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Reconstruction

By Christoffer Boe

That's how it always ends.
A bit of magic, a bit of smoke.
Something floating.
But it doesn't work
without the necessary push.
A bit of laughter, a man...
a beautiful woman
and love.
Let's start over.
AT the beginning, it was man alone.
No, he's not alone.
Yet.
That's the first step.
The man.
Laughter comes next.
Woman. Love.
Look at him.
We can start like that, although
this ain't how it starts.
That's why you must be quiet. It's
important, you must believe me.
The man goes into a bar.
He sees the beautiful woman.
Do they know each other?
They don't seem to know each other,
but...
it's like the recognize the one another
Who knows who?
Is that the beginning or the end?
This is what we're about to see.
It's the beginning and the end.
Love and goodbye.
I know I don't need to mention it, but
I'm doing it.
Remember, everything is just
a movie. A creation.
It hurts anyway.
Hi...
Will you come?
Yes, to Rome.
The plane leaves soon.
We must hurry.
- What are you going to do?
- I don't have much time.

- Alex.
- Amy...
- Like that French girl?
- Yes, you know her?
- Maybe, we should go to Paris?
- I don't think so.
- Maybe we should wait a little.
- Yes, I agree.
- May I get you something
- I cup of coffee please.
Aren't you hungry? Anything else?
Two coffees please.
Excuse me, what exactly is it,
that you want?
I just want to go to Rome.
I guess... Thanks.
I guess it's a still early. We must get
to know each other a bit better.
Yes, I agree.
I just know that you are
too beautiful. If I am allowed to say that.
Yes, you're allowed.
That's all you know?
All I know is that if you're my dream,
then I am yours.
What do you want?
- I wanna say goodbye.
- You wanna say goodbye now?
No. First I
must come inside.
Then, I must sit in a table, or in
the bar somewhere. It doesn't matter.
I'm with a beautiful woman.
I order something to drink.
I cup of coffee maybe.
I drink it.
I look her in the eyes. Then,
I tell her that I love her.
She looks back at me and laughs.
She doesn't know me, that's for sure,
but I remind her of something.
Almost...
That's not how I was suppose to leave.
Well, I suppose I should.

She looks at me.
She waits.
The night keeps going. She
realizes that I'm not lying.
I really love her.
And that's it. That exact moment
is the moment when I say "Goodbye"
The time has come.
Let's start over.
It's not that complicated.
There are four people.
There's Amy and
me, August.
We're married.
There's also Alex, the photographer
and his girlfriend, Simon.
They' re not married.
Alex and Amy will get to know each
other. Not yet, Soon enough.
All of them are looking for love...
Poor kids...
It will be a great battle.
May the battle begin.
AMY - HILTON
It's very nice, ain't it?
Very nice.
It's from Monica. She
wants to go down for a drink.
- Are you listening to me?
- Yes, she wants us down for a drink.
- Now?
- Yes. You want to?
I'm tired.
I wanted to chat a bit with you.
I'll go and you'll miss me tonight.
But, I have
Monica.
- Yes, but for just one drink.
- I'll paint. You go.
Are you sure?
Listen...
I thought my whole life story.
I know how they're gonna meet each other.
I'll tell you tomorrow.

You sure you ain't coming?

- I love you.

- Me too.

- Will you take a suitcase?

- No, I have everything I need here.

We'll talk again tomorrow.

How are things going?

At home. In your life, love...

Ain't that what we usually ask?

Everything is fine.

- You?

- Fine also.

- That's good.

- Yes, quite good.

What would make you

really happy?

Yes, almost complete.

I don't know, but even if I knew,

I wouldn't do it either.

Would you do it against all odds?

Yes, I would.

I dreamed, I was with someone else,
not Simon.

She was nothing special.

She wasn't so beautiful.

She had nice skin and small

tits. But she was...

so delicate, that was almost silly.

And for some strange reason

I became to be afraid...

That I may hurt her.

I woke up that morning in such a panic.

Have I really hurt her?

Honestly. I was totally...

I don't know...

