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# The Road of Life

By Eduardo Landeta

Let's help him!

Leave him to die, him! Why was he waiting, putting us at risk?

"ASSAULT ON AN AUTO PARTS DEALER BY JUVENILE DELINQUENTS"

**THE WAY OF LIFE:**

Is the Director in? I'd like to speak with him.

May I ask who came calling here?

The lawyer Jos Gutierrez.

The lawyer Jos Gutierrez wants to talk to you, Doctor.

Let him in.

Sit down, please.

Tell me, Counselor, what I can do for you?

Doctor, I have come to...

that is, I think, I came here in order...

I think, Doctor, that if I explain, you'll understand the reason for my visit.

I was once consigned to juvenile court.

You, Counselor?

Yes, doctor, to the former court, which wasn't as nice as this.

I achieved the goal I assigned myself and have just graduated as a lawyer.

Doctor, I want to specialize in sociology.

I'll explain briefly the cause that drives me.

I'm a bastard son of a prominent industrialist who died a few years ago.

My mother, who was his maid, was run out of his household when it was discovered she was going to be a mother.

I grew up feeling resentment toward the man who had driven us to misery.

When my mother died, I was 15 and I harbored a deep hatred.

In a reaction... --- how shall I say? --- vindictive reaction, I assaulted the residence of my father.

I tried to alleviate in that way the uneasiness I was living in.

Naturally, I was captured.

On behalf of my father his secretary attended the court,...

after he heard about the case and discovered our relationship.

Thanks to this man's kindness I didn't end up at a correctional facility.

He got fond of me and thanks to him I am a lawyer today.

A very commendable action on his part.

Doctor, the man of whom I speak, and who was more than a father to me, is gone.

I want to pay him back his action by continuing the work he started with me.

I want to work with you in the rehabilitation of young boys who have transgressed accidentally...

influenced by their environment,...

because of living uncared for, without support from anyone,...

or by lack of discipline at home or at school.

I understand, Counselor.

Your help will be very useful.

Your idea fits perfectly with the functioning of this institution,...  
whose task is not to punish but to guide, retrain,...

adapt, and make the kids appreciate what their true mission is.

As far as I'm concerned, you can start the work you've imposed upon  
yourself whenever you want to, even right now.

You have my support.

Thank you, Doctor.

I would like to know about some of the cases of the kind I mentioned. Is it  
possible?

Well...if you wish you can start here.

This is a case that, well, better read for yourself.

Sit on the couch, if you like.

Thank you, Doctor.

This soap has already turned mud-like.

It breaks completely into pieces and doesn't heat up.

No, if all that heats up is your soul, when you pay the 60 centavos it's  
worth.

And you go on scrubbing and scrubbing to remove the dirt that this soap  
doesn't remove.

Nah!

Why are you so late?

Dinner is ready, Asensio.

Now, while I reheat it for you make a run to the grocery store,...  
to see whether you can bring along Don Nico.

I'm not going, maybe he's already drunk and then he'll pound me.

Well, keep your distance so he can't reach you.

Come on, get moving, you're already late!

~ Keep an eye on my clothes, Mary.

~ Go ahead.

When I was in jail,...

all alone, I used to entertain myself...

counting the links...

that my chain had.

Jail's cells,...

rooms with four walls...

where they lock up men...

because of women.

How black were the nights in prison!

The locks clink, the heart pounds.

Prison guards,...

How annoying they are, there...

with those cries of warning...  
which don't let me sleep.  
Pour me another round of this and more for my friends.  
That's my Nico! He finally recalled his pigeons!  
~ And he's solitary.  
~ Sure.  
Prison guards,...  
How noisy they are, there...  
with those cries of warning...  
which don't let me sleep.  
Stairs of the jail,...  
stairstep by stairstep...  
some guys go up while others go down...  
to give their statement.  
What nights so black to prison!  
The locks clink, the heart pounds.  
How black were the nights in prison!  
The locks clink, the heart pounds.  
He's drunk.  
Don Maca, would you summon my dad, this guy Don Nico?  
Hey, my Nico! Your stepchildren are looking for you!  
What's your whim now? What the hell do you want?  
My mom says you go eat some tacos.  
Devilish brat! Who do you think you are, yelling at me?  
Come on, Nico, go back to the house before the old coot comes to beat you!  
The only one meant to beat there is me!  
Before you leave pay for another round for everybody.  
But I'm not leaving, I'll be right back.  
I'll just go get more money from the old dear.  
so she'll stop sending messages to my workplace.  
Run, Nico, they're sure to hit you.  
Why are you staring at me, children of your bitch of a mother?  
Should it be that you think I'm pleased?  
Come on, beat it, before I kill you!  
Stairs of the jail,...  
Here comes your very father...  
master builder, not an improvised bricklayer outsider...  
like so many that I know.  
Indecent drunken! And he didn't get to hit you?  
No, Mom! But he almost got us once.  
But now we'll get it as soon as he arrives.  
Stop it, Don Nico! Don't you see that the children are here?  
Well if you won't give me a kiss, at least give me some coins.  
Coins?? Those I have, I've put away.

