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Little Ashes

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Made by Ana Marija

Dry land

Quiet land of immense night

Wind in the olive grove

Wind in the Sierra

For Salvador Dali, of the olive-colored voice

- Here we are, the three musketeers.

- Did you miss us?

- Luis Buuel.

- It's Louie this term.

More chic, don't you think?

- Published?

- I signed it for you.

-And he would never have managed it
without your supportive comments.

-He's waisting his education with bad
company in disreputable night clubs.

My parents were so pleased.

Thank you sir, thank you so much.

- The soul of the west wind

- Just say what you want to say, Louie.

- What?

I was having a lovely time reading about
all the butterflies and thrills...

Oh, look! Here's God!

It's just a bit... andalusian.

- I am andalusian.

- You know what I mean.

- You think it's bad.

- No, not the writing. The writing is
bloody good.

It's the subject.

What does Federico Garca Lorca feel
about all this bloody butterflies?

What makes him angry?

What turns him on?

Oh, come on. Don't be such a prude.

I am trying to be constructive here.

... the other flag in between her leg ...

... and waived the flag ...

... it was a victory for ...

- Holding all this brilliance isn't very
neighbourly, you know?

Name?

- Salvador Felipe Jacinto Dal Domenech.
- Studying?
- Fine art.
- Clearly.

Interests?

Affiliations?

- Only dada, anarchy and the construction of genius.
- Whose genius?
- My own.
- Bravo.
- Luis Buuel.
- Pleased to make your acquaintance.

Excuse me for a moment.

Private view at number seven!

Where is everyone? Come on!

This here... Sergio.

Pechuga. Like it?

Ah, look! A strategically placed copy of Freud.

Very good, very good, my friend.

That's Federico, resident poet.

- Garca Lorca.

He's famous.

- Really?

I wonder if he knows.

Come on, let's tell him. Federico!

My new discovery. Salvador, may I introduce you to resident poet, playwright and another self-titled genius, Federico Garca Lorca.

- We've met.

You're a cubist.

- No.

- This is cubist.

You're going to be something else?

I'm putting together a magazine.

Would you let us have this for the cover?

She is beautiful.

- She's dead.

- Federico, where have you been?

- Have you met Paco?

- Hours ago.

- What have you been doing?

- Trying to find a subject.

Louie thinks I'm a danger of becoming bourgeois.

- Well, you've read the poems, apparently.

What do you think?

- I like them.

- Of course you like them, everybody likes them.

I just think you should write about something modern. Something politics or...
...the decapitation of the putrid priest in Zaragoza or...

Come on!

- Eiffel tower.

- Sex!

- Aeroplanes.

- Anything! Everything! Nothing!

- A recent acquisition?

- Salvador Felipe Jacinto Dal Domenech.

- Catchy.

- New, but showing considerate promise.

This is Adella.

Federico the Famous,
where are the drinks?

- Federico!

- Your hair!

- It's gone.

- It's wonderful.

I'm very shocking, apparently, because my grandfather refuses to let me in the house.

- Quite right. I wouldn't.

- I've missed you.

The holidays were terrible! There was no one here, nothing to regret!

I read 80 books!

- 80?

- 40.

- I've missed you, too.

This is Salvador.

He's just arrived. He's a painter, a very good one.

- Well, ain't we lucky to have you.

- Champagne!

- You all live like kings!
- Surely, you're not suggesting we live like students.
Magdalena is a writer.
- At the women's college.
- What do you write?
- I didn't tell you, did I?
I'm getting an apartment!
- How will you ever get your parents to agree to that?
- By not telling them.
All lies are elaborate deceptions.
Anyone got a match?
- Spain is rotting from the inside.
Fated monarchy crash and dement our religious culture
- Something has to give.. Look at Russia!
- Look at Paris!
Dance, my dove.
- I thought you'd never ask.
- Manuel de Torre.
Great artist of the idiot people.
Once told a singer
You have a voice
You know the styles
But you will never triumph in your art
Because you have no...
'Duende.'
A passion, on the very edge
of life and death.
Everywhere else in the world, death comes
and they draw the curtains.
But not in Spain.
In Spain... They open them.
- And I tell you this.
There is no beginning and we do not tremble.
We are not sentimental.
Like a furious wind, we rip at the fabric
of clouds and prayers.
And we shape an epic spectacle.
Of disaster, fire and decomposition.
- Ideal, ideal, ideal.
- Knowledge, knowledge, knowledge!

