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All That I Love

By Jacek Borcuch

Present

A Jacek Borcuch film

ALL THAT I LOVE:

'Wind from the sea blows
through the entire country!! '
There's just screaming all around
Force, violence, fear
Take a gun in your hand
Create the last song
I don't want die yet!
I don't want die yet!
Empty words echo loud.
All so elevated.
Constant up and down
Tanks and aeroplanes
I don't want die yet!
I don't want die yet!
Thought soaring to the sky
What we need is bread
Large portraits of the gods
Go ahead and smile.
I don't want die yet!
I don't want die yet!
I don't wanna die for
Politicians.
Catholics. Syphilitics
and for Winnie the Pooh!
Thought soaring to the sky
What we need is bread
Large portraits of the gods
Go ahead and smile
I don't want die yet!
What the fuck, dude?
The drum pedal broke,
what can I do?
Diabel, you play like shit.
Stop pulling that thin string.
I don't have to play at all.
Kazik, are we good?
Yes, we are!
Want a smoke?
Wow, look at this!
We'll have a taste...

...of America...
It's a fucking Club!
Mine's a fucking Club too...
Oh, yeah?
You drew them yourselves!
I have the real American.
Yeah, right.
But the energy is there, isn't it?
- Hi!
- Hi!
How's everything?
Fine.
How about you?
I heard some Russian general
is coming to pay us a visit.
What for?
I don't know.
I asked Sokolowski,
but he doesn't know, either.
He doesn't know?
He really didn't seem to know.
He's going to make a call
to Gdansk tomorrow.
What do you think it's about?
Anything.
But they've never sent
Ruskies here before.
Is it about the shipyard?
I've no idea.
Where are the boys?
Janek and Kazik are at
a rehearsal.
And Staszek?
He's with them.
They want to go to a festival.
What festival?
And of course you approve of this...
What are you doing here?
Are you waiting for someone?
For Kazik...
but I don't think he's coming.
Are you done for today?
I have gym, but I'm not going.
- I have to go.

- Where?

To the port.

To see your father?

How did you know?

Kazik's old man also works there.

Will you walk me?

Sure.

To a fiancee?

No... It's... to a festival.

In Koszalin.

Are you a musician?

Yeah.

Well...

Nice weather.

Why are you in such a hurry?

Excuse me?

Someone's chasing you?

I'm a bit in a hurry today.

Excuse me?

Could I possibly leave early today?

Do you remember the exam

is in two weeks?

Sure I do.

- How are your 'Inventions' doing?

- Want me to play them?

You said you didn't have time.

Go now, go save the world.

Could I have a key

to the calisthenics room?

- I need to practice something.

- What for?

I have to practice something.

The piano at home is out of tune,

and I have an exam in two weeks.

You are not up to something,

are you?

Do you think I'm so keen

to practice?

There he is.

During the strike at the mine,

a discussion with the mayor

took place on food supply

and allocation of housing.

At 9:

going underground.

Mom said that some Ruskie general
is coming to visit you guys.

You mean Soviet.

They're preparing
field training exercises.

- But you just had some.

- They must have their reasons.

Like what?

Solidarity?

In the military, you find out
everything at the last moment,
right out of the envelope.

Will the Ruskies invade?

What for?

They're here already.

Dad...

Could we use the military stage
for the festival rehearsals?

The sound system is better,
we should get used
to a large auditorium.

When do you need it for?

Soon, before the festival.

We'll see.

Janek!

Do you know why Kazik
didn't come to school?

- I have no idea.

- Are you sure?

Maybe he's sick.

He's probably in hospital, yeah?

Tell him the school says 'Hi'.

Have you been waiting for me?

For Kazik.

- Anyway, it's not important.

- But he wasn't at school today.

You didn't want me

to think you're romantic?

Me? It didn't even

cross my mind.

- Where are you going for vacation?

- I don't know yet. How about you?

I'm going to Germany, to visit
my family. And then on camp.
Me and Kazik want to take a tent
and go to Jastrzebia Gora,
but nothing is set yet...
My father would never let me go.
In the worst case,
we'll stay on the island.
- As long as our folks aren't there...
- That's cool.
We're also getting a demo tape
for the festival in Koszalin.
- Will you let me listen to it?
- Sure.
- As soon as we're done recording.
- What's the band's name?
ATIL.
What does it mean?
All...
That I Love.
A. T. I. L.
You are romantic, after all.
- But the music isn't.
- How can you be so sure?
Punk? It can't be romantic.
Everything can.
- God bless you.
- God bless you, good man.
Oh, fuck... What happened?
Dad...
What was it about?
About pretty eyes.
At school, this fucker made
us wear gas masks.
I won't be back for a few days.
Helena asked about you.
She can screw herself.
That's what I told
her, more or less.
What does she want anyway?
I have two fucking Fs
and two C minuses.
You're ok then.
Don't worry.

Janek...

Yeah?

Don't tell the guys, OK?

OK.

Some cool fights, huh?

- You liked it?

- Yeah.

You'd like to do the same?

Me? What for?

Maybe only to defend you.

My father asked who I was
going to the movies with.

When I said that your
old man is a military officer,
he said it's not proper
company for me.

What?

- He told me to find better friends.

- What did you say?

- I came to the movies with you, right?

- Thanks.

My father is in Solidarity and
yours in the Communist Party.

But I'm not in the party!

You can't persuade him.

That's nonsense!

My mother is in Solidarity,
and dad doesn't mind.

But mine is different, Janek.

He hates all uniformed guys:

The military, cops...

Does he like postmen
and railwaymen?

If we don't blow it,
it should be fine.

Or it'll be your fault,
'cos instead of playing
I'm hanging out with you.

- That's a good excuse.

- Isn't it?

If you don't get in, I'll listen to dad
and find myself some better company.

Maybe you should
start looking already?

- Oh, yeah?
- Yep.
A little late, aren't you?
The movie just ended.
Why are all you
breathless and sweaty?
I ran upstairs.
Your supper.
I'll eat in my room, OK?
Something happened?
- No. Like I told you. I ran upstairs.
- Janek... Everything is all right?
What do you mean?
I'm asking if everything is all right.
OK, you're a grown up.
Tell it to Dad when I go
to a party next time.
Hi guys.
I hope you like it.
Nice that you remembered.
You had any doubts?
Too bad I won't be there
when you play.
We don't know yet.
We know, we know.
Please don't say so, this stress
gives me a stomach ache.
Janek! Janek!
I'm not stopping you.
I need to go anyway.
Everything will be alright, you'll see
I'll keep my fingers crossed.
Don't forget...
...to write after you listen
to the tape.
I won't forget.
I'll send you my address.
You can write me, if you want.
Bye then.
Bye.
- What? Something got to your head?
- Let's have some wine
- Are the guys there?
- Yep. Everybody's there.

I once read a poster
hanging on the wall
About the strange things
that happen in the world
Rockets, statues and cowboys
give a scare
And nothing good
can ever happen to me
Far away from here
people are afraid
To go into the streets
to just say No
Holidays!
Where is that?
Where is that?
Where is that?
What's the date today?
It's the 15th.
Less than a month.
Take a look.
Good afternoon!
Good afternoon boys.
How old do you think she is?
- I don't know, thirty?
- No way! She's older.
Thirty-five or more.
What do you care?
She could be even... forty.
Or forty-one.
Do you know what my
old man likes to say?
A humble calf will
feed from two mothers...
Makes me wanna puke.
Who said that?
Some poet?
Not the pope?
- Janek, is that you?
- Yeah.
There's a letter for you.
What?
A letter for you!
- Where is it?
- Next to the telephone.

We're going to Koszalin...
I don't want to die yet!
To Koszalin!
We're going to sleep now
You say it's all just fine
We're going to sleep now
This man has such a nice face
We're going to sleep now
Because we can't just stand in place
We're going to sleep, sleep, sleep...
We're going to sleep now
No one hears this scream
We're going to sleep now
And of freedom dream
We're going to sleep now
Because it's all too dark
We're going to sleep, sleep, sleep...
We're going to sleep now
Pass it!
Move it!
Come on!
It's in!
Goal!
He said it won't last long;
that something will happen.
What will happen?
That, he didn't say.
People say many things.
There's pressure
to join Solidarity.
At my work, they've been trying
to convince everyone, too.
They want the leaders to lose
control over the union.
If too many people sign in,
nobody will control it,
and the mess will
be even bigger.
That's what they want.
They'll blame it on Solidarity.
You think it's going to be that bad?
The strikes can't last forever.
My God...
Dear citizens,

I'm announcing that today...
we constituted the Military
Council of National Salvation.
The State Council, in line
with the Constitution,
tonight at midnight,
has imposed martial law...
... in the whole country.
I want everyone to
understand the reasons...
... and the purpose of our actions.
We are not going to proceed
with a military coup,
with a military dictatorship.
The nation has enough
power, enough wisdom...
Put it in the fridge.
We're staying in Hel for now,
but I'll have to sleep in the barracks.
For how long?
I don't know.
- Will you show me the gun, please.
- I don't have it here.
- I left it at my unit.
- Oh, come on.
Too bad, I'd tell
the guys at school...
You'll have to wait for that.
The schools are closed.
You have some time off.
- So what's the holster for?
- Janek!
Take your feet off there.
What's going to happen now?
I know what will not happen.
You look like a Commie cop.
Janek!
He got fired and
he's sitting at home.
He asks where I'm going,
what for and with whom.
I can't tell him I'm going to study,
because the schools are closed.
Love demands sacrifice.

Stop it.

I really had a hard time getting out.

Mine is in the barracks

the whole time.

Lucky you.

Did you hear that Krukowski,

the teacher, was detained?

- Are you serious? For what?

- For Solidarity, what else?

He had to be a prominent guy.

Dad says Krukowski

even knows Walesa.

Really?

That's something.

I heard they were

taken to Russia.

How do you know?

What about the band?

Are you joking?

My old man is important now.

Who's going to stop us?

It's all so weird.

Janek?

- You should go now.

- Come on!

You're afraid someone's

going to see us?

I'm afraid that you'll

miss the curfew.

I'd forgotten.

Just go.

Go.

I'm sorry...

Go to sleep.

Why do they have to

stand here, day and night?

Stop asking me stupid questions.

What's your problem?

Why're you so uptight?

- What else can I be?

- I just asked.

And I fucking answered!

I don't like it.

Everyone will point at us.

They already look at me
as if I were God-knows-what.
You really don't understand? Either
the Russians come, or there's a civil war.
Why do you keep it here?
Do I ask where
you keep your syringes?
I'm scared.
I'm really scared.
I have to go.
The car is already here.
I have a briefing
with the commissioner.
They sent someone?
No, it's Sokolowski.
Sokolowski? But he's just a captain.
Clearly, he's more than that.
Take care of yourself.
- You were supposed to give it back.
- All right, I will.
They have so many of them
that they won't even notice.
That wasn't the deal.
All right then.
Hey, guys!
Could you get us some smokes?
It's cold. There's nothing to smoke,
and we're stuck here.
OK, but we get to keep one pack.
- How old are you?
- And you?
Alright, alright.
Don't be so sensitive about it.
Your father will be here in an hour,
and you will go visit grandma.
Why?
Grandpa sent a telegram
that grandma is in a bad condition.
But why me?
He will need you there.
You'll help him out.
- It's his mother, after all.
- What about you?
I can't go,

I have to go to the hospital.
For how long?
I don't know.
Maybe a few days.
Why is it always me?
You're the older one, smarter,
you understand more.
Go pack now,
so he doesn't have to wait.
- I need to go out for a moment.
- What?
Where to?
Good afternoon.
Is Basia there?
Excuse me?
I'm a friend of hers from school.
I just want to see her for a second.
Oh, Basia? Yes, she's here.
Wait a moment.
Someone to see you!
What happened?
They took my dad...
What? When?
This morning.
What for?
- Ask your father.
- What?
Basia!
Ask your father.
It's not the best time
for this conversation.
I think you should go now.
Don't come here ever more.
Basia!
I know you'd rather be
with your friends now,
but sometimes it's necessary to
do something for the family.
Besides, this might be the
last chance to see her.
Where are they going?
I don't know. Probably to Gdansk.
- What for?
- How am I supposed to know?

But you do.

Can't you see they are
not from my unit?

- These are ground troops.

- Yeah, right.

What's your problem?

Nothing. I'm just asking why these
trucks are going to Gdansk.

I don't know
if they are.

It doesn't matter where.

These are combat vehicles.

There's martial law.

Do you know what that means?

- I do.

- It seems you don't.

The military took power. That's why
there's so many of them now.

It's not as simple as you think.

Stop talking to me like I was a child.

Mom...

- Would you like an injection?

- Yes.

When did you take the last one?

I don't remember.

Go to sleep, son.

You need to have a good sleep.

I'll call Jerzyk and Malgosia,
so that one of us is always here.

Sometimes she doesn't
recognize me anymore.

She mixes up faces and names.

That's because of morphine...

She takes more and more
of these injections.

We should keep that under control.

She shouldn't take it herself.

How's everything going
with you, Jasiiek?

All fine.

That's good.

How about Staszek?

The same.

We're playing together in a band.

That's nice... What do you play?

Punk rock.

I'm not familiar with that.

But I bet it sounds nice.

It's loud.

Kids are always loud.

And how is Ela?

These days she's always on call,
she almost lives in the hospital.

I'm going for a walk.

Before you do, take some tea
to grandma. It's on the stove.

The boy has grown up,

God knows when.

How do you see it?

- What?

- What do you mean, what?

Shooting at people in Silesia.

It can be worse than in 1970.

I have nothing to do with it.

I'm just a Navy officer.

You've always liked to daydream.

How did you all get

so clever all of a sudden!

- What are you so mad about?

- What do you want?

- Sit down, relax.

- Everyone keeps complaining.

I just want to learn your opinion.

You should've told

me that 20 years ago.

You think I knew back then?

Is that you, sonny?

No, grandma, it's me... Janek.

- Dad is in the kitchen with grandpa.

- That's good, good...

I brought you a cup of tea.

Would you like some?

No, thank you.

Come a bit closer.

You look just like your father.

He also didn't like to comb his hair.

Are you OK?

He was afraid of the comb,

as if it was to bite him.
Even today, he doesn't use it.
He fixes his hair
with his fingers instead.
I'd like to die already, but I'm
also afraid of thinking this way.
The Lord sees everything.
Is there anything I could bring you?
No, thank you.
I'll just lie here a bit.
Go now.
I'll lay here.
Janek!
Janek!
Janek!

I LOVE BASIA:

I went to her room,
I thought she was asleep.
But she was already dead.
Now grandpa is there...
I thought she was sleeping.
- Did she say anything to you?
- Nothing.
She didn't say anything?
She said she was tired
and wanted to lay down a bit.
Is that all?
Nothing else?
She said...
...that I look like you.
That you didn't use
to comb your hair.
What?
Something like that,
that you were afraid of the comb.
What are you talking about?
That's what she said.
That your hair was all messy.
I was afraid of the comb?
You still don't use it.
You use your hands to fix your hair.
I've never thought of that.
Of what?

That she noticed it at all.
I notice it, too.
There's nothing strange about it.
You think so?
What's up, guys?
Spring time!
We should do some beer!
I have no money.
- But I do.
- Me too, hang on.
Give it to me.
- What about you?
- One zloty.
Give me that.
I'll be right back.
Go get us that beer.
All right, guys.
Move it!
Good afternoon.
At ease.
I'm going to take a piss.
- Would you do her?
- Sokolowska?
- Anything wrong with her?
- She's old.
- What?
- She's not young, is she?
- You're the young one.
- You would do her, right?
- Man...
- Why don't you tell her that?
Are you fucking crazy?
Is that why you lock yourself
in the toilets every evening?
Morning.
Morning.
Isn't that your boy?
- Morning!
- Hi!
- What?
- Can I ask you something?
- Is it confidential?
- Sort of.
If it's confidential,

it's confidential.
There's this prom in June.
And we need some camouflage
net to cover the ceiling...
Helena asked me if I could
talk to you about it.
But why do I need
to go to her?
I told her that I could get the net,
if our band plays at the prom.
That's what you told her?
What did she say?
She said that if I don't want to help,
she'll talk to you herself.
So I told her it's not
her prom but ours.
Besides everyone at school
wants us to play.
- You went a little too far.
- I know.
I wanted to make sure
you don't arrange the net
until she agrees
to our concert.
Ok, we'll talk about it at home.
Tell mom I'll be back at evening.
Dad!
Happy Birthday.
For good luck.
A big one.
Well, thank you.
She's coming...
She's in.
You won't be a chicken, will you?
OK, let's go.
Good morning!
Good morning.
Come here!
Who, me?
Who else?
You are Janek, aren't you?
Yeah.
What are you doing here,
in the staircase?

We're going to rehearsal.
You're following me, aren't you?
No way. We're really
on our way to practice.
Where are your instruments?
They're...
...inside the rail car.
Who would want to carry
them every day?
Well, then...
I thought we could become friends,
but you prefer to lie...
- Don't run in the stairway!
- Something happened?
- No, why?
- Sorry, darling, I have to go.
- She's into you!
- What are you talking about?
- She knew your name.
- So what?
- You should hit on her.
- Exactly!
Keep quiet.
Fuck... You won't get
another chance like this.
- There's nothing to think about.
- Fuck, what am I going to say?
If she were into me,
I'd know exactly what to say.
Oh, it's you.
- I wanted...
- Come in.
Come inside.
Don't be shy.
Sit down.
- Would you like anything to drink?
- No, thanks.
So... what's going on?
You have a nice apartment.
- Do you mind if I smoke?
- No...
- I like the smell of cigarettes.
- You smoke yourself?
Every now and then.

Would you like one?

No, thank you.

Nice lighter.

- Do you like it?

- Yeah.

If you tell me quickly what's
going on, I'll be yours.

I mean... the lighter will be yours.

Would you like to kiss me?

- What you're waiting for?

- Now?

What? Should I turn off the light?

You're saying that you're a musician.

What kind of music do you play?

- I have a tape here somewhere.

- You'll play it for me later...

- Have you listened to their music?

- I have.

And you liked it?

It's not important whether I like it.

It's their music.

Aren't you bothered

by what they're singing about?

If this can be even

called 'singing'...

It's hard to understand.

They scream a lot.

Exactly.

Do you know what

they scream about?

About freedom,

better future and such things.

Professor, I think

you're exaggerating a little.

Many of the assigned books

talk about the same ideas.

You know that better

than I do anyway.

Let's make a deal.

I'll arrange this camouflage net,

and you'll let the boys play...

two or three songs.

I'll talk to the headmistress.

Maybe she'll agree.

The kids will be happy and they'll
better remember the school.
It's not easy for them, anyway.
What kind of a future is there
for them in this country?
I didn't expect to have
this kind of a conversation with you.
Did you expect me to shoot
my son for high treason?
I'm happy I could help the school.
No, I'd like to thank you
on behalf of the school.
Hi!
Fuck! I thought we would
play everything.
Two, three songs, it's not bad.
Yeah, well. Fuck it all.
It's not bad.
Look who's coming.
Good morning!
Good morning!
Janek, could you come here, please!
Fuck...
Just go.
She must have liked it...
- Is everything all right?
- Yeah...
Look...
- I listened to your songs.
- Really?
They are kind of...
...wild.
Did you like them?
Yeah... They're just like you.
Did something happen?
No, nothing happened.
Good afternoon.
The boys started a band, you know...
And why do you care?
You want to be a singer now?
We're just talking.
Wait.
Are you going somewhere?
What's that? Show it to me.

That's my tape!
- Oh, yeah? I'd like to listen to it.
- You will regret it, you scumbag.
You don't mind, do you?
How is Basia?
Will she be at the concert?
Don't know.
We don't talk.
Are you still upset?
She started it, not me.
You guys should talk.
What about?
It's all fucked up.
Maybe it is...
...but the girl's cool.
Didn't you forget something?
Like what?
Like a tie...
Mom, we're playing a concert.
I can't look like a loser.
- The guys on your posters wear ties.
- Yeah, but they're different!
How's this one?
Let me see...
Not bad!
Thank you.
Where the fuck is he?!
What if he doesn't come?
He will come.
What if not?
He will!
Let's wait fifteen more minutes.
Janek, come here for a second!
The commissioner says
your songs were not reviewed
by a censor and you can't play them.
Did you understand?
I'll be in the hall.
Why on earth did you
give him the tape?
Don't you understand?
We all can have problems,
you, me, your dad.
Do you hear what I'm saying?

I'm sorry.
I got lost in thoughts.
He picked at that the lyrics, that
they didn't go through the censor.
Fuck him. Janek! God damn it!
Or maybe you're afraid that daddy
will give you a whipping...
That's what it tastes like.
Others will have to pay
for our freedom.
- I don't give a fuck.
- But I do.
What we're doing is important.
You care more about them
than about the band?
Look me in the eyes.
Go ahead, look.
I thought we were...
fucking 'unbreakable'?
Was I wrong?
Well, folks...
That's all for today.
But soon, we'll play a real
concert and much, much more...
Hey, who painted
your face like this?
Commie cops.
Solidarity!
We're playing!
Sham, fetishists
Crap!
Kill'em all!
Conformist generation
Crap!
Kill'em all!
Your ideals
Kill'em all!
It's about time
To kill ya all!
Discotheque, slut-o-theque
Crap!
Kill'em all!
Our vanguard
Want to

To kill ya all!
It's about time
It's about time
It's about time
To kill ya all!
To kill ya all!
- Dad...
- I know, I know.
It wasn't supposed to be this way.
Go to sleep, son.
What now?
Nothing yet.
But Sokolowski reported
that it was all planned.
That it was an anti-socialist action.
What?
But it's nonsense.
He claims that the rehearsals took
place within the military compound...
...and that I was behind all of this.
That's absurd.
Yeah. They're summoning
me to Gdansk.
Where are you heading?
I don't know.
Can I walk with you?
If you want to.
Do you want me to?
Everyone keeps talking
about this concert.
Maybe just a few teachers,
a few cops - what a company.
It's not only them.
People were talking about
it at the store today.
They said there was
this demonstration and a concert...
My dad liked it, too.
They let him out?
A month ago.
He said you were a cool guy.
There'll be huge problems...
There are always some.
- What?

- Nothing.

- Well?

- Nothing.

Before, in front of the school,
you were so shy. And now...

I missed you.

And I missed you.

Silly.

Yeah.

My old man was
summoned to Gdansk.

Nobody knows why.

He'll probably get discharged
from the Navy or get locked away.

What for?

'For providing aid and loaning
military supplies...
to an anti-socialist demonstration.'

What's going on?

What's going on?

We're leaving for West Germany.

On vacation?

'There's no future here... '

Who told you that?

It doesn't matter; I have
no control over any of this.

When?

On the tenth.

Now, the tenth of July.

You know what? I have to go.

Janek!

Janek!

Any hospital will hire you.

- What about you?

- I have a college degree.

I have a profession.

I don't need to wear a uniform.

Very funny.

Stop joking, ok?

It can't be all
the way they want it.

What about the boys? The school?

Where are we going to live?

For now, at grandpa's.

And then, we'll see.
In the countryside?
What's so bad about it?
How do you imagine this?
Janek goes to the
university next year.
Staszek soon afterwards.
Janek?
What the hell?
What the fuck are you doing?
What are you doing?
I'm grounded.
If I don't get home now,
it will just get worse.
Dad said he would kill me
if I bring cops home.
How about yours?
You'll be surprised.
He said it was the biggest
protest in the district
since the beginning of martial law.

ALL THAT I LOVE:

written and directed by
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Production Designer:
Elwira Pluta
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