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Pelle the Conqueror

By Bille August

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PELLE THE CONQUEROR

- Dad.

- I'm sleeping. Let me sleep.

Tell me again, Dad.

This will be a very different country.

- One hardly--

- One hardly believes one's eyes.

No, because there are raisins in the roast pork,
and you'll get meat on your bread.

In some places you do.

The liquor costs no more than water,
but it's so strong that you'll get blind drunk.

But I can handle it,

because your dad is strong, Pelle.

- And children have the day off.

- Yes, Pelle, yes.

Tell me again, Dad.

The wages are so high in Denmark
that children don't...

Children don't have to work. They can play all day.

They won't fool me.

You shouldn't say yes to just anything.

Papers?

This is my boy. I'm a widower. We're from Tomelilla.

My name is Lasse Karlsson

and I offer you my services.

He looks like he's nice to children.

Lasse Karlsson from Tomelilla.

I offer you my services.

Go back to Sweden, you old bastard.

Hello, my name is Jorgen Persson.

Lasse Karlsson from Tomelilla. I offer you my...

No, you shouldn't say yes to just anything.

Hello. I'm Lasse Karlsson from Tomelilla. I offer...

Lasse Karlsson from Tomelilla.

I offer you my services.

You're too old, and the kid is too young.

You shouldn't say yes to just anything.

You really shouldn't.

You're too late.

I suppose you're looking for work, aren't you?

Where are your parents?

SHIP CHANDLER:

Lasse Karlsson from Tomelilla. I offer...

Show me your papers.

I'll give you footing for 100 kroner
a year. That includes the boy.

Lord Almighty...

You'll stay in there.

If you need anything, you can ask me or the trainee.

Don't go up there. Come back here! Stupid animals!

I'll get into trouble with the foreman.

Off you go. Come on.

Just hit them on their teats.

Or their hind legs. Then they'll obey.

Go on, hit them.

I'll get you. Get back, I said.

Come on.

If you'll help with the animals and with my Danish,
then we can share my food.

Keep stones in your pocket.

If one of the cows runs away,
you can throw one at her.

And when it hits her, shout her name.

Then she'll come back for sure.

What's your name?

Rud.

Rud.

Get your tongue out.

Put your head between your legs.

If the sun is just above the trees,
then they'll need water.

You can also tell by the larks.

That's my mother. She can't say my name either.

Here's your food.

Cowman. Why is that cow standing here?

Why is Gabriella over here?

Why is Gabriella over here?

The girls can't find the cows
if you shift them around.

It says, Aspasia.

Then perhaps the trainee could show me her place.

Kongstrup is back.

There, there.

Erik. Why haven't you unhitched Kongstrup's horses?

Because I need to eat first.

Is that right?
They can't wait there just because you're eating.
Get out... you lazy dog.
What a bastard.
You're not allowed to steal the milk.
Don't you know that?
I ought to give you a whipping.
But I'll let you off this time.
Listen here, Pelle...
I've thought about it. You
and your dad would like to be rich, right?
I know where there's money. Real gold money.
But you have to keep it a secret.
Come on in, Pelle. But you have to be very quiet.
The raven can be dangerous if it hears us.
Come on.
Sir!
Run!
Run!
Run, you dirty Swede. Get up and run.
Run!
You dirty swine! You want a taste of it?
Do you want a taste of it yourself?
That's enough.
Cut it out, or I'll report both of you
to the authorities.
Get out of here. Don't show yourself
here for a while, you bastard.
He will be pun/shed. Trust me on that'.
I'll give you my word of honor.
With my own hands I'll...
- Kill him.
- That damn bastard.
- Will you kill him?
- Trust me on that, Pelle.
- How?
- Well, how...
What will you use?
The hammer, I think.
Kill him like a dead dog.
No question about it.
But who will read the names of the cows then?
You're right about that. Well...
I guess we'll just have to whip him.

