



Scripts.com

Someone You Love

By Kim Fupz Aakeson

SOMEONE YOU LOVE

Thank you?

Living room

and piano there.

Kitchen there.

Your room here.

We have a great night

planned for you.

A lot of wonderful people will stop

by, among others a huge star:

Singer-songwriter Thomas Jacob

straight from his home in LA.

He'll sing for us.

You're rich, you're famous,

and you're clean again...

...and you're back here

to record new songs.

I'm here because my producer...

...wants to be in Denmark.

Her name is Molly Moe.

You can see her here.

And she's always with you

when you're recording.

I'd be helpless without her.

She creates order

in my chaos.

I can come up with 10,000 ideas

for songs and music...

...but I wouldn't be able to put

a single song together without her.

She's vital to me.

Molly.

I was thinking

Can you continue forever to write...

...songs of painful love without

all the booze, divorces and drugs?

We agreed to talk about music and not

drugs, alcohol and divorce and crap.

I'm sick of it.

I can be unpredictable that way.

So can I.

Okay.

I'll go sing now.

So we saw you on TV.

Noa thinks it's cool that you're his granddad. And he plays the guitar, too.

You're recording a CD?

Yes.

We start tomorrow.

Did you come straight from LA or...?

So you're a bit jet-lagged...?

A bit.

And no wife these days?

No, and I thank the gods for that.

Well, you have Kate.

If you want Thomas to autograph your CDs, you should go get them.

Noa...

I'll ask you right out. You can say no.

Can you lend me some money?

I bought a new apartment, and there's just been tons of stuff to handle.

How much?

60,000 kroner.

Yes...

We'll write an IOU, uhm

Talk to Kate.

Give her your account number...

My boss says I'll be made partner in 2-3 years.

Damn it...

Not again.

What is this...

What is this?

Mom!

Mom!

Wipe your cheek.

I have all your CDs.

Yeah, yeah.

Okay...

Write

"To Noa from Granddad. "

I just sign my name.

Why aren't you staying in a hotel?

I like being alone.

How old were you when you learned
to play the guitar?
I started out on the piano.
With my dad. He played in church.
The organ.
Is he dead?
Not that I know of.
Lucky you, huh, Noa?
I think it's about time
I start preparing for tomorrow.
Don't forget to
thank Thomas.
Thank you.
Okay well, thank you, Thomas.
Thomas, hi!
Molly.
You look great.
You look like crap.
I can't wait!
How about mandolins?
I've had a thing about them lately.
It would sound awesome.
I think I'll leave it out.
You can't know that yet.
It's a duet...
Hi.
What are you doing here?
My mom's in the bathroom.
Hi. Sorry, but your Filipino said
it was okay to wait for you here.
We need to talk.
Close the door, please.
I should've called but...
No, no, stop.
Be quiet and listen to me.
You can't come and go as you wish.
Or tell me to close doors.
What What do you want?
More money?
Well?
My boss sent me home
on sick leave.
I have to go to rehab for 6 weeks
starting tomorrow morning.

Otherwise I'll be fired.
It's company policy.
Okay.
Good.
Noa gets up on his own in the morning,
and he does his homework.
Wait...
He doesn't have a dad and...
Hey!
I'm working in the studio.
But they'll fire me.
I'm working.
Okay. So what exactly
do you propose I do?
What can I do?
I'm working...
My mom's dead.
I have no one else.
Don't you have a
friend or something?
I'm working in the studio.
I'm recording. We're...
I can't.
No way.
Fuck.
Thanks.
No, no, wait!
You must have...
Thomas is in charge now.
Do as he says.
I'm just stressed, okay?
I'm going to a place to relax.
I love you so very,
very much.
It's okay, Mom.
Ear!
Eat, gorgeous boy!
Why don't you eat meat?
Meat is a disaster
for the human race.
It will be the end of us.
I like meat.
Normally my mom's not
that stressed out.

She just got promoted,
and we bought a big apartment.
And I got an iPhone.
She's not stressed.
She's on drugs.
Coke.
She smokes joints
and eats pills, too.
They'll keep her for 6 weeks,
and then she'll come home.
They keep her there?
They have to.
It makes you crazy.
You want to leave.
But you have to stay.
She's a good mom.
Yes just eat your meat.
Good night.
Please leave the lights on.
There.
And another thing...
I left my English books at home.
They're in one of the boxes.
We'll go get them tomorrow.
Okay?
Where do you sleep?
What?
Where do you sleep?
I sleep right down the hall.
Please leave it open.
It's the red buildings.
Bye.
Bye-bye.
Jesus.
Mom?
I'm fine.
Are you crying?
Hello?
Mom?
I can't hear you!
Mom?
I think she hung up.
When can I visit her?
She needs to be left alone.

Doesn't she want
me to come?
Can't you go do something?
Why don't you do something?
Why are you just standing here?
Why aren't you
playing your guitar?
- I don't feel like it.
- I'm trying to work here.
I don't feel like it.
My old man he
drank like a pig.
He danced or fought.
He was violent. He used to hit me.
Do you know what I did?
I listened to music.
I listened to Son House.
And it all went away.
Who's Son House?
It's...
Never mind.
He was a musician.
He was my negro god.
Fantastic.
He played poorly.
But it had something.
I play poorly, too.
Well, so did he. But that's not the
You don't understand.
That's not the point.
It should be...
Go play your guitar.
It's the only thing that...
It's out of tune.
How did you learn to play?
From a DVD that
came with the guitar.
What chords do you know?
G.
And...
C.
And D7.
No minor chords?
A minor.

See?
1st fret.
The B string.
And A minor.
Try to find a rhythm.
Feel a flow.
We threw out the guitar DVD.
It wasn't any good.
Okay.
And I've learned new chords.
A minor, D minor and E minor.
Great, sweetie.
And I'm learning
the barre chords.
Oh? Soon you'll
play a whole song.
Yes.
Don't go out too far.
No, no.
Thanks.
Would you like another one?
Yes, please.
Here you go.
Thank you.
I hate it here.
I can't even go downtown without
being chaperoned by two drug addicts.
You just have to
get through it.
They have a family program.
Therapy with the relatives.
They say we should ask our relatives
if they want to take part in it.
I mean, who do I ask?
My dead mother? Huh?
Should I give
her a quick call?
Where were you?
Where was I...?
When I was little...
Did you ever think about me?
Sure...
You never thought about me.
Listen...

We won't get a new
happy childhood back.
Now is now.
One day at a time.
One day at a time.
That's how it is for me, too.
I never asked to
be your daughter.
I never asked to be your dad.
That's it!
I'm gonna get you!
Nah, I'm too old.
Good morning! She's here!
The one that's your daughter!
Come.
What happened?
I just feel miserable.
You bailed.
I'm the worst mom...
I should be looking after Noa.
He's my little boy.
I can't stay there.
I can't do it anymore.
I miss Noa so much.
We need our life back!
I want to go home!
I get so angry
whenever I think about you.
And I don't want to be angry.
I want to forgive you!
I mean that!
I'm...
I'm trying so hard
to understand you!
I really want to forgive you!
You have to go back.
I can't.
Yes, you can.
You have to go back now.
I can't.
It's only a few more weeks.
Noa is fine right here.
You can do this.
You have to go back.

I can't.
Yes, you can.
You can do this.
I can?
Yes.
You have to.
Okay.
Yes.
Okay.
Noa shouldn't
see me like this.
No.
Let him sleep.
Don't say anything.
You can leave through here.
G.
E minor.
C.
D7.
E again.
1, 2, 3, 4.
1, 2, 3, 4.
Solo!
Yeah, one more time.
Solo.
Faster.
Coffee?!
Gorgeous boy!
You keep scratching yourself!
I get this sometimes.
Poor boy!
Not good!
A doctor must look at it!
I have a cream at home.
Okay!
More cheese?!
No, thanks.
No, thanks.
- Fruit perhaps?! An apple?!
- No.
A pear?!
Nothing...
Are you coming down?
4th floor.

Doors opening.
Noa.
Come on!
We have to go.
Okay?
What's wrong?
Noa?
Come.
Go to the car.
Go to the car.
Okay?
Take the stairs to the car.
Doors opening.
Doors closing.
Go on in.
Sit down.
Take off your jacket.
Eat.
You know why your mom
was in that place.
She was ill.
Her coke and all that stuff.
I've used coke, too.
Lots of it.
I've used everything there is.
Anything I could put in my body.
Coke, amphetamine, booze, LSD,
heroin, crystal meth, everything.
And it was amazing.
It filled a hole inside me in a way
that nothing else could.
I became present.
I could talk to people.
I didn't feel alone anymore.
I just felt like...
God was caressing my brain.
Then you become ill.
Your soul breaks.
Your body breaks.
You break. You become lonely.
Paranoid.
No one caresses
you anymore.
Stop.

Stop.
Noa.
Stop it.
Stop.
Stop.
There, there...
Here...
Half a sleeping pill.
Take it.
There.
He's still sleeping.
If only he could
sleep for 100 years.
What will happen to him?
I'm going.
You're going?
I'm going for a walk.
Should I join you?
Don't.
I'm only asking if
I can come along.
Give it a rest.
I've been clean for
6 years. I'm clean.
Yes.
I'm working hard
at staying sober.
Really hard.
All the time.
Around the clock.
Every single day.
I know you're struggling, Thomas.
I know.
You don't know anything.
You have your little family.
You don't know what it's like
to be afraid when day breaks.
Or when night comes. To constantly
be afraid. You know nothing.
I know I'm your friend.
Thank you.
You okay?
Mmm.
Do you want to eat?

I got a suit when
Granny was buried.
It won't be
a big ceremony
with lots of people
and reporters.
It's on Saturday.
Just you and me.
I would like to bring flowers.
Yes.
Will they burn her?
Yes.
Hello.
You may lay down the flowers.
I'll wait outside.
Let's go in.
Noa!
Noa...
Noa? Noa. Noa?
What's wrong?
Can you hear me?
What happened?
Come, stand up.
Noa!
Come...
There...
Are you...
Are you okay?
Where do I live?
What?
Where you live?
What about all
my stuff at home?
Are we together?
Do I live with you?
Then where do I live?
I don't know.
I don't know.
Okay?
I don't know anything.
I'm sorry.
Thomas...
Thomas.
What's wrong?

I'm scared.
Of what?
I'm scared.
Turn on a light and
go back to your room.
Can't I sleep here with you?
Go to your room and go to bed.
You can't sleep here.
Your room is far away.
I can't...
I can't sleep with other people.
I wet my bed.
My blanket is wet.
What?
I wet my bed.
Go to the bathroom
and take a shower.
Go to the bathroom.
Take them off.
Is this okay?
Can you hold it yourself?
Okay?
So?
I don't feel shit.
It's empty...
It doesn't work.
Empty.
Nothing.
Some lame shit.
I can't stand listening to that crap.
I don't know what it is.
I feel absolutely nothing.
No, I got that part.
Come.
Come in here.
What do you hear?
You hear something I don't.
I hear nothing.
Nothing?
Nothing!
It's empty.
Thomas...
What are you doing?
What is this?

What do you mean "Thomas"?
What are you trying to say?
I didn't know her.
Should I feel shame?
Or grief? I should feel grief.
I should feel more guilty
more shame or...
Or maybe you don't think
I feel enough.
Is that it? Should I...?
Do you all feel sorry for Thomas?
Is it 'poor Thomas'? Or...
Is he a bastard? Is he to blame?
I'm to blame.
I think you should go home.
Stop it...
- Thomas...
- It's empty! What's up with you?!
Is it hug time?
Is that it?
Love and forgiveness.
Yes, let's hug. Come here.
So give me the hug.
Okay? Let's go back to work.
Should we go back to work?
Don't. Thomas, go home.
Take care of yourself. Now.
And stop destroying
what we're doing.
I won't let you.
End of story.
I want to record it
with new lyrics,
so that it means
something to me!
And for the people that listen to it.
May I do that?
May I record it
with new lyrics?
May I do that?
Well?
Yes.
I'll send the guys home.
Thank you.

From the top.
Go.
What's going on?
Are you okay?
What's going on?
Breathe.
Breathe, Thomas.
Nice and easy.
Grab my hand.
There...
Nice and easy, come.
I'm right here.
Breathe.
Breathe...
Nice and easy.
Do you know what an
"internat" school is?
Boarding school?
Kate has arranged a place
at a boarding school for you.
I drink like...
my family always has.
Or rather, we don't drink.
We throw it down.
Till we fall over.
We don't dance or have
jolly fucking sing-alongs.
We throw back the booze
and do drugs till we suffocate,
in our own fucking shit,
pee and blood and...
Don't give me that look.
Stop looking at me.
I don't want you to look at me.
Stop looking at me.
Stop looking at me!
I've listened to everything.
The tracks,
the rehearsals, all of it.
It's possibly the most beautiful thing
we've ever done. You and I.
Possibly.
I'm leaving...
Yes.

The boy will go to
a boarding school.
Yes, Kate called.
We talked about
Noa at home.
He can stay with us
when school's out.
Christmas and holidays and
family weekends or
whatever they call it.
You're a good person.
I can't do anything.
I can't give anything
to anyone.
We can't know that
about ourselves.
Yes...
We can.
Thomas...
Thomas.
Thomas.
Here.
Take my guitar.
I don't want your guitar.
It's something musicians do
when they have faith in someone.
You give him your guitar.
It's a fine guitar
with the most beautiful sound,
of all the guitars I've ever had.
I want you to have it.
I'm going home.
Yes.
I'm not taking you with me.
No.
The boarding school...
Yes?
You'll be happy there.
Much happier than with me.
And on weekends you can stay
with Molly and her family.
You cannot come with me.
That's how it'll have to be.
There, there Noa.

You're a good boy.
You're strong.
Don't forget to eat!
And we'll walk around this way
to the school building.
And there it is.
Your class is at a lesson, so we'll
go put your stuff in your room.
He's looking forward
to getting to know you.
Molly will call you.
This sucks.
It won't work.
It just won't work.
It sucks, Noa.
What are you talking about?
Come with me.
Come with me.
- What?
- Come with me. Come.
We can't be here.
You're the worst
grown-up I know.
You just want
to be left alone.
You want to live
in a castle.
You don't care
about people.
You're rude to people.
You're afraid of people.
I care about you.
I miss my mom.
Of course you do.
She wasn't a bad mom.
No.
A good mom.
Yes.
Please come with me.
But you live in Los Angeles?
I'm asking you to come
to Los Angeles with me.
Noa,
I'm your damn granddad!

Dansk Video Tekst

sync, fix:

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