I was never so afraid

of hurting someone.

I felt more responsible for her,
than Simon.

Take care, ok?

- Take care.

- You too. Kisses to Nan.

And Simon.

- Will you be angry?

- For what?

If I leave.

I know dad wants to go for a drink, but I don't want to.

Yes, I'm leaving. Excuse me.

I hope he doesn't get pissed with me.

- And excuse you by saying what?

- That my deadline is coming.

- Your deadline?

- Yes, something like that.

Stay a bit more.

You never see him.

- I don't want to.

- He wants to be with you.

- I don't think so.

- Of course he does.

I'm not in the mood.

What would you say about us, then?

Is there a chance we go out sometime?

- Yes, of course.

- Really?

I'll wait for you at the station.

We'll go for a drink, all right?

See you at the station, then.

My love...

You're drowning me.

You're holding me too tight.

- Quickly, before she's here.

- Yes, all right, see you later.

- Nice restaurant.

- That's very kind of you.

Can we go now?

Where is Alex?

He had to go.

He apologizes.

- Is that how he always leaves?

- No.

You know how dedicated he is at what he's doing.

- What do you have to say about that?

- Alex is... sweet.

Sweet?

Do you love him?

Does he love you?

Do you love me?

Why you never say it?

- I say it. - Yes, only when I ask.

You never do it by yourself.

I love you.

Yes...

Bye, Simon.

- It was good, while it lasted.

- Indeed.

ALEX - AMY

UNDERGROUND STATION

Are you all right?

- How did it go with your father?

- You're an idiot, you know that?

- I'm out for a newspaper.

- What for?

You need a light?

Did you find your newspaper?

I love you...

I hope you know that.

I must go.

Will you come? In Rome.

The plane leaves in a few minutes

Rome? No, I'm sorry.

What do you want?

What will you order?

A coffee, please.

Just coffee? Aren't you hungry?

Make them two, please.

Thanks. Why

Rome specifically?

I think it's the right place.

Don't you agree?

- You are very beautiful,

If I'm allowed to say so.

- You're allowed.

Thanks.

Who are you?

- You forgot me already?

- What?

You forgot me already?

Forget you?

Of course not.

- You sure?

- Yeah, sure.
- It's you and...
- Yes, so you remember me, after all.
You're late though.
Five minutes late.
We suppose to meet at 11, right?
I had no idea it was so
late. I'm sorry.
It doesn't matter as long as you're
here. You won't leave though, right?
I won't go anywhere.
Did you bring your photos with you?
You forgot about them too?
What exactly have you remembered?
I've got some here.
- You see?
- Nice. What is it?
A woman
with three choices.
Either stay where she is, jump
into the future or...
Or?
She knows the rest. Only she.
- How does this look?
- We'll see.
- You haven't decides yet?
- Not yet. I need some more time.
Of course would be allowed.
Time for thought.
It's a critical
decision, anyway.
Yes, indeed.
I trust no photographer.
I must be very careful with'em.
Can I trust you?
Of course.
You swear?
Why me?
Because, if I am
your dream...
you are mine.
Amy stands beside
the door.
Chapter 1...

something floating...

Hi... Good morning.

- What are you doing now?

- I'm gonna take a shower.

You're so sweet. But,
you must leave soon.

- How soon?

- Very soon.

That soon?

- That was it, right?

- Is that what you believe?

Ok...

- What are we gonna do now?

- Think of something.

Think of something...

Thanks.

You got a light?

No, sorry. I just
gave away my lighter.

Amy, hi...

SEE YOU AT 1A.M.

You're back already?

- How did it go?

- Fine.

Are you hungry? Do you want me to
order breakfast? What?

Yes please.

- What have I done last night?

- I was painting. I slept early...

- May I see what you've painted?

- Now?

Later maybe. I gave some thought in what am I
gonna do with my novel.

- I found the exact problem of the
basic character. -Wonderful.

- What are you doing today?

- I don't know. Maybe go walk a bit.

Hello, room 1235...

What do you wanna eat?

Full breakfast.

Yes, I want full breakfast.

