

GRENSELAND

Episode Two

"HUNG OVER"

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TEASER

Over a black screen, we hear the sound of a MOBILE PHONE ALARM. Perky. Chipper. Thankfully, someone turns it off.

FADE IN:

2.1 CLOSE ON: 2.1

A pair of eyes. Blue. Bloodshot. They blink.

Pull back to reveal the eyes belong to Nikolai. He's tired. Still horizontal. We realize we are:

2.2 INT. NIKOLAI'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 2.2

He sits up, wincing. Headache obvious. Nausea perhaps better hidden.

He swings a foot on to the ground. Then the other. But he's not ready to stand. Not just yet.

2.3 INT. ANDREASSEN HOUSE, KITCHEN 2.3

A still-dark kitchen. The only light comes from the fridge, held open by Nikolai. Now dressed for work.

Inside the fridge, we see a carton of apple juice. Some cheese. A cucumber. And a six pack of beer.

Nikolai eyes the beer. Just a moment of hesitation.

Then he reaches for the apple juice. Takes a long swig, emptying the carton. He leaves it on the counter. Shuts the fridge.

Stands there. One hand on the freezer door, keeping himself steady. A moment, then -

A CRACK in his neck. A violent SNAP in the otherwise silent morning.

He straightens up. And he's out the door.

2.4 INT. JONAS' HOUSE - EARLY MORNING 2.4

Jonas hasn't gone to bed yet. He sits, cross-legged, on the (dirty) floor, entranced in his video game. The light from the screen dancing on his (stoned) face.

A BEEP. He pauses the game. Checks his mobile. A text. Opens the picture - someone's bare breasts. They're small. Perky. Youthful-looking.

He giggles. Unbuttons his pants. Snaps a picture of his dick. Sends it back. Waits.

But something feels wrong. Some sixth sense strikes him. He turns and -

JONAS
Jesus Christ!

Nikolai is standing behind him.

JONAS (CONT'D)
You can't keep coming in here!

LATER

Jonas on the couch. Thankfully his pants are now buttoned. Nikolai standing. Arms crossed.

JONAS (CONT'D)
I don't remember. I guess it was around midnight or something. I called Lars 'cause I needed a ride back form the border.

NIKOLAI
Why?

JONAS
Border patrol stopped me. I don't have a license. Hey, my car's still there. Can you give me a ri -

*

NIKOLAI
What happened next?

Jonas sighs.

*

JONAS
Lars came to pick me up, but he had Tommy with him. He'd gotten arrested. Drunk. Fighting, I think. We were on our way back to the station and that's when we saw it. The accident. Two guys. Both dead.

NIKOLAI
What did they look like?

JONAS
I don't know. Bloody.

Nikolai grits his teeth, frustrated.

JONAS (CONT'D)
Oh, you mean, like...one was dark skinned. The other was just normal.
(MORE)

JONAS (CONT'D)

Anyway, there was something in the trunk and Lars got real panicky. He called Bengt but Bengt wasn't on duty. He came in his own car. They took the drugs. Put 'em in Lars' trunk. They lead the way to the lake. Made me follow in the busted car. I had move the guy out of the driver's seat. But he was stuck and...

The memory makes him shutter.

JONAS (CONT'D)

We dumped that car in the lake. Made sure it went down. Then we drove back into town. Bengt went home. Lars booked us both so everything'd look right.

(pause)

Hey, why are you asking me all this?

NIKOLAI

I don't trust Bengt. And I don't trust myself around Lars. That leaves you.

Nikolai rubs his eyes with his hands. Thinking.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Can you keep your story straight?

JONAS

Yeah. Of course. Wait. Which one?

NIKOLAI

The one in which Lars picks you up at the border, with Tommy, and takes you both directly back to the station. No body-dumping detour.

JONAS

Yeah. I can do that. It's just leaving stuff out. So, are you gonna help us sell the stuff?

NIKOLAI

No.

JONAS

But Lars says -

NIKOLAI

He'll back down. He won't risk what it'll do to his kids. My problem isn't Lars. It's Tommy's case. It's still open.

Nikolai looks out the window. Thinking. When he speaks, it's mostly to himself.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

I tell myself I worked eight years to put Brekke away. But that's not entirely true. He was my first case. And I lost it. Years went by. Years where I did nothing. Couldn't.

(pause)

Kid killed himself.

A beat.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

If I'm exposed for what I've done here, I'll lose my job. Maybe serve time. I accept that. What I can't accept is Brekke going free.

Nikolai looks back at Jonas, who's smart enough to stay quiet right now.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Once Tommy's death is confirmed a suicide, I'll leave town. And I'll never come back. Because if I see any of you three again, after all of this is over, I'll kill you myself.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

Over a black screen, we hear the sound of ROCK MUSIC. Something catchy but cool. Something that makes you want to go for a run.

Or get in a fight.

2.5 INT. JOSEF'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - MORNING 2.5

A basement-turned-gym. Treadmill. Weights. Josef doing pull-ups on a chin bar. In rhythm with the music. Body tight. Trembling but strong.

He drops to the ground. Panting. We think he might quit, but then he dives down. On the cold floor. Crunches.

2.6 INT. JOSEF'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - LATER 2.6

A boiling hot shower. Steam everywhere. Josef's hands flat on the tile underneath the shower head. Sore muscles getting a cheap massage. Water dripping off his face.

LATER

In front of the sink. Shaving. Carefully. Not risking a cut.

LATER

Josef in a suit. Tie. Checks his reflection in the mirror. Smooths his hair. Straightens his belt. Looks everything over, a careful eye for detail.

A moment of insecurity. Perhaps even fear. But then a silent pep talk - he can do this. A deep breath. A nod. Then a confident smile.

No. A smirk.

2.7 INT. ELVERUM POLICE STATION - MORNING 2.7

Nikolai strides down the hallway. Take-away coffee in hand. Anniken walking by his side.

NIKOLAI

Tommy Hagen killed himself. I read over his file again this morning. Everything points to suicide.

ANNIKEN

Not everything.

NIKOLAI

Cases are never perfect.

ANNIKEN

You can't tell me you don't have doubts.

He stops outside of their office. Turns to face her.

NIKOLAI

I don't have doubts.

She sees him up close now. Takes a moment, then -

ANNIKEN

You look like shit.

NIKOLAI

Thank you.

ANNIKEN

You're hung over.

NIKOLAI

Maybe I'm just allergic to this town.

ANNIKEN

We'll leave when the case is closed. But for now, I say it stays open.

A beat. He absorbs that one.

NIKOLAI

You realize I have about a decade of experience on you. We both tell the higher-ups our theories, who you think they'll listen to?

ANNIKEN

I don't know.

She opens the door. Inside, we see Berg.

He's wearing some horrible, pink-ish dress shirt. The kind that's always on mannequins, but that no one you know would ever buy.

He gestures for them to enter, as if the office is his.

ANNIKEN (CONT'D)

(to Nikolai)

Let's see.

2.8 INT. OFFICE - MORNING

2.8

Berg and Anniken both already sitting. Nikolai reluctantly takes his seat.

BERG

You look like shit.

NIKOLAI

I like your shirt.

A beat.

BERG

Anniken tells me you're ready to close this.

NIKOLAI

You guys already talked this through.

It's not a question. Berg shifts in his chair. Nikolai's eyes scan them both. Then -

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Victim was found in his basement, shot through the mouth with his own gun. Residue on his hand matches that from his gun. There were no signs of a forced entry, no evidence of a second person on the scene, and the wife of the victim confirms she heard no one besides her husband in the house that evening. We were called in because there was a cut on his forehead that *may* have indicated a struggle prior to his death. But our own forensics guy confirmed that the cut could have come from any number of surfaces within the basement, and that the victim likely sustained the injury during the fall to the ground. Conclusion: the thing that brought us here amounted to nothing. It's an open and shut case. So my only question is, are we carpooling home?

ANNIKEN

The cut on the victim's forehead contained debris from a construction site that had yet to exist at the time of his death.

NIKOLAI

The entire forensics team showed up the morning construction began, and the likelihood of one of them being contaminated, and contaminating the body, is high. It's called a mistake. You'll find they happen.

ANNIKEN

The victim wasn't suicidal.

NIKOLAI

Tommy had a history of depression.

ANNIKEN

How do you know? We haven't gotten psych records -

NIKOLAI

I grew up here.

A beat. She lets it drop. His dominance clear.

BERG

(to Anniken)

What do you have that's new?

ANNIKEN

There was a credit card spending spree two weeks prior to Tommy Hagen's death.

NIKOLAI

I pulled his credit card report. There was no spending spree.

ANNIKEN

Not his. Hers.

BERG

You want to bring her in?

ANNIKEN

She's in the room now.

BERG

Go.

She leaves. Nikolai and Berg alone.

NIKOLAI

What just happened?

2.9 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

2.9

Anniken sitting across from Marta. We notice immediately that Marta looks worn. She hasn't slept.

MARTA

It was my card. But it was Tommy's doing.

ANNIKEN

Had he done this before?

MARTA
Unfortunately.

ANNIKEN
But like this? I mean, we're
talking about nearly...

She shuffles through papers.

ANNIKEN (CONT'D)
20.000. Just in the past few weeks.

MARTA
I don't know.

ANNIKEN
You don't know about 20.000 kroner?
Must be nice.

MARTA
I mean, I don't know how much it
was last time. I don't remember.

ANNIKEN
Do you believe your husband
committed suicide?

MARTA
Yes.

ANNIKEN
Are you sure?

MARTA
Yes. I know he did.

ANNIKEN
Then here's what I want you to tell
me: why would a suicidal man buy a
bunch of things he'd never get to
use? Half this stuff is internet.
Hasn't even been delivered yet.

MARTA
I don't know.

ANNIKEN
But you know he killed himself?

MARTA
I told you. That's what I think.

*

ANNIKEN
Not a minute ago. A minute ago, you
didn't think it. You knew it.

A beat. Marta sits back. Sizing Anniken up.

MARTA

Do you believe I was involved in my husband's death?

Anniken takes her time answering.

ANNIKEN

Forensic evidence doesn't support that theory.

MARTA

So this is how you treat someone you're hoping to work *with*?

2.10 EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM

2.10

Marta walks out. Nikolai is standing there, waiting for her.

MARTA

You look like shit.

NIKOLAI

So do you.

He cracks a smile. She laughs. Just a bit, but it's a release.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

(re: Anniken)

She isn't easy.

MARTA

None of this is. It's all so much harder than I thought.

She walks away. He furrows his brow, confused.

2.11 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

2.11

Anniken looking over her file. Nikolai stands in the door.

NIKOLAI

She's a *widow*.

ANNIKEN

You said their marriage was crap.

NIKOLAI

What is it that you need to hear? You're keeping this case open for a reason. Why?

ANNIKEN

Suicide's not a snap decision.

NIKOLAI

Oh yeah? What makes you the expert?

A beat.

ANNIKEN

My cousin. My father. And my
master's thesis.

*

He hesitates, then nods - no sense in arguing that one.

ANNIKEN (CONT'D)

Suicide's a process. People plan
these things. Think it through.
They carry it around for a while.
Like a weight.

NIKOLAI

So?

ANNIKEN

So, it's heavy. People want to
unburden themselves. That's why
they leave notes. Tommy Hagen
didn't leave a note. But I can't
buy that he didn't tell anyone. Not
a single soul. Maybe not directly,
but a hint. An clue of what he was
planning.

NIKOLAI

You think he reached out for help?

ANNIKEN

Not help. Attention.

A beat.

ANNIKEN (CONT'D)

Look. I just want to poke around
town. See who he was talking to
these last few weeks. Maybe there's
something.

NIKOLAI

Maybe.

ANNIKEN

So you're with me?

NIKOLAI

No.

ANNIKEN

I tried it solo yesterday. People
here don't like me. We're *supposed*
to work together. Partners, you
know?

NIKOLAI

You want to talk about being partners? After you go behind my back with Berg? He was on your side before I even walked into the room. It was a shitty move.

