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Saraband

By Ingmar Bergman

Johan became a multimillionaire|in his old age.
An old Danish aunt...
who had been a renowned|opera singer...
left him a fortune.
Once he became financially|independent, he left the university.
He bought his grandparents'|summer house.
A run-down chalet in an|isolated area near Orsa.
Johan and I|haven't had any contact
with each other|for many years.
Our daughters are far away,|even from me.
Martha lives in a home,
sinking in the isolation|of her illness.
I visit her now and then,|but she doesn't recognize me.
And Sarah... Sarah married|a successful lawyer...
and then moved to Australia where|they have very good jobs.
They don't have any children.
Me?
I still practice my profession,|but at the pace I choose.
Family quarrels and divorces mostly.
I've been thinking I|should visit Johan.
ONE|Marianne carries out her plan
I've been thinking...|I should visit Johan.
And now I'm here.
He's sitting there,|at the porch.
And I've been standing here,|watching him and...
waiting,|at least ten minutes.
Maybe I should have ignored|this irrational impulse.
This trip.
In fact,|I'm not an impulsive person at all.
But here I am...
And so I must decide:
Slowly return to my car...
or get close to him.
Of course, I could stay|here a while longer...
and let my confusion abate.
But not very long.|A minute more!
This minute is taking its time.
No!
- Did I wake you?|- It's you, Marianne.
- Hi!|- No, don't get up.
- Typical, you were spying on me.|- That's not true.
We haven't seen each other in 30 years.|32 years!
- We simply lost track of|each other. - That's natural.
People start together,

then they separate|and talk by phone...

- and finally silence.|- So sad!

- Was that a reproach?|- No, we had nothing to say to each other.

Then suddenly you call me|and tell me you want to visit.

- You didn't sound very keen.|- Keen? I said no.

I still say no. I don't want this.|- No. But you don't care.

- I had to come.|- Why?

- I won't tell you.|- You're laughing.

Johan...

I've driven 340 km....

and managed to find your hideout...

in the middle of the jungle.

Now that I've seen and kissed you|and we've spoken I can leave.

That won't be enough.|- Really?

- At least you can stay over|for dinner. - Why?

A week ago,|I told Mrs. Nilsson...

that my ex wife was coming|to visit.

I can't tell her suddenly that there'll|be no dinner. She'll go crazy.

- Who's Mrs. Nilsson?|- Agda. Agda Nilsson.

Are you and her a couple?

God forbid!

The two of you live all alone here|in the midst of a dark forest?

Mrs. Nilsson lives in|the village.

She cleans and cooks|and then goes home.

- She's religious and mean.|- There's no romance then.

To be honest,|I fear the hag.

I fear that she might want to marry me.|- Anyway, stay for dinner.

She's made up the guest room,

so you have to stay|and spend the night.

I suppose I better accept.

It's so hard to get up from|this chair. No, don't help me.

What's wrong, Johan?

I'm trying to put|my arms around you.

Want to hug me?

Damn, Johan!

Old idiot!

- And how old are you?|- I don't know, and you?

- 86.|- No, not you, me!

Around 55.

- I'm 63.|- Really? That many?

And I've had my uterus|and ovaries removed.

- Does that trouble you?|- Yes, sometimes.

Let's sit on the bench.

It's so beautiful!

When beauty is revealed...|in life, in creation...
Where is the source, the giver?|Beauty forever.
- I didn't know you knew some psalms.|- My grandmother taught me.
And my grandfather rewarded me|with little iron soldiers.
We can enjoy the view,
- hold hands...|- Are we going to hold hands?
- Didn't we used to do it?|- Yes, I believe so.
I haven't done it since...|I've stopped doing it.
You really have|a beautiful view.
Can you see the lake|house from here?
You can see the light reflected,|behind the rocks.
I drove by the lake house|coming here. It looks inhabited.
You could say that.|Henrik is there.
Yes, Henrik. Mi dear son.|The assistant professor.
- Are you on speaking terms?|- Not exactly.
I got a brief letter declaring that|he was planning on moving there.
He and his daughter Karin have|been there since late April.
You don't have much contact then.
Absolutely. A cordial conversation|if we run across each other.
- Fat boy Henrik!|He must be... - 61 !
- My God!|- You can say that again!
- And his daughter Karin?|- Karin is 19.
Her mother died of|cancer two years ago.
- Anna...|- Tell me.
Anna and Henrik were|married for 20 years.
He couldn't take her death.|He retired before his time.
I heard they were happy|to get rid of him.
He felt mistreated there.
- Like you, at that age.|- Me? No...
Well, yes, I was a bit fed up|with the academic standards silliness.
My honorary doctorate|from the University of Michigan...
finished all that.|- We were talking about Henrik.
He directs an orchestra called|"Uppsala Chamber Soloists".
But he'll quit that also.
He must do something.
I think he's writing a book.
- What about the daughter? Karin?|- Karin also plays the cello.
She'll audition for the|conservatory in the fall.
Henrik is teaching her.
They sit in the house with|their cellos every day.
You could say she's beautiful.|Like her mother.
Yes.
So...I know nothing|about our daughters.
- Sarah is in Australia.|- Australia?!

