THE GIRL WITH THE DRAGON TATTOO

Best Adapted Screenplay
by
Steven Zaillian

Based on the book
by
Stieg Larsson

originally published
by
Norstedts
EXT. SWEDEN - DAY

A Christmas card vista is spoiled by a black line of railroad tracks stitched onto the snowy landscape like a scar pointing north to icy desolation. A phone rings -

EXT. CABIN - ESTABLISHING

INT. CABIN - LAKE SILJAN - DAY

An elderly man who lives alone in this rustic cabin - a retired policeman - regards the phone, both expecting and dreading the call. He picks up the receiver.

MORELL
What kind is it?

VANGER O/S
I don’t know. White.

MORELL
And the frame?

VANGER O/S
Dark.

MORELL
Postmark?

VANGER O/S
Same as last time.

MORELL
No note.

VANGER O/S
No.

INT. VANGER’S STUDY - SAME TIME

Henrik Vanger - at 82, even older than Morell - listens to the silence from his end of the line in a wood-paneled room as baronial as the policeman’s was spartan.

VANGER
I can’t take it anymore.

MORELL O/S
I know. I’m sorry, Henrik.

There’s nothing more to say. Vanger sets the receiver down and regards a dried white flower in a 6” x 11” frame resting on the brown paper it was wrapped and mailed in. It’s somehow ominous, like the dark storm clouds that now burst outside -
INT. COURTHOUSE - STOCKHOLM - DAY

Mikael Blomkvist - 40’s - regards the gauntlet of reporters he’ll have to pass to get out of the building. As he strides toward them, microphones and cameras swing in his direction. Without stopping -

BLOMKVIST
What is this, the media event of the year?

REPORTER 1
Don’t try to play it down, Mikael, it won’t work.

BLOMKVIST
Don’t try to play it up, that won’t either.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - STOCKHOLM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Feeling a bit like he’s fleeing the scene of a crime, which in a way he is, Blomkvist steps outside opening his umbrella. A couple of the reporters come out after him -

REPORTER 2
Will you appeal?

BLOMKVIST
I’ll appeal to you, Viggo: Find a real story to cover.

He hurries off in the rain.

NEWSCASTER V/O
Financial journalist Mikael Blomkvist was found guilty today on 16 counts of aggravated libel against financier Hans-Erik Wennerstrom.

INT. CAFE - STOCKHOLM - DAY

At a table with a pre-made sandwich and cup of coffee, and a long court judgement, Blomkvist watches himself fleeing the reporters on the cafe’s TV. He’s the only one there who watches it - no one else is interested - which only makes it worse.
TV NEWSCASTER
In an article published earlier this year, Blomkvist claimed Wennerstrom - founder and president of The Wennerstrom Group - used State funds intended for industrial development in Poland for an arms deal with the right-wing Ustashe in Croatia.

The report cuts to a shot of Wennerstrom outside the courthouse in an Armani suit, surrounded by his legal team, confidently addressing the reporters -

WENNERSTROM ON TV
I have nothing against Mr. Blomkvist. He’s a good journalist who I don’t believe is guided by malice. But what he wrote was inaccurate, and inaccuracies can’t go unanswered. He - all journalists - have to accept like the rest of us, actions have consequences.

Done with his sandwich, Blomkvist goes to the counter.

BLOMKVIST
Marlboro Red ... and a lighter.

EXT. CAFE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

He comes out tamping the pack. Extracts a cigarette. Tosses the pack in a sidewalk trash bin. Flicks at the lighter but can’t get it to fire in the wind and rain. Hunches his body around it, coaxes it to life.

TV NEWSCASTER V/O
Blomkvist was ordered to pay 600 thousand SKE in damages and all court costs, which could be significantly more.

He takes a long drag that dizzies him. A wonderful feeling. He regards the trash bin. Fishes around it, finds the pack, puts it in his coat pocket.

EXT. MILLENNIUM OFFICES, STOCKHOLM - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. MILLENNIUM’S OFFICES - DAY

He comes through past Christmas decorations and a mostly-young staff. They try not to regard him as a dead-man-walking, but aren’t entirely successful. He enters the editor’s office.
ERIKA
Where you been?

Erika Berger is about Blomkvist’s age, and - like the IKEA furniture - sends a mixed message: a feminist in a mini-skirt.

BLOMKVIST
Walking. Thinking.

ERIKA
Smoking?

BLOMKVIST
Just one.

He sits, exhausted and depressed, in a cheap Poang chair.

ERIKA
TV4 called. I told them no statement until we’ve read the judgment in its entirety.

BLOMKVIST
I have. Who else?

ERIKA
Everyone who’s ever wanted to see you humiliated.

BLOMKVIST
You’ve been on the phone all day then.

ERIKA
I’m as much to blame for this as you.

BLOMKVIST
You are? You wrote it?

ERIKA
I read it. I ran it.

BLOMKVIST
Not the same.

ERIKA
Our credibility isn’t dead, Mikael.

BLOMKVIST
Mine is.

They regard each other in another silence. Then -
BLOMKVIST
I’m tired. I feel like climbing under a duvet and sleeping for a week.

ERIKA
Alone?

He thinks about it ... shakes his head ‘no.’

ERIKA
I already called Greger and told him I wouldn’t be home tonight.

EXT. STOCKHOLM - SAME TIME - DAY

A motorcycle dives down a driveway that burrows under a three-story building.

INT. ARMANSKY’S OFFICE - MILTON SECURITY - DAY

Dragan Armansky, 40’s, who looks more like a boss of a New Jersey crime family than CEO of a high-tech security firm, sits behind his desk, waiting with an older client.

ARMANSKY
It’s possible we could wait forever.

FRODE
You called her, I thought. You spoke to her.

ARMANSKY
I’m afraid that doesn’t mean much.

FRODE
I don’t understand.

ARMANSKY
No one here likes her. So it’s better if she works at home.

FRODE
But you told her I wanted to meet her.

ARMANSKY
But I’ve told her many more times I prefer her not to meet clients.

INT. MILTON SECURITY - SAME TIME - DAY

The figure from the motorcycle crosses the lobby. From behind we can’t see him/her well, but can see wary looks from others emerging from and getting into the elevator.
FRODE V/O
But you like her.

ARMANSKY V/O
Very much. She’s one of the best investigators I have. As you saw from her report -

INT. ARMANSKY’S OFFICE - SAME TIME - CONTINUED

The report on Armansky’s desk is 200 pages long.

INSERT: Printed on its cover: Mikael Blomkvist, a case number and, smaller, its author, Lisbeth Salander.

FRODE
But.

ARMANSKY
I’m concerned you won’t like her. She’s different.

FRODE
In what way.

ARMANSKY
In every way.

INT. MILTON SECURITY - STOCKHOLM - SAME TIME - DAY

The black-clad figure - from behind again - strides past coworkers who look away.

INT. ARMANSKY’S OFFICE - SAME TIME - CONTINUED

SECRETARY/INTERCOM
Ms. Salander’s here.

Armansky breathes a defeated sigh, taps the intercom button twice to say ‘okay, let her in.’

Lisbeth Salander walks in: A small, pale, anorexic-looking waif in her early 20’s. Short black-dyed hair - pierced eyelid - tattoo of a wasp on her neck; probably several more under her black leather jacket - black t-shirt, black jeans, black Caterpillar boots.

Frode is only middlingly successful in concealing his initial reaction to her. This isn’t punk fashion. This is someone saying, Stay the fuck away from me.

ARMANSKY
Lisbeth, Mr. Dirch Frode.

FRODE
How do you do?
She doesn’t shake Frode’s hand, but does address him:

SALANDER
Something wrong with the report?

FRODE
No. It seems quite thorough. There’s a wealth of data here. But I’m also interested to know what’s not in it.

SALANDER
There’s nothing not in it.

FRODE
Your opinion of him isn’t.

SALANDER
I’m not paid to give my opinion.

FRODE
So you don’t have one?

Salander sends Armansky a weary look. His look back begs her not to say anything unpleasant. Eventually -

SALANDER
He’s clean. In my opinion.

FRODE
He’s – excuse me?

SALANDER
He’s honest. He’s who he presents himself to be. In his business, that’s an asset.

FRODE
There’s less in his asset column after his conviction today.

SALANDER
That’s true. He made a fool of himself with that. If it happened that way.

Frode looks at Armansky. What’s that supposed to mean?

SALANDER
If he made up the story, that’s out of character. So is giving up without a fight. People don’t do things that are out of character.

FRODE
Are you saying he was set up?
SALANDER
That wasn’t part of my assignment.

And, apparently, she has no opinion on it either.

FRODE
You’re quite right he made a fool of himself professionally. How big of a fool did he make of himself financially?

SALANDER
The judgement will just about empty his savings.

This seems to please Frode more than anything else that has been said, and Salander sees it.

SALANDER
May I go?

FRODE
Your report is light in another area. His personal life. Anything you chose not to include?

SALANDER
Nothing that warranted inclusion.

FRODE
I’m not sure if that means yes or no.

ARMANSKY
I think what Ms. Salander means, and I agree, is that everyone has a right to a certain amount of privacy, even when they’re being investigated.

FRODE
Not in this case. I have to know if there’s anything about him I might find unsavory – even if she doesn’t.

Armansky’s look to her at once apologizes for Frode, and encourages her to speak. She finally relents but puts no more spin on it than any other piece of raw data –

SALANDER
He’s had a long sexual relationship with his co-editor. It wrecked his marriage, but not hers. Her husband accepts it. Sometimes she sleeps at Blomkvist’s, sometimes at home.

Frode thinks about that, perhaps imagining how much simpler his own life would be with such an arrangement.
FRODE
You were right not to include that.

SALANDER
I know.

FRODE
Anything else?

SALANDER
No.

FRODE
Please think before you say no.

SALANDER
I did.

FRODE
I don’t want to be surprised by something later.

Salander offers nothing more.

FRODE
So. Nothing else. In the personal department. You’re sure.

SALANDER
(pause)
He likes sandwiches.

EXT. BLOMKVIST’S APARTMENT – ESTABLISHING

INT. BLOMKVIST’S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Blomkvist isn’t sentimental, but does have a few framed snapshots: his daughter, his sister, and one with Erika – in their 20’s – in which he’s wearing a black leather jacket.

She wakes up alone in his bed. Pads to the darkened living room to find him typing on his laptop, a half-eaten sandwich and glass of water next to it.

ERIKA
Usually when I wake up in a cold bed, it’s at home.

BLOMKVIST
Sorry.

ERIKA
What are you doing?
BLOMKVIST
Writing the press release.

ERIKA
Saying -

BLOMKVIST
You’re taking over as publisher.
You’re sorry for any nuisance
Wennerstrom was caused. I can’t be
reached for comment.

ERIKA
You’re giving up.

BLOMKVIST
Just taking a few steps aside.
For you.

ERIKA
This makes me sick.

OMIT: INT. BOOKSTORE - STOCKHOLM - DAY

INT. MCDONALD’S - STOCKHOLM - DAY

Salander sits alone at a table waiting for someone with
a coffee and a gift haphazardly wrapped with a Christmas
bow, the price tag still on it, a paperback book - My 60
Memorable Games, by Bobby Fischer. She notices the price
tag is still on it. Peels it off. Dials a call on her
cell. Hangs up when it goes to voice mail.

EXT. PALMGREN’S APARTMENT - ESTABLISHING

INT. PALMGREN’S APARTMENT - STOCKHOLM - DAY

She knocks on a door. Hears classical music playing
softly inside, but no one answers. She tries the door.
It’s unlocked. The gift in hand, she pushes it open.

She comes into an apartment which looks like it could
belong to a professor. Sees a chess piece on the floor.
Then a trail of them that lead her to an overturned chess
table and, next to it, a body.

The gash on the old man’s head could have been caused
by a fall into the corner of the table, or from a blow to
it. She quickly tries to determine if he’s breathing.
Calls for an ambulance.

INT. BLOMKVIST’S APARTMENT - STOCKHOLM - EVENING

It’s doubtful there’s a stranger Christmas gathering
going on anywhere in the world. Standing around with
eggnog are:
Blomkvist; his teenage daughter Pernilla; his sister Annika and her Italian husband; Erika and her weirdly understanding artist husband Greger, whose arm is around her waist; a few other friends (and perhaps lovers).

GREGER
You needed a better attorney. You needed your sister.

BLOMKVIST
She offered.

ANNIKA
He declined.

BLOMKVIST
As she hoped.

ANNIKA
Never a good idea mixing family and business.

BLOMKVIST
And I still would have lost.

GREGOR
Did you have ... anything on him.

BLOMKVIST
I had a lot. It just wasn’t any good.

ERIKA
It wasn’t even about Mikael. It was Wennerstrom sending a message to the press as a whole - and the FSA: Don’t ask questions.

