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Going to Brazil

By Patrick Mille

No good.
The plural.
"They thinks"?
Pathetic.
So?
Suspended, but only for 2 weeks.
You realize you broke her arm?
You realize she called me a retard?
I pay for your karate
as a form of therapy,
not to hit people like that.
What the hell? Seriously?
What are you doing to my sister?
I'll fuck you up!
Yeah, right, run away!
Little faggot.
Unbelievable!
You don't try to get respected?
See what he did?
Like you were blowing someone!
It's a tough age.
Fun teacher.
- Sorry?
- Sorry what?
- Fun teacher?
- You heard me.
Excuse me,
can you take the hysteria outside?
We're eating.
What the hell?
I'll rip your eyes out!
Sit back down.
Motherfucker!
Can you calm down?
Apologize to them both.
- Me, apologize?
- Yes.
Don't count on it.
Fuck you,
your whore and your fries!
Assholes with their big fat asses.
Not their asses!
- We're not even fat.
- I agree.

But "whore" is okay.
See? "Whore" is okay.
Get going, Lily. Enough.
We'll go.
He didn't react to "whore".
No one's a whore.
What?
Fucking faggot.
Enjoy...
- Stop shouting.
- Get out. You're a pain!
Excuse us.
What do you mean, a break?
A break, and...
we hook up later.
In fact you're saying
you want a break
so you can fuck around
and I keep quiet
because we're taking a break.
- Come on, Chlo...
- Beat it.
- You okay?
- Great.
- Get dumped again?
- Yep.
Thanks for the "again".
It's time, guys.
Come on, Arnaud.
- Where's Chlo?
- I don't know.
Chlo!
Yes, chef?
It's not break time, okay?
Yes, chef.
- Okay?
- Yes, chef!
Good.
Nice, Arnaud.
Don't flamb so much!
Perfect.
Why is it open?
What the hell?
Did we get robbed?

Chlo?
You got dumped again?
News from the bitch.
Thanks for the "again".
Katia's getting married?
In Brazil!
Fucking Brazilian wedding!
Ticket for Lily too.
Jesus Christ!
"I know I hurt you..."
Look, she apologized.
Lots of mistakes.
Forget it.
We're not even her bridesmaids.
She just wants to gloat.
But it's in Brazil.
She ditched us, remember?
We couldn't even start
our food truck.
No news and she whistles
and we run like dogs?
I'll be a dog in Brazil.
Me too.
I don't understand.
Where is the bitch?
She didn't even come.
Hey there, it's us.
We just got into the airport.
It's really nice out.
We're happy and I...
Another call.
It's Katia, girls!
Hey, chicks! Welcome to Brazil!
Katouche!
I'm so happy to see you!
You look gorgeous!
Thank you.
You didn't gain weight?
Yeah...
I don't believe it! You're pregnant?
It's a boy.
I have so much to tell you.
Are you coming soon?
No, the problem

is that I'm in Floripa.
Very pretty but very far.
They almost kidnapped me
for my bridal shower!
That's Brazil for you!
Parties take priority here!
I'll be there tomorrow, I promise.
Where do we sleep tonight?
Katia!
Fuck!
Ditched again!
Great... Brazil is amazing.
I'm thrilled to be here.
I said it would be a pain.
Total pain in the ass!
Great room but isn't it expensive?
Relax, it's fully paid all included.
Tomorrow my driver will pick you up
princess style.
Your driver?
Actually he drives Tinho,
my future hubby,
who's at a bachelor party in Bahia.
With his old, bald, rich friends?
Yeah, right. You'll see.
We'll chill.
It wasn't planned but...
tudo bem.
Tudo bem!
Can we see the favelas?
To hear baile funk.
Are you crazy? I want something safe.
Try near the Jardim Botânico.
Lots of cool bars.
Or else try...
What a dummy!
Try a place called the Smalto.
Tinho and I love it there.
There are hot guys, great music.
A private club with an amazing view,
very fancy.
You'll love it, girls!
Come on.
Welcome to Brazil!

