

POLYBAG

Writer Ali Aydın

Director Ali Aydın

Producer Ali Aydın

Shooting Start 1 august 2010

Total Budget 800,000 TL

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Ali Aydın born in 1981, in Istanbul, Turkey. Started going Kartal Art Theatre (Kartal Sanat Tiyatrosu) in 1997. Following a 2-year workshop, spent 2 more years in the

same place working as an actor.

Chronologically: Worked in cast and crew of plays –Rat Race (Kör Dövüşü) by Tuncer Cücenoglu, My Bike Used to be Blue (Maviydi Bisikletim) by Dinçer Sümer, Bedlam In The Moonlight (Ay Işığında Şamata) by Haldun Taner, Legend Of Ali From Keşan(Keşanlı Ali Destanı) by Haldun Taner.Starting in 2001, for 2 years had pattern lessons from artists Salih Keleş and Evrim Avcı.In 2003, entered Art Management Program in Yıldız Teknik University in Istanbul with first degree.A member of Sinebir and Sinesen.Worked as a directing assistant in many commercial films,, movies – Last Ottoman Yandım Ali(Son Osmanlı Yandım Ali), Dragon Trap (Ejder Kapanı),in the most rated soup operas – Under Linden Trees(Ihlamurlar Altında), Roadmate

(Yol Arkadaşım). At present, works in the soup opera My Dear Family (Canım Ailem) as a first directing assistant.

SYNOPSIS

He lost everything that he has on the 18km road that he walks everyday. At each step he lost one thing. First his son, then his wife and and finally his life... The loss of his son has changed him but the loss of his wife left him all alone and the death of Cemil has made him sick.

Basri is a road guard. The task of the road guard is to walk on the kilometers of railroad given to them. They check for the technical problems and notify to their supervisors for the necessary precautions to be taken. Basri loves his job; walking for kilometers and coming back to his house in the middle of the night.

First the loss of his son (Seyfi) then the death of his wife and his loneliness brings out some obsessions in him. His obsessions cling him to life. Otherwise who will care about poor epileptic Basri?

Basri has dedicated his life to find his son. He never turns off the radio and he visits the police station and the ministry of interior affairs every month to deliver a new letter of request about his lost son.

Although Basri doesn't speak too much there are some people who talk behind his back. Amongst those men the ugliest is Cemil. Cemil doesn't understand Basri's passion for finding his son. He can't understand it because Cemil is the venom in disguise. He is bad seed.

There is only one person who should

never know that Basri is has epilepsy and that is Cemil. But unfortunately he witnesses one of his seizures and learns the truth. This becomes the end of Basri. Everything starts with the threats of Cemil to Basri that he will tell everyone that he has epilepsy.

One day when Cemil is in the station's atelier Basri comes back from his night shift. Cemil is hit by a wagon. Cemil is stuck between the wagon and barriers and his body is torn into two. Although Basri could have prevented this he doesn't wink an eye. But what about his conscience? Doesn't it wink eye also? Basri's conscience becomes the very self of Cemil by all means.

Sudden and unexpected visits of Cemil begin. Cemil in disguise of Basri's conscience with his half body, broken and bloody nails, gives Basri unbearable sorrow. Basri's epilepsy the source of threat gets even more intense and more often at every visit of Cemil.

During one of the epilepsy seizures we hear the news from the radio. In a field search during excavation five rotten bodies are found and one of those bodies belongs to Seyfi.

After a while police Chief Murat who has been visited by Basri regularly, comes to see him. Basri has become the conscience of Murat. Murat informs that the ID of Seyfi is found on one of the bodies. They ask samples for DNA test. One day Seyfi's bones are delivered in a polybag in a coffin. Basri sits in the table and stares at the polybag for a long time as if he is hypnotized without any gesture or facial expression.

Bones in the polybag, bones are Seyfi...

There is no obsession that clings him to life anymore.

Faith does its duty and Basri dies during his shift in the railroad because of a seizure. Basri's conscience proceeds on his way. For penetrating another judgement, another body and another soul.

DIRECTOR'S STATEMENT

I want to tell the story of a man who wastes his life and his wife after the loss of their son for his political views. He is losing his life at every breath. I want to tell the story of Basri with all his plainness, in the most pathetic or just the opposite the most honorable manner. I want to express and understand how Basri and many of the others who are wasted in search of their children who have disappeared because of their political views.

I want to tell story of the break down of a man and annihilation of not existing social life, not existing friendships, the railroads lying on barren lands, the heat, workers and their lives that they are attached with eyes shot and conscience .

The heavy sorrow of judging oneself,. I want to tell the unique lesson that a man teaches us even when dying day by day.

I want to tell the story of Cemil who is defeated with his weaknesses, and Murat who does everything told him without any questioning and worships his work...

It is not only life that makes their paths cross with each other but also their

conscience brings them on the same road.

I only want to make a film and express my gratitude to all the good movies that I have seen.