**BREAK IN**

**By Mikel Aristregi and José Bautista**

Transcription of the dialogs: ENGLISH version

00:39:06 – 00:58:06 It’s nobody’s fault that my life is as miserable as it is.

I’m the only one to blame.

I think that if I’d have tried more...

If I’d have thought about the future...

01:15:21 – 01:29:15 *A thief has stolen various goods from some customers at the hotel Tonle Sekong.*

*The thief broke into the room by forcing the door*

*and stole several possessions.*

01:33:12 – 01:47:00 When I was a kid, there were people who wanted to help me,

but others who abused me by beating me and stealing my money.

This was when l lived near the Central market.

01:47:23 – 02:10:13 When I was 14 years old, I used to spend all my days on the streets.

I once saw some guys sniffing glue behind the Pacific Hotel.

I started to wonder what they were doing and wanted to try.

That’s how I ended up getting hooked too.

02:11:15 – 02:54:12 I think Pich began to sniff glue when he was around 11 years old.

At age 13 or 14, he started smoking *yuma* (meth).

Later he was put in the Chom Chau Correctional Facility for 3 months,

and just a few months later he was locked up again, this time in Okas Khnom’s.

Once he got out, he stopped sniffing glue and was only smoking meth.

Shortly after, he began stealing expensive things to get heroin.

He injected himself with heroin

right until the moment he was put in prison again

and is still there now.

03:01:08 – 03:35:15 I pitied him because he was an orphan like me.

That´s why I love him, but he must change.

If he does, I can spend the rest of my life with him.

I don´t mind his past, as long as he changes.

If he stops doing the things he used to do, I can accept him.

I don’t care about anything else.

I´m willing to trust him.

03:53:08 – 04:33:16 This guy is in jail.

His name is Pich.

I don’t know anything about my old friends.

We lost contact when we parted,

because we didn´t leave the center at the same time.

While I was living in the center, I made an effort to learn,

but I wasn’t a good student.

I can´t blame the organization

because it was me who couldn’t learn enough.

04:40:20 – 05:31:23 Sok Pich...

at the center of Our Home organization.

In the case of Pich, he lived on the streets and took a lot of drugs.

He prostituted himself, he had been raped… his situation was so difficult,

so our NGO took him to a recovery center.

But for him, the street meant freedom,

so he ended up running away and going back to it.

Growing up on the street, they learn to relate to criminals,

and they learn to steal

until one day they are arrested and imprisoned.

05:35:16 – 06:16:05 My name is Pich.

For the last 12 years, I was living on the streets

until I was locked up in Prey Sor jail, where life was very hard.

There are many things about my life that I don’t remember anymore.

The time when I lived at the Our Home Center, I was happy.

I had enough rice to eat,

but I ran away because I I was just a child and I couldn’t think about the future.

I only could think about going back to my friends.

06:19:04 – 06:49:06 And this guy…who is this?

Him? I don´t know!

Who is this?

Oh, that’s me! What memories!

This is Bald… They arrested them and put them in jail.

Some of them are already dead.

These pictures… many of them are already dead… Tola is one of them.

Who is this one?

This one? I have no idea!

06:54:00 – 07:08:19 At that time, we used to all sleep together on the streets.

We shared our rice and water with each other.

We never fought.

We were truly like brothers and sisters.

07:48:10 – 08:01:23 They beat Tola until they killed him in Okas Khnom reformatory.

They beat him to death. They were daddy´s boys.

They were there because of their parents.

08:07:08 – 08:23:01 Pich used to be a good guy,

but he began to poke into his friends’ pockets.

He didn´t even have money to buy drugs nor to pay his debts.

That’s how he started stealing money from his own friends.

08:25:07 – 08:41.21 What example are you giving your children?

The one who talks crap about everyone is your fucking mother!

I don’t speak Khmer. I only speak English. Got it, bitch?

You’re the bitch!

Blah blah blah!!!

Your English is fucking great!

09:03:13 – 09:51:19 For a while, he helped us by selling books on the streets and bringing the money home,

but it wasn´t long before he left with his friends.

I´m not saying he was a bad kid.

He used to go to school, but after school, he would hangout with his friends.

When his father died, he stopped obeying me and only listened to them.

