Somewhere in Montenegro in the late 19th century

**SON***:*

***No one will hear us.***

**SON***:*

***I’m cold.***

**SON***:*
***Do you hear me?!***

**SON***:*

***I’m cold… Father…***

**SON***:*

***Are we close?***

**SON***:*

***Go alone... Go.***

**FATHER:**

***She would've haunted me if I'd left you.***

***This is her strength. Not mine.***

***Your mother... may her soul rest in peace... you would've kill her once more if she were alive.***

***My part of you I've cursed.***

***'Let the blood I gave him rot in his kidneys'.***

***The roads. Wandering. Robbing. You sent death to the people.***

***Bad luck for those who run into you.***

***From that time on I say: 'That one cannot be my son'.***