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# Jag etter vind

By Unknown

It's normal.

Yeah, sure.

Well, it's true.

- I'm serious. People get turned on by it.

- You're just making it up.

- There's porn with it.

- Huh?

It's called "Cyclus porn".

- What is it?

- What it is?

A bunch of nude women standing  
on their heads to keep the cum in.

- There's too little light.

- Too little?

It's all we have.

- We need more light.

- Hello.

- Okay.

- Hello.

Right.

Hi, it's Anna.

Okay.

Thank you.

Why haven't you told me?

About your family?

What are you planning to do?

Why don't you wanna talk about it?

Why won't you tell me?

You'll regret it

your whole life if you don't go.

Grandpa?

Are you okay?

- Nobody asked you to come.

- My boyfriend persuaded me.

Then he's an idiot.

I'm the only one you've got.

The only one I had... is dead.

Why have you chopped down the tree?

Is there any food here?

You can't wear that nightgown.

It's not yours.

I've inherited it from grandma.

The last time we spoke,

she said you were very well.

"Very. "

You've lost your dialect.

If you don't take care of  
your language, you'll lose yourself.

I'm engaged.

His name is Mathias. We're getting  
married. We're going to start a family.

Yet when I surveyed all  
that my hands had done  
and what I had toiled to achieve,  
everything was meaningless,  
a chasing after the wind.

Sounds like fun.

How many spoons for a full kettle?

Arne?

- How are you?

- Are you here?

Yeah, I came for the funeral.

Hasn't he told you grandma's dead?

He hasn't spoken to anyone for years.

Why aren't you talking to Arne Srensen?

What have you done to him?

Mathias, is he German?

His mother is Danish,

his father German.

"A mighty fortress is our God. "

- "A bulwark never failing. "

- You can hold a German wedding speech.

"Our helper He, amid the flood  
of mortal ills prevailing. "

I like Germans.

They get up when they should, go to bed  
in time, make the most of the day.

Are you Emma?

Are you scared of me?

Why?

- Have you been out sailing?

- I'm playing.

- Have you missed me?

- No.

She's playing there's a tsunami.

Last week it was  
a make-believe mudslide.

What was that like?

Sitting on a board for six hours  
as the only survivor.

Must be from her hysterical mother.

Vibeke is dead.

You didn't know?

- Lunch is ready.

- I'm not hungry.

- If you don't eat, you'll die.

- Suits me fine.

- I feel sad too.

- You don't know what sadness means.

You're too young. Your emotional  
register isn't fully developed.

You're just conceited.

Expect the German to flatter you.

Since the dawn of time...

Don't you start with your

"chasing the wind" bullshit again.

How could grandma stand you?

You think your grandma was a saint?

You think all that drivel she served  
you on the phone was true?

Where are you going?

- Have a nice day.

- Remember how you stole popsicles?

Why did you just leave?

Because of the accident?

I'm leaving as well.

- Where to?

- You live in Oslo?

- No.

- Got a boyfriend? Is he cute?

- Yeah.

- You should ditch him.

- You'll miss everything.

- Like what?

Sun and fun. One guy thought I was hot.

Another wanted to take pictures of me.

- You have a boyfriend?

- I used to.

But he fooled around with Cecilie  
while we were together.

Cecilie, you know. His ex.

She was in your class.

With that kid.

She walks past every day  
with that ugly kid. Cecilie.

- The big drama queen, you know.
- Okay.

They went on vacation  
last week. Kill me.

- It's not the end of the world.
- It is for me.

To get back at Erlend, I slept with  
all his pals. Now I'm pregnant.

A kid, like.

- Where can I get some cloth?
- What? Now?
- Fabric.
- Oh, I see.

Did you get wood glue?

- They don't have any.
- Goddamn Co-op.

Well, you'll have to ask Hvard.

I saw your grandma often.

She used to come here alone, sat on an  
old folding chair by the water's edge.  
Sat there for hours, soaking her feet,  
then came up here for a glass of wine.

"Waiter? May I have a glass of wine?"

Thank you. "

She called you "that flirt".

"That flirt, he's so charming. "

- She hated it when we broke up.
- We didn't. You just left.

It was already over.

You never had time for me.

- I was 18 years old.
- So was I. You never had time.

If it's not true, then why was I alone  
with my parents on that holiday?

- So it's my fault they died? Jesus.
- That's not what I meant.
- Hvard, I didn't...
- Yeah, yeah.
- Grandma said she came here regularly.
- No.

Or she did,

but that was just one year.

It's here.

She sat here.

Here.