Dada! Now, that is what I call poetry.

- Yes, you know when I took the exam
for our art college..

...I worked for three days on the drawing
and then I erased it.

And I had one hour to get it right, just
imagine - one hour...

.. and I gave it to our professors..

... and they said "This painting..."...

... "This painting, Salvador, it's"...

- No, no... Don't worry.

- They told me, this painting...

"It's perfect."

- Whose idea was this?

Federico's.

- No. He's your discovery.

- Faggots!

Better hide! They're coming
to get you!

They should be more careful.

The boys are starting a gang,
do you know?

Going to clean things up!

- Thinking of joining them?

- I prefer to see the marricones
locked away.

He'll freeze.

I can't stay here much longer, Federico.

Can't breathe.

We should be in Paris, mon ami.

You can write, I can work
in a film studio...

- I thought you wanted to be
an entomologist.

- That was last term.

- And what about the boxing?

- I've always been persisten
about Paris.

- Well, anyway....

I don't speak French.

- I'll buy you a book.

- I can't leave Spain, Louie.

- Why not?

- I hate new shoes.

When I was a boy, in the Vega...
In the south...
There was some trouble in a village
near our house
There was always something.
But the next thing we heard...
The Civil Guard...
... had killed them all.
The whole village.
And I remember these carts,
full of bodies...
All of the people laid out...
... feet close together.
Shiny shoes.
As if they were resting.
And sometimes, when I think about it...
... it's as if everything around me,
all the people...
... and the buildings...
...and the animals...
They are like pieces of cotton.
And they just float away.
And I'm alone.
And that...
...when I hear it...
Death.
Breathing behind of the wall.
Death, rising up from my
new shoes.
And there is nothing left... but the
grass and the grey sky.
Now you tell me, Louie...
... are those French thoughts?
- This fucking country! I tell you, Federico,
it breaks my heart.
- I know.
This is why you must come with me. We have
to be free to make a difference to the world.
- What difference are you going to make
in a free country?
The difference needs to be made here.
- Sensational.
- Incredible.
- The girls will go crazy.

- I expect so.
- You don't do any sports, do you?
I run most things.
Track, boxing...
Fencing?
- Don't stretch a lot, I'm afraid.
But, listen...
I'm a part of this underground movement,
might be interesting for you - ultraism.
We keep a low profile, wouldn't want
information getting into the wrong hands.
Now come or we'll miss it!
- Where are we going?
- Puppet show.
- A non-senzac puppet show.
- They complain to me about democracy...
Ridiculous.
Everyone in this city lives
in perfect liberty.
Every single man and woman.
Although...
Of course...
Women are free too, but in a slightly
different way.
Look at the peasants.
Why, I'd cut off my own leg to have half
as much liberty as the peasants.
Just think, if the harvest is good...
... they're free to give up over half their
crop for taxes...
If the harvest is bad, why, they and their
family are completely free...
... to starve to death.
Holy Mother, forgive me, I have sinned.
I have had impure thoughts.
Help me to resist temptation.
So, once more - forget the rules!
There is no science to art.
Feel the drawing!
Interpret... Interpret and then draw
exactly what you see.
See with your soul... See what you feel...
Express... Express...
Mr. Dal! Mr. Dal!

So... They won't publish me.

They won't publish me unless I get
a male penname.

I said to them, "I've got a name for you..."

"Pope bloody Joan"

They were so apologetic, so embarrassed...

"Miss Merrra, if it were up to us, we'd hire
you on the spot, but the public college,
to make a woman write and think about politics...
because of course..."

I should be at home, cooking for my

It's just so frustrating, Federico.

- You could use my name,

as a penname.

If it would help.

That's probably the best offer anyone is
ever likely to make me, but...

... I refuse to give into that bullying.

I'll send them 20 letters a week, I'll
come to their offices...

- Really...

- You've forgotten your hat.

- And that's another thing...

I despise hats!

- Listen...

You don't need hats.

Come on. Let's get this thing over with.

- Isn't that Salvador?

Salvador!

Can I have a look?

- It's an experiment in perception.

- I see.

- It's fascinating.

- It's yours.

- No, no, no.

I couldn't.

- No, please. I insist.

- Thanks.

- I'll... I'll have it framed.

- So, where are you going?

Federico is being very kind in agreeing to
suffer an evening of boring music
and horrible company.

My aunt's giving one of her legendarily dull

dinner parties. You must come!

- No. - Yes! It's vital for my aunt to know people like Salvador.

You could show her your picture. - But, you said it yourself, it's going to be so boring...

We don't want to subject poor Salvador.

- No, no, I...

... I'd love to.

- You see? He'd love to come!

- Magdalena.

What have you done to your hair?

- These are my friends, I'm going to powder my nose...

- Federico Garca Lorca.

- I'm so glad you could come.

- It's so kind of you to invite me.

-There are some very interesting people for you to meet.

-Fernadno de Gavalle and, of course, you must know senor Milagro.

Magdalena's been talking about you for so long...

I had begun to wonder whether you were another one of her inventions.

- Oh, no, no.

Let me introduce you to... Salvador Dal.

- How do you do?

- I'm trying to get very drunk, thank you very much.

I think soon I might be sick.

- You must be another writer?

- No, Salvador is one of Madrid's famous painters.

- Oh.

- I recently escaped from prison.

- From prison?

- 31 days of absolute incarceration.

I found it, I find it very inspiring.

How do you feel about communal defecation?

And the whiffles?

So tremendously beneficial for the complexion...

- He's upsetting you, isn't he?

Come on, Salvador.

- Is it time for my bed, mother?

- Do excuse us.

- Fact remains, that these people are not few people...
- They come over here, living of our charity, stealing...
- It is essential to have a unformed approach to the gypsies.

Restore a certain autonomy to the Civil Guard.

- Who are those unbearable men?
- The one that looks more like a pig is senor Milagro. The other one is Fernando Gavalle.

- Why do I know the name?

He's a little idiot from Madrid.

- Oh, my God!
- Senor Garca Lorca, you are from the south, I believe?
- Yes.

- Well, then, you know better than anyone what we are talking about here.

- And the youngest is 17 and she is engaged to one of the Montana brothers...

- Bravo, bravo! Superb.

Superb!

Oh, how avangard!

Simply superb.

- How dare you?
- How dare I?

How dare you, sir? Then you clearly don't know who I am. I am Salvador Dal!

The saviour of modern art.

And this man is a genius.

He's a great poet.

Aren't we honoured, ladies and gentlemen?

Saviour of modern art and his friend, great poet.

Recite something.

- No.
- Oh, yes, do.
- I'm sorry.
- I don't have anything.
- Go on.
- It's not suitable.
- Federico. Fuck suitable.
- Well, come on then, great poet.

Sing for your supper.

Oh city of the gypsies

Who could see you and not remember you
City of musk and sorrow
City of cinnamon towers
Oh, city of the gypsies
Corners hung with flags
Put your green lights out
The Civil Guard is coming
The city, free of fear
Was multiplying doors
Forty Civil guardsmen
Pour through to sack and burn
Flight of long screams rose
from the weathercocks.
Sabre slashed the breezes
trampled under hoof
Through the half-lit streets
Old gypsy women
Flee
With their sleepy horses
And enormous jars of coins
Up the steep streets
climbed the sinister capes
Leaving behind them brief
whirlwinds of shears
Oh, city of the gypsies!
The Civil guardsmen ride away
Through a tunnel of silence
While the flames encircle you
- Let's get out of here, hm?
- Viva la revolucion!
- Federico, when I saw you at the dinner...
When you read your poem...
I saw what you really are.
You're... Raw.
Like some animal that's been skinned.
So, what's she like?
- Who?
- Magdalena, you know.
- No.
What?
- What about with other girls?
- Oh.
You mean...
- Yeah.

