Ideological opponents of Brejvik

by

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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 menaciously 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