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# Ritam zlocina

By Unknown

RHYTHM OF A CRIME

(By the novel "Good Spirit of Zagreb")

Starring

Directed by

This is my house.

It is located in Trnje,  
in 87 Paromlinska street.

It was built by my granddad  
who was a railwayman, back in 1909.

It was where my father was born,  
and so was I.

But we haven't been living here permanently.

My father was a teacher.

I've spent most of my childhood in Dalmatia,  
and when I got back to

my old house at the age of 17,  
boys from the hood kept calling me  
"Dalmo" for a while.

I'm a loner. I teach history and geography  
at elementary school nearby.

Circumstancially, I never got married,  
and I wouldn't find easy to move away from here  
since the house, like the rest of  
this street, is to be demolished soon.

I haven't been disturbed  
when I heard about this.

For quite some time, I wasn't  
even paying attention to it.

What do I need, anyway?

I begun serious thinking about the house,  
my departing and the whole neighborhood  
only when Fabian shown up.

One day, he just rang my doorbell.

Good day.

- Good day!

I was looking for you already.

You may heard of it.

Neighbors just told me!

Please, come in.

We can do it like this.

I wouldn't like to bother you.

I have a plea for you.

- For me?

Please, come in!

Let's not stand here.  
It's maybe inadequate.  
The thing is delicate.  
They're not dangerous, aren't they?  
No... please come.  
Sit, please.  
You just speak.  
I don't know where to start.  
Excuse me... Have we met before?  
No. I wouldn't say so.  
You see, this is a bit...  
Would you rent me a room?  
Me?  
- Yes.  
Have somebody send you to me?  
It's a mistake, then.  
No, I come by myself.  
I heard in the neighborhood  
that you're a loner.  
I'm a loner, too.  
I was living in Trenjevka,  
Gorjanska street.  
It's a very similar street to this one.  
So I thought...  
I know Gorjanska street!  
You see, I was living there for  
two years, and now I got fired.  
Before that, I was living here  
in Trnje for 30 years.  
I know every house and street.  
I kept knocking at the doors around to ask.  
I'm sentimentally attached to this area.  
So I decided to try my luck  
in Paromlinska street.  
So, this is how you came to me?  
People decide to rent their room  
after they've been suggested to do so.  
I thought you were the one.  
I don't know. You have confused me.  
Maybe I should tell you  
something about myself?  
I'm retired for disability.  
I was a land surveyor.  
I could pay as much as you want.

I can make money in another way.  
Leave it, that's not...  
I'm peaceful, too. I don't  
play cards or bring women home.  
I don't even drink or smoke.  
I'm mostly out, I even eat there.  
- That's ok, but I don't know...  
It is so suddenly. Understand me,  
I can't just do it right away.  
You don't have to decide immediately.  
I'll come in a day or two.  
You think about it.  
Ok?  
- I don't know...  
Well, day or two, that would be fine.  
Good.  
So, there is a chance, eh?  
See you in a couple of days, then.  
I won't bother you anymore.  
Bye!  
You don't have to leave right off!  
You just think over.  
Help yourself.  
- Thanks.  
Please, be careful with this.  
It's fragile.  
Would you mind?  
- Thanks.  
It's nothing special.  
I will show you, don't worry.  
I told you I was a land surveyor.  
This here is a theodolite.  
I look through this  
every once in a while.  
I only need to keep it unnoticed.  
Why? - I don't want them to  
think I'm some kind of a spy.  
Have I shown you the bathroom?  
- No.  
It's dilapidated, as you see.  
There's no need to repair it now.  
You won't have to walk through my room.  
Be sure that you lock yourself  
when you use the bathroom,

they may break in.  
I haven't told you...  
Do you know that this house is  
going to be torn down in a month?  
Of course I do.  
Why did you insist to live here, then?  
Sentimentality and other things.  
I told you.  
When this happens, I'll manage  
myself somewhere else.  
You won't have any troubles with me.  
I admit that I was worried at start  
how would I get used to another  
man's presence under my roof,  
but Fabian was so quiet and unnoticeable  
that I even felt unpleasant.  
As if I asked this from him.  
I haven't seen him for days.  
Yes?  
Good...  
How do you do.  
A coffee, maybe?  
If you don't mind.  
Ok. Come on in.  
You're puzzled about all this, right?  
About my charts.  
Yes. What is it?  
I'm into statistics, you know.  
Only as a hobby.  
I classify all kinds of data.  
I may show you sometimes, if you want.  
Good morning.  
- Good morning.  
Nice day.  
And you already got up.  
- I haven't even slept.  
Why, are you suffer from insomnia?  
I was working until a minute ago.  
You know how it is.  
It's better not to leave it for tomorrow.  
Tomorrow, one may get a toothache,  
or a headache... The years are later, too.  
And then it's late for ideas.  
You've been working with statistics, right?