We're in Brazil!
Have you seen Lily?
- Have you seen Lily?
- No, I haven't.
What?
- Do you want...
- To relax.
Don't tell my sister.
Against the jetlag!
Am I intruding?
No compendo. I'm French.
Really?
I love France! And French girls.
You don't say!
You know what I like?
We're classy, aloof,
with sexy accents?
You are...
How do you say?
Freaks in bed.
Freaks?
Freaks in bed!
I want us to take something.
You want?
How's it going?
What?
To think that the favelas
are so close!
They live on a dollar a day.
She's funny.
I'm funny... Fucking loser.
You want perfume?
Perfume!
You want?
I don't believe this!
Vive la France!
Papi ate one more!
Number seven!
Go for eight!
- It's you!
- It's you!
Smells like a whorehouse!
Really?
Everything okay?

- I feel great.
- You're weird.
No, I'm not weird at all.
Let's go. We'll get Lily.
Stay, not so soon.
Put your underwear on.
I want to talk to you.
Who do you think you are?
Little brat.
Fuck!
Is he dead?
He's not dead.
Tell me he's not dead!
Let's beat it.
Sit down!
You're stressing me out!
I'm the one stressing you out?
It's not Lily's penthouse push-over
who should stress you?
Sorry,
I didn't want him hitting on me.
Not your fault.
Exactly, let's call the cops.
We'll explain. End of story!
What do we say?
He tried raping her, what else?
In public?
After I screwed him?
Case closed!
Why must you always fuck
with everyone?
What would it have changed
if I had an uptight twat like yours?
Uptight what?
Use your fucking head.
We're wasted.
The dude was rich.
Cops here aren't nice.
And Lily's cellmate
won't have an uptight twat.
- Uptight what?
- Pussy!
Dammit!
That's why we have to go.

Pack your bags.
We'll take the first plane. Hurry!
But Katia.
Screw Katia.
How classy. What do we tell her?
Screw Katia.
Our lives are at stake.
Maybe he's not dead.
Yeah, he probably just
scraped his balls.
Is it a time to joke?
The cops won't joke.
They're looking for us.
Don't make noise.
We have to go.
No, wait...
I'm not going alone.
Surprise!
Katouche.
I'm so happy, happy,
happy to see you!
- I can't find the words. I'm...
- Happy.
It's Beirut.
What happened?
It stinks! Let's air it out.
Jeez... What's wrong?
I came all the way to apologize
for skipping the airport.
Come on, I'm pregnant.
No, that's not it. It's that...
we have bellyaches...
Chlo got dumped.
By text.
No way, Cloclo...
It's nonstop with you.
You have no luck.
Same old thing.
Actually it's good news.
Because all my fianc's pals are hot.
You're gonna...
Better to be single here.
It's a blessing in disguise!
Cheer up.

I'll take you Brazilian style!
Get dressed, get motivated!
It's gorgeous.
I never tire of it.
The chopper helps.
Look!
Christ the Redeemer!
There are the beaches.
Ipanema, Copacabana, Leblon.
We'll go.
Weekends are nice.
Always nice here.
Wasn't Paris awful?
I'll say.
It shows... on your faces.
We'll fix that.
You're all the same. It's wild.
You've gotten bigger.
You've grown breasts.
Are you happy? It's cool.
I wanted to say...
I'm sorry I left you
without any news.
My behavior was pretty shitty.
When I came here,
it all happened quickly.
I was out of it.
But that doesn't mean I forgot you.
I'm happy to see you.
I fell in love.
It was a tidal wave.
You'll see when it happens to you.
You haven't seen Tinho.
I miss my Tinho.
Look how handsome!
I hit the jackpot.
He's handsome.
Isn't he handsome?
Are you okay?
You'll take the bus back.
This is the conservatory.
Mr. Rafael Sidancha's
wedding present.
Thank you!

