Siberia, Monamour

By Vyacheslav Ross
Klyk! [Russian for 'fang']
You stupid, stupid dog...!
When Dad comes back
you're gonna live with us.
But for now...
Grandfather won't permit it.
Little madcap!
Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God,
have mercy on me sinner.
Lord, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.
Fedding this stray again?
It's gonna bite you
to death some day.
It's Klyk, he won't bite.
He's clever.
They've exterminated
everything in the woods...
the plague dogs.
Soon... they're gonna eat us, too.
Forgive me, Lord.
Have you prayed today?
But Grandpa...
Want to be roasted in Hell?
Eh?
Lord, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.
Who brings me the bad marks?
No one.
- Are you sure?
- Yes, I'm sure.
Alright, go back home to Mom.
- Mommy, what the hell is it?
- I ain't no Mommy to you.
Anyuta! - You mean they have
no grass and no hay over there?
How long shall I have
to tolerate all this?
What's in the poke?
If they like to live alone
in the taiga, let them!
But you won't supply them with food
from my house. We have our own kids.
What are you staring at?
Ungear!
- So, let them starve over there?
- So be it.
Grandpa!
- He did not come?
- No.
Yet, he promised
that he'd come yesterday.
Grandpa... Let me go hunting?
You can't get anything at all.
Watch where you're going.
The goat can be
slaughtered for meat.
What are you staring at?
Come on, wicked, go fatten up!
Don't swear.
Come on...
You should learn a new prayer.
You're gonna say prayers
for your late mother.
Let her rest for ever and ever...
while her soul groans.
You say it yourself!
Breakfast's on the table!
Come on, have your meal.
- Daddy, when will Lyosha come?
- None of your business.
We can decide without you.
Stop it.
Sit down and eat at the table.
So, will the old one and Lyoshka
live with us?
Dad and I decided that Dad
would no longer go to Grandpa.
And how will they
survive the winter?
Keep eating.
The winter?
If he wants to live there all
alone in the woods, let him.
He's not a baby for us
to drag back here.
Grandpa, tell me, is it true
that Daddy left me alone?
Close your eyes.
Get up.
Your father is a special agent.
When your mother died...
he joined the forces.
He is on a recon mission now.
He's the bravest of them all.
They can't do it without him,
no way.
No way?
Come on, my dear.
Come on.
Where to?
Where are you going...
so early?
East Overshoe.
Giddap! Come on, get moving.
Move, wicked!
Move, lazy!
The rifle! You forgot your rifle!
Whoa!
How much longer to watch
your pathetic ass?
- Good day.
- H! Hello, the Armed Forces of Russia.
Well, not that much armed indeed. Just
a little. Right against the bad boys...
- Alexander Sergeyevich.
- Yura.
Yura?
Turn off the engine.
...damn navigator!
- Yura? Are you from this place?
- Why, don't I look like a local?
I am local. Ha-ha.
Give me a map.
He says he's local too.
I already spent half a day
in the woods with him.
Yura...
we need to go to town.
So what the heck
are you doing here?
You needed to pass there!
To Grosnoye Forestry.
- Shall we drink as friends?
- Do you really have some?
Clearly I do. Let's sit down?
I had it too much...
and we have no time yet.
Well...
Hey!
Good.
Now I'd like a woman.
Haha-ha.
How far to town? - Well, Sergeich,
it depends how fast you are!
What do you need in town?
Well, in town...
Yuri Palych...
Yuri Palych?
Shall we have one more?
Do you make this booze yourself?
I do. Myself... With God's help.
Well, Yuri Palych,
I've been transferred from the Caucasus
to Siberia, here to your area.
It's all the same fucking booze
both there... and here.
But with yours...
it cannot be compared.
Right, clearly.
Close the fucking hood!
He shows me that he's busy
all the time.
Greenass, he was taught well.
Listen, why not
invite him along?
We must be human, eh?
Right, call him here.
Hey, sonny! Come on here.
Sit down and drink with us.
- I am not allowed to.
- Come on and drink...
You see, this man invites you.
Comrade Captain, permission to speak?
Well?
We'll be late. You know him yourself, that Comrade Subcolonel, he's...
Subcolonel...
Dirtbag, that's what he is!
All his life sitting in this hole.
That rat's sending me, a veteran officer, to bring him a whore from town.
Rubbish.

**Then Dad said:**
'Well, I'll go into recon!'
Because they were all afraid.
But not him.
He was never afraid...
and he went in the vanguard,
while others drank vodka and were waiting for him to return.
Only Grandpa does not drink, because his God does not allow him.
When Dad returns, I'll tell him to let Grandpa live alone. I'm sick of him.
Lyoshka!
Lyoshka!
Grandpa Ivan?
Are you all dead here, or what?
I've been knocking on the door...
Tell Lyoshka to bring Vesnukha to the yard, damn it.
I will.
Go.
Oops!
Enough I said!
Dish washing is what you do better.
That's it, we close.
Finish! We're closing!
You hear?
Closing.
Go home to sleep.
Got a problem?
Schmuck.
Hey, commander!
You got fresh, or what?
Like you own the place?
Fucking good?
Zheleznjak, do we have more dough?
See here.
They are all around us
in every hole, bastards.
Even here.
No, Comrade Captain. Empty.
We're penniless...
Not even enough for a whore.
Do not cry, soldier,
we'll get a whore for free.
A cautious retreat now...
because these Muslims
want to kill us.
I met a brave captain...
He survived... 2 wars in Caucasus
3 times wounded... each time in the head.
Diagnosed with...
well, you know what.
...in short, he shouts sometimes.
But not out of malice.
We had too little snack
with him, you know...
Here's your snack...
h...
I made some turnips.
Did you bring anything for us?
Next time I will...
Look, I... heard something
about your son.
They say they saw him in town
six months ago.
For 3 days he drank non-stop, saying
that he'd signed for a war...
And then... he was gone.
Your Matvey will never return.
Missing forever.
Not dead, just missing.
So, we'll be waiting.
What's the use of waiting?
No use at all.
Well... there's no access in winter.
What are you gonna eat?
Look, I'm helping you as a relative...
Not you, Yuri Pavlovich.
God helps me.
With your hands...
And you only are His tool.
Everything is His will.
h...
Maybe I'll cease to be
His tool.
It's such a long way to you...
And also Anna could be put at ease.
I want you to talk with Anna.
Why don't you take Lyoshka
away from here?
We have the three of our own.
Is it here? - The first
floor right, Comrade Captain.
The operation starts in...
when I finish smoking.
If you hear a noise...
you run to me, got it?
Clear, Comrade Captain.
Look, now I'm no more
Comrade Captain to you...
...but rather a friend & brother.
You cover me,
and I cover you.
Bring the Kalashnikov.
Comrade Captain, local bandits
are their protection.
I'll screw them up...
this protection.
Hop.
Seryozha, you?
I, who else.
Pray before bedtime,
we'll talk tomorrow.
And be quiet there,
uncle Jura is sleeping.
Lord have mercy on me.
Have mercy on me.
Can't sleep. My belly's full of gases
after your turnips.
Uncle Jura!
Hi, cossack.
What the fuck?
Why are you making noise at night?
Grandpa was looking
for you everywhere.
I was at the headquarters.
Uncle Jura, will you read me about the 'White Fang'? - But I did one hundred times before.
Lyoshka, sleep!
Grandpa Ivan, you are like in the Army,
prayer and sleep...
let me exchange a couple
of words with the child.
You, Yuri Pavlovich,
will enforce your rules at home.
But here, I am the boss.
Stop it! Stop it!
I can't... any more.
Enough.
I go to see the girls...
what if they're still awake.
Yes, Anjuta, I remember
in my youth you were hotter...
Real fire, you were.
So why didn't you marry me then...
the real fire?
Thank God, I was clever enough. Otherwise,
another fucker might be here...
while I'd be ramming your ceiling
with my horns, just like your Yuri does.
You're scum, Zachar.
I do not know exactly who is
more of a scum among two of us!
I don't have a bunch of kids
and no one to answer to.
I'll never come again...
have no strength to behave like that.
But you've pigged out, brother! - I'm
more or less normal, Comrade Captain.
Natalie...
To the present ladies...
To the hostess...
- Zheleznjak, fuck off.
- Alright.
Natalie... drink brotherhood!
This is it... hussars arrived.
Enough! Enough! Enough...
Natalie?
- What shall we do, eh?
- But why, Alexandr Sergeevich?
I need a girl. - Girl? I tell you
they all have a free-chick action.
Serving to our protection.
Thank God, I can rest.
- Am I eligible for a holiday?
- You are, of course.
Zheleznjak, to normal.
Natalie?
Private! Who lost the weapon?
Extra duty twice.