Every Sunday for a year.

- My parents...

- Yes?

- Did she start coming here then?

- No, it was much later.

It was about three years ago, I think.

- Where's she lying?

- Down here at the morgue.

- I've never seen a dead person before.

- It's okay. It's like she's sleeping.

If you touch her,

just remember she's cold,

Probably in the lower 20s.

Room temperature.

We've taken out her dentures,

so her mouth looks odd.

May I put this in her coffin?

No, there's no point in that.

We're moving her to another coffin.

- Is it that hard to move a flower?

- There's a lot to keep in mind.

- Then write it down.

- What did you say?

- Jesus...

- Don't you "Jesus" me.

People put all sorts of stuff in.

Once I found a parakeet.

- You're kidding.

- It's true. You've no idea.

Nothing goes into the coffin.

- It's just a tiny flower.

- Sure, to you it's just a tiny flower.

Okay, I'll put it in her hand.

Yeah, the hand's okay.

There she is.

Just around the corner. Catch ya.

Hi.

I'm fine.

I saw grandma today. Yeah.

What are you playing today?

Are we the only survivors?  
Would you like a radish?  
I don't eat grass.  
I talked to the church  
janitor yesterday.  
Lundgren?  
He should've been  
a landscape architect.  
Why did grandma suddenly  
start going to church?  
Because of your parents.  
Lundgren said she started  
three years ago.  
Nobody listens to Lundgren.  
What did you do to her?  
What I did?  
She often sat crying in church.  
You must have done something to her.  
Here you have a range of coffins.  
This is our most popular model.  
Ugly.  
- This is slightly more minimalistic.  
- Ugly.  
- Maybe something more detailed?  
- But that one's gross!  
Ugly, ugly, ugly, ugly, ugly, ugly.  
Ugly. We'll build our own coffin.  
- Is that legal?  
- I'll have to check.  
- What about the tombstone?  
- We'll take care of it.  
What should the inscription say?  
Nothing.  
We'll send an invoice.  
- What the hell for?  
- Our fee and the municipal charges.  
You want fees for paying my charges?  
Tell those socialists to bill me directly.  
- There's the obituary.  
- We're not having any.  
Thank you for coming.  
Are you going to build  
the coffin yourself?  
- We need a coffin.

- Huh?  
- Grandpa wants a custom coffin.  
- Okay.  
He wants you to build it.  
I don't have time  
to build a coffin now.  
Hi, Johannes.  
- Hi.  
- So you want help making a coffin?  
Well, I'm not asking for help.  
- It's paid work.  
- Right.  
- Do you have materials?  
- Yes, there.  
Shouldn't it dry out first?  
Of course, but we don't  
have time for that.  
- You don't have anything else?  
- No.  
It's going to rot in the soil anyway.  
I've had so many crazy dreams lately.  
Last night  
I was in the Middle Ages, and...  
If I'm not in the dream,  
then shut up.  
Oh, but you were.  
- So what did I do?  
- Stuff.  
Do you still do that?  
Does it work in Germany?  
"Ich habe von dir getrunzt. "  
You're just making up...  
- I'm not!  
- You're haven't changed in a decade.  
You're stuck here.  
What do you know about me?  
My girlfriend died. I have a child.  
I can't just run away like you did.  
You can't "run away" from it?  
Is that what you keep saying?  
Did you say it to that girl yesterday?  
"I can't run away from it. "  
Remember how you used to get drunk  
and climb in through my window?



Your father once caught me hanging there.  
He shouted at me, saying I mustn't make the same mistake he'd made.  
You'd turn out just like your mom.  
I'd never ever win a single argument.  
- You have to let me help you!  
- What?  
- I don't need your help.  
- You think it's easy for me to be here?  
You think it was easy for your grandma?  
You didn't even come by at Christmas!  
At least I talked to her,  
as opposed to you.  
You just sit here feeling sorry for yourself, like you've always done!  
- My son died!  
- And he was my dad!  
Can't you just be honest and say what you think?  
That it's my fault they died.  
Yeah, I'm leaving now.  
I'll make it.  
Yes, okay,  
but I'll call you later. Bye.  
- I'm making potato dumplings.  
- Use plenty of salt.  
- It says one teaspoon.  
- We always used much more.  
Then why did she write "one teaspoon"?  
- The salt used to be much stronger.  
- Salt has never been stronger.  
Everything was stronger before.  
Way too salty.  
Perfectly salted.  
Poor texture.  
The bacon's good.  
Yeah, the bacon's good.  
You're...  
Not much of a cook.  
It's vital that you learn to cook.  
The German thinks you're pretty now,  
but he'll grow tired of your face.

No matter how smart you are,  
he'll soon get enough of your chatter.  
There's a toolbox in the boathouse.  
Hvard will need it tomorrow.  
You'd rather walk?  
I stood here watching you  
fuck Cecilie on the floor.  
Huh?  
- Or rather trying to.  
- Well, you wouldn't sleep with me.  
No, you wouldn't sleep with me!  
You said -  
- it was true love, so we had to wait.  
The next moment you were fucking her.  
I didn't know you were there!  
You felt hurt.  
Aren't you going to answer?  
- What is it?  
- What it is?  
Haven't you left?  
"Again and again".  
- Huh?  
- That's what you should say.  
Again and again,  
however we know  
the landscape of love  
and the little churchyard there,  
with its sorrowing names  
and the frighteningly silent abyss  
into which the others fall:  
again and again  
the two of us walk out  
together under the ancient trees,  
lie down again and again among  
the flowers, face to face with the sky.  
Okay.  
Anna?  
Hvard!  
What's she scared of?  
I won't let you use those tools.  
- Only mine.  
- Okay.  
In the old days, in Germany,  
it took eleven years -

- for a masonry apprentice  
to become a master.

This was probably  
a confirmation gift.

When he was young,  
he never got to be a teenager.

Teenagers weren't  
invented until the 50s.

Was your grandma  
the first woman he ever had?

One one-night stand,  
and it lasts sixty years?

Could you hold this?

So how many one-night stands  
have you had? Twenty?

Fifty?

Am I on the list?

- We never had sex.

- We did.

So genital touch is  
a one-night stand?

- Whatever could have been.

- That's cheating.

I've just removed 80 %  
of the names from the list.

- Which means I beat you.

- By how many?

I'll never stay with one person  
for sixty years.

I don't want to be the one  
who's left behind.

- Do you need help?

- No. Seriously...

This was his confirmation gift.

- You never married.

- No.

Did you ever have a girlfriend?

- I was a great diver.

- Okay.

Your grandpa was also a great diver.

We kept diving all summer.

It's too wide.

I've followed your measurements.

Here.

Seven, five.  
Good thing you're not building a house.  
That would be costly.  
- Shall I build another?  
- No time for that.  
But it's nicely joined. Good.  
I still have to plug them.  
Well, you have to change that one.  
Too many knots.  
Well sanded. Half polished.  
I need to tell you something.  
Okay?  
I've got a boyfriend.  
We're getting married.  
Why do I need to know?  
Because I might have given you  
false hopes or something.  
He's the one you've given false hopes.  
- You mustn't smoke if you're pregnant.  
- I removed it.  
- When?  
- Yesterday.  
How do you feel?  
Better than the last time.  
What's up with you?  
Ex-boyfriend thing.  
Oh. Hvard?  
He's cute.  
He sort of had the hots for me  
for a while last year.  
Or rather, I tried to sleep with him.  
He didn't want to.  
He thought I was too young.  
But he came around in the end.  
Okay.  
The handles are missing.  
And it needs to be oiled.  
Where's Hvard?  
- There was a bit of a drama.  
- How?  
I kissed him.  
He thought I was ready for more.  
Couldn't you have given him a bit more?  
- We need to finish the coffin.

- I've got a boyfriend.

- The German?

- He's Danish.

I like Germans.

Where's he from?

He's Danish, but he moved  
to his father in Germany.

- I see. Where in Germany?

- North of Berlin.

- So he's Prussian?

- Yeah.

Do you know what

the Prussian virtues are?

Temperance, diligence, linearity.

"Linearity"?

Go and charm Hvard

so we can finish the coffin.

- You like Hvard.

- Yes. He's agreeable and practical.

- What's she playing this time?

- Tornado.

No, it's okay.

You want me to feel guilty for letting  
you do me a favour I can't return?

- Thank you.

- Don't thank me. You earned it.

- Do we have any wine?

- Wine?

- Rhubarb.

- When's it from?

- I haven't touched a drop since.

- Why not?

She ordered me not to.

Grandma?

Why?

There was a wedding.

- And?

- I made a scandal.

Is that the neighbour?

Handsome guy.

Arne Srensen was a pussy hound.

So is Hvard, according  
to Elise at the store.

Can't you tell us what

happened at that wedding?

Arnt...

Arnt Haugen and Klara Bakken  
got married on a hot summer day.  
Before dinner, up in the forest, -  
- we had a tippie, me, the sheriff  
and some other fellows.

When we were all stoked up,  
we headed back. That was when I...  
Surprised them.

Arne Srensen, that bastard,  
had cornered -  
- your grandma up against a tree.

I gave him a whack on the jaw.  
Then I took your grandma with me  
to the community centre.

All through dinner  
he sat there jeering at me.  
I lost my temper in the middle  
of the groom's speech.

I leapt across three tables, -  
- tipping over the wedding cake  
in the process, -  
- and threw myself at him.

I was overpowered by  
the sheriff and the mayor.  
That wine went to my head, I...  
Good night.

Emma?

Emma?

Come, it's time to go home.

- Say goodbye.  
- Bye.

Goodbye.

I came to offer my condolences.  
- Have you harvested the potatoes?

- No.  
- Do you need a hand?  
- No.

Was it the heart?

Yes.  
- She left you because she was lonely.  
- You can go home now.  
- She needed someone to talk to.

- She could talk to me!  
I met your granddaughter.  
She's getting married.  
Oh?  
Is he a good man?  
He's German.  
I don't like Germans.  
- Germans are decent people.  
- No, they're just like Swedes.  
He's half Danish.  
Aren't you having any bread?  
- I don't eat carbs.  
- And?  
Carbohydrates aren't good for you.  
- Says who?  
- The experts.  
Do you remember -  
- when grandma was in town -  
- and you and I  
ate breakfast here alone?  
This...  
...was the last bread she baked.  
We used to build boats here.  
Now they're wrecking them.  
Your grandma had a summer job  
at the reception.  
She was always beautiful,  
smartly dressed.  
Arne Srensen worked in  
the crane over there.  
He always kept eyeing her.  
I used to eat my lunch here.  
One day your grandma came  
and sat down beside me.  
With her lunchbox.  
What did she say to you?  
She told me to stop pretending -  
- that I wasn't interested in her.  
Is that the stone you want?  
After your mother and father died...  
We hardly spoke to each other.  
And after a few years...  
She moved away from me.  
Where to?

She moved in with Arne Srensen.

What?

For how long?

For three years.

- She lived with the neighbour?

- Yes.

Were they having an affair?

Yes.

Were they already having an affair during that wedding?

Yes.

A year ago...

She returned.

She had heart problems.

She needed an operation.

Why didn't she tell me anything?

All she wanted was for you to be happy.

Then she just died.

You have to love

the one you're with, Anna.

- Nobody home?

- No.

Are you her fianc?

Do you know Anna?

I knew her.

- Expanding?

- Yeah.

This is really site-specific architecture.

- Site-specific architecture.

- Sure.

- Did you draw it?

- I built it.

What sort of materials did you use?

It's concrete, spruce, laminated wood and glass.

Laminated wood is cool.

I've got a friend who works for a travel magazine.

- The Germans will love this place.

- Germans drown here every year.

They just love boating.

Have you ever told anyone



what happened?  
You can't carry the load alone.  
It's too heavy.  
We'd just...  
We'd just...  
We'd just eaten.  
Then...  
Suddenly the wind picked up.  
So I took the helm.  
Dad was going to help mom,  
who was by the bow.  
Then...  
Suddenly the wind shifted...  
...to the other side of the sail.  
So that...  
The boom...  
The boom knocked both of them...  
...overboard.  
And...  
I don't know if mom just...  
disappeared.  
Dad...  
He was clinging to the side, and...  
I saw him there,  
tried to pull him up.  
But my arms...  
My arms weren't strong enough.  
I couldn't get him... Get him up.  
You were just a girl, Anna.  
The German guest!  
- I'm really Danish.  
- How's the German economy doing?  
Must be hard, having to pick up  
the tab for all the Catholics.  
You think you'll return to the D-mark?  
Grandpa, you don't have  
to speak German now.  
Can I give you a lift?  
Why didn't you wake me up?  
I haven't been here since the funeral.  
You said they died  
when you were three.  
Aren't you going to  
tell me about Hvard?

He's got nothing to do with this.  
Are you on the pill?  
When did you start again?  
I never stopped.  
I don't want children.  
I don't like Danes.  
But you liked grandma?  
Where's the German?  
He's left.  
That's the dress she was wearing  
the first time we met.  
I'm going to stay here for a while.  
Not forever.  
Maybe in summer.  
You could visit me in Berlin.  
We're not going to  
be sweethearts again.  
Done.  
- Thank you.  
- I'm not much of a potato farmer.  
No, I...  
I mean...  
Thank you for coming.  
How many potatoes do you want?  
Grandpa?  
How many potatoes do you want?