- Yes, Australia. - Well, she managed to get far away.
I get letters and phone calls from her.
She's fine. A good law firm. A good husband.
- Sarah's happy with her life. - And poor Martha?
Martha's sinking further and further. She didn't recognize me.
She's no longer aware, in our sense, of the world.
I understand...
- And you? - I can't complain.
Though sometimes, I see myself in voluntary isolation...
and I think I'm in hell.
Like I'm dead, but I don't know about it.
But I'm fine.
I've plagiarized my past now that I have the page of answers.
Doesn't sound like fun.
That's it, Marianne. It's not.
And who the hell said that damnation would be fun?
- What does your "page of answers say"? - Want to know?
- I asked the question, didn't I? - It says my life was shit.
A stupid and totally senseless life.
Is our marriage part of your hell?
- To be honest, yes. - I'm sorry to hear that.
An old priest once told me:
"A good relationship has two elements:
a good friendship and an unshakeable eroticism".
Nobody can say that we weren't good friends.
- Good friends. - Of course.
- You were unfaithful. - I... - I was too.
- It's so sad. - But it was long ago.
- It's still painful. - Not for me.
No, I suppose not.
- Dearest Marianne. - That's what you say.
Yes, it's what I say. It's nice to be here with you.
Holding hands, Watching the beautiful view.
- Without talking about painful things. - You're holding my hand.
Dinner! Mrs. Nilsson will be furious if we're late.
Johan, I need to wash up and get my bag from the car.
This was a mistake!
TWO | Nearly a week has passed
Are you Karin? Do you want to speak to your grandfather?
Your grandfather and Mrs. Nilsson went to the dentist.
I'm Marianne. I was your granddads wife. I'm visiting.
- I know. - Come on, sit down.
If you want, you can help me clean out these mushrooms.
Here's a knife.

If you want to talk, we'll talk. | If not, we can just be together.

You must know Henrik, | my dad.

Can't say I do. I've just greeted him, | but I don't know him.

- Mom is dead. | - I know.

- She died two years ago. | - Your granddad told me.

- Dad retired and is spending his time | with music now. - The cello, right?

He's writing about | St John's Passion.

- You also play the cello? | - I hope to get into the conservatory.

- Your father is the teacher | and you are the student. - Yes.

What's wrong?

Do you know Hindemith's | cello sonata, opus 25?

I don't know anything about music.

Dad wants me to play it | for the audition.

- It's too hard! | - And doesn't he think so?

How were you in the days | before your period?

A premenstrual monster.

I would go to sleep as an angel, | and wake up as a demon.

My mind gets shattered. | And it's very hard for me to get up.

Dad is a morning person.

And I yawned.

We were working on | the fourth movement.

That damned Hindemith wrote:

"Lebhaftes Viertel ohne jeden | Ausdruck und stets Pianissimo"

- You know? | - It looks difficult anyhow.

So I sat there with my | shattered mind and I tried.

I begged him to let me off | the hook, to no avail.

He made me play the same part | at least twenty times!

Finally I said, quietly: | "I don't give a damn about this".

I said that it wasn't a class, | it was animal torture.

Henrik was also angry, | but he laughed and said that I should...

try from the beginning, where it says:

"Lebhaft, sehr markiert... | mit festen Bogenstrichen."

I was so angry that I couldn't. | He said I was doing it on purpose.

I said that he didn't have the | skills to teach: I was unfair.

Dad is the most patient, sensitive and | courteous teacher there is.

He said it had nothing to | do with the teaching,

but rather with willpower | and discipline...

and that I was lazy. | That I was lazy!

Then I got up and left the | cello because I was trembling.

I said that it was enough for the day | and that I was going out for a walk.

He turned pale. | I'd never seen him like that.

And he said:

I put my boots on and | headed for the door.

I didn't hear him approach,|but he grabbed me by the shoulders...
You're not leaving!
You're not leaving!
I sat and cried.

And I said:

...never again".
And kept crying|until I felt empty.
Then I thought of coming over to see|granddad and begging him to help me...
leave that lunatic.|It was too much for me.
Now the old man can take|care of his crazy son:
send him to the farm,|go to the police...
or kill him.
Then I became aware that|from now on, I know nothing.
I know nothing about my life,|what I'll do or become.
Then I realized|that mom is dead,
and I can't ask her anything.
I was overcome with sorrow for|myself and cried again.
You must think I'm a very|nervous person, but I'm not.
- Do you think Henrik is suicidal?|- If he'd kill himself?
In an extreme situation like|the one you're describing...
could he hurt himself?
You know, to be honest,|I don't know my father very well.
I only know that deep|inside he's... good.
If not, mom never...
Mom loved him, you know?|They loved each other.
And I suppose I was|out of that love.
That's what I think when I'm feeling sorry for|myself and I get tired of my
boyfriends.
Why can't I feel love|like mom did?
Were you afraid your dad would|kill himself after her death?
I never gave his|tragedy much thought.
But I tried to take care of mom,|as much as he'd let me.
Mom was never very talkative.
But on one of her last days...
She was always drowsy|from the morphine...
On one of her last days,|I was sitting beside her,
she looked at me and said clearly:
"You know I love you".
"You know I love you, Karin".
My mother never spoke that way.
Dad once said as a joke,|this was a long time ago,
"Anna never says I love you, but|her actions are always full of love".
- What if grandfather comes back?|- It's OK, I've got another bottle.

- Were you really married to grandpa?|- Is that so strange?

It's hard to imagine it.|What kind of person is he?

Good question.

- Did you love him? - I've asked myself|the same question all my life.

- Was he so difficult?|- We were married for 16 years.

Then we got divorced.|He had met another woman,
an idiot named Paula.

I got married again to|a boring glider pilot.

One day, he just flew away.

They never found him.

For some reason, Johan and I|got together several times.

Then I found out|he was servicing...

another lady,|a real whore.

I was angry and hurt|and finished with him.

I suddenly realized,

that I was the most cheated on|wife and lover in the world.

Johan was remarkably and|compulsively unfaithful.

- You mean that my grand father|-...was a real liar.

And he used to write poems. A volume got|published, but it wasn't
successful.

- My grandfather used to write verses?|- Yes, even love poems for me.

- Did you keep them?|- No.

But did you love him?

I was terribly naive.

Nowadays, I suppose it's just|not possible to be so, so childish...
and so know-it-all like I was.

I think I loved him.|Utterly.

- You never suspected?|- Not for an instant.

- What made you come here|suddenly? - I don't know.

You still love him!|Don't you?

If you had to be honest,|Marianne...

I hear people say Johan|is this or that,
not very kind things usually.

But I don't know the Johan|they're talking about.

I always thought he was a good man.|Very, very good.

It was so easy to hurt him,|he could never defend himself.

I believe that Johan...

is a moving person.

He's moving.

- Are you crying?|- Yes, a little.

Are you crying for granddad?

- I'm crying for Johan|and Marianne. - I understand.

This is strange.

Dear...

- What will you do?|- Return to Henrik.
- Is that intelligent?|- It has nothing to do with that.
I'll stay here a few more days.|Let me know what happens.
I will.
THREE|About Anna
It can't happen again.
- Never again.|- Never.
We must have a serious talk.
We both know how things are.|There's nothing to sort out.
I'm glad it's so simple!
I was scared to death.
There's no other way to put it:|I was scared to death.
- Do you understand? - I'm very|tired. I'm going to sleep.
- Are you asleep?|- No.
Once I had a similar|situation with Anna.
We weren't married yet,|but we lived together.
Maybe I was a little drunk.|I said nasty things about...
the damned university,
my colleagues,|our work environment.
And then about my father,|that old bastard.
Anna didn't say a word.|And that upset me even more.
I remember thinking...
"What's on Anna's mind,|while she's sewing that skirt?"
"What's she thinking? Maybe|that Henrik is unbearable".
And then she said it.
"When you're like this,
I start thinking that you're|not the man I planned to marry".
Then she went to the living|room and started to pack.
I tried to stop her.|She didn't move...
but a message got through|from her body to mine.
It said "I'm leaving...|I'm leaving you".
Then I said, with a voice that was|foreign to me: "Nobody leaves me".
"Nobody leaves me"
"Nobody turns his back on me|and leaves... ".
I sat on the floor and|thought: "It's over".
I shut my eyes and thought:|"Anna's leaving and she won't return".
But then I heard her|going around the kitchen.
She was making coffee.
But she didn't say a word.|Maybe she wanted to sober me up.
She didn't say anything for the rest|of the evening: just kept on sewing.
Anna was the silent type|anyway, she never spoke much.
But we didn't need to speak;|we always knew...
I begged her to forgive me.
Like a child to his mother:|"I won't do it again".

It's just what I want to say to you,|but it sounds ridiculous.
Anyone can say "I'm sorry",|but it's meaningless.
So no further words|were spoken that night.
It became a...|distant night.
Anna sunk into a deep sleep: I|stayed awake listening to her breathing.
I watched her, a street light|shone through the window.
I gazed at her for a long time and|wondered if she really knew...
how much I loved her.
Between Anna and me it was a question|of belonging, if you know what I
mean.
An ownership that was...|a miracle. I know it sounds fatuous.
There's no better word.
I fell asleep as dawn approached,|and when the alarm clock rang,
we got up, had breakfast|and chatted as usual.
I went to a class|and Anna went to the library.
This is an explanation:|not an excuse.
I have no excuses.
If you leave me...
I'll be ruined, or some other|word that doesn't exist.
In due time, you'll have your freedom.|You'll go to the conservatory...
With professional teachers|and a different life.
It'll be different for me also.
These months with you have|been "a state of grace".
For me, that is,|not for you.
It was kind of you|to return so soon.
I don't know what to say.|It's all so complicated.
We don't have to|speak about that.
Sometimes I feel a great|punishment awaits me.

FOUR:

About a week later,|Henrik visits his father.
"Kierkegaard, S.|Or A Fragment of Life"
- Am I interrupting?|- Oh, so it's you.
It's been a long time.
- How are you?|- Well, thank you, and you?
At 60 there's 6 things wrong with you,|at 70, 7 and so on.
It's a good evaluation: Of course,|it depends on your priorities.
- I heard about your ex wife's unexpected visit.|- Typical Marianne.
She's always known I|hate improvisation.
- Maybe I can see her.|- She's gathering strawberries.
I don't know if you'll be|here when she returns.
- I don't mean to disturb you.|- Thanks for being considerate.
What do you want?
I need 890,000 kroner.|An advance on my inheritance.

- You need money again.|- I know, I owe you 200,000.
- That you haven't even begun to pay back.|- Don't worry, I'll pay it back.
I'm sure I'll never|see that money again.
It's funny to|consider it a "loan".
If humiliating me amuses you,|let's not forget...
I'm not paying rent|on the lake house.
We've been there for five months|and you haven't seen a cent.
But you were able|to buy a new car.
It's a loan.|The owner is away.
When he returns in October,|I'll be without a car.
- How's the book going?|- Well, thank you.
That's a thorough answer.
I've been here ten minutes,|letting you humiliate me.
If I didn't need the money,|I'd have left long ago.
You can leave now.
It's not for me.|It's for Karin.
I see...|Marianne told me you two argued.
Are you trying to make her stay?
Do you think she'll accept a bribe?
I wonder how Anna|was able to stand you.
Don't bring Anna into this.
Don't you dare mention|Anna with that mouth.
I like you more or dislike you|less when you use that tone.
There's a healthy dose of|hate in your banalities.

It's like this:

There's a cello I can buy Karin;|an 1815 Fagnola.
It's an excellent instrument,|almost like a Guarneri.
Karin has a special talent,|she could become a great musician.
I took care of her instruction,
but her talent calls for more.|Like her cello.
Her German cello is passable,
but she'll audition|for the conservatory.
Are you sure it's good?
It wouldn't be the first|time they fool you.
It has an authenticity certificate
- and the seller is decent.|- Is that why it's so cheap?
He's old and sick and can't|take care of it any more.
- He said it's perfect for her.|- How touching.
Dad, where does all this|hostility come from?
Speak for yourself. When you were|18 or 19 I tried to approach you.
You had been very ill and your|mother wanted us to talk.
I told you I knew I had been a bad father,|but I wanted to make it better.
And you screamed.|Yes, screamed:

Bad father?!|You never were a father!
Then you said you could|do without my help.
Honest hate must be respected;|I respect it.
But I couldn't care less if|you hate me. You hardly exist.
If it wasn't for Karin,|who thank God is like her mother,
you wouldn't exist at all for me.
There's no hostility here, I swear.
Give me the name and number|of the cello owner and I'll see.
- Here you are.|- Thank you.
- What's your answer?|- I'll let you know.
Can I go?
I'm leaving.
- Can I just say one thing?|- Only if you must.
That tale of an argument|fifty years ago in no excuse.
Poor Anna.
Will you hit me now?

