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H6: Diario de un asesino

By Martín Garrido Ramis

Don't lie. You like that bastard.
Come on, he's my brother's friend.
His friend...
and the hardware store owner's son.
I don't care if he has a store.
I swear, you're the one I like.
- I've got nothing.
- I don't care.
And not about
screwing around either?
You're famous around here,
know that?
If it's the jealousy bit again,
I'm off.
- How many did you fuck?
- Bye.
- Where're you going, slut?
- That's it.
I've given you everything, Soledad.
You were first for me
and this is how you repay me?
There's been nobody since you,
I swear...
Don't swear, you bitch.
Don't say things like that.
You're just waiting
to screw another guy.
- You think, I don't know?
- You're sick.
You even insult me.
Shut up, you bitch.
Shut your mouth.
If I take my hand away,
will you stop?
I love you, Soledad.
But thinking...
you're with another guy
makes my blood boil.
- Do you understand?
- I'm fed up with your hitting me.
It's over.
I don't want to see you again.
And if you touch me again...
I'll tell my brothers and

they'll really take care of you.
Did you understand me,
you bastard?
I'm bleeding.
What do I tell my parents now...
that I slipped in the street again?
- You're not serious about ending?
- Look at me.
Do you think I'm joking?
Good bye.
Let me go or I'll scream.
What'll I do without you?
I told you,
you're never going to hit me again.
It's over, Antonio.
Over for good.
Will you let me go?
Can't we work it out?
Do you know how many times
you've hit me?
- You deserved it.
- You're a mother fucker, know that?
It you're not for me,
you're not for anybody, bitch.
We could have been very happy.
But you ruined it all.

H6

DIARY OF A SERIAL KILLER

These copies are for you,
Mr. Frau.
All set, then?
All set.
Here are the keys.
Remember, if you want to sell...
we can get
about seventy-five million for it.
Is everything clear?
Fine, then from now on...
you're the owner of a building
where your Aunt...
had a guest house
for over forty years.
- What kind of a guest house is it?
- Was.

It's closed.
Weren't you ever there?
I think I saw my Aunt
two times in my life.
I still don't know
why she left me heir...
when I hardly knew her.
It's not an inheritance.
I told you.
The guest house becomes yours...
because you're
the only surviving relative.
And as to your previous question...
it was a whorehouse.
A...?
Yes, a whorehouse.
Well, Mr. Frau...
The electricity is back on and
the meters updated, as you told me.
Don't forget.
If you want to sell it...
come back and tell me.
Good day.
I began to write my diary
the day I was released.
I had to leave evidence
of my intentions...
so that when the diary
was studied by experts...
and future generations.
They would understand
my mission.
I was sixteen
when I read the biography...
of the famous French murderer,
Henri Landru.
What impressed me was
that although short and ordinary...
he was able to seduce and kill
so many women.
But what I really noticed was
how meticulously he wrote his diary.
I didn't understand
how such a smart man...

could write a diary
with so many details.
He wrote the initials of the women
with whom he had sex...
where and when they met...
the valuables left
after killing them...
and the money he got.
He even wrote down
the cost of the subway ticket.
Amazing.
Didn't he realize
the diary could be found...
by the police
and used against him?
In fact, it was
the only evidence presented...
and it took him to the gallows.
That's why
when I decided to write...
I was prepared
to be meticulous...
so there'd be
no misunderstandings.
The chosen
want their story known...
and I'd not be an exception.
However...
I wanted a control
of my actions...
and accuracy...
so a diary
would be perfect...
in order to carefully study
the cleansings...
and later, the sacrifices.
We met through a dating service.
He wasn't the husband
I wanted...
but I pitied him
and let him write me.
I wanted to get away from home
at any price...
and Antonio Frau

was the only way to do it.
At first, it scared me...
but I thought a man could change
in fourteen years.
Two weeks after his release
we got married.
I was thirty-five.
He was forty-two...
and had a guest house
his aunt left him.

