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Boomerang

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BOOMERANG:

GOOD MORNING,
MY DEAR FRIENDS.
THE GUARDIAN ANGEL HAS ONCE
AGAIN APPEARED OVER SERBIA.
AFTER A FEW WARS,
TWO EARTHQUAKES,
ONE BIG FLOOD,
ONE BOMBING CAMPAIGN,
AND A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING
WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD

PEACE FINALLY:

REIGNS IN SERBIA.
HOW LONG IT WILL LAST?
NO ONE KNOWS.
BUT FOR NOW,
LET'S SEE HOW SOME PEOPLE
ARE LIVING AND ADAPTING

TO THESE BORING:

TIMES OF PEACE.
AND I, THE GUARDIAN ANGEL WILL
JOIN YOU AGAIN IN 90 MINUTES.
Morning, Bobby.
Cool!
What's this junk?
Ro-lex.
Three points!
How dare you fire at me,
you little shit!?
I can't get drunk in my own
bar without people teasing me.
As soon as I open my eyes,
I see only darkness.
Don't touch Darinka!
No-goods like you have
ruined this country!
Everyone else does something.
Drug dealing,
cigarette smuggling...
But you just spend my pension
and sell the family heirlooms.

Speaking...

Yeah, I've got Darinka.

Of course it is an original.

From my granny...

Yes, sir. No, it's not
stolen; it's inherited.

Okay, tonight at Boomerang.

Boss, how about I report her
to the police? -To the police?

Find her, you idiot!

Who am I working with...?

'O, accordion of mine,

Soaked with tears,

Do you know to someone
else my darling is pledged?

Do you know to someone
else she is pledged?'

May God bless you, son.

May He give you health.

May God give
you happiness.

Don't use all that God stuff
on me. -Okay, I won't.

Don't go to the cinema
today. I see misfortune.

It's just

some comedy anyway.

There's an excellent
movie tomorrow.

Griffith's

'Birth of a Nation'.

Real racism! Great!

Today something bad
might happen.

Well where should I go then?

- Let me think.

Here, have a smoke.

- No thanks.

Did I mention that there's
an interesting exhibition...

...at the National Museum?

- Get lost! Beat it!

Whatever. I've warned you.

Something bad might happen!

Don't do that, kid.
You have to pay, kid.
- I know I have to pay, lady.
Is something wrong?
A migraine. I haven't
slept for three days.
I've got just the thing.
- It's no use.
I took ten German aspirin.
No affect.
This is powder from America.
You can't get it in a drugstore.
From America? I guess it
can't hurt. -Of course not.
What are you doing down there?
- I've lost my watch.
If you see a Rolex engraved

with the words:

'To my brother for his 19th
birthday, sis Olga', please...
I'll buy you a drink.
- Yeah, no problem.
Not through the mouth,
through the nose.
The nose? Like this?
- Yes, as hard as you can.
What are you doing in here?!
- I need to piss.
What are you doing here?!
- This is the female toilet.
I didn't know toilets had
sexes. What's your name?
Red Riding Hood. I'm taking
cakes to my Granny.
And what's in your bag?
- Cocaine. It's excellent.
I'm shaking up
decent citizens.
The movie is boring anyway.
Feel like having a drink?
A Gypsy woman said I'd meet
a handsome man in the can here.
And that I'd end up

marrying him.
Tell me the first thing
that comes to your mind.
I'd love us to spend
some time together.
You mean you want to screw me?
- Well, yeah. -Well, okay.
Have you got a boyfriend?
- You're jealous already.
Wait here,
I have to take a leak.
Did it work?
The pain's completely gone.
I feel great.
Now I can see
life's real colors.
How I've wasted my life
on trivial things.
I won't charge anyone
ever again. Free toilets!
My life's completely
changed, kid...
Completely. -Cool!
Now make the most of it.
See the world, meet new
people, new exotic religions.
Read beautiful books, listen to
classical music. Have kids!
Here's a bit more medicine.
It'll change your life.
Thanks, kid.
Hey, Tony!
Where are you, man!?
Listen, I've found
the woman of my dreams.
She can change the world.
I don't even need to piss now.
It's a miracle, Tony!
Mickey, buddy, hold your
horses. Think it over. Bye.
Miracle? Fire is a miracle!
There you go. - Wait! Keep
your money. No charge!
I've had a vision.

God gave me a second chance!
Give the money
to someone needy.
Some of us can still
pay for a piss.
What's with that painting?
Did you steal it?
Look who's talking!
This is Sodom and Gomorrah!
It can't go on like this!
I'm quitting the toilet!
I'm off to a monastery!
I'm out of here!
We talk about progress and
the future of our country,
but in fact we're just
one big shit!
There's no one to slam down
their fist and to say:
'Enough is enough!'
Everything's falling apart!
You who spend your money
on drinks and whores,
have you ever given a cent
to a beggar, or shown mercy
to your fellow creatures?
Where will your souls go?
Communists!
Hypocrites!
Long live Stalin!
What a character!
I can't go home,
my father will kill me.
For the sake of our marriage
don't bullshit.
It leads to confusion
in nuptial relationships...
Is your dad that tough?
When he was my age
he killed lots of people.
A Partisan, eh?
Sis! It's late. What will
Dad say? -I don't give a damn.
Yeah, then he'll

spank me again.
You're unique, eh? -I'm
going to run this guy over.
It pisses me off the way they
think they own the street.
Step on it!
Did you see that hit and run?
Should I get his licence plate,
boss, to give it to the police?
You idiot!
We're the bad guys.
That's my third.
They still haven't caught me!
What have you done, sister?
- I'm not your sister.
I'm your wife-to-be.
- I still haven't proposed to you.
As long as you know
who you're dealing with.
Anyway, you're an accomplice.
I didn't want to. -Why do you
do things you don't want?
You're not one of those dull,
boring, ironic types, are you?
That was a man!
- He was old, ugly and mean!
How do you know he wasn't
some really great guy?
Only God can judge
that sort of thing.
God's lost sight
of the criteria.
I killed him,
someone will kill me...
Equilibrium will once again
be established in the universe.
The end of the world is near.
Really?
So, you'll marry me? -Sure,
the prophecy must come true.
Didn't I say it might
be a bad day?
Mister?
Are you alive?

