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Here 's Your Life

By Bengt Forslund

HERE'S YOUR LIFE

It'll be worse for you
when autumn comes, Olof.

If things get too difficult,
you can always...

My regards to your family.

Tell them we're well,
and that you could have stayed
if you wanted to.

Give my regards to your family.

If you ever get home...

I mean, if you go that way.

Stay over the summer.

You could keep the rifle.

Or if you want a harmonica,
like the lengthman's son.

You could subscribe to a magazine
with pictures in it.

A correspondence course in English
if you wanted to go to America.

You can't stay at your parents',
what with the illness.

They barely have enough
for themselves.

I had planned on you
staying at least another year.

You've been given
quite a few things over the years.
The odd things that you needed.

Didn't you have it good here
when you were young?

Your father was ill and...

Damn! Goddammit!

I don't want to be well.

I don't want to be well!

-So you're coming home now.

-Yes.

They send their regards.

They say hello...

-And they're fine?

-Yes, they're healthy.

I see. Are you staying?

-Well, I...

-There's always enough for you.

I was thinking...
Dynamite. Blowing things up.
If only I were young...
What kind of shoes do you have?
That's good.
You can't wear those hard shoes.
It's best to be barefoot,
if it's not too cold in the water.
But then it's easy to step on twigs.
I know a fellow
who had a twig pierce his foot.
The sufferings of Jesus
were nothing compared to that.
But every year,
we lose someone.
I knew one fellow.
His face was all black.
Three weeks in the water.
He had been beaten blue.
But when they dragged him up,
he was as black as a negro.
Everyone thought
he had drifted out to sea,
or at least to the city.
But he lay under a log,
just where he fell.
He started to rot
once they got him up.
Even his brother couldn't stand it.
Then it's bad.
His own flesh and blood.
-Are you looking for someone?
-Apparently, I'm going to live here.
You can take that one.
-You're not old.
-Almost 14.
-What's your name?
-Olof.
-Don't you have a surname?
-Persson.
Have some of the coffee over there.
That fellow over there
is from Stockholm.
My name is Olsson.

Let's see if you can do this.
I went to the church
When the need was great
I knocked on the door
Of the church warden
"Open your door
For a suffering soul"
"And tell me something
That will do me good"
"Something
That will do me good"
"Here's no priest
He's gone to baptise"
"Then he'll put a man
In a hole in the ground"
You get comfort when born
Or freezing to death
But never a word
For a suffering soul
It'll be better later on.
In about two weeks' time.
Then you're used to it,
and you'll quit.
That's what they normally do.
Have a cup of coffee, lad.
What does your dad do?
He's a worker.
But he's ill.
Being ill is no fun.
What kind of worker is he?
He worked on the railway.
So he's from the south, isn't he?
They normally are.
I bet he's homesick.
He's ill...
Isn't he homesick for the south,
where it's warm?
Where they grow apples...
Let's go, men.
Don't forget about the two hours
extra I worked.
I'm not here to forget,
but to make notes.
The company keeps track of the time.

Yes, dammit...
Take that, so I don't drop it.
-Well, Gran.
-Yes, I'll take it.
We're drinking
Let's say for eight kronor
We're drinking
Let's say for eight kronor
As long as we have money
As long as we have money
And when the money is gone
And when the money is gone
Then we borrow some for a year
Then we borrow some for a year
And when the money is gone
Then we borrow some...
...for a year
Stop that!
I had a rifle last year.
I knew an old hunter.
He lived on raw meat and booze.
-And knew the Bible backwards.
-You skinny little runt!
If you want to fight,
you have to fight me.
You work too hard
to be able to stand liquor.
Now she's warm.
Let's get started.
They didn't have any kerosene,
so I got some change.
Yes...
Here I've stayed...
I just count in charges.
But you can't ask too much of life.
I've seen some things...
I've seen my children die.
Like butter you drop on the stove.
It just sizzles.
Then they're gone.
First, the twins died.
They were cursed.
By a whirlwind.
He wasn't hard,

