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# Tiski

By Oleg Malovichko

- Good morning.  
- Morning.  
I have an appointment.  
DJ Den, "Night Chronicles".  
Lovely. Please wait here,  
you'll be called in.  
Okay.  
Want some coffee?  
No, thank you.  
Actually, why not.  
No, no need.  
I'll be frank, you can't sing.  
I can't sing?  
Well,  
maybe you sang at school...  
No, no, later.  
No, I can't earlier.  
- I'll be back, okay?  
- Of course.

**WISE:**

Well, come on...  
Come on...  
Too bad I didn't go to Moscow  
with you. They'd have some fun.  
Forget it, Den.  
Roy Jones also lost sometimes.  
And?  
Why didn't you go to another one?  
Moscow got an assload of studios.  
- You'd found a normal one.  
- What you mean by normal?  
They're all the same there.  
Enough with Moscow.  
What a crappy city.  
- Ours is better.  
- Right!  
After a short break,  
he's back to the "Orbit" club...  
The King of Sound, DJ Den!  
Greetings.  
What's up?  
Whose funeral is this?  
Are you ready to take off?

I wanna see you sweat!  
Taking off now!  
Masha, enough.  
No. This is it, stop!  
Why did you come back  
so angry?  
Is it Moscow?  
What it's got to do with Moscow?  
Den, let it go.  
That nut and his appointment.  
You're a genius, my genius.  
You're the best, you know it well,  
you even have groupies now.  
Masha, not again!  
Listen...  
How's that moustached lady doing?  
- There was no moustache.  
- There was, she shaved it.  
Shouldn't have told you, right?  
Remember the way she talks?  
A very interesting way...  
"Make me a child, DJ... "  
"DJ, make me a child. "  
"Make me,  
make me a child DJ!"  
It's Denis and Masha, we're home  
but don't wanna talk with anyone.  
Denis, don't hide from me.  
You owe me 2 months rent.  
Too many people want this place.  
You've got 2 days. That's it.  
- Let me lend some from my father.  
- Hold on.  
I mean, I live here too.  
Hey rich girl,  
I'm handling this.  
Don't stop Bullet!  
Knock him down!  
Mole, lend me some money.  
Like a bro', just for a couple weeks?  
I'll keep pressing.  
- I'm broke, you know it.  
- Find some.  
Help me!

- I heard, someone here needs money.  
- Very much so.  
Should we consider him?  
No question about it.  
You're in!  
Let me ask, I'm in... what?  
Some hot stuff.  
A grand for each of us...  
a grand of dollars.  
What it takes?  
Nothing scary.  
Could anyone tell me  
where we're going?  
I'll have a tattoo done.  
One with Roy, and  
a championship belt below him.  
And a Tarver one  
over my ass!  
Enough now, tell me!  
Coming up.  
Here's our beauty. Slow down.  
Klondike on wheels.  
It's Misha the Mountain's car...  
So what?  
Who is he to you?  
Nobody to me as well...  
Wait a sec...  
Den, we gonna have it anyway.  
With or without you.  
Then without me.  
Den, lads don't act this way!  
Fuck off!  
Fine, we'll do it alone.  
What do you mean?  
They just came.  
What can I do? Give me 5 minutes  
to get it done with.  
Hold on...  
How do you pull it?  
You gonna damage the side.  
If there's a scratch, you'll pay  
for the paint job! Hurry up!  
Do it!  
Hello, yes it's...

Fucking hell, they sent two dumbheads,  
who can't tow a car!  
Work!  
Well now...  
What would you do without  
Uncle Denis?  
Why do you need hammers?  
Den, it was truly awesome.  
I'll be telling it to my grandchildren.  
What are you doing?  
Are you totally nuts!  
You're out of your minds!  
Got the tabs! It's acid, Den.  
I saw him stashing it.  
So you knew?  
Guys, you've framed me.  
You framed me.  
That's simply not done.  
Know how much it's worth?  
You are idiots,  
a couple of shitheads!  
I haven't got a rich babe.  
I ain't gonna waste my life in  
a garbage truck like my dad.  
You needed money?  
Here you are!  
We can put the car back  
if you want, Den.  
And say sorry to Misha.  
Is that what you want?  
What the fuck, enjoy!  
Relax.  
Yeah, he's is a very cool type,  
psychologist.  
Oh yes, she says, it's a mutual love,  
without obligations...  
Ksyusha.  
Yes, but what has she said?  
No! In fact, the matter  
is totally different...  
Nothing.  
You know, it's all a...  
Well, maybe. Ok, certainly.  
What?

