



Scripts.com

The Sun in a Net

By Alfonz Bednár

THE SUN IN A NE:

Bullshit...

They're selling snowdrops now!

You too?

What?

It's a miracle!

The crazy idea of some stupid idiots.

Where can I get the money

for a new one?

What's wrong?

It's all tyranny.

Spring... summer...

My father keeps telling me to get

a summer job in the harvest.

The fields are still bare.

What a miracle!

Don't move!

You're such a good-for-nothing.

Listen, there'll be a solar eclipse.

Should we go see it together?

Dear Bela,

you don't care about snowdrops or eclipses,

your problem is that you hate staying in.

That's why you said: Let's go to the roof!

I could have looked at you in the street.

What's the point?

Turn it down, will you?

Have you eaten?

Yeah.

What's that?

An eclipse like this happens

once in 120 years.

I hope there'll be no clouds.

The sun will drain away

like milk from a pot.

Bela, are you dressed?

Yes, Mum, I am.

See you, Stanka!

It's awful that things are like this.

I should stay in to tell you

what it'd be like, for you to see.

You haven't written to Melenany,

have you?

You should go there.
I don't want to talk about it!
If you could see
I wouldn't have to work so hard.
I'd have time for that, too.
I wouldn't have to worry so much.
Bye, Stanka, bye, children!
What time is it?
Almost seven o'clock.
It's ten to.
Dad was standing by the table
the whole time.
Is it nice weather out?
It's cloudy.
Will the sun be out?
Hardly, Mum.
It's a pity you won't see the eclipse.
That's not so...
What, Mum?
What did you mean, Mummy?
I imagine the eclipse differently.
It's overcast,
there'll be no spectacle today.
Everybody wants to see the show
with the Black Sun.
Wait 120 years,
maybe it won't be cloudy then.
I'll stay just for a little while.
I have to go and Milo wants to come up.
Somebody has to stay with mother.
That's true.
Isn't it groovy?
Groovy. Freaking groovy.
The sun's joking,
jumping into the darkness.
It sure is.
What's it like outside?
It's hard to say. It's like twilight.
Flames must sprout out from the sun
at 700,000 kilometres per second,
out to an immense height, or depth.
People can see it all now,
because the sun has a crown.
It must look so great.

Mum, why isn't Bela coming down?
Is the eclipse all just for her?
Don't worry, hold this.
Put your hand here... like this!
Careful, it's all wires and antennas.

- A lot of them?
- A lot.
- A lot of TV sets?
- Yes, Mummy.

People want to see so much...
Goodness, the air is so fresh up here...
What does the sun look like?
Yes, Mum!
Can you see the sun?
That's the way it is, Mum.
It's dark where the sun used to be.
There's only a little piece of it left,
that's why it's not warm.
No, thanks.
And where's Bela?
- Is the sky clear?
- Yes, it is.
Where are we going?
Lean against the wall,
hide from the wind.
- Is the sky really clear?
- Yes, Mummy.
Is it blue?
It's violet over there,
red over there and dark blue here.
It must be beautiful.
I'm glad you can see it.
And where's Bela?
- I can see the stars.
- You're not lying, are you?
It happens during an eclipse.
You can see the stars.
- Which ones?
Bela, this is awful.
There's Venus and that's Mars over there.
- Is Mars in that direction?
- Yes.
- Blue?
- No, Mars is red.

Is there a blue star there?
Mummy!
Bela, are you here?
Watch together, lie together,
I should love you.
Milo, is there a blue star?
My friends would have a laugh.
Did you hear?
Fayolo is a sleepwalker.
Look, he's walking on the roof with Bela,
waiting for another eclipse.
Well, I have to go.
Is it a night-shift again?
Yes, it's Wednesday.
There's meat and peas in the fridge.
Don't forget to buy bread,
they close at seven.
- Did you hear me?
- Yes, Mum. Thank you.
It wasn't locked.
I saw Bela. What a fox!
Does she eat out of your hand?
Listen, Pete, leave her alone,
she wouldn't fit in your harem.
Who wants a summer job?
Pete's a dope, he wants Bela.
Just to add another notch on his belt.
I collect hands, he collects notches...
We all do our best.
Hands... the strangest human shape.
They can't lie,
not even when making a notch.
Nice songs.
I like songs like these a lot.
Stop talking!
It's all bullshit, tyranny,
I don't believe you.
There's no need to talk. Just listen!
Don't be silly!
Is there a TV set in every house?
We can't come here anymore.
If somebody's antenna breaks...
They'll see us from the other houses.
What do you think?

What's the use in talking,
don't be stupid!
You're stupid! Dope!
You're a dope.
Pete asked about you.
Do you have any idea why?
I didn't mean that, I'm sorry!
Milo left on a school trip,
Father is always home late from work,
nobody comes to visit.
You could come to my room,
Mum wouldn't see you.
Mummy, bread!
I've been to your place,
I went to see your mother before.
I should come to see you
for what? For the radio?
I won't deceive your mother.
I don't do things like that!
I'd be an idiot.
I'd come if your mother could see.
Get dressed and go home!
I didn't think you were such a jerk.
You are!
You've never said anything
that makes sense.
You have a radio for a mouth.
And I turned fifteen last November!
Why didn't you come inside?
I got lost in thought...
Good afternoon.
May I leave my things here?
Open it, since you're here.
Don't release it yet, it's early.
You fixed it very well,
but who for?
The Danube won't stop flowing.
Who is it?
I don't know, I see him around often.
The other day we sat here together.
May I?
I'll bring you the picture.
Since you let me change
my clothes here...

You may, of course.

Old in years, young enough for love.

Like the Gly doree lotion.

- I have to go. Are you here?

- Yes.

There's meat in the fridge, and beans...

Dad will be back around eight.

I'll have my supper with him.

We'll have a nice lunch on Sunday
and we can go out.

I know you prefer to stay in.

But I'm not a child anymore.

The harvest is near at hand.

I've heard that before.

- I'm reading the papers if I may.

- You shouldn't force me.

You shouldn't force me.

They'll notice your good will
and it will help our reputation.

That's why I've been repeating it
since spring.

You're the one to blame.

You used to be one of the intelligentsia.

What the hell did you study for?

I should work so you get
a good personal file.

Reputation, reputation...

Good morning.

Morning. Off for a trip?

I'm going to work in the harvest.

I hear you'll be changing the lift cable.

People use the lift because of the music.

Maybe we should come up with something
so the gate will sing, not slam.

It's old, so it slams.

Well, have a good time.

It's Sunday, he's going to church.

Comrade workers!

Before you all leave for your posts,

I need twenty men for our
co-op at Melenany.

Are there any volunteers?

Me.

- Bezdanka is there.

- That's right! Good water!
Bezdanka is a small lake.
Its water has healing powers for men.
I've never been there.
What for?
Sing, Boys!
Melenany, the fields of Melenany,
I ploughed there, I mowed there,
my hands worked there...
and then said good-bye to Melenany...
Hi, Mum.
Can I go to the swimming pool?
I've done the shopping.
Who's going with you?
Mia and Zuza, nobody else is in the city.
We should have gone to Melenany.
Well go on then,
get some air, enjoy the water,
and be careful.
I'll stay here while the weather is nice.
Is the shopping on the chair?
Yes, Mum. Bye!
Good...
- Why did you say hello to her?
- It's good manners, right?
She can't see.
You're lucky!
Let's go.
- To the swimming pool?
- To the pontoon.
- Is it far?
- Don't ask!
- I heard the sun doesn't do it any good...
- That's not true.
That's what I saw.
When it stops raining...
Melenany, golden fields...
What idiot said that!
Dad's an idiot too.
Bela, where are you?
If I had a boat...
I'd go out with Bela, but she's angry.
She broke my radio, the idiot.
And I work for my father's reputation.

One whole month!
Good afternoon!
Excuse me, where's the good water?
It's good, but no one goes there,
they're worried somebody
might see them.
Where is it?
Over there, near the woods.
Good water.
If I brought some for Pete,
He'd need a new belt...
Bela is angry, but I'll write her.
Fayolo... what a nickname!
- Is it difficult to remember?
- It's quite unusual.
- Bela changed my name.
- Bela? Your chick?
- My sister.
- My name is ordinary. Jane.
Because I have no brother.
- Have you found it?
- We work together.
There were a lot of seasonal workers here,
if they just cleaned that up!
We need this machine,
but it's broken.
We need wood. Hold it.
Here...
that's it...
Let me help you.
No, it has to be exact.
A picture of me?
I'm too old for things like that.
But if you really want to...
My name is Blazej,
everybody knows me.
Send me the picture.
So many Blazejs at Melenany?
Do you have relatives in Bratislava?
His godfather stole it.
He worked around the pigs
and knew how to arrange things.
He used to bring the goods to a forester.
But they caught him.

A man called Halgash caught him.
But they didn't report him,
he was ill by then...
- Comrade mechanic!
- What?
What about the rusty machines
over there?
We need every machine we can get,
the elevator shouldn't go to rust.
It's not important now!
We have to take care of the grain now.
But the machines keep breaking down!
Lots of negligence, lots of break-downs.
I say the grain comes first now.
The harvest needs every comrade.
You're disrupting work discipline!
I'll send you in with the rusty iron.
Everybody knows their post.
Seasonal workers to the rusty iron!
Good evening!
What can they do?
There's work every day.
Four people to carry it,
three at the machine.
Last year it was the other way around.
And they had too much work.
He died,
it's been twenty years...
But his wife...
She still works for the cooperative.
There are several seventy-year-olds
still helping out in the fields.
I'm taking care of a good reputation.
What reputations do these here need?
They work as hard as Robinson.
He was the first to figure out
that you have to work before
you can eat.
What a far out concept!
Robinson at Melenany, many Robinsons!
Well, jackass,
are you threatening a city person?
The elevator doesn't have to go rusty.
Nobody wants to work by the exhaust,

everybody runs away from it.
I've never harmed the cooperative!
You've never helped it either.
Even your poultry died,
now why was that?
The poultry was mine, not yours.
What was the reason?
You stole the barley full of chemicals.
It's no good for hens.
Can't prove it, nobody saw me.
But you were seen bathing
in the waters of the Bezdanka.
You cured your shaky hands, eh?
He was washing his hands...
When I was stacking hay,
you didn't mind my shaking hands.
The stacker wouldn't come.
What should we do now, Leader?
Should I report him?
He's breaking work morale.
He's an old man, he volunteered.
He made seventeen stacks for us.
If it weren't for him...
You're doing the stacks now.
I'm tired of you quarrelling with people.
We should soak you in Bezdanka
so that stupid head of yours would wisen up!
Boy, this sucks!
Is there any beer?
Have some soda.
I'm such an idiot.
First I lie about Bela,
then I write her a letter...
What stupid nonsense.
And then I get into an argument.

She'll laugh:

I don't know... Perhaps...
The stacker went on strike.
- Why?
- He feels offended.
Boys! Comrades!
We can't stop threshing.
Throw it aside, in the meantime.

Dear Dutchman...
What nonsense to begin a letter like that.
And then to talk of Robinson...
He was alone on the island,
didn't have machines out of order.
He could concentrate,
because there was no Jane.
Fayolo went to work in Melenany.
My father is from Melenany.
We used to go there when I was little.
Jerk.
Not your father.
Listen, since your mother can't see,
I could come visit you in your room.
- Fayolo is a dope.
- I bet!
- He wrote me a letter.
- What did he write?
That he was like Robinson.
Dear Dutchman,
Do you remember Robinson?
He had to work hard to live.
I remembered him here.
I used to think he was a blockhead,
but he wasn't.
What a jerk!
I feel like Robinson too.
I never imagined how much work it takes.
I can see when I don't have the radio,
I'll have to talk when I'm with you.
For Pete's sake!
He had to go to Melenany to find out
that a calf is a young cow.
The air is heavy.
It's no use going on without a stacker.
Let's go for a swim.
I'll join you later.
Nobody comes to see us.
You've never said anything
that makes sense.
You have a radio for a mouth.
And I turned fifteen last November!
I'm dead meat,
I lose. Oh Jane...

Listen to this!
When I come back, things will change.
I'll take you to my pontoon.
Well, it isn't mine, but I found it.
It's in a quiet bay in the Danube,
there are boats
and a net above the water.
What a poet - what a jerk!
There's a fish!
Throw it away!
- The swimsuit?
- That too.
- And the letter?
- That too.
No, Pete.
Let go!
Young in years, old enough for love.
Excuse me!
Put your clothes on!
I'm such an idiot!
Because it's important to say it,
not to write it.
I should make Bela see that I like her.
That's the end... That's ridiculous...
Bela, don't be angry...
No, Jane...
Bela, you have class, you've got form...
Hold this. Thank you.
You leave your mother alone,
now you're left alone, too.
You say you saw Bela?
Yes. There's a terrible storm out there.
Were there other girls at the pool?
- Yes, there were.
- Who?
Don't worry, they're hiding from the rain.
Where's that girl again?
She went to swim.
They're hiding from the storm.
It's bubbling again.
It bubbles too little.
- How did you know...
- It bubbles.
...this water was so good... so healing.

It's good because nobody comes here.
Has Bela come back yet?
Shut the window, there's lightning!
In Melenany all windows
are shut in a storm.
The antennas are the rakes.
What chicks will hatch
under Bela's skirt?
But it's all different for us.
I'm afraid for the children.
They feel it.
You used to send us to Melenany
for the summer holidays.
You said your father invited us,
and who knows what you were doing.
I was stupid to want revenge
through my death.
You never knew why it happened.
You had a lover,
so I took pills.
Thirty of them!
Bela brought me back to life
when she called from outside:
Mummy, bread!
I pulled myself together,
her voice made me go to the neighbours.
I've stayed alive,
but at what price!
And you told the children
I had food poisoning.
Mummy!
Bela! Were you listening?
Where's your father?
It was the same with Fabry last year.
He had two cows.
He was putting it off, and then...
- Dovolite?
- Keiiii niet inej stolieky...
May I?
Don't be angry with me,
it would be a shame to waste
the machines.
A person gets upset sometimes...
And now we have no one

to stack the hay.
The wind has blown it all away now...
You have to do something.
Gather the straw in the fields?
Everything will rot.
I mean you have to talk to the stacker.
He's as stubborn as an ass.
He lives in Bratislava now.
- In Bratislava?
- Yes.
And where does he live?
How should I know?
- I mean the stacker.
- It's that way, on the edge of the village.
- Will you go with me?
- No. No.
I'd sure talk to him...
I'd slap him in the face!
He shouldn't have done that!
You'd better tell him he's right.
Better than mocking him about Bezdanka.
Good morning, uncle Blazej.
Morning. Come in!
- Which way?
- Through the veranda.
The handle broke.
I'm trying to make a new one out of this.
I'd like to ask you again, uncle Blazej,
I'd like to ask you again, uncle Blazej,
In our building, there is a Blazej family.
They have a daughter named Bela.
The lady can't see.
So then, she's blind.
What happened to her?
She ate some bad meat, they say.
It's been playing all day long.
It won't be anymore.
Well?
Good you didn't do it in the bedroom.
It's fine to sleep on wood shavings.
So you say she doesn't see.
Poor woman. She's a nice person.
I always liked her.
My son didn't deserve her.

I drove him out.
We fought over a piece of land.
He never worked on it.
So I kicked him out.
The anger has stayed,
but the land is all gone.
Winter nights are long.
Come and hold this.
Why do you still work so hard?
You should rest, visit your son,
go for a walk by the Danube...
What for?
This is important, not the exhaust.
If only there were some wood.
But the forest belongs to the state.
We could repair the elevator.
Would you go with me?
The forest is a two hour walk from here.
All right. I'll go get some help.
A girl will be no help.
I don't mean Jane.
Robinson at Melenany!
But he didn't steal.
If Dad saw me now...
Stealing for a good reputation...
Damn it!
Without hands the way isn't clear.
Sometimes you have to take
a dark path.
Black paths, black sun.
What a good line!
Well, Bela, now you can't say:
Fayolo, you're useless!
Stop! Drop it!
If only I'd mentioned Bezdanka
he'd bring the wood himself.
He can steal for the cooperative,
not only for himself.
Bezdanka glitters.
Come on, boys.
One day,
I'll beat somebody up for this.
We don't need music.
Good water.

I'm saying good-bye to Bezdanka
once again.

Was it as healing last year too?

- Don't think of anything.

- It's not easy.

You have a nice name.

Good morning.

Did that really happen to you
in the woods?

Yes, it got all scratched.

You didn't call out...

A thief in state woods can't shout.

Well, you're done here.

- When do you leave?

- I'd rather stay.

It's not easy to leave Bezdanka.

Well, will you come see us?

We want to hear the news
from Melenany.

Good afternoon, Mr. Meg.

Welcome.

- Back from the holiday?

- Back from work.

We're all waiting for you.

Bela, what about my hair?

- It's nice.

- Help me.

Grandpa sent a basket.

He wove it himself.

Good afternoon.

Welcome, Mr. Fajtak!

It's so nice of you to come.

We'll hear about Melenany again.

It's nice there, mostly in the evenings.

You mean it's nice at Bezdanka, right?

I liked going there.

But don't misunderstand me.

I loved the silence,

and walking in the fields alone.

Alone, as if I were preparing
for this solitude.

They're hurting themselves.

Maybe they don't want to.

Maybe they have to.

And who pays for it?
Me or Bela?
What about us?
Who's hurting us?
Maybe they don't want to,
maybe they have to.
I'm sorry, Mr. Fajtak,
Tell us more - about Melenany
and the fields.
I found a pontoon.
I told you in the letter. Let's go.
OK. What if the fisherman is there?
Where have you gone, dear Jane?
I'm off.
Your dinner is in the fridge.
O.K., Mum. Bye!
This may be the last time this year.
This is for the fisherman.
He can drink while fishing.
Listen, Dutchman.
I'll go on calling you that.
I'll go on calling you that.
Fayolo, look...
Hi!
He has a new jacket.
- You're avoiding me these days.
- It's because I'm shy.
Like Robinson.
- What about Robinson?
- I admire him.
Imagine what he had to do to live...
I've been waiting for half an hour.
- Silly cow!
- Why?
It was a letter for you, not for Pete.
I didn't think you were such a jerk.
But you are!
Jerk.
Fayolo! I...
What's wrong with you?
And how are you, Mr. Meg?
I've missed something
now that the gate is so quiet.
What can you do?

There's nothing to be done.

- Mummy...

- Yes?

Will you go with us?

The sun is shining,
there's fresh air outside.

You've been sitting in here all year.

The air is so nice out here.

- Where are we going?

- To the pontoon.

The pontoon rocks on the water,
it's not far.

Good afternoon!

Oh, it's you!

- What's wrong with the pontoon?

- Why?

You're taking the net...

There's nobody to catch the fish.

Has the fisherman passed away?

- Who was it?

- A woman...

...dressed in black.

Her husband died.

She carried a bottle.

Probably alcohol.

Bela, are we near?

I can smell the water.

Yes, Mummy.

Milo, be careful, the water may be deep.

Don't worry.

I feel bad because I'd be of no use
if something happened to you.

There's a bridge here.

You have to walk carefully.

Hold me!

Hold me!

Why doesn't it splash?

There's a bench, sit down.

- Mummy?

- Yes?

This is a calm bay,
nothing moves.

The water is like a mirror.

Milo is throwing stones in the water.

What can you see?
There's the Danube,
boats are sailing there,
sunlight is glittering on the surface.
It's here.
There's a net above us.
The sun is in the net.
But, Mummy, we shouldn't swing,
because...
...it will spill out of the net.
Yes, that's right.
So let's sit without moving or speaking
so it won't drain away.
No use waiting here for the black sun
one hundred and twenty years.
Black paths, black sun...
What an idea.
I have to see the fisherman.
I'll sit with him.
Maybe he'll catch a white sun.
Another stupid idea.
Mummy, bread!