



Scripts.com

Man Facing Southeast

By Eliseo Subiela

MAN FACING SOUTHEAS

To My Father

Mirta... my love...

I fired twice, as we agreed.

There were two bullets left for me.

I put the revolver here

and fired the other two shots...

Then I couldn't see anything.

I could only hear her moan.

She was suffering...

I wanted to help her, but

there were no more bullets.

I couldn't see through the blood.

I heard her, but I didn't know

where she was.

The blood gushed from me like water

from a broken pipe...

She was gone.

We'd agreed to die together.

She had bought the gun.

I failed her.

How could it be?

You must help me.

He thinks I can help?

I fired twice...

A priest could help more.

There were two bullets left for me.

He'll never rid himself

of those images.

I'll sedate him.

Soon he'll disappear among the rest.

He'll be on more,

but he'll never be himself.

As we agreed.

How would he react if

I touched his hand?

She was moaning...

It would show affection,

tenderness.

My God... How he must need it.

But he can't expect that from me.

I put the revolver here and

fired the other two shots.

Neither do I.

I could only hear her moan.
She was suffering.
Poor fool.
He doesn't realize
he's being punished.
A prolonged agony.
I wanted to help her, but
there were no more bullets.
You didn't save yourself.
Welcome to Hell.
Don't worry, we'll help you.
Excuse me, Doctor. How
many patients have you?
- Check the registry.
- I have checked.
- There should be 32.
- Has someone escaped?
Just the opposite.
There's one too many.
I checked the other wards.
Everything's in order.
Nobody's missing.
No new patients have been admitted.
- When did you discover this?
- This morning.
- Which one?
- He must be outside.
He's in the chapel. He's a good man.
He comes from far away.
It's only a series of vibrations,
but they have a good effect
on the men.
Where does the magic lie?
In the instruments?
In the one that wrote it?
In me?
In those that hear it?
I cannot understand what they feel.
Yes, I can understand.
I just can't feel it.
Do you understand?
Excuse me. I am Rantes.
How did you get here?
To earth?

In a spaceship.
You're a Martian.
Doctor, that is an insult.
You are an intelligent man.
Do you always underestimate
your patients like this?
Are you a patient?
No, but I'm not a Martian.
I come from far away...
from another world.
It's pointless to explain.
You wouldn't believe me anyway.
But you came in a spaceship
and landed right here...
in our courtyard.
No.
Coordinates 34 degrees latitude south,
In a field, near a place called
Junin, I believe.
I shouldn't reveal so much information.
All right, Rantes, or whoever you are...
We're alone... We're not the police.
You're involved in something shady
and want to hide out here.
You're not the first,
who would look here, right?
Look, I don't care what you've done,
but don't waste my time.
If you stay, I'll have
to contact the police.
You know the best way to protect
my mission?
Telling the truth.
Who's going to believe it?
And the best place to tell the truth
is this.
Anywhere else, you know
what would happen?
They would bring me here.
I would be back here telling you
the same things.
If you're gone tomorrow,
no one will say anything.
If you stay....

Do you know what you're in for?
I know the methods,
all the methods that you humans use.
I think he's faking.
Tomorrow he may be gone.
If he stays, just in case,
give him a sedative.
- What about his file, Doctor?
- Put...
Unidentified Flying Patient,
until we find out his name.
Dr. Denis, this is
Dr. Gimenez's secretary.
I'm confirming the interview
on Tuesday at 3.00.
Julio, it's Nolasco. I'm calling about
the clinic. Give me a call.
Ciao, a hug.
Horrible machine, tell my Daddy
when you see him
that I called to tell him that
Saturday, when he comes to see us,
to take Consuelo and me
to see the Moscow Circus.
Buy the tickets.
Bye, machine.
A kiss to Daddy.
If Rantes was faking it, the lengths
that he went to made him sick.
He sat for hours without moving,
without blinking. Totally isolated.
Immersed in someplace, I began
to suspect that was too far away,
but not outwards, as he said,
but inwards.
Rantes, what do you do in the gardens?
You spend hours without moving.
I receive and transmit information.
I told you I need to learn
your identity.
The police will come to take
your fingerprints.
- I hope it doesn't bother you.
- No.

