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Kabadayi

By Nazif Kurthan

Nice one, Turhan!
What kind of men are you?
How about...
...keeping the guys marked?
Never heard of tripping either?
Stick to the guys! Mark! Mark!
- Haco. Haco! Pass the ball, damn it!
- Stop it. Let us play.
Run! Run!
Shut up or I'll choke you!
Run yourself if you know how.
- I never even touched the guy.
- Quiet! Shut up!
- Where are your manners? Loser!
- What is this? Grown men like you!
- Beyto, watch your mouth!
- He called me names.
He acts more like a kid
the older he gets.
- You scored one goal.
- What's with this hooligan act?
Where's Beyto, the Herculean Kurd?
Just accept you lost.
Come on, chief.
Be the ref as you were in the game.
- That Beyto's being tricky, right?
- My chief days are ancient history.
Who's going to listen
to a has-been policeman?
That Beyto's up to all kinds of stuff
to get out of paying the bill tonight.
Why the hell should we pay?
The game isn't even finished.
I see Chief Superintendent Mahmut
standing there in front of me.
He goes...
..."You know where Ali Osman is?"
I say I have no idea.
"You do. You know," he goes.
I'm thinking, "Oh God, he's laughing. "
And I go, "Right, I do know. "
You know what he started on about?
Shoes.
Don't wreck the story, damn it!

I'm just getting there.
He always has to
wreck the conversation.
But I know the story.
So you know it.
Ok. Just shut up.
So I had to say I'd seen him, right?
Then the Superint goes,
"If you see Ali Osman again...
...tell him I'm expecting him
down at the station. "
I say, "Yes, sir!" and all that.
And he says...
..."Before I forget...
...tell him to wear
shoes two sizes too big. "
Meaning?
He was planning to give Osman
the bastinado treatment.
That's why he insisted on big shoes.
- So Ali Osman, did you go?
- Of course he went.
I did go.
But he didn't lay a finger on me.
He just said,
"Looks like you have guts.
He had some fatherly advice for me.
"Drop the streetwise antics. " he said.
"Guys like you end up
in jail or in grave.
Turn around while you can. "
Right.
Most of our guys have died either
by the blade or by the bullet.
- We've done well to make it this far.
- Thank God.
Exactly. Let's count our blessings.
This week it's your turn, Ali Osman.
We who have decided
to die of natural causes...
Ali Osman.
We who have decided
to die of natural causes...
...drink to those friends who have

gone the way of the bullet.

Cheers!

- Same time next week. Good night.

- See you then. Good night.

- Fight again and count me out.

- As if we really care.

You're coming with me.

We're going in opposite directions.

I'll take a taxi.

Look, come on. We have the same
discussion every week. Get in.

I say we set you up with a car
that doesn't guzzle petrol.

And we'll find a fellow
to put behind the wheel, huh?

Not that story again.

I'm telling you, it's a stone's throw...

...from my house
to the football ground.

But not having a car
doesn't fit the Ali Osman image.

I noticed at the hamam
you're wandering about naked again.

Right.

I haven't carried a gun for years,
don't you know that?

- Enemies don't go away. Be careful.

- I know they don't.

They're all dead and buried.

Come for coffee tomorrow morning.

We can play draughts.

I'm at the ground in the morning.

It's down-and-outs day.

You can still come. Go there later.

Since when did
down-and-outs run away?

Fine, OK. You never give up when
you get something into your head.

There you go.

Just look at this place!

What's this dirty shirt doing here?

The whole place is a pigsty.

That's what happens
without a woman around.

There! And the fridge is bare.
What am I supposed
to cook today?
Get your own house in order
before trying to feed the world.
Don't run away from me!
What's been going on in the kitchen?
There's nothing to eat.
I gave the extra to the neighbours.
It would only have gone off.
Are you out of your mind? Go off?!
I only just bought the stuff!
Stop grouching
and make me a coffee.
I thought you'd given up smoking.
No coffee for you!
Miserable old cow.
Is the coffee on its way?
I ordered it, right? It's on its way.
Is the coffee on its way?
- I just told you, didn't I?
- Told me what?
You keep saying the same thing
without even realising.
Last night you forgot
what you were saying.
Come on now. Let's see a doctor.
I'm not senile.
Everyone forgets things.
That's how it started with my mother
Forgetting things, that kind of stuff.
First we put it down to old age.
Then things got out of hand.
Remember the time
she called me her father.
I had to pretend as if
I am the father of my own mother.
Then one day she lit the stove
to do some cooking
Forgot the pan was on the heat
and almost burned the house down.
- OK. I get the point. I'm fine.
- No, you're not.
- Yes, I am.

- No you are not.
With a friend I've known
so many years, I think I can tell.
Shh... I'm aware of what's happening.
Shut up! The bad thing is...
...there's no cure for dementia.
Look, I've had a good life, Haco.
Yes, it's painful forgetting things,
not recognising people.
You end up as the laughing stock.
The point is
to be able to say goodbye...
...without being a burden on anyone.
If our religion had allowed, one bullet
in the head and you'd be done with it
Hey, come on. What's got into you,
bullets and that stuff?
See a doctor first.
Maybe it's simple forgetfulness.
It happens to all of us.
Is the coffee on its way?
You're asking for a real curse.
Please, Cemil.
Don't do this to us!
What do I care, jerks.
You haven't paid for two weeks.
This pitch doesn't come for free.
Let's see the readies first.
- The what?
- The money, idiot!
We'll pay next week. I swear we will.
Look, there's all these guys waiting.
Not the same story again?
OK. Go and play then.
- But don't forget to pay next time.
- Thanks, old boy.
- Cut the brown-nosing.
- Let's go, guys.
How can I keep things together here
if you do that all the time?
Get in line like you're supposed to.
- Here, cheer yourself up.
- Thanks.
- You get yourself a shave.

- Thanks

Can we talk through
that issue together?

What was the problem?

You know, we made a deal
over the fruit store.

Oh, that business.

I've thought about it.

You're in the wrong with this.

The man has a family to look after.

You can't throw him out just like that.

You must give him
another two months.

If he still can't pay you by then,
come and see me again.

- OK, Bro. Whatever you say.

- Thanks, Osman.

What's with the face?

- We're in the red again.

- Why's that?

- I have no idea.

- Is it your job to know or mine?

OK, but is it me who lets those bums
use the pitch for free or you?

The clubhouse revenues are a given.

Our take from gambling is a given.

But if you take pity on everyone
and dish out money like you do...

...the thing's bound to end in tears.

It's like the Red Crescent here.

It was my father's last request.

That I should look after the poor.

My father took care of the poor
even when he was in jail.

He fed them

and gave them coal in winter.

Things will carry on this way
as long as I'm around.

You can do what you like
once I'm gone.

Hey! Play properly you fool.

You Thugs!

Didn't I say no swearing?

Didn't I tell you to behave here?

Watch it, or I'll throw you out.
Bro, there's a call for you.
Ali Osman speaking.
She's dying.
What do you call this, Srmeli?
Why didn't you tell me before?
She didn't want me to
I called without asking.
She made me swear on the Koran
not to call.
- No, not here. Not like this.
- What are you doing, Bro?
Not in this hospital.
We'll move her somewhere decent.
There are doctors I know too.
Don't you understand, Ali Osman Bro?
It's too late now.
It's over now.
Afet Abla...
She's living out her last hours.
Bro, she's woken up.
Ali Osman!
How... Did you find out?
Ah, Srmeli!
You haven't... changed at all.
Neither have you, Afet.
Why... are you looking at me like that?
I'm mad at you. How many years
has it been? Twenty? Twenty-five?
You haven't been in touch once.
I've hunted high and low for you.
Just when I thought I'd found you
you melted away again, damn it!
How's your wife?
Dead. It's been years now.
And your lovely... son?
Him too.
He caught some incurable illness.
God... rest his soul.
Oh dear... Children...
They do nothing but make you suffer.
Did you... marry again later?
I was done with affairs of the heart
twenty-five years ago.

