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Paradise

By Colin Nutley

Hello.

- Gran...

- Is that you, dear?

- I keep having that awful dream.

- You had a nasty experience.

It's only natural to dream about it,
but it will fade in time.

- I'm sorry I woke you, gran.

- Call whenever you like.

See you on Friday then.

I love you.

Sweet dreams.

Kvllspresen.

...women under threat...

Kvllspresen.

Yes, it is.

It's not quite what we're looking for,
but thank you for calling.

Why don't you contact one
of the other papers? Goodbye.

Good morning.

- Things under control?

- Pretty much. How about you?

I see...

one? Thank you very much.

An ambulance is heading for the
free port. A possible murder. Spike?

- What?

- The free port. A possible murder.

Put Berit on it.

The area's been cordoned off.

No trace of the suspects.

A delicate situation...

- been here long?

- A half an hour.

- And this wasn't an accident?

- No.

- What are we dealing with here?

- A man, shot in the head.

- Executed?

- Most likely...

- Swedish?

- No.

Mafia?

- Is his nationality known?

- No...

good morning.

Nice hat, is it yours?

- It's yours, isn't it?

- That's right. Thanks.

Good morning.

Who's been messing

with my computer?

I borrowed it. I got in early and...

I hope you don't mind?

- I come to work and that girl...

- Annika.

- Her wardrobe was on my desk!

- Is that so...?

I'm entitled to know if she's decided to sit somewhere else.

- She meddled with my computer!

- That's the limit.

It's the bloody limit! Are we

having a "let's trade places" day?

- Then I should have been informed!

- Simmer down...

I don't like being shuffled around.

You know where I think she belongs!

Schyman wants to have a word.

- Shall I hang up your jacket?

- No, thanks...

Eva-Britt Quist here.

One moment, please. - Spike?

There are 250 computers here.

Did you have to go pick Eva-Britt's?

She wasn't here.

I got in early and kaja

was using the pc we share.

So I used Eva-Britt's. Is that a crime?

It damn well is!

What did we hire you to do?

- Edit copy and answer the phone.

- Then do it.

I do, during business hours.

- But I am a reporter.

- Not at the moment.

I got a tip yesterday about

an organization called paradise -
- For women whose lives
are threatened. It's a good story.
Annika, I had to push like hell
to get you this position.
You don't get to write and definitely
not about some women's paradise!
Your turn, spike.
Eva-Britt Quist...
the pictures
of the free port victim are in.
The police are trying to identify him.
This is no ordinary killing,
this was an execution.
Listen, spike...
- you look a little tired.
- Tired?
I'm not tired, I feel sharp.
Everything's under control.
- So I'm wrong about what I see?
- What do you see?
That you're drunk.
- You're being paranoid.
- I am?
I've been clean for two months now,
and you know it.
I'm the best reporter
this fucking paper has.
Can I run with this, or do
I have to hand it over to Berit?
Run with it.
Just don't make me have
to come pick up the pieces after you.
Close the door behind you.
Hello, it's Annika Bengtzon.
I'd be glad to get together. For lunch.
Same place as last time. See you.
Cut that out... all right. Bye.
It's me. Got anything for me?
We work with people living
under threat who need to disappear.
And that's not really possible
nowadays. Everything's on record.
There are 60 data banks in Sweden

listing practically everyone.
I spent the first six months
mapping out their procedures -
- And figuring out how
to get around them, and now I know.
So it's possible for paradise to
completely erase a person's identity.
This makes us unique.
There are shelters for women.
What's the difference?
Yes, there are shelters. There are
Last year, in Stockholm, they
helped 93 women and 83 children.
But... they turned away
Who are they supposed to turn to?
Where can they go?
There's nothing...
and the shelters can't...
they can't erase a person's identity.
No, they can't. But paradise can.
How?
You go to paradise,
you pass through us and disappear.
We provide new identities.
New national registration numbers.
A place to live, work, money,
a passport. Medical care too.
Counseling is important.
- Why are you involved in this?
- I was beaten. Badly.
I was abused and stalked
and tried to escape.
Do you know what that's like?
You're so totally vulnerable.
You try to get help -
- And go from one set of authorities
to another without getting any help.
has been beaten at some time.
Every ten days a woman dies
at the hands of a partner or relative.
If I write about anything,
it ought to be this.
Unless... it hits too close to home.
That all happened two years ago.

