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City of God

By Bráulio Mantovani

City of God Damn! The chicken is gone!|Get her, mister!
If the picture is good|I will work in a newspaper.
You are playing with your life|for a photograph?
Do you think that I am in the mood|to see the fucking gang?
The chicken, bro!
The chicken I told you, asshole!
Get the chicken!
If Ze gets you,|you're dead.
He has to find me first.
Hey, kid! Get the chicken!
- The cops!|- Don't run!
Buttheads! Mothefuckers!
A photo might|have changed my life...
but in the City of God,|if you run you're dead...
...if you stay,|you're dead again.
It has always been like that|since I was a kid.
IN THE 60's
- You are so useless.|- Fetch the ball.
Hey, kid! Give me the ball.
You are not giving it to me?
Fuck you.|What's your name?
Sorry, I forgot to introduce myself.
My name is Rocket.
Do not give the ball|to the kid, he stinks.
This is Hairy.
The story of the City of God|starts with him.
However, Hairy's story|is connected to the Mortes Trio story.
The truck is coming.|Why are you fooling around?
TRIO MORTES STORY
Trio Mortes|the legends of the City of God!
Hairy.
Snatcher.
And Naive.
With them, Kid and|Benny, Hairy's brother.
I did not have enough courage|to go with my brother.
Come Naive!
Let's go!
Stop or I'll shoot,|fucking asshole.
Get out!
Quick, asshole.|Give me the money!
Who wants gas?
Oh! You wanna die for money|that is not yours?
Lots of money here!
Damn! The cops!

Quickly!|They are everywhere!
Then, I thought that|Trio Mortes...
was the toughest gang |in Rio.
But they were just amateurs.
Even my bro, Naive.
Give these to dad|but do not tell him it's from me.
Hairy, come and see what I've got!
We came to the City of God|to find paradise.
Lots of people were homeless|due to the floods...
and the fire|they set in the ghetto.
They are going to bring electricity!
The big bosses, however,|didn't like the homeless.
Without electricity, without|roads, without buses.
The rich people...|They don't give a damn about us
It has nothing to do with the|Rio De Janeiro you see in postcards.
Do you think I am going to be|a lifeguard when I grow up?
I don't know.
It is better to be a|lifeguard than a fisherman.
I don't want to be a fisherman,|I will stink.
- Are you insulting your father?|- No.
- What do you want to become?
I sure don't want to be a gangster|or a cop.
I do not want to get killed.
Drop it, Kid.
Are you pointing a gun at me?
The kid is with me.
I am a gangster, too.
- Not many bottles in it.|- We rob trucks every day.
We have to hit a rich|house to get out of here.
No, you have to|follow my plan.
Look who's talking!
He is so stoned, he|doesn't know what he is talking about!
You are both not as|worthy as the kid.
What are you thinking, Kid?
The gun doesn't make you a robber.|You need ideas.
The kid had ideas.
Is this the Motel?
We get the money and leave.|No killings!
- Give it to me.|- Leave me alone!
Don't you give this|shit to me!
You're acting like a baby.
- Here's yours.|- Awesome!
Do not be hasty. You're staying here|as look-out.
If you see cops,|shoot that window.

Why doesn't he stay as the look-out?
This was my plan. | He is good for nothing!
Ok, you had the idea. | But you're just a kid!
Cover us.
Your turn is going to come. | Don't be so hasty.
Stay here.
This is a hold up, bitch.
You should be at school | or at work.
You do not look like robbers.
Shut up, bitch!
Ok, Snatcher?
Are we going in?
- I did not order anything. | - It's on the house! Your money!
Take it easy. All I want is your money.
Hey, pal! | What is this mess?
Are you a church boy?
Give it to me!
You are old, and ugly.
Do you want to fuck her?
Police! Let's beat it!
Take the car. | I'm gonna bring the kid.
- It went wrong. The kid is missing! | - They are shooting, let's go!
- You said you could drive. | - I can, cool down.
Turn! Watch it!
- You asshole! | - I didn't do it on purpose.
No-one saw a thing. | Don't say a word, OK?
I twisted my leg!
- Naive is hit! | - It hurts!
Take him to the woods. | I will try to distract the cops.
God help us.
Get the phone.
Shortie. Infamous in the City. | I will talk about him later.
It hurts, godammit!
Shut up! | You're acting like a sissy.
Give me your hand!
A whole car runs | into a bar...
and no-one saw a thing?
As always. No-one sees, | no-one knows a thing.
- What's up, Shortie? | - They are hiding in the woods.
I think they | are hiding in the woods.
They are in the woods.
Fillipe, lock the car. | Rantzel, come with me.
Pitch black. | How do they see?
They stole a fortune | from the motel...

