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)
(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.

ROSA MARIA
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.

ROSA MARIA
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.

ROSA MARIA
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.
(masses 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
target 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 MASON - 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