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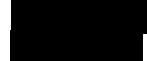
A musical written and directed by Jacques Audiard

In collaboration with Thomas Bidegain

Songs:

Lyrics: Camille et Jacques Audiard

Music: Clément Ducol and Camille



EXT. MEXICO CITY - NIGHT

Top shot and perpendicular zoom: Mexico City. Lights shimmer like stars, building facades lit up like video games, etc.

In the far distance, a peddler's saturated chant: "Se compran colchones."

WOMAN (FROM AFAR)

Se compran,
colchones, tambores,
refrigeradores, estufas,
lavadoras,
micro-ondas...
¿o algo de fierro viejo que vendan?

EXT. APARTMENT MENDOZA - NIGHT

As we approach the buildings, we first discover empty offices, then apartments. On the top floor of a luxury building, we make out silhouettes behind the curtains.

WOMAN (FROM AFAR)

Se compran,
colchones, tambores,
refrigeradores, estufas,
lavadoras,
micro-ondas...
¿o algo de fierro viejo que vendan?

A woman tries to escape a man's attack. Extreme violence. Suddenly he grabs her, pulls her to the bay window, lifts her up and throws her like a bundle over the railing.

Just as she hits the ground, the image freezes in a flash of light.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN:

A cascade of letters form the file heading:

CASE: "GABRIEL MENDOZA"
DEFENSE SPEECH

A woman's voice. Almost internal, and halting, as if groping for her words in what sounds like a defense speech.

1M1 EL ALEGATO

RITA (O.S.)

Este caso, este caso, este caso
This case, this case, this case.

INT. 7-ELEVEN MARKET - EVENING

A mixed noise of radio and television broadcasting video surveillance images.

RITA MORA CASTRO is 27. Wearing braided stretch pants, a shapeless jacket, and gold loafers, she does not look like much. A heavy bag is slung over her shoulder.

She continues with her speech that no one seems to be listening to.

RITA
 Señor presidente, señor juez
 Honorables defensores de la familia de la difunta
 Mr. President, Mr. Judge
 Honorable advocates for the family of the deceased,
 Honorables colegas de la parte civil
 Estimados miembros del jurado, estoy de acuerdo con mis colegas de la fiscalía,
 Honorable colleagues of the civil party
 Dear members of the jury, I agree with my colleagues from the prosecution,
 Este caso es un caso demasiado mundano
 Es un caso de violencia
 This case is too mundane a case.
 It is a case of violence,

She sees her reflection in the fridge doors...

... opens a door, takes out a pack of frozen food. She checks the ingredients, scowls and puts it back.

She goes to the register to pay. The cashier wears an eye patch behind his glasses. She leaves.

EXT. STREET IN CHAPULTEPEC - NIGHT

Rita walks out into the empty street. She walks for a moment, lost in thought.

RITA
 Ir hacia arriba, ir hacia abajo.
 Ir hacia arriba, ir hacia abajo.
 Ir hacia arriba, ir hacia abajo
 Ir hacia arriba, ir hacia abajo
 Going up, going down.
 Going up, going down.
 Going up, going down.
 Going up, going down.

Her words are suddenly repeated by voices behind her. She turns around. At the end of the street, a dense crowd coming her way. It looks like a demonstration. It engulfs her, overtakes her... The crowd is made up of dog walkers, scooters, hawkers selling cigarette lighters and gaudy toys, bubble machines, sandwich men...

RITA (CONT'D)

¿De qué hablamos hoy y ahora?

Hablamos de Violencia.

De Amor. De Muerte

De un País que sufre.

What are we talking about today and now?

We are talking about Violence.

About Love. About Death.

About a Country that suffers.

Rita is carried away by the flow. At times her feet no longer touch the ground. The milling crowd repeats her words like a slogan: "Violence, love, death, a suffering country..."

CUT TO:

Insert: a computer screen, words: "What are we talking about today? Violence. Love. Death. A suffering country..."

BACK TO:

RITA (CONT'D)

¿De quién hablamos hoy y ahora?

Hablamos de una pareja.

La pareja que formaba mi cliente con su esposa la que fue asesinada.

Who are we talking about today and now?

We are talking about a couple.

The couple my client and his wife, the one who was killed.

In the middle of what looks like a bustling market: a sidewalk café with high stools, steaming dishes and a sizzling barbecue. Stalls are set up, laden with goods, awnings are stretched over Rita. Shops, conversations, commotion... Rita is caught up in the movement.

RITA (CONT'D)

Una pareja próspera, envidiada pero una pareja prodiga

¿Quién dime quién en México no les quería?, por favor?

A prosperous couple, much envied, but a prodigal couple.

Who, tell me who, in Mexico didn't love them, please?

No es ningún cuento de hadas, es una historia de amor

This is no fairy tale.
This is a love story

Vuelvo a los hechos.
Back to the facts.

On the ground in the dark: a man is knifed and beat to a pulp.
Money changes hands. A shopkeeper counts it and hands the
customer some money.

EXT. STREET IN CHAPULTEPEC - NIGHT

Insert: images of the MENDOZAS (both in their 50s).
Husband elegant and fit. Wife, same age, overly coiffed and
made up.

Rita walks through the crowded market. Young women accompany
her, repeating her words in unison.

RITA

De qué hablamos hoy y ahora?
De justicia que se compra?
¿Con veredictos pagados,
que engordan periodico,
cuellos cortados al lado derecho,
las chicas bonitas
al lado izquierdo
y el morbo corriendo
en las calles?
What are we talking about now and today?
Of a justice that can be bought?
With paid verdicts,
fattening tabloids,
cut necks on the right side,
pretty girls on the left side
and gossip running
in the streets?

The crowd occasionally joins in the refrain.

CHORUS

Ir hacia arriba, ir hacia abajo
Going up, going down.
Going up, going down.
Going up, going down.
Going up, going down.

RITA

¿Con veredictos pagados,
cuellos cortados,
las chicas bonitas
el morbo corriendo
en las calles?

With paid verdicts,
cut necks,
pretty girls
and gossip in the streets?

RITA (CONT'D)
Distinguir lo verdadero de lo falso
Distinguish the true from the false

A table and chair appear. Rita places her computer on the oilcloth and types. A refreshment stand has materialized around her.

Insert: a printer churns out her defense speech.

Someone brings her a coffee.

RITA (CONT'D)
Vengan, todos, abran las Puertas
del Tribunal de su Conciencia
¡Oigan, respondan mi pregunta!
¿Podrían dar a mi cliente, el señor
Gabriel Mendoza, el derecho de amar
a su esposa?
Come, all of you, open the Doors
of the Court of your Consciousness.
Answer my question! Will you please give my client, Mr.
Gabriel Mendoza, the right to love his wife?

CUT TO:

Insert: computer screen: "the right to love his wife?"

BACK TO:

CHORUS
Su Señoría, pido el triunfo del
Amor, de la Inocencia, la derrota
de la Mala Fe
Fe, fe, fe, fe
Your Honor, I ask for the triumph of Love,
of Innocence, the defeat of Bad Faith, faith, faith,
faith, faith, faith.

Rita continues to type frenziedly. The owner of the stand reads over her shoulder.

RITA
Cuando hablamos de Violencia
Hablemos de Compasión.
Hablemos de nuestros Muertos
Hablemos de nuestras Sombras
Acojamos nuestro Mundo.

When we speak of Violence
 Let us speak of Compassion
 Let us talk about our Dead,
 Let us talk about our Shadows
 Let us embrace our World

Cuando hablamos de Violencia
 Abramos el Corazón
 Amemos a las Mujeres
 Perdonemos a los Hombres
 Abracemos la Miseria,
 ¡La Miseria!
 ¡La Miseria!
 ¡La Miseria!

When we speak of Violence
 Let us Open our Hearts
 Let us Love Women
 Let us Forgive Men
 Let us Embrace Misery,
 Misery!
 Misery!
 Misery!

.../...

Pages come out of the printer. Rita takes them mechanically while rereading in a hurry:

RITA (CONT'D)

... Aún así es víctima de estos
 mismos medios que se han encargado
 de calumniarlo. Han sometido a mi
 cliente y a su pareja al escrutinio
 público. Ahora todos, nos sentimos
 con el derecho de apuntar con el
 dedo y tener una opinión
 condenatoria hacia ellos dos...

... Yet he is a victim of these same media that have been
 responsible for slandering him. They have put my client
 and his partner under public scrutiny. Now, we all feel
 we have the right to point fingers and have a condemning
 opinion towards the two of them.

OWNER

¿Más café?
 More coffee?

RITA

Sí, por favor.
 Yes, please.

OWNER

Ya es hora, vas a llegar tarde.
 It's time, you're going to be late.

Rita finishes the plea while packing up the sheets and putting the computer in her briefcase.

RITA (ON/OFF)

Sí, sí... Me parece haber desmontado no una, sino todas las pruebas de la acusación.

Pido pura y simplemente la liberación de mi cliente, el señor Gabriel Mendoza.

Yes, yes... I seem to have refuted not one, but all of the prosecution's arguments.

I ask purely and simply that the case against my client Gabriel Mendoza be dismissed...

She melts into the crowd of workers taking down stands and leaving.

Over a neutral background, we segue to: feet and lower bodies replaced by other feet and bodies. Feet of the rich soon replace those of the poor.

EXT/INT. COURTHOUSE

We follow two chairs being carried by two hands. We enter what seems to be another place: noise, reverberating echoes...

A loud amplified voice:

MAN

¡Corte, pónganse de pie!
All rise! The judge!

Chairs are moved. Silence.

MAN (CONT'D)

Ya pueden sentarse.
Please sit.

Chairs scrape. An audience takes its place in a courtroom.

INT. MEXICO CITY COURTROOM - NIGHT

Rita watches her boss, the lawyer BERLINGER, unfold "his" plea with poses of torero. Occasionally she mouths the words of "her" closing argument. She pushes a sheet of paper on the table so that Berlinger can discreetly read it.

BERLINGER

Ahora todos, nos sentimos con el derecho de apuntar con el dedo y tener una opinión condenatoria hacia ellos dos. Hoy quisiera apelar a sus conciencias señoras y señores.

(MORE)

BERLINGER (CONT'D)

¿Ustedes creen que Gabriel Mendoza ha levantado un dedo no en contra de su mujer sino en contra de cualquier mujer o persona cuando ha hecho tanto bien a la gente de esta ciudad?

Now, we all feel we have the right to point fingers and have a condemning opinion towards the two of them. Today I would like to appeal to your consciences. Ladies and gentlemen, do you believe that Gabriel Mendoza has raised a finger not only against his wife but against any woman or person when he has done so much good for the people of this city?

BERLINGER (CONT'D)

Me parece haber desmontado no una, sino todas las pruebas de la acusación. Pido pura y simplemente la liberación de mi cliente, el señor Gabriel Mendoza.

I seem to have refuted not one, but all of the prosecution's arguments.

I ask purely and simply that the case against my client Gabriel Mendoza be dismissed..

Next to him, Gabriel Mendoza follows the plea with a regretful look.

Like a flash: the body of the woman in sequence 1 continues to plummet and crashes on the sidewalk.

On the twelfth floor, a grey-haired, well-dressed man looks over the railing: GABRIEL MENDOZA.

INT. COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

In the foreground, Rita's face on the phone, behind Mendoza and Berlinger in the spotlight of the TV cameras.

RITA

... ¿Bueno, mamá? Ganamos. Sí, ganamos... sí, sí estoy contenta... Pero tengo un mal sabor en la boca... te decía que... Nada, olvídaloo... ¿el domingo? No puedo.. Tengo un buen de pendientes... Yo también, besos bye...

... Hello, Mom? We won. Yes, we won... Yes, yes, I'm happy... Just a little bad taste in my mouth... I was telling you that... Nothing, never mind... Sunday? I won't be able to... I have a lot of work... Me too, kisses bye...

She hangs up. Rita looks for a moment at Mendoza and Berlinger...

BERLINGER

Ni mi cliente, ni yo no dudamos
jamas de la justicia de mi país.
Neither my client nor I ever doubt the justice of my
country.

... Suddenly something seems to annoy her, as if her pants were too tight.

RITA

...¡No, vale madre!
Shit!

She understands. She turns around looking for someone. She goes to a secretary deep in discussion with a lawyer.

RITA (CONT'D)

Disculpa... (al oído de la chica) ¿No
tendrás un tampón porfa? Soy un
desmadre en este momento...
Excuse me... (into the girl's ear) Do you have a tampon?
I'm a mess right now...

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM COURTHOUSE - DAY

We hear bathroom noises. Toilets flushing, faucets, blowers, etc.

Blood on her hands. Her phone vibrates. She wipes her hand on toilet paper and grabs her phone with two fingers so it won't get bloodied.

She looks at the screen. Unknown caller.

She answers.

RITA

¿Sí, qué?
Hello?

Heavy breathing.

RITA (CONT'D)

¿Bueno?
Hello?

MAN (O.S.)

¿Señora Rita Mora Castro?
Señora Rita Mora Castro?

RITA

Sí.
Yes.

MAN (O.S.)
... ¿Pero qué anda haciendo en el
baño? A quien deberían aplaudirle
es a usted.
So what are you doing in the crapper? You're the one who
should be lauded.

Rita instinctively looks around.

RITA

...

MAN (O.S.)
¿Le gustaría ser ama y señora de su
propio destino, aunque sea una vez?
How would you like to be master of your fate for once?

RITA
¿Quién habla?
Who are you?

MAN (O.S.)
Si le interesa va a buscarla un
carro en diez minutos al puesto de
periódicos.
If it interests you, a car will pick you up in ten
minutes at the newsstand.

RITA
Es que yo...
But I...

He has hung up.

INT. COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

She is back in the corridor.

A WOMAN
Ahí ya está cerrado, hay que pasar
por la sala.
It's closed that way. Go in through the courtroom.

She stumbles into a crew of cleaning ladies wearing pink smocks.
Rita follows them, singing, at first with her inner voice, as if
a thought were grazing her lips.

Start 1M1BIS TODO Y NADA

RITA
Después de todo
¿Cuánto cuánto tiempo más agacharé
la cabeza?
¿Cuánto cuánto tiempo más les
lameré las botas?
(MORE)

RITA (CONT'D)

¿Cuánto cuánto tiempo más les daré
mi talento?

¿Cuánto cuánto tiempo más chambearé
para nada?

After all

How long will I keep my head down?

How much longer will I kiss their asses?

How much longer will they go on exploiting my talent?

How much longer will I go on working for nothing?

CORO

¡¿Qué tienes que ganar?!

What have you got to gain?

RITA

¿Qué tengo que ganar?

What have I gotta gain?

CORO

¡¿Qué tienes que perder?!

What do you have to lose?

RITA

¿Qué tengo que perder?

Yo y mi doctorado

What have I got to lose?

Me and my PhD

CORO

XXX

Extra, extra, extra large

RITA

Yo y mi puto salario

Me and my fucking salary

CORO

XXX chiquito

Extra, extra, extra small

RITA

Yo y mi corazón de piedra

Me and my heart of stone

CORO

XXX duro

Extra, extra, extra hard

RITA

Yo y mis pompis mantecosas

Me and my fat ass

CORO

XXX

Extra, extra, extra

RITA

¿Cuánto cuánto tiempo más?

How much longer?

CORO

i¿Qué tenemos que ganar?!

What do we have to gain?

RITA

¿Cuánto cuánto tiempo más?

How much longer?

CORO

i¿Qué tenemos que perder?!

What have we got to lose?

RITA

Y la bola de mis dizque amigos dice:

And all my so-called friends say:

CORO

"¿Cuándo te vas a casar?

¿a tener hijos?"

When are you going to get married?

Have children?

RITA

No tengo tiempo para hacerlos.

Y la bola de víboras me dice:

I've not got the time to have them

And the bunch of bitches say:

CORO

"¿Cuándo vas a abrir tu gabinete, bonita?"

When are you going to open your business, honey?

RITA

iYa mero!

iCuando ya no sea prieta!

Who knows?

When I'm not black anymore!

RITA (CONT'D)

¿Por qué me llamó? ¿Por qué yo?

¿Por qué en el puesto de

periódicos?

(x 4)

Why did he call me? Why me?

Why meet at the newsstand? (x2)

CORO

¿Por qué? ¿Por qué? ¿Por qué en el

puesto de periódicos? (x 4)

Why? Why?

Why meet at the newsstand? (x2)

She walks across the room. There is a flag in the background.
The cleaning staff goes to work.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - NIGHT

The newsstand shines like a box of light in the night. It is plastered with tabloid covers. An assassin's face on one of them has been pixelated.

She continues to sing, increasingly convinced.

RITA

No tengo nada que perder
I have nothing to lose

CORO

No tienes nada que perder
You have nothing to lose

RITA

Tengo todo que ganar
I have everything to gain

CORO

Tienes todo que ganar
You have everything to gain

RITA

No tengo nada que perder
I have nothing to lose

CORO

No tienes nada que perder
You have nothing to lose

RITA

Tengo todo que ganar
I have everything to gain

CORO

Tienes todo que ganar
You have everything to gain

RITA

Nada, nada, nada
Todo, todo, todo
Nada, nada, nada, todo
todo, nada, nada, todo
Nada, todo, nada, todo, nada,
Todo, nada, todo, nada
Nothing, nothing, nothing,
Everything, everything, everything,
Everything, nothing, nothing, everything
Nothing, everything, nothing, everything, nothing
Everything, nothing, everything, nothing

CORO

Nada, nada, nada
 Todo, todo, todo
 Nada, nada, nada,
 Todo, todo
 Nothing, nothing, nothing,
 Everything, everything, everything,
 Nothing, nothing, nothing,
 Everything, everything

End 1M1bis TODO Y NADA

Start music 1M2 Instrumental

TATTOOED GUY (O.S.)

¡Señora!
 Señora!

RITA

Sí.
 Yes.

She swings around. An SUV appears out of nowhere. Through the windshield, she can distinguish the pixelated face of the driver: NB in the film, as in the press and documentaries, sicarios' faces will be pixelated.

Another "pixelated" sicario climbs out of the back seat.

TATTOOED MAN

¿Señora Mora Castro?
 Señora Mora Castro?

RITA

... Sí.
 ...Yes.

He slips a hood over her head...

RITA (CONT'D)

¡Ah!
 Oooh!

MAN

Tranquila.
 Relax!

... and pushes her inside. The car drives away.

EXT. CHIHUAHUA DESERT - NIGHT

1M3 SUV Instrumental

Top shot: an SUV zooms through the desert. The headlights project two beams onto the sand.

A trail of dust lingers behind. On the radio, the guttural inflections of a cheesy narco-corrido song.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

The music continues. Rita is still hooded.

A sudden shock: The car hits a bump. Rita is brutally sent flying to one side.

RITA

¡Ah!

Ah!

One of the men sits her up straight. Her hood slips enough to leave a chink through which she sees: the silhouettes of the men up front, the lights on the dashboard, the monotonous landscape whipping by...