Don't play around. The ones you have.  
Are you saying you weren't paid for all the washing you did yesterday?  
And how do you think I bought our food today?  
You already cleaned me out, you want money but you won't work.  
There's the engineer sending messages over and over to you every day so you  
go to the building site...  
but no way, you must inevitably go with your buddies to the store.  
And what the hell do you care?  
You scolding me is the last straw.  
Bring what I'm asking for.  
Don't you see that I have to go pay for the other rounds?  
And where am I supposed to get it? Didn't I tell you I spent it all on  
food? I have nothing.  
Well, give me what you have hidden, don't think I hadn't noticed.  
No, not that!  
There it is. And you said you didn't have any?  
I'm going use it. Give it to me!  
I said give it to me!  
I'll teach you to obey your man!  
Give me the money!  
I won't even if you kill me!  
This money's for my children's books!  
Give it to him, mom, give it to him, so he'll stop hitting you!  
So you won't give it to me, huh?  
Is he dead?  
I don't know, my son, I don't know.  
Now, what could have happened?  
Oh, that kid, he's taking ages to bring the cop!  
Would to God that nothing bad has happened!  
Why don't we go see?  
Come on!  
Alas, poor Jonah!  
Excuse me.  
This man is dead. Call the ambulance.  
Will you tell me who killed him?  
It was me, officer. I killed him.  
Lady, I have to take you to the station.  
Arrange the most you can while the ambulance gets here.  
Not true, sir, not true! It wasn't my mom, it was me!  
Let's see, let's see, what's with you? What did you do?  
Don't believe him, it's not true what he's saying!  
It was me, sir, it was me!  
It wasn't the child, don't believe him!  
Counselor Gutierrez.

Counselor Gutierrez.

Excuse me, Doctor, I was distracted.

At your command.

They say Luis, the kid from that record, is ready to make his statement. Do you want us to go talk to him before he starts?

If you don't mind, Doctor, I'd like to do it.

Well, Counselor, on the contrary. I want to show you several things.

The boy's in the hospital. Let's go.

After you.

Good morning, Conchita.

~ Good morning, Doctor.

~ How did this child spend the night?

Pretty calmly, but he's been crying a fair amount.

And my mother, sir? Have they done something to her?

Calm down, son, your mother is fine and nothing's happened to her.

Look, Luis, don't think about what happened.

Neither your mother nor you are to blame for what happened,... therefore nothing will happen to you.

No, she wasn't at fault!

My stepfather beat her all the time, so I hit him.

It was me, not her.

Look, kid, even if you did it you're not here to be punished. Don't cry.

What we have to do now is tell the truth,...

to the gentlemen who ask you, exactly what happened.

Yes, but my mom told the policeman that she killed him, and they locked her up.

You'll help us, won't you, sir?

We'll all help you.

Sir...are they going to operate on me like Pedro?

I told you we wouldn't. You're not sick.

They operated on him because he couldn't speak.

And now he's speaking OK, right?

They restored speech to a mute by operating on him?

Well, he wasn't exactly a mute, Counselor.

The boy suffered hypertrophy of the tonsils and persistent adenoids... which made his speech almost unintelligible.

He suffered a strong inferiority complex because of his voice and the abuse he received.

Now you'll see the change.

Well, go up there and just tell them the whole truth. And don't be afraid.

Wake up, Pedro.

How do you feel? Can you speak well yet?

Now I can speak well.

Since I had surgery here I speak well. Before, like that.

Well, look, you're going to talk to this man all about your history. Counselor, it would be interesting for you to hear. I have to go to my office.

I'll wait for you there.

Of course, Doctor. You go on ahead.

So let's see...Tell me what happened to you. Why are you here?

Well, you see,...

Hey, mister, you dispense.

Can I see Don Panchito, the preceptor?

I brought my son here to him, so he can educate him for me.

Go into the Headmaster's office. I'll tell him you're coming.

Sit there. I'll notify the principal.

