Once Upon a Time in Anatolia

By Ercan Kesal
ONCE UPON A TIME IN ANATOLIA

Izzet, bring him over.
Is it here?
Huh?
- No.
- What?
- It's not here.
- You sure?
How do you know it's not here?
- The place wasn't like this.
- What?
The place wasn't like this.
There was a field.
What sort of field?
On a slope or flat?
Flat. There was like a round tree.
A round tree?
Chief, does he mean
the fountain down beside Kizilkaya?
Oh, the one by whatsitsname...
- There's a field there?
- Sure.
- So you're saying it's not here.
- No.
OK. Take him away, Izzet.
Mr. Prosecutor, seems there's
another fountain like this down below.
He says it's not here,
so I'd guess it's there.
- So it's not here either.
- No. That's what he says.
Fine. Let's go then.
- We call it 'kmus' where I come from.
- Whatever. So one night...
It's late. Everyone's tanked up.
- You listening, doctor?
- Of course, chief.
So we're all drunk
and the tax officer walks off.
I think, he's an ass-licker.
He'll come back with something.
Soon as he sees a big wig,
he gets to work.
- That's Nedim.
Who?
The tax officer at the time.
No, it was Sinasi.
Nedim came before him.
Oh, yes. He'd throw back
his head to talk. Fat and bald.
Around two months
after Mr. Galip arrived...
...he got posted somewhere else.
Well, he goes off with the waiters.
And they come back with three trays.
- See a tray and what do you think?
- Kebabs.
But no! It's yoghurt.
What kind of yoghurt?
Not the soupy kind we know.
It's hard as rock.
- You need a knife to cut the stuff.
- Sure it wasn't cheese, chief?
Cheese?
You think I don't know yoghurt
from cheese, doctor?
What do you take me for?
That stuffs delicious, doctor.
Especially in spring.
No, it was yoghurt.
But buffalo yoghurt.
Not sheep or whatever,
buffalo yoghurt.
They have buffalo stuff at the dairy
down from our quarters.
- Where is there a dairy?
- Down from our quarters, sir.
Which quarters are you in?
What dairy?
You know that dairy
below our quarters?
- By Kivircik's place?
- Yes, sir.
They sometimes make it there.
- That stuffs pasteurized!
- No, it's buffalo. I've tried it.
- It kind of smelled.
- It smells if it's good.
Buffalo yoghurt... Wouldn't I know
if they had it at the corner shop?
- I'm crazy about the stuff.
- To be honest, chief, you don't know.
I tried it.
But it just seemed to smell a bit.
Because it's good. The animals eat
fresh grass in spring, right, doctor?
Arab, some people have no taste
for the good things.
I mention buffalo yoghurt
and the guy says it smells.
He doesn't know the real thing.
What's he used to?
Pasteurized. You can get
pasteurized from any shop.
No, chief. My deceased mother
used to make it.
They can't make it like that now.
You know, I see stuff sometimes
that really bugs me.
In the supermarket. 'Skimmed' yoghurt.
What the hell is that?
'Skimmed' yoghurt.
You'd be ashamed to write the words.
There's a good dollop
of cream in buffalo yoghurt.
Nedim was in Mr. Galip's time.
That's the guy.
- He was a good man.
- And nice.
Nice, meaning harmless.
Harmless passes for nice these days.
Useful doesn't come into it, Arab.
OK, where is it then?
Well...
Huh?
Well, umm...
Kenan!
- Speak to me! Where is it?
- I don't know.
- I mean, I'd been drinking.
- What?
I'd been drinking.
- Huh?
You'd been drinking.
- You'd been drinking?
- Yes.
- Had your brother been drinking too?
- He doesn't drink.
So you don't remember exactly?
Say something.
Say there was a tree, anything!
Was it up by the fountain
or below the road? Say something!
Ramazan.
Come over here, lad.
Can you show me, lad?
Where it was then?
Huh? Where was it?
Ramazan, don't be scared now.
Just say where it was.
I don't know.
You don't know?
You don't know
or you don't remember?
- I was asleep.
- What do you mean?
Answer me, lad!
- I was asleep.
- Huh?
I was asleep.
You were asleep.
Kenan.
Just get your head together
and let's be done with this, huh?
Is this the place?
- I think so.
- You think so?
Over by that fountain, if we...
- Over here?
- Yes.
Your tree... The trees are down below.
Or was the tree by the fountain?
It's dark now.
I need to look.
Sergeant, point those headlights
this way.
Mehmet, turn the car round
to face the fountain.
Izzet, bring him over.
Is this the place?
Well...
Yes?
It looks like here, but those trees...
- Which trees?
- On a diagonal with those trees...
- Yes?
- There was a dug-up field.
- You mean ploughed?
- Yes.
Come here. Look, this is ploughed.
You mean here?
Huh?
Diggers! Over here!
Check for any newly dug holes.
Quick!
Where exactly in the field?
Right by the entrance, or what?
- Huh?
- There was a round tree.
What kind of tree?
I say that
because it was easy to dig.
You say there was a round tree.
What do you mean?
Did you dig under the tree?
Kenan, now look here.
Are you trying to distract me?
It won't get you anywhere.
Whatever we talked about
at the police station, that's it.
You come out here
and you lose your head.
I'm treating you decently.
So be a man and show me the place.
Huh?
Where is it?
Is it here?
Hey, is it here?
Mr. Prosecutor, he says
this isn't the place either.
Naci. Didn't you say to me
everything was all set?
Yes, Mr. Prosecutor, but... They'd been
drinking that night. And the darkness...
I have to be in Ankara in the morning.
You know that. I told you.
I know, but everywhere looks
kind of the same to be honest.
Look, we all came out here
counting on you.
Arab, the guys got left behind.
Can't you see? Give them a shout.
Hey, Hayrettin!
Shape up! Move it!
Quick! Move it!
It's easy to just sit there
and talk.
Right, Arab?
What's that, boss?
I'm saying it's easy
to sit there and spout.
Look, did I give you any guarantees?
Did I? Am I an insurance company?
I take the suspects' statements.
The guys confess.
They say they'll show us the place.
So I say let's wrap up the case.
What else can I say?
The place has to be Girmaakil, boss.
Can't be anywhere else.
Because he's talking about
an old bridge.
Easier said than done, of course.
You attend the questioning then!
First you dump the job on me,
then you give me a hard time about it!
Give me a break, Arab! How many times
have I told you I gave up?
You're stressed out, right, boss?
Just thought you'd loosen up a bit.
Ah, hello? Hello.
It's dragging on, you know.
That's why I haven't called.
You should go to bed.
Tonight's going to be a bit...
I'm saying go to bed. Go to bed.
Sweetie, this. It won't end soon.
Where am I? On the road. In the car
with Arab Ali. We're out looking.
We're heading towards Girmaakil.
Not Diyarbakir, Girmaakil.
Hello?
How am I supposed to call?
Look, there's no signal.
Oh, that.
I was going to yesterday but...
OK, the doctor's here with me now.
I'll take care of it.