Blomkvist’s daughter seems concerned for him.

BLOMKVIST
I’m fine, Nilla. You don’t have to worry about me.

PERNILLA
Mom’s worried.

BLOMKVIST
About me?

PERNILLA
About all that money.
INT. SODER HOSPITAL - STOCKHOLM - NIGHT

Outside the ICU, Salander sits on the floor like a dog who won’t leave the spot its master told it to wait. For the first time since we’ve met her, she looks vulnerable. The doors swing open. A doctor steps out. Salander gets up to hear his report -

    DOCTOR
    You’re Mr. Palmgren’s daughter?

    SALANDER
    His ward. He doesn’t have a daughter.

The doctor isn’t sure then if he should talk to her.

    SALANDER
    Please.

INT. ICU - SODER HOSPITAL - LATER - NIGHT

Not allowed to go inside, she peers through glass at Palmgren, who is unaware of her, or the nurse attending him, or even himself. A spiderweb of tubes emerge from his neck and wrists; oxygen tubes from his nostrils.

    DOCTOR V/O
    He’s had severe cerebral hemorrhaging. Either from the fall itself, or a stroke that led to the fall. His blood pressure is still high. I’m hopeful he’ll regain consciousness, but that’s not assured. And it’s possible, if he does, there will be neurological damage.

OMIT: INT. METRO - MOVING - STOCKHOLM - NIGHT

INT. BLOMKVIST’S APARTMENT - STOCKHOLM - NIGHT

They’re around the dinner table now, passing platters around. Blomkvist notices his daughter’s head is bowed in silent prayer.

    BLOMKVIST
    Nilla? What are you doing?

    PERNILLA
    Nothing.

    BLOMKVIST
    (pause)
    You’re not serious.
PERNILLA
I don’t want to talk about it since
I know you won’t approve.

BLOMKVIST
Of –
    (she doesn’t say)
Nilla.

PERNILLA
Light of Life.

BLOMKVIST
Light of – what?
    (she doesn’t repeat it)
What is that?

PERNILLA
You think it’s all senseless but it
isn’t. It’s more natural to believe
in something than not to.

She begins eating. Blomkvist stares at her, feeling a
little sick. A cell phone rings. No one can tell – as
you never can – whose it is, and so all pull them out.
It’s Blomkvist’s.

BLOMKVIST
Excuse me.

Looking back at his daughter with some concern, he steps
away to take the call.

BLOMKVIST
Hello.

FRODE O/S
Mr. Blomkvist?

BLOMKVIST
Yes.

FRODE O/S
Forgive me for intruding on your
Christmas. My name is Dirch Frode.
I’m an attorney. I represent Henrik
Vanger. Perhaps you’ve heard of
(him) –

BLOMKVIST
Of course.

FRODE O/S
He’d like to speak to you about a
private matter.
BLOMKVIST
You know, you’re calling at an awkward time.

FRODE O/S
I’m sorry. I’m about to sit down to Christmas dinner myself.

BLOMKVIST
That’s not what I mean.

FRODE O/S
You’re referring to your recent legal trouble. That has provided Mr. Vanger with some entertainment.

BLOMKVIST
Excuse me?

FRODE O/S
He doesn’t care for Wennerstrom either.

Frode, in his polite, deliberate way, is reeling Blomkvist in like a perch.

BLOMKVIST
Have him call me.

FRODE O/S
He’d like to meet in person if that’s okay. Up north. Hedestad.

BLOMKVIST
No. Sorry.

FRODE O/S
He’s much too old to make a trip to Stockholm, Mr. Blomkvist. Please. If you’d be so kind as to consider.

Blomkvist isn’t sure what to do, or say.

FRODE O/S
Hedestad is lovely in winter. Like a Christmas card.

INT. METRO - MOVING - STOCKHOLM - MORNING

Salander rides a crowded underground train, but feels even more cut off from the people around her than usual; completely alone.
EXT. NORRLAND COAST - DAY

A passenger train, barely visible in a severe snowstorm, makes its way north. This is no Christmas card.

INT. SJ TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

Blomkvist stares out at the bleak, northern landscape.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - HEDESTAD - DAY

Blomkvist disembarks to find Frode - who he can only assume is Frode - beyond a veil of snow, waving to him from outside a Mercedes. Unlike Blomkvist, he’s dressed for this God-awful weather in a fur-collared topcoat.

INT/EXT. MERCEDES / HEDESTAD - DAY

Frode’s Mercedes comes across a long bridge linking the old industrial town to a rocky island.

FRODE
First time in Hedestad?

BLOMKVIST
And last, I’m sure.

FRODE
It’s lovely in the spring.

BLOMKVIST
You said it was lovely in winter.

FRODE
This is unseasonable.

BLOMKVIST
I’ll be on the 4:30 train back to Stockholm.

FRODE
Unless we get snowed in ... I’m joking. You’ll be home tonight, if that’s what you wish.

INT/EXT. MERCEDES - HEDEBY ISLAND - DAY

The car comes up a long, bare-tree-lined drive, leading to a stately manor. As Frode and Blomkvist climb out, a distant gunshot echoes, but neither Frode nor the old man who appears at the front door of the manor pays it any attention; just someone hunting.

VANGER
Welcome. Come inside. It’s warm.
INT. VANGER MANOR - DAY

It is warm inside. There are fires in the fireplaces. And Vanger himself is warm in nature, yet speaks quickly as they come through the house -

VANGER
Thank you for coming way out here. Anna, take Mr. Blomkvist’s insufficient coat. Would you like to freshen up? We’ll be having dinner later. For now, hot tea is waiting. Unless you’d like a drink instead. What would you like?

FRODE
Mr. Blomkvist would like to be on the 4:30 train back to Stockholm.

VANGER
What?

BLOMKVIST
I can’t stay for dinner.

Vanger looks thoroughly disappointed. Or hurt.

VANGER
Oh. I guess I’d better be quick then. Thank you, Dirch. Mikael, this way.

INT. VANGER’S STUDY - DAY

Tea service and pastries on a coffee table separate Blomkvist from Vanger, whose elderly frame is in danger of being swallowed up by a wing-back chair.

VANGER
What do you know about me?

BLOMKVIST
That you used to run one of the biggest industrial firms in the country.

VANGER
Used to. That’s correct.

There are framed black and white photographs on a wall - factories and trains figuring into all of them.
VANGER
My grandfather forged the tracks
the 4:30 train will take you home on -
and most of the other pre-state-owned
rail lines. We stitched this
country together. We made the steel
and milled the lumber that built
modern Sweden.
(pause)
You know what our most profitable
product now is?
(Blomkvist doesn’t)
Fertilizer.

Blomkvist imagines he’s meant to offer a wistful shrug.

VANGER
I’m not obsessed with the declining
health of the company, but I am with
the settling of accounts - and the
clock is ticking. I need your help.

BLOMKVIST
Doing.

VANGER
Officially, assisting me with my
memoirs. But what you’d really be
doing is solving a mystery. And
you’d do that by doing what you do so
well - this recent legal mishap of
yours notwithstanding. You’d be
investigating thieves, misers,
bullies, and malcontents - the most
detestable collection of people
you’ll ever meet ... my family.

EXT. SALANDER’S APARTMENT - ESTABLISHING

INT. SALANDER’S APARTMENT - DAY

She exhumes an unwashed bowl from a sinkful of dirty
dishes, fills it with tap water without rinsing it, dumps
a packet of ramen noodles in, puts it in a microwave.

She takes a Coke can from an anemically-stocked fridge
to a desk in her so-called living room, a clutter of full
ashtrays, fast food wrappers, empty soda cans, paperwork,
unwashed laundry.

The only things of any value here are her MacBook and
several external hard drives.

NOTE: Changes below are INSERTS only:
She types *Dirch Frode* in the search window. Clicks on the top result which takes her to Frode’s bio on Vanger Industries’ site with its distinctive V.I. logo.

His official company photo accompanies his profile:

*Uppsala University Law School ... Assistant Counsel, Vanger Industries, 1965-1972 ... Head Counsel, 1972-present.*

She types in another search - *Hans-Erik Wennerstrom.* Clicks on his Wikipedia page, which shows a photo of him alongside his bio. She skims it -

*President of the investment firm, Wennerstrom-gruppen ... personal wealth of 12 billion dollars (80 billion kronor) ... 82-foot yacht, villa on the island of Varmdo ...*

She does a third search, types:

*Wennerstrom+Vanger Industries* - and hits the ‘cached’ option -

There are only a couple of results that include both terms. She goes to one of them, a body of text of some old page with the cached terms highlighted in yellow and blue, and reads -

*... Hans-Erik Wennerstrom, CPA, Vanger Industries Accounting Dept., 1971-1972 ...*

Hmm.

**EXT. HEDEBY ISLAND - DAY - 1960**

The children of the “thieves, misers, bullies and incompetents” play on a beach. A shutter blinks freezing a 12-year-old girl in foreground in black and white -

*VANGER V/O*

This is Harriet. The granddaughter of my brother Richard.

**INT. VANGER’S STUDY - DAY**

The same photograph of Harriet in a photo album Vanger shows Blomkvist.

*VANGER*

Richard, who I may as well start with to get it out of the way, was a Nazi of the first order - joining the Nationalist Socialist Freedom League when he was 17.
A page in the album turns to reveal a photo of a young man in a uniform with a Nazi pin.

VANGER
Isn’t it interesting how fascists always steal the word freedom.

(Blokmvist checks his watch)
The 4:30. Yes. Okay. Anyway, Richard died a martyr to the Nazi cause in 1940 - missed all the real excitement - but not the opportunity to regularly beat his wife Margareta and their son, Gottfried.

We see photos of Gottfried, a handsome young man.

VANGER
Now, Gottfried - Harriet’s father - was what people used to call a Good-Time-Charlie.

BLOMKVIST
They’re still called that.

VANGER
Are they? Okay.

INSERT: Close on a photo of Gottfried.

VANGER
He was a charmer, a ladies man, a drunk. In other words, a born salesman - which is what he did for the company - traveling around, taking clients out to dinner and so on.

BLOMKVIST
Someone has to do it.

VANGER

A studio photo: Gottfried with his wife and two children.

VANGER
His wife Isabella - who was pretty much useless before as a parent - became even more so after his death - which is when I began looking after their children - Martin - who runs Vanger Industries now that I’m retired - and Harriet.
A photo of a much younger Vanger and 15-year-old Harriet.

VANGER
She was bright and curious, a winning combination in any person.

BLOMKVIST
And beautiful.

Vanger nods as he regards the photo ...

BLOMKVIST
Something happened to her?

Vanger nods again; is silent for several moments ...

VANGER
Someone in the family murdered Harriet and for the last forty years has been trying to drive me insane.

OMIT: INT. SALANDER’S APARTMENT - STOCKHOLM - DAY

EXT. TRAIN STATION - HEDESTAD - DUSK

The 4:30 train leaves the station without Blomkvist.

INT. VANGER’S STUDY - DUSK

Anna gathers the cups and leaves with the tea tray.

VANGER
It was September 21st, 1966. A Saturday. Harriet was 16.

EXT. VANGER ESTATE - DAY - 1966

Three generations of Vangers dot the grounds.

VANGER V/O
My brothers - along with their wives, children and grandchildren - had gathered here for our loathsome annual board meeting and dinner. It was also the day the Yacht Club held its Autumn parade.

EXT. HEDESTAD - DAY - 1966

And we see the parade, and, among the spectators lining the town’s main street, Harriet with other teenage girls.
Harriet and a couple of school friends had gone into town to watch it. She returned a little after two o’clock.

INT. VANGER’S PARLOR - DAY - 1966

A clock in the room reads, 2:10. Vanger and a few family members sip afternoon cocktails. Harriet appears.

VANGER V/O
She came to the parlor. She asked if she could talk to me. I honestly don’t remember what I was doing that I thought was more important, but I told her to give me a few minutes.

She leaves. He returns to the others in the room.

VANGER V/O
But in a few minutes, before I could go upstairs to talk to her, something else occurred.

EXT. HEDEBY ISLAND - DAY - 1966

A car and a fuel truck, both going too fast, collide on the bridge. The truck rolls onto its side crushing the car and spewing gasoline.

VANGER V/O
The accident had nothing to do with Harriet - and everything.

INT. VANGER’S FAMILY ROOM - DAY - 1966

Vanger and the others react to the noise of the crash. Out the large window they can see the bridge and many of those on the grounds trotting down to get a closer look.

VANGER V/O
It was chaos as everyone dropped what they were doing.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - DAY - 1966

People and vehicles converge on both sides of the bridge.

VANGER V/O
Police, an ambulance, fire brigade, reporter, photographer and onlookers quickly arrived from town, as those of us on the island - the family - hurried to the bridge from our side.
The truck driver has managed to climb out of his cab, but the other motorist is trapped.

VANGER V/O
The driver of the car - a Mr. Aronsson - was pinned and severely injured. All we could do was try to pry him out with our hands - since metal tools could spark.

A local newspaper photographer and another man, snap pictures as Vanger and others try without success to pry the injured driver from his car. As the chaos ensues -

VANGER V/O
About twenty minutes after the crash, Harriet was in the kitchen. Anna herself saw her.

INT. KITCHEN - VANGER MANOR - DAY - 1966

Anna glances to Harriet as she comes in, then back out the window to the bridge. Harriet passes a clock that reads 2:35, steps outside, walks toward the woods ...

EXT. THE BRIDGE - DUSK - 1966

As the sun sets, Vanger and the others on the bridge make progress extracting the driver from the car. A young man coming from the town side takes off his jacket to help.

VANGER V/O
We finally got poor Aronsson out of his car and off to the hospital, and those of us on our side drifted back to the house.

INT. VANGER MANOR - NIGHT - 1966

The family has assembled at a long dining table.

VANGER V/O
The sun was down, the excitement over, we sat down to dinner. That’s when I noticed Harriet wasn’t there.

Vanger considers an empty chair as everyone else, including the young man from the bridge, his jacket draped on his chair, passes platters of food around.

VANGER V/O
And she wasn’t there the next morning. Or the next. Or the next forty years.

OMIT: INT. VANGER MANOR - NIGHT
INT. VANGER'S MANOR - DUSK - PRESENT DAY

Vanger has the same look of concern on his face now as he leads Blomkvist up some stairs.

VANGER
What was she going to tell me? Why didn’t I make time for her? Why didn’t I listen?

BLOMKVIST
She couldn’t have run away?

VANGER
Not without being seen.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT - 1966

The crews continue their work under lights.

VANGER
Firemen stayed on the bridge all night pumping out the gasoline. And no one swam across, or took a row boat. All of them were still tied up on this side Sunday. Believe me, we checked.

INT. VANGER MANOR - DUSK - PRESENT DAY

BLOMKVIST
She couldn’t have fallen and drowned?

VANGER
The currents aren’t strong here. Anything that falls into the water turns up nearby. Like her father. His body didn’t drift more than ten meters when he drowned the year before.

Vanger’s pauses at a landing to steady himself and his labored breathing.

VANGER
No. Someone killed her, Mr. Blomkvist. Someone on the island that day. Someone close enough to know what she used to give me each year on my birthday.

He unlocks the door of the attic and pushes it open to reveal a cluster of nine dusty framed dried flowers on a wall.
VANGER
These were from her.

And, on another wall, forty similarly-framed flowers -

VANGER
These, from her killer.

Blomkvist regards the forty ... 

BLOMKVIST
Who knows about these?

VANGER
Me, the police, the murderer ... and now you.

EXT. STOCKHOLM - DUSK

It’s raining as an elegantly-dressed woman slows before a luxurious apartment building. Salander approaches from the other direction. Passing, she notes the four number tones the woman keys in the code lock.

The door buzzes open and the woman disappears inside. Salander doubles back and keys the same four number tones in the Milton Security lock.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STOCKHOLM - CONTINUOUS

Opulent foyer. Security camera. Antique elevator cage whose cables pull the woman upstairs. Salander comes to an unlocked service door and takes stairs to a basement machine room. Examines tangles of phone lines, meters, Wi-Fi routers. Photographs them with a digital camera.

She climbs the stairs back up to the foyer. The front door buzzes, and a man in a suit on the sidewalk pushes it open, sees her, holds it wide enough for her to pass.

The man is a driver/bodyguard. He continues to hold the door for his employer who now emerges from the back of an idling car and crosses to it in the rain ... Wennerstrom.

EXT. VANGER’S MANOR - NIGHT

The rain here is icier and more punishing.

VANGER V/O
When the police investigation petered out, I kept at it -
INT. VANGER MANOR - NIGHT

They’re eating dinner now in the dining room.

VANGER
- studying their reports and
interviews, all the information there
was, and it’s a lot. I’ve spent half
my life examining the events of a
single day.

And for all that, he’s no closer to the truth.

BLOMKVIST
I understand your frustration.
But what you’re asking me to do is
a waste of money.

VANGER
We haven’t discussed your fee.

BLOMKVIST
We don’t need to. I can’t find
something you haven’t been able to
in forty years.

VANGER
You don’t know that. You have a
very keen investigative mind.

Blomkvist wonders why he ever agreed to come here as
Vanger refills his wine glass.

VANGER
Here’s what I propose: You come
stay on the island. I have a nice
little cottage by the water you can
use. You study the material I give
you. You find something I’ve missed
- or you don’t.

BLOMKVIST
You want me to set aside my life
and career for something that’s a
complete waste of time.

VANGER
Think of it as a well deserved
vacation. A way of avoiding all the
people you want to avoid right now.

(Nothing from Blomkvist)
As for compensation, I’ll pay you
twice your salary for as many months
as it takes. I’ll quadruple it if
you solve the mystery.
BLOMKVIST

Mr. (Vanger) -

VANGER
I’m not done. I’ll throw in one
more thing – even though you’re a
terrible negotiator. It’s what you
want more than anything else and it
can’t be bought at any price. I’ll
give it to you ... Hans-Erik
Wennerstrom.

He pushes toward Blomkvist a plate: the carcass of the
fresh-killed and cooked duck they’ve been eating. It and
the mention of Wennerstrom’s name clouds, at least for a
moment, Blomkvist’s memory of the train he missed.

VANGER
He began his career working for me.
And I’ve followed it with interest,
shall we say, ever since. You were
right about him. You just couldn’t
prove it.

EXT. PLAGUE’S APARTMENT - ESTABLISHING

INT. PLAGUE’S APARTMENT - STOCKHOLM - NIGHT

Salander climbs a flight of stairs in a building that
couldn’t be more different than Wennerstrom’s. Knocks
on a door, waits, listens to some dead-bolts unlocking.

It opens, but remains impassable by a figure weighing
over 300 pounds. He offers her no greeting. Fades back
into the shadows of his dark apartment.

PLAGUE
Would you like to sit? I could
possibly clear a place if necessary.

It’s hard to imagine how he or anyone might accomplish
that. The place is like a junkyard. Even the unmade bed
is covered with stuff.

SALANDER
Did you make it?

PLAGUE
Have you something for me?

She takes some cash from a pocket, hands it to him. He
counts it and is unimpressed with its total.

PLAGUE
I’m on welfare; I don’t administer
it. This isn’t enough.
SALANDER
I had to pay three months back rent and eat a little bit. It’s all I have right now.

PLAGUE
I find that so poignant.

So much so that he does nothing more than look at her. She reaches to take the money back, but he pockets it and moves across the dark room to a work table where high-end computers fight for space with debris. Finds and gives her a small homemade electronic box, which she turns over in her hands.

While it’s clear both these people are deficient in behavior that governs polite society, it’s hard to tell which lacks it more.

PLAGUE
No ‘thank you?’

INT. MILLENIUM OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Erika, first to arrive this morning, or so she thinks, comes through the empty offices with a Wayne’s Coffee to-go cup - but Blomkvist is already there, packing supplies from his desk, books from his shelf. A second suitcase, presumably full of clothes, sits on the floor.

ERIKA V/O
You can’t be serious -

INT/EXT. MILLENIUM’S OFFICES - EARLY MORNING - LATER

He zips the suitcase with the supplies in it closed and gathers the rest.

ERIKA
We’re in our worst crisis ever and you’re writing a memoir?

BLOMKVIST
You fired me; I need something to do.

ERIKA
You fired you; I need you here, not the North Pole. You know what this is going to look like.

BLOMKVIST
Like I’ve been gutted. Like I’m running away. I am.

They cross through the building, he with his cases, she with her coffee cup.
BLOMKVIST
Wennerstrom wants to see me waving a white flag, not a red one. And the more it looks like there’s a problem between you and me, the more it’ll satisfy him.

ERIKA
There is a problem between us. He won’t be satisfied until he shuts us down, and you’re leaving me to fight him alone.

He kisses her but gets back no more than he would from a statue - and steps outside.

BLOMKVIST
It’s four hours by train. It’s not the North Pole.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - HEDESTAD - DAY

The depot thermometer reads 0. Blomkvist disembarks with two suitcases. This time, Frode isn’t there to meet him. He struggles with his luggage through the snow to a taxi stand.

INT. TAXI - MOVING - DAY

As a taxi passes a gas station by the bridge, Blomkvist regards the Middle Eastern driver’s eyes which regard him in the rear view mirror.

BLOMKVIST
Think this snow’s going to let up anytime soon?

HUSSEIN
This is the North Pole.

EXT. COTTAGE - HEDEBY ISLAND - DAY

The taxi deposits Blomkvist outside a cottage. From here he can see Vanger’s manor and couple other houses. The taxi drives off and disappears into the snow.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

Two rooms. Fireplace. Pile of wood. A realtor would call it cozy. In truth it’s just tiny and freezing cold.

Blomkvist unpacks. Puts clothes in a wardrobe, sets out books, note pads, pens, CD’s, a CD player, his laptop and a small printer.
He flips open his cell phone to make a call. Gets no reception bars. Hears a faint, plaintive cry and traces it to a window, beyond which, on the sill outside, stands a cat peering in. He opens the door, and the cat heads straight for the kitchenette. Then looks at him.

**BLOMKVIST**

What. Milk?

He opens the old fridge. No milk. Nothing.

**EXT. COTTAGE - DAY**

He comes out into falling snow holding his cell phone out in front of him like a dowser divining ground water. Moves around trying to get a signal. Can’t.

**INT. MARKET - HEDESTAD - DUSK**

He purchases milk, butter, a loaf of sliced bread, some packaged lunch meats and a few cans of cat food.

**EXT. HEDESTAD - DUSK**

He walks along the street through wind-whipping snow, cradling the grocery bag, cell out in front of him again. Any of the locals could tell him he could do this forever - there are no cell towers anywhere around here.

**EXT. HEDESTAD - DUSK**

Grocery bag at his feet, he dials a call with fingers he can no longer feel on the gas station pay phone by the end of the bridge. It goes to Erika’s voice mail.

**BLOMKVIST**

It’s me. I’m here. It’s fucking cold and I’m on a pay phone. If you tried to call, the reception sucks, and if you tried to email, there’s none of that either, so - so - I’m here - and - I can’t even speak it’s so fucking cold.

He hangs up, open the same pack of cigarettes from before. Eighteen in there. Struggles to get one lit in the wind and snow, hurries off toward the bridge.

**INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT**

As the cat laps at milk on a plate, Blomkvist tries to get a fire going using pages ripped from a book. It’s a struggle he’s going to lose; he’s no Boy Scout.
Salander appears and keys in the four lock tones.

In the machine room again, she pulls one cable away from the others and wires to it to Plague’s electronic box.

The bell in the church tower clangs -

But it’s a knock that draws Blomkvist awake. Having forgotten where he is, he regards the cat sleeping with him, then the room, and groans. He pads to the door in the freezing cold. Opens it to find a rugged older man on his doorstep with a handcart loaded with file boxes.

NILSSON
I’m Gunner. The caretaker.

As Gunner expertly builds a fire in the fireplace for him, Blomkvist works at unpacking the boxes – documents, fat police reports, notebooks, folders, photo albums.

NILSSON
You’re an author.

BLOMKVIST
I’m writing a biography of Mr. Vanger, yes.

Nilsson nods, but isn’t sure he believes it. Maybe he took a look inside the boxes before he brought them down.

NILSSON
I saw you on television.

BLOMKVIST
That’s unfortunate.

NILSSON
Bit of trouble, I guess.

Blomkvist nods and hopes that’s enough to put an end to the subject. It isn’t.

NILSSON
No jail time, though. That’s good. Cost you a lot of money though, yeah?
Blomkvist shares his annoyance with the cat. Nilsson dusts himself off, satisfied with the fire he’s made.

NILSSON

There.

EXT. VANGER ESTATE - DAY

Vanger has ventured outside to show Blomkvist around the estate. Smoke from chimneys rise into bitter cold grey skies, weather for which Blomkvist, unlike the old man, is inadequately dressed.

VANGER

The island is owned by my family. Your closest neighbor is my brother Harald, another Nazi if you can believe. Two in the family. He’s detestable to put it nicely, but you’ll probably never see him. He’s a recluse.

BLOMKVIST

He was there that day?

VANGER

Indeed he was.

Vanger’s look to Blomkvist adds, ‘so consider him a suspect.’ He indicates another house on the grounds –

VANGER

That’s his daughter Cecilia’s house. They don’t speak.

BLOMKVIST

Does anyone speak to anyone on this island?

VANGER

Actually, Isabella – Harriet’s mother – who lives there –

(points)

– she speaks to Harald – which is one of reasons I don’t speak to her.

(points)

Cecilia’s brother Birger lives there.

BLOMKVIST

Who doesn’t he speak to?

VANGER

You, probably. Not that you’d want him to. He can be as unpleasant as Harald.
I’m quickly losing track who’s who.

Oh, how you’ll wish were it always so. Soon you’ll know us all only too well – with my apologies.
(points)
Out there is my nephew Martin’s house; Harriet’s brother.

It’s a modern house – lots of glass – out on the point.

Who speaks to him?

I speak to him. He runs the company now, as I think I told you.

They hear a distant rifle crack and echo. It startles Blomkvist a bit, but not Vanger.

Someone shooting their dinner. Gunner probably. The caretaker.

I just met him.

He was 19 when Harriet disappeared.

Old enough, Blomkvist gathers, to be considered a suspect. Vanger points off –

He lives over there.

Shivering in the cold, Blomkvist turns.

And you live here.

Sorry?

Your house.

For a moment, Vanger isn’t sure what Blomkvist means. Then he is, and is pleased by it.
VANGER
Yes, you’re right. The man who hires the detective should always be kept on the suspects list.

OMIT - INT. COTTAGE - DAY

INT. PALMGREN’S APARTMENT - DAY

A nurse takes a tray away, leaving Salander alone with Palmgren, separated by the chess table they won’t playing a game on. She wipes his mouth with her sleeve.

SALANDER
I got a call from social welfare.
I’ve been assigned a new guardian.

It’s unlikely he understands what she has said. It’s unlikely he even knows she’s there.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Tacked to a wall, a map of the island on which Blomkvist has written the names of the living Vanger family members and staff in the approximate locations of their houses.

Next to it - 3x5 cards and photos - a Vanger family tree - which doubles as a suspects list. On some of the cards is the word, ‘deceased.’

He makes a sandwich. Refills a coffee cup. Begins reading the police reports. The first is a photocopy of a note when the call from Vanger came in: "Officer Morell informed by telephone of situation, 10:19 p.m."

EXT. HEDEBY ISLAND - NIGHT - 1966

Gustaf Morell stands at the bow of a patrol boat slowly motoring past the bridge where the fire brigade works to pump the gasoline from the overturned truck.

INTERCUT: Blomkvist reads, "Morell on site, Hedeby Island, 11:42 p.m."

INT. VANGER MANOR - NIGHT - 1966

Morell, feeling like he’s entered an Agatha Christie locked room mystery, regards the extended Vanger clan sitting in the living room looking suitably worried.

MORELL
I’d like to see the girl’s room.

VANGER
It’s down the hall.
MORELL
I thought this was your house.

VANGER
It is. She lives with me.

MORELL
Are her parents alive?

VANGER
Her mother is.

Vanger points Isabella out. Slender, overdressed and smoking a Sobranie, she immediately strikes Morell as a woman as venomous as she is beautiful.

VANGER
This way.

Morell follows Vanger down a hall -

INTERCUT: Blomkvist reads, “Approx. 12:05, inspected missing girl’s bedroom. Found - “

INT. HARRIET’S ROOM - VANGER MANOR - DAWN - 1966

A purse on the desk in Harriet’s room. Morell carefully removes the contents: Comb, pocket mirror, handkerchief, wallet containing a few kronor, her ID, and her address book. He leafs through this.

DET. MORELL
I want to speak to everyone here. That’ll take all night so you might want someone to put some coffee on.

YOUNGER VANGER
What about the search?

MORELL
First thing in the morning.

YOUNGER VANGER
No. We should do it now. She could be hurt out there.

Vanger is either a good actor or has nothing to hide.

VANGER
Please. I beg you.

INTERCUT: Blomkvist reads, “authorized our patrol boat and two volunteer craft to begin 12:20 a.m. - G. Morell.”
EXT. HEDEBY ISLAND - NIGHT - 1966
The police patrol boat and two Peterssons motor around the island, spotlighting the shore and rocky cliffs.

INT. VANGER MANOR - NIGHT - 1966
The weird tableaux of characters, awaiting their interviews with Morell. At the moment, he’s across the room with Harald Vanger, taking notes, drinking coffee.

INTERCUT: Blomkvist reads, “Patrol 014 and Orienteering Club volunteers assembled, 6:40 a.m.”

OMIT: INT. VANGER MANOR - NIGHT - 1966
OMIT: EXT. HEDEBY ISLAND - NIGHT - 1966

EXT. HEDEBY ISLAND - DAWN - 1966
Search parties crisscross the island, wade through ditches, check old barns, shine flashlights up chimneys. Woodsmen with blood hounds comb through woods.

MORELL V/O
We searched for days ...

EXT/INT. TRAIN - MOVING - LAKE SILJAN - PRESENT DAY
A train bisects the landscape. Blomkvist looks out.

MORELL V/O
Eventually, much to his dismay - and mine - I had to talk to Henrik about calling it off -

EXT. HEDEBY ISLAND - DUSK - 1966
As the search continues, Morell, looking like he hasn’t slept - which he hasn’t - peers down a rocky cliff to the water. Somehow he knows they’re never going to find her.

MORELL V/O
The fact that I never found a body didn’t surprise me. You can’t dig up an entire island.

OMIT: EXT. CABIN - LAKE SILJAN - ESTABLISHING

INT. CABIN - LAKE SILJAN - DAY
The same face - forty years older - the man who spoke to Vanger on the phone about the dried flowers - now speaks with Blomkvist as he scrapes out the bowl of his pipe.
MORELL
But I also couldn’t find a motive.
Was it spontaneous? Was it planned?
Did she know something someone wished
she didn’t? Was it about business?

BLOMKVIST
Business? She was sixteen.

MORELL
And very bright. Henrik told me he
could easily imagine her running the
business someday, which would mean
someone else wouldn’t.

BLOMKVIST
She was with some friends that day.
At a parade. You must have talked to
them.

MORELL
She told them she wasn’t feeling
well. She left early. But they also
said she kept secrets from them, too.
The main thing I learned talking to
them for hours is that teenage girls
are complicated.

BLOMKVIST
I have one.

MORELL
So you know.
(Blomkvist does indeed)
Did you bring the last gift Henrik
received?

BLOMKVIST
It’s at the National Forensic Lab.

MORELL
I can tell you what their report
will say now: It’s a flower common
to Europe. All of them are. No
prints. No DNA.

He lights the pipe. Blomkvist watches the tobacco glow.

BLOMKVIST
I wanted to ask you about this.

He produces an old address book from his jacket pocket.
Of course, Morell has seen it before, and handles it
delicately. The decades have dried out its pages.
She received this from Henrik the Christmas before. I studied it more times than I can say. I know every page of it.

It’s the last page I’m curious about.

As was I.

The only names not alphabetized.

Morell nods that he knows that only too well as he turns to that last page. On it, in neat handwriting:

Magda 32016 Sara 32109 R.J. 30114 R.L. 32027 Mari 32018

They’re local Hedestad phone numbers. The first belonged to a woman named Margot, whose mother was Magda, who claimed she didn’t know Harriet. The fourth, R.L., belonged to Rosemarie Larsson, an elderly woman who died a few years before. The other three were unconnected in any way that I could find.

He hands the address book back. It, and everything else about the case, clearly trouble him still.

I’ve reminded you of things you’d rather forget. I’m sorry.

I can’t forget it. It’s my Rebecka Case.

Blomkvist isn’t sure what that means.

Every policeman has at least one unsolved case. Back then it was old Torstensson. Year after year he kept returning to one – taking out the files – uselessly studying them. As young men, we had to laugh.

Was this also a missing girl case?
MORELL
No, that’s not why I mention it.
The Rebecka Case is something that happened before Harriet was born.
I’m talking about the soul of a policeman. Poor Torstensson could never solve it, and could never let it go.

And neither can poor Morell with his Harriet case.

EXT. STOCKHOLM - DAY
An unexciting social welfare building.

INT. BJURMAN’S OFFICE - DAY
As a man behind a desk reviews a thick file, Salander reviews him: About 50; spends money on suits, thinking that might disguise his public servant status; no wedding ring; typical creep, as far as she’s concerned.

BJURMAN
How’s Mr. Palmgren doing? I was told he had a stroke of some kind.
(nothing from Salander)
Terrible.

It is, but she can tell he couldn’t care less. He leafs through her file -

BJURMAN
What exactly do you do at this security company?

SALANDER
Make coffee and sort mail.

BJURMAN
But not full-time. Not even part-time consistently. They somehow got along without coffee or mail in July and August?

Nothing from her.

BJURMAN
How much do you earn there?

SALANDER
Enough.

BJURMAN
How much is your rent?
SALANDER
I pay my rent.

BJURMAN
When’s the last time you were late?

SALANDER
Never.

BJURMAN
Do you think that ring in your eyelid makes you attractive?

Salander, who’s had to suffer insufferable officials all her life, doesn’t dignify the question with an answer.

BJURMAN
Here’s the problem. There a discrepancy between the obligation of Mr. Palmgren’s guardianship and the management of your finances.

SALANDER
It isn’t a discrepancy or a problem. It was clear to him I could manage my own finances.

BJURMAN
But that’s not clear to me.

SALANDER
I’m not a child.

BJURMAN
No. You’re not.
(looks at her too long)
But you were. And between then and now –
(indicating the files)
- two years in the locked ward at St. Stephens, for violent aggression - failure to adapt to four foster homes and seven schools - arrested twice for intoxication, twice for narcotics use, and most recently for assault: a bottle smashed into a man’s face.
You may have conned Mr. Palmgren into thinking you’ve improved, but looking at this -
(the file)
- not to mention how you’re looking at me now - I can see you haven’t. So the Good-Old-Mr-Palmgren-Days are over. Starting now, you’ll be given a monthly allowance. You’ll provide me with receipts for your expenses.

(MORE)
If the numbers don’t balance, I’ll have to assume the difference is going to drugs.

I’ve been on my own since I was twelve.

No. You’ve been a persistent burden to the State since you were twelve.

She won’t look at him any more - not that there’s anything even remotely interesting to see if she did.

Ms. Salander? Please look at me. Because this is important.

She does ... in a way that says, I’d like to kill you.

This behavior you’re displaying right now is elaborately documented here -

- so it would come as a shock to no one if I chose an alternative to the lenient arrangement I just outlined.

Is that what you’re saying with your silence? You’d prefer institutionalization?

Salander steps into the elevator, hits the down button. As the doors close -

Martin’s house didn’t look so far away, but the road Blomkvist has to climb to reach it, and the fact he, like all writers, is out of shape, taxes him. A car driven by an attractive woman in her 30’s pulls alongside him.

Mikael?

(he manages a nod)

We’re going to the same place.

Hop in.

Martin, wearing an apron, opens the door to find both his dinner guests on the porch.
LIV
I found him at death’s door halfway up the hill.

BLOMKVIST
I’m afraid I’m a bit out of shape.

MARTIN
No, it’s a climb for anyone. I should’ve warned you. Come on in.

Blomkvist puts a bottle of aquavit in Martin’s hand.

INT. MARTIN’S HOUSE - NIGHT

The place is far cry from Vanger’s manor. It’s modern. Martin, Liv and Blomkvist work on the dinner Martin has prepared. Soft jazz music issues from somewhere.

LIV
I used to work in the company’s petrochemical division in Goteborg. When it was sold, I went with it.

MARTIN
A dark day.

LIV
I live in Hong Kong now, but come back to Stockholm for family events, and when I do, I drive up to spend a couple days with Martin.

MARTIN
She comes for the moose steak.

BLOMKVIST
Is that what this is?

They all glance away to a sound: A soft, strange, wailing wind. Martin drains the last of a bottle of wine in Blomkvist’s glass and gets up.

MARTIN
Something’s open. You like this one, or would you like to try something else?

BLOMKVIST
That one’s good.

Martin heads off to the kitchen. Blomkvist and Liv, left with each other, seem unsure what to talk about.

LIV
I saw you on Sky News a while ago.
BLOMKVIST

That was a dark day.

LIV

Sorry to remind you of it.

BLOMKVIST

It’s okay. There are worse things than libel - though I can’t immediately think of one in my business.

LIV

You’re writing a book now, Martin said.

BLOMKVIST

Henrik’s biography.

LIV

I love Henrik. He’s fascinating. Martin, too. Together they’re the Old Sweden and the New.

BLOMKVIST

They are.

LIV

You know about Harriet, right?

Blomkvist doesn’t say. The sound of the wind stops.

LIV

You don’t?

BLOMKVIST

I do.

Martin emerges from the cellar with a bottle of wine in hand and returns with it to the dining room.

LIV O/S

The family doesn’t like to talk about it, but it can’t just be swept under the rug.

MARTIN

What can’t.

LIV

Harriet.

Martin doesn’t comment. Just nods. Silence. Then -
BLOMKVIST
Maybe we could talk about that later.

MARTIN
We can talk about it now.
(Blomkvist glances to Liv)
Liv knows everything about my crazy family. Which is why she’ll never marry me.

LIV
That’s one reason.

She holds up her left hand. A wedding ring is on it. The couple seems very comfortable with each other, not unlike Blomkvist and Erika.

MARTIN
Don’t put that in your book. Anything else is fine. Harriet certainly. Everything changed after that. Not just the family, but the company.

BLOMKVIST
How so.

MARTIN
We’re not Nordea or Ericsson, but we’re still the largest family-owned company in the country. At the height, we had 40,000 employees. We have about half that now, and that downward slide – anyone can tell you – began after my sister’s death. It broke Henrik’s entrepreneurial spirit, and his heart.

And Martin’s, too, clearly. Blomkvist dares to ask, as innocently as possible –

BLOMKVIST
You were here that day?

MARTIN
Everyone was here, though I didn’t get in until after the accident on the bridge. The 4:30 train.

BLOMKVIST
I know it well.
MARTIN
It was a terrible day. And the days after - searching and not finding her - were even worse.

Liv sets her hand atop her boyfriend’s.

MARTIN
This event, Mikael, has to be a big part of your book.

Blomkvist promises him with a nod that it will.

INT. STOCKHOLM METRO - DAY

As Salander moves with a crowd toward the doors of a subway car, someone behind her roughly yanks the strap of her messenger bag from her shoulder -

She gives chase, pushes past people, catches up with the junkie, grapples with him. He slugs her. She goes down, but doesn’t give up. Catches up with him on the escalator, throws him back down it. The bag slams onto the metal stairs, too, but at least she has it now.

She doesn’t run. She waits at the top and watches the junkie drag himself up and think about trying again. He wisely decides to let it go, hops to the down-escalator and disappears into the underground station.

INT/EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

Blomkvist sifts through a box containing some of Harriet’s personal belongings: school papers, textbooks, a Bible, the address book, her wallet and ID …

A knock on the door. He puts the box in a closet on top of others, kicks it closed, opens the front door to find a not unattractive woman in her 50’s on his porch.

CECILIA
Hi. I thought I’d come over and say hello. I’m Cecilia.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

Cecilia regards Blomkvist’s Vanger family tree on the wall. Wherever he only has an old photo, there’s a Post-It next to it that reads: Recent Photo?

INSERT of Cecilia’s photo, taken when she was a teenager, and a Post-It with her name on it.

CECILIA
We’re all uncomfortable with the idea of a chronicle of our family.
BLOMKVIST
It’s not about the family. It’s about Henrik and the company.

CECILIA
Like I said.

BLOMKVIST
It’s not my intention to present a malicious portrait of anyone.

CECILIA
Unlike the one that landed you in court.

BLOMKVIST
Unlike that one. Correct.

CECILIA
So, what you’re saying is, you’re not really here to look into what happened to Harriet.

Silence. Then -

BLOMKVIST
I can’t ignore such a dramatic event, but no, that’s not by any means my focus.

CECILIA
So all those boxes Gunner carted down here - which are where? - in the closet now? - weren’t Henrik’s private investigation.
(Blokmvist can’t think fast enough to respond)
I wonder sometimes who’s crazier - my Nazi father or my obsessed uncle.

INSERT of the photo of Young Harald in his Nazi uniform on the wall.

BLOMKVIST
Since we’re talking about it, since you brought it up, what was Harriet like?

CECILIA
I’m sure Henrik has told you.

BLOMKVIST
He was my age then, and so couldn’t know what was really going on with a teenager any more than I can with my own daughter. You were her age.
CECILIA
Actually, my sister Anita was closer to her in age.

INSERT of the photo on the wall of Anita, taken when she was about 17 years old.

CECILIA
She knew Harriet better than anyone - certainly better than I did. You should talk to her.

BLOMKVIST
I’d love to, where is she.

CECILIA
If I had to guess - London.

BLOMKVIST
You don’t know where your own sister lives?

CECILIA
I haven’t seen her in years. We never really got along.

BLOMKVIST
I’m getting used to that comment.

CECILIA
That’s the way it is when you’re always after the same boys.

BLOMKVIST
People generally get over that sort of thing at a certain point.

CECILIA
Oh, I’m long over it, and won’t ever have to worry about it again. She hates this place even more than I do. She left, moved to London and that was it. You couldn’t pay her to send a Christmas card, much less visit.

BLOMKVIST
I’ll try to track her down for you.

CECILIA
Don’t bother.

BLOMKVIST
For myself then.

He smiles. She studies him. Maybe he’s not so bad.
CECILIA
If you do, and try talking to her about us, don’t be surprised if she tells you to fuck off.

INT. MACJESUS - DAY

A tech tries to get beyond the dreaded blinking “?” on the laptop’s cracked screen.

TECH
You backed up?

SALANDER
Hard drives at home, yeah.

TECH
That’s good. This one’s dead.

EXT. MACJESUS - DAY

Salander against the store window, cell phone to her ear.

SECRETARY V/O
I’m sorry, he’s booked all day.

SALANDER
It’ll take five minutes. It’s important.

SECRETARY V/O
Hold, please.

Salander waits. Watches people stare at her like they always do. The secretary comes back on.

SECRETARY V/O
Seven o’clock.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - STOCKHOLM - NIGHT

Salander comes past a janitor waxing a long, otherwise empty corridor. At the far end, she opens her new guardian’s office door.

INT. BJURMAN’S OFFICE - NIGHT

As Bjurman reviews a McJesus invoice, Salander waits. The thick atmosphere reminds her of all the others she has sat in with school principals, shrinks and cops.

BJURMAN
Have you ever had an STD?
(nothing from her)
When’s the last time you were tested for HIV?

(MORE)
How many partners have you had in the last month?
How many were men?

That last one seems to amuse him; none amuse her.

BJURMAN
I’m required to ask you these things. It’s a matter of health.

SALANDER
Write down anything you want.

Bjurman sighs. Sets the form aside and looks at the McJesus invoice again.

BJURMAN
Why do you need such an expensive computer?

SALANDER
For work.

BJURMAN
Making coffee and sorting mail.

SALANDER
I shouldn’t even have to ask. I should have control of my money like before.

BJURMAN
And you will. Once you show me you can be sociable and get along with people. Can you do that?

SALANDER
(Nothing from her)

BJURMAN
Shall we start with me?

SALANDER
(Pause)

Shall we start now?

As he comes around the desk, she eyes a sharp letter opener sticking out above some pens in a coffee mug a child has painted with the word, ‘daddy.’

BJURMAN
If you’re nice to me, I’ll be nice to you. That’s how normal people are.

He stands in front of her, his crotch at her eye level.

BJURMAN
You’ve done this before. You know what to do.

(MORE)
He takes her hand and places it on the crotch of his trousers.

BJURMAN
You feel that? That’s gaberdine. Unzip them.
(she does)
And ...
(she tugs at his underwear)
And ...
(she doesn’t move; he smiles)
I like the reticence. I prefer a whore who pretends she isn’t. It’s almost convincing.

He grabs her hair and roughly pulls her head toward him.

INT. BJURMAN’S OFFICE - LATER - NIGHT

Salander eats some toothpaste in Bjurman’s private bathroom. When she returns to the office, she finds him calmly writing a check.

BJURMAN
Here you go. As promised.

He holds it out to her, but when she reaches for it, pulls it back a little.

BJURMAN
I know you’re not thinking about telling anyone about our date. Enjoy your computer games.

She takes the check and leaves.

INT. SALANDER’S APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

She sits cross-legged in the dark. Thinking. Or plotting. The dragon tattoo visible on her bare back.

INT. AIRLINE - IN FLIGHT - DAY

Blomkvist, who doesn’t care for flying, pours two mini-bottles of vodka into a plastic cup.

EXT. LONDON - DAY

He sprays Binaca in his mouth. Then, careful to look both ways, crosses the street to an investment bank.
INT. OFFICE - INVESTMENT BANK - DAY

Blomkvist approaches a desk. The brass name plate on it reads, Anita Vanger.

BLOMKVIST
Excuse me. I’m sure I should have made an appointment.

ANITA
It’s fine. Please. Have a seat.

The accent is all British. She’s been here much longer than her home country. No trace of Swedish anymore. He offers his hand -

BLOMKVIST
I’m Mikael.

ANITA
Mikael. How do you do.

As he sits, she regards him a little more carefully ...

ANITA
You’re looking for investment counseling, Mikael?

BLOMKVIST
I would if had any money to invest.

ANITA
Excuse me?

BLOMKVIST
I’m writing a biography of your uncle Henrik. That’s why I’m here.

She stares at him. He waits for the response Cecilia predicted, but it doesn’t come.

EXT. CAFE - LONDON - DAY

They sit together at a little table on the sidewalk.

ANITA
How is Henrik?

BLOMKVIST

She does, too.
ANITA
I haven’t seen him in over 30 years. Or my sister. Or anyone else in my family.

BLOMKVIST
Most of what I’m writing about predates that, so your recollections are valid.

ANITA
I wouldn’t know where to start, if that was a question.

BLOMKVIST
I can narrow it. I’ve gotten up to the 1960s. To the event that altered everything in Henrik’s life.

ANITA
Harriet. (he nods)
Everything I knew about that I told to - whatever his name was - that policeman - when it happened.

BLOMKVIST
Morell.

ANITA
My recollections then were a lot better than they are now.

BLOMKVIST
I’m not speaking of the crime itself. I’m trying to get a clearer sense of what Harriet was like. Particularly, toward the end.

ANITA
She was messed up. Like all us Vanger kids. Crazy mother. Drunken father. At least hers wasn’t a Nazi like mine.

BLOMKVIST
Was he abusive?

ANITA
Mine?

BLOMKVIST
Hers.
ANITA
I never saw it myself, but you could tell something was going on. One day she’d be withdrawn. The next she’d be putting on makeup and wearing the tightest sweater she had to school. The next she’d be studying a Bible like a nun - no Vanger was ever religious - can you imagine? Obviously, she was very unhappy.

BLOMKVIST
She never confided in you what about, specifically?

ANITA
There was no specifically. It was everything. It was being part of that family. Henrik’s the only decent person in it.

BLOMKVIST
What do you think happened to her?

ANITA
Everyone knows what.

BLOMKVIST
But you have no ... thoughts about why, or who.

ANITA
All I know is I always felt sorry for her. Even more than for myself. I got out of there when I was 18 and never went back. She would have done the same but didn’t make it to 18.

EXT. STOCKHOLM - DAY
Salander, on a park bench, debates with herself if she wants to make the call on the cell in her hand. She scrolls to “NB” and hits send. It connects.

SALANDER
Mr. Bjurman, please. It’s Lisbeth Salander. (the call is put through) ... I’m fine. I’m sorry I missed our appointment. I had a lot of work ... no, nothing to be concerned about ... I need another advance on my allowance. Can I come to your office tonight? ... I don’t need a pen, what’s the address?
EXT/INT. HEDEBY ISLAND - TAXI - MOVING - DUSK

The taxi that first brought him here to the island, crosses the bridge. Again, Blomkvist regards the Middle Eastern driver, who regards him in the rearview mirror.

EXT. BJURMAN’S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Outside the building’s entrance with a backpack slung over her shoulder, Salander presses an apartment button. As she waits, she notes there’s no security camera.

BJURMAN O/S

Yes?

SALANDER

It’s me.

The door buzzes. She pushes it open.

INT. BJURMAN’S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

She moves along a hallway with both purpose and dread. Knocks on his door … It opens, revealing him in a robe.

BJURMAN

Come on in.

INT. BJURMAN’S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

She takes in the layout quickly: living room, dining area, kitchen, short hallway to a closed door.

BJURMAN

Like it?

SALANDER

It’s nice.

BJURMAN

It’s home.

   (pause)

So, what do you need money for this time? Grand Theft Auto 5?

SALANDER

Food.

He smiles. Steps toward her. Lifts her chin.

BJURMAN

How are you? Been thinking about last time? Decided you wanted to see me again?
SALANDER
I just want my money.

BJURMAN
Well, let’s see if I can help you out with that.

He walks to the hallway. She doesn’t. He holds out his hand. She finally joins him. As they step into the bedroom, he roughly pushes her toward the bed.

SALANDER
Wait.

She puts her backpack and leather jacket on a chair. Sits on the edge of the bed. He stands over her. She knows what she’s supposed to do, but seems unable to.

BJURMAN
Is there a problem?

SALANDER
I just want to know, am I going to have to do this every time I need money to eat?

BJURMAN
It’s so cute when you do that surly thing. Take my hand

She reaches out to it and before she can react, there’s a handcuff around the wrist. He quickly cuffs the other to his own wrist. This is bad. She tries to get out. He gets her in a strangle hold and chokes her into unconsciousness.

INT. BJURMAN’S APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

She comes to, on her stomach, sees her wrists cuffed to the headboard posts, her ankles secured to the foot posts with silk ties, and scissors slicing her jeans off. She starts to scream and he stuffs her mouth with her underwear.

BJURMAN
Please. I have neighbors.

He lights a couple candles. Switches on some New Age music.

BJURMAN
What we’re going to do now is teach you the value of money.

He watches her struggle. But she’s not going anywhere. He tears open a condom package with his teeth.
BJURMAN
I forget - did I ask you before if you liked anal sex?

He crams a pillow under her stomach and climbs on top of her. She keeps fighting but there's not much she can do handcuffed. Eventually, she retreats to another place inside herself. She's had to go here before in her life; it's the only place to go in such situations.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

The cat turns its head to a sound Blomkvist can't hear. He has Harriet’s box of belongings out again and looks at photos of her school friends in her wallet. Then picks up the Bible. Handwritten on the inside cover is Harriet Vanger. He opens it at random. Hebrews:

HARRIET V/O
Faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Through faith we understand that the world was created by the word of God - and that what is seen was not made of things that are visible ...

He sets it down. Rubs his eyes. Everything - his daughter, his life, this cabin, the word of God - is depressing.

INT. BJURMAN’S APARTMENT - DAWN

Dawn light outside the living room window.

Bjurman, at his dining table with a glass of orange juice, writing out a check.

In the bedroom, Salander slips on her leather jacket, shoulders her backpack, hobbles out to the living room.

BJURMAN
I’ll drive you home.

SALANDER
I can get home on my own.

BJURMAN
Are you sure?

It’s bizarre: his manner seems to be one of genuine concern. She nods. He hands her the check. Then opens the door for her like a perfect gentleman.

BJURMAN
So, next Saturday, here?
She nods. Leaves. The door closes.

EXT. STOCKHOLM – DAWN

A lone figure hobbles through the empty streets.

INT. SALANDER’S APARTMENT – DAWN

She sets a check down. On the memo line he’s neatly written, “for food.” She takes a bottle of water from the fridge and drinks.

INT. SALANDER’S APARTMENT – DAWN

Shower water hits the dragon tattoo on her shoulder blade and runs down past several others. By the time the water reaches the drain it has turned red.

EXT. HEDEBY ISLAND – DAY

Coming through trees with a bag of groceries, Blomkvist sees a BMW parked outside his cottage.

EXT. COTTAGE – MOMENTS LATER – DAY

Blomkvist taps on the car’s fogged-up driver’s window. A hand inside wipes at it, revealing Erika. She lowers it a crack.

ERIKA
Is it any warmer inside?

BLOMKVIST
No.

INT. COTTAGE – DAY

As he tries to get some logs in the fireplace going, using more pages torn from one of his books, Erika wraps herself in a blanket. The cat, who has no trouble with the cold, naps on the paperwork on the desk.

BLOMKVIST
What have I missed besides you?

ERIKA
The steady exodus of two-thirds of our advertisers.

BLOMKVIST
Seriously?

ERIKA
Is that hard to believe? Sitting up here in Lappland with your cat?
BLOMKVIST
I'm not. I'm working.

ERIKA
I can see.

What she can see is the Vanger research covering the walls and table surfaces, and that the threads of the family tree lead to a photograph of Vanger at the top.

BLOMKVIST
Would you like to meet him?

ERIKA
Maybe in about an hour. If you're interested.

He is.

INT. VANGER MANOR - EVENING

Vanger and Martin all but ignore Blomkvist as they chat with Erika over dinner. They seem charmed by her.

VANGER
I apologize if you're having financial problems at the magazine in Mikael's absence.

ERIKA
We'll work through them.

VANGER
Are you sure?

Erika looks at Blomkvist, but he hasn't talked to them about this.

MARTIN
How long do you think you can hang on? Six months or so?

ERIKA
That sounds about right.

VANGER
(cheerfully)
You know, I used to be in the newspaper business. We owned six dailies back in the 50's.

MARTIN
We still own one. The Courier, here in town.
Erika nods politely.

MARTIN
So what do you say to taking on a partner?

ERIKA
We’ve never considered it before. We value our independence.

MARTIN
Your independence is dependant on advertisers - if we’re being honest. However much you think that is, you’d retain. We don’t care about content.

Blomkvist suddenly feels like someone coming late to a party.

BLOMKVIST
Excuse me. Did I miss something?

VANGER
We’re talking about an investment in the magazine.

BLOMKVIST
I gather. Why would you want to do that?

MARTIN
Not for the return, that’s for sure.

VANGER
(to Erika)
I feel bad that I’ve take Mikael away from you at the worst possible time. This is the right thing to do. The moral thing. That’s one reason.

ERIKA
And.

VANGER
The enemies of my friends are my enemies. I hate Wennerstrom as much as you hate what he’s done to you.

Silence.

VANGER
So what do you say?
Erika half-shrugs to say she’ll consider it.

VANGER
Is that a maybe?

She nods.

VANGER
Wonderful! More wine, Anna.

Blomkvist looks at Erika, but she glances away to Vanger.

VANGER
I think Mikael is adapting well to rustic life, by the way.

ERIKA
Have you seen him try to make a fire?

VANGER
Put the logs on end, like this.

He makes a teepee shape with his hands, like praying.

INT. COTTAGE - LATER - NIGHT

Erika lights a teepee of logs in the fireplace.

BLOMKVIST
How long have you been discussing this with them?

ERIKA
I haven’t been. They asked me to come up yesterday.

BLOMKVIST
Why didn’t you tell me?

ERIKA
Why would I. You live in the woods.

BLOMKVIST
So I deserve to be treated like an idiot?

ERIKA
I wanted to hear what they had to say. You would’ve said no before they could.

BLOMKVIST
I’m saying it now. It’s not a good idea.
ERIKA
You heard me tell them we could hang on for six months. I was lying. Without their money we’ll be out of business in three.

BLOMKVIST
You don’t know this family. They’re crazy.

ERIKA
We’re not marrying into it.

BLOMKVIST
We are if we do this. It’s exactly what we’re doing.

ERIKA
You want to say no? Let’s say no. Instead of 50 percent of something, let’s own 100 percent of nothing.

The logs crackle as flames climb them. She gets up, comes past him, unbuttoning her shirt as she disappears into the bedroom. He stares at the fire.

ERIKA O/S
Mikael?

BLOMKVIST
What.

ERIKA O/S
I’m leaving this God-forsaken island in the morning.

BLOMKVIST
So?

ERIKA
So are you coming to bed or not.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR – DAY

Salander regards a selection of forearm tattoos: barbed wire, Celtic bands, strings of leaves and flowers.

TATTOO ARTIST
You thinking one arm or both?

SALANDER
Wrist and ankles. But none of these. Just a plain band, like handcuffs.
TATTOO ARTIST
It’s sensitive there. Particularly the ankles. It’s gonna hurt.

That doesn’t bother her in the least. She rolls up her sleeves and watches him ready the tattoo gun.

SALANDER
How much do one of those cost?

TELEVISION IMAGE:
A bland financial announcer reading the news. The graphic to the side of him is the distinctive V.I. logo of Vanger Industries.

ANNOUNCER
Petrochemical manufacturer Vanger Industries has acquired a controlling interest in Millennium magazine which according to analysts has been in financial trouble since last December when its cofounder Mikael Blomkvist was found guilty of libel against Hans-Erik Wennerstrom -

INT. MILLENNIUM’S OFFICES - DAY
A news crew has crammed itself inside Erika’s office, where a reporter interviews her -

ERIKA
We made a serious mistake last year, and we regret it. But we’re moving forward, and this is the first step.

REPORTER 2
You wouldn’t say the first step was your sacking of Mr. Blomkvist?

ERIKA
That’s inaccurate. Read the original press release, Viggo. I didn’t fire him. He’s on sabbatical.

REPORTER 2
Where.

ERIKA
I’m not sure, to be honest with you.

INT/EXT. COTTAGE - DAY
He’s at his desk, the cat in his lap, reviewing the album of photos taken on the day Harriet disappeared.
They’re arranged chronologically, and Vanger has noted the approximate time of day of each.

The first several were taken on the manor grounds, by family members of each other. The next couple taken in town of the parade. Then dozens taken on and around the bridge of the dramatic accident. He hears the sound and glances out to see a television news van driving toward Vanger’s manor –

EXT. VANGER MANOR – DAY

A crew is set up in the yard by the water, interviewing Henrik and Martin. Under his suit jacket Henrik wears a cheerful yellow shirt. Birger unhappily looks on.

MARTIN
Millennium is an excellent magazine. We also think it’s undervalued right now, which is good business for us.

REPORTER 3
Is any magazine really undervalued today. How many will be around tomorrow?

VANGER
There’s another reason. I don’t like bullies.

REPORTER 3
Are you referring to Mr. Wennerstrom?

VANGER
I’m referring to anyone who tries to sue their enemies into submission. If Mr. Wennerstrom would like to try it again, he’ll find himself fighting a company that can afford to fight back.

REPORTER 3
You’re enjoying this.

VANGER
Already it’s the most fun I’ve had in years.

INT. HARDWARE STORE – STOCKHOLM – DAY

As a clerk rings up the items Salander is buying – bright yellow duct tape and a plastic protective mask – she watches a shot on a TV here of Wennerstrom being interviewed outside his offices –
I've always admired Henrik Vanger. He’s a titan – and a gentleman. But he’s also quite old now – which may explain how he could be taken in by a convicted liar.

The report segues to another story. The clerk hands Salander her receipt.

INT. SALANDER’S APARTMENT – LATER

Her hardware store purchases, along with some fresh DVD-R’s, a couple of plastic bottles of ink, and McDonald’s Kids Meal wrappers, sit by her laptop.

She’s not typing on its keyboard, but characters are appearing nonetheless as someone somewhere else, writes an email:

The From box reads: h wennerstrom <HEW@WG.com>
The To box reads:  l jansson <LDJ@SkLaw.com>
The Subject box reads: Vanger/Blomkvist

And the Message, which is being typed:

Can somebody please explain to me what the fuck is going on with these two assholes -

INT. COTTAGE – DAY – CONTINUED

Blomkvist has returned to the accident photos. Pauses on a blurry one of the fire crew, the focus inadvertently on the background – Vanger’s manor.

What caught his attention is a figure in one of the upstairs windows. He checks a scribbled floor plan of the manor and sees that it’s Harriet’s bedroom.

But he’s not sure if it’s Harriet. The figure is too soft to identify – even with a magnifying glass – but is wearing a light-colored dress and has light hair.

He glances to the family tree on the wall – the teenage Vanger girls’ photos –

Three INSERTS: Harriet ... Cecelia ... Anita ...

They all have light hair, and, frankly, all look alike.

He moves on to the parade pictures. To the one Vanger said before was the last picture taken of Harriet alive. It’s not really of her.
It’s a wide shot of the parade itself - but she can be seen in the background across the street with her friends, watching a float - atop which some women in harem outfits dance - pass by.

He slips it from its corner-fasteners and turns it over. There’s a Hedestad Courier copyright printed on the back. He turns it over again and looks at the photo itself.

EXT. HEDESTAD - DAY

Guided by the photo, he walks along the town’s main street to the approximate place from which it was taken - outside a haberdashery window - but it’s still not right.

The photo was shot from a higher than street level angle. He looks to a second story window above the store. Then crosses the street to where Harriet was standing when the picture was taken. Looks back at the haberdashery where, now, the owner peers out at him.

EXT. HEDESTAD - LATER - DAY

On the pay phone outside the gas station -

BLOMKVIST
I want to look at what the paper has in its archive on the parade.

VANGER V/O
You already have what it has. In the album.

BLOMKVIST
I don’t think so.

VANGER V/O
Why.

BLOMKVIST
Because no photographer at any newspaper in the world takes just two photos of anything - especially after having to climb a flight of stairs.

VANGER V/O
The bridge accident happened during the parade. He rushed over.

BLOMKVIST
Maybe.

Silence. Then -

VANGER V/O
Mikael, what have you found?
BLOMKVIST
Nothing probably. But I know photographers. They’re the most insecure people on earth. If it’s out of focus, or they don’t like the framing, they bury it.

EXT. HEDESTAD COURIER - ESTABLISHING

INT. HEDESTAD COURIER - DAY

Blomkvist follows the paper’s youngish photo editor up narrow stairs to an attic.

PHOTO EDITOR
The current archive is on CD’s, naturally. The older stuff, still negatives. What general period are you interested in?

BLOMKVIST
September, 1966.

She glances back at him. The date means something to her, but she chooses not to comment.

INT. COURIER ATTIC - DAY

She pulls four thick binders off a shelf from September 1966 alone, proving Blomkvist’s point about photographers — and piles them up next to a light-box and scanner.

BLOMKVIST
Thank you.

He waits for her to leave. She seems reluctant to ...

PHOTO EDITOR
Is this about Harriet Vanger?

BLOMKVIST
You’re too young to know about that.

PHOTO EDITOR
Everyone here grows up knowing about her. It’s how we’re taught about strangers.

INT. BJURMAN’S APARTMENT - STOCKHOLM - NIGHT

The door opens revealing Salander. Bjurman seems a little surprised to see her at his doorstep.

BJURMAN
My dear Lisbeth, how are you?
SALANDER
I need more money. I need to pay my rent.

She looks like a schoolgirl with her little backpack over her shoulder. How did he ever get so lucky?

BJURMAN
Come on in.

She steps inside. He takes her hand and leads her toward the bedroom. Her other hand slips into her jacket pocket.

BJURMAN
Since we’re still figuring out what you like, I went shopping for some new toys.

SALANDER
Me, too.

BJURMAN
You, too? What did you buy?

She pulls a Taser from her pocket and jams it under his chin, firing off 75,000 volts -

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Set down on the rugged landscape under an almost moonless night sky, the cottage looks vulnerable.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

The cat, curled up on a chair, jerks its head up at a sound neither we nor Blomkvist can hear, and stays absolutely still, listening.

Blomkvist scrolls through the Courier negatives he has converted into positives and has loaded into Photoshop.

He was right. Many more parade pictures were shot that day. Several at street level - a marching band, floats, children with balloons, some in better focus than others.

He reaches the first of the higher-angle shots from the floor above the haberdashery, scans the crowd lining the street. Harriet isn’t in it.

But in the next she appears at the edge of the frame with her school friends. In the next, she’s further into frame. And the next, standing in the same spot he stood earlier today.

OMIT - INT. BJURMAN’S APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT
INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Blomkvist selects all 18 of the high-angle parade photographs, transfers them to an iPhoto file, and reopens them as a ‘slide show.’

The first few, accompanied by the default music, Minuet in G, dissolve at two-second intervals. Too long. Too distracting with the music. And too wide.

He adjusts the size function - closer on Harriet gets rid of the dissolve effect and music and reduces the time-interval to make the transitions as quick as possible.

He hits ‘play’ again and watches a short jerky ‘silent film’ - a kind of electronic flip-book:

Harriet arrives with her friends. Moves along the street. Stops and faces the parade. Says something to her friends. Laughs. Watches the float with the harem girls on it. Smiles. Sees something to her left. Turns her head slightly toward it. Her eyes widen in fear. She looks down. She moves off. Her friends look after her confused. And then she’s gone.

Blomkvist backs up to the frame of Harriet looking off with fear in her eyes, and for the first time believes without a doubt what Vanger has believed for 40 years:

She was murdered. Whoever she saw across the street followed her and killed her. The cat watches him.

INT. BJURMAN’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bjurman slowly comes to.

SALANDER
Good. You’re alive.

It takes him a moment to realize it’s true. Another to realize it might be better if he wasn’t since he’s naked on the floor, face-up, wrists and ankles bound. He tries to cry out and realizes he’s also gagged.

She emerges from the shadows, stands over him, and he sees that her eyes are ringed in black mascara like some kind of ghoulish raccoon. She looks insane. As she steps out of his field of view, and his hands struggle against the restraints.

SALANDER
Recognize this?

He cranes his neck to see she’s by her backpack that’s resting on a chair.
SALANDER
I had it with me last time. I set it here. Remember?
(he doesn’t)
See this snap? It’s not a snap. It’s a wide-angle micro-lens.

She takes a DVD-R from the backpack, puts it in his player, flips his plasma TV on with a remote. She got it all - what he did to her - the rape - in HD.

SALANDER
This shows you sodomizing a mentally impaired girl. If it’s ever seen outside this room, who’ll be institutionalized then?

He starts to whimper.

SALANDER
Here’s what’s going to happen. Pay attention.

He can’t. He can’t even look at her. His life is over. He weeps into the gag.

SALANDER
Look at me.

He won’t. She strides to her backpack. Takes out a large dildo. Gets on her knees, and works it into his ass. She can only get it about halfway up. She has to stand up and kick it the rest of the way with her boot. He howls into the gag.

SALANDER
Do I have your attention now?

She does indeed. He vigorously nods his head, now, and after everything she says -

SALANDER
When you can walk again, which I admit could be a while, we’re going to my bank. You’ll tell them I alone have access to my account. After that, you’ll never contact me again. Each month you’ll write a report of a meeting we won’t have. You’ll describe how well I’m doing, how sociable I’m becoming. Then you’ll negotiate with the court to have my declaration of incompetence lifted. If you fail, this video will spread across the Internet like a virus. (he stares in horror)

(MORE)
SALANDER (CONT’D)
If something happens to me - if
I get hit by a car - if you hit me
with a car - same thing, it uploads
automatically.

She fishes his apartment keys from his trousers. Shows him that she has them.

SALANDER
I’m taking these with me. I’ll be checking on you. If I ever find anyone in here with you, whether she came of her own free will or not -

His eyes dart to the TV as he nods that he understands.

SALANDER
No. Not the video.

She kicks him. Then straddles his fat gut and looks him in the eye.

SALANDER
I will kill you.

And he knows she means it.

SALANDER
Do you doubt anything I’ve said?
   (he shakes his head no)
Do you doubt what’s in the reports about me? What do they say when you sum them up? They say I’m insane.
   (he shakes his head no)
No, it okay. You can nod because it’s true. I am insane.

She gets up off him, rummages through her backpack again.

SALANDER
I know it’ll be hard for you to abide by my rules. Especially no more sex. I’m going to make it easier for you.

She puts on a plastic surgical mask. He fears the next thing he’ll see is a pair of scissors in her hand, but it isn’t. It’s something else he doesn’t recognize. She straddles him again. He squirms under her weight.

SALANDER
Lie still. I’ve never done this before.
He sees that the thing in her hand is some kind of surgical device, a shiny stripped-down gun with a sharp point and a plastic ink bottle where the bullets would go.

**SALANDER**

There will be some blood.

He struggles to twist his body away, but it’s useless. She digs the tattooing gun’s needle into his chest and begins dragging it back and forth. He screams as dots of blood spatter her plastic mask ...

**EXT. BJURMAN’S APARTMENT - DAWN - ESTABLISHING**

**INT. BJURMAN’S APARTMENT - DAWN**

The job has taken her all night. The sky outside the living room window is beginning to lighten. She drinks a glass of water in the kitchen, wipes her prints from it.

She crosses to the bedroom where Bjurman’s toys have been wiped cleaned and put back in the dresser. Picks up her backpack. Looks at him. He’s unconscious. She sets handcuff key next to a dark stain on his stomach.

We stay on the key as she leaves the room. Hearing the front door open and close, we rise up to see his entire naked body on the bed. Tattooed into his skin in big letters, from his nipples to his groin, is:

**I AM A RAPIST PIG**

**OMIT:  EXT. HEDESTAD - DAWN**

**OMIT:  INT. COTTAGE - DAWN**

**EXT. HEDEBY ISLAND - DAY**

Returning from a walk and a smoke, Blomkvist sees - sitting outside the cottage, petting his cat - Harriet. Of course it can’t be her, but it is a teenage girl who resembles the old pictures of her. Seeing him, she waves. It’s his daughter.

**PERNILLA**

Hi.

**BLOMKVIST**

Hi. What are you doing here?

**PERNILLA**

On my way to Skelleftea. I can only stay a couple hours.

He arrives and gives her a hug.
BLOMKVIST
What’s in Skelleftea?

PERNILLA
Light of Life Bible Camp.

Blomkvist tries to hide his dismay.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

He’s made them some coffee, and, of course, sandwiches. Patiently waits for her to finish her silent prayer, and smiles bravely.

PERNILLA
They’re not dangerous.

BLOMKVIST
It’s fine, Nilla. Whatever you want to do is fine. Everybody needs something.

PERNILLA
Just so long as it’s not God.

BLOMKVIST
I didn’t say that.

As they eat in silence, Blomkvist can’t help but think about Harriet and what Vanger said about not giving her his attention when she needed it.

BLOMKVIST
I’m not around enough to know everything that’s going on with you, and I apologize for that. But I’d never want you to not tell me something, even if you think I might not want to hear it.

PERNILLA
(smiles)
That’s what I’m doing.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - HEDESTAD - DAY

The afternoon train is boarding. It’s not crowded.

BLOMKVIST
It should have been me visiting you. I’m sorry.

PERNILLA
It’s okay. Everything’s good.
He nods but doesn’t believe it any more than she believes he’s okay with Bible Camp. She climbs aboard. Waves.

    PERNILLA
    Bye.

    BLOMKVIST
    Bye.

The train begins to move.

    PERNILLA
    Don’t go too hard on the Catholics.

    BLOMKVIST
    What?

    PERNILLA
    The article you’re writing.

    BLOMKVIST
    What are you talking (about) -

    PERNILLA
    The Bible quotes on your desk.

    BLOMKVIST
    What?

The train clears the platform. He watches after it. What was she talking about? He glances absently to the taxi stand. Hussein points to his taxi. Ride?

INT. COTTAGE - LATER - DAY

Blomkvist comes in, goes straight to his desk, sifts through the paperwork on it, then sees the Xerox of the last page of Harriet’s address book - the unknown phone numbers - he taped to the lamp -

Magda 32016 Sara 32109 R.J. 30114 R.L. 32027 Mari 32018

It could be a coincidence they’re Bible names - Magdalene, Sarah, Mary - or maybe not. He digs through Harriet’s personal things for her Bible.

Since all the number sequences begin with ‘3,’ he goes to the third chapter - Leviticus - notices that its first facing page is faintly dog-eared - finds R.J’s verse - 1:14 - on it:

    HARRIET V/O
    If a dove is the sinner’s offering, the priest shall wring off its head, cleave its wings, and burn it upon the altar.
EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

Pinching a cigarette in a shaking hand, Blomkvist pokes numbers on his cell phone. Instead of ringing he hears a beep. “Retry?” appears on the cell screen.

EXT. HEDESTAD - DAY

Back across the bridge by the gas station, he makes the call on the pay phone.

BLOMKVIST
Detective Morell, it’s Mikael Blomkvist.

MORELL O/S
How are you? Not still in Hedestad I hope for your sake.

BLOMKVIST
The Rebecka Case you mentioned. What was her last name if you recall.

MORELL O/S
Of course I do, but what would it have to do with anything?

BLOMKVIST
Nothing probably.

As Blomkvist glances to the last page in Harriet’s address book, to R.J. 30114 -

MORELL O/S
Jacobsson. Rebecka Jacobsson.

BLOMKVIST
How was she killed?

MORELL O/S

Like the Leviticus dove. A siren. Ambulance coming past, headed for the bridge.

MORELL O/S
But this happened in the 1940’s -

BLOMKVIST
Hang on a second.

He watches the ambulance speed across the bridge.
BLOMKVIST
I’m going to call you back.

MORELL O/S
What have you (found) -

Blomkvist hangs up and takes off at a trot toward the bridge -

EXT. VANGER MANOR - LATER

He reaches the manor just as the ambulance is leaving and Martin is climbing into his Range Rover. He looks undone.

BLOMKVIST
What’s happened?

MARTIN
We were talking. He started rubbing at his arm. Then collapsed.

BLOMKVIST
Is he (conscious) -

MARTIN
I can’t talk, Mikael, I have to (go) -

BLOMKVIST
Go.

Martin pulls out to follow the ambulance to the hospital. Blomkvist watches after them.

INT. COTTAGE - EVENING

The cat naps while Blomkvist looks up the other Leviticus quotes from Harriet’s list in her dog-eared Bible -

HARRIET V/O
The daughter of any priest who profanes herself by playing the harlot, profanes her father, and shall be burned with fire -

HARRIET V/O
A woman who is a medium or sorcerer shall be put to death by stoning -

There’s a knock. He tucks the list in the Bible, sets aside and answers the door. Frode comes in.

FRODE
The good news is he survived. How he does now, we have to see. He’s in ICU. Can I have one of those?
He points to the table.

BLOMKVIST
A sandwich?

FRODE
A Scotch.

Blomkvist pours him one, and another for himself.

BLOMKVIST
I don’t want to be indelicate. But Henrik promised me something when I agreed to do this.

FRODE
Wennerstrom.

BLOMKVIST
(nods)
I need to know what he has on him. Now. In case.

FRODE
In case he dies? That is indelicate.

BLOMKVIST
And I apologize.

FRODE
I don’t know what he has on him, if you’re asking me. And he can’t tell you in the condition he’s in. So ... is that it then?

Silence. Blomkvist drinks. Eventually -

BLOMKVIST
We also never discussed who I’d report to if something happened to him.

