Road to Fame

By Bruce Nash
Karen, check it out! Mara Enamorada.
That divine soap opera.
How long's it been on?
Five years. Look at Eva Gallardo.
- She looks dreadful.
- Does not!
Let's give our audience
that juicy gossip we promised.
Okay, but it's just a rumour. Pure grapevine.
Turns out they're making
a movie version of Mara Enamorada!
They're scouting for the new
Mara Enamorada all over Mexico.
So any girl from anywhere, Zapopan,
Coatzacoalcos, San Wackacuacka,
can audition to become a movie superstar.
Imagine! You wake up one morning
and you're a superstar!
I'm Francisca. Francisca Jorge.
I want to be Mara Enamorada in the movie.
Because she's pretty
and stuff happens to her.
She saw this pageant.
Where they all parade out
for their beauty and all.
She lapped it up.
She'd run out of the house in her undies.
She'd go, "I wanna be Miss Oaxaca!"
But nothing ever came of it.
So like a real movie star? I don't think so.
I love to sing. And learn stuff by heart.
Like songs or news.
Now? No, I'm too embarrassed.
"Eva Gallardo, undisputed soap opera diva,
"famous for her role as Mara Enamorada,
"refused to comment
on the search for her successor
"for the film version of the role
that immortalised her.
"And now, some reactions
from the world of showbiz."
How dare you? I no longer love you!
- You feel nothing at my caress?
- Not a thing.
- Say it. Say it!
- Get your paws off me, asshole!
Stop shaking me! Cut!
- The director said to!
- To hell with the director.
When you jiggle me, I wobble all over.
- Maybe tone up the flabby triceps...
- Shut up!
- From the top, perhaps?
- You get lost, too.
Get me Alejandro!
Where's the damn producer?
Obviously, nobody here knows how to treat
a star who slaves 16 hours a day.
You shine those glaring infomercial lights
that pick up wrinkles I don't even have.
I look past 30.
- Find Alejandro.
- What are you hiding? Hand it over!
Give it!
maybe we could rehearse...
We're all set, Evita. Let's all calm down.
Eva, if you'd be so kind...
Yeah, well, for her to look 30,
she'd need a radio play.
That's the great Gallardo!
Hi, I'm Ximena Lizrraga.
I'm from Guadalajara.
I adore my mom and dad.
They're my best friends.
The family is of long lineage.
The name Lizrraga goes back generations.
If my husband gets wind
of the contest, he'll kill us.
As a boy, my husband played banker.
So cute. With little tellers and all.
You know my husband.
Xime always dreamt of being an actress.
She visualised herself.
But she was a bit on the pudgy side.
Bite it! Bite it!
Watch your manners, Santiago!
Blubber!
One day, she went on a diet, and bam!
She inherited the family will power.
Bye-bye brownies, bye-bye doughnuts.
And she's a Leo.
Lizrraga ascendant. Little joke!
So anyway... How am I doing?
Care for coffee? I have Baileys.
You see it, and you go for it.
Fifty pounds, and dropping fast.
The camera adds weight.
I'm two sizes smaller than I look on screen.
And since I'll be on screen forever...
'Cause I'm doing that film.
And then another.
And tons more.
You see it, and you go for it.
- You think I need a boob job?
- Maybe. Just a tad...
I told her you were on long distance.
Yeah, well, for long distance, you're pretty close.
Eva! Always lovely to see you, darling.
Get them two sizes bigger.
They'll look great.
Honey, what part of "don't-call-us-we'll-call-you"
don't you get?
Excuse me.
Save your breath.
I stopped caring who you screw
since your little video with what's-her-face.
And that was what?
Two, three hundred sluts ago?
Seriously...
Where did we go wrong?
That stuff doesn't work any more with me.
Know why? 'Cause I'm over 20.
The light guy's a pro...
- Dim the lights or I'm history.
- You're thirty-fi...
Shut up!
Even NASA can't make you look 20...
Watch the way you talk to me.
I'm this network's biggest star.
Look, "network's biggest star,"
yesterday's ratings.
Things change in five years.
It's a crappy part! I need to do that film.
- And you need to kill the rumours.
- Nobody promised you the part!
What?
Nobody else can do that part.
Come on, Eva.
Who's going to swallow you
as a virginal, na:ve, small-town girl
at your age?
What age is that?
Name one actress who can play that part.
Turn over any rock
and out crawls an actress.
- That's how I discovered you.
- Who were you before you discovered me?
You were nobody, baby. Nobody.
I made you.
Tomorrow I'm setting up
nationwide casting
for the new Mara Enamorada.
And I'll find her. I will.
You wouldn't dare.
You must've had some shred of virtue
to make me love you so.
You're listening to the hottest of the hot!
Heads up, all you cuties!
Your big break has finally come.
Be the next Mara Enamorada
in your very own movie.
But hurry up! We need a new star!
God damn it, Yesenia!
You leave me
with this frazzled poodle look?
Hi there. My name's Yesenia.
I'm 23 and come from Ciudad Neza.
This is Angelina.
Our family dog's got the blues,
'cause Brad ate a poisoned rat and died.
Yesenia's my sis, man.
She's into this artsy thing,
which is totally awesome.
Like singing, you know? Singing's an art where she, like, totally rules.
It's tough. People don't really appreciate art around here.
Yesenia was always into performing and being famous and all.
In school, she'd put on these, like, choreographies.
- What do you call them?
- "Gynastics."

She'd do this Shakira number, shake her booty all over.
She put on routines here with the boys.
In all modesty, I coached her.
Like hot, kick-ass moves.
Sort of like this.
Total class, man.
Cut! Cut!
That was before.
I said homework and no TV.
Who turned on the TV? Homework!
No wonder you don't know shit. Read!
Who'd I tell to do the dishes?
What's so funny?
They're looking for me!
- It's my big break, Mom!
- Fricking Yesenia.
Cut it out! Quit it!
Drop that! Quit spraying! Gimme!
Let someone else get the chocolate stains off your underpants!
Who's looking for you?
I was in the beauty shop
combing a client's...
Hey, little buggers! Christmas time!
Look what the big honcho has for you.
Hi, Mom!
All yours! Who's your daddy?
You give them some dorky stolen sneakers and you're the king of the jungle.
I feel the pride.
Stolen? You been hanging out with Wiskas?
They ain't stolen.
At times we disagree somewhat.
Stolen? Bitch!
Mom, I gotta tell you.
They're looking for
a new Mara Enamorada for a movie.
And it's gonna be me!
I've always been supportive of her.
Like they're gonna pick you! Buy a mirror!
We're a close-knit family.
- Mom!
- Mom!
A sister needs advice, support.
- She started it!
- He did!
I counselled her, "Give the max."
- Excuse me, Grandma.
- Giovanni?
No, Grandma.
- Carlos!
- Whatever.
It's something you just know.
Like the existence of God.
Not that God drops by your house
for breakfast or stuff.
But you know.
Like when you're being two-timed.
That's pretty shabby. But you know.
It's like that. So I just know.
It's a blouse.
It's called a top because
it's separate from the bottom.
The back stays open to show some skin.
So sexy.
Mara Enamorada, the legendary soap opera,
is being made into a movie.
We're looking for the new star...
Catalina.
From Ciudad Jurez.
Today's the 3rd, dear. Your rent is due.
If Catalina wants, she'll win.
She's pig-headed.
Once in the factory
there were a bunch of mice.
Mice scare me shitless. But she complained.
They were like, "What plague?"
So she goes and catches four mice,
dumps them in the manager's office.
Next day, bang! Traps all over the factory.
That's why she's gonna win.
She'll kick Enamorada's butt.
Just like those fricking mice.
May they rest in peace.
Good morning, ma'am.
Your body needs pampering.
Lavish on it the care it deserves.
Find your balance.
Your body is always in danger.
Maribel Flores Garca.
She worked in the factory.
Melissa Castillo Palma.
Anah Chantal Trujillo.
Nadia Mendoza Lpez.
Alejandra Regina Ramos Ortega.
Daniela Beltrn.
I knew them all.
Three are still missing.
The others they found.
I'm crossing the border.
And I'm sending for Gladys and the girls.
Here you're nobody.
You gotta become Someone.
Someones don't disappear.
Someones move around freely.
Bad things don't happen to them.
So I figured a movie star is Someone.
Like Salma,
who does what she damn pleases.
So I decided,
"Become a star and get the hell out."
I can't stick around here.
If I stay,
they'll kidnap me.
I can feel it.
No one wants to see 400 episodes
of the poor little virgin.
Now the virgin's gotta be
in all the tabloids,
have scandalous divorces,
and sleep with soccer stars.
- Bullshit like that.
- It's the boss.
How are you, sir? Here's the game plan.
Three phases. High exposure casting.
Aerial shots, interviews,
cameo a few hopeless cases.
That sells. Human interest, melodrama.
Narrow it down to 50 for the semifinals.
For the grand finale, 10.
Are we out of razors?
Live broadcasts. Phone-in votes.
Judges. We got the drill down pat.
We can't pluck her off the street,
but that's the point.
We'll polish her and polish her
till we turn her into a star like...
Like Eva Gallardo, for instance.
What the hell's going on?
Could you wait outside?
- I never wanted this.
- So how'd it get in the papers?
Lulu, go get me the layout guy.
One dot's missing.
But still it's not bad.
You see?
- The things you can think up.
- You're so damn cynical.
This is not the end of it.
It's just the beginning.
You know that door-slamming
rattles the set.
- You're spying on me.
- No, I was just passing by.
- What do you want?
- Me? Nothing.
Actually, something.
I came to tell you I'm off to become a star.
Ouch! Hey!
Well, if she wants to be famous...
- You wanna be on TV, you gotta do this.
