

Last Train

by

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FADE IN:

INT. RIMSA PAWN SHOP, OSLO - CLOSE ON BANKNOTES - FIRST LIGHT

EDVARD MUNCH stares out, the image on a Norwegian THOUSAND KRONER BANKNOTE.

The table is full with tight bundles of these notes. This is what ten million Kroner looks like.

A HAND picks up the bundles, transfers them to a BLACK LEATHER HOLDALL.

NOJUS RIMSA, mid forties, Lithuanian, a slab of a man in a dark suit, makes sure the notes are neat and secure.

On a chair, anxious, VIKTORAS (VIK) RIMSA, brother to Nojus. A big, tough man, but beside his older brother he looks like a child.

Nojus finishes, smooths hands across the fully packed bag.

Takes a GLOCK 17 HANDGUN and places it on top of the notes, zips the bag closed. Hefts the load onto his thick shoulders, turns to Vik.

NOJUS

(in Lithuanian w/ English subtitles)

Everywhere is good to live, but best is at home.

(in English)

The last one. We will be home, soon.

Vik hugs his brother tightly, like he doesn't want him to leave. After a long moment his grip dies and he kisses the side of his brother's face, before breaking away.

Nojus studies his brother, smiles serenely, then leaves.

Vik's eyes fall to the floor, unable to watch his brother go.

EXT. TYRIFJORDEN FJORD, NORWAY - FIRST LIGHT

High above the fjord. Early light breaks through snow heavy clouds, reflects off the still water of the fjord.

SMALL FISHING BOATS, catching early fish, dot the surface.

SNOW COVERED TREES stretch for miles along the shoreline, nothing breaking their expanse until, at the far northern end of the water --

RINGERIKE PRISON

A high security facility that squats on the edge of the fjord.

Seven metre high CONCRETE WALLS, encircle the main and outer buildings. HIGH TREES have been planted within the walls, an attempt to blend in with the tranquil surroundings. It doesn't work.

EXT. RINGERIKE PRISON - GATE - FIRST LIGHT

Heavy gates slide open and EINAR ANDERSEN walks to freedom. Twenty four years old, fit and strong. A tight, prison gym physique fills out his flimsy summer jacket.

He rubs his short, blonde, prison cut hair, as the cold wind snaps at him.

The gate HEAVES shut behind him. He looks around, unsure of what his next move should be.

A TRANSIT BUS idles at the road, his first step home.

He checks a PHOTOGRAPH in his hand. SYLVI LUNN, twenty four, beautiful, kind, smiles back. But all it is, is ink on paper, she isn't here for him.

He pockets the photo, heads across to the bus.

EXT. OSLO STREETS - DAY

Nojus winds his 92 BROUGHAM CADILLAC along the narrow streets of Central Oslo. It's a huge car, it's size and the piled high, dirty snow, makes progress slow.

A BMW pulls out of a street behind the Cadillac, follows, keeping a good distance.

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

Nojus spots the BMW in the rearview. Knows who's in there. Glances at the HOLDALL in the passenger seat, his hands tight on the wheel.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Busy with families and workers and most seats are taken.

Einar sits alone, slumped across seats as he watches the landscape fly past. Snow, lakes and trees, a blur of white, blue and green.

Down the aisle, a GUARD collects tickets. He's happy in his work, plays with the children that run around, makes small talk with the passengers.

Einar spots him, instinctively sits up straight in his seat.

The guard in front of him now, smiles down. Einar hands him the prison issue TICKET. The smile drops.

GUARD
Ringerike Prison, huh?

Einar nods. Has to get used to this now.

The guard punches the ticket, eyes him with suspicion, almost throws it back. Then he's off along the aisle, happy again.

INT. BMW, MOVING - DAY

Two MEN up front, watch the Cadillac as it heads out of town.

INT. CADILLAC, MOVING - SAME TIME

Nojus checks the rearview.

A FLASHING BLUE LIGHT now on top the BMW, a SIREN sounds.

Nojus pulls to the side of the road.

EXT. OSLO STREETS - DAY

The BMW pulls up behind the Caddy.

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

Nojus, his eyes on the rearview. A hand goes to his inner jacket pocket, FINGERS something there. Climbs out.

EXT. OSLO STREET - SAME

The passenger door of the BMW opens and PER KOLBERG springs out. In his early thirties, clean cut, blandly handsome, dressed in a fashionable suit and tie.

PER
Nojus. Nice wheels, my man.

The driver door opens. HENRIK JENSEN pulls himself out. He's in his early fifties, looks older in a crumpled suit and comb over hair.

Henrik is alert, checks around him before he approaches.

HENRIK
You have it?

Nojus signals to the passenger side but doesn't move to open the door.

Per watches.

PER

Henrik, you want me to slap some manners into this Lithuanian peasant?

NOJUS

You should muzzle your dog, Henrik. Before it has to be put down.

PER

Muzzle? I have a muzzle right here.

He pulls his jacket across, flashes his GUN.

PER (cont'd)

Maybe I'll just put it against your head, let you see how it feels.

Nojus sneers, bring it on.

HENRIK

Per, enough. (to Nojus) I'd like to see it. Please.

Nojus opens the passenger door.

INT. CADILLAC - SAME TIME

Nojus unzips the bag, shields the gun. Henrik peers in.

EXT. OSLO STREET - SAME TIME

Henrik has one eye on the money, one on Nojus.

HENRIK

You have protection?

Nojus taps his coat, his inside pocket.

NOJUS

Oh, yes, I have protection.

HENRIK

Good. That's a lot of money you have there. Half of it belongs to Per and I. It's taken me twenty years on these streets to raise that. You hold my second pension. Make sure you look after it.

NOJUS

Your dirty money will be safe. But this is the last time. When I move this load on, I move on.

PER

You think you're running this show?
We tell you when you can stop.

NOJUS

(To Henrik)

That was our agreement. I thought
you were a man of honour?

Per in his face, trying to rile the big man.

PER

We are men of honour. We're the
police. That means, we make the
rules and you follow them. The only
reason you and your psycho brother
are able to operate in this town is
because we let you.

HENRIK

Per. Relax.(To Nojus) We had an
agreement and I will honour it.
Pick up the package, do what you do
best and let the whole town get as
high as they surely want. But you
quadruple our money. Then you can
move on. Go home, buy your farm,
plough your fields. Whatever you
want to do.

He grips Nojus' arm, leans in close, a fierce, desperate
intensity across his face.

HENRIK (cont'd)

(whispers)

You don't let me down with this
one. There is a lot at stake
here.(Louder) Call me when this is
done.

Drops his grip. The two men have an understanding.

PER

Yeah, you can go home. Plenty more
where you came from.

Nojus drives away.

PER (cont'd)

You trust that sheep herding mother
fucker?

HENRIK

In this city, I trust no one.

INT. CADILLAC, MOVING - DAY

Nojus breathes deeply, letting the adrenaline disperse.

Goes inside his suit jacket, pulls out a thick PEN. This 'pen' is a digital, voice activated, recording device.

Checks his watch.

NOJUS

(into pen)

February 11th, nine thirty six. The voices you just heard belong to Police Inspector Henrik Jensen and Police Sergeant Per Kolberg. If all goes well, then this time next week I will be burning these recordings. If not, I hope these words will burn down those corrupt sons of whores.

EXT. OSLO STREETS - SAME TIME

The Cadillac roars down the quiet road, out of the city, towards the snow covered TREES of the countryside beyond.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Einar asleep in his seat. The train slows, then stops. As a few passengers rise to collect their belongings, the guard rushes along the aisle to Einar. He pushes him awake.

GUARD

This is you.

Einar comes to, looks out of the window, sees the station sign that reads

TOFTE.

EXT. TOFTE STATION - DAY

Einar steps off the train, energy sapped.

Electricity dances in the air as the train departs. Einar watches it leave, eyes following the digital sign at the back of the train

OSLO.

When the train is out of sight he turns to see

SONDRA CELL PAPER MILL, a huge factory that sits on the banks of Oslo fjord.

Massive CHIMNEYS spew pungent smoke high into the air.

A delivery area. Row after row of GNARLED TREES, stripped of branch and bark, wait to be crushed and broken down, to become paper.

INT. SONDRÅ CELL MILL - PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

Einar waits at a table, an empty chair opposite. HEAVY INDUSTRIAL SOUNDS can be heard, even up here.

The door opens and the NOISE rushes in.

HAAKON GRINDE, shift manager, steps into the office, removing ear protectors. In his early sixties, with the weary demeanour of a man who has tired of living.

He scans a document. Sighs heavily as he considers Einar.

HAAKON

The terms of your probation state that you work here in a full shift capacity. That is, night shift; ten PM to six AM. The following week, late shift, two PM til ten PM. And finally, early shift, six AM to two PM.

Waits for a reaction. There is none.

HAAKON (cont'd)

You would normally qualify for four weeks holiday each year, as well as the usual employee benefits. However, given your, uh, unique circumstances, this is to be reviewed by your probation officer.

EINAR

Time off for good behaviour?

HAAKON

That's what it looks like. (beat) We are taking a risk with you, Einar. It was only because of your father that we agreed to this at all. He was a well respected man here.

EINAR

(sarcastic)

It's what he would have wanted.

Haakon removes his glasses, rubs tired eyes.

HAAKON

We both know this is the last thing
your father wanted for you. I mean,
if he were here now he'd...

EINAR

(interrupts, angry)
Can I go now?

HAAKON

Yes, of course you can go. This is
not a prison, Einar. You don't have
to see this as a sentence.

EINAR

No?

Haakon is embarrassed, knows that a sentence is just what
this is.

His eyes meet Einar's. His face flushes and tightens. His
body shakes as a RASPING COUGH grips his body. After a long
moment, the fit eases. He brings a tissue to his mouth,
spits. Checks the tissue, winces, his face drained of colour.

EINAR (cont'd)

Are you okay?

Haakon is reduced, an echo of the man he was moments ago.

HAAKON

Your Father and I. We never
listened as young men. Thought we
knew best. We never wore the masks
they said we should. Your Father
paid the price. And now, so do I.

The colour slowly returns and he clears his throat.

HAAKON (cont'd)

Your first shift starts ten PM on
Sunday. Report to the gate for your
pass then.

Einar rises, nods a thanks across the table.

HAAKON (cont'd)

It will get better for you, Einar.
This is a good, steady wage. A few
years of saving and you'll be able
to take out a mortgage, start a
family. Work hard and you can put
the past behind you.

Einar nods his acceptance.

HAAKON (cont'd)

I'll see you on Sunday. Enjoy the weekend.

INT. CO-OP SUPERMARKET - DAY

At the registers, ROLF TANDBERG, early twenties, sits putting through groceries. He wears a blue polo-shirt, the company uniform, and a back to front baseball cap low on his head.

He scans the products, throws them down the belt.

He picks something off the belt, examines it. Looks across to the customer in front of him.

An OLD LADY stares frostily back. He flashes a false smile and stands in his chair. His jeans hang off his ass to reveal expensive designer UNDERWEAR.

The old lady looks disgusted at the sight.

ROLF

(loud)

Fritjof, I need a price on anal lube.

The old lady looks shocked as the rest of the queue stare down at her.

ROLF (cont'd)

No, sorry, it's a lemon. I need the price of lemons.

Snaps the waistband of his underwear.

ROLF(cont'd)

Calvin Klein, baby, Calvin Klein.

EXT. TOFTE ROAD - DAY.

Einar, pressed against the chain link fence of the mill, watching the smoke rise from the great chimneys.

A KLAXON sounds. Einar checks his watch.

Two P.M, end of shift.

Almost immediately WORKERS flood out of the factory building, escape into cars. No one hangs around.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Flat, snowy fields forever. The Cadillac eats up the road before brakes are applied and it turns off down a snow covered track.

Trees envelop the car as it passes a delapidated BARN, traditional red paint faded and peeling.

The car carries on, soon swallowed by the surrounding forest.

EXT. TOFTE BRYGGE (DOCK) - DAY

Old and worn BOATS rock against each other on this small dock. Einar stands on the edge of the mooring, watches the still expanse of Oslo fjord.

A group of CHILDREN, four or five years old, dressed up against the cold in bright all in ones, shatter the silence and start a snowball fight.

He watches them play. A snowball hits him in the chest. He laughs and joins in the fun, letting the kids bombard him with snowballs. He falls to the floor. The children SHRIEK in delight and continue to pelt him.

INT. ANDERSEN HOME - DAY

Einar walks through the dusty house, wiping snow from his shoulders. From one of the rooms, the muffled sounds of a TV, NRK1 at volume, a kids programme.

In the kitchen, he opens the fridge. Not much in here, just a few sauce bottles and some leftovers.

In the sink, the dull metal crockery of a state delivered meal.

LENE (O.S.)
Geir, is that you?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Late afternoon sunlight beats through shuttered blinds.

FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHS line the mantelpiece. A potted history of the Andersen's in happier times.

LENE ANDERSEN watches the television, the volume up high.

Einar reaches for the remote, turns the sound down.

His mother turns to him, but it's like he's not there. She is a shadow, lost to grief and age.

LENE
Geir, where have you been?

He kneels, puts a hand to her hollow cheek.

EINAR
It is Einar, Mamma. Geir is gone.

His name cuts through the fog of dementia. Her hand goes to a small CRUCIFIX around her neck.

LENE

Einar? My son? Did the lights save you?

He doesn't understand, but humours her.

EINAR

Yes, Mamma. The lights saved me.

A smile breaks across her face.

LENE

I knew I was right. (beat) Now, quick, before Geir is home from the mill. We should make dinner ready, he has worked hard all day. I am his wife, it is my...

She loses the thought, her eyes blank and look right through him. She turns back to the television.

On the TV, a cartoon. An oversized, snarling dog chases a tiny kitten around a multi colour landscape.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

Slivers of winter sun steal through thick knots of heavy trees.

A single track, overgrown, almost impassable, winds away into the blackness of the forest.

The Cadillac is parked next to a pimped and gleaming NISSAN NAVARO pick up truck. Two BASEBALL CAPS sit either side of the windshield. TARPULIN covers the back.

Up from the clearing, an isolated HUT, windows black from age and neglect.

It's very quiet, only the sounds of the forest, until

GUNSHOTS rent the silence and the hut erupts from within. BLUE FLASHES from the window. Five, six shots. Different sounds, different guns.

Then, just as quickly, still again.

The door of the hut BURSTS open and Nojus staggers out, face wild with pain and anger. BLOOD flowers his shirt.

He drops to his knees, alert.

From the back of the PICKUP, a MAN springs, throws off the tarpulin cloak, and fires a HEAVY GAUGE SHOTGUN at Nojus.

Nojus rolls. Shot PEPPERS the hut behind him.

He comes up, GUN in his hand. Then SLAMMED back as he's hit in the shoulder. BLOOD mists.

The MAN jumps down from the truck, COCKS another round, advances.

Nojus tries to bring his arm up but SHOT fills the air, forcing him down.

The man keeps on coming, keeps on firing, metres away now.

Then, the CLICK, CLICK of an empty weapon.

The man's hands go to his jacket pocket. Time slows as he brings a CARTRIDGE up to the shotgun.

Nojus, dazed, in pain, see's his chance. Brings up his weapon, fires a single shot.

The man falls back, dead, the back of his head opened.

The CARTRIDGE spins in the air, slowly, slowly, before hitting the ground.

Nojus gets to his feet, every movement intense pain.

Grabs the HOLDALL of money in his gun hand, limps to the back of the Caddy.

Opens the trunk, throws the bag inside. He's hurt, bad. The effort nearly beating him.

He gets in the car, drives off up the dirt track.

EXT. TOFTE HIGH STREET - DAY

A small town with no pretensions otherwise.

Einar walks along the road, taking in the town that hasn't changed. His town. Forever.

A small row of shops; a POST OFFICE, a PHARMACY and a SHOE SHOP, alongside a number of boarded units, line the road.

Across from this, a GAS STATION that doubles as a one stop shop for anyone caught without crap after five in the afternoon.

Sitting in its own, bigger space, the CO-OP SUPERMARKET, without a doubt the social and cultural hub of town.

PEOPLE mill around, dressed against the cold, keen to stay out for as long as possible before it gets dark. Which will be soon at this time of year.

EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY

The Caddy idles at the side of the road.

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

Nojus pulls up his bloody shirt, winces in pain as he inspects the damage.

His shoulder and chest, pock marked by buckshot. Not life threatening, but the BULLET WOUND in his stomach, is. A small rupture but blood flows with every heartbeat.

He pulls a stained red bottle of VODKA from between his legs, takes a big hit. Pours some of the liquor onto the wound. HOWLS in pain as the liquid burns deep.

In the rearview mirror, sees his dilated eyes, his life spilling from him.

NOJUS
(in Lithuanian w/ English
subtitles)
My Brother, my Brother.

Slams a fist into the steering wheel and the shock travels deep inside him. He slumps against the wheel, unconscious.

Below him, only a few miles away, the relentless chimneys of the paper mill.

EXT. CO-OP SUPERMARKET - CARPARK - DAY

Rolf's shift is over but he hangs around the loading bay with a group of TEENAGERS. There is a deference to him, he's a big man in this group.

A YOUNG KID, maybe fourteen, approaches, a BANKNOTE in his hand. Rolf signals to shield the money, then walks over to his MOPED, pulls up the seat, takes out a tiny bag of WEED.

The two make the exchange.

ROLF
Some prime Chronic there, little
dude. You go easy with it.

KID
Better be. The last lot was all
stem and seed.

ROLF
What you talking about? You can't
get any better than my shit.

KID

Linus brought some dope back from Oslo. Was a real quality smoke.

ROLF

Yeah? Well if Linus has the balls to keep bringing it in, you get it from him. That pussy deals in tenths. I'm carrying weight, do you get me?

KID

Big time, huh?

ROLF

You got that right.

The kid walks away, Rolf turns back to his fan club.

ROLF (cont'd)

Momma raised a fool there.

Looks over his shoulder, making sure the kid has gone. Across the road

EINAR, coming out of the garage.

Rolf jumps onto his moped. Loud RAP MUSIC blares from a BOOMBOX duck taped across the back.

ROLF (cont'd)

Later, niggas.

He buzzes across the carpark, just misses a reversing car.

EXT. TOFTE HIGH STREET - DAY

Einar hears Rolf before he sees him. Rolf jumps off his bike, letting it fall to the floor. Grabs Einar in a warm hug.

Einar's arms hang limp by his side.

ROLF

Long time, Dude. I didn't realise it was today. Shit, bro, what happened to your hair?

Einar stares through him, cold.

ROLF (cont'd)

Look, man, sorry I didn't come and visit. Prison, man. Shit. (beat)
How was it?

Einar's face tightens. He walks away.

ROLF (cont'd)
Hey, c'mon, don't be like this.

Einar comes back, right in Rolf's face.

EINAR
How was it? It was two years.
That's how it was.

Rolf looks embarrassed, ashamed.

ROLF
I'm...I'm sorry, man.

A SIREN screams. Everyone on the street turns. A PATROL CAR screeches to a halt beside Einar.

BERNT LUNN, late fifties, heavy set, jumps out.

BERNT
(to Einar)
Against the car. Now.

Einar complies and Bernt roughly frisks him. Empties Einar's pockets, tosses everything on the pavement.

Einar just lies across the car, taking it.

ROLF
Hey, Bernt, take it easy. You can't do that, man.

Bernt turns, face red with effort and anger, veins in his neck pumped.

BERNT
You think this drug dealer has any rights in my town? Maybe you want some of the same?

Rolf backs down. Bernt has found nothing.

BERNT (cont'd)
Pick it up.

Einar is at Bernt's feet, picking up his stuff.

Rolf angry, appalled, impotent.

BERNT (cont'd)
Get used to this. Every time I see you, we'll be doing the same thing.

He leans in close.

BERNT (cont'd)
I don't want you back here. This town doesn't want you back.

EINAR

You think I want to be here. I came back for Sylvi.

Bernt's face twists with rage, nearly explodes. Then he softens, smiles. Laughs, cruelly.

BERNT

She didn't tell you? Maybe she finally listened to me and saw sense. (beat) My daughter has gone.

The news hits Einar hard.

EINAR

What? Where?

BERNT

You think I would tell you that?

Something in the way he says it. Einar's turn to smile.

EINAR

You don't know, do you? Yes, maybe she did finally see sense. To get away from you and this shit hole of a town.

Bernt about to strike, remembers the watching crowd. Turns to address them.

BERNT

This man is a convicted dealer of narcotics. Anyone who associates with him can expect a visit from me.

Back to Einar.

BERNT (cont'd)

I find any trace of drugs in my town, anything at all, I will hold you responsible. I don't care who, I don't care where. I'm sticking to you like shit to a blanket, until you're back inside Ringerike, with the other scum.

Turns to Rolf.

BERNT (cont'd)

I know what you did, don't forget that. I don't want to see you two together again, got it?

Rolf looks abashed, caught out.

Bernt jumps in the car and wheel spins away.

ROLF

That asshole runs this town like human rights never happened. He can't tell me who I can see, that ain't right.

Einar studies him.

EINAR

What did he mean, he knows what you did?

ROLF

(uneasy)

How do I know, the guy is a lunatic? He wants to put me away but the bum isn't good enough to catch me.

Einar accepts this.

EINAR

Where's Sylvi?

ROLF

Where do you think? Only one place to go to escape this dump.

EINAR

Oslo.

The realisation stings. He heads off.

ROLF

Where you going, bro? Don't worry about Bernt. It's just the two of us now. Like it always was.

He follows, jumping at Einar's heels like a puppy.

INT. CADILLAC, MOVING - LAST LIGHT

Nojus driving, fast.

Face grey, eyes bloodshot. Dying.

The front seats, the dash, splashed in BLOOD. The VODKA BOTTLE, empty.

His eyes close, heavy with pain and alcohol. Snaps them open, tries to focus on the road.

Doesn't notice the sign he passes

TOFTE - 5km

EXT. COTTAGE ROAD - LAST LIGHT

Daylight draining away. Einar and Rolf walk down a snow covered track.

EINAR

Where are we going? I'm on probation, Rolf. Don't get me in anymore trouble.

ROLF

Like I would. There's a cottage down here. Belongs to a grade A dick from Oslo. His summer place. You know the type, they've got a boat with a big engine. Trying to compensate for a tiny wang.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH, SUMMER - DAY - FLASHBACK

'Dick from Oslo' poses in front of his engine, a big 250cc MARINER, foot up on the propeller. Wears a tiny pair of SPEEDO TRUNKS, plenty of growing space at the front.

BACK TO:

EXT. COTTAGE ROAD - LAST LIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Deeper down the track now. Darker.

ROLF

So this dick from Oslo, always comes into the store. Asks me if I can get him some homebrew.

EINAR

And you say?

Rolf smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. CO-OP SUPERMARKET - CARPARK - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Dick waits in his car. Rolf approaches, hands through a GLASS BOTTLE of clear liquid.

ROLF (V.O.)

So, the next time he comes in, he asks me if I can source him a little weed.

EINAR (V.O.)
And you say?

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY - FLASHBACK

Rolf, dressed in his work uniform, palms a bag of weed to Dick.

Dick looks at the bag, shrugs his shoulders.

Rolf rolls his eyes, starts to build joints for Dick.

BACK TO:

EXT. SUMMER COTTAGE - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

A traditional Norwegian summer cabin, in a good plot of land.

EXT. SUMMER COTTAGE - DOOR - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Rolf at the door. Looks under the mat for a key. Not there.

EINAR
So you rolled him joints?

ROLF
It gets better.

Picks up a small ROCK, smashes glass. Reaches in, unlocks.

ROLF (cont'd)
The dick invites me down here one evening.

Einar, nervous. Rolf walks in.

MATCHCUT TO:

INT. SUMMER COTTAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Rolf comes through the door. Dick warmly welcomes him.

ROLF (V.O.)
So I'm thinking I'm in for a nice evening. Drink some ninety six percent proof homemade liquor and smoke some of my own supply. All on Dick.

Dick ushers him back out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUMMER COTTAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Rolf and Dick walk down the steps, across to an outhouse.

ROLF (V.O.)

But I was wrong. Instead of wine
and weed, Dick offered me five
hundred kroner.

Dick waves a note. Rolf considers it.

EINAR (V.O.)

Five hundred Kroner? For what?

ROLF (V.O.)

Not what you're thinking. Jesus,
you spend a little time in prison
and you think everyone wants to
suck Dick.

Dick points at the Do, the cottage's non-flushing, outside
toilet.

ROLF (V.O.) (cont'd)

He wanted me to clear out his Do.
For five hundred kroner.

Rolf stares at 'Dick', at the money, at the toilet.

EINAR (V.O.)

And you said?

CUT TO:

INT. TOILET - DAY - FLASHBACK

Rolf peers in at the toilet. Dick close behind, looking over
Rolf's shoulder.

The smell slaps him. Backs out slightly. Dick looking proud.

ROLF (V.O.)

Well, five hundred Kroner is five
hundred Kroner. So I took a look.

Slowly lifts the toilet seat. Flies SWARM out. Bats them
away. Looks again. Eyes close in horror and disgust.

A brown mountain of shit looms.

ROLF (V.O.) (cont'd)

I'm telling you, Einar, there was a
whole summer of shit in that Do.
And he wanted to pay me five
hundred to clean it out.

(MORE)

ROLF(cont'd)

I'll do a lot of things for money,
but I won't do that.

BACK TO:

INT. SUMMER COTTAGE - NIGHT- PRESENT DAY

Einar laughs at the story.

EINAR

So what did you tell him?

ROLF

I told him to vary his diet and
clean up his own shit. (beat) And
that's why I don't feel so bad
about coming in here like this. The
dick from Oslo owes me.

Rolf opens a small cupboard, inspects a BOTTLE of clear
spirits.

ROLF(cont'd)

At least he didn't finish it all.

Takes a slug, grimaces as the rough spirit burns his throat.
Einar waves the bottle away.

Einar goes to the window. A small beach down the track, Oslo
fjord only fifty metres away.

A heavy silence.

ROLF (cont'd)

I owe you man. You could have told
Bernt I was involved.

EINAR

Hey, you're my friend. You would
have done the same.

Rolf stares at his shoes.

ROLF

Two years, man. Two years for ten
ounces of weed.

EINAR

And a life sentence at the mill.

ROLF

That's the crime. Not selling weed
to kids who want it. This homebrew,
the weed, it's what people want.
I'm not hurting anyone. I'm not
forcing anything on them. It's what
people want. Two years. Harsh, man.

EINAR

It didn't help that I had Bernt as my only character witness.

ROLF

I told you when you got mixed up with that girl. Only bad things can happen. The local police man's daughter. Not your smartest move.

EINAR

I guess I liked the challenge.
(beat) So what happened? To Sylvi?

ROLF

She took off when you got arrested.

EINAR

How do you know she went to Oslo?

ROLF

It's a small town, not much ever happens. Tongues wag. I've got a front seat at the supermarket. She's working in a bar, or a club. Called The Absolute or something.

EINAR

At least she got away. We were meant to go together. My share of the deal was a deposit on an apartment.

ROLF

What about me?

EINAR

What about you?

ROLF

You were going to leave me here? Move in with Sylvi? She left you, dude. As soon as the cell door closed, she was gone. I waited for you. That's what friends do.

EINAR

Look, it doesn't matter anymore. I'm not going anywhere now.

Both weigh up this statement.

ROLF

So that's it? We're staying here now? In this shit speck of a town?

EINAR

What choice do I have? My probation. The paper mill. Maybe it is time I got my act together.

ROLF

And work for a living? Jesus. What about our plans, man? Take off, see the world, live the high life?

EINAR

The high life? How we going to pay for that, Rolf? The high life just got me two years inside.

ROLF

We can always make money. And I don't mean by clocking on at the mill or the supermarket. Listen, I don't want to be a till jockey the rest of my life. Pushing through groceries that I can't even afford.

EINAR

It's an honest job. It's time to grow up, Rolf. Things have changed.

ROLF

Why are the honest jobs always the shit jobs? You think we'll ever make any money? Any real money? Not here we won't.

EINAR

Then you'd better start buying some Lotto tickets. (beat) At least Sylvi got out.

Rolf shakes his head, angry.

ROLF

Sylvi, Sylvi. Yeah, she got out all right. (beat) Listen, Einar, there's something I have to tell you.

EINAR

What?

ROLF

Sylvi, man.

EINAR

(excited, hopeful)
What about her?

Rolf hesitates, can't say it. So he doesn't.

ROLF

You've got to forget her, Einar.
She isn't coming back.

Einar slumps.

EINAR

Yeah, yeah. I know.

Another heavy silence. Rolf checks the bottle.

ROLF

C'mon, let's get out of here. This
stuff is making me emotional.

They head for the door. Then, outside, an engine SCREAMS,
travelling fast.

They duck down, scan the track outside.

EXT. SUMMER COTTAGE - NIGHT

The CADILLAC hurtles past the cottage. Brakes SQUEAL but they
barely catch on the snow.

The car, out of control, goes through undergrowth, SMASHES
into a tree. Metal GROANS, the engine dies.

INT. SUMMER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Einar and Rolf, incredulous, 'what the hell'.

The car opens and NOJUS lurches out.

EXT. SUMMER COTTAGE - SAME TIME

Nojus grips his stomach, limps around to the boot.

At the cottage, Einar and Rolf framed in the window.

Nojus heaves the holdall from the boot, throws it into the
heavy undergrowth.

He gets his breath, pulls out his GUN. Studies it for a long
moment. Then puts it under his chin.

INT. SUMMER COTTAGE - SAME TIME

Einar can't watch. Rolf mesmerised.

EXT. SUMMER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Nojus fingers the trigger. It moves a fraction.

He can't do it. ROARS in despair, pain. Drops the gun.
Rips off his shirt. The WOUND still spilling his life.
Drops his trousers, his underwear. Now naked.
Limps down the track, the beach. The fjord.

INT. SUMMER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Einar at the window. Rolf leaves, wants to see more. Einar hesitates, follows.

EXT. SUMMER COTTAGE - TRACK - NIGHT

Rolf walks in the shadows, watching Nojus walk out to sea.
Waves pound him. He goes on. Up to his chest now. He fights the waves until he goes under the boiling surface.
He doesn't come up.

EXT/INT. CADILLAC/WOOD - NIGHT

Blood soaks everything.
The door opens. Rolf. The smell pulls him back, but not for long. Starts to search the car.
Einar behind, holding back.

EINAR
What the hell just happened?

Rolf comes out, goes to the rear doors.

ROLF
Some crazy guy just went for a swim
and ain't never coming back. It
must be three or four degrees in
there. If the water don't get him,
the cold will.

Nothing in the back seats, he heads for the trunk.

Einar looks to the sea, no sign of life.

Rolf tries the trunk. CLICK. Einar joins him. Rolf hesitates, looks to his friend; what the hell could be in here?

RIPS the trunk open, half looking away as it rises.

They stare for a long moment.

ROLF (cont'd)
Shit, nothing.

He remembers. The bag. Heads off to the bush.

EINAR

What are you doing? We've got to get out of here.

Rolf is deep in the bush, stretching for the bag.

Pulls it out, swings it to the floor. He unzips the bag, peers inside. Laughs as Einar comes over.

ROLF

Dude, what were you saying about Lotto tickets? Looks like we just won the thing.

Notes spill from the bag. Einar, shaking his head.

EINAR

We can't keep this.

ROLF

What are you talking about? This is ours now.

EINAR

Did you not just see what happened? Did you not see that guy? The gun? That was a bullet wound. We don't know what the hell happened here.

ROLF

What's he going to do? Tonight, he sleeps with the fish. He isn't coming back to claim this. Finders, keepers.

EINAR

Rolf, this is serious. A man just killed himself. He had a gun, he'd been shot. We don't want to get involved with this.

ROLF

We're already involved. This is our chance, dude. That is a lot of money. We can take it and go anywhere we want. Do all those things we said we'd do. We can be somebody with this.

EINAR

No, not like this.

ROLF

Jesus, Einar, for once, don't be a pussy. Don't you want to get out of here? Do something with your life?

(MORE)

ROLF(cont'd)

There's a world out there. Life doesn't end at the edge of town, it begins.

EINAR

No, Rolf. We take this to Bernt, tell him what happened.

