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# 20.13: Purgatory

By Tino Navarro

Put him over here, here...  
- Carefully, carefully.  
- I don't want to die...  
Vicente will be right there.  
You'll feel much better in no time.  
Unless one of these boys  
throws you down a ravine.  
That doesn't seem like  
such a bad idea, Sir.  
That way we wouldn't have  
to put up with him any more.  
Or hear him moaning.  
All because of a tiny little scratch.  
We still haven't got a radio connection,  
Sir. I just get noise.  
Sod the bloody radio.  
Get up, you nigger! Quick!  
Get up, nigger! Get up, for Chrissakes!  
Be careful with that nigger, Sir.  
He's a sly one.  
He pretends to be moving  
but doesn't budge an inch.  
Son of a bitch of a nigger.  
If you don't start moving, I'll ram  
this knife up your ass. Understand?  
I'll kill you right here and now,  
you bastard.  
You're not killing anybody.  
I never gave you that order...  
He's playing with us, Sir.  
But I'll soon wipe that smile off his face.  
I'll kill him.  
Around here, you follow my orders.  
I want that man alive  
and walking of his own accord.  
That couldn't be easier.  
We just have to tie a loop in the rope,  
attach it to his balls and pull tight.  
You'll see how he starts  
moving straight away!  
- Where to, ma'am?  
- Over there, please.  
Come on, let's go.  
- Here, ma'am?

- Yes, that's fine.  
December 24. Time drags on.  
And I increasingly dislike the things  
I do to spend the time.  
A bit more over here, please.  
This side.  
You have to stretch out over there.  
They're supposed to go here.  
That's right.  
Like it?  
I do. It's very beautiful...  
And I've got a surprise for you  
later tonight...  
Lieutenant Gaio's patrol will arrive  
before nightfall, won't it? I'm worried...  
It will.  
In your positions, go on.  
What are you doing out here?  
Get one thing straight:  
You don't leave the radio for a single  
second, without my authorization.  
- Understood?  
- Yes, Sir.  
- Frenchy?  
- Yes, Sir.  
You stay with him. If there's any news,  
tell me straight away.  
But no shouting, or running.  
Now see what you can find out.  
Esperana!  
Esperana!  
What's the matter now, Esperana?  
- Well, how are things going?  
- Fine.  
- You weren't expecting this, huh?  
- No, I wasn't!  
When Leonor told me  
she'd be alone for Christmas,  
I decided to make this little visit.  
- Good morning, Sir.  
- Good morning!  
Anyway I had to make a visit...  
So I decided to mix  
business with pleasure.

If you're not angry with one another,  
why didn't you spend Christmas  
with your wife?  
Things got a bit more  
complicated round here.  
I've got a patrol out there, to the north,  
along the river.  
We detected suspect movements and...  
Cut the bullshit.  
They're just looking for contraband!  
We're close to the border,  
the river is low,  
and they take the opportunity  
to make a shortcut.  
I imagine.  
After the hell you went through  
in your previous zone,  
this is perhaps a little bit too quiet.  
It's a shame, because there's plenty  
others who'd like to be in your place.  
But they didn't have my luck...  
True... luck... and a certain person  
pulling the right strings...  
What have you got for me today?  
I've got a few love letters  
and aerograms.  
Great!  
- Who's the floosie?  
- That's the Captain's wife!  
Men love making speeches.  
Christ, when will this ever end.  
That way they can be sure  
they'll have the last word.  
You still haven't told me  
whether you're happy to see me.  
I had a long speech for you,  
but I was deeply moved  
by the simple and dignified manner  
in which I was received.  
So I'm just going to tell you...  
a few simple and direct words.  
Because we're soldiers,  
men of action and few words,  
what I want to tell you

is that victory is close at hand...  
- Oscar, bravo, juliet, can you hear me?  
- Let's get going.  
I don't want the column to stretch out.  
If it wasn't for my consideration  
for our Lieutenant,  
I would have knifed him good already.  
He'd be bleeding like a pig.  
And then you could make  
one of those marks, in your handle.  
Like our Captain.  
Alfa, charlie, bravo, over!  
Nothing...  
- Happy holidays, Merry Christmas!  
- Happy holidays.  
Thanks. You too.  
Can you hear me?  
Alfa, charlie, bravo, over!  
- I can hear you!  
- Sir! Sir!  
- Alfa, charlie, bravo!  
- I read you!  
We've got a man down  
who needs to be evacuated.  
Can we talk a little?  
Just the two of us?  
Not now.  
I've got some business to handle.  
I really can't.

**Pizarro:**

Of course, Sir...  
But don't go far. I might need you.  
Well, any wounded?  
I didn't understand very well.  
I think there's only one.  
- Did you find out who?  
- No, Sir.  
What's their position?  
We're... 2 km from base.  
Oscar, delta, juliet, over!  
Alfa, charlie, bravo, over!  
We're 2 km from base. Over.  
I'm not waiting round here doing nothing.

Let's get going.  
Merry Christmas...  
It was during the night.  
You woke up with gunshots.  
There was an exchange of fire,  
but you're not sure with whom,  
because it was dark  
and you only saw the sparks.  
That's about it, isn't it?  
Those are the facts.  
But only Lito can explain  
how everything began and why,  
because he was on watch.  
Unfortunately,  
he was injured right at the beginning  
and couldn't tell us anything.  
I didn't ask him either.  
I have no doubt you acted  
with the best of intentions,  
and even showed a certain  
amount of leadership.  
But you're an officer of the Portuguese  
army, not a boy scout leader.  
You shouldn't be satisfied  
with moral victories.  
So, you didn't even try  
to interrogate the prisoner...  
No, I didn't.  
Why not?  
Is that against your principles?  
I don't have any problem  
with asking questions.  
What bothers me are certain methods  
used in order to obtain answers.  
I've never had any sympathy  
for people who use those methods  
and never confused  
authority with brutality.  
- And I won't have you question that!  
- That wasn't my intention.  
However, if my captain  
give me permission to speak frankly...  
I hope that, when you  
referred to my principles,