FIVE:

I hope I'm not interrupting.
No, I've just finished.|I practice in the mornings.
The organist is expecting:|I'm replacing her.
- I thought you played the cello.|- I have an organ diploma.
In my time,|it was smart to have one.
There were a lot of churches|and few orchestras.
What were you playing?
A Bach sonata for a trio.|First movement.
- It was beautiful.|- This is a unique organ from 1728.
Nobody knows how it ended up here,|in the middle of nothing.
A few weeks ago, Karin and I|played a concert here.
It was almost full.
- Will you be playing any more concerts?|- I don't have the time.
Karin has to prepare her audition|and I have to finish my book.
Yes, I'm writing a book about|Bach's Passion of St. John.
I met Karin.|They say she's talented.
She's considered exceptional,|and not only by her dad.
- Are you her teacher?|- That's the way it's turned out.
In the conservatory, she'll|have the best European teachers.
- Won't it be difficult to let her go?|- Yes.
You could say that.
- Do you love her a lot?|- Yes.
- I'm sorry.|- No, it's all right.
- Karin is like Anna.|- She doesn't look like her.
What's wrong?
Whenever I mention Anna,|I cry. That's the way it is.

I can't help it.
She's been dead for two years and|it still hurts just the same.
That's the way it is.
Life itself has become a ritual.
I don't know, I can't find|words to describe it.
I've become a handicapped person.
Just like that.|Handicapped.
Karin is everything that|lends sense into my life.
And so...
It wouldn't have much|sense without her.
I think a lot about|death these days.

I think:

One day I'll walk through|the forest to the river.
A foggy, windless autumn day.
Absolute silence.
Then I see someone|by the gate.
Coming towards me. She's|wearing a denim skirt...
A blue jacket...
She's barefoot and her hair|is tied up in a long pony tail.
And she's walking towards me.
Anna is walking towards me,|through the gate.
And then I realize I'm dead.
Then something strange happens.

I think:

We spend life thinking about|death and what comes after.
And then it's so easy.
I can see a flickering light|in the music. Like Bach.
- I think I understand.|- Come for dinner tonight.
- We're good cooks.|- Thanks, I like that.
I have to go now,|we've got a class.
Karin gets angry|if I'm late.
- See you soon.|- Wait, I don't think I can go.
- I understand. The old man|would get mad... - No.
- Why did you come here?|- I don't know.
You're a lawyer, right?|Can I sue him?
- Why would you want to do that?|- He's got a fortune and won't die.
He's probably mummified|by his own evil.
I asked him for an advance on my|inheritance, but he humiliated me.
I'd love to sue him.
Not while he's|mentally competent.
- He's not ill in that sense.|- No, he's not ill.
Are you here to ask for money|for a poor abandoned wife?

Don't get angry. |Of course I ask myself.
You haven't had |contact for decades.
I'm not here to ask for money.
Are you fucking?
Do you hate him so much to |have to talk this way?
Forgive me for desecrating this |place and ruining our chat.
I hate him in all possible |dimensions of the word.
I hate him so much, I would like to |see him die from a horrible illness.
I'd visit him every day, |just to witness his torment.
Maybe I'm just a pathetic |soul. Theoretically.
I see surprise and displeasure |in your eyes.
As a lawyer, |you should be used to...
the stupidity and repulsiveness |in the world.
Goodbye, Marianne. It was nice |of you to listen to me.
Sometimes I think I'm insane. |I suffer all the time.

SIX |AN OFFER

- Karin! |- Hi, granddad.
- Well... this is my study. |- I haven't been here for years.
You and Anna would come sometimes, |when you were living at the lake house.
- You used to smoke then. |- Yes, you're right.
I stopped when I read |Freud's biography.
- And even then he couldn't stop smoking. |- Bur are you all right?
Unless you consider |aging an illness.
- That's a beautiful picture of mom. |- I found it by chance.
I had it blown up... |and there it is.
I think of mom every day. |And dream of her at night.
I thought the pain would subside. |But that's not happening.
But it doesn't hurt like in the |beginning, now it's here.
Like a part of me. |I wouldn't want to be without her.
I can say I miss her, |painfully.
We didn't see each other very often, |due to Henrik and I.
Anna tried and tried.
But Henrik and I never |managed... well, you know.
- You wanted to speak to me? |- Yes, sit down.
Last night, Mrs. Nilsson came |personally to deliver a letter.
Meaning that dad shouldn't...
That was all right.
He's in Uppsala with his orchestra.
I have here a letter that came a |few days ago, and it involves you.
- Have you heard of Ivan Chablov? |- Director in St. Petersburg.
He toured here recently with |the philharmonic. Fantastic!
I've known him since my years in |Leningrad. This letter is from him.
"Johan, my dear friend and brother".
"Sorry for writing in my |poor English and German"

"but my excellent secretary
has just had twins".

"It's very important that I write you, my dear friend".

"For the following reason:"

"On a free night, I went to a young musician's concert".

"I must say I was surprised and happy".

"A young female cellist was playing...

"a Zoltan Kodaly solo piece."

"And I was surprised by that young performer's talent."

"Her maturity, her skill and courage". - Well, I'll be!

"The school gave me her name..."

"and told me her father was her teacher."

"I got in touch with him, but he rejected me curtly,"

"maybe arrogantly is a better word."

"My dear Johan, I know you're ..."

her grandfather."

"And that's the reason why I'm writing you."

"The young lady's technique is risky, somewhat lacking:"

"which could result in a future catastrophe".

"I'm a guest professor at Helsinki's Sibelius Academy,"

"One of the best in Europe."

"I have a good rapport with the president."

"And we could, after the mandatory exam,"

"offer our young cellist a quality education..

that her talent obviously deserves."

Let me know your answer as soon as possible. My embrace, Ivan."

So, Karin, what do you say? Maybe I should add...

that I'll take care of all your expenses as long as you need it.

I've spoken to the cello seller: I've made him a good offer.

More than he was asking for.

So if you want it, it's yours.

Assuming, of course, that you accept Chablov's kind offer.

I don't know what to say. It's overwhelming.

I understand this letter puts you in an awkward situation.

- I'll write him and tell him that you're... - Flattered.

But that your decision affects others.

- Others? - Your father, specifically.

I need to rest. Goodbye, Karin.

Thanks for the chat.

Marianne used to say that I was a terrible character judge.

That I didn't understand emotions. But even I understand this:

Your mother lived in this world...

to do the most unbearable chore.

Darkness got even darker...

and light faded away|when Anna died.
It's hard for Henrik. To live.|Despite everything.
You're like your mother.
And I'm fond of you, Katja.
- Goodbye, Karin.|- Goodbye, grandfather.
SEVEN|ANNA'S LETTER
- To Henrik from Anna?|- I found it in a book.
May 18. Anna...
wrote it one week|before dying.
I'd like you to read it.
I can't understand Anna's handwriting.|You'll have to read it to me.
I'll try.|Here, have some whisky.
Mom had found out a|few days before...
that she didn't have|much time left.
She wrote the letter because|Henrik had a cold...
and wasn't allowed to visit her.

It says:

"The fact that you can't|visit me is, perhaps,
a relief for both".
"We understand each other well.|You open the door."
"I make an effort.|You make an effort".
"But I still see in your|eyes how sick I am".
This is the difficult part.
- She writes about dad and me.|- Is that painful?
Yes.
When you were with|her at the hospital,
did you speak about|what she had written?
- No, never.|- What did she write?
"Dear Henrik, I have to tell you|something of which we've never spoken".
"I've wanted to talk|to you about Karin".
"But it was never necessary|because I was always there".
"Then I got sick|and I was there no longer".
"Of course I was there,|but you kept me apart".
"You and I love each other.|I was sure about our love".
"But no love is strong enough...
to stand a devastating|effect like my illness".
"I see that you love Karin, but that|you also tie her to you".
"It's good that you were her|teacher, but there's a limit".
"When I'm no longer there,|the limit will be unclear".
"I know that Karin loves you".
"But you mustn't use her love.|You'll hurt her".
"That could be a permanent wound".
"That's why I ask|you to let her go".

"You shouldn't take|advantage of her kinship".
"Don't take advantage of her because|you're her self-proclaimed teacher.
"Dearest Henrik".
"You're so sensitive,|so considerate, so kind".
"I know it, without a doubt,|after so many years together".
"But you must be careful|not to burden Karin...
with the orphaned love that will remain|when I'm no longer there".
There's more,|but I don't want to read any more.
I can't.|It hurts so much!
I can hear my mother's voice!
Karin...
Why did you reach out to me?
- You're very involved.|- You could say that.
- And you know about granddads|plans. - He told me.
I don't expect advise,|I need to hear my voice aloud.
I believe things will|clear up this way.
Go ahead, speak.
- Mom saw.|- Yes, I think so.
And everything she warned|about has happened.
- I can't accept grandfather's|offer. - Why not?
If I leave Henrik, he'll die!
If I leave him, he'll die...|I'm sure about it, Marianne...
He doesn't even have|his orchestra anymore!
He can go on with his music,|but the county is reorganizing...
and dad will not be part of|the administration: he'll resign.
I can't leave him.|I'm so tired of him sometimes!
I know all the things|I can do in the future.
But mom is dead, and Henrik|can't manage his own life.
How do you think I'd feel with the|guilt if something happened to him?
My future and Henrik's|are entwined for now.
- At least you say "for now".|- Only for consolation.
- I want you to know that I don't|feel the same as you. - I know.
- Anna's love...|- That letter is love.
Isn't it?
I don't know.
EIGH - Back already? - There wasn't|much to do in Uppsala.
- Hi, dad.|- Hi, little Katja.
What score is that?
Bach's suites for cello!|You're mad!
Listen, Anderberg suggested|that you and I...
play a concert in November.
- It's very hard for me.|- We'll play together.
- What do you mean together?|- Like a dialogue, facing each other.
You'll play the parts you can handle|and I'll play the difficult ones.

Especially the prelude. | It'll be great!

- Which parts can I play? | - The Sarabandes, for example.

- It takes a lifetime to tame them. | - We have three months.

- And my audition? | - It's almost ready.

And students get permission | to play concerts.

I've spoken to Brtz.

It'll be good for the both of us, | now that I don't have the orchestra.

I won't even be the first | violin any longer.

- Dad! You must be furious! | - Perhaps.

But now I'll have | more time for you.

- I can help you better. | - Yes, of course.

That doesn't sound | very encouraging.

Hello, Katja, darling.

I have a feeling an | argument is coming.

- What's wrong, Katja? | - I don't know.

That is, I think I know, | but I don't know how to...

I know you've talked | to your grandfather.

- And with the bitch, I mean Marianne. | - Yes.

- I see. You did it beautifully. | - I must decide.

- I thought you had already done that. | - No, you did it.

Really? I mean, | is that what you've been thinking?

Dad... | I haven't bothered to think.

I thought, "Dad knows | what's best for me".

Perhaps you've already made | up your mind, haven't you?

Will you accept your | grandfather's offer?

- Have you read this? | - I have.

- You read the letter that mom | wrote me? - It speaks about me.

But it was for me! | And you read it. Just like that.

Do you think that's all right | because it speaks about you?

If you're going to get so upset, | it's no use talking about it.

I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

- I said I'm sorry, damn it! | - Why do you say you're sorry?!

Shall we get to work? | Or is there something else?

Dad...

It'll be painful.

For you or for me?

It may sound stupid, | but your tone frightens me.

I've made up my mind. For the first | time in my life it's my decision.

- But are you sad? | - Yes, I'm sad.

If you had told me you | had that letter from mom...

If you had let me read it, | maybe we could have...

You never told me... | You should have...

- Well, that's the way it is. | - How?

Next week, I'm going | to Hamburg with Emma.

She and I will be going to a school|for young orchestra musicians.
Claudio Abbado will come in|October and we'll go to Munich.
It's for young people from all over Europe.|You can't be older than 22.
Abbado will work with us for six weeks|and we'll play four concerts.
Emma recorded a video. She sent it|to the admission committee, as a joke...
We played Brahms.
Emma and I|got a letter...
which says the school accepts us.
That we're welcome.
And that...
That's exactly|what I want to do.
And it's exactly what|I've decided to do.
And the conservatory?
- How long is the Hamburg course?|- Two years.
Then there's a paid internship in|an Austrian or German orchestra
Three years.
- How will you pay for it?|- I have my inheritance.
- You've been thinking a lot.|- I told Emma it was useless.
That you had already decided.
God...
Oh God...
But dad, I don't want to...|I don't consider myself a soloist.
I want to play in an orchestra,|be part of a team effort.
Not sit down in a stage,|alone and exposed.
I don't want strangers to say|that I'm not good enough.
I want to decide my own future.|I want a simple life
I want to be... home.|To live a normal life.
Not a poor substitute for mom...
who gets your praise|for something I'm not.
It has to end.
And now it's ended.
At least,|give it the perfect ending.
What are you talking about?
Wouldn't you like to|play the fifth Sarabande?
- Right now?|- Yes, please.
NINE|CRUCIAL MOMEN He's here.
Thank you.
- Can I ask who it was?|- From the hospital.
Henrik tried to commit suicide.|With pills.
Then he cut his arms|and neck with a knife.
He's in intensive care.
Call this number and|ask for nurse Ingegerd.
- God. - They found him|at the last moment.
A certain Mrs. Berg|was walking by the house...

