



Scripts.com

# Bad Family

By Aleksí Salmenperä

Concentrate!

Dani, hand first!

Dad. Dad.

- Dad!

- Yes?

Eikka says you've

sometimes sent

innocent people to prison

and ruined their lives.

If they ever get out

they'll find you and kill you.

He must've

watched TV a lot.

Dad's job is

to see that innocent

people do not go to prison.

There're many of us

making the decisions.

Are you 100 per cent sure?

- Yes.

You still drag your left foot.

By spring he won't take

another point off you.

True, 'cause I quit that clowning.

- What clowning?

Don't start.

Only by...

- Sacrificing something...

You can get so good

at something else that it matters.

If you never lose

victory won't taste as sweet.

- Yes.

If you give in to giving in

soon that's all you can do.

You're starting

to sound just like

your father when

he still talked.

Milo, go to bed.

It's your call.

- Yes.

I'll back you up whatever

you decide.

- Relax, I said yes.  
Can I have Dani's sword  
if he quits?  
We just bought you your own.  
- Yours has a finer hilt.  
Will Dani quit?  
- Say good night to mum.  
Good night.  
- A kiss.  
Good night.  
Think it would be ridiculous  
to take that course?  
- Yes.  
What course?  
- Salsa course.  
Sure it would.  
Will it be for doctors only?  
Some nurses might attend.  
What about that  
curly-headed  
one?  
Staffan.  
Will Staffan be there?  
You dance solo there.  
- Solo?  
Mum's dead.  
Ok.  
Who's dead?  
- No one.  
Your address in Denmark?  
- Right now none.  
No... address?  
- I live at a friend's place.  
And the deceased lived...  
- At a friend's place, too.  
Any close relatives who could  
share the funeral costs?  
No one?  
Her ex-man?  
Name of the ex-man?  
Mikael Lindgren.  
Fuck!  
- What? Don't brake right  
after you start to move.

Moving is the general idea.  
- I can't concentrate.  
Check the mirrors.  
Good. Second gear.  
Good. Use the wheel, please.  
I can't fucking concentrate!  
Because of your mum?  
I guess I understand it, in theory.  
- What do I tell her?  
To Tilda. Your daughter.  
Offer your condolences.  
- No, from you.  
A hotel?  
- Yes. If you don't mind.  
Might be the correct thing,  
in this situation.  
One night.  
- Yes.  
Sure, if...  
Might be quite nice, for a change.  
- Not if you don't want to.  
We'll go.  
I'm sure she'll fly back tomorrow.  
Things get back to normal.  
Don't drive her away.  
Let me know when I can come home.  
- Please don't.  
Life and death are one  
like a river and the sea are one.  
In fond remembrance,  
Mikael, Laura and Milo.  
Who's this?  
It's you.  
This one?  
That's you, too.  
Perhaps Maria took  
Tilda's baby photos with her.  
We had no photos.  
Of me when I was small.  
I see. Well we did take them.  
Guess they got lost  
when you moved.  
Your mum wasn't exactly  
an organized person.

Must've sold them.

This one?

- Well that's...

No, it's you, too.

Wait a moment...

It's you. That coat.

Did you have any plan?

A return flight... - No.

Good.

Stay as long as you want.

Until you leave.

- Great. Thanks.

Nice.

- Yeah.

Two of them, then.

And some tea

and a hot chocolate.

I see you offer shiatzu,

do you have time for tonight?

I don't want it.

- It's for me.

What?

Did mum look like you?

- Yeah.

That's your grandpa.

Hi!

He's deaf?

- No.

Can he see?

- Yes.

Is he living here?

- Yes, but he's got the nurse.

Ok.

Hi!

Erik, Jaars brother.

Your godparents Jaakko and Seija.

My sister Anna, you never met her.

And Laura, she's been there -

since morning

setting things up with Kari.

Nice, pleasant people who

of course are dying to meet you.