- Not with Magdalena, but back home...

- Really?

- Haven't you?

- I've had a few.

- All the institutions that prop up this corrupt regime must be dismount!

- I just think it sounds a bit extreme.

- But it has to be extreme, Paco.
It has to be complete revolution!
All the churches, all the palaces!

- You know, when I was small...
There was this ruined tower near our house,
in Cadaques.
You'll see it when you come.

- I'm coming?

- Of course, with the holidays...
You must come.
I would sit in this tower and I draw,
draw and draw.
I never came down.
Just imagine this little shrimp of a child, half-starved,
covered in piss.
And I wouldn't come down in the winter, in the summer.
In the freezing cold, I'd fill this iron tub with water...
I'd sit in it for days.
It's even then I realized that if I'm going
to be anything more than...
... than average, if anyone is going to
remember me...
... then I need to go further in everything.
In art. In life.
And everything that they think is real - morality,
immorality, good, bad...
I... We have to smash that to pieces.
And we have to go beyond that.
We have to be brave, Federico.

- No limit.

- No, no limit.

- What do you think you're doing?

- What?

- I saw you. I bloody saw you!
You had your hand on her leg!
Are you denying that?
Get off me! I can fight my own battles!

- Federico.

- No.

- Look.

It's beautiful.

- I've never seen anything like this before.

- It has all the tones of Tangi, but...

I think it's something new.

- It's extraordinary.

Me!

- You can name it, if you want.

- "Little Ashes".

Because you can paint us into hundred pictures.

And in eighty years time...

We'll still be dust.

- We'll still be in the pictures.

- Not us.

We'll be echoes of ourselves.

Ghosts.

And I don't want to be a ghost.

Come with me to Granada.

- I can't.

- You'll see my family, my home.

Everything I am.

I see you now, Federico.

The afternoon gone mad

with figs and heated sounds

Falls upon the rider's wounded thighs.

Black angels were flying on the western breeze.

Angels with long braids and hearts

of soothing oil.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Salvador.

I think of you and I've never thought

more intensely in my life.

Since our time together...

... everything I am has been split apart.

I write in a way that I've never

thought possible.

My pen scratches the surface

of things.

The masks... And then it goes

beyond them.

Right down to the bones.

Downt to the dark, cold jelly in the
marrow.
Federico.
From the day you left...
... I've been in the studio day and night.
I started to work on designs for
your play.
I'm doing them gypsy-style.
Andalusian.
Like you.
The unconscious mind, Federico...
... it rises like a beast within me.
I let it speak and it produces such
wonders.
It's true.
I touch sea bottom in myself.
And my poems write themselves.
I am, just as you said...
Raw.
Bloody.
Alive.
And I, too, want to be alive.
- How did you get in?
- I stole your key.
- It's going to look superb.
- No.
It will be superb.
After Barcelona, we should take it to London and
Paris and then New York.
- Why not?
No limits.
- So why did you come back so early?
You know what you said in your letter?
About everything that you are being split apart?
- Louie.
What an amazing surprise.
- What are you talking about?
- I didn't know when you'll be getting back.
You didn't say when you were coming.
- Are you feeling alright?
Salutations, Mr. Dal.
- Sit down, sit down.
Would you like some tea?
Your look.

- Sorry?

- What are these?

- Set designs for Mariana Pineda.

You know, my play.

- To be performed?

- In Barcelona. Salvador's father got us a producer.

- That's... excellent news.

You're doing the sets?

- Nothing wrong with that, is there?

- I didn't say there was.

- How's my new screenplay coming?

My short film.

The one I asked you to write about.

- Yes, of course. I haven't had much time recently, so when I...

- Don't worry about it.

- Federico...

Let's play the "putrescent" game.

- The what?

- It's "putrescent".