you weren't questioning my loyalty.  
Lieutenant Gaio, if I doubted  
your loyalty, we wouldn't be talking.  
My only doubt is to what extent  
I can count upon your dedication,  
in light of your ideas.  
What ideas?  
You don't agree with this war, do you?  
Excuse me, but that's none  
of anyone's business.  
Because when it comes to my acts, I don't  
think I've ever failed in my duties.  
That's true, you've never failed.  
But until now, there haven't  
been any problems in this zone,  
and we don't know whether what  
happened was an isolated episode  
or the forerunner  
of a more serious situation.  
And in the latter case, your ideas  
could be a cause for concern.  
I don't know, for example,  
whether your experience  
at the hands of our secret police  
may have contributed  
to your own reluctance  
in interrogating the prisoner.  
It wasn't a question of reluctance.  
It was a question of priorities.  
The most important thing for me,  
was to bring back Lito.  
I focused all my efforts on that task,  
and everything I did  
was conditioned by that underlying  
concern. It's as simple as that.  
What if the circumstances  
had been different?  
Such as?  
For example, if you had to decide  
between defeating the enemy  
or bringing one of your man back alive,  
what would be your priority?  
- That depends.  
- Depends?

Yes, it depends.

It depends on what we're fighting for  
and whether it represents something  
I myself would risk my life for.

The problem is that it shouldn't  
depend on such questions.

It should only depend on the mission  
that you pledged to fulfill.

That you dedicated your honour to.

For which no soldier is obliged  
to sacrifice his life,

but wherein all of us must  
accept the risk of dying.

That's what it depends on,  
isn't it, Lieutenant Gaio?

Larga-Larga?

You still glued to your weapon?

He has put so much oil on it,  
it'll squirt instead of shooting...

We'd be better off

giving him a hosepipe,

that way no one

would be in any danger...

True...

Larga-Larga!

Looks like you've got mail!

- Maciel, still got some raffle tickets?

- Sure.

Gimme the 22.

See that?

No one touches it, okay?

You're wasting your time anyway.

It's not the weapon that's damaged,

Larga-Larga.

- You're the one who's beyond repair.

- Shit head.

Forget about it, maybe he was unlucky.

But hey, this will give you some luck...

At least I was there. Unlike the other  
bastards, who didn't show up.

- I had diarrhea!

- You mean you were shit scared.

As if there was any way of telling  
there'd be trouble.



And you would have come in handy.  
At least someone who knew  
how to handle the mortar.  
Badagaio was always wide off the mark.  
And Lito paid the price.  
You want your letter, right?  
You took your time getting here...  
Looks to me like a girl's handwriting...  
Girlfriend back home? Huh?  
Or are you planning to get married?  
Here it is... You're lucky it's small...  
It should only take you  
about a week to read this.  
The problem is when  
you reach the end,  
you'll no longer remember  
the beginning.  
Maybe it's better I read it for you  
and give you a summary.  
I'd do you in, before you'd finished!  
Poor little thing,  
no need to get all in a tizz.  
Can't anyone joke around anymore.  
Calm down.  
Forever.  
Come in.  
Despite being a priest,  
he's a great guy...  
How long have we known each other?  
Since we were kids...  
We always got along...  
- We have a gentleman's agreement...  
- That's right.

**For example:**

about spiritual pleasures,  
neither about the...  
What's the expression?  
- Of the... eternal life...  
- About the delights...  
About the delights  
of eternal life in paradise.  
Pleasures that I'll never  
have the chance to experience

due to my lack of faith...  
And he doesn't remind me  
about the earthly pleasures,  
or the vibrating sensations  
that I swore to abstain myself from.  
But it's not so easy, is it?  
- Fancy a beer?  
- No, thanks...  
Everyone has their own mission...  
If you'll forgive me,  
I'm going to have a bath.  
I've had my fill of missions for today.  
And you look like you're about  
to dedicate yourself  
to the mission of love thy neighbor...  
He really doesn't know how to read,  
does he?  
- Who? Him?  
- Hmm.  
If he knew how to handle a weapon...  
So, this took place  
far from the festivities...  
Yes, further away, beyond the fountain.  
Other than the things that you said,  
you didn't do anything else?  
For the love of God.  
I wouldn't lie to you, Sir.  
Especially given that you're a priest.  
Larga-Larga, pass us the ball.  
It's hard for me to be the one  
who has to tell you this...  
But there's no way you're  
the father of this child.  
The months don't match,  
and what you did wasn't enough  
to get the girl pregnant.  
But Sir, what have other people  
got that I haven't?  
I didn't go to see you, because I couldn't!  
I couldn't, Leonor!  
- You know what's happened, don't you?!  
- Very handy, wasn't it?  
I sometimes think that you don't have  
the faintest idea who I am.

I have exactly the same feeling  
that I'm married with a man, I don't know.  
It's a very unpleasant sensation.  
Ask me!  
Ask me what you want to know!  
Everything.  
Everything.  
You, on the contrary,  
never change, do you?  
You're the one who  
doesn't pay any attention.  
Or you prefer not to look...  
I see we're going to end up  
with the same old conversation,  
the same old crap.  
Except that this time it won't  
wind up the same way.  
You can be sure of that...  
Good evening and welcome...  
Welcome, gentlemen... Ladies...  
Welcome to Mozambique,  
this beautiful land...  
- So how long will you be staying?  
- That doesn't depend just on me.  
I hope you've left  
all your problems outside,  
because tonight,  
is going to be a chic evening!  
You mean a cock-eyed evening!  
With the cockrel crowing at midnight  
mass, given by our chaplain!  
Tonight is held in homage to Lito...  
who can't be with us tonight.  
To Lito! To Lito!  
Now forget everything,  
absolutely everything.  
And just remember one thing...  
- Life is beautiful...  
- It's beautiful!  
It's stunning!  
And now, all the way from Braga,  
let's hear a big hand for Corporal VCC...  
Excuse me.  
See you later.