Really, no way!?

No way!

That I don't know.

I really don't understand it.

Hey, hey. You can't go in.

Take a little walk.

Den, you too?

- I thought you're not dealing.

- You thought right.

Speedy, half the price for the whole load. No haggling. Yes or no?

Tomorrow by the garages.

Around 15.00.

Agreed.

Gonna buy my old man a drill.

What?

A German drill.

It's in a shop window over the road by our house.

Every time he comes back from work, he stops to look, just like a kid.

So, he'll come to the shop and it's not there.

He'll get upset.

He'll come home, and there it is, waiting for him.

Here he comes.

Run!

Den, watch your back!

Fucking freeze!

Hands up.

Mole, those tabs aren't mine. They are Werner's.

Who's Werner?! What the fuck are you talking about?

Okay, let's go.

Mole, time to get out of here!

Shat yourselves, eh?

- You thought, Mole decided to take off?

- Where did you get it?

A guy brought it from Krasnodar.

A little fighter, feels like a trip home.

- When was our last time?

- At the prom night.

Right.

With those from the 5th district.

- What did he say about Werner?

- Nothing but shit!

Werner will go to jail  
for 7 years.

- What have you done?

- It should be done a long time ago.

Don't you see what's going on?

That's it, done. Case closed.

Forgotten as a very bad dream.

Den is right.

We don't need dirty money.

Seen those fuckers.

What happened?

Den, Werner's here.

We gotta get off his radars.

- You said he's in prison.

- They let him out.

I'll hide at my uncle's in Taganrog.

Care for yourself and don't worry,

Bullet is warned.

That's it, see you.

I can bury you and your friends

right here. Do you believe me?

You'll pay for your impudence.

I own you now.

You'll work for me.

I'll get in touch in 2 days.

That's it for now.

Yeah?

That's the way.

- So, time to go?

- Guys, I'm not going.

He's insane.

He'll use us until he  
decides we're expired.

Why are you so scared?

Why are you so scared?

The punch-up was the entry ticket.

Now we're part of the enterprise.

- In da house.

- "In da house"?

- Den, let's beat it.

- And where to?

Take your family along, smartass?

What did you think back then?

Come!

Just you!

You shit, I'll fix you anyway.

Hey there.

Sorry, I don't  
give you my hand.

You'll see, in 3 days it flies.

You're a DJ?

Me and music  
don't really click.

If I had a slightest talent,  
I'd leave all this shit.

You'll work in clubs here locally.  
Don't go elsewhere.

- Coffee, tea?

- No, thank you.

Igor, may I...  
may I be straight?

Sure, straight is  
the only way to talk.

Well.

This is just a misunderstanding.  
Actually we were wrong,  
and we are willing to pay.

Yeah?

How much can you offer?

I don't know.

What would you say?

Denis, look at me.

Do I look like a hooligan, a yobbo?

Why would I need your small change?

- See, we got into this by coincidence.

- Coincidence?

You knocked loud and  
disrespectful on my door.

I simply opened the door,  
and you came in by yourself.

Go and do your work now.

Case closed?



Good.

That's the way.

The Major. Our restless one.

- Lie down.

- What?

Down. Put your hands  
behind the head and lie down.

Down, down.

Right.

Major, you arrive as if  
it's your home.

What are you looking for here?

Your lost youth?

Got a new one, right?

You really attract those  
young ones.

Be a bit more human,  
and you'll attract them too.

I've got a proposal for you.

Leave for good, right now.

Take all your things and leave.

I live here, it's my birthplace.

I grew up here.

If you don't like me,  
you simply leave yourself.

You'll not live here.

I will bury you.

Don't you think, Dudaitis,  
it's all your fault?

You just blame me  
so you feel better?

I'll bury you too, brat.

Unless you come to your senses.

That's how we live.

Why aren't you dancing?

What?

- You aren't dancing...

- How you mean?

Sitting alone, getting bored.

Either you can't dance,  
or the music isn't right.

Can offer something  
more romantic?

Den, someone's knocking.

What?

Give this to Steff,  
the gay type at the Parus.  
He must pay 10 grands.