Then he can keep on reading for us.
But he'll definitely get a good whipping!
Yarn for the boy's gray socks.
And what about this patch?
Oh, yes. The Sunday jacket, Bengta said.
I... Yes, I needed to let down the sleeves on that.
Your mother was worried
that I couldn't take care of you, Pelle.
But you can count on me, Bengta.
Don't wear them too long,
she said, or you'll wear them out.
Lasse!
It's the trainee.
- Where the hell are you?
- Will you kill him now, Dad?
I'm coming.
Yes, I'd like to object against...
- As a father, I want to--
- Why don't you answer?
I apologize. I want to object against the way Pelle--
Are you deaf? Be careful
or I'll report you to the foreman.
Well, don't turn Aspasia to grass tomorrow.
- Is she going to calve?
- Would she foal, do you think?
If you can't read where Aspasia
should stay, you have to be polite.
Aspasia is the third from the door.
You promised, Dad.
Speak Swedish to your father.
You do know Swedish, don't you?
Are you so haughty that you don't want
to speak in your mother tongue?
Lasse is old and poor. What's left?
No respect. They can treat you how they please.
What good is making a fist,
when you have no strength left?
That's what being old is like.
You are young. You can conquer the world.
I almost forgot. Have you seen this, Pelle?
Look what I've got.
Look at this, Pelle.
I brought this with me from Sweden.
From Tomelilla.

Here we go.
If we're lucky, we'll have wood strawberries.
Imagine that. Real Swedish wood strawberries.
Get some water for your father, Niels.
Are you coming with that water?
Watch out, God damn it!
What the hell are you doing, boy?
Where have you been? Lasse has been asking for you.
The mistress sent me into town.
Let's see what you're hiding, Pelle.
The mistress said I couldn't show it to anyone.
You're a good boy, Pelle. Come here.
Give me the bag, then I'll give it to the mistress.
No one will see it.
Cognac.
Give it to me.
Or else I will not move.
He must know that you take things from me.
Don't do that!
Give me that bottle, Kongstrup.
You're so mean, you devil!
Pelle, go down and tell him how he's ruining my life.
That's enough!
You just keep that.
God, who loves all children,
look out for me, the little man.
Wherever I may go in this world
my fate lies in God's hands.
- Fortune comes, fortune goes--
- Lasse Pa.
Tomorrow you can say the day after tomorrow.
And the day after tomorrow you can say tomorrow.
My birthday.
Yes...
Listen...
Pelle, was it really cognac that he poured out?
Real cognac?
Straight into the flower vase?
Wherever I may go in this world
my fate lies in God's hands.
Fortune comes, fortune goes...
You'd better get dressed.
The trousers, Pelle. First your trousers.
What's that in your pocket? It looks so bulky.

You haven't been stealing eggs, have you?
Let's see what that is.
But it's just paper.
What's that rubbish you've got in your pockets?
Congratulations and God bless you, my son.
Thank you.
It's just a poor man's gift, Pelle.
Have you seen this?
I'll be damned! That's nice.
It's a birthday gift.
Yes, I thought you looked like a birthday boy.
Happy birthday. Congratulations.
They say that...
Is it true you want to run away to America?
Run away? Run away, Pelle?
Do I look like a complete idiot?
Did you think I would risk losing my wages
and live outside the law? No.
I want to be free. A free man.
That's what I'm waiting for.
A free man.
Pelle.
Come here. I'll show you something.
Look at this.
This... is the ship for America.
In two years I'll have earned enough
on this damned Stengrden.
Then I'll have money for the fare.
As soon as the foreman pays me,
I'll go off and conquer the world.
Right across this sea.
First to America.
And then to China, Spain, Negroland.
The whole goddamned world, Pelle.
It's just out there waiting for us.
It's almost too easy. Don't you see?
I'll go with you.
Yes.
Today is your birthday so I'll let you come along.
Remember. In two years,
when the snow is starting to melt,
then we'll set off and conquer the world.
The damned, repulsive, great and wonderful world.
Now.

Here you go.

We've always had wood strawberries on your birthday.

Imagine that. Real, Swedish wood strawberries.

How far is it to America, Dad?

America?

It's far. There's an awfully big sea in between.

Erik says that the sea is stronger
than anything else.

Even though it's soft, it can support everything.

Stone and iron and such.

I wonder if those countries, America, China...

do they stand on the bottom of the sea

or do they float on the water?

Then they might be difficult to find.

No, I'd imagine that they stand on the bottom.

Kongstrup!

Come out here, Kongstrup. I want to talk to you.

- Your boy is hungry, Kongstrup.

- Here comes the Sow and the Cabbage.

Kongstrup, your bastard needs money for food.

Stay here, cabbage boy.

We have to talk to your father.

Your bastard is hungry.

That lecher has kids everywhere.

But he never had any with his wife.

