



Scripts.com

# De frigjorte

By Erik Clausen

Yes, sir.

It's a million bucks, man.

Viggo!

He probably wants me  
to play the lottery with him.

Do you want to play  
the lottery with me?

No. Don't you think  
there's enough swindling?

Well, now another one's  
getting the sack.

Them and their white envelopes.

But they won't sack you, Viggo.

Take it easy, old boy.

Just go on as usual.

Why the hell are you so nervous?

Keep your head up.

They won't throw away gold.

They won't sack a man  
who's been here for 25 years.

Take it easy, Viggo.

Damn it, here he comes.

You arse-licker, Viggo. Why are you  
smiling at that greenhorn?

Do it yourself, then.

Goodbye.

That was close. But they need  
someone to run their machines.

FISH OUT OF WATER

Haven't my dear husband  
put his big, dirty feet -  
on the Spanish pigskin we've payed  
off on for twelve and a half years?  
Even though I've told him to slip on  
his slippers when he gets home.

That's why they're called slippers,  
Viggo. You slip them on.

Slip on your slippers.

When you interrupted me...

I didn't say anything.

No, You don't say much anymore,  
so that would be right.

I wanted to tell you about  
some people who sit on poles.

On fishing poles in the water.  
Isn't that stark raving mad?  
They sit there for days to get  
in the Guinness Book of Records.  
They call themselves "pole sitters".  
The record is 314 hours.  
That's 14 days. Imagine  
sitting on a pole for 14 days.  
That's completely mad.  
Just to get into Guinness.  
The one who's sat there the longest  
is an unemployed banker.  
The skin on his arse  
is probably calloused already.  
You wouldn't do something like that,  
would you?  
I could just imagine you clinging to  
a pole for a week. Viggo the polecat.  
But you wouldn't set a record.  
- Now now, Oda.  
I was a shop steward in '75, when we  
striked for six weeks, with a picket.  
All of our demands were met.  
That's a record.  
Sure.  
But it won't get into Guinness.  
Why are you setting so many places?  
- Well, this is for your son Claus.  
This is for your daughter Lone.  
Your son-in-law Lars is sitting here.  
You're sitting here,  
and I'm sitting there.  
I was looking forward to a quiet  
evening and changing Ole's water.  
If you want quiet, you could  
refrain from discussing politics.  
You can change  
that plaice's water later.  
Don't call Ole a plaice.  
It's an Aqua Vitalis Puras.  
It's a very fine specimen.  
- Sure, and so are you.  
It's inhuman to keep it alone.  
I feel sorry for it.

Buy one more for it to play with.  
You know how I feel...  
They won't sack a man who's been  
there for 25 years. Take it easy.  
- They won't sack you.  
- You can't keep...  
But I could quit myself.  
Find something else. Goodbye.  
They're not going to hand me  
a white envelope.  
They're not taking me  
by surprise.  
But there are no new orders.  
We're producing goods for stock.  
And we're not told anything...  
Take it easy. They won't sack you.  
There... Look at this.  
What the hell is that?  
- What's wrong?  
You can't just hand people  
white envelopes!  
It's the telephone bill.  
- Is that all?  
Is that all? Just wait  
till you see how big it is.  
Claus talks for hours.  
You have to talk to him.  
I can't talk to Claus.  
He talks to me like I'm an idiot.  
Who the hell is he calling?  
There they are.  
Take it easy, Oda.  
We're not expecting royalty.  
Pull in your stomach.  
This really old man, who was born  
in 1892, wanted to go on a trip.  
The trip was a gift  
from his grandchildren.  
But he doesn't have a passport,  
so he writes to the police.  
The passport police.  
He writes to them to get a passport,  
and they write back -  
that he can just be entered

in his parents' passports.  
They thought  
he was one year old.  
I was hoping to say hi to Claus.  
- He's coming. He's just very busy.  
Imagine a telephone with no cord.  
It's just amazing.  
Wouldn't you like one?  
- What for?  
Lars got it from his company  
because he travels.  
He expects a call from Stockholm.  
- Well, it's only from Malm.  
But it's cool, Viggo. You can bring  
it everywhere. Even to the loo.  
Then I could sit there and say:  
"Hello, Viggo... Hansen speaking. "  
"Hello. This is...  
Could I talk to Mr... Jiggs?"  
We're eating. You're not eating  
anything, Lone. Have some gravy.  
I'm trying to control my cholesterol.  
I've planned my diet after a table.  
You're getting so thin  
that we can't see you.  
Come on, a bit of mum's gravy  
won't harm you. Nonsense.  
Jensen Communication Group  
Copenhagen, Lars Schrder, hello.  
What? No.  
Wrong number.  
Hillbilly. Cholesterol.  
You were pretty when you were  
chubby. We're far apart now, Lone.  
It would suit you to get pregnant.  
Why don't they have any children?  
I knocked up Oda,  
before I knew her last name.  
Then you came.  
Hey, Viggo. Viggo?  
I've thought about something.  
It must be hard for you to watch  
the socialist countries collapse.  
You've fought for socialism, -

