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V2: Dead Angel

By Marko Leino

SOLAR FILMS PRESENTS

C'mon Arska.

Or do I have to help you?

I haven't the guts.

Bloody hell.

Kppr boys stay together.

Forever. Until death.

Until death.

- Until death.

Until death.

SELIN / A.MKEL FILM

V2

THE DEAD ANGEL:

Shit, looks like Santa's
backing the company loans.

Yeah... Have you
looked at my papers?

We sure have.

There's the risk collateral.

But the accounts show that
Auto-Jagge is growing fast.

You were after a million?

That would kick-start
my used cars import business.

Are we talking about euros?

- What?

You see, when we are talking
about your business -
we are talking about an iron
shack and a couple of old -
bombs in the backyard.

I'm exaggerating a bit,
but only a bit.

'JAKKE' Tienvieri. Motto:
Money comes to those in need - me.

And even if we examine
the figures with a kindly eye -
this case with Mirjami Sinervo
does very little -
to raise your credit rating.

Hell...

That bitch that froze to death?

I'm guilty until proved innocent?

Aarno ''ARSKA'' Kaitainen.

Motto:

Is anything happening?

Finished.

How much do I owe you?

- Your life. But never mind.

Accept this as severance payment.

- Jaana...

You and me. It would never work.

I'm sorry. - I'm not.

Next time, have this piece of
shit serviced somewhere else.

Jaana. Goddamn it.

Are you OK?

Are you hurt?

How did it go with the bank?

Up shit creek.

- Got it.

Kaitainen gave the OK but there
was some college kid in charge.

Deciding company financing. And
he said no. Some fuckin' Marjola.

Even if you'd listed four times
the cars we have on the lot.

Maybe we teach

this Marjola a lesson.

But it's too hot to think.

Fuckin' Marjola.

Forget about him.

- What?

We need to focus on Kaitainen.

But you just said...

What did you just say?

We have to change tactics.

Don't you have anything to do?

- What?

''PUSSE'' Pusenius. Motto:

Don't leave a drop in the bottle.

Never fall in love with a woman who
knows more about cars than you do.

Thanks for the tip. A bit late.

- Think about the future. Hit the -
emotional brakes

before you push the sex accelerator.
Now buy me a drink.
How's that going to help me?
This stuff hurts me too.
My artistic nature
won't let a friend suffer alone.
I'm by your side. Until last call.
You can count on that.
Get one for both of us.
And bring back the change.
Won't you sponsor
a struggling artist?
An impoverished writer like me,
on a non existent grant...
Every cent. I'm flat broke.
I just got a fine that left
me skint. Bring back the change.
Vares. Jussi Vares.
Hi there Jussi. Jarkko Tienvieri.
Jakke. Ring a bell?
Ugly, fat, pimple-faced fuck
who used to beat me up?
Same guy. You do remember.
I hear you're a private eye.
I gotta job for you. - Yeah?
Not on the phone. Grab your car
and haul your ass to Pori.
Jussi, for fuck's sake.
Hell, what's happened to you?
- I look different?
Like some fashion model ponce,
but the same old stink.
And you got the same old shit.
In the old days, you used to talk
it. Now you look like it as well.
You're looking at my kingdom.
My house is 200 meters
that way, in the woods.
Pusenius!
Fuckin' hell.
Looks like my sales manager
has shut up shop early today.
You have a sales manager?
- Yeah.

Nice guy if a bit of a boozier.
Employed him last spring
as I was kinda busy myself.
Just on commission. An ex-con
couldn't get anything better.
An ex-con?
- Yeah, it's a tough business.
Having done time is more
a plus than a minus.
I'm trying to quit.
They think you're a murderer?
- This lieutenant Saastamoinen.
But I had nothing to do
with the whole loada crap.
Why are you a suspect? - I was
screwing Mirjami now and then.
I just did it more openly
than anyone else in town.
I don't have family
so I don't have to hide anything.
I was her last gig.
Or so it seems.
When was this?
February 27.
But they didn't find the tart's
body till the snow melted.
A dog found her in a snowpile.
Impossible to determine
the exact time of death, they said.
The last received call
on her cell phone was from me.
That's why you're here.
To find the murderer -
and retrieve my reputation
as a honest car salesman.
You'll have to tell me more.
Like what?
Like, how about everything?
Well...
First time, last October. I was
at the bar of the local hotel.
One of those joints you get
to meet broke semi-pros.
I paid the night, brought her here

