

BOLLNÄS

by

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Based on a true story.

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**FADE IN:**

Darkness. A young man's voice, eerily tense --

ANDREAS (V.O.)  
He's gonna fucking kill us.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 1 -- TIMELESS**

A young guy, JOHAN, 19 years old, is sitting in the middle of the murky, barren interrogation room, drenched in sweat. His hands are shaking. Withdrawal symptoms, but also something else. High-strung by nature.

A COP is circling him menacingly.

JOHAN  
(apologetic)  
So we panicked! *I* panicked. Andreas was calm, but I thought it was just the junk.

COP  
He said he hadn't taken anything.

JOHAN  
No, but I fucking had! He had called and talked to Kranz when we were on our way home.

COP  
Henrik Kranz?

Johan nods.

**EXT./INT. CAR -- NIGHT [FLASHBACK]**

A blue Ford is roaring down the dark forestbound highway. The driver, DENNIS, 19, looks absolutely furious, pounding the steeringwheel. Johan is in the back, rocking back and forth with angst.

JOHAN (V.O.)  
Kranz thought we should go back and take the bags out to Lill-Nien. The lake.

CLOSE on ANDREAS, 18, riding shotgun, calmly trying to argue his point. Clearly the brains of the operation.

JOHAN (V.O.)  
Andreas agreed. He was worried we hadn't dug deep enough. Me and Dennis. Mostly me.

**INT. CAR [FLASHBACK]**

DENNIS

Don't blame me if that happens! If you had wanted a goddamn babysitter for him you should've gone yourself! Fuck!

Johan leans back, eyes welling up with tears. Blood-stained hands.

JOHAN

Oh god...

ANDREAS

Calm down, breathe. Both of you. All I'm saying is there's less chance of anyone just stumbling over it if we take him out there. Okay Dennis?

DENNIS

Alright, alright. I agree. But tell the muscles from Brussels back there he has to dig too!

JOHAN

(quietly pleading)

Not the lake...please, not the lake...

DENNIS

Why the fuck not?

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 1 -- TIMELESS**

COP

Why didn't you want to go?

JOHAN

I thought someone would see us! Someone would see the bags, the blood, us and figure out what the fuck we were doing out there. Fuck do I know?

**EXT. CAR -- NIGHT [FLASHBACK]**

Dennis pulls over to the side and gets out. He pulls Johan out of the backseat and starts shoving him when Andreas steps in between. Some old rocksong blaring on the radio.

DENNIS

What the fuck *do* you know? It's your fucking fault we're out here and I'm not gonna get pinched for some whiny fucking prick like you!

JOHAN

My fault? It was Andreas who didn't want to keep him in the garbage room!

ANDREAS

No traces, no crime. We stick together do this, all of us. Alright? Alright, Johan?

Johan is staring out into the dark woods.

JOHAN

Yeah, sure. Fuck it

ANDREAS

No "sure", no "buts". We're all in the same fucking boat here. To late to back out now. Get in the car.

Johan stares at him blankly.

ANDREAS

Get in the fucking car!

They get in and pull out, turning around the way they came.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 1 -- TIMELESS**

JOHAN

I told you everything I know! What do you want from me? I didn't plan this! All I wanted was my money or my pills. Andreas and Dennis did it, not me! I want my lawyer.

COP

Your lawyer can't come right now --

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 2 -- TIMELESS**

An older man, the LAWYER, is coaching an obviously distant and disoriented Dennis while we hear --

COP (V.O.)

-- he's in with Dennis next door, coaching him to give you up with

COP (V.O.)  
the same bullshit you're feeding  
me.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 3 -- TIMELESS**

Andreas is by himself, calmly staring at the light of his  
cigarette.

COP (V.O.)  
Just like Andreas is gonna do  
within the hour. They're both  
Section Eights. Nutjobs ruled  
mentally incompetent by your  
lawyers shrink. They're gonna say  
you did it.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 1 -- TIMELESS**

The cop leans in menacingly.

COP  
They're gonna say you wanted to  
impress them. New kid on the block  
wanting to hang with the big boys,  
show 'em you've got a pair. Show  
'em you're not just a fucking  
strung out junkie punk.

JOHAN  
No, no, no...that's not what  
happened. That's not what happened.  
That's not what happened...

Johan keeps ranting to himself.

COP  
You panicked. You said it yourself.  
You let yourself lose control and  
now you want to pin it on any and  
everybody you can. You didn't want  
to go back because then you'd have  
to face him.

**EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT [FLASHBACK]**

The car is parked by the treeline. Three flashlights cut  
through the dark woods. Johan, Andreas and Dennis out there.  
Searching.

DENNIS  
I SEE HIM!

Johan and Andreas move toward him.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 1 -- TIMELESS**

COP

You didn't want to see what you had done because as long as he was in the ground, it was like nothing happened. You sick sonuvabitch, you knew exactly what you were gonna do that night. You knew, from the moment you entered that apartment, you knew, didn't you?

**EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT [FLASHBACK]**

A naked bloody hand is sticking up from the ground, Dennis' flashlight shining at it. Johan stares at it in shock.

COP (V.O.)

Christian Larsson. His name was Christian "Kicken" Larsson and he's down in the morgue like a goddamn jigsaw puzzle because of you!!

DENNIS

(sarcastically)

Nice.

Andreas shoves a shovel in Johans hand and they start digging around the spot. Black garbage bags shimmer in the pale moonlight.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 1 -- TIMELESS**

JOHAN

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! Why wont anyone believe me? I just did what I was told, nothing more! Why wont you people believe me?

He starts to snivel and weep quietly, clutching his head.

FADE TO BLACK

**EXT. PARKINGLOT -- EVENING [FLASHBACK]**

SUPERTITLE: ONE WEEK EARLIER

The three of them is sitting in the car. No blood. Different clothes. They're staring out toward an apartment building ahead.

ANDREAS  
He's going to fucking kill us.

JOHAN  
(stunned)  
What? "*Kicken*"?!

ANDREAS  
We gave him a two grand advance on  
the pills. It's not like we can ask  
for our money back.

Johan laughs in disbelief. Dennis and Andreas looks back at  
him, dead serious.

JOHAN  
Are you serious? I mean come on,  
with all the fucking things you've  
pulled, robbing 7-11, B&E and what  
the fuck else and you're afraid of  
*Kicken*?

ANDREAS  
It's not just him.

DENNIS  
Where the fuck do you think he gets  
his supply from? He's connected  
down south.

JOHAN  
He's a twentyfour year old fucking  
junkie! Have you seen his place?

ANDREAS  
He's been indicted, it's not like  
he throw money about and hope no  
one notices. He's done time. Don't  
you think he knows some people?

Johan tries to shrug it off, but you can tell he's worried.

JOHAN  
Come on...

DENNIS  
It's serious. You know how much  
shit he deals? Who do you think  
Mimmi scored from?

ANDREAS  
Mimmi's dead. We'll be too if we  
start fucking around about late  
deliveries.

JOHAN

I need the shit, okay? You know that. I can't score off my therapist anymore. We can at least go in there and ask when he's getting it? He should have something in store, we'll ask for a sample at least? Guys?

ANDREAS

(to Dennis)

Whaddya say?

Dennis opens the door.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 2 -- TIMELESS**

The cop is interrogating Dennis. The lawyer by his side.

COP

Mimmi?

DENNIS

My sister. She died of an overdose. She had scored it off of Christian-

COP

So you wanted a little payback time then? You and Andreas?

LAWYER

(harshly)

As your council I advise you not to answer that --

DENNIS

I didn't kill nobody! You hear?! It was Johan who wanted his goddamn fucking pills so bad! When can I see my dad?

LAWYER

Soon, Dennis, soon...

COP

You're not gonna be seeing anybody for a long fucking while if you don't start talking. Who stabbed him first, you or Andreas? Not the first time you've played with knives is it? Did you just get sick of seeing a little punk like Kicken walk despite what he did to Mimmi?

COP  
 All the while you got onehundred  
 and fifty hours of community  
 service for knocking over some  
 lousy fucking 7-11?

LEIF  
 You don't have to answer that --

DENNIS  
 It was Johan! He just lost it! Bad  
 trip, something got fucked up. I  
 was there, but I only did what  
 anybody would! It was Johan...

COP  
 What happened? We have your prints  
 all over the apartment. The  
 shovels, the blood, the clothes...  
 You're going down, but you can at  
 least make it easy on yourself. And  
 your buddy Andreas. What happened?

DENNIS  
 We came by... I dunno what time it  
 was, must've been around ten or  
 eleven or so...

**INT. CORRIDOR -- EVENING [FLASHBACK]**

Andreas checks the time, 10:46, before he rings the  
 doorbell. Johan looks jumpy, sweaty. Jonesing.