I'm going to get dressed.

Thanks.

ALEX - AT HIS HOME

Good morning.

I'm sorry Ms. Banum.

Can I help you?

- No, why?

- They look heavy...

No, as you can see by yourself,

I'm managing just fine.

- Who is it?

- Alex.

- Who?

- Alex, from upstairs.

Sorry, I can't hear you.

The door is sound-proof.

Who you said you are?

I am Alex.

I just wanted to say

that I can't get inside.

Inside the apartment. What's

wrong? Are they doing any repair stuff?

Repair stuff?

What do you mean?

I cannot enter

my apartment.

There is no door.

Maybe it's my fault, but I don't have

a clue about what you're talking.

It's difficult to understand it myself.

There is no door up there.

- What do you mean "up there"?

- In my apartment.

Which apartment?

Ms. Banum, I live right above

you house.

In the attic? Who gave permission

to do such a thing?

Excuse me, did Simon told

you to do this?

- Who?

- Simon, my girlfriend.

For Christ sake.

I must go.

I see you have guests. Goodbye.

Only that...

We may have to

leave today.

I'm not so well.

I'm not in the mood for any more lectures.

I'll probably cancel'em, all.

Really? Is that possible?

Of course it's possible.

- I thought it was important.

- It is, but I don't

wanna stuck here forever.

Don't you wanna leave with me? Let's

just stay alone, have a little chat.

You really mean that?

- Yes, I do.

- And why's that? All of a sudden?

It's because I wanna be

with you. Ain't that enough?

No, not at this moment.

But we talked about this before.

I've already told you twice.

No, but...

I'm coming downstairs. Hi.

Was that Monica?

I'm going to talk to her.

We'll leave soon after.

We'll leave.

One moment.

Hi, Lio. Have you got 100 Coronas for the cab? I don't have any money.

- Am I interrupting something? Is Nan inside?

- No you're not and she's inside.

One moment.

Come in.

Hi.

Are you eating, little one?

- Are you all right?

- Yeah, we were just playing.

My door disappeared.

I have no door.

Have you talked to Simon?

Something outrageous happened.

It's a crazy story.

- When I got home...

- You got any money, dear?

Should I take the Mercedes, so

you can talk to your friend?
Sorry, I didn't get your name?
What?
What do you mean?
- But... your friend.
- You mean, your friend.
I don't get it.
What's wrong?
- My love, this is for you.
- For me?
I don't know him.
Wait. I must pay for the cab.
Maybe you have 100 coronas?
I won't be late.
I only have 50.
What are you looking for here?
- Hasn't Simon told you anything?
- I don't know what you're
talkin about. Go away.
- Are you serious?
- I don't remember you. I'm sorry.
Oh man, get a life.
- Have you talked to Simon?
- Please, go away.
It's time for you to go.
listen, pal, get the fuck away from me!
I am you pal.
You know something? You're gonna get hurt,
if you don't leave now.
Hi...
Of course. I understand
Nah, it's ok.
I'm going for a walk.
No, it's ok.
Really, August.
See you around.
What the hell are you doing?
Why are you doing this? Just
because you missed me for one night?
- What have I done?
- I don't know. I'm sorry.
You're so stupid. Here you are.
I'll take my stuff by Monday, so
I can enter my home again.

One moment!

- These ain't my stuff!

- Listen, I'm totally...

I just don't get it.

I know I behaved foolish

and I'm sorry, really.

Simon, please stop it!

I am really, truly sorry, but

this is the first time I see you.

Where do you think you

know me from?

- You are my girlfriend!

- Your girlfriend?

You are my girlfriend,

you're 28...

from Stockholm. You have 2

brothers, Khale and Ghorme.

- How do you know all these things?

- Cause you told'em to me.

Listen, we love each other...

I'm sorry, I have

to go. Bye.

Hello? Hi, it's me.

- Get up!

- What happened? I am your son!

My name is Alex David.

I had a very strange day.

That's why... I need you.

You understand me, of course.

You're my father.

You are crazy.

Dad, listen to me!