- and saw a naked person|on the floor. - God.
The door was unlocked.
She tried to wake him up,|but he was unconscious.
And bleeding. The ambulance|took 20 minutes. - My God.
I should call Karin,|but she's on her way to Hamburg.
Henrik systematically fails at everything.|He can't even kill himself.
- Say something, for God's sake.|- You want me to answer that?
- Whatever. Say something spontaneous|for once. - You can't.
Sometimes you act like|a forgotten character...
in some stupid old movie.
- You're not real.|- You don't say.
- Right now... no, let's leave it.|- No, go on.
Where did you gather|all this disdain?
I didn't remember you like this.
- Disdain?|- Yes!
I don't know. Any disdain|I have is for myself.
I don't know.|I never thought of it this way.
- And the poor boy?|- Boy?
Ah, Henrik. Maybe he realized|he was a lot like me.
I was never like him. So ridiculous|all the time. Obese and submissive.
He surrounded me with a sticky love.|I admit I ignored that love.
He was as dedicated as a dog.|I wanted to kick him, metaphorically.
- What will happen now?|- How will this affect Karin?
- She'll blame herself.|- She should have thought about it.
- Do you think she'll return home?|- I don't know.
- You'll speak to her, won't you?|- If we find her.
I'll hire you as my agent.|How much do you charge?
Money is no problem.
As long as you put her|guilt in a safe.
What if she comes?|She loves that bastard.
- That would be disastrous!|- Yes, I believe so.
What can I say?
I was so close to Anna.
It was terrible when she left.|For me also.
Even though I was on the|outskirts of the catastrophe.
It's incomprehensible that Henrik...
had the privilege|of loving Anna.
And that she loved him.
- You're smiling ironically.|- No.
I'm not smiling.|I'm trying not to cry.
There's no reason for you to cry.
There is, but I won't|give any explanations.
TEN|THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN
Marianne.

Marianne!|Sorry to wake you up.
It's all right.|I'll go back to sleep.
- What's wrong? Johan?|- I don't know.
- I think it's anguish.|- Anguish? What do you mean?
- I see! You're sad!|- I'm not sad...
It's worse. It's an anguish|from hell. It's bigger than me.
It's trying to make way through|every orifice in my body;
my eyes, my ass. It's like a huge|mental diarrhea!
I'm too small for this anxiety.
Are you afraid of death, Johan?
More than anything,|I'd like to scream.
What can you do with a baby|that won't be comforted?
- Come, lay by my side.|- There's no room.
- We've slept in smaller beds.|- We won't be able to sleep.
It doesn't matter. Not in|the last days of our lives.
I have to take off my shirt.|It's damp from my diarrhea.
Come on.
You take it off too.
Yes
Come on, Johan.|Come here.
There... lie down.
- Good night, Marianne.|- Good night.
Could you explain why|you turned up here?
- I thought you were calling me.|- I never called anyone.
- I had it in my head.|- How strange.
I understand your not understanding.
- How long will you stay?|- I have a case on the 27th.
- November?|- October.
- Good night, again.|- Good night.
Perhaps you're asking|yourself how it came out.
I stayed with Johan|until early October.
Our time together|was relaxingly pleasant.
We almost never talked about|sensitive subjects.
The last night we celebrated.
Nothing out of this world,|but good enough.
We promised to remain in touch.
I think we even fantasized|about a trip to Florence...
the next spring.
That trip never|happened, of course.
But we used to speak on|the phone on Sundays.
Then, one day Mrs. Nilsson|answered the phone.
She said that Johan|couldn't take any calls,
but that he would write.
I asked if he was all right;|she said yes, as far as she could tell.

That he was just tired and|that he would be writing.
I never got a letter, of course.
I wrote him, but never got an answer.
That's all I know.
Things are always all|right with me. In order.
Everything in its place. Maybe I'm a|bit lonely, but I don't know.
Sometimes... I think of Anna.
I wonder how she|managed her life.
How she spoke...
How she moved...
Her look...
That almost surreal smile.
Anna's feelings.
Anna's love.
Well...
Something happened to me that|perhaps is related to this.
When I came back, I visited|my daughter Martha at the sanatorium.
But I thought about|the enigma...
that for the first|time in our lives...
I realized...|I felt...
that I was touching my daughter.
My baby.