Shall I read your palm?
Bobby, man! I always shit
myself when I come in here.
Well, do you think you
can just walk in?
Do we have to risk our lives
to have a drink in this bar?
Why do you drink
when it's bad for you?
You're crazy enough even
when you're sober, Bobby.
Come on. House rules.
Three, four, go!
You always beat me when
it's the three of us.
Put this somewhere safe, so
Tony doesn't set the bar on fire.
Don't worry,
I'll take good care of it.
Now let's have some music!
- No!
How can you listen to that,
Bobby? -Hard Serbian rock!
So, what are we drinking?
What are we drinking?
We've been drinking the same
thing together for 20 years.
And me personally since
I was in my mother's womb.
Do you know what my
mother used to say to me?
'Son, I drank to make
a man out of you.'
That's mothers for you!
Even when they drink,
they think of their kids.
They do.
- Bloody hell.
Why are you all dressed up?
Did someone kick the bucket?
You don't know? -No.
- Mickey's getting married!
This is my best man!
- I'm your best man!

Cheers!

Sorry! -It was an accident. Seriously.

Here you go. -Thanks.

- Don't mention it.

Merci, monsieur.

- Absolument.

It was love at first sight.

- I'd love to meet this wench.

Don't call her that, Bobby.

- Sorry, Mickey.

My life's just beginning.

- Got a bag full of cocaine.

Who? Mickey?

- Her.

She's from a decent family then.

I'm not getting married for the dowry, guys.

And she really is from a decent family.

Her father was both a Chetnik and a Partisan.

A complete person.

- Let's drink to that.

To Olga. -To Chetniks.

- And to her dad.

Here's some medicine for you...

...and for you.

You'll feel better.

Take it.

Here!

It's a new American super-medicine. Take it.

And here!

You can't get it at the pharmacy! Take it!

Here!

Shit! I'm going to be late for my wedding!

Password?

- You crazy bastard!

How did you guess?

- Scum! Liar!
I wasted the best years
of my life supporting you
and making a man out of you!
You pig!
While you were
sleeping around!
Now you're leaving me, eh?
With two kids?!
On the street,
without a dime!
I'll jump off a bridge!
Give me a brandy.
- No can do. -Why not?
I don't serve Communists,
juveniles, Lithuanians and...
...drunken ex-wives.
- You asshole!
Hey, guys! Mickey!
- Come on, man.
Tony? What's up with you?
Why are these scumbags
pretending they don't know me?
You're all assholes!
- Get out of here! Beat it!
The bitch is giving him a
hard time? -She's killing him!
Your mothers are the bitches,
you idiots!
Bobby, give me a brandy
and I'll forgive you.
Coming right up, honey.
You crazy jerk!
Bobby, we've been
buddies all these years
and you never told us
you had those sweet kids.
The little one looks just like
you. -Yeah, just like me.
They're the neighbor's kids.
She takes them with her
for dramatic effect.
How come the little one
looks just like...

He's got wing nut ears.
- Just like mine.
Where's your wench,
pardon my expression?
She's gone to church to
confess her sins.
She's so crazy,
I can't believe it.
I didn't have the heart
to turn her down, man.
She's 'well-educated',
like this, small and juicy.
Listen to this. Last night
I'm on my way home
from a literary evening.
Boomerang is closed.
This woman is standing
outside. I unlock the bar,
she takes my hand...
Shit, we've got to go...
- I'll talk faster.
As soon as we get inside,
she grabs my balls.
I throw her onto the TV.
There are cartoons on.
And I watch the TV a bit
and her a bit.
Tom starts chasing Jerry.
I go with the rhythm of the music.
He's chasing him, around
and around some couch.
I think 'couch',
boom-boom-boom-boom.
On it goes when smoke
starts coming from the TV.
It changes channels
on its own.
A football match, a cartoon,
a singer, this and that.
I can't remember who was
playing... Who was it?
Good afternoon.
Who gave you permission
to come in? -Well, I thought...

I'm the one who thinks
here. Are you crazy, man?
I lost my watch.
- You look familiar.
I was here last night. Have
you seen a watch, a Rolex...
Who sent you here? -It's fake,
but it means a lot to me.
Who, I said? Why were you here?
- I was drinking lemonade.
In my bar? Who served lemonade?
- You did. -Me?
Who were you with last night?
- I was by myself.
What's this here?
You didn't screw me,
did you? -Of course not.
You were very amusing.
- Alright, calm down!
Did I screw you?
- Nothing of the sort.
You started shooting and we all
threw our valuables on the floor.
Maybe I threw my Rolex down
then. -It sounds like me.
Actually I found a watch.
Check inside the bin.
Thank God. I thought I
wouldn't find it this time.
Some sort of memento, eh?
- More than that.
'To my brother for his
19th birthday, sis Olga'.
How can I repay you?
What will you have to drink?
A beer as always.
- I'll have a coffee.
No, you won't. People make
their own coffee here.
And I don't serve
drunk customers.
And I judge who's drunk.
You're pretending to be sober?
I know your kind!