He leaves. She's alone.

2.12 INT. ELVERUM POLICE STATION 2.12

We're with Nikolai as he grabs his coat, takes a breakfast roll from the kitchen table, and heads towards the door.

He passes Lars at his desk. Never even gives him a glance. Lars opens his mouth to talk to his brother but -

Nikolai gives him the middle finger. And then he's out the door.

Bengt witnesses the exchange.

2.13 INT. OFFICE - MORNING 2.13

Anniken working alone. Looking over Marta's credit card report again. Almost no activity until mid-month. Then a major spike.

She shuffles papers. Looks at Tommy's arrest records. We see a few minor charges - mostly drunk fighting. Nothing major.

But one date stands out - the 15th. Drunk and Disorderly charge.

She shuffles some more papers. Finds a more detailed arrest record from the 15th.

The arresting officer: Lars Andreassen.

From somewhere far away, we hear the BUZZ of an audience. WHISPERS. MURMURS.

JOSEF (V.O.)

Well, well. Hello everyone.

CUT TO:

2.14 INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON 2.14

A few dozen people at long tables. A couple Høyre signs adorn the walls.

This is a political function, but a small-scale one.

Josef, clad in his suit and tie, at a podium. A microphone. The room is so small it's almost unnecessary.

JOSEF

It is a pleasure to be here today, speaking to the nomination committee. And I think I can speak for everyone when I say, we appreciate your time, your hard work, and your dedication to the party.

(pause)

As we all know, you people are in the midst of a very important task. And that is, to form a list of candidates worthy of the Høyre party nomination for mayor. Now, all afternoon, I've been listening to some of your other candidates. And I have to say, many of them are quite impressive.

His eyes flicker off stage. We see a woman, GUNDHILD HELLEM (50s), watching Josef. Her expression unreadable. For just a second, their eyes lock.

Then Josef looks back at the nomination committee. Smiling.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

And, as much I have worked with the Høyre party of late, as many hours as I have spent side by side with many of you, I am still not so foolish as to think I would be at the top of your list. Because, well, when I compare myself to these other candidates, at least on paper, I seem to come up short. They have fancy degrees. I have an arrest record.

Laughter.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

But there is something that troubles me in regards to these other candidates. Something I do feel is perhaps worthy of comparison. Something that might, perhaps, affect that list of yours.

(pause)

These other candidates, as impressive as they are, they all began in the same place, didn't they? They began at the top. They began with a helping hand.

(MORE)

JOSEF (CONT'D)

They didn't make something from nothing....they just, didn't lose the something they were given.

Josef walks away from the podium, taking the microphone with him.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

Some of you may remember my father. Some of you may even remember his sermons.

He pauses. A memory washing over him. A dramatic pause.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

Now, that man had a way with words. And, well, I don't think I inherited his talent.

He did.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

But I learned something from him. From watching him. Every week. He'd stand in front of a crowd of people, only half of 'em paying attention at first, but there was something about him. By the time he was through, people, they were glued. And for years, I thought it was the word of the Lord. I did.

A beat.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

But then I realized, it wasn't the bible. It was him. He may not have been a perfect man. He may not have been a perfect father. But he stood in front of those crowds and said what he said because he believed what he was saying was true and he believed that someone had to say it. And that is what you call passion. And you cannot fake passion.

They're really listening now.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

Like my father, I am not a perfect man. But I am a passionate one. Unlike these other candidates, I have built a business from the ground up.

(MORE)

JOSEF (CONT'D)

And that business, the brewery, is the *fastest* growing business in this town, and that isn't by chance or luck or because anyone gave me a hand. It's because I know what the people of Elverum want and I give it to them. They want a microbrew? I make friends with the distributor. They want it a few kroner cheaper? I work a deal and make it so. I don't quit, I don't take 'no' for an answer, and I sure as hell don't sleep in on Sundays.

Applause. They're hooked. As the applause continues -

JOSEF (CONT'D)

(yelling to be heard)

Now. If I work that hard for a bar, what do you think I could do for a whole town?

The applause gets LOUDER.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

My name is Josef Kolberg. I may not be the obvious candidate. But I stand here today to tell you that I am the best. Put me at the top of your list, nominate me for the party seat, and when I run for major of Elverum, I will win.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

2.15 INT. ANDREASSEN HOUSE, STORAGE ROOM - AFTERNOON 2.15

A cramped room. Dark, save for a single light bulb dangling from the ceiling. It's dusty. Cold. Stacks of papers shoved into every corner.

Amongst the chaos, there's a bench. On the bench, we see Hans Olav. A photo album in his hand. A coffee mug perched on a stack of papers to his left. An old thermos on the floor by his feet.

Clearly, this is Hans Olav's "spot."

He flips the page of the album. Pauses. Something catches his attention.

IN THE ALBUM

We see a candid family photo. From the 80s, by the looks of it. Two KIDS in a kitchen, playing "swords" with wooden mixing spoons. A WOMAN (30s) at the stove.

Everyone smiling. Everyone happy.

Hans Olav stands, tossing the photo album aside. He lifts the seat to the bench, revealing even more stacks of junk inside. He roots through the mess, eventually finding -

A stack of papers. Bound with a cheap metal clip. He eyes the first page. We don't see what it is.

2.16 INT. ELVERUM POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON 2.16

Anniken stands by Lars' desk.

LARS

I told Nik all of this.

ANNIKEN

No harm in double-checking, right?

He hesitates, then -

LARS

I was out picking up Tommy. Jonas called me directly. Border Patrol doesn't have the authority to arrest him but they have to notify me.

ANNIKEN

Jonas has no license?

LARS

Right.

ANNIKEN

But he drives anyway?

LARS

He doesn't always listen to authority. Anyway, I took Tommy with me, picked up Jonas, and brought them both back here. Booked 'em.

She looks through paperwork.

ANNIKEN

At 2:27.

LARS

Sounds right.

ANNIKEN

And what time did Jonas call you?

LARS

You can check the records. Sometime after 1:00.

ANNIKEN

It doesn't take an hour to drive to the border and back. What took so long?

Lars sighs. Acts conflicted.

LARS

Look. I killed some time at the border. Tommy was still worked up and I wanted to give him a chance to cool off. Or pass out. Whichever came first. Last time I brought him in he got smartassed with one of my officers. The same officer was working that night and I was just trying to avoid having to add on more charges. Tommy might have been a screw up, but he was my friend.

Anniken searches his face. Finds nothing.

ANNIKEN

One last question. Anything unusual happen to Tommy that night?

LARS

What do you mean by unusual?

ANNIKEN

I mean, he's arrested on the 15th. Spends the 16th sleeping it off. Starting on the 17th, there's a substantial spike in his spending habits. It's *unusual*. So I'm asking. Anything *unusual* happen to him that night?

LARS

No. Not that I know of. He spent the night in our custody.

ANNIKEN

Alone?

2.17 INT. BREWERY - AFTERNOON

2.17

Soft lighting. Soft music. But it's still early; only a few tables are filled. Pia's on duty. Rolf behind the bar.

In walks EINAR (20s). Short. Stocky. Stringy hair that looks unwashed. He walks up to the bar. Rolf approaches, wary.

EINAR

Hey.

ROLF

Hey.

A beat. Pia eyes them, then returns to her tables. Einar and Rolf keep their voices low.

EINAR

What the hell? You said you'd talk to him. *

ROLF

And I did. But it's not a good time. *

EINAR

Bullshit. You just don't trust me enough to vouch for me. You think you're better than me. You always have.

Rolf leans in. Serious.

ROLF

It's got nothing to do with that. Things here are changing. Josef, he's not what you think he is.

EINAR

Maybe -

The DOOR OPENS. Nikolai walks in. Goes right up to the bar. Just a meter from Rolf and Einar, who pull apart. Suspicious looks all around.

An awkward silence, then Einar walks out the door. Rolf and Nikolai now alone.

NIKOLAI
 (to Rolf, re: Einar)
 I hate it when I break up the fun.

ROLF
 (re: drinks)
 What do you want?

NIKOLAI
 Just a water.

PIA (O.S.)
 Sure you don't want something
 stronger?

Nikolai turns. Pia leans on the bar next to him.

PIA (CONT'D)
 Don't take this the wrong way, but
 you look like shit.

NIKOLAI
 You're the third woman today to
 tell me that. I'm starting to think
 it's true.

PIA
 Rough night?

NIKOLAI
 Something like that.
 (to Rolf)
 Water's good.

Rolf pours him a water. Leaves. Pia and Nikolai are alone.

PIA
 I figured you'd be gone by now.

NIKOLAI
 So did I.

He eyes her, smiling. Puts on the charm. He can't help it.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)
 But I can't say I'm entirely
 disappointed.

She rolls her eyes, but she loves it.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

I'm hoping you can help me. *

PIA *

Me? *

NIKOLAI *

You're a waitress at the most popular bar in town. My guess is, you see a lot. Now, you said this was Tommy's spot. Who was he hanging out with? I mean, besides my brother and those guys. *

PIA *

Oh, um, Kjell, I guess? *

NIKOLAI *

Kjell, Kjell Bakke? Up on - *

PIA *

That's the one. *

NIKOLAI *

No shit.

Nikolai's mind churning. A plan forming.

PIA *

Why? Does that matter? *

NIKOLAI *

Yeah, it does. Its good that you told me. Pia, can I trust you? *

PIA *

Of course. *

NIKOLAI *

My partner, this is her first case. She's trying to get the spotlight and I'm trying to teach her a lesson. *

PIA *

Sounds unfriendly. *

NIKOLAI *

It is. Do me a favor, don't let her know I was here, okay? *

PIA *

She's coming here? *

NIKOLAI *

Most likely. *

PIA
 What do I tell her? I mean, about
 Tommy?

He smiles. Stands.

NIKOLAI
 Everything you know.

As he's walking towards the door -

PIA
 Nik.

NIKOLAI
 Yeah?

PIA
 (re: Rolf and Einar)
 What's Josef into? I know you know.

A beat.

PIA (CONT'D)
 The guys that come in here, they
 creep me out. I just want to know
 what's going on.

NIKOLAI
 Don't worry about it.

He leaves. Her smile fades.

CLOSE ON:

A recipe. Faded, feminine scrawl. Pull back to reveal we are:

2.18 INT. REMA 1000 - LATE MORNING

2.18

Hans Olav holds the recipe, wheeling his cart through the grocery store. Eyes darting back and forth from the paper to the aisles. Searching. Less of a leisurely shopper and more of a man on a mission.

He makes his way to the meats. His recipe reads "beef stew meat." He looks at the options.

There's whole beef. And pork stew meat. No beef stew meat.

HANS OLAV
 Where the fuck...

Confusion mounts.

HANS OLAV (CONT'D)
 Where the fuck is the -

A WOMAN takes notice of him, then turns away. He's self conscious. Takes both the pork and the beef. Tosses them in his cart.

THE SPICE AISLE

An EMPLOYEE re-stocking the supplies. Boxes on the floor.

Hans Olav's cart hits one of the boxes. The Employee looks up, then goes back to stocking. He's moving slowly. He's got no reason to hurry.

Hans Olav, annoyed, looks over the mess of boxes, searching the already-stocked spices. He finds the slot for garlic powder. But it's empty.

He waits. Impatient. The Employee moving at a snail's pace. Restocking the cardamom. Then the cinnamon. Then the cloves...

Hans Olav pushes his cart aside. Pulls the open box of spices near him.

EMPLOYEE

Hey.

He searches through it. No garlic powder. He grabs the next box, still taped shut. Grabs his keys from his pocket. A knife on the ring. Slices open the tape.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

A MANAGER catches sight of the scene. Approaches.

Hans Olav searches through the box, but doesn't find what he wants. Tosses the box on the floor. A bit too roughly. The glass jars CLANK.

HANS OLAV

(to the Manager, re: the Employee)

He's too god damned slow.

The Manager watches, slack jawed, as Hans Olav RIPS open the next box. Only this time, he's too aggressive.

The spices SPILL EVERYWHERE. Shattering on the ground.

Hans Olav is panting. He looks up. Everyone has stopped their carts, gawking.

His face flushes red. An excruciating silence. He storms out of the store, leaving his cart behind.

2.19 EXT. YELLOW HOUSE - AFTERNOON 2.19

Anniken parks outside. Looks at the house. Thinking.

JONAS (V.O.)

I thought we talked about this last time.

2.20 INT. YELLOW HOUSE - AFTERNOON 2.20

Jonas, nervous, straightens up his living room. Anniken stands by the fireplace. Motionless. Watching.

ANNIKEN

I just wanted to talk about it again. Hey, I'm new. Bare with me?

She smiles. We know her well enough to know this is a ploy. He doesn't.

JONAS

Yeah. Yeah, sure. What do you want to know?

ANNIKEN

You said you and Tommy, you did stuff together. That you were close.

JONAS

Yeah. That's right.

ANNIKEN

You must miss him.

A beat. Jonas averts his eyes.

ANNIKEN (CONT'D)

Hey, how come you didn't tell me you two were arrested the same night?

JONAS

What? Oh. That. No. It was just a coincidence. We weren't, like, arrested *together* or anything.

ANNIKEN

Spent some time in the same cell, though?

JONAS

Yeah.

ANNIKEN

What'd you guys talk about?

JONAS

Nothing.

ANNIKEN

Nothing? You both had a hell of a night. Stuck there together. You're already friends. You telling me you guys didn't exchange a single word?

JONAS

Yeah.

ANNIKEN

Yeah?

JONAS

Yeah.

A beat.

JONAS (CONT'D)

He was passed out.

Anniken eyes him. If he's lying, he's doing it very well.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Can't really have a conversation with someone who's asleep.

2.21 EXT. KJELL'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

2.21

KJELL (50s), opens his front door. Sees Nikolai on his porch. A moment of confusion. Then his eyes, heavy with bags, flicker with recognition.

KJELL

Holy shit. Nikolai Andreassen.

NIKOLAI

Kjell. Good to see you.

KJELL

Shit yes. Come on.

He motions for Nikolai to come in.

2.22 INT. KJELL'S HOUSE

2.22

The house is in even worse shape than Kjell. He shuffles through the living room, heading towards the kitchen.

KJELL

You want somethin' to drink?

NIKOLAI

No. Thanks.

KJELL

You're hung over as hell. I can see it from here. Want a drink? It'll kill it.

NIKOLAI

Nah.

KJELL

You sure?

NIKOLAI

Not who I am.

KJELL

Suit yourself.

Kjell pops open a beer. Comes back into the living room. Sits on the couch. Nikolai moves some newspapers off a chair. Sits down.

KJELL (CONT'D)

Been a while. Like, what, 10 years?

NIKOLAI

Maybe more.

KJELL

I see your brother from time to time. He's the sheriff.

NIKOLAI

I know.

KJELL

(laughing)

Well, yeah.

(pause)

He talks about you, you know. He's really proud.

A beat. Neither man knows what to say.

KJELL (CONT'D)

Haven't seen Josef.

NIKOLAI

Well, I don't think he's making moonshine anymore.

KJELL

Too bad. He was a natural. You were, too.

NIKOLAI

We learned from the best.

Kjell smiles.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)
But. Moonshine's illegal, you know.

KJELL
(laughing)
Well, maybe, but it isn't exactly a
big deal.

NIKOLAI
Giving it to underage kids is.

Kjell stops laughing. Grows wary.

KJELL
What are you getting at?

Nikolai remains silent.

KJELL (CONT'D)
What, you're gonna be a cop all of
a sudden? Good luck. I haven't made
that shit in years. Don't even have
the equipment anymore.

NIKOLAI
I figured. But I'm willing to bet,
if I go down to your basement right
now, I'll see you're still growing
pot. I'm also willing to bet, you
still sell some on the side.

A beat.

KJELL
You come all the way from Oslo to
arrest me for a couple of pot
plants?

NIKOLAI
No. That's not what I want.

KJELL
Then what do you want?

Nikolai exhales. He doesn't want to do this, but -

NIKOLAI
I want you to remember something
for me.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

2.23 INT. LARS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

2.23

Lars walks in. Kristel sitting at the kitchen table, smoking. The window behind her open.

Lars looks at the stove. Two frozen pizzas thawing out. The oven pre-heating.

LARS

Thought you were getting the kids.

KRISTEL

They like walking.

Lars goes to the fridge. Pulls out a cucumber. A tomato. Starts chopping them both; something that'll pass for nutrition.

Kristel bobs her foot up and down, eyeing her husband. Whatever flirty mood she was in when we met her, it's long gone.

KRISTEL (CONT'D)

You talk to Nikolai about Oslo?

LARS

Not yet.

KRISTEL

I can't stay here forever, Lars.

He chops vegetables. Doesn't answer. Then his phone BEEP. A text. He looks at it. Whatever it is, it makes him uneasy.

KRISTEL (CONT'D)

Who was that?

LARS

It's nothing.

KRISTEL

You're acting weird lately.

LARS

It's just, having my brother back in town. Throws me for a loop. That's all.

KRISTEL

Nah-uh. It started before then. You're up to something. I know it.

2.24 INT. BREWERY - AFTERNOON

2.24

Busier now. Some people have kicked-off work early. Pia and Anniken at a table near the back.

ANNIKEN

You said his name was Kjell Bakke?

PIA

Uh huh. He and Tommy'd known each other since high school, but Kjell never really hung out with Lars and them, far as I know.

*

*

ANNIKEN

They didn't get along?

PIA

No, not like that. Just didn't run in the same circles. People stick to who they know, you know?

*

ANNIKEN

Any unusual behavior from Tommy these last few weeks? Anything out of the ordinary at all?

PIA

Not really. I mean, he was pretty happy, actually. Was in here a lot, but it wasn't depressed drinking. It was more like, he was celebrating.

ANNIKEN

Celebrating?

PIA

Yeah. He even signed up for the pool tournament. Like I told Nik, it was a strange thing to do the night you're gonna kill yourself, but I guess people don't ever really completely make sense.

Anniken hesitates - she didn't know that - but covers. Pia senses something.

PIA (CONT'D)

Nikolai's a good guy.

Anniken says nothing.

PIA (CONT'D)

Just, if he's being difficult. That's how he gets, when he's in a corner. Cut him some slack.

ANNIKEN

Why do you think he's in a corner?

A beat. Pia looks away as she speaks.

PIA

It's hard coming back here. All of a sudden you're a kid again. Everyone looks at you like they did twenty years ago. Like nothing's changed. And all the emotion that comes with that, it's all a lot fresher than you thought it would be.

*
*
*
*
*

She looks back at Anniken.

*

PIA (CONT'D)

No. Not fresh. Raw.

*
*

2.25 INT. NIKOLAI'S CAR - AFTERNOON

2.25

Up ahead, Nikolai sees Milla and Erik. They're walking on the correct side of the street now. He smiles. Pulls over.

LATER

Erik in the back seat. Milla up front with Nikolai. He's driving. She's turned around, scowling at her brother.

MILLA

You get front seat next time!

ERIK

It's not fair!

Milla sighs, dramatically, turning back around. She gives Nikolai a look that says, *ugh, kids*. He tries not to laugh. They drive in silence. Then -

MILLA

What was grandma like?

NIKOLAI

Where'd that come from?

MILLA

Dad never talks about her. But she was your mom, too, right?

NIKOLAI

Right. What do you want to know?

MILLA

Was she nice?

NIKOLAI
Yeah. She was nice.

MILLA
Like how?

A beat. He keeps his eyes on the road.

NIKOLAI
She was an artist. Did you know that?

Milla shakes her head, no.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)
There's this room in our house. By the laundry. Used to be mom's art room. She work with metals a lot. Pound the crap out of them. We'd hear her up in the kitchen. Did pottery, too. She had one of those potter's wheels. You know those?

Milla nods.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)
She was pretty good. I mean, she'd never make a living off it, but the stuff she made, it was nice. And she really loved it. I could tell that, even as a kid. It was important to her.

A beat.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)
Anyway, one day I came home from school. Your dad was at soccer practice, I think. He was good at soccer. Did you know that?

MILLA
He was?

NIKOLAI
Yeah. I think that's where you get it.

She smiles.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Mom had told us to always knock before we went into her art room because it was small and everything there was fragile but I forgot. I just opened the door, and the handle, on the inside, it hit one of her pots.

MILLA

Did it break?

NIKOLAI

No. It was still wet. It just got smushed. And I looked up at her, and I knew I'd messed up, but the look on her face...she laughed. *Instantly*. Most people, when you do something like that, they look upset at first and then they tell you it's alright, because it's what they're supposed to say, but you know it's not alright, because you saw it on their face. But with her, it was alright. Because that stuff, her stuff, it wasn't as important as we were.

(pause)

That's how she was nice.

A beat.

ERIK

Mom's not like that. She's mean.

MILLA

Shut up, Erik.

ERIK

It's true.

MILLA

Yeah, but dad's nice.

Nikolai eyes Milla. But she's looking out the window.

2.26 INT. ELVERUM POLICE STATION - EVENING

2.26

Nikolai coming in. Unzipping his coat. Walking towards the office just as Anniken comes out of the interrogation room.

ANNIKEN

You know a Kjell Bakke?

NIKOLAI

Sure.

ANNIKEN

He and Tommy'd been hanging out lately. I paid him a visit. Got him to come in and make a statement.

NIKOLAI

Statement about what?

ANNIKEN
Come hear for yourself.

She leads him back in to -

2.27 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

2.27

- where Kjell is at the table. When Kjell looks up at Nikolai, he flinches, but covers.

ANNIKEN
I guess you already know my partner.

KJELL
Hey, Nikolai.

NIKOLAI
Good to see you, Kjell.

ANNIKEN
Can we go over what you said one more time?

Kjell looks at the ground. Nervous. But does as he is told.

KJELL
It wasn't one thing that he said. It was a bunch of things, but when you put 'em together, after it happened, then it makes sense. He talked a lot about regrets, and how maybe sometimes it *is* too late for some people. He never talked about himself, directly, but it was more like, the way he talked about everything, was just...dark. Then, a few weeks before it happened, he seemed better. Got really happy about everything. Was buying everybody drinks. Said money didn't matter.

ANNIKEN
Did you ask him why he'd had a change in mood?

KJELL
He said, he had a plan. That's all.

An almost imperceptible nod from Nikolai - well done.

ANNIKEN
Did you know he signed up for the pool tournament down at the brewery?

Kjell freezes. Doesn't know what to say.

KJELL
Yeah. Yeah, I knew that. I'd forgotten, but yeah.

Nikolai's stomach churns. He hides it well, but we can see his nerves mounting.

ANNIKEN
He say anything to you about that?

KJELL
No, not really.

ANNIKEN
But he told you?

KJELL
Yeah.

ANNIKEN
When?

KJELL
Right when he did. He thought it was really funny. I didn't get why at the time, but now, I guess, he thought it was ironic or something.

ANNIKEN
So he called you? When he signed up?

KJELL
Ah, no. No, he told me in person.

ANNIKEN
So you were there that night?

KJELL
Yeah.

ANNIKEN
At the brewery?

KJELL
Yeah.

ANNIKEN
The night he killed himself?

A beat.

KJELL
Just for a little while. He was with Lars and them. I don't really know those guys.

ANNIKEN
Don't run in that circle, huh?

KJELL
Right.

A beat. Anniken eyes Kjell. Then -

ANNIKEN
Thank you, Kjell.

2.28 EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

2.28

Anniken closing the door. Nikolai waiting for her in the hallway.

ANNIKEN
Okay. You win. And the debris, it had to have been the forensics team.

NIKOLAI
I wouldn't want to be you when Jan sees your report.

ANNIKEN
Where have you been all day?

NIKOLAI
Same as you. Poking around town.

ANNIKEN
I thought you said you didn't have doubts.

He shrugs his shoulders.

NIKOLAI
I didn't. But. You made some good points.

She nods. And we see a tiny smile - mostly to herself. Then she turns. Walks down the hallway.

Nikolai exhales. Relieved. At least for now.

2.29 INT. BAR - EVENING

2.29

No microbrews here. Sticky floors. Bad lighting. The kind of place where you're hoping not have to use the bathroom.

Lars and Bengt at a booth in the corner. Beers nearly empty.

BENGT

Once they close this case, they're gone. He's gone. You said you'd be able to convince him.

LARS

What do you want me to do? Put a gun to his head? He's my brother.

BENGT

That's the exact reason why you said this would work.

LARS

Look, I -

BENGT

Do you even realize how much money this is gonna be? Have you even thought about -

LARS

No one needs this more than me, okay? No one. I got these guys breathing down my -

Jonas comes to the table, carrying three pints. He spills them a bit when he puts them on the table.

JONAS

Shit. Sorry.

Bengt and Lars both sit back. Jonas sits down. A beat. Then -

JONAS (CONT'D)

What are you guys talking about?

They just look at him. He gets it.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Oh.

(whispering)

Nikolai told me he wasn't gonna help sell the stuff.

LARS

When'd you talk to Nikolai?

JONAS

This morning.

BENGT

You didn't think you should mention that?

JONAS

I just did.

BENGT

What the fuck else did you two talk about?

JONAS

Nothing. I mean, I told him what happened because he asked.

LARS

What'd he say?

JONAS

He asked me if I could keep my story straight, and I said I could. I did, too. His partner, the girl, she came and saw me and I did fine.

A beat.

LARS

(to Bengt)

She's questioned him twice in three days. She asked me about him, too. She's on to something.

BENGT

He's fine.

JONAS

I'm fine.

LARS

You're not fine, Jonas. You'll crack if she presses. You know you will.

He looks to Bengt.

LARS (CONT'D)

You know he will, too.

Bengt stays silent.

LARS (CONT'D)

And Kristel, I think she suspects something. She doesn't know what, but...once she gets fixed on something she doesn't let go.

(pause)

What if we fucked up? I mean, what if we really fucked up and now -

(whispers)

- now Tommy is dead. He was our friend and he's dead.

Bengt eyes Lars. Takes a sip of his beer.

- 2.30 EXT. HOTEL - EVENING 2.30
A generic building. Most of the rooms are dark.
- 2.31 INT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 2.31
Nikolai outside a room. About to knock, but he hesitates.
- 2.32 INT. HOTEL ROOM 2.32
Two double beds. Nikolai sitting on one. Kristoffer on the other. They face each other, an ugly bedside table between them.

NIKOLAI
You have to leave town. In the morning. My boss is here.

KRISTOFFER
Why?

NIKOLAI
I don't know why. He gave me some bullshit story about wanting to observe his newbies but I don't buy it. I think he's got eyes on me.

KRISTOFFER
I'm nervous. For the trial.

A beat. Nikolai wants to keep quiet, but -

NIKOLAI
You're doing the right thing. You know how rare that is? How brave you are?

Kristoffer looks away. Nikolai holds his stare.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)
Don't forget that.

KRISTOFFER
Can you stay?

NIKOLAI
I can't.

KRISTOFFER
But do you have to go right now?

Off Nikolai, hesitating.

CUT TO:

2.33 EXT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER 2.33
Nikolai closes the door behind him. Runs his hands through his hair; it's messy.

2.34 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX 2.34
Rolf parking his Camaro in the parking lot. Locking it. Walking towards a side entrance. Down an alleyway.
Something shifts in the darkness. Rolf freezes. Listens. But, nothing. He shakes it off. Keeps heading towards the alleyway.

2.35 EXT. ANDREASSEN HOUSE 2.35
Nikolai parking his car outside his house. Locking it. Walking towards the front door when something makes him stop in his tracks.

NIKOLAI
What do you want?

We see Bengt, waiting for him.

BENGT
You look like shit.

2.36 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX 2.36
Rolf in the alleyway. Heading towards stairs leading to the second landing. But he never makes it there.
WHACK. Someone knocks him out from behind.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

2.37 EXT. ANDREASSEN HOUSE

2.37

Bengt and Nikolai standing. Facing each other. The hatred palpable.

BENGT

You surprised me, Nikolai. I thought you were bluffing, but now I'm starting to believe you. Starting to think you'd actually walk away from this.

NIKOLAI

How much of this was him, and how much of it was you? I know none of it was Jonas. He doesn't have the smarts.

BENGT

You want to believe I dragged your brother into this, don't you?

Nikolai doesn't answer.

BENGT (CONT'D)

He called me. He saw what was in that trunk, and he called me. He could have called the station, an ambulance...but no.

Bengt smiles.

BENGT (CONT'D)

You Andreassens...you all got something in you. You try to pretend otherwise, but it's there.

NIKOLAI

What do you want?

BENGT

Your brother's got a lot of debt. He's getting desperate. He's gonna try to unload this stuff, and you and I both know, he'll get himself caught.

NIKOLAI

I don't believe it.

BENGT

Believe what you want.

NIKOLAI

You think telling me this will make me step in? Help you? What makes you think I won't just risk letting you all do it solo?

*
*
*

BENGT

I know you don't mind risk. But I also know you hate not having control.

Nikolai clenches his jaw. Bengt's hit the nail on the head.

BENGT (CONT'D)

And, I think, for all your spit and fire, you love your brother and you love those kids, and you don't want to see anything happen to them.

Nikolai looks away.

BENGT (CONT'D)

You're a helper, Nikolai.

NIKOLAI

No. Not who I am.

*

A beat. Then Bengt moves past Nikolai, towards his car.

We stay on Nikolai as Bengt's engine RUMBLES to a start, pulling out of the driveway.

Nikolai doesn't move. Frozen. Thinking.

2.38 EXT. JOSEF'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2.38

Josef parks his BMW. The paint job shinning in the moonlight. Puts on the alarm. Walks up towards his front door, and sees - Rolf. Sitting on the doorstep. Face bloody.

2.39 INT. JOSEF'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 2.39

Rolf and Josef both on chairs at the tiny kitchen table. A bottle of antiseptic and some paper towels between them.

Josef's pulled his chair up close. Pulls a soaked towel off of Rolf's face. Rolf winces.

JOSEF

You're fine.

ROLF

I know.

Josef puts another towel on an open wound. Rolf flinches, but stays stoic.

ROLF (CONT'D)

He's this asshole I know from way back. He wanted to come work for you. I told him no. He came by the brewery, too.

Josef pulls the towel away. Sits back. Looking at Rolf.

JOSEF

Is that so.

ROLF

Yeah. Look, Josef, I know you think you can't trust me. Like, I know you think I'm not smart or whatever. But I am. And you can. Trust me, I mean.

A beat. Josef thinks that one over.

ROLF (CONT'D)

Sorry about your shirt.

Josef looks down. His shirt and tie, so perfectly clean this morning, are now speckled with blood.

2.40 INT. OFFICE - EVENING

2.40

Anniken with paperwork in front of her. Her mobile on the table, open. We hear Jan through the speaker.

JAN

No fuckin' way.

ANNIKEN

It's the only explanation.

JAN

Fuck you it's the only explanation. I reject that bullshit explanation. You write down it was our error and I'll fight you on it.

ANNIKEN

How else would the debris get in -

JAN

Oh, I don't know, dumbass cops, drunkass morgue employees, fuckin' alien invasion, but it wasn't forensics team personal error, of that I can goddamn assure you. We're not a bunch of monkeys.

ANNIKEN

I didn't say you were -

He starts making monkey noises.

ANNIKEN (CONT'D)

Jan.

More monkey noises.

ANNIKEN (CONT'D)

Jan.

He won't stop. She hangs up. Sighs.

2.41 INT. BREWERY - NIGHT

2.41

Nearly all the customers are gone. Only around midnight, but it's a weeknight. Slow.

Josef walks in. Tie off. Collar loosened. Still a bit bloody. Pia looks up.

JOSEF

Come with me.

2.42 INT. BACK OFFICE, BREWERY

2.42

A tiny room. An old PC. Paperwork everywhere. Pia walks in first. Josef follows her. Shuts the door behind them.

Pia turns. Josef only inches away. She eyes the closed door. Looks nervous. Tries to hide it, but we see it. He sees it.

He keeps his eyes on her. His expression unreadable. Then -

JOSEF

I don't trust many people. Don't like the way it feels.

He takes a step towards her, closing the distance between them. She flinches.

He realizes she thinks he's making a move. He smiles. A tiny laugh - to himself.

He slowly moves his hand up. Over her shoulder, to the wall behind her. Never touches her.

He removes a small, framed liquor license. Behind it, a safe.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

But I realized, if I'm going to protect you, I have to start trusting you.

He steps back. Giving her space. She eyes the safe. Then him.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

1. 10. 34.

She touches the dial. Spins it to 1. Then 10. Then 34. It lock clicks. She opens it.

Inside, some papers. Some money. And a gun.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

In case I'm not around. In case you ever feel unsafe.

She turns back to him.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

I know who I am, Pia.

PIA

What are the numbers?

JOSEF

Matthew one. Chapter ten. Verse thirty four. "Do not suppose that I have come to bring peace to the earth. I did not come to bring peace. But a sword."

A beat, then -

JOSEF (CONT'D)

(re: the gun)

I keep it loaded.

He leaves.

She turns, looks inside the safe. Her expression initially scared, then it slowly relaxes. She's not scared. Not anymore.

Then she shuts the door. Spins the dial.

2.43 INT. ANDREASSEN HOUSE - LATER

2.43

Hans Olav on the couch. Television on mute. Highlights from a ski competition. He's barely watching.

Nikolai walks in.

NIKOLAI

You're still up.

HANS OLAV

There's no dinner.

NIKOLAI
It's one in the morning.

HANS OLAV
There's hot dogs if you want them.

NIKOLAI
(kindly)
I'm a grown man, dad. You don't
need to make me dinner.

Nikolai heads towards his room. A moment, then Hans Olav
shuts off the TV. Gets up. Leaves the room.

2.44 INT. NICE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 2.44

Anniken in bed. Naked, except for a man's shirt. It's pink.
And it's familiar.

She's got paperwork in front of her. Scrutinizing something.

We hear the WATER RUNNING in the bathroom. Someone's brushing
their teeth.

We take a closer look at the papers in her lap. A print out
with a Border Patrol logo in the corner. Some hand written
notes from an officer.

We see Jonas' name highlighted.

ANNIKEN
How often does border patrol
actually have someone on duty?

BERG (O.S.)
Not often.

ANNIKEN
So if you've gotten pulled three
times in the past six months, then
how many times would you have
actually crossed?

Berg sticks his head out of the bathroom. Toothbrush still in
his mouth. He's shirtless.

BERG
A lot. Why?

2.45 INT. NIKOLAI'S BEDROOM 2.45

Nikolai at his bedroom window. Looking through his
binoculars.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

We see Jenny's house. The lights of the TV still on. She's still up. Or she's fallen asleep on the couch.

Nikolai smiles to himself. Puts the binoculars away. He looks at his mobile. His smile fades.

A beat, then he picks it up. Pauses. Last minute doubts creeping up. But then he dials. Puts it to his ear. Waits. Then -

NIKOLAI
I have something for you.

2.46 INT. APARTMENT IN OSLO - NIGHT 2.46

Another crappy apartment. Another insomniac with the TV on late. This time, it's CAWAALE (19).

He's Somali. Wire-thin. And with a nasty set of scars near his left eye.

He's got his mobile to his ear. Listening. Then his face recoils, his scars crinkling.

CAWAALE
Elverum?

2.47 INT. ANDREASSEN HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 2.47

The kitchen is pitch black. The only light coming from the fridge, held open by Nikolai.

He reaches in. Pulls out a bottle of beer. Grabs a snusbox by the stove. Pops the cap. Tosses it in the sink.

Takes a long pull. Exhales.

END ACT FOUR

FADE OUT