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The Third Half

By Darko Mitrevski

March 12, 2012. You're
watching the morning news.
Our domestic report began
with a moving ceremony.
Seventy years have passed
since the Second World War
stormed through Macedonia,
taking away many innocent lives,
Including 97 percent of the
Jewish population.
In memory of these victims,
symbolic funeral urns
containing their ashes
were placed yesterday.
In the new Holocaust
Memorial Center.
In her message to the
people of Macedonia,
US Secretary of State
Hillary Rodham Clinton
stated that, until recently,
their perished fellow countymen
- were only painful memories.
- But as of today
these urns will be their
eternal grave and monument.
Look who's talking! You're
the spitting image of me, girl.
Prem Rebecca,
Queen of the Promenade,
that's what they used to call me!
People didn't mix
in those times...
The only way you'd meet one
of his kind was on the streets.
Old Serbia reveals: The Germans
are advancing through France!
Churchill appeals to Mussolini to
remain neutral! Fashion Pages:
The Claudette Colbert
hairstyle! Buy Old Serbia!
- A bagel for you, Miss Rebecca?
- Thanks.
You want some more,

you stinking scum?
You son of a whore...
- It's not half-time yet, striker!
- I believe he's addressing you.
Oh, yeah... We're kind of
redecorating. We're decorators.
- You coming, striker?
- Striker?
A football player. The one
that shoots and scores.
We didn't have an opportunity
to be properly introduced...
Kosta the Count. Enchante.
And you are?
We're nice girls who don't
talk to deadbeats.
We're not deadbeats
we're worldly decorators!
- You coming back or what?
- Your assistant's calling you.
Can't you wait a second?
Hey! Why don't you
join me for a coffee?
We shouldn't hold you up,
you've got a busy day.
Good luck with the decorating!
handsome as ancient gods,
carried the torch
from Greece to Germany.
...thousands of athletes
from all over the world...
Thousands of athletes
from all over the world..
...from France, Hungary,
Egypt...
- from France, Hungary, Egypt.
- All of them marched before
the Fhrer in the biggest
stadium you can imagine.
I had the privilege of
being there,
to witness the most magical
spectacle in the world:
The Olympic Games in Berlin!

- I wonder who paid for that trip.
- That lousy paper he works for.
They sent him as a correspondent.
He's come back like a little Goebbels.
...and one day, even footballers!
But not the kind of
footballers who hit the bottle
and fight with the Gendarmes!
Not thugs or savages! Only
true sportsmen and patriots.
Come on, Dimitriy! Kosta
promised this was the last time.
Don't you lecture me, Prof!
He screwed it up just in time.
You know who we're up
against today?
Serbian Sword.
The almighty Serbian
Sword from Belgrade!
Those Serbs will
kick the shit out of us!
Shut your trap, Skeptic!
When I said almighty.
- I didn't mean invincible.
- But they are well fed.
And they've got brand new
jerseys, those pansies!
So you should at least
show some self-respect!
Their gendarmes call you yokels.
Their teachers force you
to speak their language.
Their soldiers have taken over
your county. And now they
even want to erase its name.
Let me hear you, lads!
What's the name of our country?
Macedonia!
And what's the name
of our team?
Macedonia!
It's a holy name, damn it!
Ty not to dishonor it.
Buzz off, Gypsy!

Nice speech you gave
them, Dimitriy.
I've had it up to here with
provincial amateurs.
- Smart thinking!
- One day football will be
the most popular sport in Europe,
and these mutts will be ready
for that day, dead or alive.
Keep to the left! The left!
Skeptic! Have you got
two left feet?!
Watch out, Cesar!
Block him, Gooh! - Block
him yourself, you schmuck!
One-nil...
hopefully they won't notch
up more than qhree goals.
"Slavia 2, Olympia 1.
Concordia 2, Citizen 2..."

Here we are:

Macedonia nil." - Read it out!
"Once again the home team's
defense only briefly endured"
the visitors' attacks. This was a
classic example of how enthusiasm
can never be sufficient against
the skill and knowledge
"of an obviously better and
more experienced team."
Here we go! One bowl of soup
for each three of you.
Any meat in here?
I only buy meat when
you win, Skeptic.
So that's why I can't remember
the last time I ate any.
Our respect, Mr Pavlovich!
Respect and deep condolences.
His name is Pavlov,
not Pavlovich.
You don't even know your own
father's name, you bastard!

Eat up your soup, kid!
Wasn't it you who was preaching
about self-respect, Dimitriy?
Well you haven't achieved
much to be proud of so far.
Which is why I have an
announcement to make.
We will soon have the services
of a professional coach.
I've personally invited
Mr Spib to join our team.
Who's Spik? - Rudolph Spitz,
the former Prussian striker.
A German?
Not only a German, Manga,
but a Berliner.
A real gentleman. Used to be one
of the best players in Europe.
A Kraut! - I'm not talking
politics with you, Afrika!
It's not about politics, Dimitriy.
Folks are afraid of the Krauts.
Football is the proletariat game.
You can't bring a Nazi into it!
- And who said he was a Nazi?
- Comrade Lenin said...
Well fuck both you and
your buddy Lenin!
It's me who formed this club
and I'll run it the way I want,
whether Lenin likes it or not!
Hold this for me!
Where are you going?
This discussion isn't over yet!
They say all the prem Parisian girls
are wearing yellow this season.
They say all the pretty Parisian girls
are wearing yellow this season.
Kosta the Count. Remember me?
Now I recall. The decorator.
You never told me your name.
Rebecca!
So, it's Rebecca? Although
I like Ramona better.

Like the song, "Ramona"...

Rebecca Cohen!

Did you hear me?

Coming, Dad!

Excuse me.

You're late for your
French lessons.

- I don't like French anyway.

- You'll like what I tell you to like!

Who's that scoundrel, Pepo?

A local street hawker, boss.

- A Christian?

- A nobody.

Don Raphael Cohen, the
richest banker in town.

Nothing personal, but
you stand a better chance
of courting the
Pope's daughter.

The Pope doesn't
have a daughter.

Try not to be such a
big-head, Skeptic!

Paris falls...

What's left? The moon?

Her playing blooms as she
does herself, don't you think?

She's capable.

I believe Mendelssohn
never sounded so tender...

It's Beethoven, sir.

What Beethoven?

The German?

I believe Beethoven
was Flemish.

Rubbish! I'm sure
he was German!

Ludwig VAN Beethoven, sir.

Well, in any case, go and
tell her to play Mendelssohn.

No dilemmas with him:

He was 100% Jewish.

The train's broken down. They're
sending him over on a dressage.

- On a draisine, you bozo!

- Aright.

And now we'll be waiting
here all day!

For a reason! We're not waiting
for some Gypsy fokune teller.

We're waiting for Rudolph
Spik, the man who coached
the best teams of Austria,
Czechoslovakia, Poland...

All nice countries
crushed by the Krats.

Never trust people who eat
pork with marmalade!

Germany is a civilization centuries
ahead of your slow brain, Pancho.

- You really like them, Dimitriy?

- At least they'll bring order,
so the trains won't be
breaking down every minute.

And besides, I like Germans a
hundred times better than these...

...vultures!

- Seems like our guy.

- Let's make an impression!

- Mr Pavlov?

- How do you do, Mr Spib?

My name is Dimitriy of the
Macedonia Football Club.

And these are our players.

Gents! This is our new coach,
Mr Spitz from Germany.

Could someone give me a
hand with this trunk?

But of course!

Goohl! Pancho!

It's always us that get shafted.

This way, Mr Spib.

This crap weighs a ton!

Like he's packed the dead
Kaiser himself in here!

I heard that! You'll be sitting on the
bench for the next three matches!

Ladies and Gentlemen! King Kong,

the Eight Wonder of the World!

A giant ape against

the rest of the humanity!

The latest American hit in our town!

Only for people with nerves of steel!

That was amazing! I still
don't get how they made it.

It wasn't a real monkey,
it was just a dummy.

A giant dummy falling off a
building with a life-size blonde
in his hand? - Come on Jamilia!

All monkeys fall for blondes!

- What's happened?

- My heel. I think it's broken.

Here they are! Two rolls of
first class leather.

- We have a deal now?

- What deal?

What do you mean

"what deal"? Keep one"

and use the other one to
make boots for our team.

- Don't worry, they're brand new.

- That's exactly what worries me.

- What's this?

- What?

- An Army seal.

- What Army?

The Mexican Army!

Don't play dumb with me!

It's the seal of the
Royal Serbian Guard.

Do you know what will happen
to this store if they find stolen

- military property in here?

- Come on! You could cut off
that piece and make
the boots with the rest.

Cut the crap, Count!

Don't teach me my business!

Keep an eye on the store.

And try not to nick anything!

- You again?!

- Oh, hello Miss Ramona!
Let's go! - Don't make a
fuss! Yt'll only take a minute.
I'll wait outside. There's no
fresh air in here... Bumpkin!
One customer less. What
can I do for the other?
- I'd like to have my heel repaired.
- Your heel? We're heel experts!
Who made these? Yt'll take
a bit of time to fix them.
In the meantime, why don't we
go for a coffee? - Yn that case.
- I'll come by some other time.
- Well, how about I lend you
another pair of shoes, so you
don't go home barefoot? And I'll
- deliver these ones tomorrow.
- That's kind of you, but...
How about these ones?
They're so chic!
- Italian stilettos. Very expensive.
- On the house!
Such beautiful stockings
don't belong in slippers.
A footballer, a decorator,
a cobbler... What next?
Next is why don't you
walk these shoes over
to our stadium sometime?
We practice every afternoon.
Rumor has it you always lose.
You done? - I'm coming
Jamilla! Give me a break'.
Hustler!
So when can I pick up my shoes?
I'll bring them to you.
Just say where.
And if I don't say where,
will I get to keep these?
Only if we walk
them together sometime.
To that muddy stadium? Ys that
the best you can offer a lady?

