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El Cuerpo

By Ricardo Serrano

THE BODY:

Yes?

I'll be right there.

No, I'll take my car.

I landed 3 hours ago.

I don't mind driving.

Then we'll go in yours.

Sure, don't be a bore.

Just hang up. See you soon.

It wasn't my idea to call you.

Technically you're on duty...

What happened?

We're still not sure.

- How was Berlin?

- Fine. What have we got?

A guy got run over,

he's in a coma.

How's Eva?

She's in Berlin.

Tell me what you know.

You haven't seen your daughter

in 4 years...

2 and a half.

...And you go to Berlin

and fuck it up?

- I didn't fuck it up, it was fine.

- Then why the long face?

Will you stop busting my balls

and tell me what we're doing here?

His name's Angel Torres.

Skull injury and cervical fractures.

The doctors have stabilized him

but don't know when he'll come to.

The driver says he was on the road,

he couldn't swerve to miss him.

- Blood alcohol?

- Negative.

We only have his tracks in the woods.

He was running away.

From what? Why was he running

in the woods at night?

He works at the Forensics Institute.

The morgue?

He's the night guard.

Torres fled his post around 8:30.

He left via the security fence
and ran through the woods.

The morgue people told us
that some guards panic
when the alarms go off
in the refrigerated rooms.

But that's not the case.

No. Torres has been here for 3 years
and no alarm went off.

All we have is a phone call.

He called us minutes before
he was run over.

He wanted a patrol car to come.

He was jumpy and didn't say why.

They put him through to Carlos,
who was on duty,
but he'd already gone.

They called again, but no reply.

- Why?

- We don't know.

Was anyone else in the building?

The doors to the morgue shut at 8.

Torres is the only night staff.

So we have no fucking idea
what happened.

The only reason the guard
may have panicked and run off
is some kind of sick joke.

According to the register,
a body is missing.

The missing body is a woman,
Mayka Villaverde.

'Cause of death:

Autopsy pending.

Who signed the death certificate?

Dr. Tapia. No other forensic
had contact with the body.

We've already informed her.

The circuit's been disconnected.

All the cameras are out except one.

I've paused the recording.
Something's grabbed his attention.
No alarm went off,
so we think this is when
the security cameras went out.
He left his post for 5 minutes.
When he came back,
this is what happened.
All the cameras are out except one.
Why?

Whoever did this is inept
or is playing with us.
You think he's still here?
I don't know,
but I want the building surrounded.
The woods too.

Take care of it. Okay, Norma?
Something happened
to make the guard to run away,
and unless we believe
the dead can walk,
someone got in
and stole the corpse.

- Are you sure no one broke in?

- No. I'm quite sure.

But we can't get into
the security room,
someone's changed the code.
The science team.

- You talk to them.

- Okay.

What do we know about her?

Married to Alex Ulloa,
director of Farmatech,
a pharmaceutical lab
that she owns.

She also had controlling shares
in some thriving technological firms.
No children.

And she owned other businesses
with her two sisters,
Luna and Gloria Villaverde.

The report says she just came back
from a business trip to L.A.

A powerful woman.

Mayka Villaverde Freire,
do you take Alex Ulloa Marcos
as your lawful wedded husband
till death do you part?

No.

I don't want to marry you, Alex.

- What do you mean?

- Not like this.

My whole family's here!

Mayka, please...

Darling!

Of course I do!

Only she could do that
and get us to applaud.

And the groom to kiss her.

I'll get it.

Yes?

Hello, Dad.

No, you'd better call him tomorrow.

He's in the bedroom.

He doesn't want to talk to anyone.

He's shattered.

He found her
when he got back from the lab.

A heart attack.

Mum's dress was perfect on her.

Mayka was perfect.

You may kiss the bride.

Alex.

Alex.

Dad called.

He sends you a kiss.

We'll leave you alone, okay?

I need to rest.

- What are you doing here?

- I couldn't take any more.

- You could've called.

- Nobody saw me.

Is something wrong?

- Is everything alright?

- Yes.

- It's done. I did it for you.

- There's no going back.

I'm free to be with you.

We're free.

- What can I get you?

- I don't care, whatever you're having.

What were you doing?

Nothing.

Thinking.

- About what?

- What do you think?

Why don't you answer it?

I don't know who it is.

The condolences keep coming.

It's unbearable.

At this hour?

Yes?

Yes, that's me.

Don't worry, I was awake.

I spoke to your colleague.

This afternoon, yes.

What do you mean "disappeared"?

That's impossible, it's...

Alright, alright. Thanks.

I'll be right there.

- Who was that?

- The police.

- Didn't you speak to them already?

- Mayka's disappeared.

What?

Her body's disappeared
from the morgue.

- Disappeared? How?

- Disappeared. I don't know.

- She is dead, isn't she?

- Of course she is.

Are you sure?

I know what I did and how.

She's dead.

Someone must've taken her.

I don't know, I only know
what the police are saying.

Maybe it's a mistake,
they'll probably apologize.

- Do you have to go?

- Of course I do.

Don't go.

It might be dangerous. What if they're suspicious and it's a trap? They've no reason to be suspicious. But if I don't go, they might be.

Come here.

Be careful.

Go on, you can go through.

We're sorry to call you with such terrible news and for getting you down here.