and that was the start.
She had the works.
Garter belts, body stockings.
The whole nine yards.
Little and tight. The kind you
usually only dream of.
Don't look!
We never argued about money.
I paid her well.
I really liked her.
And she was smart, too.
The last time
we screwed in my car.
She was pretty drunk.
Wanted to go to Rattis.
Rattis? What's that?
- The local rock joint.
I just thought
she had blown town.
Until she was found.
Frozen stiff.
I gotta say that this
doesn't feel like an easy job.
No. Otherwise I wouldn't have
bothered a professional.
Everything that has been written
about the case. And my testimony.
Check inside.
Fuckin' Saastamoinen. In a town
this size, it's a public lynching.
And that bloody reporter,
Harry Jalkanen...
He prints Saastamoinen's stuff
verbatim. Like a dictation class.
Well, I'll have a few words
with this Jalkanen.
Anyone else I should talk to?
- What do you mean?
Did Mirjami have friends? - Lila.
Haapala, I think she's called.
How can I find her? - She hangs
in Annis, just like Mirjami used to.
Annis? - Yes, the artist
hang-out on Annankatu.

They write about them in the papers.
Theatre, bands, cultural shit.
Arty-farty bullshit like this band,
Dainty Shell or whatever.
Dante Hell...
Saastamoinen has decided
to nail me for this.
She looked better in the flesh.
Though I knew her ass better
than her face.
This is the best channel...
Say no more.
Good morning.
- More like good afternoon.
Is this how you run your
investigations? In your sleep?
Shit, you should've woken me.
- You were snoring so sweetly.
This is Pusenius.
Taisto Pusenius, sales manager.
- Jussi Vares.
I have things to do in town.
Find Jussi a nice set of wheels.
OK. Keep in touch.
What sort did you have in mind?
Good and cheap.
- That's two cars, then.
How about this one?
What the hell? Are you joking?
25 000 euros?
Must be Jakke's little joke.
No one's even sat in it.
This one, then?
- No, it's too expensive.
I don't think so.
- This is a bit common.
This one...
- Is too small.
A girly car.
You recommend this?
- This is a serious car.
1.6 hunchback. I'd buy this for
my old man, except he's dead.
Or even for myself, if I didn't

happen to have such a cool car.
Mileage 110 000.
That's not much.
- No, that's nothing.
How much is that,
7 000 per year? - Exactly.
This is a real bargain.
Previous owner is retired.
A lady teacher. Original... owner.
No service record but you can
see it's been taken care of.
Yeah. I can see that.
- All the extras.
A radio, a cassette player
plus both speakers.
Do they work?
- Turn the key and check it out.
Oh my lady, lady of luck
Do you wanna fuck?
Oh my lady, lady of luck
You can suck on my cock...
She was a music teacher.
Shall we say an even hundred
a month? - That sounds fair.
In two years it'll be all yours.
Happy mileage!
One more thing.
Does the name Mirjami Sinervo
mean anything to you?
The dead bitch? According
to Jakke, a real piece of ass.
But that's all I know.
Occupational hazards.
If the punters flip out.
Wouldn't be the first tart
who's wound up that way.
Probably not.
Is there a lot of this type
of activity round here?
Sure.
Not that I've tried it.
A guy like me gets it for free.
It's me. He's hired a private dick.
He's already snooping around.

What? I've looked every place.
What? I've looked every place.
Let's say a week to start with.
Cash payment, in advance.
210 euros.
Do you have air-conditioning?
- This ain't the Ritz.
There's a window. Up those stairs.
Shit. I don't know.
Would you have a city map?
- Five euros.
But the City distributes these
free and they're unused.
Well, get one then. If you can
find your way without a map.
Hey, you. You got a watch?
- Me?
Yeah, you.
'Me?'
Veikko 'VEKO' Hopea.

Motto:

You and I...
I read your work
on the Mirjami Sinervo case.
Rather bold conclusions,
based on such thin evidence.
News writing is like pizza:
the thinner the base,
the tastier the topping.
I met her on the cultural circuit,
she had friends in the theatre.
I write theatre critiques.
A freelancer has to
deal with all sort of shit.
Later I saw her when she was hanging
around with the Dante Hell gang.
Hanging around? - Yeah,
she was dating Dan last summer.
Dating? - She looked different then.
Long, curly, blond hair.
Couldn't tell it was the same girl.
He made it big time and ditched her?
- No, she dumped him and took off.

What do you know about Dan?
You've written about the band.
Well, he's a bit weird.
Doesn't give interviews.
But his old man,
Nils Hellman, owns Satara.
The construction company? - Yes.
Born with a silver spoon. It shows.
You said something about some
exceptions with Mirjami and men?
One thing I know, she was
very close to her neighbor.
The neighbor being?
- Kullervo Visuri. An oddball.
Isn't everyone in here?
- Hey, this is Pori!
Hi! How can I find
the theatre group 'The Outsiders'?
Go. Before I do it. Go.
I'm going. Farewell.
Yes. Go.
Tiina...
No. I can't.
The darkness...
- OK, OK.
Good, but don't put out so much
up front. Live in the moment.
And Lila!
- Yes?
When you say you're going, go.

