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City of Men

By Elena Soarez

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"CITY OF MEN"

DEAD END HILL:

RIO DE JANEIRO:

Shit, Fasto.

It's fucking hot today.

Hot, my ass.

A gangsta never feels the heat.

- Sure is hot, man.

- Hot as hell.

- Fucking sun...

- It's damn hot.

Beach time!

- You crazy?

- Down to the beach, man.

That's asking for trouble, brother.

I'm putting on my suit, dude.

- You serious, Midnight?

- You bet, Tina.

Use the hose, bro.

I'll even hold it for you.

What's that, Fasto?

You'll hold my hose?

Hey, man,

he wants to hold my hose!

Fuck off!

Come on, let's go to the beach.

You wanna go for a swim?

Okay, buddy.

That's why I like you, bro.

Tina, go get the walkie-talkies

and guns in the shack.

Bette, tell the cops

we're coming through.

You wanna swim?

You got it, bro!

Hey, Wallace!

Ace!

Wake up, honey!

I gotta go to work.

Look after Clayton, okay?

I'll be back tonight.

Bye! Love you...

- Hey, Ace! What's up?

- Hey, how's it going?

Remember what today is?

The 3rd!

- Look over there!

- Where are they going?

- Let's go see.

- I can't, man. I got Clayton.

Well, later!

Come on!

Wallace! Wait!

- Bikinis and nice asses...

- Yeah...

Bikinis and asses!

Bet you can't pick one up...

Look at her, son...

Your sister Tina's gotten so thin.

Down to beach!

So, Midnight, what about those
soccer shirts for the boys?

We'll talk about it later.

Okay, coach?

You stand guard here.

And you, over there.

I'll call you when we're
ready to come back up.

- I'm in for a dive.

- The sun feels great, Midnight!

I'd prefer a private beach.

- Private!

- Sure, just order one on the hill!

You're asking for it!

You'd have to take care of it for me.

Carry all the sand up...

Come with daddy...

- It sure is hot.

- Tell me about it!

All these guards just so your cousin
can go swimming!

Midnight hasn't left the hill
in 3 years.

So what's the set up, Fasto?

- Two up there...

- Two up there!

- One at the kiosk.

- One at the kiosk there!

Two others behind us.

- The kid, by the road.

- Eyes peeled!

Do your job, guys!

Midnight, check out
that Japanese babe!

- And the dark-haired chick!

- I like her!

Too bad, me too.

Shit, you want them all!

Okay, I'll take
the Japanese one.

That's cool, bro.

- Hold this...

- Hey, I wanna go in too.

- I need you to watch these.

- Come on, man.

Watch them.

- Hey, Wallace.

- What's up?

- How are things?

- Cool, man.

Look, Ace. Fasto even put
a soldier up on the rock.

Wow, I really dig that Camila.

She sure is cute.

Wallace, listen to me.

Forget about her.

Fiel never lets her out of his sight.

So watch out,

she could mean trouble.

- I'll find a way.

- Really?

Where's Clayton?

- Let's go swim!

- Let's go in, Wallace.

- See you, Wallace.

- See you.

Tina, watch this for me.

You're my shadow now?

It's good to be Midnight!

I'm pissed off, Fiel.

That Midnight is a real asshole.

- Keep cool.

- A real asshole. How you doing, bro?

Look at this, I stole it.

It's cool, man. Listen...

- What is it, a radio?

- MP3, dude.

Yesterday was the 2nd, wasn't it?

- Yeah.

- Day of the Dead.

So today's the 3rd.

- That's clever, Ace.

- It's the 3rd, man!

- Right! Happy birthday!

- My birthday!

Happy blrthday to you...

Hey, wait! That means

my birthday's next month!

Put it here!

- Damn! 18 years old!

- Yeah, both of us!

Ever notice that rich kids,

at 18, they get to drive.

And poor kids?

They get to go to work.

That sucks.

I'm 18 and I've only screwed

one girl in my life.

And on top of that, it's my wife!

Jesus, man...

And Cristiane got pregnant

the first time.

Just my luck.

Hey, Caju!

Watch the kid!

I'll be 18 and I don't even know
who my father is.

Even worse, it'll be marked on
my ID forever "father unknown".

Forget that business
about your father.

Look at me.

I forgot mine ages ago.

I can't, Ace. I just can't.

Let's go chill in the water.

Come on...

Hey, got any Problldo CDs?

- Yeah, good stuff.
- What about Pagode music?
- Sure, I got... I got everything.
- Shit!
- That guy!
- What?

I think he's my father.

But I'm not sure.

Yeah, the spitting image!

- He's not sure either.
- Go on...

Only my mother knows
for sure, I think.

- For sure? Go talk to him!
- No way! You kidding?
- You sure look alike!
- Stop it!

Hey, mister!

Hey, kid! Come here!

- How are you, Wallace?
- Hi!
- How's your mom?
- Okay, I guess.
- How's school?
- Great, they're on strike.

On strike, that's great?

- Something I can do, Wallace?
- No.
- Ace?
- What?
- I have an idea.

- What?
An idea, man!
C'mon, let's go!
- Just say it's for the papers.
- What papers?
The ID papers.
- What's this about?
- You'll see.
You know his name, grandma!
Tell me!
He never even showed up
when you were born.
He went to play soccer,
your mother was in pain.
I asked Pedreira to go get him,
but he hasn't shown up since.
So what, grandma?
Just tell me, please.
Dona Elvira,
he just needs the name for his ID.
- Wasn't he a waiter?
- Shut up, woman!
My dad was a waiter?
Your father was a bum.
He didn't work, he slept all day.
What use is a father who doesn't
care if his son is dead or alive?
Oh, shit! Clayton!
Let's go see who's there.
Uncle Fasto...
Hey, Fasto! It's time to go.
Game's over.
- Quit playing, Fasto. Here...
- What's up with that, Midnight?
Watch the kid.
There's your Uncle Fasto.
- Where's Ace?
- Watch the kid.
It's Ace's son.
Now he's yours, you take him!
- He looks just like you, man!
- The boy is ours, now.
- We'll return him in the hill.
- Okay, we're outta here, then.

Where's the kid?
Nothing, man!
I left him with Caju!
Let's go!
Caju, where's Clayton?
- How would I know?
- He was with you.
- With me? Are you kidding?
- You're such a prick!
Prick!
Airplane, airplane!
A header!
Pass the ball to the boy.
- Have you seen Clayton?
- A little black kid.
Kick it! Kick it!
A little black kid.
He's my son.
Kick it!
Give him to me...
Get back in the game!
Back in the game!
Remember, Goiano?
Great team, weren't they?
Sure...
- An all-star team.
- Sure, Pedreira...
Too bad you never let me play.
Why ask me for money?
Ask the guys who played.
Shirts for the boys,
won't ruin you, will it?
- What is this?
- Give him to his mother.
- What happened?
- We'll talk later.
We're not done!
What's wrong, Clayton?
What have they done to you?
Where's your father?
- Have you seen Clayton?
- In there.
In there?
My son...

Where were you?

- Where was he?

- How would I know?

You're the father.

That's a good one!

It's okay...

It's over now.

Shall we go home?

- Want to go home?

- Yes.

- Let's go then. Don't cry.

- Mommy! Mommy!

- Here's mommy.

- Son!

What happened, sweetie?

- It was awful...

- At least you know that much!

I didn't mean to...

Have you decided about Crlstlane?

I thlnk...

I don't want to have the kid.

But the money I scraped together
won't get us into a clinic.

So what are you going to do?

I don't know, man.

I'm too young to be a father.

I'll stop seeing Cristiane
for a while.

And let her

bring the kid up alone?

Let the kid grow up

without a father?

What use is a father anyway?

I wish I had a father...

to teach me how to do things...

to take me to school.

So your son will be like us,
without a father?

Having to get by on his own?

Always getting into trouble?

So how's my nephew?

In '87, I'd given up playing.

I was the coach.

- Who are the other guys?

- They were all on the team.
Did you know my father?
No, I didn't.
Wasn't he one of them?
Most of those guys are
either dead or have left the hill.
My grandma said when I was born
she told you to get my dad.
She must be going senile.
Your dad's not there.

- Were any of them waiters?
- I don't know.
I got an idea...
Goiano, you pay for Tiquinho's
shirt, he's the star player.
Then I'll go hit up the others.

- It's just \$ 10 for one shirt.
- \$ 15.
- 10 or 15?
- 15.
- Who are these guys?
- I don't remember this guy.
This is Helinho.
That was my brother, Edson.
Helinho, were any of them waiters?
Waiters?
I don't think so.

- Is that you, Zeze?
- No, I'm not bowlegged.
- Was anyone a waiter?
- A waiter? No...
- Wait! Heraldo was a waiter.
- Heraldo?
- He joined the team later.
- He was a waiter and on the team?

Hey, Ace!
- Well?
- Well what?
- Tell me...
- No way...
- C'mon, man!
- I'll think about it.
- You have to pay.
- Like hell!

Okay, take it easy.

Your father's name is Heraldo, bro.

- Heraldo?

- Heraldo.

Heraldo.

He plays over at

Aterro do Flamengo.

It's a team of waiters.

Heraldo...

Now, now!

Get it, get it!

- Shoot!

- A goal kick!

Fullback or forward?

Who, your dad? Probably the goalie,
if he plays like you.

Look, that must be him!

You guys have the same style.

It's hereditary,

you'll have the same potbelly!

A huge one!

Game's over, let's go see.

See you all next week! Thanks!

Are you Heraldo?

No, I'm Bira.

- What's your name?

- Vadinho.

- Do you know anyone named Heraldo?

- No.

- Do you know Heraldo?

- Geraldo?

- I know many Geraldos. Which one?

- No, Heraldo, the waiter.

Don't know him.

- Do you know anyone named Heraldo?

- Heraldo?

- Heraldo Coutinho?

- No, Heraldo, waiter.

Exactly.

What do you want with him?

Wallace's father is a friend of his.

He wants to be a waiter,

so he thought Heraldo could help.

Your dad hasn't seen him

in a while, has he?
It's been a while.
If Heraldo gets him any job,
it'll be at the prison cafeteria.
He's in jail for what happened
at the Fiery Bull.
- The Fiery Bull?
- The famous steakhouse. Remember?
He got 20 years.
Last I heard, he was in Frei Caneca.
Sorry about that.
- Thanks.
- Good luck.
Let's forget it.
What? You wait 18 for this
and now you chicken out?
Yeah, but I didn't think
I'd find him here.
What if he's dead?
Don't talk like that!
Come on.
He walked out of here
- He's on parole.
- What'd he do?
- What?
- What was his crime?
- Who are you?
- His son.
Hello? Hi.
Yes, okay.
Heraldo Coutinho got 20 years
for manslaughter. He did 15.
Manslaughter? Robbery?
Yes, and murder.
He was a killer and a thief.
Let's go.
Cheer up.
You got his picture now...
- How are you?
- How are you?
Let's sit.
Hi, Fiel.
What's the matter?
It's too complicated.

Go on...

- Do you have a father?

- No.

Nor a mother.

- Wanna listen?

- Sure.

- Who was that bitch, Midnight?

- Some chick... What an ass...

Get him, Fasto!

And in broad daylight.

You mug someone, Fiel,

and then bring the cops here?

- You fucked up, man.

- You ass, you wanna die?

Well, Fiel?

Don't make a sound.

Your MP and your purse.

Quick!

Give them to me!

Hands on the car.

- Let's talk.

- Talk about what?

I can get you money

up on Dead End Hill.

- Please, man. I swear...

- We'll see!

You fucked up big time!

Come on, Midnight, please.

All they want is money.

Who's paying the cops?

Please, Midnight. Just give them

the money, brother.

Listen...

Some people learn the first time,

some the second time.

And some never learn, dude.

You never learn, Fiel!

- Dammit!

- Please, Midnight! Don't kill me, bro!

Let's get going, Fiel.

Get up!

Please, Fasto!

Please don't kill me!

Get up.

You're gonna die.
Stupid ass!
One more, Ceara.
- Coffee?
- Yeah.
- One less.
- One less.
- Hey, Ace.
- Hey!
- Hi, Ceara.
- Hi, Fininho.
- They killed Fiel.
- Fiel?
- What'd he do?
- I don't know, man.
Why Fiel, of all people?
See this CD player?
He sold it to me...
for cheap, really cheap.
Things are getting crazy.
Life goes on, bro.
What's the matter?
Your cousin had my brother killed.
They threw his body
into the quarry.
Did you see?
I want to bury him.
I'll help you.
He was all I had.
Fiel's not here, Camila.
Want to wait out the rain
in the guardhouse?
- I don't think so.
- Come on, it's starting to pour.
It'll be okay.
Come here! Quick!
I'm ready now.
Ace...
He shouldn't have seen me.
Don't let up!
Come on, Fasto!
You guys are shit!
- Goal!
- Shit!

Shut up for a second...

Hey, Fasto.

That punk Ace saw me.

- It wasn't my fault.

- Okay, all right. Okay...

- Let's play!

- Who was that?

- Some playboy from the beach.

- What'd he want?

What'd he want?

The usual.

You doing home delivery now?

- You keeping tabs on me?

- Nobody's keeping tabs.

I told him to fuck off.

Let's play.

Who gave that playboy
your number?

Vasco, the guy's hurting, man.

Yeah, Midnight.

He's really hooked, can't get enough.

- Vasco, like the team?

- Yeah.

Then take this!

Flamengo scores!

Fuck!

Way to go! Fuck Vasco!

Flamengo is the bomb!

SMOKE HILL:

Fasto!

What's up, boss?

This is Breque.

His hood is cool.

We appreciate your help, buddy.

This is the plan to return to
Dead End Hill and kill Midnight.

You can count on me,
and my weapons.

I'll back you up.

- What the hell?

- How's it going?

- Man, I think I saw Fiel.

- Shit, Ace! Alive?

Yes.

I'm being punished by God.

- Does Fiel know you saw him?

- I think so.

Are you going to see your dad
at the parole office?

- I don't know.

- Lf you go, let me know.

- Sure.

- About Fiel...

...lips sealed, okay?

- Of course.

- It's serious.

- I know.

- You free?

- Yeah.

- Oh, no, I'm not.

- You free or not?

No, sorry.

Now, "d" equals "m" over "v"...

Camila!

Excuse me, teacher.

- What are you doing here?

- Your brother's alive.

- What?

- Your brother's alive.

- Don't joke about this.

- I'm not joking.

I want to see him.

Where is he? How do you know?

Ace saw him.

Camila, I couldn't tell you I was alive,
it was too dangerous.

We're waiting here to go in
and retake Dead End Hill.

So stay alert, girl.

Stay home and lay low.

You know how these things work.

Hang up, man! You gonna
talk to your chick all day?

Talk to you later...

Fasto, it's getting outta control.

Even my sister is onto things.

That punk Ace has been

shooting his mouth off.
Midnight's no fool, man.
You know what?
Ace is a fucking moron.
But don't worry, bro...
Oh, Cris!
When we go in,
he'll be the first to die.
- It's so good, I'm gonna die, Ace.
- No you're not...
- Go on, Cris.
- Don't stop...
Oh, Ace...
Yeah, keep going.
Keep moving that way...
Wow, Ace!
- Did you like it?
- Where'd you learn to do that?
I don't learn, I invent.
- It was like you were someone else.
- Why? You been with someone else?
No, and you?
Me? I'd rather die.
Never in my life...
Want a smoothie?
Hey, baby...
Where's the blender?
- I sold it.
- You sold it?
- I needed some money.
- What for?
Praise Jesus! Hallelujah!
If you give from the heart, you'll
receive a thousand times more!
I asked God for something
and had to make an offering.
- A \$ 30 offering.
- What did you ask?
Cris, remember the job in So Paulo?
I think I'll take it,
but only if you come with me.
- What about my son?
- Cris, in one year...
you can make 30 grand!

\$ 30, 000?

Trust in the Lord!

He will provide...

But 30, 000 here in Rio...

with my son and my husband, Lord.

Is that too much to ask?

- For a job.

- What job?

I think I might go

to So Paulo for a year.

Are you kidding?

When I come back,

we can buy our house.

And you'll leave me with Clayton?

You're the father, Ace.

Cristiane...

Hush!

Are you the father?

Yes.

- Want to hold your son?

- No, thanks, ma'am.

- Go on...

- No, please...

Here, hold your son.

Are you afraid?

Did I tell you?

Cris wants to go to So Paulo.

It's always about her and Clayton.

But what about me?

- Nobody's ever looked after me.

- Well, thanks a lot, buddy!

It's true, you've lent me a hand.

More than just a hand!

Yeah, but what I mean is,

I'm always looking after Clayton.

When will I ever get a break?

Better hurry,

we got that parole thing...

I gotta look after you too?

DEAD END MARKE:

- There's Grandpa. Go to auntie.

- What are you up to?

Wallace is turning 18 and

he needs to get his ID card.

And you?

Well, I have to go
because of the line.

- Go where?

- To the ID place.

That way, one stands in line
while the other pays the fee.

You only have to watch him
till the daycare opens.

Once your son grows up...

we won't have to swallow
your lies anymore.

Are you Herald?

- Why?

- This is Wallace.

He's your son.

You're Wallace?

- Who are you?

- I'm Ace. Luis Claudio, Jr.

- You look just like your dad.

- What?

The next ten!

Can I wait for you here?

Can't you see where I am?

No way, kid. I have nothing
to give you, nothing to offer.

- Who'll use this one?

- They're coming.

- Undo the safety...

- Hey, Midnight.

You know how?

You take this one.

- Cool.

- Use this gun...

We're gonna kill Fasto.

Got that?

What can the kids do?

Little man, come here.

Show the kids the fireworks,
they can keep watch.

- Okay.

- Good, thanks, bro.

We're a good team.

Where's the other rifle?

- Let's give it to him.

- To him?

- Right, not a rifle, not for him.

- No way.

Okay, give him a pistol.

Point it down.

It's to kill Fasto. Know him?

- That fucker?

- Exactly. You kill him.

Midnight, he's not ready for that.

Because he's your brother?

Is that why he's not ready?

Sure he is, Tina!

Cut it out, Tina.

- Why are you doing this, Midnight?

- Doing what, Tina?

You're sure to get killed.

He's with the dealers now, Ace.

- What's up with you?

- I wanna fight for our hill.

- You're a dope.

- Giving guns to 15-year-olds.

Can you believe it?

Stay out of it. They'll just

use you and throw you out.

- Oh yeah?

- Think about your dad.

I'm gonna fight, Ace.

The hill is fucking ours!

What an ass...

This little bitch is Fiel's sister.

And that weasel is in cahoots

with Fasto.

You little punk-ass!

You shouldn't mess with gangsters.

Cut off her hair, quick!

You crying, little girl?

I'm gonna cut this one...

Here.

Cut it.

This is a tough one!

- Where'd you get hair like this?

- Done!

What's a weasel's sister called, Tina?

- A weaselet.

- Gotta pay.

That's my sister in the cab.

At least they didn't kill her.

At least they didn't kill you.

We'll be back home soon.

- How much, bro?

- 25.

Here's 30, give me back 5.

WEASEL:

He's on parole, ma'am.

He'd be so happy

to see his grandson.

I know, he's been in jail

for over 15 years.

He doesn't know

about his grandson.

Okay.

- Dad!

- What?

Come here.

And then the chick said

he couldn't get it up...

Wait here...

Hey, Wallace, how you doing?

Happy birthday, buddy!

You crazy?

It's in two weeks.

Really?

Here's a present anyway.

What is it?

- Your father's address.

- How'd you get it?

Hey, I'm Ace, remember?

There it is, man, number 301.

Aren't you going?

I'll go then.

Ouch!

- Who is it?

- It's me.

Can I talk to you, sir?

What do you want, kid?
It's about your son.
Look, he's turning 18.
So what?
Well...
We're having a party for him.
Fine. Happy birthday.
At the field, next Saturday.
- You should come.
- Lf I'm alive, I'll show up.
You'll be alive. You can make up
for the 17 others you missed.
I told your dad
we were having a party.
What party, man?
I didn't know what to say,
so I made it up.
You're crazy, man.
What are we gonna do now?
Do I have to think of everything?
I can't have a party
without Camila.
That's between you
and your cousin Midnight.
- Here, boss.
- Crazy, man!
This is good stuff.
- Get this rifle.
- And a pistol.
I love you so much, my son.
You're doing the right thing.
God be with you.
Let's go, Little Pel!
Play hard!
Goal! Goal!
Over here!
Coco, go! Little Pel!
Press him, Coco!
Over here, Coco!
Yeah, Coco, that's great!
Let's score now!
Run! Run, boys!
Quick, run!
You're the first to die,

you motherfucker!
- It's Fasto! Let's go!
- Move!
Kill Fasto!
Show your faces!
Fasto is here, you fuckers!
Move it!
Move it!
For fuck's sake!
Hurry, in here!
Run!
Stay alert!
You're making too much noise!
Shut up!
He got away, dammit!
Keep your eyes open!
Move out!
- Run.
- Run!
Shoot 'em!
Quick, up here!
- There, there!
- Fuck!
Stay alert!
It's getting bad!
Let's split.
No way!
We're gonna kill the motherfuckers.
They have machine guns!
They'll massacre us!
- Let's go, Midnight.
- Down here!
Down this way!
That's his grandma's house,
watch out!
Let's split!
- Where's Midnight?
- What is this?
Move! Get out!
- Where's my grandson?
- As good as dead!
Anyone in his family
has to leave the hill.
Burn the place down!

More alcohol!
Pour alcohol on everything!
Cris!
- You're destroying our lives.
- It's for our house, for Clayton.
You want me
to bring Clayton up alone?
My dad and Valeria
are helping you.
But it's a mother's job.
It's my grandmother!
Open up!
I have to go
or I'll miss my plane.
I paid the overdue rent.
Now it's up to you.
But Cris...
Grandma!
Where are you going?
I'm leaving.
I can't live here anymore.
You should leave too.
You're his cousin.
Okay, grandma, calm down.
- Calm down?
- I found my dad.
Cris, I can't care
for Clayton alone.
Look after yourself, Wallace.
He's your son,
you can't leave him.
You're the one
who's leaving him!
Cris, don't do this to me!
Please!
- Cris left me, man.
- I can't stay in the hill.
She left me with Clayton.
- Where are you sleeping tonight?
- The guardhouse. Want to come?
No, that's okay.
See you.
You can sleep at your father's.
I'll see...

- See you later.
- See you.
Go, go. Stay alert.
Careful there, Midnight.
Fuck!
It's Fasto's guys!
Head for the tunnel!
- Run, Midnight! Run, it's Fasto!
- Midnight, it's Fasto.
Stop the car!
Stop the fucking car!
Let's go!
Fuck!
Keep your cool, Midnight!
Let's go, quick!
Come on! I'll take you on!
Motherfuckers!
Stop, you fucking asshole!
Get the fuck out!
Get out, fucker!
I'm gonna kill you!
I'm gonna fucking kill you!
Get out!
Out of the car!
I'm gonna kill you!
Freeze! Stay there, fucker!
I'm the boss here!
Let's go! Get in!
Get in the car!
I'm gonna fucking kill you!
Let's get outta here!
Step on it! Go!
Fuck you all!
The hill is mine!
Please protect our homes, Jesus.

BALD HILL:

- Hey, Midnight.
- Hey, bro.
Appreciate your help, man.
When we take back our hill,
we'll repay you.
- Was it Fasto?
- Yes.

I told you so many times.
Right is right, wrong is wrong.
I finally gave up.
Bebezo!
Get rid of that car, for chrissake!
I told you, bro,
that guy's a fucking Judas!
One thing I fucking hate,
Midnight, is a Judas.
If anyone here is a Judas,
he's dead!
Pisses me off.
Relax, bro.
We can chill at the party later.
Help these guys here!
They're messed up.
When we get more guns,
we'll take the hill back.
- I told you to kill the motherfucker.
- Thanks, bro, really.
Fuck, if I ever catch that guy...
Good morning, sir.
You were late again.
The place was unattended.
- There was a gang war on the hill.
- That's your problem, not mine.
It was a real war,
you probably saw it on TV.
You're fired.
Go collect your pay.
But sir...
- They're out to kill you.
- Me?
Fasto came for you.
Look what they did.
I swore you wouldn't
be back here.
I was working.
They think you're with Midnight.
I didn't even know...
Where is he?
Out the back...
Get him!
Your doorbell's busted.

Where's your friend?

- Who, Ace?

- Yeah.

I don't know.

We parted ways.

You know how to fix that?

Electricity? No...

I don't either.

May I use your bathroom?

At the end of the hall.

Excuse me...

- Hear about the war on the hill?

- I heard on the radio.

Things got ugly. My cousin,

Midnight, was the boss up there.

The other guys

took back the hill.

Our whole family had to split.

- Sheila's kid?

- What?

Sheila, your aunt.

Your mother only

had one sister, right?

You knew my aunt?

I went out with her.

You went out

with my mother's sister?

So? You mean you never

went out with two sisters?

Not at the same time,

one after the other.

Is she still pretty?

I see.

You hungry?

Have one...

Who took your cousin's place?

A guy named Fasto.

He was with Midnight,

but joined another gang.

He's a fucking traitor.

Traitor?

A fucking traitor.

But he won't last long.

Traitors die young.

Some get away.
Well, I'm going...
Okay.
Can I stay here?
Afraid not, kid.
I have other people living here.
There's no room.
Just one night, man.
Then the girl jumped on me
and began kissing me...
I totally didn't expect it!
She tore off my clothes.
I thought,
"Wow, this is my lucky day!"
Keep quiet, kid.
Get back there.
- Who is it?
- Me, Ace.
Hey, Ace!
- This isn't a hotel, kid.
- Can I talk to him?
Make it quick,
I don't want that guy in here.
Okay.
- What's up?
- Hey, how are you?
Not great, man,
I got nowhere to sleep.
You're not working tonight?
I lost my job.
Can I sleep here?
That's bad news.
What about Nestor's place?
- Can't go there.
- What's going on, Wallace?
- Why not?
- Because I can't.
- But why not?
- I can't, man.
You want to talk,
go somewhere else, Wallace.
Try Caju's place, man.
You staying or going with him?
Hey, Ace...

What are you doing over here?

You miss us already, Ace?

- I'm homeless, man.

- You're what?

- Crash with us up on the slab.

- Come on...

Thanks.

Ace!

What's up, man?

Come on up!

It was awful.

They trashed Cris' father's store.

The worst part is,

I don't even know what I did.

Listen, man...

Don't worry,

you know everyone here.

Stay with us on Bald Hill.

We'll help you anyway we can.

No, thanks.

Here are some sheets

and a change of clothes.

- Thanks.

- Sure.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Take your smile out of my way

Let me go by with my palm

If I'm a thorn to you today

Thorns can't hurt flowers

I made a mistake

Wedding my soul to yours

The sun cannot live

Alongside the moon

What the hell?

What are you doing, kid?

- Trying to fix it.

- But you don't know how.

- Shit!

- Turn that thing off.

- Sorry, man.

- Trying to burn the building down, kid?

Who is this boy?

Don't tell me it's your nephew.

That's what old fags say.
I'm not his nephew!
Not an electrician either.
Look what you've done.
It's a mess.
- You're not ready?
- I'll get dressed.
We're late.
Wait for me downstairs.
- Eat something, Ace.
- No, you eat...
Don't worry about me,
I've already eaten. Go on...
Okay, thanks.
How about going
through the woods?
Let's think about it. We have to
come up with a good plan.
Hey, Ace!
You here too, buddy?
Just for a while, okay?
- Sure. We'll talk later, okay?
- Okay.
Okay, everyone?
- Okay, boss!
- Keep it up!
Awesome party here
on Friday, Caju...
with lots of hot chicks,
right guys?
- You going, Ace?
- Not me.
Such a pussy!
Have some fun. Funk music...
Show him, shorty.
Show him how it's done!
C'mon, Ace,
let's have some fun!
- You call that dancing?
- How is it then?
Okay! Okay!
What the hell was that, Caju?
Ace, let's party!
Look at you, girls think

you're good-looking, man!
I don't feel like dancing.
Get a whlff of thls
It's spreadlnq llke an epldemlc
And If you haven't heard
About the funk traln
Everybody wants In
When the hlll starts rocklnq
Everybody goes wlld
To the sound of funk traln
Hey, DJ!
In God we trust!
All you gangsters, life is crazy!
We want Midnight back
on Dead End Hill...
Heavywelqht...
Llke Afqhanlstan
Back to Dead End Hlll
With Mldnlqht's Gang
Mldnlqht and hls crew
Fasto, the traitor, declded to rebel
Mldnlqht Is back
To send you stralqht to hell
Heavywelqht...
Llke Afqhanlstan
With Blro's ganq
And Mldnlqht's crew...
And Mldnlqht's crew...
And Mldnlqht's crew!
And Mldnlqht's crew...
That's right!
You did your part!
My man, Biro!
Glad to be here with you!
Here's the Pel dribble!
He passes behind!
The fullback sucks!
Goal!
Your party's tomorrow, isn't it?
What party?
Tomorrow is Saturday, the 6th.
- Were you going?
- Of course!
I can't go back to the hill

because of the gang war.

- Want a glass of water?

- Sure.

Here, buy yourself something,
some clothes.

- Wow, \$ 200?

- Is that enough?

Yeah! Who's Roberto

Carvalho de Mello, though?

My client.

What kind of client?

I buy building materials for him.

Oh, okay. Thanks.

Bring your girlfriend
over for dinner tomorrow.

She's at Dead End Hill.

Her brother's with the enemy.

I can't even talk to her.

I'll invite Ace, he's more
than a friend. He's a brother.

No, not him.

Think about it, three guys
eating together! No way!

Don't you know any other girls?

I'll see...

- Heraldo...

- What?

Thanks for the present.

No problem.

Can I ask one more favor?

Go ahead...

Heraldo Tome Coutinho.

So you're now

Wallace Silva Coutinho.

Here you go.

Let's go.

If you're not doing anything later,
come over, I'll make dinner.

- Sure, but I'll be there before you.

- Okay. Got the key?

No.

- Here.

- Thanks.

Yeah...

What now?

I'm going to look for a job,
a career, responsibility.

- I meant, right now.

- Oh, right now!

Buy some CDs, some clothes,
spend all this cash.

- You do that.

- See you.

I rounded it up to \$ 200.

You can keep the change, okay?

Your phone number
on the back, please.

I don't have one.

When I do, you'll be the first to know.

Write your address, then.

Will you come visit me?

Midnight, the hardware has arrived.

Open it up.

The ammunition too.

Quick! My finger's itching.

Where's the machine guns?

Check this out, man!

Here, kid, take this pistol.

- And you?

- Call the other guys.

- Check this one out, Midnight.

- Cool!

Hey, Caju, I put batteries
in the walkie-talkies.

Good.

- What's that?

- A map.

Some of the guys don't know
their way around.

Look, here's the soccer field,
and here's the stairway.

That's not where the field is.

You're all mixed up.

- It's not right?

- It's over here!

- Fix it for me.

- I'll make another map.

- Okay, make 5 copies.

- 5? What for, man?
And do it fast!
Midnight wanted them yesterday!
What a pain in the ass!
- For children or adults?
- Whatever.
For children, then.
Let me put a note in it.
Deliver it now, please.
It's for Miss Camila.
Camila!
Delivery for the lady.
I didn't order anything.
You crippled or what?
- No, don't...
- Let me see...
You look nice.
Is that a new backpack?
My dad gave it to me.
You like it?
I like it.
Ace is in deep trouble.
I know.
He came to my dad's place
and I let him down.
- No, not that.
- What, then?
Flel thlnks Ace told Mldnlqht
he was allve.
But he only told me,
and I only told you.
- So Fasto Is out to klill Ace.
- What are you talklng about?
And Ace is now with Midnight.
I got something for you.
Ace? He'd never do that.
- No, thanks, man.
- You're with us now.
I was just helping out.
I saw you needed a hand,
and you let me stay here...
so it was like an exchange.
It's not that simple.
You came. You chose to stay.

- Where is he?
- I think he's on Bald Hill.
I better go get him.
- No, don't.
- This is serious, I have to go.
- I've never fired a gun.
- Then you better learn fast.
You know who first
put a gun in my hand?
Your father.
It was your father's gun.
I was just a kid.
He was a security guard
in a steakhouse.
We'd go by at night.
- Hey, kids!
- Me and my qanq...
- You're getting spoiled.
- He'd qlve us lots of food.
I was a little punk.
I bugged him to let me use his. 38...
to shoot cats in the parking lot.
We shot them all and
had enough barbeque...
for the whole week!
Real sinister.
Your dad was a cool guy.
A big black guy, a real man.
He was really cool.
He had a gun like this one.
A black. 38, just llke thls one.
Here, feel it, man.
Where was this steakhouse?
Over in So Conrado.
Closed down a long time ago.
It's gone now.
What was it called?
Shit, man, I don't remember...
It was... Something with bull...
The Fine Bull?
The Fighting Bull...
Something like that.
The Fiery Bull?
Shit, yeah, that's it.

The Fiery Bull. Haven't heard
that name in a long time.
How long ago was that?
A while back, I was 7 or 8.
Come back here!
One thing I'll never forgive...
is what they did to your dad.
They set him up
and shot him in the back.
Only a fucking traitor
would do that.
Did you know Wallace's father
shot a man in that steakhouse?
- Whose father?
- Wallace's.
No way, man.
That's crazy.
You're imagining things.
Forget about it.
Wallace!
- They're after us!
- Not me, you!
You mean you're not gonna
help me?
It's your problem,
solve it yourself.
Aren't you my friend?
You ditching me, partner?
We'll do it my way?
We'll do it your way.
- What's that kid doing here?
- No idea, boss.
- What do you want?
- It's cool, man.
- Speak.
- I wanna see Midnight.
- Who are you?
- His cousin.
So? Everyone around here
is somebody's cousin.
I'm also looking for Ace,
a black guy from Dead End Hill.
- The funk dancer?
- I don't know.

A black guy, big eyes,
a mouthful of teeth.
Never stops talking.
Yeah, that's gotta be him.
What is he to you?
He's my partner, my brother.
It's cool, Dimas.
He's with us.
Okay, then...
Everything okay, buddy?
He's cool,
he's always been our friend.
- Why are you here?
- I came to talk to you.
What?
You squealed to that girl.
He's her brother,
what else could I do?
Her brother happens to be Fiel.
I told you to keep your mouth shut.
- I didn't mean to, man.
- You didn't?
I couldn't lie!
Her brother was alive.
You didn't mean to?
Like your dad
didn't mean to kill mine?
- What do you mean?
- What do I mean?
Ask your dad who he killed!
Ask him if the guy he killed
was the steakhouse guard.
Ask him if the guy he killed
was my father!
Come on, Ace...
- Come on?
- Calm down.
Who killed whose father?
C'mon, let's go.
Let's get outta here.
Outta here? You go!
You don't like it here, playboy?
Then beat it!
- Look at the playboy!

- Beat it!
Beat it, sucker!
Get out, asshole!
Fuck off...
Stay alert.
Stay close, like flesh and bone.
We'll go in through the front.
Hey, kid. The fun starts now,
and you're in.
We're gonna take back
what belongs to us, okay?
In God we trust.
We're in this together, Ace.
My boy!
Happy blrthday to you...
Did you kill Ace's father?
Did you kill Ace's father?
Faith in God!
Let's take down those traitors!
Midnight, we're gonna
take it back!
In God we trust, brother!
We're gonna get Fasto!
Come in the car with me, Ace.
Stop dreaming about
your mother and move!
Tell me!
Did you kill his father?
Sit down.
We were friends, see?
We worked together.
He'd left the hill. He was living
somewhere else with another woman.
I wasn't with your mother
anymore either.
I set up this job
with some guys.
Shit, keep it down, man!
Open that thing up, dammit!
He was the flrst quy I asked.
But he was real stubborn.
So we decided to do it
on his day off.
He wasn't supposed to be there, but

he was crazy about the cleaning girl.

I had no choice.

- What are you doing?

- Luiz, you're here?

Heraldo, are you crazy, man?

Let's talk. Don't move.

He came out shooting at me.

Fuck, Luiz! Stop!

He was going to kill me.

So I defended myself.

The guy was my friend.

I didn't want to kill a friend.

I had to shoot,

it was either him or me.

I got 20 years, and did 15.

you have no idea.

I'm going to buy cigarettes.

Police!

- Easy, man.

- Don't move!

Pull up your shirt.

Sit down, kid.

- Where's Herald?

- I don't know.

- Where the fuck is he?!

- I don't know!

Look! Stolen cards and checks.

It's him!

Stop!

Freeze!

You piece of shit!

What are you going to do now?

Move!

I said I'd get you, didn't I?

You're going to fucking

rot in jail, buddy!

Let's go!

You're back to jail!

I want action!

I want Fasto fucking dead!

We have plenty of ammo,

so everyone do their job. Got that?

Don't hurt the locals.

Save your bullets for Fasto.

- The hill is ours.
- Victory!
Ace...
What are you dreaming about now?
We're in this together!
The hill is fucking ours!
Let's do it, brother!
- Biro!
- Let's do it!
Fasto is fucking finished!
Midnight is the boss!
- Hey, Biro...
- What?
You go through here and
we'll meet at the Taliba, bro.
- Alright.
- Victory!
- You come with me...
- Stay alert!
- Where are you, Bebezo?
- Let's go.
Come with me! Over here!
Come on!
Down that alley there!
One on the left, one on the right.
Full attention, man.
Biro, come with me.
The hill is ours!
Come, come. Over here.
Watch your back there.
Shit!
We're surrounded!
Turn off your lights, man!
Stupid ass!
You fucker!
- Shit, Midnight!
- We're fucked!
Let's go!
That fucker!
- Shit, man.
- What?
Let's go up...
We're going up!
Meet up at the top.

Easy, man...
Ace?
He's over there.
Go, get out!
Hey, Ace...
Let's get outta here, man.
- Come on, Ace!
- Get out?
Whose fault is it that I'm here?
Whose fault is it?
Tell me!
I know my father killed yours.
But it was in self-defense!
Self-defense?
My father was shot in the back.
- Shot in the back?
- He put a bullet in his back.
What do you mean?
He'd never have done that.
They were friends.
Friends? Like you're my friend?
What are you doing?
Come on, Ace.
Am I not your friend?
I'm not your friend?
Then shoot me.
Shoot me.
Let's get outta here.
Let's go, Ace.
If you die,
your son will be like us.
Fatherless.
Is that what you want?
Let's go, Ace.
Wait up.
Go.
- Where's everyone?
- Things are bad, bro.
We've killed most of them.
The hill is ours already.
Did you kill Midnight?
I killed that asshole
and had his body dumped.
Everyone be careful now!

We wiped them out.
Let's go up to the top now.
Shit!
- Shit! They killed Fasto!
- Fasto? Fasto!
They killed the boss, man!
- Daddy's coming.
- Give him to me.
Come here, son.
Calm down, calm down.
Sit down over here.
I love you.
From now on, it's you and me.
I'm going to bring you up,
take care of you.
Now it's just the two of us.
We can't stay on the hill
anymore, Cris. It's anarchy.
I'll handle things
till you get back.
I'm taklnq Clayton.
I'll call you when I flnd a place.
Where will you take him?
Wherever I go.
He's my son.
Love you.
Let's go.
Say bye-bye to auntie.
Say bye!
Go now. God bless you.
Take the message to Camila.
Here's \$ 1 for you.
- I'm there!
- Hurry, and don't stop.
Let's go.
C'mon, let's go!
'I don't know
how long it wlll be.
But now you're In there
and I'm out here.
Away from the place
where Iwas born...
the place where
everyone knows me...

where everyone knows who I am.
Away from the place
that used to be mine. '
What now, Ace?
What now, Wallace?
What now, Clayton?
Let's go to my dad's place.
I have the key.
Why not?
Clayton, don't worry 'cause
I'm gonna teach you all I know.
- Let's cross.
- Okay.
Clayton, before you cross the street,
you have to look both ways.
First this way, then that way.
Let's go.

STORY:

SCRIP:

CINEMATOGRAPHER:

ART DIRECTION:

EDITING:

MUSIC:

LINE PRODUCER: