

MILAGROS



Main Title: MILAGROS

Directed by: DAVID BAUTE

ICAA Id: 111518

Nationality: Spain

Duration: Feature film / 80 min.

Production Companies: TINGLADO FILM S.L. (01J3000)(Spain 100%)

Directed by: David Baute

Production: David Baute

Line Production: Laura G. Corredera , Patricia Estévez

Screenplay: David Baute

Cinematography: Magela Ferrero

Score: Christian Johansen

Film Editing: Clara Martínez Malagelada , Alejandro Lázaro

Colour Grading: Susana Muniain Aizkorbe

Visual Effects: Montaña Hernández

Sound: Christian Johansen

Translators: Subbabel

Film Rating: General Audiences (10/29/2018) 80min (Commercial Hall)

Box Office (Spain): 27.00€

Admissions (Spain): 09

Production year: 2018

Length: Feature film

Type: Documentary film

Genre: Documentary

Aspect ratio: DIGITAL

Film Formats: 2K - Color

Original version: Spanish

Spain Release: 6/3/2019

Distribution (Spain): PELICULA SIN DISTRIBUIDORA ASIGNADA (98J000)

Official site: <http://milagrosfilm.com/> (Web oficial / Official Site) ,

<http://tingladofilm.es/project/milagros/> (Tinglado Film)

Additional Festivals information: Festival Internacional de República Dominicana

Festival de Cine de Málaga 2018 - Sección Documentales - Largometrajes



En el comienzo, todo salvo el paisaje, parece ajustarse a la maquinaria de lo cotidiano. Hay vértigo de montañas, carreteras retorcidas, quebradas de lava viva, volcanes redondeados y coquetos y un mar extenso, alejado, separado, cargado de miles de años de luz, refulgente, allá abajo. Y hay una bicicleta que cruza guiada por un hombre descomunal. Y una carretilla que baja hacia el bancal, un hombre que descarga las piedras. Y un jovencito que se viste, que hace su cama pobre, que barre la acera. Y una muchacha que troncha los tallos para componer un ramo. Y una señora que contempla el tendido, el mar enorme, la piedra de lavar, detrás de un cristal. Y luego está el cementerio: paredes blancas levantadas sobre lavas negras. Y la familia que hace su ofrenda al padre muerto. Son Agustín y Carmelo y Vicente y Mary, y es su madre Milagros. Y es el mar. Y son las montañas. Y ellos allí, en su casa alta, en el norte de la Isla.

At the beginning, everything, except for the landscape, seems to fit into the day-to-day routine. There are vertiginous mountains, windy roads, streams of molten lava, charming rounded volcanoes and in the distance, shining down below, a vast ocean, filled with thousands of years of light. There is a man of disproportionate stature riding a bike. And another man pushing a wheelbarrow down towards a terrace where he unloads stones. Then there's a

young man getting dressed, making his bed and sweeping the pavement. There's a young woman who cuts the stems of flowers to make a bouquet. And there's a woman, behind a window, looking at the washing hanging, the vastness of the sea behind it, and the large sink for washing clothes. Then there is the cemetery, its white walls rising out of black lava, and the family offering flowers to the father who has passed away. They are Agustín and Carmelo and Vicente and Mary, and their mother Milagros. And this is the sea. And these are the mountains. And that's them in their house, in the north of the island.

