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Girl With The Dragon Taroo, The

By Unknown

THE GIRL WITH THE DRAGON TATTOO

The long awaited verdict is expected today
in the Wennerstrm case,
in which journalist
and well known editor...

of the largest medium Millennium,
Mikael Blomkvist,
is accused of writing
a lengthy series...
of defamatory articles on financier
Hans-Erik Wennerstrm.

Blomkvist has accused Wennerstrm
of misappropriating funds...
totaling 60 million kroner, as well
as being involved in arms trafficking.
Swedes have always been divided
when it comes to the articles...
written by Blomkvist.

His supporters maintain that he alone
represents the last bastion...
of idealistic journalism
in this country.

But today Mikael Blomkvist's long career as
a watchdog journalist could come to an end.

In the case of Wennerstrm
versus Millennium,
the accused Mikael Blomkvist has been
found guilty of 6 of the 8 charges...
of aggravated libel
laid against him.

The accused is sentenced
to three months in prison...
and is ordered to pay Hans-Erik Wennerstrm
Mr. Wennerstrm.

A statement please, sir.

We need to sanction those people
like Kalle Blomkvis...
who seek to destroy the life
of honest people...

just because they don't happen to share
the same political opinion.

- What's your next course of action?

- I have no further comment.

Oh, there is.

- He's coming now.

What do you think of your
reputation right now, sir?

It's fantastic.

Mr. Blomkvis, over here!

Your protege

don't really deserve this.

What about your future
with Millennium?

- Merry Christmas everyone.

- Skol. Skol.

Merry Christmas, skol.

Skol.

So, for the appeal,
what are we thinking?

Micke, you know we're behind you
one hundred per cent.

We are right, sir.

Our advertisers
are losing confidence in us.

Launching an appeal
won't regain their confidence.

No, but it might buy us some time,
to win back some of our readers.

- I made up my mind, no appeal.

- It isn't only about you,

- what about Millennium?

- The sooner this is over,
the better it'll be for Millennium.

Let it go.

Listen, I was just playing
devil's advocate here, but...

I think it might be a good idea if Mikael
dropped out of circulation for a while.

Give this thing a chance
to blow over.

- Merry Christmas.

- Merry Christmas.

Micke, wait up.

- You're still in shock, you know that.

- Ah, come on, Janne's got it right.

I screwed up royally,
and now I look like an idiot.

But there has to be another way,

we just have to find it.
There's nothing left in here.
I haven't written a single word
in over a month.

Understand?

Wennerstrm

Ko's Blomkvis

Prison For Mikael Blomkvist

Goddamn.

As the general rule, we don't normally
introduce our researchers to our clients.
But under the circumstances and
the important person you represent...
we'll make an exception.

- I appreciate that.

- I should probably warn you.

Lisbeth is a young woman who's a bid...

well, special, shall we say.

What do you mean special?

Oh, please don't be fooled by her
appearance, she's our best researcher.

Ah-huh.

Good morning, Lisbeth.

Good morning.

Dirch Frode.

Please.

Sit down.

Transcripts of text messages.

His E-mails.

His Bank statements.

How did you get access
to all this information?

None of your business,
you ask for it, I delivered it.

What can you tell me
about Mr. Blomkvist?

- It's all in my report.

- I want the short version.

Mikael Blomkvist, nicknamed Kalle Blomkvist
after the fictional detective...

when he solved a series
of bank robberies in the eighties.

Since then he's become
a well known public figure,

the rest is well documented,
it's all in there, if you wanna know more.
Yes, but I'm sure
he must have some secrets?
We all have secrets.
And do you know
what kind of impact...
the whole Millennium affair
had on Blomkvist?
- From a financial point of view?
- You just have to read my report.
- It's all there.
- Lisbeth...
Miss Salander, are you sure
you don't have anything else to add?
You know, personal observation?
Anything strike you?
Something fishy
about the Wennerstrm thing.
Meaning what?
You have any new evidence
to divulge?
You hired me to investigate Blomkvist,
not to do his job.
I know he's good, but I would still
like to know your personal opinion.
- Now, tell me.
- Blomkvist is clean.
I didn't find anything on him,
not even a parking ticket.
I don't think he made up those stories
about Wennerstrm.
I think he got screwed over.
Why didn't you consult me on this?
Because no lawyer in Stockholm
or anywhere else wanted to touch the case.
Yes I know.
I read the trial report.
So then you know
why I didn't wanna get you involved.
That wouldn't have bother me at all.
What did bother me was, that you didn't
consult me, I'm your sister.
- I know that.

- I feel so much better, thank you.
They ruined my reputation. I wasn't about
to let them drag my family through the mud.
Well, now you go to prison, is that it?
It's insane.
This is a family secret
for making the best meatballs.
You start by wetting the tips
of your fingers, this is very important.
Watch...
and next, you roll the meat in your hands,
always counterclockwise like this.
- Can you get that for me, please?
- Okay.
- Hello, this is Micke Blomkvist.
- No, no, no.
- She does it always.
- Hello?
- This is Mikael.
- Mikael Blomkvist?
- Yes, that's me. Who's this?
- My name's Dirch Frode.
I'm a lawyer and I have a client who's
very interested in meeting with you.
It's Christmas, I'm with family.
What's it about?
My client would prefer
to speak with you personally.
Call Millennium after the holidays,
we'll set up an appointment then.
My client is an elderly gentlemen,
I'm afraid he can't wait 'till then...
- Who's your client?
- Henrik Vanger.
Henrik Vanger?
Of the Vanger companies?
Mr. Vanger would be extremely grateful
if you'd come.
Listen, sir, it's Christmas, I'm with
my family and I've had a hell of a week.
I guarantee you, you should come,
Mr. Vanger will reward you generously.
Blomkvist!
Henrik lives on Hedeby,

it's a couple of km from Hedestad.

