

Ideological opponents of Brejvik

by

Jacob Greenberg

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

There is a quiet suburban street in a European city.

Beautiful, well-kept private houses, flower beds with flowers and neatly trimmed grass.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

In a dining room of a house a LAWYER and his WIFE drink coffee.

The LAWYER is a forty years old man, dressed in a custom-made light suit, bright tie and fashionable black shoes.

His WIFE is a thin, nervous woman of thirty-five years old.

The Lawyer checks the time on his wrist watch.

LAWYER

A pity we missed the report
from the Brejvik court.

WIFE

Till now I don't understand
how a man could commit such
a crime? His cruelty! He
killed so many young people
and has no repents.

LAWYER

He is absolutely mad!

WIFE

But the forensic examination
found him normal.

LAWYER

I know about these forensic
examinations! This law suit
is absurd from the
beginning! Brejvik just got
a podium to express his
nationalistic views to the
whole world. The neo-
fascists put him on a
pedestal and look up to him
as their idol now.

WIFE

Really, they hate
immigrants.

LAWYER

I don't like the right-wings
as well. They don't
understand that a society
can solve problems without
violence.

WIFE

Yes, violence is disgusting
anyway! I think this should
be clear to everyone!

LAWYER

Well, my dear, I must go, I
want look through some
documents of my next client.

WIFE

A new case?

LAWYER

Yes. One businessman hired
me to be his lawyer, but the
case seems very complicated...

SON, a tall eleven years old boy, comes out from his room and
approaches the Lawyer.

SON

Father, do you remember that
you promised to take me on a
fishing trip?

LAWYER

Of course! We'll go at the
weekend. I have prepared
everything we need already.

SON

Can I take my friend? He
dreams to go fishing for a
long time.

LAWYER

No problem. I have seats
enough for everyone, for a

friend and... for a
girlfriend.

SON

I'm off girls already. They
are ninnies and don't like
fishing.

LAWYER

Really? I did not know that.

The Lawyer glances with his Wife. They look at the Son and
smile.

The Lawyer kisses the Wife goodbye and leaves the house with
a briefcase in his hand.

EXT. YARD - DAY

Just before getting into the car, he sees a dark-skinned Boy
of seven years old digging a hole with his stick in his lawn
amongst the bed of flowers.

LAWYER

(with a smile)

Hey, buddy, don't spoil the
flowers, it's my flowerbed.
What are you doing there?

The Boy gazes through him and, without saying a word, turns
away and continues to dig the ground.

LAWYER

Listen, boy, did you hear
what I said? I am talking to
you!

The Boy continues to dig without turning his head.

LAWYER

Stop immediately and go
home. Where do you live?

The Boy makes an obscene gesture.

BOY

Go to hell!

LAWYER

(indignantly)

How dare you talk to adults
like that? Where are your
parents? I'll show you...

The lawyer walks with determination towards the boy.

The Boy raises his stick threateningly.

BOY

Just try touching me!

LAWYER

(ironically)

And what if I will?

BOY

I will go to the police and
say that you hit a child.
You will go to jail, for ten
years.

The lawyer stops in his tracks.

The Boy sees his hesitation, takes out a water pistol, shouts
something in Arabic and starts shooting water at the lawyer.

The Lawyer retreats, covering with his briefcase against the
water jets that leave on his light suit dark wet stains.

LAWYER

(shouting)

Stop it! What are you doing?

His Wife runs out of the house.

WIFE

(to Boy)

What's going on here? I'm
going to smack your ears,
little bully.

The water gun runs out of water and the Boy starts running on
the lawn, trampling the flowers.

LAWYER

(whispers)

Darling, you can't touch
him. It's a Muslim child!

WIFE

(whispers, wretchedly)
Why not? What is he doing?
Please, stop him.

LAWYER

(whispers)
Maybe we should just wait
until he leaves?

WIFE

But I can't bear to see the
way he destroys my favorite
flowers. I love them! I
nourished them for so long...

LAWYER

We are in a difficult
situation.

WIFE

What is the matter? He is
just little bully!

LAWYER

It only seems that way! Try
touching him and tomorrow
everyone will say what we
harmed a Muslims!

WIFE

Are you kidding?

LAWYER

Absolutely not! The boy will
immediately become a victim
and we will become right-
wing nationalists.

WIFE

Oh my God! Heaven forbid! At
my school everybody are
liberals, both teachers and
students...

LAWYER

This conflict can easily
lead to a political debate
which will harm and then
terminate my career.

WIFE

Oh my God! Really?

LAWYER

Don't you remember the scandal with the Dane who drew a cartoon? It is dangerous to get into a conflict with Muslims.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

A small crowd of local residents, some Muslims among them, stands in front of the lawyer's house waving posters: "Stop beating Muslims children!", "Islam will dominate the world!", "Freedom for Palestinian people!"

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. YARD - DAY

The Lawyer and his Wife look at each other with scared, fixed stares.

WIFE

If so, I'm calling the police! Let them come and sort it out.

The Wife is trying to get back into the house but Lawyer grabs her by the arm.

LAWYER

No way! We'll have to justify ourselves to everybody! First, it's a child and secondly an Arab child! No, it is impossible!

WIFE

But he invaded our private area. The law is on our side!

LAWYER

What are you talking about?
You're going to plead with
the child? After that the
whole Bar Association will
laugh in my face. We don't
need any police. I'm telling
you this as a lawyer.

WIFE

So, how are you going to
solve the problem?

LAWYER

I don't know.

The Wife looks back at the house.

WIFE

I have an idea! I know a way
to handle it!

LAWYER

How?

The wife runs back into the house.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

She runs into their son's room.

The son is sitting at the computer playing some game.

WIFE

(shouting)

Son, help! A small boy is
humiliating our daddy
outside!

The Son quickly goes to an old box with abandoned toys, digs
and finds there a red plastic sword in a scabbard.

He grabs it and runs out into the yard.

The Wife runs after him.

EXT. YARD - DAY

The Boy sees their Son and immediately ceases to trample on
the flowers.

The Boy watches guiltily and fearfully the Son.

BOY

That's it, I'm going... I have
to go...

The Son abruptly pulls out the sword from its scabbard.

The Boy retracts his steps.

The Son moves menacingly closer, waving his sword.

SON

Wait, where are you going?
I haven't finished yet, we
have to talk...

BOY

Don't hit me, I was just
joking...

SON

(menacingly)
I'll show you, 'joking', so
that you'll remember it for
a lifetime...

The Boy swiftly turns and runs away quickly.

The Son rushes after him, whooping and waving the sword above
his head, but soon he stops and returns.

SON

(confidently)
That's it, he won't come
back...

LAWYER

Thank you, son, you just
saved us from this thug.

WIFE

(to Son)
Our protector! What would we
have done without you?

WIFE

(to Lawyer)
You see? Sometimes even a
lawyer needs a defender.

The lawyer shakes his son's hand and they enter the house together.

THE END