Come closer.

Now that you're here...

Telling... you... this...

...is so hard.

Is it true what I just heard?

Teoman, we're OK for whisky

but the vodka's running low.

I'll take care of it.

Is that OK?

Hey, Bahadr. I'm talking to you.

- Look. Is it straight?

- It's fine.

- Don't, babe!

- Well hey, aren't you shy.

- The guy's watching for God's sake.

- Come on, girls. Move your butts.

But we already bust our butts.

There's nothing left to move.

Look, Teoman. Are we barmaids,

are we labourers, or what?

We want a raise! We want a raise!

There's to be no complaining,

no raises.

Who messes around,

I'll catch right away.

This track really makes me ill.

He's gone. Now come here.

Don't, babe. Look, he'll be watching

on screen. It's shameful!

Murat!

- Is your name Murat?

- Yes.

Is your mother's name Afet?

- Why are you asking?

- Is it or isn't it?

Yes.

I've come here because...

Your mother's very ill.

Well actually, she's on her deathbed.

She wants to see you one last time.

Where's the loser?

Where's that loser Teoman?

- Don't move. Let's see your hands.

- There you go, my hands.

Trying to take the piss, flatnose?
Get this all of you.
Devran, the boss,
is taking over this bar.
That loser Teoman is going to sign
the place over to the boss.
If he doesn't
we will burn down the place.
Is that clear?
Got that, Teoman, you loser?
As for you, Karaca Ablā...
The boss sends you
special greetings.
He'll be seeing you both soon.
Bro, are you OK?
- Yes, fine.
- Bro, what was that about?
This place is mobster town.
The guy's been on my back
for ages
He harasses me, wants protection
money. He nags about Karaca.
I'd have beaten them all up
except I felt sorry for the losers.
I guess I should get this patched up.
Come and help me, girl.
You didn't piss your pants, did you?
I'll come with you.
What do these guys want from you?
It's got nothing to do with you.
Why did my mother send you here?
How do you know her?
She doesn't have anyone else.
Tell her my mother's been dead
for years.
Don't do this.
It's her dying wish.
The woman wants to see her son.
Why are you sticking
your nose into this?
Who are you to turn up here,
tell me what to do?
- And bang on about my mother...
- Your father.

What?

I'm your father.

I only just found out.

- Who told you?

- Your mother.

So now I have a father to deal with.

Look, old man...

I've been on my own since I was 16.

Just me. No mother, no father.

I don't care if a father

turns up at this point

Now do me a favour and get lost.

Don't do this, kid. See your mother.

You'll only regret it later.

Still, if you need anything,

this is my phone number.

Well where's she been all this time?

- She's that bad then.

- There's no hope at all.

What did you say

the boy's name was?

Murat.

Oh God! It's unreal. That's all fine,
but why didn't the woman tell you?

She just didn't.

It's beyond belief!

It's not just a pack of lies, is it?

Afet wouldn't lie.

I'm in shock. Really...

After all these years

just look at the hand of God.

I mean, he takes one son away
and gives you another.

If you ask me,

God has other plans for Ali Osman.

I've done so much wrong.

The blood on my hands

still hasn't dried.

God was bound

o punish me for that.

Circumstances were different then.

That's why we did what we did.

What is sin about it?

God doesn't do circumstances.

He just gives you your punishment.
Look, he took my wife
and son from me.
I saw none of my relatives
to keep them clear of the vendetta.
I was completely alone.
And now the only person
I ever really loved is dying.
On the way here, you know,
I forgot the name of this area.
If it weren't for the cab driver
I'd have been in trouble.
This forgetfulness
is getting the better of me, Haco.
Yes, God has given me another son.
But that same God says
I'll forget who the boy is.
You will look at his face
but don't recognize him.
That's how I'm paying
for all the lives I've taken.
This, I have to pay.
- You should go to your mother.
- Forget it.
OK, but why didn't she say
who your father was all this time?
The subject was taboo at home.
I tried to find out often enough.
I had fights about it
but she wouldn't say a word.
Anyway, I didn't know my father
as someone else until I was 12.
It's going to end in tears for you
I don't know when I'll be back.
Don't worry. I'm prepared.
I have money.
Have a rest now.
No, I'm fine.
This tea will wake me up.
I'll go off for a smoke then.
- Why did he give you that stuff?
- How do I know?
Karaca!
OK, he'd give me some

every now and then.

- Are you seeing Devran?

- No.

Yes.

I mean, only for this.

You told me you'd quit that stuff.

You promised!

- I don't do it. Hardly ever.

- What do you give him for it?

What do you mean?

You don't pay money for it

so what do you give him in return?

Loser! You pig.

You get stuff from that mafioso

and still swear at me!

Go away! Get out of this place!

No. I don't want to go.

I'm going to quit this stuff.

Look, I'm tossing this out. I'll quit.

I can't be without you.

I love you.

Look, you're the reason

I haven't gone back to Germany.

I only sing your songs.

Get away.

That white stuff wrecks you.

It destroys you

That Devran's the same.

How many times have I told you?

You're a good kid.

Kid?

You speak a German Turkish again

I'm not a German Turk.

I was here till I was 18, idiot.

Don't talk. Love me.

Murat should have been here.

He buried his mother long ago.

Why didn't Afet tell me?

- Tell you what?

- That I had a son.

How could she? You were married.

How could she break up the family?

- Is there too much treble?

- A bit. You carry on. I'll fix it.

We've lost your mother, darling.
How did Mum know I work here?
How did she track me down?
She never did lose track of you.
She always kept an eye on you.
Your mother left you this.
Your Dad's address is on the
envelope. His number's there too.
Either go there, or call him
but make sure you contact him.
However much you disown us...
Who was that?
Uncle Birol.
A close friend of my mum
Well?
My mother is dead.
- What kind of soup is that?
- Lentil.
I want some.
Cemil have me some soup sent over.
What does it remind you of?
What?
Lentil soup.
What does it remind you?
Nothing.
The night you trashed those guys
and took me to the soup place, huh?
- What night was that, Srmeli?
- God! How could you forget?
I was set upon by some punks right?
You know, one night in Beyolu.
The mugging.
You arrived in the nick of time
and beat the shit out of those dogs.
All alone.
I honestly don't remember.
True, it was 30 years or so ago.
But it wasn't a night you'd forget.
Come on! How do you expect me to
remember something 30 years ago?
Ali Osman saved my life, Cemil.
I was surrounded by these punks.
They wanted my money
plus you can guess what else.

Suddenly he appeared out of
nowhere like a flash of lightning.
Anyway, I said I was hungry
and you took me to the soup place.
We had lentil soup. So for me,
lentils are beyond special, Cemil.
OK, enough. Can you leave it now?
No I can't.

Now Cemil, not meaning to boast...
...but I was awfully popular once.
I had this effeminate thing.
Although my father was from Konya...
One of the bigwigs.
A respected man. But I won't go on.
Osman rescued me from the street,
and made me Afet's assistant.
Afet was the most famous singer
about at the time.
So it's all thanks to Osman.

OK, Srmeli. Stop!

It's 30 years ago

- What's going on with the Arab?
- He wants more time, Bro.
- He didn't pay?
- No. He's pushed for cash right now.

Give him a bullet in the knee.

So you see, Cemil Abi,
lentils mean big things to me.
I'm never having lentil soup again
thanks to you.

- Osman Brother!
- What is it?
- There's someone to see you.
- Who?

Condolences to us both.

My mother left me a letter.
She wrote to say you're my father.

- Really?
- Yes.

I guess this ring is yours.
You gave it to her.
That's what she says in the letter.
That's right.
And she left it to me.