Yes, Sir, twice extra duty.
- Who are you?
- Never mind.
- What, you ain't no good?
- It all burns inside... and I'm dizzy.
- Where is the bathroom?
- Down the hall, to the left.
You're nothing but the trouble-maker.
I can do it myself.
Stop it!
- Thanks.
- Russians never leave their own at war.
Well, cossack, will you come live with
me? - I won't, I'm waiting on my dad.
We can wait together,
but rather in our village.
Back in Urman, we have people,
food, kids, TV... Lyoshka!
You'll have whom to play with.
Your wife will be calling me names...
for your food.
No, Lyoshka, she will not.
She's good.
And we'll leave your dad a letter:
we are waiting at Urman.
And he'll come there to join us.
Shall we take Klyk with us?
Klyk? Yes, we can take him, too.
- Why the sun is blue with you?
- I have not much of yellow.
I'm gonna be drawing much.
And what precisely?
I'm drawing Grandpa's God,
for him to see it better...
- Are you sure God is yellow?
- Don't you know, he lights up.
I did not know.
So, is it a deal, cossack?
I come for you tomorrow.
I don't drink milk.
How did it all end the last night? - You showed your ex-wife, cried all the way.
- Was there anything between us two?
- My turn never came.
- Permission?
- Go ahead.
May I drink?
What a "Healthy Life" team you are!
- Lyubka, what are you doing here?
- Want some milk.
Something I missed? Why aren't you at the Saturday free-chick party?
I was working on Sunday,
at the Gagik's.
Is that true, Natalie?
Screwed up full time.
- Did they make you a bruise?
- Beasts.
Lyuba? I must bring a girl for the commander... a good girl.
Give me.
He's an intelligent man,
veteran officer.
If he likes you, he'll hire you... as a cook.
- Do you cook?
- Cut it, that's shucks.
What are you talking about? Why are you sitting here? Go to your room!
As for those Caucasian cattle...
these wogs... we'll send them to Allah.
Agree?
Look, you're coming with us. We'll
blow up that stinking roadhouse.
Everything's fair.
- You are hot, uncle... Shall I really go?
- Don't even hesitate, young lady!
Where do you want to go, chicken?
You want the whole company
to fuck you at once?
Too little fun here?
Captain, maybe you missed something?
- Goods must be paid.
- What? I guess you miss something.
Now I'll show you some precision
bombing. I'll blow this hut sky-high.
Hold it, Comrade Captain!
Comrade Captain, wait!
Moment...
There you go.
I really do not have more.
My mother sent me.
- Let her return my passport!
- Give it back to her!
You're finished... fool.
Whoa.
So we agreed, cossack?
You promised me your drawing.
Come on, bring it to me! Run!
I'll be back tomorrow, at dawn...
Hope you'll survive.
G!
Whoa...
They killed your son Matvey.
Stabbed him to death in a drunk fight.
G!
The plan of action is as follows:
You burst into the cafe, remove the safety
pin and shout "For the Motherland",
throw the grenade behind the bar, and get
out of the place if you want to live.
And what if there are
people in there?
- What people?
- Well... just people.
War is war, you know.
So what? Haven't changed your
mind? Come on!
We're gonna bust them,
Allah Akbar!
I have.
Well, it's up to you then.
Back home, private.
Behave modestly with those
people over there.
Give them the meat saying:
"this is from Grandfather".
Never grab the food first at the table.
Uhu.

Grandpa? Does my Dad know where
Urman is? - He does.
You listen to me:
never offend the girls over there.
And do your prayers every day,
like I taught you.
- Remember?
- Aha.
Give this letter to Dad so he won't
think I've not waited for him.
Can you hear?
Animal, it can feel everything.
Turn aside and stop.
Do it!
Stay inside, private.
- What the fuck are you doing?
- Calm down.
What's up?
Well...
Why are you pretending a virgin?
- Uncle Sasha?
- I'll pay you well back in camp.
Come on! Go go, my dear!
Go faster!
You like it?
Is it any good?
Why are you silent?
Say something...
Talk, scum, don't be silent!
Hold it, bastard!
Well, come on, private...
shout it out.
Come on.
Zheleznjak?
Shoot.
It might be for the better.
Go, go!!!
Fuck you!
- Come on!
- -
Take it away,
it's not for the cattle.
Grandpa... will Glashka-the-goat
meet Mom over there?
Shut up.
I want to meet Mom very much.
We all will meet soon.
Come in the house,
and wait on uncle Yuri.
Did you eat our Glashka?
And don't turn your head away,
aren't you ashamed?
Well, when Dad is back,
he'll make you disciplined.
You'll know then how one's
master dog should behave.
Daddy! Daddy!
Uncle Yura!
Yura?
Yura...
What are you doing there?
- Strong hand?
- I am.
- What is it at your hand?
- For the luck.
h?
Gann!
See, it is a real bit.
- You better look for the icons.
- Go look yourself, no icons here.
Gann! Here's an old clock...
- Will you have a look?
- I'm coming.
Good evening, old man.
Can we have some tea?
We're cold like devils.
- I've got nothing to give you.
- It's OK, nothing is fine.
We need just some place warm.
Come on, put on the table
what we have with us.- Aha.
Oops.
Oho.
No drinking in my house.
Eh... what about some
boiling water?
Lyoshka.
Get the kettle.
You old man... don't take us
for the scum, really.
Anyway, there's no use of anything in the
village. All's perished in the taiga.
Is the boy yours?
- My son's.
- 11 right.
- And where's your son?
- Gone.
- nd his mother?
- No more mother.
Died?
You see... this is life,
little brother.
- Are you waiting on your dad?
- h.
That's right.
When waiting, he'll come back...
That is for sure.
Here you are. Take it.
I am quitting smoking,
that's why...
Well, old man, would you sell
your icon to us?
Is it old enough?
- I don't sell it.
- I understand you perfectly.
You need no money here. Then we can
offer you food, as much as you like, eh?
I said no sell.
- It's over.
- Well, that's fine by us, too.
Thank you for the bread and salt.
Old man, will you show us the
right way, we lost our bearings.
I will.
- Take back your food.
- I wish you didn't say that, old man.
Silence, little bro.
- How can you live here alone like this?
- With God's help.
- What happened with the boy's mother?
- What's your concern?
- Grandpa! Grandpa!
- h!
You came after the candies?
Well, you are smart, brother.
Come on, here it is.
It's yours.
Here is some more.
Well?
Go.
We have here some adult's chat.
Come on. Run, brother, run.
Grandpa, he stole your God.
- Give my icon back.
- Alright... goodbye.
We can find the way ourselves.
My icon!
Hands off from Grandpa,
you wicked!
You really set me up,
little bro.
Your old man though a century old...
almost strangled me.
Alright, don't be afraid.
We are same with you.
I was fatherless, too.
Well... Goodbye.
Military tribunal is waiting
for you, private.
Forgive him, uncle Sasha.
What has he done?
If you like, I will do anything for you... anything you dream... and for free. I've got an aunt in the village, I will get you some money from her. Please, no tribunal, uncle Sasha! You hear, Zheleznjak... she offers money for you. Uncle Sasha! Dear! Please, no tribunal. I beg you! No military tribunal! No tribunal! Alright, go to the barracks, repair your pants. - Yes, sir. Serjozha! Well? Comrade Subcolonel... Daniloff has brought a whore. May I? Comrade Subcolonel, captain Daniloff is back to the unit. Tolia. Smoking a cigar, Alexandr Sergeevich, requires peace... and special mood, and this is... my dear... ...an entire philosophy... ...meditative flight of spirit. - Am I right, Anatoly Mihalych? - You must enter... that special mood. Vladislav Nikolaevich, there were no prostitutes. All of them were busy working their duty to the protection. Well, I waited for a while... and went back empty-handed. The report says you've brought a slut. - Hold it, Tolia, no noise. She's a village girl... it's my niece. I'd like for her to get some work in the kitchen. Well, you know... they're all jobless in the village. How come, Alexandr Sergeevich? You're an experienced veteran officer.
You were ordered to get
a girl of amoral behavior.
And instead you've brought
your niece.
Why did you bring your aunt then?
- Or a goat?
- Oh no, Tolia, this I can't do.
What I said was
to bring me a slut...
a bad, perverse girl
who could satisfy all my vices...
...instead you've brought me
your niece!
Ha-ha, is it normal, eh?
Shall we now be raising a regiment
daughter here? - What a freak!
So, I will send her to the kitchen?
- Permission to leave?
- Go.
Lord Jesus Christ,
please save my Grandpa.
Lord Jesus Christ,
please save my Grandpa.
Lord Jesus Christ,
please save my Grandpa.
Lord Jesus Christ,
please save my Grandpa.
Lyoshka!
Grandpa, are you alive?
You've been lying dead for two days.
Alive... still alive with God's grace.
Don't move please.
It is my God who helps you.
You don't bother Him on trifles.
It's no trifle.
I promised Him a lot of things
if He saves you.
Grandpa... may I open the gate?
Let it be open.
Yes, you may.
Mom? Drink some hot tea at least.
We found nothing.
It's been raining cats and dogs
for two days.
How is she?
Hey you, boys!
Come on! Come on.
Take this.
So listen up.
This is what the guys are saying:
Someone from outside is busting
across the villages.
We saw everything was turned
upside down in the houses.
Looks like cons on the run,
maybe searching for food.
They could have killed Yuri...
Nobody else.
Anna... Well, you better eat something.
You shouldn't torture yourself like this.
For gasoline.
Klyk!
Klyk, Klyk!
Grandpa, don't shoot!
Grandpa, don't shoot!
Don't shoot!
I wish you died first! I don't
want to live with you ever, you wicked!
Lyoshka!
Lyoshka!
Lyoshka!
Mom.
Hi, Anna...
Are you going somewhere?
Hold it!
I say where are you going?
To Monamour...
...to get the boy back.
That... son of Matvey? So it is!
- Back to yourself?
- Yes.
- nd the old man?
- Yes, and him too. Damn him.
Why alone?
It's dangerous out in the taiga.
I've already told you,
there are cons on the run.
Wait, wait!
Wait a bit.
Just a couple of minutes.
I'll be right back.
I'll come with you.
I come with you!
Get lost, wicked! Go!
Go, creature!
Go away...
Cholera.
Are you alive?
What have you done, parasite?
Forgive me, Lord.
Don't cry!
Wait...
I'm coming back with a rope.
Wait.
Come on.
Hold on.
I can't raise my arm!
Come on, stick it up!
Ah! It hurts!
Everything hurts!
Hold it with all your strength,
I say!
Well? Come on.
Try again.
- Try to overcome it, sonny.
- I ain't no sonny to you!
Your dad's my son...
You are his son... and mine, too.
He left me.
I hate him.
I hate you all!
You can be proud of your dad.
He's a hero,
a lot of medals he has.
Wait a bit.
I'm going to the main road.
I'll leave you some potatoes,
you just keep waiting for me.
Keep waiting for me, understand.
Keep waiting.
Whoa!
Hungry?
Where are your masters?
Do you think I'm here
to play with you?
Why are you howling, wicked?
Nobody's dead yet and no one wants to.
He is stubborn. If he said
he would be back, so he will be.
Lord Jesus Christ and God's Son.
Don't leave us without Your grace.
Save the innocent soul...
growing fatherless and motherless.
Have mercy on him, Lord.
Over...
mother will never see her son.
- Come on, unload!
- That's what I am doing!
Step on it!
Come on!
Come on, come on.
Cut it!
It's over, we're stuck!
We're gonna die here
for your loot.
- Keep pushing!
- Are you fucking insane?
I said push it on, son of a bitch.
Here, here.
Want some more?
No violence. No rudeness.
Just to make sure she's no
more shouting. - Wind it up.
We all... are intelligent people.
We can settle everything without conflicts.
So that... everyone remains happy.
Easy!
We can agree on a free-will basis.
My aunt got ill...
She asked me to get the niece back.
To take care of her.
Watching us, bastard...
Get out of here.
You think you're invincible,
hero?
Here I am the one to decide
who screws whom.
Shall I turn it off?
Wait, Captain...
What are you doing?
What aunt? I know from your personal file that you have no niece.
What's that you're doing?
Because of a slut?
My aunt fell ill.
You can take her.
Be ready for a transfer to another unit.
To the fucking tundra.
Finish, Alexandr Sergeevich, no more violence.
Keep going for the Lord's sake.
No offense!
Gann, look!...
A woman's coming!
That's what saved us.
Lucky I took them.
Freeze where you are!
- What's up, mother?
- I'm not mother to you.
Freeze!
Wicked, freeze!
Monamour...
- Sergei.
- Ah?
What is he saying...
like Monamour or what?
It's the name of a village, Comrade Captain.
There's a boy in the pit there.
You know the way? - Yes, I know.
But how can we find him at night?
You fucking idiot! I wish you all were sent to war to get to normal.
Stick it, OK?
Daddy, do you really love me that much?
Very much, sonny.
Everything's normal, father...
...no losses in personnel or technique.