- Are they following us?
- I didn't see anyone.

Fuck, fuck...

The tape! Give me the tape, quick!

Run, Mr Peláez, run!

REAL PEOPLE

Welcome to a special edition of "Real People".

We shall tell you the startling story of Benjamín Larroiden,

a man who, unwittingly,

changed history as we know it.

Does this place behind me look familiar?

You've seen it before.

But you cannot imagine the surprising story behind it.

I'm at the entrance of The Cave of Disappointment,

in the Province of Segovia.

Join me on a amazing journey which begins here,

in the small Segovian town of Zamarramala.

- Benjamín Larroiden was born
- [in Zamarramala, Segovia.]
- [His father, Jean-Michel Larroiden,
- [came from Paris,]
- [where he began a film career]
- [as a camera assistant]
- [and voice actor.]
- [Disenchanted with the atmosphere]
- [of the Nouvelle Vague.]
- [Jean-Michel emigrated to Segovia,
- [earning a living]
- [as a small town]
- [wedding photographer.]

- It was there that he met
- [the Catalan Paquita Sabadell.]
- [Together they started]
- [Madrid-Sabadell Tailors.]
- Tell me about Benjamín.
- How long has he been missing?
- He ran away when he was 17.

BENJAMÍN'S FATHER

When he got to Madrid,

we started getting videos, photos,

so at least we knew he was alright

and what he was doing.

But since the end of 2001...

we haven't heard from him.

[Benjamín was a happy boy]
[whom his mother dressed up]
[in off-cuts from the shop.]
[Reluctant at first,]
[little by little he learnt]
[how to create his own costumes.]
[He was soon making little films]
[instead of helping his father]
[with the weddings and baptisms.]
[One summer, he went to the capital]
[to see the film "The Ages of Lulu".]
[Back home from vibrant Madrid,]
[he was never the same again.]
[Young Benjamín was captivated by]
[the city's vibe]
[and its key players.]
[I met this Benjamín fellow many years ago now]

FILM DIRECTOR

when we were filming "Girls of Today".

There was this guy on set all the time, several days, in a corner, all quiet, until...

one day we had a delicate scene to shoot

and we asked what he was up to, if he was on the crew...

He said he was waiting for Javier Bardem.

We told him Javier wasn't in this series.

This was an excuse, but he insisted on staying.

We had to get some people to turf him out, almost violently.

It made me a bit paranoid.

Then he got into some band...

He was very spooky and weird.

"Junk Chic", I still remember them.

D.J.

Their leader was Benjamín Larroiden, an outrageous guy.

He and the band were awful.

Look, I've played bad music and good music too, but of the bad stuff, this was the worst I ever heard.

The band was just... bad.

I also remember they said, Benjamín told me:

"I'm going to make a musical about the Spanish Civil War with music by Milli Vanilli".
It seemed... I couldn't get my head around it. It was a huge blow... to him when he found out that Milli Vanilli was a hoax by Frank Farian, their producer, and they'd never really sung. That really depressed him and he disappeared for a while.

Yes, I remember Benjamín Larroiden and his pal Jeff.

JOURNALIST AND HUMORIST

They spent all day sending absurd videos of condemnation to the show "Lo Más Plus". For example, one in particular protested about the lack of sports facilities in Madrid's subway, not in the installations, but in the carriages themselves.

What can you do in a carriage? Bowls? Rhythmic gymnastics? Parallel bars?

It was surreal.

[But life would again] [hit Benjamín Larroiden hard] [when in October 2001,] [his friend Jeff... died.]

He turned up dead in a hotel in Vallecas.

JEFF'S MOTHER

What would he be doing in a hotel? My son did not commit suicide.

They told me about drugs, pills...

I don't believe it. There's a light switch here. Shit. No electricity. What are these photos? Where's this? Look what we have here... It looks like they were getting ready for a trip. Hey...

shit...

Fuck...

A Goulashnikov!

Oh, "Live Flesh"...

Fuck! Shit!

What? Who's this?

