff.

CÉSAR  
I got it.

The girl closes the door unceremoniously. César is alone in the hallway. He looks down each end. Nobody seems to have noticed.

EXT. BUILDING/ROOFTOP - NIGHT

César opens the access door to the roof. The cold sinks into his bones.

He goes to the guardrail and looks out over it. He makes out the red car parked along the sidewalk.

He walks along the rooftop until he reaches the spot above the car. He sets down his backpack and climbs onto the guardrail, balancing shakily. In front of him, the void.

CÉSAR (V.O.)  
Reasons to stay: I  
have a good job. I  
have new ideas for  
Clara...  
(beat)  
...reasons to jump:  
...the job is just a  
job... I'll never have  
to see that little  
bitch again... It's  
still not working with  
Clara.

César ponders his options.

INT. BUILDING/LOBBY/FRONT DESK - MORNING

César sits behind his desk, waiting for the building to awaken.



The elevator doors open and Ms. Verónica comes out with her dogs. She wears a rather serious look.

CÉSAR

Good morning. How was the bingo parlor?

MS. VERÓNICA

Um, good... it was good...

As usual, she deals with getting her dogs bundled up.

CÉSAR

Is something the matter?

MS. VERÓNICA

No... it's nothing.

CÉSAR

Really?

MS. VERÓNICA

It's silly... It's just...what happened to Cork, it was one month ago exactly...

CÉSAR

Your cocker spaniel?

MS. VERÓNICA

I must seem like such a silly fool to you. I should think happy thoughts instead of--

CÉSAR

No, it's good you remember him. I'm sure he remembers you, too.

Ms. Verónica goes silent, visibly upset.

MS. VERÓNICA

I don't know, my dear. It's this uncertainty. I can't get it out of my head that somebody found him. That any day he'll be brought

home... I mean, he had  
on his ID tag. They're  
obligatory nowadays.

CÉSAR  
(interrupting)  
It'd be better for you  
to come to terms with  
it. Even if it's  
painful. Believe me.

Ms. Verónica keeps looking at him.

MS. VERÓNICA  
Yes, I suppose you're  
right. Maybe buy  
another doggie is what  
I should do... I don't  
know... Do you think  
that would be okay?

Ms. Verónica's eyes have lit up once again.

CÉSAR  
Another dog? To  
replace him?

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM/HALLWAY -  
MORNING

Clara comes down the hallway with a mug of  
steaming coffee in one hand and a carrot in the  
other. She looks tired. She goes into the  
bedroom.

She holds the carrot between her teeth and sets  
the coffee mug on the bed. She goes through her  
cell phone and nervously erases the messages.  
She throws the phone on the bed... and  
accidentally knocks over the mug. The coffee  
spills across the covers.

But instead of freaking out, Clara laughs over  
what happened.

CLARA  
I'm on a hell of a  
roll!

INT. BUILDING/LOBBY/FRONT DESK - MORNING

The elevator doors open and the Úrsula comes out with her father and brother.

César and the girl give each other a tense look. The girl makes as if she's about to tell her father everything, but stops herself, giving off a ridiculing smile. She's eating a piece of chocolate candy. She smashes it into the wall and keeps walking, leaving a trail of chocolate on the wall.

César maintains his composure.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BATHROOM - MORNING

Clara goes into the bathroom. She turns on the shower.

She grabs a couple of lotions from the cabinet and looks them over, indecisive. She finally puts one of the bottles back in the cabinet and opens the other before leaving it on the sink.

As the water in the shower runs, heating up, Clara starts to brush her teeth. She stops, tired. She looks at her worn out face in the cabinet mirror. She forces a smile and tries to perk herself up. She goes back to energetically brushing her teeth.

EXT. BUILDING/SIDEWALK - MORNING

César walks along the sidewalk with newspapers under his arm. He enters the building.

INT./EXT. BUILDING/LOBBY/SIDEWALK - MORNING

César heads toward the front desk with the newspapers.

The group of office workers is waiting in front of one of the elevators.

CÉSAR

Excuse me.

César goes up to one of them, OFFICE WORKER  
(30).

OFFICE WORKER

Yes, um...

CÉSAR

César.

OFFICE WORKER

Oh, right. César. Yes?

CÉSAR

Well, it's that  
yesterday I was  
talking to the  
building manager.  
Apparently, the agency  
would like to know how  
things are going with  
the cleaning lady. If  
we're satisfied and  
all.

The office worker thinks it over. He doesn't  
seem to have a set idea.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

It seems some of the  
tenants have  
complained.

OFFICE WORKER

Well, now that you  
mention it... it's not  
like they leave it  
pristine. But, I don't  
know...

César looks at him, his expression serious.

CÉSAR

If it's no bother,  
take a look. I need to  
get them an answer  
right away.

OFFICE WORKER

Yeah, we'll take a  
look.

CÉSAR

Okay, thanks... and  
sorry.

The office worker turns back toward the  
elevators where he crosses paths with Clara who

has just stepped off, adjusting her cap and coat. César looks at his watch, 8:30.

CLARA  
Good morning.

CÉSAR  
Good morning, Miss Clara. Did you sleep well? You're looking tired...

CLARA  
Yeah, I don't know what's up with me lately. I'm drowsy all day. And it can't be for lack of sleep. And please, call me Clara...

CÉSAR  
I'd prefer it this way, if you don't mind. It helps me in my work.

CLARA  
Oh, okay.

CÉSAR  
You're out late today, aren't you?

CLARA  
Oh, really? What time is it?

CÉSAR  
Eight thirty.

CLARA  
Oh, I'm dead. I even think I lost my watch. Can you believe that?

CÉSAR  
Goodness. Was it very valuable?

CLARA  
What?

CÉSAR

The watch...

CLARA

Well, it was... it's a  
keepsake of my  
father...

(a smile  
comes across  
her face)

To me, it was  
valuable.

Clara finishes bundling herself up.

CÉSAR

I went by your  
apartment  
yesterday...it looks  
like something is  
clogging it up. I'll  
go back today with  
some drain opener...

CLARA

Great.

(beat)

Well, I'm out. If you  
find a watch around  
here... you know.

CÉSAR

You're sure  
everything's okay?

Clara looks at him for a moment, skeptical, and  
then a huge smile comes across her face.

CLARA

Of course. 'Bye.

Clara disappears onto the street. César  
observes her walk away, his face tainted with  
frustration.

CUT TO:

César unenthusiastically distributes the mail.  
He deposits letters into mailboxes. Again, two  
yellow envelopes for Clara. He slides them into  
the box for 8-A.

Today there's also a stack of take-out menus. He throws them all in the wastepaper basket, except for one that he sticks in his pocket.

CUT TO:

César sits behind the front desk, looking somber. A news show comes over the transistor radio.

He distractedly caresses the necklace that the Latina housekeeper dropped the day before. He looks carefully at the picture it holds with the two smiling children.

The sound of the door makes him look up. It's the Latino housekeeper who just came in, pushing the old man in the wheelchair.

César quickly stands up and goes to her.

CÉSAR

Wait... I think I have  
something of yours.

The housekeeper turns around. Hopeful, she pulls the chair clumsily out of the elevator. César pulls the take-out menu that he'd put in his pocket out.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

I forgot to put it in  
the mailbox  
yesterday...

(beat)

By the way... Did you  
find your necklace?

The girl's expression darkens. She shakes her head. She obviously doesn't want to talk about it.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

I hope it wasn't very  
valuable.

The housekeeper shakes her head. It's not the answer César was expecting, so he pours more salt on the wound.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

Perhaps it was more  
sentimental in value?

This time she nods.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

I'm truly very sorry.  
And it probably wound  
up in any old place,  
ready to be snatched  
up by the first person  
to come along... These  
things are so  
maddening. I really do  
understand.

The girl nods. She gives the chair a push and  
enters the elevator. The doors close.

EXT. BUILDING/SIDEWALK - DAY

A firetruck parks outside the building. César  
waits on the sidewalk.

A bunch of firefighters jumped down and start  
to unroll a suction hose. Another goes to talk  
with César.

FIREMAN

What happened?

INT. BUILDING/3RD FLOOR LANDING - DAY

The hallway floor is flooded with water. The  
firefighters are bringing the suction hose up  
the staircase.

The door to 3-B is open. The water is clearly  
coming out of this apartment. We can make out  
the inside, totally flooded. Some tenants have  
come out to gooseneck.

While the firemen work, César talks with Ms.  
Verónica, who holds one of her dogs in her  
arms.

MS. VERÓNICA

Imagine, I heard the  
vroom, vroom all  
morning, but I mean,  
who could have  
guessed?



CÉSAR

Of course not.

César doesn't pay her much attention. His only interest seems to be the elevator doors, as if he were waiting for something.

MS. VERÓNICA

So now, what if it  
gets into my place?  
That's the last thing  
I'd need...

(referring to  
her dog

Rocío)

On top of this little  
lady. She's under the  
weather on me again.

CÉSAR

Not to worry. These  
gentlemen will fix it.

The elevator door opens and the tenant from 3-B  
appears, totally beside herself.

TENANT FROM 3-B

Oh, God!

One of the firemen stops her.

FIREMAN 2

We've already cut off  
the water. It'll be a  
few minutes.

TENANT FROM 3-B

(sobbing)

But, what happened?

FIREMAN 2

A leak from the  
washer. We always say,  
they should never be  
left on when no one's  
home. Because there's  
no telling what'll  
happen.

César goes up to her.

CÉSAR  
I'm so very sorry. As  
soon as I realized, I  
immediately called  
you.

TENANT FROM 3-B  
(crying,  
loses her  
wits)  
Oh, God!

EXT. BUILDING/SIDEWALK - DAY

César exits the building in his coat and walks  
a few steps along the sidewalk until he reaches  
a storm drain. He seems pleased.

He looks discreetly in one direction and the  
other, takes the housekeeper's necklace from  
his pocket and drops it in the opening.

INT. STORM DRAIN - DAY

The necklace drops onto the puddle-dotted  
floor, right beside other personal items like  
IDs, a wallet, a credit card... and a dog  
collar sporting an engraved tag with the name  
CORK.

INT. HOSPITAL/ROOM - DAY

César is seated, as always, beside his mother.  
He tenderly caresses her hands as she stares  
fixedly at the wall.

CÉSAR  
You should have seen  
her face. The  
renovations had gone  
on for two months.  
Imagine...

César's mother looks away. César grabs her head  
and puts it back toward him.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)  
Today was a good day,  
Mom. Now just things  
with Clara need to

improve. She's having  
a hard time with it.  
Constantly with that  
grin.

(mimicking  
Clara)

"Everything's fine.  
Everything's great."  
But anyway, I think  
we're on the right  
path. That smile will  
fade. It's just a  
question of one little  
push more.

César shows her a plastic bag from a department  
store, smiling.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

And I think I've  
already got an idea.

César's mother closes her eyes, as if she wants  
to stop hearing, to stop feeling.

INT. BUILDING/BASEMENT/CÉSAR'S STUDIO - DAY

The news is on the television, a story about a  
multiple-car crash on the highway.

César is sitting at the table, eating a  
sandwich. In front of him is a yellow sheet of  
paper and an envelope of the same color. César  
is about to write when someone knocks on his  
door.

He looks at his watch, surprised. He hides the  
paper and sighs, stands up and goes to the  
door.

CÉSAR

(loudly)

What is it? I still  
have five more  
minutes.

He opens and finds the Úrsula there, just back  
from school in her uniform and backpack.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

What are you doing  
here? Shouldn't you be  
at school?

ÚRSULA

What's it to you? You  
got it or what?

César goes back inside his studio. He takes a plastic envelope down from his bookshelf. The girl sees her chance to come in and look around.

ÚRSULA (CONT'D)

You live here? It  
looks so ordinary. Too  
ordinary...It's not  
very you... You sure  
it's even yours? Maybe  
you snuck in here,  
too.

CÉSAR

(handing her  
the  
envelope)

Here. Enjoy.

The girl removes the contents from the envelope. It's a porn DVD. From the looks of the jacket design, it's totally explicit. She lets out a bellowing laugh, surprised.

ÚRSULA

Have you seen it?

She doesn't give him time to answer.

ÚRSULA (CONT'D)

I bet you have. Perv.

César pushes her out the door.

CÉSAR

Make sure your parents  
don't catch you.

ÚRSULA

Don't worry. If they  
find it, I'll just  
tell them you gave it  
to me... and invited  
me over to watch it at  
your bachelor pad and  
tried to give me a  
funny-smelling drink-

César slams the door shut.