It shouldn't stop you
from being a journalist.
It was an accident,
you even have a decree to prove it.
Unfortunately, the woman
from paradise thinks I'm a reporter.

- You are a reporter.
- Not at Kvällspressen.
- What kind of a workout is this?
- Low impact.
- Does that involve a lot of jumping?
- No, no jumping at all.
- Or is there...
- I have no idea.
- Who cares?
- I wonder which instructor it is.

I hope it's not
the one with the piercing voice.
No, I think it's the one
who looks like a horse.
Oh, why did Graham have to leave?
Just the sight of him made it
worth the effort. He's so gorgeous...
he looked like a statue.
Look, I don't know if I'm up to this.
I was up early today.
We're not going to work out?
I've lugged this around all day.
I'm really hungry.
Got any money?

- I've got a maxed-out credit card.
- Perfect. Forget the gym.

And now for the news: The police
believe that the free port murder -

- Is tied to organized crime and
the increase in cigarette smuggling.

The police are looking
for a young woman -

- Seen yesterday running from
the crime scene by a cab driver.

She is not regarded as a suspect,
but is wanted for questioning.

- Paradise.
- Hi, Rebecca. It's Annika Bengtzon.

- Have you finished the piece?

- No, not yet. There are...

I need to be filled in...

could you spare a moment?

Great.

How many employees do you have?

There are five of us,

working full time.

- Doctors, lawyers, psychologists...?

- Not at all.

The local authorities

supply professional help like that.

Our highly qualified staff

is available around the clock.

- How are they paid?

- What do you mean?

- How much do they make?

- 14,000 kronor a month.

We don't do this to get rich,

it's a worthy cause.

- The local authorities foot the bill.

- That's right.

Why do you ask?

I want to get a picture of your set-Up,

so I can continue with my piece.

So... any profits you make,

what happens to them?

Any revenue, tiny as it may be,

goes back into the foundation.

We use our funds for development.

One last question, please.

That list of authorities

I could contact, have you sent it?

We've been very busy with a difficult

case, but Ill put it in the mail.

You could always fax it.

Send it to the paper.

Could you please

name the cities involved?

- What's the number?

- 223023.

Kvllspresen.

Excuse me...

- I can't hear you.

- I'm sorry...
- Calm down. I can't hear you.
- Someone's got to help me!
- He's going to kill me.
- You've reached a newspaper.
- I don't think we can help you.
- You've been writing about me.
- That's why I'm calling.
- Where are you?

The killing at the free port.

The girl running away, that's me.

No one can help you

unless you tell us where you are.

- Where are you?

- A hostel. The white boat.

Room 14.

Hello?

- What's your name?

- He's going to kill me.

You've got to tell me who it is.

Is it your husband?

- What's your name?

- Aida Begovic. Begovic, Aida.

- Where are you from?

- Bosnia.

Why did you call us?

Why not the police?

- They look for me. Why?

- Someone saw you at the free port.

They want to see you

because they want to find a witness.

- Aida?

- No, I'm Anna.

- Aida Begovic, is she in?

- I'm all alone here.

I'd ask you in, but since I don't know you, I'd better not.

I don't know you either, but I'll never forget your charming smile.

- Why don't you ask at the desk.

- Yes, I must have the wrong room.

Take care.

Listen to me, go upstairs.

My car is parked to the left

of the entrance. A green Volvo.

I'll see if I can distract him while you get off the boat.

You think you can do it?

- See you up there.

- Anna... thank you.

It's Annika.

Police hunt for female witness

- Hi, did you find her?

- No, I had the wrong number.

She's in room four.

Good of you to come. She's Aida Begovic from Bijeljina, Bosnia.

- How's her Swedish?

- Pretty good.

She's spent time

in a refugee camp in Vaxholm.

- I'll contact them. Is she ill?

- She needs medical attention.

And the guy stalking her

seems really dangerous.

She'll be safe with us.

Hello, Aida.

My name is Rebecca Bjrkstig.

And Ill be taking care of you.

Come with me.

You'll get help, Aida.

This is Mia. She lives with us too.

- Shall I take your bag?

- No.

