

GRENSELAND

Pilot episode

"CATCHING FLIES"

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**TEASER**

Over a black screen, we hear "The Sign" by Ace of Base.

FADE IN:

1.1 INT. CAR - NIGHT

1.1

Two Swedes. Caucasian LENNART (50s) and dark-skinned AHMED(20s). Lennart drives. Turns up the volume.

A beat. Ahmed switches it off. Silence. Then -

LENNART  
What are you doing?

AHMED  
One of them was a Nazi. It was in  
the news. Don't you read the news?

LENNART  
You're making that up.

AHMED  
Give me one reason why I would.

Lennart opens his mouth to reply, but then freezes. He can't think of one.

Ahmed looks out the window.

AHMED (CONT'D)  
We're lost.

LENNART  
Only three Swedish bands have made  
it to number one on the American  
Billboard Chart.

AHMED  
I told you we needed GPS.

LENNART  
You're interrupting. And your  
entire generation is reliant upon  
technology.

AHMED  
Please note: there's no one from my  
generation lost out here.

LENNART  
Abba.

AHMED  
No shit.

LENNART

Roxette.

AHMED

Love Roxette.

LENNART

Everyone loves Roxette. They were incredible.

AHMED

She was incredible. He was okay.

LENNART

He wasn't just...you're unaware of things, you know that?

AHMED

By definition, I would not.  
And just 'cause I don't think Per Gessler is -

LENNART

Per Gessle. No R.

A moment of silence. Finally -

LENNART (CONT'D)

The third band to make it to -

AHMED

(mocking)  
- number one on the American  
Billboard chart was...

He does a drumroll on the dashboard. Lennart is pissed.

AHMED (CONT'D)

Oh come on. Just say it. It'll eat  
at you otherwise.

LENNART

Ace of Base.

AHMED

No. Way.

LENNART

Fuck. You.

AHMED

Look, I'm not arguing their  
success. I'm just saying, one of  
them was a Nazi fuckhead.

LENNART

So it's okay to disregard someone's art, because you disagree with their political point of view?

AHMED

Okay. First off, systematically extinguishing an entire race of people is not a political point of view. It's genocide. And second, Ace of Base is art?

A beat. Lennart switches the radio back on. "The Sign" is still playing.

Ahmed reaches over. Calmly turns it off.

Lennart reaches forward, flipping it on. Ahmed goes to switch it off but Lennart's hand blocks him. A single-arm wrestling match and -

WHAM. They collide with a tree. A brutal accident. Over in the blink of an eye.

Lennart's slumped over, like a rag doll, his chest crushed by the steering wheel.

Ahmed's right eye is wide open. But his left is gone - a tree branch now straight through his head.

We pull back, and survey the damage: the car is a crumpled pile of steaming metal.

And the trunk has popped open.

In it, we see several large, square packages.

We pull back even further, and see the road sign next to the car. Or, what's left of the car.

The sign reads: Elverum 2 KM.

We fade to a black screen, "The Sign" still playing weakly through a crushed car speaker.

**END TEASER**

ACT ONE

1.2 EXT. OSLO - AFTERNOON 1.2

Autumn. Yellow leaves on the ground. A heavy, wet sky.

1.3 INT. SMALL APARTMENT, KITCHEN 1.3

NIKOLAI ANDREASSEN (30s) sits in one of two chairs. He's got dark blonde hair. A chiseled face. A tall frame, encased with long, lean muscles.

He's the kind of guy you notice. Too intense to miss.

Right now he's leaning forward. Eyes focused. But his face is relaxed. Welcoming, even.

Across the tiny kitchen table, RAGNHILD (60s) fiddles with her phone, frustrated.

RAGNHILD

I told you, I don't know who was with him. He never tells me anything. And now he's locked up. You can ask him yourself. I'm sure he'd tell you. He's very cooperative, you know. And sensitive. You should take that into consideration.

Leaning on the kitchen counter, Nikolai's partner KARLSEN (20s) rolls his eyes.

NIKOLAI

Well, what I can tell you is -

KARLSEN

What we're taking into consideration is that your son breaks into innocent people's bank accounts. Ruins their lives. You say he's sensitive? Just makes me excited to question him again.

Nikolai's jaw clenches, but he says nothing. He moves his head to one side, CRACKING his neck. A nasty habit we'll see again and again.

Ragnhild looks up from her phone. Tears in her eyes.

RAGNHILD

That's an awful thing to say.

NIKOLAI

(re: the phone)  
Having trouble?

RAGNHILD

It's called a Galaxy. He told me it was better than the iPhone but I can't figure it out. He promised me he'd teach me how to use it but now I can't visit him until Tuesday and I've got photos of my grandchildren I can't see.

NIKOLAI

May I?

He flashes her a grin. It's enough to make anyone melt. And she does. Then hands over the phone.

Nikolai fiddles for a few moments. Then leans over towards her, showing her the screen.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

You see this icon here? Tap it. Then you can flip between the photos, or you can tap this here, and view it as a slide show.

(re: one particular photo)

She looks like you.

Ragnhild breaks into a wide grin. Her teeth are horrible - jagged and brown.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Same smile.

RAGNHILD

People say that.

1.4 EXT. SMALL APARTMENT

1.4

Nikolai and Karlsen exit the apartment complex. Descend wet stairs sticky with autumn leaves.

Karlsen pulls out a set of keys. Hits a button. On the street, we see a Tesla's headlights blink.

KARLSEN

I'd love for you to tell me what the goddamn point of -

Nikolai trips him. Intentionally. Karlsen falls, face first. He YELLS in pain, rolling over, his nose bloody.

KARLSEN (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

Nikolai squats over him. Like some dog he's just beaten into submission.

NIKOLAI  
 (re: his nose)  
 Plug it up with tissue paper and  
 lean forward. But next time you  
 interrupt me during an  
 interrogation you'll need someone  
 with a white coat. Understand?

KARLSEN  
 I don't get you. We got nothing in  
 there.

NIKOLAI  
 No. You got nothing because you  
 were too busy bullying an old lady.  
 I scanned her texts. She met her  
 son for pizza in Grønland last  
 Thursday.

KARLSEN  
 So?

NIKOLAI  
 So, he gave her the address in  
 Grønland where he was. What do you  
 want to bet we run that address and  
 discover that whomever lives there  
 also has a propensity for dickless  
 internet crimes?

Realization dawns on Karlsen.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
 Amazing what you can do when you  
 take your head out of your ass,  
 isn't it?

1.5 INT. BAR - EVENING

1.5

Nikolai sits in a booth by the window. A half-empty beer to  
 his side. A half-empty plate of pub grub.

He hovers over his food, his body language predatory.  
 Attacking rather than savoring.

He glances up. A television on mute plays the 19:00 news. A  
 caption catches our attention:

KÅRE BREKKE MOLESTATION TRIAL TO BEGIN NEXT WEEK.

We flash to a picture of Brekke himself. 60s. White haired. A  
 nasty-looking man. The kind of guy who makes liberals re-  
 think the death penalty. A second caption follows:

PROSECUTION'S KEY WITNESS TO TESTIFY

Nikolai looks out the window. Across the street, a hair salon is closing down. Doors are locked. Customers long gone.

Inside, we see a man sweeping up. This is KRISTOFFER LUND (23).

Nikolai is watching him.

1.6 INT. KRIPOS OFFICES - MORNING

1.6

Nikolai sits opposite Deputy Director BERG (50s).

BERG

Karlsen says he fell. Banged his face up pretty bad. Says he wants to take a few days off.

NIKOLAI

Hate to see a good man laid up.

