

EL CHOCO SAGRADO (The White Saint)

JONAS is in an old “Ford” taxi, riding through the streets of the capital of Bolivia. He is looking around, seeing the local Bolivian squaws walking down the streets. Some of the women in mottled colorful skirts are moving in extraordinary, surrealistic manner. Cars pass by, and at a traffic light, a dark American luxury car stops closely by. Jonas’ heart trembles ... For a moment, he thought it was Them... A sarcastic driver from the luxury gangster car looks straight at Jonas, until the traffic lights switch to green. At this very moment, the gangsters’ car engine switches off. Jonas’ taxi drives away...

JONAS (*inner monologue*):

“La Paz is like a jug, full of cheap wine. I got drunk with this wine. And the dizziness it gave me helped me to walk step-by-step: with no fear to stumble over something and fall down in the dark. The wine made my steps soft, and my feet and legs became able to feel the way. Not so much myself, but my body was imbued with wine, and it did not fear anything.”

In twilight, Daisy is walking along the path, receding from the village.

DAISY (*inner monologue*):

“When I’d hear the dogs bark, I would count how many times our dog barked. If he kept yapping on for 5 minutes, it was clear to me that he was barking about my present. When the dog would start to howl, it meant he told me about my future. That’s why I loved those dogs perhaps more than I did my own brothers and sisters. But then, there was a time when they remained silent for a few days, and did not make a sound. Then, I understood it all – that my future fell down into an abyss. I fell in love. For the rest of my life. I said goodbye to the dogs, and I didn’t say a word to my family – they were not capable to understand why on those days the dogs stopped barking and howling. I had to leave before the dogs began to bark. I had very few things with me, and a few pesos left in my pocket. It would take me a week to walk on foot. But this time, I was in a hurry, and I didn’t have the whole week for it. I rushed somewhere for the first time in my life. Maybe someone will have pity on me and will add another 18 pesos to my riches?”

JONAS, easily dragging a black wheeled suitcase behind him, enters the airport hall. A bunch of walking people, police officers, and uniformed airport staff.

JONAS (*inner monologue*):

“Are you afraid of something? No, I’m not afraid of a thing! Or is it just that your blood is mixed with wine? No, I have nothing to fear. Really? Well, I don’t! But should I be afraid of something? ”

JONAS comes up to the monitor. Looking at it, he finds his line: 7-45 GOTHEBORG GATE 6 In a small room behind thick armored doors, he is surrounded by a few police officers.

POLICE OFFICER:

Do you have any prohibited items on you?

JONAS (*inner monologue*):

“Oh, I’m sure! Well, yeah! Why are you asking so calmly, as if you knew what’s inside my black suitcase?”

JONAS takes out the contents of his suitcase and places it on the table: several pairs of shirts and pants, a couple of clay wine jugs, and other minor items. The same police officer looks JONAS directly in the eyes for a few seconds. Then, in slow motions, as if knowing well what he is searching for, he begins to tear apart the frameworks of Jonas’ suitcase.

DAISY is on the bus. Someone pays for her ticket. Daisy’s trip by the bus.

DAISY (*inner monologue*):

"When I left, and was so far away that I couldn’t hear the dogs barking any longer, then I heard the dogs’ barking in my mind, their intention was to bring me back to the past. Then, I knew that I was in love, and I knew that my love was like this abyss that made me feel scared for the first time."

The abyss, seen through the bus window.

TRAVELER (*inner monologue*):

"In her eyes, I saw the abyss and fear. It was an amazing view: the abyss and the fear. I am grateful to God: for just a few pesos, I bought a spectacular show that reminded me of ANNA’S eyes at the moment when she knocked on the door of my house that night and said, “I’ve left everything behind, I’ve walked eight kilometres on foot, accompanied by my dog only.” In the darkness, by the light of my lighter, I looked into the eyes of the dog. Those eyes kept ANNA’S future locked inside. Thank you, lady, for not having those 18 pesos."

DAISY is on the bus; everywhere outside the window, there is sand, sand, sand ...

JONAS is standing, leaning against the prison wall. About 10 men are playing football. A goal is scored. Other prisoners are shouting. They are making bets, gambling. Leaning against the wall, JONAS is watching the players.

JONAS :

“These guys could win against Gothenburg AIK. They have nothing to lose. They are fighting for their lives.”

BARBA CHOCA:

Fuck, we’ve got to change the goalkeeper. Oh, I see. It’s snow, or maybe, coca...Soon, it will become clear.”

He comes up to JONAS. They are talking. He offers JONAS to join the game as a goalkeeper. JONAS is at the gate. One of the guy is taking bets. Other prisoners are shouting out their bets.