I didn't forget.
I didn't forget, dearest. Would I?
What way is that to talk?
OK, first thing tomorrow I'll...
OK, I'll take care of it.
I didn't forget
for goodness sake. OK.
How's the boy?
Hello?
Hey, doctor.
My boy's out of pills. I...
I meant to stop by yesterday
for a prescription, but forgot again.
The wife keeps asking, of course.
- Can we sort it out in the morning?
- Sure, no problem.
Thanks. Let me get the thing
or it won't be...
What's going on now?
Why's he stopped?
What's up?
I always get lost on this road.
Why don't you go first, chief?
You know none of the roads and still
you get to drive for the courthouse!
What's holding them up?
How many times is that now?
Three or four?
I've been counting, sir.
It's five including this time.
Doctor, that's prostate, right?
The prosecutor's thing?
It depends. Maybe, maybe not.
Five times and it still depends?
Well, without an examination...
I get up once a night.
Twice if I've drunk a lot of water.
That's normal, isn't it?
Right, once a night is fine.
Quite normal.
But after a certain age
it's worth getting checked.
You're coming in the morning, right?
I can examine you then.
No, God forbid!
- Why?
- I know how it's done.
Oh, right.
There's nothing wrong with me.
But check the prosecutor, I'd say.
He's coming.
Is it above the road or below?
Let's hear that first.
Huh?
You came this way.
- Down there...
- You're saying it's down there?
What about the tree?
Where's the round tree?
The tree there, you can see the top.
Can we look there?
- That tree down there?
- Yes.
Headlights, sergeant!
Headlights down below!
Mehmet, point the lights down below.
- Diggers, over here!
- Mr. Naci!
- Shall we bring Suspect Two this time?
- No, not necessary.
- What's your name?
- Hayrettin, chief.
- Fahrettin?
- Hayrettin, chief.
Why did you both bring shovels?
Huh? Fahrettin?
Hayrettin, chief.
I'm asking you something
and you correct me, son of a bitch.
If you can't dig up the ground here,
I'll use you as a pickaxe.
Got that, Fahrettin?
Captain, switch to full-beam!
Is that full-beam?
- Come down a bit.
- Is that full-beam?
Switch to full-beam!
Point them at the trees!
What's going on?
Where are they?
- Down there, looking around.
- Is this the place?
No idea, doctor.
First the guy talks about fields,
now he says it's the hillside.
I don't get it.
Hey, Arab.
There's a bunch of sculptures
over there.
Sculptures?
Oh right, yes.
There's a lot around here.
They're paying you overtime,
right, doctor?
I don't know. I expect so.
They will.
They should.
The money's good
when it's a corpse.
Look at Tevfik.
He never misses a chance.
All that overtime and suddenly
there's a second storey on his house.
It's raining like crazy
over in Igdebeli, doctor.
It'll be here before you know it.
I come here a lot, doctor.
You see, I love it here.
I jump in the car.
I fill up my pockets with bullets,
40 or 50, come here and fire away.
If there's no game around,
then straight into the air.
How can I say?
It's a way of letting off steam.
So you have a gun, huh?
Who doesn't round here, doctor?
You can't do without a gun.
There's good people and bad.
You can never tell.
If it comes to it,
you have to be ruthless.
And shoot them
right between the eyes.
That's how it is
around here, doctor.
You're kind of forced to
take matters into your own hands.
If you can't manage yourself,
they'll handle it just like that.
You won't know how it happened.
That's how it is. Behind the wheel,
by the window, and for free as well.
They won't fall for it.
They won't be fooled.
They're tricky crooks. What's worse,
they make out you owe them.
I know, I'm telling you.
You have to stay in the circle,
and keep an eye on the center.
How about the hoop?
Would that do? Sure, that's OK too.
But in the right place
at the right time.
The thing is... If it comes to it,
you also have to be able to give up.
We none of us live forever,
do we, doctor?
The Prophet Solomon.
He lived to 750.
Gold, jewels...
Well, he died in the end too.
Right, doctor?
It's raining on Igdebeli.
Let it.
It's been raining for centuries.
What difference does it make?
But not even 100 years from now, Arab...
...neither you, me,
the prosecutor or the police chief...
Well, as the poet said...
Still the years will pass...
And not a trace will remain of me...
Darkness and cold
will enfold my weary soul...
Isn't that so, Arab?
Hey, steady on, doctor!
We're not done yet! And you've
buried us before we're even dead.
You shouldn't think like that.
I don't know. It's dragging on.
- It's the boredom getting to me.
- No.
Don't, you know...
Maybe you're bored to death now.
But one day, you may get a kick
out of the stuff going on here.
When you have a family...
...you'll have a story to tell.
Is that so bad?
You can say,
"Once upon a time in Anatolia..."
"... when I was working
out in the sticks..."
"... I remember this one night
which began like this."
You can tell it like a fairytale.
- Isn't that right, doctor?
- Yes. Sure.
C'mon, Arab!
Get ready to move on.
OK, Mr. Prosecutor.
We're all sorted.
The place is definite now.
Not here, but at the next bend.
Soon as we get there...
We're done, guys.
Everyone in the cars. At the double!
- Lead the way, Mr. Prosecutor.
- Let's go.
- Get in! Leg out of the way!
- C'mon, Arab!
Sergeant, I'll give you a shout
if we need Suspect Two. OK?
Right, OK.
Back out! Out!
I do a cross-examination
and look what the guy says!
"Shall I bring you Suspect Two?"
He's carving a role for himself there.
- Arab, are you in love or something?
- No, boss. But...
The car won't move.
It won't move.
Shall I tell you something?
Look, that junior officer...
Arab, put your foot down.
- Arab, you're sticking it in third!
- What shall we do? Push?
C'mon, out.
Shall we push, Mr. Naci?
- Leave it to us.
- Izzet. Don't stand there. Push!
- Chief, he's in third gear.
- Bravo!
- You start in second, idiot!
- I'm here.
Captain... Over here.
God! C'mon, speed up!
Hold it!
- OK, move!
- Hey, boss...
You never get good LPG on the way out
of Kirikkale. Never! I have my place.
I don't want to say this,
you know, but...
It's always Tevfik. Rely on him
for anything and sure enough...
What model's this car?
Arab, we're on the right road, right?
Inshallah, boss. As the song goes, we're riding on a sign bound for hell.
We do whatever sir in the back says.
And he asks me what's going on.
For God's sake. How do I know?
But well, if the old bridge can't be anywhere except Girmaakil.
Huh?
- Actually, on the way to the dam...
- Look, don't give me dams now!
- The dam's miles away!
- There's an old bridge there too.
But obviously, boss, that's in the wrong direction.
Hey! Did you see anything like a dam?
Is he asleep? Wake him up!
- Wake up, you!
- Didn't I tell you to keep him awake?
- I didn't realize.
- You never goddamn listen!
Was there a dam?
You see anything like it on the way?
- Was there a dam?
- No.
- You sure?
- Yes.
Yes?
- It could be across there.
- What?
Across there.
- You mean the slope across there.
- Yes.
OK. Sergeant!
Turn the car around.
And beam the lights straight at that facing slope.
Mehmet, over here. Follow me.
Yes. Beam those lights.
Turn around.
OK, that's good.
Watch out for the water.
Go ahead.
God! Diggers, where are you?
Don't wait for an invitation
every time. Run automatically!
That's my socks gone, Izzet.
What do you say, Mr. Prosecutor?
Looks like we finally cracked it, huh?
Don't be so sure, doctor.
Well, Naci seems
pretty confident this time.
Ignore Naci.
He's just a handful of bees,
as my mother would say.
All noise and no action.
Was it Fahrettin, your name?
What?
You don't have kids,
do you, doctor?
No.
- I'm not even married, Mr. Prosecutor.
- I know that but...
Actually, I was married,
but I divorced two years ago.
Good thing then.
- What?
- I said good thing then.
I mean, there being no kids.
- Divorce isn't easy if there's kids.
- Right.
I didn't want kids.
Basically, doctor,
you've done the best thing.
Look at the times we live in.
Here you go.
And this is nothing.
How many more examples, only worse!
With some of the deaths
I come across in this job...
...you need to be less a prosecutor
than an astrologer to find the cause.
Whichever way you look,
you just can't make sense of it.
There was a woman, for example.
The wife of a friend.
One day, the woman said she'd die on a specific date five months later. And sure enough, when that day came around... the woman dropped dead.
- What do you mean?
- Exactly what I said. She said she'd have her baby and die five months later. And a few days after giving birth... she dropped dead... for no reason at all.
- So the woman was pregnant?
- Yes. And she was a smart, educated woman, not in the least superstitious. Oh, and she was just gorgeous too.
Mr. Prosecutor...
- Would you like some cream biscuits?
- Yes, sergeant. I'm starving. Thanks.
- Dr Cemal?
- No, thanks.
I see you've come prepared, sergeant. That's what marks out a soldier. Luckily I had some spare fuel put in the back too. Two cans, sir.
Good thinking.
Because at this rate... who knows how far we'll be going.
Right now we're 34 km from the town centre, sir.
Really?
- We've come that far?
- I'd even say 35 km.
We've been outside the municipal limits for a while. Right.
This business is dragging on.
Will there be a problem with the report, sir?
What?
Will Naci get us to sign the report, or sign himself?
- We don't want a problem there.
- With the investigation report?
  Yes. Beyond the municipal limits is gendarmerie territory.
- We don't want a problem there.
- No, sergeant.
- The crime took place in town.
- Yes.
If it hadn't, you'd be right.
That's not the case.
For that reason, Mr. Naci is still in charge. There isn't a problem.
OK. Obviously we take orders from you.
Can I have another one?
- Dr Cemal, like one?
- No, thanks.
The butcher thinks about meat,
the lamb about the knife.
The man's only worry is the municipal boundaries.
Look at him! He's even bothered to count the kilometers.
So what was the cause of that woman's death?
The gorgeous woman you were talking about.
What was her cause of death?
What did the doctors say?
You little fucker! Son of a bitch!
You fucking dickhead!
Are you taking the piss?
- Am I your plaything?
- Mr. Naci! What's going on?
- Chief!
- Get away! Asshole!
- Naci!
- Fuck you!
Naci!
You understand this language, right?
Dickhead!
Come here!
Show me that round tree!
Show me a round tree, or your whole family's fucked!
Naci! What the hell is going on?
Here! Show the prosecutor that tree...
- Hold it! Just calm down!
Here, Mr. Prosecutor. Out of my way!
He's going to show us
a round tree.
Get off him, OK?
Izzet! Take him away.
- What is this, acting like a kid?
- This business ends tonight, asshole!
Now look here, Naci!
Just calm down!
What's this ruckus about?
You can't go about things like this!
For God's sake. Now look here,
just come with me.
- This business ends tonight, fucking...
- Naci!
What is this? No rough stuff!
- You'll have us both in trouble.
- It's the language he understands.
No, out of the question!
You'll have us both in trouble.
If he was left to you, then what?
But Mr. Prosecutor, the guy said
during questioning...
...that we'd come out here,
he'd show us, and we'd be done.
- I don't want to disappoint you.
- You questioned him.
I dropped everything in Ankara
and came back for your sake.
We've been wandering about for hours.
My patience is running out.
My whole thing is to get you
to Ankara as fast as possible.
- That's gone pear-shaped too.
- He only understands that language!
- Shameless git!
- First, just calm down, OK?
Just calm down.
We have a bit more time.
Let's finish the job and I'll be off.
We won't get anywhere like this.
It's my responsibility
that you're out here. I...
You know
the new code of procedures?
It's the new code that made this mess.
Look, Naci. I like you...
I wouldn't want to lead
an inquiry into your conduct.
Is this how we'll get into
the European Union? No way!
- Even in the EU, dickheads like...
- I know everyone's tired.
Give me another half-hour
and if I don't nail the asshole...
Naci! Everyone's tired, I know.
But you should have cleared this up
during questioning.
Now is not the time.
We've been on the road for hours.
What do we do now? Give up?
No, Mr. Prosecutor. Why give up?
I'll get this done tonight.
Another half-hour with him and ILL...
Don't get me wrong, I won't...
You know what we'll do then?
The team's tired as it is.
We'll grab something to eat.
We'll have a break and calm down.
OK? And carry on after that.
OK, guys. There's no problem.
Izzet, wipe his mouth.
Let's not get demoralized.
We'll have a break now.
Then carry on.
- Tevfik!
- Yes, Mr. Prosecutor?
Remember you said
there was a village near here?
- You mean Ceceli, sir?
- At the mayor's place.
- Ceceli, sir. Arab's wife's village.
- Really?
- Ceceli.
- We're going to Ceceli then.
- Mr. Prosecutor?
- Yes?
There's Kshger. It's closer, cleaner, more, you know...
We should go there.
But Kshger's at least 7-8 km away.
Ceceli's only 5-6 km.
Mr. Prosecutor,
the Ceceli road's a bit risky.
- What's risky about it?
- Floods have wrecked the road.
- I tried going last week in a tractor.
- I went with the agriculturists.
It was no problem.
The road was fine.
- Did you go the Harmanli way?
- Yes.
They must have fixed that bit.
- I'm talking about whatsit...
- Masat.
- Yes.
- Well, where are we going? To Ceceli.
Does it matter which way we go?
Aren't we going to Ceceli?
You mentioned Harmanli!
Otherwise, go whatever way.
The outcome?
In that case, let's...
We're going to Ceceli.
- Tevfik?
- Yes, Mr. Prosecutor?
Call the mayor.
Tell him the prosecutor's coming.
- Have him make tea and whatever.
- Right away, Mr. Prosecutor!
Bring him over.
Let me have a look.
Got a cigarette?
Did you say something?
Can I have a cigarette
if you've got one?
Sure.
Arab, give me a cigarette, will you?
- What's up, doctor?
- You light it.
- Thanks.
- Hang on, doctor! Don't give it to him.
What do you want
with that cigarette? Huh?
What do you want
with that cigarette?
I'm talking to you!
What do you want with it?
He wants a smoke. What else?
No, wait. You tell me, you!
What do you want with that cigarette?
Look, if you want a cigarette,
first you have to earn it.
Nothing comes for free anymore.
Look at the prosecutor.
The guy studied law, he's worked.
He can smoke
and he can give people hell.
Why? Because he's earned it.
What have you done?
Made idiots of us.
No, none of that.
No more free cigarettes.
We're tuned to another channel now.
Doctor, you don't know these guys.
They're such bastards
they'd rob you blind, the assholes.
He's seen you're a pigeon.
He's plotting now as we speak.
It's over.
From now on, I'm talking
a different language to you.
Thanks.
Are they here? Esat!
Haci, come here.
Open the gates, quick!
Mukhtar my friend, the prosecutor.
- Hello, mukhtar.
- Welcome. Thanks for coming.
- How are you, mukhtar?
- Welcome, chief. Welcome.
Doctor, welcome.
Welcome, sergeant. Bless you.
Come on in!
It's so good of you to come.
Bless you. Really.
- Are the dogs tied up?
- They won't bite or anything.
Esat, hold him.
Come on.
He won't do anything.
- This way. Are you tired?
- Very.
- What's up at this time of night?
- An investigation.
- Really?
- Into an incident.
- Sorry, our visit is hardly timely.
- Not at all! It's an honor!
Yalin, don't hang around there!
In you go now!
Mr. Naci, doctor, in you go.
For heaven's sake, c'mon, sergeant.
In you go.
So, it takes a death to get you
to our village, Mr. Prosecutor?
True, the doctor came the other day
to vaccinate the babies, bless him.
But his thing's different.
Well, we'd come, mukhtar,
but we had to twist Arab's arm.
Why?
How do I know? He went on about
all the donkey people in the village.
- Whatever that means.
- You believe that nutcase, chief?
Ignore the nutcase. He never
stops talking, to himself as well.
If we start on him,
I could talk for hours.
His grandfather's nickname
was Cafer the Donkey Man.
- Really?
- Of course.
- Cafer what?
- Cafer the Donkey Man.
Arab, is that true?
Boss, my grandfather traded donkeys.
What else would his nickname be?
The guys here are another kind
of donkey men.
Ignore what he says, chief.
Arab's a decent fellow actually.
One of the family. We like him.
We gave him a bride from the village.
- Really?
- Yes. He's family.
What way is that to talk about
people from your wife's village?
- For some reason, Arab doesn't like us.
- Your wife's village? Shame on you!
What's likeable about the gossip hole?
You think I'd throw my arms round it?
- There's no smoke without fire.
- Just eat up, Tevfik, you ass-kisser.
Got any cola?
The lad wants cola.
There isn't any. Is ayran OK?
Cola? Give him water.
- Arab!
- Right, OK.
Mr. Prosecutor, we still haven't
sorted out that cemetery business.
- Sorry, I'm going to bore you now.
- Not at all.
Can you talk to the district governor?
He'll listen to you.
Sure, I'll talk to the governor,
but what's the business about?
It's nothing really.
We want to fix the cemetery wall
but just can't get the funding.
Well?
The wall's in ruins, so animals go
and shit there, pardon my language.
It's misery for the dead
and a nuisance for the villagers.
The main thing is to knock down
the outbuildings by the entrance...
...and build a nice morgue there.
It's been okayed by the village elders.
- Build what?
- A morgue. And a body-washing room.
A morgue with a body-washing room.
The project's ready,
the paperwork's all done...
...but we can't get started
without the contract or funding.
Mr. Naci, it's essential, believe me.
If we manage to pull it off, the village
will have a great masterpiece.
I swear to God, we don't know
what to do with the dead in summer.
- Why?
- They smell.
- Try burying them.
- Why wait? Bury them.
We would, but the village
has suffered from emigration.
- Emigration?
- There's only old folk left.
Now when brides and daughters
start phoning from Istanbul...
We have a lot of relatives in Germany.
They want to come and see the body.
You get them on the phone saying,
"Don't bury dad, I have to kiss him."
Fine, but the man smells.
Where are you going to kiss him?
What can you say? You have to wait.
They haven't been back in 10 years,
but the parents are here.
Only old people are left.
It takes someone to die
before they think of the village.
When I say this, the gossip starts.
That's my real problem.
What do they say?
That I'll squander village money
on a morgue. As if there's any money!
It's only gossip of course,
God forbid.
My sons are doing all right,
thank the Lord.
I've raised them.
They've flown the nest.
The oldest is in the defense industry in Kirikkale. He's doing fine.
I have two grandchildren there.
The second's a policeman in Anakkale.
- Great.
- In Yenice.
A colleague for you, Izzet.
Next down is a girl.
We married her to a sergeant.
So we're doing all right.
The kids are all right.
But the villagers are dirt poor.
They aren't well off.
- How many terms have you done?
- This year, God willing...
...I'll be standing for a third term.
- Look at that!
I had absolutely no intention
of standing this time, believe me.
But the neighbors insisted.
You have a son?
- What, at home?
- You have a son?
- I told you, I have two. The first...
- Yes, in the defense industry.
There's no one left at home.
Just the wife and Sinan, bless him.
He helps out.
- Thanks, Mrs. Mukhtar. It was great.
- Thank you.
And there's number four,
the youngest girl, Cemile.
No one except her.
She's the last, an afterthought.
We manage, thank the Lord.
And when friends like you turn up,
it's an honor and delight.
But I tell you,
the meat is out of this world.
- Isn't it?
- It's lamb, right?
Lamb. It's all we eat, chief.
We only eat lamb at home.
- Some don't. They say it smells.
- They say that.
But lamb is the meat to eat.
- Why aren't you having any?
- I just have.
- Can't you fix the fellow a sandwich?
- I am, mukhtar. Don't worry.
Sure, we have to feed our main man.
- Thanks a lot.
- Enjoy it, Mr. Prosecutor.
- Doctor, that's pure comb honey.
- Comb honey?
- Right. A must for putting on bread.
- Mukhtar, it's delicious, really.
Could you spare me a small jar?
Sinan! Find a jar this size.
Clean it up, and get your aunt
to fill it with honey.
They'll pick it up when they go.
Don't hold back, for goodness sake.
Some more bread. And pickles.
- There you go.
- It's the wind.
The same thing happened yesterday.
It'll come back in 15 minutes.
Mukhtar, forget the morgue.
Get the village electricity fixed.
First, the electricity.
What was that saying about
having no money to...? Never mind.
Mr. Naci, we have many problems.
They're all important.
But this is the wind.
Cemile!
Cemile, come here a minute, girl!
Two lamps.
One for the toilet, one for here.
Off you go now.
It'll come back.
It will.
It'll come back.
God give us health before all else.
Electricity, water, the rest will come.
The wind's been wild
this past week, you know.
Cemile!
Thanks a lot.
Cemile, my girl!
- Mukhtar, where was that toilet?
- You can't go on your own.
Here, wait. Let me lead the way.
You follow me.
Let's have a smoke.
Bring the lamps in here, girl.
Look, I told you two lamps.
Mr. Naci, come on.
It's no good without you.
Don't think I didn't see you laugh
when I mentioned elections just now.
He who holds the honey jar
gets to lick his fingers, right?
And you say
you'd never marry from here.
Thanks.
Yasar!
Aren't you dead?
Kenan!
Hey, Kenan!
C'mon, get up!
I'm not done with you yet.
Get up!
What did I say? No sleeping
before we're done with this!
Now get up!
Izzet, bring him along.
- Shall I get the store opened for soda?
- No, forget food and drink.
Is there nothing to sit on in there?
- Shall I bring a chair, chief?
- No, forget it.
"You got to allow for that," he says.
"You have her left or right in bed?"
So I say, "What's the difference?"
He goes, "Do it the other way round
and you'll get one hell of a headache."
Well, a mukhtar like that
produces an angel like that...
Extraordinary.
But what a waste.
She'll just fade away
in this godforsaken village.
The beautiful usually have
a bad fortune, doctor.
So why did you say that woman died?
Which woman?
The woman you described as gorgeous?
Your friend's wife.
What was the cause of her death?
I mean, what did the doctors say?
There really was no cause.
As I said,
it was the most bizarre death.
One day, the guy said to his wife...
"Let's sell the old banger by autumn
and get a decent car instead."
The woman answered,
"Do what you like."
"I won't be here in autumn anyway.
I'll be dead."
The guy made nothing of it at first.
He thought his wife was joking.
But the woman said,
"It's no joke. I'm serious."
"I tell you, I'm going to die
after having the baby," she said.
The guy was annoyed naturally.
But he didn't dwell on it too much
because the woman was pregnant.
As you know, women tend to be
a bit volatile when they're pregnant.
They can get terribly gloomy.
So the guy put it down to that.
He didn't dwell on her words.
But...
...the next day,
it was the same words again.
Then came the day of the birth.
It went quite normally
and they had a healthy baby girl.
Before long, the woman was at home
lying in bed...
...and wanted to cuddle the baby.
So they brought her the baby.
The woman gave the baby a kiss and a cuddle and so on. And afterwards...
...she said, "Well, I can die now."
And sure enough, she died soon after right in front of everyone's eyes.
There you go, doctor. Those are the facts.
She died the very minute she said she would.
Let's see what sense you can make of them now.
Well, was there an autopsy?
Why?
To get a clearer picture of the cause of death.
You haven't been listening. The cause of death was clear.
Anyway, if there'd been anything suspicious...
...you think I'd have let it go?
No one dies because they say they will.
She must have poisoned herself or something.
Poisoned herself?
What gives you that idea, doctor?
If there'd been anything suspicious, wouldn't we have acted on it?
I'm a prosecutor. It's my job to be suspicious.
We'd have looked into it, of course.
But the doctors said a heart attack.
There was a report saying so then.
Honestly, I still think...
...an autopsy would have been better.
Come on! You don't need an autopsy if the cause of death is clear.
Because it was clear.
A heart attack.
You'd be right, if the cause of death was unknown.
Besides...
...her family
saw no need for an autopsy.
Carving up
a beautiful young woman for no reason.
There you have it, doctor,
how the loveliest woman left this life.
But then, there's also this.
Some drugs can trigger it,
but obviously I can't tell now.
What?
Some drugs can trigger
a heart attack if taken in high doses.
It just came to mind.
- Mr. Nusret, how about a tea?
- No, thanks. I've had some already.
- Don't be shy, for heaven's sake.
- Thanks, mukhtar.
I'm so embarrassed
about the power failure.
But there's nothing I can do.
Mr. Prosecutor,
can you come here a minute?
- It's got a bit complicated.
- How?
The guy says it's his kid.
- Which kid?
- The victim Yasar's son.
Yasar supposedly didn't know.
He thought he was the father.
He says on the night of the incident
he was drunk and it just slipped out.
You want to come and have a word?
Let me have a word then.
- Is that 'bazlama' bread?
- Yes.
- It smells great.
- Help yourself.
Thanks. I'm full actually but...
- The smell.
- Right.
- Arab!
- Boss?
Come here, c'mon!
- Give me a cigarette.
- What?
Give me a cigarette.
Hand it over.
That mayor's daughter...
She's beautiful.
It's here.
Abidin, record that before it's ruined.
Then put them in an envelope.
What the hell is that?
God, all we needed was a dog.
Shoo! Fuck off!
Shoo!
Izzet!
Mr. Prosecutor!
We've found it.
Diggers, move it! Faster!
Just don't touch!
Let Abidin get it on camera first.
Abidin!
Over here!
I expect the dogs dug it up, right?
I expect so.
OK, that'll do. That's fine.
Hayrettin, let's...
Start gently from the edges.
Dig around him like this.
Then lift him out here. OK?
Now take it slowly.
Careful! Hold it there. Not the head!
- Look, grab the shoulders.
- The shoulders.
- Slowly! Slow down.
- Give that here. Hold this.
He'll come out now.
Go on, lift him.
There we go.
Tevfik, give a hand here.
Goodness sake!
Careful, guys, for God's sake!
Don't turn him over.
Lift him as he is, guys.
Two, three...
Here, over here. Bring him over!
Put him here.  
Arab! Pull up his trousers.  
OK.  
Look at that!  
What way is that to tie someone up?  
Is that human, Mr. Prosecutor?  
It's inhuman!  
Look, you killed him,  
but why tie him up like that?  
What about respect for the dead?  
Got none of that either? Sadist shit!  
- Naci, just calm down.  
- Look at him! Why tie the guy up?  
- Naci!  
- You're not human!  
Naci, calm down for God's sake! Huh?  
Look, we still have work to do here!  
- You're not human! Sadist shit!  
- Naci!  
Naci, come over here. Come on.  
- Look, you've done a good job.  
- They shouldn't be treated like humans!  
They just deserve  
to be tied up just like him.  
OK. Come over here.  
I'm the one who killed Yasar.  
Shut the fuck up! Moron!  
Your work's done.  
The rest is my job.  
Just calm down. Huh?  
Let's get the job done  
as fast as possible.  
Yes, now let's...  
Let's continue.  
Doctor, let's now draft  
a crime scene investigation report.  
- Sure.  
- Abidin, you get ready too.  
Tevfik's getting the laptop  
from the car, Mr. Prosecutor.  
Quick! Hurry!  
There's still a lot to do.  
Bring it here.  
Take this to the car.
Almost ready, Mr. Prosecutor.
Yes, Mr. Prosecutor.
Get typing then.

**Location:**
...in the north of
the administrative district...
Sergeant, what do you say?
Is this Kizilullu here?
Well, Mr. Prosecutor,
it's like this.
The Fountain
is right on the border.
This side is Sariullu,
the other side Kizilullu.
- So?
- Well, it's quite simple.
Suppose we drew a line
between us and the fountain.
This side to the north is Kizilullu
and the south side Sariullu.
- Sir...
- Meaning?
Well, if you look
at the map coordinates...
...it'll tell you exactly
whether this is Kizilullu or...
Well, we could say Kizilullu,
but it also tends towards Sariullu.
Being outside the municipal limits,
I know this point very well.
- The municipal map actually
marks this... - OK.
...as the exact boundary point.
- OK. Location, Sariullu.
in the vicinity of Kavurgali village...
...around how many km
from the municipal seat?
- I'd say we've come 30 km.
- We're currently 37 km away, sir.
...37 km from the municipal seat.
A visit was made to the field beside
the fountain at the above location.
Within the said roadside field...
It's a good 25-30 m, right?
- I can measure it, sir.
- No need, sergeant.
It was verified
that the corpse lay buried...
...some 30 m from the edge.
The ground was dug up...
...and the body exhumed
by the appointed officers.
It was observed...
...that the corpse...
...had been hogtied.
- Have you got that?
- Yes, Mr. Prosecutor.
The rope was cut.
Hayrettin, cut the rope now.
No, not here.
That's right.
That's it.
Turn him over on his back.
Yes, now.
Open a new paragraph.
- Abidin.
- Yes, Mr. Prosecutor.
The corpse was clothed...
...in a pair of dark blue,
heavy-duty work trousers...
...and a yellow and grey shirt.
- Your man's going for it.
- He's twittering.
- We slog all night, you just revel.
- New paragraph, Abidin.
- Yes, Mr. Prosecutor.
The thing to be in life
is a master of revels.
Tevfik, count this.
The male corpse measured 180 cm tall.
How old is the victim, doctor?
- I think we could say 35-40.
- You are right.
Was aged 35-40...
...looked like Clark Gable...
...weighed an estimated 80-90 kg...
Abidin, you've got that
word for word, huh?
You look a bit like Clark Gable,
you know, Mr. Prosecutor?
- Sorry, but...
- OK, stop the banter.
Let's be serious now.
Where were we?
- Weighed an estimated 80-90 kg...
- Yes, 80-90 kg.
Had a moustache...
...and three-four days' beard growth.
It was verified that rigor mortis...
What shall we say here, doctor?
We could say
rigor mortis had worn off.
OK.
It was verified that rigor mortis
had worn off in the arms and legs.
Have you got that?
Due to physical circumstances...
Well, what shall we say?
We can't do an autopsy here,
so let's say something like this:
...unsuitable conditions necessitated...
...that an autopsy be performed
at the state hospital.
You're right. Yes.
Due to circumstances being ill-suited
to the performance of an autopsy...
...and because hospital conditions
would be more appropriate...
...it was decided to have
a conventional autopsy performed...
...to transfer the corpse to town...
...to establish
the exact cause of death...
...to drive the corpse to town...
...in one of
the investigation vehicles.
That's OK, isn't it?
- Right, Mr. Prosecutor.
- Yes.
Hayrettin! Go and get him ready
to take away.
Put him in a body bag first.
At university...
...people used to
call me Clark Nusret...
...by the way.
But really, you look a lot
like Clark Gable, Mr. Prosecutor.
No body bag.
- No?
- No.
- You didn't bring the body bag?
- Did you?
- But I told you!
- What's up?
Tevfik forgot the body bag,
Mr. Prosecutor.
Bringing body bags isn't my job!
- I told you to get it though.
- When did you tell me?
OK, cut it out!
- Before going to the courthouse.
- Cut it out!
How could you forget
the goddamn body bag?
You knew where we were going!
Hayrettin, grab a blanket.
Run! Quick!
When did your village
ever turn out any real men?
Quick!
Look who's talking!
Ratting at the first chance...
You guys lend a hand too!
OK, let's do this head to toe.
You go there.
Will you help, sergeant?
Come on!
Put on his shoes.
- Grab the rope. It's evidence, right?
- Of course.
Fold it over like me.
Go on, fold it!
OK, one, two, three...
Sergeant, bring my laptop, OK?
And don't forget the evidence.
Look, there on the ground.
Izzet, c'mon!
Really, I'm curious, you know.
Seeing as you killed the guy,
why go and tie him up like this?
He didn't fit in the car otherwise.
Oh, really?
Why on earth
didn't we get an ambulance?
I phoned for one before we set out,
but the ambulance had broken down.
- I'll call again now, if you like.
- We're not waiting for that as well.
Now, what are we doing?
Which boot is bigger?
- Arab's is, capacity-wise.
- C'mon, Tevfik!
This boot's bigger than yours?
Right, there's the LPG tank.
- In this one too.
- He won't fit in either.
What do we do then?
Oh, God!
What should we do? I wonder
if we should hogtie him again?
What?
He won't fit unless he's tied up.
Look.
No, there's no need
for tying him up.
If we bend him forwards
he'll probably fit. Let's try.
- OK, let's try then.
- Quick, the rain is on its way.
Here, c'mon. Turn him like this.
Easy does it.
Now bend him.
Now the head.
Head forwards.
- There, OK. C'mon...
- OK. One, two, three, here we go!
Leave his head like that.
That's it.
Lift! C'mon, Tevfik, lift!
- OK, careful.
- Slowly now.
That won't do.
Lift from there.
OK, don't yell, Arab.
Put the feet down.
Watch out, Tevfik!
What the fuck you want?
Right, OK.
Hayrettin! You and Ethem
switch to this car.
OK, hold it. Let go.
- Easy, Arab! You'll bust my head.
- Izzet! You and Kenan in my car!
C'mon, Arab!
I had two years on the murder desk
before here.
With Sacit, now the boss in Antep.
I hope his ears are burning.
He was a great guy,
though no better than you.
He'd say wherever you find
a can of worms, look for a woman.
Be sure to look for
an issue with a woman.
And truly, all these years
the guy hasn't once proved wrong.
Right, but this guy
was a right son of a gun, boss.
- Who?
- The dead guy.
Live like a rat, die like a rat.
I wouldn't know about that.
I don't want to either.
That's it for me, my friend.
My job's done.
It's over to the prosecutor now.
Let him clear up the mess.
It's not my business.
Doctor, what time's the autopsy?
Remember I wanted that prescription?
I don't know what time it'll be.
But I'll be there.
Come whenever you like.
- OK. Thanks.
Let me not forget it,
or the wife will, you know...
Too bad, chief. Looks like
you've started smoking again.
Well, doctor. I give up,
but the damn thing won't give me up.
You were doing so well.
What happened all of a sudden?
It wasn't all of a sudden, doctor.
I've been a policeman 20 years.
The types I've seen.
Man or beast? You can't tell.
Then there's the likes of Kenan.
I mean, they're different.
They're... How can I say?
It's like they get you...
...with that nerve,
that thing they have.
At the mayor's place...
...the guy says, "He's my brother.
My mum left him in my hands."
"Don't do this or that to him."
He's almost saying, "Let him go."
I whacked him again and said,
"Stop giving us the run-around!"
And you know what he says to me?
"You're a decent guy."
"The boy's mine."
"Can you watch out for him
while I'm in jail," he says.
- Was he talking about Yasar's boy?
- Right. Yasar's boy.
- He says he's the father.
- No way. That's a lie.
Do you laugh or cry?
I beat the guy up and he makes me
responsible for his son.
The other day I saw your boy
playing in the park with his mum.
- He looked fine.
- He is. Just fine.
There's no problem
as long as he takes his pills.
And he's one smart kid.
The answers he comes up with...
They say his illness has to do with
having an extra-high IQ.
Right.
But the wife never stops
saying the same thing.
"Why did God pick us?" she says.
I mean, why us?
I say, "You can't fight it.
You can't ask questions like that."
It's a sin. You can't question it.
There's a reason for everything,
end of story. If it's meant to be...
Move along, c'mon.
Calm now, guys!
Move over this way, my friend.
The doctor will fill you in.
- Over this way now.
- Can't you tell us something?
They will!
Now move along. This way. Guys!
- Fill us in, chief.
- OK, they will! Move over!
Clear the way.
Izzet, put him
in the gendarmerie car.
The gendarmerie car.
He's going to the courthouse.
You know the procedure.
Take them both to the courthouse.
All right, sir.
Bastard!
Move back!
Bastard!
- Murderer! Hand him over!
- Bastard!
Look, I've seen you all!
Hey, leave off!
Stop hitting the car!
Murderer! Bastard!
What idiot took him out of the car?
The prosecutor told me to, boss.
I said
it was a bad idea, but...
OK, hold it.
Izzet, get in the car.
Doctor, police chief Naci
is here. He's downstairs.
- OK, I'm on my way.
- OK.
Morning, doctor.
The mayor's here.
What should I tell him?
- I'll see him later.
- All right.
Excuse me a minute. Excuse me.
- I'm disturbing you, doctor.
- Not at all.
- Welcome, M. Naci.
- Thanks.
I thought I'd get that prescription
before going home.
- Do you mind doing it?
- No, of course not.
- How many packs did we say? Two?
- Same as before, two.
I'll do it right away.
Let me just find the pad.
- You must be worn out after last night.
- Too right, doctor.
Honestly, this job
is punishing after a certain age.
But you can guess
what it's like with the boy.
It's hard to stick around at home.
You find you can't take it.
So you go off to work again.
That's right.
- It's the only thing to do.
- For me it is. But why for you?
You're still so young.
Believe me, if I were you...
...I'd pack my bags and clear off
without a second thought, damn it!
- Where to?
- Wherever.
I shouldn't rant on at you
so early in the morning, doctor.
No, please.
You're a city boy, doctor.
You don't know how tough life is here.
Especially if you're a boy
and your dad's never around.
That's why I feel
a bit sorry for the kid.
You think Kenan
is really the father?
No idea.
But after the kid threw a stone at him
he cried all the way to the courthouse.
It's the kids who suffer
in the end, doctor.
Everyone pays for the things they do.
But kids pay for the sins of adults.
- So he turned up in Girmaakil?
- Yes.
That's at least 40-50 km away.
You did well to find him.
God, what were they doing
taking him all the way there?
Well, they just did.
I couldn't sleep that morning,
so I opened the pharmacy early.
At 7.30 or so.
I looked over and saw
the door to Yasar's place open.
'God,' I thought. 'What's the guy
doing here at this hour? '
And what was weirder,
he had a paintbrush in his hand.
And he was painting
the shutters at that hour.
Anyway, I went home and back
in the meantime.
When I got back, the place was shut
and the painting left half-finished.
Fate...
Well, you know the tea man, Riza?
He swears he saw Yasar in Kirikkale
only yesterday evening?
No way.
The asshole's lying again.
Yesterday evening?
Come on! The guy died days ago.
What do I know? Riza says
he called out, but he didn't hear.
He was walking along
in a world of his own.
- Come in, doctor. What's up?
- Morning, Hamit.
- Morning.
- How are you?
- Fine, thanks. Have a tea.
- No, thanks. I was just passing.
What are you making us for lunch?
Green beans, soup and salad.
- Did you say beans?
- Yes, beans.
- Any meat in it?
- No, no meat.
What's he up to?
- He was hungry so I gave him breakfast.
- Good for you.
Hello?
OK, Abidin.
Good.
The autopsy room will be ready
in five or ten minutes.
- They'll give us a call.
- OK.
What's up, Mr. Prosecutor?
Well, doctor. You're some guy.
What does that mean?
I've reached this age and never met
anyone as skeptical as you.
- What's happened?
- Nothing.
It's just been
weighing on me a bit.
What?
That drug business. Remember
you talked about certain drugs...
...being able to cause a heart attack
if taken in high doses?
Yes, there are drugs like that.
Why?
What I don't understand is this.
Why would the woman suddenly
take the drugs for no good reason?
Maybe there was a personal problem
she couldn't deal with.
She wanted to kill herself
and be spared. How do I know?
Kill herself?
What suddenly gives you that idea?
- Nothing, I...
- You're so bizarre, you know.
I'm just guessing.
If the woman was so troubled,
wouldn't it show?
Yes, of course.
Her friends, her husband
should have realized.
- Were they on good terms?
- Huh?
- Did they get along well?
- Sure. Very well.
Why?
I don't know, just asking.
True, they had a few minor problems.
But I mean...
...the kind you get in any family.
- I see.
Only...
...one day, she caught her husband
with another woman.
They didn't make a thing of it.
She forgave him right away.
But women don't easily forgive
that sort of thing.
She did though.
She really forgave him.
They didn't even mention it again.
Well, there you go.
The woman made up her mind
to kill herself right back then.
She waited until after the birth
so as not to harm the baby.
No, come on!
I really don't think so.
For one thing, the guy
did nothing really wrong.
It was some ridiculous thing
that happened when he was drunk.
Nothing to write home about.
You couldn't even call it cheating.
The woman must have thought the same
because she forgave the guy right off.
No one dies just like that.
There's no such thing in medicine.
Well.
What sort of drugs are you talking?
The kind sold over the counter?
- Sure. Digoxin, for example.
- Digoxin?
It's a heart drug. High doses
cause a heart attack.
- There are others too.
- No, I know Digoxin.
My father-in-law took it.
- Small, yellow tablets?
- Yes. They come like that too.
Digoxin, huh?
Hello?
What's going on, Sakir?
We should come down?
We'll come down then.
OK, we're on our way.
The autopsy room's ready.
We can go, Mr. Prosecutor.
Mr. Prosecutor?
Shall we go, Mr. Prosecutor?
Let's go, doctor.
- After you.
- Look, doctor...
Would a person...
...really kill themselves...
...to punish someone else?
Would they do that, doctor.
Aren't most suicides intended
to punish someone else, Mr. Prosecutor?
Yes, aren't they?
Bravo.
That's what I thought.
That's it, of course.
Let's go. What are we waiting for?
My wife...
Women can sometimes be
very ruthless, doctor. Really.
