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# Seven and a Half

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## STORY ABOUT 7 DEADLY SINS

### **GREED:**

Dear Diego,  
this is a tragic story about a  
boy living in a tragic country.  
Somewhere in the mountainous  
Balkans...  
This is the river Sava.  
This, over there...  
I've kissed a girl there  
for the first time,  
she dumped me soon  
after the first cramps.  
And that shot that  
put you in the God's lap.  
Where the rest of us,  
simple and sad...  
...will never be.

Dear Armando,  
my name is Bojan Maric,  
I look like an ordinary guy...  
...but unfortunately,  
that's not true. - Fuck!  
Why are you laughing, jerk?!  
Let's do it again!  
I know you too have broken  
your leg in Barcelona,  
and you know how hard it is  
when you're disabled.  
T-shirt looks great  
...Just imagine...  
...when it lasts  
for 17 years!  
You should take the hat off.  
I think this is genial!  
Here, my dear Diego,  
I made my first,  
and by the look of it,  
my last football steps.  
Yeah! - Sorry, Diego!  
You are coming close to me.  
Closer, closer... it's there.  
Stop! Just don't get out

of my zoom, ok? - Ok.

Let's start.

There's a cure for my vicious disease at the Moscow clinic.

A team of experts led by the famous professor P...

Prokofiev! ...Prokofiev!

They perform surgeries which guarantee complete recovery in 90 percent of the cases.

And all that would be so lovely,

if I had enough money for that operation.

Situation in Serbia is similar, maybe even worse... - Worse!

...than in Argentina. For us, Just stay in the zoom.

Keboya, bro! - Yeah, bro?

- I've been thinking...

Never mind. - C'mon, tell me!

- Never mind, forget it! - Speak!

What's 15 grand to Maradona?

He got loaded in Barsa, he slottered Napoli, destroyed Seville!

He's worth millions, bro!

- But he was spending a lot.

What? Where?! - He spent it on cocaine, women, alcohol!

C'mon! Everything in Argentina is free for him.

He spends summers at Fidel's, and winters with Kusturica!

Let's not fuck around!

- Should we ask him for 16 Gs?

Keboya, 20 grand! - C'mon, man!

- 20 grand, bro, just like that!

Hello?

Bro, I'm sleeping...

Wait a second.

It's 4 a.m.! Are you insane?!

Who's calling at this hour?

- Radule. He'll drop by.

Now? - Yeah, mom.  
We have to work!  
Work? - Yes, mom! Now!  
- At 4 a.m.?! - Yes!  
What do you want from me?!  
When I'm not working,  
you're bitching, when I am,  
you're bitching again!  
What do you want?!  
- God, save this poor mother!  
No, bro! - You're absolutely  
right. - Of course I'm right!  
- Of course it's nothing!  
We'll buy a Golf each, and  
then I'll have to borrow  
for registration!  
- How much should we ask for?  
My dear Diego, 30 grand  
is nothing for you.  
And it means a world to me.  
My health... - C'mon, bro!  
What's with you!  
Come here! I've been thinking.  
- What's up? - Golf is a Golf.  
But Mercedes... We should  
ask for 35 grand, ok?  
Keboya, bro...  
I think you are awesome!  
Who did your hair?  
I did it myself. Why?  
- It's great, man! Really.  
Come here! It looks fantastic  
on you! Excellent!  
And how much money did you  
ask from him? - 40 grand.  
What?! - 40,000 Euros. Why?  
- Are you fucking insane?  
You think it's a lot?  
- It's not enough, my son!  
You think? - Of course!  
He's Mr. Nice Guy!  
He'll give everything to  
the poor. - 40 grand, my God!  
He's gonna think you're

jerking his chain!  
You can't go to Russia without  
Are you insane! Fuck!  
- Why haven't you asked Beckham?  
C'mon! He's English,  
he's cheap.  
He'll rather die,  
than give us any money.  
You're a blast! Where did you  
find Beckham?!

- And  
with treatment expenses,  
and residence costs in Moscow  
it comes to one hundred...  
...and twenty... five...  
...and a half thousand  
dollars! American! - Stop!  
You are a doll!  
I want you to be a little more  
decisive! Give it to me.  
And ask for 130 grand, ok?  
- Ok. - Let's do it again.  
Don't you see that we almost  
fucked this up?  
- It's nothing. - Way too little.  
I've been calculating. Two  
Mercedes' are 90 grand.  
This is for technical things,  
amortization and that shit...  
What's this? - This is for  
my water heater. - Heater?!  
And what's this? - Just a little  
something for my mom.  
Look now... - And my mom?  
- Excellent! Bro, your mom!  
Another grand. We're left  
with 60 grand, give or take 5.  
Let's see... 200 grand...  
What would you do  
if you were Maradona,  
and some kid was asking for 200  
grand for an operation?  
Would you have given it  
to him? - No. - How come?

I wouldn't, bro! Nobody  
gave me anything in life!  
That's why you're not Maradona!  
And you're rotting with  
your folks, like a burnout!  
- Yeah, right!  
What's this?  
- Foreign currency account.  
When did you open it?  
- Today.  
Cool...  
- Naturally.  
Why are you bringing me  
to a construction site, maniac?!  
Maniac will build you a house!  
- C'mon... - Work well, man!  
All this will be ours one day.  
and here a nursery.  
I hate kids! - You learn to  
love them. Look at the view!  
Can you see it? It's all  
ours, don't you get it?!  
I'm not so sure...  
- What's wrong?  
Keboya, bro! You're great!  
You are a genius!  
But I think I'll do better  
as Maradona. You are awesome!  
But you're missing something  
deep. - You look like him?  
No, but listen! You don't have  
that sadness in your eyes.  
Bro... We'll do Colina  
with you. - Fuck you!  
Don't you get it? You look  
exactly like him!  
We'll use it to buy a house!  
- Stop shitting me!  
Dear Diego...  
...I have cancer, and I'm  
undergoing chemotherapy.  
I'm just not so pathetic  
like my friend is.  
This is the real account that

you should send money to.  
Help the real guy.  
Excuse me, young lady...  
What's the value of the  
shipment? - 280,000 Euros!  
What's in there?  
- Just wait one minute...  
Bro... maybe we should ask  
for 300 grand?  
No! It's over! We did it!  
We're sending it! It's over!  
You were right, bro!  
enough. - Have to keep it real.  
We did a great job!  
Sergio, you bastard! - That's  
Liovisna's fiancée.  
But he's two timing her  
with Concita,  
and that pisses my mom.  
Sergio...  
We didn't translate it  
into Spanish...  
Open it!  
What the hell are you doing?!  
- Shut the fuck up!  
Search!  
Just to let you know, I've called  
the police! - Fuck off!  
Look for the fucking  
package, bro!  
Bro...  
After severe heart attack,  
Diego Armando Maradona  
has been transferred  
to the hospital Estavez in  
Buenos Aires last night...  
Radoje...

