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Black Bread

By Emili Teixidor

BLACK BREAD:

Culet.

Culet.

Pitorliua...

Pauleta.

Pauleta.

What?

Dionis' wagon fell down
into the woods.

What are you talking about?

And Culet?

They're on the ground.

They look dead.

- Where are they?

- Just around the Pallera.

As you sow, so shall you reap.

- How are you?

- OK.

We're going straight home.

Your mother's very worried.

Farriol, wait!

Here!

Stop by the garrison tomorrow.

The Mayor and Judge will take
the boy's statement.

He's been very good.

Paperwork, you know?

Today there's no end to paperwork.

- You shouldn't have stopped!

- But dad...

Don't dad me, you'll see
the headaches we have now.

Go on in!

So? What happened?

They say a landslide accident.

My God! What a sad death!

And poor Culet didn't have time
to even start his life.

The woods are cursed since the war.

Florncia!

Don't scare the boy even more!

Dad, should I put the clothespin on?

- Dad?

- What?

The clothespin. They always
knock the food over.

You notice everything, don't you?

Put it on.

And Culet and his dad's birds?

Who'll take care of them now?

Pauleta, I guess.

Problem's who'll take care of her.

Andreu!

Andreu!

Come on, you'll be late for school.

We have to go see

the Mayor and Capt. Clotet.

I can't wait.

I should be at the factory already.

- Who signs, him or me?

- Both.

Andreu.

This is everything you told us.

You can write your own name,
can't you?

If you're such a good student...

Sign it.

Poor woman.

Andreu,

here it says the boy wasn't dead
when you found him.

- He didn't have time to say anything?

- No.

A name, anything...

It could be important to us.

Well... he said something weird.

I think it was Pitorliua.

Does that mean anything to you?

There's a bird named that.

A little, tame one.

Yes, yes, but besides the bird?

They say in the Baumes cave

there's like a ghost called Pitorliua.

Take the boy to the other room,

give him a coffee, he's been good.

And you wait, we're not done yet.

Though it looks like an accident,

it's hard to believe.
We think someone
pushed Dionis Segui off.
Children's fantasies apart,
all that makes us think about
this Pitorliua story.
Don't worry about a thing, kid.
What did you say?
Don't worry about a thing.
We'll bring you some breakfast.
The white bread's not for you.
Take the other one.
You and Dionis were inseparable.
Too much business together:
Birds, trade unions,
dirty work
that's better not to discuss...
I'd be careful if I was you.
Too many people have it in for you.
Done lecturing me?
I just want to warn you. There are
still a lot of reds to purge.
You wouldn't want
to wind up like Dionis.
Not for you,
for the kids and widows
who never meddled.
Andreu.
Andreu, come on,
leave it, we're going.
You're different from your dad.
I hope you pick a better path.
He'll do what we want.
You have no damn say in it!
Florncia didn't choose so well.
- So she should've chosen you!
- She'd be much better off.
Those clowns, a bunch of losers!
What are you doing?
Packing, can't you see?
Where are you going?
To France.
The Captain suspects
Dionis Segui was killed.

What? Who was it?
I don't know.
Could've been anyone.
Even one of those Town Hall traitors.
I'm afraid they'll go after me.
But why?
Because Dionis and I
represented too much.
You shouldn't have gotten
into politics.
I was defending my ideas.
And look where you ideas got us.
Me, I work like crazy.
Look what you got with
your bird mania and ideals.
All I've ever done was so
you'd never lack anything at home.
And now too.
I'll talk to the owners
of mother's farm
to see if they can help you.
Those Manubens'! They ruin
everything they touch in town.
Are you forgetting Pitorliua's mishap?
Goddamn it!
With you always reminding me?
You can't get it out of your head.
I'm sick of hearing it.
I'm leaving and that's it!
If you walk out that door
I'll kill all your birds.
Because I won't go up
to give them anything.
No water, no millet,
no seeds, nothing!
Just one dead bird,
and pay close attention, Florncia,
just one and you'll remember it
the rest of your life.
Get out!
I'm sorry. Don't take it like that.
I said get out!
Can't you see I love you
more than anything?

Come on,
don't make it harder for me.
There's a bundle in the wagon
with everything you might need.
I've got lots of work
and can't be there for you.
You'll have fun at grandma's.
Playing with Quirze and Nuria.
She's here visiting.
Nuria who?
Uncle Fonso's girl. He went to France.
Careful on the stairs, Andreu.
Go sit down.
Wait for me here.
I'll be right back.
Here, that's for grandma
to make herself a suit.
Be good at your new school
and study a lot.
So you don't end up
in some shitty factory.
It's enough for me to be in one.
I'll go see you every Sunday.
I can't more often,
it's many hours away.
Your father must leave,
but he loves us.
Don't forget that.
You have to be a man now and bear it.
What will you do in France?
I don't know.
Go see uncle Fonso and then we'll see.
Don't worry, I'll be back soon.
Then you'll come with me.
Father, does Pitorliua
from the cave really exist?
That's just silly!
Couldn't that be who killed
Culet and his father?
How can you be so grown up
and believe in ghosts?
And the screams factory workers hear
from the Baumes cave?
Nonsense! Don't try to learn so much

