



ORIENTE

Limited Series - Crime, Suspense, Thriller

Ten 55' Episodes

EPISODE 1 - "Stormy Weather"
EPISODE 2 - "Predators"
EPISODE 3 - "Paradise Lost"
EPISODE 4 - "Oro Negro"
EPISODE 5 - "Lola"
EPISODE 6 - "Chaos Theory"
EPISODE 7 - "Tommy"
EPISODE 8 - "A Babalawo Don't Lie"
EPISODE 9 - "Guardalavaca"
EPISODE 10- "Dance of the Starlings"

Written
by
Laszlo Papas

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Property of:
LOCKED DOWN FILMS
PO Box 691640
Los Angeles, CA 90069
Ph: 310-659 8888
Buenos Aires: +54911-38806573

EPISODE 1

"Stormy Weather"

TEASER

FADE IN ON:

EXT. DIRT ROAD, EASTERN CUBA - DUSK

RAINING HEAVILY. A flock of STARLINGS magically shapeshifting against the loaded sky, coming close, then going as A FLASH OF LIGHTNING electrifies the low mountains North of Holguín, Eastern Cuba.

A black 4x4, SUZUKI JIMNY parked near a mango patch, in a muddy road, surrounded by flooded fields. The man at the wheel speaking meditatively OFF SCREEN, in a British, Brummie, accent.

MAN AT THE WHEEL (V.O.)
She knew I was in the room... I
believe it was part of what excited
her. The moaning, the panting...
It didn't stop.

The RUMBLE OF THUNDER finally reaching us.

INT. SUZUKI JIMNY - NIGHT

A wad of US dollars on the dashboard. A plain but attractive YOUNG WOMAN (DIANELIS) (20's) rural appearance, wet from the rain, in the passenger's seat. Her t-shirt removed. Cheap, frayed bra, looking wide-eyed at driver, OFF CAMERA.

MAN AT THE WHEEL (O.S.)
Entiendes..?
Understand..?

Not a word. Nodding nevertheless. Not frightened, uncertain.

MAN AT THE WHEEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Her voice was...gruff...almost
masculine. Something beastly about
it. And a smell I was still too
young to recognize.
(MORE)

MAN AT THE WHEEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Sharp, penetrating. Acrid and yet sweet. Know what I mean? Like here, now.

CAMERA SHUTTER, FLASH. The Young Woman smiling tentatively at the unseen photographer. His latex-gloved hand gently pushing back her hair, undoing bra - it falls exposing her breast. Her nipples cold. The man's arm covered in a white forensic examiner's suit. Touching the nipple with his gloved finger - awaking it.

The girl's nostrils flaring.

MAN AT THE WHEEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Don't...!

CAMERA SHUTTER, FLASH.

MAN AT THE WHEEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(poor Spanish)

Mira allá, abre piernas...

Look that way, open legs...

The girl looking away, the hand removing her cheap-lace, mauve slip. The girl opening her legs slightly, uneasy and yet - MOANING EXCITED.

MAN AT THE WHEEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

NO!

DON'T!

She can't help it. The hand rubbing her pubis, her lips trembling, MOANING some more. Then, suddenly, the hand swinging the vintage shoulder strap of a professional Nikon camera over her head, tightening it around the neck.

She gasping, surprised before she could fill her lungs. Struggling, a desperate hand flailing. The killer tightening the strap.

The asphyxiated, flustered face of a desperate, pink middle-age woman in her forties, eyes bulging from strangulation.

THE EYES OF THE KILLER pulling hatefully on the belt.

Back to the Young Woman, matching the desperation - A BONE SNAPPING SOUND - long after she's been choked to death. LIGHTNING FLASHING.

The killer's grip loosening, the girl's head hanging back. CLOSER THUNDER. The gloved hands removing the strap, gently depositing her head on the headrest, reclining seat slightly. SOUND OF SHUTTER - FLASH flooding her death mask.

The gloved hand making a fist around the mauve slip.

The killer's flooded eyes. Shutting close, tears running.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The black Suzuki Jimny under the RAIN - FLASH inside.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

EP-1

FADE IN ON:

INT. BEACH BUNGALOW - DAWN

A rectangular wooden table. SIX MEN around a poker game. Plastic table cloth. Rum, cigars, more rum... Long night. A YOUNG WOMAN in bikini washing dishes. The SUN, seen through the window, dawning over a serene surf. The game is table stakes, Texas hold'em. The currency cash - mainly CUP (Cuban pesos). Some US dollars and Euros. Big pot on the table. GASPARD, the host, a laid back Frenchman in his thirties - long hair, tattoo of naked woman on his arm - is dealing. On the table King, Ten, Nine, Ace, unsuited.

GASPARD

So, a thousand to you.

This to PLAYER #1, a pompous-looking guy in his early 30's - fading Marlboro t-shirt, gold chains, Yankees cap - sitting before the healthiest pile of cash. Peeking at his cards - Ace, Jack - grinning insolently at... MARCIAL DEL POTRO (50's), tall, handsome, intense, SCAR ON HIS TEMPLE.

PLAYER #1

(downing shot of rum)

Pues, le voy a tener que dar...mi
Excelentísimo Ex-General...

**Well, gonna hafta call you...your
Excellency, Ex-General...**

Gaspard's eyes darting him an angry look, then turning uncomfortably to gauge Del Potro's reaction - immutable.

PLAYER #1 (CONT'D)

(tossing 3000 CUP into
pot)

Y dos mil más, ex-general!

And raise two thousand, Ex-general!

Gaspard about to snap at him.

Del Potro containing him with an ever-so-slight frown.

PLAYER #2

(sensing the tension)

Yo paso.

I pass.

Player \$3 and #4 already dropped out, exchanging uneasy glances.

GASPARD
(mucking hand)
Yo tampoco.
Me either.

DEL POTRO
Necesito diez mil más.
I need another ten thousand.

Gaspard uncomfortable now, low tones...

GASPARD
No se puede, Coronel. Usted bien lo sabe. Es lo que tiene en mesa.
Can't do that, Colonel. You know it well. Table stakes.

Del Potro picking up a half-smoked cigar from his ashtray, locking eyes with the insolent Player 1. The creep pouring himself another shot of rum, shrugging at Gaspard.

PLAYER #1
Por mí dale...
I'm OK with it, give it to him.
(shot glass raised at Del Potro with a grin)
Pero pierde, mi Ex-General.
But you'll lose, my Ex-General.

The third mention of "Ex-General" making the tension around the table almost visible. Del Potro looking at his two Kings.

DEL POTRO
Jugado.
I'm all in.

GASPARD
En juego, pues...
In play, then...

PLAYER #1
Call.
Veo.

GASPARD
(deals)
Le River.
The River.

A Queen. Del Potro snapping his two kings down with confidence.

DEL POTRO

Tres Reyes.

Three Kings.

Player #1 looking at Del Potro, flipping his Jack - Ace-high straight.

Del Potro swallowing drily, nodding, picking up hat, standing.

PLAYER #1

Hasta la próxima, mi Ex-General...

Till the next one, my Ex-General...

Del Potro out the door. Gaspard hissing at Player #1.

GASPARD

Qué verga..!

What the fuck..!

Player #1 racking in his winnings.

PLAYER #1

Coronel! General! Que coño importa?

Colonel! General! Fuck's the difference?

Gaspard slapping the 10,000 CUP wad in front of him.

GASPARD

You know who that man once was?!

Tú sabes quién fue ese hombre una vez?!

Player #1 shrugging dismissively.

EXT. BEACH BUNGALOW - DAWN

Del Potro stretching, facing the sea. The night's storm has moved away. The sun is up. The surf beautiful, smooth.

Gaspard exiting bungalow. His Norton motorcycle leaning on a coconut tree, next to another, lesser bike.

DEL POTRO

Para el viernes te tengo eso,

Gaspard...

Have that thing for you by Friday, Gaspard.

GASPARD

Su palabra aquí es oro, Coronel.

Your word here is gold, Colonel.

Del Potro putting on his sweat-stained hat, tossing the dead cigar, climbing into an old, unmarked Soviet-made LADA.

GASPARD (CONT'D)
Lamento lo que ese cretino--
I regret what that cretin--

DEL POTRO
Las cosas son como son.
It is what it is.

Driving away. Gaspard looking after him. VOICES. Turning to glare at Player #1 exiting with the others, straddling the lesser motorcycle, counting his winnings.

GASPARD
No pongas tus patas aquí nunca más.
Don't ever set foot here again.

Player #1 snorting disdainfully, skidding off.

EXT. ROAD INTO HOLGUÍN, EASTERN CUBA - DAY

The LADA driving along a busy two-way highway. Vendors of every imaginable item - mangoes, toilets, tools, watch-repair, haircuts - lining the side of the road.

INT. LADA - SAME TIME

Del Potro, weary-eyed, making his way, honking at a suicidal CROSSING PEDESTRIAN.

DEL POTRO
Chico, qué tú quieres, dejar la
vida por ganar tres pasos?!
**My man, what do you want, to end
your life to gain three steps?!**

The good nature in his delivery not lost on the pedestrian, grinning, lifting hand apologetically.

Del Potro catching sight of something that interests him, pulling off the asphalt, getting out of the LADA, crossing the road.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro coming up to VENDOR selling plumbing material.

DEL POTRO

Pipo, tienes un three-way de tres cuartos?

Yo, got a 3/4 three-way?

The man rummaging through boxes. A SANTERO - dressed in white from head to toes, including the white parasol over his head - lifting a white toilet lid for pricing.

VENDOR

A mil doscientos, primo!

Twelve hundred, partner!

The vendor finding an iron three-way cross pipe, handing it to Del Potro.

DEL POTRO

Cobre no?

No copper?

VENDOR

El cobre está peldío, coronel.

Copper's nowhere to be found, Colonel.

DEL POTRO

(holds up three-way)

A cómo?

How much?

VENDOR

A quinientos.

Five-hundred

DEL POTRO

Chino?

VENDOR

No, no, socio. Alemán.

No, no, amigo. German.

Del Potro eyeing Vendor.

DEL POTRO

Alemán?

German?

(laughs)

ALEMAN?!

GERMAN?!

VENDOR

Ah, no, veldá... Coreano. Ese
es a cuatrocientos, moneda nacional
No, yeah, that's right...Korean.
That one's for hundred pesos.

DEL POTRO

Aja... Y juntas pa' esto tienes?
Right... You got joints for this?

VENDOR

Si, si, coronel...
Sure thing, Colonel...
(hands him a few)
Aquí tiene. Sin cargo.
Here you go. No charge.

DEL POTRO

Alemanas!
German!

The Vendor grinning. Del Potro handing him a five-hundred peso note. The man digging for change.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Ta' bien.
It's fine.

INT. DEL POTRO'S HOME, BEDROOM - LATER

Del Potro, clean-shaven, hair wet from a shower, grabbing clean shirt from closet. Revealing behind it a MININT (Minister of Interior) General's uniform in a see-through sleeve. Looking at it a beat, shoving it aside, reaching for khaki pants.

ESPERANZA, his mother, a feisty eighty-year old woman, with tender eyes but a foul mouth, often threading Ileke Yoruba beads collar, walks past carrying laundry.

ESPERANZA

Vas a comel?
You eating?

DEL POTRO

Ya llego tarde... Gracias vieja...
Already late. Thanks mom...

Sticking shirt inside pants, watching her walk away through the large, colonial house.

EXT. MAIN POLICE STATION, 4TH PRECINCT (UNIDAD) - DAY

The LADA moving along a busy downtown streets, pulling up at Holguín's main police precinct.

Del Potro stepping down, clad in regular Police Colonel uniform. Returning hand salute from POLICEMEN, greeted by PASSERSBY. Going into just another dilapidated colonial building, painted bright blue. A plaque reading: JEFATURA PROVINCIAL, 4TA UNIDAD DE POLICIA.

INT. POLICE, 4TH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro walking into precinct, heading for his private office.

DANIEL "CHUZO" ORTEGA (30), Del Potro's First Lieutenant, stylish (in that very Cuban way), a religious wearer of ties in a country of open collars, who talks faster than he can think (often to his regret) - following him.

ORTEGA
(checking watch)
Buenos días, Jefe...
Morning, Boss...

DEL POTRO
Chuzo...

MAGALI RÍOS, his secretary, a middle-aged police sergeant who has dutifully served Del Potro since he was demoted and transferred back from Havana, seven years ago, taking his hat and jacket.

MAGALI
Café?
Coffee?

Del Potro smiling, noticing collections box marked OSO SANTO on her desk, looking at Magali inquiringly.

MAGALI (CONT'D)
Pa'l cabo Jimenez que decidió
echarse un santo! Todos le estamos
colaborando.
**For Corporal Jimenez who decided to
become a saint! We're all pitching
in.**

DEL POTRO
Cuánto le falta?
How much he missing?

Magali whining as if the sky weren't high enough.

MAGALI

Ha, sí, porque él no se hace santo
lavao'!
**Oh, yeah, cause he's not becoming a
saint on the cheap!**

Del Potro raising eyebrows, reaching into his pocket, putting
a couple of bills through the slot.

Moving on to a tight bathroom in his office, washing his face
at tiny basin. Ortega filing in, Del Potro eyeing the stack
of documents in Ortega's hands. A file titled MEJUNJE with a
tired history, judging by Del Potro's expression.

ORTEGA

Hay que filmal esta petición, Jefe.
Dimos su palabra.
**We hafta sign theis, Chief. We gave
your word.**

DEL POTRO

Dimos?!
WE gave?!

Drying hands, moving to his disorderly desk.

ORTEGA

Bueno, la di yo - pero en su
nombre!
OK, I did - but in your name!

DEL POTRO

Dame aquí...
Give it here...
(quickly signs document)
Pero yo no voy a dar la cara ahí!
No quiero tener nada que ver con
esos...esa gente...Pa'que lo sepas.
**But I'm not showing my face there!
Don't want anything to do with
those...people...Just So you know
it**

Ortega exchanging smiles with Magali setting coffee and a
copy of Granma on Del Potro's desk, beginning to straighten
it out.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Dejame eso así despues no encuentro
na'!
**Leave that be. Then I can't find a
thing.**

Magali raising her hands, collecting the signed documents.

MAGALI

Llamó su hija, Coronel. Que
recuerde que almuerzan juntos.
Your daughter called, Colonel.
To remind you you're lunching
together.

DEL POTRO

Ya... Resolviste lo de tu muchacha?
Right... Did you resolved your
daughter's thing?

MAGALI

Mencioné su nombre y el rector se
puso blanco, vaya.
Mentioned your name and the dean
turned pale.

DEL POTRO

El viejo todavía puede!
The old man still has it!

MAGALI

Ay, si, muchas gracias...
Oh, yes, thanks...

Exits.

DEL POTRO

Ciérrame, Magali.
Shut the door, Magali.

Magali shutting door. Del Potro taking out cellphone, rapid dialing.

EXT. AVOCADO FARM - DAY

BENJAMÍN ROCA, Del Potro's half-brother, late 40's, good-looks, trimmed mustache, supervising FARM HANDS picking and boxing avocados. The cell on his hip ringing - "Yolanda." Checking screen: MARCIAL - answering.

BENJAMÍN

Dime, hermano..?
Tell me, brother..?

INT. DEL POTRO'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Del Potro not liking to be making this call. INTERCUT WITH BENAJMIN AT FARM AS NEEDED.

DEL POTRO
Necesito que me tires un cabo.
I need a loan.

BENJAMÍN
Coño viejo, otra vez con esa vaina?
Wow, man, again with that shit?

DEL POTRO
Pa' regañarme tengo a la vieja.
I have a mom to scold me.

BENJAMÍN
Regaño no, chico, sorpresa! Me
habías dicho que ya-- Bueno, esto
aquí es tanto tuyo como mío, tú lo
sabes... Cuánto?
**Scolding no, man, surprised! You
told me you weren't-- Anyway, this
here is as much yours as mine, you
know that... How much?**

DEL POTRO
Diez mil.
Ten-thousand.

BENJAMÍN
'Ño..! Pero quiero verte la cara!
Pasa esta noche por El Paraíso.
**Woa..! But I want to see your
face! Come by The Paraíso tonight.**

DEL POTRO
Veremos
We'll see

BENJAMÍN
No, pasa! Necesito presentarte
a unos socios.
**No, come! I need to introduce you
to some friends.**

KNOCK, KNOCK.

DEL POTRO
(jaded)
Más socios...
More friends...

Hanging up. Eyeing Ortega peeking through the door - a
dreadful look on his face.

INT. LADA - DAY

LIGHT DRIZZLE. Del Potro driving. Windshield wipers dragging uneven. Light traffic. Ortega shotgun. We may notice he wears a different tie.

ORTEGA

No sé, la señora que llamó dice que no vio na'. Pasaría por la noche.

I don't know, the lady who called says she saw nothing. Must have happened during the night.

DEL POTRO

Criminalística?
CSI?

ORTEGA

Pa' Baguano, cogiendo unas huellas. Pero ya saben, de ahí vienen pa'ca, jefe.

Down by Baguano, lifting some prints. But they know, from there they're coming straight here, boss.

DEL POTRO

El robo de la Cupet?
The theft at the Cupet.

ORTEGA

Ese mismo.
Same one.

DEL POTRO

Una semana después del hecho?!
A week after the break-in?!

ORTEGA

Ajá! Eso les dije yo, Jefe! Los polvitos esos que ellos usan estaban peldidos.... Llegaron fue ayer de La Habana.

Right! That's what I told them, boss. Those powders they use, they were out till yesterday when they got a new shipment from Havana.

Del Potro shaking his head, dismayed, then, noticing Ortega's different tie, puzzled.

Ortega touching knot, a dumfounded look on his face, then pointing.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
Ahí es, Coronel..!
It's there, Colonel..!

A police motorcycle blocking access. Del Potro turning into the muddy track.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The policeman saluting Del Potro, letting LADA through.

EXT. FIELD BY MANGO PATCH - DAY

The LADA approaching. THREE POLICE OFFICERS have set up a makeshift tent over the crime scene. CURIOUS LOCALS behind a wire fence shielding themselves from the drizzle with newspapers.

Del Potro, bringing LADA to a stop. He and Ortega, heading toward the taped-off area.

Reaching the tent. A young woman's body lying covered with newspapers.

Del Potro slipping on LATEX GLOVES, taking in crime scene, spotting footprints in the mud - one particularly calling his attention: an oddly pointy man's shoe.

Del Potro motioning to a group of teens trying to make out what's going on from the fringes.

DEL POTRO
Me quitas esos muchachos ahí!
Get those kids outta there!

A Policeman starting toward them, the kids running off.

ANGLE ON BODY - (depicted as mercifully as possible) - on her back, arms crossed over chest, dead eyes staring into space, face beaten to a pulp, drained of color.

Her pubic area neatly dissected and exposed. Ants crawling over it.

We recognize the girl from the Jimny Suzuki.

Ortega, short of breath, feeling sick. Del Potro eyeing the locals at the fence, cocking his head at Ortega - relieved he must go question them.

Del Potro squatting next to the girl's clothes, neatly - obsessively - folded at her feet.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
Sabemos quién es?
We know who she is?

POLICEMAN 1
Todavía, Coronel...
No sure still, Colonel...

Del Potro leafing through garments.

DEL POTRO
Ustedes pusieron esto así?
You arrange these like this?

POLICEMAN 2
No, Coronel, así mismo estaba.
No, Colonel, that's how it was.

POLICEMAN 1
La reportó la doña aquella de azul,
coronel.
**That lady in blue, reported her,
Colonel.**

Del Potro looking toward a woman in her 50's at the fence,
where Ortega has begun taking statements.

Del Potro finding an identity card and a folded fifty-peso
bill in the victim's pant's pockets.

DEL POTRO
(reads)
Cutíño Rojo. Uñas.

Perusing ID photo, eyeing body's unrecognizable face.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
Quién llegó primero?
Who was first?

POLICEMAN 1
(meaning Policeman 2)
Nosotros dos vinimos juntos. Peña
llegó después con la lona.
**Us two came together. Peña came
afterwards with the tarp.**

DEL POTRO
Photos?
Pictures?

POLICEMAN 1
La cámara de mi móvil no funciona,
coronel.

(MORE)

POLICEMAN 1 (CONT'D)
**Mi cell's camera is not working,
Colonel.**

Del Potro slipping the ID into his shirt pocket, replacing money in victim's jeans. Spotting an odd metal button on the ground.

DEL POTRO
Javita?
Evidence bag?

The policemen exchanging looks, shaking heads. Del Potro pointing at the button.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
Ese botón me lo meten en evidencia.
You file that button into evidence.

POLICEMAN 1
Sí, Coronel.
Yes, Colonel.

Del Potro taking out his cellphone, waving the men back, taking several photographs of and around the body. Noticing a second, half pointy-shoe print, taking a picture of it. An odd logo left by the sole clearly printed in the mud.

Glancing at the cops' department-issue shoes, pondering.

DEL POTRO
Alguien caminó por aquí?
Someone walked the scene?

POLICEMAN 1
Solo nosotros, coronel.
Just us, Colonel.

AT THE FENCE

Ortega arguing with a reluctant witness.

ORTEGA
Mira, juega con la cadena pero no con el mono... Allá hay una niña muerta! Alguien debe haber visto, oído algo.
Look here, play with the chain but not with the monkey... A girl lies dead down there! Someone must've seen or heard something!

Del Potro joining, eyeing Ortega - cool it - to woman in blue:

DEL POTRO
Tú la encontraste?
You found her?

WOMAN
Ay, sí, compañero, y qué miedo..!
Oh, yes, comrade, and what a scare!

ORTEGA
Miedo tenle a los vivos, chica,
los mueltos no hacen na'...
**Be afraid of the living, girl,
the dead can't hurt you...**

Del Potro giving him a second look - his limit. Ortega
stepping away

DEL POTRO
Viste a alguien más?
See anyone else?

WOMAN
Eso fue ni amaneciendo.
T'was before dawn.

DEL POTRO
Carro..?
Car..?

MAN (O.S.)
Yo vi un carro por la noche.
I saw a car last night.

Del Potro approaching MAN (60's), weathered face and hands
from years toiling under the sun.

DEL POTRO
Tú quién eres?
Who are you?

MAN
Felipe Cuevas, a la orden. Yo vivo
pa'yá.
**Felipe Cuevas, at your orders.
I live over there.**
(points)
Detrás de la agropecuaria.
Behind the processing plant.

DEL POTRO
A qué hora?
What time?

MAN
Las diez, por ahí...
Around ten...

DEL POTRO
Carro?
Car?

MAN
Bueno, no lo vi casi...lo escuché,
vaya... Patinando en el lodo.
Sonaba nuevo.
**Well, I didn't see it really...I
heard it, rather... Skidding in the
mud. Sounded new.**

DEL POTRO
Marca, color.
Make, color.

MAN
No, compañero...Oscuro...estaba muy
noche y con la lluvia...
**No, comrade... It was very dark and
with the rain...well...**

Del Potro addressing group.

DEL POTRO
Alguien más? Allá hay una muchacha
muerta.
(waits)
Cualquier cosa!
**Anyone else? There's a dead young
woman down there. Anything!**

Silence, glances. Del Potro assenting, heading back to crime scene.

POLICEMAN 1
Coronel!
Colonel!

Del Potro stopping. A marked police car approaching on the muddy road. Stopping behind Del Potro's LADA. TWO FORENSIC INVESTIGATORS in civvies stepping down with gear.

DEL POTRO
No me tranques!
Don't block me!

The First Investigator backing car into a driveway.

Del Potro returning to crime scene with Ortega. Querying him with a look.

ORTEGA
Nadie vio na', Jefe.
No one saw nuttin', Chief.

Del Potro removing gloves, motioning at policemen. They covering the body with papers.

DEL POTRO
Busquen el calzón.
Look for the panties.

POLICEMAN 1
Coronel..?
Colonel..?

DEL POTRO
Falta el blúmer de la muchacha.
The girl's slip is missing.

The policemen exchanging looks. Ortega proud of his chief.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
(re locals at the fence)
Nombres, direcciones, dónde estaban
por la noche.
**Names, addresses, where they were
last night.**

ORTEGA
(shows notebook)
Claro...Aquellos ya los tengo.
Of course...Them I got covered.

Del Potro heading for the LADA.

DEL POTRO
(re forensics)
Regrésate con ellos.
Get back with them.

Getting in his car, backing into a driveway, heading for highway.

INT. DEL POTRO'S LADA - SAME TIME

Del Potro reaching highway, heading back to town, taking a cigar out of his jacket, sticking it in his mouth, pushing car lighter.

Noticing a black Jimny with muddy tires approaching in the opposite direction.

Glancing at it - the sun reflecting on the Suzuki's window making it impossible to see driver. Del Potro's MOBILE RINGING. Answering.

DEL POTRO

Del Potro.

Glancing at the Jimny in the rearview mirror - policeman's reflex.

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER - DAY

ISABEL DEL POTRO, 27, beautiful, sharp, shaped like a ballet dancer, at one of the work benches. Air traffic is light.

ISABEL

Te olvidaste.

You forgot.

INTERCUT WITH DEL POTRO IN THE LADA AS NEEDED

DEL POTRO

(eyeing wristwatch)

Mi'ja, ando pa' Uñas.

Kid, I'm down by Uñas.

ISABEL

Fumando.

Smoking.

DEL POTRO

Qué fumando?!

What smoking?!

Putting cigar on tray, eyeing rearview mirror: the Jimny becoming small.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

A qué hora?

Time you get off?

ISABEL

No te preocupes, cojo la guagua. Y no andes comiendo porquerias por ahi.

Don't worry, I'll take the bus. And don't be eating garbage out there.

DEL POTRO
Lláname antes.
Call me first.

Hanging up, making a violent u-turn, causing oncoming traffic to BRAKE and HONK.

ISABEL
Allo?
Hello?

Going back to her console. The next controller playing Tetris.

INT. LADA - MOMENTS LATER

Del Potro speeding after the Jimny.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME TIME

The LADA passing vehicles.

INT. LADA - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro blowing horn, the Jimny disappearing around a bend. Del Potro downshifting, braking.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The LADA pulling short behind a horse-drawn rig, unable to pass, waiting for three trucks coming the other way.

INT. LADA - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro leaving the asphalt, passing the horse rig on the muddy shoulder, retaking highway, speeding ahead. Nothing.

Reaching crossroad. Half mile of clear highway each way. Cursing silently. His phone RINGING. Answering.

DEL POTRO
Dime... Vengo.
Yeah... On my way.

EXT. CAR WASH - DAY

Low tech. Couple of high-pressure hoses, small compressor in a home garage. A handmade sign.

A MIDDLE AGE MAN (Eusebio) at a register, drinking beer, speaking on his cellphone.

THREE TEENAGE EMPLOYEES working on the Jimny.

Muddy water running into a gutter.

THE DRIVER - barefoot, his back to CAMERA - kicking a plastic soccer ball back and forth with NEIGHBORHGOOD KIDS.

EXT. HIGHWAY 2 - DAY

Del Potro's LADA driving past a road sign - UÑAS 11 Km.

INT/EXT. LADA - DAY

Del Potro checking note, stopping at crossroad, motioning to a young VENDOR slicing roasted-pork trimmings.

DEL POTRO
Maceo, socio?
Maceo, friend?

VENDOR
Tercera calle pa'dentro.
Third street downhill.

DEL POTRO
(tempted)
A cómo esos bocaditos?
How much those sandwiches?

VENDOR
A cinco. Pero pa' usted na',
Coronel.
**Ten a piece. But for you no
charge, Colonel.**

Del Potro looking at him, driving down the side street.

EXT. UÑAS STREET - DAY

The LADA making its way along potholed street.

A RADIO playing a RANCHON GUAJIRO (Cuban Country Music) between TWO MEN slapping dominoes pieces on a table.

DEL POTRO
Familia Cutiño Rojo.
Red Cutiño family?

NEIGHBOR

Cutiño...

(points)

La casita amarilla aquella.

That small yellow house over there.

Del Potro driving up. NEIGHBORS eyeing him curiously. Del Potro getting out, clapping hands, noticing address - 55.

After a moment a woman, DIANELIS MOTHER, 40's, coming down a long, somber corridor, drying her hands. Del Potro nods.

DEL POTRO

Aquí vive Dianelis Cutiño?

Dianelis Cutiño live here?

MOTHER

Ajá... Bueno, ella se mudó. Yo soy la mamá, Olga.

Yeah... Well, but she moved. I'm her mother, Olga.

DEL POTRO

(shows ID)

Coronel Del Potro. DTI. Cuándo?

Colonel Del Potro. DTI. When?

MOTHER

Va pa' cuatro meses. Pa' lo del novio. Porqué, qué pasa?

'Bout four months, To her boyfriend's. Why, what happened?

DEL POTRO

El novio se llama?

Boyfriend's name?

MOTHER

Chino, le dicen... Qué pasó? Ese muchacho seguro la metió en líos. Yo le dije... Vendiendo ropa extranjera. Te vas a metel en líos, le dije!

They call him Chino... What happened? That boy got her into trouble, I bet. Told her he would! Selling foreign clothes. He's gonna get you in trouble, I said!

Del Potro eyeing neighbors, motioning to a chair.

DEL POTRO

Siéntese, Olga.

Sit, Olga.

WOMAN
(growing concerned)
Aay... Qué pasó?!
Oh, God... What happened?

An OLD LADY shuffling slowly out of the house.

OLD LADY
Qué fue, mi'ja?
What is it, child?

MOTHER
No, sé, mami, no me dicen!
**Don't know, mommie, they don't
tell me!**

DEL POTRO
(beat)
Esta madrugada una muchacha fue
encontrada sin vida por la
Carretera Central. Podría tratarse
de su hija, Dianelis...
**This morning a young woman was
found dead by the Central Highway.
It could be your daughter,
Dianelis...**

The woman staring at him, confused.

MOTHER
Cómo que podría?!
How's that, could?!

Del Potro glancing at the Old Lady.

DEL POTRO
Debe ser identificada...
Needs to be identified...
(producing ID)
Cargaba el carnet de Dianelis.
She was carrying Dianelis' ID.

The Woman's knees giving, gasping coarsely. Del Potro
clasping her arm, patting her back, locking eyes with the
hard regard of the Old Lady.

EXT. CROSSROAD - SHORT TIME LATER

Del Potro driving back the LADA to the crossroad, pulling up,
shuffling over to the roasted pork stand.

DEL POTRO

Uno de pierna.

One with thigh.

The Vendor filling a bun with trimmings, dressing it.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Conoces a la muchacha Cutiño?

Know the Cutiño girl?

VENDOR

Dianelis?

(Del Potro grabs a soda)

Bueno, hace rato que no la veo.

Creo que ella ya no vive por aquí.

Well, I haven't seen her in a while. I don't think she lives around here, anymore.

DEL POTRO

Al novio?

Her boyfriend?

VENDOR

(passing bun)

Aja, sí! Como que se mudó con el novio - Rolando, Ronaldo - pa' Managuaco.

That's right! Yeah. Think she moved in with him - Rolando, Ronaldo - Managuaco way.

DEL POTRO

Lo conoces?

Know him?

VENDOR

Bueno, no bien, un poco.

Cuentapropista. Vende ropa pa'

mujeres. Su mamá es maestra en Aguas Claras.

Not well, a little. In business for himself. Sells ladies' clothing. Mom's a teacher in Aguas Claras.

DEL POTRO

(nods, finishing bun)

Está buena esta porquería.

These garbage's not bad.

(peels bills)

Dame otro y cóbrate...

Gimme another one and pay yourself...

VENDOR
No, Coronel--
No, Colonel--

DEL POTRO
Cóbrate.
Take it.

An order. The Vendor passing second bun, taking bills.

VENDOR
Bueno, gracias...
OK, thanks...

Del Potro getting back in the LADA, driving off.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The sun breaking through thick, white cumulus.

Del Potro's LADA driving along a single asphalt lane, cutting through fertile, green fields. Crossing a packed PASSENGER TRUCK.

EXT. AGUAS CLARAS SCHOOL - DAY

Del Potro's LADA pulling up. A small, neatly painted building. Going in.

INT. AGUAS CLARAS SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro finding main office. TWO TEACHERS at a desk. Del Potro knocking on frame of open door, showing ID.

DEL POTRO
Ando buscando a una maestra que
tiene un hijo que se llama Ronaldo,
Rolando...
**I'm looking for a teacher with a
son named Ronaldo, Rolando...**

TEACHER 1
Berta tiene un hijo de esa edad,
no?
Berta has a son that age, no?

TEACHER 2
Pero le dicen Chino.
But they call him Chino.

DEL POTRO
Dónde la encuentro?
Where do I find her?

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Del Potro and Teacher 2 moving along a corridor. BELL RINGING. Doors opening, PUPILS flooding corridors.

Teacher 2 showing Del Potro into classroom. The teacher erasing the blackboard.

DEL POTRO
Berta Cañas Rubio?

BERTA CAÑAS
Soy yo...
That's me...

Showing his ID.

DEL POTRO
La mamá del Chino?
Chino's mother?

BERTA CAÑAS
Mi hijo se llama Roilán... Que pasó?
My son's name is Roilán. What happened?

DEL POTRO
Sabe dónde está?
You know where he is?

BERTA CAÑAS
(checks time, shrugs)
Pa' la casa.
Home.

DEL POTRO
Dónde vive usted?
Where do you live?

BERTA CAÑAS
No, él está alquilado por el estadio. Qué hizo?
No, he rented his own place, by the stadium. What he do?

EXT. TWO STORY BUILDING - DAY

Dilapidated. LADA pulling up, Del Potro biting on his cigar, pushing lighter. Dead. Reaching into glove compartment, moving aside his Makarov service pistol, looking for matches. None to be found, tossing cigar in, shutting glove compartment. Stepping out of the vehicle, crossed. Stalking into building, FOLLOWING HIM up somber staircase.

INT. BUILDING, SECOND STORY - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro reaching first landing. Through open door seeing a LADY in a nightgown, flip-flops and rollers, ironing clothes.

DEL POTRO
Roilán Cañas Rubio?

The woman stopping ironing. Del Potro showing ID, the woman pursing her lips toward the door at the end of hall. Del Potro putting a finger to his lips, quietly closing her door.

Moving to end of corridor, listening through door, arming knuckle to knock, changing his mind, trying door quietly - it opens.

INT. ROILÁN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Del Potro stepping in. Two seedy rooms. Cat staring from a sunken couch. Del Potro moving into bedroom. Door wide open. A young man sleeping in his underwear, dead to the world.

Del Potro scanning the room - women's clothes in cartons, some used in hangers, female toiletries in the small bathroom.

The young man in bed, ROILAN CAÑAS, opening his eyes, seeing Del Potro leaning into the bathroom, springing out of bed, rushing out the open window.

Del Potro trying to catch him, the barefoot youth already leaping across rooftops.

Del Potro running downstairs.

The woman at her door watching him race down the steps, two at a time.

EXT. ROILAN'S BUILDING - DAY

Del Potro rushing into LADA, catching his breath, skidding off, around the corner, toward rear of building.

INT. LADA - DAY

Del Potro speeding down the street. Seeing the young man leaping from one clattering rooftop to the next. Skidding to stop around corner, continuing chase on foot.

EXT. STREET - DAY - SEVERAL SHOTS

Bare feet running over corrugated sheets of metal.

Del Potro running towards rear of a second building.

Roilán clearing a wall, running through neighbor's backyard.

Del Potro anticipating his exit, cutting across vacant lot.

Roilán leaping over back gate, colliding with Del Potro.

Del Potro pinning him to the ground. Roilán struggling.

DEL POTRO
(breathless)
Quieto...!
Still...!

Handcuffing him. Roilán giving up the struggle. Del Potro whipping out his cellphone.

EXT. ROILAN'S BUILDING - SOME TIME LATER

Ortega pulling up on his electric scooter. A POLICEMAN riding in back. Both rushing up the stairs.

INT. ROILAN'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Del Potro questioning Roilan. Ortega and the Policeman rushing in.

ROILAN
No sé! Pa' lo de su mamá!
Don't know! At her mother's!

Trying to get up from the chair he occupies, Del Potro shoving him back down.

DEL POTRO
No, no está.
No, she's not.

ROILAN
Entonces, qué sé yo!
Then, how should I know!

Del Potro searching chest of drawers.

DEL POTRO
(to Ortega)
Revisa el closet. Cuándo fue la
última vez que la viste?
**Check the closet. When was the
last time you saw her?**

ROILAN
Ayel.
Yesterday.

DEL POTRO
A qué hora?
What time?

ROILAN
Como a las cinco, seis... Cuando
se fue pa' lo de su mamá.
**Around five, six. When she left
for her mother's.**

DEL POTRO
Porqué?
Why?

ROILAN
Porqué qué?!
Why, what?!

DEL POTRO
Porqué se fue?
Why'd she leave?

ROILAN
Tuvimos una bronca.
We had an argument.

DEL POTRO
Dianelis está muerta.
Dianelis is dead.

ROILAN
Qué muelta! Loca es lo que está!
What dead! Crazy is what she is!

Ortega searching garment cartons in the closet.

ORTEGA
Tu tienes licencia pa' esto?
You have a permit to sell this?

Roilán keeping mum. Del Potro peering into cartons.

DEL POTRO
Dónde estabas anoche?
Where were you last night?

Roilan watching Del Potro move to bathroom.

ORTEGA
Responde!
Answer!

ROILAN
Aquí, chico! Dulmiendo!
Here, man! Sleeping!

ORTEGA
Solo.
Alone.

ROILAN
No te digo que Dianelis se fue
brava?!
**Didn't I tell you Dianelis left
angry?!**

ORTEGA
A lo de su mamá.
To her mother's.

ROILAN
Sí! Pa'ande más se iba a il?
Yeah! Where else would she go?

ORTEGA
Eso es lo que estamos tratando
de averiguar.
**That's what we are trying to
find out.**

DEL POTRO
Cómo se fue?
How did she leave?

ROILAN
Qué sé yo, caminando--
Hell could I know, walking--

DEL POTRO
Hasta Uñas?
All the way to Uñas?

Noticing shirt with odd, metal buttons hanging behind door.

ROILAN
No sé! Cogería un carro. Yo le
di dinero.
**Dunno! Maybe took a car. I gave
her money.**

Del Potro inspecting shirt. A button missing.

DEL POTRO
Cuánto?
How much?

ROILAN
Cómo? No sé, cincuenta pesos!
What? Dunno, fifty pesos!

Del Potro studying him, returning with shirt.

DEL POTRO
Y esto?
And this?

ROILAN
Qué?
What?

DEL POTRO
El botón que falta aquí.
The missing button here.

ROILAN
Me lo rompió esa marica!
That bitch tore it!

Del Potro picking up pair of pants, tossing them at his face.

DEL POTRO
Embárcalo.
Take him in.

ROILAN
Pero polqué?! Si yo no he
hecho na'! Chuzo, to lo sabes!
**But why?! I haven't done anything!
Chuzo, you know I didn't!**

Del Potro glancing at Ortega.

DEL POTRO
Dianelis fue asesinada anoche.
Dianelis was murdered last night.

Walking out. Cañas stunned. The Policeman grabbing the handcuffs.

EXT. APARTMENT, CORRIDOR - DAY

Ortega following Del Potro down the stairs.

DEL POTRO
Él te conoce.
He knows you.

ORTEGA
Del barrio. Hace años. Cuando
vivíamos por La Plaquita.
From the neighborhood. Years ago.
When we lived by La Plaquita.

As they exit building, getting in the LADA.

DEL POTRO
Interrógalo tú.
You question him.

Driving off.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SEVERAL CUTS:

A NAKED MAN under a steaming shower;
Hands washing a bloody, white forensic suit with soap;
The bloody water down the drain.
The hands rinsing a bloody scalpel.
The hands hanging the dripping suit on the curtain rod.
The hands slipping the scalpel in its box.
Clean men's clothes neatly laid out on bed.

EXT/INT. EL PARAÍSO - EVENING

ESTABLISH. Five-star resort on the shores of Playa Blanca.

Del Potro's LADA pulling up at the entrance. A PARKING
ATTENDANT handing him a ticket.

Del Potro looking at the number - 055 - pocketing it, walking
into hotel. FOLLOWING HIM.

Del Potro seeing Benjamín at table in the rear.

Sitting with two very tanned, bodies built, attractive ITALIAN BUSINESSMEN who don't conceal their affection for one another. Think Siegfried & Roy.

Del Potro joining them. Benjamín beaming.

BENJAMÍN
Caballeros, mi hermano, Coronel
Marcial Del Potro.
**Gentlemen, my brother, Colonel
Marcial Del Potro.**

Del Potro nodding coolly, shaking hands. Benjamín pointing to seat, too eager.

BENJAMÍN (CONT'D)
Siéntate, siéntate...
Sit, sit...

Del Potro obliging. Benjamín signaling WAITRESS for another round of beers, lowering voice.

BENJAMÍN (CONT'D)
Estos son los señores que te
comenté, que andan explorando la
posibilidad de construir un resort
parecido a este, por Playa Azul.
**These are the gentlemen I
mentioned. They are exploring the
possibility of building a resort
similar to this one, in Playa Azul.**

PIROMALLI
Mucho mejor que este.
Much better than this one.

Del Potro looking at him, forcing a thin smile.

BENJAMÍN
Los amigos Piromalli - Gianni -
Y...
**Our friends Piromalli - Gianni -
and...**

GUETTA
Guetta...Fabio.

BENJAMÍN
...el amigo Guetta. Ellos
Representan a un grupo de
inversores en Sicilia--
**...our friend Guetta. They
represent a group of investors in
Sicily--**

PIROMALLI

Calabria--

BENJAMÍN

Que digo?! Calabria!

I mean, Calabria!

(lowers voice)

Ya tienen todo, mano...todo.

They have the lot, bro...the...

(whispers)

180 millones... Euros.

180 million...Euros.

Del Potro glancing at the Italians.

BENJAMÍN (CONT'D)

Pero...dificultades...obteniendo el permiso, tu sabes...el Ministerio de Comercio. La joint-venture. Yo les expliqué que la inversión sí debe ser aprobada por el Ministerio de Comercio, pero también, lógicamente, registrada con Turismo. Pero que nosotros, con nuestras conexiones podemos garantizar que todo eso les salga con muy poca demora.

But...difficulties...getting the permit, you know...Department of Commerce. The joint venture. I explained the investment must be approved by the Minister of Commerce, but also, logically, registered with the Tourism. But us, with our connexions can guarantee little delay.

Del Potro drilling holes into his half-brother moving along with his shameless pitch.

Guetta reaching for his beer, Del Potro noticing the scars of a removed tattoo: five dots in quincunx.

Piromalli noticing Del Potro noticing it.

BENJAMÍN (CONT'D)

Lo crucial aquí es saber pa' cuándo pueden depositar los fondos off-shore? Al margen de nuestros honorarios. Comprenden, verdad?

The crucial thing here is to know when you can deposit the funds off-shore. Aside from settling our fees. You understand, right?

Del Potro having a hard time looking the men in the eyes.
The Waitress arriving with beers.

The Italians looking at Del Potro - the man with the final word. Benjamín sensing his brother's hesitation.

BENJAMÍN (CONT'D)

Por supuesto esto es Cuba: va a
llevar un tiempesito.

(forcing laugh)

No es fácil!

**Of course this is Cuba: it is going
to take a little time. It ain't
easy!**

Piromalli turning to Del Potro.

PIROMALLI

Pero usted está de acuerdo que
es solo cuestión de tiempo, no
Coronel?

**But you agree it's only a matter of
time, right Colonel?**

DEL POTRO

Como en Italia.

Like in Italy.

BENJAMÍN

Igualito que en Italia!

Exactly like in Italy!

A cackle of laughter, followed by a nasty cough... Benjamin
grabbing paper napkin, coughing into it, resuming tirade.

BENJAMIN

Hay que conocer a quien hay que
conocer!

Gotta know who you gotta know!

Piromalli laughing gamely, putting a hand on Benjamín's leg.

Del Potro missing nothing.

Before his half-brother can ruin it, Benjamín turning to
Guetta.

BENJAMÍN

Fabio, tú eres el fanático de la
pesca, si?

**You're the spearfishing fanatic,
right?**

(Guetta smiles)

(MORE)

BENJAMÍN (CONT'D)

Un socio en Camaguey maneja toda
esa vaina. Íntimo de Marcial!
**We have a buddy in Camaguey who's
the top guy for that sort of thing.
Very tight with Marcial!**

DEL POTRO

(a look at Benjamín)

Eso - es cierto.

That - is true.

BENJAMIN EYES THE BLOOD-STAINED NAPKIN, POCKETS IT.

BENJAMÍN

El socio ese tiene una lanchita y--
Marcial's buddy has a boat and--

PIROMALLI

Lanchita tenemos...

Boat, that we have...

Nodding toward spectacular 30-meter Italian, Riva Dolce Vita
flybridge yacht - *RAGAZZI* - anchored a couple hundred yards
from shore.

BENJAMÍN

OK, ese también sirve.

(glance at Marcial)

Unos pocos días y...

That works too. Couple days and...

DEL POTRO

De que parte de Calabria son?

What part of Calabria you from?

Benjamín nervously refilling glasses.

PIROMALLI

Ah, conoce Calabria?!

Oh, you know Calabria?!

DEL POTRO

Tengo contactos en--

I've contacts at the--

BENJAMÍN

(forcing laugh)

Mi Coronel tiene sus tentáculos
por to's la'os! Bueno...

**My Colonel has his tentacles
everywhere! Well...**

(eyes Marcial, taps watch)

Tenemos aquello con..!

We got that thing with..!

Standing, producing bills, waving at Waitress.

BENJAMÍN (CONT'D)
Oye, niña, aquí te dejo. Me
atiendes bien a mis socios!
Yo, girl, I got this here.
Take good care of my buddies!

Del Potro quick on his feet.

PIROMALLI
Un piacere conoscerlo, Coronel.
A pleasure meeting you, Colonel.

Shaking hands - Piromalli's former quincunx hand tattoo has
been transformed into a flower - Del Potro leading off.

A few steps and already fuming under his breath.

DEL POTRO
En qué coño me quieres embarcar tú?
What the fuck you want to get me
mixed up with?

BENJAMÍN
Brother, cálmate. Por qué vamos a
dejar siempre que uno de afuera nos
coma el gusano?!
Brother, cool it. Why do we always
let someone from outside get the
worm?!

DEL POTRO
Esas maricas están con la
Ndrangheta, pendejo!
(Chinese to Benjamín)
La Mafia calabresa! Lo que buscan
es lavar dinero!
Those two faggots are Ndrangheta,
dumbass! Calabrian mafia! What
they're after is to money
laundering!

Benjamín pulling him toward lobby bar, lowering voice.

BENJAMÍN
Hermano, no es tan así como lo ves
tú siempre... tan blanco y negro.
Hay algo nuevo en el aire. Se
huele cuando hablas con algún
funcionario ó empresario
extranjero. Se viene un cambio.
(MORE)

BENJAMÍN (CONT'D)

Dicen que al estilo chino, ó quizás vietnamita, con fuerte poder central pero libertad pa' los negocios. Hasta los que quedan de la vieja guardia lo saben y esperan el buen momento pa' meter pata. Y cuando llegue, todos los hijo'e'putas oportunistas van a saltar a la valla y los dinosaurios como tú y yo vamos a quedar como esos viejos comunistas rusos, con una pensión de centavos, en la plaza, dándole de comer a las palomas!

Brother, it's not like you always see it... so black and white. There's something new in the air. You can smell it when you talk to an official, a foreign businessman. A change is coming. They say Chinese style, perhaps Vietnamese, with strong central power but freedom for business. Even those left from the old guard know it and are waiting for the right moment to make their move. When that moment comes, all the opportunistic motherfuckers are going to jump into the pit and dinosaurs like you and me are going to be left like the old Russian communists, with a penny pension, feeding pigeons in the square.

INT. RESORT RESTAURANT - PREVIOUS NIGHT

Packed. After dinner ceremony celebrating the success of The Paraiso joint venture between Spanish developers and the Cuban Government. OFFICIALS and EXECUTIVES celebrating the one-year anniversary. Much hand shaking and back slapping.

BENJAMÍN (V.O.)

Marcial, anoche estuvieron aquí los de la empresa española que quiere construir en Playa Azul. Andan con unos humos a dar vuelta el estómago.

Marcial, last night, here, I met the folks from the Spanish company who're after the Playa Azul deal. Feeling cocky to turn your stomach.

An honored guest, MARTIN KELLER, a mousy-looking, middle-age Brit, neatly dressed in monochrome with an odd fixed smile, sitting at one of the tables with several businessmen, looking ill-at-ease.

SPANISH EXECUTIVE

Cuando propusimos invertir millones construyendo hoteles de lujo en Cuba nos tildaron de chiflados. Yo sabía que un paraíso natural como es Cuba era una buena apuesta. Pero lo que ignoraba en aquel entonces, pero que ahora sí sabemos, es que el verdadero tesoro de esta hermosa tierra es su gente.

When we first proposed investing millions building resorts in Cuba they called us crazy. I knew a natural paradise like Cuba was a safe bet all around. But what I did not know then, that we definitely know now, is that the real treasure of this beautiful country is its people.

APPLAUSE. SERVERS and RESORT EMPLOYEES watching joylessly from the sidelines. The resort's DIRECTOR stepping up to the mike.

RESORT DIRECTOR

El Sr. Alcazar es muy amable... Desde que inauguramos este resort, hemos agasajado un buen número de invitados especiales. Este año no será la excepción. Tenemos entre nosotros al renombrado fotógrafo británico, Martin Keller, en su primera visita a Cuba, quien ha decidido hacer de ella - y sobre todo de Oriente - el tema de su próximo libro.

Mr. Alcazar is most kind... Since we opened this resort we have hosted many very special guests. This year is no exception. We have among us a renowned British photographer, Martin Keller, on his first visit to Cuba, who has decided to make her - especially Cuba's Orient - the subject of his next book.

APPLAUSE, Keller taking a discreet bow.

RESORT DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Esperemos que encuentre su sujeto
apasionante. Yo sé que así lo
sentimos nosotros.

**We all hope he finds his subject
thrilling. I know we do.**

(waving arm at band)

Caballeros!

Gentlemen!

An EIGHT-MEN BAND breaking into a strident mambo. APPLAUSE.
Couples populating the dance floor.

Martin Keller cold-shaking hands of well-wishers.

INT. RESORT RESTAURANT - PRESENT NIGHT

Benjamín leading Del Potro to the long, deserted bar,
dropping the blood-stained napkin on a trash bin.

BENJAMÍN

Ven, one for the road...

Come, one for the road...

(Del Potro eyeing watch)

Quiero saludar a alguien que tú no
has visto en años!

**I want to say hi to someone you
haven't seen in years!**

Greets the OLD BARTENDER.

BENJAMÍN (CONT'D)

Momo! Dame dos Cristal, compadre.

Momo! Gimme two Cristal, my man.

BARTENDER

Como no, Sr. Roca. Pero el Coronel
es Caney 12 años, no?

**Sure, Mr. Roca. But the Colonel is
12-year Caney, right?**

Reaching for the premium rum. Del Potro smiling.

BENJAMÍN

Ya tú ves porqué me lo quiero
llevar? Este hombre vale su
peso en oro.

**Now you see why I want to take
him with us. This man is worth
his weight in gold.**

INT. RESTAURANT - PREVIOUS NIGHT

Keller shaking hands with officials. Spotting a young, MULATTO BEAUTY keeping a YOUNG BARTENDER hopeful.

Keller excusing himself, approaching the dark beauty.

KELLER
Buenas noches...
Good evening...

The girl giving the prospect the once over, smiling.

Keller producing a miniature Minolta from his pocket, making gesture of asking permission to take her picture.

The Mulatto Beauty letting out a peal of contagious LAUGHTER, giving him a frontal view of her spectacular chest.

MULATTO BEAUTY
Ay, que chiquitico, Papi! Pa'mi
necesitas un bicho más grande.
**Ay, so tiny, hon! For me you need
a bigger whachucallit...**

Keller looking at her with odd tension in his eyes - lust laced with irritation.

MULATTO BEAUTY (CONT'D)
Si me quieres sacar fotos llévame
contigo.
**If you want to take my picture,
take me with you.**

INT. RESORT RESTAURANT - PRESENT NIGHT

The Old Bartender serving Del Potro a shot of 12-year Caney and Benjamín his beer.

DEL POTRO
Yo te quiero hermano, pero tú como
que cargas mierda en esa cabeza.
Cómo piensas que yo me voy a poner
en negocios con esa gente?
**I love you brother, but you've got
shit for brains. How in H hell do
you can suppose I'm going to get
into bed with those people--?**

BENJAMÍN
Sí, te paré a tiempo, ya les ibas
a contar que tienes contacto con la
policía Siciliana!
(MORE)

BENJAMÍN (CONT'D)
**Yeah, I stopped you in time! You
were about to tell 'em you've got
connections with the Sicilian
police!**

Pulling a white envelope from his jacket, handing it to his brother.

DEL POTRO
Gracias. Calabresa...
Thanks. Calabrian....

BENJAMÍN
Cómo? Ah, sí... Bueno, toda la
misma vaina, no?!
**What? Oh, right... Well, all the
same shit, right?!**

DEL POTRO
No te molesta.
It don't bother you.

BENJAMÍN
Pa' salir de esta vida del coño, de
una vez por todas? No! No...
A ti tampoco te debería molestar.
Treinta años le diste a la policía
por cuatro medios al mes. Y pa'
qué? Pa' que te manden pa'l coño
al primer hipo! No joda, chico...
(sips beer, leans closer)
Con estos, dos telefonazos y nos
calzamos pa'l resto'e la vida,
hermano! Piensa en Isabelita!
**Getting out of this shit life
once and for all? No! No...
And it shouldn't bother you either.
Thirty years you gave the force for
slave wages, and for what?! To get
kicked out at the first hiccup!
Fuck that, man...**
(drinks beer, closer)
**With these guys, one phone call and
we're set for life! Think about
Isabelita.**

DEL POTRO
El problema es que yo pienso en mi
Papá, ves tú?
Problem is, I think about Dad, see.

BENJAMÍN

Ya déjate de boberías! La
Revolución fue hace un siglo,
hermano! Tu viejo dio la vida
y pa' que?!
**Cut the crap! The Revolution
happened a century ago, bro!
Your old man gave his life, and
for what?!**

DEL POTRO

Mi papá murió feliz.
My father died happy.

BENJAMÍN

Dices tú.
Says you.

DEL POTRO

Al menos no abandonó a su familia.
**At least he didn't abandon his
family.**

BENJAMÍN

Mi viejo hizo bien en irse pa'l
coño!
**My old man did the right thing
getting the fuck out!**
(drains beer)
La única obligación del hombre en
la vida es ser feliz, lo dijo
Diderot.
**Man's only duty in life is to be
happy, Diderot said it.**

DEL POTRO

Sigue leyendo esos libros. Al
final darás con un filósofo que te
justifique cualquier vaina.
**Read a enough books and you're
bound to find a philosopher that
will justify any shit.**

BENJAMÍN

A mi me hará feliz saber que mi
familia no se tendrá que preocupar
nunca más por dinero, mano.
**I'll be happy to know my family
will never have to worry about
money again, bro.**

Del Potro looking at him kindly.

DEL POTRO
Tienes suerte.
You're lucky.

INT. RESORT BAR - PREVIOUS NIGHT

A HOTEL OFFICIAL approaching, concerned.

OFFICIAL (O.S.)
Is she bothering you, Señor
Keller...?

Keller quickly pocketing Minolta.

KELLER
What? No! I was asking for
the time.

The Official eyeing Young Bartender, pulling Keller away.

OFFICIAL
(checks watch)
Nine thirty--

We see the Bartender showing the girl the door. She picking
up bag, sashaying away.

KELLER
Feels later... Still jet-lagged...
Better get to bed--

OFFICIAL
Pero queríamos presentarle a la
gente de Turismo, vinieron desde la
Habana para--
**But, we wanted you to meet the
folks from Tourism, they came all
the way from La Habana to--**

KELLER
(seeing Mulatto Beauty
leaving resort)
Maybe tomorrow. I'm exhausted.
Sorry. Good night.

Heading for departing elevator, the Official looking after
him, frustrated.

INT. ELEVATOR - PREVIOUS NIGHT

Keller pressing mezzanine button, smiling mirthlessly at GERMAN COUPLE inside, standing behind them, noticing fallen hairs on man's shoulder, lifting them unseen as the doors opens and he exits, bidding them good night.

INT. MEZZANINE HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Keller exiting elevator pocketing hairs, hurrying back to a door marked STAIRS.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Keller stalking to his Jimny. LIGHTNING flashing in the distance. Getting in, finding key behind sun visor, skidding off.

INT. JIMNY - CONTINUOUS

Keller driving toward exit gate. Nodding at NIGHTWATCHMAN, accelerating toward highway.

The Mulatto Beauty seen on the road, boarding a shared taxi. Keller cursing, vexed, skidding off in the opposite direction as TORRENTIAL RAIN begins to fall. LIGHTNING/BOOMING THUNDER.

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT, INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

An old water cooler with near empty bottle. The standard Fidel and Che framed photos. Roilán cuffed to a small, scratched table, tense as a rod, holding back tears.

Ortega pulling out his cellphone, sliding it in front of him - flipping through gruesome photos of the dead girl.

Roilán unable to avoid looking every time a new image flashes on the screen. The photo of the dissected pubis is too much. Imploring Ortega, shaking his head, tears flowing freely.

ROILAN

No... Yo no hice eso, Chuzo. Te lo juro!
I did not do that, Chuzo. I swear!

ORTEGA

Tú sabes cómo le dicen a este lugar, no?
Chino, you know what they call this place, right?
(MORE)

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
(Roilán nods)
Sí sabes? Dime...
You do? Tell me...

Roilán murmuring unintelligibly.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
Cómo?!
What's that?!

ROILAN
(softly)
Todo el mundo canta...
Everyone sings...

ORTEGA
Ajá... Y porqué tú crees que le
dicen Todo el mundo canta?
**Right... And why do you think they
call it Everyone sings?**

ROILAN
Porqué todos cantan..?
'cause everyone does?

ORTEGA
Así mismo, pipo!
That's right, bud!
(slides phone under his
nose)
Entonces canta, coño'e tu madre,
así me voy pa' la casa, que tengo
una jeba esperándome!
**So, sing, you sonofabitch, so I can
go home, that I have a chick
waiting!**

Roilán shaking his head, wiping off tears, pushing phone
gently back with his pinky.

ROILAN
Pero yo no hice eso...
But I didn't do that...

ORTEGA
Quién más tendría razón pa' hacerle
daño a esa muchacha?! Tú eres el
único que tenía broncas con ella!
**Who else would have reason to hurt
that girl?! You're the only one
who fought with her all the time!**

ROILAN

Chuzo, tú me conoces! Tu sabes que
yo no soy así--
**Chuzo, you know me! You know I'm
not like that--**

ORTEGA

Yo no sé 'na! No, sí... Sé que
todos somos capaces dada la
circunstancia. Qué fue? Te puso
bravo? Te engaño? Todas las
mujeres engañan, tarde ó temprano--
**I don't know shit! Wrong, I do
know we're all capable given the
circumstance. What happened? She
made you angry? She cheated on
you? Every woman cheats, sooner or
later.**

ROILAN

Qué no! Se fue vivita y coleando
pa' lo de su mama!
**No, I tell you! She left alive and
well for her mom's!**

Ortega lifting the zip-lock envelope containing the metal
button.

ORTEGA

Entonces explícame esto.
Explain me this, then.

Roilan staring at the button, his hand going to the button on
the different shirt he is wearing now, shaking head.

ROILAN

No puedo, socio. No sé. Sí,
recuerdo cuando me daño la camisa,
pero...
**I can't, buddy. I don't know. I
do remember she ripped my shirt,
but...**

His voice trailing, turning to his hands, tears dripping on
them.

Ortega studying him. Finally leaving the room, slamming the
door behind himself. Roilan startled. LIGHTNING FLASHING
out the window.

EXT. HOLGUÍN SQUARE - NIGHT

THE SAME FLASH OF LIGHTING reaching a square populated with ghostly trees - Jagüeyes (Ficus citrifolia).

Del Potro's LADA pulling under one of them, facing a handsome flat-front house. Running out under the rain, pulling out his key.

INT. ROBERTA'S HOME - NIGHT

Del Potro letting himself in. A friendly DOG greeting him quietly. Del Potro taking off his wet hat, jacket, leaving them on a chair.

ROBERTA, a mulatto woman in her forties, clearly once a serious beauty, with the long legs of a dancer, appearing from the bedroom, wrapping herself in a shimmering robe, kissing Del Potro on the lips.

ROBERTA

Comiste?
You eat?

DEL POTRO

Estuve con Benjamín.
I was did with Benjamín.

ROBERTA

Ah, bueno, entonces lo que
hicieron fue beber como esponjas.
Ah, so then you drank like sponges.

Opening refrigerator, taking out a food platter, sticking it in the microwave.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Ya no pensé que venías.
**I didn't think you were coming
anymore.**

Del Potro kissing her tenderly.

DEL POTRO

Necesitaba ver algo bello, Ro.
Mucho feo por ahí fuera.
**Needed to see something beautiful,
Ro. Too much ugliness out there.**

ROBERTA

Coronel, me va a hacer poner
toda roja!

(MORE)

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
**Colonel, you're going to make
me blush!**

Kissing. This time they get involved. Del Potro making love to Roberta. Tender, passionate, satisfying. Until...

FLASH: INT. HAVANA AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA. A GREEN, ODDLY POINTY MAN'S SHOE IN THE JUMBLE OF FEET, JOSTLING FOR POSITION BY THE CONVEYOR BELT.

Del Potro sitting up.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
Qué pasa, mi vida?
What's wrong, love?

FLASH: THE MATCHING SHOE PRINT AT THE FIRST CRIME SCENE.

Del Potro moving off Roberta.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
Qué fue?
What's up?

Looking at her oddly, she touching his temple.

FLASH: THE DISSECTED VICTIM STARING INTO SPACE.

Del Potro looking at Roberta.

DEL POTRO
Yo lo vi.
I saw him.?

INT. JOSE MARTI AIRPORT, HAVANA - DUSK

Packed. The crowd shoving and pushing at the conveyor belt.

ROBERTA (V.O.)
Viste qué..?
Saw what..?

Del Potro catching sight of a curious pair of odd, green pointy shoes in the jumble of feet.

ISABEL (O.S.)
La rosadita, Papi.
The pink one, Daddy.

Del Potro lunging to grab a passing pink Samsonite, looking back to the jumble of feet, the green shoes gone.

Isabel pointing to a smaller, matching Samsonite on the belt.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
 Aquella también, Papi!!
That one too, Daddy!

Del Potro grabbing it.

DEL POTRO
 Qué maletas más discretas!
What discrete luggage!

ISABEL
 No te burles. Es lo que se está
 usando en Nueva York.
**Don't make fun. Is what's being
 used they're using in New York.**

DEL POTRO
 Ah, bueno...
Oh, well...

Zippering lips shut.

ISABEL
 Pesan porque le traje a abuelita
 una pila'e peroles pa' la cocina.
**They're heavy 'cause I brought
 grandma a bunch of things for the
 kitchen.**
 (kissing him)
 Te extrañé mucho!
I missed you very much!

Del Potro smiling.

DEL POTRO
 Nosotros también.
So did we.
 (caressing her head)
 Y entonces..?
So..?

ISABEL
 Fantástico, Papi... Bailé como
 una mariposa!
**Fantastic, Daddy...I danced like
 a butterfly!**

Spinning on one toe, Del Potro chuckling...

DEL POTRO
 Lo sé, te vimos en la TV! Tu
 abuela te lo grabó. Lloró como
 una boba!
I know, we saw you on TV!
 (MORE)

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
**Your grandma taped it. Cried like
a fool!**

INT. CUSTOMS INSPECTION AREA - DUSK

Del Potro setting Isabel's suitcases on the inspection platform. A CUSTOMS OFFICER saluting him.

CUSTOMS GUARD
Adelante, General.
Go right ahead, General.

DEL POTRO
Eso fue hace mucho, ya...
That was long ago...

SECOND CUSTOMS GUARD
Todos sabemos que lo suyo fue una terrible injusticia, General...
We all know yours was a terrible injustice, General...

Del Potro nodding, ill-at-ease.

DEL POTRO
Bueno...Gracias.
Well...Thanks.

CUSTOMS GUARD
Sigue en Oriente?
Still in Oriente?

DEL POTRO
Y ahí moriré, tú sabes...
And I'll die there, most likely...

Trailing Isabel out.

EXT. HAVANA AIRPORT - DUSK

Del Potro's LADA leaving Jose Martí Airport, taking highway.

ISABEL (V.O.)
Gracias por venir a recogerme.
La compañía me había reservado un taxi, sabes?
Thanks for picking me up. The company had a taxi reserved for me, you know?

INT. LADA - DUSK

Del Potro driving. Looking at Isabel with a glint in his eye.

DEL POTRO

Y perderme nueve horas con mi hija
pa' mi solo?!
**And miss nine hours with my
daughter all to myself?!**

Isabel kissing him, loosening her hair, taking a deep breath out the window.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Cansada?
Tired?

ISABEL

Un poco. Pero más bien...aliviada.
A bit. But rather...relieved.

DEL POTRO

Cuéntame New York.
Tell me about New York.

ISABEL

Qué te cuento..? Luces por todas partes, pantallas gigantes - me divertí pensando lo que dirían aquí los del PAEC!

What can I tell you..? Lights everywhere, giant screens - I amused myself imagining what the folks from PAEC (Cuba's save-energy commission) would say!

(they share a laugh)

Despues, gente disfrazada de la forma más bizarra para con suerte ganarse un dólar, mareas de personas tratando de llegar de un lugar a otro. Una locura encantadora. Sin embargo, al tercer, cuarto día ya empecé a sentir las ganas de escaparle a tanto caos, a extrañar la tranquilidad de nuestro Oriente...

Then, people dressed up in the most bizarre fashion to try to make a buck, floods of people trying to get from one place to the next. A charming madness.

(MORE)

ISABEL (CONT'D)

**Still, after three, four days I
began to feel the need to escape
that chaos, to long for the
peaceful quiet of our Oriente...**

(Del Potro taps her hand)

Qué más me gustó..? No voy a decir
las compras porque sería un cliché,
pero no hubo día que no volviéramos
al hotel con alguna bolsita, Papi.

**What else did I like..? I'm not
going to say shopping, it would be
too much of a cliché, but a day
didn't go by when we didn't return
to the hotel without a little
something, Daddy.**

(he smiles)

No lo podíamos evitar! Se
convierte rápido en vicio!
**We couldn't help ourselves! It
soon becomes a vice!**

DEL POTRO

Y los americanos?
And the Americans?

ISABEL

Imaginaba al neoyorkino amargado y
reticente a tratar con turistas,
pero no, fueron muy amables.
Aunque el verdadero estadounidense,
por decirlo de alguna manera, no
debe vivir en Nueva York, porque
ahí la multiculturalidad te la
topas en cada esquina. Siempre
encontré a alguien que hablase
español. Y otros idiomas...

**I had imagined the average New
Yorker bitter and reluctant to talk
to tourists, but no, they were very
kind. Although I imagine the true
American probably does not live in
New York, because there you bump
into foreigners on every corner. I
always found someone who could
speak Spanish. And other
languages.**

DEL POTRO

Me alegra que la pasaras bien...
I'm glad you had a good time...

His eyes going to upcoming roadside food stand grill with a
simple sign: PIERNA.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Hambre?
Hungry?

ISABEL

Hay, sí! De comida cubana!
Oh, yes! For Cuban food!

EXT. OFF-ROAD GRILL - DUSK

The LADA pulling up to a small stand with a roasting piglet and a few tables. The OWNER, a weathered man in his seventies, recognizing Del Potro.

GRILL OWNER

Jefe! Tanto tiempo..!
Chief! Long time..!

Del Potro and Isabel exiting the vehicle. The men patting backs.

DEL POTRO

Qué hubo compadre!
How'ya doing, my friend!

The old man laughing.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Mi hija, Isabel.
My daughter, Isabel.

GRILL OWNER

Señorita, está en su cocina!
Miss, this is your kitchen!

Motioning to roasting piglet.

ISABEL

Gracias... Baño tiene?
**Thanks... Toilet you have You have
a toilet I can use?**

The man's body language cannot apologize enough.

DEL POTRO

Aquí es pal monte ó...
Here's the bushes or...

The Owner laughing. Isabel gamely taking for the dark bushes, stealing a napkin from the last table.

GRILL OWNER
De tal palo tal astilla.
A chip off the old block.

DEL POTRO
Gracias.
Thanks.

Motioning to choice table.

GRILL OWNER
Bocadillos de pierna?
Pork leg sandwiches?

Del Potro's expression saying "What else?"

EXT. GRILL - LATER (NIGHT)

Isabel and Del Potro eating. Del Potro drinking Bruja beer, Isabel a guarapo.

ISABEL
...Bueno, también hubo cosas que no me gustaron: el otro lado de las compras, el consumismo enfermizo. Nos tocó algo que alla llaman Black Friday. Difícil describírtelo...
...Well, there were also things I didn't like: the other side of shopping, the pathological consumerism. We happened to be there for something they call Black Friday. Hard to describe...

Signaling Owner for another sandwich. Del Potro smiling.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
Aprovecha porque es la última vez que te dejo comer esto! Aprendí mucho sobre comida sana.
Last time I let you eat this, so go for it. I learnt a lot about healthy food.

Del Potro smiling at Owner.

DEL POTRO
Café tienes?
You have coffee?

The Owner going for it. Isabel turning to the wide highway with very light traffic.

ISABEL

Gente desesperada por llegar
primero a las rebajas, como
animales en un desierto que huelen
agua, pisándose para llegar
primeros. Una locura.

**People desperate to arrive first
for the cheap prices, like animals
in the desert who scent water and
trample one another to get to the
water first. Madness.**

(Owner sets down coffee)

Y gente completamente chiflada,
anunciando a los gritos el Fin del
Mundo en el subway... Eso era un
poco aterrador. Muchas personas
hablando solas... Mucho frenesí.
**And people completely mad, shouting
like it's the End of the World in
the subways... That was a bit
terrifying. Many people in the
street talking to themselves...Lots
of madness.**

DEL POTRO

Vaya, ahí tienes pa' entretener a
tu Nona lo que queda del año..!
**Well, you have enough to entertain
Nona what's left of the year..!**

Both laughing.

INT. LADA - NIGHT, HOURS LATER

Del Potro driving. Isabel sleeping. The vehicle making its
way along the deserted Ocho Vías (SOLE WEST-EAST, 8-LANE
HIGHWAY IN CUBA).

Del Potro suddenly swerving to avoid hitting a cart with a
family pulled by a horse, emerging from darkness. Watching
in rear view mirror the carriage turning back through a break
in the center divider, appalled.

EXT. CARRETERA CENTRAL - NIGHT

The LADA coming to a stop under a bridge. Isabel helping a
WOMAN loaded with a heavy bundle and a TODDLER in her arms
step down from the back seat, climbing back in front. The
LADA going on its way.

EXT. CARRETERA CENTRAL, GAS STATION - NIGHT

The LADA pulling into an Oro Negro gas station. Del Potro eyeing Isabel asleep on the back seat, walking into a small cafeteria, handing bills to an ELDERLY ATTENDANT.

DEL POTRO

Don Matías, métale veinte regular.

Don Matías, twenty regular.

(to the salesgirl)

Deme un cafe, ahí, Aida. Eusebio no trabaja hoy?

Gimme a coffee, please, Aida.

Eusebio is not working today?

ATTENDANT

Eusebio se jubiló, Jefe!

Eusebio retired, Chief!

DEL POTRO

Jubiló?! Pero si ese compadre no llega a los cincuenta!

Retired?! But that man is not even fifty!

ATTENDANT

Bueno, sí, jubiló no. Se puso de cuentapropista!

Well, yes, no, he quit. To set himself up in business!

DEL POTRO

Cuentapropista de qué? Si no sabe ni sumar!

What business?! He can hardly add!

Both laughing.

ATTENDANT

Pues parece que eso no se necesita pa' lavar carros. Pase por Maceo y Cuba, que seguro le hace precio!

Apparently to wash cars you don't need to know how to add. Check it out by Maceo and Cuba, he'll give you a discount for sure.

The Attendant waving, Del Potro downing his coffee, leaving money.

DEL POTRO

OK, cuídese, mi'ja!

OK, take care, child!

Exiting, handing the Elderly Attendant a few bills.

ATTENDANT

Su hija duerme como un angelito,
Jefe.
**Your daughter sleeps like an angel,
Chief.**

DEL POTRO

Ella es un angelito.
She is an angel.

Driving off.

INT. ROBERTA'S HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT

BACK TO THE PRESENT. Del Potro lost in his reverie, dressing.

ROBERTA (V.O.)

(softly)

Oye...

Hey...

(kissing him)

Porqué no te esperas que amanezca?

Why don't you wait till daybreak?

DEL POTRO

No, es que...

Can't, I...

ROBERTA

Y ese apuro?

Why the hurry?

DEL POTRO

Te llamo.

I'll call you.

ROBERTA

Pájaro que comió, voló

Bird that fed, flew!

Del Potro kissing her, grabbing hat, going. Roberta looking after him.

INT. CENTER FOR LEGAL MEDICINE, MORGUE - PREDAWN

Del Potro entering the dank building with peeling walls, walking along a deserted corridor, filled with echo. Nodding at a WOMAN MOPING FLOORS, heading down a corridor marked UNIDAD DE NECROPSIAS, entering room marked SALA DE AUTOPSIAS (AUTOPSIES ROOM).

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - SAME TIME

Barely equipped to deserve the name. An open window. A slow-turning ceiling fan. A flimsy scale. Flies BUZZING on a bloodstained sink. A set of 6 cadaver refrigerator cabinet.

DR. REYNALDO (RENNY) MOLINA, a charismatic, fast-talking, talented but unconventional pathologist - jeans, sneakers under a blood-stained gown - eating a sandwich by an open window. Not in the least bothered by the murdered girl lying on one of the two rust-stained postmortem tables.

The victim already autopsied and sewn back up.

Except for the pubic area dissected by the killer. A small cloth covering it.

Del Potro entering.

DEL POTRO

Renny...

MOLINA

Usted también coge turno nocturno
ahora, Coronel?

**You also take the night shift, now,
Colonel?**

Molina cocking head at out-of-order AC.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

Cuando llega el calor aquí, usted
sabe...

**When the heat arrives here, you
know...**

DR. GRACIELA BEZOS (27), his attractive Assistant Pathologist, emerging from a small room bearing two coffees. Her smile for Molina cut short on seeing Del Potro.

GRACIELA

Coronel...

Colonel...

DEL POTRO

Graciela... Tu mamá?

Your mother?

GRACIELA

Bien... Ya camina sin ayuda.

Good... Walking on her own already.

DEL POTRO
Tus muchachos?
Your boys?

GRACIELA
Los dos bien, gracias.
Both fine, thanks.

Del Potro nodding. Graciela offering him the second coffee,
Del Potro declining politely. Graciela joining Molina by the
window, sipping it herself.

DEL POTRO
Dime, Renny.
Talk to me, Renny.

Molina setting cup on the window sill, taking another bite
off his sandwich, joining him by the body.

MOLINA
Bueno, caballero, en los casos de
estrangulación homicida pueden
encontrarse en la vecindad del
surco estigmas ungueales ó pequeñas
equimosis redondeadas--
**Well, Sir, in the cases of
homicidal strangulation one can
find in the vicinity of the
ligature mark, conjunctival
petechiae or small, rounded
ecchymosis--**

DEL POTRO
En cubano, chico...
In plain Cuban, bud...

MOLINA
Hematomas, Coronel... Producidas
por la estrangulación ó por los
esfuerzos de la propia víctima
para librarse.
**Bruises, Colonel... Caused by
strangulation or by the victim's
struggle to free herself.**
(turns body's head)
También en esta modalidad pueden
encontrarse excoriaciones y
equimosis, localizadas en las
regiones occipital y escapulares.
**Also, in cases like these you can
find ecchymosis and excoriation of
the skin in the occipital and
scapular regions...**

Setting wrapped sandwich on cadaver's chest, reaching with both hands to lift the head and the hair in back.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
Esta, por ejemplo...
This one, for instance...

Del Potro observing bruise in nape of victim's neck.

DEL POTRO
Ó sea, se defendió.
So she fought back.

Molina retrieving sandwich, strolling back to the window.

MOLINA
Como un gato! Pero yo creo que la asfixia vino rápido. Sorprendida seguramente por lo fugaz del ataque.
Like a cat! But I think asphyxia came quickly. Probably surprised by the suddenness of the attack.

Finishing his sandwich, tossing rapper into autopsy can, finishing coffee, handing cup back to Graciela listening intently.

DEL POTRO
Pero si ya estaban matándola a golpes--
But she was already being beaten--

GRACIELA
No...Los golpes se los dieron post mortem.
No...The face blows were given postmortem.

DEL POTRO
Cuando le dio esos coñazos ya estaba muerta.
When he gave her that beating, she was dead.

Molina nodding, Del Potro having a hard time wrapping his head around this.

MOLINA
Nosotros solo servimos pa'l cómo, Coronel. El porqué queda pa' los genios como usted.
(MORE)

MOLINA (CONT'D)

**We're just good for the how,
Colonel. The why's left to
geniuses like you.**

DEL POTRO

(reading report, puzzled)

Varios ADN?

Several DNA's?

MOLINA

Así mismo... ADN de varios
individuos. Pelos, saliva,
piel...algunos femeninos.
**That's right... DNA from several
different individuals. Hairs,
saliva, skin...some female.**

GRACIELA

El que la mató sabía lo que hacía,
Coronel. Creemos que dejó material
de otros para despistar.
**Who ever killed her knew what he
was doing, Colonel. We believe his
idea was to muddy the waters.**

DEL POTRO

Ó LA que la mató.

Or what SHE was doing.

MOLINA

No. Esto fue un hombre. Y no fue
la primera vez que mataba tampoco.
**No. This was a man. And it wasn't
his first time either.**

DEL POTRO

Y eso de dónde te lo sacas?

And where'd you get that from?

MOLINA

Pues viendo... Acá no hubo pasión,
demasiada precaución. Bueno, mi
opinión, no? A tomar ó dejar,
usted sabe...
**Looking... There was no passion,
here, too much caution. Anyway, my
humble opinion? To take or leave,
you know...**

Del Potro considering, turning to Graciela.

DEL POTRO

Usted qué opina, doctora?

You agree, doctor?

GRACIELA

Pasión, no sé, pero ensañamiento
y violencia extrema, sí.
**Passion, I don't know, but cruelty
and extreme violence, yes.**

Molina smiling at her veiled disagreement. Del Potro sensing the sexual tension between them, eyeing his watch.

DEL POTRO

Prepárenla para la mamá. Todavía
no sabe como murió su niña.
**Get her ready for the mother. She
still doesn't know how her child
died.**

GRACIELA

Ya...
Right...

Starting to leave the room.

DEL POTRO

Una cosa más... La herida esa
en el vientre.
**One more thing... That wound in
her belly.**

Molina reaches for the cloth covering it, Del Potro makes a face.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Solo dime.
Just tell me.

It's not the blood, or the gore...it's the inhumanity he's never been able to deal with. Molina does not expose it.

MOLINA

Cortes limpios, pulcro, mano firme -
profesional inclusive. Instrumento
muy afilado, bisturí, creo yo.
Tejido por tejido. Hasta exponer
el útero. Ahí se detuvo.
**Clean cuts, careful, a firm hand -
professional possibly. Very sharp
instrument, scalpel's my guess. Cut
layer by layer. Until exposing the
uterus. There he stoped.**

DEL POTRO

Extrajo algo?
Removed anything?

GRACIELA

Clitoris.
Clitoris.

Del Potro remonstrating, turning away.

DEL POTRO

Violada?
Raped?

Molina slowly shaking his head.

MOLINA

Na...

Del Potro thoughtful, wiping the beads off his brow.

DEL POTRO

Ya...
Right...

Nodding, walking out. Graciela's eyes lingering on the victim. Covering the disfigured face.

EXT. HIGHWAY - THE NIGHT OF...

HEAVY RAIN. Dianelis still very much alive. Plain but with a well turned body, tight jeans, faded Che t-shirt, sneakers, small purse on her shoulder. Walking along the dark, deserted, two-lane highway, under the downpour.

Headlights behind her, stepping off the asphalt. The black Suzuki Jimmy passing her, stopping.

The girl catching up, the passenger's window rolling down.

KELLER (O.S.)

Dónde vas?
Where're you going?

Martin Keller, wearing a padre's collar, smiling at her. His Spanish halting.

KELLER (CONT'D)

Ven, te llevo.
Come, I'll take you.
(she hesitates)
Te gusta mojarte?
You like to get wet?

DIANELIS

Le voy a mojar el carro, padre.
I'll get your car wet, father.

KELLER
No preocupes. Es alquilado.
Don't worry. It's rented.
(sly smile, opens door)
Sube.
Get in.

Considering, climbing in. The Suzuki driving off.

INT. JIMNY - CONTINUOUS

Keller smiling.

KELLER
A dónde vas?
Where are you going?

DIANELIS
A Buenaventura.

KELLER
Es lejos?
Is it far?

DIANELIS
Más ó menos... Unos quince minutos.
So, so...Some fifteen minutes.

KELLER
Qué haces a esta hora de noche en lluvia?
What are you doing at this hour of the night, in rain?

DIANELIS
Vengo de lo de mi prima. Le iba a cuidar los niños el fin de semana, pero nos disputamos.
Coming from my cousin's. Was going to babysit her children for the week-end weekend, but we had an argument.

KELLER
Tengo toalla atrás...
I have a towel in back...

DIANELIS
Deje, no importa--
Leave, it's alright--

But he's already pulling over, stepping out. The girl watching him disappear, her eyes wandering around the cabin, falling on the pack of cigarettes on the dashboard, the fancy gold lighter with the initials MK.

EXT. JIMNY - MOMENTS LATER

Keller at the open back door. Zipping up a white, forensic examiner's suit with head cover, fitting latex gloves, stealing glance back, removing camera from large camera case, replacing priest's collar into false bottom, locking case, grabbing towel.

Car lights ahead, hurrying to shut back door, returning to front cabin.

INT. JIMNY CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Keller taking his seat, handing Dianelis towel. She eyeing his suit strangely. Keller grinning oddly.

KELLER
Mi impermeable.
My raincoat.

Removing hood ahead of the oncoming traffic, setting camera on seat between them. Dianelis puzzled.

KELLER (CONT'D)
Soy fotógrafo.
I'm a photographer.

DIANELIS
No es padre?
Not priest?

KELLER
Sí, sí. También. Fotografo naturaleza.
Sure, that too. I photograph nature.
(Dianelis ponders)
Te gusta que te sacan fotos?
Like having your picture taken?

Dianelis shrugging. The RAIN DRUMMING on the roof. Keller lighting cigarette, offering to girl, she shaking her head.

KELLER (CONT'D)
Y tú a qué te dedicas?
And what do you do?

DIANELIS

Trabajo.

I work.

(he waits)

En la cooperativa agrícola. De guardia.

At the farming cooperative.

Security guard.

KELLER

Guardia! Cuánto te pagan para eso?

Guard! How much you get paid?

She hesitating. He smiling.

DIANELIS

Trescientos pesos... Como doce dólares.

Three hundred pesos... About twelve dollars.

KELLER

La hora?

An hour?

Dianelis making a face.

DIANELIS

Por mes.

A month.

KELLER

Te gusta ganar veinte dólares en un ratito?

You like to earn twenty in a few minutes?

DIANELIS

Cómo así..?

How do you mean..?

KELLER

Me deja sacarte fotos y yo pago veinte dólares.

You let me take pictures of you and I will pay you twenty dollars.

DIANELIS

Por fotos?

For pictures?

KELLER

Tienes cuerpo muy bonito.

You have very beautiful body.

She frowning, puzzled.

DIANELIS
Fotos cómo?
Pictures how?

KELLER
Naturales.
Natural.

The girl getting it, glancing up and down the deserted road, considering.

DIANELIS
Aquí?
Here?

KELLER
Mejor donde no pasa nadie, no?
Better where no one drives by, no?

She looking at the camera, considering.

DIANELIS
Está bien.
Alright.

Keller smiling, starting engine.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Jimny climbing back onto asphalt, driving slowly away.

INT. JIMNY - SHORT TIME LATER

Keller driving under RAIN. Turning left on dirt road.
Dianelis watching the headlight beams bounce on the bumpy track, glancing at Keller.

Keller checking the rearview mirror - blackness - pulling slowly over, killing engine and headlights. The hot ENGINE CRACKLING in the silent night. Keller picking up camera, their faces barely illuminated by dashboard glare.

KELLER
Quita la ropa.
Take off your clothes.

The girl hesitating. Keller digging for a wad of bills, setting it on dashboard. She beginning to remove t-shirt.

KELLER (CONT'D)
Abajo primero.
The bottom first.

She considering, looking at bills, then moving decidedly.
Unzipping jeans, pulling them down to her knees, lowering her
laced, mauve slip, exposing a shaved pubis.

Keller ogling it, taking quick shots - FLASH, FLASH...

EXT. DIRT ROAD - SAME TIME

The Jimny under the rain - FLASHES flooding the night around
the vehicle.

INT. JIMNY - MOMENTS LATER

Keller taking a last shot - FLASH. Perspiring profusely,
agitated. Slipping his gloved hand between the girl's legs,
rubbing her pubic area. Dianelis becoming excited, opening
her legs some, reaching for his crotch.

KELLER
NO!

She pulling hand back, startled. Keller nodding at her
torso. She removing t-shirt, he swiftly undoing frayed bra,
exposing her full breasts. Cupping one in his hand, massaging
it. The girl breathing heavily. Keller pulling his hood on,
turning her torso gently around so she is facing away. Back
to the rubbing. The girl MOANING.

KELLER (CONT'D)
No!
Don't!

