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# A Boyfriend for My Wife

By Pablo Solarz

-Hello.

-Hi.

-Have you rung?

-No.

No. Well, yes, I rang,  
but they told me to wait till  
you arrived.

-Ah, OK. Well, I'm here now.

-Right.

Well, tell me, what brings you here?

-What?

-You yawned.

Hello?

Hi. No, no, no, no,

tell me,

I'm not doing anything much.

Yes.

A BOYFRIEND FOR MY WIFE

Good morning.

-Good morning.

-Hello, I just said hello, Tenso.

OK, I didn't hear you.

-What?

-Good God.

-Don't smoke.

-Leave off, will you?

-It's still early.

-Yes, it's still early.

Great! I'm really off  
to a shitty start today.

Isn't there one lighter in  
this house that works properly?  
I don't believe it.

Do you know one of the things

I hate most in this world?

I can't bear coincidence seekers.

They get on my nerves.

You know, people who are always  
looking for bloody coincidences.

Just yesterday the girl from 2B  
asked me what sign I was.

Just yesterday the girl from 2B  
asked me what sign I was.

What sign am I? But don't you know me?

As if you cared.

Sagittarius, I said.

'Ah, when were you born?'

Hey, I don't believe it!

**She says:**

was born on the 11th''. So?

I don't get it.

What the fuck do I care?

So you've got a friend who was born  
two days later.

Excuse me.

Stupid bitch. Brothers, sisters,  
she says.

Yes, I said.

Brother or sister?

Sister. I have a sister. Why?

So you or your friend have a sister?

Some coincidence?

Is the earth about to move?

What's going to happen?

Younger or older than you, she asks.

I've got a twin sister.

What do you make of that?

Some fuckin' coincidence!

Don't you

think it's a coincidence?

What's the plan? To have me locked up?

Careful.

-No, no, I was taking it off.

-Drive me mad,

until my brain rots whenever

I enter the building?

You know those people who talk  
and talk and talk?

As if a coincidence could

bring us closer together,

so we can talk about things

together, or something.

But she's just a neighbour.

The woman from 2B.

I don't want to talk.

She just lives

in the same building.

The old cow's probably up there  
listening to us right now.  
I reckon you're winding yourself  
up, Tana.

-What's that?

-Uh?

What you've got there, what is it?

I don't believe you're still spending  
money on the agent.

I don't believe you're still spending  
money on the agent.

What did you get him? Silk  
handkerchiefs, some nice socks?

What sort of present can you  
give an agent?

OK, no problem, sorry.

Sorry, sorry, sorry.

Some people live  
from official shady dealings...

Some people live  
from official shady dealings...

and nobody says a thing.

-I think he's horrendous. Sorry.

-But he's a friend of mine.

I know, so I said sorry.

-We're going to his party Saturday.

-So we're going...?

-Yes, what's up?

-Great!

To hear a first-time mum  
talk about baby poo.

It'll be great. Wonderful.

-Come on.

-Fine.

There's a new radio station  
round here.

-A load of arseholes.

-Why not go and see?

-No, no.

-Perhaps they need people?

-I've no time, Tansa.

-But...

-Piss off.

-Tana?

-Hello.

-Listen...

That shitty TV I'm trying  
to watch, it doesn't...

That shitty TV I'm trying  
to watch, it doesn't...

-Tana...

-I can't switch channels, nothing...  
I'm seeing the same thing  
all afternoon...

-Okay, okay.

Shitty thing...

By the way,

I've been thinking...

I mean it, really.

First of all...

I mean it, really.

First of all...

-because I've not got a thing to wear.

-Tana...

But even if I had I don't want  
to go.

I've got nothing in common with them.

If I don't talk I'm left looking  
like a prat.

So when do you plan  
to call your daughter?

I rang 3 times today  
and she couldn't speak.

First she was with the masseuse,  
then she was in the shower.

And the next time she'd gone out.

What do you say to that?

I reckon that

since her husband was made manager...

he thinks we are not good enough.

He won't let her talk.

He doesn't let her.

That's not how we brought her up.

Not to worry about us?

Come on!

What I'd like to know is

how much he's on now he's a manager.

They're spending too much.

No saving going on there.  
She was going on and on.  
So I go into the bathroom,  
and she puts her hand here,  
and I felt so mad...  
and she puts her hand here,  
and I felt so mad...  
I just flipped and said  
I'd like to kill you!  
-Sorry...  
-What are you doing?  
-No, no, I'm sorry...  
-You almost killed him.  
-Go and see a shrink, kid.  
-I don't like shrinks.  
-And why don't you...?  
-No, no... I want to...  
-but it scares me.  
-You feel guilty?  
-No, not guilty. Scared.  
-Go on.  
-Carry on, asshole!  
-Get off my back!  
-I swear it, I can't.  
-Look. Do it with your back to her.  
-I swear it, I can't.  
-Look. Do it with your back to her.  
You need to split up.  
Just look at yourself.  
I don't want to.  
I'm in a bad way.  
Three words, Tenso.  
Just three words.  
1, 1 . Want, 2. Out, 3.  
If you can't say it, it's because  
you're a coward,  
But tell her, otherwise  
you'll be in a really bad way.  
But tell her, otherwise  
you'll be in a really bad way.  
-Try it on me. Come on.  
-Uh?  
-Try it on me.  
-What?

-Three little words, come on.  
-No, sod off.  
-Come on.  
-Just do it.  
-What?  
-Come here.  
I want out.  
That's it, great, great!  
Tenso, be strong.  
Marriage is like a job.  
Tenso, be strong.  
Marriage is like a job.  
That I want to resign from.  
You need a change of routine.  
To stop doing... what you always do.  
When you get home,  
what do you do?  
When you get home,  
what do you do?  
-I put my pyjamas on.  
-Don't do it.  
-I wash my hands.  
-Don't wash them.  
-Then I sit down to dinner.  
-You don't put your pyjamas on,  
you don't wash your hands,  
and when dinner's ready...  
you're not hungry.  
You don't have dinner.  
You stand up straight,  
looking at the wall,  
and you say the three words.  
-I want out.  
-And you go.  
Be brave, Tenso.  
I want out.  
I want out.  
I want out.  
I want out!  
I want out.  
I want out.  
I want out!  
Hell, I want out.  
We're not all stupid. They reckon

we're not idiots, but we are.  
How was your day?  
Know how much this bloody onion cost?  
Any idea?  
What's wrong?  
Go and change, it's almost ready.  
I'm not going to change.  
-What?  
-What you just heard.  
Are you sure you're alright?  
Yes.  
OK, well go and sit up,  
as it's almost ready.  
I'm not hungry.  
I made pasta.  
-Tana, I want...  
-Don't you want pasta, Tenso?  
-Isn't it any good?  
-Yes, it's good.  
I was almost there.  
Work at a relationship,  
otherwise it'll fade and die.  
Work at a relationship,  
otherwise it'll fade and die.  
What you need kid is someone  
like 'Cuervo' Flores.  
He knew what it was all about.  
He was old school, he was.  
He knew what it was all about.  
He was old school, he was.  
Real old school.  
-Who's 'Cuervo Flores'?  
-Who was... a phenomenon.  
-A crook.  
-A real talent, one of a kind.  
-It's in the genes with him.  
-Yeah, but he caused a lot of harm.  
No doubt. We couldn't  
mention him at home.  
Do you remember Susana Hoyos,  
my cousin's wife?  
With a name like that...  
There was something about  
Cuervo Flores, in his eyes.



He was wild, a hunting dog.  
He knew you had to seduce a woman...  
by talking to her,  
making her laugh.  
Christ, he caused havoc round our way.  
Christ, he caused havoc round our way.  
Maybe Marito never attended to  
his wife as he should.  
Do you remember India,  
Gaita's girlfriend?  
Do you remember India,  
Gaita's girlfriend?  
He saw her  
the day before the wedding...  
and convinced her to party with him,  
and she missed her own wedding.  
He's got a thing about married women.  
-I need someone like that.  
-No, forget it.  
He can't show his face round there now.  
They've got it in for him.  
Come on, Tenso!  
Everything was horrible.  
The house was horrible,  
I don't know why.  
The neighbours were horrible, too.  
And for some reason I wasn't  
worth shit.  
Basically there was something  
I was never able to swallow...  
Is that the right word, swallow?  
Does it matter? Is it the right word?  
Yes, it is, yes.  
Swallow.  
You could also say assimilate.  
OK.  
I prefer that.  
Because that's the word.  
Assimilate.  
I've never been able to assimilate,  
which to me was like a boot in the...  
the fact she didn't like my friends.  
That was really hard for me.  
The fact she was always miserable

with my friends was...

-So I don't like your friends?

-Yes.

I have to like your friends,  
to be with you?

-Don't you think?

-That's hard.

-Don't you think?

-That's hard.

Is it hard to... what is it?

What's the word...? Well, yes.

-That's enough.

-OK.

Did you ring?

Put your cigarette out.

Alright, I'll put it out.

-Tenso!

-I'm putting it out right now, see?

Someone's calling you from over there.

-Me?

-Yeah.

-Oh, God.

-What?

Well, we won't stay  
too long. Just for a bit.

-Calm down, please.

-Good evening, welcome!

-Hello, hello.

-Come on in.

-Hi, happy birthday.

-Thanks.

-Come on...

-You can be so dumb.

That's it, come on in.

-How are you?

-Happy birthday.

Thanks, thanks.

-Happy birthday!

-Thanks.

-Isn't it great? A present from Pao.

-Fantastic.

-What?

-What's wrong?

That's the thing nowadays, see?

Guys of 40 with girls of 25.  
Lower your voice, please.  
What's wrong with that girl?  
Has she fallen in love with that agent?  
Can't she fall in love with an agent?  
Yes, love, yes.  
-OK, pretend to talk... she's coming.  
-Shut it.  
-Hi...  
-Hello. How are you?  
-Fine, you?  
-Fine.  
Hi, how are you?  
Macarena, my sister.  
-Tenso, Tana...  
-Wait, wait.  
-What do you say?  
-No, no, sit down.  
Very well. I'm happy that I've finally  
found a live-in help,  
Very well. I'm happy that I've finally  
found a live-in help,  
to look after the baby.  
So now I'm fine.  
-So I'm fine.  
-That's good.  
-So I'm fine.  
-That's good.  
Sorry I couldn't get to the clinic.  
Don't worry. No problem, Tana.  
Is the baby well?  
-Is he sleeping OK?  
-She... it's a girl.  
-She... Ah, a girl, right. A girl.  
-Yes, she's a saint.  
-Yes, she's a saint, you can't imagine.  
-Really?  
Yes, except when she's got wind,  
that makes her...  
because she's constipated.  
She's taken after me.  
The whole family, just ask my sister,  
we're all constipated.  
I passed on my slow-transit gene,

poor thing.

-Yes, but now it's all runny, isn't it?

-Really?

Her nappy had some runny poo.

So I'm constantly having  
to change her.

And I don't have much milk.

And I have to squeeze my...

And I don't have much milk.

And I have to squeeze my...

my... tit,

sorry, like an orange.

-What are you laughing at?

-I find it all amusing.

-But you have to experience it yourself.

-Yes, of course.

-Ah, but she's gorgeous, gorgeous.

-Do you have kids, Tana?

-No.

-No, we don't.

-And you, you're well?

-Yes, very well.

-Lovely. You're looking pretty.

-Thanks.

-So what do you do, Tana?

-What, what?

-What do you do?

-Nothing...

-But what's your thing?

-My thing?

-Your passion.

-My passion?

-None, I don't have a passion.

-But you do have a passion.

-No, I don't.

-Don't say you don't.

What's my passion?

-I don't have one. Is that so bad?

-No, it's great.

I'm not doing anything

at the moment either.

What sign are you, Tana?

-Sagittarius, why?

-Hey, I don't believe...!

I don't believe it!  
My ex was Sagittarius.  
I mean he is, he's not dead.  
I have two very very good friends,  
Gachi and Pachi,  
both Sagittarius.  
Tana, I don't believe it.  
It's amazing!  
I don't believe it. It's incredible,  
you, your ex,  
and Gachi and Pachi,  
all Sagittarius.  
-Right.  
-Yes!  
It's amazing. Unbelievable.  
Did you hear that, love?  
Her, Gachi and Pachi and Laura,  
and... her ex boyfriend...  
-That was Lorena.  
-Lorena... all Sagittarius.  
It's amazing.  
That's too big a coincidence...  
it sounds ridiculous, but  
what a coincidence.  
And there must be people here too...  
Hey! everyone, excuse me...  
Turn the music down, guys.  
-Anybody born under Sagittarius here?  
-Tana...  
-Anybody born under Sagittarius here?  
-Tana...  
Cool it, love. I'm only asking,  
Are you Sagittarius?  
That's amazing.  
Are you Sagittarius?  
That's amazing.  
Any more Sagittarius?  
No? Only two?  
Any more Sagittarius?  
No? Only two?  
OK, but it's still a load. There are  
another two Sagittarius here too.  
So it's... Gachi, Pachi, her,  
her boyfriend, her ex boyfriend,

me and these two prats,  
all Sagittarius.  
It's full of Sagittarius.  
Amazing. Really. Fantastic.  
Maybe that's a coincidence too,  
Maybe that's a coincidence too,  
and then we'll all...  
-Everyone here will drop dead.  
-Tana...  
-We'll all freak out.  
-Tana, get your jacket.  
-You can't imagine.  
-Get your jacket, we're leaving.  
-Come on.  
-No, no, no, hang on, hang on.  
I feel like crying,  
I don't feel well.  
I feel really bad.  
That was a dreadful scene.  
It's over, Tana.  
No, it's not.  
I made a total fool of myself.  
And also...  
-What?  
-Come on, let's get out, Tana.  
No! I feel really bad! Why?  
And I had to apologise!  
That cow looked like a slut!  
I'm so angry.  
I can't bear it!  
-That's it!  
-Come on!  
What did you do, asshole?  
Where did you send it?  
-Go for it, Tenso!  
-Come on! Into the net and goal!  
Goal!  
-Goal!  
-Sorry, sorry.  
Sorry. Keep your hair on, Gardel.  
Have you never bungles one?  
How did it go?  
Guys?  
Straight on, straight on.