It's my new word.

Meaning?

- Outdated, outmoded.

- Generally out, then.

- Yes, generally.

- Come on, Ferry.

You have to hear these putrescences Federico does...

They're hysterical. They're...

- Yes, come on, Ferry!

- Look. Let's skip the tea, let's run out and have some dinner.

- What shall I wear?

- The blue.

- I don't like the blue.

What about the grey, then?

- Oh, I love the grey, yeah.

Ok.

- I went to see that play with Jorge.

- Which one?

- Jorge is a worm.

- "Salome".

- Oscar Wilde. I thought they banned it.

- He's a faggot.

Marricon.

- Unproved by all accounts.

- Not Wilde, Jorge.

- He's got a girlfriend.

Oh, come on! He screams "queer"
from every orifice.

- Keep your voice down, Louie.

- Oh, we should all keep quiet, should we, Adella?

Well, I won't!

- For god's sake...

- No!

Because it is illegal. And it is illegal because
it is immoral. And I tell you...

They should get more than 15 years
hard bloody labour for it.

- I never thought I'd see the day that Luis Buuel
gave us a lecture on morality.

- Dance with me.

- "Dance with me".

- That's enough.

- Don't bother, Federico.

- Oh, I'm sorry, Magdalena.

Did I offend your vaginal sensibilities?

- Leave her alone.

- Look at the big, brave Federico.

What a man.

- You are drunk.

- You don't say.

Things have certainly changed around here,
my friend.

- What do you mean?

- It's the college.

Staying on, year after year. Studying this and that until
you blew in the face.

It is a fantasy land for spoiled school kids.

Look at Federico.

Oh, I know. He's doing well.

Plays, whatever.

In Paris, they would do a fuck up
at his work.

It's... What's your word?

Putrescent.

- Federico is working on something now.

That will blow everything apart.

- What's it about?

His family?

Butterflies?

God?

- Me.

- It'll be sentimental rubbish.

Always has been, always will be.

Still, if you go around behaving like that...

...then you have to expect it.

Look.

You don't have to say anything.

But you should really get away from here.

In Paris, with your talents... You could set the place on fire!

I'm leaving tomorrow.

- What? Why?

- It's over here.

Everything's gone.

To your word.

Now this is more like it! Come on, Dal.

Shake a leg!

- It's five o' clock.

- What's that?

- The revolutionary Dali communicator!

I'll be a millionaire!

- I'll buy shares.

Which hand?

- Left.

- For you.

And

For you.

Where are you going?

- To the bathroom.

- With your diary?

If I became a fish?

I'd change into the grave.

If I became the grass?

Change into water.

If a became an angel?

I'd change into an eye.

And if I became an eye?

I'd turn into a knife.

Then I'd cut you to pieces.

Salvador Dali, with your olive-colored voice...

It's genius.
I mean, everybody says it is.
Tell me the bit about the bicycles, again.
I sing your restless longing for the statue
Your fear of the feeling,
that await you in the street
I sing the small sea siren who sings to you
Riding her bicycle of corals and conches
But above all
I sing a common thought
That joins us in the dark and golden hours
The light that blinds our eyes is not art
Rather it is love.
Friendship.
Crossed swords.
- I don't like that line.
- Thanks.
- I love the rest of it.
- Do you?
- Yes.
- Look at me.
Look at me, Salvador.
Look at me.
You see?
- No limit.
- Sorry.
- It doesn't matter.
It's not important.
It's late.
You should sleep.
We'll go for a breakfast at the "Pelican".
And you'll paint all afternoon.
Salvador.
What do you see, when...?
You can tell me.
You can tell me anything.
- I'm going to Paris.
- What?
- I'm going to go and see Louie.
He'll introduce me to... Picasso.
And the surrealists and...
He'll take me to nightclubs.
I'm going now.
Don't...

Don't, don't try to stop me.

- Why would I try? Salvador!

- Federico!

Are you alright?

- I'm fine.

- What happened?

- Nothing, nothing.

I just... I need some air.