How about a movie? There's
one with a giant monkey.
It's not a real monkey it's a
dummy. Like a giant doll, get it?
Sure. A doll. Just like you.
I stroll down the promenade
every Thursday afternoon.
- Praised be Jesus.
- Forever, amen.
How are you feeling, Mother?
The doctor said you can't
eat solid food anymore,
so I've made you a little broth.
We both know I've never
been much of a cook.
I found the recipe
in a newspaper...
What happened with
the newspaper?
What do you mean?
They bring us newspapers
every day,
but I haven't seen your
column in them for a while.
Oh, that... You know how
they are - I got suspended!
Although I am partly to blame
myself. Missed a few deadlines.
- You lost your job?
- I didn't lose the job, Mother.
I've been suspended
for a month, that's all.
With the new coach I hardly
have time to breathe.
Wait till you meet him.
A true German!
Your father sweated blood for
sixteen years in American mines
to earn money for your studies.
We sacrificed our best years
to make you an educated man,
to drag you out of this gutter...
And now you waste it
on that folly!

Football is not a folly,
Mother! Yt's a princely sport.
A real prince would find himself
a princess, start a family...
Look at you! Living alone
like a dog.
Who's going to take care
of you when I die, my son?
You don't get it, Mother.
One day, football will become
the most important thing
in the world.
The freedom of your movement
is limited by rules and regulations.
And then? - And then we went to
the promenade. I bought her a soda.
Eh, soda! - Yf you break those
rules you create anarchy.
So what? Ive got no money
for a restaurant.
I promised Father Kiril
no more stealing till Easter.
No worries! This guy will have
us all drop dead by Easter!
But if you know how
to stretch the rules,
then you make
magic on the pitch!
Faster!
- Come on, faster!
- Up the tempo, guys! Tempo!
Then what? - And then we
talked about our signs...
- What signs?
- Horoscope signs.
Like, I'm a Sagittarius
and she's a Virgo.
But you're not Sagittarius,
you're Cancer.
Yeah, but she said she
preferred Sagittarians.
Modern football is based
on the same principles
as the seven Bushido virtues

of the Japanese samurai:
Loyalty, courage...
And then? - And then I
walked her home.
- You didn't try to kiss her?
- No.
You jumped on my cousin
Maria on your first date,
and you didn't even
smooch this one?
This one's not that
type of girl.
And what type of a girl
is my cousin Maria?!
Persistence and stamina,
not gossiping!
Take a break, Pancho, the
polenta's almost gone cold.
Don't bug me, woman!
I'm being conditioned here!
Same thing in our house. I can
never get my son to eat polenta.
That's not my son
that's my husband!
And who's got two
left feet now?
Left and right! Keep tying!
Concentration, Pancho!
It's like the tango,
left-kick, right-kick...
Write that since I met her
I cannot... - A cliché!
But it's true! - Doesn't matter
it still sounds like a cliché.
Okay, how would you put it?
I'd start with something
more original, like.
"Dear Rebecca, thy beauty recalls
those Nicene pillars of yore..."
- What's that? - A poem.
- Not that, the pillars?
Oy! What are you mo
waiting for? An invitation?
Afrika, what was that

word again?

Menu la cake. That

would definitely impress her.

But only if you pronounce
it with a French accent.

- And the other one?

- Vors d'evlar.

That's the drink? - No, you
moron! That's the food.

- The drink is afteritif.

- Afteritif, afteritif...

If he gets used to five balls,
he'll easily handle a single one!

Just like the Krauts bombing

London:

Our next game is against Hajduk.

It's quite a challenge. Hajduk
are Croatia's best team.

She's agreed to come to
a soiree on Tuesday.

- But I need a suit.

- I don't have any. Ask Manga.

It'll be our first game together.

Manga, can you lend me a suit
for Tuesday? - Gambling again?

No, I need it for something
else. - For what?

I think Ive fallen in love.

So I'll say only...

I locked it!

What's this?

You've grown!

When your mother brought
you into this world,

your feet were so tiny they
could fit inside a matchbox.

When the doctor told me your
mother had died in childbirth

I couldn't look at you
for weeks...

It was nonsense, but I
somehow blamed you

for taking her away from me.

And then one night your
crying made me open my eyes
and I saw those two feet.
So tiny...
My little daughter.
I've been a good father tonight
and made you some cookies.
I prepared a gift for you.
It belonged to your mother...
Take it.
It's part of your dowry now.
What grace!
More than 500 years of history
rest on your pretty neck.
Ages ago it belonged to
your great-great-grandmother
who lived in Spain,
our old fatherland...
In those times we helped the
Spaniards to push the Arabs
back to Africa, but the
Catholic king betrayed us:
He ordered that Spain expel
anyone who didn't wear
a cross around their neck. That's
how we ended up here, among
these belligerent Balkan peoples.
A new war every now and then...
It wasn't all that bad. You made
a fortune from their intolerance!
We don't take sides anymore.
And, above all, we do not mix.
Has the Greek army ever
found out how you supplied
- both them and the Turks?
- Shut up, you brat!
The whole town's gossiping about your
secret dates with that gangster.
- He's a football player, Dad.
- People are laughing behind my back!
Because I love a penniless
man from another religion?
This world is not
made out of love!