I would find that amusing.
It's just... if my prints
should match
someone who's dead, don't be scared.
Rantes, do you believe
that could happen?
I mean, do you... believe that you
could be dead
and be here, in front of me?
Yes. Not in such simple terms,
of course.
But... in reality most of these men
are dead but they're here...
Sometimes in front of you.
They're dead in what way?
What do you think?
You are a sincere son of a bitch,
a faking son of a bitch,
which is even crazier.
My mother would find
your statements amusing.
What's her name?
We have no mother. At least
they never told us.
- You're a robot.
- No.
You are all robots.
You just haven't realized it.
All right.
I'm a robot. What are you?
- You wouldn't understand.
- Try me.
You are in the prehistory
of the holograms.
Holograms?
Yes. A type of photograph
obtained through a laser beam.
It's an experiment done
in our physics laboratories.
We have been able...
How can I explain?
To have those images
take shape in space
through what you would call

a large projector
programmed with a highly
complex computer
to include the vital information
for that image to be alive.
Let's see... You're telling me
that you are a projection.
In a way.
I... my spaceship... We are as images
projected in space.
I say 'images' for your benefit,
because, in reality, I could
do without your eyes.
You could close them.
I'd still exist.
I breathe. You can touch me,
I can touch you.
We are perfect human replicas.
Except for one detail.
We cannot feel.
'I cannot feel. '
That was one of the most
moving confessions.
I'd ever heard from a patient.
I hadn't been feeling much
for my profession.
I hadn't been so interested in a patient
in a long time.
And I hadn't been happy
in a long time.
Soon they would take his fingerprints.
I guessed that Rantes had been
a mathematician... maybe a physicist.
He had mentioned a physics laboratory.
This is a hologram.
The laser bounces off the object leaving
its impression on the plate.
Then, to reconstruct the image
we use another laser.
- Is this an experiment?
- It's a laboratory experience.
The object is registered indirectly
on the photographic plate. Understand?
The hologram represents

the object in code.

Could people be photographed
and projected in space?

For example, projecting a person here
so that person would seem real?

It could be done with pulsating lasers,
but it would just be the image
of its outward appearance
lacking all the other attributes
of a real person.

Why assume that a person who talks
about physics must be a physicist?

He could just know about certain
phenomena and make up a story.

Who'd use such information for
non-scientific purposes? What is he?

A writer.

A writer.

A writer or just a reader.

Reader?

Why did I think that?

Reader of what?

Fiction was not one of my interests, but
in Rantes' description of holograms
had a literary feel to it.

Someplace I had read something similar.

That business of projecting human
beings... In some book...

and I had it.

'I began to find unknown waves
and vibrations

and devised instruments to capture
and transmit them. ''

'Here's the machine's first component. ''

'The second records,
the third projects. ''

'It doesn't require screen or papers. ''

'If you open all the receivers,
Madeleine appears, complete,
reproduced, identifiable. ''

'Remember that we refer to images
extracted from mirrors... with sounds...
resistance to touch, taste, the smells,
the temperature,

perfectly synchronized. ''
''Morel's Invention. ''
Adolfo Bioy Casares, 1940.
If Rantes had written his story
instead of telling me,
he could have become a famous writer,
instead of the lunatic
I hoped to unmask.
Okay. Rantes could have been
a physicist
or read ''Morel's Invention. ''
But what would that prove?
Take it easy.
There are only two alternatives.
Either Rantes is crazy
or he's from another planet.
No, old man.
There cannot be
two alternatives.
- What is it?
- The report on Rantes' fingerprints.
- I don't understand.
- They're not on file.
He doesn't exist.
- Any explanations?
- A Uruguayan...
who suddenly turned up
here would have no records.
He always looks in
the same direction.
He always orients himself
in the same direction
between the water tank and
Pavillion 6.
What direction is that?
- Which way is north?
- There.
Then he faces towards the south.
South...
- Southeast... right?
- Yes, southeast.
Southeast.
And why not southwest?
Or north?

