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Cobrador: In God We Trust

By Rubem Fonseca

Are we rolling?
Whenever you're ready.
When you're ready.
Ready?
I have some amulets,
candles for ceremonies,
We have incense
for good luck, for cleansing...
I'll take three.
We also have the Holy Reaper.
It has some quartz.
Those are 20 pesos.
Hi, how are you?
About Argentina?
What channel?
Is it serious?
I just can't find it. Here it is.
Fuck.
It's on mute.
Fuck!
Yes, I see.
Yes, I'm watching it.
Are the banks to blame?
I'll call you later.
Yeah. I'm on my way.
I'll bring the pictures. Yes. Thanks.
- Hi.
- How are you?
- In a rush. Fucked.
- Lot of work?
Yeah, loads.
He's been waiting for you.
Is he tense?
No, he's cool.
Thanks for telling me about the news.
- Going to Rebeca's birthday party?
- Yes. Will you be there?
Yes, but I'll come a bit later.
Here are the pictures.
Now we're even.
But at odds with the continent.
Have you seen
the chaos in your country?
Have they told you already?

On Monday we're covering this fucker.
Are you going to interview him?
If he lets me.
Is he going to lie to you?
No, its just there's a protest
against him and we have to cover it.
- Did the boss give you shit?
- No. Can I call Buenos Aires?
Just don't let anybody see you.
Hi, sweetie, it's me.
Yes, I got them. How are you?
How's grandma?
Yeah, I heard about it,
that's why I called you. How are they?
Yeah, Buenos Aires
and other cities too.
No, I'm fine, and you guys?
No, sure.
Have you paid the school yet?
Then pay for half of it.
Because I'm in a bit of a rut.
But I've already sent you some...
Don't worry, everything is okay.
No, no problem, sweetie, really.
I'll send you the rest soon.
Yes.
No, Marta is still in Europe.
It's great 'cause I don't have
to pay rent. I'm house-sitting.
Sure, plus I'm reading all her books.
Sweetie, one more thing.
They called me from the embassy.
Dad's lawyer called me.
It seems he doesn't want me
to get tested.
He just doesn't want me to.
Sure, it's difficult for me too.
Why doesn't he want me to do it?
Does that mean that I'm not his daughter?
Okay, but I do want to know.
I want to.
No. I don't... I want to...
Yes, I'm scared.
But if they told you

that your parents aren't really
your parents and that your real parents
were killed, wouldn't you test
your DNA to know if this is true?
What if it were your children?
Look sweetie, I don't know.
I'm so fucking tired
of these abstract conversations
about dictatorships, about DNA,
about kidnappings and...
I need to know who I am!
Okay, no... Okay.
Yeah. I also have to think.
I need more time.
Just leave me alone.
We'll all think about it!
That's it!
Sweetie, just kiss
everyone for me. Okay?
No, don't worry about me.
Sweetie, I have to go.
Okay, sure. And kisses.
Thanks, bye.
Protest, protest because
Mexico's government stinks
Stinks! Stinks!
i'm sure you've noticed
The damage is serious
Those motherfuckers
in every corner of the state
in the North
They gave us protection
Just iike vuitures
They became cops
That grab you,
Rob you, beat you
They are state cops
Feds
They come by the mounds
Against my brothers
The North zone!
Urban support!
They're beating us!
Corruption! Deception!

The people's intervention!
Corruption! Deception!
The people's intervention!
Murderers! Murderers!
Murderers! Murderers!
Hello.
What?
Are you sleeping?
Can I ask you a question?
Would you kill someone for me?
I once killed an idiot
who stole 5 grams from me.
Did you think I would say no?
Is he from the neighborhood?
No, he lives in Taquar.
What did he do? Did he hurt you?
No. It's a kid.
Have you ever killed
a seven-year-old kid?
I once had a couple of kids
shot in the palms of their hands
because they stole a couple of packages.
They must have been ten years old.
You have to set an example.
Why do you want to kill this kid?
I want his mother to suffer.
She humiliated me.
Are you still in love
with that son of a bitch, Huh, Soraia?
Shut the fuck up.
You know he's not worth shit.
She's the one whom I want to make suffer.
I'm gonna kill that faggot.
No.
He won't matter,
she won't suffer with that.
Leave it to me.
The kid doesn't need to suffer.
I never break my promises, Soraia.
I'm gonna blow his fucking head off.
Then I'm gonna throw him
on his mother's doorstep.
No Soraia, let me sleep.
It was a tough day.

Hi.

Hi.

Is the white girl still at your place?

And she'll never leave.

This one is on her way here.

With him?

Yep.

She believes her parents were murdered.

But Interpol

has not confirmed that yet.

You could fit France three times

right there in the jungle.

And this all belongs to the Americans.

Everything they take is powdered.

Powdered milk, gold powder,

and even cocaine powder.

And bits and pieces of people too.

Organs, prostitutes.

Children. You name it!

Fetuses!

Apparently it makes people

feel rejuvenated, powerful!

This is the mining area.

Thousands upon thousands of men.

Right there.

You can almost picture it.

Just hammering and digging.

Good morning.

Those pictures

were taken in the 80's.

But now things have changed.

We used to hold

Today everything is gone.

Not enough work.

What's your name?

Miguel.

Miguel, have you seen the man from

the picture walking around here?

No.

Hi, Miguel. Did you find him?

I did. He's over there, hiding.

It looks like he's not alone.

He's crazy. He's always writing

in his little notebook.

Drink is water
Food is grass
What are you thirsty for?.
What are you hungry for?
People not oniy want to eat
People want to eat
and want to make iove
People not oniy want to eat
People want pieasure
to reiiieve their pain
People not oniy want money
People want money and happiness
People not oniy want money
People want aii of it
and not just haives
"We are not guerrriia
norterrorists.
We're neither
drug deaiers northieves.
but we are owed many things
We are owed pienty. "
"We are simpiy collecting on a debt
And as iong as they owe us,
we'ii keep on coliecting. "
These words were expressed today
and circulated around the world.
"They owe us food, blankets,
shoes, they owe us homes,
cars, watches,
teeth, schoois.
They owe us girifriends, turntabies,
respect, ice cream, footbaiis.
They have many things to pay for. "
"They owe us meat
and syringes, poems,
pencils, sailboats,
happiness, news reports,
songs, memories,
clean shirts,
clean kitchens,
clean tears. "
This statement was released shortiy
after an explosion at a shopping maii.
No group has ciaimed

responsibiity forthis incident.

Who is piacing dynamite

on the head of the century?

Who is piacing so many iice.

on the head of the century?

Who is piacing so many screams

in the head of the century?

Who is piacing the piiow

under the head...