I want you to know

you've got a family -

if you feel you need one.  
Mind if I smoke?  
- Actually, yes.  
Cheese!  
Everyone chased your mother.  
Everyone.  
Regardless of sex.  
Never did understand that.  
- Just ridiculous.  
And she accepted no one.  
I never even tried.  
Well I was a bit older, married...  
That never bothered the others.  
- What? Not true!  
What on earth?  
Remember that the witness suffers  
from advanced Alzheimer's.  
And your mum  
picked this serious guy.  
We couldn't understand it.  
A perfect couple.  
Your dad was so much in love  
he'd done anything  
for your mother.  
But did not.  
What do you mean?  
- Well you got divorced.  
She dumped me. Or us.  
Didn't much matter what I did.  
Don't act so pious.  
Well...  
- Is that what happened?  
She's only heard  
her mother's version.  
We all know  
who's the guilty one there.  
Right! The main course arrives!  
Deer and vegetables,  
seasoned with herbs!  
The teacher next door  
shot this deer.  
Bon apptit!  
- Thank you.  
Smells wonderful.

That guitar player  
was involved.  
The group was pretty popular.  
What was its name...  
What?  
- Motherfuckers.  
Well. He was pretty talented...  
Despite the drug abuse.  
I mean your mother's...  
well... little...  
Affair.  
- I guess you can call it that.  
And that you could  
never forgive her.  
What about you Dani,  
still going to study law?  
Dani was two months when your mum  
disappeared for three weeks.  
Her maternity leave.  
And she wasrt alone!  
To fall in love with that  
addict of a musician -  
that I could forgive her.  
But I couldn't stand it that  
she didn't care about her children.  
She did send us one postcard  
stained with red wine.  
"Spring greetings  
from Sunny France. "  
She returned, I forgave her  
and thought maybe...  
Stayed for three nights, left again.  
Said she couldn't breathe.  
Shut the fuck up.  
She suffered from severe depression  
after Dani was born.  
There's a medical explanation -  
for any monstrosity!  
You don't have to accept everything!  
If mum was a junkie, how did you  
dare to send me off with her?  
Were you depressed, too?  
Perhaps he thought  
it'd save your mother.

If you stayed with her.  
A difficult decision.  
With her relationship to Dani so...  
- She was a sick, mad person.  
Thank you, it was very good.  
She hated Dani.  
No need to diagnose that.  
I've taken care and  
raised Dani from day one.  
Oh, dad.  
We're making a mess here.  
Laura!  
These things happen.  
- Right.  
We thank you now.  
Good night!  
- Good night!  
So surprising, life is.  
There you sit.  
As if nothing had happened.  
Fuck what a mess.  
I'm ashamed of those jerks.  
Never mind them.  
Come here.  
How long did it go on?  
- Quite a bit.  
But Dani did nothing?  
- I didn't watch it that way.  
But the hand was there.  
- Whose hand, and where?  
You sors hand  
on your daughter's thigh  
and the other way  
round and they  
seemed to like it fine.  
- I see.  
Like I said  
it's one of those things -  
not meant for us to understand.  
Some post-puberty sweating,  
nothing serious.  
But I wonder why they kept going  
seeing as they've  
never even taken



a bath together when small.  
- Right.  
Someone at his age might react.  
I'd watch them to see  
no harm gets done.  
Dani.  
It's hot in here.  
A bear. He's gone.  
No danger anymore,  
back to bed.  
Here, on the terrace?  
- No, by the lake.  
What happened?  
- Back to bed, everyone.  
Smelled the deer,  
of course. - Awful.  
Must've woken up, hungry.  
- He's not there any more!  
Bears can smell them  
at miles.  
- Really?  
Dani, hey!  
- What?  
See you don't catch cold,  
sleeping with so little on.  
Right, have to be careful.  
Was it a bear?  
- Don't know.  
Hardly.  
Should we put up guards?  
- Don't think so.  
He's not there any more.  
Better you don't come home yet.  
I'd really appreciate it  
if you didn't act difficult now.  
So you seen any bears here?  
- Not for fifty years at least.  
Hey! Did you see  
where he went? - There.  
That way?  
- Yeah.  
He's somewhere  
round the lake now.  
We should call