She trying to hold back, confused. FLASH.

KELLER (CONT'D)
Te gusta?
You like it?
(she nods)
NO!
(sniffing her hair)
Cierra los ojos.
Close your eyes.

She uncertain, closing eyes.

EXT. ROAD - SAME TIME

The Jimny sitting in the dark night, under the rain. Distant LIGHTNING...Moments later, the low rumble of remote THUNDER.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JIMNY - SOME TIME LATER (TEASER)

Keller - CLOSE - lost in reverie.

KELLER

A smell I was too young to know.
Sharp, penetrating...acrid if you
may and yet sweet...Like here, now.

Suddenly swinging the camera belt over her head and tightening it around her neck.

Dianelis reacting, but all was too sudden, no time to draw breath...trying to scream, but that too requiring oxygen she can't draw. Managing to free arm, jabbing back...no power in it. Keller leaning away - SOMETHING CRACKING - continuing to tighten belt - until the girl is dead. An eternal 7 seconds while we PUSH IN, THEN...CUT TO BLACK.

END EPISODE 1

EPISODE 2

"Predators"TEASER

INT. UK FLAT - DAY (1988)

Working class, Birmingham, England. A BACH CANTATA PLAYING ON A RADIO. A boy - age 10 - lying on a carpet by a crackling fireplace, perusing a large, well thumbed book on African predators. Especially interested in images of big cats bringing down, devouring pray.

The Boy's MOTHER (the woman from the first teaser), a plump, vulgar woman in her forties, made up and dressed to entice, in the kitchen preparing a sandwich, babbling nonstop, in the thickest working class, Brummie accent.

MOTHER

...he wasn't the least bit
int'rested in what I had to say,
was'e? All he was keen on was
getting into my knickers, wasn't'e?
I knew what was on his mind. I
rather enjoy the attention of men,
you know that, darling, but I
wasn't about to let him have it for
nuttin', was I?

Bringing over tray with sandwich and glass of milk.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

'ere... Sweetheart, why don't'cha
take this to your room, so I can--

(DOOR BELL)

Oh, there he is, now..! My new
beau. Run along... Behave! No
peeking..!

Chuckling brightly, switching off radio, heading for front door, pausing at mirror to check appearance.

The Boy taking tray and book to his bedroom. Before shutting door, getting a look at the visitor - working clothes, coat, shabby cap - greeted with a slobbery kiss. Money changing hands. Mother glancing back.

INT. MARTIN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Boy quietly closing door to his tiny bedroom - a partition of the one adjacent - setting tray on night table, climbing on bunk with his book.

Taking small box of multicolored "Allsorts" licorice from bed stand, putting one in his mouth, enjoying it.

SHORT TIME LATER

Martin concentrating on image of lion biting down on a gazelle. LAUGHTER, VOICES, SOUND OF GLASSES reaching from living room.

Mother's HOARSE CHUCKLE mixed with her CLIENT'S entering adjacent bedroom. TINKLING OF GLASSES, BOTTLE.

Martin focused on his book. A SHORT SHRIEK, MOANS coming through the makeshift cardboard wall.

The Boy looking at the shadows playing on the ceiling, visible over partition.

The shapes accompanying SOUNDS OF ROUGH SEX. Mother's GASPS, PANTING growing with the proximity of the images in Martin's book.

SOUNDS OF LION RIPPING FLESH SATURATING THE TRACK, overwhelming sounds coming through the wall.

Martin murmuring to lion's image.

BOY
I'm Robby, you..?

A lion's low GROWL, then another, as...Martin escapes.

CUT TO:

INT. EL PARAISO HOTEL, BEDROOM - NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSE-UP, Keller waking up in a cold sweat. His breathing slowing AS WE PULL AWAY AND...

FADE TO BLACK.

END TEASER

EP-2

INT. DEL POTRO'S HOME, DAY ROOM - MORNING

Modest, but large and comfortable. Orderly, clean. Some antique furniture. A simple Yoruba Oshun shrine on an embroidered mantel. Cuban news on a silent TV.

A framed black & white photograph of Marcial Del Potro, a young "barbudo" in uniform, with a rural straw hat, with several other revolutionaries smiling next to Che Guevara during a break in the battle for Santa Clara, hanging in a special place, next to an official portrait of Fidel.

And below them, another framed picture of Marcial on his wedding day, with his young wife, Esperanza, circa 1948.

A perky STARLING tweeting in a large, vintage cage by a sunny window open to green backyard.

In the kitchen, Isabel, dressed in Air Traffic Controller uniform - skirt, buttoned up shirt - helping her grandmother.

Isabel cooking breakfast while the old woman goes through kitchen items Isabel brought her from New York.

Del Potro stretched under a dripping sink in back yard, replacing cross pipe on the mains.

The garage turned home office-workshop across the way open.

DEL POTRO

Abre, mamá!
Open it, mom!

Isabel reaching under kitchen sink, opening a valve. Water flowing.

ISABEL

Ya, Papi..!
Ok, Dad..!

Esperanza unable to make heads or tails of the multi-articulated garlic crusher in her hand.

ESPERANZA

Niña, pa' qué coño sirve esto?!
Girl, what the fuck's this for?!

ISABEL

(amused)

Eso es para triturar ajo, Abuela.

That's a garlic crusher, Grandma.

Del Potro coming in, rinsing hands at the sink.

ESPERANZA

Pa' qué?! Triturar los sesos es
lo que me va a hacer almal esta
vaina!

**For what?! Crush my brain's what
I'll do, trying to put this
wachucalit together.**

(gives up)

Mario!

Del Potro eyeing crusher, drying hands, quickly assembling
gadget, taking his place at head of table.

INT. MARIO'S BEDROOM

MARIO DEL POTRO (30's) - mulatto, hair up in a bun, quick
eyes, ambiguous sexuality, product of an old affair Del Potro
had with a black woman before marrying Isabel's mother - in
pajama bottoms. Watching a massive starling murmuration
changing shapes on his computer screen. On his smartphone
earbuds, in intimate conversation with a likeminded friend.

Our attention going to the turning and wheeling of the
massive flock of birds on the screen. Mario seemingly as
mesmerized as the cat watching from his unmade bed.

MARIO

Eso sí...Pero cuando tú ves una
bandada girar y cambiar de forma
da la impresión de que reducen
velocidad y se apretujan, ó
aceleran y se separan.

**That's true...But when we watch a
murmuration turn, wheel and change
shapes it appears as if the birds
slow down and become thickly packed
in, or speed up and spread out.**

Freezing the murmuration's flight, drawing vectors on the
screen.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Ajá, ahora jala A7 hasta L15...

Right, now pull A7 to L15...

The model on the screen changing shape and perspective.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Tú ves? No es más que una ilusión óptica provocada por la bandada en 3-D, proyectada en nuestra visión del mundo en 2-D.

See? It's nothing but an optical illusion created by the 3-D flock, projected onto our 2-D view of the world.

Relaunching modified flock perspective - and we now realize it is a computer boids model.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Imágenes estereoscópicas demuestran que los estorninos vuelan a velocidad constante.

Stereoscopic imaging shows the starlings move at a constant speed.

NONA (O.S.)

MARIO!

INT. DAY ROOM-KITCHEN - DAY

Del Potro at table, reading *Granma*. Isabel pouring coffee. Her father caressing her head.

Mario shuffling out of his bedroom in flip-flops, still on the call.

MARIO (ON PHONE)

Eso es allá en Roma, niño, bandadas de millones... En murmurations más moderadas eso nunca se ha comprobado...

That's in Rome, boy, flocks of millions. In more moderate murmurations that has never been proven...

Del Potro darting him a dark glance. Mario taking his seat, ignoring everyone, especially Del Potro.

MARIO (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Di tú... No, niño, en Cuba hay tan poca libertad que hasta los estorninos cogen pa' Miami!

Figure that... No, babe, in Cuba there's so little freedom that even the starlings skip for Miami!

Letting out an annoying cackle, sucking his cheeks, avoiding eye contact with his father.

Isabel sensing the impending outburst from Del Potro, touching Mario's arm. He rolling his eyes, cutting his conversation short.

MARIO (CONT'D)
Después hablamos...Ciao.
We'll talk later...Ciao.

Esperanza and Isabel bringing over eggs scrambled, black beans, fried plantains. Isabel setting down fruit platter.

MARIO (CONT'D)
Nona, no me ponga frijoles...
Grandma, don't gimme no beans...

ESPERANZA
Coño, tú ni saludas a Isi que hace dos semanas que no la ves?!
Shit, you don't say hi to Isi you haven't seen for two weeks?!

Isabel frowning at grandma to let it go, pouring Mario coffee.

MARIO
Estás muy elegante! Camisa americana?
Looking sharp! American shirt?

Isabel smiling, producing a gift the size of a cigarette pack from her pocket, offering it to him. Mario exaggerating very gay surprise.

MARIO (CONT'D)
Y esto?
And this?

Del Potro's jaws working.

ISABEL
Ábrelo.
Open it.

Mario darting a glance at Del Potro who is making a point of ignoring him, ripping open the wrapping. Inside a state-of-the art NVIDIA GRAPHICS CARD. Mario speechless.

MARIO
'ño, niña!
Damn, girl!

Del Potro can't help stealing a glance.

ESPERANZA

Qué bicho es ese?
What's that thing?

MARIO

(moved)
Abuela, esto es...
Grandma, this is...

Squeezing Isabel's hand.

ISABEL

Una tarjeta gráfica...para acelerar
imágenes!
**A graphic card...to accelerate
images!**

Nona having no idea what she is talking about.

MARIO

Algo muy apreciado en mi trabajo.
**Something much appreciated for my
work.**

(darts glance at Del
Petro, kisses Isabel)
Gracias, Isi... Esto te costó
tremendo melón!
**Thanks, Isi... This cost you a
pretty penny!**

ISABEL

Qué va! Black Friday!
Not at all! Black Friday!

NONA

Qué, qué?!
Say, what?!

Del Potro, in party pooper mood, pouring himself more coffee.

DEL POTRO

(to Isabel)
Tú ya hoy trabajas?
You working today already?

ISABEL

Claro, Papi. Bastante que me
dejaron ir.
**Course, Papi. Enough that they let
me go.**

MARIO

Dejado?! Rogado, es lo que
deberían que haber hecho, muchacha.
Esta gente no entiende como
funciona el mundo civilizado!
**Let you?! Beg is what they should
have done! These people don't
understand how the civilized world
works!**

Isabel glancing at Del Potro, spreading jam on toast, passing
it to him.

ISABEL

Abuela, y que me vió en televisión?
Grandma, so you saw me on TV?

ESPERANZA

M'chacha! El barrio entero se
juntó aquí pa' velte. Hasta el
negro ese que tienes enamora'o!
**Girl! The entire neighborhood got
together here to watch you. Even
that colored boy in love with you!**

Isabel winking at Mario, shaking her head at her incorrigible
grandmother.

Mario's cat coming out of his bedroom, jumping onto his lap.
Del Potro ready to blow up. Mario putting away card, turning
to Del Potro for the first time.

MARIO

Vino solooo, yo no lo llaméee!
**Came by itself, you didn't hear
me calling him!**

DEL POTRO

(driky)
Sácalo de la mesa.
Get him off the table.

Mario giving an exasperated sigh, carrying the cat, sashaying
back to his bedroom.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Camina como un hombre, coño!
Walk like a man, damn it!

Mario walking on with exaggerated manliness.

Isabel holding back laughter.

Mario dropping the cat inside his bedroom, shutting door.
His cell ringing - a strident CHA-CHA - glancing back toward
Del Potro, answering.

ESPERANZA

Esos telefonicos que me van a
volver loca!
**Those little phones are going to
drive me crazy!**

MARIO

Aló! Ajá...
Hello! Yeah...

Stepping out to the back yard, suddenly dead serious.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Sí, sí...claro. Ajá. OK, sí,
sí...Seguro... Cuenta conmigo.
**Yes, yes...course. Yeah. OK, yes,
yes... For sure...Count me in.**

Ending call, returning to table with an intense look in his
eyes.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Póngame frijoles, Nona.
(beat)
Mañana tengo una entrevista pa'
enseñar en la UCI!
**Gimme beans, Grandma. Tomorrow I
have an interview to teach at the
UCI!**

ESPERANZA

Dónde?!
Where?!

ISABEL

(excited)
Mario, que bueno! La Universidad
de Ciencias Informáticas, Nona.
**Mario, that's great! Computer
Science University, Grandma.**

ESPERANZA

(sets plate for Del Potro)
Di tú!
How 'bout that!

This meant for Del Potro, who's mulling a reaction, when the
cellphone on his hip buzzes. Answering.

DEL POTRO

Del Potro...

Listening, sighing.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Voy pa'ya. Dile a Dominguez que
ni le hable hasta que yo llegue.
**On my way. Tell Dominguez to not
even speak to him till I get there.**

Downing coffee, getting up.

ESPERANZA

No vas a comel?!
Not gonna eat?!

ISABEL

Qué pasó?
What happened?

DEL POTRO

El viejo Mena... Le metió candela
otra vez al techo'e su vecino.
**Old man Mena... Set fire to his
neighbor's roof again.**

ISABEL

Ese hombre está loco.
That man is insane.

DEL POTRO

Ralladura tiene... Pero, yo no
encierro a nadie en un
psiquiátrico.
**A bit crazy he is... But, I don't
stick anybody in a nuthouse.**

Grabbing hat, jacket, darting Mario a sideways glance.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

(drily)
Felicitaciones...
Congratulations...

And he is gone.

EXT. SUGARCANE FARMLAND - DAY

Del Potro's LADA driving down a long dirt road, cutting
through sugar cane fields. Stopping before small wooden
shack.

MENA, an elderly farmer, chewing on a cigar stub, sitting on a box under a mango tree, mumbling.

NEIGHBORS gossiping in front of shack next door. A portion of its thatched roof has burned. A puddle of water under the corner where the fire was hosed down.

TWO POLICEMEN chatting against a beat-up marked police car. Saluting Del Potro as he crosses them toward Mena.

DEL POTRO

Don Mena!

The old man suddenly in tears.

MENA

No recuerdo na', Del Potro. Un momento mi gallo está cantando y al toque me viene la bronca.

I remember nothing, Del Potro. One moment my cock's singing, the next I get the anger.

DEL POTRO

Te entiendo, pero así no podemos seguir.

I understand, but we can't go on like this.

MENA

Dígale a Pancho que me perdone, Coronel.

Ask Pancho to forgive me, Colonel.

DEL POTRO

Díselo tú. Dame esa hacha.

Ask him yourself. Gimme that hatchet.

Mena noticing the hatchet in his hand, having no clue how it got there.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Ajá...

Yeah...

Mena handing it over.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Esto no te lo puedo dejar.

I can't let you keep this.

MENA

Es pa' matal mis pollos!
It's to slaughter my chickens!

DEL POTRO

Usemos un cuchillo de la cocina,
OK? Pequeño.
Let's use a knife from the kitchen,
OK? Small.

The man nodding, wiping nose, pulling a half bottle of cheap rum out of the box, remembering to offer Del Potro first shot.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Gracias, no, Mena... Si ni me
dejaste terminar mi desayuno.
Thanks, Mena, no... Didn't even
let me finish breakfast.

Strolling with hatchet to neighbor's shack. PANCHO, another old, lanky farmer with sunken eyes. Standing up, ready to complain. Del Potro stopping him, eyeing scorched thatching.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Cuánto calculas?
How much you figure?

PANCHO

Es la tercera vez, Coronel.
It's the third time, Colonel.

DEL POTRO

Cuánto?
How much?

The farmer looking at his young WIFE surrounded by four children.

PANCHO

Pues reparar esto me va a costar,
vaya, el vetiver, palma, el sisal--
Digo... 3000, 3,500 pesos.
Well, getting this fixed is gonna
set me back...the vetiver, thatch,
cord-- I say...3,000, 3,500 pesos.

DEL POTRO

3,500? Toma...
3,500? Here's...
(pulls out bills)
Cuatro mil...
Four thousnd...
(hands hatchet)
(MORE)

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Se conocen de toda la vida.
Ayúdalo cuando necesite matar
sus pollos. Estamos?
**You've known each other all your
lives. Help him when he needs
to kill his chickens. We good?**

Pancho glancing at Wife, taking hatchet, nodding. The Wife stepping up, taking bills, sticking them in her bra.

Del Potro cocking his head at the two policemen, getting in their car. Doing a double-take to patrol's number: 355.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Mena!

Giving the old man the baseball umpire's "safe" sign. Case closed. Mena smiling. Half his teeth long gone.

EXT. HOLGUÍN STREET - DAY

The LADA pulling up to a red light. A man approaching Del Potro's window with a bag.

MAN

(loud whisper)

Cangrejo! Tengo camarones,
cangrejo...

Crab! I've got shrimps, crab...

Del Potro staring at him. The man seeing his police windshield sticker, hurrying away. Del Potro watching him in rearview mirror, waiting for green to drive through intersection.

The light changing, Del Potro instead taking a sharp left.

INT/EXT. LADA - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro driving down a side street. Pulling over. Looking at dilapidated building before him, killing engine.

A MAN exiting, counting money. Del Potro studying the winding staircase, feeling its dark pull. Finally deciding against whatever is consuming him, reaching for the ignition. The odometer reads 98,354 - practically ...55.

Del Potro getting out of LADA, rushing up the stairs.

INT. BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Del Potro reaching second landing, knocking on peeling green door.

A moment later, HEAVY LOCKS turning, a horrid, oily, MIDDLE AGE WOMAN biting a cigar stub, opening the steel-reinforced door. Turning her back on Del Potro, disappearing into kitchen.

WOMAN

Moncho, el Coronel...!

Moncho, the Colonel...!

Del Potro closing door, moving down a lugubrious corridor, cluttered with olive-oil boxes, entering...

INT. MONCHO'S LAIRD - CONTINUOUS

A seedy office with one small window to the street - only source of natural light.

MONCHO ANGULO, a fat, black man sitting behind a cluttered desk, counting large stacks of bills - mostly Cuban pesos, some US Dollars. Motioning to chair occupied by small, sleeping dog.

Del Potro instead pulling out his brother's loan envelope, dropping it on the desk, moving to cage with two parakeets by window.

Moncho finishing counting the wads, rubber banding them, sticking them into vintage safe. Smiling at Del Potro.

MONCHO

Un gusto volverlo a ver, Coronel.

Pleasure to see you again, Colonel.

Picking up envelope, peeking into it.

DEL POTRO

Son diez mil. Todo al cangrejo.

That's ten thousand. All on the crab.

MONCHO

'ño! Estamos seguros? Mire que el 55 ya salió este mes...

Whoa! We sure? So you know, 55 already came up this month.

DEL POTRO
(re birds)
No les quedó alpiste.
They're out of seed.

MONCHO
(leafs bills, grinning)
Pues ahorita les compro.
Well, I'll get them some now.

Del Potro walking out.

DEL POTRO
El domingo paso por los 700 mil.
**Be by Sunday to collect the 700
thousand.**

MONCHO
Por soñar aquí no cobramos. Pase
igual, le pago un trago. Siempre un
placer verle la cara, Coronel. La
familia, todos bien..?
**We don't charge for dreaming. Drop
by anyway, buy you a drink. Always
a pleasure to see your face,
Colonel. Family all good..?**

Del Potro already gone.

EXT. HOLGUÍN AIRPORT - DAY

A crowded workers' bus coming to a stop before the terminal.
Isabel and AIRPORT WORKERS stepping off. She and TWO OTHER
AIR-TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS heading for the tower.

INT. CONTROL TOWER - MOMENTS LATER

Isabel climbing stairs to control room, surprised by cheers
from the rest of the personnel.

ERNESTO, a black colleague, obviously smitten with her,
delivering a bouquet of flowers from the group.

Isabel thanking them, meeting Ernesto's smile, taking her
place at her station.

EXT. EL PARAISO RESORT - DAY

ESTABLISHING. Clear skies. White, sandy beaches populated
by FOREIGN TOURISTS.

The conspicuous, dark gray 30-meter "Ragazzi" luxury yacht anchored a couple hundred meters from shore.

INT. EL PARAISO RESORT, KELLER'S ROOM - DAY

Keller, sporting bathing trunks, Hawaiian shirt and sandals, taking dried forensic examiner's suit and surgical gloves from hanger in the shower, folding them with obsessive precision on the bed.

Taking multicolored licorice from the small box on night table, removing camera case from closet, setting it on bed, opening combination lock.

Two professional Nikon cameras inside - lenses, memory chips accessories.

Keller releasing concealed lever, revealing double bottom. Pushing aside first victim's mauve slip, laying the examiner's suit and latex gloves beside it.

Seeing other articles of deception: the priest's collar, mustaches. Other female underwear, a package of surgical gloves, surgical instruments, chloroform flask, small plastic envelopes containing odd strands of hairs and used swabs. PASSPORTS FROM DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

Keller replacing double bottom, taking out camera, locking case.

Hanging camera around neck, appraising look in the mirror, adding bob hat and Wayfarer RayBans to reserved look, leaving room rolling case.

INT/EXT. LOBBY AND POOL AREA - DAY

Elevator opening, Keller stepping out with GUESTS.

Pulling camera case across polished stone floors to sunny pool area. Taking seat in the shade, ordering from WAITER.

His eyes falling on the sleek 90-foot Flybridge Riva DolceVita rocking gently in the tide.

The two Calabrians approaching on twin jet-ski matching the Riva's colors.

Keller's eyes drifting to the blue sky over the turquoise offing. His mind drifting...

MOTHER (V.O, ECHO)
...Won't be like this forever, you
see... One day our number'll come
up and we'll move to the seaside...

INT. UK FLAT - DAY (1988)

Boy Martin thumbing his book absentmindedly, staring at
Mother's plump hands - neatly, obsessively folding ironed
clothes on kitchen table.

MOTHER (V.O.) (ECHO)
...A nice beach cabana with a white
porch and spend our days gazing at
the sea, sipping bloody lemonades!
Right, my darling?

Turning her plastic smile on him.

The Boy's eyes on her red-nailed hands straightening the most
minute fold on the stacked clothes. PUSH.

WAITER (V.O.)
Aquí tiene, Señor.
Here you go, Sir.

EXT. EL PARAISO RESORT, POOL AREA - DAY

Keller snapping out of it, watching Waiter walk away, sipping
lemonade, turning attention back to Italians leaving jet-ski
on shore, jogging toward the hotel, talking and chuckling
loudly.

Martin picking up camera, taking picture of a beautiful CUBAN
WAITRESS clearing tables. The girl reacting to SHUTTER.
Keller meeting her smile with an expressionless stare. The
girl's smile fading, recovering it when Keller forces smile
back.

Keller turning attention to the Italian Adonises taking a
seat at the grill restaurant, under a large, white tent.

INT/EXT. EL PARAISO RESORT - SHORT TIME LATER

Keller ambling through lobby. The HOSPITALITY MANAGER
bounding off his desk to intercept him.

HOSPITALITY MANAGER
Señor Keller! Can I help you in
any way?
(grabs for camera case)
(MORE)

HOSPITALITY MANAGER (CONT'D)

Permita.

Allow me.

Keller holding on to case.

KELLER

It's perfectly alright...

HOSPITALITY MANAGER

Are you interested in a tour to the cayos, maybe? We have a wonderful glass-bottom--

KELLER

No. Nothing like that. Thank you. I'll be...working.

HOSPITALITY MANAGER

Of course. Anything you need...

(points to name tag)

Felipe! Anything at all.

Keller smiling, walking away, turning back.

KELLER

How far is the village?

HOSPITALITY MANAGER

What village, Sir?

KELLER

(shrugs)

Any small, photogenic village.

HOSPITALITY MANAGER

Well...there's Melones, some ten kilometers South, very picturesque.

KELLER

Melones...

Moving on, the Manager calling after him.

HOSPITALITY MANAGER

Need a taxi, Mr. Keller? I can--

Keller waving bye, heading for the exit, past a bar where several boisterous Italians drink mojitos and watch a Juventus match on TV.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTER - DAY

Del Potro moving along a back corridor, reaching a small office where a POLICE OFFICER watches Ortega interrogate Roilán through old-fashioned one way mirror.

Del Potro questioning him with a look. The Officer shaking his head. Del Potro holding out his hand, the Officer passing him the headphones, Del Potro putting them on.

The TRACK IN THE INTERVIEW ROOM GOING LIVE.

ORTEGA
(over headphones)
Qué fue, se portó mal?
What was it, she misbehaved?

ROILAN
(over headphones)
No. Na'...
No. Nuttin'...

ORTEGA
(over headphones)
Porque you entiendo... A veces las mujeres se propasan, no obedecen...
Cause I understand... Sometimes women go too far, don't obey...

IN THE ROOM

Roilan darting him a puzzled glance.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
Tú sabías que vendel contrabando era ilegal.
You knew that selling contraband is illegal.

ROILAN
Contrabando?! No... A mí me traen esa ropa de Mexico. Legal. Yo no soy el único cuentapropista vendiendo ropa extranjera en Holguín!
Contraband?! No... They bring me those clothes from Mexico. Legally. I'm not the only independent person selling foreign clothes in Holguín!

Ortega holding up plastic envelope with the metal button.

ORTEGA
Esto es violencia.
This is violence.

ROILAN
No, mano...
No, bro...

ORTEGA
Si no, cómo lo explicas?
How do you explain it otherwise?

ROILAN
Ya te dije. Ella me jaló por la
camisa... Se debe haber caído en
algún lado--
I told you, she ripped my shirt.
It must have fallen somewhere--

ORTEGA
Justo dónde la mataron?!
Precisely where she was murdered?!

ROILAN
No! Yo no sé! Yo no salí de la
casa!
No! I don't know! I never left
home!

Ortega sensing Del Potro's presence, eyeing mirror, spent.

Del Potro handing headphones back, walking out.

EXT. MELONES - DAY

A small, spread out village surrounded by green hills, ten
kilometers South of Guardalavaca.

Keller's black Jimny leaving main highway, taking winding
dirt track toward village.

INT/EXT. JIMNY - DAY

Keller driving slowly past isolated houses, a shop - on the
prowl.

CHILDREN playing with old bicycle rims, watching him drive
by.

Pulling up by fruit stand.

EXT. MELONES - DAY

Keller walking along a sparsely populated street, taking photographs.

A YOUNG WOMAN hurrying past. Keller seeking her eyes. The Woman meeting them straight on, insolently. His smile fading.

ANOTHER STREET

Keller coming to leaking public water faucet. Three skinny dogs with tongues out panting under a mango tree. Keller squatting by their side. The neglected animals barely reacting as he takes their photograph.

DOOR. Keller turning. An ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN stepping out of small house, carrying a tiny dog.

Keller standing. The woman seeing him, walking away.

JIMNY'S OPEN BACK DOOR

Keller snapping camera case open.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - SHORT TIME LATER

The Young Woman climbing the hill, her dog trailing behind. THE BACH CANTATA playing, ENGINE approaching. The Young Woman picking up her pet, stepping aside to give way.

The Jimny stopping past her.

INSIDE JIMNY

Keller wearing priest collar, rolling down passenger's window, waiting for girl to catch up.

A YOUNG MAN on a bicycle coasting downhill, ringing BELL, waving at Young Woman. In his rear view mirror Keller seeing her smile, waving back.

Keller meeting the Young Man's eyes, suddenly, turning up the Cantata, ripping off collar, skidding off.

The Girl looking puzzled after speeding truck. NEVER SAW THE DRIVER.

INT. MORGUE, AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

Here the MUSIC is soft Milanés coming from Molina's cellphone. Performing autopsy on an old man, humming quietly along.

Graciela at the second table, bent over Dianelis's sewn up cadaver, inspecting her hair, skin, toes, feet, front and back, hands, fingers - suddenly something calling her attention to one of her pinkies.

Grabbing a tweezer, putting the finger under the powerful magnifying glass, pulling something mushy from under the nail. Looking at Molina.

MOLINA

Qué?
What?

EXT. AIRPORT, TOWER - EVENING

Isabel exiting with COWORKERS. Ernesto waiting by his motorcycle.

ERNESTO

Del Potro, la acerco hasta su casa?
Esa guagua está que explota!
Isabel, can I give you a ride home?
That bus is busting at the seams!

Isabel glancing at the bus with standing room only, about to accept, hearing Del Potro's LADA's characteristic TWO SHORT HONKS.

ISABEL

Ay, Papi!
Hey, Daddy!

Ernesto seeing Del Potro pulling up, waving disappointed.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

Gracias igual, Ernesto...!
Thanks anyway, Ernesto...!

ERNESTO

Otra vez será.
Next time.

INT. LADA - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro watching scene, Isabel climbing in.

ISABEL
Qué sorpresa..!
What a surprise..!

DEL POTRO
Andaba cerca.
I was nearby.

Letting Ernesto drive ahead, following him out of airport.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
Como que interrumpí algo?
Looks like I interrupted something.

ISABEL
Hay, tan pesa'o...
Very funny...

He chuckling.

DEL POTRO
Entiendo que te sientas en edad,
pero--
I get that you feel old, but--

ISABEL
(irked)
Chico, ya! Si no, cojo la guagua!
Stop it already! Or I'm taking the bus!

Del Potro holding hands up apologetic. Driving in silence a few beats. Isabel turning on radio, flipping through stations.

DEL POTRO
Oye, Isabelita...ya que estamos en el tema--
Listen, Isabelita...since we are on the topic--

ISABEL
Isabelita!
(switches off radio)
Que pasó!?
What happened?!

DEL POTRO
Nada...!
Nothing...!

ISABEL
Isabelita?! Cada vez que me dices así viene la mala noticia.
(MORE)

ISABEL (CONT'D)

**Isabelita?! Every time you call me
that bad news comes.**

DEL POTRO

(laughs)

No chica... Bueno, no sé... Espero
que no la tomes mal.

**Not a all... Well, I don't know...
I HOPE you don't take it that way.**

ISABEL

Qué cosa?

What?

DEL POTRO

Bueno, pensando en mudarme con
Roberta.

**Well, thinking about moving in with
Roberta.**

ISABEL

Hay, Papi, finalmente!

Oh, Daddy, finally!

DEL POTRO

No te importa?

You don't mind?

ISABEL

Claro que me importa! Me alegra!
Tú sabes que yo la quiero mucho a
ella.

**Of course I mind! I'm glad! You
know I love her lots.**

DEL POTRO

(beat)

No sabía cómo te haría sentir por
tu madre.

**I didn't know how you would take
it, because of your mother.**

ISABEL

Mi madre?! Papá, Susana no solo te
traicionó a ti. Nos traicionó a
todos. Cuando decidió dejarte por
ese hombre, para mí murió.

**Mi mother?! Dad, Susan not only
betrayed you. She betrayed all of
us. When she decided to leave you
for that man, she died to me.**

DEL POTRO

No digas eso, tú no sabías lo que--
**Don't say that, you didn't know
what--**

ISABEL

No necesité saber más. Ese tipo de
traición no se perdona. Yo no la
perdono, vaya.
**I didn't need to know more. That
sort of betrayal is unforgivable.
I don't forgive it, there.**

DEL POTRO

Me pregunto a quién saliste tan
dura.
**I wonder who you inherited that
toughness from?**

ISABEL

La Nona dice que al abuelo Marcial.
Nona says from grandpa Marcial.

DEL POTRO

Mi papá también nos abandonó. Yo
todavía era un niño--
**My dad also abandoned us. I was
just a boy--**

ISABEL

Tu papá se fue a luchar por La
Revolución, Papi! Por su patria!
No compares! Tu Susana a vivir con
esa basura de hombre!
**Your father went to fight for The
Revolution, Daddy! For his
country! Doesn't compare! Your
Susan left to live with that
despicable man!**

DEL POTRO

Le daría lo que yo ya no podía.
Gave her what I no longer could.

ISABEL

Ah, porque no había otras pingas
disponibles además de la del hombre
empeñado en destruirte la vida!
**Oh, 'cause there weren't any dicks
available except the one from the
man bent on ruining your life!**

DEL POTRO

Tú no hablas así--
You don't speak like that--

ISABEL

Perdón...Pero Rufo Vargas es la
peor de las basuras! Nunca antes
le desee la muerte a nadie, pero
cuando a ella le cogió el cáncer
rogué pa' que se lo llevara a él
también!

**Sorry...But Rufo Vargas is the
worst garbage! Never before have I
wished for someone's death, but
when she got cancer I begged it
would take him too!**

Turning away, distraught.

The LADA crossing a bridge over a lagoon. A band of SCARLET
IBIS taking off. Isabel watching them.

Del Potro observing her.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

MILANES MUSIC CONTINUES. Molina working away.

Fluttering paper bangs on the grill showing air conditioning
repaired.

Graciela setting up powerful magnifying glass. Putting the
matter found under victim's nail under it.

SEEING IT MAGNIFIED as she carefully unfurls it.

Looking at Molina.

MOLINA

Qué es?
What is it?

GRACIELA

Parece piel.
Looks like skin.

MOLINA

Ya pa'l laboratorio. Pides
urgencia.
**Straight to the lab. Request
urgency.**

EXT. DEL POTRO'S HOME - SAME TIME

The LADA with Del Potro and Isabel pulling up to the square before their home.

DEL POTRO
Entonces, te parece bien?
Then, you're OK with it?

ISABEL
Y la Nona piensa como yo, pa' que sepa. Un hombre tan viril y bien parecido es un desperdicio, vaya.
And Grandma thinks like me, so you know. Handsome, virile man like you would be a waste.

Del Potro knowing when his leg's been pull. Cell BUZZING.

DEL POTRO
(answers)
Del Potro.

INTERCUT WITH GRACIELA AT MORGUE

GRACIELA (ON PHONE)
Coronel, Graciela Bezos.
Graciela Bezos, Colonel.

DEL POTRO
Ah...sí, cómo va la cosa, doctora?
Ah...yes, how goes it, Doctor?

Isabel knowing this will take a while, patting his hand, getting out, walking home.

GRACIELA (OVER PHONE)
Encontramos algo.
We found something.

INT. POLICE HQ - SORT TIME LATER

LADA PULLING up to Police HQ. Del Potro jumping out, entering building, stalking along corridor.

ROILAN (V.O.)
Cuántas veces más te lo voy a repetir, Chuzo. Ella se fue como a las--
How many more times do I need to tell you, Chuzo? She left around--

Del Potro bursting into...

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The door swinging open, Del Potro startling Roilán and Ortega.

DEL POTRO
Quítate la camisa!
Take off your shirt!

ROILÁN
Ah..?
Wha..?

ORTEGA
Qué pasó, jefe?
What happened, chief?

DEL POTRO
Quítatela!
Take it off!

Slapping prisoner, knocking him off the chair. Ortega stunned.

ORTEGA
Coronel!
Colonel!

Roilán complying. Exposing a long scratch on his clavicle.

DEL POTRO
Qué es eso?!
What's that?!

The young man touching it, at a loss.

ROILÁN
Dianelis que me...
Dianelis, she...

Del Potro arming a fist, Roilán cowering, Ortega about to step in.

ROILÁN (CONT'D)
Tuvimos una bronca! Ella...
We had a fight! She...
(turns to Ortega)
Yo ya te lo dije!
I already told you!
(to Del Potro)
Pero yo no le hice nada, Coronel.
But I did nothing to her, Colonel.

Ortega picking up the chair, sitting Roilán back.

ROILÁN (CONT'D)

Se lo juro! Ella me arañó! Cuando
se enoja se pone como una--
**I swear, She scratched me, when
she gets angry she becomes a--**

DEL POTRO

Qué coño me importa a mi juro?!
Esa piel que te falta ahí la
encontramos bajo sus uñas.
**Fuck I give about swear?! We
found your skin under her nails.**

ROILAN

No, señor, no, yo le ju-- Yo no
fui!
No, Sir, no, I swe-- It wasn't me!

DEL POTRO

Yo sí te juro que si el ADN empata
te comes 30 años!
**I do swear that if the DNA matches,
you're going away for 30 years!**

ROILÁN

Yo no maté a nadie! Chuzo, tú me
conoces!
**I didn't kill anybody! Chuzo, you
know me!**

Del Potro storming out.

DEL POTRO

Regrésalo al calabozo.
Lock him up.

INT. PALADAR 1 - NIGHT

Del Potro and Roberta having dinner at a quaint home-
restaurant. She looking radiant, someone asking the former
Tropicana star for autograph.

Del Potro has eaten little. She raising her glass.

ROBERTA

Bonita cara pa' festejar
aniversario! Qué fue?
**Nice face to celebrate our
anniversary. What's up?**

He forcing a smile, sipping his glass, shaking his head.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Resolviste ese caso en 48 horas!
Disfrútalo, mi vida!
You solved that case in 48 hours!
Enjoy it, hon!

DEL POTRO

Ese muchacho no tiene cabeza pa'
eso.
That kid has no head for that.

ROBERTA

Cabeza pa' matar tenemos todos.
Circunstancias es lo que determina
el destino de la gente. Míranos
aquí...
We all have a head for killing.
Circumstances are what determines
peoples's fate. Look at us here...

Del Potro smiling. Roberta showing her empty glass.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

El vino que me pone filosófica.
The wine puts me in philosophical
mode.

Del Potro refilling it, taking her hand.

DEL POTRO

Circunstancia es otra cosa. Yo
hablo del hecho. No fue un crimen
pasional. Sofisticación que no
entra en la cabeza de guajiro de
ese chavo. El que mató a esa
muchacha fue alguien metódico,
compulsivo. Refinado.
Circumstance is something else.
I'm speaking of the actual deed.
The how? It was not a crime of
passion. Sophistication you can't
square with that boy's simple mind.
That girl's killer was someone
methodical, compulsive. Refined.

ROBERTA

Refina'ó?! A ti como que te
cayeron mal esos camarones!
Refined?! I think that shrimp
didn't sit well with you!

DEL POTRO

Tendrías que ver para comprender.
Mutilación completa del órgano
sexual--

**You would need to see to get it.
Complete mutilation of the sexual
organ--**

ROBERTA

Hay, por mi vida! Deja eso, te lo
suplico. Eso es odio a la madre.
Igualito aparecía en una de esas
novelas americanas que tú te burlas
que yo leo! Háblame de algo grato!
**My God! Stop that, I beg you.
That's just hate for his mother.
Same thing happened in one of
those American novels you make fun
of me reading! Talk to me about
something pleasant!**

Del Potro sipping wine, changing subject.

DEL POTRO

Mario fue pa' La Habana.
Mario left for Havana.

ROBERTA

Y eso..? Ah, por su cosa con los
pájaros!
Oh..? Right, for his bird thing!

DEL POTRO

Yo no entiendo sus pendejadas. No
sé que coño tiene en la cabeza ese
compadre... Pero dice que pueda que
enseñe - en la UCI.
**I don't get any of his nonsense.
Can't figure what's in his head...
But he says he might teach that
stuff at the UCI.**

ROBERTA

Dí tú! Pues no será un nulo como
tú dices. No, cómo es qué tú
dices? "Un cero a la izquierda!"
**Well, now! Can't be a good-for-
nothing, like you say. No, how was
it you put it? "A zero left of the
comma!"**

(laughs)

De dónde sacas tú esos refranes,
por mi vida!

(MORE)

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
**Where do you get those sayings, my
God!**

DEL POTRO
(smiles)
Mi viejo... Y Papá y que los cogía
del Che...
**My old man... And he got them up
from Che, supposedly...**

EXT. BEACH SHACK - NIGHT

TEN WOULD-BE "BALSEROS" carrying a homemade vessel out of a shack. A WOMAN closing the gate, anxiously watching them disappear across a beach, into the pitch black night.

The men carrying the boat to the sea. Urgent WHISPERING. One of them Mario.

RADIO MUSIC approaching. All ducking. An old American convertible driving past, taking the MUSIC and VOICES with it.

The balseros resuming run.

ON THE SHORE

Pushing vessel into breaking surf. Mario and a FRIEND grabbing small overboard engine, quickly fastening it to stern. All giving the boat one last push, climbing in.

ON THE BOAT

Taking their places, setting oars, rowing vigorously.

Mario turning toward the receding shore, the neighbors' VOICES fading away. Eyes unexpectedly flooding with tears.

A THOUSAND METERS FROM SHORE

The boat making silent progress on a gently swaying sea. A makeshift spinnaker raised, immediately swelling. The "Captain" stealing one last glance toward shore, starting the 2 stroke engine. The men exchanging looks: next stop, the Florida Keys.

The vessel picking up speed, breaking the waves, showering the sailors. Smiling, eager, high-fiving one another.

A SIREN breaking up the party. A powerful spotlight hitting Mario's stunned face.

LOUD SPEAKER VOICE
Corten motor! Levanten los brazos!
Cut off engine! Raise your hands!

The Captain veering away. The coastguard cutting them off, creating large waves, flooding vessel.

LOUD SPEAKER VOICE (CONT'D)
Apaga el motor, esere!
Turn off the engine, guy!

The Captain killing the engine, defeated.

INT/EXT. COAST GUARD PATROL - NIGHT

Heading for shore. Mario and the other "balseros" sitting in a row, under guard, watching their boat in flames recede in the offing.

MARIO
Pa' dónde nos llevan?
Where're you taking us?

GUARD
No pa' Miami!
Not to Miami!

Chuckling with another guard. Mario turning to open sea, forlorn.

EXT. PORT OF HAVANA - NIGHT

The Balseros taken off patrol boat by Coast Guard Officers, walked into military truck. Mario resisting.

MARIO
Dónde nos llevan?!
Where are you taking us?!

GUARD
No lo haga difícil, compañero.
Don't make it difficult, comrade.

MARIO
Soy el hijo del Coronel Del Potro!
Conozco al General Vargas!
I'm the son of Colonel Del Potro!
I know General Vargas!

An OFFICER turning upon hearing the last name.

INT. DEL POTRO'S HOME - DAY

Nona cooking breakfast. Isabel coming in, holding well-worn ballet pointe shoes.

ISABEL

Papa?

NONA

Fue a comprar su periódico.
Went to get his paper.

ISABEL

Vio mis leotardos rosados, Nona?
Have you seen my pink tights, Nona?

NONA

Colgados en la ducha'e tu hermano,
muchacha!
**Hanging in your brother's shower,
girl!**

ISABEL

(makes a face)

De mi hermano?
My brother's?

Mario's starling suddenly tweeting and fluttering in cage.

NONA

En treinta llega tu Papi. Ponle
café.
**In thirty seconds your daddy
arrives. Pour him coffee.**

ISABEL

Qué cosa..?!
What's that..?!

Nona back at the stove.

ESPERANZA

Cuenta pa' que veas...
Count, you'll see...

Isabel pouring a coffee on Del Potro's place, puzzled.

ISABEL

Me muero por recomenzar los
ensayos. Larraldo me dijo cuando
me fui para New York que a mi
regreso me iba a hacer una prueba
importante. Pero no me quiso decir
pa' qué!

(MORE)

ISABEL (CONT'D)

**I'm dying to go back to ballet.
Larraldo told me when I left for
New York that when I return I am
up for an important tryout. But he
wouldn't tell me what for!**

ESPERANZA

**Qué va a sel, muchacha?! Lo único
que queda pa'ti es el Nacional!
What could it be?! Only thing left
for you is the National Company!**

ISABEL

**Hay, abuela, usted no sabe lo que
dice...
Grandma, you don't know what you're
saying...**

The thirty seconds up, Del Potro stepping in from the street,
with the GRANMA daily open.

DEL POTRO

**Buen día...
'Morning...**

Nona giving Isabel a "told'ya" look.

Isabel caressing Del Potro's head, taking his seat.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

**Qué fue?
What?**

ISABEL

**La Nona, que dice que el pájaro de
Mario le avisa cuando tú llegas.
Nothing, Grandma says Mario's bird
tells her when you are coming.**

NONA

**Huevos, quieres?
Eggs?**

DEL POTRO

**No, vieja, una tostadica con jalea
y ya... Guayaba hay?
Nah, mom, just toast with
jam...Guava we have?**

Sipping coffee, cocking head toward Mario's bedroom.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

**El príncipe come solo?!
The prince eats alone?!**

ESPERANZA

Mi nieto cogió ayer pa' La Habana,
no recuealdas?

**My grandson left yesterday for
Havana, you don't remember?**

De Potro's cell ringing. Esperanza remonstrating.

DEL POTRO

Ya lo apago, vieja!

I'll turn it off!

(answers)

Del Potro...

VARGAS (OVER PHONE)

Mariscal! Rufo Vargas.

Marshall!

Del Potro's face darkening. Isabel catching the ghost of the
cocky voice, seething.

INT. HAVANA POLICE HQ - DAY

RUFO VARGAS (50's), attractive, well groomed - a pack of
arrogance tightly wrapped in scorn - sitting behind a large
desk, smoking a Cohiba Behike. Silence on the line.

VARGAS

Estás ahí?

You there?

INTERCUT WITH DEL POTRO AT HOME

DEL POTRO

Aquí estoy... Qué tú quieres?

I'm here... What do you want?

Isabel's sixth sense kicking in, exchanging a look with Nona.

VARGAS

Yo? De ti absolutamente nada,
viejo. Pero aquí tengo a un hijo
tuyo.

**Me? From you nothing at all, old
man. But I've got here a son of
yours.**

DEL POTRO

Cómo? Qué hijo?

What? What son?

Vargas eyeing Mario - handcuffed to a bench in his hallway.

VARGAS

Bueno, no se cuántos tendrás
bota'os por ahí, pero el que me
cayó aquí es el mulato balsero!
**Well, I don't know how many you've
got lying around, but the one I got
here is the mulatto "balsero."**

DEL POTRO

Qué balsero? De qué coño hablas?
**What balsero? Hell you talking
about?**

Isabel and Esperanza increasingly concerned; Del Potro
growing livid.

VARGAS

Dijo que tú me conocías pa' que no
lo mandaran pa' La Juventud. Lo
cogimos con otros malandros yéndose
y que pa' Miami.
**Said you knew me so he wouldn't be
sent to La Juventud. Caught him
with other lowlives, trying to get
to Miami.**

Toying with his cigar, enjoying the silence on the line.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Él dice que tú y que sabías.
He says you knew all about it.

DEL POTRO

Mira Rufo, no sé qué coño estás
traficando, pero--
**Listen Rufo, I don't know what the
fuck you're cooking up, but--**

Isabel and Esperanza stiffening at the mention of the name.

VARGAS

Cálmate, mariscal. Yo solo
repito... Oye, por ser tú te lo
detengo un par de días pa' que se
le vayan las ganas, y ahí te lo
mando.
**Take it easy, buddy. I'm just
repeating... Listen, 'cause it's
you, I'll keep him a couple of days
to give him a taste, then I'll
return him to you.**

DEL POTRO
A mí no me hagas favores!
Don't do me any favors!

Isabel drilling him. Esperanza grabbing his arm imploringly.

VARGAS
Favores no. Que me quiero sacar
esta mierda de encima, chico!
**No favor. Just want to get rid of
this piece of shit, man!**

Slamming the phone down, sucking on his cigar, with a shit-eating grin on his face.

Del Potro unable to settle his gaze on one person or thing.

ISABEL
Está lastimado?
Is he hurt?

Del Potro pounding the table, livid, grabbing hat, jacket, SLAMMING DOOR on way out.

EXT. EL PARAISO RESORT, POOL AREA - DAY

Piromalli and Guetta parading themselves around the pool, holding books, looking for just the right sun lounge on which to suntan their gorgeous bodies.

Wearing flashy designer pool shoes, D&G shades, enough gold chains to sink a balloon and tight, revealing Speedos.

Guetta finally dropping his books on a lounge. Piromalli not quite satisfied with the sun direction, directing him to the next pair of sun chairs. Guetta picking up books, irritated.

From the other side of the pool, in the shade, pale Keller watching them intrigued from behind his Wayfarers.

Their Italian LAUGHTER reaching in annoying peals. Keller taking several quick pictures of the couple.

EXT. POLICE HQ - DAY (AERIAL)

Heavy traffic around downtown Holguín. Polluting vehicles, packed busses. Many pedestrians, bicitaxies. Del Potro leaving his parked LADA, entering station.

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Del Potro walking in, ill-humored. Magali on the phone.
Putting caller on hold.

MAGALI

Coronel, Berta Cañas, la mamá del
muchacho en detención, que quiere
visitar a su hijo.

**Colonel, Berta Cañas, the
detainee's mother, wants to visit
her son.**

DEL POTRO

No! Si, mañana por la mañana.

No! Yes, tomorrow morning.

Moving into the main investigators' office.

Not like in American movies. A squalid room, old, metal
furniture, one desktop running Windows XP, stained pinboard,
faded wall map, small noisy refrigerator.

Ortega, JIMENEZ (el OSO - the BEAR), a young, over-sized
corporal - harmless but with an unnerving looking mug and
intimidating physique - TWO FEMALE LIEUTENANT INVESTIGATORS,
the two Police Officers from the first crime scene, all
around a table. Ortega darting LIEUTENANT YARITZA CABRERA,
the more attractive of the investigators, a wolf's glance -
she pretends to ignore.

All turning to Del Potro as he stalks in.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Bueno, gente, dónde estamos?

So, people, where are we at?

Taking a seat on "his" chair against a far wall the most
ragged and old.

Ortega removing several ads and notices pinned on a board,
tacking on enlarged Xerox of Dianelis's ID.

ORTEGA

Dianelis Cutiño Rojo. Veintiún
años, soltera. Empleada en la
Agropecuaria Del Monte como agente
de seguridad. Antes...

**Dianelis Cutiño Rojo. Twenty-one,
single. Employed at the
Agropecuaria Del Monte as night
watchman. Before...**

(pins up three photos from
body at crime scene)

(MORE)

ORTEGA (CONT'D)

Después.

After.

Yaritza writing her name on card, pinning it above ID photo.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)

Vista con vida por última vez,
jueves por la tarde, por dos
vecinas del edificio donde habitaba
con su novio, Roilán Cañas.

**Last seen alive Thursday afternoon
by two neighbors from the building
where she resided with her
boyfriend, Roilán Cañas.**

LIEUTENANT LUZ NUÑEZ, the second female investigator, leafing
through report.

NUÑEZ

Yo creí que nadie la había visto el
jueves.

**I thought no one had seen her alive
Thursday.**

ORTEGA

Bueno, sí, no...la escucharon, las
vecinas reconocieron su voz.
Teniendo una bronca con Roilán.

**Well, yes, no... they heard her,
the two neighbors recognized her
voice. Having a fight with Roilán.**

YARITZA

Detenido el día siguiente en el
domicilio...durmiendo serenamente.

**Detained the next day at his
apartment...sleeping serenely.**

ORTEGA

Eso no quiere decir na'.

That means nuttin'.

YARITZA

No? Usted realmente cree eso,
Teniente? Me mata y se va a
dormir.

**No? You really believe that,
Lieutenant? You'd kill me and
could just go to sleep.**

ORTEGA

Bueno, a ti lo último que me da
ganas es de matarte, Teniente.

(MORE)

ORTEGA (CONT'D)

**Well, killing is the last thought
you bring to my mind, Sergeant.**

DEL POTRO

Oye! Dónde coño creen que están
ustedes?! En la morgue hay una
muchacha muerta! O ya se olvidaron?
**Whoa! Hell you think you are!
There's a dead girl in the morgue!
Or you forgot about it?**

Ortega regretting. Del Potro on his feet.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Ortega, me envías alguien a la
Agro. Cuándo la vieron por última
vez? Cómo era en su trabajo?
Alguien la traía, la recogía...?
Además de Cañas.
**Chuzo, send someone to the Agro.
When did they see her last? How
was her work? Anyone brought her,
picked her up? Besides Cañas.**

Picking up cast of pointy shoes track from crime scene.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Y no se olviden de esto. Estamos
buscando un par de zapatos de
hombre, puntiagudos, como esta.
Posiblemente verdes.
**And don't forget this. We're
looking for a pair of pointy men's
shoes, like this. Possibly bright
green.**

Ortega reacting to last comment.

NUÑEZ

Usted tampoco piensa que fue
Cañas, Jefe?
**You don't think it was Cañas
either, Chief?**

DEL POTRO

Yo no pienso nada. Y hasta que
ese muchacho no confiese ó me
encuentren evidencia de su
culpabilidad, ustedes tampoco.
Empiecen por el arma del crimen.
I don't think anything.

(MORE)

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

**And 'til that young man confesses
or you find me solid evidence of
his guilt, neither do you. Start
with the murder weapon.**

CSI OFFICER

Pero la muchacha fue estrangulada.
But the girl was strangled.

DEL POTRO

Y disecada. Con qué? Buscamos
algo extremadamente afilado. Una
navaja, más probablemente un
bisturí. Y alguien que sabía
usarlo...
**Then dissected. With what? We're
looking for something extremely
sharp. A blade, more likely a
scalpel. And someone who knows how
to use it.**

Ortega and Nuñez exchanging looks. Del Potro picking up hat,
stalking out.

ORTEGA

Jiménez, tú y Manolo regresan a
casa'e Roilan. Dan vuelta esa
vaina hasta que no quede ni la
pintura en las paredes. Un bisturí
cuesta. Con suerte no lo botó.

(to Yaritza)

**Tú y yo vamos pa'l agro, teniente.
Jimenez, you and Manolo go back to
Roilán apartment. Toss that place
till the paint peels from the
walls. A scalpel is expensive.
With luck he didn't get rid of it.
You and I are heading for the agro,
Lieutenant.**

EXT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Del Potro walking out, driving off in LADA.

EXT. EL PARAISO RESORT, POOL AREA - LATER

The sun has moved, the Italians having pulled their sun
loungers closer to the pool, reading and catching the cooler
rays of the afternoon.

Keller strolling by, briefly meeting Piromalli's eyes as he turns page, slipping a polite smile, spying his book cover: GOETHE'S ROMAN ELEGIES AND VENETIAN EPIGRAMS.

The Hospitality Manager intercepting Keller with forced deference, requesting autograph on copy of Keller book he is holding.

Keller signing first page with a flourish, moving on - but not before he has darted a glance from behind his shades at...

Piromalli and Guetta dully impressed.

INT. DEL POTRO'S HOME - DAY

Breakfast. Isabel pouring Del Potro coffee.

DEL POTRO

Mario no llamó?

Mario didn't call?

ISABEL

No, Papi. Al primo de Leidy lo tuvieron como cuatro días pero al final también lo largaron.

No, Daddy. They held Leidy's cousin four days, but in the end they let him go.

Esperanza bringing Del Potro's toast.

ESPERANZA

Y a ellos los cogieron fue con pistolas! Bueno, un cinco tiros del abuelo, y que cargaban...

And they got caught with guns!

Well, his grandfather's old five-shooter they said he was carrying.

Moving to her shrine, rearranging, replacing candy offerings.

ESPERANZA (CONT'D)

Ya yo le puse su caramelito a Elegua.

I already put his candy on Elegua.

Del Potro eyeing the Heavens.

EXT. AVOCADO COUNTRY - DAY

Del Potro's LADA cutting through lush avocado plantations.

INT. LADA - SHORT TIME LATER

Del Potro turning into secondary road, arriving at gate. The arch above - FINCA SANTA CLARA (SANTA CLARA FARM). Driving under it.

EXT. SANTA CLARA FARM - DAY

ALEJA ROCA, Benjamín's wife, helping a WORKER clear bushes from a bougainvillea crowding the side of the large farmhouse.

Seeing Del Potro's LADA approaching on the access road.

Her teenage son, BENITO, studying under a ceiling fan, in the verandah.

ALEJA

Benito, ve y dile a tu Papi que
vino su hermano.

**Benito, go tell your daddy that his
brother is here.**

The boy running off. TWO DOZEN WORKERS harvesting, boxing avocados.

Del Potro stepping down from LADA, embracing Aleja.

ALEJA (CONT'D)

Marcial, qué sorpresa!

Marcial, what a surprise!

DEL POTRO

Aleja...

(re bouganvielle)

Tumbando la casa?

Tearing the house down?

ALEJA

Hay, qué fastidio...esa cosa no
deja de crecer. Tengo un agua de
tamarindo que, vaya... Y te quedas
a almorzar!

**Ugh! That thing won't stop
growing. I made some tamarind
juice to die for. And you're
staying for lunch.**

Del Potro allowing, following her up to...

VERANDA

Aleja pouring tall glass of home made iced tamarind juice.

DEL POTRO

Benjamín?

ALEJA

Por ahí metido, tú sabes. Benito ya fue a buscarlo.

In there somewhere, you know.

Benito already went to get him.

Taking distant seats at the long table.

ALEJA (CONT'D)

Niño, la vimos a Isabelita en televisión! Esa muchacha es una maravilla!

My God, we saw Isabelita on TV!

That girl's a wonder!

The Worker peeking into veranda.

ALEJA (CONT'D)

Ya, Manolo...mañana seguimos...

That's fine, Manolo...Pick it up tomorrow.

(lights cigarillo)

Cuándo va a dejar de perder su tiempo en el aeropuerto?! Ella está pa'l mundo!

When will she stop wasting her time at the airport?! She's ready for the World!

DEL POTRO

Se lo digo, pero dice que no sé de lo que estoy hablando, que hay muchas mejores que terminan enseñando.

I tell her, but she says I don't know what I'm talking about, that there are many far better that end up teaching.

ALEJA

Bueno, yo no soy experta en na' de eso, pero para mí esa niña es una estrella!

Well, I'm no expert of anything, but that child is a star!

Benjamín and Benito emerging from grove.

BENJAMÍN

Y eso? Me llamaste? No vi ningún--
What's up? Did you call me? I
didn't see any--

DEL POTRO

No, no andaba lejos, y...
No, I wasn't far, so...

Benjamin studying him, obviously showing up unannounced is not usual for Del Potro.

Del Potro squeezing Benito's neck.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Sobrino qué me cuenta?!
What's new, nephew?!

ALEJA

Muchas muchachas, pocos libros!
Lots of girls, few books!

Del Potro laughing.

DEL POTRO

Y mi otro socio?
And my other budy?

ALEJA

Eduardo ya comenzó en la UCI.
Viene son los fines de semana.
Eduardo already started at the UCI.
Comes home on weekends.

DEL POTRO

Pasa el tiempo...
Time flies...
(waves at the plantation)
Y esto, cómo va?
And, how's this going?

BENJAMÍN

Este año la cosecha va a ser un jonrón. Con el nuevo sistema de siembra escalonada estamos en 17 toneladas por hectárea! Y bueno, la lluvia ha ayudado bastante--
This year's crop's going to be a home run. With the new system of layered seeding we're at 17 tons per hectare! And of course, the rain hasn't hurt--

(Del Potro distracted)

(MORE)

BENJAMÍN (CONT'D)

Todo en orden, mano?

Everything OK, bro?

Aleja sensing Del Potro needs to be alone with his half brother.

ALEJA

Ven Benito, ayudame a sacar el puerco del horno.

Come, Benito, help me take the roast out of the oven.

Benito following her to kitchen. Benjamín moving closer.

BENJAMÍN

Cuánto perdiste?

How much you lose?

Del Potro leading him down the steps, strolling by the orchard.

DEL POTRO

No, chico... Mario que cogió balsa pa' Miami.

No, man... Mario left on a raft for Miami.

BENJAMÍN

Que, qué?! Cuándo?

Say, what?! When?

DEL POTRO

Antier.

Day before yesterday.

BENJAMÍN

Ya llegaron?

They made it?

DEL POTRO

Qué coño van a llegar! Me llamó Rufo Vargas gozando que me lo tenía preso. Que después de un par de días de escarmiento me hacía el favor de entregármelo.

Fuck no they didn't make it! Rufo Vargas called me, gloating he had him in jail. That after a couple days lesson he'd do me the favor of releasing him to me.

BENJAMÍN

Eso es bueno, no?

That's good, no?

DEL POTRO

Entregármelo! Que vaya yo a
buscarlo! No puedo... Si le veo la
cara a Rufo...

Release him to me! To go get him!
I can't...if I see Rufo's face...

BENJAMÍN

Voy yo.
I'll go.

Del Potro nodding, grateful.

At the veranda, Aleja setting roast on the table. Benito
lending hand.

ALEJA

A comer!
Lunch!

BENJAMÍN

Pero y si a mí no me lo entrega?
**But what if he won't release him to
me?**

Del Potro shaking his head.

DEL POTRO

Le faltan huevos...
Hasn't got the balls...

Taking places at table.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Aleja! Qué bueno se ve esto!
Aleja! This looks too good!

INT. DEL POTRO'S GARAGE-OFFICE - NIGHT

Soft SEGOVIA playing on old Zenith Trans-Oceanic 1000.

Del Potro sawing copper pipes with old handsaw. Measuring,
setting pipes in vice, measuring it, sawing, stopping,
thoughtful.

INT. MARIO'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Del Potro walking into somber room. Probably hasn't been
here in years. Turning on lamp by computer, accidentally
touching mouse - the monitor lighting up. The screen-saver,
a simulated boids murmuration, revolving on the screen.

Staring at it a moment, then scanning the room - the undone bed, the cat staring at him, the poster of the Statue of Liberty. Turning off lamp, walking out - thoughtful.

INT/EXT. CENTRO DE ARTE, ART GALLERY - DUSK

Avant guard. Sculptures inside and out on Calixto Garcia square. Keller, wearing an off-white linen suit, buttoned up white shirt - bright red-green shoes - sipping juice, quietly socializing with several CUBAN ARTISTS.

An exhibit of some thirty photos by Martin Keller filling a section of the walls. His subjects English women, mainly mothers, some nuns. Most with well dressed, clean children. A rather idilic side of Birmingham middle-class society. Often in bare or sparsely furnished settings. Unpopulated amusement parks, beaches. Of high artistic value.

A YOUNG ARTIST pointing to a photo of a mother holding the hand of a girl seating on a wall, her back to the sea. Particularly poignant.

ARTIST 1

Esta me gusta, pero tiene algo raro, no..? Como...esteril.
I like this one, but there is something odd about it, no? Like sterile.

ARTIST 2

Esteril no, inexpresiva, pero intencional.
Not sterile, inexpressive. But on purpose.

KELLER

I prefer neutrality. I never know what I am looking for when I press the shutter, but that moment of a sort of suspended animation often captures my imagination.

ARTIST 2

(English)

So what motivates you to press that shutter?

KELLER

(shrugs)

Just...happens... They help me travel. That I rather enjoy.

LOLA VIVES, a wild-haired, strikingly attractive brunette in late twenties, dressed in punky black, with intense, piercing blue eyes has caught the tail of it...

ARTIST 1

Qué sujetos ha encontrado
interesantes en Cuba?
**What subjects have you found
interesting in Cuba?**

KELLER

Everything interests me... Still
deciding what Cuba is... What makes
its people tick.

LOLA

Same thing makes the rest of the
world tick, no? Love.

Keller's gaze floating out to the square, in the dying sun.

KELLER

Love is often overrated.

Lola eyeing others, annoyed.

LOLA

How can you consider yourself an
artist and say a thing like that?

Keller turning, really seeing her for the first time.

KELLER

I don't think of myself that way.
If there is any true art in anyone
he is unaware of it. And if there
is any in myself, it is certainly
not in my pictures.

LOLA

Where then?

KELLER

Haven't a clue.

Smiling cryptically. Lola turning his back on him, making
male masturbation gesture to others, grabbing glass of beer,
moving away, writing him off.

ARTIST 1

Usted vino a Cuba a fotografiar
Oriente, no? Eso nos dijeron...
(MORE)

ARTIST 1 (CONT'D)
You came to Cuba to photograph
Oriente, no? That's what we were
told...

KELLER
Oriente is very photogenic...

Keller looking after...

LOLA

Joining another group by some installations.

Keller walking after her without saying goodbye.

Lola seeing him coming, turning her back on him.

KELLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
One of those yours?

She glancing at him, following his gaze to a sensuous
installation.

LOLA
No, I'm in the other room. I paint.

KELLER
You show me?

Lola studying him, emptying beer, starting off. Keller
following her toward a smaller...

PAINTINGS EXHIBIT ROOM

Fewer people. Mostly acrylics, and watercolors, some oils.
Obviously from a variety of painters.

LOLA
Mine are those three.

Leading him to a set of three large abstract oils of great
artistry and expressiveness. If Gerhard Richter were Cuban,
this might be his output.

Keller walking up, studying pieces, looking at her.

LOLA (CONT'D)
A whole year's output. Pathetic,
I know.

Keller bringing a delicate finger to one of the canvases,
moved, eyeing the signature.

KELLER

Lola...

She misinterpreting his demeanor.

LOLA

You hate them.

He glancing at her, perusing the other paintings.

KELLER

We know so little about each other.

Lola reassessing. Noticing for the first time his bold, red-green shoes.

LOLA

You like them?

KELLER

Intensely, but they're...
(turns to her)
Violent.

LOLA

You couldn't possibly know what
inspired them.

KELLER

You'd be surprised...

A moment of contact.

KELLER (CONT'D)

Where did you learn such good
English?

LOLA

We have schools in Cuba.

KELLER

No. Nobody learns a language like
that in school.

LOLA

What can I tell you, I've never
been outside Cuba. Almost none of
the young people you see here have.
Fucking with foreigners maybe?

KELLER

I wasn't implying that. I just
think it's unusual. You are very
unusual.

EDDIE FUENTE FUERTE, the harried, gay Art Center Director arriving from the main show.

EDDIE
Ah, Señor Keller..! Eddie Fuente
Fuerte, Director del--

Signaling another HARRIED OFFICIAL in the main room. Keller taking the lifeless outstretched hand.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Llegó el Gobernador-- Sí entiende?
Queremos una foto de los dos.
**The Governor...he's here. Do you
understand? We want a picture of
you two.**

Keller turning back to Lola...

KELLER
I think you are remarkable, Lola.
And the only artist here today.

Following Eddie. Lola watching him go, turning to her work, sexually aroused.

EXT. AVENIDA LOS ÁLAMOS - LATE NIGHT

Lola walking with arms folded along the dark, deserted avenue.

INT. JIMNY - SAME TIME

Keller driving slowly, spotting Lola ahead.

EXT. AVENIDA LOS ÁLAMOS - LATE

The Jimny catching up with Lola, Keller leaning into open passenger window.

KELLER
Lola...

Lola squinting into truck, seeing Keller, getting in without a word.

INT. JIMNY - CONTINUOUS

Keller surprised, driving on. After a silence:

KELLER

Da Vinci produced 15 paintings
during his entire lifetime.

Lola turning to him, her eyes smiling. Seeing Keller's
camera between them, picking it up.

LOLA

This your canvas?

Not expecting a reply. Driving in comfortable silence for a
time, reaching the highway.

KELLER

Where am I taking you?

LOLA

I don't care.

Keller looking at her. Beat.

LOLA (CONT'D)

I have no better place to be.

Turning camera on, taking a picture of Keller. FLASH.

LOLA (CONT'D)

I hate flash.

(turns it off)

I love shadows... You?

KELLER

I do, indeed...

LOLA

Would you like to take naked
pictures of me?

Keller looking intently at her now, not sure what he is
feeling. Letting the Jimny drift off highway, into a dirt
road cutting through farmland.

EXT. FARMLAND - NIGHT

The Jimny moving under the full moon.

INT. JIMNY - MINUTES LATER

Lola watching Keller drive, relaxed. Row after row of orange
groves. Keller turning into one of the alleys. Lola leaning
out her window.

LOLA
Can you smell it?

Keller looking at her, turning into the space between two rows of trees, driving a ways, the moonlight shadows playing on Lola's pale face, like flashes of black and white.

Keller bringing the truck to a stop, killing the engine.

EXT. GROVE - NIGHT

The Jimny in the middle of the grove. Silence.

INT. JIMNY - MOMENTS LATER

Only the CRACKLING OF THE COOLING ENGINE between Keller and Lola. Looking at him, handing him the camera, slowly removing her clothes. Her skin milky-white, wearing no bra, breasts full and firm.

Lola looking at him, defiant. Keller ill-at-ease.

LOLA
Something wrong?

Keller slowly shaking his head, bringing camera to his eye, pressing SHUTTER several times. NO FLASH.

Lola removing her black jeans, black slip. Keller watching, mesmerized.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Tócame...
Touch me...

Keller looking at her, his breathing rising. She taking his free hand, slipping it between her legs.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Aquí...así...
Here...like this...

Keller pulling back gently.

LOLA (CONT'D)
No te gusta..?
You don't like it..?

KELLER
Turn around.

Lola complying, turning her back to him, squeezing her breasts with her arms, looking back, teasing.

LOLA
Marilyn...

Pushing radio button. BACH'S CANTATA booming. PUSH.

EXT. GROVE - SAME TIME

The Jimny in the distance, the CANTATA over the farmland.

INT. JIMNY - SAME TIME

Keller's hand going to Lola's neck, caressing it, pulling her roughly toward CAMERA.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - LATER

Darkness. The Jimny driving along a dirt street, full of holes. Coming to a stop by a wooden house. PUSH.

After an endless five seconds, the passenger's door CLICKING opens, Lola stepping down, fully dressed. Closing door, leaning into open window.

INT. JIMNY - SAME MOMENT

Lola looking PAST CAMERA, a devilish smirk in her eyes.

EXT. JIMNY - SAME MOMENT

Lola watching the Jimny pulling away.

INT. JIMNY - NIGHT

Keller driving toward lights on the highway. Beginning to weep, confused.

Mother lighting a cigarette, blowing the smoke in his direction,

MOTHER (ECHO)
That was nice, wasn't it, baby?

Cackling mockingly.

Keller's weeping turning into uncontrollable SOB.

MOTHER (V.O.) (ECHO) (CONT'D)
Real nice, I bet.

Keller turning toward the empty passenger's seat, growing angry, wiping his tears, pounding on the wheel, glaring at his image in the mirror.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The speeding Jimny skidding onto highway, toward CAMERA.

INT. JIMNY

Keller, upset, driving toward the city lights.

NEW ANGLE

Keller wiping his face on his sleeves. Suddenly SEEING:

The Melones girl whipping past across the road, walking in opposite direction, her dog in her arms.

Keller opening glove compartment, grabbing priest's collar.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

PULLING the Melones' Girl walking at a brisk pace, the SCREECH-SCREECH of a reggaeton leaking from her cheap earphones.

SCREECHING TIRES. The Jimny behind her making an urgent U-Turn. The girl talking to her dog.

The Jimny slowing down. Father Keller leaning out the window.

The Girl's dog - YACK, YACK - Keller killing the CANTATA.

KELLER
Hola..! Dónde vas con tu amigo?
**Hi..! Where are you headed with
your friend?**

The Young Woman seeing Keller, taking off her earphones, smiling.

MELONES GIRL
Qué, qué..?
Say, what..?

KELLER

Dónde van?

Where are you going?

MELONES GIRL

(eyes cabin)

Regresando pa' la casa.

Back home.

KELLER

Vives lejos?

You live far?

MELONES GIRL

No...Bueno, veinte minuticos a pie.

No...Well... Twenty minute walk.

KELLER

Sube, los llevo.

Hop in, I'll take you.

The girl considering. Her dog BARKING.

MELONES GIRL

Vamos con el Padre, Coco?

We go with the Father, Coco?

Keller smiling, opening passenger's door. She climbing in.

KELLER

Hola, Coco. Y tú cómo te llamas?

Hello, Coco. And what's your name?

MELONES GIRL

Rosa.

Rosa.

Coco continuing to YACK. Keller forcing a grin but could rip its throat out. Driving on.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The black Jimny rolling slowly away - like a hearse. FADE TO BLACK AND...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

The black Jimny coming out of a dark dirt road, climbing onto a different highway, stopping.

The driver's door opening. Keller's latex gloved hand depositing Coco on the pavement. The Jimny driving slowly on.

The dog in the middle of the road, in the glare of ONCOMING HEADLIGHTS. CUT TO BLACK.

END EPISODE 2

EPISODE 3

"Paradise Lost"TEASER

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A vast, gloriously colorful canvas on a sturdy wood easel.

A painting knife spreading generous strokes of titanium white, cyan, teal, cerulean blue.

A generous squeeze of cadmium yellow on the large palette.

More spatula, not reckless but irrepressible, loud. All hinting at perhaps a sky, but then a stroke of angry scarlet. More white invading the marine blue.

And as ANGLE WIDENS AND RISES above the canvas, the seaside under a hot sun. Endless, bright turquoise, framed by a fine-grain beach, white breaking surf and an endless, limpid sky. THREE CHILDREN playing in the distant surf.

And through all this, SOUND OF CAMERA SHUTTER FIRING AWAY.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

END TEASER

EP-3

INT/EXT. AIRPORT, BAGGAGE CLAIM HALL - DUSK

(DAY OF ISABEL'S ARRIVAL) Martin Keller, wearing light gray suit, the pointy green shoes, bulky backpack, cap, checking baggage delivery signs - VIRGIN FLIGHT VS63 FROM LONDON, GATWICK, CONVEYOR 2.

Making his way through the packed hall, spotting his large black ZERO camera case coming out of the chute, moving in.

WE SEE DEL POTRO AND ISABEL - THEY DON'T SEE KELLER.

Keller picking up his Zero, walking toward exit.

REEVES, a British Embassy Official, RECIO, a Cuban official and a DRIVER holding a "SR. KELLER" sign. Recio spotting him, waving. Keller approaching. Handshakes.

REEVES

(British accent)

Welcome Mr. Keller! Malcom Reeves,
Ambassador Wesley's First
Secretary.

KELLER

How do you do...

REEVES

Good flight?

KELLER

Not too bad...

(smiles)

Yeah...

REEVES

Mr. Recio, from the Cuban Ministry
of Culture.

Recio shaking hands.

RECIO

Bienvenido a Cuba, Mister Keller!

KELLER

Thank you...Glad to be here

Reeves eyeing Keller's backpack.

REEVES

That it, then? I had understood
you were staying several weeks.

KELLER

I may very well be... Travel light,
though. Except for my cameras!

RECIO

Impresionante!
Very impressive!

EXT. MARTI AIRPORT, STREET. DUSK

The group exiting crowded terminal. Recio leading the way to
the black Suzuki Jimny.

RECIO

I have your car right here. I know
you said you not wish to fly to
Holguín. But, I have to warn you:
is a very long drive!

REEVES

About nine hours, I understand.
Never made the trip myself.

RECIO

Entiende español, no?
You understand Spanish, no?
(Keller nods)
Sí... Y si no está familiarizado
con las carreteras, puede ser
complicado...
**Yes... And if you are not familiar
with the roads, can be tricky...**

REEVES

Indeed, road signs in Cuba are not
what we're used to, back home.

RECIO

Eso seguro!
That's for sure!

KELLER

I'll be fine. I've driven through
far worse places than Cuba, Mr.
Reeves.

(for Recio)

I drive whenever I can when
visiting a new country. Brings me
closer to its people. To my work.

The Driver helping Keller, loading the backpack and the Zero into the trunk of the Jimny.

MISS DOWLING (O.S.)
Mr. Reeves, Sir!

Reeves turning to see MISS MARGARET DOWLING, an English spinster with a tight dress and heels too high for steady balance, approaching clasping her mobile.

MISS DOWLING (CONT'D)
I'm afraid, the flight to Holguín has been canceled, Sir. Engine trouble of some sort--

REEVES

REEVES
That's all right, Miss Dowling, Mr. Keller rather drive.

MISS DOWLING
Oh, brilliant! Quiet the adventurer!
(arms open)
Take me!

LAUGHING. Keller's mirthless smile making her blurt out...

MISS DOWLING (CONT'D)
I'm a big fan. Have all your books!

Reeves giving her an annoyed glance.

Recio holding out key, rental documents.

RECIO
Bien. Aquí está ... Contrato, llave. Puse también un mapa, por si las moscas...!
Well. Here it is...contract, key. I put a map too, just in case..!

KELLER
Thanks. Most kind...

REEVES
Well, drive safely, Mr. Keller..

Keller getting in the 4x4.

MISS DOWLING
Indeed! Pip pip..!

Keller driving off.

INT. JIMNY - CONTINUOUS

Keller pulling away, keeping the waving party in the rear-view mirror.

MOTHER (V.O.) (ECHO)
I thought they'd never shut up.

KELLER
I know...! Bloody asses!

EXT. OCHO VÍAS HIGHWAY - NIGHT (HOURS LATER)

The Jimny speeding past on deserted, eight-lane highway.

MOTHER (V.O.) (ECHO)
Now, be a good boy, Robby.

INT. JIMNY - NIGHT

Keller driving.

A truck overturned on the road. Emergency lights flashing. Vehicles slowing, driving around wreck.

Keller following them, seeing...

Men and Women holding bills in their hands, trying to flag down vehicles.

KELLER
Qué quiere esa gente?
What do those people want?

REVEALING young man in passenger's seat, wife, baby in rear.

YOUNG MAN
Botella, como nosotros!
A ride, like us!

KELLER
A bottle? I don't understand...

YOUNG MAN
Hitchhiking in Cuba. Hacer
botella!

KELLER
But they were holding money.

YOUNG MAN
Algunos tienen más prisa que otros!
Some are in more of a hurry!

The couple laughing.

INT. JIMNY - LATER

The 4x4 on the shoulder of the road. The Young Man helping the girl with the baby in back get off.

YOUNG MAN
Bueno, gracias!
Well, thanks!

GIRL
Gracias!

Keller driving on.

INT. JIMNY - MOMENTS LATER

Keller driving back to the fast lane.

MOTHER (V.O.) (ECHO)
That was very nice.
(he is nodding)
Very nice indeed.

Keller shoving CD into player, the BACH CANTATA BLASTING out.

EXT. OCHO VIAS HIGHWAY - LATER

The Jimny speeding ahead. Keller checking map.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

An ATTENDANT filling Jimny's tank. An OLD MAN in tattered clothing washing windshield.

Keller by the highway, staring into night, sipping coffee.

TWO YOUNG WOMEN on foot, on shoulder of the highway, heading West. Glancing at Keller, sharing a GIGGLE. SHORT HONK.

The Attendant waving at Keller - all done. Keller finishing coffee.

AS...

DEL POTRO'S LADA speeding past, East bound.

INT. LADA - SAME TIME

Isabel sleeping in back seat. Opening her eyes.

ISABEL
Falta mucho, Papi?
Still long, Daddy?

DEL POTRO
Falta.
Still.

ISABEL
Queda agua?
Any water left?

Del Potro reaching under seat for bottle. Isabel climbing into front.

DEL POTRO
Te veía dormir y me hiciste pensar
en tu mamá.
**Watching you sleep made me think of
your mother.**

ISABEL
(irked)
Yo nunca me parecí en nada a ella.
I never looked anything like her.

Del Potro smiling, won't press. Isabel drinking, watching the night glide. Then, turning, irritated.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
No te entiendo! Esa mujer te
traicionó, te maldijo, nos abandonó
por ese canalla y tú la recuerdas
con cariño!
**I don't get you! That woman
betrayed you, damned you, abandoned
us for that scoundrel and you
remember her with fondness!**

DEL POTRO
(beat)
Tu madre fue el amor de mi vida,
Isi...Nada puede cambiar eso. No
se deja de querer a alguien porque
lo decides.
**Your mother was the love of my
life, Isi...**

(MORE)

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Nothing can change that. You don't stop loving someone because you decide it.

ISABEL

Yo no quiero recordarte a mi madre.
I don't want to remind you of my mother.

DEL POTRO

Pues tendrás que dejar de sonreír cuando duermes.
Then you should stop smiling when you sleep.

ISABEL

Yo?! Yo no sonrío cuando duermo.
Me?! I don't smile when I sleep.

DEL POTRO

(smiles)

Y cómo tú sabrías? Tendrás que casarte primero pa' que otro te lo cuente.
And how would you know? You'd have to marry first to have someone else tell you.

ISABEL

Encontrarme pareja como que se ha convertido en tu tema favorito, desde hace un tiempo.
Finding me a couple seems to have become your preferred subject recently.

Turning to look out her window.

DEL POTRO

Sin amor, la vida tiene poco sentido, muchacha.
Without love, life has little meaning, girl.

Del Potro switching on radio, trying to find music in the static-filled broadcasts.

The radio catching a station - DOS GARDENIAS by the Buena Vista Social Club coming through.

Del Potro and Isabel looking at each other with complicity.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BS_agmp2Cy0

IBRAHIM FERRER (RADIO)

*"Dos gardenias para ti,
Con ellas quiero decir..."*

**Two gardenias for you,
With them I want to say...**

(they join)

"Te quiero..."

"Te adoro, mi vida."

I love you...

I adore you, my life.

Del Potro offering hand, Isabel taking it, singing along.

DEL POTRO/ISABEL

*"Ponles toda tu atención,
Que serán tu corazón y el mío."*

**Give them all you care,
They will be your heart and mine.**

Isabel kissing Del Potro's hand.

EXT. OCHO VIAS HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The LADA driving past, taking away...

FERRER + DEL POTRO AND ISABEL

*"Dos gardenias para ti,
Que tendrán todo el calor de un
beso..."*

*De esos besos que te di,
Y que jamás te encontrarán,
En el calor de otro querer."*

MUSIC ECHOING LONG AFTER WE HAVE...

CUT TO:

EXT. TOBACCO FIELD - FIRST LIGHT

A dog coming down a draining canal, sniffing. Suddenly stopping, BARKING.

A crew of TOBACCO HARVESTERS working the field - the dog BARKING insistently - one of them standing, shielding his eyes from the rising sun.

The dog barking some more, turning to sniff women's clothes neatly stacked. CAMERA RISING...

REVEALING the Melones girl lying on her back, naked, arms crossed over her chest, face beaten to a pulp, dead. Ants roaming over her dissected pubic area.

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT, INTERVIEW ROOMS - DAY

Berta Cañas approaching at a fast clip, holding an aluminum foiled package, heels clacking, flanked by a CORPORAL. TWO FEMALE POLICE crossing her, exchanging glances.

The Corporal knocking on a door. Through the glass Roilán seen facing Del Potro across a small table.

Del Potro motioning to let mother in.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Berta entering.

BERTA

Niño!
Son!

Roilán throwing himself in her arms, Berta putting down the food wrap, kissing him repeatedly.

ROILÁN

Yo no hice nada, mamá! Se lo juro.
I did nothing wrong, Momma! Swear.

Del Potro studying them, Roilan's trembling hands.

BERTA

Yo lo sé, mi'jo...ya...
I know it, child...all right...
(sternly at Del Potro)
Cuándo me voy a llevar pa' la casa
a mi hijo?
When am I taking my son home?

DEL POTRO

Bueno, eso no es así, señora. La novia de Roilán fue asesinada.
Recién estamos--
Well, it's not like that, mam.
Roilán's girlfriend was murdered.
We're just--

BERTA

Pero mi hijo no la mató.
But my son did not kill her.

DEL POTRO

Eso es lo que estamos tratando de--
That's what we're trying to--

BERTA

Qué no fue, le digo, Coronel!
Wasn't him, I tell you, Colonel!

(he stares)

Este muchacho me dijo su última
mentira a los ocho años!

**This boy told me his last lie
when he was eight!**

DEL POTRO

Le creo, doña Cañas. Pero en la
morgue está Dianelis, víctima del
crimen más horrendo que he
investigado en 30 años de servicio.
**And I believe you, Doña Cañas. But
Dianelis is at the morgue, victim
of the most horrendous crime I have
investigated in my 30 years in
service.**

Roilán weeping disconsolately on his mother's bosom.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Les voy a dar unos minutos...

(taking food wrap)

Lo siento, esto no esta
permitido...Pero no se preocupe, el
come lo que comamos nosotros.

**I'm going to give you a few
minutes... Sorry, this is not
permitted. But don't worry, he'll
eat what we eat.**

Leaving room.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro walking to office where Ortega, DR. MAGDALENA
CUEVAS, State Prosecutor, wait.

DR. CUEVAS

Entonces, Coronel?

So, Colonel?

Del Potro taking deep breath, looking at DR. CUEVAS.

DEL POTRO

Si algo sé sobre naturaleza humana,
ese muchacho no mató a nadie,
doctora.

**If I know anything about human
nature, that boy didn't kill
anyone, Doctor.**

The PHONE RINGING, Magali picking up.

MAGALI
Sargento Ríos...
Sergeant Rios...

DR. CUEVAS
Bueno, para eso tenemos juicios,
no?
**Well, that's what we have trials
for, right?**

MAGALI
(eyes Del Potro)
El Coronel no está disponible
ahorita-- Cómo?!
**The Colonel is not available just
now-- What?!**

Del Potro looking at her. Magali passing receiver.

DEL POTRO
Del Potro.

DR. CUEVAS
Si cada vez que alguien se mete
a llorar vamos a--
**If every time someone starts crying
we're going to--**

Del Potro raising his hand for silence, listening,
consternated.

DEL POTRO
Llama a la crimi. Voy para allá.
Call CSI. On my way.

Hanging up, grabbing hat.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
(to Magali)
Libérame a ese muchacho.
Release that boy.

DR. CUEVAS
Cómo?
What?

DEL POTRO
Chuzo!

Taking off, Ortega in tow.

EXT. TOBACCO PLANTATION - DAY

AERIAL. Del Potro, Ortega entering plantation, ducking under barbed wire fence, some 50 meters from the body.

Joined by TWO POLICE OFFICERS, one of them handing Del Potro a pair of latex gloves.

The crime scene cordoned off, the same TWO CSI TECHNICIANS from the first case, wearing forensic gowns, working the perimeter.

Del Potro slipping on gloves, squatting next to the Melones girl's body, motioning the Officers to stay back.

DEL POTRO
Quién la encontró?
Who found her?

POLICE OFFICER 1
Uno de aquellos trabajadores,
Coronel.
**One of the workers over there,
Colonel.**

Del Potro glancing at HARVESTERS gossiping by loaded flatbed.

POLICE OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)
Bueno, su perro fue que dio la
alarma y...
**Well, his dog, actually, gave the
alarm and...**

Del Potro eyeing Ortega, Ortega off to question them.

Del Potro scanning the surrounding tobacco lanes, seeing no tire tracks...

DEL POTRO
Por dónde entró el vehículo?
Where did the vehicle come through?

POLICE OFFICER 1
No hubo vehículo, Coronel.
No vehicle, Colonel.