- Your boy is hungry.

- They say she's a witch.

Allowance for the bastard, or have you forgotten it?

I told you not to come here.

He has the right to see his father.

- Get out, you slut.

- Allowance for the bastard.

Kongstrup!

- You'll never get rid of my son.

- Go away!

You'll never get rid of us!

Kongstrup!

Mind the slate, Pelle, so it doesn't break.

Avoid the big boys as long as you can't beat them.

But if they will not leave you alone,
then you throw the first punch.

Then they'll lose heart.

Especially if you hit them hard.

Listen to what the teacher says.

And don't make any trouble.
And remember the handkerchief.
Don't use your fingers.
But go easy on the handkerchief
when no one is watching.
It'll last longer that way.
Be careful with your shirt.
And if the teacher's wife invites you
for coffee, you just take one cookie.
- But she won't.
- No?
He has never been married.
Well, then... Hurry.

SCHOOL:

P-A says pa. P-E says pe.
P-A says pa.
P-E says pe.
P-I says pi. P-O says po.
P-U says pu. P-Y says py.
P-U says pooh!
Wretched little bastards. Be quiet!
Silence! Wretched brats.
Should we meet the new pupil?
Can you stand up?
- What is your name then?
- Pelle Karlsson.
And what can you do?
I can hit a cow with a stone from 100 paces.
Try it with that boor.
I can make the cows stand still
by buzzing like a botfly.
- I can make Bismarck--
- Can you read?
No, otherwise I wouldn't be here.
You had better not be so impertinent.
B-A says ba. B-E says be.
B-I says bi.
What's this one? The top one.
I haven't seen that before.
Have you already forgotten that?
I got it after seeing it just once.
It's an
Of course it is. I don't know

what's wrong with my head today.
It's an "F." I wonder what that's for.
It's the first letter in afternoon. F-ternoon.
Of course. The teacher must have told you that.
No. I figured that out on my own.
Did you now? You've become so clever, Pelle.
What will become of a person with so much learning?
Imagine if they serve roast pork.
Roast pork with raisins.
Or apples. Some people make it
with apples instead of raisins.
Well, let's wait and see.
Get out! I don't want any trouble with you.
Christ! Herring on Christmas Eve. That's a first.
If the food doesn't agree with you,
go somewhere else!
Herring every damn day.
How about roast pork for Christmas Eve?
You always have to complain!
Go home to Sweden, if you're so unhappy.
Are you so damned stingy? Don't we earn our bread?
That's rich coming from you, you lazy cad.
Go over to your room.
Shame!
Shame on Stengrden! Shame!
Any more complaints?
- Scram, you oaf.
- Stay with your own kind, coward.
Don't get too close, Pelle. The water is wet.
You might get wet, you coward.
Get out of here, Pelle!
You might get dizzy and fall in the water.
Go home, Pelle.
- Get back to your own kind.
- Scram, Pelle, you coward.
- Coward!
- I'm no more of a coward than you.
You don't even dare jump in the water!
Daft fool. Jumping in the water
like a lovestruck woman!
You damn scoundrel.
You deserve a good whipping, Pelle.
If you had drowned,
I would have beaten you to a pulp.

What kind of damned kid did I father?
Wouldn't it be a good idea to do a bloodletting?
Here you go. It's good for colds.
Don't be afraid, Pelle. I'm not a witch.
I'm just very unhappy sometimes.
Oh, Lord...
You don't even have a mother, you poor thing.
Ma Bengta died three years ago.
Now she's in the left-hand corner of the churchyard.
Do you miss her a lot?
Lasse mends my clothes.
I'm sure she was a good mother.
In the end she was so ill and cross.
Then it's better to pass away.
But Lasse will get married again
if he can find someone who'll have him.
And then you'll leave this place.
This place isn't good for you, I guess.
Stengrden is not good for anyone.
Everything turns into misery here.
It's probably an old curse.
Is that what they say?
Oh, Well.
What do they say about me then?
That you are allied with the devil
and become a werewolf at night.
All this just because you love just one person.
Why does he do this to me?
He's gone to the town again, that fornicator.
I married him and made a gentleman farmer out of him.
I gave him my love. I've given him all I have.
- If only he had given me a child.
- I have to go back to Lasse Pa.
Now you're afraid of me again.
You're a good boy, Pelle.
If I had had a son he should have been just like you.
Come.
Lasse Pa. The mistress is coming
with the young family.
God damn it.
Pelle, go over to them.
Hello, Pelle. Where is your father?
This is our cowman, Lasse Karlsson,
and his son, Pelle.

