

# EMILIA PÉREZ

**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 pródiga

¿Quién dime quién en México no les quera?, 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  
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.

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 hablemos 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 hablemos 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, olvídalo... ¿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  
jamás 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

¿¿Qué tenemos que ganar?!

What do we have to gain?

RITA

¿Cuánto cuánto tiempo más?

How much longer?

CORO

¿¿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

¡Ya mero!

¡Cuando 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!  
 Ooh!

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.)

Habr  que buscar un lugar seguro  
para el "reseteo", lejos de aqu ,  
ni en este pa s, ni en Estados  
Unidos... un lugar donde sea  
imposible encontrarme. B scame  
alguien dif cil de rastrear,  
alguien competente, intachable... El  
que te precedi  me hizo perder el  
tiempo... Se ora 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... s , no... mam , tengo  
que colgar... s , no... me est n  
llamando, voy a colgar mam ... 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 encuéntrame 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, ite  
 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  
Man to woman, woman to man  
Man to woman, woman to man  
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  
huela 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  
¡Nooooo!  
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  
 Olvídalo.  
 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, descansa 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, distraerla... 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 quedés.

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)  
Put a madre, me estoy asfixiando,  
aquí apest 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 cigarro 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/CONFESSIONAL - 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  
 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 cárteles 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  
quise 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 sicairios 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 denunciemos 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. StrÁNGELY 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 volvernos 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!?!  
¿!¿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  
durmiendo...  
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? ¡¿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 conocerte.

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 conmueve,  
sí, me conmueve. 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 Jalapa, 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 processionalists. 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.