



Scripts.com

Simon and the Oaks

By Unknown

SIMON AND THE OAKS

Simon!

Sweetheart...

The Summer of 1939

On the 14th of January I and my
exquisite caravan of four men
and three splendid male camels headed for the desert.

We brought provisions for fifty days
but were away for four months.

We left civilization behind and
quite soon we saw nothing but sand.

I tried to find shelter for
my camel and myself from the storm
that raged incessantly for two days.

Why isn't he like all the other kids?

He doesn't have any friends, Karin...

He never wants to go sailing...

never do any woodwork.

He never wants to play or pick fights
like all the other boys.

He stays at home reading.

Loads of books for grown-ups
that you give him.

The only friend he's got is that
goddamn tree that whispers things...

...so he says.

But I've worked it out. With a bike
it'll save us the tram fare-

It's not about the money.

Can't you see?

Going to that stuck-up grammar
school will only make everything worse.

He might find some friends there.

He went there by himself and he applied...

Keep your guard up.

That's where I'll hit you.

Keep your guard up, I've told you.

Do as I say, goddammit!

But dad, why must I learn how to fight?

If someone insults you, he's asking for a fat punch.

Some insults you don't take. Like
being called a coward, or a wimp.

Try to hit my hands.

Keep your guard up and

go for it this time. From the body!
You really want to go to that fancy school, don't you?
And I'm supposed to pay for it?
- Yes...
How the hell will you cope,
when you can't even split a tiny log?
Old bastard...
I might agree to...
Is it true?
If you can wrestle me.
- I give up!
- Can I go?
- On two conditions, Simon.
- Yes?
Don't let those fops down there
make you forget where you're from.
And you find yourself real friends
and forget that goddamn oak.
Promise me that, Simon.
Good morning. Welcome back.
Good morning.
- Oops! Sorry! Are you new here?
- Yes.
I'll show you.
Give me your bag.
Jew...
Jew bastard.
Go back to Germany, Jew scum.
Look at him. He's ugly.
Flatfoot.
- Can we pass?
- Don't think so.
- The Germans are coming for you.
- Please, just let us pass.
- The slimy little Jew can talk...
- Jew lover, eh?
What the hell are you doing?
You're insane!
Shit!
I'm Isak.
Swap?
Are you sure?
This is good!
No... this is good.

- Woodwork is pretty fun.
- Me, I like history classes best.
Or all classes, really.
Come on then!
It's my dad's bookshop.
The whole shop?
Do you want to come upstairs?
Good afternoon.
Good afternoon.
Come on, then!
One more time. Please...
What's that noise?
Isak, is that you?
Yes, mother.
My sweet little boy.
Good afternoon.
Isak, aren't you going to introduce me to your friend?
This is my friend, Simon Larsson.
You go ahead and eat.
Tell Frau Svensson to bring me a
cup of tea and fig marmalade.
Does your mother always stay in her room?
She's afraid of the Nazis.
Frau Svensson! Hurry up!
Hello Isak.
Good afternoon.
Simon Larsson.
Ruben Lentov, pleased to meet you.
So... how was school today?
- Same as always.
Boring.
History class today was about
explorers and expeditions and
our teacher said that if there's
anything to learn, it's from history.
Ruben, is that you?
I just might have a good book on explorative expeditions.
I'll see if I can find it.
I'm coming!
They have so many rooms
and hundreds of books on gigantic bookshelves
and a maid that serves you food.
And they have a chandelier that...
...sparkles.

Take your cap off.

...and a piano, and when you strike
a key it makes a beautiful sound.

Take your cap off when you're in the house.

Good night, dad.

Good night, my son. Sleep tight.

Shut up!

Shut up, I said!

You're just an ordinary tree.

An ordinary goddamn oak!

- Do you know what fog really is?

- No.

It's the sadness of the sea.

And it's as endless as the whole sea.

As previously reported Germany
has launched an attack on Poland.

Several cities have been bombed, among them Warsaw.

German troops crossed the Polish border without resistance
from the Soviet Union in accordance
with the Non-Aggression Pact.

In response, London and Paris
have declared war on Germany.

This escalating conflict might soon
turn into a full scale World War.

Imagine being a soldier in Finland.

Can't we go inside?

On the radio they say that they're
going to freeze to death like rats.

I can't feel my toes...

- I'm dying like a rat!

- Come on now!

- I'm dying...

- I'm going inside.

- Don't you have running water?

- No.

The pump's frozen.

Put these on, Isak.

That one's Bertil. She's mine.

Do you want that one?

- Yeah!

Isak, come and have a look.

Fix the flat tire and adjust the saddle
and then you'll have a bike too.

Inga? What are you doing here?

- I heard the war...
Good afternoon.
Inga? Did you walk all this way?
I was just wondering if...
Who's she?
She's a witch, she's nuts.
Dad says...
...she lets the piggies
sleep in bed with her.
Aunt Inga is my cousin.
She might look a bit weird, but at least she's kind.
It's true...
After all these years...
we decided to let it rest.
He might be in danger.
Why should we have it translated now?
We could... help him.
If we show this letter to anyone...
to have it translated...
...then they'll see.
And perhaps we'll expose Simon to danger.
We'd better get rid of it once and for all.
Just to be on the safe side.
If the Germans come.
Inga...
Burn it.
Caught it.
I love you...
Early this morning German troops invaded...
...both Denmark and Norway.
Swedish troops protect our borders.
We cannot and should not assume
responsibility for you today.
You should all go home and be with your parents.
God save our King and Country.
My father says that Sweden will
collaborate with the Germans...
Then we'll get rid of all the Jews.
- Mr Lentov.
- Good afternoon, Mrs von Sydow.
- We're leaving, it's not safe here.
- I hope to see you soon.
Our best to Mrs. Lentov.
Go on home now, Simon.

Bye.

The Oslo radio announced today that German troops have disembarked in Norwegian harbors at 3 o'clock this morning.

Hostilities have occurred on the Oslo Fjord.

The Norwegian government has left Oslo to take up quarters in Hamar.

It is reported that German troops have crossed the Danish border.

Three German cruisers have entered Middelfart Harbor.

Soldiers have disembarked and occupied the adjoining streets.

Swedish Citizens should follow the news and prepare to find shelter...

Olga!

Come to me!

Come to me!

We must stay together!

Isak!

Mother!

I must protect you from the Nazis!

- Come here!

- Father!

Then they drove her to the hospital.

And now?

I don't know.

Will she come back?

Dad says we'll visit her often.

Come in.

Sir, there's someone here to see you.

Good afternoon.

My name is Karin Larsson.

I'm Simon's mother.

I'm sorry to bother you...

- It's I who must apologize.

I should have called on you long ago.

Hello Simon.

Isak, look who's here.

I'm deeply grateful that you've let him spend so much time with you.

I would like to talk about Isak.

He seems so lost... and lonely.

So... I was thinking...

Could Isak stay with us for a while?

Forgive me...
But since you're working...
and he's alone in that huge flat...
...without his mother.
You must forgive me, I...
Simon.
No.
I beg you... wait.
It is very kind of you.
You must tell me how much I should pay for his lodging.
Absolutely not.
He is so...
Zerbrechlich...
...fragile.
I'm so scared he will become like her...
His mother.
- He won't.
Look!
What a great oak!
An old tree house!
Let's climb it!
- No, I don't want to.
- Come on!
Don't you dare?
Coward.
Shut up!
Coward!
Dad!
Yuck!
Can we?
One each.
You don't need to bring things every time.
I have something for you.
- Thank you very much.
- You're welcome.
A small something for Mrs Larsson.
It's jasmine and rose, with a touch of
bergamot and fresh peach.
I hope you like it.
Go on, try it.
Erik will come home on leave this weekend.
He would very much like to meet you.
Our defence is a goddamn joke.
We have cars, but no fuel.

On the other hand we have ammunition, but no guns, so...
Have you heard anything about the Jews in Norway?
We helped a Jewish family cross the border yesterday.
With two children.
They told us that all the Jews are being rounded up...
...and then deported to Germany.
All of them.
Sometimes I think the best for me
and Isak would be to go to America.
This was stuck on our door this morning.
Jew bastard, go home!
- Every day it's like this.
But I don't know...
It's Olga.
She wouldn't be able to come with me.
The doctors at the sanatorium strongly oppose it.
But on the other hand...
They say the Swedish Secret Police
are compiling lists of all the Jews.
Half Jews, quarter Jews...
Why?
If the Germans come here, they can
use the list... for bargaining.
I told you so, Erik.
We have to talk to Inga again.
Excuse us.
We've been through this before...
- You said she burned the letter.
- I want to make sure she did.
I'm on leave for two days and you
want me to get up there for a letter?
I'm a shark and you are a
tasty little squid... I'll eat you!
It's the first time ever squid and shark play together!
Hey squid, let's swim a mile said the shark with a smile.
Ruben!
Coffee's ready.
I'm sorry if I...
said something stupid.
If there's anything I could do to help...
I'm sorry. Thank you for dinner.
It's Simon.
We don't know what to do...
Simon's my cousin Inga's son.

She couldn't take care of him.
She met a man one summer-
She didn't understand she was pregnant...
until she was about to give birth.
- He suddenly disappeared.
- She panicked.
I told her it was going to be fine.
That we would take care of the child.
He was a music teacher at a school across the lake.
He was German.
Jewish.
Have you told Simon?
We will...
When the time has come and the war's ended.
Attention!
Shoulder! Rifle!
Back off!
Nazis, go home!
- Nazi bastards, go away!
- Go home!
Scheiss Jude!
- Good morning boys.
- Good morning, sir.
Scheiss Jude!
Lentov, the cap!
Little brat...
Scheiss Jude! Hit him!
Lentov!
Larsson!
Stop!
No! I don't want to!
Father, help me!
My trousers! No, no!
- Calm down, Isak. Calm down!
- Let me go!
Something happened to Isak five years ago.
The Nazi's had closed down our
bookstore... so I went to Sweden.
Isak and Olga stayed in Berlin.
Olga had one of her nervous breakdowns.
Isak was terrified and hid under the piano.
He was only four years old.
My father came.
But he gave the boy a beating.

Then Isak sneaked out...
...without his shoes.
He wanted to find me.
They were five SA soldiers.
Five of them against a little child.
They wanted to see if he was circumcised.
The little Jew bastard.
They held him down...
...pulled down his trousers, and...
They hurt him so bad.
...for several hours.
They told me...
Kinder vergessen schnell.
Children forget so fast.
Please...
Is my singing that bad?
The Field Christmas Gift is not
meant for a certain named recipient.
Isak, do you want to make some?
It is to be the unknown giver's
gift for the unknown soldier.
- Isak, taste this. It's really good.
- Alcohol is not permitted.
But I can recommend other things
like cigarettes, chocolates...
Leave him alone, Simon...
Wake up!
Anyone home?
- And what are you doing?
- Dad!
- My boy! Hi...
- Dad! Will you stay now?
Have you grown since last time?
Huh? Let me see.
Yeah, sure I have!
That's it... good!
Can you feel it? You feel it when
there's a lot of water on the oar.
Left knee up! Bend!
Right arm forward, upward, lift!
Very good!
Let's get this arm moving!
One, two! One, two!
- Good morning, boys.

- Good morning.
Good morning, I said
Will you help me today?
No, I've got homework.
Hello there!
But you don't, Isak.
You will help me instead.
What are you waiting for?
We have to give him time.
Ruben said-
I couldn't care less of what Ruben says.
Isak, look at me!
Look at me, Isak!
I'm going down to the workshop and
in five minutes you'll be there too.
Anything else is out of the question.
But Erik...
You'll get some fresh air.
Feel this, Isak.
This is how smooth it's going to be.
How are you doing?
Thank you, Karin...
It's Erik. It's him you should thank.
What the hell...
Are you alright?
...and then we'll put a round rod here.
It should fit on the edge
of the rudder. You see?
I'm going to a concert this evening.
Anyone wants to join me?
No way.
- No thanks...
- Karin?
No, I don't think it's our sort of thing.
I would like to go.
- Wonderful!
- Why?
You can't even stand your own mother singing to you.
Shut up!
Good night, Simon.
Thank you.
It was as if I knew it.
As if... I'd been there before.
Inside the music.

It's interesting.

The music made me think of Isak's mother.

Why?

That's what art is all about.

It allows us to enter an inner world.

To emotions that go beyond words.

For me it's a way to survive.

Have you ever wanted to play an instrument?

Would you like to try?

Yes.

- What the hell is he trying to do?

- I don't know. Stop shouting...

Isn't it strange that Ruben took him
to a concert in the first place?

- ...if that's what he wants-

- Isn't what we have good enough?

Mum...

You're supposed to be asleep...

One lesson, and I'll be the one paying for it.

One lesson. Understand?

Let's start again.

How did it go?

So-so.

Please... help me get another lesson.

Karin, he needs more lessons.

You can't learn the piano in an hour.

Stop that now!

- But he's talented.

- He might get stuck-up.

You will find a new language.

You might find a way to express yourself.

Is that so...

This is about you, Simon.

About what you want.

I didn't think you ate pork.

I'm sure God is more accepting in times of war.

- Not again...

- I think he might have heard you...

Hey Erik, have you heard this one:

A Jew walks into a butcher's shop and

says:

The butcher says:

That's not fish, that's ham.

The Jew answers:

did I ask for the name of the fish?

Did you hear that, Karin?

So Isak. How many cupboards

have you made today then?

Last week we made chairs, more than a hundred!

That's how you learn.

But what I really want to build is this.

A boat.

It's not a boat, dad.

It's a double-ender Koster.

It's going be the biggest and fastest

Koster in the harbour.

Isn't it so, Erik?

Why wait? Start building it now.

I'd be happy to order and pay for

a boat. Give me an estimate.

On one condition...

You have to go back to school.

- I'm not.

- You have to catch up.

- Why?

- It's a good idea.

I don't want to go to school.

I want to stay here, with Erik.

How are you today?

I'm fine, thanks.

That's what it's going to cost.

She'll be clinker-built

with oak planking.

It might not mean so much to you,

but it will be the finest Koster on...

What's the matter?

Just pay what I wrote on the note.

Save your charity for someone else.

When you and Karin

took care of Isak-

That was Karin's decision, not mine.

So the time you spent, teaching him carpentry...

...was that pity or charity?

The boy needed something to do with his hands.

If I double your salary,

it's only for my own peace of mind.

If I pay half the price, will I only get half a boat?
By the way...
I would like to invest in a shipyard.
As soon as this blasted war is over...
But I'll need an expert.
First we're talking about one boat.
One.
And all of a sudden you're
talking about a goddamn shipyard.
Are you out of your mind, Lentov?
Do you think your fucking money can buy you anything?
Every time you come around, you bring something.
Coffee, sugar, books...
We don't need it.
We've done damn well without you.
What are you so afraid of?
It's not a bad idea.
A shipyard.
Think about it.
Don't dismiss it just because Ruben came up with it.
Hello, kids.
I'm done with the keel now.
How do we go about the planking?
Let me see.
Oh my...
You're almost getting good at this, huh?
You've designed the keel just the way it should be, right.
We start with the bow down here, then upward like this.
But we have to attach it to something.
So we'll make a rough draft
we can use for other boats later on.
War is over, Karin! It's over!
Hundreds of people look out from every office window.
Jubilant crowds cheer the long awaited Victory.
The Spring of 1945
...the most despicable crime against
humanity ever committed.
When the camps now are liberated,
the death toll, mostly Jews
has risen to an unimaginable
3 million in Germany and Poland.
The number keeps growing and the
few survivors fill the roads of Europe
as they return on foot to what mostly are ruins.

The conditions in the camps were beyond comprehension.
Inhuman... disease... emaciated
corpses everywhere.

This would never have happened
if the Russians had done their part.

...told by eyewitness Count Folke
Bernadette, head of the White buses.

And now Prime Minister Per Albin Hansson:

Dear listeners.

The message that the war in Europe's
over doesn't come as a surprise.

We've been waiting a long time for this message...

Mum?

Mother!

You have no idea of how much I love you.

Mr Larsson?

The heart attack has caused severe
damage to the cardiac muscle.

If she makes it through the night, there's good hope.

But for now we'll just have to wait and see.

You can't leave me...

Don't leave me, mum...

She slept all night through.

She's going to be fine...

I'm going to rebuild everything.

I'm going to...

...build a toilet and
a bathroom in the hall.

She won't have to go outside in the cold anymore.

No more lugging firewood...

We'll have central heating, Simon.

Central heating's what we'll have.

And running water, cold and hot.

And we will have one of those stainless steel sinks.

They're so easy to clean, you know.

And we'll extend.

Here, we'll build her a big new living room.

With that porch she's always talked about.

That'll be great, right, Simon?

How's Olga doing?

She is a bit better.

She'll soon be permitted longer leaves from the hospital.

- Take care...

- Thank you.

Aren't they lovely?
But I prefer tulips.
I really do.
Me too.
Coffee?
What is this? Capitalist chocolate.
No way.
- I'd love some.
This one's mine.
Traitor.
- You shouldn't smoke so much.
- You shouldn't drink so much.
Cheers.
- Have you baked something?
- Done!
Welcome home, Karin.
It's electric. You... well...
you turn the...
Watch out so you don't burn...
It's hot.
Are you alright?
You didn't like it...
Hitler, Churchill and Moses celebrated Christmas together.
Hitler asked them:
What do you want for Christmas?
What do you want, Winston?
I want a big Cuban cigar, he said.
Okay. He asked Moses: What
do you want? For Christmas, said-
Quiet!
You're welcome!
I love it! It must have cost a fortune.
Where did you get it?
That's my secret.
The west coast of Orust will be colder than usual...
I haven't said a word...
I've let him play it all day long.
But it's starting to drive me insane!
It's fucking Christmas!
You haven't left your room since
that machine came into this house!
Who do you think we are? Huh?
Your servants?
You're coming downstairs now!

Bring all the shit you've piled up.
You destroyed it...
What's wrong with my music?
My music isn't shit, just because
I don't belong in your world.
I love it! It means something to me!
What's the matter with you?
What are you so fucking afraid of?
What?
We meant to tell you sooner, but...
We were unable to have children.
You came to us when you were three days old.
You were so tiny, Simon...
Inga... met a man...
...your father... in the woods.
Inga's my mother?
Yes, but back then she was young and beautiful.
Yeah well... yeah.
Who was he?
He was a music teacher.
He played the violin, he did.
She thought he was the Water Spirit.
I knew it...
I knew I didn't belong here.
- Love, don't say that!
- Why didn't you tell me before?
- Because of the war, all the hatred.
Your father...
...was a German Jew, Simon.
And in Norway the Nazis were
hunting down quarter Jews, even.
You know what people are like.
What they're still like today.
A Jewish violinist.
Finally it all makes sense.
So it's not my fault after all...
That I was never good enough for you.
- Please Simon...
- Let's go inside! Please.
- Stop it!
What happened to him?
- He disappeared.
- What do you mean?
We got a letter from Berlin

a couple of years later, and...

Well, we assumed that he went back there.

What did it say?

We don't know German, Simon...

- Let's go inside.

- Where is the letter?

- Inga burned it.

- Why?

We asked her to... when we heard
what the Nazis were doing.

Simon, what if they would have found you...

You knew about it, didn't you?

- Excuse me?

- Inga... and that man.

Why didn't you tell me?

- Larsson and Lentov's shipyard.

- My name is Kerstin Andersson.

What?

- I'm calling for Mr Ruben Lentov.

- Yes, he's here.

For me?

Ruben Lentov here.

My name is Kerstin Andersson.

I'm calling from Srsen Sanatorium.

We have a girl here who was saved from Auschwitz.

Isa von Schentz. She says

that she is your wife's niece.

Isa!

Little Isa...

You're a big girl now.

So you're my rich uncle, then.

Who are they?

This is Simon, a friend.

And this is your cousin Isak.

Is that for me?

You look so much like your mother.

They gassed her.

And your father?

He was unable to protect you?

He shot himself.

Before our eyes.

Why?

He did it when Gestapo came to
take us away, my mother and me.

Can you imagine, such a coward.

He was a German coward.

Excuse me...

At long last you're done with that goddamn school.

Congratulations.

- Thanks.

I'm looking forward to seeing you
here at the yard with us old-timers.

That goes for you too, Simon.

I hope that you'll show up here too
sometimes and get your hands dirty.

No way I'll bust my back at your shipyard.

That's right, you're going to bury yourself in the past.

Erik, please...

Could someone explain to me why
anyone would want to study history
when the future is what everything's about?

Can't we just have a good time?

Sweden is flourishing, Simon.

Yeah. You knew just how to profit from
the war. There's your socialism...

I'll tell you this, Simon, these hands
are still calloused from labor!

Erik, that's enough.

- Cheers, everybody.

- Cheers!

To the future!

Hello Isa.

So Mrs Larsson...

What did you do during the war?

Grow potatoes?

What would you have done if you'd been me?

Let's dance, Simon.

You go.

I'll join you later.

I'll soon be living with Ruben.

Where is Ruben?

He's away.

- I've been thinking a lot about you.

- Have you?

I'm also Jewish.

Or rather, my father was Jewish.

Do you want to tell me
about your pedigree? Or...

Do you want to sleep with me?

Hit me.

Hit me!

Hit me...

You dirty little pig.

Hit me. Hit me!

I'll take care of you.

Listen...

Stop it.

Stop it!

I don't want to.

I can't do this.

I can't do it.

Can I...?

The Sumerians lived between
the Euphrates and Tigris rivers.

The function of the Ziggurats was to offer a high place
where the priests could seek refuge
from the annual floods.

I'll see you later.

Communism is the only way, Klara.

- I'm sick of you talking all the time.

- But somebody must object-

But it ruins the lecture.

Learn the difference between your
private and political revolutions.

And sort out your late puberty and your father complex
before even voicing an opinion about Marx and History!

That was impressive.

The new revolutionaries, huh?

They pick the bourgeois fruits from the tree of knowledge
and pay with the money their capitalist fathers earned.

- You're in Archeology, aren't you?

- Yes.

So you're bright after all.

What do you mean?

You know what they say about
beautiful boys? That they're dumb.

No, you're wrong. It's beautiful
girls who can't be smart.

But... you must be an exception.

There are so many orientations.

I'm studying ancient mythology and...

I believe that the myths have a deeper meaning.

A psychological and a therapeutical meaning.
If you want to understand mankind...
...then you have to study its myths.
- Her name will be Malin Mayan.
- Cheers, Malin.
This is for you...
This is for you, Malin.
She's amazing.
She looks like you.
Sorry!
Really good.
Does Karin know you're here?
No.
May I ask you about...
Yes...
You look so much like him.
Like two peas in a pod, you are.
- He came here often?
- No... Here?
Mother and father laid in there dying.
We met by the brook.
Every night.
He was always playing his violin.
But one night the music was different.
The next night when I arrived...
...he was gone.
I knew all along we weren't meant for each other.
He was too grand for me.
Like from another world, he was.
For a long time I almost thought I'd
just imagined the whole thing.
Until...
Until you came.
He calls you his "Waldfee".
His Forest Fay.
He asks for a sign of life.
Some proof of your existence.
That it wasn't all just a wild and wonderful dream.
He wonders if you are as wet...
as wet as the brook.
And if you're still...
He wonders if you're as madly in
love with him as he is with you.
But he must have understood that I couldn't read that!

He probably assumed that you would find a translator.
But you don't understand, everyone
would have known. The shame...
You don't understand the shame it was for me.
Karin thought this was for the best.
Of course she did.
She thinks only of herself.
They have done everything for you.
You've had a good childhood.
They live their lives blind-folded.
Everything that doesn't fit into their
way of life is stupid... unnecessary.
Stuck-up, they think...
I couldn't take care of you.
I couldn't.
She never burned it.
Ruben says it's possible to find out
what happened to him. My father.
Ruben said that?
I'm moving in with him.
Well, then...
I drank this very brandy years ago
when the woman I loved was about to leave me.
She had decided to marry a German Officer
to be on the safe side.
But that didn't help, in the end...
Was she Jewish?
- Is this Isa?
- It's Rebecka.
Isa's mother.
Olga's younger sister.
You married her sister?
So I could be near Rebecka.
But that didn't help either.
How's Isa?
Hey...
Don't even think about it.
But she's fine.
Living the fast life in Stockholm...
...spending my money...
Klara is a lovely girl.
Why didn't you tell us he went to see Inga?
Because it's own his business.
- What did he tell you about her?

- I can't be the one to tell you-
- What did the letter say?
- Why haven't you asked Simon?
What the hell are you trying to do?
You're trying your best to steal Simon away from us!
Bringing him to concerts, music lessons, the gramophone...
letting him stay with you.
Promise him to find out about his
father and now he's met some girl...
What's wrong with her?
Please...
You're not going to lose him.
Not to Inga, or to Klara or any other girl.
But you must let him choose his own path.
I can't Ruben, I can't!
But I love you, I love you so much!
Are you coming?
I received this letter from Berlin.
A friend of mine has found an Ernest Habermann.
A conductor.
He's your father's brother.
Your father died.
Ruben and I will go to Berlin tomorrow.
My uncle lives there.
I remember Inga being here once.
She came about the letter, didn't she?
If you'd had the decency to have the letter translated...
Maybe my father would've survived-
- Stop it, Simon.
But that was the worse case scenario, right?
That he would destroy
our perfect little family-
That's enough!
Yes...
- You're too hard on her.
- No.
She loves you, more than anything in this world.
Stop it, Ruben.
Are the two of you having an affair?
Rubbish...
Against Erik no man stands a chance...
Come on now.
From Germany. From Berlin.
Did he have any children?

Other children?

No, but he would very much have wanted to.

It's your father's.

He let some friends of his take care of it.

He got it back, after the war.

After the war?

He didn't die in a concentration camp?

No, my boy.

We were very lucky, both of us.

He survived those two and a half years in Buchenwald.

Because of his tremendous will to live, I think.

He died three years ago. Of cancer.

Three years ago?

Can I come?

Shall we go home now?

You can go home, Malin.

You know the way, don't you?

See you.

My key, please. Room 237.

Thank you.

Just a minute.

No!

That's cheating!

- Grandpa!

- Hello there, Malin!

Horseback to the castle?

Hi Simon!

We're going to climb it?

- Do you dare?

- I don't know.

Do you know what fog really is?

No.

It's the sadness of the sea.

And it's as big as the whole sea.

How do you know that?

Karin told me.

Ragnar Strmberg & Erika Norn