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

... Then, suddenly, a ruined bridge with corpses hanging from the railings.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The SUV dims its lights and drives in the night.

On closer look, what first looked like specks of light and clouds of dust becomes a convoy of thirty trucks in the desert. Pickup trucks equipped with machine guns, trailers, armored SUVs, etc.

The SUV drives alongside the convoy that slows down to stop.

[End 1M3](#)

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The convoy is now stopped with the engine still on.

Still hooded, Rita is escorted by the two sicarios.

On the platforms of the pickups, there are armed and sometimes masked men, covered with dust.

In the back of a pickup there are also wounded men who are being bandaged or given local painkillers.

We hear a noise from the sky. It's a drone that a sicario picks up.

Rita's POV: men's feet, guns, voices.

SICARIO (OFF)
 Dile al patrón que están a 30 km,
 que tenemos que ir.
 Tell the boss they are 30 kilometers away, we have to go.

... An animal presence. Suddenly a dog burrows its nose in her crotch...

EXT/INT. MANITAS' TRAILER - NIGHT

... a few metal steps... knocks on a door... the door opening...

SICARIO 2 (OFF)
 Rosario los vió, están a 30
 kilómetros. Nos tenemos que largar.
 Rosario saw them, they are 30 kilometers away. We gotta
 get out of here.

No comment, just the atmosphere has changed. She is sat down and secured with a seat belt. Sound of door being closed.

After a while.

RITA
 ¿Hay alguien ahí?
 Is someone there?

MANITAS (OFF)
 ¿Tiene miedo?
 Are you afraid?

RITA
 ¿Debería?
 Should I be?

MANITAS (OFF)
 No.
 No.

Start 1M4 EL ENCUENTRO

MANITAS (OFF) (CONT'D)

¿Sabe quién soy?
Do you know who I am?

RITA
Creo que sí.
I think so.

MANITAS (OFF)
Dígame.
Tell me.

RITA
Usted es Manitas Del Monte.
You are Manitas Del Monte.

MANITAS (OFF)
¿Y qué sabe de mi situación abogada
Mora Castro?
Counselor Mora Castro, and what do you know of my
situation?

She hesitates.

RITA
Al parecer el cártel Del Monte
tiene algunos problemas
actualmente. La prensa dice que sus
fuentes de abastecimiento se
encuentran en manos del Cártel de
Los Tiburones y que las elecciones
pasadas no favorecieron a los
políticos que lo respaldan. Quienes
todavía no lo han abandonado lo
harán muy pronto.
It seems the Del Monte cartel is having some problems at
the moment. According to the papers, the Los Tiburones
cartel has taken over your supply chain, and the last
elections didn't favor the politicians who support you.
The ones who haven't dumped you yet, will dump you soon
enough.

A hand rips off her hood. JUAN MANITAS DEL MONTE sits in the dark on the other side of a desk. He tosses aside the hood and sits back down.

They are in an armored trailer with three rows of seats to either side of a table littered with cell phones. The light comes from ceiling spots and reading lights. Above Rita, a CCTV screen showing: interiors of truck cabs, the road behind and ahead.

Manitas speaks softly, as if fatigued or disgusted.

MANITAS

No... No puedo seguir
escondiéndome, cambiando de casa,
de departamento, como se cambia de
camisa ... La jubilación no existe
para la gente como yo.

No... I can't go on hiding, changing houses, flats, the
same way I would change a shirt... Peace does not exist
for people like me.

RITA

¿En qué le puedo ayudar?
How may I help you?

MANITAS

Contestar esta pregunta supondría
que ya aceptó la misión y el
secreto que conlleva. Si te digo de
qué se trata, ya no hay vuelta
atrás. Oírlo es aceptarlo.
Debes saber también que si te digo de qué
se trata y entonces aceptas, considerables
sumas de dinero se transferirán en Suiza,
las Caimán, de las que sólo tú y yo
conoceremos la existencia. Cifras y
códigos, cuentas y millones. Sólo tú y yo..

To answer that question would mean that you have already
accepted the mission and the secrecy that goes with
it. If I tell you what it is about, there is no turning
back. To hear it is to accept it. You must also know that
if I tell you what it is about and then you accept,
considerable sums of money will be transferred in
Switzerland, the Caymans, of which only you and I will
know the existence. Figures and codes, accounts and
millions. Only you and I...

RITA

Ok, dígame ¿qué quiere de mí?
Ok, tell me, what do you want from me?

MANITAS

¿Estás segura?
Are you sure?

RITA

Sí.
Yes.

END 1M4 EL ENCUENTRO

He slides a sheet of paper over to Rita. She hesitates before
looking at it. Manitas insists with a nod. Rita looks at the
sheet: numbers with lots of zeros.

A beat.

RITA (CONT'D)

¿A qué me arriesgo?

What do I risk?

MANITAS
A volverse rica.
Becoming rich.

Suddenly Rita feels as if the lights have dimmed and the sound has become muffled. The white glow of the paper with numbers on it.

Rita catches her breath.

RITA
(suspirando) ...está bien.
(in a breath) All right.

MANITAS
No oí.
I didn't hear.

RITA
Está bien.
All right.

MANITAS
¿Qué está bien?
All right, what?

She swallows and points to the sheet of numbers.

Manitas takes his time.

MANITAS (CONT'D)
¿Segura, señora Mora Castro?
Are you sure, Señora Mora Castro?

Rita nods.

RITA
¿Qué quiere que haga?
Tell me what you expect of me.

MANITAS
Quiero ser una mujer
I want to become a woman.

RITA
No entiendo.
I don't understand.

MANITAS
¿Qué no entiende?
Don't understand what?

RITA

(en voz baja, como en secreto)
...quiere decir: ¿físicamente mujer?
(softly, like a secret) You mean a woman... physically?

MANITAS

Sí.
Yes.

RITA

¿Quiere volverse mujer físicamente?
You want to physically become a woman?

MANITAS

Sí.
Yes.

RITA

No entiendo. ¿Quiere cambiar de
vida o cambiar de sexo?
I don't understand, do you want a new life or a new
gender?

MANITAS

¿Cuál es la diferencia?
Is there a difference?

RITA

Pues... es qu... (intentando sonreír)
¡soy abogada, señor Del Monte, no
cirujana!
But... uh... (trying to smile) I'm a lawyer, Mr. Del Monte,
not a surgeon!

MANITAS

Para eso acabo de contratarla, para
conseguir a uno bueno.
You've just been hired to find a good one.

RITA

Pero... mmm... pues... eso no se hace así
nada más, ¡puede tomar años!
But... mmm... well... it doesn't simply happen that way,
it can take years!

MANITAS

Ya empecé el tratamiento, hace dos
años.
I started treatment two years ago.

Manitas takes her hand and slips it under his shirt.

He rips open his jacket and shows her his developing breasts.

MANITAS (CONT'D)

¿Qué te pasa? ¿Te quieres echar pa' atrás? Ya no se puede, ni tú, ni yo podemos salir de esto.

What's the matter? You looking for a way out? There's no way out. Not for you, not for me.

She stares at him, flabbergasted.

INT. BERLINGER'S OFFICES - NIGHT

Rita sits behind a pile of files in Berlinger's offices. Her glass cubicle is in the back of the landscaped space. She seems to be at work like everyone else.

MANITAS (O.S.)

Habrá que buscar un lugar seguro para el "reseteo", lejos de aquí, ni en este país, ni en Estados Unidos... un lugar donde sea imposible encontrarme. Búscame alguien difícil de rastrear, alguien competente, intachable... El que te precedió me hizo perder el tiempo... Señora Mora Castro, cuentas con todos mis recursos, y a escala humana, son ilimitados.

For the "reset" we'll need a safe place, far from here, not in this country. And not in the US... A place where no one could ever find me. Look for someone untraceable, someone of the highest moral fiber and surgical prowess... The person before you, made me waste my time... Mrs. Mora Castro, you have all my resources, and on a human scale, they are unlimited.

She slides her hand in her bag and pulls out a matte black credit card. The card reads: INFINITE.

In CU on her computer screen: images of vaginoplasties, mammoplasties, facial plastic surgery, etc...

While glancing at the screen and typing, Rita answers the phone:

RITA

¿Bueno? no... sí, no... mamá, tengo que colgar... sí, no... me están llamando, voy a colgar mamá... voy a colgar...

Hello? No... yeah, no... mom, I have to go... yeah... I have another call, I'm hanging up, mom... I'm hanging up...

She hangs up.

Then videos in which smiling Asian surgeons vaunt the quality of their technique in English. Rita jots down a few addresses.

.../...

Rita is now on the phone, speaking softly so that no one else will hear.

TRAVEL AGENT (O.S.)
 (Un poco irritada)
 México/Bangkok... Luego podemos
 tomar Bangkok/Bombay, Bombay/Rio...
 Bueno, para el primero, tengo un
 México/Heneda... 4 horas de
 conexión, luego Heneda/Bangkok...
 (A bit cranky) Mexico/Bangkok... Then we can take
 Bangkok/Bombay, Bombay/Rio... Well, for the 1st, I have a
 Mexico/Heneda... 4 hours of connection, then
 Heneda/Bangkok...

RITA
 (En voz baja) ¿Cuánto tiempo es en
 total?
 (softly) How long all together?

TRAVEL AGENT(O.S.)
 26 horas.
 26 hours.

RITA
 Tengo que estar de vuelta el
 próximo jueves antes de las 9,
 tengo una audiencia.
 I have to be in court by 9 o'clock next
 Thursday morning.

TRAVEL AGENT (O.S.)
 No llegará a tiempo.
 You will not make it in time.

RITA
 Entonces encuéntreme otra cosa.
 So find me something else.

TRAVEL AGENT (O.S.)
 ¿Cómo qué? ¿Un cohete?
 Like what, a rocket?

RITA
 ¿Y en otra clase?
 What about in another class?

TRAVEL AGENT (O.S.)
 ¿En business? Es mucho, mucho más
 caro, ya lo sabe. ¿Paga su empresa?
 Well, Business... but it's much more expensive. Is your
 company paying?

RITA
 ¿Y más arriba?
 How about above?

TRAVEL AGENT (O.S.)
 ¿Arriba de qué?
 Above what?

RITA
 De la business.
 Above Business.

Silence on the other end of the line...

TRAVEL AGENT (O.S.)
 (Suspirando) Espere... ¿quiere...
 quiere uno en primera clase?
 (softly) Wait, do you mean First Class?

RITA
 Sí.
 Yes.

TRAVEL AGENT (O.S.)
 Eso ya está muy afuera de nuestro
 acuerdo tarifario... ¿Cómo pagará?
 That's way beyond our rate agreement... How will you pay?

RITA
 Con tarjeta...
 By credit card.

TRAVEL AGENT (O.S.)
 ¿Qué tipo de tarjeta?
 What kind of card?

Rita takes the Infinity card from her bag.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
 ¿Rita estás ahí?
 Rita, are you there?

Surprised, Rita drops the card.

RITA
 Eh, sí, sí...
 Uh, yes, yes...

SECRETARY (O.S.)
 El patrón está con el cliente, ¡te
 están esperando!
 Rita, the boss is with the client. They're waiting for
 you!

RITA
 ¡Ahí voy, ahí voy!...
 I'm coming.

The Infinity card lies on the floor. She picks it up.

28/29/30 OUT

EXT. SUVARNABHUMI AIRPORT - NIGHT

Suvarnabhumi Airport: A Bangkok Airways flight makes a night landing.

Title card:

BANGKOK

EXT/INT. CLINICS

Start music 1M8 VAGINOPLASTY Duo Rita / various surgeons.

Everything is white.

A bright white carpet leads from the jetliner to a clinic where the Asian surgeon and his staff - earlier seen on Rita's computer - greet Rita with perfectly synchronized bows.

Rita and the DOCTOR are followed by his staff.

RITA

Hello, very nice to meet you.
I'd like to know about sex change
operations.

DOCTOR

I see, I see, I see. Man to Woman or Woman
to Man?

RITA

Man to Woman.

DOCTOR

From penis to vagina. Is it for you?

RITA

For me? No, thank you.

DOCTOR

What do you want to know, Madam?

RITA

Everything. Everything. What is the
protocol, the technique, the risks. How
many operations, how much time do you need?

.../...

As the list goes on, CLOSE UP: the operations concerned. Red or dotted lines mark faces, torsos, posteriors, etc.

DOCTOR
Mammoplasty?

RITA
Yes.

DOCTOR
Vaginoplasty?

RITA
Yes.

DOCTOR
Rhinoplasty?

RITA
Yes.

DOCTOR
Laryngoplasty?

RITA
Yes.

DOCTOR
Mammoplasty?

RITA
Yes.

DOCTOR
Vaginoplasty?

RITA
Yes.

DOCTOR
Rhinoplasty?

RITA
Yes.

DOCTOR
Laryngoplasty?

RITA
Yes.

DOCTOR
Chondrolaryngoplasty?

She stops.

RITA
What is that?

DOCTOR
Adam's apple reduction.

Now other patients, surgeons, and staff members follow Rita, the surgeon and his staff...

We realize that what is going on behind them is the same thing that is going on before them.

RITA
YES! YES! YES! YES!

Rita in passing looks at the butt of a marvelously endowed girl.

RITA (CONT'D)
(speaking) And for my butt, just my butt, about how much?

The list is repeated four times: Mammoplasty, Vaginoplasty, Rhinoplasty, Laryngoplasty along with Rita's - YES.

The light dims, replaced by surgical lights over operating tables: liposuction, botox, lifting...

A different colored rug rolls out... an Indian surgeon and his staff greet Rita. We are in another country.

DOCTOR
Mammoplasty?
Vaginoplasty?
Rhinoplasty?
Laryngoplasty?
Plasty!

RITA
Yes!

CHORUS
Man to woman, woman to man
Vaginoplasty makes machos happy
Penoplasty, chicas too
Vaginoplasty drives chicas crazy
Penoplasty machos too
(MORE)

CHORUS (CONT'D)

Penoplasty
 Vaginoplasty chicas too
 Vaginoplasty
 Penoplasty drives chicas crazy
 Penoplasty
 Vaginoplasty machos too
 Vaginoplasty
 Vaginoplasty makes los machos happy
 Vaginoplasty
 Penoplasty, chicas too
 Penoplasty
 Vaginoplasty, drives chicas crazy
 Vaginoplasty
 Penoplasty, machos too
 Penoplasty
 Vaginoplasty makes machos happy
 Penoplasty chicas too
 Vaginoplasty drives chicas crazy
 Penoplasty machos too
 Penoplasty makes machos happy
 Vaginoplasty drives chicas crazy
 Vaginoplasty machos too
 Vaginoplasty makes machos happy
 Penoplasty chicas too

Rita makes her way against the flow of stretchers on which operations take place.

Patients Face-Time their new faces and bodies.

A new human race marches behind Rita: people in their sixties, women, men, entirely remade, smiling with big white teeth that look like kitchen sinks.

RITA AND CHORUS

Men to women, women to men
 Men to women, women to men
 Men to women, women to men
 Men to women, women to men

Her cohorts disappear. Rita is alone, contented and exhausted.

A plastic sheet billows in a draft behind her.

Suddenly a plastic bag is pulled over her head. Hands grab her neck. A man whose face is pixelated sticks a phone in her face.

MAN

¡Oye bien, pendeja!
 Listen, bitch!

We hear Manitas' distorted voice on the loudspeaker:

MANITAS (O.S.)

¿Cómo va ese asunto Mora Castro?
 ¿Crees que te pago pa' que te
 gastes mi lana? ¿Pa' que le hagas a
 la mamada en primera clase?
 ¿Quieres que te cuente lo que le
 pasó al que hacía tu chamba?
 ¡Apúrate chingada madre, que se me
 acaba el tiempo!

How's it going, Mora Castro? You think I pay you to spend my money? You think I pay you to show off in First Class? You want me to tell you what happened to the guy who did your job? Hurry the fuck up, I'm running out of time!

The hands loosen their grip. She drops to the floor. Suffocating. The lights slowly go out.

EXT. BEN GURION AIRPORT, TEL AVIV - DAY

An El-Al 787 lands at Ben Gurion International Airport.

Title card:

TEL AVIV

EXT. AVENUE, TEL AVIV - DAY

A large modern, white building with big letters on its facade: HICHILOV HOSPITAL.

INT. LEVITCH MEDICAL CENTER, WAITING ROOM - DAY

Rita sits in a modest white waiting room.

She surveys the people waiting: a soldier with a bandaged face. A mother with her teenaged son whose jaws are K-wired.

She overhears snippets of a conversation in Hebrew in the doctor's office.

INT. LEVITCH MEDICAL CENTER, WASSERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. WASSERMAN sits across from her. White lab coat, buzz cut, blue eyes, an inscrutable half smile.

Rita watches him silently leaf through a file.

RITA (O.S.)

Creo que ahora sí lo encontré.
 I think I've found it this time.

MANITAS (O.S.)
 Lo dices porque te estás
 apanicando.
 You say that because you're scared.

RITA (O.S.)
 No, lo digo porque es el indicado.
 No se las da de simpático. No trata
 de vender sus chácharas. Además,
 ¿quién va a venir a buscarlo a
 usted a Tel Aviv?
 No, because he's the right one. He doesn't try to be nice
 and he's not pushing his wares. And who'd come looking
 for you in Tel Aviv?

Wasserman looks up.

WASSERMAN
 Your client has no name?

RITA
 For the moment, no. He desires to
 remain anonymous.

WASSERMAN
 No name but a lot of money...

Rita nods.

WASSERMAN (CONT'D)
 He's Mexican like you?

Rita does not respond.

WASSERMAN (CONT'D)
 He's in trouble?

She doesn't answer.

A beat.

Rita sees the doctor push the file back her way, as if an
 answer.

Start 1M11 LADY duet Rita/Wasserman

WASSERMAN (CONT'D)
 Lady,
 You know I only fix the body
 Skin, bones, but I will never fix
 the soul

If he's a he she'll be a he
 If he's a she she'll be she
 If he's a wolf she'll be a wolf
 (MORE)

WASSERMAN (CONT'D)
 If he's the wolf you'll be his
 sheep

Lady,
 I've been a doctor since I'm 24
 I fight and fix but I'll never
 stop the war
 My door is not God's door

Rita begins to show signs of impatience.

WASSERMAN (CONT'D)
 Lady,
 Will you please tell your Mister
 Mystery
 Instead of having plastic surgery
 He'd better change ID

She mimes "okay, finished?"

RITA
 Doctor,
 I know you did a lot of studies
 Doctor!

WASSERMAN
 Please!

RITA
 But let me say I disagree

She points a finger at Wasserman.

RITA (CONT'D)
 Changing the body, changes Society
 Changing Society, changes the soul
 Changing the soul, changes Society
 Changing Society, changes it all

So Doctor
 You'd better trust my Mister
 Mystery
 If you had seen what he has shown
 to me
 You'd be a better man

Another Rita is standing on his desk.