BERG

You know, you've had a string of clumsy partners.

NIKOLAI

Been meaning to talk to you about that. Starting to think you've got something against me.

BERG

Right. Got a call this morning. Suicide. Suspicious enough to check it out. Let's say you do that with your new partner.

Berg looks through his glass office windows. Nikolai follows his gaze.

A woman, ANNIKEN HØIGAARD-LARSEN (20s) waits outside. She's plain. Kinda pretty. Mostly awkward.

BERG (CONT'D)

It's in Elverum. They requested you. And before you start making excuses, no, it's not a conflict of interest. Not yet.

NIKOLAI

I don't want to go home.

BERG

And I don't want to press Karlsen for details. So. We good?

1.7 INT. NIKOLAI'S CAR - MORNING

1.7

Nikolai driving. Anniken looking through files. We see the scenery changing out the windows. Less urban. More rural.

ANNIKEN

I hear you grew up in Elverum.

NIKOLAI

Good people.

ANNIKEN

And that your brother is the sheriff.

He looks over at her. A little suspicious.

NIKOLAI

You sure do hear a lot.

ANNIKEN

Just making conversation. In order for it to work, all you have to say is "yes" or "no."

NIKOLAI

I would have. If you had asked actual questions.

A beat.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

How long have you been in Kripos? See, that's a question.

ANNIKEN

A week.

NIKOLAI

Well. If I need help, now I know who to turn to.

He flashes her a flirty smile. But she just looks at him blankly. *No melting.*

He turns back to the road.

1.8 EXT. CITY OF ELVERUM - AFTERNOON

1.8

An overview of the bustling city as Nikolai's car drives through. We pass by a small construction site. *A single plow just beginning to rip up concrete.*

1.9 EXT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON 1.9

A blue house on top of a steep hill. Nikolai's car pulls up. He and Anniken get out. Nikolai turns, surveying the town laid out below them.

A shopping center bursting with consumers. Restaurants with lunch specials. A new sushi place. Make no mistake about it, Elverum is thriving.

As Nikolai makes his way towards his house, he scans the street they're on. A few doors down, we see a YELLOW HOUSE. Old. Run down. A lawn in desperate need of some care.

Two teenage girls, giggling, stumble out of the yellow house. Nikolai makes a mental note of them.

1.10 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 1.10

Nikolai and Anniken make their way down a hallway. Family photos. Vases with dried flowers. A child's rain boots stacked neatly by the doorway.

They head down a staircase, towards the -

1.11 EXT. BASEMENT 1.11

A few deputies standing about, talking. Uncomfortable glances. Feet shifting. This kind of scene isn't exactly common here.

Nikolai and Anniken step into -

1.12 INT. BASEMENT 1.12

TOMMY is dead. Feet splayed out. Beer belly exposed. If half of his head wasn't blown off, we'd see that he was in his 40s, and in a bad need of a shave.

Nikolai eyes the exit wound. Unaffected by the gore. Anniken remains standing. Getting a view from above.

ANNIKEN

Shot's to the left. You put a gun in your mouth, you tend to shoot straight back.

NIKOLAI

Unless you hesitate at the last second. It's not uncommon.

ANNIKEN

Was he right handed?

NIKOLAI

We can check. But -

He points to a cut on Tommy's head. Clearly not from the gunshot. He looks over at Anniken.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

This is why we were called in.

Anniken squats down. Nikolai watches. Testing her. Is she going to get sick?

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Could have been a struggle.

Anniken, gloves on, touches the wound, having to get close to Tommy's half-blown-off face in order to do it. But she shows no signs of getting sick. Nikolai appraises her, a tiny smile. She passed the test.

LARS (O.S.)

Or he could have fallen on his way to the ground.

Nikolai and Anniken look up. Sheriff LARS (40s), stands in the doorway.

Lars is chubby, with a teddy bear smile. He's not the most intimidating sheriff, but in a town this small, it's unlikely he often needs to be.

LARS (CONT'D)

Tommy wasn't exactly known for his grace.

NIKOLAI

Not a very nice way to talk about your childhood friend.

Lars looks pained. Nikolai stands. Approaches him. \*

LARS

Two years is a long time, Nik.

NIKOLAI

It's good to see you.

LARS

Yeah. You, too.

They hug. One of those guy hugs that's more back-slapping than embracing.

1.13 EXT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

1.13

Nikolai and Anniken heading to their car. The forensics team has showed up.

They're lead by JAN (20s), dressed in head-to-toe plastic. He carries a crime-scene kit. A tech geek with glasses and an attitude.

JAN  
You're supposed to wait for me.

NIKOLAI  
You drive too slow.

JAN  
Tell me you didn't touch anything.

NIKOLAI  
Just the body.

Jan rolls his eyes. Heads inside. Over his shoulder...

JAN  
Assholes.

Nikolai opens the driver side door. Anniken pauses by the passenger side, questions brewing but -

NIKOLAI  
(re: the door)  
Hope you're not waiting for me to open it.

Nikolai climbs in the car. Anniken follows suit.

1.14 INT. ELVERUM POLICE STATION - LATE AFTERNOON 1.14

Lars leads Nikolai and Anniken through the hallways of the (tiny) police station.

LARS  
I put two of my guys on a desk together to free up some space. They're not happy but at least you two have somewhere to work for today.

NIKOLAI  
Just today?

LARS  
You don't really think someone killed Tommy, do you?

NIKOLAI  
I don't know. You were his friend. When was the last time you saw him?

LARS  
Last night, actually. We had a beer.

(MORE)

LARS (CONT'D)

And in case you're wondering, I'll be happy to answer any questions you have, Nik. As will anyone else, per my orders. But don't forget, Kripos *assists* local authorities in crimes in their jurisdictions. Not the other way around.

He opens the door. They all walk -

1.15 INT. OFFICE

1.15

It's tiny. One desk. Two chairs. A couple of files and a flickering florescent light.

LARS

Coffee's in the kitchen. It's awful but there's lots of it.

He turns to leave, but then -

LARS (CONT'D)

Almost forgot. Everyone's going down to the microbrewery tonight. Toasting Tommy.

NIKOLAI

There's a microbrewery now?

LARS

I know it's not Oslo, but we're pretty high class here in Elverum. Rumor has it we might even get internet.

NIKOLAI

But in the meantime, no porn?

Lars chuckles. Nikolai smiles.

\*

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Who opened the brewery?

LARS

Josef.

Nikolai hesitates. Something about that name made him flinch.

LARS (CONT'D)

See you tonight.

And he's gone. Nikolai shuts the door. Starts getting his things set up. Laptop. Paperwork. Anniken does the same.

NIKOLAI

Tommy Hagen was a drunk and a loser.

(MORE)

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Chances are, he realized this and decided the world would be a better place without him. But on the off chance that someone else made that decision for him, some questions need to be asked. Unfortunately, Lars was Tommy's friend. And the other deputy here, his name is Bengt, he's buddies with them both. Have been since they were kids.

ANNIKEN

Jesus. This place is inbred.

(pause)

Sorry. You think they might be hiding something?

NIKOLAI

No. But I think sometimes its hard to see people for who they are, when you've known them for too long. Clouds your judgment. I've got a list of people we can interview. Friends of Tommy. His wife, of course. People he worked with, when he worked. We'll call them all in tomorrow.

ANNIKEN

What's wrong with tonight?

NIKOLAI

You catch more flies with honey. News of his death is spreading through town now. People need to grieve.

ANNIKEN

At a bar?

NIKOLAI

You know any other way?

1.16 INT. ANDREASSEN HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

1.16

Walls in need of fresh paint. Worn-out area rugs. This is an old house. Cozy but creaky. Nikolai lets himself in.

NIKOLAI

Dad?

No answer. He walks through the hallway, and into the -

LIVING ROOM

It's messy. Newspapers sprawled about. A breakfast plate on the couch cushion.

## NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Dad?

He walks into the -

KITCHEN

Where the stove is on. Nikolai switches it off.

1.17 INT. NIKOLAI'S BEDROOM 1.17

Posters of rock bands. Stacks of CDs. Half-burnt candles, their hardened wax spilling onto a dusty desk. Clearly, no one's cleaned out this room in decades.

Nikolai sets his bag on the single bed. Starts getting undressed.

He looks out the window. Pauses. Then leans over, reaching under his bed. Pulls out a pair of binoculars. Points them towards the window.

Through the binoculars: we see him scan the hillside of Elverum, eventually focusing in on a brown house with white shutters.

A single flickering light comes from the living room. The television, no doubt. Someone's home.

Nikolai smiles. It's genuine. Sweet.

1.18 INT. MORGUE - EVENING 1.18

Cold. Stark. Blinking florescent lights. Anniken stands over an open body bag. We don't see what's inside. We don't have to.

She's examining him. Taking notes. Not one to cut loose, even in the evening hours.

A SQUEAKING SOUND behind her. She turns. Someone's wheeling a body down the hall. This is JONAS DREYER (40s). We'll meet him later.

Anniken gives him a half-second glance before turning her attention back to the corpse.

1.19 EXT. BREWERY - EVENING 1.19

A plain-looking building but with a fancy new sign. A chalkboard stand displaying the drink specials. Music coming from within.

Nikolai approaches.

Leaning against the wall is waitress PIA (30s). She's pretty, even with the cigarette in her mouth. \*

PIA  
Nikolai Andreassen.

NIKOLAI  
Pia. Jesus. I haven't seen you since - \*

PIA  
Yeah. No one has. \*

An awkward beat. Then - \*

NIKOLAI  
(sincerely)  
Well, that's our loss. \*

She smiles, embarrassed but relieved. We don't yet know why. \*

She hugs him. Tight. They pull apart. She's smiling. Relaxing now. \*

PIA  
You want a cigarette? I quit everything else, but... \*

NIKOLAI  
I'm good. Thanks. \*

He leans against the wall with her. Both looking out at the city. Lights twinkling. The evening air is chilly.

Parked in front of the brewery, Nikolai notices a 2014 BMW Z4 Roadster. It's silver. Gorgeous. Again, he makes a mental note.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
When'd you move back? \*

PIA  
Couple weeks ago. My mom got sick. Cancer. \*

NIKOLAI  
Sorry. \*

PIA  
It's okay. She's alright most days.

NIKOLAI  
Your husband come with you?

PIA  
God no. That's long over. \*

The wind kicks up. They both brace against it. \*

NIKOLAI

How you like working here?

PIA

I don't like Josef. But it's a job. You here about Tommy? He came in last night.

\*

NIKOLAI

Yeah, I hear he had a beer with Lars. But didn't figure it'd be here. Tommy doesn't seem like a brewery kind of drinker to me. Too high class.

\*

PIA

Not since I've been back. This was his spot.

\*

\*

NIKOLAI

Really.

PIA

He signed up for next week's pool tournament, too. Said he was gonna take home the trophy. I didn't have the heart to tell him there was no trophy.

\*

\*

NIKOLAI

He signed up last night?

PIA

Yeah. I know. Odd thing for a man to do right before killing himself, right?

Nikolai nods, thinking. Then moves towards the door. Opens it. MUSIC swells.

\*

NIKOLAI

Pia?

PIA

Hm?

NIKOLAI

If Josef ever bothers you, you can call me. Anytime. You know that. Right?

She smiles. Nods. He hesitates, then -

\*

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

It's good to see you.

\*

\*

He heads inside.

CLOSE ON:

A hand in a yellow, rubber glove. Swirling in a tub of hot water. Pull back to reveal we are:

1.20 INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT 1.20

JOSEF KOLBERG (30s) stands over the industrial-sized sink, filling it. The water steaming. Suds rising. A thick plastic apron stretched over his strong torso.

In walks PETTER (20s). Fair-skinned. Wide-eyed. And nervous.

Josef doesn't turn around. Starts washing dishes. The rubber gloves protecting his hands from the scorching water.

JOSEF

You ever worked in a restaurant,  
Petter?

PETTER

No.

JOSEF

It's not easy work. Not easy owning a restaurant, either. Lots of regulations. For example. Do you know that, according to health code, all plates and utensils must be washed in water that is at least 85 degrees Celsius. And when your dishwasher breaks, you need to do that by hand. Make sure it's done right.

He adds more liquid soap to the stream of hot water.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

(re: the soap)

They say it only takes a drop, but I've never found that to be true.

Petter chuckles. Josef does not.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

I'm going to say a few things, Petter, and I'm going to ask that, until I tell you to, you don't say anything in return. You'll need to trust me that this is for your own benefit. Understand?

Petter opens his mouth to respond, but then closes it.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

Smart boy. Come closer.

Petter tentatively approaches. Standing next to Josef, looking into the sink.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

A lot of people say drowning is the worst way to die. Other people say, burning alive. That's the worst. As for me, I can't really argue the pluses and minuses of either, since I lack experience in the area. But I can imagine both are unpleasant.

Josef swirls his gloved hand in the water. The steam rising up makes both of their faces sweat.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

Now I'm only guessing here, but I would have to bet that combining the two would be something. Drowning in boiling hot water. Your body convulsing from lack of oxygen, your muscles contracting, trying to suck in air on instinct, but ironically only succeeding in pulling in more burning water. It searing your lungs. Do you think lungs blister, Petter?

Petter's turned white.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

Now. I see myself as a compassionate man. Understanding. I know, for example, that man is apt to make mistakes. Misjudge situations and engage in activities that he may later find regrettable. I also know that, man is often worthy of forgiveness. Wouldn't you agree?

Petter keeps quiet.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

But if there is one thing I cannot tolerate, Petter, it is lying. Liars are cowards. Unwilling to learn from their sins. Choosing instead to hide behind falsehood.

A beat. Josef steps in closer to Petter.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

I'm going to ask you a question, and you can choose to answer me with the truth, or with a lie.

(pause)

(MORE)

JOSEF (CONT'D)  
Did you skim money from the  
register last night?

Petter's too afraid to answer.

JOSEF (CONT'D)  
You can speak now.

Petter's shaking. Everything hangs on his answer. We see his  
mind racing. Finally -

PETTER  
Yes.

JOSEF  
How much did you take?

PETTER  
200 kroner. I just forgot my card  
at home -

JOSEF  
Will you return the money?

PETTER  
Yes.

JOSEF  
And will you ever do it again?

PETTER  
No.

Josef smiles. Pats Petter on the back.

JOSEF  
Thank you for telling the truth.

Josef tosses his yellow gloves in the sink. Walks out the  
kitchen door, leaving it swinging behind him.

**END ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

1.21 EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE - MORNING 1.21

We recognize this house as the one Nikolai observed through his binoculars.

A car pulls up. A DOCTOR (40s) emerges, carrying some files.

1.22 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - LATER 1.22

JENNY (30s) is obese. Not overweight. Not fat. But *obese*. Sitting across from her on the couch is the Doctor. He smiles, kind.

DOCTOR

This is an unusual situation, Jenny. And some of the procedures will require you to come into the hospital. You need to be prepared for that. Additionally, your weight could pose some complications.

(pause)

But, the tests results have come back, and technically speaking, you are healthy enough. If this is what you want.

Jenny smiles - it is what she wants.

1.23 INT. ANDREASSEN HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING 1.23

HANS OLAV (60s) stands at the stove. A small pot of water. A single egg in it.

Clad in only an undershirt, we see Hans Olav's muscular frame. Wrinkled, perhaps, but still strong as an ox. His face is chiseled, worn, but something in that rough jawline lets you know he's not completely over the hill. Not yet.

Nikolai and Hans Olav share their looks. That's clear. Lars is the outsider. That's also clear.

Nikolai wanders in. Leans in the doorway.

NIKOLAI

(re: the egg)

You know what they say about a watched pot.

HANS OLAV

You use your fancy Kripos tricks to break into my house?

NIKOLAI

You shouldn't leave your front door unlocked.

HANS OLAV

What I should do is ask your god damn mother how long she boils an egg for. I can never remember. Always turns out green.

NIKOLAI

Mom's been dead for thirty years. Doubt she's boiling many eggs these days.

Hans Olav looks up at his son. His pupils are darting. Like a scared animal.

HANS OLAV

I know about Tommy.

NIKOLAI

I would think so. It's in the news.

Wary, Nikolai moves into the kitchen. Pours himself a cup of coffee.

HANS OLAV

That whole family is cursed. Bunch of rotten, shitbag...

NIKOLAI

All that's left is a widow and a kid. 'Shitbags' seems extreme.

Hans Olav SLAMS his fists onto the stove.

HANS OLAV

(erupting)  
Not Tommy, damnit!

Nikolai freezes. His father is shaking.

HANS OLAV (CONT'D)

That's not....not what I was...fucking hell watch the egg. I don't want a god damn green egg.

He leaves the kitchen. Nikolai takes a moment, and then approaches the stove. It's not on.

1.24 EXT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - MORNING

1.24

Nikolai knocks on the door. A few moments pass. He's about to leave when it opens. MARTA (40s) looks worn down, but pretty.

MARTA

Not gonna pull me into the station?

NIKOLAI

I don't prefer it.

MARTA

Makes two of us.

1.25 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

1.25

She sits. He stands. Both drinking coffee.

He's looking at photos, trinkets on the fireplace mantle. We see a box. Filled with lighters and keys. Nikolai furrows his brow - it's a bit odd - but he shakes it off.

On the coffee table, a plate of homemade apple cake, cut into diagonal slices. Neither of them takes a slice.

NIKOLAI

I'm sorry about Tommy.

MARTA

He was a drunk. By the time I wised up I had a family.

NIKOLAI

Why didn't you leave him?

MARTA

You don't jump ship unless you know the waters you're diving into.

NIKOLAI

So, you have something else in the works?

She doesn't answer.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Tommy acting strange lately?  
Anything out of the ordinary?

MARTA

No. He was just...Tommy.

A beat. She eyes him.

MARTA (CONT'D)

You think someone might have done it. You think it might have been me.

NIKOLAI

Not really. All signs point to suicide.

(MORE)

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

But you always have to look at the spouse. One of those checklist things.

MARTA

Wouldn't be my style.

NIKOLAI

To shoot your husband at point blank range?

MARTA

To voluntarily stand that close to him.

He stifles a laugh. A moment passes.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Your dad misses you. You don't come home much anymore.

NIKOLAI

It's not intentional. Just been busy.

She gives him a look - *she's not buying it.*

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

How's your son?

MARTA

Not talking since last night.

(pause)

I just want to save him. From everything. I guess that's instinct, right? We want to protect kids.

Off Nikolai, thinking...

1.26 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

1.26

**Begin flashback**

Nikolai on a crappy couch, in a crappy apartment. He's got shorter hair. A few less creases on his face.

We hear loud noises outside - we're back in Oslo.

Across from him is Kristoffer. Also looking younger. In fact, at this point, he's barely old enough to buy beer.

NIKOLAI

I'm not going to lie to you. Coming forward, helping us in this investigation, it'll put a spotlight on you.

(MORE)

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
 And the things you know, the things  
 that happened to you, it'll be  
 public. And that's hard. I've seen  
 it. It's very hard.

KRISTOFFER  
 But it's the right thing to do?  
 That's what you're saying?

NIKOLAI  
 I don't think it's my place to say  
 what's right and wrong.

Kristoffer laughs.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
 What?

KRISTOFFER  
 You're a cop.

**End flashback**

1.27 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

1.27

A single, long table. Two chairs. In one of them sits Jonas Dreyer. This time, we get a closer look at him. A small guy. Dark hair. Harmless enough, though you probably wouldn't hire him as a baby-sitter.

Anniken walks in. She checks her file to get his name straight.

ANNIKEN  
 Jonas Dreyer. I'm Anniken Høigaard-  
 Larsen. I'm with Kripos.

JONAS  
 Thought Nikolai was here.

ANNIKEN  
 I'm going to ask you a few  
 questions about your relationship  
 with Tomas Hagen.

JONAS  
 I don't know what happened that  
 night. Tommy was just Tommy. Like  
 always.

ANNIKEN  
 Tell me what 'always' means.

Jonas' eyes dart through the window, into the police station. At his desk, we see Lars. Jonas looks nervous.

JONAS

Tommy and I did stuff together.  
Always have. Hunting and watching  
games and stuff. Can we wait for  
Nikolai?

ANNIKEN

How do Lars and Bengt fit into  
this? You four have been friends  
for years, am I right?

JONAS

Well, yeah. Lars and Bengt, they're  
together a lot. Cop stuff. Me and  
Tommy, we're our own...thing.  
Nikolai knows all this. Is he  
coming?

ANNIKEN

That's the third time you've asked  
for Nikolai. What is it you want to  
tell him that you don't want to  
tell me?

1.28 INT. OFFICE - LATE MORNING

1.28

Nikolai at their desk. Paperwork spread out. Anniken walks  
in. Two cups of coffee. Hands him one. He takes a sip.  
Winces.

NIKOLAI

Christ. It's like punishment.

ANNIKEN

Jonas kept looking at your brother.  
Through the window. Like he was  
nervous.

Nikolai doesn't answer. Just thinks.

ANNIKEN (CONT'D)

What about Bengt? You talk to him  
yet?

NIKOLAI

I didn't want him thinking I was  
looking for him. Wanted to wait for  
him to come in on his own.

Something catches Nikolai's eye. Through the window we see  
BENGT (40s) moving towards his desk. Nikolai watches him.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Say what you will about the devil,  
but he is punctual.

We stay with Nikolai as he leaves the tiny office, walking through the -

POLICE STATION

- and towards Bengt's desk.

Bengt looks up, smirking, as Nikolai approaches. He tosses his pen on his desk. Leans back. Big belly struggling to stay inside the uniform.

BENGT

Well shit, if it isn't Nikolai.  
Here from Oslo to help us small-town morons solve a crime.

NIKOLAI

Actually those were the exact orders I got from my director.

BENGT

Made any progress in finding the masked gunman?

\*

NIKOLAI

You and Lars seem pretty convinced Tommy killed himself.

BENGT

Wouldn't you kill yourself if you were Tommy?

NIKOLAI

Jonas was with him that night. So was Lars. You were home, though.

BENGT

Yeah. So.

NIKOLAI

You got anyone who can verify that?

A beat.

BENGT

You think I'm too stupid to notice I'm being interrogated?

NIKOLAI

Would you rather I pull you in the room?

BENGT

I'd rather you stop being a dick. Lars and I have this under control.

NIKOLAI

With all do respect, you guys were friends with the victim and not everyone's alibi is rock solid. One might say this investigation's a little...fuzzy.

BENGT

Fuzzy?

NIKOLAI

Enough that it's giving me a headache. Now, Bengt, I've enjoyed the dry humping but someone's gotta reach for a zipper. Why don't you start by telling me what happened the night Tommy died.

Bengt stands. Gets close to Nikolai's face.

BENGT

(quietly)

Wanna know something about Tommy? Why no one gives a shit that he's gone? Rumor has it, Tommy wasn't just a drunk. He was also a perv. Fucking around with his kid. Sick shit.

Nikolai's face hardens instantly - a chord has been struck.

NIKOLAI

Tell me you filed a report with Child Welfare Services. Tell me you followed up on it. Tell me you did whatever needed to be done to protect -

BENGT

What I'll tell you is, that family is safe now.

NIKOLAI

You confessing to a murder, Bengt?

BENGT

There was no murder, Nikolai. Tommy killed himself. But pardon me, pardon all of us, if we're not crying over it. Because the consensus is, right now, Tommy's exactly where he deserves to be.

CUT TO:

The rear fender of a 1991 Chevy Camaro. It's dragging along the asphalt, sparks flying. A 'Mitt Romney 2012' bumper sticker haphazardly stuck on.

Pull back to reveal we are:

1.29 EXT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - DAY 1.29

The rusted Camaro pulls up the hill to park behind the warehouse.

The car engine RATTLES and SHAKES, coughing fumes. The door opens, and we hear CCR BLASTING. The music cuts off.

ROLF RUUD (20s), emerges from the Camaro. Looks at the building. Josef is waiting, leaning against a door frame.

JOSEF  
You're late.

Rolf looks at his wrist. He's got no watch.

ROLF  
Shit. Sorry.

A beat.

ROLF (CONT'D)  
You bought this place?

JOSEF  
Get inside. We're clearing out a space.

ROLF  
For what?

JOSEF  
Nevermind what.

Rolf walks towards the building. As he moves past Josef -

ROLF  
Kripos is in town. Saw 'em on the news. It's that guy you know.

Josef freezes, but covers it. Rolf's too dumb to have noticed.

1.30 INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 1.30

Jan presenting. Anniken taking notes. Nikolai's mind still elsewhere.

JAN  
Time of death's sometime between midnight and two. Blood alcohol at .24. High enough to make suicide sound appealing.

ANNIKEN

And the cut on his forehead?

JAN

Alcohol thinned his blood so much it's hard to put a time on it. He wasn't clotting much.

ANNIKEN

So what you're telling us is -

JAN

- that the victim was in a god damn basement. There's about a million things he could have cut himself on while falling from the shotgun blast. What I'm also telling you is that someone *might* have roughed him up a few hours before he was shot. Both theories play but neither shines.

Nikolai CRACKS his neck. Still seething.

ANNIKEN

What's gotten into you?

NIKOLAI

You asked me before if I thought someone was hiding something.

Nikolai looks out the office window. Lars and Bengt talking. Laughing.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Now I do.

Nikolai stands. Grabs his coat.

ANNIKEN

Where are you going?

As he's walking away -

NIKOLAI

Poker game.

1.31 EXT. JONAS' HOUSE - AFTERNOON

1.31

We recognize this house as the yellow house from when we first arrived in town.

Nikolai pulls up. Gets out of the car. Tosses his badge on the seat. He hears MUSIC blasting inside. Walks right in through the door without knocking.

1.32 INT. JONAS' HOUSE

1.32

Dirty. Dingy. The kind of place where you don't even want to sit down. Nikolai never breaks his stride, following the MUSIC as it leads him towards the -

KITCHEN

- where Jonas and TWO BUDDIES are playing poker. Marijuana wafts in the air.

JONAS

Hey. What the fu -

Nikolai GRABS Jonas by the shirt, dragging him away.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Cops can't do this!

NIKOLAI

I'm not a cop right now. I'm just a regular 'ol intruder. Outside.

1.33 EXT. JONAS' HOUSE

1.33

Nikolai SLAMS Jonas up against the outside of the house.

NIKOLAI

Bengt and Lars knew Tommy was fucking around with his kid. Why didn't they come after him? I don't buy it's just cause they were buddies. Not how Lars is. Start talking.

Jonas hesitates. Scared.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

You think I don't know you're selling pot to high schoolers? Saw two pretty young girls coming out of your place yesterday. Doubt they're visiting you for your personality. You've got ten seconds, then I start making calls.

JONAS

Okay. Okay. Lars tried to talk to Marta, but she wouldn't agree to any charges. Didn't believe it about Tommy. Lars said there was no sense coming after him with the law. Nothing would stick. It'd be the family's word against his.

NIKOLAI

So, what, he just let it go?

JONAS

It seemed like he did. Wasn't my job to take care of it, okay? I'm not the sheriff. But then, we were all at the brewery that night. Tommy got real drunk. Went home. Lars, he said he was going home, too. Said he and Kristel were trying to have another baby, something about how she was ovulating, he made a big deal about it, how he had to get home to her. By the time I got outside, I figured Lars was long gone. Wasn't even looking for him. But then I saw him. He walked right up to Tommy's house.

A beat. Realization washes over Nikolai.

JONAS (CONT'D)

I'm scared as hell he knows I know.

**END ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

1.34 EXT. LARS' HOUSE - AFTERNOON 1.34

Nikolai approaches his brother's doorstep. Reaches his hand up to knock but the door opens.

On the other side is KRISTEL (40s). Once a beauty, but her looks are fading. Body, however, is still pretty great. And we see a lot of it, because:

She's in a long t-shirt, and not much else. If there are shorts underneath there, we don't see them. She's not wearing a bra. That part's obvious.

Nikolai hesitates. Caught off guard. She smiles.

KRISTEL

Nikolai.

NIKOLAI

Kristel. It's good to -

She comes forward. Hugs him. Pressing her body against his.

She pulls back. Hands still on his shoulders. Her nipples poking through her shirt.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

I could have waited. Outside.

KRISTEL

Why?

1.35 INT. LARS' HOUSE, KITCHEN 1.35

Lars home for lunch. Next to him is a radio. We hear the NEWS, covering the impending Brekke trail.

He looks up at Nikolai as he walks in.

LARS

Kristel let you in?

NIKOLAI

Yeah. She's real sweet.

He sits at the table. Eyes his brother.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

I have to arrest you.

LARS

For killing Tommy?

NIKOLAI

Was that a lucky guess, or a confession?

LARS

It's not what you think.

1.36 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

1.36

Hans Olav and Marta rolling off each other, still panting. From the looks on their faces, the sex was good.

Hans Olav swings his feet over the bed. Rubbing his eyes. Stands. Starts looking for his clothes.

MARTA

We don't have to sneak around anymore. We can be like we'd talked about. Together.

HANS OLAV

Your husband's not even in the ground yet.

MARTA

So this was somehow more appropriate when he was alive?

He slips on his pants. Hesitates, then turns to face her.

HANS OLAV

Not more appropriate. Just more exciting.

1.37 INT. LARS' HOUSE, KITCHEN

1.37

Nikolai and Lars. At the table still. The radio is now off. Somewhere nearby, we hear an old-fashioned clock TICKING.

Lars looks nervous. Pained.

LARS

I found out about Tommy a few months ago.

NIKOLAI

How?

LARS

Nevermind how. But I went to Marta. A few times. Tried to get her to file charges. But she wouldn't. She hated Tommy, there's no secret there, but she couldn't see there was more to it.

(MORE)

LARS (CONT'D)

It was old fashioned denial.  
Nothing more. What was I supposed  
to do?

NIKOLAI

Oh, I don't know, Lars. Besides  
your job? You could have confronted  
Tommy.

LARS

And said what, exactly?

A beat.

NIKOLAI

So you took care of it on your own.

LARS

Like you've never bent a rule?

NIKOLAI

Now murder's a bent rule?

LARS

I knew what he was going to do that  
night he left the brewery. Saw it  
in his eyes. I intended to go home.  
Wanted to go home. But it was  
eating at me. It's one thing to  
know something happens *in general*.  
It's another to know it's gonna  
happen at *that moment*.

(pause)

Would you have gone home? Flipped  
on the game? Fucked your wife? Just  
put it all out of your mind?

Nikolai doesn't answer.

LARS (CONT'D)

It's not rhetorical, Nik. I wanna  
know.

(voice cracking)

I wanna know if there's something  
wrong with me.

NIKOLAI

I don't know what I would have  
done.

LARS

The whole walk there, I kept  
telling myself, if I'd gotten a  
call, a complaint, walked into his  
house on response to something,  
seen him when he was...then it  
would have been justified. All that  
was missing was a phone call.

A beat. Lars looks out the window. When he turns back, we see the fear in his eyes.

LARS (CONT'D)

I'm a cop. I know how to stage a crime scene. Even the cut on his head, it looks like he just fell. Everything says suicide. All I'm asking is: don't fight it. People will believe you. A pervert's dead. That's all that matters.

NIKOLAI

I'm not a perfect cop. I've done some shit I'm not proud of. But this is....you're asking me to cover up a murder. It isn't who I am.

LARS

If you want to put me behind bars, I won't hold it against you. I really won't. But you have to make me two promises. First. Dad. He's starting to get...

NIKOLAI

I noticed.

LARS

Second. The kids. It'll be all over the news, then when I'm not around anymore, they'll need someone.

Nikolai stares at his brother. Impossible to know what he's thinking. Finally, he stands. Walks towards the door.

LARS (CONT'D)

Where you going?

He leaves without answering.

1.38 INT. NIKOLAI'S CAR

1.38

He SLAMS the door. Starts the engine. Pauses. BANGS the steering wheel in frustration.

NIKOLAI

Fuck!

CRACKS his neck. Throws it into reverse.

LATER

He's driving through town. We see the store fronts. The bustling main street. Elverum awake and ready to go.

He drives past the brewery. Sees that BMW again. For the second time, it catches his attention.

1.39 INT. ELVERUM POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

1.39

Nikolai at the desk. Anniken walks in carrying some paper.

NIKOLAI

Thanks. Just put it on the desk.

She holds onto it. He eventually looks up at her.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

What?

ANNIKEN

You've been a zombie since lunch and then you have me spend an hour hunting down tax records and business holdings for a guy we aren't even investigating.

NIKOLAI

You've been on Kripos a week and you think your above grunt work?

ANNIKEN

I think I'm above running personal errands for a partner who wants to peek into his friend's bank accounts.

NIKOLAI

He's not my friend.

ANNIKEN

Then why the interest?

He sighs. Tosses his pen on the table.

NIKOLAI

I went to high school with Josef Kolberg. We weren't friends exactly but for a while there, we sold moonshine. His dad was the town priest. Didn't take too kindly to our business venture, but Josef never gave a shit what his father thought. He disappeared a few years later.

ANNIKEN

Josef?

NIKOLAI

The father. Never popped up again. And I have my suspicions.

(MORE)

\*

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Anyway, my mom always said it's best to do two things at once, so while we're here looking into Tommy, I figured I'd poke around Josef, if for no other reason than just to piss him off.

ANNIKEN

Before you said you thought someone here was hiding something. Now, it all seems brushed under the rug. Want to know what I think?

NIKOLAI

No.

ANNIKEN

I think you figured out something about someone you know, and now you wish you could take it back.

NIKOLAI

You realize you're accusing me of sitting on evidence?

She doesn't answer. But she also doesn't look sorry.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

You're trying to make a name for yourself in a hurry.

ANNIKEN

Why not? It's what you did.

1.40 INT. KRIPOS OFFICES - DAY

1.40

**Begin flashback**

Nikolai with Berg, looking at Kristoffer in the nearby interrogation room.

BERG

I can't believe you got him to come in.

From Nikolai's expression, we can tell he doesn't believe it either.

BERG (CONT'D)

You do realize, without him, our case goes to shit. And this case is too big to go to shit. Again.

NIKOLAI

What are you saying?

BERG

I thought I was being pretty clear:  
Don't fuck it up.

Berg walks away. Nikolai looks at Kristoffer. So innocent. So scared.

**End flashback**

1.41 EXT. CITY OF ELVERUM - EVENING 1.41

The sun's dipped below the horizon. Everything's dark.

1.42 EXT. FOREST - EVENING 1.42

Bengt walks through thick brush, carrying a shovel. He stops a few meters away from a large tree. Starts digging.

1.43 INT. NIKOLAI'S CAR - EVENING 1.43

Nikolai drives. Cold air coming in from the window. He pulls over on the shoulder, near the top of a hill. Looks down at the city.

Through his windshield, we see what he sees: the brewery. And about a kilometer away from the brewery...Tommy's house.

And in between the two, the construction site.

1.44 EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE - LATER 1.44

Nikolai knocks. It takes a while, but the door opens. Jenny sees Nikolai. Offers a shy smile. Nikolai holds up a take-away bag.

NIKOLAI

Brought dinner.

1.45 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE 1.45

In the living room. It's neat. Nicely kept. Nikolai and Jenny have eaten dinner, the Styrofoam containers on the coffee table.

A television plays on mute. Jenny's got a blanket on her lap. Either because she's cold, or just embarrassed of her body.

JENNY

I can leave the house. I just,  
don't want to if I don't have to.  
Some people can't leave their  
houses at all. But it's not that  
bad with me.

(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)

(pause)

I miss the water.

NIKOLAI

I wish you'd have called me.

JENNY

You can't fix everything, Nik.

A beat. He sighs. Deflates.

NIKOLAI

I'm puttin' off doing something.  
Keep telling myself that it's  
important to think things through,  
but the truth is, I'm just...

His eyes wander towards the television. Some reality show. An idiot 20-year-old crying about trivial things.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

What I work with, who I work with,  
not everything is black and white.  
I accepted the grey a long time  
ago. Problem is, once you get used  
to grey, it's harder to see the  
black for what it is.

A beat. Then Jenny reaches across the couch. Clasps Nikolai's hand in hers.

1.46 INT. NIKOLAI'S CAR - EVENING 1.46

Nikolai driving through town. Winding roads. Suburbia. He sees two figures - KIDS - walking on the right side of the road. He sighs, frustrated, and pulls over in front of them.

1.47 EXT. STREET 1.47

Nikolai steps out of his car. The kids, ERIK (6) and MILLA (10) smile when they see Nikolai. They rush towards him for a hug, but -

NIKOLAI

Why are you on the right side of  
the road? What'd I tell you?

MILLA

(reciting, bored)

That we're supposed to walk *against*  
traffic not *with* it.

NIKOLAI

Exactly.

ERIK  
I still don't get it.

NIKOLAI  
You don't want cars sneaking up  
behind you. What if they don't see  
you? You want eyes on them. Always.  
Now. Come here.

They rush in for that hug.

1.48 INT. NIKOLAI'S CAR - LATER 1.48

Nikolai drives. Both kids are in the back seat. He watches them through the rear view mirror.

They're play wrestling. Snapping each other's seat belts. Giggling and whining and giving each other grief. They look happy. Innocent.

1.49 EXT. LARS' HOUSE 1.49

He pulls up. Gets out of the car. Opens the back seat for the kids. They spill out.

MILLA  
You coming in?

NIKOLAI  
Not tonight.

She hugs him. Adoration on her face. She's at that age where she probably has a crush on him.

She lets go. Pulls her brother by the sleeve. Nikolai watches as they walk into his brother's house.

1.50 INT. NIKOLAI'S CAR - LATER 1.50

The evening sky is dark. Hardly anyone on the road. Nikolai drives. Thinking.

1.51 EXT. MORGUE - EVENING 1.51

Nikolai sitting outside. In his car. Thinking things over. It's now or never.

1.52 INT. NIKOLAI'S BEDROOM - LATER 1.52

Nikolai sitting on the edge of his bed. Thoughts weighing heavily on his mind. His phone rings. He checks the caller ID. Answers it.

NIKOLAI

Hey.

(listens)

Yeah. I know. I ordered the tests.

(listens)

I know you did. Just, do it again.

**END ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

1.53 INT. OFFICE - MORNING

1.53

Jan's all pumped up. A nerd having made a discovery. Anniken and Nikolai listen.

JAN

Look, there's debris everywhere. It's a fuckin' basement, and it was dirty before he blew his brains out. I saw it the first time around but it wasn't exactly news. I never would have thought to compare it with the construction site, though.

(to Nikolai)

You're still kind of an asshole, but now you're an admirable asshole.

NIKOLAI

So you're saying there was a match?

JAN

100%. The debris in the cut on Tommy Hagen's forehead matches the debris from the construction site.

ANNIKEN

Where does this leave us?

NIKOLAI

Construction site's between the brewery and Tommy's house. It's hard to argue that he likely fell on the way home. Cut his head.

ANNIKEN

Then went home. Then killed himself.

NIKOLAI

The cut's the only reason we were called in. Everything else says suicide.

A beat. Anniken doesn't look happy, but she keeps quiet.

LATER

Anniken and Nikolai are packing up their things. Cleaning out the tiny office.

ANNIKEN

Feels fast.

NIKOLAI  
It's your first case.

Something's eating at her, but she keeps quiet.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
We'll drive back tonight.

A beat. She opens her mouth to state her case but Nikolai switches off the light. It's over.

1.54 EXT. SCHOOL - AFTERNOON 1.54

Milla's soccer game. She's taller than the other girls, and fast. A star in the works.

Nikolai and Lars standing on the sidelines. Both of them watching her footwork. Various other parents sprinkled about but they have some room to talk.

LARS  
(re: Milla)  
She'll be glad you came.

NIKOLAI  
I love watching her play. You know that.

LARS  
Look, I -

NIKOLAI  
Don't.

A beat.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
Ever.

Another beat. Nikolai looks out in the parking lot. Bengt and Jonas are by their cars, talking, waiting.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
What are they doing here?

LARS  
Thought we'd grab a beer after the game.

NIKOLAI  
I'll pass.

LARS  
Maybe you should try to get along with them.

NIKOLAI

Why?

Lars opens his mouth to reply, but then Milla scores a goal.  
The Parents CHEER.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

I'm leaving tonight. Tell Milla I  
get a cut of her first signing  
bonus.

He weaves through the crowd, gone.

1.55 INT. ANDREASSEN HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON 1.55

Nikolai looks around, but his father is no where to be found.  
He gives up. Heads out, grabbing his bag on the way.

1.56 EXT. NICE HOTEL - EARLY EVENING 1.56

Nikolai is parked outside. Waiting for Anniken. He looks at  
the clock. She's not showing.

He picks up his mobile. Calls her. No answer. Hangs up.

1.57 INT. ELVERUM POLICE STATION 1.57

Nikolai walking through the hallways, and straight into -

1.58 INT. OFFICE 1.58

Where Anniken is standing at the desk. In such a hurry she  
never even switched on the light. She's got files in front of  
her.

NIKOLAI

Thought I was picking you up at the  
hotel.

ANNIKEN

Tommy's time of death was between  
midnight and two in the morning on  
Monday the 6th. Debris from a  
construction site is found in a cut  
on his forehead which would  
indicate that Tommy fell on his way  
home from the brewery.

NIKOLAI

We went over all this.

ANNIKEN

Problem is, construction didn't start until 8 in the morning, on Tuesday the 7th. Day we arrived. I have the work order right here.

Nikolai looks at the paperwork. Panic mounting but he's hiding it.

ANNIKEN (CONT'D)

The site didn't even exist yet when Tommy walked past it. It was just a sidewalk.

NIKOLAI

So, some lab tech dragged it into the crime scene by accident.

ANNIKEN

Or someone planted it so that we'd think it was a suicide.

NIKOLAI

You're new. And you're fishing.

ANNIKEN

Maybe. But either way, the thing that closed our case is bullshit. So our case isn't closed.

A beat. Nikolai isn't sure what to say. Anniken reaches past him, flipping the light back on.

1.59 INT. ANDREASSEN HOUSE - EVENING 1.59

Nikolai comes back inside. Closes the door quietly behind himself. Some deep breaths. An attempt at gaining control.

1.60 INT. ANDREASSEN HOUSE, KITCHEN 1.60

Hans Olav is at the kitchen table. Nikolai walks in. Bag still in his hand.

HANS OLAV

Thought you were leaving.

NIKOLAI

Might be here a few more days.

He sets his bag down. Grabs a coffee mug from a cupboard. Pours himself a cup. Sits down.

Nikolai's eyes wander onto the table. In the center is a plate of diagonally sliced, homemade apple cake.

Realization dawns on him.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
You're still fucking around.

HANS OLAV  
What?

NIKOLAI  
How many women in this town have  
you -

HANS OLAV  
None while your mother was alive,  
damnit. Remember that.

NIKOLAI  
Marta? Tommy's widow?

HANS OLAV  
She wasn't a widow at the time. And  
how the hell do you -

NIKOLAI  
Oh, so you break it off while she's  
in mourning. Great, dad. Great.

HANS OLAV  
You come into my house, judge me?  
Who do you think you are, Nikolai?  
You run off to Oslo, have your own  
little life there, how'd you like  
it if I dropped in? Snoopied around?  
Threw a little judgment your way?  
How you think you'd fair?

NIKOLAI  
You're the one who told Lars about  
Tommy.

HANS OLAV  
What about Tommy?

NIKOLAI  
What he was doing to his kid.

HANS OLAV  
What are you talking about?

Nikolai looks at his father. Searching for a lie. But the man  
looks genuinely confused. Finally -

NIKOLAI  
Tommy was molesting his son.

Hans Olav starts LAUGHING.

HANS OLAV  
That woman bitched about her  
husband around the clock.  
(MORE)

HANS OLAV (CONT'D)

I had to listen to what color his god damn vomit was on the week days versus the weekends. You think she'd tell me all that, and leave out the little molestation detail? Tommy wasn't touching anyone.

A beat.

NIKOLAI

You sure about this, dad?

Hans Olav stops laughing. Leans in.

HANS OLAV

You don't spend time in a house and not see something like that. Trust me. Whoever told you that, they were fucking with you.

1.61 INT. LARS' HOUSE - EVENING

1.61

The living room. It isn't late yet but the days are short, and the light is already gone.

Lars, Jonas, and Bengt watch a soccer game. Beers all around.

Nikolai enters without knocking. Freezes when he sees them all. Lars sizes things up. Gets nervous. A long moment, then -

LARS

Hey. Nik. Look. Why don't you sit down.

NIKOLAI

Why don't you go fuck yourself. I'll stand.

He eyes the three men. His mind churning.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

I get it now.

He CRACKS his neck. Trying to keep from killing the three of them, right then and there.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Tommy was never a pervert. But you needed me to think he was so I'd agree to cover your tracks. Just one question. Why'd he have to die?

Lars stands. Approaches his brother. His fear of his younger, tougher sibling is palpable.

LARS

I can explain everything. See, a few weeks ago, we came across some cocaine.

NIKOLAI

How much is 'some'?

LARS

20 kilos.

NIKOLAI

People are gonna come looking for that.

LARS

We've kept it hidden. Real well. And now we got a place to store it for as long as we need. Somewhere safe.

Nikolai looks skeptical.

LARS (CONT'D)

We had a plan to sell it, split the money.

NIKOLAI

But you ran into a problem.

Lars laughs. More out of nerves than anything else.

LARS

Selling drugs is harder than you think. Not everyone has that kind of cash laying around. And those that do, we can't exactly just call 'em up. No one on that level knows us, and no one trusts cops. But you, Nik. You know everyone. You're connected. On both sides.

Nik grits his teeth.

NIKOLAI

Why the charade? Why have me come here? Work a case? Why not just ask for my help?

\*

BENGT

The way Tommy was talking, spending money, he might as well have been wearing a sign. It had to be done.

Nikolai turns his attention to Bengt. Still on the couch.

BENGT (CONT'D)

And as for you...if we'd called you and asked for help on this, what do you think you would have said?

Nikolai doesn't respond.

BENGT (CONT'D)

So we took care of two problems at once. Tommy's gone, and now you're in this with us.

LARS

Look. I know you're mad but -

Nikolai LEAPS across the room. TACKLES his brother to the ground. On top of him like an animal. Bengt and Jonas on their feet.

Nikolai pulls Lars up by his shirt collar. Their faces inches apart.

NIKOLAI

Are you so fucking stupid to think that I won't walk away right now? You think I do a little dirty cop work, and then, what, I'll just be seduced by money? Fuck you. I still have a choice. I choose to walk away.

LARS

(trembling)

Then we go forward without you.

Nikolai hesitates. Something isn't right. \*

NIKOLAI

Long as I've known you, you've never given a shit about money. Why this? Why now? \*

LARS

I...I made a few bad bets. Wasn't a big deal at first but the interest, it's insane, and now - \*

Nikolai DROPS Lars on the ground with a hefty shove. Stands upright. Paces the room.

Lars scrambles, upright, and across the room. Ruffled. Scared.

LARS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Nik. I am. But we'll do this with or without you.

BENGT

Only now, if we get caught, you get caught, too.

Nikolai stops. Looks Bengt in the eye. Reality hitting him. \*

BENGT (CONT'D) \*

A corrupt detective calls attention to a lot of things. Sometimes they re-open old cases. Throw out open ones. What's that big case going on right now? Brekke? Nasty guy. Hate to see him walk. \*

Silence hangs in the air. Everyone's pulses racing. Faces flushed. Nikolai and Lars still panting. Then - \*

LARS

What are you gonna do?

1.62 EXT. LARS' HOUSE - EVENING

1.62

Nikolai walking towards his car. Bengt comes out behind him, pulling a packet of cigarettes out of his pocket.

BENGT

You're not tempted by the money?  
Not even a little bit?

Nikolai doesn't answer. He's too angry to even talk.

BENGT (CONT'D)

You know, there was always something wrong with you.

Bengt lights his cigarette. Takes a deep inhale.

BENGT (CONT'D)

Never could figure out what it was.  
But everyone knew it. Something was just...off.

Nikolai gets in his car. Drives off.

1.63 INT. BREWERY - NIGHT

1.63

It's late. The place is nearly empty. Nikolai sits at the counter. He's well past buzzed. Settling into full-blown drunk.

Josef sits down next to him. A moment, then -

NIKOLAI

Had a feeling you'd be here. Saw the bimmer outside.

JOSEF

You like my car, Nikolai?

NIKOLAI

I like all fast cars. But I do feel a bit like I should send a sympathy card to your penis.

JOSEF

There's nothing wrong with showing your good fortune to the world. Says so in the bible. "So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."

NIKOLAI

You don't believe in that shit.

JOSEF

You are right, I do not. But my father made me memorize it and I hate wasting the brain space. Plus it sounds intimidating.

Nikolai grins. Then sighs.

NIKOLAI

I'll be in a town for a little while, Josef. Now, I'm not here for you.

JOSEF

No. You're after bigger, badder -

NIKOLAI

- smarter guys. Yeah. But that doesn't mean that I won't grow bored. Let my eyes wander a bit.

JOSEF

You threatening me?

NIKOLAI

Don't think of it like that. Think of it as something I mentioned at a bar one night when I'd had one too many. Something you might file away in that leftover brain space.

JOSEF

You don't like me, do you, Nikolai?

Nikolai chuckles. Not bothering to answer. Another sip of his beer. He stands, preparing to leave.

JOSEF (CONT'D)  
 Because, personally, I think it's a  
 very thin line that separates us.

Nikolai takes a 100 kroner bill out of his wallet. Unfolds  
 it. Stands it upright on the counter, on top of his bar bill.  
 A nice tip.

It's perfectly between the two of them. A division.

NIKOLAI  
 It's still a line.

1.64 EXT. LARS' HOUSE - NIGHT 1.64

Bengt by the trunk of Lars' car. Waiting. Lars emerges from  
 his house. Bengt shoots him a look. Lars sighs.

LARS  
 He just needs some time to cool  
 off.

Bengt looks unconvinced, but let's it drop.

LARS (CONT'D)  
 Don't let anyone see you.

Bengt nods, climbing into Lars' car.

1.65 EXT. ANDREASSEN HOUSE - NIGHT 1.65

Nikolai stumbling home. Drunk.

1.66 INT. ANDREASSEN HOUSE 1.66

He slips inside. Heads towards the -

1.67 INT. ANDREASSEN HOUSE, KITCHEN 1.67

- and gets himself a glass of water. Gulps it down. Fills  
 another. Tosses his coat on the kitchen chair. Heads out.

1.68 INT. BUILDING - NIGHT 1.68

We don't recognize this room. We haven't been here before.  
 But it's dusty. Dirty. Cluttered with construction materials.

Bengt stands in front of several large, square packages. We  
recognize them from the car accident in the opening. He  
 places the last package on top, and drapes a tarp over it.

Amongst all the mess, it just looks like more construction  
 material.

Satisfied, Bengt heads towards the door.

1.69 INT. NIKOLAI'S BEDROOM 1.69

The lights are out, but he knows this room like the back of his hand. He walks straight towards the bed. Sets his water on the table.

Flips on the light. Turns.

Kristoffer is standing in the corner.

NIKOLAI

Shit! FUCK! You scared me!

Nikolai's panting. Heart racing. Kristoffer averts his eyes, shy. A moment. Then -

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

A beat.

KRISTOFFER

I missed you.

1.70 EXT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 1.70

Bengt exits. Getting back into Lars' car.

Now we recognize this warehouse - it belongs to Josef.

Bengt just stored the drugs with Josef. All these guys are intertwined.

1.71 INT. BREWERY - NIGHT 1.71

It's closed. Josef stands behind the bar counter, looking at that 100 kroner bill, still standing upright.

Pia's on the floor. Clearing pint glasses. Josef CHUCKLES. \*

PIA

What?

He looks up. Smiles. \*

JOSEF

Nothing. Just. Life's funny.

He leans over. A QUICK PUFF OF AIR and the bill falls over.

FADE OUT

**END ACT FOUR**