To the east.  
Just keep going...  
-It's here, isn't it? We've made it.  
-Yes, there's the...  
-We're going to be mugged here...  
-No.  
You'll see.  
Well, let's wait.  
Bloody cold, isn't it?  
-What are we doing, Tenso?  
-Take it easy.  
-Yes.  
-Take it easy, everything's OK.  
Well...  
-What's going on?  
-I don't know...  
What is it? What happened?  
What?  
He's coming... Look...  
Anybody follow you?  
Nobody.  
-Did you leave me the note?  
-Who else is in on this?  
-Nobody at all.  
-You... me and...  
-Nobody else.  
-Leave your things here.  
Are you sure about what you're after?  
Very sure.  
Follow me.  
-You OK?  
-Yeah, why?  
We have a problem with the guys.  
-I don't like them.  
-Hang on, Cuervo, hang on.  
All you have to do is listen to him.  
All you have to do is listen to him.  
What do you want?  
-Good evening, Mr. Cuervo.  
-Mr. Flores to you.  
Go on... go on... go on...  
Mr. Flores...  
I...  
want...

out...

-Is he Flores?

-Yes.

Flores, Flores?

He's all the worse for wear.

-Are you fucking me around?

-Stop it! Listen to him.

What is this, tell me?

What the fuck's this?

My name's Diego, 'El Tenso', Polsky.

I'm married to Andrea 'La Tana' Ferro

and I want out,

so I've come...

because of your

vast experience in seduction,

to ask you to seduce my wife

so she leaves me.

He's giving you the chance to do

things right.

Look... the girl's hard work.

**I know her:**

Why have you come to me?

They say you never fail.

And that's what I need, Mr. Flores.

I'll think it over, uh?

Is that clear?

So... don't come looking for me.

I've never done anyone any harm.

I only ever went in when there was a

sad woman wanting out.

-Is that clear?

-Yeah, yeah, yeah.

I'll think it over.

I'll speak to you later, right?

Did you hear?

Thanks, Mr. Flores.

My wife's not going to like him,

he's too violent.

He was born for this.

It's in his blood.

That's the first time that the pupil

has done better than the teacher.

-Hi.



-Hey, what happened?  
-Nothing.  
-God, you scared me!  
-Where were you?  
-At the club with the guys.  
We stayed on chatting.  
Just coming.  
Listen and don't say a thing.  
Listen and don't say a thing.  
So I can see if I want the job,  
bring her to me Thursdaynoon...  
at "French Fries Paradise".  
Got it?  
She keeps ringing so I'll go with her.  
Do you know why she rang?  
So I can go with her for her  
Papanicolau test, or her smear,  
whatever it is she has done  
every so often.  
But she doesn't stop ringing,  
nagging me to go with her.  
I can't bear it! I don't have all the  
time in the world!  
So I'm telling you up front,  
so you don't go talking behind my back.  
Follow me? Unbelievable, isn't it?  
-Unbelievable.  
-She's got a nerve! For God's sake.  
-Unbelievable.  
-Unbelievable.  
-Bitch! Where are you going?  
-The loo.  
-Isn't it just unbelievable?  
-Yeah... unbelievable.  
But then afterwards it's all my...  
I'm going to the loo, Tana!  
Bloody awful glasses!  
Excuse me, madam. I'd just like to  
pay tribute to your beauty.  
To the most beautiful flower.  
It goes without saying.  
-Thanks very much.  
-Thank you.  
Thank you very much, on behalf of the

male sex.

Don't mention it.

-Nothing, it's just that...

-What?

Nothing. Shall we go? Shall we go?

Nothing, it's just that some fool...

-Shall we go?

-Yes.

Waiter!

-The bill's been paid.

-Ah, I've already paid.

Hello...

-Sorry.

-Are you alone?

Yes, why?

I've found the way. I'll do it.

Thanks very much, Cuervo.

Make a list of contacts, telephone numbers, places she goes.

Listen and make notes...

Listen and make notes!

Ah... ah, right...

Er...

Tastes in music.

-Tastes...?

-Tastes in music.

-Sorry?

-National, progressive, pop, rock, salsa, merengue, ethnic.

-Does she like Phil Collins?

-Who's Phil Collins?

-Does she smoke?

-A lot.

-What does she read?

-Bucay.

-What does she read?

-Bucay.

-Oh, Bucay? Does she do pills?

-Uh?

Does she get depressed, recurring anguish, does she cry?

She cries a lot.

-Usual groups of friends?

-Doesn't have any.

-Absent father, living?  
-Absent.  
-Relationship with her mother...  
-They've fallen out.  
-Brother?  
-They've just fallen out.  
-He lends her money, she...  
-Is she unfaithful?  
-Threesomes, foursomes...  
-Sorry?  
-Voyeurism, exhibitionism?  
-What's that?  
Role changes? Active, passive,  
does she initiate...?  
-Ah, she doesn't...  
-Does she need foreplay?  
-What foreplay?  
-Sexy talk?  
-Sexy?  
-Is she kinky..?  
-Kinky in what sense?  
-What are you like in bed?  
Sado, toys? Sex aids?  
No, whattoys? No, nothing, normal...  
Either me on top...  
or her like this... rough, on top.  
But... sorry, how long is it going to  
take you to do the job?  
-Why?  
-No, just wondering.  
-From 10 to 15 days.  
-Is that all?  
How much is it going to cost?  
You'll see.

**Another thing:**

-She doesn't work.  
-What does she do?  
Nothing.  
Get her out of the house first.  
I can't work there.  
Get her a job in your radio station.  
She's very talented,  
very talented,

but she needs a push.  
Kepelsky, we're from the same  
background...  
She's a bit down and needs that push,  
just a little...  
She's a bit down and needs that push,  
just a little...  
-Has nobody ever helped you?  
-Of course,  
but I don't have the money  
for it, understand?  
-It's a small radio station, Tenso.  
-Yes, I know.  
To bring somebody in  
I need a budget I haven't got.  
-Does she have qualifications?  
-Of course she does...  
-Yes, we can get it.  
-Of course. Yes, no problem.  
-Yes, we can get it.  
-Of course. Yes, no problem.  
Don't give up hope. I'll give you a  
ring if something comes along.  
Don't give up hope. I'll give you a  
ring if something comes along.  
But is it a yes?  
It's yes, if something turns up, yes,  
I'll ring you.  
-Eh?  
-OK. Fine.  
Sorry. Dami?  
No, sorry...  
How much does an announcer earn?  
Approximately.  
Well... about 500 pesos.  
I'll pay it!  
I'll pay. We're not going  
to argue over money,  
we're of the same blood.  
I'll pay it. You've got  
a real talent there.  
She doesn't stop talking.  
In public.  
You'll love her. You'll see.

-Morning.

-Hi.

Hi.

What do they mean with ''winter's back''? I don't understand.

With two cold days in summer.

What? What does it mean?

-Well yes...

-What have people got up top?

What a load of rubbish. I understand...

is that what you understand?

People... a photo of people at the coast on the front page?

Is that news? Haven't they got anything else to put there?

No, they obviously don't live here in summer.

Always, every summer...

It's always cold somewhere.

Are they going to take that photo?

They look awful.

-Want one?

-No, thanks.

I was speaking to Kepelsky, the owner of the radio station in the club...

And well... we were chatting and your name cropped up...

And... he asked me what you were doing. I never speak about us, of you, me, I don't like to talk.

And then Kepelsky says...

he's got something for you.

-For me?

-Yes.

-What?

-I don't know.

He wants to tell you himself.

Kepelsky, from that crap radio station from round here?

They're a bunch of arseholes.