The bridge is the only link
to the mainland.

There was a time,
when the Swedish business elite...
would come to the Vanger estate.

Today Henrik lives here alone
with Anna, the housekeeper.

Thank you for coming, Mikael.

I must say the phone call from Frode
really peaked my curiosity.

You must be hungry,
would you like some lunch?

Thanks.

But why don't we get on to it
- I like to catch the night train back.

- Oh, very well, we skip lunch.

Thank you.

Do you remember her?

It's Harriet, Harriet Vanger,
my brother Gottfried's daughter.

You knew her, didn't you?

Did I meet her?

Your father, he worked for me
during the summer of 1965.

He was a workshop foreman,
at our factory in Hedestad.

And he lived in one of our chalets.

Your mother and you,
would visit on weekends.

Harriet would look after you.

The two of you,
would often play there, by the water.

Yes, I remember her.

- Harriet.

- Yes, I never had children of my own.

She was the apple of my eye.

She was young, intelligent.

I thought of her as
my own daughter.

I see.

What happened to her?

- I believe she was murdered.

- Murdered?

Here... the Vanger family, Mikael.
My family.
The 22nd of September 1966. The entire
Vanger family gathered here in this house
for the annual board
of directors meeting.
They were all there, 30 vultures,
they were only here for the money.
Where they could tear each other to pieces,
to get the biggest piece of the pie.
Look closely...
because one of them...
was Harriets killer.
Harriet was barely 16 at the time.
which was...
Children's Day.
She had gone to Hedestad to watch
the parade in the main street.
This photo was featured
in the local paper.
Around two o'clock,
she returned to the island, and...
she wanted to talk me
about something, but...
I was busy dealing
the meeting.
How was she murdered?
No one seems to know.
She just disappeared.
I can see
you prepared everything for me.
I've spend the last 40 years going over
what could have happened that day.
You could say I've had time,
to organize

At 2:

on the hill at the bridge.
A tanker truck lost control and skidded into
the uncoming lane and hit a car head on.
The truck jackknifed
and lay on its side.
Gasoline had leaked all over the road,
covering both lanes of the bridge.

and closing traffic.
Preventing anyone,
from leaving the island.
As luck would have it,
a camera captured it all.
There, look...
in that window.
Those are last images
we have of Harriet.
It was inspector Morell from the
Hedestad Police, who headed the inquiry.
He found this piece of film, and he had
several enlargements made of this photo.
And this, this one here,
is my last picture of Harriet.
We waited for her at dinner,
but she never arrived.

- Hello?

- Lisbeth Salander?

- Yes, who is this?

- Hello, I'm Miss Svensson...

from the probation department.

I'm calling to inform you, that you have
a new guardian, his name is Eric Bjurman..

I already have a guardian,
what is this?

Please let me finish, Your previous guardian
has had a stroke and is in the hospital...

we had no choice

but to replace him.

Nice to meet you, even under these
unfortunate circumstances.

- Please sit.

- Thank you.

Yes, it's somewhat regrettable
that my predecessor...

Palmgren seemed to be rather lax...

in his application of the rules
concerning the guardianship.

I see here for example that he
allowed you to manage your own money.

- That never had a problem.

- No, I don't doubt that for a moment.

As you very well know, I'm the one

who's responsible for you now...

legally and financially.

Do you know what that means?

It means that I would to blame, if you spend too much and can't pay your rent.

I got a job you know, I'm earning a living, which shouldn't be a problem.

You're also employed at, uh...

Milton Securities, I see here.

Yeah.

- What do you do there?

- Make coffee do some photocopies.

Oh, I see.

Alright, this is how I see it:

Starting from today,

your salary will be deposited directly into a new account, managed by me.

The 1st of month we'll let you have enough money to cover your personal expense, anything over and above that, we'll have to discuss, okay?

Let's talk a bit, about your hygiene.

What do you mean?

All these piercings that you have.

Aren't you worried about infections?

Do you have a boyfriend?

No.

Have you had sexual relation?

I'm 24.

Your real eyes are here,

I can say you've been cooperative, or you've been problematic and obstinate.

And your life could become, very, very, complicated.

So, how many men

have you had sex with?

- Two.

- Two?

No, 2 thousand.

- 200 thousand, are we done?

- And what's your favorite position?

Do you have a special preference?

Did you ever think
she may have run away?
You have to keep the accident in mind.
The truck blocked the bridge for 24 hours.
And the bridge
is the only way off the island.
So Harriet disappeared,
when nobody could leave the island.
Precisely, it was only the following day we
realised that may have been a criminal act.
They reopened the bridge and the murderer
could've disposed of the body.
It's the only proof
of a scenario.
Have you ever considered,
suicide or drowning?
Oh, they dragged the channel.
They looked everywhere, with dogs,
divers and still found nothing.
Even today,
during my walks,
I catch myself looking for her.
Harriet was only eight, when she first
made me a present for my birthday.
A bluebell,
that was in 1958.
Then every year after,
another flower.
The year Harriet disappeared.
This... this is the attic.
It's crazy.
Every damn year since, I received a flower
in the mail for my birthday.
They come from
all over the world.
- Who do you think, could be doing that?
- Harriets' murderer.
You don't know my family. You have
no idea what they're capable of.
I always favored Harriet.
That made her easy prey for everyone.
The power-hungry, blood-suckers,
the whole Vanger Group.
They wanted a piece of me.

