



Scripts.com

# Love and Rage

By Kim Leona

Good luck, sweetie.

You'll do just fine.

- I'll be home Tuesday.

- Okay.

- And then off to Jutland on Saturday.

- Not before?

My concert is on Thursday.

- So I can make it, after all.

- Yeah.

- It does say 'dinner' though...

- Don't worry about that.

It's written right here: 8 p.m.

- It's actually in your calendar.

- Yes.

- You're bobbing again.

- I'm sorry.

Try to get out a little  
and have some fun.

Kiss a few girls.

- Hi.

- Hi.

How cosy.

This looks delicious.

It's just breakfast, Lars.

Don't get carried away.

- Would you like some coffee?

- Thanks.

- Good morning.

- Good morning.

- Daniel.

- Hi, Jakob.

- Is your exam today?

- Yes, at 11.

- I'm so nervous.

- What on earth for?

Well...

- Let's go to La Fontaine tomorrow.

- No, I can't.

- Why not?

- I need to rehearse and...

Daniel, you practise all the time.

Get in the game. We need pussy.

- We deserve pussy.

- Okay. Call you later?

Great!

Pussy tomorrow. Don't forget!

- That was excruciating.
- Hi, Pierre.
- So, what do you say?
- Let's talk about it tomorrow.
- Okay
- Don't be nervous. Okay?

Right. Bye.

Hi, Daniel.

- My mom says hi.
- How is she?

She's fine.

I was wondering if you'd consider being my teacher. The principal just told me that you have your father's talent. Yes, I'd like to go to Juilliard in New York.

- I want to go all the way.
- Juilliard...

You're ambitious.

That's great, Daniel.

Unfortunately, I must turn you down. I have a lot of students as it is. But I would love to hear you play one of these days...

- Sure.
- I have to attend to an exam now.
- I have my exam at 11, so...
- I'll get to hear you today, then.
- Yes.
- Take care.

Daniel Bentzen.

- Daniel Bentzen.
- Professor Pierre Dore.
- We've already met.
- Hello.

Whenever you're ready.

Fuck!

Well, Daniel...

You made a mess of it at first.

- Yes, I know.
- But you're so talented.

- You passed.
- Thanks.
- You have to work on your nerves.
- Yes.
- Yes. I know.
- Good.

You're next, Louise.

Good Luck...

- Could I have a word with Pierre?
- No. We're already behind schedule.

Okay.

I'm sorry.

- That's okay.
- I didn't mean to startle you.
- You were good.
- Thank you. I fumbled.

That's means nothing.

- Are you always that nervous?
- Yeah.

Hands as cold as ice.

- What are you nervous about?
- I don't know. Making mistakes.

All great talents

suffer from performance anxiety -

- but we can work on that.
- 'We'?
- Yes.

I thought it over,  
and I'd like to be your teacher.

- But you must follow my directions.
- Yes, of course.

If I'm to help you to the top, we must  
get your anxiety under control.

- Yes.
- We all get nervous.

But we can't let our fears  
get the better of us.

No.

It's what caused  
your father to fail.

Torben had no filter.

Not in regard to music,  
nor towards the world in general.

That was his downfall.

And it will be yours too,  
if you don't deal with it.  
Talent probably wasn't the only thing  
you inherited from your father.  
In this room we will no longer  
talk about feelings.  
We will focus all our attention  
on the music and only that.  
Do we have a deal?

Yes.

Hi.

- See you.

- Bye.

- Can you manage?

- Yeah, I'm fine. Thanks.

...optimizing the outcome

- So, a cut in costs is planned.

No, there will be no cuts, we will  
simply use our resources better.

But Lars Lkke,

that must entail leaner budgets?

No! It's just a matter  
of optimizing the outcome.

Thank you.

Back to the studio.

Thank you.

How would you like to be the soloist  
at this year's concert?

- What do you mean?

- Kristoffer's backing out.

- But I'm not yet a soloist.