If you want to do something
for me, wash those glasses.
Please! I've got
a wedding today.
Actually, I've got one too.
Come here, roll up your
sleeves and get washing!
Listen to you.
You have a wedding!
Okay. We'll wash the glasses
and then we'll have a drink.
And who's going to unload
that truck of beer outside?
Buddy, stop stalling,
wash those glasses.
This country's gone to the dogs
thanks to your sort.
Come on, look lively.
Let's have a song!
'Shepherd, come back,
your sheep
can't do without you.'
A brandy!
This guy's plastered.
- He's had a few. Just wash!
You said you don't
serve drunks.
Who are you, my biographer?
Speaking. Who else would
it be at Boomerang?
You can't find a bazooka?
A kid could get you one
in less than 30 minutes.
It's not for me,
I told you.
A man wants to fire
a bazooka at a wedding.
What's weird about that?
Okay then, this evening.
I hate the telephone!
It's five minutes slow.
- So what if it's slow?
Because of those five minutes
I missed a plane once

which later crashed. Otherwise
I wouldn't be here now.
So if the watch had been
right, I'd be washing now?
Yeah.
He hasn't paid!
- So what?
That's my brother.
Why didn't you wake me up?!
I've missed my scene.
It's a video, boss.
We can rewind it.
Someone stole three
kilos of our cocaine
and you're watching cartoons
and playing cards?
Idiots! Jerks! Bastards!
Where's my cocaine?
Where is my beautiful,
white, pure cocaine?
It's all been given away.
The whole town is stoned.
My cocaine has
been given away?
What have you two done about
it? What am I paying you for?
Say something!
You never say anything!
He's mute, boss. Remember?
You wanted him
because he couldn't squeal.
- How clever of me.
Very clever.
Now back to the issue.
Get rid of that girl.
She screwed me, the end.
Mickey, how are you?
You're getting married, eh?
How nice and all in one day.
Congratulations.
Is everything okay
with the painting?
No, no. I'm just checking.
I'll give anything for Darinka.

Tonight at Boomerang.
Okay. Have a nice day.
Bring me a lemonade.
And you, turn on some music.
And pass me my
History of Art.
Are you deaf, you idiot?!
- I told you, boss. Totally.
Don't screw Stampedo around.
He'll kill you!
Mom was right.
I'm emotional.
Highly emotional.
Kid...
I'm inconsolable today.
Mom, how can you?
If you get a hard-on over
my mother, I'll kill you!
Congratulations!
- Thank you, thank you...
Olga!... Olga!
Look!
But how?
Get out of the way!
I'm a doctor. Quickly!
Unfortunately, I can only
pronounce her dead.
You're talking like
in some stupid movie.
I always wanted
to be an actor.
Ah, that's why.
Whether real life or a movie,
you are now a widower, sir.
Wow, what a shot!
Shut up! Why are you laughing?
What's funny?
Well, Butt...
So what's funny about that?!
- The surname Butt.
And you find that funny?
I'm going to fucking
fuck you fuckers!
Have you got any enemies?

Probably.
Like everyone.
But I don't know why anyone
would want to kill my wife.
A sniper.
A silencer.
Everything carried
out to perfection.
It all points to
a professional job.
Butt will get to
the bottom of it.
Maybe a bullet went astray.
After all it is... Friday.
A bullet went astray?
You idiot!
Ballistics show that
the deceased...
Olga.
Olga. Surname?
What was her surname?
Blower.
Blower.
- Blower?
And that's not funny?
- No, it's not. -It's not.
It' s not that it' s not.
- And Butt is funny?
Yeah, it is.
How did you two become
acquainted?
Please, that's private.
- Fucking fuckers!
Talk!
We met in the john
at the Old Cinema. -Where?
At the Old Cinema,
there by the...
You think I don't know
where that cinema is?
A few days ago I saw
'The Maltese Eagle' there.
'Falcon.'
Did I say 'eagle'?

Well, I meant 'falcon'.
It's my new jaw.
See?
It's rubbing me.
So how did you become
acquainted then?
Well, I was watching
a movie. -And?
Just as I was coming out of
the auditorium, Madam Ranka
was reciting something
in front of the screen.
I remember that some silent
movie was playing.
A silent movie, you know...?
You're telling me
what a silent movie is?!
Fuck! They should send you
all to a concentration camp.
Fascist!
Fuck you... fucker!
Who are you calling a fascist?
I'm a communist!
Do you know as a boyscout
I went to see Comrade Tito?
I saw him in person.
- It's alright, Butt.
You're free to go!
Tony, man! -What?
- Why have we stopped?
I just want to see if
this bride will get shot too.
You've gone crazy.
- Why?
I'm serious. You've gone
completely crazy.
Why do you think that?
- Completely, utterly...
Why are you talking like that?
- Just get lost.
A bazooka isn't like an atomic
bomb, which can't be found.
How many? Ten Kalashnikovs?
That's too many.