Every bird should flock
with its own kind.
If you ever abandon your flock,
Rebecca, you'll die alone, doomed.
Attack in W-W formation:
Wings, half-backs, center;
Then midfielders,
center-midfield and fullback.
Easy, Yordan! Keep it low!
Good day, Herr Pavlovich!
Who are you cheering for
today? Us or the Croats?
I'm not cheering for,
I'm cheering against.
Hey, referee!
You got a daughter?
You don't have to score a great
goal. A small one also counts!
Get it, pass it, play!
Like the tango, pa -pah-pah!
What are you doing, man? The
ball has to be on the foot!
Sorry, I'm not feeling
well today...
Need a doctor? - Sure.
Someone to examine my head.
I spent the whole night out
in the rain, like an idiot!
Spread it wide! Open up!
Escape your marker...
Don't pull those faces at me!
It's all your fault!
- What do you mean "my fault"?
- Who's talking to you, Dimitriy?
Don't address me in
that tone of voice!
Oh, I see! Now we suddenly
don't know each other?
What the hell's wrong
with you today?
Can't you just shut
up for a second, Dimitriy?
Now shoot! Shoot!
Yes! Goal!

There is a God in Heaven...
There, this one was for you!
Do you want me to score
another one?
Go ahead! Your wish is my
command, you toffee-nosed brat!
Who are you calling
toffee-nosed, you hooligan?
You, darling! You're a stuck-up,
snobbish, spoilt little brat!
And you know what you are?
You're a braggart, a peasant,
a smuggler - and a skirt chaser!
- Me, a smuggler?
- Watch out!
Kosta! We all play
together here!
Kosta! Pull yourself together!
Get back, everybody!
Play defense!
Retreat!
I told you to keep left...
"Women make the highd hs higher
and the lows more frequent."
- What d' you say?
- I'm quoting Nietzsche.
I mean, what do you say
about the match?

I say:

has two halves.
We need to put in more work.
Let's face it, Dimitriy,
we're not good enough.
And even your former football
legend can't make us any better.
Shut your face, Skeptic!
What? You blame me
for your failure?
No. But I wouldn't mind us
winning for a change!
All right. Our next training
will be at the railway station.
Don't come in jerseys.

Bring some old clothes.
What's that crap he just said?
What is it, Pepo? - Someone
left this in front of our door.
For me? - I'm sure it's
not for your father, Miss.
- PEOPLE ARE LIKE SHOES.
- THEY COME IN PAIRS!
Here he comes!
Good morning, gentlemen!
Everything going swell?
No no, thank you. Ill just
leave it here for now.
Come with me! The training
begins inside in a minute.
Get inside, please.
Now, each of you take one
of these brooms and brushes.
What's this, the famous
German sense of humor?
You said you wanted
to win for a change?
This is how the change begins.
My trunk is waiting outside.
Either start cleaning,
or I catch the next train!
You're not going to
join your president?
Loyalty is the first of the
Bushido vikues... Pancho.
Skeptic?
Yordan...
Stambol?
For today's training I'd like
to tell you an old German tale.
It's about a boy who dreamed
of finding the Holy Grail,
the same way you dream of
winning a match.
He set off on a quest and ended
up in the castle of an old man
who offered him a cup
to drink from.
The cup was the Grail itself

but the boy was too immature
to recognize it. First he had to
grow, both spiritually and mentally.
Africa! You cannot remove
that stain by brushing.
You need to scrape it off,
with your fingernails.
Some say our Savior
drank from that cup.
Others say it contained His blood.
However, it was divinely perfect.
So this story is a metaphor
of a quest for perfection.
Whatever a man does
whether he's playing football
or cleaning a dim toilet, he
should do it to perfection.
Now stop! Look at the result of
your work and tell me:
Is this floor perfectly cleaned?
No, it's not. Look!
Which means you should
try harder.
Especially you.
And remember! It's not the goal
that's important, but the quest itself.
Keep working!
Have you finished the guest-list
for the birthday party?
I have, sir. - You've invited
the rabbi? - Certainly.
- And did you call the Governor?
- I sent him an invitation.
I told you to call
him personally.
- Good morning.
- Morning.
What's the news today?
How would I know?
I'm illiterate!
What does it say, Pepo? I don't
have my glasses with me.
"Yugoslavia has joined the
Tripartite Pact. Following the"

signing, our Prime Minister
attended a long conference
with Mr Hitler in person."

- Hitler? Are you sure?

Hitler! - Take the

Governor off the guest list!

- Good morning.

- Morning.

Morning, morning...

I'm sure it's a good day for his
damned Ayan Race!

Allow me to say that he never
declared himself a Nazi.

Even worse! An undercover Nazi
coaching a gang of local goons.

Such wonderful company

my daughter keeps!

Speaking of her, where is she

right now? - At the lake,

with the choir. - What

a chance for him to infiltrate!

- It's a female choir, sir.

- Don't be stupid, Pepo!

You can never be safe

with those hoodlums!

Where is Rebecca?

I just came to say good-bye.

We're traveling to Belgrade

tomorrow. We've got a bi

match with Serbian Sword.

Remember the folk poem

when King Marko asks

the Faiy Samovila to give

him strength to fight?

I need that kind of

encouragement now...

Happy birthday, Samovila.

You're a big girl now.

- Servus, butcher.

- Servus, Papas.

Have you noticed that nobody

broadcasts music any more?

- Only politics!

