

GRENSELAND

Episode Three

"UPPER HAND"

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TEASER

Over a black screen, we hear VOICES. A low murmur.

FADE IN:

Close on:

Nikolai. Frozen. Staring at something. Pull back to reveal we are:

3.1 INT. CAFE - MORNING

3.1

A mom and pop operation. And a successful one, based upon the long line.

Nikolai's eyes glued to something behind the counter. Finally, we see what it is:

A small, pounded-metal sculpture. Hanging on the wall. Handmade, but distinctly cool. Unique. The kind of thing you'd never find at the big chains.

JOSEF (O.S.)

You remember the Nylænders?

Nikolai turns. Josef's next to him. Coffee in hand.

NIKOLAI

Course.

JOSEF

She bought this place a few years ago. Used a lot of your mom's stuff to decorate. There's more in the hallway.

He points. But Nikolai keeps his eyes on Josef. An CAFE EMPLOYEE places a take-away cup on the counter.

CAFE EMPLOYEE

Black coffee?

Nikolai takes it. Keeps his eyes on Josef.

NIKOLAI

Surprised you recognize it.

Josef shrugs.

JOSEF

I always liked her stuff.

NIKOLAI

She always liked you.

A beat. Then Nikolai turns, leaving. Josef follows. Soon, they're both -

3.2 EXT. CAFE

3.2

Nikolai sees Josef's BMW. He rolls his eyes, heads towards his car.

JOSEF

You want to drive it? I won't tell anyone.

NIKOLAI

(turning)

See, that's your problem.

(pointing inside)

You weren't an asshole in there. But you can't sustain it.

JOSEF

You're assuming I'm taunting you. What if I were just making a kind offer?

NIKOLAI

You're not kind.

JOSEF

I'm not kind?

Nikolai just eyes him.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

Honestly, I think I am pretty damn kind. Allow me to give you an example. When your brother came to me, asking if I could store a few packages for him, I said yes.

The color drains from Nikolai's face.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

Now, admittedly, I own a bar which is the ideal way to launder money, and we did work out an arrangement wherein I would be compensated for that, but for someone running for mayor, it is a risk nonetheless. And I nearly said no. But then I thought, Josef, why not be kind?

Nikolai's at a loss for words. Josef watches him a moment, then smiles, realization dawning on him.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

Oh. You didn't know I knew what was going on. I do. I know.

(MORE)

JOSEF (CONT'D)

And I know what you did. Not all the details, but the broad strokes. Which is why I find it interesting, the way you act. All high and mighty. A man of the law.

Josef stops smiling. His expression sincere.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

I have no intention of telling anyone what you did. Truth is, I think you're a good detective, and a good man, and I don't want to see you go down. But, I'd be careful if I were you.

Nikolai looks up. Josef looks genuinely concerned.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

You've got a lot of secrets, Nikolai. Can't keep 'em hidden forever.

A beat. Then Josef hits a button on his key. The car BLEEPs and BIPS. It's lights flash.

His cocky smile back.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

Fancy alarm system. Came with the car.

He gets in. Drives off. Nikolai watches him leave. Watches the car. Something about it catches his attention.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

3.3 EXT. SWEDISH CABIN - MORNING 3.3

A beautiful, idyllic cabin, right on the lake. Chilly autumn wind blows through the trees.

From somewhere nearby, we hear a TEA KETTLE WHISTLE.

3.4 INT. SWEDISH CABIN 3.4

Blonde wood walls. Low ceilings. Knit blankets everywhere. It's cozy. The kind of place where you could lose weeks.

KRISTINA (60s) pours herself some tea. Sets the kettle back on the kitchen counter. Sits down at the kitchen table. Steam rising from the cup, circling in the air by her face.

Twin grandchildren, a BOY and GIRL, both 5, rush into the room. In the middle of a game. Faces flushed.

GIRL

Okay. From there to there.

She points from the kitchen counter to the couch. The boy rushes over to the kitchen counter. The girl follows suit.

They both have a hand on the kitchen counter, right by the tea kettle.

GIRL (CONT'D)

One. Two. Three. Go!

They run to the couch. Tag it. Then back towards the kitchen counter. They BANG into it, the Girl first.

We see the tea kettle move away from them, then move towards them again. The boiling hot water sloshing about inside.

BOY

No fair! You started before you said go.

GIRL

I did not.

BOY

Did to.

GIRL

Okay. We'll do it again.

BOY

I get to count.

GIRL

Fine.

BOY

(to Kristina)

Are you watching?

Kristina eyes the tea kettle. Then the children.

KRISTINA

I am.

BOY

Okay. One. Two. Three. Go!

They run off to the couch. Tag it. It's a dead heat coming back.

BANG. They both hit in the counter at the exact same time.

But this time, the force is too great. The tea kettle sloshes away from them, then back, CRASHING to the ground.

Hot water SPLASHES upwards, splattering the Girl's bare legs.

She SCREAMS in pain. The boy goes white as a sheet.

Kristina calmly puts down her tea. Approaches, embracing the little girl. The child's heaving sobs muffled against Kristina's sweater.

GIRL

(through sobs)

It hurts.

Kristina gently pulls the girl away from her chest. Runs her hands through her granddaughter's thin, blonde hair. Tears still streaming down her face.

KRISTINA

Life hurts. But it's our job to toughen up.

She listens. Still crying.

KRISTINA (CONT'D)

Now. Stop crying.

The girl hesitates, then nods. Trying to stop the tears. Somewhat succeeding.

KRISTINA (CONT'D)

That's my girl.

Kristina pinches the Girl's nose. A little joke. A smile between them.

We hear a mobile phone RING.

Kristina turns to the Boy. Her entire expression changes - she's completely disinterested in him.

KRISTINA (CONT'D)
 (to the boy)
 There's a first aid kit in the
 bathroom upstairs. Take her with
 you.

The Boy comes forward. Takes his sister's hand. They leave.
 Kristina stands. Picks up her mobile on the kitchen table.

KRISTINA (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Hello?

She listens. Her face darkens.

3.5 INT. ELVERUM POLICE STATION - MORNING

3.5

Nikolai walks in.