Just half. Five Kalashnikovs,
five bombs and 2500 bullets.
Is it a deal?
Let the guy enjoy himself.
What are you doing here?
You left her at the altar?
No. Someone put a bullet right
between Olga's eyes.
Come off it.
I'm serious, Bobby.
Her last words were:
'My marriage turned out
better than I'd hoped'.
How touching!
Can I do anything for you?
A double beer, Bobby.
What... our usual?
- Yeah, our usual.
That's what it's come to, eh?
- Yep.
Who gave you the make-up
job? -Inspector Butt.
I'm very sorry.
- Forget it.
The whole world's gone crazy.
There's shooting everywhere.
Total idiots. Unbelievable!
- Awful!
Here you go.
That hit the spot, Bobby.
Okay, reconstruct the events.
- Come here.
It was like this, Bobby.
We were coming out of the church.
Like this... you're Olga...
I'm not playing
your dead wife!
Bobby, what's up?
You wanna be Tony?
I can be Tony. I know him.
- Okay, you be Tony.
Tony's taping, as always.
And now, I'm me...
Excuse me, sir, would you be

so kind as to be my wife Olga?

Only for a reconstruction.

Thank you so much.

You're wonderful.

So we're leaving the church.

It's all festive and jolly.

And suddenly I feel
something burning.

I glance at Tony; he's
sort of moving his head
as if it's not him that
set fire to anything.

There's shooting all around.

I think I've been hit. And...

Would you mind lying on
the floor just for a second?

Thank you, you're so kind.

And Bobby, I'm telling you.

I look down and Olga is
lying dead! Completely dead.

My deepest condolences.

- Thank you, sir.

Let me introduce myself,

Askrew, retired bookkeeper.

I don't want to interfere,
especially given the situation.

But I can't help myself.

I was present when
a similar thing happened.

About twenty years ago at
my brother's wedding

we were standing outside
the church for photos.

Video cameras didn't exist
then. The shooting began.

A bullet hit Milena square
between the eyes.

The case was never solved.

But we all knew it was
the best man who killed
her - involuntary manslaughter.

Simply incredible!

You said that your brother's
wife was called Milena? -Yes.

Her maiden name wasn't
Greasihair by any chance?
It was. -That's unbelievable.
That's my aunt.
Good God.
I was at that wedding as well.
I was only ten then.
So we're sort of family.
After that my brother
never married again.
He loved her that much?
- He adored her.
Excuse me for asking,
but what happened to your arm?
Some idiot ran me
over this morning.
Sent me flying into a dumpster.
- Not possible.
But I remembered the

licence plate:

Hang on! The BG goes first,
then the number.
I know, but I was in mid-air,
so it was all back to front.
Well, then you didn't see
the number properly.
That means back to front it
would be 347-021, doesn't it?
No, no. 327-498.
No, wait, wait. 374-82...
No, no...
No, you were right. Well done.
What a memory, sir!
Hello.
What' s with you? Did Butt give
you a make-up job as well?
This wedding is cursed.
I went to the 'Three Pheasants'
to cancel the reception...
The manager there...
- Askrew.
Yes, my younger brother.
An excellent host.

A guy with a mustache?
- That's right.
Why did you hit the man
out of the blue, Tony?
That's my late aunt's
brother-in-law?
I didn't hit him out of the
blue. I hit him out of revenge.
His brother wanted 3500 Marks
for the meal we'd booked.
Two waiters held me while that
Askrew gave me a kicking.
Then they threw me out onto
the street, like a lowlife.
Just when our old high school
teacher was passing by.
Miss Fairhead? -Yeah.
You can imagine how I felt.
Do you know what
she said to me?
'Shit Tony, that's exactly
what I expected from you'.
How embarrassing!
Bobby, where's the beer?
- Coming right up!
How about another
wee brandy, Uncle?
Bobby, give this man another
brandy. -On the house.
Sorry, Mister Askrew.
But your brother beat me up,
so I had to get revenge.
I know it's rotten,
but you have to understand.
After all this is the Balkans.
You know, passion,
vices, confusion...
...a lack of self-control.
I'm off to the bathroom.
No one move!
Put your hands on the
bar and don't try anything.
If you listen to me,
no one will get hurt.

You! Put your weapon down.
Can't you see that
it's disassembled?
Okay, calm down.
As soon as I let discipline
slip, look what happens.
What do you want, man?
- Money.
Ah, money. I'd like some
money as well.
How about a beer?
- Well, okay.
We're here in Boomerang...
...where there is an armed
robbery in progress.
Let's go live.
Come on. Give me that gun!
Look at him! Is this suit
okay for his funeral?
That's it, buddy!
Just relax.
You'll get a beer
to calm your fear.
So, young man, you
wanted to rob us? Why?
I needed the money.
- We all need money, son.
You just chose the wrong
way to go about earning it.
This isn't like in the movies.
I know, but I had no
intention of hurting you.
How much money do you need?
I'm not asking what it's for.
-100 what?
Marks.
-100 Marks, eh?
Lend me 100 Marks, Tony.
I don't have it. I blew all
my money on the wedding.
Don't lie.
It didn't cost you a cent.
Please, sir, could you
lend me 100 Marks?

Me? I'm a pensioner, son.
If you guys with bars don't
have any money, who does?
I always draw the short straw.
Here you are. Take the money
and get out of here.
I can't. I'm so ashamed.
And you weren't
ashamed to threaten us?
Shame on you!
Take the 100 Marks and
get out of here! Beat it!
It's you, Nesha, eh?
You seem strangely cheerful.
I'm not. -Yes, you are.
So, the job was a success?
But you didn't abide by the
rules. This is Stampedo's turf.
And we happen to work for him.
You know that, don't you? -Yes.
The robbery didn't work.
They took my gun.
I don't even have any change.
- Don't give us that sad story.
You know that I'm emotional.
See this guy?
He's new. He doesn't talk,
he just breaks bones.
Come on,
hand over the money.
Seriously, I don't have any,
believe me.
Well, Deaf and Dumb here's
going to beat you up. -Please!
He has to a little bit.
- My neck's hurting.
Shame on you!
This job sucks!
I'm going back to college!
Gee, mom, look
at all the money!
Now there's enough
for your school trip.
And in a few days we'll have