- Right.

Three days ago the Government
signed a treaty with the Germans.
Now they've changed their minds
and they're clinging to the Brits.
God knows whose ass well be
licking next week!
Maybe the Russians?
Maybe the Russians.
Or maybe the Eskimos.
That's the only one
we haven't tried yet.
See? Politics again!
Wait a second,
this isn't politics...
Thank you, Lord!
Thank you so much!
Watch out!
Pardon me, Miss Rebecca...
I was running to the tavern...
They just said it on the
radio! The Kraut and the boys...
They won! We beat Serbian
Sword in the heart of Belgrade!
They're coming!
They're coming!
Gentlemen!
"God save our King!"
On behalf of the Governor
and the City Council,
I extend a warm welcome...
I know I ran away from home,
but can't you see we won?!
You're my hero!
What?
What are you looking at?
You got your victory.
Serbian Sword must be
a pretty lousy team
if you managed to beat them...
Put me down, you hoodlums!
Dimitriy, tell them...
Lift him higher, guys!
Kosta!
Congratulations!

- You going some place?

- I am.

- Alone?

- I hope not.

You know your father will
never give us his blessing.

You're Jewish, and I'm
Orthodox Christian...

And I thought I was a Virgo
and you were a Sagittarius.

I lied.

Actually I'm Leo.

A lion-hearted Leo!

- It's cozy.

- A bit cramped...

I'm glad I didn't drag
my piano with me.

We'll sleep on your coat
and use mine as a blanket.

I'll borrow some money
to buy a mattress...

There! Now it feels
like home.

And now what?

What's up, Mouzafar?

The victorious German air
force has commenced
the bombing of Yugoslavia
and Greece. After 20 years
of occupation, the Serbian
army is leaving Macedonia.
Today, this tormented county
hails the steady march of its

liberators:

Italian and Bulgarian armies.

A glorious HURRAH echoes
throughout the land!

Major Gavranov?

- Garvanoff. Colonel Garvanoff.

- On behalf of liberated
Macedonia, I present you the
Macedonia Football Club.

Macedonia? "Of all the gems

in my crown, the only one missing"
"is the shiniest diamond of them
all - Macedonia." Who said that?
- Saint Paul?
- Our King, Boris the Third.
- Football, huh? Can they play?
- We've had a couple
of tough seasons, but we're
in good shape now.
We've got a new coach:
Herr Spitz from Germany!
Spib? - Rudolph Spitz!
Former Prussian striker...
...and one of the best coaches
in Central Europe!
- How do you do, Spitz?
- Fine.
- Louder, Spitz. I can't hear you.
- I'm fine.
Good. Major Heinrich will be
pleased to learn we've met.
You do remember Heinrich
from the SS, don't you? - Yes.
Well, Heinrich says "Mister
Spitz is our lost treasure."
We go to Austria and he
disappears in Czechoslovakia.
"We march into Czechoslovakia
and he goes to Poland."
Mr Pavlov, you seem to possess
the pearl that has somehow
slipped through our fingers!
But there's just one small
detail missing... You know
the procedure, Mr Spitz?
There! It's all in place now!
We're one nation now!
One kingdom!
Your club will be included in
our National Football League.
Macedonia eh? A melting pot
of people and religions!
"The Macedonian ethnic chaos must
be removed from our new frontiers."

- Who said that?

- King Boris?

No, the Fuhrer himself! Go on
with your practice, Pavlov.
Your first match is in no weeks.

I never lied to you.

My father is German.

But my mother... She was...

Jewish!

...killed! The elders
were executed on the spot.

I'm very sorry.

Well, being a Jew isn't
contagious, right?

- Shut up, Pancho!

- You shut up, Dimitriy!

A Kraut or a kike, what
difference does it make?

To us, he's the most precious
in the world!

But wait... This isn't legal!

A healthy mind supports
the New Race!

Healthy forces create
the New Order!

Through sport we celebrate the
beauty of our nation.

Battling on the football field we
prepare for the real battlefields.

No New Order without proper
hygiene! Ysn't that right?

And what's your name,
pretty girl?

What's wrong? Are you
deaf and dumb?

Really?

Such a perfect woman:

Pretty and dumb.

My niece from the country.

Times are tough. Nobody wants
an extra mouth to feed and
so they sent her to town.

Niece or concubine,

that's your business.

And what's that? - That
belongs to our coach.
He hung it there for good
luck. - A Jewish menorah
for good luck! Yn a team that
plays in the National League?
I'll tell to him to remove it
right away.
And where is that coach now?
Let me have
a little word with him.
...so today, the Spakacus
footballers will cross swords
with their Macedonia
brothers. Salute the flags!
You aren't going to salute?
- No... I believe I'm not allowed.
- And yet you think you're allowed
to flaunt that in the faces of
our officers and soldiers?
According to the new rules,
Jews are forbidden from
attending public gatherings.
I'm only letting you do
your job because I want
them to see you defeated.
But if you ever approach the
sideline again, Ill have you shot
in front of the entire stadium.
Got that?
Now get out of my sight!
- He kicked Spitz out.
- Filthy bastard!
Remember what Spitz said
about how "It's not the goal"
that's important
but the quest"?
Well, this time the
goal is important...
At least a three-goal margin!