Mr. Director, they're looking for you.

Don Panchito, a pleasure.

What, don't you remember me?

I'm Pedro Romero of San Damin de las Tunas.

When you were over there you taught me to read.

San Damian of...But, of course, Don Pedro!

I do never forget any of my disciples.

And now, what brings you here?

Sit, sit.

Well, you see, this one you see here is my son.

I brought him here so you could make a worthwhile man out of him.

Back in the village they harass him a lot. He doesn't learn anything.

And as you remember, we live some distance from the village and the school.

Now that I have some money put away, I thought, "Pedro, you have to know how to live,..."

"and it's best to take Pedrito the capital to Don Panchito so he'll teach him properly."

Very well thought out, Don Pedro.

If your kid isn't stupid, he'll learn.

No, you'll see that he's not a halfwit.

The bad thing is the poor kid has a minor defect.

Back in the village the boys gave him a rough time...

and then fight with him. They never leave him to study in peace.

What is this defect?

I didn't notice anything.

You'll hear it now.

Come on, son. Tell Don Panchito here your name.

Why not? Don Panchito will say that you are disobedient.

Come on, come on, tell him your name.

Pedro Romero, to serve God and you.

Do you think, Don Panchito, that he can stay in spite of that?

Yes, of course I do.

That must be a bad cold, which we'll cure him of.  
Well, Don Panchito, for then, if you admit him for me, I'll pay at once the whole term fee.  
I don't want him to be short of anything. How much will it be?  
Well, we really here take only half-time boarders,...  
but because it's you I'll make an exception.  
We'll see how we can house him.  
Taking everything into account, what do you think of 200 pesos per month?  
If something is needed I'll send notice requesting it to you.  
You're the boss, Don Panchito --- of course.  
Allow me. I'll give you a receipt. Come along.  
What is the address?  
Ccono Ranch,...  
Saint Damin de las Tunas,...  
Guanajuato.  
What year are you in, Pedrito?  
No, because you see, he's way behind, he just finished the third.  
And when can you leave him here?  
Well I would say from today, right? That would be better.  
Well, as you like.  
You can start classes this afternoon.  
Well, my son, you're on your own.  
Comport yourself like a man.  
And write to me often.  
Don't cry, my child,...  
and think a lot about your mother and me.  
Take him now, Professor.  
May God save you, my boy!  
Come on, Pedro. Let's have you eat with one of your peers.  
Here you'll have many friends.  
You'll know them all when it comes time for class. Come along.  
Put your bets on the table. If it lands on its feet, I win.  
Ah, no, no! It's not allowed to hold it by the legs!  
Hush, child.  
I present to you Pedro Romero, a new companion.  
Treat him well and be his friends. Sit here, next to Carlitos.  
You'll eat and then your teammates will tell you where to go.  
Pedro goes into fourth year.  
Please tell him what room he'll be in and advise the teacher.  
Yes, sir!  
You, where are you from?  
Why don't you answer? Can't you talk?  
Of course he can! It's just like he's very like an Indian. Don't you see?  
Since he's new we must explain everything to him.



**Hey you:**

And give us their food.

The director said you should feed this Indian, too.

Scumbags!

Wow, how brave!

So you get you used to it, bring those rolls here.

~ And I'll have the soup.

~ And me, the rice.

~ I'll have the stew.

~ Me, the dessert.

And me, the beans, at least.

Your dessert was great...too bad you didn't get any.

Come on, Dumbo, it's time to go to class, stand up.

Guys, here's a new kid. Come on, come on!

And you, what are you doing here? You should be in class.

Look how messy you've gotten. Were you playing pigs?

Do you think your father left you here to play around?

Now I'm realizing the kind of card you are.

Come on, we're going to your class.

Good afternoon, sir.

~ Be seated.

~ Thank you.

Sign up this child to your class, teacher Magano. He's just arrived from the countryside.

With pleasure, sir.

Be seated.

You didn't bring any books, right?

Take these papers and this pencil and sit in there with Antonio in the second row.

What's your name?

Didn't you hear me? I asked you your name.

Pedro Romero, at your service.

Louder. Speak up, I understand anything.

Pedro Romero, at your service.

Hush, hush!

What, you don't bring a handkerchief? Blow your nose and say your name.

Go on, tell us, what's your name?

Pedro Romero, at your service.

Hush, hush!

"Pedro Romero, at your service."

Children, children!

Children!

Children!

You come here.

Guys, show some respect!

How well you start your first day of school!

But I'll teach you to respect me. Stand there facing the wall.

Silence! Silence!

Silence! Everyone to their places.

In punishment for your insolence you'll all remain an extra hour in class...

and you won't go to recess in the playground across the street tomorrow morning.

~ No!

~ Silence! Silence!

Fight, don't run, Dumbo!

~ Fight, don't run, brat!

~ I don't run off!

Miserable mute, I'll separate your soul! Come on, fight!

You stay away, stay away, beggar!

Look out, here comes the director, the director!

Come on, recess is over!

But what's all this? Thugs!

Do you think this is a ring for cockfighting?

He was the one who started it, professor!

I don't want to fight, but he jumped on me.

Very nice, just yesterday you came and you're getting in trouble,...

but I'm going to do whatever it takes to straighten you out. Walk.

Over there.

To help you learn, today you skip dinner.

Don't move from here until I get back.

And don't even think of fighting again, because you'll learn who I am!

Whenever you want, we'll have another go at it.

I haven't even started in on you yet, shrimp!

The past tense of the verb to love in the indicative: "I loved", "you loved", "he loved",

"We loved", "you loved", "they loved".

Let's see who can repeat it.

Not you, Pedro. I know you can but you'd better tell me later, alone.

You, Roberto.

The past tense of the verb to love in the indicative:

"I loved", "you loved", "he loved", "we loved", "you..."..."you..."

~ "You loved."

~ "You loved."

Silence! Silence! Silence!

Today I'll punish you all.

I told you not to talk, Pedro.

Well, this... you, Rafal. You repeat it.

What the hell is going on here? They can hear your laughter in the street!  
Sit down.

What's the story, Professor Magana?

Are you unable to maintain discipline in this group?

Can't you wield your authority?

Mr. Director, I can no longer take my class with Pedro Romero. Or he goes  
or I go.

He unwittingly is a distraction. All he does is open his mouth and all hell  
breaks loose.

This happens several times a day. I can't do this anymore.

Assert yourself by harshly punishing the guilty.

It is useless to try to prevent Pedro from talking during class.

Every day I stick around with him to give see to his lessons,...  
because others can't stand his voice.

It's totally useless. I'd better quit.

I'm not stopping you.

I already got all the drops that available at the pharmacy and that cold or  
whatever doesn't go away.

On top of that there's daily punishment for his quarrels.

Pedro, go to my office and stand there for an hour.

Then come and apologize to your teacher.

I don't know why this defect of your companion is so funny.

Suppose any one you were lame, one-eyed, or humpbacked...

and people mock of you, what would you make of it?

The next time you resume this scandal...

I'll suspend you all, so you stop your nonsense. Remember that!

~ Professor, Professor.

~ What is it, Antonio?

~ I want to say a word.

~ Let's see, say them.

"Pedro Romero, in God's service and yours."

"Mr. Pedro Romero, Rancho El Ccono,..."

"Saint Damin de las Tunas, Guanajuato.

**"Dear Dad:**

"like I mentioned in my other letters, I still very happy at school.

"All my friends are good people.

"They treat me well and don't make fun of me or treat me badly like there  
in the village.

"I don't fight. I even think I'm becoming able to vocalize a little bit.

"I study a lot and I'm good.

"Also my teacher and Don Panchito like me.

"I eat my fill and it's all very tasty.

"Anyway I miss you a lot, and my mom, and my uncle Jacinto and my donkey 'the crooked'.

"You don't know how eager I am sometimes to go there,...

"but not because they don't want me here but because I miss you a lot."

I won't hurt you in the throat.

Beware fighting again because you'll expelled from school.

God! How did you like that seat?

Oh, he poked my eye out! Oh, my eye!

My, my, my eye! Oh, my God, he tore my eye out!

Look for the director, get him to come immediately! Call the Red Cross.

It's time for your tablet.

As I say, suddenly I didn't know what I did,...

but then I realized and I got very scared.

I thought they were taking me to jail.

When Don Panchito told me he would bring me here, I was more scared than ever.

**You see:**

I saw many doctors and women who asked many questions,...

to see why I'm such a messer.

Then the director told me I had to have surgery on my throat...

so I could speak well and no one would make fun of me.

And you see, I speak well and I won't have to fight with anyone.

All I want is for my papa came to see me and take me away.

Your dad is coming soon. Don't worry. When he comes you can go with him.

Well, Pedro, try to behave yourself from now on,...

be studious and try to really become a useful man.

While you're here we'll continue to see each other.

Well, well, well. Don't be sorry anymore.

Come on, tell me what you want to be when you grow up?