- I know that.

We'll make an exception.

It's a very prestigious concert.

You've got the talent, and there will  
be scouts from Juilliard present.

The principal agrees

it's a good idea.

Are you afraid?

- No, I'm not afraid.

- What would you like to play?

Uhm... I don't know...

How about

Brahms' Piano Concerto no. 1?

It's very complicated  
and will give you great respect.

Brahms.

Sofie speaking.

Hi.

Fine.

I'm going to Stengade.

Jeppe and Joy's band is playing.

Yes, I'm fine.

Bye.

This, please.

I'm a class...

I'm a classical pianist.

Hey.

I've seen you at the Academy.

Yeah. I'm there, too.

Great music, huh?

Cool music.

They're awesome.

Totally awesome.

Can't you see I'm dancing?

Hi.

Daniel.

To think you'll play at the annual  
concert. And you're not a soloist yet.

- Is it because of your new teacher?

- I don't know. This is it!

- Why did you pick this place?

- It'll be fun, I promise.

Hi.

- Are you paying?

- Sure.

- Hi.

- Hi.

Do we know each other?

I've seen you around  
the Academy... I think.

Ah, right.

Uh, I...

I think those two  
are from the Academy.

- They are?

- Yes, I think so.

- They're pretty good, huh?

- Sure.  
- Damn weird music, though.  
- Yeah.  
Cool music, huh?  
- Cool music.  
- Yeah.  
- What's your name?  
- Daniel.  
- Sofie.  
- Hi, Sofie.  
- Do you come here often?  
- No. I mean... no.  
But it's really cool!  
I think Jakob found it a bit loud.  
Right, Jakob?  
- He just needs a little red wine.  
- I'm off to Fontaine now.  
- But we're meeting the band!  
- I'll go to La Fontaine instead.  
- Yeah, okay. See you.  
- See you.  
In here.  
Could you open these?  
Sure.  
Good job, sailor.  
Cheers.  
- New boyfriend?  
- No, this is Daniel from school.  
- He thinks you're great.  
- Awesome.  
- Daniel's a classical pianist.  
- And gay?  
- I don't know. Are you?  
- What?  
- He asked if you're gay.  
- I don't... No, I'm not.  
He's just kidding.  
I don't smoke much.  
Cheers!  
Welcome to my humble abode.  
- Vodka is served.  
- Can I give you a hand?  
Sit down.  
So, what do you say?

It's all cool.

- Cheers!

- Cheers! Bottoms up.

- What would you like to hear?

- Let's have some music.

We want to hear you.

Sofie! We want you.

- Play something.

- Seriously, I'm too pissed to play.

We've been playing for you all night.

It's your turn now.

Only if Daniel joins in.

You'll accompany me.

- Is your piano in tune?

- If it's in tune?

Does it matter?

Guess not.

Okay.

Yeah!

- Daniel?

- What's up, Daniel?

Are you okay?

Fine, thanks.

You're one hell of a pianist.

- Hey.

- Hey.

What time is it?

**Close to 11:**

- When did the others leave?

- Around 5.

We tried to wake you,  
but you were out cold.

I should get going.

There.

Won't you stay a while?

Okay?

Here.

Down it goes.

So?

- What would you like to hear?

- What do you have?

I'll just slap something on.

Have you been with many?



Have you?

I don't know.

I don't count them.

Why are you at the Academy?

To improve my cello skills.

- Do you want to play in an orchestra?

- I don't know.

I find the classical world somewhat old-fashioned at times.

How do you mean?

The music is over 200 years old.

I want to play something new.

Are you really going to New York?

- Yes, if Juilliard accepts me.

- I'll come with you.

We'll move in together.

- Are you serious?

- If you'd like?

- Of course I would.

- Cool.

- I'd love to.

- It's a plan

Jesus...

- Hi.

- Hi.

- So, Lars is here?

- No.

So, who is it?

I don't know how to tell you...

We went out for dinner.