In the letter, she says
you didn't know what happened.
I guess she didn't tell you
she was pregnant.
Anyway...
...when I was 12
I found out I was born illegitimately.
I learned to live like one
I haven't had a home
since I was 16.
Take this ring.
I don't want it.
I don't want to hear anything more
about you or my mother.
I don't even want to know
where my mother's buried.
Look, young man.
In my world, you respect your elders
and love your juniors.
You can't speak about
the dead like that.
Especially, never about your mother.
Get out of here before
I cause an accident.
I don't want to see you!
Come here.
I don't want any.
Yes, you do.
Your eyes say so.
Are you going to listen to me?
Look, let me show you something.
Like it?
Yes.
Listen to me.
Things like this
wreck my image but...
But that's love for you.
- So let's see yours then.
- Don't!
We said we'd be together
for the rest of our lives, didn't we?
That was before
you started beating me.
You used me.

You had me carry drugs.
You made me a drugs courier.
You were a crap singer in Germany.
I made something of you.
I'm still a singer.
Get your hands off me!
OK, there you go.
That bar will be yours.
You can sing all you like.
Keep your bars. I'm not interested.
Just don't touch Murat. That's all.
No deal.
Him and his earrings.
I'll have the queen wearing dresses.
You call that loser a man?
Being a man isn't about
having men behind you...
It's definitely not about penis size.
Even if it was,
you can't compare with him.
You're way behind him.
Teoman.

Listen:

It's not opening till I say so!
Shut up!
- Abi, you forgot this.
- Thanks.
- What is it?
- A camera.
He's always watching out for you.
Cemil's a great guy.
He played for Turkey, you know.
But that's life,
drugs, alcohol, gambling...
I picked up the pieces from hospital.
Stop giving yourself stress.
What he said was so objectionable.
How could he be so arrogant?
He almost got a slap round the face.
For 12 years that boy thought he had
a weird creature like me for a father.
He realized in the end what I was...
...and his mother had to explain

the whole thing.
Wait, let me take a photo of you.
God! What's with the
photography thing.
The other night, Afet's dying
and you're taking photos.
Quiet! Keep still
I'm taking these so I umm...
So I remember.
Remember what?
Everything. Everyone I know.
I think, I've got...
...some horrible illness.
God forbid!
What kind of talk is that?
- Good night, Srmeli.
- Good night, Osman Abi.
I told you to shut down this place
but you didn't.
You'll face the consequences then.
Let's go.
Help. Help.
Karaca. Can you hear me?
Is she alive? Breathing?
I don't know
OK! You can't come in. Wait here.
Take the bag. It's the girl's, right?
How's the sister?
They're operating on her.
It was an accident. The bullet
went to the wrong address.
The boss has
punished the jerk responsible
Things like that happen sometimes.
Actually, you and Teoman
were the targets
We've settled scores with Teoman.
- Is he dead?
- Yes.
Actually, you're dead too.
But you don't know it yet.
- Go if you like.
- Go where?
To the police.

I know, what you're thinking.
You're thinking, "If I shout for help,
will they come running?" Right?
But take it from me,
the police can't help you.
Hear my words.
If you pack up your stuff
and clear out of here tonight...
...the boss will let you off the hook.
I'm going now.
I'll be back in a while.
If I find you here...
...I'll put a bullet in your head,
right in front of the police.
Yes?
Which hospital?
I'll be right there.
Hello?
Cemil? It's me, Ali Osman.
Get over here fast.
And come prepared.
- What are you doing up at this hour?
- I couldn't sleep.
Where are you off to?
- The boy's in trouble.
- What's happened to my Murat?
Don't panic. I'll handle it.
He's got himself in trouble again,
hasn't he? I'm coming too.
- Stay right where you are.
- At least tell me what he's done!
They've trashed the place.
- They had it planned.
- It must be about protection money.
Hello there, chief superintendent.
Could we have a word?
Who are those guys, chief?
Why did you give them the tape?
Don't ask, don't learn, don't know.
OK? Damn it! God damn the losers!
Want to be sent out east?
Or to Diyarbakr? Tomorrow? Huh?
I don't. So get this into your head.
There was no tape.

They forgot to load it.

The camera saw nothing. OK?

Try and find eyewitnesses if you can.

- Are we going to nail Devran?

- Where's the evidence?

Two, three...

Is it serious, doctor?

- Who are you?

- Her friend.

- Where's her family?

- Is her life in danger? How is she?

- Who are you?

- Answer the boy, doctor.

- You...

- Answer him!

The bullet went straight through
her abdominal cavity.

There's no damage

to the spleen or kidneys.

She'll make a quick recovery.

Have you given statements
to the police?

What time is it?

- Four in the morning

- Where are we?

- At the shipyard, boss.

- What am I doing?

- Working.

- Yes. Working like a dog. And you?

You called and I came.

It should have been

"You work and I just piss around. "

You should have said,

"I'm busy landing you in trouble. "

I just had a call from the police.

You busted a bar

and trashed the place.

It was purely business, boss.

When the owner got lippy...

- You decided to kill a few guys?

- No, the thing was this...

What kind of guy are you?

There's this massive deal coming up.

And you threaten the whole thing

for some silly bar. Don't you see?
The police are after you.
The media's running riot.
What kind of a trap is that?
Look, this operation is huge.
You're the only guy
handling the Istanbul end.
You know what that means?
You realise what a break this is?
Afghanistan waits
to hear when to ship
- When's that happening?
- Why are you asking?
- What's it to you?
- No, I mean so I'm prepared.
Be prepared every second.
But I guess this job isn't for you.
No, please. Come on.
You're too irresponsible!
So tell me. Should I drop you?
You want me to send you
back to the street?
Go back to bag-snatching
with your mob...
...to selling drugs outside schools.
Maybe this job
is a few sizes too big for you.
Did I overrate you?
Did I misread the look in your eye?
Now are you in this or not?
Get back.
Get back. Don't crowd me out!
Wait. It's OK. It's me.
Take it easy,
Sleep.
Have they finished operating yet?
You don't know?
So what if the police are there?
Bring her and I'll set up a
hospital at home.
Yes, chief?
I'll be right there.
You're all I needed.
- How did you get in here with guns?

- What guns? We don't carry guns.
Suppose they'd laid into you...
Did they try?
Hello, boss.
Come here, man of action.
What have you been up to?
What am I supposed to have done?
Wrecked the whole bar,
killed the owner.
The place is packed with casualties.
Like a slaughterhouse.
It wasn't supposed to be like that.
Selim's guy killed Teoman.
You fag.
Don't lie to me.
- You killed him.
- No, I didn't. That's lies.
Want to take a look?
- What's that?
- A movie.
'How Devran Killed Teoman'.
That's what it's called. Idiot.
Before lying to me again, find out
if the place you busted has CCTV.
Don't you check out
where you're going first?
Are we supposed to clean up
your mess the whole time?
What if I hadn't had that call?
What if you'd been put inside?
Was I supposed to tell the boss,
"Sorry, our snitch's inside...
"So we can't find out
the time or place of the operation. "
Look, if you carry on like this
the boss will reveal your identity...
...and your life will end on
some trash heap.
- Were there any eyewitnesses?
- No.
- Lf there were, they'd never talk.
- Now go and get me some info.
- The tape? Can I have it?
- Don't worry. It'll be in safe hands.

That's what you said
about the photos.
Get the info that'll take me
to the boss and they're all yours.
We don't want the front entrance.
Let's find the back entrance.
There'd have been a big scene
in there. The guys were armed.
We couldn't fight
in front of the police.
Who the hell are these guys?
No idea.
But they're from the same scene.
I've seen one of them
in Teoman's bar before.
Knock them all off if you have to.
Trash the hospital and get the girl.
And find out who they are.
Why aren't we going to the police?
If the guys bring off an armed raid
with the police about...
...it means they bank on something.
The degree of guts isn't a good sign.
At times like this, it's best
to disappear without being seen.
What if it's dangerous to move her?
Let's not do the wrong thing here.
If you want to hand her over
to those guys, we can turn around.
No, I mean, it's just
Karaca isn't in great shape.
Don't worry.
Do these guys know where you live?
- I guess so. Yes.
- You have anywhere to go?
Well... No.
Into a taxi.
- Hope the patient's better soon.
- Come on, let's go! Get moving!
- Fine but where are we going?
- Get moving first. Then we'll say.
Hello, doctor. It's Ali Osman.
Yes, it's me.
Look, I'm sorry. I've woken you up.