Whatever happens, I love you.

What's all this bullshit?

Go away! I mean it!

- May I help you, sir?

- A table for two please.

Of course, this way please.

- Thanks. And the bathroom?

- That way.

That door.

Nothing's wrong Alex.

Nothing.

Everything will go just fine.

You'll go out and
she'll be waiting for you there.

So, you finally made it.

I'm very happy.

Wonderful...

- Is there something wrong?

- No, everything is fine.

- We got a table over there.

All right. I'm sorry.

Thank you...

Are you ready?

here we go.

- How many more interviews?

- Not that many. Only 3.

- Good.

- Is there something wrong?

No, on the contrary.

I'm sorry to be asking this, but
is she related with Alex?

I haven't seen her at all.

No, she moved to the city.

She came only to see me.

I suppose she doesn't have the time
of her life, but...

Nothing. Let's go.

I'm going outside to have a look.

Excuse me.

Can you ask that gentleman
if I can sit with him?

Of course.

Excuse me. That lady asks
if she can sit with you.

That one?

- She's welcome.

- I'll tell her so.

You are welcome
to join me.

May I?

Please do.

My name is Amy.

Alex.

You seemed so nice and

I thought you might needed some company.

- Of course.

- Are you hungry?

Yes, I havent eaten a proper lunch.

- Nice lighter.

- I have it always with me.

- You come here often?

- No, I wouldn't say so.

- So, noone knows you here?

- No. What's your point?

I was just wondering about this place.

If you come here often.

- What would you prefer?

- I don't know.

Either we sit here and

watch the menu...

even if it's not needed,

because we already know what we want...

We order, they bring us the food,

nice dices, as always...

We chat a bit, we listen...

maybe not.

We're not bored, but we feel

comfortable with one another.

Either this, or...

We look at the menu, we ask

from the waiter to explain it to us...

we look at each other...

"Who are you really?"

I wanna know. I don't really

know anything. And I want to know all.

What would you prefer?

Can't I take both?

Maybe...

Why are you so passionate about love...

I don't think I am.

Your writings

are notorious.

It's because I'm interested in that subject.

Men do experience love in a

different way, than women do.

I love talking generally.

Example:

I believe that love,

basically...

has a different meaning for each
one of the two sexes.
For the woman kind, love
is necessary.
Can't live without it.
For her, love is
a very conscious choice of life.
She chooses to love.
So, love can be someone's
choice?
Yes, ain't that true?
Romance
doesn't destroy that choice.
From the other hand, us, men kind
we want it to happen suddenly.
Without any programming.
Because we feel shame
of that.
It's an obstacle.
Even as a target, or as a means,
love is necessary.
And that's the right thing...
Were you obliged to marry your wife?
Or chose to?
- What was that?
- We left without paying.
Without paying?
Didn't you pay?
- You didn't do that.
- Oh, yes. You're a beautiful crook.
How would you react if
I told you I'm falling in love with you?
Is that true?
Would you consider it a bit
"too much"?
- What are you doing?
- I'm giving you my ring.
- Why?
- So we meet again.
- What do you mean?
- When Im gone...
Gone?...
I'll be back.
Where?

Here... Yes, this was
the place, wasn't it?
Yes, this was it.
Tonight, maybe?
In a few hours, you mean?
Yes, see you later...
- Will we do it then? Now?
- Yes, now.
First, I must say goodbye
to someone.
Leave a note at the hotel
about our meeting time.
- So, we go?
- Yes, I'll say goodbye now.
You should do the same. In Rome,
I want you all for myself.
Don't you worry.
Alex... I don't know
who you are.
- Neither do I, basically.
- Will you ever remember me?
Are you sure?
I know.
August, I wanna talk to you.
Can we sit down for a moment?
Before you say anything,
let me show you something.
- My love, not now...
- Maybe, what you're about to say...
I only wanna show you...
Amy, I know I'm not
an easy-going person.
- Not now August.
- Listen to me.
You must listen to me.
I don't say often that I love you...
and that you are necessary for me.
I know you're feeling neglected
But, I'm not neglecting you.
It's because I'm such a difficult person,
I want you to see this.
"For Amy"
"Without her
I would be nothing".