What is it?

Sugar, dammit.

Refined sugar.

Are you bonkers?

You're Denis, right?

Yes.

- Sorry, it's the first time.

- That's a reason.

I'm knocking and knocking,  
getting paranoid.

Well, gotta run now.

It's from Werner.

I'm sorry, dude, it's been a bad month.

No money now, come back in a week.

Wait, that's not  
the way it works.

Who are you?

I haven't seen you before.

The way it works...

Remind Werner, instead of dealing with him,  
I can do it directly with Hodja... cheaper.

Werner needs to be cooperative.

I know you, you're operating  
the soundboard in the Orbit.

Covering up as a DJ.

Neat idea!

What were you talking?

What were you talking  
about Hodja?

What about him, you cunt?

Forget Hodja's name,  
motherfucker.

- Enough.

- Hands!

Denis!

What was that?

- Sorry, I thought you lost control.

- You think, you can control me?

So why calling and crying,  
Control Man?

Never let life crush you.  
If it's already starting,  
what will come next?  
There will be no next,  
I'll work off and leave.  
Ever shoot up yourself?  
No.  
Then why are you telling me  
things you don't know at all.  
For an hour they live a full life,  
bright and intense.  
Live from high to high.  
What do they got here?  
Some grayish shit.  
You sell them life.  
Maybe you're right,  
but I got other plans.  
I wanna make music.  
Do you remember, how we met?  
Huh, musician?  
I simply needed money  
at that moment.  
Look at yourself, who are you?  
Nobody, a foot boy.  
I'm musician.  
- Musician?  
- Yes.  
Make a monkey for those kids?  
You just don't  
go to the clubs.  
It's hard to put in words.  
It's a totally different life.  
You put on the headphones,  
and you see all those people.  
They expect something from you...  
I give them the beat.  
And we all become one.  
One rhythm, one pulse, one...  
I don't know how to put it.  
You're getting so high with adrenaline.  
Like one body ready to take off.  
Well, it must be experienced.  
Listen...  
You're a dangerous person.

You like power, right?  
So what...?  
Want some?  
My sister doesn't allow me anything  
sweet, so I have it in the street.  
Look...  
In a week, or in two,  
you'll buy yourself  
new speakers, new decks.  
Another week, and your new headphones  
will start to collect dust.  
It's totally different life,  
different bets and...  
Different adrenaline.  
Everything is different.  
Take it away from me.  
Go now, your nannies are waiting.  
Where were you?  
He's been waiting for half an hour.  
Hi, Denis.  
Masha, go upstairs.  
Does she know?  
Your business with Werner?  
She doesn't?  
Werner is the one...  
from the car service?  
That's him.  
The one who joined you today  
in beating shit out of Steff.  
Listen.  
Why are you doing this?  
You're talented, you should  
make music, not dope.  
Dunno what you mean.  
Denis, I've come to you  
like a normal person.  
Instead of busting you outside.  
It would be a pity.  
You don't understand  
where you got yourself into.  
- Do you want to get out of this?  
- How?  
Help me, I'll help you.  
I'll show you a tiny door.

Help me to bust Werner.  
That's all.  
You'll go free,  
I'll even forget your name.  
What's that smell,  
are you drunk?  
If you don't have anything  
specific on me, please leave.  
God knows how many young lads  
worked for him.  
Some are in jail, some in graves.  
He won't even remember their names.  
He used them and  
threw them away.  
I wanna help you, Denis.  
Why don't you bust him,  
if he's so dangerous?  
He's not hiding, you know.  
Want his address?  
You can't help anyone.  
Bye.  
- What kind of work you do together?  
- Why the dick you let him in?  
- I don't...  
- You don't...  
You don't let anyone in,  
you understand?  
Denis is out, good bye.  
Shut the door, ready!  
Is it clear?  
Look, Den... When will we  
start to play seriously?  
I don't come here  
for mouse droppings.  
Den, what's your problem?  
- Den, Birdie is a cool dude.  
- Don't you know me?  
Fucking wholesaler!  
Relax, it's me.  
Den.  
Werner is in the club.  
Igor.  
- Hey.  
- Hey.

Taika, my sister.  
Denis, king of this universe.  
Pleased to meet you.  
Well, Denis, show us around,  
we are your guests.  
So, do you like it here?  
I don't like it so loud.  
- What?  
- I don't like it when it's so loud.  
- Why did you come here then?  
- It was Igor's idea.  
Let's dance!  
- Taia, come on, let's dance.  
- Igor!  
- Let's dance.  
- Igor, stop it!  
- But really, why don't you dance?  
- Because I don't.  
Okay, everybody does...  
It's just that  
not everyone knows it.  
So how's your mom?  
She's retired now.  
- Used to work in a music school.  
- And your dad?  
Same here.  
I've taken care of Taika  
since she was 3 years old.  
Well, entertain your guest,  
it was your idea to invite him.  
Igor!  
Now, now...  
She's a bit introvert.  
Can't you ask her out somewhere,  
to a theater, or an exhibition?  
Okay.  
It's a personal favor,  
if you don't need.  
- No... no problem.  
- Thank you.  
Well...  
What's going on?  
You'd like to change something, right?  
Am I right?

Igor, thank you.  
What is it?  
Denis, you disappoint me. This is  
my club. It got everything.  
Bar, dance floor. Only missing  
a manager. I need you here.  
Me?  
You're not in form today.  
Yes, I need you!  
Make this the best place in town.  
I know you can.  
Just imagine what you can  
do here with your music?  
What do you call it...  
"beat under the skin"?  
You can pump up  
the volume here.  
We'll arrange with  
the local cops.  
This bloody Major, that headless  
horseman will sometimes visit.  
One can't avoid this.  
Denis! You're very skillfully  
concealing your joy.  
- Igor, I'm unsure if I can do it.  
- I'm sure.  
Look at me.  
Let me guess...  
You want your own club.  
Where you decide what's good  
and what not.  
Which music to play.  
Here you got it. Take it!  
Maybe it's possible to arrange  
all matters...  
With this Major?  
Unlikely.  
Well...  
Are we taking off?  
Come on.  
Den, let's do some serious business.  
Like grown-ups.  
The better you work,  
the faster you go out.

- How do you know?  
- Everyone knows you guys got caught.  
Den, it's a great chance.  
Let's do it, man.  
Birdie, just be calm.  
I'll think it over.  
And then the lights go out.  
And spotlights go...  
Heavy beat pounding.  
And here comes  
Roy Jones Junior!  
In a white fur coat,  
with a chain of gold.  
Looking like a young god.  
Come on!  
Are you celebrating or what...  
- Hey Den!  
- Hey.  
I quit my job.  
Spat right into the foreman's face.  
Drowning grief now?  
Why?  
Cause you're unemployed now.  
Yeah...  
Den...  
Excuse me.  
- Hi. - Hi.  
He always follows you?  
Yes.  
I'm used to it. Igor wouldn't let me  
go anywhere alone.  
Weird, like a prison date.  
Is this a date?  
No, I didn't mean it  
that way.  
I don't mind.  
- Hey Masha.  
- Hey Mole.  
Where's Denis?  
I take you to his office,  
you can wait for him there.  
- Can't you call for him?  
- Let's go to his office.  
They were simply talking... And I fool,



didn't understand what's going on.  
She's the owner's sister.  
Should I just tell her to leave?  
I saw how she was staring at you!  
Drooling all over you.  
Don't make such a fuzz.  
I work here, earn money.  
This is how you got the job?  
Worked it off?  
- You should hear yourself.  
- So what, now you gonna listen.  
"She's the owner's sister".  
Do you think  
you'd say "no"?  
Kindhearted as you are!  
- I don't talk to you in that tone.  
- You don't talk to me at all.  
"I gotta go, Masha... ",  
"I got things to do... "  
"Don't open the door, Masha... "  
What is this, Denis?  
- It's not her, she has nothing  
to do with it! - What then?  
Tell me, what?  
Masha...  
I'll handle all this myself, okay?  
Okay, handle it.  
Please get ready with it.  
You see, Den?  
Great location. Right in the center,  
yet nobody around...  
Are you digging' it?  
I worked here as a guard.  
- Why so sad?  
- Hurry up.  
Don't worry. We are doing fine.  
- In one week we'll sell enough  
to work it off. - Faster.  
I'm sorry, Den.  
Nothing personal.  
Hey, Denis.  
Do you see that door?  
You'll go in now,  
and come out in about 7 years.

If ever at all.  
We're going to jail, son.  
Let's get going then.  
I'll serve my time and get out.  
And no one will hammer me.  
Look into my eyes!  
Who's that hero's stance for?  
- Eyes, I said! - Come on, punch me  
bitch, I won't tell you!  
Yes, you will. You'll beg me  
on your knees to listen to you.  
I'll hand you to Werner as a snitch!  
You know what he'll do to you!  
If you don't care for yourself,  
why should I?  
Smoke?  
Listen, son.  
Only this month died 60 people  
from heroin in this town.  
60 people!  
Young people, all under 25.  
They suffered a painful,  
unworthy death...  
Werner... and you, you killed them!  
You killed them!  
I won't tell you anything.  
Drive me wherever you want.  
Drive you?  
I'm gonna kill you here,  
motherfucker!  
A blowjob for 400,  
A fuck for 600.  
Work on my passenger  
in the back seat.  
- Are you nuts?  
- Shut up.  
Well?  
- 1000, if you wanna watch.  
- What are you doing?  
Give me your hand.  
These veins are used.  
No way without a condom.  
- Denis, have you got condoms?  
- Let's move.

Wait, the boy will do you good,  
then we'll go.  
So, will you now?  
Let's go!  
Dismissed.  
He's earning for a dose here.  
They start shooting at 10,  
and die at 15.  
Son, you're not a scum, right?  
Help me.  
Wash it off.  
Eat, son,  
you must be really hungry.  
Don't look for me,  
I'll find you when I need you.  
Live, work, like before.  
Eat.  
Work hard and earn his trust,  
complete trust.  
That's it for now.  
Now, tell me.  
There's nothing to tell.  
Just too much going on.  
Denis, have you ever  
lied to me?  
No.  
Me neither.  
Let's not start now.  
I've just had a fight with Bullet.  
- That's all?  
- That's all.  
Who won?  
Not me.  
I see.  
What's going on,  
you don't do it.  
You need someone else.  
Someone who does it better.  
So you want to go out, right?  
Already made your decision?  
I've raised the club, worked off  
completely, as agreed.  
And you want to leave?  
Right now, at this very moment?

What will happen to the club?

Who will run it after you?

- I haven't thought so far.

- Haven't thought...

"Igor, I haven't thought... "

It's all on you, people, connections.

I pulled you out of shit,

and now you dump me.

You come here and bleat!

Igor, I'm sorry,

but I've worked it off.

Den, if you got problems we can

sit down and find a solution.

- Major paid you a visit?

- So what...

I knew it.

Just like a menstruating chick.

"I'm leaving, I'm leaving... "

If you wanna leave, leave.

Make up your mind.

Igor, it's for you.

Yeah?

Hello, Hodja.

Eating.

Yes.

As agreed. See you.

Ok, let's do it.

I'm sorry. And...?

I've got some...

personal problems...

with my girl.

Because of my club job.

So it's because of a babe?

My god, Denis...

It's serious, we've lived

together for two years.

If it's serious, what does your

occupation matter to her?

Whether she likes it, or not...

If she really loves you,

she won't leave you, nor let you go.

Real women follow

their men to the prison.

And if there are conditions

then it's not love.

Sante!

Okay, I gotta go.

No.

I'm going.

- I won't let you go in this condition.

- No, no, no...

Yes.

You're staying,

Taia, make up a bed for him.

Taia!

Denis, don't think

wrong about him...

He's always like this,

with those he loves.

I'm no exception.

Also, at the tram's last stop,

there's another location.

I realized that now.

- I guess, that's all. - I knew about  
that location half a year ago.

But I didn't.

- As soon as I found out, I told you.

- Don't play dumb.

You know what I want.

I don't understand, really.

Work, work harder, son!

Deal more!

You must become

his best dealer.

We must catch him red-handed.

When he can't get away.

When he meets

his suppliers.

Taika has cooked all it herself.

In the kitchen since morning, really.

You should've told me

not to come empty-handed.

It's ok, we never have

all those cakes and candles.

- Happy birthday!

- Hi. Thank you.

Igor, it's my birthday, so...

Taika and me,

we have a tradition.  
On this day we usually  
celebrate just the two of us.  
Yet, here you are now.  
Have charmed everyone.  
- Became loved.  
- Igor, please.  
But, I don't want  
to drink to him...  
But to you, dear sister!  
To your sweet age.  
To everything being great  
for you both.  
Happy birthday!  
Thank you.  
There's another tradition  
between Igor and me.  
On my birthday I can ask him  
anything and he won't say 'no'.  
Yeah, it's true.  
Once she wished a guinea pig.  
And I gave it to her.  
It could have been a hippo,  
if she'd asked for it.  
Here's the present.  
Open it!  
Come on, open it.  
Two weeks on a white liner,  
Mediterranean cruise.  
- Igor, I don't want it.  
- I'm not even asking.  
Why sit here?  
Go together, have some rest.  
back then I wanted a guinea pig,  
but now it's something else.  
We agreed that I can ask  
whatever I want.  
The cruise ship sailed away.  
I'm taking orders.  
Let Denis go.  
No one stops him.  
Igor, you know well  
what I mean.  
Let him go,

let him live his life.  
- You'll leave for the cruise.  
- No. - Yes!  
You thought I'll watch you  
hide and cry forever?  
You wanted a new life,  
here you are.  
You wanted a guy,  
here's a guy.  
How dare you say that?  
Have you got no heart at all?  
It's your fault.  
It's all your fault!  
Easy for you! It's many years ago,  
and you still pick in the past!  
To make me feel guilty!  
- Bastard... - Sit down, bitch!  
- Shut the fuck up!  
Don't you dare shout at him, bastard!  
I hate you, murderer, I hate you!  
Calm her down.  
Forgive me, please.  
I didn't want it like this.  
- Den!  
- I'm busy.  
We need to plan the afternoon.  
Do you have 5 grams of coke?  
Paid in cash.  
Lay off.  
- Everyone knows you're dealing.  
- Beat it or I'll stuff your mouth!  
Okay, okay.  
Masha, that's all.  
Now I've told you.  
- Please, forgive me.  
- I want to know everything.  
This is everything.  
They both push me.  
Both.  
They both say it.  
"Deal, deal, deal, deal... "  
You've no idea how many people  
started to shoot because of me.  
I'm basically

Werner's right hand now.  
I'm at a loss.  
I don't know anything.  
Have you slept with her?  
- I don't give a damn about her.  
- Don't lie.  
Please.  
Tell me the truth,  
did you sleep with her?  
No.  
- Masha.  
- I'm going.  
Where to?  
Moscow.  
Are you going too?  
They will find us.  
- You don't know Werner.  
- I don't wanna know! Are you going?  
I'll go to the compartment.  
- I'm coming.  
- Okay.  
- Listen, what do you...  
- You idiot... you idiot!  
You know what Werner will do  
with your girl when he finds you?  
And be sure he will.  
Do you love her  
or you don't give a damn?  
I see you're messed up in it.  
But why draw her in?  
Go alone...  
Rich girl.  
Live your life.  
I've changed my mind.  
Sorry.  
- One more time, and I'll kick you out.  
- Bullet, you're wrong.  
Wrong?  
Show me your hands!  
What is it? Sweet oblivion?  
Yes, amigo?  
Get the fuck out of here.  
Now.  
Den, are you nuts or what?



- Our DJ shoots at the soundboard.

- It's his business.

No, it's our business.

We're losing money.

And why do you need money?

Buy yourself a white fur-coat,  
like Roy Jones?

A garbage truck for daddy?

Want some?

Den, get some sleep.

Denis!

Look, what do you want?

Why are you here all the time?

- I just came.

- Well... just leave then.

Is it clear?

Piss off.

- You're not nice.

- It's my business. Personal.

Nice or not,  
don't care about me.

Mole!

I'm going.

You got to work.

Hold on.

I must ask you something.

I wake up at night...

And weep.

I fucking weep.

Tears pouring.

What is it?

Dunno. Go and work, Casanova.

Den's out, I'm back at work.

Don't tell anyone!

- Don't worry.

- Anyone at all!

Don't try to make me feel pity.

It won't work.

- Little brother, please.

- Give me money.

- Tomorrow.

- Then tomorrow.

- Anything you want.

- Hands off.

Don't you see how bad I am.  
What were you thinking before?  
Stand up.  
- Stand up now.  
- Please.  
Come back when  
you have money.  
Whatever, please!  
Thank you.  
Hold on, hold on.  
Hold on, Bullet.  
I'll find him.  
I won't let this shit walk on earth.  
I'll kill the bastard.  
Take him away.  
Hey pal. Get up, get up.  
Come on, let's go...  
We'll leave him by the road.  
As if he was killed by street scum.  
No link to us.  
- Make sure there's no blood  
in the car. - Okay.  
Denis, that's the only way.  
No, we can't do it like this.  
We can't.  
Stop the car.  
Stop the car!  
It's over.  
- He's my friend! Treated like a dog!  
- Stop yelling!  
What could I do?  
He chose this path himself.  
Pull yourself together!  
Denis!  
- Stop it.  
- Let me go!  
Don't keep it inside!  
Let it out! Cry, cry!  
Let it out.  
Igor said you're not alright.  
I thought that...  
maybe I could help you.  
- I don't love you.  
- I know.

May I visit you sometimes?

- Listen son...

- I'm not your son.

- Denis, I understand...

- Major...

Do we need to be friends?

Not necessarily.

Want some?

Okay.

Werner is going to meet Hodja.

Where and when?

Hey, Svetka.

I lived in this house,

see the second window?

Right there. See those red doors?

Lyudka lived there.

- Those boobs, size XXL.

- XL, good morning.

- Hello, Igor.

- Hello, man.

- Good to see you.

- What's up?

- Normal, and you?

- Thank God, all right.

Let's work.

- Nice seeing you.

- Good luck.

Let's go through there.

That was our headquarters.

Here we played cops and robbers.

Denis, give him the bag.

Good morning, Galina Semenovna.

Good morning, Igor.

- How is your mother?

- Not bad.

Good morning.

Well Denis...

This is how we live.

Search everything.

- Keep searching!

- We are searching.

Don't stop!

Dudaitis.

Why don't you check my ass?

Definitely.

Gosha, check them out.

- I'll kill you!

- Everyone, freeze!

Volumes increase, risks increase.

You gotta start to re-insure.

- How many dealers have you?

- Five.

One is a duffer, I know.

Do nothing yourself, let nothing  
pass through your hands.

Let Mole handle the dealers.

- Do you trust him?

- Yes, his is my friend. - Okay.

If something happens, he'll get  
busted. He won't rat on us.

Friendship is a good insurance.

This Major drives me nuts.

That crazy fucker...

Maybe his car will explode  
coincidentally?

You wanna play with me?

Serve two masters, eh?

Are you're scared of him?

Don't be.

I'm scarier.

I think, they want to kill you.

Great.

It's just plain awesome.

Hi, Den.

What's up?

You look great.

When I saw you there,

I thought that's it. Done. The end.

Did you tell Major

anything about me?

Good pal.

You'll do well.

Just started, but you play  
already on your own interest.

- What interest?

- Come on, man...

During my first year I was  
really out of balance.

Shaking of fear.  
Wake up at night and think  
that's it, now they got you.  
Then step by step I got used to it.  
Learned tricks, started digging it.  
- Found genuine benefits.  
- Which ones?  
Den, it's life at full steam.  
Drugs, chicks, money,  
it's all yours.  
And you, as opposed to them,  
can't be caught.  
'Cause you kinda do  
the real thing.  
With the big guys.  
Can you imagine?  
It's awesome.  
You're an asshole, Birdie.  
And you're better?  
How many have you ratted already?  
Is Major happy?  
Ashole.  
Went to the church.  
Lit a candle for Bullet.  
May his soul rest in peace.  
That...  
That motherfucker...  
They call him Kepka.  
I've found out where he lives,  
but he stays out all the time, bitch.  
We'll find him.  
We'll kill him.  
You and me.  
- Werner is working on it.  
- What the fuck. It's our thing.  
He was our friend.  
We're friends, right.  
Right?  
Taia...  
Taia, what happened?  
Taia, what is it?  
No!  
Leave me, please!  
Taia, it's me.

- Please, no!  
- Taia, calm down, it's me, Denis.  
- I didn't want to call an ambulance.  
- Where is she? - Upstairs.  
Wait here.  
No, please!  
Now, now...  
Good...  
It's Valium, if it starts again,  
inject her 1.5 cubes.  
- What is it with her?  
- Not now.  
Thank you for Taika. Here.  
Don't worry, I will not interfere  
in your relationship.  
When she was 14 years, Werner's  
enemies kidnapped her.  
They were fighting  
for the territory.  
They kept her in a cellar for 3 weeks.  
You imagine what they did with her.  
Werner fought for his sister.  
The whole area became his,  
his enemies weren't seen again.  
The problems started later.  
Sometimes she wakes up  
and behaves...  
as if she's still in that cellar.  
Why?  
Dunno... I've no idea.  
On my way!  
- Get dressed, let's move.  
- Where?  
Get dressed Denis, faster.  
- Igor, what happened?  
- Sleep Taia, just sleep.  
Can you do it quicker?  
- Igor, where're you taking him?  
- Nowhere, sleep, Taia.  
Hurry up!  
- Come, come...  
- Igor!  
Where are we going?  
Igor, what happened?

Can you tell me where  
we're going?  
We found the bastard, Denis.  
The guys at Novocherkassk  
recognized him. He's from there.  
Guys, what are you up to?  
I'm one of you.  
Igor, you know me,  
It's serious. I'm clean, Igor!  
- Don't Igor. I haven't done anything.  
- Shut up!  
Bump him off.  
It's not me! I know who it is,  
I'll tell everything...  
Why did you shot him, idiot?  
- He started to confess.  
- Easy.  
He smashed a rat.  
What do you do here?  
Someone could see you.  
Arrest me,  
I've killed a man.  
Okay Denis...  
There was no Birdie,  
he didn't exist, understood?  
- I killed him, I'll go to jail.  
- You go nowhere.  
- It's Werner who forced you.  
He's guilty. - No, no.  
I got scared for myself.  
So I did it.  
They would've killed you both.  
Listen to me, son.  
I know you feel fucking bad  
but you must be brave.  
You must.  
If you give up now he wins.  
Everything will be wasted.  
- I'm exhausted. I can't physically.  
- You can!  
And you will!  
Think it's easy for me?  
Clench your teeth and bear it!  
Hold on, son,

it's over soon.  
At least you're  
on the right side.  
But I killed him.  
Fuck it.  
No one will ever know.  
We'll finish this.  
Right?  
And you'll be free.  
Hodja is a nice dude.  
He peed in his pants  
until he was 14.  
What's that face?  
Stay in the car.  
Don't stop the engine.  
Hello Igor.  
Salam Hodja.  
Good to see you.  
Well...  
You were right. Birdie had squealed.  
Have you bumped him off?  
I did it. I hope you understand.  
He was a rat.  
Igor...  
- Besides that all is fine?  
- And you're okay too? - Thanks God.  
- How are the children?  
- My daughter is in college.  
A great bride for someone,  
question is who it'll be.  
Little brother, I'm not the one.  
I'm out of all that.  
- I'll do anything you want.  
- Shut the fuck up, you crap.  
Little brother, whatever you want.  
Whatever.  
- Remember Bullet?  
- Which bullet?  
- My friend Bullet.  
- I don't know him.  
Anything you want, little brother.  
Anything.  
I'll execute you.  
You know how he suffered?



Thank you, brother, thank you.  
- You gonna suffer the same.  
- Thank you, brother.  
For my friend Bullet!  
For my friend...  
Come on, Denis, get up...  
Come on, come on...  
You bitch...  
Don't show up at home.  
You know who to call.  
Pick up money and medicines.  
I'll hide for a while.  
If something happens to me,  
Taika is your responsibility.  
Don't talk nonsense.  
- You understand?  
- Yes.  
- Understand? - Yes, I understand.  
- Okay, go now.  
Go, Denis, go!  
Go, I'll wait here!  
Son, what happened?  
Look at me.  
What's wrong?  
Everything is wrong!  
What "everything"?  
You settle old scores like  
everyone else. Like him.  
Okay.  
Look here.  
Look here, I said!  
It was so nice when  
I was shooting.  
Go out...  
Sell some stuff...  
Get a dose and back in...  
It's been so good.  
So peaceful.  
Not giving a shit about anything.  
I don't remember half of my life.  
Fucking half of my life.  
So no!  
I won't give up fighting that shit,  
as long as it's here around.

I'm the only one who managed  
to stop. No one else.  
All the others are dead now.  
I will die too,  
but after Werner.  
Where is he?  
He's wounded.  
That's it, son.  
Dear passengers.  
Welcome to Moscow,  
the capital of our homeland.  
found on the web.  
loo242  
Revision and timing:  
TheHugeAnimalFromTheNorth