How do you do?

And this is Miss Sine, my niece from Copenhagen.

Miss Sine will be staying here

at the farm from now on.

I've forgotten how much two times two is.

Even though I'm more historically

inclined, I'll try and help you.

Two multiplied by two equals five.

Which is lighter,

a pound of feathers or a pound of lead?

- Not you, Pelle...

- Take cover.

Perhaps Pelle would like to repeat the question?

If a pound of flour costs 12 are,

what's the price of a keg of powder?

Where the hell is the herring? I only eat herring.

Herring, herring, herring.

Do you know the difference between you and a steer?

I don't either.

Erik, did you hear what I just asked him?

Lasse, can't you take my place

at the chaff cutter tonight?

- But it's Saturday.

- Yes.

I can't have any trouble with Anna.

- Thanks for the meal.

- Oh, no, you don't.

He takes after his father.

That must have been ages ago.

I've thought about you lately.

You have been helping Pelle, and you do like the boy.

How about you and me? We could be good together.

You're too old. if I'm going

to have a man, he needs to be dangerous.

You're not dangerous anymore.

Oh, it's like that, is it?

You go for the younger ones.

Be careful, or you'll only get leftovers.

Lasse, can't you get us some more liquor?

Lasse, come on now, damn it. It's Saturday.

You can get your own liquor.

Just because I'm old. People used to respect me.

Where is Lasse? Get Lasse Karlsson.

The girls were after me, even though I was married.

They respected me back then.

Lasse Pa!

I had hoped that I would be able
to save up some money,
so I could buy a small house and maybe find a woman
who could take care of us.

So we could get coffee in bed
on Sunday mornings, Pelle, but...

We could run away. Run away together, Dad.

Run away? What about the authorities?

I don't want to live outside the law.

Far away. To America.

We could go to America and get a house and a wife.

We could save up our money, Dad.

Yes, we have to get away from here.

What are you doing here?

- Stealing eggs. I was so hungry.

- Don't tell them you've seen me.

I know who the father is.

Promise me that you won't tell anyone.

His father would...

If he knew, he would...

I am not good enough for him.

I don't know what to do.

Promise me that you'll never tell anyone.

Never.

Pelle.

Come here.

- What were you doing in the hen coop?

- Stealing eggs.

Come here. Bend over.

- Can I have that coin?

- You must be insane.

I'll need it when I get to America.

I'll give you ten kroner when I grow up.

You'll never grow up. You're a freak.

I'll be on show at marketplaces. And fairgrounds.

- Fairgrounds?

- As a monster. I'll be filthy rich.

But, Pelle...

if I can have it,

you can hit me 100 times with nettles.

- Naked?

- One hundred times.

- You can't take it.

- As hard as you like.

One hundred lashes. Are you ready?

I don't want to do this anymore.

Then you won't get the money.

You hit me so hard.

- Do you or don't you?

- I want the money first.

Can't you tell us anything
about Adam and Eve and the serpent?

Well?

We're waiting.

Have you never heard of Adam and Eve and the serpent?

Haven't you been paying attention?

What did the serpent promise Adam and Eve
if they ate from the apple?

Don't think I'll feel sorry for you.

The serpent promised them that they, like God,
would be able to tell good from evil.

How can you continue here, if you don't
get the most elementary things?

Are his parents present?

Your parents are not even here. Very well, sit down.

- Next.

- Pelle.

Can you tell us what God told the serpent?

And God said unto the serpent, Upon thy...

Upon thy belly shalt thou go...

Upon thy belly shalt thou go...

- And does it still do that?

- Yes, because it has no limbs.

Can you tell me what a limb is?

A limb is...

a hand, for example.

That is correct.

And what sets all limbs apart
from all other parts of the body?

A limb is a...

a body part that can move on its own, yes.

Can you give me an example?

- The ears.

- Really?

- Can you move your ears?

- Yes.

