Kvinden i buret: Ulykken

By Michael Sandager
The street lamp outside my bedroom -
- has been flashing for two weeks now
keeping us all awake.
So I call the council and ask them
if they've considered changing it.
What the hell do I pay my taxes for?
They're completely useless.
Couldn't they send a guy round to hear
if anyone wanted the bulb changed?
- Carl, relax.
- What are we waiting for?
I'm sick of that street lamp
flashing in the dark.
Anker, shut up!
Get a ladder and change the bulb.
What's the problem?
My words exactly.
What's the problem?
Why can't they send a guy round
to look at it and say:
"Hey, that needs fixing. "
A small bulb could fit in a pocket.
Carl!
Carl!
Let's wait for the fucking backup.
Carl!
Jesus, Carl!
We were asked to wait.
Police!
Shit, it stinks in here.
- Shit.
- Let's go out and wait for the others.
They'll be here in five.
THE KEEPER OF LOST CAUSES
- How are you doing?
- Fine.
- What a crappy year, huh?
- Yeah.
Why don't you take
all your sick leave?
Take another six months
and spread your wings.
I prefer going back to work.
- Do you still take the sedatives?
- Only at parties.
I took the mandatory three months off,
I took all your tests. I'm fine.
I can't send you back to Homicide.
- What?
- I can't. You know that, Carl.
Nobody wants to work with you. Only
Hardy and Anker could stand you.
You can't handle homicides
in your state.
But I'm fine.
That's just the way it is, Carl.
And it's not my decision alone.
I've got something else for you.
The Ministry of Justice has
funded a new department.
Department Q.
The job is to go through
the past twenty years of cold cases.
Find any errors and categorize them.
The idea is
to close a case or two a week.
You want me to go through
twenty years of cold cases?
You're always finding faults with your
colleagues. It's right up your alley.
- How many cases?
- All of them.
Twenty years of cases?
That's three years behind a desk.
- You know I'm doing you a favor.
- Marcus...
You'll get an assistant.
I don't need an assistant.
Just tell me where to go.
- K11 in the basement.
- Thank you.

DEPARTMENT Q:
You don't need to be here.
It's not like the sight of you
makes me feel better.
Well, thank you.
Did you talk to Vigga?
She came to see me once at the hospital.
We ended up fighting about who gets the house.
Minna visits every day.
She's certain I'll walk again.
I wonder when she'll realize she has to get on with her life.
In a year or two, I guess.
It's gonna happen.
Yes.
- Hardy...
- I can't live like this.
Carl... dammit.
The couple were the victims of a brutal home invasion.
They spent 48 hours tied up -
- before a concerned neighbor gained access to the apartment...
The missing 12-year-old, Mie Hansen, was found dead this morning...
- Why are you calling, Carl?
- Hi. I...
I just called to ask how you were.
I'm fed up.
You can't keep calling me like this.
Why not?
Take care, Carl.
Vigga?
Hi.
Hi...
Assad.
- Mind turning that off?
- Sure.
I've set up your office.
I've put up the cases on the wall, so you can choose which one to start with.
What do mean you've put up... the cases on the wall?
We have to close at least three cases a week.
This gives us a nice overview.
But tell me if you want them placed otherwise.
Coffee?
I made some at home.
- Look, Hassan.
- Assad.
I don't know who you pissed off to end up down here. This department is a joke.
Sorting cold cases is only for those nearing retirement.
It's the end of the road.
Do yourself a favor, pack up your stuff and hurry back to your old department.
Boss, I've been stuck in the depot for two years -
- with a fucking stamp in my hand.
This is a good job.
Let me know when you've decided which cases to start with.
Damn!
Let me speak to Marcus.
- Sorry, he's busy.
- I'll hold.

93-YEAR-OLD MURDERED

DOUBLE MURDER:
MERETE LYNGGAARD
DISAPPEARS ON FERRY
I remember this one.
It happened five years ago.
Pretty girl.
We can close that right away.
- We can?
- Read the report.
She committed suicide.
Jumped off the ferry. End of story.
- Thanks for your input.
- Was it your case?
No. I tried to get it, but they gave it to Brge Bak.
Bak?
Not the guy you wanna call if you need help with your crossword.
You don't think it was suicide?
Would you bring your brain-damaged brother on a ferry -
- if you planned to jump?
- I don't have a brain-damaged brother.
- No.
- I'm joking.
- Don't you have stuff to do?
- I thought that...
- You were busy tidying up, I think. You were great.
Thanks, Merete.
Tage is super excited —
- and wants to wine and dine the whole group later.
You don't have to ask.
You know the answer.
Hi, Merete.
- Did you have a nice day?
- Yes. How was your day?
Okay.
Uffe got impatient in the end.
I had to show him the same episode of "Mr. Bean" three times in a row.
- Did he eat?
- Oh yes.
- He's been in a weird mood.
- How?
He keeps staring out the window as if he's looking for someone.
- But he never goes into the garden.
- No. I'll never quite grasp him.
- He's very fond of you, Helle.
- Good. See you tomorrow.
Bye.
Hi, Uffe.
Hey, come on.
I know it's late, but I had to work.
I missed you.
Are you going to sulk all night?
I was looking forward to playing with you.
I had to speak in front of 300 people today.
I don't think I'll ever get used to it.
Remember when I played a soldier in fourth grade?
You sat in the audience
shouting out my lines to me.
Thank God I had a little brother
who'd learned the play by heart.
Isn't it my turn now?
Uffe, you're cheating like mad.
You're cheating like crazy!
It's my turn now.
There...
You moved some of mine, didn't you?
You did, you cheat!
I'm gonna win anyway.
Uffe?
What's wrong?
Did you see something out there?
Come on.
Back to bed.
Come.
We're not allowed to do this, are we?
- To do what?
- Investigate the cases like this.
- Like what?
- Weren't we to read and sort them?
- So you want to go back?
- No.
What's the problem then?
- I'm just saying.
- Because?
No reason.
- Coffee?
- No thanks.
Maybe later.
Lisbeth Jensen, 52, accountant, saw
Merete and her brother in the queue.
She recognized Merete from TV.
At first Uffe confused her —
- but then she recalled
reading about a sick brother.
Uffe.
Uffe, wake up.
We're boarding the ferry.
Imagine seeing you here.
I thought you guys had drivers.
That's only if you're a minister.
"Arrogant.  
Not like I imagined.  "
"And her boyfriend just ignored us.  "
"They were eating sausages.  "
As you do 10 minutes before
you intend to jump into the sea.
They had a fight here
according to that one witness -
- they based
the first month's investigation on.
Maybe he pushed her in by accident?
Impossible.
Are you gonna be like this
all the time?
Three witnesses saw Merete
in the store after they were on deck.
They're all sure of it -
- because halfway through
the crossing it started raining.
And now the statements get muddled.
The final report says Merete and Uffe
went back to the sun deck.
A witness saw them go out
20 minutes before arrival.
They didn't return.
This is when
Merete supposedly jumped in.
Why go back out?
She didn't smoke.
It poured down until 5:30 p.m.
This man swears
Merete entered the men's room.
His statement's useless
because he was drunk.
A pretty girl enters
while you're holding your dick.
You remember that, drunk or not.
She was looking for her brother.
The two witnesses that saw Merete
alone in the caf corroborate that.
Hang on.
The guy who talked to Merete
in the caf says -
- he saw Uffe
with a man in a raincoat.
Bak left that out of the report.
Who was that man?
Uffe was found alone.
Who would help a brain-damaged boy
and then leave him?
What if the three witnesses are right?
Uffe disappears, Merete looks for him.
Uffe is walking around without Merete
with a man in a dark raincoat.
Uffe?
Uffe?
Uffe?
Uffe.
Hello?
Hello?
Hello?
Hi, Merete.
Where am I?
In a pressure chamber.
Hello?
There are two buckets on the floor.
A toilet bucket and a food bucket.
There's a hatch in the door.
The buckets will be replaced
every 24 hours.
- No, let me out.
- Merete...
You'll never get out.
Let me out!
I'm increasing the pressure
to 2 atmospheres.
Your ears are going to hurt,
and your eardrums will rupture.
You'll get used to it.
Who are you, you psycho?
Why are you doing this?
Please let me out!
See you in 1 year.
I thought you were on sick leave.
- I'm back.
- Since when?
Merete Lynggaard, remember her?
Young, pretty, missing.
What about her?
A key witness saw a man in a raincoat
with Merete's brother.
- Another saw Merete looking for him.
- Oh, come on.
I don't remember every detail
of a five-year-old case.
What else did you forget in the report?
You were busy with a lot of cases.
What are you doing with that case?
It's closed.
She committed suicide.
If I'm ever murdered,
promise me not to take my case.
Fuck you.

EGELY:

NURSING HOME:
Uffe was eight at the time
of the car accident.
The incurred brain trauma
is the primary cause of his state.
He lost both his parents that day -
- and that kind of experience
can provoke a dissociative disorder.
- Dissociative meaning...
- He repressed it.
- As if it never happened.
- Yes, he's drifted out of reality.
- And when Merete disappeared?
- It may have worsened his condition.
I don't care who you are.
If you upset Uffe or the other
patients, you're out of here.
Hi, Uffe. My name's Carl,
and I'm a police officer.
I'm trying to find out
what happened to Merete.
I don't think she jumped.
And I don't think
you did anything wrong.
Did you notice a man on the ferry?
A man that helped you
because you got lost.
Do you remember that?
He won't get anywhere.
- Assad.
- Tereza.
- Is he all gone?
- No, he's in there.

But Uffe is sensitive to voices and sounds. He doesn't like new voices.
It took him ages to recognize me.

Uffe, did you know the man?
Uffe, look at me.

How do you know he recognizes you?
I can see it in his eyes,
and only I get to wash and feed him.

Uffe...

Turn off the TV.
Uffe, look at me.

Look at me.

Listen,
I'm a police officer.
Maybe there wasn't anyone.
Maybe she jumped.
Maybe I have no fucking use
for "maybe".

Now what?

We've got a man in a raincoat.
- It's not a lot.
- It's enough.

**TWO FAMILIES:**

IN TERRIBLE CAR ACCIDENT Jesper? What are you doing here?
Can I stay with you for a day or two?
I'm sick of my Mom.

Sure.
- Did you clear my room, or...?
- It's all there.

How is Vigga?

She's fucking a gallerist who pads around in a dressing gown all day.
Why are you reopening this?
I told you everything all those years ago.
- Is this going to get out?
- Did you kill Merete?
- No.
- Then you've got nothing to fear.
I have nothing to add. I told
your colleague everything back then.
Have you got new leads
or whatever you call it?
Sit down.
- Look...
- You were a couple back then, huh?
- No, we weren't a couple.
- But you were in love with her.
We went out twice, that's all.
Why did she break it off?
Was she seeing someone else?
I'm married. I was married.
Look, I know your boss, Jacobsen.
If the media start digging into...
Right.
- What color is your raincoat?
- Green. Why?
You're welcome.
Sure. I understand.
That would put you on the spot.
We don't want to...
But you were her secretary.
I have an assistant -
- and it's almost like he knows me
better than I do myself.
Fine with me.
See you then, Ss.
Bye.
I want to go see Uffe again.
- Maybe get to know him better.
- Fine.
- I'll take the car.
- Have a good trip.
Hi.
A beer, please.
- Czech, Belgian or Japanese?
- Just a beer.
- Glass or bottle?
- Just give me a beer.
- I'll go in first and call you.
Great.
Hello.
We're going to have a nice cup of tea.
Here you go.
We have a visitor today.
Assad.
- Help yourself to a cookie, Assad.
- Thanks.
She lived alone with her brother.
Their parents died in a car accident.
She never went out
and didn't seem interested in men -
- so at first I thought
she was a lesbian.
- She didn't see any men?
- Sure. She got what she needed.
- So Tage Baggesen was her...?
- She had several.
- Who was the last man she saw?
- Does it matter who she slept with?
- It does, if he killed her.
- But you don't know if she was killed.
Why would it be someone she knew?
95% of all murders on women
are committed by the husband -
- the boyfriend
or someone they turned down.
Was she seeing anyone
just before she disappeared?
Well...
A month before she disappeared
we were at a GHO congress.
She hooked up with someone there,
but I didn't see who.
My room was next to hers, and I heard
her get in early in the morning.
- Anything else?
- No.
Look...
If you haven't got plans,
I just got off work, and...
- Can I buy you a drink?
- No, thanks. I have to go.
- But good luck.
Thanks.
Get lost!
Mom, hand me the water, please.
I can't reach it, Mom.
Give it to me! Mom!
Give it to me, Mom.
Mommy...
Give it to me.
Today is February 8, 2009.
I've been here 127 days.
My name is Merete Lynggaard.
I'm okay.
My younger brother's name is Uffe.
He was born May 10, 1982.
I know I can survive this.
Three -
- four, five, six.
Let me out!
Let me out, you pig!
Hello!
I know you can hear me!
Let me out!
Today is 28 February, 2009.
I've been here 147 days.
My name is Merete Lynggaard.
I'm okay.
My younger brother's name is Uffe.
He was born May 10, 1982...
I know I can survive this.
I promise myself never to give up.
My name is Merete Lynggaard.
I'm okay.
My younger brother's name is Uffe.
He was born May 10, 1982...
Congratulations, Merete.
You survived your first year.
I'm going to increase the pressure
to 3 atmospheres.
Why are you doing this?
I'll be back in 1 year.
Carl.
- Carl.
- That is really annoying.
You don't answer your phone.
Come on.
- Cut it out!
- Come on.
- Coffee?
- Please.
I don't believe it.
Jesper!
It's good, right?
I eat here every day.
- You eat here every day?
- Yes.
- Every day?
- They also have salads.
- What the hell is it with you, Carl?
- What?
I don't think I've seen you smile.
You don't care about other people.
You don't care about yourself.
I'm worried about you.
I'm worried about when this conversation is going to end.
Don't you have anything to be happy about?
My wife left me.
My colleague's dead, and my best friend's a cripple.
I've seen things too, Carl.
You wouldn't believe what I've seen.
But I believe in people.
I believe in the good in people.
- And I can still smile.
- I don't have a lot to smile about.
- Then why are you doing this?
- Because it's all I can.
Merete met a man at some congress in Sweden. Get a list of the participants.
Okay.
We just received this from GHO in Sweden.
- Are these all the participants?
- I guess. It was by invitation only.
Thank you, Lis.
Sort out the women.
You've posted pictures from
the congress on your website.
So your employees posted
the pictures?
Okay.
Could you ask them, if they still
have those pictures? I know.
Find the ones
of Merete talking to men.
Getting anywhere with Uffe?
Sure.
He recognizes my voice now.
I've had some funny
phone calls these past days.
The head of a nursing home complained
about a rude homicide investigator.
Tage Baggesen asked Bak why
the Lynggaard case was reopened.
The accounts department received
a huge bill for the requisition -
- of photos from some congress.
Carl, what is the problem?
- I told you to sort some old cases.
- I am.
I told you to go through them,
not reopen them. What are you doing?
- Myjob.
- I personally closed that case...
Enough, Bak!
I've never given a damn
about what others say about you.
Your moods and arrogance.
What really annoys me
is your lack of respect.
Do your job.
Close the Lynggaard case now
and file a two-page report.
Open a new case, read it,
and file a two-page report.
- Can I go now?
- No, I'd love it if you stayed.
- Hi.
- What did Jacobsen have to say?
Everything's fine. All set?
How do we do this?
How do we know
if he recognizes anyone?
His eyes react when
he's favorite program comes on —
or when he's in a bad mood.
- I'd better go in alone. Stay here.
- What?
- I don't think he likes you.
- Christ, look at him.
Stay out here.
Hi, Uffe.
Uffe, I've brought
a lot of pictures of Merete.
I like Merete, and I want to know
what happened to her.
I know you miss her but don't be upset
when you see her.
I'm going to show you
the pictures now.
I know it's not as exciting as the TV,
but look at the picture.
Look at the picture, Uffe.
Good.
- Him?
- No.
No.
It just can't be true.
Assad.
Daniel Hale.
Daniel Hale.
Bio Dynamics. Gothenburg.
Merete, I think
you should clean the window.
Did you hear me?
Clean the window.
Who are you?
Clean the window, Merete.
Clean the window, Merete!
The pressure will increase
until you clean the window.
Do as I say!
Clean the window!
Clean the window!
Clean the window, now!
Daniel Hale, Bio Dynamics.
Gothenburg.
Because he doesn't need to know
that we're looking for him.
Thank you.
- Oh, come on, I can't drink this crap.
- I made it mild especially for you.
Yes?
How...?
Thanks.
- What did they say?
- Daniel Hale is dead.
- What?
- Just after Merete disappeared.
- He drowned in a boating accident.
- Shit!
- What are they doing in Sweden?
- I don't know.
Get them on the phone.
I read the report when you called and
put Post-its on the significant info.
You just graduated from the academy?
Yes.
Is it windy out here
in late summer?
- Is it windy here in late summer?
- No.
How cold is the water in August?
17 or 18 degrees Celsius.
- You knew Daniel?
- No.
But he fished here every year
and bought bait off you.
- Sure, but I didn't know him.
- Was he always alone?
Not always.
Did you see him with someone
the day he disappeared?
- Maybe. It's hard to say.
- CarI.
We have a problem.
Who the hell's that?
- That's Hale.
- Daniel Hale?
Yes.
Then who is this?
I don't know.
Have you seen this guy with this guy?
Maybe.
So the man in the raincoat posed
as Hale to get into the congress -
and then six months later
he killed the real Hale.
Why kill him
unless he knew something?
Hale and the false Hale
knew each other.
Daniel's partner offour years.
Johan Lundquist.
Copenhagen police called.
You're not allowed to be here.
- But that's absurd.
- I'm to escort you to the border.
- And I need the report back.
- Let me sort this out.
I'll call them.
Thanks for letting us know.
- I need the report back.
- Sure.
- Is it true?
- Yes. Here you go.
I've got the report...
- No, Carl.
- They're taking off!
You should have told me.
I'm your partner, for fuck's sake.
- Lundquist?
- Up there.
- Johan Lundquist?
- Yes.
Carl Mrck, Danish police. You were
Daniel Hale's partner until he died.
Yes?
We've reopened Merete Lynggaard's
case. She disappeared five years ago.
We've come across Daniel's name -
- and we're trying to find out
if his death wasn't an accident.
- But do you think he was...
- He may have been involved...
- We think he was murdered.
- Carl.

Do you know this man?
That's Lasse.
Lasse?
He was...
He and Daniel grew up together
at an orphanage in Denmark.
That's how they met.
Daniel never really talked about him.
I thought they had a thing going.
- Have you got his number or address?
- No.
I only met him a couple of times.
Do you remember the name
of the orphanage or the address?

Denmark.
Hello there.
Have you figured out
why you're here?
Merete, would you like to see
who I am?
I'm going to turn on the light
out here for 30 seconds.

Daniel.
Your name is Daniel.
Why are you doing this?
What have I done to you? Who are you?
- Think, Merete.
- Wait! Wait!
- Next time you see me, you'll die.
- Who are you?

Lasse took Daniel Hale's identity.
Where's the motive? You can't place
Lasse at Merete's hotel or the ferry.
- Lasse took Daniel Hale's identity.
- You want a homicide so bad...
- Shut up.
- Shut up, both of you!
You can't follow orders -
- and you're not doing the job
the Ministry asked me to do.
You bungle around -
- spend three months' budget
in two days, involve Swedish police -
- and the nursing home is suing us
because you traumatized their patient.
One last thing.
They stayed at the same orphanage...
Carl!
Yes.
Enough is enough.
What?
You're both suspended -
- until I find a place for you.
I've had it.
I gave you a chance, Assad.
Hey, that's funny.
When you don't have me to keep you
in line, you fuck everything up.
What are you gonna do, Carl?
Write crime novels
like all the other retired cops?
It doesn't matter.
Nothing matters one bit.
- I'm going home to get some sleep.
- You're such a pain in the ass.
You're the most stubborn person I know -
- but that's what makes you
the best cop I've ever met.
Should we have entered that house
without backup?
Of course we should.
What if someone had been
alive in there?
And we'd just stayed outside
on our fat asses?
If they take away your stubbornness...
...we might as well trade places.
My stepson.
I have to go on.
I need to know what happened to her.
- What's that?
- The orphanage where Hale grew up.
Let's check it out.
Are you sure about this?
You heard Jacobsen.
My Danish isn't that good, Carl.
Drink your coffee.
- Are you here about Pede again?
- No, two residents 17-18 years ago.
- That brought you here at 6:30 a. m.?
- Yes.
- Who are you looking for?
- Two boys who used to live here.
- One of them was Daniel Hale.
- I remember Daniel well.
You remember everyone
who ever lived here. It's amazing.
I don't remember a year back.
That's why you're so good at your job.
- Was he friends with a boy named Lasse?
- Here. Daniel Hale.
Half Swedish.
Mom died in childbirth, dad took off.
- Do you mean Lars? Lars Jensen?
- Lasse? Lars?
Lars did this to me
with a bread knife -
- because I told him to clean up
after himself in the kitchen.
- He was beyond reach of reason.
- Could you look up Lars Jensen?
You're right,
everyone called him Lasse.
He and Daniel always hung out.
- Daniel looked up to him.
- Daniel was gay. Were they involved?
I doubt it. Lars hid girly magazines
under his mattress like all the boys.
Lars Jensen lived here for two years.
He came from a foster family.
Six months later we're told
Lars has been found -
- living with his mom Ulla Jensen.
Disability pensioner.
They were in a car accident.
Lars' father was killed -
- and she ended up in a wheelchair.
That's how Lars ended up
in the system.
Here. "Uffe and Merete Lynggaard,
sole survivors."
"In the other car,
Klaus and Susanne Jensen died."

"Survivors:
"Lars Henrik Jensen."
Lasse.
Lasse! Lasse!
Welcome.
- Well, this is your room.
- I'm Daniel.
Hey, faggots.
No! No...
- What do you want at that congress?
- Can you get me in?
BERLIN WITH UFFE
Thanks.
- Mom, have you had lunch?
- I'm not hungry.
Mom, you have to eat.
I'm going to town.
Need anything?
No.
Let me talk. A 70-year-old lady in the
country has only seen your kind on TV.
Hello?
Ulla Jensen?
This is the police.
Hello?
What do you want?
- Ulla Jensen?
- Yes.
- We're with the police.
- How can I be sure?
You don't look
like proper police officers.
- We're looking for your son.
- Lars has gone to sea.
I haven't seen him for six months.
Come back some other time.
I can't help you.
Do you live here alone?
I have groceries delivered every week.
I guess that's all for now.
Please call us as soon as you hear from him.
Sure.
- She's a bad liar.
- Do you think he's here?
She's not alone.
Check over there.
Merete, time's up, so I'm going to let out all the air.
Do you know what that means?
Your blood vessels will explode.
Your every cell will cry out to die.
But when the tank is empty, it will all be over.
Why?
Why?
Goodbye, Merete.
- Well?
- Nothing.
Listen.
I'll go find something in the car.
Can I help you?
That bar looks a bit drastic.
You're with the police, my mom said.
- Did something happen?
- Funny.
She told us you went to sea, and that she hadn't seen you for six months.
- She said that?
- Yes.
Did she say she was senile, too?
I was just taking a nap.
- Good boy, Lasse.
- Lasse?
Nobody's called me that in years.
- Not since Daniel?
- Who?
Quit the act. We know all about Merete Lynggaard, Daniel, the home.
- What?
Shut up!
Hey, calm down!
Lars?
How about coming back to the station with us for a chat?
Sure.
Sure.
But you're wasting your time.
What's in the storage hall?
Old farm machines.
Most of them were my dad's.
Wasn't he an engineer in the navy?
- He was many things.
- And a farmer on the side?
I'm not talking to you until I have a lawyer present.
What's the generator for?
You have plenty of power out here, so why use petrol for a generator?
Unless you don't want any questions about your power usage.
What's in the barn, Lasse?
Assad...
Turn around.
Assad?
- Assad?
- I'm okay.
- You need help.
- I'm okay.
She's in there, dammit!
PRESSURE CHAMBER
She's alive.
- Merete Lynggaard is alive.
- What the hell...?
Shut up and listen.
She's alive.
She's trapped in some chamber.
Krageholmvej 7, Lolland.
Send help.
The navy. An ambulance.
Merete!
Don't give up!
Merete!
Come on!
Listen to me.
You're not going to die.
Come on!
Merete!
You're not going to die.
Thanks.
It's worse than yours.
Hi.
She's reacting well
to the depressurizing.
But she's very weak and marked
by the many years of captivity.
- We don't know how bad...
- But she's going to make it?
She's going to make it.
I've put in a recommendation
for you to return to Homicide.
No thanks.
Hey, what do you want?
- Department Q.
- Department Q?
Yes. I decide which cases to take,
and how long I spend on them.
Okay.
- How many men...
- Assad and me.
And a secretary
to handle the paperwork.
Okay.
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