enough for your pocket money.
The whole day nothing.
Stampedo will kill us.
Who is it?
- It's us.
Who are you?
- Not you, us!
Ah, it's you.
- Of course it's us.
What's the password?
The password!
Get inside.
Times are bad.
I have to be like this.
Inspector Butt is
cracking down on drugs.
The town is panicking. Several
suppliers have gone down.
I thought Butt did homicides.
What's he got against drugs?
He does it all.
He never sleeps.
No one's safe, not prostitutes,
transvestites, pickpockets.
He taps the opposition's
phones. Just imagine!
And that's all when he's off
duty. He works his butt off.
No one can stand in the way of
the selling and use of drugs.
There's no need to panic.
- What a happy, dignified life
I had working in the toilet.
This is a nuthouse.
Some girl got me
hooked on drugs.
When I see her, I'm going
to exterminate her.
Where did you get
all this stuff from?
Weigh out a gram for the guys,
kid. -Only a gram?
A gram for everyone.
I'm just the middleman.

Want a coffee?
- Why not?
Caffeine gives you
a kick like cocaine.
Rustle us up three
coffees, kid.
Stampedo's offering you
protection. -He can fuck off!
I've got connections.
Police chiefs, army chiefs
and Nobel prize winners
all pissed in my toilets.
Ivo Andric even
pissed in my toilet.
True, he didn't pay,
but he pissed.
And he said, 'How fragrant
your toilet smells!'
What's that? -What's up
with you, you idiot?
That's my granddaughter,
Slavica. -Granny!
I'm going to see what all
the fuss is about.
Granny! -Shut up!
Why are you shouting?
You'd never guess she worked
at the john till this morning.
And she was great at it.
She used to get 50-Mark tips.
My mom told me that.
The two of them are friends.
How's it going, kids?
- We're packing it, mister.
Carry on, sweeties.
Do me a favor, guys.
Slavica has gone into labor.
Her mom took off
with some idiot.
Take a cab to the hospital.
I'm expecting some customers.
You can have free cocaine,
plus 100 Marks.
No problem.

We can do that for you.
Get what you need and beat it.
These guys will take you.
Slavica, what are you doing
to me? -Why is she pregnant?
I don't know.
If you weren't stoned the
whole day, you'd know.
You and my mother both
neglected me. -Stop whining.
That's the world
of drugs for you.
Families fall apart, moral
values decline, nothing matters.
Bullshit!
It's like that everywhere.
This cocaine is really good.
Hello? You still haven't
brought the goods.
If you're not here soon,
I'll buy from the Romanian!
I'm a man of my word.
Get a move on!
Slavica...
That's a nice name.
You think so? No one's ever
said that to me before.
It's the nicest name
I've ever heard.
You've gotten into
Barry Crystal's cab.
No smoking, no alcohol
no love scenes.
Company rules.
Don't worry. We'll be
at the hospital soon.
And what will I do afterwards?
- After what? -After the birth.
No one will want me.
I'll be left an old maid.
I could marry you.
I mean, if you wanted to...
I mean I could.
Well, I do.

I don't have much choice.
You just want to marry me
for the cocaine, don't you?
It's not like that, honest.
I want to change my life.
Things can't go on like this.
Families are falling apart...
Get out!
- Why?
I won't have unwed expectant
mothers and junkies in my cab!
Get out I said! Don't make
me use my baseball bat!
Didn't you hear me
propose to her?
When you're married,
I'll drive you! Now get out!
Look, I had Olga and
Mickey in shot the whole time.
Then when everyone started
shooting, I heard fluttering.
I lifted the camera up and saw
a pigeon falling towards me.
And that distracted me.
And how come you didn't
see the crowd around Olga?
I thought they were panicking
because of the pigeon.
You missed a historic
shot, man.
Wow, guys, what a chick!
Way to go, Tony!
You're a genius.
This girl reminds me
of the chick last night...
Tell us the story, Bobby.
I'm coming home from
a literary night.
The topic was 'The Balkans:
the cradle of civilization'.
We've got to go, Mickey.
- I'll talk faster.
We've got an appointment...
- I almost forgot!

I'll talk faster.
I see she's looking at me.
And I realize straight away...
- Hold that thought...
She follows me to Boomerang.
I stop. She looks at me.
I go inside.
She follows me in.
As soon as we get inside, she
shoves her hand in my shorts.
I feel totally uncomfortable...
But I realize what she wants.
She orders a rum.
No, no, Scotch.
No, only yuppies
order Scotch.
She orders a rum and
knocks it back in one shot.
Then I...
What did I drink?
I drank Scotch...
No, not Scotch, I had a...
Why can't I remember
what I was drinking?
Pour me another.
Quick.
When I drink slowly,
it has no effect.
It depends on what you
want to achieve.
When I drink,
I want to get drunk.
Then you're on the
right track, madam.
Don't be so formal.
Okay.
You look good.
Looks can be deceiving.
Does that jukebox work?
- What?
Yeah, it works.
Do you know
why I look good?
Because I down

drinks in one shot.
Pour me another.
- Right away.
To the top.
Are you old-fashioned?
I've no idea.
But I've seen a lot.
Oh, the things I've seen.
But I keep my mouth shut.
It's all about experience
and lifestyle.
That's true.
I mind my own business
and I drink a little.
But sometimes I fall
into a black hole.
Kiss my ass!
Get out of here!
- I'll give you 100 Marks.
Well, if it's for cash...
okay.
No, first the money.
That's it.
Now I can switch to vodka.
You Oedipuses are
wonderful creatures.
We are, we are.
It's so hot here.
It's very hot.
I mean it's really hot.
Pavle!
I'M ALWAYS THINKING
ABOUT YOUR NAME.