Thank you so much.

What's happened, exactly?

Our first hypothesis...

is that someone's taken the body.

How can this happen?

Isn't this place meant to be secure?

There are human beings here.

There's 24-hour surveillance.

It's what happened to the night guard that alerted us.

He was run over as he fled the morgue in fear.

In fear?

It seems he saw something related to your wife's disappearance.

We don't know what.

He ran away and was run over by a car.

He's now in a coma at Sacred Heart.

Where's the sense in this?

Has it happened before?

There have been cases of vandalism and organ trafficking, but we ruled those out.

Vandals leave all kinds of traces and organ traffickers don't take just one body.

And, no offense, but usually they prefer younger bodies.

That leaves us a Satanic cult, a sect.

Your wife didn't look like

a sect member.

No, of course not.

Then it has to be more personal...
someone wishing to harm your wife,
even after she was dead.

Did she have problems with anyone,
enemies of any kind?

Mayka didn't have any problems
with anyone.

She was a powerful woman,
owned companies.

You can't think of anyone?

To do something so horrific,
of course not.

What about you?

What about me?

It sounds twisted,
but would anyone want to hurt you
with something as macabre
as making your wife vanish?
I've no idea why this is happening.

I have no enemies.

If it's not you, perhaps they want
to hurt some family member.

- You should ask Mayka's sisters.

- We've done that.

Did you call them before me?

We located them at home,
but neither of them knows anything.

The lawyer...

Gloria.

...Gave us these papers.

We might find something,
and we might not.

Of course we tried to find you first,
but you weren't home,
so we called your mobile.

Gloria gave us your number.

I went out for some painkillers,
my head was about to explode.

Feeling any better?

Yes. Thanks a lot.

Dr. Tapia's here.

We'll be right back.

Yes?

Why didn't you pick up?

I'm sorry, I thought the police
might have your mobile.

Nobody took my mobile.

Everything's fine.

Has she turned up?

No, but she will.

I need you to do something.

What do you want me to do?

The guard saw something,
ran away and got run over.

He's unconscious in Intensive Care.

The police say they don't know
what he saw, but I don't trust them.

Do you know anyone
at Sacred Heart?

Alex, what are you asking?

The guard's there.

Do you know someone or not?

I did practicals there last year.

Go there and find out what you can
without raising any suspicion.

Can't you go?

You must know people at their lab.

I can't move from here.

- Are you under arrest?

- Of course not.

But they want to question me.

I'll call when I can. Love you. Ciao.

I love you t...

You can't smoke here.

In this situation
can't you turn a blind eye?

The forensic wants to talk to you.

In your statement you say
your wife returned from L.A.
this morning. Is that right?

- Yes. A business trip.

- I see she had a fear of flying.

She'd done various therapies. Why?

Stress on long flights
can 'cause cardiac arrest.

You think Mayka had a cardiac

because of the trip?
There is that possibility.
Though we have no record
of any cardiovascular hazard.
Perhaps it wasn't detected.
I don't know, you're the expert.
Mayka thought she was invincible.
Perhaps that takes its toll.
Perhaps.
But without an autopsy
it's impossible to verify.
Any schizophrenic episode?
No.
- Parkinson's?
- Not that either.
Epilepsy?
It's all in her medical file.
I don't get it.
The doctors didn't live with her.
You did.
I don't get what this has to do
with my wife's disappearance.
I'd like to rule out a theory
that'd explain what happened.
What?
Catalepsy.
What did you say?
Alright, Silvia...
Do you really think it's possible
the corpse wasn't a corpse?
I certified her death
and I did my job properly,
but circumstances force me
to reconsider everything.
It makes no sense.
If she woke up,
why not cry out for help?
Why disappear?
He's right. It's more logical
that someone came for her.
And from a medical viewpoint,
more probable.
Then let's return to the 21st century
and assume that the 'cause of death

was heart attack,
as in your preliminary report.

The question is:

Why was the body taken?

There's a principle
in forensic medicine:

"Every death is a homicide
until proven otherwise."

Cardiac arrest can be induced
by submitting a person
to extreme tension.

Or administering substances
that have the same result.

But nothing's demonstrable
without an autopsy.

And no body, no autopsy.

What did you think
when you spoke to him?

I was surprised
how he referred to his wife.
He spoke about her in the past,
with no hesitation.

Ruth died several years ago...
and I still talk about her
as if she were alive.

His wife died this afternoon.
I'll find out everything about him.

I'm sorry you had to come
at this time of night.

And in this weather.

Pablo tells me you came back
from a trip today,
to see Eva.

I hope she's alright.

She's fine.

Or seems to be at least.

And you?

How are you?

They told you everything.

I heard you were suspended again,
you went into therapy again...

I fell off the wagon.

But I only drink coffee now.

7 months on coffee,
I'm a gourmet about it.
Try switching to teas.
Your heart will thank you.
My heart's withstood much worse.
You'd be doing yourself a favour
if you put it behind you.
When will you stop blaming yourself?
It's been a long time.
It was a night like tonight.
I'm alone now, Silvia.
No.
You're not.
What's wrong?
- Where is everyone?
- Go back inside.
- Have you seen the time?
- Yeah.
- You know what a day I've had?
- We're working on...
Listen, please.
Tell your boss I want to go home.
Be patient.
I'll see what's happening.
Please, call your boss.
Please, Mr. Ulloa,
go back into the office.
Thank you.
Mayka.
Thanks.
What about yours?
- It's 9 in the morning.
- Not in Los Angeles.
And I want to toast
to the trip's success.
And...
...to my return.
- Will this toast do you?
- No.
The lab called, I have to go.
Alex...
We've been apart for 3 weeks.
We have to talk.
I've got a meeting.