But it's an emergency.
These hospitals are a waste of time.
- We're talking an injury.
- Is it serious?
No, nothing life-threatening.
It's been dressed and so on.
Come prepared all the same.
You know that shelter of ours.
Right. Exactly.
Do I get to know where
this house is too?
Are you back?
Help! Thief!
Do you know whose house
you're robbing?
Oh shut up, woman!
Did you ever see a thief
rob a house in underpants?
Oh my God! What's this?
What's going on, Ali Osman?
Quiet! You'll alarm the neighbours.
I was dying of worry.
Bring her here. Stretch out her legs.
Put her down there.
- Get out of their way.
- Has something terrible happened?
No, it's nothing!
Stop making a fuss.
What did I tell you?
You've wrecked my reputation!
They walked off with my girl
right in front of your noses!
You losers!
I'd put bullets in your heads.
Every one of you!
Find me that guy!
Find my girl.
Or I'll wipe out the lot of you.
- So he's the girl's boyfriend?
- Aha.
- Was his name Murat?
- Aha.
You're sure he's
Ali Osman's whatsit?

- Aha. His son. Past history.
- Keep your hands off, Cemil!
I've taken out the drain tube.
The dressing's fine.
As the surgeon said,
she just needs to rest.
I'm writing a prescription.
Here, young man.
Tea for the doctor. Or ask him.
Maybe he wants coffee.
That won't do!
Ask him to stay for breakfast!
- If you'll excuse me...
- But I made breakfast, doctor.
Next time, Atiye.
I have an army of patients waiting.
Well come on. You sit down then.
Come on, Mr. Birol.
Call me Srmeli like everyone else.
Why Srmeli?
It's what they call me in my circles.
I was born with kohl-rimmed eyes.
I'm going to give a statement.
Where did you suddenly
get that idea?
I'm going to give a statement.
Wait. What's the hurry?
Let's sit and think about it first.
There's nothing to think about.
Look at Karaca. Teoman is dead.
The place is a bloodbath.
What more do you want?
The bar was packed
Let the police work it out with them.
It's not the time to be seen.
They could still be after the girl.
Can you get this prescription?
The guy was like a father to me.
He never hurt anyone.
Is life really that cheap?
How come they get away with it?
Start right from the beginning,
will you?
- Sorry?

- Last night... What happened...

I was on stage with Karaca.

Teoman was at the bar.

Last night was different from normal.

The young crowd was just great.

Everyone was swaying to the music.

Then I felt this wind on my face.

I turned to the door.

These guys in black jackets

were bearing down on us, with guns.

And suddenly the place became hell.

Help!

Help.

Murat... Murat!

Are you sure it was Devran,

who fired?

It all happened right in front of me.

It was Devran who killed Teoman.

He's the kind of psycho who can kill

his own men without batting an eye.

Who is this man, chief?

You know him?

One of the new breed of thugs.

Organised crime, you know...

It's the thing to be in these days.

Setting up a gang is kids' stuff.

He's one of the new lot.

He's fearless and will do anything

to fast track his way to the top.

- So try and keep clear of him.

- The camera!

What?

The camera. The bar has CCTV.

It'll have everything. You found it?

Yes. But there was no tape inside.

How come? Teoman would

never forget such a thing.

How about witnesses?

The bar was packed out.

Everyone says that they didn't see

who fired at who in that panic.

There's my testimony.

Won't that do?

This is a murky business.

They'll produce false witnesses now.
False hitmen and all that.
They'll also be onto you.
Your job is to get out from
under this thing in one piece.
We find our hands tied too.
We'll act on the basis
of your statement but...
...be careful
Eat up, dear. Come on now!
Where's Murat?
You're like a stuck record!
We told you. He's with his father.
Why isn't he here?
There's a phone in my bag.
Can I get it? I will call Murat.
I swear to you he's OK.
Now, come on. Try a little.
What are the tears for?
Murat, where have you been?
Don't worry. I'm here. I'm back.
Are you OK? Does it hurt?
- God, what happened? Are you OK?
- It's OK. It's all over. I'm fine.
- It is all over.
- And Teoman?
Things aren't good.
Murat is about to land himself
in serious trouble.
God forbid! No!
Is it true, Cemil?
The guys are bad.
Haco, it's Ali Osman.
We need to get together urgently.
Get the whole team along.
I'll explain when I get there.
I'm going out.
No one's to go anywhere.
What on earth is going on?
So much action all of a sudden.
- Mind your own business, Atiye.
- Fine, OK.
- You're OK, I hope, Bro
- Yes, thanks. Things are OK.

- How are you doing, sweetie?
- Welcome.
- What's the weather like in there?
- Overcast.
But he said you should go right in.
What do you want?
Business first, but I'll call later.
No, they're high-risk areas.
China is definitely out.
Credit?
If you solve the cash problem,
count me in.
Let's act fast and solve it fast.
No, I'm not interested in oil.
OK, we'll be in touch.
Careful with that. Sharp knives
cut the hand that holds them most.
You trashed a place
because of a girl.
Her boyfriend has told the police...
...it's you who killed the guy.
The girl vanished from the hospital
Hey! You're fast, boss.
The bar has CCTV.
Did you know that?
No.
A big mistake. Incompetence.
But you're lucky
They didn't use it that night.
So all the police
have to go on is witnesses.
I'll hold up the statement being sent
to the prosecutor's.
But you must tell the boy
to withdraw the statement.
That's easy. But first I must convince
the guy who grabbed them.
Who's that?
A retired gangster.
A guy called Ali Osman.
- What did you say his name was?
- Ali Osman.
- Ali Osman. Are you sure?
- Yes. I mean, it's like this.

My guys found the taxi they took.
From there we located the house.
We talked to the neighbours, too.
We'll be paying a visit.
If it's that Ali Osman, it's not good.
Not good at all.
Leave it to me for now.
Never come close to that house.
Just consider busting the place
or snatching the girl and you're dead.
Leave things to me for now.

- Who's this Ali Osman?
- You'll find out.
- That's crazy.
- Why?

It's your idea that's bullshit.
- Is that the issue right now?
- Lf Ali Osman says so, then yes.
They're a bunch of stray dogs
for God's sake. That's all.
Hang on, gentlemen. Pipe down.
If everyone speaks all at once...
What I don't get is this.
May Afet rest in peace.
And may God keep Murat healthy.
Get to the point.
Why the fuss about some punk
we can dispatch just like that?

- Devran.
- Whatever. He's just some queen.
- Why do you bother yourself...
- We're saying the same thing.
But you're not listening to me.
You can be so dumb sometimes.
I'm telling you,
the guy isn't just hot air.
No one could kill so recklessly
without someone powerful back up.
They bust the hospital.
I saw the helpless look
on the superintendent's face.
We have to get the guy figured out.

- Settar, you know your lines, right?
- Sure, Bro.

You say Teoman swore at your
mother. You only meant to scare him.
And you hit the friend by accident.
You'll have lawyers with you.
The boss won't forget this.
We will provide you stuff, too.
Show your loyalty to the boss.
OK, Abi. Settar's taken on the job.
You ruined me, woman.
You destroyed me.
So I'm going to destroy you back.
Everyone around you
will be destroyed.
We have whisky.
Bring some cognac and Vodka
- Come on dear, swallow!
- I can't.
Something's wrong with my throat.
- You have a skirt here, don't you?
- In my bag.
How well do you know the man?
- Who?
- Him. Ali Osman.
Your father. Shame on you!
No one's father is simply 'the man'.
What does he do? He doesn't strike
me as the soundest kind of guy.
Well, he has an all-weather pitch
with a clubhouse of sorts.
- I know that.
- What do you want to know?
About his thing with my mother.
It was the romance of the century.
But it didn't work out. He was married.
His business?
He was the godfather of his day.
He had a casino, a cafe, and so on.
- You mean a kind of Mafioso.
- Never!
Ali Osman hates suggestions
like that. He was simply Ali Osman.
He was an extraordinary man.
He set rules and they were the law.
He was a kind of Robin Hood then.

But your father was like no one else.
He was always helping the poor.
My mother?
When she realised she was pregnant
Ali Osman was in jail.
She didn't visit him
before you were born.
So he wouldn't find out
she was pregnant.
- Your father
- Stop saying "your father"!
They trample on me like a doormat.
But I don't talk. And they lose it.
They start hosing me with water.
I get the water in my mouth...
...and spew it at them like this.
Hello, Davut Abi.
Yes. With Ali Osman?
How does he know he's here?
I'll give you a call back.
- That was Davut.
- The member of parliament?
You know that businessman,
Tufan Ahska?
Businessman?
He's the mafia's main man.
He's known as the Big Boss.
He wants to see you.
I mean urgently. You know him?
I know his father. We shared a cell.
We have some history with him.
Fine, but what's his hurry?
What's going on?
If he wants to talk, we'll talk.
Do we know where he is?
You can't go alone.
We'll go together. The guy's dodgy.
Don't forget the meatball day!
One person's loss...
I'm not getting involved.
You can explain to my wife.
What's with the long face, mister?
You were like that as a boy too.
Whenever things didn't go your way...

Is it so hard to say 'Dad'?
Does it make any goddamn
difference if I do or don't?
I called you Dad for years
and where did it get me?
You tell me.
I shall.
I learned what lies were
from you and my mother.
My past is a lie. My ID card is a lie.
Anything I know is a lie.
Everything is one big lie. A lie!
Yes. We lied to you.
Because we had no choice.
But was our love for you a lie?
I rocked you on my legs.
I cradled you to sleep in my arms.
I wiped your bottom.
I taught you to swim.
I cried as you sang
'My Beautiful Mother'.
How could that be a lie?
But when you found out what I was...
...you were embarrassed by me.
The reason you ran away from home
wasn't the lie about your father.
It wasn't a fake father you ran from.
You ran from a homosexual father.
And that's the lie
you've been telling yourself.
I can't tell you how happy I am
to see you all here...
...while I was only
expecting Ali Osman.
I grew up with stories about you.
Every one of you was a legend.
You know my father.
He was very much one of us.
Ali Osman and my father
were very close.
He always said,
how great Ali Osman was.
God rest his soul.
I'd like to get to the point if I may.

I thought it best
to talk to Osman Abi face to face.
Now I have this out-of-control guy
working for me.
This guy did something stupid.
A young lad witnessed the crime
and told the police what he saw.
As far as I know, this lad
is under Ali Osman's protection.
Now what I'm asking is; if the lad
would withdraw his statement.
If our waster did time right now
it would hamper certain deals.
And cause me serious losses.
Is that possible, I wonder?
The lad you're talking about
happens to be my son.
Really? I didn't know.
A decent man was killed.
The boy relayed what he saw.
I don't think we can help you.
God save your son.
You say you can't help me,
but you have to.
We're talking very big investments
here. I'm not on my own either.
This is a multinational deal.
You have all chosen
to go into business.
I want you to understand my position.
You wouldn't want anything...
...happening to your
investments either.
I've come straight to you
with my problem.
So you are the father,
a father's word is final.
He should listen to you.
So nothing unfortunate happens.
We don't want anyone else involved.
Or other people hurt unnecessarily.
The guy threatened all of us
straight out.
That's why Devran is so reckless.

Didn't I tell you? He uses the guy...
...in drugs or arms trafficking.
If he gets locked up, it'll get messy.
Turns out the boy is Ali Osman's son.
I think he understood my point.
He won't want to put his son at risk.
Then again, this is Ali Osman.
That's what my father used to say.
The others got the message anyway
We can give them all...

...a gentle rap on the knuckles, boss.

- Hold on for now. Leave Osman be.
- I talked to some people today.
- What people?
- That guy Devran's boss.
- Devran has a boss?
- So it seems.
- What did they want?
- For you to withdraw as a witness.
- What did you say?
- I said I'd talk to you.
- Well?
- I'm talking to you, aren't I?
- Never!
- Wait, don't just...
- I'd never even consider it.

Just listen, son.

- No. There's nothing to discuss.

Listen, will you!

The guy killed Teoman Abi!

Look at Karaca!

Is he going to get away with it all?

No. But you don't know
who you're up against.

The guys are dangerous
and powerful as hell.

Do you want to
get killed mysteriously?

- Let's not waste our breath.
- Don't be so stubborn.

They wipe you out
before you can get near a court.
You think they'd listen to you?
Maybe they'd listen to you.

After all, you are ex-mafia.
What did you say?
I said you're mafia.
You'd get along.
What do you think you're saying?
Who told you I was mafia?
I'm not mafia! I never have been!
I never had police
or politicians behind me
I never sold drugs, arms or women.
I did everything on my own.
I fought to my enemies by myself.
I paid the price of everything
I ever did.
Who the hell are you to...
Who the hell are you to...
Calm down, Osman
Come with me, bro
Atiye, call Cemil.
Tell him to come over fast.
Now sit down there.
OK. It's over now. Relax
Wait. I'll get you some water.
What happened there just like that?
- Your father's sick, son.
- What's wrong with him?
Dementia.
He suddenly gets stuck.
He doesn't recognise anyone.
It's like momentary dementia.
Then he returns to normal.
Here, bro
Cemil.
- Are you OK, bro.
- Fine.
- We were worried for a moment.
- There's nothing to worry about.
- Hello there, Necdet.
- Hello
You're fine, thank God
I already told you I was.
Hello, Fikret.
No, if you feel umm...
Don't go on, Cemil!

Good winnings, all of you!
No, when Srmeli got in a flap...
He kind of likes to blow things up.
- His sort is like that, you know.
- Welcome. What's going on?
First make us welcome
and order our coffee
What's up? Something happened.
The news isn't good.
We poked around a bit
- He has a dangerous background.
- You mean the boss?
The boss is a different story.
The real issue is something else.
The police are involved, right?
But this is more than
a simple police-underworld link.
No one wants to talk.
There's something that runs deep,
I mean... Be careful, Osman.
I'm getting bad vibes.
- Is that Ali Osman?
- Yes.
It's Devran.
You know who I am?
- Yes.
- How about we meet in the morning?
Face to face. Wherever you want.
Or I can come over to your place.
- There, the father in you...
- Aren't you asleep yet?
Sleep yourself if it's so easy.
Look at the adventures we've had.
My blood pressure's playing up again.
Besides, you know I'm a night owl.
The son of a gun's a real rebel.
A fighter. He won't listen to advice.
I wonder who he takes after.
Nice place.
Does it make good money?
Enough to keep me going.
What do you want?
Hang on, old boy.
Let me catch my breath.

OK. Fine.
Hand over the girl and
your son gets to live. That's all
That's all?
You know if war breaks out
I'll wipe out the lot of you.
Hand over the girl
and no one gets hurt.
You know the way things work.
Your gun's about to backfire, son.
Careful you don't shoot yourself.
Anyone worth his mettle
knows the right way to behave.
When has it been OK to hand over
people who play by the rules?
You don't know me.
I left behind a trail of corpses.
I gave a lot of families grief.
I butchered scores of troublemakers...
...without even batting an eye.
Their corpses rotted long ago.
Some of this is known.
Some of it isn't.
In the end, a few things happened
and I laid down my gun.
For a long time now I've been living
a quiet, trouble-free life.
But you know what?
I'm sick.
The illness is, you forget
You forget everyone, everything.
Everything you have in your head
is wiped out.
You know what that means?
I will, if you explain.
It means this. If I killed you
right here I know I wouldn't have...
...the slightest conscience about it.
I will forget about my oath.
I will forget about you.
I'd never remember
how I pressed my gun to your head...
...how that miserable brain of yours
spattered all over the place.

So, I don't have
any oath problems.
If you lay a finger on my son,
you know now what'll happen.
I want the girl.
Otherwise, I'll take her by force.
The guy's like a ticking time bomb.
Drugs have destroyed his brain.
There's no telling what he'll do.
He's desperate for the girl.
Obviously,
nothing's going to stop him.
OK then.
You're going to my farmhouse.
The place will be kept
under 24-hour surveillance.
If anything happens to me,
take care of Murat and the girl.
They're both on their own
without family.
Why are you
making me wait here?
It won't take long.
One of your men has confessed
to killing the bar owner...
...and injuring his friend.
He's turned himself in.
You're free to go now.
The inquiry's still ongoing
so don't disappear.
What was with all the dirt
and backstabbing? Thanks chief.
OK. Take care of yourselves.
Don't leave me worrying.
I don't think they'll mess with you.
Still, you don't know where we are.
I wouldn't say a word
if they hanged me. You know me.
Keep safe now.
We're going to Ali Osman's place
to get the girl.
You'll find everything you need.
I'll keep you updated
with developments.

Anyway, tomorrow is
Turhan's meatball day.
We'll work something out I hope.
Thanks, Haco. Don't forget.
If anything happens to me...
Nothing's going to happen to you.
Your son is a son of mine.
They'd have to flatten us
before laying a finger on Murat.
What's with the pushing? You animal!
- Where are they?
- You missed them. They've gone.
Some wannabe
Mafioso bothered them.
Where are they?
I don't know, Osman isn't such
a fool as to say where he's going.
If I were you I wouldn't even ask.
Osman has some bad-boy friends.
- Try messing with them, sweetie.
- Good idea. We'll do just that.
Keep the house covered.
Why didn't you do this before?
Oh God, boss...
Why do you have so many tattoos?
I don't know.
I like tattoos.
You like earrings too, huh?
Why?
What's the harm in my earring?
Aren't the kind of people
who wear earrings, you know?
What?
- You know... That sort.
- Everyone wears earrings.
Why are you giving me a hard time
about my tattoos and earring?
Did you rebel like this
with your mother?
I did much worse.
I was a rebel too. They'd bastinado
me in jail to shut me up.
Hanging, electrodes, towels, ice...
They tried every form of torture...

But I didn't bat an eyelid.
I knew your mother would come.
My mother?
Whichever jail they sent me to
she'd always turn up.
Summer, winter, rain or shine
she'd be there to sing 'Gazelle Fawn'
- My wounds would suddenly heal.
- I know that song.
It was our song. So you've inherited
your mother's gift for music.
Mum got me my first guitar.
I played my first songs on that guitar.
So you write music. Good.
Not everyone can do that.
And school?
I dropped out of university.
Media studies.
Qualifications are a must
if you want to get anywhere.
If I'd had a decent education
I might have been something else.
- Why don't you go to the doctor?
- Why should I?
For, you know... That amnesia thing.
- A doctor wouldn't do any good.
- How do you know?
I just do.
You are so stubborn.
So you know everything.
- I wish we could stay here forever.
- Aha.
- How's this thing going to end?
- I don't know.
How much longer can we
keep running? I'm getting tired.
Get some sleep.
I can't sleep.
We have a patient at home
Who won't eat or drink
from the golden bowl
What's that?
The song Mum used to sing
to get me to sleep.

My gazelle is sick.
My gazelle fawn.
Are you an angel, my gazelle fawn...
What happened to the meatballs?
Cool it. They're on the way.
- We're starving!
- OK, Haco. They're coming.
- Any chicken wings left?
- Yes, loads of them.
- Hope they don't have bird flu!
- Don't make the boy cry.
Cheers then, son-in-law!
They won't give my ball back, Gran!
For heaven's sake
say something, Haco!
Behave yourself, son.
- Or I'll belt you!
- OK, grandpa.
Come on, Haco!
To those who have gone
the way of the bullet!
Srmeli, we're fine. Talk to Cemil
and have him find you a place.
I don't feel comfortable.
But I've found the perfect place!
Why would I go anywhere else?
If they show up, I'll set Atiye
on them. She'll give them hell.
How's Atiye?
She went muttering off to the shops.
She'll be gone the whole day now.
It's her affair but I reckon
she's flirting with the Mukhtar.
If the money runs out, ask Cemil
OK, I'm running low on battery.
We'll talk later.
Is it good news or bad?
Did you come here to watch us,
young man?
What do you want?
What's the problem?
Are you making fun of us, loser?
Hello?
I can't hear you.

Beyto speaking.

What is it?

Hello?

Actually, I only wanted
to ask a question. That's all.

But I knew damn well
you wouldn't answer that question.
For you I was just some regular thug.
You didn't know how powerful I was.

Who is Devran? How strong is he?
How tough? What's he capable of?
What's his striking distance?

You had no idea.

But now you know.

Now you know me.

Now let me ask my question.

Where's Ali Osman?

I have a friend with his ear
to the ground.

But... Someone supposedly
has a tape of the killing.

The tape that the police said
didn't exist.

Someone's trying
to cover up the killing?

- Then it means...

- Devran is working for the cops.

He's a mole. Which is why
his backside is covered.

We have seen all the
tough guys come and go.

You think you'll get away with
everything you've done?

You don't know
who you're dealing with.

But you know
who you're dealing with now.

That bullets don't go through me.

I'm going now.

Talk amongst yourselves.

I'll call in an hour.

If you don't deliver,
this time, I'll come with an army.

And it won't be your property

that gets damaged.
We should also get a
message to Ali Osman.
It must be something hard-hitting.
Who can deliver the message?
This testimony thing spells trouble
for you, Ali Osman. Pull out.
It's not just about
testimony any more,
He wants the girl.
He's crazy about her.
Then you have to do what he asks.
I can't.
I can't give him the girl.
They've taken refuge with me.
I've never let down anyone
who's taken refuge with me.
My son is in love with the girl.
No one has it in them
to take her away.
My vine's in the pergola
I am coming Atiye.
Just wait.
She'll give me hell again
for interfering with her cooking.
You just love me, tough guy.
I can see. You can't help visiting.
Osman isn't taking us too seriously.
So I want to send him
a message through you.
If only I knew where he was.
Would you say if you knew?
No.
We have ways of making you talk.
If you hacked me to pieces
you wouldn't get a word out of me.
If we strung you up by your feet?
Shove a stick?
You'd be wasting your time.
- Do you know why?
- Why?
Because none of you
has the balls I do.
I see, you have a deep

thing going with him.
We're closer than father and son.
So I can rely on you
to deliver my message
Sure if I see him.
So what is this famous message?
This is the message.
He should give us the girl
or he'll end up like you.
Time's up. So let me ask you.
Where's Ali Osman?
Are you going to deliver him?
Srmeli!
Give me a hand!
I'm calling Haco,
but I can't get through.
What Talat had to say is important.
Yes, Cemil?
What?
Who did it? How?
What did you say?
OK. I'll call you back.
What's up?
They've shot Srmeli.
He's dead.
- Who's shot him?
- Who do you think?
These guys won't stop there.
They won't stop.
Let's go to the police, to the media.
We can't just hide like this.
How long can we keep on running?
What did Srmeli do to them, huh?
- Go and get Karaca.
- What?
Get Karaca right now.
Devran's found out where we are.
- Who's on his way?
- Devran. Run! Quick!
- Karaca! We're going.
- Going where?
Don't ask questions.
Move! Quick!
They've taken the road.

The cars too.
The only place to go is the forest.
- It's Devran, right?
- Right.
- How did he find us?
- They're here. Quick!
They're making a run for the forest!
Don't let them get into the forest!
Watch out for the girl!
If anything happens to her
I'll blow you apart!
Run to hell and I'll still be following!
All the way to hell!
Hand Karaca over!
- Three teas for us.
- Three strong teas!
The battery's dead.
Use this.
Are you OK?
I am not.
I am tired of running.
I just want to sleep in a corner.
Get yourself together.
Devran's after us
but we've shaken him off.
He found out where we were.
I don't know.
We're in urgent need of a
place to stay. It can't be a hotel.
Who?
Our Muharrem?
Aye, Hello.
Are they here yet?
Welcome, Cemil
Yes, they are.
Enjoy the spread.
Bro, what's going on?
- We'll talk later. I'll explain.
- Aye, get Cemil Abi some tea.
We've been a nuisance, Muharrem...
...getting you up at the crack of dawn.
This house is really yours.
You think we'd forget what you did?
OK, that's enough.

- This coffee's cold.

- Shall I order another?

No. It was just something to say.

The stock market's gone up.

- That's good for you.

- I switched into dollars long ago.

- What the hell have we done?

- What did you say?

Nothing.

Which of you did this?

- We talked among ourselves first.

- It's a joint decision then, is it?

When the guy said

he wouldn't touch you or your son...

You don't know what's happened

He busted every one of

our businesses.

We'd have said forget it,

it's only property, but...

...he is insane.

We had our families to think of.

Our hands were tied

Everyone we asked to intervene

refused. We were in over our heads.

You were my closest friend.

My prison mate.

Didn't we share dry bread

in the cell, Haco?

I entrusted my son to you.

But you betrayed that trust.

So tell me, what should I do to you?

Should I shoot or walk all over you?

There's no such thing as 'us'.

Or courage.

The whole bravado thing's a lie.

Friendship forever, that's bullshit!

You can all die

comfortably in your beds.

Four of you don't make one Srmeli.

- I'm here to give you some news.

- I'm listening.

- The night your man busted the bar...

- Devran?

Yes. There was CCTV that night

as things were happening.

I know.

But there was no tape in the camera.

Suppose you know wrong?

Suppose there was a tape?

- Are you trying to stir things up?

- Lf your father was alive...

...he'd thrash you for speaking to me like that. Now watch what you say.

- Is there a tape?

- Yes.

The killing's on the tape.

The police know about it.

They don't need eyewitnesses.

If they know

why don't they arrest him?

Why do you think?

If anything happens to my son, you'll be as much to blame as Devran.

I'd find you before the police does.

Is this call safe?

I want you to find something out.

We're going back to the office.

What's the matter?

She's gone. Karaca's gone.

Gone where?

I don't know.

I drifted off in the chair.

Then I woke up and she'd gone.

She said she was going to shop and told Aye Abla not to wake me.

Well OK. She's at the shops.

No, she's not.

She won't come back. I know.

Yes, I'm listening.

You mean you're sure.

There is a tape.

Why was I told there wasn't?

What good are you then?

The guy's in bed with the police right in front of my nose!

- Is it over?

- Yes.

You'll be leaving?

No. I'm with you now.

- But on one condition.

- It's not a condition, but...

- I won't touch the guy.

- Promise?

- Who are you talking to, woman?

- OK. Calm down.

Have you come back for me?

Who else?

Have you told him?

No.

Then tell him.

Hello?

- It's me.

- Where are you?

I told you I was fed up
with this whole situation.

I'm seriously fed up.

I can't take it any more.

We're both wrecks.

It's even worse for your father.

Look what he has to
deal with at this age.

You should get yourself a quiet life.

That's what I'm going to do.

I think I'll go back to Germany.

Well, you and your father
can go out now, no problem.

Karaca's with Devran.

I've missed you so much, woman.

I did everything

but cut my wrists for you.

I'm really tired, Devran.

Is it really urgent, bro

Yes, chief. I'm listening.

- You've been uncovered.

- What? What does that mean?

- Someone's been talking.

- Meaning?

The boss knows about
the hidden tape.

Don't do this, Abi!

That's my death sentence.

Don't do, huh?

You've done everything
you were told not to.
You dug your own grave
for some girl, idiot.
We are done with you.
The boss won't let me go alive.
Don't forget the homicide desk.
They'll be after you for life.
Now the story's out, we have to
hand the tape over to the police.
Aren't you going to cover me?
Who is going to cover us?
We said we'd finish off the boss
and it's been one big mess.
- Now it's back to square one.
- Nothing can happen to you.
The rules are clear.
You can't mess up.
If media hear this...
We don't know you,
and you don't know us.
Can I have at least
those photos back?
Photographs?
Oh, those photographs.
Ok, I will see about that.
Now have your smartest guy
hire a boat.
What's going on?
They blew my cover.
They will destroy me.
We're getting out of the country.
We have to talk about,
who's going to...
...take over cheques, goods etc.
Come on now.
OK, Cemil. We'll meet there.
Be very careful. Watch out.
- There's something going on here.
- Like what?
She would never speak like that.
Fine, but no one forced her
to leave this place.
Don't you see?

She left to protect us.
But there's nothing we can do now.
There must be.
We must do something.
- What?
- I don't know
You have your guys,
contacts and all that.
- Not any more.
- Find someone! Do something!
What do you want me to do?
Don't you see? We're stuck.
My situation is getting worse.
All I'm worried about is
getting you out of this hole...
...before my brain dies altogether.
I don't care what happens after.
So what'll happen to Karaca?
We'll work it out. You'll see.
Devran is nearing his end.
I have to sort out Srmeli's funeral.
Don't go anywhere.
Wait for me whatever happens.
Get ready. We're going.
Going where?
First The Islands, then Germany.
Your homeland. A mini-honeymoon.
Boss! You have a visitor!
Come on now.
What's up, Mustafa Abi?
We have to see the warehouse.
What's this all about?
There aren't any goods yet.
The boss's orders. He told us to go
check the place was safe.
Fine. I'll send Selim with you.
No, it has to be you.
- The boss's orders?
- Right. The boss's orders.
Then let's call on the boss first.
I have things to discuss anyway.
Let me call him first.
Get Alio to follow up payments due.
Take enough dollars from the safe.

OK. He says it's all right.
But he doesn't have a lot of time.
What are you doing tonight,
gorgeous?

Devran Bey's here.

Let him in.

Come in. Now, I asked the guys
to check out your warehouse.
It'd good if you went with them.
They may have questions and so on.

- Right?

- Right.

My father was like you, boss.

"Never trust anyone" he'd say.

And he said handle your own affairs yourself.

He had another piece of advice:

An eye for an eye
a tooth for a tooth.

- Right?

- Right.

Imagine. The guy who said that
was a thief through and through.
When my parents died,
I was packed off to an orphanage.
There was a paedophile
on the orphanage staff.
Before I know it
he started touching me.
Once, twice, the third time.
The guy won't leave me alone.
One night

You know those fire buckets...
...sand and axes you get in places
like that? To use during a fire.

I took one of those axes...

...and walked straight
to the staff dormitory.

The paedophile was snoring.

I went up to him.

Hit the guy with the axe.

I chopped the guy's head off.

Didn't you tell me?

That a sharp knife cuts the hand
that holds it deepest? It's true

An eye for an eye,
a tooth for a tooth.
OK, boss. Of course.
I'm on my way right now.
He has things
to discuss with Mustafa.
He doesn't want
anyone going in there.
I have some news about the boss.
Headline stuff.
Not on the phone. Let's meet now.
Don't forget to bring those photos.
Answer the phone, Karaca.
Pick up, for God's sake!
Let's hear,
why you dragged me out here.
Bro, did you bring the things?
I did bring the things.
How could you do this to me, Bro?
To a guy in his prime?
Don't you know how things work
in this line of business?
It's nothing personal.
The job we do is dirty.
Forget about it.
Now spill.
Forget it?
You made an animal of me.
You forced me to become a grass.
You turned a young guy like me
into some kind of ape.
For years, I've been afraid
about these photos hitting the press.
I've become paranoid. Psychopathic.
A complete dopehead.
OK. Don't bang on. You have to take
the rough with the smooth.
Now say what you have to say.
What's this news?
I knifed the boss.
What?
I knifed the boss. He's dead.
He died in my arms.
God damn you, you psycho!