- Southeast.
- What does he say?
That he receives and
transmits information.
Whatever it is... on that line...
there must be some
clue to his past.
We're changing the medication
for the patient in bed 7, Rantes.
He is delirious and he's not improving.
We'll try to depress him.
I want a daily report, O.K.?
He's a good man,
he comes from far away.
Everyone seems to like you.
I thought about what you told me
that you couldn't feel.
What about that?
Can we chat?
How about some coffee?
My projection includes all
the information to do many things.
To play Bach... and other things
that would surprise you.
To me, it's only information.
Why do psychiatrists lean back
when they listen?
They think it's contagious?
Forgive me. It's just a habit.
Now, Rantes...
- You gave that patient your coat.
- He was cold.
What compelled you to give him
your coat?
- He was cold.
- Stop bullshitting me, Rantes.
You felt something for that man.
No, it's a totally rational reaction.
If someone is cold, I help.
You're programmed for that.
- Do you have hallucinations?
- No, you do.
I'm one of your hallucinations.
You're a complete lunatic.

But you're a very special lunatic.
You worry me.
You really do.
I appreciate your worrying about me.
It's not customary to care about
someone else here.
In this hospital?
On this planet.
What about yours?
Tell me about that.
Where did you live?
In a town?
In a city?
No data found. That information
is unavailable. Ask again.
I don't want to deceive you.
I could describe any town, any city...
That would be deceiving you.
It wouldn't be a town
as you understand it...
nor would it be
the past you're seeking.
You're my past... this moment...
this world.
You want to take me to man's past.
But how could you understand that?
Relax, Doctor.
What's worrying you?
If I were a dictator and could command
powerful armies, I could understand.
But I'm not.
I'm in an asylum.
Everyone knows that I'm crazy.
You, too, right?
Rantes, you're sick.
I'm a doctor.
I want to cure you, that's all.
I want you to understand me,
not cure me.
Even though he didn't believe it,
I tried to understand.
In fact, it was becoming my life's main
objective to understand Rantes.
He passed every test, as expected.

Sticking to his crazy beliefs, each time more complex, more perfect.

The intelligence test rated him as a genius.

No analysis showed any physical abnormality, all the results indicated he was healthy.

Except for one detail... he claimed to come from another world.

- We're seeing the circus?

- No.

I didn't have time to buy tickets.

- Where are we going?

- To the zoo.

Again?

What are you doing?

Keep still.

Sit straight. Leave that alone.

Waiter!

Here.

One steak!

- The steak!

- What?

- My steak?

- I put it there.

- Where?

- I left it there.

People are waiting!

- Did you take it?

- Where?

Time went by.

Rantes became just another shadow.

One of many...

acknowledged only by the priest, who now had an incredible organist.

Rantes didn't exist, except for me.

No other doctor acknowledged him.

At that time I was the only witness to his existence.

If Rantes was crazy, he was crazy only for me.

His delirium didn't diminish.

Apparently, he had avoided
taking the anti-psychotics.
I could have injected him.
For some reason, I chose not to.
Rantes' delirium was harmless
and for the moment, perfect.
I just had to wait.
I was sure that, at any moment,
he would make a mistake.
I want to ask a favor.
Would you arrange for me
to work in Pathology?
In Pathology? What would
you do in Pathology?
Let's say... cleaning... maintenance.
I see, you're bored.
You want to use your hands.
- What about the handicraft workshop?
- No, Doctor.
What would you have me make?
Wooden boxes that read
' 'Souvenir from Nuthouse''?
I'm not bored. I want to work
in Pathology.
You're my only friend
with any power here.
Sending a lunatic to work in Pathology
would make you a lunatic.
The cleaning story is a good pretext.
That's the pretext.
What's the real motive?
To investigate.
- Investigate what?
- Man's brain.
- Your brain?
- No, your brain.
I hate to disappoint you.
All signs indicate your brain is exactly
like mine or any other human's.
Then why are you considered sane
and I'm considered insane?
He sure seems like he's
from another planet.
He is a good man. Gentle.