Excuse me.

I think we should all just be friends  
and wish good luck to Dinis here,  
given that things didn't go too well  
during rehearsals  
and we already lost three volunteers.  
That's true...

A round of applause for Dinis.

No one told me anything  
about the volunteers.

Look... You finally chirped up.

It should be noted that Dinis  
was the only person  
willing to accept  
to take part in this magic act.

It's true! It's true!

I'll have to teach lots of things tonight.

You know what this is?

It's a saw...

Dinis, did you shit yourself, or what?

What are you doing here?

- Sorry, Sir.

- Off you go, Henrique, to your shelter.

Where do you think you're going?

Don't be a fool!

Going to do the round?

Yes, I'm going to.

- You know what this is?

- It's a saw...

No. Nothing of the like...

It's a relationship-cutter.

My dad told me something  
that I'm going to teach you tonight.

How to terminate a relationship, okay?

You need a relationship-cutter,  
a floosie...

Another round of applause for Dinis.

This won't hurt a bit, Dinis.

Now for the crucial moment.

Silence, please.

This bit's going to be very dangerous.

Silence, please.

Does he have the right to a last wish?

Does he or doesn't he?

You butcher.  
Look what you've done to that man.  
First you saw the guy in half,  
then you caress him.  
My dad was right...  
Help me... He's dead.  
Keep calm! Friends, brothers,  
companions, come on!  
- Hey! Where've you been, man?  
- I went for a walk!  
Before beginning my magic trick,  
I'd like to ask our captain's permission  
in order to do a little Arabian trick,  
imported all the way from the Indies.  
It's a little bit of belly dancing, may I?  
If you'll permit me, Sir.  
Okay, lets go. Watch carefully...  
The men drink too much and  
this is the result, Sir. I apologize.  
Larga-Larga, have a drink  
and you'll get over it!  
You should drink the whole bottle.  
Who's there? Who's there?  
If you don't show your face, I'll shoot.  
If you want to shoot, shoot!  
You'd be doing me a favor...  
Hey man!  
What're you doing here?  
I loved her, but she didn't  
give a damn about me, sergeant!  
- Any news?  
- No, Sir.  
Everything in order?  
Yes, Sir.  
Okay, don't let those boys  
get too excited with the game.  
You never know...  
Badagaio here, Lieutenant,  
can't think about anything else...  
He has already seen lights  
out there in the brush, at least 10 times.  
But there are no nights,  
only sparks from his over-heated brain.  
That's not true. I saw them.

Let them just dare...  
Keep calm...  
And now our companion Montemor  
in a fine musical performance!  
Friends!  
The song that I'm going to sing tonight,  
is like a present from our Zeca.  
Girl with the sad eyes.  
What makes you sob so?  
The soldier doesn't return  
From the other side of the sea.  
Hey, thoughtful man.  
Look at the pipe  
As it becomes cold.  
The soldier doesn't return  
From the other side of the sea.  
All together now.  
Louder.  
Bravo!  
Friends! Friends!  
The party's still isn't over.  
We've got a big surprise in store for you.  
You want to see what it is?  
Yes.  
I know who he is He's a good boy.  
Just a little bit shy.  
Who lived in the dream  
Of finding true love.  
Because his heart Asked for more.  
More warmth.  
She appeared.  
And her beauty  
Immediately entranced him.  
They loved one another  
And now he says.  
That he's attained  
The greater good in life.  
And is happy...  
Thinks about her All the time.  
Dreams about her All night long.  
Cries for her  
If she doesn't come.  
Talks about her All the time.  
She is always On his mind.

Without her He is nobody.  
It's like Father Antonio Vieira said:  
When Christ told his apostles  
to preach to the world,

**He said:**

to all Christendom..."  
Keep calm, switch off the lights.  
Fucking bastards!  
Keep calm!  
Save your ammo. Keep calm!  
Esperana! Esperana!  
Keep calm, for Christ's sake!  
Calm down, save your ammo!  
Go to the other side.  
To the other shelter.  
Go to the other shelter, quick.  
The guys with the mortar,  
sit down right now!  
Get out of there, Badagaio!  
Fuck, Badagaio! Get out of there!  
What are you waiting for?  
What are you waiting for?  
Tell them we're under fire,  
you idiot, tell them we're under fire!  
They already know, Sergeant,  
they already know.  
Stop shooting!  
It's stopped! It's stopped!  
Mortar, up here, now. Quick.  
Domino, quick... The mortar.  
Quick, for Chrissakes!  
That side, Domino!  
Fire on top of them, for fuck's sake!  
- Come on, Domino.  
- Correct your aim, Domino.  
That's right.  
Go on, higher, higher, higher.  
Maybe we hit them...  
It's stopped already! It's stopped!  
Esperana! Esperana!  
Hi, honey.  
What are you doing now?  
Having a bath.

Having a bath?  
I just finished.  
I don't know whether you noticed,  
but we we've just been attacked!  
Don't you think it's a pretty  
weird time to have a bath?  
Unless...  
Unless you're in a real hurry.  
Perhaps it was that intense...  
The smell.  
- What smell?  
- What smell?!  
The smell of all those men  
you rubbed yourself up against.  
As you wiggled your ass  
in the canteen.  
Happy as could be.  
Did you learn all those tricks  
with the nuns, huh?  
Such a great performance.  
Glad you liked it.  
No, it disgusted me.  
You're not a bit strange,  
or anything, are you?  
You and the nigger.  
What a fine pair you made.  
Did you also rub yourself up  
against him, afterwards?  
O Vicente?  
You don't have the faintest idea,  
do you?  
But me, I finally understand.  
Now I know.  
I know who he is He's a good boy.  
Just a little bit shy.  
No, no, no, he's a bad boy  
Even a little bit shameless...  
Cut that crap.  
What were you saying. Huh?  
It's a secret.  
For the time being.  
You're driving me crazy.  
It's my fault.  
I never should've brought you