- I wanted to tell you, but it was going to be a surprise...

I got a job at the Tribune.

- That's wonderful.

- I know, can you believe it?

Anyway, it starts in a month, so...

I'm taking a break, I'm going to Italy.

And I thought, maybe you'd like to come.

You could write, I could write and you need to get away anyway, so... - Hey.

- What are you doing here?

- It's a great spectacle, isn't it?

Everyone's here.

- How was Paris?

I didn't know when you were coming back.

Today.

I have an examination.

- Federico?

- I should go, too.

- Okay.

I'll stay.

- What were you saying before? Something about Italy, I don't know.

- Nothing.

- You have 20 minutes to deliver an oral critique of Raphael.

You may begin.

Mr. Dal?

- Gentlemen...

I returned from Paris with a conclusion that...

The entire amount of real, artistic knowledge contained within this panel of professors...

... is not equal to one half of this.

This - my fingernail.

Not one half, gentlemen.

And I've been insulting myself by letting your shruddy practices, your

pathetic, outdated theories...

... and questionable characters - shit on my genius.

I hope with all my heart that you'll

realize I'm right and...

Give up this foolishness and go back to the pigsties
and the haystacks, where you might be of some real use.

- Magdalena.

- I know.

I know, Adella.

I have to do something.

Could you...

Could you lend me something?

A dress, to make me irresistible?

- Would you like some tea?

Tea? Only idiots drink tea.

I'm surprised we don't drown in the shit.

- So, you got back yesterday?

- Federico, what does yesterday matter?

Yesterday... I didn't exist.

Yesterday is nothing.

Today, this moment and the bright and
glorious future.

- I'm sorry.

I'm a bit confused.

So, Salvador. Who are you pretending
to be today?

- Why?

Well, is it Salvador?

The extreme anarchist who's only
escaped from prison?

Or Salvador Dali, the genius artist of Madrid?

Or Salvador, the lover...

- Listen to me.

An agent came from Paris to see my new work.

The canvases from Cadaques and he loved them.

He called me the most exciting young
artist in Spain.

So, now - goodbye, Spain!

Goodbye, Madrid!

And Paris... Paris - toujours!

Louie introduced me to Picasso and there was
this extraordinary man...

Who gave me a photograph of his wife...

... and, she's naked.

You won't believe this.

Gala. Galushka.

She's Russian.

She's my twin soul.

I've dreamt of this woman my whole life.

When I have her, nothing will be able to stop me.

I'll bring Paris to its knees.

King... King Salvador!

You should've seen Louie, he's

asking me to make his first film with him...

- Salvador!

- ...and the surrealists and impressionists...

When I go back, they won't know what's hit them.

The ideas, I've got it, it's coming, I can taste it...

- What's coming?

- I need to go to Cadaques to prepare...

- What do you mean? Your father said...

- My father said what?

I got expelled!

My father can go fuck himself!

- From this point on, my real life begins.

- Your real life? And what about this life?

- You can't just abandon everything!

- Abandon what?

Sitting in an art room all day, going out of my mind with boredom?

Drinking myself into a stupor every night?

I'm so sick of it!

- How can you say that?

Your painting's never been better.

This isn't you, Salvador.

What's happened to you?

- Why can't you just be happy for me?

- Happy for you?

- You're just selfish, like Louie says...

You're a selfish fuckin' marricon.

- Oh, really? And what exactly does that make you?

- I can't.

- Federico!

- Let her in.

- Sleeping?

You look as if you are still dreaming.

- Magdalena.

- Just for now... Just this once.
Don't worry about anything, just...

- Salvador?

There are very few angels who sing
There are very few dogs who bark
A thousand violins fit in the palm of my hand
But, the weeping is an enormous dog
The weeping is an enormous angel
The weeping is an enormous violin
Tears have muzzled the wind
And nothing's heard, but the weeping

- Coffee, please.

- Why they've made this film?

Do you know what they called it?

"An andalusian dog".

- I don't think they...

- Well, I do. I mean, I'm from - where exactly?

Do they even know anyone else from Andalucia?