- Yes.

You said it's more like a hobby to you,  
to kill your time.

Right, but if you're forced to do this,  
it wouldn't go that easy.

But if one is having fun with this and  
puts all his heart and soul into it,  
he works like he's getting  
the highest paycheck.

Besides, it's kind of statistics  
that needs constant updates.

I was checking the yesterday's papers.

How about a coffee?

- Thanks, I don't drink it early.

What kind of newspapers?

I wouldn't want to be mysterious to you,  
but otherwise, if I tell you,  
you may think I'm a bit...

You know.

Why not? People do  
everything out of hobby.

In fact, I'm doing crime statistics.

I'll give you a wet cloth.

What type of crime?

The financial one?

Something about your profession?

- No, but crime in general.

There must be some criteria or logic.

There is logic.

It's a crime statistics  
in the city of Zagreb,  
and I'm interested in Trnje  
neighborhood in particular.

After all, that's where I come from.

So, that's why you wanted  
to live in my house.

Yes... Among other things, too.

It's a crime statistics  
classified by various criteria.

Have a seat!

- Thank you very much.

Why do you need that?

It's a hobby. I told you.

How come you got involved into crime?

Well, don't you think  
it's the biggest evil?  
I was never thinking about that.  
You claim that this statistics  
can be applied somehow?  
Well, I'm sure it can.  
These kinds of crime stats  
are being kept normally.  
The felons are filed by gender, age,  
financial status and profession.  
Crimes are being classified  
by seriousness, by place of origin,  
by felon's and victim's present condition.  
I have all that in these books, too.  
But I have a separate chart for each group.  
Children, men, women...  
Here, I have the intellectuals of classic  
and technical education separately.  
Then, the working class... the laborers,  
the military officers, the mafia, etc.  
So, there's the separate stats for each group.  
How do you collect informations?  
Later about that.  
Check this out.  
I have an insight into the  
crime increase of laborers,  
farmers, or tradesmen.  
Then I have the crime stats regarding the  
female individuals of these same groups.  
Then I have the crime stats  
about these same groups  
considering the seriousness  
and nature of a crime.  
For instance, the intellectuals tended  
to commit crimes of passion before,  
while today they mostly  
commit financial crimes.  
The plundering of public property.  
That same group. Imagine that!  
That's an interesting fact.  
- Of course it is!  
But I introduced some new elements in the  
statistics that haven't been used so far.  
The chart consists of

coordinate system. Right?

We have the timeslots on the abscissa,  
and the numerical values on the ordinate.

The number of victims  
in 1973, 1974, 1975...

Or we could have the number  
of delicts on the abscissa,  
while the numerical values  
are on the ordinate again.

But now comes my innovation.

I didn't care much about quantities.

I put the profession on the abscissa,  
and the type of offense on the ordinate,  
thus coming to the interesting  
social aspect of it all.

That's the first thing.

Secondly, I used the following criteria:

Daytime, season of the year...

And I got an interesting phenomenon.

For example, the mafia tends to kill  
in the springtime early in the morning.

While the intellectuals usually kill  
in the wintertime late in the evening.

The housewives are victims of pocket-picking  
mostly in the summertime before 12am.

While the mafia members normally  
beat up their wives in late June.

I'm really impressed!

Help yourself.

How did you come to this?

You mean, the system?

- Yes.

Look, if one uses his head...

Cheers.

Besides, if one has a love for  
such work, nothing is hard.

I'm currently working on something.

I'm working on classifying the human  
crimes in regards to the victim.

You've heard about the victimology, right?

It's a study of victims.

You see, I have all that  
amply written in my books,

but I'm worried about one thing.



Namely,  
it is not unimportant who's the victim  
and what is his/her role in a crime.  
What about data?  
Where did you get it?  
I find all that in the newspapers.  
There's tons of data  
for those who know  
how to read carefully.  
I know, but they sometimes keep it quiet  
if it's an financial crime or a messy one.  
Then, all those traffic accidents.  
Who would note down all this?  
You see, it's important having a system.  
When one creates a system, he doesn't  
need every piece of data on his disposal.  
The system is what counts.  
It shows everything.  
You've heard about probability  
and statistics, have you?  
It never fails.  
For me, the most important is to know  
the number of crimes in Zagreb.  
The quantity of each type.  
Where they happened.  
The newspapers only prove something  
that I already know in my own way.  
Strange, isn't it?  
No, no...  
Statistics is generally...  
How far are you ready to go?  
You mean, in depth or width?  
- Well...  
In width, for instance.  
You see, I have data for Trnje.  
I begun from here.  
I have an insight into quarters, streets,  
houses... Almost the apartments.  
Maybe it's too ambitious  
speaking about this,  
but maybe it should be expanded  
to whole Zagreb and its suburbia.  
I have a lot of data about that, too.  
And then even wider.