It ran late.

He called me.

- We haven't talked since dad...

- That's so out of line, mom.

What do you mean?

He's my teacher.

- Hi, Daniel.

- Hi.

I understand if this feels a little awkward, but...

We didn't plan for it to happen.

Daniel...

Why are you so upset?

Are you jealous?

No. I couldn't care less.  
It's just sex.  
It's not like I'm stealing him from...  
I don't want to hear about it, okay?  
I'm just trying to...  
...enjoy myself.  
And to get a life.  
You should try it, too.  
You don't have to go to Brussels  
for five years to get a life!  
- What makes you say that?  
- You went because of Pierre, right?  
Daniel, you're confusing things.  
I made twice the money in Brussels  
compared to here.  
And dad didn't make any money.  
- He couldn't even make conversation.  
- We talked all the time.  
Did you fuck Pierre already then?  
What?  
Did you screw him back then?  
- Stop it.  
- Was that why dad killed himself?  
How do you think it was for me  
to leave my 8-year-old with a lunatic?  
How dare you?  
He wasn't a lunatic.  
You don't know  
a damn thing about that.  
No, but...  
You're jealous, aren't you?  
Aren't you?  
Daniel...  
I will always be your mother.  
Right, Sweetie?  
There.  
Wrong... again.  
Only the run.  
- Can't you hit the note?  
- Yes!  
Then do it!  
Close your eyes and focus! Try again.  
Again.  
Again.

Again.

Again.

That's it!

- Where are you going?
- I have an appointment.
- Won't you stay a while?
- Sorry, I can't.

Why not?

Because I have an appointment.

- Forget the appointment.
- I can't, Daniel.

And I don't want to.

- Why don't you want to?
- I have a rehearsal with the girls.
- Let's do something together later.
- I don't know if I can.
- Like what?
- We could catch a movie.

Daniel, please don't...

- You'll just be a little bit late.
- You're so bad...

Don't...!

- You're crazy.
- I'm what?
- You're crazy.
- What's that again?

You're crazy.

Fuck, man.

I'm sorry.

What kept you?

Rehearsals ran late.

I'm so hungry...

- But it's started already.
- Then let's go watch it.
- Hello. You can't bring food inside.
- I'll finish it on my way there.
- You must leave it here.
- I promise, I'll be careful.

You can finish it after.

- But the film is starting.
- Too bad, but those are the rules.
- Come on, hon.
- No way.
- What the hell?

- You're not hearing me.  
Happy now?  
You're not getting in. You should learn  
some manners and follow the rules.  
- We are! She just threw out her food.  
- That's too bad.  
What do you mean 'too bad'?  
She just threw out her dinner.  
- Not my problem.  
- Fine. Which is why we'll go in.  
- Are you deaf? I just told you not to.  
- Let go of me, asshole!  
Ouch...  
- Daniel!  
- Get away from me!  
- Come on!  
- Daniel, put down the...  
Stop!  
What are you doing?  
- Daniel, what the hell are you doing?  
- Come on!  
Daniel! Calm down, Daniel!  
What the hell are you doing?  
I've never done  
anything like this before...  
That's fine... come with us, please.  
Take off your shoes.  
But when someone  
hasn't really done anything...  
There's a blanket.  
And if you need to go to the toilet,  
just ring this bell.  
How long are you holding me for?  
Please tell me when I'll...  
I can't do this.  
Open the door, please!  
Open the door!  
Hello?  
I can't breathe!  
Open up, please!  
Listen. I can't do this!  
I can't take it!  
- Daniel.  
- Yes?

Join me, please.

- Hi. Kristian.

- Daniel.

Won't you have a seat?

- What happened at the cinema?

- I don't know. I got upset.

Right.

Wouldn't you rather sit?

You got upset, you say.

And how are you feeling now?

- A little strange.

- Strange how?

- A strange feeling in my body.

- Have you felt like that before?

When my dad died.

It felt a little like this.