I am 82 years old.
The police gave up long ago.
And I need to know
what happened, before I die.
Help me at last, find out
what really transpired.
- Yes, but how can I...?
- I followed your career for years.
You're an excellent reporter,
you're tenacious.
Now, I'm not asking you to solve
the case, but to do your utmost.
You have six months, before you
have to begin serving your sentence.
Forgive me, but you've spend
the last 40 years...
I'll pay you handsomely,
and cover all your expenses.
You will be a wealthy man,
with nothing to lose, hm?
And there's nothing waiting for you
in Stockholm.
"Mikael Blomkvist resigns as editor
from Millennium...
and announced, that he will never work
for the magazine again".
Did you really write this?
Without even talking to me?
I'm sorry, but...
it was my decision to make.
What are you gonna do now?
I'm going to work
for Henrik Vanger, in Hedestad.
Henrik Vanger?
Say? You're playing with
the capitalists now.
I'm not working
for the Vanger corporation.
You mean, you're getting a new place?
Yeah.
In Hedestad?
Good luck.
Now what, dork?
Dude, come on.

Dork!

What're you looking at?

Watch where you going, bitch!

Come on, now!

Keep drinking all this stuff.

Ow!

- You crazy bitch!

- Grap her arm!

- Come on!

- Fuck.

- Come on!

- Let's get outta here.

- This bitch is fucking crazy.

- Motherfuckers!

- Come on.

- Crazy bitch!

Oh, fuck.

Can you fix it?

- I can save your hard drive.

- Good.

And the rest?

You better start looking
for holiday promos.

Shit.

- What happened?

- I got mugged.

You stink of booz.

Yeah I know, you smell
smell like roses?

You can always use that one,
the PC over there.

I use it for my back-up,
so it has to stay here.

Welcome to Hedeby.

Oh, the cold air feels good, doesn't it?

Freshens you up...

to say the least.

Since you would prefer not to stay
in the main house, I put you in here.

I hope you'll be comfortable.

If it gets much colder,
the pipes are likely to freeze.

You can get water
at the main house.

- Yes?
- The boxes, sir.
Ah, good.
Put them over there.
The boxes contain already some
of the information...
I've gathered on Harriet,
through the years.
You'll find photographs,
police reports. Everything you'll need.
There are also press-clippings.
And you'll find, I even organized
Harriet's personal effects.
Anyway, it should be good
for a start.
You were a great babysitter.
What happened to you?
The Vanger group.
Keep Sweden pure!
We are the Swedish
National Socialists -
- and the Aryan race
can't do without us!
For all intensive purposes...
the Vanger family was made up
of a thoroughly unpleasant bunch.
There was a mutual
hatred among us,
but we tolerated each other
for the good of the corporatin.
That house belonged
to my brother Harald.
To say that we're not exacty close,
is an understatement.
So your two brothers Richard and Harald,
had ties with the fascist group in the 30's.
Yes, I can see,
that you've done your homework.
Then there was Gottfried,
he was a member of the Hitler Youth.
Let's not mens words, shall we?
All three were Nazis.
Yes. Fanatics, all of them.
Richard was killed

in Finnish Winter War.
Harald became an embittered old man.
He rarely leaves his house.
Harald's daughter Cecilia,
is in Scotland presently.
Cecilia and Harald
are no longer at speaking terms.
That house up there
belongs to Martin, Harriets' brother.
He replaced me as head
of the Vanger companies.
Hello.
And so. You must be
the famous Kalle Blomkvist.
It's Mikael, call me Mikael,
then I know who you're talking to.
I'm anxious to find out,
why is that...
you're prepared to spend 6 months,
in this godforsaken place.
Martin's and Harriet's father,
Gottfried,
lived a life of misery and alcoholism,
with his wife Isabella.
I've never seen a woman less adapted being
a mother, then Isabella was with Harriet.
I intervened and became involved
in Martin and Harriets' lives.
Later on every Vanger
who lived here.
Most of the time, there were
considerably more of us.
Cecilias' sister Anita died
from cancer, years ago.
- Greger Vanger, Ulrika Vanger.
- Stop, just a minute.
Who is it, you suspect?
None of 'em.
All of them.
That's where you come in.
Dear Diary. Today I got this diary
from my dear uncle Henrik.
A kind, but busy, man.
He's finally home from his travels

and brought me this diary.
I'm by myself in my dad's cottage.
Anita will be here soon.
So you're the one
sniffing around in family matters?
Hell, you scared me.
Cecilia Vanger.
Henrik said you'd be here.
- Mikael Blomkvist.
- I recognize you from the papers.
- What have you found?
- Harriet's Bible.
She was often up here
with my sister.
- Anita?
- Yes.
The summer before she disappeared.
- Odd, seeing that her father died here.
- Gottfried died here?
He was drunk and fell into the lake.
They found him the next morning.
Just down there.
It happened the year before
Harriet disappeared.
Henrik said you were traveling.
I had to come home
in order to hide Harriet's body.
We weren't allowed to be here
when we were kids. It was off-limits.
Thanks.
Dear Diary. It's fall now.
The weather's getting colder.
Magda 30112.
Sara 32016.
BJ 32027.
LJ 31208.
Mari 32018.
I don't understand
why Henrik hired you.
To be honest, neither do I.
With all respect,
there's nothing to find.
It's been nearly 40 years.
You found Harriet's diary

in her dad's cottage.

- The diary didn't help us one bit.

- What about the phone numbers?

- They were a complete mystery to us.

- But 32 is...

But the names

and the numbers don't match.

- Did you call them up?

- We did. We even tried backwards.

We switched them, removed numbers.

We tried everything.

In the report, she's described as withdrawn and religiously inclined.

Was that your impression?

Who isn't withdrawn at that age?

But, yes. She kept to herself.

Anita, her cousin, knew her the best.

Anita is Cecilia Vanger's sister.

And Anita is dead.

She died many years ago.

Harriet was my first case.

I've thought about it

every day for nearly 40 years now.

I'm retiring this summer. It's only

now that I'm able to let it go.

There is no answer.

You'll only breathe life into

Henrik's obsession.

Give it up before you become

obsessed yourself.

What are you working on?

- Who's this week's victim?

- Nobody.

Still that reporter?

I thought you were done with him.

Why do you keep at it?

It's a bit slow.

A new computer?

- Yes, I need 20,000.

- Why do you need a 20,000 kroner PC?

- So I can play, surf the internet.

- You often surf the internet?

Do you chat?

Know what, Lisbeth?

I can't just hand you 20,000.
- Not just like that.
- How hard can it be?
Why can't I
look after my own money?
Hit me. Come on.
That's what you want, isn't it?
Hit me.
If you give me any kind of trouble,
I'll make sure -
- you spend the rest
of your life in a closed ward.
I know all about your mental problems
and your violent background.
Don't get me wrong, Lisbeth...
I'm more than happy
to give you the 20,000.
But, you know,
any business transaction -
- is built on trust.
I have to feel that I can trust you.
Can I trust you, baby?
Can I trust you, Lisbeth?
Can I trust you?
If you're nice to me...
If you're nice to me,
I'll always be nice to you.
- It's only 7,000.
- More than enough for a computer.
What are you looking at?
You said it was a photographer
from the paper that shot the parade.
Yes, he covered both the parade
and the accident.
The old part of the archive
is a jumble.
We haven't digitized it.
It's still kept in negative folders.
...40, 50, 60...
A photographer uses
between two and ten rolls a day.
Probably closer to ten
on Children's Day.
Here. September 1966.

I only need the hour
of the parade.

- Knock yourself out.
- They're not sorted?

If you're lucky,
they might be chronological.

You don't happen to have
a negative scanner and a light table?

This is the first lead in the case
in 39 years.

It's a start.
It's much more than that.

Look.

Do you see what I see?
What is she looking at?
What is she afraid off?
Her murderer.

He was somewhere here.
Right across the road.
There's Harriets murderer.

- Mikael, coffee?
- So, what did you find?
Anything interesting?
Well, I still have to read...
several thousand pages people have been
studying for the past 40 years.

And to be frank,
I... found a lot
of nothing.

Correct me if I'm wrong
but...
shouldn't you be in Stockholm
preparing for your appeal?

Tia.

- You don't
- Look...

Mikael is an adult,
- he's perfectly capable...
- I was set up.

An old pal and class-mate of mine gave me
a tip concerning Wennerstrm's company.
It was a good story, I had everything
I needed, to bring him down.
Or so you thought, right?

Right, because not long after
I got a better story...
about embezzling and arms-trafficking
worth about 60 million kroner.
Wennerstrm's name was all over it.
So far, so good, but...
then I published the story.
My sources disappeared.
And all my documents and facts
I've gathered turned out to be forgeries.
They're all fake?
So all this, was just a maneuver
to lure you away from the real story?
It was too good to be true, yeah.
Speaking of unbelievable,
I have a little something for you.
A single malt.
To hell with the past,
let's drink to the present. Skoal.
- Skoal.
- Skoal.
Wow!
What would you say to a
nice glass of wine?
I think I've had enough for one night.
- You know?
- Okay.
- Thanks for a fun night.
- Is it because of the investigation?
Or is it because of my sorted family?
- Why do you say that?
- Because I could be the one, right?
I'm not sure to be
on your list of... suspects, hm?
- Bjurman.
- It's Lisbeth.
- What do you want?
- I need more money.
I see.
- We'll have to discuss it.
- Yeah, but I need it now.
Hi, welcome.
Take off your jacket.
- I just want my money.

- And I might give you your money.
Thanks for last time by the way. I hope
you enjoyed it as much as I did.
I'm not giving you a blowjob
every time I need money.
You're not?
What will you do?
Do you want me to call
the probate department...
and tell them
you're trespassing...
and dreading me, hm?
Is that really what you want?
You'll be back in psych-ward so fast,
that'll make your head spin.
Well then?
Hm?
Well, that's much better.
It'll be fun, you'll see.
Very nice.
Come here.
Come here.
No!
No!
Please!
I'm gonna teach you

rule number one:

Don't resist...
If you're nice...
then I'll let you go.
I'm gonna teach you

rule number one:

Don't resist...
If you're nice...
then I'll let you go.
NORSJ CARPENTERS
My husband died many years ago.
So it's just me now.
He was a carpenter
at a wood-shop for 24 years.
They made everything
from clothes pegs to closets.

He built that cabinet there,
and the lamp, of course.
Would you like more cake?
I need to ask you, do you remember
being in Hedestad in September 1966?
Hedestad...

- '66?

- '66.

Well, of course
that's where we went on our honeymoon.
Wonderful, and uh...

did you take any pictures then?

Went camping.

It was all rage back then.

It was with out a doubt,
the best holiday we ever had.

Like most honeymoons

I imagine.

- Well then, you must have pictures?

- Oh, of course I have pictures.

You know many people that don't
have pictures of their honeymoon?

The first day,

we went hiking in the mountains.

My husband, he liked the mountain.

We went on quiet a trip.

He wasn't exactly romantic sort of.

Now, let's see.

Hedestad...

Oh, look at that.

So lovely.

All these photos

don't do the sunset justice.

Look at this.

Oh, here's something.

There was a parade that day.

What're you doing here?

I'm on my way out.

You still don't know the rules,
do you?

You have to make an appointment,
before coming.

You hear what I said?

Untie me this minute.

I said untie me!
You don't like being tied up?
Or do you prefer
tying up others?
You like
This is nice.
Did you try it?
I think you're going to love it.
Looks great to me.
Ever seen that show where politicians
get busted doing illegal shit...
in front of candid cameras?
We have those cameras
at security.
I had one in my bag
last time I was here.
Welcome.
I just thought you'd make me
give you another blowjob.
You're even sicker
than I thought.
The show goes on for 2 hours.
So you have plenty of time to imagine what
the cops and the press gonna think about it.
Have fun.
Thanks for last time by the way. I hope
you enjoyed it as much as I did.
I'm not giving you a blowjob
every time I need money.
You're not?
What will you do?
Let me explain what happens now.
Just listen and nod your head, okay?
From now on, I manage my own money.
You'll have no access.
I spend my money the way I want.
You got that?
Every month you write in your report
that my behavior is perfect.
Better than making progress.
In exactly 1 year, you'll submit an
application to terminate my guardianship.
I'll mail you further instructions.
You will never contact me again.

The minute you'll break the rules
I'll get that send to the police...
and every Television station
in the country.
The same thing happens if I get sick,
or if I'm in an accident...
or if you don't follow
my instructions to the letter.
You got that?
Good.
I've never done this before, so don't move
around to much, or it wont be nice.
Lay still.
I'm a sadist pig
and a rapist
during the last year...
an avid interest in religion.
Send.
The guy in the blue sweater.
I can't get it any sharper then that.
That's the best I can do,
Mikael.
It's just way to blurry.
Are you sure,
there's nothing else you can try?
Positive.
I've tried everything, sorry.
Alright, thanks anyway.
bye-bye.
Wasp...
Harriet's phone numbers.
Read it and weep, Kalle Blomkvist...
"If a woman
approaches any beast"...
"We shall kill the woman
and the beast, -
"We shall kill the woman
and the beast".
"They shall be put to dead
their blood is upon them".
Mari 32018.
Magda 30112.
Leviticus,
Chapter 20, Verse 27.

"she shall take two turtle-doves
or two young pigeons,
one for a burnt offering
and the other for a sin offering".

Leviticus,

Chapter 20, Verse 25.

"A man or a woman...

"who is a medium

or spirit just among you...

must be put to death.

You must stone them".

They must be put to death.

Frode! What's going on?

It's Henrik.

He just collapsed.

- We'll keep you informed.

- Thank you.

It's a heart attack.

He has to have emergency surgery.

What are his odds?

They're talking about a bypass

so it's serious.

- You want coffee?

- No.

I think you should still continue
with your investigation.

- You hired somebody else to help me out?

- No, you're the only one we hired.

Then someone has hacked
into my computer, someone called Wasp.

Send me an e-mail with copies
of one of my own privat documents.

That means this person must have
gained access to my hard drive.

Do you know anything about this?

Well...

Now, that I come
to think of it, um...

I might have an idea,
who's behind it.

Just stay here.

Lisbeth Salander?

Do I know you?

- You know exactly who I am, let me in.

- No.

I've read your report.

Interesting stuff.

But not as intriguing
how you stole my files.

I'm sure the police
would be very interested...
to know how you managed to...
hack illegally into my computer.

Remove those papers,
I'll take off the chain.
What do you want?

- Hi.

- You're okay?

I'm fine.

- I said, what do you want?

- Got any coffee?

How much do you know
about my assignment?

A 16-year-old girl
was murdered 40 years ago.
Until today I wasn't convinced
she was murdered.

But then you pointed out to me
the passages in the Bible...
that speak of women
who should be killed.

And?

So far, it's the most important clue
in the case.

- And?

- Well, I... well, I need your help.

- I'll be well payed.

- I already have a job.

Lisbeth, you're a professional hacker,
a very talented one...

but one who sends e-mails
that are easily traced.

I don't understand?

Why is that?

Huh?

So he'll live then?

Can I come and visit him?

Lisbeth Salander's here.

I'll speak to you soon, Frode.

Thanks, bye.

If a woman approaches an animal
to have sexual relations...

I assume you're familiar with the files so
I don't have to fill you in about anything?

- Yeah?

- Hm, right.

Hey... What if these quotes
have nothing to do with God?

What if it's a code?

"A young girl Sara Witt was found murdered
in her family barn"...

"just outside Vilhelmina in 1962".

Sara? What else does it say?

"Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning
the victim was lured into, uh"...

"The body of the young girl
worn marks of mutilation",
"probably from a religious ritual".

"The police refused to disclose
any more details".

Mutilated, possibly religious...

They find the murderer?

No. The police must have
given up.

- It's a bid of a long-shot.

- Worth a shot.

- How far is Vilhelmina?

- If you go by car not far.

What you waiting for?

- Would you like to drive?

- What for?

I haven't really driven
since I got divorced.

Then it's about fucking time you did.

If you type a womans name
you go right to a porn site.

What're you looking for?

I'm searching all the newspaper
and magazine databases.

Okay, come on.

Let's go to the barn.

The family couldn't sell the farm

after what happened.
It's been abandoned ever since.
She was found here?
Yes. Her poor husband found her.
It was horrible for him. Horrible.
She was there.
In this stable.
She was bound...
and tortured.
Any of the animals harmed?
How did you know that?
"If a woman approaches any beast
and lies with it,
you should kill the woman
and the beast".
- It could simply be a coincidence.
- Yes.
Oh, fuck, Lisbeth.
It's the same with the others...
I've found an old TV program.
A report from 1999
about a murder in Dalarna.
Go on.
" From a series murders in Sweden comes
the case of Magda Lovisa Sjberg...
from Dalarna".
Magda...
"A brutal murder that left police
baffled in November 1954".
And, uh...
what was Magda reference?
Leviticus,
Chapter 1, Verse 12.
"He's to cut it into pieces...
including the head and the fat"...
"and the priest shall arrange them...
on the burning wood on the altar".
That was verbatim.
You quoted it to the letter.
According to the report, Magda's body
was only found 6 hours after she was killed.
A farmer spotted smoke
from the fire.
He thought it was just

a bunch of kids having fun.
Fat's cut from the body,
is that mentioned in your report?
Yes, yes. It's right here,
it says, uh...
fat was found along
with the remains of the head.
Revoltng.
What the hell?
Hey, calm down!
I just wanted to wake you up.
We're here.
What the fuck.
Can I come in?
Here, here's your bag.
You're okay?
Yeah, I'm okay.
I can't find anyone
with the initials BJ.
But LI could be Liv Ingvartsson.
A prostitute who disappeared in nge and
was found on this building site in a dump.
What was that quote again?
"She is to bring two turtle-doves
or two young pigeons,
one for a burnt offering
and one for a sin offering".
"The priest will make atonement
for her, and she shall be clean".
nge... That's quite a ways
in the opposite direction.
I think I've found another one.
A 17-year-old from Uppsala.
- When?
- 1964.
"The Mari murder
leaves our streets deserted".
Uh...
"Mari Killer is still on the loose".
There.
So, we've got Sara, Mari,
Magda and Liv. Four murders.
That just leaves BJ,
the one heavy in circles.

Harriet couldn't have known them...
because Liv was murdered in 1949.
and Harriet was born in 1950.
So, what's the connection?
She made a list of women who had been
killed and then she disappeared.
Harriet must've known
who the killer was.
Yeah.
What is it?
Someone's been here.
The photos have been rearranged.
And the Bible's been moved.
- See, there.
- What the hell?
Somebody really wanted to get in here.
I'll change the locks tomorrow.
- Lisbeth...
- Hm?
do you have a photographic memory?
I'm sorry.
I didn't mean to upset you.
If you got a photographic memory,
that's fantastic, I wish I had one.
Damn, you scared the shit outta me.
What is it?
What're you doing?
Are you sure this is a good idea?
- Are you going?
- Good night.
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
You sleep well?
Hm-hm.
- I'm wanna see Henrik. Wanna come?
- I hate hospitals.
This is...
it's unbelievable.
You've found out more
than I'd hoped possible.
Concentrate on getting well.
I'll keep you posted.
In regards to the last reference...
- The mystery name.

- BJ.

Talk to Morell,
he might be able to help you.

Morell!

Morell!

What in the name of God?

Five murders!

So, they weren't phone numbers.

No, if it's any consolation,
I didn't solve the code alone.

But we've had no luck finding
the last woman with the initials BJ.

Harriet circled as if it were more important
than the others. It's the last reference.

If there's a woman with these initials
who was murdered in the 40's, 50's or 60's,
we've got to find her.

You have any idea what this means?

If the first murder
happened in 1949,
then whoever's been sending those
flowers to Henrik would be a very old man.

It reduces the number
of suspects considerably.

Mikael. I'm glad you could make it.

- Welcome.

- Thank you.

Harald couldn't make it.

He's deer hunting.

Oh...

And to what do I owe this honor?

Have you had a look
at the local paper recently?

I was out of town.

Well, they started running
a series of articles...
about your so called escapades
with a young girl in Hedeby.

Blomkvist's young new girlfriend.

- Okay?

- This is precisely the kind of publicity...

- here we don't want.

- Mh-hm.

Henrik is dying.

My private life has nothing to do
with my work for Henrik.
On the contrary. It reflects poorly on us,
the Vanger Company.
Have you not done enough already?
Will you be satisfied when Henrik is dead?
Stop looking
into my daughter's death.
It maybe time to consider
letting this go.
What do you mean?
You're making matters worse
coming here with your little whore...
Mama, please calm down.
But I do think it's time we let it pass.
It's been a difficult time for everyone.
- Henrik wants, uh...
- Mikael, my friend, listen...
Excuse the interuption,
but if you'll permit me...
Uh... Henrik and Mikael
have signed a contract.
As long as Henrik's alive it is
binding and cannot be cancelled.
Whether Mikael likes it or not,
he's obliged to continue.
I really wish it didn't have to be
so overly dramatic.
- Isn't that Harriet's pendant?
- What're you talking about?
Harriet was wearing it the day she
disappeared, and now you're wearing it.
What're you saying?
Are you accusing me?
I was just wondering,
how you came to own it.
I inherited this pendant yeras ago.
I didn't get it Harriet.
Anita, your sister?
Micke...
Hey, Micke.
Are you all right?
Anita is Harriet.
I was wrong. It wasn't her.

Wait, what're you talking about?
They both looked after me that summer.
That pendant belonged Anita, not Harriet.
You're right, that is Anita.
Shit, do they ever look alike.
- What we have on Anita right now?
- Uh... Harriet's cousin and best friend.
They spend every summer together.
She had no alibi, but was never a suspect.
Right after Harriet's death,
she moved to London to study.
She had a brilliant career,
but died of breast cancer...
when she was
a 37 year old woman.
So, she died 20 years ago.
Whitout ever telling Morell
she was the one in the window.
- What was she hiding?
- Maybe she was protecting the killer.
Yeah.
Plague. I need help.
Can you run a check on Anita Vanger?
Plague?
If there's something to find,
he'll find it.
- What the hell happened?
- Some asshole shot at me.
- And you never saw who it was?
- No.
It must mean we're getting pretty close.
And someone out there doesn't like it.
Give me my phone,
so I can call the police.
- What are they gonna do about it?
- Give me my phone, please.
- Then I'm outta here.
- Lisbeth...
Let's not jump
to any conclusions, Mikael.
What do you mean?
- It could've be a hunting accident.
- No way.
If it wasn't a hunting accident,

then you're not safe here.
You should go back to Stockholm.
At least for a while.
Ever since I got here,
everyone's been telling me to go home.
What about you,
anything new on BJ?
I've looked, Mikael, but there's no BJ
in the system. But I will keep looking.
I've got 2 cameras outside
and 4 in here...
connected to motion detectors.
I've got the cottage covered.
Fantastic.
I guess you're not going home?
Not now.
I'm staying.
So now we've got it on film?
Yep.
It's on the internet.
- What're you doing?
- What?
- Go sleep in your own bed.
- I wanna be close to you.
Okay, but you better let sleep.
What happened to you?
How did you become this way?
You know all about me.
But I don't know anything about you.
Nothing at all.
Yeah, get used to it.
- Who is it?
- It's Morell.
I found the last one.
Rebecka Jacobsson,
nickname Becka.
BJ.
That's why we never found her.
"A man or a woman who is a medium
or a spiritist among you"...
"must be put to death.
You are to stone them".
It's her.
- Where was she killed?

- In Karlstad.

But that's not the interesting part.

Rebecka was employed by the Vanger Corp.
until her death in January 1965.

She was secretary for Gottfried Vanger.

Gottfried died before Harriet disappeared.
it couldn't be him.

True. But we have to find out if she knew
any other members of the Vanger family.

- Hold on, hold on.

- What?

Rebecka and Sara are Jewish names.

- Magda...

- Magdalena.

Mari, Maria. But Liv?

Liv?

Eva means Liv. I'm pretty sure that
Liv Ingvartsson was Jewish.

Racist crimes. It fits with
the pseudo religious rituals.

But Harriet, though?

Harriet died because she
discovered a pattern.

How the hell

could we have missed that?

They're Jewish names. There were
three Nazis in the Vanger family.

But only one was still alive
when Harriet died.

Harald.

Just happened to be hunting
when you were juggling in the woods.

The first murder
happened there in 1949.

Then Dalarna, Vilhelmina,
Uppsala, Karlstad.

Yeah.

If Harald had been there,
he must have left his line.

- What do you mean?

- The accounts of Vanger Corporation.

Business expences. There has to be
something, hotels, restaurants...

there must be receipts.

You think he got a tax deduction
for murdering someone?
Well, I know a little something
about businessmen.
Even if we prove he's been
everywhere, it doesn't mean anything.
- You think he might be out hunting.
- Wanna break into his place?
We're gonna have to go back
quite a few years.
There is '89...
We need the accounts
from '49 to '66.
Good thing Henrik has old-fashioned
business practices.
Otherwise, everything would've been
shredded a long time ago.
Well, as you can see there they all are,
so knock yourself out.
Oh, uh... Miss Salander,
what exactly have you found so far?
Thank you,
this is all I need for now.
In The Name Of The Fhrer
And Highest Command In The Wehrmacht...
What the hell are you doing here?
Answer me!
What do you want?
- Huh?
- Don't shoot.
You wanna write a story about me,
in your bloody communist magazine, huh?
I'm leaving.
Don't shoot.
You broke into my home,
and now I'm free to shoot you on site.
What the hell is going on here?
- Stay right there!
- Drop the gun, Harald.
- For Gods Sake, what're you doing?
- Stay out of this of your business!
Give me the gun. Come on.
Give me the gun.
You okay?

I always wondered how Gottfried had such a gutless sack of a son?

Okay...

Nothing...

Nothing...

- We have to call Morell.

- We can call from my place.

Harald's not going anywhere.

Come on.

It's Gottfried?

Gottfried.

Uppsala 1964!

January, February...

shit it's gotta be here somewhere.

Come on...

come on...

What the fuck?

It can't be...

Blue sweater...

Holy fuck?

Fuck.

That better?

- He gave me a hell of a scare.

- You don't mess with Harald.

What exactly were you doing there?

We found out that Harriet discovered a handful of murders...

dating from the 1940's to the '60's.

We also know that she found a pattern the police weren't aware off.

We think that's why she was killed.

Yes but...

that sounds completely insane.

Yes, but we discover a pattern with all the victims.

They had Jewish names.

Oh... Well, Harald isn't exactly crazy about Abraham's kin.

Right. So I decided to break into his house to see if I could find anything.

- And?

- Well, what do I know?

He sure scared the hell outta me.
But he definitely wasn't acting like
someone who had nothing to hide.
That's for sure, I am.
If Lisbeth can track down all his
expenses from business trips,
You know, hotel bills, restaurants
we should have enough evidence...
to put Harold away.
She's going through everything.
Alright. I'll call the police.
Ask for Inspector Morell.
What were you doing at Harald's?
Scream, go on scream, Mikael.
Scream as much as you like.
You think anyone's gonna hear you?
We both know how this is
gonna end for you, don't we?
Why?
What do you mean why?
- All this.
- Why not?
I'm doing what every man dreams of.
I'm taking whatever I want.
How many girls
after the first?
I couldn't tell you,
I've lost count.
Actually, I had a girl in that cage
when we were dining upstairs.
Women like that disappear
all the time, and no one misses them.
Whores, immigrants.
What you do with them after? What about
the references? The mutilations?
That was my father's calling-card. He mixed
his hobby with race and religion.
But that was a mistake, it's an
unnecessary risk leaving a body behind.
I take them in my boat,
and I drop them in the water.
Mikael?
Mari was my first.
'64.

You were 16.

It was Pappa, Gottfried, who taught me
to strangle her, the right way.

Why'd you do it?

Well, it's for the sex mainly.

Once I grab them then get them down,
rape is just the next logical step.

And I can't leave any witnesses,
you understand?

And though it all, I have to say

I love their disappointment in their eyes.

- Disappointment? What disappointment?

- That fact they know, they're about to die.

It doesn't seem to fit into it,
like they planned.

They always seem to think
that I'll show mercy.

It's a fantastic moment...

when they finely realize,
they're not getting away.

When the eyes...

grow dark and die.

You are... you're gonna
experience that as well.

And your sister? How did it feel
when her eyes went dark?

- Harriet disappeared.

- You expect me to believe that, huh?

You can believe what you want.

I would have loved doing her,
but as I told you, she disappeared.

Just like you're going to disappear.

You want some water?

Yes.

Thanks.

You see...

you're exactly like all the others.

A simple act of compassion,
like giving you water...

ignites the smallest ray of hope...

that maybe... just maybe

I might let you go and let you live.

See what I mean?

Don't worry.

It'll be quick.
What I'm really looking forward to
is killing your little girlfriend.
Come on get me,
you fucking shit.
You're okay?
You're okay.
Fuck!
I can't...
I can't move.
I can't move at all.
Help me.
Help me.
Please help me.
- Where's Martin?
- He's not coming back.
What do you mean?
He drove off the road.
- He's dead.
- Is that really what happened?
What the fuck are you saying?
He died in a car accident.
That's all I even know. Okay?
Blomkvist!
- What the hell happened here?
- In the cellar.
What happened out there?
He wasn't killed in an accident,
was he?
God all Mighty, Lisbeth.
His father taught him how to kill
when he was 16.
If you'd live your life that way
would have driven anybody crazy.
You think everyone's a fucking victim.
don't you? He almost killed you.
He raped and killed those girls
for the fun of it.
He had the same chance
as everyone else does,
it's fair he got what he got.
He wasn't a victim. He was an
evil motherfucker who hated women.
How did he die?

He burned up.

- Could you have saved him?

- Yes.

- But you just watched him burn.

- Yeah.

Lisbeth, I could never
have done that.

But I understand
why you did it.

I don't know

what you've been through.

But I almost died in that cellar...
and you saved my life.

Whatever you've been through,
in your life...

you don't have to tell me.

I'm just glad you're here.

Thank you.

For the first time in my life
I feel old.

Well...

- But we're not done.

- What do you mean?

- Harriet wasn't one of Martin's victims.

- What're you saying?

Martin never killed Harriet.

Lisbeth?

There are 2 women named Anita Vanger.

One of them died in London.

The other one lives in Australia.

Who's been there since 1966.

Harriet?

Harriet Vanger?

You're all right?

Have we met before?

Oh, the fact is. You and your cousin
used to babysit me years ago...

when I was a boy.

But I'm here on behalf
of Henrik Vanger.

Does he know I'm alive?

Not yet.

I'm here to see Agneta Salander.

- And who should I say is here?

- Her daughter.
Her daughter?
Agneta has daughter?
I'm sorry, it's just...
I've never seen you before.
Hi, Mamma.
Mamma?
It's me. Lisbeth.
Lisbeth...
Is it really you, Lisbeth?
I've been wanted to come
see you for a long time.
You look so different.
- Do you have children?
- No.
Do you have a man?
There's someone...
but you should never fall in love.
You know that better than anyone.
Isn't that right, Mamma?
I should have chose
a better pappa for you.
No, Ma.
your the one he hurt.
Mamma...
Come in.
Mikael.
Good to have you back again.
I've got a surprise for you,
but you have to promise me
you won't have another heart attack.
With all the pills
I'm popping left and right, I think...
another heart attack would be
physically impossible.
Harriet?
Please, forgive me.
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
I was 14 when Pappa raped me,
the first time.
A year later he took me
to his cottage.
That's when Martin joined in.

They would... violate me
several times each talking a turn.
One day I'd had enough.
Pappa was drunk as usual.
He reeled off Bible verses and boasted
about all the women he'd killed.
I took one of the oars from the boat
and hit him over the head with it.
I held him under the water
with the oar until the bubbles stopped.
Then I pushed the boat away from the dock
to make it look like an accident.
But when I turned around...
Martin was there.
Martin treated me even worse
than Gottfried.
You had sent him to a boarding school
in Uppsala,
but on Children's Day
he came back.
I was terrified
it would start all over again.
So you went to Anita?
She was the one...
who helped me get away from here.
When the bridge-way opened,
I got into her car and she drove.
There was a box full of old blankets
and I hit under one in the back.
I've been thinking about you...
over the years...
I continued sending you
the framed flowers...
so that you might know that I was
still alive out there somewhere.
That's when I was so upset
when Mikael told me...
you had thought the flowers
were coming from...
Yes, but had you never sent them,
you wouldn't be sitting here now,
would you?
Yeah.
Lisbeth, uh...

great, it's me again.
And call me
when you get this message.
And...
I hope you're doing well.
Call me.
You have a visitor.
- Thirty minutes.
- Alright.
I'm so happy to see you.
Here.
- What's this?
- It's a little reading.
- Aren't you gonna sit down?
- I just came to give you that.
I only got
a month and a half left.
We all have secrets.
The Wennerstrm empire resembles
a living, breathing organism...
Reporter Mikael Blomkvist, who recently
finished serving a sentence...
for libelling millionaire business tycoon
Hans-Erik Wennerstrm...
is accusing him again
in the magazine Millennium.
In the article Blomkvist accuses
Wennerstrm of using his companies...
to commit fraud and embezzlement.
- Hello there...
- Blomkvist!
- why you're going after Wennerstrm again?
- Oh, well, I guess I felt like it.
- What do you think will happen to him?
- I couldn't tell you...
but there's a nice warm
empty cell back there.
Blomkvist describes in detail a financial
empire based on Third World cartels.
These cartels are known to be involved
in drug trafficking and gun-running.
There he is!
Skol!
The fugitive tycoon Hans-Erik Wennerstrm,

was found dead this morning...
by a cleaning woman
in an apartment in Marbella, Spain.
The financier had just celebrated
his 44th birthday.
According to the police, Wennerstrm
appears to have committed suicide...
since there was no evidence
of foul play.
The police have examined all of
Wennerstrm's bank accounts...
and it appears that several million
Swedish kroner...
have been withdrawn from a
bank account in the Cayman Islands.
According to our source it's believed
they're trying to locate the missing funds.
Also police sources tell us that they
are seeking an unidentified young woman...
who was caught on a
bank surveillance camera.
Lisbeth...