It's stunning.
The dog makes it perfect.
Isn't it nice?
If not, it's not a tragedy.
There's no tragedy.
It's beautiful.
I sense a tad of jealousy.
Come on...
- Did you change cologne?
- No.
Are you sure?
Positive.
Did you go out last night?
No, I stayed home watching movies.
- Alone?
- Yeah.
- Did you drink?
- Yeah, all alone.
- Alone?
- It's fun. You should try.
I killed the fucking groom.
It's terrible.
A nightmare.
Time to wake up.
Are we sure it's him?
No, it's a lookalike.
They all look alike,
like Chinamen.
I killed the groom.
- She said he went to Bahia.
- He lied.
Before you nap,
come meet Father-in-law.
Smile!
To the side.
Kiss.
Lean in.
Perfect.
So these are the French friends.
Pretty as the bride,
my daughter-in-law Katia.
All well, darling?
Augusto Matos Cabral.
Chlo Lefloch.

A real pleasure.
- And you?
- Agathe Cohen.
Forgive me.
The outfit is to please my voters.
Tribute to our town's
German ancestors.
Forgive me.
- And you, my dear?
- Lily.
My sister.
Make yourselves at home.
Feel "free-for-all".
News of Tinho?
Neymar!
Augusto Jr...
your gorgeous future wife
is here with her friends.
She's worried.
Hurry up home.
We'll see you later, sir.
See you, girls.
See you soon, sir.
Politician?
He's campaigning.
Sure to win.
He's in meat too. Huge company.
O Rei da Carne, The Meat King.
Augusto Jr.,
Tinho, is next in line.
So he's the Meat Prince.
They're all named Augusto.
Father to son, for generations.
Here they are!
Hi, Dad.
Hey, sweetie.
You okay, Mom?
Nice trip?
Great!
Look at you. They really grew.
As dumb as always.
Come on!
You must be thrilled.
Overjoyed.

- Augusto is introducing us to Kaka.

- Caca?

The soccer player.

For our salon, major publicity.

We'll make a fortune!

Those idiots!

Brigit, meet the girls.

They're my childhood friends.

The kid is hideous.

I don't want her at your wedding.

Swimming does her wonders.

- His mom?

- Stepmom.

Girls! Let's take a pic.

For the gal album.

Say cheese...

Man overboard!

Dad!

- "Fahrenheit by Dior".

- No.

- "CK One".

- Neither.

What the fuck is that perfume?

- It's French.

- Yes.

Guerlain!

Habit Rouge!

I don't know.

Is a dead parent credible?

Your mom died, your dad vanished.

Fucking whore!

Are you crazy?

Bitch!

Cut it out, Lily!

I fucking save your life

and you jump me?

My dad's off limits!

Stop it!

Calm down!

Damn it! I've had enough!

This is the wrong time!

No use killing each other!

Calm down both of you!

Why the shouting? What's wrong?

My Clochette...
Is it because of that dick
who ditched you?
You have to break this pattern.
Why always let guys use you?
I'm not crying over him, idiot!
- Why insult me?
- Because...
Because in fact
our apartment burnt down.
The whole building caught fire.
We're in deep shit.
We have to go back.
And it really sucks
because no more clothes,
no apartment.
No nothing. It sucks big time.
We have to go now.
We'll miss your wedding.
It really sucks.
I wanted you to see this
before you left.
It's pretty.
We should get our tickets.
Neymar is taking care of it.
This is where we conceived.
He likes doing it outdoors.
He's always horny.
Let's go.
You seem in a hurry to go.
We're homeless.
Stop being selfish.
I'm sorry...
I can help you if you need it.
I have money.
Sure.
Don't worry. We're insured.
I do worry.
This screws up everything.
Minor change of program.
Thanks, girls.
- It comes from there.
- I smell it.
Probably a rotting seagull.