- When did your dad die?

- February 7th of last year.

Okay.

Was he ill?

- No.

- I see.

He took his own life.

Aha.

Do you know why?

Yes, he had a depres...

He was depressed.

He was different from other people.

And you?

No, I'm not.

I think you need to talk to someone about what happened to your dad.

Don't you agree?

Yes.

Good.

Close the window.

Stop that.

Daniel, please stop doing that.

Would you listen to me?

How did it start for dad?

Don't do this, Daniel.

You're not like your father.

I'm taking a bath.

Hi.

I'm so sorry.  
I understand if you're upset.  
I really do.  
I don't know what happened.  
I don't know what came over me.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm so sorry.  
I can't stand it at home.  
I can't stand being  
around my mother, she...  
I need to get away.  
You can stay here,  
if you don't want to go home.  
I'd really...  
I'd like that.  
- You would?  
- Yeah, if you want to.  
- Are you serious?  
- Mmm.  
Of course I want to.  
When do I get to meet her?  
- We'll have dinner.  
- I think it's way too soon for you.  
I'll come visit you, Mom.  
Martin...  
This is cool.  
And can I borrow this?  
But it's all here now.  
We have joint custody now.  
How hungry are you?  
I don't understand...  
What's going on?  
- You seem totally unfocused.  
- I'm not.  
Just play what it says on the sheet.  
It's quite clear: Piano.  
You told me to ignore my emotions  
and focus on momentum.  
Daniel, listen.  
I know what's going on.  
You should take care that Sofie  
doesn't ruin everything for you.  
Sofie is a sweet girl, but you've got  
a very important concert up ahead.

And if you don't do as I say,  
we'll drop it.

Why am I getting a present?

- Does it look nice on me?
- My God, your neck is way too big.

You bad boy.

I love you.

I do.

- Hi, Daniel.
- Hi.

How's the concert coming along?

Are you ready?

Not quite yet.

But soon.

- Are you nervous?
- Yes.

It's my first time...

Pierre and I have decided to help you  
get to New York.

Thank you.

Juilliard is looking forward  
to hearing you play.

- They're coming here? Okay.
- This is opportunity knocking!
- Practise!
- I already do.
- You'll do fine.
- Thank you.
- See you.
- Yes.
- Does that sound silly?
- No.

Hi, Daniel!

- We're rehearsing here today, right?
- Yes, the other rooms were occupied.
- Alright then, Sofie.
- Yes, I'll be on my way.
- I should come see you play one day.
- Yes, you should.
- We play in Stengade.
- Stengade? Okay.
- Thanks.
- You're welcome, Sofie.
- Pierre is our teacher now, cool, huh?

- It's okay.
- It's fierce!
- Yes.

A lot of the girls find him hot even though he's 42.

- Oh, okay.
- He doesn't look 42, does he?

No, he doesn't.

- What's up?
- Why are you so cheerful today?

Because you moved in, and school's going well.

Why are you putting on make-up?

Because I want to look nice for you.

I like you better without.

- Better?
- Let's see.
- Did you even remove any?
- Honestly...
- I can't tell.
- Okay, I'll wipe it again.
- How about now?
- Much better. Much better!
- Really?
- Yes, much better.

It's annotated in quavers, as it's a slow movement -

- and if you notate it in crotchets, it would appear diffuse.

This is why you notate a slow movement in quavers.

...becomes very... Sofie?

Please, stop that.

I'm sorry.

This movement is fast, and the entire annotation is therefore dark -

- with many blocks, making it fairly difficult to read.

This is why composers often...

Hi.

Hey.

Why were you looking through the window today?



- What do you mean?

- When I was in class.

I didn't.

What are you talking about?

You looked at me, and I waved at you.

I've been rehearsing all day.

This is too weird.

Daniel, I know it was you.

During Pierre's class.

Why do you go on about Pierre?

Huh?

- What do you mean? I don't.

- Sure you do.

