

**DIÁLOGOS “JESÚS, MI JESÚS”**  
(Inglés)

Pilar: María Aragón?

María: Sorry?

Pilar: I thought you were...

María: Pilar Rentería?

Pilar: Yes! How are you doing?

María: Fine, and you?

Pilar: You look great. As always. I ´m fine, fine.

María: What a surprise to find you here, you look ... gorgeous

Pilar: Do you think so?

María: Yes

Pilar: Seriously, you look really great.

María: Thank you.

Pilar: Cool ride.

María: Its my husband’s

Pilar: Great.

Pilar: Have you got kids?

María: Two, a boy and a girl.

Pilar: One of each

María: Yes, we were lucky, and you?

Pilar: Kids? No way, I am free... I never felt like it.

María: You are still in time

Pilar: I have time, but I´m not sure

María: Jesús and I were always very sure about having a family.

Pilar: That's great. But not for me. I don't see myself as a mother. I just live. I like your purse.

María: It's a present from my husband.

Pilar: Jesús.

María: Yes, Jesús.

Pilar: Great

María: And have you got any news about anyone?

Pilar: Not really... well, Rosa Fresnillo, I see her from time to time

María: Rosa? That's funny. Is she doing ok?

Pilar: Yes, three

María: Three?

Pilar: Three kids

María: Did you get married?

Pilar: And divorced

María: What a son of a bitch!

Pilar: Well, it wasn't that bad, I left him actually, I cried just enough.

Pilar: Where are you going with that?

María: To kill that bastard.

Pilar: Are you crazy?

María: No, I'm not crazy, I've never been more sane.

Pilar: Get out of the way. Where do you check this?

María: Did I kill him?

Pilar: No, I don't think so. I feel something.

María: What do you feel?

Pilar: That he's alive

María: Ok then, Jesús, Pilar, Pilar, Jesús, now we can get out of here.

Pilar: Jesús, your Jesús?

María: Yes, yes, my Jesus. Let's go.

Pilar: You're not leaving him here, are you?

María: Yes I am

Pilar: They know me in this neighborhood and he is not staying here. We have to take him away.

María: What do you want me to do?

Pilar: It's up to you, you should have thought about it before hitting him with that golf club.

María: My husband is fucking someone else. What do you expect me to do? Greet him with open arms?

Pilar: No, but bashing him in the middle of the street isn't either

Pilar: I just wanted to scare him.

Pilar: Ok let go of that. You're making me nervous. I'm the one you scared

María: Sorry.

Pilar: The normal thing to do is to have a talk with him and say "I have evidence that..."

María: Is that what you said to your husband? "I have evidence that..."

Pilar: No, he caught me in bed with another guy, there was more than enough evidence

Pilar: Let's put him into your car.

María: What car?

Pilar: Jesus's car. Your's. I don't know, but he can't stay here. Come on, take him by the shoulders.

María: I'm not strong enough.

Pilar: Damn it, pick him up

María: Who could it be? His secretary, his business English teacher, his, his who knows?

Pilar: Come on, pull

María: He's got a lover, the bastard's got a lover

Pilar: A slut!

María: Yes, a real slut!

Pilar: No, a hooker, and hurry up, the police might be around.

María: Jesús doesn't need to pay to get laid. Paying a hooker, what else... You have no idea.

Pilar: I take my clients there, and I assure you that everyone that goes there, goes with a hooker.

María: What?

Pilar: Who cares, anyway, hooker or not, your husband is being unfaithful to you.

María: Pull // Are you a hooker?

Pilar: Shit.

María: What's wrong?

Pilar: I tore my leggings, the third pair this week, shit! I don't make enough for leggings.

María: Are you a hooker?

Pilar: What's with the stupid questions?

María: Are you?

Pilar: Yes, So what?

María: No, it's a profession like any other. Since when?

Pilar: Since Man is Man.

María: No, Since when are you...?

Pilar: I don't keep track. I'd ask the income tax department, but they don't keep track either. I could say, "I'd like a copy of my tax records?"

María: So, you're a hooker... You're a hooker, my husbands fucks hookers. What should I tell my children? And my parents?

Pilar: That you caught him with someone. You don't have to go into detail.

María: Do you know her?

Pilar: The one who was with him? Maybe.

María: Have you seen him around often? Does he look familiar to you? Have you ever...?

Pilar: No, no, no. Shit, stop thinking about it.

María: You think she's pretty?

Pilar: I don't know, maybe, maybe not. Does it matter?

María: Hey, and Rosa Fresnillo, Do you know from this?

Pilar: No, she's got a lottery store.

María: What do you know.

Pilar: If the police stop you, tell them he's drunk.

María: I hope they don't stop us.

Pilar: What are you going to do when he wakes up?

María: I don't know, I haven't thought about it yet. Talk, I guess.

Pilar: That's good. Well... I guess that's it...

María: Take it

Pilar: No.

María: Please do, and thanks for your help.

Pilar: No

María: For your leggings.

Pilar: This is worth much more than my leggings.

Pilar: You smell nice.

María: He gave it to me.

Pilar: Really.

María: Ok then, take care. Good luck.

Pilar: So to you.