to this shit hole.  
Hey, do you know  
where the Chaplain is?  
He must still be giving mass...  
Switch on the lights.  
- Jesus, did you see that, Rafael?  
- I didn't see anything. Did you?  
I didn't see a thing,  
you saw me with my rifle...  
firm as a rock... firm as a rock.  
I've never fired a shot in my life,  
I'm even a little bit deaf in my right ear.  
I'm also a bit deaf in my left ear.  
You're deaf? If you're deaf,  
how come you're hearing me now?  
You're a real joker, just like your dad.  
Not a chance.  
No one fools with us.  
Stop worrying about your own navel.  
What's the matter with the kid?  
God knows, he's thinking about his life.  
- Time for some rest.  
- Make the most of it.  
Shit! Who's been  
messing with my locker?  
Don't you think it's a bit too strong?  
No, Father, write the letter.  
Just the way I'm telling you!  
We're not going to start  
the letter this way, Rosmaninho.  
Why not? That's the way we address  
these women where I'm from.  
How do you want me to address her?  
Know what? Maybe you're right.  
Let's go!  
How was the phrase?

**Like this:**

"Elvira, big whore..."  
Go on write it!  
And what did they say  
from the Battalion headquarters?  
They're as surprised as we are...  
No one can remember an attack

on Christmas Eve.  
It must be because of the prisoner...  
Maybe he's a commanding  
officer of the Frelimo.  
They suggest that we  
interrogate him as soon as possible...  
Maybe he's got  
some important information.  
Maybe...  
The problem is he won't say a thing...  
That depends on the methods.  
Not here, it doesn't.  
We're here to protect the population.  
At least that's what  
the propaganda says...  
I'm very sorry, Sir,  
but we've got a problem in the barracks.  
Seems like a rat has been in there...  
One of the big ones...  
If you don't need me any more, Sir...  
I don't know how this got here, Sir...  
When we arrived from the operation  
today, it wasn't here, I guarantee you.  
That bracelet belongs to VCC,  
I remember it perfectly well.  
He bought it God knows where,  
he said it gave him luck.  
And strike me dead,  
if it isn't Avec's lighter.  
Who's Avec?  
Frenchy, they call him Avec  
where I come from.  
And it's made of gold,  
he's always going on about the fact...  
Who does that locker belong to?  
It's mine, Sir.  
- And the one next to it?  
- It belongs to Domino.  
In that case tell me something.  
Why does this locker  
have the number 2002?  
The numbers are sequential,  
if yours is 2012,  
this one should be 2013, right?

That's Domino's doing, Sir.  
He's crazy about lucky numbers  
and wouldn't relax  
until he swapped lockers with Dinis.  
Dinis is the one who was sawn  
in half in the party...  
Ah, Dinis...  
2002 used to belong to Dinis.  
But he didn't want his  
locker number to end in 13,  
so he swapped his locker  
with that one back there.  
Which one?  
That one, which didn't  
belong to anyone...  
That's not true. It belonged to  
"Famalico", the one who lost his feet.  
2013 is that one.  
I don't remember what Dinis' number  
was, but if you like I can go and see...  
No, no, that's not necessary...  
We have to find out who stole this.  
It must've been the same crook  
who stole the bartender's wallet...  
Who?  
Sons of bitches!  
Z, I can't see anything.  
Where are they? Where are they?  
Come over here, and keep in line.  
Looks like the fireworks display  
at Our Lady of the Graces festivities.  
- Wonder if we'll ever get back there.  
- Protect yourself, for fuck's sake.  
Where are they? Where are they?  
I can't see a thing.  
- The rifle's jammed, fuck.  
- Shoot now... Shoot now...  
It stopped! It stopped!  
It's stopping. It's stopped!  
It's stopped!  
It's stopped, guys! It's stopped!  
Keep calm! Keep calm!  
- Dinis! Dinis!  
- Now what's up?

What happened?

Dinis, stop kidding around!

Dinis! Dinis!

He goes to make another mark  
in the "Felinos" shield.

Fuck this.

- Hey look, Montemor...

- Huh?

Wasn't Dinis from your town?

No. The only person in this company  
from my home town is Z here,  
Montemor the New.

Rafael's older than me.

That's why we've got these nicknames.

Bring me some soup.

But the truth is, we're both  
from Montemor-o-Novo.

Thanks.

This guy sleeps everywhere.

Sleeping beauty woke up.

Welcome to the war!

Listen up, how on earth does a guy  
leave the warmth of hot French cunts,  
and get stuck here in the infantry?

If you fled the country,  
why did you come back?

I didn't flee the country,  
I went to work... when I was 17.

Any kids?

A little girl.

But it's really shitty over there...

You can't get a job if you  
haven't done your military service.  
Except for guys like you.

- I'm a fisherman.

- Yeah...

You always go fishing for Marlboros.  
Hey Viegas, when you were smuggling,  
didn't you ever have to fill  
in any of those papers  
saying you'd completed  
your military service?