He was our biggest source!
You've just undone
all our groundwork.
How could you do it!
Like this.
I'm going. My mind's on the boy.
Abi, let me come with you.
No. You take care of
Srmeli's burial arrangements.
When are you coming back home?
I've run out of tears.
I've made you stuffed eggplant.
Thank you, all of you.
You've been a great help to me.
Don't forget these poor people.
That's all I ask.
Devran Abi called. He asked you
to be ready. We're going.
Can I make a call?
You know, it is foridden.
I want to call my Mum to say
goodbye or she'll die of worry.
Just between you and me, huh?
Mum... Mummy...
Quiet. Don't say anything.
Please, just listen.
If I hear your voice, it'll kill me.
I'm going. We won't
see each other again.
I want you to know.
I only ever loved you.
I loved your voice when you sang
to me. I loved you stroking my hair.
I've had the best days of my life
with you.
I know you won't forgive me...
...but I have to tell
Karaca, sweetheart.
Please don't go.
So you don't want her to go.
Then come and get her.
- Don't! He'll kill you!
- Lf you have the guts, that is.
- Tell me where you are.

- I'll have you picked up.

No.

I don't want you harming
the people around me any more.
You have the guts to tell me
where you are? I'll be coming alone.
What if you have people follow you?

How could I when
Karaca's with you?

I don't want the girl
caught between two fires.

Here's where you should come.

You know, princess,

I grew up with street urchins.

I stole like my father, after
running away from the orphanage.

We were a real gang.

We went out to work.

One day, I told the leader

I wasn't coming.

It's in my blood

to be rebellious right?

There was a kettle on the stove.

The leader poured the kettle
of boiling water all over me.

You can't imagine the burns.

You can't imagine the pain.

Believe me, even that day

I didn't hurt as much as I do now.

Just now, I killed the dodgiest guys
in the country without even blinking.

Yet all the guys wanted me to do...

...was to forget about love

and get on with the job.

They threw money at me.

But I chose you.

And you lied to me.

You deceived me.

You humiliated me.

Ah, Karaca...

What a beautiful name you have too.

- Hello, my dear.

- Muharrem will be back any minute.

- What's Murat up to?

- Murat's gone.

Where's he gone?

He spoke to someone on the phone...

...scribbled something

on the newspaper...

...and dashed out. I'd just made tea.

- Which newspaper?

Here, this is it

This is one of the places
where we discipline thugs.

It was going to be the hub
of seriously big business.

- But fate decided otherwise.

- Bro, we're running late.

Istanbul had two big-time
casualties today. They're after us.

We will be going away.

But I couldn't have done that
without seeing you.

So you have guts.

But what do we do now?

There's one girl

and two guys who want her.

So that's one guy too many.

Why don't we ask Karaca
who that is?

No. No chance. Karaca's a liar.

She's inconsistent. Can't be trusted.

We'll sort this out ourselves.

There won't be any bullying either.

We'll play a simple game.

And the loser will bow out.

What game? I'm not playing.

If you're that sure of yourself

Don't cut me off!

You want to take Karaca away?

- Yes.

- In that case, you play.

What game is this?

You've heard of Russian roulette.

I love the game.

Look, this is ridiculous.

I've tweaked the game a bit
to add to the excitement.

I'll get the patent soon.
The Devran Roulette.
First we load a bullet each.
Then, we spin the cylinders.
Now we get to the
new touch I added.
Devran, please! That's enough!
As you know, Russian roulette
is played with one gun.
One player puts the gun to his head
and pulls the trigger.
On an empty chamber,
the other guy goes.
But in Devran roulette...
...each of us puts his gun
to the other's head...
...and pull the trigger simultaneously.
We count to three, and
pull the trigger together.
Whichever of us is spared the bullet
gets to walk off with Karaca.
If you win, no one will touch you.
You hear me?
It's completely stupid!
And here's the surprise bit.
Suppose both guns fire together?
Karaca has to find herself a new guy.
- Devran, enough!
- Sit down.
The question is...
...do you have the guts
to do this for the girl you love?
Here you go.
Take it. And put it to my head.
No. No way!
Take it. And put it to my head.
What's this? You're scared of risking
your life for Karaca?
Don't, Devran!
You know I've left Murat! Don't!
But that's not what you were saying
on the phone. You fool!
- I thought you'd come back to me.
- Let him go.

Point the gun! Give it here!
One, two, three...
Use your brain. If you don't pull
the trigger, you won't have a chance.
Are you mad?
What are we doing?
Drop your weapon
What are you trying to prove?
You see the kind of guy you love?
Pissed your pants, have you?
- Going to pull the trigger, are you?
- Don't hit.
- Going to pull it?
- Don't hit!
I'm counting.
One... Two... Three...
There you go! You see what the fear
of death has done to you?
We were to pull the
triggers together?
You failed the grit test, idiot.
You freak... Poof... Coward.
You don't deserve to be alive.
- OK. Shoot me.
- No! I'll do whatever you want.
Shoot me, loser! You're the freak!
- Damn you, your mother, your family.
- That bullet will turn up sometime.
- Shoot, loser! Shoot!
- The late it comes, the more i enjoy.
Did you tell the police?
No.
It's him.
- Who?
- Ali Osman!
Look, if you want a role model,
this is your guy.
How many men has he felled
and still he doesn't turn a hair.
I see you're still trying to bully
the unarmed and defenceless.
You're a loser
If you'd had any dignity at all...
...you wouldn't have killed

a guy without a gun.
Who is this guy?
I've killed so many of them.
- Srmeli.
- Who's Srmeli?
Wow! What was that?
Remember?
Hit me again and maybe I will.
Remember?
- Who is this Srmeli?
- I'll beat you up till you remember.
Don't hit me on the face anymore,
or Karaca will not like me.
She is not fond of me already.
You remember?
You mean that thingy guy. The freak.
If it's him, what a queen!
You know what his last words were?
"Do you have the balls I do?"
Coming from him! Some spunky guy.
What did you say his name was?
His name...
His name...
Srmeli.
His name was Srmeli.
He was my mother's closest friend.
The guy who was a father to me.
You remember? Srmeli.
Don't waste your energy.
He just doesn't remember.
So that's what he meant
when he said he'd forget me.
Wow! And I though I was wild...
I feel like I've been
run over by a truck.
Bad timing, old man. You should have
cleaned up right away
Dad, get a grip on yourself.
It's Murat. Your son. Come on!
You're going to let the guy
get away with all this, Dad?
Don't waste your breath.
Look, the old boy's off his head.
He's off in another world.

Let him be.
If he finds out his own gun killed
his son, he'll be devastated.
Besides, what's worth remembering
from this unfair, backstabbing world?
Look, I have to go.
The entire Istanbul police is
on my back, after all
Come on, Karaca. We're going.
You lost the game. Say goodbye
to your father and Karaca.
I remember... Srmeli.
What?
The guy you killed. My friend Srmeli.
He is waiting for you.
If you want to challenge Ali Osman...
...you should know
how many guns he carries.
Fine, Let it be a lesson to me.
Dad! You've been shot!
Dad, huh?
Dad.
I like it.
Say it again. Go on.
It's strange hearing it from you.
We need to call an ambulance
right away. Don't move! I'll...
Don't panic. It's over.
What do you mean, "it's over"?
This wound's nothing. It just hurts.
Don't let go, Dad. For God's sake!
Don't do this to me. Don't go, Dad!
- Don't go, Dad!
- Look...
I can remember everything.
You, your mother, Srmeli, Karaca.
I can picture my late son
and his mother.
I've heard you call me Dad.
Just the time to be going.
Take care of Cemil and Atiye.
Don't forget the soup
for the down-and-outs...
The soup for who did he say?

Is he dead?

This was just the way
you should have died, Ali Osman Abi.
Let's drink to those who have
gone the way of the bullet.

Cheers!

Come inside sometime
and let's look at those accounts.

You're not forgetting
the soup, are you?

Atiye Abla is making tomorrow's lot.