Del Potro puzzled, looking toward access road for another explanation, then back toward his LADA across the wire fence.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TOBACCO FIELD - NIGHT

The Jimmy with the rear door wide open on the access road. HEAVY BREATHING. Keller emerging from the darkness, carrying the lifeless Melones girl. Gloves, white examiner's gown, hood up. Walking past CAMERA, continuing to spot we know, depositing body on ground.

Catching his breath, proceeding to undress the body. Pocketing her pink slip, stretching her naked, facing the stars, crossing her arms over her bare chest.

Neatly folding her clothes at her feet, carefully flattening creases, setting ID on top, MURMURING to himself.

Mother pacing about the scene, stirring a drink with her red nailed pinky.

MOTHER (ECHO)
That's very nice, darling. Very
kind, indeed...

Keller nodding, taking plastic envelope from pocket, using tweezers to drop foreign hairs and other particles on the cadaver.

Mother nowhere in sight, of course.

Keller pocketing tweezers, envelope, taking scalpel out of his breast pocket, kneeling over the girls abdomen, making the first (UNSEEN) incision under the ghostly moonlight.

CUT TO:

EXT TOBACCO FIELD - DAY

THE PRESENT. Del Potro staring across the field.

ORTEGA
Qué pasó jefe?
What is it, Boss?

Del Potro snapping out of it.

DEL POTRO
La cargó. Desde el camino.
He carried her. From the road.

Seeing TWO WORKERS midway to the road, crossing the field.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
ALTO! Reculen!
STOP! Move back!
(MORE)

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
(to Ortega)
Nadie más pasa por aquí.
No one else comes through here.

Ortega going to deal with it.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
Tú tampoco, coño!
You either, damn it!

Ortega shrinking, veering off, wide toward the Workers.

LATER

Del Potro, Ortega, the two CSI officers, the Police Officers, walking at arms length from the crime scene toward the fence, along the irrigation canals, eyes to the ground.

POLICE OFFICER 1
Coronel!
Colonel!

Stopping. Del Potro hurrying behind line of men.

POLICE OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)
Ahí...
There...

Del Potro squatting next to a deep, naked left foot print in the mud, pointing toward victim. Moments later finding the right foot print.

ORTEGA
Aquí, Jefe!
Over here, Boss!

Del Potro making his way back to Ortega's lane, inspecting the shallower, right foot print pointing toward the fence.

Looking toward the road.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TOBACCO FIELD - NIGHT

Keller, panting in the moonlight, pants rolled up to his knees, barefoot, hurrying toward the Jimmy.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOBACCO FIELD - DAY

PRESENT. Del Potro.

DEL POTRO

Me sacan moldes de todas esas
huellas - ida y vuelta! Las de ida
serán mas profundas y apuntarán
hacia la víctima. Y me miden
distancias entre los pasos.

**Make me molds of all those tracks -
forth and back. Coming will be
deeper and point toward the victim.
And measure distances between the
steps.**

Returning to the crime scene, inspecting girl's pummeled
face, flipping through the stacked clothes. No underwear.
Nodding at CSI guys. One of them covering the victim.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Chuzo...

Ortega approaching.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

(for his ears only)

Ni una palabra de esto deja el
círculo de la investigación, está
claro?

**Not a word of this leaves the
circle of the investigation, is
that clear?**

ORTEGA

Come el agua, Jefe--
Like water, Boss--

DEL POTRO

Nada, Chuzo!
Nothing, Chuzo!

Inspecting the victim's ID, slipping it into evidence bag,
into his shirt pocket, disheartened.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Diecinueve años...
Nineteen years old...

EXT. CUPET GAS STATION - DAY

The Jimny pulling up to pump. Keller getting out. No one
else about. Walking toward office...

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUED

Keller handing over a 20-Dollar bill to ATTENDANT.

KELLER
Hola... Veinte especial, por favor.
(adds dollar)
Esto para usted.
Hey... Twenty special, please.
This for you.

The attendant taking money, punching keys, heading to Jimmy.

Keller looking around, taking gloved hand out of pocket, picking fallen hairs from chair cushion, cigarette but from ashtray, putting all into plastic envelope.

Glancing at Attendant at pumps, going toward door marked BAÑO (TOILET).

INT. TOILET - CONTINUOUS

Keller searching sink, picking up loose hairs, finding others on floor, in toilet bowl, ripping newspaper serving as toilet paper, scraping feces from bowl wall, crumpling paper, adding it to envelope, using swab to collect urine from the edge of bowl, adding it to envelope, pocketing lot.

Removing glove, putting it in another pocket, catching himself in the stained, cracked mirror, staring at his frantic self, exiting abruptly.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Keller walking out. The Attendant coming back.

ATTENDANT
Aceite?
Oil?

KELLER
No, no...
(waving)
Gracias...

Getting into Jimmy, driving off.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The small, Melones girl's dog trotting on its short legs beside the busy highway. A loud motorcycle whipping past. The pooch leaving asphalt, trotting off into a field.

TWO BOYS in a shack running after it to catch it. About to, but the dog turns on them, growling fiercely, standing its ground. The Boys retreating, laughing, one picking up a stick, throwing it at it.

The dog running off.

EXT. PARAISO RESORT - DAY

ESTABLISHING.

INT. EL PARAISO RESORT, GUEST COMPUTERS BANK - DAY

Keller at one of the terminals, wearing headphones.

ON THE MONITOR

Artwork for an Audiobook of Goethe's Erotic Poems. AS WE COME CLOSE, THE VOICE OF THE READER INVADING THE TRACK...

OVER HEADPHONES

"Mi piacciono abbastanza i ragazzi,
ma la mia preferenza è per le
ragazze;

Quando ne ho abbastanza di una
ragazza, lei mi serve ancora come
un ragazzo."

**"I'm fairly fond of boys, but my
preference is for girls;
When I have enough of a girl, she
serves me still as a boy."**

Keller listening, mouthing the words. Playing it back.

SOME TIME LATER

Keller at desk, paying for computer time. The FEMALE CLERK gossiping over shared cellphone screen with HOTEL SECRETARY.

CLERK

Son doscientos pesos, señor.
That's two hundred pesos, Sir.

Keller digging for money.

SECRETARY

Su papá es el coronel ese que está
investigando el asesinato de esa
muchacha...

**Her father is the Police Colonel
investigating that girl's murder...**

Keller taking grinning peek at her phone. The Clerk gamely
sharing...

THE PHOTO OF DANCER "ISABEL DEL POTRO" LEAPING THROUGH THE
AIR.

Keller smiling, leaving money on desk.

KELLER

Gracias...

Moving off, keeping an ear for...

CLERK (O.S.)

Ella está con el Ballet de
Camara... es una maravilla...yo la
ví en televisión...

**She's with the Chamber Ballet...
A marvel... I saw her on
television...**

EXT. DIRT TRACK - SHORT TIME LATER

The small dog trotting through a poor neighborhood, stopping
to drink from puddle.

A GIRL hosing down a dusty thatched porch seeing it, pouring
fresh water in a can.

GIRL

Oye! Perrito! Ven, toma!
Hey! Puppy! Come, here!

The dog looking up, sizing up situation, approaching,
drinking from the can.

GIRL'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Con quién hablas tú, niña?!
Who you talking to, girl?!

The dog running off. The girl watching it turn the corner.

EXT. MELONES - DAY

Del Potro's LADA pulling up by uphill street.

Stepping down, reading house number, climbing steps toward old shack by patch of papaya trees.

A second structure being built with more solid material - bricks, corrugated rooftop. No one working on it. Chickens running free. Two dogs in the shade barking without conviction.

An Old Man in a rickety chair smoking a cigar in his pajama bottoms, shushing them.

Del Potro removing his hat.

DEL POTRO

Buenas...

Howdy...

The Old Man nodding, murmuring something unintelligible.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Esta es la casa de Rosa?

This is Rosa's home?

ROSA'S MOTHER emerging from the dirt-floor shack, tickling a toddler in her arms.

MOTHER

Quién llegó, Papá?

Who's there, Father?

(sees Del Potro)

Ah... Ajá..?

Oh... Yeah..?

Del Potro nodding at the lady.

DEL POTRO

Aquí vive Rosa Guillén?

Rosa Guillén lives here?

MOTHER

Aja...

Um-hum...

(**eyeing** LADA **below**)

Ella no está.

She's not home.

DEL POTRO

(grave)

Yo lo sé...

I know...

Eyeing Old Man watching him, stone-faced.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
Soy el Coronel--
I am Colonel--

Two chickens CACKLING, chasing away. The woman putting the toddler down.

Del Potro swallowing dryly, looking from her to the Old Man. The Old Man grabbing his grandson, letting a thick tobacco spittle drop between his naked feet.

MOTHER
Qué pasó? Algo pasó..?
What happened? Something happened..?

Now seeing her daughter's small dog approaching wagging its tongue, dropping to her knees, letting out a heart-rending HOWL.

EXT. POLICIA HQ, HAVANA - DAY

Benjamín Roca pulling up in his Jeep before the entrance. A GUARD approaching.

POLICEMAN
Aquí no se puede estacionar,
caballero.
Can't park here, Sir.

BENJAMÍN
El General Vargas me espera.
General Vargas is waiting for me.

Walking past the man.

INT. POLICE HQ LOBBY, HAVANA - MOMENTS LATER

OFFICERS, CIVILIANS coming and going. Benjamín finding his way to the reception window.

BENJAMÍN
Vengo a recoger a Mario Del Potro.
El General Vargas sabe.
I'm here to pick up Mario del Potro, General Vargas is aware.

RECEPTIONIST
Un momentico.
One moment.
(she dials)
(MORE)

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Oye, un señor aquí pa' recoger y
que a un tal Mario Del Potro. El
General y que sabe.

**Listen, a man is here to pick up a
certain Mario Del Potro. The
General supposedly knows.**

Listening for a moment, hanging up.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Ya vienen.

Someone's coming.

Benjamín letting his place to the next visitor, wandering
across the hall, to a bust of Che and some Revolution
exhibits in a showcase.

A door opening, a uniformed CAPTAIN emerging.

CAPTAIN

Por favor, sígame.

Please follow me.

Benjamín following him into...

INT. POLICE HQ, OFFICES - CONTINUED

Benjamín escorted to the office of General Vargas. The
Captain knocking, opening door. Benjamín shown into...

INT. RUFO VARGAS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Vargas sitting behind a large desk, his back to the door, on
the phone, smoking a cigar. Hanging up, swiveling, confused
to see Benjamín.

VARGAS

Quién es usted?

Who are you?

Benjamín reaching across the desk, offering his hand. Vargas
taking it, uncertain.

BENJAMÍN

Benjamín Roca. Hermano del Coronel
Del Potro. Yo estaba en La Habana
y Marcial me pidió recoger a mi
sobrino.

**Benjamín Roca. Colonel Del Potro's
brother. I was in Havana so
Marcial asked me to pick up my
nephew.**

Taking seat uninvited.

VARGAS

No. Tenía que venir él! No mandé a ese malandro pa' La Juventud por hacerle un favor a su hermano! Yo a usted no lo conozco!

No! He was supposed to come! I held back sending that scum to Juventud Island to do your brother a favor! I don't know you!

BENJAMÍN

Sí, sí, ya nos cruzamos, General. Cuando éramos muchachos.

Sure you do, we crossed paths, General, when we were boys.

(getting up)

Pero debí haberlo imaginado.

But I should have imagined.

VARGAS

Imaginado qué?!

Imagined what?!

BENJAMÍN

Que sigue siendo el mismo: si no jugamos como le gusta, se lleva la pelota.

That you're still the same: if we won't play the way you like you take your ball home with you.

Starting off.

VARGAS

A mí no me dé la espalda!

Don't turn your back on me!

Benjamín stopping at the door.

BENJAMÍN

Perdón, General. Pensé que ya--

Sorry, General. I thought we were--

Vargas barking into the inter-phone.

VARGAS

Traigan al detenido Del Potro!

Bring prisoner Del Potro here!

(to Benjamín)

Sácame ese malparido de aquí! Y dile a tu hermano que de mí no espere más favores.

(MORE)

VARGAS (CONT'D)

**Take that piece of shit out of
here! And tell your brother never
to expect another favor from me.**

BENJAMÍN

Eso está sobrentendido, creo.
I took that for granted.

VARGAS

Espera afuera!
Wait outside!

Benjamín drawing a smile.

BENJAMÍN

General.

EXT. POLICE HQ, HAVANA - SHORT TIME LATER

Benjamín waiting by his Jeep. Mario appearing at the top of the steps, looking haggard, jogging down. Embracing Benjamín, climbing into the vehicle, Benjamín driving off.

PIANO MUSIC, Tschaikowsky's "Dance of the Cygnets," from Swan Lake FADING IN before we...

CUT TO:

INT. THEATRE - DAY

A PIANIST playing on an upright.

FOUR FEMALE BALLET DANCERS, arm-in-arm on the stage, performing the piece. These are no beginners.

MAESTRO LARRALDO, a thin man with a stringy beard and the figure of a former dancer, watching intensely from the third row, taking notes.

THREE OBSERVERS huddled on one side of the theatre, watching. SHUTTER SOUNDS.

The Dancers ending the dance with a bow. There is NO APPLAUSE.

The Pianist changing music sheet. Larraldo nodding, the Pianist playing "Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy," from The Nutcracker.

Isabel entering stage right, performing the dance exquisitely. Leaping and bounding, light as a feather. Clearly in a class by herself.

The Observers impressed.

The other four dancers admiring her performance from the wings. SHUTTER SOUNDS.

Keller shooting away from the upper shadows.

EXT. THEATER - LATER

Keller walking, viewing Isabel images in his camera. Looking both ways before crossing the street. HORN.

A CHILD OF TEN bounding past him, Keller clasping him by arm, snatching him back from under a vehicle's wheels.

The child's MOTHER CRYING OUT, grabbing child.

WOMAN

Ay, señor! Gracias! Tú estás
tremendo hoy, Martín!

**Oh, thank you, Sir! You're
impossible today, Martin!**

Hurrying across with her boy.

Keller looking after the boy.

MOTHER (V.O.) (ECHO)

Good boy, Robby, good boy.

LOUDER HORN. Keller reacting to a bus almost on top of him, hurrying across.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Graciela Bezos turning the head of Rosa Guillén's body to one side, pointing to strangulation marks on her neck.

GRACIELA

Estrangulación a lazo con un
surco único, oblicuo ascendente
e incompleto...

**Strangulation with single,
ascending, incomplete track.**

Glancing at Molina, resting by the window, eating a corn, proud of his assistant. Nodding, encouraging her to go on.

GRACIELA (CONT'D)

Bastante típico. Pero mire aquí,
Coronel, estas estrías...

(MORE)

GRACIELA (CONT'D)
**Pretty standard but, look here,
Colonel, these marks.**

Del Potro resting against a wall, watching her indicate a pattern on edges of main strangulation bruise.

GRACIELA (CONT'D)
Esto no fue sogá ni un cable. Un
cinto, tal vez, pero... No sé...
(indicates)
Eso parece parte de una letra...K?
**This was not a rope or a cable. A
belt maybe, but... Don't know...
That could be part of a letter...a
K?**

Del Potro approaching, looking closely at the marks.

DEL POTRO
Cuánto hace que murió?
How long she been dead?

Graciela hesitating. Molina dropping the cob in the trash, joining them.

MOLINA
Doce a quince horas.
Twelve to fifteen hours.

DEL POTRO
Fue violada?
Raped?

GRACIELA
Tampoco.
Neither.

DEL POTRO
Fibras, pelos..?
Fibers, hairs..?

MOLINA
ADN pa tirar pe'riba! Igual que la
primera. Demasiado pa' que me lo
crea. Igual fue pa'l laboratorio,
claro... Ese tipo sabe lo que está
haciendo, Coronel.
**Foreign DNA galore! Same as the
first one. Too much to be real.
Sent it to the lab anyway, of
course...Guy knows what he's doing
Colonel.**

GRACIELA

Bueno, pero sí hay algo raro...
Well, but there is something odd...
(Del Potro is listening)
Lycopodium... Las dos muchachas
mostraban rastros de esporas sobre
su piel.
**Lycopodium... Both girls had traces
of spores on their skin.**

DEL POTRO

Y eso me interesa por..?
**And I'm interested in that
because..?**

MOLINA

Graciela piensa que puede ser un
extranjero--
**Graciela thinks he could be a
foreigner--**

Del Potro looking at her, intrigued.

GRACIELA

En Cuba hace tiempo que no se usan
guantes lubricados con Lycopodium.
**In Cuba we haven't used gloves
lubricated with Lycopodium for
quite some time.**
(picks up glove from box)
Aquí los guantes quirúrgicos están
lubricados con gel hidrosoluble.
El lycopodium irrita la piel y se
dejó de usar hace años.
**Our surgical gloves are lubricated
by Lubricating Jelly . Lycopodium
causes irritation and we stopped
using it years ago.**

MOLINA

El asesino puede estar usando
guantes viejos, chica.
**The killer could be using old
gloves, girl.**

GRACIELA

Tú sabes que en Cuba todo se
consume. Yo pienso que fueron
traídos por el asesino de algún
país del tercer mundo.
**You know here in Cuba everything is
consumed. I think they were
brought by the killer from a third
world country.**

Molina and Del Potro sharing a look.

GRACIELA (CONT'D)

OK, sí, Cuba... Pero yo pienso más Africa. Ahí es que Occidente manda sus cosas vencidas. Lo hacen con medicinas, porque no guantes?
**But I'm thinking more Africa.
That's where the West dumps their
expired products. They do it with
drugs, why not gloves?**

MOLINA

(winking at Del Potro)
Tremenda imaginación, Graciela!
Some imagination, Graciela!

DEL POTRO

Todo puede ser...
Anything is possible...
(checks watch)
Bueno... Manténganme at tanto.
Well... Keep me posted.

Exiting. Molina stealing a glance out, grabbing Graciela behind her waist, kissing her neck.

MOLINA

Mírame a mi detectivica!
Check out my little detective!

She stealing a kiss.

EXT. PARAÍSO HOTEL, POOL - LATER

Keller strolling past the Italians roasting on sun loungers.

KELLER (O.S.)

Goethe!

Piromalli and Guetta eyeing him over rim of their shades.

Keller pointing at Piromalli's book.

KELLER (CONT'D)

"Mi piacciono abbastanza i ragazzi,
ma la mia preferenza è per le
ragazze;
Quando ne ho abbastanza di una
ragazza, lei mi serve ancora come
un ragazzo."
**"I'm fairly fond of boys, but my
preference is for girls;
(MORE)**

KELLER (CONT'D)
**When I have enough of a girl, she
serves me still as a boy."**

Piromalli and Guetta looking at each another, surprised,
applauding.

PIROMALLI-GUETTA
Bravo!

LATER

LONG. Keller and the Italians at a table, under a parasol.
Drinking mojitos, CHATTING, LAUGHING.

Piromalli ordering another round. A CHILD jumping loudly
into the pool, splashing their table. The Italians staring
daggers into the boy. Keller watching them.

LATER, CLOSER

Keller, Piromalli, Guetta having drinks. The Mulatto Beauty
strolling past, giving Keller eyes.

GUETTA
Guarda la pantera che insegue il
nostro amico.
**Look at the panther stalking our
friend.**

Cackling like weasels.

PIROMALLI
Lei ti piace? Lo vuoi?
You like her? You want it?

More laughter.

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT, INVESTIGATORS' OFFICE - DAY

Ortega facing the map, writing notes, pinning photos of
Keller's naked foot tracks. Several casts sit on a table.

ORTEGA
Distancia entre los pasos 63
centímetros en promedio cargado, 71
regresando.
**Distance between paces, average 63
centimeters loaded, 71 on his way
back.**

CSI OFFICE 1
Estimamos metro 69 a 71 de altura.
Setenta kilos.
(MORE)

CSI OFFICE 1 (CONT'D)
**We figure a meter 69 to 71 in
height. Seventy four kilos.**

DEL POTRO
Los guantes?
The gloves?

YARITZA
Estamos investigando, Coronel. Por
el momento todo parece concordar
con la teoría de la doctora Bezos.
Ninguno de los guantes que hemos
localizado en Cuba contienen
Lycopodium. Y ya no importamos,
son de fabricación nacional.
**We're looking into that, Colonel.
For the moment all seems to support
Dr. Bezos' theory. No Lycopodium
in any gloves used in Cuba. And we
no longer import them, they're made
in Cuba.**

ORTEGA
Recogimos muestras del pelo del
perrito. De nada sirven por el
momento, pero si un día se localiza
un vehículo puede probar que el
animal estuvo a bordo.
**We took samples of the little dog's
hair. Meaningless for the moment
but if one day a vehicle is
signaled, we could prove the animal
was on board.**

The CSI Officer 2 pinning an enlarged photo of the victim's
strangulation markings.

CSI OFFICE 2
Una "K" parcial fue confirmada en
la marca del cuello de la víctima.
Nexa Negra Itálica, Gira Sans
Itálica ó Font Open Sans serían los
mejores candidatos por ahora.
Estamos tratando de compararlas a
marcas ó logos conocidos, pero hay
para rato.
**A partial "K" was confirmed on the
victim's neck. Nexa Black Italic,
Gira Sans Extra Bold Italic, Font
Open Sans Font seem the best
candidates so far. We're trying to
match them to known brand logos.
But it'll take time.**

DEL POTRO

Algo en la primera víctima?
Anything on the first victim?

ORTEGA

Sobre esto? No, en ella no había ninguna marca distinguible.
About this? No, no distinguishable marking on her.

CSI OFFICE 1

Creemos que esta niña peleó más.
We think this girl may have fought harder.

DEL POTRO

El vehículo?
The vehicle?

YARITZA

Enviamos las medidas entre ejes a siete fabricantes. Demasiados coincidencias para servir de algo. Necesitan más información. Peso, altura...
We sent axle measurements to seven carmakers, too many matches to tell. Need more information. Weight, height...

DEL POTRO

OK, alguien vaya al laboratorio a averiguar sobre el resto de vómito que encontramos. Podría darnos el ADN del perpetrador.
OK, someone go to the lab and find out about the vomit sample found. Could provide the perpetrator's DNA.

ORTEGA

Iré yo, jefe.
I'll go, Chief.

Del Potro standing to go.

DEL POTRO

Manténganme al tanto. Buen fin de a todos.
Keep me posted. Good weekend, everyone.

Ortega waiting till he is out of ear range, button-holing the CSI Officers, showing report.

ORTEGA

Esto ni se puede leer! Menos mal que el jefe no pidió verlo.

Aplíquense, coño!

This is unreadable! Luckily he didn't ask to see it. Keep it together, damn it!

CSI OFFICERS

Si Teniente.

Yes, Lieutenant.

Ortega dismissing them, turning to the wall, pretending to study it as they clear the room, dialing a number. A FEMALE VOICE answers.

ORTEGA

Qué tienes puesto?

What are you wearing?

INT. JIMNY - DAY

The sky overcast. Keller driving along street where he left Lola. Trying to make sense of it in daylight. Pulling up before a house he decides looks like hers.

EXT. LOLA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Keller stepping down from Jimny, entering a small unkept garden through an open gate. A poor structure in serious disrepair. Nobody around.

KELLER

Aló!

Hello!

A NEIGHBOR passing on foot, carrying a grocery bag, glancing at Keller intrigued. Keller starting to address her but the woman disappearing into another house.

Keller trying the front door - it opens.

KELLER (CONT'D)

Hello!

Pausing before stepping in.

INT. LOLA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Keller entering. Sombre living room, tattered furniture in disarray.

Closing front door, moving down a dim corridor. About to call again for Lola, seeing an old woman in a bedroom, apparently asleep, facing the wall.

Deciding to continue, reaching a cluttered kitchen. Days of unwashed dishes piled up.

A door opened to a backyard. Across it an independent room with its door also open. Keller stepping out to...

EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Approaching room. A handful of chicken picking the ground in an improvised pen against the far wall.

Keller looking into the room. A cluttered studio. A corner cot in disarray.

Lola slumped on a stool, wearing loose, black Rolling Stones t-shirt, eyes lost on a large, blanc canvas set on a makeshift easel, weeping in silence.

Sensing the change of light, turning to see Keller at the door, not reacting.

Keller stepping in, taking the spatula loaded with black from Lola's tight clasp, depositing it on side bench.

Pulling Lola to her feet, wiping her tears, letting her break into sobs on his shoulder.

INT. AIRPORT, CONTROL TOWER - DAY

Isabel at her workstation. Light air traffic.

ISABEL

Mantenga 5500 metros, Tango 126.
Tiempo abierto hasta Port of
Prince. Buen viaje.
**Keep 5500 meters, Tango 126. Fair
skies to Port of Prince. Have a
good flight.**

PILOT CUBANA (THROUGH HEAD PHONES)

Tango 126. 5500 metros clear.
Gracias.

(MORE)

PILOT CUBANA (THROUGH HEAD PHONES)
Tango 126. 5500 meters clear.
Thanks.

PILOT AMERICAN (THP)
Holguín, this is American 207,
requesting RPN Holguín, PRQ 220
knots.

ISABEL
This is Holguín, American 207.
Approach two niner foxtrot, on RQ
27.

PILOT (THP)
Roger, two, niner foxtrot on RQ 27.
Isabel?

Isabel darting a glance about.

ISABEL
Correct. Welcome 207. Proceed on
RQ 27, wind 17 knots East.

PILOT (THP)
17 knots East. Check, bravo papa.
8PM same place?

Isabel trying not to smile. Ernesto glancing her way.

ISABEL
Roger, American 207.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Keller and Lola at a table. Coffees. Lola has not touched
the sandwich before her. Looking out the window at the
drizzling day outside.

KELLER
Eat.
(she looks at him)
Eat.

Lola nibbling sandwich.

KELLER (CONT'D)
Who was the woman in your house?

LOLA
She rents me the back.

KELLER
Where is your family?

LOLA

Moa.

KELLER

Where is that?

LOLA

The last city East. Skip it if you can.

KELLER

You have to get out of there.

Anger suddenly fueling her appetite, taking large bite.

LOLA

Yeah, I'm going to move into the Paradise!

KELLER

You can rent something nice. By the beach. Get your creative juices flowing. You have to paint.

LOLA

Right. And you're going to pay for it. In Cuba you need--

KELLER

Yes.

She studying him now.

KELLER (CONT'D)

I want you to paint. I want nothing from you.

LOLA

Why? You don't like me?

KELLER

More than I can explain.

LOLA

Then, why couldn't you fuck me?!

KELLER

With me...it's not like that.

LOLA

With me it is. Don't you know all women in Cuba are whores?

KELLER

That's not so. You're not.

LOLA

No? One day I needed paint. I had no money. My parents don't have a pot to piss in. The school had no more oils. I fucked a German tourist in his car. One hundred Euro! Closed my eyes and thought of reds and greens and intense fuchsia. It was beautiful. I took the money and ran. Then painted the last one at the gallery. Fucking for art's sake!

KELLER

Find a place.

Lola softening, taking another bite, turning to sun breaking through low clouds outside.

INT. PALADAR 2 - EVENING

Isabel still in work uniform, entering. ED BURNS, a handsome American pilot in his late thirties beaming at the sight, standing to greet her. They kiss on the cheek.

ISABEL

Well, look at you!

BURNS

When did you get back from New York?

ISABEL

Couple of weeks...

BURNS

I'm sorry I couldn't make it there. I was--

ISABEL

No explanations. That's the deal.

BURNS

Fine.

A WAITRESS arrives.

WAITRESS

Buenas noches.

Good evening.

BURNS
I'll let you order.

ISABEL
Qué pescado tienes?
What fish do you have?

WAITRESS
Pargo y picúa.
Snapper and barracuda.

ISABEL
Want to try barracuda?

BURNS
If it won't bite me in the ass...

ISABEL
La picúa es asada?
The barracuda is grilled?

WAITRESS
Aja. Viene con un mojo casero,
ensalada y boniato.
**Yeah. Comes with a home made mojo,
salad and sweet potatoes.**

ISABEL
(salivating)
Qué rico! Tráenos dos. Y a mí
un jugo de guayaba.
**Sounds delicious! Bring us two.
And a guava juice for me.**

BURNS
Cerveza Bucanero?
Bucanero beer?

The Waitress goes.

BURNS (CONT'D)
You seem hungry.

ISABEL
Starving. I might bite you in the
ass.

INT. HOTEL BEACH CABANA - NIGHT

Isabel and Burns making passionate love. She has the perfect dancer's body, strong and nimble, and perfectly turned. Burns is gym-fit and tanned. But this is her war.

TWO BATTLES LATER

The door is open. A ceiling fan WHOOSHING lazily overhead. Nearby LAPPING from the beach.

Isabel and Burns in the jumble of sheets, spent. Music from a distant radio is heard - "Yolanda," maybe.

After some moments, Isabel's hand sliding between Burns' thighs, biting him softly on the neck.

BURNS

(bushed)

Seriously..?

She letting out a throaty chuckle we have never known she possessed. Kissing, climbing on him.

LATER

Isabel and Burns sitting on the steps of the porch, Burns vaping through an attention catcher vaporizer, watching the moon dance on the gentle surf. Isabel tearing her eyes away from the pretentious device, trying to not lose her mind.

BURNS (CONT'D)

...But my hair was way longer then,
I was a wild man... I had this
Harley with aluminum T6061 billets,
sooo cool. Did a commercial for
them, once.

(she raises her eyebrows
faking interest)

I thought of going into modeling -
as a career, you know - but my mom
said becoming a pilot was more
reliable...So...

Burns offering vaporizer, Isabel declining with a smile, Burns leaning over to kiss her. Isabel pretending to look at her watch.

ISABEL

My God! I have to get home.

Springing to her feet, hurrying into the cabana. Burns stumped.

EXT. SQUARE BY DEL POTRO'S HOME - NIGHT

Burns' rental coming to the ghost trees.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Burns parking.

ISABEL
Here's fine.

BURNS
I thought you were going to let me
into your life. Meet your--

ISABEL
No. You knew what this was. We
agreed.

BURNS
That was a long time ago. I
thought--

ISABEL
You thought wrong. If you don't
like it like this, we can say
goodbye here and now.

BURNS
I don't get you.

ISABEL
I know.

BURNS
I mean, aren't you glad you met
someone like me?

ISABEL
Excuse me?

BURNS
That came out wrong.

ISABEL
Look, I like fucking you. We'll
never have anything more.

BURNS
That's-- Really? I have a lot
more to offer to you.

ISABEL
Not really. I have to go.

Kissing him with a finger, getting out. Burns skidding off
angrily. Isabel waiting till he has turned a corner,
hurrying home, across the square.

INT/EXT. SIDEWALK RESTAURANT, DOWNTOWN HOLGUÍN - NIGHT

Keller, Piromalli, Guetta dining at popular bar-restaurant frequented by Cubans. LOUD MUSIC (Blondie - Heart Of Glass). YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN coming and going.

Some obviously on the make. Dancing inside.

Keller watching the Italians, their eyes darting around the human candy store. THEIR CONVERSATION YELLED OVER THE MUSIC.

KELLER

How long you staying in Cuba?

PIROMALLI

Not quite sure yet. When we close a business deal.

GUETTA

But doing business in Cuba can be a long nightmare.

(faking Cuban accent)

No es fácil!

Is not EASY!

(calls out)

Vieni qui!

Come here!

Addressing THREE ATTRACTIVE YOUTHS walking past - on the make. The boldest one bumming a cigarette. Guetta obliging, offering his two buddies one as well.

Piromalli making a "my crazy friend" gesture.

PIROMALLI

And you?

KELLER

Same... Finishing up some work, then I'll be on my way.

PIROMALLI

Where?

KELLER

Haven't decided yet. You?

PIROMALLI

Nassau, forze... We came via Bahamas, so maybe a place we don't know. Chisaá...

KELLER

Hear Nassau is hot.

PIROMALLI

Quindi, vieni con noi!

So, come with us!

Plenty of room on board.

KELLER

How many crew sail with you?

PIROMALLI

No crew! One man can sail a
Dolcevita. We like our privacy.

Lavoro ba benne.

Work is fine.

On long sails not much more to do.

We like to cook. Fabio likes to...

(mimics spearfishing)

So, many fresh fish...

È lui il vero cuoco

He is the real cook.

I peel the potatoes!

Laughing, Keller joining. Guetta approaching, folding a note.

GUETTA

What's so funny?

PIROMALLI

Niente.

Nothing.

(spies note)

E allora?

So?

GUETTA

Domani facciamo festa. Tutti e
tre.

Tomorrow we party. All three.

Keller has grown grave, watching the youths stroll away
carefree. The FIRST YOUTH, a particularly attractive boy of
fifteen, waving at them.

FLASH: UP SHOT: A DISHEVELED, INEBRIATED MAN WEARING A LOOSE
SHIRT AND NOTHING ELSE, LOOKING DOWN INTO CAMERA.

MAN

Hey, hey, little fella...

KELLER BOY STARING UP AT HIM. HIS EYES SHIFTING TO...

HIS POV: MOTHER DISAPPEARING INTO THE KITCHEN, SWITCHING BACH
CANTATA BACK ON, STICKING BILLS IN HER BREASTS.

MAN (CONT'D)

Gonna have a party me and you too,
hey, Robby?

YOUNG MARTIN STARRING UP AT HIM. DOOR SHUTTING. DARKNESS.

BACK TO SCENE:

Keller's flooded stare lost in the crowd.

PIROMALLI

Martin potrebbe partire con noi.
Martin may sail with us.

GUETTA

Bravo!
(notices Keller absent)
Tutto benne?
Everything OK?

KELLER

Ugh? Sure. I need to go now.

Starting off, quickly returning, digging for money.

ITALIANS

No, no! Togli quella mano dalla
tasca! Ci vediamo!
**Nagh, nagh! Get that hand out of
your pocket! See you!**

Keller, raising hand in thanks, moving off.

BLONDIE SWELLING, FADING LONG AFTER WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOLGUÍN - NIGHT (AERIAL)

Floating above the city, slow and low enough to allow the
VOICES, MUSIC, CAR HORNS on the street below overtake the
TRACK.

INT. JIMNY - SAME TIME

Keller driving, eyes shifting IN SLOMO left and right. On
the prowl.

SERIES OF SHORTENING POV'S:

AN ATTRACTIVE VILLAGE GIRL - perfectly developed body - walking away with nonchalant abandon, by the side of the highway.

DIFFERENT ROAD - AN ATTRACTIVE GIRL walking toward CAMERA with a bundle on her head.

ANOTHER ATTRACTIVE GIRL approaching on the opposite side of the road, smiling at CAMERA.

KELLER'S EYES sparkling with excitement - too much to grasp, a candy store! The LION'S GROWL.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Jimny slowing to a crawl beside a YOUNG WOMAN walking with a heavy bag.

Keller, wearing the priest's collar, lowering window, speaking to the girl. The wary girl hurrying away.

INT. JIMNY - SAME TIME

Keller HONKING THE HORN angrily, driving on.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The Jimny making its way under a velvety sky.

INT. JIMNY CABIN - SAME TIME

Keller driving. Mother, heavily made up, riding shotgun, stirring a drink with her long nailed, red pinky. The truck hitting a pothole, shrieking, giddy.

MOTHER (ECHO)

There, sweetheart, why don't you
take something to your room..?

A LION'S ROAR. Keller suddenly veering onto a side street, into town.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Jimny moving along the cobblestone street, running a stop sign, causing a lone COCO-TAXI to drive into the sidewalk.

INT. JIMNY - NIGHT

Keller, alone, anxious, checking rear-view mirror. Easing his foot.

MOTHER (V.O) (ECHO)
My new beau is here... Run along,
darling--

Keller slamming in a DVD - the BACH CANTATA overwhelming the TRACK - seeing...

The fuel gauge flashing on EMPTY.

His eyes going to an ORO NEGRO gas station coming up.

Keller pulling in.

EXT. ORO NEGRO GAS STATION - NIGHT

The Jimny pulling up to the pumps. No one around. Keller waiting for someone to approach, catching his breath. Self service. Keller stepping down, grabbing gas nozzle, inserting it in tank, pressing handle. Nothing...

Turning toward the small office. Leaving the spout in the tank, heading for cashier's window.

The ATTENDANT, a beautiful, wild-looking girl in her early twenties, in Oro Negro shirt, hair up on a bun, counting money, filling a shift report form.

Keller seeing himself in fish-eye mirror, snapping the priest's collar off, pocketing it.

KELLER
Buenas noches.
Good evening.

The girl holding up a finger, finishing count. Keller eyeing the clock in the wall - coming up on midnight. Girl signing shift report, offering saucy smile.

KELLER (CONT'D)
Speak English?

GIRL
Ni una palabra, pipo.
Not a word, guy.

KELLER
I need gas. Gasolina.

GIRL

Yo estoy entregando el turno, mi vida, pero el compañero que me reemplaza ya llega...
I'm ending my shift, hon, but the comrade who replaces me will be here any minute...

Rubber-banding bills, locking them up in register. Keller taking out a 1,000 peso bill, slipping through service tray.

KELLER

Puedo cargar..?
Can I start..?

The girl considering, looking at bill.

GIRL

Anda, pues.
Go 'head.

Punching keys on keyboard, the pump by Jimmy coming alive.

Catching Keller staring, smiling. Keller heading for truck.

A weary-eyed MALE ATTENDANT crossing him with a plastic bag under his arm. Before he can make eye contact, Keller has reached the pump and turned his back on him.

Keller watching young man in the fish-eye mirror, entering the office, exchanging words with the girl, pulling his own Oro Negro shirt from bag.

The Girl handing him key, holding shift report for signature. Instead, he using the key to open the register, swiftly counting bills in her shift wad, only then signing form.

The Girl rolling her eyes, taking signed copy, pointing to Jimmy, to the thousand, popping chewing gum, exiting.

Keller watching her let her luscious hair down, disappear around the corner. Turning to the pump - the counter coming on 950 pesos - pulling dripping handle out, sticking it in the pump, replacing cap, getting in Jimmy, SKIDDING off.

The Attendant looking after him.

INT. JIMNY - NIGHT

Keller turning corner on street parallel to one girl took.

EXT. PARALLEL STREET - SAME TIME

The Jimny moving fast, SCREECHING round next corner, a narrower, one way street.

Four shirtless DOMINO PLAYERS slapping pieces noisily under street lamp crowded with fluttering insects.

The Jimny slowing to skirt the game. Player with back to street lifting his chair in good spirits, giving way.

Keller forcing a smile.

INT. JIMNY - CONTINUOUS

Keller speeding away, reaching next corner, about to turn right, seeing the girl crossing the street at the end of the block. Continuing on same street.

Catching sight of flustered self in mirror, taking deep, soothing breath.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

The Jimny reaching next corner. No turn right; the street ending at a small, impassable square.

INT. JIMNY - CONTINUOUS

Keller cursing, searching for way around, noticing narrow pathway on far end of the square, speeding toward it.

Several boys playing baseball with a rubber ball and a broom stick. Stopping to let Jimny through. Calling out his infraction, laughing.

EXT. JIMNY - MOMENTS LATER

Keller taking side street heading in his intended general direction. Losing his bearings.

INT. JIMNY - MOMENTS LATER

Keller reaching a corner, the Oro Negro sign, three blocks away. Few denizens about. The girl nowhere in sight; could have gone into any door. Punching wheel, vexed.

KELLER

FUCK!

Doing a double take. The Girl standing at the passenger's window, waiting for him to clear the way.

Keller fumbling for handle, lowering glass.

KELLER (CONT'D)
No sé... Dónde voy...La playa...
Don't know ... where I'm... The beach.

She knitting brow. Keller realizing BACH has been BLASTING since he left the station. Lowering radio.

KELLER (CONT'D)
Perdón...Busco la dirección a la playa.
Sorry...I need directions to the beach.

She studying him, giving him her crooked smile and sexiest, raspy voice.

GIRL
Qué playa, chico? A medianoche?
What beach, guy? At midnight?

KELLER
You speak English?

GIRL
(eyeing interior cabin)
Otra vez? Qué tú buscas?
Again? Wha'chu looking for?

KELLER
Quieres subir?
You want to get in?

GIRL
Hay, no, yo voy pa' la casa, llevo desde el medio día trabajando!
Don't think so, going home, been working since noon!

KELLER
Te llevo.
I'll take you.

GIRL
Me llevas?
You take me?
(not born yesterday)
Y cuánto me pagas pa' llevarme?
And how much you pay to take me?

KELLER
(misunderstanding)
No, no...nada. Gratis.
No no...nothing. For free.

GIRL
Gratis?! Te caiste de la mata,
yuma?!
**Free?! You fall from a tree,
dude?!**

Starting to move across front of the truck. Keller letting
Jimny inch forward, she stopping.

KELLER
No, no gratis! Creí que-- Veinte!
No, not free! I thought-- Twenty!

She appraising the mark, eyeing Keller's camera.

GIRL
Cuarenta. For-ty.

KELLER
OK...

GIRL
(climbing in)
Yo vivo lejos!
I live far!

Opening button on her Rio Negro shirt.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Qué calor!
What heat!

Enjoying seeing him peek at her full breasts. Keller
checking surrounding - all quiet - driving off.

EXT. JIMNY - NIGHT

The Jimny turning into dark street.

KELLER (O.S.)
Cómo te llamas?
What's your name?

GIRL (O.S.)
Yolanda. No tienes hambre?
Yolanda. Aren't you hungry?

EXT/INT. BEACH COTTAGE - DAY

Keller helping Lola - wearing loose pink-violet checkered shirt - move into a quaint, bright, freshly painted, one bedroom beach cottage.

The OWNER, a dark, short, heavy set man who forgot some time ago what smiling was like, watching them suspiciously.

Keller returning to Jimny to carry in rest of her stuff.

OWNER

Tú no me dijiste que aquí iba a
vivir un extranjero!
**You didn't tell me a foreigner
would be living here!**

LOLA

Porque aquí voy a vivir soy yo!
**Cause I'm the one who's going to
live here!**

OWNER

Él no puede dormir aquí.
He can't sleep here.

LOLA

Óyeme, que yo no nací ayer, pa' que
sepas. Ni pa' comel mielda! Ya te
cobraste tres meses, ahora dame mi
llave y déjame en paz.
**Listen to me, just so we're clear,
cause I wasn't born yesterday. I
don't have to take your shit! You
already got your three months'
rent, now give me my key and leave
me in peace.**

OWNER

Si las autoridades se enteran que
yo le estoy alquilando a un yuma
pierdo la casa!
**If the authorities find out I'm
renting to a foreigner, I lose the
house!**

LOLA

Pero qué tú tienes en la oreja, un
boniato, muchacho?! Que aquí voy a
vivir soy yo! Mi amigo vive en el
Paraíso pa' que te empaches! Yo
estoy aquí pa' pintar! Y él es
mi...como es que le dicen..?
Mecenas! Aja!

(MORE)

LOLA (CONT'D)
El paga pa' que yo pinte.
**Wha' chu got in your ear, a potato,
guy?! No one's living here but me!
My friend resides at the Paraíso,
try to swallow that! I'm here to
paint! And he is my...
Whachucallit...? Patron! That's
it! He pays so I can paint.**

Keller returning with wood easel, painting supplies.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Ves tú?! Pintora!
See?! Painter!

KELLER
What's going on?

LOLA
Nothing.
(holds hand out)
Dame mi llave.
Gimme my key.

The Owner eyeing Keller, handing over key.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Y no te quiero ver por tres meses!
**I don't need to see you for three
months!**
(the man eyes Keller)
Pórtate bien conmigo y un día pinto
esa cara'e mono que cargas!
**Behave and maybe I paint your ugly
mug one day.**

The man conceding a smile, taking off.

INT. DEL POTRO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Del Potro, Isabel and Esperanza having dinner.

DEL POTRO
Cómo que yuca al martillo?!
How do you mean hammered mandioc?!

ISABEL
Abuela no sabe usar el aparato ese
que le traje, entonces machaca el
ajo con tu martillo.
**Grandma can't figure out the garlic
crusher I brought her, so she uses
your hammer.**

Del Potro trying the yuca with mojo, obviously enjoying it.

DEL POTRO
Pues dale con mi martillo cuando
quieras, vieja.
**Well, hit it with my hammer
anytime, Mamma!**

The front door opening. Mario coming in, followed by Benjamín. Isabel jumping to her brother's neck.

ISABEL
Mario!

MARIO
Isi... Abuela.
Isi... Grandma.

Kissing her, glancing at Del Potro, going to his room.

ISABEL
Tío.
Uncle.

BENJAMÍN
(to Isabel)
Niña, cada día mas bella. Mamá.
Girl, prettier every day. Mom.

Embracing both.

ESPERANZA
Pues aquí, todavía coleando.
Quieres comel?
Here, still kicking. Want to eat?

BENJAMÍN
Dale, pues... Qué tienes?
Sure... What do you have?

DEL POTRO
Yuca con mojo al martillo.
Mandioc with hammered mojo.

BENJAMÍN
Cómo que al martillo?
What do you mean hammered?

ESPERANZA
Ya, muchacho! Lonja y está muy
sabrosa.
**Stop that, you! Pork chop and it's
very good.**

BENJAMÍN

Vinimos de un coñazo. Ni ocho horas!

We came in one go. Not even eight hours.

ESPERANZA

Habrán volao'!

Flying for sure!

Putting Benjamín's plate in front of him.

DEL POTRO

Entonces..?

So..?

BENJAMÍN

Bueno, como tu dijiste... Ese hombre respira es veneno. Qué carajo más desagradable. No veía el momento de salir de esa oficina.

Well, like you said... That man breathes venom. What a despicable character. Couldn't get out of that office fast enough.

Del Potro putting a hand on his shoulder.

DEL POTRO

Gracias.

Thanks.

BENJAMÍN

No, chico...

Forget it, bro...

ISABEL

Mario, tú no comes?!

Mario, you're not eating?!

No reply.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

Nona, deme su plato, yo se lo llevo.

Nona, give me his plate. I'll take it to him.

Stealing a glance at Del Potro ignoring her. Esperanza handing her Mario's plate.

BENJAMÍN

Esto está muy bueno, mamá.

Cuéntame lo del martillo.

(MORE)

BENJAMÍN (CONT'D)
**This is very good, mom. Tell me
about the hammer.**

INT. MARIO'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Mario lying on his bed, caressing his cat. Isabel entering.

ISABEL
Toma, come, Mario.
Here, Mario, eat.

MARIO
No tengo hambre.
Not hungry.

ISABEL
Come. Ya pasó. Cuéntame, cómo se
te ocurrió meterte a balsero. Qué
locura... Mira si te nos morías
ahogado.
**Eat. It's over. Tell me how you
got that idea to get in one of
those rafts. Crazy. You could
have drown.**

Mario springing up.

MARIO
Tú no entiendes que yo aquí ya me
estoy ahogando?!
**Can't you understand I'm already
drowning here?!**

Isabel taking his hand.

ISABEL
Todos estamos en la misma, Mario.
Hay que vivir con lo que uno tiene.
**We're all in the same boat, Mario.
Have to live with what we have.**

MARIO
No, tú vives, tú tienes un futuro.
Y él te quiere. Yo, un coño!
**No, you're living, you have a
future. And he loves you. Me, shit!**

ISABEL
Yo sé que Papi a ti también te
quiere. No es fácil para un hombre
como él--
**I know daddy also loves you. It's
not easy for a man like him--**

MARIO

Porque soy marica?!
Cause I'm a faggot?!

ISABEL

Él no sabe cómo manejar eso. Es su problema, no el tuyo. Pero yo sé que te quiere. Tu puedes encontrar la forma de abrirle la mente. Tú eres el más inteligente de esta familia.

He doesn't know how to handle it. It's his problem, not yours. But I know he loves you. You can find the way to open his mind. You're the smartest one in this family.

MARIO

Hubiese preferido ser el mejor marinero.
I would have preferred being the best sailor.

Isabel chuckling

ISABEL

Y el más cómico.
And the funniest.

The cat has made his way around to the plate.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

Come, antes que te lo coma el gato.
(starts off)

El mojo al martillo a la Nona le quedó pa' chuparse los dedos.
Eat before the cat gets it. Nona's hammer mojo came out finger licking good.

Mario trying it.

MARIO

Mojo al qué?
Mojo what?

Laughing together.

EXT. JUICE BAR - DAY

Keller sitting at table in the shade, reading GRANMA in front of a juice, people watching. At peace with the world.

INT. ART SUPPLY STORE - SAME TIME

TWO CLERKS serving customers, a long line waiting outside in the heat. A GUARD letting them in, one at a time.

Lola loading art supplies on a cart, adding several large, blank canvases.

Through a window getting a partial view of Keller, talking angrily to someone unseen across his table. CELL DINGS!

FIRST CLERK (O.S.)
Encontraron otra muchacha muerta.
They found another dead girl.

Lola carrying the supplies to the register, looking at Keller, realizing he is talking to an empty space.

SECOND CLERK (O.S.)
Hay, Dios mío...
Oh, my God...

Lola seeing the clerks sharing the cellphone screen. The FIRST CLERK ringing up her purchases.

FIRST CLERK
Tú no eres Dolores Vives? La que pinta?
Aren't you Dolores Vives? The one who paints?

Lola nodding.

FIRST CLERK (CONT'D)
Eddie Fuente Fuerte es ahija'o mío. El siempre habla de ti. Y que tienes un don.
Eddie Fuente Fuerte is my godson. He's always talking about you. Says you have a gift.

Reading total. Lola taking slip of tape.

LOLA
Bueno, gracias...Ya le pagan...
OK, thanks...Just a moment...

EXT. JUICE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Lola exiting store, approaching Keller. He smiling, taking tape, going into store.

Lola drinking the remaining of his juice, feeling royal.

EXT. STREET - SHORT TIME LATER

Keller and Lola carrying purchases to Jimny. Keller upbeat.

LOLA
Martin...

KELLER
Yeah...

LOLA
You were talking to yourself.

KELLER
Sorry?

LOLA
Back there, at the table.

KELLER
Was I?
(smiles)
I do that sometimes, yeah.

LOLA
You seemed upset.

KELLER
Upset? No. I like to recite
Goethe.

LOLA
The philosopher.

KELLER
Well, poet too. You know him?

LOLA
For instance?

KELLER
What? Oh, well...
*"Mi piacciono abbastanza i ragazzi,
ma la mia preferenza è per le
ragazze;
Quando ne ho abbastanza di una
ragazza, lei mi serve ancora come
un ragazzo."*

LOLA
(beat)
I thought he was German.

Staring at a sexy dress on window display. Keller following her gaze, smiling.

SHORT TIME LATER

Keller opening Jimny's rear, loading art supplies and shopping bag.

A POLICEMAN pointing to NO PARKING sign.

POLICEMAN

Aquí no se estaciona, caballero.
Can't park here, Sir.

KELLER

Oh, sorry...

LOLA

Perdone... Ya nos vamos...
Sorry... We're leaving...

POLICEMAN

La próxima vez le tengo que poner multa.
Next time I have to give you a ticket.

They have climbed into the truck. Keller driving away.

INT. LOLA'S COTTAGE - DAY

A couple of completed works of great quality resting against a far wall.

Keller - trunks, barefoot - taking photographs of Lola, stark naked, seated on a bar stool on the terrace, her perfectly shaped back with a Cello F Hole tattooed facing camera. Painting with vigor on the large canvas from the TEASER, facing the sea.

Keller leaving camera on a chair, going to terrace.

LOLA

(into her canvas)
Tired of photographing my ass?

KELLER

On the contrary...

Lola turning, kissing him.

KELLER (CONT'D)

Going for a swim.

LOLA
When will we fuck?

KELLER
(beat)
Join me?

LOLA
Sorry...
(re canvas)
Want to--

KELLER
Sure, course, you carry on...
(eyeing work)
Very good.

Trotting down wooden steps, Lola gazing after him, irked.

FROM THE BEACH

The quaint cottage framed by lush foliage, no more than 30 meters from the foam creeping up on the sand. Lola busy at the easel. Martin wading into surf.

TERRACE

Lola leaving stool, walking into...

BATHROOM

Sitting on the toilet, looking at herself in side mirror, thoughtful. Ripping toilet paper.

DAY ROOM

TOILET FLUSH. Lola exiting bathroom, picking up Keller's camera from chair, looking at...

SERIES OF LOLA at the easel. Screening more pictures - people in the streets, all good, revealing.

FRAMING THE BEACH.

Through the camera:

Keller wading in surf.

She pushing the shutter.

THROUGH THE CAMERA: "MEMORY FULL" flashing on the margin of frame.

Lola going into the...

BEDROOM

Squatting by camera case open on the floor, removing memory stick from camera.

EXT. BEACH - SAME TIME

Keller coming in on a foamy wave, washing hair back, heading back toward cottage.

INT. COTTAGE, BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Lola searching for another memory stick, lifting set of long lenses, noticing the odd fit of the bottom of case, lifting the lip...

Beneath it - several gaudy colored, rumpled slips, the priest's collar, scalpels, murky red liquid in an opaque plastic container. Her chest swelling, HEART BEATING FASTER. Memory sticks. Inserting one into Nikon, lighting up camera screen.

EXT. BEACH - SAME TIME

Keller walking up the steps to the terrace. Lola missing.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Images on the Nikon: Danelis, Rosa, SEVERAL UNKNOWN VICTIMS, SOME BLACK - all beaten, arms folded, dissected, dead - flashing on the camera screen.

Lola riveted by them: THE LIGHT CHANGING, she turning up.

Keller staring down at her, blanched. CUT TO BLACK.

END EPISODE 3

EPISODE 4

"Oro Negro"TEASER

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Clean, endless. Blue, mild sea.

A strong, wiry man, 60's, emerging from the surf, wearing raggedy cut-off pants. A SPEERO. Suntanned to a bronze.

Home-made spear gun, wire-repaired mask-snorkel, old black flippers. Catch on his belt - octopus, half dozen fish. Humming. Good morning's work.

Heading for an old bicycle resting against a coconut tree. Grabbing a small towel serving as seat cushion, drying his face, folding it back onto the old spring seat, securing catch to bicycle rack.

Mounting vehicle, heading humming for the road. Suddenly stoping. Staring at:

A pair of green, oddly pointy shoes with muddy soles, resting on a stone, facing the sea.

Approaching, picking one up, sniffing it, measuring it against his naked foot. Perfect.

END TEASER

EP-4

EXT. SUGAR CANE FIELD - DAY

Pancho, the farmer who's thatch was set on fire, sharpening his machete at the shade of a cart half loaded with sugar cane, hitched to a bony horse.

Testing the blade on a strand of horse tail, putting the stone away, moving to edge of field, resuming cutting down cane. Brutal, beastly work.

A large enough pile collected, carrying it on his back to the cart. Drinking water from a bottle, wiping the sweat under his straw hat, returning to the field, resuming work.

EXT. MENA'S HUT - SAME TIME

Mena, Pancho's pyromaniac neighbor, sitting on his box, under his mango tree, staring glassily at the live chicken he has by the neck in one hand, the small kitchen knife in the other. Not at peace with the world.

EXT. SUGAR CANE FIELD - SHORT TIME LATER

Pancho grabbing armful of cane, adding it to pile on the cart. DISTANT SHOUTS. Or was it bird shrieks? Resuming work, suddenly seeing smoke rising beyond the field, against blue sky.

Dropping what he's doing, climbing on his cart, on top of the cane, seeing clearly...

Smoke rising by his hut, across the vast cane field.

PANCHO
COÑO'E SU MADRE!
SON OF A BITCH!

Grabbing reins, quickly realizing the trip back skirting the fields will take forever, jumping down, running off, dashing back, grabbing machete, disappearing into...

FIELD

Pancho slashing his way through the wall of cane, seething.

AERIAL

Pancho, making his way through the field.

PULLING PANTO

Suddenly stopping, gasping, dead on his tracks.

WIPE TO:

Yolanda, the Oro Negro girl, naked, arms crossed over her chest, lying in the middle of a small clearing. Very dead. Automobile tracks cutting away through the cane field.

Pancho frozen, staring at.

The girl's clothes neatly folded at her feet.

Her eyes gone, CROWS picking at the orbs.

Her genital area dissected and exposed, crawling with vermin.

Pancho letting out a terrible GRUNT, running on as if the field was on fire.

AERIAL

The crows flying off. Pancho cutting through the tall cane.

INT. OFF ROAD PLUMBING STORE - DAY

Del Potro checking out copper pipe in rolls. The Vendor we've met before helping.

VENDOR

Estos sí son buenos, Coronel.
13x15 es lo que usted necesita.
These really are good, Colonel.
13x15 is what you need.

DEL POTRO

(smiles)
Alemanes?
German?

VENDOR

Mejores! Rusos! No, en serio,
Coronel, me los consiguió un socio
en Panamá. Los está usando la
gente del Canal.
Better! Russian! No, really,
Colonel, a buddy got them for me in
Panama. They're being used at the
Canal.

DEL POTRO

Estás perdiendo tu tiempo en este negocio, compadre. Ponte a escribir novelas. Yo haré cola pa' comprar la primera.

You're wasting your time in this business, my friend. Start writing novels. I'll be first in line to buy.

VENDOR

El problema con Cuba, Coronel, es que diga lo que diga todo parece fantasía. No hay veldad que sea moneda fuerte con tanto malandro y buscavida suelto.

The problem with Cuba, Colonel, is that no matter what you say, all of it sounds like fantasy. Truth can't be hard currency with so many scoundrels on the make.

DEL POTRO

Dame siete metros.
Give me seven meters.

VENDOR

Ta'bien... Pa' usted se lo dejo en siete fulas el metro.

You got it... For you, seven bucks per meter.

Measuring seven meters. Del Potro handing over 1,000 pesos.

VENDOR (CONT'D)

(confidentially)

Me entraron terrajas. Va a necesitar una si piensa--

Threading taps came in. Gonna need one if you're planning--

DEL POTRO

Tengo.
Got one.

VENDOR

(sly grin)

Ah! No me la compró a mí.

Aha! Didn't get it from me!

DEL POTRO

Me quedó de mi papi! De las que ya no se fabrican! Americana!

(MORE)

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
**Passed down from my father! Kind
they don't make anymore! American!**

The man laughing heartily, carrying the roll to the LADA,
digging for change.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
Está bien así. La fula que sobra
pa' la novela.
**That'- fine. The buck's for the
novel.**

The man smiling. Del Potro's cell RINGING, answering.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
Del Potro.
(listens)
Tú estás de guardia, Magali?
You on duty today, Magali?

VENDOR
Esas americanas es veldad que sí
duran--
**True those American made really do
last--**

Del Potro has raised a hand for silence, listening, somber.

DEL POTRO
No... Tú llama a la crimi. Al
Chuzo lo saco de la cama yo. En
domingo requerirá autoridad...
**No... You call CSI. I'll drag
Chuzo out of bed. On a Sunday it
will take authority...**

INT. ORTEGA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ortega and Yaritza, the Attractive Female Lieutenant, going
at it like it's the end of the world. She's a wild beast,
likes it anyway but gentle. Ortega alarmed. His phone
RINGING. Reaching for it.

YARITZA
Ni se le ocurra, Primer Teniente!
**Don't even think about it, First
Lieutenant!**
(riding Ortega to death)
Dámela, dámela!
Give it to me, give it to me!

Ortega spying, seeing Del Potro's name, picking up.

YARITZA (CONT'D)
Damelaaaaa!
Give it to meeee!

Ortega's Rottweiler observing quizzically from the hallway.

Ortega covering Yaritza's mouth, catching his breath.

ORTEGA
Jefe...!
Boss...!

INTERCUT WITH DEL POTRO

DEL POTRO
Qué te pasa? Estás despierto?
What's wrong? You awake?

ORTEGA
Ajá...
Uhum...

DEL POTRO
Milagro. Vístete. Paso por ti en diez.
Miracle. Get dressed. Pick you up in ten.

ORTEGA
Cómo?!
What?!

Del Potro's hanged up.

EXT. SUGAR CANE FIELD - LATER

Del Potro and Ortega making their way from the LADA, parked by Pancho's cart.

DEL POTRO
Estás Bien? Te ves...
You OK? You look...

ORTEGA
Sí, no dolmí muy bien.
Yeah, didn't sleep so well.

Del Potro pointing at vehicle tracks through the crushed cane.

DEL POTRO
Mírame eso...
Check that out...

Ortega following tracks.

Del Potro fitting latex gloves, continuing to the crime scene. The victim's body covered by a sheet. The Two CSI Officers finishing combing the area around the body. Del Potro questioning...

CSI 1

(re crushed cane)

Con todo esto... Aquí no vamos a encontrar huellas de na', Coronel.
With all this... Won't find any tracks here, Colonel.

Del Potro uncovering the body, crime scene fatigue. Same bruised neck, dissection, folded arms. But this time, the face remains intact. Looking peaceful, younger. And far more innocent than we knew her to be.

Turning to folded clothes at her feet - the Oro Negro's shirt - leafing through items. Bra. No slip.

Ortega returning.

ORTEGA

Vino por un camino de atrás, Jefe.
Cortó unos alambres...
Came up a back road, Boss. Cut some wires...

Del Potro slipping victim's ID in evidence envelope, putting it in his shirt pocket. Nodding at the CSI Officers.

The CSI Officers proceeding to slip the body into body bag.

Del Potro handing Ortega ID.

DEL POTRO

Esta muchacha estaba registrada en Santiago. Averigua cómo coño aparece trabajando en Holguín.
This girl was registered in Santiago. Find out how the hell she shows up working in Holguín.

ORTEGA

'tá bien.
Right.
(cell rings, he picks up)
Teniente Ortega, DTI.
(listens)
Paso más tarde. Gracias.
Be by later. Thanks.
(for Del Potro)
(MORE)

ORTEGA (CONT'D)

Laboratorio.
LAB.

EXT. FARM - LATER

Del Potro questioning Pancho, the farmer who's thatch his neighbor, Mena, had set on fire.

PANCHO

Yo veo candela y pienso que mi--
Me puse a correr como loco, vaya, y
ahi mismito me encuentro con la
muelta.
**I see flames and think my-- I ran
like mad, and right away I run into
the dead girl.**

Del Potro glancing at Mena, watching them from his stool, plucking a chicken. Behind him, a stack of burnt brush and bushes still smoldering.

DEL POTRO

Carro?
Car?

PANCHO

Na... Eso no fue hoy. Yo cogí
pa'l cañaveral con el sol.
**Naw... That didn't happen today. I
headed for the cane field at dawn.**

EXT. BEACH BEHIND LOLA'S CABIN - DAY

THREE CUBAN CHILDREN in raggedy shorts, standing elbow to elbow before a shack, looking sternly at Keller's camera. One of them cracking up.

Keller lowering camera, staring at boy till he stops sniggering, resumes stern posture with the others. Keller taking several shots.

The boys' FAMILY on the beach, extricating sardines from a net, tossing them into buckets. One of the women watching the boys, calling them, the boys breaking ranks, running toward the beach.

Keller looking longingly after them.

EXT. LOLA'S CABIN - DAY

Lola, wearing her black, oversized, faded Rolling Stones Tongue t-shirt and nothing else, standing by her easel, drinking lemonade with paint-soiled fingers, watching Keller. Happy.

LATER

Lola working on a black and blue canvas, in her stride.

Keller climbing the steps from the beach carrying a bucket of sardines.

KELLER

Grilled are best, they said.

Setting bucket down on terrace, watching Lola work. Lola grinning strangely at him.

LOLA

You're not the only one with a dark soul.

KELLER

(kissing her temple)

I see none of the sort. It's very good. Really. Can't bear the thought of someone buying it.

Lola letting out a snort of self-deprecating laughter.

LOLA

Who would buy such a thing?

Keller removing the memory stick from his camera, walking on. Lola ambling after him.

KELLER

We'll have a showing in London.
You'll see who you are.

Depositing the stick in the Zero open on the coffee table.

LOLA

I know who I am.

Keller smiling at her.

KELLER

Darling, you have no idea.

Sticking new memory into camera.

KELLER (CONT'D)

I have to go into town. I'll get some olive oil for the sardines.

Lola following him to the front door.

LOLA

That, you'll find only at La Molienda, a dollar store. Or maybe at your hotel.

KELLER

I'm checking out today. My official visit is over. You need anything?

Slipping on a pair of sandals. Lola kissing him.

LOLA

Que regresa.

That you come back.

Keller looking at her. A beat.

KELLER

I'm OK. Thank you.

LOLA

For what?

Keller smiling, grabbing his keys, exiting.

Lola looking after him, walking back to her painting, picking up her spatula, spreading a vigorous swath of black across the bumblebee yellow on the canvas.

INT. LENIN HOSPITAL - DAY

Busy. Ortega walking along a long corridor.

An ATTRACTIVE NURSE exiting a door marked LABORATORIO.

ORTEGA

Justo la persona que necesitaba ver!

Just the person I needed to see!

Subtle he is not, but she not immune to his charm either.

NURSE

Lo dudo. Yo no trabajo aquí.

I doubt it. I don't work here.

ORTEGA
Como guía, señorita...
As my guide, Miss...
(reads name tag)
Ortega! No puede ser! Mira!
Ortega! No way! Look!

Pulling his Ortega Police ID. She surprised, far from at ease with cops.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
No te asuste', no vengo por ti...
Hoy. Pero, en otra oportunidad,
con tu permiso...
Don't worry, not after you...
Today. But, some other time, with
your permission...

She smiling, hurrying off. Ortega going into the...

INT. LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

Ortega approaching a MIDDLE AGE NURSE at counter, showing ID.

ORTEGA
DTI. El Dr. Leiva me espera.
DTI. Dr. Leiva is waiting for me.

NURSE
Él ya se fue. Dejó esto para
usted...
He's gone. Left this for you.

Producing folder, Ortega opening it. Chinese would be easier to read. She takes pity on him.

NURSE (CONT'D)
El material analizado pertenecía a
la víctima.
The analyzed material belonged to
the victim.

ORTEGA
Eso él no me lo podía decir por
teléfono?!
He couldn't tell me that by phone?!

NURSE
Usted sabe que esta información se
transmite es así. Buenas tardes.
You know it's procedure with this
kind of information. Good day.

Back to her duties. Ortega looking at the Heavens.

ORTEGA
Cuba, te quiero!
Cuba, love you!

Going...

INT. LENIN HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Ortega searching for Nurse Ortega, peeking through windows, crossing to water fountain, surprised to see...

Benjamín inside a treatment room - on an easy-chair, looking at his cellphone, connected to a drip.

Ortega reading the sign on the door - QUIMOTERAPIA - moving on, concerned.

Nurse Ortega appearing around the corner at a fast clip.

NURSE ORTEGA
Anda perdido, Ortega?
Lost, Ortega?

ORTEGA
Para nada, Ortega, la estaba esperando.
Not at all, Ortega, waiting for you.

Falling in step with her.

EXT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Del Potro parking LADA, greeting acquaintances, going into station.

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

A Woman reporting the kidnapping of her cat - AD-LIB. Del Potro walking through, Magali handing him messages.

MAGALI
Chuzo, que está demorado en el laboratorio, que empiecen sin él.
Chuzo, delayed at the lab, said to start without him.

DEL POTRO
Eso dice el General Ortega?!
Bueno, pues si él lo ordena así
tendrá que ser.
**That says General Ortega?!
Well, if he orders it, it shall be.**

Going into...

15A DEL POTRO'S OFFICE

15A

Heading for the bathroom, noticing the wall calendar on yesterday, ripping off page. New day: June 14.

15B MOMENTS LATER, BATHROOM

15B

Del Potro washing his hands, eyeing calendar again.

Drying hands, pulling out cell, dialing, closing office door some.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Moncho, qué más...
Moncho, what's new...

MONCHO (OVER PHONE)
Aquí, Coronel, en la lucha...
Here, Colonel, in the grind...

DEL POTRO
Diez mil al Che. Pa' esta noche.
Ten thousand on Che. For tonight.

MONCHO (OVER PHONE)
Hecho, Kemosabe, 10,000 al 14. El corriente a las veintidos. Suerte.
Done, Kemosabe, 10,000 on 14. This date, twenty-two hours. Good luck.

INT. INVESTIGATION OFFICE - SOME TIME LATER

Del Potro, the Two CSI Officers, the Two Female Investigators, Jimenez, the Two Police Officers - around the long table.

The map showing Holguín and surrounding areas. Red pins stuck on the three crime-scene locations.

Around it, photos of the victims, vehicle tracks, contact info, other pertinent information.

DEL POTRO

Lo que tenemos aquí es algo nunca visto en Cuba. Crímenes como estos no se investigan como están acostumbrados. Olvídense de lo que creen que saben...

(indica su cabeza)

Instinto es lo que cuenta en algo como esto.

(se toca el vientre)

Y eso vive aquí Toman nota de todo. No se me quedan con preguntas en el buche. Información que le puede parecer insignificante a uno, para un colega puede ser crucial.

What we have here is something never seen in Cuba before. Crimes like these cannot be investigated the way you're used to. Forget whatever you think you know...

(taps head)

Instinct is what counts in something like this.

(touches gut)

And that lives here Write everything down. Don't hold back questions. What may seem meaningless to one, may prove vital to a colleague's investigation.

The First CSI Officer producing photos of the naked foot tracks. Yaritza seems to have assumed command of organizing the board and pins them up.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Todo se evalúa aquí al final de cada día. Y de ahora en más, fines de semana incluidos.

Everything gets reviewed back here, end of each day. Weekends included, from now on.

Nods around the office.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Y por supuesto todo en la más estricta confidencialidad. La Habana sigue firme con que--

And of course all conducted in utmost confidentiality. Havana is adamant that--

A SCRATCHY GUARACHA. Lieutenant Nuñez snapping up her cellphone, killing the music, eyeing her screen.

NUÑEZ

Creo que ya sea tarde, Jefe.
I think it may be late, Chief.

Holding out phone, Del Potro reading screen...

TEXT: TRES MUCHACHAS ASESINADAS EN HOLGUIN. TODO APUNTA A UN MISMO AUTOR.

THREE GIRLS MURDERED IN HOLGUIN. EVERYTHING POINTS TO THE SAME KILLER.

Del Potro livid.

DEL POTRO

Quién fue?
Who was it?

The crew exchanging silent glances. Two more PHONES GOING OFF.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Quién coño?!
Who the hell?!

A THIRD FEMALE INVESTIGATOR holding out phone.

THIRD INVESTIGATOR

Eso está en las redes hace días,
Coronel.
**That's been in the networks for
days, Colonel.**

Del Potro looking at phone, beyond belief.

FIRST CSI OFFICER

Jefe, recuerde que el personal del
hospital también--
**Chief, remember the hospital
personnel also--**

Del Potro shutting him up with a wave of his hand, disgusted.

DEL POTRO

Teniente Nuñez, usted me visita a
la familia de Rosa Guillén. Quiero
una lista de todas sus amistades.
Si alguien la vio con algún
desconocido durante sus últimas
semanas de vida? Algo que nos de
una pista!

(MORE)

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
Lieutenant Nuñez you visit Rosa Guillen's family. I want a list of all her friends, if anybody saw her with a stranger during her last two weeks of her life? Something pointing somewhere!

NUÑEZ
Si, Jefe.
Yes, Chief.

Leaving, crossing a hurried Ortega on his way in. Del Potro seeing him.

DEL POTRO
Tú! Trabaja Rio Negro a ver qué sacas?
You! Go work Rio Negro, see what you can dig up.
(picks up hat)
Preguntas?
Questions?

Ortega raising his hand.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
Pregúntale a ellos que sí estaban donde tenían que estar!
Ask them if they were where they were supposed to be!

Stalking out. Ortega after him.

RECEPTION

Del Potro walking through. Magali holding out her cell.

MAGALI
Coronel, las redes--
Colonel, the networks--

Del Potro storming out. Ortega reading Magali's phone, chasing after the boss.

EXT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro exiting building, Ortega after him.

ORTEGA
Cómo pasó eso?
How did that happen?

DEL POTRO
Otra cosa que tienes pa'
investigar!
Something else you can investigate!

ORTEGA
Disculpe, Jefe. El laboratorio me
tuvo clavado.
**Sorry, Chief. The lab had me
pinned down.**

Del Potro reaching the LADA, looking at him, expectant.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
Nada. El... Eso que encontramos
era de la muchacha.
**Nothing. The... That thing we
found was the girl's.**

DEL POTRO
Un día lleno de buenas noticias,
vaya!
A day filled with good news, what!

Opening door of LADA.

ORTEGA
Jefe... Quería decirle cuánto
siento lo de su hermano.
**Chief... I wanted to tell you how
sorry I am about your brother.**

Del Potro puzzled.

DEL POTRO
Mi hermano?
My brother?

LONG

Ortega talking, Del Potro listening. At length Del Potro
lowering head, climbing into the LADA, SKIDDING off.

Ortega looking after him.

INT. AIRPORT TOWER - SHORT TIME LATER

Isabel at work.

ISABEL
(into mike)
United 207, thank you, climb to
flight level one-eight-zero.

Her mobile BUZZING. Eyeing caller's name - Papá.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
(into mike)
Norwegian, left turn heading three-
two-zero degrees. Have a good trip.
(answers mobile)
Papi...

INT. LADA - SAME MOMENT

Del Potro driving through town.

DEL POTRO
Vas a tener que tomar la guagua
hoy, niña.
Hafta take the bus today, girl.

INTERCUT WITH ISABEL AT WORK

ISABEL
No hay problema... Todo bien?
No problem... Everything OK?

DEL POTRO
Gracias.
Thanks.

Hanging up. Isabel puzzled, putting down cell.

ISABEL
(into mike)
United 207, contact Santa Clara
approach on one-one-eight decimal
five-seven-five. Bye.

INT. LENIN HOSPITAL, CANCER WARD - DAY

PATIENTS AND RELATIVES waiting turn. Del Potro stalking down
the corridor, getting directions from a NURSE.

INT. CHEMO UNIT - MOMENTS LATER

Del Potro entering. Several CANCER PATIENTS receiving
treatment. Showing police ID to ATTENDANT who looks through
a file cabinet, pulling folder, handing it to Del Potro.

Del Potro perusing record with a heavy heart.

INT. LADA - DAY

Del Potro driving down main highway, in a somber mood.

A navy blue Jimny with muddy tires whipping past. Del Potro blinking, not all there. Eyeing the rearview mirror.

The Jimny pulling away.

Del Potro making a sudden U-turn - vehicles braking, the LADA slipping into shallow ditch, reversing to dislodge, waiting for several vehicles to pass, retaking asphalt.

EXT. THE LADA - SAME MOMENT (AERIAL)

Speeding after Jimny, HONKING HORN.

INT. LADA - MOMENTS LATER

Del Potro threading his way through heavy traffic.

HIS POV: THE JIMNY DISAPPEARING AROUND A BEND.

Del Potro stepping on it, spotting truck off the road.

Opening glove compartment, pulling out his Makarov.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The LADA skidding to a stop on the shoulder, Del Potro checking clip in pistol, running toward the Jimny.

A MAN on the side of the road, his back to Del Potro.

DEL POTRO
(pointing gun)
Policía! No se mueva!
Police! Don't move!

The surprised DUTCH TOURIST turning, revealing his four-year old SON peeing. Seeing Del Potro coming at him with the gun:

DUTCH TOURIST
Sorry...sorry! I didn't know it
was...

Del Potro lowering gun, looking into the Jimny. A WIFE holding a Nikon camera, immortalizing the family event.

DEL POTRO
Pardon me... It's OK.

The man hurrying back to Jimny, shoving boy into child seat, hurrying to driver's side.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

It's OK... I was--

Staring at the Nikon's belt.

The Man barking something in Dutch, the Wife closing her door. The Jimny speeding off.

Del Potro looking after them, something dawning in his mind.

EXT. AGRO - MOMENTS LATER

Ortega and Yaritza questioning workers. One of them being led in handcuffs by Jimenez into marked patrol car.

Ortega answering RINGING cell.

ORTEGA

Oigo, Jefe!

Yes, Chief!

DEL POTRO (OVER PHONE)

Es una correa de cámara!

It's a camera belt!

ORTEGA

Jefe?

Chief?

INT. LADA - SAME MOMENT

Del Potro driving, on the phone.

DEL POTRO

La marca en los cuellos. Las estrangula con la correa de su cámara.

The marks on the necks. He strangles them with his camera belt.

INTERCUT WITH ORTEGA AT AGRO PLANT

Yaritza waiting by patrol car with detained worker.

ORTEGA

OK... Entonces estamos buscando a un hombre con una cámara.

(MORE)

ORTEGA (CONT'D)

**Fine... So, we're looking for a
man with a camera.**

DEL POTRO

No. Con una Nikon.

No. With a Nikon.

INT. PARAISO RESORT, LOBBY - DAY

The Nikon around Keller's neck, with the Ministry of Culture
Delegation.

KELLER

Say cheese!

Taking picture, all laughing.

MC OFFICIAL

We hope this will not be your last
visit to Cuba, Mr. Keller.

KELLER

Certainly not. I've enjoyed my
stay enormously. I shall be back,
promised...

SECOND MC OFFICIAL

Were you satisfied with what you
found in Oriente?

KELLER

Very much so. Enough for a book or
two. This last shot will not be
included!

More LAUGHTER. Keller spotting the Calabrians approaching
through the pool area, hurrying to rap up the little event.

Reaching for his backpack.

HOSPITALITY MANAGER

Allow me!

Grabbing backpack, following Keller toward the exit.

SECOND MC OFFICIAL

You're sure you wish to drive back
all the way to Havana?

KELLER

Absolutely. Taking off right after
the Festival tonight. I like
driving nights.

Reaching the...

HOTEL ENTRANCE

The Bellhop taking Keller's backpack from the HM, loading it into Jimny.

INT. JIMNY - CONTINUOUS

Keller driving off, turning to return the waving, Mother sitting next to him, dressed to travel.

MOTHER (ECHO)
God, thought they'd never shut up!

KELLER
You shut up!

29A The Jimny speeding away - Keller alone.

29A

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Molina and Del Potro going over post mortem photographs. Graciela separating the one bearing the clearest mark of a partial "K."

Molina overlapping the x-ray negative with the Nikon belt on the table. Pulling it back and forth, until the size of the projection matches the logo.

MOLINA
Quizás... Sí...una correa así
podría haber sido el arma del
crimen, pero usted no piensa
arrestar a todo el que tenga una
Nikon, Coronel. Si no...
(offers wrists)
Yo tengo una!
**Maybe...Yes...a belt like this
could be the murder weapon, but
you're not planning to arrest
anyone who owns a Nikon, Colonel.
Otherwise...**
(offer wrists)
I own one!

GRACIELA
Para mí, lo más significativo
siguen siendo las incisiones
quirúrgicas. Eso requiere
habilidad, experiencia.
(MORE)

GRACIELA (CONT'D)

**For me, the most significant
element continues to be the
surgical incisions. That requires
skill, experience.**

DEL POTRO

Es verdad...

True...

(grabs belt)

Pero ahora sabemos que tiene
experiencia quirúrgica - y
probablemente sea aficionado a la
fotografía

**But now we know he has surgical
know-how - and is likely a into
photography.**

EXT. OPEN MARKET - DAY

Esperanza shopping for vegetables. Another GRANDMOTHER
wearing collars similar to the ones she makes, beside her.

ESPERANZA

Tan bonito tu collar. Te lo
hiciste tú?

Nice collar. Make it yourself?

ABUELA

No, miya, lo compré pa' mi nieto
que se está por hacer un santo.

**No, hon, bought it for my grandson.
He's about to become saint.**

ESPERANZA

Cuándo..?

When..?

ABUELA

Bueno, todavía anda buscando el
dinerito pa' los atributos, tú
sabes, cómo es eso...

**Well, still raising his little
stake for the tributes, you know
how that goes...**

ESPERANZA

Dinerote, será. Antes eso era
distinto, espiritual. Ahorita todo
es dinero. Antes ser babalao era
pa' elegidos!

**Big stake, you mean! Before it was
different, spiritual.**

(MORE)

ESPERANZA (CONT'D)

Now it's all money, money. Before, becoming babalawo was for a chosen few!

ABUELA

Así mismo es...
You said it...

ESPERANZA

Qué edad tiene él.
How old is he?

ABUELA

Veinticuatro. Él es policía.
Twenty-four. A policeman.

ESPERANZA

Hay, di tú... Mi hijo también está en la policía.
What do you know. My son is in the Police too.

ABUELA

No puede ser! Mi nieto es cabo en la DTI.
That's too much?! My grandson's a corporal at the DTI.

ESPERANZA

Pues mi hijo será su jefe, porque es el Coronel Del Potro.
Well, my son must be his Chief, 'cause he's Colonel Del Potro.

ABUELA

Hay, por Ifá! Entonces tu eres Esperanza, la que hace esos collares tan buscados! El no era General?!
Bless Ifá! Then you're Esperanza, the one that makes those collars everyone talks about! Wasn't he a General?!

(prefiriendo no entrar en ese tema)

En lo que pueda ayúdame con tu nieto, tú me dices. Los collares se los regalo yo..!

(preferring not to get into it))

Anything I can do for your grandson, you let me know. I'm contributing the collars...!

(MORE)

ABUELA (CONT'D)

(taking off the one she is
wearing)

Llévale ya mi Shangó... Los otros
cuatro se los voy a mandar con
Marcial.

**Take him my Shangó to begin...The
others I'll make special for him
and send them with Marcial.**

INT. JIMENEZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Jimenez's grandmother arriving with shopping. Jimenez
sitting in front of the TV, watching baseball, eating
MAMONES, spitting the seeds in a bucket.

ABUELA

Niño, si supieras a quién conocí
hoy: a la mamá de tu coronel!
**Child, if you knew who I met today:
your Colonel's mother!**

JIMENEZ

Velda?!
Really?!

ABUELA

(handing over collar)
Me regaló este Shangó pa'ti.
She gave me this Shangó for you.
(moving to kitchen)
Sus collares son famosos, pa que
sepas!
Her collars are famous, you know!
(storing food)
Todo bien en tu trabajo?
Everything OK at work?

JIMENEZ

(mind on the game)
Mataron a otra muchacha.
They killed another girl.

ABUELA

Hay, por mi vida...! Igual que las
otras?
**Good Heavens...! Same as the other
ones.**

JIMENEZ

Aja...
Um-hum...

ABUELA

También se metió con sus privados?
He also messed with her privates?

JIMENEZ

Igualito.
All the same.

ABUELA

Entonces es el mismo desgracia'o.
**So, for sure it is the same
son'bitch.**

JIMENEZ

Eso es lo que piensa el Coronel.
That's what the Colonel thinks.

ABUELA

Quieres sancocho pa' la cena?
Want stew for dinner?

Jimenez bitching at the TV.

JIMENEZ

Ajá...
Sure...

Abuela taking out her cell, moving to the pantry, typing teen-fast.

INT. DEL POTRO'S HOME, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Del Potro on his back, replacing the old piping with the new copper piping. Holding tools, lost in thought.

The Zenith on the toilet top, broadcasting in low volume.

Isabel appearing in her pajamas.

ISABEL

Papá, sabes que hora es?
Dad, you know what time it is?

Del Potro snapping out of it.

DEL POTRO

OK.

ISABEL

Estás bien? Casi no comiste.
You alright? Almost didn't eat.

DEL POTRO
Sí, sí... Acuéstate.
Yeah, yeah... Go to bed.

ISABEL
(going)
Tu también. Ya son las diez.
You Too. It's almost ten.

Leaving... Del Potro eyeing his watch, raising the radio's volume a bit.

The RADIO ANNOUNCER interrupting the MUSIC to read out the Florida lottery winning numbers. Del Potro holding his breath. Fourteen hits.(RESEARCH)

Del Potro springing up, banging his head on the bottom of the sink, holding back an outburst of victory, punching the air.

EXT. ORO NEGRO GAS STATION - DAY

ESTABLISHING. WIDE.

EXT. ORO NEGRO ACCESS STREET - DAY

Ortega pulling in on his electric scooter. His purple tie matching the flaming dragon on the side of the vehicle.

Strolling over to the office, eyeing the two CCTV cameras facing the pumps.

OFFICE

The ATTENDANT who replaced Yolanda the night of her murder relieving a different YOUNG WOMAN wearing Oro Negro shirt.

Ortega entering, a current of attraction passing between him and the attractive girl.

Turning to the images in the two monitors: the view of the station from each one of the cameras outside. In one of them the girl sashaying away.

ORTEGA
Teniente Ortega. DTI. Necesito
ver las cintas del jueves por la
noche.
**Lieutenant Ortega. DTI. Need to
see the tapes from Thursday night.**

The Attendant looking puzzled.

ATTENDANT

Cintas?
Tapes?

ORTEGA

Cintas, discos! De las cámaras ahí
fuera, chico!
**Tapes, discs! For the cameras out
there, guy!**

ATTENDANT

Ese aparato está malo.
That machine don't WORK.

ORTEGA

Pa' ver?!
Show me.

ATTENDANT

(hoping to dissuade)
Eso está pa'ya atrás--
That's back there somewhere--

ORTEGA

Pues muévete, pipo!
So, get moving, guy!

Leading the way. The Attendant hurrying to lock the register, following him, worried.

BACK ROOM

Ortega letting the Attendant lead in.

The small storage room/office cluttered with all sorts of crap. Discarded furniture, bottles, cups, dirty uniforms. Another monitor showing the office and cash register.

A plugged toilet with a hand written "NO FUNCIONO" sign stinks to high heaven. A pile of old newspapers replace toilet paper probably exhausted months ago.

The Attendant removing some food leftovers, revealing the recorder.

Ortega motioning him back, opening disk charger. Empty.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)

Como coño va a funcionar si no
carga disquete?!
**How the fuck you expect it to work
with no disk?!**

The Attendant looking at him wide-eyed.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
Tú te lo cogiste.
You took it.

ATTENDANT
No, yo no...
No, not me...

ORTEGA
Alguien fue! Por ley esto debe
estar funcionando.
**Somebody did! By law this must be
in working order.**

Ortega walking back to the office and out the door.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
Que aparezca! Mañana regreso y
mejor me lo tienes!
**Better show up! Be back tomorrow,
better have it!**

The Attendant watching him jump on his scooter and speed off,
worried.

