

**Loca**

**written by**

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INT. APARTMENT - DAY (2005)

A married couple is arguing. KARLA (39) and ROBERTO (45) are arguing because Karla finds out her husband of 11 years is cheating on her with a white woman. Roberto revealed this secret and is happy to tell his wife the news.

KARLA

Carajo maldito! Porque?  
(karla is clenching her  
fists)  
Pinche, Trish.

ROBERTO

Ya! Calmate vieja. You cause way  
too many problems. You're so pinche  
loca. I don't want you anymore!

KARLA

Largate!  
(karla pushes Roberto out  
of the apartment)

INT. APARTMENT - DAY (2010)

Karla's daughter ROSA MARIA (17) is confronting her mother about her concerns. Rosa Maria is afraid that her mother is mentally ill after she finds a handgun in her nightstand.

ROSA MARIA

Mama! You're crazy! Why do you have  
this gun?  
(holding the gun while her  
hand is shaking)  
Mama, what does this mean?

KARLA

I'm gonna kill that puta, hija. I'm  
gonna fix our lives. We're too poor  
without your father. The only way  
to bring him back is if I kill her.  
(a vicious smile spreads  
across her face)

ROSA MARIA

Ma, you're not going to kill  
anyone! You sound so loca! What do  
you want to fix? He cheated on you!  
Ay mama, ya dejalo!

KARLA

I know you want your daddy back. I  
can bring him back.

Rosa Maria flinches at her mother and tries to understand what the meaning of her gun will mean for their future.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY - WEEKS LATER

The days are rolling by, Rosa Maria watches her mother grow more and more anxious because the fifth year anniversary of her parents' divorce is approaching.

KARLA

(chewing her nails and  
spitting them on the  
floor)

You don't understand mija... I am  
still in love with your father.

ROSA MARIA

(rolling her eyes)

Do you know how stupid you sound,  
mama? Stop being pinche ridiculous,  
mujer!

(approaches Karla)

He cheated on you with a white lady  
who he's probably with right now!

(grabs Karla's shoulders)

Five years later!

KARLA

No! You don't mean that!  
(tears begin to pour out  
of her eyes)

Why? Why? Hijodeputa.  
(she gasps for air and  
begins choking on her  
saliva)

Why mija?

Rosa Maria embraces her mother to calm her down. Rosa Maria is afraid of the fate her mother may create for herself.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY - DAYS LATER

Karla's fifth year anniversary of her divorce arrives. It is a strange day for Karla. She lays in bed until one p.m. And is staring at the ceiling of her ugly apartment. The ceiling has mold and cobwebs.

KARLA

(speaking to herself)

Pinche white woman... taking all  
our money and men.

(MORE)

KARLA (CONT'D)  
 (recollects the memory of  
 a white lady, Sally,  
 stealing her job as Vice  
 President Of Victoria's  
 Secret)

I'm sorry, Karla, Sally has more  
 knowledge with the market of women  
 we are trying to approach.  
 (mimics her old boss'  
 words)

Karla curls her body into a ball and screams to release her  
 anger.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF APARTMENT - DAY (2005)

Rosa Maria goes home after class. She's in a hurry to check  
 on her mom because of the date. She is with her best friend,  
 Maria.

ROSAMARIA  
 I wonder what I'm going to walk in  
 on.

MARIA  
 Nothing too crazy, your apartment  
 still looks intact.  
 (rubs Rosa Maria's  
 shoulders)  
 Hey, don't worry about your mom.  
 I'm sure the gun is just for  
 protection and she's just being  
 dramatic.

ROSAMARIA  
 Or loca as hell.

The girls laugh and hug each other goodbye.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Rosa Maria scans her home to find the apartment normal as  
 ever. She takes a deep breath and enters her mother's room.

ROSAMARIA  
 Mama! I'm home. I made plans with  
 some friends, but I did not confirm  
 because I wanted to make sure you'd  
 be okay tonight.  
 (she sits on Karla's bed)

KARLA

Mija, go out and have fun. I already forgot about that puta doing my man for five years now. Carajo!

ROSA MARIA

Mama...

KARLA

I am okay. Go have fun. I'll just watch movies.

ROSA MARIA

(studies her mother's face)

Esta bien, mama. Mejor no voy.

KARLA

(smiles)

Hija, go. I promise I'm okay. I'm the adult, not you. Go have fun.

ROSA MARIA

I'm nervous to leave you. Can I at least hide your gun?

KARLA

(struggles to keep a smile on her face)

Of course. I don't even need it.

Rosa Maria grabs the gun and closes her mother's door behind her. She rummages the apartment for a good hiding spot. She is happy to remember that a tile in her room comes off and hides the gun under there.

INT. APARTMENT - DUSK

Rosa Maria leaves the apartment. The moment the front door closes Karla bolts out of bed. She takes a steamy shower. She shaves her legs. She pours rose water all over her scalp.

KARLA

(to herself)

If I'm gonna kill this puta, I'm going to look good while doing it. Roberto will remember my scent and appeal and fall in love with me all over again.

Karla does her make-up. She gets on her knees and pulls out a safe that she hides under her bed.

The safe holds memories of her past with Roberto. She successfully finds old panties that Roberto used to love. The safe also holds another gun. Karla squeals with enthusiasm.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT - MOVING

Karla is driving to Ventura, California. She is going to Roberto and Trish's home. Karla has had this planned for years. She lives in San Diego and has a 3.5 hour drive ahead of her.

KARLA  
(to herself)  
Tonight is the night this white  
puta will be gone!  
(she gropes her gun for  
encouragement)

Karla's 2000 Honda pulls up to Roberto's mansion hours later. Karla already knows the ins-n-outs of their home. Karla makes a trip to Ventura every month to stalk them.

EXT. ROBERTO'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

TRISH is relaxing and waiting for her husband to arrive home. She is watching Pretty Woman on her white leather couch. The doorbell rings.

TRISH  
Who could that be?  
(she approaches the door  
and opens it)

Trish is face to face with a beautiful, curvy Latina woman.

KARLA  
Hola, Trish.  
(she smirks)

TRISH  
(alarmed)  
Do I know you?

KARLA  
Don't act like you don't know me,  
puta.

TRISH  
(confused)  
I'm sorry. Who are you?

KARLA  
 (steps closer to Trish and  
 yells)  
 Callate! You took my Roberto!

TRISH  
 What the--what the heck are you  
 talking about?  
 (nervously, she begins to  
 close the door)

Karla's foot stops the door from closing.

KARLA  
 (yelling)  
 Today, five years ago I divorced my  
 beloved Roberto because he was  
 doing you! Puta, eres!

TRISH  
 Oh no. You must have made a  
 mistake, ma'am. Roberto and I have  
 been married for nineteen years...  
 only we didn't settle down into  
 this home until about five years  
 ago.

Karla's eyebrow twitches.

KARLA  
 Oh, si five years ago?

TRISH  
 Yes because he was always away on  
 business trips.

KARLA  
 (dumbfounded)  
 Qu--que? Roberto and I got married  
 in 1994 and got divorced in 2005  
 because he was cheating on me...  
 with you.

TRISH  
 (her face gets red)  
 Prove it, please.

Karla walks to her car to get a family photo from her glove compartment. She comes back to the front door and shows Trish the photo dated in 1999. Trish is shaking with disbelief.

KARLA  
 Mujer, you really didn't know? I  
 came her tonight to kill you.

TRISH

I have no idea. Oh my--I think i  
need to sit down. Please, please--  
come in.

INT. ROBERTO'S MASION - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The ladies click instantly. They are sitting on the white  
leather couch. They are both disgusted with Roberto and  
things begin to heat up in the mansion with a few alcoholic  
beverages.