or you'll go blind like
that king in grandma's tale.
Take the reins.
Look, Andreu,
Pitorliua was a guy
who hid in the Baumes
for political reasons.
No ghosts, no stories. OK?
Yes, father.
- Can I have your glasses?
- No, glasses aren't to play with.
OK, here.
You just be well.
That's the only obligation
kids should have.
The kids are coming down for school.
They shouldn't see you.
Here, take this too.
Come, let's go, mother.
Oh, Cio! First Bernat's death,
then your husband;
Fonso lost up in France
and now Farriol,
the only son I had left...
Farriol, what a scatterbrain!
We need men, not more
children and headaches.
Leave your brother alone.
Andreu is ours now and
he'll stay here as long as he needs.
Florncia has to work all day
and hold the fort.
No, it's like this!
Quirze, say hi to your cousin.
- Hey. How are you?
- OK.
And don't you remember Nuria?
How could he if Fonso
spent half his life in Manlleu?
Nuria came to live here recently.
Andreu's going to stay with us
a while.
And a hello for aunt Enriqueta?
Come here, handsome!

- You're so grown-up!

- You coming with us?

Not yet.

We'll go talk to the teacher tomorrow.

Come on, off to school.

- What's wrong with her hand?

- None of your business.

Cio.

A bomb exploded when she was playing
by the river and she lost her fingers.

But don't mention it to her.

She doesn't like to talk about it.

I'll be late today.

All of Vic teamed up

to come have their clothes made.

Now go say goodbye to your father.

Look, Andreu,

I won't be around now

and people are evil.

Always hold your head high.

And if they say ugly things about

me or our family,

pay them no mind.

Everything I'm doing is for you.

What's all the nodding mean?

It means me too, father.

PORTRAIT OF A BIRD KILLER

"Victory is never neutral

or undeserved.

Victory

is never neutral

or undeserved.

You must avoid the defeated...

You must avoid

the defeated..."

Shit!

"...like you would the plague".

You dropped this.

"...like you would

the plague".

"Vae Victis", which means

"Woe betide the defeated!"

The defeated have no right

to even a small footnote

in the great book of history,
because history is always
written by winners.
But I am always in favor
of victors because
they're more worthy.
Anyone know why?
Me.
They're braver.
No.
Because they've known how to win.
And only those who know
how to win can win.
Like the rich are more worthy
than the poor. Anyone know why?
Their money.
Almost, you're close.
What a shitty teacher,
on and on about the same thing.
Mr. Madern is a drunk,
but he's right about what he says.
About what, smarty-pants?
That you're dumber than a fly?
That you should avoid
louses like you like the plague.
Then go! Or are you scared to be
in the woods alone, you little rat?
You're the rats!
You reds will end up like Pitorliua,
hiding in a cave like "monsters".
He isn't a monster.
My father told me.
He doesn't know anything.
He became a monster
from being in the cave so long.
You can still see him
run naked in the woods.
That's nonsense!
- What kind of monster is he?
- A weird bird.
Well, half human, half bird,
but one of those birds
you can't tell what it is
until they mate.

You're dumber than dumb.
Sure, I'm not as well trained as you.
What do you mean?
Teacher pays more attention to you.
You're worse than the flu!
The teacher who teaches me
tra-la-la-la- la-la-lee,
The teacher who teaches me
is in love with me.
You're a filthy pig and a liar!
You're all useless! Like dogs!
With no mother or father.
Nuria, you'll wind up running around
the woods naked like a whore!
Like your aunt Enriqueta
and her bicycle,
who said to hell with mourning
to do it in the bushes with Guards.
Whores, you're all just a bunch
of shameless whores!
Good morning!
Hurry up, the sun's up already
and if you're late, I get scolded.
What the hell? So early?
You never let me sleep.
And you? I can't sleep
with you snoring all day.
What?
What are you doing, you filthy girl?
Get inside!
You're going to be late!
- What were you doing on the balcony?
- Nothing.
You were half naked.
- You spying on me or what?
- No, but I've seen you other times.
What are you doing?
My chilblains hurt.
- That's disgusting!
- Shut up, half-wit!
Get out of here!
Hey, aren't you afraid they'll tell
your dad when he gets back?
- They can't tell him anything.

- Oh, no? Why not?

Because they can't. My father's dead.

Dead, dead?

Dead and gone.

Isn't he in France?

It's what they want us to believe
and I pretend I don't know, but I do.

- Swear you won't tell anyone this.

- I swear.

Father hung himself from a rafter.

He destroyed the town's bridges
so the Fascists couldn't arrive
and when he was done,

he went home and hung himself.

I found him in the morning, alone,
and I was so sad

I didn't know what to do.

I took off my clothes,
went out on the balcony
and later I felt...

my head was cleared.

That's why now,

when I miss him, I do the same.

- And your mother?

- She hid it from me.

Then she left the village

with a married man

and left me behind with a relative
who was never there,

until grandma said enough

and took me with her to the farm.

Now you know,

open your mouth and

I'll cut off your balls. Got it?

I trust you.

You're different.

- What do you mean you love me?

- I've fallen in love with you.

What am I supposed to say?

Come and live with me.

Gudiol, I can't live with you.

I'm needed here.

Don't you see? I have to feed the
animals, go to Vic every day to sew.

Find someone who loves you.
I have money.
Stuff your money up your ass.
- Enriqueta!
- What?
Don't treat Gudiol that way.
He's a good man.
- Then you keep him.
- I don't need him.
Me neither.
I go blind sewing to make a day's pay.
That's no problem.
The whole town talking about you is.
They love to badmouth dressmakers.
Whatever!
It will stop once you get married.
- To that hunchbacked old man?
- He's right for you.
You need a man and
he needs a nanny for his kids.
What are you staring at?
Grab that basket
and come with me.
Don't touch those blankets!
Don't. They're infected!
You want to get sick
like the consumptives?
Get out of here.
You have to wash, boil
and scrub them well,
even then they still smell of death.
Ave Maria!
These damn monks!
The sick will die, but they put
the blankets to good use.
Good morning!
Leave the blankets here
and wait in the kitchen.
Hey, you!
Give me a couple cookies.
- These?
- Yes, of course.
Don't come too close,
I'm sick and it's contagious.

Leave them here.

Thank you.

You live at the farm near here?

Bring me some food one day, OK?

When I'm in the meadow.

Not here.

These monks starve us to death.

Why did you do that the other day?

That what?

This...

Ah, this...

I was moving my wings.

Don't you feel sometimes,
when you're bored and tired,
like throwing it all into the fire?

No...

Well, maybe.

Well it happens to me
and when it does, I grow wings
here from my back,
they start flapping
and I begin to fly.

Up and up,
as if I had a growing fever,
like I could erase everything...

And you know what I think?

What? What do you think?

That right then if I wanted to,
if I said yes,
with a good flap of my wings
I'd go on to another world.

Andreu!

She's looking for you.

Andreu! Come, let's go!

...when that deformed creature
was well inside the castle,
where it was dark, dark, dark,
suddenly a white owl flew past him.
And he also heard people coming
with bells and rattles
and carbide lamps.

And he was scared 'cause he knew
they were coming to kill him.

- Are you listening to me or not?

- Yes.
- So why did they want to kill him?
- He was a monster.
- Because he was different.
- And he'd gobbled up a girl, grandma.
That too, but especially
because he was different.
Now listen closely,
we're all going to go to bed now
because the ghosts will be out soon.
You see?
This house is full of them.
Those are just stories.
Right, stories... They're everywhere.
And they see and hear everything.
Especially at night,
when they move around the most.
Nothing, a copper pot fell.
...and I saw him come out, all black,
going upstairs, to the loft.
Did grandma see him?
No. She said what's he look like
and laughed.
Sure, silly.
Can't you see it was a dream?
- Quirze, go get water from the well.
- No it wasn't!
Merce! Merce, come on out!
Mother, they're calling for you.
Come on, come on.
It's to the loft.
Go up one night and you'll see.
Andreu, Andreu!
Jan will come get you on Sunday.
- Why?
- To go to town to see your mom.
Won't know where you're from
if you never see your home.
Hurry, you'll be late to school.
- And that?
- For a snack.
- Let's go?
- No, you wait for Quirze.
Why do you give them food?

Can't you see they're rotting?
- What do you mean?
- Rotting means...
rotting, like apples or pears,
that look good outside
but are full of shit inside.
Their lungs are dirty.
From eating little and working lots.
You think any of them ever lifted
a sack of potatoes?
- Then how'd they get sick?
- They're infected by vice.
They look like angels, but I bet
they go bed hopping at night.
What for?
Are you daft or just pretending?
Because they're horny...
Some die from stroking
their things so much.
But they're all men!
So? There are men who turn around
and play the part of women.
Like Pitorliua.
Or you've never heard of fags?
I heard they choke
coughing up blood.
And 'cause they dry out
from coming so much.
They have enough problems
with their disease!
You might end up like
those puny guys
with so much studying and nonsense.
So? Is that hot chocolate good?
Yes.
You write like a notary.
You like coming up here
to see all this splendor.
You're not like Quirze and Nuria.
We don't have these things at home.
The owners used to spend
summers here, but now...
now nothing, they have so many houses.
And if you could see their bathrooms,

you'd love that.
They even have this porcelain thing
they call a bidet
they use just to wash their ass.
What are you doing?
I told you not to do homework here,
you draw on the table!
And careful with those plates.
The Manubens might ask for them.
They hardly even come for
some of the crops and livestock.
Time for dinner, the kids are waiting.
- Andreu, come down here.
- Coming!
Come on, Andreu, hurry up.
Jan will be here soon
with the wagon.
Don't hold him up,
it'll be dark when you get back.
I have to go to the Town Hall.
To take some of your dad's papers.
That insignificant Mayor
has feathers for brains

- and one idea:

- Weren't you marrying him?
I had many suitors.
I was quite pretty back then.
After the first time I saw your dad,
there were no more.
I would have followed him
to the end of the world.
Here, for you,
- to keep you company.
- Why'd he have to run away?
Pure envy! Too good, too handsome,
too much politics.
- And this angel?
- Hey! Don't touch that!
They're mine and not your business.
What did dad do?
Nothing,
he didn't want to be a farmer...
He wanted to learn at night school,

like you want to be a doctor.
His teacher was
the most revolutionary of all.
He joined a left-wing party and
the other shopkeepers boycotted him.
What's boycott?
Mess things up for us.
So much so we had to close
the butcher's shop.
To make money
he teamed up with Dionis,
then his bird mania,
the chirping contests
all that nonsense.
I'm going to lie down.
The night shift starts today
and I'm exhausted before starting.
Andreu?
Andreu! What are you doing up here?
I thought you were a ghost.
- How did you get in?
- The key was in the lock.
Come here. Up you go.
Wow, how you've grown!
- Are you OK?
- I am, father.
What are you doing here?
I had to come back.
I got sick when I was in the mountains
and... anyway.
Can't you see a doctor?
Doctors and medicines
can't cure my illness.
What is it?
Bring me that cage.
The red one.
Look.
See this chaffinch?
They're the jumpiest birds of all,
they always want to escape.
He'd destroy his beak and wings
in a cage not made of small sticks.
It's the same with me.
You understand?

Birds are made
to be free and fly, Andreu.
Like angels, they have no borders.
We can cage them,
but can't change the way they are.
People's ideals,
the things one loves,
the places we want to reach,
that's how we are too.
But if they don't come true,
people can become very evil.
That's why we must fight for ideals.
Each for his own.
Listen, the owl...
Enough! Grab that sack and help me.
How's the new school?
I hear you're doing well.
- I don't like that school.
- No? Why not?
They're always talking about
who won and who lost,
and they point at us
like we're the plague.
Feel no shame! Hold your head high,
we never hurt anyone.
They're the agitators
but they'll change... right?
- Didn't you want to be a doctor?
- Yes, father.
For a family of farmers like ours,
studying is a luxury,
but we'll do what we must for you.
Time heals everything.
That's what grandma says. But I think
the more it goes on, the worse.
You might be right,
maybe time should go in reverse.
You see?
The owl announced it.
They're giving the last rites
to someone dying at the convent.
Some animals sniff out death.
Others' or their own...
Let's go or it'll get light out.

Can I come back?

When you want.

Don't tell your cousins or anyone.

- What's the 1st condition of a secret?

- No one can know it.

Did you go up to see the ghost?

No need to keep it quiet.

I know your dad's hiding there.

It'll be the same as with mine.

Adults hide everything with lies.

Hey, hey, come here.

See? I told you so.

Bet she's with a Civil Guard.

- Let's see what auntie's doing.

- Leave her alone!

- I wanna see what they're up to.

- What do you think? Fucking!

Fucking?

You know what fucking is?

Of course I know what it is!

You don't know anything.

Lie down.

Dead hand, dead hand,

knock on this door.

Teacher says it's the nightingale's

nest or the cuckoo's lair.

Mr. Madern?

So it's true what Roviretes says?

Mr. Madern is a pig.

He's the only person
who's treated me well.

That's what you say!

How long's it been?

Since Corpus Christi.

The boys at school,
since I got naked on balconies,
gave me stickers to show
them my privates.

He found out,

but instead of scolding me,

he gave me money.

Doesn't it bother you?

Me? I couldn't care less.

He says I'm like a tree or a stone

because I don't ask for anything...

Then why do you do it?

Because I like it.

But... it's different with you,

I do it with you because I love you.

- You're such a slut.

- And you're a coward like your dad!

Leave me alone! Cripple! Rotten hand!

Here. Kiss it.

Pitorliua.

- What are you doing here so late?

- Shut it, Cio!

- Good thing I got here before them.

- Before who?

- The Guards want to search the house.

- So?

To look for Farriol.

They know he's not in France.

They'll blame him for Segui's death.

- Are the keys here?

- Yes, up on the shelf.

He should leave the farm,
and the sooner the better.

What are you doing?

Come on,

go wake up your aunt Enriqueta.

Go! And don't go outside.

- What's wrong?

- Where's auntie?

I don't know.

Farriol, hurry.

The Guards will be here any second.

- Go now while it's dark.

- Where?

Try to make it to Gudiol's farm,
and after that we'll see.

They're coming for you.

A Guard just told me.

- Where are they?

- At the fence.

Don't go out.

Stay up in the loft.

It's the safest place, son.

They're here.

And you get back in your damn room!

- What's all this?

- Statutory search.

Our house and stables are open to all.

Come when you like.

You heard her. Carry on!

Now?

The sooner the better.

To put an end to the reports.

What reports?

With this family's record,
we're sure to find hidden things.

- We don't have anything.

- We'll find something.

- What are they looking for?

- Hell if I know! Inexistent things.

They must think we sell
black market flour
or smuggle tobacco from Andorra.

Rumors from people who hate us.

The loft is locked.

- Where are the keys?

- The owners have them.

Break the door down.

Harder, dammit, harder!

Come on!

Can I kiss my son goodbye?

Tell your mom not to be so stubborn
and talk to the Manubens.

Here, drink this.

We can't stop this.

We can't save him.

Yes, Florncia.

We can lodge appeals,
talk to lawyers, the Town Hall,
the Union, the "Movimiento".

Move heaven and Earth.

They made all this up,
he was too important to pardon.

Florncia.

What did your father whisper to you?

For you not to be stubborn
and talk to the Manubens.

- We won't get anywhere with them.

- Don't be like that.
I prefer not to.
There's something about them.
These are men's affairs...
You want me to go running
to kiss their ass?
If they can help your husband,
it's more than worth it.
We'll be OK, Andreu.
Not everything can turn out so wrong.
I'm cast from a different mold. Your
dad will get ill in that hellhole.
- Here, put these socks on.
- I don't want to. They have holes.
They want our heads bowed? Fine.
Now they'll see we're poor.
There's no need to dress the part.
It's not enough to be poor,
we have to prove it. Come on.
Father wouldn't like this.
He already had his way.
Look what it got him.
Mrs. Manubens is very rich
and she likes children because
she doesn't have any.
So be nice and make
a good impression, OK?
Now make that pitiful face
I showed you.
Come on!
Get up, get up!
You can go.
How are you, Florncia?
You can't even imagine, ma'am.
I feel so bad for you.
This must be Andreu...
He looks so much like Farriol!
The same eyes... identical.
- This boy needs a good steak.
- You're right, ma'am!
Poor thing, it's not his fault.
I don't know if I can be
both mother and father.
A child needs a father nearby

to grow up honest.
You're influential,
the authorities listen to you.
Look, Florncia, let's get this
straight. What did your husband do?
Nothing, ma'am!
He wouldn't hurt a fly!
He had to do something bad if the
prosecutor wants the death penalty.
They say he killed Dionis Segui, but
that's the shopkeepers who hate him,
they can't forgive him for
being the competition or his politics.
What's wrong with this boy?
I have to pee.
Come. Come with me.
When you're done go to the kitchen.
The maid will fix you a snack.
Girl! Take him to the bathroom.
Then fix him some
hot chocolate, OK, son?
You come with me. We shouldn't
talk about this in front of him.
Sit down. It's a snack for you.
Florncia, here.
Take this to the Mayor
and he'll know what to do.
Thank you, ma'am.
I don't know how to repay you.
Farriol is a good man.
Don't start again.
I'll do what's necessary,
but you know what I think.
Dionis Segui was bad company.
And forgive me for saying so, but
you loving your man
doesn't mean he's innocent.
I have a letter from Mrs. Manubens.
Come on in.
Come on, get up.
Leave the boy.
It's better if we talk alone.
Wait for me here.
You should have chosen better,

Florncia.

Now I have better livestock.

I'm sick of my mom dragging me around
to make people feel sorry.

Is it true your dad killed that guy?

Lies! Pitorliua killed him. I know it.

- That can't be.

- Why can't it?

Mr. Madern says Pitorliua
has been dead for years.

And the screams from Baumes cave?

Yarns! Pitorliua is dead and buried
in your village cemetery.

Aren't the festivities
in your village on Sunday?

Yes.

So I'll come with you
when you go see your mother.

Who's that?

Dionis Segui's wife.

Poor thing's not all here.

Look, it's that one!

How do you know it is?

Mr. Madern told me it's
the only one with an archangel.

A silver one at that.

My mother has a photo
of a boy with that name.

And the flowers are fresh.

Your mother puts them there.

My mother? Why?

Must be to help him purge his sins.

What sins?

Impure sins against nature.

Poor thing...

If they hadn't damaged him...

What happened to him?

You know what a castrate is?

- A fag that doesn't have any balls.

- Exactly!

They have no use for them so they
rip them off. Like they did to him.

But why?

He played the dyke for

Manubens' brother
and stayed with him in Baumes...
until they taught him
a lesson one day.
They just wanted to haze him,
but it seems someone brought
pig castration cord
and they tied it to his privates.
To frighten him, for laughs...
but things started to warm up
and with a strong tug...
they tore them right off.
Who was it?
A bunch of village men.
But the real work was done by two.
- Who were they?
- Two rats.
One is buried here back over there
and the other...
He'll also be here soon.
That's a lie.
My father says Pitorliua's alive,
hiding in a cave.
There you have it.
Don't believe
what your father tells you.
You'll open your eyes some day.
All that's left in the cave
is Pitorliua's blood
and his cursed shadow.
To hell with the story of
the bird from the cave.
Where's Nuria?
In church.
She wanted to see the festivities.
Come on in and eat something.
I brought some figs.
Why do you have a photo of Pitorliua?
They show you that at school?
To pry into other's things?
You never tell me anything!
You want to know my things
but I can't know yours!
Look, Andreu...

I have photos of Marcel Sauri because
he gave them to me when he left town.
- Why? Was he your boyfriend?
- No, please...
Marcel was...
the nicest person I ever met...
and cheerful!
We loved each other like brother
and sister, but he was too delicate.
He wasn't cut out for this
and they made his life hell.
By doing what?
They kicked him out of town...
that's it!
All those things
are over and behind us.
But you know something?
Now I'm proud I kept his portraits.
It's not wrong to have photos of
a friend who gave you flowers,
who treated you like a princess.
It's comforting to me
when I think about how
the others treated him.
You think nobody else ever entered it?
Yeah, right!
I bet there are still
blood-stained rocks.
And knives.
Don't be stupid.
They did it with a cord.
And if they killed him later?
He didn't die here.
He ran away from town.
This is where they castrated him.
It's incredible
he could live without...
Or that you've lived
in the country all your life!
What about pigs and horses?
Sure, but a person...
Come on, light it.
Look.
It was here.

Pitorliua...
Look,
Dionis, Pauleta's husband.
Look, the other starts with an F...
Francesc or Ferran or...
Or Farriol.
It's dark out.
We should go...
Nuria?
Nuria.
Look at the faggot!
Faggot!
Andreu!
Andreu.
Where are you going like that?
You'll catch cold.
Now what's wrong? What's wrong?
Go get dressed.
We have a permit to see your father.
- I won't go to the prison.
- What's wrong with you?
- I know what he did to Pitorliua.
- What do you know?
Don't pretend.
He castrated him like a pig.
- Says who?
- Pauleta was at the cemetery...
You think you should listen to her?
Don't you see she's nuts?
- And only wants to hurt people?
- Don't lie to me, dammit!
Come here.
Look, Andreu. These years
were hard for your father.
We were living on my pay only
and almost lost the house.
- Dionis offered him a job.
- And that has to do with?
It was to scare him into leaving.
- Mrs. Manubens would pay them.
- To castrate him?
No, just for the hazing with grease.
Thing is, Dionis was a brute and,
God forgive me

for badmouthing the dead,
he was heartless too.
But I swear your father
had nothing to do
with how it all ended.
Don't judge him.
He's suffered so much
seeing me work like a slave,
hearing you want to be a doctor
and not being able
to give us anything.
Maybe your father made mistakes,
but he did it for us,
especially for you.
If you fail him now,
he'll go to pieces.
Look, they're coming out!
Andreu, up you go!
- Is that him? You see him?
- I don't know. I'm not sure.
Come!
How are you?
OK.
- Has your wound healed?
- What?
Your wound. Is it healed?
Yes, yes, it's healed.
I brought you clothes and food.
I gave it to a guard.
Everyone sends their love. They're
fattening a pig for when you get out.
No, Florncia.
It's all over.
You hold on.
It will be OK, you'll see.
How's the boy doing?
Fine, he doesn't miss a day of school
and he's doing well.
Give your father a kiss.
Give this to your mother.
Tell her to get it to the Manubens.
Lady!
I'll kick that kid back in place!
Andreu, come!

What did your father give you?

Hide it, hide it.

Mrs. Manubens is very bossy,
right, grandma?

With all that money she can be.

But she looks sad, doesn't she?

I don't think so.

Poor people. They lost a son
not even 1 and never had more.

And this is Pere, her brother.

They made him marry
a woman he didn't love
and sent him to France.

May he be in Heaven.

He could have had everything,
you see.

Whereas we, who have nothing...

well, we're still alive.

- Can I go?

- Wait, we haven't finished.

When you're finished,
come to my room.

- OK.

- I'll be waiting.

Hey, Andreu!

I'd like to know
why all the portraits!
They're only good
to use in obituaries.

Come in.

Sit, sit.

I didn't know your father was in jail.

The Manubens told me.

They asked about you, your ability,
your knowledge, your behavior.

And to ask you if you want them
to take care of your studies,
if you'd like to get a degree.

It seems your father's case
isn't going too well.

My mother said the lawyer will fix it.

Sure, you never know
until the last minute, right?

But they say

that if it doesn't go well,
your mother could get along better.

I mean... without you...

What do you think?

I don't know.

Look, the Manubens
don't have children,
and want to adopt someone.

I already have parents.

Andreu, you have to be sure
about this.

You can continue studying,
or stay here working in the fields
or a factory. That's all there is.
Wait.

- What?

- They've come for Andreu.

That's a very important decision.

Think it over,

it's a good opportunity.

Know that I'm telling you this
because I love you and your cousins.

Well don't love us so much.

Go on, they're waiting for you.

Andreu.

Look, I lost my parents
when I was very young,
so I had to do what I'm doing
and not what I wanted.

If I'd had an opportunity like you,
I'd have taken it.

You're you and I'm me.

- What did he want?

- Nothing.

Andreu, let's go.

- Your mom's waiting for you.

- What's wrong?

She got a permit to go to the jail.

But we went last week.

They're taking him to Barcelona.

Oh, bad sign. It's what they do
with those who don't return.

Are you stupid or what?

Come here.

Come, sit, I'm tired
of sitting all day.
They asked me if you want a priest.
No priests.
They're all leeches and traitors.
- Hey, Andreu?
- Yes.
Know what?
I heard that owl singing
last night,
and knew he was singing for me.
But I'm not sad,
so you shouldn't be either.
We won't see each other again,
will we?
No.
Now, Andreu, listen closely.
We don't have much time.
The war has hurt us all badly.
But the worst part of war
isn't that people go hungry
or have to escape,
or even that they kill us.
The worst part of war is
they make us forget our ideals,
because without ideals
a person is nothing.
So to me the most important thing
is what's here
and in here.
You must protect that like a treasure.
Will you do that?
And now go,
your mom and I have a lot to talk
about before our time runs out.
I brought you something.
To keep you company.
Not much time left for company.
You'd better take him home with you.
Look after him, OK?
And your mother too,
take good care of her.
You have to mourn for a year.
Your mother, the rest of her life.

Poor thing...
Executed like a criminal.
They didn't let me see him
even in his last moment.
Quirze, sit over there.
Don't shed a single tear.
No need to make them feel sorry.
I'm in charge of the funeral.
We had no time to make cards.
Next Sunday we'll hand them out
if they let us do the burial.
Say hello to Macia.
He's letting us bury
your father in his niche.
Or we'd bury him
in the ground like a dog.
You come with me.
What do I tell that poor woman?
Tell her what I told you before.
Damn priest!
- Why isn't he starting?
- I don't know.
What's wrong? We're all here.
The priest says there's no sense
to a funeral for a man
who cursed priests to the end.
- We can pray together if we want.
- To hell with praying!
Andreu, we're leaving.
No room for what you call
Christian charity.
Don't listen to her.
She's crazy.
- Come back!
- I want them to hear me!
Florncia. Not now!
- Leave it be!
- I can't. Don't you see I can't?
So he's dead! You're happy now.
Is his death good for anything?
Is not burying him properly
good for anything?
I'll tell you what it's good for.
To trample those who

won't bow down to you.
Don't make me talk.
You should kill me too, next to him.
Aren't I red enough?
Don't mind her.
She's lost her head.
I'm aware of her condition.
We'll talk later.
You ruined my life.
You hear me?
We've done too much for you.
All of you.
Sure! Black bread and red sugar,
with the ration book
and waiting hours in line!
That's all you've given us.
Bread with no soul or virtue; dead,
like all of you, because of
this goddamn war that's killed us all.
All who deserved it.
Mother, let's go.
When you were in
your mother's womb,
they should have thrown her
in the pigs' trough to be eaten alive.
Let's go, we have
no more business here.
Let's go.
Pauleta, why are you here?
To offer my condolences.
Andreu, go put the cages on the porch.
Let him stay.
Young people need to get
used to hearing serious words.
to ask if I distrusted someone,
if Dionis' death had to do
with Pitorliua...
You have to bring all that up again?
See how they're all dead?
Pitorliua, our husbands. All!
All except Pere Manubens' wife,
who's very much alive.
What are you getting at, Pauleta?
After Pitorliua's misfortune,

Pere went to France,
but they made him marry before.
When he died last year,
his sister, Mrs. Manubens,
told Dionis to steal her brother's
marriage certificate
to nullify the marriage
and keep the entire fortune.
Why don't you tell the judge
and not me?
You can be on the Manubens'
side, but never against them.
I told Dionis that often,
but him,
being so stubborn,
he blackmailed Mrs. Manubens
once he had the papers.
And the damn bitch got rid of him.
Like she did with your man.
Farriol was executed for being red.
Farriol was garroted because
he had no red left in him.
He was like my man:
A lout, a traitor
and a hired killer...
but worse,
because Dionis, despite what he was,
could never have killed a boy.
What do you mean?
Shall I spell it out for you?
Tell you who they paid
this time to finish it all off?
That I won't tolerate!
Yes you will tolerate it!
I owe it to my son!
Get out!
Your father,
always talking about ideals.
Look what shitty ideals he had.
I said get out!
What I don't understand
is Farriol's silence.
With nothing to lose,
it's like he let himself be killed.

Pauleta, you gave us your condolences.
You can leave.
And don't ever come back.
Good night!
Now go to sleep if you can.
How could father kill Culet?
Forgive us, Andreu.
You have to forgive
your father and I.
We didn't know how to do a better job.
Don't touch me!
No more ghosts, huh?
Why'd you take off
the mourning bracelet?
I won't have anything to do
with my father. Or my mother.
Aunt Cio wants me to work
at the factory.
The Manubens want
to take me to Igualada.
They want to hook you.
Listen, Andreu, why don't we
run away together?
Us two? Where?
To Vic, on the train.
Nobody knows us there.
What do you think?
I've thought about it a lot.
We'll set fires in town
at siesta time.
When they're all running
to put them out, we'll escape.
Let's make a pact?
Deal.
But before, we'll cast a spell.
And here's the rabbit.
Made with onions as you like it.
- Now that is a sin!
- You deserve the best.
You're so understanding with us.
Forget it...
Come in. The Manubens
were just talking about you.
How you and your mother

suffered with your father's death.
But that's all over, right son?
Here, this is for you.
Chocolate.
Thank you.
We think you could
help out your mother.
Another mouth at home
is always a burden,
especially with no wages.
Would you like to start high
school next year in Igualada?
Later you could get a degree.
Your mother would have
no expenses or headaches.
And you'd have space to study
and everything at home.
For God's sake,
say something.
Leave him, Cio, it's logical
he has to think about it.
It's good he hasn't had
his wings clipped.
It will be like now,
Andreu, but different.
You and your mother think about it.
We've already discussed it.
Come here.
She'll do what you say,
whatever's best for you.
We'll sign him up
so he won't lose his place
and later he'll say yes.
What are you doing?
I buried two serins.
- You buried them alive?
- So what?
You kill them too.
You think we didn't know?
Look.
And what did you bring of yours?
What's so funny?
- This shitty globe.
- What should they have put there?

Don't you like birds?
Then lots of birds.
Dead, stuffed.
That would be your portrait:
portrait of a bird killer.
When the bomb blew off my hand,
the gang gathered all the
little pieces in a shoe box
and one day I went to get it.
Dead hand, dead hand,
knock on this door.
Leave me alone.
There's just no kidding with you.
You know what?
I'd like to set a bird on fire
one day.
A ball of fire flying in the air,
squawking,
until it falls to the ground.
A shower of ashes is all
that would be left of it.
Did you ever want to die?
Well I'll never die completely;
I'll die little by little,
first one hand, then the other...
Remember I'm already a little buried.
And when I'm really dead,
to hell with the living!
Dead hand, dead hand,
Now I can't ever die.
You're crazy!
What's that?
Chocolate. For you.
The owners gave it to me.
What do they want?
To go with them to
continue my education.
- That's what you wanted.
- I want to get my own life together.
What are you going to do?
Run away! With my cousin. But first
we're going to burn everything.
You be careful, Andreu!
That girl's mad at the world.

And she's evil-minded.
What should I do? Go to the factory?
With the owners?
You fly too low, Andreu.
So low it seems
like you're just walking.
Fly high and don't let
anyone catch you.
And how can I do that?
Thinking. With your head.
And choosing what you like most.
Then come with me.
I can't.
Why can't you?
Because one of these days
I'll spread my wings,
spread them wide, completely.
Don't come any closer.
- Where were you?
- Around.
Your mother's waiting for you.
She came for the thing
with the Manubens.
Andreu, come in!
It all went well.
The owners and your mother agree.
Right, Florncia?
Of course, poor thing can barely
stand up straight.
We've discussed it.
What's so bad about it?
All your life moaning about
the owners' conditions,
now you agree to everything.
With him it's different.
An education.
They'll take him away
like he was livestock!
What should we do?
Get out of this land that's not ours.
- So now we have to leave?
- Shut up or you'll get slapped.
Look, Enriqueta,
in what stuffy apt. In what

lousy town would we all fit,
animals, old folks,
aunts, uncles, etc?
Here even those who
had nothing have eaten.
I've worked like mad to help.
When it suited you, with
the schedule and life you wanted.
We should have bridled you before!
Do what you will with the boy,
I won't be at your orders waiting
for a groom on a plate.
I'll pick him and if he knows
how to raise my skirt, better.
Stop it!
We're here to talk about Andreu.
What do you say, mother?
I can't understand anyone leaving
his village and family,
but if it's for his own good...
What about me?
No one's going to ask me?
Wasn't I supposed to choose?
Andreu's right.
Say what you think, son.
I don't want to live like this
or be pointed at or more lies.
I don't want to be like you.
Come with me.
We'll do what you want, son,
but I want to be sure
you realize the people
who want to be your parents are...
- Do you realize?
- Yes.
I know it's their fault father's dead.
Andreu is leaving.
His father would have wanted it.
No, mother.
It's what I want.
You traitor! You promised me.
How can you leave me alone?
If I can leave my mother,
why wouldn't I leave you?

Put that in here.
So, ready to go?
If you forgot something,
we'll stop back to get it.
Now go say goodbye to your family.
...Polyphemus in "The Odyssey"
represents what is monstrous
because it only has
one eye and is a giant.
Also, and this is important,
because its human nature
was corrupted
until becoming a being
of a nature different
from the one it had
or that was hidden within...
Yes?
Visit for Andres Manubens.
You, face the wall!
How are you? So, studying a lot?
- Do they treat you OK?
- Yes, very well.
I want no complaints about you.
Show them we taught you well,
you have good manners.
You can sit, mother.
I brought you sausage
and everything you like.
I had to change shifts at the factory,
change trains, take 2 buses.
You have no idea.
If it's so hard, don't come anymore.
That's not why I said it, silly.
You feel that's the way to treat me?
You know, Andreu?
I wish things
had gone differently too.
I swear I've worked myself
to the bone.
I've done nothing but
work and work for you
for your father... for everyone.
And I will till the day I die...
I'll cover my own face

with the sheet
just so I won't have
to trouble anyone.
Your dad would be so happy
to see you here, so many books.
Forget about father.
I have to get back to class.
You like being here?
Yes. I like it a lot.
I want you to know
you're here thanks to him.
Remember the letter he gave you
in prison for the Manubens?
It said he wouldn't report them if
they gave you everything you need.
You understand?
He let himself be killed
so you could be here.
I've forgiven your father.
Maybe you should
forgive him too.
- Hey, Andreu!
- What?
Who was that weird woman?
Someone from my town
with a package for me.