Come on, Tenso, I'm in a bad way, but not that bad.

-Tana...

-No, you can't imagine,  
it's absolute crap...  
I listened to a couple of programs,  
-and they are dross...  
Tana... Tana!  
I'm trying to talk and you  
won't listen!  
I'm trying to talk and you  
won't listen!  
-But you're shouting.  
-I am now.  
-OK, now.  
-Please, go to the radio...  
and do something with  
your fucking life, please.  
They want to kill the thief  
Who made off with a woman.  
Do you want to know where he is?  
You'll never know.  
But I know why  
They want to kill the thief  
Who made off with a woman.  
They want to know,  
To know where he is  
But they'll never know.  
And I know why.  
He'll never know you're with me  
in a corner of my hut  
because they don't know the way...  
or the mountains  
I know they're looking for me  
because they've been shamed  
when I made off with you  
in their rush they failed  
They want to kill the thief  
Who made off with a woman  
they want...  
No, it's spectacular.  
No, I'd prefer not to talk about it.  
It upsets me.  
That's OK, take care.  
-Yes, can I help?  
-I'm here to see Mr. Kepelsky.  
-You're from the cake shop, right?

-No, I'm not.  
I'm not from anywhere  
and I'm here to see Kepelsky.  
Ah, sorry, one last time...  
your name is?  
Andrea Ferro, and I'm here to see  
Mr. Kepelsky.  
Yes, right.  
She's out of her mind.  
She's crazy!  
She plans to get 45 people  
into that living room!  
The house is tiny.  
No, I'm not going to the party.  
She weighs... she must weigh 39 kilos.  
You can't wear all that  
if you weigh 39 kilos.  
Of course... absolutely, hang on.  
I'll be right with you.  
No, oh, God. Can you believe it?  
The carnival guy we were going to  
interview has just cancelled.  
That is just so rude,  
because I do my job, see?  
And if you tell me at the last...  
No, I'm not going.  
With 50 people there...  
Excuse me...  
Are you going to attend to me or not?  
If not I'll go home...  
while you send  
your text messages.  
Didn't you collect  
your pension today? Or...  
It's not my fault.  
Damian's on the air,  
that's why he  
hasn't come to see you.  
Pension? Is that meant  
to be an insult?  
so that comment...  
if it's meant as an insult...  
so that comment...  
if it's meant as an insult...

I'd have to throw myself in front of a bus. Maybe I should...

-What's going on?

-I don't know. This lady here...

-What's wrong?

-I don't know.

She got nervous for some reason.

-I'm here to see Mr. Kepelsky.

-Ah, and you are...?

Andrea Ferro.

-Ah, you're Tenso's wife.

-Yes.

-How are you?

-Fine. I'm here to see Kepelsky.

-Yes, that's me.

-Right, is your father here?

No, I'm in charge of the radio.

Oh, so you're in charge?

Pleased to meet you. How are you?

-Fine.

-Sorry. OK.

-You're OK?

-Yes, fine.

She was on the phone and I had to wait a bit. Come in and take a seat.

-Yes, thanks.

-You're welcome.

-Hello.

-Hello.

No, I'm under a lot of stress.

The thing with that girl was that she got me mad...

-Sorry.

-I see.

-Can I sit down?

-Go ahead, yes.

-Does that often happen?

-What?

-You getting mad?

-Oh, no, no.

But when I see someone with one of those bloody phones... and I'm left waiting...



-Shall I leave?

-No, please. Sorry.

-So you're a radio announcer.

-Yes.

So I speak to you?

That's right.

What sort of format interests you?

What have you done in the past?

Uh... well, I have a problem

with the word 'format'.

It'd be easier if I told you what

doesn't interest me.

Okay.

I'm not interested in a traditional

sort of radio programme...

with a presenter, reporters trying to

be funny, with music and opinion.

I hate to think that the listener...

has a lower IQ than the presenter...

And I don't want a woman...

sitting there just to read

the temperature...

or talking about the traffic problems.

I think it's sexist, it's... pathetic.

What else do you detest?

-What else do I detest?

-Yes...

-Anything else you can't stand?

-Uh...

Other things I can't stand? Many.

-For example...?

-Loads.

Well, coincidence seekers...

tend to get up my nose...

useless people who spend their time...

looking out for coincidences.

You know, your birthday,

birth sign, whatever.

What else?

Models irritate me.

People who smile all the time,

false modesty.

Effusive thanks...

especially from the family...

that puts me on my guard.  
when they come out of the screen  
at you and then recede.  
when they come out of the screen  
at you and then recede.  
-Wallpaper.  
-Especially of a beach...  
and with sunglasses.  
The scene.  
-The scene?  
-Yeah. The idea of ''the scene''.  
Being in, being out.  
Have you ever listened  
to our programmes?  
No, never been able to.  
Never had the time.  
-You knowwhat I'd like you to do?  
-Yes?  
Bring me a list...  
of all those things you hate,  
and we can put something together,  
give you a space in the morning,  
so you can vent on air all your hates  
as naturally as you're doing now.  
-I'd come every morning?  
-Yeah, let's see...  
I think it'll work.  
-It's for 500 pesos, you know?  
-Oh... no, I don't know.  
-What do you mean, you don't know?  
-The money.  
-How much do you want?  
-No, I don't want to negotiate.  
No, not at all.  
I'm a dreadful negotiator.  
I don't know, double?  
-Double?  
-Yes.  
We're a small radio station,  
I don't have that sort of budget.  
No, of course.  
So we can forget it  
until the radio grows.  
-Thanks all the same.

-No, hang on a bit...  
I'll consult, yeah?  
We'll see what we can do.  
-Alright.  
-Will you wait?  
-Damian Kepelsky, how are you?  
-Ah, Kepelsky. How's everything?  
-Damian Kepelsky, how are you?  
-Ah, Kepelsky. How's everything?  
Great. Your wife's here,  
but she won't go with 500.  
She wants twice that.  
-What do you mean twice that?  
-If you like I'll play it tough...  
No, she won't, I know her, but...  
speak to her,  
No, she won't, I know her, but...  
speak to her,  
tell her it's a trial run,  
and if it works...  
-she'll have a rise.  
-No, that's what I said...  
-And what did she say?  
-No, nothing...  
What do you mean nothing?  
-Work on her...  
-Offer her 700.  
She's not worth 700, no way.  
No, listen, Kepelsky...  
Offer her 650, and I'll hold.  
Go on.  
OK, hang on.  
We could do 650.  
We could do 650.  
Um... no, no way... it's no good.  
-What's your minimum?  
-I don't know, 800.  
The fuckin' bitch...!  
She wants to bankrupt me...  
No, it's OK.  
But I run a small business.  
I barely make it to the end of the  
month. I can't afford that amount.  
-Just a sec, she wants 800 pesos.

-Listen, listen.  
It's the price of freedom, Tenso.  
Get her out of the house.  
-And it's money that comes back in.  
-No...  
Go on...  
Hello.  
OK, do it.  
Pay her 800 pesos.  
Look...  
Would it bother you if I gave  
you a cheque?  
-A cheque to cash?  
-Postdated 120 days?  
No, 120 days would ruin me.  
No, I thought so.  
OK, look, from the 1st to the 5th...  
my secretary will take you the cash.  
-God, you're mean.  
-I'm mean, I'm mean...  
But I'm the one paying the money!  
-What are you doing here?  
-Where are you going?  
-What are you doing here?  
-Where are you going?  
What does it matter to you?  
Excuse me...  
If you like, we can have a coffee  
and then you can leave.  
-What do you think?  
-No, I'm sorry.  
-Go on.  
-I have some things to do so I can't.  
Just two minutes.  
You can't go home with wet hair.  
A coffee?  
No, really, I'll just wait here.  
I'll stay here, thanks.  
-Can I ask you something?  
-Yes.  
But do you have any idea?  
But do you have any idea?  
Thanks.  
Hold this...

Have one.

-Shall I take one?

-Yes, go ahead.

Thanks.

Toffees, chocolates?

Now, tell me.

**Sex:**

I don't know. You speak.

I don't get the mechanism:

Me or her?

She asks and we speak...

OK. Fine...

That is... well... OK...

Let's see...

At times I'd initiate and feel things  
that weren't...

weren't...

That what?

At times I'd initiate  
and feel sort of...

-You'd initiate...?

-Yes, I'd initiate...

You should have made a noise...  
because I never actually realised.  
I never realised...

And the times I got on top of you?

Ah, but...

What?

When I got on top of you,  
what was that?

-You can't hear yourself?

-I don't know, I mean...

-You can't hear yourself?

-I don't know, I mean...

It's true, I'd often get on top...

I mean it... No...

I want to be careful here...

I don't want to hurt anyone...

Quite honestly, I don't remember  
the last time I came.

This is a joke, Blanca.

-Morning.

-Hello!

-OK?

-Yes.

No!

No!

Well, I'm off.

-I'm a bit nervous.

-OK.

Bye... see you.

-Wish me luck.

-Good luck.

Thanks.

-Tana, how are things?

-Bad.

Why should I lie?

Why should I lie?

-So what's the matter?

-Well, basically...

I realise that living in society  
is a big problem for me.

Why? What's wrong?

I feel I'm surrounded by mediocrity,  
and frauds...

Optimists,

and this week I realised...

I detest optimism with all my heart.

It's so damned stupid...

to face life with optimism...

And I realised I'm surrounded by  
optimists,

and that fake smile really

gets up my nose, I can't help it.

For some people optimism

is a form of coping...

The other day I ran into a friend,

The other day I ran into a friend,

who's no longer a friend,

and he said he'd smashed the car up.

He was in plaster from hip to ankle,

**so I said:**

what you've just done'',

what ''an accident

with a stroke of luck'' is.

what ''an accident

with a stroke of luck'' is.  
I fail to see what element of ''luck''...  
-Maybe your friend needed to see...  
-She's got style, eh?  
-Maybe your friend needed to see...  
-She's got style, eh?  
Sure, but what I say is,  
why see things so positively?  
If this poor sod smashed the car up,  
he should at least be able to say:  
Bloody hell...  
what fuckin' bad luck I'm having...  
I don't mind whingers at all,  
quite the opposite,  
I love people who moan, I do.  
''Down with optimism, long live  
whinging'' I say.  
-I reckon you're convincing me.  
-Really?  
If I say your coming on this  
programme was a stroke of luck,  
would you take it  
as an optimistic comment?  
No... not at all. I'd say...  
it's the most sensible thing  
you've said so far.  
-Thanks, Tana.  
-No, thank you.  
-Thanks, Mery.  
-See you.  
Bye friends. Life is the pits.  
See you.  
I adore your pessimism.  
What are you doing here?  
What is this?  
It's no coincidence.  
I want to take you to lunch.  
-What for?  
-To talk something over.  
-What?  
-No subject...  
Careful, I'm married.  
I want to have a meal with a woman...  
who hates this sort of society.

Is that so wrong?

No.

-Ah, well...

-What's up?

That's it!

You've stolen my heart.

Have pity on me, please.

I'm a mere mortal.

A mixed salad, please.

-Yes...

-The best beef you have...

-Tenderloin.

-Yes, that would be great.

So, let's drink.

-Thanks.

-Would the lady like...

a little 'nervous water'?

-Thank you very much.

-Not at all.

To this meeting.

-Cheers.

-Cheers.

And to my new life.

Naturally.

Some good things have been happening  
to me lately, see?

That's not usually how it is.

If everything's going bad you have  
to celebrate the good things.

Don't worry, I'm not going to start  
talking. When I start I don't stop.

-Talk, I don't mind.

-No, just for a while.

-I love listening to you.

-No, fine...

I've got all day and all night to  
listen to you.

Lots of things...

have changed for me too recently.

I'm telling you this because I like you.

And when I tell you who I am...

You do look familiar.

Absolutely...

You look familiar.



Where do I know you from?

-Well...

-Who are you?

I've been 'in hiding' for a while.

-I'm 'El Cuervo' Flores.

-Ah...

Don't be scared, please.

I know I've done harm...

And I'm suffering for it.

I'm telling you this because...

I'd like us to be friends.

Nobody knows that.

Nobody knows that.

I've suffered as much

as those I've harmed.

I'll apologise to them all one day.

I swear.

-Can we be friends?

-Of course.

Where have you been all this time?

-Will you excuse me?

-Of course.

Engaged.

Hi, Cuervo! How are things? Fine?

-What are you doing here?

-I wanted to know how it was going.

Is everything going according to plan?

I'm backing out.

If you just want to watch, I'm off.

No, I don't enjoy watching.

It's just that I came...

I began to feel a sort of anguish

in the chest...

Suddenly...

-Sorry, I feel embarrassed.

-Take it easy.

-No, don't look at me.

-Calm down.

Breathe... inhale...

inhale, easy...

Well...

In and out.

-Does it hurt?

-A little.

When I say 'go' you go. OK?  
Go.  
-Better?  
-I'm fine.  
Seeing me at work mixed you up, right?  
-Yep...  
-For a few days...  
you'll think you like her again,  
but don't worry.  
I want total abstinence from you  
for a few days, right?  
Friendly but distant. If she speaks,  
answer in monosyllables, OK?  
Work to rule, got it?  
-Got it?  
-Yeah...  
And don't ask her where she's going  
or when she'll be back.  
OK?  
OK?  
Well, that's hard to understand too.  
-Hello.  
-Hello.  
I'll ring you back.  
Hello. Won't you say hello?  
-Yes, hello.  
-How are you?  
-Ugh, that stinks.  
-Yes, it's wax.  
-It turns my stomach.  
-Did you listen to the programme?  
-Yes, I did.  
-And?  
-So so.  
-What do you mean so so?  
I liked it but... a few things...  
You can't hear it very well.  
That's because the aerial is not very  
powerful... or something.  
But they're a great lot who work there.  
You used to have a lisp, didn't you?  
-A lisp?  
-Yeah, the letter 's'.  
Well... because I know you...

it sounded weird.  
But my friends rang  
me because they all loved it.  
-Really?  
-Yes.  
The agent too?  
Don't call him 'agent'.  
His name's Carlos.  
It's really pejorative calling him  
'the agent'.  
OK, fine.  
I use it affectionately.  
I've told you a thousand times.  
But you never listen to me.  
Sorry.  
-It was a joke, sorry.  
-No, it's OK.  
I'm so happy your friends liked it.  
Are you serious?  
-Yes.  
-I'm really happy.  
-What are you doing?  
-Nothing.  
Look, I wanted to read to you.  
Tomorrow I've got to take along...  
another column like today's.  
-Can I read it to you?  
-No.  
-No?  
-No.  
-Are you busy?  
-No, I've got to arrange something.  
Can I borrow your cell phone?  
I have to make a call...  
-The guy from the radio's calling...  
-I don't have much credit, mind.  
I'll recharge it. I should say  
I don't want to go.  
He wants to meet but quite honestly  
I'd prefer...  
No, no. Let's start again.  
You have to go.  
No, no. Let's start again.  
You have to go.

-Why?

-Because it's your job.

-And you have responsibilities.

-Yes.

The radio doesn't stop  
when the programme ends.

-It continues. Isn't there a debate?

-No, luckily...

-Don't you all discuss things?

-I want to stay and chat with you.

-Go.

-No.

No, really, you have to go.

It'll be good for you.

Otherwise they'll start talking.

-What can they say?

-That you're a sour puss or a misery.

Things like that, so I think...

You'll do well at the radio.

Who knows where it could lead.

-Hey, love, stop it!

-Uh?

-I've got my hair up!

-Fine, fine, keep cool.

I've left you a sort of

'coq a la vin' on the stove.

-'Coq au vin' it's called.

-Well, 'au vin' then.

-Well... that's all. See you.

-Hang on!

What?

You look really good in that dress.

-Really? Thanks.

-Yes.

The advance on my first pay cheque.

-OK, see you. Bye.

-Bye.

I hate this de auteur culture.

So what's de auteur culture  
for Tana Ferro?

Everything. Cinema, clothes,  
shoes... food, even wine nowadays.

What's wrong with you in Palermo...

with your 'cruttons' and 'tagglitelli'?

And they've turned  
a beautiful old quarter...  
into a globalised dump.  
The other day I went to eat in one of  
those places with friends,  
and we were met with a menu with  
wonderful things, like...  
macerated carpaccio,  
semolina with black sauce...  
and ginger, etc.  
Where does Cuervo get the money to  
take her to places like that?  
-Keep quiet.  
-Well, where...  
And then the "auteur" himself  
appears and says:  
I macerated the carpaccio, then I  
'drizzled' on the black sauce,  
and added grated ginger and nuts.  
but I'm not telling you...  
'I got up,  
but I'm not telling you...  
'I got up,  
Could you bring me...  
Could you bring me...  
a fresh market garden salad,  
with freshly laid free-range eggs,  
and a tomato,  
either a beef tomato or a plum tomato  
but never a cherry?  
-What happened?  
-I had to go somewhere else,  
where I ordered a mixed salad,  
just lettuce, tomato and onion,  
and a breaded beef cutlet, which is  
basically a schnitzel, and I loved it.  
I was happy.  
-Have a good day?  
-Yes.  
Yeah, it was good.  
-What did you do?  
-Nothing... I went for a walk...  
and thought about  
the programme for tomorrow.

-Alone?  
-Yes, alone.  
Hey, come here,  
I want to tell you something.  
-Are you hungry?  
-A little, you?  
Me too, but I couldn't cook.  
Shall we order?  
-Pizza?  
-OK.  
-Or something else.  
-No, pizza.  
-Hello.  
-Hello.  
-Tana.  
-Can I have a kiss?  
Give me a kiss.  
Tana...  
Hang on a minute.  
It's my cellphone.  
-No, it's mine.  
-No, it isn't. It's mine.  
Yours doesn't sound like that,  
it's my new one.  
Where did you get it?  
-They gave it me at the radio.  
-When?  
Just a minute and I'll tell you.  
At the radio.  
-Everything OK?  
-Yes.  
-What's wrong?  
-Nothing,  
but I have  
to leave in a while.  
-Hang on.  
-But... What?  
-Tana, what are you hiding from me?  
-Nothing.  
-Do you want to tell me something?  
-No, why?  
-What are you laughing at?  
-At what you're asking me.  
-What do you want to know?

-Do you want to tell me something?  
No, nothing.  
-Really?  
-You make me laugh, that's all.  
I'll be right back.  
I'm on my way.  
Over here!  
Here's the list of things  
about my wife.  
-I'll go and get it.  
-No... don't bother.  
-I'll go and get it  
-Don't worry.  
There's no need.  
I wanted to say...  
I'm working on her very slowly...  
I reckon... start thinking of  
yourself as single again.  
That was quick, we'd said another week.  
She's... Tana's a fine lass,  
I don't want to push her, but...  
Yes, start making plans.  
In a couple of days we'll be done.  
-Why? Has something happened?  
-Tenso...  
No, sure, I...  
No, as it's you...  
You're beginning to realise...  
what sort of girl she is, I suppose.  
A great kid... but difficult...  
with a special sort of energy...  
I contacted you because I couldn't...  
I couldn't, not because...  
what do you think?  
I don't understand.  
It would help if at breakfast...  
You made her a shake of...  
make a note as this is essential...  
pomegranate juice, passion fruit and  
coconut milk. First thing.  
-Passion fruit.  
-Passion fruit.  
-No, passion fruit. No 'y'.  
-Really? Oh.

No 'y'? OK, No 'y'.  
A glass first thing.  
What's this for?  
Afruit, passion fruit.  
Where can I get it?  
Afruit, passion fruit.  
Where can I get it?  
-I don't know, get back...  
-You know.  
Don't say I don't know.  
-Where can I get passion fruit?  
-What are you doing?  
-You are not answering!  
-I don't knowwhere.  
-Where can I get passion fruit?  
-What fruit?  
-Passion fruit.  
-In Chinatown, go on, go on...  
-Is it open?  
-Yes, go on. Goal!  
-Concentrate, are you mad?  
-Why do you say that?  
-How come you're not shadowing.  
-You let it in, I saw you.  
Excuse me, you've gone soft  
in the bloody head.  
Don't talk to me like that.  
-Like what?  
-I've never been rude to you.  
-I've never called you a fat slob.  
-Sensitive, aren't we, love?  
Yeah, get lost.  
-Morning.  
-Hello.  
-Hey, will you make me one?  
-It's for you.  
Sorry if I pretend I haven't lost you  
It hurts to accept that you're gone  
I can't get you out of my mind.  
One day you'll know  
you're in my heart  
Life makes no sense  
and I can die if you're not here.  
I need you so much



It hurts me to breathe  
Or perhaps in my dreams  
I love you more and more  
It's raining stars  
In our room  
They fill with tears...  
my heart  
It's raining stars  
around me  
and people ask  
What's become of you...  
what's become of you...  
I'd like to carry you with me  
and when the time comes  
Get to the bottom of your feelings  
To see if you feel the same way.  
No, no. Stop, no.  
Blanca, I'm both very sociable  
and very friendly.  
I like birthdays, parties,  
being with friends.  
She's the complete opposite.  
She doesn't like birthdays or parties.  
She doesn't like being with people,  
so it's very hard on me, Blanca.  
On top of that, Blanca,  
I've got a wife who...  
-Hold it a sec, hold it...  
-No, let me get this out.  
-I've got it here.  
-Can you stop saying...?  
Blanca this, Blanca that.  
Blanca's not your aunt.  
What are you, Blanca?  
A psychologist?  
-Psychiatrist.  
-Psychiatrist. Even more so.  
So what should I say?  
You say 'Blanca' just once...  
And we all know that this person here  
is 'Blanca'.  
OK, agreed.  
Blanca, whatever you say.  
-Do you know what Kepelsky said?

-What did Kepelsky say?  
That he's going to pay Tana's salary.  
He's got a few new sponsors so he  
should be paying her.  
Would you believe it?  
There are times... hang on...  
That really gets me,  
we'd made a deal...  
For the better? What are deals for?  
To comply with.  
For the better? What are deals for?  
To comply with.  
A girl comes along...  
It wasn't easy to get  
that cash together. Coming!  
Run, run!  
Who hit me? Was it a goal?  
-Are you alright?  
-No, I'm not.  
-Are you?  
-Yes.  
-Things OK?  
-Let's carry on.  
Come on, come on.  
Tana!  
Tana, are you in?  
Are you mad? Do you know  
how much we have in the bank?  
-Yes, I know, I don't care.  
-Yes, of course.  
You can't payoff an overdraft with a  
cheque on the same account.  
We have financial problems,  
what's so funny?  
It's not that. We're young.  
I don't want to worry about that.  
Will you carry on working with  
your dad although you hate it?  
You don't owe anything.  
What's the problem?  
-We owe the bank money.  
-That's nobody.  
You want to open a shop of a thousand  
lamps. Stop doing that!

-Not the end of the world?  
-They're bits of coloured paper.  
-Not the end of the world?  
-They're bits of coloured paper.  
Which I'm borrowing from my brother,  
that's all.  
-No, not your brother.  
-OK.  
Listen you say one thousand pesos and  
six months in advance.  
-A thousand pesos...  
-A thousand and six months in advance.  
Alright.  
Great...  
Forgive my interrupting but just  
listen to her. Listen.  
I was in a similar situation  
some years ago.  
I listened to my wife and here I am.  
What shall we do?  
What shall we do?  
What shall we do, Tenso?  
OK, do it, call them.  
Great, congratulations.  
-Tell me where he is!  
-Let me go, I'll tell you.  
-Uh?  
-I'm Flores.  
Come with me.  
Who grassed? Who was it?  
No, Cuervo, nobody grassed.  
Amilcar told me you were here.  
-I hope it's not what I think.  
-No, take it easy.  
I'm pleased with your work.  
OK, we're here. Just go away and  
forget you've been here.  
-Is that clear?  
-No, what I've come to say...  
is 'it's over'.  
No, I want you...  
to call it a day with the job.  
I don't want to lose Tana, Cuervo.  
I really...

am very grateful...  
for all you've done,  
because thanks to you,  
my life has changed 180 degrees.  
She's started work,  
she's happy, more content,  
more of a woman... and that's  
made me see her differently.  
She's... she's changed, Cuervo.  
She's another woman.  
And I'm in love with her  
like the very first day.

**What I mean is:**

she's the woman of my life.  
What's wrong?  
What's up?  
What's wrong?  
Don't... don't...  
Stand up, get this off...  
What's wrong?  
-I've fallen in love!  
-Who with?  
With Tana.  
That hurts... a lot.  
I didn't want to... I really didn't.  
No, what you've told me is alright.  
It can happen.  
One of the risks of your job.  
You'll leave off, right?  
You've got a gem there. A gem.  
You don't even deserve ten percent,  
do you hear?  
But you're going to leave off,  
aren't you?  
I'll honour our agreement though.  
I didn't like you when we met.  
Now I know you better.  
You're the biggest asshole  
I've ever met.  
That's very nice of you,  
get it off your chest.  
You'll be alright, because  
you're an upright person.

With courage, strength and dedication  
you'll be alright...

What doesn't kill you can only make  
you stronger.

Tana?

-Hello.

-Hello.

-Hello.

-Hello.

-What?

-Nothing, sorry.

-What?

-Nothing, sorry.

I'm very confused.

Don't ask me to explain,  
because I can't.

-My head's spinning.

-Confused in what way?

I don't want to fuck things up.

I'd rather leave.

-Confused? Why?

-Confused, I don't know.

I feel I'm going to fuck it all up.

And I don't want to.

Why? What's up?

Why are you crying?

-I'm not crying.

-You are crying.

My head's all over the place  
and I'm... I don't know.

No, stop that. Leave that there.

Let's calm down.

-Has something happened?

-No.

You're crying, Tana.

-What's the matter?

-Nothing.

I know what's happening.

But it's all over now.

I'd be so happy if

I could think that.

But... my love for you is not in doubt,  
but... sorry, I'm very upset.

-I hate to have to do this.

-Tana.

Forgive me.

Come on.

I'm going to tell you something,  
but you have to promise...

not to get angry and to listen to me.

-Yes?

-Yes.

Tana...

I contacted Cuervo Flores.

-Who?

-Cuervo Flores.

So we could make things up together.

What's Cuervo Flores got  
to do with this?

Are you seeing Cuervo Flores?

How do you know I'm seeing  
Cuervo Flores?

You're seeing him and...

I asked him to do something.

What did you ask him?

Things were not going well.

I thought by going to him  
it would help things between us.

What for? What did you ask him?

I couldn't... it was impossible  
for me to talk to you.

I... I didn't know where to start,  
I was...

What did you ask him? Tell me.

Things were bad between us and  
we needed a change, didn't we?

Well, yes, I guess so. Yes.

We needed a change.

So I made a big mistake...

and asked him to take you out  
a couple of times...

so I could make a decision I hadn't  
been able to, and which...

You asked Cuervo Flores to seduce me?

Is that it?

-No.

-Is that what you did?

Answer me, because if you did

you're a fucking bastard.  
-I didn't.  
-You're lying!  
-No, I'm not lying. I...  
-Did you, yes or no?  
-No!  
-You bastard!  
-No, no!  
-You fucking bastard! You asked him to.  
-No, no! The only thing I asked him...  
-You're a bastard and a wanker.  
No, I couldn't decide what to do  
and I thought...  
that if he took you out a few times  
it would make you reflect...  
and together we'd be able  
to sort things out between us.  
-That's it.  
-You bloody idiot.  
-And actually I didn't do too badly...  
-You didn't do too badly?  
Just think...  
you were moping round here,  
-24 hours a day...  
-You bloody idiot.  
cursing me all day long from the time  
you got up till you went to bed.  
And thanks to me, you actually started  
to work, yes or no?  
-You bloody idiot.  
-Yes or no?  
No, no, no! Thanks to the fact...  
that I began to enjoy  
working at the radio...  
a guy who's always chatting me up,  
a guy who's always chatting me up,  
but whenever he wants to kiss me  
I turn away,  
because like an idiot I think  
I could end up hurting you...  
-What guy?  
-Damian, does it matter?  
Here, take this.  
It's worked out really well.

You're on your own. We've just split.  
-Damian?  
-Enjoy it.  
Tana?  
Tana, come back.  
Tana, tell me about it.  
Tana!  
Morning, Tana. How are you?  
To tell you the truth,  
I feel pretty shitty,  
with a strong urge to kill someone.  
Who would you like to kill today?  
All the cowards, or chickenshits  
who have no character,  
and who basically behave like  
bastards.  
So I'd like to dedicate  
today's column...  
to all those people who are able  
to spend years...  
living with someone they don't love  
but don't have the courage to admit it.  
Those who can't be sincere  
with another person,  
to all those people who...  
can cook up pathetic, childish plans.  
So if that description fits you,  
please keep away from Tana Ferro.  
I met a guy who was so uptight and  
such a wanker...  
listen to what he did...  
it's unbelievable,  
but it's a true story.  
He hired a guy to seduce his wife...  
and get her to leave him,  
to avoid acting like a man.  
It's amazing but men like that exist.  
Well, that's all for today.  
So there we had Tana Ferro and  
her special 'Mornings are not for me'.  
Thanks, Tana.  
And thanks to the hotel Tentaciones,  
a hotel where couples can really get  
to know each other.



We'll be back.

Tana...

So you were already separated?

-No.

-Yes.

-And you're with...?

-I'm not with anybody.

-I'm alone. That's all in the past.

-No, it isn't.

And since we're both here...

we should both tell the truth.

-Right?

-Of course.

-We should be frank, right?

-Of course.

So I need you to tell me...

if you slept

with that guy Kepelsky or not.

-Yes, I slept with him.

-Tell the truth.

I slept with him.

It was after we split, of course.

-Tell the truth, no, tell the truth.

-OK.

-He's like this all the time...

-If we go on like this...

-He's like this all the time...

-If we go on like this...

I'm not going to talk anymore.

If you refuse to tell the truth...

it makes things very hard.

This is a joke, Blanca.

Well, of course it's a joke.

What I will say,

and that's why I came...

is that in the last 2 years...

I've felt very lonely.

I'm not talking about a day, a week

or a month, but 2 years.

Because when the person you choose

to spend your life with...

to have a family with...

to keep you company,

starts making things difficult...

it's not very pleasant for anyone,  
at least not for me.  
And when I tried...  
to change things, I fantasised  
about us becoming parents.  
I would've like to hear that,  
but you never said it.  
-Did I never tell you?  
-You never said so.  
No, just a moment...  
That's not true, no.  
No, just a moment...  
That's not true, no.  
Tell the truth. Don't lie.  
What's the doctor going to say,  
-So we never spoke?  
-Never.  
OK. Fine. Even so you had no right...  
to give up and spend all day indoors...  
Tana...  
It was too much, wasn't it?  
Alright, I acted badly,  
but what I did turned out  
pretty well for you.  
but what I did turned out  
pretty well for you.  
You got going again.  
You see, Blanca?  
Well... look at her.  
Look at yourself. You're more beautiful,  
you feel better.  
So what I did... to a certain extent...  
didn't go too badly...  
You never knew the talent you had  
to do things.  
And when you began to change,  
I fell in love with you  
all over again.  
I began to feel what I had felt  
at the very beginning...  
when we started going out together,  
and I wanted to stop everything,  
Tana, but couldn't.  
It could happen to anyone.

That's why I say...  
If you still love me, I'm here.  
I want you to come back to me.  
I want you at my side again.  
How does that sound to you, Tana?  
I don't know. The thing is that...  
I don't know. I had no problem  
with him, honestly.  
I mean...  
I was in a bad way, obviously.  
And...  
I just don't know. I still loved you,  
but other things that don't include  
you have happened to me.  
I always thought that at 30...  
I would be settled professionally,  
at ease with myself,  
but perhaps  
it's only just happening.  
I'm sorry, I know you would've  
liked it to happen earlier...  
Well... it's late, I don't know.  
But I'm not that old, 30 something.  
But maybe it's only now  
I can start thinking...  
or could have started thinking  
about having kids,  
although I haven't the slightest idea  
about how to work a microwave,  
let alone look after a kid,  
but... I could've started thinking.  
Uh... perhaps I see things  
differently to him.  
I don't think people can be happy  
all the time,  
least of all couples.  
But it's not very brave...  
to run off  
after the first little crisis.  
What I liked  
about being married to you...  
is that I thought...  
I was the one in everything,  
even with my screwed up personality,

with the swearing, the cellulitis...  
with all that is bad in me.  
Or I thought you did.  
Or I thought you did.  
But, well, I was wrong.  
And now you talk about sex...  
I'd never thought that it was  
that important.  
It's only now I see  
how important it is.  
Love for me was being able to...  
I feel ashamed to say this, but...  
sitting on the sofa reading  
the Sunday paper...  
I thought that was part  
of being in love...  
Or taking you a tea  
when you were ill in bed.  
Me too.  
I imagine you must have formed...  
some ideas about yourself too, right?  
Your fears? I don't know.  
Why the surprise? What fears?  
Why that shocked expression?  
I don't get it.  
-I'm not shocked.  
-But... I never ever criticised you.  
Fear of everything,  
of losing your business, of your dad,  
of me, because you did all this  
for a reason.  
Fear of fear, because you're a coward.  
Fear paralyses you...  
and makes you do  
those dumb things you do...  
I don't know if you saw what he does  
with his tongue, Blanca,  
that drives me crazy.  
I can't say any more because  
I'm very angry.  
It helps me to speak, to understand  
what our problems are...  
It helps me to speak, to understand  
what our problems are...

or were,  
although we can't do anything  
about it now. It helps me.  
Well...  
In that case...  
you'll have to try...  
to retain the  
good times you did have...  
that you surely did have...  
and separate on the best terms.  
Excuse me.  
Yes, I...  
It'd be important for me...  
to have another session,  
what do you say?  
Why not take a few days...  
to think it over before you ring me?  
-No, I don't know.  
-OK.  
How much do I owe you?  
-240.  
-How much?  
How much?  
-Have you got...?  
-Yes, I do, wait.  
-Have you got anything?  
-What, don't you have it?  
Yes, but I don't know if it's enough.  
How much have you got?  
I've got 200 here.  
-I've got 100. Let me have that.  
-Hey, hang on, Tenso.  
Hello.  
Hello?  
What do you want?  
I wanted to know how you were.  
I received the summons.  
You knew it was coming.  
Yes, I knew.  
I thought you were going to warn me.  
Yes, I warned you.  
I imagined you were going  
to act differently.  
It hurts...

-I have to sign...  
-Yes... then we all sign.  
We'll worry about that  
at the end of the hearing.  
-Do we sign together?  
-Yes, all together.  
-Polsky and Ferro.  
-But if I don't...  
Polsky and Ferro.  
The secretary's a little late.  
Come back in two hours.  
-What did he say?  
-The secretary's a little late...  
-Has it been postponed?  
-No... it hasn't.  
Where are you going?  
What?  
-Are you staying?  
-Yes.  
-You can't smoke here, can you?  
-I don't know. Smoke if you want.  
I'll be back.  
-Here you are.  
-Thank you.  
-Yes?  
-A ham and cheese roll.  
There's no cold meat left.  
Something sweet?  
No, thanks.  
A coffee when you can.  
Excuse me... can I?  
Of course.  
Want some?  
Want some?  
Speak to me, say, yes, I'll have some.  
-Yes, I'll have some.  
-Ah...  
How long to go?  
-An hour.  
-An hour?  
That's a lot.  
What shall we do?  
That always happens.  
-Shall we talk?

-Let's talk.

How are things? Are you well?

-Diego ''Tenso'' Polsky.

-''Tana'' Ferro, pleased to meet you.

-How are you?

-At your service.

Polsky, Ferro.

Polsky, Ferro.

I really want to apologise if...

It's just that...

I really want to apologise if...

It's just that...

And is Miss Natalia good to you?

Stop, stop...!

I didn't know what I was doing.

What a surprise!

People are looking... they're staring.

They pay their taxes, that's all...

Forgive me, forgive me...