You say you think he's hot.

- Did I say that?

- Yes, you did.

I never said that!

- He's way too old.

- Does he turn you on?

What?

What did you say?

- Does he turn you on?

- No, not at all!

It's you I'm crazy about.

Are you fucking him?

- Stop it!

- Did you fuck him?

Well. Did you?

What kind of sick question is that?

Daniel, you can't expect me

to answer that!

- It's pretty simple.

- Stop it, Daniel!

What the hell's with you?

You look so handsome.

Hello.

What is it?

Why aren't you wearing

your necklace?

- Don't you like it?

- Yes! I'm just not wearing it today.

We can't talk about the stupid

necklace now. You're about to play.

Bravo!

Bravo!

- Very good, son.

- Thank you.

Thank you, Gitte.

Thanks, Michael.

Daniel, come.

This is Peter Gold from Juilliard.

Congratulations, Daniel.

- That was absolutely outstanding.

- Thank you very much.

Your principal tells me you  
might be interested in playing abroad.

Yes!

I'm a big admirer of your school -

- and I've been a big admirer  
since I was very little.

I've always wanted  
to come to your school.

Fantastic.

I know you have the talent.

I'm sure we can find you a place,  
if you're still interested.

Are you still interested?

Daniel, Daniel, are you listening?

Yes, excuse me for a second.

Sofie?

Yes what's up?

- Daniel, can't it wait?

- No.

Why are you dancing with him?

He's obviously hitting on you.

- We're just dancing.

- Don't you see what he's doing?

What?

It's extremely uncomfortable to see  
you two flirting on the dance floor.

- Come on, Sofie.

- Come.

- Let go, for Christ's sake.

- Come on.

We're trying to have  
a conversation here. Excuse us.

I find it improper that you  
dance like that with your teacher.

Well, I don't.  
- You're embarrassing me!  
- You're embarrassing me.  
I'm your boyfriend.  
This is so damn humiliating.  
I'm out of here.  
Let go of me!  
Let go. You don't own me!  
- Maybe not...  
- There you are.  
Sofie.  
Sofie, are you asleep?  
Sofie?  
Sofie?  
Sofie.  
What are you doing?  
Why are you standing there?  
I don't know.  
- Why are you looking at me like that?  
- I'm thinking...  
...about the number of breaths  
we have left.  
Whether it's infinite,  
or whether we run out.  
What are you talking about?  
Daniel, you're talking in your sleep.  
Come to bed.  
Mom?  
Mom?  
What's wrong?  
Pierre left me.  
He met some girl.  
I can't believe it.  
We were so wonderful together.  
Sofie?  
Come here.  
Come here, I said.  
Sofie!  
Sofie!  
Where did you spend the night?  
At Sine's.  
Why didn't you answer,  
when I called you?  
- I didn't hear it.

- That's not true!  
I called you  
and sent you 10 text messages!  
Let go of me.  
You don't own me.  
How come there's a man's shirt  
behind your bed?  
A man's shirt?  
What the hell are you talking about?  
Huh?  
What man's shirt?  
What the hell is wrong with you?  
I can't take it anymore, Daniel.  
You're out of control.  
- So, Daniel. What a surprise that was.  
- What?  
'What? '  
Your invitation to Juilliard.  
Why did you leave my mom?  
Didn't you hear me?  
I just spoke to Peter Gold, and  
they've accepted you into Juilliard.  
She said you're seeing someone else.  
Who is it?  
Is it Sofie?  
Do you take me for a fool?  
Don't.  
Stay away from me.  
Are you worried about getting caught?  
Is that it?  
This close!  
You're this close to Juilliard.  
Tell me what your shirt is doing  
at Sofie's place. In her bed.  
I found your fucking shirt in her bed!  
You're busted!  
You make up things.  
Your dad did that, too, Daniel.  
You don't let up.  
Leave my dad out of this.  
Do you hear me?  
Remove that finger.  
I'm telling the principal  
what a pig you are.