I don't know.

Would you like to study?

Yes, but I hardly could so far.

My mom never could get my books...

and then they scold me at school for not having them.

And what if I buy you the books, would you study a lot?

Yes, sir. Do you know? I'd like to be an aviator to handle these huge airplanes that fly along.

Doctor, if I take responsibility for Luis, would you consign him to my care?

Naturally, Counselor, I don't think he could be in better hands.

I think I could put his mother in charge of my house,...

so I could insure that Luis and his sister were well cared for and would come to a school.

Magnificent.

If you want, tomorrow I'll have all the papers ready for you to sign... and in a few days you'll have Luis.

Perfectly. Then, with your permission I'll retire. I'll come sign them tomorrow. Until morning, doctor.

Good evening, Counselor.

Until tomorrow, Luis.

Don't cry. Don't cry, calm down. Every one of us here will give you love. Sit.

I'll be right back. I'll prepare something to calm you down.

What's wrong? Why are you crying? Are they going to operate on you, too?

Leave him alone, Pedro, don't bother him.

Let's see, I'll give you a nip you'll hardly notice.

You see how painless? You see? There we go.

Try to get some sleep, it will do you good. Later I'll bring clean clothes so you can change.

They operated on my throat so I could speak well, but it didn't hurt.

I went to sleep and felt nothing. When I woke up, I could speak well.

They brought me here because I accidentally took out an eye from another boy.

And you, why are you here?

Because I stole a woman's purse yesterday.

They grabbed me and I spent the night in the police cells.

And now they brought me here.

Is that why you're crying so much?

No, that's not why.

Don't cry. Look, you know make paper boats?

It's easy. I'll teach you to make one.

Look. First fold it in half like this.

Then this point here, this one here,...

after these two left over, and them here...

Did you see that?

Then catch it here and join it, and this point here, and this one over here.

Then you pull here and that's that. You can have it.

I think I'm going soon. My papa will come for me.

We're from Guanajuato. And you, where are you from?

I don't know.

Do your parents already know they brought you here?

Have they told them?

No. I don't have anyone.

What's wrong? Why are you crying?

For my mom. She's there.

Did you come here alone?

No, with a neighbor, but she's gone.

Your dad didn't come?  
We don't have a dad.  
Well, you have to go now because it's time to close.  
Go where?  
Well...wherever you want. Home.  
We have no home. They closed the room now that my mom died.  
Sorry, guys, I can't do anything and you can't stay here.  
It's prohibited, so you have to go.  
I don't know where to, but you have to leave.  
Come on, I'll see out.  
But come on, come on. Come, little one, come on.  
Mom!  
I can't go on, Chinanpina. I'm exhausted through hunger.  
Hey, Chinanpina, I'm very hungry.  
Wait, I'll see if I can get you something.  
Let's go!  
Sit down a bit.  
Now I'm very sleepy. What time should we go to bed?  
I don't know. Wait. Right now I'll think about things.  
I told you that I'm very sleepy and I want more bread! I want to sleep!  
Don't cry, Bean. Look, Bean, wait.  
I don't know what we'll do.  
Look, settle down and go to sleep a little.  
Don't cry, Bean! Don't cry!  
Don't cry, Bean!  
What are you doing to him? Why is this kid crying like that?  
I want to go to sleep!  
And why don't you take him home, moron?  
We have nowhere. They closed up our room. I don't know where to go.  
My mom was buried today.  
What will we do with these guys? They're new, the poor idiots.  
I know what you're going to do.  
Should we call the social security bus?  
Yeah, right, they'll take them prisoner!  
Hey, and why not stay here to sleep with us?  
It'll be warmer with six of us.  
No, they're too cry-prone! Just listen to them, they're like coyotes!  
Sleeping with you?? Where?  
Where? Well, right there!  
Right there inside?  
Inside? We're not rich. Well, just there, come on.  
Stop it, stand up.  
Don't cry, Bean.  
Yes, such crybabies they are!

