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# Wallander 01: Before the Frost (Wallander - Innan frosten)

By Unknown

Mankell's Wallander

Before the Frost

Hello, Kurt speaking.

- Has she arrived?

- No, that's tomorrow.

- I'm going to Stockholm tomorrow.

- I thought it was today.

- No, tomorrow.

- It doesn't matter.

You're proud, aren't you?

Our daughter's a copper,  
just like her father.

Now doesn't

that make you feel proud?

It's pathetic, for God's sake...

- Have you been drinking?

- No more than you have.

I bet you're

holding a glass of scotch...

You know what,

I'll call you tomorrow.

The hell you will.

That's where we have coffee.

Oh, no... This move is killing us.

- What's this?

- It was found up by Lake Krageholm.

- What happened?

- The usual.

Bored kids with absentee parents.

- There you are...

- I bought some flowers too.

- Imagine that, she's a police officer.

- We don't know that for sure.

- What if she fails her exam?

- What?

Oh, Ebba, I was joking.

Try this on, see how it fits.

Do I have to?

You haven't worn it for ages.

Now take that off.

My goodness,

you've lost so much weight.

You can't wear that,

Linda will be ashamed of you.

It's not that bad.

- Can't you take it in?

- You have a plane to catch.

You can accompany Svartman  
and go see about a missing person.

There he is.

Hi.

- What are you doing here?

- I work here.

- But I'm on my way to Stockholm...

- Graduation was yesterday.

- Linda... Don't say that.

- Graduation was yesterday.

Thanks for coming. - Shall we go?

Linda...

Svartman, I'll take care of this.

You did say the 25th,  
and that's today.

I'm certain you said the 25th.

Take a look, I even wrote it down.

No, this is the wrong jacket...

Hello, Wallander speaking.

Yes. Of course.

Yes. That'll be fine.

Good. Thank you. 'Bye.

All right, a woman, Birgitta Medberg,  
has been reported missing.

She was last seen yesterday.

There's probably a simple  
explanation, don't you think?

You've probably talked about it  
at the Academy.

In nine out of ten cases,  
the person has simply forgotten...

- Their daughter's graduation?

- Linda, please...

This is it.

- I'm officer Linda Wallander.

- Vanja Medberg.

I'm with the...

only I'm not in...

- I'm Kurt Wallander.

- He's a policeman too.

Felix, please...

My husband and I have separated,  
so we're staying here temporarily.

Felix isn't too happy about it.

- Your mother disappeared yesterday.

- Felix was having a birthday party.

- And my mother didn't show up.

- Has this happened before?

Sometimes she'll be gone for days  
when she finds a new path.

She's a cultural geographer, you see.

She charts abandoned pathways.

But she always lets us know  
if she'll be away.

- Does she have a mobile phone?

- Yes, but there's no answer.

Maybe she just forgot to call you.

She would never forget his birthday,  
she's not that kind of a person.

Felix!

Look at that... I had a scooter like  
that when I was at the Academy.

The exact same colour, too...

You might need this

to issue a description of her.

Thank you, but I think

we'll wait until tomorrow.

If she hasn't show up by then,  
we'll send over some more officers.

What if something's happened?

She always kept in touch.

She wasn't the type to miss  
her grandson's birthday.

My experience tells me we should  
sit tight and wait until tomorrow.

Let's go home.

You can unpack and get settled.

Then we can go have a bite to eat.

What do you say?

Well, what's wrong?

- I don't understand you.

- What do you mean?

You think you can rub it out.

That all it takes is a dinner.

Don't you get it?