INT. BUILDING/LOBBY/FRONT DESK - DAY

TENANT FROM 4-B  
What the hell do you  
think this is?

The tenant from 4-B was waiting for César at  
the front desk. He looks furious.

César, in his work coat, stops in front of him.

CÉSAR  
I was finishing lunch.  
I had a pretty hectic  
morning.

TENANT FROM 4-B  
Yeah, I already heard.  
(beat)  
You don't go up to the  
roof much, do you?

César stops. A hint of worry washes over his  
face.

CÉSAR  
What?

TENANT FROM 4-B  
Come with me.

CÉSAR  
But... I have a  
schedule to keep. I  
can't now.

The tenant from 4-B lets out an annoyed huff.

INT. BUILDING/ELEVATOR - DAY

César and the tenant from 4-B ride the elevator  
up. Not a word is spoken.

EXT. BUILDING/ROOFTOP - DAY

They walk out onto the roof. César peers around  
for overlooked traces of his nocturnal visits.  
He sees nothing.

TENANT FROM 4-B  
Over here.

The tenant from 4-B walks toward the other side of the rooftop. César follows him, perplexed.

They reach a section where various flowerpots are gathered. Some are covered by a white tarp, others go unprotected.

The tenant from 4-B looks at the plants and then at César. César does the same: he looks at the plants, then at the man.

CÉSAR

What?

The tenant from 4-B gets huffy.

TENANT FROM 4-B

Don't play dumb with me. I remember this issue being drilled into that head of yours.

César still has no idea.

TENANT FROM 4-B (CONT'D)

You were supposed to cover the plants, all the plants, with thermal covering.

(points out the plants)

Just look at the dipladenias.

César looks at them.

TENANT FROM 4-B (CONT'D)

Dead. They're all dead. Do you know what they cost?

CÉSAR

And yet so ugly?

The tenant from 4-B blows his lid.

TENANT FROM 4-B

Don't you smart talk me! You won't be so smug when the tenants get the additional maintenance bill for your negligence.

(not holding  
back)  
You haven't even been  
here two months yet  
and you do nothing but  
fuck up... not to  
mention your attitude.

César looks at him, totally expressionless and  
nodding, but making it clear that nothing the  
man says will have any effect on him.

TENANT FROM 4-B (CONT'D)  
Fine. Fine then...  
Whatever. Frankly, I  
don't think you're  
going to last too long  
on this job.

The tenant from 4-B walks away in a huff.

CÉSAR  
(apathetic)  
Have a nice day.

INT. BUILDING/LOBBY/FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Night has already fallen. César is seated at  
the front desk, taking down notes on the  
evening's schedule in his black notebook. The  
transistor radio is set to one of the regular  
evening magazine shows.

The cleaning lady arrives with her son.

CLEANING LADY  
It's freezing out, for  
God's sake!

CÉSAR  
This is a good thing.  
It does wonders for  
stress.

CLEANING LADY  
Yeah, right! That's a  
good one...

César closes his notebook. He gathers up his  
things and takes the keys to 8-A out of the  
box, discreetly slipping them into his pocket.  
And then he pulls out the keys to the office at  
1-B out of the desk drawer.

The woman and her son hang their jackets in the cleaning closet, put on their work coats and grab their supplies. They're chatting.

César goes over to them and holds out the office keys.

CÉSAR  
Oh, one thing...

CLEANING LADY  
We leave them in the  
drawer. Man, are you  
ever-

CÉSAR  
(interrupting)  
No... it's  
serious...thing is,  
this morning the  
people from the office  
came to see me.

The woman stares at him expectantly.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)  
I...if I were you two,  
I'd take a little more  
time with it.

CLEANING LADY  
(on the  
defensive)  
What did they say?

CÉSAR  
Well, they complained  
about how they find  
the office when they  
get in.

The woman looks at her son.

CLEANING LADY'S SON  
That's not true. I go  
over everything  
before-

CLEANING LADY  
Shut up!

César goes to shut the iron gate.



CÉSAR  
They're pretty mad.  
They wanted to bring  
it up to the agency,  
but I told them to  
hold out, that I'd  
talk to you first.

CLEANING LADY'S SON  
(nervous)  
Mom, I swear I-

CLEANING LADY  
Shut your mouth!  
That's enough from  
you.

The mother turns toward César.

CLEANING LADY (CONT'D)  
I'll go with him  
tonight. And  
César...thank you...

César heads toward the elevators.

CÉSAR  
No problem.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

César enters, using his key. The backpack is slung on his shoulder and the bag from the department store is in his hand. He removes his shoes.

CUT TO:

César goes into the kitchen, takes out a bottle of liquid drain opener from the bag and sets it by the sink.

He crouches down under the kitchen sink and dismantles the pipe.

He pulls out a scrubber that was blocking the drainage and reinstalls the pipe.

César checks that the water now flows freely.

Then he takes Clara's gold watch out of his pocket and pours the drain opener over it. He watches the acid eat away at it.

BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM- NIGHT

César stands, leaning over the bed, and observes the coffee stain on the covers, perplexed. He sniffs it. He can't imagine what could have happened.

CUT TO:

César, lying on the bed with the radio on. It's 9:30 p.m.

The sound of keys entering the lock. César quickly turns off the music, wipes his hand over the covers to erase his outline and slides under the bed. From the living room: the sound of Clara's heels.

César smiles.

CUT TO:

César is still under the bed. His watch reads 11:16 p.m. The phone rings.

Clara answers in the living room, accompanied by the sound of the television.

CLARA (O.S.)

Hey, babe...

César moves his lips almost in perfect synchronization, without emitting a single sound.

CÉSAR

Hey, babe...

CLARA (O.S.)

I'm so jealous. It's totally freezing here...

(Pause)

...Yeah, right. I come to San Francisco on sabbatical. And hey, screw work. What more could I ask for?...

(Pause)

Yeah...this morning...  
Nothing, that I  
shouldn't get too  
freaked. That it's  
unlikely he even knows  
me. They're nutcases  
that randomly search  
for victims, with  
like, the white pages.  
Until they get tired  
and they move on to  
the next. Anyway,  
that's not exactly  
what's keeping me from  
a restful night's  
sleep.

César furrows his brow in frustration and surprise.

CLARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I asked for an  
appointment with the  
doctor... Even though  
I know what he's going  
to say, that it's  
stress, maybe work.  
But whatever, I'll go.  
(pause)  
...Right, that's it.  
It's all because of my  
unrestrained sexual  
activity.

Clara laughs. Then, a long pause. Clara is likely listening to something her boyfriend says.

CUT TO:

Clara is heard from the living room, agreeing on the phone. César goes through his preparations under the bed. He opens the hole in the mattress and takes out the mask, the gauze and the vial of chloroform.

The light goes on. Clara comes into the bedroom. César goes still and holds his breath.

CLARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Did I tell you I found  
the watch?... I guess  
I dropped it down the

kitchen sink and the  
doorman destroyed it  
with drain  
opener...no, what did  
he know?... He even  
left me a note. Poor  
guy.

(laughs,  
playful)  
I can only imagine  
what he went through.

César clenches his teeth, disappointed.

CUT TO:

The bedroom is now dark.

César stands next to Clara who sleeps  
peacefully on the bed. He wears the mask and  
holds the chloroform-soaked gauze in his hand.

He rapidly brings the chloroform to her nose.  
But this time, her reaction is not the one he  
expected:

Clara recoils, sits up and turns her head...  
she's face-to-face with César. Eyes wide open.

One second and then she falls to the bed,  
inert.

César, shocked, stands there frozen for a few  
seconds. He looks at the chloroform in his  
hand, perplexed.

CÉSAR  
Wow... I think we're  
going to have to  
change the recipe.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BATHROOM - NIGHT

César sits on the edge of the tub and removes a  
vial of lye and a syringe from the department  
store bag. He injects the contents into a jar  
of cream.

He repeats the operation with Clara's bottles,  
lotions, shampoos and soaps.

He digs around in the cabinet under the sink,  
but all he finds are different bottles and bug

sprays. He's about to shut the cabinet back up, but stops himself. He inspects it again, this time more carefully: it's full of products against all kinds of infestations. It's practically obsessive.

CÉSAR

Aha... What have we  
here? You don't like  
bugs, is it?

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

César is seated on the couch. He opens the photo album where he left off.

He continues his examination of the pictures: Clara with her mother, as a teenager sitting at a beach-side bar with a dark-haired boy. Another one with the same boy, standing in an embrace at an overlook by the sea.

César stops. He pores carefully over the pictures. He goes back various pages until he reaches the group shot with Clara in the flowered skirt. In it, Clara is obviously hanging on a dark-haired teenage boy. It's definitely the same kid.

César smiles. It looks like he just came upon something important.

He removes one of the pictures with the boy and puts it in his pocket.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BATHROOM - NIGHT

César brushes his teeth with Clara's brush.

He urinates in the toilet.

BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM- NIGHT

Clara remains knocked out, sleeping.

César comes into the bedroom with a bowl of water, a sponge and a washcloth from the bathroom. He sets it all down on the dresser.

Then he approaches the bed and takes the picture of Clara with the dark-haired boy out of his pocket and holds it out to her.

CÉSAR  
(whispering  
enthusiastically)  
You've been keeping  
this one under wraps.  
It looks like this guy  
really knows you...

He puts the picture back in his pocket and starts to have fun. He takes off his t-shirt.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)  
Clara... I think we're  
starting to know each  
other better.

He takes off his boxers and gets into bed naked. He nears her and whispers in her ear.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)  
It's time to get  
serious.

He embraces her.

CUT TO:

The alarm on his watch goes off.

César quickly turns it off before Clara has a chance to wake up. He's still naked and next to her on the bed.

His expression is overcome by anxiety, like it always is when he awakens.

INT. BUILDING/8TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

César leaves the apartment in pajamas, his backpack slung on his shoulder and the department store bag in his hand.

He presses his ear up to the door of 8-B, checking to make sure the girl is not on the other side.

EXT. BUILDING/ROOFTOP - NIGHT

César, in pajamas, peeks out at the rooftop. He fights the cold, rubbing his crossed arms, and shuts the door without going outside.

INT. BUILDING/CÉSAR'S STUDIO/BATHROOM - NIGHT

César showers under a stream of scalding water.

CÉSAR  
(talking in  
the shower)  
Yesterday on the  
subway, as I was  
following you to the  
office, I brushed up  
against your red  
scarf...

CUT TO:

He dresses in front of the closet mirror.  
Pants...

CÉSAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...I still remember  
how your flowered  
skirt felt when we did  
it on the beach.

Shirt...

CÉSAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I hope you haven't  
forgotten me. That  
would be bad. Very  
bad.

And the coat.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM -MORNING

Just showered and sitting on the edge of the bathtub, Clara delicately applies cream to her entire body. The lively sound of the radio comes in from the bedroom.

CÉSAR (V.O.)  
Because I've never  
forgotten you. I can't

stop thinking about  
you, not even for a  
second. And I'm going  
to do whatever it  
takes so you'll do the  
same.

INT. BUILDING/LOBBY/FRONT DESK - MORNING

César, in his work clothes, sits at the front  
desk. He writes in fountain pen on a yellow  
sheet of paper.

CÉSAR (V.O.)  
Because if not, I'm  
telling you, I am  
capable of anything.

CLARA (O.S.)  
I dreamed about you  
last night.

César immediately covers the paper, nervous.  
Clara is in front of him, bundling up before  
going out. She notices his reaction.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
Hey, relax. Don't take  
it the wrong way.

CÉSAR  
(stammering)  
No... I didn't-

CLARA  
(interrupting)  
Anyway, it was just a  
joke. Guess you don't  
see the humor. I  
honestly don't even  
know what the dream  
was about, it was all  
so blurry...

César still doesn't react. Clara finishes  
adjusting her gloves and earmuffs.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
My, I can tell today's  
not your day...  
Anyway... 'Bye...



Clara leaves. César looks back down at the paper under his arm.

INT. PET SHOP - DAY

César wanders the aisles of a large pet shop, walking amongst cages of barking dogs whose tails wag as he passes.

A SALESGIRL, in a shirt with the store's logo, comes up to him.

SALESGIRL  
Looking for a puppy?

César stops in front of a puppy. It keeps jumping up at him, begging to be pet.

CÉSAR  
No, not exactly.

INT. BUILDING/BASEMENT/CÉSAR'S STUDIO - NIGHT

The television is on. A game show.

César stands in front of the bathroom mirror with a handkerchief around his neck. He opens a bottle of bleach. He introduces a syringe into it and extracts 200 ml of the substance.

He injects it into a vial identical to the one hidden in Clara's mattress.

