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Felix and Otilia

By Unknown

What is this world?
Otilia you tell me
Nothingness make jokes
Like a loiter demon.
What is this world?
What is, what is... what?
Bucharest Cinematographic Studio
presents
FELIX AND OTILIA
Based on George Calinescu novel
"Otilia's Enigma"
Precious cousin,
do not get mad it I tell that
when we were kids... cousin
In fact, for the feelings,
we have each other
is better that
we are not really related.
You'll forgive me that for so long
I haven't written to you.
But you showed signs of forgetfulness
and you left in this provincial town
alone with my thoughts and blight,
that has betfallen me.
My father, who is likely
that you do not remember,
because they are many years
since you have not been with us...
Well, this man still in power age died.
We are all insignificant beings.
It even a doctor can not
realize in time the state of...
It he cannot take care of himself...
Now I have no father, I'm absolutely alone
and I found solace in books and study.
Forgive me, but I still
do not understand your kinship.
Are you first cousins?
In a way, by marriage, yes.
- And when he comes?
- Soon. I can't wait to see again.
I corresponded with him all
the high school years.
Now he must be a real man.

First, I am passionate about.
And then it was his biggest desire.
After the mourning, I will transfer
to the University of Bucharest.
Then we'll be all day long together.
You'll show me the city as to
a poor provincial as I am.
Uncle Costache became my guardian.
Poor Dad kept to the his last breath
fullest confidence in this man,
that I do not know him at all.
And who is your adoptive father.
Uncle Costache!
Uncle Costache!
It is me, Felix.
I'll take the ladder up stairs
in the attic. There is...
Is Mr. Giurgiuveanu living here?
Uncle Costache!
Uncle Costache!
Nobody lives here!
- But daddy is Felix.
- He is?
Take your suitcases and come up!
You don't really recognize me?
I'm Otilia.
She is... Otilia.
Aren't you glad?
We haven't seen since I was small.
He is Felix.
You say Mr. Felix, of which has spoken
Miss Otilia so much.
This the son of Dr. Sima from lassy.
From Moldova...
- But you're quite a chap!
- He will go to University, Aglae.
- Really?
- Sure...
Kiss your hands, Ma'm!
She is Aunt Aglae,
daddy's sister.
How would he know?
When his mother died, he was just that.
Since then I haven't seen him.

- Do you remember him, Aurica?

- No.

She is cousin Aurelia.

- How goes the game?

- I know?

- Costache!

- Yes...

- If you play... play!

- Play...

- And where the boy will live?

- With us.

Yes? So? I did not know.

- Felix has...

- You're opening an orphan asylum?

Felix has his income.

Otilia will have somebody to have fun with.

What do you think Pascalopol?

He has income.

- Isn't it so, daddy?

- Yes, yes... he has.

- And you will manage it, Costache?

- It's income.

Mr. Felix, you are going

to study at university?

- I would like to study medicine.

- Son of a doctor, of course.

- I understand, very nice.

- That was my father's desire.

Doctor... uncertain job,

to look for customers.

I'm not lucky today to Domino.

A good doctor, worker,

make good money nowadays.

To do this you must have head, no joke.

An orphan must quickly make a career.

So he don't fall

on the head of another.

What beautiful ring!

I have not seen before.

- You like it? Please get it!

- It's gorgeous!

- Pope... isn't beautiful, daddy?

- Take it, I'll give it to you!

- It's nice to take the man's ring.

- Mom, if he brought for Otilia...
Mr. Pascalopol,
why do not you get marry?
Not a convenient question, don't you think?
Perhaps my time didn't arrived, Miss.
No women ever loved you?
- Beautiful people exist only in pictures.
- I have a picture of cars. You can have it.
You didn't answer my question,
Mr. Pascalopol.
What can I answer, Miss?
At my age I don't have such concerns.
Give it up, I know why you come to visit
'cause you don't come for me...
If you love her,
why don't you propose?
You are not reasonable,
Miss Aurica.
Card...
You must give a card.
- Now you speak like you know...
- Mom, I speak what I see.
Bad cards.
Let's go to roulette! There you will lose...
You'll earn more money.
You don't go, Simion?
I don't like to play.
It's mine, I lost it.
I have torn pockets.
- What, what?
- I have torn pockets.
Look! Costache, you are not ashamed?
How is your money?
- We have pockets...
- It felt from Pascalopol.
- But I saw!
- Pockets broken... I.
Otilia, but maybe Mr. Felix is hungry.
Give him something to eat!
Oh, how bewildered I was!
How I could forgot...
We have nothing to eat.
Daddy, is there something to eat
in this house?

Look what I found.

That's all I have.

You have to eat.

The bank is closed.

Thanks!

Take your hand from there!

Costache, do you have some dough,

so I don't have to go home to get some?

I don't, dear.

- Lady Aglae, I'll borrow you.

- No...

But why?

Get it from him!

- May I?

- Well... We'll make out at the end.

- Go ahead, bet.

- What you said, Miss Otilia?

27...

- Simion, why do not you go to sleep?

- Go and lie down...

- 27...

- Costache...

And you play 27 too?

- I go to sleep.

- Okay, let...

Don't won?

Why do you want?

But I lost ten...

Because I see that you bemoan all the time,
today I received from someone a thousand lei
and I will loan it with interest.

Well that's it... what idea.

Otilia,

maybe Mr. Felix wants to sleep.

Sure.

Chip over chip...

What's that chip over chip?

Are you drowse?

You want to sleep. Let's go!

Lord, I do not know where to bed you.

We forgot to prepare you a room.

You'll sleep at me tonight. Let's go!

You know, I knew Mr. Felix's father.

- He is from lassy.

- Yes, yes. You know him?
- How not?
- He resembles him a little.
He was a very nice man and
above all hardworking and ambitious.
His poor mother
was a sick woman all her life.
He is young...
he will cope.
- Costache...
- When you are young you can handle it.
- I must talk to you as your sister.
- Yes...
- Because I see that you are not cautious.
- What do I have?
Well, from now on we are old
and no more to time to wait.
- Wait what?
- God forbid, but death comes!
Whose death?
Really Felix,
I don't know where to bed you.
I am going to ask daddy.
You wait here, okay?
- You do not mind, right?
- No, no.
Gotcha, you stole.
- I do not cheat...
- What about you, Stan?
- Relisor, eldmother, you don't understand?
- I'm ill, seriously ill.
- What's with that handkerchief?
Wet it mother, wet it with cold water
so I can put it to my heart!
- Are you sick at heart?
- Yes...
I suffer from heart too
and I feel it.
Get out there with your heart ill!
You start again with that blah?
But you, how come?
I didn't hear that before.
I'm sick, doctors didn't give me
much to live.

I kept my ill hidden
to not upset Olimpia.
Not to reveal the dark future.
I was noble, but you don't cherish me.
- The blights aggravated the illness.
- In fact what happened?
Relisor, my baby,
my little angel...
What, you do not know the mother?
He fell out of bed. He fall out.
The child has been tossed.
Maybe he was sick.
What you talking about?
He was hale and hearty.
He remained alone in the room,
fell on the floor and died.
Olimpia, I'm very mad at you.
Never happened in our family such a shame.
You should think well
before having a child.
You lived together for the last year...
And you Stanica...
- Yes, Mother...
- You do not want to do wedding.
Stanica run all day, poor him.
Nowadays, it is hard with the Bar.
Somebody promised him a job
but so far...
Maybe Mr. Pascalopol can find something
for you, with all the connections he have.
I will try.
Look mother, whatever is
I cannot stand to be aggrieved.
I'm the oldest of the sisters,
so I kindly ask you to give me my share.
I don't ask for anything for me,
just for her.
Simon is to be blamed for this entire affair.
He doesn't want and doesn't want!
What do you say, Mr. Simon?
Do not give anything. She has a man,
so he to take care...
- Her husband to take her of her!
- Sit down! Get down, here!

Drink some water!
Sit down, drink some water!
Hey, Felix! You fall asleep?
Come with me to show you the room!
To show you the room...
- What is in there, that is so heavy?
- Books, heavy books.
Books.
It has books...
Dear nephew, here you can sleep
until tomorrow morning.
Or you can stay as long as you want...
if you like it.
Good night!
- Good night!
- Good night!
What are you doing here?
Aren't you afraid?
What if he catch you?
Is good?
Do you like it?
A black-tailed white mouse.
I was sitting on the seafront
and I was warming in the sun...
Did you sleep well, Felix?
Come on, I'll show you your room!
- It is ready?
- I do not know...
If you know that Felix will come
why you have changed Otilia room?
And Otilia's room in Felix's room...
Just to baffle me more,
so I can loose my last trace of sleep.
Even if I was your maid
and I haven't had to run that much.
My poor feet, I can stand anymore.
I run around.
- Have you set the room?
- I did, I already told you once, hard-ear.
Well I ask because I know you're blunt.
It's ready, Felix!
I was sitting on the seafront
and I was warming in the sun...
Uncle! Uncle Costache!

We'll switch the room.
Why don't you turned out the lights?
- He is?
- He is Felix, Marina.
Look, this is your room!
Like you didn't have at home.
That's your bed.
Here you put your boots.
Put your clothes in the closet.
That's your writing table.
Others have written.
What is this doing here?
You'll have heat, I start the fire.
I have prepared you tea.
Here's the chamber pot.
Look, the window!
Do not open it ever, it's stuck!
That's the washing room.
What did it have so many books?
But we don't eat today?
I don't go to the market? What do we do?
We see... I ate...
What are you doing? Don't you hear?
Don't give me some money?
- I can't feed you with wind?
- I have no money. Look 5 lei.
Okay, but I didn't paid the baker
for the last two weeks.
- Felix!
- Yes?
Felix, give me 5 lei!
I don't have any now, at hand.
Yes...
And what about the butcher?
- Daddy, what are you doing here?
- I show him the room...
I'll leave you with Otilia,
to keep her company.
- He asked for money?
- No...
Take these one, I have no more!
But you never get bored?
I do.
Sometimes I want to scream

and then I avenge on the piano.
I enrolled at the Conservatory.
But I'm not yet well decided.
I wish rather to follow
the drama class.
I asked Marina to iron a shirt.
I'm going to remind her, she a forgetful.
Come on Alexandru, come on!
Felix,
I wait for you in the garden.
And beware of Aurica!
She trying to get married.
- How is he young man doing?
- Felix? Feels good.
- Are we going to the milliner today?
- She brought you new magazines from Paris.
I will be the most elegant in Bucharest.
What are you doing?
What are you reading?
- A book... Miss Otilia's book.
- You didn't go out.
Otilia goes out every day and night.
Mr. Pascalopol too.
- I know.
- I'm more family type.
I like to stay at home.
I saw so Ionely in the garden and
I thought perhaps you want to visit me.
Felix, you know my father and Titi.
You won't refuse me.
- Welcome.
- You know, I make some great cakes.
I am an expert.
Let's eat cake.
We are alone...
How do you feel at Uncle Costache?
- I feel very good.
- Really?
But you, who are so alone, without parents,
should stay at another family, more settled.
To feel at home, right?
That's my palace.
Sit on the bed!
Look!

Cushions are made by
daddy the paintings by Titi.
Isn't so that he has talent?
Don't you find it modern? No?

- Yes, very modern.

- Want some cake?

Help yourself!

- Are they good?

- Very good.

- I've done it.

- Tasty.

But take a place!

- But Mr. Titi where is it?

- Titi is downstairs. He paints.

He paint?

I gone ask you that next time, do not use
the main entrance, but the back door.

It's better, the world is evil,
blackwash.

When someone see you with a young man
you are already compromised.

I had a friend, who was paid attention by
a young man, whom she believed to be serious.

He was admitted to the house, they welcome
him, everybody agreed on him...

The young man was just a philander.

Yes, it must be very true what you say,
but...

I have no experience.

- Why not?

- No. It's good that you told me all this.

I could cause harm without knowing that
but I'll never come over again,
you wanted me to...

Please don't leave, Mr. Felix.

What matters what people are speaking of?

I think there's someone at the door.

Is Titi.

Is Titi, my brother.

Felix Sima.

Nice to see you.

I have seen all your

They are extraordinary.

- Do you paint nature too?

- Only models.

What book is that?

Can I see her?

Yes.

- It has beautiful paintings.

- Can you leave me one day?

- If only for one day, sure.

- Let's go!

Our name is Tulea.

That's our name, don't you know?

Tulea.

- But papa, you met before.

- Do you show him the pillows?

- Yes...

- Hello, Paul!

But sir,

my name is Felix... Sima.

- You got the keys?

- I do not know what key it is about.

Paul, exchange at the corner, at Costache
the talants... 30 pieces of silver.

And buy me bread, a lot of bread,
that I need it to over feed myself.

That's daddy, always quiet,
not a word out.

Today at noon he lash out to Mom.

He said that she gave him vinegar to drink.

Next time when you come over

I'll make you "snowball".

What's got into you again?

His name is Felix.

Shame, you sinful, you shall not talk!

At lunch you gave me only vinegar to drink.

What vinegar, are you crazy?

If it was vinegar, wouldn't drink it.

You feed my with vinegar ever
since the signs have been shown into the sky.

Thank goodness, I fed you as a loafer as you
are, for years, without any joy from you.

And now you come to tell me
that I gave vinegar.

The Lord gave me his beard...

You'd better shear it a little bit
instead of being like this.

Julius Caesar stole my gloves
and you have stolen my money.
I've stolen your money?
You've wasted them on skirts.
They brought you down to this.
I stole his money...
Other people, at your age, are work
and running, don't sit like a bum.
You've wasted my life, you heinous!
You're talking nonsense...
Christ has grown into grass
and chickens are eating him.
Oh, my Relisor!
He spoke; he called me "Dad."
Obviously he could not live.
Such geniuses usually are not born.
He spoke well, he talk to me.
Oh, Lord... Relisor was only 2 months old.
How could he speak?
He spoke, he spoke, mother-in-law.
He spoke to me.
- My existence is shattered.
- Stop right there!
You're all grown.
You'll make another, God!
- None, none, mother-in-law!
- We won't make another...
The house, the dampness, had kill him
It bear through walls.
- Well, well...
- Are we gone stay longer?
And you bull-head...
Let's do the papers!
Let's give them the house from Stirbei Voda!
So they don't have to leave among strangers.
I don't give, she's not my daughter!
You're crazy, Simion, from a while.
I'll take you to the doctor.
- You may not know, but Olimpia isn't mine.
- Simion, please be understandable!
- Do you have some money?
- Yes? Where from?
She's not my daughter!
I'm gone kill myself right here,

on Relisor tomb...
Miss Otilia, please wait for me!
Mister Simion!
This way!
Sorry about the loss,
but you are not reasonable at all.
You make Miss, Mrs. Olimpia
to suffer for nothing...
- She's not my daughter.
- Mr. Tulea...
As long as Olimpia is with me, she
is under my protection, do you understand?
And I don't allow.
If you are not able to let
a miserable house as dowry, then...
You're a codger, I don't give anything.
She's not my daughter!
My existence was bound to dear Relisor.
Now he's gone
I have not really means.
If weren't for you I couldn't even afford a
marble headstone.
Okay, okay... I'll talk tomorrow with Simion,
when settle down.
Excuse me!
Mr. Pascalopol, indeed to have money
to prove that you are human.
Until then I have to humiliate myself again.
It's offensive, I know. I need 100 lei.
No one else have to know
I don't want to humiliate Olimpia.
When I will can't cope anymore
I'll blow my brains.
Relax!
Let's go!
Do you see them?
They are always together.
Titi, Titi!
Move, move...
The old man fell, it seems that he died.
Come quickly!
No more, I can't no longer.
I'm gone stay here.
Let's lay him, poor man, on the table!

The keys!

He was never ill.

Marina!

Marina, run quickly after Stanica.

Tell him and Olimpia to come here.

And to bring the doctor, he knows it.

Come, quickly...

And you Aurica, go next door,
so nobody will steal anything!

Yes mother.

- Ah, now he started?

- Stanica, not...

Who ask you to carry bricks?

Making a house... what, didn't you had one?

You should go to bed.

Why you sit on this table?

- The keys, the keys!

- Look, the keys, the keys...

You better give them to me.

So nobody can steal them.

Ah, he is dying!

- Stanica!

- Yes, eldmother.

Stanica, he is very ill.

It is very bad...

He was carrying bricks.

And he fainted.

For now, I can't say anything.

He must rest quietly and put

a bag of ice to the head.

The seizure wasn't violent.

Let's see if he can talk later.

- Or if he has any side paralyzed.

- He must have, he's old enough.

God forbid! Better death

than this!

Vasiliad... What do you say?

Can he live longer, paralyzed like this?

- It depends.

- Vasiliad, be the man I know.

Do not confuse us. What do you think?

He's gone die or not? So we know what to do.

- Depends on his constitution.

- Your damn medicine.

You don't anything for sure.

Costache where you keep the money?

We need to buy ice.

- Give him the keys!

- No, I do not want ice.

- Talk...

- His a rogue, I know him.

But Costache, need money for doctor.

I where to pay.

I do not want a doctor, I have nothing.

Go away!

- Otilia...

- Yes, daddy.

On the black chest in the drawing room
is a vault... Take it!

I know.

You didn't give me the keys! You handle your
money to everybody, like I'm not your sister!

Shame on you, Costache!

Let me keep this towel on your forehead.

I have nothing, leave me alone,

I'm not sick.

- You carry bricks and boards...

- I'm building a new house...

You make a house... for whom?

Don't you have a house?

House... new house.

The old man is heel, he inflate the bill.

Those are Otilia's money, I'm gone
leave her something, a restaurant...

A restaurant... you are wasting money on
a restaurant. You have another two.

You think everyone is sitting on pubs?

You're not sane.

Take another coin, that's all, is okay!

It's good to eat too.

One coin is good, good...

What should I do with this coin?

What should I do with your coin?

We need for the doctor,
for the doctor.

- No...

- Forget it, Uncle Costache, one is enough!

Here is.

Enough for ice and a bag.
I do not want the bag, you codger...
Vasiliad, I'll give to you 10 lei, you're a family doctor; you'll not gone rob us now.
- Okay, I want the box...
- Give him the box!
Take it, damn it!
Vasiliad... go to the pharmacist on Rahova!
You know him.
Tell him that old Mr. Ratiu asked for a bag.
Here is fifty pence for the ice.
Do you hear me?
Don't buy anything!
Anyway, mother, why are we sitting here?
It must be 3 o'clock, no one have ate.
Uncle Costache can stand alone.
Marina is here, Otilia...
Ah, Otilia, Otilia... This is my brother's house and I am his only sister.
You want some strangers to take care of him?
He went to call Pascalopol.
Eldmother, fine, but I'm hungry.
What do you want, wake while I'm hungry?
Bring a quick one!
What, don't you have anything, dear?
You don't cook?
- No, we don't cook.
- You're a rogue...
Let's see what's here...
These are from Pascalopol.
True hard salami.
- What it this?
- Oh, let eat something mother...
How, my God, you all start to be hungry, at this hour?
We eat, I don't stop you?
How do you do, Simion?
Bordeaux, from the finest...
What a taste, what a flavour...
What are you doing with this itsy-bitsy?
Bring larger glasses, to taste the wine!
Cut salami thicker to feel that you bite!

Eating too much hurts.
Of course, at a certain age.
Salami...
I may give myself ten years of normal life.
Then ready with meals, with women...
How monks and nuns are living?
Codger...
Once I waked a man three days and three
nights until we all fell dead-beat.
And the old man old still not died.
Yes, it was serious, he had cancer.
Doctor, came and inject him,
maybe he will wake up from fainting!
He's dead, don't hear, see, lady?
God, what about soul!
Tell me what soul it is?
It's breath - breath, breath...
Anima, as the Latins say.
Simion!
You have soul, you breath.
You don't breath, your garbage.
Simion, you'll get sick!
You ate four pounds of cheese.
Let Felix told us what soul is,
he is a medicine student.
- Well...
- When I was a student...
Mother, we couldn't get a peach.
Please, I want to take blood. Sorry, I don't
have the flam with me, for a phlebotomy.
Bloody hell, Vasiliad!
Right now when we eat?
He does not have blood and
you want to get even more.
Do you hear me?
Uncle Costache, he want to take your blood.
- To suffer...
- Yes!
- He wants.
- We know better what to do.
You, Uncle Costache, are gentle,
I can say even harmless.
Others are acting bad.
I knew a magistrate once, that

went up the chimney on the roof and sang:
Chant the country glory, trumpet call...
He moved his hands like he was flying...
Mr. Pascalopol...
How are you, Uncle Costache?
Better? Do you want to change the compress?
It's an unbearable heat for a patient.
Why don't we move him to his room?
Cogger lurk me to rob me,
to force me. I have not died.
Okay, okay.
Stay calm!
I was just talking with doctor Stratulat
when Miss Otilia, told me about the accident.
May I come in?
- Well, doctor Vasiliad saw him, right?
- A second opinion won't hurt.
Well...
Doctor Stratulat
is professor at the University.
Please, doctor!
Here you are!
This way, please!
Why did he bring the professor?
It was really necessary?
He is patient.
If Mr. Pascalopol is paying...
A little consultation, Uncle Costache.
I want to go to paint.
I'm very far behind.
Mother, I say we go.
What are we doing here anyway?
- It's late and look, my father slept.
- You're right.
He breathe!
Stroke well supported.
He's out of danger.
- He can stand up?
- He can stand.
He is okay, didn't I told you?
He's as sound as a roach.
Isn't right, old man?
Cogger!
- Good evening!

- Good evening!
- Good evening, Uncle!
- Get to the table!
- How are you, Uncle Costache?
- Good, thank you.
- Enjoy your meal!
- Felix... Felix, we don't cook anymore.

It is a useless work for Marina.

You can eat out.

I put the money there.

You signed for them.

- But where you'll eat?
- I'm not really eat in the evening.

I'll go tomorrow in the city.

- And where will Otilia eat?
- Well, Otilia eat with Mr. Pascalopol.
- Apples...
- Leave the apples, I'll grab them!

Uncle, how could a girl
to go out like this...

Otilia is free!

And you can eat. Nobody stops you.

Good night!

Do not forget to turn off the light.

The light costs money, the light...

Otilia should marry Pascalopol.

That what she should do.

Costache!

1, 2, 3, 4, 5... good.

I heard that you published an article
in a French magazine. That's?

- Yes.
- Give it to me!

Bravo, bravo...

But it's pretty bad paper.

- Yes...
- You'll gone be a scientist.

Theory physician scientist,
not a practitioner like me.

You take through there, I through here.

What are doing in the afternoon?

Yes... Look, I just wanted to tell you.

I got an old relative,
need to make some shots.

You think is possible?

Come on, I walk you.

Sure, do not be bashful.

Give me the address!

I do injections in exchange for small sums.

And I will see were you live.

- I have nothing to write.

- Here's a pen, use it!

- Yes, thank you!

- Let me give you a piece of paper...

Yes... Antim.

12 Antim Street. A large gate.

Large, yes...

Goodbye!

- Bless you, young man!

- Thanks!

Get up, Mr. Doctor!

We go to the stockyard.

Today is St. Agrippina.

I kidnapped you to pay a visit.

You'll be interested.

All these belonged to Agrippina, and now she is renting in this mill attic.

I had filthy rich relatives and I'm a adjust when I could be a millionaire.

- It's my cousin Panait here, Vasile?

- Only the lady.

When I was a child the court was filled carts of flour.

Boo!

Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday,

Happy...

- Kiss hand Aunt Agripina!

- Why are the smell of hot bread?

- Is like on the old times!

- What smell? I brought traditional pretzels.

What can bring a pauper like me?

Here the nuts too.

Let's see who else is here...

Let's see who's left

of our old family.

- How are you, girls?

- Well, Uncle.

But why do not you come over to visit us?

I can't dear, I can't. My life goes through decisive moments. Either... or... Look at Luci, and cute Lia... And tall Lica. Do you like the boy? You like... You always go through decisive moments. Ask Costica for a job at the factory! God help, maybe we'll strike it lucky. Why is smelling of perfume? What are you putting on? - Look what I use. - Give it to me! Stanica, are you crazy? You have to use just a little bit. Yeah sure, what do you care? You play with money! Ah... if I'll put my hands on the dike I'll bathe in champagne. Um... look, Lili's here. Aunt Agripina why are you sit so sandwiched? Aren't you get rid of these junks yet? Look how old things were done. Allspice... Aunt Agripina, I'll like to eat that Greek food with allspice. What food? What food... The one that you use to make when we were kids. You take fine minced meat, without bread or egg, like for sausages. You add chopped garlic, salt, allot of pepper, paprika, crushed allspice and flour as cover. What else was it? That food was made with mutton, Stanica. Mutton, of course, soaked for three days... Well, nowadays no longer eat mutton but on our time the mutton... And what was the green tomatoes with cinnamon. Noo... It was good.

Stanica remember well, our grandparents
cooks like that.
Aunt Agripina,
Why do you do with so many cups?
Give me some, so I can show my progeniture
how the high class was use to drink coffee.
Whatever, Stanica.
That's all I have left.
To be healthy!
Give me some money,
I did not come by foot!
I came by coach and I spent
my last money on Aunt Agripina pretzels.
- How much do you need, Stanica?
- You? Do you have money?
Your father keeps you on a short leash.
Let me see your bag!
Look here, she have!
Yes, yes, yes...
Big mess, life is hard.
This is my family.
Granite!
Let's go!
Kiss your hand, auntie!
May you bury us all!
Goodbye!
Come, my dear!
I will go too...
Goodbye!
Kiss your hands!
By, I kiss you!
Do you have some place for us, Toader?
Yes, of course...
What a cute young men!
If you ask me, a girl should breed.
That's it...
Ah, what wife this girl will be!
She one of ours, Greek,
without put on an act, healthy.
And what wealth this girl has,
my God, why I'm her uncle!?
Well, what about this Felix?
We'll arrange her?
- I do not understand.

- Great shifty, this young man!
He'll become a great scientist,
he's an erudite.
Hey, Toader, why don't you
throw away this rust?
Mill, sugar mill... There are other
moral and material goods in the world.
- Yes, yes...
- Stop!
Let have our own Eminescu in the
family. What the heck?
The world is thin, evolves.
The young man is unique, from a good family.
His father, God rests his soul! Was a doctor.
What do you say?
We have a deal?
- Vixen, she liked the young man.
- Now he should like her too.
She, the young lady,
is very pretty but...
Leave it, we don't have to hurry.
Pay us a visit someday. Bring the girl too.
- We'll do.
- Yes, yes...
You like it, don't you?
He like it...
We'll come, of course.
Come on, kiss the girl's hand!
Goodbye! We'll come to visit you,
maybe tomorrow night.
You do so!
You'll come, right?
Well, it not gone harm.
Hey, Toderita, give me some money!
I have no case,
I'll drink from a senator per diem.
Come on, let's go!
Yeah, he was prepared.
He throws hundreds like I'll do with
fifty pence. Unearned money.
Why don't we go inside Mr. Felix
we have something else to arrange,
for which you'll thank me.
But this story with matchmaker I don't

understand it. What was it?

You like Otilia!

There's nothing, we'll marry her with Titi.

If the girl want him.

Such doltish, my wife's relatives.

See? This building is owned by
your uncle, Costache.

- Uncle Costache?

- Yes. A chic restaurant with nice girls.

- Loan!

- Immediately!

- The boss here?

- Should I call him?

Yes, but first tell him
to send his best food.

- I ate only a pretzel today. Go!

- Yes, mister, immediately!

Is nice here, isn't it?

Night tavern.

Good businesses are made here.

One likes this to have and I won't
need the practice anymore.

Leave it, don't be a child,
do not be bitter!

You think I don't see that you're
thinking about Otilia only?

Forget it, there are plenty as Otilia!

Come on, drink!

Ah, how beautiful is youth!

Hey, tell me right, you had her?

No? Seriously?

You are so inexperienced!

Look, my Olimpia... We know, I adored it.

She has... this is private,
a body beautiful, courtesan qualities
exceptional, but I'm pretty bored.

Um... Georgeta!

How are you? Glad to see you!

How are you doing, dear?

Felix, come to you to meet Georgeta!

- How are you?

- But who's the young?

- Don't you know? He's my relative by marriage.

- Yes?

He'll become a great scientist, you know!

- Don't you take anything?

- What's your name?

- Felix.

- Felix and... what?

- Sima.

- How funny!

I never meet, so far,
a medical student.

Cool girl!

Leave me, brother, with the "cool girl"
all you can say is "cool girl"!

She is divine...

General Pasareanu,
a fat one, it's crazy about her.

Pour me also!

You begin to cookout.

Strong wine...

You'll gone get drunk.

I can manage.

- There are beautiful girls at the university?

- Not always ugly.

- But how?

- You can imagine that pretty girls like you
don't go to work so many years
to make a career.

- You think I'm beautiful?

- Yes.

I want to kiss you.

I saw Stanica

when he beckoned you.

I heard him when he said:

"Go, don't be fool!" or something like that.

You never been with a woman?

How are delicate!

You are always like this with women?

- I have to go.

- Wait!

You are very beautiful!

Did I say already?

- You did.

- Who's the old man on the back?

Oh, my general, did not know?

I have a general.

You behave very elegant
if you allow me to tell you.
Not only that I allow
I am pleased to hear it.
- The coffee is cold, I had to brew another.
- No need, cold is okay.
- Yes... smoke?
- No.
Tell me straight, is these Otilia
that you told me about, so beautiful?
You love her?
Now you bristle...
No, but I don't like you to talk to me
in this way about her.
See?
I'm jealous.
I have to go, I need learn.
I'm preparing for exams.
I am very sorry,
you did not want to take a comfiture.
I'm prepared it very well
I learned to finishing school.
You know, I'm not such a fool
and uneducated girl.
The tie, here it is!
- I think, that Otilia is a beautiful girl.
- It's a serious girl.
Yes?
If you say you, then it's a serious girl.
Then I give permission to love her.
But you can come and visit me.
Here's the key!
Take it!
It's yours.
You know?
The general promised me that he'll marry me.
It would be another chance.
To become an artiste.
Artists can allow the luxury
to be sometimes frivolously.
- Don't I have talent?
- You are very pretty.
Your sincerity,
makes me love you more.

Only that?

I'm sorry that you don't stay longer.

You know that I was at Paris?

I have a tend to study.

Yes?

Like me.

Come on, let's make a baby!

I'll make myself something useful.

Come on, let's do it!

I'll raise him by myself, I won't ask
you for money. I swear!

Okay, be nice now!

And now I'll never let you leave.

I asked before you stay
and didn't wanted, now I don't want.

- Are you angry?

- No...

Okay, be quiet, a little!

See? I learned you naughty.

Dear general,
he's not marring me.

I'll do it.

Good evening!

Happy birthday to you, Happy birthday to you.

Happy birthday!

Mister Weissman, come here

Will you stay for Otilia's birthday?

Afterwards... I'll be expecting you at my place.

I prepared a special meal for you

You know, I don't like it at her place.

She's not honest.

Please come!

- You're late.

- I beg your pardon, Miss Aurica delayed me.

She keeps asking me to her room.

I don't know what to do.

My uncle and Mister Weissman.

I am happy to make your...

- One of our relatives!

- Much obliged, Miss!

Make yourself at home!

Eat and drink to your heart's content.

The family is mixed. Some are likeable
and some are curmudgeons.

How do you like to classify the people!
Do you remember how well
Eugenia played this piano?
Such finesse... She barely touched the keys
and angelic sounds came out.
You're being mean lady Aglae.
Misses Otilia plays wonderfully.
Like a true artist
- Tell me, do you want anything else?
- Why not?
A little Roquefort.
What have you got?
What have you got for sale?
Milk, cheese and eggs.
Wait, I'll give you some.
Is that all you know?
Come on, leave us.
The exit is this way, come on.
You don't even have to learn how to play
the piano with this century's technique.
There you go. Drop a needle and done.
Mozart... Tango, Waltz.
- Are you dancing?
- What can I...
What ever...
- You're confusing my girl, mister.
- Me?
- She's a rich girl and not at all ugly.
- She's ugly...
She will like you more than Felix.
You're more refined, more artistic.
Nowadays girls are dying for artists.
Come on, come on, go.
Go tell her she has pretty eyes.
I don't know why you want to marry him.
He has time, he's young.
- What are you talking? Others have children.
- Children will drive him crazy.
And we're going to keep him around until when?
She's wealthier than Otilia.
- She's mean!
- How do you know she's mean? Shame on you!
- You promised you'd visit us.
- Don't be upset, I couldn't come.

I have a lot of exams.

I want bread.

Father, let's go. We don't belong here.

- Bread and cake? There you go again...

- Again.

Why do you think bread doesn't go with cake?

Have you had any?

Mister Weissman!

Mister Weissman, leaving so soon?

But it's very late Miss.

Too bad, I thought you'd stay longer.

You could have come to my place.

I would have given you some fresh cookies.

Baked by me.

Maybe some other time,

it would be my pleasure.

You look a bit pale. You should have some
cacodilat injections, they don't cost too much.

I can give you the shots.

Good evening!

- Mother!

- Yes, what is it?

Mother.

What do you mean?

Weissman isn't a gentleman?

Weissman? He gives his father injections.

Waste of money,

He's a poor boy, but has a bright future.

What's gotten into you? Talking about

Weissman at 1 o'clock?

- Mother!

- Yes, what is it?

Aurica... are you mad?

What's on your mind?

You're not well in the head.

First, he won't even look at you.

He's a little boy.

- Let's say he does look at me.

- You're crazy!

Titi!

I heard Felix is doing very well in college.

He's well trained.

He knows... German, French.

Nerd.

Yes, you're right.
The book dumbs you down.
Still, don't you want
to ask him to tutor you?
So you don't fail the exams again.
Mother, but Titi is older than Felix.
So? Titi is a slow learner.
Do you think he'll come to see us?
He's got eyes only for Otilia.
Ah, I should be so lucky.
You're stupid.
You didn't have any luck.
You were raised otherwise.
I didn't teach you to cling on to men.
Anyway, you could be more determined.
I'm glad, very glad that
Pascalopol paid for the food.
No, don't take it. Put it down, don't you
see that you don't have any teeth?
Then you eat it.
What if you caught my fingers?
Leave me alone!
For God's sake, Otilia!
You're driving me crazy.
Go away and leave me alone!
Go and marry Pascalopol
Again Pascalopol!
Who said I was marrying Pascalopol?
It doesn't make any sense.
I can't be without him as
I can't be without you.
- That's all!
- Yeah, but two nights ago you weren't home!
- And I wasn't home other nights as well.
- Don't you think you're mocking me?
Weren't you at Georgeta's?
Am I nagging you about it?
Do you realize that Georgeta means
something else to me that you do?
I want a clear word from you?
And what word would that be?
A clear word. That you truly love me,
you'll marry me.
- Let's assume that we were to be wed.

- Why assume?

Because that which is not, is assumed.

- When do you think we could do it?

- As soon as possible.

But your classes?

You're not free to do as you wish.

- And then, you have to live life.

- The money... take it.

- Otherwise you would be bored soon.

- Why do you torment me?

Excuses. All the time excuses.

It would be better if you told me you don't love me. Things would be simpler.

These are not excuses.

I believe that a wife should be a final choice.

And I need to mess around a bit.

What do you want me to do? Marry Aurica?

And after all, we can be engaged for years in Paris.

You'll study medicine and I the piano.

And when our familial instinct will grow...

Ah, what a horrible thing, to be called Madam!

Esteemed Madam!

Why do people need to know that we got married?

It would be a secret bond, just between the two of us.

It would give us confidence, prop us up.

True confidence, if lacking, cannot be found in marriage.

But if we don't get married we can't be together.

Do you think it's not possible any other way? Why?

Because I love you as a normal person should.

And I can't be anything but loyal to my future wife.

You're not Georgeta.

Truly I am not. But if I was in the mood to travel the world, to...

do the most outlandish things,

we could be dancers in Mexico.
You would give up your career?
Your studies?
You ask me this?
I don't ask you, Felix.
I was just asking a crazy question.
I'll let you decide.
It's all up to you now.
If I am truly your beloved,
you will make the right decision.
You're right, I love you.
Don't you doubt that.
I'll decide what to do.
But now I'm sleepy.
I'm off to bed.
Don't forget, for the holiday
we're going to the domain.
- You promised Pascalopol.
- Yes, I promised.
Felix, I asked you to turn off the lamp. Is
enough light coming from the streetlights.
Here, girl, do you remember how this place
used to be? With a big sun... on the stairs.
Very big, with light that was...
bright light, very bright light.
And damsels dressed in white, and boys
in white dancing with the damsels
All passing, marvellous young ladies!
Don't you remember how
it used to be like? Marina!
I can't take it anymore, Marina. Come with
me, I have something to show you.
I padlocked it, put it in the attic.
Don't tell anyone.
Show me what?
I've had a little too much too drink, I'm
dizzy. But I'll drink some more.
Let's drink something together right now
and I'll tell you a secret.
If you can keep it, keep it to yourself,
keep your mouth shut.
Otilia!
What do you want?
I'm not dressed.

I want to talk to you.
You're not very nice.
You'll talk to me tomorrow.
- No, now!
- Tomorrow!
Felix!
Behave, Felix!
What's wrong with you?
What's wrong with you?
Kissing shouldn't be brutal,
it should be soft.
Just like that, mister.
Let's get married!
Let's run away together.
- Do you want to?
- You're so crazy, Felix. And so romantic.
What if someone hears us?
Run away where?
Anywhere!
I want to get away from here.
How can you live among those people?
You're always at Pascalopol's whim.
He calls you whenever he pleases,
keeps you as long as he wants.
After all, where did this man come from?
Who is he? What does he want?
It's night and you're exalted.
You'll get over it by tomorrow.
You know Felix, I think you should get
to know another girl. Do you understand?
I'm not interested.
But you're really crazy!
You're not even of age yet and
you have a career to worry about.
Tomorrow I'll be a hindrance.
You won't.
It's not right for the wife to be older.
Men get bored quickly.
You don't love me.
You're in love with Pascalopol
He has money, of course.
He gets whatever he wants, he can pay.
Pascalopol is also one of my victims.
Forgive me!

You're so warm!
If you love me go to your place now.
What if papa or Marina hears us?
You're like a suction cup.
Go, run!
No... I'll come tomorrow night too.
You're crazy. I won't let you in.
I'll lock the door.
I'll break it.
The legs...
What's is it beautiful.
Greetings, father.
This rainy weather is killing me.
All my bones hurt like the devil.
Maybe boiled tzuica will drive the devil away.
Perhaps you want to confess.
You have some sins on your soul.
Any man has sins, father.
All my bones hurt.
What is your name, I forgot.
Aurelia, father.
Oh bless thee, God, your faithful subject
Aurelia who repents for all her sins.
Oh, this bad weather is killing me.
All that's left for me to do is?
Tell me, did you lie during your confession?
Did you mess around with women?
That's for men to do.
Tell me why you're here.
I'm in love, father.
Have you been fooling around?
I'm a damsel, father.
You don't say?
Tell me, are you a virgin too?
Love, little dove, love.
Come here to get married.
I'm in love father, I'm in love with a man
I shouldn't be with.
Is he married?
He's not of the same faith.
Ah, catholic or protestant?
It's allowed, it's allowed.
He's not a Christian father.
Then what the devil;

God forgive me! He's not a Turk is he?
- He's Jewish.
- An Israelite?
Did you sin with him?
No, not yet.
What should I advise you to do?
The unclean one is testing you hard.
I'd say that if you bring a pagan
to the Christian flock.
It's called winning a soul for Heaven,
isn't it?
What should I advise you to do?
How about your mother, aunt Aglae.
What does she have to say about this?
But she's mad love.
She did, of course she did, God.
But if you have saved yourself...
Poor you, how much you must have suffered...
now that you're not that young anymore.
It is what it is father.
I'm not young anymore and I'm also ugly.
Never mind, you're not ugly.
The Devil is ugly! He's black!
Nevermind, the world is full of sin.
But will he marry you?
What do I know father?
You're not among the worst in the world.
Greetings, miss. How are you?
Mister Weissman, I've been expecting you.
You promised you'd come upstairs
for an clair.
I'm doing very well. Perhaps you can
serve me downstairs, in the saloon.
Anyway, I'll come. But first I have
to give your father an injection.
You know, you don't stay here for long and
then you leave. Really?
How are young man?
Sculpting, sculpting!
Are you ready, Mister Tulea?
Mister Weissman, I feel very well,
rejuvenated.
Easy, easy...
Are you crazy? Do you think I can

give you a shot in the garden?
Mother, father's become a saint.
Don't prick him anymore.
He's weak and out of blood.
Yesterday, he got a needle in his finger
and no blood came out.
Our family doesn't have any blood...
Don't prick him, he's sick.
The family is sick.
You have cookies.
Bravo!
Who baked all these, miss?
Your father? Please have some more.
Do you like them?
Thank you, I still have some.
I'll take some more later.
You're not used to opening the blinds?
It's more comfortable, cooler.
Yes. Do you have something to tell me?
You know Mister Weissman,
I don't have any prejudice.
If I loved an Israelite, I would take him
regardless of what people had to say.
What do you mean, Miss.
I don't know if you know,
but I only partake in free love.
Free love?
Please don't be upset but you are
going through an erotic crisis.
You sir are a doctor,
I've been like this for a long time.
But I am disarmed in this situation, miss.
What can I do?
You need an energetic man,
and forget about marriage.
It won't be long until this odious,
bourgeois institution will be repealed.
Do you think I am ugly?
Don't leave! Am I really that ugly?
Who told you that? You're no more ugly
or beautiful than other women. That's that.
But I am ugly, I'm ugly.
Go! I've bored you, forgive me.
But how did the world get you

into this condition?
Look, I'll stay some more.
If you think it will make you happy.
I think so.
But quickly, I have classes at four o'clock.
Mister Felix and Miss Otilia,
here is a less picturesque place.
Please forgive me.
Mister has been wonderful.
And I love this ancient castle.
Can I go up?
You know you are my mistress.
All you can see belongs to you.
But why don't you fix it?
I was just thinking if it's worth
spending the money.
You see, Mister Felix, this estate
belonged to my father.
The peasants destroyed it.
They cut the administrator
into pieces with axes.
He was a very good and loyal man.
Loyal to you.
Can a young man such as you believe
that brutality is a solution?
I don't know the peasants very well but,
judging by what I see
I can't think that they are very happy.
Pascalopol, who are they?
These are the peasants I use to pick fruit.
Hey! Hey you!
Can't you hear?
Come here! Here!
What's your name! Yes sir!
You know me...
you know me, boyar!
Pandele, come here.
Greetings boyar.
Increase the apple ration, make them happy.
Thank you! Good health to you!
Odd, this peasant.
Indeed, I've seen him somewhere else
but I don't remember where.
This was a very unpleasant incident.