Just how fucking humiliating it was!  
You let me down,  
and it wasn't the first time, either!  
Just look at you, standing there like  
a cold fish with a blank expression.  
Like nothing happened.  
Ever heard of empathy?  
But... it was a misunderstanding.  
Nothing is ever your fault, is it?  
You make me sick!  
No!  
No!  
Hello?  
This is Linda Wallander,  
I need backup.  
I found a dead body over by the lake,  
I think it's Birgitta Medberg.  
What? Hang on...  
Oh, shit... My position is:  
latitude 55.3 degrees,  
and the longitude is 13.45 degrees.  
- Hi...  
- Linda, where the hell is Linda?  
Kurt... Calm down.  
Wait!  
It appears to be that missing woman,  
Birgitta Medberg.  
What the hell, didn't they teach you  
anything at the bloody Academy?!  
Going off on your own without backup.  
All alone in the woods.  
Are you out of your mind?  
Or trying to be some kind of hero?  
I found her,  
isn't that worth something?  
Not if the price is too damn high!  
You made every mistake a police  
officer could possibly make.  
- Has she been questioned yet?  
- Yes.  
I want you to go to my place.  
Immediately. And wait there.  
Kurt...  
Well, hello...

- When did you get in?  
- Today.  
Come on in.  
It's been ages.  
Linda...  
What's the matter?  
Nothing. Never mind me...  
Has something happened?  
Sorry, I couldn't help myself.  
It's just that...  
...I found a murdered woman  
in the woods.  
- Out in Krageholm.  
- That's awful.  
What happened?  
- Oh, I'm sorry. Congratulations.  
- What for?  
You've graduated from the Academy.  
- What was it like to see Kurt again?  
- It was hilarious.  
I'm out of milk.  
Can you manage anyway?  
- Was he as bad as usual?  
- No, worse.  
- Dads...  
- That doesn't go for all dads.  
Just him. He's like a rash you can't  
stop scratching until it bleeds.  
Your dad's different. He took off,  
so you don't have to deal with him.  
- Think that's better?  
- In my case, yes.  
In my case, it wasn't.  
Since he left,  
I've missed him every single day.  
This tea is really good.  
It's the same kind I always have.  
Listen, would it be all right  
if I stayed here for a few nights?  
Yes, I guess...  
- Don't you have anywhere to stay?  
- I do...  
He wants me to stay with him,  
in my old room.

So I can hear him get drunk and play  
scratchy old Jussi Bjrling records.

- I'll try to find something soon.

- No problem. I've got...

That's a sofa bed,  
you're welcome to it.

- Are you sure?

- Absolutely...

- Would you like to take a shower?

- I think I would.

You'll find towels in there.

How did you find this place?

It's very nice.

I got it through  
the city housing authority.

- So, what's his name?

- Who?

- Your boyfriend.

- I don't have one.

Hi, how are you? Go home and get  
some rest, we'll take over from here.

That won't be necessary.

Who's this, Nyberg? - Good morning.

- I wasn't asleep.

- I didn't think you were.

We've located the murder weapon.

- Any prints? - Have we checked them?

- They weren't on record here.

We've sent them abroad, so it'll take  
a few days before we hear anything.

- Do we have anything else?

- A possible connection to the swans.

This was filled with the same  
fluid that was used on the swans.

And we found the place  
where the swans were torched.

It's only few kilometres from here.

- Hi there, how's it going?

- Fine.

Wouldn't swans fly off or attack  
if you tried to spray them?

Not necessarily.

Not if you give them "Pullfor" first.

- What's that?

- A brand of feed for poultry.

Those birds had probably  
feasted for two weeks running.

- They were fed to make them docile?

- Yes.

Why go to all that trouble?

And why resort to murder?

This can't be

the work of any ordinary hoodlums.

Here... I just found this.

over by where the swans were torched.

That will be all.

You're taking care of yourself,

it shows.

I should damn well think so...

- How do you feel?

- Great.

- Great...

- I hear a "but".

- Want me to be honest?

- No.

whisky...

I really miss whisky.

Everything has a price.

Maybe I could find a replacement?

Replacing one habit with another

doesn't solve the problem.

You never know...

It might, temporarily.

And this one...

There. Now for the last one.