He would leave home for days without me knowing where he was.

What could I do to find him? We were poor and we had to work to pay the rent.

I wish I could help him, but I don´t have money.

I still love him; how can I not love him? He´s my son!

There isn’t a mother who wouldn’t love her children.

10:02:00 – 10:47:18 My story began long time ago when I lived in the province.

I was just a child when I ran away from home, so I couldn’t think about my future.

At first, I lived in an abandoned train for around 2 or 3 years

and ate what people gave me.

Sometimes I regretted it. I missed my home and my family, because I was all alone.

When I was put in the Prey Sor jail I was very confused.

During the 2 years that I was there, neither my mother

nor anyone else from my family came to see me or brought me food.

It was a challenge that I had to endure all by myself.

11:10:21 – 11:57:08 Pich is in the Prey Sor jail.

He was caught breaking into a house he intended to rob.

Pich used to be a good person, but over time…

Men like you and me, normally we like women;

we all like them!

So we become selfish to the point of losing our minds.

We want money to spend it with our girlfriends, but I don´t have money…

Stealing is the only way to get it.

12:11:13 – 12:18:22 You know what?

Before, I used to eat dirt, and even worse things.

You don´t believe me? Look!

12:49:18 – 15:02:05 I started using drugs when I was 8 years old.

I started smoking cigarettes and once I had learned,

I went over to sniffing glue, like everybody else did,

so I ended up begging in order to get money.

Then I started smoking, *yuma*, *ice*, opium…

I ended up becoming an addict.

Then I decided to quit, because I started having serious health problems.

The drugs made my life a living hell.

I was very thin, I couldn’t even eat rice.

I only thought about getting high and having fun.

When I was finally able to quit, I realized that drugs destroy you little by little.

They don´t bring any good.

One day, someone spoke to me about a place where you could

learn different trades like bike repair, blacksmithing, car mechanics, hair dressing…

So I joined the Friends organization to study there.

I got accepted and quit doing drugs.

My wife and I work in construction so we can raise our baby.

We work together to feed our kid, support the family, and pay the rent.

I’ve known Pich since 2002.

We used to sniff glue and smoke *yuma* together.

We used to hang around the Kandal, Tapang and O’Russey markets...

by the Royal Palace, by Wat Phnom...

I knew that Pich was a bad influence, so I tried to get away from him.

15:04:15 – 15:30:17 What do you think when you see Daddy when he was young,

with long hair and sniffing glue in the street?

Nothing. You look very sad and poor.

In the past, Daddy was a rascal. I sniffed glue and acted like a hooligan all day long.

Is that true, Daddy?

15:54:10 – 17:07:01 My name is Da and I don´t know how old I am.

My father´s name is Khaem Moeun.

My father works at the dump.

We go across the water road

to pick up waste at the dump.

He puts me in a box to go across the deep parts of the water.

17:55:10 – 18:21:02 Pich is basically a common name

that parents think is nice for children.

Pich can be used for a boy or girl.

It means…the 7 colors of light.

It refers to the light of God, which has 7 colors.

In English it means “Diamond”.

18:28:01 – 19:03:20 That day I tried to break into someone’s house by forcing the door.

At that moment, the police came and arrested me.

I broke in simply because I needed money.

First they took me to court, and then to Prey Sor Prison.

When I heard that they were sentencing me to almost 3 years…

I broke down.

19:06:18 – 20:24:13 This is Pich, my friend.

We were inseparable.

We spent days and nights without sleep; we were always together.

We only slept once a week. He was my best friend.

We got along very well; we worked together and then we spent our money.

But Pich was hiding something from me,

I didn´t know he was doing drugs.

One day we were arrested and they kept us in Chalat Baitong Center overnight,

and from there they sent us to Chom Chau Correctional Facility.

I asked Pich once, “ Why do you take drugs?”,

“I don´t want to be your friend if you're going to betray me”.

20:30:03 – 21:42:00 *I just told you that I loved you.*

*You shouldn’t hate me like that just because I´m poor, don´t you think?*

*That´s why you hate me and don´t want to see me.*

*I can´t tell you that I love you.*

*My heart cannot stop wanting you just because you´re rich.*

*There’s no consolation left for me.*

*So, please, stop hating me so I can feel better.*