- Listen, you need a complete break.

Everyone says so. What about your idea for
the travelling theatre?

You should go.

Get out of Madrid for a while.

Get on with your life, Federico.

Have you spoken to him?

Have you spoken to Salvador?

- I've tried to talk to him...

In letters.

He won't...

He took Luis to Cadaques. I saw their pictures
in the paper.

And apparently, he's got this woman.

This Gala woman.

God knows what he does with her.

Sorry.

It' just... It's as if nothing ever
happened.

Sometimes I feel we've never
even met.

- I'm so sorry, Federico.

- No.

I'm the one who should be sorry.

I can't let you take the blame for that.

- Magdalena, please understand.

There is no one I'd rather be with.
- If we had a choice in these things, which we don't.
- Don't we?
- I'm not saying it's gonna be easy, but I don't think you can carry on like this.
I mean, you can. Of course you can, but it has a price.
I think sometimes we just have to risk it.
Live the way we feel.
And you know, it might not turn out well...
... sometimes it doesn't turn out well at all.
But we have to try. We have to keep on trying.
Otherwise, we just become puppets.
All painted smiles, bare inside.
Nothing.
But jealous.
Anyway, if you miss him more than enough...
I should depart.
Goodbye.
I've come in my overalls, so you know I'm serious.
They've been all over the country.
These overalls.
In the last year, they've wrap shoulders with every kind of Spaniard.
They've had a set,
they've directed plays and films.
They are exhausted.
And they are extremely glad to be here,
drinking wine with friends in the sun.
But...
We mustn't be deceived by sunshine in Madrid.
Whilst fascism is casting its shadow all over Spain.
Great sacrifices need to be made.
Great risks need to be taken.
So, I have something here to read to you. And if you are proof, then I want to ask for your signatures.
We, intellect ones, artists and members of the free thinking professions reaffirm our support...
... for the democratically elected popular government...
... and we do so for the aspirations. We...
We do so... I do so...
for freedom.
Not some romantic ideal. Not something for students

to shout about in late night bars.
That's easy.
That's just a word.
Real freedom is hard.
It's painful.
It's dangerous.
But I want it.
I want to try for it.
Whoever I decide to be.
However I decide to live.
Whomever I choose as my companions.
My friends.
It's my right.
It's our right.
Freedom.
Now.
In Spain.
Thanks.
- Come here.
I don't see him anymore.
- No?
- Don't care, too. We no longer speak the same
language. The only word he understands now...
... is "money".
- He wrote to me.
And?
I know.
Nothing.
He asked me to come and see him.
Come and meet Gala.
Bloody witch. Still fucking every artist in Paris,
from what I hear.
What else?
He thought we should work together again.
He said we could reach an agreement this time,
on a lot of things.
He signed it "Buda".
- Will you see him?
Be careful, Federico.
- Where are you off to, brother?
The rally is this way.
Senor Garca Lorca!
- Hello.
- I didn't recognize you. Join us at the demonstrations

and the support of the republic.
The troops in Morocco are siding with the fascist.
- I'll come later.
- Gracias. - Good luck.
- Come in.
Come through.
Time and Dal wait for no man!
Ignore this absolute prutescent travesty of a hotel.
It's temporary surroundings.
Apart from the bear.
Have you seen the bear?
It has a reality about it, in this bear...
... primacy of Eden.
You look the same.
Thanks.
I grew this moustache.
What shall it be? This place? College?
Merde? Us?
Federico.
All this time.
All this time.
The dark, unfavanded retrospect
...the teaming gulf.
The sleepers.
And shadows.
Cheri.
It's Federico.
Federico, this is Gala.
My wife.
Delighted to meet you, at last.
Isn't he charming, cheri?
I've heard so much about you.
Smile.
He went to America.
- I loved it. Well, it's America.
New York was... pitiful.
Poverty and suffering...
- We're gonna go back to America soon.
Spain just seems so...
- Dangerous?
- Passe.
Anyway, America is the place for our opera.
No. You write, I design.
It will be a triumph.

