

RETRATO DE CARMEM D. – Portrait of Carmem D.

You have called Dr. Carmem Dametto.

At the moment she is not available...

Please, leave a message and she will call back as soon as possible.

Thank you.

Hello, Carmem. This is Roberto...

I really need to talk to you. I'd like to fix an appointment with you.

Please call me back soonest. Thank you.

So, actually, this pool... following the lawsuit and all that stuff...

... she stopped looking after it...

... I was nine or eleven...

But it was always cool before the lawsuit...

Actually, I have few recollections about this pool. It was only a short time...

But I recall that she looked really great...

... always suntanned...

... and quite grumpy, you see...

I remember asking her things like: "Mom, what's a helicopter?"

She just said: "Oh, I don't know. I don't have time to explain it to you".

I use to read the Jornal do Brasil newspaper... I mean, O Globo...

... It's costs me 50 bucks a month... because...

... about twenty years ago, a bunch of colleagues decided to kill me...

They tried, but they didn't succeed at all.

So, I read it every day to check if I'm really dead or not.

You see... As I run into people in the street they say: "Carmem, you're alive! Gosh!".

So, everyday I read the obituary to check if I'm actually alive.

Just to make sure.

And I also check if one of the bastards who tried to kill me...

... or "vandals", as TV Globo likes to put it...

... if one of those "vandals" who wanted to kill me - and to this day still do - has died.

A couple of them have died, and it gives me such pleasure...

And I hope they suffered a lot...

... before dying.

I'm not "nice", I know...

I'm good only to people who are good.

If people want to see me dead, I want to see them dead too.

After having suffered a lot...

... and thinking of me...

There's an upper floor here...

... it's an empty floor...

... it agrees with my mother's depression...

... and she totally absented herself from the house...

... this was the lighter part of it.

She also got away from my life, and most of all from her own life.

She stopped caring about herself...

Depression devastates one's role life.

It permeates your life and the life of those around you...

... and also the place where you live...

This is something Geography taught me:

You are the place you live in!

You and your place are one single thing.

This may sound a cliché.

It is a cliché. And most clichés are true.

Like the one saying: "The shoemaker's son walks barefoot".

As it's not only that...

You know... Good professionals are never good in their homes...

You cannot cure millions of people and also cure yourself.

You just can't do it.

She cures potential suicides...

It's not that kind of stuff: "I feel depressed because I got fat" ...

It's very heavy stuff!

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Hey kid, did I wake you up?

Good. You ok?

I don't need any midia, thank you. I'm in my own house.

Perfect... I can dress as I please...

Me... Formally dressed? Can you imagine me like that?

You'd just stare at me and walk way...

You'd ask me: "Haven't you taken your Haldol today?"

No, no... You'd ask me: "Haven't you taken your Haldol today?"

I love Haldol... You know.

Yeah, tell me: you didn't need to...

Oh, good. Oh, so good! You didn't need the pills.

That's great! Glad to hear you're in good shape.

You had your first birthday at the Corcovado mental institution, remember?

No, I figured we celebrated it here...

- My very first birthday?!

- Yeah...

Oh, Lord... Just imagine... My first birthday!

One of the patients said all the time: "Am I Prince Míchkin - or am I not?"

- One of your patients?

- Right.

And then he gathered everybody around him...

... there was a birthday cake...

And me, a poor little thing, just there...

... and he whispered: "Hush, hush. She's only one year old".

Oh, how sweet.

And they sang "Happy Birthday" like this: "Happy Birthday to you..."

- Such understanding...

- And they "clapped" their fingers like that...

- How lovely...

- Absolutely touching.

And that story about that guy... What the hell of a situation...

... the Tijuca unity, wasn't?

The patient who died? No. The Corcovado unity.

- No, mother... I recall that...

- No, Marcela darling...

- It was soon after I was born, right? In 1988...

- Yes, the patient had a heart attack...

... and the medic council and the patient's father decreed that I had killed him.

... during the trial I was not allowed to speak... neither my lawyer...

- Those mother fuckers!

- Along six hours they insulted me...

First word they called me was BUT-CHER!

But it's very clear that they did it to hinder you.

- Hinder.

- Yeah, hinder...

For sure... A woman... Way ahead her time... Using non-standards methods...

... in 1984, in a macho country...

Yeah, macho, underdeveloped country...

That explains why the insane are free to walk around are mistaken for killers.

Right... No, wait... It's the opposite: it's the killers who walk around and are mistaken for the insane.

No, that's not so. The insane are mistaken for killers. Like me!

You being ironic... This is non-sense...

Ma, darling, are you angry at mommy?

Why are you turning your back at mommy like that, dear?

Shame on you!

Shame on you, Má!

- How are you?

- Yeah...

After many years, I'm drinking milk again...

After the cats arrived, I began to enjoy milk.