- I'm bushed, let's walk.

- Sure.

I never expected you

to come back here.

Why did you?

I missed Kurt.

Right...

No. I could have worked

up north in Boden.

- Only who wants to live there?

- Hopefully, the people who do.

When will you graduate?

We're counting on you, you know.



- Who would that be?

- Everybody.

The whole lot who slept around  
and partied while you studied.

You're the best. So when will  
you be the new computer wiz?

This autumn, I expect.

I only have a few exams left.

- Lund University, right?

- Yes, I have a room there.

- When do you graduate?

- This autumn.

- You do have a boyfriend.

- No, I don't.

- How about you?

- Hell no, I'm a lesbian.

Come on, I'm only joking.

Here they come...

Hi there!

Look at how she's grown...

- I'm Linda.

- Jrgen. Are you the cop?

Why don't you frisk me?

- Welcome home.

- Thank you. - Cheers.

Lord, that was good.

Isn't she just adorable!

- Cootchy-coo...

Look...

They certainly aren't made to order.

- Don't you want to hold her, Anna?

- No.

- Why not?

- I don't feel like it.

- Why?

- Because...

I think it's sick. It's strange  
that there's no dad in the picture.

It was a conscious decision  
on my part, you know.

It wasn't a father I wanted...

Having to go to Denmark  
was a pain, though.

Dads are over-rated, anyway.

- How can you say that?

- It's true.

Your dad hasn't been around  
for 25 years, and you're doing fine.

- How would you know?

- Dads cause trouble.

- They take off and leave you grieving.

- She's a wonderful little girl.

- The product of insemination.

- Come on, Anna...

Is it right to create  
human beings artificially?

Knock it off!

Julia isn't artificial.

- I gave birth to her.

- Right...

But you didn't want to deal with  
a father, so you used a sperm donor.

Is that natural?

No wonder the world's  
in the state it's in.

Anna!

What the hell is bothering her?

Anna wasn't very nice...

I'm going home.

- I'm going home.

- Why?

Anna?

Hi, I'm in Lund right now,  
but please leave a message.

It's me, Linda.

I just wondered where you were.

Call me when you hear this. 'Bye.

- Hi.

- Hi...

- Has something happened?

- No...

- Why are you here?

- I'm on my way to Lund.

I'm going to

see the medical examiner.

About Birgitta Medberg's autopsy.

I thought you might like to go along.

It's one thing to discuss

something in class,  
and another to see it in real life.

- You can learn a lot.

- Right...

Sure.

I'm just going to get dressed.

We haven't heard

about the fingerprints yet,

but Birgitta Medberg was definitely  
in the wrong place at the wrong time.

- Have you spoken to Mom?

- No.

- Why should I?

- You have a daughter together.

I called her six months ago.

And she said she was doing fine.

Good.

- Are you seeing someone?

- A woman, you mean?

No, that chapter of my life is over.

When would I find the bloody time?

- What was the time frame?

- It's hard to pinpoint.

But given her bleeding,  
sometime on the 24th.

- And the time of death?

- The day later. Around 4:30.

She tumbled down into the ravine  
and met her death the next day.

The cause of death is fairly obvious  
if you see the wounds.

Her face, or rather,  
what once was her face,  
is one massive fracture  
from her nose to her ears.

The wounds are more consistent  
with being in a car accident.

If I'd gotten there sooner,  
she might still be alive.

Either that, or you'd be dead.

Wait a minute, could you pull over?

I just want to check something.

- Where are you going?

- I'll be right back.

But, Linda...

She's quit school. Anna.

Over a year ago. Someone else  
has moved into her old room.

That's a box full of her stuff.

She hasn't said a word about it.

- You had a lot of ground to cover.
- She lied and now she's disappeared.
- Want to report her as missing?
- Very funny...

Wait a minute... Could you do  
something else while we wrap this up?

No.

Take a break, I want you out of here.

- Listen...
- Get out!
- Well, what time is it?
- It's...
- Wasn't he supposed to be here?
- Yes, I guess he's been delayed...

Any news about the fingerprints?

No match in Denmark and  
we haven't heard from Norway yet.

- What about the feed?
- It's available everywhere.

The Bible, on the other hand...

Nyberg found traces of the fuel  
used on the swans on it.

- Were there any fingerprints on it?
- Not the same ones as on the rock.
- Do we have the Bible here?
- It's being translated.

It contained notes in Hebrew.

- When do we get the translation?
- Tomorrow.

Well then... that's all we have.

Absolutely nothing.

We can't just sit here  
twiddling our thumbs.

It's me again.

I wanted to check if you were back.

Call me when you hear this.

Linda, come have a look.

Let me show this to you.

It says 76 kmh,  
that's kilometres per hour.  
Now watch this.  
Seriously, what are we doing here?  
A woman's been murdered,  
and here we are bothering people.  
- I'm trying to show you this thing.  
- All right...  
- Am I supposed to...?  
- Hurry up, the guy's speeding.  
Show me how it's done.  
- I'm a cop and it's urgent.  
- Stop the car and lose the smile.  
- Didn't you hear me?  
- Get out of your car.  
Is this your car?  
- Hand me the Breathalyzer.  
- What the hell...  
- Please blow into the mouthpiece.  
- Are you serious?  
Stefan Lindman... You're going  
to start working here, aren't you?  
You can leave, I'll write a report.  
That went well.  
Hi, I'm Stefan Lindman.  
- We were expecting you sooner.  
- This bloody traffic cop...  
Watch your language.  
We use a civil tone.  
Now take this...  
It just arrived  
and it appears to be interesting.  
It's at the far end...  
...on the right.  
There you are. Didn't they  
tell you when to show up?  
Sorry, I was held up by  
an over-zealous traffic officer.  
- I thought you were understaffed.  
- We are.  
That doesn't mean  
you can break the law.  
Ann-Britt Hglund, I presume?  
- We have an ID.

A Norwegian man, Torgeir Langaas.  
The man who appears to have  
murdered Birgitta Medberg.  
The prints found a match in Norway.  
Only the man  
had been declared dead back in 1995.

- Dead?

- He was a passenger on the Estonia.  
I don't get it, did he survive?

Many people had themselves  
declared dead at that time,  
in order to go underground.  
And he was one of them.

- Apparently.

- So, now we have an identification.

Run with it, Ann-Britt.

Check the prints  
on the Bible, Martinson.

Contact Interpol straight away.

Good...

- You mentioned traffic cops?

- I was in a hurry to get here.

And they got me with the speed gun.

This gung-ho girl, a real pain.

Was she a blonde?

- Have you found a place yet?

- No, I'll stay in a hotel.

- So what do you think?

- About the case?

Well, we're dealing with a psychopath  
who has a thing for swans.

- An innocent woman sees...

- Kurt? It's those army people again.

- Another break-in?

- I'm afraid so.

- How much did you use?

- What?

- How much?

- Two.

- Two hundred kilos?

- No, two kilos.

Christ...

And you managed  
to lose tons of this stuff...

And no alarm went off?  
Two tons... What the hell  
do you need two tons of it for?  
- Well?  
- To blow up Ystad's harbour.  
- The harbour?  
- Yes, if there's a war.  
So the enemy can't land there.  
Hello...  
Anna, is that you?  
Hi, it's me. I just wondered if  
you had come back yet.  
It's me again. I'm getting worried.  
Call me.  
Anna, promise me you'll call  
as soon as you hear this.  
- Pregnant? Great, who's the guy?  
- I don't know.  
- I only found the test.  
- She hasn't said a thing...  
Maybe she's not going to keep it.  
She hasn't talked about it.  
She doesn't say anything these days.  
She's been acting  
bloody strange lately.  
I don't know...  
she's stranger than usual.  
It's like I don't know her anymore.  
You saw the way she was at the beach.  
She's so damn judgmental.  
I was really hurt.  
Who the hell could the father be?  
- Who did she screw?  
- Yeah, who did Anna screw?  
Linda!  
- Are you out riding your bike?  
- I'm on my way home.  
- I tried to get hold of you.  
- I was at Myran's place.  
Myran, that's a funny name.  
- Weren't you having a meal?  
- I'll do a runner.  
- It's all right, I'm a regular.  
- I see...

How's your relationship  
with the bottle?

We broke up.

- Have you stopped drinking?

- For the time being.

- Why?

- Isn't that a good thing?

- Are you ill?

- No, and I don't intend to be.

You had a check-up and now you've  
stopped drinking. What's wrong?

- I'm a cold fish.

- Stop it...

- Have you been worried?

- Yes, is that so strange?

I guess not...

Well, yes. It's unusual  
that you're concerned about me.

Really? You've been  
a police officer for 30 years now.

And your daughter never knew  
if you'd come home at night.

Or if you would end up  
with a great big hole in your head.

So don't act surprised  
when your kid says she's worried.

- You're a strange man.

- Is that the way you saw things?

- That's how cops' kids think.

- You decided to become a cop.

- I don't have any kids.

- You might, one day...

- Then I'll quit.

- Good cops can't quit.

They allow themselves  
to be ground down  
without doing a thing to stop it.

- Why is that?

- The job absorbs you.

You don't even notice that you're  
losing your wife and child.

Then all you have left is your badge.

You're nothing  
without that damn badge.



- You cling to it.  
- Why does that have to happen to me?  
Because you're like me.  
You and I are so bloody alike!  
You're not  
the only one who's worried.  
But you learn to block it out.  
It's always there, though.  
You worry about...  
...losing the best thing  
in your life.  
- That you won't be around.  
- You are...  
You're in the same place  
you always were.  
It took me years to realize  
that I had to come here...  
...if we were going  
to have a relationship or not.  
- So you came here.  
- That's right, I'm here.  
Good night, Dad.  
- Who is she?  
- Malin Krantz, the sexton says.  
- What was her line of work?  
- She was a local doctor.  
Okay... Thank you.  
Malin Krantz was a gynaecologist.  
Her specialty was abortions.  
This is a ritual killing.  
- Who would do such a thing, and why?  
- Fanatical anti-abortionists.  
Check out the churches in  
the neighbourhood, every last creed.  
- Could that Bible be a clue?  
- Sure. - What about the translation?  
It should be ready,  
I'll have someone go get it.  
Here it is.  
Linda?  
We have to finish  
cordoning off the area.  
"Only the Lord may give life  
and only the Lord may take a life."

"Anyone attempting  
to take the Lord's place,  
will be subjected  
to the flaming wrath of God."  
"The flaming wrath of God"...  
"And the children  
to whom the Lord has not given life  
will drown in the Flood."  
- "J. Jones."  
- J. Jones? Let me have a look.  
What if it's Jim Jones?  
The leader of Jonestown.  
mass suicide in Guyana in the 70s.  
It says "The People's Temple"  
in this Bible, that was his cult.  
This just gets better and better...  
Don't you think I've called my faith  
into question as well?  
I've been plagued by doubt  
countless times,  
but every time I reach the conclusion  
that this is the only way.  
This is only the beginning.  
We have greater missions  
to undertake.  
We must be steadfast.  
We must not falter.  
You must never  
display signs of weakness.  
I know you share our convictions,  
and this is the only way.  
We must shoulder our responsibilities  
towards our fellow man.  
I would never lead you astray.  
Dear Lord,  
you have appointed us  
to perform these deeds.  
Give Anna the courage and  
the strength to carry out her duties.  
Allow us to purify your church.  
Give us the strength to vanquish the  
sinful ways present in Your house.  
Give us the strength  
to level Your house to the ground.

This Saturday, at Valleberga church,  
Andr and Santiago will be wed.

This is the first same-sex marriage  
performed by the Church of Sweden.

Hello, Stefan here.

Well, hello, Fanny.

How are you?

Are you coming to see me?

Is that what your mother says?

Could you put her on?

You can't tell her she can visit me  
without talking to me first.

I don't have anywhere to stay.

Of course I want to see her,  
but I'm staying at a bloody hotel...

Hello?

Why do those damn fags  
have to be in our church?

- You never go to church.

- And I damn well never will.

Kurt, could you step into my office?

Hi...

- How's it going?

- I honestly don't know.

- Want some backup from the beat?

- They're working the gay wedding.

- I was thinking of Linda.

- Forget it.

She's smart, she knows the details,  
and she's willing.

I'm aware

that she lacks experience...

- You heard me.

- And you heard me.

She's not only your daughter,  
she's a police officer.

I refuse to involve her in a case  
that gets more and more twisted.

- You're shutting her out.

- Now listen to me!

You've got to see this.

- You too, Lisa.

- What is it?

- You'd better see for yourself.

- Are Kurt and Lisa here?  
- I'm busy.  
What's up?  
""The flaming wrath of God""...  
Only the Lord can give life.  
And only the Lord can take a life.  
Anyone attempting  
to take the Lord's place,  
will be subjected  
to the flaming wrath of God.  
Is this on the Internet?  
Can anyone watch this?  
...Malin Krantz performed abortions  
at a clinic in Ystad.  
The footage of her execution  
was put out on the Internet.  
The perpetrators have not  
been identified by the police.  
- Lisa...  
- Coming. - Time to brief the press.  
Torching swans and showing  
a hanging, these people are sick!  
- It's some cult.  
- No.  
- What about the Jonestown tie-in?  
- Cults turn inwards.  
This is different.  
They're trying to send a message.  
""The burning wrath of God.""  
It's some kind of Jihad...  
- So, what do they want?  
- And when will they strike again?  
Okay, what do we have?  
The swans, Medberg's murder,  
this hanging...  
...the Bible, and we've  
identified Medberg's killer...  
But what else do we have?  
Two tons of explosives  
have been stolen.  
Christ, that's right...  
Do the police have any leads?  
Yes, but it's too early  
to issue a public statement.

Our work could be compromised.

- How many people are involved?

- More than one.

Maybe we should introduce ourselves?

You know my name.

I'm Linda Wallander.

What the hell?

- What's wrong?

- My bike's been stolen!

- Are you sure you parked it here?

- Yes, right in front of the station.

What's so funny

about my bike being stolen?

I just remembered this sign.

It had been posted by the city.

"Park bikes in the stand only,  
understand?"

- Funny.

- Right...

- Can I give you a lift?

- Sure.

Hi, Fanny. So, you're home already.

Oh, really? You do?

What's his name? Kasper, that's nice.

Does he know how to give a good hug?

What's that? Okay, 'bye.

Kids...

Suddenly they just hang up.

- How many kids do you have?

- None.

I'm just going to check  
if there's anything available.

- What are you looking for?

- A place outside town, like that one.

- That one's been sold.

- A place like it.

- How about you?

- I like living in town.

Where they steal your bike  
right under your nose.

- Hi...

- Christ, you scared me!

- Where have you been?

- In Lund, didn't I tell you that?

No, that's not where you've been.  
I even went there looking for you.  
Here's a box of your stuff.  
- Did you look through it?  
- Why should I? Why?  
Tell me what's going on,  
I've been worried sick.  
- I wanted to be alone.  
- You could have left a message.  
You're right, I'm sorry.  
Why didn't you  
tell me you're pregnant?  
Have you forgotten that I'm a cop?  
I found the pregnancy test  
in the garbage.  
No, Anna...  
That's not the solution.  
Listen, I'll put on the kettle and  
you can tell me what's going on.  
We'll talk about it tomorrow.  
- I really need to get some sleep.  
- Are you sure?  
I feel much better now.  
- Good night.  
- Good night...  
What's the matter?  
- Is it all right if I...?  
- What?  
...if I sleep...  
Could I sleep next to you?  
- Could I?  
- Come here.  
Here you go, sweetie...  
Mummy will be right back.  
Mummy's coming, Julia.  
Did you go back to sleep?  
- Hello?  
- Someone's taken her!  
I was just... Someone's taken her!  
She's gone! She's... She's gone!  
Calm down, Myran.  
Now tell me exactly what happened.  
Could you get her  
a glass of water, Anna?

- What the hell is she doing here?  
- I couldn't leave her all alone.  
Tell me exactly what happened.  
I'm Kurt... Kurt Wallander.  
This is Stefan Lindman.  
Linda told me what happened.  
- Were you aware of the time?

- 3:

Do you have any idea who did it?  
- Does the baby's father live here?  
- She doesn't have a father.  
- There's always a father...  
- Julia is a sperm-donor baby.  
Kurt... could I speak to you?  
There, there...  
Remember that note in the Bible?  
"The children..."  
"The children to whom the Lord has not  
given life, will drown in the Flood."  
- Could it be those people?  
- "The flaming wrath of God"?"  
- Oh, who are you?  
- I'm Anna Westin.  
- I'm a friend of Linda's.  
- Right, so you're back. Good.  
- I was in Lund.  
- You'd better go on home now.  
There isn't much more  
you can do here.  
- I've got to go.  
- Why?  
- They won't let me stay.  
- Hang on, I'll be back.  
- Who said you had to go?  
- Your-oh father-oh.  
Don't you remember  
our secret language?  
You were Linda-oh, and I was Anna-oh.  
My-oh father-oh...  
- Yes?  
- My father.  
I know.  
- What's the matter?

- Nothing. Everything's fine.

Anna?

"My-oh Father-oh"

- Hello?

- I think Anna's father is involved.

Erik Westin. He was in Jonestown,  
and now he's here.

I think I know where.

I'm on my way to the real estate  
agent over on Trdgrdsgatan.

Bloody hell!

It's the police. Lie down on the ground  
and keep your hands in sight!

Down!

Hands on your head!

Put the gun down!

Shit!

It's me. We're tailing a grey van  
that drove away from the farm.

It's loaded with explosives.

Look at this.

- Are they going to blow up a church?

- Yes, the question is: which one?

The gay wedding...

Find out who's assigned to it.

They're heading for

the church at Valleberga.

They're going to the wedding.

Pull yourself together!

God is on our side.

God's house is not be defiled,

we'll show them that!

It's an insult to God.

The sinful church must be destroyed.

It's God's will.

I told you to pull yourself together!

Shit!

Goddamn it!

Daddy!

Daddy!

No!

Oh, my God...

No!

Anna!



There, there... It's all over.

Anna?

What's all over?

You bastards, you ruined everything!

Put the rifle down

and back away. Do it!

Many people

have tried to stop this ceremony.

But we stand here today...

...to confirm and celebrate...

...the love

between Andr and Santiago.

Excuse me...

Listen... I'm sorry,

but you all have to leave the church.

- Why, in the name of God?

- We have to evacuate the place.

Now, could everyone

please exit in an orderly fashion?

- Stop the car.

- Shut up!

- This isn't the real you.

- You think you can defy God.

People like you destroy things!

He was my god,

I loved him deeply!

He's the father

of your child, isn't he?

- Shut up!

- Or what? Are you going to kill me?

He loved me. That's more

than you can say for your dad.

No loving father would ever do that!

Please stop the car, Anna.

Stop!

You're not a murderer, Anna.

Stop the car.

Please stop...

Right...

Linda!