- She made me all red!
- You having second thoughts?
- I don't know. Probably won't even win.
My ass, you won't.
Just use the headlights tactic.
Squeeze them boobs together
and it's all yours, baby.
Gladys, you are so nuts.
Headlights on! No judge'll notice
that bushy mono-brow of yours.
You gotta pluck them. You wanna win?
Check it out.
- That's the remedy for my blue balls.
- They are hot.
- Which flavour you want?
- Your call, boss.
I like the one in blue. I know you, sugar.
- I know you, too.
- Yeah?
They call you Satan. But your name's Jos.
You kidnapped Maribel.
You take them and turn them over.
They never return.
And you're next, gorgeous.
That's what broads need, boss.
You idiot! You stupid idiot!
Now you have to go to Mexico City!
You stick around now, they'll knife you!
What a stupid idiot!
So, Xime, what'll you tell your dad?
Meet me at the Oscars.
Listen, ever think that in Mexico City
you might run into Santiago?
What Santiago? I am so over that jerk.
- You were so gaga.
- "Were."
Past tense.
When he finds out I won the contest,
sees my skinny new bod...
His loss.
He'll die when my picture's
on all the billboards.
Let him grovel for calling me Blubber
when I told him I liked him.
Let him cry, get down on his knees.
I could care less.
Expecting a high of 50 today, clear skies.
And Efrain Garca brings you
the hottest news from showbiz.
The clip we're about to show you...
I could help you go far on TV.
Baby, you like these puppies?
- Bought them just for you.
- Never seen better.
This was sent in by an unidentified source...
- Hello?
- Hi there.
- Eva?
- Imagine.
Three years ago when I got that video
of the two of you,
I thought it was only good
for screwing up my life.
And now it's going to screw up yours.
The things you can think up.
I swear it was only once.
And you didn't have to put it
on national TV.
Francisca.
What does it say? I can't read.
"For Domingo from Francisca.
"I admire you and care for you a lot.
"Even if you love Mara Enamorada,
"I, Francisca, love you."
Time to go. Daddy's still sleeping.
Enrique will drive you to the airport.
Here, dear. Xime...
Don't go looking for that ass, Santiago.
He told the whole town
you were a whale, dear.
Blubber, Mom. Not the same thing.
- You gonna call me, bitch?
- Every day.
And don't forget,
headlights on!
Goodbye.
You don't like it?
It's not that.
I hooked up the lights and everything.
- They blink.
- I noticed.
- It's even got a pink rug.
- You don't like it.
- The thing is...
- You hate it.
I don't hate it.
- At least, admit it.
- Okay, it's tacky.
Ever heard of tact?
You're not going to upset me. I'll call you.
Pardon me.
Is this the way to the, uh, contest...
The TV contest on TV?
No, dear. That's that way, and far.
You're lost. Honestly, these girls!
Sir, you said it was this way.
The TV's that way.
TV? Give me a break, lady.
- Stop. I have to get off.
- The bus stop's over there.
- But I'm so far away! Pull over!
- There's no stop, I told you.
Everybody move back.
Dizzy dame!
Look out!
...with more than 3,000
of the prettiest girls in Mexico!
The place is packed and full of energy!
Gorgeous girls galore!
- Your name?
- Laura.
- Excited?
- Totally!
- How do you resemble Mara?
- The hair, the whole look.
- Confident?
- I'll win!
- You excited?
- A bunch.
You don't look it.
Come on, some excitement!
How hard was it to do this?
Hard! Tons of tests, gigantic trip...
An hour's drive? Huge effort!
- Why play Mara Enamorada?
- I don't know.
- You admire her?
- Since I was little.
- Confident?
- Absolutely.
- In what?
- My self-confidence.
What would you be willing to do to get the part?
Whatever it takes!
- Where's the costume from?
- Mexico.
Way to go. Haute couture?
- Ready for the casting?
- Yeth, I'm the thuper thtar!
- Name?
- Mara Enamorada!
Hi out there in Tulancingo!
Access now commencing!
Numbers 1 to 100, get ready!
Wrong programme, Rapunzel.
It's PG-13.
What were you thinking?
Thank you, thank you.
It's not a sweet sixteen party.
To the left.
Number? To the left.
How many chicks on the video?
Got any more like that?
Press conference at 6:00.
I'll answer all questions.
You're all invited.
Give me a break.
What are you doing here, Wiskas?
A little bird told me you need a ride back.
- Hop in, baby.
- Now you're all sugar sweet.
Well, screw you.
- I told you to get in.
- Let me go, dickhead.
- Now, look!
- Get in, sugar.
I know you want it. Come on, baby...
You stinking Indian.
You go, girl! That'll teach you.
- Touch me again...
- Fucking bitches!
Run, girl!
You ugly hoes!
Frigging skanks!
Fuck!
Hey! I'm talking to you.
- Let go of me.
- Let go of me, what?
Let go of me, please.
Stupid.
I was first, missy.