ROLF

And we tell him about the broken door up there? And the homebrew? The weed? He won't care what happened, he'll throw your dumb ass back to prison. Mine, to.

EINAR

Ok, ok. Then we make a call, tell him to come and check it out.

ROLF

Einar, listen, that dude is dead. Nothing we can do can change that. But this could change our lives. You want to work at that mill all your life? Go the same way as your Father? With the current around here, that guy won't be found for days. With a bit of luck, weeks. We could be half way across the world by then. Come on, Einar, this is our chance, man. Let's take it.

Einar considers all of this, shakes his head, 'no'.

EINAR

Enough, Rolf. For once, let's do the right thing.

ROLF

We had that winning ticket in our hand, man. In our hand. And you just threw it away.

EINAR

We'll put the bag outside the police station. Bernt can do the rest.

Einar zips the bag, hefts it on his shoulder

Rolf starts to root around in the pile of clothes.

EINAR (cont'd)

Come on, let's get out of here.

ROLF

I have to get something out of this.

He finds the GUN, aims it at Einar, serious face. Einar is scared. Rolf laughs, puts the gun side on, gangster style.

ROLF (cont'd)
I had you there, man.

Einar snatches the gun.

EINAR
Are you stupid? Leave it, let Bernt find it.

Rolf walks away.

ROLF
Shit, bro, you're killing my buzz.

Einar grips the gun, studies it. Drops it on the clothes. It hits something.

He drops down, one eye on Rolf, digs through the clothes, finds the PEN. Something about it. He pockets it.

INT. PATROL CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Bernt on nightly patrol. All is quiet, it always is.

He pulls out an old PHOTO from his wallet. A YOUNG SYLVI beams back.

Picks up his phone, taps out a number. Straight to voicemail.

BERNT
Sylvi, it's your Father. The line is still active so I hope you are listening to these messages. Come home, please. I'm sorry for what I did but I had no choice. It's my job. (beat) I miss you.

He's out of the main town now. Only farm land and cottages this way. Checks each of the tracks as he drives.

Passes one track and it takes a while to register the fresh FOOTPRINTS in the snow.

EXT. TOFTE ROAD - SAME TIME

The patrol car stops, reverses back.

INT. PATROL CAR

Bernt peers down the track. Takes out a FLASHLIGHT, lights up the track. Finds two sets of foot prints.

Reverses further, parks up away from the track.

EXT. TOFTE ROAD - NIGHT

Bernt climbs out, walks down to check the prints. Cocks his head to the side, hearing something. He ducks behind a tree.

Einar and Rolf appear from the darkness, Rolf in front, kicking snow like a scolded child.

As they get to the top of the track, Bernt emerges from the tree line, baton drawn.

BERNT

You two don't listen. I told you to keep away from one another.

Both nearly jump out their skin.

ROLF

Bernt, shit.

BERNT

Shit is about right. I thought it might take a few days for you to mess up and give me the chance to throw you back inside. I guess I underestimated just how stupid you are.

Bernt considers them both. Einar and Rolf are rooted. Rabbits in headlights.

BERNT (cont'd)

Where'd you get the bag?

EINAR

It's mine.

BERNT

And I'm the Crown Prince of Norway. Give it to me.

No choice. Throws the bag across the track.

EINAR

Look, Bernt. We were coming to see you. We can explain this.

BERNT

Shut up. You don't say anything until I ask you. Got it?

Bernt drops his baton, unzips the bag.

Einar and Rolf, busted.

Before he pulls the bag open, STATIC crackles. His radio. Bernt stares up at Einar before he answers.

BERNT (cont'd)
(into radio)
Lunn. Go ahead.

Rolf rushes across, picks up the baton, CRACKS it across the back of Bernt's head.

Bernt falls into the bag, spilling notes, unconscious.

Einar and Rolf can only stare at the unmoving Bernt.

EINAR
What did you just do?

ROLF
He had us man, he had us. What else could I do?

EINAR
I don't know. But not that. Shit.

ROLF
What do we do now?

Einar looks up the road, towards town. Not an option.

EINAR
We've got no choice. (beat) We run.
We'll get the last train to Oslo.

Rolf smiles.

ROLF
Looks like we just found that winning ticket.

They grab up the spilled money.

EINAR
If this is winning, I really don't want to lose.

EXT. SUMMER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Still and quiet once more.

From the pile of bloody clothes, a BLUE LIGHT flashes. Then a RINGTONE echoes.

EXT. RIMSA PAWN SHOP - SAME TIME - ESTABLISHING

A small unit in a rough area. A cheap sign in the window reads, 'We buy anything - cash paid'. Lights shine in the back office of the closed shop.

INT. RIMSA PAWN SHOP - SAME TIME

Vik at a table, phone to his ear, listening to voicemail.

NOJUS (V.O.)

I'm not here. Leave a message.

Vik considers this, then ends the call.

Leans back in his chair, closes his eyes.

From between his legs, GRETHE LIEBERG, looks up. In her late teens but with eyes that have already lived a lifetime.

GRETHE

What's the matter, lover?

Vik stands up, pushes Grethe out of the way, zips up.

Grethe gets unsteadily to her feet. TRACK MARKS and SCARS line her arms, her eyes roll in her head.

GRETHE (cont'd)

Hey, where's Nojus?

Vik opens a drawer. Inside, bags of ROCK COCAINE and a GLOCK 17 HANDGUN. He throws a bag of crack at Grethe.

VIK

My brother has gone home.

GRETHE

He finally bought the farm? Good for him. Get out of this shit hole while you still can.

Vik isn't listening, distracted. Grethe grabs the bag of crack, embraces Vik.

GRETHE (cont'd)

When are you going?

VIK

What? What are you talking about?

GRETHE

The farm? Back in Lithuania? You and Nojus? Your dreams, lover.

He roughly breaks free.

VIK

My brother wanted to leave this all behind. He always thought small. (beat) It was his dream, my nightmare.

INT. OSLO TRAIN - NIGHT

A few passengers dotted around the carriage.

Einar sits next to Rolf who is sprawled out, his feet on the seats opposite. On the rack above them, the MONEY BAG.

The GUARD walks down the train on tired feet. It's the same guy as before, coming to the end of a long shift.

GUARD

People have to sit there. Take your feet off the seats.

He's surprised them. They both sit up, Rolf drops his feet.

The Guard recognises Einar, looks suspicious.

ROLF

How's this job working out for you?
Must have been a long day?

GUARD

The job is fine.

His eyes on Einar.

GUARD (cont'd)

It is honest work. I have a family to support.

ROLF

Well, you know what they say about honest work?

GUARD

No, what's that?

EINAR

Rolf, that's enough.

Rolf drops it, smiles slyly at the guard.

ROLF

Two tickets to Oslo.

GUARD

Single or return?

ROLF

Single, baby.

GUARD

Six hundred. Please.

Rolf shows a WAD of notes, peels one.

ROLF
 Keep the change. Buy something nice
 for your family.

But it's like they both stink.

GUARD
 I don't want your money.

Throws the tickets, change, to the table, goes on his way.

ROLF
 What a loser.

EINAR
 Leave him Rolf, he's just doing his
 job.

ROLF
 Yeah, working for a living. Loser.

Rolf picks up the change, folds it neatly, precisely. Einar
 watches, turns to the window, the darkness speeding past.

EXT. TOFTE ROAD - NIGHT

Fresh snow falls, dances around Bernt's body.

He slowly comes round, his hands reach for his head.

Moves to get up, his body catching on something.

A BUNDLE OF NOTES. He stands up, examines the money, not
 understanding this.

Goes for his radio but stops himself. He starts to walk down
 the track, feet leaving heavy outlines in the fresh snow.

MONTAGE - OSLO AT NIGHT

The sights and sounds, the delights that Oslo has to offer.
 It could be an ad from the Visit Norway tourist board.

HOLMENKOLLEN - the ski jump dominates the night sky, bright
 lights illuminating its modern beauty.

AKER BRYGGE - a bustling harbour area. Large and expensive
 BOATS moored up. TOURISTS and LOCALS eat seafood and steak,
 drink beer and cocktails. Everyone is happy, beautiful and
 having a great time.

KARL JOHANS GATE - the ROYAL PALACE, more TOURISTS taking
 photos. The EXPENSIVE SHOPS here. THE GRAND HOTEL and the
 wealthy enjoying their evening.

THE OPERA HOUSE - the OLD GUARD and NEW MONEY at play.
 Couture dresses and bespoke suits.

A RED CARPET EVENT - CELEBRITIES, under a barrage of flashbulbs at a gallery opening. Dazzling smiles, dazzling lives. Glamour, sophistication, the Dream brought to life in vivid hues --

SMASH CUT:

EXT. OSLO CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

The city's underbelly.

TRAMPS argue about a passing bottle.

ADDICTS, some high, out of it, others coming down, hugging their shivers.

GANGS of youths, looking for a fight or an excuse to start one.

Einar and Rolf walk down the concourse, past the sign that reads

OSLO.

They weave through the crowds, Einar gripping the bag tight.

INT. OSLO CENTRAL STATION - LEFT LUGGAGE - NIGHT

Einar at a row of self service lockers. Feeds a coin in one, opens it. At his feet, the money bag.

Rolf joins him.

EINAR

What did your cousin say? Are we going to Sweden?

ROLF

Not tonight. The homo isn't back until Monday. We'll have to stay here for the weekend.

EINAR

Christ. I don't like it, Rolf. That Cadillac had Oslo plates. What if that guy is being looked for right now?

ROLF

Will you relax? No one knows us here. No one knows what we have. What's the problem? Think about this when we need to. Worry about it when we have to.

Rolf drops to the bag, takes out two thick piles of NOTES.

EINAR

What are you doing?

ROLF

We've got a weekend in Oslo. We may as well enjoy it.

EINAR

Rolf, think about it. We have to lay low, take it easy. We don't need any attention right now. We don't know who's money we have.

ROLF

And they don't know we have it. Look, we need somewhere to stay, right? This is the most expensive city in the world. (flashes notes) We need the help of old Edvard to get us through this. (beat) And maybe Edvard will help us get laid.

EINAR

What? No. We get a hotel and we order room service until Monday.

ROLF

Come on, Einar. A few beers somewhere is not going to be a problem. You've been locked up for two years, surely you want some action? (beat) Or did you get plenty inside?

Einar is a stone.

ROLF (cont'd)

Yeah, I get it. You were someone's bitch. Oh my god, how much pipe have you smoked in the last two years? It would explain your bad breath.

EINAR

You really have to stop watching those music channels. They're giving you a skewed perspective.

ROLF

Right, a skewed perspective. Isn't that what you get when you drop the soap in prison? Shit, can't believe you've been getting a regular injection of man love. There's no way I'm going to prison. Good looking boy like me would be a target.

As he listens, Einar throws the bag in the locker, secures the key. They walk along the concourse, to the exit.

ROLF (cont'd)

So, did you meet anyone special in there? A keeper? Someone with a really big...

EINAR

(interrupts)

Jesus, enough. Okay, we'll grab a couple of beers if it will shut you up.

ROLF

Welcome back, dude. And don't worry. What happens in prison, stays in prison. Your secret is safe with me. Just stay on your own side of the bed tonight, okay?

They walk through the main doors.

Oslo runs away in front of them; the buildings, the shops, the lights, the sounds. A world away from Tofte.

ROLF (cont'd)

My kind of town.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - OSLO - NIGHT

Out by the water. The shipping lines and import/export offices that dominate, have closed for the night.

The BMW is parked up beside two bonded WAREHOUSES, blocking the alley between them.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Henrik smokes, one eye on his phone, the other on PER

shaking down two young PROSTITUTES, NATASHA, Russian. The other, Norwegian, GRY. Meth has taken its toll on them, but Natasha still exudes a cold beauty. She's giving nothing but attitude to Per.

PER

I told you last time, I didn't want to see you down here again.

NATASHA

Yeah, yeah. So how much is this going to cost? You want money or...

She doesn't have to finish. This hurts Per.

PER

Open your purses.

They hesitate and Per rips them out of their hands.

Takes out a baggy of METH from each purse, then some BANK NOTES. Throws the purses back. Gry scrambles for hers, Natasha just stares.

PER (cont'd)

Now, the next move is your call. We can take you in, let you sit in a cell tweaking all night whilst my partner and I write this, what, two grams, of ice, up. Or I can book this as lost property and you two can get on your backs and earn your next hit the nasty way.

GRY

You call that a choice?

PER

It's the only one you'll get tonight. Well, that and deciding if it's worth the extra hundred to let your next client leave the rubber off.

They have no choice. Per shows them the way out. They both start to leave.

Per touches Natasha tenderly.

PER (cont'd)

Not you. I haven't finished with you.

Gry shoots Natasha a look. Natasha is unconcerned.

NATASHA

You go on. This asshole can't take anymore from me.

Gry totters away. Once gone, Per softens.

PER

Natasha. I heard you were back.

NATASHA

And?

PER

That rehab cost me a lot of money. What happened?

Natasha smiles seductively.

NATASHA

A girl's got to live. The straight life, it isn't for me.

PER

You know I want you away from all this. Why do you keep coming back?

She sidles up to Per.

NATASHA

Maybe I missed you, baby. And I've got bills to pay.

He can't help himself, touches her, hands over her shoulders, down her breasts. Rest on her crotch, folding up. She pushes forward, groans softly to herself.

PER

I told you I'd take care of everything. But you need to get out of town. These streets are no good for you.

Natasha steps back, suddenly cold.

NATASHA

All you do is talk. You show me money, I leave this place. With you.

He's like a scolded child.

PER

Soon, baby, soon. I'm this close.

Two fingers tight together. He leans in to kiss her. She steps away.

NATASHA

Then you are this close to me.

Two fingers wide apart.

NATASHA (cont'd)

Now let me have my ice.

He hands over the drugs and the money.

She kisses him roughly, eyes burning. Then struts out the alley. Per watches, shoulders bowed. She blows a kiss to Henrik.

NATASHA (cont'd)

(to Henrik)

Look after my boy.

Per straightens up but the hurt remains.

PER

Nojus call?

HENRIK

Not yet. He should have.

PER

Fuck. I've got people waiting on that money. People I don't want to let down. If he's playing us, I'm going to find him and kill him. Put him at the bottom of Oslo fjord with the others.

HENRIK

Nojus wouldn't do that. He's too smart.

PER

So what now?

HENRIK

We're Detectives. Ten million Kroner leaves a trace. We go and find it. Then you can kill who ever you like.

EXT. RADISSON BLU HOTEL - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The hotel on Holbergs Gate; thirty four expensive floors stretch high.

INT. RADISSON BLU HOTEL - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Einar and Rolf approach the reception desks, taking in the opulence of the surroundings.

The DESK CLERK watches them. They don't belong here, everything about them screams it. A sickly smile, like he's trying to keep something down.

CLERK

Can I help you...Gentlemen.

His tone. Rolf knows a prick when he sees one.

ROLF

Yeah, you can help us by taking that look off your face. We want a room for the weekend.

CLERK

Really? And what kind of room would you like?

ROLF

How about the best room you have?

CLERK

That would be a suite, sir. Prices start at eight thousand. Per night.

A lot of money. It stings Rolf.

CLERK (cont'd)

Of course, I'd be happy to get our Doorman to show you something a little more at your price point. I believe there's a youth hostel not too far from here.

ROLF

We've got money. Book the suite. Two nights. And send some champagne up. The best you have.

The Clerk isn't buying this but he goes through the motions.

CLERK

Okay, Sir. If I can just take a credit card.

Like they have one.

ROLF

We don't have a credit card. I told you, we've got cash.

He shows a pile of notes, impressing no one.

CLERK

I'm very pleased for you. But without a credit card, you can't have a room.

Einar takes control, takes the pile of notes.

EINAR

Rolf, let me handle this. Go and have a look around. See what they have in the shop.

He's pissed off, but complies.

EINAR (cont'd)

I apologise for my friend's behaviour. He's a little unnerved by these fine surroundings. Now perhaps we can conclude this business?

CLERK

I can't give you a room without a credit card.

He peels off a couple of notes. Money talks. Loudly.

EINAR

Look, my friend and I, we won the Lotto last week. And we won it big. We're waiting for our credit card applications to go through. We've always wanted to see Oslo and stay in the best hotel. And now we can.

Notes on the counter. The Clerk eyes them, suddenly hot.

CLERK

I'm sorry. I can't.

Two more notes go down.

EINAR

I mean, let's not forget, you only work here. It's not like you own the place. Who's going to know?

The Clerk snatches up the notes, palms them.

CLERK

Room 1028. Sir.

Rolf comes back.

EINAR

We're in.

ROLF

(to Clerk)

And don't forget my champagne.

CLERK

I just need a name to book this under.

Who else?

Bernt Lunn. ROLF

Bernt Lunn. EINAR

EXT. SUMMER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Bernt's face, ghostly. His FLASHLIGHT picking out the jagged hole in the door, glass on the floor. Pushes the door, walks inside.

INT. SUMMER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Inspects the place, immediately finds the BOTTLE on the floor. Has more than enough to send Einar back to Ringerike.

At the window, looks out across Oslo fjord, the lights glistening on the far shore.

He spots something in the near distance, the bushes. Squints to see it clearly in this light. The CADILLAC.

EXT/INT. CADILLAC/WOOD - NIGHT

The blood all over the car, darker in the flashlights beam.

He walks around the car, alert. Finds the pile of bloody CLOTHES and his hand goes for his baton. Wired now, more than a little scared in the darkness.

A RUSTLE from the bush. He jumps, draws his baton. Shines the torch over but there's nothing there. Tries to get a grip.

Moves forward, feet finding something hard.

Takes out a PENCIL, prods it into the clothing. Brings up the GUN. It hangs in the beam of light. FINGERPRINTS visible.

INT. RADISSON BLU HOTEL - ROOM 1028 - NIGHT

A large, lavish suite.

Einar and Rolf, a couple of kids in a toy shop. Open every drawer, every door they find.

Rolf opens the MINIBAR.

ROLF

Free shit!

Takes out BEER.

EINAR

Easy Rolf, we have to pay for that.

Opens them anyway.

ROLF

Who cares? We deserve this. Have a beer on me.

Rolf jumping on the bed as Einar finds the TV remote.

ROLF (cont'd)

Put the pornography on, dude!

Einar can't help but smile. Twenty four hours ago he was in a prison cell.

A heavy KNOCK at the door. They freeze. Busted already?

Rolf goes cautiously to the door.

Moments later he wheels in a CHAMPAGNE TROLLEY.

LATER

At the window now, calming, sipping champagne, taking in the great view of downtown Oslo.

ROLF

Look at this place, dude. We've got money in our pocket. We can do anything we want, be anyone we want to be. I ain't a till jockey anymore.

EINAR

Until Monday. Then Sweden.

They both GROAN loudly.

EINAR (cont'd)

So we're really doing this?

ROLF

We really are.

They clink glasses.

EINAR

Skol. Then let's show this town how to party.

EXT. RIMSA PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

The BMW pulls slowly into the kerb.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Per reaches into the back, pulls out a SHOTGUN.

HENRIK

You think you need that?

PER

You know Hans Olav? Operates out of Majorstuen?

Henrik looks blank.

PER (cont'd)
The guy with the hooks?

HENRIK
Yeah, yeah. They call him No Hans,
right?

PER
That's him. Back in the day, Vik
and Hans had a fall out over a game
of high stakes poker. Vik thought
he was cheating. The animal took
his hands with that knife he keeps
on his hip. Nojus was the only one
who could keep him under control.
If Nojus isn't here, I'm not taking
any chances.

He gets out.

Henrik pulls his own weapon, a HECKLER & KOCH P30, checks it
over. Looks in the rearview. He's weary, even older now. Rubs
his tired eyes, exits.

EXT. KARL JOHAN STREET- NIGHT

Einar and Rolf mingle with the crowds.

Rolf smiles at a couple of PRETTY GIRLS who pass. He's
ignored but not too upset.

Rolf looks in a JEWELRY STORE. WATCHES with long price tags.
Einar joins him.

ROLF
Look at that. You have one of
those, you've really made it.

EINAR
It's fifty thousand, Rolf. What do
you want with a fifty grand watch?

Rolf faces Einar, pissed off.

ROLF
You know your problem? You think
too small. Been living in a small
town for too long.

Einar isn't sure if he's being serious.

EINAR
Come on, lets get a drink. It's
getting cold out here.

INT. RIMSA PAWN SHOP - OFFICE - NIGHT

Vik at his desk, looking at his phone.

PER (O.S.)
You heard from that low life
brother of yours?

Henrik and Per walk in. Per flashes the SHOTGUN.

VIK
No. I was hoping you could tell me
where he is.

HENRIK
Us? How would we know? He should
have been back three hours ago.

VIK
Maybe you wanted that money for
yourself?

HENRIK
No, that would be stupid. You and
Nojus would turn our five mill into
twenty. Why would we take your end?

VIK
I know what this city pays you.
(to Per) It won't stretch to those
fancy suits of yours.

PER
Damn right it won't. This is
Armani. Cost a month's salary.
Don't even ask me about the hand
stitched shoes. Costs a fortune to
look this good.

Vik gives him a dismissive look.

VIK
Who else will lift a dogs tale, if
not itself.

PER
What? What did you say?

Raises the shotgun to Vik's head.

PER (cont'd)
You filthy immigrants. You call me
a dog?

HENRIK
Per, put the gun down. Now.

He lowers the gun, eyes burning hate into Vik. Vik unfazed by all of this.

HENRIK (cont'd)

We have not betrayed you or your brother. You have my word. (beat) You think Nojus has taken off with the money?

VIK

My brother is not capable of that.

HENRIK

So what are we going to do? I need that money.

VIK

You're not alone. I've started a line of enquiry. I'm waiting for a call.

Henrik considers this. Sizes up Vik, looking for something.

HENRIK

We are starting our own line of enquiry. Lets make sure we pull together on this. You hear anything, anything at all, you let me know.

Per looms in close to Vik.

PER

If we find out you're playing us, it will be the end of you. There won't be enough left to send back to that god forsaken country you call home. You understand?

Vik smiles, moves closer to Per, like he has a secret to share.

VIK

I understand. But there is one thing you should understand. You put a gun to my head again, you had better be ready to pull the trigger.

PER

Shit stain, I'd kill you for fun.

Per breaks away and he and Henrik leave.

Vik dials a number, gets voicemail.

VIK

Mats, where are you? If my brother is still alive and I have to kill him myself, things will end very badly for the Berso family. I will kill every one of you, then I will burn your club. And then, my friend, I will start to get angry.

He kills the call. Worried now.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A fashion/media bar. Packed with cool guys and beautiful women. The place to be, and be seen.

Einar and Rolf thread their way through the crowd, getting looks, and laughs, as they go.

Rolf at the bar, trying to get a drink. Next to him, TWO BEAUTIFUL GIRLS, tall, bored looking, have to be models. Rolf has to try.

ROLF

(to girls)

Hey, beautiful, what's up? Buy you a drink?

MODEL #1

Are they paying bonuses at the supermarket, now?

Rolf glances at the work shirt he's still wearing.

ROLF

This? It's ironic. Now, what are you having?

MODEL #2

What about your shoes, they ironic too? 'Cos they just look shit to me.

She flips him the finger and they move away. Rolf, stung, turns back to the bar.

The model/actor BARMAN, working hard to ignore Rolf. He can't get served. He grabs Einar and signals for them to leave.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Rolf and Einar step out.

ROLF

Dude, I think that was a gay bar.

Einar hails a taxi.

ROLF (cont'd)
Where are we going?

EINAR
I've heard of a place.

Taxi pulls up, Einar speaks to the driver.

EINAR (cont'd)
Take us to The Absolute, please.

ROLF
Oh, shit, man, not Sylvi.

Einar jumps in, Rolf reluctantly follows.

EXT. TOFTE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A one storey building sits alone off the main road. Lights flash, a RECOVERY VEHICLE lowering the Cadillac out front.

INT. TOFTE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The place is small. A reception area, a couple of offices and at the back, a small HOLDING CELL . A light burns in one of the offices.

INT. BERNT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bernt at his monitor, holds a bag of FROZEN SPROUTS to his head.

On his desk, the GUN and MONEY in evidence bags. A framed PHOTOGRAPH of Sylvi, watches.

Bernt checks his notepad, taps on his keyboard.

ON SCREEN

The registration number of the Cadillac goes into a police database. The system processes.

Nojus's MUGSHOT returns. Listed alongside, his previous convictions. Bernt picks out words --

MARIJUANA. ECSTASY. HEROIN. METHAMPHETAMINE. CRACK.

BERNT
What the hell have you boys got mixed up with?

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Garish lights of THE ABSOLUTE CLUB reflected in the windows of the cab. Einar and Rolf, faces illuminated, take it in as the cab glides past.

EXT. THE ABSOLUTE CLUB - NIGHT

Einar and Rolf stand outside. Bright neon proclaiming, 'GIRLS'. Reflective glass covers the windows, two thick set DOORMEN guard the entrance. A strip club.

ROLF
Sylvi works here, huh? This is
going to be fun.

INT. THE ABSOLUTE CLUB - NIGHT

Loud TECHNO MUSIC throbs. The place drips sweat and sex.

A busy night. All kinds of clientele catered for; older GENTLEMEN, well dressed, drink whiskey, YOUNG MEN, on bachelor parties, clutch beer. In the shadows, in leather coats, despite the heat, serious looking GANGSTERS.

All stare at the various STAGES, at GIRLS writhing against poles, spread-eagled, naked.

At the bar, Einar and Rolf join a thick clot of drinkers. Rolf waves money, finally gets some attention.

ROLF
(gestures to the drinkers)
Beer and shots for me and my
friends.

A few nods thrown back from the drinkers.

BARMAN
Big shot, huh?

A couple of notes dropped on the bar.

ROLF
You got that right. Keep them
coming.

He hands Einar a beer.

ROLF (cont'd)
This is more like it. What time is
Sylvi on?

Einar looks upset. Rolf can't help it, he's loving this.

EXT. THE ABSOLUTE CLUB - NIGHT

The DOORMEN, big, seemingly impregnable.

Vik approaches. They move to stop him. They don't look so tough anymore. Vik weighs them up, sneers.

VIK

You really think so?

They decide to step out of his way.

INT. THE ABSOLUTE CLUB

Einar and Rolf watch Vik enter the place, no idea who he is.

Across the room, something catches Einar's eye.

SYLVI delivers drinks, collects glasses and tips from a table of SUITS. Dressed conservatively for this place, keeps her distance from the customers as she works.

Einar heads across.

Sylvi leans in for a glass. A SUIT sees his chance, makes a grab for her backside.

Einar SMACKS his hand away, hard. She hasn't noticed it's Einar behind her.

BUSINESSMAN

(to Einar)

Who the hell are you?

Sylvi grabs the man's hand.

SYLVI

You want to touch something, stick to your shrivelled dick when you get home, asshole. Next time I'll call the boys on the door. They won't be so nice.

The businessman crumbles, colleagues laughing at him.

Sylvi turns to face Einar.

SYLVI (cont'd)

Listen, guy, I can look after...

Hands go to her mouth, in shock.

EINAR

Hi, Sylvi.

SYLVI

Oh my God, Einar. What are you doing here? (beat) When did you get out?

EINAR

This morning. We thought we'd come and see Oslo.

The 'We' catches Sylvi a little. A flash of jealousy?

SYLVI

We? Who are you with?

Right on cue, Rolf.

ROLF

Hey Sylvi, how you doing? Your Pappa says hi.

No love lost between these two. Sylvi shoots Einar a look.

SYLVI

Rolf.

She gives Einar a half smile, disappointed. Picks up her tray and heads to the bar.

Einar follows, signals for Rolf to back off.

At the bar, Sylvi unloads her tray, collects another order. Einar joins her. She tries to ignore him but he's not going anywhere.

SYLVI (cont'd)

Einar, what are you doing here?

EINAR

I wanted to see you.

SYLVI

You cut your hair.

EINAR

Doesn't pay to look like a girl in Ringerike.

Sylvi smiles sadly.

SYLVI

It suits you. You look...well.

She doesn't want to feel like this, didn't think she would. She picks up her tray. Einar rests his hands on hers. The touch travels through her.

SYLVI (cont'd)

Please, Einar, I have to work.

The BARMAN watches them as he pours the next order.

BARMAN

Sylvi, you okay? You want me to call the boys?

SYLVI

I'm fine, Eivind. This is an old friend of mine. From Tofte.

Eivind turns back to the order, keeps one eye on them.

EINAR

What time do you finish?

SYLVI

Late. Too late. Way too late.

EINAR

Late is good for me.

SYLVI

No, Einar. I have to get home. Someone is waiting for me.

That burns through the awkwardness.

EINAR

You have a boyfriend?

She smiles.

SYLVI

I have someone who keeps me company.

He can't let her go, not like this.

EINAR

Look, I'm here for the weekend. Can we meet up tomorrow?

SYLVI

I don't know. (beat) No, I don't think that's a good idea.

EINAR

Only, I won't be coming back. Not for a long time. Maybe never.

SYLVI

Yeah, I'm used to that.

EINAR

This is different. This is serious.

SYLVI

What has that asshole got you involved with now?

EINAR

Nothing. It's...just time. To move on. I've got to make something of my life. Like you always said.

A shared memory. It gets under her skin.

SYLVI

Okay, Einar. For old times sake. I'll see you tomorrow.

An awkward moment. Einar leans in, hugs her tight. She falls to his touch, his smell, his warmth.

She breaks free, flashes a weak smile, picks up her tray, weaves back out into the crowd. Einar watches. Back in love.

INT. THE ABSOLUTE CLUB - TOILETS - NIGHT

Rolf at the mirror, preening. A FLUSH sounds, a cubicle door opens, Rolf seeing it all in the mirror. Vik steps out, not registering Rolf.

ROLF

Great girls, huh?

Vik annoyed at this disturbance. Turns slowly to face Rolf.

ROLF (cont'd)

Some seriously hot bitches out there tonight.

VIK

What are you, the delivery boy?

Rolf tugs at his shirt.

ROLF

This? It's ironic. (beat) You even know what that means?

VIK

What are you saying? You talk but I can't understand you. Your accent. Where the fuck are you from?

ROLF

My accent? At least I'm from Norway. What raft did you blow in on?

Toe to toe now.

VIK
What did you say?

Rolf not backing down, a tough guy now.

Vik's hand goes to his belt, the knife there.

The door opens, Einar comes in, spots Rolf.

EINAR
Come on, Rolf, we're going.

Einar see's Vik, his hands moving, realises he's just stepped into the middle of something.

EINAR (cont'd)
(to Vik)Hey. Everything
okay?

Vik studies them. Something about Einar, coiled, ready to pop. Vik thinks better of it, turns back to the mirror, washes his hands and leaves.

Einar watches Rolf, checking himself. Looking like he won that one, liking that feeling.

INT. ABSOLUTE CLUB - OFFICE - NIGHT

TOMMY BERSO, bloated, rinsed, the co-owner of the Absolute, his face buried in a fat line of powder.

The door opens, Vik strides in like it's his place.

VIK
You need to look at your door
policy, Tommy. You're letting in
any Redneck with enough money to
buy a dance.

TOMMY
Jesus, Vik, don't you knock?

VIK
I don't need to knock. Where is
Mats and my money?

Tommy's face drains.

TOMMY
Vik, listen, I don't know, okay?
I've been trying his number all
night.

Vik leans over the table. Tommy's got no place to go.

VIK

You think your no good brother
would double cross me?

TOMMY

What? No way. This is good business
for us. Why would we try and rip
you off?

VIK

The thing with brothers, Tommy,
they usually look out for each
other. Nojus and I used to do the
same. Then he got it into his head
that we needed to leave all this
behind us. Go home, buy a farm and
work for a living. Plow the land
like a fucking peasant. That's not
looking out for me. I'm going
nowhere, I love this country. It's
given me everything I ever wanted.
What it didn't give, I took.

Nose to nose now.

VIK (cont'd)

You know I've hurt a lot of men.
Bigger men than you. Serious men.
After a while, you learn to tell
when someone is lying.

A slow hand moves to his belt.

VIK (cont'd)

If a man is not scared when I pay
him a visit, chances are, he's had
time to make up a story. If he's
really good, he might even fool
himself into believing his own
lies. But I can always tell.
Something about the eyes. The
windows to the soul, they say. If
that is true then I can look right
into a man's soul and take out just
what I want. You could call it a
gift. (beat) Are you scared, Tommy?

Tommy nods, 'yes'.

VIK (cont'd)

Then we have only one problem. Who
has my money? Put the word out.
Anyone finds these cock munchers
will have a seat at my table.

Vik gestures at the POWDER on the table.

VIK (cont'd)
That my coke, Tommy?

TOMMY
No, Vik. Andreas.

VIK
Next time, you come to me. Andreas
is over, okay? I'm the go to guy
from now on.

EXT. TOFTE TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Bernt on the platform, talking to the train guard, who has finally finished for the night.

The guard points down the track, to Oslo. He leaves and Bernt leans out into the darkness of the track.

Electricity RIPPLES through the air. A TRAIN thunders out of the black, inches from Bernt.

He watches the train speed away, eyes on the sign that reads OSLO.

INT. SEVEN ELEVEN STORE - OSLO - EARLY MORNING

Busy with the detritus of a Friday night; the drunk and the stoned, looking for food. Or fights.

A gang of tough looking KIDS, sixteen or seventeen years old, check the other customers. Their obvious leader, a cold eyed SOMALI.

Rolf walks in, drunk, angry. Passes the gang, gives them a brief nod, like he knows them. Gets 'fuck are you?' stares for his troubles.

Rolf walks up to the counter, to the hotdogs in water.

ROLF
Dogs for everyone. On me.

Shout of thanks, slaps on back; nothing improves his mood. He pulls out notes, drops one on the counter, doesn't wait for change.

The gang can't help but notice the money.

Rolf grabs a couple of hotdogs, heads out. Gives another nod to the Homeboys.

ROLF (cont'd)
Later.

The Somali kid reacts, goes to stand, when someone hands him a joint.

SOMALI KID
Fucking whiteboy.

Takes a heavy toke on the joint, watery eyes following Rolf out.

EXT. SEVEN ELEVEN STORE - EARLY MORNING

Einar leans against the wall, tired, happy. Rolf hands him a hotdog.

ROLF
What are you so happy about?

EINAR
Nothing. I've had a good night.

ROLF
Jesus. You call this a good night?

Points at his crotch.

ROLF (cont'd)
What am I going to do with this? It won't suck itself, you know?

EINAR
Maybe you'll get lucky in Sweden?

Rolf starts to protest. A shout goes up behind them, the store.

SOMALI KID (O.S.)
Yo, wait up.

The gang flood out the shop, head towards Rolf.

Einar tightens. Drops the hotdog. Hands pulled out of pockets. Ready.

The group surround Rolf and Einar, sizing them up. A tense stand off.

ROLF
What up?

The gang pick up on the accent, laugh.

SOMALI KID
'What up'? Where you from? (beat)
Nigga.

ROLF
Around.

SOMALI KID

Around? Well you ain't from around here, country boy. This is my street. You ain't paid me my tax.

Rolf stares hard, his toughest look. Grips his crotch up in his hand.

ROLF

Yeah? Tax this, you fucking faggot.

Red rag. Bull. The Somali kid PUNCHES Rolf in the face.

Rolf stumbles, the rest of the gang descend. PUNCHES, STAMPS, KICKS, trying to put him down.

Einar doesn't hesitate. He's in. Demolishing as he goes.

Einar ducks a PUNCH, the kid who threw it, off balance. Einar kicks his legs away. Face, meet pavement. Out cold.

Rolf soaking up a savage onslaught, but he won't go down.

Einar drags another off, hurls him into a SHOP WINDOW. The window buckles, doesn't break. The kid does. He runs off.

Rolf hasn't gone down yet, this wasn't as easy as they thought. The odds have changed. The rest run off. Leaving the Somali kid.

He runs at Einar, aims an easily avoided kick.

Comes again, throws a punch that Einar steps past. Einar SWINGS back, punches him in the side of the face.

The kid has never been punched like this. Legs wobble but he stays up, just. Bambi on ice.

He pulls a thin BLADE, flashes it, cuts it through the air. Einar doesn't even hesitate. Comes after the blade as the kid backs away, still cutting the air but the fight leaving him.

Einar grabs the blade hand, flicks it around in a strong grip. Something SNAPS, the kid twists with the movement, SCREAMS in pain. The blade falls to the floor.

Einar pounces, a headlock. Punch, after punch after punch. The kid goes limp. Einar drops him to the floor. He lays there in a pool of blood and mucus.

Adrenalin pumped, almost manic, Einar drops to his knees.

Rolf gets up, a couple of cuts, bruises, nothing serious. He snorts up a mouthful of blood, spits it on the kid.

ROLF (cont'd)

Because that's how we roll in the country. You pussy.

He turns to Einar.

ROLF (cont'd)
Shit, dude, you got tough.

INT. POLICE STATION - BERNT'S OFFICE - DAY

Bernt asleep at his desk. Outside, a NOISE rouses him.

EXT. TOFTE POLICE STATION - DAY

Light just coming up as Bernt opens the station's door. He sees something, pulls his baton.

At the CADILLAC, two figures at the trunk, forcing it.

BERNT (O.S.)
Move away from the car. Now.

Henrik and Per turn. Per smiles at the baton, moves for his gun. Henrik stops him.

HENRIK
Are you Lunn? Bernt Lunn?

Bernt doesn't respond. He walks closer to the pair.

HENRIK (cont'd)
Yes, you're Lunn. I read your file on the way up.

BERNT
Who the hell are you?

HENRIK
We are the good guys, Lunn, you can put the baton down. I'm Police Inspector Henrik Jensen. This is my colleague, Sergeant Per Kolberg. We're from Oslo.

BERNT
Police? You don't look like Police to me. Let me see some I.D.

They both flip out ID. Bernt checks them closely.

HENRIK
We saw you ran the plates on the Cadillac. We're working this case.

BERNT
What case?

HENRIK

The owner of this vehicle is a Lithuanian national, living in Oslo. His name is Nojus Rimša. Have you heard of him?

Bernt nods 'no'.

HENRIK (cont'd)

No reason why you should out here. Nojus Rimša, along with his brother Viktoras, are one of the biggest narcotics dealers in Oslo. Our intelligence suggests that he was in this area to conduct a major deal. He was due to pick up ten million Kroner of narcotics and take over the entire drug trade on the east side of Oslo. By the looks of the interior of the Cadillac, the deal went a little bad. We have a strong case against these men. Now we need to find that bag of money.

BERNT

Your intelligence told you all that?

PER

Yeah. That and good old fashioned detective work. You know anything about that, old man? Looks like you don't get much call for it up here.

HENRIK

Forgive my colleague, Lunn. He is keen to resolve this case. We've both put a lot of effort into this one. We have a lot riding on it.

Bernt's not buying this.

BERNT

How can I help?

HENRIK

Have you seen anything suspicious around here? Someone who doesn't belong?

BERNT

No. Can't say that I have.

HENRIK

How about Einar Andersen? He was released yesterday from Ringerike Prison. I believe you put him there for a couple of years?

PER

Yeah. Big time bust there, old man. Ten ounces of weed. Did they give you the keys to the town for that one?

HENRIK

Only, we've been to his address on the way here. His mother, God bless her, was not very helpful. But what was clear, was that Einar had not spent the night at home. Does that not seem odd to you?

BERNT

I saw Einar Andersen yesterday afternoon. I told that drug dealing scum to get out of my town and not to come back. Maybe he took my advice?

Henrik steps closer.

HENRIK

This is a nice town, nothing much happens here. You see to that. I hope it stays that way.

BERNT

It will.

HENRIK

Good. (beat) We always thought about moving out to a town like this, my wife and I. She would love it here. She worries too much. Always nagging at me to take an early pension and get out of the city. Hey, maybe one day, when the city is done with me and I can afford to retire, I'll come back here, look you up. We can have a beer and swap cop stories.

He offers his hand. Bernt grips it tight.

BERNT

You do that. I'll be here. I'll keep a beer cold and a seat warm for you. (points to the police station) In there.

Henrik smiles. Walks back over to the BMW, is about to get in when he turns back.

HENRIK

Lunn. You need to put some more ice on your head. That swelling is still pretty bad.

Bernt's hand goes to his head. Henrik nods a goodbye.

Henrik and Per get in the car and pull away. Bernt watches them leave before going inside.

INT. BMW, MOVING - DAY

Per watches the rearview, Bernt going back inside.

PER

Why don't I just go back and beat it out of him?

HENRIK

He's one of us. We don't hurt our own. What ever he knows, it can't be much. Those boys should be easy to find. Start with the hotels.

INT. RADISSON HOTEL - ROOM 1028 - DAY

Einar on his bed, watching Rolf sleep.

Rolf stirs, comes to. Brings himself up in bed, GROANS.

ROLF

Shit, think that might be a rib.

Looks across to Einar, who has to look away.

ROLF (cont'd)

Hey, there's Superman. That was some serious shit you pulled off last night. Where'd you learn to fight like that?

EINAR

We were meant to be staying out of trouble, keeping a low profile. Not starting fights.

ROLF

We didn't start it. We finished it, but we definitely didn't start it.

Einar pulls on his shirt.

ROLF (cont'd)
What are we doing today?

EINAR
'We' aren't doing anything. You
have to stay here, Rolf. Order room
service and watch porn all day.
Just stay out of trouble.

ROLF
And what are you doing?

EINAR
I have to see Sylvi.

ROLF
Shit, dude, don't do it. You can't
trust that girl.

EINAR
Don't start with that again, okay?
I need to see her. Before we leave
and I never get another chance.

ROLF
That girl, she's gonna be your
downfall.

EINAR
Yeah, you and her both. Just stay
here. Don't do anything stupid.

Einar slams the door.

Rolf gets up. Goes to his jeans, spreads all the money he has
over the bed. Still plenty left.

Catches his reflection in a MIRROR, rubs his jaw, touches the
small cuts and bruises on his face.

He makes a GUN with his hand, aims, pulls the trigger.

INT. POLICE STATION - BERNT'S OFFICE - DAY

Bernt ices his head , taps at his keyboard. Phone rings.

BERNT
(into phone)
Lunn. (beat) Hi, Odd, thanks for
putting a rush on the prints.
(beat) No, no body yet. Maybe the
tide will pull it to Oslo and they
can deal with it. (beat) Yeah,
yeah, for sure. Now, do you have
anything for me. (beat) Are you
certain? (beat) Yes, yes, of
course. Thank you, Odd.

Kills the call, picks up a pad, a pen, writes.

ON PAD

'Multiple prints. One positive match - Einar Andersen'

Doesn't want to believe this science staring him in the face.

EXT. VIGELANDS PARK - ENTRANCE - DAY

Winter sun battles the gloom of morning. Coaches unload tourists from all corners of the world.

Einar meets Sylvi at the gates. They hug awkwardly. Sylvi looks uneasy. They follow the tourists into the park.

EXT. VIGELANDS SCULPTURE PARK - DAY

The park is full of life size sculptures of the human form, every shape, every age. The story of life and of human relationships.

They walk through the park, studying the sculptures, not talking. It's difficult for them both.

Einar copies some of the poses and Sylvi can't help but laugh. The ice has broken.

They approach the MONOLITTEN, the huge, vertical, central sculpture of the park, and climb the steps up. They sit, the entwined bodies of the sculpture, reaching skyward, towering above them.

EINAR

This is great, thank you. If I would have been with Rolf we would have been eating kebabs on the East side right now.

She manages a weak smile.

SYLVI

Why do you still have him in your life, Einar? He always drags you down.

EINAR

Have him in my life? What should I do, an audit of my relationships?

SYLVI

You did two years in Ringerike. What did he do?

EINAR

I made the mistake, I got caught.
Rolf had nothing to do with that.

SYLVI

No? You sure about that?

EINAR

What does that mean?

SYLVI

Nothing. Nothing. Einar, he's
trouble, okay? Everything he's ever
done has ended badly for you.

EINAR

He's my friend, Sylvi. Remember
those? He waited for me.

This hurts. She stands.

SYLVI

Einar, I'm sorry. This wasn't a
good idea.

He jumps up.

EINAR

No, no, please. I'm sorry. Look,
lets walk. It's too cold to sit
here.

They walk back through the park.

EINAR (cont'd)

So, how is life in Oslo?

She's uncomfortable.

SYLVI

It's okay. I'm still settling in.
It's a big place, after Tofte. I'm
getting by. Some days are better
than others.

EINAR

And your boyfriend?

SYLVI

I don't have a boyfriend, Einar.

EINAR

No? Last night you said you had
someone who kept you company.

She smiles broadly at the thought.

SYLVI

I do.

Einar embarrassed. Face tightens.

EINAR

Okay. I get it. A casual thing.

This is Oslo, after all.

They walk in silence. Get to a gaggle of JAPANESE TOURISTS who surround one of the sculptures. One approaches Einar, waves his camera at him. Einar takes the camera and the group pose in front of the ANGRY BOY sculpture, a life sized pose of a baby in tantrum.

Einar takes the shot. The group of tourists move on and Einar studies the sculpture himself.

EINAR (cont'd)

(r.e the sculpture)

I always thought, maybe one day we'd...Why did you go?

SYLVI

What? Why did I go? You went away and you never came back.

EINAR

I'm back now.

SYLVI

And what does that mean? I forget the last two years? You were the one behind bars but I've served a sentence as well. You left me, I never left you.

EINAR

(resigned)

I know, I know that. But we could try again?

SYLVI

What is this, Einar? You show up out of the blue and expect me to fall in your arms? What was the plan, come to the big city and whisk me back to Tofte on your white horse?

EINAR

No, that wasn't the plan. (beat)
I'm not going back to Tofte.

SYLVI

What do you mean? Your probation. You have to go back.

EINAR

No. I can't go back. Look, it's complicated.

SYLVI

Yeah, with you it usually is. What the hell are you doing, Einar?

He's torn. Takes her hand.

EINAR

I have to show you something.

EXT. ROUGH BAR - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The kind of bar where you wipe your feet on the way out.

DRUNKS stumble around outside as people hurry to pass them.

INT. ROUGH BAR - DAY

It's dark as night in here. A few DRINKERS at tables, nursing small beers.

Rolf enters, approaches the bar. Leans over to talk to the BARMAN, being discrete.

The barman looks Rolf up and down. He nods to the back of the bar, a DOOR marked, 'STAFF ONLY'.

EXT. ROUGH BAR - DELIVERY AREA - DAY

Crates of empty bottles piled high. At a makeshift table reading a gossip magazine, KNUT OLSEN, forty two, bar owner, biker, all round sleaze. Smoking a cheap looking cigar, flicking the ash into a heavy GLASS ASHTRAY in front of him.

The door opens and Rolf steps blinking into the light.

KNUT

Hey, fuck off. You want to smoke, go out the front. This is staff only.

ROLF

You Knut?

KNUT

Depends who's asking.

ROLF

I'm asking. I need a Gat.

Knut smirks.

KNUT

A Gat, huh? You look like a Norwegian but you talk like a nigger.

He sizes up Rolf, definitely not a cop.

KNUT (cont'd)

You up from the country on vacation?

ROLF

Yeah. Something like that.

Knut reaches beneath the table, brings out a small gun, a RUGER LCP .38 pistol, slaps it on the table.

KNUT

That the kind of thing you had in mind? It's small but you pull that out, people start paying attention to what you're saying.

Rolf transfixed by the weapon.

KNUT (cont'd)

Ten thousand. You bring it back when you're done, I'll give you four thousand back. Unless you kill someone. Then you can keep it.

Rolf starts to count out the money.

KNUT (cont'd)

You gonna use that in Oslo, go and rip off the niggers on the East side. You kill a nigger, I'll give you your ten thousand back.

ROLF

Yeah, yeah. Niggers. I get it, dude.

Rolf throws notes on the table, goes to pick up the weapon. Knut puts a hand over the gun to stop him, picks up the money with the other.

KNUT

You a nigger lover, boy? You walk and talk like a nigger. Thing is, I've got three rules in my bar. Number one rule, no niggers. Number two rule, no nigger lovers.

He scoops the gun back up, stands and puts it in his waistband.

KNUT (cont'd)

Rule number three, no refunds. Now
get the fuck out of my bar.

ROLF

Okay, I don't want any trouble.

Puts his hands up, defeated, backs away to the door. Knut smiles, looks down at the easy money in his hand.

Rolf jumps forward, grabs the ashtray from the table, swings it around, SMASHES it into Knut's face. Ashtray and face shatter.

Knut falls, groaning, with the broken glass, his face a ruined mess.

Rolf jumps across the table, plucks up the gun. Stands over the body, bouncing on his toes. He puts the gun to Knut's head, hard. Knut whimpers, pisses himself.

ROLF (cont'd)

Nigger that, bitch.

He puts the gun in his trousers and goes out a side door.

EXT. HOLMENKOLLEN SKI JUMP - VIEWING PLATFORM - DAY

Einar looks out across the expanse of Oslo.

Below him, on the slope, a training session; a SKI JUMPER leaps from the edge of the jump, glides through the air. As he lands, Einar turns to face

Sylvi, pacing the platform.

EINAR

Since I saw you at the club I
haven't thought about anything
else. You can come with us.

SYLVI

What? Why would I do that? My life
is here now.

EINAR

Working at The Absolute?

SYLVI

I do what I have to, to survive.
You think your life is better?
Stealing, running away from god
only knows who. Why do you always
think life has to be easy? It
isn't.

EINAR

Yeah, I know that, I'm the one
that's just come out of Ringerike.

She slaps him across the face.

SYLVI

You left me. You left me to deal
with everything.

EINAR

This could be a fresh start for us.

SYLVI

Einar, listen to yourself. This is
crazy. You have no idea what you're
involved with. Ten million kroner
in a bag. Someone is going to be
looking for that.

EINAR

There's nothing linking us with the
bag.

SYLVI

So on Sunday, when you don't turn
up at the Mill, what do you think
happens? It won't take someone long
to work out why you've taken off.

He hadn't considered this.

EINAR

By then we'll be long gone. Sweden,
then anywhere we like.

SYLVI

It's too much money, Einar. They
will find you.

EINAR

What can I do?

SYLVI

Go home. Tell my Father what
happened. You have all the evidence
you need in that locker.

EINAR

I'll go back to prison.

SYLVI

Maybe you will. But that's got to
be better than a life on the run.
You'll spend your days looking over
your shoulder. They'll come after
you. Gangsters. The police. And
then it will be worse.

EINAR

Worse? My life is already over. I go back inside then I may as well stay there. At least this way I have a chance. We could go so far away, no one will ever find us.

Sylvi relents a little.

SYLVI

Just say we do go. What about Rolf?

EINAR

What about him?

SYLVI

How long before he does something stupid? Something that brings them knocking on our door.

He knows what she's suggesting.

EINAR

I couldn't do that. I couldn't leave him.

SYLVI

Why not? He owes you two years of your life. He's the reason we're here right now. Talking about running away with ten million Kroner. What has he ever done for you, except bring trouble? Every time you get something good, he comes along and ruins it. Now maybe it's his turn to see how it feels.

He's never seen her like this.

EINAR

I can't do it, Sylvi.

SYLVI

Then good luck to the pair of you. I just hope I don't read about you in Dagbladet.

She leaves. He walks to the edge of the platform and looks down. Sylvi walks out of the lift and across the complex. She doesn't look back.

EXT. RADISSON BLU HOTEL - DAY

Einar walks up the steps. A car BEEPS behind him, Rolf jumps out of a cab. Carrying shopping bags, wears a new outfit.

EINAR

Where have you been? Why can't you ever listen to me? And what are those bags? Jesus, Rolf.

ROLF

A couple of shirts, Einar. I ain't Mister Supermarket anymore. Calm down. What's the matter, Sylvi blow you out?

His look says it all.

ROLF (cont'd)

I'm sorry, man. (beat) But listen, she wasn't right for you. You have to believe that. If she loved you, she would have stayed. Like I did. Those Swedish girls, dude. You'll soon forget her.

Rolf grips Einar around the shoulders and they head in.

INT. RADISSON BLU HOTEL - RECEPTION - DAY

Einar and Rolf cross reception, towards the lifts.

The Desk Clerk from last night spots them.

CLERK

Mr Lunn, Mr Lunn.

He gives a slight glance to his right. Henrik, in a chair, inconspicuous, but not quite.

It doesn't register, then Einar looks across. Spots Henrik, looking away. Einar gets it.

CLERK (cont'd)

(sly)

Hope you had a good day.

Rolf flips him the finger, oblivious. They reach the lifts.

EINAR

You go up, I just want to get something from the shop.

ROLF

Get me some Bamsè Mums, will you?

Einar ducks across to the shop. Rolf hits the lift button. Lift arrives, he steps in. Doors close, Henrik comes over, watches the LIFT DISPLAY.

Einar watching all of this from the shop.

Henrik makes a call.

Einar, desperate, knows this is bad news. Eyes catch the stairwell.

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - DAY

Einar running up the stairs, like the devil is chasing him.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - FLOOR FIVE - ON LIFT - SAME TIME

Doors open, a PRETTY GIRL gets in, smiles at Rolf. Doors close and he tries his luck.

INT. ROOM 1028 - SAME TIME

Per kills a call on his mobile. Raises a SHOTGUN to his shoulder, aims at the door. Behind him, a ransacked room.

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - SAME TIME

Einar breathing heavily, passes the fifth floor, it hurts but he's not stopping.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - FLOOR TEN - ON LIFT - SAME TIME

Rolf walks backwards out the lift, talking to the girl. She smiles at him, hand to her head, fingers splayed, 'call me'.

He spins around, big smile on his face, struts down the corridor.

INT. ROOM 1028 - SAME TIME

Per rolls his shoulders, his aim never leaving the door.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - FLOOR TEN - SAME TIME

Rolf pimp rolling, like he owns the place. Hands touch the BULGE in his shirt. The gun.

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - SAME TIME

Einar a mass of sweat, the devil close. Passes floor eight.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - ROOM 1028 - SAME TIME

Rolf pats himself down, looking for the room key.

INT. ROOM 1028 - SAME TIME

Bottom of the door falls into shadow. Fingers tense around the TRIGGER.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - ROOM 1028 - SAME TIME

Rolf finds the key card. Brings it to the lock.

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - SAME TIME

Einar leaps up the last few stairs, goes through the door marked '10'.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - ROOM 1028 - CLOSE ON LOCK - SAME TIME

The key card slides into the lock, it flashes green, beeps.

Down the corridor, the stairwell door opens. Einar comes through, WHISTLES softly.

Rolf looks up, spots Einar, smiles. Goes to push the door.

Einar wildly gestures, 'get over here'. Rolf stops, confused.

INT. ROOM 1028 - SAME TIME

Shadow moves away from the door. Per takes out his phone.

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - DAY

Einar breathing hard, trying to catch his breath as Rolf comes through the door.

ROLF
What you doing, dude?

EINAR
We have to get out of here, they're
on to us.

ROLF
What are you talking about?

Einar pushes the door.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - FLOOR TEN

Einar and Rolf look out. Per steps out of room 1028, a long bag over his shoulder. Phone to his ear.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION - LIFT AREA - SAME TIME

Henrik, his own phone to his ear.

HENRIK

You take the stairs, I'll cover the lifts.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - FLOOR TEN - SAME TIME

Per turns, heads toward the stairwell. They duck back in.

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - SAME TIME

Einar, desperate, looking for a weapon. Nothing here. Eyes catch the FIRE ALARM.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - FLOOR TEN - SAME TIME

An alarm BLARES. Per stops. Moments later, doors all along the corridor open, people stream out, evacuating.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION - LIFT AREA - SAME TIME

Whole area filling with people. Everyone trying to leave. Henrik in the middle, jostled this way and that. Takes out his police ID.

HENRIK

Oslo Police Department. We have this situation under control. Please return to your rooms.

Is completely ignored.

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - DAY

Stairwell full with people from all floors. Einar and Rolf merge with the other guests. In front of them, a FAT AMERICAN COUPLE huff and puff, complain bitterly.

AMERICAN MAN

God damn it. I don't go to a city where a God damn hamburger costs twenty dollars, to walk down some God damn stairs.

Up on ten, Per peers down, spots them. Starts to fight through the crowd but people won't move.

Einar and Rolf pass the third floor.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION - STAIRWELL DOOR - DAY

Henrik watches people stream through the door. Whole area now packed with people.

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Einar spots Henrik at the door. Ducks low, behind the fat couple, pulls Rolf down with him.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION - STAIRWELL DOOR - SAME TIME

Henrik watches the American couple approach. The guy gets right in Henrik's face.

AMERICAN MAN

Are you in God damn control of this situation, buddy? This is a disgrace.

Henrik doesn't see Einar and Rolf slip past.

They pass reception. Desk clerk spots them.

CLERK

Mr Lunn, Mr Lunn.

Henrik is alerted, spots Einar and Rolf. Pushes past the Americans, goes after them, his ID still in the air.

AMERICAN MAN

You call yourself Law Enforcement?
You wouldn't last one day in Fort
Lauderdale.

Einar glances back, sees Henrik coming, fast. Heading for the main doors but progress is slow.

Henrik close now, can almost touch them. His hand reaches down, his weapon.

Einar and Rolf go through the doors. Henrik follows but the door flies back. OSLO FIRE DEPARTMENT flood in.

A FIREMEN spots Henrik's ID.

FIREMAN

Oslo Police? That was quick. Get over there and ensure an orderly Evac.

Henrik hesitates, watches the door swing back.

FIREMAN (cont'd)

Come on, man. I have jurisdiction here. There could be a terrorist threat in the building. Move it.

He has no choice. Starts to direct people through the doors. Per arrives, sees Henrik, their prey has gone.

INT. RIMSA PAWN SHOP - DAY

Glass cabinets full of belongings; WATCHES, CAMERAS, LAPTOPS, PHONES, JEWELLERY. Pawned for little, sold for a lot.

Vik behind the counter, doing business with a KID, late teens. The kid shaking, sweating. Needing something.

He offers up an iPad for Vik to inspect. He looks it over with little enthusiasm.

VIK

You steal this?

Head shakes, 'no'.

VIK (cont'd)

Mamma and Pappa spent a lot of money on their little soldier.

Another nod, full of pain and self loathing.

VIK (cont'd)

You kids. You ever do a day's work? Ever get your hands dirty? Your parents give you everything you want. But not the thing you really need. And that's why you come down here and do business with people like me. I come out to your place, what would you do? Cross the road to avoid me, yes? Horrible immigrant in your neighbourhood, yes? (beat) Supply and demand, cuts through all divides. And that is why I love this country. I'll give you a thousand for it.

KID

It's practically brand new. I need two thousand.

Vik brings out a wad of Kroner, starts peeling off notes.

VIK

Look around you. Business is booming. I've got more than enough of this shit. Like I said, supply and demand. My price is now nine hundred.

Kid pushes the iPad across the counter. Grabs up the money
Vik throws down.

VIK (cont'd)

You buy from Andreas?

KID

Yes.

VIK

Next time, come to me. I give you a better price. Andreas is soon over.

The kid backs out of the shop as the Somali kid comes through the door. His face heavily bruised, nose swollen, broken, a cast on his arm.

VIK (cont'd)

What happened to you? It looks like you were talking when you should have been listening.

The Somali kid tries to act tough, fails.

SOMALI KID

Heard you were looking for some one. Some fools throwing money around in Grunerlokka.

VIK

They did this to you?

SOMALI KID

Assholes jumped me from behind. Fucking peasants from the country. Guy works in a supermarket ain't got that kind of cash to throw around unless he's robbed it.

Vik smiles, remembers something.

VIK

A small guy? Wore a Co-op shirt?
Had a bigger friend. The tough guy.

SOMALI KID

You know them?

Vik comes around the counter, leads the kid into the office.

VIK

Tell me everything you know. And don't bullshit me. Things will end very bad for you if you try to bullshit me.

EXT. RUN DOWN MOTEL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A motel on Rådhusgaten. Rooms here are normally rented by the hour. GIRLS, of every hue, walk the streets.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Einar pacing. Rolf trying to get a channel on the TV.

EINAR

They were police. Definitely.

ROLF

Why were we running?

EINAR

What? It's time to think about this now, Rolf. It's time to worry.

ROLF

I'm not too worried.

Takes out the RUGER, shows it off, proud.

ROLF (cont'd)

I could have smoked them fools.

EINAR

Where did you get that?

ROLF

Did a little business.

EINAR

Are you out of your mind? You want to play gangsters with these people, Rolf? You're a hick from the country. These people will kill you. They'll kill both of us. Give me the gun.

ROLF

No way. This is mine. I need this.

EINAR

You need to grow up. What do you think just happened? They're on to us.

ROLF

That's why I need this.

EINAR

So what, you're going to 'smoke'
the police now?

ROLF

If I have to. It's them or us.

EINAR

Just give me the gun, Rolf. Before
you get us both killed.

Einar approaches, hand out.

ROLF

Back off. I'm serious.

EINAR

What, you going to shoot me as
well?

He continues to advance. Rolf brings the gun up.

EINAR (cont'd)

Come on then. You're a gangster,
now, right? Pull the trigger. Shoot
me.

The gun pressed against Einar's chest. Rolf's hand shakes on
the grip. Einar's eyes burning right through him. He grabs
the gun.

EINAR (cont'd)

Sylvi was right. You will get us
killed.

ROLF

That's always been your problem.
You listen to her too much. Believe
everything she says.

EINAR

She doesn't ruin my life.

ROLF

No? You sure about that?

EINAR

What is it with you? Why do you
hate her so much?

ROLF

I saw what she did to you.

EINAR

What are you talking about?

INT. ANDERSEN HOME - EINAR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Einar, with longer hair, unpacking a small RUCKSACK. Takes out a tightly bound BRICK OF WEED.

ROLF (V.O.)

The night you got busted, bro.

Einar about to stash the brick. A loud BANGING at the front door. Einar tenses. Listens to RAISED VOICES, his mother and, unmistakably, Bernt.

ROLF (V.O.) (cont'd)

Did you never think how come he knew? How did he know you were back? He went straight to you.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS on the stairs. Einar trapped. Bernt comes through the door.

EXT. ANDERSEN HOME - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Red and blue LIGHTS from the police car dance in the night. Bernt takes Einar out of the house. Lene follows, hysterical.

LENE

Don't take my boy, Bernt. He is all I have left.

She breaks down, falls to the floor.

People come out to watch.

ROLF steps out of his house, watches this all unfold.

Something catches his eye. SYLVI, in shadow, watching Einar get arrested.

ROLF (V.O.)

I saw Sylvi there. She knew what was happening. She told him, Einar. She cost you two years of your life. She betrayed you.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - PRESENT

Einar listens, stunned, shoulders slumped. Beaten.

ROLF

That's why I hate that bitch.
(beat) I'm sorry, man, you needed to know. (beat) Let's just go. To Sweden. Right now. Me and you, like it always was.

Einar stands, walks out of the room.

ROLF (cont'd)
Where you going? Don't go to her.
Don't do it, bro. She'll lie to
you.

INT. POLICE STATION - BERNT'S OFFICE - DAY

Bernt working at his PC. Phone rings.

BERNT
Lunn.

He listens for a while.

BERNT (cont'd)
Kåre, I don't have time for this
today. I've already had Alf
Thoresen call me about some clothes
going missing from his wash line. I
have more important issues to
consider.(beat) Oslo plates? Wait
there for me.

INT. OSLO CENTRAL STATION - LEFT LUGGAGE - EVENING

The money bag, unzipped. Einar staring at it. Pulls out the
Ruger, holds it. Finally drops it in the bag. Places the bag
back in the locker

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - EVENING

Bernt meets KÅRE VANGEN, late fifties, single. His DOG,
Rufus, panting in a garish dog coat.

KÅRE
Rufus and I come here most days. I
thought it strange that it would be
here. Summer is long over and this
place has been derelict for years.

They look at the hut, the Navarro truck, covered in snow now,
but plates still visible.

BERNT
Have you been any closer?

KÅRE
No, I called you as soon as I saw
it.

BERNT
Thank you, Kåre. Take Rufus home
now. It's getting dark.

Bernt trudges across. Checks to see if they're gone, whips out his baton, moves with urgency.

Crouches by the car, alert to everything. Starts to make his way to the hut. FEET hit something solid beneath the snow, nearly trips him. Crouches down to inspect it. Brushes snow from a mound.

A FACE stares blankly back, the gunman from the truck. The bullet wound now a dark icicle.

Grips his baton tight, moves cautiously to the hut.

Crouches by the door, listens intently. Tries to peer through the dirty windows. Sees nothing.

At the door. Glances at his baton. What match for a gun?

INT. HUT - EVENING

Door flies in, Bernt comes through, low and fast.

Nothing here. Except a BODY against the far wall.

MATS BERGO stares lifelessly back, half his head blown away.

Bernt reaches across the body, pulls up a SHELL CASING. Knows immediately where it came from. The gun on his desk.

EXT. HUT - EVENING

Bernt inspecting the shell casing. Doesn't want to believe what it means. Reluctantly reaches for his radio.

BERNT

(into radio)

This is Lunn. I have two bodies at the old Tonkollen farm. Definite homicide. Automatic weapons involved. We need to alert Oslo Police that the main suspects are in the city. Tell them that Einar Andersen and Rolf Tandberg should be approached with caution.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Einar scans the resident list, finds LUNN. Stops himself pressing the buzzer.

The door opens. A YOUNG MOTHER, pushing a pram, struggles through. He helps her, then goes in.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Einar walks up the stairs. Behind him, a pram, kids bikes, at the foot of the stairs.

On the landing, finds her door, knocks. Moments later Sylvi answers. She's laughing at something in the apartment. She looks round, sees Einar. The smile falls from her face.

SYLVI

Einar, what are you doing here?

She glances back into the apartment, steps out onto the landing, pulls the door closed.

EINAR

No more games, Sylvi, no more lies.
You have to tell me the truth.

Sylvi is stricken.

SYLVI

You know? I'm sorry, Einar. I
didn't want it to be like this.

EINAR

(angry)

How was it meant to be? Tell me.

The neighbour's door opens. HILDE KRISTIANSEN, an old lady, pokes her head out.

HILDE

Isn't it enough that you keep me up
all night?

SYLVI

Sorry, Hilde.

She motions for him to come inside.

INT. SYLVI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's a small, sparsely furnished flat, but homely, comfortable.

Einar takes it all in.

SYLVI

It's not much, but we call it home.

EINAR

We?

She smiles sadly, crosses across to the living area. Einar follows.

INT. SYLVI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

A small CHILD, a little boy, sits on a play mat, surrounded by plastic toys and cuddly animals. Looks up as they enter, smiles broadly.

Einar is thrown. Sylvi sweeps the boy up in her arms, tears in her eyes.

SYLVI

I'm sorry I never told you, Einar.
It was very wrong of me. (beat)
Einar, this is Geir.

His father's name hits home like a punch.

SYLVI (cont'd)

Geir, this is your Pappa.

She gently offers the boy to him. He's frozen, then recovers, takes the boy in his arms.

EINAR

After my father?

SYLVI

He was a good man, Einar. Like his son.

He coo's at the child, a tear running down his cheek.

INT. SYLVI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sylvi tiptoes into the room.

SYLVI

He's asleep now.

EINAR

I'm sorry. I should have been there for you both.

SYLVI

You couldn't have helped much from Ringerike. It is me who is sorry. I should have told you as soon as I found out. (beat) I was on my way to tell you when...when my father arrested you. I saw him take you away and I knew then that I had to get away from Tofte.

Einar tries to take this all in.

EINAR

That night. Did you speak to your
Father?

INT. POLICE STATION - BERNT'S OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Sylvi walks through the door of the station. Gently pats her stomach, a big smile on her face.

SYLVI (V.O.)

I felt I had to tell him first,
Einar. To get his blessing. I knew
how much a grandchild would mean to
him.

Bernt smiles up at her. His phone rings and he signals for her to hang on.

BERNT

(into phone)

Lunn. (beat) Why are you telling me
this?

Looks up to Sylvi, face now serious.

BERNT (cont'd)

(into phone)

You know what I will have to do?
(beat) I hope you can live with
yourself after this?

Slams the phone down. He grabs his coat and heads to the door. Stops before Sylvi, gently caresses her face.

BERNT (cont'd)

I'm sorry, Sylvi. It's my job.

SYLVI (V.O.)

I didn't know what he meant at
first.

EXT. ANDERSEN HOME - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Bernt arresting Einar, his mother crying behind him. Sylvi turns a corner, sees it all. Falls back into the shadow.

SYLVI (V.O.)

Until I came to your place, and saw
what he was doing. (beat) And then
I saw Rolf.

Sylvi looks up sees

ROLF, watching Einar get arrested. In his hand a PHONE. He glances down, spots Sylvi. He's shocked, their eyes lock. Then he hurries back inside.

Sylvi remains in the shadows, getting Rolf's betrayal. The POLICE CAR passes, taking Einar away.

INT. SYLVI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - PRESENT

Einar tries to understand.

SYLVI

Rolf was never happy for us, Einar. He always tried to get you away from me. That's why I left. I couldn't face my Father. And I couldn't bear to see Rolf. I'm sorry that I left you. I had no choice.

Einar looks to her, a sense of purpose about him.

EINAR

Then don't leave me again. Come away with me. Tonight. Just the three of us. Right now. We'll disappear and start a new life. No one will ever find us. I'll make sure of that.

She doesn't have to think. Nods 'yes'.

They hug. Sylvi's mouth searches for Einar's lips. Passion overwhelms. They start to undress each other.

INT. SYLVI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

They smile at each other. Love struck, happy.

EINAR

I'll help you pack your things and we'll get the next train to Sweden.

SYLVI

Oh, no. I'm working at the club tonight.

EINAR

Phone in sick.

SYLVI

I have things in my locker, I need to get them.

He holds her tight.

EINAR

I'll buy you anything you want.

SYLVI

This isn't about the money, Einar.
There are things that mean
something to me.

EINAR

Okay, I'll meet you at the club,
just after twelve.

SYLVI

No. Meet be back here. The club is
not a place for you to be.

EINAR

Then we have a lot to do.

EXT. SYLVI'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Einar and Sylvi share a passionate kiss.

SYLVI

What are you going to do about
Rolf?

EINAR

I'll deal with it.

A farewell kiss and Einar heads down the steps. Sylvi stays a
moment, watches him leave. She looks anxious.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rolf paces, full of nervous energy.

Einar walks in. Looks at Rolf with dead eyes.

ROLF

Okay?

EINAR

Yeah. I'm okay.

ROLF

Did you see Sylvi?

EINAR

I saw Sylvi.

ROLF

Did she tell you what happened?

EINAR

Yeah, she told me.

Rolf exhales, a weight has been lifted.

Einar surveys him coldly.

ROLF
Then you're leaving?

EINAR
What?

ROLF
You're leaving her? We're going to Sweden?

Einar can't hold his gaze.

EINAR
Yeah. Leaving. For Sweden.

ROLF
Then let's go, bro. Get us some Swedish pussy, tonight.

EINAR
Not tonight. We stick to the plan.

Rolf distraught, something's wrong. Einar turns to leave.

ROLF
Dude, where you going now?

EINAR
I have to get rid of that stupid gun of yours.

Rolf shakes his head, knows this isn't true.

ROLF
The two of us, man, just like it always was.

Einar at the door. Rushes back, grabs Rolf tight, too tight.

EINAR
Like it always was.

Lets him go, leaves. Rolf stares at the door, knows that it is all over.

INT. THE ABSOLUTE - NIGHT

It's early, the club is nearly empty. A few GIRLS dance listlessly on podiums and poles.

INT. ABSOLUTE CLUB - OFFICE - SAME TIME

Vik and Tommy watch a small screen.

TOMMY
I installed the camera when takings started going down.

On a chair, bruised, Eivind, the barman.

ON SCREEN

CCTV footage. Sylvi empties her tray at the bar. Einar joins her. Moments later, they hug.

Vik smiles.

VIK

You have an address for this whore?

TOMMY

Address? What next, you want me paying taxes? She's on the late shift tonight. Starts at twelve.

VIK

Then I will be back at twelve.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Henrik and Per watch the entrance to the Absolute.

They duck down as VIK exits and walks off along the road.

PER

That fucking animal is up to something.

The POLICE RADIO bursts into life.

DESPATCH OPERATOR

(on radio)

All units. Be on the look out for two white, Norwegian males. Einar Andersen and Rolf Tandberg are wanted in connection with a double homicide in Tofte. The suspects may be armed and should be approached with caution.

Per smashes a fist on the dash.

PER

Fuck. This is getting serious. We need to find these clowns before the police.

Henrik turns, his face full of rage.

HENRIK

We are the police, you fucking idiot.

EXT. OSLO CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

Einar approaches the station entrance. At the foot of the steps, a gang of TRAMPS share a bottle. Einar starts up the steps when a

POLICE OFFICER

steps out, patrolling the entrance.

On the door of the station, his MUGSHOT stares out. Einar turns, head down, backs away.

He pulls out his phone, calls Sylvi.

EINAR
(into phone)
I can't get to the money. The police are at the station. Shit, what do we do now?

INT. SYLVI'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Sylvi calm, collected as she listens to Einar.

SYLVI
(into phone)
Einar, calm now, come on, it's okay. Everything will be fine. You just need to slow down.

INTERCUT with Einar.

EINAR
What are we going to do?

SYLVI
They're looking for you, right?

EINAR
Yes, my face is plastered all over the place. Sylvi, what am I going to do?

SYLVI
(stern)
Einar. You have to keep cool. Okay. They're looking for you. Not me. Give me the key and I can pick up the bag.

EINAR
Of course. Okay, I'll be right over.

SYLVI

Einar, go careful. Don't get
yourself caught. We are so close.

She hangs up, looks around her apartment. Everything she owns
in two small bags.

Looks through to the BEDROOM. Geir sleeps peacefully.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A quiet bar in a run down area. Saturday night and the place
is dead. Rolf sat at the bar. Finishes a beer in a long
draught, signals the BARMAN for another.

Barman watching Rolf as he pours. Rolf slaps a note down.

ROLF

Keep them coming. I'm drinking
until I ain't thinking.

EXT. SYLVI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Einar at the door, on edge, jumping at every sound.

Sylvi opens the door. He goes to hug her but she stops him.
She is businesslike, almost cold.

SYLVI

We will have plenty of time for
that when we are all safe.

Einar stung. Hands over the locker key.

EINAR

Call me when you have the money?

SYLVI

I will.

They study each other. Sylvi kisses him.

SYLVI (cont'd)

I love you, Einar, I always have.
Remember that and you can get
through anything. Now be careful. I
will see you soon.

She closes the door. Einar smiles, love drunk.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Rolf hunched over the bar now, drunk.

Catches sight of his reflection in the bar mirror, doesn't like what he see's. Takes off his baseball cap, leaves it on the bar.

A GIRL climbs into the next seat. He tries to see her face in the mirror but it's obscured by bottles.

GIRL
Buy me a drink?

ROLF
Sure, why not? Beer?

Rolf signals to the barman.

ROLF (cont'd)
Two more Rignes.

Barman pours the drinks, looks the girl up and down. Doesn't like what he sees.

They clink glasses.

GIRL
Skol.

He takes out a pile of notes to pay.

GIRL (cont'd)
We could party all night with that.

ROLF
I don't want to party.

GIRL
That's a real shame. You win the Lotto or something?

ROLF
Yeah. I won the Lotto.

GIRL
You don't seem too happy about that?

ROLF
Worse thing that ever happened.

GIRL
Where you from? You're not from the city, are you?

ROLF
No. I'm from the country.

Practised hands climb Rolf's leg, rest in his lap.

GIRL

You need someone to cheer you up,
country boy. I can show you a good
time. Get that smile back on your
face.

Rolf smiles, a little drunk, a lot horny.

ROLF

That sounds like a plan. I have a
hotel room just around the corner.

He gets up to go.

GIRL

Hey, what's the rush? It's Saturday
night in the city. Let's have a few
drinks first.

He digs in his pocket, takes out more notes. She puts her
hand on his. They turn to face each other.

Rolf smiles at GRETHE LIEBERG, Vik's girl from the pawn shop.

GRETHE

So lover, just how much money did
you win?

EXT. OSLO CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

The POLICE OFFICER at the entrance looks across at the tramps
getting more and more raucous.

Sylvi approaches, pushing Geir in a pram. The policeman
smiles sweetly, pushes open the door.

Sylvi looks anxiously around, then enters the station.

EXT. OSLO STREET - NIGHT

Einar watches a delivery van dropping newspapers at a closed
shop. Checks his watch. 11.45.

Takes out his phone, dials. Gets voicemail.

EINAR

Sylvi, it's Einar. Call me.

He's tense. He heads off along the street, keeping close to
the shadows.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Rolf and Grethe partying. Rolf very drunk, Grethe teasing
him, touching him, whispering.

ROLF

Come on, baby, let's get out of here. Any more beer and I'm out of the game.

GRETHE

Soon, lover. Soon.

EXT. OSLO STREET - NIGHT

Einar punches a number into his phone, angry, afraid.

EINAR

(into phone)

Sylvi, call me, please.

Checks his watch.

EINAR (cont'd)

(into phone)

It's twelve so I guess you're at the Absolute. I'm heading over to your apartment. Please, be quick.

INT. THE ABSOLUTE - NIGHT

Busy here now. Music throbs relentlessly, GIRLS swaying to the beat.

Vik strides in, scans the room.

A DRUNK staggering to the bar knocks into Vik. Vik punches him to the floor.

CUSTOMERS look over, but know not to get involved.

Vik peers through the throng, to the bar. At the far end

'SYLVI', waits for the barman to refill her tray, her back to Vik.

Vik stalks across. Stands behind her, checks out her ASS and smiles to himself. He reaches out, grabs her shoulder.

Sylvi spins around. It's not her. A tough looking PUNK GIRL, pierced face, glowers back.

PUNK GIRL

Hey asshole, don't touch me.
Nothing gives you that right.

VIK

Sylvi, where is she?

PUNK GIRL

Fuck should I know? Tommy said she called in sick.

Vik about to explode. His phone rings.

VIK

(into phone)

What? (beat) Where are you? (beat)
Keep him there, I'm coming right now.

Vik storms out. Passes a YOUNG MAN, barely eighteen, who stares with an open mouth at the girl dancing in front of him. He peels a banknote from a pile, slips it into her G-string, winks.

INT. BAR - TOILET AREA - NIGHT

Grethe puts her mobile phone away, looks across to Rolf, slumped across the bar.

EXT. OSLO STREET - NIGHT

Einar runs through the street, panic etched across his face.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Rolf barely conscious. A SHADOW falls across him. He glances in the mirror behind the bar.

Grethe slides off her stool.

ROLF

(into mirror) Hey, I know you, right?

Vik sits down.

VIK

Yes, you do. I'm the guy who's money you stole.

Rolf shuts an eye to focus. Face drops. Even through the fog of booze, knows he's in the worst trouble of his life.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Henrik and Per watch Vik drag Rolf out of the bar, landing PUNCH after PUNCH as he goes. Grethe totters out after them.

Per starts to get out, Henrik stops him.

HENRIK

We wait until we see the money.

Vik bundles Rolf into the back, Grethe gets in front. They speed off.

Henrik follows.

EXT. SYLVI'S APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Einar pressing the buzzer to Sylvi's flat. No answer.

His phone rings.

EINAR

Sylvi? (beat) Hello, Sylvi, is that you?

INT. RIMSA PAWN SHOP - OFFICE - CLOSE ON ROLF

Swollen lips hide broken teeth. Thick rivulets of blood stream from his mouth as he tries to talk.

ROLF

The money. The money. The money, bro.

Vik takes the phone. Rolf falls back onto the blood soaked table. Rolf's in a bad way, his face only the start of it.

INTERCUT with Einar.

EINAR

Rolf? What's going on? Where are you? Rolf?

VIK

You fucked up very bad. Whatever you spent, I'm taking it out of your friend's face. With a lot of medical attention, this little cock muncher might survive. If you bring me my money. If not, he will die and I will find you and I will kill you. And then I will come to your shit hole of a town and kill your family.

He puts the phone next to Rolf's head, punches him.

Einar hears the wet THUD, the moans from Rolf.

EINAR

Okay, I'll bring it. Just leave him alone, don't touch him.

Line goes dead. Einar presses intercoms until he gets buzzed in.

INT. SYLVI'S APARTMENT - LANDING - NIGHT

Einar banging on Sylvi's door.

The neighbour's door slips open. Hilde peers out, holds a small BAG.

HILDE

She said you would come. Asked me to give you this.

He grabs the bag.

EINAR

Where is she? Where did she go?

HILDE

She never said. All I know she took all her things. She won't be coming back.

She closes the door. He rips open the bag.

He finds a LETTER and the PEN, Nojus' recording device.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Sylvi looks out the window, the dark night outside. The light of the train makes the window a mirror. She's staring at herself.

In the seat next to her, Geir curled up, a blanket over.

Above them both, on the luggage rack, the MONEY BAG.

EXT. OSLO PARK - NIGHT

Einar on a bench, shivering in the cold, eyes red. The LETTER in his hand.

SYLVI (V.O.)

I'm sorry for this, Einar, but it was the only choice I had. We couldn't run forever. They know you now, it would only be a matter of time. You might not think this is the right thing to do, but I do. I have to think about more than myself, more than you. Geir needs a good start in life. He needs to know that there are no shortcuts, no free rides. I hope I can show him that. I love you, Einar, please, remember that.

He drops the letter into his lap. All hope lost.

He brings up the pen, studies it, presses a button.

NOJUS (V.O.)
(recording)
My Brother, my Brother.

Presses REWIND.

From the pen, LOUD GUNSHOTS echo around the park.

He goes further back.

MATS BERGO (V.O.)
(recording)
Sorry Nojus, this is just business.
Vik wants you gone.

He's gradually making sense of all this. Presses rewind again.

NOJUS (V.O.)
(recording)
The voices you just heard belong to
Police Inspector Henrik Jensen and
Police Sergeant Per Kolberg. If all
goes well, then this time next week
I will be burning these recordings.
If not, I hope these words will
burn down those corrupt sons of
whores.

Alert now. He rewinds again.

NOJUS (V.O.) (cont'd)
(recording)
Police Inspector Henrik Jensen and
Police Sergeant Per Kolberg.

Finally gets it. Pulls out his phone.

INT. POLICE STATION - BERNT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bernt still working, eyes scanning his monitor.

The phone rings and he snatches it up.

BERNT
(into phone)
Lunn.

EXT. OSLO PARK - NIGHT

Einar's breath in thick plumes as he listens to Bernt's voice.

EINAR

You got what you wanted, Bernt.

INTERCUT with Bernt.

BERNT

Einar? What have you done, boy? I never wanted this for you.

EINAR

I want to come home now.

BERNT

It's too late for that.

EINAR

I saw Sylvi.

BERNT

If you've mixed her up in all this I will...

EINAR

She's fine. She's gone. (beat) I need to know, Bernt, when you busted me. Who told you? About the drugs?

BERNT

It was...She wanted to help you, Einar. I see that now.

Einar waits to hear him say Sylvi.

BERNT (V.O.) (cont'd)

...It was your mother.

Einar kills the call and stands.

EXT. RIMSA PAWN SHOP - DAWN

Sun rising on snow heavy clouds.

Einar walks up to the shop. On his shoulders, a heavy looking BLACK HOLDALL.

INT. BMW - DAWN

Henrik and Per watch Einar at the door. The bag on his shoulder. Einar walks inside.

Per pulls his shotgun, cocks a round. Henrik nods. They get out.

INT. RIMSA PAWN SHOP - DAWN

Einar looks around him, the displays of goods, the spoils of misery.

A light burns beneath the door of the back office. SOUNDS of wet slapping and low groans.

The door opens, Vik framed in the doorway. Shirt stained with blood, face slick with sweat.

VIK

You must be the other cock muncher
that stole my money? Come on
through.

Einar walks across, past Vik and into the room. Vik looks out, smiles, closes the door.

INT. RIMSA PAWN SHOP - OFFICE - DAWN

Rolf spread across the table, a vivid red mess. Grethe slumped in a chair, CRACKPIPE in her hand. Vik comes around the table, faces Einar.

EINAR

You're going to kill us?

VIK

Right now, your worry should not be
about yourself. Your fate was
decided when you chose to steal my
money. You should worry about your
whore and her bastard child. Give
me the bag.

He throws it across the table.

Vik watches Einar, smiling as he unzips the bag. His hands dip into the bag. The smile drops.

VIK (cont'd)

What the fuck is this?

Pulls out copy after copy of DAGBLADET NEWSPAPER. Rips through the bag but it's all newspaper.

Stares across at Einar, face purple with rage.

Einar holds the PEN in his hand. Vik breaks into an evil smile. Brings out his HANDGUN from the drawer.

VIK (cont'd)

You going to write me a bad
reference?

Aims the gun at Rolf's head. Einar presses PLAY.

Sound fills the room.

NOJUS (V.O.)
(recording)
My Brother, my Brother.

Vik stops smiling.

MATS BERGO (V.O.)
(recording)
Sorry Nojus, this is just business.
Vik wants you gone.

Einar brings the recording back.

NOJUS (V.O.)
(recording)
The voices you just heard belong to
Police Inspector Henrik Jensen and
Police Sergeant Per Kolberg.

Vik stares at him, blinking wildly, breathing heavily.

VIK
And you think this saves you, how?

EINAR
I've made a copy.

He studies Einar. Einar betrays no emotion, looks almost relaxed. Too relaxed.

VIK
I don't think you have made a copy.
I can tell these things. It's a
gift.

He pushes the gun harder into Rolf's head. Rolf moans.

VIK (cont'd)
Now, enough of these games.

PER (O.S.)
You want to play games, you fucking
double crossing, pig farming,
motherfucker?

Per edges into the room, shotgun on Vik. Henrik follows, his gun travels between Vik and Einar.

VIK
(to Einar)
Hey, look, it's the police. Come to
save you. That was close. Take me
away, boys. I'm guilty.

Vik raises his gun from Rolf, aims at Henrik.

HENRIK

Your brother was a decent man. For a drug dealing peddler of misery. There is a whole new level of hell just waiting for you. Now where's my money?

Vik nods at the bag on the table.

Henrik walks over, gun jumping between Einar and Vik.

Starts to unzip the bag. Einar looks scared now.

Vik looks across to Per, the shotgun still on Vik but his attention on the bag.

VIK

(to Per)

You remember what I said to you, last time?

PER

(distracted)

Huh? What?

Henrik reaches into the bag, his face registers surprise.

VIK

You ever point a gun at me again, you'd better pull the trigger.

Time slows. Henrik pulls newspapers out of the bag, throws them in the air. Per follows them, not getting it at all.

Vik brings his gun round to Per, pulls the trigger.

Per hit in the FACE. Falls backwards, dead or dying, squeezes off a ROUND.

Shot EXPLODES right beside Vik. Somehow misses him. Vik laughs like a maniac, swings his gun around to Henrik.

Henrik has a bead on Vik. Both men squeeze triggers. Shots ring out, smoke fills the air. Then silence.

Henrik falls to the floor, dead.

Vik at his desk, a lunatic smile across his face. Looks down to his chest. Peppered with gunshot. Falls back in his chair. Finally dies.

Time flows as usual. Einar is rooted to the spot. He cautiously moves, unsure if he's been hit or not.

From the chair, Grethe stands, surveys the scene. She goes to Vik's drawer, takes out a large bag of CRACK.

Stands over Vik. Spits in his dead face. Ignoring Einar, she scurries out.

Einar goes to Rolf, gently picks him up from the desk. He GROANS in agony. Eyes are slits but he sees it's Einar.

ROLF
Didn't think you'd come.

EINAR
Don't speak. We're getting out of here.

ROLF
Where's the money, dude?

EINAR
Sylvi.

ROLF
She took it?

Einar nods solemnly.

ROLF (cont'd)
I told you, man. That girl is cold.

EINAR
It's for the best. What do we want with ten million Kroner?

EXT. OSLO STREET - DAWN

It's early, no one around. Einar half carries, half drags, Rolf along the street.

The heavy clouds open and snow falls. Einar looks up, lets the snow cool his face.

EXT. OSLO CENTRAL STATION - DAWN

Einar and Rolf approach. The Police Officer remains on duty.

The tramps are still here but are subdued, sleeping or draining the last bottle.

Rolf dips his hand in his pocket, takes out the last of his KRONER, gives it a weary look. Throws the money across to the tramps.

Money cascades through the air, lands in dirty snow. The tramps spot the money. They all make a dive for it and a brawl breaks out.

The Police Officer spots this, heads over, pulling his baton as he goes.

Einar and Rolf slip inside the station.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Einar looking out of the window, Rolf sleeping beside him. Watches the beauty of the countryside as day breaks.

The GUARD, back on duty, stands before them.

GUARD
Oslo didn't work out for you, then?

EINAR
We have no money.

He studies them both for a moment.

GUARD
It's okay. This one is on me.

EXT. TOFTE TRAIN STATION - DAY

People dotted along the platform as the train pulls in. At the far end of the station, Bernt waits at his patrol car.

Einar helps Rolf off the train. Smiles as he reads the station sign

TOFTE.

Bernt advances. Einar steals himself for rough treatment. Bernt gently takes Rolf's shoulders and the three walk towards the car.

BERNT
She came back.

Rear doors open, Sylvi climbs out, Geir in her arms. Embraces Einar, a warm hug.

BERNT (cont'd)
We have a lot to talk about.

EXT. TOFTE POLICE STATION - DAY

Snow falling heavily now. An ambulance, lights flashing, back doors open, sits outside.

Rolf is wheeled out on a stretcher, Einar and Sylvi by his side with the medics. He's loaded on, and the ambulance leaves.

INT. TOFTE POLICE STATION - BERNT'S OFFICE - DAY.

Einar and Sylvi sit, exhausted, but a glow about them.

On Bernt's table, the MONEY BAG. The elephant in the room that both can't help but glance at.

Bernt enters.

BERNT

I've spoken to Oslo. Kripos are on their way. There's a few loose ends to clear up. And we have to hand that over.

Points to the money.

BERNT (cont'd)

Boy, can you give me a hand? I don't want to leave ten million kroner sitting around my office. I need to secure it.

Bernt hands him the bag.

All three walk through the station.

BERNT (cont'd)

Hang on, I forgot my key.

Bernt returns to the office, leaves Sylvi and Einar in the reception area.

Einar looks at Sylvi. Then at the door. It's a chance, an opportunity. But he's not running anymore.

Bernt comes back, looks at the door, realises what could have just happened.

BERNT (cont'd)

Come on, boy. We'll put it in the cell.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY.

Bernt unlocks the barred door, swings it open. Nods for Einar to put the bag on the BENCH.

Einar steps across the cell. Bernt SLAMS the door closed, locks it quickly.

SYLVI

Pappa, what are you doing?

BERNT

There are a lot of questions that still need to be answered. Kripos will see to that. He ran once, Sylvi, I can't take another chance. This is my job.

SYLVI
You said that once before.

Bernt hurt by the memory.

BERNT
Kripos are on their way. They will
deal with him.

Einar slumps down on the bench. Sylvi glares at her father.

EXT. TOFTE POLICE STATION - EVENING

The snow fall has turned to a blizzard. The road outside is thick with snow.

INT. TOFTE POLICE STATION - CELL AREA - EVENING

Einar naps on the bench, the bag of money by his side. Sylvi feeds Geir but he's still hungry and starts to cry.

From reception, the blizzard rushes in, as someone enters the station. Einar wakes with a start.

Bernt comes out of his office, walks across to the reception area.

BERNT
Kripos are here.

INT. TOFTE POLICE STATION - RECEPTION - EVENING

A LARGE MAN has his back to Bernt and is looking at the Cadillac out front. Something about his clothes, they don't look right.

BERNT
You took your time.

MAN
Been a heavy snowfall. You have the
money?

BERNT
It's out here. We've secured it.

MAN
I'm going to have to take the car
as well.

BERNT
That's an unusual accent. What part
of Norway are you from?

MAN
I'm not Norwegian.

NOJUS turns from the window.

Bernt recognises him, hand goes for his baton.

Nojus is quicker, fells him with a double handed blow to the head.

INT. TOFTE POLICE STATION - CELL AREA - SAME TIME

Einar and Sylvi, startled by the noise. Sylvi gets up, Geir still in her arms.

Nojus limps through the door with great effort.

EINAR

Sylvi, come over to me. Now.

Sylvi comes across. Einar comforts them through the bars, but he is helpless.

NOJUS

I am not my Brother. I will not hurt her, or the child. I just need the money.

EINAR

You're dead. I saw you drown.

NOJUS

No, I am not dead.

EXT. SEA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Nojus floats beneath the inky blackness of the fjord, his body is being swept away by the current.

NOJUS (V.O.)

The cold from the fjord, it saved me. Stopped my bleeding and shook the demons from my head.

His eyes snap open and he fights against the tide, swims towards the surface.

NOJUS (V.O.) (cont'd)

I will not die in this country. If I am to die, I die at home.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Nojus lurches out of the water. His WOUND no longer bleeding. He falls exhausted to the beach. The current has dragged him away from the cottage.

He picks himself up and drags himself along the beach.

NOJUS (V.O.)
I came back. My money was gone.

EXT. SUMMER COTTAGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Nojus looks through the bush, see's Bernt inspecting the Cadillac.

He is unsteady, falls into the undergrowth.

BERNT jumps, raises his flashlight to the noise.

NOJUS remains still, shivers electrifying his body.

BERNT can't see anything, returns the flashlight to the car.

NOJUS eases himself down. Searching for warmth he curls up in a foetal position.

INT. TOFTE POLICE STATION - CELL AREA - NIGHT - PRESENT

NOJUS
My brother, he is dead?

Einar nods, 'yes'.

NOJUS (cont'd)
You killed him?

EINAR
No. The police.

NOJUS
I know he betrayed me. But he was still my brother. (beat) I need my money.

EINAR
Come and get it. The keys are on Bernt.

Nojus turns wearily, limps back out to Bernt's body.

Einar unzips the money bag, frantically searches for what he needs.

Nojus returns, keys in his hand. Looks across to the cell, sees Einar, the RUGER in his hand.

NOJUS
(weary)
You will have to shoot me. I need that money. I need to go home.

Einar grips the pistol tight. Nojus can only watch, resigned.

Einar lowers the gun.

EINAR

It's all yours. I hope it brings
you everything you want.

Nojus unlocks the cell, takes the bag. Einar hands over the
gun. Nojus inspects it with shaking hands.

Einar joins Sylvi and Geir and they watch him limp out.

Nojus turns at the door, smiles the saddest of smiles, then
leaves.

From outside, FLASHING LIGHTS illuminate the doorway.

KRIPOS OFFICER (O.S.)

This is Kripos. Put the bag and gun
down.

The briefest of pauses, then GUNSHOTS echo through the night.

EXT. TOFTE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The snow has finally stopped falling.

The area outside the station is full of activity. KRIPOS and
OSLO POLICE make the necessary investigation.

A MAN in a dark suit speaks to Einar and Sylvi. He shakes
Einar's hand and moves away, the MONEY BAG in his hand.

Bernt sits up on a stretcher, protesting at the medical
attention he is getting.

BERNT

Get off me. Give me a bag of frozen
sprouts and I will be fine.

The MEDICS look at him like he's crazy, push him in the back
of the ambulance. Before the doors close, Bernt's eyes find
Einar. Gives him the briefest of nods.

Sylvi and Einar watch the ambulance depart, arm in arm, Geir
wrapped in close to Sylvi.

In the distance, at the PAPER MILL, a KLAXON sounds.

Einar checks his watch. It is ten PM.

EINAR

I have to go.

SYLVI

What?

Einar gestures to the mill.

EINAR

I have to go to work.

SYLVI

After all this, can't you phone in
sick?

Einar shakes his head. Kisses Geir, then Sylvi and heads off
to the mill.

As he goes, Einar looks up to the sky and smiles at the SMOKE
rising from the chimneys of the paper mill.

High up with the smoke, Tofte below, Einar trudging to the
mill. The lights of the town, of the comfortable homes
nestled all around, cast a warm glow in the night.

FADE OUT.

THE END