Say Dubrovnik, Split, Rijeka,  
Osijek, Varadin, etc.  
That's fantastic!  
What about the depth?  
What may be the depth of it?  
That's more of a philological question!

**The question is:**

What should be considered an offense?  
I thought you were taking  
the basis of law into account.  
Yes, but beyond that.  
The law is too narrow for me.  
For instance, the felon who never  
gets caught is still a felon, right?  
Right.  
Should he be noted, too?  
- I guess he should.  
But how would you find one?  
- That's another question.  
When we agree about that,  
the things get complicated.  
Is it a crime when father spends  
all his paycheck on booze,  
while his children walk  
around in torn shoes?  
That's a complex question.  
Is it a crime when one doesn't care  
about his ill parents?  
I guess it is, if you say so.  
That's why one should record it all.  
Otherwise, statistics is not complete.  
That's ok, but...  
I can't see why...  
- Why is all this for, right?  
Yes.  
- I'm not surprised.  
As a matter of fact, I haven't  
explained you all about my work  
and what is the result derived  
from it even from afar.  
You don't see a purpose. Right?  
Explain me, then.  
Roughly, at least.

Look, knowing about something means a lot, right?

Right.

The closer we get to the complete knowledge about what a crime is and how it occurs, I guess the sooner we'll destroy it.

Yes, maybe.

- It's doubtless.

That's it.

You see,

my goal is to examine the crime activities in the city of Zagreb.

In fact, to find out the way of getting rid of it more easily.

I've told you I'm a sentimental man.

I'm doing all this 'cause I love this city.

I can't say I wasn't

impressed by Fabian's theory.

That night when he told me all about it,

I wasn't able to sleep

but I was rather listening against

my will to the paper rustling

that was coming out of his room.

There was something silly about it

like with every other hobby.

I find hobbyists strange as usual.

On the other hand, there was this Fabian's

noble desire for common good,

such denial and creative fervor

that left a strong impression on me.

During these days, however, I had

to think about other things as well.

Because Zdenka has shown up.

Ivica!

It's you? Hi.

- Hi!

When have you come? How are you?

- I'm fine, thank you.

The day before yesterday.

Mom had a heart attack.

She's feeling better now.

The doctor had come.

It was Zdenka. A woman I've never recovered from to this day.

We were living in the same street and I was in loved with her ever since my childhood. At one point, we were even a couple in the high school days. We used to hold hands, walk around Paromlinska street and everybody knew about us. Her father was already working in Switzerland, and one day he called her to come there even before her graduation. It was known that she opened a beauty salon in Zurich. We were sending letters for a while, I remember I was writing pretty fearfully and then I just stopped at all. How are your kids?  
- Ok.  
The kids grow as usual. What about your husband?  
- Leave it.  
Don't you have anything else to ask? Is it serious about your mother?  
- You know, she's old...  
It strikes legs, arms and mouth, too. My brother is working in Iraq. So, the neighbors called me and I've come immediately. Are you taking care alone?  
- A field nurse is coming for a vaccination. But I'm mostly alone. We watch television and the old photos. If you need something, just say. Only the company. When will you come?  
Whenever you want to.  
- I'll make some cookies. Ok? What do they say, then? How much is it stolen? They keep it quiet as usual, but one can guess. I'd say about 5 millions, both cash and stock. How do you know?  
- There's a lot of indicators. Size of the store, the daily traffic,

the way of daily expenditure handover,  
the fact that there's a large  
supermarket nearby.

The employees, etc.

One can assume about it all.

Maybe just some drunkards  
broke in to get a booze.

There was no similar things  
in our neighborhood ever.

As far as I know.

That's the whole catch.

It's when statistics shows up.

Look, if there was no robbery  
around here for a long time,  
it is likely to appear  
when enough time passes by.

The one who can count this time...

There's even a branch of mathematics  
that is called stochastic.

For instance, this case perfectly  
fits into my statistics.

Fits, how?

- Look...

It's not only that there's a chance  
that something will happen here,  
but it's also valid for all  
the elements of the robbery.

The way of it and the rest.

- I don't understand.

I assume that something fell out  
when they were running away.

You can find a statistical proof.

It must be close around here.

The cigarettes!

- You see?

It fell out while they were running?

- Right.

The point is that not only that  
statistics reveals what happened,  
but some kind of regularity as well.

Statistics is useless  
if it registers data only.

If it doesn't reveal some kind of rightness.  
Crimes occur in some type of a proper order.

Understand?

The robberies have their own frequency,  
the thefts have their frequency, too.

Besides that, they occur at  
the predetermined intervals,  
by the predetermined rhythm.

You get it?

Yes.

If you take all these crimes into account,  
as well as the place factor and time factor,  
you'll find out that the same street  
has its own number of crimes,  
that happen by certain rhythm,  
by certain type values.

And you're able to control all that?

- The most of it.

So, that's how you found out more  
about the robbery in our store?

Right, by statistics.

- And to find these cigarettes?

Of course. Don't you believe me?

- I do. I believe you all.

But you must agree it sounds fantastic!

That's how the most of these  
simple things look like.

Hi.

Since you're not coming to me,  
I must come to you.

Hi.

You know how the things work.

I had no time.

I came to borrow a bicycle from you.

I must go to the pharmacy. Ok?

Ok, you just come in.

Like we did it in the old times.

Alright!

Want some drink?

- If I have to.

Have a seat.

What are you gonna do after moving out?

I don't know... It wouldn't be nice like here,  
but I guess it would be the same.

The friends will drop by

for a card game, and so on.

As usual.

What has become of you, Ivica!

- Whatever. That's not much of a subject.

I've heard you have a tenant here.

- I do.

Why did you need that?

The guy came and asked me to rent him a room. I couldn't say no.

What is he like?

- Nice.

He notes down some statistics.

What kind of statistics?

- About crime and accidents.

I guess it begun here as well.

What has begun?

There's a bunch of such weirdos in Switzerland.

They speak to Martians,  
they invent water-fuelled cars,  
perpetuum mobile...

He's not like that.

Let's hope you're right.

Does he intend to trick you about the house?

- How do you mean?

If you take him to the new apartment,  
he may sort something out  
and takes your apartment away.

- No chance.

It's new, right?

Promise me you will come for sure.

- I solemnly swear.

That's Fabian.

You're really good.

- Am I? Thanks.

Does statistics help you with this, too?

- How did you guess?

The both have a connection  
with math and combinatorics.

Exactly.

The both have laws.

Take chess, for example.

Nothing happens by accident either.

Yours and mine chessmen, black and white...

Every move we made or any thought we had,  
is subjected to some kind of rhythm.

There's a rhythm in chess, too.  
Yes, you already told me  
about it regarding statistics.  
For instance, let's say that  
these chessmen are human beings.  
What is their table, then?  
It's their world.  
Check!  
Or better said, their city.  
This parable doesn't really work.  
- How?  
We have the two kinds of chessmen.  
The white against the black.  
That's the point.  
Let's take a simple comparison.  
Let's say that the white chessmen are good -  
prosperity, freedom, equality, revolution.  
Let's say that the black chessmen are evil.  
Because they're yours, right?  
Anyway, we said it's only a hypothesis.  
What is required for a game of chess?  
The required are balance, equality,  
the correspondence of white and black chessmen.  
Yes.  
Now, let's make this wider.  
Therefore, the forces of good and prosperity  
have their rhythm within society.  
However, the prosperity doesn't  
happen slowly or rapidly.  
We don't have revolution every day,  
or an automatic pencil punch.  
We don't have a steam engine  
invented every day.  
Do you understand?  
- Somewise.  
So, the forces of good,  
the forces of prosperity  
have their rhythm which  
makes life move forward.  
What's more logical than the forces of evil  
having the same such rhythm of their own?  
That's an interesting thought.  
Their own rhythm is not random either.  
It's not different from those of



the forces of good, or the revolution.

It means that the both rhythms  
are equally important, then.

That the evil is equally important as good.

- Exactly. Do you understand?

I do...

But, it's not close to me.

- Yes, you never thought in such way.

So, you study something which  
is an important life rhythm,  
or at least the rhythm of this city?

I wouldn't make such  
superior conclusion, though.

That's interesting.

Speaking of this parable,  
who's the one that moves the chessmen?

Who plays the white and who plays the black?

I think that's not so important.

Let's say that the chessmen move on their own.

On their own?

- Yes. We said it's only a hypothesis.

Besides that, in life, the black and  
the white chessmen have both colors.

Sometimes black, sometimes white.

Sometimes good, sometimes evil.

Well... If all the chessmen change

their color from time to time,

it means that any of us  
could be a potential felon.

The potential hero as well.

I knew the weather will get  
worse when you are coming.

Please, Mr Hrvoje, it may get dirty.

Ivica!

- Yes?

You're good at it, Mr Fabian.