- What if we took the money?|- Are you out of your mind?
I do not want any trouble.|I just want to eliminate them.
Since when is it a crime|to steal from niggers and robbers?
I know a snitch in the City.
Did you hear the shootings?|If I find one of them, I will shoot him!
Maracana!|Open the door!
They are after me!
The police are after me!|Hide me!
Come inside.
Shit, the cops are|still down there.
- I had a vision, Naive.|- Did you smoke anything?
You had a job, right?|How was it? What did they say to you?
I worked for my father.|Fathers say bullshit.
I'm leaving. I do not want to die.|I am not meant to be a gangster.
- The cops are down there.|- I don't care.
I am going back to the church.
"I am the resurrection|and the life...
He that believeth in me,|though he were dead, yet shall he live...
And whosoever liveth| and believeth in me...
shall never die..."
Stop, or I'll shoot!
"He that believeth in me,|though he were dead, yet shall he live..."
The robbery in the motel|was the most bloodstained in history.
The gangsters fortunes|changed paths.
He couldn't have|been a gangster.
He is a worker.
Snatcher was|in God's hands.
Hairy was caught|in the Bernice's net.
and Naive was|in my father's hands.
Why are you doing this?|You will be working with me!
Your brother is|going to look after you.
If I ever catch you with money| that is not yours, I'll kill you!
This goes for you too.|Put on your work clothes!
If your brother is a gangster|you are affected as well!
Don't worry.|He will get over it.
These things are not for you!|You go and study.
Aren't you afraid of being killed?
You are smart -|you have to go to college.
I attend school because|I do not like working.
Promise me that you are|never gonna touch this weapon.
Quickly. I will sell|lots of fish. Do not laugh!
You smiled when father|hit me.
What's wrong?|Cat got your tongue?
I'm thinking how to tell you.

You're gonna fry your brain|if you think so much.
My heart chose you.|I am listening to my heart.
Are you kidding?
Have you never head|of love at first sight?
- Gangsters do not love.|- You always talk to me in a bad way.
- Gangsters seduce.|- I am not going to lose my peace.
Gangsters do not stop -|just take a break.
- You know nothing of love.|- This is no love; it is a joke.
I love you.
You might convince me|in the end.
After the robbery, police|did raids in the ghetto.
Everyday, someone was sent to jail,|someone was sold out.
But no-one ever knew anything.
No-one revealed the|robber's hideout.
THREE MONTHS LATER
Why don't you change|your life, Hairy?
Find a job instead of|lying in bed all day!
Do you think that a job will|give you money? Go try!
What do you think |I am doing all day long?
Take it easy, baby.|All I want is you.
to have children, a farm|with chicken, and lots of weed.
I don't believe a word.
I almost got rich|with that robbery.
The police are after you|after the motel killings.
What are you saying? Did you see anything?|So shut up!
They shot them,|and blamed it on me!
They even killed Kid!|So leave it!
- I don't know who did it|- Not me.
I don't want a gangster as|the father of my children!
You are alone, Hairy!
Snatcher became religious,|Naive found a job.
- And you?|- I am the same!
- Everybody dumped me.|- Then I will dump you too.
I am leaving. If you want, come with|me, else I will leave alone!
Nice fresh fish!
My brother promised|to conform.
But the gangster does not change.|Just stops for a while.
Naive was having an affair|with Shortie's wife.
I have trout, but for you|I have something special.
It's a mullet.
- Does your husband lick you?|- No.
Mine licks me for half an|hour before fucking...
...from behind.|Do you let him? Doesn't it hurt?
In the beginning, yes. After that it|is perfect! But you need a banana.

- Why?|- You're losing the best part, kid!
You warm up a banana|and stick it in your pussy!
while he fucks you in the ass.|It is awesome!
- Ask your husband.|- I can't. He will get mad
Try. Men go nuts|for stuff like that.
Fucking nigger!
Bitch!
Whore!
Rocket, give me your|shorts, quickly!
- I am not gonna get naked in the street.|- Your brother is in danger!
Give me the shirt!
Quickly!
I always have to pay the price.
He ran away.|That's his brother.
I will cut his balls!
Fish! Fresh fish!
Kid, come here.
- Where is your brother?|- Not working today.
- Get in.|- I did nothing.
- What about my fish?|- Get in. Forget the fish.
My father will kill me.
Let's go. There is nothing here.
My father swore not|to see my brother again.
No-one saw him again|in the ghetto.
The Trio Mortes story|reached its end.
Kid! I though you were killed|in the motel.
- I can see you got money.|- It's ours, Benny.
Cut the crap|and bring the money.
Tell Hairy that|Shortie is getting difficult. I'm leaving.
But Shortie was getting busy.
A neighbour called the cops|before sunrise.
The newspapers wrote:
"A husband buries his wife|alive in the City of God"
The place was full of cops.|The robbers ran away. Do you want to die?
Do as I tell you...
And show some respect to the lady.
- Let's go.|- There are cops ahead.
Fuck them. Go!|Go wherever you want.
What's the matter?
Mercy. It is a piece of crap.
- Start the engine!|- It needs pushing.
Push, Hairy.|Push!
You?
Do you want to arrest|the thieves? There's one...

