Tatarak

By Andrzej Wajda
Present a new film by
Andrzej Wajda

**SWEET RUSH:**
based on a novel by
Jaroslaw Iwaszkiewicz
and Sandor Marai "Unexpected Call"
and Krystyna Janda "Last Notes"
as "Mrs Marta"

Starring
Editor
Costume designer
Makeup
Make-up for Mrs Marta
Sound
Art director
Cast and production manager
Producer
Composer
Director of Photography
Screenplay and director

We were supposed
to shoot this film last year.
Somewhere in Poland.
Where there's a river, a
bridge, a landing stage.
I remember coming to Andrzej
to tell him I couldn't do it.
That I had to be in Warsaw.
Actually, I thought back then
we could still do it somewhere close.
I didn't know what was ahead of us.
I remember the twitch in Andrzej's face
when I told him about Edward's chemo.
That I couldn't leave him just then,
that he was sick.
He said it's OK, that he understands,
that he'll play it by ear
they'll look for a location
somewhere close.
Come to think of it, it wouldn't
have been possible at all.
I didn't realize...
...how intense
the following days would be.
I didn't believe things would turn bad,
then get worse.

**Doctors said:**
"Try to live your life as usual."
He didn't have the energy.
He couldn't walk.
I kept taking photos.
Just in case.
He let me,
he was even pleased.
I thought to myself how your
profession affects the way you think.
Cameraman.
He knew how much it matters
to seize the expression,
the image,
the moment.
I often took photographs
of him when he was asleep.
He would always wake up after a while
and smile at me ironically.
I don't know what I felt back then.
I wasn't filled with panic.
Calm.
I took him to his brain CT-scan.
And in his brain there were just those
three grains of sand, not more.
Nothing else.
And they aren't changing,
aren't getting any bigger.
Nothing is changing.
He shows no more mets.
Or maybe these aren't even mets.
We laughed a lot.
I came up with redecoration.
We painted the rooms.
I photographed him in empty rooms.
When I was driving him home,
from chemo,
he had to pee about
ten times on the way.
We laughed about it.
He would stop wherever and pee. 
I took photos of him 
through the car windows. 
Now I look at these pictures 
all the time. 
They are like a treasure to me now. 
I haven't cancelled his mobile number. I pay the subscription fee and I've kept it for myself. 
Sometimes I call him. 
There's this message 
he recorded by himself. 
Sometimes I leave a message. 
I always called him. 
About anything. 
About any problem and he always knew how to rescue me. 
The phone's still there, waiting, 
anyone can call. 
"SWEET RUSH" 
- From the beginning? 
- That's right. 
- That's the most important part. 
- The most beautiful one. 
Sweet rush has two kinds of fragrance. 
When rubbed between two fingers, 
it's green ribbon, wrinkled in places... 
Wrinkled on this side. That's right. 
...gives off a smell, 
a faint scent of water shadowed by birch trees, as Slowacki says. 
Yet, when one crushes its blade, 
when one buries the nose in its groove, lined as if with cotton wool, 
 apart from the fragrance of incense, 
one will detect the smell of muddy loam, rotting fish scales, mud, 
the aroma of death. 
That fragrance at the beginning of my life blended with an image of a violent death.
Marta lost her two sons during the German occupation and she is now extremely lonely. Her husband, terribly busy. Aside from working at the hospital, he is also running an enormous surgery for the townsfolk. Marta is very much affected by her solitude. It must be added, however, that Marta never complains. She never gives voice to her feelings. She looks after the house diligently. Receives phone calls, makes appointments for patients and does her best so that the weary doctor could return to a house in order, peace.