PARADISE:

GUEST HOUSE:

This will be our world.
Francisca.
And you can keep your shift.
It's better than the day shift.
More peaceful.
I must have been so happy...
to get out of the prison that my
parent's home had become...
that I didn't think twice
when he said...
to work nights at the hospital.
I was even pleased to think
I could still see...
the real love of my life...
a married doctor with kids...
with whom I'd had an affair
the past few years.
You can come in.
Relax. I was waiting for you.
I'm the new owner and I don't care
if you sleep upstairs.
Hungry?
I've got some ham and wine.
I sleep here and then I leave.
I can't fill
all the empty rooms.
Want to join me?
Have a seat.
Like Mozart?
A little old, isn't he?

Depends.

Did you know he composed
his first concert at eight?

And became the best known composer
in the old world.

But he died sick and poor.

And that he was buried
in a common grave?

Nobody went to his funeral.

But today his music
is heard everywhere.

Can I have more wine?

What's that for?

- Did it bother you?

- Nothing bothers me.

- I'm going home tomorrow.

- Home? That's good.

Where are you from?

Valencia, the Carmen district.

Been to Valencia?

I left real young
and just got back.

You'll like it here.

Why didn't you go to bed?

Not without you.

I'd feel lonely.

You're a dear.

- How are your patients?

- Not too bad.

Shall we go to bed?

Do you feel like making love?

I'm exhausted.

I had a busy night.

You work too hard.

You can't imagine.

Hey!

What's up?

You want to come up?

Depends.

How much?

For you, twenty euros.

I'll open up.

Why are you

in Encarna's guest house?

She was my aunt.
She left it to me.
The building must be
worth a fortune.
Got any grub, man?
I haven't eaten all day.
This stew is fucking great.
- You live with your family?
- They're in Granada.
- Can I have some wine?
- Sure.
I fucked a lot here, man.
I know all the rooms.
Where do you live?
In the Moro Hostal
by the market.
But I could come and
live here.
You must have a friend.
I'm lonelier than a dog.
Got AIDS?
No, I was just
in the hospital.
They tested everything
and believe it or not. I'm clean.
Check for yourself.
Does your family know
you're here?
My family has no fucking idea
about me.
Can I come?
I'll treat you like a king
and this would be our place.
It's not a bad idea.
I'll move tomorrow.
I'm low on cash and
owe some nights.
Don't worry.
- What's your name?
- Rosa.
Rosa, can I tie you up
to have sex?
You go for that stuff?
I don't care.

These undies must've cost
a fortune.

If I come live here,
can I wear them everyday?

You can tie me up,
whatever you want, OK?

Okay.

- What's your shoe size?

- Thirty-eight.

You got shoes, too?

This is my mother.

They're clippings, right?

If you want everything to be okay,
shut up and obey.

You're weird, man.

Are you the king that turns on
Looking at pictures of their mother?

Just wanted you
to see my family.

Ready?

What's this, man?

We'll have sex on the table top.

Okay?

I don't know, man.

And why the plastic
on the walls?

Trust me. I'm not a pervert.

I realize that I'd rather watch
than act.

That's all.

Tell me exactly
what you'll do.

I'll tie you up.

I'll have sex with you
and that's it.

Why are the windows covered?

I shout when I do it. You wouldn't
want people to hear.

Otherwise, I'll pay you
and you leave.

It's up to you.

Okay, man.

What's on that little table?

You can move tomorrow.

I'll help you bring your stuff.
You swear?
I swear.
I'm wearing panties.
- Is a picture of your face OK?
- Let's not start.
Going to the toilet.
Be back.
Hurry. I don't like being
in here alone.
You mother fucker!
I almost froze.
You bastard.
Untie me right now
or I'll report you to the cops.
Did you hear me,
you fucking impotent?
Son of a bitch.
Bastard.
Son of a bitch.
Antonio, I'm back.
Honey...
are you there?
Antonio...
where are you?
For God's sake, Antonio!
Did I scare you?
You almost
frightened me to death.
Let's go to the kitchen.
I've made
one of your favorite dishes.
I could swear that music
came from room number 6.
Water.
Water, please.
If you tell me
what most turns you on...
it'll be water
and anything else you want.
There's no reason to cry, Rosa.
I know you're gonna kill me...
but please, please don't hurt me.
I'll do whatever you want,