Daniel, you're losing it.

Calm down.

Don't...

- You're finished!

- You'll make it worse for yourself.

Yes, exactly.

Fine.

Bye.

- Hi, Daniel, what can I do for you?

- Pierre is seeing a student.

- What makes you think that?

- I just know.

- Don't you believe me?

- Daniel, listen. Have a seat...

I want nothing to do

with that man and...

Daniel, please sit.

Sit down.

Fine, call him.

Daniel...

Daniel.

Don't you think you could use

a couple of weeks' leave?

If you don't call him, I'll tell  
the police you're covering for him.

I take this very seriously,  
and I want to help you.

If you want to help me,  
you'll call him right now!

- This is bullshit!

- Daniel...

Listen, I don't want...

I don't want any help from you.

I don't want help from anyone.

Okay?

I don't want to attend this school  
where no one wants to help me.

- He's seeing a student!

- But I do want to help you...

- But you just...

- Daniel, listen to me.

- I'm leaving this school.

- You don't mean that.

Piss off!

You're beautiful.  
You're so beautiful.  
Talent probably wasn't the only thing  
you inherited from your father.  
Mom?  
Mom  
Let me.  
Get off the road!  
You could get run down  
- What's going on?  
- What the hell...  
- Where did he go?  
- I don't know.  
Daniel, dammit!  
Daniel!  
Stop that now!  
Daniel!  
Daniel, stop it!  
- Stop now!  
- Stop, Daniel.  
- Dammit, Daniel!  
- Daniel, what the hell are you doing?  
He's lost his mind!  
Dammit, man...!  
Daniel!  
Stop it!  
Daniel!  
- He's insane.  
- Are you okay? Sofie, are you okay?  
- Yes?  
- Sofie, is that you?  
We need to talk.  
- What do you want to talk about?  
- Are you with Pierre?  
No, I'm alone.  
So, why won't you  
let me in?  
- Are you there?  
- Go away.  
Why won't you let me in?  
Huh?  
We're going to New York together, Sofie.  
Daniel...  
I'm sorry, but I can't take it anymore.

Daniel, is that you?  
Where have you been?  
- Pierre called, completely out of it.  
- Don't you know what's going on?  
What are you talking about?  
Pierre is fucking Sofie  
right now.  
- What are you going on about?  
- He is!  
Stop it! You're as twisted and jealous  
as your father.  
He wasn't twisted. He was jealous  
that you were fucking Pierre.  
- That's not true!  
- Yes, it is!  
Pull yourself together.  
Mom!  
Hallo? Police?  
I need help.  
He's acting...  
- Who are you calling?  
- Daniel...  
- Did you call the police?  
- No.  
- Did you actually call the police?  
- No.  
Hello, Daniel.  
Stay away from her.  
For crying out loud, Daniel.  
Let's have a little talk.  
Come.  
Come on, Daniel.  
What?  
Sofie called me because she's  
terrified and afraid of being alone.  
- You're lying.  
- Daniel, listen to me.  
I was never with Sofie.  
It's all in your head.  
It's all in your head.  
You're a huge talent,  
and we've come a very long way.  
Please, don't mess it up.  
Are you listening?

Daniel...

I'll do just about anything for you,  
but I won't watch you ruin your life.  
You can't let an insignificant girl  
wreck your career.

It stops here and now.

Okay?

Okay, Daniel?

- Yes.

- Good.

I'll take this up to Sofie  
and then I'll see you tomorrow.

- Pierre...

- Yes?

What are you doing, Daniel?

Daniel.

Can you hear me, Daniel?

Are you aware of what happened?

Do you know my mom?

No, but we've called her.

Where is my mom?

I don't know,

but I'm sure she'll be here.

Hi.

How are you?

I'm fine.

I'm leaving.

I need to get away.

Sofie.

We can just sit here for a while.

Together.

I'm going to miss you.

Dansk Video Tekst