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Bad Blood

By Maria Grimm

BAD BLOOD:

Z!

Go inside.

I'm here, love...

Mother's here.

Alright, it's alright now.

Ricardo!

Can't you help your sister
when we're not here?

I didn't say I wouldn't help.

Can't you hear the baby crying?

Couldn't you go and have a look?

I've told dad

it's better we take milk with us.

There, we might not find it

and it's a pain.

- If that was the only pain...

- Don't be like that.

He's already a nervous wreck

because he thinks

we're all against it.

Like you're really happy about it,
mum...

We're going to start a new life

and you could be more positive

because your dad deserves it...

I think.

Meanwhile, despite not having
a clue what she's looking at...

...she still insists

on staring intently at it.

Maybe because she's cultivated

that outdated thing

the ancients called curiosity.

Your dad's counting on you

to show up as soon as you can...

Some of us have exams...

You know very well

that's not the problem.

And he's upset because he thinks

you don't agree with his decision.

I just think his decisions

drag a lot of people after them.

And, if possible,
I'd like to have a say in my life.
Don't be unfair.
Dad brought us up
to praise the pollution of the city.
He said he couldn't live without the
bookshops, the cinemas, the concerts.
And now he's dragging us all off
to a house beyond the sunset. Why?
Why doesn't he sell it?
Because he wants to try a new life
while he has time...
Try it, then,
and tell me about it later...
You can eat at gran's
whenever you want.
I've arranged everything
with Adelaide.
There are checks in the office,
let us know if you need more.
The estate agent will phone. Be nice
showing them the house, if they come.
This conversation is over,
I'm talking to myself here...
...and you're not listening
because you want to study.
I believe in God,
the Father almighty,
creator of heaven and earth.
I believe in Jesus Christ,
his only Son, Our Lord.
He was conceived
by the power of the Holy Spirit
and born of the Virgin Mary.
He suffered under Pontius Pilate,
was crucified,
died and was buried.
On the third day, he rose again.
He ascended into heaven...
and is seated at the
right hand of the Father.
I believe in the Holy Spirit,
the holy Catholic Church...
the communion of saints,

the forgiveness of sins...
I command you, foul spirit,
in the name
of Our Lord Jesus Christ!
I command you to release
and make clean this person
that God made from earth.
He, who sent you to Hell
from on high...
...to Hell he commands you!
Oh, mother!
My holy mother!
Satan,
messenger of death,
root of all evil,
thief of life.
Do not resist me, corrupt beast,
for it is Jesus Christ
commanding you!
Oh, Father, don't do this to me,
for the love of God!
I conjure you, ancient serpent!
And I order you, unclean one!
Leave this servant of God!
Return to your black death
and leave this child of Christ!
In the name of the Father
and of the Son,
who reigns with you and the divine
Holy Spirit for all eternity. Amen.
There's no need for that...
Sorry?
Your face, man!
There's no need to get like that.
I've just never seen
anything like that!
Well, get used to it.
Do you know how many you've done,
up until now?
Here and elsewhere...
I've lost count.
And do you think, Father Vicente,
that in this case it was justified?
Was what justified?

The girl seemed more scared
than anything else.
And there's always
the power of suggestion.
People can believe things
that have much simpler explanations.
- Are you calling me stupid?
- I'm not saying that at all!
Let's pretend
you're not saying I'm stupid
you're not saying I'm fooled by these
people and I believe the hysteria.
I'd say to you...
...that the naive one here is you.
Father, I'm sorry...
I'm still not quite myself.
I mean, an exorcism! I never paid
much attention to those stories.
Besides, I always thought that
permission was needed for it...
Permission I have, from God, which
dispenses with Church bureaucracy.
As for the stories,
you've only been here a few months,
you're a lad from the seminary.
See how these people live...
and learn that you
are the salvation.
Otherwise you didn't come here
to do nothing.
I'm only asking...
if you can guarantee that the girl
was possessed by strange forces.
And it's a very good question.
But these people will always
ask you something different:
If you can guarantee
that she wasn't possessed.
What do think you're doing?
I'm going to plug this in.
If I can find a socket...
Wouldn't you prefer,
for example, to lend a hand?
Don't think I'm going

to take your things upstairs...

So?

Is it or isn't it what you might call
a family house?

Tell me, what do you think?

It's beautiful, Xavier.

That was never in doubt.

- You're a bit scared, aren't you?

- A little bit...

Dad...

Your uncle who left you the house
was a bit Middle Ages, wasn't he?

He was a little old-fashioned
for your taste, that's for sure.

Why, son?