Then he raises the handkerchief to his nose so as not to inhale the substance. He opens the bottle of nail polish remover and inserts the syringe into it as well. This time he extracts very little.

He injects the substance in the vial, shuts it and removes the handkerchief from his face, observing how the mixture clouds over.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Clara has fallen asleep on the couch in front of the television, on it is an old movie, a romance.

Behind her, César approaches along the hallway, holding the soaked gauze. He delicately leans over her and applies it to her nose.

César touches her, shoves her. She doesn't respond. He seems satisfied.

CÉSAR  
Don't worry. All we  
did was up the dosage  
a bit.

CUT TO:

In the kitchen, César removes a couple of cardboard boxes with the pet store logo on them from his backpack.

He uses tongs to extract what looks to be a rotten apricot out of the box and inserts it in one of the refrigerator drawers behind other pieces of fruit.

BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM- NIGHT

Clara's closet is open.

César extracts a couple clusters of rotten grapes from the box and hides them in the depths of the closet, behind Clara's clothes.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Clara is still knocked out, prostrate on the couch.

César uses the tongs to extract what looks to be a small, gelatinous mass out of the other little box from the pet shop and inserts it into the air conditioning vent.

He repeats the operation in the pot of a houseplant.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BATHROOM - NIGHT

César opens the bathroom cabinet. With the tongs, he inserts another small gelatinous mass into Clara's toothbrush holder. He closes the cabinet back up and his face is there, reflected in the mirror. He smiles, pleased.

CÉSAR  
(whispers)  
Here we go, Clara.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM - MORNING

The blaring sound of the radio alarm clock

Clara opens her encrusted eyes, still half asleep. She pulls the covers over her.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/HALLWAY/BATHROOM - MORNING

The sound of the morning radio show comes in from the bedroom.

Clara comes out of the kitchen carrying a mug of coffee. She rubs at her arms, as if suffering from an itch.

She goes into the bathroom and turns on the shower. She lets the water run and looks at herself closely in the mirror. She has a little rash under her eyes. A sigh of discouragement escapes her lips.

INT. BUILDING/LOBBY - MORNING

César enters with the stack of newspapers and sets them on the front desk counter, aware of the elevators.

Ms. Verónica comes into the lobby from the street, dragging her two dogs and a couple bags. She stops next to César.

MS. VERÓNICA

Today was a long one.  
We did some shopping.

César hardly pays her any mind. He's looking at Clara who just appeared out of the elevator. Her makeup hides the rash on her face. She greets César with a smile and hurries to the door.

MS. VERÓNICA (CONT'D)

Actually, we had a lot  
of fun.

(addressing  
her dogs)

Isn't that right?  
Didn't we have fun?

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM- NIGHT

Clara sleeps deeply on her bed. Next to her, César is lying awake, naked, gazing blankly at the ceiling.

The bedside radio plays the call-in program we've already heard. A woman tells the show's host about the depression she can't get over.

EXT. BUILDING/ROOFTOP - DAY

César removes the thermal covering from the plants and happily sprays them with an aerosol.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Clara enters her apartment, flipping through her mail. She turns on the light. She examines a yellow envelope. She opens it.

She gives the letter a once over, ready to rip it up. But she stops herself. She keeps reading, shocked.

Clara's mouth hangs open. She's stock-still in the middle of the living room, the letter shaking in her hand.

INT. BUILDING/BASEMENT/CÉSAR'S STUDIO -DAY

César is lying on the bed. He's holding the picture of Clara with the dark-haired boy that he took from the album. He rips it in half and keeps the part with Clara in it. He brings it up to his face and smiles.

BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM- MORNING

The radio alarm clock goes off.

Clara has difficulty waking up.

With her head buried in the pillows, she tries to turn off the alarm with her hand. After various attempts, she manages it.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BATHROOM - MORNING

Clara stumbles into the bathroom. On autopilot, she shoves her hand behind the shower curtain and turns on the water.

She looks at the cabinet mirror... and pulls back in fright.

Her face is etched with glaring excoriations, like some kind of burn. The rash has obviously gotten worse. They run down her body as well. Her neck, her arms.

Clara peeks under her nightgown. She doesn't like what she sees...

...but she's quick to get herself back under control.

She covers her ears, cheeks and lips, leaving only her eyes exposed. Now she doesn't look too bad. She gives a timid smile.

INT. BUILDING/LOBBY/FRONT DESK - MORNING

César is seated at the front desk, writing down something in his black notebook. He looks up.

Clara appears off the elevator. Heavy make-up manages to hide how bad her face looks.

César goes to meet her. Clara smiles when she sees him.

CLARA

Hello.

CÉSAR

How are you feeling today?

CLARA

Better.

Clara smiles and starts her bundling routine: the scarf, the gloves. César looks at her at length.

CÉSAR

It doesn't look that way.

Clara looks at him, surprised. She laughs.

CLARA

God, you really know  
how to cheer a girl  
up. I spent half an  
hour on my make-up...  
But I guess you're  
right. I look like a  
clown, don't I?

CÉSAR

No... but that doesn't  
look too good.

CLARA

Don't worry so much. I  
went to the  
dermatologist  
yesterday and he gave  
me an ointment. It's  
apparently some kind  
of allergic reaction  
that should go away in  
a few days. It's just  
a matter of patience.

Clara's cell phone rings out a happy little  
tune. Clara waves goodbye to César and answers  
the phone as she walks away toward the door..

CLARA (CONT'D)

(into her  
phone)

Hey, girl... Of course  
we're on for lunch.  
Why wouldn't we be?...  
Come one, man, I'm not  
that-

Clara starts to retch. She covers her mouth and  
runs outside. César watches after her in  
surprise.

CÉSAR

Patience...

INT. HOSPITAL/YARD PORCH - DAY

It's drizzling out. Protected under the porch  
overhang, César pushes a wheelchair with his  
mother in it. He stops and sits on a bench next  
to her.

CÉSAR

It's truly admirable.  
How she copes. I've  
never come across  
anyone like it before.

His mother gazes blankly into the yard.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

But it doesn't worry  
me. She's just faking.  
I know she's starting  
to crumble, deep down.  
You should have seen  
her. There, in the  
middle of the  
sidewalk. She looked  
like a drunk.

César takes her head and moves it delicately  
back toward him.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

This time she's going  
to drown in shit, all  
the way down. Don't  
you doubt it. It's  
just a matter of  
patience.

He pauses.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

You can't imagine how  
long it's been since  
I've been this  
excited. I've never  
gotten so far with  
anyone... I want to  
live, Mom. Can you  
believe that? I don't  
know if this is  
happiness... but I  
haven't set foot on  
the roof in days...  
and I hadn't even  
noticed.

César sighs, visibly moved. The woman's eyes  
are wet with tears.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

(smiles)

And the best is yet to  
come.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/HALLWAY/BATHROOM -  
MORNING

The morning show plays on the radio. Clara  
stumbles out of her bedroom at the end of the  
hallway, still half asleep. She stops in front  
of the bathroom door, unsteady. She covers her  
face with her hands before going in.

She can't see the pair of flies floating around  
in the living room.

Or hear the buzzing...

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BATHROOM - MORNING

Clara enters the bathroom, still covering her  
face in her hands. She stands in front of the  
mirror.

CLARA  
(kind of  
dreading it)  
Come on...come  
on...come on...

She finally, slowly, uncovers her face.

The rash is still there, but no worse than the  
day before. It even looks like it improved  
slightly. Clara sighs, somewhat relieved.

Calmer now, she opens the cabinet mirror and...

BUZZZ ... dozens of flies come darting out and  
overtake the bathroom.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM -  
MORNING

Clara runs down the hall toward the living  
room, trying to reach the phone.

But the entire living room is a swarm of flies.  
The constant, vibrating buzz comes in from the  
kitchen as well.

In a panic, Clara turns around and runs toward  
her bedroom.



INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM - MORNING

Clara, grossed out, goes back to the bedroom, compulsively shaking out her hair. She shuts the door and takes a deep breath, trying to calm down.

Then she opens the closet...



INT. BUILDING/LOBBY/FRONT DESK - MORNING

The elevator doors open and Clara walks out in her nightgown, with no make-up on and looking very upset.

A brief, nearly imperceptible smile washes over César's face and he hurries out from behind the front desk..

CÉSAR

Are you all right?

CLARA

You have to help me...

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

César and Clara go into the apartment. The flies still buzz all around. Clara stays in the doorway, terrified.

CLARA

The bedroom... Over there, in the back.

César crosses the living room.

CÉSAR

Where?

CLARA

At the end of the  
hallway.

He heads toward the bedroom.

CÉSAR

Stay here.

CLARA

Please hurry.

BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM - MORNING

Cesar enters the bedroom. Dozens of insects do  
their thing all over the bedroom.

CLARA (O.S.)

The coat. The black  
one.

César goes toward the open closet. Inside it,  
the bugs roil about intensely. He searches  
through the clothing on hangers and finds the  
coat.

CÉSAR

I got it!

CLARA (O.S.)

Shake it out good.

César doesn't bother.

CÉSAR

Anything else?

CLARA (O.S.)

Yes... shoes. In the  
second drawer.

There are many shoes and of all kinds.

CÉSAR

Which ones?

CLARA (O.S.)

It doesn't matter,  
any.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY  
- MORNING

César goes back into the living room with the coat and shoes. Clara is still in the doorway, watching him, horrified.

CÉSAR  
They look like fruit  
flies...

They walk out into the hallway and shut the door.

Clara puts the coat on over her nightgown. Then the shoes.

CLARA  
God, that is so  
gross... and I spent  
the whole night in  
there.  
(she smiles,  
creeped out)  
Just thinking about  
it...

CÉSAR  
Maybe you bought some  
rotten fruit... And it  
had eggs in it...  
These things hatch  
within a couple  
days...

CLARA  
Eggs? Oh, God...  
(surprised)  
That's insane! So what  
do you do in these  
situations?

Clara pushes the button to call the elevators.

CÉSAR  
Fumigate. You'll have  
to clean the entire  
apartment... They  
rapidly reproduce.

CLARA  
Can you do it?

César nods.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Great! I'll crash with  
my mother in the  
meantime.

An expression of surprise washes across César's  
face. This is not what he was expecting.

CÉSAR

It would be better for  
you to stay because...

CLARA

What? No way.

CÉSAR

It's that I'll have to  
throw a lot of things  
out. There could be  
valuables...

Clara shakes her head, once again finding the  
silver lining on this dark cloud.

CLARA

Don't worry, I trust  
your judgment...  
Anyway, it's a chance  
for a spring cleaning.  
It's about time.

Residents start to come out into the hallway,  
having heard voices. Among them is Úrsula,  
still in her pajamas and holding a glass of  
milk.

César has started to get nervous.

CÉSAR

I mean it seriously.  
You should stay-

César realizes his tone is too aggressive. He  
brings it down.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

So what should I do  
with your clothes?

Úrsula's father leans out the door.

ÚRSULA'S FATHER

What's going on?

César and Clara ignore him.

CLARA  
Fumigate them and  
stick them in a bag.  
I'll take it all to  
the cleaners later.

ÚRSULA'S FATHER  
What is going on here?

They continue to ignore him.

CÉSAR  
It's all too much. I  
need you to be here-

ÚRSULA  
(interrupting  
)  
What have you done,  
César?

César stops cold. He suddenly realizes that  
there are other people in the hallway. A "ding"  
and the elevator doors open.

CLARA  
(to her  
neighbors)  
I have a bug  
infestation in my  
apartment.

There's murmuring among the neighbors. Úrsula  
stares at César accusatorily.

Clara and César step onto the elevator.

INT. BUILDING/ELEVATOR - DAY

The elevator slowly descends. Clara adjusts her  
coat.



CÉSAR

You should really have  
that checked again. It  
looks bad.

CLARA

Huh? Oh, right. It's  
going away. You should  
have seen me before. I  
guess the ointment  
worked. Good as new in  
a few, short days.

(sighs and  
smiles)

I've been on a hell of  
a roll lately... I  
hope it's over soon.

The elevator reaches the lobby. They step off.

CÉSAR

Is he still bothering  
you?

Clara suddenly stops and goes serious.

CLARA

What?

CÉSAR

That psycho...the one  
sending messages.

CLARA

(disconcerted  
, tense)

And how do you know  
about that?

CÉSAR  
Well, I believe you  
mentioned it to the  
lady from 3-B... and  
you know how she is.

Clara relaxed and gives a slight smile.

CLARA  
Yeah, he's still  
bothering me. But I  
don't think for much  
longer.