but he was nasty.
He just touched them briefly,
but they went in no time.
They got ill in the autumn.
Their bodies went crooked.
Just like they had been wrung
by an invisible hand.
First, August Linus Isak died.
Then Karl Julius Leonard.
A week later,
my wife went across the meadow.
She was getting water.
Keep the change.
You'll need it.
If you're not going to
make your fortune here.
Big charge tonight.
The boss was here.
I could have guessed it.
-Do you chew tobacco?
-No.
-You haven't started yet?
-No.
-Then you don't smoke either?
-No.
But you might start?
Yes, I was planning on it.
Thank you.
I remember him.
I remember him.
You shared the same name.
And that's what they called him.
He never had any nicknames.
They just ran off him.
That's how your father was.
Now he's lying there.
It's good that he's found peace.
We were friends back in 1890.
All the things we built back then...
He sang from time to time.
We all sang.
But he was never drunk, whether
it was because he didn't drink,
or if the schnapps

didn't have any effect on him.

Your father...

We spent a lot of time together.

He was a decent man.

He was good at arithmetic and could solve the most difficult problems.

And he was fair. That he was.

I'll give you some money.

No, thanks.

-How old are you?

-Have you got a job?

-Yes, at a sawmill.

-How many are you in your family?

-Four, including myself.

But I don't live there.

I haven't been home for a year.

It didn't turn out that way.

You're a foster child.

Yes, I remember now.

-It's good people. They're kind.

-Yes.

If things should turn out like that...

You could give it to your younger brother.

Thank you,

but as I said I have a job.

Yes, they're raising the wages now, so we'll be better off.

Their damn war!

Anyway, how much do you get per hour?

-20 re.

-20!

I've worked for less.

When we built the railway, and long before that.

No, we didn't make any great profits.

Now others have to do the work.

You should apply for the railway when you're old enough.

It's a different life.

It's a completely different tempo.

Your father would smoke a cigar

from time to time.
Like a big boss
with a cigar in his mouth.
It wasn't vanity.
No, he wasn't like that.
I mean, he didn't look vain.
He didn't like snuff.
But he did take it.
Both in the nose and mouth.
But all of a sudden
he would put a cigar in his mouth.
Then he walked around
with a fancy scent.
Your father...
I remember, once...
We had some happy days.
And some not so happy days.
Well...
Take care of yourself.
It looks like there's
more snow coming.
My name is Smlands-Pelle.
You don't have to
leave tonight, do you?
I have to be there. Otherwise,
I have to walk tomorrow morning.
I'll get some clothes
and some food for you.
Take care of your eyes.
If there's vermin, wash yourself
and change your clothes.
They only have bedbugs.
But you have red spots.
Timber.
Hurry up, damn rascals!
Well, I...
What the hell...?
I knew a man
who got back from America.
He travelled in the lowest class.
But a fine lady,
who travelled in first
or second class, caught sight of him.
And she wanted a man.

So she asked him to
come over to her that evening.
Yes...
And then they were at it
for three, four days.
And she treated him to fine food
and he smelt of oils and perfumes
for months afterwards.
Yes... And he got 500 kronor
for his pains.
After that, he never
looked at another woman.
He had had enough of the best,
he said.
And I think it's true.
He had 500 kronor, and more, even.
-But he had been to America.
-That's true.
But he was an honest man,
who never lied.
No. But he was a real swine.
What would you have done?
I wouldn't have slept with her
for 500.
No. You'd want an even 1000.
Yes, I'd rather get that.
But I don't know...
But what if she was beautiful?
I don't know.
-But...
-An even 2000?
OK, just this once.
Let's see what Olof's got!
-Watch out, you rascal!
-You bastard! Ape!
I'll run for help.
Lift, goddammit!
Does it hurt like hell?
Get a ride, dammit!
Hello!
Come with me. There's
been an accident by the sawmill.
-He's not that badly wounded.
-Shut up. Turn off the saw!

