



Scripts.com

The Girl

By Karin Arrhenius

- Where are you going?

- Africa.

Africa? Oh, my...

I'll clean you up a little
and then give you your shot.

All right...

Is that okay?

Good girl...

Here...

THE GIRL:

Chiguma...

Tabora...

Dar es Salaam...

Massasi.

Hey, are you packing already?

- You're going to bring all that?

- Yeah.

Well, she's ten.

Or rather, she will be ten this winter,
so she's nine and a half.

I see...

You couldn't possibly
have told us this earlier?

Is there...

any kind of flexibility here?

We've made plans, you see.

I understand.

Fine. Goodbye.

Who was it?

- How did it go?

- She didn't have any other plans.

She said she'd be happy to come.

But I don't know...

- How did she sound?

- Good.

She seemed happy.

- What about swimming lessons?

- They can take her.

Should we go ahead and do it?

Even though it feels terrible...

Maybe we should cancel the whole
thing? And stay home?

We could try to go back home sooner.

And she'll be able
to come along next year.
Listen...
What?
We're finally going to do something.
Something real.
I can't stand living
in this cramped little world.
Stop it! That's not going to work.
- You're too little.
- Too little for what?
It's not our call,
SIDA makes the rules.
There are so many children
in need there, we can't let them down.
They don't even have water.
Children are dying every day.
Don't you think we should go there
and help them. Save them?
I bet you and Anna will have
a great time together this summer.
- I don't even know her.
- Not yet, but you will.
And then there's your swimming
lessons. That's fun.
- I can take care of myself.
- That's impossible, and you know it.
Right?
Next year's different,
then you can come along too.
Hey...
Look at me. Come on...
Guess where I went to swimming school?
Nowhere.
My mom taught me herself,
at the lake nearby our house.
I was so scared of water
when I was a little kid.
We're leaving tomorrow.
You do understand that, don't you?
Hey!
I don't think there's anything
in particular here.
I put the spare keys in this bowl...

Petter, you've got your bag, right?
There we were,
in the middle of the Atlantic,
and the surface
was all smooth, like a mirror.
The sky kind of melted straight
into the sea, if you know what I mean.
It was totally still.
Silent. Not so much as a breeze.
When you swim under water you see
the boat, like, all razor-sharp.
And you know that the ocean floor
is thousands of meters below you.
Doesn't that sound awesome?
Hang on, I'll show you...
Where the hell did he go? Here.
Claes.
Claes Curman. He lives in Danderyd.
He looks kind of sulky there,
but he's got charm.
He wanted me to go sailing with him...
But no, I didn't feel like it.
I need to put myself first now.
I've got my own life.
- Hi there.
- Hi.
Hi...
Hi.
- Weren't you going to Africa?
- No.
Well, my parents are taking us
to Legoland this summer.
All right, everybody over here.
I'm Ann Brtemark
and some of you know me already.
Hopefully, you won't have
to come back next summer as well.
We're going to work
real hard all summer.
And you'll all have
to jump off the high-dive.
- No!
- Oh, yes indeed.
Look... look at me.

Okay, let's practice jumping.

Did everybody hear that?

Next...

Next...

- Go on!

- Next!

Go on!

Hello there, paleface.

Not so fast... Come here.

Well?

- Nisse would a sailor be...

- No, do the dance, too.

Nisse would a sailor be

And set off for Jamaica

Filled a ship with bananas did he

And played the balalaika

Great!

So your aunt's here now, is she?

Gunnar and I were just saying that you
could have stayed here, you know.

Now that this happened...

Your parents were so lucky
that she was available.

I guess she's on vacation.

Here you go.

- What does she do for a living?

- Nothing, I think.

Imagine not having to work...

- We went to Morocco once.

- A man offered 20 camels for Mom!

So... why didn't

you get to go with them?

- I was too little.

- I agree.

You look like you're from Biafra, too.

They didn't go to Biafra.

- Did you wet your pants?

- I washed the car, like you told me to.

I meant the car, not your crotch.

Hurry up and change, it's almost 12:30.

And my salon's off limits while

we're away, Kristina. Is that clear?

Ever had a real boyfriend?

Have you?

Maybe I have.

You told me you couldn't catch a guy.

Because you're too fat.

Things change...

My cousin's coming next week.

- Gisela?

- Yeah, all the way from Stockholm.

She's had lots of boyfriends.

One of them had a car.

You can blow-dry my hair now.

Go on!

Tina couldn't come over,
she had to clean her closet.

- Why don't you call that cute boy?

- What cute boy?

The one over at the farm, who lives
with his dad. He seems really nice.

- Ola?

- Yeah.

I don't even know him.

Besides, he's stupid
and smells like a barnyard.

Like a barnyard?

Really?

- I don't know...

- Hey, give people a chance.

So, what does he smell like?

Hello there. Great, come on in.

Did you ride your bike?

Let's see... There she is.

Hi.

Hi.

I'll go make some lemonade.

No thanks, we're fine.

We have... lemonade left.

And then there's Russian, too,
but it makes your mouth hurt...

Yeah, everything's fine.

She takes her swimming lessons
and she's been really good.

Right, but you haven't been eaten
by wild beasts so far, have you?

Give me a break,

I am an adult, after all.

Yeah... Sure, hang on. Bye.
Hello. Hi, Mom.
I can swim 25 meters.
I can swim 25 meters.
Black pudding, I think.
Yes.
Bye-bye. Listen, Mom...
No, it's nothing.
Yeah.
Yes, I'm sure.
Everything's fine.
Bye-bye.
Can you really handle alcohol?
I can't handle much of anything.
But a person's
entitled to have fun, right?
- Where are you going?
- I...
I figured I'd go into town, okay? Bye.
Hey, sweetie-pie...
Come here.
Look who's here.
My little niece...
I have my ups and downs...
Yeah.
Dear Claes, I love you.
I'd love to go sailing. Call me.
'Sincerely, Anna'
You'll be all right, won't you?
Promise?
You know what it's like when your gut
tells you something's meant to be...
- Promise you won't tell Mom and Dad?
- I promise.
Good.
You understand how important it is
for me to take this chance, don't you?
And I'll be back,
I won't be away that long.
- Hey... You've got to be strong.
- Yes.
- Can you be strong?
- Yes.
- Let me hear you say it.

- I'm strong.

Bye. See you later.

Cheers...

'December 28.

Motala General Hospital.'

'A baby girl. Height: 48 cm.'

- Well, how about this?

- No, that.

You like that one...

Pink might be prettier on a little girl like you. Don't you think so?

No? You like red better. I see...

- Here, I'll give you the tester.

- Thank you.

Well, hello...

- Nisse would a sailor be...

- No, not here. Sit down.

People might think you're crazy.

- Where's your aunt?

- At the post office.

- Want a ride home?

- No thanks, we'll take the bus.

All right. Bye.

Gunnar...

Anna said it was all right.

She'll catch a bus later.

Okay, toss your stuff in the trunk.

- Does your aunt have a boyfriend?

- Yes.

I might come over one of these days and mow the lawn for you.

You don't need to do that.

We don't usually mow the lawn.

- Have you learned to swim yet?

- Sort of.

Oh, I thought I detected some webbing between your toes...

Got you, didn't I?

Hey, I know those two from somewhere.

I look more like her, my hair is blonder.

- Mine's longer, so I'm more like her.

- No way.

- It's my room and my record.

- So what?
- It's my record and my stuff.
- Like that has anything to do with it!
Then let's just forget the whole thing,
and I'll go back home.
- Can't you go get some ice cream?
- Me?
Just make sure Mom doesn't see you.
So move it already, I want ice cream.
- Out with the old and in with the new.
- Exactly.
Like you can see, we need
to get rid of some of this meat.
The freezer's a mess.
'Pork roast, 1 977'...
That's pretty ancient.
Touch me, for God's sake...
What are you doing? Stop it.
You can use that.
Shit, we need a Benny...
- Don't you have a cute brother?
- He's away.
- Aren't there any other guys around?
- There's Ola.
What's the matter with you?
This is how I'm going to do it.
Oh my God... you can't just lip-synch.
Work it, show some charisma.
- Buy some glittery make-up.
- I don't have any money.
Hello, would you like
to buy some lottery tickets?
- A lottery? Sure, come on in.
- Thanks.
Whip out your wallets, boys.
It's a lottery.
Isn't this a nice surprise?
- How much are they?
- One krona a piece.
That's reasonable.
- Let's see what we've got.
- Number 18.
Sorry, you drew a blank.
- 32.

- No prize.
- 24.
- No prize.
- I have a winner: 16.
- Sorry.

Not a single prize. That's too bad.

You know what, I'll buy the whole lot.

How much?

- 48 kronor.
- You'll have to take it all.
- 8.
- Sorry.
- 33.
- Sorry.
- 27.
- Another blank.
- 44.
- Another blank.

The last ticket, 3.

No prize.

Aren't there any prizes at all?

Yes...

I can't see any.

They're at home.

All right... Give each
and every one of us a kiss,
and we'll forget
all about this trickery.

It's not too much to ask for,
when you swindled us like that.

Fraud, that's what it is.

Financial crime...

...if you've ever heard of that.

Come on.

You do it.

- Well?
- Go on!

That's what happens...

There... That's that.

You can't blame anyone else.

I mean, it was your idea.

Man, I have the worst blisters!

It's not like jumping
into water, you know...

You don't go deeper than you can see.

It's fun!

- Do you see any?

- No...

There!

Yes... I caught one. A frog.

- Is it in the bucket?

- Yeah.

Now don't fall...

- Where's your aunt?

- Out shopping.

Some food...

Hi.

- What's he doing here?

- Nothing.

- What are you doing?

- Nothing.

Doesn't look like that.

How far do we have to go anyway?

Gisela, is that Teddy guy
your boyfriend?

I see him at parties and stuff.

We're not exactly married.

- We had sex last Saturday.

- What?

He told me I was good,
but not that deep.

- Deep?

- When you get a boyfriend, you'll know.

- Like you have a boyfriend!

- I do, too...

We're keeping it a secret, that's all.

But he's really good-looking.

- Aren't you too little?

- I'm not little.

I'm young.

This is it.

Being young is more passionate.

Do you know what passionate means?

I'm not sure, but it's like love.

- Right, but not ordinary love.

- What do you mean, ordinary?

Ordinary boring love.

Like parents have.

I read that you can love somebody
because you're used to them.
I'm not used to Christer Sandelin,
but I sure love him anyway!
Do you think you'd feel
the same way if you actually met him?
Ever dry-humped a girl, Ola?
Who would you like to do it with?
- What?
- Dry-humping.
Nobody.
How old are you anyway? Like five?
- No, I'm ten.
- Then why are you such a baby?
- Isn't he a baby?
- I don't know, it doesn't matter.
You've got to prove you're not chicken.
Take your clothes off.
What? No...
Okay. Let's take a vote.
Go on!
Hey...
Do it!
Strip, Ola!
No!
No, I don't want to...
No!
Look at that dinky thing!
It's pathetic...
Look at him!
Shit, is he ever ugly...
Hey, don't drink straight from the tap.
Go clean up your room,
Elisabeth says it's a mess.
Not so fast...
Show me.
Nisse would a sailor be
And set off for Jamaica...
- Mom, you've got to come. Right now.
- What is it?
- Can't you manage to poop?
- No...
Goodbye.
There... Bend over.

That stings!
That ought to do it.
Just wait and see.
Check it out...
You can borrow it for your performance.
I stole it at a mall in Stockholm.
That's gross!
I'll send Gunnar over
to talk to your aunt, this won't do.
Even if she doesn't have kids,
she ought to know they need to poop.
I'M SORRY
Ola!
They're starting to sprout tiny legs.
Hey, where have you been?
That doesn't look good,
it might be infected.
You should really
go have that checked out.
It's hard to imagine, isn't it?
But that's how it is.
You're going to end up
looking just like this some day, too.
Want to check out how they feel?
' 'Bud-shaped' ' '...
' 'Dome-shaped' ' '...
' 'Pear-shaped' ' '...
' 'Full sagging breast' ' '...
' 'Empty sagging breast' ' '...
Oh, are you taking a bath?
What's the occasion?
Where's that aunt of yours?
She's out.
Right... I'll go downstairs
and wait for her.
That bathwater sure looks dirty...
So, where is she?
Elisabeth says she walks around
in her underwear.
That whiskey belongs to my mom.
Hey, Tiny, don't change the subject.
Where is she?
Out shopping.
At this hour?

Isn't she supposed to take care of you?

Isn't she?

Elisabeth had to squirt
soapy water up your behind.

- She probably just missed the bus.

- Right...

You hadn't pooped for weeks.

Is that being responsible?

What were they thinking, going off
to Africa and leaving you here...

I guess that's what happens when you
want to save the whole damn world.

- Right?

- I don't know...

What kind of monkey business
is going on around here?

What do you mean?

I'm going to tell Elisabeth about this.

She'll know how to reach your parents.

And maybe you'll have to stay with us.

Jesus, what's the matter
with some people!

You bastard...

- Did you get hurt?

- What? No.

But my car...

Want me to call Ola's dad?

- He can pull you out with his tractor.

- Yeah, go ahead.

- You've been drinking, though.

- What?

You've been drinking.

Don't tell anybody that.

Especially Elisabeth.

Only if you don't tell on me.

And I want 50 kronor, too.

Hi. Sorry to bother you at this hour.

Well, nobody gets
to schedule an accident.

Hi...

Want to play some time soon?

I don't hang out

with Tina and Gisela anymore.

I'm pretty lonely.

Ola, hop in.
Don't tell anybody, all right?
Aren't you scared
when you're all alone at night?
A little... sometimes.
What are you scared of?
I'm afraid that our house
will burn down when I'm asleep.
And that I might breathe in
under water.
I'm afraid of going blind
and not being able to see.
What else are you afraid of?
Better Business Awards
Attention please...
I'm well aware of all the hard work
you've done, and I'm honored
to preside at the Better Business
Awards ceremony for three years running.
This year we have a category
for new service businesses,
so let's start with that.
Will this year's winner please

step forward:

I really appreciate this.
I hope you'll enjoy your evening.
Have a great time! Thank you.
It's time for some entertainment.
Ladies and gentlemen, allow me
to introduce Kristina Vretelid,
or should I say... Agneta!
Go on...
No, I don't feel like it.
- Are you chicken? Are you?
- Stop it.
No...
No tickling!
- You can do it...
- Let go!
- I'll help you.
- Stop it!
- You can do it!
- Let go, stupid!

Hey...

Ola?

What are you doing?

An emergency landing.

- Are you alone?

- Yes.

- All alone?

- Yes.

Listen, I'd rather have lemonade,
if you have some.

- Where are your parents?

- In Africa.

But I can take care of myself.

Come here...

Burrs...

Hello, anybody home?

Everything looks so nice.

You're so big.

Where's Anna?

- Here.

- What a sunburn!

I know. Stupid of me, huh?

- Hi.

- Welcome home.

- Had a good trip?

- Yeah.

That's disgusting, what is it?

A spike-tailed lizard.

It's stuffed with sawdust.

- So that's where you are.

- Yes.

Nice...

Wow, look at these...

- Ola gave them to me.

- They're beautiful.

They're from a rusty blackbird.

- But they're green...

- Yes.

We missed you every single day.

Did you miss us?

No... not that much.

Good... That's good.