CÉSAR  
She said you knew him.  
That it was a friend  
of yours.

CLARA  
Oh. No, that was a  
false alarm. The  
police investigated  
him and it turns out  
that my friend has  
lived in Geneva for  
years now. Poor guy.

CÉSAR  
Ah...

César tries to hide his surprise.

CLARA  
Whoever it is, he uses  
a prepaid cell phone  
so that he can't be  
located. He thinks  
he's pretty smart. But  
the police seem to  
have tracked the  
repeater signal or  
whatever and it turns  
out he sends them from  
here.

CÉSAR  
What do you mean, from  
here?

CLARA

Well, that he's from  
the neighborhood. Can  
you believe that? And  
that's why he knows  
things about me and  
stuff.

César remains impassive. Clara starts to write  
something on a piece of paper.

CLARA (CONT'D)

The best part is that  
he doesn't know it. So  
as long as he keeps  
sending messages, they  
tighten the net. So,  
sooner or later he'll  
get caught...

(she looks  
seriously at  
him)

...because he's not  
going to quit stalking  
me today, right?

César keeps looking at her, stunned. Clara  
smiles and folds the paper she just wrote on.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Here. My number. When  
it's been fumigated,  
give me a call. And  
thanks.

Clara heads toward the door.

INT. BUILDING/BASEMENT/CÉSAR'S STUDIO - DAY

César violently flips the table over causing  
everything on top of it to crash to the floor.

He screams and huffs. He picks up something  
from the ground and hurls it against the wall  
in a fury.

He breathes deeply, trying to control his rage.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gnats and flies zoom about the apartment. All  
the furniture, chairs and couch are covered in  
plastic.



César wears a mask and has a fumigation tank on his back. He carefully applies the spray to every surface.

The tenant from 4-B is in the doorway, not daring to enter.

TENANT FROM 4-B  
...and if they got  
here, then they're in  
other apartments,  
too... disgusting.  
This is a cleanliness  
problem. I'm positive.

César doesn't respond. He continues his work, ignoring him.

TENANT FROM 4-B (CONT'D)  
You're useless, you  
know that? And I'm not  
the only one of that  
opinion.

This time, César turns off the sprayer and turns toward the tenant. He lifts his mask.

CÉSAR  
(apathetic)  
There are complaints  
from the other  
residents?

TENANT FROM 4-B  
Better. I got  
references on you...  
You don't last too  
long on the job, isn't  
that right?

César tenses up, but hides the fact. The tenant takes out a folded up paper from his pocket.

TENANT FROM 4-B (CONT'D)  
Three and a half  
months at 56 Balmes  
Street. One month -  
one- at 14 Aribau...

César puts his mask back on and starts up the sprayer.

TENANT FROM 4-B (CONT'D)  
And you'd better hope  
I don't dig around  
further. Because I  
assure you that I  
could.

César directs the steam toward the tenant who  
takes a couple steps back.

TENANT FROM 4-B (CONT'D)  
What I'm telling you  
is, you might want to  
find yourself a new  
gig because-

César takes a step toward him and busts his  
face open with a punch.

TENANT FROM 4-B (CONT'D)  
So consider yourself  
informed.

The tenant from 4-B is still standing, calm and  
menacing. There was no punch. It was just  
César's imagination.

César shuts the door in his face.



BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM- DAY

Hundreds of dead insects are on the floor and  
on the plastic sheeting over the bed.

César starts to fill a big plastic bag with the clothing still in the closet.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BATHROOM - DAY

César grabs everything he finds and puts it in another bag. Soaps, towels, creams, shampoos...

Everything thrown out.

INT. BUILDING/BASEMENT/CÉSAR'S STUDIO - NIGHT

César is seated on his bed, typing something on his cell phone.

WHOREWHOREWHORE...

He stops and sighs. He remains this way, sitting with his phone in his hand, anxious and undecided.

Finally, he pushes send.

CUT TO:

The late-night radio show that we've already heard is playing, with phone calls from listeners who bemoan their troubles and misfortunes.

César is on the bed, staring blankly at the ceiling. On the floor next to him is the piece of the photo with Clara smiling in it. But her smile is violently crossed out in black ink. So violently that the paper has ripped.

RADIO HOST (V.O./RADIO)  
Good evening, Clara.

CLARA (V.O./RADIO)  
Good evening.

RADIO HOST (V.O./RADIO)  
This isn't the voice  
of someone who's very  
happy...

CLARA (V.O./RADIO)  
No...

RADIO HOST (V.O./RADIO)  
So? Is there something  
you want to tell us?

CLARA (V.O./RADIO)  
I can't go back to my  
apartment. It's full  
of flies...  
(sobbing)  
I'm desperate. I don't  
know what to do.

RADIO HOST (V.O./RADIO)  
So how did the flies  
get there, Clara?

CLARA (V.O./RADIO)  
(sobbing  
again)  
I don't know... From  
eggs... and the fruit.

RADIO HOST (V.O./RADIO)  
From eggs? What do you  
mean?

CLARA (V.O./RADIO)  
(perking up)  
Whatever, it doesn't  
really matter. I meant  
to say, they're just  
flies. Maybe I should  
go home. To put out  
something for them to  
eat or whatever. I  
feel bad that they're  
alone.

RADIO HOST (V.O./RADIO)  
Right...

CLARA (V.O./RADIO)  
And actually, there's  
nothing left of what I  
had on my face. It all  
went away. I guess  
from how happy I am. I  
bet the flies have  
never seen anybody so  
happy.  
(laughs)  
How silly.

César opens his eyes. He'd fallen asleep. He  
was dreaming.

On the radio is the voice of a man explaining the conflict rising out of his separation.

INT. BUILDING/ELEVATOR - NIGHT

César rides the elevator up. His expression is serious, on edge.

He looks defeated.

CÉSAR (V.O.)  
I tried everything,  
Mom. And I'm back at  
square one. Clara  
keeps smiling, as if  
nothing were wrong...  
and now she's not even  
here.

INT. BUILDING/ROOFTOP LANDING - NIGHT

The elevator doors open and César steps out. He heads to the door that leads outside.

CÉSAR (V.O.)  
That little fucking  
girl is making it  
increasingly difficult  
for me. Soon I won't  
be able to control  
her.

EXT. BUILDING/ROOFTOP - NIGHT

César walks out onto the roof, stiff from cold and desperation.

CÉSAR (V.O.)  
And I took too big a  
risk with the  
messages... and Clara  
suspects something.  
I'm the only one who  
knows, so if I stop, I  
give myself away. So,  
at some point I'll be  
found out. And that  
will be a problem.

César walks toward the guardrail.

CÉSAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I guess that's enough  
reasons...too many of  
them.

César climbs up onto the guardrail and leans  
out into the void. The red car is just below  
him.

CÉSAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And for as much as I  
think it over, not a  
single one to stay  
occurs to me. Not one,  
Mom.

He stands there on the edge.

CÉSAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And so...I guess the  
time is finally here.

He's about to jump.



INT. HOSPITAL/ROOM - DAY

César is seated by his mother who is lying in  
bed, looking at him with her eyes wide open.

César's appearance is serious, afflicted,  
defeated. His face suddenly contorts.

CÉSAR  
Although, now that I  
think about it, one

reason does occur to  
me. Do you know which?

His mother's eyes stare back at him.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)  
You... That you're in  
this bed, fucked,  
listening to me  
everyday... that you  
feel proud of the shit  
you gave birth to,  
even though it's just  
for a few days more...  
That's a hefty reason,  
isn't it?

The old woman's face twists up in suffering.  
Her eyes overflow with tears.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)  
And I have another.  
Clara will come back.  
And I swear that this  
time, I am going to  
wipe that shitty ass  
smile from that  
bitch's face. Forever.

César stands up, agitated. He smiles.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)  
I'm not leaving this  
world without dragging  
her with me.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM- DAY

There are no longer flies or insects. Clara's  
closet is totally empty and aseptic. Her  
clothing is in two huge garbage bags.

There's movement on the plastic-covered bed.

César is naked on top of Clara. Physical,  
intense, savage sex...humiliating. César moves  
frenetically, yet the girl is still clothed and  
doesn't seem to respond. A limp body.

She starts to moan and holds on to him.

CÉSAR  
Don't move!

She obeys and goes limp.

César stops, tries to catch his breath.

GIRL

Done?

The voice is not Clara's. It's a GIRL (25) who vaguely resembles her.

Suddenly, César grabs her again.

CÉSAR

Now you're not  
laughing?

The girl stares at him in confusion.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

Why aren't you  
laughing now, slut?

The girl gets scared.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

César lets her go. He lays down to the side, staring at the wall.

The girl gets up, nervous, scared. She puts on her panties and shoes without taking her eyes off César.

GIRL

You're nuts, man.  
You're straight out of  
the fucking asylum.

César doesn't answer. He remains on the bed, staring at the wall.

She finally takes off a red haired wig and throws it at César in disgust.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Mother fucker.

CÉSAR

Sorry I can't walk you  
out. I have things to  
do.



INT. BUILDING/LOBBY/FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Everything is bathed in silence. Behind the front desk, César opens the drawer and grabs the key to the office.

We hear the ringing of a phone call.  
*Beeeeep...beeeeeep...beeeeeep...*

INT. BUILDING/OFFICE 1-B - NIGHT

It's an open floor plan apartment, a big room with various desks, on top of which are computers in sleep mode.

César wanders amongst the desks, examining the computers.

CLARA VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

This is Clara's  
voicemail. Hi, I can't  
get to the phone,  
please blah, blah,  
blah, and I'll call  
you back. *Beep.*

He sits down in front of one of them and gets online. He starts to type... he goes onto Clara's Facebook page.

He writes her a message.

"Hello, baby. I waited for you in front of the entrance today, but you didn't come out. Where the fuck have you gone? I'm going to find you sooner or later. You can be sure. You can be sure. You can be sure..."

CUT TO:

Before leaving, César spits on one of the windows and spreads the saliva around on the glass with his hand. He does the same with one of the computer screens. He smacks a bunch of papers onto the floor.

He exits the office.

EXT. BUILDING/ROOFTOP - DAY

César checks on the plants that he had sprayed a few days earlier to make sure they've frozen. He's satisfied.

Again, the ringing of a telephone call.  
*Beeeeep...beeeeeep...beeeeeep...*

EXT. STREET -DAY

César walks along the street carrying two big bags from a department store.

CLARA'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)  
This is Clara's  
voicemail. Hi, I can't  
get to the phone,  
please blah, blah,  
blah, and I'll call  
you back. *Beep.*

INT. BUILDING/LOBBY/FRONT DESK - DAY

César is seated at the front desk, listening to the news on his transistor radio.

Three policemen enter from the street. César steps out to meet them.

OFFICER 1  
Are you the doorman?

INT. BUILDING/OFFICE 1-B - NIGHT

Two of the officers are seated in front of two of the computers. They type.

César, officer 1 and the office workers stand around, observing in silence. The workers look nervous, freaked out.

Officer 2 looks up from the computer.

OFFICER 2  
The IP coincides...  
they were sent from  
here.

The office worker protests.

OFFICE WORKER

It's impossible.  
That's my computer.

OFFICER 1

Well, your computer  
doesn't seem to agree.

César calmly observes the situation. He looks  
pleased.

OFFICER 2

What are your office  
hours?

OFFICE WORKER

Eight to six. But  
sometimes we leave  
earlier.

OFFICER 2

Well, all of them were  
sent after eight in  
the evening. Yesterday  
at 8:18, Tuesday at  
8:24...

OFFICE WORKER

What? That can't be.  
There's nobody here  
then.

Officer 1 turns to César.

OFFICER 1

Does anyone else have  
access to this office?

Everyone looks at César.

INT. BUILDING/LOBBY - NIGHT

The policemen open the wooden closet where the  
cleaning lady and her son keep their things.

CÉSAR

This is precisely the  
time they're cleaning.  
He's supposedly  
helping his mother,  
but judging from the  
tenants' complaints...

Under the work coats, the policemen find various yellow envelopes and a cell phone. César's prepaid phone.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

Does this mean  
something?

The two policemen look at one another, pleased.

OFFICER 1

Well, now we know what  
he did instead of  
cleaning.

INT. BUILDING/CÉSAR'S STUDIO - DAY

*Beeep...beeeep...beeeep...*

Laying on his bed and recently showered, César waits for the call to be picked up.

CLARA (V.O. PHONE)

Yes?

CÉSAR

Um, Miss Clara, it's  
César, from-

CLARA (V.O. PHONE)

(interrupting  
, happy)

Oh, César. How is  
everything?