I really mean that, you know.
Amy, forgive me for being so stupid,
but I love you.
I want the two of us to go away.
I've already spoken to Monica.
I'll do my last lecture tonight,
and then we're off.
We'll go whenever you
want. Whenever you like.
It's your choice.
I can't... I'm sorry.
Can you please connect me
to Amy Holme at room 1235, please?
Thanks.
May I leave a message?
"Meet me at
the cafe about 8".
Write down that I have done
the reservation.
No, write down
that I have the tickets.
Thank you. bye.
"I love you"
"I hope you know that"
- Don't you understand?
- That we've always loved you?
Always...
AMY - HILTON
One moment.
- I'm very happy to see you.
- What do you want?
- Have seen August anywhere?
- No. Isn't he having a dinner with you?
- Won't you come too?
- No, I can't make it.
Are you sure you don't know
where he is?
See you later, Amy.
You look nice.
See you.
Can you talk to me?
Is something wrong between you and August?
No, everything is fine.
You ain't leaving him, right?

I know he would never get over something like that.

I must go, Monica.

Bye.

ALEX - BOBIE BAR

Hi, handsome.

Are you following me?

No, I just came here to see you.

Why?

- I came to say "Goodbye".

- You should say "Hello" first.

- Come in.

- I can't, I'm not alone.

- I'm with you. Come.

- No, I just came to say "Goodbye".

Goodbye...

"There are no words when I'm with you".

"Goodbye"...

I'm sorry...

Have you seen someone around 30, tall, with black hair?

Unfortunately no.

Ok, thanks.

AMY - KRASHNAPOLSKI

ALEX - BOBIE BAR

- I really must go now.

- Stay just a little more.

You don't remember me at all?

Where are you Alex? Come.

- I must call somewhere.

- Say something beautiful.

You are adorable.

I must call somewhere.

Excuse me, may I have some change to make a phone call?

- What's the problem with the phone?

- Must be broken.

I must go.

Yes, I'm sorry.

Are you leaving me?

Goodbye, Simon.

Will you kiss me?

A goodbye kiss.
A unique moment.
Krashnapolski here...
Can you see a woman
with blond hair in the cafe?
- She's from Sweden, around 25 years old...
- No, sir, we're full.
- It's important. Look around.
- I'm sorry, sir, I have no time.
It's simple. Blonde and beautiful.
Her name is Amy, she speaks Swedish.
It's impossible not to notice her.
Man, I don't see her right now. It's crowded.
Call later if you want.
Did you see a blonde woman
here somewhere? She speaks Swedish.
She came and go?
- My love...
- You never came.
I'm sorry. I'll do anything
to make it up to you again.
You never came.
I was confused?
I had to reconsider
the whole situation first.
Alex hesitated
at a very critical point.
He loses Amy. The last
person that was left for him.
The only one...
Can their love survive?
What will it take?
A test. For him
and for her.
His love for her.
Stupid? Maybe.
If he steps back...
if he doubts...
she will disappear.
Not now.
Monica is at the reception.
How are you?
What are you doing here?
- I don't understand it.

- Our plane is leaving.
- In one hour were leaving.
- Who?
Me and my husband.
Why are you playing?
What kind a game is this?
- My husband is waiting for me.
- Knock it off.
Amy, you know me.
I know for sure. Look at me.
We love each other. Let's take another
flight. Let's leave tomorrow.
We can still leave...
Knock it off!
- You know who I am.
- I'm sorry, I'm expected.
I love you...
- We must go now.
- I'll talk to them.
- What happened there?
- Some young man, nothing.
- He thought he knew you?
- He thought he loved me.
- Lovely. Was he irritating?
- No, not at all.
Time is pressing us, you know.
Goodbye Amy...
The woman left.
The laughter stopped. But.
the man is still here.
Not like that...
All alone.
Look at him...
It's all just a movie.
A creation.
Anyway, it hurts.