THEN I WANDER:

HERE AND THERE.
YOUR FACE FOLLOWS
ME EVERYWHERE.

FOR YOU THOUGH:

IT'S ONLY A GAME.
BUT MY HEART KNOWS...
I love that music.

THE SUFFERING:

MY SOUL SHOWS.

Emotions!

YOU'RE THE FAIRES OF ALL THE WOMEN.

FOR US TOGETHER TO SHINE,

IS THIS DREAM OF MINE.

My life revolves

around movies.

In the last one I was

a hooker. Bad karma.

I drink like a dipsomaniac

for seven days every month.

And I dedicate the rest

of my time to my family.

In truth, I'm not happy.

My husband lost interest in sex.

He only likes to collect

stamps. That's why he's my ex.

My son is a criminal.

He's fairly successful,

but I still worry. Maybe

you know him. Stampedo.

Ah, Stampedo. -A terror!

But so goodhearted.

He even hired Pavle for

my pleasure. -Bravo, Pavle.

And you?

What about your family?

I'm Pluto, you know,

like from the cartoon.

Come on, Pluto, bark at my

tits to calm yourself down.

WHEN WILL:

THE HOUR COME:

TO LISTEN TO YOUR

VOICE SO FINE:

THAT BRINGS SALVATION TO

THIS SOUL OF MINE?

Get off me! You all want

a mother! You lech!

You don't know what I'm

like when I come around!
Hey, Fatso, beat it.
A Red Star fan!
You're lucky. If you
supported the Partizan team,
I'd smash up your bar and take
your license away, lowlife.
You want to screw
my mother, eh?
And to become my stepfather
so you can abuse me. Mom...
Mom, you're drunk again. You
fell over and busted your nose.
When will it end?
Instead of dumps like this
you could drink champagne
at the Hyatt. -You're right.
Champagne's better.
Let's go home mommy
and talk when you're sober.
Now what shall
I do with you?
Let's set the record straight.
I screwed her for free.
She drank 16 rums and 27
vodkas. Who will pay for it all?
Consider us even. -Listen,
I'm already pissed off.
A gypsy told me a kid's going
to steal 3 kilos of cocaine
from me tomorrow.
From me, Stampedo!
Picture the headlines
in the papers, boss.
Yes?
Oh, hello, it's you.
I'm happy you called.
You'll sell me the painting?
Of course, I'll pay cash.
Okay. What's this dump called?
- Boomerang.
So this time tomorrow
at Boomerang. Bye.
After their first, unusual,

passionate encounter, the days followed and love blossomed into a subtle relationship, in which at first there was a lot of sex and few beatings, then equal sex and beatings, then the beatings took over. In the end, they were both bruised but happy.

I'm a bit late. My sister was killed. It won't happen again. Just promise you won't throw us out. This is our fifth cab. They all have their own rules. They won't drive us because she's pregnant, not married, a different faith, or underage. I decided to change my life. We must get to the hospital. Do you have pains?

- I did, but I feel better now. We've got time then.

Don't panic.

It'll all be okay.

How would you know?

- I'm a gynecologist.

Why do you

drive a cab then?

The pay's better. And the job's somehow more dynamic.

In fact my uncle organized it for me. He's head of the Union. Barry Crystal. You probably don't know him.

Let me take you

somewhere for a drink.

She's about to give birth!

- But not until the morning.

Aw, fuck!

- Is that anyway to speak?

Swearing in front of the kid.

Shame on you.

Get lost.

I'm not your wife.

I have to have it before 12,
or my kid will be a Scorpio.
What's that got to do with
anything, my crazy pumpkin?
I don't get along
with Scorpions.
I'm an ameba that spreads its
tentacles all over the place!
I'm everywhere!
I've been attacked!
I'm just joking.
Where is your sense of humor,
guys? 33 Kalamegdan Street.
I'm waiting for you.
God, I hate the telephone.
Good evening, bride.
What? -Your wife's here.
The dead one.
It's not nice to joke
like that. Seriously.
Honest. It's her.
Moron!
- At the door.
Excuse me.
Is this Boomerang?
Olga?!
Can I have a vodka?
But how?
- I'm looking for my husband.
He said he'd be here.
There he is, madam.
Take him straight home.
No need to be
offensive now.
Olga? Olga?...
What are you doing here?
- I dropped by. Why?
She dropped by?!
Well, are you okay?
I'm fine. The bullet just
skimmed my brain.
How can you be fine? The brain
is your nerve center.
I was lucky.

Congratulations, groom!
You chose well. Bride...
What's with you guys?
I'm fine.
My balance is just affected
a bit. I don't need it anyway.
I'll be flat on my back
most of the time.
Can we just have
a peek at the hole?
Get lost, moron! Beat it!
- Alright, alright!
Don't be like that, Olga.
He's our best man.
What do you mean
best man? Who are you?
What do you mean who am I?
What's got into you?
Where's that vodka?
- Coming right up.
You've also started drinking
since they killed you?
Who are you to criticize me?
- I'm your husband.
You?
Me.
You?
Hold on, honey. Uncle Bobby's
going to plug you up.
What are you doing?
- Just to disinfect it.
What are you doing, Bobby?
- You'll see. Cheers.
There we go.
- Don't do that.
Look at her, as good as new.
Well done, Bobby.
Nice job.
Sis!
- Jesus...
Do you remember me?
I found the watch
you gave me.
Guys, the drinks are on me.