- This or that?

Both. But you have a good header.

Don't you remember?

Of course I do. It was the  
most popular thing back then.

It was the guidance  
and tossing the ball.

Do you remember of

"football with heads"?  
We haven't played that.  
- You haven't? - Not we.  
There's a connection after all.  
Mr Fabian is a true miracle.  
He keeps surprising me.  
He has some original ideas about many things.  
Let's not talk about that, Mr Ivica.  
- He's a sorcerer, too, you know.  
We haven't agreed so, Mr Ivica.  
He's predicting the future, too.  
He predicted something for me as well.  
Who has the turn?  
Two.  
- Three.  
The hearts. - From the hand?  
- Where else?  
Fantastic.  
What's the time?  
Half past eleven.  
- What did I say?  
Mr Fabian predicted this morning  
that I will face a counter-attack

**between 11:**

in response to my hearts.  
That's the way he is.  
I knew it wasn't fair to make jokes  
with Fabian in my friends' presence.  
I just couldn't hold out.  
I felt the need to loosen up our friendship.  
To make space for jokes, too.  
On the other hand,  
I couldn't keep my mouth shut,  
after being fascinated with Fabian's theories  
and predictions of upcoming events.  
But he didn't get mad.  
However, it seems that he took  
this as a challenge  
the same way I felt the need  
to correct my mistake.  
Check how straight this is!  
Please.  
Do you see how the things

are happening rhythmically?  
I see. If data is correct.  
We can check that out.  
The newspapers are in the closet.  
Please, don't.  
I believe you.  
Good.  
Check out this curve.  
It's like a diagram of a sound wave.  
You have a peak, a valley, a valley,  
a peak, a peak, a valley...  
Exactly.  
If you have a valley behind the peak,  
and a peak behind the valley,  
what does it mean?  
We are able to know what  
will happen beforehand.  
Right.  
You don't believe it?  
- I do.  
You are not really convinced, are you?  
Allow me to show you.  
Now it's an opportunity.  
Very soon, something will  
happen in our neighborhood.  
In our street, more precisely.  
- A crime?  
A small one. A fight.  
A hit by a blunt object.  
Possibly a skull fracture,  
or a fist hit.  
In one day.  
That's tomorrow.  
Are you sure?  
- 95%.  
It will happen in our local bar.  
It's the only one around.  
After all, we may go there  
tomorrow night and see for ourselves.  
Ok?  
- Ok.  
I have to go home, you know.  
I have to give a medicine to my mother.  
Why are you so depressed?

I don't want to moralize.  
Sorry, I was just...  
One needs to be...  
- Honest, right?  
Those are ideas of that guy of yours.  
Yes. One cannot get rid  
of it just like that.  
If this was dishonest, it could  
have been predicted two months ago.  
You're the only one who  
believes in such theories.  
I have to go now.  
See you. Bye!  
Still nothing, then?  
There's always a possibility of error  
in the calculations.  
I think we just need to be patient.  
Have I told you?  
We should help! - No, let's go.  
There's enough helpers already.  
Mr Fabian.  
You're not saying anything.  
Is there something new about statistics?  
It's always new and always old.  
I knew you're about  
to put it philosophically.  
This time it isn't philosophically.  
In statistics, everything is old, you know.  
The events rotate commonly.  
In that sense, the monotony rules.  
The new things are people.  
The new are perpetrations  
and even their methods.  
That's what I ask you.  
Since you're dealing with  
our neighborhood already,  
can you predict something new around here?  
A massacre, maybe?  
I don't know how to tell you this.  
You were very fascinated some days ago.  
I'm a bit scared to tell.  
Why? Like it's unusual  
to see a fight in a bar.  
Watch out there!

There you see.

Soon it's our turn.

Yes, I was fascinated.

One cannot even lie to you since  
you note down lying as well.

It means that we made a part  
of our neighbourhood better. Right?

You think about me?

- Yes.

You probably have your own dark sides, too.

- I'm not an exception either.

I can see you're concealing something.

Something is going to happen, right?

I don't want to tell lies.

It concerns you.

Me?

- Only indirectly, I mean.

You work in Trnje elementary school, right?

- Yes.

Something will happen there.

A fraud.

Are they going to find the culprit?

- Yes.

Do you know who is it?

- I do.

The school's secretary.

Dragec, tell me this. You've been in those  
school boards. You may know better than me.

How are we doing financially?

Bad. How else the school can do?

- I know, but...

How do the things about  
our bookkeeping look like?

Ana is in charge of it.

Social Accounting Service

does not bother us.

Good.

The things are doing good, eh?

- Yes.

Is there anything...

There's some small manipulations  
about working hours and the inventory,  
but generally, the things are doing ok.  
SAS doesn't bother us.

That's the most important thing!  
Is there anything bigger?  
Something bigger is only Ana able to make.  
But you know her.  
She doesn't have a talent for this.  
- Yes, I know.  
But I've heard a rumor that someone  
in our school is stealing seriously.  
Stealing in our school?  
I can't believe this, but...  
The inspector comes tomorrow.  
- Tomorrow?  
Oh, that's you?  
Good evening.  
Good evening, Mr Fabian.  
How do you do?  
I'm doing good.  
When are we going to make grill again?  
- Ask the householder.  
Sorry, it's windy.  
It's gonna blow my papers away.  
See you.  
- Bye. Good night.  
Good afternoon, Mr Ivica.  
Good afternoon.  
- Your aunt came.  
You got back?  
How come you're never at home?  
How come you always arrive  
when I'm not at home?  
I met your tenant.  
A wonderful man.  
I just wonder how he can stand you.  
Yes, I see you've find him a house duty.  
- I'll make one for you, don't worry.  
And then we're gonna have some coffee.  
I've brought a schnapps, too.  
But you haven't deserved it.  
- I will deserve. What should I do?  
Shake this rug.  
But don't get dusty.  
Mr Fabian...  
It came true.  
- What?

Your prediction about the school.  
I've told you.  
Yesterday, they've been  
interrogating and questioning.  
Today, the secretary has been arrested.  
I guess it's roughly 40 millions.  
Could he drop by?

- No.

He went to Bojakovina.  
He has a nephew there.  
It would be fine if he  
doesn't get back at all.  
I was preparing for this  
many years, you know.  
It had to happen.  
As if it was written somewhere.  
I don't know.  
You said you're not superstitious.

- Right.

But I knew about this.  
Even when I left to Switzerland  
as young, I knew it was no good.  
When I married him...  
He's not bad, though.  
But for him, mutton in cabbage  
is the greatest pleasure.  
He's somehow a divided man.  
He's living in Zurich for 20 years,  
but he has everything in Vrgorac.  
He has a brother there who  
takes care of their old house.  
He meant to built a room  
out of an old bathroom.  
The guy needs a bathroom, get it?  
And my husband doesn't allow that.  
He'll never get back to Vrgorac,  
but he doesn't allow him anyway.  
I'll spend all my life with such man.  
You knew about it, right?

- Yes.

It's like when you keep estimating what's  
more profitable to you and what isn't.  
And then you finish like me.  
Anyway, I don't complain.

If we had stayed here,  
I wouldn't have all that stuff.  
I had to come to this bed.  
Why did you choose such life  
if you already knew, then?  
Because I'm a woman.  
That's how women think.  
You will never understand that, silly boy.  
By sticking up to the prediction motif,  
I tried to told her about Fabian's prediction  
about the robbery in my school.  
Suddenly, I found myself all immersed  
into Fabian's strange logic  
that things were happening by.  
At least I felt so.  
She was listening carefully,  
but she wasn't impressed by it.  
That's all?  
- Isn't that enough?  
That's foolishness.  
Typical male foolishness.  
You became a feminist.  
- I'm not!  
Only men can make up such things.  
You shout at the football stadiums,  
you collect the post stamps,  
and put ships into the bottles.  
It has nothing to do with life.  
Come here!  
It's about Mrs. Zdenka.  
I was checking the charts  
and it turns out...  
What it has to do with Zdenka?  
- Nothing.  
Be precise. That's not a joke.  
It turns out that we may soon  
have a burglary in our street.  
At Zdenka's?  
- At her or her neighbour's place.  
Somewhere near. Considering that  
she got back from abroad...  
Right.  
It's very strange with these rhythms.  
Not only that they exist,



but sometimes various rhythms  
may coincide with one another.

Coincide, how?

The rhythms of robberies,  
violent acts, burglaries, etc.  
They coincide like planets do.  
Like a solar or a lunar eclipse.  
More crimes at once, you mean?

- Right.

In a very short period, too.  
We're going through such period  
right now, are we?

Unfortunately yes.

It looks like something  
pretty bad is going to happen.

I wouldn't like to...

- You can tell me everything.

If you already got me deep into this,  
don't keep me uncertain.

Judging by the charts, we will have  
a first big crime here in Trnje.

A murder.

When?

Exactly in three weeks.

Hi!

I'm waiting for the postman.

Please, go to the store for me.

I need 1 liter of oil  
and 1kg of flour.

And tonic water for mom.

She drinks nothing but tonic water  
ever since she got ill.

Say, where is she lying?

Over here. In this room.

Why?

- She can hear us, then.