I would like to see that.
Your ears saved your skin.
I told you that you should use your ears.
Rud!
Rud, you idiot! Come back here!
Or you'll never go to heaven.
If you run away, you'll never join
your grandmother in heaven.
You can have my knife, if you come back.
You can't do this to me.
What are you doing?
Don't remove the stones.
That's where the child is buried.
Yes. Anna killed your child here,
and then she was sent to prison.
I did it.
I killed it.
Lasse Pa would never kill me.
Why can't you just leave me alone?
This is my meadow, and you mustn't remove
the stones from the child.
Don't say that. Don't lie to God.
It's buried in consecrated ground.
It's buried here. I have seen
its soul burn over the stones at night.
It's because it can't go to God in heaven.
Niels!
Who is that who has gone out to meet his maker?
It's Niels. He went out with the line.
You have young eyes. Can you see Niels?
Cheerful is the earth
Cheerful is the heaven of God
Beautiful is the pilgrimage of the angels
He was a good boy.
He was my sustenance, my light, my heat.
He never spoke an unkind word,
even though I forbade him his love.
And now I am without my son.
Now I have no family.
And now I wish that he finds peace.
He had no peace of late.
And now he has saved five lives,
so maybe our Lord will receive him.
Come on. Come on, Erik!

Two more inches and you've won a bottle of liquor.
One more, and the bottle is yours.
When will you drink it?
The foreman wants you to work tonight.
He can go to work, that damn foreman.
No one can keep me here
when I'm off to have some fun.
Can I come with you?
No, not now, Pelle.
Not now.
In one year. Remember.
In one year when the snow melts.
Then we'll go out into the real world.
First to America and then to Negroland and China.
The whole goddamned world, Pelle.
Where are you going? You hear?
You damn bastard. Erik!
What's this? Are you ill?
I must have caught a cold. I'm shaking all over.
It's not the mumps, is it? Let's see, Erik.
You're in your finest clothes and your boots.
Are these your grave clothes?
Were you off to order a burial place?
It's about time we buried you. You already smell bad.
I'm not dead yet...
and I don't smell any worse than others.
You're always causing trouble.
- You always complain. You never stop.
- Why don't you hit me?
Go on, hit me.
There are no authorities in this country, are there?
You'd better do your job,
or I'll show you authority.
The foreman orders you to keep the noise down.
What was that, you little coward?
- The foreman orders you--
- Speak up. I can't hear you.
The foreman orders you to keep the noise down.
Will you listen to him? Listen to this little rascal.
He's still a green kid.
Go home and tell him that he can do his own errands.
Cheers!
Cheers, you old bastard!
Jesus Christ...

I'm not dead yet.

- Where are you going, Erik?

- For a rest.

- You're what?

- Resting.

No, you're not. You have to do your job.

- I'm allowed to rest.

- Really? Says who?

- Just like the others.

- That's for me to decide.

Just go back to work, Erik.

- I always have to work.

- Well, isn't that a pity.

You're so good at it, little Erik.

And you shout such loving words
to me when I turn my back.

Why the hell do you think you're getting paid?

Are you stupid? Don't you understand
that you have to work for your wages?

For the last time,

get back to work, you rotten bastard!

Very well. Then I'll have to report you
to the authorities,

and then we'll keep all of your wages.

All of them, Erik.

Very well.

Lasse Pa! Here they come!

Jesus Christ. Now they are doing it.

Take him down into the cellar.

You hear me? Take him down into the cellar!

The rest of you go back to work.

- Come in and get warm.

- I just need shelter from the wind.

And then Ma Bengta died.

Now she's lying in the churchyard in Tomelilla.

And your father is a widower.

I think that's what it's called.

The sea is rough.

My husband has been away for a year now.

I've been a widow the whole time.

He has probably drowned.

No, he hasn't. I haven't seen an omen yet.

How long has her husband been sailing?

A year, I think.

She has been alone for a year.
That's a long time.
Did you tell her that Ma Bengta is dead?
Yes, you told me.
This is all that is left from Ma Bengta.
We have to stake all on this.
Can't you visit Mrs. Olsen tomorrow after school
and give her this...
as she was so nice to you during the storm?
You know what, Pelle?
I saw an omen in my dream last night.
A large black dog with burning eyes
was standing by my bed.
Its fur was dripping wet.
It was the ship dog with a message for me.
I looked through the window.
A ship was lost with all hands.
The sea was in turmoil.
And I saw my husband go to heaven.
He was all transparent.
He was drenched in salt water.
- Who is it?
- Pelle's father. Lasse Karlsson.
So you're Pelle's father?
Your son is very young.
Come on in. Take a seat.
Yes, you could say he was a latecomer.
I still have the knack, for this and that.
Please go ahead.
I should probably leave now.
Eat.
That is the way to know a man.
- You've come a long way.
- You're so nice to the boy.
That's codswallop. Here you go. Eat.
You've been a good wife for your husband.
Yes, I reckon that's true.
He got everything he was entitled to
when he was ashore.
But he was ungrateful. That makes you lose heart.
Ma Bengta would hardly have said that about me.
There's enough to do around here
if a man is willing to help out.
I only have the one cow...