Tatarak, take one.
Take a seat.
- Do you have the results?
- Yes, here they are.
Excuse me.
Something's wrong?
No. Why?
You look pale.
No. Maybe I just didn't sleep well last night.
I'll have to examine you.
And don't even try to resist.
Are you in pain?
No, I'm not in pain.
I just don't feel well.
- Have you lost weight?
- Yes, I have.
How much?
Six kilos.
- Since when?
- Since two months ago.
X-ray.
Thank you.
- Here.
- Thank you.
And that?
How long have you had that?
It's been two weeks since I noticed.
- Why didn't you tell me?
- Because.
You've lost six kilos?
Maybe seven.
Breath in.
Hold your breath.
Good afternoon.
It's just a common cold.
You are a little weak.
I'm tired.
She may not live through the summer.
Are you going to tell her?
No.
Off you go.
Thank you for coming to see us...
Doctor, Doctor...
Next, please.
Why did you come?
I've grown old, I've changed.
You've come to see how Marta is doing?
Not at all... Why would you... Marta...
We've all changed, grown old.
You have too.
But so much time has passed.
Hard time.
Do any of our old acquaintances
keep in touch with you?
No, none. whatsoever.
There was a time when they would call,
write. But now none whatsoever.
And not even one
of our old female friends?
Listen, is it true that,
after her last visit,
Tesia started telling tales
around Warsaw that there's
this Ibsenesque atmosphere in our house.
No, no, I haven't
heard anything of that kind.
Look.
That's the only thing they've
rebuilt after the war. That stage.
As if they knew people need a place
of entertainment to enjoy themselves.
That's the most important thing right now. But people need to enjoy themselves. They want to. Or they'd go mad after all that's happened. Don't tell me you go to dances. No. Not to dances. All townsfolk come over here to enjoy themselves. One comes over here to parade about and to observe others. I come here too, sometimes. Or the only world I'd know would be that of my husband's and his patients'. And this is where our youth comes to play about. Look how... ...how beautiful they are, how robust. What are they drinking? Oh, this is liquid fruit, the local pride, our speciality. - Would you like to taste it? - Yes, please. Wait a moment. I do apologise, Madam. But for Alina, I would be entirely alone. Janusz is in America, Robert and Zbyszek in London. Robert doesn't even think to come back. He's afraid. He says he'll come when the system changes. And it'll never change. So he'll never come back. That's good. Juice. - It's just juice. - Well, yes. And what did you think? They'd probably like something stronger, but they don't have any money. - Do you know these people? - Yes.
It's a small town. We know one another, well... by sight.
It's a really small town.
Zbyszek's going to come.
His wife's English.
He'll come with her so I hope they'll let him go back.
He's got two girls.
He works at the airport in London.
It's an easy job. He's a ground officer.
You may remember Janusz the best.
Remember when Janusz, on his own, brought a tree for Christmas?
Do you remember that Christmas before the war?
That was so joyful!
So much enjoyment, so many children.
Your two, the three of mine.
Alina, and, well,
Henryk was still alive.
And Alina's fine.
Her husband's a commie.
I wonder if he'll let her see her brother.
The girls rather yes, but surely not the sister-in-law?
Dear God, what a time!
And the river flows...
Let's go now. Let's go.
Yes, he will see you.
What is your name?
All right. Please, do not worry.
Yes, he will certainly see you.
Thank you.
Hello, doctor's house.
No, I'm afraid not.
But he's on duty at the hospital.
Yes, if it's serious, please go to the hospital.
Yes, yes, he will certainly see you there, he's on duty.
What are you doing?
Do not go in there, please!
I'm sorry. I wanted to tidy the room.
Like you told me to, Madam.
I told you to tidy everywhere except
in that room. Haven't I told you that?
If I haven't, I'm telling you now.
Please, do not enter that room.
- I'm sorry.
- We do not go in there.
Here. Excuse me.
- See, they're looking at us...
- Because you always...
Like yesterday... with the fellows...
the whole town...
I expect you'll come
to Warsaw, like every year,
on 1st August to visit the boys' grave.
Yes, yes, I'm planning to,
like every year.
Forgive me, Marta.
You have nothing to reproach
yourself with.
None of that was your fault.
Nor mine, nor anybody else's.
Nobody could have predicted
the uprising would break out.
Nobody could have predicted that.
But I couldn't stop them.
Nobody would've been able to.
Not even I. This is how we raised them.
I still see them
like it was yesterday...
I'm sorry.
How was your day? Was it all right?
It was fine.
I postponed that patient's
appointment to Monday.
Thank you.
He called three times.
Asked if it was for certain.
- Here, have some.
- No, thank you.
- Maybe you'll have some jam?
- No, thank you.
You know what,
I think I'll go to bed, all right?
I'm so tired. Excuse me.
- Good night.
- Good night.
- What time are you leaving?
- Early.
All right then. Have a good night.
Why, are you alone today?
No, no, please, sit down.
I'll sit down too.
Thank you.
It's such a lovely place, isn't it?
Why are you alone today?
Halinka has left.
And who is Halinka?
It doesn't matter.
She's a student and she
always knows better.
And I'm just a simple boy, after all...
- Are your parents alive?
- No, they aren't.
They died during the war.
My grandmother raised me.
She raised a splendid boy.
I'm sorry, I don't know
why I get such silly ideas.
- Where did you go to school?
- In Elblag.
I trained as a raftsman.
But wouldn't you like
to do something else?
Now you start talking like Halina.
I'm not meant to be anything else,
don't you see?
I'm a born raftsman - water inspector
and that's that.
And what does she want from you?
She wants me to read books
and walk with her in the moonlight,
along the river.
- And you would rather play bridge?
- Sure I would.
I saw you two at the stage
the other day.
Exactly.
I'd also prefer you to learn
and read books.
I do read sometimes but there's
nowhere I could get books.
I can't buy them. And, what's worse,
I have to send cash to my grandmother.
Why don't you take books from me?
We have some books.
My husband buys and has them delivered,
but he doesn't have time to read.
They just lie there uncut.
Thank you.
So when are you going to come over?
She just thinks she's
so high and mighty.
She'll be a university lecturer and
tells me that she's ashamed to be
with a blockhead like me. I don't mind
being a blockhead.
I don't need any science to live.
I feel good the way I am.
If she wants to marry me, that's fine.
And if she doesn't, that's fine too.
But you are too young to get married.
Too young, too young.
That's exactly what she says.
But I can't change that!
Why don't you come over tomorrow.
- Do you know where we live?
- I do, I do.
- Right behind Krakowska Gate.
- Everybody knows where the doctor lives.
Do you swim?
I do.
I don't know anyone I could swim with.
Maybe we could meet
one day at the river.
I must go now.
But do come over.
This one's made with an oak leaf.
This one's with an oak leaf.
This one with currant.
And she said her pressure
was going up.
Here, this one is with cherry.
Horrible, so sour these ones.
They taste the same.
And every year when
I make pickles she comes over
to get something for blood pressure.
Let's go. You shouldn't be sitting here.
Don't you feel any shame?
Aren't you ashamed to be alive?
Because I'm ashamed of myself thinking
of all the deceased, of our sons...
There are so many young people
around now, and they're gone...
They wouldn't be so young any more.
They would probably be married.
Apart from them, there would be
some young women around our house.
How awful!
I detest young women.
That's so pompous.
Let's go. You needn't get so upset.
I am always filled
with such terrible shame
when I see such a young life around me.
Youth is shameless.
You are forgetting one thing.
Life turns into death so easily.
Good night.
I didn't believe he would die,
but he did die.
It's been seven months
and I still don't believe it.
He told me that...
that there was something in his lungs,
it was on the stairs, in our home,
after breakfast, casually,
while he was walking by
on the stairs.
Whaaat! - I shouted.
How do you know?!
Calm down, quiet.
Don't shout.
The kids will hear.
I got the pictures. Chest X-ray.
I'm going to the lung CT-scan today.
What time?
- In the afternoon.
- When will you get the result?
- Right after that or in the evening.
- But I'm playing.
Take it easy. I'll call you.
We met later that day at the Theatre.
I don't know...
He brought some tiles,
went to get some pipes.
I called him in the afternoon.
- Have you got the result?
- No, it will be ready tomorrow.
The doctor wasn't there.
I won't be able to pick it up tomorrow,
the plumber is coming.
He'd been building the theatre
for two years.
He stayed up with the workers at night,
while I went home to be with kids.
The Theatre had been open for some time,
but he kept building it and coughing.
He told me it was an allergy to dust.
On 10th June he took his tests.
I got off the phone,
got into the car...
...and went to the lab.
There were only some doorman
and some lab assistant there. I said:
I'm begging you, please, help me.
Show me my husband's results.
No, I can't. I can't,
not even to a wife.
Personal data protection.
I can't.
Anyway, the results aren't ready yet.
The doctor was absent today.
But, please, show them to me.
After all, you do know all about that.
I can't. I can't,
not even to a wife.
It was a bearded man, in the afternoon?
Yes, Edward Klosinski.
He left. He came back.
It's very bad – he said.
Very bad.
We'll get it ready as first tomorrow.
You may collect it then.
What time can we do that?
From 8, but you may
come earlier than that.
I called. I said: Edward, I've seen it,
I've seen the printout.
We'll get the results tomorrow
morning, you can do that from 7.
I hate that.
I'll sue them!
Some old hag comes over,
they show her whatever she wants.
They wouldn't even tell me anything!
It's disgusting. I hate that!
They'll show you whatever you want!
Yes, because my name is Krystyna Janda.
I know. That's terrible.
Tomorrow we'll get
the results together.
You can get them yourself.
I can't, the plumber
is coming over.
They'll give it to you.
I went very early in the morning,
before opening.
The result was there, waiting.
They asked no questions, nothing,
not even my name, nothing.
They gave it to me.
I was holding that envelope in my hand
and walking towards
the car as if hypnotized.
I drove through the gate
and out into the street.
I found a shoulder to park
and opened the envelope.
A tumour 8 x 10 centimetres
in the left lung,
five shadows in the right one.
I was in shock. What shadows?
I called my doctor friend in Germany.
All she said was - Read it.
And then - I'm sorry.
But what are shadows?
Mets.
It's spread to both lungs.
Hang in there now.
I didn't call him.
I cried,
I screamed, I couldn't calm down.
And that was the only time when
I cried like that, I haven't ever since.
Quietly, when I was alone.
When I let myself off guard.
And I cry like that until today
when it slips out of control.
We met at the theatre.
He didn't ask me anything.
We got into the car and went to
the hospital on Plocka Street.
He had an appointment with a doctor,
who, as it happens, was a friend
of a friend we went skiing with.
Not a word on the way...
We drove in silence.
I didn't say anything.
He preferred not to ask.
He didn't ask about the result.
My mobile rang. Andrzej Wajda.
"Sweet Rush".
All the way to hospital
I talked on the phone.
That there's this assistant
who knows better than his master.
He's been giving me tips,
that there's always some youth
on the set who thinks they
know better than the director.
Andrzej was having doubts.
Edward kept quiet.
At the crossroads,
just before the turning into
Plocka Street, he suddenly said:
I'm a little scared.
I kept quiet.
He preferred not to ask.
We went into the doctors' office.
A pragmatic, calm doctor,
the kind we always trust,
took the envelope in his hand.
Edward sat with his back to the screen
where the doctor put up X-ray prints.
I sat facing all of this.
One glance was enough.
He looked at me.
He realised I knew everything.
Edward was sitting with his back
to the screen.

**The doctor said:**
Have you read the description, sir?
What else could he have said.
No, I didn't.
No, my wife has just collected it.
And then the doctor
started reading that analysis.
He preferred to read it.
What was he supposed to say.
When we fell silent,
Edward asked calmly:
What's your advice?
You still ought to continue
the treatment - he said.
He died on 5th January,
on Saturday at 3.10 pm.
Between one spoonful
of soup and another.
I was feeding him.
His veins were torn, so it was
impossible to set up the drip.
The doctor said to me:
If you put a teaspoonful of water
into your husband's mouth every minute,
you will hydrate him.
Every minute.
And he was patient.
I was sitting beside him
in the centre of the house,
his bed in the living room.
A special bed, oxygen.
The hum of oxygen being supplied...
In fact, from the moment I brought him
home that last time,
on Monday, New Year's Day,
I didn't leave that room.
I was there for him all the time.
I slept beside him on the sofa, which
was too short and uncomfortable.
I said to myself:
It's just for the time being.
He'll get better and we'll
move him upstairs to the bedroom.
I'll get through this somehow.
I'll never forget those five nights.
They were my nights.
What's the matter?
No, everything's all right.
Go back to sleep.
Yes?
- Good afternoon.
- Good afternoon.
Pretty flowers.
I've come to get something to read,
but I don't know what.
- Maybe something on Polish philology...
- Polish philology...
Halinka studies philology
so I thought
she might like it if I was
reading what she is.
She would be pleased.
The library's over there, but we may be
more comfortable here.
How about a novel?
A novel...
A novel sounds all right.
But one where they talk a lot.
I don't like reading descriptions.
I suppose anything can be
said in conversation.
When I see there are only descriptions
in a book, I put it away immediately.
Here. Please, sit down.
Wait a moment.
How do you like this one?
Ashes and Diamonds
by Jerzy Andrzejewski
Do you really think that a dialogue
is enough to describe everything?
What about landscape, and our river?
It looks good.
What can one say about a river?
A river is a river,
there's nothing to talk about.
Water,
sweet rush...
Have you seen our garden? How beautiful
it is, how everything is blooming.
You see, when it comes to me, I know
nothing about plants and their names.
It's all the same,
it blooms and it smells.
How old are you?
I've told you already: Twenty.
Twenty.
Twenty years old.
It's so odd to be twenty...
What's odd about that?
Everybody's some years old.
Is it true they'll be repairing
embankments after the flood.
That's right, and I volunteered
for the job too.
But do you ever go there?
Is the water really rising?
- Are we in danger of flood?
- Water's moods are unpredictable.
And I... don't go there because
there's no one I could go with.
How come? How come there's no one?
Unless you would like to go
for a walk with me.
Me.
All right. Tomorrow.
All right then. All right.
Are you free at midday? At 12?
Yes, I do.
Let's meet under the bridge,
at the river. We'll try to swim.
All right.
Careful!
But be careful!
Madam.
Madam, some boy on a bicycle
is here to see you.
Tell him to wait. I'll be right there.
I will.
Good morning.
Good morning. From Waterworks.
Dear Madam,
I was so embarrassed yesterday that
I arranged to see you in the afternoon,
but I'm working at that time.
I'll be free only around 4 o'clock.
Can you be at that hour on the beach,
in the place we agreed on?
With true respect.
Boguslaw K.
Who wrote that for him?
All right, tell him I'll be there.
Thank you.
Madam.
Madam.
Madam.
I'm sorry I'm late.
But I had to see Halinka off.
So she hasn't left?
She didn't have money for the ticket.
I had to give her everything
I had and now I'm penniless.
I'll give you some money.
Really?
Let's go.
We have to pick some sweet rush.
It's Pentecost tomorrow,
the house needs to be adorned.
What for? Why are houses adorned?
It's the end of spring,
the beginning of life.
Everything awakens,
releases a scent.
Can't you smell it?
How it's all breathing heavily,
steaming?
It's the festival of life.
- What are you thinking about?
- Nothing.
About Halina?
About Halina.
Your back's all covered in sand.
I'll brush it off.
I'll wash it away in a moment.
What are you doing, Madam?
What are you doing?
You are so good.
Never say to any woman that she's good.
- What should I say, then?
- Nothing.
We need to get that weed.
- Here, take this. I'll get some more.
- No, that's enough.
No, it's not. If I don't get more
you'll complain I'm lazy...
Just a moment. Let me get
some more of that crap.
Come on.
What? What's wrong with him?
Why is he diving?
Marcin, what's the matter?
What's going on?
Swim over here, gentlemen.
Is something wrong?
Madam!
Is something wrong?
We're sending a car to the other side.
Wait there, please.
Madam!
- There's a coat right next to you.
- Thank you.
- Are you really You?
- Yes, it's me.
Will I get an autograph?
You're making a film somewhere round here?
And what's it about?
Since 12th June we knew he was ill. He'd just had his second round of chemo.
He was doing quite well.
I woke up at night. He was awake.
Krysia, why don't we go to Italy after all, you haven't had a holiday.
And then I realized he didn't want me to make that film.
That he wanted to be with me all the time.
I started crying.
He just looked at me and said:
Andrzej will wait for you, don't worry.
I can't think about "Sweet rush" without thinking of him.
Death is hovering over that text.
Also because he's gone.
And? She's not there?
I love him.
He was my love for life and to the death from the moment I understood who he was
and what he was like.
It was always good between us.
We knew that we had each other, he had me, and I had him.
Whatever happened, whatever came up.
I honestly don't know how I was able to play that day.
He knew that after a long break I get very insecure about acting.
That all the tickets were sold out.
He died in time for me to make it for the performance.
Like he always did during our whole life together.
I couldn't sleep at night from Friday to Saturday.
I was sitting by his bed.
Crying.
He woke up about 2am. He said:
You're not sleeping? You're here.
Edward, tell me what I should do?
What to do?
Shall I take you to hospital again?

He said:
No, it's OK. I want to be at home.
And then, suddenly,

he said:
Can I say goodbye and go now?
I took it for a joke.
I always acted like this.
When I wanted something to disappear,
I'd pretend it wasn't there. Dismiss it.
On Saturday I was sitting beside him,
happy that everyone had left.
Between one spoonful and another.
He opened his eyes,
unseeing.
Then he sighed...
...as if relieved.
He closed his eyes.
Kasia, his sister, said to me:
Krysia, tell me, is he dead?
I answered - I don't know.
I don't know.
Totally confused.
I kissed him and on his lips
I felt that he was getting cold.
How could I even play that night?
I just can't understand that.
Help!
Bogus, Bogus!
He's drowning over there! There...
- He's not here.
- Come over here! Come!
Bogus!
- Have you found him?
- No. To the right...
- Is he there?
- More to the right...
More to the right...
Have you got him?
No. To the right...
In the middle...
He's here! Come over here!
Have you got him? Bogus!
Take him by the hand. Bogus!
Hurry up, hurry up, to the shore!
Pull him!
Take him by the hands.
Bogus! Bogus! Get up!
Up with him, up, up!
Get up!
Get up! Get up!
- Bogus! Bogus get up!
- Up with him! Bogus! Get up!
I'll go and get the fellows,
we need to swing him.
Wait, me too.
"In memory of Edward Klosinski"