BARBA CHOCO (*inner monologue*):

“A good goalie has no desire to win and score. His desire must be not to miss the ball. If the goalie envies the forwards, then it’s done. A good goalkeeper is someone who has already lost everything.

This one, El Choco, is good enough for me. He has those dog-like eyes that stare at the past only. Behind one's back. Which means, he'll be looking only at his own gate, rather than at the opponent's."

BARBA CHOCA:

Julio! You, the former governor of the Central Bank! Where are your pesos? Come on, untie your new bag. I know what you've put it under. And no cocaine! You can offer your cocaine to your Pastor and his whores!

The match viewers laugh out loudly. JULIO watches them calmly.

JULIO (*inner monologue*):

"Well, yeah...Barba Choca is a lucky one. That El Choco guy is a right choice...He has that doggy look. A good goalkeeper, who looks like a bankrupt market gambler...I have to repurchase him."

The men continue the game. Jonas wards off a nasty blow.

JONAS (*at the gate, inner monologue*):

"That big guy is dangerous. I have to dare. If something happens, I'll fall down."

A small bunch of people next to a Coca-Cola slot-machine.

PASTOR (*inner monologue*):

"Santa Coca. PADRE NOSTRO..."

BARBA CHOCA waves to the PASTOR, who leaves the queue at the Coca-Cola machine and runs fast across the football field, avoiding a hit.

BARBA CHOCA (*to the Pastor*):

Father, you have to baptize my goalkeeper. Two doses for the job. I like that white man.

PASTOR:

It's not my job, it is my duty. I don't need a reward. Probably, he has been baptized already.

BARBA CHOCA:

Let's baptize him as El Choco – the White Man.

A big fat guy hits the ball closely to the gate. Jonas falls down to reach the ball. But the ball goes inside the gate. The fans are cheering. Julio's face shows rage.

JULIO:

Padre Nostro, who is in San Pedro, blessed be thy sons and knights of faith. If not for ever, then at

least for the next 20 years. Amen.

The players continue the fight. A goal. Triumphant shouts. Around the field, the sitting, walking men, colorfully dressed women, and children of all ages. Some are playing checkers, some are sunbathing. From these images, we could not tell that this is a prison. A very smooth transition to images of La Paz: someone playing football, walking around, cooking ...

PASTOR (*inner monologue, o.s., along with the switching images*):

“I can never totally understand people. I cannot imagine the limits of their happiness. When they are free, or when they keep their hearts locked, doesn’t matter. The only thing left for me is to pray for them, for those who are here and there. There and here. No difference.”

PASTOR (*drinks some Coca-Cola*):

Santa Coca. Coca Sagrada. Vida Sagrada.

A woman’s hand, stroking over a child’s head.

A man’s hand, fondling a woman’s body.

Various hands, hands again, and again, hands, collecting coca leaves.

PASTOR (*inner monologue*):

“How is one supposed to live in freedom, if it’s no different from the jail?”

Images of the prison. A wooden Christ.

DAISY is on the bus. Landscapes are passing by. The bus stops. People get off. A wasteland. The bus driver lifts off the engine hood. In silence, people are staring at the desert.

DAISY (*inner monologue*):

“Why is love portrayed as a paradise? And not like this desert? After all, love is like a desert that makes you want to turn it into a garden ...”

The driver, with his hand placed inside the engine.

DRIVER (*inner monologue*):

“Damn, the oil is coming out.... Should have enough of water.”

White mountain tops. Crossings ... A lot of peasants work in coca fields. Coca leaves in their hands...Again, the white mountain tops.

Cocaine powder inside the palms.

The backyard of San Pedro prison. Some are playing football, some are sitting on the floor, some are leaning against the walls. The time seems to have stopped.

BARBA CHOCA (*looking somewhere into the distance; inner monologue*):

“All the people, you can divide them into three categories: all of those are connected by the divine white. People can be as white as snow, as grain flour, or as cocaine. The people who are like snow, leave nothing after themselves, nobody needs them, their life is nothing to remember, they just keep wailing that life is trampling upon them as if they were snow. **They slide through life as if on ice, just hit hard against it at some points, and that’s all...** Those people who are like flour achieve a lot. They work hard, they give sense to their lives, they store wealth and share it with those who are snow-like people, and if they don’t want to share with the snow-like, they just trample upon them or shovel them away. And then, there are people who are like cocaine. They make others dazed, but give them a lot of pain, too. Both the snow people and the flour people have envy for them...at their being different, at their being able to live in this kind of dizziness. They feel envy for them because of those people’s cocaine-like freedom and madness. The cocaine-like people are poets, sound artists, bandits, or saints... So am I, to my own fear and happiness...COCA SAGRADA...”