TRISH

(pours herself a scotch)  
I bet that bastard is cheating on  
me right now. It's not a  
coincidence that he works late  
every Friday. Goddamn it.

KARLA

(smiles)  
Let's kill him.

She pulls out the gun that is hanging from her garters.

TRISH

(giggles)  
Oh, no I couldn't.  
(pours a drink for Karla)

KARLA

Mujer, I've been obsessed with  
killing you for five years.  
(scoots closer to Trish  
and takes a sip of her  
drink)  
I need to kill someone tonight.

Trish laughs hysterically.

TRISH

Kill me.

KARLA

Que?

TRISH

I said, kill me. That's what you  
came here for, isn't it? I can't  
live with this man anymore. Kill  
me, now.



KARLA

(her eyes widen)

Mujer, eres loca. I thought I was crazy. You're crazy. I can't kill you now--you didn't even know that you ruined my life.

Trish leaps up from the couch. She begins undressing and spreads her legs open.

TRISH

Kill me, Karla!

(spreads her legs further)

You see this? Roberto has been hitting this for nineteen years.

(massages her breasts)

You see these breasts? Roberto has been sucking these for nineteen goddamn years.

Karla is boiling with anger. She stays quiet. She grabs her gun and points it at Trish. Makeup is running down Trish's face. Trish is still laughing and sobbing. Trish throws pictures of Roberto and herself at Karla.

TRISH (CONT'D)

You like that? Yeah, you do. Nineteen years of marriage. Nineteen fucking years!

KARLA

Mujer. Don't make me pull this trigger on your loca, white ass.

TRISH

(nostrils flaring)

Pull it. Don't be a scared. I heard Latina woman are supposed to be insane. Prove it.

The gun is still pointing at Trish. Karla smiles. She pulls the trigger.

INT. ROBERTO'S MASION - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Karla is staring at Trish's dead body. She is sitting on the couch and waiting for Roberto to arrive. The door creaks. Karla leaps.

ROBERTO  
 (his eyes are darting back  
 and forth from Karla to  
 Trish)  
 Estupida!

KARLA  
 Come claim your prize, viejo!  
 (a wicked smile spreads  
 across her face)  
 We can finally be together. No one  
 is in our way now, mi amor! I fixed  
 our lives.

ROBERTO  
 What prize? You have no pinche idea  
 how loca you are!

KARLA  
 Me? Loca? You were married to  
 someone else the whole time we  
 were!  
 (walks closer to him and  
 slaps him)  
 Cabron!

ROBERTO  
 (rubs his face)  
 Si, lo se! How could I have not  
 married you? You put a pinche gun  
 to my head until I said yes!  
 (Roberto begins to shake  
 Karla)  
 All these damn years, damn Karla,  
 pero ya se que Rosa Maria ni sabe  
 eso!

KARLA  
 (crying)  
 Stop being a baby! The gun wasn't  
 even loaded!

ROBERTO  
 Do you hear yourself?  
 (teeth gritting with  
 anger)  
 You are the craziest mujer I know  
 and you just proved it!  
 (walks towards Trish's  
 body)  
 You killed an innocent woman... the  
 love of my life! Leave my house  
 right now!

KARLA

(shaking and crying)

The... the... the--the love of your  
life?

(wipes her tears and  
laughs)

Stop lying to yourself! You love  
me, carajo!

ROBERTO

No te amo para nada, loca! Largate!  
(gets ready to drag Karla  
out if he needs to)

KARLA

You don't love me?

(she grabs the gun and  
points it to her head)

Tell me you love me or I'll kill  
myself.

ROBERTO

I do not love you, I never have,  
and I never will! You are loca! You  
cause all your own pinche  
problemas.

KARLA

Roberto... no...

Karla points the gun directly at her right temple. The bullet  
shoots right through her head and she falls dead on the  
floor.

THE END