And I'll mess your face so bad
they'll have to hide it with make-up.
Make-up is what you need.
And lessons on how to use it.
- At your place?
- Where else?
You're not exactly on a package tour.
That's my beauty spa.
Chofi, how's business?
It's decided then. My place.
And after the way we kicked Wiskas' ass,
we're sort of sisters-in-arms.
Boy, was he pissed off.
I'll piss his balls off
if I catch the bastard again.
How do you piss off his... Thingies?
Couple of karate kicks. Three per ball.
They'll pop right out his ass.
For 100 each, this place isn't too grungy.
What'll you do if you win?
I'm gonna buy me a house.
I brought it along.
I fit inside.
Hi, I'm Jazmin. Kiss my ass.
- Suckers!
- You're wacky.
Yup. What if you win?
I'm crossing the border with my girlfriends.
- And then?
- And then...
- Know what I've never done?
- What?
Seen snow.
Last year it snowed in Jurez.
I was in Durango.
My mom said the only time she saw snow
she thought clouds
were falling from the sky.
And she cried.
Welcome to our pigsty. Mom!
Dear! That girl Carlos is here.
- They picked me, Mommy!
- What's that?
My friend, Frank. She's staying overnight.
How about a little enthusiasm? Joy?
Joy? There's no water for the beans.
They cut the water off. There's your joy.
Lose that skateboard, damn it!
Don't be rude, you little snot-nose.
- Up yours.
- Yesi!
I heard they picked you! Let's go to Enigma.
I can't. I need my beauty sleep.
Like we used to.
You don't need beauty sleep.
We can dance.
I can't, Jonathan.
My friend, Frank,
behind Grandma's panties. Say hi.
Hi, Frank. How come "no"?
Let's twirl and stuff...
What part of "that junky bus sucked
and no way we're going dancing"
didn't you understand?
You don't love me
'cause you're gonna be famous.
You're not hearing me.
That dickhead Wiskas stalked us.
You're not the same.
- You think you're from Miami?
- I am the same.
But that jerk Wiskas molested us.
Know what? I don't love you any more.
So there.
Happy now?
You're cruel.
- He was a fag, anyway.
- And you're such a macho. Mini-runt!
No idea where they got it, sir.
Yes, sir. Hello?
- The doorman's my fan.
- Why are you here?
I came to see you in your starring role.
The flat's not bad.
I'm not made of stone, guys.
But I'd like to emphasise
the movie's not to blame.
Mara Enamorada belongs to the fans.
- What about Eva?
- Eva is a great lady.
And a great actress. A real pro.
She'd never stoop to a trick so low.
How's the casting going?
You're such hot shit.
One point for me.
How was your casting? Find any like me?
There's nobody like you.
But I'll Pygmalion her, too.
Ah, the high-drama face slap.
- Life isn't a soap...
- I never saw this in a soap. You?
- Let go.
- Let what go? I don't feel anything there.
- You love touching it.
- You wish.
I hate you.
And I hate you.
Santiago.
There's Blubber!
Excess baggage is history.
Vital lightens your load.
I do love him, but...
He can be such a hick. And he's so touchy.
And now you. Why are you crying?
Your boyfriend's a hick, too?
I think I have to go back home.
You know what?
You're nobody if you're from Oaxaca.
And a Zapotec Indian.
And the only ride to Mexico City
is a four-mile hike away.
You're nobody.
Look, sweetie. I didn't always look like this.
If you have to become someone else
to do what you want,
be someone else.
You want to be someone else?
All right, then.
Tomorrow we'll figure it out.
Now I just need to turn Jonathan
into someone else.
Don't you think Jonathan is a little...
- What?
- Nothing.
Fruity.
Okay, twat, the honcho's home...
Who you with?
So now you do it with chicks?
Give me a break!
Honey, I'd switch beds for some real action.
Son of a bitch! Respect my friend.
You respect my nuts! That hurt!
Mom!
- What's your problem?
- Mom!
But with a soccer star?
That's the clich of all clichs.
But it got to you, didn't it? Hey.
The casting's off, right?
I just can't call it off.
Let's just put you in another movie.
Get a more complex script.
With a more interesting character.
- Somewhat more mature.
- What do you mean, mature?
Eva, news flash. You dye your hair.
Fine. You do your little casting.
- I'll do my little war.
- I'll let your stunt slide for old times' sake.
This has only just begun.
Elevators tend to ruin dramatic exits.
Drop dead. You and your grey-haired balls!
Still two floors to go.
- You're gorgeous.
- You mean it?
That's some damn transformation.
Let's go to my place.
- You really want me?
- Really bad.
- Really, really bad?
- Baby, you're killing me.
Pity.
'Cause we blubbers
don't go to bed with pigs.
Asshole.
Sleep tight.
If you want a script, you have to...
- Trash.
- Fatso.
Hands off!
You lay your hands on me once more...
May I have one?
- Your name, please?
- Ximena Lizrraga.
