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# One Summer of Happiness

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ONE SUMMER OF HAPPINESS

The bitter wind of life-

- swept in over a child  
in the prime of her life.

She sacrificed her life  
on the altar of aberration.

The coming of the new age  
has without mercy-

- swept in over our  
quiet corner of the world.

But what was  
the point of this sacrifice?

Only God knows.

He may have meant  
for it to be a warning.

He may have wanted to say:

Heavy is the price  
for ruthlessness...

...aberration and selfishness.

Heavy is the price for the seducer.

Truly I say unto you:

Whosoever shall offend one of  
these little ones that believe in me-  
- it is better for him that a  
millstone were hanged about his neck-  
- and he were cast into the sea.

God's punishment is hard on man.

But it is better

that one person should succumb-  
- as a horrific warning-  
- than that the entire people  
should perish. Amen.

It's so cold.

And summer was just here.

It will never return.

Summer can't last, even if  
you would give your life for it.

Do you remember when  
everything was in bloom, Kerstin?

An eternity ago...

...where the beautiful  
girls all reside. Hurrah!

Hi! Congrats!

- So you made it.

- Get up here.  
We're proud of you, Gran.  
It was an embarrassment  
that you only got a B in math-  
- but we'll have to forgive you.  
You've earned some rest now.  
Marianne was there - sweet as candy.  
She said I'd come back  
with a tan and smelling of hay-  
- and that she'd be waiting,  
faithful until death.  
Four cheers for Gran!  
Marianne won't wait that long.  
Sing of the graduate's glorious day  
Let us rejoice  
in the time of our youth  
While all our hearts  
still are beating strong  
And the bright,  
shining future is ours  
There's no time for gloom  
in our hearts and minds  
A few days later,  
when things had settled-  
- I went to  
uncle Anders's farm to relax.  
Out in the sticks with the simple  
people, like my dad always said.  
- Do we have to listen to that noise?  
- That coffee-grinder sounds worse.  
It's easier to take  
with the smell of coffee.  
You're up early today.  
It's only 8 o'clock.  
When in Rome... Up with the lark.  
- Be careful or he'll hear you.  
- All I do here is sleep.  
- Shouldn't you get dressed?  
- Are you having a reception?  
We're planting potatoes today.  
Care to come along?  
No, but I'll plant  
some flowers if you want me to.  
Good morning. Stenda!

Step up and say hello.

- Gran StendaI, my brother's son.

They got their last name  
from the farm.

They only liked the name  
and moved into town.

- And took the name with them.

- They couldn't take the farm.

- I'm Kerstin.

- Let's eat.

- Is that the help you're getting?

- Yeah.

Do you have a coverall

I can use, Sigrid? I'll tag along.

You changed your

mind all of a sudden.

You won't plant flowers  
among the potatoes, right?

There you go.

Don't give Kerstin any ideas.

She's from a decent home.

Mine isn't all that bad, either.

And you said you wanted help.

Right...

- It's not all that warm.

- Just wait until this afternoon.

Get these bags up there.

Knock it off! You're not big enough.

Get a better grip.

There.

- Don't look so spiteful.

- Do I?

How old are you? Fifteen?

Fourteen and a half. And you, sir?

Don't be so formal.

We're all familiar around here.

Except with the minister.

We call him "Reverend".

- I'll soon be twenty.

- I'll have to call you "uncle".

- Is your back hurting yet?

- Don't you have machines for this?

Not when you only have 40 acres.

Don't get dirt on your fingers.

We don't have much of that here.  
You're doing well.  
What do people do  
for fun around here?  
- Fun?  
- Dancing and such.  
I'll go stir crazy  
if I can't be around people.  
People go dancing  
by the lake during summer.  
What about the rest of the year?  
Do you hibernate?  
You get so tired  
that you just go to bed.  
There's a meeting  
at the school tomorrow.  
I'll have to go and check it out.  
- Do you find this boring?  
- Yeah, don't you?  
Are you happy here?  
Of course I'm happy.  
- Are you helping me out?  
- Not at all.  
- You think I can't keep up?  
- Of course you can.  
- It's a lovely piece.  
- My hands are pretty useless.  
Planting potatoes makes you stiff.  
Let Kerstin sing something.  
- She's a real song-bird.  
- I can't.  
You can't?  
- She sings solo in church.  
Come on. Which song?  
- I don't know any songs like that.  
- You could do...  
What's it called? "Just a day,  
and just a single moment"...  
Do that one.  
Uncle? How old is Kerstin?  
Kerstin? Well...  
- You're seventeen.  
- What did she tell you?  
- Fourteen.