Get him!
Run, Hairy!|Stop!
He's a murderer!
The day that Hairy|was killed...
I remember the crowd|and a camera.
I always wanted a camera.
Let's go to school.
- Why don't we go to the beach?|- We have exams!
So what!|Everybody is on the beach!
She wears a bikini|and plays hard to get!
Sun is for everyone.|Beach for a few.
IN THE 70's
When I was 16 I bought|my first camera.
Starting from the bottom.|The cheapest model!
How is it going, Rocket?|Have you been laid yet?
Nothing.
Oh, Angelica. She drove me mad...
Rocket, are you jerking?
Gorgeous and had got laid.|I wanted to lose my virginity with her!
- She has a boyfriend.|- So? I am not jealous
- Her father is a cop.|- No-one is perfect.
I was the official photographer|of the gang.
of the "Groove Gang".
Everybody paid for copies.
Siago, move backwards.|There.
I need a joint.
Snort coke.|It's great!
Siago, do you snort?|I prefer a good pot.
- I can find it for you if you want.|- Go find it, then.
If we talk about dope|we talk about coke!
Drugs!
- You're full of salt.|- Fuck off.
You want to be a lifeguard|but you never go in.
I bet a beer I|am a better swimmer.
If you want I can find a joint|at Blackies.
I would do anything for her.
I would find pot, coke...
I would go to the big boys|to buy good stuff...
The boss was an ex-|classmate: Blackie.
- Who?|- It's Rocket!
How are things going?|The kids OK?
Do you want to buy|or smoke?
Who is it?
This was Blackie's hideout|But it hadn't always been.

Fuck off, kid|Why are you marching in like that?

Is this your hideout?

THE STORY OF THE HIDEOU Donan Zel started to sell drugs|after becoming a widow...

to feed her children.

She often gave out dope|to the kids in exchange for special favours...

Her favourite was|Big Guy.

She was such an amateur|that even Big Guy was cheating on her.

Big Guy was using kids|as dealers.

- My pot?|- Stick it in your ass.

The best dealer...

was Redhead.

May I have a sip?

Big Guy trusted him...

and so he became a manager.

Twenty for us,|five for you, Blackie.

One day a friend of Redhead appeared.

Aristotle.

My wife was sick.

His family had helped|Redhead.

He would not refuse help|to a brother.

The dope. I want the money|by Friday.

You got me out of jail.

He is a friend, Big Guy.

Give him another week.

You either kill him or I'll kill you.

He had no choice.

- I told you on Friday.|- Don't do it, friend!

Redhead wanted to get|the Big Guy...

but he did not have to.|Big Guy died in jail.

Redhead took| Big Guy's belongings...

but not the hideout.|It was cursed.

He gave it to his trustee,|Blackie.

- Hundred and fifty bags.|- Not enough.

So he took over|the local dealing.

But not for long.

Who is it?

Go see.

Fuck off, kid. Why are|you rushing into my hideout?

Who told you|it is yours?

And I am not 'kid'.|My name is Ze.

THE STORY OF LITTLE ZE

Ze had wanted to rule|the City of God...

since he was a kid.

They are having fun and I am not?
I want to go home!
What do you want? |Your friend took it all.
That night, Kid|satisfied his thirst for blood.
knowing that Hairy|would never forgive him.
To save himself|he left the City of God.
He worked all day for nickels.
Kid and Benny|really made it...
they had the gift of the killer.
- You have more.|- I had the idea.
The problem was to handle|an older gangster.
like my brother Naive.
Dammit! I though you died in the motel.|You have lots of money!
It is our money, Benny.
Benny, tell Hairy that|Shortie is getting difficult.
I'm leaving the ghetto.
From Hairy.|You are gonna need it.
Robbery after robbery|the Kid grew big.
When he was 18 he was the| most respected gangster in the City.
One of the most| dangerous robbers in Rio.
Happy birthday, Kid.|Glad you turned 18.
Beat it!
- Just a beer!|- Didn't you see me, asshole?
Next time I will kill you,|you prick!
Kid was ready for anything!
And couldn't wait.
Who's the wealthiest here?
Lots.|Jerry Andriani...
golden necklace, luxurious clothes.
- Perriera and the chick.|- My brother took her.
Look at the race.
Here is Blackie.|Full of gold.
Redhead. Nice wheels!|All of the dealers.
- All of them wealthy.|- Robberies are shit...
the big money is in drug dealing.
- Especially coke.|- Needs capital, though.
We will kill them|and take over.
- When do we start?|- Now!
The light of Satan|brought you here!
Why do you live in the City of God|that God has forgotten?
I know what you want.|You want power.
I have something that will give|you the power you're looking for...
that will change your fate.|I give you my amulet.
Just do not fuck|while you wear it...