Don't I look like Beyonc?
Hair down to the ass,
guaranteed working class.
They bleached Britney blonde, too.
How do you like it?
It's not me.
It's Mara Enamorada.
Just might be.
Actually not.
'Cause Enamorada's gonna be me.
No, me.
No.
Me.
Just think.
You go to the movies. The picture starts.
The opening credits appear.
And suddenly, there you are.
I can't imagine.
I've never been to the movies.
Look at her, Frank.
That could be you. Look!
I'm done?
What? What's wrong?
You didn't read the scenes
Alejandro added?
Where your character has an accident?
I'll kill the filthy bastard!
Don't, they'll throw you in jail.
I'll kill him! Dead!
Here, darling. Get well soon.
Your weapon of choice?
The only award you've ever won.
Alejandro! What happened?
My character had an accident.
Hey, didn't I ask for two spotlights?
What happened to them? Lulu, your job!
- You look fat.
- Told you so.
I have a vintage figure!
Let go of me, stupid.
I'll knock the shit out of you.
Ugh! She's not only sneaky,
she's foul-mouthed, too.
Get her out of here.
- Touch me and I'll bite you.
- Okay, what's all this?
She called her "Indian."
Kept her out because she's Indian.
Isn't that ugly, Seor Mateos?
Sir, that In...
She tried to sneak in without an armband.
Jessie, please enrol her as a contestant.
Get her a dress. And you, out.
Lulu, please see to it
that this doesn't happen again.
You really think that girl
could ever be Enamorada?
The last thing we need
is to be labelled racist.
And anyone can be a star.
It'll boost our ratings.
Spotlights! People, hop to it!
Hello, Mexico!
Welcome to our TV special to select
the new star of the Mexican screen.
Please welcome our contestants!
- One lucky girl will be...
Mara Enamorada.

A big hand for our expert judges.
The divine diva Karen Trigo
and the eminent Manolo Verdejo.
And now, let's meet our shooting stars.
From Chihuahua, Chihuahua... Sandra!
Step up, beautiful.
I never thought I'd stoop so low.
I never sought... Sawed...
Thought I'd soup so slow.
I never thought I'd stoop so low.
Often one must stoop quite low
to make dreams come true.
I'm willing to stoop and then some
for my dreams.
Never did I... Think so slow.
I dream of you, my hero,
Ramiro.
That's all.
I never thought I'd stoop so low.
I got it, huh?
So you say, Yesi, baby,
no choice for you but stardom.
Who else has that luscious bod
that the Big G gave you?
You're a jewel to be polished with care.
You're stunning.
- You're...
- The pits.
I've witnessed the greats, and you...
You? What are you here for?
Gazing at you makes me want to...
Shoot you dead.
Bravo!
Time to take your bow, baby.
My name's Ximena. Remember it.
My name is unimportant,
because it'll soon be Enamorada.
Fierce competition.
Down to 20 starry-eyed dreamers.
She looked stunning.
We got the dress in Texas.
The verdict's in.
It is, indeed.
But first, I'd like to thank all of you beauties for your huge effort, one I'd call Herculean.
But life isn't easy. Some come, some go.
I remain.
You bet, doll baby!
The first girl is...
The first... What a thrill!
The first is Ximena.
Step forward.
My pretty,
you are major league material.
Exquisite beauty and charisma.
- She's banging the producer.
- Oh, they all are.
How prosaic!
Ximena.
You...
You are out!
Couldn't resist watching, huh?
I didn't come to watch.
- I came to give you a gift.
- What gift?
One thing I don't get. That Ximena girl.
The only one who's got what it takes.
Why toss her?
She thinks she's a diva.
But the only diva
is you.
Coming through!
And finally... This has gotta hurt...
Jazmin, sorry, sweetheart,
but kiss Enamorada goodbye.
And the other 10,
my beauties, are our happy finalists
for Mara Enamorada!
It's thrilling!
Your turn, Mexico, to vote for your favourite.
Call the number on screen!
- Dial and decide the next...
- Mara Enamorada!
They charge by the minute?
Bimbo! By the call.
Like that idol thingy show.
It's 20 pesos a call.
Dial! Dial! It's on me!
Out or not, I vote for Ximena.
Don't worry, girl.
Worry about who you're gonna get
to split the hotel bill.
Oh, dear. Take care of yourself.
Watch out they don't snow you
up there in the snow.
What?
I have to put out to get the part?
Alejandro. From Eva.
Here's the ending you stole
from that other soap. Remember?
I'm sure your boss
would be thrilled to know.
Might just lose your movie.
Is that tomorrow's script?
And this would be my Enamorada corset.
Sewed it myself.
Yesi!
I saw you on TV.
I got you the deluxe box set special
of the sitcom.
It's called a soap opera.
Legal or pirated?
Tacky.
Okay, get up.
- So, got a boyfriend?
- No, but I plan to.
- You loving his ass?
- Oh, no. No, not just... No, I'm not...
I mean, do you really like him?
Oh, Domingo is so...
One day in the rain he held his jacket
over my head and walked me home.
I sort of felt like saying,
"You smell so nice, Domingo."
But he just stood there staring at me.
I couldn't say a word.
I just ran away and felt all tingly.
Don't go thinking that I...
Let's just go to bed. To sleep.
Why don't you just sleep in Osiris' bed?
It's Friday night. He stays out till dawn.
Is Gladys there?
Can you tell her Catalina called?
Thanks.
Sorry, did I scare you?
What? I'm gonna have to put out
to get the part?
Would you put out?
Look. Last year I crossed the border.
And got caught.
Before I was deported,
two immigration bastards raped me.
So you think I'd care?
Did you turn them in?
You're really clueless
about the world outside your soaps.
- You think I could learn?
- You really care?
Listen. I've had a shitty day.
I'd love to have dinner
with someone interesting.
Okay, tell you what.
I'll wait for you there. Think it over.
Ten minutes. You decide no,
that's fine. No problem.
I haven't got a watch.
Looking for someone?
- No one.
- Let's go, then.
Glad you changed your mind, baby.
Hands off her, asshole!
And now this limp-dick shows up.
You go, girl! Kick him!
Quit fighting. You're family!
Boy, did he deserve that!
With any luck you killed him.
- I wanna piece of that, too.
- Off her!
You slimeball. Get off me!
Wiskas, you creep!
Don't mess with my blood!
Grab your stuff.
Mommy! Osiris is kicking someone's ass!
- What's up?
We had to make our getaway.
It was so late
we decided to come straight here.
- So scoot over.
- Why?
'Cause it's cold
and we can cuddle up and get warm.
- You got kicked out?
- Kicked in the butt.
Men! They're all horny slimeballs.
Bastards.
So you stole that scene, you sneak?
- No, she just wants to get even.
- Did you steal it or not?
- No, I did not steal that scene.
- Whatever.
- It's all under control.
- Keep your woman in line, schmuck.
I know, sir. Hello?
Hi.
- What are you doing here?
- What do you mean?
After last night, I stayed over, obviously.
Last night I sent you home
without touching you.
So you weren't in the mood.
Doesn't mean we can't get it on now.
Can't get it up? In the car you could.
This will not get you a ticket to the finals.
You are out. So if you don't mind...
You sure?
Think it over. You might regret it.
Look, kid.
Classier women than you, who I did screw,
have threatened me to get the part.
Unsuccessfully.
So take my advice. When you leave,
close the door behind you.
Daddy?
- It's Xime.
- You get back home now!
You're making a fool of me!
Daddy, they kicked me out.
- You?
- Yes, me.
And everyone saw it.
I look like a zombie. I won't win shit
with these bags under my eyes.
Let's see.
Go down to the cafeteria,
get two slices of cucumber and some ice.
How much you think they charge?
Really?
- Thanks!
- Hurry up!
And you hurry and put those on.
We gotta go.
How do these go?
Listen, Yesi, how do these things...
You've got a...
It's a hormonal imbalance.
Hormonal imbalance?
That's a weenie and you're a bastard.
Hold on!
- I was born a man, but not a bastard.
- That's why you kissed me.
That was a chick thing.
I mean, woman-to-wom...
You're mixing me up.
Damn, I never pee standing up.
But my pantyhose were such a pain.
My name is...
Carlos.
That's why your grandma called you...
And why Osiris kicked you in the...
- And Jonathan...
- Is a fag.
That's why I get taunted.
And that's why I became a woman.
Look at me!
No, see me.
See me.
I can be another.
I can.
You can't.
You're a man.
You can't win the contest.
You can't, Yesi... Carlos.
You can't.
I can, too.
I can.
Please.
Don't tell anyone, Francisca.
Please. Please.
I surrender.
If you plan to play dirty, I give up.
So soon?
- I don't get it.
- What?
You're not going to play your trump?
Tell the press you were a call girl
when I met you?
When you met me, Alejandro, I was a whore.
Expensive, but a whore.
You're not throwing them the story?
I wasn't going to leak
the stolen scene story.
I wanted to scare you.
It's not that.
This email is
from one of our main sponsors.
It's a bank. If they pull out, I'm fired.
And they're threatening to pull
if I don't rethink some of my decisions.
I'm guessing the banker's your lover.
Sure! That kid I took back to my place.
It pissed her off.
She's a Lizrraga. Daddy's the boss...
Even without the part,
you're screwing them.
- I didn't screw her.
- Sure, it was a pyjama party.
Basically.
My cell.
Pardon me. Is the movie contest here?
- Two blocks down. The main entrance.
- Thank you.
Hi, it's me.
You have to do me a favour.
Girls, line up back there. Quiet, please.
- You nervous?
- Sort of.
- Are you?
- I guess so.
I so wanted to reach
my girlfriend back home for luck.
Call her.
- Really?
- Sure.
- God, thanks!
- No problem.
Doa Liz? It's Catalina. Is Gladys there?
Yes, I'll wait.
Hi.
Learn anything?
It's not so simple.
Claudia.
What happened? What happened?
I don't understand.
What happened?
When was she last seen?
With Satan?
So not fair. She was out.
If she's back in, they want her to win.
What do you care? You can't win, anyway.
Why not?
You gonna spill the beans, girlfriend?
- They'll notice.
- You didn't.
People see what they want to see, hon.
You were told to stay in line.
Wait, sir!
We're on live. He can wait.
Okay, all contestants in position.
That rich bitch get to you?
What's wrong?
What's wrong?
- My friend's missing.
- Missing?
They took her away.
They took her away.
Let's go.
You can't go out there like that.
We'll just tell them...
Good evening, Mexico!
Welcome to Mara Enamorada: The Search.
Thank you for all your calls.
Phone votes are valid until the very end.
Thought I was gone, huh?
That you'd win.
Quiet!
I don't know what your story is.
But I'm going bald from starvation.
I've had four plastic surgeries.
Been hospitalised for spitting up blood.
Why?
- Because...
- You're on.
You're not going anywhere, honey.
And Daddy's ads are staying on the air.
Get over here.
...in the finals of Mara Enamorada.
You're crazy. And old. And a has-been.
You're not banging the producer any more,
so nobody gives a shit about you.
What I shared with Alejandro
is way beyond you.
What might sink in is your Daddy's call girl.
My girlfriends know her.
And since Daddy wants it hush-hush,
he's cool with your being ousted.
Just kidding, folks,
to see if you're all still awake!
You know Ximena was eliminated
in the last round.
You going to throw a tantrum
on national TV?
Be my guest.
No, huh? Know why?
Divas are born.
You don't become one
by reading Starstudded.
Looks like the boss is here.
The finalists for Mara Enamorada,
the upcoming movie! Don't miss it!
For our first challenge...
- Is there a ballgame on?
- Yesi's on TV!
They've never seen the script.
Check her out! No shit! Shove over.
- Shut up! I can't hear.
- You shut up. Mom!
Shut both your traps.
- Welcome.
- A pleasure to be here.
A star is born! What a thrill!
Action!
- What the heck is this?
- I've always loved you.
Every time you bug another...
Every time you hug another woman...
That's, like, so mean... 'Cause I love you...
That's how come I love you...
Straight from the Ithmuth, Thithmuth,
Thithmus, Isthmus Oaxaca...
Francisca!
What do you have to say?
I'm obsessed with you.
Even when I'm asleep. When I'm awake.
When I breathe.
And I love you.
A woman is a mystery.
We all have secrets.
We're all deep down someone else.
So...
You know what? Come here.
I'll show you all my secrets.
You'll love it, big guy.
Shit, I knew Yesenia would make it big.
Do your stuff, Yesi!
- Nah, she won't.
- Yeah, she will.
I don't need to hear I can. Because I can.
I don't need to hear who I am.
Because I know.
I don't need to.
I don't need anything.
I realised
if nobody helps us in Juarez,
then we have to help ourselves.
Funny, huh?
I went so far to find out that all I needed
was to stay home.
Do something, damn it!
Maybe Gladys'll turn up. Maybe not. But we gotta search. And if I'm busy acting like a goose in movies, who's gonna find her? Our judges will now announce the three contestants Mexico has selected to enter the final round of our contest. With us now, Dr Oscar Fonseca, from the Regulations Committee. Go ahead. Doctor, sir. The audience has good taste. I told you, Manny. Indeed, they have. Because these girls are the most talented. - Say it, for Christ's sake! - Spit it out! - Shit, they pay them by the frigging minute? - Hush up! Geez, I can't hear the TV with all your yapping. Should I tell them? Enough suspense! You're giving us all a heart attack! They are Sandra, Yesenia and Francisca! Our three finalists for Mara Enamorada! Wow, that's my bitchin' brother! Queer power! Shit, Yesi's on TV! Jonathan? Bro-in-law! Come on over, dude. Yo, bro-in-law. Come watch your ho with us on TV, dude. Have a seat, buddy! Make room for my main man! Mom, beer me and bro here. Get them yourself, lazy ass. With your dough! No wonder you don't dig chicks, dude. And for the big moment,
Adrin Miranda, Enamorada's leading man.
- Welcome.
- Thank you.
I'd like to tell the girls
that even though only one girl wins,
the runners-up will get a part, too.
Excellent news!
Interview time! Step up, Yesenia.
- Hi, Yesenia.
- Hi, Adrin.
Tell us why you should be
Mara Enamorada.
Because when I go to the movies
and the lights dim,
it's like I feel
my life isn't my life.
It's the life on screen.
And I wish it were so.
I don't want it to end
when the lights go up
and the popcorn is all gone.
God, you're gorgeous.
Totally, Yesi. Good vibes.
Whom do you most admire?
I'd say Benito Juarez
for his legacy of wisdom.
"The right... Uh...
"Respect for others' rights is peace."
If you were president for a day,
how would you change Mexico?
I'd change the name.
The name? Of what?
Of the country.
In school we learn
it's called United States of Mexico.
But it's not.
Oaxaca is one thing. This is another.
I'm from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.
That's a different Mexico.
You have to begin somewhere.
Maybe by telling it like it is.
I think so.
Phone lines are closing.
Ten! Nine! Eight!
My vote goes to Yesenia!
I vote for Francisca.
One!
Zero!
No more phone calls!
Hell of a rating, man.
Go make them and break them.
 Doesn't matter who won.
Let's do lunch, buddy.
You've made the decision?
Yes.
Well, now. Manolo, you go first.
I'm sure you're dying to know
if you could be Mara Enamorada.
Let me tell you that...
Yes...
...enia!
You could be Mara Enamorada.
Come forward.
Francisca.
You've come all the way from Oaxaca,
cheese paradise.
You've put your heart into it.
Now it's time to hit the road home.
Because you won't be Mara Enamorada.
Francisca, step forward.
It's okay.
You look lovely.
You'll still get a part in Mara Enamorada.
How do you feel?
When the moment comes,
it doesn't matter any more.
Makes no difference.
A word to the other girls.
Good luck.
Thank you, Francisca.
Gorgeous girl, pick up your prizes.
Let's hear it for Francisca.
And now.
The moment we've all been waiting for.
Who will be Mara Enamorada?
You look lovely.
You've enchanted all Mexico
with your lovely eyes, warm and radiant.
Sandra.
Yesenia.
Welcome.
You've worked hard to get here.
We're all aware of that.
I must say,
you look lovely.
You hear your name,
and time stands still.
And each second seems to last
your whole life.
You are not Mara Enamorada.
Because Mara Enamorada is...
Sandra!
Sandra is Mara Enamorada!
You never frigging win.
It's funny because the best actress is me.
Best of them all.
I act constantly.
Every day. Non-stop.
And they never noticed.
They never noticed.
Those bastards.
She was rooked! No shit.
Crooks! They were bribed. Carlos won!
- Let it all out.
- Cool it.
We're gonna keep kicking ass.
One day we'll be the winners.
We'll show the bastards.
What a couple of losers.
You're too much woman for them, fella.
I liked the Indian squaw.
- Genuine stuff.
- Sure, but no way she'd win.
No leading man is gonna wanna kiss
one of those natives.
At best she'd get the part of the maid.
It's always the same
with those swarthy types.
She couldn't have left!
Well, she did, god damn it.
And your ass is swarthy.
Go get Francisca for me. Quick!
Thank you for your music!
And now
a big hand for the man behind the myth,
Alejandro Mateos.
Congratulations!
Sandra, you're our winner,
but I have a surprise for you.
Sandra, you won't be Mara Enamorada.
You'll play the daughter
of Mara Enamorada.
There's only one Enamorada,
and that's Eva Gallardo.
Eva will not desert you, Mexico.
Enamorada will be the same,
but now more than ever.
More woman.
You'll be reunited
with your long-lost daughter.
Let's hear it for Eva Gallardo!
This has been the search
for Mara Enamorada.
Till the next time.
Why are you here?
To find you when you were done.
Well, I'm done.
It's snowing.
They caught Satan.
After the contest
people paid attention to me.
I was on TV. And someone turned him in.
He's behind bars.
But lots more are still out there.
The police aren't lifting a finger,
and don't plan to.
They jail innocent people to shut us up.
And the list keeps growing.
Jessica Cortes.
Melissa Castillo.
Nadia Mendoza.
Regina Ramos.
Orchidea Martinez.
Daniela Beltrn.
Anah Trujillo.
Susana Torres.
Gladys Ovalle.
God sends you signs.
And mine was, why Mexico?
What I want is to be an international star.
Straight to the top.
You see it.
And you go for it.
This is Ted. My accent coach.
I'm teaching them to read and write.
I ordered the books in Zapotec.
They take a while to get here.
Today we learn the future tense.
I...
Will...
Be.
Repeat.
I got to play the slut.
Funny, huh? A speaking part!
We'll see what comes of it.
Nothing's ever sure.
Like one day you have a friend,
and the next you don't.
Or a job. Or...
A secret.
But you act as if it'll last forever.
No choice.
Jonathan.
I have a song for you.
- Don't sing to me.
- Just one. You love it.
- You are so corny!
- Just one.
Okay. Just one.
I announced it on TV.
I'll be her godmother. Or her aunt.
Her mother, no way.
You wanna make me mad?
The report's in.
What do we do about the rain?
- Call it off?
- No, we shoot.
Eva, we'll give you a few grey hairs.
Grey hair? I'll tell make-up, sir.
Let's kick ass. What else?
Sound!
Action!
Good day to you, Enamorada.
Cut!