Like:

I have a new vision for you:
emotion, totally natural.
It would work best
if you were completely naked.
But where would I put the weapon?
- A good point. Don't drop the idea.
Thank you all,
dear fellow artists.
We will continue tomorrow.
Niko, can you stick around?
How about the...
- Yes, yes. Tomorrow.

Lila...

Hi. My name is Vares.

Jussi Vares. - And?

Can we have a chat?

- About what?

About Mirjami.

Leave me alone.

Lila. Just a couple of minutes?

Ah fuck!

Fuck if it isn't cousin Veko.

No fuck!

Fuckin' hell, Veko.

How long has it been?

Four years?

- Four.

You've been around.

So you speak Swedish now?

Not a word.

But the inmates understood Finnish pretty well.

And sign language did the rest.

That's the last time I go down.

No more loose ends from now on.

What do you mean?

- ''What do you mean?''

Birds don't sing from six feet under, is what I mean.

I thought I'd crash at your place.

Then I'm going to head for Pori.

There's an old mate from inside.

Maybe he'll have a job for me.

Straight to work then?

- That's the plan.

But where's Jari? How come he didn't come to meet his cousin?

He's home. Bit under the weather.

What's wrong with him?

- An accident.

Two weeks ago.

At the dance hall.

Yeah?

You know we've had our differences with the Lindeman clan?

They've been bootlegging

in our area. - Yeah?
Well they almost...
..kicked the shit out of Jari.
He's in bad shape.
Hell, stiches and all.
- Fuckin' hell.
Hell...
This can't be true.
What is it?
- The Lindemans!
Perfect timing.
- Veko, don't...
You boys got a light?
How much will you pay?
- Does a five work?
Keep the change.
Now you're going to suffer.
Exactly.
You came to refuel,
didn't you?
Regular gas for an irregular
Swedish gaymobile, right?
Wake up! Rise and shine!
Here we go.
325 liters.
Will it be cash or credit?
Credit. - Should've known.
Horsemen don't handle cash.
Have a safe trip.
Oh, I did have a light.
Go! Go! Go!
Are you this Vares
who called? - Yes.
My home outfit doesn't bother you?
- Not at all.
Good.
Welcome to my house of virtue.
In my profession
and in a small town like this -
a girl like me can only
be himself at home.
Right. And your profession is?
Just a real estate broker.
Kullervo ''COCK'' Visuri.

Motto:

Me and Mirjami were
more than neighbors.

I see.

- Nothing like that.

You must understand,

I'm not really a girl.

Would you have guessed that?

It's not an overwhelming surprise.

I'm just saying that

besides being neighbors -

we had quite a lot else

in common a certain -

'darker side' to our lives.

I knew she was doing it for money -

and she knew about

my sexual preferences.

That's why she trusted me

more than any other guy.

She was dating the singer

of Dante Hell, wasn't she?

What was his name again..?

- Dan.

Right.

Gee, I'm getting goose bumps.

Can you clarify a bit? - He is

somehow just so revolting.

How did Dan take it

when Mirjami ditched him?

He's used to getting

everything he wants.

And if he doesn't,

it's written all over him.

Do you know

where Dan lives? - No.

But I think it would be

worth a visit to Rattis.

By the way, something that

you will be interested in.

One evening in January -

I rang her doorbell

very late in the evening -

she seemed to be really scared.

She said she was certain -
there would be a ''Fat Cat''
behind her door.
No offense,
but what if she meant you?
Me? Definitely, not.
When I asked her what she
meant, she changed the subject.
I'm sure you've told all this to the
police? - No one has asked anything.
Although you live
next door? - Yes.
But I heard how the police
ransacked her apartment.
I saw Saastamoinen taking her PC -
her cd-roms, discs...
Well, at least they've tried.
- Bits and pieces.
Do you happen to know
where Lila Haapala lives?
Yes.
She is renting a room
from Sirkka Bryggman.
Surely you've heard of her?
No. Should I have?
Sirkka Bryggman is
a very famous painter.
What are you looking for?
I'm here to meet Lila.
She's not home. Fuck off.
Having one of those days?
Say that Jussi came by.
Jussi who?
- She knows. And remembers.
Has Dante Hell been around?
- They're inside, the whole band.
Familiar faces.
Which one of you is Dan?
Well? Has heavy rock made you deaf?
- What do you want?
To talk. Seriously.
- Are you a cop?
Dan ''DANI'' Hellman. Motto:
Take care of the fans - from behind.