**ANGER:**

Tadic! I'm the strongest!  
My hands are like hams,  
my body is a steel safe!  
I have one scar  
across my face,

and hundreds on my heart!  
I'll bury anyone on my way!  
He's a king!  
- My dear neighbors!  
He's gonna bury him!  
- Whom? - Spahija!  
He'll destroy him. Smash him.  
I'm sorry I'm disturbing your  
afternoon rest, fuck!  
But I haven't  
been taking tranquilizers  
for the 3 whole days,  
and I'm very crazy!  
There is more! Yesterday  
Spahija came out of the can!  
If somebody sees that fuck,  
tell him that Tadija is  
waiting for him in the gym!  
C'mon, Hare Krishna...  
I'm not Hare Krishna!  
- Don't tell me!  
All of you  
living in Gandhi's street  
are fucking Indians!  
Who was Gandhi? Tell me!  
Fucking Indian!  
Hare, Hare! Krishna, Krishna!  
Gandhi, Gandhi! Hare, Hare!  
Hare, Hare! Krishna, Krishna!  
Gandhi, Gandhi! Hare, Hare!  
And you livin' in Gagarin's  
street are cool, right?  
Gagarin was the first man  
in space, my son!  
Russian, Orthodox! He took  
a crap on all of you Indians!  
Watch out, here comes the  
real Orthodox piece of shit,  
right out from space!  
- Gagarin wasn't Ortodox.  
Really? What was he? Hare  
Krishna? - Communist!  
My father was a comunist too,  
and now he's Orthodox, jerk!



Isn't it so, uncle Miki? You  
were a comunist, and now  
you are Ortodox, right?  
- I don't know, my son.  
I live in Nehru's street.  
- Jesus! Another Indian!  
Gandhi wasn't Indian.  
Indians live in America,  
and Hindus live in India!  
Come 'ere,  
I'll bust your face!  
Tadija, don't!  
Bro, do you need some milk?  
- Tomorrow!  
Today is a fruit day.  
Tell me, where do you live?  
- In Youth Brigades street.  
Yeah! That's it!  
My Orthodox darling!  
Let me kiss your boob!  
Now it's time for  
uncle Tadia's rest.  
Maybe we'll fuck tomorrow.  
Don't get all excited!  
It's not a promise.  
Tadic! I'm the strongest!  
My son! Just one more!  
I'll do it myself! - Ok.  
Is it true that he was skinny?  
- Who? - Tadija.  
Yes, son. Skinny like a stick.  
Good for nothing.  
What the fuck...  
Spahija sent him to buy some  
cigarettes, he refused.  
And Spahija broke his nose.  
Then Spahija went down,  
and Tadija started going to  
the gym. He's been waiting  
for this day, for 5 years!  
Skinny like a stick...  
And now, he's the strongest  
in the hood.  
I'll be like that one day!

Look, son! You don't get to be the strongest by exercising.

Yeah? - Chemistry, my son, chemistry...

But chemistry isn't healthy.

It stays in your organism.

Who gives a fuck! You just take a crap in the morning, and it's all gone.

But I'm always taking a crap in the evening. - How come? Don't know what to tell you, s0n.

Something is wrong with you

I must say that I owe

all this... Only to me!

I didn't have any help from sponsors or... what's it called?

Help from the community!

- Today is your milk day, right?

Is there any chocolate milk?

No?

What about cookies?

- I'm sorry, man! I'm stupid.

Yes, you are! Chocolate milk, bananas and cookies! Run!

...59,60!

Krishna I've heard you've been takinga crap in the morning?

Well, yes... - Bro, I'm sorry.

I'm really stupid. - Koki?

You're still here? - No.

- No? - Yes.

And what are you waiting for?

Money? - Nnn... no.

No? - Yes. - Listen, darlin', if I had money,

I could buy all that myself!

Be inventive, Koviljka!

There's jungle out there!

Krishna, are you mad? - Why?

- Where did you hear that body builders are taking a crap in the morning?! - When, then?

When every real champion  
does it! In the high noon!  
Count! - Bro... Now I don't even  
know when to take a crap!  
What did you say? - Nothing.  
Did you called me,, bro",  
or was I imagining things?!  
You were imagining...  
Listen, we could  
never be brothers.  
Spahija can be your bro.  
He's from Gandhi's street.  
He's Indian! Tadija Tadic  
is a son of Serbia,  
and you are his enemies.  
And that's why Tadija Tadic  
is gonna take revenge for  
Kosovo, Milos Obilic,  
Tzar Lazar, and the greatest  
of all! Tzarina Milica!  
Tadiiic! I'm the strongest!  
Koviljka! - Hey, Koviljka!  
Sit with us for a while.  
- How come you're not in jail?  
Me? Why's that?  
- Koki's in love, you know...  
Really? Who's the guy?  
- You know, that body builder.  
See, she buys him milk  
so he can grow.  
Good for you, Koki!  
Everything for love, hey?  
Love will conquer all!  
- You're such jerks!  
Wait, Koki!  
Have a drink with us!  
I hear he wants to beat  
Spahija. - Yeah, bro!  
He's gonna kill him!  
- What are you drinking? - Soda.  
And where is it?  
What's wrong, little Indians?  
Do you use chemistry?  
My poor little Krishna...

I drank the whole factory!  
Take a break, man!  
- Let me be, bro.  
I'm burning my fat!  
I'm fucking nervous  
when I'm fat! I'm mad!  
Take some tranquilizers, bro!  
Don't bark on me!  
Like a fucking chivava!  
What should I start with?  
- With this! I say, milk!  
Gallons and gallons of it,  
every day! I say, cookies!  
I say eggs, potatoes!  
And stakes!  
And, of course, steroids rule!  
That's the best to begin with.  
So... I say, steroids!  
The mass comes in first,  
'cause mass is  
the mother of it all!  
Being massive is stupid.  
Definition rules!  
Go, then! And work  
on the construction!  
You'll be defined! Just like  
all those poor guys!  
Carry some sacks! - I don't  
wanna be like them.  
I'll do it nicely, so you can  
see every muscle.  
Like the Master, over there.  
Look at him! There's no fat,  
pure muscle,  
ligament and tendons.  
You want me to tell you who  
Bruce Lee was? He was a pussy!  
Chinese! Ass! Indian! He should  
be smuggling clothes,  
and selling shoes for 3 Euros!  
- Why are you so pissed?  
Hello, countryman! Where's  
your mass, fucking cunt!?  
You fucking Chinese joke!

That's what he is! A joke!  
He was Japanese... - Listen...  
Spahija is in the cafe.  
And you are telling me now?  
Now?!  
Ok...  
Weeks are passing by,  
your weight increases,  
muscles get bigger and bigger,  
wanting more and more.  
And then you surprise them.  
By an amino acid shot!  
You still increase the weights.  
At that time, your dick won't  
work. Not for a few weeks.  
Fuck it, you have to pay, bro!  
Not like that cunt, Bruce Lee.  
Taking cocaine and fucking  
every night! That's no athlete!  
When you realise you would  
kick your father's ass  
for not saying Good Morning,  
you leave the steroids.  
You go on food, 10 eggs,  
tons of milk, everything.  
Then it's time for amphetamins.  
You go nights without sleeping,  
and you're so fucking strong!  
You go to the gym 3 times  
a day! Pushing garbage cans  
all the way to the river bank  
and back. And you fuck  
like it's Christmas!  
If you have someone to fuck.  
If not, just push those cans!  
Fuck it!  
And then you know you're ready.  
When you spend 5 years  
in the gym Hell.  
When your arms are hams,  
and your body a steel safe,  
when you kill  
with your left hand,  
and your right hand

gives you chills...  
Then you know that you're  
ready to kill Spahija.  
Ready to kill fucking Indian  
from Gandhi's street.  
To bust his nose! Make him  
bleed! To brake his nose!  
So he could know! What's  
it like when everybody's  
laughing at you! To cry through  
your puberty! Not having a date!  
When you're having insomnia!  
When, at age of 15,  
you're snoring like an  
old fart! - So help you God!  
Skinny Bones, you grew up?  
Now you're Fat Bones.  
But you're missing a bone.  
Tadic! I'm the strongest!  
- You're very big.  
But I've heard  
your balls got tiny.  
And your dick is like a worm.  
- I'll kill you!  
I've heard you've been waiting  
to beat me for 5 years?  
I ain't gonna beat you.  
I'm gonna kill you!  
Fine, Skinny Bones! But first,  
show me your dick.  
C'mon! - I'll kill you!  
I'll kill you, Spahija!  
So what if it's small.  
Women don't care about  
the size. - I'll kill you.  
I'll kill ya! - Yeah, right.  
Your sister liked it big.  
She liked it hard!  
She was a real whore,  
first class!  
She would jump on your cock,  
and scream like Dorothy!  
Tadija!

**LUS:**

Hi, my name is Marina...  
I'm twelve,  
I'm in the fifth grade,  
I like to draw and write.  
My favourite subjects are  
history, geography and  
literature, of course.  
Recently I moved to Blok 70,  
New Belgrade,  
so I don't have lots  
of friends around here.  
My dad is a clerk, and my mom  
works in the supermarket.  
They tell me all the time  
that I should have more friends  
but I have none.  
I would truly like to meet  
some friends this way,  
with whom I could  
spend some time off.  
Leave a message, I'm not  
available right now...  
Hello, my son. I've been  
trying to find you all day.  
Desa, from the sixth floor have  
rented the room to a young,  
and they say beautiful lady  
doctor, so I've been thinking,  
why don't you come  
over and meet her?  
Obrad, my son! Are you  
deliberately avoiding me?  
The lady doctor asked about  
You...  
Hi, I'm Tanja, and I'm 11.  
I'm also lonely and unhappy  
because I'm in love with Boris  
from the sixth grade.  
But he loves this Tamara,  
which is disgusting by my  
opinion!  
I would really like to  
meet you, as soon as possible.

Hi, Tanja. Great that you replied. Can't wait to meet you. To talk about stupid teachers, boys, parents and stuff. To drink soda's and eat pancakes. Hope you like them, 'cause I make great pancakes. Are you free tomorrow? Afternoon.

- Afternoon.

How can I help you?

- Excuse me?

Looking for something?

- I must have made a mistake... Stojcic, sixth floor? - Yes, that's me. And who might you be? I'm Tanja's dad.

- Tanja...?

Of course, Tanja's dad!

Yes, Yes...

Me, I'm a dad too. Little...

Yes, I'm Marina's father.

Please, come in. - Thanks.

And where's little Tanja?

- She's near by.

Don't get me wrong, I thought I should check on you first. You know, these days... There are lots of maniacs around.

I perfectly understand.

As you've said it, the times now...

And where is...

- Marina? She's here.

I mean not here, she went to the store to buy some sweets. Actually some Coca Cola, for her new friend.

I'm telling her all the time it's not healthy, but...

You know, kids like kids.

Right, kids like kids.

All of us used to be kids.



We haven't been introduced.  
Obrad. - I'm Radoje. Rasha.  
Police in Madrid has exposed  
a chain of pedophiles  
who exchanged photos  
and contacted children.  
This group of perverts  
consisted of many celebrities  
and members of Spain  
establishment.  
Did you hear that?  
That's what  
I'm talking about.  
Shocking! Really shocking.  
And how can you dare to let  
your child on the streets...  
Talking to me? That's why  
I'm at home all day.  
You can never be too cautious  
having a kid these days.  
And the Government should do  
something as well. - Yes!  
School, too.  
- Yes, school as well.  
I expect Marina soon...  
- Yes... little Marina.  
And where is your wife?  
- Wife?  
My wife!  
We got divorced.  
Long time ago.  
But we stayed friends,  
because of the kid.  
And you? I bet you're  
living in a happy marriage.  
Not really. My job is demanding  
and I'm often out of home.  
That reflected our  
marriage. We got distant.  
And what do you do?  
I'm an inspector.  
An inspector? - Police inspector.  
Juvenile delinquency.  
Day and night, you know?

I can imagine...  
Your pancakes are great!  
I've packed some for little  
Tamara. - Tanja!  
Yes, Tanja...  
My God, I don't know  
what happened to Marina.  
Hi, it's me. I'm fine, and you?  
Listen, did by any  
chance Marina stop by?  
She did? Yeah...  
No, it's fine.  
She'll sleep over?  
No, I don't mind.  
Just tell her she has to do her  
homework for tomorrow. Bye...  
You've heard it.  
Naughty little girl,  
she scared me...  
- Kids, you know?  
It's important that she's ok.  
Little Marina...  
Well, I have to go. - Ok.  
It's a shame that you haven't  
met Marina.  
Well, we'll have the chance.  
Now that we've met...  
Hi, neighbor! Can you  
fill this with water, please?  
What? - In March I'm going  
to Kilimanjaro, so...  
Son, the lady doctor called.  
And imagine, she's divorced,  
with kids. And I told her:  
My Obrad should have children  
of his own, not taking  
care of someone else's...  
Thanks a lot. Goodbye!  
So... There's no Marina?  
Right.  
There's no Marina, and  
of course, there's no wife.  
There's nothing.  
I'm pedophile.

Disgusting,  
Oedipus pedophile.  
So, what shall we do now?  
Let's cut this torture.  
Tell me where to go,  
and what to bring...  
- How should I know?  
Well, you are the inspector.  
Yeah.  
And I'm  
also a pedophile.  
Dirty, old pedophile.  
May I get that drink now?  
And there's no... - Tanja?  
No. Just you and me.  
Dirty, old pedophiles.  
You're staring... - No.  
You are!  
- Ok, I'm staring.  
Here you go. - Thanks.  
Did you ever go to see  
a shrink? - Why should I?  
So that they can tell me that  
I'm a pedophile  
'cause nobody loved me as a  
child, and I've lost my mom?  
I know that myself.  
Now you're staring. - What?  
Have you ever? - What?  
- You know...  
Basically, I haven't.  
With little girls?  
- No. I haven't.  
Wait a minute. Maybe  
you're a homo? - No...  
It's funny, these things  
with homosexuals.  
Only yesterday they were in  
hiding, completely illegal.  
And now, they are  
completely out and cool.  
What? You mean, maybe  
they'll legalize us too?  
Maybe in 30 years...

If the media gave the  
right kind of coverage,  
and if the parliament...  
Radoje!

**GLUTTONY:**

I thought we're going  
to the movies.  
Yeah, right! Like I want  
to throw money on that shit.  
What's wrong with this?  
It's all the same shit,  
movies, exhibitions, culture!  
Why are you dressed up like  
a prostitute?  
I thought we're going to  
the movies. - And that's cool?  
Come here.  
What? - Stand here.  
- What's with you, God!  
I'm just kidding, darlin'  
You'll be the best chick  
here! - You, silly...  
Am I ok? Ok.  
Let's go  
Dojcin Tutinac enough to said  
Dojcin, why virtual?  
Why onomatopoeia?  
Let's go to the movies, please!  
- We'll have yummiest food here  
and all for free. Samir told me  
they've been loading all day.  
Samir! - Really? - C'mon, my  
man! They'll eat the food!  
You dressed up for  
the occasion!  
See a guy from the Parliament!  
- You are a legend! You rule!  
See a guy from the Parliament!  
- You are a legend! You rule!  
He couldn't care less.  
He came to eat too.  
Samir, my bro!  
I can't recognize you! - Go, go!

Did you take a crap this morning? Ha? - Go, go, go!  
Did you take a crap this morning? Ha? - Go, go, go!  
Well, how to put it...  
People eat. They have to.  
Would it be a problem if I farted? I just have to.  
It's simply one digestive sfumatto, of pulsing contures.  
It's simply one digestive sfumatto, of pulsing contures.  
Aesthetic escapism, 'cause of global consumerism.  
Monetary, even staged process.  
- Man! You're off to the market?  
Why are you pulling me? Why doesn't he buys a decent bag?  
This is culture!  
It's not for bums...  
Are you talking about synthesized trend as a brand?  
Completely the opposite.  
Brand in the form of a trend.  
Do you get it? Brand name, as a nick name.  
Do you get it? Brand name, as a nick name.  
Look at this. - What is it?  
- Don't know, but it's great.  
Fill it up. Gimme some more!  
Tastes fucking great!  
Bro, what's this? - Punch.  
What? - Punch, sir...  
Knew that,  
just pulling your leg.  
Are these eclairs? Or little princess cakes?  
Take one éclair.  
It's great.  
Fuck me, I'm blind!  
It's a new sweat suit!  
I'll be back.  
Fill it up, with everything.

Come here!  
Where are you going?  
Wait, don't run.  
We're not in a hurry.  
Ladies and gentleman, let me  
tell you how happy I am  
that I've been given this  
honour to open this,  
especially in this year of  
culture, to open this...  
especially in this year of  
culture, to open this...  
Like I usually like to say...  
Excuse me, I'm expecting  
an important call.  
You may, of course! I'm  
opening an exhibition here.  
You may, of course! I'm  
opening an exhibition here.  
Wonderful speech! - Really?  
That's very interesting.  
We could lend that deal.  
- Sorry, what's in it?  
This one is with spinach,  
and you got tuna and mayo.  
This one is with spinach,  
and you got tuna and mayo.  
Mayo... I can't eat that.  
But this is special!  
- See you later, in a restaurant.  
Thanks. Let me rephrase this.  
What are we without culture?  
And what is culture  
without us? - Is he bullshitting?  
Like I love to say, we have to  
remember the simple man.  
Like I love to say, we have to  
remember the simple man.  
Manifests, or as our  
common man likes to call it,  
expressive expression of  
culture, the answer is simple.  
What is culture? - Full pot  
of beans, that's culture!

It's ok. The guy has the point.  
It's true, young man! Full pot  
of beans! That's culture!  
It's true, young man! Full pot  
of beans! That's culture!  
It's true, young man! Full pot  
of beans! That's culture!  
Stop embarrassing me! - I'm just  
saying what's on my mind.  
I'll lose my job. Shut up.  
- What a job...  
We are culture!  
I am culture!  
We are culture!  
I am culture!  
Thanks a lot! Cheers!  
Call me! Have a good time!  
You see?  
Better than the movies.  
You see?  
Better than the movies.  
You bet! It's awesome!  
- Just fill yourself up!  
There's seafood up there.  
Take it easy, lady! There's  
plenty for everybody!  
I love it! Rich and plenty!  
Tell me, what's fresh here?  
Everything is fresh, sir.  
- Spare me the tricks,  
Everything is fresh, sir.  
- Spare me the tricks,  
I've been there, what's fresh?  
- Would you like some soup?  
Sure, sure... To stir it up.  
Loose the hand.  
Put some more shells.  
Loose the hand.  
Put some more shells.  
Tell me, bro, are those squids?  
Now you're talking!  
Can I ask you something?  
I can see you're a clever guy.  
Do you know where the best

squids are? - No idea, sir...  
The best squid are...  
On Sundays, behind the mosk!  
Did you get it? No?  
Ahmed, come here.  
- Sorry, man! Really.  
Ahmed, come here.  
- Sorry, man! Really.  
Don't be mad. Do you know  
how it made me feel?  
I've heard there is some  
barbecue. - Where?  
Sorry, Ahmed. Don't be mad.  
Watch the plate!  
I feel sorry for the guy,  
he was really nice.  
Fuck it! What's that?  
- Shut it. It's art.  
Fuck it! What's that?  
- Shut it. It's art.  
I think they're doing this  
just to fuck your appetite.  
But they don't stand a chance  
with me.  
But they don't stand a chance  
with me.  
You can have anything, but  
there's nothing like the grill!  
Are you insane?  
It's not salty at all!  
Chief, come here!  
Chief, come here!  
Can I get some salt?  
- Leave that, it's an artwork!  
It's not meant to be eaten.  
They're not gonna die over  
one kebab! - Stay here.  
Fucking cheap!  
- He's a nice kid.  
He's gonna bring some salt.  
Look at this freak! He brought  
a garbage can, and it's art!  
What's wrong, love?  
What's wrong, love?



- I feel sick.  
Cloaka of the Universe  
How can you?  
- Why? I'm not ill.  
Try some. - I can't, I'm full.  
Haven't you puked?  
- You're such a pig!  
Haven't you puked?  
- You're such a pig!  
Right, and for a good pig,  
All slops are good.  
Take it, look at them,  
they're like glass.  
No way! - Pack it up.  
For later. Give me your bag.  
Good evening. How did you  
like the art works?  
Super. Really awesome.  
- And what are your favorites?  
Well, my favorites are...  
Everything.  
Everything was really, really...  
You know, awesome!  
So, you don't think there's  
a crisis in avant-garde?  
What crisis? It's awesome!  
Awesome! - Really awesome.  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
Come to see this, it's great.  
- Let me put this in first.  
Look at this!  
Bunch of little chickens,  
and a big chicken.  
Are you my chicken?  
Are you gonna give me  
a lot of little chickens?  
One early morning,  
the ruster dad went out!  
Then he went into the well,  
and wets his feathers down!  
Coo-coo, it's a misfortune!  
Coo-coo, it's a misfortune!  
Coo-coo, it's a misfortune!

Coo-coo, it's a misfortune!  
Are you my chicken?  
We had a hell of a party.  
Are you my chicken?  
We had a hell of a party.  
Huh, love? - I screwed it up  
with my vomitting...  
Don't worry, love.  
It's all life. And art.  
Don't worry, love.  
It's all life. And art.  
Here's my Man! He's bringing  
salt! Is there salt, my Man?  
Come with us! - I told you  
not to touch me? Are you deaf?  
What are you looking at? - Is it  
a free country? What's this?  
I shit on your art!  
Your exhibition sucks!  
And your food sucks, too!  
Kebabs tasted like shit!  
Don't, please! Don't!  
Adam is my friend!  
Samir, thanks a lot! - Let me  
put on my jacket! What's wrong?  
What do you want?  
Why did you call me?  
You fucking bold pussy!  
- Let's go! - Let me be!  
This is your fuckin' culture!  
You're lovely. - Let's go!  
Fuck you too!  
Here, look at us! - And what  
to say in the end?  
The exhibition went fine, if  
we forget about the incident.  
Exhibits,, From woman",  
to,, Meat jelly", are missing.  
These unique  
master pieces made from  
human fat taken from  
the liposuction clinic,  
unfortunatly found their way  
into the stomach

of some starving  
exhibition visitor.  
For Cultural Chronicles,  
I am Iva Mandic.

**PRIDE:**

If I knew you're gonna be like  
that, I wouldn't have come!  
Stop it, please. - I will make  
a scene! - Stop it, please.  
Cut the crap. - Try to say that  
again and I... - Cut the crap!  
I'm gonna leave now. Fuck you  
and your fucking quiz!  
We're going live.

Good evening to our studio  
audience, to our contestants,  
and good evening to all of you  
watching us on your TV screens.

My name is Milan Slavkovic,  
I'm the host of the quiz show  
, , "Couples get cash",  
where married couples try  
to win some money and premium  
prize of 4 million dinars!  
Tonight, our contestants are  
Srdjan and Zorica Paunovic,  
and they're close to a dream  
of winning the prize!

Good evening, Zorica. - Evening.  
- Evening, Srdjan. - Evening.

You were great last week.

Great! - Thanks a lot.

Some knowledge, with  
a bit of luck... - Luck?!

Such modesty!

Please, applause!

A scholar and a housewife...

Winning combination for this  
quiz. Is it same in real life?

I'm not a housewife,

I'm a pharmacist.

That's something I didn't

know. - Now you do.

Pharmacists and housewife...  
- No, no! I'm not a housewife!  
I'm a pharmacist! Without  
a job, but not a housewife!  
Anyway, you have only  
three more questions  
to get the prize. The prize  
is yours, and 4 million dinars!  
Of course, you can quit and  
take the money right now,  
or take a risk and go on.  
We'll go on. - Such a courage!  
Applause! Applause!  
Our heroes from last week,  
brilliant, all-knowing Srdjan,  
and his pretty half, Zorica  
Paunovic. - Vodenilic. - What?  
Zorica Vodenilic Paunovic.  
That's something I didn't  
know. - Now you do.  
Great, great, wonderful!  
Male-female equality  
is something we all plead for.  
Please, applause!  
And finally, spouses Srdjan  
and Zorica Pauno...  
...Paunovic Vodenilic, whatever,  
are trying to win something  
nobody won before, the Grand  
Prix and 4 million dinars!  
Commercials, please!  
You want me to  
get up and leave?!  
I'm sick of being prettier half  
of brilliant Srdjan!  
But I know everything.  
- Eat shit!  
Contestants, ready?  
You know the rules, you have  
two minutes to answer.  
You can quit, ask for help,  
you used the jokers last time.  
Shall we? Question for  
one million dinars.

Rainy, stormy clouds are known  
as A. Nimbuses,  
B. Cumulonimbuses, C. Stratuses,  
and D. Cirruses. Time... now!  
Time is passing...  
I'm sure it couldn't be  
cirruses. - Why's that?  
They look so fluffy.  
Srdjan, you wanted to say  
something? - No, no...  
I think it couldn't be  
stratuses... - You're sure?  
Well... I don't know.  
They look so harmless,  
like stracciatella ice cream.  
Charming Zorica  
Vodenilic Paunovic!  
Srdjan, what do you think?  
- I don't think. I know.  
Our final... My final answer  
is cumulonimbuses!  
Zorica, you can think it  
through. - No.  
This is the question  
for one million, you know?  
You could lose everything.  
- Yes. - So, cumulonimbuses?  
Yes, cumulonimbuses!  
Keep your mouth shut as you did  
so far.  
Zorica has secretly peeped  
at her hubby's paper,  
and said the final answer B.  
- I didn't! I have, but...  
There's nothing! He keeps  
scrabbling squares! That's all!  
Anyway, your answer is,  
unfortunately for your opponents  
the correct answer!  
You won one million dinars!  
Seems like I'm doing fine  
by myself! - Yes? Be my guest.  
Zorica, Zorica... Let's go to  
more commercials,

and later we have question  
for two million! Commercials!  
The appliance for measuring  
moisture of the air is called:  
A. Gyroscope, B. Terrameter,  
C. Hygroscope and D. Aquascope.  
Time, now!  
All-knowing Srdjan smiles.  
You know the answer?  
- Naturally...  
Well? You're not going to tell  
us? - I've got the smart wife.  
I can't make up my mind.  
It's not gyroscope.  
And what is? - Would  
you let me concentrate? Thanx.  
Do you know? - What?  
I want to call help.  
While we call Zorica's sister,  
let's see more commercials!  
Daniela, I'm calling  
from the quiz  
,, Couples get cash". Would you  
help your sister? - Sure.  
Listen, kid! Appliance for  
measuring moisture of the air  
is gyroscope, terrameter,  
hygroscope or aquascope?  
What's with the man? Silent?  
Hey! I'm talking to you!  
Offended? You're not the center  
of the world? Last time you  
didn't let her say a word! Fuck!  
- Ok, sis... - It's not ok!  
You crazy narcissus! My sister  
sacrificed her career for you,  
and your stupid tennis!  
You miserable prick!  
You don't deserve her! - Your  
sister has another 10 seconds.  
She's going to have 50 years  
of great life without him!  
Correct answer is C. Hygroscope.  
Goodbye! - Zorica? - Hygroscope.

Well, fine. You have won two million dinars. Commercials!  
I'm sorry!  
I'm so sorry, Srdjan!  
Is everything ok with you two?  
- Yes, yes... - It's abomination.  
This quiz is being watched all around the country! It's not ok.  
Everything is fine. We'll take the money and go.  
Maybe that's best.  
- Srdjan! I'm so sorry!  
I'm sorry!!!  
And now, back to Zorica and Srdjan, just a step away from 4 million dinars!  
You used jokers and help, and have 2 million already.  
Do you want to quit?  
We quit. - We're proceeding.  
Quit or no? - No! We proceed!  
- What are you doing?  
You might lose all your money.  
- Just read the question!  
Question, please!  
For the fantastic 4 million!  
Srdjan, are you by any chance clairvoyant? - No.  
Incredible! Do you know what's subject of this question?  
It's tennis. You see, luck follows the brave!  
Question about tennis, for an ex tennis instructor.  
Incredible!  
The question for 4 million is:  
What's the real name of the multiple winner of Grand Slam championships, who tragically passed away.  
Little Mo was...  
I can see on your face that you know the answer.  
Shall I read it all?

Fine. I'll keep on reading.  
A. Moreen Connolly,  
B. Monique Lavatier, C. Annie  
Morgan, D. Maurice Connors.  
Time, now!  
Srdjan, you know the answer.  
I can see it on you. - Sure.  
Would you like to share  
it with us?  
Well... Correct answer is...  
I have to remind you that  
you have one minute left.  
What are you trying to do?  
- Do you know the answer?  
Please, don't be so defiant.  
Srdjan?  
No? Ok...  
Take the money, please!  
We'll discuss it at home.  
Maybe you know, Zorica?  
- No.  
I don't. But I would like to  
apologise to my husband  
for my sisters behavior.  
- 15 seconds left...  
What more do you want?  
To kill myself in public?  
We want to quit! - It's too  
late now, you have to answer.  
Say something!  
- 5, 4,3,2...  
Connors. Mourice Connors!  
- Yes, yes! But in male tennis!  
Sorry your answer is wrong.  
No, no, Maureen Connely  
I got it all wrong...  
It's Maureen Connely!  
She died in car crash!  
Maureen Connely!  
I know all about her!  
See you all next week...  
- It's Maureen Connely!  
When some other couple  
will try to win our prize,



the incredible 4 million dinars!

DISPARE IN LAISYNESS

**It's 2:**

they get out at 2, bro.

Well, bro... they get out  
at two, everyday.

Why aren't they coming out  
now? - How could I know?!

Here, they're going out now.

That's the Loaded family?

- Yeah. - You have everything?

Yeah. - Some tools? - Yeah.

- Did you bring your balls?

Yeah, that too.

Ok, so, let's screw those  
architects! - Let's do it!

What's with the apple?

- It's healthy.

What are you? Nutricionist?

- Listen, man.

Thieves should be healthy too.

Are you sure they live there?

- Yeah, I was their courier.

There are no Loaded family.

- Christ!

Loaded, bro, 'cause they are  
Loaded. Last name is Tavcar.

C'mon! - Right.

You can't have an ordinary last  
name and be an architect.

What's this? - What?

- Elevators are out of service.

Are you kiddin' me?

Cross my heart... - You're  
right. So? Let's walk.

You're such a pig.

Which floor, bro? - 23rd.

Are you shitting me? - Cross  
my heart and hope to die.

Fuck! 23rd...

Breathe, breathe!

Like you're a Yoga master.

Think about the money,

it'll be easier. - Now, you!  
Bro, we said we'll change after  
three floors, not two.  
What about the mezzanine?  
- It's not a floor. - What?!  
If it was a floor,  
it would be called a floor.  
Shush!  
And why are there stairs?  
Hey, hommie! Excuse me,  
is mezzanine a floor or not?  
It depends. If you walk, it is,  
but if you ride the elevator,  
it's not... - Ok, good.  
C'mon, c'mon!  
Think about Yoga.  
Fuckin' cigarettes!  
Osmokovic?! What kind of  
a family name is that?  
I'm sure it's Croatian. - It  
can't be! It ends with,, ic".  
Pavelic wasn't Serbian.  
- To begin with,  
Pavelic was Serbian, but he  
converted to catholicism.  
It's cool. You couldn't  
possibly understand.  
You are training for something?  
C'mon! Look at him!  
Man, I'm a thief,  
not an athlete!  
You forgot something.  
Is it hard? - It is.  
Isn't there anybody  
younger to help you?  
No, my boy. - No, huh?  
Loneliness is the worst  
of all diseases, right?  
- Yes, my darlin'.  
God bless you, son. - Thanks.  
It sucks when you're old.  
And poor. - Yeah.  
Promise me something. If I grow  
old and end up broke,

take something and smash my head. I don't wanna suffer. Just another 16... and there will be a lot of cash, ok? Yeah, right. I'll see a lot of cash, but when I die. This sucks. - What, bro? - Old woman carryng her groceries. It's the hood, man. Dirty pigs. - I know, but the Government should do something too. - Yeah, the community! But you should do something too. - What, bro? - This, bro. You do some kind of sports? - Yes, alpinism. Do you go all the way to the top? - Yeah. I'm excercising for Kilimanjaro. Could you carry this to the 23rd floor, man? We're tired. No problem, give it to me. - You're a legend! - You'll see. We're cheering for you! - It'll be easier now. Easier, my ass. - C'mon, we are half way there. Don't say! We haven't passed the first half yet! This is a mission impossible. - Can you hear this? Come here! I'm sorry. - Go to Hell! Why are you torturing him? - Why not? What's he doing on the 11 th floor? - Look! He's a great ant. You know, if ants were the size of humans, they could lift an elephant. - Can you smell it? No, really. Somebody's frying pepers. - Yeah. I would give everything for baked peppers now.

C'mon, let's go! -Wait a little.  
- Let's go, we're in shape.  
Wait! I'm dying. - Why?  
- These steps are killing me.  
You can get  
a heart attack like this.  
Fuck money if you die, right?  
- And what now?  
Don't know. Nothing. Go by  
yourself. - To go alone?  
Yes, you're a bee. - You lazy  
shit! - You're a real ant.  
You're bullshitting.  
You're just the same as I am.  
My heart is beating strangely.  
- Mine too. Seriously.  
I was sick in school.  
Don't you remember?  
Are you elevator technicians?  
Do we look like technicians?  
- Yes you do. Fuckin' workers.  
Do you want workers to smash  
your cunt, huh?  
I can't believe that we look  
like dirty workers? - We do.  
Sweating here, on the 11 th  
floor. Coal miners! I'm a thief!  
If I wanted to work hard,  
I would go to school,  
or get married, or somethin'.  
Don't know!  
Hey, man! Can you give  
us back our bag?  
We're not going down!  
Lemme tell ya a story. Do you  
know who Rockafeller was?  
The richest guy in the world.  
But he was a bum as a kid,  
just like you... and me. Fuck!  
His mom gave him an apple,  
and he sold it. - His mom?  
- No, man! An apple!  
And he got 2 apples. But he  
didn't eat them, he sold them

to the classmates, you know.  
So he buys a sack of apples.  
And then? - Nothing.  
His old cousin dropped dead,  
leaving him a billion dollars.  
Do you get the point?  
Yeah, it's all for nothing  
if you're not lucky. - No!  
Actually, yes. You're right.  
If you get lucky,  
it's gonna be here. Well,  
not here, but... You know!  
Thanks, man. - What do you  
do for a living?  
We grow apples.  
Golden delishes, bro!  
What a shithead.  
- He's a cop. A pig...  
You'll have a stroke of luck  
here. - How come, here?  
Right here, darlin'.  
C'mon...  
Down, by the cillindre.  
Be quiet!  
There!  
Let's go...  
Come here, bro! Look at this!  
That's your name.  
Sima Vasiljevic, fourth grade.  
You're bulshittin'!  
It's my notebook!  
Look at this. What would you  
like to be when you grow up?  
I would like to be a pilot.  
They're wearing sun glasses,  
work with pretty ladies  
and have lots of money.  
My dad says it's important.  
That I should be like Rade,  
our neighbor. He smuggles  
stuff from Singapore.  
She crossed that, you see?  
- Smuggler...  
Most of all, I want to be rich.

Milica... Christ! She fucked us  
with all the dictations.  
Remember? - Yeah.  
And with all the counting.  
Remember the songs?  
I can hear you, Kondic!  
I can hear you well!  
C'mon! Take a seat.  
Is this the time to come  
to the class? - Milica...  
Teacher! Is it you?  
- And what's the reason now?  
The alarm didn't go off?  
Your bus was late?  
They locked you at home. - She  
recognized you, man. - Silence!  
Kondic... Everybody take a seat!  
Hurry, kids!  
C'mon, kids! Silence!  
Have we learnt the song  
for today? Let's sing it!  
Hush, hush hear the sweet gentle  
sound, bamboo leaves  
just rustling now  
night is falling down, falling  
down  
from the starry summer skies  
Teacher...