EXT. SIDE STREET - SAME TIME

The girl from the station walking down a side street. Ortega
spotting her from a corner, speeding up, cutting her off.

ORTEGA
Primer Teniente Ortega. DTI.
(she stares, he smiles)
Cómo tú te llamas?
What's your name, then?

SAÍRIS
Saíris.

ORTEGA
Tú sabes qué pasó con el disquete
de las cámaras?
**You know what happened with the
disk for the cameras?**

SAÍRIS
Qué cámara?
What camera?

ORTEGA
Las de donde tú trabajas, chica!
Those at your work, girl!

SAÍRIS

Yo no sé de cámaras. Yo llevo ni
una semana trabajando allí.
I don't know about no cameras.
I've only been working there less
than a week.

She staring at his purple tie.

ORTEGA

Te gusta?
You like it?

SAIRIS

Quién se murió?
Who died?

Ortega amused.

ORTEGA

Pa' dónde vas?
Where'ya going?

SAÍRIS

Pa' la casa...
Home...

ORTEGA

(mimics her, flirting)
Pa' la casa...
Home...
Dónde es eso?
Where's that?

SAÍRIS

Por el reparto La Plaquita.
Around La Plaquita.

ORTEGA

Coño!
No way!

SAÍRIS

Qué fue?
What?

ORTEGA

Por ahí vivía yo de niño.
That's where I lived as a kid.

SAÍRIS

Qué va...
Sure...

ORTEGA

Fraternidad y Bayamo! Móntate que te llevo.

Fraternidad and Bayamo. Get on, I'll take you.

SAÍRIS

Usted de verdad es policía?

You really a policeman?

ORTEGA

Mira...

Look...

(shows ID, gun holster)

Móntate.

Get on.

She does. They speed off.

INT. LADA - SAME TIME

Del Potro parked in an alley, reading GRANMA. A young man in a bicycle approaching in the rearview mirror. Del Potro folding the paper.

The cyclist pulling up by at his open window, handing over an envelope, going on his way.

Del Potro stealing a glance about, flipping through the contents - several thick wads of 1,000 CUP bills - starting LADA.

EXT. BOULEVARD - DAY

With Ortega, threading his way through traffic to impress. The Girl hardly opening her eyes.

ORTEGA

Tienes miedo?!

Scared?!

She shaking her head.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)

Pues bien boba eres! Esto es peligrosísimo!

You're pretty dumb, then! This is super dangerous!

SAÍRIS

Ay, sí?!

Really?!

Ortega laughing.

EXT. SAÍRIS' HOME - SOME TIME LATER

Ortega pulling up to a row of old colonial houses. Saíris getting off, breathless.

ORTEGA
Tienes teléfono?
You've a phone?

SAÍRIS
52-78-02-14.

Ortega takes his out, dials.

ORTEGA
Quieres salir conmigo?
Wanna go out with me?

SAÍRIS
No sé.
Dunno.
(her cell rings, Ortega hangs up)
Ahí tienes mi número. Te gustan los gallos?
That's my number. You like cockfights?

SAÍRIS (CONT'D)
No sé.
I dunno.

ORTEGA
Hay, muchacha, tú no sabes na'?
Girl, you know nuttin?

SAÍRIS
(irked)
Yo nunca fui a los gallos, no puedo saber! Si me quieres llevar, me llevas, y ya. Los domingos no trabajo.
I've never been to a cockfight, how can I know?! If you want to take me, you take me, and that's that. Sundays I'm off.

Ortega is smiling.

ORTEGA

Dame un beso.
Gimme a kiss.

The girl letting out a mocking snort of laughter, sashaying into the house. Ortega grinning, speeding away.

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Del Potro watching through the one way into the interrogation rooms. Listening through earphones.

Yaritza questioning the Agro Worker.

YARITZA (OVER EARPHONE)

Pero antes me dijiste que no la
conocías.
**But before you told me you didn't
know her.**

AGRO WORKER (OVER EARPHONE)

No, no bien... Ella trabajaba era
de noche. Yo a veces la veía
llegar, pero--
**No, not well. She worked nights.
I sometimes saw her arrive but--**

Del Potro switching channels.

Ortega questioning the Oro Negro Attendant in the other room.

ORTEGA (OVER EARPHONE)

Dijiste que no funcionaba!
You said it didn't work!

ATTENDANT (OVER EARPHONE)

A mí me dijeron que no funcionaba!
Si no no me llevo el disquete
prestado!
**I was told it didn't work! Only
reason I borrowed the disk!**

Del Potro removing earphones, tossing them on a table in frustration, stalking out.

RECEPTION

Magali interviewing the Lady in Blue from the first crime scene.

Del Potro walking through.

DEL POTRO
Salgo a almorzar.
Out to lunch.

INT/EXT. FANCY SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

Del Potro sipping rum at a table, chatting with the OWNER.

Benjamín pulling up in his Jeep. Heading for the table.

BENJAMÍN
'No, qué lujo! Qué estamos
celebrando, Coronel?
**Fancy! What are we celebrating,
Colonel?**

DEL POTRO
Siéntate.
Sit.

OWNER
Lo mismo pa'l caballero?
Same for the gentleman?

DEL POTRO
Mi hermano lo que toma es cerveza.
Ves esa panza?
**My brother drinks nothing but beer.
See that belly?**

BENJAMÍN
Eso es Caney? Traéme uno a mí
también, pa' que no sea tan
comemielda!
**That's Caney? I'll have one too,
so he'll learn to shut his mouth.**

The Owner laughing. Benjamín staring at Del Potro with glee.

BENJAMÍN (CONT'D)
Si estamos celebrando!
If we're celebrating!

Del Potro sliding over envelope from his jacket.

BENJAMÍN (CONT'D)
Y esto qué es...?
What's this...?

Peeking inside at the ten 1000 bills.

DEL POTRO
Tus diez mil.
Your ten thousand.

Benjamín pushing envelope back.

BENJAMÍN
No, chico, eso era tuyo, ya te lo dije--
No, bro, that was yours, told you--

DEL POTRO
Déjate de pendeja's. Cogí el 14,
tengo pa' botar.
**Cut that shit. I hit 14 got enough
to flush down the toilet.**

The Owner pouting Benjamín a shot from 12-year Caney bottle.
Del Potro raising his glass.

They take a shot. Del Potro leaning closer.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
Por lo de los Italianos...
About the Italians...

BENJAMÍN
Yo sé, nunca debí--
I know, never should've--

DEL POTRO
(reprising)
Porqué dejar que nos coman el
gusano?
Why let them get the wor?

Benjamín's heart skipping a beat.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
Tú di con quién y yo me movilizo.
You tell me who and I'm on it.

BENJAMÍN
Estás seguro? Creí que tú--
You sure? I thought you--

DEL POTRO
Si aún se puede..?
If it's still possible..?

BENJAMÍN
Sí, sí, claro... Mano, me abriste
el apetito.

(MORE)

BENJAMÍN (CONT'D)
**Yes, course...Bro, you whet my
appetite.**

Raising a hand, Del Potro pushing it down.

DEL POTRO
Ya pedí... Langosta y camarones al
ajillo.
**Already ordered... Lobster and
garlic shrimps.**

Benjamín leaning closer, enthused.

BENJAMÍN
Bueno, a mí solo se me ocurrió
porque tú sabes quién fue nombrado
Ministro de Inversión Extranjera
hace como cuatro meses?
**Well, I only thought of it because
you know who they named Minister of
Foreign Investment four months ago?**

Del Potro waiting.

BENJAMÍN (CONT'D)
Chico, el cojo Manejes!
The gimp, Manejes, man!

DEL POTRO
No...
Nah...

BENJAMÍN
Pues créetelo.
Well, believe it.

DEL POTRO
Pero si ese tipo ha sido un ladrón
toda su vida!
**But that man guy's been a thief all
his life!**

BENJAMÍN
Pues ahí está. Y a ti te debe una
grande, si mal no recuerdo.
**And there he is. And he owes you
big time, if I remember correctly.**

DEL POTRO
A nosotros nos presionó el
Embajador Ruso, si no yo no--
**We were pressured by the Russian
Ambassador otherwise I wouldn't--**

BENJAMÍN

Eso él no lo sabe. Pero nosotros
sí sabemos cómo le gusta la guansa.
**He doesn't know that. But we know
how much he likes dough.**

Pulling him by the neck, kissing him.

BENJAMÍN (CONT'D)

Gracias, mano.
Thank you, brother.

Del Potro's joy is brief - he recalls why he is there.

Benjamín remembers the envelope, pushes it back. Del Potro
shoves it back. Benjamín pockets it.

BENJAMÍN (CONT'D)

Pero pago yo!
But I'm paying!

EXT/INT. ORO NEGRO STATION - DAY

Corporal Jimenez arriving by scooter, stopping by the pumps.

The Attendant concerned as Jimenez' menacing frame blocks the
sunlight at the door.

JIMENEZ

Tienes el disco?
You have the disk?

ATTENDANT

El disco?
Disc?

JIMENEZ

Conversemos pa'llá atrás.
Let's chat back there.

ATTENDANT

El disco!
(reaches under register)
Si, aquí se lo tenía. El otro dijo
que él--
**The disk! Yeah, have it right
here. The other guy said he--**

Jimenez snapping it up, leaving.

INT/EXT. COCKFIGHTING "VALLA" (CLANDESTINE RING) - NIGHT

SHOTS. Ortega with Saíris, in a forcefully sexy outfit, one of the very few females at the event.

Out of uniform, in designer pants and shirt, Chuzo would cut a dashing figure - if only his color coordination were not so - color-blind. But he is happy and Saíris proud.

A FIRST COCKFIGHTER affixing lethal-looking spurs on his bird. The REFEREE approving them.

Cocks being weighted, numbers chalked on a board. The crowd vociferating, going wild, calling out bets - 20/16!; 15/20! -

A SECOND COCKFIGHTER entering the pit. Hold up their fighters. Taunting. One black, the other red. CHEERS, more FRANTIC BETTING.

Saíris stopping her ears, thrilled. Yelling over the crowd's vociferation.

SAÍRIS

Dios mío...qué locura! Yo pensé
que esto era ilegal!
**My God...the madness! I thought
this was illegal!**

ORTEGA

Bueno, tú sabes...! Hay vallas
legales, pero no sabrosas como
esta!
**Well, you know...! There are legal
rings, but not half as fun as
these!**

Squeezing her waist, she kissing him, excited.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)

Yo hoy no estoy de policía, mami.
Estamos pa' festejar!
**I'm not here as a policeman, babe.
We're here to celebrate!**

SAÍRIS

Festejar qué?
Celebrate what?

ORTEGA

Lo que vamos a hacel mas tarde!
What we're going to do later!

She faking a spank.

SAÍRIS
No vas a apostar?
You're not going to bet?

ORTEGA
Yo no, tú! Cuál te gusta?!
Not me, you are! Which one you like?!

SAÍRIS
El rojo!
The red one!

Ortega holding up a \$500 note, the girl dully impressed.

ORTEGA
Quinientos al rojo!
Five-hundred on the red!

A BETTOR turning, holding up a tenner.

BETTOR
Pago!
Game!

A REFEREE turning an hour glass, giving the sign. The cocks set loose on one another. Two minutes of hell where one will likely die.

The cock-fighters stepping away as the cocks go at each other.

Ortega's eyes suddenly becoming fixed, freezing. WIPE TO the feet of the First Cock-fighter - wearing oddly, pointy bright green shoes.

Ortega looking at the face of the man, his face turning pale. Saíris notices.

SAÍRIS
Qué pasó? Perdimos?
What happened? We lost?

ORTEGA
Espérame aquí...
Wait for me here...

Pushing his way through the crowd, toward the back of the stands, making his way around the ring.

In the arena the red cock ends the black's misery, flutters over it, victorious. The First Cockfighter picking his bird up, kissing it, triumphant. Money changing hands.

Ortega making his way around the back, trying to keep the First Cockfighter in sight.

Sáiris looking for Ortega, the Gambler patting her shoulder.

GAMBLER

(paying bet)

Se te escapó el compadre? Dale aquí.

(she taking bill)

Cómo te llamas?

Your guy got away? Here, this is his. What's your name?

THE FIRST COCKFIGHTER

Making his way to a bicycle with two cages fastened to the sides. A second bird in one of them.

Ortega breaking through the crowd.

ORTEGA

Oye..! Policía!

Hey..! Police!

The puzzled man turning, locking his cock in the empty cage.

His father, the Old Speero, standing in Ortega's way, giving him the once-over. Ortega producing his ID, the Speero inspecting it, unfazed.

SPEERO

Los gallos son míos. Mi muchacho no tiene na' que vel con esto. Llévame a mí.

The cocks are mine. My boy has nuttin' to do with this. Take me.

ORTEGA

(to son)

Siéntate. Manos en la cabeza.

Sit down. Hands on your head.

The Cockfighter sitting on the ground, assuming the position. Ortega pulling out his cell, speed-dialing.

INT. DEL POTRO'S GARAGE-OFFICE - NIGHT

Del Potro trying the new piping, checking for leaks. Answering cell.

ORTEGA (OVER PHONE)

Jefe!
Chief!

DEL POTRO

Trabajando sábado noche, Chuzo?
Working on a Saturday night, Chuzo?

EXT. OPEN RESTAURANT, VILLAGE - LATER

Ortega and Saíris at a table, having a beer. The Speero and his son sitting on the sidewalk next to their bicycle.

Del Potro pulling up in the LADA, stepping down, eyeing the men on the sidewalk, the shoes. Knowing immediately something's wrong with this picture.

Approaching Ortega's table, touching his hat.

DEL POTRO

Señorita...
Miss...

Saíris taking the tip of his hand, smiling coyly.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

(re prisoners)
Qué te cuentan?
What's their story?

ORTEGA

Preferí esperarlo a usted, Jefe.
I wanted to wait for you, Boss.

DEL POTRO

(gives him the once-over)
Estás muy cuqui.
You're very elegant.

Eyeing Saíris who doesn't get he is pulling Ortega's leg.

An EMPLOYEE approaching.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Dame un cafe.
Lemme have a coffee.

EMPLOYEE

Ron ó cerveza, compañero.
Rum or beer, comrade.

Del Potro shaking his head, making his way to the prisoners, addressing the son.

DEL POTRO
Esos zapatos.
Those shoes.

SPEERO
Son míos.
They're mine.

Del Potro looking at the man.

SPEERO (CONT'D)
Yo se los regalé.
I gave them to him.

DEL POTRO
Cuándo.
When?

SPEERO
No hace mucho.
Not Long.

FIRST COCKFIGHTER
Una semana.
A week.

DEL POTRO
Muéstrame la suela.
Lemme see the soles.

The young man knitting brow, eyeing father, turning foot up.

The sole with the logo imprinted at the first crime scene.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
De dónde los sacaste.
Where'd you get them?

The Speero eyeing Ortega.

SPEERO
Me los encontré pa' la playa.
Found them at the beach.

ORTEGA
(skeptic)
Pa' la playa?!
At the beach?!

DEL POTRO
Qué playa?
What beach?

SPEERO

Ayá p'ande pesco yo. Pa' Punta
Goleta.

**Down there, where I fish. By Punta
Goleta.**

Del Potro turning to the son.

DEL POTRO

Dónde estabas tú el 15 de mayo?

Where were you May 15th?

FIRST COCKFIGHTER

15 de mayo? Así no más no recuer--

May 15th? Just like that I can't--

ORTEGA

El jueves pasado no, el de antes!

Last Thursday no, the one before!

The younger man looking at his father at a loss.

SPEERO

Ajá...Ese jueves estábamos los dos
pa la finca 'e Bota...

(to son)

Recuealdas? El día que le vendimos
el gallito calmelita.

**Yeah...That Thursday we were both
by Bota's farm... 'Member? The day
we sold him the little brown cock.**

FIRST COCKFIGHTER

Ajá, velda...

Right, true...

ORTEGA

Alguien los vió?

Someone saw you?

SPEERO

Toda la familia, compañero.

Pasamos la noche en esa finca.

**The entire family, comrade. We
spent the night at the farm.**

Del Potro considering, nodding at the shoes.

DEL POTRO

Esos me los tengo que quedar.

I have to take those.

SPEERO
Polqué, compañero?
Why, comrade?

DEL POTRO
Evidencia en un homicidio.
Evidence in a murder case.

The son happy to pull shoes off in a hurry, handing them to Ortega.

FIRST COCKFIGHTER
Nos podemos il?
Can we go?

Del Potro nodding, smiling.

DEL POTRO
Ganaron?
You win?

The young man looking at his father; preferring to push off without another word.

INT. LADA - NIGHT

Driving back to town. Saíris in back silent.

DEL POTRO
A la señorita la veo preocupada,
Chuzo. Anduvieron apostando?
**The young lady seems worried,
Chuzo. You been betting?**

She remembers, produces \$500 win from her purse, shoves it in Ortega's pocket.

SAÍRIS
Esto es tuyo. Yo no juego, Señor!
This is yours. I don't gamble, Sir.

DEL POTRO
(frowns)
Seguro?!
Sure?!

Ortega grinning.

ORTEGA
Déjenos por aquí, Jefe.
Round here's fine, Boss.

Del Potro pulling over, eyeing shoes.

DEL POTRO

Javier, de la crimi, que pase por la mañana. Nunca se sabe...

Javier from CSI, have him come by in the morning. Never know...

ORTEGA

Yo lo llamo...

I'll call him...

Stepping down, opening back door.

DEL POTRO

Señorita...

Miss...

SAÍRIS

Gracias, Señor.

Del Potro driving off. Ortega handing bill back to the girl, she refusing it as if it were haunted, Ortega laughing.

INT. FESTIVAL DEL SON - NIGHT

A large show room. Del Potro arriving with Roberta and Isabel - both looking dazzling. A band - maybe Elito Revé y su Charangón - playing on stage. 300 POLITICAL FIGURES, PERSONALITIES OF THE ART AND CULTURE WORLDS, GUESTS milling about.

No one dancing yet, but the MUSIC is hot and we know it's only a matter of time before someone can't keep his feet in check.

MAESTRO LARRALDO, Director of the Ballet de Oriente, introducing Isabel to the Minister of Culture, visiting from Havana with a delegation of several other HIGH RANKING OFFICIALS.

LARRALDO

Esta es la bailarina que le quería presentar, Señor Ministro. Isabel Del Potro. La que causó sensación en Nueva York.

This is the dancer I wanted you to meet, Minister. Isabel Del Potro. The one who caused a sensation in New York.

The Minister looking at Isabel covetously.

CULTURE MINISTER

Yo la vi, Del Potro, como miles de otros cubanos. Hizo quedar a Cuba como la reina del ballet latinoamericano que ella es.

I saw you, Del Potro, like thousands of other Cubans. You showed Cuba as the princess of Latin American ballet she is.

ISABEL

Gracias, Señor. Fue un trabajo de grupo, donde el Maestro Larraldo es el que debe ser felicitado.

Thank you, Sir. It was team-work, Maestro Larraldo is the one who should be give the credit.

CULTURE MINISTER

No sea modesta. Larraldo ya me habló de usted. Quiero que pase una prueba para el Nacional.

Don't be modest. Larraldo already spoke to me about you. I want you to test for the National.

Isabel speechless, beaming at Larraldo.

CULTURE MINISTER (CONT'D)

Llámemme la semana que viene cuando yo esté de regreso en La Habana.
Call me next week when I'm back in Havana.

ISABEL

Gracias, Señor Ministro. Muchas gracias.

Thank you, Minister. Thank you very much.

The Minister pulled away. Isabel turning to Larraldo in disbelief.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

Usted sabía esto, Maestro?

You knew about this, Maestro?

His surprise too overdone to leave doubt. She kissing him, turning to relay the news to her father. But seeing Del Potro...

ACROSS THE ROOM

Greeting DR. FAUSTO MANEJES, Minister of Foreign Investments,
also with the delegation.

DEL POTRO

Fausto, tanto tiempo...
Fausto, long time...

MANEJES

Mi General! Sabía que andabas de
regreso por Oriente, pero no
esperaba verte aquí, reivindicado!
**My General! I know you were back
in Orient, but didn't expect to see
you here, all vindicated!**

Del Potro smiling, leading his attention to Isabel, in
intense conversation with Roberta.

DEL POTRO

Acompañando a mi hija.
Escorting my daughter.

MANEJES

Una nueva estrella en el firmamento
artístico de Cuba, me dicen.
Seguro se lo merece.
**A new star in the Cuban artistic
constellation, they tell me. I'm
sure she deserves it.**

DEL POTRO

Todos merecemos lo que nos toca,
digo yo. Yo quería hablarte de un
asunto algo delicado que te puede
interesar, pero veo que te tienen
acorralado.
**We all deserve what comes to us, I
say. I wanted to talk to you about
something rather delicate that
might interest you, but I see
they've got you cornered.**

MANEJES

Yo regreso pa' La Habana de
madruga', así que si tienes algo
que contarme es ahorita.
**I'm back to Havana at dawn, so if
you have something to tell me, it's
now.**

Del Potro hesitating only a second, but Manejes has been around the block a few times and, with a glint in the eye, indicates the glass-enclosed terrace...

FESTIVAL ENTRANCE

Keller wearing an off-white-gray linen suit and odd-colored sneakers arrives with Lola, ravishing in her new dress.

TERRACE

Del Potro and Manejes overlooking the sea. A full moon dancing on the offing.

DEL POTRO

Amigos italianos que presentaron un proyecto para construir un resort de lujo por Playa Blanca.

Friends from Italy who presented a project to build a large resort near Playa Blanca.

MANEJES

Si, algo pasó por mi escritorio hace unas semanas...

Yeah, something passed through my desk, some weeks ago...

DEL POTRO

Entonces quizás recuerdes que la joint venture traerá una inversión de más de 180 millones de Euros, durante los cinco años de construcción.

Then maybe you can recall that the joint venture will pump more than 180 million Euro into Cuba, over the five years of construction.

MANEJES

Aja. Sigue...

OK. Go on...

DEL POTRO

Bueno, sus inversores están algo nerviosos, porque saben que hay otros pretendientes al mismo lote de costa y no quieren arriesgarse a que el mango tumbe pa' casa'el vecino.

(MORE)

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Well, their investors are a bit jittery, because they heard there are several bidders to the same lot of coast and don't want the fruit to fall on the neighbor's garden.

MANEJES

Bueno, vecinos hay muchos y tú sabes que esto no depende de mí solo, la comisión debe estudiar cada caso con mucha atención y paciencia--

Well, neighbors are many and you know this sort of matter does not depend of me alone, the commission has to vet each case thoroughly, with care and patience--

DEL POTRO

Paciencia esta gente tiene poca. Dinero mucho. Y dispuestos a demostrar su agradecimiento muy generosamente.

These people have little patience. Money plenty. And willing to show their appreciation very generously.

Manejés now starring, like an owl. After a moment, pulling out his cell, stealing a glance toward the ballroom, quickly typing, showing screen to Del Potro:

It reads: GENEROSA COMO? (HOW GENEROUS?)

Then wiping the screen clean.

MANEJES

Pero, dime, Marcial...Hace ratote que nos conocemos... Cuándo tú decidiste aventurarte en aguas turbias?

But, say, Marcial... We've known each other a long time...When did you decide to wade in murky waters?

DEL POTRO

Cuando me di cuenta que como están las cosas ó cierras los ojos y te la nadas, ó te la bebes y te ahogas.

When I realized that the way things are these days, you either shut your eyes and you swim, or you swallow it and drown.

Manejas grinning at him, like a fiendish toad, patting his shoulder.

MANEJES

Pues, tranquilo, aquí no va a ahogarse nadie.

Well, not to worry, nobody's drowning here.

BALLROOM

Roberta, chatting with Isabel and TWO GUESTS.

El Charangón setting off with a vertiginous SON.

Ernesto appearing out of nowhere, accosting Isabel.

ERNESTO

No me hace el honor, Del Potro?

Won't you do me the honor, Del Potro?

Isabel surprised, trying to use her father as excuse, seeing him and Manejes out on the terrace, leaning into each other, then meeting Roberta's eyes.

ROBERTA

(challenging)

Baila, muchacha, a ver si a esto también sabes lucirte.

Go'head, dance, girl. Let's see if at this you can shine also.

Isabel drilling holes into Roberta, handing her purse, accepting Ernesto's hand. He conducting her elegantly to the center of the dance floor. A moment of stillness and then he begins to spin her like a top.

Ernesto is nothing short of a phenomenal "casino" dancer. Isabel, dully surprised, taking a few seconds to realize she must up her game to keep up.

Their show stopping the rest of the dancers, watching in awe as Ernesto spins and whips Isabel from one end of the floor to the other, right up to the bandstand. The TRUMPET PLAYER blasting a brilliant riff at them. APPLAUSE.

Keller at the bar with Lola, flanked by the folks from the art gallery, focusing on Isabel dancing. PUSH.

AT THE SLIDING TERRACE DOOR

Del Potro and Manejes shaking hands, returning to the ballroom their separate ways.

DANCE FLOOR

Isabel enjoying herself now, she and Ernesto might have danced together all their lives.

Del Potro joining Roberta watching in wonderment with the rest.

The piece ending to THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE. Roberta taking Del Potro's arm

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
Ahora le toca al viejo!
Now is her old man's turn.

DEL POTRO
En tus sueños, muchacha!
In your dreams, girl!

Isabel and Ernesto joining them, breathless.

ROBERTA
Ese niño está lleno'e sorpresas.
This boy is full of surprises.

ISABEL
Tú conoces a Ernesto, no, Papi?
You know Ernesto, right, Daddy?

Ernesto apprehensive.

DEL POTRO
De verlo por el aeropuerto, sí,
claro. Qué hubo?
**From seeing him around the airport,
course. How are you?**

Shaking hands.

ERNESTO
Coronel...Un honor. Mi abuelito
también combatió en Santa Clara.
**Colonel... An honor. My
grandfather also fought in Santa
Clara.**

Del Potro puzzled.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)
Vi la foto en su casa cuando su
señora Madre me invitó a ver a su
hija en televisión.
(MORE)

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

**I saw the picture at your house
when your dear Mother invited me to
see your daughter on TV.**

(turns to Isabel)

Bueno, Del Potro, gracias por--
Well, Del Potro, thanks for--

ISABEL

Tú sabes que yo me llamo Isabel,
no?

You know my name's Isabel, right?

(he grins)

Bueno, entonces..?

So, then..?

ERNESTO

Gracias por el baile, Isabel.
Buenas noches.

**Thanks for the dance, Isabel. Good
evening.**

ROBERTA

Ya te vas?!

You're not going?!

ERNESTO

Sí, vine fue a bailar con Isabel.
Y ya bailé. Buenas noches.
Coronel.

**Yes, I came to dance with Isabel.
And I danced. Evening. Colonel.**

Del Potro nodding back, Ernesto off.

ROBERTA

(beat)

Di, tú!

Well, now!

Revé's orchestra playing a slower tune.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Esta no me la niegas, Coronel.

**This one you won't deny me,
Colonel.**

Del Potro giving in, dancing away, cheek-to-cheek.

Isabel accepting a glass from a passing server, stealing a
glance back at Ernesto, confronted by a man at the exit.

Ernesto producing an ID, being let immediately through.

Isabel pondering.

KELLER

Watching room from the bar. PUSH.

LOLA
(whispers in his ear)
Thank you for the dress.
(Keller smiles, she kisses
him)
I'm coming...

Heading for the ladies.

GRACIELA (O.S.)
...que solo un monstruo puede
concebir!
**...that only a monster can
conceive!**

Keller turning to the mirror, seeing Graciela Bezos and her
friend and colleague, MARIANELA VILAS, huddled together,
carrying on in loud whispers above the MUSIC.

MARIANELA
Hay, no... Déjame con mis niños,
sus catarricos y sarpullidos, por
mi vida... Con el tiempo olvidarás.
**God, no...Leave me to my children,
their colds and rashes, for
heaven's sake... With time, you'll
forget.**

GRACIELA
Abrir los cuerpos de esas
indefensas muchachas, tocar con mis
propias manos los crímenes de esa
bestia nunca podré borrar de mi
memoria.
**Cutting those helpless girls open,
touching with my own hands the
crimes of that monster I will never
be able to erase from my memory.**

Keller looking at Graciela in the mirror, draining his glass.

Graciela getting two mojitos, leading Marianela toward the
stage.

GRACIELA (CONT'D)
Ven, Manuel está por hablar.
**Come, Manuel is about to give his
speech.**

Keller watching them go. PUSH.

MAYOR MANUEL BEZOS ON STAGE

Taking the microphone.

BEZOS

Yo sé que esta velada es para
festejar el Son...

**I know this evening is to celebrate
the Son...**

The crowd CHEERING.

BEZOS (CONT'D)

Pero me han pedido, vaya...

(humoring Minister)

Botado aquí arriba! Para que diga
unas palabras. Y yo quiero
aprovechar para recordar cómo
llegamos aquí. Cómo La Revolución
nos trajo hasta este momento
histórico. Las políticas de la
Revolución Cubana, como dijo la
compañera Castro Espín no hace
mucho, han significado el logro de
la soberanía nacional, la puesta en
práctica de un proyecto de justicia
y equidad social, el comienzo de
las transformaciones más profundas
y radicales en la historia de la
nación y su cultura. Y yo quiero
felicitar a cada cubano hoy aquí
presente por haber contribuido a
esta transformación. Porque esto
lo hicimos juntos. Poner fin a la
pandemia implicó al pueblo entero,
a todos los cubanos hombres,
mujeres, niños, no importa de qué
persuasión espiritual ó preferencia
sexual. Pues reconocimos que esto
es fundamental en el desarrollo
social del país. Todos somos parte
de Cuba. Todos estamos juntos hoy
aquí y tengo el profundo deseo y
esperanza de que nadie se sienta
excluido de esta celebración.

But I've been asked, no...

(humoring Minister)

**Pushed up here! To say a few
words. And I want to take this
opportunity to remember how we got
here. How the Revolution brought us
to this historic moment.**

(MORE)

BEZOS (CONT'D)

The policies of the Cuban Revolution, as comrade Castro Espín said not long ago, have meant the achievement of national sovereignty, the implementation of a project of justice and social equity, the beginning of the most profound and radical transformations in the history of the nation and its culture. And I want to congratulate every Cuban here today for having contributed to this transformation. Because we did this together. Ending the pandemic involved our entire population, all Cuban men, women, children, no matter what spiritual persuasion or sexual preference. Because we recognized that this is fundamental in the social development of the country. We are all part of Cuba. We are all here together today and I have the deep wish and hope that no one feels excluded from this celebration.

Del Potro, Roberta and Isabel listening. Someone putting a hand on Del Potro's shoulder.

MADURO (O.S.)

My General....!

Del Potro turning.

HÉCTOR MADURO

Striking face, 60's, blue eyes, generous laugh. Del Potro's eyes lighting up.

DEL POTRO

Coooño!

Damn!

The men falling into a tight embrace. Roberta and Isabel watching them, amused.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Cómo estás tú compadre?!

How the hell are you buddy?!

MADURO

Como me ves - más calvo!

As you can see - balder!

When the glee subsides...

DEL POTRO

Isabel, este es Héctor Maduro, un
viejo amigo. De los de veras...
Mi hija, Isabel. Y una amiga muy
especial, Roberta Reynosa.
**Isabel, this is Héctor Maduro, an
old friend. A real one... My
daughter, Isabel. And a very
special friend, Roberta Raynosa.**

MADURO

Reynosa, la fogosa!
Reynosa, the sizzling!

Roberta laughing.

MADURO (CONT'D)

(kissing her hand)

No me perdía ni uno de sus shows en
el Tropicana cuando andaba por La
Habana. Un honor.
**I never missed one of your
Tropicana shows when I happened to
be in Havana. An honor.**

Maduro turning to Isabel.

MADURO (CONT'D)

Y esta belleza como que también
baila? Héctor Maduro.
**And this beauty I hear can also
dance? Hector Maduro.**

Isabel taking his hand, Maduro kissing hers.

ROBERTA

Ella es palabras mayores.
She's on a whole other level.

MADURO

Así me han dicho. La felicito.
So I've heard. Congratulations.
(puts hand on Del Potro)
Se los robo un minutico?
Steal him a minute?

Stepping aside with Del Potro.

DEL POTRO

Coño, qué placer verte la cara,
viejo. Yo te hacía todavía por
Venezuela!

(MORE)

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

**What a pleasure seeing your face
again, man. I imagined you still
in Venezuela!**

MADURO

Qué va. Cuando murió Chavez me
mandaron pa' Nicaragua y allí me
tuvieron hasta hace unos meses.
**No way. When Chavez died they sent
me to Nicaragua and kept me there
till a few months ago.**

DEL POTRO

Cuánto tiempo estás por Holguín?
Lo que me hacen falta caras amigas!
**How long you're in Holguín for? How
I miss friendly faces.**

Maduro nodding at the DGI and DSP AGENTS (members of Cuba's
Security and Personal Security departments) wearing
conspicuous loose guayaberas and crew cuts, manning the
entrances.

MADURO

Yo vine con ellos, acompañando a
los ministros y con ellos me
regreso de madrugada. Pero
necesitaba hablar contigo.
**I came with them, escorting the
ministers. And I go back with them
at dawn. But I needed to speak
with you.**

Del Potro looking at him.

MADURO (CONT'D)

Ven.
Come.

Leading Del Potro to the bar.

CROSSING EYES WITH KELLER ON HIS WAY TO THE STAGE.

BAR

Maduro calling the Bartender's attention.

MADURO (CONT'D)

Dos Caney 12-años.
Two 12-year Caney.
(smiles at Del Potro,
leans closer)
Esto que ha estado pasando aquí
tiene a La Habana muy nerviosa.
(MORE)

MADURO (CONT'D)

Hablo de...

**What's been going on here has
Havana very nervous. I'm speaking
of...**

(points to the Heavens)

...tú sabes. Ya toda Cuba está
enterada. Los telefonicos esos son
candela pa' pasar noticias. El
gobierno no puede contener esa
vaina.

**...your know. All of Cuba knows.
Those bloody cellphones spread news
like wildfire. Nothing the
government can do to stop that
shit.**

DEL POTRO

Yo dí órdenes estrictas, por
supuesto, pero--

**I gave strict blackout orders of
course, but--**

MADURO

Alguien de esa oreja no escuchó.
Lo cierto es que ya toda Cuba habla
asesino en serie.

**Someone didn't hear from that ear.
The fact is that all Cuba is
talking serial killer.**

DEL POTRO

Y te mandaron a ti de mensajero.

Quién, Vargas?

**So they sent you as messenger boy.
Who Vargas?**

MADURO

Qué Vargas, chico! Yo no le dirijo
la palabra a ese hijo'e puta desde
aquellos. A Vargas es que te
querían mandar pa'ca! Por eso pedí
venir yo!

**Fuck Vargas! I don't speak to that
motherfucker. Vargas is who they
wanted to send here! That's why I
asked for the job.**

DEL POTRO

A qué exactamente?

What job, exactly?

MADURO

Ayudarte a resolver, compadre.

Dime qué necesitas?

(MORE)

MADURO (CONT'D)

Cualquier cosa.

Help you get a grip, buddy. Tell me what you need? Anything.

DEL POTRO

Ni yo mismo sé. Nada tiene sentido. Hoy aquí, mañana por allá... Lo único consistente es la brutalidad de los crímenes.

Don't know myself. Today here, tomorrow somewhere else... The only consistent fact is the brutality of the crimes.

MADURO

Tú sabes lo que es un profiler?
You know what a profiler is?

DEL POTRO

Sí, claro... Pero en Cuba--
Sure, of course...But in Cuba--

MADURO

Si hay... En La Habana anda una muchacha - bueno, muchacha no, una Habanera cuarentona, pero torneada como ya no se fabrican - que se formó por fuera, y que la incorporaron al comando de Vargas hace como un año. Rufo la tiene y que entrenando agentes, pero ella lo que quiere es acción. No es alguien fácil, pero es buena.
Yes, there is... In Havana there's a girl - well, not girl, forties, from Havana, turned like they don't make them anymore - who studied abroad, and who they put under Vargas's command about a year ago. Rufo has her training investigators, but what she really wants is to see some action. She's not an easy person, but she is good.

DEL POTRO

Puede interesarme... Este tipo no es de aquí. Cuba tiene problemas pero no engendra monstruos. Y te admito que siento que me faltan armas.

Could be interested...This guy is not from here.

(MORE)

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
**Cuba has problems but does not
breed monsters. And I admit I feel
ill equipped.**

MADURO
Ya... Déjalo conmigo.
Fine... Leave it with me.

Tossing back their drinks. Del Potro motioning Roberta and Isabel to approach.

MADURO (CONT'D)
A ver, qué les convidamos,
señoritas?
**Let's see, what can we offer you,
ladies?**

DEL POTRO
Hector vivió mucho en el
extranjero. Isabel bailó en Nueva
York hace unas semanas. Un éxito
de película!
**Héctor lived many years abroad.
Isabel danced in New York a few
weeks ago. Spectacular success!**

ISABEL
(shakes her head)
Ay, papi, mejor dejás de tomar...
Oh, Daddy, better stop drinking...

They laugh.

KELLER AND THE MINISTER

Being introduced to ELITO REVÉ, Mayor Bezos, his wife,
Graciela and Marianela.

MINISTER
El Señor Keller es británico. Anda
por Oriente fotografiando bellezas
naturales.
**Mr. Keller is British. He's been
touring Oriente, photographing our
natural beauties.**

Revé indicating Graciela and Maribel.

REVÉ
Así que, cuidao'!
So, watch out!
(to Keller)
A ver cuándo nos llevan pa'ya, pa
su tierra, Keller?
(MORE)

REVÉ (CONT'D)

Yo conozco a Keith Richards, él se la pasa en La Habana.

Let's see when you take us to your country, Keller? I know Keith Richards, he's in Havana all the time.

Keller managing a smile. MUSIC CHORDS.

REVÉ (CONT'D)

Bueno, un placer, compañero!
Pleasure, my friend!

Returning to the stage.

Lola exiting the ladies, seeing Keller, starting toward him.

MARIANELA, GRACIELA AND KELLER

MARIANELA

De qué parte del Reino Unido viene usted, Señor Keller?
What part of the United Kingdom you come from, Mr. Keller?

KELLER

Ningún lugar donde se va de vacaciones. Birmingham. Dudo que--
No place anyone picks for vacation. Birmingham. I doubt you--

MARIANELA

Really?! I passed my license in pediatric epidemiology at the Derbyshire Children's Hospital! That's not far, is it?

KELLER

Well... No, less than an hour...

Keller reaching out to Lola.

KELLER (CONT'D)

This is my friend, Lola. She is a talented artist... Still charmingly unaware of it.

All briefly shaking hands. From their demeanor it is clear they have cast her as a girl in the make. The fire in Lola's eyes not lost on Keller.

LOLA

Can we go, darling, I have a terrible headache!

Cracking up, Keller laughing with her.

KELLER

Brilliant, isn't she?

Marianela eyeing Graciela. Revé's MUSIC booming again. Lola acting up the "girl on the make role", biting Keller's earlobe.

LOLA

Baila conmigo, mi vida.

Dance with me, hon.

Keller letting Lola drag him to the dance floor.

And Lola is hot in a way Marianela and Graciela could never be.

The looks from Bezos and the Minister making that abundantly clear.

CUT TO BLACK.

END EPISODE 4

EPISODE 5

"Lola"TEASER

EXT. FARM LAND - DUSK

A beautiful sunset behind gentle, green hills. MUFFLED STRUGGLING FEMALE VOICE. Incongruent MUSIC - Dean Martin's "Let it Snow," maybe - on the player. The Jimmy moving without haste along a narrow road, turning onto an uphill, dirt track.

INT. JIMNY - SAME TIME

Keller driving, keeping tempo singing along with the MUSIC, doing uncanny impression of Dino.

Behind the passenger's seat, Graciela, feet and hands bound with pantyhose, the ligatures tied behind together, hands and feet almost touching.

Desperate to lower her gag, rubbing it against the seat. Finally managing to make words...

GRACIELA

Dónde, dónde me llevan, por favor?!
Where, where are you taking me,
please?!

Taking a needed, deep breath.

Keller ignoring her, continuing to keep beat, his thoughts far away. Bringing the Jimmy to a stop, killing the engine, Dino dying abruptly with it.

Graciela's BELABORED BREATHING filling the TRACK, breaking into a sob.

GRACIELA (CONT'D)

Por favor... Dónde estamos?
Please... Where are we?

KELLER

(stepping out of vehicle)
Not in a Spanish mood now...

GRACIELA
Dónde-- Where you take me?!

EXT. JIMNY - CONTINUOUS

Keller opening the rear of the vehicle.

Graciela turning and twisting to be able to keep him in sight, glancing back into the front cabin.

GRACIELA
Por qué..?! Por qué--
Why..?! Why--

Keller having yanked her all the way to the back of the cabin, over the flattened rear seats.

Casting a glance about the serenity of the fields surrounding them in the gathering darkness. A DOG BARKING somewhere.

Keller opening the camera case. Extracting the forensic examiner's gown, calmly stepping into it, zipping it up.

Graciela staring, blanched.

Keller fitting latex gloves, picking a scalpel from the case.

Graciela knowing too much about forensic medicine to not completely loose it.

GRACIELA (CONT'D)
NO! Why you do this?! You have
wrong... I no mean--
Suéltame, hijo'e puta!
Lemme go, you son of a bitch!

Keller hoisting her onto his back. She weighs a ton, about to drop her, glaring at someone OS.

KELLER
DON'T!

END TEASER

EP-5

EXT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - DAY (AERIAL)

Heavy traffic up and down the street. Del Potro's LADA parked in his reserved spot.

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT, INVESTIGATORS' OFFICE - DAY

Del Potro and the crew around the table. Three red pins on the map of Holguín and the surrounding area.

Del Potro on hold on the phone. The CSI guys setting the green shoes on the evidence table. They have obviously been dusted.

Del Potro giving them a querying look.

CSI 1
(shakes head)
Solo las huellas del gallero,
Coronel.
**Just the cock owner's prints,
Colonel.**

Yaritza reading off notes.

YARITZA
Los zapatos son italianos. Fábrica
en Treviglio, cerca de Milán.
**The shoes are Italian. Factory in
Treviglio, near Milano.**

DEL POTRO
Llámalos.
Call them.

MAGALI
Será mañana, Coronel. Allá hace
horas que es de noche.
**Be tomorrow, Colonel. Over there
it's been night for hours.**

DEL POTRO
(barking into phone)
Pa' eso me tienes diez minutos
colgado aquí?! Dile a Huerta que
esto es una orden directa: que te
entregue esas listas ya!
**That's why you have me on hold for
ten minutes?!**

(MORE)

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

**Tell Huerta this is a direct order:
turn over those lists right now!**

Hanging up, irritated, pointing to the photo of the Melones' girl on the wall.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Rosa Guillén.

CSI 2

Como la primera, ADN de por lo menos tres personas, Coronel.
Like the first one, DNA from at least three other individuals, Colonel.

DEL POTRO

Mételes en el sistema, en una de esas tenemos suerte.
Run them anyway, maybe we get lucky.

CSI 1

Algunos pelos de perro, también.
Some dog hairs, too.

ORTEGA

Archívalos. Pueden servir si se encuentra el vehículo.
File them. They can be useful if we get a hit on the vehicle.

Del Potro agreeing, picking up a green shoe, moving to the map, studying the pins, the prints made from the tire tracks.

CSI 1

Iguals a las que recogimos en el primer sitio, Coronel.
Same as the ones we picked up at the first site, Colonel.

Del Potro nodding, picking up a cast made from the shoe print. The shoe fits perfectly in it.

BELÉN (O.S.)

Aló?!
Hello?!

Magali going to the...

RECEPTION

BELÉN CHEVROLET (40's) - sexy, intensely charismatic - a bundle of raw nerves and personality.

Holding a designer briefcase and Chloé tailleur jacket on one arm, a small Rimowa suitcase in the other.

Magali appearing from the office.

MAGALI
(to her back)
Dime, mi vida..?
Yes, hon..?

Belén turning to her.

BELÉN
Coronel Del Potro?
Colonel Del Potro?

MAGALI
Bueno, él Coronel está ocupado en
este momento. Quién lo--?
**Well, the Colonel is busy at the
moment. Who--?**

BELÉN
Capitán Chevrolet. Minint.
**Captain Chevrolet. Ministry of the
Interior.**

Setting suitcase down, showing ID, Magali reacting.

MAGALI
Un momentico...
One moment...

Heading back, Belén picking up suitcase, following uninvited.

INVESTIGATORS' OFFICE

Magali followed by Belén.

BELÉN
Capitán Belén Chevrolet, Coronel.
(Del Potro surprised)
De La Habana. Le avisaron que
venía, no?
**Captain Belen Chevrolet, Colonel.
From Havana. They told you I was
coming, no?**

DEL POTRO
Si, Chevrolet... Del Minint. Pero
yo pensé que--
**Yes, Chevrolet... From The Ministry
of Interior. But I thought--**

BELÉN

Que era un hombre?
That I was a man?

DEL POTRO

Para nada, Hector Maduro me habló de usted! Pero pensé que llegaba la semana que viene. Adelante.
Not at all, Hector Maduro spoke to me about you! But I thought you were arriving next week. Come in, come in.

BELÉN

Como se han disparado de aquí los chismes decidieron acelerar mi misión.
The way gossip has been spreading from here, they decided to move up my mission.

Del Potro glancing at the crew. Belén mopping her sweat beaded forehead with a hanky.

DEL POTRO

Vino manejando?
You drove here?

BELÉN

Manejando?! Avión. Taxi.
Driving?! Plane. Taxi.
(searches)
Aquí no hay..?
You don't have..?

DEL POTRO

Aire? Bienvenida a Oriente.
AC? Welcome to Oriente.
(approaches)
Dónde se está quedando?
Where are you staying?

BELÉN

Me reservaron en el Bello Oriente, no muy lejos de aquí, creo. Luego buscaré algo más permanente.
They reserved me a room at the Bello Oriente, not far from here, I understand. Later I'll find something more permanent.

DEL POTRO

Permanente?
Permanent?

BELÉN

Sí. Bueno, hasta que resolvamos este asunto, no?

Yes. Well, till we resolve this matter, right?

Del Potro managing to smile.

DEL POTRO

Magali la ayudará con eso. Ah, Magali?

Magali will help you with that. Right, Magali?

Magali puzzled.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Asistiendo al Capitán a conseguir un buen alquiler.

Assisting the Captain to find a good rental.

MAGALI

Ah! Sí, claro, mañana me ocupo, Belén.

Oh, yes, course, tomorrow I'll look into that, Belén.

BELÉN

Capitán Chevrolet, Sargento.
Captain Chevrolet, Sergeant.

MAGALI

Claro, Capitán.
Of course, Captain.

Magali slinking out. Ortega grinning...

ORTEGA

Chevrolet, cómo los--?
Chevrolet, like the--?

Del Potro's glare shutting him up.

DEL POTRO

Mañana la pongo al día, Capitán.
Déjeme--

Tomorrow I'll fill you in, Captain. Let me--

BELÉN

Mañana? Ustedes ya no tienen tres cadáveres en el frío?

(MORE)

BELÉN (CONT'D)

Si yo estuviese dirigiendo esta investigación, pensaría menos en mañana y más en quién y porqué?!
Tomorrow? Don't you have three bodies in the cooler already? If I were running this investigation, I would spend less on tomorrow and more on who and why?!

All have frozen. The tone is definitely major leagues. Del Potro pausing, addressing team.

DEL POTRO

Mañana a las ocho aquí, gente.
Tomorrow at eight here, people.
(looks at watch)
Capitán. Debo estar del otro lado de la ciudad en veinte minutos.
I have to be across town in twenty minutes, Captain.
(grabs Belén's suitcase)
Permítame dejarla en su hotel.
Está en mi camino.
Allow me to drop you off at your hotel. It's on my way.

Inviting her out.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Chuzo, tú trabaja el disco de Oro Negro a ver qué le sacas?
Chuzo, you work the Oro Negro disk, see what you can get out of it.

Belén conceding, grabbing jacket, trailing him, testy.

EXT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - MOMENT LATER

Del Potro and Belén exiting. Del Potro leading to the LADA, putting suitcase in back seat, walking around and opening passenger's door. Belén climbing in, Del Potro shutting the door, making his way behind the wheel.

Belén not missing a beat of his manners.

INT. LADA - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro merging with traffic.

DEL POTRO

Primera vez en Oriente?
First time in Oriente?

BELÉN

En Holguín estuve una vez de joven,
con un novio, para el Festival de
Cine Pobre. Pero mi familia es de
Santiago y allí pasé mi
adolescencia.

**I was in Holguín once, when I was
young, with a boyfriend, for the
Poor Cinema Festival. But my
family is from Santiago and I spent
there my adolescence.**

DEL POTRO

Ah, entonces también oriental?
Oh, so, Oriental as well.

BELÉN

No exactamente. Habanera de
nacimiento, pero Papá era médico y
lo mandaron para Santiago durante
el Período Especial. Y ahí
estuvimos de mis ocho a mis quince.

(Del Potro is nodding)

Cuarenta y dos, Coronel...

**Not quite. Born in Havana, but Dad
was a doctor and was sent to
Santiago during the Special Period.
And we were there from the time I
was eight to fifteen. Forty-two,
Colonel.**

DEL POTRO

Cómo..?

What's that?

BELÉN

Lo escucho sacar cuentas. Voy pa'
cuarenta y tres.

**I can hear the math clicking in
your head. I'm pushing forty
three.**

He grinning.

EXT. HOLGUIN STREET - SAME TIME

The LADA making it's way through traffic.

INT. LADA - SHORT TIME LATER

Belén fanning herself with the Granma.

BELÉN

Qué calor!

What heat!

(undoes blouse button)

Eso no ha cambiado.

That has not changed.

Del Potro can't help glancing over. She pretending not to notice. He turning on a silly plastic fan affixed to the windshield. Making not the slightest difference. But it does get a chuckle from Belén.

BELÉN (CONT'D)

Y usted, Coronel? Maduro me dijo que usted es de aquí, pero que se conocieron en La Habana donde usted pasó bastante tiempo.

And you, Colonel? Maduro told me you're from here, but that you met in Havana, where you spent quite a bit of time.

Now Del Potro looking at her frankly, not sure this is an area he wants to get into with her just yet.

BELÉN (CONT'D)

Quise saber más pero me dijo que mejor se lo preguntaba a usted. Fue muy discreto, obviamente lo tiene en alta estima.

I wanted to know more but he told me I best ask you. Was most discrete, obviously has you in high esteem.

Del Potro pulling over in front of the Hotel Bello Oriente.

DEL POTRO

En otro momento con gusto le cuento. Historia larga y tediosa.

Some other time I'll tell you.

Long, tedious story.

(nods at hotel)

Y ya estamos aquí.

And we're here.

Belén eyeing the seedy, peeling two story building.

BELÉN

Qué horror!

What a horror!

DEL POTRO

París no es. Pero el muchacho que atiende es buena gente. Verbal. Cualquier cosa le dice que es amiga mía.

Paris is not. But the young man who runs it is a good egg. Verbal. Anything you need, you tell him you're a friend of mine.

BELÉN

Eso somos?

Is that what we are?

DEL POTRO

(grinning)

No. Pero eso con Verbal cuenta.

No. But with Verbal that counts.

Getting out of the car, grabbing her suitcase, Belén stepping out of the vehicle.

BELÉN

Verbal? Qué nombre...

Verbal? What a name...

Del Potro carrying the suitcase to the entrance.

DEL POTRO

Y bien que le cae, ya verá.

And it suits him perfectly, you'll see.

Speak of the devil... At the end of a long corridor, a young, effusive man, VERBAL, recognizing Del Potro, heading over.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Me voy porque si no este compadre me hace llegar tarde. Tengo que recoger a mi hija en el aeropuerto.
I'll be on my way or he'll make me late. Have to pick up my daughter at the airport.

BELÉN

Cierto, la air-traffic_controller.
That's right, the air-traffic controller.

DEL POTRO

Luz de mi vida.

Light of my life.

(knits brow)

Hector?

BELÉN
(shaking head)
Vargas.

Del Potro raising his brows enigmatically. Belén watching him hurry back into the LADA.

DEL POTRO
Yo llego por la oficina siete y
media, ocho!
**I get to the office, seven-thirty,
eight!**

Driving off. Belén looking after him. She was sent to meet an arrogant jerk, now there goes a gentleman.

VERBAL
Capitán Chevrolet?
(takes her suitcase)
La estaba esperando! Mi tío tiene
un Chevrolet '57. Impala
convertible!
**I was waiting for you! My uncle
has a Chevrolet. '57. Impala
convertible!**

Leading the way inside the long, colonial building.

VERBAL (CONT'D)
Lo tiene que es un chiche. Azul
cielo, metalizado, techo de lona
importada blanca que su helmano, mi
otro tío por palte del tercel
esposo de mi mamá le mandó de
Miami...
**Keeps it like a toy. Metallic sky
blue, a white imported top that my
other uncle on my mother's third
husband's side sent him from
Miami...**

Belén enduring as he carries her suitcase up a set of stairs.

VERBAL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
El se fué muchacho, de Mariel, en
el '80...
**He left still a boy, from Mariel,
in the 80's...**

EXT. CENTER FOR LEGAL MEDICINE - DAY

ESTABLISHING.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Graciela dissecting Yolanda, weighing organs. EVA, a Medical Student assisting, having a hard time keeping it together.

Putting the liver on a scale.

GRACIELA
Kilo dos cuarenta.
Kilo two forty.

Eva writing on a notebook, uneasy.

GRACIELA (CONT'D)
No le mires la cara. No te va a
ayudar y por el momento no sirve de
nada. Lo que nos interesa ahorita
es saber qué comió la noche que le
quitaron la vida.
**Don't look at her face. It won't
help and for the moment serves no
purpose. What we're interested in
now is to know what she ate the
night they took her life.**

Transporting the stomach to dissection tray, slicing it open.
Eva unable to hold it, rushing to restroom. LOUD VOMITING.

GRACIELA (CONT'D)
Te espero?
Wait for you?

EVA
Si, Doctora, ya ven--
Yes, Doctor, I'm co--

More RETCHING. Graciela picking through the contents of the stomach.

Becoming puzzled by one particular item - a small, multicolored bit of...something. A jewel perhaps.

Picking it out with tweezers, rinsing it, setting it under a powerful magnifying glass.

THROUGH THE MAGNIFYING GLASS

The tweezer turning it.

Eva returning, looking like death warmed up.

EVA (CONT'D)
Qué es, Doctora.
What is it, Doctor?

GRACIELA

Regaliz.

Licorice.

(deposits it on a glass)

Creo que fue lo último que la
muchacha tragó. Sin masticarlo.
**I think it is the last thing the
girl swallowed. Without chewing
it.**

EVA

Qué es regaliz ?

What's licorice?

Graciela turning it under the light.

GRACIELA

Como dulce. A mi abuelita le
gustaba. Y que para su voz.
**Like candy. My granny liked it.
For her voice, she used to say.**

Ava anxious, Graciela sensing it.

GRACIELA (CONT'D)

Pesa el corazón.

Weigh the heart.

EVA

El corazón?

The heart?

Graciela stepping back from the glass.

GRACIELA

Esta profesión no es pa todos, Eva.
Nadie te va a reprochar si--
**This profession is not for
everyone, Ava. No one will
reproach you if--**

EVA

El corazón...no, sí...

The heart...no, right...

Picking up the organ, taking it to the scale, blanched.

EVA (CONT'D)

Doscientos ochenta y tres.

Two-hundred eighty three.

Writing it on the list. Graciela watching her a moment,
returning to her work.

INT/EXT. LADA - SUNSET

Del Potro driving along Circunvalación (Ring), on his way to the Airport. An accident holding up traffic. TWO MEN arguing heatedly over a fender-bender.

Going to blows, people trying to keep them apart. Del Potro pulling over, resigned, rushing up.

DEL POTRO

Ya cálmense compadres, si esto no es na'..!

That's enough guys, this is nothing..!

DRIVER 1

Nada, no... Este comemienda que se cruza sin hacer ni señas y ahora insiste que la culpa es mía!

No, not nothing... This asshole cut in front of me without even a hand sign, and now it's my fault!

DRIVER 2

Tú no venías detras?! El comemienda eres tú!

Weren't you behind me?! You're the asshole!

DEL POTRO

Momento! Se me callan ó los dos terminan detrás de barrotes!

Time out! Both shut up or you end up behind bars!

(his cell rings)

Están detenienendo el tráfico por una bobería, muevan los carros.

You're blocking traffic for nothing, move the cars.

(into phone)

Perdona, Isi, me demoré, estoy con un rollo que--

Sorry, Isi, running late, I'm in the middle of--

INTERCUT WITH...

EXT. AIRPORT - SAME TIME

Isabel on her cell.

ISABEL

No, Papi, deja! Me estoy yendo con Ernestito.

No, Daddy, it's OK! I'm leaving with Ernestito.

DEL POTRO

(over phone)

Ah...Ernesto... Bueno... Te veo más tarde, entonces.

Oh...Ernesto... OK... See you later, then.

Isabel hanging up, thoughtful.

Isabel climbing onto Ernesto's motorcycle. He obviously delighted, giving her his helmet, speeding away.

EXT. ROBERTA'S HOUSE SQUARE - EVENING

Del Potro parking the LADA at the shade of the Jagüey, going into Roberta's house. MUSIC - CHANO POZO'S "Manteca" - reaching from inside.

INT. ROBERTA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro moving toward the MUSIC along shiny tiled floors, toward the rear of the colonial house. A patio under a skylight turned into dance studio.

TWO SCULPTURAL DANCERS in their twenties, one black, the other white, beaded with perspiration, dancing to Pozo's frenetic bongo and orchestra music, following Roberta's instructions. They smile OFF, Roberta turning - discovering Del Potro dancing by himself under the door frame.

Far from upset, pulling him onto the dance floor. He allowing her one turn, then walking away, laughing.

DANCER 1

Baile con nosotras, Coronel!
Dance with us, Colonel!

Roberta, looking at her watch, removing needle roughly from 76 RMP.

ROBERTA

Se me van de aquí!
You're out of here!

DANCER 2

Celosa, profe?
Jealous, teach?

ROBERTA

Claro!
Of course!

The girls laughing, gathering their things.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Ustedes ya están pa' La Habana.
Mañana lo llamo a Chuchito pa' que
les de prueba. Pero, Mayra,
trabájame más esos brazos, cuando--
You're ready for Havana. Tomorrow
I'm calling Chuchito to get you a
test. But, Mayra, work those arms
more, when you go--

Making two fists, pulling elbows back, projecting her breasts forward.

Mayra mimicking, projecting her rack to cause heart-attacks at the Tropicana.

INT. ROBERTA'S KITCHEN - SOME TIME LATER

Del Potro and Roberta having dinner. Del Potro scooping the last of a home stew.

DEL POTRO

Esto estaba...!
This was..!

ROBERTA

Sancocho de ayer...
Yesterday's stew...

DEL POTRO

De ayer es que es más bueno.
Yesterday's best.

ROBERTA

Pienso como tú. Quieres más?
I'm with you. Want more?

DEL POTRO

Ya...
I'm good...

Looking at her.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
Hablé con Isabel.
I spoke to Isabel.

ROBERTA
Verdad?!
Really?!
(Del Potro sips beer)
Qué dijo?!
So, what she say?!

DEL POTRO
De veras quieres saber?
You really want to know?
(Roberta eager)
Que un hombre tan viril y seductor
como yo sino sería un desperdicio.
**That such a masculine, seducing man
like me would else go to waste.**

Roberta cracking up, kissing him.

ROBERTA
Pues yo no voy a desperdiciar ni un
poquito. Y pa' cuando sería?
**Well, I'm not going to waste one
bit. And that would be for when?**

DEL POTRO
Dejame terminar este caso. Quiero
estar todo aquí cuando venga.
**Let me finish this case. I want to
be all here when I come.**

ROBERTA
Siempre va a haber casos!
There will always be a case!

DEL POTRO
No... Como este no.
No... Not like this one.

ROBERTA
Está bien.
Fine.
(kisses him)
Igual quiero pintar el dormitorio.
**I want to paint the bedroom,
anyway.**
(another kiss)
Morado.
Purple.

DEL POTRO

Morado?
Purple?

ROBERTA

Morado pasión!
Passion purple!

Roberta unleashing her contagious LAUGHTER. Now, kissing him seriously, Del Potro responding,

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Quítame la ropa...
Take off my clothes...

Del Potro undoing her bra, getting involved.

EXT. GASPARD'S BEACH CABANA - DAY

Gaspard in his hammock, making love to NEGRA, the sculptural Mulatto Beauty from the Paradise Hotel. CELL RINGING - opening bars of Beatles' "Come Together." Searching for it under the girl's naked loins. She GIGGLING.

GASPARD

Oui...?
Yeah..?

INT. LADA - SAME TIME

Del Potro driving, on his phone.

DEL POTRO

Tengo aquello para ti.
Got that thing for you.

INTERCUT WITH GASPARD

GASPARD

Six, OK?

DEL POTRO

Six's good.

Hanging up.

INT. GASPARD'S BEACH CABANA - DAY

Negra kissing Gaspard - KNOCK, KNOCK! - going to open door.

Lola standing outside in all her wild splendor.

LOLA

Perdón, soy tu vecina. No tienes uno ó dos limónes que me regales?
Sorry, I'm your neighbor. Wouldn't you have a lemon or two?

NEGRA

(cheeky once-over)

Tú eres la que pinta. Te vi desde la playa.
You're the painter. I saw you from the beach.

LOLA

Ajá...
Yeah...

Negra striking a provocative pose.

NEGRA

Píntame a mí, yo soy modelo!
Paint me, I'm a model!

Laughing, but meaning it. Lola smiling.

GASPARD (O.S.)

Quién es, Negra?!
Who is it, Negra?!

NEGRA

La vecina, mi amol. Que si tenemos limones..?
The neighbor, love. Do we have lemons?

Gaspard opening wide - all his testosterone snapping to attention.

GASPARD

No viste la mata en el fondo?
Didn't you see the tree in back?

Negra grabbing a few from a table.

LOLA

Bueno, pero no quería--
Well, but I didn't want to--

NEGRA

Coge los que quieras, mi vida, si no lo que hacen es pudrilse.
Take what you need, love, if not they will rot.

LOLA
Gracias. Cuando quieras te pinto.
**Thanks. I will paint you whenever
you want.**

NEGRA
Me lo prometes?!
You promise?

Lola walking away, smiling back at her. Gaspard watching.

NEGRA (CONT'D)
Te gusta?
You like her?

GASPARD
Y a ti?
And you?

NEGRA
(licks his ear)
Tú eres muy bandido. Ven pa'ca.
You're a wild one. Com'ere.

Pulling him, closing the door.

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT, INVESTIGATORS' OFFICE - MORNING

Belén at the wall, sipping coffee. EVERYTHING LOOKS DIFFERENT. Furniture rearranged. New city map. Victims and suspect's photos, names and memos classified by case. The red pins numbered, dated and linked by threads.

RECEPTION, SAME TIME

Magali on a call. Del Potro walking in. She cupping phone, cocking head toward the investigators office.

MAGALI
(softly)
Yo llegué a las siete y ella ya estaba ahí dentro. Hasta el café había cola'o, vaya...
**I arrived at seven and she was
already in there. Even the coffee
was made.**

Del Potro pouring himself a cup, tasting it, grinning approvingly at Magali, moving on.

INVESTIGATOR'S OFFICE

Belén turning as Del Potro walks in.

BELÉN

Ayer en el avión vine leyendo su
reporte al ministerio, Coronel.
**Yesterday, on the plane, I read
your report for the Minister.**

DEL POTRO

Buenos días, Capitán.
Good morning, Captain.

BELÉN

Buenos días... Y en un punto si
estamos de acuerdo.
**Morning... And we agree on one
point.**

DEL POTRO

Uno..?
One..?

Belén smiling but not pausing.

BELÉN

Las víctimas son al azar. Y eso
complica la investigación. Pero lo
más importante - y de lo que no
encontré mención alguna - es que
ninguno de sus detenidos terminó el
bachillerato.

**The victims are random. And that
complicates the investigation. But
the most important - of which I
found no mention - is that none of
those being killed finished high-
school.**

(pulling report from
briefcase)

Realmente le parece que alguno
de ellos puede haber disecado las
víctimas como muestran estas fotos?
**You really believe one of those men
could have dissected the victims
the way these photos show?**

Del Potro listening, trying to find his regular chair, having
to pull it from across the room.

Members of the team trickling in - Yaritza, Jimenez, the CSI
Officers, Nuñez... Admiring the new order on the wall.

BELÉN (CONT'D)

Tendríamos que estar entrevistando
estudiantes de medicina - y de
cuarto año para arriba!

(MORE)

BELÉN (CONT'D)

Con conocimientos avanzados de cirugía. Médicos también, por supuesto. Veterinarios... No vendedores de camisas de contrabando. Reducir la cantidad de posibles sospechosos es imperativo.

We should be interviewing medical students - And 4th and 5th year or higher at that! With advance surgery knowledge. Surgeons too, of course. Veterinarians... Not shirt smugglers. Reducing the number of possible suspects is imperative.

Del Potro gauging the effect of her words on his crew.

BELÉN (CONT'D)

Y si yo fuese el autor de estos crímenes no lo haría donde me conocen. Él no es de Holguín. Sabemos que posee transportación. Tenemos que ampliar el círculo de la investigación. Yo digo 50 km a la redonda. Por ahora. Eso quiere decir...

I were the killer I wouldn't commit my crimes where I'm known. My guess? He's not from Holguín. We know he has transportation. We need to widen the circle of the investigation... I say by 50 km. For now. That means...

(circles cities on map)

Puerto Padre, Las Tunas, Bayamo, Mella, Mayan, Banes...

DEL POTRO

A usted la enviaron a tratar de facilitarnos la investigación. Pero lo que acaba de hacer es multiplicarla por diez.

You were sent here to try to facilitate our investigation. But what you just did was multiply it by ten.

BELÉN

A mí no me enviaron a facilitar nada, Coronel.

(MORE)

BELEN (CONT'D)

Yo estoy aquí para enseñarle a pensar "out of the box." Porque lo que tiene entre manos nunca antes a acontecido en Cuba.

I was not sent here to facilitate anything, Colonel. I am here to teach you to think "out of the box." Because what you're dealing with here, has never happened in Cuba before.

Ortega has been standing at the door, behind Belén's back, listening.

ORTEGA

Usted parece muy segura de lo que dice, Capitán, pero sepa que el Coronel y nosotros--

You seem very sure about what you are saying, Captain, but know that the Colonel and us--

BELEN

Teniente, yo me gradué con honores en el Instituto de Criminología y Derecho Penal de Paris. Una institución que no tiene nada que envidiarle a las mejores americanas.

Lieutenant, I graduated with honors from the Paris Institute of Criminology and Penal Law. An institution that has nothing to envy the best in America.

Del Potro sipping his coffee, watching her perform. No other way to describe it - full confidence, perfect diction, no vestige of stage fright. He's under her spell.

So is Ortega, but he knows she is out of his league.

BELEN (CONT'D)

Y da la casualidad que mi tesis de graduación fue sobre asesinos en serie. Yo sé de lo que estoy hablando.

And it so happens that my graduating thesis was on serial killers. I know what I'm talking about.

Belén interprets Del Potro's interest as approval, and she steps up to the wall.

BELÉN (CONT'D)
Ordené un poco su crazy wall pero--
**I organized your crazy wall a bit
but--**

ORTEGA
(tickled)
Ajá, así mismo le dicen los
americanos! Yo lo vi en una--
**Right! That's what the Americans
call them. I saw it in a--**

Del Potro' glare has shut him up.

INT. LOLA'S COTTAGE - DAY, LATER

Keller and Lola resting on the wooden steps, naked, gazing at
the rolling surf, drinking lemonade.

SHOUTING from next door. A violent ARGUMENT between Gaspard
and Negra. Listening, Keller becoming somber.

THE DISTANT ECHOING VOICES OF MOTHER AND A JON ARGUING
UNINTELLIGIBLY.

Lola noticing the distant look in his eyes, putting her hand
on his.

LOLA
I like it here with you.

Keller back, looking at her.

KELLER
You like my lemonade.

LOLA
I do.

KELLER
My mother's secret recipe.

LOLA
Water, lemon and sugar.

KELLER
Exactly!

Chuckling - something perverse about it, something in which
we are not necessarily required to partake. MORE ARGUING
NEXT DOOR.

A beat.

LOLA
I want to be part of it.

Keller looking at her. A longer beat.

KELLER
No, you don't.

LOLA
I do.

KELLER
You don't realize what it would entail.

LOLA
Of course, I do.

KELLER
No. You think you do. You would regret it.

LOLA
I need to experience it.

KELLER
It would change everything between us.

LOLA
I know in my heart that it won't.
Please, it's all I think about since...

Keller searching her eyes, gently touching her face, turning back to the sea.

KELLER
Well, if ever the possibility arises--

KNOCK, KNOCK... Turning back, listening to silence.

KNOCK, KNOCK! Lola standing, setting lemonade on coffee table, grabbing shirt.

LOLA
Quién es?!
Who is it?!

Keller following her, reaching for pants in the bedroom.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

Lola opening front door, angrily buttoning up shirt.

Outside stands the Owner in a belligerent mood, wearing an old Barcelona Messi "10" jersey, too tight for his pouch. Looking past her.

OWNER

Yo te dije que el yuma ese no podía
dormir aquí!
**I told you that foreigner could not
sleep here!**

Keller emerging from the shadowy bedroom, buttoning up his loose chinos.

KELLER

Ya me iba--
I was leaving--

OWNER

Oye, que no soy pendejo! Ese carro
hace tres noches que la pasa aquí
afuera!

**Hey, I wasn't born yesterday! That
truck has spent the last three
nights out here!**

(to Lola)

Tú como que no entendiste cuando te
dije que--
**You didn't seem to understand when
I told you that--**

Keller pulling out a thick wad of bills. The Owner pausing.

KELLER

Pase, amigo... Solo la muerte no
se puede negociar.
**Come in friend... Only death can't
be negotiated.**

The man glancing at Lola, stepping in.

Lola and Martin looking at each other intensely, Lola scanning the street outside, closing the door.

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT, INVESTIGATORS' OFFICE - DAY

Ortega running the Oro Negro disk on the computer. A pirated recording of DUNKIRK. Fast forward to the end. A blur of scratchy images ending the disk.

Ortega knitting brow, running recording slowly back.

DEL POTRO

In the reception, pouring himself a coffee. Magali at her computer.

MAGALI

Que si va a ir a la actividad esa
del Mejunje, en Santa Clara, por
fin, Coronel? Quieren saber.
**Will you be going to that Mejunje
project, in Santa Clara, finally,
Colonel? They want to know.**

DEL POTRO

(sipping coffee)
Este lo hizo Belén?
Belén made this?

MAGALI

No, yo. Está malo?
No, me. No good?

DEL POTRO

No, no, preguntaba...
No, no, just asking...

MAGALI

Qué les contesto?
What do I answer?

DEL POTRO

Yo los llamaré...
I'll call'em...

INT. INVESTIGATORS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Yaritza hanging up her desk phone, turning to the room.

YARITZA

Capitán... Los zapatos... Los
italianos los dejaron de fabricar
hace más de tres años.

(reads off note)

Los lotes finales los enviaron a
Omán, Turquía, Holanda y Reino
Unido.

**The shoes... The Italians
discontinued them over three years
ago. The last lots were shipped to
Oman, Turkey, Netherlands and the
UK.**

Del Potro leaning on the door frame. Belén turning back from the wall.

BELÉN

Contacte inmigración, Teniente.
Queremos la lista de todos los
pasajeros de esos países que
llegaron a Cuba en las últimas 4
semanas. Diplomáticos incluidos.
Contact immigration, Lieutenant.
You want the list of all the
passengers from those countries who
entered Cuba in the last 4 weeks.
Diplomats included.

Yaritzza, eyeing Del Potro for his OK. Del Potro nodding slightly, heading back to his office.

DEL POTRO

Por Martí solamente.
Through Martí only.

YARITZA

Cómo, Jefe?
What's that Boss?

DEL POTRO

Solo los que ingresaron al país por
La Habana.
Only the ones who entered the
country through Havana.

Belén puzzled, following him into...

DEL POTRO'S OFFICE

Pulling the door ajar.

BELÉN

Por qué solo los de Martí, Coronel?
How come only the ones from Martí,
Colonel?

Del Potro pouring the rest of the coffee down the toilet.

DEL POTRO

Porque lo ví.
Because I saw him.

BELÉN

Vio qué?
See who?

Del Potro washing cup.

DEL POTRO

Al tipo que llevaba esos zapatos.
No le vi la cara, vi sus pies.
Llegó en un vuelo el día que
regresó mi hija de Nueva York.

(looks at Belén)

Debí haber hecho algo.

**The guy who wore those shoes. I
didn't see his face, I saw his
feet. Came in on a flight the same
day my daughter arrived from New
York. I should have done
something.**

BELÉN

Hecho qué? Arrestar a un hombre
por tener zapatos verdes?

**Done what? Arrest a man for
wearing green shoes?**

Belén flushing toilet, taking cup.

BELÉN (CONT'D)

Quiere que Magali vea esto? Yo le
preparo fresco--

**You want Magali to see that? I'll
make you some more--**

DEL POTRO

Porqué lo vi?

Why did I see him?

Belén holding his gaze, suddenly feeling closer.

BELÉN

Porque este es un trabajo a veces
muy ingrato, Coronel.

**Because this is often a very
thankless job, Colonel.**

Del Potro nodding, Belén leaving with the cup.

BELÉN (CONT'D)

Yo le preparo del bueno.

I'll make you the good stuff.

Del Potro smiling absently, eyeing his watch.

DEL POTRO

Déjelo pa' mañana... Tengo que--

Leave it for tomorrow...Have to--

Del Potro grabbing hat, going.

ORTEGA (O.S.)
Capitán...!
Captain...!

Belén looking after him, returning to...

INVESTIGATORS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joining Ortega at the computer...

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
Mire...
Take a look....

Running the end of the footage again, frame by frame: the end tail of the Jimny leaving the station, then backtracking.

BELÉN
Qué era eso?
What was that?

ORTEGA
El vehículo del asesino.
The killer's vehicle.

BELÉN
Cómo puede saber eso?
How can you know that?

ORTEGA
Bueno, saber, saber no, pero el Jefe dijo que a esto hay que meterle es instinto.
Well, know, know no, but the Chief said solving a case like this needs instinct.

BELÉN
Instinto.
Instinct.

ORTEGA
Ajá... Y mire la hora, Capitán.
That's right... And look at the time, Captain.

Pointing to the time in the corner of the screen before it vanishes: 00:04.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
Yolanda dejó la gasolinera a medianoche.
Yolanda left the station at midnight.

Belén looking at Ortega.

BELÉN

Su Jefe tenía razón. Bien...
Revisen las otras cámaras de la
zona, teniente.
**Your boss was right. Good... Check
out the other cameras in the area,
Lieutenant.**

INT. BAR - EVENING

Gaspard ambling into a long, shady bar, seeing...

Del Potro at a table in the rear, drinking 12-year Caney.

The WAITRESS bringing Del Potro olives. Gaspard joining him,
shaking hands.

DEL POTRO

(to Waitress)

Y otra copa, por favor... Qué hubo,
francés?
**And another glass, please... How's
it going French..?**

GASPARD

Not now, mon pot, women don't leave
me enough time to think about it.

DEL POTRO

Nice to be young.

GASPARD

This is one country where you don't
need to be young to get laid. You
should know...

Del Potro grinning, sliding over envelope. Gaspard putting
it away.

DEL POTRO

Sorry it took longer.

GASPARD

I wasn't worried. Ready for some
more action?

DEL POTRO

(a pause)

Depends...

The Waitress putting down a clean glass for Gaspard, sashaying back toward the bar. Gaspard watching her. Del Potro pouring him a shot.

GASPARD

(faking cuban accent)

Este país va a acabal conmigo,
asere!

**This country's gonna finish me,
buddy!**

DEL POTRO

A menos que acabes tú con él
primero.

Unless you finish it first.

GASPARD

Es que son tan inocentes, tan
confiadas las muchachas cubanas,
tan distintas de las europeas, no
puedo resistir...Por cierto tengo
una vecina nueva que coo-ño!

**Problem is that they're so
innocent, so trusting, Cuban women,
not like the Europeans, can't
resist them... By the way. I have a
new neighbor that...fu-uck!**

Del Potro watching him, amused. Gaspard snaps back to buss.

GASPARD (CONT'D)

Saturday we're playing at Mimo's.

DEL POTRO

Who's he?

GASPARD

Mimo, you played with him before.
Canadian. Used to work for the
airline... Married a beautiful
woman half his age from Las Tunas.
Runs a paladar restaurant there
now. Azuzena. Game is Saturdays,
after closing.

DEL POTRO

Las Tunas. Not around the corner.

GASPARD

Some pilots will be there.
(rubs fingers together)
You can ride with me.

Del Potro considers, downs his rum.

DEL POTRO
If I go, I'll drive myself.
(gets up)
Si voy. Está pago.
If I go. It's taken care of.

Gaspard giving him a fist bump, watching him go, signaling the Waitress.

EXT. BEACH COTTAGE - DUSK

Lola on the terrace, curled into a knot, staring at the sun setting over the horizon. A blank canvas on the easel.
SHUTTER. Lola turning.

Keller lowering his Nikon.

KELLER
You haven't painted in days.

LOLA
I can't think of anything else.

Keller ignoring her "else," smiling.

KELLER
How about my portrait?

LOLA
Did that days ago.

KELLER
Oh? You didn't show it to me.

LOLA
Sure I did.

KELLER
I would remember something like that.

Lola walking to a number of paintings facing a wall, pulling one out - an abstract masterpiece in yellows, black and a dash of rufous-red.

KELLER (CONT'D)
I see the resemblance. But you told me that one was called "Love."

LOLA
Precisely.

Returning the canvas to its place, holding Keller close, kissing him on the lips, whispering in his ear:

LOLA (CONT'D)
I'd like to do it again.

KELLER
No.

LOLA
Please.

KELLER
Why?

LOLA
I don't know. Why do you?

KELLER
I haven't.

LOLA
But when you did.

Keller holding her gaze, pulling her close, turning to the sea. Night coming.

A SMALL ENGINE SPUTTERING in the distance.

EXT. AT SEA - NIGHT

The engine pushing a dinghy on its way to the RAGAZZI - discretely lit a kilometer and a half or so away, anchored in front of the Paraiso.

Del Potro on board the dinghy with Manejes biting a long cigar. Benjamín handling the small out-of-board.

Del Potro turning toward shore - the Paraiso, lit like Christmas.

INT/EXT - RAGAZZI YACHT, BRIDGE - NIGHT

Piromalli and Guetta at the bar. Piromalli preparing a pitcher of mojito. ENGINE APPROACHING. Guetta and Piromalli exchanging a look, Guetta descending to the stern, leaning out starboard.

GUETTA
Arrímese por aquí, Roca!
Pull up around here, Roca!

Benjamín killing the engine, letting the dinghy coast to the stern of the yacht.

Del Potro passing Guetta a line.

GUETTA (CONT'D)
Benvenuti, benvenuti..!

The three men climbing on board the luxurious vessel.
Manejas's greedy eyes glittering. Benjamín faking
indifference. Del Potro stoic.

Guetta leading the way to the stern deck, waves at the array
of large throw cushions.

GUETTA (CONT'D)
Si accomodi...
Make your self comfortable...

MANEJES
(looks at Paraiso lights)
Si no le molesta, prefiero adentro.
If you don't mind I prefer inside.

Guetta looking up at Piromalli, watching them from the next
deck.

PIROMALLI
Certo, avanti, avanti...
Of course, come in, come in...

INT. CLOSED DECK - CONTINUOUS

The men entering area enclosed with tinted windows.
Piromalli pouring mojitos from a shaker.

BENJAMÍN
Bueno, como prometido, aquí te
tengo al Ministro Manejes. Él te
va a resolver todo... El permiso de
construccion, contrato, toditico...
**Well, as promised, here I brought
you Minister Manejes. He will set
you up with the permits...the
contract, the whole nine yards...**

PIROMALLI
Piacere, Signore Manejes.
A pleasure, Mr. Manejes.

Manejas puffing on his cigar, shaking his hand. Guetta
opening a window, obviously annoyed by the smoke.

Piromalli passing mojitos.

PIROMALLI (CONT'D)
Mi socio, Fabio Guetta.
My partner, Fabio Guetta.

GUETTA
Ammaliato...
Enchanted...

Manejes shaking Guetta's lax hand. Benjamín giving him eyes about his cigar.

Piromalli raising his glass.

PIROMALLI
A los buenos negocios!
To good business!

MANEJES
A que un día me pueda comprar uno de estos!
To the day I can buy myself one of these!

Forcing a laugh.

DEL POTRO
Y si vamos al grano? No quiero - y usted tampoco, ministro - pasar más tiempo aquí del necesario.
How about we get to it? I don't want to - and neither should you, Minister - spend here more time than necessary.

PIROMALLI
Certo, certo... Es simple:
Nosotros, Sr. Ministro, le proponemos una...comisión por la facilitación...de 300,000 Euro.
Cien hoy, en cash, doscientos transferidos a una cuenta que nos indiquen cuando recibamos el contrato firmado.
Course, course... It's simple: We propose, Minister, a...facilitating commission...of 300,000 Euro. One hundred today, in cash, two hundred by transfer to an account you will provide, when we receive the signed contract.

Manejes and Benjamín exchanging glances.

Piromalli sliding open a door into an office where a sleek, spectacular model of the proposed beach resort - "DOLCE VITA" - sits on a glass table.

PIROMALLI (CONT'D)

Y tres millones más el día que abra
sus puertas Dolce Vita.

**And three million more the day
Dolce Vita opens for business.**

Manejas downing his mojito, tossing cigar out the window, stepping up, ogling the maquette. His reaction not lost on the Italians.

GUETTA

Y una habitación con vista al mar
permanentemente a la disposición de
usted ó su familia, por supuesto.

**And a seaside room permanently
available for you or your family,
of course.**

PIROMALLI

Certo.

Of course.

Del Potro turning his back on the men, strolling over to the bar, setting down mojito, pouring himself a San Pellegrino.

EXT. AT SEA - NIGHT

The dinghy skipping over a rougher sea on its way back.
Benjamín, Del Potro and Manejes in complete silence.

EXT. COVE - SHORT TIME LATER

Benjamín killing the engine, letting the dinghy drift up the beach. The men pulling it onto dry land.

Benjamín nodding at the bag in Manejes's hands.

BENJAMÍN

Tres paquetes pa'ca uno. El otro
me--

**Three packets each. The other one
I--**

DEL POTRO

No, yo no.

No, not me.

BENJAMÍN

Cómo?
What?

MANEJES

No, Coronel, usted también se me moja!
No, Colonel, you're also getting wet!

DEL POTRO

Yo ya estoy mojado hasta la pinga, Manejes. Pero la plata es pa' mi hermano.
I'm already wet up to my ass, Manejes. But the cash is for my brother.

Without another word, walking toward the LADA parked under a tree.

Benjamín looking after him. Manejes taking out his five wads, handing the bag to Benjamín, limping in a hurry toward his 4x4, starting it, skidding off.

Benjamín joining Del Potro...

INT. LADA - CONTINUOUS

Benjamín tossing the bag in back, Del Potro driving off. Then...

BENJAMÍN

Desde cuándo lo sabes?
How long have you known?

Del Potro driving towards the highway. At length...

DEL POTRO

No hace mucho. Casualidad. Te vieron en el Lenin.
Not long. Chance. They saw you at the Lenin.

BENJAMÍN

Tengo que dejar el país.
I have to leave the country.

DEL POTRO

Aquí hay muy buenos médicos, Benjamín.
We have excellent doctors here, Benjamín.

BENJAMÍN

De pancreático no te salva ni Fidel, aunque estuviese vivo. El derecho a la finca se acaba conmigo. De que van a vivir Aleja y mis muchachos? Esa plata es pa' que se radiquen en España. Alla está su mamá, su hermana. Aquí a ella no le queda nadie.

Not even Fidel can save you from pancreatic were he alive. The right to the farm ends with me. What will Aleja and the boys live on? That money is for Aleja to move to Spain. Her mom is there, her sister. She has no one left here.

DEL POTRO

Tú sabes que con nosotros--
You know she can live with us--

BENJAMÍN

No... Hace rato que ella me pidió irnos pa' España.

No...She asked me some time ago that we go to Spain.

The LADA reaching the asphalt. Del Potro pulling up next to Benjamín's Jeep at a gas station.

DEL POTRO

Ella sabe?
She knows?

BENJAMÍN

Pa' que? Ya lo sabrá cuando no haya más remedio. Dime que te ocuparás. Que no vas a dejar que el cabrón de Manejes se quede con todo.

No. What for? She'll find out soon enough. Tell me you'll take care of it. That you won't let Manejes keep it all.

Del Potro clasps his neck.

DEL POTRO

Dalo por hecho.
Consider it done

Benjamín grabbing the bag, walking to his Jeep. Del Potro watching him drive off, get swallowed by the night.

INT. LOLA'S COTTAGE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Lola spooned behind Keller, in bed. Keller appearing asleep, his shirt on, buttoned up. Lola wide awake, looking out the open window at the moonlit sea.

LOLA

Why her?

Keller not opening his eyes.

KELLER

Would you like someone else
painting over your work?

Lola pondering this, kissing him on the nape of his neck, sliding her hand under the back of his shirt, reaching the front of his collar, unbuttoning it.

EXT. AZUZENA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A dark street in Las Tunas, the capital of Holguín's neighboring province, some 50 kilometer away.

The private restaurant's neon sign is off, shades drawn. Del Potro's LADA parked some distance away.

PLAYER 1 (V.O.)

One twenty to you, Colonel.

DEL POTRO (V.O.)

I'm out.

INT. AZUZENA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Del Potro, wearing civvies, sitting before a healthy stack of cash. Folding hand, emptying his glass of rum.

The game is taking place in the middle of the restaurant, on a comfortable round table covered by a green felt. The look professional compared to the game at Gaspard's cabana.

A few FRIENDS chat in low tones, drinking at the bar. THREE ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMEN keep the players wet.

Some of the same players from the first game are here, but also three new, anglo faces, all dressed with "leisure in Cuba attire."

PILOT 1

I heard your daughter works as an
air traffic controller, Mr. Del
Petro?

DEL POTRO

Did you..?
(to Mimo)
Deal me out.

Grabbing his glass, going to the...

BAR

Del Potro handing his glass to the bartender.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Dame otro 12 años, aquí mismo...
**Pour me another 12-years, right
here...**

LOUD BANGING at the front door.

VOICE OUTSIDE

Policía! Abran!
Police! Open up!

AT THE TABLE

Mimo and Gaspard looking at each other.

MIMO-GASPARD

Fuck!

VOICE OUTSIDE

Abran esta puerta inmediatamente!
Open this door immediately!

BAR

Del Potro looking at the Bartender.

DEL POTRO

Yo no puedo estar aquí.
I can't be here.

The Bartender cocking his head toward the rear. Del Potro
hurrying down a back corridor.

FRONT DOOR

Several POLICE OFFICERS and a CAPTAIN being let in by Mimo.
The operation, subdued. The Officers polite. They sit the
foreigners to one side. Ask ID from the Cubans.

BACK CORRIDOR

Del Potro managing to loosen the door's floor bolt, the double door swinging open.

TWO POLICEMAN waiting by a van, looking at him.

Del Potro knowing the game's up. The Captain coming down the corridor.

CAPTAIN
Usted es cubano?
You Cuban?

Del Potro producing his DTI Colonel ID. The surprised Captain looking uncertain.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Co...Cómo manejamos esto, Coronel?
How...how we gonna handle this, Colonel?

Del Potro shooting a glance at the table, the rest of the men being questioned.

DEL POTRO
Cumpla con su deber.
Do your duty.

The Captain uneasy, a YOUNG LIEUTENANT rushing up.

LIEUTENANT
Capitán, qué hacemos con los extranjeros?
Captain, what do we do with the foreigners?

CAPTAIN
Yo me ocupo...
I'll handle it...

Looking at Del Potro, troubled. Beat. Del Potro nodding, the Captain handing the Lieutenant Del Potro's ID.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Tómele declaración al Coronel.
Afuera.
Take the Colonel's statement. Outside.

DEL POTRO
Cojo mi chaqueta...
I'll get my jacket...

AT THE TABLE

The Pilots together on one side, the Cubans questioned by the Officers.

Del Potro grabbing his jacket from the back of his chair, wiping his cash off the table, catching the sympathetic Captain's eyes, following Lieutenant out.

EXT. SPORT CENTER - AFTERNOON

Keller taking pictures outside a sports center as classes let out. Athletic youths clowning for his camera. Attractive girls with modeling dreams posing and joking.

The Jimny parked a ways down, across the street.

Keller photographing a mixed group under a tree, really looking at...

The Center for Legal Medicine across the street. Employees in and out. Graciela in doctor's gown, and Ava, her assistant, exiting, parting ways. Graciela moving toward the Jimny.

Keller leaving the students, heading toward the Jimny across the street, eyes on his equipment. Some of the youngsters chasing him to take a look at themselves in his camera screen.

Keller knowing Graciela is catching up, dropping the lens cap. Graciela recognizing him.

GRACIELA

Martín?

He pretending to search his memory.

GRACIELA (CONT'D)

Graciela! Bezos...! From the festival.

KELLER

Indeed...! Didn't recognize you in...

GRACIELA

Slave dress?

(they chuckle)

Yes, I work in there.

KELLER
(eyes medical center)
Right..!

GRACIELA
What you do in this sordid part of town?

KELLER
Sordid, no... I'd call it... expressive. I was shooting the old church around the corner and then here the kids where coming out and...

GRACIELA
Well--

KELLER
Where are you going? Give you a lift...

GRACIELA
No...I live too far. I go to the *piquera* to get taxi.

KELLER
I don't mind, really. We were just going to drive around, looking for something else to photograph.

Graciela seeing Lola wearing her pink-violet shirt, in back of Jimny. Keller opening door for her.

KELLER (CONT'D)
Get in, don't be silly. You can show me interesting spots.

GRACIELA
Well, if you don't mind the long drive...

KELLER
On the contrary. Delighted.

Climbing in.

KELLER (CONT'D)
You remember Lola...

GRACIELA
Yes...Hola, qué tal?
Hi, how is it going?

Lola giving her a fixed smile, unable to manage a reply.

INT. JIMNY - CONTINUOUS

Keller climbing behind the wheel, driving off.

KELLER
I'll need directions, though...

GRACIELA
Don't worry. Simple. Holguin has
only two main streets. Maceo North-
South and Cuba East-West.

Looking at Lola for confirmation. Lola tense as a wire.
Keller noticing.

KELLER
Some have fear-of-flying, Lola is
cars. That's why she always rides
back there!

Laughing, Graciela pointing.

GRACIELA
Right there...

Keller turning.

KELLER
How is Intendente Bezos?

GRACIELA
Gone to Havana for two days. His
Official...
(laughs back at Lola)
Por mi vida, que mala que soy pa'l
inglés!
My God, How terrible my English!

LOLA
El entiende.
He understands.

KELLER
So, tell me about your job?
Boggles the mind how someone like
you would choose to spend her days
with death.

GRACIELA
Yo no lo veo así.
I don't see it that way.

Seeking Lola's eyes, Lola busy with her purse.

GRACIELA (CONT'D)

Yo lo veo como trabajar con misterios. El misterio de cómo le llegó la muerte a ciertos seres humanos.

I see it as working with mysteries. The mysteries of how death comes to some human beings.

KELLER

I also feel a special connection to death. I've published two books on the subject. One on African predators and another, more personal, on war zones.

GRACIELA

Those must be hard to take photos. The children...

KELLER

Some people have accused me of voyeurism but I take exception to that characterization.

GRACIELA

La muerte es un tema difícil para muchos.

Death is a difficult subject for most.

KELLER

The other evening, at the bar we happen to overhear you talk about your work...Sorry, didn't mean to eavesdrop... But I heard you refer to the "monster" who has been perpetrating the murders you're trying to solve.

Graciela glancing at Lola, now sitting with arms crossed, anxiously SNAPPING her nails against one another.

GRACIELA

No, yo no tengo nada que ver con las investigaciones, eso es la policía.

No, I have nothing to do with the investigations, that's the police--

KELLER

Well your information contributes
to how they figure it out, I'm sure

--

So, why monster? I read he is most
considerate with his victims.

GRACIELA

(troubled)

Considerate..? Read where?

(points)

Take a right before the Fidel sign.

Keller meeting Lola's eyes in the rearview mirror - hardly
able to stand the anticipation.

GRACIELA (CONT'D)

Las desfigura, las mutila...

Muchachas jóvenes, bellas,
aparentemente elegidas al azar.

Si, un hombre que apaga una vida de
esa manera para mí es un ser
monstruoso.

**He disfigures them, mutilates
them... Young, beautiful girls
apparently picked at random. Yes,
a man who snuffs out a young life
like that, for no apparent reason
is, to me, a monstrous being.**

Fidel sailing past.

GRACIELA (CONT'D)

Ahí era--!

That was--!

KELLER

Oh, sorry--

GRACIELA

After the bridge there is a road
that goes back.

Lola letting out a nervous titter, Graciela glancing at her.

GRACIELA (CONT'D)

But, you read this...where?

KELLER

(ignoring her)

And have you found any pattern in
the methods he uses for their...
departure?

Graciela eyeing him oddly, meeting Lola's stare.

GRACIELA

I can't discuss any more details.
These are ongoing investigations.

KELLER

Course. I did read that he removes
part of their genitals.

GRACIELA

Cómo? Dónde..? Eso es altamente
confidencial.

**What? Where..? That's highly
confidential!**

KELLER

I know...But social media...They're
spreading all the awful, grisly
details. But don't you think that
is a particularly interesting
feature?

Graciela eyeing Lola for support. Lola perspiring.

GRACIELA

Interesting?

The Jimny driving under the bridge.

GRACIELA (CONT'D)

That was the bridge!

KELLER

Bloody hell! Oh well...

Lola snickering. Graciela puzzled. Keller veering left,
taking a narrow highway away.

GRACIELA

No, no, this don't go back, you
have to--

Freezing. Her eyes riveted on Keller's box of multicolored
licorice in the door pocket. Blanching. That sinking
feeling, the THUMPING HEART. Suddenly unable to settle her
eyes on any one thing.

GRACIELA (CONT'D)

You can drop me at the corner.

KELLER

No, I don't think I will...

GRACIELA

Yes, please...I take taxi, now...

Keller ignoring her.

KELLER

I think he goes through great pains
to insure those girls face their
departure in the most peaceful
manner, actually.

Graciela's eyes darting to a passing patrol car.

Lola watching her emotional collapse, fascinated.

GRACIELA

Yes, es posible que... Sí...la
mente humana...

**Yes, is possible that... Yes...the
human mind...**

Sondear...la profundidad del...

Lejos

Probing...the depths of...Far...

Keller looking at her. Her upper lip beaded with
perspiration.

FLASH: MOTHER IN EXTREME CU, JABBERING IN HER KITCHEN, HER
UPPER LIP HEAVILY BEADED WITH PERSPIRATION.

KELLER (V.O.)(ECHO)

Are you all right, Mrs. Bezos?

BACK TO JIMNY

KELLER (CONT'D)

(Graciela reacts to name)

Are you ready?

(glares at Lola in mirror)

BLOODY GO ON, THEN!

Lola opening purse, pouring chloroform onto handkerchief.

Graciela lunging at the wheel, trying to drive them off the
road.

EXT. ROAD - SAME MOMENT

The Jimny swerving, skidding. A crossing car BLASTING its
horn, nearly missing them.

INT. JIMNY - CONTINUOUS

Keller delivering a brutal elbow blow to Graciela, cutting her brow, pulling the truck back on track.

KELLER

GO ON!

Lola pulling Graciela's head back by the hairs, pressing the soaked handkerchief to her face.

Graciela bleeding, pawing for the door handle.

Her door unlocking. Keller reaching for it. His elbow accidentally hitting the DVD player. A MOZART MINUETTE, perhaps, BLASTING out of the speakers.

Lola becoming upset, trembling out of control, holding the hanky tight until Graciela passes out.

EXT. CROSSROADS - AFTERNOON (AERIAL)

The Jimny skidding to a stop on the side of the road. Traffic buzzing past. Mozart pouring out the open window.

A MAN on foot turning to Keller, wide-eyed.

EXT. JIMNY - SAME TIME

THE MAN'S PASSING POV: KELLER STARING BACK AT HIM, LOLA IN THE BACK SEAT, WEEPING.

INT. JIMNY - CONTINUOUS

Keller pushing the lever, the passenger's seat falling back.

Keller pulling down Graciela's pantyhose, snatching off her shoes, removing pantyhose, handing it to Lola.

KELLER

Tie her hands and feet!

(Lola frozen)

NOW!

Lola snapping out of it. Keller finally hearing the MUSIC BLASTING, slapping it OFF.

Deafeningly quiet. Lola's HEART POUNDING, tying Graciela's hands with one pantyhose leg, the feet with the other.

Keller fitting latex gloves, looking out for witnesses, reaching back, tying both ligatures together, bringing hands and feet close behind Graciela's back. Driving away.

EXT. CROSSROADS - CONTINUOUS

The Jimny turning left, pulling away down a side road.

INT. DEL POTRO'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

The office phone RINGING. Del Potro exiting toilet, picking up.

DEL POTRO

Del Potro!

MADURO (OVER PHONE)

Marcial, Héctor.

DEL POTRO

Qué más, socio?

What's up partner?

INTERCUT WITH MADURO ON THE PHONE BY A WINDOW, IN AN OFFICE OVERLOOKING PLAZA REVOLUCION, HAVANA.

MADURO

Compadre, Las Tunas! Me llamaron del Minint para saber si yo estaba al tanto de tu--?

Las Tunas! Got a call from the Ministry of Interior to ask if I knew about your--?

Del Potro sinking in his seat.

DEL POTRO

Lamento que te involucraran--
Sorry they got you involved--

MADURO

A mi me importa un coño eso, compadre! Pero por esto te pueden botar de la DTI! Porqué dejaste que el teniente ese te levantara declaración?!

I don't give a fuck about that, buddy! But this can get you kicked out of the force! Why'd you let that fucking Lieutenant take your deposition?!

DEL POTRO

(beat)

Tú que hubieras hecho?

What would you have done?

Maduro trumped, upset.

MADURO

Vargas ya cogió eso. Te van a
joder! Que puedo hacer?

**Vargas already got his paws on
this. They're going to fuck you!
What can I do to help?**

DEL POTRO

Esa cama me la hice yo solo. Y
solo en ella tendré que acostarme.

(beat)

Gracias por llamar.

**I made that bed all by my lonesome.
And alone I'll have to lie on it.
Thanks for the call.**

INT. JIMNY - DUSK

Keller driving slowly, searching in the gathering darkness.
Lola next to him, wild-eyed, hyperventilating, soaked in
perspiration.

KELLER

Was it here?

LOLA

I don't know, I think-- No, in
there!

Keller veering up a narrow dirt track.

KELLER

I don't think so--

LOLA

Yes, there, look!

WIPE TO: a field, a stone well on a grassy knoll seen through
the foliage, purplish from the setting sun.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD, BACK OF THE JIMNY - DUSK (MATCH TEASER)

The door open, Keller fitting into the white forensic gown.

Graciela beginning to come around, seeing...

Keller zipping up gown, grabbing a scalpel from camera case, slipping it into his breast pocket.

Graciela's eyes growing with dread - her forensic knowledge ringing alarms.

GRACIELA

Why you do this? I no mean--

Keller replacing gag, grabbing her feet, pulling her to the end of the box over the flattened back seats.

Lola stock still beside the car, watching in mute horror.

Keller hoisting Graciela onto his back. She weighs a ton, about to tumble over.

Lola reaching out to help.

KELLER

DON'T! Don't touch her!

Carrying her toward a barbed wire fence.

KELLER (CONT'D)

Split the wires!

Lola obeying, raising a line of wiring, Keller passing through the gap with Graciela on his back. Lola following. RIPPING. The barbs slashing her pink-violet shirt.

Graciela seeing the scalpel in Keller's breast pocket, managing a MUTED SHOUT. A DOG BARKING.

KELLER (CONT'D)

You shouldn't have touched my girls.

Advancing into the field. Graciela struggling with her ligatures, managing to lift her gag enough to...

GRACIELA

NO! I won't say nothing!

KELLER

SHUT THE FOK'UP, YEAH?!

DOG BARKING. Keller resting one knee, replacing gag, forcing kind tone.

KELLER (CONT'D)
If you don't quiet down she'll have
to use more chloroform. Is that
what you want?

Graciela shaking her head.

KELLER (CONT'D)
Right.
(resumes walk)
We have a nice, quiet place where
you can rest in peace, don't we,
Lola? A monster does that?

Lola frozen, following as if pulled by a magnet.

FIELD, LONG

Keller resuming walk toward the well, the loosened gag
allowing...

GRACIELA
(whispering)
Let me go! I don't say nobody!

Keller going down on one knee again, catching his breath.

KELLER
Very well. Say it in proper
English and you can go free.

GRACIELA
What?
(desperate glance at Lola)
Yes...Please... I don't. I don't
say to nobody...

KELLER
Tcht, tcht, tcht...Is that the best
you can do?

Resuming walk. CARRIAGE SOUND. Keller ducking behind the
short stone structure.

GRACIELA
AYUDA!
HELP!

Keller punching her in the face.

KELLER
See? You can't be trusted.
(eyes Lola)
She can't be trusted.

Lola's teeth clattering as if in the North Pole.

A HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE passing at the bottom of the hill. A man on his feet holding the reins in the dying light.

Keller waiting till is out of sight, lifting Graciela onto the edge of the well.

KELLER (CONT'D)

So few women can be trusted... Lola
can be trusted.

Wind picking up. LIGHTING flashing over the horizon.

KELLER (CONT'D)

I'm going to let you go, OK? Will
you scream?

(Graciela shakes head)

If you shout I will have to hurt
you.

Graciela desperately trying to make out her surroundings, seeing Lola, arms crossed, rocking from one foot to the other, her pale, ghostly face stark like a mask in the moonlight.

Keller taking the scalpel out of his pocket,

Graciela's eyes bulging out of their sockets.

Keller putting his forefinger to his lips.

KELLER (CONT'D)

Shhhhh...

Keller cutting the stocking binding her feet, pocketing the nylon straps. Cutting the stocking tying her wrists, pocketing those too.

KELLER (CONT'D)

Sit still. We're going to let you
go, now.

Lifting her legs.

GRACIELA

NO..!

Grabbing his gown.

GRACIELA (CONT'D)

Estoy embarazada!
I'm pregnant!

KELLER

Liar! All the bloody same!

Giving her one last push.

GRACIELA

Mi bebé!

My baby!

Grabbing at the air, TAKING A TUFT OF KELLER'S HAIR WITH A SCREAM of terror, falling back into the well. A CRACK OF CRUSHING BONES ending it all.

KELLER

(Grabbing his head)

FUCK!

The SCREAMING continuing. Keller realizing it's Lola, leaping to cover her mouth. DOG BARKING. A light going on not too far away.

KELLER (CONT'D)

(loud whisper)

Let's go!

Lola petrified, Keller pulling her along, remembering the scalpel, hurrying back to toss it into the well. PINGS all the way down. TORRENTIAL RAIN BEGINNING TO POUR.

Keller pulling Lola along, swallowed by darkness.

CUT TO BLACK.

END EPISODE 5

EPISODE 6

"Chaos Theory"TEASER

EXT. CARLOS TERCERO SHOPPING CENTER, HAVANA - DAY (SEVEN YEARS EARLIER)

American jalopies from the 50's, newer Asian and Russian vehicles crowding the street.

VENDORS offering goods, services - those without permits on the sly.

Two Armed Guards coming down the front steps, carrying heavy cash bags, hands on their open holsters.

Knocking on back door of ARMORED TRUCK.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK BOX - CONTINUOUS

A THIRD GUARD opening, the Two Guards climbing in. The Third Guard BANGING on the cabin wall. The truck driving away. The Two Guards taking the cash (US dollars, Euro} out of the bags, stuffing it into a large, half-full, black nylon travel bag.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK CABIN - SAME TIME

The DRIVER taking off. A FIFTH GUARD, a Radio Man, riding shotgun, speaking into a radio.

FIFTH GUARD
Dejando Carlos Tercero. Sin
novedad.
Leaving Carlos Tercero. Clear.

VOICE ON RADIO
Ya.
Right.

EXT. MALECÓN - MINUTES LATER

The armored truck speeding along the seashore. Turning left, up a side street, bogged down in heavy traffic.

INT. TRUCK CABIN - SAME TIME

The Driver honking insistently, glancing at his watch, exchanging tense looks with Radio Man.

EXT. EXCHANGE OFFICE - SOME TIME LATER

The Armed Guards exiting large CADECA office carrying cash bags, hands on their weapons, banging on back door.

INT. TRUCK CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

TWO BANGS from the rear, the Driver driving on. Radio Man picking up mike. STATIC.

VOICE IN RADIO

Dime, Pipo.
What's up, guy?

RADIO MAN

Cadeca. Sin novedad.
Cadeca. Clear.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK BOX - DAY

The three Guards feverishly stuffing the black bag, zipping it shut, beginning to fill a second travel bag.

INT. CIGAR AND LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Crowded. TOURISTS buying premium cigar boxes, liquor, paying in cash. The Two Armed Guards walking in, eyeing cash, moving past into...

BACK ROOM OFFICE

Exchanging familiar greetings with MANAGER, removing large quantity of bundled cash from safe. First Guard signing for it. Second Guard filling cash bags.

EXT. HOTEL HABANA LIBRE - MOMENTS LATER

The Two Armed Guards exiting cigar store, hands on their holsters, through TOURISTS, PASSERSBY crowding the hotel entrance. Knocking on back of truck, climbing in.

INT. TRUCK CABIN - DAY

The Driver looking at his watch, KNOCKING ON REAR. The truck driving off. The Radio Man picking up mike.

RADIO MAN
Havana Libre. Sin novedad.
Havana Libre. Clear.

DISPATCHER (OVER RADIO)
Havana Libre. Sin novedad.
Havana Libre. Clear.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK DISPATCH OFFICE - SAME TIME

Air conditioned, otherwise poorly appointed. Table, two way radio. THREE DISPATCHERS IN UNIFORM. A SECRETARY on a bare bones switchboard. Lunch being delivered in small, unappetizing carton boxes by DELIVERY BOY.

DISPATCHER
(into radio)
Apúrate ó me como tu cajita!
Hurry up or I'm eating your lunch!

INT. TRUCK CABIN - SAME TIME

The Driver turning onto 23rd Street. Radio Man hanging up mike, looking at Driver, puzzled.

RADIO MAN
Y la terminal?
What about the terminal?

The Driver showing his watch, shaking his head. Beat. Radio Man switching radio off.

EXT. STREET 23 - DAY

The truck reaching the Malecón (sea wall), turning left - West - speeding up.

INT. TRUCK BOX - SAME TIME

The three guards spying through portholes, exchanging puzzled looks.

EXT. MALECÓN - DAY

The truck speeding, showered by a strong wave crashing against the stone wall.

EXT. AV. MALECON - MOMENT LATER

The truck speeding into the Calzada Tunnel, under the Almandares River.

INT. NEW MODEL LADA - DAY

Del Potro - SEVEN YEARS YOUNGER, exuding confidence and authority - in General's uniform, driving in the opposite direction along the tree-lined Fifth Avenue boulevard. RADIO RELOJ station broadcasting news.

The armored truck speeding out of the tunnel. Del Potro's eyeing rearview mirror - policeman's reflex - driving into tunnel himself in the opposite direction.

INT. ROBERTA'S HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Del Potro - CLOSE - FACE BLOODIED AND SWOLLEN - asleep. His eyes restless under closed lids. SOUND TRACK FROM FIFTH AVENUE, RADIO.

INT. ARMOR TRUCK, SAFE - DAY

The three guards in civvies. Stuffing uniforms into empty cash bags.

INT. BUS TERMINAL OFFICE - DAY

The TERMINAL DIRECTOR preparing cash bundles for pick up. Behind him an open safe. Glancing at clock on the wall, then out the windows, uneasy.

BUS TERMINAL DIRECTOR

Llama a ver.

Call, find out.

A FEMALE ASSISTANT dialing desk phone. The ghost of a VOICE answering.

ASSISTANT

Anita? Mislaidy, en la terminal.

Porqué la demora?

Anita? Mislaidy at the terminal.

(MORE)

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

What's the hold up?

(listens, puzzled)

No, todavía... Bueno, ajá, llámame.

No, still not... OK, yeah, call me.

Hanging up. The Director looking at her.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Que debieran estar aquí hace rato.

That they shoulda been here long ago.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

The armored truck running a red light.

INT. LADA - DAY

Del Potro driving East on the Malecón. On the two-way.

DEL POTRO

De ahí vengo... Dile que transfieran esos tipos pa' La Habana, hoy mismo. Cuando llegue al comando yo firmo la orden.

That's where I'm coming from.

Tell'im to transfer those guys to Havana, right away. When I get to command I'll sign the order.

(loud b.g. noises)

Qué pasa ahí?

What's going on there?

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

POLICE OFFICERS of both sexes coming and going. TWO OFFICERS talking excitedly into phones. A FEMALE SERGEANT on the radio.

SERGEANT

No, de la terminal de autobuses - que el camión de fondos anda retrasa'o y no responde.

Nuttin, from the bus terminal - the armored truck is late and doesn't answer.

INT. LADA - SAME TIME

Del Potro on the two way.

FLASH: THE ARMORED TRUCK SPEEDING OUT OF THE TUNNEL MOMENTS EARLIER.

Del Potro making a sudden U-turn, nearly causing collision, forcing vehicles off the road, turning on SIREN, setting flashing light on rooftop.

INT. ROBERTA'S HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Del Potro's pummeled face sleeping restlessly. PUSH.

END TEASER

EP-6

INT. MERCEDES LIMOUSINE - DAY

General Rufo Vargas riding in back, watching suburban Holguin glide past his tinted window.

EXT. FRINGE NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

The Mercedes making its way through a clog of slower vehicles, bikes and residents on foot.

INT. MERCEDES - MOMENTS LATER

Vargas's hand going to his window switch.

The DRIVER reaching for the AC knob.

DRIVER

Le bajo el aire, General?

Lower the air for you, General?

Vargas lowering the window, removing hat. The breeze toying with his locks.

VARGAS

No... Quiero sentir este aire caliente, con olor a perro muerto, que hace tanto no tengo el placer..

No... I want to feel this warm breeze that reeks of dead dog, that I haven't enjoyed for so long...

The Driver taking his hand off the AC knob, watching his boss.

EXT. HOTEL BELLO ORIENTE - DAY

Vargas' limo pulling up. Vargas stalking into the hotel.

INT. HOTEL BELLO ORIENTE - DAY

Vargas taking in the seedy place. A cat wandering in, thinking better of it, slinking away. A door opening, Verbal carrying an ice bucket. His jaw dropping at the sight of the general's uniform.

VARGAS
Belén Chevrolet.

VERBAL
La policía?
The police woman?

His eyes shifting behind Vargas where...

BELÉN
General!

Vargas turning, ignoring her extended hand. Verbal taking the bucket to a noisy group of GUESTS celebrating in the lobby.

VARGAS
Dónde podemos hablar?
Where can we talk?

Belén leading up the stairs, seeing Vargas eye the tacky surroundings.

BELÉN
Me han estado buscando un alquiler
un poco más... Pero todavía...
**Been looking for an apartment a bit
more... But still...**

FIRST FLOOR

Belén leading Vargas into her...

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Belén picking up a few strewn garments, offering Vargas the cleared chair.

BELÉN
Tome asiento, General.
Have a seat, General.

Vargas strolling instead to the window overlooking a crowded produce market.

VARGAS
Belén, yo a qué te mandé aquí?
Belén. I sent you here for what?

BELÉN

Bueno, a mi me envió fue el Minint.
Para asistir al Coronel Del--
**Well, the Minister of the Interior
actually sent me here. To assist
Colonel Del--**

VARGAS

No! Aquí te hice mandar fui yo!
Para que se acabaran las fugas de
información que están llegando a La
Habana como un vaho de derrota, que
amenaza con costarme mi carrera! Y
a ti la tuya!
**No. I had you sent here. To put a
stop to the info leaks reaching
Havana like a stench of failure
that threatens to end my career!
And yours!**

BELÉN

General, le aseguro que se está
haciendo todo lo posible para--
**General, I assure you everything
possible is being done to--**

VARGAS

No alcanza, muchacha. Lo que Del
Petro está haciendo como de
costumbre no resuelve!
**Not enough, girl. What Del Petro is
doing, as usual, is insufficient!**

BELÉN

Si quiere mi opinión, la
investigación que el Coronel Del
Petro está conduciendo--
**If you want my opinion, the
investigation Colonel Del Petro is
conducting--**

VARGAS

Sus opiniones me chupan la pinga,
Capitanita! Pero usted ya estará
reservando ese placer p'al coronel.
**Your opinions can suck my dick,
Captain! But you may already be
saving that pleasure for the
Colonel.**

BELÉN

(livid)

General! Cómo se atreve--?!
General! How dare you--?!

VARGAS

Mira, mira... Tu puedes embobar con tu culito apretado y tus chaquetas francesas a embajadores y ministros, pero a mi eso me sabe a bola'e tigre. Yo te mandé pa'quí, pa' que reportaras la incompetencia de Del Potro, quien después de tres finadas aún no tiene el más puto indicio de quién está detrás de esos asesinatos!

Look, look... You can confound ambassadors and ministers with your tight ass and French jackets, but not me. I sent you here to report on Del Potro's incompetence, who still, after three stiffs has no fuckin' clue who's behind these murders!

BELÉN

Pues aunque no quiera mi opinión se la voy a dar: Los crímenes que estamos investigando son de una sofisticación y complejidad inconsistentes con la criminalidad cubana. Es imposible que--

Well, even if you don't want my opinion I'm going to give it: The crimes we are investigating down here are of a complexity and sophistication totally inconsistent with known Cuban criminality. It's impossible to--

VARGAS

Entonces, pa' ti un extranjero es que está matando estas muchachas! Coño, habérmelo dicho antes! A La Habana le va a encantar tu noticia! Ni hablar del colapso de la industria turística de Oriente!

So, for you, a foreigner is slaughtering these young women! Shit, shoulda told me before! Havana is gonna love your news! Say nothing of the collapse of Oriente's tourist economy!

BELÉN

Le aseguro, General, que ningún miembro de nuestro equipo está más consciente que yo de la importancia-

I assure you, General, that no member of our team is more aware than myself of the importance of--

VARGAS

Ya, ya... Mira, de ahora en más, el que corta el bacalao aquí soy yo!
All right... Look, from now on, I'm the one calling the shots here!

BELÉN

El Coronel sabe eso?
The Colonel knows this?

VARGAS

Tu coronel está respirando sus últimas horas en la Policía Nacional Revolucionaria.
Your Colonel is breathing his last hours on the Revolutionary National Police.

BELÉN

No entiendo...
I don't understand...

VARGAS

(stalking out)
No importa...
No matter...
(at the door)
Y, por cierto, dile al tarrudo ese que venga a verme mañana, a la finca de mi tío, en Mayarí. Él sabe dónde es!
And, by the way, tell that cuckold to come see me tomorrow, at my uncle's farm, in Mayarí. He knows where it is.

SLAMMING door.

EXT. RIVA YACHT - DAY

Piromalli and Guetta waiting at the bow deck.

Keller and Lola arriving on a fisherman's boat. Keller holding a large wrapped canvas.

PIROMALLI
Ciao! Benvenuti!
Hello! Welcome!

Guetta helping Lola on board, taking the package.

GUETTA
E questo che cos'è?
And what's this?

Keller jumping on board. The Fisherman heading back for shore.

INT. YACHT - CONTINUOUS

Keller and Lola welcomed by Piromalli.

PIROMALLI
Che cos'è?
What is it?

KELLER
Regalito.
Little present.
Lola is a great painter. She did
it to match your little boat.

Laughing, unpacking the canvas. A stunning work in mostly black, grays and furious yellow.

Piromalli sincerely taken aback.

PIROMALLI
You make this?

Lola holding Keller's arm.

CRASHING SOUND. Guetta hurrying down the stairs. Piromalli grinning at Keller.

PIROMALLI (CONT'D)
Le ragazzi...
The boys...

Taking down a banal sailors painting off the wall, replacing it with Lola's work.

PIROMALLI (CONT'D)
Incredibile. Ce l'ha fatta? Quanto?
Incredible. She painted it? How much?

KELLER

No. Es un regalo
It's a present.

PIROMALLI

Ma, vai a fare in culo!
Go fuck yourself!
(takes out wad of Euro)
Quanto?
How much?

LOLA

Like Martin said, it's a present.
But he told me you might give us a
ride when you leave.

PIROMALLI

Certo!
(kisses her)
Bellissimo! Grazie.
Beautiful! Thank you.
(sees signature)
Eco! Lola!

Keller moving to the bar, pouring two glasses of Pellegrino,
seeing through the glass floor the lower lounge deck.

Bellow, the First Youth from the restaurant naked, drugged
and bruised. Guetta forcing him into a dark corridor.

Keller turning to Piromalli approaching, handing glass to
Lola, admiring deck.

KELLER

This is most impressive.

PIROMALLI

Vieni, ti do il tour.
Come, I'll give you the tour.

Leading them through the lavish yacht toward the bow. Lola
eyeing Keller, dully impressed.

INT. CENTER FOR LEGAL MEDICINE - DAY

LOOKING TOWARD THE STREET. Mayor Bezos pulling up in a late-
model Peugeot, getting out, coming into the building through
the glass doors.

A few NURSES AND EMPLOYEES moving about the reception. Bezos
approaching the front desk, stern faced.

BEZOS
Buenos dias... Soy--
Good morning... I am--

RECEPTIONIST
Si, Intendente...
Yes, Mayor...

BEZOS
Necesito ver al Dr. Molina.
I need to see Dr. Molina.

RECEPTIONIST
(to passing Nurse)
Molina vino hoy?
Molina here today?

NURSE 1
Yo no lo vi.
I didn't see him.

RECEPTIONIST
Su oficina esta alla al fondo
doblando a la derecha, Intendente.
Pero yo tampoco lo he visto hoy.
**His office is down there, turn
right, Mayor. But I didn't see him
either today.**

BEZOS
Y a mi mujer, la Doctora Bezos?
And my wife, Dr. Bezos?

The Receptionist pauses.

RECEPTIONIST
No, tampoco.
No, her either.

Bezos is already striding down the corridor. Glancing into
open offices, tight jawed.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A FEMALE MEDICAL PROFESSOR is standing by a dissected leg for
the benefit of a group of MEDICAL STUDENTS watching from the
observatory. Ava assisting her.

PROFESSOR
...línea horizontal imaginaria que
pasa por debajo de la tuberosidad
anterior de la tibia y sigue un
trayecto circular.
(MORE)

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Se pueden considerar dos regiones,
una rotuliana o anterior y una
poplítea o posterior que--
**...imaginary horizontal line that
passes under the anterior
tuberosity of the tibia and follows
a circular path. Two regions can be
considered, a patellar or anterior
and a popliteal or posterior, that--**

Bezoz opening the door.

BEZOS

Perdón...el doctor Molina?
Excuse me...Dr. Molina?

EVA

El Doctor Molina hoy creo que anda
para Santa Clara.
**I think Dr. Molina is in Santa
Clara today.**

BEZOS

Y la Doctora Bezoz?
And Dr. Bezoz?

EVA

Hoy no la vi tampoco. Pero no habia
autopsia programada que yo--
**I haven't seen her either. But
there were no autopsies scheduled
as far as I--.**

Bezoz has gone.

EXT. CENTER FOR LEGAL MEDICINE - DAY

Bezoz exiting the building. The cell to his ear, his call
RINGING. Graciela's recorded message is HEARD.

GRACIELA (OVER PHONE)

Hola, esta es Graciela Bezoz, deja
tu mensaje.
**Hi, this is Graciela Bezoz, leave
your message.**

BEZOS

Obviamente ya ni disimulas. Llevas
dias sin ver a tus hijos. Si estás
pa' Santa Clara ni te molestes en
regresar a la casa!
**Obviously you don't even pretend
anymore.**

(MORE)

BEZOS (CONT'D)
**It's been days since you saw your
boys. If you're in Santa Clara,
don't bother returning home.**

Angrily shutting phone, getting into Peugeot, skidding off.

EXT. ROAD TO PEDRONA, MAYARI - DAY (AERIAL)

Del Potro's LADA driving along a winding road, through green hills.

EXT. VARGAS FARM - DAY

The LADA driving up the access dirt road.

A CARETAKER cutting down weeds near the gate.

Del Potro pulling up behind Vargas's Mercedes.

Vargas sitting on the steps of the dilapidated family home, playing with TWO GERMAN SHEPHERDS, sipping whisky.

Del Potro taking off his hat, stepping out of LADA, eyeing Vargas's Driver, emerging from bushes, zipping up his fly.

DEL POTRO
(re dogs)
Esos no pueden ser--
Those can't be--

VARGAS
Serán los tatara-cachorros!
Must be their great grand-pups!

Throwing a stick away, the dogs chasing after it.

Vargas and Del Potro managing to smile. Rufo offering hand.
Del Potro looking at it, taking it.

DEL POTRO
Rufo...

VARGAS
Mariscal...

DEL POTRO
Mentiría si te dijese que es un
placer verte.
**I'd be lying if I said this was a
pleasure.**

VARGAS

Y mentiroso nunca fuiste...
And a liar you never were...

Walking back to the steps where a bottle of Black Label sits with two vintage glasses. Refilling his, pouring one for Del Potro. Both tossing it back.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Ven, acompáñame un poco por la senda de los recuerdos.
Come, take a walk with me down memory lane.

BACK OF FARMHOUSE

Del Potro trailing Vargas past abandoned hog pens, derelict shacks. The dogs running around.

A massive, thorny CEIBA (kapok-tree) skirted by cracked wooden party tables and stools, casts a broad shade.

VARGAS

Treinta años..?
Thirty years..?

DEL POTRO

No te quites. Más de cuarenta.
Don't shave any off. More than forty.

VARGAS

Pinga!
Fuck me!

Entering a barn with no roof and collapsed sheep pens.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Aquí tuvimos nuestra primera novia, recuerdas?
Had our first girlfriend, here, 'member?

DEL POTRO

No, no... Tú fue que te encariñaste con la pelibuey.
No, no...You became fond of that sheep.

Vargas chuckling roguishly.

VARGAS

Tú también le jalaste las orejitas
un tantito, no?
**You pulled back her ears a little
bit too, no?**

DEL POTRO

De mis trece recuerdo casi nada.
**From my early teens I can recall
almost nothing.**

VARGAS

Putá, que suerte tienes! Yo
recuerdo hasta a última pendejada
que hice!
**Fuck, what luck! I recall every
damn shit I did!**

Del Potro strolling off.

DEL POTRO

Esto ha cambiado poco.
This hasn't changed much.

VARGAS

Bueno, tú sabes... Cuba es un país
lento. Pero eso no es todo malo.
Te ha tocado viajar?
**Well, you know... Cuba is a slow
country. But that's not all bad.
You've had a chance to travel?**

DEL POTRO

No desde mucho.
Not for some time.

VARGAS

Pues, te cuento... Afuera se ha
puesto todo demasiado...frenético.
Al menos para viejos como nosotros.
**Well, I'll tell you... Abroad all
has become too...frenetic. At
least for old men like us.**

DEL POTRO

Así me han dicho.
So I've been told.

VARGAS

Cuba brinda esta...tranquilidad
pastoral...
**Cuba offers this...pastoral
serenity.**

(re: buzzing cicadas)

(MORE)

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Este canto de chicharras en otros
lados ya lo ahogó eso que llaman
progreso... Y la solidaridad que ya
ni vemos, pa'los extranjeros tan
conspicua--

**That song of cicadas has long been
drowned by so called progress...
And the solidarity we take for
granted but foreigners find so
conspicuous--**

DEL POTRO

Qué coño hago yo aquí, Rufo?
**What the fuck am I doing here,
Rufo?**

VARGAS

Tú sabías que Las Tunas te costaba
la carrera, no? Bueno, lo que te
quedaba...
**You knew Las Tunas was your career,
right? Well, what was left of
it...**

Del Potro making "whachagonnado" gesture.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Ese capitanucho me contó que te
quiso dar un chance, pero que tú no
le colaboraste.
**That lame Captain told me he tried
to leave you a way out, but you
wouldn't play ball.**

Producing Las Tunas' Police gambling deposition.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Yo puedo hacer que esta vaina
desaparezca. Pero tienes que
pronunciar las palabras.
**I can make this go away. But you
have to say the words.**

Del Potro drilling into his gaze for a beat.

DEL POTRO

Ya me puedo ir?
Can I go now?

VARGAS

A dónde vas a ir, maricón! Esto es
todo lo que te queda! Ya, trágate
ese eterno orgullo. Si ya ni
sirves pa' dirigir tráfico, asere!
(MORE)

VARGAS (CONT'D)

**Where you gonna go, you faggot!
This is all you've got left!
Swallow that die-hard pride.
You're not even fit to direct
traffic anymore, man!**

Del Potro drawing a thin smile, then starting off. Vargas grabbing him by the sleeve.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

A mí no me des la espalda, hijo'e puta! Porqué crees que te mandé a esa capitana?! Se me hacía difícil botarte de la fuerza, aunque te cueste creerlo.

(holds up deposition)

Esto lo hace inevitable!

Don't turn your back on me, you son of a bitch! Why do you think I sent you that Captain?! I didn't look forward to kicking you off the force, believe it or not.

(holds up deposition)

This makes it unavoidable.

Releasing Del Potro.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

No personal, como la vez que me llevé pa' que me mamara la pinga a tu putita'e Susana!

Not personal, like that time I took your little whore Susana away to suck my cock!

Del Potro's fist had left his side before he knew it, landing on Vargas jaw, sending him crashing through what's left of the barn wall.

The DOGS springing to attack mode.

Vargas calling them off, spitting blood, removing his jacket.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Si eso es todo lo que empacaste, vas a pagar cara tu insolencia.

If that's all you're packing, you're going to pay dearly for your insolence.

Charging like a bull. The men clashing and circling each other. Vargas is far lighter on his feet. Side-stepping a few, then Vargas connecting three punches in succession. Del Potro landing hard, shattering one of the old tables.

WHAT FOLLOWS SHOULD FIND ITS WAY INTO THE ANNALS OF MOVIE FISTFIGHTS. BOTH MEN GIVE UP AND CASH IN, PRACTICALLY KNOCK ONE ANOTHER SENSELESS. THE LAST SWING IS DEL POTRO'S: VARGAS LANDS WITH HIS BACK AGAINST THE THORNS OF THE KAPOK TREE.

Both men beaten to a pulp. Vargas trying to get up one last time, falling, defeated.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Ya no eres na', ni policía! Ni te
aparezcas por la unidad! Ya no eres
na'!

**You're nuttin' now, not even a cop
Don't even show your face by the
precinct! You're nuttin' now!**

Del Potro spitting blood, eyeing thorny tree.

DEL POTRO

Hasta hoy fue que aprendí qué tipo
de gente festejaba Navidad
alrededor de un árbol de espinas.
**Till today I never understood what
sort of people celebrated Christmas
around a tree of thorns.**

The Driver appearing at the rear of the house. Vargas waving him off.

INT. YACHT SUN DECK - AFTERNOON

Keller, Lola, Piromalli tanning on sundeck chairs. Guetta joining them with the First Youth and a SECOND YOUTH. Both obviously high.

GUETTA

Saluden a Lola, ella también es
cubana.
Say hi to Lola. She is also Cuban.

The First Youth looking absently at Lola, slurring his words.

FIRST YOUTH

Mi chiamo Pedro, sono un bellissimo
ragazzo italiano.
**My name is Pedro, I'm an beautiful
Italian boy.**

PIROMALLI

Bravo! Vieni, bello...
Bravo! Come, beautiful...

Kissing the youth on the lips, pulling him down beside him, like a pet.

Keller observing, expressionless. PUSH.

BAR, LATER

Lola making herself a sandwich. The First Youth coming to her side, somewhat dazed.

FIRST YOUTH

A ti también te van a llevar pa'
Italia?

They're taking you to Italy too?

Lola glancing toward the sundeck - Guetta laughing with Piromalli and the other youth.

LOLA

Tu tienes pasaporte?
You have a passport?

FIRST YOUTH

No. Porqué?
No. Why?

LOLA

Como vas a ir pa' Italia si no
tienes pasaporte, bobo?
**How you going to go to Italy
without a passport, silly?**

FIRST YOUTH

Necesitas pasaporte si te llevan en
yate?
**Need a passport if they take you in
a yacht?**

Lola shaking her head.

LOLA

Pasaporte y cabeza, pipo. Tú no
tienes ninguna de las dos cosas.
**Passport and brains, kid. You have
neither.**

EXT. ROBERTA'S HOUSE - DUSK

Del Potro's LADA pulling up under the jagüey. A few moments before he opens the door, gets out. His face a swollen, bloody mess, hardly able to walk to the house.

Leaning on the door, unable to hold key, dropping it. A horrified, PASSING NEIGHBOR picking it up for him.

Del Potro finally hammering the door with the heavy knocker.

Roberta opening the door. A beat before recognizing him.

ROBERTA

Marcial!

Pulling him in, shutting door.

INT. ROBERTA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Roberta helping Del Potro down the corridor.

ROBERTA

Dios mío, qué pasó?! Quién te hizo esto?!

My God, what happened?! Who did this to you?!

Leading him into the bathroom, sitting him on the toilet top.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Siéntate, déjame ver, por mi vida!
Sit there, lemme take a look, Heavens!

(inspects damage)

Espérame, quítate la camisa...

Wait here, take off your shirt...

Going off. Del Potro standing at the mirror, taking off his bloody shirt.

Roberta returning with a raw steak on a plate. Sitting him down. Running bath.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Quítate todo.

(opens his belt)

Dónde fue que pasó esto?

Take everything off. Where did this happen?

DEL POTRO

Mayarí...

ROBERTA

(pulling his pants off)

Mayarí?! Que hacías tu pa' Mayarí?

Mayari?! What where you doing in Mayari?

DEL POTRO
Conversando con Rufo Vargas.
Having a chat with Rufo Vargas.

ROBERTA
Vargas te hizo esto?!
Vargas did this to you?!

DEL POTRO
Cruzamos palabras.
We had words.

Roberta stooping to look at him, shaking her head like she's listening to a madman.

ROBERTA
Métete ahí!
Get in there!

Helping him into tub.

LATER

Del Potro in the steaming bathtub. The slab of meat on his face. Roberta washing him with tenderness. The foam bloody.

DEL POTRO
No soy más policía, Ro.
I'm no longer a cop, Ro.

ROBERTA
Cómo que no? Él no te puede botar
si los dos se dieron.
**Why not? He can't get you kicked
out if you both fought.**

DEL POTRO
Me cogieron jugando.
They caught me gambling.

ROBERTA
Jugando qué?
Gambling?

DEL POTRO
Naipes. Por dinero. Con unos
extranjeros.
**Cards. For money. With some
foreigners.**

ROBERTA
Y tú lo fuiste a ver para que te
resolviera.

(MORE)

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

And you went to see him to see if he could resolve the matter for you.

DEL POTRO

No. En realidad no sé pa' qué fui. Supongo que le quería ver la cara fuera de... Acabar con todo aquello.

No. Actually I don't know why I went. I guess I just wanted to see his face outside... Put that past behind us.

ROBERTA

Y él qué quería? Que le rogaras.
And what did he want? That you beg.

Del Potro managing to smile, touching her face.

DEL POTRO

Sabes, Ro... Yo nunca quise ser policía. Hubiese sido feliz trabajando el campo, como mi papi.
You know, Ro... I never wanted to be a policeman. I would have been happy working the fields, like my daddy.

ROBERTA

Ay, Marcial, tu siempre estuviste muy ilusionado con tu papi, pero sabes muy poco de él. Él era campesino en una época cuando el cubano pobre y sin educación no tenía opciones. La Revolución a ti te dio la educación que tu papi no tuvo. Él hubiese estado muy orgulloso de todo lo que tú lograste. Lo último que hubiese querido para ti es verte yugando como él en la zafra.

Oh, Marcial, you've always had this illusion about your daddy, but you know very little about him. He was a farmer at a time when poor Cubans with no education had very few options. The Revolution gave you the education your father never had. He would have been very proud of all you have accomplished. The last thing he would have wanted for you is see you killing yourself in the sugar harvest.

(MORE)

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
(pushing hair off his
face)

Mira pa'ya que te lavo la espaldota
esa. Hoy duermes acá, pa' que lo
sepas. Tengo que ocuparme de mi
mono.

**Turn that way so I can wash that
strong back of mine. Today you're
sleeping here, so you know. I have
to pamper my monkey.**

Kissing him, Del Potro barely able to purse his lips.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Del Potro and Roberta in bed. She, sound asleep. Del
Petro's eyes shifting anxiously under his swollen eyelids.

DEL POTRO (V.O., ECHO)
Pásame al Capitán Vargas!
Give me Captain Vargas!

INT. POLICE HQ, HAVANA - DAY

SEVEN YEARS AGO. General commotion. The Female Sergeant
signaling phone at Rufo Vargas. Vargas picking up in next
office.

VARGAS
Vargas...

INTERCUT WITH...

INT/EXT. WHITE LADA - DAY.

Del Potro pursuing armored truck on 5th Avenue, in Havana.

DEL POTRO
Rufo! Están robando el camión de
caudales! Voy tras ellos por
quinta. Manda bloquear la rotonda
de Paradero. Yá!
**Rufo! They're robbing the armored
truck! I'm on Fifth, in pursuit.
Get the Paradero roundabout
blocked. Now!**

Hanging up, pedal to the metal, threading through traffic.

INT. POLICE HQ, HAVANA - DAY

Vargas ignoring order, lighting a cigar, strolling into main office, watching the commotion, immutable.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - SAME TIME

Radio Man pointing at upcoming roundabout.

RADIO MAN
Baja, baja! Policía!
Slow down! Police!

Driver lifting foot.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

The armored truck cruising past the Paradero roundabout.

FOUR COPS from two patrol cars chatting at the shade of a tree. One of them looking casually after truck.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - SAME TIME

The White LADA speeding out of the tunnel, where the truck emerged earlier, siren blaring, forcing several vehicles off the fast lane.

INT. WHITE LADA - SHORT TIME LATER

Del Potro speeding through the Paradero roundabout, puzzling at the two patrol cars, the four cops chatting beside them.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - SAME TIME

The armored truck speeding past the imposing Club Habana

INT. POLICE HQ - SAME TIME

Vargas, drawing on his cigar, eyes lost on Habana Bay.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - SAME TIME

The armored truck turning into Marina Hemingway, speeding through the open marina gate. The GUARD puzzling after it.

INT. TRUCK CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The Driver making the first left, speeding down a lane along the canals. Alarmed TOURISTS AND SAILORS pulling CHILDREN out of harm's way.

EXT. MARINA - SAME TIME (DRONE)

The truck speeding toward the water's edge.

INT. LADA - SAME TIME

Del Potro speeding along 5th Avenue, SIREN BLARING.

EXT. MARINA HEMINGWAY - DAY

The armored truck skidding to a stop by the fueling dock. A US SPEEDBOAT OWNER waiting, anxious.

Driver and Radio Man shedding their uniforms, slipping into "tourists" clothes.

INT. LADA - SAME TIME

Del Potro passing by the Marina entrance, seeing in the distance the armored truck. Braking to a skidding halt, turning back, speeding though the Marina gate.

EXT. MARINA, PIER - SAME TIME

TWO FUEL PUMP EMPLOYEES approaching, curious as the armored truck Guards unload the two heavy black bags.

Driver drawing a gun, pointing it at the Pump Employees. The men scrambling back to their shack.

BOAT OWNER

(points to watch angrily)

Dijiste a las dos! Y que eran cuatro--!

You said two o'clock! And that you were four--!

Driver SHOOTING him twice in the chest, helping carry the heavy cash bags on board, moving to the dashboard. No key!

DRIVER

Llave!

Key!

Radio Man running over to the dying man, going through his pockets.

INT. LADA - SAME TIME

Del Potro speeding along the canal.

EXT. MARINA - SAME TIME (DRONE)

The LADA speeding toward the docks, avoiding a vehicle exiting a garage by inches.

EXT. DOCK - SAME TIME

Radio Man running back with the key.

Driver seeing the LADA speeding up.

DRIVER
Vamos, vamos!
Come on, come on!

INT. LADA - DAY

Del Potro taking his Makarov out of glove compartment, skidding to a stop at end of the pier.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Driver starting the engines. Four Quad Mercury 400's roaring to life.

DEL POTRO

Running, firing a shot in the air.

DEL POTRO
Corta el motor--!
Kill the engine--!

The Driver training his gun on Del Potro. Del Potro aiming back.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
Piénsalo! Mira quién soy!
Think about it! Look who I am!

The Driver, turning, firing SEVERAL SHOTS at the fuel pumps instead.

The EXPLOSION blowing Del Potro back through the air.

INT. ROBERTA'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Del Potro starting awake. Roberta putting a hand on his agitated chest, kissing his scared temple.

ROBERTA

Ya... Ya...

It's OK...It's OK...

INT. DEL POTRO'S HOME - DAY

Isabel dressed for work, hurrying into kitchen for coffee. Esperanza holding the Shangó she gave Jimenez's grandmother.

ISABEL

Como que no lo quiso? Quién?

What do you mean he didn't want it.

Who?

Esperanza slipping collar on, serving coffee.

ESPERANZA

El muchacho ese que mandó decir que gracias, pero que una tía de la novia le hace los collares!

That boy who sent word. Thanks but that his bride's aunt will make his collars!

The starling becoming excited. Isabel pouring another cup, setting it on Del Potro's place at the table.

ISABEL

Porqué usted se mete tanto donde no la llaman, Nona?! Después le pasa como con la hija de Vilma que le echa la culpa a usted y a sus collares porque y que el santo no la protegió, y por eso quedó preñada por el vecino.

Why do you stick your nose where it doesn't belong, Nona?! Then it happens like with Vilma's daughter, that she blames you and your collars because the saint didn't protect her, and that's why she got pregnant by her neighbor.

Del Potro walking in, looking like a truck ran him over. Isabel nearly dropping her cup.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
Papa! Qué te pasó, Dios mío?!
Dad! God, what happened to you?!

DEL POTRO
Cambio de opiniones con Rufo
Vargas.
**Exchange of opinions with Rufo
Vargas.**

ISABEL
Está aquí?! Tú tienes que ir al
hospital.
**He's here?! You must go to the
Hospital.**

DEL POTRO
Olvida eso... Roberta ya se ocupó.
**Forget that... Roberta took care of
it.**

Isabel inspects his wounds.

ISABEL
Y él cómo quedó?
How is he?

DEL POTRO
No tan guapo como yo.
Not as handsome as me.

ISABEL
De veras?!
Really?!

Del Potro trying to smile, going to his room.

ESPERANZA
No vas a tomar tu café?
Not going to have your coffee?

DEL POTRO
Vine solo a cambiarme, vieja.
Just came to change clothes, mom.

Isabel after him. Del Potro shedding his dirty clothes.

ISABEL
Tú no vas a ir a trabajar en ese
estado!
**You're not going to work in this
condition!**

Del Potro down to his boxers.

DEL POTRO
Solo voy a recoger mis
pertenencias. Ya no soy policía.
**Just going to get my boxes. I'm no
longer in the force.**

Locking himself in the bathroom.

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Del Potro coming in, clean clothes but barely recognizable.

DEL POTRO
Buenos días...
Morning...

Belén, Magali and Ortega around the coffee machine, reacting
to his condition, following him to...

DEL POTRO'S OFFICE

Del Potro gathering personal documents - mementos accumulated
over seven years - into a carton box.

BELÉN
Qué le pasó, Coronel?
What happened, Colonel?

Del Potro looking at her, the rest of the team behind her.
Following him to...

INVESTIGATORS OFFICE

Del Potro setting box down, pulling out his cell, taking
several photos of the crazy wall.

Ortega looking at Belén, uneasy.

ORTEGA
Jefe, perdone, pero tengo órdenes
de no dejarlo llevarse--
**Sorry Boss, but I have orders to
not let you take anything--**

Del Potro smiling, finishing photographing the last bit of
information on the wall.

DEL POTRO
No tendrás que mentir, Chuzo.
No me llevo nada.
**You won't have to lie, Chuzo.
Not taking anything.**

Heading out, remembering belongings box, dumping it in the trash can, moving on. Magali feeling the urge to embrace him, balking at the wounds.

MAGALI

Coronel...
Colonel...

DEL POTRO

Adiós, Magali. Un privilegio trabajar contigo. Chuzo, eres buen investigador... Pero piensa más antes de abrir esa boca.
Goodbye, Magali. A privilege working with you. Chuzo, you're a good detective. But think more before opening that mouth.

Ortega smiling, holding back emotion. Del Potro turning to Belén.

BELÉN

Lo siento, Coronel.
I'm sorry, Colonel.

DEL POTRO

Más lo siento yo. Hubiésemos hecho un respetable equipo.
Not as sorry as I. We would have made a respectable team.

Yaritza, Jimenez, Luz and the others watching.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

(to all)

El Capitán Chevrolet les puede enseñar muchas cosas nuevas. Escúchenla. Juntos sé que resolverán estos casos.
Captain Chevrolet can teach you many new things. Listen to her. Together I know you will break these cases.

Walking out. The group left filled with emotion.

EXT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro exiting station. Belén, Ortega, Magali and Yaritza after him.

Del Potro hurrying into the LADA, skidding off.

The dismayed team at the entrance, watching him drive away.

Vargas Mercedes arriving in the opposite direction. It could look like they are the welcome party.

INT. MERCEDES - SAME TIME

By the look on his face, exactly what Vargas' believes. The Driver pulling up, quick to open Vargas' door.

EXT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Vargas stepping out. Dark glasses, bandaged torso, recognizable only by the uniform on his shoulders.

VARGAS
(to Belén)
Esto no era necesario, Capitán.
Regresen a sus oficinas.
This wasn't necessary, Captain.
Back to your offices.

Entering unit. The rest exchanging ironic looks.

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT, INVESTIGATORS OFFICE - MOMENTS
LATER

Vargas dropping his briefcase on the table. Belén addressing the team.

BELÉN
Les quiero presentar a--
I want to introduce to--

VARGAS
Soy el General Rufo Vargas. El
Coronel Del Potro ya no forma parte
de esta fuerza.
**I'm General Rufo Vargas. Colonel
Del Potro is no longer part of the
force.**

Casting a glance around the office.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

A partir de este momento asumo la dirección de la investigación de los homicidios que están causando conmoción no solo en Oriente, sino - gracias a la grave falta profesional de uno de ustedes - por toda Cuba. Sepan que cuando descubra quién está detras de la fuga, ese individuo puede ir buscando otra profesión.

From this moment on I'm taking charge of the investigation of the murders that are causing commotion not only in Oriente, but - thanks to the grave professional fault mistake of one of you - in Cuba at large. Know that when I discover who was the source of the leak, that person can start looking for another job.

(approaching crazy wall)

El Capitán Chevrolet reportará directamente a mí el progreso del equipo. Otras investigaciones en curso pasarán a un segundo plano y no quiero saber nada de ellas.

Captain Chevrolet will report directly to me on the team's progress. All other investigations will take a back seat and I need not know anything about them.

(cocking head at board)

Bueno, dónde estamos?

So, where are we?

(sizes up Yaritza)

Tú.

You.

Yaritza opening a GREEN FOLDER on the table.

YARITZA

Bueno, lo último que el Capitán Chevrolet me ordenó hacer fue conseguir esta lista de extranjeros que habrían llegado de Oman, Reino Unido, Turquía y--

Well, the last thing Captain Chevrolet ordered me to do was generate a list of all the foreigners who had arrived from Oman, United Kingdom, Turkey and--

VARGAS

(court)

Y eso pa' qué?

What for?

BELÉN

El Coronel Del Potro cree haber visto en el Aeropuerto de La Habana, al hombre que portaba los zapatos...

Colonel Del Potro believes he might have seen at Havana Airport, the man who was wearing the shoes...

Vargas letting out a mocking gauffaw.

BELÉN (CONT'D)

(moves to wall, irked, takes photo of shoe-track)

...los zapatos que podrían haber dejado estas muy particulares huellas en la escena del primer asesin--

...the shoes that could have left these very peculiar tracks at the scene of the first murd--

VARGAS

Déjate esas boberías! Qué más?

Forget that nonsense! What else?

BELÉN

Pero General, ya que identificamos a los pasajeros que--

But General, since we already identified the passengers who--

VARGAS

No me gusta repetirme, Capitán.

Qué más se sabe?

I don't like to repeat myself, Captain. What else is known?

(points at Luz)

Tú!

You!

LUZ

Yo... Bueno, yo estoy averiguando el color de los calzones que las vícti--

Me... Well, I'm finding out what color panties the victims--

Vargas shutting her up with another condescending snort.
Ortega stepping up.

ORTEGA

General, el vehículo sería un 4x4
que quizás--
**General, the vehicle could be a 4x4
that possibly--**

VARGAS

Sería, podría, tendría! Campeones
olímpicos del verbo condicional!
Pero en tres semanas de
investigación no han podido
dilucidar un solo hecho concreto!
**Woulda, coulda, shoulda! Olympic
Champions of the conditional mode!
But in three weeks you've been
incapable to find one single,
concrete fact!**

BELÉN

El Coronel y yo ya habíamos llegado
a la conclusión que buscamos a un
extranjero--
**The Colonel and I had reached the
conclusion that we are looking for
a foreign--**

VARGAS

Pues yo te digo que el asesino es
de aquí! Quiero que me interroguen
a todos los testigos, parientes,
vecinos, compañeros de trabajo de
las víctimas. Me los traen aquí y
me los hacen dar razón de sus
actividades durante las 24 horas
precediendo a cada muerte.
**Well, I say the murderer is from
right here! I want you to question
every witness, relative, neighbor,
and coworker of each victim. You
drag them here and make them
account for every one of the last
24 hours before each death.**

BELÉN

General, se da cuenta de la
cantidad de gente que representa
eso? Requeriría personal del que,
como usted ve no disponemos.
**General, you realize the amount of
people that would entail?**

(MORE)

BELÉN (CONT'D)

It would require personnel which we, as you can see, do not have.

VARGAS

Pues consíguetelo! Hazlo venir de otras unidades! Usa esa cabeza además que pa' peinarte!

Then get it! Have it come from other precincts! Use that head of yours other than to visit the hairdresser.

(to group)

Ustedes también! Esto toma prioridad sobre todas las otras investigaciones que tengan en curso. Se dejan de investigar zapatos y calzones, y hacen trabajo policial de verdad!

You too! This takes priority over all other investigations you may have going. You stop chasing shoes and panties and do some real police work!

Stalking toward Del Potro's former office. Belén after him.

BELÉN

Perdone, General. No le pregunté qué le pasó?

Excuse me, General. I didn't ask what happened to you?

Vargas slamming the door in her face.

Vargas' Driver sitting on a bench, like a watch dog, turning to the rumpled Granma in his hand.

INVESTIGATORS OFFICE

Belén returning.

BELÉN (CONT'D)

Ortega, contacta las unidades cercanas y ve de qué personal pueden prescindir.

Ortega, reach out to nearby precincts and find out what personnel they can spare.

(motions to Yaritza)

Eso dámelo a mi.

I'll take that.

Yaritza handing over green folder.

EXT. THEATRE - DAY

LONG. Ernesto arriving on his motorcycle with Isabel. She climbing off with a duffle bag, thanking him. He might have been expecting more, but Isabel pats his shoulder, hurries inside.

Keller watching the scene from a bench on the square, behind a copy of Holguin local paper, !Ahora!. Getting up after Ernesto speeds away.

PIANO MUSIC - Cygnet's Dance, from Tchaikovsky's Swan Lake -
FADING IN. Keller finishing a drink, strolling toward the theatre.

INT. THEATRE - SOME TIME LATER

MUSIC CONTINUING. Keller walking up a set of stairs to the second floor, taking a corner seat in the first row of the balcony.

On stage, Isabel and THREE DANCERS rehearsing the piece.

Keller taking photographs.

Larraldo halting the rehearsal, giving instructions, glancing at the Pianist who resumes playing.

Keller taking photographs.

Isabel and her teammates dancing. At the end of the piece, Isabel looking up at the balcony.

Deserted.

EXT. DEL POTRO'S HOUSE - EVENING

Belén getting off a taxi, waiting for it to turn the corner, approaching Del Potro's door, her high heels breaking the silent dusk.

INT. PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Belén walking to the front door proper, knocking, revealing the green folder under her jacket.

ISABEL (O.S.)
La puedo ayudar?
May I help you?

Belén turning, Isabel has entered behind her, still in leotards, hair up, carrying her duffle bag.

BELÉN

Buenas noches. Soy el Capitán Chevrolet. Necesito ver al Coronel.

Good evening. I'm Captain Chevrolet. I need to see the Colonel.

Isabel opening the front door.

ISABEL

Venga, pase...

Come in, please...

INT. DEL POTRO'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Isabel leading Belén in, looking across the yard - the light burning in the garage.

ISABEL

Como que está en su... Se lo llamo.

Looks like he's in his... I'll get him for you.

Belén taking in the room, the Yoruba altar.

BELÉN

Tú eres la bailarina. Isabel.

You're the dancer. Isabel.

ISABEL

Ajá... Papá le habló de mí?

That's right... Dad spoke to you about me?

BELÉN

(smiles)

Desde el día que lo conocí. Yo trabajo-- Trabajaba con él.

Since the day I met him. I work-- worked with him.

ESPERANZA (O.S.)

Isi? Con quién tú hablas?!

Isi? Who you talking to?!

BELÉN

(cocks head toward garage)

Puedo?

May I?

ISABEL
Si claro... Quiere un cafe?
**Sure, of course... Would you like a
coffee?**

Esperanza appearing from the bedrooms, looking like a just awoken witch.

BELÉN
(re folder)
Gracias, no... Estaré solo un
minuto.
**Thanks, no... I'll only be a
minute.**

Isabel watching her make her way across the yard. Liking her.

ESPERANZA
Quién es esa?
Who's that?

INT. GARAGE OFFICE - SAME TIME

Del Potro at his Crazy Wall. Labeling printer copies of the photos from the office.

BELÉN (O.S.)
Me copió el modelo, Coronel.
You copied my layout, Colonel.

Del Potro turning, surprised.

DEL POTRO
Belén!
(eyeing watch, worried)
Que pasó?
What happened?

BELÉN
Yo solo puedo ser malas noticias?
I could only mean bad news?

DEL POTRO
No, no...vaya, sorprendido...
No, no...just surprised...

She wincing at his bruises.

BELÉN
Me siento culpable, yo fui que lo
mandé a la finca.
(MORE)

BELÉN (CONT'D)
I feel guilty, I sent you to the farm.

Del Potro trying to smile - pain - nodding at the folder in her hands.

DEL POTRO
Qué me trae ahi?
What's that you bring me?

She handing it over, Del Potro leafing pages, quickly realizing what it is.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
Usted sabe que traerme esto le puede costar la carrera, no?
You know bringing me this can cost you your career, right?

BELÉN
Yo no le traje nada. Pero si alguien le sacó fotos cuando yo me puse a jugar con un gato...
I didn't bring you anything. But if someone took pictures when I went out to play with the cat...

Mario's cat looking up through the door ajar. She picking it up, strolling out to the yard with it.

Del Potro spreading the sheets on the worktable, photographing them with his cell.

BELÉN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Igual a Vargas no le interesa saber de zapatos.
Anyway, Vargas's not interested in anything to do with shoes.

Del Potro smiling, replacing records in folder.

BELÉN (CONT'D)
Qué pasó entre ustedes que le tiene tantos celos?
What happened between you two that he's so consumed by jealousy?

DEL POTRO
Celos?
Jealousy?

Joining her in the...

YARD

BELÉN

Una mujer sabe de esas cosas,
Coronel.

**A woman knows about such things,
Colonel.**

DEL POTRO

Es complicado... Pero Coronel se
acabó. Ahora me puede llamar
Marcial.

**It's complicated... But Colonel is
over. Now you can call me Marcial.**

Handing over folder.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Gracias. Devuelva esto antes que
se den cuenta que lo sacó.

**Thank you. Take this back before
someone misses it.**

Belén putting down cat, taking the folder, standing close to
inspect his bruises - maybe too close.

BELÉN

Por si le interesa, Marcial, él
quedó peor.

**Case you're interested, Marcial, he
looks worse.**

A pause before leaving him. Del Potro watching her go.

Isabel watching them both from the kitchen window.

INT. LOLA'S COTTAGE - DUSK

Lola painting on the terrace, a work for the first time
hinting at the human form.

Keller sitting on the steps, facing the ocean, perusing
photographs on his Nikon screen.

Lola coming over, kissing him, looking over his shoulder -
SHOTS OF ISABEL DANCING, LEAPING.

LOLA

Who is she?

KELLER

A dancer at the theater.

LOLA
Perfect body.

KELLER
All bodies are perfect.

LOLA
How do you mean?

KELLER
Completed, finished. That is the
true meaning of perfectus. What
you mean is ideal.

LOLA
I suppose...

KELLER
When you say that, you only mean
what is ideal for you. If you
were, say, a lumberjack, it
wouldn't be ideal, would it? But
it would still be perfect.

LOLA
What's a lumberjack?

Keller chuckling, touching her face, kissing her tenderly.
Lola responding hungrily. Keller pulling back.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Don't...please...

He regarding her strangely, allowing her to kiss him again,
responding. Lola taking his hand, pulling him toward the
bedroom.

KELLER
I can't--

LOLA
Let me show you what it can be.

BEDROOM

Lola reaching the bed, easing him onto his back, climbing on
him, pulling her Rolling Stone t-shirt off, naked now,
reaching bellow.

LOLA
Let me make you want me...
Please...

Keller closing his eyes, letting go. The frightened boy we remember from childhood...the puzzlement...

FLASH: MOTHER LOCKING HIS DOOR LONG AGO...

MOTHER (V.O.) (ECHO)
Be a good boy, now, Robby...

A LION'S ROAR... Keller grabbing Lola's neck, pulling her up, kissing her, throwing her on her back.

Lola feeling his erection.

He entering her, she wrapping around him, in the dim moonlight, increasingly aroused, urging him on. Martin groaning beastly, losing control.

Catching sight of himself in the mirror, in the throes of pleasure. Freezing. Lola pulling him around.

LOLA
Look at me! Me!

EXT. LOLA'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

From the beach. The LOVEMAKING SOUNDS traveling clear and far, merging with the SOUND OF THE LAPPING SURF, EVEN AFTER WE HAVE DISSOLVED TO BLACK...

INT. DEL POTRO'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Del Potro's crazy wall. CAT PURRING. PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

Mario studying it, stroking the cat in his arms.

Approaching the ghastly crime scene photographs, scanning them up close: The blank stares of the cadavers, the stacked clothing, the dissected pubic areas, the pummeled young faces.

DEL POTRO (O.S.)
Qué haces aquí?
What are you doing here?

Mario turning, startled. Del Potro at the door holding xerox copies of the passenger lists from the green folder.

MARIO
Disculpa... Mi gato que...
Sorry... My cat...

Del Potro bumbling something conciliatory.

MARIO (CONT'D)
Estas son las muchachas que
mataron? Si, claro...
**These are the murdered girls? Yes,
of course...**

Del Potro pinning lists on the wall.

MARIO (CONT'D)
Y los chinches rojos?
And the red pins?
(answering own question)
Donde pasó... Y los azules?
Where it happened... And the blue?

DEL POTRO
Donde vivían. Amarillos, donde
trabajaban.
**Where they lived. Yellow, where
they worked.**

Mario depositing cat on the table, Del Potro mum.

Mario grabbing a basket with multicolored hemp cord on a
shelf, picking out the red, stringing together the killing
locations - marking them 1, 2, 3.

Del Potro observing.

The cat tip-toeing over, rubbing itself against him, PURRING.

Mario stringing the domiciles together with blue, marking
them in the same order of death.

MARIO
Sabes lo que es la Teoría del Caos?
You know what Chaos Theory is?

DEL POTRO
Caos es lo que tengo aquí--
Chaos is what I have here--

Mario stringing the victims' places of work with yellow hemp.

MARIO
La Teoría del Caos es una rama de
las matemáticas, la física y otras
ciencias que trata ciertos tipos de
sistemas dinámicos, con la
particularidad de ser muy sensibles
a las variaciones en las
condiciones iniciales.
(MORE)

MARIO (CONT'D)

Chaos theory is a branch of mathematics, physics and other sciences that deals with dynamic systems, with the particularity that they are very sensitive to the initial conditions.

The jumble of colored strings linking the various pins now a chaotic pattern over the map of Holguin and surroundings.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Pequeñas variaciones pueden implicar grandes diferencias en el comportamiento futuro. Eso hace complicada la predicción a largo plazo.

A very small change may make the system behave completely differently in the future. That makes very difficult long term prediction.

Tossing hemp ball at the cat to play.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Pero a corto plazo...

But short term...

Stepping back to study the jumble of patterns, picking up a red marker, drawing a circle the size of an apple on a virgin area of the map.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Espera el próximo por aquí.

Wait for the next one around here.

Del Potro looking at it, then at him.

DEL POTRO

Te lo dijo un pajarito?

Little bird tell you?

Mario looking at him, shrugging, picking up his cat.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Bueno, pero ahora sabemos! Lástima que yo ya no soy policía!

Well, at least now we know! Too bad I'm not a cop anymore!

Mario caressing cat, sashaying provocatively out of the garage.

Del Potro immediately regretting his crack. Turning back to the map, the red circle North of the city.

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Packed with WITNESSES, some we have seen before - related to the victims or the crime scenes. Belén supervising Ortega, Yaritza, Jimenez, Nuñez and a FOUR other INVESTIGATORS we have never seen before, interrogating them. The crazy wall covering the entire wall now, crazier than ever. Magali fielding calls.

And surveying it all, Vargas, satisfied, sucking on a cigar from his open door.

ORTEGA AND WITNESS

ORTEGA

Pero qué tu viste a fin de cuentas?
**But what did you see, at the end
of the day?**

WITNESS 1

Bueno, ver, ver, yo nada...pero a
mi me dijeron que ella salía pa'
los bares y--
**Well, see, see, me, nothing...but I
was told she frequented bars--**

YARITZA AND WITNESS 2

Yaritza enduring.

WITNESS 2

Esa noche yo lo sentí en mis
huesos, socia. Mi loro también...
Que algo terrible iba a pasar...
Como la noche que falleció el
Comandante Supremo--
**That night I felt it in my bones,
friend. My parrot too... That
something horrific was about to
happen... Like the night our
Supreme Commander passed--**

JIMENEZ AND WITNESS 3

JIMENEZ

(whispering)

Claro, compadre, tu santo también
te puede traer fortuna. Claro,
compadre, tu santo también te puede
traer fortuna.

(MORE)

JIMENEZ (CONT'D)

Imagínate que un socio mío pegó el cinco, que venia buscando hacía años, el mismito día que cogió santo.

Buddy I'm with you, your saint can also bring you fortune. Imagine that a friend of mine hit 5, after chasing it for years, the same day he became consecrated.

WITNESS 3

Velda?

Really?

JIMENEZ

Ya te hiciste tus collares? La tía de mi novia--

You had your collars made? My girlfriend's aunt--

BELÉN

Her cell BUZZING. Answering.

BELÉN

Chevrolet!

INTERCUT WITH DEL POTRO AT HIS GARAGE:

The crazy wall now practically covered by the lists of passengers, each with a Del Potro note.

DEL POTRO

Puedes hablar?

Can you talk?

Vargas watching her, Belén keeping a straight face.

BELÉN

Bueno, no mucho...

Well, not really...

Del Potro taking a photo of the list on the wall.

DEL POTRO

Necesito la foto de entrada de cada uno de estos pasajeros. Y quiénes alquilaron vehículo? Y qué tipo?

Need the immigration photos for each one. And who rented a vehicle? And what type?

Vargas ambling by her side.

BELÉN
Entendido. Gracias.
Understood. Thanks.

Hanging up. Vargas waiting beside her. Belén alluding to the line of witnesses waiting.

BELÉN (CONT'D)
Tratando de conseguir más gente.
Así no vamos a terminar nunca.
**Trying to find more people. We'll
never finish like this.**

Vargas dragging on his cigar, heading back to his office.

VARGAS
Que trabajen más rápido.
They can work faster.

INT. DEL POTRO'S GARAGE - DAY

Del Potro sending photo, putting down phone, studying the lists, turning to the map, thoughtful - CLOSING on the red circle drawn by Mario on farmland, North-East of the city.
ENGINE SOUND LEADING THE...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FARMALND - DAY

AERIAL. ZONE MATCHING MAP. Del Potro's LADA moving along a narrow road, through green hills.

INT. LADA - SAME TIME

Del Potro following road on the map on passenger's seat. Clearly within Mario's circle.

Farms and more farms - nothing to remark

INT. LADA - LATER

Del Potro driving down a SECOND ROAD, in a different section of Mario's circle. Beginning to feel stupid.

EXT. THIRD ROAD - LATER

Del Potro leaning on the LADA, smoking. THREE FARMERS walking past on the opposite side of the road, exchanging greetings.

Del Potro eyeing watch, tossing cigar butt, climbing into the LADA, driving off.

EXT. SECOND ROAD - SHORT TIME LATER

The LADA returning.

INT. LADA - SAME TIME

Del Potro slowing to drive around potholes. DOG BARKING. Turning toward a farmhouse behind a grove. The PERSISTENT BARKING coming from there.

Del Potro taking the narrow track accessing the farm.

EXT. FARM - MOMENTS LATER

Del Potro driving up to the humble abode. Chickens running free. A pig in a muddy pen. A FARMER coming out of his home.

DEL POTRO
Buenas, don...
Howdy, Sir...

FARMER
Ajá, buen día, compañero.
Good day to you, comrade.

Del Potro's eyes to FARMER'S WIFE hanging wet sheets on a line.

DEL POTRO
Soy el Cor-- De la policia de
Holguín.
I am Col-- From Holguin police.

The dog BARKING nonstop. Del Potro leaving the LADA.

FARMER
(re dog)
Perdone... Perro y que policía, que
nos trajo mi hijo... Hace tres días
que nos tiene loco. CALLATE!
**Sorry, police dog supposedly, my
son bought for us... Been driving
us crazy for three days. SHUDUP!**

DEL POTRO
Ando investigando un caso...
Dígame, compadre, no ha visto gente
desconocida rondando por aquí?
(MORE)

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
**I'm investigating a case... Tell
me, friend, have you seen any
strangers roaming around?**

FARMER
Aquí? Aquí estamos la vieja y yo,
y ya... Nuestro muchacho está pa'l
ejercito, por Moa. Viene muy de
vez en cuando. Tal vez pa'l día de
la Liberación.
**Here? Just my old lady and me,
that's it. Our boy is away, in the
army, near Moa. Comes once in a
blue moon. Maybe next Liberation
Day.**

The dog getting on everyone's nerves.

FARMER (CONT'D)
Suéltelo vieja! A ver sí se va a
ladrar pa' otro la'o!
**Turn'im loose, woman! Let's see if
he goes barking somewhere else!**

The woman unleashing the animal. Del Potro watching it take
off like a bullet toward the old, stone water well uphill.

DEL POTRO
Qué hay allá?
What's there?

FARMER
Na'... Un pozo de agua que se secó
hace como treinta años.
**Nuttin'. Water well, dried up
'bout thirty years ago.**

The dog reaching the well some hundred yards away, sniffing,
scratching ground, BARKING excited.

Del Potro starting up. The puzzled farmer following.

WIDE

Del Potro making his way up to the well on the knoll.

DEL POTRO

Approaching the well. The stench of death beginning to reach
him. The Farmer looking at Del Potro, puzzled.

DEL POTRO
Cuándo fue la última vez que subió
aquí.

(MORE)

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
**When was the last time you came up
here?**

The Farmer makes gestures that suggest time immemorial.

Del Potro peering into the dark well, reeling from the stench.

FARMER
Un animal muelto, vaya a saber...
Dead animal, who knows...

Del Potro taking out phone, covering his nostrils, shining the phone light inside.

WHAT HE SEES: A FEW METERS OF DIMLY LIT STONE WALL, THEN A SHAPELESS BUT DEFINITELY HUMAN MASS AT THE BOTTOM...

Del Potro switches off his phone light, dismayed. PUSH.

END EPISODE 6

EPISODE 7

"Tommy"TEASER

EXT. BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND - DAY

ESTABLISHING. Busy street, British buses, double-deckers.

INT. BUS - DAY

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR TOMMY HARDING (40), attractive, rough around the edges, worn Trilby, three-day beard, longish hair, chatting with ZEWARD, the Pakistani driver.

TOMMY

(bristling)

Fifty quid I lay on The Roms and Dempster gets kicked out nine minutes into the game!

ZEWARD

Mohammed says there is great sin and some profit for men in gambling; but the sin is greater than the profit.

TOMMY

Obviously Mohammed never hit the trifecta at the greyhounds!

ZEWARD

You are perhaps lucky in love, Mr. Tommy.

TOMMY

That's the worst part. Couldn't find a proper girl if my life depended on it!

ZEWARD

Lahore.

TOMMY

A whore?!

ZEWAD

No, no... La-hore! Sorry, Mr. Tommy.

TOMMY

What Lahore?

ZEWAD

You must go to Lahore, Mr. Tommy. Women in Lahore are virtuous and also beautiful.

TOMMY

Lahore, me?! Never been out of England, I 'ave..! Twice I went to London, though. Travel's not for me, mate. Gotta fly, dont'cha? Not a chance in hell!

ZEWAD

(laughing)

You afraid of flying, Detective Inspector?

TOMMY

More than catching heart attack! Don't drive either! I marvel at your talent--

SHOUTING. Tommy turning to see a SLIM PASSENGER in the rear, standing over a massive JAMAICAN WOMAN, bellowing at her. His WIFE pulling a BABY on a stroller, trying to get him to stop.

PASSENGER

I'll 'bang you in front of the 'ole bus, I will, ya'cunt!

JAMAICAN WOMAN

Go'head, then! We'll see who ends up worse, you whining mauger!

PASSENGER

If someone starts shouting at the mother of your child you're going to defend her, ain't'cha? So shut your fuckin' pie'ole!

(to wife)

What'd she call me?!

Tommy coming up, fishing a coin out of his pocket.

TOMMY

Why don't you stop cursing, we got
tots 'ere.

PASSENGER

Stay out of this, ya'cunt!

Tommy flashing his DI SHIELD.

TOMMY

Tell you what... Flip you for it.
On account you've got a rug rat
here and very limited vocabulary.

PASSENGER

(taken aback)

Wha'?!

TOMMY

Yeah... I win, you sit down
somewhere else and shut your pie-
'ole. You win, same thing.
(flips it)
Call it!

PASSENGER

Wha..?!

WIFE

(worried)

'eads!

TOMMY

That's the spirit, luv! You win!
Now bloody sit back there, yeah?!

The Man reading Tommy's potential for violence well, taking
back seat. Tommy eying grumbling Jamaican Woman.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

And not another pip outta you, luv,
'fore goes all to pot!

She eating what words were about to come out of her mouth.

Tommy joining driver up front.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Anywhere round here, Zewad.

ZEWAD

My wife has a cousin I should
introduce you to, Mr Tommy.

(MORE)

ZEWAD (CONT'D)

No flying, I take you to her on
this bus!

TOMMY

Something to consider...
Definitely. Thanks, mate!

Jumping off easing bus.

EXT. MIDLANDS POLICE STATION - DAY

Tommy greeting BOBBIES coming in and out, well-liked,
trotting into the Victorian building.

INT. MIDLANDS POLICE STATION - SAME TIME

Veteran DETECTIVE INSPECTORS COLEMAN AND CRAFT at their
desks, conspiring over a note.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR COLEMAN

Give it to Tommy, we'll have a
chuckle.

Craft writing HARDING on the note, handing it to SALLY, a
middle aged, red-nosed, chain-smoking secretary, not crazy
about partaking in the jest, but outranked.

Tommy waltzing in, tossing Trilby on his cluttered desk.

TOMMY

Morning, ya' bums, ya!

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR CRAFT

(casually)

Hey, Harding, someone called for
you, from Cuba.

TOMMY

What? Cuba? Like Havana, Cuba?

SALLY

(reading message)

Actually, no. Place called All-
Gin.

TOMMY

All Gin?! Your kind'a town!

Coleman and Craft cackling roguishly. Sally grinning,
handing over note.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(reading)
Holguín! OK... Stand corrected.
What's it about, they say? Who
took the call?

DI CRAFT
Night desk. Don't know.

TOMMY
Time is it over there?

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR DI VANE, an elegantly-dressed wolf
reviewing files, replying without missing a beat.

DI VANE
Five hour difference.

Tommy looking at the wall clock - just past 10, dials.

TOMMY
That's right, you been there,
Frank, 'aven't cha'?

Di Vane eyeing the clock, grinning.

DI VANE
Yeah. Nice. Cheap too. Very
friendly babs, Cubans.

DI COLEMAN
You're an animal, Vane.

DI CRAFT
But we knew that.

Detectives CHUCKLING.

DI CRAFT (CONT'D)
Where you vacation, Tommy? Up
The Cut?

More CHUCKLING. Tommy's call RINGING.

TOMMY
Actually, haven't made it that
far yet, but I will 'fore I die,
scout's honor.
(shows note to Sally)
Fifty-three's the country code,
yeah--? Oh, hello..! This is
Detective Inspector Harding, in
Birmingham. I need to--

INTERCUT WITH DEL POTRO'S HOME

Esperanza on the phone, wrapped in a shawl, just woken up.

ESPERANZA
Alló?! Quién es?!
Hello?! Who's this?!

TOMMY
Speak En-GLISH?!

ESPERANZA
Inglés? One momentico! Isi!
English? One moment! Isi!

Tommy looking at Sally.

TOMMY
You holiday in Ibiza, dont'cha,
Sally? Can't you talk to this
lady?

SALLY
I just go there to get poked,
Harding.

TOMMY
Course! What was I thinking..?!

Coleman and Craft chuckling like weasels.

Isabel hurrying out from the bedrooms, in pajamas, half
asleep, taking phone.

ISABEL
Aló? Who's calling, please?

TOMMY
Oh, good! This is Detective
Inspector Harding, Birmingham
Police Department. Looking to
talk to a...
(reads note)
Colonel Del Po-tro?

ISABEL
That's my father. Birmingham, UK?

TOMMY
(rolling eyes)
Yeah..!

ISABEL

(irked)

Could've been Alabama... You obviously don't know what time it's here!

(calls back)

Papi! Teléfono!

TOMMY

(eyes office clock)

'Bout three in the afternoon, yeah?

ISABEL

Try five in the morning!

TOMMY

Wha..? Oh, sorry, they told me...

Seeing De Vane chucking with Colman and Craft.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Sorry... Got it wrong... Stand corrected. You speak lovely English, though. You married?

ISABEL

Sorry?

Coleman and Craft exchanging looks.

DI CRAFT

That ain't professional.

DI COLEMAN

Very unprofessional, Tommy.

Tommy motioning for quiet.

ISABEL

(knitting brow)

No... That part of your investigation--?

TOMMY

I'm single too. Very much so.

ISABEL

(weird frown to Esperanza)

OK... Well, good for you.

TOMMY

Actually, it ain't. I've been meaning to leave Birmingham one day in search for--

Del Potro coming out in his underwear.

ISABEL
My father's here.

TOMMY
What's your name, then?

ISABEL
Isabel. Good luck with your...
(hands phone to Del Potro)
Un loco, pa' ti.
Some crazy guy for you.

Del Potro taking phone as...

TOMMY
Ya've a lovely voice, ya've...

DEL POTRO
Del Potro!

TOMMY
Oh, sorry... Colonel Del Potro?

DEL POTRO
Yes...

TOMMY
Midlands Police Department.

DEL POTRO
Yes..! Thank you for calling back.

TOMMY
Sorry I called this early, got the
times all screwed--

DEL POTRO
Don't worry about it.

TOMMY
Thanks...How can we help you?

DEL POTRO
I'm investigating a series of
murders here in Holguín, Cuba. I
have reason to believe the killer
might be from your neighborhood.

TOMMY
Oh, yeah..? wha'makes you say
that?

DEL POTRO

I have a suspect who arrived from England a couple of days before the killings started.

TOMMY

Well, that hardly qualifies as--

DEL POTRO

There is more, of course.

TOMMY

(beat)

OK... You said series.

DEL POTRO

Five so far.

TOMMY

What sort of killings..?

DEL POTRO

Women. Young women.

TOMMY

(flips SPEAKER on)

Say more...

DEL POTRO (OVER SPEAKER)

Strangled with some kind of belt, strap... From a camera maybe. Strips them naked, leaves them lying on the ground... Clothing neatly folded beside them. Except their slips. Keeps those.

Coleman and Craft perking up. Tommy grave.

TOMMY

Does he remove their clitoris?

Sally grossed out.

DEL POTRO (OVER SPEAKER)

He does, indeed...

Coleman and Craft making their way over.

TOMMY

How did you get my name?

DEL POTRO (OVER SPEAKER)
I don't know your name. When I
called there were no detectives on
duty. I didn't realize it was the
middle of the night either. Sorry.

TOMMY
(eyeing Coleman and Craft)
Don't worry about it, Colonel.
Name is Detective Inspector Thomas
Harding. Call me Tommy. Lemme get
me pad.

Reaching for pad, eyeing detectives.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Ain't you a funny couplet.
(into phone)
From the start, Colonel.

END TEASER

EP-7

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

The precinct packed with WITNESSES. Investigators conducting interviews where they can.

Belén questioning DIANELIS' MOTHER. The consternated woman reliving the painful day.

BELÉN

Yo sé lo difícil que es esto para usted, Olga. Créame. Pero debo saber si recuerda el color del blúmer que cargaba su hija aquel día?

I know how hard this is for you, Olga. Believe me. But I need to know if you remember what color panties your daughter was wearing that day?

DIANELIS' MOTHER

Morado.

Purple.

BELÉN

Está segura?

You sure?

DIANELIS' MOTHER

Sí. Ella tiene tres. Los otros dos están pa' la casa.

Yes. She has three. The others are at home.

Belén's phone BUZZING, answering.

BALEN

Chevrolet.

(cautious glance about)

Sí, sí, puedo... Dónde? Voy para allá.

Yes, yes, I can... Where? I'm on my way.

Hanging up, turning to Dianelis' Mother.

BELÉN

Gracias. Puedes irte pa' tu casa, Olga. Lo vamos a encontrar, te lo prometo.

(MORE)

BELÉN (CONT'D)
Thank you. You can go home, Olga.
We'll catch him, I promise.

The woman nodding with little hope. Belén grabbing bag.

BELÉN (CONT'D)
Ortega conmigo!
Ortega with me!

Ortega turning, pointing to his WITNESS.

BELÉN (CONT'D)
Ya.
Now.

Ortega excusing himself, handing witness to new investigator, hurrying after Belén.

RECEPTION

Belén jotting down note.

BELÉN
Sargento, llame a criminalística.
Que me encuentren ahí lo antes
posible.
(hands note to Magali)
Despues al General Vargas y también
le pasa esta dirección.
(for her **ears only**)
Pero, tómese su tiempo.
Sergeant, call CSI now. Tell them
to meet me there as soon as
possible. Then, call General
Vargas and give him the address.
But, take your time.

MAGALI
(getting it)
Ya...
Understood...

Belén exiting with Ortega in tow.

ORTEGA
Qué pasa? Dónde vamos, Capitan?
What's happening? Where are we
going, Cap?

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Gaspard body-surfing to the beach, heading home. Catching sight of Lola on her terrace, painting. Rinsing back hair, strolling toward her instead.

EXT. LOLA'S COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Lola painting - love-reds and hope-blues. With a dash of black cutting across it for habit.

GASPARD (O.S.)

Bonjour!

Lola leaning out from behind the easel, seeing Gaspard climbing the steps from the beach.

LOLA

Hola...

Hey...

GASPARD

Tenía que venir a espiar lo que haces.

Had to come spy what you're doing.

LOLA

Bueno, no sé si--

Well, don't know if--

GASPARD

Perdón, no quise--

Sorry, didn't want to--

LOLA

No, es que no está terminado...

No, it's just that it's not finished...

Gaspard taking that as invitation to spy.

GASPARD

Wow..! Me gusta. Quelle force!

I like it. What power!

LOLA

Le falta--

Still needs--

GASPARD

Qué le falta?

Needs what?

LOLA
No sé. Algo.
Don't know. Something.

GASPARD
A mí me gusta así. Ya! Je prends!
**I like it like it is. Done! I'm
taking it!**

Fainting grabbing for it. Lola falling for it, holding the canvas.

GASPARD (CONT'D)
(hands up, laughing)
OK, OK...!

Keller appearing at the door, cleaning a camera.

LOLA
Martin...this is our neighbor...

GASPARD
(offering hand)
Gaspard.

Keller looking at it, holding up camera.

KELLER
You're wet. Martin.

Gaspard grins, pulls hand back.

LOLA
The lemons.

KELLER
Right. The lemons. Thanks.

GASPARD
(re: accent)
English.

KELLER
(same)
French.

Gaspard making a warring face.

GASPARD
Arrrgh!

Laughing. Keller replying with a side smirk.

Negra climbing the steps from the beach, exuding sexuality.

NEGRA

Ajá, aquí es que te me estás
escondiendo!

**Aha, this is where you're hiding
from me!**

(sees Keller)

El fotógrafo!

The photographer!

Keller reacting.

GASPARD

Lo conoces?

You know him?

NEGRA

Del Paraíso, no?

From the Paradise, no?

KELLER

Puede ser...

Could be...

NEGRA

Puede ser?! Me comía con los ojos!

**Could be?! He devoured me with his
eyes!**

Letting out clatter of laughter. Keller darting glance at
Lola.

NEGRA (CONT'D)

(re camera)

Dónde tienes la chiquitica? Tiene
una así pequeñita. Pa' espial,
seguro!

**Where's the tiny one? Has one this
small. To spy, I bet!**

(visiting canvas)

'chacha, que vaina es eso?!

Hell's that, girl?!

GASPARD

You guys swing?

LOLA

No! Martin-- We're...just...

Bars of "COME TOGETHER" ringing next door.

NEGRA

Tu teléfono, francés!

Your phone, Frenchy!

Gaspard dashing home. Negra sashaying after him.

NEGRA (CONT'D)

Vengan a comel puelco asado esta
noche y nos diveltimos, chica!

**Come have some barbecue pork
tonight and we'll have some fun,
girl!**

(winking at Keller)

Yo sé que tú me tienes ganas.

I know you want me.

Lola watching them go, returning to her easel, grinning at Keller.

LOLA

You're full of surprises...

Keller looking darkly after Negra, returning inside.

EXT. FARM - HOURS LATER

Belén, Ortega, the Two CSI Investigators wearing white gowns, Yaritza, Jimenez - ALL WEARING MASKS. Jimenez in harness, operating a makeshift winch, bringing up Graciela's broken body.

The Farmer and his Wife watching from a distance. The dog panting quietly at their feet.

EXT. HILL ROAD - SAME TIME

Del Potro watching the scene through binoculars.

HIS POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: The CSI personnel inspecting Graciela's body. DISTANT ENGINE. VIEW WIPING to Vargas' Mercedes, lifting a cloud of dust down the road.

EXT. FARM - MOMENTS LATER

The Mercedes pulling up to the crime scene.

Belén removing her mask, walking to meet it.

Vargas stepping down, heading for the body.

VARGAS

Quién es?

Who is it?

BELÉN
General, no se le aconsejo...
General, I wouldn't...

Vargas welcoming the excuse to desist.

BELÉN (CONT'D)
No sabemos todavía. Una muchacha--
We still don't know. Young woman--

ORTEGA
Capitán!
(holding plastic envelope)
Doctora Graciela Bezos. Yo se quién
es ella! Asistente del Dr Molina,
Jefe de Autopsias, en Medicina
Legal.
**I know who she is! Assistant to Dr.
Molina, Head of Autopsies at Legal
Medicine.**

YARITZA

Scanning the surroundings, searching, deciding to head toward
the tree-line, by the barbed wire fence.

VARGAS

Looking at Belén, puzzled.

VARGAS
Y tú cómo llegaste aquí?
And how did you get here?

BELÉN
Una llamada anónima.
An anonymous call.

VARGAS
Cómo que anónima?
How anonymous?

BELÉN
Sí, el fulano no dejó nombre.
Número bloqueado.
**Yeah, the guy left no name.
Blocked number.**

VARGAS
Y te llamó fue a ti?!
But he called you?!

Belén shrugging innocently.

Vargas wincing as Graciela's fractured body is deposited into a bodybag, loaded onto a stretcher.

Belén's gaze reacting discretely to the FLASH off Del Potro's binoculars on the hill.

VARGAS (CONT'D)
(getting ready to leave)
Bueno...me dejás saber en cuanto--
Well...you let me know as soon as--

ORTEGA (O.S.)
Capitán!
Captain!

They turn.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
Hay otro!
Another one!

VARGAS
Otro qué?!
Another what?!

ORTEGA
Otro muelto, General.
Another stiff, General.

EXT. HILL - SAME TIME

Del Potro watching through his binoculars, grinning.

HIS VIEW THROUGH BINOCULARS: BELÉN RUSHING BACK TO THE WELL,
VARGAS FOLLOWING HER, BITCHING...

DEL POTRO
(to himself)
Te hubieses quedado en La Habana,
Rufo.
Shoulda stayed in Havana, Rufo.

EXT. FARM - SAME TIME

Vargas finding sympathy only in his Driver.

VARGAS
Porqué coño no me quedé en La
Habana...!
**Why the hell didn't I stay in
Havana...!**

EXT. HILL - SAME TIME

Del Potro shifting the binoculars to...

HIS POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: PANNING WITH YARITZA APPROACHING THE TREE LINE.

INT. BOTTOM OF THE WELL - SAME MOMENT

Jimenez in harness, securing a second body to the rig, looking up.

JIMENEZ

YA!

OK!

EXT. FARM - SAME MOMENT

Yaritza arriving to the barbed wire fence, stepping on the wire to pass to the other side, getting her gown caught in the wire, retreating, trying again, getting through.

Noticing the Jimmy's u-turning tracks on the muddy back road. Taking a few pictures with her phone.

Heading back, about to go through the fence, seeing a pink-violet rip from Lola's shirt stuck on the barbs a ways down. Recovering it, putting it in an evidence envelope.

AT THE WELL

Vargas smoking, chewing a cigar some distance up wind.

The Two CSI Investigators bringing up the decomposed body of a man in Barcelona Messi's 10 jersey.

Ortega peering into the well.

ORTEGA

Ya?!

OK?!

INT. BOTTOM OF THE WELL

Jimenez waiting for the rig to return, a flashlight on his head.

Catching sight of a shiny object, picking it up - the scalpel - shining the light around the bottom. Hooking up to the rig.

JIMENEZ
YA, TENIENTE!
OK, LIEUTENANT!

EXT. FARM - SAME TIME

View through del potro's binoculars: Vargas angrily tossing cigar, heading for the Mercedes.

THE DRIVER AND VARGAS

Opening the rear door.

VARGAS
Sácame de aquí!
Get me outta here!

Belén watching the Mercedes skid off, turning to the hill.

INT. DEL POTRO'S HOME - EVENING

The starling hopping and singing.

Esperanza in the kitchen, cooking, humming Carlos Puebla's
"Hasta Siempre Comandante."

ESPERANZA
Ya, ya, cálmate pajarito...
Ok, ok, relax little bird...

Pouring a cup of coffee, taking it to the front door as Del Potro walks in.

DEL POTRO
Gracias...
Thanks...

Moving to the cage, ~~to~~ observing the starling, intrigued.

ESPERANZA
Pasó tu medio hermano. Que lo
llames.
**Your half-brother came by. To call
him.**

Del Potro looking pensive at the garden.

DEL POTRO
Que no le digas medio hermano--!
Don't call him half-brother--!

ESPERANZA

Es hijo'e Marcial? No. Bueno.
Dejó dos cajonotes de aguacates!
Ni que aquí fuéramos cuervos!
Debiera comerlos él - flaco como un
fideo!
He son of Marcial? No. OK, then.
Left two huge cases of avocados.
What are we blackbirds?! He should
eat them - thin as spaghetti!

Del Potro picking one avocado, appreciative.

ESPERANZA (CONT'D)

Hice un kilo'e guacamole! El resto
se hechará a perdel...
Made a kilo of guacamole! The rest
probably rot...

Del Potro moving toward the bedrooms...

DEL POTRO

Regálale a los vecinos...
Give some to the neighbors...

MARIO'S BEDROOM

Mario at his computer, his cat on his lap, working on a
murmuration model.

Del Potro appearing at the door; a rare occurrence, judging
by Mario's look on his face.

MARIO

Qué fue?
T'sup?

DEL POTRO

Quería pedirte perdón.
Wanted to say sorry.

MARIO

Perdón?
Sorry?

DEL POTRO

Por el otro día. Cuando me reí de
tu predicción.
For the other day. When I made fun
of your prediction.

MARIO
(shrugging it off)
No le hace.
No matter.

DEL POTRO
Pero, te equivocaste.
But you were wrong.

Mario looking at him, irked. Del Potro grinning.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
No había un muerto donde dijiste.
Había dos.
**We didn't find a body where you
said. We found two.**

MARIO
En serio?!
Really?!

Del Potro admiring the evolutions of his model in the monitor.

Mario looking with emotion at Del Potro's hand resting on his monitor.

DEL POTRO
Si me quieres ayudar a trabajar el caso podrías serme una gran ayuda.
If you want to help me work the case you could be a big help.

MARIO
Eso fue pura suerte. Chaos no sirve pa' eso, te dije cualquier vaina pa' impresionarte.
That was just luck. Chaos can't predict that, I said whatever to impress you.

DEL POTRO
Bueno, pues me impresionaste.
Well...you impressed me.

MARIO
Si te puedo ayudar, claro, me gustaría. Cómo--?
If I can help you, sure, I'd like that. When--?

ISABEL (O.S.)
Papá?
Dad?

ESPERANZA (O.S.)
Pa'ya atrás, con tu medio hermano.
Back there, with your half-brother.

DEL POTRO
Empezamos mañana.
We start tomorrow.

MARIO
OK, Pa... Gracias.
OK, Pop... Thanks.

Del Potro pressing his shoulder, leaving. Mario energized, kissing his cat.

KITCHEN

Del Potro returning. Isabel in uniform, at the fridge, pouring herself a glass of water.

ISABEL
Hola, Papi... Es cierto que
encontraron dos muertas más?
**Hey, Dad... Is it true they found
two more dead girls?**

DEL POTRO
(stunned)
Cómo sabes eso?
How do you know that?

ISABEL
Por las redes. Todo el mundo sabe.
Social networks. Everybody knows.
(holds out phone)
Mira.
Look.

Del Potro stares at the messages, dismayed.

DEL POTRO
Está equivocado. Una muchacha y un
tipo.
It's wrong. One girl and a guy.

ISABEL
Si quieres lo corrijo--
If you want I can fix it--

DEL POTRO
No te metas con eso! Lo único que
falta es que piensen que la fuga
viene de ti.
Don't touch that.

(MORE)

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
**All I need is them thinking the
leak came from you.**

ISABEL
Cómo "estamos"?
(winks at Esperanza)
No y que ya no eras más policía?
**"We"? Wasn't it you're no longer a
policeman?**

DEL POTRO
Sí, bueno... Ellos...
Yeah, well... Them...

Esperanza taking a pot to the table.

ESPERANZA
Hay, mija, si él no es más policía,
yo no se hacel arroz con pollo. A
comel!
**Oh, girl, if he's no longer a
policeman, I don't know how to make
chicken-rice! Come and get it!**

ISABEL
Mario!

BATHROOM

Del Potro washing his hands. Mario appearing at the door.

MARIO
Hay, perdón--
Oh, sorry--

DEL POTRO
(drying hands)
No, no, ya... Pasa.
No, no, done... Go'head.

Both fainting to give way in the same direction, chuckling.

INT. DAY ROOM, DINNER TABLE - LATER

Del Potro, Isabel, Mario, Esperanza finishing dinner.

DEL POTRO
Estaba muy bueno, vieja...
T'was very good, mom...

ESPERANZA
Claro...!
Course...!

Isabel and Mario sharing a smile.

ESPERANZA (CONT'D)

Quieren cafe?

Want coffee?

DEL POTRO

(eyes watch)

No para mí, tengo que salir a atender un asunto.

Not for me, have to take care of some business.

Isabel looking at him. Del Potro grabbing hat, exiting.

INT. LADA - NIGHT

Del Potro driving through Benjamin's farm gate.

EXT. FARM SANTA CLARA - MOMENTS LATER

The LADA pulling up at the house. Dogs BARKING.

Aleja stepping out to the verandah, hushing dogs, puzzling till Del Potro emerges from the dark.

ALEJA

Benjamin ni me dijo que venías.

Benjamin didn't even tell me you were coming.

Del Potro climbing the steps, kissing his sister-in-law.

DEL POTRO

No lo sabía.

He didn't know.

ALEJA

Qué pasó?

What happened?

DEL POTRO

No, nada. Duerme?

No, nothing. He asleep?

ALEJA

No creo, logré que comiera algo hace un ratico. Está en el cuarto.

Don't think so, I managed to get him to eat something a short while ago. He's in the bedroom.

(Del Potro heads in)

(MORE)

ALEJA (CONT'D)

Un cafe?

Coffee?

DEL POTRO

No, Aleja, gracias...

No, Aleja, thanks...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro entering the room in penumbra...the night light covered by a handkerchief...

Benjamin opening his eyes...distant....making out his brother.

BENJAMIN

Marcial..? Te llamé...

Marcial? I called you...

Del Potro sitting on the bed, taking his hand.

DEL POTRO

Lo sé, la vieja te manda un beso...

Cómo te sientes--?

**I know, the old lady sent her
love... How you feel--?**

BENJAMIN

Marcial...

(grabbing hand)

Marcial...

DEL POTRO

Aquí estoy...

I'm right here...

BENJAMIN

Ah...

Reaching under bed, pulling out duffle bag.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Marcial...pa' la hermana de Aleja,
en España...Barcelona...La
dirección está adentro...

**Marcial...to Aleja's sister, in
Spain... Barcelona...the Address
and account number are inside...**

Del Potro opens the zipper - the bag contains the wads of cash from Piromalli.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Prométeme!
Promise me!

DEL POTRO

Claro... Cálma--
Of course... Calm--

BENJAMIN

Aleja se va con mi muchacho en
pocos días, yo le di pa'l viaje...
No sabe que hay esto. No debe
saber nunca de dónde vino...
**Aleja leaves with my boy in a few
days, I gave her enough to
travel...Doesn't know there's this.
She must never know where it came
from.**

DEL POTRO

Claro...Yo se lo haré llegar.
Me ocuparé de todo.
**Course...I'll get it to them. I'll
take care of everything.**

ALEJA (O.S.)

Seguro que no quieres cafe,
Marcial?
**Sure you don't want coffee,
Marcial?**

DEL POTRO

Seguro, Aleja! Ya me voy yendo...
Sure, Aleja! I'm leaving already...
(squeezing Benjami's hand)
Paso en un par de dias...
Be by in a couple of days...

Aleja appearing at the door.

ALEJA

No quieres un té de manzanilla,
Benji, mi vida...
**Don't want a chamomile tea, Benji,
my love?**

BENJAMIN

Si...un té...bueno...
Yes...a tea...good...

Aleja leaving. Benjamin taking Marcial in his arms.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Buen viaje.

Have a good trip.

(Del Potro puzzled)

Por avion no puedes ir con eso, lo sabes...

You can't fly with that, you know...

DEL POTRO

No te preocupes.

Don't worry.

BENJAMIN

(fading)

Quizas los italianos--

Maybe the Italians could--

DEL POTRO

Descansa... Yo me ocupo. Tienes mi palabra.

Rest... I'll take care of it. You have my word.

Benjamin suddenly intense.

BENJAMIN

Que mierda esta vida, hermano!

What shit this life, brother!

DEL POTRO

Hay mucho peores.

There are far worse.

Benjamin finding this very funny, cackling loudly, soon running out of steam, drifting into asleep.

Del Potro holding back emotion, grabbing bag, starting out. Aleja at the door with the tea. Holding each other's gaze a beat.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Duerme...

He's sleeping...

Stalking out.

INT. LADA - NIGHT

Del Potro speeding down the dirt track, tears streaming down his cheeks.

Finally pulling by the side of the road, letting out a rendering sob.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - SAME TIME

The LADA, WIDE. A huge moon above, turning all to black and white.

EXT. PROVINCIAL CENTER FOR LEGAL MEDICINE - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING. Same moon, same light.

INT. AUTOPSIES ROOM - DAY

Graciela's naked body on one *of the* dissecting tables, the Cottage Owner's on the other. Both broken, tumified.

Eva, Graciela's former assistant, has been crying, but determined.

Renny Molina entering. No drink, no sandwich. Somber and consternated. Avoiding looking at Graciela's body's face. Eva handing him a scalpel and he making the first incision without hesitation.

Belén watching from the students' observatory.

LATER

Graciela's body fully dissected. Thorax organs have been removed and weighted.

Eva is working on the abdomen area.

Molina droning into a microphone hanging above the table. Clearly upset.

MOLINA

Se observaron abrasiones en los dedos de los pies. Estas lesiones sugerían un roce ó golpe contra la pared del recinto mientras caía desde una altura estimada en no menos de seis metros.

Abrasions were seen on toes. These injuries were suggestive of brushing or hitting the enclosure wall while falling from a height estimated at no less than six meters.

Turning to the skull and neck areas.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

En el examen interno se observa luxación de C5 sobre C6, con bloqueo de facetas bilaterales y fractura de las apófisis articulares inferiores bilaterales de C5. El cerebro mostró laceraciones de los lóbulos parietal, occipital y corteza cerebelosa. La columna, los pulmones, el hígado y los riñones están intactos. Principal causa de muerte cuello roto. Probablemente instantánea.

On internal examination, we observe dislocation of C5 on C6, with bilateral fracture of the inferior articular apophysis of C5. Brain showed lacerations of parietal, occipital lobes and cerebellar cortex. Spine, lungs, liver, kidneys are intact. Main cause of death broken neck. Likely instantaneous.

Turning to Belén, pushing mike away. Eva staring.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

Qué pasa?
What?

EVA

Estaba embarazada, Doctor.
She was pregnant, Doctor.

MOLINA

Cómo?
What?

EVA

Diez, doce semanas...
Ten, twelve weeks...

MOLINA

No puede ser.
It's not possible.

Belén reacting.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

Déjame ver.
Let me see.

Molina examining the dissected uterus. Suddenly overcome with emotion.

EVA

Doctor?

MOLINA

Sí, no... Sigue tú.

Yes, no... You go ahead.

Moving to the Owner's cadaver on the other table. Making the first incision, upset.

Belén watching him. PUSH.

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Belén watching Vargas read her notes on Graciela's autopsy.

BELÉN

Claro que no puedo estar segura,
fue solo una impresión.

**Of course I cannot be absolutely
sure, it was an impression.**

VARGAS

Yo te dije que esto era local. No
te lo dije?

**I told you this was local. Didn't
I tell you?**

(Belén's silence concedes)

Un crimen pasional, chica!

A crime of passion, girl!

BELÉN

Bueno, quizás ese, aunque no lo
creo, pero los otros?

**Well, this one maybe, though I
don't believe it, but the others?**

VARGAS

Vamos por partes--

One at a time--

BELÉN

Y el cadáver que se encontró con el
de la doctora Bezos?

**And the other body we found with
Dr. Bezos's.**

VARGAS

Wrong place, wrong time. Ya tú verás que esto es mucho más simple de lo que tu coronel pretendía.

Wrong place, wrong time. You'll see this is all a lot simpler than your Colonel pretended.

(Belén seeding)

El ADN del feto?

The fetus DNA?

BELÉN

Dos días.

Two days.

VARGAS

Yo voy pa' la finca. Me mantienes al marido y a Molina bajo vigilancia. Y si algo más acontece, me informas. Y no me vengas con y que llamadas anónimas...

I'm off to the farm. Keep the husband and Molina under surveillance. Something happens, you keep me informed. And don't come to me with anonymous calls...

Belén about to react but he's already addressing the team.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Gente, tómense el día, trabajaron bien. Buen finde.

People, take the day off, you worked hard. Have a good weekend.

Stalking off. Yaritza approaching.

YARITZA

Perdone, Capitán...

Excuse me, Captain...

Holding up evidence envelope with the shred from Lola's shirt. Belén glances at it, distracted by Vargas, marching off toward the file room.

Yaritza deciding to pin the envelope to the crazy wall.

INT. CENTER FOR LEGAL MEDICINE, AUTOPSIES ROOM - AFTERNOON

Molina and Eva finishing the autopsies. Eva now in control of her emotions.

Depositing Graciela's bloody clothes on a tray, noticing her right fist closed, praying stiff fingers open, Revealing a TUFT OF HAIR, taking it with a pair of tweezers.

EVA

Doctor...

Molina approaching to look at it.

EVA (CONT'D)

They're not hers.

Molina inspecting them closely, nodding agreement.

MOLINA

Send them to the lab tomorrow first thing.

PHONE. Molina moving to answer.

Eva depositing the tuft of hair with the rest of Graciela's belongings - wedding band, earrings - on a small dish.

INT. POLICE STATION, COPY ROOM - SOME TIME LATER

Belén hurrying to copy immigration control photos on the old Xerox, sticking copies in a GREEN FOLDER.

ORTEGA (O.S.)

Capitán...

Captain...

Belén turning, startled.

BELÉN

Creí que ya no quedaba nadie.

Teniente. Qué quiere?

I thought there was no one left.

Lieutenant. What do you want?

ORTEGA

Ayudar.

To help.

BELÉN

Está haciendo muy buen trabajo.

Los demás también, teniente--

You're doing a good job. You all are--

ORTEGA

No. Al Coronel.

No. The Colonel.

(MORE)

ORTEGA (CONT'D)

(nods at photos)

Ayudar como usted. Puede confiar
en mí.

Help like you. You can trust me.

A beat, Belén holding the originals out to him.

BELÉN

Está bien... Termina copiando esto,
entonces. Cuando terminas los
devuelves al archivo.

**All right... Finish copying these.
When you're finished, return them
to the archive.**

ORTEGA

Gracias, Capitán.

Thank you, Captain.

Going to it. Belén heading out. From the door:

BELÉN

Me puede llamar Belén, teniente.

You can call me Belén, Lieutenant.

ORTEGA

Está bien, Belén.

All right, Belén.

BELÉN

(smiles)

Capitán Belén.

Leaving. Ortega resuming work.

INT. BELLO ORIENTE HOTEL, BELÉNS ROOM - NIGHT

Belén at her dresser, changed into a designer dress.
Brushing her hair. Touch of Chanel #5 behind her ears. SOFT
DOOR KNOCK. Tension...

BELÉN

Ya voy..!

Coming..!

Hurrying to conceal the green folder under the covers,
opening door. Verbal. Somewhat unsettled by Belén out of
uniform.

VERBAL

Buenas noches, Capitán. Llamaron
del alquiler ese que visitó. Que
no se libera antes de fin de mes.

(MORE)

VERBAL (CONT'D)

Evening, Captain. They called from the rental place you visited. The place won't be free before the end of the month.

BELÉN

Bueno... Gracias, Verbal. No importa, extrañaría tus atenciones.
Well... Thanks, Verbal. No matter, I would miss your kindness.

Verbal smiling. Belén recovering folder, leaving, turning off lights.

STAIRS

Verbal letting Belén go first, following.

VERBAL

Diga, Capitán...
Say, Captain...

Hesitating.

BELÉN

Dime...
Speak...

VERBAL

Usted cree que yo podría ser investigador?
You think I could be a detective?

BELÉN

Porqué no? Para eso esta la academia de policía. Terminaste la secundaria?
I don't see why not. That's why we have the Police Academy. You finished high school?

VERBAL

Claro.
Course.

BELÉN

Alguna vez te han arrestado?
Ever been arrested?

VERBAL

Qué va...
No way...

They reach the lobby.

BELÉN

Entonces, no veo porqué no. Ahora
me tengo que ir. Ya hablaremos.
**Then, I don't see why not. I have
to be somewhere now. We'll talk.**

VERBAL

Está bien...
Fine...

Belen going out to the street. Verbal enthused.

EXT. DEL POTRO'S HOUSE - EVENING

A taxi dropping Belén off, across Del Potro's square.
Waiting for it to turn the corner, crossing to Del Potro's.

INT. DEL POTRO'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Isabel ironing uniform on the day room table. DOOR KNOCK.
She eyes her watch, sets the iron, opens front door.

Belén in the dimly lit patio, holding a folder.

BELÉN

Buenas noches, Isabel.
Good evening, Isabel.

ISABEL

Belén!

BELÉN

Perdona la hora.
Sorry for the time.

ISABEL

No es nada, adelante...
It's fine, come in...

BELÉN

Planchas también? Cómo tú no
estás casada, muchacha? Bella,
baila, plancha!
**You iron too? How is it you're
not married, girl? Beautiful,
dances, irons!**

Both laughing.

ISABEL

Y usted?
And you?

BELÉN

No sirvo pa' eso. Trop exigeant.
Not good for that. Too demanding.

ISABEL

Quizás yo también.
Maybe me too.

BELÉN

Cuidado! Mírame con cuarenta y
pico. La vida vuela!
**Careful! Look at me at forty-
something. Life flies!**
(eyeing garage)
Está?
He there?

ISABEL

Sí, sí...pase.
Yes...go right in.

BELÉN

Y no me trates de usted!
And don't be so formal with me!

Isabel smiling. Belén starting across the yard.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Del Potro writing on the Crazy Wall. Belén peering through
the door ajar. SOFT KNOCK. Del Potro turning.

DEL POTRO

Más contrabando?
More contraband?

BELÉN

Y ahora los contrabandistas somos
dos. Ortega pidió colaborar.
**And now the smugglers are two.
Ortega ask to help.**

DEL POTRO

Y tú lo dejaste!
And you let him!

BELÉN

Qué iba a hacer? Su gente lo
quiere, Marcial. Lo que está
haciendo Vargas es desbaratar todo
lo que ellos hicieron con usted.
**What could I do? Your people love
you, Marcial.**

(MORE)

BELÉN (CONT'D)

**What Vargas is doing is tear down
everything they worked on with you.**

DEL POTRO

Los van a dar de baja a todos!
Empezando contigo!
**You're going to get them all
discharged. Starting with you!**

Belén has moved on to the Crazy Wall. Del Potro watching her
- she looks particularly appealing, hair down, out of
uniform.

She catching him looking, smiling.

BELÉN

Y esos hilos?
And hose strings?

DEL POTRO

Nada...
Nothing...

BELÉN

Cómo que nada? Idiota no soy.
What nothing? I'm not a fool.
(gestures)
Escenas del crimen, residencias,
empleos... Qué quiere decir todo
esto?
**Crime scenes, residences,
workplaces... What's all this?**

DEL POTRO

Nada, probablemente. Mi hijo,
Mario... Le gusta imaginar--
**Probably nothing. My son, Mario...
He likes to imagine--**

BELÉN

Modelos.
Models.

DEL POTRO

Sí. Tú sabes de eso?
Yes. You know about that?

She removing her jacket. Del Potro freeing a stool.

BELÉN

A qué se dedica él?
What does he do?

DEL POTRO

Bueno, a decir verdad él...yo no sé...le gustan las computadoras. Y los pájaros.
Well, to tell truth he...I don't know...he likes computers. And birds.

BELÉN

Estorninos.
Starlings.

DEL POTRO

Cómo lo sabe?
How do you know?

BELÉN

(eyes on the map)
No tienen uno en el comedor?
Don't you have one in your day room?

DEL POTRO

No se le escapa nada Capitán?
Don't you miss anything, Captain?

She looks at him - not like a Captain.

BELÉN

Poco, si me interesa.
Little, if it interests me.

Holding each other's gaze. She reaching for the folder, coming provocatively close to him.

BELÉN (CONT'D)

Le traje las fotos de los extranjeros que--
I brought you the photos of the foreigners who--

Del Potro has sealed her lips with a passionate kiss. She responds ravenously. Del Potro wipes the worktable clean, lifts her onto it.

WHAT FOLLOWS HAS BEEN WRITTEN TOO MANY TIMES TO BELABOR - THE UNDESSING, THE KISSING, THE RIPPING - BUT THE SEX AND THE PASSION LIVES UP TO CUBAN LORE.

Their climax sends CRASHING down a stack of metal pipes, knocking down the floor lamp.

INT. DEL POTRO'S HOUSE, ISABEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hanging up her uniform. Hearing the CRASHING SOUNDS, looking out her window. The garage in darkness. The beam of a flashlight dancing in the window.

Isabel's eyes glinting with a smile.

INT. DEL POTRO'S DAY ROOM - DAY

Del Potro, Mario and Isabel eating breakfast.

Esperanza humming, drying dishes.

Isabel leaning close to pour Del Potro coffee.

DEL POTRO
Dormiste bien?
Sleep well?

ISABEL
Como un angelito. Tú? Como
un diablito?
**Like an angel. You? Like a
little devil?**

Del Potro reacting. Mario picking up on the odd exchange, serving himself seconds of scramble eggs, upbeat. Esperanza trying to figure out what's up.

DEL POTRO
(whispers)
Si le cuentas a Roberta--
If you tell Roberta--

ISABEL
Los angelitos no son chismosos.
Ó, sí?
**Little angels don't gossip. Or do
they?**

The house PHONE RINGING, Esperanza answering.

ESPERANZA
Oigo! Si, aquí te lo tengo.
Yeah! Yes, I'll PUT him on.
(holds phone at Del Potro)
La mujer de tu medio hermano.
Your half brother's wife.

Del Potro snatches phone from her hand, irked.

DEL POTRO

Si, Aleja, dime...

Yes, Aleja, hi...

(taking a seat, shaken)

Aja... Cuándo...? Si, claro...

Bueno... Yo me ocupo.

Umhum... When...? Yes, of course...

Yes... I'll take care of it.

Hanging up, meeting Isabel's knowing eyes.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Del Potro, Isabel, Roberta, Esperanza, Mario, Aleja, Benito, several FARM HANDS we have noticed at the farm, some FAMILY FRIENDS watching the coffin being lowered into the ground. WORKERS shoveling dirt in.

Del Potro's eyes floating to a grave nearby, moving to it. Gazing at the gravestone - Marcial Salvador Del Potro 1925-1959. "Muerto por la Revolución."

Roberta and Isabel joining him, each taking an arm.

DEL POTRO

(a scan of the cemetery)

A mí que nunca me entierren.

I don't ever want to be buried.

EXT. MONCHO'S BUILDING - DAY

The LADA pulling up front. Del Potro getting out with Benjamin's cash bag, casting a furtive glance about, going into the building.

INT. MONCHO'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro climbing the dark stairs. About to knock when the oily Woman (wearing the exact same dress we met her in, and biting on the same cigar stub) opens the heavy door, letting out a SHIFTY CLIENT, letting Del Potro in, shutting it back.

WOMAN

Moncho, el Coronel...!

Moncho, the Colonel...!

Disappearing into kitchen. Del Potro making his way along the cluttered corridor to...

MONCHO'S SEEDY OFFICE

Moncho on the phone, grunting numbers, writing on a black notebook, showing Del Potro some teeth, pointing to the same chair where the dog sleeps.

Del Potro instead setting the bag on the desk, moving to the window, feeding seeds to the single parakeet left in the cage.

Moncho hanging up.

MONCHO

Coronel, que placer! Dónde se me
ha estado escondiendo?
**Colonel, what a pleasure. Where
have you been hiding?**

DEL POTRO

(re parakeet)
No eran dos?
Weren't there two?

MONCHO

Bueno, a todos nos llega la hora,
tarde ó temprano, no?
**Well, the time comes to all of us,
sooner or later, no?**

Del Potro regards him long enough to prompt...

MONCHO (CONT'D)

No me va a creer, pero ayer pensaba
en usted.
**You're not going to believe me, but
yesterday I's thinking about you.**

DEL POTRO

Y eso?
Why so?

MONCHO

Pues somos el 14 no? Su número
fetiche!
**Well, we're the 14th, right? Your
fetish number!**

Del Potro cracking a vague smile, Moncho eyeing the bag.

MONCHO (CONT'D)

Pero veo que no se le pasó tampoco.
Qué me trae?
**But I see you didn't forget either.
What you got for me?**

Del Potro zipping the bag open, Moncho reacting at the band-wrapped wads of euro. Registering a mixture of awe and worry.

MONCHO (CONT'D)
Pero eso es demasiado pa'--
But, that's too much to--

DEL POTRO
No, yo vengo por el otro servicio
que sé que prestas.
**No, I'm here for the other service
I know you offer.**

MONCHO YOU PROVIDE
Servicio?
Service?

DEL POTRO
Necesito estos fondos en Barcelona.
I need these funds in Barcelona.

MONCHO
Barcelona? No entiendo.
I don't understand.

DEL POTRO
No te hagas el pendejo conmigo.
Don't play dumb with me.

Moncho standing, moving to close the door.

MONCHO
Bueno...ocasionalmente yo--
Well... occasionally I--

DEL POTRO
Esta es una de esas ocasiones.
This is one of those occasions.

Moncho fondling the wads.

MONCHO
Cuánto es?
How much is it?

DEL POTRO
Ya lo contarás. Lo que quiero que
me digas es cuánto me va a costar?
**You'll figure it out. What I want
to know is how much will it cost
me?**

MONCHO

Bueno, generalmente entregar plata
en Miami...el 20% es lo--
**Well, generally delivering money in
Miami... 20% is what--**

DEL POTRO

Cinco.
Five.

MONCHO

Por cinco nadie se lo hace,
Coronel.
**No one will do it for five,
Colonel.**

DEL POTRO

Por eso te vine a ver a ti.
Tha's why I came to see you.
(pulls note from pocket)
Y debe estar en España en una
semana. Esta cuenta en Barcelona.
**And it must be in Spain in a week.
This account, in Barcelona.**

MONCHO

Quizas por 15 logre--
Maybe for 15 I might--

DEL POTRO

Cinco, Moncho. No me gusta
regatear. Y a tí no te conviene.
**Five, Moncho. I don't like to
bargain. And for you it wouldn't
be the right move.**

Moncho shifting, looking for an angle.

MONCHO

No y que...que lo botaron de la
DTI?
Weren't you kicked out of the DTI?

Del Potro holding his gaze - hard. Moncho finally cracking a
reluctant smile, putting out his hand.

MONCHO (CONT'D)

Bueno, porque es usted.
Fine, because it's you.

Del Potro taking it. Moncho reaching back for his bottle and
two shot glasses.

MONCHO (CONT'D)

Brindemos, entonces. Ahora no me
puede decir que está de servicio.
**Let's drink to it, then. Now you
can't tell me you're on duty.**

DEL POTRO

Yo solo tomo Caney 12- años.
I only drink 12-year Caney.

Walking out.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Una semana, Moncho.
One week, Moncho.

Moncho looking after Del Potro, then at the cash, zipping up
bag, taking an angry swig straight from the bottle.

EXT. DEL POTRO'S HOME - DAY

Isabel leaving home. Greeting neighbors, crossing the
square. A KNIFE SHARPENER on a rigged bicycle playing his
harmonica.

KNIFE SHARPENER

Cuchillos, Tijeras! Afilo!
Señorita Isabel!
**Knives, scissors sharpened! Miss
Isabel!**

Isabel declining with a smile.

INT. JIMNY - SAME MOMENT

Keller watching her. Starting engine, driving around,
figuring out how to intercept her.

EXT. SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Isabel walking toward the avenue ahead.

The Jimny turning the corner. Keller lowering window
passenger side. About to call her out when...

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Isabelita!

Isabel turning.

INT. JIMNY - CONTINUOUS

Keller swallowing his words, watching Isabel stop to chat with LADY NEIGHBOR. HONKING behind.

Keller cursing, skidding off, reaching the corner, turning right on the avenue to go around the block.

The white examiner's suit and latex gloves on the back seat.

Spying Isabel laughing with the Neighbor.

Accelerating to the next corner, turning right. A TREE-TRIMMING CRANE TRUCK blocking the way. Keller honking angrily. The WORKER on the crane opening his arms unable to help.

Keller forcing the Jimny up on the tall sidewalk, scraping noisily the belly of the truck.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The TRUCK DRIVER cringing for the 4x4, watching Keller drive past on the sidewalk, back onto the street - more SCRAPING.

INT. JIMNY - MOMENTS LATER

Keller accelerating to the corner, turning right again, passing the square, turning right once more. Isabel out of sight. The Neighbor now chatting with the Knife Sharpener.

Keller speeding toward the corner, desperately seeking a trace of Isabel.

A truck passing, revealing Isabel reaching a BUS STOP.

EXT. AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

Keller speeding across heavy traffic. ALARMED HONKING.

INT. JIMNY - CONTINUOUS

Keller seeing Isabel board an arriving bus. Pissed. Speeding past the bus, stopping at the next corner.

EXT. AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

The bus passing. The Jimny driving after it.

EXT. AVENUE 2 - SOME TIME LATER

The bus turning a corner. WIPE TO the Jimny following it.

INT. JIMNY - MOMENTS LATER

Keller driving after the bus. The bus stopping at a corner with no obvious bus stop.

EXT. AVENUE 2 - CONTINUOUS

Isabel getting off the bus, crossing the avenue.

INT. JIMNY - SAME MOMENT

Keller speeding past to the next corner, making a U-turn, parking on a spot in Isabel's way, taking his camera, stepping down from the Jimny.

EXT. AVENUE 2 - CONTINUOUS

Keller taking pictures of PASSERSBY, keeping an eye on Isabel approaching, reflected on the store windows.

When she is very near, turning toward her, taking several photos of her.

Isabel taken aback, reaching a coffee bar.

Keller pulling her gently under the shade of an awning, taking more pictures, forcing a smile.

KELLER

Me again!

Isabel unable to place the face.

ISABEL

Sorry?

INT. DEL POTRO'S GARAGE - LATER

Del Potro and Mario at the worktable. On the wall the four lists of passengers, now with corresponding photos. Mario's cat wandering on the worktable, Del Potro OK with it.

DEL POTRO

Sesenta y uno en total. Treinta y cuatro ya han dejado Cuba.

(MORE)

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Quedan veintisiete: trece
británicos, siete holandeses,
cuatro turcos, tres...de Omán.
**Sixty-one total. Thirty-four
already left Cuba. Twenty-seven
remain: thirteen British, seven
Dutch, four Turks, three...from
Oman.**

MARIO

Omaníes.
Omanis.

Del Potro gives him an amused glance.

DEL POTRO

De los que quedan, nueve son
mujeres--
**From the ones still here, nine are
women--**

MARIO

Dieciocho.
Eighteen.

DEL POTRO

Comienza con los alquileres de
vehículos.
Start with car rentals.

MARIO

Y porqué autoridad me darían a mí
esa información?
**And on what authority would they
give me that information?**

DEL POTRO

(beat)
Chuzo.

INT. ORTEGA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ortega in bed with Nurse Ortega, who we now see concealed a
sinful body under her lily-white uniform. On the phone with
Mario.

ORTEGA

Dile al coronel que yo ya hice eso.
Contacté a todas las compañías de
alquiler, empezando por las que
tienen oficinas en el aeropuerto de
la Habana.

(MORE)

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
**Tell the Colonel I already did
that. Contacted all car rental
companies, starting with the ones
with offices at the Havana Airport.**

Nurse Ortega - naked except for her nurse cap - using her
stethoscope on Ortega's heart, holding back laughter. Ortega
frowning at her.

INT. DEL POTRO'S GARAGE - SAME TIME

Mario on his cellphone.

MARIO
Y qué dio?
And?

INTERCUT WITH ORTEGA IN HIS APARTMENT

ORTEGA
Na'. Seis de esa lista cogieron
carro, pero ninguno camioneta. Y
la información de ejes, peso,
huellas que le pasamos a los
fabricantes--
**Nothing. Six from that list hired
cars, but none of them a truck.
And the axel width, weight, tracks
information we passed on to the
manufacturers--**

Jerking, choking guffaw as Nurse Ortega moves her stethoscope
into delicate areas.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
(urgent whisper)
Espera, muchacha..!
(back)
Confirmó que sí se trata de una
4x4. En Cuba se alquilan varias:
Toyota Rav, Suzuki Jimny, Suzuki
Vitara y un par más... Pero
ninguno de los extranjeros de la
lista alquiló una de esas.
**It confirmed we are after a four-
wheel drive. In Cuba a few can be
rented: Toyota Rav, Suzuki Jimny,
Suzuki Vitara and a couple more...
But none of the foreigners on the
list rented one of those.**
(the nurse intensifies her
exploration)
(MORE)

ORTEGA (CONT'D)

Oye, Mario, en este momento--
Listen, Mario, right this minute--

MARIO

Uhmhum...Si, suenas ocupa'o.
Yeah...you sound busy.

ORTEGA

Dile al Coronel que mañana paso.
**Tell the Colonel I'll swing by
tomorrow.**

Hanging up, rolling over the nurse, tossing cap off, putting
stethoscope on her breast.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)

Ahora me toca a mí!
Now it's my turn!

Entering her - she gasping, her HEART GALLOPING.

INT. GARAGE DEL POTRO - CONTINUOUS

Mario hanging up phone.

MARIO

Ya tiene todo, mañana pasa...
He has everything. Be by tomorrow.

Seeing Del Potro studying the crazy wall, suddenly knitting
brow - PUSH - coming close to the photos on the list of
foreigners, focusing on...

The immigration registration for Martin Keller: his face
smiling at the camera.

Snapping it off the board.

CLOSE UP: Procendencia: Birmingham, Reino Unido; Profesión:
fotógrafo.

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

Qué es..?
What is it..?

Del Potro staring at the smirking mug - PUSH.

FLASH: KELLER IN SLO-MO, AT THE FESTIVAL DEL SON, CROSSING
HIM FROM THE BAR, WITH THE SAME SHAM GRIN ON HIS FACE.

Del Potro pocketing registration, storming out, dialing his
cell.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Papá..?

DEL POTRO

Yo lo vi!

I saw him!

He is gone.

EXT. SQUARE - NIGHT

Del Potro and Belén on a bench. A group of INTERNET SURFERS crowding a corner with available wifi connection. Insects circling the street light.

Del Potro speaking in hushed, urgent tones.

DEL POTRO

Yo no olvido una cara. Pero cómo llegó ahí? Quién lo llevo? Porqué? Allí pudo haber conocido a Graciela.

I don't forget a face. But how he get there? Who took him? Why? He could have met Graciela there.

BELÉN

La Doctora Bezos estaba allí porque su marido debía hablar. Ahí no había extranjeros.

Dr. Bezos was there because her husband, the Mayor, was the keynote speaker. There were no foreigners there.

DEL POTRO

Pues él estaba. Porqué?

Well, he was there. Why?

Belén handing over a note from her bag.

BELÉN

Trataré de averiguar. Aquí está el número que me pediste. Había varios. Cogí todos por si acaso.
I'll try to find out. Here's the number you asked me for. There were several. I took them all just in case.

Del Potro taking the note, their hands touching a beat more than necessary. Finally...

DEL POTRO

Gracias.
Thanks.

BELÉN

(pulls hand back to close
bag)

Ajá.
Right.

DEL POTRO

Belén...

BELÉN

Nada que explicar, caballero.

Nothing to explain, sir.

(Del Potro nods)

Igual, demasiado intenso pa' que
durara.

Anyway, too intense to last.

They smile. She kissing him on the cheek, walking away.

INT. DEL POTRO'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Del Potro consulting Belén's note, dialing home phone.

Mario's cat leaping magically onto the table, Del Potro
letting it rub against him, PURRING.

BRITISH RINGING. Call answered.

POLICE OPERATOR (V.O.)

West Midlands Police, how can I
help?

JUMP FLOP TO:

INT. TOMMY'S POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Tommy on his office phone, feet up on his messy desk, sipping
a canned soft-drink.

TOMMY

You have any specifics on this
chap?

DEL POTRO (POR TELÉFONO)

His name is Martin Keller. 46.
Came to Cuba officially invited...

INT. DEL POTRO'S KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

A coffee pot percolating on the stove. Del Potro on the phone, reading from Keller's immigration entry form.

DEL POTRO
...by the Ministry of Culture.

61A INTERCUT AS NEEDED WITH TOMMY IN HIS OFFICE.

61A

TOMMY
Hold on...

Sitting at his computer, typing MARTIN KELLER on police search engine.

Del Potro reading register...

DEL POTRO (ON SPEAKER)
He's a photographer--

Photos of Keller in various settings popping up on Tommy's screen.

TOMMY
Got'im.

Isabel coming from the bedrooms, holding a book.

ISABEL
Café, Papi?
Coffee, Daddy?

Del Potro assenting.

TOMMY
Martin Robert Keller...Yes, been around a while... Published books. Born and raised in Birmingham. Single. Served on BATUK.

DEL POTRO (OVER SPEAKER)
Batuk?

TOMMY
British Army Training Unit, in Kenya.

DEL POTRO
Africa.

TOMMY
Nanyuki, some 200 km from Nairobi. Company included two medical units.

DEL POTRO

And Keller was part of one of them,
I bet.

TOMMY

That's why I'm mentioning it.
Served there between 2014 and 2018.

DEL POTRO (OVER SPEAKER)

I bet you'll find similar murders
took place in Kenya during the time
he spent there.

TOMMY

Ain't taking that bet, but I know
exactly how to find out.

His gaze going to a BLACK FEMALE DETECTIVE - full figure,
bright smile - at her station. Tommy's odd signal at her -
bending his forefinger repeatedly - difficult to interpret,
coming from him, making her chuckle.

DEL POTRO

He never stopped killing, Detective
Harding. We're just his latest
stop.

TOMMY

You think we should send someone
down there? To Cuba?

DEL POTRO

We could use someone who knows
about his previous cases. I have
no hard evidence linking him to any
of the murders here.

(silence)

This is all on a hunch.

TOMMY

Instinct is all one has to go on
sometimes.

DEL POTRO

On that we agree. Except that's not
enough to arrest anyone in Cuba...

TOMMY

Or to get him extradited. Works
the same way here. Lemme look into
it. Meanwhile, give me your e-
mail, I'll send you the file.

DEL POTRO
No e-mail.

TOMMY
No e-mail?!

DEL POTRO
Not at the office anymore.

TOMMY
What, you guys still working from
home down there?

DEL POTRO (OVER SPEAKER)
I am...out of the police force.

TOMMY
Say more...

Sally perking up.

Del Potro knowing he should have left that part out.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Hello..?

DEL POTRO
Yes...

TOMMY
If you're no longer a policeman, I
can't be having this conversation
with you.

Coleman and Craft exchanging deprecating looks. Tommy taking
Del Potro off the speaker.

DEL POTRO (OVER PHONE)
I understand. But I need that
file.

TOMMY
You put me on a tough spot,
Gov'ner.

DEL POTRO
You can call me Marcial.

TOMMY
Still on that spot, I'm afraid.

Pondering his notes.

DEL POTRO (OVER PHONE)
Next time you'll speak to Captain
Chevrolet. She heads this
investigation now. Officially.

TOMMY
(beat)
I can do that.

DEL POTRO
Thank you.

TOMMY
Mind if I ask how come you got
dropped from the force?

Del Potro looks toward Isabel and Mario, chatting in the
yard.

DEL POTRO
Gambling.

TOMMY
You mean like the ponies?

DEL POTRO
Poker.

TOMMY
That's it?! They kicked you off
the force for playing poker?

Coleman and Craft looking up. Tommy sharing a "WHAAA?" look
with them.

DEL POTRO (OVER PHONE)
For money.

TOMMY
Daaah! Who you sharked, superior
officer?

DEL POTRO
It's serious here.

TOMMY
Guess so... they woulda castrated
me over there, then... OK, I'll
send the file, but next time have
Captain Chevy on the phone.

DEL POTRO
Understood.

TOMMY

Now, from one degenerate gambler to another: what are the odds of me talking to your daughter again?

Coleman and Craft grinning like foxes.

DEL POTRO

Pretty good, actually, she'll have to give you her e-mail.

Knocking on the window, Isabel turning, Del Potro waving her over.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

And thanks. Here she is.

Handing phone to Isabel.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Dale tu correo a este fulano.
Give this chap your e-mail.

She frowns at him. Del Potro assenting.

ISABEL

Hello?

TOMMY

Isabel...

ISABEL

My e-mail--

Del Potro returning to his bedroom.

TOMMY

Sorry I sounded...daft before. I was just, you know, surprised by your English.

ISABEL

We're not all illiterate here, Inspector.

TOMMY

Tommy... Didn't mean it like that. In fact, I knew you've a brilliant literacy rate down there.

ISABEL

Oh, did you..?

TOMMY

Yeah..! Saw it on the telly on one of those youth quiz shows, while back. Where do you work, then?

ISABEL

At the Airport.

TOMMY

Yeah...I can see how you'd pick up languages there... Duty Free?

ISABEL

Air traffic controller.

Tommy chuckling.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

Funny?

TOMMY

You on the level?

ISABEL

You want my email or not?

TOMMY

Like the blokes that talk to the pilots, like that?

ISABEL

Yeah, I'm one of those blokes.

Tommy grinning, totally charmed.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

I don't have the night shift, Inspector. Can we get this over with?

TOMMY

Tommy. I don't fly. Believe that?

ISABEL

Too bad, I was beginning to look forward to meeting you.

TOMMY

No shit?!

ISABEL

Yes, Inspector. Shit.

(Tommy cackles)

Happy I amuse you.

(MORE)

ISABEL (CONT'D)
(but she's smiling)
Want to take that e-mail now?

Tommy grabbing pencil.

TOMMY
Shoot.

ISABEL
Isidelpo at nauta dot cu.

TOMMY
Easy - e-a-s-y?

ISABEL
You wish. I-S-I...

TOMMY
Say, Isi, if I could, you know,
beat my...

ISABEL
Fear of flying?

TOMMY
Well, more like...wariness.

Isabel smiling.

ISABEL
Eat three heads of raw garlic.

TOMMY
Yeah..?

ISABEL
No!

TOMMY
I know. But I'll swallow a couple
whole if I can get to meet you.

A pause. She listening to him breathe, the MURMUR from his
office.

ISABEL
Just get on the plane and don't
think about it.

TOMMY
Or maybe think about you, yeah?

ISABEL
I'm late for work.

TOMMY

Right. Sending your dad his--

She hanging up. A moment while she deals with the odd, new feeling, hurrying off.

EXT. SHORELINE - NIGHT

The moon running behind low clouds, over a rough sea.

EXT. MARKET - NIGHT

Negra exiting a small roadside store with a six-pack of bottled Bucanero beer, having an ice cream sandwich.

Crossing the pitch black road. Headlights out of nowhere. Keller's Jimny screeching to a halt before her. Negra recognizing him, laughing.

NEGRA

Me quieres matal?

You wanna kill me?

KELLER

Sube.

Get in.

She does, sees Keller is wearing the forensic overall, laughs louder.

NEGRA

Hay, de qué tú andas disfrazado,
por mi vida?!

God, what are you dressed up as?!

INT. JIMNY - CONTINUOUS

Keller drives off, hands her a paper towel.

KELLER

Don't make a mess.

Negra wrapping the ice-cream, noticing his latex gloves.

NEGRA

Y esos guantes? Tú eres un loquito
completo.

**And those gloves? You're a real
nutcase.**

KELLER

Me das una cerveza?
Give me a beer?

Keller accelerating up a side road. Negra grinning, handing him a bottle.

NEGRA

Cerveza es todo pa' lo que tú me
quieres?
Beer is all you want me for?

Keller braking roughly, Negra crashing against the dashboard.

KELLER

You have a big mouth.

Shattering the bottle on the nap of her head.

END EPISODE 7

EPISODE 8

"A Babalawo Don't Lie"TEASER

INT. MIDLANDS POLICE DEPARTMENT, CORRIDOR - DÍA

Detective Inspectors Coleman and Craft chasing DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR MORRIS, a seasoned veteran with low-key, unquestioned authority into his...

OFFICE

Tommy seconds behind.

DI CRAFT

We worked our asses off on those cases for years, Sir! Years!

DI COLEMAN

Reams and reams of research, Chief!

TOMMY

They're right, Chief. They should go--

DI CRAFT

Whole summers burning the midnight oil!

Morris eyeing Craft and Coleman

DCI MORRIS

You through weeping all over my bleedin' desk?

(the cops exchange looks)

That will be all detectives!

Tommy watching Coleman and Craft exit steaming.

CRAFT (O.S.)

Your fok'n fault!

DI COLEMAN (O.S.)

Da'fuck it is! Who put 'is name on the bloody call sheet?!

Morris motioning to chair, opening thick case file.

MORRIS

Now, Harding...

TOMMY

No, they should go, Sir, I--

DCI MORRIS

Prior engagement, 'ave you, Harding?

TOMMY

I don't fly, Sir.

DCI MORRIS

Come again?

TOMMY

Never been on a plane, Sir.

DCI MORRIS

Trying to be funny, lad? It's your bloody case, now, and you're going.

TOMMY

But, I really can't fly, Sir.

DCI MORRIS

How would you know? Just told me you've never been on a bloody plane!

TOMMY

I...I tried once...Got on...you know...one of them...plane rides at the carnival. Almost gave up the ghost, I did.

DCI MORRIS

That's because they go in bloody circles, Harding! I can't get on them either, I puke all over the bloody place. Now, get out and get yourself a bloody passport!

END TEASER

EP-8

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Vargas, Belén, Lieutenants Yaritza, Ortega, Nuñez, TWO OTHER INVESTIGATORS - new faces from Havana - and Corporal Jimenez at the crazy wall.

Data and photos from the latest interviews has been added.

Belén setting a large stack of depositions before Vargas.

BELÉN

Como usted ordenó, General, hemos entrevistado más de cien testigos y parientes, y en mi opinión no ha proporcionado ninguna nueva información que amerite--

As you know, General, we have conducted interviews of over two hundred individuals. And in my opinion there has been no new information that would merit--

The Office phone RINGING. Magali picking up the extension.

MAGALI

Sargento Ríos.

(listens)

Capitán...

(Belén turns)

Del Lenin...

From the Lenin...

Belén picking up extension.

BELÉN

Capitán Chevrolet.

(listens)

Gracias.

Thanks.

Hanging up, looking at Vargas.

VARGAS

Bueno chica, qué?!

Well?! What, girl?!

BELÉN

El ADN del feto confirma que Molina era el padre.

(MORE)

BELEN (CONT'D)
**The fetus DNA confirms Molina was
the father.**

VARGAS
(clapping)
Ahora tú ves cómo es la cosa?!
Now you see how things are?!

Vargas turning to Ortega.

VARGAS (CONT'D)
Arréstame a ese comemierda!
Llévate al grandote contigo.
**Arrest that piece of shit! Take
the big guy with you.**

JIMENEZ
(saluting)
Cabo Jimenez, General.
Corporal Jimenez, General.

Vargas ignoring him, glaring at Belén, haughty.

VARGAS
Y no quiero escuchar más boberías -
zapatos, extranjeros y no sé que
más huevadas!
**And I don't wanna hear any more
nonsense - shoes, foreigners and
all that nonsense!**

Marching into his office.

VARGAS (CONT'D)
Y quítame esas vainas de las
paredes!
And take that shit off the walls!

Jimenez finds himself singled out, begins removing photos and
lists from the wall. KELLER'S PHOTO falls to the ground.

ORTEGA
(for Vargas' benefit)
Vamos Oso, ya oiste al general!
**Les'go, Bear, you heard the
General!**

Jimenez picks up the photo of Keller's intense looking mug.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
Ese es el tipo que el coronel
quiere encontrar.
**That's the guy the Colonel is
after.**

Jimenez perusing the photo, setting it on top of the rest, hurrying after Ortega.

INT. CENTER FOR LEGAL MEDICINE - DAY

Light activity. Ortega and Jimenez arriving in the NECROPSY UNIT.

INT. AUTOPSIES ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eva and a new YOUNG ASSISTANT searching among the evidence trays with Graciela's wedding ring.

EVA

(Irk)

Pero si lo puse aquí anoche! Junto con los--!

But I left them right here last night! Next to the--

ASSISTANT

Puede que el Doctor ya lo llevara pa'l laboratorio él mismo..?

Maybe the Doctor took them to the lab himself..?

EVA

Puede... Después le pregunto.

Maybe... I'll ask him later.

DOOR FRAME KNOCK. Ortega peeking in.

ORTEGA

Doctor Molina..?

ASSISTANT

Me llevo estos entonces...

I'm taking these, then...

EVA

Si, si, apúrate que los sábados cierran a las tres.

Yes, yes, hurry up, Saturdays they close at three.

The Assistant leaving.

EVA (CONT'D)

(to Ortega)

Perdón... Dr. Molina... Almorzando, en la cafetería, probablemente.

(MORE)

EVA (CONT'D)
**Sorry... Dr. Molina... Having lunch
at the cafeteria, probably.**

ORTEGA
(never missing a flirt)
Gracias...
Thank you.

INT. CORRIDOR - SHORT TIME LATER

Ortega and Jimenez making their way through the hospital.

ORTEGA
Si quieres vienes conmigo un fin de
semana y ves tú mismo.
**If you want I'll take you one of
these weekends and have a look.**

JIMENEZ
A mí sí me gustan los gallos. Yo
tenía uno, pero un día mi abuela se
equivocó y lo metió en un sancocho.
**I love cockfights. I had one of my
own but one day my grandma made a
mistake and stuck it in a stew.**

ORTEGA
Pinga!
Fuck!
(laughs)
Y haciéndote un santo igual puedes
il pa' los gallos?
**And getting consecrated you can
still go to the fights?**

JIMENEZ
No se puede?
You can't?

ORTEGA
Averigua! Yo no se na' de esa
vaina Yoruba...Pero nunca vi un
hombre todo vestido'e blanco pa'
las vallas!
**Find out! I know nuttin'a about
that Yoruba shit...But I never saw
a man all in white at the
cockfights!**

INT. CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

Ortega and Jimenez entering. Ortega addressing COOK behind the self-serve counter. She pointing to...

Dr. Renny Molina chatting and laughing with COLLEAGUES at one of the tables.

Ortega and Jimenez approaching.

ORTEGA

Dr. Molina?

MOLINA

Ajá...

Right...

ORTEGA

Teniente Ortega, DTI. Necesito que me acompañe.

Lieutenant Ortega, DTI. Need you to come with me.

MOLINA

Ahorita? Pa' dónde? No puedo.

Tengo dos autopsias despues de--

Now? Come with you where? I can't. Have two autopsies after--

ORTEGA

Acompañeme, Doctor.

Come with me, Doctor.

Molina eyeing Jimenez - at a loss - walking away with them.

MOLINA

De qué trata esto?

What's this all about?

ORTEGA

El Capitán Chevrolet necesita hablar con usted.

Captain Chevrolet needs to speak to you.

MOLINA

Quién?

Who?

(pulls out cell)

Yo no conozco a ningún capitán Chevrolet.

I don't know no Captain Chevrolet.

ORTEGA

No puede telefonear.
You're not allowed to telephone.

MOLINA

Cómo?! Estoy llamando al Coronel
Del Potro, somos amigos!
**What?! I'm calling Colonel Del
Petro, we are friends!**

ORTEGA

Deme el teléfono.
Give me the phone.

Molina eyeing Jimenez. Ortega snapping phone away.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)

El Coronel Del Potro ya no está en
la DTI. Avance...
**Colonel Del Potro is no longer with
DTI. Walk...**

Molina picking up his pace, concerned.

Exiting Center into the FLOOD OF DAYLIGHT.

INT. DEL POTRO'S GARAGE - DAY

The crazy wall crazier then ever. Mario leaning back on a
chair against the wall, caressing his cat. Del Potro
attentive. Belén and Ortega holding coffees by the wall.

BELÉN

Lo arrestamos ayer y el lunes se
supone que lo debo interrogar.
Vargas está convencido que tiene a
su hombre, así que mejor que su
instinto no le falle, Coronel.
**We booked him yesterday and Monday
I'm to question him. Vargas is
convinced he has his man, so I hope
your instinct does not fail you.**

DEL POTRO

Claro que me puede fallar, pero
sería la primera vez. La segunda,
si incluyo cuando recomendé al
Chuzo pa' la DTI. Pero--
**Course it can fail me, but it would
be a first. Second if we count
when I recommended Chuzo for the
DTI. But...**

ORTEGA

Vaya, Coronel, me da duro--
That's a low blow, Colonel--

DEL POTRO

Pero...! Iba a adjuntar... Admito
que se compuso bastante. Salvo con
sus corbatas.
**But...! I was going to add... I
admit he pulled himself together
pretty good. 'cept the ties.**

MARIO

Lo que viene al caso, como verán...
(turning to the wall)
Entonces... Probablemente inglés,
maneja un 4x4 oscuro y usa zapatos
estrafalarios.
**So... Probably English. Drives a
dark four-wheel drive, wears kooky
shoes.**

BELÉN

Bueno, los zapatos ya los tenemos.
Well, we already have his shoes.

MARIO

Todos sus zapatos son
estrafalarios! Nadie usa un par de
zapatos locos un día y después no.
Todos tenemos un estilo. A Chuzo
le gustan esas corbatas discreticas
de picaflor, a ti esos tacones de
aguja porque crees que te hacen ver
más alta, más inteligente, verdad?
**All his shoes are weird. Nobody
wears outlandish shoes one day and
then not the next. We wear a
style. Chuzo likes those discreet
heartbreaker ties, you those heels
because you think they make you
look taller, smarter, right?**

Belén smiling at Del Potro.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Tú no te pones esos un día y el
otro te metes zapatillas, verdad?
**You don't wear those one day and
sneakers the next. Do you?**

BELÉN

Sí, yo también uso zapatillas.
Yes, I wear sneakers too.

MARIO

Ajá...Tú usas zapatillas. Pa' ir a la playa, pa'l jogging... Pero cuando tu eres Belén, tu usas esos taconotes.

Right... You use sneakers. To go to the beach, to jog... But when you are Belén, you wear those fabulous heels.

Belén and Del Potro smiling.

Ortega checking out her shoes.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Entonces, zapatos estrafalarios.
So, kooky shoes.

EXT. SEASIDE - DAY

Keller's red-yellow tennis shoe. A small crab clawing at its rubber sole.

REVEALING Keller and Lola, sitting on black rocks, watching the surf crash.

KELLER

Only a matter of time before they report the truck stolen and we get pulled over. They'll search and find all they need to send me away for a hundred years. Our only chance is Piromalli's yacht.

His gaze going to the Ragazzi, anchored a fair distance away, off the Paraiso beach.

KELLER (CONT'D)

With them we have a chance to slip away unnoticed. I've been observing the marina...foreign boats get checked by the coastguard before fueling, then they're free to set sail.

(beat)

We need to buy you some clothes.

Both watching the figures of the Italians returning to the yacht on their jet-ski.

KELLER (CONT'D)

But you'd still need a passport for the next port of call.

LOLA
I have my passport.

KELLER
(shakes head, grinning)
Curse you do...

Kisses her.

LOLA
I've been dreaming of the day I
could use it.

KELLER
Well, this is it. We'll take as
many paintings as we can. I know
important people in that world.

LOLA
How do you know they will like
them?

KELLER
Because I like them.

Lola taking his hand.

Keller flipping the crab off his sneaker into the sea.

EXT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Heavy traffic under a scorching sun. Vargas' Mercedes
pulling up. The Driver opening Vargas door, helping him down.
Exchanging words, Vargas walking into the precinct. The
Driver turning to a juice stand, talking to vendor.

ORTEGA (V.O.)
Un babalao entra en un bar y se
sienta al lado de otro babalao y un
perro. El primer babalao pregunta.
"Oye, compadre, tu perro muelde?
El segundo babalao contesta "Nunca!
**"A babalawo (Yoruba priest) walks
into a bar and sits by another
babalawo and a dog. The first
babalawo asks: "Hey, brother, you
dog bites?" The Second babalawo
replies "Never."**

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Jimenez and the rest of the team, including Dr Cuevas around the table, drinking coffees. Ortega on a roll...

ORTEGA

El primer babalao trata de acariciar al animal y el perro le pega tremendo tarascón. "Oye, coño, chico, me dijiste que tu perro no muelde!" "No, mi perro no muelde. Un babalao no miente. Ese no es mi perro."

The first babalawo tries to caress the dog and the dog gives him a ferocious bite. "Hey, fuck, man, you told me your dog never bites!" "No, mi dog never bites. A babalawo don't lie. That's not my dog."

ALL LAUGHING. Jimenez too. Yaritza rubbing his bear back, affectionately.

YARITZA

Pobre, mi osito lindo! Se nos vuelve santico y entonces..?

My poor Teddy bear! He becomes a saint, and then..?

RECEPTION

LAUGHTER reaching here. Vargas entering the precinct, mumbling greeting, Magali turning back from the office door...

MAGALI

Buenos dias, General...

Good morning, General...

Vargas setting briefcase down, turning to coffee machine, Magali rushing to pour him a cup.

VARGAS

Llamadas?

Calls?

MAGALI

No, Señor.

No, Sir.

MORE LAUGHTER from the office. Vargas grabbing cup, entering irritated into...

INVESTIGATORS' OFFICE.

VARGAS

Qué pasa aquí? No tienen nada
mejor que hacer?!

**What's going on here? You have
nothing better to do?!**

ORTEGA

Jimenez se hace santo el próximo
sábado, Señor.

**Jimenez is becoming a saint next
Saturday, Sir.**

YARITZA

Lo quería invitar a usted también,
General--

**He wanted to invite you also,
General--**

VARGAS

(leaving, to Belén)

Molina está aquí?

Molina here?

BELÉN

(trailing him)

Lo estaba esperando para pasarlo a
la sala de interrogación, General.

**I was waiting for you to bring him
to the interview room, General.**

VARGAS

Pues qué esperas?!

So what are you waiting for?!

Belén starting down a corridor. Ortega and Dr. Cuevas
following her. The rest in the office exchanging looks.

INT. TODOS CANTAN INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Molina pacing the claustrophobic interview room. Concerned
and confused.

VIEWING ROOM

Belén, Vargas, Ortega, Dr. Cuevas, the prosecutor, watching
through the one-way.

ORTEGA

El sábado, cuando lo traíamos,
Doctora, pidió que llamemos a su
hermano, que es abogado en Santa
Clara.

**Saturday, when we brought him in,
Doctor, he asked that we call his
brother. A lawyer in Santa Clara.**

VARGAS

El señor Molina como que mira
demasiada televisión americana.

**Sounds like Mr. Molina watches too
much American TV series.**

Belén entering the room, Vargas greedily watching Molina
react.

IN THE ROOM

Belén motioning to a chair.

BELÉN

Siéntese, Sr. Molina.
Sit down, Mr. Molina.

MOLINA

Doctor... Doctor Molina... Usted
quién es, dónde está el Coronel Del
Petro? Él le dirá que esto es un
absurdo error. Yo no--

**Doctor... Dr. Molina... Who are
you, where is Colonel Del Petro?
He will tell you this is an absurd
mistake. I didn't--**

BELÉN

El Coronel no está más con la
fuerza, Doctor. Siéntese, por
favor.

**The Colonel is no longer with the
force, Doctor. Sit, please.**

Sitting across him, opening folder.

MOLINA

Cómo no está con la fuerza?
How not with the force?

BELÉN

Doctor, sé que pidió que llamemos
a su hermano. Deme su contacto y
le avisaremos que está usted
detenido por sospecha de homicidio.

(MORE)

BELÉN (CONT'D)

Doctor, I know you requested we call your brother. Give me his contacts and I'll advise him you're detained here, on suspicion of murder.

MOLINA

Homicidio?! Señora! Cómo voy yo a matar a nadie?! Se da cuenta de lo que dice?!
Murder?! Madame! How am I going to kill anybody. You realize what you're saying?!

BELÉN

Señorita... Usted sabía que Graciela Bezos estaba embarazada?
Miss... Did you know Graciela Bezos was pregnant?

MOLINA

Me enteré fue ayer durante su autopsia!
I found out yesterday during her autopsy!

BELÉN

Entonces tampoco sabía que el bebé era suyo?
So then, you didn't know the baby was yours either?

He looking less shocked than she expected.

MOLINA

No... Pero tiene sentido. Nosotros llevábamos una relación hace casi un año. Pensábamos decirle a su marido, pero lo seguíamos posponiendo. Para ella no era fácil. Yo también soy casado, aunque--
No. But it makes sense. We've been having a relationship for almost a year. We were going to tell her husband, but kept putting it off. It was not easy for her. I am also married, although--

BELÉN

Usted conocía a Dianelis?
Did you know Dianelis?

MOLINA
Qué Dianelis? Quién?! No...
What Dianelis? Who?! No...

BELÉN
No?

MOLINA
(thinks)
No, no...que yo sepa...no creo--
**No, no...far as I know...don't
think so--**

BELÉN
(checks folder)
Autopsia M337105.
Autopsy M337105.
(Molina at a loss)
J0234257? No? Hay dos más.
J0234257? No? There's two more.

MOLINA
(dawning on him)
Dianelis es una de las muchachas a
las que le hicimos autopsia
Graciela y yo? No puede estar
insinuando--!
**Dianelis is one of the girls
Graciela and I autopsied? You
can't be insinuating--!**

VARGAS AND ORTEGA

Outside following the dialogue over headphones.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
Quiero ver a mi hermano.
I want to see my brother.

BELÉN
Su hermano podrá visitarlo cuando
nosotros determinemos que es
posible. Pero es a mí, no a su
hermano, que tiene que persuadir.
**Your brother will be able to visit
you when we decide it is possible.
But it is I, not your brother, the
person you need to persuade.**

Ortega watching her with the same proud look he once reserved
for Del Potro.

IN THE ROOM

Belén reviewing her notes.

BELÉN (CONT'D)

De que procedencia son los
bisturíes que utilizan en la sala
de autopsias?

**What's is the origin of the
scalpels you use in the autopsy
room?**

MOLINA

(thrown off)

Cómo...? Procedencia?

Sorry...? Origin?

BELÉN

Si, de qué marca? Dónde son
fabricados?

**Yes, what brand? Where are they
made?**

MOLINA

Depende... La mayoría italianos.
Algunos vienen de China.

**Depends... Most of them Italian.
Some come from China.**

BELÉN

De Alemania no?

Not from Germany?

MOLINA

Unos pocos, si también...eran muy
caros y--

**Some, yes, also...they were too
expensive and--**

BELÉN

(shows plastic evidence
bag with scalpel)

Este, por ejemplo?

This one, for instance?

Molina reaching for it. Belén pulling it back.

BELÉN (CONT'D)

Lo reconoce?

You recognize it?

MOLINA

No, no sé. Puede ser, todos se
parecen...

(MORE)

MOLINA (CONT'D)

No, I don't know. Could be, they
all look alike...

BELÉN

Este lo encontramos al fondo del
aljibe...
This one we found at the bottom of
well.

MOLINA

Qué aljibe, de qué me--
What well, what are you--

BELÉN

El aljibe donde encontramos el
cadáver de Graciela, Dr.
The well where we found Graciela's
body, Dr.

MOLINA

Qué horror... No sé qué decirle,
Capitán.
What horror... I don't know what to
tell you, Captain.

BELÉN

La verdad, así salimos de esto, no?
The truth, so we wrap this up, no?

MOLINA

Tenía pelos ajenos en su mano--
She had foreign hairs in her hand--

VARGAS IN THE VIEWING ROOM

Salivating at closure.

BELÉN

Ella le metió presión. Estaba
lista a hablar con su marido.
pero usted--
She put pressure on you. Was
ready to talk to her husband,
but you--
[]

MOLINA (CONT'D)

Ella es la que no quería
decirle al marido! Yo la
amaba--
She's the one who didn't want
to tell her husband! I loved
her..

BELEN (CONT'D)
--Discutieron, la discusión
tornó mal, usted quiso
obligarla--
**You argued, the argument
became bitter, you tried to
force her to--**

MOLINA (CONT'D)
Esta imaginando cosas..! Yo
no tenía la menor idea que
ella estaba embarazada.
**You're imagining things..! I
didn't have the vaguest idea
she was pregnant.**
(beat)
Quizás ella tampoco!
Maybe she didn't either!

BELEN (CONT'D)
Usted es médico y yo mujer. Los
dos sabemos que eso es imposible.
El embarazo tenía ya casi tres
meses.
**You are a doctor and I a woman. We
both know that is impossible. The
pregnancy was almost three months
old already.**

MOLINA
(loosing his North)
Está dando todo vuelta! No hubo
ninguna pelea! Si sabía que estaba
embarazada, ella nunca me lo dijo.
Yo me enteré de la peor de las
maneras! Quiero hablar con mi
hermano.
**You are turning everything upside
down! There was no argument! If
she knew she was pregnant, she
never told me. I found out in the
worse possible way! I want to
speak to my brother.**

Belén considering, putting papers away, leaving room.

OUTSIDE THE ROOM

Vargas ripping off his earphones.

VARGAS
Felicitaciones, Belén! Al fin me
justifica su presencia. Ahí tengo
a mi asesino!
**Congratulations, Belén. Finally
you justify your presence. There's
my killer!**

BELEN
No concuerdo, General.
(Vargas drills her)
(MORE)

BELÉN (CONT'D)

Ahí lo que tenemos es una serie de incómodas circunstancias. Más nada. Y si se llegase a comprobar que Molina mató a la Doctora Bezos, ese crimen no presenta absolutamente ninguna de las características de las del asesino en serie que estamos buscando.
I don't concur, General. What we have there are a set of awkward circumstances. Nothing more. And if it's ever proven that Molina murdered Dr. Bezos, that crime presents none of the traits of the serial killer we're after.

VARGAS

Putá, canté gloria antes de victoria!
Fuck, I crowed victory too soon!
(grins at prosecutor)
Usted qué opina, Doctora?
What say you, Doctor?

Ortega's telephone BUZZING, stepping away to take call.

DR. CUEVAS

(uneasy on the spot)
Bueno, por supuesto, hay motivo, oportunidad, General. Pero en corte necesitaremos algo más que--
Well, of course, there is motive, opportunity, General. But in court we would need something more than--

VARGAS

Esta vaina se acabó con Molina!
This shit ended with Molina!

Ortega cupping his phone.

ORTEGA

General...

Vargas looking at him. Dreading what Ortega's face announces.

EXT. BANANA PATCH - DAY

Negra's body facing the sun.

The MO we've grown to dread - The cordoned off area, the stacked, folded clothing, the dissected pubis.

Negra's face smashed beyond recognition. The beer bottle beside her.

Belén, Vargas and Ortega watching CSI bag it.

VARGAS

Quién era?

Who was she?

Yaritza holding out bagged ID, Vargas perusing it.

YARITZA

(reading print out)

Santiagoña. Estudiante de
enfermería 2017 y 18. Dos arrestos
por sospecha de jineterismo en
Santiago, pero ninguna condena.
Sin domicilio fijo en Holguín.
**From Santiago. Nursing student
2017 and 18. Two arrests for
prostitution but no convictions.
No permanent address in Holguin.**

Vargas passing ID to Belén, walking away, cursing to himself.

Belén watching him go, turning to Ortega.

BELÉN

Tú sabes lo que tenemos que hacer.

You know what we must do.

Ortega holding Belén's gaze before she goes after Vargas.

INT. DEL POTRO'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Belén, Ortega, Del Potro, Mario silently studying the Crazy Wall. The atmosphere is charged. Negra's crime scene and her picture added to the board.

Belén studying them. After a moment.

BELÉN

Curioso...Todos los cuerpos los ha
depositado en plantaciones...
**Odd...All the bodies have been left
in plantations...**

Del Potro alert. Mario approaching wall.

MARIO

Vida...

Life...

Belén darting him a glance.

BELÉN

Exacto... No las deja en lugares
desiertos, muertos...

**Exactly... Doesn't leave them in
deserted, dead places...**

MARIO

Sensibilidad...

Sensibility...

ORTEGA

Quizás un artista. El fotógrafo
del Coronel!

**Maybe an artist. The Colonel's
photographer!**

MARIO

Las deja en tierra fértil, rodeadas
de vida.

**Leaves them in fertile land,
surrounded by life.**

DEL POTRO

Como el fondo del aljibe...

Like the bottom of the well...

BELÉN

No...tiene razón, eso fue... la
excepción a la regla.

**No...you're right, that was...the
exception to the rule.**

ORTEGA

Quizás ese sí fue Molina.

Maybe that was Molina.

BELÉN

Elige muchachas sencillas, sin
much educación, persuasibles...

**He picks simple girls, without much
sophistication, persuadable.**

DEL POTRO

No el perfil de la doctora Bezos.

Not Dr. Bezos' profile.

MARIO

Pero ella violó su obra.

But she violated his creation.

ORTEGA

Cómo violó..? Qué?
How violated..? What?

BELÉN

(looks at Mario,
impressed)

Sí, si...Muy bien... Las autopsias.
Yes, yes... Very good. The autopsies.

DEL POTRO

Esto es fascinante, pero cómo nos ayuda a encontrar al tipo?
This is all fascinating, but how does it get us closer to finding this guy?

BELÉN

(smiles)

Al coronel le gusta lo concreto.
The Colonel likes concrete.

DEL POTRO

(nodding)

Como el cuerpo que se encontró junto con el de Bezos. No pega ni con cola en todo eso.
Like the body found with Dr. Bezos's. Makes no sense in all that.

BELÉN

El coronel tiene razón. Qué sabemos de ese individuo?
The Colonel is right. What do we know about that individual?

ORTEGA

(consulting report)

Esteban Guerra. Cuentapropista. Tenía un puesto de legumbres en el agro de Guardalavaca. Propietario de una casita por Playa Blanca. Pero vivía con su mamá enferma, por Reparto Libertad.
Esteban Guerra. In business for himself. Ran a vegetable stand at the Guardalavaca produce market. Owns a small cottage near Playa Blanca. But lived with his sick mother in town, by Reparto Libertad.

DEL POTRO
Te ocupas, Chuzo.
Take care of it, Chuzo.

Ortega picking up helmet, taking report. Belén checking her watch.

BELÉN
Bueno, yo quedé con el muchacho del hotel para ayudarlo a preparar su solicitud a la academia de policía.
Well, I made a date with the hotel boy to help him prepare his application to the Police Academy.

Mario reacting, Belén noticing.

DEL POTRO
Verbal? Lo conozco años y nunca me expresó interés en ser policía.
Verbal? I've known him years and he never expressed to me any interest in becoming a cop.

BELÉN
Pues usted ve, coronel, las mujeres poseemos armas que los hombres ni sospechan. Y ni tuve que decirle que usted y yo éramos "amigos."
So, you see, Colonel, women have weapons that men don't even suspect. And I didn't even have to tell him you and I were "friends."
(grabs bag, to Mario)
Y tú..?
And you..?
(Mario looks at her)
Nunca pensaste hacerte policía?
Tienes un talento natural
Computadoras son el futuro de la pesquisa criminal, pa' que lo sepas.
Ever thought of joining the police? You're a natural. Computers are the future of criminal investigation, just so you know.

Mario eyeing Del Potro. Belén leaving.

INT. TOMMY'S BIRMINGHAM POLICE OFFICE - DAY

Tommy carrying the file across the open office, making his way over to the Black Female Detective's desk.

She watching him approach. Maybe they had a fling once, or wished they had.

TOMMY

You from Kenya, ain't'cha Detective Inspector?

ABSCO

If you think of Garretts Green as Kenya, yeah...

TOMMY

But you know real Kenyans back in the land of your ancestors, I bet.

ABSCO

(where is this going?)
OK...

TOMMY

Once, after I asked you out on a date and you turned me down, I looked up your name, Absco.

ABSCO

You asked me out on a date?

TOMMY

I asked if you like going to movies and you said no.

ABSCO

I don't... Wow... That was asking me on a date--?!

TOMMY

Water under the bridge... Still, I looked up your name and it means "The one with an inventive mind".

ABSCO

I'm impressed... Though, if that held truth I'd know where the fuck you're heading with this, wouldn't I, Detective?

TOMMY

I need a mind like yours to find out something on a case I'm working.

ABSCO

In Kenya?!

TOMMY

In a round-about way, yeah...

ABSCO

(interested)

Say more...as you're so fond of
saying...

14A SOME TIME LATER

14A

Tommy dialing his desk phone. Craft and Coleman catching his
eye. Tommy swiveling his chair away for privacy.

INT. DEL POTRO'S DAY ROOM - EVENING

Esperanza serving dinner.

ESPERANZA

A comel!

Dinner's ready!

Del Potro pouring seeds into the starling's plate. Mario and
Isabel emerging from the bedrooms. Mario reacting at Del
Petro feeding his bird.

House PHONE RINGS, Del Potro picking up.

DEL POTRO

Marcial Del Potro!

EXT/INT. LOLA'S COTTAGE - EVENING

Ortega arriving on his scooter. Checking out the place - no
vehicles around - removing helmet, trying door. It opens.

Stepping in. Lola on the terrace, painting, wearing only a
loose, see-thru kurta, startled...

LOLA

Oye! Quién eres tú pa' entrar
aquí, como pancho por su casa?!
**Yo! Who the hell are you to walk
in like you own the place?!**

ORTEGA

Perdón...

Sorry...

(produces ID)

DTI. No sabía que había alguien.

DTI. Didn't know anyone was here.

LOLA
Pues ya tú ves, pipo. Yo!
Well, now you know, guy. Me!

Ortega giving her the once-over, appreciating her nakedness through the see-through garment, checking out the place, the paintings against the wall, the one on the easel.

ORTEGA
Esta es tu casa?
This your home?

LOLA
No, alquilo.
No. I rent.

ORTEGA
A quién?
From whom?

LOLA
Al dueño... A quién va a ser?
The owner... Who else?

ORTEGA
Y quién es él?
And who's he?

LOLA
Esteban algo, no recuerdo. Le
alquilé hace poco.
**Esteban something, can't remember.
Rented short time ago.**

ORTEGA
Guerra?

LOLA
Ajá, sí, creo...
Yeah, think that's it...

ORTEGA
Cuándo fue la última vez que lo
viste?
When did you see him last?

LOLA
Huuuy, hace días... Que tipo tan
pesao' Le dije que no viniera más
hasta que le deba la renta. Y yo
pagué por tres meses.
**Uuuhf, days ago... What an
unpleasant fellow.**

(MORE)

LOLA (CONT'D)

**Told'im not to show up till the
rent was due. And I paid three
months in advance.**

Ortega stepping further in.

ORTEGA

**Y qué tú haces aparte de pintar?
And what do you do besides
painting.**

LOLA

**Nada. Eso es lo que hago. Pinto.
Nothing. That's it. I paint.**

ORTEGA

**Y de dónde tú sacas plata pa' pagar
tres meses adelanta'os?
And where do you get dough to pay
three months in advance?**

LOLA

**Ah, porque yo no puedo tener
dinero!
Oh, because I can't have money!**

ORTEGA

**Claro, pero de dónde sacaste pa'
pagar tres meses adelantados?
Course you can, but where'd you get
enough to pay three months in
advance?**

LOLA

**Amigos extranjeros - mecenas - que
compran mis pinturas y me giran,
OK?! No soy jinetera, si ahí es
que quieres llegar!
Foreign friends - Maecenas - who
buy my paintings and wire me money.
I'm no hooker, if that's what
you're getting at!**

ORTEGA

**No mencioné para nada eso--
I mentioned no such thing--**

LOLA

**Pero lo piensas!
But that's what you think!**

GASPARD (O.S.)

Oye, Lola..!

Ortega reacting. Gaspar climbing the steps from the beach.

GASPARD (CONT'D)
Viste a la Ne--?
You see Ne--?
(sees Ortega)
Perdón, no sabía que--
Sorry, I didn't know you--

ORTEGA
Este es tu amigo?
This your friend?

LOLA
Mi vecino.
My neighbor.

GASPARD
Vivo al lado. Qué pasa aquí?
I live next door. What's the problem?

ORTEGA
(produces ID)
Estamos investigando el asesinato del dueño de esta casa.
We're investigating the murder of the man who owned this house.

LOLA
Asesinato?!
Murder?!

GASPARD
Coño! Y qué tiene que ver Lola?
Shit! And what's Lola got to do with that?

ORTEGA
Esto no le incumbe, caballero.
This is none of your business.

Leaning into the bedroom, noticing Lola's checkered pink-violet shirt, drying on a chair.

Lola pulling up her kurta, bearing her naked ass at him.

LOLA
No quieres revisarme el culo también?!
Wanna check out my asshole too?!

Ortega grinning, stepping away from the bedroom door.

GASPARD

Yo soy amigo del Coronel Del Potro.
Pregúntele quién soy?
I'm friends with Colonel Del Potro.
Ask him who I am.

ORTEGA

Usted conoce a Marcial Del Potro?
You know Marcial Del Potro?

GASPARD

(hand into pocket)
Si quieres lo llamo.
I'll call him if you want.

ORTEGA

No es necesario. Usted también
conocía al dueño de esta casa?
That won't be necessary. You also
knew the owner of this place?

GASPARD

No... Lo vi un par de veces pero
nunca hablamos.
No... Saw him a couple of times
but we never spoke.

Ortega looking into the kitchen, seeing Keller's camera case.

ORTEGA

También sacas fotos?
Take pictures too?

LOLA

(skipping a beat)
A veces...
Sometimes...

ORTEGA

Bueno, perdonen la molestia.
OK, sorry for the bother.
(starts off, turns)
Ah, cómo tú te llamas?
Oh, what's your name?

LOLA

Lola Vives.

ORTEGA

Lola, no... Pa' vel tu carnet.
No, not Lola... Lemme see your ID.

Lola glowering, going for her bag, handing over ID.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
Dolores...Vives.

LOLA
Pero voy por Lola!
But I go by Lola!

ORTEGA
Esta es tu dirección?
This your address?

LOLA
Era!
Was!

Ortega grinning, returning ID, looking at Gaspard.

GASPARD
Gaspard Gilbert.

ORTEGA
Francés, no?
French, right?

GASPARD
Cubano naturalizado.
Naturalized Cuban.

Ortega nodding, walking out. Lola slamming the door after him.

LOLA
Believe that asshole?!

Tossing bag on couch.

GASPARD
A la Negra no la has visto?
You haven't seen Negra?

LOLA
Hace un par de días. Qué pasó?
Otra pelea?
Couple days ago. What happened?
Another fight?

GASPARD
Nada nuevo. Nos parecemos
demasiado.
Nothing new. We're too alike.
(hitting on her)
Y Martín te dejó solita?
So Martin left you all alone?

LOLA

Vete pa' tu casa que tengo que
trabaja!.

Go home, I have to work.

Returning to the terrace. Gaspard admiring the canvas in progress.

GASPARD

Me gusta. No sé nada de arte, pero
eso...¿Ca Me parle.

**I like it. I know nothing about
art but that... That speaks to me.**

LOLA

No hay na' pa' saber. Si te habla
responde y ya, pipo.

**Nothing to know. If it speaks to
you just answer, dude.**

Gaspard grinning.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Cuando pase la Negra dile que venga
pa' pintarla. Se lo prometí.

**When Negra swings by tell her to
come by to paint her. I promised
her.**

GASPARD

Le digo... Y si te vienen ganas de
hacer una pausa, sabes dónde estoy.

**I'll tell her... And if you feel
like a break, you know where I am.**

LOLA

Um-hum...

Gaspard trotting down to the beach. Lola taking a deep
breath, sitting at her easel.

KELLER (O.S.)

That was close.

Coming out of the bedroom, entering kitchen, pouring himself
a rum.

LOLA

La Negra was you?

Keller turning to the sea, sipping his drink in silence.

Lola spreading a bold, pissed swath of black over turquoise
blue.

INT. HOLGUÍN AIRPORT - DAY

Passengers exiting ARRIVALS gate. Tommy amongst them, dressed in "casual tropical" and incongruent Trilby. Pulling brand-new on-board luggage with the Union Jack, looking for a friendly face.

Del Potro seeing him, Tommy approaching with a stride and smile one could call cocky before knowing the character.

TOMMY

Colonel!

(offers hand)

Detective Inspector Tom Harding.

Tommy.

DEL POTRO

Welcome Detective. Marcial Del Potro.

TOMMY

(pawing himself)

Made it!

(laughing)

Lead the way!

Del Potro amused.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - MOMENTS LATER

Del Potro and Tommy exiting the terminal.

DEL POTRO

Flight OK?

TOMMY

Faaan-tastic! Bloody carnival up there! Scuff, flicks, games - then seven tiny flasks of Johnnie Walker and slept like a sprog till they shook me awake for more scuff!

Del Potro studying him with an impenetrable smile, leading them to the LADA curbside. The policeman outside deferential, Tommy noticing.

INT. LADA - SHORT TIME LATER

Del Potro driving into town. Tommy checking out the LADA, the gliding view, fascinated

TOMMY

So, this is Cuba!
So little traffic!
(produces itinerary)
The office booked me this hotel--

Del Potro eyeing the sheet.

DEL POTRO

You don't want to stay in a hotel.
Isabel found you a very nice
private room in a home not far from
ours. Much better.

TOMMY

A home?

DEL POTRO

Retired teacher. Rents a room.
Very private, own entrance...
You'll feel much better there.
Trust me. Great cook, too. But
tonight you're dining with us.

TOMMY

Whatever you say, Colonel.

An old '56 Chevy driving past.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Wow! Look at that, gosh! How they
keep them things running?!

DEL POTRO

I know a guy owns a '49 Buick.
Runs with an old industrial sewing
machine engine and six car
batteries.

TOMMY

No way!

Laughing, tickled - a kid in summer camp - sticking head out
the window, breathing in the warm heat of the city, rubbing
hands excited.

Del Potro finally allowing a chuckle.

EXT. DEL POTRO'S HOME - EVENING

The LADA pulling before the house. Del Potro helping Tommy
with his things: suitcase, backpack, London Duty Free bag.

INT. DEL POTRO'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro inviting Tommy in. Tommy taking in the place - the Yoruba altar, the cage with the starling, the ample day room, kitchen. Setting bag down. Feeling at home immediately.

Esperanza coming in from the patio with dry laundry, flustered.

ESPERANZA

Hay, qué calor, por tu vida!
Heavens, what heat!

DEL POTRO

Mamá, este es el detective Harding -
llegando de Inglaterra.
**Mother, this is detective Harding -
arriving from England.**

ESPERANZA

Bienvenido, muchacho.
Welcome, young man.
(takes his hand with wet
rubber glove)
Que hombre más guapo! Cómo te
llamas?
**What a handsome man! What's your
name?**

Tommy eying Del Potro.

DEL POTRO

Mother wants to know your name.

TOMMY

Ah! Right... Thomas, mam. Tommy.

ESPERANZA

Yo soy Esperanza. Quieren café?
Está recién cola'ó.
**I'm Esperanza. You boys want
coffee. Just brewed.**
(mimics drinking)
Co-fee?

TOMMY

Ah! Sure... Thanks.

DEL POTRO

En mi oficina, vieja. Gracias.
In my office, mom. Thanks.
(a Tommy)
Come, follow me...

The front door opening, Isabel entering in work uniform.

ISABEL

Holaaa...

(sees Tommy)

Oh!

TOMMY

Oh...

If love at first sight has a face these are it.

Esperanza and Del Potro sharing a look.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You are a traffic controller...

ISABEL

You, on the other hand, don't look anything like a policeman.

TOMMY

I don't? That's what cops look like in Birmingham. Detectives.

ISABEL

I doubt it. But don't get me wrong: I like it.

Looking where to dry his hand, wiping it on his trousers, finding the Duty Free bag, taking out a present, offering it to Isabel.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

Para mí?

For me?

TOMMY

Just... a...

(nervous glance at Del Potro)

...something that...to...

Waiting while she unwraps it.

Del Potro and Esperanza fascinated by their minuet.

Finally, Isabel extracting a bottle of Christian Dior's Eau Sauvage. Watching Tommy amused, opening the bottle, spraying some on the back of her hand, smelling it.

ISABEL

Mmmmm...

TOMMY

Like it?

ISABEL

It's for men.

TOMMY

(panic)

What? No. I--

ISABEL

It's perfect?

TOMMY

What..?

ISABEL

I only used men's colognes. I love this one.

TOMMY

Oh..! It was expensive.

Isabel chuckling.

ISABEL

Wow...

TOMMY

That came out wrong, I meant I asked for the best.

ISABEL

They thought it was for you.

TOMMY

Right. Did they..? Well...

Del Potro motioning toward the garage, crossing the patio.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I don't know about perfumes. They had an open bottle. I liked it...

ISABEL

I like it too. Very much. We'll share it.

TOMMY

What? No, I don't-- You're making fun.

ISABEL

Thank you. Awfully kind of you.

Kissing him thanks on the cheek.

TOMMY

You speak very good English.

ISABEL

We've been through that. My father is waiting for you.

TOMMY

Right. I'll see you later.

ISABEL

Most likely. I live here.

Tommy going. She watching him make his way to the garage, squeezing one last squirt on her neck, charmed.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro and Mario at the crazy wall. Mario taking notes. Tommy entering.

DEL POTRO

Tommy, my son, Mario.

TOMMY

(surprised)

Oh?

DEL POTRO

Different mother.

TOMMY

Right...

Mario greeting Tommy with a firm handshake, not lost on Del Potro.

MARIO

Welcome to Cuba, Detective.

TOMMY

Thanks. Pleased to meet you, Mario.

MARIO

(to Del Potro, re wall)

Ahi te puse la información del vehículo. Susuki Jimny negro, patente T257091. Hace tres semanas que lo sacaron.

(MORE)

MARIO (CONT'D)

No lo declararon robado porque lo recogió fue alguien del Ministerio de Cultura.

There's the info on the vehicle. Black Jimny, license T257091. Been out three weeks. Wasn't declared stolen cause it was picked up by someone from the Ministry of Culture.

(glances at Tommy)

Well, I leave you... A pleasure, Detective.

TOMMY

Thank you. Tommy, please.

Mario walking out - very manly. Del Potro feeling embarrassed with himself.

Isabel seen in the patio, taking clothes from the line. Sliding a glance toward the garage, finding Tommy's eyes before the door closes.

Tommy turning to the wall.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

So this is where you're trying to crack one of the most complicated serial killing cases in the world.

DEL POTRO

No one has more information about these cases in Cuba... Tell me, Africa.

TOMMY

You were right, I'm afraid.

Isabel arriving with beers.

ISABEL

Abuela, que tomen cerveza. La cena no estará lista por otra media hora.

Grandma, says to drink a beer. Dinner won't be done for another half hour.

TOMMY

(nervous chuckle))

Beer!

DEL POTRO
(to Isabel)
Me tienes al socio hecho un
manejo'e nervios, chica..!
**You've turned our buddy into a
bundle of nerves, girl..!**

ISABEL
Tan bobo...
How silly...

Leaving.

TOMMY
Charming... Isi... Isa...

Del Potro enduring...

DEL POTRO
So, Kenya..?

TOMMY
Yeah, you were right, like I
said... Four matching cases
between 2012 and 16. Five more
partial matches.

DEL POTRO
Meaning?

TOMMY
Well...Some strangled victims were
left intact. Brutally beaten but
not...dissected. With a couple he
may have developed a sort of...
relationship before, but...none
survived.

EXT. LOLA'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Keller and Lola coming out. Lola looks ravishing in her sexy
dress. Keller heading down the road.

LOLA
Where is the car?

KELLER
Just over here...

Reaching a house with a gated garage. Keller ringing the
bell. A moment later an old PARKING MAN peeking through
flimsy drapes.

PARKING MAN

Ya voy!
Coming!

LOLA

Why you put it here?

KELLER

Lucky I did.

The Old Man opening the garage gate.

Keller handing the man a bill. Lola climbing on passenger side.

PARKING MAN

Regresa mas talde?!
You be back later?!

KELLER

Tell him in a couple of hours.

LOLA

En un par de horas, señor!
A couple of hours, Sir!

The Old Man waving, watching them go, shutting the gate.

INT. DEL POTRO'S GARAGE - SAME TIME

Del Potro and Tommy facing the crazy wall. Tommy studying Keller's photo and immigration card.

TOMMY

I spoke to a retired Kenyan officer in charge of those investigations. They have no idea who committed those crimes. Keller's name meant nothing to him, so...

DEL POTRO

So, he's good. Been good a long time. Can't sit waiting for a mistake. Need to provoke it.

TOMMY

And break him.

Del Potro nodding. Isabel at the door.

ISABEL

Dinner's ready.

Tommy staring idiotically. Isabel smiling.

Del Potro watching them, resigned.

DEL POTRO

Ya...

Right...

INT. DEL POTRO'S HOME, DINING ROOM - SOME TIME LATER

The most formal dinner one can conceive in the informal Del Potro household. Esperanza has prepared a pork roast with several side dishes - rice, black beans, fried plantains, tomato-avocado salad, tamarind water.

Marcial sits at one end of the table for six; Tommy the opposite end. Esperanza with her back to the kitchen, serving, Mario facing them, on his father's left.

Isabel entering, changed into a low blouse and skirt, causing Del Potro's double-take. Sitting next to Tommy.

ESPERANZA

(sniffing her)

Qué es eso que te has echa'o tú?

What's that you poured on?

Isabel eyeing Tommy.

ISABEL

No sea metiche, Nona.

Don't be nosy, Nona.

ESPERANZA

Di tú...

Well...

Serving Tommy, then Del Potro. Tommy addressing Mario.

TOMMY

Your dad told me you figured out the location of the double crime scene.

MARIO

(eyes Del Potro)

Mostly luck.

TOMMY

Luck counts in our line of work!

ISABEL

We don't have to talk about that
now, do we?

TOMMY

You're right. Absolutely. Sorry.

ESPERANZA

Coman, no dejen que se me enfríe!
Eat, don't let it get cold!

Everyone digging in..

ISABEL

So, how was your flight, after all?
(to Del Potro)
Tomás te dijo que ara la primera
vez que se montaba en un avión?
**Did Thomas tell you this was his
first time on a plane?**

DEL POTRO

That's unusual...

MARIO

One flight more than me, anyway.

TOMMY

You've fear of flying too?

MARIO

No way...
(signaling outside world)
But they do!

INT. HOTEL ORDOÑO, LA TERRAZA RESTAURANT - DUSK

Keller and Lola dining at an elegant restaurant on the edge
of a huge terrace with a stage on one side. Lola admiring
the view of the city in the dying day.

LOLA

Thank you.

Keller smiling.

LOLA (CONT'D)

I don't mean this.

KELLER

Sure you want to leave with me?

LOLA

Don't you know it's every Cuban girl's dream to leave with a foreigner?

KELLER

I'm sure that's not true.
(beat)
It would be forever.

LOLA

(shrugs)
I have nothing to come back to here.

Keller caressing her face.

KELLER

Order me any fish. Be back in a bit.

Lola watching him walk away. Leaning back in her chair to enjoy the foreign stares. Signaling WAITER.

INT. GUESTS COMPUTER CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Keller entering, buying internet card, taking farthest computer.

Keller typing "RIVA 110 DOLCEVITA AUTOPILOT" in the browser.

Several listings opening. Keller selecting one - a page with autopilot details for the Riva.

INT. DEL POTRO'S HOME, DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

Tommy taking the last morsels from his plate.

TOMMY

This was fantastic, mam. Truly, outstanding. I've never--

ESPERANZA

Qué, qué?!
Say what?!

ISABEL

Tomás dice que le gustó mucho tu lechón, Nona.
Thomas says he liked your suckling very much.

ESPERANZA

Y, claro!

Course!

(to Tommy)

Mi-co-ci-na es-la me-jol-de

Oriente! Dile, dile!

My cooking is the best in Oriente!

Tell'im, tell'im!

ISABEL

My grandmother is very modest.

Wants you to know you're eating the

best cooking in the Orient!

Laughter. Esperanza holding out plater to Isabel.

ESPERANZA

Dale más!

Give him more!

Tommy putting up hands.

TOMMY

(to Isabel)

No, honestly, I'm...I couldn't.

(to Esperanza)

Thank you.

INT. ENTRANCE - LATER

Tommy leaving, Isabel pulling his case.

DEL POTRO

You'll meet Captain Chevrolet in
the morning, she'll be here around
ten...

TOMMY

Roger, Gov'...

Esperanza carrying dishes to the kitchen, Mario moving to help.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Fan-tastic! Thank you!

ISABEL

Abuela, te felicitan por tu cena.

**Grandma, they're congratulating you
for dinner.**

ESPERANZA

Ya, ya... No vamos a hacer una
historia por cuatro platanos
fritos! Que pase buena noche!
**All right, all right... We're not
going to weave a story from four
fried bananas! Have a good night!**

ISABEL

She thanks you.
(to Del Potro)
Lo acompaño...
I'm walking him...

DEL POTRO

See you in the morning...

TOMMY

Right...Thanks...

Del Potro watching them go, pleased.

EXT. DEL POTRO'S STREET - NIGHT

Balmy. Isabel and Tommy strolling in silence across the
square.

YOUNG VOICES reaching in the night, laughing, calling,
rendering the quiet of the city even more evident.

ISABEL

So, what has most struck you about
Cuba so far.

TOMMY

The calm... The sound of silence!

ISABEL

A poet too.

Tommy smiling. Isabel turning into a side street.

TOMMY

No, really.... So different from
where I come from.

ISABEL

Better?

TOMMY

In some ways, absolutely. I can't
recall the last time I heard the
sound of my own footsteps.

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(looking at her)
The breathing of the person next to
me.

Isabel halting.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I didn't have to eat garlic whole
to get here, by the way.
(Isabel smiles)
I really looked forward to meeting
you.

Isabel feeling drawn, kissing him. Tommy responding. A
tender, tentative kiss, an exploration.

BERTA (O.S.)
Ay, Isi, perdona..!
Oh, Isi, sorry..!

Isabel turning, seeing BERTA (60's), a bundle of energy and
unrestrained laughter, approaching across the street.

BERTA (CONT'D)
Hablando con Olguita! Tu sabes
como es ella, con sus historias!
**Taking to Olguita! You know how
she is, with her stories!**
(big smile for Tommy)
You speak-e-spaniz?

TOMMY
No, sorry...How do you do?

BERTA
Is OK... I pratis me inglis.

ISABEL
Berta was my first grade teacher.

Berta pulling keys out of her pocket.

BERTA
Esta son tus llaves. Ven...La
Grande es de mi casa alla enfrente,
por si necesitas algo y no estoy...
**This are your keys. Come...The Big
one is mine, there, across the
street, in case you need something
and I'm not home...**

Taking Tommy by the hand, pulling him along a corridor on the
side of the house. Isabel following.

BERTA (CONT'D)
Dile, dile...Y dile que es
independiente, por aquí nadie pasa.
**Tell'm, tell'm. And tell'm this
entrance is independent, I don't
use it.**

Opening side door to a handsome, colonial house.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Comfortable sitting room, antiques. Equipped kitchen, marble
bathroom, large double bed.

Berta pointing to a button on a wall.

BERTA
Si necesita algo me toca este
timbre y yo vengo.
**He needs anything he rings here and
I come.**

Tommy nodding, happy with his lodgings.

INT. HOTEL ORDOÑO, LA TERRAZA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Keller returning to the table, folding sheets. Lola gone.
Spotting her across the restaurant, talking to Eddie Fuente
Fuerte, at a table with other ARTSY TYPES.

Lola waving him over.

Keller leaving cash for the bill, joining them.

LOLA
Martin, you remember Eddie...from
the exhibition.

KELLER
Sure. You sell her paintings?

EDDIE
(caught off guard)
Bueno, en Cuba lo importante en el
arte, no es--
**Well, in Cuba the important thing
in art, it's not--**

KELLER
I want all three. Masterpieces.

The group exchanging looks.

EDDIE

Bueno, sí, tienen algo--
Well, yes, they have some--

KELLER

No. Masterpieces. You take a commission for selling them?

EDDIE

En Cuba la cultura no se--
In Cuba culture isn't--

KELLER

Good, so I'll pay her directly.
I'll send a taxi to pick them up tomorrow. I will make Lola a star all over the world.

Eddie taken aback. Lola enjoying it. Keller pretending to check his watch.

KELLER (CONT'D)

Estamos tarde. Buenas noches.
Running late. Good night.

Taking Lola away by the hand. Eddie and the others watching them go, gossiping.

Lola taking Keller's arm. CHUCKLES behind them. Lola darting a scathing glance back.

Keller and Lola stepping into elevator. Lola exalted.

LOLA

You are mad!

Kissing him.

KELLER

No. They're assholes. You are going to take Europe by storm. And I'm going to make it happen.

The elevator's doors shutting close.

CUT TO BLACK.

END EPISODE 8

EPISODE 9

"Guardalavaca"TEASER

EXT. ROAD TO GUARDALAVACA - DAY

A patrol car speeding on a gravel road, followed by Vargas' Mercedes and two other patrol cars.

The first vehicle leaving the ground as it shoots over the hump of a railroad crossing.

Vargas's Mercedes just behind, also taking flight for a moment.

VARGAS (V.O.)

Cómo coño estuvo ahí el zopenco ese
y no detectó nada raro?!

**How the fuck was that imbecile
there and detected nothing odd?!**

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Vargas and Belén in the back seat, holding on for dear life.
The Driver tailgating the first patrol car as they enter a curve.

BELÉN

Ortega a ese momento no tenía razón
para sospechar, General--

**Ortega had no reason to suspect, at
that point, General--**

VARGAS

Ah, no?! Una muchacha cubana
viviendo en la casa del muerto, sin
medios pa' pagar semejante
alquiler! Porqué coño iba eso a
levantar sospechas?!

**Oh, no?! A Cuban girl living in
the dead man's house, without means
to pay such rent! Shit, why would
that raise any suspicions?!**

The vehicles skidding around bend, crossing a noisy, rattling wooden bridge over the Bariay river.

EXT. BEACH - SAME MOMENT

Keller and Lola - two lovers frolicking in the waves.

INT. MERCEDES - SAME MOMENT

The Mercedes chasing the lead patrol car, under a gravel storm. A stone CRACKING THE WINDSHIELD.

VARGAS

No puedes pasar a ese comemierda?!
Can't you pass that asshole?!

DRIVER

Claro, General, pero no sabemos
pa'nde va!
**Course, General, but we don't know
where he's going!**

Vargas shooting an awkward side glance at Belén.

EXT. ROAD TO GUARDALAVACA - MOMENTS LATER

The small market where Negra was seen alive for the last time. Kids eating ice cream, watching the dramatic spectacle. The passing convoy covering them in dust.

EXT. BEACH - SAME MOMENT

Lola chasing Keller, laughing, rolling in the foamy sand.

EXT. LOLA'S COTTAGE - SHORT TIME LATER

The vehicles skidding to a stop. Men jumping put, holding firearms.

Belén, Vargas, Ortega charging at front door. Vargas signaling policemen to cover rear, knocking violently on door.

VARGAS

Policía! Abran!
Police! Open up!

No reply. Vargas shoving Ortega aside, backing up, kicking door. Bouncing back, stunned.

Ortega trying the door knob - opening. Vargas bristling, pushing him aside, leading in, service gun in front.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Policía!
Police!

END TEASER

EP-9

INT. DEL POTRO GARAGE - DAY

Del Potro, Tommy, Belén, Ortega, Mario around the reorganized work table, facing crazy wall.

Del Potro reading Tommy's Kenya report, Tommy indicating Keller's photo.

TOMMY

If he is the same man - and I strongly suspect he is - he already killed at least six young women we know of in the Birmingham area, between 2004 and 2012.

ORTEGA

Y entre el 2012 y ahora se tomó vacaciones?

And between 2012 and now he took a vacation?

BELÉN

(to Tommy)

No, este tipo de asesino compulsivo no se toma vacaciones. Si se las toma, es para seguir matando.

No, this type of compulsive killer does not take vacations. If he does, it's to continue killing.

MARIO

Like here.

BELÉN

Like here.

DEL POTRO

From 2014 to 18 he was serving on a medical unit for the British Army, in Kenya.

TOMMY

Half dozen similar cases were reported there during that time.

ORTEGA

Alguien no sugirió que los guantes de látex que el asesino usa podrían haber venido de Africa?

(MORE)

ORTEGA (CONT'D)

Didn't someone suggest the latex gloves the killer uses could have come from Africa?

DEL POTRO

Graciela Bezos dijo eso...

Graciela Bezos said that...

(to Tommy)

Another one of his victims, very likely. A pathologist who help perform the autopsies.

BELÉN

We think disturbing his victims cost her her life. But that does not help us here today. What we want to know is where that cursed man is hiding.

MARIO

I think in plain sight.

EXT. RESORT MINI MALL - DAY

Keller and Lola window-shopping in a small cluster of "luxury" shops. Lola thrilled as a girl in a candy store. Asking about women's swimwear, admiring a broad beach hat.

BELÉN (V.O.)

What makes you say that?

Keller remarking a photo booth across the way.

MARIO (V.O.)

Well, what does he have to hide from? What evidence do we hold against him?

Handing Lola a wad of cash.

KELLER

Don't go bonkers..!

MARIO (V.O.)

That maybe he rented a dark truck?

Keller sitting in the booth, trying smiles, inserting coins, pulling curtain shut. FLASH!

INT. DEL POTRO GARAGE - SAME TIME

Del Potro nodding.

DEL POTRO

Mario tiene razón. No tenemos nada que sirva frente a un juez.

Mario is right. We have nothing that can be used in court?

BELÉN

Si lo encontramos, yo lo quiebro.

If we find him I break him.

DEL POTRO

(grins at Tommy)

Thinks like you. Thinks she can break him.

TOMMY

Good. We'll play good cop, bad cop.

BELÉN

You play good cop. Nobody plays the bitch like me.

TOMMY

(grinning)

Take your word for it.

Laughter...Isabel arriving with sandwiches on a tray.

ISABEL

Well, you seem to be having a good time... Nona says to eat something.

Setting tray on the table. Seeing Tommy pin Keller's photo back on the board.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

Why you have that man's photo?

Tommy and Del Potro looking at her.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

I know him.

BELÉN

What do you mean, you know him?

EXT. AVENUE - DAY

Keller approaching Isabel at the coffee bar.

ISABEL (V.O.)
A photographer, no? English, I
thought. Wanted to give me a ride
to the theatre a few days ago.

KELLER
Hey..!
(Isabel can't place him)
I took photos of you and you
company, remember? During your
Nutcracker rehearsal.

ISABEL
Yes, course..! That was you?

Smiling, Keller offering hand.

KELLER
Martin Keller! Nice to meet you,
finally.

Isabel taking it, reacting to his sweaty palm.

ISABEL
Isa--

KELLER
Isabel Del Potro, I know. You're
fantastic! You and your company
are going to be in my next book!
Maestro Larraldo as well, of
course. I'm on my way to see him
actually. You on your way to the
theatre?

ISABEL
Yes, I--

Keller opening Jimny's passenger door.

KELLER
Come, get in, I'll drive you, I'm
through here...

ISABEL
It's just a few blocks.

KELLER
I know... Enough for a mini-
interview!

Forcing laugh.

ISABEL
You're making fun, now...

KELLER
Absolutely not.

Isabel considering, getting into vehicle, Keller shutting her door, quickly making his way around, taking the wheel.

ISABEL
I was supposed to meet my dance
partner here, but I guess I'm late--
(Keller starts the engine)
There he is now!

Opening door.

A Young man with the obvious bounce of a dancer, crossing the street, going into the coffee bar. Isabel bolting.

Keller darkening. Isabel waving.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
Leandro!

INTERCUT WITH GARAGE SCENE

Del Potro feeling the hairs on his neck stand.

Keller returning chloroform bottle to door pocket.

TOMMY
What was he driving?

ISABEL
I don't know, a small truck.

Del Potro eyeing Belen - that sinking feeling...

TOMMY
Black?

ISABEL
Maybe. Or blue. Dark. Why?

DEL POTRO
Where you inside his vehicle?

Leandro seeing Isabel, smiling.

ISABEL

For a moment... It was funny how he took off without even saying good-bye, all of a sudden...

DOOR SLAM. SKIDDING TIRES. Isabel turning.

The Jimny speeding away.

LEANDRO

Perdona, no conseguía carrera!
Sorry, couldn't find a ride!

Isabel looking after Jimny, puzzled.

Del Potro embracing her.

ISABEL

Qué pasa?
What's going on?

BELÉN

Es el principal sospechoso en los asesinatos que estamos investigando.
He's the prime suspect in murders we're investigating.

Isabel's heart skipping a beat.

ISABEL

No...

TOMMY

I don't suppose he said where he was staying?

ISABEL

He didn't. But later I remembered I had seen him before, at the Son Festival.

(Belén eyes Del Potro)

With a girl I've seen before too, a painter. I saw some of her work at an exhibition.

Del Potro turning to the wall, unpinning note.

DEL POTRO

Lola Vives?

ISABEL

Puede ser... Sí.
Maybe...Yeah.

Del Potro taking the exhibition flyer next to it.

DEL POTRO
The Art Center, last April 29

ISABEL
Around there, yeah...

DEL POTRO
Keller's work was shown at that
exhibit.

TOMMY
That's where they met.

DEL POTRO
Find Vives, find Keller.

TOMMY
We know where she lives?

ORTEGA
Aquí Jefe.
Here, boss.

Taking note from board, handing it to Del Potro.

ISABEL
(looking at watch)
Bueno, tengo que irme a trabajar.
Well, I have to go to work.

Del Potro taking her hand.

DEL POTRO
Ten cuidado.
Be careful.

Isabel eyeing Tommy, leaving. Tommy following after her.

BACK YARD

TOMMY
Isabel...
(she turns)
You've plans for dinner?

ISABEL
Do I?

TOMMY
Sure. Where ever you like...

ISABEL

Pick me up at the theatre. I have rehearsal at seven. I'll show you...

(playing glamour)

Holguín by night!

TOMMY

Good... Which theatre?

ISABEL

Father will tell you how to get there. Maybe he'll even lend you his blessed car!

TOMMY

Oh, I don't drive.

ISABEL

Don't fly, don't drive...Do you--?

TOMMY

Oh, yeah... Bostin' in that department.

(Isabel puzzled)

Tip-top.

ISABEL

That one I know. Good...

(smiles)

See you at seven.

Departing. Del Potro and the others exiting the garage.

DEL POTRO

You and I are going to check out that girl's address.

(glance after Isabel)

If you're available.

TOMMY

Lead the way, Gov'ner.

EXT. LOLA'S HOUSE - DAY

Del Potro's LADA approaching along the put-hole riddled street.

INT. LADA - SAME MOMENT

Del Potro eyeing the note in Tommy's hand, pointing.

DEL POTRO

27. There.

Both stepping down, crossing the street.

TOMMY

Cover the rear?

DEL POTRO

Not that kind of call.

EXT. LOLA'S HOUSE - CONTINUED

Del Potro and Tommy entering porch. Peeling walls, broken screen door.

FIFÍ, the ill-kept old woman, whose ferret-eyed, wrinkled face we see for the first time, appearing to be taking a siesta in a rocking chair. A long, lit cigar in her bite.

DEL POTRO

'tardes, compañera!

After noon, comrade!

The woman barely cracking eyes open, mumbling unintelligibly.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Acá vive Dolores Vives?

Dolores Vives lives here?

Tommy following habit, making his way around the back of the house, where he can see a prefabricated room and further back the makeshift chicken coop.

FIFÍ

Necesita huevos? Son criollos.

Need Eggs? They're organic.

DEL POTRO

Esos son los buenos. Pero--

Well, those are the good ones. But--

FIFÍ

Allá atrás está su cuartico, pero hace semanas que ni la oigo. Son a caña la docena.

Her room's back there, but it's been weeks since I've heard from her. They're a buck a dozen.

DEL POTRO

Bueno, una docena me llevo...

Con permiso...

(MORE)

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
Well, a dozen I'll take...
Excuse me...

FIFÍ
Tóquele la puerta, quizás la
encuentra. Ojalá no se haya
muelto. Me debe cuarenta cañas!
**Knock on her door, maybe she's in
there. Hope she hasn't died. She
owes me forty bucks.**

Tommy at the room's door ajar. Del Potro joining him,
nodding his OK. Tommy stepping into...

ROOM

Taking in the mess inside - dirty cot, paints, brushes,
makeshift easel.

From the chaos pulling out a painting - not as large as
Lola's usual output, but just as successful. A tour-de-force
of intense blues, black, and a stab of cadmium white
suggesting flight.

Del Potro and Tommy studying it. Del Potro shrugging.

DEL POTRO
You're the European.

TOMMY
I don't know anything about this
shit...

DEL POTRO
Don't tell Isi. She likes you.

Tommy smiling sideways.

TOMMY
I should lie to her?

DEL POTRO
Then, **I** won't like you.

Tommy looking once again at the canvas.

TOMMY
Actually, I don't dislike this.
I don't know what the fuck it's
supposed to be, but there's
something definitely...buoyant
about it.

DEL POTRO
Buoyant, huh...?

Sharing a CHUCKLE. Del Potro touching the dry oil paint on the palette.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
No one's touched these in weeks.
Let's go.

Tommy replacing canvas.

BACK YARD

Del Potro making his way to the chicken coop. A dozen or so chickens CLUCKING about. Tommy trailing him.

Del Potro removing his hat, filling it with eggs. Tommy stealing a glance back toward the house.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
I ain't stealing them!

TOMMY
Dozen eggs like that, fresh from the hens' ass, will set you back six-seven quid back home...

DEL POTRO
So somethings are better in Cuba, see?

Heading back.

TOMMY
Oh, I like Cuba so far. And I also really like Isabel back. You should know it.

DEL POTRO
Hard to miss... I have to warn you... She may look docile and fragile, but she is far tougher and strong willed than us put together. She ~~w~~ill want to run your life, like she wants to run mine. And you risk getting used to liking it. And she running it.

TOMMY
Sounds like a blessing, my life's in shambles.

DEL POTRO

Well...Don't say I didn't warn you.

Looking for bills in his pocket, finding coins.

TOMMY

How much?

DEL POTRO

One dollar - or pound.

Tommy pulling out bills, Del Potro taking two.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Seen her dance, yet?

TOMMY

When?! Haven't had time to--

DEL POTRO

Make some.

Handing first bill to Fifi.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Till you see her dance you don't
know what marvels live inside that
delicate body.

(to Fifi)

Aquí me llevo mi docena, compañera.
Si regresa la muchacha usted me
avisa?

**I'm taking my dozen, comrade. If
the girl comes back can you let me
know?**

Offering second bill.

FIFI

Bueno...yo no tengo teléfono.
Solo mis gallinas.

**Well...I don't have a phone. Only
my chickens.**

DEL POTRO

Ya verá usted cómo hace... Es
importante.

**Well, you'll figure it out...It's
important.**

Fifi taking the second bill, folding it into her bosom.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
 Yo soy el Coronel Del Potro.
I'm Colonel Del Potro.

Handing eggs hat to Tommy, pulling card, pen, scratching out number, writing new one, handing card over.

Fifi reading card, looking at Del Potro, impressed.

FIFÍ
 El Jefe de Policía?
You are the chief of police?

DEL POTRO
 Bueno, retirado...
Well, retired...

FIFÍ
 Retirado tan joven?! Mi vecina sí tiene telefono...
Retired so young?! My neighbor has phone...

Adding card where the bills vanished, closing her eyes, back to her smoking siesta.

FIFÍ (CONT'D)
 Pero hay que rogarle! Huy! Desde que el hijo le mando ese telefonico de Miami está..! Vaya, imposible!
But one has to beg her! My god!
Since her son sent her that little set from Miami, she's, well, impossible!

Del Potro and Tommy already boarding the LADA.

INT. HOTEL PARAISO - SUNSET

The Ragazzi at anchor in the offing, under dying, purple sky.

Piromalli, Guetta, Minister Manejes wearing Paraiso Hotel bibs, feasting on lobsters at the oceanside grill.

A television set at the bar broadcasting CNN.

Piromalli and Guetta devouring the food. Manejes lacking an appetite.

MANEJES
 Sé que dijimos dos semanas...
 Créanme, Sr.
 (MORE)

MANEJES (CONT'D)

Piromalli, empujé, pero--
**I know we said two week... Believe
me, Mr. Piromalli, I pushed but--**

GUETTA

Ma niente... Questo non è il modo
per avviare un'impresa! Mangia,
mangia...
**But nothing... This is no way to
start a business! Eat, eat...**

Manejes nibbling at a leg.

Guetta suddenly tense, directing Piromalli's attention to the TV set.

A group of Italians at the bar asking the Barman to raise the volume.

The CNN REPORTER covering coordinated dawn arrests that morning, of an important number of mafiosi, many in Calabria. Over the montage of several raids in several European countries, the following:

REPORTER

"...was directed by the prosecutor, Nicola Gratteri, 62, the most celebrated anti-mafia figure in Italy at the moment, a man forced to live with police protection during the last decades. The dawn-time raids carried out simultaneously in Italy, Germany, Switzerland and Bulgaria took the members of the notorious Calabria mafia, the Ndrangheta by total surprise."

Piromalli and Guetta exchanging concerned looks.

Manejes following their eyes to the TV, where a man in handcuffs bares a remarkable resemblance to Piromalli.

Manejes turning to the one before him, swallowing drily.

PIROMALLI

Alora, signore Manejes... non
possiamo restare qui per tutta
l'eternità
**So, mister Manejes...we can't stay
here for all eternity.**
(trying in Spanish)
(MORE)

PIROMALLI (CONT'D)

Si no trae il contratto para finne
di settimana, nos fuerza a presentar
nuestras quejas a suo superiori.
Forse saranno più accomodanti.
**If you don't deliver the contract
by week's end, you force us to take
the matter up with your superiors.
Maybe they will be more
understanding.**

MANEJES

Una semana máximo... Paciencia...
(lowering voice)
Si se trata del dinero se lo puedo--
**One week max...patience... If it's
about the money I can--**

PIROMALLI

Soldi abbiamo, Signore Manejes,
passenza no!
**Money we have, Signore Manejes,
patience no!**
(nodding at lobster)
Non hai fame?
Not hungry?

EXT. THEATRE - EVENING

Tommy arriving in a taxi, walking into the Art Deco building.
TCHAIKOVSKY'S BLACK SWAN MUSIC TRANSCRIBED FOR PIANO building
in the TRACK.

INT. THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

TWO STUDENTS manning the reception, fascinated by their
cellphones, barely aware of Tommy walking in.

Tommy indicating the direction of the music source. The
Students not seeming to mind him opening door, walking into..

AUDITORIUM

The PIANO MUSIC coming from here.

Tommy taking the same set of stairs once Keller climbed. The
lower level stage coming into view.

A Pianist playing with vigor. Maestro Larraldo observing
from one of the first rows of the auditorium.

On stage, Isabel dancing with Leandro.

Tommy taking a seat on the edge of a seat.

Isabel gliding like a gazelle across the stage, then returning to center for her solo.

Tommy marveling, almost in tears when Isabel completes the endless, 32 fouettés_called for by the piece, unable to hold back APPLAUSE.

Everyone turning.

Tommy realizing this is work, not performance, trying to make himself small in the seat.

LOBBY, LATER

Isabel emerging from a side door, her hairs still moist from the shower. Joining Larraldo, the Pianist and the other DANCERS.

Tommy waiting by the exit. Isabel motioning him to approach.

ISABEL

Maestro, le quiero presentar a un buen amigo llegado de Inglaterra.
Maestro, I WANT to introduce you to a good FRIEND...JUST ARRIVED from England.

LARRALDO

Hay, niña, no me pongas a hablar inglés. Tú sabes que pa' eso yo...
Oh, girl, don't make me SPEAK English. You know I'm HOPELESS...

Isabel taking Tommy's arm.

ISABEL

This is Maestro Larraldo, our director.

TOMMY

How do you do?

Larraldo shaking his hand.

LARRALDO

Hola... You like? She fantastic, yes?

TOMMY

Never knew anything like that was even...possible.

Isabel kissing Larraldo on the cheek.

LARRALDO

Bueno, Maestro... Al martes,
entonces...

Well, Maestro... TUESDAY, THEN...

Bidding Leandro and the rest goodnight, exiting with Tommy.

EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT

Isabel and Tommy strolling in silence. Then...

ISABEL

Something wrong?

TOMMY

Yes. Me. I can't believe I'd
never seen ballet before. It's...
it's bloody sublime!

ISABEL

Well, maybe I had something to do
with that.

Laughing, kissing him.

TOMMY

I want to take you to the best
restaurant in the city!

ISABEL

I'm not sure food is what I need
just now.

TOMMY

Ok...Well, what's your pleasure?

Isabel kissing him more seriously now. Flagging a taxi
behind him.

INT. TOMMY'S RENTAL - NIGHT

Isabel pushing Tommy onto the bed.

Shedding her clothes, kissing him hungrily. Tommy catching
up as best he can. But this is not how we recall Isabel's
previous sexual encounter. This time her passion is laced
with tenderness. Giving pleasure, not just receiving it.

EXT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Heavy midday traffic. The juice vendor doing brisk business. Vargas' Driver opening the Mercedes' rear door, Vargas going into the precinct, ill-humored.

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Vargas going through reception, followed by his Driver carrying his briefcase. Barely nodding at Rios, heading for his office, glancing at the investigators pit, the crew at their desks. Except for Ortega.

Belen looking up from her work, Vargas gone before she can greet him.

VARGAS'S OFFICE

Vargas removing jacket, seeing Ortega through the long corridor, entering the reception, wearing his backpack.

VARGAS
(booming)
ORTEGA!

Belén reacting.

Ortega marching toward Vargas' office. Vargas bristling at his door.

VARGAS (CONT'D)
Dónde crees que estamos, en una puta colonia de vacaciones?! De dónde coño vienes a esta hora del día?!
Where you think we are, at a bloody vacation colony?! Where the hell you coming from at this hour of the day?!

Belén appearing in the corridor.

ORTEGA
Fui directamente de la casa al platanar donde encontramos la última víctima, Señor. Viendo si había huellas del carro similares a las que tenemos fotografiadas--
Went directly from home to the banana patch where we found the last victim, Sir. Checking car tracks to see if any match the photographs we have on file--

VARGAS

Quién coño te mandó pa'ya?!
Who the fuck send you there?!

Ortega darting a wary glance at Belén.

BELÉN

Fui yo, General. Yo tenía que
entrevistar gente que estuvo en el
Festival del Son y--
**I did, General. I had to interview
people who attended the Son
Festival and--**

VARGAS

Festival del Son?! Y qué demonios
tiene que ver--?
**Son Festival?! And what the Devil
does it have to do--?**

BELÉN

El Coronel y otra persona más
vieron allí al sospech--
**The Colonel and another person saw
the suspect there--**

VARGAS

Esta mañana me llamaron de La
Habana! Exigen saber que coño
estoy haciendo aquí que nada
avanza!
**I got a call from Havana this
morning! They demand to know what
the fuck I'm doing here since
nothing is moving forward!**

Turning back, going into the bathroom, washing his flustered
face at the tiny basin.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

(drying face)

Tú lo que deberías estar haciendo,
en vez de seguir perdiendo tiempo
con pistas que ya yo decidí son
irrelevantes, es buscar la forma de
que Molina confiese!
**What you should be doing, instead
of losing time on clues I already
decided are irrelevant, is find the
way to get Molina to confess!**

BELÉN

De eso le quería hablar justamente,
General.

(MORE)

BELÉN (CONT'D)

**I wanted to talk to you about that,
General.**

Vargas tossing the towel, stalking back to his desk.

BELÉN (CONT'D)

Porque al hermano del Dr. Molina lo
recibió ayer el Ministro Dimas
Aramburen y obtuvo su liberación
inmediata. Resulta que el Dr.
Molina estaba pa' Santa Clara, el
día que mataron a Graciela Bezos.
**Because Dr. Molina's brother was
received by Minister Dimas
Aramburen, yesterday, and he
obtained Dr. Molina's immediate
release. Turns out Dr. Molina was
in Santa Clara the day Graciela
Bezos was killed.**

VARGAS

Eso fue lo que provocó la llamada!
Porque lo que tenemos es un coño?!
**That's what provoked the call!
Because what we have now is fuckin'
nothing?!**

BELÉN

(holding up sheet)

Tenemos esta lista de sospechosos
que alquilaron vehículos como los
que la evidencia recogida en las
escenas de los crímenes sugiere
conducía el asesino, General.
**We have this list of suspects who
rented vehicles like the evidence
gathered at the crime scenes
suggest the killer was driving,
General.**

VARGAS

Entonces qué haces aquí en vez de
estar buscando a esos sujetos?!
**So, what are yo doing here, instead
of tracking those guys down?!**

BELÉN

Justamente, esperando que usted
llegara porque necesitaba su
autorización ya que se trata de
turistas mayormente - uno de ellos
invitado del Ministerio de Cultura.
Y usted me dijo que era usted el
que... Cómo fue que dijo..?

(MORE)

BELÉN (CONT'D)

Ah si, el que ahora cortaba el
bacalao! Asi que supuse--
**Precisely, waiting for you to
arrive, because I needed your
authorization, since we're speaking
of tourists in most cases - one of
them a guest of the Ministry of
Culture. And you told me it was
you who... How did you put it..?
Oh, yes, the one who now called the
shots! So I assumed--**

VARGAS

Lárgate... LARGATE!
Get out...OUT!

Slamming his door in her face.

Belén savoring the moment, heading for the reception, sharing
an ironic grin with Magali...

INVESTIGATORS OFFICE

Ortega at the communal table, studying the crazy wall. His
eyes suddenly fixing on...

THE PLASTIC EVIDENCE ENVELOPE CONTAINING THE RIPPED PIECE OF
CLOTHING FROM LOLA'S ROSE-VIOLET SHIRT.

Snapping envelope down.

ORTEGA

Y esto qué es?!
And, what's this?!

Yaritza uneasy.

YARITZA

Algo que yo encontré--
Something I found--

Ortega staring at the evidence.

FLASH: LOLA'S CHECKERED PINK-VIOLET SHIRT, DRYING ON THE
CHAIR IN THE BUNGALOW BEDROOM.

ORTEGA

DONDE?!
WHERE?!

YARITZA

En el alambrado de la finca donde
encontramos los cuerpos--
On the fence, at the farm where we
found the bodies.

RECEPTION

Belén pouring herself a coffee. Ortega's raised voice
reaching.

ORTEGA (O.S.)

Y cuánto hace que está aquí?!
And how long has it been here?!

Belén stalking back to...

INVESTIGATORS' OFFICE

BELÉN

Qué pasa?!
What's going on?!

YARITZA

Unos cuantos--
Quite a few--

Ortega showing Belén the envelope.

ORTEGA

Yo sé de dónde viene esto.
I know where this came from.

Vargas emerging from his office, irritated.

VARGAS

Qué es este alboroto?!
What's this ruckus?!

ORTEGA

(to Yaritza)

Cuándo ibas a dejarnos saber?!
**When were you planning on telling
us?!**

BELÉN

Fue mi culpa, ella me lo mostró.
No sé cómo se me pudo pasar--
**It was my fault, she did show it to
me. I don't know how it slipped my
mind--**

VARGAS
Qué incompetencia!
What incompetence!

Vargas snatching envelope from Ortega.

VARGAS (CONT'D)
Habla, coño, de dónde viene esta
vaina?!
**Speak, damn it, where does this
shit come from?!**

ORTEGA
La casa del muerto! Guerra...Donde
entrevisté a esa pintora...Vives.
**The dead man's house! Guerra. The
beach house where I interviewed
that painter...Vives.**

Vargas stalking back to his office, grabbing jacket.

VARGAS
(al Chofer)
El carro!
The car!

Ortega staring at Belén.

FLASH: KELLER'S CAMERA CASE ON THE KITCHEN TABLE.

ORTEGA
Había una maleta de cámaras.
There was a camera case.

BELÉN
Jimenez, Ortega! Ustedes dos
también!
Jimenez, Ortega! You two also!

This to TWO POLICEMEN we have seen before.

EXT. ROAD TO GUARDALAVACA - SUNSET (MATCH TEASER)

The two patrol cars followed by Vargas' Mercedes, leaving the
ground as they speeds over the railroad tracks.

VARGAS (V.O.)
Cómo coño estuvo ahí ese imbécil y
no detectó nada raro?!
**How the hell was this imbecile
there and detected nothing odd?!**

INT. LOLA'S BUNGALOW - SOME TIME LATER

A LOUD BANG! on the solid door. A moment later, Ortega opening with the door handle.

Vargas forcing him aside, furious, brandishing gun.

VARGAS

Policía!
Police!

The place vacant. Vargas stalking toward the...

BEDROOM

Same. Inspecting bathroom, empty closets.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

COÑO'E SU MADRE!
FUCKING HELL!

TERRACE

Belén reacting to his outburst, standing at the balustrade, facing the beach, pensive, observing...

EXT. BEACH - SAME MOMENT

Keller and Lola - two lovers playing in the surf.

REVEALING WE ARE IN A DIFFERENT BEACH, at the rear of quaint bungalows. Lola sprinting toward one of them with the beach-side door open. Keller trailing her, breathless.

EXT. LOLA'S FORMER BUNGALOW - SAME MOMENT

Belén gazing at the deserted beach. Removing the hand from the balustrade, noticing a stain of paint on her palm.

INT. LOLA'S SECOND BUNGALOW - SAME MOMENT

Lola trotting happily in, taking a jar of lemonade out of the refrigerator, pouring two glasses, taking them to the back porch where Keller stokes a fire under a grill.

Grabbing her torn pink-violet shirt from a duffle bag, slipping it on, dropping onto a hammock.

LOLA

You forgot to send for my three
canvas at the exhibition.

KELLER

(setting shrimps on grill)
I didn't forget. Too risky now.
We'd have to give an address. Or,
worse, go pick them up. We must be
careful these last few days...

Taking a long draft of lemonade.

LOLA

Then I'd like to recover one I left
at my old room. The first painting
I ever made.

Keller considering a moment...

KELLER

We can do that.
(smiles)
For its historic value.
(Lola comes down from the
hammock, kisses him)
And we'll send for the others once
we're in Europe, I promise.

EXT. LOLA'S OLD BUNGALOW - SAME MOMENT

Vargas and Belén going through the garbage, the contents of
the refrigerator.

VARGAS

Al menos ahora sabemos a quién
buscamos.
**At least now we know who we are
looking for.**
(sniffs food leftovers)
Y no hace mucho que se fueron.
And they haven't been gone long.

BELÉN

(shows and cleans pain on
her palm)
Concuerdo, General. Pero a quién
buscamos?
**I concur, General. But who are we
looking for?**

VARGAS

Los que vivían acá, pues!
Those who lived here, who else?!

BELÉN

Entiendo, pero buscados por qué?
I understand, but wanted for what?

VARGAS

Cómo que porqué?! Por lo de la
camisa!
What do you mean, for what?!
Because of the shirt!

Belén looking ostensibly around.

BELÉN

Qué camisa?
What shirt?

Vargas seeing her point, leaving kitchen, seeding.

INT. SECOND BUNGALOW - SAME TIME

Keller flipping the shrimp, squeezing lemon on them. Lola
resting on the hammock, watching the sun sink into the sea.

LOLA

I'll paint like mad when we get
there! I have so many ideas!

KELLER

(holding her, laughing)
Take it easy... One day at a time.
(feeling the tear in back)
I'll have to buy you a new shirt.

LOLA

I don't know what's come over me
since I met you-- What?

Keller sticking a finger through the tear, tickling her.

Lola removing the shirt, looking at the tear, puzzled.

FLASH: LOLA FEELING THE RIP AS SHE SLIPS UNDER THE BARBED
WIRE FENCE AT THE MURDER FARM.

Tossing the shirt into the ambers. Quickly catching fire.

Keller stroking her naked back.

KELLER

(in Spanish)
Mi Lolita...

Admiring their reflexions on the sliding door glass.

KELLER (CONT'D)
Who would suspect we're so
naughty?!

Laughing like satanic cherubs.

EXT. GASPARD'S COTTAGE - SAME MOMENT

Ortega knocking on back door. No response. Trying the
locked door knob. About to move away, seeing a photograph
stuck with a magnet to the refrigerator door. Moving to a
window for a closer look.

ORTEGA
Capitan!

INT. LOLA'S BUNGALOW, KITCHEN - SAME MOMENT

Vargas reading a postcard stuck to the refrigerator.

VARGAS
Acá dice que ella expuso en la Casa
del Arte. Quizás allí--
**Says here she exhibited at the Casa
del Arte. Maybe there--**

Belén pointing to the name of the guest of honor: Martin
Keller.

Vargas looking at her, still resisting giving her credit, but
faced with the obvious, nodding assent.

Ortega entering.

ORTEGA
Capitán, General, encontré algo!
Captain, General, found something!

EXT. BACK OF GASPARD'S COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Ortega, Belén and Vargas approaching.

ORTEGA
(indicating window)
La muchacha en esa foto.
The girl in that picture.

Vargas and Belén looking closer.

VARGAS
La mulata? Qué pasa?
The mulatto? What about her?

BELÉN
La víctima del platanar.
Our victim from the banana patch.

Vargas livid.

VARGAS
Pero qué coño está pasando aquí,
vaya?! Tumba esa puerta!
What the fuck is going on here?!
Kick it in!

Ortega wasting no time, kicking the rear door in.

INT. GASPARD'S CABANA - CONTINUOUS

The screen door flying off the hinges with one kick.

Vargas, Belén, Ortega rushing in. Vargas moving to the refrigerator.

BELÉN
General! No sabemos dónde estamos,
metiendo los pies. Creo que no
debemos tocar nada hasta que pase
criminalística.
**General! We don't know where we're
sticking our noses. I don't think
we should touch anything till CSI
goes through this place.**

Vargas holding back pulling the picture. Maybe beginning to respect his Captain. Yet lacking the grace to show it.

VARGAS
Qué esperas, entonces? Llámalos!
**What you waiting for, then? Call
'em!**

Belén turning to Ortega, already dialing.

Vargas surveying room, seeing the poker chips rack on the table we recognize, several decks of cards.

VARGAS (CONT'D)
Quién vive aquí?
Who lives here.

ORTEGA

Un francés, General... Y que
conocía al coronel--

**French guy, General... Said he
knows the Colonel--**

(into phone)

Emilio, Chuzo aquí, que hubo...
Mira, tráete tu equipo pa'l
kilometro 27, ruta a Guardalavaca.
Unos 500 metros pasando la Cupet.
Ya verás nuestros carros. Apúrate.
No, ambulancia no, no hay víctimas.
**Emilio, Chuzo here, s'up... Look,
bring your team to Kilometer 27 on
the road to Guardalavaca. About
500 meters past the Cupet. You'll
see our cars. Get moving. No, no
ambulance, no victims.**

Vargas bolting out the front entrance, SLAMMING door.

INT. HOTEL ORDOÑO, THE TERRACE RESTAURANT - DUSK

Del Potro, Roberta, Isabel, Tommy having dinner at the same
table where Keller dined with Lola days earlier, enjoying the
view of the city in the dying light.

ROBERTA

Te habló Marcial del show del
sábado?

**Marcial spoke to you about
Saturday's show?**

ISABEL

Show? No...

DEL POTRO

Se me fue de la cabeza por
completo!

Slipped my mind completely!

ROBERTA

Claro...!

(caressing his hand)

Menos mal que lo conozco... Aquí
los quiero ver...aquí mismo en La
Terraza. Con Los Guayaberos!

**Course...Lucky I know him... I want
you all here, at La Terraza. With
The Guayaberos!**

ISABEL

Qué bueno, Roberta!
That's great, Roberta!

ROBERTA

A Tomás le va a encantar! Mis
muchachas no tienen nada que
enviadiarles a las del Tropicana,
ya verás. Dile!
**Thomas will love it! My girls have
nothing to envy the dancers at
Tropicana. Tell him!**

ISABEL

Roberta is inviting us to a show
right here, with her dancers, on
Saturday.

TOMMY

Ballet?

ROBERTA

Qué si ballet, pregunta?!
If it's ballet, he asks?!

Unleashing her contagious LAUGHER.

ISABEL

No. Something all together
different. You'll love it. Naked
women!
**No. Algo completamente diferente.
Te va a encantar. Mujeres desnudas!**

Tommy smiling at Roberta.

TOMMY

Gracias!

DEL POTRO

Bueno, eso sí le sacó una palabra
en cubano al socio!
**Well, that pulled a Cuban word out
of the guy!**

The women laughing. Del Potro's cell VIBRATING. Spying the
screen - RUFO.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Perdón...

Moving to balustrade with the spectacular view of the city.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Qué!
What!

EXT. VARGAS' FARM - SAME TIME

Vargas pacing round the thorn Ceiba, sipping whisky. His dogs with tongues hanging, circling him.

VARGAS
Conoces a un francés...Gaspard?
You know a Frenchman...Gaspard?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED WITH DEL POTRO ON THE TERRACE.

DEL POTRO
Lo conozco.
I know him.

VARGAS
Compañero de póker?
Poker buddy?

DEL POTRO
En que coño puedo serte útil, Rufo?
How the fuck can I be of service to you, Rufo?

VARGAS
Podría ser el asesino?
Could he be the killer?

DEL POTRO
Gaspard? Na... Ama demasiado a las cubanas.
Gaspard? Nah... Loves Cuban women too much.

VARGAS
Resulta que es vecino del muerto que encontramos con la Bezos. Y también encontramos una foto de la última víctima en su casa. Le dijo a Ortega que te conocía.
Turns out he's the next door neighbor of the guy we found dead with Bezos. And we found a picture of the last victim in his home too. He told Ortega he knew you. Gaspard? Nah... He might screw them to death, but strangle them? No. Why?

Del Potro seeing Isabel annoyed by his absence.

DEL POTRO
Y él que dice?
And what does he say?

VARGAS
Él no aparece por ningún lado.
He's no where to be found.

Isabel waving.

DEL POTRO
Interesante. Pero yo ya no soy
policía, recuerdas? Suerte.
**Interesting. But I'm no longer a
cop, remember? Good luck with that.**

Hanging up, returning to table, all apologies.

Vargas biting the bullet, downing his whisky.

INT. 4TA POLICE UNIT - NIGHT

Belén wearing headphones, listening to the recording of her
interrogation of Molina. COMING CLOSER AS THE VOICES INVADE
THE TRACK...

BELÉN
"Lo reconoce?"
"You recognize it?"

MOLINA
"No, no sé. Puede ser, todos se
parecen..."
**"No, I don't know. Could be, they
all look alike..."**

BELÉN
"Este lo encontramos al fondo del
aljibe..."
**"This one we found at the bottom of
well."**

MOLINA
"Qué aljibe, de qué me--"
"What well, what are you--"

BELÉN
"El aljibe donde encontramos el
cadáver de Graciela."
**"The well where we found Graciela's
body."**

MOLINA

"Qué horror... No sé qué decirle,
Capitán."

**"What horror... I don't know what
to tell you, Captain."**

BELÉN

"La verdad y salimos de esto, no?"

"The truth and wrap this up, no?"

MOLINA

"Tenía pelos ajenos en su mano--"

"She'd foreign hairs in her hand--"

BELÉN

"Graciela estaba embarazada.

Discutieron--"

"Graciela was pregnant. You argued--"

"

MOLINA

"No me está escuchando!"

"You're not listening to me!"

Belén rewinding, playing back the last couple of speeches,
pondering, removing headphones, moving to file cabinet,
searching for folder with autopsy reports, extracting
Graciela Bezos's.

Reviewing the listings of evidence...

Her digit stopping at "14 HUMAN HAIRS - NOT THE VICTIM'S."

EVIDENCE ROOM

Belén opening trays labeled BEZOS. Inside several plastic
envelopes containing wedding ring, earrings, watch,
scalpel... No hairs.

Belén pondering...

INT. DEL POTRO'S GARAGE - LATE NIGHT

Del Potro listening through earphones on his Zenith, to the
Florida lottery results. Isabel walking in with teacup,
setting it on his table.

ISABEL

Manzanilla, pa'que te venga el
sueño.

Chamomile to help you sleep.

DEL POTRO

Qué haces tú levantada a esta hora?
What are you doing up at this hour?

ISABEL

Estoy enamorada, viejo.
I'm in love, old man.

DEL POTRO

Vaya, eso fue rápido!
Well, that was quick!

Chuckling softly, removing earphones, sipping tea.

ISABEL

No. Hace años que se viene gestando. Tomás solo personificó lo que sabía que quería en mi vida.
No. This has been years gestating. Thomas only embodied what I knew I needed in my life.

DEL POTRO

Y qué era eso?
And what was that?

ISABEL

Un hombre que no necesita andar probando su machismo cada dos pasos, original, idiosincrásico, romántico - y muy buen amante!
A man that doesn't need to prove his manhood every two steps, original, idiosyncratic, romantic - and a very good lover!

DEL POTRO

Oye! No, esa parte sáltatela...!
Estoy contento por ti, pero cómo ves tú esa relación en la práctica?
Woa! That part skip it...! Glad for you, but how do you see this relationship actually working?

ISABEL

No sé. Él tampoco. Pero no nos importa.
Don't know. Neither does he. But we don't care.

DEL POTRO

(at a distance already)
Bueno, visiten de vez en cuando.
Well, come visit, once in a while.

ISABEL

Tan bobo... Eso no es pa' mañana.
Y tú que haces todavía aquí? No y
que te mudabas con Roberta? Vida
hay una sola!
**Silly... That's not for tomorrow.
And what are you doing here still?
Weren't you moving in with Roberta?
Life's only once!**

Del Potro smiling, Isabel kissing him, starting off.

DEL POTRO

Que sueñes con los angelitos.
Dream with the angels.

Isabel halting at the door.

ISABEL

No me decías eso desde que era una
mocosa.
**You haven't said that to me since I
was a little girl.**

DEL POTRO

Pues ya ves... Tienes razón en
llamarme viejo.
**So, you see... You're right calling
me old man.**

Isabel exiting.

Del Potro putting back earphones, thoughtful, returning to
his news and the wall, sipping tea.

INT. DEL POTRO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Del Potro putting a few clothes and belongings into a duffle
bag. Esperanza walking in with ironed lining.

ESPERANZA

Pa' dónde tu vas?
Where you going?

DEL POTRO

A casa'e Roberta, Mamá.
To Roberta's home, Mom.

Esperanza putting sheets in closet.

ESPERANZA

Pero tuviste que esperar que Isi
saliera pa'l trabajo pa'escaparte.
(MORE)

ESPERANZA (CONT'D)
**But you had to wait for Isi to
leave for work to sneak out.**

DEL POTRO
Isabel fue la que me recordó que la
vida se nos escapa entre los dedos
si no la atrapamos, Mamá.
**Isabel was the one who reminded me
life slips through our fingers if
we don't seize it, Mom.**

Esperanza leaving, shaking her head.

ESPERANZA
Tu no escarmientas con las
nichardas!
**You didn't learn your lesson with
black women!**

Del Potro about to retort, letting it go.

INT. ROBERTA'S HOME - AFTERNOON

Del Potro entering, the hall invaded by LOUD CHANO POZO'S
MUSIC. Moving toward it.

STUDIO

The two dancers we met earlier joined by THREE DANCERS
rehearsing under Roberta's critical eye. A luscious
spectacle of limbs, breasts and long necks to give heart-
attack. Becoming distracted as Del Potro appears in the
corridor.

Roberta looking back, turning down music.

ROBERTA
Di tú! Te acordaste que existía?
Well! You remembered I existed!

The girls giggling.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
(re troupe)
Entonces, cómo lo ve, Coronel? Tú
no conocías a estas otras
muchachas. Marilú, Zuzu y Mirella.
**So, how does it look, Colonel? You
don't know these other girls.
Marilú, Zuzu and Mirella.**

Del Potro nodding formally, the girls returning big smiles.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Mi...

My...

(smiling at Del Potro)

Qué tu vienes a ser?

What are you actually?

DEL POTRO

El amor de tu vida, no era?

The love of your life, wasn't it?

ROBERTA

Ah, sí...

(to girls)

Bueno, ya váyanse, yo ya no tengo más que enseñarles.

Oh, yeah... Well, get out of here now, I have nothing else to teach you.

The girls picking up, filing out flirting with Del Potro.

Roberta grabbing his arm.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Y tus cosas?

And your things?

(sees duffle bag)

Eso es mudarte pa ti?!

That's moving in to you?!

The girls noisily exiting the house.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Te veo cansado. Ya te cansé?

You look beat. I tired you already?

Taking Del Potro's hand, leading him into...

BEDROOM

DEL POTRO

El caso...much--

The case...lots of--

Del Potro speechless. The bathroom door still unfinished, painted a dark blue, to match lurid purple walls, presumably.

ROBERTA

Entonces? Di algo!

So? Say something!

DEL POTRO

Que de aquí no salgo con vida.
That I won't leave here alive.

Roberta LAUGHING uproariously, throwing her arms around his neck, covering him with small kisses.

ROBERTA

Pero vas a morir solo un poquito a la vez.
But you'll die just a bit at a time.

(dawning on her)

Pero qué caso?! A tí no y que te habían bota'o'e la policía?!
But what case?! Didn't they kick you out of the police?!

DEL POTRO

Bueno, asistiendo al detective inglés que conociste--
Well, assisting the English detective you met--

ROBERTA

Uhummm... Asistiendo, tú? No me hagas reír. Tú sigues metido en eso hasta la coronilla.
Riiight... Assisting, you? Don't make me laugh. You're still up to your ears in it.

DEL POTRO

Isabel se enamoró.
Isabel fell in love.

ROBERTA

Enamoró? Y eso cómo? No y que venía llegando?
In love? What's that about? Didn't he just arrive?

DEL POTRO

Pues me lo dijo a la cara. Hasta me llamó viejo!
Well she told it to my face. Even called me an old man!

ROBERTA

Fulgurante la cosa, entonces...!
Bueno, a mi me cayó muy bien ese muchacho.
Blue lighting, the thing, then...!
(MORE)

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
**Well, he gave me a good feeling
that young man.**

Kissing him more suggestively.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
Quítame la ropa...
Take off my clothes...

EXT. PARAISO HOTEL BEACH - DAY

PANORAMIC.

Keller and Lola sunbathing on one end of the beach. Lola reading a copy of GLAMOUR in a new, daring bikini. Keller seemingly asleep on his back. JET SKI ENGINE. Lola turning...

Piromalli and Guetta speeding toward shore from the Raggazi. An attractive young man sandwiched between them.

LOLA
They're coming...

Keller opening his eyes, putting on the shades.

KELLER
Let's go. You just smile.

LOLA
I know what to do.

Putting on a wide bream sun straw hat matching her provocative bikini.

THE JET SKI

Approaching, skipping over the breaking surf.

Keller and Lola the perfect picture of the couple in love heading toward where jet ski will land.

Guetta killing the engine, coasting up to the sand. Piromalli seeing Keller.

PIROMALLI
Ciao!

Keller removing his glasses, pretending surprise.

KELLER
Ciao, Gianni! We were speaking
about you just last night.

Lola all smiles. Guetta and the young man securing the jet-ski.

GUETTA

Ciao!

PIROMALLI

(admiring Lola)

Che bellezza!

What beauty!

Join us for lunch.

Keller glancing toward hotel.

KELLER

We're due at her parents, actually,
otherwise it would be such a
pleasure.

Lola watching Guetta caress the young man, sending him to get
a table.

KELLER (CONT'D)

That invitation to leave with you
still stands, by the way?

PIROMALLI

Certo! We sail Saturday.

KELLER

This Saturday?!

PIROMALLI

Si.

Yes.

KELLER

Glad I ran into you, then. Well,
we're ready! We'll be here.

GUETTA

At the marina!

PIROMALLI

Certo... Around four.

Lola giggling thrilled. Keller and Piromalli laughing.

KELLER

(moving on)

Well, see you then! Thank you!

PIROMALLI
Sabato quindi!
Saturday, then!

LOLA
Grazie!

Looking at Keller, excitedly.

KELLER
You were perfect.

Lola kissing him.

EXT. CASA DE DEL POTRO - DAY

Vargas's Mercedes pulling up to Del Potro's house. The Driver opening door, Vargas heading to front door.

Kids playing ball at the square with a cutoff broom stick and a rubber ball approaching to caress the limo, the Driver on them.

DRIVER
Oye, oye!
Hey, hey!

EXT/INT. DEL POTRO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vargas knocking on patio door.

A moment later, Mario opening, the men staring each other down.

VARGAS
Marcial está?
Marcial home?

Mario turning away. Vargas following him, closing door.

DAY ROOM

Esperanza sewing buttons at the table. Unable to hide the shock as Vargas strolls past, hissing in Yoruba...

ESPERANZA
Igba Qmo quesu de!
The devil's son arrived!

Vargas ignoring her, following Mario across back yard.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Del Potro at the crazy wall, pinning document, hearing footsteps.

DEL POTRO
Ah, Mario, encontré el--
Oh, Mario, I found the--

Seeing Vargas behind him.

Vargas admiring the display on the wall - the photos, notes, official documents, stepping in.

VARGAS
Así que es cierto. Estás
conduciendo tu propia investigación
clandestina!
**So it's true. You're carrying out
your own clandestine investigation.**

Del Potro eyeing Mario, Mario leaving.

DEL POTRO
Clandestina, no... Privada. Como
es mi derecho como cubano libre,
Rufo. Además, ahora que me
retiraste, cómo mato el tiempo?
**Clandestine no... Private. As is
my right as a free Cuban, Rufo.
Besides, now that you fired me, how
else can I kill time?**

Vargas picking up stack of copies of official documents.

VARGAS
Y todo esto, cómo lo obtuviste?
And all this? How did you get it?

Del Potro mum, Vargas grinning.

EXT. LOLA'S HOUSE - DAY

Fifí feeding her chickens.

LOLA (O.S.)
Fifí!

Turning, Lola approaching through yard.

FIFÍ
Tu me debes alquiler!
You owe me rent!

LOLA

Ahorita la pago...Cuánto era?
**I'll pay you in a moment... How
much was it?**

FIFÍ

Tú sabes que son cuarenta.
You know it's forty.

Lola going into her room.

Fifí stealing a glance toward the street, the front of the
Jimny visible, mumbling excitedly, hurrying to her porch -

Keller watching her hurry toward her neighbor's house.

INT. DEL POTRO GARAGE - SAME MOMENT

Vargas discarding the official documents.

VARGAS

Por esto solo podría hacer que te
pudras preso. Y los que te los
pasaron contigo.
**For this alone I could have you rot
in prison. And those who delivered
them with you.**

DEL POTRO

La Habana te debe estar apretando
duro los cojones para que estés
aquí. Un pajarito me contó que
hasta te liberaron a Molina.
**Havana must be squeezing your balls
hard for you to be here. A birdie
told me they even let Molina go.**

Vargas ignoring him, surveying the wall, impressed.

VARGAS

Esa manga de imbéciles en la unidad
creen que eres una clase de
vidente. Tú y yo sabemos quién es
qué.
**Those imbeciles at the precinct
think you're some kind of seer.
You and I know who's what.**

INT. FIFÍ'S NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Fifí bursting in without knocking.

VILMA, a haughty middle-aged woman with tight-fitting, imported clothes and rattling jewelry, watching a soap on TV, startled.

FIFÍ

Vilma, pásame tu telefonico!
Vilma, gimme your cellphone!

Vilma grabing phone on the TABLE, holding it to her chest.

VILMA

Y a quién tienes tú que llamar--?!
And who have you got to call--?!

Fifí producing Del Potro's card from bosom, snapping cell out of Vilma's grasp.

FIFÍ

Ay, dame, chica, es emelgencia!
**Damn, gimme, girl, it's an
emergency!**

Holding card at window light, peeking at Jimny, reading number, quickly dialing.

INT. DEL POTRO GARAGE - SAME MOMENT

Vargas perusing victim's photos.

VARGAS

Pero, dame el tour, ya que estoy aquí... Háblame del extranjero que tú crees está matando nuestras muchachas.
But, gimme the tour since I'm here... Talk to me about that foreigner you think is killing our girls.

Del Potro looking at him with some quarter.

DEL POTRO

Yo no creo... Yo sé.
(unpins Keller's photo)
Es él. Ha dejado un tendal de casos como estos en cada lugar por donde pasó.
I don't think... I know. It's him. He's left a trail of cases just like these in every place he went through.

Vargas pondering photo, looking at Del Potro.

EXT. OPEN MARKET - SAME TIME

Many CROWDED food stalls. A MEAT VENDOR with a blood-stained apron chopping pork loins. The meats buzzing with flies. His CELL RINGING. Wiping hands, digging for it.

MEAT VENDOR
(over vociferating crowd)
ALO!
HELLO!

INT. VILMA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Fifí excited.

FIFÍ
(into phone)
Coronel? Aquí los tengo!
Colonel? I got them here!

INTERCUT WITH MEAT MARKET

MEAT VENDOR
Quién?!
Who?!

Vilma shouting over Fifí's shoulder.

VILMA
Me invadió mi domicilio, me
arrebato el teléfono!
**She invaded my home, snatched my
phone!**

Fifí turning away, annoyed.

FIFÍ
Es la compañera que le vendió los
huevos!
**It's the comrade who sold you the
eggs!**

Vilma trying her other flank.

VILMA
Eso tiene que ser delito de algo!
**That has to be some kind of
misdemeanor!**

FIFÍ
Ay, chica, callate! Qué fastidio!
Shuddup, girl! What bother!

MEAT VENDOR

Oye, vieja, aqui no hay ningún coronel! No me gastes mis minutos! **Look, girl, no colonel here! Don't waste my minutes!**

Hanging up.

Fifí double-checking card.

FIFÍ

(urgently)

Vilma leéme acá este número!

Muévete, chica!

Read me this number here! Move, girl!

Vilma putting on glasses, grabbing card, suddenly excited to be a part of the intrigue.

INT. DEL POTRO GARAGE - SAME TIME

DEL POTRO

Además, Cuba nunca ha engendrado bestias de este tipo.

'sides, Cuba has never gave birth to animals of this sort.

VARGAS

Siempre hay una primera vez.

There's always a first time.

DEL POTRO

Prefiero creer que la solidaridad que despertó en nuestro pueblo cincuenta años de sacrificios lo hicieron imposible.

I rather believe the solidarity fifty years of sacrifices generated in our people made it impossible

Vargas pinning Keller's photo back, turning to the map.

VARGAS

Bueno, a ver, entonces dónde encontramos al hijo'e puta ese?

So, then, lets see, where do we find that son-of-a-bitch?

INT. VILMA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Fifí seeing Keller leave his vehicle, walk toward back yard.
Vilma dialing the number.

VILMA

Bueno, al menos cuenta!
Well, at least tell me!

FIFÍ

No sé...como que a ese lo busca la
policía.
**Dunno...seems the police are after
him.**

Vilma handing phone back, locking front door.

INT. DEL POTRO'S GARAGE - SAME TIME

Del Potro pouring two Caney 12 years, handing Vargas a glass,
sipping his.

DEL POTRO

Este caso tendrá repercusión
internacional, Rufo. Y yo puedo
ayudarte a resolverlo. Te hará
famoso. Puedes hasta coger
ministerio!
**This case will have international
repercussions, Rufo. I can help
you break it. It will make you
famous. You could even make
Minister!**

Vargas knowing when Del Potro pulls his leg, but the
possibility making his eyes glitter. Del Potro's phone
BUZZING.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Ó...puedes pasar a la posteridad
como el hombre que botó de la
fuerza a Marcial Del Potro por
jugar póker. Tú elige.
**Or...you can pass to posterity as
the man who kicked Marcial Del
Petro out of the force for playing
poker. You choose.**

Answering phone.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Oigo!
I'm listening!

INT. VILMA'S HOUSE - SAME MOMENT

Fifí peeking at Jimny through drapes.

FIFÍ

Coronel?
Colonel?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED WITH DEL POTRO'S GARAGE

DEL POTRO

Quién habla?
Who's speaking?

FIFÍ

La compañera que le vendió los
huevos! Aquí están... La muchacha
y un extranjero en una camioneta
negra.
The comrade who sold you the eggs!
They're here...the girl with a
foreigner in a black truck.

Del Potro putting down drink, eyeing Vargas intensely.

DEL POTRO

No los deje ir!
Don't let them leave!

FIFÍ

Cómo dice?
What's that?

Del Potro cupping phone.

DEL POTRO

Sé dónde está.
I know where he is.

VARGAS

Dónde?!
Where?!

Del Potro holding his tongue, letting him cook. Vargas
pounding on the table.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Está bien! Pero bajo mi mando!
All right! But under my command!

FIFÍ

Coronel..?
Colonel..?

DEL POTRO
Que los entretenga! Véndale
huevos, no sé! Una unidad va pa'
yá!
**I said keep them busy! Sell them
eggs or something! A unit's on the
way!**

Vargas bolting.

VARGAS
Vamos!
Lesgo!

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - SHORT TIME LATER

Reception PHONE RINGING. Magali picking up.

MAGALI
Cuarta Unidad, Sargento Ríos.
Forth Unit, Sergeant Rios.

INT. MERCEDES - SAME MOMENT

Del Potro and Vargas in the back seat. The Driver stopping at
a light.

VARGAS
Dale, coño!
Go 'head, damnit!

The Driver speeding ahead. Del Potro on the phone.

DEL POTRO
Soy yo! Chuzo está?
It's me! Chuzo there?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED WITH PRECINCT.

Belén brewing coffee.

MAGALI
Creo que no, Coronel. Aquí tengo
es al Capitan Chevrolet.
**Don't think so, Colonel. Captain
Chevrolet is here.**

DEL POTRO
Pásamela.
Put her on.

Belén taking phone.

BELÉN

Dígame.
Yes, sir.

Ortega and Tommy filing into precinct eating sandwiches, chatting animatedly.

DEL POTRO

Ese no es Chuzo?
That not Chuzo?

BELÉN

Viene llegando con Tomás.
Just walking in with Thomas.

DEL POTRO

Rufo y...El General y yo estamos lejos. Envía a Ortega con un par de unidades a Rincón 27.
Rufo and...The General and I are far. Send Ortega with a couple of units to 27 Rincón.

BELÉN

Qué pasa?
What's going on?

DEL POTRO

Keller. Quick!

INT. LOLA'S HOUSE, ROOM - DAY

Lola sticking a few trinkets in a plastic bag. Grabbing palette and paints.

KELLER

Forget that. I'll get you all you need new in London.

Lola keeping her palette, scanning one last time her former existence. Keller grabbing the small painting.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Two police vehicles shooting past an avenue, SIRENS BLARING.

INT. FIRST PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Belén riding shotgun. Ortega driving, pedal to the metal. Tommy in back, blanched.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The patrol cars turning corner, speeding off, SIRENS BLARING.

INT. MERCEDES - SAME TIME

Del Potro and Vargas holding on. The Driver shooting across street, blowing HORN. Cars braking.

VARGAS

Tampoco nos mates antes de llegar,
coño!

**Don't kill us 'fore we get there,
either!**

EXT. LOLA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Lola and Keller reaching front.

LOLA

Wait, I need 40 dollars to pay the
lady...

Keller digging for money.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Fifí!

(through open door)

Su dinero!

Your money!

No reply. Lola about to enter house.

FIFI

Sticking her head out Vilma's front door, fearful.

FIFÍ

Ajá..?

Yeah..?

LOLA

Aquí le tengo las 40 cañas...

Here's the 40...

Fifí doubting, finally making her way over, sticking bills in her bosom.

FIFÍ

Tu amigo no quiere huevos?

Your friend doesn't want eggs?

LOLA
No, gracias.
No, thanks.

FIFÍ
Pregúntale! No le preguntaste...
Ask him! You didn't ask him...

Lola rolling her eyes, turning to Keller.

LOLA
You want eggs?

Keller shaking his head, regarding Fifi warily.

LOLA (CONT'D)
No quiere.
He doesn't.

FIFÍ
(heading for chicken coop)
Igual te vas a llevar una docena!
Regalo de despedida.
You're taking a dozen anyway.
Farewell present.
(at Keller)
Muy buenos, criollos! Good! Sí!
Very fine eggs! Good! Yes!

KELLER
Let's go.

FIFÍ
Espérate!
Wait!

Lola mortified.

KELLER
I'll wait in the car.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

The two police vehicles speeding down a different street,
SIRENS BLARING.

EXT. LOLA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Keller putting canvas in back of Jimny, taking driver's seat,
turning on MUSIC - the Cantata.

Fifí hurrying back with eggs in fold of her robe. Taking them to the Jimmy.

FIFÍ

Aquí tienes pa'que tu jony te haga
unos buenos huevos estrella'os!
**Here you go, so your honey fixes
you some omelettes!**

Letting go a nervous laughter.

FIFÍ (CONT'D)

Dónde se estan quedando?
Where're you staying?

LOLA

Deme, estamos apurados.
Gimme, we're in a hurry.

Transferring eggs to back seat.

FIFÍ

Le gusta música de iglesia a tu
amigo.
Likes Church music, your friend.

LOLA

Mi novio.
My boyfriend.

POLICE SIRENS APPROACHING. Keller starting Jimmy, Lola
glaring at Fifí, jumping in.

The patrol cars skidding around corner, blocking the Jimmy.
Ortega jumping out of the first one, gun drawn.

ORTEGA

Bájese!
Get out!

LOLA

Tú otra vez! Qué tú tienes
conmigo, pipo?!
**You, again! What's your problem
with me, guy?!**

ORTEGA

Bájense!
Down!
(aims gun at Keller)
Apaga el motor!
Turn off the engine!

Keller shifting into reverse, catching in rearview mirror...

Vargas's Mercedes pulling up behind. Vargas and Del Potro hurrying out.

Keller calmly turning engine off, leaning into Lola.

KELLER

Remember, they know nothing, they
have nothing. Tell all truths -
except the one.

Ortega opening door, pulling Keller out, Tommy frisking him.

Belén standing in front of him.

BELÉN

Ahora te toca conmigo.
Now it's my turn with you.

Keller letting his gaze float to the sky.

Del Potro opening Lola's door, taking her by arm.

LOLA

Qué pasa?!
What's going on?!

An officer searching trunk. Nothing but Lola's canvas.

Del Potro scanning back seat - the eggs. Looking at Vargas.
Vargas at Ortega.

VARGAS

Embárcamelos.
Take them away.

Heading back toward Mercedes, Del Potro cocking head at Tommy to join them.

DEL POTRO

Detective Harding. General Vargas.

TOMMY

General...

Vargas giving him the once-over, shaking his hand.

VARGAS

Too bad you came all that way for
nothing, Detective.

Tommy looking at Del Potro.

TOMMY

Well, it ain't over yet.