- It was lucky I met you.

- We'll take care of her.

Annika, wait.

I can't accept this.

Good luck.

We have to go, Aida.

Spike, could I borrow a computer this weekend?

- No.

- Come on...

- use Eva-Britt's.

- I don't think so.

Damn it, Annika. You can't

just walk in and borrow a computer.

- What are you talking about?
- I'd like to borrow a computer.
You're a funny one.
Any news about
the girl seen in the free port?
No, nothing.
She could have been trying
to catch a bus for all we know.
You were talking about an execution.
The forensic evidence
points in that direction.
We know that the victim was wearing
underwear with Cyrillic letters.
- Which means what?
- Russia, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia...
if it's the Yugo mafia,
we'd better watch our step.
They're dangerous, cold and ruthless.
They'd shoot anyone
just for spare change.
Do you remember...?
You wrote about that famous guy...
that famous Yugoslavian guy.
Does your mother know
about these nightmares?
No.
- Why not?
- We can't discuss things like that.
- Why not?
- According to her, Im a nightmare.
So I can't tell her how I feel.
She wouldn't care anyway.
That's not true. But she's in a rather
vulnerable position, you know.
Working at the local grocery store,
having to hear all the gossip.
Don't be so hard on her.
She had a rough childhood.
I'm a fantastic grandmother,
but I wasn't a good mother.
She spent a lot of time alone,
because I had to work.
- That's not it...
- I won't be around forever.

- So how is work?
- It's okay...
be glad that I have a job.
It's too bad I don't get to write.
- What do you mean?
- I edit copy, Im not a journalist.
Don't they know
what you have to offer?
Your skills
and your talent for research?
I have everything
you wrote for our local paper.
I don't think they care
what I wrote in a local paper.
But your skills... there ought
to be a lot to dig up in Stockholm.
Sure, but it would be nice
to get published too.
I could let you come
sell me to my boss.
You're my staunchest supporter.
What's the matter?
Mother...
they'll take care of her.
- Should we wait out here?
Thank you. - She just collapsed.
The ambulance took forever.
The paramedic couldn't tell me much,
we'll have to wait and see.
- What could...?
- I don't know! A stroke, I guess.
A stroke?
- But... why were you there?
- Because I was visiting gran.
- You didn't tell me.
- I went to visit gran.
- And it's a good thing I did, right?
- Of course...
Ill have to call Leif,
we won't be having dinner tonight.
- Of course you can't!
- I'm aware of that...
war criminal may be free port killer
- She needs professional care!

- She needs love, damn it!
Don't you yell at me!
No, she needs professional care!
She needs care. Is she supposed
to stay at your place alone all day?
- I'll quit work. For her sake.
- That's absolutely ridiculous.
- Someone in this family should care.
- You ran off to Stockholm.
And now you're going to quit?
Right... it stinks!
You ran away
and left us here to take the heat.
- What are you talking about?
- You know.
What am I supposed to say?
Do you know what's it's like for me?
What's it's like to be a cashier
and hear all the gossip?
- You know what I mean.
- Tell me!
They wonder what really happened.
People talk. You ran away,
but around here, people talk.
- If they talk...
- I don't think you did anything wrong.
But I have no say
in what other people think.
You should have seen that coming.
How has that made us feel?
What it's been like for two years?
All this fuss all the time...
oh, well...
what do you have to say now?
Why are you looking at me like that?
- What's wrong with you?
- You're tragic.
It's so sad
that you never ever defend me.
This whole business with Sven...
you never considered me.
- You... don't give a damn about me!
- What a nasty thing to say!
You're always so nasty to me.

You go on and on about gran.
But what about your own mother?
Gran is my mother!
You ought to... she's my mother!
Don't act like you have exclusive
rights when it comes to loving her!
How do you think I feel?
Everyone's supposed to feel sorry
for you when my mother is dead!
- She's not dead!
- I know, but she's very ill!
Gran?
There you are, my dear.
Do you know that you
are the person I've loved the most?
It's not fair, but it's the truth.
I'll call in and ask for time off.
I don't want to leave you right now.
No, I want you to go work.
Come back when you're off.
There's still some life left in me.
- Is there anything I can do for you?
- Yes, one thing.
Make peace with your mother.
Promise me that.
"Annika Bengtzon, paradise". Is
she paid to play at being a reporter?
- Still on that paradise story?
- Yes, in my spare time.
Hand it over to Berit,
if it's so interesting.
She's the reporter, not you.
Thanks a lot. - Berit...
he's interested in paradise, but
he wants me to hand it over to you.
Please let me continue and
you can run it with your byline.
Let's go have a coffee.
No one considers
where the funds will come from!
This is so typical of her!
Her reports have no information.
- And an open account too!
- It's an urgent matter.