**ENVY:**

Have you ever fucked  
a stewardess?  
What are you doing? - Why?  
- It's a pigeon, Musa.  
A delicate bird. - It spreads  
diseases. All I need is typhus!  
It's not a rat, man.  
- It's worse than a rat!  
This one wants to be your pet,  
you feed him and everything,  
and a month later your nose  
drops off. - I fucked it.  
Who, man? - The stewardess.  
- I thought you fucked the rat.

So? What do you say  
about the car?  
My poor Mercedes,  
look what you've come to.  
Bosnian jerk is driving you.  
Deimler and Benz are  
rolling in their graves.  
Did anyone touch it?  
- Can I help you?  
Did anyone come near to it?  
- Not that I know.  
Musa, just watch it while  
you're here, so help you God.  
Me?! Screw you,  
you motherfuckin' jerk!  
How about 20 kebabs, on the  
house! - Yeah, sure, man!  
You rule, man!  
Musa, bro? What are you  
driving? - And you, fuckhead?  
What are you driving, jerk?  
- I don't wanna fight, man.  
We're children from the  
capital, and we go on foot.  
But look at this!  
Fucking Bosnian peasant,  
straight from the woods,  
yet he drives a Mercedes!  
C'mon! Why are you  
fucking with us, man?!  
Don't know what's with it!  
It didn't turn on till now.  
Is it stolen? - What?!  
Clean as a whistle!  
I've got loads of paperwork.  
Stolen, he says... Fuck!

**SERBIAN HERO:**

Here are your kebabs.  
- This is on me.  
My Goga's in labor, so...  
- Thanks, Bure! When is she due?  
I would say, yesterday.  
- Are you expecting a son?

We didn't check.

- Bure didn't wanna know.

As long as it's healthy.

- Do you like the kebabs?

This is excellent. Just...

- What?

Kebabs from Leskovac

are better. - No way! No way!

City of Leskovac has the best  
barbecue, I'll admit it.

But kebab from Sarajevo

is... - The king of kebabs!

Wait, Bure! Wait! Really...

Leskovac is better!

What's with you, man?!

Why are you laughing?

King of kebabs!

Bring us some mustard.

- With kebab from Sarajevo!

It's like adding salt to

the wound, man! Jesus!

What's the difference anyway

between kebabs from Sarajevo,

Tuzla or Brcko? - It's

like you tell a Slovenian guy

to make you a Turkish candy.

- C'mon! - It just doesn't work!

Musa, my man!

The man told us thousand times

that you put mustard on kebab

from Banja Luka. Don't be fool!

Fuck it, man! What were you

doing there? Taking a leak?

You got restroom here!

Don't make me tell you!

Listen, man! We were pissing  
here, while you were in Bosnia!

And used to take a crap right  
there, where your barbecue is.

Just do your job, and let us

take a leak wherever we like!

Ok, man! Don't get so angry.

Fuck me, if this car goes

another 100 km.



What's wrong? - Don't know.  
I took Goga to hospital today.  
But it sounds funny all day.  
- Maybe it's... belt? - Yeah!  
What belt? Look at the German  
motor, clean like glass.  
Maybe some of your countryman  
fucked it?  
It belonged to an old lady.  
- Yeah, right!  
With sporting steering wheel!  
Give us 20 kebabs, with onions.  
- And two beers. - Right!  
I wouldn't care less, except  
my Goga's having a child now.  
And this car is screwing me!  
- When's the time? Today?  
I guess so. They gave her  
some induction or somethin'  
Why didn't you go with her?  
- To watch her having a child?!  
Did anybody watch my mom,  
or my grandmother?  
Don't be such a peasant.  
Nowdays, it's normal.  
Husbands go with the wives.  
- Taking photos with the doctor.  
Holding hands... - And who's  
gonna hold this?  
Anyone could rob me in an  
instant. Why are you laughing?  
You would be the first!  
You know, doctor is a nice  
guy. He took 500 Euros...  
Bure, can you please tell her  
to put some ketchup inside?  
Fuck you and your ketchup!  
Go to fuckin' Mac Donalds!  
Can't you see I don't know  
where my head is?  
Here is Goga... Hello, kitty!  
Oh, it's you, auntie!  
They took her! She'll be soon?  
- Kitty?! Man!

Musa?  
Musa, man? - What?!  
What's with you, are you nuts? - Yes, man!  
And you're just sitting here, eating shit.  
What should I do, man?  
- Look at the Bosnian dude!  
He has been married for five years, made this, bought a Mercedes, and now he's going to have a kid!  
What about us? Ha?!  
What should I do, man?  
It's a son! My son! My family name will live forever!  
I have a son! My son!  
Guys! This is a reason for celebration!  
What's with you, guys?  
Wouldn't you make a toast?  
We don't have glasses.  
- Fuck glasses! Here! Hey, kid!  
Go and buy some crystal glasses for my men!  
Buy 3 sets of glasses!  
So that everyone can see what it means when Bure is drinkin' with his men!  
Listen now...  
Hello, auntie? How's my little dickhead?  
I'll take this, you go on with your work.  
Old man! Let's make a toast!  
What happened? Bure?  
Kid cannot breathe! They've hooked him to machines!  
Fuck this life, man...  
Old man!  
C'mon! Let's go!  
Old man!  
Bure, we need 2 more plates of minced meat... - Call the cab!

It's my fault...  
Here, spit me in the face if  
I don't sell this tomorrow.  
My God... Just save my boy!  
And I swear I'll sell it!  
Bure, it's not your fault...  
- Of course it is!  
We just made our nest, but  
I got greedy for the money...  
She shouldn't have worked!  
She should have rested...  
Bure, my bro... Everything  
will be just fine, you'll see.  
God, please! Save my child.  
Hush, hush here the sweet gentle  
sound, bamboo leaves  
just rustling now  
here them from my little bed  
night is falling down, falling  
down  
from the starry summer skies  
night is still and  
lights fading out  
stars just shimmer  
from above  
one can only hear  
this sweet sound  
of my baby's lullaby

**THE END:**