- Will it?
- Undoubtedly, considering the subject matter.
- Which will be?
- Louis the Second of Bavaria.
He was... He was a deviant, you know.
It'll be the most shocking opera ever staged.
All kinds of unspeakable things...
- Louie told me the surrealists threw you out.
- So, the two of you've become friends again.
When did that happen?
- I imagine around the time he stopped seeing you.
- The surrealists expelled me from the movement.
Terribly traumatic.
Breton is a genius.
His whole equation with communism
just makes me want to...
... puke.
The only viable solution for surrealism -
the World War.
A cleansing.
A great flood.
Cut through all this dead wood.
Purge the weak elements.
An era of enlightenment.
- Are you saying you actually support the fascist?
You used to be an anarchist.
- Oh, Federico, you've become so... liberal.
With all the government schemes and your theateral
little people...
- Listen. This country is on the blink
of something terrible.
And here you are siding with the people who
could destroy everything we've stand for.
I know you are not through, but you must see that'd be no freedom
of speech, anyone who is different...
Who strays from the norm...
... would just be wiped out.
- Would that be a bad thing?
- Naughty boy.
- You're joking.
- Salvador is completely apolitical.
No one knows you
No
But I sing of you

I sing, for later on,
Of your profile and your grace
The noble maturity of your understanding
Your appetite for death and the taste of its mouth
The sadness in you valiant gaiety.
- It's nothing to my ode.
Gala, you've heard my ode.
Press went crazy for it.
Oh, Salvador Dali, with your olive-colored voice
Federico, you finish the rest.
I want Gala to hear it.
- I'm afraid I have to go.
It's been such a pleasure.
- Let me see you out.
- There is no need.
- She doesn't mind, you know?
She and I are like twins, not like lovers.
Not like us.
Look at you, you little beast.
You're so angry, you could spit.
I knew you would be.
I planned everything.
- And, is everything going according to plan, Salvador?
- Knew you would say that, too.
Listen, it's alright now.
Everything is alright.
Go pack your things
Say your goodbyes
And we'll conquer America together.
I hurt your pride, I know.
But, I'll make it up to you.
You'll teach me how.
There's someone else?
It doesn't matter. There's Gala...
We can all live together. We can...
- Goodbye, Salvador.
You'll come back.
Sweet little tail dangeling between your legs.
You won't be able to think about anything else!
- Senor Garca Lorca, how was your meeting
with Dal?
Will you work together again?
What do you think of him?
- What do I think of him?

Well... He's a genius.

A genius.

Genius, Salvador Dal!

- Very charming... Exactly as you've said.

I'm going to my room, Salvador.

I'll see you in the morning.

See you in the morning, my love.

- I just saw Paco.

What on Earth do you think you're doing?

- I'm going back to Granada.

- Have you finally lost your mind?

The news this morning, Federico?

Morocco's fallen. It's only a matter of time before they get to Granada.

- Listen...

I'll only be there for a few days.

I have to be with my family.

I've got so much to do, Louie.

I can tell you...

I feel like.. like.. I could write 6 plays without stopping.

Without eating.

- Then write them here.

Think about it, Federico. These people know who you are, what you've been saying about Franco... They know - everything.

- I have to go home, Louie.

I'll call you as soon as I can.

- Be careful.

- Open the door!

- What are you doing?

- Federico Garca Lorca?

I'm arresting you in the name of the New Granada.

- What are you talking about?

- No!

- Come on!

- Garca Lorca, it is you, marricon.

-Granada.

Spain.

- The incredible rumours are preceding from the core of the front this evening.

Reporting the abduction of the poet, Federico Garca Lorca, from his home town in Granada, three days ago.

The guverner of Granada says he does not know the whereabouts of Garca Lorca.

- Still alive.

Only one way to kill a queer.

- The veil of mystery overshadowing the disappearance of Federico Garca Lorca has been removed.

The news is coming this evening that the execution of the poet, Federico Garca Lorca, has been confirmed.

Federico.

Salvador!

The guests are here.

J'arrive!