Very.
Hello, guys.
- Are we all set?
- Yes, Mr. Prosecutor.
Good.
- Who's going to identify the body?
- His wife's outside, Mr. Prosecutor.
OK, call her in.
Let's get started right away.
Mrs. Toprak, this way.
Come on in.
- How are you, Sakir?
- Fine, thanks, Mr. Prosecutor.
- Here, in here.
- What happened with the accountant?
I talked to him, Mr. Prosecutor.
But it's no use.
The accountant's no use.
Whatever. It'll work out.
- Because these instruments...
- I understand, OK.
- Stand by the prosecutor, please.
- Over here, young lady.
Are you Glnaz Toprak?
OK.
Pull the sheet down, Sakir.
Is this your husband?
Huh?
Mrs. Toprak?
Is this your husband?
I'm asking if it's your husband.
Yes.
Are you sure?
OK.
Cover him up, Sakir.
Now, where were we? OK.
Then his wife Glnaz Toprak
was admitted to view the body.
She was duly sworn in.
- Are you typing this, Abidin?
- Yes, Mr. Prosecutor.
She was shown the body
and asked to identify it.
And she answered,
"The body you've shown me... "
"... belongs to my husband,
Yasar Toprak. "
"His mother's name was Hatice,
his father's name Rstem. "
"He was born in 1979."
"Yes, I went to the prosecutor
as he hadn't been home for two days. "
- Is that right, young lady?
- Yes.
"I don't know how he died. "
"I have thus identified the body. "
- Have you got that, Abidin?
- Yes, Mr. Prosecutor.
But let me see what you've written.
- Last thing was "identified the body. "
- No! You don't type it there.
How many times have I told you?
Type above, leaving a space below.
- I'll do it again. The date.
- Go on, type the date.
But look, that's too much now.
Delete that.
- Here too?
- Yes, there too.
So there's space
for the doctor's autopsy report.
- Cut that too. Yes, there.
- I'll paste it here.
Good. Look, now it's all moved down.
No, move them up.
His father's and mother's names.
OK, I'm moving them up.
- OK, now start typing here.
- OK, Mr. Prosecutor.
Yes.
Where were we?
Yes.
OK, young lady. You're done.
You can go. My condolences to you.

Mrs. Toprak, just wait
in the corridor for a bit.
Mr. Prosecutor, he had a watch
a ring and the like on him.
- Should I hand them over right now?
- Yes. Put them in an envelope first.
And his clothes as well?
I mean, after taking them off.
Yes. Once they're off,
put them in a bag and hand them over.
They're torn and bloodstained.
That's why I'm asking.
That's OK.
Yes, we can continue, Mr. Prosecutor.
- Huh?
- I'm ready.
- Are you back?
- Yes.
Yes, OK then. Now let's...
Let's move on to the doctor.
The doctor was admitted
to view the body.
He was duly sworn in.
He was shown the body.
He was asked the cause of death.
He answered,
"Because the cause of death...
"... cannot be established
within the scope of the evidence...
". There is call for
a conventional autopsy."
Absolutely.
Yes.
Yes, doctor.
That's it.
The ball's in your court.
I'm off.
- Send me a copy of the report.
- OK, Mr. Prosecutor.
- Take it easy then.
- Thanks, Mr. Prosecutor.
Have a good day, Mr. Prosecutor.
Let's get started, shall we?
- Ready, Abidin?
- Yes, Dr Cemal.
- Sakir, you? Shall we start?
- Sure, doctor.
- Let's start, but...
- What?
Well, I told the prosecutor.
You heard. But he won't listen.
- Listen to what?
- We have such lousy equipment, doctor.
How can you do an autopsy
with this kit, for God's sake?
What's the problem?
We do it all the time.
Sure, but... You'll probably say
there's no alternative, but there is.
- What's that?
- Look.
The other day
we went to Kirikkale.
That new hospital wing was opened.
The prosecutor took me along.
The guys had built a morgue,
a truly amazing morgue.
And I know the head physician there,
he doesn't have a clue.
But that didn't stop them
getting first-rate equipment.
I'm talking autopsy instruments
which fit your hand.
- Don't these?
- C'mon, don't give me that.
Now, our kit isn't bad either, but...
For instance, they'd got
an electric version of this saw.
The saw's electric,
but rechargeable too.
Two hours on charge and use it for 24
out in the wilds, wherever you want.
I tell the prosecutor let's get the kit
and he sends me to the accountant.
Fine, talk to the accountant, but
he's a real jerk. He's totally clueless. All he's worried about is chasing skirt at the courthouse.
- And he can't even get it up!
- Sakir!
- Yes?
- Take off that sheet and let's start.
I'm worn out. I need sleep.
OK, but I mean, I wanted to share my troubles with you, doctor. Because...
- Abidin! Are you ready?
- Yes, Dr Cemal.
Shall I cut it?
Sure, of course.
Now let's start with the body examination report.
Then we'll move on to the conventional autopsy report. OK?
OK, Dr Cemal.
Get typing then.
An external examination of the body was then commenced.
The body was dressed in a shirt of orange, yellow and grey...
...a white undershirt...
...and dark blue, heavy-duty work trousers.
- Should I cut, doctor?
- Go ahead.
A black leather belt was observed at the waist. Come on, Sakir.
The trousers were removed. The body was determined to be wearing no underpants. The old boy went around ready for action!
- The body measured 180 cm...
- Excuse me, sorry!
...had three-four days' beard growth...
- Excuse me, Dr Cemal!
...a moustache...
- Dr Cemal, excuse me!
- What?
- Should I give the clothes...
Mrs. Toprak is out in the corridor. Should I give her the clothes now?
Go on then.
- Give them to her in a bag.
- OK.
Get me a bag.
Don't hang around. Open it.
Grab the shoes.
- Give me that one in the corner too.
- Here
Now move. Make yourself useful.
The cerebrum and cerebellum were removed.
Extensive subarachnoid hemorrhaging, epidural hematoma and contusion...
...were identified on the cerebral and cerebellar surfaces.
The thorax was opened.
Open it up, Sakir.
Keep going down to the end.
Lift off the valve.
The sternal valve was removed.
Neither free fluid nor hemorrhagic fluid...
...were identified in the thoracic cavity.
Take the heart out.
The heart was removed.
- The whole thing, doctor?
- Yes.
The cardiac valves were found to be normal.
The lungs were removed.
Take them out, Sakir.
Doctor!
Doctor, can you look at this?
Doctor, there's a...
Look, there's dirt here in the windpipe.
- In this lung too, actually.
- Hold on.
- Doctor, dirt in the lungs...
- OK, just hold on.
Doctor, you don't suppose they buried him alive?
I said, you don't think they buried the guy alive?
No, it's nothing like that, but...
Yes, Dr Cemal.
What are we saying here?
Let's say this.
No abnormalities were encountered...
...in the trachea, esophagus or soft tissue of the neck.
The abdomen was then opened.
Open it up, Sakir.
Go on!
Doctor, why don't you step back a bit or you'll get stuff on you.