My sis has returned.
You want to buy the drinks at
Bobby's? -Here no one pays!
Sit down and let's take
a family photograph.
Come on.
Sit down.
Okay, get ready.
- Get off me, you idiot!
Look over there, bride.
I'm going to have a baby!
That is the aim
of every pregnancy.
I've got pains again.
- Easy does it.
We'll need some alcohol.
Four brandies. -No way.
I don't serve drunks.
All you can have is coffee
if you make it yourself.
We're not drunk.
We're pregnant.
Take her to a hospital then,
you idiot. To a gynecologist.
I am a gynecologist. -But
he works as a cab driver!
I'm sick of you damn
cab drivers!
You're all lawyers, engineers...
Not one of you is normal!
Calm down, Bobby!
What's up with you?
Excuse me, doctor,
just one question.
A bullet went through
my wife's brain. -And?
Well, nothing. Just it seems
that it damaged her memory.
She's forgotten she's my wife.
- Sorry, but I'm a gynecologist.
I know. I'm asking
on my wife' s behalf.
Slavica! -Could you get
your wife out of the way?

My patient is about to give
birth prematurely, out of fear.

Me? Move my wife
out of the way?

Yeah.

- You can fuck right off!

Don't swear in front
of the kid, you moron!

Put that weapon away.

Who owns this dump?

- Me.

You owe 1000 Marks for failing
to meet hygiene standards.

But first a double vodka,
on the house of course.

Who the hell are you?

I'm surprised you
haven't heard.

You haven't heard of the
notorious inspector Butt?

So you're Butt.

Do you have a warrant?

Another 1000 Marks for
obstructing the investigation.

And I do have a warrant.

He really does have
a warrant, guys.

You got yourself organized
pretty quickly.

Did you think justice would
never reach these parts?

I knew this was a hotbed of
drugs, crime and treason.

We were in bomb shelters and
you were signaling...!

You lit those blocators so they
could hit us more easily.

It's not 'blocator' but
'locator', from 'location'.

Silence! How dare you tell
me what they're called!

Take her to the delivery room!

- Why are you shouting?

The girl's giving birth.

- How do you know?
I'm a gynecologist.
- But he works as a cab driver.
Over here quick!
- What are we going to do now?
We're going to tape it,
that's what.
Give me some light here!
Quickly!
Listen. -What?
- Film me. -Okay.
I want to change my life.
- Fine, fine.
And give me a copy
afterwards. -Alright.
Grab hold of her legs.
You, hold her arms.
Come on, doctor, deliver it.
Give me some light here.
'Young lady giving birth in
a bar', take one. Action!
Sis, I've begun to work
in the movies.
You with the hole in your
head, get over here.
What's up, fatso?
Olga!
Don't shout at her, man!
Come on, push harder, breathe.
- Are you filming me?
Quiet! Except for you.
Just keep the moaning down.
What's up with her? -Her
Center of Gravity is affected.
You're the girl who was shot
outside the church? -I am.
Let me have a look
at that wound.
Please don't.
I'll do it. Here...
See? -Professionals,
without a doubt!
Did you notice
anything unusual?

I don't think so. The last thing I remember was a 7.62 caliber bullet approaching me at unbelievable speed.

I'll kill him. -I didn't make a fuss about it.

You know how it is.

I was getting married.

That's what I was afraid of.

I love her. Very much.

Give me a double vodka!

- No way!

Excuse me?

- No way and that's that.

And eat shit!

No way now, even if you wanted to pay.

Now I've got proof you don't serve communists here!

First I'll beat you up and then you'll go to the slammer.

Then I'll shut you down!

I'm going to stamp out crime in this country.

You mother fucker!

- Don't be like that.

Choose, left or right hand?

Or maybe you want me to pour you a beer?

A beer?

Alright then,

I'll have a beer.

Gladly. -I knew it.

Coming right up.

How dare you swear at my mommy, you ass!

Do you know that I'm...

- I'm an orphan!

...the notorious...

My mom left me at the church when I was just 3 days old.

Butt...

- Fuck you!

Wow, he killed him!

Plug him up!
You have to plug him up!
What a shot!
Birth and death
in one shot.
This is one for the books.
Tape this, follow the action,
don't miss anything.
I'll be right back.
Let's put him in the cellar.
- You've had it, Fatso!
Give us a hand!
- Calm down! Come on, pull!
Open it.
There we go.
- The fat bastard won't fit.
Shall we cut him in two?
- Give me the saw.
He's dead. He won't
feel anything anyway.
Hang on!
- What is it?
I think I know best what
it feels like to be dead.
Get out of the way!
- I guess you're right.
Way to go, bride!
- She's strong!
And why am I going
down into the cellar?
We've got to hide the inspector.
- But I didn't kill him.
Way to go, Mister Bobby!
A bit to sell,
and a bit for personal use.
There's Slim Fast too -
the best way to lose weight.
Shouldn't we have
a drink for his soul?
We should. -You're right.
- Coming right up!
Here you go.
May he rest in peace.
- Cheers!

What about a candle?

- Tony?

You're right.

Customs are customs.

- Absolutely.

Some guy is looking
for you, boss.

Hey, what are you doing!?

- You scared me, you moron.

Admit it, pops, you shit
yourself. -I did. So what?

Nothing.

Is my mother inside?

I haven't seen her
since... yesterday.

Tell me, did you two...?

You can't screw
me around.

Did you see what I did to that
girl who stole my cocaine?

Not bad, right
between the eyes.