I think she's sleeping now.

Do you always keep this window open?

She needs fresh air, you know.

- Aren't you afraid of burglary?

Come on!

When did you hear about  
the burglary in Trnje?  
There were some lately.

You better be careful.  
The air is more important.  
- I know, but...  
Fabian said that the burglary  
may take place around here.  
Again this Fabian of yours!  
I'd like to hear him once, you know.  
A burglary around here?  
- Yes.  
He's crazy.  
He made you crazy as well.  
Please, I need this urgently.  
Bye.  
Several days passed by,  
and I met with Zdenka.  
I used to see Fabian rarely,  
and nothing unusual have happened.  
The burglary didn't take place yet,  
but I felt the uncertainty since  
Fabian didn't tell me the exact date.  
The things were going peaceful for a while  
only to burst into flame again.  
It begun that night when Fabian  
brought tomorrow's newspapers.  
Let me see.  
It's just around the corner.  
A murder!  
It was what you've predicted, right?  
You got it right.  
That's what I haven't got right.  
- How?  
Don't you remember what did I say?  
This thing was supposed to happen in a week.  
You can see it by the charts,  
the curves, all accounts.  
There's a pocket calculator, too.  
A slide rule.  
Facts are stubborn things.  
Ok, it happened today. So what?  
I guess some deviations are possible.  
There is a rhythm of black and white chessmen.  
The rhythms of good and evil.  
The rhythm that everything happens by.  
It's in our subconscious.

It takes us biologically.  
It is genetically built in us.  
Can you imagine this whole genetic  
and biologic rhythm getting disrupted?  
When these rules disappear...  
That's catastrophe.  
The general human balance will be lost.  
The people will lose their balance.  
The managing, the morale, the humanity...  
By this logic, the evil may get infinite.  
Haven't you got too far?  
It means that any of us could...  
... kill one another for no particular reason.  
You may kill me,  
I may kill you...  
It's me.  
- What is it?  
Go call the ambulance.  
Mom got sick.  
Let me dress.  
What happened?  
It looks like a heart-attack again.  
- Was she staying up?  
No, she only got excited.  
- What from?  
In the middle of the night?  
- If I was told, I wouldn't believe.  
Tell me what happened.  
I was sleeping, and she wasn't.  
In fact, someone tried to  
break in through the window.  
He jumped right through her window.  
When I came, I just saw him escaping.  
But it was too much for her already.  
I don't know.  
Maybe we should tell the police  
considering such circumstances.  
What circumstances?  
How come you don't understand?  
The circumstances.  
I do understand.  
I guess Mrs. Zdenka  
thinks about me. Right?  
You couldn't hold on, could you?

So you warned her about  
the possibility of a theft?  
You told her that I announced it.  
This makes Mrs. Zdenka confused.  
She's realistic, sober person.  
Do you think that?

- Yes.

I don't believe in witchcraft.  
Haven't I told you it's...

- Come on!

How can one know that the theft  
is going to happen in 10 days  
if he's not the thief himself?  
How can you say that, Zdenka?

- I can.

No offense.

It's so suspicious to me.

If you suspect about me,  
call the police.

Of course, I have no alibi  
since I was sleeping here.

So, I was able to sneak around.

It's same to me, anyway.

I'll have some problems,  
but that's nothing in comparison to...

What is it, again!?

You said there's no new disrupt of a rhythm.

That the disorder happened again.

- Yes.

This theft was supposed to happen  
only day after tomorrow.

You have come, have you?

I should say that.

It's me who lives here.

You're rambling around, are you?

I was at the gala reception at  
the consulate of a big country,  
and their rules say I need boots.

- And you are poor.

I know. - I take care about you  
and you're pulling my leg.

Your house is dirty like a pigsty.

- I know that, too.

Why are you worried now, I wonder.

- I read the newspapers lately.  
"An unidentified young man".  
I think about you first.  
What is going on?  
Haven't you read the papers?  
I thought so.  
I'm scared and you don't even read.  
Here.  
Have you read the newspapers?  
Yes.  
- Is it bad, then?  
Come.  
Do you see this?  
It says "Paromlinska".  
Right.  
Do you see what's the prediction  
for Paromlinska street?  
It's more and more.  
- It's getting worse, and worse.  
What now?  
I don't know.  
You're so much involved with this.  
There must be a way.  
It's a question whether  
I have a right to do this.  
Obviously, we're facing a disaster now.  
In that sense, I even may have a right.  
- About what?  
If the black chessmen make mistakes,  
the only way of solving the problem  
is with the black chessmen as well.  
I don't get it.  
When the rhythm disrupts,  
the only way of making it better  
is the speed-up.  
The rhythm stays the same, however.  
It means that the number  
of crimes should be increased.  
Sort of.  
Who should do this...  
That's what I don't know.  
Good evening.  
You're working?  
- Yes. Something for the school.