Tell me about you and Mirjami.
Like what?
Did you kill her because she
dumped you? Dented your pride?
So elementary.
You're dumber than you look.
An accomplishment in itself.
Talk to me! So I don't have
to ask these stupid questions.
I screwed her every now and then.
Now that she's gone, I screw others.
Are you being cute
with me or with yourself?
Aren't we off the track? It was
Tienvieri. - The murderer? Why?
Mirjami was cheating
that creep somehow. - How?
When you cheat creeps like that,
how do they react?
You tell me. You seem to know.
- What do you think?
They don't like to be cheated.
They just totally lose it.
If that's the case with Tienvieri,
then it's the case with you too.
Did you totally lose it with her?
- We're done here. Guys.
'Leve while you can. Today the
tires, tomorrow it could be you.'
'Tomorrow it could be you.'
Goddamn adolescents.
An evening stroll? Wouldn't
you like a bit? - A bit of what?
Horizontal exercise. You know.
Close the door.
How did you get in?
I told the nice lady downstairs
that I'm your girlfriend.
First you avoid me and now...
What sort of game are you playing?
I ask, you answer.
Take your pants down.
Underpants too.
What the hell is the problem

with the people in this town?
At least you can't make
any sudden moves now.
What next?
Maybe the people
who had Mirjami killed, hired you.
Maybe your work here
is not finished yet.
You can't be for real...
Are you serious?
Mirjami was afraid.
You are afraid. What of?
Have you told the police
about your fears? A shrink?
I trust no one.
Not the police, not you.
Mirjami was too trusting.
I won't be that simple.
Who hired you to go after me?
Next time you threaten someone
with a toy gun, try to remember -
that real guns are heavy,
they're made of metal.
And you can't swing them
around like a pencil.
Lila. I'm here to find out who
killed Mirjami, not to kill anyone.
You know things
that I need to know.
What's happening here?
What are you afraid of?
You could've showed up
a bit earlier. It's one o'clock.
The hired hand is getting fresh
with the lord and master.
Just sit there nicely
or you will become a pedestrian.
How about giving me a hand?
- Too hot for that.
The tires are 50 euros,
by the way. - What?
They're as bald as a baby's bum.
- Nothing's free in this world.
They're good for one more

summer, they're re-treads.
What are you up to?
Your job description has changed:
a driver, a companion and a gorilla.
I'd prefer to investigate the
murder. - Three jobs, triple salary.
First destination the local bank.
You'll witness a modern robbery.
In through the main entrance.
Where's Kaitainen?
Kaitainen! Customers!
Come on, Jussi.
This floor is for the poor folk.
Kaitainen! - What's this?
We don't have an appointment.
I'm not here to meet you,
you little fucker.
I am here as a private customer
and you don't handle private loans.
Try to keep up, gorilla.
Kaitainen! Good afternoon.
Are the papers in order?
- Yes, but...
Bloody hot in here.
Hard to maintain
the fluid balance.
Can't we handle this
between the two of us?
Jussi. Don't go anywhere.
He's my bodyguard. He doesn't see,
hear or understand anything.
Yes...
The value of your residence
is not sufficient collateral...
Quit the bullshit.
We have already agreed
to this on the phone. - Yes...
Get me a pen and I'll sign every
goddamned paper this circus needs.
You can only withdraw
200 000 euros today.
What? Is the bank out of cash?
You must understand that
a transaction of this magnitude -

is not an everyday affair and
we don't have that much in cash.
When do I get the 300 balance?
- Tomorrow. Or the day after.
The day after tomorrow?
- Yes.
You'll get the remaining collateral
at the same time. Fair play.
I'd rather... - Let's not waste any
more time. We're both busy men.
Well...
There we go.
Your copy.
- Thank you.
Good bye!
Do you know that this stinks?
- No, it smells sweet. Like money.
A little pocket money.
We're going to leave the Merc here
and go and have a few drinks.
To a stylish joint. Not to a dive.
- I'm not quite sure...
But I am. Besides,
I have news for you. - What news?
I'm not telling you.
I needed to handle this.
Or I had to handle this.
But it's bothering me.
- Hell. You pussy.
And you didn't even get the DVD?
Tienvieri promised it for tomorrow.
The day after tomorrow.
- The day after tomorrow?
How can you be such a...
God damn it!
I'll take the responsibility.
This is my fault to start with.
I'll fix it. - Shut up, Arska.
Can't you even tell
when you fuck up?
I'll... I'll call you back.
You'll call no one.
Bloody hell.
What have you done?