O.K. Leave him with me.
On a conditional basis.
If he behaves, he stays.
He'll be useful.
It's the only way to get an assistant.
There's not even money for coffins.
The other day I sent out two corpse
in the same box.
Behold... a genius.
I wonder what made him go nuts.
When he dies, I get the autopsy.
You're a son of a bitch.
Yes, it's mine.
- All these clippings...
- It's information.
- About what?
- About the world's deadliest weapon.
We know how to defend against
your other weapons.
Not this one. It baffles us.
- What weapon, Rantes?
- Stupidity. Human stupidity.
Why do you say ''us''?
I'm not the only inhabitant
of my planet
nor am I the only one here.
For God's sake, Rantes, don't tell me
there are others. You're plenty.
This same scene is happening
all over the world.
Other Rantes facing other doctors
like you in other nuthouses,
having the same discussion
at this very moment.
And we're all saying exactly
the same thing.
Check it out. Call them.
Dr. de la Fuente, Madrid.
Dr. Lamarque, Lima.
You speak English? French?
If one of you would call, you could
change history, but we know you won't.
It is beyond the limits
of what you can accept.

We are beyond those limits.
O.K., if I accept all those doctors
are talking to all the Rantes,
what do these clippings mean?
The daily crimes.
If God is within you,
you assassinate God every day.
How does this concern you?
We are preparing the rescue.
Do you see why a nuthouse is
the safest place?
I can tell you this confidential
information
because nobody will believe it.
- What rescue?
- The rescue of the victims,
those who cannot survive
amidst the terror.
Those broken by the horror,
those who are without hope...
here.
It will not be robbery.
All you've left out are the words
'Blessed are the Meek'.
You made a mistake in assuming
your role.
You say you are from another planet.
You should have said
you were Christ.
My story might've been different
but not your reaction.
Rantes, did you have children?
Why do you keep this?
They also cannot live with horror...
and they die like ants.
International Operator,
one moment, please.
International Operator,
one moment, please.
An invasion of Christs
was an amusing idea.
God forgive me. The absurdity
of it amused me.
The old, official version of one Christ

always seemed absurd,
but it never amused me.
I didn't know why, but it was impossible
to get the thought out of my mind.
I wondered, if this were true,
why was that Christ a social being,
one with a political approach while
this one isolated himself completely?
Things had not gone well that time.
Perhaps this time they decided
to change their tactics.
My God! Rantes was probably right
in saying that psychiatrists lean back
to avoid being infected.
In his case, I had committed
the indiscretion of not doing it.
Sometimes a perfumed breeze
comes through a window.
Does it call up some old memories?
I don't have memories that can be
activated that way...
but if I had them, certain smells,
certain perfumes would harm me.
We have lost many agents that way.
- How's that?
- Agents... like me.
They feel things they are not
programmed for
and separate themselves
from the beam.
They have deserted, why?
For things that you
would consider stupid.
Perfume coming through a window,
for example,
a woman's fragrance,
a catchy saxophone melody.
- A saxophone? Did you know I play
the saxophone? - No.
But, please, Doctor, don't take me
literally.
Don't show up with a saxophone
to try to destroy me.
I don't understand something.

You talk about sensations...
sensations that seriously upset
the people of your planet.
Combinations are produced which make
our computerized memory
begins to malfunction.
We still do not know why.
That's why I asked to work in Pathology.
To investigate.
Why don't you stop bullshitting?
I will help you, I really will.
I know that you're afraid to see
yourself as merely a man,
as a sick man, but don't worry,
I will not abandon you.
But you have to help me.
You're a great guy, Rantes.
It's a pity.
You're a great guy, too,
but you're not happy.
You know it, and it doesn't bother you.
Human beings resign themselves
to so many destructive things.
They do nothing to change things.
Is it stupidity or are you paying
for your sins?
Home again.
Rantes, it's still early.
How about some coffee?
Why should I be cured?
Can you give me a serious reason
we can discuss here?
Rantes, if you're not a lunatic,
I would concede that
you are an extraterrestrial.
That would mean that I'm a lunatic.
Nature allows only for
very slow change
accepting a change of species
before a change of conscience.
I'm more rational than you.
I respond rationally to stimulus.
If someone suffers, I console him.
If someone needs my help, I give it.