the police or some -  
what do you call them  
- security things.  
Would you call the police?  
Would you call the police so we...  
- You call them.  
I'm coming in the back.  
Dani'll drive.  
No licence.  
- Yes you have. Almost.  
This will be a home test drive.  
Dress rehearsals.  
- I won't.  
Yes, yes. Come out.  
- The hell I will.  
Out of there!  
The fuck you're doing?  
Drive, please.  
And stop saying "fuck" all the time!  
It doesn't become you.  
What's happening here?  
- Slight rebellion in the air...  
Buckle up.  
What're you doing?  
Open up!  
- The mirror.  
Did I fail the test?  
I'd like to strangle her.  
Your own daughter?  
Strangle her?  
Nothing bad must happen to Dani.  
This'll ruin him!  
You cannot make  
his choices for him.  
Should I encourage him  
in everything then?  
How can I make this stop?  
- This is how it goes.  
Only thing you can do is be there.  
You can't solve this.  
If they have an affair -  
including sexual intercourse...  
- It will be stopped!  
Listen.

Your job as a father is to listen  
and approve. Not blame.

What's happened?

- What's her plan?

Whose?

- Tilda's.

When does she leave?

Don't know. She got a job,  
wants to pay rent.

So she's not leaving?

- You said she can stay.

She's got no flat in Copenhagen.

Where're we going?

Need any underwear?

I don't use these any more.

- Yes.

Nothing too racy.

- Really great ones.

Will they do?

- Yes. Thanks.

Do they treat you all right?

- Yes.

You like it here?

- Yes.

You've had time to talk  
and get to know each other...

Little by little.

I've got nothing against you  
staying here, not in a hotel.

That's nice.

But don't worry about  
what is not your business.

Thanks for these.

I've been meaning to  
thank you.

- Uh-huh.

For letting Tilda stay. It's...

It's really important to me.

She's had to eat so much shit  
you'd never believe.

You don't want to hear  
the things she's done.

Been forced to do.

I've been thinking

of buying you a car.  
Some wreck,  
just like my father bought me.  
We could go looking for one  
some day, together.  
- Right.  
You shouldn't sleep in Tilda's room.  
And anyway... She's not  
a positive influence on you.  
Spend time with your own pals.  
Joni, Anton and the others.  
From now on  
you sleep in your own room.  
It's abnormal.  
Nothing wrong with it.  
- Please don't.  
You're not that simple.  
I don't want to talk about it.  
You don't get it.  
I get it all right.  
And it must end!  
Whatever it is!  
Shit, I don't even need to know.  
Listen to us!  
Is this a normal discussion?  
We don't fuck  
if that's bugging you.  
- I see.  
You have refrained from  
traditional intercourse. Great!  
Fuck you're nuts.  
- And don't lie to me.  
I've heard things.  
- They got drugs for that.  
Don't ruin your life.  
You've got everything going for you.  
This is none of your business.  
You don't have to interfere!  
Really?  
I won't let you do  
in that hormone buzz -  
things you'll regret  
the rest of your life!  
Dani!

It can't dammit be true love!  
A genetic perversion, disturbance...  
They can't help themselves.  
Sex affair. I'd end it right now.  
- They can't help themselves.  
And it's not certain...  
if there's anything.  
You haven't seen anything?  
- They sleep in the same bed.  
You need something concrete.  
Delicate things, these.  
Can't just use your suspicions  
to judge people for incest.  
Got any spy gadgets?  
Little microphones -  
you can put on lights  
and the phone and...  
Where's the order  
for number three?  
- Out, if you want  
to keep your job.  
I have never asked for money  
or sold his possessions.  
Those didn't matter.  
It was a love affair.  
Doesn't do anything for me.  
Do not enter!  
I thought he was with his wife!  
Hello.  
- I'll just put some clothes on.  
You can come in now.  
I'll move this here...  
I'll capture that pointed...  
Fucking moron!  
What's got into you?  
Think you can do  
just anything? Dani!  
Off with your shirt.  
Take your shirt off!  
For God's sake!  
Can't you see  
what she's doing to you?  
No need for you  
to teach him all your tricks.

Dani is my son.  
I sincerely want  
what's best for you.  
You got a girlfriend?  
Yes, but it doesn't work.  
Why's that?  
Our worlds are so far apart.  
What should hers be like?  
She's so fucking normal.  
Are you abnormal then?  
Are you?  
Good night.  
What was the place  
you wanted to go to?  
What's that?  
What's that light?  
On the shelf.  
The charges are dropped.  
The District Court  
decision stands.  
The Estate of  
Aaro Perl shall  
compensate the defendant's -  
legal expenses of  
Everything is fine.  
I will take six months  
leave of absence -  
and to save you from speculating  
about my reasons I will tell you.  
I will be a father for a while.  
My elder son is in school  
for his final year and...  
will graduate.  
The younger one has  
just finished his first year.  
So, nothing dramatic,  
I just have to check...  
Everything is fine!  
Just have to check whether  
something could be even better.  
You smoke a lot of that?  
Worried?  
- Yes.  
Good.

Give it to me! Give...

Well?

Where do you plan to go?

Somewhere.

- Will this chick go with you?

Perhaps.

She got a boyfriend?

- No.

What's the problem then?

Which one's for a latte?

- This one.

And cappuccino?

- Yes.

Hi.

- Coffee, please.

Two and ten.

There.

May I have a receipt?

- Push this.

My family is in 411.

It's a bit small,

got anything larger?

We got junior suites...

- No. What's your largest one?

The Presidential Suite.

- I'll take it. For a month.

Fine.

Yoo-hoo.

- Yoo-hoo.

Where's your mum?

- She went dancing.

And left you here.

- Yeah.

Pack up your books, we're moving.

- Can we go home now?

No.

Hi.

Hi, Milo.

- Hi.

Done your homework?

- No.

Did the babysitter come?

- No. She called.

What's nine times eight?

- Seventy-two.  
Mum, there's a  
flat-screen TV  
in every room!  
- Wonderful, darling!  
You need professional help.  
You keep us here in this hotel -  
you video your grown-up  
daughter in secret.  
Apparently you stalk her  
when she goes to pee.  
I can get you treatment  
but you must want it first.  
You have no idea  
what you're talking about.  
Why the hell  
do you leave Milo alone  
and go dancing?  
- I'm the weird one?  
Help me, then.  
Tell me what's going on  
in your mind.  
Dani and Tilda fuck.  
- Yeah, right.  
My mind says  
that's not good.  
My mind says it must stop  
my mind  
says I must stop it.  
Is that what you video?  
Them fucking?  
Forget the  
fucking camera!  
I haven't made any videos!  
Understand?  
Don't swear!  
- Forget the camera! Forget it!  
Forget it!  
- Fuck!  
Fuck! Forget it,  
understand?  
Mother!  
- Darling. Everything's ok.  
Everything will be ok.



And you'll get treatment.  
Let's pack up his things.  
Right away.  
Get you some excitement.  
Someone's finally coming.  
I'll move you a bit  
so I get the bed made.  
You have my number  
if anything...  
- Yes.  
Can he eat without help?  
- No.  
What about my marriage?  
- Not too good.  
Good health, though.  
You'll get two kids.  
What's this smell?  
What should they smell like?  
Dani!  
How's things?  
- All right, thanks.  
Laura told me  
you went to see her.  
She asked me to.  
Asked about you.  
And you told her.  
Night.  
Sleep in your own room.  
Do you hear me?  
Dani!  
Go and sleep  
in your own room.  
Get your clothes on  
and into your own bed.  
Your turn.  
- Dani I heard that.  
Open the door!  
I'll break the door if I must!  
You hear?  
Get your clothes on immediately!  
Dani!  
I mean it!  
Criminal code, 17...  
Paragraph 22!

Sexual intercourse  
between near relations.  
Sexual intercourse with  
one's children, their offspring  
one's parents  
or their parents,  
or between  
a brother and a sister -  
is punishable  
for incest by a fine -  
or imprisonment,  
two years' imprisonment!  
D'you fucking apes want me  
to report you to the police?  
Dani!

Mikael Lindgren

Accounts

Like to have some coffee  
with me someday? - No time.  
Don't you like coffee?  
- Don't like you.  
Is the sulky guy your boyfriend?  
The pale guy  
who comes here to tremble?  
Yeah.  
Pretty young, isn't he?  
Hand down.  
- What?  
Carefully, hold your hand down.  
So you didn't quit after all.  
Found an opponent  
of the same calibre.  
This came for you.  
Better go and get it.  
Sign here.  
Hi! What's up?  
- Nothing special.  
Where're you heading?  
- To the movies.  
In the morning?  
What're you going to see?  
Something.  
- Jump in, I'll drive you.  
Thanks, I'll walk.