No, but I think I've already served.  
Who knows whether

I'll get through the night.  
Coming to bed?  
No. Actually I came to tell you  
to pack your bags  
and to be ready to leave at dawn.  
There should be no shortage of  
helicopters ready to come to fetch you.  
Well... I actually had  
something else in mind.  
Like it?  
I bought it especially for tonight.  
You wasted your money.  
You might as well have thrown it away.  
Not that you're exactly  
hard up for cash, are you?  
And we both know  
how much that disturbs you.  
Which is not only stupid,  
it doesn't benefit you.  
Sure...  
You pay great attention  
to appearances, as we both know.  
I don't need to look in  
the mirror to know who I am.  
I know who you are.  
I know you've got two faces.  
You know where the shelter is,  
don't you?  
You'd be better off going there.  
It's bullshit.  
Just to keep us awake.  
These sons of bitches  
are going to drive us crazy all night.  
I thought they'd land right on top of us...  
They know that Lieutenant Santana  
left with our best platoon.  
The niggers from the fields  
tell them everything.  
That gave me an idea...  
Before they finish us off,  
why don't we do one of them in?  
What are you talking about?  
We've got one of them locked up?  
Are we going to let them kill us

before we take one of them with us?  
I'm going to go over there  
and do that son of a bitch in...  
Are you crazy?  
You're all out of your minds.  
You want to screw up your lives?  
Think about it...  
I'll take them all on.  
I don't need anybody, I'm going there  
and I'm going to blow his brains out.  
No, Badagaio. Let's go smoothly.  
You're going to fuck yourselves up.  
And don't say you weren't warned.  
All hell's going to break loose.  
Wait, for Christ's sake.  
I'm finishing. Careful with the wound.  
Thank you.  
Doctor...  
Is something the matter?  
No. Everything's fine...  
You can call me Venncio, if you like.  
You know what, Venncio,  
in the middle of all this confusion  
I feel a little bit useless.  
Can I help you in any way?  
Actually you can,  
I don't know where Vicente is.  
If you like you can keep Lito company...  
Yes?  
- Come quickly, please.  
- What's up?  
It's the prisoner... Looks like  
he was stabbed twice in the chest.  
Let's go.  
- Who did this?  
- I don't know, Doctor.  
Badagaio and Maciel  
found him like this...  
Shine the light here.  
Is he dead?  
His race is highly resistant.  
But he's lost a great deal of blood.  
Poor thing...  
That wasn't here

when the prisoner arrived...  
Then the Lord rained down  
burning sulfur...  
Viegas?  
Go and call Lieutenant Gaio.  
On Sodom and Gomorrah  
from the Lord out of the heavens.  
Looks like it's going to be  
a longer night than we thought...  
Maybe the prisoner had  
some valuable information and...  
and that's why they're now  
trying to kill him or free him.  
First and foremost,  
I want reinforcements  
in the shelters and at the gate.  
Lieutenant Pizarro shall assume  
command of our defense,  
under my direct orders.  
As for you, I should remind you  
that a valuable prisoner  
was under your guard,  
and if you'd interrogated him,  
you could have helped us  
to avoid today's attack.  
Do you think they'll attack again?  
If they do, we'll respond  
with efficiency and bravery.  
If this goes on like this, the only  
solution will be to send a group  
in order to destroy their cannon.  
That's out of the question.  
The cannon is located  
outside national territory.  
We have to discover who  
tried to kill the prisoner.  
Otherwise we may have  
to face a court martial.  
Perhaps you, Lieutenant Gaio,  
have an explanation for what happened.  
No? You better have one,  
before the secret police arrive tomorrow.  
It'll be even worse if the man dies.  
- Is he going to die, doctor?

- Ask me again tomorrow...  
Hey, what are you shooting at?  
Sir, I think I saw someone  
moving out there.  
- What did you see?  
- Someone moving out there.  
You're the one who needs glasses,  
not him.  
Sir, what if they hit the armory?  
They sent over two fat plums  
a moment ago... They just missed it.  
If they hit the armory, we're fucked.  
Those bastards know this  
shit better than we do.  
Hey, wake up!  
- What's up?  
- What do you mean?  
You gave me a funny look!  
Me? No.  
You're shit scared.  
I was thinking to myself...  
You sang really well tonight, Z.  
Really, really well.  
It was really beautiful.  
You're a lousy liar, Rafael.  
You shouldn't be ashamed.  
There's nothing to be ashamed  
about in being frightened.  
I'm frightened as well.  
The secret is screwing up your asshole  
as tight as possible  
to avoid shitting yourself.  
- I'm frightened, but that's not it, Z.  
- What then?  
I had this terrible dream.  
I dreamt something so bad, so bad,  
so bad, I'm frightened to repeat it.  
I dreamt we were caught in an ambush.  
We were caught in an ambush,  
understand?  
And you died.  
And this is so similar to my dream...  
So similar that it really scares me.  
Died? Me?



Who'd look after you then?

Who?

- We're a team, right?

- We sure are... Like a pair of oxen.

Excuse me, Sir, excuse me.

This idea came to me and I...

I got hooked on the idea, Sir,

I got hooked.

I don't know how I could do

something like that.

God strike me dead.

- Have pity on me, I...

- Cut the crap, stand up, stand up. Now!

Where's your knife?

Knife? What knife?

Sir, tell me what knife you want

and I'll get one...

Hey, wise guy!

The knife, the knife

you used to try to kill the prisoner.

I didn't do anything

to the prisoner, I swear!

If I'm lying I'll never see

my poor departed mother again...

Your poor mother?

Leave your poor mother in peace.

I mean it, Sir.

You trying to kid me?

If I were you,

I wouldn't try to play games, Maciel.

Don't you know the mess

you've got yourself into!?

I didn't kill anybody, I swear!

Okay, I confess I took a peek

inside the lockers, it's true...

But that's all, Sir...

I didn't kill anybody.

And while you were doing your things...

Who did you see around here?

Now that you mention it...

I saw Viegas.

You were smoking a cigarette,

next to the jeep.

I wasn't in the mood for parties.

Go on...

And Larga-Larga was here.

And Sergeant Ferreirinha came in  
and almost discovered me.

So it was you, Sergeant Ferreirinha,  
Viegas, and Toma-Toma.

- Larga-Larga, Sir.

- Exactly...

Seems like

the whole company was here?

Did you see anyone else?

Now that you mention it...

I also saw you...

In the jeep.

Keep going...

Sorry Leonor,

I should have another bottle there,  
behind the cupboard.

Must be the last one.

Keep going...

Well Doctor,

has he said anything yet?

Who? Him... No. He just moans.

Which is not at all bad  
under the circumstances.

Give me the saline, please.

My main worry now is Lito.

He's burning up in fever.

You know

who's been an enormous help?