CÉSAR

Good. Actually, I'm  
calling because I've  
finished fumigating.  
It's all clean... All  
taken care of.

CLARA (V.O. PHONE)

Thank goodness...  
because I was starting  
to freak out here. You  
know how mothers are.

CÉSAR

Well, you can come  
back whenever you'd  
like.

CLARA (V.O. PHONE)

Great. I'll be back  
tonight. And thanks  
for everything, César.  
Seriously.

She hangs up. César holds the phone's ear piece  
in his hand, smiling.

CÉSAR

Don't mention it.

INT. BUILDING/BASEMENT/CÉSAR'S STUDIO - NIGHT

César, in boxer shorts and recently showered,  
opens a big duffle bag on the bed.

The two bags from the department store that  
César had earlier are on the table. He removes  
distinct objects from them and goes putting  
them in a duffle bag.

Latex gloves. Rope. Plastic sheeting. Duct  
tape. Kitchen knives. Pliers. A syringe. The  
drain opener. A saw. Oversized garbage bags. He  
also puts his black notebook and fountain pen  
in.

He zips the bag shut.

INT. BUILDING/ELEVATOR - NIGHT

César rides the elevator up with his duffle  
bag.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

César enters Clara's apartment. The plastic  
sheeting and sheets that protected the chairs,  
furniture and sofa have disappeared. The  
apartment has an empty, aseptic look.

César goes directly to the bedroom without  
removing his shoes.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM - NIGHT

The mattress is on the bed. Bare.

César opens the duffle bag, grabs the rope and  
lays down on the mattress. He uses his body to

measure out lengths of rope that he'd need for tying arms and legs to the bedposts.

He cuts the lengths of rope. He looks at the clock: 9:15 p.m.

He gets under the bed and pulls the bag under next to him. He takes out one of the kitchen knives.

He practices a movement for coming quickly out from under the bed with the knife. But something in his pocket bothers him: Clara's apartment keys. He leaves them on the floor next to the bag.

He practices the movement again. This time he's got it.

CUT TO:

César is under the bed. He breathes deeply and looks at the clock: 9:43.

His forehead is drenched in sweat. He systematically applies deodorant to his body.

He checks the hole in the bottom of the mattress. The vial and gauze are there, the mask, the scissors. He tries to relax.

CUT TO:

César nervously paces the bedroom.

He looks at the clock again: 10:38.

He gives the mattress a kick.

CUT TO:

He's back under the bed, his eyes closed. He looks to be asleep.

Finally, the sound of the key in the lock.

César opens his eyes, focused.

A happy scream from Clara floats in from the living room. The sound of her heels. She comes running into the bedroom and throws herself on the bed.

The mattress bows under her, pushing down toward César's confused face, his brow furrowed.

CLARA (O.S.)

I'm ready.

César looks straight at the doorway. The sound of footsteps. A man's legs appear.

MARCOS (O.S.)

They really gave this place a cleaning.

CLARA (O.S.)

(seductive,  
playful)

And just think of the one you're going to give me...

The man quickly undresses. He takes off his shoes and lets his pants fall to the floor. Heels, a skirt and a t-shirt land on the other side of the bed.

CLARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you have to see me like this. And it's even better now than before.

The man gets on top of the bed.

MARCOS (O.S.)

Don't worry, I'll shut my eyes.

CLARA (O.S.)

(laughing)

Dummy.

Under the bed, César nervously runs his fingers through his hair, not knowing what to do.

MARCOS (O.S.)

Hold on...

The sound of a package being opened. Soon after, a condom wrapper falls to the floor, just a few inches from César's face.

MARCOS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

God, Mimi!...I missed  
you so much...

Breathing.

The mattress rocks under the two lovers.

César takes a deep breath and tries to get a grip.

Suddenly, the vial of chloroform falls out of the hole in the cushion. It hits César in the face... and opens.

César is able to grab the vial before it hits the ground. He immediately covers his nose with his other hand.

Above, the heavy breathing and panting continues.

Below, César keeps his nose covered as he puts the top back on the bottle of chloroform and shoves it in his pocket. His face is clammy with sweat.

Then he starts to feel it: his vision blurs. He's dizzy. César is suffering the drug's effects.

MARCOS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
What is that?

CLARA (O.S.)  
(panting)  
What?

MARCOS (O.S.)  
You don't smell  
something funny?

CLARA (O.S.)  
(totally hot)  
Shut up.

The panting continues, as does the mattress rocking, rougher by the minute.

César decides to act. He comes out from under the bed and drags himself stealthily along the floor toward the bedroom door.

Behind him, the couple is still making love.



César drags himself toward the hallway with difficulty. His vision blurs over.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM  
- NIGHT

Once out of the lovers' line of sight, César stands up.

He walks toward the door, stumbles, worse by the second.

He manages to reach the front door, but is surprised to find it locked. He pats down his pockets, but all he finds is the chloroform. There are no keys (he left them under the bed).

He freaks.

He heads back toward the bedroom, but halfway there, takes a turn for the worse. He falls to his knees in the middle of the hallway and continues in a crawl.

César peeks into the bedroom. The couple is still making love, but they've changed positions.

César spies the set of keys on the ground, under the bed by the duffle bag. His vision keeps getting blurrier.

His arms fail him. He's trembling. He'll never make it there.

He tries to reach the bathroom.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BATHROOM - NIGHT

He enters, practically blinded. He slips and falls into the bathtub.

The lovers' moaning from the bedroom covers the noise from his fall.

Everything goes black.

Silence.

FADE TO BLACK:

Over black, the faint trickling sound of water.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BATHROOM - MORNING

César opens his eyes, dazed. A hand pulls away to the other side of the curtain. Seconds pass before he realizes where he is: in the bathtub of apartment 8-A.

Water from the shower head falls down, soaking him. César holds still, silent.

He looks at his watch: 9:10 a.m. He tries to slowly move, but he aches all over. He touches his head.

The sound of the tank on the toilet.

César nears the slight opening where the two shower curtains meet and looks out: a figure moves about the bathroom. It's Clara. She's in her nightgown, scrutinizing her face in the mirror.

In the bathtub, César tries to move out from under the flow of water without making any noise.

On the other side of the curtains, Clara takes off her nightie. There is still a hint of rash on her back and legs. She rubs ointment onto her thighs.

CLARA

(shouting)

When you get up, I  
need you to help me  
with the ointment. I  
can't reach my back.

MARCOS (V.O.)

(from the  
bedroom, his  
voice  
sleepy)

So come back to bed.

CLARA

Come on, it's past  
nine. Get up... I  
don't know what's  
going on, but I woke  
up perkier. Maybe that  
was all it was. I just  
needed you with me.

MARCOS (O.S.)  
Or that mother fucker  
to stop screwing with  
you.

CLARA  
Marcos, I told you I  
don't want to talk  
about it anymore.  
That's it. It's over.  
I want to forget it.

MARCOS (O.S.)  
Mimi, what are these  
things?

CLARA  
What things?

MARCOS (O.S.)  
Under the bed...

César's eyes go wide.

Clara blindly sticks her hand through the  
curtain and turns off the water.

CLARA  
What are you talking  
about?

MARCOS (O.S.)  
There's a duffle  
bag... with weird  
stuff... and some  
keys...

Clara leaves the bathroom.

César sees his chance to get out of the  
bathtub. He's wet, confused. His face in the  
mirror is contorted. Anguish is overcoming him.

CLARA (O.S.)  
(from the  
bedroom)  
I have no idea. It's  
not mine.

MARCOS (O.S.)  
What the fuck is all  
this?

CLARA (O.S.)  
(bemused)  
I don't know...

César dries the soles of his shoes on a floor towel. He uses it to dry his body as much as possible.

He breathes deeply and sticks his head out the bathroom door.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM  
- MORNING

He's about to try to leave the apartment when he sees Clara and Marcos from behind, crouched down, looking at what's under the bed.

CLARA  
That's so bizarre.

MARCOS  
Bizarre? We should  
call the police...

CLARA  
You're like obsessed  
with the police. I'm  
sure there's an  
explanation. I don't  
know... the doorman  
was here fumigating  
the past few days. He  
probably left it.

Marcos keeps going through the duffle bag. He takes out the black notebook. He opens it...

MARCOS  
Under the bed?

CLARA  
(her voice  
faint)  
Marcos...

Clara sits on the bed, a little dizzy. Marcos sets down the notebook and crouches down next to her.

MARCOS  
Are you okay?

CLARA  
I think I'm a little  
dizzy.

Marcos helps her lay down.

MARCOS  
Here, take it easy.

César takes the opportunity to slip out of the  
bathroom unseen.

MARCOS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You are not better,  
Mimi. I don't care  
what the doctor said.  
I'm starting to get  
worried.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM -  
MORNING

César moves through the living room. He  
discovers Clara's purse tossed on the couch.

CLARA (O.S.)  
It's gone now... it  
was just a little  
nausea. I'm better.  
Actually, I think I'm  
even hungry again.

César inspects the contents of Clara's purse  
and finds her apartment keys.

MARCOS (O.S.)  
That's a good sign.

The sound of Marcos' footsteps approaching.

César tenses. He crouches behind the sofa.  
MARCOS (30) enters the kitchen. César observes  
him from his hiding spot.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
Mimi... the fridge is  
empty.

Marcos looks through the drawers.

CLARA (O.S.)  
That's right... I told  
the doorman to throw  
everything out.

Marcos gives up the search.

MARCOS  
Now what?

CLARA (O.S.)  
Let's go out for  
breakfast.

From the volume of her voice, it sounds like  
Clara is back in the bathroom. The sound of  
water from the shower head starts up again.

MARCOS  
Cool. We can pick up  
some groceries, too.

Marcos crosses back through the living room. He  
stops a short distance from César. He writes  
something down on a post-it note on the coffee  
table in front of the couch.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
Nutella, milk,  
breakfast bars, cookie  
flavored yogurt,  
crackers... What else?

CLARA (O.S.)  
Cookie flavored  
yogurt? Forget it.  
Let's figure it out  
later. How about we go  
to Starbucks?

Marcos goes into the kitchen and sticks the  
post-it note on the refrigerator.

MARCOS  
So they can charge you  
four euros for a  
coffee just because  
your name is written  
on the cup in Sharpie?

CLARA (O.S.)  
Yeah, but you can make  
up names. I think

that's fantastic.  
Maria Isabel...  
Sonsoles.

MARCOS  
But, I bet you don't  
have the balls to have  
them to put Mimi.

Clara comes out of the bathroom.

CLARA  
Not only do I dare to,  
I say Mimi every time  
I go.

MARCOS  
No...

CLARA  
Absolutely. Come on,  
you shower first. I  
want to relax in the  
tub a bit.

Clara turns around and heads back to the  
bathroom. Marcos follows her.

MARCOS (O.S.)  
I've got a better  
idea... we take a bath  
together and save  
time.

CLARA (O.S.)  
(sensually)  
Well... that depends.

MARCOS (O.S.)  
(going along  
with the  
game)  
Oh, really? What does  
it depend on?

From the living room, César peeks into the  
bedroom on the other side of the hall. His  
things are on the bed... The duffle bag.

His black notebook.

And the keys to 8-A.

The bathroom door is open. From inside comes the sound of Clara's and Marcos' voices. The stream of water from the shower has changed for the blast from the bathtub.

CLARA (O.S.)  
How about we get away  
for a few days?

MARCOS (O.S.)  
Like where?

CLARA (O.S.)  
I dunno... just away,  
instead of being here  
all the time.

César takes a deep breath and darts past the bathroom door.

MARCOS (O.S.)  
Just a second...

César freezes, about to step into the bedroom.

MARCOS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The one who's always  
here is you.

BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM- MORNING

César enters the bedroom.

CLARA (O.S.)  
What are you talking  
about?

MARCOS (O.S.)  
I just fucking got  
here.

He quickly digs through the bag and finds the keys to 3-D. Then he grabs the keys to 8-A that were placed on the bed and switches them out. He hides the black notebook under his t-shirt.

CLARA (O.S.)  
(begging, in  
baby talk)  
So do it for me...



MARCOS (O.S.)  
I don't know. I  
thought we could just  
stay home and chill.  
We could rent some  
movies...

César leans furtively out into the hallway.

CLARA (O.S.)  
(joking)  
Boring! You fall  
asleep after ten  
minutes.

MARCOS (O.S.)  
Okay, okay. We'll go  
away for a few days...  
But first we're going  
to see a different  
doctor... I'm  
seriously worried.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM  
- MORNING

César advances slowly down the hallway. There  
are ten feet between him and the bathroom door.  
All he has to do is cross in front and he's  
home free.