RITA (CONT'D)
 Doctor,
 You don't know what it's like to be
 a Queen
 When you were born to strive and
 raised to kill
 (MORE)

RITA (CONT'D)

You'd better Dance or Die
 Ladies and Gentlemen
 and everyone in between
 And every body
 no one has
 ever been
 I'll never let you down!

Getting carried away, Rita raises a fist and pierces the false ceiling. Part of it collapses onto Wasserman's desk.

RITA (CONT'D)

Doctor
 I've been a lawyer since I'm 24
 Don't want to say what I'm doing
 this for
 I'll never plead guilty

She leans in very close to Wasserman's face.

RITA (CONT'D)

Doctor
 I didn't come your way to waste
 your time
 Changing gender is not an alibi
 You'd better change your mind x3
 Your Mind
 Your Mind

WASSERMAN

Lady,
 Will you please tell your Mister
 Mystery
 Instead of having plastic surgery
 He'd better change his mind
 His mind
 His mind

End of 1M11 LADY

CUT TO:

INT. LEVITCH MEDICAL CENTER, WASSERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Rita sits back down in front of the stunned doctor.

WASSERMAN

Can... Can I at least talk to him?

RITA

That depends.

WASSERMAN

On what?

RITA

On you. If you are not willing to accept, it's not worth it to talk to him. To listen to him is to accept.

EXT. CHIHUAHUA DESERT - NIGHT

Top shot: the headlights of an SUV in the Mexican desert. Ranchera music follows the car like the cloud of dust in its wake.

WASSERMAN (O.S.)

Ah! (yelling) Could you ask them to lower their shitty music?

RITA (O.S.)

(gritando) Oigan muchachos, ¿pueden bajarle un poco al volumen por favor?

(yelling) Hey guys, can you please turn it down!

The music stops.

EXT. MANITAS' COMPOUND - NIGHT

Five cars are parked in a circle around Manitas' compound.

A cloud of dust, the doors open... the hoods are pulled off...

.../...

A finger presses a button, turning on the generator.

Projectors on the vehicles light up to shape a circle. Stakes are unloaded from the cars. Ropes are tied and canvas stretched.

Holding his bag, Wasserman takes an anthropologist's look at the crowd. Neither the weapons nor the sinister looks frighten him.

But it is also true that the atmosphere is very different from scene 14, tonight there is like a smell of freedom.

EXT. MANITAS' COMPOUND - NIGHT

A hand reaches into the frame...

Rita makes the introductions in English:

RITA
Manitas Del Monte... Professor
Wasserman.

Wasserman shakes his hand.

MANITAS
Good evening, Professor, did you
have a good trip?

WASSERMAN
Besides the shitty music,
excellent.

MANITAS
Are you hungry, would you like to
rest?

WASSERMAN
Neither... We can start whenever you
want.

Rita watches them disappear into Manitas' armored vehicle.

We approach until her face fills the frame.

Start of 1M13 Chiaroscuro

On this image are superimposed:

EXT. MANITAS' COMPOUND - NIGHT

- A guy fiddles with a record player. Throbbing music.
- Tilted down: infared images of the camp and the landscape. These are the images of a drone remote control. The pilot with other armed guards are set up on a height overlooking the camp.

Walkie-talkies crackle and the sound system echoes as it is set below.

The music will cover all of the following:

- In the halo of directional spotlights, two pickups arrive. Inside, young and not-so-young women dressed for the party.

From the welcome they receive from the occupants of the camp, we understand that they are their regulars, or their escorts. In the light of the LEDs the colors flash.

- From a pickup are unloaded solid and liquid provisions: Reserves of water, beer and mezcal. People help themselves before everything is unpacked.
- Rita accepts the can of beer that is offered to her.

She observes while drinking.

- The faces of Manitas and Wasserman. The former speaks, the latter listens and takes notes in a red notebook.
- A rising moon.
- The red notebook.
- Through the blinds over a window of Manitas' car: Manitas' and Wasserman's silhouettes.
- Wasserman's pen on a page of the red notebook.

MANITAS (OFF)
A pigsty. You have no idea what it
is like growing up in pigsty?
You know the show "The Sopranos"?
Doesn't ring a bell?
In the beginning, there's a
character named Vito Spatafore.
He's the capo of the DiMeo
family... I've seen it a hundred
times... Vito works with Tony
Soprano.

Over Manitas' narration:

- A succession of men's faces: tough, sometimes tattooed, their weapons in their hands, or on their arms.
- A group shoots guns while dancing.
- A couple fucking in a car.

Etc.

MANITAS (OFF) (CONT'D)
They get on well and do good
business together until word gets
out that Vito is gay.
(MORE)

MANITAS (OFF) (CONT'D)

Then Phil Leotardo goes and beats him to death. The problem in my life, is that I'm both poor Vito and that scumbag Leotardo. To keep his true nature hidden, Vito had to be the worst fucking scumbag of them all... I can't take it anymore... I've thought about killing myself, about ending up as a few lines in a newspaper, like the others. But then I thought it wasn't fair, I couldn't die without living... I was entitled to another life, a life of my own.

- Rita's face lit up by what appears to be a campfire. She is looking at something.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

Silence. We are still on Rita, who is watching.

In front of her: men and women dance around a campfire. Sicarios, wives of sicarios, children of sicarios.

The music has changed but not the source. Normal volume. Strident.

A woman's voice from behind.

JESSI (O.S.)
¿Qué está haciendo aquí?
What are you doing here?

She turns around.

RITA
¿Y usted?
What about you?

JESSI
¿Yo? Soy su mujer. Soy Jessi Del Monte.
I'm his wife. I'm Jessi Del Monte.

JESSI DEL MONTE is pretty and wears expensive clothes that catch the eye, especially given the location. She is about 20, a bit shy. When she smiles, she exposes small, sharp teeth.

RITA
Yo soy Rita Mora Castro, abogada.
Trabajo para su marido.

I am Rita Mora Castro, a lawyer. I work for your husband.

JESSI
 Sí, me imagino, ¿pero qué hace para él?
 I figured, but what do you do exactly for him?

RITA
 Muchas cosas...
 Many things...

She cuts Rita off.

JESSI
 ¿Es cierto que nos va a sacar del país?
 Is it true that he's getting us out of the country?

RITA
 No lo sé, no estoy al tanto.
 I do not know, I am not aware of it.

Jessi smiles, not believing her.

JESSI
 ¿Y quién es ese tipo que viene con usted?
 And who's the guy coming with you?

MANITAS (O.S.)
 Ah, ya se conocieron.
 So you've met?

Jessi turns around, feeling uncomfortable.

JESSI
 Sí. Le preguntaba a Rita quién era el tipo que está contigo.
 Yes. I was asking Rita who the guy with you was.

Manitas shrugs his shoulders.

MANITAS
 Los negocios... ¿Dónde están los niños?
 Business stuff... Where are the kids?

JESSI
 Están bailando con los demás.
 Dancing with the others.

MANITAS
 ¿Vamos con ellos?
 Shall we join them?

JESSI

(a Rita) ¿Viene con nosotros?
(to Rita) Are you coming with us?

RITA

No, gracias... estoy bien aquí.
No, thanks. I'm fine here.

She lifts her glass of beer in a toast.

CUT TO:

The music and the party continue. Manitas, Jessi and their children lie on the ground in the desert. He points at stars, teaching them their names. The family stares up at the sky.

Manitas sees Rita watching them. They exchange glances.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

Smoke rises from the dead fire. The party is over. Sicarios sleep off their mezcal in their pickup trucks.

EXT. CAMPEMENT - NIGHT

With a blanket draped over her shoulders, Rita smokes a cigarette, watching the sun rise over the desert.

Wasserman hands Rita the burner phone. At his feet, his travel bag.

Rita takes the phone and points to the red notebook sticking out of his pocket.

RITA

Under normal circumstances, a single word in this notebook would condemn to death the person who wrote it, the person who reads it and all their families!

He hands it to her.

WASSERMAN

I told him I would give it to you.
I don't need it anymore. The operation and recovery will take place back home in Tel Aviv.
Goodbye, Rita.

RITA

Goodbye, Doctor.

They shake hands.

RITA (CONT'D)
I think Manitas told them about the music...

Behind them, the loud engines sputter, ready to leave.

INT. MANITAS' TRAILER

Out the windows, on CCTV screens, the desert landscape speeds by: the convoy, the cabs' interiors, the drivers... Rita sits across from Manitas.

Rita is sitting in front of Manitas. She hands him three passports.

RITA
...los pasaportes con sus nuevos nombres. Tienen que aprendérselos de memoria.
The passports with their new names. They'll have to memorize them.

She hands him other papers but Manitas cannot take his eyes off his children's passport photos.

RITA (CONT'D)
...estas son las cuentas. Programé y codifiqué todas las transferencias. Seguí sus instrucciones: serán ricos.
...These are the accounts. I programmed and coded all the transfers. I followed your instructions: you will be rich.

She shows him photos of a house.

Manitas, lost in his thoughts, looks out the window. He begins to sing while Rita continues to give him the information:

RITA (CONT'D)
Aquí es donde van a vivir, es en Lausana, a la orilla del lago... es grande, tranquilo... Suiza, pues. Voy a acompañarlos y ayudarlos a establecerse. No va a ser fácil al principio, pero con el tiempo lo olvidarán.
They will be living here, in Lausanne, a lakefront property, spacious, calm... Switzerland. I'll go with them and help them settle in. It won't be easy at first but they'll eventually forget you.

Start of 1M14 DESEO

MANITAS

No me falta el cielo,
 no me falta el mar
 no me falta la voz
pero me falta cantar.

I don't lack the sky,
 I don't lack the sea
 I don't lack a voice
 but I lack singing.

No me falta la lana,
 no me falta matar,
 no me falta lujuria,
me falta desear.

I don't lack money,
 I don't lack killing,
 I don't lack lust,
 I lack desire.

No deseo el deseo
 Ni el ser deseado.
Que lo que "es" no no "sea"
yo solo deseo ser Ella.
 I don't desire desire,
 nor to be desired.
 May what used to be no longer be,
 I only wish to be a She

Yo quiero otra cara,
 yo quiero otra piel,
 que el fondo de mi alma
 huelea como la miel.

I want another face,
 I want another skin,
 I want the bottom of my soul
 to smell like honey.

No deseo el deseo,
 ni el ser deseado.,
Que no sea lo que sea
yo sólo deseo ser otra.
 I don't desire desire,
 nor to be desired,
 May what used to been longer be,
 I only desire to be a She

Moved, Rita places her hand on Manitas'. He is surprised by her comforting hand.

End of 1M14 Deseo

Black.

EXT. LAUSANNE VILLA

The moon hangs over the Alps and Lake Geneva like a steel mirror.

Title card:

"SWITZERLAND"

EXT. VILLA LAUSANNE

Two parked minibuses, trunks and doors wide open in the snow. Five men come and go between the house and minibuses, carrying Vuitton trunks and suitcases. When they have finished, they carry the two sleeping children, ÁNGEL and DIEGO, to the house.

Off to one side wrapped in her parka, Jessi shivers and bursts into tears.

JESSI

Aquí no estamos en casa, ¡quiero volver! ¿Por qué me hace esto? ¿Yo qué le hice?

This is not our home, I want to go back! Why is he doing this to me? What did I do?

RITA

(con voz baja) Es para protegerlos, Jessi. Si vuelven, quienes van tras su marido irán tras usted y sus hijos. Quiere mantenerlos a salvo, ¿entiende?

(softly) If you go home, the men who are going after Manitas will go after you and the children. Manitas is protecting you, you understand?

JESSI

Por favor, señora... no quiero esto... no tengo nada que hacer aquí.
Please, ma'am. I don't want this... I have nothing to do here...

RITA

Se lo ruego...
Please...

JESSI

¿Y cuánto tiempo va a durar?
How long will this last?

RITA

No lo sé.
I don't know.

JESSI

¿Varios meses?

Several months?

RITA

Tal vez más.

Maybe longer.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Shadows play on Rita's face. She is in a sedan on the way to the airport.

RITA

Listo, están a salvo.

It's done. They're safe.

On the other end, Manitas is breathing, then:

MANITAS (O.S.)

Todo desaparecerá. De ahora en adelante, eres mi último lazo con el pasado.

Everything must disappear. From now on, you're my last link to the past.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Wasserman's notebook goes up in flames.

The pages twist and burn.

INT. JESSI'S VILLA - NIGHT

Close-up of a television screen. Televisa Veracruz 8 o'clock news. After a few local news items, the ANCHORMAN announces, over fire footage of what could be Manitas' trailer:

ANCHORMAN

Los restos humanos encontrados en el almacén de Veracruz arrojaron su ADN: pertenecen a Manitas Del Monte. El conocido narcotraficante que parecía haberse esfumado desde hace meses habría, en realidad, caído en manos de sus enemigos. Enseguida le mostraremos la retrospectiva de una trayectoria criminal.

DNA testing of human remains found in a Veracruz warehouse has identified the victim as Manitas Del Monte. The famous drug trafficker, who disappeared months ago, had in fact fallen into the hands of his enemies. A look back at a criminal history.

INT. JESSI'S VILLA - NIGHT

In the blue flickering light of the screen, Jessi's face, a hand clasped over her mouth and her eyes wet with tears.

We see photos of Manitas in all his splendor: photos of rival drug lords murdered at his behest - heads cut off, corpses hanging from bridges, etc.

ANCHORMAN (O.S.)
Y ahora la cápsula deportiva.
And now, sports...

JESSI
¡Noooo!
No!

Black.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEL AVIV - DAY

The sun rises over Tel Aviv.

Start 2M15 Tel Aviv

INT. ROOM HICHILOV HOSPITAL - DAY

End of 2M15 Tel Aviv

We slowly open on...

Subjective camera:

You open your eyes in a dark hospital room. You groan. You are breathing heavily. The door opens. A silhouette steps in from the bright corridor and approaches. You recognize Wasserman, who has come to see you. You shut your eyes.

You open them later. They are dazzled by the sunlight streaming in through the blinds ... It takes time to adjust.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM HICHILOV HOSPITAL - DAY

You hear the sound of the TV attached to the wall. The weather report and regional news.

Your hand shakes. You aim a small mirror at your stomach. You hyperventilate. Delighted with what you see. Groaning:

EMILIA

... Dios mío... Dios mío... gracias, Dios
mío...
... My God... my God... thank you, God...

INT. ROOM HICHILOV HOSPITAL - DAY

Still in the room. On the TV screen: a telenovela dubbed into Hebrew.

Sitting on the edge of her bed in her panties, Emilia tries on bras. Her head is covered in bandages, her body in traces of her operations.

She puts on a bra and repeats to herself, to try her new voice:

EMILIA

(para sí misma) Emilia Pérez...
Señora Pérez... Emilia... Emilita...
Señora Emilia Pérez...
(to herself) Emilia Pérez... Señora Pérez... Emilia... Emilita...
Señora Emilia Pérez...

Outside: sea and sun.

Fade to black...

Début 3M17 HYDE PARK. Instrumental

A title card:

LONDON

FOUR YEARS LATER

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A chic restaurant in the city of London, greens and reds in the English style. Ten guests dine at a table. They all look alike: 40s, same milieu, same natural superiority, same high incomes. Rita Mora Castro fits in, sitting in the middle of the table.

She has become the perfect executive woman she always wanted to become.

She is having a conversation with a young man in front of her.

RITA

I believe if we change the text here with what you proposed - which was very good, by the way. He will get him to sign off on the agreement by Monday. He's a mercurial client...

MAN

What do you mean mercurial?

RITA

It means today he says yes, tomorrow he says no. By Monday he will cave in and agree to the proposal, I can guarantee it.

She feels a glance on her.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

WOMAN (O.S.)

You're not English, are you?

Rita looks at her. She looks forty-five, friendly and dresses with taste. We suppose that it is Emilia. We recognize her. Rita does not.

RITA

No, I'm not, why?

WOMAN

You have something very special... something not very...

RITA

I'm Mexican.

WOMAN

No way! Me too!

RITA

No mames. ¿De verdad? ¿De qué parte?

Really? Where from?

WOMAN

De Monterrey ¿Y tú?
From Monterrey, and you?

RITA
 De Veracruz. Bueno, nací en
 República Dominicana pero crecí en
 México.
 From Veracruz. Well, I was born in the Dominican Republic
 but grew up in Mexico.

WOMAN
 ¡Qué buena onda!
 How cool!

She calls out to the woman's neighbor and signals a change of partners.

RITA
 ¿Puedo acercarme más?
 Can I come closer?

She slides in next to the woman.

RITA (CONT'D)
 Me da gusto hablar español...
 I am glad to speak Spanish...

WOMAN
 ¿Extrañas México?
 Do you miss Mexico?

RITA
 No. Un poco. La verdad no lo sé,
 siempre soñé con irme a otro lado...
 ¿Y tú, vives allá?
 No. A little. Well, I can't say. I always wanted to go
 away. Do you live there?

WOMAN
 Ya hace mucho que ando de un lado a
 otro. Pero, sí lo extraño, claro.
 It's been a long time since I've been on the go. But, I
 do miss it, of course.

RITA
 Sí... Pero no oí bien, ¿cómo te
 llamas?
 Yes... I didn't hear... What's your name?

WOMAN
 (riendo) No oíste porque no te
 dije.
 (Laughing) You didn't hear because I didn't tell you.

RITA
 Yo me llamo Rita, Rita Mora Castro.
 My name is Rita, Rita Mora Castro.

WOMAN
 Yo soy Emilia Pérez. Un placer.
 I'm Emilia Pérez. Nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

RITA
 ¿Con quién vienes?
 Who did you come here with?

WOMAN
 Con Simon, Sí lo conoces ¿no? él se
 ocupa de mis asuntos en Europa.
 With Simon. You know him, right? He manages my business
 in Europe.

RITA
 Claro, de hecho, trabajamos más o
 menos en...
 Of course. We have similar...

Then it suddenly dawns on Rita. A flood of light. She has the wind knocked out of her. She opens her mouth, but nothing comes out. She feels the woman's eyes and smile on her.

RITA (CONT'D)
 (como suspirando) ¿Eres tú?
 (as if sighing) Is it you?

EMILIA
 Bingo.
 BINGO.

RITA
 ¿Por qué estás aquí?
 Why are you here?

EMILIA
 Tenía negocios en Londres...
 I had business in London...

RITA
 ¡No te hagas pendeja! ¿Pusiste a
 alguien a rastrearme?
 Cut the crap! Did you put someone to track me?

EMILIA
 Nadie.
 Nobody.

[Start 3M19 POR CASUALIDAD](#)

RITA
 No reconozco tu voz.
 I don't recognize your voice.

EMILIA

¿Nada más mi voz?
Just my voice?

RITA

No me digas que viniste por
casualidad,
que pasabas por aquí así nada más.
No me digas que viniste por
casualidad

Don't tell me you came by chance,
that you were passing by just like that.
Don't tell me you came by chance

No me digas que viniste por
casualidad,
Dime que viniste a borrar el
pasado,
a callar al último puto testigo
molesto: ¡Yo!