but I beg you not to hurt me.
You won't suffer...
if you talk to me.
Whatever you want.
Ask me please, ask me anything.
What most turns you on?
Having it inside as long as possible.
Can I have some water, please?
Here.
You deserve it.
Sadly, the majority of humans...
don't know how to face
the big challenges in life.
When things go wrong...
they soon
get off the right track...
and make their existence senseless,
full of suffering and misery.
I had managed
to become useful to others...
but I'm an exception.
Most times,
the affected person loses...
hope of leading a normal
healthy life.
Unfortunately,
the only solution...
is for someone
to help cleanse their soul...
so they are reconciled
with the superior being.
What are you going to do?
You have to relax.
I'll hurt you
as little as I can.
If you resist, you'll suffer more.
Please don't hurt me.
God, help me.
Our Father who art in heaven...
hallowed be Thy name...
The idea of praying
for your sins is good.
You won't feel anything.
You'll see.

This is the third day
Rosa is without food.
She's only had my urine
to drink...
but she seems strong...
and has great aptitudes
of adaptation.
She talks about her brother...
they got along well...
until a drunk driver
killed him.
The tragedy had a deep affect,
she turned to drugs.
Again, my theories
have been confirmed.
I have sex with her
three times a night...
but the truth is
I don't like her.
I find her cold and distant.
Unfortunately, she is lost,
lacks love and affection.
It's now irreversible.
Tonight I cut up Rosa's body
in fourteen pieces.
They were clean cuts.
The small electric saw...
that I bought at a good price
is effective and practical.
I put the fourteen pieces...
in ten black garbage bags.
I intend to bury them
in ten different places...
out in the country.
These first experiences
are totally under control.
I have to state that the sad death
of my girlfriend...
Soledad Mendez,
was uncontrolled.
The truth is I never imagined...
the consequences
of my actions.
But, those of these last few months

are positive...
and very enriching.
The Lord has chosen me...
for this very special task.
The inheritance of my Aunt
was the sign that...
after many years of doubt...
showed me the light
to find my way.
Now, my life has meaning.
When I leave this world...
my life will be studied,
books will be written...
movies will be made.
I'll be followed.
You' re the best cook I know.
We should open a restaurant.
How is your mother?
Under the circumstances, all right.
- Is there hope?
- Not much.
But she has come through
worse situations.
When the doctors think,
it's over.
She miraculously recovers.
It's unbelievable.
What's on your mind?
Room 6.
It's creepy.
I don't have the key,
you know that.
I swear the music is
from there.
When will you ask me
to make love to you?
We should open all the rooms...
to ventilate them.
I don't like all these
closed rooms.
Might hide a dead body.
- Just eat.
- Don't laugh.
It's in horror movies.

Let's empty them all...
in case we decide to sell
the building some day.
I'll never sell this building.
- We can't survive on my salary.
- I'll find a solution.
Now eat, I want to make love
to you until you leave.
Are you always thinking
of that?
Always.
Hello.
You got cash?
Of course.
It's better if you rest now.
You're nice.
I've worked a lot and I'm beat.
Now sleep. I'll wake you up.
I like your panties.
I love lingerie.
Got lots?
A thousand?
They turn you on, don't they, doctor?
There's just something...
What kind does
your wife wear?
You always mess up
the best moments.
Since I'm talking
about your dear wife?
About the mother
of your children?
If you start,
I'm gone, okay?
How could you have cheated
on her all this time?
It's amazing. Is she dumb
or just doesn't care?
I've told you that our marriage
was an arrangement.
Men are shit.
I suppose so.
An emergency.
You woke up.

What's all this shit?
I'm just into sadism, that's all.
And the plastic on the walls?
A whim.
Shit!
I wanted to talk to you.
Marisa is different
from the others...
she has a different view.
Life to her is
a dangerous tunnel...
if you enter too far...
you'll get lost
and not find the exit.
Her outlook is simple...
it's all down to the tunnel.
Yes, life is more simple
than we think.
It's limited to two things:
light and darkness.
And she has it clear.
It's a shame
she can't see a bit further.
She has me,
but can I help her?
She's too stubborn.
Tomorrow, I'll make
the sauted brains you like.
You're not listening.
This building is falling down.
I wouldn't be surprised
if it collapsed.
Really, Antonio, I want to leave...
this place is getting
on my nerves.
Besides, it's a long way
from work.
I spend a lot on gas.
- Let me think about it.
- Like hell you will!
And get rid of
those clippings.
Why don't you have
normal family pictures?

Where the fuck is your family?
Don't be offended, but...
sometimes you frighten me.
Unstrap me!
Unstrap me, you son of a bitch!
Unstrap me.
Why do you shoot up?
Because of shits like you.
Now, unstrap me.
Unstrap me
or you might regret it...
the rest of your life.
You know, you're very pretty.
Please...
unstrap me or I'll pass out,
I swear to God.
I can't even feel my wrists
or ankles.
Tell me why you shoot up.
I already told you...
because of this fucking life
that screws us up.
Everything is dark for us.
We're in a black tunnel...
and there's no way out for us.
There's always a way out.
Not in the tunnel I'm in.
Are you in a tunnel?
You're a fucking son of a bitch...
who has a good time
screwing others.
Tell me what drove you to that.
Bad influences at school.
My parents...
My parents...
My parents' lack of understanding.
Unhappy affairs.
I was never very lucky with guys...
I don't know why...
And then...
The street...
Then the fucking street...
until someone offers you...
a job and...

and then it's over, it's all over.
And you?
And you?
Where the fuck are you from?
When did you start messing
with that crap in your head?
- What's the matter? Are you a savior?
- Yes.
- I'm a type of savior.
- No.
You're a prick...
that just got out of the nut house.
No, no, no, please.
Let me go, I won't tell anyone.
I swear to God.
Does someone miss you?
Robert, Robert, my pimp.
He's got a temper that's scary.
I hope I won't have
to tell him about this.
Does he shoot up, too?
Now he has to on his dick
because his veins are shot.
He's a Iost cause.
Understand?
When he finds out about this...
he'II get you,
he's got nothing to Iose.
You're a dreamer.
No!
Think you'II see
Robert again?
No, no, no!
Son of a bitch.
No!
Help!
Help!
I saw my father four
or five times in my life.
And my mother had character...
if my sister or I
did anything wrong...
she hit us with rods
she had just for that.

The truth is that often we didn't
even have to do anything wrong.
My sister committed suicide
at sixteen.
I was twelve then.
I thought of following
her example...
since she had finally managed
to escape.
But I was lucky and I was
never brave enough to do it.
It's amazing how ignorant
we can be.
We feel we're lost
in this cruel world...
but it's only a test
that the Lord is giving us.
I suffered because I doubted
the meaning of why I was born.
But I spent the time
in jail meditating...
in preparing myself for the true
freedom of my soul.
Do you understand, Marisa?
Can you see the exit?
If you feel bad, don't worry...
you're purifying yourself.
Abstinence is best for the body.
You'll see.
The best comes later.
My chest hurts.
I have a terrible pain in my chest.
Are you seeing the light?
Do you see the light?
If not, you'll soon.
Remember the positive things
about life.
It'll help you.
How long have I been here?
Only a week, honey.
A little more...
and you'll be purified.
I want to see my mother.
Can you call my mother...

please?
You told me she was dead.
My mother...
My mother is very sick.
She's dying...
and I don't want her to die.
You'll be with her soon.
Doctor...
she has to take care
of all of us.
You'll be with her tomorrow...
and you'll no longer suffer.
If Marisa had received
the necessary help...
to live decently,
she'd have made it.
With a little love and someone
to show her the way...
it would've been different.
The first years in life...
are the most important.
Parents, teachers, friends...
are essential during childhood...
and Marisa had no one to count on.
Thank to me,
she can glimpse...
the exit of that tunnel
that obsesses her.
I was thinking
of the difference...
in making love to Francisca.
A good husband is attentive...
affectionate and if possible...
innovative and daring
in his sexual relations.
We make sex into a lot of rules
and conventionalisms.
But man is much more simple.
He finds real pleasure...
when he obeys
his most primitive instincts...
when he shows power...
when he dominates.
And as Nietzsche said...

the best thing
you can be in life...
is to be yourself.
I just cooked Lidia's brains
for Francisca.
who, in fact,
licked her fingers.
I made them in butter...
one onion
and some mixed herbs.
And finally, 50 grams of butter.
Heat the water...
salt, sliced onion...
vinegar and herbs in a pot and...
This is where I, Miguel Oliver...
run into Antonio Frau
for the second time.
I was investigating...
the disappearance of
various prostitutes...
there weren't many clues
and leading nowhere.
One day, by chance,
Christina Oviedo...
came to my station
to put in a report.
A year ago, she bought
her brother a ticket...
but he never
got on the plane...
and she had never
heard from him since.
She also showed me
postcards from him...
and on the last one
he sent...
he said he slept
in an empty guest house.
You're a bitch, Tina.
I need the money for a fix and
you buy two fucking drinks.
- Only one, Curro.
- Only one...
Fuck you, Tina!

Don't lie.
Jos said you asked for a third.
Jos wants to fuck me.
I don't let him so he lies.
Jos is okay.
He gives us credit.
'Cause he wants to fuck me.
Watch what you say,
he's a pal of mine.
I swear, Curro, it's true.
He wants to fuck me.
He wants to fuck you...
You're only good
for showing your cunt to...
dirty old shits, man.
What's up, man?
You got permission
to watch us?
If you need cash,
there's a solution.
Oh, yeah.
Speak up.
I like sado.
I like to be hit.
Well, what do you know!
Show me a good time
and I'll pay you.
Stop that, you walking cunt!
Nothing nasty, man,
or you're in for it.
Careful or
I'll slit your throat.
She likes her chow,
the slut!
Keep eating and
you might explode.
I've had nothing all day.
Leave her alone.
I tell you what...
you come with me...
and I'll tell you
what I want.
Let's go, man.
Eat up, you pig.

I'll finish it off, okay?
She eats a lot,
but she was born to screw.
You'll be set for a month.
I swear.
I have to hit her...
since the bitch spends
so much on booze.
You think that's right,
boss?
- I hit my girlfriend, too.
- They like it rough.
Why do they call me Curro?
I hit all my girls.
Babes understand
when you hit them.
I ended up killing her.
I strangled her to death.
You having me on, man?
I was locked up
on account of it.
But let me tell you something.
It's not right to hit women.
And she seems
like a good kid.
She is.
But she's stuck on booze.
And you, are you stuck on heroin?
What's up, man?
Are you a priest?
I do whatever the fuck I want.
And I got another story.
Fuck you!
It's tough in the street...
fighting the other motherfuckers.
The world is cruel,
you gotta defend yourself.
But you have to try not
to hurt the girls, Curro.
Our mothers were like them.
Mine was a fucking bitch.
Now what, old man?
- What goes up must go down, Curro.
- What?

I think I broke something.
Stand up and we'll check.
It's not right to hit women...
especially if you love them.
You son of a bitch.
I love my girlfriend.
Motherfucker.
Wait, don't pass out yet.
Can you hear me?
Can you hear me, Curro?
I need to go to the hospital.
Then we'll have to hurry.
You shouldn't hit women.
Weren't you taught that?
Now, we'll go up to room 15
and start over again.
You'll understand it.
No, please.
Please.
Try them on.
Coming with me?
Where's Curro?
He's waiting for us in room 6.
Ready?
And those holy cards?
They're of the Virgin Mary.
Why do you have them?
I always carry them.
They help me.
They never leave me alone.
I know it's stupid.
Well, for me it's not.
But I have faith...
even though Curro says
I'm an asshole.
If you lose your faith in this life...
you got nothing left.
Don't you think so?
So, you believe in God.
Of course.
Curro thinks I spend the money
on booze...
but I'm saving it to get out of here.
Go back to my folks.

I don't think it's too late.
Now, what is it you want me to do?
This time your Virgin saved you again.
Get out of here...
and don't wait for Curro,
he already left...
and I swear
he won't be back.
Can I have one of your cards?
If you have faith, she'll help you.
I'm thinking about having kids.
Two, at least.
It's too selfish to have only one.
Look at what happens.
Just look at me!
What's wrong with you?
I'm not happy.
Things are fine with you...
but something is missing.
Maybe a couple of kids...
Go on, only child, get in the car.
I've told you often.
I can't stand kids.
Do I look okay?
You'll be the hit
of the funeral.
Poor Mum.
Will I impress
the townsfolk?
Are you sorry
about your mother?
Look...
my mother was a good woman...
but always sided the tyrant,
my father.
She never defended me.
No, I don't feel sorry.
She had the life
she wanted.
"There's something odd about him, "
my father repeated.
But I didn't listen.
It's true that Antonio
was strange...

but why listen to my father
who had never cared before?
I had always felt
completely ignored by him.
As a child,
he just paid for clothes...
and food, and school
as long as I had good marks.
He had my mother dominated
so I was alone.
I had no one to lean on.
Work at the hospital
was a relief.
I worked long hours
to avoid being at home.
When I told them
I wanted to leave...
they said
out of respect.
I'd have to leave in
a wedding dress.
Thank heavens, I met Antonio.
He made me feel loved
and above all...
normal.
Give me the low-down.
An ambulance is coming for Tina.
She's got a long record: alcohol
and drugs. We know her.
But I want you to meet her
because...
she was delirious
and maybe it's pointless...
but maybe not.
She keeps saying
Curro never left the guest house.
Let's go see her.
She seems calmer...
but she's bleeding a lot.
- Let me see.
- The ambulance is on its way.
Why did you bring her in?
Public disturbance.
As soon as she got here...

she had like an attack.
Maybe she shot up
something bad.
Tell me exactly
what she said, Flores.
Well, before this happened to her...
she said the guy
would never leave her...
and that he stayed
in the guest house.
- Did she say which one?
- No.
Do we know her pimp?
Yes, an asshole, he beats
the girls.
Can we find him?
Shouldn't be a problem,
but if she says he left her...
Could be another woman...
Well, find him for me.
Let's go.
Sit down, please.
And excuse the state
of the place.
We intend
to sell very soon.
Well, as soon as we find a buyer.
- Sit down.
- No, thank you.
Well, go ahead...
but I guess it's about
the missing prostitutes...
- Lots of talk.
- And you know nothing.
Why would I know?
You know I was in jail for killing
my girlfriend in a fit.
I was young, with no control
of my actions.
But thanks to God...
the doctors and the officials,
I'm now well.
I got a law degree and
now I live normally...

married to a wonderful woman.

- Isn't that right, dear?

- Yes.

Is it possible to have
a look around?

Of course...

but I'd like everything done
correctly, with a search warrant.

Is that all right?

Time's past but

I remember you inspector.

Still an inspector?

- Superintendent.

- My case must have...

helped your promotion,

Superintendent.

Good bye.

See you again, Mr. Frau.

I'll be here.

Ma'am.

What do you think?

He's the killer of the prostitutes.

- Why are you so sure?

- We need a search warrant.

Tap the phone, put a 24 hour watch
on the building...

but that street is so narrow.

It won't be easy.

Anything new?

She went to work.

- What about him?

- He's still inside.

Good night.

When the substitute comes...

ask him to bring

coffee, OK?

The judge is calling.

Hello, Augusto,

sorry to bother you...

Yes, it's only intuition,

no evidence yet.

He got jailed over

fifteen years ago for murder...

I think the key to everything

is in that building...
You're up early.
We have a search warrant,
Mr. Frau.
You're very efficient.
Let us in
and we'll see.
Look around everywhere.
- Can we go upstairs?
- Of course. This way.
Flores, look down there.
You come with us.
On the first floor is the reception,
the kitchen...
and rooms 1 through 3.
- How many rooms are there?
- Twenty. They're all open.
On the second floor,
you'll find number 4 and number 8.
As I said before, they're all empty.
We heard you.
Tornero, my lawyer,
who I'm sure you know...
told me if I want to see,
I might get...
seventy-five million
in the old currency.
I'm sure you noticed
it's in a bad state.
They must have had some wild
parties in here.
All these rooms must have lots
of stories to tell.
Do you like number 6?
I really do,
it has a certain mysticism.
The bathrooms are also on this floor.
Follow me.
The building is yours, gentlemen.
Any clues, inspector?
Excuse me, Superintendent.
Superintendent.
What is it, Flores?
There's something down here.

Peralta, come with me
and Mr. Frau.
A diary...
and a plane ticket...
issued to Cristobal Oviedo.
Do you know the owner
of this ticket?
Lots of things in here
aren't mine.
Read him his rights, Flores.
You may be silent...
or what you say may
be used against you.
You have the right
to a lawyer...
if you have no counsel,
the state provides.
You have the right not
to declare...
It was worth waiting six months
to see how pretty you look.
Don't misunderstand.
I'm desperate.
You told me on the phone...
this could mean a lot of money.
Okay, here I am.
- You have five minutes.
- How are things?
You're a sadist.
You ruined my life and
you ask how it is.
- Sorry.
- You don't know what that means.
Look, I've got a job interview
in a half hour.
Why did you make me come?
To screw me more?
Got a cigarette?
Sorry.
I'm giving it up.
First, swear to me
about the divorce.
If we reach an agreement, I'll sign.
Happy?

I can't be happy near you.
A publisher has offered me
a ton of money...
to tell my life story
in detail.
All bastards are lucky.
But isn't that the idea?
That I should become famous...
and immortal.
You're nuts, Antonio.
Look, tell me what this
is about or...
I'm leaving.
Are you still having sex
with your doctor?
I've become famous...
so famous
that no hospital will hire me.
Nobody will give me work.
As to my doctor, he doesn't
want to hear my name, OK?
I have to go.
Francisca.
I want to repay you
for these years with me.
What I have to offer
may take care of you for life.
All set.
Nice doing business
with you, Mr. Sans.
And with you.
Do you need anything
from the place?
It's all yours.
Hope you'll be at the opening.
It's sick.
Bet you make a fortune.
Some people don't, but
I think about business.
I enjoyed doing business
with you, Ma'am.
Three hundred-ninety
thousand euros...
isn't bad.

Less your thirty thousand, sixty.
With him in the nut house...
sorry,
the psychiatric ward...
the paperwork was complicated.
You look like you worked
too hard.
See a doctor.
I have a feeling
that you won't live long.
THREE YEARS LATER
Yes, no, no.
The judge isn't here...
next week we'll see what the
pathologist has.
Call me and I'll give you
the scoop.
Fine, thanks.
Talk to you on Wednesday.
This is for you.
There's a receipt
to sign.
Thanks.
My dear Superintendent Oliver.
During the experiences
we shared...
I found I admired you as
a serious and honest professional.
That's why you're
looking at...
the authentic testimony
of my work.
I learned a lot from Landru,
qualities...
and above all,
avoiding mistakes.
I imagine
your disappointment...
with the other diary
found in the guest house.
You were reliable in following
the clues I left...
a shame they only got me
time in the psychiatric ward.

Not even the ticket
that I left...
was much good was it,
Superintendent?
I think I did well.
Actually being a lawyer
is an advantage...
it only took three years
to enjoy life again.
Today is my first day out.
I'd like you to make known
this diary.
Your name will go down in history.
But just in case, I've sent copies
to different media.
I hope the world learns
from my work...
the lives of those eighteen women...
deserve that others learn
from their experience...
that it's understood that
humans have no limits.
Sincerely, Antonio Frau.
You don't change.
They let you out soon.
A smart judicial system.
It helps to know how to treat it
and understand it.
The truth is I can't complain.
There's your half
as we agreed.
That was the deal...
half the money for me...
and the divorce papers.
A deal is a deal.
What did you do
these three days?
I worked as a private nurse
for an Arab.
And let him feel me up.
You know,
you're in all the papers.
Back to the psychiatric ward?
Nevermind. I don't care.

Like the landscape?

Good bye, Antonio.

- Can I ask you a question?

- Well...

now we're divorced.

Why didn't you cut me up in
pieces like the others?

You don't understand,
dear.

You're family and family
is the most important.

The basis of everything.

Take care.

There are many evil people
in the world.