Give me a vodka.

Right away.

There's no sign of mom. She
took one of Nietzsche's books.

I'm really worried.

She's depressed.

Nietzsche...? That's
something to worry about.

I'll have a beer.

- Sure.

I'm supposed to meet a guy
here, but I don't see him.

I did it! I had twins!

You didn't, you idiot!

I had them!

I had two twins.

A young kid's just given
birth. No big deal.

I adopt these kids as my own.

If you agree, Slavica.

I agree.

- She agrees.

Don't tell me she's
had the baby?!

I knew I'd miss it.
Did you tape it?
- I'm so happy.

Do you know this is my
first successful delivery?
I don't believe it! -Slavica
would never have had them
if Mister Deaf and Dumb
hadn't grabbed the baby's head
to make room for the other
baby. Never! -I'm so happy.
Take off your glasses
and get over here.
I don't believe it. -Boy,
you're done here. Go home.
I'll complain to the Cab
Drivers Association.
And my uncle, Barry Crystal,
is the chairman.
I'm so scared! -Why are you
giving the kid a hard time?
The young deserve a chance.
You'll be their best man.
Understood, boss.
Come over here, buddy.
Honey, this is our
best man. Look at them.
I'm so happy.
You're drinking beer?
That's good for your milk...
I gave them my precious Rolex.
- What mature kids!
Tell me honestly,
do they look alike?
Now, I'm going to kill you
in front of witnesses.
Over my dead body,
Mister Stampedo.
You're putting me in a
difficult position, sir.
Look, son. I was your dad,
albeit for a short time.

I've got the right
to tell you.
Shame on you for hunting
down this injured woman
and harassing her for
a lousy 3 kilos of cocaine.
Let's talk it over
like real men.
I'll give you the painting,
you give me my wife.
You're crazy.
Can't you see she's damaged?
It's a deal?
- Deal.
Congratulations, son.
Here's Darinka.
Mom's going to
be overjoyed.
It's an original, sir!
- Congratulations!
What's up with you, Olga?
A wreath for the funeral,
young man.
A bouquet for the birth and
one for the wedding.
Who should I console and
who should I congratulate?
Congratulate me.
I had the babies.
The bouquet for the birth.
Granny, you should
see how big they are!
Here! So the kids will
learn how to save.
The bouquet for the wedding?
- For me.
And the funeral wreath?
I'll take it on behalf of the
late Inspector. Thank you.
Slavica, dear, from this day
on I'm going to invest in all
the toilets in the country.
All kinds of people shit here!
It's where the money is.

- Way to go, madam.
You've got a nose for business.
- I'm off. My business partners
are waiting for me:
J.B., G.Z., K.S. and P.C. Bye.
Bye, Granny!
- Thanks, Granny!
The music is on me.
This is my song!
Down with folk singers! -I'll
pretend I didn't hear that!
Hooray! Folk singers!
Way to go, Olga!
This is real music!
Mickey, tell your wife
to turn that music off.
Don't make me have to do it.
- Over my dead body, Bobby!
Have you told your wife
to turn the music off?
Don't make me turn
it off for good.
I've told you once, Bobby.
Don't make me repeat myself.
What happened? I mean
who killed me in the end?
My kids are sleeping.
Please turn the music off,
so I don't have to do it.
I had twins, you know.
Really? I'm so
happy for you.
Which moron left a candle lit
downstairs? Fucking idiot!
The man's returned
from the dead!
I was never dead.
I'm a professional. I sleep
with a bulletproof vest.
'The Resurrection
of Inspector Butt'.
I'll have to kill him again.
'The Bar Owner's Threat'.
I'll have to kill him again.

I had twins.
You don't say!
Mom? -Go home.
Do you know what time it is!?
Can I stay until midnight
at least, mom? -Okay.
You've never kissed me.
- What?
What do you mean I haven't?
What's up with you?
Excuse me, what's the
name of this dump?
You don't remember me?
- No.
But when I was screwing you
last night, you remembered me.
This maniac is
harassing me, son.
Mom, that's Uncle Bobby.
He loves you.
It's you!
Enough already!
My kids are sleeping!
Way to go, man!
Why, man?
- I've no idea!
Way to go, man!
Who left a candle lit
downstairs? Fucking idiot!
Give it to me!
You could at least have
wrapped it in newspaper
so the neighbors would
think it's a leg of lamb.
Come tomorrow for the
Kalashnikovs and ammo.
There are people waiting
for me inside. I've got to go.
I said it might be a bad day.
But this is a catastrophe!
SERBIA' S GUARDIAN ANGEL
IS WITH YOU AGAIN.
AFTER EXACTLY 90 MINUTES,
JUST AS I TOLD YOU.

WHAT' S THERE
TO SAY IN THE END?
PEACE HAS ITS PRICE.
THE PEOPLE YOU SAW
ARE HARMLESS.
DON'T WORRY. THEIR
ARGUMENTS WILL ONLY

STRENGTHEN:

THEIR FRIENDSHIPS,
CREATE NEW LOVES,

WHICH MAY LEAD:

TO MORE CHILDREN.
AND PLEASE DON'T JUDGE THEM.
THEY ARE A BIT CLUMSY
IN SHOWING THEIR EMOTIONS,
BUT THEY ARE NOT BAD PEOPLE.
LET' S GIVE THEM A CHANCE.
THEY WOULD CERTAINLY
LIKE TO MEET YOU
AND BUY YOU A BEER
IN SOME OTHER BAR,
BECAUSE, FORTUNATELY,

OUR BOOMERANG:

NO LONGER EXISTS.

THE END: