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# The Wind Blows Round

By Giorgio Diritti

But how can I start?  
Say something about  
the ruido,  
about what it meant for us,  
for our community.  
Getting together to do  
all the heaviest work,  
being united.  
Then you could talk about  
the ruido  
at the end of the war,  
the one you were involved in.  
.. and the wind blows round...

**THEFTS CONTINUE:**

IN THE UPPER VALLEY

Hello.

I'd like to know if any houses  
are for sale or rent in the village.

I don't know, try.

May I help you?

I'd like to know if there are  
any houses for sale.

I went to the municipality,  
but it's closed.

It's always closed in the afternoon.

- Is it for a holiday home?

- No, to live in.

Personally, I don't know,  
but if you drop by on Sunday  
you'll find homeowners  
and more people besides.

Can you direct me to  
the mayor's house?

He lives in the city.

I'll leave my phone number  
in case anyone can help.

Goodbye.

He didn't even buy a coffee!

Excuse me!

Come in.

Make yourself comfortable.

It's fantastic!

Why are you looking

for a house here?

So I can live here.

- Would you like a coffee?

- Yes, thank you.

Where are you from?

I'm living in the Pyrenees,  
but I want to leave because they're  
building a nuclear power station.

I checked out Switzerland  
and the Valle d'Aosta.

Then I thought I'd go back to France  
and I found this valley.

- You like the mountains?

- Yes, I'm a shepherd.

I've got goats. I make cheese.

It's very good!

- Do you live alone?

- No, I'm married.

I've got three children.

- I need a big house.

- Most people moved away.

Many went to work in Turin,  
others live further down the valley,  
some...

Pina, come here!

- Phillipe Heraud. Hello.

- Hello.

I'm Fausto.

- Mr Heraud is looking for a house.

- A holiday home?

No, I'm not a holiday-maker,

I'm a cheese-maker.

He's a shepherd. He'd like to move  
to Chersogno.

So you're living in the Pyrenees?

For some years.

I used to be a teacher, but I left...

Didn't you like it?

Too much bureaucracy.

They teach children too many  
useless things.

The Pyrenees are beautiful,  
but my wife's worried about  
this nuclear power station business.

If this continues,  
we might as well close down the show.  
I've got better things to do  
than come here to talk about nothing.  
This business of the Frenchman  
looks like a good opportunity.  
Before thinking of foreigners,  
let's think of our own problems.  
The village has changed,  
there are local necessities.  
The village is deserted  
eleven months of the year!  
That's why the thieves come!  
These are the local necessities.  
He'll want us to clear the roads  
for him in winter,  
and pay for a bus  
to take his kids to school.  
It's an opportunity we can't miss!  
If there were opportunities,  
you think I wouldn't come back here?  
Costanzo, what do you expect  
from a ghost town?  
- And who is this stranger?  
- Careful he's not a drop-out.  
Seems like a clever guy,  
he's got an education.  
What is he, a freak?  
A bit of a retard?  
Let's ask the region  
for a loan instead,  
then we can restore the statues  
of our patron saints.  
And then the road to the ARP  
so that cars can go on it.  
Then we should get  
those TV people up here.  
These are things that help  
attract tourists!  
Attract new life to the village!  
If I'm not mistaken,  
we all had a hand in writing  
the programme we presented  
at the elections.

What do we want to be,  
an administration of vacationers?  
Costanzo, you know things  
are impossible here.  
Everybody's gone!  
Why should the council take risks  
for something pointless?  
Because it's right!  
It's right to take risks  
every now and then.  
Valentino,  
you have the brain of a tourist.  
You live for the fortnight  
you come here on holiday!  
Let's not go to far.  
Anyway, I don't want to cause  
you problems.  
You always do what you want.  
If you want, I'll continue being  
deputy mayor like this,  
like a tourist, during the fortnight  
I'm here in Summer.  
The we'll see how things turn out...  
We'd need someone  
to rent him a house,  
a barn, pastures...  
They're all so diffident.  
But if someone gives them a push,  
they'll follow  
and bit by bit  
they'll get to like the idea.  
I'm tired of all these battles.  
I always hoped one of our lot  
would come back one day.  
Maybe the son of emigrants.  
Maybe someone like you,  
but with a normal job,  
with a family.  
Costanzo, come on, we're going down!  
You're late.  
I stopped to talk for a bit.  
- Anything new?  
- No, nothing.  
Fausto met a foreigner

who'd like to come and live  
in the village.  
He's a shepherd.  
He's got as young family,  
we should give him a hand.  
You can imagine  
what the others said.  
Why on earth  
did I stand for election?  
A young family in the village...  
a bit of life...  
I brought back the books  
you lent me.  
- All that weight with one arm...  
- I'll help you carry them home.  
A temporary arrangement  
would suffice for the moment.  
If you've not rented  
that house in Borgata Durandini,  
it would do nicely.  
He'd stay up here all year?  
And who is this phenomenon?  
You really want to come here,  
or is it just an idea?  
If there's the possibility...  
When?  
This winter,  
before the kids are born.  
What does your wife say?  
I described the village to her,  
I think she'll like it.  
She'd like a big house.  
We've got to find  
a house to rent.  
It would be important  
for the village.  
No, no... we don't know him.  
We must know the people that come.  
Don't let yourself  
be cowed by diffidence!  
They say we'll be swamped  
with Albanians next.  
I shouldn't say this,  
but they're scared

that someone will succeed  
where they failed.  
Look, the people of Chersogno!  
I'm all dirty...  
I'm doing the rounds  
to see what people think  
and if anyone's willing  
to let their property.  
What do you think  
about these French people?  
French?  
It used to be people from here  
moving to France!  
They're a young family,  
with three children.  
There are plenty of empty houses,  
but who'd rent one out?  
Anyone who's got one  
uses it in Summer.  
There's our place in Borgata Martini,  
but...  
it's in bad shape,  
even the roof needs fixing.  
It wouldn't cost much.  
You think everything's easy.  
Then you've got to see how people  
feel about a foreigner moving here.  
- Delicious!  
- It's very good!  
- It's just made from goat's milk?  
- Yes.  
Between crotins frais  
and little cheeses  
I turn out 2,300 kilograms a year.  
This is Maggiorino.  
He has a house for rent.  
Let's go and see it!  
- But it's ancient.  
- Yes, it is a bit old.  
There are only two rooms.  
Yes, but there's a kitchen  
out by the stalls.  
It's wonderful!  
They kept cows and goats here.

They'd left the whole house  
to the old folks home.

Damp...

It's too damp for cheese.

Could we make a ventilation hole  
on the West side?

I think so.

- Oh, it's you!

- Hello, Palme.

Excuse me.

I came to take a look. With all the  
terrible things you hear about...

He's from Savona. Since he retired  
he's here all year long.

Excuse me.

He's pleasant, easy going.

He wants to import  
some special goats from Austria.

- Says he earns 50 million a year.

- Maggiorino's very crafty.

He's getting his house  
fixed up for free.

And he's earning with the rent.

I made you some soup  
to take home for dinner.

MERRY CHRISTMAS CHERSOGNO

He got out a little computer,  
did some sums and said:

"We'll make excellent cheese here!"

I could understand if he wanted  
to set up...

a restaurant, or a camp site...

but to herd goats...

My husband wanted to rent him  
the land my in-laws left us.

It's wonderful that a big family  
is coming up here to live.

And they're not from the South!

I told the mayor  
to give him our pastureland.

I won't charge him,  
but he must keep it clean.

A thousand, ten,  
twenty, thirty, forty,



forty-five.

If it's more, tell me.

You could have come in Spring,  
like last year.

Tell the mayor that I don't want  
any surprises on my land.

Can you give me a receipt?

- We usually send it to your house.

- No, give me something signed.

It's better that way!

Write it out properly!

There are 42 dates lined up.

It's nothing too exacting,  
just a small orchestra.

It plays holiday resorts,  
important places.

Classical repertoire,  
you needn't work hard.

It won't hinder your recovery.

I'm going.

The wind blows round  
and everything comes back  
sooner or later.

- Heard the latest?

- Is it really true?

They're all there working, doing  
a ruego like in the old days.

What does the mayor think?

He's working hardest of all!

- Here, it's from Fausto.

- Thanks.

Always studying, eh?

We're coming on fine,  
we've done a good job.

The state that place was in!

We'll be finished  
in a couple of days.

Come and sit down.

Hello, Bep.

Only just got here?

Where's Fausto?

His manager's here.

That woman from Turin.

- He'll have better things to do.

- About time too!

Be seeing you. Thanks.

- Will this be enough?

- Yes.

- Make a note so you'll remember.

- Okay.

Have the goats eaten?

I was just feeding them.

All right, goodbye.

- Who was it?

- The mayor.

Again?

Put some lavender on,  
it smells nice.

Close the door

so everything gets disinfected.

We welcome the Heraud's.

Philippe, Chris and their children  
with a warm heart  
and the best wishes  
for a happy future.

The Chersogno town council  
would like to thank those  
who've made  
their land available.

The town council  
wishes the Heraud family  
an honest and dignified future  
with the fruits of a labour  
that's a natural continuation  
of the activity  
our ancestors performed here  
in the past.

Thanks to everyone.

To everyone  
who helped with the house,  
who cleaned the stalls,  
and to all of you  
who've come tonight.

It wasn't easy  
for my wife and I  
to change countries,  
to come here with a new language,  
or for our kids either.

But I believe that in life,  
you have to do  
something crazy sometimes.  
Thank you.  
Thank you all, really.  
May I?  
Hi.  
So how's it going?  
I brought you some vegetables.  
I didn't think you had any.  
Go ahead and use this,  
I'll bring more next week.  
Otherwise it will go bad.  
It's that way,  
from there to the river.  
You can graze your animals  
in the pasture on the other side.  
That's where you can graze them.  
Great!  
You over there!  
That's mine over there!  
Those are my pastures!  
And my shed!  
Stop yelling, Emma.  
We're here to do what's allowed.  
Sure you are...  
We'll see what you do.  
We'll see!  
- Is something wrong?  
- No...  
NO GRAZING ALLOWED  
Hello.  
Put them away right, Max.  
Your goats have gone into  
Aunt Emma's property twice.  
Her cows won't eat  
where your goats soil the grass.  
They'll end up falling into the gulch.  
Virginie must not have noticed.  
Anyway, stay away from there,  
you've got your own space.  
- The priest wants to bless the house.  
- No.  
Did you hear about the French guy?

Father Franco went there  
to bless the house.

- But they wouldn't let him.

- Are they atheists?

Maybe they had no money  
for a donation.

- They can't go broke over a donation.

- Some holy water might do them good,  
considering all that dirt out front.

They leave their little girl  
in front of the stall,  
with all that dung around!

- Everything okay, Father?

- Yes.

- How about some Pastis?

- I'd love some.

But let's bless the house first.

"May the Lord bless this house  
and let us understand it,  
love it and serve it.

Let us have its peace...

Where's Philippe?

Out in the pasture.

He asked me to take him  
to get some limestone.

I'll go find him.

Sorry.

Bye.

- Looking for deer?

- Yes.

- Seen the French guy?

- No.

People have to protect  
their own culture to survive  
and speak their own language.

Languages prove people  
have lived in peace for centuries.

No.

Culture comes from living together.

Day after day.

When I realize that people  
have lived here for 900 years  
and spoken the Oc language,  
and still do,

from here to the ocean  
they've spoken the same language  
for hundreds of years...  
I get so emotional!  
What's left of  
Occitanian culture?  
Nostalgia.  
If you're humble,  
they say you have no balls.  
Imagine  
if today's society took notice  
of all the people who wake up  
unsatisfied in the morning.  
To truly rebel you have to change.  
Do what you really want to do.  
But you're considered crazy  
if you break society's standards.  
Then I'm crazy  
and glad to be!  
What's the point of living?  
If you're not happy?  
You're afraid.  
Come on.  
I can tell you're afraid.  
I used to be too.  
Everyone has the same fear.  
Not being good enough for life  
or what they want to do.  
You have to enjoy life.  
Congratulations,  
you have a beautiful girl.  
Congratulations.  
Next time it will be a boy.  
I have to go back to Turin,  
have a nice party.  
- Finally a little life around here.  
- The first of many celebrations.  
- Well?  
- I'm here.  
Are you really going  
to live with Philippe?  
I'm helping him out, he's all alone.  
Everyone wants to leave this place  
but he wants to stay.

He only did what he wanted.  
Your father can't stand him.  
I've had it up to here  
with what my father  
and everyone else says...  
What they want me to do.  
Everyone tells me what to do.  
I can't stand anyone anymore.  
This was inhabited by Jews,  
Muslims, Heretics and Catholics.  
They all lived together.  
At one point they almost  
killed off the Oc culture.  
You know why?  
They were tolerant.  
I don't like the word "tolerant".  
If you have to tolerate someone,  
it means you there's no equality.  
I believe...  
that all violence  
stems from sexual repression.  
It has turned into power.  
A society based on  
other people's frustration.  
Frustration...  
Frustration is the cause  
of the most base feelings.  
A repressed man  
only wants revenge sooner or later.  
.. ten, eleven, twelve...  
thirteen, fourteen...  
Run!  
- Hello? Hi.  
- What's up?  
Cancel the tour,  
I've thought it over.  
You want to play for the goats?  
- Exactly, I want my freedom.  
- What about when you grow up?  
I don't want to do tours  
on boats anymore.  
- The contracts?  
- Call it off and work it out.  
- That's what you're paid for.

- Go f...!

I'd help you out  
with your land and stuff like that.

For a house.

But I want Massimo...

to go back to the pastures.

If your son

wants to come and live here,  
you should be helping him out.

But...

I have almost 100 cows  
in the field.

I have problems,

I just redid the stalls.

I need help.

I've got debts to pay.

I see.

But if Massimo doesn't give this  
a try, he'll never find peace.

And who says kids

have to do what their parents want.

And now

there's arguing with my wife at home.

Massimo was already coming here.

But ever since you came round...

we've had these problems.

At least help me

get him to come home.

I'm asking you

to talk to the French guy.

What about?

I was wanting to have

two or three goats.

Maybe he could sell me one...

This isn't council responsibility.

Go to the Forest Rangers.

They are only in charge

of protected plants.

If someone damages a stone pine,  
they fine them.

But this is the second time

my roses have been eaten!

Rose-flavored cheese.

But who's paying me?

My field's covered in goat shit!

Free fertilizer.

You wouldn't have this problem  
if it were up to me.

- My points?

- I gave them to your husband.

I'll sit here.

I'm the mountain ghost.

I'm going to eat everything!

Grandma's here.

Don't you have  
anything to do?

- I need help.

- Just a second.

There's work to be done.

But the mountain ghost  
is always here!

Emilie says she heard  
yelling in the house down there.

- Stop it!

- What's going on?

A new policeman in town!

It's fine for him to stick his nose  
in other people's business.

- The newcomer wants to be boss!

- That bastard!

TOWN OF CHERSOGNO

IMMIGRANT RAISES GOATS

AND SELLS ROTTEN CHEESE

COMPLETE NEGLIGENCE

OF HEALTH STANDARDS

Write with your left hand...

POLICE,

DRONERO POLICE STATION

HEALTH DEPARTMENT, CUNEO

The soup!

- How's it going?

- There's so much to do.

You're always by yourself.

You have to go the pasture  
to see my husband.

It's no hurry,

I just wanted to talk about the goats.

But I can tell you.



You should probably go tell him.  
I have to go into town now,  
I've got errands.  
Come and have some coffee,  
I've just made it.

- How's our brother?  
- He called.

He says they haven't had  
holiday yet  
but they're coming  
for the Assumption.  
To see them  
bring the statue back to the church.  
Good.

How's it going with the French guy.  
He's got a nice family,  
nice kids.

- All they do is work.  
- Let them!

That way they stay out of the way.  
The mayor shouldn't have done that.  
He went too far,  
letting a goat herder come here.  
He went too far!  
Hello.  
Hi.

You like taking risks.  
I've seen dogs  
fall off the cliff here.  
I came to talk to you.  
I saw your goats the other day  
grazing on private pastures  
and you weren't given permission.  
Really?  
I find that hard to believe.  
I saw it, I'm sure.  
You'd better pay more attention  
to people's property lines.  
All I see is empty houses  
and badly managed fields.  
No, people here  
take care of their own property.  
They let grass rot in their fields.  
What's the difference

if I let my goats eat that?  
It's a matter of property,  
of respect.  
You can't take advantage  
of people when they're not home.  
I'm sure the mayor told you that.  
It's for your own good.  
Go and teach my goats  
what they can and can't eat.  
And bring a map of the area  
so they can see where to go!  
Mark lines on the ground  
so the dogs will have to work harder.  
Keep an eye on your goats.  
If I find one more  
in my stalls or in my field,  
I'll catch it,  
roast it and eat it!  
Mom!  
Virginie's teacher said  
she needs to wash  
because she smells like a goat.  
It doesn't matter,  
schools almost over.  
We should have stayed in Bagneres.  
These Italians are weird.  
Sometimes they're nice,  
almost too nice.  
You need to be patient.  
They're just like us,  
like everyone.  
You'll see,  
once we get a bigger house,  
everything will be easier.  
And I have no reason  
to be jealous here...  
Or are you going to dump me  
for a local?  
What if I fall in love  
with the guy in the jump suit?  
Really?  
- Then I'd better start working out.  
- What?  
What are you doing?

It's a souvenir from a rueido.

Everyone in town has one.

- So you should too.

- Thanks.

During the war,

the people got together

and hid the hay in the church

so the Germans wouldn't get it.

After the war they got together

again to bring it back home.

Let's decide where to hang it up

and hope the house doesn't collapse.

The municipality can apply

for European funds for the house.

You can fix the stall up

and improve the pastures.

I understand, Costanzo.

It doesn't take much

to make Chris and I happy.

- How long are you staying?

- Until tomorrow.

- Let's go and get ready.

- Okay.

I'll take that.

So you're not going out?

- It's not my kind of thing.

- It's Occitanian music!

That's enough, Simon!

Stop it, Emilie!

Stop it, Simon!

Don't you have

anything else to do?

Virginie, clear the table.

Emilie, help your sister.

We're going to make cheese now.

Your mother will be happy

when she gets back.

Go get the cultures.

Simon, get up and do something.

Dad!

Hurry up,

the basement's flooded!

- Come on we're late!

- Don't get flustered.

The old buggers won't die  
because of one dance less!  
What's that stink?  
- Where's all this stuff going?  
- Milan.  
So you're going back  
to your public!  
Can we go now?  
How much did she pay you  
to make you change your mind?  
Will you ask Chris  
to water my plants sometimes?  
Sometimes we do things  
that others don't understand  
but that make a lot of sense  
to us.  
Put that toy away and help me.  
Can we taste these?  
- Good!  
- So fresh!  
Got any riper ones?  
No yet, you'll have to wait.  
- How many do you want?  
- Two of these.  
Delicious.  
They really taste of goat.  
The French know how to make cheese!  
Another piece.  
I brought these cakes  
for your children  
so they'll have something  
good to eat.  
Here are some clothes  
from the Good Will.  
You know about  
the Occitan situation?  
These valleys where they  
speak another language?  
The success of this initiative  
could bring other youngsters,  
other families.  
We're trying  
to develop this area,  
put that in the article.