You're the Director,
you can do what you like.
No one can fire you.
Except me.
You know something?
I don't like this kind of joke.
I work hard because
I take what I do very seriously.
And I do it because I like it.
I know.
That's why you're where you are,
and not teaching at a college.
I don't want to leave angry.
See you later, okay?
Hello. Cristina?
Please call and tell them
Alex can't make the meeting.
No, he's fine.
Mayka...
What are you doing?
What's more, he won't be
returning to the lab.
Get a letter of dismissal
ready for him.
Mayka... Mayka!
Of course!
- What are you doing?
- Of course I'm serious.
It's my company. It's my decision
and I've just made it.
Thanks.
We'll sort it out this afternoon,
but now we have
the whole morning to ourselves.
Come here...
Alex?
Darling!
I didn't speak to anyone!
You're like a child.
I'll book a table somewhere
for dinner when you get out.
You'll be sleepy...
from the jet lag.
I'll be awake.

Tell me when you want the table.
Tonight...
Tonight you will be mine.
- Why'd you leave the office?
- What are you doing here?
I heard a noise.
The fuses blew,
but it's fixed now.
What...?
It's the box with
the deceased's personal items.
They were in this locker.
The lock's been jimmed.
Were you searching through
your wife's things?
No, I didn't touch anything.
According to the delivery note,
the mobile phone's missing.
It was in here.
I didn't take anything.
Who was it then?
One of the dead?
They got bored
and wanted to liven up our night?
Empty your pockets.
Why would I take my wife's mobile?
Please, Mr. Ulloa.
Incredible. Incredible.
MY Phone.
Thanks.
Is that it?
Arms up.
- What?
- Do as I say.
- Why?
- I'm going to search you.
No.
- Turn around.
- You've got no right.
Turn around! Fuck!
What is this? What?
- You've got no right.
- Fucking turn around!
Jaime!

What's this?

It was on the floor.

I was going to throw it out.

No recycling? That's not nice.

It has your lab's seal on it.

Our products go to these places.

Any cabinet will be full of them.

- What's TH-16?

- A toxin.

What kind?

I don't know,

we work with hundreds of them.

- What's it for?

- It'll have various applications.

- Like what?

- It's not my specialty.

It's his.

Answer it.

My sister.

Yes?

I'm at the hospital.

The guard's name is Angel Torres.

I'm fine. Mayka's still missing,

but the police will find her.

You can't talk. Something's wrong,

I can hear it in your voice.

Thanks, Erica. I'll call you later.

Have we finished?

We'll go over your statement,

then you can go home.

Can I go to the bathroom first?

I'll wait here.

Alex...

I haven't much time.

What did you find out?

The guard's still unconscious,
they only know what you were told.

I know a nurse on that floor.

She thinks I'm spending the night
with a relative.

She's on a break in 20 minutes.

I'm meeting her in a bar nearby.

I think somebody knows something.

- Who? The police?

- The police don't worry me.
Someone forced the locker with
Mayka's things and taken her phone.
Fuck.
And the TH-16 I hid today
has turned up. The police have it.
It's a trap.
- I told you not to go.
- I can handle the police.
How could anyone know anything?
Only you and I knew.
Did you talk to anyone?
- What?
- I need to know.
I didn't talk to anyone,
I'm not an idiot.
Something's gone wrong.
I know what I'm doing.
You lived with her. Your wife saw you
every day since you decided.
We decided.
I've calculated my every move.
Maybe you talk in your sleep,
I don't know!
What'll you do?
Try to get out of here.
But think about what I said.
We have to find out what happened
to Mayka and why. Alright?
Alright. Alex...
I love you.
And I love you.
Dr. Tapia told me.
I'm sorry I didn't remember...
...about Ruth.
Why don't you go home?
I'll cover for you, nobody'll know.
I lost it before.
It won't happen again.
That's what you said last time.
BUSINESS CLUB ANNUAL DINNER

HOTEL TIVOLI, 8:

I CLOSE MY EYES:

AND YOU'RE STILL WITH ME

I expected you earlier.

Don't tell me...

- You forgot about the dinner.

- There was a setback at the lab.

I called. Cristina said you weren't
at the lab all afternoon.

I went to get some samples.

I was out of the office
and I couldn't advise Cristina.

I also called your mobile.

It was in my briefcase.

I left it in my car.

I didn't see your calls, sorry.

Hold on.

You have something...

- What?

- Here.

A freckle I've never seen before.

Put on that grey suit I got you.

You'll look so handsome.

I was going to wear

the new Blue one.

I'll have a shower.

We can leave in 5 minutes.

I find it hard to accept...

...that I'm not so young any more.

- We all get older.

- Sure.

But you're the one

who's starting to get home late.

- What's wrong?

- Nothing. The song made me sad.

It made me think about us.

And that makes you sad?

The idea of losing you...