I'll take a stroll.  
At this hour?  
- It's only 11pm.  
I'll be working tonight,  
so I need to get some fresh air.  
Is there anything new?  
So far, so bad.  
I'll be back late, but I have a key.  
Good night.  
See you.  
That's fantastic.  
And you believe in all that?  
Why not?  
I was taking my accounts, too.  
Come on! This is foolishness.  
Playing profits, eh?  
That's why the law exist.  
If the law fails...  
Don't you two feel a shame?  
- Why?  
You should think about it normally.  
- How?  
He's the one who's doing  
all these thefts and murders.  
Come on!  
If it's not him, it's his men.  
That's what it is.  
What about the rhythm?  
What if the rhythm is being disrupted?  
What if we're threatened  
by some catastrophe?  
That's what I'm talking about.  
The only way out is  
speed-up of the rhythm,  
establishing the new regularities  
by new values.  
That's what the math says.  
So, if there's a crime shortage,  
one needs to commit them. Right?  
Right.  
So you're scared that famous Fabian  
may be the one that robs and kills, are you?  
Not really.  
Of course you should be scared.

You let a maniac to your house.  
It's gonna be bad, you'll see.  
Such people believe that they've  
been born to save the world.  
Whoever crosses their path,  
they kill him.  
You're the first in line.  
Get it?  
Help, it's a thief!  
I was already seriously  
scared of Fabian.  
I was noting down my own statistics  
by which it turned out that  
another murder in Paromlinska st.  
is necessary for saving the rhythm.  
I have no more suspicions  
about Fabian's intentions to kill me,  
but I had to expose myself  
to the law of this city.  
I had to fit into this law  
by defending my own life.  
I thought that I'll save the  
general order by saving myself.  
That I'll save both Trnje and Zagreb.  
There's hope.  
I'm sure there is.  
How do you think to manage this?  
One should help the events to happen.  
There's little for the rhythm  
to be re-established.  
Just a trifle... which is going  
to happen very soon.  
When?  
On Sunday at the Sava river.  
Would you come to see this?  
I'm going to Bojakovina now.  
You should arrive early.  
When?  
- At 5am.  
Come before 5am. I'll be waiting for  
you at the mound along highway.  
Ok.  
If we don't see each other...  
Bye, Mr Ivica.

- Bye.

Don't go there.

You're crazy. He's going  
to kill you. He's a maniac.  
When did she die?

- Last night.

A heart-attack again.

They told me so in the hospital.

Say, if you need something,  
I have some money.

I need to call my brother  
and go to the company.

And to the funeral office.

I can do that for you instead.

When is your brother coming?

- Tomorrow or day after.

He needs to buy me a ticket, and...

- What kind a ticket?

The airplane ticket for Switzerland.

You're going immediately, are you?

- The sooner, the better.

If you think so, then...

- Yes, I do.

After the funeral of Zdenka's mother,  
when Zdenka already left,  
I was suddenly left alone.  
I told the police about Fabian's missing.  
They've been checking me  
and I made a statement.  
They were looking for that  
Fabian's nephew from Bojakovina,  
but they haven't found him,  
since I didn't know his name either.  
Then, they say they're about  
to come and check Fabian's things,  
and I decided not to let them see  
his papers, drawings and charts.  
I've made a conclusion  
that I have this right only.  
None of his drawings or charts  
were in the closet, or elsewhere.  
There was only a piece of paper  
referred to me,  
although it wasn't even



in the form of a letter.

**It said:**

"My death will occur on Sunday, May 18th at the Sava river, and it will be violent. "Thereby the rhythm is going to be re-established again. "However, another disruption is not to be excluded. "Right now, it's the only thing that prevents me of being completely satisfied." This way I will move to the downtown. I don't take anything from my house but the books and clothes. I'm going to another apartment as if I'm moving to another city, another country, another continent... That's how I'm feeling, too. Nevertheless, the house I was born in and all the things that linked me to it will stay in my memory mostly because of my last months of living there. The samewise like I used to learn from Fabian, my departure have not turned out to be a complete severance either. Statistics always tended to include not only Trnje, but the whole city of Zagreb as well. Hence, it was the most solid connection between my old neighborhood and downtown. However, I couldn't resist to see tearing down my old house. I had to see this, although I had no much time. In my new and sunny apartment, in my large working room, the plans, schemes and charts were waiting for me. My big work was waiting for me. My statistics. This movie is dedicated to the memory of storey in Paromlinska street