DENNIS (V.O.)  
 Johan hadn't been able to keep his  
 mouth shut about the pills since we  
 paid off the advance a week before.  
 Half, two Gs.

JOHAN  
 Ask about the shit! Ask if he's got  
 any samples! I want my fucking  
 money back if he doesn't have it!

ANDREAS  
 (annoyed)  
 Jesus Christ, wait until he's  
 opened the damn door at least!

Dennis looks anxious.

The door swings open - CHRISTIAN, 24, is standing in the doorway wearing a wifebeater and a pair of worn out jeans with a cold one in hand. Bad metal music is on low in the b.g. He smiles at them coldly.

CHRISTIAN

Well look what the fucking cat dragged in. Fuck are you doing here?

ANDREAS

We need to talk.

Christian eyeballs them coldly. Notices Johan looking antsy.

CHRISTIAN

Right.

**INT. APARTMENT [FLASHBACK]**

Christian leads the way into the messy, murky apartment. Tools and engineparts all over the place. The fan is buzzing. It's claustrophobic, hot and stuffy --

DENNIS (V.O.)

Everybody knew Kicken. His ol' man had used him as a punching bag until he was fourteen. Then he caught some payback with a tireiron. No one touched the guy since.

COP (V.O.)

Where you afraid of him?

DENNIS (V.O.)

Of course I was! You don't have to show it just because you are.

Dennis and Andreas sit in the corner couch in the livingroom. Johan stands around waiting anxiously. Christian stares him down until he sits in the armchair behind him.

Christian shuts the TV off, some old horrormovie on, and gets a chair from the kitchen.

Johan notices the VCR running, a steady ticking.

JOHAN

You recording something?

CHRISTIAN  
Fuck you care?

JOHAN  
Just asking.

Christian sits, shaking his head. Andreas tries to hide his nervousness the best he can.

ANDREAS  
We were just gonna ask about the delivery. How's it going?

CHRISTIAN  
Just fine. Why wouldn't it --

JOHAN  
It's been a week!

CHRISTIAN  
(sarcastically)  
Yeah, four gs worth of prescription drugs take a bit of time to get. Have you tried the pharmacy?

JOHAN  
Cute.

ANDREAS  
Johan...

JOHAN  
Seriously. Fucking hysterical

Christian stares him down. A look that could kill.

DENNIS  
Fucking retard...

ANDREAS  
Have you got anything? I mean look at him, he's jonesing so bad he doesn't even know what he's saying-

Christian suddenly gets up and walks out into the kitchen, takes out a bag of white powder with a syringe from a drawer, washes off a spoon, takes off his belt, takes out his lighter and slams it down on the coffeetable.

Johan looks at the heroin like a alien creature.

CHRISTIAN

Bathroom's over there. Help yourself.

JOHAN

Are you kidding me? No way I'm touching that fucking shit!

CHRISTIAN

(to himself)

Fucking junkies, it's always something...

(yelling at Johan)

Go shoot up in the fucking bathroom already! If you're so damn anxious to get high and forget yourself. Fuck you want from me? Do I look like a fucking drop-in service? "Come to Kickens, monday to friday, get your crack on for the day, free of charge". You're fucking lucky my girl aint home or I'd be throwing you out the balcony without opening the door for ya.

JOHAN

You got two gs from us, if you can't deliver we'll take our business someplace else!

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, right, go down to Muhammed downtown and hand him your fucking grocerylist and see how he'll take it. Two wont pay my fucking milkman. Price has gone up. Six. Three before, three after.

DENNIS

What the fuck? You trying to screw us over?

CHRISTIAN

And where in God's green motherfucking earth did you get your oxygen from, fatty? Seven.

JOHAN

(stands up)

You're fucking with us! Fuck are we gonna get that amount of money from, my ol' lady barely makes that a month!

CHRISTIAN

Get a job or blow it out of my  
dick, that's the choice you make.  
SIT DOWN!

Johan remains standing. Christian scoffs at him.

CHRISTIAN

You fucking punks come in here like  
some fucking wiseguys, still wet  
behind the ears and barely enough  
hair on your peckers to screw and  
you tell *me* off? Who the fuck do  
you think you are? I have a life!

JOHAN

And what fucking life is that  
exactly? You're shackled up in this  
hellhole thinking you're the king  
of smack just because you laid it  
down on your ol' man and was dumb  
enough to get a record for it.

Uncomfortable silence. Suddenly the VCR stops and starts to  
rewind. Christian swings at Johan, knocking him to the  
floor. Dennis jumps to his feet.

DENNIS

Don't you touch him!

Christian turns to Dennis, daring him on.

CHRISTIAN

Come on then chubby, wanna learn  
the mandance? First dance is yours!

Suddenly Johan gets up from behind and tackles Christian  
down to the floor. Andreas runs up.

ANDREAS

DENNIS! Hold him down!

Dennis stands frozen like a deer in the headlights while  
Andreas and Johan pin Christian down, punching him.

JOHAN

GIMME MY FUCKING MONEY!

Christian knocks them back and tries to crawl over to the  
table. Blood running from his nose and mouth. He reaches for  
a hammer when Dennis comes to and pulls him away.

Johan gets up and grabs the hammer and smacks it over Christian's head. He starts moaning and screaming in pain, holding his head.

Andreas comes out of the kitchen, a knife in hand.

ANDREAS  
GET HIM IN THE TUB!

Dennis and Johan drags him off to the bathroom.

CHRISTIAN  
(disoriented)  
What...What are you doing? You  
cocksuckers...You and your friends  
are dead... You hear me? DEAD!

Dennis looks scared. Johan just hisses back at him.

Andreas follow them into the bathroom. They lay Christian down in the tub, Dennis backs out into the hallway while Andreas starts stabbing Christian.

JOHAN  
GIVE ME THE FUCKING KNIFE!  
MOTHERFUCKER!

Johan starts stabbing Christian. Dennis backs out into the livingroom, scared. There's blood on the floor. He takes a rag from the kitchen and starts scrubbing it off.

ANDREAS (O.S.)  
DENNIS! GET IN HERE!

Dennis, shaking, walks back into the bathroom off screen.

DENNIS (V.O.)  
I... He was dead by the time I  
entered.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 2 -- TIMELESS**

The cop is sitting across from Dennis.

DENNIS  
I helped them chop him up and put  
it all in garbage bags together  
with the knife and hammer.

We see, underneath the table, the cop is holding a switch.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 3**

Andreas is shaking his head, angry with disbelief as the sound is echoing from the speakers --

DENNIS (SPEAKER)

They made me go out for clean clothes. We burned the old ones with the body before we buried him. I just did what I was told.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 2**

The cop releases the switch, a faint smile on his lips.

COP

Thank you, Dennis. Thank you.

**EXT. FOREST -- GRYNING [FLASHBACK]**

We see the threesome walk up along a narrow forest path toward the lake up ahead, carrying garbage bags. One each.

Blood is dripping from Andreas bag, down among the autumn leaves covering the ground, seeping into the ground.

FADE TO BLACK

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 3 -- TIMELESS**

Andreas lights another cigarette.

ANDREAS

It wasn't like that. I dunno what kind of fucked up fairytale they've been telling you, it wasn't like that.

COP

So it was Dennis who stabbed first?

ANDREAS

(shaking his head)

No, it was...It was me. Johan helped. Dennis too. We were three guys going in and we were three guys going out. Camaraderie's nice that way. Till everything goes tits up.

COP

Why'd you do it then?

ANDREAS

You knew Kicken. You knew him, you knew what he was like. Everybody in this damn precinct probably knew him down to the color of his underwear. You know what he did in his spare time, for kicks? He tortured animals. Cats. Drowned them in lighterfluid and lit a match. And they call me mental... He was scum, a fucking dope dealer making a living off of other people's misery, pain and suffering.

COP

So what? For public safety, you stabbed him and hacked him into little pieces to put him in the bottom of a lake?

ANDREAS

Not exactly. But who the fuck's gonna miss him anyway? His punching bag of a girlfriend? She wasn't home that night because she was out on the town, screwing every dick in sight. I hear sex under the influence is great that way.

COP

His family?

ANDREAS

What family? As far as I know he was born the day he moved into town. The stories about his old man were his creation. I don't regret what happened. I regret *how* it happened. I regret getting caught, but I don't regret doing it. We arrived at ten-thirty.

**INT. CORRIDOR -- EVENING [FLASHBACK]**

Andreas checks the time, 10:36, before he rings the doorbell  
Johan looks nervous.

ANDREAS (V.O.)

Johan wanted his damn pills, but I didn't mind giving them a try either. I just wish we hadn't used Kicken to score it, that's all.