Footsteps. Let's go. I hear footsteps.

Come on, run.

[Our research revealed the man] [in the photo as Abu Dariananny,] [a Pakistani emigrant] [of Afghani origin]

It's not recording, you can't see a thing.

Right, like I said.

Alright, good, good...

GO FOR THE OSCAR!

C'mon, Javier! Photo! Photo!

Very good camera. You buy!

Don't go on about it, man. You film it, it's your camera.

[Geoffrey Rush for "Quills"...]

Nobody's seen that!

It's not even out yet.

[Geoffrey Rush for] ["Before Night Falls"].

[And the Oscar goes to...]

[-Russell Crowe for "Gladiator".]

-Fuck that shit!

-Russell Crowe? Come on!

-Come here. Where are you going?

Cut! Stop filming!

Fuck!

Did you get the license plate?

Someone get a doctor!

Fuck!
Fuck! Fuck!

Shit, there's no...!

-Yes?
[-Peláez? Mr Peláez?]

Who are you?
How do you know my name?

[Your life is in danger.]

No kidding. If you saw what almost happened to me...

[They're after you!]  [They're after you!]

Who are 'they'?
What's this all about?

[It's about the tape we made!]
[Grab the briefcase and go!]

-I don't see any briefcase.
[.Above you, above you!]

[Get out of there!]
[-Who's there?]
-Advertising.

Hello. Excuse me.

We're from "Real People", from Castilla-León.

-Never heard of it.
[-Excuse me, ma'am, but were in desperate straits.]

-We're really from "Spain Live".
-Oh, then come in.

Very kind. Thank you.

It's about the neighbourhood, right?

You should see it.
Nothing but scum around here.

Sorry to interrupt...
Have you got any coffee?

Yes, I just made some.
I was about to have one.

Do you know when this is going to be on?

No, I don't, ma'am.

-He!  -Yes?

-You'll tell me, won't you?
-Yes, don't you worry.

Don't worry! I have to tell my son!

Maybe he can watch it on his computer.

[Is it recording? Is it?]

[Right, let's do it.]

[Da-da! How do I look?]

[Great! When they see this]
[in Hollywood, they'll freak.]

[Don't I look like a Taliban?]
[You dig the beard?]

[-What'll you call yourself?]
[-I'll play around with my name.]

[I'll be Ben, from Benjamín,]
[and Laden from Larroiden:]

-[Ben Laden.]
[-Bin would be better.]

[Okay. Bin, Bin Laden.]

[Talk normally first to get into it.]

[West has made mistake]
[for which it must pay.]

[The gladiator must be stripped]
[of his trophy!]

[Glory must go to Javier Bardem!]

[Good. I'll just widen the shot]

[so the captions fit.]

[I know it off by heart, but...]

["Hels hel hak..."?]
[What does this say?]

[Who knows, man?]
[Abu's handwriting is crap.]

[And this mike looks like]
[you won it at the fair!]

[How was that? Good?]

Isn't that Bin Laden?
What he doing speaking Spanish?

Thanks for your kindness,
but I have to go.

Listen, Luis, please.

It's very important that you keep filming at all times
until we get this tape to a safe place, you hear me?

-It's very important.
-The battery's low.

Fuck! Don't you have another one?

No,
and the camera's already cutting out.

-Bloody hell!
-What about the interview?

I think there was
a police station around here.

No, but the courthouse is right near here.

I think they close at...

...and I think they have a safe.

Thanks a lot for the information,
ma'am.

Luis, keep filming.

Get everything you can.

Run.

-Are they following us?
-I didn't see anyone.

Fuck. Fuck.

The tape! Give me the tape, quick!

Run, Mr Peláez, run!

My God!
Are you alright?
What is it? Are you badly hurt?

My God! Ben! It's you!

Stop filming and get help!

At last we meet, Mr Peláez.

Oh, God. Ben. My God.

The tape's ruined!

The tape doesn't matter. You do.
Who else will tell my story?

God, Ben! Hang on!

Hang on, Ben!

Hang on!