No me, ah, por casualidad.
Don't tell me you came by chance
Tell me you came to erase the past
To silence the last annoying witness: Me!
Don't tell me that you came by chance.

No me digas que viniste por
casualidad.
Dime que viniste hasta aquí a
matarme,
para hacer la limpieza, para que
nadie
se dé cuenta quien fuiste y sepa lo
que sé.

No me digas que viniste por
casualidad
Don't tell me you came here by chance
Tell me you came all the way here to kill me
To do a last clean-up, so that no one
knows who you were and what I know
Don't tell me you came here by chance
Don't tell me you came by chance

Emilia gently interrupts.

EMILIA

No, no, no.
No Rita, no vine por casualidad.
No vine tampoco por amistad,
a agradecerte otra vez,
a echarte más flores,
No Rita, no vine por casualidad.

No, no, no
No Rita, I didn't come by chance
I didn't come either by friendship
To thank you again
To throw more flowers at you
But no Rita I didn't come by chance

No Rita, no vine por casualidad.
 Puedes huir, correr, no te detengo,
 Pero tal vez un día entenderás
 lo que es cambiar de vida
 y dejarlo todo atrás.

No Rita I didn't come by chance
 You can hide, you can run, I won't stop you,
 but maybe one day you'll understand
 What it's like to change life and to leave it all behind.

Vine a pedirte algo
 I came to ask you something

RITA
 ¿No viniste a pedirme algo de
 casualidad?
 Did you come to ask me something by chance?

END 3M19 POR CASUALIDAD

EMILIA
 Necesito que me lleves a mis hijos
 a México.
 I need you to take my children to Mexico.

RITA
 Olvídaloo.
 Forget it.

CUT TO:

INT. LAUSANNE VILLA - DAY

Lake Geneva. Behind it, the Alps.

JESSI (OFF)
 ¿México? ¿pero porqué regresaría
 yo? A ver dime ¿quién se preocupó
 por mí los últimos cuatro años?
 ¡Nadie!
 Mexico? Why would I go back there? Tell me, who cared
 about me for the last four years? Nobody!

In close-up, Jessi, blonde now, is on the phone, annoyed.

JESSI (CONT'D)
 Y de la noche a la mañana una tía
 caída del cielo nos dice que
 regresemos ¿y resulta que tenemos
 que regresar? ¿En dónde se ha visto
 eso? Tengo toda la lana que quiero
 y estoy muy bien aquí.
 Sí... sí... y hazme un favor, porfis,
 ya no me llames.

And overnight an aunt from the sky tells us to go back and it turns out we have to go back? Where have you seen that? I have all the money I want and I am very well off here. Yes... yes... and do me a favor, please, don't call me anymore.

She hangs up.

EXT. LAUSANNE VILLA - DAY

Two parked MINIBUSES, trunks and doors open. Five men come and go, piling Vuitton suitcases and trunks into the back of the minibuses. Ángel and Diego are now teenagers. Their hair is dyed blond like their mother's. They climb into the vehicles, bickering.

Rita and Jessi discuss something a few meters away.

JESSI

¿Dónde vamos a vivir?

Where will we live?

RITA

En su casa, tiene una mansión en
la Colonia Roma.

At her place. She has a huge villa in the Colonia Roma.

JESSI

¿Tú conoces a esa Emilia Pérez?

You know this Emilia Pérez?

RITA

No, pero Manitas me había hablado de una prima lejana suya con quien podrían contar un día si le pasaba algo. Ella sabía cómo localizarme y, llegado el momento, fue ella quien me dijo que los llevara.

No, but Manitas did mention a distant cousin you could count on, if anything happened to him. She knew how to reach me. And, when the time came, she was the one who told me to take you guys.

Jessi walks to the cars.

JESSI

Yo no sabía nada de eso.

I knew nothing about this.

RITA

Nadie debía saberlo.

No one was supposed to know.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICO CITY - DAY

An aerial pan shot of the Mexico City conurbation: its endless sprawl, pollution, noise...

We hear the "Se compran" mantra from afar.

Title card:

Mexico City

EXT. EMILIA'S VILLA - DAY

Another pan shot. Tighter this time. We see a magnificent modern villa clinging to a hillside. Luxuriant greenery, birdsong and sprinkling systems:

WOMAN (O.S.)

¡Doña Emilia, Doña Emilia, ahí vienen!

Mrs. Emilia, Mrs. Emilia, they're here!

EMILIA (O.S.)

¡Ya voy!
I'm coming!

Car doors slam.

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

¡Ay, los niños, Jessi, mi familia!
Oh, the children, Jessi, my family!

INT. EMILIA'S VILLA - DAY

The spacious ground floor with a staircase to the second floor.

Rita watches Emilia slowly go and take Jessi's face in her hands. She looks deep into her eyes. Jessi stands dumbstruck with bated breath. Like a statue.

After a beat:

EMILIA

No nos conocemos ¿verdad Jessi, o sí?
We've never met before, Jessi, have we?

Jessi is moved, dazed.

JESSI

... no, no creo, no...
No, I don't think so...

EMILIA

Tú eras la mujer de Manitas. Se nos
fue, descanse en paz... ahora tú eres
como mi hermana. Tú y los niños ya
están de vuelta y esta es su casa.
¿Entendido?

You were Manitas' wife. He's gone now, God rest his soul.
You're like my sister now. You and your children have
come home, and your home is here. Understand?

The two women hug and cry.

JESSI

Gracias señora.
Thank you, Madame.

EMILIA

(corrigiéndola) Emilia, por favor.
(correcting her) Emilia, please.

She looks over Jessi's shoulder to exchange glances with Rita.

Rita sees Emilia kiss the children again and again. Emilia's mouth on the children's cheeks. Then her thumb rubbing off lipstick from their cheeks.

Rita sees how much Emilia's effusiveness embarrasses the children. Jessi looks surprised.

Emilia invites them to follow her upstairs.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Pero deben estar cansadísimos...
Vengan, voy a enseñarles sus
recamaras. No dijiste Rita, ¿te
quedas con nosotros, no?
You must be exhausted... Come let me show you your rooms.
You're staying here, Rita, right?

RITA

No, tomé un cuarto en el Four
Seasons. Tengo que trabajar y no me
queda mucho tiempo antes de volver
a Londres.

No. I took a room at the Four Seasons. I have to work and
I don't have much time left before I go back to London.

Rita watches them disappear upstairs.

Feet run up and down the stairs. Maids carry up suitcases.

INT. VILLA - NIGHT

Rita in the entrance puts on her coat.

EMILIA

(en voz baja) ¿Cómo la ves?
(quietly) How do you see her?

RITA

¿...?
?

Emilia points the upstairs floor with her finger.

RITA (CONT'D)

Totalmente perdida. Vas a tener que
hacerte cargo de ella,
distráerla... Pero tú la conoces
mejor que yo, ¿no?
Totally lost. You're going to have to take care of her,
distract her... But you know her better than I do, huh?

EMILIA

La conocía antes, ahora me da la
 impresión que ya no es la misma.
I knew her before. I get the impression she's not the
same.

RITA

No vamos a insistir en los cambios
de los demás, ¿no?
We are not going to insist on others' changes, are we?

Emilia smiles.

EMILIA

Tienes razón.
You're right.

RITA

Ten cuidado con los niños.
And be careful with the children.

EMILIA

¿Por qué?
Why?

RITA

Deja de besarlos a cada rato. Jessi
no entiende por qué lo haces. Eres
su tía, no su madre.
Stop kissing them all the time. Jessi doesn't understand.
You're their aunt, not their mother.

Emilia nods. The two women kiss good night. Emilia holds Rita back.

EMILIA
 Rita, que Dios te bendiga por todo
 esto.
 Rita, God bless you for all of this.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMILIA'S VILLA - DAY

The sun has risen. The weather is fine. Hoses chug-a-lug, watering the grounds.

EXT. EMILIA'S VILLA - DAY

Three maids in uniforms prepare another breakfast while chatting.

On the big table of the kitchen, the children take their breakfast under the eyes of Emilia. They have their noses in the bowls of cereals; they eat in silence trying to avoid eye contact with Emilia.

EMILIA
 ¿Qué pasa? ¿No les gusta?
 What's wrong? You don't like it?

Silence.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
 ¿Quieren otra cosa?
 Do you want something else?

They shake their heads "no".

EMILIA (CONT'D)
 ¿No me quieren hablar?
 Won't you talk to me?

DIEGO
 ¿De veras vamos a ir a la escuela?
 Are we really going to school?

EMILIA
 Sí... Los padres trabajan y los niños
 van a la escuela.
 Yes... Parents work and children go to school.

DIEGO
 Mamá no trabaja.
 Mom doesn't work.

ÁNGEL

¿Iremos a la escuela aquí?
Are we going to school here?

EMILIA

Sí.
Yes.

ÁNGEL

(comenzando a indisponerse) Pensé
que estábamos aquí de vacaciones y
nada más...
(Starting to feel uneasy) I thought we were here on
vacation and no more...

EMILIA

Las vacaciones eran en Suiza, aquí
es el regreso a clases...
The vacations were in Switzerland, here is the return to
school...

ÁNGEL

¡No quiero ir a la escuela aquí!
I don't want to go to school here!

DIEGO

¡Yo tampoco!
Me neither!

ÁNGEL

Es fea y huele mal...
It's ugly and smells bad...

EMILIA

Sale, no quieres ir a la escuela...
Okay, you don't want to go to school...

DIEGO

¡Ni yo!
Neither do I!

EMILIA

Bueno, no quieren ir a la escuela,
es fea y apesta... ¿entonces qué
quieren hacer?
Well, you don't want to go to school, it's ugly and it
stinks... So what do you want to do?

DIEGO

¿Nos podemos quedar con mamá?
Can we stay with mom?

ÁNGEL

Yo quiero esquiar.
I want to ski.

EMILIA

¿Qué?

What?

ÁNGEL

¡Quiero esquiar en la nieve!

I want to ski in the snow!

DIEGO

¡Yo también!

Me too!

EMILIA

(Entre los dientes) Híjole, va a
estar carbón.

(A la criada) Llévale el desayuno a
la señora Jessi.

(Between her teeth) Oh boy, it's going to be hard.
(To the maid) Bring breakfast to Mrs. Jessi.

A maid goes out with a tray.

EMILIA (OFF) (CONT'D)

¿En qué íbamos?

Where were we?

INT. EMILIA'S VILLA - DAY

A maid carries a tray upstairs. She walks down the corridor.

INT. VILLA JESSI'S ROOM - DAY

In CU in the dark: a goose feather from the duvet quivers in time with sleeping Jessi's breathing.

Knocks at the door. It opens. The maid places the tray on a table and goes to draw the curtains.

JESSI

Nooo!

The maid leaves.

Start 3M20 BIENVENIDA / Jessi

Still burrowing in her pillows, Jessi sings softly.

JESSI (CONT'D)

Bienvenida

a tu país amado

Bonita

a tu lujosa cárcel

Primita

((MORE))

JESSI (CONT'D)

donde todo es caro
 Encantada
 Y gracias a la familia
 Bienvenida
 Welcome
 To your beloved country
 My darling
 To your luxury prison
 My cousin
 Where everything is worth a fortune
 Welcome
 And thanks to the family
 Welcome

She sits up. Discovers a dark and empty space instead of her room. In the dark, in the middle of the space, ghost-like silhouettes thrash about. Let us call them "Jessi's Dark Thoughts". The Dark Thoughts' perfectly synchronized movements are both frenzied and mechanical. Their choreography exists in total contrast to Jessi's song.

JESSI (CONT'D)

Bienvenida
 sé amable, saluda
 Querida
 a tu tía
 matrona Emilia
 a las nuevas custodias
 Primita
 de tu jaula dorada
 Welcome
 Be polite, say hello
 My darling
 To your warden aunt
 Emilia
 And to the new guards
 My cousin
 Of your gilded prison

Jessi stands up. She sees a line on the floor, as straight as a laser beam, separating her from the Dark Thoughts.

She carefully steps on the borderline, provoking a crescendo of the brute music. She pulls back her foot. Tries again... to the same effect.

JESSI (CONT'D)

Bienvenida
 A tu trampa de hadas
 Querida
 de tu vida de sueños
 Bonita
 y en el tendedero
 Pequeña
 el dinero lavado
 Welcome
 To your fairy trap
 My darling
 Of your dream-life

My pretty
 And look at the clothesline,
 My child,
 The laundered money drying

Querida
siente el aire corrupto
Primita
de tu vida de sueños
Bonita
y en el tendedero
Pequeña
el dinero lavado
 My darling,
 Breathe in the tainted air
 My cousin
 Of your dream-life
 My pretty,
 And look at the clothesline,
 My child,
 The laundered money drying

¡Bienvenida!
ve tus joyas esposas, tus collares cadenas
 Welcome!
 Look at your handcuff jewelry, your padlock necklaces

Primita
te sentirás tan cómoda
¡Tonta!
que nunca te fugarás
 Cousin,
 you'll feel so good in all this comfort
 Stupid!
 So good that you'll never run away!

Jessi leaps over the bright line to join the Dark Thoughts in their frenzied dance.

JESSI (CONT'D)

Obedecí a mi muerto
en Suiza.
Yo cuidé a los niños
¡Basta!
Yo lloré a chorros.
¡Tonta!
Me ocupé todo.
 I obeyed my dead man in Switzerland.
 I took care of the children. Enough! I cried my eyes out.
 You fool!
 I took care of everything.

Bienvenida
Para servirle a usted
¡Me caga!
Ahora no me chinguen!
Primita
Brincaré la pared
(MORE)

JESSI (CONT'D)

Querida
 Extinguiré mi sed
 Bienvenida
 Welcome
 At your service
 Fuck you!
 Now don't fuck with me!
 Dear Cousin
 I'll jump over the wall Dear
 I'll quench my thirst
 Welcome

Back to the point of departure: Jessi lands on her bed with her arms crossed, as if dropping from the ceiling.

End of 3M20 Bienvenida

Later...

Her forehead pressed against the window, Jessi blows smoke rings. She looks pensive. At times her lips seem to form words.

Suddenly, like a flash: we are in a car and a billboard for a real estate company passes over us. In the picture, a photo of a handsome smiling guy with a name: GUSTAVO BRUN.

CUT TO:

Jessi on the phone. She's leaving a voicemail.

JESSI (CONT'D)

No sé si esté llamando al número de
 Gustavo Brun... Soy Jessi... si este
 es tu número Gustavo, quería
 decirte que la abogada esa, Rita
 Mora... pues... la abogada me llamó
 para decirme que ya podía regresar,
 que ya no había peligro de que me
 fueran a disparar bajándome del
 avión... Y yo... yo le dije que México
 me venía valiendo madres... Pero, voy
 al grano, Gustavo: tú eres
 la única persona por quien
 volvería... hasta me duele la pinche
 vulva nada más de acordarme de ti...

I don't know if this is Gustavo Brun's number... It's Jessi calling... If this is your number, Gustavo, I wanted to tell you that the lawyer, Rita Mora... She called me to tell me I could come back, that I no longer risk being shot as I step off the plane... I... I told her I didn't give a fuck about Mexico... But, I'll cut to the chase, Gustavo: you're the only person I would go back for... My pussy still hurts when I think of you...

Fade to black over Jessi's face.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

A busy street. A market. The same taqueria as earlier. Rita speaks with the owner and her daughter. They recognize each other. The atmosphere is friendly. The owner calls the surrounding shop owners to come say hello to Rita. Emilia smiles, watching. Her bodyguard hangs back, discreet but dissuasive.

Rita leaves apologetically with a bag of tortillas and tacos.

She offers some to Emilia who refuses, mimicking horror.

EMILIA

¡Cómo crees! ¡Diez minutos en la
boca y diez años en la lonja!
How dare you! Ten minutes in the lips, ten years in the
hips!

.../...

Emilia passes her arm under Rita's.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

¡Tengo una idea! ¿Y si te pago?
I have an idea! What if I pay you?

RITA

¿Para qué?
What for?

EMILIA

Para que te quedes.
For you to stay.

RITA

¿Y qué hago acá?
And what do I do here?

EMILIA

Nada, sólo estar.
Nothing, just hanging around.

Rita looks at Emilia, who mimics De Niro.

RITA

Es muy amable, pero no.
It's very kind, but no.

EMILIA

Mujer... por lo menos intenté.

At least I gave it a try.

A woman sings in the middle of the commotion. We see a woman distributing flyers to the indifferent crowd. Rita looks at a flyer. A photocopy, like a wanted poster: a young man's face, a place, a date.

RITA

¿Quién es?

Who is he?

WOMAN IN BLACK

Octavio, mi hijo mayor, tenía veinte años. Desapareció en el 2013, el 18 de noviembre en el estado de Michoacán.

Octavio, my eldest son. He was 20. He disappeared on November 18th, 2013 in Michoacán.

RITA

¿Para quién trabajaba su hijo?

¿Para una banda? ¿Para un cártel?

Who was your son working for? A gang? A cartel?

WOMAN IN BLACK

No, señora, él era estudiante. Desapareció durante un viaje al sur. Quería ser maestro de primaria.

No, ma'am. He was just a student. He disappeared on a trip down south. He wanted to be a teacher.

RITA

Lo siento mucho.

I'm so sorry.

Rita takes the photo. Emilia, beside her, says nothing.

The woman's presence makes her feel awkward. She hails her driver/bodyguard.

EMILIA

Ve a buscar el carro, te esperamos allá.

Get the car, we'll be waiting over there.

RITA

(en voz baja) ¿No piensas de vez en cuando en lo que hizo Manitas... en todas sus barbaridades...?

(in a low voice) Do you ever think about what Manitas did... all the horror?

Emilia's face darkens.

EMILIA

Ya no sé quién es Manitas.(después de cierto tiempo) Obvio que pienso en eso, ¡cómo no!
I don't know who Manitas is anymore. (after some time) Of course I think about it, of course!

A beat.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Pásame la foto del estudiante.
Give me the student's photo.

Rita hands her the flyer. Emilia looks at it for a beat.

RITA

¿Qué te pasa?
What's wrong with you?

EMILIA

Ay no sé... (levantando la cabeza)
Puta madre, me estoy asfixiando,
aquí apesta a muerte. ¿Dónde está el chofer?
I don't know... (looking up) I'm suffocating. It reeks of death here. Where is the driver?

INT. EMILIA'S VILLA - NIGHT

Emilia is home late. Exhausted.

She drops the photo of the young *desaparecido* on a table and goes to the stairs.

We linger on the photo.

INT. EMILIA'S VILLA - NIGHT

She looks into the children's room. She is about to turn a light off when:

ÁNGEL

Tía Emi?
Aunt Emi?

EMILIA

Sí, mi amor. Duérmete.
Yes, honey. Go to sleep now.

ÁNGEL

No, no puedo.
No, I can't.

Emilia, on the side of his bed, strokes his hair.

EMILIA
Cierra los ojos.
Close your eyes.

He closes his eyes. She leans over and kisses him. He hugs onto her. She can feel him breathing her in.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
¿Qué haces?
What are you doing?

ÁNGEL
Hueles como mi papá.
You smell like Daddy.

Start 4M24 PAPA - Ángel/Emilia duet

She shrinks back from her child.

EMILIA
... ¿por qué, no huelo bien?
... Why, don't I smell good?

ÁNGEL
No, a mí me gusta.
No, I like it.

Emilia tries to hold back her tears.

EMILIA
¿Te acuerdas de él?
Do you remember him?

The boy nods.

ÁNGEL
Papá papá papá papá
Hueles como papá
Papá papá papá papá
Daddy, daddy, daddy, daddy
You smell like daddy
Daddy, daddy, daddy, daddy

Hueles como papá
Hueles a las montañas
A cuero y café
Hueles a la comida
Picante picante
Hueles a azúcar
Al cordero en el fuego
Al olor del motor
You smell like daddy

You smell like dad
 You smell like the mountains
 You smell like leather and coffee
 You smell like spicy food,
 spicy, spicy
 You smell like sugar
 You smell like grilled lamb
 You smell like the motor

Hueles también a Coca

Cola
 Light
 Con limón
 Hielo
 Y sudor

Hueles como papá

You also smell of Coca
 Cola
 Light
 With lemon
 Ice
 And sweat
 You smell like daddy

EMILIA

mm... ¿prefieres que me ponga perfume?
 Mmm... do you prefer me to wear perfume?

ÁNGEL

Tía... me gusta tu olor pero no me gusta el
 perfume que te pones
 Auntie... I like your smell but I don't like the perfume
 you wear on top.

EMILIA

¿Hasta el que huele a rosas?
 Even the one that smells of roses?

Olía a piedrecitas
 Calientes por el sol
 Olía a yerbabuena
 A mezcal y guacamole
 Olía a los perros
 En los viajes en carro
 Olía a cigarrillo cuando nos abrazó
 La última vez
 La última vez
 La última vez
 La última vez

Daddy daddy daddy daddy daddy
 You smell like daddy daddy daddy daddy daddy daddy
 He smelled like pebbles
 hot from the sun
 He smelled of mint
 mezcal and guacamole
 He smelled of dogs
 on car rides
 He smelled of cigar when he hugged us
 for the last time
 For the last time
 The last time
 The last time
 The last time

Papá papá papá papá
 Daddy, daddy, daddy, daddy...

EMILIA (CONT'D)
Cierra los ojos... shh
 Close your eyes... shhhh...

ÁNGEL
Papá papá papá papá
 Papa papa papa papa

Emilia smiles and hugs him tight to hide her emotion. Like in the desert long ago, they lie side by side and look at the stars. Smiling.

End of 4M24 Papa

79/80 OUT

EXT. CENTRAL PRISON - DAY

The camera sweeps over an inscription on a wall, or the letters scroll by: P-R-I-S-O-N

A man in clerical garb watches the car arrive. He waves.

Emilia's car parks alongside him.

When the CHAPLAIN gets in the front seat, the driver/bodyguard steps out to let him speak with Emilia. On the wall behind we read in big letters: CENTRAL PRISON.

We see a mute discussion take place behind the closed windows.

INT. CENTRAL PRISON/CONFESSORIAL - DAY

A few religious symbols suggest a kind of parlor-confessional. Lurid neon lighting. The din of a televised soccer game echoes deep inside the prison.

The chaplain sits and waits, staring at his hands. After a beat, a guard armed like Pancho Villa brings in a prisoner. A skinny sicario, EL FLACO, sits across from the chaplain.

.../...

El Flaco confesses while staring at the photo of the young man:

EL FLACO

...no, ni madres, no reconozco su cara... Chance y fue la vez que les chingamos unos rehenes a los Tiburones... se puso fea la cosa y tuvimos que deshacernos de ellos en la ciudad...
His face means nothing to me... Maybe it was the time we stole hostages from the Tiburones... Things didn't go well, we had to dispose of them in town...

PRIEST

¿En dónde?
Where?

EL FLACO

En la antigua refinería de Ciudad Juárez.
At the old Ciudad Juarez refinery.

The priest slips him a wad of dollars.

EXT. PRISON, PARKING LOT - DAY

The priest leaves the prison and heads for the waiting limousine. When he gets in the back seat, the driver steps out to leave them alone.

We see them speak through the window.

EXT. ABANDONED REFINERY, CIUDAD JUAREZ - DAY

An abandoned refinery in Ciudad Juarez. Ten men dig.

Shovel after shovel. The repetitive sounds of scraping shovels and laborers speaking.

Hands with rubber gloves. Remnants appear, tangled in the earth and roots. Clothes, limbs, and then something that looks like a skull.

CUT TO:

INT. HANGAR - DAY

In a lateral tracking shot: a black plastic body bag, then another... ten body bags.

We pull back onto the surroundings: a vast open hangar. One side dazzlingly bright, the other dark. Off to one side, Rita watches. Standing in front of a body bag, against the light, Emilia embraces the woman from the cemetery. The two women speak softly.

In consolation and gratitude, the woman takes and squeezes Emilia's hand.

Start 3M22 LA LUCECITA

The woman's lips on Emilia's hands.

Softly at first, as if to herself:

EMILIA

Rita, Rita, oye Rita,
cuando la mujer de negro me besó las manos,
sentí sus lágrimas, y por primera
vez me amé a mí misma.

Rita, Rita, listen Rita,
when she kissed my hands,
I felt her tears, and for the first time
I loved myself.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Rita, Rita, oye Rita,
¿Cuántos desaparecidos hay en este país?

Rita, Rita, tell me, Rita,
How many desaparecidos (missing people) are there in this
country?

Emilia joins Rita. She pushes a metal door into a corridor.

RITA

¿Emilia qué quieres decir?
Emilia, what do you mean?

EMILIA

Rita, Rita, dime, Rita,
¿Quién ahora va a ayudarlos?

Rita Rita, tell me Rita
Who will help them now?

RITA

No será la policía,
ni los políticos
It won't be the police or the politicians,

EMILIA
 Corruptos hasta el cuello.
 Rita Rita Rita
 Corrupt to the bone
 Rita Rita Rita

Another door, another corridor.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
 Rita, Rita, Rita,
 Encontré la táctica, ¡la táctica!
 Rita Rita
 Rita, Rita hey Rita
 I found a tactic, the tactic!
 Rita, Rita

Rita reconócelo, ¡nadie es más competente
 que los narcotraficantes
 Rita think about it, no one is more competent
 than drug dealers

RITA
 Emilia, Emilia, ¡ay Dios!
 Emilia, Emilia, oh God!

EMILIA
 Para Rita
 Rastrear a los desaparecidos?
 Rita!
 To trace the desaparecidos!

RITA
 A la gente que mataron?
 The people they killed?

Another door, another corridor.

EMILIA
 ¡Sí, con sus propias manos!
 Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita,
 Rita
 Yes, with their own hands!
 Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita,
 Rita, Rita, Rita

RITA
 Emilia ¿es en serio Emilia?
 Contactar a asesinos? Para ti es peligroso.
 ¿Y quién lo hará Emilia?
 Emilia, are you serious?
 Contact killers? It's dangerous for you. Who will do it?

EMILIA
 ¡Tú!
 You!

RITA
 ¡No!

No!

Another door, another corridor.

EMILIA
Rita, Rita, dime Rita, eres abogada, ¿no?
 Rita, Rita, tell me, Rita, you're a lawyer, no?

RITA
No, no, no. ¿ah sí?, ¿de verdad?, ¿en serio?
Sin chantaje y sin violencia, dime ¡¿cómo lo haría?!
 No, no, no, no. Really? Emilia are you serious?
 Without blackmail and without violence, tell me how would I do it?!

EMILIA
Te ganarás su confianza
 You'll gain their trust.

RITA
¡¿Cómo se llama tu chingada cosa esa?!
 And what's the name of your bloody thing?!

EMILIA
Lucecita, La Lucecita (x2)
Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita,
Rita, Rita, Rita
Lucecita, La Lucecita (x2)
Lucecita, La Lucecita (x2)
Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita,
Rita, Rita, Rita
Lucecita, La Lucecita (x2)

The chorus continues...

EMILIA (CONT'D)
 Te voy a dar dos o tres nombres de tipos que se salieron de los carteles a quienes podría interesarles hacer el Bien.
 I'll give you the names of two or three guys who've distanced themselves from the cartels. And who may be interested in doing good.

Rita looks at her.

They reach a plastic double door. Behind it, silhouettes and photo flashes.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
¿Qué pasa?
 What's wrong?

RITA

¿Y qué digo en la oficina de
Londres?

What do I tell the London office?

EMILIA

Yo qué sé... ¿Que te quedas un poco
más? ¿No?

I don't know... That you're staying a little longer, right?

She pushes the door open.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Behind them, reporters, sound engineers and cameras.

REPORTER 1

¿Por qué La Lucecita?

Why the Lucecita?

RITA

En el nombre se encuentra el
objetivo: dar un poco de esperanza
a quienes ya no la tienen.

Our aim is in the name: a ray of hope to those who've
lost hope.

REPORTER 2

¿Con qué dinero se va a financiar
la asociación?

What money will be financing this NGO?

EMILIA

Con el mío, pero la gente
generosa que quiera participar
es bienvenida.

Mine, but the generals are more than welcome to join us.

They are about to leave.

REPORTER 3

Señora Pérez, señora Pérez, una
pregunta más...

Señora Pérez, Señora Pérez, one more question...

EMILIA

Sí...

Yes...

REPORTER 3

¿De dónde viene su dinero?

Where does your money come from?

The brutality of the question is disconcerting. Emilia hesitates, is about to answer, when Rita interrupts:

RITA
 La señora Pérez no tiene porque rendirle cuentas a nadie. Pero no se preocupen pues daremos toda la información cuando entreguemos los estatutos de la asociación.
 Disculpen, nos están esperando
 Mrs. Pérez does not have to justify herself. Don't worry, the information will be provided when we file the papers to establish an NGO. Sorry, we have to go...

She pulls Emilia away. Entering the building, they pass by a brass plaque. We read:

LA LUCECITA
Investigations in Family Interests

INT. LUCECITA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

They are now in an empty building.

RITA
 ¡Ahí está, ya empezó el desmadre...
 para qué te hago caso!
 There it is, the madness has already started... why did I listen to you!

EMILIA
 No te preocupes, yo sé cómo son,
 les encanta pasarse de listos pero hasta ahí.
 Don't worry. They love to blabber on, but it'll lead nowhere.

RITA
 Ajá, claro. ¿Y qué tal que sí pase de ahí? No, tú no los conoces, yo sí... van a hacer su trabajo.
 Oh yeah? What if it leads somewhere? You don't know them, I do, they'll do their job.

EMILIA
 Sí... como todos: pues los compramos.
 We buy them off, as usual.

RITA
 ¿Y nada más?
 And then?

EMILIA
 ¿Cómo que "y nada más"?
 What do you mean "and then"?

RITA

Yo voy a darles qué comer, veremos
si tu leyenda resiste...
I'll feed them. We'll see if your legend holds up...

EMILIA

¿Una leyenda? ¿Ya tan rápido?
A legend? Already?

RITA

No los subestimes Emilia, hay que
ser aguerrido para ser periodista
en este país.

Don't underestimate them, Emilia, you need courage to be
a journalist in this country.

Emilia smiles.

They walk under a flat screen showing an institutional film.
Emilia is on screen, wearing dark glasses:

EMILIA

"Somos una ONG y actuamos
legalmente. No reemplazamos a los
poderes públicos ni nos
interponemos a sus labores, no los
juzgamos... estamos simplemente al
lado, somos libres de prestarle
servicio a quienes lo necesitan.
Ayudamos a las familias a encontrar
a sus seres queridos. Aquí no hay
culpables, no estamos para juzgar,
solo tenemos un objetivo: el
bienestar de las familias.
Ofrecemos un servicio de
eliminación de tatuajes para
quienes deseen borrarlos y
abriremos clases de alfabetización
para quienes deseen asistir.
Para empezar de nuevo, para buscar
nuevos horizontes: La Lucecita!"

"We are an NGO and we act legally. We do not replace the
public authorities, nor do we interfere with their work,
we do not judge them... we are simply on the side, we
freely provide a service to those who need it. We help
families to find their loved ones. Here there are no
culprits, we are not here to judge, we only have one
goal: the well-being of the families.
A tattoo removal service is offered on a voluntary basis,
and adult reading classes are available to those who
wish. For a new start, a new horizon: 'La Lucecita'!"

INT. LUCECITA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Start 3M23, PARA, male/female chorus

In a lateral tracking shot: women of every age, some with children in their arms. They are sitting in what looks like a waiting room.

A DESAPARECIDO'S MOTHER, WIFE OR SISTER

Para saber dónde, cuándo, quién
y cómo pasó
Para poder contar el fin a los que él amó
Para que todos sus amigos le puedan llorar
So that I know where, when, who, and how it happened
So that I am be able to tell about the end to those he
loved
So that all his friends can mourn him

CHILD

Para saber donde los malos, ¡ay!, la
escondieron.

We linger on the woman who is singing.

MOTHER SPOUSE OR SISTER OF A MISSING PERSON

Para grabar ya una fecha
Aquí estoy
Para hablar del color de su cara
Aquí estoy
So that I know where the bad guys hid him.
So that we can engrave a date
Here I stand
So that I can speak of the color of his face
Here I stand

Still in a tracking shot, men of every age wait in line:

A REPENTANT HITMAN

Para aguantarme la mirada en el espejo
Para criar hoy a mis hijos con dinero
limpio
Para que haya una vida antes y una otra
después
So that I can look at myself in the mirror
So that I can raise my children with clean money
So that there is a life before and a life afterwards

We linger on the singer.

A REPENTANT HITMAN (CONT'D)

Para aprender a calcular que uno y dos son
tres
Para limpiar mi piel de tatuajes
Aquí estoy

So that I learn to calculate that one and two are three
 So that I cleanse my skin of tattoos
 Here I stand

Para ayudar con mis errores

Aquí estoy

So that my mistakes are of some use.
 I am here.

The screen divides into twenty squares: in each one, the face of a man or woman of every age. They look like photos taken in a photo booth.

CHOIR OF CHILDREN

Aquí estoy
 Aquí estoy
 Aquí estoy
 Aquí, aquí, aquí
 ¡Aquí estoy!
 Here I stand
 Here I stand
 Here I stand
 Here I stand
 Here, here, here I stand!

WOMEN AND HITMEN

Para hacer reaparecer los desaparecidos
 Para que el hijo y la madre estén de nuevo juntos
 Para mirar la pesadilla cara a cara
 Para que haya en el fondo fuerza y esperanza

So that the missing reappear
 So that the child and the mother can be together again
 So that we look at the nightmare face to face
 So that there is strength and hope in the end

Para vengarnos de las burlas de la sociedad
 Para acercarse al otro lado a encontrar el mal

Para que nuestros corazones griten la verdad

So that we avenge us of society's mockery
 So that we change sides and fight evil
 So that our hearts cry out the truth.

WOMEN AND HITMEN (CONT'D)

Para con la cara bien alta ir a caminar
 Para comer, vivir y respirar
 Aquí estamos
 Para pedir perdón y perdonar
 Estamos aquí

So that we can walk again with our faces held high
 So that we can eat again, live again, breathe again
 Here we stand
 So that we can ask forgiveness and forgive
 Here we stand

We abandon the photos. We return to La Lucecita, to a wide angle shot on the crowd.

EXT. EMILIA'S VILLA - NIGHT

The lights of Mexico City, then Emilia's villa. Through the bay windows, we see Emilia's silhouette dancing alone.

EXT. VILLA EMILIA - NUIT

Headlights at the gate. A car door opens. Jessi steps out. Before shutting the door, she leans in to wish the driver good night. We can tell that they are kissing. A long kiss.

She walks up the white gravel path, almost phosphorescent in the night. Her shoes crunch on the gravel. The headlights sweep over her legs. She turns around and smiles. Then she takes off her shoes and continues walking. Smiling.

INT. EMILIA'S VILLA - NIGHT

Emilia continues to dance. Suddenly she sees Jessi, who enters the room with her shoes in the hand. Emilia startles a moment, stops, smiles and continues to dance amused.

EMILIA

¿Quieres tomar algo?
 Would you like a drink?

Emilia pours herself a drink.

JESSI

Bueno.
 Sure.

EMILIA

¿Te divertiste?
 Did you enjoy yourself?

JESSI

Sí
 Yes.

Jessi plops on the couch. She is high. Emilia hands her a glass.

EMILIA

¿Te puedo preguntar algo, bonita?

May I ask you a question, dear?

JESSI

Mmm.

Mm.

EMILIA

¿Cómo estabas con tu marido?
What was it like with your husband?

Jessi's eyes are half shut.

JESSI

No sé.

I don't know.

EMILIA

¿Cómo no vas a saber? ¿Lo querías?
What do you mean you don't know? Did you love him?

A beat.

JESSI

Claro que lo quería... estaba bien
morra, fue el primero... estaba loca
por él...

Of course I loved him. I was young, he was my first... I
was head over heels in love with him...

EMILIA

Y él... te quería a ti?
And did he love you?

Jessi opens one eye.

JESSI

Psss no sé... Después tuve a los
niños y ya no fue igual.
Pff... I don't know... After I had the children, it wasn't
the same.

EMILIA

¿Para ti o para él?
For you or for him?

JESSI

Para él.
For him.

EMILIA

Y eso te puso triste.
And that made you sad.

Jessi shrugs her shoulders. No answer.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Si no estuviera muerto ¿qué crees
que hubiera pasado?
If he were not dead, what do you think would have
happened?

JESSI

Quieres decir: ¿entre nosotros?
You mean: between us?

EMILIA

Sí.
Yes.

JESSI

No sé. Él habría hecho como los
demás: se habría encontrado otra
más joven, tenido hijos con ella y
a mí me habría mandado al diablo.
I don't know. He'd have done like other guys: found a
younger girl, had kids with her and dumped me.

A faint smile on her lips.

JESSI (CONT'D)

O tal vez habría sido yo la que
encontrara a otro tipo...
Or maybe I'd have found another guy...

EMILIA

¿Y entonces?
So?

Jessi gestures, as if the answer were obvious.

JESSI

¿Tú qué crees?
What do you think?

A beat.

EMILIA

¿Lo engañaste?
Did you cheat on him?

JESSI

Mmm.
Mmm.

EMILIA

¿Con quién?
With whom?

Emilia feels she was too abrupt.

JESSI

¿Por qué me preguntas eso?

Why are you asking me this?

EMILIA

No, por nada, así nada más.

No, no reason, just like that.

JESSI

¿Quieres saber "así nada más" si
anduve cogiendo con otro güey?

You want to know "for no reason" if I fucked another guy?

Emilia is worried.

EMILIA

¿Duró mucho tiempo?

Did it last long?

Jessi shakes her head "no".

EMILIA (CONT'D)

¿Por qué?

Why?

JESSI

Era demasiado intenso... Ya no podía
pensar en nada más... nunca me había
pasado algo así.

It was too powerful... He was all I could think of... I'd
never experienced anything like it.

EMILIA

¿Y qué pasó?

And what happened?

JESSI

Pues, nada. Ahí le paré. Ya no
quiso volverlo a ver.

Nothing. I called it quits. I didn't want to see him
anymore.

EMILIA

¿Y no pensaron fugarse juntos?

And you didn't consider eloping together?

Jessi giggles in disbelief, baring her small pointed teeth.

JESSI

¿Conocías un poquito a tu primo o
para nada? ¿Veías las noticias de
vez en cuando?

Did you know your cousin or not at all? Did you ever
watch the news?

Emilia stiffens.

JESSI (CONT'D)

Hubiéramos podido ir a donde sea,
él nos habría encontrado, nos
habría destrozado y dado de comer a
los perros.

We could have gone anywhere, he would have found us, torn
us apart and fed us to the dogs.

Jessi finishes her drink.

JESSI (CONT'D)

Bueno, me voy a dormir, buenas

noches.

I'm going to bed. Good night.

She picks up her shoes and leaves.

EMILIA

¿Y volviste a ver al tipo ese?

And did you see this guy again?

Jessi smiles.

JESSI

Mmm.

Hmm.

EMILIA

... buenas noches.

Good night.

Emilia stops smiling when she hears Jessi's footsteps in the stairway.

INT. FUNDRAISER GALA - NIGHT

A crowd has gathered around the red carpet and the paparazzi. Journalists brandish recorders.

REPORTER

¿Qué espera de esta velada?
What do you expect from this gala?

EMILIA

Simpatía y apoyo.
Sympathy and support.

REPORTER 2

¿Apoyo? ¿Quiere decir dinero?
Support? You mean money?

EMILIA

Ajá, una lana pues, si prefiere, un
buen varote.
Dough, if you prefer. Good old greenbacks!

Laughter.

REPORTER

¿Es cierto que encuentra
desaparecidos con la ayuda de
sicarios?

Is it true that sicarios help you find the remains of
the disappeared?

RITA

Así es, La Lucecita además de
acompañar a las familias de las
víctimas, da la oportunidad a los
arrepentidos, no de enmendar sus
actos porque nada podrá
enmendarlos, sino de hacer un poco
de bien a quienes hicieron daño.
Disculpe, nos están esperando.

That's right, La Lucecita, besides supporting the
families of the victims, gives the opportunity to those
who are repentant, not to make up for their actions,
because nothing can make up for them, but to do a little
good to those they have harmed. Excuse me, they are
waiting for us.

She walks away.

RITA (CONT'D)

Vi la lista de invitados... ¿Quién es
esa gente que añadiste?

I checked the guest list. Who are all the people you
added?

EMILIA

Puros hampones, narcos, corruptos...
¿Te molesta?

Just gangsters, drug dealers, corrupt people... Do you
mind?

RITA

Que La Lucecita vaya a buscar
dinero sucio, sí, me molesta.
La Lucecita going after dirty money, yes, I mind.

EMILIA

Mientras no conozca a nadie de la
corona inglesa, voy a seguir
invitando a los ricos que conozco.
As long as I don't know anyone in the English crown, I'm
going to keep inviting the rich people I know.

She looks at her.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Rita, venimos a pedir dinero, no a
planear un asalto...

Rita, we're here to ask for money, not to rob a bank...

RITA

¿Por qué me dices eso?
Why do you say that?

EMILIA

No denunciamos a nadie. ¡Cabrón, a veces me parece que eres peor que yo!

We're not turning anyone in. Sometimes I think you're worse than me.

Emilia steps up onto the dais. Flashes and applause.

BERLINGER (OFF)

¡Rita!
Rita!

Rita turns around and sees Berlinger. He takes her hand and kisses it. Rita observes the gesture in slow motion. His mouth on her hand.

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

Ven a verme cuando tengas tiempo.
Come see me when you have time.

His face fades into the shadows.

INT. FUNDRAISING GALA - NIGHT

Emilia asks for silence and begins her speech.

EMILIA

Estimados ministros, estimados diputados, estimados representantes de la Cámara de Comercio, señor Gobernador del Estado, Señoras y Señores...(recorre la asamblea con la mirada) ¡Qué asamblea! ¡Pero qué asamblea!

Ministers, senators, representatives of the Chamber of Commerce, Governor of the Province, ladies and gentlemen... (looking around) What a crowd! What an impressive crowd!

She applauds. The assembly does too. She asks for silence.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Ustedes me sacan ventaja: todo mundo los conoce. A mí, nadie... You have the one-up on me: you all know each other, whereas I know no one...

The audience disagrees.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

...se los aseguro... o muy poco.

I mean it... Or very little.

Laughter.

Emilia continues. All eyes are on her. Rita walks up between the tables. She speaks, sings, but the audience is listening to the speech, and no one seems to hear her.

Start 5M27 EL MAL Rita

RITA

Miren al químico, químico
que lo nombraron Ministro de algo,
el químico, él hace poco mandó a
matar a su socio y familia, ¡a
chingar!,
y ¿qué hicieron con esos cadáveres?
¡Ácido!

Look at El Químico, the Chemist,
who was appointed Minister of ...something,
the Chemist, he recently had his business partner and
family killed
All to the slaughter!
and what did they do with the corpses?
Acid!

Miren al juez Santos, mírenlo, no
le importa nada, sólo los niños.
Los narcos los raptan a tiros,
los llevan a fuera de todos sus
pueblos natales
A cambio de eso Santos reduce los
juicios a "falta de pruebas"

Look at Judge Santos,
look at him,
he doesn't care about anything,
only about little children.
The narcos kidnap them with guns,
take them away from their hometowns
In exchange Santos dismisses the trials
for "lack of evidence".

X2 - Habla

Esta gente habla
Pero ahora lo van a pagar, a pagar,
a pagar

These people speak
But now
they will pay, they will pay, they will pay, they will
pay.

EMILIA

Ustedes me sacan ventaja, todo
mundo los conoce. ¡A mí nadie!
You have the advantage: everybody knows you.
Nobody knows me!

¡O sólo un poco! ¡Se los aseguro!

¡Soy Emilia Pérez!

(MORE)

EMILIA (CONT'D)

¡Una mujer mexicana! ¡Una mujer como las demás!

I assure you! Or so little!
I am Emilia Pérez!
A Mexican woman! A woman like the others!

RITA

Miren al secretario de Educación

dizque Pública

Especialista en las empresas
fantasmas

Hoy sus contratos, sí, sí, son
reales

Pero las dizque escuelas no se
construyen

Ahora cuéntanos, Chucho, ¿de dónde
sacaste

Tu jet, tu alberca, tu hotel?

Look at the so-called Public Education Secretary
Specialist in phantom companies
Today his contracts, yes, yes, are real
But the so-called schools are not being built
Now tell us, darling,
where did you get your jet, your pool, your hotel from?

Miren al Gober-Gobernador

¿Quién votó por él

la gente o el Cártel

¡ay!... que compró, ay sí, uno a
uno los votos de los campesinos?

¡Pága-págale al Cártel!, bombón,
ya están sentados en tu pinche
trono.

Look at the Governor
Who voted for him, the people or the Cartel?
The Cartel who bought, oh yes,
one by one the peasants' votes.
Pay the Cartel, you fool,
because they are already sitting on your own fucking
throne!

X2 -Habla

Esta gente habla

**Pero ahora lo van a pagar, a pagar,
a pagar**

These people speak but now
they will pay, they will pay, they will pay, they will
pay.

EMILIA

... pero gracias a dios, tengo a mi
lado a una mujer excepcional: Rita
Mora Castro! ¡Ella es la
inteligencia andando! ¡La
inteligencia andando!

You have the advantage: everybody knows you.
Nobody knows me!

RITA

Miren al Cojo
 No eres cojo de nacimiento
 En tu próximo puto retraso de pago
 Acabarás en la silla de ruedas
 Lo sabe bien el que perdió su mano
 Sé muy puntual si eres corrupto

Look at El Cojo, The Lame,
 You're not lame from birth, are you?
 On your next fucking late payment you'll end up in a
 wheelchair.
 He knows it well, he who lost his hand:
 Be very punctual if you're corrupt

Miren al querido Gabriel Mendoza
 Ah con su nueva mujer
 su nueva esposa
 Muy joven
 Muy rubia
 ¡Rubia!

Look at our dear Gabriel Mendoza
 With his new wife
 Very young
 Very blonde!

X2 - Habla
 Esta gente habla
 Pero ahora lo van a pagar, a pagar,
 a pagar
 These people speak
 But now
 they will pay, they will pay, they will pay, they will
 pay.

EMILIA

Perder a un ser amado es una
 tragedia, perder sus restos ¡Es una
 condena!
 ¡Es una condena!
 ¡Es una condena!
 To lose a loved one is a tragedy,
 to lose their remains is to be damned!
 It's damned!
 It's damned!

Suddenly a tinkling noise interrupts the hubbub. Chandeliers sway. Their crystal prisms vibrate. An earthquake.

Someone yells: "¡Está temblando!"

Guests look up to the ceiling raise their glasses:

THE ASSEMBLY

¡Salud!
 Cheers!

Men's pixelated faces look up at the ceiling.

End 5M27 EL MAL

INT. LA LUCECITA BUILDING - DAY

Morning. Emilia arrives at her office floor. She responds distractedly to the greetings of those she runs into.

INT. LA LUCECITA TOILETS - DAY

A beautiful woman in her forties, simply but tastefully dressed.

She opens her bag and takes out a sheathed knife. She takes the knife out of its sheath and replaces everything in the bag.

INT. LUCECITA WAITING ROOM - DAY

The woman returns to her seat in the waiting room.

INT. LUCECITA EMILIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Emilia is sitting at her desk.

A secretary enters and announces.

SECRETARY
La señora Epifanía Flores.
Señora Epifanía Flores.

Emilia looks up to see the woman we saw in the bathroom.

EMILIA
Siéntese por favor.
Please, have a seat.

Suspicious, EPIFANÍA looks over her shoulder before sitting down.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
¿Qué puedo hacer por usted?
What can I do for you?

EPIFANÍA
Usted encontró a mi marido.
You found my husband.

Epifanía hands her a summons.

EMILIA
Ah sí.
Oh yes.

Close-up: a photocopy of a young tattooed man.

EPIFANÍA

¿Dónde está?
Where is he?

EMILIA

Por ahora, en la morgue.
For now, in the morgue.

EPIFANÍA

¿Y qué chingados hace en la morgue?
What the hell is he doing at the morgue?

EMILIA

(algo sorprendida) Está muerto.
(a little surprised) He's dead.

EPIFANÍA

¡¿No?! ¿Está segura de que es él?
No! Are you sure it's him.

EMILIA

Sí, al 99.9%. Lo siento mucho...
Yes, 99.9% sure. I'm sorry...

EPIFANÍA

¿Es en serio? ¿De veras está
muerto?
You're not bullshitting me? He's really dead?

EMILIA

Sí.
Yes.

EPIFANÍA

¿Está segura?
And you're sure?

EMILIA

Ya me está haciendo dudar, pero sí,
totalmente segura.
You're making me hesitate now, but yes, absolutely sure.

Epifanía is at first stunned, but then bursts into laughter.

EPIFANÍA

...!Ah chingá!
...Fuck!

The laugh becomes a sob.

She stands up and goes to the window to hide her tears.

EPIFANÍA (CONT'D)

Discúlpeme...
Excuse me...

Emilia joins her.

EPIFANÍA (CONT'D)

Pensé que iba a estar aquí, me
moría de miedo.
I thought he was going to be here. I was scared shitless...

Epifanía sobs. Emilia takes her in her arms.

EPIFANÍA (CONT'D)

Me dejó en paz cinco años, ya lo
había olvidado y de repente usted
me manda ese papel. Me pegaba...
se llevaba mi dinero...
I had five years of peace, then I got your letter. He
used to hit me, steal my money.

Emilia can't take her eyes off of her lips.

EPIFANÍA (CONT'D)

(entrecortada por los sollozos) ...me
...me violaba... Tenía tanto miedo de
que regresara... si no estuviera
muerto... sería yo la que lo... hasta
agarré un cuchillo...
(sobbing) He... he raped me... I was so afraid he'd come
back. If he weren't dead... I brought a knife...

EMILIA

Shhhhh.
Shhh.

Emilia draws back as if to escape temptation.

INT. LA LUCECITA CORRIDORS - DAY

Emilia and Epifanía silently walk up a hallway. They part on the stairs.

EMILIA

Hasta luego.
Goodbye.

EPIFANÍA

Hasta luego señora.
Goodbye, ma'am.

Emilia heads back to her office, but can't help turning back around. Just before Epifanía disappears:

EMILIA

¡Señora Flores!
Señora Flores!

INT. LUCECITA CORRIDORS - DAY

Epifanía looks up.

EMILIA

Hay algo que no me dijo, ¿qué
hacemos con el cuerpo de su marido?
You didn't tell me: what do we do with your husband's
corpse?

EPIFANÍA

Tírelo
Throw it away.

They laugh.

EMILIA

(murmurando fuerte) ¿De verdad
traía un cuchillo?
(whispering) Did you really have a knife?

Epifanía nods and surreptitiously takes the knife out of her bag.

Emilia appreciates and surreptitiously takes out her Glock of her bag.

Both ladies smile.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

¿Podemos volver a vernos?
Can I see you again?

EPIFANÍA

¿Volver a vernos? ¿Para qué?
See me again? Why?

EMILIA

Para nada en especial, así nada
más... para vernos.
No reason, just... to see you again.

EPIFANÍA

...Sí.
...Yes.

INT. EPIFANÍA'S HOUSE - DAY

Early morning. Emilia is dressed. She finishes making coffee in the kitchen-living room-bathroom in Epifanía's tiny house. She looks at the walls with their peeling blue paint and religious imagery. StrANGELY ordered disorder, it is a cozy kind of cave.

Emilia is happy. She feels at home. An "at home" that she never had before. Out the window, she sees her neighbor open her shutters. The two women greet each other from afar.

Noise behind her. Epifanía is coming out of her bedroom.

EPIFANÍA
¿Sí encontraste todo?
Dif you find everything?

EMILIA
Mm
Mm.

They kiss.

EPIFANÍA
¿Ya te vas?
Are you leaving?

EMILIA
Tengo que estar en la casa antes de
que los niños se despierten.
I have to be back home before the kids wake up.

EPIFANÍA
¿Tienes hijos?
You have children?

EMILIA
Sí, o más bien no... pero es lo
mismo.
Yes, well, no, but it's the same.

Epifanía smiles.

EPIFANÍA
¿Cómo que es lo mismo?
What do you mean "it's the same"?

EMILIA
Su padre murió, yo soy su tía.
Their father died. I'm their aunt.

A beat.

EPIFANÍA
¿Vamos a volvemos a ver?
Can I see you again?

EMILIA
¿Quieres? (como sorprendida) ¿De
veras?
You want to? (surprised) Really?

Epifanía takes Emilia into her arms.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
 Ámame, protégeme. Siempre quiero
 eso ...
 Love me, protect me. I always want that...

The two women entwined.

INT. EPIFANÍA'S HOUSE - DAY

Emilia begins to sing. Epifanía does not seem to see her although they are in the same frame. She begins her day: washing up, dressing, housekeeping. All her gestures are weighed down by love.

Start of EL AMOR

EMILIA
 Medio él, medio ella
 Medio papá, medio tía
 Medio rica, medio pobre,
 Medio jefe, medio reina
 Medio aquí, medio acá
 Half He, half She
 Half dad, half aunt
 Half rich, half poor,
 Half boss, half queen
 Half there, half here

Medio muerto, medio viva
 Medio dentro, medio fuera
 Medio todo, medio nada
 ¿Quién soy?, no lo sé
 Yo soy lo que siento
 Y por primera vez,
 Siento un sentimiento,
 La vida sin amor
 Fue como una caída
 ¡Ah! qué alegría
 hacer el amor con amor
 Half dead, half alive
 Half inside, half outside
 Half everything, half nothing
 Who am I, I don't know
 I am what I feel
 And for the first time,
 I feel a feeling,
 Life without love
 was like an endless fall
 Oh! what a joy
 to make love with love

Medio real, medio falsa
 Medio tierna, medio dura
 Medio malo, medio buena
 Vacío, llena
 Medio naco, medio gringa
 Personaje y persona
 (MORE)

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Medio flor, medio tumba
Caja fuerte y herida abierta
 Half real, half fake
 Half tender, half hard
 Half bad, half good
 Empty, full
 Half peasant, half brash
 Character and person
 Half flower, half grave
 Armor and open wound

Quién soy no lo sé
Yo soy una mentira
¿Cuándo, cómo decirle?
Sería una locura
La vida con un secreto
Es como una tortura
Quisiera amarla entera
Entera como el mundo
 Who I am I don't know
 I am a lie
 When, how can I tell her? It would be madness
 Life with a secret
 Is torture
 I'd like to love her entirely
 as the whole world

EPIFANÍA

Emilia, Emilia

EMILIA

Epifanía

EPIFANÍA

Emilia

EMILIA

Epifanía

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Medio mí , medio ella
Medio dos, medio misma
Medio abajo, arriba
Al principio y al final
 Half me,
 half her
 Half a couple, half alone
 Half down, half up
 At the beginning and at the end

¿Quién soy?, no lo sé
Nací hace un instante
Nací de su deseo
Nací de su vientre
La vida sin deseo fue como una montaña-
Ahora mi deseo
Me lleva a un río-
Estoy enamorada!
 (MORE)

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Estoy enamorada

Enamorada

Enamorada

Who am I, I don't know
 I was born an instant ago
 I was born from her desire
 I was born from her womb
 Life without desire was like a mountain
 Now my desire takes me to a river
 I am in love! I am in love
 In love
 In love

EPIFANÍA

Emilia, Emilia

EMILIA

Epifanía

EPIFANÍA

Emilia

EMILIA

¡Estoy enamorada!

I'm in love!

End EL AMOR

INT. LA LUCECITA OFFICES - DAY

The two women are in Emilia's office. Emilia looks out the window. La Lucecita is in full swing. Hustle and bustle in the corridors. Women in waiting rooms. ÁNGEL and Diego are having snacks in the cafeteria, etc... Emilia surprises Rita looking at her.

EMILIA

¿Qué?

What is it?

RITA

Te admiro...

I admire you...

EMILIA

Ah mira, qué chingón.

Oh shit.

RITA

¿Dónde aprendiste eso?

Where did you learn all this?

EMILIA

¿...?

...?

RITA

Estás cambiando la vida de la gente
 Emilia... No sólo la de ellos, la
 mía, la de todos. Yo estudié toda
 la vida ¿y qué hice cuando acabé?
 Ayudar a los ricos a ser más ricos,
 y a los puercos a ser más puercos.
 You're changing people's lives, Emilia... Not only theirs.
 Mine too. Everyone's. I studied my whole life and what
 did it get me? I helped rich people get richer and gross
 people become grosser.

EMILIA

Rita ¿estás bien?
 Rita, are you all right?

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Ya tengo cuarenta años Emilia... mi
 vida amorosa es un desierto y mi
 vida profesional una pinche cloaca.
 I'm 40, Emilia... My love life is a disaster. My work life,
 a sewer.

Emilia places her hand on Rita's.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

¿Qué te puedo decir?
 What can I say?

RITA

Nada.
 Nothing.

A beat.

EMILIA

¿Qué esto no existiría sin ti?
 That none of this would exist without you?

RITA

Gracias.
 That's kind.

EMILIA

Es cierto. Está es tu vida
 profesional. Puedes estar
 orgullosa... ¿A poco no?
 It's the truth. It's your professional life. You can be
 proud of it. Isn't that right?

Rita's eyes are shining.

On a computer screen: a muted report on the Veracruz
 excavations: the images of the mass graves, the body bags...
 then, Emilia and Rita interviewed in front of the site.

Rita points to the screen.

RITA

Vamos a incomodar a muchas
personas. ¿No te da miedo ?
We may upset a lot of people. Doesn't that scare you?

Emilia thinks.

EMILIA

Creo que me vale madres.
I don't think I give a shit now.

Rita nods and smiles.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rita walks alone in a busy street. She seems to know where she goes and knows the door she pushes. It is the one of a night bar.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Dark atmosphere, other music, another ambience.

Six men turn towards us, undressing us with their eyes.

Rita bellies up to the bar, next to a hot guy. She orders a drink. When it arrives, she feels the guy's hand run over her body. She likes what she feels. And she doesn't mind him whispering in her ear.

Noise and laughter from another room. One laugh in particular.

Rita breaks free...

RITA

Espera aquí, ahora vuelvo.
Wait, I'll be right back.

... and goes to the other room.

In the other room, at a table in the back, people are laughing and drinking. Hugged to a thin man, Gustavo Brun, Jessi is the queen bee. Their hands, loaded with jewels, join on the white tablecloth. Jessi sees Rita. She calls to her:

JESSI

¡Ey, Rita!
Hey, Rita!

Rita approaches. Jessi introduces everyone:

JESSI (CONT'D)
Gustavo, mi amigo... y los otros.

My friend Gustavo... and the others.

RITA

Buenas noches... buenas noches "los otros".

Good evening... good evening, "the others".

JESSI

(presentándola) Santa Rita, mi ángel de la guardia. (a Rita)

Siéntate un momento.

(introducing her) Saint Rita, my guardian ÁNGEL. (to Rita) Sit down for a moment.

RITA

... tengo un amigo esperándome abajo.

... I have a friend waiting for me downstairs.

She sits down.

JESSI

¿Estás en una misión o sólo divirtiéndote?

Are you on a mission or just having fun?

RITA

Sólo me divierto.

Just having fun.

JESSI

¡¿Tú?! ¿divirtiéndote?

You?! having fun?

RITA

... Yo sé, hasta me suena raro decirlo.

... I know, I hesitated before saying it.

JESSI

Pensé que te devolvías a Londres.

I thought you were going back to London.

RITA

Me estoy dando un tiempo. ¿Y tú?

¿qué tal el regreso a México?

I'm taking some time off. How about you? How is the return to Mexico?

JESSI

De poca madre.

Awesome.

RITA

¿Y qué haces?

What are you doing?

JESSI
 ¿Esta noche? Aún no sabemos.
 Tonight? We don't know yet.

She turns to Gustavo.

JESSI (CONT'D)
 ¿Qué hicimos ayer?
 What did we do yesterday?

They kiss.

Start 4M26 MI CAMINO

It is as if Jessi and Gustavo were entering hyperspace: night clubs, strobo lights, naked girls, men and women with pixelated faces, extravagant outfits, flashing lights, night stores, windows breaking, bills changing hands... Jessi and Gustavo kissing, the image turning into a negative...

JESSI (CONT'D)
 Si me caigo en la barranca
 Es MI barranca
 Si me doblo del dolor
 Es MI dolor
 Si me mando al séptimo cielo
 Es MI cielo
 Si me equivoco de camino
 Igual
 If I fall of a cliff
 It's MY cliff
 If I double over in pain
 It's MY pain
 If I go to seventh heaven
 It's MY heaven
 If I go down the wrong path
 Who cares?

Cuando salgo mucho de fiesta
 Cuando me porto como una perra
 Cuando soy la señora perfecta
 Cuando digo "sí" para decir "no"
 Quiero, quiero
 When I party a lot
 When I act like a bitch
 When I'm the perfect woman
 When I say "yes" to say "no"
 I want, I want

Quiero quererme a mí misma
 Querer sí mi vida
 Querer sí lo que siento
 I want to love myself
 I want to love my life
 (MORE)

JESSI (CONT'D)

To love what I feel

Quiero quererme a mí misma
 Quererme así toda
 Quererme así como soy

I want to love myself
 To love myself fully
 To love myself as I am

Quiero amar
 A la niña que no me dejaron ser
 Quiero amar
 A la abuela en la que a lo mejor me
 voy a volver
 Quiero amarme cada día, cada hora,
 cada segundo
 Soy y eso me basta
 Eso es ser una mujer, ¿no?
 I want to love
 The little girl that they wouldn't let me be
 I want to love
 The old lady that I may become one day
 I want to love myself every day, every hour, every
 second
 I am, and that's enough
 That's what being a woman is, right?

Quiero amarme como quiero que me
 amen
 I want to love myself the way I want to be loved
 Amén

Quiero quererme a mí misma
 Querer sí mi vida
 Querer sí lo que siento
 I want to love myself
 I want to love my life
 To love what I feel

Quiero quererme a mí misma
 Quererme así toda
 Quererme así como soy
 I want to love myself
 To love myself fully
 (MORE)

JESSI (CONT'D)

To love myself as I am

Si me caigo en la barranca
 Es MI barranca
 Si me doblo del dolor
 Es MI dolor
 Si me mando al séptimo cielo
 Es MI cielo
 Si me equivoco de camino
 Igual
 Es mi camino
 If I fall of a cliff
 It's MY cliff
 If I double over in pain
 It's MY pain
 If I go to seventh heaven
 It's MY heaven
 If I go down the wrong path
 Who cares?
 It's my path

Quiero quererme a mí misma
 Querer sí mi vida
 Querer sí lo que siento
 I want to love myself
 I want to love my life
 To love what I feel

Quiero quererme a mí misma
 Quererme así toda
 Quererme así como soy
 I want to love myself
 To love myself fully
 To love myself as I am

Cuando salgo mucho de fiesta
 Cuando me porto como una perra.
 When I party a lot
 When I act like a bitch

END OF 4M26 MI CAMINO

INT. EMILIA'S VILLA - DAY

Emilia finishes having breakfast with the children, who are playing Fortnite. A cheerful atmosphere. Emilia looks fulfilled.

Out the window, she suddenly sees a silhouette in the garden: Jessi coming home from an interminable night out.

The two women's eyes meet through window glass. Emilia discreetly points to the children and shakes her head 'no'.

Jessi disappears in the stairway.

EXT. EMILIA'S VILLA - DAY

Emilia accompanies the children out to the porch, where their driver-bodyguard is waiting.

She hands them their school bags.

EMILIA
Hasta la tarde amores, vengo a
buscarlos a la salida.
See you this afternoon, my little darlings. I'll pick you
up after school.

She gives them a kiss.

She goes upstairs. The corridor that leads to Jessi's room seems inordinately long.

She knocks. Since there is no answer she enters.

INT. VILLA JESSI'S BEDROOM - DAY

The room is dark. We hear Jessi through the bathroom door.

Jessi comes out in her bathrobe, drying her hair. She does not notice Emilia watching her from the shadows.

A beat:

EMILIA
Jessi...
Jessi...

Jessi jumps.

JESSI
¡Ay güey! ¡Me espantaste!
Fuck, you scared me!

EMILIA
Toqué. Solo quería decirte: tú eres
libre de hacer lo que quieras,
pero...
I knocked. I wanted to tell you: you're free to do as you
please, but...

JESSI
Sí, sí, ya sé, los niños...
Yes, I know, the children...

EMILIA

Sólo tener algo de cuidado...
Just be a little careful...

JESSI

¡Ya te dije que ya sé!
I already told you I know!

After a while, in a sudden way.

JESSI (CONT'D)

Me voy a casar.
I am getting married.

EMILIA

¿Qué? ¿Con quién?
What? With whom?

JESSI

Con Gustavo.
With Gustavo.

EMILIA

El tipo del que...
The guy who...

JESSI

Sí.
Yes.

Emilia looks at Jessi.

EMILIA

¿Estás segura? ¿No crees que te
estás precipitando?
Are you sure? You don't think this is a little hasty?

JESSI

Hace cinco años que estoy
esperando.
I've waited for 5 years.

EMILIA

Bueno, adelante entonces. Si tú
eres feliz, yo también.
Well, go ahead then. If you're happy, so am I.

Emilia opens the arms, the two women hug each other.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Y, ¿ya sabes dónde van a vivir?
Do you know where you're going to live?

JESSI

Estamos buscando una mansión en
Polanco.
We're looking for a villa in Polanco.

EMILIA

Ah, sí... ¿Y los niños?
Really. What about the children?

JESSI

¿Los niños qué?
What about them?

EMILIA

Se quedan aquí.
They stay here.

JESSI

Ah, no, ¿por qué? Van a vivir con
nosotros.
No. Why? They're going to live with us.

Beat.

Taking it upon herself.

EMILIA

¿Y dónde está esa mansión de
Polanco? ¿Al menos tiene jardín?
Where is this house in Polanco? Is there a garden?

JESSI

Sí, tiene todo lo necesario.
Yes, it has everything needed.

EMILIA

¿Y hay buenas escuelas en Polanco?
Are there good schools in Polanco?

JESSI

Todavía no vemos.
We haven't looked yet.

A beat. Emilia's gaze hardens.

EMILIA

Cuando dices "los niños van a vivir
con nosotros" ¿quieres decir: vivir
contigo y con tu padrote?
When you say "the children are gonna live with us", you
mean you and your pimp?

JESSI

¿Qué?
Excuse me?

EMILIA

Que tú vas a donde se te dé la gana
con tu pinche padrote, pero los
niños se quedan aquí.
Go wherever the fuck you want with your stupid pimp, but
the kids stay here.

JESSI

¡¿!Mi padrote!?! ¿Y tú quién
chingados te crees para decirme eso
pinche vieja lencha? ¿Quieres que
yo también te diga algo de tu
putita?

My pimp?! And who the fuck do you think you are, you
fucking old dyke? Do you want me to tell you something
about your little whore too?

Jessi tries to hit Emilia who pushes her on the sofa. Emilia
grabs a vase, hesitates to smash her skull, then shatters it
on the ground near Jessi.

EMILIA

¡Tú no tocas a mis hijos y punto!
You don't touch my children, period!

Emilia goes away.

JESSI

¿!¿Tus hijos!?! ¿!¿TUS HIJOS!?!
¿i¿TE VOLVISTE LOCA O QUÉ?!?
¡SON MIS HIJOS!
Your children!?! Your children!?! Have you lost it or
what? They're my children!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Two guys are beating up a third, who slips under a car to escape
the beatings. The camera passes under the car: we recognize
Gustavo Brun.

Once he stops moving, one of his assailants slips a fat wad of
money into his pocket and whispers into his ear.

HENCHMAN (O.S.)

Tienes 100 mil dólares en la bolsa
del pantalón. Te largas de la
ciudad y no te vuelves a acercar a
menos de 80 kilómetros. Si
desobedeces, te corto los brazos y
se los doy de comer a los perros.
¿Entendiste?

There's a hundred thousand dollars in your pocket. Leave
Mexico City and never come back within 50 miles. If you
do, I'll cut off your arms and feed them to the dogs.
Understand?

INT. EMILIA'S VILLA - DAY

Early morning. Followed by the maids, Emilia hurries from room
to room: the closets and drawers in both the children's room and
Jessi's have been emptied.

EMILIA

¿A qué hora se fueron?
At what time did they leave?

MAID

No sé señora, todo mundo estaba
durmiente...
I don't know, ma'am. Everyone was asleep...

EMILIA

¿No dejó una nota?
She didn't leave a note?

MAID

No encontré ninguna, señora.
I didn't find one, ma'am.

Emilia calls Jessi. Straight to voicemail. She leaves a message:

EMILIA

(al teléfono) Soy yo Jessi... no
entiendo... no entiendo por qué
hiciste eso... tenemos que hablar,
llámame.

(On the phone) Jessi, it's me... I don't understand... I
don't understand why you've done this... We need to talk.
Call me back.

The screen splits in three: Emilia to the left, Jessi in her car to the right and Rita in the middle at the Lucecita offices. The three women speak and sing at the same time.

Start 5M28a Trio Emilia/Rita/Jessi

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Se fue con los niños
Con los míos y todas las cosas
A Polanco sin dudas
Con su chulo
No puede hacer eso
Sí, está bien, es su madre
¿Pero entonces qué soy yo?
¡No la dejaré hacer esto!

She ran away with the children
With my children and she took everything with her
She went to Polanco for sure
With her pimp
She can't do that
Okay, she's their mother
But what am I then?
I won't let her do that!

RITA

Cálmate
Tranquila
Calma
(MORE)

RITA (CONT'D)**Tranquilízate****Cálmate**

Calm down

Easy

Calm down

Get a hold on yourself

JESSI**Me cortó los víveres****Me cortó la lana****Cerró la llave****No funciona ninguna tarjeta****Todas mis cuentas están bloqueadas****¿Entiendes algo tú?****¿Me quiere robar a mis hijos y ahora mi lana?**

She cut me off!

I don't even have enough to buy food

She took all my money

She turned off the money tap

No more credit cards working

All my accounts are frozen

Do you understand anything?

She wants to steal my children

and now she wants to steal my money?

RITA**Cálmate**

Calm down.

EMILIA + JESSI**¡Me quiere robar a mis hijos!**

She wants to steal my children!

RITA**Calma****Tranquila****Calma****Tranquilízate****Calma**

Calm down

Calm

Control yourself

Calm down

EMILIA**¿Cómo pude casarme con esa perra?****¡¿Cómo pude casarme con esa****ingrata?!**

How could I have married that awful pig?

How could I have married that ungrateful sow!

RITA**Lo hubieras pensado antes.****¡¿Qué crees? i ¿Que puedes manipular**
a la gente a tu antojo?**¡Eso era en otra vida! ¡Ahora ya no**
es lo mismo!

You should have thought of that before
 What do you think?
 That you can manipulate people as much as you want?
 That was before?
 Now it's not the same!

JESSI

¿Cómo pude vivir con esa cabrona ?
 ¿Cómo pude confiar en esa pendeja?
 How could I live with that bitch?
 How could I trust that slut?

RITA

Calma
 No entiendo por qué hizo eso
 Hablaré con ella
 Lo solucionaré
Arreglaré las cosas
 Calm down
 I don't understand why she did this
 I'll talk to her
 I'm going to fix it.
 It's going to be all right.

JESSI

Es la lana de Manitas
¡Mi marido!
¡La lana que me dejó cuando murió!
 It's Manitas' money.
 My husband!
 The money he left me
 when he died!

RITA

Calma
 Take it easy

JESSI

¡Mi lana!
 My money!

EMILIA

No puede hacerme eso
 She can't have done such a thing

RITA

¿Cómo pudiste hacer eso?
¡Chingá!
¿ No pudiste habérmelo dicho antes?
 And you, how could you do such a thing?
 Shit!
 Couldn't you have told me about it before?

JESSI

¿Cómo tiene acceso a mis cuentas?
 How come she's got access to my accounts?

RITA

Cálmate
 Tranquila
 Fue la voluntad de Manitas, tu
 marido
Quería protegerte
 Calm down
 It was in your husband Manitas' will
 He wanted to protect you

EMILIA

¡Quiero a mis hijos!
 I want my children!

RITA

Si quieres recuperar a tus hijos
Tendrás que apagar el fuego
 If you want your children back
 you'll have to put out the fire

EMILIA

¡Quiero a mis hijos!
 I want my children back!

RITA

Hay que apagar el fuego
 You have to put out the fire

End 5M28a Trio

EXT/INT. EMILIA'S CAR - DAY

Emilia sitting in the back of her limousine. Her head churns with ideas, like black clouds. She looks focused on the electric wires that appear and disappear as they should. And then, as if it were obvious:

EMILIA

Se va a morir.
 She is going to die.

The driver's screams wake her out of her daydream. The car swerves. She sees two pixelated faces. Their automatic weapons fire. The windshield shatters...

She lies on the back seat, opens her bag and sees her Glock shining inside.

Inside the bag, the Glock, black.

Black.

EXT/INT LUCECITA WAITING ROOM - EVENING

Evening. Epifanía sits on a bench in the waiting room. She watches the personnel leave, wishing each other "Good Night. See you tomorrow." Rita is in her office, putting away her things. Just as she is about to leave, she sees a woman waiting on a bench.

She opens her office window.

RITA

Las oficinas abren de las 9 de la
mañana a las 5 de la tarde, ya
estamos por cerrar. ¿Tenía cita?

The offices are open from 9 to 5. We're closing. Did you
have an appointment?

EPIFANÍA

Sí... bueno, no, no aquí.
Yes... well, no, not here.

RITA

¿Le puedo ayudar?
May I help you?

EPIFANÍA

Tenía cita con la señora Pérez.
I had an appointment with Mrs. Pérez.

Rita looks at her closely. Bemused.

RITA

¿Su nombre es...?
What's your name?

EPIFANÍA

Epifanía Flores.
Epifanía Flores.

RITA

¿Tú eres Epifanía?
You're Epifanía?

EPIFANÍA

Sí, tú eres Rita, ¿no?
Yes. You're Rita, right?

RITA

Sí, buenas noches.
Yes, good evening.

EPIFANÍA

Buenas noches.
Good evening.

The two women smile at each other for a beat. Slightly embarrassed.

RITA
Bueno, ya está.
Well, it's done...

EPIFANÍA
¿Qué?
What is?

RITA
Al fin nos conocemos. Ya
era hora ¿Habían quedado de verse?
We've finally met. It was about time, wasn't it? Had you
planned to see each other?

EPIFANÍA
Sí, pero como no llegó, me
preocupé.
Yes, but she didn't show up, so I got worried.

RITA
Sube. (señala la escalera)
Me imagino que le habrás marcado,
¿no?
Come. (pointing to the stairs) I guess you called her?

INT. LUCECITA OFFICES - EVENING

Epifanía has joined Rita, who is on the phone.

RITA
Soy yo, márcame cuando oigas
el mensaje. (tapa el auricular) ¿Le
digo que estás aquí?
It's me. Call me when you get this message. (covering the
phone) Can I tell her you're here?

Epifanía nods.

RITA (CONT'D)
Aquí está Epifanía, te espera
conmigo. Llama pronto.
Epifanía is here. We're waiting together. Call back.

She hangs up.

EPIFANÍA
Ya le marqué cuatro veces.
I called her four times.

RITA

Tenía una cita antes, y nadie la
vio... quién sabe qué chingados
andará haciendo.

She had an appointment before, and she didn't show up
either. I don't know what the hell she's up to.

They look at each other.

RITA (CONT'D)

Se me hace curioso eso de
conocerte antes de conocerme.
Emilia me habla mucho de ti.
It's strange, I feel like I've already met you. Emilia
speaks so much about you.

EPIFANÍA

(sorprendida) ¿Habla de mí? ¿Qué
dice?
(surprised) About me? What does she say?

RITA

No te preocupes. Cosas de mujeres
enamoradas. Desde que se
conocieron, parece que tuviera
quince años. Una quinceañera,
efusiva.
Don't worry. Woman-in-love stuff. Since you met, she's
like a teenager. A 15-year-old girl took her place.

Smiles. A beat.

EPIFANÍA

A mí también me habla de ti.
She talks about you too.

RITA

¿Ah sí?
Really?

Epifanía hesitates.

RITA (CONT'D)

¡Ya dime pues!
Go on, spit it out!

EPIFANÍA

Que eres como su hermana. Que le
cambiaste la vida.
You're like a sister. You changed her life.

Rita stiffens.

RITA

¿Qué vida?
What life?

EPIFANÍA

Ay, pues no sé, su vida...
I don't know, her life...

RITA

¿Cuándo cambié su vida yo?
When did I change her life?

Epifanía is unsettled by Rita's change of tone.

EPIFANÍA

¿...?
...?

RITA

¿Te habló de ella? ¿De su vida?
¿Qué te contó?
Did she speak about herself? What did she tell you?

EPIFANÍA

Nada... me habló de su familia,
de sus sobrinos que quiere mucho...
Me dijo que todo esto (apunta a La
Lucecita) es gracias a ti. Que tú
la habías vuelto inteligente y
generosa...
Nothing. She told me about her family, her nephews. She
adores them.. She said that all this... (pointing to La
Lucecita) is thanks to you. That you turned her into
someone smart and generous...

Rita calms down.

EPIFANÍA (CONT'D)

¿Qué? ¿Metí la pata?
Did I make a mistake?

RITA

No, no, para nada. Perdón,
estoy muerta del cansancio. Es un
poco exagerado pero me commueve,
sí, me commueve. Creo que tú y yo
somos sus únicas amigas.
No, no, not at all. I'm sorry, I'm exhausted. It's a bit
of an overstatement but I'm moved, yes, I'm touched. I
think you and I are her only friends.

Rita's phone rings. She answers.

RITA (CONT'D)

¿Sí...? Soy yo.
Yes? It's me...

Epifanía looks at her.

RITA (CONT'D)

¿Usted dónde está?

Where are you?

She goes to the window. She sees flashing police lights and then four police officers.

Epifanía is at the office window. She watches Rita speak with the officers for some time. Suddenly Rita looks at Epifanía. Rita has her hand clasped over her mouth, as if to hold back tears or stifle a scream.

EXT. MEXICO CITY STREETS - DAY

Feet in sandals pressing pedals. The pedals spin. The bike zigzags through traffic.

A package on a string swings left and right, depending on the bike's tilt.

Upright on the pedals of a bike too big for him, a poorly dressed 12, 13 year old kid zigzags between cars and pedestrians.

INT. LUCECITA BUILDING - DAY

He goes upstairs, passing by people weeping, consoling each other... the atmosphere is funereal.

He finally finds who he was looking for: Rita Mora Castro.

KID
¿Señora Mora Castro?
Señora Mora Castro?

She turns around and sees the kid. He hands her a package wrapped in newspaper.

KID (CONT'D)
Para usted.
For you.

She hesitates.

RITA
¿Qué es?
What is it?

KID
Me dijeron que se lo diera.
I was told to give it to you.

She takes the package. She is about to ask some more questions but the kid is already gone.

INT. RITA'S OFFICE - DAY

Shut up in her office, Rita slowly unwraps the package. The newspaper is soaked in blood.

Inside: 5 fingers with Emilia Pérez's nail polish.

She retches. Vomits into a trash bin.

She is interrupted by her vibrating telephone. On the screen: EMILIA.

Rita answers.

Start music 5M29a Beatification Emilia/Rita/Gustavo

RITA

¿Emilia?

On the other end, man's spectral voice. A bit over-the-top.

GUSTAVO (O.S.)

No, no es ella.

¿Recibiste el paquete?

No, it's not her

Did you get the package?

RITA

Sí

Yes.

GUSTAVO

¿Puedes contar con los dedos?

Can you count on her fingers?

Rita looks at the fingers in the newspaper.

RITA

¿Tres millones?

Three million?

GUSTAVO

Bueno

Good!

RITA

Quiero oírla

Quiero oír su voz

I want to hear her

I want to hear her voice

EMILIA

¿Rita?

Rita?

RITA
 Sí, Emilia...
 Yes, Emilia...

EMILIA
 Haz lo que te dicen, ¿ ok?
 Do as you're told, okay?

RITA
 Sí,
 Ya voy.
 Yes,
 I'm coming.

EMILIA
 No estoy aquí por casualidad
 I am not here by chance

RITA
 El tiempo pasó...
 Time went by...

EMILIA
 Pasó muy rápido
 It went by so fast

RITA
 Bingo
 BINGO

EMILIA
 Eso lo digo yo, pendeja
 That's what I say, idiot

CUT TO:

INT. LUCECITA - NIGHT

Start 5M29b BEATIFICATION/DESEO 2

(At first just the music)

The building looks empty. Only one office on the second floor is lit.

We approach. We discover a dozen men. EL PONCHIS is apparently their boss. Rita speaks with him. We only see their lips move, their hands gesture and their heads nod. Weapons being loaded.

INT. RITA'S CAR - EVENING

Rita drives, expressionless. On the passenger seat: two full bags. On the dashboard, a crackling walkie-talkie.

EXT. RITA'S CAR + COUNTRY ROAD - EVENING

While Rita's car continues a straight trajectory on the deserted road, two hundred meters behind three pickups follow. On the platforms, armed men of La Lucecita; within the cab of the lead pickup La Ponchis, a walkie-talkie in hand.

The convoy suddenly bifurcates: Rita to the left, the rest to the right. The second truck dims its lights.

INT. GUSTAVO'S CABIN, KITCHEN - NIGHT

First, a half darkness, then, appearing in a dull light, the silhouette of Emilia under a dirty and bloody sheet. Exceeding the sheet, we discover her bruised hands packed in rough cloths.

EMILIA

Jessi...
Jessi!

JESSI

¿Qué?
What?

EMILIA

Dame agua.
Give me some water.

Jessi goes to get a water bottle.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

¿Qué van a hacer conmigo?
What're you gonna do with me?

JESSI

Recuperar la lana que me robaste,
culera.
Get back the money you stole from me, you bitch.

EMILIA

¿Y luego?
And then?

JESSI

¡Nos vales madre!
We don't fucking care!

EMILIA

¿Me van a matar?
You'll kill me?

JESSI

¡Cállate!
Shut up!

Jessi tears off the sheet, discovering the poor head of Emilia. The water bottle against the lips of Emilia.

A dull light slowly discovers the back of the space in which the men of Gustavo play cards while smoking joints.

In the opening of a walled window, Gustavo takes a look outside. He looks at the time on his cell phone.

Gustavo's POV: headlights in the distance.

GUSTAVO
¡Ahí viene!
She's coming!

EXT. LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

The face of La Ponchis appears in the frame. Followed by her men, she slides behind the white rocks of the quarry. She signals them to stop: a hundred meters below, Rita's pickup arrives on the road to the cabin.

A panning shot leaves the faces of La Ponchis in combat position and then sweeps the landscape with the hacienda in the background and ends in close-up on the door that Rita opens.

Rita gets down, puts the bag on the floor, arms her gun and slips it behind her back.

INT. GUSTAVO'S CABIN BAR - NIGHT

Gustavo puts on a pair of night vision goggles.

GUSTAVO
(gritando) ¡Apaga la luz!
(shouting) Turn off the light!

The light is turned off.

Gustavo's POV through his goggles: the car arrives... blinding headlights... Rita's white silhouette, suitcases... a tracking shot over the countryside... and back to Rita... blinding headlights...

GUSTAVO (CONT'D)
(a Rita) ¡Apaga tus faros!
(to Rita) Turn off your headlights!

EXT. LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

Two shots are fired.

Rita throws herself to the ground. The headlights are off.

Rita sees La Ponchis, who addresses a series of strategic signs, mysterious but reassuring. Rita pretends to understand.

EXT. GUSTAVO'S CABIN + LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

Gustavo's "night view" POV: the view examines the landscape from left to right, returns to the shape of Rita on the ground.

GUSTAVO

Párate y avanza.
Get up and move forward.

The white shape gets up, picks up the bag.

GUSTAVO (CONT'D)

¡Quiero ver tu mano izquierda!
I want to see your left hand!

A white hand rises. Rita moves forward.

Gustavo turns to Jessi:

GUSTAVO (CONT'D)

¡Llévala!
Take her!

Pointing to two of his men:

GUSTAVO (CONT'D)

Tú y tú vienen conmigo. (a los demás) Ustedes nos cubren.
(a Rita) ¡Hasta ahí, no te muevas!
You and you come with me. (to the others) You cover us.
(to Rita) That's it, stay there, don't move!

Gustavo's "night vision" POV: panning left to right... right to left... back to Rita and then slowly back to right... movement of a clear shape behind the rocks...

GUSTAVO (CONT'D)

¡Pinche puta!
Fucking bitch!

He starts firing in bursts. The others follow. The bullets fly and roll... the flashes of the weapons that strobe the gestures and make the silhouettes on the walls move...

EXT. LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

Rita has taken shelter behind the pickup. She grabs her gun, checks the weaponry. What Rita sees:

- La Ponchis waiting for her orders.
- The traces of the bullets above her.
- The cabin drowned in the thick smoke of the weapons.

Rita's eyes are attracted by the cloud of smoke that grows above the cabin. Suddenly the phenomenon is reversed: instead of continuing its rise, the smoke flows back to the house, like water swirling around a sink. The smoke returns to the house.

INT. HACIENDA, KITCHEN - NIGHT

A tongue of smoke slides on the ground, passes between the feet of the men, on the shells which roll... crosses the room... finds Jessi and Emilia lying on the ground... and slips into the mouth of Emilia, who opens her eyes.

Emilia looks at Jessi, who protects herself as she can with her arms on her head. Emilia puts her hand on Jessi's head.

Start PERDÓNAME

EMILIA

(unintelligible)Te conocí cuando
tenías catorce años.

I met you when you were fourteen years old.

JESSI

¿Ah?

Huh?

EMILIA

Te conocí cuando tenías catorce años.
Entonces yo andaba con Juanita, tu hermana
I met you when you were fourteen years old.
At that time it was with your sister, with Juanita, that
I was...

JESSI

¿Qué dices?

But what are you talking about?

EMILIA

Mi vida... Cuando andaba con Juanita era a ti
a quien miraba... entonces un día en la
Azucena en Jalapa, ahí te besé y fuimos a
hacer lo demás arriba.

My life... When I was with Juanita it was you that I
fancied and then one day,
it was in Azucena in Xalapa, I kissed you and we went to
do the rest upstairs

JESSI

Tú... ¿tú me besaste?

You... you kissed me?

EMILIA

... fuimos a hacer lo demás arriba...
...and we went to do the rest upstairs...

JESSI

¿Quién te contó esto?

Who told you that?

Suddenly in the distance: shouts, orders, gunfire. Bullets
pierce the walls and send plaster flying around the two women,
who drop to the floor. Their faces are now very close. Behind
them we see Gustavo return alone to shoot. Flames of detonating
guns, smoke, dust, impacts.

EMILIA

Cuando nos casamos te regalé dos collares.

Me dijiste...

When we got married I gave you two necklaces.
You told me...

JESSI

¡Cállate, cállate!

Shut up, shut up!

EMILIA

... que un día tú perdiste uno. Yo sé que
se lo diste a Juanita para hacerte
perdonar.

That one day you lost one. But I know you gave it to
Juanita to make up for it...

EMILIA (CONT'D)

El día de la boda tu familia te daba tanta
vergüenza que, para no verlos, los pusiste
al fondo de la iglesia.

On our wedding day you were so ashamed of your family
that, in order not to see them, you put them
at the back of the church.

JESSI

¿Quién eres?

¿Quién eres?

Who are you?
Who are you?

EMILIA

... Emilia
Emilia

JESSI

Manitas
Manitas

EMILIA

...
...

JESSI

No, ¡ay no dios!, ¿qué nos pasó?!
No, my God, what happened to us?

EMILIA

¡Jessica!
Jessica!

JESSI

¡No!
No!

EMILIA

¡Perdóname! ¡Perdóname!,
Forgive me! Forgive me!

End PERDÓNAME

Gustavo's cowboy boots enter the frame.

GUSTAVO

¡Párate, nos largamos!
Stand up, we're leaving!

He has already seized Emilia by the scruff of her neck.

Emilia shakes her head "no".

EMILIA

No...
No...

The boot then crushes the bandaged hand of Emilia. A puddle of blood comes out of the bandage like a sponge.

.../...

Traveling on: a trace of blood on the ground... we go up it until...

INT/EXT. GUSTAVO'S CABIN - NIGHT

...Emilia is dragged in the trunk of the car of Gustavo. When the trunk of the car is going to be closed on her, Emilia's eyes meet Jessi's.

EMILIA

(inaudible) ¡Jessica!
(inaudible) Jessica!

JESSI

¡No!
No!

The trunk is slammed shut.

JESSI (CONT'D)

(balbuceando, confundida) ¡Dios
mío!, qué hemos hecho...
(mumbling, confused) My God, what have we done?...

GUSTAVO

(a Jessi) ¡Anda, muévete!
(to Jessi) Come on, move!INT. GUSTAVO BRUN'S CAR - NIGHT

Gustavo Brun turns on the headlights and the turbo.

GUSTAVO

¡Perros hijos de su puta madre!
Those fucking motherfuckers!

On his side, Jessi is lost.

JESSI

En la cajuela...
In the trunk...

GUSTAVO BRUN

¿En la cajuela qué?
What? In the trunk?

JESSI

En la cajuela, está Manitas.
In the trunk, it's Manitas.

GUSTAVO BRUN

¡¿Eh?!
What?

JESSI

Mi marido... ¡es Manitas está en la
cajuela, es mi marido! ¡Frena!
¡Para!

In the trunk, it's Manitas, my husband. Stop! Stop!
She grabs the wheel to force Gustavo to stop.

GUSTAVO
... ¡Eh!
Hey!

He yanks it back. Her again. He punches her. He sends her flying into the windshield...

Jessi opens the glove compartment in front of her. She grabs a gun. Aims it at Gustavo. He looks at the gun. Shakes his head, as if he has had enough.

GUSTAVO (CONT'D)
Ajjj...
Pfff...

JESSI
¡Detente!
STOP!

Gustavo hesitates, slows down, and looks in the rear view mirror. He slams on the brakes. Jessi flies forward. He tries to grab the gun. She resists. He accelerates again. A gun goes off. Shattering Gustavo's windshield. Another burst of gunfire. This time through the roof...

EXT. GUSTAVO BRUN'S CAR - NIGHT

The car arrives towards us zigzagging. Its race is punctuated by the detonations and the shots flashing the interior.

Suddenly the car swerves and flies down the embankment.

The camera closes in on the edge of the ravine.

EXT. GUSTAVO BRUN'S CAR - NIGHT

The car has crashed a hundred meters below.

EXT. GUSTAVO BRUN'S CAR - NIGHT

The camera slowly moves in on the trunk of the car. We hear twisting metal, the radiator whistling, other unpleasant noises, like creaks and groans.

Then suddenly, the car explodes in flames.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Down in the ravine, the car is a blazing inferno.

Pulling back, we see Rita watching the car burn. Powerless.

The red flames reflected on her face.

INT. EMILIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Start 5M30 Las Damas

A window framed from the outside, it's an empty frame. Then a voice:

HOUSEMAID (OFF)
Ahí vienen señora Rita.
Here they come, Mrs. Rita.

Rita appears behind the window. She is dressed in black, her face defeated. In the reflection of the glass appear the small silhouettes of Diego and ÁNGEL. They are escorted by two policemen.

RITA
Mis hijos, mi familia.
My children, my family.

EPIFANÍA (O.S.)
Dedico este poema
A la que fuera tan amada
Durante fugaces instantes
I dedicate this poem
To the one who was so loved
During these fleeting moments

A la mujer de mis noches
A la que se iba al alba
To the woman of my nights
To the one who left at dawn

EPIFANÍA (CONT'D)
A quien bebió de mis fuentes
Y cuyo misterio me falta
Como una estrella lejana
A quien me dejó ser libre
Y tan libre como el aire
Tan libre como su perfume
To the woman of my nights
To the one who left at dawn
Without ever telling me about her
To the one who drank from my spring
And whose mystery I miss
Like a distant star
To the one who let me free
Free as the air
Free as her perfume

CHORUS

A quien en un segundo
 Abriendo sus cálidos brazos
 Atravesó nuestro camino
 To the one who within a second
 Opening her warm arms,
 Crossed our path.

EXT. MEXICO CITY SUBURBS - DAY

Epifanía in mourning walks and sings.

EPIFANÍA

A quien hizo el milagro
 De cambiar el plomo en oro
 Volviendo a soñar este mundo
 To the one who accomplished the miracle
 Of changing lead into gold
 And enchanted the world again

EPIFANÍA (CONT'D)

A quien izo a nuestro lado
 Al lado de los condenados
 La bandera de la verdad
 To the one who raised the flag of Truth
 At our side, the damned

She is joined by a group of people who sing with her.
 In low angle: a statue fills the entire screen, swaying in front of us to the rhythm of the people carrying it. It is a naive statue of Emilia. Hands slightly apart, she seems to show the three fingers that are missing.

Below and behind a brass band with drummers. Behind a line of mourners. Copper faces, poorly clothed, feet and dust..

A quien, ardiente figura,
 Por su gracia maravillosa,
 Nos llenó de felicidad
 To her who, fiery figure, filled us,
 Thanks to her wonderful grace,
 with happiness

A la que nunca regresará
 A la que guardó su enigma
 Que quizás conocen ustedes
 To the one who will never return
 To the one who will keep her secret forever
 The secret you might know

A la que no acabé de amar
 Con quien no terminé de bailar
 Ofrezco un ramo de flores

To the one I will never finish loving
With whom I will never finish dancing
I offer this bouquet of flowers

Under and behind a brass and drum band. Behind a line of processionals. Copper faces, poor people's clothes, feet and dust.

The music and the sound stop before the images: silent orchestra, silent faces, silent crowd. Just movement and colors.

THE END.