"Culture pages:

by the Army orchestra.
"The Golden City, a German

movie..." - Keep reading!
There's nothing more to read.
Not a word about our win.
- They won't print that they lost.
- But half the town was there!
If it's not in the paper
it never happened.
How's it coming along, maestro?
It'll hold. Just don't step on
it too hard or the nails
might stick through
up to your throat.
Poor Gypsies! They had a circus
before the war.
Magic tricks, stunts on
horseback and what-not...
The soldiers confiscated their
horses so the Gypsies tried to
steal a few stallions off a train...
Too bad it was a military train!
Take your positions!
Load! Aim!
Fire!
It's war! Soldiers shoot.
That's their job.
What? You think they left their
homes and their kamilies
to come here and shoot
people for fun?
Orders are orders.
It's not easy for anybody.
Soon all this will be over.
This war will give birth
to a new Europe and centuries
of peace will follow...
Until then, let's keep politics
and ideology aside!
We're here to play football.
That all that matters. Football!
Salute the flags!
Africa! Don't play the goat
or we'll all be screwed!
We'll all end up in the
slammer, you dimwit!

It's because of his injury.
He fell bad the other day
during practice. Broke his
finger. The nerve snapped...
I heard you won again. Three-nil,
was it? - Four-nil.
Four-nil? He saved every
shot with an injured finger?
Bravo! An amazing sportsman!
Please, Mr Garvanoff...
He's my only goalkeeper.
Those damned Serbs beat
the daylights out of him...
- His brain is damaged!
- Then we'll have it repaired!
- We're specialists in lobotomy.
- Mr Garvanom, I beg you...
And you should be
begging me, Pavlov.
Vey few of our patients
leave this institution
in such good shape!
Explain that to your goalie.
Sorry... I can't.
Me neither.
I'm a bit tense. We play
Locomotive tomorrow.
And they're so fucking good...
- Don't be so coarse!
- What did I say?
I went to the Jewish
neighborhood.
- To your father's house?
- No. To Jamilla's.
Jamilla-vanilla. How's she?
Bad. There's a new law forbidding
our people from doing anything.
Kids aren't allowed to go to
school. Adults aren't allowed
to work. They aren't even
allowed to listen to the news
anymore. The police have
confiscated their radios...
All this stuff is such

a load of shit!
What did I say now?
Shit! That's what it is!
You know, I've never bothered
about big and important things.
I was never into politics,
like Dimitriy.
I'd never risk my neck for
ideals like Africa.
A good life was the only thing
that ever mattered to me.
But now I feel like I have
to do something.
To smack somebody,
or score two goals...
- Or buy two tickets to Shitville...
- You're really coarse!
OK, three tickets then.
Three tickets would do.
What do you mean?
You're shitting me?
Oh, please stop being
so coarse!
Calm down... You've got a
big game tomorrow!
Daddy's little baby!
Tomorrow I'll beat the crap
out of Locomotive!
"The eleven proud sons of
the ancient Macedonian land
once again adorned themselves
with laurel wreaths."
- This rubbish makes me heave!
- We did as you said.
And who gave you
permission to address me?
Why didn't you call a
penalty-kick? - I did.
- How many?
- One.
One was not enough.
More were needed.
Five, ten, fifty penalty kicks!
- There was no foul...

- You don't say?

Petar Ivanov Tatarchev.

Is that you?

Brother of Simeon Ivanov

Tatarchev,

a student at the University of

Economics in Varna?

- Yes.

- Not any more.

As of Monday your brother will

be serving the Fatherland.

In the Navy. To see what's up

with the Russians!

- Please, Sir... He's my only kin.

- Look, you imbecile!

Macedonia is marching

towards the Champion's Cup!

If they win the Cup - and that

kike's team becomes.

Ayan champions - do you know

what they'll do to me in Sofia?

- They'll skin me alive!

- I understand.

You understand shit.

Get out of here!

Shalom!

The synagogue is closed. We're

not allowed to pray here anymore.

- You are not Sephardic?

- I'm Ashkenazi.

United Bulgaria reveals:

The Germans are advancing

on Stalingrad! Another

Japanese victory in the Pacific!

Macedonia defeats Benkovski in

Sofia and moves up to 2nd place!

Fuck! The fish!

Cooking is one of the greatest

privileges of mankind.

It is foolish to relinquish

such a pleasure to women.

Dimyat. Made from grapes

grown on the Black Sea coast.

From back home?

You'd be surprised to know my
homeland is actually Macedonia.
My grandfather was a Christian
rebel. After the failed uprising
against the Turks, he fled to Bulgaria.
And now the circle is complete:
Here I am,
returning as a liberator!
We may even be related.

Balkan business:

cousins or we're enemies.

- Cheers!

- Cheers.

I've told my superiors about
everything you've done

- for our cause.

- Thank you.

I've also recommended they
help you start your own paper.

Thank you so much.

You should thank your talent,
and try not to waste it.

I believe I invest my utmost...

You do, you do... but sometimes
you invest in the wrong things.

You're playing against Levski
on Sunday, right? - Right.

Who would have thought it?

Such a small team in the finals,

- playing for the title... Right?