because you will die!
The kid will no longer be Kid|but Ze.
Little Ze grew up.
If you help me|I will help you.
In this way Kid became Ze|and started the killings.
One morning,|he took over Andriani's gang...
By nighttime, he ruled|all the ghetto gangs.
He did not harm Redhead|since he was Bennie's friend.
Only the hideout was left.|but it was an easy job.
Who is it?
Fuck off, Kid. Why are you|barging into my hideout?
Since when is it your hideout?
Anything wrong Kid?
I am not Kid.|My name is Ze!
- You're dead, bastard!|- No, he understands.
It's all yours. I want nothing.|I don't want trouble.
I had to take vengeance|for my brother's death.
You are gonna live,|but you will work for us.
Easy to say.
- Where are you going?|- He's clean, Ze.
- What is your name?|- Rocket
Naive's brother.|Dead Naive's brother.
Go and tell everyone|that Ze is now in charge.
We are selling coke.|Got it?
Drug dealing is a job, too.
The supplier brings the merchandise|which is packed.
It's a supply chain.
Pot is wrapped.
coke is packed in 10s or 100s.
You can have a career as a drug dealer.
The kids start as messengers.
Then they do lookouts.
If the cops come|they all vanish.
Then you become a dealer.
In hard times|the dealer vanishes.
Growing up,|you become captain.
And if you are good at|maths, you become a manager.
Boss's right hand.
The cops get their cut|and stay out of it.
When Ze came,|all the rivalry stopped in the City.
You could go there.
Bohemian people bought|their dope safely.
Lots of people became addicts|and Ze became rich.
- Which one should I wear?|- This is cool.

If drug dealing were legal|Ze would be given an Oscar.
I thought that all these|guys were very dangerous.
However he was everywhere.
If I needed pot|I had to visit Redhead.
- Half a pound.|- Thanks.
It was worth it.|I smoked it with Angelica.
She had broken up with Siago|and so I made my move.
Fantastic photos.
Do I look good here?
You look good in all of them.
Twilight, an empty beach,|a long-lasting kiss...
That was it...
But the Shorties came...
Will you give me a spliff?
Here.
See you later.
- Your joint!|- Keep it!
First time I met|the Shorties.
Here, Benny. Steak and potatoes.
- This is for you.|- All of it? Thanks.
Do you want to have something to eat?
Can you change the time on the watch, please?
After he broke up, Siago|sniffed more and more everyday.
When you become an addict, |you're in the dealer's hands.
- Two bags of ten.|- One bag.
For Siago it was not like that.
- Sorry, godfather.|- Bullshit, did I baptise you?
Give me your bike,|Blackie.
Do you wanna race?
To the bus.
Ready? Go!
- Hard race.|- You're good.
- Where did you buy the trainers from?|- From the neighbourhood.
- And the shirt?|- From the City.
It is an expensive brand.
If I give you the money|will you buy me one?
Shorts and shirt?
Buy whatever you can.
- What is your size?|- Measure me!
- With what?|- With you!
Shoe number?|Turn around.
Benny! Did you get the goodies?
- Just a pair of trousers?|- There is more.
Do you like it?

- You have some change.|- Keep it.
This is Benny.
I became bohemian.
Gangsters, listen. |Beware...
Grooves are making moves |before the big boom.
Fuck you, bastards!
Prick!
Redhead is placing |the ghetto in danger.
Go talk to him. You can't |just shoot everybody.
Don't worry, |the lads here are OK
I'm not worried!
Will you dance, Benny? What |happened to Redhead?
Go talk to him!
Benny was the coolest |gangster in the City.
He gave away dope, |paid for his drinks.
Ze was the opposite. |He was obsessed.
Wanted to become the big ghetto boss.
He was looking for the opportunity |to take over Redhead's gang.
Don't let the Shorties |rob the whole ghetto.
You mind your business |and I will mind mine.
I'm going for a drink.
How is it going, Rocket?
Siago, what's up?
Want to dance?
Can we go to your place?
My parents are not home. |we're gonna be alone.
Today you can |lose your virginity!
Don't shout! |Everyone will hear!
You're pretty.
It's OK.
I know you are related to |the Shorties.
Do you think I am stupid? |You want my gang?
I just want to talk to you. |You are useless!
The Shorties |are endangering us.
Ask them to cool down.
He lets them plunder |in his ghetto, the useless shit.
If police come here |we're fucked.
I will do it because I like you.
Change his nappies!
Tell them that no-one |plunders in my ghetto!
The Shorties do not respect |the ghetto rules.
They steal from ordinary people |and rob bakeries.
You're stealing from me all the time!
However, they didn't know |the city had a new boss!

THANK YOU|FOR PREFERING US

The city has become safer|for the inhabitants.

Robberies are rare.

All you have to do is visit Ze.

- Do not touch Shorties|- I won't.

- Let's go for a walk|- Together?