I'm sorry.

In general, I will seek to liquidate anything that ties me to this backwards agriculture.

My father, although a land owner, had very little to do with this estate.

He lived mostly in Athens and when he was in the country he never left Bucharest.

I rely mostly on gardening, raising cattle. And horses.

If I were to leave the country for good, I would sell it all without regret.

I would only take the horses with me.

I love them too much.

But your peasants must be very poor.

They're not as poor as they seem.

When I hired them,

I didn't get a very good deal.

I should have sold the estate a long time ago. In fact, I tried.

But I didn't get a very good price.

These peasant uprisings have scared buyers away.

The peasants are very backwards around here.

They have no schools, no...

And there you go, Mister Felix, your future profession has come up.

Doctors aren't exactly crowding to come to these places.

That's the way it is, first the peasants situation needs to improve.

Usually, the doctor is called in too late, when there's nothing left to do.

I hold your profession in great regard.

Our faith today pails in front of science.

- I think we ought to step down.

- Are we there?

I hope it will be easy to fix.

Felix, take the dog.

Thanks!

Oh, how soon autumn comes!

I'll go look for a flower.

Do you see any flowers in the field?

- Come on, Felix, let's look. Are you coming?

- Yes, I am.

Come on, quickly.

Who's there?

Sir! It's us, boyar.

- Is that you Lepadat?

- Me!

- And where are you taking them?

- Up to the through, boyar.

- Did you lose any?

- No, but we left two down at the forestry.

They're not pulling well on the yoke.

Take them to the market.

You can sell them today.

Yes sir!

Felix, I'm afraid. They're terrible.

Why aren't you careful, my darlings?

Lean on to me.

Mister Felix, don't kid around. Leave them!

Let's go.

Lucky nothing happened.

This is Cristina, my mother's grandmother.

And he also one of my relatives, an Italian.

He lived in the 1800's; I forgot his name.

I met doctor Sima in lasi. Your father.

- You resemble him, isn't so Miss Otilia?

- Yes, Yes.

He would have become famous.

You see, Mister Felix, we come into
the world with great thoughts.

We make plans and when we go about fulfilling
them something comes in the way.

Maybe I am that kind of a loser myself.

You see, my aspirations
are of an artistic nature.

And will be realized in miss Otilia.

- How do I look?

- Admirable.

May I offer it to you?

Pascalopol is a cute man,
and he's so Ionely.

Can we go for a swim? Iet's go.

What is this world?

Otilia you tell me

Nothingness makes jokes

Like a loiter demon.

What is this world?
What is, what is... what?
I'm consulting all the philosophers.
Plato and Socrates
To know it shoes,
are a sign that you existed.
I consult all the philosophers.
Consult, consult... consult.
When everything dries up
and the eyes deceive.
That you weren't a ghost.
I can't prove it.
When everything dries up.
I can't, can't... can't.
- Good evening!
- Good evening!
I've been expecting you for dinner??
When I'm at the estate I'm not a agreeable
companion to young people such as you.
How can you say such things?
You're upsetting me.
I haven't done anything wrong.
You know I love you.
Forgive me if I was rude.
Let's have a seat.
You want to be the host?
Be my guest.
Pascalopol, did I tell you?
Our parents wed us
since we were children.
Just like the Eskimos.
Let me show you the rooms.
You barely had anything to eat.
I'm sorry! You didn't like it?
Please forgive me, but I wasn't hungry.
- I ate a lot.
- Iike a bird... Not there.
To the right!
- I would like to sleep in the barn, in hey.
- Don't worry about this.
We have enough hey. I hope you won't think
poorly of the room I prepared for you.
You have everything you'd want there.
I don't know if you've heard Mister Felix,

but I've prepared a little feast for you.
- I hope you won't turn me down.
- Please forgive me but I'm very tired.
Your chamber... you know it
It also has a piano, something
you won't find in the barn.
You've always been cute.
I'll meet you outside.
You look sad. I'm sorry.
This here is your room.
You will find a lot of poetry
in this apparent solitude.
I'll be leaving tomorrow.
All right, but you promised that you'll be
spending a large portion of your vacation here.
- I will be forced to break my promise.
- But what will Miss Otilia say?
Otilia... Miss Otilia, Miss Otilia...
I'm desolate, you are very...
You are extremely polite with her.
You're always with her. You we're
alone together here at the estate.
"Look, see? This is your room,
do you recognize it?"
Didn't you call it that?
Yeah, that's it.
Mister Felix, Otilia hasn't authorized
me to tell you anything.
Still, some of these things,
I imagine you know them as well.
- I am a very Ionely man.
- Why don't you get married?
As far as I can tell you have an
affectionate heart, you love children.
A man like you, elegant, rich, intelligent...
Contrary to appearances,
I am not a very sociable man.
The rest of the truth doesn't matter.
I don't think it matters anymore.
Like any sensible man, I wouldn't want to
have children except with a certain woman.
I would have liked to have
a daughter like Miss Otilia.
And since this was not meant to be, I'm

taking advantage of any opportunity to show her my little paternalistic affection as a man who failed onto family life.

Miss Otilia has great sympathy for you.

My discretion prevents me from speculating on the nature of her sympathies.

Miss Otilia is like a daughter to me.

Yes, please forgive me! Your conduct towards me has been most gentle.

Everything that you say may be very interesting, but as far as paternal love goes, I have my doubts.

The love between parent and child is based first on instinct, isn't it?

We are all nothing more than poor humans, Mister Felix.

I don't believe it.

You have a lot of money!

A brilliant situation, that's it.

I've spoken some words which I believe have offended you. Haven't I?

- Please accept my apologies.

- There's no need for that, young man.

It's late and I wanted to let you sleep, unless you want to come to the feast.

Everything you said was appropriate for the conversation.

Don't look at me, I'm sometimes lost inside my head and it makes me look upset.

I love Otilia very much. Perhaps I won't back off from the mistake of marrying her.

I've already told you, I'll do anything to deserve to have her. I fight within my means, you fight using your youth.

And I have to admit it, your weapon is more certain.

But I'm loyal enemy.

Still, I'll let Miss Otilia make up her own mind.

If poor Uncle Costache will pass away, you yourself will require assistance.

- Would you like to go to Paris?

- On whose expense?

That can be arranged.

It would of course be a loan
until you are in the position to repay it.

Miss Otilia has great confidence
that you will have a brilliant career.

I would be happy to...

be of assistance.

Why didn't you make this proposal
to Mister Ratiu, the lawyer?

You are being malicious, mister.

As far as I can tell,
given his low-life qualities
which Mister Stanica has it, he doesn't
need my help to get ahead.

He will either go into politics or
start some gambling houses.

I suspect that you would be investing
in me for other reasons.

Not the reasons you are thinking of.

Trust me, Mister Felix.

I would be very pleased if
you would accept my proposal.

- Good night!

- Yeah... Mister Pascalopol!

I'm still going to marry Otilia.

Good night!

- One, two, three, four...

- Like London, like Paris...

- I be your pardon, when the train leaves?

- In half an hour.

- Can you take there?

- Of course, Master!

But you need to hurry or
you'll miss the train.

- Felix!

- Prepare the carriage.

I heard you've met Miss Iili.

Do you like her?

Do you love her?

She's cute, but do you want me to marry Iili?

I'm indifferent towards her.

Tell me, what do you care
the most about, besides love?

Yes...

Love is an important thing.

But I don't think I could stand
to be second among men.

I need to be something in life.

To do something, to have a connection to her.

If I wanted to be a poet,
perhaps I couldn't make it.

But I think I could be a very good doctor,
and I really want to be one.

Felix, you want to be
a famous doctor, don't you?

Of course.

Then is your career
more important than love?

What role would I play
in your life, Felix?

I would lay all before you.

You would be the companion to my aspirations
and at the same time a goal of all my
struggles. Would you like that?

That's quite an ideal. Will you manage?

Otilia, we must be together, all our lives.