JOHAN  
You think he has anything?

ANDREAS  
Would be a waste of fucking time  
coming here if he doesn't.

The door swings open - Christian is standing in the door with the wifebeater, jeans and Heineken in hand. A different tune is playing in the b.g., just as bad. He smiles smugly.

CHRISTIAN  
Well well well, look at what the  
cat dragged in! Don't stand there  
like a bunch of 'tards, get in  
here. Make yourselves at home.

**INT. APARTMENT [FLASHBACK]**

Andreas enters first into the messy, murky apartment. Tools and engineparts share space with garbage bags and dirty laundry. Used condoms. Year-old dishes in the sink. Flies buzzing all over. Cigarettebutts and windows painted black --

ANDREAS (V.O.)  
His place was a walk-in dumpster  
Ozzy Osborne would require a  
tetanus shot to even look at.

DENNIS  
Fuck's that smell? Rank!

CHRISTIAN  
(smiling)  
Smell? Probably a rat died in the  
wall. The fridge is busted.

The fridge is wide open, old empty milkcartons dripping.

They enter the livingroom. Johan notices the VCR is on

JOHAN  
You taping something?

CHRISTIAN  
Hell yeah. Why pay for something  
you can get for free? Sit.

They all sit carefully, Johan and Andreas in the couch, Dennis in the armchair. Christian gets a chair from the kitchen and takes a seat.

CHRISTIAN

So what's the occasion for your noble visit? Last I checked I wasn't selling hotdogs and scratchtickets, so you're not out to rob me anyway.

Christian lets off a chuckle. Andreas, Dennis and Johan don't even flinch. Christian senses something's up.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, I heard that story. How much did you score?

ANDREAS

Time or money?

CHRISTIAN

Didn't Ben Franklin say something about that?

DENNIS

Just cos the fucking raghead had a CC cam in the back.

JOHAN

You have anything in yet? I know it's only been a week, but some sample or whatever. So we know it's legit?

Christian throws his hands in the air.

CHRISTIAN

You came to me with that grocery list of yours, you should know. The benzomix from hell --

ANDREAS

It *has* been a week.

Christian walks off into the kitchen, fetching some vials, one each.

CHRISTIAN

Bottoms up!

Christian & Johan drink theirs. Dennis hesitates, but downs his nonetheless. Andreas looks at his vial suspiciously.

DENNIS

(disgusted, coughing)  
Jesus, fuck is this shit?

ANDREAS

GBL. Same shit Mimmi was on. It's a paintstripper.

Dennis coughs violently, Christian smiles to himself.

CHRISTIAN

You don't buy it because of the taste.

ANDREAS

And you don't come here to buy something you can get at any gas station for half price either.

Christian and Andreas enter a staring contest. A beat.

CHRISTIAN

Mimmi was your girl wasn't she?

ANDREAS

On and off.

CHRISTIAN

Talented broad.

ANDREAS

Fuck's that supposed to mean?

CHRISTIAN

She didn't pay me off with cash if I can put it like that. That's why you're here aren't ya?

JOHAN

You have anything we can score or not?

Andreas and Christian stare each other down still.

CHRISTIAN

If you want your money back, it's too late. Already gave it to my boy for acquisition. But you already knew that, didn't ya? So...you're here to kill me, is that it?

Long uncomfortable silence. Andreas doesn't even blink. Dennis looks nervous. Johan looks woozy already.

Suddenly the VCR stops and rewinds. Christian busts out in a morbid laugh. The guys flinch, on edge.

CHRISTIAN

You're too damn funny. Comin in here like some fuckin gangsta crew looking to earn your colors. I was almost scared for a second. If you want your money back, I can get it. Just gimme a phonecall --

ANDREAS

You're not gonna call anybody. We don't want your money.

CHRISTIAN

Well, I can score you some maryjane but I ain't got no pills.

ANDREAS

Fuck'd you do to Mimmi?

CHRISTIAN

I gave her what she asked for. I'm a businessman, my business is built on repeat customers. I don't want them dead.

ANDREAS

No, corrupted is just fine for you.

CHRISTIAN

You yourselves put in an order of benzos to put down an elephant. How my clients meter their shit out is not my responsibility, you know that... But granted, it was a shame. Wouldn't mind dealing with that bitch more than once. From what I could tell, the feeling was mutual.

Dennis suddenly jumps to his feet.

DENNIS

That's my fucking sister, man!

CHRISTIAN

Oh like you never thought of it. Pretty little slut like that must've been running around in crotchless panties sucking lollipops while mommy and daddy were out, am I right?

Dennis almost jumps him before Andreas gets in the way. Christian turns to Johan.

CHRISTIAN

You must've at least given it a go. All those late nights back in your little hole in the ground, the four of you trippin the light fantastic... Or maybe you'd be swinging the other way? With the fucking Xanax-cocktails you've been begging me for, the difference between a cock and a hard place is pretty negligable, isn't it?

Johan gets up to jump him when Christian pulls a knife.

CHRISTIAN

Come on, motherfucker! I survived the fuckin showers with niggers twice your size, I can take you punks on with one hand behind my back!

Christian backs up as Andreas and the others approach slowly, cornering him.

CHRISTIAN

BACK UP, MOTHERFUCKERS!

ANDREAS

He aint gonna do shit. Chickenshit pussy-ass faggot. Take him!

Johan grabs Christians arm with the knife while Dennis punches him in the stomach til the knife drops.

Christian roars and tackles Andreas to the floor.

Andreas reaches for the hammer and one sharp blow to Christians head splits it open, blood flowing.

Johan has the knife.

ANDREAS

NOT HERE! The tub!

Andreas and Dennis each grab a leg drag him to the tub. Christian's laughing morbidly, disoriented.

CHRISTIAN

Now you done it. Gon' kill me, fuckers. Up shit's creek, the lot of ya...

**INT. BATHROOM [FLASHBACK]**

They throw him in the tub and turn on the shower, steaming hot as he yells in pain. Andreas takes the knife and starts stabbing. Christian keeps laughing, blood streaming from his mouth.

DENNIS  
MY TURN! YOU FUCK!

ANDREAS  
Go get the garbage bags! And new clothes! This fucker's going into the ground in pieces.

Christian quiets down as the tub fills with water and blood.

**LATER**

Dennis returns with the garbage bags, laying them out on the floor as Andreas is sawing through meat and bone with the knife. Johan sits back down on the toiletseat, tired and sweaty.

JOHAN  
Fuck me.

The bloody arm breaks loose first, Andreas puts it on top of one of the bags.

**EXT. PIER -- DAWN [FLASHBACK]**

We see the trio by the lake, Dennis and Andreas throw the bags into the murky water.

We see the bloody arm sink beneath the surface.

Johan is standing by the treeline, looking out in thought.

**INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE -- EVENING**

The cop is listening to the little tape recorder on his desk  
--

Panting. Snivelling. Weeping.

JOHAN (ON TAPE)  
I was barely in on it! I didn't do nothing! I wasn't there when they chopped him up! I was asleep, you gotta believe me!

COP (ON TAPE)

Relax. Take it from the top, Johan.  
Breathe. Breathe. When did you get  
there?

JOHAN (ON TAPE)

I dunno! It was late, it was  
fucking late. We were out in the  
car for a while. A good while, I  
think. It's not as easy as you  
think. I was jonesing and jonesing  
bad, okay? I needed those pills.

**EXT. PARKINGLOT -- EVENING [FLASHBACK]**

We see Andreas in the car, giving the boys a peptalk. Johan  
looks reluctant already, but keeps nodding along

JOHAN (V.O.)

You gotta understand... It was  
Andreas and Dennis idea to go in  
there. They had talked for months.  
About the perfect crime. Settling  
scores. Killing for the sake of  
killing. The unnecessary, the weak,  
the rude. People they didn't like  
nor cared for.

They exit the car, walking across the lot, looking out for  
witnesses as they approach the apartment building ahead.

**INT. CORRIDOR [FLASHBACK]**

They enter, Dennis letting Johan past him while he tucks a  
knife into his pants, by the small of his back. They stand  
by the door. Andreas rings the doorbell.

JOHAN (V.O.)

I didn't know what I was gonna do,  
they said we'd make some money off  
of it, score our own shit to sell.  
Make some serious cash. I believed  
them. My god, I believed them.

Christian opens the door in his wifebeater and jeans, beer  
in hand. A surprised, warm smile.

CHRISTIAN

Heya! Come on in!

INT. APARTMENT [FLASHBACK]

Christian leads them into the apartment. Garbage bags and engine parts, but little else.

CHRISTIAN

Sorry about the mess, my girl's at her parents place. Need someone to whip me into cleaning this place.

INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE -- EVENING

COP (ON TAPE)

You knew they were gonna kill him?

JOHAN (ON TAPE)

What choice did I have? What was I supposed to do? If they hadn't thought I was with them one hundred percent, I'd be in that lake right now, same as him. Fuck was I supposed to have done?!

INT. APARTMENT -- EVENING [FLASHBACK]

They sit in the living room. Johan's sweating already. Christian fetches a chair from the kitchen.

JOHAN

You...uh, taping something?

CHRISTIAN

Hell yeah, Night of the Living Dead. Classic from the year of our lord 1968. My DVD's busted so...

JOHAN

(nervously)

Haven't seen.

CHRISTIAN

You should!

Christian sits opposite Andreas. Dennis gives Johan a hard "get a grip on yourself" look.

CHRISTIAN

So what can I do for you?

ANDREAS

Just thought to check if you've gotten the stuff yet. For Johan. Just look at him.

Johan's sweating.

CHRISTIAN

Right, how are you man? The twenty  
in my pocket isn't even as green.

JOHAN

I'll be alright.

CHRISTIAN

But yeah, haven't gotten around to  
calling my buddy yet. I'll get on  
it now.

Christian walks off to the kitchen, dialing. Andreas turns  
to Johan with a whisper --

ANDREAS

Hey, man. About that thing...forget  
about it. We'll just get the shit  
and get out, alright?

Johan draws a sigh of relief.

JOHAN

Thank god. I need to use the john.

**INT. BATHROOM [FLASHBACK]**

Johan washes his hands and face, staring into the mirror in  
thought. He smiles, relieved, flushes and exits.

**INT. APARTMENT [FLASHBACK]**

Johan notices the hammer's gone from the table. He looks at  
Andreas and Dennis questioningly and gets the same look  
back. He shrugs it off.

Christian comes back into the kitchen.

CHRISTIAN

It's all good. He'll get here with  
the stuff before his morning shift.  
I was planning on staying up,  
they're running a zombiemarathon on  
channel six. You're more than  
welcome to stay, have a few beers,  
split a joint, whaddya say?

DENNIS

Yeah, sure.

ANDREAS

We can stay for a while I guess.

CHRISTIAN

Be right back, my nicotine fix for the day.

JOHAN

Wait up, I'll join you.

Andreas eyeballs Johan suspiciously.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING [FLASHBACK]**

They're outside, having a smoke.

CHRISTIAN

I'm not really supposed to smoke. My girl. Had a huge fuckin fight over it, but the patch doesn't do shit and the gums taste like crap.

JOHAN

What are you gonna do?

CHRISTIAN

Not even supposed to use 'em when she's home. She can tell, on the eyes. Don't ask me how. Scared to death I'll die of cancer or something, she's such a worrier. Here, have one.

Christian hands Johan a small white pill.

CHRISTIAN

Sobril. I use it to sleep when I get the shakes. I swear, you'll never feel as relaxed in your life.

Johan hesitates for a moment but swallows it whole.

CHRISTIAN

You need water?

(Johan shakes his head)

Never could do without her, man. Particularly not after what happened to that girl Mimmi. Jesus. Last day I sold that shit to anyone. You with somebody?

JOHAN

Me? I wish. Just my moms left.  
Surprised she's stuck by me this  
long after all my shit.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, I know what you mean. Some  
day... Some day it'll be enough of  
this. All this. I'm saving up. The  
Philippines. Ever been there?  
Wonderful country. Island nation,  
everywhere you go you'll wind up on  
those sandy white beaches, the  
ocean bluer than you could ever  
imagine. Where the smokes are cheap  
and the girls even cheaper --

JOHAN

And whiskey running in the stream?

CHRISTIAN

Forget about it. All this, the  
projects, the condos... There  
anybody with half a brain can find  
something to do. Earn. Maybe long  
distance studies, I dunno. We'll  
see. I tell ya though...ever since  
I been there, all I do is close my  
eyes and I can hear that ocean...  
those rolling, tumbling waves of  
the Pacific and my mind is at  
peace. Instant bliss, moreso than  
any pill. Can you hear it?

Johan stares out over the tenementblocks and streetlights  
shimmering in the dark. His breathing is heavy. The pill is  
doing its magic. We barely hear the roaring of the ocean  
over the sounds of the city traffic.

BACK TO Christian. Making the roar of the ocean with his  
lips. He smiles to himself, bemused.

CHRISTIAN

Fuckit. Wanna head in? "Dawn" and  
"Day" are next.

Johan grabs him by the arm as they stand in the doorway.

JOHAN

Don't go in there.

CHRISTIAN  
 (laughing)  
 Why not? Shit, man, is that stuff  
 working yet? Come on.

They head in, Christian leading the way.

**INT. APARTMENT [FLASHBACK]**

Christian enters first, seeing neither Andreas or Dennis in the livingroom. Suddenly, Andreas sneaks up behind him, hammer in hand, and takes a swing at his head.

JOHAN  
 NO!

Christian drops to his knees and Dennis starts kicking him down to the floor. Johan runs up and holds Christian in his arms, blood streaming from his head to Johan's hands.

DENNIS  
 Aint so tough now you little bitch!

JOHAN  
 What the fuck are you doing?!?

ANDREAS  
 Get him in the tub! Come on, Johan,  
 are you in or what? Get another  
 knife from the kitchen!

Christian groans as Andreas and Dennis drag him off.

Johan walks back in the kitchen, taking a knife from the counter. His hands are shaking.

ANDREAS (O.S.)  
 JOHAN! GET IN HERE!

Johan walks solemnly back in the hallway and enters the bathroom, slamming the door shut behind him. Shouting and screaming from within.

**INT. COPKONTOR -- EVENING**

JOHAN (BAND)  
 I just did what I was told... I  
 just did what I was told...

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 1 -- TIMELESS**

The cop barges in, Johan is clutching his own head guiltily.

COP

What did you dream? You said you  
slept, during the dismemberment.  
Did you dream?

JOHAN

The lake. I dreamt about the lake.  
The first summer there, me and my  
mom had just moved into town...

**INT. APARTMENT -- EVENING [FLASHBACK]**

Dennis is carrying garbage bags and new clothes. He throws  
Johan a bundle of it, Johan just keeps staring at his  
blood-soaked hands and shirt.

Dennis enters the bathroom with Andreas.

DENNIS (O.S.)

What about him?

ANDREAS (O.S.)

Fuck him. Let him sleep it off.

Johan lays down quietly on the couch, closing his eyes  
tiredly.

**EXT. PIER -- DAY [DREAMSEQUENCE]**

Johan, Andreas, Dennis and a young girl, MIMMI, is standing  
on the pier in bathing outfits, laughing --

JOHAN (V.O.)

Me, Andreas, Dennis and Mimmi.  
Andreas was the first I got to  
know, he lived across the street  
from me. We went to the same  
school...

ANDREAS

Come on now, a little bit of cold  
water never hurt anyone.

MIMMI

Yeah, you just try to make me and  
you better get real used to some  
cold showers anyway.

DENNIS  
What about you?

JOHAN  
Naw, I dunno, it's looks pretty  
fuckin cold. I already have  
swimmers ear as it is --

DENNIS  
Fuck it then. Bunch of fuckin  
pussies!

Dennis runs out and jumps in with a big splash. Andreas just smiles at Mimmi, shrugging his shoulders before he jumps in too.

ANDREAS  
Woo! Fuck me!

MIMMI  
Shrinkage much?

DENNIS  
Fuck that! It's perfect!

ANDREAS  
Johan! Come on, man! I promise,  
there's no fucking way you'll catch  
a cold in this!

DENNIS & ANDREAS  
JOHAN! JOHAN! JOHAN!

JOHAN  
Aww shit...alright, fuck it. Why  
not?

Johan gets a running start out and leaps down into the dark water with a huge splash.

He resurfaces, looking around.

JOHAN  
You fucking assholes, it's  
freezing!

They're all nowhere to be found. Not even Mimmi on the pier.

JOHAN  
Come on guys! Playtime's over.  
Where the hell are you? Cut it out,  
it's not funny!

He turns and turns in the water, seeing nothing but the calm seas and the dark forests lining the lake. Not a soul in sight. Even the birds are gone. He starts to panic.

JOHAN  
HELLO? IS ANYBODY OUT THERE?  
HELLO?!?

Suddenly he stops cold. Feeling something in the water behind him. He turns slowly to face it, his heart pounding.

Suddenly the bloody hand emerges, pulling him underneath the surface, screaming in agony.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. APARTMENT -- EVENING [FLASHBACK]**

C.U. on Johan's eyes opening in a flash.

**CUT TO BLACK**

JOHAN (V.O.)  
Not the lake...

THE END