I can't tackle  
social or political issues,  
it's a food magazine.  
- Here's Chris, the cheese maker.  
- Wonderful!  
Come on, let's take some photos.  
We'll take a photo with  
the girl and the mother.  
Stand up straight and turn round.  
With the lady.  
Get the goats in too.  
Look, here's another one!  
You get in shot too.  
You stand here...  
Fine. You look lovely, ma'am.  
We'll shoot you like this.  
Excellent!  
I've come for the faxes.  
I've moved my manure heap,  
like the Health Board wanted.  
You can tell the mayor.  
"PALATO FINE" RESTAURAN "BOCCA D'ORO" RESTAURAN  
Faxes arrive here every day.  
I've got other things to do,  
and paper costs.  
What a stink!  
What is it?  
A dead pig, don't touch it.  
Dumping a carcass near the village  
in this weather is a criminal act!  
Maybe it fell by accident,  
or it broke loose.  
Who knows what it died of.  
He acts like God Almighty,  
but he can't look after animals!  
Come away from there,  
you'll catch something!  
They're worse than gypsies!  
It's criminal!  
Some children saw a dead pig  
on the slope.  
- Know anything about it?  
- It was Phillipe. It was dead.  
Scoundrels!

There are children here!  
You think you can throw dead animals  
down the escarpment?  
What's the problem?  
The vultures will eat it.  
What vultures?  
You'd better go home.  
They didn't mean any harm.  
In the Pyrenees, vultures  
eat the carcasses.  
He's a scoundrel!  
- He should go back to the Pyrenees!  
- I'm sorry, we didn't know.  
They're being smart!  
Beat it, go home!  
The Forest Rangers  
already fined him twice,  
but the mayor won't call  
the Health Board, you'll see.  
Costanzo will ruin his reputation  
like this.  
I'd like to see what happens  
if an infection breaks out.  
That pig must've weighed  
a hundred kilos.  
We should get the law on him.  
- They're barbarians!  
- Goat's cheese is disgusting.  
I bet they fired him from teaching  
because he's so dirty.  
They say they've seen his wife  
on the highway at night.  
- Just think!  
- They've been seen naked too.  
They were walking round  
the village in the nude!  
That's enough!  
The cultures?  
- Are there any more cellars?  
- No.  
Goodbye.  
It's not my fault,  
I'm just doing my job.  
But the pig belonged

to that Frenchman.  
They found the carcass  
in the woods,  
not in his stalls.  
In a case like this, we must check  
all the herders in the area.  
I have to sling all the milk  
because of that bastard?  
For how long?  
We'll speed things up,  
two or three weeks.  
And what about all the money?  
What'll happen to that?  
We'll take you  
to our brothers.  
We'll carry you  
along the streets.  
Stay with us,  
don't leave us.  
The night...  
It'll be the Frenchman's.  
He'll have done it on purpose!

**CANCELLATION:**

OF AUTHORIZATION

"Dear Mr Heraud, I hereby cancel  
authorization  
for use of my land as pasture  
for your livestock. "

- Simon, did you wash your hands?

- Yes.

- More of the same letters?

- Yes.

We should cut down more trees  
for fodder.

Here.

- Want some water?

- Yes.

Here's the soup.

Some for me too.

I'll show him!

He cut down all my sister's wood!

Thief!

I'll pull the whole lot off here!

Here we go!

- What are you doing?

- Thief!

- Are you mad?

- Off it comes!

Thief!

This is my sister's wood!

That's not true!

Stop!

- Come on... I'm sorry.

- No!

The Health Board

checked everything

and found it all in order.

I put the results up in the square

but I still got this.

They're still complaining.

The goats, the pigs, the stink,

the mess...

No one seems to remember

the job their fathers used to do.

- They want to kick him out.

- We'll get this settles.

We'll find him a house

in an out of the way place.

- Then no one can complain.

- What did Philippe say?

The usual, you know what he's like.

But I told him to calm down,

with all the upset he's caused!

And that business with Emma?

To settle that I've thought

of calling everyone together,

Philippe included,

to make peace.

Next Sunday.

Emma said she was coming back

from the meadow

and saw Philippe

stealing wood from the pile.

She said she went over,

she was very angry.

She had a stick in her hand

and he grabbed it off her.



She wanted to get the wood back...

One way or another,

Emma got two fingers broken.

And now she's up there  
with her arm in plaster.

And that's that.

1 LOCAL CHEESE FESTIVAL

If the mayor continues to side  
with foreigners,

the village is done for!

The council has always worked  
for the good of village.

Everyone has to do their bit.

We've got to be a bit more humble,  
Philippe too.

- The village must keep going.

- Philippe's must apologise to Emma.

- And pay for damages.

- All right.

But at the meeting we must  
say things face to face.

He's got to say sorry  
and pay for damages first.

We'll see what we can do.

You've got to decide  
who's side you're on!

- You again?

- Yes.

I spoke to Lidia,  
you've got to apologise to Emma.

- Why?

- Why not humble yourself for once?

Give her the satisfaction.

A bit of humility would be  
a good start.

Want to pass me off as a thief?

For someone who goes round  
breaking people's bones?

Lidia says

she told you where to go,  
but you went and took

Emma's wood on purpose.

Look at me!

You think you're different,

but you're all they same.  
Only the language changes.  
Two goats have disappeared,  
go and look for them.  
Try and convince him  
to come to the meeting.  
- Oh, it's you.  
- How are you, Don Franco?  
I'm trying out this contraption.  
I came to ask you  
if you'll come to the peace-making  
meeting on Sunday?  
Maybe if you're there...  
Peace-making...  
The mayor did the right thing.  
People should live in harmony.  
I don't want to create  
any embarrassment.  
But I'll try to put a good word in.  
- So, is he coming?  
- I don't know.  
I'm not this father!  
Are you going away too, then?  
Ah, there he is!  
- Sorry, I'm a bit late.  
- No, I just got off the bus.  
How can I start?  
Say something about  
the ruido,  
about what it meant for us,  
for our community.  
Getting together to do  
all the heaviest work,  
being united.  
- Community spirit.  
- I understand.  
Today we're joined by  
Costanzo Giraudó,  
mayor of Chersogno,  
a charming village  
in the Monviso Valleys  
where Occitan is still spoken.  
Costanzo asked us to do  
a feature on his village,

which had a thousand inhabitants  
a century ago.

Today, surrounded by  
a splendid mountain landscape,  
it offers the possibility  
of a wonderful holiday.

Also with us is Mr Ponte,  
the oldest man in Chersogno.

But now I don't live...

Tell us about your life  
in the mountains.

Mountain life wasn't easy.

Haymaking was  
the most important thing for us.

Hay was as important as bread,  
maybe even more so

because we gave it to the animals  
who'd keep us supplied  
with milk, butter and cheese.

When the Germans  
started burning haylofts,

we thought about  
about hiding in churches  
in the hope that they  
wouldn't look for it there.

Then us boys would secretly go  
and get it and give it back  
to the farmers.

We'd try to help one another  
for free.

We also did the *rueido*,  
which means helping one another  
for the good of everyone of us.

What's happened to us?

We've become unrecognisable.

Monica asked me  
to read you these words.

"A warrior was dying  
at the end of a battle.

A man came up to him

**and said:**

"Don't die, I love you very much. "  
But, alas, he still kept on dying.

Two other men came up

**and said:**

"Wake up, come back to life!"

But, alas, he still kept on dying.

They came up in 20, 100, 1.000,

"So much love, but we can  
can do nothing against death!"

But, alas, he kept on dying.

Millions of individuals

formed a chorus around him:

"Wake up, brother!"

But he kept on dying.

In the end,

all the men on Earth

surrounded him.

The corpse saw them

and, moved,

got up slowly.

He embraced the first man

and started to walk. "

...the wind blows round

and everything comes back sooner or later...

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