I don't see any cable TV,
there's no phone...

- No phone?!

- Calm down.

How do I get on the Internet?!

Calm down,

it's being taken care of.

- Was he your grand-uncle?

- Yes, he was.

- So he was my what?

- He was your great-grand-uncle.

Which explains the mystery of
the cable TV and of the telephones.

So why was it you

who was left the house?

Because none of my cousins
wanted it.

Which proves that

not all of your family are crazy.

They only fell asleep

because they were exhausted.

But they were a bit worried

about having to go to the bedroom.

That's normal.

They're little city creatures,

little hothouse flowers.

It's normal that they'll be afraid

for the first few days...

Spoken like the Great Hunter.

How long is it since
we've been like this?
That's not the story.
It can only be Dr Oliveira Monteiro
and his wife. Welcome!
Ceclia, bring some coffee, please.
You'll have a coffee, won't you? Yes.
As I said on the phone...
it's a pleasure to have you here.
And whatever you need,
you talk to me.
Thank you, Mr Costa,
but we shouldn't be much trouble...
It's a small place but there are
always lots of jobs to do!
It's beautiful! You don't see
many places like this any more.
What you see most is people leaving.
It's rare to have people arriving...
And now, people like yourselves,
who've come to carry out studies...
We've come for a lot more than that,
God-willing.
- You must meet the priest.
- The priest, but why?
Father Cruz would be pleased.
He hasn't been here long.
He's a young lad...
He likes books more than anything.
He's not much like the other priests.
He lacks people like you to talk to.
What a coincidence!
Dulce, come here, could you, please?
What do you want?
Come here, woman,
don't be suspicious!
- You won't believe who this man is!
- Very pleased to meet you.
Look, you can even tell
by his manners!
Guess who's nephew this is!
- The master's.
- What did you say?
- He's the master's grand-nephew.

- Even today she calls him master.

Dulce, what would you say to
going back to work at the house?
Now would be a good time too,
as the doctors have just arrived
and still must have
a lot to sort out.

Never mind, Mr Costa.

- Dulce doesn't know us...

- But she'll want to!

To go back to work at the house,
she needs the money.

Don't you, Dulce?

Of course you do.

It's not for you to tell me
to go to work...

I'm sorry, but nobody here
asked Mr Costa for a sermon...

He's only trying to sort out
everything at the same time!

Even so, I'd like to...

if you'd be interested.

Ricardo!

Ricardo! Can't you hear that?

Would you mind going upstairs
and check on your nephew?

His dummy must have fallen...

And check if he's well covered up!

That Mr Costa is a character!

Yes. But he's kind.

- You never explained to me...

- Good morning.

Is he the president
of the parish council?

I don't think so.

At least, not officially.

And that woman, Dulce,
what did you think of her?

I don't know, we need
someone to work in the house.

Good afternoon.

You must be Dr Monteiro,
and you, his wife...

Helena Monteiro,

very pleased to meet you.
And you would be
the famous Father Cruz.
Famous?
I'd say anything but famous...
But we've already
heard a lot about you.
You must have heard that I'm
too young, very inexperienced...
More or less.
I bet you know the sermon by heart.
They're good people...
But they're timid,
they don't much like anything new.
- Which we happen to be...
- No, no...
Even me!
People think a priest
should be an older man.
A paternal figure...
The saviour of souls
should be mature.
A father, if you like,
who can be turned
to with the most trivial worries...
And are there many souls
to save out there, Father?
You have no idea.
Mum?
Mum?
Doesn't Ricardo seem strange to you?
Strange?
Very tense...
very absent...
Do you think he's worried
about the school starting soon?
None of us died of going
to an official school, did we?
No, but neither did any of us
change our habits
or childhood friends so much.
Give him time.
People get used to anything.
And it's not exactly a tragedy,

let's keep things in proportion.
People get used to anything...
You know better than anyone,
don't you?
Yes, dad, don't you doubt it.
But haven't you noticed
that it's not just you
who's had to adjust to my life?
Have you noticed that I've had
to adjust to your life too?
Is the baby asleep?
Almost.
I'm going to bed too.
You can be so irritating!
I'm not talking to a child.
I'm talking to a woman.
She's old enough to understand that
she won't get away with being rude!
Are you aware that you're talking
about your daughter?
Don't you realize that the rude one
sometimes is you?
You haven't had
a decent talk with her
since she appeared pregnant!
Don't you think she feels
lonely enough already?
I just think, Xavier...
If you ask us all
to make an effort,
don't forget
to do it yourself as well.
Do you think
I should talk to Ricardo?
He's gone back to asking me
to leave the light on at night...
He was doing so well in Lisbon!
I'm going to talk to Rui,
he hasn't called for days...
It's here.
I'm almost certain it's here.
- Right, what's the verdict?
- We'll stop here.
I'm a bit tired

of getting beaten up...