...makes me sad.

- That's what the song's about.

- Tell me it's just a song!

It's just a song.

Tell me I'm not going to lose you.

You'll never lose me, ever.

Never

I CLOSE MY EYES:

AND YOU'RE STILL WITH ME.

Mr. Ulloa?

- What are you doing?

- I'm nauseous.

You have to come with me,
we have news.

What the hell are you doing?

Fuck.

Are you smoking?

- I'll be right out.

- You now you can't smoke here?

Come out now, please.

I'm coming.

What is it?

A clue.

- Got the new code yet?

- I'm offended you ask.

Jaime's inside now.

Pablo's still on the rooftop.

This way, Mr. Ulloa.

What do you want me to see?

The inspector will fill you in.

Where are we?

The whole building

is controlled from here.

The security cameras too.

But there's a weak spot.

The air duct leads to the rooftop.

It's been forced at both ends.

Someone got in here

to cut the surveillance circuits.

He could've reached the fridge

and taken your wife's body.

- Pablo, do you read me.

- Norma, what is it?

I'm at the emergency stairs

leading to the rooftop.

We've found something.

20 March, 2012.

Does that date mean anything to you?

No. Why?

Someone changed the date

on the calendar.
Most likely the person
who took your wife's body.
From here the only way out
is this security door.
To do that,
you have to key in a code.
The control panel's been manipulated.
The code was changed tonight.
Guess what it is.
20-03-2012.
Access granted.
I'LL WAIT FOR YOU
AT THE RESTAURANT - CARLA.
Fuck, Mayka...
What are you doing here?
Nice to see you too.
Cristina opened up for me.
Don't you dare get mad at her.
I thought you were
coming back tomorrow.
I squeezed the meetings
into one day.
I have to make a note
before I forget.
I saw you.
Keying in the code.
Were you spying on me?
Why did you choose that date?
How do you know it's a date?
Darling...
You put dates on everything.
Even the bad days.
It's a way of remembering.
Some things are best forgotten.
I like to remember.
Are you going to tell me
what happened that day?
We argued, and you know
I don't like arguing with you.
I don't like
being contradicted either.
Shall we have lunch?
- You've got plans.

- You should've warned me.

I can have lunch with you
and your plans.

I'll cancel them
on the way to the restaurant.

- Shall we go in your car?

- No.

Trust me.

What are you doing?

Beautiful day, isn't it?

From now on I want us to enjoy
every beautiful day...

...like this.

Mayka...

It's the one you liked.

Black and Chrome.

- It's beautiful.

- Yes.

Cristina has the helmets.

I want you to take
the first ride with me...

...now.

Whoever took your wife's body
got up to the morgue
via this goods lift.
And got the body out
using the same lift.

So, mystery solved.

We just need to find out who it was.

Do you have a clue?

I've just been told that footprints
have been found

near the emergency stairs
going up to the rooftop.

What's your shoe size?

- What?

- What's your shoe size?

Mateos here.

What the hell's going on?

Mateos, do you read me?

A fire somewhere in the building
set the alarms off.

Shit, man.

Everyone to the lobby.

Come on. Oh, shit.
Fuck!
Let's go!
This way.
Carla, I can't talk now.
- Are you still there?
- Don't call again. It's dangerous.
Why?
Where are you?
What's that noise?
In the car.
I went out for a smoke.
The guard's still unconscious.
What's going on?
I saw the numbers
on the security camera.
It's the date when we met.
What security camera, Alex?
What are you saying? The date...?
Alex, are you still there?
Fuck, talk to me! Please!
Alex!
I can feel her.
Mayka's still alive.
- You said that was impossible.
- You were right. I made a mistake.
She's toying with me.
- You said it was perfect.
- It was! I don't know how she did it.
She can't be alive, Alex.
"I close my eyes
and you're still with me".
Mayka saw your message
on my mobile.
How do you know?
If Mayka knows what we did,
you're in danger.
She's making them think I took
her body, she's incriminating me.
You were home
when she disappeared.
I was alone,
my sister only arrived after 9.
Mayka couldn't know all that.

- Maybe she has help.
- From whom?
I don't know, but her death was certified. She can do what she likes. No one can accuse her.
Don't you see?
Fuck the money.
Fuck it all. Get out of there and we'll run away.
Alex, do you hear me? Alex?
I have to go.
I'll call you when I can.
Be careful. I love you.
Let me guess.
Your sister.
She's worried.
She thinks I should go home.
Your mobile.
Please.
We haven't found out anything from Ulloa's phone, no info of any use to us.
He erased all incoming and outgoing calls.
I spoke to the company too, but no luck.
He's calling an unlisted number. It's impossible to know who it is.
Any news on Norma?
She just got back.
The woods are a mess, but a team's covering the perimeter with sniffer dogs.
They'll set out when the storm's over.
Someone set off the fire alarm. Maybe by starting a fire with a butt we found in the bathroom, near the sensors.
It must be his, I smelt smoke when I went to get him.
The water flooded the area.
The scientists are going nuts.

It's impossible to trace anything.
Son of a bitch.
That's not all.
The report on TH-16 arrived.
It's a cardie-toxin,
very rarely used in medicines.
It's extracted from the fluids
of certain reptiles.
Diluted in blood,
it causes a cardiac 8 hours
after ingestion and leaves no trace.
We need a transfer car.
I'm taking him to the station.
I'll get right on it.
Put him in a locked room,
with constant surveillance.
Alright.
I'm going for a smoke,
I'll be right back.
And this guy...
- Take his cigarettes away.
- Okay.
Did you lock it?
Yes. There's just that door,
but I'm not going in there.
And he can't get out.
Tonight you will be mine.
Mayka?
Mayka?
Mayka?
Is that you?
Who's this?
Who am I talking to?
Patricia, at Arabesco.
And no, Mayka's not here.
She forgot her phone...
and I'm busy.
- Wait, don't hang up!
- I'm fed up with this,
so unless you can tell Mayka
to contact us...
Listen, you have to tell me
how you got this phone.
Mayka was my wife.

She died this afternoon.
The last time I saw her,
she had her phone.
Excuse me?
My wife's dead
and you have her phone.
The phone was left behind tonight.
I need to know who left it.
What did they look like?
I don't know,
it was left in the bathroom.
How do you know
it's my wife's phone?
She got calls!
Look at her contacts
and tell me the numbers.
It's empty- Look...
Sorry about your wife,
but I can't help you, it's late
and I'm tired.
Listen... Patricia.
My wife and I came there a lot.
If I describe her, you can tell me
if she or someone linked to her
left the phone.
You just said your wife was dead.
I know, but...
Don't lie to me.
Don't drag me into your problems.
I'm not lying.
My wife may be alive.
It's complicated.
See if the screen says "redirect".
Yes, it does.
Hey... Hello?
Dickhead.
Arabesco...
Ready?
Are you going to tell me
what we're celebrating?
I got an agreement
to sign the takeover.
In a couple of weeks
I'm going to L.A.

- You did it.

- Yes!

Why don't you come with me?

We could escape to Santa Catalina.

We can book a room in Avalon.

We're about to test a new patent.

Excuse me a moment.

An appetizer while you're waiting?

No, thanks, I'm fine.

I'll be back shortly

to take your order.

Who's that?

Nobody.

Were you talking about me?

You won't like it.

He's my new lawyer.

What's wrong with Gloria?

As well as being my sister,

she's also your lawyer,

and I want to revise

our marriage contract.

The property division.

You can't be serious.

I'm always serious with you.

Even if I laugh at you constantly.

You want everyone

at your feet, don't you?

Not everyone.

You, yes.

GO' you!

You handed that to me

on a platter!

It's not funny.

If he's not your lawyer,

who is he?

My psychoanalyst.

I didn't know

you saw a psychoanalyst.

There are...

lots of things

you don't know about me.

You really can't come?

You won't reconsider the trip?

- Yes?

- Carla, it's me.
Where are you calling from?
The police have my mobile.
They locked me in a room with
another phone, but it's no accident.

- What was that?
- I just got home.
I'll wait here until you get out,
then we'll run away.
What's no accident?
The contact list
has only one number: Mayka's.
But her phone's still missing.
Who does the phone belong to?
Javier Alonso. I don't know
who he is, but a few weeks ago.
Mayka saw a man in the restaurant
I just phoned called Arabesco.
I don't get it.
Mayka's number
in this mobile's contact list
is calling a phone left in Arabesco.

- Another forgotten mobile?
- Never mind.
Mayka said that man
was her psychoanalyst,
but she was lying.
Now she wants me
to make the link with her,
Arabesco, the forgotten phone
and that man.
I think he's Javier Alonso.
But I don't know how he fits in.
You have to help me.
His details are on your screen.
When we find out who Alonso is,
we'll discover Mayka's game.
Where'd you get that phone?
I'm looking at the corpse
of Javier Alonso.
The mobile was in his body bag.
Help me find out
who Javier Alonso was
and we'll get out of this.

I'll tell you something.
Where's Eva?
Under observation.
You'd better go back to her.
I'm going in.
She's so pretty.
Go to Mummy.
Oh, my girl... Hello, Eva.
Blow, sweetie.
Look, Daddy,
look at me do it.
Okay, honey, be careful.
I'll talk to Pefia
and then let you know.
The papers from Gloria Villaverde.
The last page.
As well as being her lawyer,
she also did the accounting.
We checked details on this invoice,
but we haven't found him yet.
He's not answering
his home phone or his mobile.
His office is in his home.
I'll go there with a team.
We're leaving now.
Am I under arrest?
I can hold you
until your wife's body turns up.
I demand an explanation.
I think you killed your wife
with the TH-16
and stole her body
so there'd be no autopsy.
On what do you base
this fabrication?
Your behaviour,
the vial hidden in your pocket...
- It's not mine.
- They make it in your lab.
It can 'cause cardiac arrest.
You're a Chemist,
your wife died of cardiac arrest.
Do you think I'm an idiot?
Do you think I'm an idiot?

I didn't poison my wife.
If I did, I wouldn't come here
with a vial of the toxin.
It's absurd to poison someone
with TH-16,
then steal the body.
It's undetectable
in a routine autopsy.
It wasn't your specialty before,
now you're an expert.
I was nervous before.
If you want a confession
to close the case, forget it.
You've got nothing on me.
I just need to show that something
went wrong so you took the body!
You need to find Mayka,
and I can't help you with that.
I've no idea where she is.
How did you meet your wife?
- What does that matter?
- Curiosity. Too many differences.
- Differences?
- In age...
...status, everything.
Answer me.
It was in Avalon,
on Santa Catalina Island,
near L.A.
I spent some days there
after my first year in the university.
You taught Chemistry.
Yes. I didn't like it.
I took a trip to think it over.
One morning, going up
a Mountain, a tyre blew out.
Mayka was the only person
I saw in three hours.
She gave me water, her mobile...
and I changed the tyre.
- Lost on an island...
- We were at the same hotel.
She'd just lost her parents
and felt lost, like I did.

Lost but a millionaire.
She'd just inherited a fortune.
- We fell in love.
- How nice, like in the movies.
It's what happened.
I was lucky.
Luck's something you have...
or you seek it out.
What do you think?
What the hell
do you want from me?
Let's go back to when
you found your wife's body.
I told the police
who came to my house.
I want you to tell me.
I came home and Mayka
was lying on the sofa, dead.
I thought she was asleep,
but it was strange
that she had her shoes on.
I took her pulse, called an ambulance,
and they called the police.
- And the last time you saw her alive?
- That morning.
Three weeks apart.
She arrives and you leave.
What are you insinuating?
I loved my wife.
- You loved her?
- I loved her to the last moment.
Don't you still love someone
after they're dead?
Your calm at her unexpected death
surprises me, it's unnerving.
I'm a scientist,
I know we're not machines.
I heard the forensic person:
A fear of flying can...
A handy theory for you, eh?
I'm sure you already knew.
I had a heart scare two years ago,
with no previous signs.
These things come without warning.

What did you do after
your wife's body was taken away?
I made some calls, I cried...
Gloria, Luna and my sister came over,
we reminisced about Mayka.
And later?
Gloria, Luna
and your sister went home.
- What did you do then?
- Nothing.
We sent a patrol car for you.
You weren't at home.
I went out for painkillers.
I told you.
- Painkillers...
- Yes. I had a headache.
You came straight here
after our call.
Exactly.
So you have the painkillers.
Show them to me.
This is absurd.
Convince me.
Now you're ringing true.
And as a reward, I'll give you
proof of my theory.
Proof you say I don't have.
Your wife hired a detective
three months ago.
He's been following you, Mr. Ulloa.
We have the invoice.
And also your marriage contract.
I think your wife suspected you
of cheating on her.
If so,
you would've violated
one of the main clauses,
and you'd lose all rights
if your wife divorced you.

The question is:

Did the detective catch you?
I think you know
the answer to that,

and you killed her before
she cut you off with nothing.
We'll soon know for sure.
A patrol car is heading for
the home of Javier Alonso.
Javier Alonso?
Your wife's detective.
Anything true you'd like to add?
Look at the name.
Diego Aguilar.
What are you doing?
Go ahead, Pablo.
We're in Alonso's office
and there's no trace of him
or any of the cases
he was investigating.
Someone's taken his hard disk.
Register of last calls?
Messages?
There's nothing here, Jaime.
Go to Ulloa's house.
- I'll call the judge for a warrant.
- Okay.
Where's the transfer car?
Norma here. Do you read me?
I read you. Go ahead.
Central said you were coming.
What's the delay?
The road's cut off.
The storm tore down some power lines.
They don't know how long
it'll take to shift them.
Any news?
Yeah, babe. I'm knackered.
Want me to get you a coffee?
- Alex, is that you?
- Javier Alonso is a detective
I know.
- You found him?
- Not exactly.
Someone put an envelope under my door
while I was at the hospital.
There was a pendrive in it.
- Is it from Javier Alonso?

- No sender.
It has a file in his name.
I'm sending you the photos.
Alex?
Alex!
Yes...
That's not all.
They put a Mike on you. Listen.
I've got everything.
Mayka's going to L.A. soon.
It'll be when she comes back.
She hates flying.
It'll explain the heart attack.
Mayka knew everything.
She sent it.
She'll be coming for you.
- You have to leave! Now!
- I am.
We'll be together soon.
You've been saying that all night
and you're still there.
The main thing now
is to get you safe.
- And you?
- I'm fine.
How can you be fine?
Alex, they won't let you go!
Of course they will.
- They'll make you confess!
- Listen to me, listen.
If Mayka's still alive,
they can't accuse us of anything.
She knows it and wants us
to pay in her own way.
She can do what she wants.
She's certified as dead,
she's free of any blame.
But I promise, nothing bad
will happen to you, okay?
I can't take this any more.
You and I should never have met.
Carla, I love you.
- And I love you, but...
- Then trust me, please.

What was that?
The lift is stuck.
Are you trapped?
Fuck. It's stuck!
Push the alarm.
What's happening now?
It's moving.
But are you alright?
I don't know.
I get the feeling someone's here,
that I'm not alone.
Carla, are you alright?
Do anything to get out of there
and join me.
I promise.
We'll soon be together.
It'll all be fine.
- Don't abandon me.
- Don 't' worry. Where will I find you?
- In the car.
- Good, go for a drive.
Don't stop, that'll be safest.
Carla?
Carla?
Carla!
What's he doing?
- Where the hell are you going?
- I've got to go.
I give the orders here
and you're in my custody.
Someone needs my help.
- Your help?
- Yes.
Who?
Who the hell do you think you are?
You think you can hold me?
You've got no fucking idea
of what I'm capable of!
Piss off!
Alright.
Yes, that's the address.
Call me if there's any news.
A patrol car is heading for
the address you gave us.

Now tell me everything again,
from the beginning.
Her name's Carla, Carla Miller.
I met her 8 months ago.
Class B, transposition...
I was giving a talk
at the university.
I'd been arguing with Mayka
and I couldn't concentrate.
I kept losing the thread.
I was about to stop the class
when she arrived,
twenty minutes late.
Excuse me.
Come in, come in.
In this process,
the proteins can behave
as co-factors...
...in an approximate percentage...
She came up and asked me
if she'd missed anything.
I said yes. I lied to her.
She snared me straightaway.
She'd started Medicine.
She was struggling with Chemistry.
I offered to help her.
It was all very easy.
It seemed natural to me.
At first we worked,
but the classes became an excuse
and we began seeing each other
every day.
I wanted to be honest,
and told her I was married.
She had a boyfriend,
so it was all fine.
What are you doing here?
It was a harmless game.
We didn't do anything, just talked.
But we spent so much time together
that Mayka began to suspect.
I expected you earlier.
I tried to stop seeing her.
But it was impossible,

all I could think of was her.
In the end,
the inevitable happened.
With Carla I felt alive again.
That night,
I told her my life story,
things I'd never told anyone.
Neither of us wanted secrets.
But there was my wife...
She said she didn't want
to deceive anyone.
I didn't want to deceive my wife,
but I was in love with Carla.
She left her boyfriend for me.
But I wasn't ready
to tell Mayka the truth.
And Carla got tired of waiting.
She refused to see me any more.
And she vanished from the map.
I went crazy.
I couldn't live without her.
I had to do something.
There was no going back.
I was in love.
And I decided. I went to see her.
I told her it was over with Mayka,
I'd leave her to be with her.
I love you.
But it wasn't that easy.
Mayka was stalking me,
watching me.
I knew a divorce would mean war,
and she'd win.
She'd destroy me.
She'd leave me with nothing.
She'd make me start from nothing
to show she was still in control.
You say you want to be with me,
but you don't want a divorce.
I don't want to be with you
while you're with her.
I can't take any more.
This is over,
I can't take any more.

I can stop being with her
without getting a divorce.
We can have it all.
She could have an accident.
I need to know if Carla's alright.
There's something I don't get.
If you carefully planned
your wife's death,
sure of the toxin's infallibility,
why would she be alive?
I saw you.
Your wife hired a detective
three months ago.
There are a lot of things
you don't know about me.
Mayka's going to L.A. soon.
Her fear of flying
can explain a heart attack.
Someone put an envelope under
my door while I was at the hospital.
Mayka knew everything.
How did she avoid dying?
You saw her drink the wine.
She could've switched glasses.
If she did,
what do you think happened next?
She could've taken a neuroleptic
to enter a state of catalepsy.
Some can be diluted in the blood,
slow down the lungs
and virtually stop the heart.
Once the agent metabolizes
in the organism,
the body returns to normal.
A little twisted. And dangerous.
Not for Mayka.
She likes to play.
And she hates to lose.
Listen, I've told you everything.
Please, ask after Carla.
Jaime.
I'll be right back.
- Who is it?
- Pablo, from Ulloa's house.

Go ahead.

We found plans of the morgue.

There's a route mapped out
and instructions on how to
manipulate the security system.

We're taking all the papers.

- He knew the building backwards.

- Any trace of the body?

No, but we found

a shovel and a sports bag
in the boot of Ulla's car.

In it were a balaclava
and some trainers
that match the footprints
on the morgue's emergency stairs.

Anything else?

We also found

a '32 hidden in a box.

It's unregistered
and has been fired recently.

What the hell's going on?

I've got another call.

What is it?

Angel Torres is awake.

- Hold on.

- Okay.

The guard is conscious.

I'll pass you to the hospital.

We're heading for the woods.

- Jaime.

- How is he?

Disoriented, but I spoke to him.

- What did he say?

- You're not gonna believe it.

Fire away.

Hello?

Yes. This is Angel Torres.

I'm calling from the morgue.

I think...

I need you to come here.

Yes, I'll wait. Hurry up.

He ran out of the morgue
like a scared rat
until he was run over.

We just found them.
They're from a '32,
like the gun at your house.
I don't own a gun.
It was Mayka.
Your wife's dead, Mr. Ulloa. Dead.
You can't prove it. They haven't
found the body, nor will they.
- Because you took it!
- I didn't do anything.
You motherfucker!
You killed her, then took her away.
Mayka wants you to think that.
Can't you see?
Mayka's behind it all.
She set it up with someone's help.
She faked her disappearance
and made sure she'd wake up.
She's fucking alive!
She's alive!
No! You took her body!
The plans to the morgue
were hidden in your house.
You had it all worked out.
You distracted the guard
to confuse us.
You knew he'd confuse us,
but then he got run over,
so you've been winging it all night,
playing with us!
What does it matter now?
It was set up so that
Mayka would be declared dead,
and I'd confess.
Nothing that happened tonight
was an accident,
believe me.
Mayka has the power and money
to vanish without a trace.
It's perfect.
She left no loose ends.
If it's not too late,
Carla will corroborate my story.
How do you keep justifying