- What if I wasn't worthy of you?

- But I'm not demanding anything of you.

But you don't know me Felix.

A girl like me will admire you, but
will also tire and prefer mediocre men.

My ideal is to please
while I am young.

Do you know what could
happen tomorrow?

By the time I'm thirty I'll be old and
when I see wrinkles in the mirror

I will kill myself. My life
won't matter after that.

Felix, you're an ambitious young man,
and as such a bit egotistical.

A young man like you would
make a woman into an icon.

For his own use.

- And you think I would make you unhappy.

- No Felix, but I'm mediocre.

I'm nothing to you.

My only merit is that I realize it.

Fine, then I'll become

a cute man like Pascalopol.

- Would you like it that way?

- Please don't try, it won't fit you.

I love you as you are, but

I don't deserve you, that's the truth.

- That's not true, you deserve everything.

- Felix, but it's true.

When you were talking about the ideal, I was thinking that I forgot to dust the piano.

Otilia, listen to me!

- It's time you leave Pascalopol.

- What do you have with him? I don't get it...

- Leave him. Everybody is talking about it.

- Why do you care about that?

- I care.

- Felix, nag me no more!

Was I in his room?

Tell me, was I?

You can go now.

Good bye. Adieu!

Ladies and gentlemen,

the miracle of the century penetrates there where no one has gone before.

This is a forgotten tribe somewhere in Africa.

It don't have even a name for it.

No one can talk with them.

A piece of paradise, still untouched by our civilisation.

Who knows?

Maybe they are happier...

Don't you have something more joyful?

I have some, Mr. Pascalopol, immediate.

Take a sit!

Why do you care?

You've frightened my chickens...

While you are eating, disasters are happening in the world. Good evening, eldmother!

Good eevening!

- Uncle Costache sells everything.

- Who cares? Iet it be.

Well, he has already sold it!
I'm coming from Iorgu.
He sold him the restaurant and the house.
That knave, Felix, announced him,
that Iorgu wants to buy
and the old man hurried
to give that capitalist the house.
How do you do, dear?
No one knows, how much he got for it.
One hundred, 200000....,
his suitcase was full of money.
What does he do with them?
Where does he hold and take them?
How about a folded piece of paper,
which gives everything to Otilia?
It's his business, I don't care.
Let me alone!
He should do it and damn everything.
I don't have anyone to defend
my family's interests.
Eat!
Simion is a shadow, as you can see.
Mother, something is wrong
with dad in the last time.
Youth's sins.
He was always pretty potty.
He has eaten only bread in the last days.
I don't know what is wrong with him.
When I do it, I feel a kind of flames
penetrating the earth.
Mother, he is crazy.
Do you eat well?
Are you thirsty?
I eat only a little, as needed for keeping
the spirit's warmth...
Sure.
Why are you listening to him?
He eats a lot and is getting thinner.
I have a remarkable muscular strength.
I'm a new born man.
- Yes!
- Don't strain yourself, Simion!
Be serious!
Titi, don't you eat?

I'm not hungry, I'll go painting.

Eat! Food is the elixir of life.

We don't have bread anymore.

Oh my Goodness! There was a whole pile of bread loaves on the table.

- Bring me more!

- But we haven't eaten anything.

- Bring me more!

- Let's open a bakery, to feed him!

I'll come back.

Your father is really crazy.

These days are his last ones.

Let's take care he doesn't give everything to Aurica and Titi.

He always was a little bit potty, poor thing.

Really?

Eat father-in-law,

eat if you are hungry!

- You must invigorate yourself.

- Right? Bring more bread!

- Bring bread!

- Stanica, are you messing with the fool?

Don't you see how much he is eating?

Let him eat, eldmother!

Mens sana in corpore sano!

Wait for me!

I have a paper in my suitcase.

Bring it to me!

If he is hungry, he should eat, right?

His body asks for it...

Dear father-in-law, now is the time.

You are very healthy.

You'll live longer than all of us...

How many years?

What do you think, how old am I?

How old are you?

Well, how could I know it?

- One hundred and five.

- 105?

- You should eat, too!

- I'm eating, I'm eating...

- How does it come that you are 105 years old?

- Stanica, you are not better than him.

Do you believe him?
Titi, come and eat!
I won't wait all the day long
just because of you.
- Where is that boy?
- He is painting naked women in the basement.
Where should we hang those ones?
He is obsessed.
- Bread...
- Give him bread!
Bread again?
Are you crazy?
Give him bread!
And don't nag him!
My dear wife, your father...
Give me the paper!
Father-in-law...
Sign this, I must leave!
- I'm not signing it, she is not my daughter.
- How did he know about the house?
I'm not your daughter,
I'm not your daughter!
But whose daughter am I?
You've promised me a house as dowry and
let me instead live in an infect rented place,
and Otilia lives here in our family,
like a... princess.
Bread!
You are not my daughter.
You're starting again?
Sure, I understand your feelings. As a
lawyer and man I saw many similar cases.
- Sure, she might not be your daughter.
- Indeed, she is not my daughter.
My daughter is Maria Magdalena.
Maria Magdalena of
course but she is my wife.
You as father-in-law and artist
should give her a home to live.
- She should live 90 days in the desert.
- Mother...
- Mother, we must call a doctor.
- Nonsense! I won't spend the money now.
- That's the way he is, don't you know?

- Bread!

Trust me, this is a paper
without any importance.

If you sign, we will let the posterity
a very important document.

- She is not mine, I don't give anything.

- Damn it!

Eldmother, I'm a serious man

I love Olimpia.

- I took her poor, because of our love

- But we gave you money.

The money are being spent.

Besides the amount was...

They were merely enough not to starve
for only one year.

You've promised us a home. We are not
asking for this, even if Olimpia has her rights
as oldest daughter. But what about
the house on Stirbei Voda street?!

What the hell!

- If the fool doesn't agree...

- He doesn't, he doesn't.

Of course, I'm not his daughter, but whose
daughter am I, then? He keeps telling this.

He doesn't give me the house on Stirbei
Voda because he has rented it, I know it.

It brings you income, that's why you
don't give us the house on Stirbei Voda.

- Look, he is signing!

- He has turned back to himself.

I've signed it.

Water, water!

Stanica, quickly water!

He ate a lot, of course,
four bread baskets.

I'll bring him to the hospital.

- Mom, should I call a doctor?

- I'll look after Felix.

Oh no, he hasn't returned yet.

He is at Pascalopol's land.

- You are eating like an insane one.

- Bread, you bandits!

Mom, you shouldn't

mess with him, really...

don't allow him to eat so much bread.
What should I do?
He hides bread under the mattress.
He feeds the chickens in the night
with bread and coffee.
I've been born as a poor man, that's it!
I don't have any luck.
Mother-in-law, we should hospitalize him.
Your man is really nuts.
Vasiliad, go!
Wait for me in the garden!
Go!
Mr. Stanica, he is dying!
You've killed him, Mr. Stanica.
Shut your mouth!
Let's bring him in the bedroom!
Grab his legs!
He won't make it, he's dying.
Shut up! Grab his legs!
Let's bring him in the parlour!
Where should his money be?
There!
No, here!
- Does he have the money with him?
- I haven't seen it.
Come!
My eldmother.
Stay here near the couch...
I saw two bandits on the roof...
Costache!
- Go away, go away!
- I'm your sister! Look at yourself.
- Out!
- Stay calm!
We will call a doctor,
you are not so young anymore.
I'm hearing, I'm hearing
He's saying, that he's hearing, mom.
I want to speak to you like a sister.
I see, you aren't cautious enough.
We are old people now and we
don't have anything to expect anymore.
- Allow me, allow me!
- What should I allow?

If you die, we don't know where to search for the money. Old people see a priest, confess, save money for the funeral, for clean clothes.

- Do you have a will?

- I don't have any, let me alone!

Let him alone!

- He's gone...

- Turn off the light, it costs money!

I know, Marina told me.

It was so unexpected! Where is he?

There.

He must have hidden the money somewhere.

Has he said anything?

What do you think?

Have you found out something?

Nothing. I want to know, if he has done a will or not.

If he hasn't done any will, then you eldmother,

being his sister,

you are the only heiress.

You have to take everything,

I mean everything you can see.

Let me alone!

I will take the house. He won't be so brazen to leave it to some strangers.

How about the money... the money he has got for the restaurant and everything?

Are you hearing me?

I would ask him, if it doesn't sound like

I would ask him about his coffin.

Find out, Stanica!

Ok, eldmother,

I'll do anything for you.

I hope only he hasn't left everything to Otilia.

Now go, go...

we are disturbing him.

No, no... you stay here.