Oh Professor!

That was really easy!

It was like a motorway
compared to the other tracks!

Of course...

I'm not used to these things,
I'm a woose from the city.

- What's so funny?

- A woose?!

I've never heard that one,
that's a good one!

- What if we rest for a while?

- And drink a little something...

Professor...

This is a good place
for that crowd from Fundao.

- What crowd from Fundao?

- Don't you know?

They got thousands of quid
from the EC to plant a shrub.

- An asphodel.

- What's an asphodel?

Well, Doctor...

Asphodelus Bento Rainhae,
the famous asphodel
of the Gardunha Mountains
known for its therapeutic qualities.

That goes straight
into the soup-pot here!

A broth,

to build up your strength...

and ward off evil spirits...

There are lots of stories out there,
aren't there?

It must be strange for you,
always hearing weird stuff.

I rarely hear anyone
saying anything at all,
and all the while people seem
to live shut up in their own world
and we're not included.

That's because you're a professor,
Professor.

So?

You've dedicated
your whole life to biology,
you think like a man of science.
Just like you.

And don't think I don't feel
confused at times.

The first story I ever heard
was the one about the nuns.

- Remember, Antnio?

- Yes, yes.

- What was wrong with them?

- Nothing.

To me, it's straightforward.

But imagine a bishop and other church
big-shots going into a convent patio
and seeing all the nuns going crazy.
They looked mad...

crying out, moaning...

I'm not sure if you get my drift.

Young women, without men...

But that's only what I say...

Do you want to know what the people
of the village say about the scandal?

It's the work of the Devil...

Seems like the Devil
has broad shoulders here.

I can see anyone coming
from Lisbon to this hole
finding it a bit strange.

Lus is talking here,
but he's from here.

He knows very well
some things aren't so clear-cut.

Folklore, Antnio!

Legends told to infants
to send them to sleep early!

But tell me another one...

Tell him the one about them catching
the witches, that's a great one.

You're laughing, Professor?

- They hunted down many like that...

- Go on, go on, I don't know it...

This is a very old one.

Witches weren't like demons that
rode on brooms and all that stuff.
Witches were women
from the village...
who, for unknown reasons,
took to the path of evil.
And do you know how they realized
they could catch them?
Listen to this, this is great.
At the end of the mass,
the priest asks the faithful
to go in the peace of God
and closes the Holy Book.
Then, people began to realize...
that if by chance the priest
forgot to close the Holy Book...
...the witches never stood up.
So, you're here?
First of all, Father Cruz,
I apologize,
I don't know how
to behave in a church.
I don't understand...
I always forget to bless myself
when I come in, and things like that
and afterwards I think
it's a lack of respect.
A person who worries about that
never lacks respect for God.
- In that case, am I absolved?
- Completely.
Now I feel at ease to invite you
to have lunch with us
one of these days.
You're the only person in the village
I feel like socializing with
and getting to know a little better.
There's no shortage
of good people here, Doctor...
Please, don't embarrass me again,
you know very well what I mean.
So... tomorrow then?
And why not?
How do you manage

to convince them
that one thing is faith and another
is superstition?
I always remember them
that faith is heard in the heart
and that faith
is enough to combat fear.
But what fears, after all?
Fears of what?
Usually, of all that's unknown.
Are you saying that people
who understand that kind of argument
stop believing
in superstitions for good?
I think blind belief in superstition
is proof of the failure of religion,
especially of the Catholic religion.
Now the conversation is getting
too intellectual for my head...
There's no harm at all
in analyzing the status quo...
The Church neither rejects,
nor can it reject, progress...
new approaches.
No, Father. I believe
you're speaking for yourself,
but don't tell me that the Church
is interested in modernism!
First of all, Father Cruz
can stop being defensive,
with the official speech!
And he still didn't explain
how far they reach
these superstitions, or beliefs,
or whatever you want to call them!
It doesn't help to lock the doors
or shut the possessed
in closed rooms.
The Devil enters and leaves
through the keyhole.
To prevent the Devil attacking...
lie face-down,
to protect the heart...
Don't forget the 'Tardo'...

What 'Tardo'?

The 'Tardo' is the Devil
in the form of a cat.

It urinates on the legs
of young women in heat...

This conversation is only to show
what kind of things
people believe here.

Despite the secular presence
of the Catholic Church...

Perhaps because of just that...

No offence intended to my guest...

The problem is there's not much
Father Cruz can do about it.

I've got a better idea.

You can judge for yourselves...

- You could take part in a session.

- A session?

- Spiritualist.

- Spiritualist?

It's also part of local folklore.

But I don't think the Church
is to blame for that any more...

Hold on!

What's happening?

You complain people are superstitious
and you organize sances?

To me, it's fun.

And there are always those
who believe, at the time.

Let's try it!

I just hope you didn't
get a bad impression...

On the contrary...

It's actually fun to find out about
places so full of superstitions...

Don't you think, Father?

- I'm sorry, I didn't hear you...

- Lena, your son's just arrived.

What a surprise!

- Little sister...

- I've missed you!

So, it's agreed, then, Professor.

You'll fax the Secretary of State?

You scare my whole family...
but you still show a lot of respect
by calling me Professor.
You'd better go inside,
these evenings are treacherous.
See you next time!
Now that your son's here,
do you want me to finish the report?
No, forget it,
don't even think about it...
Thanks for your trust!
Oh, Professor...
What about the sance?
Do you still want to come?
Don't you think
that's enough already?
- It's just a bit of fun, Father.
- And nobody's forcing anyone.
We still haven't told him
the stories about this house...
This house is an icebox!
- I think dad had a good drink...
- Why?
Mum said he fell into bed snoring.
- And mum? Has she gone to bed too?
- Yes.
Mum went to bed.
He passed out.
How long are you staying?
I don't know...
A few days, we'll see.
"I don't know...
A few days, we'll see. "
Look, I think I'll go upstairs,
I'm freezing.
Go on, then.
I'm not sleepy yet.
Check everything's locked.
Go to bed, ok?
Jesus Christ, pray for us.
Our Lady of Fatima, pray for us.
St. Joseph, pray for us.
St. Theresa, pray for us.
St. Anthony, pray for us.

St. Francis of Assisi, pray for us.

St. Expeditus, pray for us.

St. Rita of Cassia, pray for us.

Are you crazy?

You come in like that

without saying anything?

Don't think you're sleeping here.

In a while

you're going back to your own bed.

Ready?

My friends...

My friends.

Before we begin,

I'd just like to say something.

We already know the rules,

but today, as we have new faces,

I'll repeat myself:

The great barrier to mediumistic
unity is the intellect.

So, just for today,

don't hide in logic.

Don't reason.

In fact, don't think.

Life is made up of experiences.

Enjoy yourselves.

Xavier!

Don't you remember me?

Don't you remember, Xavier?

Conceiao...

From the railway...

I'd pulled your cap off,

you'd be furious!

I didn't mean any harm.

But the more annoyed you got...

...the funnier I thought it was.

You grew into a handsome man!

You were such a gawky little boy!

- Good afternoon, Doctor.

- Hello, good afternoon.

Something wrong?

Just as well you ask.

Do you think...

...we could have a little talk?

Of course, no problem.

Do you want to come in,
or shall I get my coat?
I've already told you...
a lot of nonsense
goes on around here.
That's just the point, Father.
I was expecting nonsense,
as you call it.
Like a circus act, something that
makes your hair stand on end,
but that you find funny later.
I also don't see any reason
for you to change your opinion...
Why don't you, Father?
I think Lus and Antnio
must have played a good trick on you.
Very elaborate,
the way they like to do it...
They asked one of your family,
then told the woman...
and prepared the act to impress you.
Nobody knew, Father.
Nobody had any idea.
What do you mean, nobody knew?
Absolutely nobody?
Nobody, Father.
Somebody must know.
You must have told somebody
and forgotten later...
Your wife, a friend...
It's stupid,
but the image scared me.
My sister and I,
to get to school...
we had to walk over a level crossing
every day, one without a gate...
My mother made me wear a hat,
a ridiculous cap...
either because it was very sunny,
or because it was very cold.
I hated that cap!
Every time we passed there,
the railway guard would hide
and knock my cap off with a slap.

I imagine I don't need to ask
what the woman's name was...
Conceiao.
Couldn't they have asked your sister?
She died, Father,
more than ten years ago.
Surprises annoy me, you know?
At my age, with all I've studied...
with all I believe, and mainly,
with all I don't believe.
It's natural
you feel this way now,
but later you'll see that this has
a much simpler explanation.
You'll see, there's something
that's escaping you.
You can say that again, Father...
Life is full of the most amazing
coincidences, Xavier.
Even in this case,
which seems really incredible...
even if I do think
you've forgotten something.
But it's still possible
it's a coincidence...
an enormous one, an odd one,
but it's possible.
There was a carpenter from this area,
who lived here for about 60 years.
People used to say
he was a clairvoyant.
So much so,
that most of the time
they didn't want to hear
what he had to say.
Why not?
Because his most famous prophecies
were who would be next to die
in the village.
It always happened to him
in the same way.
The man would be approaching
the Hanging Crossing...
so-called because it's said

that in the past
they hanged murderers there.
He would be passing
on his way home...
and, sometimes,
he would have visions.
But what kind of visions?
He said that he would see,
when he got to the crossing...
a funeral procession...
...a crude coffin on top of a cart,
with the people following behind.
And then?
And then, he would notice who was
the person closest to the coffin...
the one who was walking
right next to the coffin.
It was always someone local,
and he was always
the next one to die.
So he had those visions... but did
he warn the people in the village?
Always. In the beginning,
nobody paid any attention...
because he had the reputation
of being half-crazy.
But later, people began to realize
the man was always right after all...
- They say he never missed one.
- And what do you call that?
Even having happened like that...
...coincidence.
Excuse me, Father... but that
is one hell of a coincidence.
By another amazing coincidence...
I have here the exact amount
for another two glasses of brandy!
Ricardo!
Why don't you come
and do your drawings inside?
It's freezing out here!
You not going to catch flu,
are you now!
Come on, son!

I don't know how you can stand it.
One can freeze to death out here...

Good morning!

I'd like a coffee, please.

Thanks.

Go on, drink it, while it's hot.

Go on, Ricardo!

Lena!

Your dad's arrived and
you haven't had your breakfast yet!

Then he'll say we're always late
because of me.

We're just coming!

Don't you be late now, please!

A good time...

It's always at a good time...

- Hello?

- Lena!

Lena! Can you hear me!

What's wrong?

Nothing, it's nothing.

See if your brother eats,
dad will be here in a minute
to pick us up.

- So where are you going?

- I'll be right back.

I am mad.

I have gone crazy...

I didn't say that.

My children are behaving bizarrely...

Xavier doesn't listen to me,

I never know what he's thinking,
seems like his head's on the moon.

I see Sofia's scared,

Rui seems indifferent...

Or else it's me

who's imagining all this!

Which isn't surprising,

because now I even hear voices!

There are moments when everything

can seem illogical to us,

but you have to stay calm.

You're still adjusting to a new life.

It's not surprising, with everything

you had to do in Lisbon...
Maybe you still haven't been
through your decompression...
I hear voices
and no-one's in the house!
The other day
I left the kitchen door open
and when I got back it was shut!
And there was nobody in the house!
Decompression, Father?
Decompression?!
Father...
Tell me one thing.
Me being a nervous wreck...
...is it to do with the weather,
with this area?
Or is it something to do
with the house?
They're silly stories, folklore.
But it's also true
that you have the right to know.
But bear in mind,
these are stories that
have been distorted over the years.
It seems that people enjoy
feeling a shiver down their spines.
Let me be the one
to decide what I think about it.
I'll tell you what we'll do...
I'll take you to meet someone who's
the best one to talk to about this.
Do you want to ask your husband
to meet us there?
So it's a silly story...
...but you don't wish
to take responsibility for it.
I couldn't tell it properly,
I don't know all the details.
But if you're asking me, yes,
I'll do without the responsibility.
So?
Did mum and dad say anything?
They went to do
I don't know what.

They'll be out for a while.
You've to go ahead with the dinner.
Why does that not surprise me?
May we come in, Father Vicente?
So now you drink at this hour?
What's the problem?
No problem...
At least, not for me.
It's just unusual...
As far as you know...
Yes, that's right.
And the exams?
Did you do well?
As always.
Pass me the white wine?
Wine in the pot.
Another example of waste.
It gives it a great flavour.
What's the waste?
A girl like you,
with a baby in her arms already.
What?
A woman like you,
without a man...
Are you crazy?
What kind of talk is that?!
Why have you never said
who the baby's father is?
Why do you insist...
...on this single mother bullshit?
Leave me alone, Rui!
Why did you defend me
in the arguments with mum and dad...
and now you're disturbing me
with this?
Was it good?
Did you enjoy it?
When my nephew's dad
fucked you good?
He has two things I envy.
His age, of course.
And his name.
His name?
Have you ever seen a name

better-suited
to suffering for Christ?
Father Cruz! (Cross)
Father Vicente, if you don't mind...
I was coming to the point, yes.
Godofredo Monteiro, wasn't it?
- No, that's not my grand-uncle.
- No, sir.
Your grand-uncle was Guilherme,
a good friend who is sadly missed...
and who I had
the good fortune to know.
Godofredo had been his...
I don't know...
your tetra great-something...
It was he who had the house built,
which is now yours.
He was a very rich man...
with a fortune in land...
but he always wanted more...
Today, you can't tell,
but the land around the village
for about 350 acres...
formed a kind of perfect square.
And the man swore
that all of it would be his.
Most of the peasants
obviously sold him
their land and houses willingly.
For him it was loose change,
but for these people
it was making more in one day
than for years of back-breaking work
in the fields.
It was at this time that people
began moving away...
in search of a better life.
So convinced was he
that he'd bought everybody out,
that it never crossed his mind there
would be anyone who, quite simply...
...didn't want to sell his land.
Your fourth great-something
tried everything.

He even ended up offering
double the normal price.
But Ismael was more
stubborn than he was.
I don't even know if he really
didn't want to sell up...
or if at some point it was really
only to irritate Godofredo.
I only know,
because that's how the legend goes,
that one day it would end badly.
No-one knows exactly what happened.
Some say it was Godofredo himself
who gave the order...
others say his men got drunk
and decided to do the job.
They say the screams
could be heard from miles away,
that everyone heard
but no-one came.
Not even to try to save
that mother and the children.
Then, the next day...
They were a night and a day
in the state those men had left them.
And, with the second night falling,
Ismael arrived.
No-one knows where he buried
his wife and children...
but it was there, near the house.
Then he ran all night,
into the forest,
without looking back.
And it happened
the most extraordinary thing.
No-one can say if it was the Devil
or some other demon
of the darkness.
Or if, upon seeing
the pain of that man,
there appeared the most
improbable face of God:
His wrath.
Being so,

nothing can be as terrible
as His vengeance.
Some believe it was God
who looked upon Ismael...
and transformed him into His beast.
A wandering, eternal creature,
his instrument...
against the evil of men.
A vengeful God?!
Very angry.
Now it makes sense why these people
are always so mysterious,
why they always seem
to be waiting for something.
You know, people grow up
hearing the wrong things...
What wrong things?
Wasn't Father Vicente
telling the truth?
Yes, unfortunately the massacre
was news at the time
and for years
people spoke of little else.
- But that doesn't mean...
- That the man is haunting this area.
Precisely.
And you?
What do you believe?
I believe that given a choice
between a natural explanation
and a fantastic one...
unfortunately,
people don't hesitate.
Let's suppose,
just as an academic hypothesis...
that this man who had his family
torn to pieces, this Ismael...
that suffered all that horror
and was, according to legend...
...transformed into a beast,
a kind of werewolf.
Let's suppose we're not rational
and that could really be true.
In that case...

...what does he want, Father?
Our Father,
thou art in heaven,
Thy kingdom come, thy will be
done on earth as it is in heaven.
You've finally come up
with the grand excuse!
Don't start, Xavier.
I don't need excuses for anything!
We'll leave because we can't put up
with cretinous superstitions.
Since we cannot bear this kind
of mentality we better go back.
- But did anyone say that?
- It's not necessary or is it?
It seems to me that if anybody's
disturbed here, it's not me...
You never wanted to come,
or is that a lie?
You always thought
it was a whim of mine!
Don't confuse the matter
because it's handy for you!
I'm just used to thinking
of all of us, at all times!
Remember we have three children
and a grandson who's asleep upstairs.
And I'll tell you, all this
is starting to upset me a little!
'Upset'
isn't really the right word...
And if I am scared?
What do you think?
That only fools and idiots
get scared?
Are you telling me
you think everything's normal?
If you wish to resume an interesting
activity called 'thinking'...
Ah! The grand climax!
The moment the scientific genius
illuminates the simple souls!
Don't you realize
this is a typical scene

from bad collective conscience?!

People inherit promises
that haven't been kept.
It's close to a century
of accumulated guilt!

The great-grandparents
of these people
let that family die without a word!
So it's natural they think there's
a bogeyman walking around!

Don't forget the Catholic weight.
Pay always for your sins! Always!
It might take a month or an eternity!
And there's no place
for anything else?

For what?

I don't know, Xavier.
I don't know.