Carry him carefully! Careful!
Careful...
There, there....
Now we're going to the doctor.
Which doctor?
The doctor, dammit!
The infirmary, idiot!
Poor lad.
You'll have to figure out
something to do until he's back.
Given that it's not
that serious with Oskar.
You don't want to
lose any wages, right?
Yes...
We have to be
more careful in the future.
Yes, well...
If you're just careful
there won't be any accidents.
Unless there is...an accident.
No, but they
have to have their timber!
Let's hope for the best.
It's a waste
to just let the saw stand idle.
Not for my sake.
It doesn't make sense
for you to go home.
You make the decision,
but it would be good
if you could load the wagon today.
You'll have to get by.
I won't deduct the hours
that Larsson is gone.
You can tell Larsson
that nothing will be deducted.
Nothing will be deducted...no.
It's big. It costs at least 2.50.
But it will only happen once.
To Oskar, that is.
You read, Olof.
I don't see too well.
"The Lord has, in His

infinite mercy, through an accident,"
"called to Him,
our beloved son and brother,"
"Oskar Emmanuel Larsson."
"Born the 27 January 1902."
"Died the 3 February 1916".
"Johan and Louisa Larsson,
F Petersson,"
"Lars, Anna, Britta,"
"Karl, Stina, Gustav."
You're careful, right?
I was thinking...
I'd like to work the saw.
This is no job for me.
So you want to let others do
what you don't want to do yourself?
Lift, dammit!
Lights out, dammit!
You should study English. That's
useful in America and at sea.
It would be much better
if people couldn't read.
It turns everyone
into Socialist bastards.
I knew a man
who read evenings and nights.
It finally drove him mad.
You have to have education
to be able to stand it.
IN DEFENCE OF ROYALTY
THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD
We're making quick progress, I see.
My, my... That must be three sacks
you've managed to do in half a day.
-That's diligent.
-It's 15.
15? And they were big ones, as well?
Yes, they were big.
I knew that you were that kind!
Pick up the sack and
don't just stand there like a fool.
No.
That kind of talk
won't do at my saw!

I don't give a damn about that.

You could have stayed
until the end of the day.

-No, I have to go now.

-Sit down.

I was planning on you
starting to work the saw.

-You could have stayed the summer.

-No.

No...

-I'll include this hour.

-There's no need.

No, not when

you're as wealthy as you, right?

Maybe you don't want any pay
for your invaluable work.

No, not if it's like that.

-How old are you?

I'll be 16 in the summer.

-Can you do this?

-Yes, sir.

-They call me "manager".

-Yes, manager.

Mr manager.

Yes, mr manager.

You'll sell confectionery. Sweets.

You get 15 a month and a percentage
as well as food and lodging,
and you have to help out
with the tickets.

During the days, you have to get
firewood for the restaurant.

Then...

Well...

You could become a projectionist.

I see, mr manager.

It's an Erneman projector.

-I'll start working at a caf.

-I see.

THE TWO BROTHERS

THE WORLD WAR:

THE WORKING CLASS

Do you...?

Do you have any education?
It's not easy.
An education has to be acquired.
Why do some people eat with the knife
instead of the fork? No education.
Why do some wipe their shoes
on the doormat? Education.
You can always see
that a person is educated.
-He is refined.
-Yes.
-Have you read Strindberg?
-Not all of it.
No, that's too much to ask.
Even I haven't done that.
Right now, I'm reading a book
about his adventures
both in Sweden and abroad.
You have to know Strindberg.
I'm thinking about
taking orders for books.
Could you ask people you know
if they want books by Strindberg?
There's also world history
and astronomy.
I don't know anyone...
You will get to know people when
you sell sweets and check tickets.
You have to make business.
It's the lifeblood of the nation.
Yes.
Yes. Could you
go down to the post office?
And you have to wear a tie tonight.
Sweets!
Confectionery.
That's fine.
Hello. Wait a second!
Hey you! You have to wear a tie
when putting up posters.
You're representing the company.
Hello.
On Thursday, yes.
Close your eyes.

Throw away the other one.
So you're out enjoying yourself.
I don't understand
how he will get out of it.
You who are working there
should know how it ends.
-They get each other.
-Really?
You get so bored with film.
I prefer philosophy.
What does Nietzsche
say about women? It's crude,
but it has a deeper meaning.
As they say in English:
If I had a bike,
we could go for rides.
If I could ride a bicycle.
Maria!
-Stop, you rascal!
-You stop, you bastard.
-Great that you could stop!
-Go to hell!
I just wanted money for coffee.
-You can have 25.
-Keep it, I'm only joking.
-Get off, I can't hold it all day.
-The glue's pouring out.
-There must be a world revolution.
-Yes.
If the priests
won't stand in the way.
No, it's true that priests are behind
many of the horrors of war.
The priests and the military
lead the workers to the slaughter.
But they wouldn't dare
to be in the way.
If I weren't a free anarchist,
I'd have all priests killed.
But I'm against
all forms of bloodshed.
Not a man, not a penny
to the military.
And you have to convince them

with arguments.
But what if they
don't move out of the way?
When people are pouring forth,
then no priests can resist.
Theoretically.
When I was drinking,
I sometimes believed in violence.
Now I see everything differently.
Your mind has to be clear.
Now I don't smoke or drink.
I've passed that stage.
I just use coffee and women.
All the women I've met...
-What about them?
-I haven't left any untouched.
I've had a few, both in Norway
and here. Some fine ladies.
I don't go to whores,
but have a steady girl in every town.
Regularly, in an orderly fashion.
For the body's sake.
But I avoid getting anyone pregnant.
One takes one's responsibility.
Miss! Can I pay?
The modern problem
is a problem of communication.
After the revolution, there
won't be any problems like that.
Oh, Maria!
In America, they pull a Browning
and shoot them down at once.
And in Latin America, they throw
a knife through the throat.
-I saw on a boat...
-Shut up!
Maria is no good.
Everyone's been with her.
Everyone's sick of her.
I could have had her.
If you've only said something.
I'm going for a coffee or a swim.
You have to have some pleasure.
Have you read about

Danko's burning heart?

-No.

-Me neither, but I've heard about it.

It's by Gorky, or someone.

It's supposed to be good.

Someone who uses his heart
as a light for humanity.

It must be sticky

to hold it in your hand!

Hey! About Danko's burning heart.

It's symbolic.

Danko wants to sacrifice himself
for mankind,

and shine a light

onto the right path.

A bit like Prometheus who

wanted to get the fire and the truth.

No, he rolled a rock.

That was Sisyphus.

It's symbolic, that thing with Danko.

But it came from his drinking.

If a man tears his symbolic heart

from his symbolic breast,

and holds it up like a torch,

then he's drunk.

You can bet that

it comes from drinking.

Even if it's wine.

Everyone who has read and thought

that struggle, organisations, the

economic and historical development

give things their context.

-Your mind has to be clear.

-I'd love a swim.

If only Maria was here now.

You're growing.

You're getting good food?

Be careful with your clothes.

-Are you staying on there?

-We'll see.

Don't travel too far

if you're leaving.

And look out for scoundrels.

And watch out for alcohol.

You haven't tried, have you?

No.

And diseases. There are so many
you can catch when you're outdoors.

It's good that you
don't have to wear yourself out.

Theatres and cinemas
maybe won't last, though.

You should get a job
at the railways.

Come in and shut the door.

It's bloody dark in here!

Leave that. I'm ill.

-Is it the chest?

-No.

It was a woman.

I should have guessed.

She wanted to borrow 10 kronor.

When I didn't have that,
she wanted five kronor.

She got everything I had.

Then she gave it to me.

It was more than three kronor.

3.25, I think.

It lasted a long time for that price.

-Have you been to the doctor?

-No.

I just checked with some people
who'd had the same thing.

Then I got a syringe
with the stuff that's needed.

You don't want to go to the doctor
to get told off.

The first time,
and it ends up like this.

What do you think about this?

I think you have to go to the doctor.

-I can go, if you want.

-Hell no.

Good evening.

Not in here!

Good evening. Welcome.

Very nice.

Do you like you new job?

Imagine what they can do!
Here we go...
He should have a rifle.
-Who's that?
-He's called Vsters-Lasse.
Vsters-Lasse? Tell him to be quiet.
I don't want to sell sweets anymore.
You can check tickets.
Forsson is leaving.
Go and brush your clothes.
Yes... Now you're going to be
a proper projectionist.
You're going to tour
with director Larsson.
-Just say Larsson.
-Director Larsson.
Just say Larsson.
OK.
He's 16.
-Can you drive?
-Yes...Larsson, I can.
He's bright and active.
You're going on a tour.
It's a Path projector. Hand-driven.
With a calcium light lamp.
This will be tasty.
You don't get any schnapps here.
But I've been travelling before,
and know how to solve that.
You can say "du" to me.
That makes it more friendly.
Let's not use any formalities.
Cheers.
Thank you.
Thanks.
Right. Let's eat.
The nature is beautiful here.
I wonder if anyone will come.
I usually bring brandy.
Let's go and see the river,
and then the lodgings.
The company pays for everything.
Would you like a cigar?
The life of an artist is exciting.

But it's not always easy.
You get to travel, see new places
and meet new people.
That's really what life is all about.
I've been at the circus.
I was a wrestler and a weightlifter.
I loaded iron ore.
That was a good job.
But the life of an artist
is more fun.
Cinema, that's the future.
Yes, it's both art and industry.
-Have you got any articles?
-Articles?
Yes, rubber articles...
No, I don't have any at the moment...
I don't have more than
what I need myself.
-But maybe some other time.
-Don't you have any cards?
Those nude cards...
No, we don't have those.
You get bored with them.
You get so much of that in real life.
That's more like it!
Try once more!
Show that you have some muscles
this time.
Would you look at that!
Look, there's Nicke!
That's Olivia. Queen Olivia.
You've heard about her?
She's a devil of a woman.
Let's go and have a chat.
She is lethal for men.
She's like a leech.
But I've been man enough to...
And with her, I've...
Howdy! Is it Nicke
that's out walking?
I'm in a car.
We've just had dinner.
-Are you a strongman?
-I've got a cinema.

I see... For some people it goes up,
and a bit down...

Is that your assistant?

Couldn't I borrow him from you?

-A lonely, weak woman.

-You're weak, all right.

Where are your men?

In heaven, or in prison.

-Well...

-Well...

-Will you sell the kid to me?

-That'll cost madam.

Madam?

I was only joking.

I need a man to help me.

-You look grown-up, in every way.

-I've been employed before.

-I'm just following him.

-You're following the wrong person.

Watch it!

When I asked about men

I wondered if you live somewhere,
or in a tent, like a gypsy.

I was just trying to find company...

OK, I won't take you
and what you might have.

Then it's me that'll make a visit...

Boy, check the projector.

We'll start in a minute.

May I humbly ask for silence
and your attention.

We live in difficult times.

We...

We live in difficult times.

We live, so to speak,
in cumbersome and bitter times.

Then the arts can give us
strength and joy.

And...

Culture!

I'm going for a walk.

I'm going to the tourist hotel.

You can go to the lodgings.

Thanks for today.

Yes. The children died.
Two went to America.
There they died.
Now we've got plenty of room.
-Good night, lad.
-Good night.
Yes indeed...
What the hell?
No, no, I'm not like that.
You're a virgin, right?
Olivia, the virgin!
-He can wake up!
-Forget about him.
But what...?
You really are crazy!
Culture!
Culture! Culture!
Culture!
Culture!
Culture...
Yes, I've got kids of my own,
but they can't do it.
The first is too lazy,
the second is too vain,
and the third doesn't weigh enough.
And then there's one who's crazy,
and another one
who's in the military.
The girls don't want to
sit astraddle.
Even if they wanted to,
it's not good for them.
You've run away, right?
So we have to get the police
when that day comes.
Everyone runs away, sooner or later.
One day, I'll run away, too.
I've done it before.
It's difficult not to.
I haven't run away.
I've just finished a tour.
A tour... Is it sobriety
or the carny?
Cinematography.

I'm on holiday.
On holiday...
-A holiday?
-He's run away, but I don't care.
No, I don't need to run away.
The coffee was excellent.
You whippersnapper...
-You like it here?
-Yes, under the circumstances.
But they don't have
a proper dance pavilion.
I haven't seen one, at least.
There are not many young people
either. In other places...
There's a dance at Nilsson's
on Saturday.
In the storehouse.
But they're normally really drunk.
They can only take one schnapps.
People haven't learnt to take more.
But in some places I've been...
-Have you seen any films?
-They were here last winter, but...
Now I'm feeling much better.
Don't!
Oh my God...
Maja...
But it's nothing. Everyone...
Stay here.
Yes.
Knowledge is the way
to success.
Without knowledge
man is not worth much.
It's through knowledge
that we can beat poverty and need.
That's why knowledge
is so necessary.
Yes...
There will be a day when they
will look in old protocols,
to seek the first efforts
made by the workers.
Through a longing

for better times,
at a time when the hungry
learnt to take a battle.
Under a smiling sun
among flowers and singing,
prophets have told us
there will one day
live a happy race,
after many sorrows
have gnawed at us.
They say that you're selling
newspapers when you put up ads.
-Is it for the Salvation Army?
-No.
I've got nothing against socialist
papers, but there are limits.
I'm a radical myself, but you should
never mix politics and business.
Business is business.
You're representing my company.
I didn't sell any papers,
I was giving them away.
But there must be an end to it
right now!
Then you can go to hell!
Damn cheeky brat!
Clear out at once!
I won't stand for anything.
It's to avoid catching a cold.
Just have a look. That will
come in handy in the future.
That's from a knife. It was
a close call. It was like pneumonia.
A lot of people
have been courting me.
That's Gustavsson.
He's a member of the organisation.
Hello.
Right. Tomorrow, I'll be off.
Swedish lad
Wherever you're sailing to...
I can't stand it any longer. I'd
marry anyone who was stupid enough.
Can't you be my man?

A fortune-teller told me
that you would come.
Where's the mark?
Not that. The other one.
I'm a famous person.
Men have always loved me.
-I might as well leave.
-Go. Run. Fly!
If you're afraid I'll finish you off.
Everyone has been nasty to me.
My whole life.
My whole damn life!
-You should have lived in the south.
-The south!
It's the same damn mess there.
I know it.
They look like barons, but talk about
unhappy homes and unhappy money.
It's no better than here.
Not one bit!
What do you know?
That the Earth is round.
And that's all you know.
But it's completely flat.
Children...
Nonsense.
You're as dumb as a herring.
A dead herring.
I love you.
Strange impulse to imitate,
where do you come from?
Are you an inherited loan
from the ape?
You wondrous flame
that warms me so.
That can consume a spirit.
You weren't there in Paradise,
nor at the time of Creation.
There you have the best proof
that the Lord's chosen people
never employed you as
the interpreter of the Spirit.
To make images
was considered sinful.

That it's not the case today
is due to progress.
I much prefer the answer
that Art is just a preparation,
an emergency measure,
a surrogate...
Please stop that.
It makes me feel lousy.
That'll cost madam.
Yes!
Well, then...
Have you heard anything
from the power company?
Yes. I'm going there next week
to talk to a Mr Ljung.
I see. But it drags on.
They probably have a lot do.
-Maybe nothing will come of it.
-No, maybe not.
"L Svensson learnt
from trustworthy witnesses"
"that members had been seen
inebriated in the streets."
"O Persson also found it
unworthy of members"
"to not only inebriate themselves,"
"but also to make fools of themselves
in front of mocking reactionaries."
"He also found it a trifle
to be struck from the protocol."
"Which was done.
Decided to organise a dance."
"A poem was read by the second
secretary. Date as per above."
"O Persson, second secretary."
They say that you've been
with a circus princess.
-Do they?
-Or if it was the shooting gallery.
I've found a place here in town.
You'll find someone here.
They'll all hover around me.
I'm leaving quite soon. I've got
a place at the power company.

-You can get burnt to death.
-You have to take the risk.
They say that she drank a lot.
But I'm not sure it's true.
-Who was drinking?
-The queen of the shooting gallery.
I don't know for sure,
that's just what I heard.
You can stay if you want to.
You can have some if you want.
The other side has to be re-done.
That damn oil never goes away.
Dammit...
It's hard work. The cotton
waste goes into the centrifuge
and then the oil comes out again.
I'll do this until I'm dead and gone!
And all for 40 re an hour.
Damn capitalist scum!
But it'll explode. Put them up
against a wall and shoot them!
Yes, dammit...
The organisation's behind us.
They have to meet our demands.
It's a nasty business.
Killing children.
Nailing down the tongue.
Bolsheviks... What will people
like you do with people like us?
Take you out on the ice
and shoot you. Shoot you!
-Kill you, dammit! You first!
-What?
Get your "what-er" yourself.
I'll report you!
You can't do what you like.
Run! Run along, then!
We'll shoot you anyway.
With the report!
You mustn't misbehave.
Right, you mustn't misbehave.
You damn Bolshevik!
You come here and...
I'm a socialist. I don't know about

other things, but I'm a socialist.

Take it easy,

we won't shoot you.

We'll just put you in the centrifuge
to get the oil out of you.

-Do it again. It looks like...

-Jesus?

-It must be shiny!

-Damn Wiberg.

Damn Wiberg...

Down into this damn pit...

That's how you treat them!

Could you spare half a bowl
and a piece of bread?

-There are some hobos out there.

-Sure.

Thanks, lads.

Are you eating from the same bowl?

-We're practising.

-What do you mean?

For the future. The revolution.

When all the scumbags are dead
we'll be eating from the same bowl.

-A massive people's bowl.

-Nonsense.

Speaking of executions by shooting...

There's now a firing squad in Lule.

-Is there?

-10 men.

That's when they put the criminals
against the wall and shoot them.

-Right.

-Those selling out their own.

Have you ever seen a firing squad?

It's about two metres...

The same...

Don't worry, Wiberg.

Your turn will come.

Patience is a virtue...

"Yea, though I walk through
the valley of the shadow of death,"

"Wiberg will fear no evil..."

Come on.

No!

-You bastard!

-You rascal!

I'm sure that your God
will report this.

Comrades. You have started
this organisation as proof
that all people are united
and make up humanity.

Every person is a special person.

You are a special person.

Everything is up to you,
since only you are you.

But you cannot live by yourself.

You have to believe in the worth
and dignity of others.

In their...well...in their way...

...and in their great mission:
to create happiness out of misery.

You stand here and are you.

You are you, but you have to be
in contact with the others.

It's necessary.

Yes...

We have a list here
for you to sign.

It's about a common strike.

Bloody hell! Dammit!

-No, no!

-You bastard!

Here it comes!

I can't strike. My wife is ill,
so I'm going to work.

And you think that's wise?

What about the future?

If we don't do anything now,
there'll be hell to pay.

-I have to think about...

-We have to stick together!

Don't let those capitalists...

Think about Bjrkmán!

I have children, and
you have a duty towards the State.

Damn traitors! Children!

Can't you think about the future?

Damn...

Bloody idiots.

Eh?

You're crazy as well!

I'm writing a letter to the paper.

You should write one, too.

Yes, but then it would have to be something purely scientific.

People don't want to know about profound things.

It's moonshine.

It's not bad.

-I've drunk worse.

-Imagine...

...that everyone here spoke Esperanto.

Yes?

I've forgotten

what I was going to say.

It was something about Esperanto.

Ah yes...

If everyone spoke Esperanto...

Yes?

...that would really be a great leap forward.

Olof, you go home, now.

You're drunk...

Come on.

Wait here. I'll follow you home.

Dammit!

THE SEVENTEENTH SONG

ULYSSEUS ARRIVES IN THE TOWN

I'll burn the whole thing down.

The cinema and you.

You're so arrogant that you should be shot in the chest.

Everything's gone to hell with the shooting gallery and...

Don't think that Olivia will give up.

Olivia never gives up.

They call me "Queen Olivia".

You bet!

Never give up!

I don't understand myself.

I didn't like the man,
but he followed me...
Then I got drunk.
I'm unhappy.
Damn...
Come, come, come...
Come, come...
I just wanted you to thank me...
...for teaching you.
I've got someone waiting.
You're so handsome.
Tomorrow at this time,
you'll be well on your way.
Dear child, you don't want to
freeze your ears.
Hold this.
In memoriam Per Oscarsson
(1927-2010)