An old bus. Peruvian highlands can be seen through the windows. The bus stops. All the passengers – harassed villagers with their children, and grey-faced workers of all ages – get off. And all of them, gathered together in a bunch, stare into the distance...Among them are Jonas, Daisy and their child. An elderly man is looking closely at Jonas.

JONAS (*inner monologue*):

“Is it for the rest my life that I’ll be giving suspicious looks at whoever watches me? ...Will I be scared of every drinking buddy who approaches my table? ...Will I? ...”

The man comes closer to JONAS. DAISY is watching the man getting closer to JONAS.

DAISY (*inner monologue*):

“Will we be carrying the fear and suspicion along with us for the rest of our life? Am I committing such a great crime, being in love?”

DAISY is looking at her baby.

MAN comes closer to JONAS.

MAN:

You're not a local ... Are you Swedish?

JONAS (*becoming wary*):

British.

MAN:

Once, I had a Swedish friend. Johan ... Beautiful Bolivia – he utters, waving his hand around.

JONAS:

Beautiful ... Just like Sweden...

MAN:

So you are Swedish? Is she your woman? – pointing his head at Daisy.

JONAS (*with no fear in his face*):

Once I was ...

JONAS (*inner monologue*):

“Now, a citizen of San Pedro ...”

JONAS:

What about you?

MAN:

Citizen of San Pedro. Just like you ... I came from a place where they grant citizenship to whoever lives there for a while. There's nothing to hide. At least I don't have to ... It's written in your eyes, and in your woman's eyes, too.

The man is looking at Jonas' and Daisy's child.

MAN:

Only the baby is a Bolivian...

THE PAST:

DAISY is on the bus. Near her, there is the traveler who gave her 18 pesos to make the trip to San Pedro. Through the bus window, the abyss can be seen – the same one that DAISY used to cross when coming from her village to the San Pedro prison.

LA PAZ is a true paradise for a European who is interested in ancient cultures, archaeological excavations and historical antiquities, all of which are overstocked in the markets and shops located along the city streets. Jonas's daily life goes around a simple small hotel, and plain food. Night bars, local folklore, alcohol. He introduces himself to his accidental acquaintances: "Jonas. Student of archeology."

Jonas' acquaintance with Daisy (18 y.o.) in the bar. Their two nights together.

JONAS:

Tomorrow, I am leaving. I'll call you from Gothenburg.

The next day. An old "Ford" is rolling towards the airport. A border guard empties the suitcase, full of Bolivian antiquities. It is obvious that he knows what he is looking for: the tubes of the framework of the suitcase are stuffed with cocaine.

San Pedro prison. Jonas calls Daisy and tells her what happened to him.

Daisy's trips to the prison. Daisy's family, the village residents, and stay dogs ...

Jonas is nicknamed EL CHOCO (The White) and is accepted into the circle of long-time residents of San Pedro prison.

Daisy settles down in San Pedro prison with her beloved. Her love saves Jonas. Her sacred love for Jonas is disadvantageous for herself.

One of the constant visitors at the prison is the Pastor.

During his frequent visits and their meetings for confession, Jonas tells him the story of his life before his trip to Bolivia (the episodes, commented by Jonas, are interrupted by those from his life in San Pedro prison): his graduation from school, his first year of independent living. His first money ... First big money Stress ... Women ... Chemical substances Drugs ... Debts ... The fateful offer to smuggle drugs from Bolivia ...

Jonas is surrounded by excellent companions and talkers, the exceptionally charming badass guys who have become his new friends: cocaine magnate Barba Choca, former Central Bank governor Julio, former pension fund manager ... They have no reason to escape, and nothing to fear. San Pedro prison is their safest place to be.

9 months later, DAISY gives birth to a son.

Barba Choca organizes Jonas', Daisy's and their son's escape from the prison. The three of them make a month-long journey across the continent to Mexico by hitchhiking cars, trucks, and buses ... Cheap hotels. Landscapes. FREEDOM ...

HAPPY END

SWEDEN. Gothenburg. One year later.

Jonas is driving a mobile loader, carrying the goods around in a supermarket. Daisy is putting packs of juice onto the counters. Family life. Their child growing. Walking together in the park.

One day, Barba Choca comes to the supermarket.... Jonas' conversation with the guest. Barba Choca's ambitious plans, large quantities of cocaine, big drug markets, he needs his inside men for all of it. Jonas' debt for organizing his escape from prison in San Pedro has to be paid.