For things that have never even
crossed our minds.
Because they don't exist.
Because it's easier
to decide they don't exist.
If you think calmly, you'll see.
Do you remember
Father Cruz telling us
Father Vicente
still does exorcisms?
Father Cruz explained
everything very well:
A typical case of an adolescent who'd
never been taught anything by anyone.
She gets her first period,
her first desires.
She doesn't understand;
the family does,
but prefers to keep her in ignorance.
They catch her masturbating
and call it the work of the Devil.
Call the priest!
The priest knows what's going on
but prefers to go through the act
of removing the demon from the body.
Everybody's happy, Lena!

Another victory for Christ on High!
People need to believe in something,
Lena.

The problem is that now,
so do I.

- You're tired.

- Yes.

But I'm not happy knowing
that an innocent family
was butchered here at the door.

And the order given
by my tetra-grandfather...

You think it's funny?

It's nothing to be proud of.

What can I do? Everybody's
got skeletons in the closet.

There's a black sheep
in every family.

...and blessed is the fruit
of thy womb, Jesus.

Holy Mary, Mother of God,
pray for us sinners,
now and at the hour of our death.

Amen.

Hail Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with thee.

Blessed art thou amongst women,
and blessed is the fruit
of thy womb, Jesus.

Ismael?

Are you coming for me, Ismael?

Sofia!

I'm going to the butcher's
with Ricardo!

Do you want me
to take the baby?

Don't forget to wrap him up.

Right, I'm off,
they must be waiting for me.

Where's Rui?

He must have gone for a walk.

Why?

When you come back

I'd like to talk to you.

You don't want to give me a clue
what it's about?
It's nothing much...
We'll talk later.
Bastard! Bastard!
You're a pig!
- Have you gone crazy?!
- What got into you, you bastard?!
What got into me?!
What are you, crazy?!
You look at me again,
you talk to me again
and I'll fucking kill you,
you son of a bitch!
Miss, Miss!
What's going on?
I'm glad there's a witness!
If I told this,
nobody would believe it!
- Shut up, you bastard!
- Miss Sofia, calm down.
If you told,
nobody would believe it?!
If you told, nobody would believe it,
you pig?!
What if I told?!
What if it was me doing the telling?!
Miss...
Telling what?
Go ahead, little sister...
What do you have to tell?
Son of a bitch.
- You're a son of a bitch.
- Well that makes two of us.
Doesn't it, Dulce?
By my count, that makes two...
Oh, no, wait!
I was forgetting about your boy...
Hello? Yes, go on.
When?
Alright...
Ok.
Do you know Father Vicente?
I know him, yes.

It happens, doesn't it?
Inevitably.
But it also happens that you're
becoming a little troubled...
I've remembered something
I argued about some time ago,
when I was very sure of things.
The very existence of the Church
is based on the belief
that a Devil exists.
I wouldn't put it that way...
- No doubt there's the awareness...
- I need you to do something for me.
A favour.
If I'm being stupid,
then all the better for everybody...
You want to do
an exorcism of the house
and you say
it's perfectly inoffensive?
It's not an exorcism, Xavier...
Don't be silly.
You invite a priest and a girl
with the delusion
she's a witch for lunch?
What's the idea?
After the coffee,
we take a walk inside the house
and see who can find
the most demons?!
Don't be like that...
If it's something so irrelevant
then it won't do any harm.
Call it... a meeting
of the sacred and the profane.
You're not well.
I'd just like you to have the courage
to tell me why you do these things!
But what things, Xavier?
What things do I do?
You came here kidding me you'd always
support me, that we're a family,
blah, blah...
You never wanted to come.

You're really happy
with all this shit!
We'll fucking leave tomorrow,
if you like.
I don't give a shit anymore.
Would you mind not swearing?!
What's the matter with you?
This stress of yours
is also a good excuse
for us not even
to be a couple any more!
The Devil has broad shoulders indeed!
What are you saying?
- You know what I'm saying...
- No, I want to hear you say it!
You've got cause for complaint?
You? Go on, man, spit it out!
Let's calm down,
I don't want a sorry spectacle...
It's already a bit late for that,
don't you think?
In the middle of all this shit,
your daughter said
she wanted to talk to us
and we didn't even asked her why!
Do you know
if there's any juice left?
What's the matter?
Don't you get tired of this rubbish?
- Are you still going away tomorrow?
- Tomorrow night, that's the plan.
I really don't like you
travelling at night.
Don't worry.
Dad will be sad,
you've hardly stayed any time.
No, he won't.
Well, we'll need to put the day
to good use tomorrow. So...
...bedtime! Come on, Ricardo,
it's late, get to your bed.
I'm going, just in a minute.
Can I start setting the table?
Maybe you'd better.

My daughter, Sofia...

- This is... I'm sorry...

- That's alright.

- Rosa.

- Rosa! How lovely!

