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# Vares: Private Eye

By Pekka Lehtosaari

Thanks for the ride.  
SOLAR FILMS INC. PRESENTS  
BASED ON A NOVEL BY REIJO MKI

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**VARES:**

THE KISS OF EVIL

My friend Luusalmi, a writer, -  
hadn't published a book in ten years.

It didn't surprise me.

His working methods consisted-  
of staring at an empty computer  
screen and empty beer glasses.

But recently he finished a book-  
about an unemployed,  
penniless private detective -  
with a terrible hangover.

"T o Jussi Vares,  
my endless source of inspiration,  
Luusalmi"

Here you are.

- Thank you.

I'm a modest man -  
and didn't know how to take  
this kind of honor.

It was a night like any other night.

The place and the people  
were the same.

Me, Luusalmi, and Alanen, -  
who'd been fired  
from his job as a priest.

Open the taps! The drinks are on me.

Ruuhio! Luusalmi is lucky  
to have one journalist here.

The press likes free booze.

- I was in the neighborhood.  
Who's here?  
I've gotten a lot of job offers  
but I'm interested.  
Good.  
Bye.  
Pour me something  
good and expensive.  
I think I ordered  
that expensive whiskey too early.  
The case was an old one  
and seemed impossible.  
I understood the mother's despair.  
Will you take this case?  
- I don't know yet.  
I mean, the police couldn't solve it.  
- That's exactly why.  
At least think about it.  
I've heard you're good.  
We'll pay you well.  
Hi.  
This is my sister Laila.  
She'll take you back downtown.  
Vares. Jussi Vares.  
- Laila.  
I have to go home.  
I really hope you take this job.  
You think you can come up  
with something the police haven't?  
That's hard to say.  
This is a complicated case.  
I'd like Asta to move on, -  
but she keeps reliving this nightmare.  
It must be hard  
getting over your child's death.  
I've never met a private detective  
before. - Uh-huh.  
I guess the first impression  
isn't too good. - Too early to say.  
Whatever the first impression was,  
Laila wanted to meet me.  
At a hotel. At night.  
The case started to sound interesting.  
Give it to me!

- Fucking clowns!  
Kick his ass!  
- Get the fuck out!  
Let go!  
Punk!  
Happy?  
Come.  
Oh, Jussi. Hi.  
Are you alright?  
I'm fine.  
Thanks to Luusalmi.  
Freakin' knife throwers.  
They almost killed me  
for my drumsticks.  
Get it? For real.  
That's the way it is.  
They wanted money for drugs.  
Freakin' addicts.  
So, what's up?  
I'm clean.  
Oh, hi.  
- Hi.  
You're clean?  
- Yeah. Yeah.  
I am. Don't laugh.  
Last time I relapsed,  
I went really schizo.  
You know what happened?  
This guy I know from prison  
was sitting on my couch. Like this.  
Holding a head under his arm.  
The head of a pretty girl.  
I look at the head,  
and it looks back like this.  
I look at it again.  
Shit.  
The guy was totally cuckoo.  
But a friend in need  
is a friend indeed.  
We also know-  
that if a woman invites a man  
to a hotel at night, -  
it can only mean one thing.  
A beer.

I thought you weren't going to show up.  
Something came up on the way.  
You want something to drink?  
- Thanks, I already ordered.  
I want to ask you a favor.  
Or actually make you an offer.  
Okay.  
What kind of a favor?  
I have various skills.  
Depending on the case.  
I want you to take this case.  
Oh, that kind of a favor.  
- Yes, that kind of a favor.  
That's what kind of a favor it was.  
I took the case.  
Laila took off.  
It started raining.  
The night was still young.  
Hi.  
- Hi.  
Come to my place for a drink.  
- I can't. I'm working tonight.  
There's always time for one.  
- I've got 30 minutes.  
I have to change.  
- Got it.  
Another time, okay?  
- Absolutely.  
"When private detective Juha Korppi takes a case, - criminals end up behind bars and women in his bedroom."  
Fuck!  
You're on in two minutes.  
- I will be.  
I just don't want to be in this dump - any longer than necessary.  
You don't have to be here.  
Antidote!  
What's up?  
Lahtipoika. Hi.  
Small world.  
I was just talking about you.

With who?

- Relax. I didn't mention your name.

I just talked about an old, bad trip.

How long will you be around?

- I don't know.

I've got business to do.

But right now I'm broke, -

so why don't you buy me a beer?

Sure.

Check her out!

C'mon.

Hey, babe.

Wait.

Beat it, junkie.

How long are you planning to stay?

- In town or at your place?

I need money.

I've got a cash cow in sight, -

but I was thinking of staying

over till I've milked it.

Stop that racket and come take a hit.

Vares.

Hi, Laila.

Sure, come get me.

I'll cancel the taxi.

We'll do lunch another time, okay?

Don't be surfing porn.

- Ha-ha.

Sex. Com.

I missed you.

But we just met.

We'll all go together.

- Who's we?

I'll take you to Paavo and Asta's

house and then I'll go get Arto.

Who's Arto?

Asta is full of hope.

I met her today.

She's a different person.

- Good.

But what if this case is hopeless?

There's always hope.

This is one of the

artist's early works.

A fine-tuned blend  
of cool and warm colors.  
Laila called and said  
they're on their way.  
Great. I'll set the table.  
- Thanks, honey.  
Paavo has been collecting  
modern art for years.  
I prefer more traditional works.  
- I do, too.  
Are you sure this  
is the right side up?  
Paavo is...  
always looking for new challenges...  
Paavo isn't Kerttu's father,  
is he? - No.  
How did they get along?  
- Really well.  
He loved her  
as if she was his own daughter.  
Kerttu and Laila were also close.  
Laila doesn't have any children.  
- Oh yeah?  
That's probably  
why she spoiled Kerttu.  
They traveled together and so on.  
Hi. I just told Vares  
about your trips with Kerttu.  
You two know each other already.  
- Hi.  
This is my husband Arto Ronimus.  
He's a professor of philosophy at  
the university. - Nice to meet you.  
Likewise.  
It was really hard on Arto.  
He had to take leave from work  
after Kerttu died. - Please...  
You're so sensitive.  
Kerttu was one of my dearest students.  
She was very emotionally intelligent.  
I had vacation days left, so...  
This year has been torture for us.  
But Kerttu's death has made us closer.  
Maybe it was her gift to us.

Which one of you was last  
to see her alive? - I was.  
She was having breakfast  
when I left for work.  
Going to study at home.  
Nothing special planned.  
She might have gone outside.  
She liked to run.  
Did she leave a notebook or a diary?  
- She didn't keep a diary.  
The police took her  
calendar and computer, -  
but they didn't find anything.  
Her cell phone is still missing.  
It might be a sign that -  
she knew her killer.  
The killer might have taken her phone.  
There might have been evidence -  
of a relationship between the two.  
An intimate relationship.  
- What?  
What?  
- Yes.  
Can I see Kerttu's room?  
- Sure. I'll show it to you.  
It's upstairs.  
This way.  
Photos of her childhood.  
Who's that other girl?  
- Pirkko, her best friend.  
They were like sisters.  
She lived just down the road.  
Could I see the place where she died?  
Paavo, could you...  
- Sure.  
Thank you.  
Mr. Vares, I don't mean to insult you, -  
but are you a real professional?  
If I wasn't, I wouldn't  
have taken this case.  
The last thing we want  
is some greedy amateur -  
opening up old wounds.  
What do you do for a living?

I'm the head designer  
at the Malmsten shipyard.

Why?

- It's interesting.

What does that have to do with this?

- It doesn't.

I just happen to like ships.

What did I expect to find here?

A footprint that would match  
a tailor-made moccasin -  
of one of the Malmsten  
family members?

I need more information on Kerttu.

I'll get that from my old friend Ruuhio.

But first I need a beer.

Fuck!

"Plagiarism"? No need to get upset.

Besides, your book

already saved one life. - What?

Without the book, the knife  
would've gone straight to my heart.

I'll give you a new copy.

- I don't need one.

It has sentimental value and  
now it has a story to tell.

True. Since you're going to see  
that freakin' journalist, -  
can you deliver a message from me?  
Be friendly and diplomatic.

**My message is:**

Fuck off!

I'm not surprised.

I couldn't lie.

I can't risk the paper's reputation.

So you're interested  
in the Kerttu Malmsten case?

The family asked you to dig into it?

- Yes.

Here's the material.

Quite a pile. Is this everything?

That's all we could get legally.

The police are probably still sitting  
on quite a bit of evidence.

She was a pretty girl.  
She was a smart girl.  
She studied at the university.  
Bring everything back  
when you're done. - Of course.  
You can trust me, you know.  
" 'Y ou can trust me, 'Korppi said.  
The woman stared at him  
with her deep blue eyes that said:  
Take me now.  
Take me roughly. "  
Oh.  
I've been calling you.  
I've been busy with work.  
Come on in.  
This is from Asta.  
You're actually working.  
- Yeah, I even surprised myself.  
What's this?  
- That's the last photo of Kerttu.  
Asta got a copy from the police.  
They think the murderer took it  
with a disposable camera.  
Asta thinks the photo is beautiful.  
Why would the murderer...  
Shit.  
What?  
Oh.  
You're a bit stiff here.  
- Yeah, it's a bit tight right there.  
I'm a trained physiotherapist.  
Feel better?  
Pretty good.  
Arto...  
You called me Arto.  
- I did?  
Yeah.  
One question.  
Was it great?  
- Mind-blowing.  
This won't happen again.  
- That's right.  
This makes my work ethics look bad.  
This was a work-related accident.

- A good work-related accident.  
I love Arto.  
There are a couple of things  
I don't understand. About Kerttu.  
Oh, sorry.  
We don't have to do it like this.  
Go ahead. - How did you  
find out about Kerttu's death?  
I was in Nice when Asta called me.  
I was just buying this bracelet for her.  
Asta was calm and collected.  
She told me Kerttu was dead.  
Was I good?  
Perfect.  
You want coffee?  
Did you get the necklace?  
Good.  
I want to see some money, -  
or the cops will start getting  
body parts first-class mail.  
Riitta Vuorela?  
Yes? - My name is Jussi Vares.  
I'd like to ask you about your daughter.  
Kerttu and my daughter Pirkko  
were like two peas in a pod.  
They played together.  
They went to school together.  
They went to the university.  
They did everything together.  
And then they found Kerttu dead.  
I heard Pirkko doesn't live  
in Finland anymore. - That's right.  
That's just great.  
I don't know about that. I'd say it's sad.  
- I see.  
It all started with a big fight.  
I came across a pregnancy test.  
She panicked and wouldn't tell me  
who the father was.  
I tried to change her mind,  
but she wanted to keep the baby.  
Then, without a warning,  
I got a text message:  
"Hi Mom. I moved to California

with the father of my baby."  
I haven't talked to her since.  
- Not even on the phone?  
I've written on her Facebook page,  
but she won't answer me.  
I'm probably a grandma by now, -  
but I don't even know  
if it's a boy or a girl.  
I haven't touched anything.  
I understand.  
Asta has the same photo.  
You can borrow anything  
from here if it'll help.  
Thanks.  
When was the last time  
you saw Pirkko?  
It was a Friday, in April.  
Last year. The first week in April.  
When did you get the text message?  
The next day. The very next day.  
Here are some of her things.  
- Thanks.  
I'm sure you know what I think.  
A dead end.  
I sense an intriguing perversion  
about this case.  
Take this photo, for example.  
I can see a future lesbian  
death orgy in this photo.  
We're not talking about your books.  
This is serious.  
Just write your sermons, okay?  
- Let Luusalmi speculate.  
That other girl...  
- Pirkko?  
She's the murderer.  
- Oh yeah? How do you know?  
The girls were on the run and  
stayed in a bread and breakfast.  
The sadistic owner made them slaves.  
They had to do -  
all kinds of brutal things  
and participate in orgies...  
Sounds really credible.

- Luusalmi, you're sick.  
Everything happens  
at the will of the Almighty.  
God is a cruel, selfish sadist  
who hates women.  
Is this any good?  
No. It's really shitty.  
Pirkko and Kerttu. Kerttu and Pirkko.  
Inseparable friends.  
Maybe if I find one,  
I can understand the other.  
Hi Pirkko.  
I'd like to ask you  
a couple of questions -  
about your friend Kerttu.  
Best Regards, Jussi Vares.  
Guess who?  
Get dressed, and we'll hit the city.  
Did you get the money?  
- I will soon.  
What's that?  
- That will guarantee I get my money.  
Touch it, and I'll kill you.  
Just kidding!  
Lend me some money, will you?  
Can I use your phone?  
Go ahead.  
- Is this prepaid? Perfect.  
Recognize my voice?  
I was thinking of sending you  
a little souvenir.  
Then we can talk about money.  
Miina!  
Dad! Dad!  
Antidote!  
- Oh, hi.  
How's it going?  
- Good.  
Ready to go home?  
- No.  
I've got this stinking  
piece of shit staying at my place.  
I have to go let him in -  
because I don't want

to give him my keys.

He is really messy...

- Fine.

...and comes and goes at odd hours.

- Take care.

Jussi Vares.

I called about

the student register yesterday.

Oh, right.

The study about gender equality  
at the university. - Yes.

Just going through archives  
makes me see red.

Most of the professors are men.

Middle-aged,  
heterosexual alpha males.

If I may say,  
teen-tit-gawking slimeballs.

And when it comes to  
pay and gender equality, -  
I don't even want to talk about it.

- We won't.

Hurry.

- Here you are.

Thanks. You were quick.

I'll do anything for equality studies.

Thanks. Have a nice day.

You too.

What is the relation between  
hate and the human psyche?

People want to see the object  
of their hate outside themselves.

But if we hate someone, -  
the hate is partly directed at ourselves.

We don't hate qualities we  
don't have. What do you think?

In a racial context,  
Hesse is a contradiction.

What do you mean?

Because in a racial context...

I thought it was good, but as  
a critic I have to be critical.

But as a friend you say it's good?

It doesn't make sense.

- I guess it doesn't.  
You said you got news.  
Our friend at the police station...  
Sorry, this is confidential.  
Take a swig from your beer.  
It'll be our toast of reconciliation.  
Then I'd like to ask you  
diplomatically to fuck off.  
Vares and I need to talk business.

- You son of a...

I'm sure you understand.

- Son of a...

Was that necessary?

- Probably not. I'll apologize later.

Anyway,  
what I found out from the police -  
was that the victim is  
a 22-year-old woman.  
A brutal homicide.  
The body was decapitated.  
But her hand was cut off recently,  
which is pretty interesting.  
Where did they find her?

- In the woods on Ruissalo island.

What do you think?

I have no clue.  
None whatsoever.  
Nothing?

- Nothing at all.

If this information  
turns out to be valuable -  
you owe me a favor.  
Keep that in mind.  
Hi.  
I'm a little busy.  
I'm in the bar.  
Come get me. I'll wait outside.  
What is it?

- Get in the car.

I thought we...

- Don't think. Just get in.  
Arto saw you at the university.  
What were you doing there?  
Work stuff.

- Something to do with Arto?  
I didn't go there  
to look for your husband.  
You're not going to tell him  
about us, are you? - Are you crazy?  
Not that I know of.  
You want to go for a ride?  
How's your back?  
- Really bad.  
Advantages to being married.  
This is Arto's.  
Maybe I should get married.  
- You should at least consider.  
I was thinking of moving  
my practice here. - Oh.  
Pampering for stressed-out people.  
- I see.  
Hardly anyone ever comes here.  
Wouldn't this make  
a great meditation room? - Yeah...  
Come.  
Hop up.  
What?  
- Wasn't your back hurting?  
Yes.  
- Get up on the table then.  
You can pay me 60 euros per hour.  
But no happy ending this time.  
You're tense as  
an overstretched rubber band.  
Shit...  
- Relax.  
That's it.  
I saw Paavo with a woman today.  
- So?  
They seemed to be having a good time.  
Kerttu called me  
a couple of days before she died.  
She wanted to talk  
about family problems.  
We were going to meet  
after I got back from Nice.  
How did Kerttu get along  
with her stepdad?

Asta said Paavo was jealous  
of Kerttu's modeling -  
and boyfriends.  
When Kerttu died,  
Asta's imagination went wild.  
Are you saying  
Paavo murdered his stepdaughter?  
You should at least check his alibi.  
So you're investigating  
the Kerttu Malmsten case?  
Have you found anything?  
- Not really.  
A hell of a dead end, isn't it?  
- Yes.  
I'll get straight to the point.  
- Okay.  
Kerttu's stepdad, Paavo Keinonen.  
- Yes?  
How carefully did you check his alibi?  
Let me see.  
I think we did everything  
by the book.  
Yes.  
The design team at the shipyard say -  
Paavo got to work at 9 AM.  
He had breakfast with Kerttu  
before he went to work.  
He left work at 7 PM.  
The time of the murder was 4:15 PM.  
The body was found 4:50 PM.  
He couldn't have  
sneaked in and out of work -  
and killed Kerttu?  
It wouldn't fit in the time line.  
How did you get the exact time  
of the murder? - It was in a photo.  
The photo was at the crime scene.  
It was taken with a disposable camera.  
The murder happened right before that.  
There were no fingerprints  
on the camera? - No.  
Arto and Laila were in Nice  
on the day of the murder, right?  
Yes. They took a morning

flight to Stockholm.  
So they couldn't have done it.  
I have one more request.  
A little bird told me  
you recently found another body.  
To the harbor.  
Near the storehouse.  
- Okay.  
That'll be 14.60.  
- I don't have money. Wait here.  
Don't you...  
Wait, I know you.  
You're the whore who kicked  
my face. Turn the engine off.  
Don't even think about leaving.  
I know where you work.  
Hi. Where's the money?  
I'll kill you! I'll kill you!  
I'm sorry it's so late...  
I shouldn't have come...  
That's okay. Come in.  
What happened?  
But if we hate someone, -  
the hate is partly  
directed at ourselves.  
The hand was cut off after she died?  
- Two days ago.  
A heart-shaped necklace  
has eaten into the skin -  
and left a beautiful scar here.  
A biopsy showed silver in the skin.  
I assume that whoever cut the hand off  
took the necklace.  
The chain left marks on the skin.  
The hand was cut off  
with a knife and -  
the bone broken like a match.  
- I see.  
Any chance of finding out  
if she was pregnant?  
Maybe.  
Why do you ask?  
Sometimes you have to take  
a shot in the dark.

Silver?

Hi.

- Hi.

How much are these?

- 234 euros.

I can't afford it.

Will you buy it for me?

A little over 200.

I need a receipt.

- Sure.

PAAVO KEINONEN,

**MOGUL:**

It's me, Vares.

I have a hunch whose body it is.

The DNA testing is a piece of cake.

I'll send a messenger to your house.

The lab can test it right away.

Everyone has an alibi

for the time of Kerttu's murder.

But where were they

when Pirkko was killed?

Who was the woman

Laila saw with Paavo?

How much time

did I have to find her?

How can I help you?

Paavo Keinonen?

- He's not available at the moment.

Okay. Thanks.

What's your name?

- Jussi Vares.

Are you a journalist?

In a way... See you.

Minna.

Vares, what are you doing here?

- I like ships.

And?

I came to see Paavo.

Oh. Why?

- I have a couple of questions.

What questions?

- Basic questions.

You can ask me, and I'll ask Paavo

and then I'll tell you.

It doesn't exactly go like that.

Will this ever lead to something?

- Not necessarily.

You suspect Paavo?

- No.

You have a reason to suspect him?

- No.

This is going exactly the way  
Paavo said it would.

He tried to stop me.

He said I and the whole family  
would suffer.

He said old wounds would open.

I made...

I made a huge mistake.

I shouldn't have hired  
a private detective.

I'll pay you a week's salary;  
then you're free to go.

Goodbye, Vares. My assistant  
will show you the way out.

Chin up.

At least you got a week's pay.

There's something strange  
about this case.

I think I'll stick around until  
I catch the guy with the knife.

But he might have already left town.

I have a show tonight.

I don't have much time for this.

Stop.

MURDER VICTIM IDENTIFIED

LAST MESSAGE TO MOM

Ruuhio, for fuck's sake.

- The police told me that -  
they had ID'ed the girl from the DNA.

You expect me not to write about it?

Did her family know before it was  
in the paper? - I have no idea.

Did it even cross your mind?

Jussi, I serve the public.

I serve my readers.

Our editor-in-chief

breaths down my neck.  
You have new information?  
You just screwed up  
the most important lead in my case.  
I know, I should've called you.  
I'm sorry.  
But we'll do business as usual, okay?  
Call me.  
"But we'll do business  
as usual, okay? Call me."  
It's a bit too early for me.  
- You're no longer employed.  
You got fired.  
You don't need a sober head.  
Vares!  
Hi. - Remember that bad trip  
I told you about?  
Yes.  
- That's her. The same girl.  
It wasn't a trip. It was real.  
This girl.  
That guy came to my place  
with her head under his arm.  
The guy who's staying  
at your place? - Shh.  
The smelly one?  
- Yes.  
It was real.  
Are you high? - No. I'll  
swear on a stack of Bibles.  
The same girl. The same guy.  
Anna?  
You're still there?  
Wait there, okay?  
This is Lahtipoika?  
- Yeah.  
Fuck, someone's been here.  
Shit.  
For fuck's sake, Vares.  
He was shot in the back.  
He put something in here.  
Eww, fuck.  
Don't touch it.  
Fuck...

Freakin' gross. I'll call the police.  
Don't! The place is  
full of needles and stuff.  
Shh.  
You just happened to come  
to the scene? - No.  
I wanted to talk to Lahtipoika,  
but he was already dead.  
What did you want to talk about?  
Antidote thinks Lahtipoika  
has something to do -  
with Pirkko Vuorela's murder.  
- We'll see about that.  
They found several people's DNA  
in her body.  
Do you have any idea -  
who might've killed Lahtipoika?  
How should I know?  
Antidote said Lahtipoika  
was blackmailing someone.  
I think the hand fits the body  
like a glove.  
Maybe Lahtipoika got greedy and -  
the blackmail victim hired a hitman.  
It wouldn't be the first time.  
- True.  
Keep us informed if something happens.  
I got fired yesterday. I need a job.  
I'll see what I can do.  
One more thing. The drugs  
at Antidote's place are not his.  
You know the guidelines for drugs.  
They're very strict.  
Very strict bureaucrats.  
Hautavainio is a good man,  
but he is still a police officer.  
And a police officer can't let  
something like innocence -  
get in the way of arresting people.  
My sense of justice  
started crying out loud.  
It cried for a beer.  
Hi. A beer, please.  
Vares.

Arto.

Hi.

I've never seen you here before.

- I happened to walk by.

This place is pretty quiet

for a student hangout. - Yes.

The news today was a quite a shock.

Everybody knew Pirkko.

Laila told me

Asta ended your contract. - She did.

I'm glad.

I had come to a dead end in the case.

I see.

Well...

It was nice to get to know you,  
detective.

Likewise.

All the best for the future.

- Same to you.

See you tomorrow.

Hi.

Who's that girl?

- Who?

The girl who just walked in.

- I don't know.

You don't?

- No.

Would this help?

Her name is Twinkle Sylvin.

- Sylvin?

Twinkle.

That's what I needed.

This case was covered in darkness.

I needed a twinkle of light.

I tried to forget

the case but couldn't.

I had no leads

and not even a client anymore.

There were

just two dead girls and-

a photo taken by the murderer.

The sun rose and revealed everything.

Morning light.

The sun.

Hi.  
I need a ride.  
Wasn't this case  
supposed to be over for you?  
Come here and sit down.  
Please, sit there.  
Like this?  
- Yeah, that's good.  
Turn you head slightly to the left.  
What are you doing? - The murder  
didn't take place at 4:15 PM.  
How do you know? - The direction  
of sunlight would be different.  
In the afternoon, the light  
would have come from there.  
This was taken in the morning.  
The murderer set the clock  
to the wrong time.  
No one has an alibi anymore.  
Holy shit.  
How come our boys didn't notice it?  
How come I didn't notice it?  
- You got amateurs working for you.  
Not for long.  
- Is Antidote still locked up?  
Yeah. Why?  
Who's your prime suspect?  
- I have three.  
There could be four,  
but that would be strange. - Asta?  
You mean she murders  
her own daughter and -  
hires a private detective to catch her -  
when the police can't find anything?  
It doesn't make any sense.  
- It's possible.  
On the other hand,  
it's straight out of a text book.  
The murderer always returns  
to the scene of the crime.  
A dark horse? - If it's an outsider,  
I've been on the wrong track.  
So who did it?  
- You tell me.

You first.

Twinkle Sylvin?

- By the window there.

Thanks.

Twinkle?

- Yes.

Jussi Vares.

An old friend of

Arto Ronimus' from the university.

You have a moment?

- I'm kind of busy.

I know her wife, too.

I'm sure you know that

men who cheat on their wives -

do it with other women too.

How do you get along with

the other women? - There are none.

He doesn't play those games.

He does with his wife.

Why not with you?

It wouldn't make sense.

He's going to leave his wife.

We're going to his summerhouse

for the weekend.

And that makes sense?

Go ahead,

get in line with the other girls.

If I were you,

I'd give it a second thought.

I tried a little creative sabotage.

If you're theory is true, -

the girls is in deep trouble.

She promised to cancel

her weekend plans.

You still haven't learned to shoot.

Vares. Hi.

Antidote. Hi.

- Check this suite out.

I have cable TV, clean bedsheets

and the food is great.

Looks good.

- This is a temporary solution.

Your place is still

under crime scene investigation.

Antidote, you have everything  
you need here?  
We have the killer in sight  
and now we need your help.  
My help?  
And?  
Lahtipoika's killer  
knows your name and address.  
But he doesn't know  
what Lahtipoika told you.  
You're not safe until we catch him.  
What do you want me to do?  
Work as a bait.  
Sounds risky.  
It does, but we'll take care  
of your safety.  
Cops looking after my safety?  
The risk just doubled.  
Can I think about it?  
- Of course.  
I'm sure the narcotics division -  
and especially the district attorney -  
will appreciate a favorable answer.  
Son of a bitch...  
The police can't get officially  
involved in buying information.  
So do we all agree  
we never had this conversation?  
Okay.  
Here's the situation:  
They found Pirkko Vuorela's body.  
The police suspect  
it's connected to Kerttu's case.  
Pirkko was murdered  
by a man named Tarmo Lahti.  
Someone hired him.  
It looks like this same person  
is involved in Kerttu's case.  
Lahti tried to blackmail his client  
and died shortly thereafter.  
Before his death,  
he told the name of his client -  
to a small-time criminal  
named Antidote.

You want to buy this information?

How much does he want?

- 5000 euros.

When?

- Now.

What happens after

we and the police get the name?

If the DNA is a match, the murderer  
will be arrested and sentenced.

How do we proceed?

- I'll take the money to Antidote.

He'll give me the name, and the  
police take care of the rest. - No.

I want to be first to hear the name.

I'll bring him the money.

Asta, that could be dangerous.

- I don't care.

I want to be the first to know.

- It's a bad idea.

She's my daughter,  
my flesh and blood.

When can you do it?

- Anytime. Now.

Let me make a call.

It's me, Vares.

There are a couple of changes.

A woman named Asta Malmsten  
wants to deliver the money.

So do we cancel the whole thing?

The place is the beach  
on the Ruissalo island.

Call this number

when you get the name.

Fuck!

Markku. I need to talk.

Yes?

This isn't going according to plan.

- It is.

What if it's Asta? We have  
to cancel this. - Calm down.

You can count on our boys.

Antidote will be safe.

Easy.

Get in the cars.

Antidote, let's go.  
Let's go.  
Are you nervous?  
- I'm in a hurry.  
Where's my sweater?  
- On the coat rack, as usual.  
I washed it.  
Where are you going?  
- To the seminar. I told you.  
Can't you go there tomorrow?  
- I want to be rested when I start work.  
They booked a hotel  
for all the lecturers.  
I want to go over my presentation  
before going to bed.  
You know how I work.  
You know I love you, don't you?  
Corset 189 euros  
Panties 45 euros  
See you at your summerhouse.  
A big wet kiss, Twinkle  
Are all units in place?  
All set?  
- Yes. - Good.  
What's the situation?  
Relax.  
Everything will work out fine.  
Vares? Can you hear me?  
Radio silence.  
Keep it short.  
I'm here. Keep cool  
and don't do anything rash.  
Everything will go fine.  
Someone's coming.  
You hear me? Someone's coming.  
Who killed Kerttu?  
Who killed my child?  
Tell me.  
Tell me who killed my child.  
Who killed Kerttu?  
Who killed my child?  
Tell me!  
Who killed my child?  
Move in.

Go, go, go.  
All units proceed to the boats.  
A man shot in a bulletproof vest.  
Everything's okay. - Shit!  
Shit.  
Freeze! Police!  
Holy shit. You hit him.  
Man down.  
This isn't Arto Ronimus.  
You know this guy?  
No.  
Who are you? Who sent you?  
- Fuck you, pig.  
I got a phone call.  
Who called you? A man or a woman?  
Who called you? A man or a woman?  
Who called you? Tell me!  
- Fuck.  
Who called you? A man or a woman?  
Shit!  
Where did Vares go?  
Hello.  
Are you coming?  
Give me five minutes.  
- Okay.  
Head north.  
- Okay.  
You seem a little depressed.  
Is everything okay?  
You didn't talk to Laila, did you?  
- I did.  
So what did she say?  
Not much.  
Stop here.  
I'll walk from here.  
- Okay.  
Who's this?  
Laila, I can...  
Don't say anything. Don't talk.  
What's your name?  
Twinkle.  
Twinkle?  
A pretty name. And a pretty girl.  
Arto likes pretty girls.

We have a joint bank account.

I paid for some of those feathers.

If you want, you can say, -

"Thank you, Laila."

Say it!

Thank you, Laila.

Good.

Did Arto also buy you that necklace?

Yes.

- Laila...

Thank you.

- Good.

Arto, you remember this?

You also bought this.

Everything falls

into your lap at the end.

Lost necklaces and -

lost girls.

I would've made a good mother.

The world is full of children

who need good parents.

But you just keep

spreading your sperm.

Is this one already pregnant?

Are you pregnant?

Yes.

Pregnancy is usually

the start of a new life, but -

in Arto's case...

What are we going to do?

Help me, Arto.

I can help you by calling the police.

What are you doing here?

And how would the police help?

- Pirkko was pregnant when she died.

Arto was the father.

Pirkko and Kerttu

were Arto's girlfriends, -

so you killed them both.

Are you going to kill everyone

your husband has fucked?

I am.

Fuck...

What are you doing here?

- I wanted to check one thing.

Come in.

How did you know I was here?

Where did you get my number?

- Will you do it or not?

Money is no problem.

Jussi?

Jussi.

Hi.

Everything's okay.

Everything's fine.

It just hurts a little.

Luusalmi.

Let's get out of here.

Shit...

Are you going to kill everyone

your husband has fucked? - I am.

That's one heck of a twisted case.

It's weird that Laila felt

so comfortable with underworld guys.

She went to school with Lahtipoika.

Later Lahtipoika cleaned up after her.

He got her guns and stuff like that.

And both of them

ended up six feet under.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust"

and so on. Amen.

I got executive assistance

from the police.

Kevlar covers.

This will keep you safe.

Even from bazookas.

A real hardcover copy?

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