Well, let's be strong, then. Have you eaten?  
We had just enough for some bread.  
And do you have more cash?  
No, not anymore.  
Look, I always keep some for when hunger rages,...  
but we ate well today. It's a gift.  
What do you say we get them connected tomorrow with Don Pepe to sell newspapers?  
Smooth!  
Don't worry, brother, we're going to help you.  
Well, what are your names?  
I'm Chinanpina and my brother's Bean.  
Such a joke, Chinanpina and Bean!  
What the hell, should your mane be a high one!  
Look, I'm Long Legs, this talkative galoot is Breadcrumbs,...  
Fried Corn, and that's Cricket.  
Well, we'll talk tomorrow, right? We have to get up early.  
If we want, we'll put Bean between you and me to keep him warm...  
because it gets really chilly just before dawn.  
Go on, here.  
On this side.  
You're heavy!  
Here you go.  
Look, Don Pepe, this is Chinanpina. He's new. Give him 20. I vouch for him.  
And who's responsible for you?  
But myself, surely, Don Pepe.  
Such a joker!  
Here's 20.  
Come along, my Chinanpina. Let me show you how this all comes together.  
Watch closely.  
Now let's show them how to hawk!  
El Universal, La Prensa, Excelsior!  
Excelsior, La Prensa, Universal!  
The Universal Press, News!  
Notice how we bellow.  
El Universal, La Prensa, Excelsior, News!  
Let's see, now you.  
El Universal, La Prensa, Excelsior, News!  
Gosh, brother you do it super-ugly! But tomorrow you'll do it right.  
Look, so you don't get lost, go all along Avenida Juarez to Madero and then back.  
Well, we'll see you!  
El Universal, La Prensa, Excelsior, News!  
El Universal, La Prensa, Excelsior, News!

El Universal, La Prensa, Excelsior, News!

El Universal, La Prensa, Excelsior, News!

El Universal, La Prensa, Excelsior, News!

News!

News!

News!

I'm done, Bean.

Now let's collect the afternoon newspapers, otherwise they'll get them ahead of us. Go!

Bean, Bean!

That's my Bean! Look, I had three pesos,...

but since I paid Don Pepe 2.70 for the newspapers...I only have 30 centavos.

Let's go to San Juan to buy tortillas. Let's see if tomorrow we earn enough to eat better. Go!

To San Juan? It's too far, I'm tired.

Come, let's see if we can get a freebie. Run!

Tickets. Tickets.

Give is a freebie, brother, the Bean is tired.

We're just going to San Juan.

Forget freebies! Either pay or you're off the bus. Come on!

Bird, bird, bird of the arroyo,...

what pretty eyes you have! Too bad they belong to someone.

What bird is the one who sings on that lime?

Look, I'm going to sing, too. You put your hand out and collect what we're given.

Easy.

~ Fluttering by a destroyed nest...

~ What bird is that...

~ A yellow-breasted sparrow...

~ Singing in that fig tree?

~ With their wings almost bleeding...

~ Go tell him not sing,...

~ Is looking for his mate.

~ To wait until I die.

~ When he gets tired he stops and sings...

~ Take this golden key...

~ And even appears to be crying.

~ Open my chest and you'll see...

~ Then flies away and leaves while singing.

~ How much I love you...

~ Only God knows he's crying while leaving.

~ And how badly you pay back my love.

~ Oh, bird,...



~ Take this gold box...  
~ Sparrow yellow chest...  
~ Look what it holds inside,...  
~ Just by seeing you I'm already crying...  
~ it holds love, it holds jealousy,...  
~ Because God knows, since He's looking...  
~ And some feeling.  
~ That I'm bleeding like you.  
~ This is my farewell song...  
With sorrowful soul I already sang to you the aches and pains of my life.  
No way, brother. Let's go.  
Bird, bird, bird from San Esteban del Valle,...  
What pretty eyes you have! Too bad have an owner.  
What bird is that one who sings in that lime?  
You're making me eager, brother!  
Now you. Where did you get that?  
I snatched it from an old lady.  
See it holds even more? Today I invite you to eat whatever you want.  
And aren't you afraid you'll get nabbed?  
Do you think I'm an idiot?!  
I always do when no one can see me,...  
when the old dears are distracted.  
To do this you really have to be on your toes.  
To me, when something goes wrong with the paper or I don't get enough  
money,...  
I go to the market or to the exit of the church.  
I choose an old-faced Majin and slice the bag's strap...  
and I run, but very hard.  
You just can't freeze up at the right moment.  
And as he says, running very hard.  
Well, I'll throw the bag into the trash.  
Otherwise they might find me with it and I'll end up in court.  
Well, let's go to sleep, right?  
Come over here, my Beany.  
Look, Carpulina already bounced back!  
Oh, crap, there are so many after her!  
Well, let's go to sleep. OK?  
Look out, here comes the bus!  
Look out, here comes health patrol!  
Wake up, wake up, here comes the health patrol's bus!  
Bean, Bean, wake up! We have to hide!  
Come here, boys. Hurry up, else every bad thing will happen to you, come  
on.  
Look at these ones, they look like dazzled animals. How evident that

they're newbies!

Don't hurt us, sir!

Let's go.

Stop, boys, dismount, come on.

Up there, guys, there.

What are you waiting for? Walk.

Hell, one of them already escaped from me! Bah, no use!

Come on, move, walk, walk.

Go on, straight, straight.

Walk, walk.

WINTER SHELTER FOR CHILDREN # 6

Come on in right there. Walk, now go to sleep.

Come along, come with here, guys, don't fall behind.

What are they going to do to us? Are we going to be left locked up forever?

Nothing, tomorrow they'll release us, brother.

Yes, but what will they do to us?

Right now, nothing. Tomorrow, they bathe and cut our hair.

Is that all?

Oh! What more did you want? Come on, lie down.

Hey, brother, isn't it super-nice here? I want to sleep here every night.

I don't know if you can.

Come on, get undressed.

Come on, get up, to the bathroom! Come on, everybody!

Ready, to the bathroom, go ahead!

Come on, lazy, let's go to the bathroom!

The bathroom!

In Guaran that's "Everyone gets naked", eh? No clothes!

Where are you going dressed, you? No clothes!

Rebels get bathed dressed!

Go on, go on, throw off all your clothes! Come on, everyone to the showers!

And beware, anyone who doesn't bath thoroughly!

That is to dry yourselves, but they're not for keeps! Right?

Well, don't bunch up, careful, I'll get wet! Come on!

Back! The towels are here, go on!

Where are my shoes?

They're here, look. Go on, take off!

Give me my shirt!

I want my underwear!

I want my underwear! Give me my shoes!

Give me my pants!

Hey, don't take my shirt!

They took my underwear!

Wow, there are so many now! Huh? I'll just choose the most messy.

You stay, you stay,...you go to the street. Come. You stay,...

stay,...

You two into the street. Go!

You stay,...you stay,...To the street!

Beat it!

Go on, to the streets! Come, little beggar! You stay,...you stay,...you stay,...

Don't be mad, man, surely it wasn't all that bad!

I hate you! Why did you bring me here? They even bathed me and even wanted to cut my hair!

Oh, you! And wasn't it that you wanted to come sleep here every night?

Come on, let's go find the guys.

What's up, my friends? How was the bath?

Don't stand there like idiots. Remember that today I treat you.

Well, here I am!

See what happened because you didn't act right smartly.

Those health guys never give anyone a chance!

They grab you, and pow! --- straight to the bathroom.

Look in what shape they left you!

Here, saleswoman, serve my friends the same as we had.

Well, guys, you stay here. We're going to get the newspapers. We'll see you there.

This part here.

Hey, easy with my little brother.

The boy is nice.

How much do you want for him?

Well, he's not for sale!

I don't want to buy him, just rent him for a while!

How can you rent him? And what do you want with him?

What for? To beg.

Look. I'll give you five pesos a day every day for him. I'll feed him...what do you say?

Fucking brat! With that beautiful kid!

Come on, Bean, don't act like you were sleepy to the bone.

But I'm dying to sleep.

Hey, bro, what's dying like?

I don't know. I think it would be like sleep, just like mom.

Yeah, well, but what about after that?

Ah! Well when we went to catechism --- remember? --- ...

they said there'd be going to heaven and then gave you wings.

Like those of the chickens?

More or less.

And there you don't have to sell newspapers?

No, I think not, you'd have wings.

And there'd be plenty to eat?

Wow, yes, lots! Meat, bread, tortillas. Everything. Imagine, it's heaven.  
Hey, brother, let's die.  
Hush, little monkey, you don't know what you are saying. Shut up.  
And the others won't be coming?  
I don't know. They should be here.  
I bet they went to see the piatas!  
And what's this about piatas? I want to see one.  
Oh! Have you forgotten already? In the neighborhood where we lived with  
Mom, ...  
once you broke one?  
No, I don't remember.  
One day when we sell lots of newspapers I'll buy a you coat.  
Come on, let's go see the piatas and toys! Come on! Let's go!

**TOY STORE:**

Are you happy? Do you like the piatas?  
Yes!  
And what is this?  
It is a manger. It's for the day God was born as a child, and they say He  
was born in one of those.  
I want one of these. Would you buy it for me?  
How much are the mangers?  
The cardboard ones, one peso.  
I just have 55 centavos. Can't we have it for that?  
I can't, kid, it's worth a peso.  
Come on! Yes? It's for my brother.  
Ask your mom to make up a whole peso.  
We don't have one.  
Well, take one away. May God reward me.  
Here. Let's go get the guys to show them the manger.  
And can we put it up where we sleep?  
Smooth!  
God pay, gentle folks, your charity, ...  
And heaven heap happiness.  
Blessed is the house that today shelters...  
the Pure Virgin, the beautiful Mary.  
Enter holy pilgrims, pilgrims, receive this corner, ...  
not this poor abode but of my heart.  
Tonight is joy, pleasure and joy,  
because here we shelter the Mother of God.  
Look, these are the piatas I told you about.  
Wow! They'll pound hard on it and lots of stuff will topple out from  
inside.  
One day when we sell lots of newspapers I'll buy a you coat.

Bean!

Boy thief!

Let me see my brother!

Let me go, let me go, let me see my brother! Bean!

Bean!

And they didn't let me see my brother.

Don't cry, Chinanpina, don't cry.

Bean, Bean!

What, crying again?

Come on, come on. Look, I brought you fresh clothes.

You'll take a bath so you'll look very handsome. OK?

We did a lot of searching but we were unable to find any member of your family.

You can't stay here forever so we have to send you to the poorhouse tomorrow.

Don't worry. You'll be better off there with many kids your age by your side.

They will teach you a trade, and so when you leave, when you're grown,... you'll be a worthy man and you can form your own family.

Are you comfortable with that?

You're a good boy, and getting you off the street will be to your benefit.

Promise me you'll be nice and whenever you need something, promise me you'll write to me.

Why so sad, Chinanpina?

Tomorrow they're coming for me, to take me to the workhouse.

They're also coming for me.

Yes, but what a difference! For you it's your dad.

Hey, and what's a workhouse like?

I don't know, but my friends have told me they don't like it a one little bit.

There are kids who don't have parents.

And do you have to go to school every day?

Sure. You know what I like? They teach you carpentry and other things there.

But anyway it must be ugly.

Well, it has to be.

Hey, I'm thinking one thing. You would like to have a parent, right?

Would you like to live on a large ranch...

where there are horses and cows, chickens and pigs, and lots of fruit?

Of course!

Suppose I talk to my dad when he comes, talk him into taking you, too?

Well that would be fab. But are you really going to ask him?

Why not, aren't we friends?

I never had a brother, and you, well, there was Bean. You told me about

him.

Then you and I would be like brothers, right?

~ Yes.

~ Pedro Romero!

That's me.

Come to the office. They're looking for you.

It must be my father. I'll be right back. You'll see.

Excuse me, Counselor, but I amused myself with Manuel,...

the newspaper kid of the case we were talking about.

Don't fret, Doctor.

Are you the Director?

Yes, sir.

I'm Pedro Romero. I received a letter telling me that my son was here.

Nice to meet you, Mr. Romero.

They told me that you had arrived. Your boy's been summoned here.

Sir, is it true what they say my boy did?

Yes, but don't get upset, that doesn't mean Pedro's a bad sort.

In any case, it you who's at fault.

Me, sir?

Surely I've always tried to make him a good kid!

I didn't mean that.

The fault was not having him treated, I'm talking about the operation...  
so Pedro would never have had difficulties with his peers.

Dad.

My son!

Look, I can speak well.

Here the doctor operated on me, and I'm not incomprehensible.

My boy!

Sir, how can I reward you for this?

Someday the very Pedro himself would be able to pay back by being a  
rightful man.

For now you can take him. With some conditions, of course.

You'll have to come back in the afternoon to discuss the material  
reparations...

with the parents of the other boy.

Yes, sir, whatever you say.

Well, my son, let's go, your mom burning to see you.

Dad, can we take along Chinanpina?

Who's Chinanpina?

A child who has neither a father nor a mother,...

and his brother died,...

and they're going to send him to the workhouse.

The chance to pay us back has appeared rather quickly, Mr. Romero.

Chinanpina really is a good boy who doesn't have anyone in the world.

Definitely we'll refer him to the workhouse.

If you would like to adopt him legally, it would be worthwhile.

That child should have his chance.

Yes, sir, I will adopt him. He'll be like another son. Could I meet him?

Accompany the gentlemen inside and look for Manuel.

You can go, Mr. Romero, and if you want you can take him now.

You can sign what's needed when the time comes.

Yes, sir, I will.

Well, Doctor, I'll head off. I have business to attend to.

I'll be back in a week to study some other cases.

I'll accompany you, Counselor, I'm also going out.

Come on, son, let's go!

How happy your mom will be to hear you talk,...

and to learn what these good people have done for you!