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Liv & Ingmar

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Zoom in. Even more.

Keep going.

Pan to the right a bit.

There. That's it.

Quiet, please!

Rolling!

Camera!

Action!

What is it?

Nothing. I just thought
of something from my childhood.

It was some sort
of punishment.

They threw me into a closet
and shut the door.

It was quiet and dark.

I was scared out of my mind,
and I pounded the door,

because they'd told me
a little person lived in that closet.

IS YOUR HAND IN MINE?

What are you doing today?

What are you doing?

I don't know.

But I asked you.

No, you're strangling me.

Poor Anna.

You were so happy before we met.

I had happy memories
of my husband and our love.

And now you don't?

I lived in truth.

- Really?

- You destroyed it with your damned lies.

- Stop it.

- I'll say what I want!

Stop shouting.

- You can't order me around!

- Stop shouting at me.

You can go to hell!

- I said shut up!

- Are you crazy?

If that's how you want it!

I could kill you!
I could kill you!
There you are.
What are you doing?
- I'm praying for Johan.
You're praying for yourself.
Go away.
Leave me alone.
Go away.
Goddamn lousy acting.
Goddamn acting.
I cannot and will not
live with you anymore.
I don't believe in trying again,
as neither you nor I
seriously want to change.
But I won't give in,
because that will only lead
to new complications,
which in turn will bring on
terrible mental disturbances,
physical and
psychological violence.
I don't understand.
I don't understand anything.
I don't understand you.
I'm just afraid.
You think I want to stay here
and risk being killed?
Think I enjoy watching you
running after that woman
and talking to your phantoms?
Having to watch my back
every moment?
But I stay.
Jan.
What will it be like
if we can never talk to each other?
The boat's here.
I have to leave now
to avoid traffic.
Good-bye, Marianne. Take care.
- Good-bye.
- I might be back in a week.

- If only you were!
We'd make a fresh start.
We'd throw out
our stale old routines.
We'd talk about the past.
Figure out
where we went wrong.
You'd hear
no accusations from me.
Johan...
this all seems so unreal.
I don't know what to do.
Johan,
you're shutting me out.
Any solution
would be better than this.
Couldn't you promise
to come back?
That would tide me over.
Then you wouldn't be
leaving me without hope.
Even if you have no intention
of returning, you could say you do.
I have to go now.

Marianne!

INGMAR BERGMAN TODAY:

LIFE WITHOUT LIV

ULLMANN SPEAKS OUT AFTER HER SEPARATION:

DON'T EXPECT ME

TO CRY IN PUBLIC

I can only speak for myself.

I love you in my own
imperfect, selfish way.

And sometimes

I think you love me
in your own fussy,
pestering way.

I think we just
love each other
in an earthly
and imperfect way.

But you're so demanding.

Yes, I am.

But here I am,

in the middle of the night,
in a dark house,
somewhere in the world.
Sitting with my arms
around you.
And your arms
are around me.
I'm not the most
compassionate of men.
- No, you're not.
- I don't have the imagination for it.
You are rather unimaginative.
I don't know
what my love looks like,
and I can't describe it.
Most of the time
I can't feel it.
You really think I love you too?
Yes, I do.
But if we harp on it,
our love will evaporate.
Damn you, Johan.
You damned old fool.
Can you tell me
why you suddenly turned up here?
I thought you called for me.
I've never called for anyone.
I had the feeling you did.
How strange.
I don't understand.
I understand
your not understanding.
How long
do you plan to stay?
I have a case on the 27th.
Of November?
October.
Good night again.
Good night.
Quiet, please!
Rolling!
Camera!
Action!