Why do you think I'm crazy?
If someone looks at me, I respond.
If someone talks, I listen.
You have slowly gone crazy
by ignoring those stimuli,
simply for having ignored them.
Someone dies. You let him die.
Someone asks for help.
You look the other way.
Someone is hungry. You squander
what you have.
Someone is dying of sorrow.
You lock him up so as
not to see him.
One who systematically
adopts this conduct,
who walks among the victims,
ignoring them,
may dress well, may pay taxes,
go to Mass,
but you cannot deny he is sick.
Your reality is terrifying, Doctor.
Why don't you look at the real
madness for once?
Stop persecuting the sad ones,
the meek,
those who don't want to buy, or cannot
buy that shit you would gladly sell me.
That is, if you could.
Rantes had just made a move that
surprised me.
It seemed unprogrammed.
Unexpectedly, a rage
had surfaced in him.
He claimed to be a ''Cybernetic Christ'',
but his rage made him resemble
the other Christ, the old Christ.
At this stage, my thoughts were
confused somewhat by shame,
somewhat by anger.
Since Rantes was becoming more
Christ-like, his end would be the same.
I wouldn't admit it, but I wanted Rantes
to disappear completely.

Even though history would see me,
if this were true,
as the Pilate of the galaxies.
Even so, I would prefer,
as had many Romans,
to risk a resurrection rather than have
him here saying what he was saying.
Hey, Rantes has a visitor.

- Beatriz...

- Dick.

Rantes had been here for a while
and he's made no progress.
We don't know his identity.
In the register, he's listed as N.N.
So your presence may be very useful.
That's why I intercepted you.

Now I'd like to ask you
some questions.

They may seem indiscreet,
but I think you'll understand.

- Are you related?

- No.

A friend?

We met a while ago.

I'm an evangelist.

I work in a church.

We do relief work in a village.

- That's where we met.

- In a church?

- Why was Rantes at the church?

- He showed up offering to help out.

At first, we didn't realize
his importance.

Importance?

He knows everything.

He teaches the kids music.

He's delivered several babies
very professionally.

He's assembling a machine using parts
of radios and calculators.

He says it will be a computer.

From the beginning we found him
a little strange, but a good man.

He told me his story.

- It was very moving.
- He explained why he's here?
He described his problems with alcohol.
Problems with alcohol?
What problems with alcohol?
He didn't tell me why.
I didn't ask.
He said he'd been an alcoholic.
He sought help to avoid
harming anybody.
He said he was improving.
He spoke highly of you.
- He never mentioned coming from
another planet? - No.
Rantes may have problems, but
he doesn't seem crazy to me.
Excuse me.
Excuse me, Doctor,
but it is late.
Yes, of course.
Will you be visiting again?
I'd like to talk more.
Anything he said may help me.
- And him.
- Yes, of course.
Can I have your phone number?
I don't have a phone.
I'll give you my numbers.
You can call me here
or at home.
Rantes deserves our help.
He's a valuable man.
You told me everything, eh?
The Saint?
She's a very interesting woman.
Why do you call her the ''Saint''?
Because she's a very special woman.
Her mechanisms are unlike other humans.
- What mechanisms?
- This is confidential...
but I can trust you.
Uncommon connections between
the emotional and the physical.
When a human being feels something

what are the external
physical reactions?
You can cry, or tremble,
or pretend you don't feel a thing.
The Saint could never hide anything.
When she feels, when...
she becomes deeply moved
or feels love, I suppose,
she regurgitates a blue liquid.
A blue liquid?
Yes. It's a very interesting case.
Searching for ways of decoding feelings
and transforming them into information,
it's truly an exceptional case.
Why the need to expel the liquid?
Why blue?
What produces it?
Perhaps she's epileptic and
you imagined the liquid was blue.
What's wrong, Doctor?
Have you found yourself at the limits?
Crazy trees grow in nuthouses.
Why did you tell her
you were an alcoholic?
An alcoholic?
I didn't want to frighten her.
I am interested in working
with those people.
Telling the truth would ruin everything.
Horrible machine, tell Dad
I would like to go to fishing.
I deserve it since I got an A
in school.
Bye, machine. I don't like
to talking to you.
Have Daddy call me.
Dr. Denis, this is Beatriz Dick,
Rantes' friend.
Please tell him that
I haven't abandoned him.
I had important reasons
for not visiting him.
I'll visit him again
next Sunday at 5:00 p.m.

I called because I know
you care about him.
Thank you, Doctor.
Listen Doctor, I've been
cheating on you.
Hi, how are you?
I've finished seeing my patients.
Would you like some coffee?
I want to know how
Rantes seemed to you.
Excuse me for a minute.
I'll wait in the car. It's outside.
Beatriz, I don't want
to alarm you, but...
Rantes did not explain his case fully.
He hides things.
A man always hides something
in his soul
that's why he's not happy.
Of course, but these are
serious things.
Rantes is not an alcoholic.
He thinks he is from another planet.
- What's your opinion?
- About another planet?
No. Do you think it's serious?
Can he be cured?
The truth is, I don't know.
- I haven't made any progress.
- He seems well.
He feels well, but that place
is not exactly a summer camp.
I know it.
I thought you would be able to help me.
I want to help you,
but I don't know how.
I'm searching for some human trace.
I can't find any trace of his past,
of his origins.
I can say he's sick, but I don't really
know what's wrong with him.
This happens often in psychiatry.
A man lives his life without
leaving some imprint.

I know the real story of Rantes
must exist somewhere.
I think you can help.
Why do you think I could help?
He lied to me, too.
You never heard him mention a place,
a town where he might have lived?
- He never mentioned Uruguay?
- No.
As far as I remember, no.
Once he mentioned a trip.
There is a boy Rantes teaches music.
He's very impressed with him.
Rantes thinks he's a genius.
He admires him.
It bothers him because he believes that
the boy's genius will be wasted.
Once, he mentioned taking the boy
on a trip.
I asked about the trip. He just said,
'That boy will travel.'
Rantes can go out.
He comes and goes when he pleases.
Why doesn't he go out with you
for a walk or a drink?
He doesn't want to.
He says he's too busy at the hospital.
- He's investigating something.
- Oh, yes...
Are you suggesting I don't do enough
with him?
No, no. You do plenty by visiting him.
I better go.
Need a ride?
No, thanks.
I'm not going far. I like to walk.
So long, Doctor.
Thank you for your concern.
Next week I'll take him to a concert.
Would you like to come with us?
A REAL LOONEY CONCERT MADMAN CONDUCTS I
It would've been fine in
the entertainment section, but...
it made the Crime section, and

I look like a fool.
'How did the patient escape?'
He didn't escape.
He was out with one of our doctors.
You're right, I'm sorry.
I made a mistake.
I thought it would be good for him
to get out.
He loves music. Besides, he's harmless.
So I see.
It's lucky you didn't take him
to a military parade.
Instead of the Crime section
we'd be front page news.
'Nut Orders Military Attack'
That's already happened,
and Rantes wasn't involved.
Dr. Denis, this man is a delirious
paranoid
and you're treating him
as a mere neurotic.
I don't have to remind you
that a man who persists in such delirium
is potentially dangerous.
Today he's a Martian, tomorrow
he hears voices and kills someone.
You put him to work in Pathology,
take him to concerts.
Perhaps you're experimenting
with new healing technique.
We don't cure anybody.
If you've lost faith in your profession,
you know what to do.
I come here every day because I believe
that, despite the difficulties,
we do serve.
Curing even one patient
gives our work meaning.
One in 1500 patients.
That's a pretty low average.
Dr. Denis, regarding yourself,
the subject is not closed.
Regarding the patient,
I want no more confusion.

Alpidol injectable, and that's final.
He'll fall apart.
It's the only way to shake the delirium.
Yes, but the delirium is all that
keeps Rantes going.
He may become catatonic.
If he becomes catatonic,
give him electroshock.
You have 15 years' experience.
This can't go on.
This... Rantes...
was with you the whole time yesterday?
Yes, I picked him up and
brought him back.
The other patients say that he led
last night's activity.
The sentence was handed down
and would be carried out.
I had my orders.
After all, in this story
I was only Pilate.
I felt guilty, not about hoping
that Rantes would slip up,
but about how little
his future troubles bothered me.
The Saint, as was her custom,
had disappeared,
vaguely promising to visit soon.
Oh, Doctor.
I was worried.
I didn't mean any harm.
Please forgive me if my behavior
yesterday caused you problems.
- I'm sorry.
- It's all right.
I understand storing information,
but what makes them function?
What keeps them going?
What makes them feel?
Is that what you call the ''soul''?
You did nothing wrong except
making yourself conspicuous.
You made the papers and
the Director looks like a fool.

There are torturers who
love Beethoven,
who love their children,
who go to Mass.
Man allows that.
At the time of killing,
animals are more honest.
Don't say that. We're not talking about
torturing or killing you,
I just have to give you medicine.
I cannot work here anymore.
For a while.
Where is that afternoon in which
he first felt love?
What traces of the moments of pain
and pleasure this man felt?
You may be feeling some changes,
but don't worry.
It's for your own good.
And I won't abandon you.
There goes Einstein,
there goes Bach,
Mr. Nobody,
a madman, an assassin...
What do you think, Doctor?
Will this drain lead to heaven or hell?
The first results were unexpected.
Rantes' delirium seemed to persist.
Only I noticed a change.
His position, where he claimed
to receive information,
it had changed.
He wouldn't admit it, but these
transmissions had been affected.
The medication had damaged
his antennae.
More in touch with reality, Rantes
concentrated on concrete problems.
I considered this progress,
but it led to new problems.
Outraged by the hospital food,
he spoke for the patients
demanding that the Director
sample the food.

The Director refused to see him.
Rantes would not leave
until he was heard.
The next day, he changed his tactics.
He went to the newspaper
office to plead his case.
They showed interest,
but Rantes refused to leave,
unless the Director came to taste
the food.
He fared no better than he did
leading the orchestra.
There was the imbecile
asking for help,
claiming by his gestures that
he spoke for others.
How could he be helped?
How could one penetrate that robot
driven by a mechanism so fragile
that he needed to protect himself
with such strong armor?
I was beginning to doubt
I would ever find out why.
Doctor...
Doctor...
Why have you forsaken me?
- Yes.
- Doctor, Rantes is dying.
So am I. I want to see you.
I don't think it would be right.
Beatriz,
don't make me make a scene.
I need to see you.
Why did you abandon him?
I didn't.
Perhaps he had been abandoned before.
- We'll cure him.
- You should leave him alone.
At least he was happy.
He'll get better.
I know it won't be easy...
Don't disappear again, Beatriz.
Rantes needs me.
I need you more.

I love you.

There will be a price to pay.

For sleeping with me?

No, for my betrayal.

Of whom?

Rantes.

- You have slept with Rantes?

- No...

not because of that.

Then what?

I'm not what you think, Doctor.

You're incredible. We make love
and you still call me Doctor.

I don't think anything, Beatriz.

I haven't felt this way
in a long time.

What?

I'm happy.

- No matter what?

- No matter what.

I came with Rantes.

I'm one of those lost agents

he spoke about,

corrupted by sunsets,

by certain fragrances.

I mean it.

All right. I lied to you.

I'm not an evangelist.

I didn't meet Rantes in church,

but we do work with people

in the village.

There is a boy Rantes wants to take.

It is also true we cannot feel...

except some traitors like me.

Get out!

Get out, you goddamn nut!

Don't abandon us!

Who do you think I am?

I'm not stupid!

- Don't leave us!

- Get out!

- Please, please!

- Get out!

I could have loved you, too.

She is your sister?
In this photo... you were both
Maybe 10.
Who was in the missing part?
Mom?
Dad?
Who was he?
An alcoholic?
Everything will work out, Rantes,
but you must help me.
Was this... the garden of your house?
Was your house big?
Rantes...
I must know who you are.
And Beatriz?
Who is Beatriz?
Your sister?
Was she your wife?
February 9, 1985, was a Saturday.
I went fishing with my children.
Rantes had reached rock bottom.
His vital signs were weak.
The on-duty doctor ordered
the usual treatment,
electroshock to bring the patient out
of the catatonic state.
Rantes suffered a heart attack
from the anesthetic.
When I returned to the hospital, Rantes'
body had been sent to the University.
I wondered if some student,
some professor
upon opening his body, would sense
the mystery it had contained.
The patients didn't accept
Rantes' death.
They said he had gone, but that
he would return in a spaceship.
They would be there... waiting.
I waited for her.
If they were brother and sister,
God would be, for me, from then on
an unknown alcoholic who has fathered
these children,

these opposite sides of one coin.
Perhaps that's all we are, the foolish
or crazy children of a father,
who, at any rate,
was too difficult to forget.