What the hell have you done?
I just saw the credit manager.
I think I'll go home.
- God damn it, Kaitainen.
Where in hell
do you think you are going?
And stop whining, for fuck's sake!
You've exceeded your authority.
You're finished here!
God damn it, Kaitainen.
- I need to rest...
What was your big news?
- Right. You're fired.
The boot. No hard feelings.
I just don't need you any more.
What the hell? How about
getting back your reputation?
Who needs a reputation
when you're richer than Croesus?
Come on, Jussi, loosen up.
You'll get your salary
plus a bonus.
Boy! One more round!
In four glasses.
And an ice-bucket! And matches!
Bloody hell! I'm not the only
big shot around here!
Director Hellman!
And Urjala! Our parliamentary rep!
Sit down, the drinks are
on Director Tienvieri!
We can shoot the breeze about
business. And hunting, for example.
Duck hunting! Jolly birds they are!
Quack, quack. Bang, bang.
Well, our company
wasn't good enough.
Where's the booze? And the bucket?
We must ask you gentlemen to leave.
Thank you and good evening.
- Yeah, goodbye.
Keep the change. Buy something
nice for your boyfriend.
The car's waiting.

It's all there.
And they know it.
What are you raving about? ''They''?
Well, they can't get to me.
I make the decisions.
Try to calm down.
- The chauffeur can shut his mouth.
Money talks, bullshit walks.
Head for the nearest liquor store.
Head for the nearest liquor store.
Ude, put the fucking camera away.
- We agreed that we'll film this.
You don't need to shoot Arska
crying. Arska, quit the whining.
Get a grip of yourself. We'll handle
this together, like always.
Stop being a pussy.
Shut up, Arska.
Do I have to help you?
Do I have to help you?
No.
You don't have to help me.
I'll do it myself.
Kppr boys stay together.
Until death. - Until death.
Until death.
I can tell you this much; in 3 weeks
I'll be surfing in different waters.
Over and out.
What do you mean? - What I just
said. When I get the money, bye-bye.
The nasty thing about loans is
that you have to pay them back.
Plus interest.
Do you know about that?
Are you so fucking stupid?
- What?
What do you think I got the loan
against? The car company?
The company is ready to go belly
up. It's been like that over a year.
Why do I get the feeling
you're fucking with me?
Shit. A bunch of kids again,

making a mess.
Call the police, damn it.
The local police are the last place
I go to for help.
Strike three will do it.
I'll come with you.
- No need. I've done this before.
This is the national sport. In 15
minutes, I've scored a home-run.
And this game is not fixed.
Jakke...
Oh hell...
No home-run...
Jussi...
Still playing a tough guy?
As you wish. We can keep you
here for a month. Or two.
You've been here only two days.
How will you feel after two weeks?
Cat got your tongue?
No. I just don't
think out aloud.
Maybe you should tell
us what you think.
Is it worth it?
- Come on now. What do you think?
Well, after getting to know
the local police force -
I'm not surprised that Tienvieri
decided to get outside help.
You were seen in the bank with him.
The money has disappeared.
Then you were seen in the
restaurant. Together the whole time.
You had a four-hour taxi drive
which ended up at his place.
After a boozy day you were found
on top of his body like some Oswald.
You are on a very thin ice.
All I gotta say is
I'm innocent and that's it.
Your financial situation is weak.
- And not improving while I'm here.
You saw the cash he was carrying and

temptation got the better of you.
I was only expecting
to get paid. He fired me.
This is new information.
You had a fight.
You went out, you shot him.
He hit you with the club.
You fired again, hid the gun
and cash and returned to the scene.
For the tenth time -
I was hit by the club
after I had found him.
Someone stole the money
while I was out of it.
Really convincing. How about
the fight? Why did he sack you?
He just said that Mirjami's case
was no longer important to him.
I see. Why not?
I don't want to give you advice
but even Pori police should -
sometimes follow other lines of
investigation than the obvious.
Your dossier of unsolved crime
is pretty full anyway.
So, if you don't book me,
you have to let me walk.
There's a law about how long
you can hold people.
Don't worry about the formalities.
We'll find a reason to arrest you.
Jere, get the Vares file from
the Turku police for tomorrow.
Give my regards to Lt. Hautavainio
in homicide when you make the call.
How come you know him?
The hostel asked us to tell you that
you're not welcome there anymore.
And Saastamoinen says he hopes
he doesn't see you round here again.
Homicide, Hautavainio. - Vares here.
Thanks for your help.
Don't mention it. Why didn't Saas-
tamoinen call me in the first place?