Keller restrained with FlexiCuffs, led by Ortega to patrol car, smiling at Lola being walked into the other patrol car - not cuffed.

Jimenez taking the Jimny's wheel, driving after the Mercedes.

Fifí and Vilma, arm in arm, watching the convoy speed away.

END EPISODE 9

EPISODE 10

SEASON FINALE

"Dance of the Starlings"TEASER

EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

A diaphanous blue sky over a nervous sea. MUSIC - Toto Cutugno - "The Italian" - over distant loudspeakers, disturbed by WIND and WAVES.

SPEAKERS

*"Lasciatemi cantare
con la chitarra in mano
lasciatemi cantare
una canzone piano, piano.
Lasciatemi cantare
perché ne sono fiero
sono un italiano
un italiano vero."*

The dark Ragazzi finally cutting in from the corner of FRAME into the turquoise canvas. WE STAY WITH IT A FEW SECONDS WHILE...

SOMBER, DISSONANT SCORE MUSIC drowns Cutugno...

CUT TO:

INT. RIVA YACHT, SECOND DECK - SAME MOMENT

Bloody water running with each sway of the vessel, from one side of the teak deck to the other.

A bloody scalpel sliding erratically across a silver tray.

Keller's trembling, bloody hand marking a new heading on the automatic pilot.

Keller HUMMING, then SINGING tunefully alongside Cutugno.

EXT. HIGH SEAS - DAY

The "Ragazzi" changing course, REVEALING a dark horizon, loaded with BLACK CLOUDS, LIGHTNING.

Keller's voice growing confident, blending with Cutugno as WIND builds.

KELLER/CUTUGNO

"Buongiorno Italia gli spaghetti al
dente,
e un partigiano come Presidente
con l'autoradio sempre nella mano
destra,
e un canarino sopra la finestra."

INT. RAGAZZI - SAME MOMENT

Waves exploding against the prow, crashing against the bridge windshield.

Keller's face trying to keep the composure, then bursting into uncontrollable laughter.

EXT. RAGAZZI - DAY

The black prow shooting OVER CAMERA. HARD CUT.

END TEASER

EP-10

INT. MERCEDES TAXI - DAY

Fay Dowling, the spinster and Second UK Ambassador's Secretary we met when Keller arrived in Havana, riding in the back seat, along the Central Highway. The same section that earlier took Tommy into Holguín.

Turning her haughty nose away from the sight of a decaying dead dog.

EXT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

The Mercedes taxi pulling up.

Vargas Mercedes, the Jimny, patrol cars parked outside.

Miss Dowling stepping out with an overnight bag, fanning herself with The Times..

Her high, stiletto heels climbing the steps into the precinct...

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Stepping into reception. Magali making coffee.

MISS DOWLING

Buenos días.

Good day.

MAGALI

Usted debe ser la persona de la Embajada?

You must be the person from the Embassy?

MISS DOWLING

Fay Dowling, si... A ver al señor Keller.

Fay Dowling, yes... To see Mr. Keller.

SOUND OF STILETTO HEELS. Dowling turning to see Belén coming down the corridor; her eyes darting straight to her shoes, then to the captain's dark eyes - both registering immediate dislike.

BELÉN

Miss Dowling. Captain Belén
Chevrolet. How do you do?

Shaking hands formally.

BELÉN (CONT'D)

Please follow me. I understand you
were expecting to see Mr. Keller.
I'm afraid General Vargas has ruled
that out.

MISS DOWLING

I beg your pardon?

BELÉN

You're more than welcome to witness
his interrogation, but access to
him for now will not be permitted.

MISS DOWLING

I see.

(digging for phone)

Well, Ambassador Wesley will want
to know at once that an official
guest of your government and
notable British citizen is being
leveled accusations that sound
outrageous, to say the least.

BELÉN

Miss Dowling, I assure you Mr.
Keller - and the young lady
detained with him - have been
treated in full compliance with
international law. But we do have
reasons to suspect Mr. Keller's
involvement in the series of crimes
you're aware of. Waiting for your
arrival to begin questioning him
was a mere curtesy to Ambassador
Wesley. Please...

Showing her into the...

VIEWING ROOM

From where two interrogation rooms can be seen through one
way mirrors.

Dowling retreating into a corner, murmuring into cell.

Keller being led out of a side entrance from detention into interrogation room #1. Keller crossing Dowling's commiserating look.

Lola already in room #2, being questioned by Ortega. Appearing very relaxed. Ortega flustered.

Del Potro switching speaker on.

LOLA (OVER SPEAKER)
...Ay, chico, quieres ponerme
palabras en la boca?! Te dije: yo
ni sabía cuando él llegó a Cuba..!
**...Hey, guy, trying to put words in
my mouth?! Already told you I
didn't even know when he arrived in
Cuba..!**

Del Potro snapping speaker off, turning to Belén leading Dowling to him.

BELÉN
Colonel, Miss Dowling, from the
British Embassy.

DEL POTRO
(taking her hand politely)
How do you do?

Vargas, Tommy, TWO ASSISTANTS gathered around a water cooler.

Dowling exchanging pleasantries, shaking hands. Vargas making a point of being dismissive.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - DAY

Keller, legs crossed, straight posture, inspecting his nails. Surprising himself in the one-way mirror, changing the focus of his regard to whom he assumes is watching from the other side.

VIEWING ROOM

Dr. Cuevas, the female prosecutor, arriving at a brisk pace.

DR. CUEVAS
Perdón, demorada en el juzgado...
Sorry, delayed in court...

DEL POTRO
Doctora...
Doctor...

BELÉN

Ahora es que estamos por comenzar.
We're just now about to start.

Cuevas noticing Dowling, shaking hands.

DR. CUEVAS

Notablemente calmo para alguien con
más de veinte muertes a su haber,
no?
**Remarkably calm for someone with
more than twenty deaths on his tab,
no?**

BELÉN

Son las primeras que perturban la
mente de un asesino en serie,
doctora. Después...
**It's the first few that unsettle a
serial killer's mind, Doctor.
After that...**

MISS DOWLING

Or, simply, you have the wrong man.
I hope you're keeping that in mind
as well.

VARGAS

Veamos, pues!
Let's find out!

Del Potro cocking his head at Tommy, Tommy surprised.

TOMMY

Sure?

DEL POTRO

Flew all the way from England for
this, right?

Tommy glancing at Dowling, following Belén into...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - CONTINUOUS

Keller looking up from his hands as the door opens. Belen
setting case folder on table. Tommy taking a seat beside her.

BELÉN

Mr. Keller, good day.

KELLER

And a good day to you, Mam...

Belén darkening.

BELÉN

I am Captain Chevrolet--

KELLER

What an unusual name...French--?

Belén ignoring him, starting recorder.

BELÉN

Somos, jueves, 24 de julio, 2025.

(eyes wall clock)

5:37 PM. Entrevista del Sr. Martin Keller, en presencia del Detective Tomás Harding, del Departamento de Policía de Midlands, Inglaterra.

This is Thursday, July 23rd, 2019.

7:30 PM. Interviewing Mr. Martin Keller in the presence of Detective Thomas Harding, from the Midlands Police Department, United Kingdom.

KELLER

Are you, detective? Well..!

TOMMY

Regrettable meeting a fellow Brit in such circumstances.

KELLER

Well, we can go for a pint when we get out of this place.

TOMMY

I would like that.

Exchanging a look with Belén. Keller not missing a beat.

KELLER

Could have been worse, coulda met over the 2005 riots! Ha!

Tommy smiling.

TOMMY

A good ear for accents. And yet, yours--

KELLER

Oh, shed mine the moment I was able to get out of that place.

TOMMY

But you were in Birmingham for the riots, you say.

KELLER

Photographed them extensively.
Published a book on it. Midlands
Excellence Award!

BELÉN

Congratulations...Now, can we--

KELLER

Could I bother you for a glass of
water, first, Captain?

Belén looking at him.

KELLER (CONT'D)

I get the feeling you intend to
keep me here a while.

Beat. Tommy getting up.

TOMMY

I'll fetch it.

KELLER

Yes, go fetch, detective...

Tommy doing a double-take, leaving room. Keller leaning
closer to Belén. Belén shrinking reflexively.

KELLER (CONT'D)

Didn't want to hurt his feelings,
but I was hoping for this one-on-
one, Captain. You sounded so eager
when you detained me, and you seem
so much more challenging.

A smirk at the two-way. Belén studying him.

INTERCUT SCENE WITH THOSE FOLLOWING FROM VIEWING ROOM.

BELÉN

You know why you're here, then, Mr.
Keller?

KELLER

Haven't a clue, of course. In my
country when someone is arrested
there is a good reason.

BELÉN

You are not under arrest, Mr.
Keller. Not yet, anyway.

Dowling exchanging looks with Vargas. Del Potro watching both.

BELÉN (OVER SPEAKER) (CONT'D)

You are here because we'd like you
to answer some questions.

KELLER

I can't wait--

BELÉN

We are investigating a series of
killings that have occurred in the
area during the past weeks--

KELLER

Heard about them...yes...awful...

Tommy returning, handing Keller a paper cup from the water cooler. Keller inspecting it, taking a small sip.

KELLER (CONT'D)

Don't you hate the smell of the
water in these cups? Like stale
milk...

(setting cup on table)

Sorry, where were we?

BELÉN

You drive a Suzuki Jimny--

KELLER

Guilty!

Cackling happily. Belén glancing at the one-way.

BELÉN

Tracks matching the pattern of its
tires were found at two of the
crime scenes.

KELLER

I'm sure you're aware that mine is
a vehicle my hosts at Culture put
at my disposal when--

BELÉN

Yes, we are... So? In fact that
was one of the reasons it took us
so long to include you on the list.

KELLER
(cryptic)
The list...

BELÉN
Persons of interest in this
investigation, Mr. Keller...

KELLER
(rubbing hands enthused)
Oooh! Did you know more people
rather be interrogated than have
sex?

BELÉN
You find this amusing, Mr. Keller?

KELLER
Definitely!

Vargas exchanging looks with Del Potro. Dowling shifting
uneasy in her seat.

BELÉN (OVER SPEAKER)
You arrived in Cuba last March
14th, correct?

Keller setting palms equidistantly on the table. Belén
observing it.

KELLER
Can't recall off hand, but...if you
say so...I'm sure you have at least
that right.

TOMMY
(checking notes)
She does...Havana from London
Gatwick, Virgin's VS63, March 14th
at 7:15PM.

Keller shrugging agreement.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
That's more than four months ago.
Was your visit meant to be this
prolonged, Mr. Keller?

KELLER

Well, it was...indeterminate. I came invited to an exhibition of my work in this charming little town, but it was understood I would remain for some time, gathering material for my next book.

BELÉN

And did you..?

(Keller looks puzzled)

Gather material for your next book..?

KELLER

Oh, indeed. Yes. Very photogenic, Oriente... So much beauty. Natural and otherwise--

BELÉN

Otherwise..?

KELLER

You know... People, social manifestations. My specialty is people.

BELÉN

Women?

KELLER

Women, men, children, yes, all sorts. Call it my trademark. You familiar with my books?

BELÉN

No.

KELLER

People in their milieu.

BELÉN

Oh, vous parlez français, Monsieur Keller?

Oh, you speak French, Mr. Keller?

KELLER

No, no, just enough to get around, you know? Comment vas-tu? Je voudrais un café...

**How are you? I'd like a coffee...
That sort of thing...**

BELÉN

Voudrais-tu que je prenne ta photo?
You want me to take your picture?

Keller about to concur; instead...

KELLER

That one no, I...

BELÉN

You don't know how to ask someone
to take their picture?

KELLER

Oh...Right! Voulez vous un photo?!
Course...
(forcing laugh)
Been a while...

TOMMY

(checking notes)
You left your hotel over a month
ago, Martin? Can I call you Martin?

KELLER

You may not. That long? Heavens,
how time flies. Well, didn't wish
to abuse my host's hospitality.

BELÉN

But you did keep the vehicle the
Ministry of Culture furnished you.

KELLER

Yes, well, I thought it would be
alright...I intended to pay for the
extra days, of course.

BELÉN

Of course. So you ignored that the
vehicle had been reported stolen.

KELLER

Stolen?! No, of course, it never--

BELÉN

It was not rented on your name, so
naturally someone else was
responsible, and when the vehicle
was not returned--

KELLER

Yes, I see now how my not-- I
should have let them know...

(MORE)

KELLER (CONT'D)

But I always intended to pay for the extra days at my departure--

TOMMY

Where have you been staying since you left the Paradise Hotel, Mr.Keller?

KELLER

Staying..?

(Belén staring)

Well...various places, let's see... Been driving around quite a bit... Often sleeping in the vehicle...I rather enjoy that sort of... adventure!

(sad smile)

Except that's how my luggage got stolen, so--

BELÉN

Oh? When was that? Did you report it to police?

KELLER

Some days ago. No. What was the point? I always travel light... A few used clothes. Who ever took them surely needed them more than I.

(Belén eyes his sweat-stained shirt)

Yes, I need to purchase some clean ones...

TOMMY

So, where did you stay last night?

KELLER

Oh, no idea... Some room I rented on the road, very nice lady, can't recall where...Done quite a bit of driving as I said--

BELÉN

Not that much, really...

TOMMY

(checks rental agreement)

Eight hundred sixteen kilometers...

BELÉN

Hardly an epic trek for four months.

KELLER

In any event... You're welcome to the vehicle, I can rent another one.

BELÉN

Maybe your companion will recall.

KELLER

Perhaps...Do ask her, by all means.

BELÉN

I don't need your permission, Mr. Keller. How did you meet Dolores Vives, by the way?

KELLER

You mean Lola..? At the exhibit. She was also showing her work. Very talented artist. I've decided to purchase some of her paintings and find her a gallery in London to represent her.

BELÉN

How gallant of you.

KELLER

Hardly. Lola will prove a very good investment. I believe she'll become world famous sooner than you get promoted, after this fiasco.

Belén holding his gaze a beat.

Vargas appearing to enjoy the quip.

BELÉN

She told us you paid her for sex.

Dowling following exchange with interest.

Keller smiling, sipping his water.

KELLER

And you were doing so well...

Vargas eyeing Del Potro, shaking his head, disgusted.

KELLER (CONT'D)

Of course she never told you any such lie.

BELÉN

You never had sex with her?

KELLER

I don't see how that would be any of your business, Captain. To my knowledge, making love in Cuba is not a crime.

BELÉN

It would be if you paid her for it.

KELLER

Well...All women get paid for sex, one way or another, don't they, Captain?

(Belén's grin icy now)

But, if you need it for your record, no, I didn't have to pay her for sex. She eagerly volunteered it. Lola and I have grown very fond of one another--

BELÉN

So happy for you... Did you ever meet her landlord?

KELLER

Pardon?

TOMMY

The man she rented her bungalow from? Mr. Guerra.

KELLER

No. Afraid not--

BELÉN

Strange... A Frenchman, Gaspard Gilbert, your neighbor there, said he heard you two argue quite violently.

KELLER

Frenchman..? Sorry, I don't--

BELÉN

Had a lady friend, Mislaidy Broché. Also turned up dead not far from your bungalow. Beaten to death and dissected as well... And Mr. Guerra...we found his body next to Graciela Bezos.

KELLER

Is that a question?

BELÉN

You did know Graciela Bezos, no?

KELLER

Bezos..? No, I don't think I did.
The only Bezos I ever heard of--

BELÉN

You were seen with her, at the Son
Festival.

KELLER

Was I? Don't recall the name.
Sorry...I met so many people there.

BELÉN

Mr. Keller....Did you have any
involvement in the six deaths we're
investigating?

Keller glancing at the two-way, then at Belén serenely.

KELLER

And if I had, do you think I would
tell you, Madame?

TOMMY

You see, Mr. Keller, what makes
this awkward is that most of these
victims were murdered and dissected
very much like a number of unsolved
cases we have back in the
Birmingham area, did you know?

KELLER

No. No, I didn't. I don't
subscribe to that sort of
sensationalist press--

Dowling glaring at Vargas.

TOMMY (OVER SPEAKER)

Same MO. Genital area dissected,
clitoris excised.

DOWLING

Good grief! Are you just going to
allow this outrage to go on,
General?!

Vargas ignoring her.

Keller sipping his water.

KELLER

Ghastly... Please spare me the details, detective.

BELÉN

(reading data card)

But, says here you were surgery assistant during your military service with The British Army Training Unit, in Kenya.

Keller skipping a beat, drinking the remaining water.

KELLER

Yes, I did served my country with BATUK, back in the day, but--

BELÉN

In Nanyuki, was it? You must have witnessed scores of surgical procedures, there? Why so shocked?

KELLER

Not the same thing, watching, is it? And, we were saving lives--

BELÉN

Course... But you did learn to use a scalpel. Watching, I mean?

TOMMY

You must have been aware that a string of almost identical killings took place in the Nanyuki area during the exact period you were there. Not before nor after. Curiously.

KELLER

Curious indeed. No, I was not aware.

BELÉN

Death seems to follow you everywhere, Mr. Keller.

KELLER

Where is all this leading, Captain? You suspect me of committing murders in three continents?

BELÉN

Oh, it's more than a suspicion.

Keller bursts out laughing.

KELLER

Well, I don't know whether to laugh or take a bow! In any event, I do wish you luck providing some tangible proof against me, Captain.

(looks at wristwatch)

Will this take much longer? Lola and I had dinner plans. Our three-month anniversary.

Belén glancing at two-way mirror, gathering her papers.

BELÉN

Detective... A word..?

Exiting room, Tommy following her.

Keller turning to the two-way, shaking the empty water cup, with an exaggerated thirsty pout.

VIEWING ROOM

Belén and Tommy joining Del Potro, Vargas, Cuevas and Dowling.

Vargas eyeing Cuevas.

DR. CUEVAS

Hasta ahora no puedo decirle que tengamos suficiente para retenerlo.
So far I can't say we have enough to hold him.

DOWLING

Thank you, Doctor... I suppose you can call off your dogs now?

VARGAS

Resbaladizo el condena'o...
Slippery son'a'bitch...

Tommy looking for the toilet. Del Potro understanding, nodding down the corridor. Tommy taking off.

Belén observing Keller.

BELÉN

No tengo dudas que es él. Tengo muy buen olfato para las mentiras.
(MORE)

BELÉN (CONT'D)

I have no doubts it's him. I have a very sharp sense of smell for lies.

VARGAS

Yo para la incompetencia... Porqué no insististe con lo de su equipaje? No te habrás comido lo del robo! Nos gustaría echar un vistazo en sus maletas, no?!

I for incompetence... Why didn't you press him on the luggage? You didn't swallow the story about the theft, did you? We'd like to take a peek in those bags, wouldn't we?!

DEL POTRO

Sí, lo del robo yo tampoco--
Yeah, the thing about the theft I didn't--

VARGAS

Y su maleta de cámaras! Cuando se ha visto que un fotógrafo no declare el robo de su equipo?! Si ahí carga todo su supuesto trabajo!
And his camera case! When a photographer wouldn't declare the theft of his equipment?! That's where he carries his supposed work!

Ortega exiting Lola's room, looking beat.

ORTEGA

No sé que decirle, Jefe. No sabe nada o se sabe hacer bien la boba.
Don't know what to tell you, Chief. She knows nothing or she knows how to play dumb very well.

DEL POTRO

Llárame a criminalística. Termine como termine esto queremos ADN de ambos. Y pide urgencia.
Call CSI. No matter how this ends up, we want both DNA's. And ask for a rush.

Belén observing Lola approaching the one-way mirror, provocatively rearranging her breasts in it...

Something hatching in her mind, suddenly heading back into room #1.

BELÉN

Le indico cuando quiero que regrese
Tommy, Coronel.
**I'll signal you when I want Tommy
back in, Colonel.**

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - CONTINUOUS

Belén entering, quickly taking her seat. Keller pouting.

KELLER

No agua?
No water?

BELÉN

Where do you come from Mr. Keller?
Birmingham?

KELLER

Born and raised, yes.

BELÉN

What did your parents do?

KELLER

My parents? They... Why?

BELÉN

Indulge me... Looking at Lola just
now I don't imagine your mother
would have approved. Is she still
alive?

KELLER

(uneasy)
No. She passed...

BELÉN

Long time ago?

KELLER

Well...2004.

BELÉN

Interesting. That was around the
time the first killing in
Birmingham took place, wasn't it?

(Keller stares)

What about your dad? Where was he?

Keller becoming unsettled, picking up empty paper glass.
Slowly reverting to working-class Brummie accent.

KELLER

Dad..? Me'dad was... well, he was never...I never met him, really.

BELÉN

So, your mother raised you? That could not have been easy for a woman of her station...

KELLER

Me'mom worked hard! She took good care o'me, sh'did...

Belén nodding lightly at the mirror. Tommy walking in, carrying his file.

BELÉN

Did she? What was her trade?

KELLER

She...she worked hard. Always managed...to provide. She was proud when I became, ya'know, respected.

BELÉN

I'm sure she was. Coming from the gutter, as she did.

KELLER

What? No... Why'd you say that? No, she...

BELÉN

What trade did she ply? How did she manage to provide for you both?

KELLER

She was a teacher.

TOMMY

(checking file)

Really? Says here she had little formal education--

KELLER

I meant...she was...she taught tots at'ome.

BELÉN

Really? What did she teach them?

KELLER

(irked)

I don't r'member, I was a tot me'
self, wasn't I..?!

BELÉN

But you were in your twenties when
she passed away, you said.

TOMMY

Twenty-three.

KELLER

She spent a long time in hospital.

BELÉN

Oh? Sorry... What for?

KELLER

She was unwell...

BELÉN

Unwell how?

KELLER

In the 'ead, forgetting to...
things. Leaving the iron on; the
water running; stoff like that...

BELÉN

Are you in love with Lola?

Keller suddenly looking at her with anger.

BELÉN (CONT'D)

Are you in love with this girl?

KELLER

I don't know what you mean...

BELÉN

Sure you do. Is she someone your
mother would have approved of, you
know...to bring home?

Keller studying Belén, absently, beginning to stand.

KELLER

May I stretch my legs?

BELÉN

You may not. Answer my question!

Keller dropping back to his seat.

KELLER

I don't see how me' mom--

BELÉN

It's a simple enough question.

KELLER

But, what could me' feelings for
Lola hafta do with your...what
you're investigating...me about?

BELÉN

Do you have difficulty expressing
your feelings, Martin?

KELLER

No! Maybe sometimes... But me'
feelings are none of your business,
are they?! Ask me what you need to
know about your cases and then
charge me or we need to be on our
way!

Dowling intrigued by Keller's switch in behavior, but
obviously agreeing with him, glaring at Vargas.

BELÉN (OVER SPEAKER)

Lola told us she loves you.

KELLER

Well... That's very--

BELÉN

Like a mother would.

KELLER

What?

His eyes suddenly flooding.

Vargas smelling blood, greedily stepping up to the glass.
Del Potro turning to Dowling, now looking uneasy.

BELÉN

Yes, says you are incapable of
true, man-girl feelings. That you--
Lola told us you sometimes call
your mother's name in you sleep.

KELLER

Me mom..? She doesn't know me
mom's--

(MORE)

KELLER (CONT'D)
(darts glance at two-way,
snapping)
Who's out there?!

Del Potro joining Vargas closer to the glass.

BELÉN (OVER SPEAKERS)
Do you have difficulty sleeping?

Keller trying to focus.

KELLER
Sleeping?

BELÉN
Bad memories?

Keller shifting.

KELLER
I need to--

BELÉN
How did it make you feel, your
mother being a prostitute?

KELLER
What? No, she was...

TOMMY
That's what our records show...

BELÉN
It must have been awful for a
sensitive child like yourself--

KELLER
(tears flowing)
I need to go potty...

BELÉN
Tell me why you cut off your
victim's clitoris?!

Dowling leaning into the glass, disturbed.

Keller folding arms, breaking into an uncontrollable sob,
deep, guttural...

Del Potro and Cuevas sharing victorious relief. Vargas
greedy satisfaction.

But Keller's sob is odd, too loud, gradually shifting to
mocking, stentorian, laughter.

KELLER
Mommy! Mommy!

Belén reacting, seeing red.

BELÉN
COÑO'É SU MADRE!
SON OF A BITCH!

Del Potro and Vargas deflating.

Keller out of breath from laughing.

INTERVIEW ROOM #2

Lola listening to uproar, puzzled, maybe sensing victory.

INTERVIEW ROOM #1

KELLER
God, that was fun! Wasn't it,
Detective?

Tommy staring at him from under his brow, like a bull, about to jump him.

BELÉN
Harding!

Tommy snapping out of it, gathering his papers, storming out ahead of Belén.

KELLER
Encore, encore!

VIEWING ROOM

Belen exiting after Tommy, livid with fury. Dowling getting to her feet.

DOWLING
I can let Ambassador Wesley know
you'll be releasing Mr. Keller, I
gather?

Vargas stalking away and out of the precinct, disgusted. Del Potro nodding at the CSI NURSE who files into the room.

DEL POTRO
As soon as we collect DNA samples.

DOWLING
Oh?

DEL POTRO
Normal procedure for definite
exclusion.

DOWLING
(gathering her things)
Not the pleasant man I hoped, but
guilty of murder, obviously not.

INTERVIEW ROOM #1

The shy Nurse setting her kit on the table, not daring to
look at Keller, preparing swab.

Keller taking a tissue from her bag, loudly blowing his nose,
drying his tears, opening his mouth very wide - like a chimp.

EXT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - SOME TIME LATER

Del Potro, Tommy, Cuevas, Belén taking the air outside the
building.

DRA. CUEVAS
Bueno, vuelta al punto de
partida...
Well, back to square one...

BELÉN
No. Es él.
No. It's him.

TOMMY
I'm having DNA records from the old
cases e-mailed. With luck one of
them'll--

BELÉN
Luck? Necesito cafeína.
Luck? I need caffeine.

Taking the steps back into the precinct.

DRA. CUEVAS
Le pegó fuerte.
She got hit bad.

DEL POTRO
Concuerdo con ella. Di orden que
los sigan y urgencia con el ADN.
**I concur with her. I put a tail on
them and ordered a rush on the DNA.**

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT, RECEPTION - SAME TIME

Belén pouring herself a coffee. FOOTSTEPS, turning.

Keller and Lola escorted out by Ortega.

Magali watching Belén smolder with frustration.

Keller drifting toward coffee machine. Whispering into Belén...

KELLER
(reprising)
Now it's my turn with you.

Heading for the exit. Belén taken aback.

BELÉN
Qué dijiste?! HEY!
What'd you say?! HEY!

Ortega reacting, following her.

EXT. PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Keller and Lola trotting down the steps.

Keller pointing at Tommy.

KELLER
That pint some other time, huh,
Detective?

Belén rushing out after him.

BELÉN
WHAT DID YOU SAY TO ME?!

All turning to her. Her stiletto causing her to stumble on the steps. Ortega clasping her arm just in time.

Keller and Lola boarding Jimny.

KELLER
That poor woman needs help,
Colonel!

Del Potro, Tommy, Cuevas watching them drive off.

INT. JIMNY - EVENING

Keller driving down a wide boulevard.

LOLA
Can't believe we made it out of
there!

Keller spying in the rearview mirror a vehicle trailing them.

KELLER
Not out of the woods just yet.

Lola beginning to turn back, Keller stopping her.

KELLER (CONT'D)
Don't.

LOLA
Who is it?

KELLER
No matter. We let them know
exactly where we're headed.

LOLA
What about our things?

KELLER
We'll get them...

Pulling into small shopping center.

EXT. CLUSTER OF SHOPS - SHORT TIME LATER

Keller and Lola window shopping. Keller seeing, reflected on
a window, the tail pulling up across the street. Going into
the store.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - LATER

Keller and Lola exiting with shopping bags. Loading them in
the Jimny, driving away.

The tail starting after them.

EXT. BOULEVARD - LATER

Keller driving slowly down the Boulevard near the Art Center.

INT. JIMNY - CONTINUOUS

Keller smiling.

KELLER
'member this place?

LOLA
First time I got into this car, did
you think of killing me?

Keller grinning at her like Tom, the cat.

KELLER
Only for a tiny little bit.

This amusing Lola.

KELLER (CONT'D)
I knew very soon I could never hurt
you.

Lola kissing him.

LOLA
There, look!

Pointing to colonial house bearing the "Arrendador" ("Room
for Rent") seal on the door.

KELLER
Looks nice enough.

Making sudden U-turn, amused by the tail's maneuvering to
remain inconspicuous. Pulling in front of house.

EXT. CASA PARTICULAR, PORCHE - MOMENT LATER

Keller and Lola walking to the entrance. A pleasant-looking
LADY WITH A PINK RINSE stroking her Persian cat in a rocking
chair.

LOLA
Está libre, compañera?
You've a free room, comrade?

PINK LADY
Cuántas noches?
How many nights?

LOLA
Una, por ahora...
One for now...

PINK LADY
Una sola casi ni me conviene!
One's hardly worth it for me!

LOLA
Podrían ser más, pero--
Could be more, but--

KELLER
(reaching)
Puedo?
May I?

The Pink Lady letting him lift her cat, watching him stroke it tenderly.

KELLER (CONT'D)
Adoro gatos!
I adore cats!
When I was a boy I enjoyed hunting
them with my dart set!

Lola bursting out laughing.

PINK LADY
Que dice?
What he say?

LOLA
Que esos gatos le recuerdan a una
tia.
**That those cats remind him of an
aunt.**

PINK LADY
Bién fea habrá sido, la pobre. La
noche son 30 fulas, está bien?
**Ugly she must'a been, poor thing.
The night is 30 dollars, that OK?**

LOLA
Claro.
Course.

PINK LADY
Dile que meta el carro en mi patio,
allá pa' atrás. Si lo deja aquí,
adiós los escuditos esos cuando
amanece.
**Tell him to leave the car in my
backyard. If he leaves it here
goodbye to those emblems by the
morning.**
(heading in)
Los muchachos, se hacen y que
hebillas pa cintos con eso...
**The kids apparently turn them into
belt buckles...**

INT. TAIL CAR - DUSK

The INVESTIGATOR on his phone.

INVESTIGATOR

Se alquilaron por Los Alamos y 20
de mayo, coronel.

**They rented by Los Alamos and May
20th, Colonel.**

(listens)

'ta bien, Jefe...

Got it, Chief...

Putting phone away, pulling into vacant lot. Watching Keller
return on foot by the side of the house, go in through the
front door.

INT. LADA - SOME TIME LATER

Del Potro driving, putting down phone.

DEL POTRO

Down for the night...

TOMMY

I could use some shut-eye myself.

DEL POTRO

Yeah, it's been a long day.

EXT. TOMMY'S RENTAL HOUSE - DUSK

Del Potro's LADA pulling up. Tommy stepping out, shaking
hands.

TOMMY

Tomorrow's another day.

Del Potro nodding.

DEL POTRO

Good night.

Driving off.

Tommy taking in the balmy night air, digging for his key.

ISABEL (O.S.)

About time...

Tommy finding her in the shadows, sitting on the door steps.

Isabel springing up as if by magic, hanging on his neck, kissing him.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
You look beat.

TOMMY
(opening door)
I am, but I was hoping you'd be here.

ISABEL
Where else would I want to be?

Shutting door behind them.

INT. CENTER FOR LEGAL MEDICINE - NIGHT

A NIGHTWATCHMAN shuffling over to the glass door entrance, scanning his flashlight on Belén outside, showing her DTI ID, opening door.

MOMENTS LATER

Belén flanked by Watchman, making their way along a dark corridor. Their footsteps echoing toward the Necropsy (Autopsy) Unit.

NIGHTWATCHMAN
Usted cree en fantasmas, Capitan?
You believe in ghosts, Captain?
(Belen smiling)
Aquí hay. Bastantes. Ya somos amigos.
Plenty here. We've become friends.

BELÉN
Cuánto llevas trabajando aquí?
How long you been working here?

NIGHTWATCHMAN
Huuuy... Va pa'quince años, compañera.
Uuuf... Going on fifteen years, comrade.

BELÉN
Yo que tú ya pedía mutación...
I were you I put in for transfer...

The man smiling, turning on lights, selecting key, opening door to autopsy room.

BELÉN (CONT'D)
Espera aquí, por favor.
Wait here, please.

Stepping into...

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

Closing door, finding light switch, fluorescent tubes
blinking to life - a couple failing.

Belén taking in the depressing room. Moving toward the
dissecting tables, noticing reddish reflections on one of
them.

Turning her attention to the evidence trays used by Ava,
Graciela's former assistant, on a showcase against one of the
walls of the room.

Inspecting the tables closely, shining her iPhone light
around. Down on her knees to place the beam sideways.
Nothing.

Rising to leave, the THERMOSTAT KICKING IN, A SOFT MOTOR
PURRING. Belén searching for the source, seeing the woolly
threads on the grill of the air-conditioning fluttering.

Her eyes shifting to the issue of GRANMA on Molina's
disorderly desk. The breeze lifting and aiming the corner of
the first page toward the opposite end of the room - toward
the cadaver refrigerators covering most of the far wall.

Studying it a moment, aiming the floor as she moves toward
it, on her knees again, shining the light at its base.

And there they are - stuck in one of the small wheels of the
refrigerator - Keller's hairs.

Producing tweezers, plastic envelope, depositing tuft inside,
shining the light on it.

EXT. BELLO ORIENTE HOTEL - LATE NIGHT

Light traffic, couple of YOUNG PEDESTRIANS filing past the
old hotel.

BELÉN (V.O.)
Yo no tengo ninguna duda...
I have no doubts...

INT. BELLO ORIENTE HOTEL, BELÉN ROOM - SAME TIME

Belén on the phone, wrapped in a large towel, after shower.

BELÉN

Por supuesto tenemos que esperar el análisis. Lo deje en el Lenin con orden de urgencia.

Of course we need to wait for the test. Left them at the Lenin with a rush.

INT. ROBERTA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Del Potro in his underwear, pacing the echo-filled dance studio, speaking softly into his phone.

DEL POTRO

Si no pega con Keller, te confieso que no sé más dónde estoy parado.

If it doesn't match Keller, I confess I'm out of moves.

INTERCUT WITH BELEN AT THE HOTEL

BELÉN

Va a coincidir. Y Vargas se va a tener que tragar unas cuantas palabras.

It will match, and Vargas will have to eat a whole bunch of words.

DEL POTRO

Esperemos que así sea. Pero Rufo no se va a tragar nada que ni remotamente sepa a mí...

Let's hope it does. But Rufo won't swallow anything with the slightest taste of me.

Belén pausing drying her hair.

BELÉN

Sé que no me incumbe, pero qué paso entre ustedes? Algo terrible pa' tanto veneno.

I know it's none of my business, but what happened between you? Something terrible for so much venom.

DEL POTRO
Tienes razón, no te incumbe.
**You're right, none of your
business.**

BELÉN (OVER PHONE)
Perdón--
Sorry--

Del Potro smiling, glancing down the hall, at the bedroom door ajar.

DEL POTRO
Pero como ya te habrán chismeado
prefiero que tengas mi verdad.
**But since they've probably already
been feeding you gossip...I rather
you have my truth.**

BELÉN (OVER PHONE)
Solo escuché que su mujer se quedó
en La Habana cuando a usted lo
enviaron pa'ça--
**I just heard your wife stayed in
Havana when you were sent here--**

DEL POTRO
No has aprendido mucho escuchando
mentir a los demás... En realidad
todo había terminado entre nosotros
hacia tiempo. Rufo no tuvo más que
estar ahí...
(pausa)
En Fin...
**You haven't learned much hearing
others lie... Actually, all had
ended between us for some time. All
Rufo had to do was be there.**
(beat)
Anyway...

BELÉN
Duerma, Marcial. Mañana será otro
día...
**Sleep, Marcial. Tomorrow's another
day...**

DEL POTRO
Que dijiste?
What did you say?

DIAL TONE. Del Potro smiling, switching phone off, heading back down the hall, stepping gingerly into...

BEDROOM

Roberta apparently asleep. Del Potro setting phone down on night table, slipping into bed.

ROBERTA

Te llevas muy bien con tu capitánita... Le cuentas cosas que ni a mí, vaya... Esta casa es como una cámara de eco, p'a que lo sepas...
You get along very well with you little Captain... You tell her things I don't even get to hear. This house is like an echo chamber, so you know...

Roberta smiling, turning to face, kissing him, never opening her eyes.

INT. RENTAL ROOM - NIGHT

Keller standing by the window, naked in the dark, holding the Nikon. Spying through the shades. Lola naked on the bed, spent, humming a distant melody.

LOLA

Qué haces?
What are you doing?

KELLER CLOSER

HIS POV: THE TAIL CAR IN THE VACANT LOT ACROSS THE STREET.

KELLER

Get dressed.

CORRIDOR, SHORT TIME LATER

The house sleeping. The Siamese curled on a rocking chair.

Keller and Lola stepping gingerly out of the room, making their way toward the back. The cat jumping silently onto the floor, rubbing against Keller's leg, PURRING.

Keller giving it a sharp shove with his foot, making it skid across the polished tiles.

Lola holding back laughter, leaving \$1000 pesos on kitchen table.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE, BACK YARD - NIGHT

Keller and Lola exiting through back door. Keller quietly opening Jimny, Lola climbing in next to him.

Keller quietly starting engine, backing out slowly, driving quietly away down the side street.

INT. DEL POTRO'S HOUSE, MARIO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mario tying a bright foulard around his neck. Wearing a sharp-looking shirt and tight pants.

Del Potro walking past, stopping at the door. Mario seeing him in the mirror. For a moment, uncertain.

DEL POTRO
Dónde vas tan elegante?
Where you going looking so elegant?

Mario not sure this is on the level.

MARIO
Bueno...al aniversario de El
Mejunje.
Well...to the Mejunje anniversary.

DEL POTRO
Coño! Eso era hoy?
Shit! That was today?

MARIO
Al mediodía. Hay comida.
At noon. There's food.

DEL POTRO
Bueno, si hay comida, espérame!
Well, if there's food, wait for me!

MARIO
(surprised)
Vas a venir?!
You're coming?!

DEL POTRO
Chuzo no empeño mi palabra?! Qué
me meto?
Chuzo gave my word, didn't he?
What should I wear?

MARIO
Nada, así, ya.. Una chaqueta, si
quieres.

(MORE)

MARIO (CONT'D)

Ahí no tenemos muchas formalidades.
You're fine. A jacket if you want.
We're not big on formalities there.

Del Potro tossing him his keys.

DEL POTRO

Tráete el carro que ayer lo dejé en
el lavadero.
Get the car. I left it at the car
wash last night.

Hurrying into his room. Mario leaving with a smile.

EXT. DEL POTRO'S HOUSE - SHORT TIME LATER

Mario driving the washed LADA, pulling before the house,
HONKING, putting on Radio Reloj news station.

A moment later, Del Potro exiting in Colonel's parade
uniform.

Mario taken aback. Del Potro getting in the passenger's
seat.

MARIO

Manejo yo?
I'm driving?

DEL POTRO

Quién es el que sabe dónde queda la
fiesta?
Who knows where the party is?

Mario shifting - the gearbox SCREAMS.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Cuídamelo, coño!
Careful, damn!

MARIO

Perdón...
Sorry...

DEL POTRO

(patting his shoulder)
Tranquilo, socio, tranquilo...
Easy, partner, relax...

Mario driving off slowly.

INT. LADA - DAY

Del Potro and Mario driving West along the Central Highway.
Del Potro's thoughts lost in the gliding green scenery.

MARIO

Papá...

Del Potro looking at him.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Nunca le pedí perdón por lo de la
balsa...

**I never said sorry for the raft
thing...**

DEL POTRO

Ya eso pasó, chico... Aunque nunca
pensé que odiaras tanto a tu país.

**That's over now, son... Though I
never thought you hated your
country so much.**

MARIO

No. Yo amo a Cuba, Papá. Pero a
veces ella no me ama a mí. A gente
como yo, vaya... Uno se harta de
ser siempre juzgado por lo que
desea. Un deseo es un deseo, te
nace, tú no lo controlas. No es
malo ni bueno. Es.

**No. I love Cuba, Dad. But
sometimes she doesn't love me.
People like me, rather... One gets
fed up being judged for one's
desires. A desire is just that: a
desire. It grows on you, you can't
control it. It isn't bad or good.
Just is.**

Del Potro processing, turning back to the landscape.

EXT. MEJUNJE - LATER

A large, colonial house turned cultural centre for the LGBT
community, in Santa Clara. MEMBERS greeting each other
effusively outside. A banner celebrating its 38 years of
existence hanging across the front.

The LADA pulling up. Several acquaintances greeting Mario.
Del Potro stepping out in all his splendor. The crowd
parting like the Red Sea as the Colonel putting his arm on
his beaming son, walking in.

INT. MEJUNJE - LATER

On stage, "CARMITA," the founder, riffing on current social and political issues with a comedic slant. A favorite, judging by the roaring laughter from the audience after each quip.

Del Potro laughing, applauding with the rest. Mario watching him, moved.

LATER

Ramón Silverio, fresh out of "Carmita" costume, approaching with a water bottle in his hand.

SILVERIO

Coronel Del Potro... Gracias por su visita, compañero.

Colonel Del Potro... Thanks for your visit, comrade.

Del Potro taking his hand.

SILVERIO (CONT'D)

Mario nos había hablado mucho de esta ocasión, pero le confieso que tenía mis dudas que nos visitara.
Mario had spoken much about this occasion, but I confess I had my doubts you would visit us.

DEL POTRO

Pues sepa que yo también.
Well, know that so did I.

SILVERIO

Y entonces..?
So..?

DEL POTRO

Contento de haber venido, compañero.
Glad I made the trip, comrade.

SILVERIO

Bueno, a sus órdenes... Aquí las puertas están siempre abiertas. No importa qué disfráz!
Well, at your orders...Our doors are always open. No matter what costume!

Del Potro celebrating the quip. Silverio's attention solicited elsewhere. Pointing to fritter stand before departing.

SILVERIO (CONT'D)

No se vaya sin probar los buñuelos
de Chiche, coronel!

**Don't leave without first tasting
Chiche's fritters, Colonel.**

CHICHE - a flamboyant transvestite with a lustrous feather coif and a thirty-tooth smile and broad gayness - manning the crowded stand. Mario introducing him to Del Potro who sinks his teeth into a freshly fried "buñuelo."

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Isabel and Tommy racing bicycles down a sandy track to the ocean shoreline, under a cloudless sky. Continuing laughing on foot when the bikes sink in the white sand of the paradisiacal beach.

TOMMY

Wow...

Isabel kissing him.

ISABEL

You like my Cuba, huh?

Tommy putting his arm around her, kissing her again.

TOMMY

What's not to like? Look at this
place. Look at you!

Isabel suddenly shedding her clothes, making three ballet pirouettes, running naked into the surf.

ISABEL

Come! Don't be shy!

Tommy looking around - solitude miles around. Taking off shirt, shorts, kicking off sandals, running after Isabel in his florid underwear.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

Oh, come on!

TOMMY

Far as I go, sorry. I believe in
Hell!

ISABEL

What a bore!

Pulling Tommy into the surf, braving the breaking waves, frolicking, kissing him, suddenly disappearing under the waves, Tommy searching, suddenly feeling his underwear being snatched off.

TOMMY

Blimey! Gimme that!

Isabel resurfacing, laughing, making a ball with it, hurling it far toward the deep.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, come on..!

Starting to swim toward it.

ISABEL

Sharks love bright colors!

TOMMY

Sharks?

ISABEL

Well, not that many here...
Barracudas yes, for sure...

Swimming back.

Tommy having misgivings, his underwear already out of sight. Racing quickly back toward shore. Rolled over by a wave.

LONG SHOT

Tommy running out of the water, chasing Isabel. Isabel dodging him till she drops against a dune. Tommy on her. Getting involved.

LATER

The sky an intense blue. TWO FISHERMEN coming down the beach, carrying ATARRAYAS (throw nets).

Tommy lying on his back, seemingly asleep. Isabel returning from the bicycles wearing her bottom, squeezing tube of sunscreen.

Tommy's privates covered by a sand castle.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

So, everyone this shy where you
come from?

TOMMY

I ain't shy! Modesty is something else. Yeah, we don't run around in the buff.

Isabel applying screen on her breasts and face, tossing tube to Tommy.

ISABEL

Better put this on.

Tommy opening sunscreen, smelling it.

TOMMY

Peew...! I'm good.

ISABEL

Don't come crying to me...

TOMMY

I know what I'm doing.

Grabbing her hand, pulling her on him, making love to her, suddenly seeing one of the fishermen casting his net, wearing his colorful underwear over cutoff pants, springing to his feet.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

HEY, YOU!

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

TELEPHONE RINGING in the near deserted office. Belén picking up extension at her desk.

BELÉN

Capitán Chevrolet!

(suddenly tense)

Mándame eso inmediatamente. Si, ya!

Send me that immediately. Yes, now!

Moving to investigators's pen.

BELÉN (CONT'D)

Ortega!

(Ortega turns at crazy wall)

Vete con dos patrulleros para ese alquiler! Asegúrate que ese comemierda no salga de allí hasta que yo llegue con el coronel.

We got a hit!

(MORE)

BELÉN (CONT'D)

**Take two patrol cars, make sure
that piece of shit doesn't go
anywhere till the Colonel and I get
there!**

Dialing quickly.

ORTEGA

Qué pasó?
What happened?

BELÉN

Vuela!
Now!

INT. LADA - DAY

Del Potro driving back to Holguín along Central Highway. He has loosened his uniform collar. Mario gazing at the scenery now, lost in thought.

DEL POTRO

Te va a sorprender...pero la pasé
bien. El Silverio ese, un
personaje...
**This will surprise you, but I had a
good time. That Silverio, a real
character...**

MARIO

De veras?
Really?

DEL POTRO

Y los buñuelitos de la...del señor
ese estaban...!
**And the buns that crazy...the
gentleman makes were...!**

MARIO

Puede decir loca, Papá... Marica!
Chiche es una loca de plumas!
**You can say queen! Chiche is a
raving queen!**

Laughing.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Hay homos y hay maricas relajadas -
y muchas otras cosas entremedio!
**There are gays and there are raving
queens - and lots of variants in
between!**

DEL POTRO
Bueno viendo se aprende, no?
Well, seeing is learning, right?

Chuckling relaxed.

MARIO
Quiero llevarlo a ver algo, Papá...
**I want to take you see something,
Dad...**

DEL POTRO
Ahora?
Now?

MARIO
No, ahorita no, el domingo por la
tarde... Estará ocupado?
**No, not now, Sunday evening... Will
you be busy?**

DEL POTRO
Domingo? No, nada que no pueda--
Sunday? No, nothing I couldn't--

BUZZING, Del Potro grabbing cell.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)
Oigo!
I'm listening!

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - SAME TIME

Belen on the phone.

BELÉN
Pegó, Coronel! Eran sus cabellos
los que arrancaron la mano
desesperada de Graciela!
**Got a hit, Colonel! They were his
hairs clasped on Graciela's
desperate hand!**

FLASH: GRACIELA FALLING BACK INTO THE WELL, CLASPING KELLER'S
HAIRS, TAKING SOME IN HER GRASP.

INT. LADA - SAME TIME

Del Potro punching roof.

DEL POTRO

Seguro?!
Sure?!

INTERCUT AS NEEDED WITH BELEN

BELÉN

Seguro como que un día nos lleva la muerte no. Hay una chance en mil millones de que no le pertenezcan.
Sure like death will one day get us, no. There's a chance in a billion they don't belong to him.

DEL POTRO

Manda a Chuzo a--
Send Chuzo to--

BELÉN

Ya... Ortega va pa'lla con dos patrulleros. Recójame de pasada, si puede, por favor
Done...Ortega's on his way with two patrol cars. Pick me up on your way, if you can, please.

DEL POTRO

Mientras, avísale a Vargas. Está pa' la finca, le tomará un buen rato regresar.
Meanwhile, let Vargas know. He's at his farm, it'll take him a while to get back.

INT. ALQUILER (RENTAL) - DAY

Belén and The Pink Lady watching Ortega and a POLICEMAN toss the room.

Del Potro on the phone, a short distance away.

BELÉN

Y usted no los vió irse?
And you didn't see them leave?

PINK LADY

No, les gusta dormir a esa gente, me dije..! Se irían por la noche, porque yo me levanté a las seis y-- Fui al fondo a darle de comer a mis conejos y ni vi que faltaba el carro! Como que sí me estoy poniendo veja! Quiere café?

(MORE)

PINK LADY (CONT'D)

Lo hice ahorita.

No, those people like to sleep, I thought! Must have left in the middle of the night cause I got up at six and-- Went to the back to feed my rabbits and I didn't even see the car was missing! Must really be getting old! Want coffee, just made it.

Belén accepting with a smile.

Ortega giving up search.

ORTEGA

Nada, capitán. Nada de nada.

Nothing, Captain. Not a trace.

Belén accepting coffee from woman, looking toward...

DEL POTRO ON HIS PHONE

DEL POTRO

Claro que vengo, mujer, solo que esto se complicó. Pero ahí estaremos a las 4 con Isi y el inglés. A las cuatro, no? Sí, aquí está.

(notando Belén impaciente)

OK, le pregunto. Me tengo que ir.
Course I'm coming, woman, just that this got complicated. But we'll be there with Isi and the Brit. At four, right? Yeah, she's here.

(noticing Belén impatient)

OK, I'll ask her. Have to go.

Hanging up, approaching.

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

El show de Roberta... Quiere que vengas. Seguro tú no--

Roberta's show... She wants you to come. I know you probably--

BELÉN

No, no, a mi me gusta eso...

Además, despues de lo que veo venir, los dos vamos a necesitar distracción.

No, no, I like that sort of thing. After what I see coming, we'll need some R&R.

Del Potro following her gaze to Vargas's Mercedes skidding to a top outside, next to Del Potro's LADA.

VARGAS

Getting out of Mercedes, stalking toward the house.

VARGAS

Cómo coño dejaron escapar a ese comemierda?!
How the fuck you let that piece of shit get away?!

BELÉN

El comemierda que descubrió el Coronel y usted negó por semanas?!
The piece of shit the Colonel found and you dismissed for weeks?!

DEL POTRO

Belen..!

VARGAS

Yo ya le dije a La Habana que teníamos al puto yuma ese acorralado!
I already told Havana we had the foreign prick trapped!

FLASH: KELLER'S PHOTO SHOOTING OFF THE PRECINCT'S XEROX, PASSED AROUND.

DEL POTRO (V.O.)

Déjalo así. Esto es una isla, solo es cuestión de tiempo. Todo policía de Oriente tendrá su foto esta tarde. La de la muchacha también. Y si no aparecen siempre me puedes volver a destituir de mis funciones.

Keep it like that. This is an island, just a matter of time. Every cop in Oriente will have his photo by nighttime. The girl's too. And if they don't show up, you can always relieve me of my duties again.

Vargas getting the irony - a moment of shared humor.

ORTEGA (V.O.)

Bueno, voy a llamar a la Tercera para que asistan con esto.

(MORE)

ORTEGA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

En la casa están casi todos pa la vaina'e Jimenez. Ya me iba yo pa'lla también cuando llamaron del Lenin.

Well, I'm going to call the Third Precinct for help with this. Almost everyone at our house went to Jimenez's thing. I was about to go there myself when the call came in from the Lenin.

FLASH: PHOTOS OF LOLA'S ID BEING PASSED IN A PRECINCT WE HAVE NEVER BEEN IN BEFORE.

DEL POTRO

Pues vete pa' la unidad. Llama a Santa Clara.

Well, get to the precinct. And call Santa Clara.

FLASH: PATROL CARS SPEEDING OUT OF THE SANTA CLARA POLICE PRECINCT.

DEL POTRO (V.O.)

Que bloqueen la Carretera Central y todo vehículo que se parezca al Jimny me lo controlan.

I want the Central Highway blocked and any vehicle that resembles the Jimny checked.

FLASH: TWO POLICEMEN SIGNALING A DARK 4X4 - NOT A JIMNY - TO PULL OVER BY THE SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY.

DEL POTRO

Yo me ocupo de Moa y Baracoa. Belén, Santiago. En algún lado va a tener que dar la cara.

I'll handle Moa and Baracoa. Belén Santiago. He'll have to show his face somewhere.

INT/EXT. PRIVATE TEMPLE, CORONATION CEREMONY - DAY

Jimenez being made Yoruba saint. Yaritza and others from the office participating, enjoying refreshments.

The presiding BABALAWO (CEREMONIAL DETAILS TO COME) accompanied by the strident notes of a brief WIND BAND.

Jimenez in traditional white, from head to toes, feeling saintly, judging by the beatific look on his face.

EXT. STREET, SANTERIA CEREMONY - LATER

The Babalawo leading the ceremonial procession, with Jimenez and DOZENS OF GUESTS singing and dancing in tow.

EXT. STREET CORNER - SAME MOMENT

Keller driving the Jimny slowly past, attracted by the spectacle, driving closer to take photos. Motor-shooting a dozen FREEZE FRAME shots.

Jimenez suddenly recognizing him, Yaritza following his stunned look to Keller.

YARITZA

Ese no es..?

Isn't that..?

Jimenez already running back to the house.

Keller, unaware, taking a few more pictures, HONKING BEHIND, driving off.

ALLEYWAY

Jimenez running up, jumping on WHITE SCOTER, trying several times till it starts, speeding off after Jimny.

STREET

The white scooter speeding past the puzzled stares of his guests and the Babalawo.

EXT. COASTAL ROAD - SOME TIME LATER

Keller driving the Jimny down a seaside road. A moment later, the white spot of Jimenez on his scooter appearing round a bend, following Jimny.

INT. JIMNY - SAME TIME

Lola in a melancholy mood, gazing at the gliding beachscape.

KELLER

I thought this was what you wanted.

LOLA

It is. But it's not easy dreaming about something all your life and suddenly...it's there. What's left to dream about?

KELLER

Life will happen as it always does.
New desires, new rewards. Trust
yourself. You're...extraordinary.

In rear window, Jimenez gaining on Jimny. Keller nodding at it.

KELLER (CONT'D)

There's one of those guys all in
white.

Lola eyeing rearview mirror.

KELLER (CONT'D)

You could always stay and find
happiness in that world. You'd
have to believe in some god, poor
thing. What a burden that would be!

Lola grinning, leaning close to kiss him.

KELLER (CONT'D)

That's better.

Keller pulling over, kissing her back as...

Jimenez' shrilling white blotch whipping past, like a ghost.

EXT. BEACH CABANA - SOME TIME LATER

The Jimny pulling up. A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN exiting with
bucket and mop.

WOMAN

Ah, creí que ya no volvían...Pero
vi sus cosas y dije, bueno mejor
les limpio...no sea que-- Ya,
limpiecito...

**Oh, I was wondering if you'd be
back...But I saw your things, so I
said better I clean...in case--
There, spotless...**

LOLA

Le queríamos pagar por la última
noche, señora...

**We wanted to pay for our last
night, Mrs...**

Keller handing Lola bills, Lola paying woman.

WOMAN

Ah, se van?
Oh, you are leaving?

LOLA

Pa' Santiago unos días...
To Santiago, but we'll be back...

WOMAN

Bueno, aquí estamo' a la orden...
Well, we're here at your service...

Heading for her modest wooden shack, under a mango grove.

JIMENEZ

Spying from across the road, trying his cell - getting precinct answering machine.

VOZ DE MAGALI (POR TELÉFONO)

Cuarta Unidad Policial de Holguín.
Deje su mensaje.
Fourth Police Precinct in Holguín.
Leave your message. (RESEARCH)

LOLA

Loading canvases into Jimny's trunk.

JIMENEZ (O.S.)

Aquí el Cabo Jimenez! Seguí al inglés con la muchacha a una casita por Playa Velazquez. Por el kilómetro 27.
Corporal Jimenez here... I followed the English man with the girl to a house by Velazquez Beach. Around km 27.

JIMENEZ BECOMING ANXIOUS, WATCHING LOLA GO BACK INTO THE HOUSE.

JIMENEZ (CONT'D)

Como que se están yendo. Voy a intervenir! Fuera!
I think they're leaving. I'm going to intervene! Out!

Putting cell away, opening compartment, extracting service pistol, checking clip, sticking it in small of his back, concealing it with shirt, heading across the road.

INT. CABANA - SAME TIME

Lola cramming clothing into bag.

Keller arranging camera case, lifting false bottom. DOOR KNOCK. Freezing, looking at Lola, stepping into bathroom. Lola answering door, giving the huge man in white the once-over.

LOLA

Ajá..?
Yeah..?

JIMENEZ

(looking past her)
Cabo Primero Jimenez.
First Corporal Jimenez.

LOLA

Qué?
What?

JIMENEZ

El socio manejando esa camioneta..?
The fellow driving that truck..?

Catching sight of open camera case on bed, stepping in.

JIMENEZ (CONT'D)

El que--
The one who--

The bathroom door opening, Jimenez looking stunned at Keller - stark naked - looking up at him with a wide grin on his face.

KELLER

Big fella', ain't 'cha?
Qué pasa?
What's up?

Lola seeing Jimenez's hand drifting toward the small of his back, spying gun.

JIMENEZ

Debe acompañarme.
You must come with me.

Keller frowning, nodding

KELLER

Pongo pantalón y--
Put pants on and--

Jimenez flinching at a sudden SHOCK OF PAIN, turning to Lola, wide-eyed, holding the scalpel dripping blood in her trembling hand.

INT. 4TH POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Magali exiting toilet, making her way through deserted precinct, straightening her underwear under her skirt. Soft Milanés issuing from a radio somewhere.

Magali reaching her desk, seeing blinking answering machine light. Pushing button, Jimenez stressful voice:

JIMENEZ (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)
Aquí, el Cabo Jimenez..!
Corporal Jimenez, here..!

INT. INVESTIGADORES OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Ortega at the Crazy wall, but speaking in romantic tones on the phone. Magali rushing in.

MAGALI
Chuzo, el Oso y que siguió al
inglés a una casa por Playa
Velazquez.
**Chuzo, The Bear said that he
followed the Englishman to a cabin
by Playa Velazquez.**

ORTEGA
(into phone)
Despues hablamos...
Talk later...

Putting phone away, lowering radio.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
Playa Velazquez? No le pediste más
detalles?!
**Playa Velazquez? You didn't ask
for more details?!**

MAGALI
Fue un mensaje, no tendría señal.
Por el kilómetro 27.
**It was a message, probably didn't
have coverage. By Km 27.**

Ortega dashing out.

ORTEGA
Llama al Coronel!
Call the Colonel!

MAGALI
Lo primero que hice. Di con su
coreo de voz.
**First thing I did. Got his voice
mail.**

EXT. WOODEN SHACK - DAY

The Woman tossing a pail of dirty water into the bushes,
catching sight of the Jimny driving quickly away, then the
white scooter standing across the road. Puzzled.

INT. WOODEN SHACK - SOME TIME LATER

The Woman peeking through frayed curtains.

The white scooter sitting across the road.

The Woman pondering, turning to her cat staring at her.

SHORT TIME LATER

The Woman heading for the cabana, arms crossed. Her black
cat gaining on her.

WOMAN
No, Juanco, ven pa'ca...
No, Juanco, com'ere..

The cat slipping in through the front door ajar.

The Woman knocking softly.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Hay alguien..?
Anybody here..?

Pausing a moment, disappearing inside. A SHRILL SCREAM
FILLING THE TRACK. Or perhaps it's...

EXT. ORDOÑO HOTEL, TERRACE - DAY

THE SUSTAINED DOUBLE "C" NOTE FROM LOS GUAYABEROS' TRUMPET
playing on the stage at Roberta's packed show.

Roberta's girls dancing, killing it.

The CROWD dancing in place.

Isabel, Tommy, Del Potro sharing a table for five.

Roberta on the wings, egging her dancers.

Del Potro ordering from WAITER another round.

ISABEL
(over music)
Belén sabe dónde es esto?!
Belén knows where this is?!

DEL POTRO
Supongo...yo le dije.
I suppose...I told her.
(checks watch)
Igual cogía un taxi.
Anyway, she was taking a taxi.

ISABEL
Se está perdiendo lo mejor. Dame
su número.
**She's missing the best part. Gimme
her number.**

Del Potro taking out his phone, powering it, stealing a
glance toward the stage. Isabel watching him ironic.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
Te lleva apreta'o la mulata!
**She's got you on a tight leash, the
mulatto!**

DEL POTRO
Se lo prometí, durante su show.
I promised, during her show.

Laughing, dialing number, handing it RINGING to Isabel.

Tommy, wide eyed, watching the scantily dressed girls put it
all out on stage.

ISABEL
You like that, huh?!

TOMMY
Fantastic!

Isabel laughing. Her call picking up.

BELÉN (OVER PHONE)
Aló, Coronel!
Hello, Colonel!

ISABEL
Soy yo, Belen. Dónde tú estás,
It's me, Belén?! Where are you?!

EXT. STREET ACROSS THE HOTEL ORDOÑO - SAME TIME

Belén, dressed to kill, strutting across the street. The MUSIC filling the night from the hotel's terrace, a half block away.

BELÉN
Ay, niña, no lograba coger carrera!
Ya casi estoy...
Couldn't find a taxi, girl. Almost there...

INTERCUT WITH ISABEL AT THE RESTAURANT AS NEEDED

ISABEL
Caminaste?!
You walked?!
(Del Potro looks at her)
Porque no llamaste, muchacha?!
Why didn't you call, girl?!

Giving Del Potro a puzzled look.

INT. JIMNY - SAME TIME

Keller SCREECHING TO A HALT, cutting Belén off. Belén protesting angrily, then confused on recognizing Keller and seeing him rush out of the vehicle. Keller without pause punching her violently on the face.

Belén YELLING, fighting back, Keller dragging her by her underarms toward the open back door of the Jimny. Belén dropping her open-call phone.

Lola waiting with the chloroform bottle and handkerchief in the back seat.

EXT. TERRACE - SAME TIME

Isabel alarmed, standing. YELLING heard over the phone.

ISABEL
Belén! Qué pasó!? BELÉN!
Belén! What happened!? BELÉN!

DEL POTRO

Qué fue?

What happened?

ISABEL

Belén! She's outside! Something's wrong!

Del Potro rushing to the balustrade, Tommy and Isabel after him.

Roberta by stage, confused.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Keller dragging Belén by the hairs, kicking her toward the open Jimny back door.

Belén grabbing Keller's testicles, hard. Keller letting her go.

KELLER

AAAH! Ya'fuckin' cunt!

EXT. TERRACE - SAME TIME

Isabel seeing what's happening.

ISABEL

Allá, Papi!

Over there, daddy!

Tommy and Del Potro seeing Belén fight like a tiger, breaking loose, running off, slipping.

INT. STAIRS - SAME TIME

Del Potro and Tommy rushing down the flights of stairs, three at a time.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Keller recovering, grabbing Belen from back, trying to shove her into back of Jimny, glaring at Lola.

KELLER

What are you waiting for!

A COUPLE OF PASSERSBY alarmed. Lola hyperventilating, holding chloroform, frozen.

KELLER (CONT'D)
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!

ORDOÑO FRONT DOOR

Tommy and Del Potro running out.

BELÉN

Belen biting Keller's hand, Keller releasing her. Belen trying to run away, Keller managing to grab her dress, pulling her back, reaching into back of box, grabbing scalpel.

HOTEL ENTRANCE

Isabel running after Del Potro and Tommy.

KELLER

Swinging scalpel at Belén neck. Belén raising arm, getting slashed deeply in the underarm. Bleeding profusely.

Keller seeing Tommy and Del Potro coming, jumping behind Jimmy's wheel, skidding off, accelerating, trying to run Del Potro down. Del Potro diving out of the way.

Tommy pulling belt off, reaching Belen, tying tourniquet around her armpit.

Del Potro running toward LADA across the street.

ISABEL WITH TOMMY.

ISABEL
My God!

TOMMY
(re tourniquet)
Can you do this?!

Isabel uncertain.

BELÉN
Go, go! Don't let that son of a
bitch get away!

Isabel taking over, twisting tourniquet, the LADA skidding to a stop, Tommy jumping in.

INT. LADA - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro speeding after Jimny, the Jimny disappearing around corner, two blocks ahead.

DEL POTRO
How bad was it?

TOMMY
Pretty damn bad.

A wailing AMBULANCE driving past.

INT. JIMNY - SAME TIME

Keller speeding away. Lola climbing over passenger's seat.

KELLER
What time is it?!

LOLA
Twenty to..!

Keller stepping on it to the max. A bicitaxi crossing the road - Lola SCREAMING. The Jimny brushing past it.

Keller catching sight of Mother in the rearview mirror - sitting in back, holding on to her spilling drink, giddy with laughter,

INT. LADA - SAME TIME

Del Potro passing cars on the shoulder of the road.

TOMMY
Where is he going?

DEL POTRO
He has nowhere to go.

TOMMY
So we can slow down a dash, yeah?

Del Potro grinning.

DEL POTRO
Where would the fun be in that?

The LADA skidding around a bend, Tommy pale as chalk.

INT. JIMNY - SAME TIME

Keller driving full speed.

The HOLGUIN-GIBARA train coming down the track. Keller accelerating, the Jimny barely making it under the lowering barriers.

INT. LADA - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro bringing the LADA to a skidding stop, inches from the train rattling past.

INT. JIMNY - DAY

Keller speeding along gravel road, past a sign - Playa Blanca Marina 7 km. Looking at watch - past 4.

KELLER

We'll go with them to the Bahamas.

From there fly to Venezuela.

(Lola dazed)

You all right--? Put that away.

Reaching for the chloroform, the sharp turn over the Bariay River upon them. Losing control, crashing through the wooden contention barriers, plunging into...

EXT. UNDERWATER, BARIAY RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The Jimny plunging into river, hitting a large rock, SHATTERING WINDSHIELD.

INT. JIMNY - CONTINUOUS

Rear door bursting open. Water filling the cabin.

Keller struggling to open his door - blocked. The Jimny rolling, sinking.

KELLER

Open your door! OPEN!

Turning, seeing Lola's neck snapped clean, killed instantly.

Keller shaking her, refusing to believe death can be this absurd. Willing a miracle.

INT. LADA - SAME TIME

The train running its course, the barriers lifting. Del Potro - pedal to the metal - skidding across.

EXT. BARIAY RIVER - SAME TIME

Lola's paintings floating to the surface, taken away by the slow current.

UNDERWATER

Keller breathing in a roof bubble, opening Lola's door, her body carried out by the current, Keller pulling the waterproof Zero camera case toward the surface.

More paintings escaping out the back door.

EXT. BARIAY RIVER - SAME TIME (AERIAL)

Lola's body floating to the surface, drifting downstream with a number of her paintings.

EXT. RIVER BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Keller reaching shore, dragging camera case up the bank, through the bushes, looking back one last time at the bubbling crash spot, unable to hold back sobs, hurrying away.

INT. LADA - SAME TIME

Del Potro entering the bridge turn at high speed, the shattered barrier.

TOMMY

Watch it!

Del Potro slamming brakes, skidding to the edge.

EXT. BRIDGE OVER BARIAY RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Del Potro and Tommy rushing out of LADA.

Seeing canvases floating down stream, the last bubbles rising from the sunken truck.

DEL POTRO

There!

Tommy diving into river.

UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Tommy piercing the surface, swimming down to Jimny, looking into cabin, the rear, kicking back up to surface.

OPPOSITE BANK

Del Potro spotting Lola's body face down, drifting with the current, running down to the shore, diving after her.

Tommy swimming towards Del Potro.

Del Potro grabbing body, turning it face up, pulling it to shore. The face pale as alabaster, the bleeding temple. Checking for breath, a pulse, beginning mouth-to-mouth.

Tommy reaching same bank. Del Potro compressing Lola chest, questioning him. Tommy shaking his head.

Del Potro renewing mouth-to-mouth, compressions.

Tommy moving hair from Lola's face.

TOMMY

Colonel... She's gone.

Del Potro seeing broken neck, looking toward sunken Jimny.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Nothing down there.

DEL POTRO

Check down river. We need a body!

Tommy heading down river.

EXT. TRAIL - SAME TIME

Keller cutting through bushes, soiled, pulling the muddy camera case, reaching a...

BACKROAD

Hurrying towards a fisherman's shanty town a couple hundred meters downwind.

EXT. BARIAY RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

Tommy reaching widening bend on the river, the ocean in sight. Heading back.

DEL POTRO

Trying to dial on his soaked cell. Dead.

TOMMY

Making his way back, spotting one of Lola's works stuck in bushes, fishing it out. Yellows, black and a dash of rufous-red - "LOVE."

DEL POTRO

Carrying Lola's inert body to dry land, setting it down by a tree.

Tommy emerging from the brush with painting.

Del Potro blowing on his open cell, looking at Tommy.

Tommy shaking his head.

DEL POTRO
(re painting)
One of her's?

TOMMY
Think so. Found it down river.

Handing over his cell.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Try this one. Waterproof.

Del Potro dialing.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Isabel watching TWO SURGEONS work on Belén. Her cell buzzing, looking at screen - PAPA - stepping away to answer.

ISABEL
Hola... Belén perdió mucha sangre
pero va bien. Tú y Tommy?
**Hello... Belén lost a lot of blood
but she'll be all right. You and
Tommy?**

INTERCUT WITH DEL POTRO BY THE RIVER

DEL POTRO
Aquí...
We're fine...

Belén turning, guessing Isabel is talking to her father.

ISABEL
Dile que le salvó la vida.
Tell him he saved her life.

DEL POTRO
Tú se lo dirás.
You'll tell him.

Belén gesturing she wants to talk.

ISABEL
Espera, Belén te quiere hablar.
Wait, Belén wants to talk to you.

Passing her cell.

BELÉN
Dígame que lo tiene.
Tell me you got him.

DEL POTRO
Keller estrelló el carro en el
puente del Bariay y cayó al río.
La muchacha murió.
**Keller crashed his truck on the
Bariay bridge and fell into the
river. The girl is dead.**

BELÉN
Y él?!
What about him?!

DEL POTRO
No sé. Todavía no encontramos su
cuerpo.
**Don't know. Haven't yet found his
body.**

BELÉN
No lo de por muerto, Coronel!
Don't assume he is dead, Colonel!

Del Potro hanging up. The cell buzzing immediately back -
Chuzo.

ORTEGA (OVER PHONE)
Detective--

DEL POTRO
No, soy yo, Chuzo. Te estaba por
llamar.

(MORE)

DEL POTRO (CONT'D)

Haz bloquear el camino a Segua de
Tánamo--

**No, it's me, Chuzo. I was about to
call you. Set up check points on
the road to Segua de Tánamo--**

ORTEGA (OVER TELEPHONE)

Jefe...

Chief...

INT. CABANA VELAZQUEZ BEACH - SAME TIME

Ortega wearing latex gloves, on the phone.

ORTEGA

El Oso... Nos lo mataron.

The Bear... They killed him.

REVEALING the two CSI Investigators combing and marking the
place. Jimenez in a pool of guts and blood. Very dead.

Yaritza seen outside, questioning the illegal renter.

INTERCUT WITH DEL POTRO ON THE BARIAY BRIDGE

DEL POTRO

Como qué mataron? Si cogía santo
hoy!

**What?! They killed him? He was
becoming saint today!**

ORTEGA

Ajá... Yaritza estaba con él cuando
vio pasar al inglés y el Oso lo
siguió.

**Yeah... Yaritza was with him when
he spotted Keller and the Bear
followed him.**

DEL POTRO

(that sinking feeling)

Lo siguió pa dónde?

Followed him where?

ORTEGA

Donde se habían estado quedando
todo el tiempo... Un alquiler
ilegal, por Playa Velazquez. Esto
es una carnicería, Jefe. Lo
abrieron como lata'e frijoles.
**Where they had been staying all
along... An illegal rental by
Playa Velazquez.**

(MORE)

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
This is savagery, Chief.
(chocking)
**Sliced him open like a can of
beans.**

Del Potro livid with rage. Seeing Tommy spreading his jacket over Lola's body.

DEL POTRO
Manda una ambulancia pa'l puente
del Bariay a que recojan el cuerpo
de la muchacha. Ella ya pagó.
**Send an ambulance to the Bariay
bridge to pick up the girl's body.
She paid already.**

ORTEGA
Y el inglés?
And the Englishman?

DEL POTRO
Todavía no...
Not yet...

EXT. PLAYA BLANCA SHANTY - DAY

Keller pulling camera case along a seedy street, through a cluster of shacks.

Shirtless denizens working on small fishing vessels.

A BOY FEEDING MANGO TO A BLUE IGUANA on his arm, watching Keller pass, ignoring his wave.

Keller seeing...

THE "RAGAZZI" FUELING UP AT THE SINGLE PUMP ON THE DOCK.

Keller dragging his case with renewed energy, seeing a leaking street faucet, hurrying to wash his face and the muddy camera case.

The boy watching him with the same expressionless eyes as his reptile.

EXT. BRIDGE OVER BARIAY RIVER - SAME TIME

Del Potro studying painting, setting it against the tree, next to Lola's body, looking down the road.

DEL POTRO
Stay with her, please. The
coroner's on its way. I'm checking
down the road.

TOMMY
Sure, mate.

Del Potro getting in the LADA, driving off.

Tommy looking at Lola's body, moving his jacket to fully
cover her face. In second thought going through her pockets,
discovering her passport.

Opening it - Dolores Vives. Visa pages blank. Looking after
the LADA. Digging for phone, remembering Del Potro has it.

INT. LADA - MOMENTS LATER

Del Potro driving down the road, overshooting a bushy gravel
track on the left. Skidding to a stop, backing up.

EXT. STREET INTO MARINA - SAME TIME

Keller pulling his case.

EXT. MARINA - SHORT TIME LATER

Keller reaching pier, waving ahead.

Fabio Guetta, freeing the Ragazzi, seeing him.

GUETTA
Ciau, Martino! You made it!

Piromalli up on the command bridge, waving.

PIROMALLI
Bravo! E tua amica?!
And your friend?!

KELLER
Decided not to come!
Wadayagonnado..!

GUETTA
(shaking head)
Le donne..!
Women..!

Keller hurrying up the plank, setting case on deck, returning to help Guetta with the bow ropes, glancing toward the road.

GUETTA (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Siete tutti sporchi!
You're all dirty!

KELLER
(forcing laugh)
I know. Fell in a... What heat,
yeah? Had to walk all the way
from... Never thought I'd make it!

Following Guetta on board, helping him fold up gangplank.

Piromalli gently accelerating away from dock.

INT. LADA - SAME TIME

Del Potro driving into Playa Blanca proper. Stopping to query a POLICEMAN. The Policeman shaking his head.

EXT. RAGAZZI DECK - DAY

Pushing off. Piromalli pointing at camera case.

PIROMALLI
That all you have?!

KELLER
Yeah!

Forcing a chuckle.

EXT. TOWN OF PLAYA BLANCA - SAME TIME

Del Potro making U-turn, heading down coastal street.

EXT. RAGAZZI - SAME TIME

Piromalli leaving the cove.

KELLER
Didn't have much to begin with.
Seeing how you dress I know I need
new wardrobe where we're going!
(beat)
Where are we going?

PIROMALLI

Nassau!

KELLER

Splendid! Never been there!

INT. LADA - SAME TIME

Del Potro driving past marina gate. Past a hangar blocking the view to the sea.

EXT. SEA COVE - SAME TIME

The Ragazzi disappearing around the end of the cove.

INT. LADA - SAME TIME

Del Potro driving around the small marina, past a few leisure and fishing boats. Scanning clear view of the sea.

EXT. MARINA - CONTINUOUS

The LADA heading back out.

EXT. RAGAZZI - SAME TIME

Keller lying on sun chair.

Piromalli inviting him up to bridge. Seeing Keller has closed his eyes, letting him be, pushing on toward the offing.

INT. LADA - SHORT TIME LATER

Del Potro driving past shanty streets. Stopping before the Boy with the iguana.

DEL POTRO

Pipo, no viste pasar a un
extranjero?

Hi, see a foreigner go by?

The Boy thinking.

BOY

Un hombre pasó con una maleta...
A man went by with a suitcase...

DEL POTRO

Yuma?

Foreigner?

The Boy shrugging.

BOY

Muy sucio.

Very dirty.

DEL POTRO

P'ande cogió?

Which way'd he go?

The Boy pondering, waving vaguely toward the marina.

Del Potro nodding, deciding to drive up a side street instead.

EXT. BRIDGE OVER BARIAY RIVER - DAY

Tommy watching TWO CORONERS load Lola's body into their ambulance.

EXT. OPEN SEA - SOME TIME LATER (AERIAL)

The RAGAZZI motoring over waters a deeper blue.

EXT. BRIDGE OVER BARIAY RIVER - SAME TIME

The LADA approaching down the road, pulling over. Del Potro stepping down with little will.

Tommy looking at him. Del Potro shaking his head. Tommy handing over passport.

TOMMY

What you make of this?

Del Potro leafing through the virgin document, thoughtful.

EXT. ON RAGAZZI DECK - SAME TIME

Keller sitting on sun chair, gazing at the ballooning tide, tears streaming down his cheeks.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAGAZZI - LATER

The Ragazzi in high seas. MUSIC - Toto Cutugno's
"L'Italiano" - blasting out of powerful stereo system.

Piromalli climbing up from galley with a silver tray, pitcher
of mojito and glasses.

SPEAKERS

"Lasciatemi cantare!
Con la chitarra in mano!
Lasciatemi cantare!
Una canzone piano, piano"
**"Let me sing,
Because I'm proud
I'm Italian
A real Italian."**

PIROMALLI

(cackling hysterically)
Cosa sta succedendo, sei
impazzito?!
What's going on, you've gone mad?!

Freezing at the sight of Guetta, choking on his own blood,
throat slashed.

Dropping the tray, the pitcher and glasses shattering on
deck. Turning, aghast and confused.

Keller's scalpel slicing across his throat. Piromalli
grabbing for it, trying in vain to plug the crimson torrent,
dropping to his knees.

MUSIC CONTINUES

Keller turning back on the horror, climbing to the bridge,
scanning the offing, expressionless. After a moment, his
slightly trembling hand setting the bloody scalpel on the
tray. Now releasing automatic pilot, shifting heading to
North-North-East, thrusting forth power.

KILLING THE MUSIC, singing the song a cappella, in an ever-
improving Italian.

KELLER

"Lasciatemi cantare,
Perche' ne sono fiero
Sono L'italiano,
L'italiano vero."

EXT. HIGH SEAS - DAY

The "Ragazzi" sailing toward BLACK CLOUDS, BOLTS OF LIGHTNING. Shooting up through spiking waves.

Mother on a deck sun chair, holding on to her rollers and lemonade, cackling hysterically amused.

Keller watching her whimsically from the bridge.

Mother and her chair swept off the deck by a massive, white wave.

Keller laughing, giddy, his singing voice fainting, yielding to WIND.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Del Potro helping Belén out of the LADA - arm bandaged, on a brace, stylish jacket over her shoulders. Yaritza taking her bag from trunk.

BELÉN

Bueno... Esto no fue derrota,
Marcial.
**So... This was not a defeat,
Marcial**

DEL POTRO

Victoria tampoco se siente.
Reponte pronto.
**Don't feel like victory either. Get
well soon.**

BELÉN

Yo soy mas dura que un cachicamo,
si aún no te diste cuenta.
**I'm tougher than an armadillo, in
case you haven't noticed.**

Del Potro smiling. Belén kissing him on the cheek.

BELÉN (CONT'D)

Muerto ó desaparecido, lo sacamos
de circulación.
**Dead or missing, we put him out of
circulation.**

Del Potro holding her gaze, finally nodding.

Belen studying him a beat, a hint of a smile, walking away.

Del Potro watching her mix with travellers, the clicki-ti-clack of her stilettos turning heads.

Del Potro's cell BUZZING, Del Potro turning away, taking call.

MARIO (OVER PHONE)
Te olvidaste, viejo...
You forgot, old man...

DEL POTRO
Para nada, compadre...Regresando
del aeropuerto.
**Not at all, pal...On my way back
from the airport.**

EXT. FIELD - AFTERNOON

The sun setting behind low, green hills...The LADA appearing around a bend, on a dirt road.

INT. LADA

Del Potro driving, uncertain. Mario next to him, casually searching the skies.

DEL POTRO
Dónde me estás llevando?
Where are you taking me?

MARIO
Ya... Aquí mismo. Apague el motor,
Papá.
We're here. Stop the engine, Dad.

DEL POTRO
Aquí?!
Here?!

The middle of nowhere.

MARIO
Sí, sí...
Yes, yes...
(checks watch)
Bájese, Papá.
Step down, Dad.

Del Potro watching him walk a ways into field, finally following him.

Mario scanning the skies. The Sun soon to sink behind the mountains in the West.

Del Potro taking cigar stub from his shirt pocket, lighting it, dragging on it till it CRACKLES to life.

DEL POTRO

Bueno, este sitio is muy bonito,
pero, ya, no? Isi quedó cocinando--
**Well...this is all very nice, but
that does it, right? Isi was
cooking--**

MARIO

Un momento más...
One more moment...

DEL POTRO

(glancing back at road)
Esperamos a alguien?
We're waiting for someone?

Mario's gaze in the horizon, his eyes smiling.

MARIO

Sí.
Yes.

Del Potro now becoming aware of a shadow appearing in the horizon, growing closer, defining itself into a shifting shape, bringing with it a MURMUR OF WINGS.

Mario spying his father's face filling with wonderment as...

The MILLION-STRONG FLOCK of starlings swiftly passing above head. Changing shape, rising, turning, wheeling. Flying away and back again. A ballet of shape and now MUSIC, glutting the SCREEN.

Del Potro filled with wonderment, his eyes flooding. His chuckle turning to LAUGHTER. Looking at Mario in disbelief. Then back at the murmuration, swooping back and forth, up and down, changing shape and apparent density.

Del Potro clasping Mario's shoulder, watching with him the dance of the starlings.

Then without warning, the murmuration flying off, leaving behind only silence.

Del Potro's looking at Mario, nodding, unable to make words.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Manejo yo.
I drive.

Heading back to the LADA, climbing in, driving away.

THE MURMURATION suddenly sweeping over us from BEHIND CAMERA,
DARKENING THE SCREEN AND...

HARD CUT TO:

INT. RAGAZZI YACHT - DAY

MOVING THROUGH A DARK CORRIDOR. LIGHT AS WE ENTER...

CAPTAIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Keller, wearing off-white linen slacks, two-toned deck shoes, navy-blue blazer, Rolex, other chic embellishments, relieving a safe of hefty stacks of Euro and US dollars. Noticing a mauve, velvet pouch, opening it - inside, several dozen uncut diamonds.

Keller's eyes smiling, quickly closing pouch, sticking it with cash in camera case's double bottom. Slipping it in with the spick-and-span scalpel.

Zip-shutting blue Riva duffle bag filled with fine clothing.

Keller taking one last look around, putting on a soft Panama he grabs from a hook, taking his leave of the place.

INT. DEL POTRO'S HOUSE, DAY ROOM - DAY

Isabel serving chicken-rice. Del Potro, Tommy (sun burnt), Mario, Roberta at table.

Esperanza serving black beans and ripe plantains.

ESPERANZA

Oye! Parece un camarón, tu
enamora'ó!

**Hey! Looks like a shrimp, your
beau!**

ISABEL

(kissing him)

Culpa suya! El sabelotodo!
His fault! The know it all!

TOMMY

Qué pasa?
What's up?

ISABEL

Qué pasa?! Le vieran el culo!
What's up?! Should see his ass!

ALL LAUGHING - Except Del Potro, thoughtful, managing a smile. Roberta taking his hand.

EXT. RAGAZZI MAIN DECK - SAME TIME

Washed clean. Spotless. Perfectly quiet, except for the soft HUMMING OF ENGINE below.

Keller emerging from the stairs, climbing on to bridge, releasing autopilot, taking helm.

EXT. TURKS & CAICOS ISLANDS - SOME TIME LATER (AERIAL)

The Ragazzi pulling into the South Dock Marina, in Provinciales. Crystal clear water in every direction.

INT. RAGAZZI YACHT - SAME TIME

Keller at the helm. Wearing captain's cap. Piromalli's D&G shades. Camera case at arm's length.

A dinghy bringing TWO MARINA PILOTS pulling alongside, the first one climbing the ladder.

FIRST PILOT

Permission to come aboard, Captain!

KELLER

(Continental informality)
Avanti, avanti!

Saluting, yielding the helm, picking up camera case, descending to main deck.

EXT. SOUTH DOCK MARINA - SHORT TIME LATER

Luxury super yachts filling berths. DECKHANDS, SAILORS, TOURISTS coming and going.

The signaling MARINA MASTER easing the Ragazzi into its assigned berth. The First Pilot killing engine.

TWO DECKHANDS helping moor the vessel.

A smiling CUSTOMS OFFICER approaching bow.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Permission to board, Captain?

KELLER
Certo! Avanti, avanti!
Course! Come in, come in!

The Officer checking his clipboard.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Mr. Piromalli?

KELLER
Gianni, si.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Coming from..?

KELLER
Bahamas.

Taking passport out of his jacket, handing it over. The Officer opening it to check it.

Keller timely reacting lasciviously to an attractive, tanned GIRL in shorts walking past on the dock. The Customs Officer dully distracted.

KELLER (CONT'D)
Not easy working here, ugh..?

OFICIAL IMMIGRACIONES
(grinning)
Don't get me started...
Ni me hable...

Perfect.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
(handing passport back)
Will you be staying long, Captain Piromalli?

KELLER
(pocketing passport with a smile)
We'll see...

EXT. DOCKS, WIDE - DAY (DRONE)

CAMERA RISING, THE TRACK YIELDING TO THE MURMUR OF THE DOCKS,
THE WIND, THE PASSING SEAGULLS...

END CREDITS ROLL BEGINS...

Keller and the Officer shaking hands, the man in white
resuming his round, on to the next super-yacht.

Keller taking a last look around the deck, reentering yacht,
reappearing with Lola's painting under his arm, grabbing
duffle bag, pulling camera case down the pier, mingling with
the crowd as...

ROLL CONTINUES TO

THE END