We will switch turns to guard him.

I will stay here with Titi now.

- Olimpia, you should go too!

- Where should I go, dear?

Go and see that they won't take anything out of the house, if there is something left!

You will come back later in the evening.

If he has done a will and he hasn't done it in our favour, I will sue him.

Can you play something nice?

A chansonette?

I have nothing to give to Titi and Aurica, if she is marrying.

Old fool man.

I've heard you were at the cinema.

What can you see there?

Well, they show a well with a wheel, then they show a girl coming with a big bucket and then an old man and an old woman speaking to each other.

Then they show the girl taking water with the bucket out of the well, the old woman... the old man is hitting her with the whip, then they show the girl in an empty house, she is eating a bread loaf. Afterwards the night comes and the girl opens the window.

- Then...

- What is that?

- Is that cinema?

- Yes, it is.

- Then it isn't nice.

- Indeed.

You said, you knew a chansonette.

Let's hear it!

What have you done, old man?

You are nasty.

I'll tell you something:

Colonel Constantinescu, next to Arionoaia, the one you've asked the auger well... he died last night

He got palsy.

60 years old.

Crazy, isn't it?

He dined with some guests till 11 PM and in the morning... pac!

Tomorrow they're burying him.

Can't you talk?

Can't you move?

This year was a very bad one,
only children and old people.

The autumn is coming, this is
bad for the lungs and head.

Tell me... have you done a will?

I'll look after your health, but why
don't you rest in the bedroom?

It is more comfortable there.

Otilia's money...

You thief!

That's it, old man! It's over! Now is
the time for the young generation.

You made me happy,
you save me from misery.

Go to him, he wants
you to play for him.

- He doesn't like me to play.

- Now he likes it. Go!

Be more sentimental!

Has he died?

I've told him not to carry bricks.

Has he died?

Where could the money be?

Look, this thimble

I've looked so much for!

Take your basic off,
aren't you ashamed?

- Olimpia, give me the handkerchief!

- You have it in your pocket.

Uncle, whom let you us?

What a great loss for our family!

Don't let him!

I'll sell the other house too.

- We are moving into Stirbei Voda.

- I don't sell anything, Olimpia is not mine.

What did you say?

Ce-ai spus?

Felix, you have your own
income now.

You'll administrate it how you like.

Otilia, you have Pascalopol.

The piano belong to your mother.

You can take it, dear Otilia.

- Without piano, we will die, mom.
- I let it to you.
She was always a good girl.
I'll sell everything, to have fun too.
All my life I worked very hard
for my children.
Did you see? He kept all the bad sets
and the good ones he sold.
Yes, Simion!
All my life I worked, and your
had fun with all the whores.
Don't speak, you scum,
don't speak with me!
You gave me only vinegar, you sold my
clothes. Look at my bad state!
Maria Magdalena is taking care of me,
she is my daughter.
We are staying here in the warm,
an she in the desert, poor.
Otilia, you'll go now with me,
don't you?
Dad has died...
I have nothing to do here.
I'll go with you, Felix.
Don't be angry,
but I want to be alone.
Now.
Nice funeral!
Many carriages, nice weather!
When they dye the rich people are lucky.
Aglae, bad like a bitch,
shed no tears.
But that was it.
The dead are not coming back.
Iet's venerate them and keep the eyes
open to the new generation!
- You too, dear, haven't cry much.
- Like you?
You cried like a woman,
what a disgrace!
If I were there,
you wouldn't cry so much.
What do you want,
I'm a loving, sensible man.

What do you have there?

What is happened to you?

- Were? I don't have anything.

- Stanica, you are hiding something. What?

- Olimpia my sweet, my dear...

- You have something under your shirt.

All I see convinces me, that nothing
is higher then the mystery of marriage.

The eternal love, for which
you let everything behind.

Look, Madame!

Do not spy me, please!

I'm lawyer, more then
a priest.

Maybe someone told me
a secret.

When someone tell me a secret,
I burry it in myself.

Do not search in my stuff!

I forbidden you.

I receive papers, on which depends the
honour and property of individuals.

If you are searching in my papers
and you put one in fire,
then I have destroyed a client
and myself too.

That's it!

Besides, I must find an office, to work
in peace.

What's that? Why you are bugging me
in the middle of the night?

- Let me sleep!

- Sweet woman...

Let me...

Let me sleep!

You are my companion,
you are my first love.

What is with you? Have you drunk
to much at the funerals?

- I'm a loving husband, sentimental...

- Are you crazy?

Don't you see I'm sleeping?

Why do you bugging me.

Look Madame, the goal of the marriage

is the procreation.
When a woman doesn't procreates,
fell from her rights.
As long you don't give me
a family with many children,
you make me unworthy to the country.
Without descendants to carry my name,
you are actually not my wife.
Ok, ok, let me...
I'm sure you gave me drugs.
From this very moment,
I see clearly.
Being no more my wife de facto,
you'll be soon neither my wife de jure.
Inside me is a great battle between
the sentiments and the duty.
The sentiment for the one who was
my wife and the duty for the society
make me look for the paternal happiness,
you refused me.
Sillies!
It doesn't matter, do you understand?
Everyone declares that the old man
couldn't write.
I have only one document:
The testament.
Give me the most awesome testament,
and I'll defend you.
Look the limousine! It makes more than
I've spent for it. Do you like it?
We go to Venice and Sicily...
if it wouldn't be to expensive.
We go to Valenii de Munte, I have an uncle
there, he is in debt, it'll be free of charge.
Oh, my Got, what I have done!
I married him without wedding.
He was a tatterdemalion. When he found
money he left me for a...
- I'll find you a better one!
- From where, mom?
- Clam yourself!
- From where?
- A fool...
- Calm down, my child!

- I'll have a child.
- You are crazy.
I'll have a child, I see it.
Who is the gentleman?
- It's hurts.
- I'll tell you mom.
- I'll tell you mom...
- Are you crazy, it's hurts!
Titi, let her in peace!
Halt!
Titi, let her go...
I'll tell mom.
I'll tell mom, that you are pregnant.
I through very well.
Very very well.
It is in you interest and my.
We cannot marry now.
We cannot marry now,
but surely later.
I came to you to give you a proof,
that I'm loving you.
We can be husband and wife
without the priest's blessing.
I'm a fool.
I have the proof.
Forgive me, that I
misjudged your love!
I'm sure now that you'll be my wife,
and I'll wait for you, no mater how long.
What you have now done,
proofs that you love me.
I want, at least, if you are loyal,
to sleep this night in your room.
How you like.
Iet me see,
how a man's bed looks like!
- You'll sleep on the couch.
- Okay.
Otilia, I have a strange feeling.
Of course I love you more then
anything on this world.
I'll not be able to love
someone else.
Yes, I want you with passion.

Maybe just because of this...
I'll wait, until you will
realise this.
Yes, Felix, we will do so.
We will not be silly in no one's eyes
for this think.
Good night!
Otilia!
She let you a letter.
Felix, you must forgive me....
She leaved with Pascalopol.
Forever.
I'm gone. If you were capable
of such a self-possession, I was right.
The most important think for you
is your future.
The most important think for you
is your future.
You must learn.
You wouldn't have time for me.
I don't know, if I'll be happy with him,
but...I wanted to be free, to see the world.
You miss me, right
in this very moment.
What would be later,
I don't know.
Besides Pascalopol,
everything will be strange to me.
Maybe I'll return. You know well,
I'm getting boring very easy.
But don't wait for me!
If you'll find a girl to love you,
be happy!
I wish you this a lot.
And you must forgot me...
I'm sure you can.
We are done.
I salute!
- Who?
- A civilian.
Emergency case.
I brought him, because of Mr. General.
He must go to the hospital,
if you can do something...

- Yes...
- You'll see him.
Mr. Pascalopol...
Yes, Mr. Felix, what a weird situation!
What an occurrence!
You recognised me.
In my pocket is a photography
right... downside.
Otilia... don't recognise her?
Otilia...
It wasn't a fair play,
I loved her very much.
She could be very happy
next to me.
Mr. Felix, maybe,
I was wrong, indeed.
Please, stay!
Stay calm, my God...
Mr. Pascalopol, where is Otilia?
- Doesn't this train leave anymore?
- It's leaving, mister lieutenant.
It's leaving right now.
This one is the last one... morphia.
What is this world,
Otilia you tell me!
Nothingness make jokes
like a loiter demon.
What is this world?
What is it, what?
I'm asking you where is the year,
When you were playing in the parlour.
Or you were agitating the piano
Iike a horse herd.
I'm asking you where is the year,
I'm asking you... I'm asking you

END: