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Festen

By Michael Sandager

THE CELEBRATION:

Christian speaking.

...Hi, I'm here now.

I landed this morning.

What?

Er... Washed? I shaved at
the airport if you must know.

I shaved at the airport
if you must know!

I'm fine... right now

I'm looking across the fields.

At the land of my father.

It's beautiful.

It makes me want to move back for
good, but that'd be problematic.

I'll make it.

Yes, I suppose

it will be... shocking.

What?

... You're dropping out.

OK. 'Bye.

Bloody hell,

that's my brother.

My big brother!

Why the hell didn't you say?

As if I saw him!

I mean, really!

I have to do

everything myself.

Hell, Christian!

What's this?

Hey, man, see him, Kasper?

He's walked all the way from Paris.

Only from the station.

- Hi, all!

- Wow, man!

Now you've had it.

Giddyap! I'll fuck you, damn it!

- Fucking hell!

- You're very frisky.

It's been bloody ages.

It bloody has.

How's tricks?

I'll give you a lift.

Hop out, kids.

- I'm giving Christian a lift.

- There's plenty of room.

Come on, Mette.

- Sit in the front.

- I can walk.

- No, I want a chat.

- You want us to walk all the way?

- What's up, man?

- All the way!

He's my brother, for fuck's sake.

Give me a break, will you?

Oh, shut up!

Chill out!

- Do you think dad's back yet?

- Not yet.

Hello?

- Hello, what's your name?

- Lars.

Lars... OK, Mads, listen up.

I have a little problem with
new staff, but OK, now you know.

- Hello.

- Hello.

Who do you think we are?

This is Christian, my brother.

He has two restaurants in Paris.

And I've got a... cafeteria -

- in the docklands.

- Oh, OK.

We grew up here,
so we know how to treat customers.

A really good receptionist keeps
an eye on who's who, right?

And you give us rooms 9 and 19.

I'm afraid you're not on the list.

- What?

- Michael Klingefeldt.

Your father has told me
that Michael is not invited.

- OK Mads, listen up...

- Lars, OK?

Yes, Lars, it went a bit amok

last year, I got a bit pissed.
When I drink,
things go a bit crazy.
A couple of schnapps
over the top and I freak.
Hey, I've brought
the bloody wife and kids...
Michelle is here, too, so...
I wouldn't know anything about that.
- Is there a room or not?
- Not.
- Let me talk to my father.
- He's out hunting.
Sort it out yourself, then.
That's your job, right?
Lars, just find a room.
I'll talk to dad.
Hey... just give us
one of the small rooms.
They're never used.
3 and 1.
Give us one of those.
- You don't want a key?
- Oh, yes.
I must be on the list.
... Has our sister come?
Do get a move on...
It's daddy's birthday, his sixtieth.
All the people
up ahead are my family.
I have to be there to welcome them.
Nadim, wasn't it?
- Nadim, yes.
- OK, Nadim.
If you go a bit faster
I'll give you my phone number.
Hi, baby! Hi! Are you ready?
They're nearly here.
- You haven't been drinking, right?
- Not today.
Wasn't it a fantastic funeral?
- I'm ready.
- What are you doing here?
What?

Well, you missed
your sister's funeral.
Don't poke your nose in.
I'm poking it into
what you don't do.
You don't go to her funeral.
You don't phone me on my birthday.
You don't show an interest.
Now she's starting, too.
I'm going home.
- Have a nice day.
- Want my bike?
- I won't have it.
- Be quiet. This is old hat.
- Yes, be quiet.
- Spoken just like Christian.
Stop that!
Come on!
- Be quiet.
- Listen to clever Christian.
Stop it!
Be quiet!
Toot again.
So they can hear it.
That's his wife.
One of the son's.
That's Mette.
And the three little piggies.
... How are you?
You kids put a sock in it.
Quiet, kids! We're here.
Behave yourselves.
It's just not done.
I'm your sister.
A good thing
it's only once every ten years.
- Granddad... welcome...
- Thank you, thank you.
- Thanks for a lovely funeral.
- Thank you.
Great to see you again.
Hello again.
It was a hot trip.
I'll go and unpack my wife.

Hi, dad.

Your father asked me to be
toastmaster this evening, OK?

Do you know Lise?

- How are you, my boy?

- It's so sad.

The weather...

I'm not sure I can take it.

- Hi there, you haven't changed.

- Thanks.

Welcome... go on into the hall.

You'll meet Helge.

Hello, Pierre.

Christian, darling! How lovely
you could make it after all!

- You look great.

- Excuse me, the guests are here.

Go to your father.

Don't forget to say Happy Birthday.

Hello, dad.

Happy Birthday!

- They're all waiting.

- Sit down a moment.

I've something important to tell you.

Sit down.

Come on, sit down.

- Join me in a cognac?

- No, thanks.

Yes, it's... very important.

I've been thinking about it for days.

Listen... two hookers are
sitting in a railway carriage.

Don't laugh at your old dad!

On his birthday, too!

How dare you?

I'll have to tell your mother.

- We're waiting for you.

- The boy is laughing in my face.

- Christian, you mustn't do that.

- Let's tell jokes, then.

If I want a natter
with my eldest son...

How are things?

Fine; I'm moving into

Lyons at the moment, and...
I can read the papers, my boy.
You're doing well.
How about that girlfriend
who is always phoning?
Can't you have a few kids
and move back home?
She's having someone else's kid.
Then find another girl
and move back here.
I'm getting older
and I want my family around me.
- Then there's your mother.
- What about her?
- She's getting tired of my jokes.
- I see why.
What do you mean you see why?
What's wrong with my jokes?
There's no respect any more.
Tell me how you are.
Got a girl? Oh, I've already asked.
- Come on!
- We're coming.
Come along, my boy.
Just one thing...
Christian, will you say a couple of
words about your sister this evening?
I'd just blab.
I've already written something.
You have?
Well done, my boy.
- Michael has come.
- I suppose I'll have to talk to him.
- Your visitors are ready.
- Michelle, are you married?
No.
- You'd better ask someone else.
- I think so, too.
Oh, yes, that was my other son.
I'll have a word with him.
Today it's Helge's birthday
hip hip, hurrah
he'll get lots of presents
and there'll be buns and cocoa...

Hi, Christian.

Which room are you in?

What? 17. Why?

May I borrow your bath, please?

...and the sound of the sea...

I'll put them down here.

- The main course is a secret.

- A secret?

- You have been hunting today?

- As usual.

Are you listening?

Good.

It was the third time we were going to move to Copenhagen, right?

But Bettina has

moved in with him instead.

- Bettina h?

- Yes.

Anyway, I'm still here, right?

We went to the park yesterday.

I've been given the room

where my sister died.

Well it's better than giving it to Christian; They were twins.

It's one thing not

wanting to talk about it, -

but covering it

all up is just silly.

- Look... it's spooky.

- Yes, I can see that.

Really ghost-like.

I don't think she'd like it either, if you get me.

Can we remove the covers?

Move the furniture a bit?

Then I'll stay with her.

I don't mind at all.

- Certainly.

- OK.

This was where it happened.

The bathroom.

Maybe I should have another room.

Yes, would you rather?

It's just that...

I'm getting really bad vibes.

Did you hear that?

She's in the bathroom.

No, she's... she's dead.

We'll just have a look.

- No, I think we should go.

- No, we'll have a look.

- Hey, Mette, I can't find them.

- Have you checked the suitcases?

- I can't find those shoes.

- They should be in a suitcase.

- I've looked in that one.

- Keep your shirt on.

I can't go to dinner in brown shoes,
dad will do his nut.

- They must be somewhere.

- I've looked everywhere.

- I think I left them behind.

- You didn't say that. Get it?

Go home and fetch them.

You've got two hours.

Take the car.

- Bloody well stop it, Michael.

- I can't see my dad in socks.

You expect me to go home now?

What would your mum and dad say?

I can't go to the dinner

in these shoes, are you insane?

You could just pack your own stuff.

I've packed for you, me,

and the kids, -

- and you want

everything to be just so.

If you don't like it,

pack your own crap.

I've got fucking news for you.

You're the one

who does the packing.

And every single time

you lose my shoes.

You're the one who made us

visit your sodding parents.

I spent a while at a cake shop.

Actually, I'm doing

the dessert tonight.
What does it mean?
An upward arrow? Up, up, up?
If you lie in the bath you can
sometimes see if there is anything.
The bath?
You want me to lie in the bath?
- Shall I lie down?
- And see if you can see anything.
A sign or an arrow.
A wave or a fish or a bird.
Kind of like getting warmer.
- It just won't do.
- I'm sorry.
- I'd just ironed this.
- I said I was sorry.
Shall we...
Shall we lie down for five minutes?
Aren't you going to the party?
We'll have to lie down
for five minutes, right?
There's a fish.
It means flat, which means down.
I'm not sure I understand this game.
Oh... how strange...
We always played it.
"Getting warmer".
Come on... sit down.
Check next to the other leg.
Oh, how sweet of her to have done
this... I can hardly bear it.
I'm practically
the only one still stuck here.
The rest of you go
gadding off to Paris and all...
- You can't sit here crying.
- I'm sorry.
- Have one of these.
- Just say if you want me to go.
- Didn't you want a bath?
- Oh, yes.
An arrow again.
And an arrow again.
Will you...

- Will I what?

- Undo me.

Look, I've still got a good ass.

Is a bath all it's going to get?

Up there, look...

- On the other side.

- Where?

Next to where the lamp is attached.

"Dear whoever finds this letter,
you are probably... "

Bloody hell!

It doesn't say anything.

Mette, damn it!

Did you put all this soap here?

How irritating!

- Michael...

- Why did you leave the soap here?

You're the one who used it, man.

- Bloody hell.

- Did you hurt yourself?

I certainly fucking did.

There've always been
ghosts in this house.

It doesn't say anything.

I'll happily stay here.

Thanks for your help.

- You really took fright?

- Not at all.

A bit?... I'm sorry.

Thanks for your help.

- Why did you leave the soap there?

- I didn't, you did.

- I didn't.

- You're the one who used it.

- Where are my pants?

- I don't know. Over there?

You should take care of your things.

I'm not your baby-sitter.

- Shut up, man.

- Oh, for God's sake!

The fucking thing's
fallen down now, man.

- We'd better put it up again.

- Like fuck.

It's weird. You were always
the wild one, getting into fights.
Now it's your brother.
You can't even be bothered
to look at a pretty girl any more.
Maybe it's because
you think I'm too skinny.
Christian?
It can go in here.
They mustn't find it...
There.
Where have you gone,
lovely Christian?
It's six o'clock,
time to get up!
Cards, please, tickets please,
or other proof of travel...
My trousers!
- Hi, grandpa!
- Hi, dad.
I want to see you
in the drawing room in five minutes.
These fucking shoes...
Hi, bent.
That's cool.
Hi, Poul, how's tricks,
you old honker?
Hi, dad.
Hello, my boy. Another time.
We're going in now.
I've been asked to inquire whether
you are interested in the lodge.
I don't see you as one
of the brethren, I must say.
But Christian has told Preben
you're doing well.
And as Christian is not interested,
you may expect to be invited -
to join the Freemasons.
Strike while the iron is hot.
There is a long...
He could make
something of himself...
We have to help you get on.

But behave like a normal
human being tonight, all right?
Keep your fingers off
what's she called... Michelle.
I'd like you to hover about tonight
and keep things running smoothly.
Can you manage that?
Hey, give him a drink.
Look lively.
Get your act together, OK?
... Got a drink? Hey!
You got a drink?
We need to talk.
I haven't time.
You do remember something,
don't you?
- Oh, yes, certainly.
- Jolly good.
I was thinking of saying
a word or two this evening.
I thought so.
It won't be anything
for little girls.
I bet it won't.
You fell asleep.
Yes.
Aren't you sleeping properly?
Only with you.
Yes...
It is a great honour
for me to be toastmaster -
- this evening for
the Klingenfheldt-Hansen family.
My name is Helmuth Von Sachs.
Ich bin aus Deutschland,
Kln, Ruhr, die Stahlwerken.
And also Helge is a Stahlwerk.
Still going strong.
Helge, mein Freund,
mein dnisches Vater, over to you.
Well...
Looking at you all reminds me
so clearly of the years gone by -
- and of all that

has happened to us.
Turning sixty is nothing unique.
To me it seems like yesterday -
- that the final negotiations
fell into place -
- for the take-over
of this unique place.
Yet it was right back
in the summer of 1971-
- when my little family
walked up the steps.
My dear wife, Helene, Michael,
and the twins...
...and the twins.
Ready to move into
these lovely buildings.
We were so...
We were so full of expectations.
I'll stop here.
I'll stop here -
- and hope that we will have a
lovely party together; Let's eat!
The first course.
Ready... go!
Over and out.
- Wasn't it a lovely trip?
- No, it was very hot in the car.
- You've air conditioning, bent.
- Yes, but it dries your mouth up.
The air isn't pleasant.
The kids are here and all.
Give me some water
... Some water.
I'm all wet... probably
because she spilled something.
- What's your name, lass?
- My name is Mette.
- M e t t e, Mette.
- Oh, that's right, yes.
Pardon?
- I said it's lobster soup. Lovely!
- No, it's salmon soup.
Salmon? I think
it tends more towards lobster.

- But it's delicious, the soup.

- Yes. Tomato soup.

No, it isn't tomato soup.

It's lobster soup.

- Yes.

- Cheers!

"Eldest son makes speech. "

Morten.

It is almost seven o'clock and...

...I should like

to propose the first toast.

After all, it is my duty as

the eldest son, correct, Helmuth?

But first, a speech.

I've written two, father.

One is green, the other is yellow.

You choose.

- One is green, the other is yellow.

- I'll take the green.

The green is an interesting choice.

It's a kind of "home truth speech".

I call it when dad had his bath.

I was very young

when we moved here.

Times changed completely for us.

We had all the space we wanted

and all the trouble -

we could cause in all that space.

In those days

this room was a restaurant.

I can't count the times my sister

Linda, who is now dead, and I -

- played in here, and she would

put things in people's food -

without their noticing -

- and we would hide...

Then she would begin to laugh.

She had the most infectious

laugh you can imagine.

In no time at all we'd

both be howling with laughter, -

- and of course we got caught.

But nothing ever happened to us.

It was much more dangerous

when dad had his bath.
I don't know if you remember,
but dad was always having baths.
He'd take
Linda and me into the study -
- as there was something
he had to do first.
Then he'd lock the door
and roll down the blinds.
Then he'd take his shirt off and
his trousers and made us do likewise.
Then he'd put us across the green
couch that's been thrown out now -
- and raped us.
Abused us sexually.
Had sex with his little ones.
Oh, Christian!
A couple of months ago
when my sister died -
- I realised that Helge was a very
clean man, with all those baths.
I thought I'd share it
with the rest of the family.
Baths summer, winter, spring,
autumn, morning, evening...
Helge is a very clean man.
I wanted you to know that, -
- seeing as we're celebrating
his 60th birthday... what a guy!
Imagine living a long life and
watching your children grow up!
And grandchildren.
But you didn't come to listen to me.
We've come to celebrate
Helge's sixtieth, so let's do so.
Thank you for all those good years.
Happy Birthday.
I've nothing to drink.
Fill our glasses!
Christian, you were the first,
but now it's my turn.
Else, it is your birthday.
- Helge!
- What did he say?

He said that it was
Helge's birthday, granddad.
Helge, it's your birthday,
and that's good.

You're a big boy now.

Your ears can take
a story from the seven seas.

- Good on you, granddad!

- I have to go.

When Helge was a young lad -

- he told me he had trouble
finding ladyfriends.

Kim...

- Hi, Christian.

- Hi.

I've got a plane to catch.

Stop! May I introduce
my boyhood buddy, Christian.

You know most of them.

Christian, how are you?

- I'm fine.

- Fine, you say?

Well done, Christian.

You've made your speech -

- and now you're going home.

The battle's lost. Nothing's changed.

- Over and out.

- Are you drunk?

Else I can't cook.

How long have we

known each other?

Since year one?

We scrumped apples together.

I've been waiting for this ever
since, and you just run away.

From your father, who drew
lots for you and your sister.

A brilliant start to your speech.

Drawing lots like your father.

What do you want, Kim?

Sorry to interrupt, granddad.

I just want to say -

- that I hope none of you
took Christian seriously.

He is my brother
and I love him dearly.
But what he said wasn't true.
And I should know, right?
Sorry for interrupting.
It was the shock.
At 7.15 your father'll come down to
give me a time for the main course.
"I think they like the food",
he'll say, as usual.
And he'll have his usual bitter.
... Just give me two minutes.
Oh, I thought you'd gone.
Come here!
Give me a bitter for me and my son.
- It tastes splendid.
- Thanks.
A fine first course,
I think they liked it.
- No, thanks.
- Oh, not you?
That tastes good.
It tastes damned good.
I do believe it tastes good.
Have one yourself and then put
the bottle away... come with me.
Alone.
Off we go!
Well, how are you?
- I'm fine.
- Really...
Are you sure?
Well, I don't understand a thing.
My memory must be failing me.
- Age, probably.
- What do you mean?
What you talked about.
I don't recall it at all.
You'll have to help me.
What happened?
Oh? Sorry, it's probably me
who got it wrong.
Don't apologise
or you'll really have me worried.

I'm just a bit strung up at the moment with work, with my sister.

Forget it.

What you were talking about is a crime; We must call the police.

No, don't do that.

Just forget it.

I'm not sleeping well.

I'm feeling a bit weird. Sorry.

- Are things going well upstairs?

- Yes, fine, fine.

It takes more than that to shake them. Don't worry.

Have a good trip home.

It was nice seeing you.

They're waiting for me.

- Helge, it's your birthday.

- Oh, granddad, not again...

You're a big boy now.

Your ears can take a story from the seven seas.

When Helge was a young lad -

- he told me he had trouble finding ladyfriends.

I told him, "listen, lad!"

"Just buy a big potato and stuff it down your swimming trunks -

go down to the lake -

- and they'll come running!"

Anyway, summer came...

- What do you think?

- Me?

I don't know what he's planning.

He came back in despair and told me things were far worse now.

Nobody would talk to him.

"No wonder", I said.

"You should have put the potato down the front of your trunks. "

For he's a jolly good fellow...

Michelle... Pia... a word.

Michelle come here, Pia come here.

A word.

We'll steal their car keys.

Over.

What? - Us? - OK.

It's Christian's turn tonight.

People mustn't go home yet. Over.

I don't think he intends

to say any more; He apologised.

Let's wait and see.

Don't tell the old waiters.

They need their pensions.

Off you go. Now.

- We mustn't leave any traces.

- No, no, we'll just look carefully.

Where the hell is it?

I have it.

Next room.

Is everything OK?

There aren't any

problems or anything?

No, no.

Everything is OK.

Is my brother staying the night?

I don't really know.

A taxi?

I'll check it out.

Hey, Charlie brown,

you've come to the wrong place.

- Can I go?

- Just a moment.

Listen, Max, I don't know where you
met my sister and I don't want to.

Oh, I've missed you so much!

- Michael, what are you doing?

- What the hell do you mean?

What the hell are you doing?

Mind your fucking manners.

How dare you drag

some monkey to dad's 60th?

Are you calling Gbatokai a monkey?

- How dare you?

- Chill out.

You Nazi bastard!

OK, you can... push off.

Mum, wait a mo'...

This is my boyfriend, Gbatokai.

Mum, you haven't met him before.
That was another one.
Yes, yes, quite,
this way, please.
Forgive me for disturbing you again.
But I forgot the most important bit.
We're here for my father's birthday,
not all kinds of other stuff.
If I led you up the wrong track
earlier, I'd like to make amends -
by proposing a toast to my father.
- Please stand.
- Well done, Christian.
Raise your glasses.
Here's to the man who killed
my sister... to a murderer.
I must propose an interval.
Cigarettes... Giddyap!
Giddyap!
Play something.
Nice and easy.
Play something.
No, let's stay a while.
We can't just leave.
Christian, are you mad?
Christian, can you hear me?
Are you mad, Christian?
Make sure nobody goes home.
Yes, sick... he's sick, damn it.
For the last time!
I have phoned...
- Get me a taxi.
- Just a moment.
I can't take it.
I already suffer
from depression.
There'll be no taxis.
No, I'll walk.
"Here comes the Danish summer... "
I've had it with these family do's.
- Bent, have you seen the car keys?
- No, I haven't.
We're leaving
but I can't find our keys.

I can't take it.
I'm depressed and...
The number you're calling
is still engaged.
- There is an eleven month wait.
- May I speak to Kim?
Lars, just take it easy, OK?
... Hide those car keys!
In the oven.
In the fridge.
They've gone.
Where the hell is Michelle?
Eh?
Michelle!
Come in, damn it.
Michael, I want a word.
With you, too.
- You must leave.
- No. We're going to talk now.
- Mette, you know what happened?
- I want a word with you.
In here.
Come on.
- Let go of me.
- Calm down, right?
- What the hell do you want?
- Last year you promised me.
You came to me at night.
And now you won'
even give me the time of day.
I'm sorry, right?
Damn it -
I've got my wife here.
Funnily enough she's never
been that important before.
You know I got pregnant, right?
Don't worry, I got rid of it, right?
I just thought you should know.
Listen, it's my old man's sixtieth
and things are going amok.
Hello there.
Hi, bent. Bloody hell.
Is this your room?
I was just leaving.

Seen my car keys?
I'll have a quick look, OK?
Sure you haven't seen them?
I'll get depressed
unless I find them.
I know, I know.
Bent, run along downstairs, right?
Pack your gear and go home, right?
Here's your wages.
Now just push off, get it?
You're as sick in the head
as your dad.
Don't diss my family, get it?
What if I got up and said
a couple of words instead?
About you?
About how sick you were as a child?
About the way you always spoiled
things for the other children?
Burning their toys in front of them?
About the warped soul
you've always been?
I could also tell them how your
mum and dad had to go to France -
- to extricate you
from that sanatorium -
- where you lay, sick in
the head as ever, pumped full -
- of medicine,
to your mother's despair.
I could also mention your
lack of talent with women.
Lovely women
you let go by year after year -
- because there is
so little man in you.
I could also make a speech
about you and your sister.
What do you say to that?
Did she ever say
goodbye to you, eh?
No. Was there a card? A letter?
No. Nothing.
There was for the rest of us.

And maybe there was a reason why.
Because you just left, as usual.
Left your sick sister.
She kept asking for you, -
- and rushing to the phone every
time it rang; But it was never you.
As ever, you were only interested
in yourself and your sick mind.
Now you sling mud at the family that
only ever wanted the best for you.
Your mother thinks you should go.
She wants to see you no more.
But I think
you should stay right here -
- and feel what it is like
to spit in your family's face.
After that little
intermezzo pianissimo -
- I think we should return
to the dinner table.
Ich habe Hunger.
Ladies and gentlemen...
They're ready... I don'
think Christian is very happy.
OK. Venison and cranberry, go!
Cheers, granddad.
Yes, it was a superduper speech.
You keep yelling into my ear.
We're still here.
Salt and pepper! Cheers!
Champagne, we must have
champagne... and caviar.
If the birthday boy is my dnisches
Vater, Else is my dnisches Mutter.
Everyone's mutti,
Else, over to you.
Give her a hand!
Thank you, Helmuth, thank you all.
I want to say how much
I appreciate your coming today.
I also want to say a word or two
to thank my husband, my Helge.
Though it may be hard,
as I can hardly find the words -

- to describe what
you have meant -
and mean to me.
But with your appetite for life
and infinite care for your family, -
- you have given me
everything a wife could wish for.
We've had thirty lovely years.
Thank you.
I think I'll take the opportunity to
say a word or two to my children.
I think it is fantastic to see
how well you have done, -
- especially when I consider
how little you once were.
Michael, you are our youngest,
our Benjamin.
Not that we've seen
that much of you.
You were away from home from
an early age; First, boarding school.
Then the school ship,
then catering school in Switzerland.
You never did become a chef, -
but who knows?
At any rate you have given us
three splendid grandchildren -
- whom your father and I
are so grateful for.
And of course
we thank your little Mette.
Helene, the family loner.
You really are, Helene.
Ever since you informed us -
- that you'd decided
to become a singer -
- and had joined the Trotsk... the
young socialists, I think it was -
- we've known you would
choose your own path.
And you certainly have.
In life as well as your studies.
You've ended up in anthropology.
Most interesting, -

- although your father and I
had hoped you'd choose law.
But goodness,
the contacts you haven't had -
- with foreign
countries and peoples -
- aren't worth mentioning.
In that connection -
- I'd like to extend
a warm welcome to Gonzales.
- Mummy, his name is Gbatokai.
- Yes.
Yes... welcome, Kai!
Then there is you, Christian.
You have always been quite special.
A creative child.
The stories Christian
could tell when he was small!
I always thought you'd make
a really good author one day.
When Christian was small,
for all of you who don't know, -
- he had a loyal companion
called snoot, -
who didn't exist.
But snoot and Christian
were inseparable.
If snoot didn't like something,
nor did Christian.
If you were the one
at the receiving end, -
- there was nothing
you could do about it.
But dear Christian, -
- it is so important to be able
to distinguish fact from fiction.
I think you've always
had trouble doing so.
Of course you can be angry
with father; I am sometimes, too.
But it has to be
sorted out in private.
Telling stories like
those you've told this evening, -

- however exciting they may be
... And they were exciting...
Maybe a bit too much.
Christian, I think that
snoot has been with you today -
- and quite frankly, I think
you both rather upset your father.
So I think it would be
appropriate if you stood up -
- leaving snoot in his seat...
And gave your father an apology.
It won't detract from you
to say sorry.
It would be quite all right.
Christian, you may stand up now.
Come on, Christian,
get your fucking act together!
- He's sick in the head, mum.
- Christian?
I'm sorry to disturb you again.
In 1974 you, my mother,
came into the study -
- to see your son on all fours
and your husband with no pants on.
I'm sorry you saw me like that.
And that your husband -
- told you to get out
and that you did so.
I'm sorry you're so hypocritical
and corrupt that I hope you die.
I'm sorry
you're all such cunts -
- that you listen to her.
I'm sorry that for thirty years...
- Let me finish! Let me finish!
- Come on.
Christian, cool it.
Come on out.
- I want my coat.
- You can have your coat.
You were away
at boarding school in Switzerland.
So you know fuck all.
Yet you know anyway.

- You're way out of line.
- You know anyway.
- Don't you?
- You're way out of line.
- Get out.
- Out of my way.

Lock the door.

- Is it locked?
- I think so.

In the deep, deep forest peace
where songsters dwell
where the soul did
hearken many a time
to the birds' happy song
there is idyll...

Where was I?

Mother, my loyal witness.

In 1974 you entered the study -
- and saw my father's stiff dick
rubbing my hair... you bastard.
- You bastard.
- Get out.

Bastards!

He is not healthy.

It's sad... mother, go on.

There is such idyll,
peace and calm
in the sylvan solitude
that sorrows are stilled
where peace and rest do reign
get him down the steps.

Get out, man.

Fucking sod off.

Hey, Leif, stop that, damn it.

He's my brother.

Go away.

Go!

Get him...

Christian, come here.

The game is over, get it?

Are you through, man?

... Not that one, take it easy!

He's my brother.

- Come on, get rid of him.

- Where?
In the woods.
This must fucking stop.
- How far?
- Just get rid of him.
- What do you mean, "rid of him"?
- Shut up. In here.
We'll put him by that tree.
Bloody hell.
That's the way. Come on. Right?
Do we really have to tie you
to this tree, Christian?
What the hell
made you talk such piss?
Come on then! Come on!
Come on!
- Come on!
- Cut it out!
Have you tied him?
... I'm through now.
Easy does it.
That'll do.
Chill out, Christian.
Leif, have you got a cigarette?
I dropped mine.
- I'll check all the doors.
- Sure, right.
I don't want to talk to him.
- What have you done to him?
- Take it easy.
I talked to him; He's gone home.
He's very sorry... so easy does it.
We'll talk about it later...
You want trouble?
Stop it, Michael!
Michael, stop it!
- What did you say?
- Stop it, Michael.
Stop it, damn you!
Back off.
- Hi there, Kim.
- Hi. Leif.
We need to lock the back door.
Where is it?

Right this way.

- A bad business.

- Yes.

- You didn't hit him or anything?

- He won't be back.

- This way?

- In here.

- This is the wine cellar.

- Yes. Over.

Cut it out, Kim.

What the hell are you at?

- You locked him in?

- Yes.

We can't have these
violent types running around...

Hands off!

- Kim, where is Christian?

- No idea.

Don't start drinking now, Michael.

What are you saying?

Why don't you make a speech?

Right, let's get things swinging!

A little sing-song.

I've seen a real black Sambo

his face was black as pitch

he spoke all funny

and had a ring in his nose

I asked him

"what are you?"

Why are your legs

covered in tar?

He just laughed

and said these words...

Fidlihakola tomrassi gassi bom

black massa was from umblagidarum

I've seen a little Indian

his face was as red -

- as fire.

He spoke all funny...

I can't bear this.

They'll kill each other.

- Calm down...

- I'm going crazy.

I've got such a headache.

Will you fetch my tablets?

- Have you seen Christian?

- No, he's gone home.

- A good thing he's gone home.

- I'll get your tablets.

You're all crazy.

My head...

- You're still capable...

- For longer than you think, Helge.

It's nearly 10 o'clock -

- and something exciting
is about to happen.

As Alfred Hitchcock

suggested for his gravestone, -

- "this is what happens
to naughty little boys".

Helge, you're not getting
out of the family tradition.

The grand finale.

It's daddy's birthday

it really is today

daddy's birthday today...

Now listen

to the way we play the trumpet

today it's daddy's birthday

listen

to the way we play the flute...

You dropped something...

It's not good to drop things.

Hello... you're not going?

So soon?

- I want to go home now.

- Don't be silly.

It's time for dessert.

Well... I love these
traditions of the family.

After the dance around the house

a note appears -

- on the toastmaster's glass.

And so it is today.

"A man urges his sister

to read letter to his father. "

A letter.

I think Helene is just too shy

to start... right, Helene?
In any case, -
- it is kind of your brother
to help you get started.
And it seems that there
is peace in the family again.
So let's give Helene a hand.
- Come on.
- Come on, Helene.
Don't be shy.
Michael... pretend he's not here.
It's...
It's from my sister.
"Dear whoever finds this letter, -
- you are probably
my sister or my brother.
Because you must be
good at getting warmer.
Tee hee, giggle...
I know it must be sad
to find me in a bath full of water.
But it isn't so sad for me.
I know that my brothers and sister
are happy, radiant people -
and that I love you.
And I think you should
just not think about me.
Christian, my beloved brother, -
- who has always been with me,
I thank you for everything.
I don't want to mix you up in this.
I love you too much for that.
And you, Helene,
and you, Michael, of course.
You nutter.
Dad has begun
having me again.
In my dreams, anyway.
And I can't bear any more.
I'm going away now.
As I probably always
should have done.
I know it will fill your life
with darkness, Christian.

I have tried to ring you,
but I know you're busy.
I just want
to tell you not to be sad.
I think there is light and beauty
on the other side.
I'm looking forward to it,
as a matter of fact.
Although of course
I am a bit afraid.
Afraid of leaving without you.
I love you forever.
Linda. "
That was a very beautiful letter.
Pour my daughter some port -
- so that I can drink
a toast with her.
Pour my daughter some port
so that I can drink a toast with her.
Pass the port to my daughter
so I can drink a toast with her.
Pass the damned
port to my daughter.
Pass the port to my daughter.
Show me some respect!
I've never seen the like.
What are you staring at?
Eh?
Is it my fault that
I have such talentless offspring?
I've just never really
understood why you did it.
It was all you were good for.
It is quite a job
being toastmaster tonight.
I must admit
I hadn't tried it before.
I am profoundly affected
by the situation; We all are.
- Nevertheless, I regard it...
- I have to go now.
...as my responsibility
to see this dinner out.
So I suggest dancing,

music and coffee next door.
Good evening.
I have collected the car keys
and put them back.
May I have a glass of water?
Shall I call a doctor?
Christian? Christian? Are you OK?
Come on...
Christian?
Christian?
Pia?
Pia?
I was asleep.
Pia, my sister is here.
I love you.
Christian? Christian?
Hi.
I miss you.
I miss you, too.
Shall I come with you?
I'm going now.
Hello? Hello?
- It's Helene. Were you asleep?
- What's the time?
Late. Three, I think.
I was asleep, too.
Or whatever you'd call it.
You know... I've been...
Maybe you have, too?
- Have what?
- Nothing.
Please come, Christian.
Michael has disappeared.
What's going on?
What's he up to?
Michael has vanished and his wife
is bawling her eyes out in my room.
- Is the party still going on?
- No, I don't think so.
Don't worry about it.
Oh, they've all gone to bed...
Find some glasses.
Where is Michelle?
In Kim's room, I think.

People are sleeping
in the wrong beds a bit.
Oh, we're not, are we, honey?
That we don't, well, my baby?
- I've got a glass for Christian.
- I want one, too.
As long as it's not
someone yucky's glass.
Play the wedding waltz.
Gbatokai and Helene must dance.
Because I think
you should get married.
Dad?
It's Michael, man, little Michael.
I'm coming.
Open the door.
It's the fucking postman.
Open the door, damn you!
Open it!
Go inside, Else, and close the door.
Michael, stop it.
- Stop it, Michael.
- I told you to go inside.
Keep your mouth shut, I said, man.
I told you, man.
Keep your mouth shut.
Come back here.
Come back here.
Lie down, man.
Lie down!
And stay lying down.
I've heard enough piss.
Lie down, I said.
You'll never see your
grandchildren again, man.
Never again, get it, dad?
This family... is kaput.
Lie down, I said.
Lie down, I said!
It's me ringing the doorbell.
Michael, man.
They mustn't, mustn't.
Stop! Mummy, say something.
They mustn't...

What's going on, mummy?
They mustn't, they mustn't...
- Get out there, Gbatokai.
- Your father!
Back off, Michael.
You're killing me.
...killing me.
Waiter, could I have another drink?
I do so like to start the day
with a wee dram.
Morten...
Are you thinking anything?
Oh, well. Over.
She's bright-eyed and
bushy-tailed, at least.
Morning, Christian.
- Good morning.
- Have a roll.
Where the hell is Leif?
There you are!
How's the hairpiece?
Where do you get
your clothes crumpled?
Nstved.
Pia...
Do you want to come
to Paris and live with me?
Yes.
That was all.
Hey, have you got
the hots for the waitress?
- Michael, shut up and eat up.
- I'll eat that French stick.
Good morning...
Good morning, everyone.
Bon appetit.
Dorthe, come to daddy.
Your father will
read it to you, I'm sure.
I know it's an unsuitable moment.
You're having breakfast.
I'll try and be brief.
I just want to say
that I know that

when you pack up and go home...
...it will be
the last time I see you.
I also see now
that what I did
to my children is unforgivable.
I know that all of you...
Especially my children -
...will hate me for
the rest of your lives.
All the same, I want to tell you that
you will always be my children -
- and I have loved you
and love you -
- no matter where in the world
you are or what you do.
To you, Christian, I want to say...
You fought a good fight, my boy.
Thank you.
Nice one, dad.
Good speech. Well done.
But I think you'll have to go now
so we can eat our breakfast.
Of course, of course.
Coming?
I'll stay here.