but we could have two, I guess.
I'm just a pauper next to you, but...
We both have neat clothes
and I have two strong hands.
- You're not afraid to lend a hand.
- No, I'm not.
And I'm not afraid of...
a cup of coffee in bed on Sunday mornings either.
I should have a kiss then, shouldn't I?
Yes, I suppose so.
Well...
let's hope for joy and happiness for all three of us.
I do know that you like the boy.
You'd better settle in for the night.
Yes, but I have to be back
before the animals wake up.
And Pelle is on his own.
Pelle... are you lying here?
Come here, Pelle.
Are you lying out here?
It's all settled now. We'll have a home.
And a beautiful mother as well.
Mrs. Olsen. Are you happy?
And we may get coffee in bed on Sunday mornings yet.
Come.
Give us this day our daily bread...
Is that Scripture?
Does it say anything about the man
who was exposed by his sons?
- Noah?
- Yes, old Noah.
- What did he drink?
- Wine.
Wine, was it? He must have been a fine gentleman.
And then there was the one who was so sneaky.
- What was his name?
- Laban.
Yes, how could I forget?
Of course that was his name.
How was it? Could they have two wives back then?
No, no. Don't let me interrupt you.
The major prophets.
They were... Isaiah,
and there was Daniel...

I remember the great prophets, Pelle,
if you'd like to ask me.

- Go on then.

- You have to pay attention.

Don't you think I know the prophets?

- Go on then.

- Let me get my head together.

If you-- They were Isaiah, Dan...

Where did they go?

They were Isaiah, Daniel...

No, I can't make it today, Pelle.

- Isaiah, Daniel...

- Remember that I am old.

Isaiah, Daniel, Jesus...

No, not Jesus, of course.

Damn names. You can't even say them.

Come on, Dad.

Isaiah, Daniel,
Ezekiel...

Jeremiah.

Will the two of you never grow up?

Don't be afraid. He wouldn't hurt a fly.

Don't forget the bottles, Svend.

Put them in the carriage.

Aren't you coming, Erik?

We're having a picnic, Erik.

Come on, Erik.

Come on.

Come on, Erik.

Is he not coming?

- He can't stay here on his own.

- He doesn't want to come.

Why don't you fetch the poor devil?

He only listens to you.

Do you want to go on a picnic, Erik?

Come on, Erik. Come on.

How about a picnic?

Isaiah, Daniel, Ezekiel, Jeremiah.

I should have been alive back then.

Imagine having two wives.

One could brew the coffee
and the other could sew and mend.

Cheap mugs and jugs!

Smile and the world smiles with you.

What's going on here?

I'm leaving, Aunt.

But, dear Sine...

The country life doesn't quite agree with me.

I want to be able to be on my own,

so I have decided...

- You could have told me.

- I should have told you earlier.

But, dear child, I don't understand.

I really miss the city and...

But I thought...

We were certain that you enjoyed staying here.

Dear Sine...

I'm sorry, Aunt.

I don't really think I would have...

But it's so sudden. if you had told me,

I could at least understand it.

- I'm sorry, Aunt.

- You could have...

Dear Sine, why can't you look me

in the eye while we are talking?

- What about the journey?

- It's that it will be...

It's all so sudden.

Kongstrup has promised to drive me to the ferry.

Thank God. I was all worried.

If only I could understand.

We will miss you terribly.

I thought you would take over from us

when we became old.

But, Sine darling, don't cry.

Dear child.

You're always welcome here. Anytime you would like.

Kongstrup!

Kongstrup, come out so I can talk to you.

You have to pay me money, Kongstrup.

Miss Sine...

Come here. Let me greet you.

Is she too grand to greet me?

We're just as pure, you and I.

Or will she have her child across the sea,

while I gave birth in the field?

It was the same fornicator, was it not?

Sine...

Tell the fornicator.

I'm afraid of the mistress's evil eyes.

- Come with me.

- Let go!

Kongstrup, help your old sweetheart.

Let me go! Let go!

- Let go!

- Get out. Out!

What are you looking at?

- Why are you late?

- I'm sorry.

I don't understand.

Only death can end sorrow so quickly.

She must have tremendous control of herself.

Get up and get the doctor. Hurry!

- What's happening, Lasse Pa?

- Good Lord. I don't know.

What's going on? What's the matter?

The mistress cut him.

What has happened?

The mistress cut him. He's bleeding. Get some help.

See what it says about Pelle.

Could Mr. Friis tell me what this means?

Pelle is Mrs. Olsen's cuckoo in the nest.

isn't she married to a sailor?

- It's boatswain Olsen's wife.

- But your father doesn't care, right?

He just wants to sleep with somebody

at night, right, Pelle?

Swedes don't care if women are married or not.

- Watch out for the lecher's son.

- Pelle's dad likes married women.

- The hymn...

- Pelle's dad is a lecher.

The hymn...

The cuckoo in the nest.

Beat him up.

Here's one from boatswain Olsen.

Just you wait, Pelle. We'll get you.

Pelle...

I've been thinking that we ought to...

How about us moving in with Mrs. Olsen?

I've talked to her about it.

You're not supposed to live

with someone who is still married, but...
Sometimes the yearning
for my own place overpowers me.
We would be a kind of boarder at her place.
She could sew you new clothes as you grow bigger.
If I move in with Mrs. Olsen
you will come along, won't you?
It's easy for you. Your whole life is ahead of you.
I'm getting old
and I need someone to take care of me.
You can just move down there. I'll run away.
Are you that priggish and proud?
You carve the posts,
so I have to cover them with cow dung
so the foreman doesn't notice.
I'll carve a picture of you
and Mrs. Olsen in the big gate.
You scoundrel.
Watch it, or I'll get the foreman to come after you.
Pelle!
Can't you stop by Mrs. Olsen's after school?
She promised to patch this for us.
Tell her that I'm coming tonight.
Why don't you marry her like other people do?
We will be married, Pelle.
But it takes time with the authorities
and boatswain Olsen's death certificate and such.
But soon we'll have coffee in bed.
Well, here's the cuckoo in Mrs. Olsen's nest.
Do you want to take me on, Pelle?
- Drive him out to the sea.
- Get out there and jump.
- The cuckoo in Mrs. Olsen's nest!
- Do you want to take me on?
- Drive him out to sea.
- Get out there, Pelle.
- Let's see what you can do.
- Come on, little Pelle.
- Come on, dance!
- What are you going to do now?
- Run off to Sweden, you bastard.
- Get out there. Move!
Get out there, you coward!
But that's boatswain Olsen.

Are you back already?
Now Mrs. Olsen's husband has returned.
Broken... shattered...
First one feather goes... and then another.
In the end you're just a plucked chicken in the dung.
I thought I'd have a happy old age.
I've worked so hard.
I'm poor and wretched.
Good Lord. Good Lord, help me now.
Why the hell should I be mourning?
Would you like to meet my new sweetheart?
Kiss her, Pelle.
Oh, so you're haughty... and grand.
It's no use walking around blubbering like a baby.
Cut it out, Dad.
Look, she's wriggling.
Steady, you devil.
And you're crying, boy.
Did somebody hurt you?
Your father is Lasse Karlsson from Tomelilla.
Don't be afraid, because Lasse is here.
I'll show that devil...
Yes, yes...
Your father can stand on his own two legs.
Now he'll have to answer
for all these years, that devil.
- Let's go up and talk...
- No, Dad, don't start on that!
With the mistress and her fornicator.
Erik.
Spring is coming. Lasse Pa says so.
Then you'll be a free man. Then we'll leave, Erik.
Then we're finished with this godforsaken place.
We'll conquer the world, Erik.
Pelle...
what do people say about us?
I don't know.
Haven't you heard anything?
Do you think I'll go to school
and be the laughingstock?
God forgive me for wasting his gifts,
but it's so tempting when you have a broken heart.
Listen,
if I promise that you'll never again