- Right.

A telegram for you.

From Mr Batembegski,
our Minister of Sport.

So...? - So, a chicken cannot
defeat an eagle!

Abandon those idiotic dreams
of winning the cup.

What you've achieved
so far is enough!

I thought that football
was an honest game.

Maybe it is, but we're dealing

with something else here.
Your career...
among other things.
We won't do any dribbling
or kicking today.
You know that better than I do.
Do you remember those
Charlie Chaplin movies
we used to watch before the war?
There was one where he
volunteered as a sparring partner
in a boxing ring. The guy he
challenged was a real giant.
So Charlie hid a horseshoe
in his boxing glove...
Remember that one?
The entire world knows that
a man's real power
doesn't lie in his size
but in his heart and mind.
Tomorrow you are facing the
royal champions.
Everybody will be against you:
A great team, the referees,
the authorities...
This whole football thing has
become more than just a game.
I wish you...
...all that you deserve.
What about you?
Garvanoff's new order: I am
not allowed anywhere
near the stadium anymore.
This was my last lecture.
Today is the most
important day in my life
and they want me to
give it all up!
I heard the news from the front.
The Russians are fighting back,
forcing our allies to retreat.
I refuse to believe that.
I can't imagine the world
under their rule!

Well, it's too late to
change sides now.

Mr Pavlov... She can't
hear you anymore.

I know.

Here comes the radio!

Here comes civilization!

Good morning to all sport
fans throughout the kingdom!

We are broadcasting live
from the Skopje city stadium,
awaiting the beginning of
the final match

between Macedonia and Levski.

This is the championship game.

A fight that will decides
who raises the trophy cup!

A fight that will crown the
new champion of our great state!

The Macedonia team runs onto

the pitch:

Metodiy Tsrnchev, then Dragan
Panchev, Petar Rafailov,
Fidan Zelenikov, Michail Tomov,
Yordan Popov, Onur Polat,
Tsanko Saramzaliev and
Kosta Simeonov
together with Teophil
Perchukliski.

Their coach, who we cannot see
at the moment, is Rudolph Spitz.
After saluting the flags, the team
captains approach the referee.

The Macedonia players
prepare for kick-off...

- We won the kick off!

- What are they kicking?

The ball, boss!

Our guys kick first.

And how am I supposed to
know such vocabulay?

This is the first match
I've heard in my life!

The crowd's in a state of delirium!
The whole stadium is shaking!
The delegates of the Ministry
of Sport greet the players.
Now the referee gives the signal
and the match is underway!
That's a foul! There's no
doubt that's a foul.
I didn't even touch him...
Referee, when are you going
to whistle for a foul?
When he pulls his arm off?
Panchev is calling for a foul,
but apparently there's no foul.
Dimitriy, you should
call for a foul...
A masterpiece! What a
sumptuous kick...
...but the goalie Tsrnchev
blocks this wonderful shot.
Good, Africa!
It seems that Saramzaliev is
faking a serious injury...
Do something, Dimitriy! - We're
getting thrashed here!
Shoot! Shoot!
Give us more rakiya!
Wait, wait...
It's been disallowed!
It's not right! Smack him!
Smack the bastard...
Don't just sit there,
Dimitriy! Do something!
Don't let them destroy
you! Keep it together!
A new attack from Levski:
Jutto moves forward and
makes a pass to Spasov who's
all alone in the penalty area...
Offside!
Kick him in the shins!
And it's a goal!
Levski end the first half
with a one-nil lead!

Every match has two halves...
Wow! Look who's here.
Dimitriy! Come to spin the yarn
about the Olympic Games again?
Or have you sold your team
in the meantime?
I brought this one to remind me
that i'm neither Chaplin
nor King David. Y'm just nobody
and I have no clue how to use it.
But it might bring
good luck to you.
Now, run!
Now give your best and more!
Remember what we said

at trainings:

Combine, change speed,
then run back.
All together in defense.
Teamwork is the first priority!
And above all, believe
in what you're doing!
Spread it wide!
Spread the game...
Go, go, go!
Now it's becoming serious.
Play faster! Faster!
Shoot! Shoot!
Macedonia Levski, one-all.
But it's not over yet,
we've got more to do...
And that's a foul in
the penalty area!
Panchev protests and his
entire team protest, but...
The referee sends off the
Macedonia player Panchev
and calls for a penalty
kick for Levski!
Are you nuts?!
But why? Why?
The clock is ticking. Ys there still time
for more dramatic developments?

Five minutes left. - Give up!
No use in having a horseshoe
in our locker room if we've
got no luck on the field.
It's not about luck, Yordan,
we need...
Damn it! A horseshoe.
That's what we need!
You have to stretch the rules...
Sceptic! Over here!
...to create magic on the pitch.
That's what we need:
A hidden horseshoe!

Here's the plan:

the left side except for Skeptic!
But Kostahthey're invincible
on the left side...
Just shut up and believe me,
Sceptic! Just believe in it!
Get ready to run...
Come on!
Pass it over...
He can't strike!
But he can run!
Sprint, Skeptic!
Run!
And that's the end of the match,
Macedonia versus Levski two-one!
Unbelievable! A provincial club
becoming the imperial champions
during the last minute ofthe game.
Spitz! Spitz! Spitz!
My dear friends, football
players, Mr President...
This place, which has been a
sanctuay for this young couple,
and a true haven to the rest of
you, playing here like kids...
I've traveled all over Europe,
avoiding evil people...
But no place in the world
deserves to be called home
as much as this little

locker room.