- She's been pulling your leg all day.

- I have to get back home.

Maybe so. Goodbye and thank you.

Goodbye.

- Will you go to the school tomorrow?

- I don't know.

- I don't think they'll let me.

- What? They won't let you?

Young people are funny, Sigrid.

When he was singing...

...she wouldn't take her eyes off him  
and watched him with her whole face.

- She'll show up tomorrow.

- That's all we need.

What?

Right...

Hey there.

You're going to the school, right?

I'll give you a ride.

So she didn't show up?

Who?

I just had a look around. Who's  
that strange fellow down there?

That's Torsten.

He's been a bit slow since birth.

- The Fredriks took him in.

- Are you spying on me?

No, I was going to the school to  
see what the youngsters are up to.

- What's the meeting about?

- The youngsters have this club.

- Do they do anything in particular?

- It's an amateur theater club...

...and they have a study circle.

They just want to play together.

- The farms are far apart.

- Will there be dancing tonight?

At the school? Are you insane?

The minister's already upset.

He feels that the only union-

- that God has blessed is marriage.

- And people buy that?

- The religious people support him.

What about you? Where do you stand?

Try to figure that one out.

Are you coming to the school?

- It's a backwater place.

- I don't really know.

Don't let the Fredriks hear you.

They toe the line for the minister.

- Why don't we go inside?

- Why are we out here?

- The school's locked.

- Go get the key.

- Klas went to get it.

- Did you get the key?

The meeting's off.

The minister won't give up the key.

- But we got permission.

- Let's break the door in.

Calm down!

There's no use getting all worked up.

- We'll have the meeting on Wednesday.

- Hell no, let's show the minister.

We'll show him!

I think we should go home.

Don't let him pass.

This road is closed.

- Please step aside.

- No, no... Stay there.

Damn minister...

I told you to step aside.

Rascal!

Calm down!

- What are you doing?

- The minister closed down the school.

I don't see how he can keep

people out of a public building...

- ... but this won't solve anything.

- There won't be any more meetings.

We can't just stand around here.

You can have my old barn. Fix it

up and have your meetings there.

- Thank you.

- Come. I have a suggestion for you.

Uncle Anders suggested that the

club would take over his old barn-

- and turn it into a meeting place.

It was a brilliant idea.  
The youngsters needed a place-  
- and here they had a roof and  
four walls that nobody really used.

I caught myself keeping  
an eye out for Kerstin.

But she never came.

- You can get started.

- Thanks.

It'll take a lot of hard work...

...but we can make it work.

We'll get started tomorrow-

- and you're more than welcome  
to lend an extra hand.

No Kerstin tonight,

but Sylvia asked me to dance.

She was one of

the soft-lipped local girls.

Giddy-up, lovely girl.

Excuse me.

- So you came.

- Yes, I heard the music.

- What's all this?

- Great things.

- Come dance.

- No...

But Kerstin...

Sigrid... Are you listening  
to the music from the barn?

- Is that our old barn?

- It's their barn now.

I wanted to do my part.

What do you think?

You'll get in trouble  
with the minister.

They'll say that your father  
has betrayed the church.

But the minister

has to come to his senses.

- Go up there and dance.

- I've never had time for that.

- And now I'm too old.

- Too old?

No, Sigrid.



Sigrid!

- I was waiting for you to come.

- You were?

- Don't tell me you're leaving.

- I have to go home.

It's Saturday evening. No one will wonder when you get home.

How would you know?

- Can I walk you home?

- No, I know the way. Good night.

Klasse?

Shouldn't we invite the dandy?

- He's too good for that.

- You're being silly.

Do you have enough people?

Sign me up. StendaI.

- With an H?

- No.

Isn't it nice here?

I don't feeI like sleeping tonight.

Shouldn't we rest for a while?

No, you're thinly dressed and it's chilly.

Did you see the girls staring?

They're jealous of me.

- And why's that?

- Because you danced with me.

Graduates are charming.

It's a shame I've only met a few.

And the ones I've met

have been stuck-up.

- Are you stuck-up?

- Count on it.

Come get your coffee!