Don't you want

to take off your coat?

I'll put it over there,
we'll be more comfortable.

- Can I take your things?

- Of course, please.

Antonio, your coat.

I'm just going to the kitchen,
make yourselves at home.

- Is your mind really made up?

- Never been more.

And how are you thinking
of bringing up the subject?

I won't need to, you'll see.

Don't you think it's a bit silly?

You remember you wanted to go
to the dance just for a laugh?

- That was different.

- I suppose you'll tell me how.

Or maybe not.

But your thinking
of specializing in what?

If everything goes well, cardiology.

Never mind, Rui...

My mother... even to my girlfriends
used to answer for me.

Sorry...

I'm sorry, and I'll take
the opportunity to go to the kitchen!

The heart is a wondrous machine.

Do you know that in one village...
a village near here, actually...

they dug up a dead man
and his heart was still pounding
like a startled deer!

There you go...

That's perfectly possible.

They're tales that get told...

Maybe, but it's possible.

It's not so unusual...

Many times

people were buried out of ignorance,
especially coma victims.

That's a bit creepy!

Don't you think Rui's drinking a lot?

He's no child any more.

Ok, but for someone who's driving...

Xavier...

- Your son's even worse than you!

- In what way, I wonder!

I thought you were sceptical

but now I see there's much worse!

The future doctor

has an answer for everything.

For what things?

We were talking about ghosts

and all I said was...

...there's a strong probability
they exist.

What probability they exist?

There's an explanation

for what people judge

to be common apparitions.

- And what would that be?

- Ok...

How do you explain

away the beastie,

that's what Father Cruz

wants to know!

Nothing is more impressive

than energy.

At times, very strong feelings

or highly emotional events

can leave an imprint in a house.

It's nothing much!

Most construction materials

contain lots of salts of iron

and silicon.

I'm still waiting...

Which are elements present

in videotapes, for example...

But there are a lot more options.

That doesn't invalidate

the important part.
And what's that?
For us to see or feel something,
something must have occurred.
Only then does this theory
of imprint have an effect.
Peasants.
What about peasants?
Country bumpkins' tales!
Folklore for city tourists...
...these pranks about
ghosts and hauntings.
Werewolves, while we are at it?
There clearly must be
an explanation also.
- Have you seen one?
- Come on, Rui.
You can still imagine
legends are based on truth...
- It's more romantic.
- 'Lycanthropy' is well-documented.
An imbalance that makes a person
think he's an animal,
so he behaves like one.
'Hypertrichosis' could perfectly
explain other instances...
a man with an enormous
quantity of hair!
That shouldn't bother you so much!
What bothers me more
is that I said goodbye
to intelligent people in Lisbon...
and came here to find my family
immersed in fairy tales!
Friends, friends...
Let's change the subject.
This is what happens
when you have priests around,
that's what I always say.
Stop all this nonsense,
you're frightening your brother!
Let him go, mum.
There's no problem.
Don't let him go! Don't let him go!

Ricardo!

Ricardo, where are you going?

We don't need all this fuss.

Go inside, please.

Lena, let's stop clowning around!

The boy's fed up with these scenes,
go inside, please!

I'll go and get him.

Ricardo!

But tell me...

- I don't think I need to.

- No, tell me.

They killed a man's whole family...

...and he swore vengeance.

That's more or less it, isn't it?

So they say.

Yes, ok,

but what do you say, Father?

Tell me if this Devil bullshit

isn't the best excuse

for God's mistakes.

You could look at it another way...

Because the Devil's biggest trick
is to convince us he doesn't exist.

Opinions.

Everyone dies differently...

Father, sorry, now you've lost me...

I sit at their bedsides

and I can see it...

I pick up their hands...

Sometimes I don't even pray,

I just talk to them, softly.

I hope they're not afraid.

In this delivery of souls,
people unveil their lives...

some fight, others smile...

some let go,

as if I'm wrapping them up...

and they're at peace.

Others are still full of rage,

they know my comfort is useless...

because they're not ready to die.

Ricardo!

All those who are not yet able to die

are not good or bad people.
They're restless souls,
stuck halfway,
people filled with pain...
Like you, Ismael.
Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be Thy name...
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.
Where were you, Our Father?
When I begged you?
When I called for you?
Where were you?!
Why didn't they wait
till I got home?!
Is it a lot?
Is it a lot to ask?
Why didn't they wait for me?
Ricardo!
I want to die!
How is he?
Alright.
Better.
Have you spoken to him?
Does he remember?
We haven't spoken much.
He doesn't remember much.
I don't even know what to say to him.
And you two?