- Here's to our coach!

- To Rudolph Spitz!

There you are!

Good morning.

What's happening?

The old must be torn down

to make way for the New.

Our Prime Minister Filov and

his Government guarantee

the safety of your

lives and your property...

According to the Law for National

Protection, persons of Jewish descent

are to be defined as "those whose

parents are Jewish, those whose"

parents are Jewish and

converted to Christianity,

those born in a

Jewish-Christian marriage,

"and those born in a

Jewish-Muslim marriage."

I saw Zahariev, the neighbor.

He works for the police.

He says they're sending us to

Bulgaria as forced labor.

Why? Have they run out

of Jews in Bulgaria?

I heard that 43 members of

the Bulgarian Parliament

have signed a proclamation

against this deportation.

By the time the word gets here,

all of us will already be gone.

- Gone? Gone where?

- I wish i knew, Pepo.

We will be remembered

as barbarians.

Barbarians? Don't be

pathetic, Pavlov.

Barbarians are like primitive

organisms:

They prey, devour, and

afterwards they fart...
Barbaric tribes have no need
for ideology,
no visions of racial unity, no
dreams of a better society,
and no sophisticated system
for mass purification.
A primitive mind would never be
able to conceive or execute such
a complex idea as ours. The
action you're witnessing today,
Pavlov, presents the zenith
of civilized man!
Loyalty to the new order cannot be
proven by wearing silk gloves.
It's time for you to take sides.
I have to bring them water...
The only food they get
is salted fish. And when they
get thirsty, the guards ask
- for money for water.
- You mustn't go there!
Papa doesn't have any money.
It was all left in the bank!
You mustn't go! Someone
might recognize you.
- Nobooyd remembers me anymore!
- Why did you put that on?
I've got to go, Kosta.
Evey bird with its own flock.
What else can I do? My people
have renounced me.
I belong to no one. - You
belong to me! You're my wife.
You?
They sent you?
Garvanoff has a sick
sense of humor.
Raphael Cohen.
Cohen! Raphael Cohen!
You've got two minutes.
My name is Kostadin.
I live with your daughter.
Rebecca sends you this. She

wanted to deliver it in person,
but i locked her up in
the locker-room.
She cried! Begging me to! Et her
out... But it s too dangerous.
So, that's it. Take it.
Come on, take it.
Rebecca is pregnant.
We're going to have a baby.
So... you've locked her up?
Smart move. Y did the same
once, but it did no good.
She ran away with you.
For the baby.
A gift from grandpa.
This is my father, Shimon.
And my sisters...
And this is me and Rebecca's
mother when we were young.
What was her name?
Hannah. She was...
Vey beautiful.
That's all that's left
of my whole life.
We'll look after them
until you come back.
Let's not kid each other, boy.
I'm not coming back.
Tell my daughter... things
didn't work out my way.
My world is falling apak.
It's your turn now!
Look after yourself, boy.
Look after yourself...
Don Raphael.
The Ministry of Sport has annulled
the National League finals.
Levski have been declared
the new champions following
the formal award of a three-nil
victory against Macedonia.
And here is the weather

forecast:

with a chance of
rain in the afternoon.
We continue our broadcast
with popular music...
On a day like this, many years
ago, it was my birthday.
My father surprised me with
a gift, my first football.
I couldn't take my eyes off it.
I took it everywhere,
even to the outhouse
on our family farm. When I
pulled down my trousers,
the ball slipped away,
and fell right into a pile of shit.
A shiny ball sinking into shit...
When I think about it now,
it seems like this event
determined my entire life.
I'm frightened, Dimitriy!
The Italians are behind those
mountains. They don't persecute
your people. If you can make it
over there, you're saved.
And what about you?
Hurry, Rudolph! Didn't you hear
the forecast? It's going to rain!
Please... run.
I shall be brief.
I am the town Commander
and you are the talk of my town.
A regiment...
A regiment of German soldiers
on furlough from Stalingrad
is staying at our military hospital.
They've heard about you
and expressed a desire to play
a friendly match. Let them win!
How do we let them win?
By losing the match, that's how!
Is it clearer now?
After all, it's only a game!
I have a daughter. Hannah...
Born four hours ago.

She has a beautiful head
and the tiniest baby feet.
Listen! Y don't care who
beats who tomorrow.
I finally know what
I want in life...
I want Hannah to live!
They're gone!
What do you mean
"They're gone"?!
Here we meet again, Dad...
Remember me?
Your little daughter
who listened to her heak
and ran away from you.
Both you and the man i loved
have been dead
for many years now. I'm
going to join you soon...
But before i die, there's
something i'd like to show you.
These are my sons and daughters,
their husbands and wives,
my grandchildren and
their children...
They are the fruit
of my betrayal
and the descendants
of your blood.
They are my proof that a
woman can score as well...
I won the game, papa!