- You'll get proper windows.

- And electric lighting.

Heat and hot water, right?

Just get the roof fixed first.

We'll take care of the roof and get some benches.

And boards, for the stage.

You could get a part in a play we're putting on.

- What play?

- "The Vrmlanders".

It's not exactly new, but it should draw people at the opening this fall.

- You could be Erik.

- I won't be here this fall.

But thanks anyway.

Who do you have in mind as Anna?

It's a new girl. She's over there.

It's a gamble,

but I think she'll be fine.

- Kerstin?

- Kerstin?

Are you going to be in a play?

- Me?

- That's right.

- But I can't.

- Sure you can, if you get permission.

It's a really big part. - Convince

her, Gran. I know she can do it.

Can you get away tomorrow afternoon?

- I'll try.

- Great.

- Are you daydreaming?

- I'm not daydreaming.

I'm thinking.

So you can think?

Yes, can you?

On days like this, you just

want to think about poetry.

Make up poems...

It could be because it's so beautiful

here, or because you're here.

- What do you think?

- How should I know?

Are there crayfish in the stream?

Should we try to catch a few?

- You can't until the fall.

- But I won't be here then.

No, you won't.

Why not daydream on a day like this?

Reality can never be

as good as dreams.

Kerstin? Where are you?

What got into you?

Come here...

Grandpa!

- Hello, Grandma.

- What are you doing here, Kerstin?

- And who is this handsome boy?

- This is Gran.

Hello.

- Did Grandpa see you come?

- He's down by the lake as usual.

He's waiting for the prize pike,  
and he's been waiting for so long-

- that the pike should be  
as old as that old fart.

Look who's talking.

Little old lady...

- It's enough to feed the cat.

- The cat has to eat, too.

It's hard to get anything  
but roach and ruffe-

- when the pike snatches all the fish.

- You should try bait casting.

- Pikes won't fall for such novelties.

Not in Hellmo Parish. But...

If you want to know what  
a real Hellmo pike looks like-

- just have a look at Kerstin's aunt.

But be careful because she bites.

- Johan...

- Don't start.

Grandma and Grandpa...

Don't tell anyone

that you saw us together.

Can't aunt Anna stand

that you've grown up and want a man?

- And why shouldn't she get one?

- I'm old enough to speak my mind.

Be nice to her. She deserves it.

Who's that boy?

Do you know what I'm thinking about?

If I should feel

really blue sometime-

- I'd visit the old folks.

They'd know how to help me.

- What was that?

- Pay attention!  
I'll twist your nose  
if you don't tell me. Well?  
Come to me when things are bad.

- Don't you want to play?  
- No, we're having coffee.  
It's after-church coffee  
at the Fredriks.  
I think we'll get something  
more substantial than coffee.  
Why did they invite us  
when we didn't go to church?

- Don't you ever go there?  
- I can get scolded elsewhere.  
The minister will be there  
and they're up to no good.  
About the barn?  
He won't be happy about that.  
People can be so dense and petty.  
It's not like the Fredriks  
wanted any part of it.

- Sigrid won't like it, either.  
- She can't face the minister now.  
Sigrid? We'll walk with you.

- Hello.  
- Hello, Reverend.  
- No...  
- I insist, Miss Persson.  
In the name of the Father,  
the Son and the Holy Spirit. Amen.  
Amen.  
I'll start here.

- Here you go, Mr. Persson.  
- Thank you, Reverend.  
Sugar?  
- Watch it, girl.  
- Oops.  
Give me a splash, too.  
I don't mind some on the saucer.  
Just make sure it's a lot.

- Have a bun, Reverend.  
- Thank you.  
It looks good,  
but I'll stick to the biscuits.

It looks to be  
a good year for farming-  
- with the right amounts  
of rain and warmth.  
You could help me  
weed out turnips tomorrow.  
It's hard work,  
but a good lesson for the future.  
Some people weed things out  
and some should be weeded out.  
What about the turnips, Reverend?  
The ones you leave in the ground?  
It's for their sake that  
you weed things out.  
Yes, but it takes care and knowledge.  
I had a field-hand who weeded out  
the turnips and left all the weeds.  
You have to get to know the plants.  
- How much do you want?  
- Trade services with my uncle.  
I've heard that Mr. Persson has  
been unusually generous lately.  
You gave away some property  
and people work there on Sundays.  
- For free? Can that pay off?  
- Most youngsters around here...  
...are busy during the weeks  
and have to work on Sundays.  
Sundays are for the church.  
One shouldn't neglect the spiritual.  
Church attendance is poor  
among the youngsters.  
We only had about half  
of the choir in church today.  
Soon they'll want  
hymns on phonograph records.  
Record the sermons instead.  
It's nice to see the youngsters sing.  
How many youngsters  
did we have today?  
- Two, not counting your children.  
- Three.  
- They take time to play ball.  
- Perhaps it's more enjoyable.

Some of the older parishioners  
are setting a poor example...

...by betraying the church.

The thing is that you have to  
deal with the corporeal, too.

- Like in Persson's barn.
- A roof is nice when it's raining.
- Wouldn't you agree?
- And you got the barn roof fixed.
- They'll fix up their place.
- They'll put on theater plays...
- ... dance and show movies.
- Is there something wrong with that?

The youngsters are misguided.

They abandon the church...

...and refuse to listen  
to their elders.

They don't care about  
the sanctity of marriage.

I suppose it's in line  
with all the modern bustle.

Not even the countryside  
has been spared.

There are false prophets everywhere.

Listen to them. People engage in  
sports and desecrate the Sabbath.

They have club nights with  
dancing and obscene music.

It is ungodly and depraved!

What about Christian  
tolerance of the youth?

The youth issues have  
been talked to death now.

- It's about time something happens.
- Today's youth has been corrupted.

Sensible people  
have to fight the rabble.

Rabble? I find that  
a bit inconsiderate.

- "Rabble" is a harsh word.
- I judge people by what I see.

The youngsters' place  
is subject to God's punishment.

Punishment... Punishment...

Can you get out later? I just  
have to play the organ a little bit.  
We'll meet up by the barn.  
We're rehearsing the play tonight  
and we can't do it without you.  
Promise me you'll come.

- I don't know.

- Kerstin...

What's the matter?

- I stepped out for a drink.

- Offer Master StendaI a glass.

The scoop is fine.

Play something solemn now, Gran.

I got to know the countryside. It was  
like crawling through a quagmire.

It huft your back and knees and  
you'd wonder why you were there.

But you stayed there.

Something kept pulling you forward.

The land seemed to beckon  
and ask to be touched.

You had the summer sun

- and then there was Kerstin.

Gran!

What's wrong, Gran?

It's nothing. I just got dizzy.

I'm fine now.

Kerstin?

- Don't force yourself on girls!

- I'll show you!

Will there be anything else?

- No.

- Good.

I see you got it started again.

- What was the problem?

- Someone put something in the tank.

- The nozzle was clogged.

- Someone was out to get you.

It's a good thing it was  
downhill coming home.

I guess Kerstin helped?

Turn that thing off!

Do you want supper?

No, it's Midsummer Eve

and you have no heart.

- Bye.

- Get going.

Give the girls my best.

What are you waiting for, Sigrid?

What do I have to wait for?

You shouldn't stay home

on a night like this.

You get the urge to walk around

and take in all the smells.

There's mischief in the air

on a night like this.

You should be out having fun

with the other youngsters.

- You're still young.

- Am I?

It takes my own father to say that.

Well...

- Will you have coffee waiting?

- I usually do.

You're closing the wrong eye,

Kerstin. Just like that dog.

- I want that.

- Try it again.

- I won't hit anything like this.

- Then close both your eyes.

Well done, Kerstin!

Do I get the dog?

- It's so cute! Look, Gran!

- Come on.

Shall we dance?

I don't want to, Gran.

- Why are you afraid to dance?

- Afraid?

I can tell that you want to.

Don't you know how to dance?

Sure, I dance sometimes

during recess in school.

Come on.

Could I give you a few flowers

A few roses just for you

There can be no room

for sadness, my precious

The roses were all plucked



from the garden of a king  
And you need swords  
just to get within reach  
One of them is white  
and other one is red  
But the third one  
is the one I would give you  
It's not in bloom just now  
It won't until I'm dead  
But it stays in bloom  
a while, my precious  
- What flower is it?  
- Memories.  
Everything you have left  
when you lose the one you love.  
That memory could make  
for a beautiful fairy-tale.  
Perhaps. What if I could take you  
to the end of the world tonight?  
I'd let you. Would you?  
Yes.  
- I have to get home.  
- Kerstin...  
Midsummer only comes  
around once every year.  
- Did you have fun tonight?  
- Yes.  
But don't tell anyone that I danced.  
Don't even tell Sigrid.  
- Would that get you a maiden's bower?  
- Yes.  
You have to pick seven different  
flowers to put under your pillow.  
No, it's too late for that.  
- The night is almost over.  
- Kerstin...  
Fool! Why did you have to ruin  
everything when it was so beautiful?  
Kerstin!  
Kerstin! Wait, Kerstin!  
Can I see you tomorrow?  
I didn't see Kerstin  
at all that weekend-  
- and she continued

to stay out of sight.

The days passed. When July came around we were bringing in hay.

That's fine.

That's good.

The minister's a speedster now.

God damn...!

- Are you okay?

- I've sprained my foot.

Pull on it.

- Is it that bad?

- Don't blame me for screaming. Pull!

Wait! The leg's getting longer.

I must have broken it.

Give me a hand

and I'll try to get home.

We'll pass by the rectory.

I'll show that minister.

Really? I see. Thank you.

- He'll stay at the hospital.

- For how long?

How would I know? The leg's broken.

That's the punishment.

Don't be so pessimistic.

It was just an accident.

Why are you crying?

It's nothing. But who'll work the farm while he's gone?

That's it.

I'll help you.

You?

Good day.

Good day, nurse.

- Nothing but rain.

- It never stops when it's this bad.

- Your fields will wash away.

- Shut your trap!

- Take it easy.

- Move him over here, Hkansson.

Don't laugh. I wonder why you haven't dislocated your mouth.

A strong farmer shouldn't be stuck here in plaster in July...

- ... when the hay is ready.

- Farmers are never happy.  
You complain if it's too dry  
and if you get a few drops of rain.  
How has that hurt you?  
Even God has trouble  
keeping you farmers happy.  
Why are you laughing?  
I'd like to introduce you  
to the minister back home.  
- Knock it off!  
- Hit him with the blanket.  
Do you have a barometer?  
I'm curious about tomorrow's weather.  
- It'll rain tomorrow, too.  
- I could break your other arm.  
Go check the barometer, nurse.  
- I'll put you on your motorcycle...  
...and then we'll see how  
you'll end up. - No... Gran!  
- Good day, Uncle. How are you?  
- Not bad.  
- This is my nephew Gran.  
- Stenda I.  
- I brought you some newspapers.  
- How about this weather?  
Don't worry about the hay.  
It's all been brought in.  
- Sigrid took care of it.  
- By herself?  
No, your tenants helped.  
They stopped working on the barn.  
- You've made quite an investment.  
- Viberg and the rest?  
Olle and few others.  
And to some extent... Look.  
Three blisters on my left hand and  
two on my right. It burns like hell.  
- Put some butter on that.  
- No, sulfa.  
- Penicillin, that's the ticket.  
- Use sulfa.  
Have you seen Kerstin lately?  
No, I haven't.  
I haven't had the time.

- What's this?
- I'm stuck here in plaster.
- But your mouth works fine.
- You don't have to get up early.

We'll get started  
on the fallow fields now.

- What is it?
- I'm just so fond of you.
- You can take it easy.
- Here? I don't think so.

I have to deal with this tub of lard-  
- and my leg is stuck up there.

It itches really bad underneath.

- I guess that's your fault, too.

Uncle? Do you think  
that I could run a farm?

- No, I don't think so.
- Why not?

Grandpa was a farmer  
and you're a farmer.

You're a city person  
and it takes a lot to run a farm.

- How long does it take to learn it?
- 20-30 years.

And some never learn.

You can start by spreading manure.

So some people never learn?

- Right...
- Just shut...

Gran!

Hi there!

Are you driving around, Gran?

Are you hauling manure?

- Hi, Marianne!
- You look amazing.

Did you win a plowing contest?

And you're so tanned.

- That's just manure.
- Hi!

- What are you doing here?
- We're taking you to the mountains.
- Are we interrupting you?
- No, I'm on my way home.

Drive up there.

I'll follow you with the wagon.  
You can't be serious about staying.  
Go get your things.

- No, I can't.
- Would you rather stay here?
- Is there anything keeping you here?
- I have to help my uncle out.

He won't be back for some time.  
And I can't leave my friends.  
We're rehearsing a play.  
And there's something else...  
Are you in a play with yokels?  
How will that matter in 100 years?  
Not at all,  
but it matters a lot right now.

- And I'm happy here.
- Gran's fallen in love.
- He's fallen head over heels.
- Don't be silly.
- What's her name?
- Kerstin.

What a precious homespun name.  
But you'll come if I ask you.  
Won't you, darling?

- Oh, is that her?
- Pretty little thing.

I'll bet she smells like a cow.  
It's getting late. I have to  
let the horses out to graze.  
Stop working now.  
We have to rehearse.

- Do you know your part, Olle?
- Yeah, yeah.

Just don't talk so formal  
but as a normal person.  
Let's see... - Come here, Sylvia.

- Hi, Gran. Where's Kerstin?
- Why isn't she here?
- Go get her.

We'll start with the second scene.  
Does it sound bad? Didn't you tell  
my father that I was good enough...  
No, Sylvia!  
You have to show some emotion.

You have a heart, right? Then use it.

Hush, girl. You can't let Sven  
and Lisa hear that kind of talk.

But you told me  
when the tailor proposed to me...

No! The audience has to hear you.

Do it again.

But you told me  
when the tailor proposed to me-  
- that I should get  
a true gentleman or a wealthy farmer!

Shut up, Nisse!

I'm sorry to bother you.

Could I see Miss Kerstin?

That would be fine.

She's out by the barn.

Thank you.

- I want to talk to you, Kerstin.

- Ouch!

I don't want to hurt you,  
but you'll just run away.

- I don't want to see you again.

- We have to talk.

Really? Then let me go.

- I won't run for you.

- Tell me why you're hiding.

- That's my business.

- We didn't think you'd desert us.

And for no reason.

What's with you, Kerstin?

Listen... Do you think  
that I like yelling at you?

- It seems like it.

- Kerstin...

Have you forgotten  
how close friends we were?

- A long time ago.

- What about the others?

I didn't want to let them down,  
but I didn't have a choice.

- It's all your fault.

- My fault?

Which of the two girls  
are you in love with?

- In love?  
- One of them called you "darling".  
Oh, you fool.  
That doesn't mean anything.  
We were all friends at school.  
Hey...  
Gran? When I saw  
you with those three-  
- it felt like it ruined everything.  
They're the same as you,  
and you were so different.  
You seemed more real.  
If you had called for me,  
I couldn't have said a word.  
- That's no reason to hide.  
- Yes.  
I didn't want to see you again.  
I knew that  
I would just melt if I did.  
- Like wax.  
- Kerstin...  
- Can I have that flower?  
- No.  
- Then I'll take it.  
- What's so special about it?  
- Can't you pick your own?  
- Sure, but that wouldn't be the same.  
Poor thing. It's already wilted.  
Poor little flower.  
It'll never bloom again.  
Why did I have to pick you?  
There'll be new flowers next summer.  
Poor flower. It only got  
to live for one summer.  
Summer is so short.  
It's getting closer.  
There'll be thunder tonight.  
I'm so sleepy.  
They'll be mad when I get home late.  
They can't know that I'm in a play.  
They'd never allow it.  
Maybe you should go home  
and get some sleep.  
It doesn't matter.

I get to sleep during winter.  
Bye.  
It's raining too much. Come on in.  
- But...  
- Come on!  
We have to be quiet.  
I don't mind  
the thunder when you're here.  
What would they say  
if they saw me here?  
What if they found out?  
They'd put me in a enormous prison,  
where you couldn't get to me.  
I'd climb over the wall.  
Over any wall...  
Gran...  
Slut!  
She was nowhere  
to be seen after that night.  
I waited for her  
and didn't know what to do.  
Everything felt like  
an empty wasteland.  
I started to understand  
the pressure she had to live with.  
Loneliness.  
You could feel the tension  
over by the Fredriks by day.  
I stayed away to avoid  
making things worse for her.  
Weeks passed and my chest  
was aching with longing.  
No one said anything,  
until one day...  
You must think that you've  
done something shameful.  
- What do you know?  
- They say that you've ruined Kerstin.  
- Are the cronies saying that?  
- Don't badmouth decent people.  
You'll leave, but she'll be  
stuck with her reputation.  
It's hard to clear your name.  
You sound just like the minister.



You're so damn sanctimonious.

- You have no shame.

- Shame?

Is that just something  
for religious spinsters?

Try being human instead.

If you'd gotten a man,  
you wouldn't think like this.

Sigrid? I'm sorry, Sigrid.

I didn't mean anything by that.

Forget about it.

I've had to fill my mother's shoes  
with three younger siblings.

I wanted to get away,  
but there was so much to do.

I always thought that  
I'd be free next year.

But look at me now.

You've trapped yourself.

You can break free if you want to.

No, life treats you  
however it wants to.

Yes, because you  
can't work up the nerve.

Do you think  
that Kerstin is hiding from you?

They've sent her from the farm.

Try to change that.

Where did they send her? Sigrid!

Kerstin!

You came!

I've longed for you.

I care for you.

I care for all of you.

I want to hide with you somewhere.

Kerstin... We'll always be together.

There will never be anyone else.

When I have you all to myself,  
everything is just fine.

- Nothing could make me leave.

- But you'll have to.

I don't have to. No one can make me.

I like it when you look at me like  
that. No one else can do that.

Look at the water, Gran.  
It's full of silver.  
Do you want to go swimming?  
Don't you want to?  
I don't feel shy with you.  
It's as if you are a part of me.  
Like we've always belonged together.  
I'll race you in.  
Gran... Don't forget me.  
Never. I'll never forget you,  
darling Kerstin.  
But you'll be leaving soon.  
I'm staying here.  
I'll stay with you forever.  
- Would that make you happy?  
- Yes, more than I can tell you.  
Do you know what we're getting into?  
I care so much for you.  
Gran...  
You didn't have to come.  
I've made up my mind.  
Wouldn't it be better  
if you left, Gran?  
Why ruin your future? We've  
worked to give you a good life.  
- Don't be ungrateful.  
- You won't let me find my own path.  
You've chosen a silly path.  
There are enough farmers.  
Then we wouldn't have  
The countryside needs people!  
The land is still being farmed.  
Fine fields are left uncultivated.  
Your father would turn in his grave.  
- Don't make my son a field-hand.  
- Gran is free to come and go.  
- I have things left to do.  
- Playacting with youngsters.  
And you're prepared  
to throw away your future.  
You don't seem to appreciate  
the area where you grew up.  
Fate allowed me to escape  
and I don't want my son here.

There's plenty to discuss.

- But you'd better leave, Gran.

Think about it during winter.

You might not want to

stake your life on 40 acres.

It'll give you time to think.

You're always welcome here.

Now you won't have to rise early.

- Will Gran be staying?

- No.

Mountains or manure... It's nice  
to have things back to normal.

You feel like a new person

when you wash off all the dust.

What will you do

after roll-call tomorrow?

I don't know. I've planned

on going out to the country.

Haven't you had enough

of what's her name?

- That homespun thing.

- A summer infatuation?

- I suspected as much.

- It'll last past summer.

So it's true love?

An eternity that lasts a few weeks.

I thought better of you. She must

be some farmgirl with rotten teeth.

I've always admired you.

Don't ruin it by being tacky.

- Did girls look like that before?

- How old is she?

- Seventeen.

- Just a child.

Will you throw

your life away for that?

- Wait until you meet Kerstin.

- I don't want to see her.

Cheers.

- Lennart Mattsson?

- Here.

You're so far away, Gran.

Along with everything we have...

Nothing has been

the same since you left.  
I'm back on the farm,  
but I'm so lonely.  
Everything has gone against me.  
I wish that I was with you,  
or that you were here.  
When I'm writing you,  
and not just thinking of you-  
- you feel a bit closer.  
Klas has asked about you.  
What about the play? Our play...  
Gran Stenda?  
Gran... I'm so sad. Your Kerstin.  
I kissed the letter  
where I put the X.  
It's for you.  
- Gsta Muller?  
- Here.  
- Ivar Berg?  
- Here.  
- Torsten Gren?  
- Here.  
- Bertil Dahlgren?  
- Here.  
- Oskar Viktorsson?  
- Here.  
- Is Gran Stenda not present?  
- No.  
I've learned to hate God and want  
to tear down heaven and earth.  
I just want to follow  
my own path in life.  
They said that I had sinned  
and that I was lost.  
When I'm awake at night, it's  
like they're all there to scold me.  
How can love  
be something foul and filthy?  
Humans are created good,  
so how can it be foul?  
Help me, Gran. I want to live  
while I'm young enough to live.  
I'll help you be happy.  
Klasse...

Fire and damnation  
are upon you!  
The farm is subject  
to God's punishment!  
It's a shame, Sigrid.  
They were finished.  
- It's God's punishment.  
- Don't give me that crap.  
"THE VRMLANDERS"  
I don't know why I speak so formal.  
You sound like a book.  
Be happy with that.  
But you told me  
when the tailor proposed to me-  
- that I should get  
a true gentleman or a wealthy farmer!  
Shut your trap! They're up on stage.  
He said hello and asked if I was  
Nils Jonsson from Fryksdalen.  
Then he asked me to come  
along and clear a path for him.  
I got myself a lever  
and we headed up the mountain-  
- where I started  
breaking and cracking...  
...so that the sparks...  
- Stone splinters and sparks.  
- They were flying by my ears.  
- Feet.  
- Then he showed up...  
"And then Dundrapart  
shook my hand... "  
He said that he'd been  
in a lot of countries-  
- but that he'd never come  
across anyone from Fryksdalen.  
"Then he went to the cabinet... "  
He went to the cabinet and  
got bread, herring and butter...  
- Cheese!  
- Cheese...  
He made me a large nip  
and some sandwiches...  
No! "Gave me a large nip. "

He gave me a nip  
and I had a merry time for days.  
- And I was well paid.  
- Can you shut up?  
I'm too nervous for this!  
I'm going home now.  
- Are you happy?  
- I've never been this happy.  
Erik! Anna! Erik! Anna!  
Take a bow.  
Could this get any better?  
You couldn't ask  
for a happier ending.  
Bravo!  
How are we back there?  
We're fine back here.  
We're imagining going  
to the end of the world.  
- What was that?  
- Going to the end of the world.  
- Would you come home with me?  
- Yes, but they won't like me.  
Sure they will.  
They'll be nuts about you.  
- What are you doing?  
- I'm kissing your back.  
I can feel you scratching. Just  
wait and I'll give you a proper kiss.  
I can't wait.  
Kerstin?  
Kerstin?!  
Kerstin? Kerstin?  
Can you hear me?  
Kerstin!  
I must have hurt myself.  
It feels like my back is broken.  
- You're in a bad place. I'll help.  
- No...!  
How are you, Kerstin?!  
It's not that bad.  
If I can just be still.  
Don't be afraid, Kerstin.  
I'll go get help.  
Gran?!

Don't leave me. Stay here.  
I have to, Kerstin.  
I'll run as fast as I can.  
No...!  
Stop! Help us!  
- Isn't that Bernt's little girl?  
- I can't leave her. Get an ambulance!  
Come and lay down next to me.  
Why is it so cold?  
It's not winter yet.  
It was summer today.  
Are you alive?  
Why is it so dark?  
Kerstin?  
Kerstin...!  
The bitter wind of life-  
- swept in over a child  
in the prime of her life.  
She sacrificed her life  
on the altar of aberration.  
The coming of the new age  
has without mercy-  
- swept in over our  
quiet corner of the world.  
But what was  
the point of this sacrifice?  
Only God knows.  
He may have meant  
for it to be a warning.  
He may have wanted to say:  
Heavy is the price  
for ruthlessness...  
...aberration and selfishness.  
Heavy is the price for the seducer.  
Truly I say unto you:  
Whoever shall offend one of  
these little ones that believe in me-  
- it is better for him that a  
millstone were hanged about his neck-  
and he were cast into the sea.  
God's punishment is hard on man.  
But it is better  
that one person should succumb-  
as a horrific warning...

than that the entire people  
should perish. Amen.  
From dust you came...  
...to dust you shall return.  
Jesus Christ, our savior...  
...shall raise you up  
on the last day.  
Beloved Kerstin...  
We, your friends  
who have gathered here...  
...will remember you as the  
ray of light you were for all of us.  
No one can know why you  
had to sacrifice your life...  
...but we know that no person  
has the right to judge.  
Those who judge will one day  
be judged by the same law.  
The only true thing in life...  
...is that humans love each other.  
For the greatest  
thing of all is love.  
If you should be  
punished for being yourself-  
- and for having  
the courage to live...  
...then life wouldn't  
be worth living.  
You've left a gap behind you.  
We will miss you...  
...and remember you.  
Gran... Don't forget me.  
My name is Kerstin.