see your father like yesterday,
can't you try to go to school tomorrow?
We have to manage.
You have to, or we'll get into trouble
with the authorities.
Agreed?
...does not save from year to year.
But when peasants die from hunger,
the little bird will find a seed.
Oh, thank God.
Mr. Friis.
Mr. Friis.
He's asleep.
Mr. Friis, it's 2:00.
Mr. Friis, it's 2:00. We're going home.
So, Pelle. Where is your father?
Is he gadding about?
I'm sure my father will marry him...
as Mrs. Olsen's concubine.
Help!
How dare you hit my son, you damned rascal?
You'll hear from the authorities!
Oh, dear.
That was probably the worst thing
you could do. Beating the priest's son!
I'm sure he deserved it,
but you still shouldn't have done it.
They'll send you away.
He said he could get you married
as Mrs. Olsen's concubine.
Did he? Did he now?
Had he been here, I would've ripped out
his guts, the little swine!
- Did he get what he deserved?
- No, not really.
He squealed like a pig and his father came running.
Damn. Well, it's not good.
You won't beg his pardon, will you?
No, you shouldn't do that.
Yet... No.
Now we have to twist and turn,
as the eel said on the frying pan.
I hope you won't be angry, sir.
We have nowhere else to turn,

and we're asking for help.
Did you blow your nose?
How do you do? I hope you won't be angry, sir.
- They're not in.
- We can't stand here all day.
Go on then, if you think you can do it better.
Yes... How do you do?
How do you do?
The thing is...
I hope you won't be angry, sir, but...
That you won't be angry...
We apologize. This doesn't have to do with the farm.
And...
When the son has to suffer
for the sins of the father, then...
Why are you standing? Take a seat.
Why didn't you tell them to sit down?
Do you need money?
No, the thing is...
The thing is...
I hope madam won't be angry, but...
the boy... has to be expelled.
Are you to be expelled? What did you do?
I hit and kicked the priest's son.
Why did you do that?
He said vicious things about Lasse.
What did he say?
He said...
He calls me Mrs. Olsen's concubine.
That's from Scripture, I'd imagine.
I was... Mrs. Olsen's sweetheart.
We all thought she was a widow, and then...
Her husband returned the other day and...
Please.
- And then Pelle got angry?
- Yes, unfortunately.
A poor fledgling is only there to be pecked at.
I prefer the bird that defends the nest,
however poor it may be.
I'll do what I can. Don't you worry about it anymore.
Thank you.
Incidentally, Kongstrup and I have talked about...
Our current trainee finishes this spring.
We thought Pelle might like

to become our agricultural trainee.
Thank you. Say thank you.
Did you notice how I implied
that you'd like to be a trainee?
She thought she came up with it herself.
These belonged to the former trainee.
If we use a bit of paper...
Try them on, Pelle.
I'll get some grease. Then they'll be as good as new.
There we go.
Stand up straight. No, stand up straight, Pelle.
Shoulders up and chin forward.
Lift your chin. And you must have a steely gaze.
You must make people respect you.
It's all about your posture and gaze.
You'll never toil again. You'll give the orders.
You have to work tonight!
The stable needs mucking out.
Pelle, you might even be dining
with the master on Sundays.
You'll have a napkin ring with your name on it.
It will say Pelle Karlsson.
One day you may even become foreman at Stengrden.
I could see it in the mistress's eyes.
Erik!
Wait, Erik! Wait for me!
Erik!
I don't want to.
We have to leave.
Now, Dad.
- Oh, it's Karna.
- I'm glad I made it.
I was afraid they would see me.
I've got this quilt for you.
It will keep you warm at night,
wherever you'll be in this world.
Good-bye, Gabriella.
Good-bye, Blakka. Will you behave yourself now?
Well, Aspasia. Can you say good-bye to Pelle?
Now he's going out into the great big world.
Dad?
What's the matter?
Can't we stay here?
You have to run away on your own, Pelle.

I'm too old. I can't do it. I'm too old to travel.

I'm done up.

I've become too old.

Do you understand?

We'll make a bag for you, Pelle.

You can have two of my shirts.

You've got the clean one on.

Remember not to wear them

more than a fortnight at a time

or you'll get a bad reputation.

Change socks before you get holes in them.

Change clothes and you'll avoid

half the work and all the shame.

You can have my boots too.

They are a bit worn perhaps, but...

Yes, here is the Bible.

Ma Bengta wanted you to have it when our ways parted.

The next time we meet

you might have a real home, Pelle.

Give my love to Kama.

Good-bye and thank you.