Mom, I am going out|with my friends.

I have never tasted a better chicken!

- The old man was scared to death!|- You feel sorry for him?

Should we rob a bank|or a supermarket?

Bullshit. All the money|is in drug dealing.

You have to start as|a messenger.

It is no good. Takes too|much time to be promoted.

You have to wait for|an old guy to get killed.

I won't wait for anyone to| bite the dust. I'll do as Ze.

Are you talking about me, kid?|The boss is here.

Come back, you tramp!

They run fast!

Anyone else?

You're gonna pay for|the ones who ran away.

Shall I shoot you|in the arm or the leg?

- Choose.|- Hand or leg?

Choose, dammit!

- In the hand.|- In the hand, eh?

Let's see about you.|Kill one of them.

- I'll do it!|- Beat it! He's gonna do it.

Pick whom you'll kill.

- We don't have all day.|- Kill one of them.

Get over with it, Steak.

I want to see if you have the guts.

Well done! You did it!|You're one of us. Gimme five!

Get up, tramp.|Go back to your shithole.

Stop limping!

Tell your friends|no-one steals from Ze.

While Ze was earning the|respect of the locals...

Benny was winning|Angelica's heart.

I was still a virgin and broke.|I had no other choice...

THE LIFE OF A SUCKER

I found a job|in a supermarket.

I was working for just a few nickels.|I wanted to be fired...

to buy a camera|with the compensation.

But my fate was different.

The guy from the beach!|Do you still smoke?

Kid!|Pull your shirt.

Is this a thank you?

- What about my compensation?|- What compensation?

The fucking manager|thought I participated.

You are fired|because of duty violation. Beat it!

I did not get a dime.

A message from God.

'Honesty is|punished, sucker.'

FLIRTING WITH CRIME

The bus is late. I should|be at work already.

- Hide the gun! Are you mad?|- It's broken.

- It is not our fault.|- It is never anyone's fault!

But we pay the price.

Goodnight, lady.

I know him. He lives|in the City. He will recognise us.

It is his boss's|money. He doesn't care!

Aren't you|from the City of God?

Only one shall pay.

Study, only this way| you can leave the ghetto.

- Do you study?|- I attended school and then I joined the army.

I was a good shot.|Then, I found this job.

I have knowledge of karate. If I find a job|elsewhere I will leave the ghetto.

Do you wrestle?

I am peaceful.|But if I have to...

And he was going to have to. But I|will talk about Knockout later.

We are leaving. Bye.

- I couldn't, he was cool.|- He is Gerson's brother.

Let's go home.

There is only a bakery here.

- What are you going to say?|- I don't know! ''Robbery!''

- My phone number?|- Do you prefer soul or groove?

Nothing again. The girl|was very sexy. She flirted with me.

I couldn't pull the gun,|she was so sweet.

I am lost. How do| I get to Bara?

"The guy from Sao Paolo|was unlucky", I thought.

That's where we are going too.

You are saving me.

Everybody from|Sao Paolo is a nasty piece of work.

We found the body, officer!

Not a pretty sight, eh?

Awesome singer.|I like music. Do you?

You like pot, too?

Never tried.

I thought so.

- Do you have paper?|- I have some.
I was a professor in rolling joints.
If only I was like that|with girls!
I wouldn't still be a virgin.
For a guy from Sao Paulo,|you're cool.
What did they kill her with?
With a bat or a rock.
- The kid...|- They didn't hurt it.
- How long ago?|- About four hours.
Shall we take it?
The murderer must|be from the City of God.
Motherfucker!
You should have killed her in the| ghetto! Cops are coming!
It was a matter of honour.|Her parents sent me away.
The place is full of cops|because of you! Asshole!
You punished him enough, Ze.
Whoever kills in my|ghetto, dies.
He had issues, Ze.
Leave the ghetto.|You showed disrespect!
The snake will bite you,|Benny.
- He was useless.|- A dirty traitor.
I am going for a walk with the girl.
Take care. When|things calm down...
we will deal with|Redhead again.
Get a girlfriend, Ze.
- Do you know what I am thinking?|- That I am sexy?
That too. Do you know|what we can do?
- Make love?|- I am serious.
Get out of here.|I hate violence.
- And go where?|- To a farm.
we are hippies at heart.
To a farm?
Peace and love?
BENNY'S FAREWELL
Benny was too cool|to be a gangster.
With his party he managed|to bring everyone together.
Gangs...
Soul fans...
Religious people...
Some day I'll go to the church.
Samba fans...
Groovers...
And Ze, who danced for|the first time in his life.
Wanna dance?