CLARA (O.S.)  
Deal. We could go to  
Arles. If we rent a  
car...

MARCOS (O.S.)  
...and we stay until  
Monday.

César takes a deep breath and goes for it.

MARCOS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
Hey!

César stops. He's been caught. From the  
bathroom, the sound of a body coming out of the  
water. César rushes to the door.

CLARA (O.S.)  
(worried)  
What is it?

He sticks the key in the lock. He opens the door.

Marcos, dripping wet and with a towel wrapped around his waist, dashes out from the bathroom. He catches César with the door open, about to walk out.

MARCOS  
Hey!  
(aggressive)  
What the fuck are you  
doing in here?

César stops. He has no other choice but to turn around. He looks at Marcos, startled.

CÉSAR  
(stuttering)  
What are YOU doing  
here? This apartment  
does not belong to  
you...

Marcos throws himself on César. He grabs him by the shoulders and pushes him up against the wall.

MARCOS  
Who the hell are you?  
How'd you get in here?

César shows him the keys and looks away. César seems really scared, almost too scared for his reaction to be sincere.

CÉSAR  
I'm going to call the  
police. I warn you.

Marcos smacks him up against the wall again.

MARCOS  
The fuck are you  
talking about? I'M  
going to call the  
police, shithead!

Clara finally comes out of the bathroom, wrapped in her bathrobe.

CLARA  
César?

CÉSAR  
(surprised)  
Miss Clara. You're  
home?

Marcos looks at his girlfriend, surprised.

MARCOS  
(to Clara)  
You know him?

CLARA  
He's... He's the  
doorman.

Marcos lets him go, but keeps an aggressive eye on him.

CLARA (CONT'D)

What are you doing  
here, César?

CÉSAR

I'm so sorry, I didn't  
know you were home.  
You're usually gone to  
work at this hour...

CLARA

(serious)

I took a couple days  
off... But anyway,  
that doesn't give you  
the right to-

CÉSAR

I meant to say  
something to you this  
morning, but I didn't  
see you and I figured  
you'd already left...  
I forgot my fumigating  
tools in your  
bedroom... and worse,  
I also think I forgot  
the keys to Ms.  
Verónica's apartment.

(beat)

...at least I hope  
they're here because  
if not, then I lost  
them and I'll be in  
real fix.

Clara takes a couple deep breaths. In the end,  
she smiles.

CLARA

God, you gave us a  
real scare there.

Marcos, on the other hand, still looks  
suspicious.

MARCOS

Jesus, Clara. You  
can't enter apartments

without people's  
permission.

CÉSAR  
I am really, truly  
sorry. I had Ms.  
Verónica asking for  
her set of keys... and  
I didn't want to admit  
that I'd lost them. I  
could get fired.

CLARA  
Don't worry, they're  
here. We found them  
before. Just a sec.

Clara goes to the bedroom. Marcos and César are  
left alone. César smiles.

CÉSAR  
Thank goodness... So,  
in town for a few  
days?

But Marcos's not up for small talk.

MARCOS  
You use a saw to  
fumigate for insects?  
And why are you all  
wet?

CÉSAR  
I had to fix a broken  
pipe before and it  
burst...

Clara appears with the keys and César's duffle  
bag.

CLARA  
Here you go...

CÉSAR  
Thank you so much.  
(looks at  
her)  
You seem to be looking  
better.

CLARA  
Yes...These few days  
did wonders for me...

(beat)  
You'll have to tell me  
how much I owe you for  
fumigating.

César hesitates.

CÉSAR  
How about we make a  
deal... I don't charge  
you for the fumigation  
and the  
misunderstanding over  
Ms. Verónica's keys  
stays between us.

Clara and Marcos look at one another.

CLARA  
You don't need to  
worry about that. I'd  
still like to pay you  
for the work.

César smiles.

CÉSAR  
Consider us even.

He gathers up his things and shakes Clara's  
hand.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)  
Thank you very much,  
Miss Clara. And  
welcome home.

Then he shakes Marcos's hand.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)  
And to you, too. I'm  
sorry to have bothered  
you, really.

César opens the door and goes out into the  
hallway. Marcos still doesn't look convinced.

INT. BUILDING/BASEMENT/HALLWAY/CÉSAR'S STUDIO -  
MORNING

The elevator doors open. César steps out into  
the basement hallway. Two men stand at the end,  
in front of the door to his studio: the tenant

from 4-B watches as another man, the BUILDING  
MANAGER (40), tapes a document to the door.

César advances slowly toward them.

TENANT FROM 4-B

(off seeing

César)

Speak of the devil. Do  
you know what time it  
is?

The building manager pulls the paper back down  
that he was hanging and rolls it into a ball.  
He hands an envelope to César.

BUILDING MANAGER

Here's your written  
notice. You're being  
fired. You have  
fifteen days to vacate  
the studio. We've  
already requested a  
replacement from the  
agency. You can  
appeal, but I wouldn't  
recommend it.

CÉSAR looks at them without reacting.

BUILDING MANAGER (CONT'D)

Do you have any  
questions?

César gazes apathetically at the two men.

CÉSAR

No.

César opens the door to his studio and slams it  
shut.

INT. BUILDING/LOBBY/FRONT DESK - DAY

César stands by the front desk, not in uniform.  
He is removing his personal effects. Ms.  
Verónica is next to him holding a large  
Tupperware container full of food.

MS. VERÓNICA

And if you tell me  
that you're going out  
to dinner with your

girl, that's no  
problem at all. You  
just stick in the  
fridge and have it  
tomorrow or the next  
day or whenever you  
want. This keeps  
without a problem.

The old woman sets the container on the front  
desk counter.

MS. VERÓNICA (CONT'D)

Anyway...

There's a moment of silence between them. Ms.  
Verónica gets mushy.

MS. VERÓNICA (CONT'D)

You're sure you're all  
right?

CÉSAR

Yes, don't worry. I'll  
find something else.

MS. VERÓNICA

I don't know what got  
into them all of a  
sudden. I hear they  
also fired the girl  
who did the cleaning  
and she'd been with us  
for years.

César looks at her for a second and continues  
collecting his things.

MS. VERÓNICA (CONT'D)

Just so you know, the  
kids and I don't have  
a single, solitary  
complaint. Quite the  
contrary, as you know.  
Anyway, we're going to  
miss you.

Ms. Verónica's eyes tear up. César looks back  
at her, serious.

CÉSAR

You're very sweet. I  
don't understand how



you could still be  
single...

Ms. Verónica gives a hint of a smile.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

And without children  
or anybody by your  
side, it's just going  
to get more difficult.  
You know what I mean.

Ms. Verónica tries to interrupt him with a  
smile meant to brush it off. But César won't  
let her speak.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

You're old. And each  
day will make you  
older. And it's too  
bad you have to just  
waste away, alone in  
that apartment. I  
mean, the dogs  
obviously help, but  
come on, they're not  
children. They're  
doggies. Why kid  
ourselves?

Ms. Verónica's smile freezes in place and  
twists into a surprised grimace.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

Because I see it. So  
many hours here, with  
the other tenants. I  
hear things... and I  
get it. They pretend  
they're listening...  
but it's out of pity.  
They don't give a shit  
about you. So don't  
buy into it. Really.

MS. VERÓNICA

César...

CÉSAR

I know you make the  
effort, Ms. Verónica.  
Each morning... as if  
everything were

fantastic. But you  
don't have to pretend  
with me, honestly. Not  
with me.

Ms. Verónica has gone white as a ghost, unable  
to react.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)  
You're old... and  
utterly alone. And  
believe me, I feel  
sorry for you. Because  
the solution's not a  
happy one.

Ms. Verónica is still frozen in place, her gaze  
fixed on César.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)  
I'm sure I'm going to  
love it.

MS. VERÓNICA  
Wha...What?

César holds up the Tupperware container.

CÉSAR  
The stew. I'm sure  
it's great.

Ms. Verónica hesitates a moment. She smiles  
bitterly and heads toward the elevators.

When she reaches the elevator, she crosses  
paths with Clara and Marcos who walk out with a  
couple suitcases. Clara is radiant, happy...

CLARA  
(with a  
smile)  
Hey there, Ms.  
Verónica. I'm back.  
But I'm leaving again.  
For the weekend. Catch  
me if you can.

MS. VERÓNICA  
(out of it)  
Ah...

Ms. Verónica gets onto the elevator.

CLARA  
Are you okay?

MS. VERÓNICA  
Yes...fine.

CLARA  
You're sure?

The elevator doors close. César has come over from the front desk. He looks nervously at their suitcases.

CÉSAR  
Will you be gone long?

CLARA  
Four days. We'll be back Sunday night.

MARCOS  
Come on, Clara. The appointment's at 6.

They head toward the door. César follows them.

CÉSAR  
And... where will you be going?

MARCOS  
(bluntly)  
We're going away.

Marcos has already opened the door.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
The cab's already here.

Clara and Marcos walk outside.

CLARA  
Well, have a good weekend, César.

César stands behind the glass, watching as they leave, a lost look in his eyes.

Defeated.

RADIO HOST (V.O./RADIO)  
Good evening, César.

INT. BUILDING/BASEMENT/CÉSAR'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Things are calm in the studio. The radio on the night stand is on.

CÉSAR

Hello...

César is sitting on the bed. He holds the phone's ear piece up to his ear, looking depressed. Hopeless.

RADIO HOST (V.O./RADIO)

Tell us about it.

CÉSAR

I just wanted to thank  
you all for making  
this show. You've  
helped me a lot.

RADIO HOST (V.O./RADIO)

That's the idea. To  
help people overcome  
their problems. Or at  
least to live with  
them. For each one of  
us to try to be a  
little happier  
everyday.

CÉSAR

Yeah, but that's my  
problem. I can't be  
happy.

RADIO HOST (V.O./RADIO)

Wow... And why is  
that?

CÉSAR

I don't know. I never  
have been. Even when  
good things happened  
to me. I don't even  
know what it's like...  
I've never told anyone  
about this.

RADIO HOST (V.O./RADIO)

All right... Let's see  
if I understand...

CÉSAR

What I'm trying to say  
is that I think I was  
born without the  
ability. I don't  
know... It's like  
someone born without  
sight or the sense of  
smell. But I guess my  
problem is worse...

He pauses... César's voice breaks with emotion.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

You can't imagine what  
it's like to wake up  
everyday with no  
motivation whatsoever.  
The effort I have to  
put into not sending  
it all to hell. Every  
day of my life.

RADIO HOST (V.O./RADIO)

Okay, take it easy. I  
don't know if I'm  
following you, but in  
any case, I'm sure  
there's something that  
makes you happy in  
some way. All you have  
to-

CÉSAR

(interrupting)

No. And the only  
relief I have is for  
others not to be  
either. Even though  
sometimes I have a  
hard time managing  
it... But if it  
weren't for that, I  
don't think I would  
have survived until  
today.

RADIO HOST (V.O./RADIO)

Listen...

CÉSAR  
That's why I'd like to  
thank you all for your  
work. You've helped me  
a lot. Really.

He pauses...

CÉSAR (CONT'D)  
But now it doesn't  
matter anymore.

César stands up and leaves the ear piece  
hanging, swinging.

EXT. BUILDING/ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The murmur of night life stretches all over.  
The city has yet to sleep.

César is standing on the guardrail, the red car  
parking just below him.

CÉSAR  
Reasons to jump:  
...everything...  
(beat)  
...reasons to stay...

César breathes deeply a couple times. His feet  
approach the edge. He closes his fists, his  
eyes. He smiles.

The sound of a car braking just below him.

César opens his eyes... and sees it.

A taxi just came to a stop on the street 200  
feet below him. A couple gets out.

César hesitates. He takes a closer look.

It's Marcos and Clara, who get out of the taxi  
with their suitcases.

César pulls back, surprised. He gets down off  
the guardrail and runs toward the door leading  
into the building.

INT. BUILDING/ROOFTOP LANDING - NIGHT

He blocks one set of elevator doors with a flowerpot and calls the other.

He runs down the stairs.

INT. BUILDING/LOBBY - NIGHT

Clara and Marcos reach the elevator bank. Clara pushes the call button insistently. They both seem preoccupied.

CLARA

(upset)

Shit! This is all I  
need.

MARCOS

Clara, please...

CLARA

Drop it, okay?... I  
can't believe this.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The sound of the key entering in the lock.

The light comes on. In silence, Clara and Marcos enter with their suitcases. Marcos sits on the couch, nervous. Clara remains standing, tense.

Marcos finally breaks the ice.

MARCOS

Don't get like this.  
How did you expect me  
to react?

CLARA

How? By trusting me  
just a little bit, for  
example.

The tone is cold between them.

MARCOS

Fine... Can we talk  
like two civilized  
human beings?

Clara is still standing. She turns her back on  
him and looks out the window.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

God, Clara, put  
yourself in my shoes.  
I haven't seen you  
in...a month and a  
half. And I fucking  
always use a  
condom...Always! At  
the very least, I have  
cause for being  
surprised. Don't I?

Clara turns around. Aggressive. For the first  
time, her face is twisted in anguish, bereft of  
her usual calm.

CLARA

Surprised is one  
thing... I am, too,  
godammit! And another  
is insinuating that I-

Marcos stands up. They face off.

MARCOS

I'm not insinuating  
anything, I'm just  
saying it's odd.  
That's all.

CLARA

You're being paranoid.  
You heard the doctor,  
the same as me. It can  
happen. You can get a  
fissure and not  
realize it.

MARCOS

Clara, you're at four  
weeks tops.

Clara is at her wits' end. She raises her  
voice.



CLARA  
But he said so.  
Technically, it can  
happen.

MARCOS  
(sarcastic)  
Right...technically.

Clara turns around and storms away toward the  
bedroom.

CLARA  
Go to hell!

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM - NIGHT

From under the bed, César observes Clara's feet  
stomp into the room, violently kicking off her  
shoes.

The mattress bows under her weight. Silence.

After a few seconds, César hears the girl's  
faint, choked sobs.

Marcos comes into the doorway.

MARCOS (O.S.)  
(conciliatory)  
Mimi...

CLARA (O.S.)  
(crying)  
Leave me alone.  
Please...

CUT TO:

Clara and Marcos are asleep in bed.

César just knocked them out with chloroform.

CÉSAR  
(speaking to  
Clara)  
It looks like our  
story is starting to  
bear fruit. Huh,  
Clara? In the end, I  
didn't do so bad a  
job.

César undresses.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

Pity time is running  
out...

He gets in bed between Marcos and Clara, under the covers. Marcos is on the edge of the bed, his back to the other two.

César clings to Clara from behind, under the covers with her. He moves around behind her, having sex with her.

EXT. HOSPITAL/GARDEN - DAY

It's a gorgeous day.

César's mother is sitting in her wheelchair in the hospital's garden area, staring out blankly. César is next to her, sitting on a bench. A gardener works just a few yards from them.

CÉSAR

Strange, isn't it? You  
plant the seed; you  
give it daily care and  
all your love... And  
then comes the cold,  
the storms. Or the  
hail. It looks like  
it's all going to go  
to hell. But you just  
have to wait for the  
moment to arrive.  
Because sooner or  
later the miracle  
occurs.

Other patients wander through the garden, some of them accompanied by nurses.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

That's the thing,  
isn't it? Patience.

César's mother closes her eyes in a gesture of pain and helplessness.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

In the end, everything  
blooms.

INT. BUILDING/BASEMENT/HALLWAY - DAY

The doors to the elevator open. César is about to step out, but he stops.

He finds himself face-to-face with Marcos, who approaches from the end of the hallway.

MARCOS

(forces a  
smile)

Oh, there you are. I  
came down to find you.  
I was told you live  
here...

CÉSAR

(tense)

What's the matter?

MARCOS

I'm afraid there are  
still some bugs in  
Clara's apartment. We  
may have to fumigate  
again. I was hoping  
you'd check it  
out...if that's okay.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM - DAY

César and Marcos enter the apartment.

César takes a look around while Marcos observes him. There's no sign of flies.

CÉSAR

(a little  
leery)

I don't see anything.

MARCOS

Oh, no? Take a good  
look. Maybe in the  
bedroom.

CÉSAR

Where is Miss Clara?

MARCOS

Miss Clara stepped  
out. Don't worry about  
her.

César heads down the hallway toward the bedroom.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BEDROOM - DAY

When he walks into the bedroom, César stops in his tracks.

The mattress is turned over. The hole is uncovered.

Everything that it held is sitting on the mattress: the vial of chloroform, the scissors, the mask.

MARCOS

What is this?

César turns around to him, expressionless.

Marcos has lost his composure. He becomes violent and enraged.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

What the hell is this,  
you son of a bitch?

Marcos shoves him violently. César falls clumsily to the mattress.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

Are you going to call  
the police now? Huh?

Marcos grabs him by the shirt. He pulls him up to him.

César doesn't react.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

No. Better yet, I'll  
call them. That way  
you can tell them how  
you use chloroform and  
knives to kill flies.

Marcos pushes César against the wall. He's out of control.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

Tell me what the fuck  
all this shit is.

Marcos smacks César's head against the wall in a fury.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

How long?

CÉSAR

Five weeks.

Marcos throws himself on him. He smacks César's head against the wall again. He screams, totally beside himself.

MARCOS

Five weeks of what?

César still calmly refrains from defending himself.

CÉSAR

(provoking  
him)

Clara doesn't mind.

MARCOS

Clara doesn't even  
know, you sonuvabitch.

Marcos grabs him by the neck and immobilizes him.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

What did you do to  
her?

CÉSAR

I've been by her side.  
Something you haven't  
been.

Marcos loses control and smashes César repeatedly up against the wall.

MARCOS

(hysterical)

What did you do to  
her?!

CÉSAR

Can't you guess?

Marcos' eyes spring wide open.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)  
"Technically", it's  
possible.

Marcos, now totally out of control, hurls César against the bed. César falls onto the objects there were in the hole.

Marcos throws himself on him.

But César grabs the scissors in a rapid, instinctual and unexpected movement.

The scissors wind up stuck into Marcos's throat, who takes a few steps back, not understanding yet.

The two men look at each other, shocked.

Marcos tries to say something, but the incision in his throat won't let him. A gurgling is all he gets out. The wound has started to bleed profusely.

César sits by him on the bed, observing him. Marcos manages to stammer out some words.

MARCOS  
He... help... me...

Blood is starting to flood the bedroom floor.

César stands up. He cleans his bloodstained hands on Marcos' shirt. Marcos finally falls to the floor.

He flips the mattress over. And, as Marcos agonizes in the puddle of blood, he makes the bed. He puts the mattress back on correctly, the sheets, the blanket, the pillowcases.

Marcos observes him, unable to move, a pool of blood growing around him.

César looks at the clock.

He starts to gather his things...

His feet pass through the pool of blood that has formed on the floor.

César gives a last look around to assure himself he's collected all his belongings.

Then he goes to Marcos and removes his clothing: his shoes, his pants, his socks, his shirt...

César grabs Marcos by the feet and drags him out of the bedroom.

Mark's body leaves a thick trail of blood on the floor.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BATHROOM - DAY

César drags Marcos into the bathroom and heaves him into the tub.

Marcos looks at him, helpless, weakened from blood loss.

César turns on the hot water. He puts down the drain. The tub slowly starts to fill, the water mixing with the blood.

Using a washcloth wet down with hot water, César cleans the scissors, removing his fingerprints.

César keeps an eye on the time.

He walks out of the bathroom.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

César goes into the kitchen and grabs the post-it note from the refrigerator that Marcos used to write down the grocery list. He also grabs a pad of paper and a pen from the counter.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/BATHROOM - DAY

He comes back into the bathroom.

The tub is slowly filling. Marcos looks at him, pallid, still alive.

He sets the clothes that he took off of Marcos on the floor next to the bathtub.

César sits on the floor next to the sink. He opens the note pad to a blank page, puts the grocery list next to it and focuses. He tries

to fake Marcos's handwriting: "I'm so sorry, Clara..."

He compares what he's written to the handwriting on the grocery list. He's unsatisfied with the results.

He opens the note pad to another page and starts over.

The rose stained water overflows from the bathtub and spills onto the floor, soaking Marcos' clothes.

Marcos is still alive, though very weak.

César writes again: "I'm so sorry, Mimi..."

He's still not convinced. César starts again on yet another blank page.

The water reaches his feet. He looks nervously at his watch and keeps trying.

"I'm so sorry, Mimi..."

Frustrated, he scribbles out what he wrote and shoves the pad in his pocket. He's too nervous.

He stands there looking at Marcos in the bathtub. The water has started to flow out of the bathroom and makes its way down the hall.

INT. BUILDING/8TH FLOOR LANDING - DAY

Through a peephole, we see César walk out of apartment 8-A and head toward the elevators.

EXT. THE CITY - NIGHTFALL

The sun slowly disappears behind the horizon, its glow extinguishing between the buildings.

INT. BUILDING/BASEMENT/CÉSAR'S STUDIO/BATHROOM - NIGHT

César is putting all his clothing into an open suitcase on the bed. The studio has been packed up. All his belongings are in a couple boxes.

He sits on the bed, his appearance both somber and unnerved.



Someone knocks on his door.

He takes a deep breath, tries to relax and opens.

A policeman, OFFICER 3, observes him with a grave look.

INT. BUILDING/8TH FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

César reaches the hallway accompanied by OFFICER 3. Various tenants have come out of their apartments. There are more policemen here. The floor is full of water.

Officer 3 accompanies César to the door to 8-A. Water flows out of the apartment.

A woman's desperate cries can be heard inside.

From the doorway of 8-B, Úrsula stares accusatorily at César.

OFFICER 3

Over here.

César follows Officer 3 inside Clara's apartment. Another policeman places himself in the doorway, blocking the curious onlookers.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-A/LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY - NIGHT

The floor is now drier. A wet-vac is on, set in the middle of the living room. Cardboard has been laid out, forming a walkway from the doorway to the couch.

Clara is beside herself, lying on the couch. She's surrounded by a psychiatrist and policemen. César can't see her face. Another policeman, OFFICER 4, comes over to César.

OFFICER 3

This is the doorman.

CÉSAR

No... I told you I'm  
no longer...

OFFICER 4  
Yeah... Come with me,  
please.

César follows Officer 4 to the bathroom door.

Inside, various agents take pictures and  
examine clues. The bathtub has been emptied.  
Marcos' body remains in it, naked and inert.

On the tile wall is something written in blood,  
as if someone clumsily smeared it on with the  
palm of their hand.

"IM SO SORRY MIMI ITS NOT MINE I CANT TAKE IT"

OFFICER 4 (CONT'D)  
Do you know this man?

César looks surprised. Upset.

CÉSAR  
What happened?

OFFICER 4  
Do you know him?

CÉSAR  
Yes... He's Miss Blas'  
boyfriend. But, what  
happened?

OFFICER 4  
Looks like a suicide.  
But it's not too  
clear.

CÉSAR  
A suicide?

OFFICER 4  
We'll see. Did you see  
any strangers come  
into the building this  
evening?

César thinks.

CÉSAR  
No... I don't think  
so.

OFFICER 4  
You're sure?

CÉSAR  
Like I said, I no  
longer work as the  
doorman. Frankly, I  
don't know.

OFFICER 4  
Right... I understand  
you have keys to all  
the apartments.

CÉSAR  
Yes, as the doorman, I  
had access to the  
keys.

Two EMTs have just come into the apartment with  
a wheeled stretcher. They head down the hall  
toward the bathroom.

Just then, Clara has another breakdown. The  
people around her comfort her. César, despite  
his attempts, still can't see her face. His  
frustration is evident. He clenches his fists.  
Sweats.

OFFICER 4  
Is something wrong  
with you?

CÉSAR  
What?

OFFICER 4  
You're sweating.

CÉSAR  
I know the lady well.  
I'd like to express my  
condolences.

OFFICER 4  
Now's not the time.

Officer 4 accompanies him to the door. Up to  
the very last moment, César tries to see  
Clara's face, but to no avail.

OFFICER 4 (CONT'D)

We'll be taking a  
fingerprint sample  
from you. We're doing  
this with all the  
residents. It'd be  
good for us to be able  
to locate you, for the  
time being.

INT. BUILDING/BASEMENT/HALLWAY - NIGHT

César walks along the basement hallway to his  
studio.

It's only when he's at the studio entrance that  
he sees it. A note stuck to his door with  
bubble gum:

"I SAW YOU".

César, visibly upset, rips down the note and  
enters his studio.

INT. BUILDING/BASEMENT/CÉSAR'S STUDIO - DAY

César closes the door and leans on it, trying  
to calm down.

He's thinking.

INT. BUILDING/BEDROOM - NIGHT

César is back under the bed. It looks like  
something has changed because the bed is  
smaller and there's less space between the  
mattress and the floor.

César looks at his watch: it's 3:59 a.m. and 55  
seconds. He waits...

An alarm goes off. Of kiddie music. It's not  
Clara's alarm. Up above the bed, it gets turned  
off. Two little feet come down to the floor,  
searching out their slippers. And then they  
leave the bedroom.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-B/HALLWAY/BEDROOMS -  
NIGHT

From the bedroom, César observes how Úrsula  
grabs a chair and looks out the peephole.

CÉSAR  
Don't you worry.  
You'll see me today.

The girl jumps in terror. She runs toward a  
bedroom.

Úrsula  
Dad, Mom... Dad...  
Dad...

The girl shakes her father, but he's motionless  
and limp in his bed.

Úrsula (CONT'D)  
Dad?

César appears behind her.

CÉSAR  
Not to worry, they're  
just sleeping. I  
wouldn't yell if I  
were you.

The girl is paralyzed in fear.

ÚRSULA  
And my brother?

César lays his hands together and presses them  
to his cheek as if to say he's sleeping.

ÚRSULA (CONT'D)  
What are you going to  
do to me?

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 8-B/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

César opens the window.

CÉSAR  
Come here.

Behind him, the girl shakes her head no, her  
eyes filled with tears.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

I told you to come  
here.

César goes to her. He picks her up and carries  
her to the window.

ÚRSULA

(crying)

Please, no. Please,  
no. Please, no.

César sits her down on the window sill with her  
legs inside the apartment and her back facing  
the void.

Úrsula trembles in fear and from the cold.

César grabs a chair and sits in front of her.

CÉSAR

I've done some very  
ugly things to  
Clara... and yes, I'm  
involved in this thing  
with her boyfriend...  
why pretend?

The girl has started to sob.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

Do you know why I'm  
telling you this?

The girl tenses up. She shakes her head no.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

Because I want you to  
know what I'm capable  
of.

César lightly presses down on her knees,  
pushing her out. The girl, terrified, grabs on  
to the window any way she can so as not to fall  
backward.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

I know everything  
there is to know about  
Clara... but about you  
as well. I know you go  
to the Salesianos  
School; I know Grandma  
Estrella lives in the

Brisamar development  
in San Salvador. I  
know how to get into  
your house... I've  
seen your profile on  
Twitter. I know who  
your friends are:  
Vanesa, Katia,  
Sofía...

He stands up. He grabs her by the shoulders.  
Úrsula sobs.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

I'm telling you  
because should you so  
much as mention any of  
this... I know how to  
hurt you, really hurt  
you. You and everyone  
around you. Do you  
understand?

Úrsula nods.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

Excellent. Now I'll  
give you three reasons  
to throw you out into  
the void... and I want  
you to give me three  
reasons not to do it.

The girl looks at him in disbelief, confused.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

And if your reasons  
are better than mine,  
then you go back to  
bed. If not...

The girl nods, crying.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

Good...

ÚRSULA

I won't say anything.  
I swear.

CÉSAR

You're a bad person...  
You lie to your  
parents... without you

around, my life would  
be better... Your  
turn.

The girl stares at him in disbelief. Is he  
serious?

ÚRSULA  
I'm too little to  
die... I can change  
and be good.

César shakes his head. He doesn't look  
convinced.

CÉSAR  
One more shot. I hope  
it's better than that.

The girl's eyes shoot open wide. César  
approaches, ready to throw her out.

ÚRSULA  
Wait...if you push me,  
the police will  
investigate... Two  
deaths in the same  
building is overly  
suspicious...

César stops. He gazes at her, somewhat  
surprised by the child's coldness.

ÚRSULA (CONT'D)  
(getting her  
confidence  
back)  
How's that?

EXT. STREET/BUILDING - NIGHT

The red car parked curbside.

CRASH!

Something smashes violently into it, collapsing  
the roof and causing the windshield to shatter  
into a thousand pieces.

One of the flowerpots from the terrace, wrapped  
in thermal covering, has landed on the red car.



INT. BUILDING/BASEMENT/CÉSAR'S STUDIO - DAY

César opens the door. Two policemen are in the hallway, looking serious. It's Officer 3 and Officer 4.

OFFICER 4

Wow, I thought we  
wouldn't find you here  
anymore.

CÉSAR

You just made it. In  
fact, I'm about to  
leave.

César indicates the boxes and the suitcase that are gathered by the door.

OFFICER 4

We wanted to ask you a  
couple questions.  
It'll just be a  
minute.

César steps aside to let them in. Officer 3 walks further in to take a look around.

OFFICER 4 (CONT'D)

We found your  
fingerprints all over  
the apartment... in  
pretty unlikely  
places...

CÉSAR

Yes, well, a few days  
ago, Miss Blas asked  
me to fumigate her  
apartment. I was-

OFFICER 3

(interrupting  
)

Yeah...She told us.

(beat)

She also told us how  
you met Mr. Bazán.

César hesitates a second.

OFFICER 3 (CONT'D)  
Her boyfriend. The  
deceased.

CÉSAR  
Ah...Yes. It was a  
pretty awkward  
situation.

OFFICER 3  
I can imagine.

CÉSAR  
In any case, I didn't  
really get to know  
him. I mean... I don't  
know what their  
relationship was like.  
You understand.

OFFICER 3  
No, not really. What  
are you getting at?

CÉSAR  
Oh, I don't know...  
It's kind of awkward  
to talk about.

OFFICER 4  
I understand, but  
remember, this is  
important.

CÉSAR  
Let's just say I'm not  
sure they got along so  
well.

OFFICER 4  
Oh, no?

CÉSAR  
Well, I overheard them  
arguing the other  
night. Let's just say  
they didn't seem too  
happy.

OFFICER 4  
Right... Miss Blas  
told us that they'd  
had some difficulties.

You believe this  
could-

CÉSAR  
Look, I don't know  
anything. I told you I  
hardly knew him. But  
the truth is, the day  
it happened... I saw  
him come in looking  
pretty upset. But of  
course, I don't-

OFFICER 4  
Upset how?

CÉSAR  
I don't know. Really  
edgy. He looked a  
little out of it.

The officer reacts skeptically.

OFFICER 4  
Right...

CÉSAR  
But you should ask the  
girl who lives across  
from the way. She told  
me she passed him in  
the hallway and she  
even got scared... But  
anyway, she'd do a  
better job telling  
you...

The two officers exchange eye contact. They  
seem interested.

OFFICER 4  
Yeah... we will.  
Thanks very much.

INT./EXT. BUILDING/LOBBY/SIDEWALK - DAY

The doors to both elevators open at the same  
time:

César steps out of the first one in a coat,  
carrying a box full of his belongings.

Clara steps out of the other, held up by a woman (60), CLARA'S MOTHER, who carries a suitcase.

It's the first time César gets to see Clara after all that's happened.

His pupils dilate. His eyes are alive like never before.

Clara's face is devastated by her pain. Her eyes are red and swollen, her skin pale, cadaverous.

César goes to her.

CÉSAR

Finally.

Clara's Mother looks at him, unnerved.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

Miss Clara... I feared  
never seeing you  
again... I wanted to  
tell you how very  
sorry I am.

Clara looks at him: expressionless, gone.

CÉSAR (CONT'D)

It was a terrible  
tragedy. I don't know  
what to say. I can  
only imagine how you  
must feel.

Clara's eyes tear up again. Clara's Mother takes her away toward the door, a bit uncomfortable.

EXT. STREET/BUILDING - DAY

Clara's mother accompanies her to a taxi parked in front of the entrance.

César walks out and observes them from the doorway.

CÉSAR

And I hope I get to  
see you smile again.

The cab door closes. Clara observes him through the window with a grateful, yet painful, expression.

A few yards down on the sidewalk, the tenant from 4-B is visibly angry. He talks with other men as his destroyed car gets attached to a tow truck. César looks at him, hate in his eyes.

César stands there, watching the cab drive away down the street.

EXT. HOSPITAL/GARDEN - DAY

Old people wander around the garden. Some nurses accompany them. There are also relatives and happily running children.

Apart from it all, César's mother sits motionless in her wheelchair, her gaze lost and lifeless.

Alone.

EXT. BUILDING/ENTRANCE/SIDEWALK - MORNING

Úrsula walks out of the front entrance with her father and brother. She's wearing her coat and her school backpack.

As they walk away down the street, she takes her father's hand.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS NEIGHBORHOOD/STREET - DAY

A patrol car is parked in front of an apartment building in a neighborhood on the outskirts. Two police agents walk out with the cleaning lady's son in handcuffs.

The cleaning lady comes out after them. She's desperate, shocked, arguing hysterically with a third agent as they put the kid in the patrol car.

INT. BUILDING/APARTMENT 3-D - DAY

The apartment is much more a mess that we saw it the last time. There are plates and leftovers on the floor. The television is on

with hardly any volume. The dogs work at devouring leftovers off the floor.

In the living room, Ms. Verónica is sitting in an armchair facing the window. She sits silently, her eyes glazed over.

It's the look of someone who has just discovered something horrible that, up till now, had gone unnoticed.

FADE TO:

INT. UNDEFINED SPACE - DAWN

César, looking unkempt with a month's worth of beard growth, is still sitting at the desk with his black notebook. The pale light of dawn peeks in through the window.

He carefully folds the yellow sheet of paper and places it in an envelope of the same color. He also puts his black notebook in and delicately seals it up.

He looks pleased. Calm.

EXT. CLARA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE/YARD - DAY

A fall day. A little yard in front of a wooden house.

Clara sweetly rocks in a rocking chair set between two climbing plants, playing with her BABY. Her face is not as happy looking as before, but is full of tenderness and love for her child.

A car comes up along the road and parks in front of the fence.

Clara picks up the baby, bringing it up to her face.

Clara's Mother gets out of the car and enters the yard with bags of groceries and the mail. She stops a few seconds to coo over the baby and then hands Clara a yellow envelope. She goes inside the house.

Clara nervously observes the envelope before opening it. The same handwriting as her

stalker... she sets the baby on her lap, holding him with one hand. With her free hand, she opens the envelope. She pulls out César's notebook with the black cover and the folded sheet of yellow paper.

She starts to read:

"Dear Mimi. I hope you don't mind me calling you that. I figure no one has in a while..."

INT. CLARA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

Clara's mother is putting the groceries away in the refrigerator. Through the window we see Clara sitting in the yard, immobile, her back to the window.

CÉSAR (V.O.)  
I patiently waited for  
the moment to arrive  
to send you these  
lines. Nine months.  
Believe me, it has not  
been easy.

EXT. CLARA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE/YARD - DAY

Clara keeps reading, paralyzed. The baby wriggles around restlessly in her arms.

CÉSAR (V.O.)  
But the time has  
finally arrived: for  
you to learn all the  
details of what I did,  
my reasons... and how  
important you were to  
me.

Clara compulsively pages through César's black notebook: the times she entered and exited the building, the dosage of narcotics used on her... the drafts of some of the text messages she received...

INT. UNDEFINED SPACE/BATHROOM - DAY

César shaves in front of a mirror. His face smooth. His expression serene and triumphant.

CÉSAR (V.O.)

You don't know how  
many times I've  
pictured your face  
reading this, imagined  
what you would feel...  
And I assure you that  
just this was enough  
to keep me alive until  
today.

Cesar smiles and leaves.

EXT. CLARA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE/GARDEN - DAY

Clara keeps reading. Her eyes have filled with  
tears. Her face has twisted up into a grimace  
of shock and infinite pain. The baby sits on  
her lap, observing her restlessly.

CÉSAR (V.O.)

But this is the end of  
the line. I just hope  
that every time you  
look at our son, you  
remember me. And  
everything I did to  
you and of how close  
you brought me to  
happiness.

Clara's mother comes out of the house and  
approaches Clara.

CÉSAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Because I know that  
now, after all this,  
nothing I do will ever  
be enough. With  
nobody. And without  
that relief, I know  
that life will be  
unbearable for me.

Clara's eyes are rolled back, her face  
contorted. The baby has started to cry on her  
lap. Her mother picks him up.

EXT. BUILDING/SIDEWALK/ENTRANCE - DAY

The red car, all fixed up, slowly parks in  
front of the building's entrance.



Immediately, a NEW DOORMAN, in the uniform that César used to wear, comes out from inside and servilely goes to the car to open the door. The tenant from 4-B steps out with a smile.

CÉSAR (V.O.)  
So, this time I don't  
have any more reasons  
to stay.

THUD!

César's body crashes violently into the red car.

A shower of broken glass shoots out in all directions.

CUT TO BLACK.



INTERNATIONAL SALES



[Filmaxint@filmax.com](mailto:Filmaxint@filmax.com)

Tel.: +34.933.368.555

[www.filmaxinternational.com](http://www.filmaxinternational.com)