the unjustifiable?
Don't you get tired?
Aren't you disgusted?
Please...
I need you to help Carla.
Please.
Any news on Carla Miller?
There's no one here.
- Any signs of violence?
- No.
The suspect claims
the girl was warned.
Could she have run away?
If she hasn't,
someone's made it look that way.
I'll call you if there's any news.
Tow truck to the coordinates.
Copy that.
I don't know what we'll find there.
I'll await instructions
and tell HQ.
The tow truck will be 15 minutes.
Everything else in order?
- Yes, but I need the traffic diverted.
- I'll tell them.
Jaime's here now. When I speak
to him, I'll relay the info.
We've found a body.
Tell Norma and Mateos.
No one lives at the address
you gave us for Carla Miller.
The flat's been vacant for years.
And the neighbours can't recall
any Carla Miller.
We also checked
Sacred Heart Hospital
and the Faculty of Medicine,
but the person you describe...
does not exist.
Do you know what I think?
You invented her
because you're weak and a coward.
You invented her.
Carla Miller gave you the courage

to kill your wife and keep her money.
Get Forensics to take away the body.
And clear the road when you can,
this looks like a circus.
Everyone, get out of here. Go!
You heard. Everyone out.
Call the judge.
Tell him we found the body
and we can charge Ulloa
whenever he orders it.
Get up.
C'mon, get up. Let's go.
Where are you going?
I know.
It's hard pretending to be
what you're not all the time.
What's wrong with me?
We've been at it eight hours straight,
shut in a goddamn morgue.
How do you expect to feel?
I need help. Please.
Please.
You know what?
This reminds me of my wife.
She died 10 years ago today.
The official version is that
she had an accident.
She was murdered.
My daughter was in the car too.
Are you okay?
Yes.
Ruth?
A call to Emergencies
would've saved her life.
But the car that hit us drove off.
I guess they were high
on some shit, or drunk.
They left us there like dogs.
Help! Help!
She hung on for an hour.
Ruth, my love...
But she died a few minutes
before we were found.
I tried to recall the license plate.

Nothing.

Until, years later,
my daughter remembered.

A hotel...

...in Avalon...

...on the Island of Santa Catalina.

It was like looking for
a needle in a haystack.

But I had all the time in the world,
and I found it.

Drive.

There's a little girl.

- Did she see you?

- No.

Then drive.

How could you live all these years
knowing you were murderers?

I want you to see something.

It'll help you understand.

My daughter. Her name's Eva.

I won 'l' be with you

as long as you're with her.

We could have it all.

She could have an accident.

Why won't you answer it?

- Yes?

- Mr. Ulloa?

This is Jaime Pefia.

I'm calling from the morgue.

Your wife's body has disappeared.

What do you mean "disappeared"?

It has to be more personal.

Someone wishing to harm your wife,
even after she was dead.

I'm in the car.

I went out for a smoke.

The guard's still unconscious.

We found a shovel and a sports bag
in the boot of Ulloa's car.

In it are a balaclava

and some trainers

that match the footprints

on the morgue's emergency stairs.

You were ready to believe it all.

Especially Carla.
I just came out of the restaurant.
I left the mobile in the bathroom.
No one saw me.
- What was that?
- The lift is stuck.
We'll soon be together.
Carla?
Carla!
Eva got to you
without my knowledge.
She feared the car she recalled
didn't belong
to her mother's killers,
that you and your wife
were innocent.
I knew it was you.
But she didn't,
and she wanted to be sure.
The only way to verify your guilt
was to make you talk.
She did it.
You confessed
your darkest secret to her.
Eva knew I was ready to act.
She knew if she told me
you'd confessed to your crime,
I'd have a green light
to go after you and your wife.
And she did it.
We have to do it, honey.
She told me everything.
Since then you've just been
a puppet in our hands.
I know what you're thinking.
Ten years leaves
a lot of time for thinking.
The detective...
...was a bargain.
I just had to put
the invoice in the dossier.
Eva and I took care of the rest.
They also put a Mike on you.
Listen.

I've got everything.
Mayka's going to L.A. soon.
It'll be when she comes back.
She hates flying.
It'll explain the heart attack.
Mayka knew everything.
I'm at the airport.
There's now no trace of me
you-know-where.
Nobody saw me get here.
I'm going back to Berlin.
Javier Alonso
is conveniently on a trip.
And of course,
he didn't find out anything.
The only thing on record
is that Mayka hired him.
I have your wife's body
and your confession.
Nothing alters the consequences
of our actions.
Sooner or later,
someone calls in the debt.
You'll soon be joining her.
- What's TH-16?
- A toxin.
What kind?
It's extracted
from certain reptiles.
Why won't you answer it?
Hello?
Mr. Ulloa, this is
Inspector Jaime Pefia.
I'm calling from the morgue.
- Your wife's body has disappeared.
- What do you mean "disappeared"?
Nothing tonight
has happened by accident.
- Who was it?
- The police.
I had a heart scare two years ago,
and I was fine.
We've been at it 8 hours straight,
shut in a goddamn morgue.

How do you expect to feel?
Diluted in blood,
it causes a cardiac 8 hours
after ingestion and leaves no trace.
Tick-tock.