- I can't hear you.|- Are you dancing?
Thanks, I got company.
I want to talk to you.
You are not going away|with that chick.
I'll live on a farm,|I'll smoke pot, and listen to rock.
Are you going to ruin everything|for a bitch?
She's my girl.
I will kill |Redhead, the bastard.
You think that everybody is a bastard|that is why I leave!
I am your friend but I am leaving.|Try to understand.
I like you but that's all.
Show me your balls, man!
You wanna die? Beat it!
Put your pants down, nigger!
I wanna see your ass!
Come on, you faggot!
Show us your ass!
Pull them down!
The camera|for a bag of coke?
- No more shit.|- You're my friend.
- Is it stolen?|- My father's.
- Give it to Ze.|- Rocket will probably want it.
Here I am!
You want to be a photographer?|Here's a present.
Awesome!
Shake your ass!
You're gonna shoot|fine photos.
Bring it here.
- Give me the camera!|- No.
They killed Benny!
Call an ambulance!
Who the fuck did it?
Ze, Benny is dead.
It's your fault, bitch!
- Where is Redhead?|- Blackie came.
I'll fuck her.
- Why?|- We're both fucked.
I think I killed|Benny.
Ze is coming. We can|catch up with him in the disco.
- Did you kill Benny?|- Accidentally. I aimed at Ze.
Blackie. You killed the coolest|gangster in the City.
Without Benny, Redhead|was dead.
We're fucked, man.
Where else could a miracle happen|if not in the City of God?

Hallo, doll. | Gimme a kiss.
Let me pass. | Have you ever seen your face?
All's well baby?
It was simple as that. | Ze was ugly.
Knockout Ned | was handsome.
Knockout had whoever he wanted. | Ze had to use violence.
a duel between the good | and charming...
and the bad and ugly.
Let go of me!
Enjoy it.
No need to resist.
you are mine now.
Your girlfriend | is hot, lucky bastard.
I cannot even look at her.
Why didn't the motherfucker | kill me?
Why didn't I kill | the asshole?
- Let's go back. | - And Redhead?
- We'll be back. | - Are you going to kill him?
Knockout, get out.
Take it easy.
I am going out. Let go of me.
Gerson, come back!
Its none of your business, kid. | It's your brother we want!
My brother is peaceful!
Is he too pretty to talk to me? | Tell him to come out!
He did nothing.
Do you know who I am? | I'm Ze!
Bring the mother fucker!
Cool down, I'll bring him.
I'm hit. Redhead will be | waiting. He asked for it.
The bastard | killed my brother!
I won't let it go.
Need a gun?
- My child! | - Take it easy, Mom.
- Do it right. | - There is no other way.
- How could he hit me? | - That's a bad hole.
We were like brothers.
You were hit by one brother, | me by the other!
Knockout isn't bad. | He came out of nowhere.
You give me a headache, Tuba!
The City of God | found its hero.
God bless you. | The kid went looking for trouble.
You did a fine job. | You have to hide.
I though Knockout would start | a revolution here.

But God had|other plans.
Steak, where did the|dealers disappear?
They are hiding.|Ze is not in a good mood.
They put us in it|and then hide.
- Bring me a chocolate.|- I'll try.
Tell her that|Siago is looking for her.
Steak, go tell Redhead...
that Ze says if you kill Knockout|he'll leave you alone.
- Did you hear that, Knockout?|- Get the kid!
If you don't stay with us,|you're dead.
Come with us.|We'll be partners.
I do not like drugs.|it's between me and him.
They are scum. They'd do|anything for power.
Like the kid here,|they are all like robots.
Do you have shit inside your head?
Don't you understand that you are|wasted on this maniac?
You are a kiddo!
Kid, huh? I sniff, I steal|I kill. I am man!
He is stuck to his gang. Come with us
We will slice you, Steak.
Ok, I accept.
Tell him that Redhead and Knockout|are in charge.
With one condition:|I don't kill innocents.
- I won't tolerate it.|- OK, no innocents.
Steak is fucked up.
- Have you got a gun?|- We'll rob a gun store.
I don't rob anything.|I am not a gangster.
I have something personal with him.||I am not a robber.
He raped your girl,|he killed your brother...
he hit your house and you|killed one of his henchmen.
Unless you are a robber,|get out.
KNOCKOUT NED'S HISTORY
Robbery !
The first time...
Bring the revolvers!
...Knockout Ned saved|a dealer from Redhead.
We said no killings.|It's a rule!
We want the boss's money! Open the tills!
Do you want to leave? Well, so do we!
The second time, Redhead|saved Knockout
Ned learned that rules|have exceptions.
An exception.
Are you the director?|Robbery! Everybody down!
I don't play. Whoever moves|will be shot!

The third time,|the exception became a rule.
With the money from the robberies|they would face Ze.
Redhead would protect his business.
Knockout, the best|shooter, wanted revenge.
The Italian first.|This is 9mm.
- It's not aligned.|- You 'll get it at a good price.
This is a 12mm.|We call it ''crap''.
Uzi, 9mm. From Israel.|David's star.
I want a 30-06.
It's party time!
The war begins.|Let's pray.
Our Father,|who art in heaven...
hallowed be thy name...
Gangsters have the guns|but they don't shoot.
Knockout's one bullet|was like ten of Ze's bullets.
Ze couldn't stand it.|He counter-attacked.
The ghetto was like Hell|but now it had become Hell!
I decided to get out.|That's how I became a journalist.
Nice picture!|That's Rogerio Ris's for sure.
What was I saying?
As every professional...
I started from the lowest level,|from the bottom.
Without knowing|what was ahead of me...
Instead of going home|I went to the newspaper's offices.
Someone from the City Of God|worked in the laboratory.
He helped me to fulfil|my life's dream.
Rogerio, this is|the Rocket - photographer.
- He is an admirer of yours.|- You have a good taste, Rocket.
I am leaving.
Nice guy! What should have been swift revenge|turned into an all out war.
The City of God was been divided.
You couldn't go from one section the other...
not even to visit a relative.
The cops considered anyone living|in the slum a hoodlum.
People got used to living in Vietnam...
and more and more volunteers|signed up to die.
The Kids.
Somebody hit me.
The war|was forgiving everything.
One of Ze's guys kicked me.
Take this.
He raped my sister...
- Ze took our home.|- Kill for your pride.
I am Siago,|Benny's friend.

You know how to read?|Spell?
- I am good.|- You are hired.
To revenge my father's|killer.
- What's your name?|- My name is Otto.
What's happening?
- He works.|- He needs a gun.
He won't last a week.
A year later, nobody|remembered how it all started.
The aim was to take out|the enemy's business...
to buy guns and to extend|the enterprise.
I sniff, I killed, I stole.|I am man!
The TV showed interest.|The police would intervene.
A gangster from|the city of God was arrested.
Manuel Massando,|also known as Knockout Ned,
has been hospitalized after being attacked |by Ze's gang.
He gave us an interview.
- Does the war continue?|- Yes, it continues.
Were many people killed?
Many. Innocent mostly.
If a person knows me|that's enough for Ze to kill him.
- Are the police absent?|- They hunt me, not him.
I am in jail while he|kills people without a care.
Knockout Ned believes|that the war will continue.
The police promise|to disband the gangs.
Bastard! I am the boss and he is|in the newspaper!
- Did you find mine?|- Knockout's only.
My name must be somewhere.
- Can you read?|- The pictures. Nothing.
- What the Hell are you doing?|- Those are the classifieds!
Read everything!
- There are no articles!|- Do you want to be shot?
We'll show them|who is the boss!
Give me the camera!
- Take my picture.|- I don't know how it works.
Take me. |Back...
- It doesn't click.|- You fools.
You fucked me, assholes.
I'll call an acquaintance.
- He came.|- Take the camera.
Well, kid?
Aren't you a photographer?|Take a picture of us.
- You broke it.|- Not me.
Needs some fixin'.
- What's your name?|- Rocket.

Take one more.

Two lines. | With your guns.

- You're out, dammit! | - Speak kindly.

- Show us the pictures. | - We must develop these photos.

How much does it cost?

Take this money | and bring the pictures.

- I have to remove the film. | - Keep the camera.

Benny wanted to give it | to you. It's yours.

Don't forget | the pictures.

Pierre! can you develop | this film?

I can't, Rocket, | I'll get into trouble.

I work only for the newspaper. I'll get fired.

Develop this, Pierre. | And this.

I am going for lunch.

You are lucky. | Dimensions?

For the enlargement.

Whatever you think is better.

I am in big trouble.

I am dead.

Somebody signed | his conviction.

I'll smash his face!

You stole my pictures! | They will kill me!

What are you talking about?

They'll kill me | because of you!

The pictures | were at the laboratory.

Everything that is in the laboratory | is for publication.

- I saw them, I published them. | - You stole them.

- Give them to me. | - Here, take them.

- Don't you have more? | - Relax. What's your name?

Rocket? | Nice to meet you. Marina.

Relax. I've got your money.

When a picture is published | we pay the photographer.

Do you want to become a photographer?

Nice start with a front-page!

- How did you take them? | - I live there.

Not even one photographer | has managed to go to the ghetto.

If you bring more | pictures of Ze...

the newspaper will buy them.

- Can you? | - I don't know.

- What's the problem? | - I can't go there again at night.

- And the day? | - It is a risk.

At last they understood | that I'm the Boss.

What's the name of this photographer | friend of yours?

He is good. I'll take it | to show him.

Yes, or no?|It's a big chance.

You made the right decision.

I'll give you film, lenses|and another camera.

Come to see the equipment|office.

There is another problem.|Where am I going to sleep tonight?

I can't go back.

This one is 135 mm.|Do you shoot from near or from a distance?

- Can you measure the light?|- Yes.

Don't you think you are too close?

I don't know how I managed|to talk to them like this.

Maybe I was about to die|but I had a camera...

and a chance|to become a photographer.

What is more, we had|the whole night to ourselves.

- Do you want to eat something ?|- No thanks.

Won't you eat, or drink?|A joint?

Try this.

Time to sleep.

- I'll show you your bed|- Have you got hot water?

Yes, haven't you ever|tried a hot bath?

No. We got boiling water|from the saucepan.

- Why are you standing there?|- In which room am I going to sleep?

Unfortunately, I have only one room.|We will sleep together.

I won't tell you much|about my first sexual experience.

Somewhere else, another one, a more important|erotic scene was taking place.

Redhead was helping|Knockout escape.

without a shot.

The guard was in|the hands of the nurse.

Meanwhile, Ze|was investing in ammo...

To terminate|Redhead.

He was heavily equipped even though|he didn't have to pay.

Do you remember the shotgun? |It is a semi-automatic shotgun.

You haven't seen a Browning like this.|It can even shoot down aeroplanes.

I want what I asked for.|The American AR-15.

- They don't exist in Brazil.|- I don't give a shit.

I've got the solution. Rouger.|Have you seen this before?

Like the AR-15. Same calibre|but lighter.

With infra-red vision ?|400 rounds per minute?

Are you trying to fool me?|I'll fuck you.

Go now. No money,|no guns.

- What am I supposed to say to the boss?|- Your problem. Think of something.

Beat it, Fatty

Ze made a big mistake.|He didn't know that...

behind every dealer, |there is a big trader.
Did you see this? |Why do they want an AR-15?
They will make investigations. |Cops. We'll get busted.
Do you think that I would betray you?
I'll fix it, but |don't get involved again.
Charlie! Come here.
Tell him...
Let's go now to the fucking dealer.
Come here, kids.
- Do you like chicken? | - It depends.
We'll eat chicken and |for dessert... Redhead.
I have a gift for you.
- One big one for you. | - Are you giving us guns ?
Yes, but I want you beside me |against Redhead.
- Can we steal later? | - Not in the ghetto.
- Do you know how to shoot? | - More or less.
Come and help |the kids!
I know. You do it like this.
THE BEGINING OF THE END
Grab the chicken!
If Ze catches you |he'll kill you.
He has to find me first.
Kid, grab the chicken!
- The Cops! | - Don't run away!
Buttheads! Fuckin' faggots! |Get the hell outta here!
Let them kill |each other
Rocket! |Take a picture of us!
Why are you standing like that?
Kill the mothafucker!
- Relax, don't move. | - It hurts!
Relax, Kid!
Why did you join |this fuckin' war?
Knockout Ned! |Ze is down!
Hang on, I'll help you.
- What's your name | - My name is Otto.
I want revenge |for my father's death.
Ze's down!
Hang on.
Cops!
Down! Hands behind your head!
- It's you that I want. | - You're through, pal.
Handcuffs on him.
- Rocket, where're you going? | - I got something to do.
We got some arrangements to make, Ze.

Not you. You're the gift|for the Media.
- Is it 10'000?|- Almost. That's all I got.
That's all, Boss.|We looked everywhere.
Let him go.
The ring? Is it gold?
Fuck it.|You owe us the rest.
Fuckin war!
Knockout Ned is dead|and I'm broke!
You're fucked, right?
We'll do some robberies|to get back in my job.
- Your job, Ze?|- Is it tough for you, boy?
For our friend, mothafucker!|Attack!
We are the Bosses!
That photograph|will make me a professional.
That photograph will make me famous.
Maybe it'll make the front page|of a magazine.
I won't worry about Ze any more.
But the police?
The Boss of the city|of God, falls down dead...
That photograph|could kill us?
- It gave you work.|- It made me international.
- You made some money, right?|- Yeah, some...
- That journalist? Was she good?|- Good enough.
- You didn't like it?|- How would they know about fucking?
Cocoa robbed three houses|at Bara.
Let's do him.
- Who killed Roger?|- Biff.
Let's kill the Boss|and Gringo.
It's just the two of us|plus three more...
Have you ever heard|of the Red Brigade?
No, but if they come|we'll do 'em.
- Who knows how to write?|- Me, a little.
Let's make|a hitlist!
- Add Nightbird to the list.|- And Leonard!
And the Chinese, he thinks he's too |important. Claudio also!
Where is Giant?
I forgot to tell you,|my name is not Rocket any more.
I'm Wilson Rodriguez.|Photographer.
Based on a true story
Manuel Assando, also known as|'Knockout Ned', was hospitalised...
after he was injured|by Ze's men.
He gave us an interview.
Many died.|Mostly innocent.
Just for knowing me...|Just for being my friends.

If someone thinks that|he knows me, he's dead.
- Where are the police?|- They're after me, not him.
I went to jail three times|while he kills undisturbed.
They don't arrest him.
Knockout Ned claims|that the war will continue.
Police officers promise|to take down...
both gangs|in the City Of God.