Leonor.

She takes everything in her stride.

I wasn't aware

of your humanitarian bent.

People are full of surprises,  
aren't they?

Leonor, if you like,

you can use Vicente's gown.

It's right behind you, Sir.

- Vicente still hasn't turned up?

- Vicente?

No. I haven't seen him for hours.

Things can't go on like this.

I'll go and look for him.

Leonor, take care of Lito, please.

Don't bother.

I wouldn't feel comfortable in it.

You know best...

- Have you seen Vicente?

- I don't know Doctor...

But he's not in there.

You can ask our Lieutenant.

That's not necessary...

My love?

My love?

- Now you're all mine.

- Get out of here!

No!

- You're all mine!

- Go!

Take the boxes down.

Look, you haven't seen Vicente,  
have you?

No, Doctor.

- Why?

- Nothing.

Forget about it.

Just a little bit shy.

Lived in the dream

Of finding true love.

Because his heart Asked for...

Calm down! Calm down!

Shut up! Go to our room!

Go to our room, now!

Go!

"Then the LORD

rained down burning sulfur."

"Thus he overthrew those cities"

"and the entire plain,

including all those living in the cities."

There's nothing we can do...

Now try singing...

God damn it!

There's nothing we can do...

But, how was Vicente killed in here?

Where are the bullet holes

in the walls?

I haven't the faintest idea.

It must've been straight away  
in the first attack.

He's still wearing  
the clothes from the show...  
It wasn't here.

It hasn't got anything to do  
with any attack.

He wasn't killed here.

He was dragged inside.

Gaio!

Gaio!

- What?

- I found this in Vicente's hand.

I don't understand any of this.

You take a look.

"If a man lies with a man  
as one lies with a woman,  
"both of them have done what is  
detestable. They must be put to death;"

"Their blood  
will be on their own heads."

"Pedro's wife knows the secret."

Is it possible  
to know what time Vicente died?

It is. If I do an autopsy.

But there's no way

I can do it in this shit hole.

And there's no way you can know  
whether he died

before or after  
the attack on the prisoner?

Look, the prisoner  
didn't die because we found him  
soon after the moment  
he'd been knifed.

Vicente died several hours ago.

Anything else?

If a man lies with a man  
as one lies with a woman,  
both of them have done  
what is detestable.

Their blood  
will be on their own heads...

Do you understand anything of this?

I do... It comes from the book.  
I have to confirm something.  
What?  
The Bible.  
The message they left next to the  
prisoner was a citation from Genesis.  
It was that I came to tell you.  
Shall we go?  
I want to go there first.  
I want to interrogate the prisoner.  
Some people make a mess,  
and others have to clean up after them.  
Come on,  
tell us who attacked you?  
Listen. This has got nothing  
to do with the war,  
and no one can accuse you  
of collaborating with us...  
What did you see in the parade?  
What did you see in?  
Will he survive?  
Does he stand a chance?  
My problem is  
I've only got one bottle of saline.  
So I have to choose,  
between him and him.  
Give him an injection, doctor,  
give him morphine!  
Captain, I just gave him an injection.  
If I give him another, it'll kill him.  
Give him morphine,  
at least that way he won't suffer.  
Don't do that.  
Doctor Venncio said that  
another injection would kill him.  
He could recover,  
it wouldn't be the first time...  
Life is a supreme gift.  
We can't act as if we were God...  
Who are you to say  
what God wants or doesn't want?  
You know where we are?  
You know what we're doing here?  
And you know what you're doing here?

This is war!  
I know it's war!  
And I know what I'm doing here!  
I'm here because I belong here.  
I'm here to celebrate life,  
not celebrate death like you...  
Bullshit. Bullshit, Father.  
If you kill this man,  
that'll make you an assassin.  
Doesn't death disturb you?  
The only thing that  
really disturbs me in war, Father,  
is not the dead, but the living.  
Give him an injection doctor.  
That's an order!  
Why don't you  
give him the injection, Sir?  
What's the matter with our captain?  
- Sod it. I'll get the ammo...  
- Go!  
Hurry up with that shift, Pinhal.  
Hurry up, hurry up. Behind the smoke.  
- Motherfucker... Fire! Fuck...  
- Stop! Don't waste any more ammo.  
It's not worth it.  
We can't see a fucking thing.  
We can't see a thing!  
We're sitting here "sewing" while  
these bastards are laughing on us...  
You shouldn't be complaining VCC,  
you're here because you want to be.  
You didn't use the escape route.  
I've got a kid to rise,  
do you understand? Do you understand?  
And I'm beginning to get fed up  
with this shit.  
It's the last time  
they'll catch me here.  
The first message is in Genesis 19:24  
and refers to the destruction  
of Sodom and Gomorrah,  
a punishment inflicted by God  
for the dissolute customs  
observed in those cities.

Now the second...

- Here it is! In Leviticus, I thought so...

- Show me.

**Leviticus 20:**

Chapter 20, verse 13.

Looks like we're going to have  
a night of Bible readings.

Read it!

"If a man lies with a man  
as one lies with a woman,"  
"both of them have done  
what is detestable."

"They must be put to death;  
Their blood will be on their own heads..."

"If a man lies with a man..."

Where's the paper?

The one Vicente was holding?

"If a man lies with a man."

It's the same.

Exactly the same, except he omitted.

"If a man lies with a man  
as one lies with a woman".

**And added:**

"Pedro's wife knows the secret".

Where's the other one?

It's before, in Genesis.

Wait I'll show you.

**Here. 19:**

"Thus he overthrew those cities  
and the entire plain,  
"including all those living in the cities  
and also the vegetation in the land".

That's what's going to happen to us  
if they keep on attacking...

I hope not.

And in violation of God's wishes,

"But Lot's wife looked back,  
and she became a pillar of salt."

Perhaps the prisoner  
saw something he shouldn't have  
and that's why they tried to kill him.

Where does Pedro's wife fit in  
amongst all this?  
Perhaps she...  
Also knows who attacked them...  
And who's Pedro?  
What?  
We have to read the Bible again?  
Come on...  
I have no time for Sunday school, again.  
Come in!  
- Sir, you asked for me?  
- I did.  
Tell me something.  
Do you know whether any of our soldiers  
goes by the name of Pedro?  
- No, I don't.  
- Listen.  
In relation to Vicente,  
did you ever hear a story, anything...  
with other men.  
Not as far as I know.  
I don't know anything about that, Sir.  
Okay.  
Go and tell Sergeant Ferreirinha  
to bring me a list  
with all the names of the soldiers.  
And ask him to come  
to meet me into the barracks.  
Let's see  
if we can discover our Pedro.  
And Pedro's wife  
who "keeps a secret".  
Perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea  
if we went and had a look  
in Vicente's locker.  
Anyone who wrote these things  
is clearly someone  
who is very familiar with the Bible...  
In particular Genesis and Leviticus  
which was a kind of code of conduct  
for the Jews.  
The penalties were severe  
because the crimes  
were considered to be very serious.



Everything okay up there?

Yes, Sir.

Such as homosexuality...

Ultimately it was a question  
of a sacred code, a divine regulation.

Right.

One thing we're not short of  
in the Army is regulations.

They're indispensable,  
because of human imperfection.

- Can't you open it?

- Shit...

What do you think you're doing?

Who gave authorization  
to open the lockers?

I'm talking with you Gaio!

I'm only obeying orders.

Didn't you tell me  
that unless we discovered  
what was going on  
we'd be in deep shit?

If you think it's strictly necessary,  
continue.

Let me try, Sir.

Here are the lists, Sir.

There are at least three Pedros:

Pedro, Jos Pedro and Carlos Pedro.

Carlos Pedro isn't here, he belongs  
to Lieutenant Santana's platoon,  
which is on patrol.

Jos Pedro is Badagaio.

And Pedro... Pedro must be Frenchy.

Bring both of them here!

Empty...

What were you expecting to find inside?

The Ark of the Covenant?

I don't know, It was a hunch...

I made a mistake.

Calm down!

Sir, here are the two Pedros.

What's your name?

Jos Pedro, Sir.

But everyone calls me Badagaio.

As far as I'm concerned,

I prefer Jos Pedro.

- Okay. Are you married?

- No Sir.

But do you live with anyone?

Do you have a girlfriend?

No Sir, o tell you the truth

I don't have a girlfriend.

- War godmother?

- No, Sir.

Fine,

you can return to your shelter.

And you, you're Pedro what?

Pedro Rodrigues.

But everyone calls you Frenchy, right?

May my Lieutenant know

that to be the case.

Are you married?

May my Lieutenant know

that to be the case.

Tell me something...

Did you know Vicente well?

- Vicente?

- Yes, did you know Vicente!

May my Lieutenant know

that to be the case.

Look, cut the "may my Lieutenant know"

business? Okay?

Just say yes or no.

What's your wife's name?

- Alice. Her name's Alice.

- Alice.

And did your Alice know Vicente?

My Alice?

No, my Alice didn't know Vicente.

How could she?

Okay. Go on. Get going!

Let's get out of here!

What?

Nothing...

Look, what was that verse

from Genesis, again?

Genesis, chapter 19, verse 24.

**19:**

And the other one?

**Leviticus 20:**

Close the door!

"Forever."

Look...

That's the Captain's knife...

- How do you know?

- Because of the marks.

- And the captain, Sir?

- When the time comes.

Come here. Sir!

Come here, quickly!

- The ammo never arrives. Fuck!

- Why isn't the mortar firing?

There's one, there's one. Fuck.

The trigger's broken,

Lieutenant,

what's worse

is we're running out of ammo.

Fire, Fire.

- Did you send someone to the armory?

- I did, Sir.

And he's taking forever to bring the  
ammo. Sons of bitches!

Sod it!

Get out of there. Over this side.

Get out of there. Son of bitches.

Who was in that shelter?

Careful.

Let's go!

The first shelter's been blasted.

They're advancing

and we've already lost three men.

Go Badagaio! Go Badagaio!

I'll take this shit.

We have to send someone over there,  
otherwise the door will remain open.

- I'm going to call Passos.

- Go! Go!

Passos! Passos!

Badagaio, Sir. Badagaio.

Wait here Passebite,

hold on and I'll help you. Wait here...

Get me two men  
to take it to the shelter, quick.  
You two, the first pair: The barrels.  
The second pair... Not you... You...  
Couceiro? To your post...  
Back to your post.  
Couceiro, you two, the second pair:  
To the back of the trench.  
Leave when I give the signal.  
- Any questions?  
- None.  
Couceiro, go round the armory  
and fetch another mortar.  
Before the whole thing is blown  
to smithereens.  
Someone help me for fuck's sake!  
Fuck! Help me!  
Badagaio, take cover.  
Careful. Badagaio, get out of there.  
Badagaio!  
Fuck!  
As if the bombs weren't enough...  
They're getting closer and closer.  
Go!  
Hurry up Z!  
Hurry up! Z! Z, leave that.  
Leave it! Leave it!  
- Z, Z!  
- Where are you going?  
I was the one who ordered  
those two men to go over there.  
You stay here!  
- Is that an order?  
- It is.  
Z, my little soul brother!  
- Now we're going home right?  
- We are.  
- Now we're going home.  
- Passos! Passos!  
Go!  
Passos!  
- Viegas, VCC!  
- Yes, Sir.  
The bazooka?

- Call him.

- Frenchy! Frenchy!

Cover us.

I'll get the MG

and one of you go to Pizarro.

VCC, leave it. Let's get going.

We'll attract their fire here.

Put the MG here.

- Don't you want to open your present?

- Only you!

That's right. Only me.

It's the model the astronauts used  
on their journey to the moon!

Do you like it?

It's beautiful! Thank you!

I'd like to give you

something in return,

but since you turned up by surprise,  
unfortunately,

I don't have any presents for you.

You could give me a kiss!

If that's not too much to ask for!

No!

You have no idea

of what I'm capable of doing for you!

I do!

Hurry up...

Well?

Our Major of Operations

says that it's impossible

and our Colonel will only allow

the helicopters to leave at dawn.

At dawn, at dawn...

And where will we be, at dawn?

I've already made my decision,

Ferreirinha,

we're going to cross the border

and destroy the enemy's cannon.

Lieutenant Gaio will be in command,

during my absence...

It's calmed down...

- Looks like you shut them up, VCC.

- Looks like...

But maybe they're just waiting

to take us unaware.  
We have to stop  
that cannon once and for all.  
Lieutenant Gaio is right.  
A group of us has to leave from  
the east side, the part that isn't mined,  
cut the barbed wire, cross the border  
and destroy the cannon.  
I know it's a difficult task  
but it's not impossible.  
VCC, can you take the bazooka  
over there, with me?  
Of course I can, Sir, of course.  
Let's go.  
As soon as we find it,  
I'll send over a big "plum"  
and that's the last we'll hear of it.  
I'll go too...  
No. I don't think you should go.  
You still have a mission to fulfill.  
And I'd like you to complete it before  
the secret police arrive, tomorrow.  
Couceiro is the ideal choice,  
he knows how to get us over there.  
In my absence,  
Lieutenant Gaio will be in charge...  
In that case, Viegas should go.  
Maciel. Help him.  
Montemor?  
Doctor Venncio  
is looking after him, but...  
- Have they already left?  
- Yes, Couceiro will take them there.  
In any case,  
when our Captain gets back  
he'll have to give us an explanation.  
God help them.  
VCC is a hell of a shooter  
with the bazooka!  
Pedro left this for you...  
Leonor, would you mind  
coming over here, please?  
Pedro's wife!  
No. Our objective is the cannon.

Give me the bazooka... I'll go!

- I'll go with you, Sir.

- You go back.

Are you sure, Captain?

That's not a suggestion,  
it's an order. Go!

I don't expect to return  
from the mission.

Hey Maciel...

so I want to make sure  
that you know the truth.

Get me a light.

Because nobody else should suffer  
the consequences of my errors.

I'm the one responsible  
for the death of Private Vicente,  
who did nothing to deserve his fate.

And I was the one  
who attacked the prisoner  
in order to make sure  
he wouldn't testify against me.

Nobody helped me.

They were deliberate crimes motivated  
by pure egoism,  
to protect my reputation...  
to avoid shame...  
to hide a dirty little secret.

A secret  
that you probably already guessed.

I'm fully aware  
of the gravity of my acts.

I was always proud  
of being a man of honor,  
but I abandoned those principles,  
when I committed these heinous  
crimes, to maintain appearances,  
and I'm well aware  
of the punishment that I deserve.

Sir... Sir...

It's us...

Don't shoot, don't shoot!

Give us cover...

- Everything okay?

- Everything's okay...

Where's the Captain?  
He wanted to remain alone, Sir,  
he ordered us to return.  
- There was nothing we could do, Sir.  
- He even looked like he wanted to die.  
Looks like the Captain  
destroyed the cannon.  
Badagaio's dead.  
That makes seven.  
This time he won't be the one  
to shoot in the Felinos' shield.  
Not this time.  
Now we just need to know  
what happened to the Captain.  
- Everything still calm, right?  
- So it seems, Sergeant.  
Sergeant, take command. Viegas!  
Forget it, don't bother.  
It's my fault. She's only guilty...  
She's only guilty of having loved me...  
We can't stand round here waiting,  
Lieutenant.  
Let's go...  
Serving loyally, without faith,  
must be tough... right, Gaio?  
He didn't make it!  
He lost too much blood.  
Too bad!  
I still had some questions  
to ask him.  
Let's go!  
They have to take him now!  
It has to be!  
Let's go!  
Our Colonel is waiting  
for you in the Captain's office.  
So this is what  
you found in locker 2013...  
The knife and this photo.  
But there's lots of things  
in this story that don't make sense.  
- Lots of contradictions.  
- The hell there are.  
Captain Costa died



while serving his country.  
He sacrificed himself to save  
his company.  
He deserves the highest Medal.  
Private Vicente died during an attack  
and unfortunately the prisoner  
didn't resist the wounds  
he suffered during his capture.  
Understood, Lieutenant Gaio?  
And the truth, Sir...  
Doesn't that count for anything?  
Think carefully.  
Would you like to see Captain Costa's  
name in the gutter?  
Would you like to remember  
Private Vicente as a poof?  
This letter never existed.  
There are no gays in the Army,  
and officers don't kill soldiers.  
As you know,  
starting today, you will be  
the new commander of this company.  
And you deserve a medal  
for the heroism demonstrated  
when attempting to save our captain.  
Are you a real soldier, now?  
May I have permission to leave?  
Darling? They're waiting for you!  
Take this...  
I don't think I'll need it anymore.  
Do you think it was her arrival  
that led the Captain to kill Vicente?  
I don't know!  
Looks like the Captain  
was protecting someone!  
But I'm dead sure  
he wasn't the one who killed Vicente.  
Merry Christmas...  
Merry Christmas to you too!  
I've got to do something!  
I'll be right back!  
He also deserves it.  
In the name of the Father,  
the Son and the Holy Spirit.

Blessed be the name of the Lord,  
Jesus Christ.

And in the name of the  
Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God.

So my child, what are your sins?

Lord...

Because you are infinitely good,  
I love you with all my heart,  
forgive me.

Forgive me for having betrayed you,  
for another...

I was so distraught that I thought...

I thought that I loved someone  
more than you.

I was so desperate  
that I killed for love...

But you made me  
find the path of light  
and follow your word.

It was only then that I realized...  
that my heart belongs to you.

Forever.

Directed by.

Production.

Writing Credits