Anniken at the front desk with local cop ATLE (20s). He's
 fresh-faced. Naive and eager.

ATLE
 I can call you when it comes in, if
 you want.

ANNIKEN
 No. No need. Just email it to me.

ATLE
 Can I ask, why are you -

ANNIKEN
 (not unkind)
 No. You can't.

She's not trying to be mean, but Atle is stung anyway.
 Anniken turns. Sees Nikolai.

ANNIKEN (CONT'D)
 There you are.

He looks at his watch.

NIKOLAI
 It's 7:50.

She walks down the hallway. He follows, but approaches Atle
 first. Slides him a piece of paper.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)
 Run that number. Tell me what you
 find.

Atle nods.

MOMENTS LATER

Nikolai catches up with Anniken. They're walking through the hallways. Towards their office.

ANNIKEN

Jan says no way one of his guys contaminated the body.

NIKOLAI

Not a surprise.

ANNIKEN

Agreed. Still, he mentioned something about the morgue. Got me thinking it'd be worth checking out.

NIKOLAI

What happened to closing the case?

ANNIKEN

Nothing. I submitted a report to Berg this morning, said it was a suicide, but he said he wants to look it over before he signs off.

NIKOLAI

Why's he keeping such a close eye on this case?

ANNIKEN

I don't know. Probably because I'm new.

NIKOLAI

I've had lots of new partners before.

She faces him.

ANNIKEN

I really don't know.

He eyes her. Tries to see if she's hiding something.

ANNIKEN (CONT'D)

Anyway, in the meantime, I requested Jonas Dreyer's phone records. They haven't come in yet. I told what's-his-name to email them to me.

NIKOLAI

You know, it wouldn't kill you to be nicer to the locals. Never know when you'll need a friend.

They reach their office.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Why get Jonas Dreyer's phone records?

ANNIKEN

Border Patrol's hardly ever on duty. Still, he's been pulled over three times, which probably means he's crossed a bunch of times, even though he has no license. Just curious what he's up to.

NIKOLAI

We aren't here for Jonas Dreyer. We were here for Tommy Hagen.

ANNIKEN

They were friends, and they were arrested on the same night. I'd say there's a connection to our case.

NIKOLAI

Our *closed* case.

ANNIKEN

Not technically. Not yet. Besides, what are we supposed to do in the meantime?

NIKOLAI

There's a Forest Museum.

ANNIKEN

There's also a morgue.

3.6 INT. NICE HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

3.6

A television showing the morning news. We see a caption on the screen:

KÅRE BREKKE TRIAL TO BEGIN WEDNESDAY

The newscasters faces are somber as they deliver the details. But we don't hear it. The TV is on mute.

Berg sits on the end of the bed. Head in his hands. Frustrated but working.

On the floor in front of him, we see dozens of files, reports, photographs. All of them relating to the Brekke trail.

All of them with Nikolai's name attached as the lead detective.

We close in on a picture of Kristoffer. Berg looking at the kid's eyes.

A SKYPE CALL. That familiar chime. Berg snaps out of it, going towards his laptop on the hotel room's tiny desk. He answers the call. Smiles.

BERG

Hey, honey.

We see Berg's WIFE on the computer screen. She's pretty. Brunette. We hear KIDS in the background.

WIFE

Hi, babe. How's it going?

BERG

Fine. Uneventful. I'll probably head back tomorrow morning. Be home before dinner.

WIFE

How's the room?

BERG

The room? It's okay. I guess. Why?

WIFE

Let me see.

BERG

Huh?

WIFE

I want to see the room.

BERG

Okay...

Berg picks up the laptop. Starts giving her the "tour."

BERG (CONT'D)

We have the oh-so-uncomfortable bed here. And over here -

He turns the laptop.

BERG (CONT'D)

- the completely crappy bathroom. And where you were before, that was my makeshift office.

WIFE

Let me see out the window.

He points the laptop towards the window. We see cars outside.

BERG

Beautiful view of the parking lot.

WIFE

That's what I thought.

He turns the laptop back to face him.

BERG

What you thought about what?

WIFE

I called the hotel directly. They normally don't give out room numbers but I convinced them it was related to the case. You're booked in room 644. On the 6th floor.

BERG

What? Wait -

WIFE

Anniken, however, is in room 111. You're in Anniken's room right now. First floor. View of the parking lot.

BERG

Honey. Hold on.

WIFE

You're sleeping with her.

BERG

Whoa, whoa, whoa. I'm just working down here. All our files -

WIFE

I saw your underwear on the bed.

He freezes, mouth open.

WIFE (CONT'D)

I've been married to an investigator for 10 years. I guess a few things have rubbed off.

(pause)

It's over.

BERG

Honey. Please.

She disconnects.

3.7 INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

3.7

Pia stands outside of a hospital room. She's talking with a DOCTOR. He keeps his voice low, soft.

DOCTOR

We'd hoped she would be in remission, but the tests indicate otherwise.

PIA

I don't understand.

DOCTOR

It means, the chemotherapy isn't working anymore.

PIA

But you said it would.

DOCTOR

I said it was our best shot. And it was. But your mother's body simply isn't fighting this off anymore. It might be time for you two to talk about how she would like to spend her remaining time. We can keep her here at the hospital, but there are other options as well. Hospice centers.

PIA

No.

DOCTOR

I think we should -

PIA

No. She can't. I can't.

The Doctor waits. He's used to this.

PIA (CONT'D)

There's a treatment. In the US. I can't remember what it's called. Nivo-something. It's worked on lung cancer and they think it might be effective with kidneys.

DOCTOR

I'm not sure she'd be eligible. The criteria is very strict on these -

PIA

She's 54 years old. That's not a life.

From somewhere far away, we hear a STEEL DOOR OPENING.

3.8 INT. MORGUE - LATE MORNING

3.8

A body bag on a steel plank. Pulled out from a freezer wall. A hand unzips the bag. Nikolai and Anniken peer inside.

Meanwhile, the hand belongs to:

ELVIS (50s). Shaggy, unkempt hair. Big, dark-rimmed glasses. A three-day beard. A slight limp. He looks like a homeless man in a lab coat. It's hard to believe -

ELVIS

I'm the coroner. I have no medical examiner. No technicians. This isn't Oslo. I do everything.

ANNIKEN

Who has access to the body?

ELVIS

I have a handful of assistants. Part timers. But they're never alone with a body.

ANNIKEN

What about visitors?

ELVIS

We have strict rules. Only cops, Kripos, and immediate family.

ANNIKEN

Who else would want to -

ELVIS

You'd be surprised.

ANNIKEN

But there's a log somewhere of the visitations?

ELVIS

A sign-in sheet. Yeah.

FLASH TO:

Nikolai approaching the morgue. Skipping the sign-in sheet. Elvis there, not enforcing that rule.

BACK TO:

NIKOLAI

And these visits, they're -

ELVIS

Supervised. By me. Like I said -

ANNIKEN
You do everything.

ELVIS
Correct.

NIKOLAI
You have any reason to believe a
visitor may have contaminated this
body?

FLASH TO:

Nikolai standing over the body. Eyes shifting. Elvis leaning
over his desk, preoccupied with something.

BACK TO:

ELVIS
No.

Anniken's mobile BEEPS. She checks it. Looks back up at
Elvis.

ANNIKEN
We're going to need a list of your
employees, and a copy of the sign-
in sheet for visitors.

Elvis rolls his eyes, but nods.

3.9 EXT. MORGUE - MOMENTS LATER

3.9

They're descending the stairs. Anniken still looking at her
phone.

ANNIKEN
Jonas' phone records came in.
There's one number that stands out.
Over the border.

NIKOLAI
Probably his girlfriend.

ANNIKEN
Not unless he's dating a fifty year
old man by the name of Oskar
Skarin.

NIKOLAI
Oskar Skarin? Doesn't ring a -

ANNIKEN
Didn't for me, either. But I
checked him in the system. Ex
Hell's Angel.

NIKOLAI

No shit.

ANNIKEN

I want to check it out.

NIKOLAI

In Sweden? We have no authority there.

ANNIKEN

Doesn't mean we can't just go for a drive.

3.10 EXT. SWEDISH CABIN - LATE MORNING

3.10

A shiny, white Volkswagen Beetle pulls up. A girlie car, sure, but it's somehow made tough-looking by:

CIARISSA (20s). She gets out of the driver's seat. Long blonde hair. Long, thin legs. Porcelain skin stretched tight over an unreadable face.

3.11 EXT. SWEDISH CABIN, BACK PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

3.11

Ciarissa and Kristina on the back porch. Each with a cup of tea. They look out towards the back yard, leading towards the lake.

The Boy plays in some fallen leaves. The Girl is on a swing with a man. He's got his arm around her. We presume it's her father.

We see the girl point to her leg. It's bandaged. The man then looks up at Kristina. His expression is one of disapproval.

Kristina pays him no attention. Sips her tea.

CIARISSA

I've got nothing but dead ends. Seems like they disappeared. Along with the delivery. But our guy at Telia's traced their signals to Elverum.

Ciarissa looks over at Kristina.

CIARISSA (CONT'D)

It's a start.

KRISTINA

That's my girl.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

3.12 INT. ANNIKEN'S CAR - EARLY AFTERNOON

3.12

Anniken and Nikolai, parked on the side of a road, blocked by a few trees. Discrete. They keep watch on a nearby house.

They eat sushi. Nikolai uses a fork, stabbing the rolls like they're going to run away. It's not that he lacks the know-how to use chopsticks. Just the patience.

ANNIKEN

How come you never stick with a partner?

Nikolai chews.

NIKOLAI

Maybe they don't want to stick with me.

ANNIKEN

That's not it. You've closed every case you've taken. Everyone wants to work with someone like that.

NIKOLAI

So you're saying I have a reputation?

ANNIKEN

You have a few. But that's the nice one.

He chuckles. Can't help it. Tosses his empty sushi box on the dashboard. Wipes his face with a napkin.

NIKOLAI

I know lots of cops who stay with the same partner for years. Decades, sometimes. Same thing always happens.

ANNIKEN

What's that?

NIKOLAI

You get friendly. And then you get sloppy. 'cause there's no one to keep you on your toes.

ANNIKEN

So you're saying, if you work with someone for a long time, you'll look the other way if they bend some rules?

NIKOLAI

I'm saying, I've seen that happen.
It's too easy to start slipping.
Why I like new partners.

ANNIKEN

Interesting. Because you treat them
like shit.

NIKOLAI

That's how I always have a new one.

A beat. She thinks that over.

ANNIKEN

I don't need anyone to keep me on
my toes.

NIKOLAI

Is that so?

ANNIKEN

Worked too hard to get where I am.
Not going to risk it.

NIKOLAI

Really.

ANNIKEN

Really.

NIKOLAI

How long you been fuckin' Berg?

She freezes.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

You've been on the job ten days and
you're already sleeping with your
supervisor. What do you think
you'll be doing in ten years?

She stays quiet. Humiliated and trying to cover it.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

No one sets out to start slipping.

Anniken's still frozen. Something catches Nikolai's
attention.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Here we go.

We see a man emerge from the house. This is OSKAR (50s).
Tattooed. Scruffy. A giant belly. Not the kind of guy you'd
want to sit next to at the bar.

He gets in his car. Pulls out of the driveway. She starts the engine.

Their car starts moving. Nikolai now has a different view.

BEHIND THE HOUSE

A early-teens girl. 13, maybe 14. But developed. And scantily clad. She walks through an unkept yard. Hips swaying.

3.13 EXT. STREETS OF ELVERUM - EARLY AFTERNOON 3.13

Rush hour has passed. Only cars on the road are stay-at-home moms and retirees. A few delivery trucks.

We focus in on a -

ROUNDAABOUT

An ancient, rusted, black Mercedes pulls up. One of those cars that's bought for ego. Nothing more.

3.14 INT. MERCEDES 3.14

Cawaale at the wheel. Engine RUMBLING under him. Rap music BLASTING.

Entering the roundabout, we see a familiar white Beetle curving around the bend.

Cawaale looks at the driver. Ciarissa.

She turns her head. Eyes ice cold. Revealing nothing. Cawaale smiles; the scars around his eyes rippling like waves.

Just a split second. But she examines him. Expressionless. Then drives off, exiting the roundabout.

He watches her car leave. Then moves into the lane.

3.15 INT. ANNIKEN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER 3.15

They're following Oskar. Keeping a safe distance.

NIKOLAI

Stay to the -

ANNIKEN

I know.

Oskar turns. She purposefully slows so as not to be an obvious tail. They both keep their eyes on his car.

She makes a left. Oskar's way up ahead, but we see him.

NIKOLAI

I'll keep your secret. About Berg.

Anniken says nothing.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

But he'll never leave his wife. No matter what he's telling you.

She turns right, following Oskar.

ANNIKEN

Can I ask you a question? Get an honest answer?

He hesitates, then nods, yes.

ANNIKEN (CONT'D)

No one at the office knows anything about you. No one's seen where you live, you never go out after work, never talk about your personal life.

NIKOLAI

Doesn't sound like a question.

ANNIKEN

You seeing someone?

NIKOLAI

That's what you want to know?

A beat.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

I have a girlfriend.

ANNIKEN

Bingo.

NIKOLAI

What?

She points. Oskar's car has pulled off onto a dirt road.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

(pointing)
Over there.

She pulls the car over to the side of the road. Just out of eyesight of Oskar. They watch.

We see Oskar get out of his car. Go to the trunk. Pulls out a diesel gas container.

He heads into the woods.

ANNIKEN

He's got a greenhouse back there.
You can bet on it.

NIKOLAI

Looks like we found Jonas Dreyer's
pot dealer.

Anniken stares. Mind churning.

ANNIKEN

I think we found a lot more than
that.

3.16 INT. HUGO'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

3.16

A creaky old house. A TICKING grandfather clock. It's dusty.
Cluttered. Books everywhere.

But we also see loads of modern computer equipment. Nice, big
monitors.

HUGO (50s), wears sweatpants and a bathrobe. He's on a phone
headset. In front of him, a metal clasp attached to a wooden
desk. An intricate design of threads and wires within the
clasp.

He's tying flies. For fishing. His glasses low on his nose.
His concentration absolute.

We notice marijuana paraphernalia on the table. All of it
quite beautiful - hand-blown glass bowls.

HUGO

(into headset)

It has to be a double decker.

Hugo is Dutch. His Norwegian is heavily accented. He speaks
calmly, never taking his eyes off the fly.

HUGO (CONT'D)

(into headset)

Because I am selling a journey. Not
a destination. And if you are
seated low on a bus, then you will
miss the journey. And at the end,
when you are standing at your
destination, then you will ask
yourself, what did Hugo sell me?

A BUZZ. He looks over at a monitor. We see Cawaale standing
at Hugo's front door.

HUGO (CONT'D)

(into headset)

And you will realize, Hugo sold you
a lie.

(MORE)

HUGO (CONT'D)
 And you will become very upset. And
 Hugo will go out of business.

He listens. Nods.

HUGO (CONT'D)
 (into headset)
 Excellent.

He disconnects the call. Looks back at the monitor. Hits a
 button. We see Cawaale enter.

3.17 INT. ANNIKEN'S CAR - LATER

3.17

She's driving back. Completely worked up.

ANNIKEN
 Oskar Skarin and Jonas Dreyer are
 connected. Phone records confirm
 it. I can't see anything other than
 Jonas distributing Oskar's pot in
 Elverum, right?

NIKOLAI
 Not unless he's just buying it for
 personal use.

ANNIKEN
 A dozen phone calls a week. It's
 too much for that.

NIKOLAI
 He's been caught at the border
 three times. Never had any pot on
 him.

She's thinking. He's trying to act aloof, but we can see the
 concern.

ANNIKEN
 Last time Jonas crossed the border,
 he was brought in by Lars, and
 Tommy was there, too. Jonas said
 Tommy was passed out, but that
 never rang true to me. I think they
 talked.

NIKOLAI
 They were friends. They could have
 talked any time.

ANNIKEN
 They could have. And maybe they
 did. But that night, they're stuck
 together...Jonas had to know he
 couldn't keep crossing the border.
 (MORE)

ANNIKEN (CONT'D)

And he had a good thing going on in Sweden, but no license. And Tommy...when was the last time he was fired?

NIKOLAI

August.

ANNIKEN

Right. Recently.

(pause)

What if they struck a deal? It makes sense. Tommy drives. Jonas distributes. They were friends, Jonas told me so. Said Lars and Bengt, they're a thing, but that he and Tommy...what if this was *their* thing? It'd explain Tommy's spending. He thought he had a payday coming.

NIKOLAI

What, and then Tommy kills himself out of the blue?

ANNIKEN

No. Jonas kills him. Tommy was a talker. He was celebrating. That's what everyone keeps saying. But not because he was planning on killing himself, because -

NIKOLAI

He though he was going to be rich.

ANNIKEN

Exactly. And it jeopardized things for Jonas.

NIKOLAI

Murder's a big leap.

ANNIKEN

Not if it was just a fight gone wrong. It'd explain that cut. It'd also explain why the shot through Tommy's head was off center.

NIKOLAI

Fights are messy. There was no physical evidence of a struggle. And any DNA we find of Jonas at Tommy's won't hold up. They were friends. Jonas visited all the time.

ANNIKEN

No way to put a clock on it. I know.

NIKOLAI

What about the debris in Tommy's forehead?

ANNIKEN

You're the one who said it was forensics.

She comes to a light. Stops.

NIKOLAI

It's thin.

ANNIKEN

It's not *that* thin.

3.18 INT. HUGO'S HOUSE

3.18

Cawaale walking around the living room. Antsy. Hugo, zen-like, has resumed tying flies.

HUGO

I do not invest in the hard stuff. Marijuana is beneficial. Cocaine is poison.

CAWAALE

It's a good deal.

HUGO

It's against my principles.

CAWAALE

Fuck your principles, man. This isn't something you pass up.

Hugo puts down his fly-tying tools. Sighs. Swivels his chair to face Cawaale.

HUGO

"Happy is the man who can make a living by his hobby."

Cawaale stares at Hugo. Confused.

HUGO (CONT'D)

George Bernard Shaw. Pygmalion. Are you a reader, Cawaale?

Cawaale shakes his head, no. Hugo stands. Shuffles in his slippers over to a bookshelf. Finds Pygmalion. Hands it to Cawaale.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Be forewarned: once you pick up books you'll never put them down.

Cawaale book like it's a foreign object. He's not stupid, but he's also not an academic.

Hugo shuffles back to his chair.

HUGO (CONT'D)

My hobby is the Norwegian countryside, Cawaale. It is beautiful beyond anything else man has ever known. I want to bring people here. Show them the beauty.

He turns back to tying flies.

HUGO (CONT'D)

I am a legitimate businessman who must occasionally support this business with unsavory investments, but my principles are still my principles, and from them I will not waver.

Cawaale's frustrated. Hugo notices from the corner of his eye.

HUGO (CONT'D)

You are Somali, are you not?

CAWAALE

Yeah.

HUGO

I assume you know what your name means? 'Cawaale'. It's quite unique.

Cawaale stays silent. He doesn't know.

HUGO (CONT'D)

It means, "lucky." And I wish you luck.

CAWAALE

Man, this is good money. It's messed up that you're passing on it. You're just making things harder on yourself.

HUGO

"The merit of all things lies in their difficulty."

CAWAALE
 (re: the book)
 That from this?

HUGO
 No. It's Alexandre Dumas.

Hugo turns. Eyes Cawaale over the rims of his glasses.

HUGO (CONT'D)
 Three Musketeers.

3.19 INT. ANNIKEN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

3.19

She's driving back, and at a good clip. Her mind still racing.

ANNIKEN
 We're gonna need to look at everything that correlates Tommy and Jonas in the past month, from the night of the arrest to the night of Tommy's death. Talk to everyone again, see what they know. The wife for sure. And we'll need to pull Jonas in again. Make an arrest and do a sweep of his house. We'll need a warrant. I can -

NIKOLAI
 Pull over.

ANNIKEN
 Why?

NIKOLAI
 Just do it.

She pulls over.

ANNIKEN
 What the -

NIKOLAI
 (pointing)
 Look.

Through the front window, we see Jonas walking on the side of the road, just steps from a bus stop.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)
 We're almost at the border. He came to pick up his car. He's *that* stupid.

ANNIKEN
 Or that ballsy.

NIKOLAI

I'm going with stupid. Let me drive him home. He'll be off guard. I might learn something.

ANNIKEN

No. I want to question him myself. I'll drive him back.

NIKOLAI

You want the credit.

ANNIKEN

I made the connection.

NIKOLAI

But you're not from here. I am. I'm his buddy, and right now, I can play that up.

She grinds her teeth, not liking this.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

You said I closed every case I've ever taken but that's not true. Not my first one. It was Brekke.

ANNIKEN

But -

NIKOLAI

I got him now, yes, but not then. And it ate at me. For years. I've never forgotten it. No one forgets their first case. This, right here, this is your first case.

(pause)

If it's going to be a win, I won't take it from you.

ANNIKEN

Go.

3.20 INT. GAS STATION, ELVERUM - AFTERNOON

3.20

Ciarissa at the front counter. Her expression loose, friendly...even flirty. One shapely hip juts out to the side.

She's putting on a show.

The audience is the gas station ATTENDANT (20s). He's trying to focus but he keeps getting distracted by her legs.

CIARISSA

Thing is, the older guy, he's my uncle, and I'm really worried. Would you just take a look?

ATTENDANT
Yeah. Yeah, of course.

She pulls out two photographs. One of Lennart. One of Ahmed.

CIARISSA
You seen either of them come
through here?

The Attendant eyes the photo. Looks up at her. Shakes his head.

ATTENDANT
I don't think so.

CIARISSA
Think real hard. They're kinda
quiet, so I doubt they said much.
2006 black Audi.

He looks back at the photo. Trying really hard to remember,
but -

ATTENDANT
Sorry. I don't remember them.

He keeps his eyes on the photo.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
I'm guess you really want to find
'em.

His eyes still down, she drops the act. Face cold once again.
Eyes like rocks.

Yeah, she wants to find 'em.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

3.21 INT. OFFICE, HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

3.21

Pia sitting opposite a COUNSELOR (50s) of some sort. A kind-looking woman, with a gentle disposition.

COUNSELOR

I understand that you've told your doctor that you'd like to try a medical treatment in the US?

PIA

I have the research at home. It's experimental but it shows real promise.

COUNSELOR

I'm not sure that your mother would be strong enough to make the -

PIA

We have to try it. We have to try something.

The Counselor pauses. Uncomfortable. She's got paperwork in front of her.

COUNSELOR

I know the treatment you've discussed with your doctor. The problem is, your mother has already had a similar treatment in Germany.

Pia goes pale. Stays silent.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

In 2009. You both traveled there.

PIA

We paid for that ourselves. It's not supposed to be on her records.

*

Pia's shaking.

PIA (CONT'D)

You're not supposed to know about that.

COUNSELOR

I'm sorry.

3.22 INT. JONAS' CAR - AFTERNOON

3.22

A crappy car on it's last leg. The engine SPUTTERS. Ash everywhere from cigarettes and joints. Nikolai driving.

Jonas turns on MUSIC. Nikolai's about to turn it off when he gets a text.

He checks his phone. We see a text message. It reads:

"Registration out of date. Want me go ahead on it?"

Nikolai thinks. Then sends back a simple, "y".

JONAS

You're not supposed to text and drive.

Nikolai turns off the radio. Looks over at Jonas. He's smiling. But he drops the smile when he sees Nikolai's face.

NIKOLAI

What's your connection to Oskar Skarin?

JONAS

What? Nothing.

NIKOLAI

We have your phone records. You're calling him -

JONAS

I'm not calling *him*. Britta's phone's in his name.

NIKOLAI

Britta's Oskar's daughter?

A beat. Jonas doesn't answer.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Jonas, how old is Britta?

Jonas averts his eyes.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

I need to know her age.

JONAS

She'll be 15 in January.

Nikolai grits his teeth. Hands clenched around the steering wheel. A long moment, then -

A CRACK in his neck. He's doing his best to keep himself calm. But it's not going well.

JONAS (CONT'D)

I know what you're thinking. You think there's something wrong with it just 'cause -

NIKOLAI

She's a child. You're touching a child.

JONAS

We waited a *long* -

Nikolai JERKS the car over to the side of the road. SLAMS on the brakes.

Jonas doesn't have his seat belt on. He nearly goes through the window. Gets his bearings. Then -

JONAS (CONT'D)

What the fuck?! We're in *love*.
Like. *For real*. She wants to move
in with -

NIKOLAI

(erupting)

You don't know what you want when
you're 14.

His anger is all-encompassing. We don't yet know why this is so personal to Nikolai, but it obviously is.

Jonas is quiet. Nikolai takes a moment to calm down. Finally -

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

I have to explain something to you.
And I need you to listen. Very
carefully. Okay?

A beat. Jonas seems to be listening.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

You're a suspect now. My partner,
she thinks you and Tommy struck a
deal selling Oskar Skarin's
marijuana in Elverum.

JONAS

What?

NIKOLAI

She thinks things went south
between you two. She thinks you
might have killed Tommy.

JONAS

But that's bullshit.

Nikolai doesn't respond.

JONAS (CONT'D)

It's bullshit!

Nikolai still doesn't respond. Jonas' nerves mount.

JONAS (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do?!

NIKOLAI

I'm going to give you a choice. Your first option is to confess when my partner and I come for you. Say that you and Tommy got into an argument. Tommy was waving the shotgun around, holding it himself, but it got too close to you, so you pushed it back towards him and it went off. Once Tommy was dead, you panicked. Wiped the gun down. Left it in his hands. I'll do the questioning, walk you through everything. You'll go down for involuntary manslaughter. Get six years. Serve four. Once you're released, you can start your life over again.

Jonas is white as a sheet. Nikolai still isn't looking him in the eye.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

The second option, it's not as good. You tell me you won't go along with the plan. I let Lars and Bengt know you're a suspect. We both know they don't trust you to keep your story straight under scrutiny. What do you think they'll do about it?

JONAS

Lars and Bengt are my friends.

NIKOLAI

They were Tommy's friends, too.

A beat.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Either they'll get to you first, or I'll arrest you myself for statutory rape. We'll get the texts you two've been sending. Might be able to tack on some child pornography charges. Everyone in town will know you're a pervert. You'll humiliate yourself. And when you go to prison, what do you want to bet Oskar contacts some of his Hell's Angels buddies, lets them know that the pervert in 34b was fucking his underage daughter? What do you think they'll do to you?

Nikolai finally looks over at Jonas.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

And the thing is, it won't just happen once. That's not how prison works.

JONAS

I didn't kill Tommy.

NIKOLAI

I know you didn't. But you're doing something really bad here, Jonas. If you think you're getting any sympathy for me, you're mistaken.

He looks back out at the road.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

What's it gonna be? You tell me you're taking option one, I'll keep Lars and Bengt in the dark. You can go home tonight. Get prepared. Say your goodbyes. That's the best I can do for you.

Jonas looks at his feet. Realization dawning on him. Sadness and resignation settling in.

JONAS

It wasn't even my idea. None of this was my idea.

3.23 INT. ROLF'S CAMARO - AFTERNOON

3.23

Parked in a lot outside of an office building. The engine off. No music.

Rolf watching the office building. Waiting for something. Someone.

He makes a note in a notebook. Looks back at the building. Finally - he sees someone leaving. A woman. We recognize her as Gundhild Hellem, the psychiatrist running against Josef for mayor.

Rolf watches her. Thinking.

3.24 EXT. ELVERUM POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

3.24

Nikolai pulls up in Jonas' car. Jonas now back home. Nikolai gets out. Approaches his own car. Kristel's leaning on it.

NIKOLAI

You waiting for me?

KRISTEL

Not long.

She pulls a cigarette out of her purse. Offers him one.

NIKOLAI

I quit.

She lights up. Inhales. A long stream of smoke out of her mouth, blending with the cold air.

KRISTEL

How's Oslo?

NIKOLAI

(shrugs)

It's Oslo.

KRISTEL

I've been trying to get Lars to move us there for years. He can transfer in his line of work, you know. Told him he should talk to you about it. I'm tired of this town. Tired of the people.

NIKOLAI

Oslo's got people, too.

KRISTEL

Yeah, but it's different. I need something different, you know? Something new. It's not like it used to be here. It used to be fun.

NIKOLAI

That was high school, Kristel.

KRISTEL

People used to tell me I could model.

A beat.

NIKOLAI

Why are you here?

She takes a long drag. A moment before she answers.

KRISTEL

I'm worried about Lars. He's got something going on with Bengt and Jonas. They're hiding something. I want to know what it is.

NIKOLAI

Why?

KRISTEL

Because he'll fuck it up. Whatever it is, he'll fuck it up. And then we'll never be able to get out of here.

He eyes her. Thinking.

NIKOLAI

Lars isn't into anything, Kristel. Okay?

He starts walking towards the building. Then turns back.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

It might not seem like it, but you've got it better now than you did then.

KRISTEL

(scoffs)
How's that?

NIKOLAI

You've got great kids.

3.25 INT. BREWERY - AFTERNOON

3.25

Josef at a booth with two members of the Høyre party nomination committee. A nicely-dressed woman, and a man named BJØRN (40s). Everyone has coffees/teas in front of them.

BJØRN

We sent out potential names to party members back in July. So, the process has already gotten underway.

WOMAN

We've got until Christmas to finalize things, but the truth is, most of these decisions are more-or-less made months in advance. We've got a few really prime -

JOSEF

What you're saying is, if I'm going to get on top of that list, I'm going to have to work fast.

He smiles. Then something catches the Bjørn's eye. He looks through the brewery windows, towards the street outside.

The Woman's gaze follows. Then Josef's.

Josef's smile falters.

JOSEF (CONT'D)
 Would you excuse me? I'll just be a
 moment.

He walks towards the front door, heading -

3.26 EXT. BREWERY - AFTERNOON 3.26

Josef approaches his BMW. We see Atle leaning over, near the back.

JOSEF
 Can I -

Atle CUTS the license plate off of the car.

JOSEF (CONT'D)
 What are you doing?

ATLE
 You haven't paid your yearly
 registration fee.

JOSEF
 I'm sure I have.

ATLE
 I double checked. You didn't pay
 last year, either, actually.

Josef is seething, but keeps it under control.

JOSEF
 I'll be happy to pay both years,
 right now.

ATLE
 Office is open from 9-12. You gotta
 pay there, then you get your
 license back.

Atle starts walking back to his cop car.

ATLE (CONT'D)
 Sorry.

Atle drives off. Josef is frozen in place. Finally, he turns, looking back inside the brewery.

The nomination committee members have seen the whole thing.

3.27 INT. ELVERUM POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON 3.27

Nikolai walks down the hallway. Finds his way towards the -

3.28 INT. OFFICE

3.28

- where Anniken is at their desk. She looks up.

ANNIKEN
What'd you learn?

NIKOLAI
He's hard to read.

She tosses her pen on the desk. Leans back in her chair, sighing.

ANNIKEN
What if I'm wrong? Feels like I'm
the only one who sees it.

She glances towards the main office area. Nikolai's eyes go wide.

NIKOLAI
You told Lars and Bengt?

ANNIKEN
You're the one who said to be nicer
to the locals.

3.29 INT. BATHROOM, POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

3.29

Lars at the sinks. Nikolai comes in. A look, but neither says a thing. Nikolai looks under the stalls - empty. Turns to face his brother.

LARS
She thinks it was Jonas?

NIKOLAI
That's what she thinks.

LARS
Why? And how?

NIKOLAI
I don't feel the need to fill you
in. What I'm wondering is what
you're gonna do about it.

Realization hits Lars.

LARS
Jesus. Nothing, alright?

NIKOLAI
Can you say the same about Bengt?

LARS

He's not stupid. It'd be way too obvious.

A beat. Nikolai seems to accept that. A moment passes. Lars' head swirling.

LARS (CONT'D)

This whole thing...I didn't think it'd happen like this. Now, Jonas is going to prison, and Tommy -

NIKOLAI

He's dead.

Lars swallows. Eyes watery.

LARS

It wasn't me. Christ. I still can't believe you're such an asshole that you'd think I could do that. I could *never* do that. It was Bengt. He said you'd be more likely to help us if you thought it was me. I didn't even know he was gonna do it. I mean, I knew he was angry at Tommy, I knew Tommy was a risk, but I didn't think -

NIKOLAI

Being passive and being innocent aren't the same thing.

He leaves. Lars is alone.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

3.30 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - EVENING

3.30

Nikolai and Jenny on the couch. TV on. The sound level low. Empty take out containers on the coffee table.

A moment of peace. We see it on Nikolai's face, he just needs to zone out. As he's exhaling -

JENNY

There's something I wanted to ask you.

He turns towards her. His expression friendly. For her, he's always got patience.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I know this goes way beyond our arrangement. Like, way beyond. But...I want a baby.

3.31 INT. BREWERY - EVENING

3.31

Pretty packed tonight. Low lighting. Loud music. A bartender and a few waitresses we don't recognize.

Josef comes out of the back office, onto the floor. We follow his gaze as it lands upon Hans Olav, sitting on a bar stool

He pauses, then walks behind the bar. Stands in front of Hans Olav. Eyes the old man as he washes pint glasses.

Hans Olav looks up at Josef. Something crosses his face - recognition. Anger.

Josef smiles. Realizing something.

JOSEF

You forgot I owned this place, didn't you?

Hans Olav doesn't answer.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

Wouldn't have come in here otherwise.

Hans Olav downs his beer. Stands.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

Why is it you hate me so much?

From Josef's expression, we can tell he really doesn't know. Hans Olav leaves without answering.

3.32 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - EVENING

3.32

Rolf in his Camaro. He's got eyes on a house. Lights are on inside. He's making notes in a notebook.

The passenger door swings open. Rolf nearly jumps out of his seat.

TINA (20s), pops into the car. Shuts the door. She's pretty. Perky. A ponytail. Nerdy glasses that somehow look sexy.

ROLF
Who the hell are -

TINA
Why are you watching my mom?

ROLF
I'm not watchin' anybody.

TINA
Horseshit. I saw you outside her office building. I saw you follow her home. And I see you now. Hard to miss this car.
(pause)
It's pretty awesome.

A flicker of a smile crosses Rolf's face - the car *is* awesome. But he quickly covers it. Back to business.

ROLF
I am doing research. And it's none of your business.

TINA
I could call the cops.

ROLF
What for?

TINA
Weirdo outside my house watching me? That's got to be illegal somehow.

ROLF
Don't call the cops.

TINA
Then tell me what you're here for.

A beat. Rolf sighs.

ROLF
Your mom's trying to run for mayor. I was just curious about her. That's all.

TINA

Wow. You're really involved in local politics.

ROLF

It's not for me. It's for a friend.

TINA

Let me guess. He'd like to run, too? And they're both trying to get on top of that list?

Rolf stays quiet.

TINA (CONT'D)

Okay. Here's the thing. I don't want my mom running. I don't think it's good for her, or our family. And it sounds like, you, and your friend, you don't want her running either.

She smiles. Leans in a bit.

TINA (CONT'D)

So, logically speaking, doesn't it seem like we could work together?

3.33 INT. PIA'S HOME - EVENING

3.33

A modest place. Pia straightening up in the living room. Walks over to the -

KITCHEN

- getting a glass of water. Then makes her way towards the -

BEDROOM

- where we see her MOM. Propped up by pillows. Sleeping. She doesn't look 54. Chemo will do that to you.

Pia sets the water down on the bedside table. Stands a moment. Staring.

3.34 INT. BAR - EVENING

3.34

Not the brewery. Much less high brow. Much more scuzzy. Nikolai in a booth. A beer. A whiskey. And finally - some peace and quiet.

That is, until some IDIOT puts money in the jukebox. An annoying Bob Marley song comes on. Loud.

Nikolai looks like he could kill someone.

He downs his beer. Downs his whiskey. Stands. We notice him wobble. He heads towards the front door. "Accidentally" trips. Unplugs the jukebox.

A few people CLAP with gratitude.

IDIOT

Hey!

Nikolai wheels around. Full force anger.

NIKOLAI

Fuck you! FUCK YOU.

It's way *disproportionate* to the situation. And no one's dumb enough to challenge him. Silence fills the room.

He leaves. Stumbling out the door.

3.35 INT. NICE HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

3.35

Anniken comes in. Berg sitting on the bed. He perks up when he sees her.

BERG

Hey.

He walks over. Goes to kiss her. But -

ANNIKEN

You got my messages?

BERG

Yeah. Yeah. We can talk about it.

He goes to kiss her again, but -

ANNIKEN

This is important. I need to know what you think.

BERG

I think you should keep at it. I do. I'm authorizing another week. Keep Nikolai with you. Keep me in the loop on everything you guys do.

A beat.

ANNIKEN

Why are you keeping this case open?

BERG

You're the one who just said -

ANNIKEN

Nikolai wanted to close this case right after we got here. I'm the only thing that stood in his way. He's got years of experience. I'm brand new. But you sided with me. Gave me the authority over him.

He opens his mouth to respond, but -

ANNIKEN (CONT'D)

Then I came around to suicide, too. Give you a report. But you don't sign off on it. You stall. Now I come in here, say I want to keep it open again, and you say okay without even hearing the details. You want us here. Me and Nikolai. Why?

Berg sighs. Steps away. Considers his answer, then -

BERG

Nikolai was in charge of Kristoffer Lund during the entire Brekke investigation. Lasted years. Kristoffer was always key, we knew that. Thing is, over time, his testimony changed. Nothing huge. Nothing drastic. Everything just got...sharper. More detailed. The color of a kitchen wall. The style of lock on a door. Little things. Maybe most people wouldn't notice them. I did.

ANNIKEN

So Kristoffer remembered things. It happens.

BERG

It does. But here's the thing. We're doing our own investigation, right? Collecting evidence. There are photos. Reports. And if you look at the dates we got in evidence...couple of months later, it pops up in testimony.

ANNIKEN

You think Nikolai was feeding him information?

BERG

I don't know.

ANNIKEN

Why would he?

BERG

I don't know.

ANNIKEN

Then maybe he didn't do anything.
Maybe it's a coincidence.

BERG

Maybe. But I need to know what kind
of cop Nikolai is. That's why I
wanted you working with him. Why I
want to keep you working with him.
Why I want to be in the loop.

He approaches her. Puts his hands around her waist.

BERG (CONT'D)

I can trust you.

He kisses her. Her mind is racing. He moves towards her
cheek. Her neck.

ANNIKEN

When you gave me authority on this
case, you told me it was because
you thought I was smart.

He keeps kissing her.

BERG

(muffled)

I do.

ANNIKEN

Then don't you think I'll realize
it when I'm being used?

He stops kissing her. Pulls back.

ANNIKEN (CONT'D)

You've been bullshitting me this
whole time.

He scrambles for an answer. Doesn't find one.

ANNIKEN (CONT'D)

Go back to your room.

His face hardens. He grabs his suit jacket. As he's headed
towards the door -

BERG

I'll sign off on your report. It's
a suicide. You guys can head back
tomorrow.

ANNIKEN

There's a case here.

He turns to face her.

BERG

No, there's not. There never was. I was just letting you play.

He leaves. SLAMS the door.

3.36 EXT. ANDREASSEN HOUSE - EVENING

3.36

Nikolai steps out of a cab. It drives off. He starts walking towards the front door, on the stone steps. But he's drunk. Really drunk.

He trips on a step. Then trips again on his own feet. Face smashes against a step. He comes up. Lip a bit bloody. Otherwise not a big deal.

He stands. Wipes his face. Laughs a bit. It doesn't hurt yet - it won't until he's sober.

3.37 INT. ANDREASSEN HOUSE, KITCHEN

3.37

Nikolai stumbles in. Three pots on the stove. Food everywhere. Hans Olav trying to prepare a meal. But, like his son, he's drunk.

Lars is at the kitchen table.

Nikolai freezes. Takes in the scene. Some degree of sobriety hitting him.

Hans Olav looks up. Eyes blurry. But he recognizes Nikolai.

HANS OLAV

Good. Good. Sit.

It's a command more than an invitation. Nikolai moves over towards the kitchen table. Sits down. Wary.

NIKOLAI

What are you doing here?

LARS

What happened to your face?

NIKOLAI

(louder)

What are you doing here?

LARS

(low, re: Hans Olav)

I just wanted to talk to him. About something. But when I called, he didn't sound good.

Hans Olav CRACKS open another beer.

NIKOLAI
I could have dealt with it.

LARS
No one knew when you'd be home.

We hear Hans Olav CURSING at a hot pan.

The brothers keep their eyes on each other.

LARS (CONT'D)
This happens a couple times a month now. I can't leave him alone when he gets like this. Puts Kristel in a spot with the kids.

NIKOLAI
I don't feel guilty for leaving. If that's what you're going for.

Another CURSE. LOUDER this time. Hans Olav is getting flustered in the kitchen. Steam rising from the various pots.

LARS
No one blames you for not wanting to be here. We just wish you weren't so obvious about it.

A CRASH. A pot with hot water and potatoes hits the floor.

HANS OLAV
Goddamn it!

Nikolai goes over to his father, who's trying to pick up the potatoes by hand. But they're hot. He's burning himself.

Nikolai puts his hand on Hans Olav's shoulder. Hans Olav SHAKES him off. Erupts.

HANS OLAV (CONT'D)
Get of me, you fucking faggot!

Nikolai freezes. Back to his brother. Father on the floor, covered in hot water.

Nikolai's neck turns red. Hard to tell if it's anger. Or shame. Or both.

FADE OUT

END ACT FOUR

3.40

3.40