Know him well? - All homicide lieutenants know each other. He's a bit pompous, mildly speaking, but I never thought he was stupid. When are you coming back? I'm going to stick around awhile. This case is bothering me. Can you run a check - on a fellow called Taisto Pusenius? Well, hello. I got your message. What's the problem? - The problem? I've tried to call you more than once this week. Well, I was out of touch for a few days. Come on in. I have a little surprise for you. Don't look. I fixed you a drinky-poo too. I've had a couple myself. I notice that your eyes rest on my outfit. It's a special costume. But wait until you see what I'm wearing under here. Do you want to have a peek? - I'd rather not. Why not? - You wanted to say something? Oh. Lila would like to talk to you. Is that so? How come she's changed her mind? Don't take the bicycle. It must be the Tienvieri homicide that's caused the change of heart. Now that I'm a murder suspect, she's not afraid anymore. Strange. Isn't it? Let me flash you my stuff. Just kidding. You could see her tonight if you have the balls to come to a party. What sort of party? A familiar place.

- Hold this for a second.
Cut it out. I'm into dogs myself.
- Naughty, naughty.
And no one is touching my bag.
Kullervo, wonderful!
- Sirkka!
You're awesome!
- Pena!
Everyone's here.
Hey everyone!
Kullervo has a new boyfriend!
His name is Jussi. Hey, hey.
Your taste has changed, Kullervo.
For the better, if you ask me.
What's with the sports bag look?
So rebellious!
Has anyone ever told you -
that you have a very interesting...
..ass?
Yes. My doctor.
Just before they cut my hemorrhoids.
Are you starting to feel cozy? Meow!
Goddam tom cat!
Now you tell me where Lila is.
I'm leaving here the second I've
talked to her. - Inside, I guess.
Would you like to be different,
just for once?
I've never felt so different.
- Let's see what you like.
It's burning!
Lila! Take out the plug!
I'm serious.
I'm not used to this.
How well d'you get
on with your landlady?
Sirkka?
- Yes.
We were together for some time
but she got too jealous.
Now we have an open relationship
and we both fuck who we feel like.
Good in principle.
But it doesn't work in real life.

I just wonder, was she
jealous about Mirjami? - No.
Me and Mirjami were like sisters.
Nothing more.
How come you trust me now?
Because the police don't.
You must know more. Otherwise,
you wouldn't be so scared.
Were you a part of it?
- No.
But Mirjani's killers could've
thought I was a part of it.
Who were they blackmailing?
I don't know if they started.
Mirjani only mentioned this once -
and she was drunk at the time.
I got the idea that she was
going to blackmail Tienvieri. - How?
I don't know. I didn't always
know what she was thinking.
She was clever.
What was their angle?
A DVD Mirjami had
given Tienvieri. - What?
A DVD of a duck party or something.
- A duck party?
Why did you do this to me?
You promised. Fuck it.
You fucked Lila. You did.
Yeah. That's right. A lot.
Calm down. Let's talk
about this like adults.
What do you see in a cock?
Who are you talking to?
Why did you do this to me?
- I thought you had a deal.
I could understand
you screwing Dan -
but to screw with a worthless
little shit like this...
I'm going to kill you!
Go to hell!
That Pusenius guy
could use a closer look.

He's been in prison.
Violence and property crimes.
Last sentence 4 years, manslaughter.
Parole last spring. Dangerous.
Why did Saastamoinen catch me and
pay no attention to a guy like him?
Very strange. Especially considering
who his parole officer is.
Tell me.
- Usko Saastamoinen himself.
OK. It's starting to stink.
Don't get excited, there must
be an explanation. - OK.
Do you know where Pusenius lives?
- Ironically, on Authority Street.
How about this.
The murderer is on the loose.
Is that a surprise?
This is Lisa the Cunt.
- Hi.
This is Veikko Hopea.
Veko to his friends.
Others should be more
careful with his name.
Cunt, get us a round of shots.
- I'm not a fucking waitress.
You can keep the change.
Some change!
- What are you bitching about?
Not bitching. Just stating a fact.
Sorry if I get personal -
but where were you
when Tienvieri was murdered?
And how about you, Vekke?
Or what was your name?
The way you're blowing money,
looks like you won at the racetrack.
Could be best for your health,
to fuck off before Veko gets mad.
Quoting a famous athlete:
'Good legs make for easy walking.'
You should've got the message
with the hunchback tires.
Hell, that figures.

You and your grammar.
Fucking creep.
A day off?
- You had something urgent?
You could say that.
If you want a hot tip
on the murder investigation.
I see.
My tip to you is to check out what's
happening in the sports arena.
Hi.
Vares. Hi.
You also cover sports. - This here
has nothing to do with sports.
The paper sent me here
for one reason only: brown-nosing.
Whose butt is the paper licking?
- The Kppr boys. Look at them.
Hellmann, a major employer.
Urjala, a member of parliament.
Rantala, the mayor.
And the rest.
Look. Saastamoinen is with the big
boys, although he plays like a girl.
This is his little
Golden Boys' Club.
They had a gang when they were
growing up in suburban Kppr.
The other founding members:
Hellman, Urjala and Kaitainen -
who is not here today,
as it happens.
They're best buddies
at their sauna parties -
though they represent different
interests and political parties.
What I'm saying, this is
more than a sports club.
Why is Kaitainen not here?
You don't know?
- Know what?
Look at the armbands.
Kaitainen put a bullet in his head.
Kppr boys. Until death!

When did you suspect
that Kaitainen was blackmailed?
When you told me about the suicide.
That explains the bank case too.
You mentioned a film. Sexual?
- Something like that.
So Kaitainen hired Pusenius
to take out Mirjami -
and Hopea to silence Tienvieri -
and he killed himself
outta guilt and remorse?
I know what it sounds like. I
can't come up with anything better.
The biggest mystery is what
an amateur Saastamoinen seems to be.
Maybe he's just covering
for Kaitainen.
Could he go that far?
And divert the investigations?
'Kppr boys, until death.'
You heard it yourself.
A nice game. But you have
to work on your serve.
You didn't get my message?
I've been getting
all sorts of messages.
But I have a message for you.
Yes?
- Taisto Pusenius.
What about him?
He's drinking his brains out,
well loaded with cash.
And his drinking buddy
is one Veikko Hopea.
A convicted killer.
Maybe you should check on them.
Anything else?
- What are you going to do?
Listen, big-mouth.
The police are not obliged
to report to you in any way.
That can be done.
Right now?
Understood.

Will do. Bye.
Don't resist, my dear.
I promise...
Don't resist now.
I promise to be gentle.
- For fuck's sake...
We're off. We have
a job to do. - What?
A job. Let's go.
- A job? Now?
I can't, we're having a tender
moment. We'll do it tomorrow.
We go right now.
Give me the keys, I'll drive.
Shit.
Just when it was getting good.
Hard to get off the pie.
We can stop at a shop.
What sort of job is it?
- You'll see.
Look, Veko.
Come on, sperm-for-brains.
Who's driving?
This better be fucking important.
The Kppr boys? You ask
me about those shitheads?
Your father is one of them.
Does he ever tell you what they do?
We don't talk to each other.
I couldn't care less.
I happen to know -
that the only ones left are the
ones who have ''become something''.
''Become something''. Fuck.
You must know something!
Well, he has told me a bit.
I don't remember much.
The ''FC'' in their name
has a double meaning.
''Football Club''.
And ''Fat Cats''.
Fat Cats?
Symbol of success
and that sort of crap.

Volleyball, ice-hockey,
down-hill in Lapland.
Duck-hunting, elk-hunting...
- Duck-hunting?
Every fall. At the seashore
cottage owned by the bank.
The old man never brought any home
when I was a kid. And I don't know -
where they'll hunt now
that Kaitainen did himself in.
But where you aiming at?
I'm getting sick of your face.
I've been getting sick of it
for 20 years but what can I do?
Ask the boys in on your way out.
Oh, one more thing.
- You're like fucking Columbo.
You never mentioned you were seeing
Lila too. - Fuck those two.
Two? - They blackmailed me.
Lila and Mirjami.
How?
A fucking video.
I was screwing Lila,
Mirjami did the filming.
Then they changed places.
I thought we had a good thing going.
They threatened to sell the tape.
I had to pay 5 grand to get it back.
Why haven't you told me this?
- Would you fucking have?
Veko.
I've been, sort of, thinking.
You've been thinking?
Really? - Yes.
And what's on Pusse's mind?
How come we've been doing so much
time although we're so smart?
You'll never have to do time again.
Never again.
You're my best friend.
My tightest buddy.
What sort of job is this, anyway?
Do you want to know?

- Yes.

Right away?

- Now, right away.

OK then.

Wait a second.

Pusse, Pusse.

You talk way too much.

Hi.

Pusenius is silenced.

Of course.

I never leave loose ends.

What the hell?

You ape, haven't I told you...

- Shut up or I'll fuck you!

Now you talk. I've had enough.

I know you were a part of it.

Leave that to the stage.

Now you talk to me.

Last summer, after Mirjami

had split up with Dan -

she took a job with

an escort service in Stockholm.

Clean, lucrative gigs.

Traveled around Europe.

She really enjoyed it.

Early last autumn

she got a gig in Finland.

Round here?

- Yes.

The bank's cottage?

- Yes.

They had ordered girls

from Stockholm.

It's typical to get foreign girls.

In certain circuits

they don't want to take any risks.