- Don't be a fool...

I'll call you.

May I use your phone?

Are you in a hurry?

- No.

Good morning.

You've shat your pants.

Clean yourself up.

You'll find hot water in the sauna.

Where's Dani?

- I think he went somewhere to study.

Where?

- Some island.

Wanted peace and quiet.

That's what I understood.

He was feeling down some way.

Guess he forgot to tell you.

Where's Grandpa?

So you call him Grandpa. Funny.

I sent him away for a while.

No need for him to see everything.

I tried my best.

I want you to know that.

I'm sorry.

That it didn't work out.

Excuse me.

Hello.

He looks a bit agitated right now

but he'll adjust.

Of course not.

You try to cure that other lunatic,

I'll take care of this one.

Must stop now,

he's heading this way.

Give me my phone.

No phone, no boat.

- Fuck you!

This is all for your best.

You're flying home tomorrow.

Plane leaves at three,

be at the airport at one.

You've already packed your pack.

Keep the thirty thousand,

use it to pay for your therapy.

Like I said, I'm sorry.  
I can't do any better.  
Good night.  
Dad.  
Why didn't you ever  
answer my calls?  
I don't remember.  
Did you call often?  
- Pretty often.  
You've got a good reason to be  
really disappointed in me.  
Well, is the meat sweeter  
when blood runs deeper?  
Alright. Yes.  
Get me out of here right now.  
- Wort happen.  
We'll be here nice and quiet,  
talk and go fishing.  
They'll fetch us when your dad has  
settled things with your sister.  
Don't you jerks realize  
this is illegal?  
Depends on your point of view.  
The fuck do you get out of this?  
Fucking fatso.  
We've done quite a lot  
for your well being.  
So reconsider your attitude  
if you want to feel comfy.  
I have better things to do than  
keep horny siblings from fucking.  
Doesrt look like so.  
For God's sake. You admit it.  
Is this a mother thing,  
back to the womb? - Yes.  
Don't tell your sister,  
might be a letdown. - No.  
Although she's quite likely already  
found herself company her own age.  
Well, you hardly had any plans  
to raise a family.  
There's stuff for you to read  
for at least a week.  
I know you got a phone.

Give it to me.

Calm down.

- Give it to me!

I'll give it to you.

Put that knife away and

I'll find that phone for you.

Bring me a rag!

- What?

A rag!

G'day.

Hi.

- Hi!

There's finally light  
at the end of the tunnel.

- I see.

So you can come home soon.

Just a couple of things more.

We're in no hurry.

You just...

Take care of things.

- It's done.

You smell good.

- Yes.

Kari is in the  
post anaesthesia care  
unit with his fingers.

I must go.

Apparently he had some sort of  
a cramp while using a sharp knife -  
and cut off three of his fingers.

We sewed them back on.

We'll see.

Had to fish one out of his throat.

He'd done the right thing and  
put the fingers in his mouth -

but entering hospital,  
swallowed one of them.

They're a bit cold.

Dani!

You here?

Yoo-hoo.

Peace! Weapons on the floor.

I'll apologize already. I admit...

Kari's fingers are back on already,

so don't worry about that.  
I told them not to hurt you.  
I demanded... - Where's Tilda?  
I expressly said  
you were not to be hurt.  
This is for you, too.  
Hey! What the fuck?  
Fuck off.  
Think she's gone?  
- No.  
Hello.  
Is this the right road?  
- Yes.  
Laura doesn't want to  
come back home.  
No need to be sorry.  
Good for her.  
Now I can breathe.  
Want me to wait?  
- No.  
Should I now give you  
some fatherly advice?  
Never...  
Remember always...  
Hello!  
Anyone there?  
Seen anyone here?  
- There was a guy.  
Changing summer tires?  
Need help?  
I can manage.  
- Four hands're better than two.  
Right. This is how you do it.  
Bolts into place.  
My eldest son will soon get  
his driver's licence.  
Thought I'd buy him some wreck  
just like my father got me.  
For practise. To drive around.  
I hope he'll keep his wits about him  
and not crash into anything.  
But you've got to let go -  
trust that he's learned something.  
That he'll use his brain.

That's it, then.

- Right.

All the best.

It'll be summer soon.

Get to go to  
the cottage.