Could be a monkey too.
Or John Galliano.
What an idiot!
Give me that.
Katia!
I was thinking...
your apartment which burnt
is sort of like France, right?
The papers say...
Where's Katia? We have to go.
She's stressed out today
because Augusto's still not here.
What can I say?
He's like his father.
Unpredictable.
You have no chin at all.
Yes I do.
No, it's ugly.
Do you know Pitanguy?
He's a great friend.
He works miracles on chests
and especially on chins.
He redid Katia's butt.
See that bum-bum?
My engagement present.
Katia!
I wanted you to see it once.
That's him.
He's back. Go and hide!
It'll bring bad luck.
This is happening way too fast.
The tropics.
If they don't bury fast, it reeks.
You do it on purpose?
I meant everything is going
from bad to worse.
First one thing, then another...
I want to scream and
jump in that hole!
I'll do it.
Pull yourself together.
We leave tomorrow.
It's almost over.
Too bad there's no sun.

It's true.
Did you taste it?
No, later...
I feel...
a little sick.
Maybe you should see a doctor.
This is very, very, very good.
I have to get the recipe.
Crazy story.
Just goes to show.
We're safe nowhere.
Taste this.
Do they know what happened?
Delicious.
An accident.
It was over money.
No one knows what really happened.
Thank God our kid's pregnant.
It adds a happy note.
I'm not sure
Kaka is still in the plans.
Sure he is.
More than ever.
Let's go see Katia.
See you later.
See you.
Bon apptit.
Thanks, Augusto. It's kind of you.
Why is he staring?
Maybe he knows.
Ladies and gentlemen...
your attention please.
It's good. You wanted to get married.
Brigit and I
are moved by your presence here,
your support.
Oddly, it's at times like these
that we see who is really with us,
who really loves us,
who is really loyal.
Thanks very much.
Know that I will not find peace
until the events
surrounding this tragic party...

that tragic party where Tinho died...
I won't find peace
until everything is brought to light.
And I swear,
if ever we learn it's no accident,
I, Augusto Matos Cabral,
will use all my means
and all my strength
to find the guilty parties
and make sure they're punished.
What did he say?
We're dead.
Now, I ask all of you
to turn to the future...
for my daughter-in-law Katia,
and for the baby she is carrying.
Today was to be a wedding.
So be it.
Please...
Go on, he's calling you.
Claudio.
My lawyer friend
and legal counsel,
Claudio Fittipaldi,
in an unparalleled effort
with our country's
highest judicial authorities
including the Supreme Court
and the office
of president of the Republic,
was able to get a decree
granting us the exceptional right
to celebrate the wedding
of my son and Katia
posthumously.
She's marrying the corpse.
Cheers!
I can't feel my body.
When did we sleep last?
I can't answer. I'm deceased.
Can I sleep with you?
Pajama party, like before.
I really wanted to tell you
I'm glad you stayed.

Even with your apartment
burning down.
I appreciate it.
It's only normal.
That's what friends are for.
What worries me, Claudio,
are the rights of this French girl
here in Brazil.
Her child custody rights.
It worries me.
She can go or stay
for all I fucking care.
I just want my grandson at my side.
Rest assured, my friend.
She signed the contract.
I had it notarized.
She's committed to staying here
until the child's seventh birthday.
Then custody of the child
reverts to you.
It will all be fine. It's even better
that the kid has a
mother to raise him.
You're right.
When I was seven,
I poisoned my mother's lover.
Age of reason.
I'm kidding!
I need to pee.
What an idiot!
He just wants his heir!
And like an idiot, I signed!
Stupid fucking idiot!
Guess what name he wants.
Augusto.
Darling, I need your passport.
He just barges in
when we're naked!
Is there a problem?
I don't know where I put it.
No, but...
I'm sorry.
Maybe in your drawer?
Here it is.