For instance...

- I get the picture.

They were taken to the cottage.

Didn't know each other.

Lose that fucking camera.

You don't have to film everything.

What is it?

Wake up.

Something has happened.
What has happened?
- An accident. At the sauna.
What happened?
It was an accident!
Come on.
OK, you stay here. Go to sleep.
Hell, what are we going to do?
I was filming...
I just wanted to try the belt...
But she was laughing.
We have to call an ambulance.
- No use, she's dead.
I didn't mean this to happen. It
was a mistake, it was just a game.
A deadly game. You've strangled her.
Hell, this will flush my career,
all our careers, down the toilet...
You fucking pervert. Because of you,
we'll all go down!
For fuck's sake, Arska!
Shut up, all of you. Quiet!
Everyone, shut the fuck up.
Everyone out.
Onto the verandah. All of you.
Now. Let's all calm down.
Nothing's been lost yet.
How come?
- Shut up.
Calm the fuck down!
And shut up!
Listen. This is how it goes.
The fact is that the bitches
don't know each other.
Even if this slut has told
someone she's going to Finland.
The whores saw this place
first time today. Good.
Someone's going to miss her.
She'll be declared missing. So?
As a cop, I know how hard
it is to get the big picture.
Shit, I'm going to kill him!
- Calm down, god damn it.

We're missing the crucial point.
How did Mirjami get the film?
And what was on it?
That was a real fuck-up.
They left the camera lying around
while they were having a sauna.
Mirjami changed the disc
for a blank one.
She was back in Stockholm
before they realized anything.
Have you seen the film?
- No.
She had already
given it to Tienvieri.
When did you hear about this?
- Just before Christmas.
She'd already made up
her mind then. - About what?
To blackmail the cock-suckers.
She had Tienvieri and he was
dumb enough to be her cover.
Did he know about you?
- No.
But he wasn't quite so dumb after
all. - Why did Mirjami need you?
Don't you get it?
We loved each other.
We would have left the country
the second we saw the money.
Are you going to tell the police?
- Not the local police.
Don't mention my name.
I've gained nothing.
Lost everything.
Jussi Vares here.
Sorry to call this late but I
think the pizza is about ready.
No sudden moves. Otherwise your
fingers will end up as fish-bait.
Do you like fishing?
- What?
A quote from my late friend,

Taisto Pusenius:

' 'A wheelchair moves better
under good hands.' '
What's going on here?
- Your funeral.
No hard feelings, nothing personal.
- That really helps.
Now you will shut up
and only answer when asked.
Look at that.
Here's your fisherman's friend.
Jussi Vares...
You should've realized
your limitations. Too late now.
Is that a Kppr boys' plan
or are you playing single?
You worry too much about other folk.
No time for your own problems.
Enough with the speeches.
- Exactly.
And like said, I never
leave any loose ends.
And enough of lip-flapping.
Say hi to Pusenius.
I know how these things work,
I'm not fucking stupid.
You thought you could nail me
for everything, you little shit.
But you made a mistake.
Soon no one will be alive
who can connect me to anything.
Fucking hell.
Hell.
Vares!
Not bad, not bad!
Now you're fucking going to die.
Vares!
Wait! We have unfinished business!
Look, who's that little ballerina?
You're making this so easy for me.
Where are you?
Vares!
Vares...
Vares! Bloody hell!
Vares!

How about this one?

- Are you joking? 25 000?

Must be Jakke's little joke.

Don't laugh at me,

Stop laughing. Now! Stop!

Don't laugh at me!

Stop laughing!

Enough! Stop laughing!

No one laughs at me.

Stop laughing!

Hey... wake up.

Do we have to film this?

- Just do it and shut up.

OK, that was it.

Remember, we're all part of this.

No one will ever find out because

no one will ever say a word.

How come?

- Everyone will get a copy.

So no one can betray his friends

or try to sneak out the back way.

Everyone has insurance.

This is the end of this. Hands.

Is this necessary...

- Shut up.

We do what we've always done. Hands.

Kppr Boys stay together.

Until death.

Until death.

- Until death.

Until death.

- Until death.

That took a long time.

It's all there. Every cent.

Check it out if you don't trust me.

I trust you.

You say that you've sat

here the whole summer.

Every night. Until the last call.

You can count on that.

For some reason, I do. - You

ought to. Never leave your buddy.

And that's the whole story.

- One question remains.

You set out to discover
who murdered Mirjami Sinervo.

But none of your tales tell
me who actually killed her.

I understand. I see.

You know, Jussi...

Without life's mysteries, us authors
would have very little to offer.

Mysteries of the world,
the salt of the earth.

Here's to it.

- Here's to it.