Christ! Where am I
supposed to find the money?
Close the door.
- Thomas, it's your job...
- The hell it is!
Go ask Ann-Charlotte
where the money's coming from.
Which day care center
will have to skip repairs?
Do it yourself. What's wrong,
why are you in such a rotten mood?
- Trouble at home again?
- That has nothing to do with it.
I have to clean up the mess
when they fuck up!
This is urgent,
the woman's life is in danger.
She might get killed!
We have to find a way.
You're good at this.
We'll figure something out.
Take a couple of deep breaths
and Ill get us some coffee.
Sorry, there's a reporter out here
who wants to talk about paradise.
Annika Bengtzon, Kvllspressen.
This will only take five minutes.
- I don't want to talk to the press.
- You already are.
I've been in contact with Rebecca
Bjrkstig, the director of paradise.
She wants us
to write about the foundation.
I guess she wants to spread the word.
Wasn't it supposed to be kept secret?
The victims need
to know where to turn.
And I guess she wants
to put pressure on the authorities.
- Weren't you going to get coffee?
- That's right.
- Would you like some?
- No, thanks. I'm fine.
Listen, why would they

choose to establish a foundation?
There are many advantages.
There aren't many rules.
No ownership or membership
obligations. It's just a name.
Does your council support
an operation like this?
We just decided to use their services.
- You don't seem too pleased.
- I'm supposed to find the money.
And there isn't any.
Isn't it important
to help people living under threat?
The details are so damn fuzzy.
I don't have an address
or a corporate identity number.
Could you find their Id number?
As long as everything's aboveboard.
Do you think
something fishy is going on?
You said it, not me.
That this foundation is just a scam?
Do you know
of a girl called Aida Begovic?
I think Id better stop talking now.
Could I call you if I need more help?
- You can always call.
- But you won't take my call?
I can see it in your eyes.
Are all reporters as pushy as you?
Thank you for taking the time to talk.
Bye.
There you are...
how are you?
She's never going to get well.
And to top it off
I had a major battle with my mother.
A real meltdown.
Poor you.
But Im going to take gran in.
Just what she needs.
Three flights of stairs, no hot water -
- And a shower in the next building.
I'll move back to Katrineholm.

Back down memory lane.
Hobnob with the folks and pay
your respects at Svens grave.
If you're lucky,
you might get your old job back.
At least they'd want me to write.
Sure, about if there's
going to be a raffle.
And whether
the church needs a new roof.
- Someone's got to take care of her.
- Not you.
- How do rooftops fit it?
- It's Michelle Carlson.
Our dear Michelle has created
a piece on "sexy penthouses".
For our sex & love segment. She...
today she put her manicured hand
on the producer's arm and said...
I was standing close by.
"I just want you to know
that Im so thrilled to be here" -
- "With this lovely group of people. "
- Well, she is good-Looking.
- And hot for the camera.
- But not much upstairs.
- Totally vacant.
But pretty and hot for the camera
is what you TV people want, right?
Says a member of the press!
You shun the limelight, don't you?
By the way, did you ever
check out that paradise set-Up?
I met a guy from the local authorities.
With any luck
I might have a foot in the door.
- Good-Looking?
- A bureaucrat?
Those bureaucratic types
have lots of emotions.
Annika.
Hello, my name is Mia Eriksson.
- I was in the car with Aida.
- That's right. Now I recognize you.

You're writing
a piece about paradise, right?
- Yes, Im working on one.
- We need to talk.
Do you mean that Rebecca,
or whatever her name may be...
she uses lots of different names.
I've overheard her on the phone.
Sometimes I look through
the papers in the office as well.
I've figured it out, it's all a sham.
Why did you contact paradise?
The regular story.
I fell in love with Mr. Wrong.
Attempted strangulation...
beatings, arson...
he tried to kill all three of us.
- How old are your kids?
- Three and five.
Kalle and Lisa.
Who's looking after them right now?
Aida.
They're crazy about her.
I presume
they took her to a doctor?
Not even that...
well, who took care of her?
I did.
- What are you going to do?
- I'm waiting for money.
But I suppose Ill never see any.
L have to go abroad.
Couldn't you contact
the local authorities?
I don't dare.
I don't...
what about the police?
Talk to Rebecca,
tell her you're on to her.
I've been thinking about it,
but I haven't dared do it.
You don't know what Rebeccas like.
Or whatever her name is.
No one dares confront her.

- Thomas Samuelsson.
- Hi, it's Annika Bengtzon.
- Did you track down that Id number?
- No, Ive been busy.
I just found out
that Rebecca Bjrkstig is a fraud.
- Damn...
- Paradise is a house in the suburbs.
The only service that takes place
is billing. There is no staff.
- Really?
- I'm going to check her credit rating.
- Why don't you join me?
- I don't know if I can make it.
Bring the id number if you can.
She has 107 personal
debts on record.
Back taxes, parking tickets,
traffic violations -
- Unpaid Ikea furniture,
rental cars, trips, bank loans...
credit cards.
That doesn't make her a criminal.
She's declared
every possible kind of bankruptcy.
Personal bankruptcy
twice in four years.
Bankrupt stock corporations,
partnerships, limited partnerships...
the paradise foundation
is deep in debt.
And I fell for it...
the next step is
to map the whole thing out clearly.
And I know...
...over in their base out
in Jrfla, that tumbledown house...
two women and two children
are in hiding.
The worst thing of all is...
...that I put one of those women
in touch with paradise.
That pisses me off!
An apartment in the heart of town,

sounds smart.

It's destined for the wrecking ball.

No hot water

and a shower in the next building.

- What's Vaxholm like?

- Rock'n roll...

just like Hlleforsns.

- Is that where you're from?

- It's also rock'n roll.

- How long have you lived there?

- Forever.

- How long have you been married?

- Forever.

- What's wrong?

- Aida's gone.

- What?

- She's not there...

listen... I want you to take these.

- What's this?

- The keys to paradise.

- And here's the address.

- What should I do?

Go upstairs. There are papers

that will help you expose Rebecca.

What about you?

I can't take this any longer.

Could we meet somewhere? Please?

Somewhere downtown.

How about Sergel's plaza?

Twelve o'clock.

I'll be there.

This is the end of the line...

where is the truck

with the cigarettes?

Go ahead and shoot.

You can't hurt me...

Ive been dead

for the past eight years anyway.

Give my best to your family.

Unbelievable...

a woman's been shot downtown.

- Nobody saw a thing.

- Doesn't surprise me.

Personally, Id never report a murder.

Being a witness is way too risky.

- What do you mean?
- Someone's been shot.
- Aida Begovic.
- One of those immigrants.
- Probably from Yugoslavia.
- They're immigrants too, aren't they?

Shot between the eyes.

- The meeting's at three, remember?
- It was an execution...
- and the dentist's at four.
- Was that today?
- Like that guy over at the free port.
- What are you going to do?
- A root canal.
- Those things hurt like hell...

have a pleasant afternoon!

How are you doing, Annika?

- Everything all right?
- I'm... fine.

Good.

At the height of lunch hour,
in downtown Stockholm -

- A young woman was shot.

Her identity has been established.

Bosnian citizen Aida Begovic was
found by a construction worker-

- In a building near Sergels plaza.

What do we know about

the girl who was shot downtown?

That she's dead.

And she was from Yugoslavia.

- What about Ratko?
- Nothing.
- The execution?
- Nothing.

What about cigarette smuggling
and the Yugo mafia?

- Is there a connection?
- We don't know for sure.
- What about the police?
- They aren't saying a thing.
- You must have a source...
- Yes, but he doesn't know anything.

- Are you just sitting on your fat ass?

- Come on!

Then nothing will happen.

What do you expect me to do?

Want me to make things up?

L could write loads, but I need facts.

- The police aren't giving me anything.

- Ten years ago...

the police came to you,
begging for information.

For god's sake, Schyman,
without facts we don't have a story...

as if I didn't

know that already, damn it!

The guys upstairs are on my back.

They want results.

They want us to sell this damn paper.

And he just walks away...

- what am I supposed to do?

- What do you mean?

- He's drunk.

- How can you tell?

L can tell. I caught him slumped
over his computer the other day.

I find that hard to believe.

Spoken as a colleague

or as a prejudiced friend?

Doesn't matter. Drunk or sober,
he's the best reporter we have.

Hi, it's me. Got anything for me?

You don't...

Hang on, you've got to give
me something. I'm in deep shit.

That's right. Come on, damn it!

Give me something - Anything!

Downtown murder

I don't understand

how can you blame yourself.

Some maniac

shoots a woman downtown.

You put her in touch with paradise
to protect her.

It didn't work out,

but that's not your fault.

Maybe not, but she's dead.
And I liked her.
You got to know each other...
I don't know about that.
It was more like... identification.
And sisterhood,
considering the necklace and all.
- Give me a break, Anne!
- I understand.
Of course I understand...
You tried to help someone,
and now she's dead. It stinks.
It does stink.
Just acknowledge
that it wasn't your fault.
- Do you want sweet & sour?
- Yes, please...
- got any wine left?
- In the fridge.
It's been there for two days,
so I bet it tastes like piss.
Aida...
...must have realized
that paradise was a scam and left.
It doesn't matter who shot her,
it was still my fault.
Jesus Christ!
I don't believe you!
I know about your crusade to save
the world, but this is going too far.
Please, you're completely exhausted.
You worry about
your grandmother around the clock.
- You're pushed around at work.
- They don't push me around...
you don't get to do anything!
And then I find out
that you were practically assaulted -
- By the most-Wanted
criminal in the country!
You get involved
with such dangerous characters...
why the hell didn't
you discuss this with anyone?

To protect Aida.

That was the whole point
of paradise, for god's sake!
And now it's all shot to hell...
well, at least it's all right
to contact the police now.

Right?

- Who are you?

- Are you Rebecca Bjrkstig?

I'm Thomas Samuelsson,
from the Vaxholm local authorities.

- Is this paradise?

- You can't barge in here...

- you haven't made an appointment.

- Do you think I'm an idiot?

- I'm on my way out...

- We hired you to protect someone.

- She was murdered yesterday.

- I'm aware of that.

We took her in for four weeks,
and that has to be paid for.

She chose to leave. She broke
the rules. Get out of my way!

What the hell are you doing here?

It's getting to be quite a party.

- Where are you going?

- It's none of your business.

Out to rip some more people off?

You have some nerve!

You called the paper
and tricked me into believing you.

- Possibly because you're so naive.

- I believe in people.

If someone tells me they've been...
there's more evidence, you know.

- You're going down!

- You just want to save your own ass.

- Get out of my way!

- You fucking bitch!

Go to hell! You're going down!

Fine, run away!

Go screw some other poor souls.

Hang on, just let me

clean the place up a bit.

I wasn't expecting visitors.
You don't need to take your shoes off.
Come on in.
Have a seat.
So it hurts that bad, does it?
Like something to drink?
- Do you have any whiskey?
- All I have is red wine.
That must
have been one hell of a fall.
Sure you didn't bang your head too?
What a creep she is, that...
what's her name, Rebecca Bjrkstig?
I wonder where she ran off to.
Nice place...
- good thing I was there.
- Yes, it's a small world.
Hungry?
- What have you got?
- Frosties.
I make a wicked
pasta with canned sauce.
So, how did you meet your wife?
It feels like it happened eons ago.
We've been married for twelve years.
- She works at a bank.
- Really, doing what?
She handles corporate loans.
Lots of friends and fairly well off...
it's a good life.
- How about you?
- What do you mean?
I can see that you live alone now,
have you ever been married?
No, just engaged...
that was back in Hlleforsns.
We...
we were childhood sweethearts too.
- His name was Sven.
- And it's over between you?
Yes, it's over. It's over...
there is a nation-wide alert
for Ratko Markovic -
- A war criminal and a principal

force in the Yugoslavian mafia -
- Suspected of the free port killing
and the murder of Aida Begovic.
He is presumed
to be in the Stockholm area.
Please exercise caution, this man
is considered to be dangerous.
- Aren't you going to get that?
- No, Im not.
I'm sorry...
I...
I haven't even...
...kissed anyone
since my last relationship ended.
I guess it triggered
some kind of reaction.
I'm so sorry.
God, this is embarrassing...
what happened to him?
What happened...
he died.
I...
I killed him.
Otherwise he would have killed me.
But Im so sorry...
it was self-Defense.
L had to go to court.
I received a suspended sentence,
for manslaughter.
The terrible thing was
that I just kept on hitting him.
I'm really tired. Is it all right if I
just take a shower and go to bed?
You don't want
to tell me what took you so long?
I called you,
I went to that paradise place...
- it's two a. M.
- We went through every last invoice.
- But everything's fine...
- You switched off your phone.
I was in the middle of a discussion.
- Why didn't you call me later on?
- I guess I could have.

But it was almost 11 by then,
and I figured you had gone to bed.
I don't know why you're still up.
If I came home at 2 a. M.
L would have liked you to wait up.
Has anything happened?
Are you interested in my work?
I want to know what's going on.
I went to the paradise foundation.
To find out how they could bill us -
- 320,000 for services
they haven't rendered.
That took a while...
- couldn't you have done it tomorrow?
- I was there.
So why not finish it?
You always work late.
- You don't.
- Well, get used to it.
I'm going to bed.
On Monday, the high-Profile
paradise foundation goes on trial.
The director,
a 31-Year-Old woman -
- Is charged with attempted fraud,
unlawful threat -
- Assault and conspiracy of murder.
Kvllspressen ran a series
revealing irregular circumstances -
- That led the woman
to be taken into custody.
However, the woman claims
the matter is a misunderstanding.
- May I come in?
- Of course.
- Aren't you at work?
- That's right, I am.
I can't stop thinking about you.
It's crazy...
how are you?
Better, now that you're here.
Grant Sofia Katarina peace, o lord.
And let perpetual light shine upon her.
Thank you. - Leif...

of course she does that...

I'll be on sick leave

for the rest of the month.

- And your grandmother's house?

- Naturally, I'd like to keep it...

- but you know what my mother's like.

- How are things in that department?

I don't think she likes me

and I'm not sure I like her either.

- Do you have to like your mother?

- Absolutely not.

Particularly

when they don't deserve it.

But you do have an obligation

to love your children.

It's a responsibility you cannot evade.

I don't think she feels I deserve love.

If she doesn't love you,

she's a bloody dimwit!

Forget it, let's drink to something.

I propose a toast

to new mothers and new people...

to a new life!

Are you going

to have some? It's lovely.

- I'm not going to have any wine.

- Not that kind of a new life.

I'm pregnant.

Are we talking about

immaculate conception here?

It's that guy from the local

authorities. His name is Thomas.

Are we happy about this?

Yes... I think so.

He's married...

- does he know?

- Not yet.

Oh, Annika!

Thanks.

Shit, shit, shit...!

Who was that?

Anders is working late,

and he keeps on calling me.

- I'll take care of it tomorrow.

- Don't you take his calls?
Just because he's working
doesn't mean I have to.
It's okay.
Aida, please forgive me.
Thomas Samuelsson, please.
Hi, it's me, Annika.
Could we get together?
I need to talk to you.
- I don't want to go on like this.
- You don't...
I don't want us to see each other
anymore, or communicate.
You're a wonderful person, Annika.
I love you, but I can't do this...
I don't want to see you
or talk to you again.
- Then I won't bother you again.
- I can't do it.
It was the best day of my life.
True love...
but Ratko turned my love into hate.
From then on I was consumed with
the thought of revenge. I killed...
I don't remember
how many people I killed.
I wanted them
to suffer as much as I had.
Why my family? My brothers?
Ako was only eight.
In time I got involved
with Ratko's gang.
I slept with his men.
I slept with him.
I became their whore.
This is no life...
if I kill him, if he's gone,
then maybe I'll have a future.
But there's a chance
he might get me first.
I don't ask you to forgive me.
But if he kills me -
- I want you to do me a favor.
Kill him.

Hi. I'd like to pawn this.

This isn't Swedish, is it?

- How much...?

- What would you like?

I need 9,120 kronor.

There's this computer

I have my eye on.

We could approve 10,000.

- May I look at the necklace again?

- Sure.

Hi, it's Annika.

Yes, it's been a while...

Listen... Im on to something big -

- That Im sure you'd like to know.

- What do you say?

- Where the hell did you get this?

- From a Yugoslavian man.

- Cut the shit, Bengtzon.

Dragan Misic, if you know who that is.

- Colonel. Diplomatic immunity. Spy.

- A spy?

- When did you see him?

- The day before yesterday.

Good timing... he's dead.

- How did he die?

- He blew his brains out.

- When?

- Last night.

Did you know

he was Aida Begovic's godfather?

- Anyone else seen this?

- Only my boss.

- Are you going to run it?

- If you were the editor, would you?

Still cocky, aren't you? I didn't know they let you back on the beat.

- There's a lot you don't know, right?

- Apparently.

I've been working on this

for 18 months -

- And you waltz in with a complete list of names and addresses.

- What are you going to do?

- Wait a day before printing this.

If you do, you might get to know exactly when we'll make our move.

If our photographers get to come along on the raids. Isn't confirmation enough for you, do you need photos too?

It's an evening paper.

How much does the police know?

Did you know Aida shot that truck driver at the free port?

What is this, jeopardy?

- That Ratko is the ringleader.
- Do you think we're stupid?
- And he shot Aida.
- Thank you. I'm grateful for all this.

Am I

to stand up and do the wave?

- When will the raids be?
- Six a. M. Tomorrow.
- Your photographers up that early?
- They have alarm clocks. See you.

Why have the police seen this already?

Because I went to them first.

It's your call, this is going down with or without our photographers.

Shut the door.

You decide if we're going to be in on this. What do you say?

I bet this would fill the paper for at least three days.

It's not up to you if this will fill three days, two days or just one... or if we're going to run it at all.

- So?
- I'm busy reading!

Police and customs authorities -
- Cracked down on the Yugoslavian mafia this morning.
during the nationwide intervention.
Four truckloads of cigarettes were stopped at the Norwegian border.
These efforts were the result of an in-Depth investigation.

And the police were
very satisfied with the outcome.
But the ringleader, Ratko Markovic,
is still at large.
They came and took Ratko away!
They're taking him to Belgrade.
Help me, mother!
I don't know what to do.
They took him away.
I'm all alone! Ratko!
Impressive!
It was luck, if you could
use the word in this situation.
I'd say it was hard work.
There's one thing I don't get, though.
Why did we meet here?
- Why not at the office?
- I don't want to go there.
- You don't want to go there...
- I'm sick of editing.
I want to write.
- I quit.
- Say that again, please.
I quit.
That's too bad...
that's too bad, because we
were going to offer you a position.
- In what capacity?
- As a reporter.
- Covering crime?
- Covering crime...
- I accept.
- Good.
- When do I start?
- Immediately. Let's go to the office.
- Tomorrow.
- All right.
As of October 1,
I'll be taking maternity leave.
I'm having a baby.
Hello, Thomas.
I went to the office,
and they told me you were at home.
- We could go somewhere else...

- Come on in.
Are you alone?
I came over
because I need to talk to you...
this is an enormous house.
I had to come see you in person -
- Because you
wouldn't talk to me on the phone.
I really need to see you, though.
Listen, Im sorry about what I said.
I'm pregnant,
and Im keeping the baby.
Look, Im not trying to blackmail you.
I just wanted you to know.
I'm going to take full responsibility,
so don't feel pressured in any way.
- This is Eleanor, my wife.
- I'm Annika Bengtzon.
I work for Kvllspresen.
I met Thomas
working on that paradise story.
- Right, you wrote the article.
- I did the research.
- I dropped by to talk to Thomas.
- Stay and have a drink with us.
- I've got to go back to town.
- Some other time, then...
bye, Thomas.
Wait a minute, Annika...
Annika is expecting a baby.
And Im the father.
I... never intended -
- For you
to find out about it like this.
It wasn't deliberate.
Give me a little time.
I'll come over to see you tonight.
If that's all right with you?
Yes, it is.
I love you.
Do you love her?
I'm sorry, Eleanor.