as you've said so often, for years.  
And suddenly the carpet is pulled.  
It must be hard.  
Lone has said  
you used to be a lot happier.  
Well... I'm not responsible for  
what's happened in the East.  
You're not responsible  
for what happens in the USA.  
You promised not to talk politics.  
- I didn't start!  
I have to answer when the man asks.  
- His name is Lars.  
Aren't you a socialist anymore?  
- Eat now. There's more food.  
Just save a hamburger for Claus.  
- I'll be a socialist forever.  
I'm taking that hamburger.  
That'll teach him to be on time.  
I'm heating up that hamburger  
for Claus. I'm saving it for Claus.  
You can have  
more gravy and potatoes.  
If the Danish labour movement  
hadn't built up this country, -  
Denmark would have been  
a poor, medieval country.  
Inhabited by arse-lickers  
and ruled by the rich.  
But no more talk  
about ideologies and theories...  
You can put it more simply:  
Arsehole or comrade.  
That was very simple.  
- Do you want me to heat the gravy?  
Well, but you're  
pretty well-off, Viggo.  
And you're good, too.  
But... You earn well, Viggo.  
I just mean that...  
That a socialist can't earn well  
and have a son who'll be an engineer.  
And earns his money driving a taxi.  
- And a daughter who's a student.

As long as what I produce  
is worth more than what I get...

...I'll draw my wages  
with a clear conscience. Amen.  
Here's some hot gravy.

There's Claus.

Shut up now, Viggo.

Fidel Castro is giving a speech  
from the folklore collection.

Hi, Lars.

Hi.

- Hi.

Say hello to your dad.

- Hello, dad.

We're just having  
a quiet discussion.

I'm explaining to the man...

- His name is Lars!

...about the labour movement.

I'll heat up your hamburger.

- Thanks. I won't stay long.

I promised Ulric to drive tonight.

I didn't know you were coming.

That's all right.

But come see us soon.

How are the studies coming along?

- Fine.

I really like driving a taxi  
and meeting lots of people.

Strange people. You learn more  
from that than studying.

How are you doing?

Lars has become art director.

- What the hell is that?

I direct a campaign

in every detail, -

present a concept to the client,

analyse the product -

and prepare the style for

communicating with the consumer.

I'm doing fine. I'm in the middle of

a campaign for a new soft drink -

which we'll aim at those

with good taste. The young ones.

It's called "Elevator".

- Elevator?

It's great with whisky. And for drinking with a glass of red wine.

But I'm looking for a slogan.

- That's all he talks about.

"Why take the stairs when you can take the elevator?"

That's great.

Yes... We've chosen the name after the feeling of being elevated.

Do you want me to heat the gravy?

- No.

Let's talk about something else than campaigns.

It's interesting.

Waste of time.

- What do you mean?

Waste of time.

It's very simple. It's a scam.

Stop it now, dad.

You don't have to criticize people.

- I'm telling the truth, my girl.

Stop calling me "my girl".

I'm not your girl.

And the truth...

Do you tell the truth about the lazy labour movement, too?

At university, I read a study...

It's Ulric.

- I'll get the door.

If we hadn't founded the Danish labour movement, - Denmark wouldn't have won the EM in soccer. The Danish labour movement established popular sports... Hello.

Have you ever heard an employer come in with a ball and say:

"Stop the machines, boys.

Let's go play. "

Soccer is one of the great merits of the working class.

Rich people play soccer, too.



- We taught them!  
You're far out, dad.  
Yes. Drive safely.  
I think we'll...  
- No. I'll make some coffee.  
That Swede hasn't called?  
Wasn't that a bit far-fetched  
about the soccer?  
Yes, but...  
I couldn't think of anything else.  
If only I could tell her -  
- that I'm really afraid of getting  
the sack. But she gets so nervous.  
If I just mention the kids.  
"Oh, how will they get on?"  
You're grumbling, Viggo.  
You're as silent as the grave.  
It makes me so nervous.  
Is something wrong, honey?  
No, no... no.  
She could make  
a bit more of herself.  
She can buy something.  
There's money in the drawer.  
Oda, damn it. The female version  
of a rusty Skoda.  
Oda.  
Are you sitting there?  
You made me nervous, Viggo.  
You're not smoking in the bedroom?  
What a mess.  
It stays in the curtains.  
Go into the living room.  
Why are you sitting there  
smoking, Viggo?  
Answer me  
when I'm talking to you.  
...come and hand people  
white envelopes and...  
Can't you just shut up  
and leave me alone?  
That's the limit.  
Put out that smelly cigarette.  
It's disgusting.

It's disgusting with that smoke in  
the bedroom. What were you thinking?  
You look like a bag of shit.  
That's enough. That's bloody  
well enough, you fat bastard!  
I'm tired of your grumbling.  
It's like being married to ten bags  
of cement. I'll tell you something.  
If you're so sick of it,  
you can leave. It's just one word.  
The door is there!  
You mean bastard.  
A bag... No, no, no.  
You're not much of a man, Viggo.  
Who do you think you are?  
Yes, in your words.  
But not in your pants, Viggo.  
Put out that smelly cigarette!  
But, Viggo, you've been crying.  
I'm sorry about what I said.  
I didn't mean it.  
Did I put in five?  
- Hey!  
No thanks.  
Take it easy.  
We don't have anything to do.  
No, that's just it.  
They haven't sacked anyone for weeks.  
Something's wrong here.  
Completely wrong.  
They won't sack us, man.  
They won't throw away gold.  
Who'd run our machines?  
You talk like the rest  
of the lazy Danes.  
"Isn't this nice?"  
And "What's for dinner?".  
Cold pussy and cabbage.  
- And "We'll win at the racetrack".  
The trotting track.  
- The trotting track!  
Viggo, you're getting  
bloody paranoid.  
Nothing's going to happen.

Hello? Hello?  
Stop the production.  
Everyone to the canteen.  
I've asked the Chairman  
of the Board of the SP Group...  
There'll be trouble.  
That slimy bastard  
won't bring us any good.  
I'll give the floor  
to the solicitor, Mr. Sindballe.  
I've been assigned to tell you  
that the factory is closing.  
It's been evident to everyone  
that things have been unacceptable, -  
and everyone is free  
to take other work from today.  
Does that mean we're sacked?  
I repeat. Everyone is free.  
Free to take other work and...  
Listen. I'm the shop steward  
and on the Board.  
I haven't heard anything.  
I'm the Chairman of the Board  
of the SP Group.  
The decision was made centrally.  
The Board was told -  
and you, too... We're moving  
part of the production to Portugal.  
What the hell is going on?  
I stand up in defiance  
Come on, Viggo.  
Cheer up. It's just bad luck.  
- I don't know.  
Not even a hint.  
- I hadn't heard a thing.  
We've been screwed.  
300,000 unemployed. One, two, three,  
four, five, six, seven. 300,007.  
And they call that democracy?  
- What's the union for?  
Now there's time  
to have fun the wife.  
What's up with the labour movement?  
- It's not moving.

A professional is always needed.  
- This one is on me. Waiter?  
I'm a Muslim. I don't drink.  
- You'll have a natural beer, then.  
There's no alcohol in  
the ones with the elephant.  
We ought to start something.  
- A dancing school.  
Those damned foreign workers.  
They steal our work. My work.  
No, you can get a job  
in my cousin's kiosk, too.  
Sure...  
Well, Oda. My peach.  
My wonderful, funny girl.  
Don't get nervous, but your  
dear husband has been sacked.  
Thrown out.  
His machine is quiet and rusting.  
Dump Viggo in the container  
with all of the others.  
Up yours, Viggo.  
They can close their crap.  
They can go to hell  
with their merger. Traitors.  
Is that you, Viggo?  
- Who did you think it was?  
Pavarotti?  
Should I heat up your dinner?  
- No thanks. No.  
You could have called.  
Sure. How is the research coming?  
Well. I've finally  
received an answer -  
about the fourth generation.  
Peter Olufsen, and he was a priest.  
A priest?  
- Yes.  
And his wife, that is your  
great-great-grandfather's wife...  
I love you, Oda.  
What do I care?  
Let the dead rest in peace.  
All that old crap.

Her name was Srine, and she was  
from a big family of farmers.  
Really?  
- Yes.  
How interesting.  
Where were you, Viggo?  
- We had to celebrate something.  
A birthday?  
- No.  
You've been drinking.  
- You bet I've been drinking.  
Iversen won the lottery?  
Come on, Viggo.  
I'm not working tomorrow.  
- Do you have the day off?  
You haven't been sacked?  
No, Viggo, they can't sack you.  
Everyone's been sacked. Sent home.  
Free to take other work.  
Free. Go to hell.  
The factory is closing.  
I'm just realizing it now.  
Out. Thrown out.  
The whole lot of us got  
a great big kick in the arse.  
They can't use me anymore, Oda.  
It's over.  
I've toiled and moiled for them.  
- But, Viggo.  
No.  
I've slaved for those arseholes.  
Viggo, you'll find  
something else soon.  
You will.  
You'll find something else soon.  
There...  
Well... there's Claus.  
He can't see his dad  
blubbering like an old woman.  
Hello, Claus.  
- Hi, mum.  
You have to be nice.  
Your dad is upset.  
What? You're kidding.

Congratulations.

I've often wondered how long  
you'd stay at that treadmill.

I've been sacked.

- Yes.

You can enjoy your freedom now.

- Claus, you promised to be nice.

Yes, but dad's slaved

for those idiots for years.

You've earned them millions.

They think nothing of you!

How often have you

come home all dead beat?

Thrown yourself on the couch

**and moaned:**

When you gave your opinion  
as a shop steward, they cut you down.

You were blubbering in the loo.

- That's nothing to do with this.

I've been thrown out.

Like an old rag.

Stop feeling so sorry for yourself.

Enjoy that you don't have to work.

Go on the dole.

- Shut up.

I love working.

I've worked since I was 14.

I hated school and my first set  
of work clothes made me happy.

I made it dirty myself

to make it look used.

I love the sight of tools

and the smell of oil and iron.

Do you get that?

I love working, and those arseholes  
have taken my work away.

And then they send some poofter.

He spoke to us as if we were kids.

But you know what?

I'll find something new.

Enjoy it? You enjoy it.

You just sit in a taxi instead of  
finding a girlfriend and studying.

Maybe I have one, and I'll finish  
my studies. But I'm doing it for you.

I've never wanted  
to be an engineer.

You did. Because you couldn't  
be one yourself. But I'll do it.

I would do a lot more for you  
if you'd let me.

Let you?

- Yes.

As soon as you say a word,  
Viggo comes and knows it all.  
You talk about the labour movement.  
You sound like a priest sometimes.  
Viggo's great-great-grandfather  
was a priest.

Come on in.

You have to be available.

But we'll call you  
when something shows up.

The sleeves first.

Watch the creases, Viggo.

Watch the buttons, Viggo.

The back first.

But that's yours.

- Yes, it needs ironing, too.

You can finish  
ironing your own one first.

I'll take it.

And I won't take  
whatever comes along.

Viggo Hansen speaking.

Hello. Yes.

It's Lone.

...wanted to hear  
how you're doing.

He's doing fine.

- Hi, mum. How are you?

She's fine.

Now I'm here to have fun with her.

Lars says hi.

He thinks you'll find work soon.

You're good...

- They'll probably call soon.

But he's not taking  
whatever comes along.

How are you?

- She's fine.

The genealogical tree is growing,  
but I can't discuss it on the phone.  
She's afraid to be bugged.

- I have to go.

It was nice talking to you, dad.

- Say hi to Lars.

Yes, say hi to Lars.

- I've said that.

Take care.

- Take care, and say hi to Lars.

- Bye.

- Bye. Bye.

She's nice.

- It's great you talk so well.

Yes.

Hello.

Do you need a strong man?

- Do you know one?

It was regarding the notice.

We're looking for  
someone younger. I'm sorry.

Claus!

He went mad, Mrs. Srensen,  
and ended his days in a poorhouse.

Is that you, Viggo? And in 1880,  
a brother emigrates to America.

He disappeared. They never  
hear from him. Not a word.

I'm showing Mrs. Srensen  
our genealogical tree.

Would you like some coffee?

Can you make time pass?

Sure.

I ride around the neighbourhood.

And spy on people.

- Viggo.

This is my family.

That's where he gets it.

It ends with my grandfather's  
brother who never married.



He was probably a poof, too.  
Then the family ends. You won't  
become a grandfather, Viggo.  
It's very interesting  
to look back like that.  
This is my grandfather.  
He was at the railways.  
But he hanged himself.  
On the platform.  
Great idea.  
My grandmother kept to herself.  
She was alone. Very lonely.  
We all bloody well are.  
Claus, damn it.  
Why haven't you told me?  
You could just have come to  
your dad and said: "Listen, buddy. "  
He's carried that around  
all alone.  
A genealogical table is interesting.  
You get to know yourself.  
Now you know our entire family.  
Oda, damn it. If it isn't  
one thing, it's the other.  
You're thinking, and then...  
You could have said hello.  
Just out of common courtesy.  
Mrs. Srensen may not be very bright,  
but you could pretend -  
that she exists.  
"Hello, Mrs. Srensen. "  
"How are you? Are you also  
interested in genealogy?"  
She looks like a fish.  
It's Claus.  
Is that you, Claus?  
- Yes.  
Hi.  
Hi, dad.  
- Hello.  
Hi.  
- Hello.  
What are you reading?  
- The fish book.

About the dwarf gourami. It's...  
The male is  
more brilliantly coloured...  
The female is a bit shorter  
and more coarsely built.  
Great to see you're having fun.  
Would you like some tea?  
- No thanks. Coffee.  
Just a minute.  
Will you bring the tray, Viggo?  
Hello, Mrs. Srensen.  
How are you, Mrs. Srensen?  
Don't you know me?  
- No. Should I?  
Well, I know you.  
- Not if I don't know you.  
We live in the same building.  
- We do?  
Yes. I live in number 17.  
Just across from you.  
I see you every morning  
on your bicycle.  
When did you become unemployed?  
- Who says I'm unemployed?  
You are, aren't you?  
- Yes, and so what?  
Otherwise  
you wouldn't be sitting here.  
What are you doing here?  
It's closed.  
Yes, I can see that.  
Don't be holier-than-thou.  
It's stealing.  
- Stealing?  
But they've stolen  
25 years of my life.  
So I thought  
I might take a bit of iron.  
I'm making a garden gate  
for my brother-in-law.  
I asked him how he wanted it.  
"Just like in the movies. "  
"Like in the movies?"  
"Yes, they're always so nice. "

Now I've watched...  
...well, 80 movies, right?  
But I can't see  
any garden gates. I can't.  
So I'm just making one, right?  
Because, I mean...  
A garden gate is a garden gate.  
I'm helping Oda  
with the genealogy.  
She's very caught up in it,  
and it's actually quite interesting.  
I am descended  
from a family of priests.  
From a family of priests?  
Well, you're also very pale.  
I've also had a nerve-racking  
experience today. I...  
Well, someone I know. He...  
A man my age, right?  
He's just found out that his son, -  
that is, the one I know,  
that his son is a homosexual.  
Yes. And so what?  
He's gay.  
Didn't you say it was nerve-racking?  
It doesn't matter what you are.  
Yes, but it's not fun for a dad  
to find out that his son...  
If he's been around him  
for 18 years...  
- 22, then.  
...and not found out,  
it's because he's a bad dad.  
And because he doesn't really  
give a damn about his son.  
Why do you disappear  
when your son is here to say -  
that he's moved away from home  
and has brought a gift for his dad?  
A gift?  
- Yes.  
At last it got a playmate,  
so they may have some babies.  
They're not the same race.

So what? Neither are we.  
But... It's two males.  
We need to have a very  
serious talk about something.  
Can't you get a gift without having  
to talk about being unemployed?  
Other people have problems, too.  
- That's not it.  
You're blubbering like a baby.  
And what do you do, Viggo? Nothing.  
Now now.  
- Sure.  
Haven't I been...  
- One place. One single place.  
And what were you told?  
You were too old. You bet you're old!  
You're not doing anything.  
Didn't you say that we were going  
to make gardens in the yard?  
Yes!  
- And what about that?  
What are you doing?  
- I'm digging.  
No, no, no. It's not much.  
Hello.  
I'm sorry about the wait.  
- That's all right.  
Viggo!  
Hi. How are you?  
- Great. I'm really busy.  
Are you working?  
- No.  
Me neither. But I'm not taking  
whatever comes along.  
I've heard that the factory  
has started up again.  
You're kidding.  
- Somebody heard the machines.  
But we'll hear about it  
if there is any news.  
When they closed the place,  
I took this home.  
It must have been the shock.  
I brought it to the allotment garden.

You should have heard them:

"How funny, Iversen. "

**And:**

Then I started cooking up  
a great idea.

Can you use the workshop?

Didn't you always say  
that it's our workshop?

Otherwise the machines will rust.

So I think

I'm doing them a favour.

Can you sell them?

- Sell them?

They tear them out of my hand.

Look. It's Iversen's prototype.

It's got a bit more flare.

It fit wells in the hand.

As the nun said to the sailor.

It just needs a little gift box...

...and then 100 bucks

right into my pocket.

Then you're not on the dole?

Was it a family of priests  
you were descended from?

What do you call it?

- The prick.

The prick?

- Yes. Isn't that funny?

Can't you see it?

Yes, if the wife says:

"Where's the prick?"

Where the hell is my bottle opener?

- I have one here.

- It does matter!

- It doesn't matter!

It does matter!

- Take it easy, now.

The bill, please.

- 18 kroner.

How stupid can you get?

Do you need help doing the dishes?

- May I have the pleasure of paying?

I can't accept that.

I'll pay you back.  
Certainly not. One more, please.  
Maybe the lady would like one?  
The lady is called Karen.  
Yes, please, that's very nice of you.  
Sure. I'm Viggo.  
- Karen.  
That was a funny bottle opener.  
Can I see it again?  
Yes.  
Yes, it's very chic.  
Did you make it yourself?  
- Yes. No, it's a colleague.  
He'll try to make a production  
and sell them.  
I'm sure he'll sell it.  
It's a fun idea for a gift, isn't it?  
He'll put it in a small box.  
He calls it the prick.  
The prick.  
That can cause  
some funny misunderstandings.  
When the wife says to her husband:  
"Where is the prick?"  
Yes, I see that.  
Or if a guest grabs a beer  
and says "Where is the prick?", -  
and the hostess points at her  
husband and says: "He's there. "  
Do you like it?  
- Yes.  
Do you want it?  
You're a Capricorn.  
No, I'm a machinist. I'm unskilled,  
but I've taken some courses...  
No, what sign you were born under.  
- Pisces.  
Pisces? Of course.  
Yes, I can tell now. Viggo?  
Unemployed... machines...  
...a checked shirt...  
Pisces... I know what you are.  
You're... authentic.  
You want to know about me now.

- Yes.

Well, I've been a singer,  
and then I got married. A rich man.  
No children. Divorced.  
That's the whole story.  
Sing to me.

- No.

Yes. Sing to me.

- Then go sit over there.

Imagine a big band.  
A wonderful evening.  
Lots of people in high spirits.  
Lots of success  
and whatever it takes  
lots of big spotlights  
privacy and music  
from job to job  
concerts non-stop  
ice-cold dressing rooms  
autographs and stage fright  
but at night  
when the lights go out  
and all is quiet  
you're alone  
oh so alone  
because tonight  
when the lights go out  
and all is quiet  
you're alone  
oh so alone  
yes tonight  
when the lights go out  
and all is quiet  
you're alone  
oh so alone

Cheers.

Cheers.

Would you like a quick one?

They'll all come running now. In  
a month the whole yard is a garden.  
Eat while the fish fillets are hot.  
I've heated the liver paste. Eat now.  
Yes, and if you need to open a beer,  
pull out the prick.

The prick?

- Yes.

My old colleague Iversen  
makes a living on bottle openers.  
He puts all of our skills  
into a product called "the prick".  
Why didn't you invite him?

- Your mum thinks he's tiresome.  
I just wanted to gather the family.

- Cheers, then.

Cheers and thanks for inviting me.

- Have a seat.

Would you like a glass of aquavit?

- Just one.

Did you bring  
all of your old love letters?

No. It's something  
I've sent in to the papers.

But my contributions  
were returned.

Are you a journalist?

- A journalist? No, I'm unemployed.

That's what I've written about.

But they don't want to read it.

If you'd like to, you're welcome.

Aquavit?

- Just one.

Let's see.

- It's not a library.

"I've been an unemployed  
carpenter for five years... "

Unemployed that long?

- No, it's six. It's a year old.

Nobody wants to hear  
about the unemployed.

We're invisible.

300,000 invisible people. Cheers.

Cheers.

- Cheers.

Cheers, and eat now.

- Thanks.

Why don't you do something?

- It's a personal defeat.

Nobody runs around



showing their defeat, do they?

More aquavit?

- Just one.

Do you remember the carpenter  
at number eight on Enghavevej?

With the woman who limped.

He'd been unemployed for 12 years.

They lived in number ten, and he was  
with the tall holier-than-thou woman.

No. She was with the man

from the railways in number 14.

Next to the pro-German guy.

- The Nazi lived on the ground floor.

His son has that big store  
with domestic appliances.

It doesn't matter.

He was unemployed for 16 years.

They lived in number 16!

Next to Bent and Inger.

No, Villy and Inger!

- Where's the prick?

He's right there.

Why did you become a carpenter?

I'll tell you. I've always loved  
the smell of wood and linseed oil.

Prick?

Yes, that's it. Prick.

An unemployed prick.

I'll tell you what he did.

He made a big broadsword.

You haven't held

a hammer for years.

You'll never work again.

A big one. Two-handed.

When it was done, he took his knife -  
and carved some letters  
down the middle.

And then he painted them red.

Then it said "mother-in-law"  
in the middle.

You'll never step into a workshop  
and smell wood and linseed oil.

He ordered us to the other end.

We stood bare-arsed like this.

He was a prick. Then he went  
to the other end and shouted:  
"Watch out, here I come. "  
Then he came storming -  
and whacked us in the arse  
so that we flew for miles.  
Can't you hear me, you fool? Don't  
you know you'll never work again?  
It said "mother-in-law"  
on our arses. It's true.  
Never!  
Never!  
- Viggo... There's more cheese.  
Viggo, you made a quip one day:  
"Why take the stairs... "  
I've never said that!  
Yes. "Why take the stairs when... "  
- I've never said that!  
Viggo. No, not here, Viggo.  
Never.  
Prick.  
Yes, that's it.  
Oda, you look like a sparrow  
who's fallen of its perch.  
I'm cheating you, Oda.  
Your husband is a prick.  
An unemployed prick. Prick.  
Did you ride your bicycle?  
- No.  
Then it's not a bicycle lamp  
in your pocket?  
Watch your back, Viggo!  
- You watch it.  
Can't we dance some more?  
It's been so long since I've danced.  
Yes, you can tell.  
You dance like a hippopotamus.  
You're so primitive.  
I'm sorry.  
- You're supposed to be.  
Is four-eyes up there your husband?  
How about a trip to Majorca?  
A whole week in Majorca.  
The world's longest bar.

We can be really...  
primitive there.  
Have you been there?  
Are you insane? It's expensive,  
and I'm unemployed.  
I'll pay. I've got plenty of money.  
You can thank four-eyes for that.  
I can't.  
How would I do it?  
Are you insane?  
Just say you're going on  
one of those shop courses.  
Shop steward courses.  
- I'll write a letter for your wife.  
On a typewriter.  
We'll say it's from your union.  
Yes... Yes...  
Viggo.  
I think the bicycle lamp  
has gone out.  
More coffee?  
Is the coffee good?  
There's cheese, too.  
- No thanks.  
What are you reading?  
I see.  
It was the mail.  
Well, I believe  
there's a letter for me.  
It's from the union.  
"Viggo Hansen". He's right here.

**Listen:**

safety and environment course.  
There will also be a lecture on  
unemployment past and present. "  
I'll say. They want me  
to take a course again.  
They must like me.  
It's on Saturday.  
- It is?  
That's not much of a respite.  
- No.  
They're insane. They think

they can boss people around...  
But...  
On the other hand, Oda...  
I might as well learn something  
while this is going on and...  
A week... will pass quickly.  
Sure. If it can  
cheer you up, then...  
Why do you need swimming trunks  
on a shop steward course?  
Don't rummage about in my suitcase!  
And it's an environment course.  
There's a swimming pool  
at the union schools.  
Why wouldn't there be?  
We're unemployed, not poor buggers.  
I'm late. Remember to feed Ole.  
I have to go now.  
When you're in Silkeborg, won't you  
visit my sister and her husband?  
I won't have time. I'm not too keen  
on that Preben either...  
The last time you were there,  
you thought they were very nice.  
I won't have time.  
Eight days fly by, and we have to  
learn about environment, safety...  
Yes, you look like that guy.  
What did you pay for that jacket?  
- I don't remember.  
You look terribly elegant  
in that jacket.  
Just ask me if it suits you.  
What did your wife say to it?  
She asked, of course,  
how much I'd paid for it.  
I know who you look like now.  
Who does he look like, driver?  
The driver is very nice.  
Who does he look like?  
That guy from Wheel of Fortune.  
- That guy from Wheel of Fortune.  
Isn't it just  
incredibly beautiful and romantic?

Viggo, my little holiday boy.

Camarero?

- Dos cervezas, por favor.
- No, just a cold beer.
- Genau. Es ist ein schnes Wetter.
- Wie schn es ist mit der Sonne.
- Und weit von nach Hause.
- Ja, genau.

Oh, Viggo!

This is Hans. He's German.

Well, that's not his fault.

- Hans.
- What's he saying?

Hans.

- Hello, you clown.
- Sind Sie verheiratet?
- Nein, wir sind nur befreundet.

Es ist ja kein Spass den Urlaub  
allein zu verbringen, gelt?

He's asking if we're married.

- No, we're just friends.

I said that.

- Sprechen Sie Deutsch?

He's asking if you speak German.

- Ask him if he speaks Danish.

You look like a wet Wednesday.

Go buy yourself something chic.

Sprechen Sie Spanisch?

Ja, zu Not. Ich war einigemal  
frher hier im Land. Prost.

Viggo! Aren't you Viggo

from number 12 on Enghavevej?

No.

- It's ge and Inger from number 14.

No, it's not me. It isn't.

Viggo?

Where the hell have you been?

- I'm going to enter.

I'll do it. I'm going to enter.

- For what?

Imagine standing on a stage again.

The travel agency is having

a tourist concert. With prizes.

An amateur competition?

- Yes. No, a tourist concert.  
That's what they call it.  
Just for fun.  
Imagine standing on a stage again.  
You have to support me, Viggo.

- You bet.

It's nice to have  
a strong man to lean on.  
You have to participate.

- In what?

You'll support me by standing  
at my side at the concert.

You'll enter, right?

- I can't sing.

You're so funny.

You can do something.

I could roll my belly.

- Oh, Viggo!

Buenos das, seoras y seores.

Ladies and gentlemen,  
welcome to the tourist concert.

The weather's nice today

the sun is shining

and pleasant memories

float around me

I've dreamt there

under golden trees

dreamt that my love

was close to me

it goes bleep bloop

everything is good

we've got what we need

that's understood

it goes bleep bloop

everything is good

we've got what we need

that's understood

lots of success

and whatever it takes

lots of big spotlights

privacy and music

from job to job

concerts non-stop

ice-cold dressing rooms

autographs and stage fright  
but at night  
when the lights go out  
and all is quiet  
you're alone  
oh so alone  
The votes have been counted,  
and we have a winner. It's...  
...Viggo Jensen.  
Hansen.  
You were supposed to support me!  
- You told me to enter.  
You didn't have to win.  
- That's up to the audience.  
The audience. Sheer humbug!  
They don't know anything about it.  
It's just for fun.  
- For fun?  
I was hoping to get a chance  
and then...  
...you say "just for fun".  
Move those flowers.  
- But they're for you. Here you go.  
I don't want your flowers!  
- But...  
Karen.  
Karen?  
Hello.  
- Hello.  
Nobody likes me.  
The octopus is a definite loner.  
They're only together  
one single time in their lives.  
If the female isn't in the mood when  
the male approaches, he may be eaten.  
God Almighty has arranged it -  
so that the male has a  
spermatophore on one of his arms.  
He then slips it into  
the female's genital opening -  
and fires his spermatophore.  
And then he dies.  
And when the female  
has laid her eggs, she dies.

I can't have children.  
Then he got a girl  
he knows pregnant.  
She's from the Faroe islands.  
He started to buy toys in secret.  
Then he moved.  
To the Faroe islands?  
You're the biggest idiot  
I've ever picked up.  
Now now.  
- Bleep bloop.  
Everything is incredibly good.  
You and your unemployment. It's  
the stupidest thing I've ever heard.  
When my husband  
couldn't control his men, -  
he just sacked a couple of them.  
Then the rest bowed and scraped.  
They've just done it to get you  
on your knees. It suits you!  
What the hell are you doing here  
when you have a family? You big ass.  
Taxa.  
- Taxi.  
Taxa!  
Hello?  
Hello?  
Oda, aren't you going to yell:  
"Who is it?"  
I didn't think you cared  
whether I was here at all.  
Well, I do. You look great.  
Is it for my sake?  
No, certainly not.  
It's for my own sake.  
I didn't know when to expect you.  
Then I would have raised the flag.  
I'm going to a lecture.  
- On what?  
Ecology.  
This is a bloody lousy homecoming.  
I've been on a course  
to equip myself, and what do I get?  
Your own room.



All to yourself.

Oda?

Hello, Ole. Give us a little burp.

You're a good boy, aren't you?

You need a quick one, too.

Would you like a quick one? Yes.

You're swimming around  
all alone.

Don't you need to get out and get  
some pussy? It's supposed to be good.

Hi, Viggo.

Are you looking for a job?

- No...

We're running out of brass,  
so I have to buy some myself.

Hey, you!

Move your arse.

This isn't a rest home.

I'm not paying them  
to stand around and talk.

How are you, Viggo?

How are you doing?

Are you chatting with the fish?

What's its name? Curly?

Ole.

- Ole, that's it. Ole.

I've told you a hundred times.

Why do you call it Curly, then?

You can't call a fish Curly.

- Yes, you can.

If you can call it Ole,  
you can call it Curly.

You don't call a bald man Curly.

Baldy-head is more insulting.

Are they in a union?

Union? What the hell?

Which one would that be?

The hurdy-gurdy men's maybe?

What the hell,

are you ruining my lathe?

You can't use a lathe  
as an anvil, you idiot.

Don't call my men idiots.

Your men? What's with

the employer attitude?  
If anybody talked to us like that,  
we'd have stopped working.  
Jesus Christ. He's beating...  
Then come run your own machine.  
I'm not working with non-union  
workers. What do they get an hour?  
Fifty.  
- Fifty kroner?  
You can't be serious!  
- It's black money.  
Show them how to use a lathe.  
- Should I make bottle openers?  
I want a proper job!  
- You're not getting any work.  
Nobody needs an old idiot like you.  
Nobody needs us.  
Why do you think I'm doing this?  
To keep going!  
You'll never be  
behind a lathe again, Viggo. Never!  
Never!  
Here you are. I'm sorry, Karen.  
Karen. No, open the door, Karen.  
Karen, I have to talk to you.  
Karen, damn it!  
Hey.  
Go home, Viggo.  
- I have to talk to you.  
Piss off.  
- You're drunk.  
Let me pass, you big brute.  
- Piss off.  
Mind my bush, Viggo!  
Now now.  
Piss off.  
What? I said piss off.  
Viggo, I'm calling a cab.  
Never!  
It must be his grandfather.  
Hey, you have to pay.  
Look at this. He has a daughter  
called Kirstine Olsdatter.  
Yes, indeed.

Viggo?

Viggo, what's wrong?

Viggo?

- What are you looking at?

Piss off! What do I care?

- What's happened, Viggo?

Do you want to be free?

- Don't do it!

Don't do it!

- Go away! Go away!

Go away, go away, go away!

Move, you cow!

No! Oh no.

Goodnight, Ole!

There's no way back! Go away!

- Viggo!

It doesn't matter!

- Viggo, don't do it!

Viggo.

But little Viggo. Viggo.

Just take it easy.

I'm here with you.

Do you recognize me?

I've brought apples and oranges.

Tell me if you need anything.

Was your childhood traumatic?

It will often build up

into a frustration -

which appears

in middle-aged men.

We don't force people here.

We have a number of offers, -

and then it's up to the patient

to accept these offers.

How did you feel when you found out

that you were in a psychiatric ward?

Simon. Simon.

A new patient

will often feel that...

Simon, leave the gentleman alone.

Was your childhood traumatic?

It manifests itself -

as frustrations

in middle-aged men.

Everything is voluntary here.  
We have a number of offers -  
the patients can choose from.  
There's no coercion.  
We've never had  
any big problems, -  
- and Viggo's always looked after  
his job and his family.  
But after  
he became unemployed...  
When did you notice that he began  
acting strangely, abnormal?  
That was the day when Claus...  
Our son is called Claus.  
...was moving away from home.  
Viggo was standing in the hall -  
looking at himself in the mirror,  
and then he yelled at himself.  
He yelled at himself, and then  
he left and slammed the door.  
What did he yell?  
- "How are you, Mrs. Srensen?"  
How does he feel about Claus?  
- Claus isn't what Viggo would like.  
He... Well, Claus, he...  
He's not interested in women.  
When did you find out?  
- I've always known.  
A mum knows those things.  
And your husband?  
- Viggo has had some...  
My husband has had  
an affair for a while. I think.  
Well, we haven't discussed it.  
And I have...  
A woman wants  
to feel beautiful and...  
...and to be held and...  
So I... It was at a party  
in an allotment garden last year.  
Viggo was drunk  
and had fallen asleep. So...  
I was with another man.  
Iversen. With the prick.

I've been looking forward  
to telling you something.  
I'm pregnant.  
You know what? If it's a boy,  
we're going to call him Viggo.  
What does Lars think about that?  
- It was his idea.  
What are you good at, Viggo?  
- Lathing.  
You can't do that here.  
But you can paint a picture.  
I haven't painted  
since I was a boy.  
What did you paint?  
- Animals.  
Paint a fish, then.  
- No, not a fish.  
A horse?  
Do you have a fag?  
She says  
you're good at painting.  
Did you paint those?  
Yes.  
May I say hello to a colleague?  
Carlsen, painter.  
Viggo. But...  
- No but.  
I can tell when something's art.  
Art?  
- Not just art. Great art.  
Viggo, do you have a fag?  
- Yes.  
You can almost hear the horse  
pounding the ground.  
The neighing mixed with the whistling  
of the wind. A powerful experience.  
Like Villy van Gogh.  
In his youth. Look...  
Sorry, my throat is a bit dry.  
I have a beer. Would you like one?  
- Yes, please.  
Do you always paint dogs?  
All great artists  
are misunderstood.

The fact that you can paint  
in this madhouse proves your talent.  
I can't paint a single stroke  
among these fruitcakes.  
Viggo, we'll join forces.  
I know a lot of art collectors.  
We can make a lot of money.  
We just need some initial capital.  
Well, I have some.  
- That's brilliant.  
Yes.  
- Give us a fag, Viggo.  
Listen up.  
You need to come out of your shell.  
Like a butterfly.  
When they see your pictures,  
the real values...  
That's my wife.  
Not a word to anyone.  
You have to meet some of my friends.  
They know about art.  
Shouldn't we say goodbye  
to the doctor?  
Hey, Viggo. He's the one  
who called your horses dogs.  
No. People like him don't deserve  
the handshake of an artist like you.  
Hurry up.  
I'll wait outside. I'm thirsty.  
Hello.  
We need materials, Viggo.  
Canvasses, brushes...  
For about 3,000 kroner.  
- Let's go to my place.  
Your wife doesn't like me.  
- But...  
Women don't know about art.  
- I'll get them, then.  
Belgian linen.  
French brushes and Dutch paints.  
Yes.  
- Yes.  
Or like Johannes V. Svendsen wrote:  
"I, I am the savage

in the Danish coat-of-arms.  
Look. I am the one  
standing there with the beard. "  
Viggo? You're the savage.  
I'll be back in 15 minutes.  
I think you've been screwed.  
Who's cheating who, Viggo?  
You've cheated yourself, man.  
Bleep bloop,  
everything is good.  
Wake up. You've been sitting around  
staring at a fish tank for years.  
While somebody carried it all away.  
Stole it all from us.  
Took our work.  
Told us there's a crisis.  
That man is doomed for loneliness,  
and money's only for the rich.  
Come out like a butterfly.  
I'll bloody well -  
- try my pinions again.  
With or without machines.  
But not without Oda.  
I've been so blind.  
Oda, my peach.  
Your husband's touched bottom.  
But, Oda...  
But, Viggo.  
Why are you hiding?  
Come on out, Viggo.  
I'm not coming to get you.  
I've done what I can.  
If you want more,  
you have to come.  
Scandinavian Text Service 2009