I didn't drink milk over the last 59, 60 years.

You never grind it well enough.

Marcela, I take the milk lumps afterwards. Do you mind?

- I mean, you don't grind the cats' milk well enough.

- Neither for myself!

I don't care if you don't grind it for yourself. That's your problem.

... the cats will be choked by the milk lumps...

I'll do it. I don't want my cats drinking dry milk lumps.

Your cats?

Whose mother you now want to live with?

What is this? I can't stand it! Why do you say such thing?

Because other people's mothers are always nicer...

Did I say I wanted a different mom?

No, but I can tell... I don't read the headlines. I read between the lines...

- A mother wouldn't say that...

- They're not psychoanalysts!

I can read between the lines...

You're a pain...

I can read between the lines – That's my job.

I'd like you to be sweeter. You! Not to have another mother.

I know you're my mother and I can't change that!

- But if you could you would, right?

- Maybe...

You would go live with Julia, Bel... Right?

For sure they have better moms...

But, I don't know if they'd tolerate you, which is a little problem, right?

Just a tiny little problem...

What? Are you going to hit me?

Don't you dare.

And what about you: Who would stand you?

My patients do! That's why they're "patients".

They do stand me... Pa-tients...

- Ok, mom...

- They're very patient.

Tell them to come live with you. You're the problem. Not me!

Compared to you, I'm not bad at all.

- Really?

- Yes!

Oh, so you're goodness incarnated?

Stop it! You're getting on my nerves! I quit.

What's the matter with you, always saying that I'm full of shit?

- Did I say that?

- You just said it!

You're the one who says I'm full of shit!

But you just said... "No one could live with you. You're unbearable".

- No...

- Oh, no? But it's on the tape!

No...

Remember what you said: "Are you gonna hit me?".

Your speech is so surreal that you manage to fill that I should hit you.

That's what I said, of course. I can read minds!

You've been doing this since I was a child. It's horrible.

But it's my job to read minds!

I was three years old and you were telling me these things. It's horrible!

Stop it, I had enough! You're nuts!

Oh, Marcelita...

The hell with "Marcelita"! This has been happening all the time. I'm glad it's on tape now.

Never saw such a thing!

That's how she brought me up. Since I was four or five... Don't you laugh at me...

... at 6 you used to call me "son of a bitch".

Put it on tape! Can't you remember?

What about you... calling me "bitch" all the time?

But you were an adult!

Calling a child "son of a bitch" is quite different from telling the same to a grown-up.

But you are a "son of a bitch": I'm a bitch!

Oh, God... Come on, mom! Don't be so literal...

That's it!

If I call you a bitch I call myself the daughter of a bitch...

I am a bitch.

Mom, enough of literalism.

Enough. I quit.

- You're now realizing...
- Realizing what?

I think you're being quite polite...

You're indeed very polite!

What do you mean? I don't understand your irony.

What do you mean?

Because you're not used to be that polite as now.

- I'm not being polite, why are you saying this?
- Yes, you're being extremely polite.

According to my standards you are being utterly polite.

I'm not used to be threatened so nicely.

- If you say it again...
- Are you gonna cry?

Are you gonna cry? I can't believe it!

Our Lady of Sorrows just came in!

There you go. There you go.

- There goes what? What do you mean?

- There you go, always crying...

You want to show off to the camera.

She always acts as if mistreated.

You are a witch!

See? Now she calls me a witch.

She calls me a witch, and she always feels mistreated...

Incredible. And on top, I don't know what she tells her friends about me.

Now we can see how she acts out of the home setting...

When she's here, she calls me: "witch", "bitch", "bastard"...

That's it: Mothers are mothers.

One day she'll have a son of her own. She'll see.

Afterall, we pay for our misdeeds in this world. Right here. There is no hell, no purgatory.

Hell is here. Hell is here. That's all.

There were a thousand times, thousands of them...

... when I cried with her, and I begged for her help...

"Mother, help me. I'm suffering more than words can tell". And she just replied:

"I'm not your friend. I'm your mother. Don't count on me now".

She used to tell me that... to a ten years old girl.

I said: "Help me, mommy!". And she replied: "Ask a friend of yours or else".

She would say: "Let's make an appointment with an analyst" ...

... I'm not sure if at ten I already had an analyst...

"Make an appointment!", she said angrily to me.

As if pushing me aside: "I'm not your analyst. I'm not your buddy".

That teared me to pieces.

Marcela!

I think it's her. Just see how we're connected...

But the crazy thing is that I know she also suffered a lot...

I think she indeed suffered a lot...

... she couldn't help me...

- Marcela!

- Yes, mom! Ok!

We're shooting!

All right!

- Mom!

- Yes.

Listen, I have something to tell you...

[Cartela]

On the 8th of May, 1997, eight years after her patient's death in her mental institution,

Carmem Dametto was acquitted of all charges.