Father-in-law, that's private.
Yes, honey, but we're a family now.
Of course.
When do I get it back?
Tomorrow or the day after.
It's just a formality.
Don't you trust me?
Of course.
Are we still going to Buzios?
Buzios?
Are you sure you're okay to drive?
I'm not okay, but life goes on.
Dad! Mom!
They went out. Do you need anything?
You seem nervous.
I wanted to say hi.
Where are they?
I set them up a meeting with Kaka.
Anything you want me to tell them?
You'll be home tonight anyway, right?
Of course.
No idea what time.
Late, but of course.
I'd like to come along.
I must help with the case.
Normal.
Maybe let the police do their job.
I mean, maybe
you should take care of yourself.
Go through mourning.
This is my mourning, kid.
Find everyone from that party.
All by myself.
Cops here aren't what you'd call
"the finest".
Let's go.
See you later.
See you.
Baby heir of an heir
who fell to his death.
Forced marriage. You, a prisoner.
Everyone named Augusto.
I'm a bit confused.
We'll start over.

This is Katia.
Tinho is Augusto Jr, dead.
We came as friends.
She invited us all.
The father took her passport.
He threatened her.
Listen.
The father died before the wedding.
His father wants my baby.
I have no papers. If France
refuses me, I'll kill myself.
No need for that.
I don't get it all.
Technically I should ask Paris.
There's a procedure.
Verifying your identity
takes 1 to 3 days.
Hold on.
But it's an emergency.
Got your passport?
Can you attest to your
friend's identity?
Of course.
Sign here.
And you...
sign here.
This pass allows you one
single entry.
Only France.
Nowhere else, you understand?
Am I screwing up big time?
Too bad.
I love screw-ups.
Safe trip.
Boss!
He's wasted.
Piece of shit drug-head.
For the last time...
I want you to find
every little whore,
every little slut,
every son of a bitch
from that party.
Got it?

Yes, I got it.
I want every smartphone.
Every smartphone!
Those jerkoffs take selfies nonstop!
Fucking losers!
You hear me?
I got it.
Piece of shit drug-head!
This is fine.
- Which flight?
- The next one.
Boarding ends in 15 minutes.
Hurry, come on!
Faster! Faster!
Watch out!
Why don't my parents answer?
Because they couldn't care less.
Excuse me,
how many months pregnant are you?
Seven.
You can't fly on our airline.
No, five.
What the hell?
Yes, five. I was distracted.
Exactly five.
Sorry,
I'll need a medical certificate.
Wait.
Tell me how much you want.
Real diamond.
Look how pretty.
So?
What do you say?
I got you some anyway.
Who wants the Rocket?
I love Rockets.
How nice of you.
So, where were we?
We're in deep shit.
Yes, very deep shit.
For example...
Remember the horsemeat
burger scandal?
Did my father-in-law...

Illicit slaughterhouses.
Illegal deforestation.
Despoliation.
The massacring of native tribes.
That's one of my pet issues.
Me too.
We have a lot in common.
Let's stick to our problem.
You're up shit creek.
And it gets worse.
The law is clear.
Any child born here is Brazilian.
The father's Brazilian
and you married him...
Advantage Meat King.
- What do we do?
- Get you to France.
We're not dumb. But how?
We're here.
This is French Guiana.
I didn't say stop.
Stop!
I have a house near the border
in the state of Amapa.
What do you make a month?
Sorry for her.
Mind your own business.
French people and money!
It's a shack.
I go there to be alone.
I work a lot
and life here is stressful.
In short,
it's a few days drive
and a lovely trip.
We're not in tourist mode.
You're all very negative!
I'm going out on a limb
so spare me the nastiness
that drove me from France!
Thank you.
You okay, Mr. Herv?
I'm fine.
Why not come along?

It's better, security-wise.
That's sweet.
I'd love to, but I'm very busy.
If it were dangerous,
I wouldn't send you.
We'll meet at my place
and you'll cross Oipoque River
directly onto French soil.
Nice escape, right?
You'll sing the Marseillaise
for your dear Mr. Herv!
My dear Mr. Herv!
Consul General, the girls.
Girls, the Consul General.
My friends
need a place to sleep.
In total discretion.
Mystery...
Love it.
You're on French territory.
Don't worry about tonight.
Churrasco party tonight?
Oh yes!
Thank you, you're very kind,
but we're tired.
I'm fine.
It's France that's asking you.
Or else I'll kick you out.
No choice means...
no choice.
Mr. Herv is very fishy.
I don't trust him.
What kind of name is Mr. Herv?
The French consulate is here to help.
Psychos everywhere.
Pierre Barouh time!
Who are you?
If you love me
you'll have to take a guess
What the fuck is this?
Pierre Barouh time.
French people who live abroad
are such retards.
I like them more.

So gentlemanly.
Who are you?
Quickly, do say!
Tell me
what game
you ask me to play?
Let me flow with you all day
Come, let us run away
I am a nomad
Poet, man of song
My route was bad,
for happiness I long
I wander alone
I stay at home
Love is my great unknown
I'd given up hope
In the parade
I carry a flag
False modesty aside
I blow very good wind
I'm so fragile
I'm ten years too old
I'm Colombine
I'm Pierrot
But it's the Carnaval
Everyone French kiss!
Seriously, it's orgy time.
Normal.
You have such shitty taste in men!
I'm what you expect me to be
Let's give it a chance
and we'll see
Perhaps tomorrow we'll meet again
Perhaps we'll recognize
each other then
Long live pussy!
What's she doing with that ass?
Let her have fun. First fuck
since the teachers' strike.
Look.
Here they come.
Bitter goodbye.
It was lovely.
I don't get it. I have gas.

Sounds like the engine.
Not to sound technical,
but it's busted.
What will we do?
I'll find a solution.
My friend Hector
will lend you a pick-up truck.
Know where Hector lives
in Morro dos Prazeres?
Looking for Hector?
That's me.
CEO,
sheriff,
I run everything here.
These girls
really can believe their eyes.
I told you never to laugh at others!
Jesus fucking Christ!
Let me welcome you
to Prazeres!
Sit down! There's no reason to stand!
Make room for them!
Sit!
Everyone's happy now! Laugh!
Come and dance!
Dance!
Dance!
I'll show you your car.
Are they working down there?
This is it!
Here's your coach.
Lunatic is tuning it.
He's checking the oil.
Long trip.
I have some more cool stuff
for Mr. Herv's babes.
Let's get serious.
A real woman must know self-defense.
Self-defense, hear me?
So, is it a deal?
Will you take it?
She's asking if we want to buy it.
It may be a good idea.
Fire!

Shoot, goddammit!
Hurry up, they're coming!
Is it all set?
Yes, boss!
- It better be.
- It's fine.
So, beauties?
What are you going to take?
Blondie likes it!
Cute little baby
wants a cute little pistol!
Keep it.
But you pay for the Kalashnikov.
Show me your bag.
Fuck!
Lunatic, come and take this.
- Leave me one.
- Dream on!
I love you kids!
I'll give you a souvenir.
Where is it?
There!
Thank you, madam.
What?
Thanks, madam.
Madam?
She fucking called me Madam!
From now on,
everyone here will call me Madam.
I said to call me Madam, fuck face.
That's right, "Yes, Madam".
Yes, Madam.
"MEAT FOR ALL!"
- Shit, shit!
- What?
Seat belts!
Don't panic. Just smile.
We did nothing wrong.
Shut off the engine
and stay inside.
Smile.
Good evening.
Papers, please.
Your papers!

In my bag.
Captain?
Come have a look.
What did that prick find?
Fucking guns in the trunk.
Isn't that the gang?
Sorry.
You're free to go.
How's the family?
Drive safely.
Go in peace.
We're on your side.
What the fuck was that?
Pretty, weren't they?
I'd bang them all.
Boss!
Turn up the volume.
He was
a rare and unique person.
So full of life,
with such a promising future.
A very humane boy,
utterly devoted to helping others.
This is a terrible loss
for us.
A horrible crime
committed by three young women
with no criminal history
except for the youngest,
suspended from school
for assault and battery.
After killing the son
of Augusto Matos Cabral,
they kidnapped Katia Fousseret
to help their escape.
What the hell?
He's gone haywire.
He says you killed Tinho!
What a sicko!
He's a sick motherfucker.
Lying politician!
It's really not...
Hey, French girls!
Fucking politicians!

Do I have to drink this?
Drink it.
Don't piss him off.
Vive la revolution!
United, we will not be defeated!
I'm willing to pay one million reals.
A million
to whoever brings me back my Katia.
Fuck!
37, 38, 39...
1,240.
Stop at an ATM.
Between two cactuses.
- Why?
- Don't you realize we're wanted?
They can track us.
Shut off your phones.
I forgot.
I'm such an idiot.
I'm just explaining.
Stop acting like a victim.
You're the victims
and it's my fault.
I can't do this.
We said we're not upset.
I mean me. I had it all.
Social standing, money.
Until he turns 7.
What can I offer him?
No husband, no money.
You think cutting hair is enough?
I have no idea.
I'm making a big mistake.
Get out.
Beat it.
Beat it!
Go back to being Meat Queen!
Are you crazy?
Beat it or I'll break your nails!
Come on!
Wait!
You're sick!
Chlo!
- We can't just leave her.

- Spare me!
We risk our lives for her!
She acts like a princess.
"I can't give up my Amex,
my Jacuzzi".
We killed her fianc.
It was self-defense!
He was a pervert!
Shut the hell up!
What the fuck? First you open
your twat, now your mouth?
Shut up!
Shut up, okay!
She's an opportunist, an idiot.
But we can't toss her out
to be eaten by jackals,
and her baby less.
Make a U-turn and get her
or this uptight twat will beat
your head against the wheel!
You'll need a straw to give blowjobs!
And there's no room.
I'd never have gone back anyway.
We know, don't worry.
You're just jealous.
Stop, once was enough.
People of Brazil,
my friends didn't kill my husband,
and I wasn't kidnapped.
I left
for my son's safety,
so he can be born in my country.
God knows I love Brazil
and the people here.
That redhead really
must fix her chin.
We're doing this to save
our honor
and, by doing so, that of France.
What are those bimbos doing?
Father-in-law, you don't love me.
You see me only as the mother
of the heir to your empire.
You took my passport

and locked me up.
This YouTube video
has confounded police.
Lily?
Fuck.
The demonic French girls
are still on the run.
Long live pussy!
Two-bit conquistadors!
Genocidal motherfuckers!
Me, a motherfucker?
Let's see the rocket in Guyana.
I hear it's worth it.
How about it?
You want to see Mr. Herv's rocket.
Very funny.
Good repartee.
You're such pains.
You could use some culture.
What was his rocket like?
You didn't debrief us.
Very nice.
It had been a while.
Yeah, it was a while.
Good business sense!
Fill her up?
- What do you want?
- Water.
Watch out!
What the fuck?
Typical fucking tourists!
Fucking whore!
Lily, stop!
Stop it!
Let go!
Enough!
Get your hair. I'm sick of this.
We're supposed to be incognito!
It may be a medical problem,
in the end.
I'm saying it because...
it's not just a teenage crisis.
I wasn't like that.
You still had Dad.

And?

No connection. I miss him too.

But I don't hit people.

You miss him?

News to me.

Since when do you care
about my feelings?

Answer me.

Look at me.

Look at me, dammit!

I'm not your mother.

Lots of people without parents
aren't such pains!

You're a pain too!

No, you're a pain.

You exhaust me.

Hands at 10 and 2. Fingers spread.

Look straight ahead.

Good.

In a surprising twist,
Tinho Matos Cabral's murder...

Louder!

has led other women to come forward
with claims of sexual abuse.

What was that?

That Tinho is Bill Cosby!

The media is so trashy!

I worked in his father's factory.

He forced me to do
whatever he wanted.

He made me perform
sexual acts in the cold room
with my co-workers.

Shut up!

Stop that!

Okay.

Stop, I'm gonna puke!

Just a sec.

I'm sick. I'm going to vomit.

WELCOME TO AMAPA

This place is freaky.

Who are these women?

It's Brazil...

I knew you were an asshole.

Did you tell me about a murder?
So spare me the outrage.
Tiny dick!
Not nice.
Where are my parents?
Not even a cemetery would want them.
I kicked them out.
They didn't try to contact you?
I need to know. Tell me the truth.
Did your friends force
you to go along?
Or are you involved?
No one here killed Tinho!
Enough with this crap!
They're no part of this!
Tell him you're no part of this.
Neymar.
It was accident.
We couldn't explain
because of the wedding.
Let me explain.
Your Tinho tried to rape me, okay?
He's a total fucking druggie.
He started and I fought back.
I pushed him and it happened.
It was an accident,
not my fault!
Now you know.
You'll kill us now?
I lost my son, you understand?
Will killing you bring him back?
All I want is to take care of the
only important thing I have left.
My grandson.
I know Tinho wasn't perfect.
I'd like to have been
a better father for him.
Deep down,
what did I pass onto him?
I think we can find...
Can you lay off the pistachios?
Listen...
I didn't trust you
but I never wanted to hurt you, ever!

Your son... is my grandson.
He is the blood of my blood.
Think it over.
In my opinion,
the best thing you can do
is to stay here
with me.
Stay with me.
Stay with me please.
I need to get some rest.
It's funny, I'm moved.
It's silly.
Not you?
What do we do now?
As planned. I'll take you to France.
I'm still a consular officer.
Everything's okay?
Your family problems are all settled?
Thank you.
I'm very happy
to have participated
in reuniting your family.
I have my business to see to.
So I'll leave you now.
Of course,
none of this ever happened.
Vanished.
What a shithead!
Shall we go?
I'll take them to Cayenne,
deliver the stuff
and come back for Pierre Barouh time.
Adventure!
It's an adventure
It's the same thing as love
It's inside me forever
Yes, forever
Now finish the job exactly
as we said.
And don't leave any traces.
All of them,
even the jackass in blue.
You okay?
On your knees!

What?

I'll be next door.

If ever you need anything...

Augusto tried to kill us. He lied.

Once you give birth, he'll waste you!

Help!

Help me!

Mr. Augusto!

- My baby's coming!

- Now?

Hold onto me!

If I move, I'll lose the baby!

I need a doctor right away!

I'll find one.

Neymar, the car!

The car!

The baby's coming!

Stay with her!

Give me your hand if you have kids.

Fuck! Aren't you a mother?

I'm an orphan. I hate my mother.

Listen up.

I'll have Augusto kill you

if you don't come.

Thanks.

Fuck!

Yeah, what are you doing?

The women are in front.

You were better at killing Tinho.

I'm not sure she's on our side.

Move it!

Get down!

You crazy? You'd kill my baby?

Get down!

Get down, bitch!

Move back!

We'll go by foot.

Get up and we'll walk!

We'll push the car.

I don't give a fuck!

Fucking pains!

It's wild to think over

there is France.

To think

I was always against colonization.
This is your victory!
It's thanks to you!
It's the people's victory.
We are with the people!
I dedicate this victory
to my son Augusto.
See you soon!
Thank you.
Ever notice?
Tomato juice...
You only drink it in airplanes.