FRODE
You’d report to me, but does it matter? We both know nothing’s going to come of this.

BLOMKVIST
I’m not so sure.

Frode looks at Blomkvist a little more intently.

FRODE
What do you mean?
BLOMKVIST
I may have found something.

FRODE
(pause)
You’re joking.
(Blomkvist isn’t)
What did you find?

Now it’s Blomkvist who studies Frode. He’s not sure he wants to tell him. And even less so the longer he looks.

BLOMKVIST
The last time I reported something before I was sure of it, it cost me my savings.

Frode studies him again – wondering perhaps if Blomkvist suspects him.

BLOMKVIST
I need a research assistant. Can you authorize that?

FRODE
Yes. Do you have one?

BLOMKVIST
I can find one.

FRODE
I know a good one. She did the background check on you.

BLOMKVIST
The.

FRODE
Do you think we’d hire anyone for something like this without doing one?

Blomkvist’s brain tries to quickly inventory his life, pausing at its darker recesses. Frode nods.

FRODE
Yes, it was quite thorough.

BLOMKVIST
I want to read it.

FRODE
That I couldn’t authorize.
Blomkvist isn’t sure how to play this. Then he is. Sets his napkin down, gets up and begins taking things down from the wall. Frode watches. Then sighs.

EXT. STOCKHOLM – DUSK

Only a few lights on in the Milton Security building.

INT. ARMANSKY’S OFFICE – DUSK

It isn’t often a subject of an investigation shows up in his office, but is always awkward when one does.

BLOMKVIST
Mr. Frode was kind enough to share your report with me.
(it rests on his lap)
The investigator’s name is on it, but I can find no record of her, and I’m pretty good at that sort of thing.

ARMANSKY
Would it really matter what her name is?

BLOMKVIST
It would if I wanted to speak to her, which I do.

ARMANSKY
Against policy.

BLOMKVIST
You sure?

ARMANSKY
Just like your sources. You understand.

BLOMKVIST
Let me give you a name then.

He jots “Annika Giannini” on one of Armansky’s Post-Its.

BLOMKVIST
My sister. She’s a lawyer.
(gestures to the report)
There’s information in here that could only have come from one place. I think you know what I mean.

Silence. Armansky tries not to look sick. Then –
ARMANSKY
The reason you can find no record of her is because her records have been sealed. She’s a ward of the State.

BLOMKVIST
What does that have to do with anything.

ARMANSKY
She’s had a rough life. Can we not make it rougher on her?

Blomkvist just sits there, the picture of calm ...

INT. THE MILL - STOCKHOLM - NIGHT

Cacophony of loud techno and a fringe clientele. Alone at a table drinking, Salander seems comfortable with the noise and her dateless status, but doesn’t avoid a glance from an Asian girl at the bar, and doesn’t tell her to go away when she comes over and motions to the empty chair.

INT. SALANDER’S APARTMENT - MORNING

Salander and the girl from the club, asleep in bed, entwined like snakes.

Salander wakes, disentangles herself, and is padding to the bathroom when there’s a knock on her door.

She stares it. No one ever knocks on her door. But someone knocks on it again. She crosses to it, wrapping herself in a blanket.

SALANDER
Who is it?

BLOMKVIST O/S
Mikael Blomkvist.

Her mind races, as Blomkvist’s did to the news someone had invaded his privacy. She unlocks the door. Cracks it enough to see him. He smiles, but it’s disconcerting. She’s not sure it’s a harmless one.

BLOMKVIST
May I come in?

SALANDER
Actually I’m not really up (yet) -

BLOMKVIST
That’s okay.
He pushes the door enough to pass. Has a paper bag and satchel with him. Takes in the place, including the girl in the bedroom, in a glance as he heads for the kitchen.

BLOMKVIST
I assumed you wouldn’t have had breakfast yet so I brought some bagel sandwiches. And tomato juice. Good for hangovers. Where do you keep the coffee?

SALANDER
Hey. Hey -
      (he stops; looks back)
Who do you think you are?

BLOMKVIST
I’m the guy you know better than my closest friends do.

He opens cabinets looking for the coffee. She stares.

BLOMKVIST
We have a lot to talk about, so why don’t you take a shower, put on some clothes and get rid of your girlfriend.

INT. SALANDER’S APARTMENT - LATER

Blomkvist, plunging a French press, watches as the girlfriend lets herself out. In the bedroom, Salander finishes getting dressed, sticks her Taser in the back pocket of her jeans and comes out to find a table setting that’s more formal than she, or anyone who lives alone, is used to.

BLOMKVIST
You’re awake. Good. Breakfast is ready.

He pours her, and then himself, coffee.

BLOMKVIST
I guess I alarmed you showing up like this.

SALANDER
If you touch me, I’ll more than alarm you.

BLOMKVIST
That won’t be necessary.

He smiles. His eyes are not unkind. As he helps himself to one of the bagels -
BLOMKVIST
Your report on me was quite detailed
but for me not very entertaining.

A copy of it sits next to his plate.

SALANDER
It wasn’t meant to be.

BLOMKVIST
When I write about people, I try to entertain the reader.

SALANDER
Wennnerström wasn’t entertained.

Blomkvist lets it go.

BLOMKVIST
Your boss Armansky tells me you only work on things that interest you. I guess I should be flattered. He also says you’re the one he goes to for jobs that are, ‘sensitive’ is the word he used. I’ll use ‘illegal,’ since that was what it was when you hacked into my computer.

(they study each other)
I’m not going to do anything about that. I could but I won’t. What I’m going to do is tell you a story. If it entertains you, maybe you’ll decide to help me research it further. If it doesn’t, I’ll wash the dishes and leave ... Are you going to even touch your food?

SALANDER
What kind of research?

BLOMKVIST
Lisbeth - may I call you Lisbeth? I want you to help me catch a killer of women.

INT. SALANDER’S APARTMENT - LATER - DAY

He’s arranged some of his research on the floor, and watches Salander kneeling before it, her eyes passing over photographs of the Vanger clan, the accident on the bridge, Xeroxes of the Leviticus list and verses.

BLOMKVIST
I’ve identified R.J. Her name’s Rebecka Jacobsson.

(MORE)
I have no idea who the others are — or how they’re connected to the death of a 16 year old girl — but they have to be.

His eyes settle on her blue-black "handcuffs" as hers settle on a copy of an old Hedestad Courier front page: the article about the grisly murder of Rebecka Jacobsson.

**BLOMKVIST**

We need to somehow figure out who they are, what happened to them, what the Leviticus verses have to do with (anything) —

She gets up, goes to her desk, begins jotting something down, ignoring him.

**BLOMKVIST**

What are you doing?

**SALANDER**

Getting started. You can keep talking if you want.

Blomkvist, slightly taken aback, picks up the Leviticus Xerox from the floor.

**BLOMKVIST**

Would you like this?

**SALANDER**

Got it.

That’s what she’s jotting down, from memory: the names, initials and Leviticus numbers. She wakes her laptop —

**EXT. THE BRIDGE — NIGHT**

Hussein’s taxi brings Blomkvist across to the island.

**OMIT — INT. COTTAGE NIGHT**

**EXT/INT. COTTAGE — NIGHT**

He gets out with his satchel. Whistles for the cat —

**BLOMKVIST**

I’m home.

He picks up the bowl of food he left on the porch, unlocks the door, goes inside, and sees the cat napping on his desk. He stares at it. Then at the door he just came through. Then the windows: all shut.
Nothing has been disturbed as far as he can tell, but someone has been in here.

OMIT - 143A - 161A

INT. SALANDER’S APARTMENT - DAY

A window on Salander’s laptop shows a map of Sweden divided into its 21 counties: Stockholm, Vasterbotten, Uppsala, etc.

She starts with Skane. Hacks *however one does that* into its police department’s crime database (or various county newspapers’ databases).

She fills in the year field with - 1947-1966 - and continues to types quickly. When we see what that is, she’s in the middle of typing this filters list -

Homicide
Female
Rape
Decapitation
Dismemberment
Fire
Altar
Priest
Prostitute
Unsolved
Mari
Magda
Sara
R.L.

The search produces a screen showing matches to some of the filter words - the rest of the case synopses greyed out. But also, with all of them, there’s this message:

Full Police Report Not Digitized

INT/EXT. COTTAGE - DAY - (PLACEMENT CHANGE ONLY)

Blomkvist watches a Hedestad locksmith install a dead-bolt on his front door.

EXT. STOCKHOLM - NIGHT

Salander comes out of her apartment building onto an empty street. Everyone is asleep. No lights on. It must be about 3am.

She ties a duffel bag down, climbs onto the motorcycle, kick-starts it, races off into the night.
Salander’s Honda races past a pastoral agricultural landscape.

An old police detective considers Salander’s driver’s license, her Milton Security ID, and a letter signed by the giant security firm’s CEO, Dragan Armansky.

DET. ISAKSSON

No one’s asked me about Magda in over 40 years. No one here even remembers her.

He waits for her to say something, but she doesn’t seem to understand conversational dynamics, so it’s up to him.

DET. ISAKSSON

Why would a young lady like you want to know about such a brutal killing.

SALANDER

It interests me.

DET. ISAKSSON

Does it.

She nods. He’s not sure which he finds stranger - her appearance or her sincerity. He touches his own neck to indicate the tattoo on hers.

DET. ISAKSSON

What’s that. A wasp?

SALANDER

A friend of mine calls me that.

DET. ISAKSSON

So you tattoo it on your neck?

He’d be horrified if one of his grandchildren did that, but she just shrugs like it’s no big deal.

DET. ISAKSSON

Who’s this friend?

SALANDER

My trainer.

DET. ISAKSSON

Aerobics?
SALANDER
Boxing.

Hard for him to picture. But, upon reflection -

DET. ISAKSSON
I have a feeling you’re pretty good at that, even though you weigh - what - ninety pounds?
(nothing from her)
Float like a butterfly...

SALANDER
What?

DET. ISAKSSON
(smiles)
Come with me, Muhammad.

INT. KARLSTAD POLICE FILE ROOM - DAY

The old man rummages through an old file cabinet.

DET. ISAKSSON
Her husband was our first suspect - the husband is always the first suspect, and usually the last - but not this time. We moved on to a neighbor. Then a vagrant -

He pulls a thick, yellowed folder out and sits with it and her at a table.

DET. ISAKSSON
Once you get to strangers, it’s only a matter of time before you get to gypsies, and you know you’re never going to solve it.

And that troubles him still, that he never solved it.

SALANDER
How exactly was she killed?

DET. ISAKSSON
Miss - I’m sorry -

SALANDER
Salander.

DET. ISAKSSON
Miss Salander, if you don’t mind my asking, when’s the last time you ate?
SALANDER
I have a high metabolism. I can’t put on weight.

DET. ISAKSSON
That’s not why I ask. I ask because it’s better to look at what I’m about to show you on an empty stomach.

He pushes the folder across the table to her ...

OMIT - 161E - 161I

INT. HEDESTAD HOSPITAL - DAY

Blomkvist comes in to find - like Morell did 40 years ago - a strange tableau of suspects - two of whom he’s only yet seen in photographs on his cottage wall - Birger, Cecilia, Frode, Martin, Gunnar, Anna, and, looking like an aging overdressed vampire, Isabella, smoking a cigarette.

BLOMKVIST
(to Frode)
How is he?

Frode takes Blomkvist aside.

FRODE
He needs surgery and there’s no DNR.
So it’s up to the family to decide to resuscitate or not, and they’re not good at decisions.

He glances over to them. Isabella’s staring back.

FRODE
How’d it go with Ms. Salander?

BLOMKVIST
She said yes.

Isabella gets up to come over -

BLOMVIST
(to Frode)
Can I see Henrik?

FRODE
He was asleep when I last looked in. We can check.
ISABELLA
No, you can’t check. You can instruct him to pack his things and leave.

MARTIN
Mother -

ISABELLA
Don’t use that tone with me.
(to Blomkvist)
This family’s had enough tragedy without you dredging it all up again.

FRODE
Actually, Isabella, Mr. Blomkvist works for Henrik.

ISABELLA
And who do you work for, Dirch? Remind me who pays your salary?

BIRGER
We should put this to a vote.

MARTIN
Don’t be an idiot, Birger.

BIRGER
It’s a family decision like any other. Cecilia?

CECILIA
What.

BIRGER
Am I right?

CECILIA
You are so seldom right about anything, it’s hard for me to say yes. But (yes) -

MARTIN
No. We should do what Henrik wants, and we know what he wants.

ISABELLA
Henrik - is in there fighting for his life. This -
(points to Blomkvist like he’s an object)
- is the last thing he needs.

A nurse chooses this - the absolute worst time - to approach Isabella.
NURSE O/S
Excuse me, Mrs. Vanger, you can’t smoke in here.

Isabella gives the nurse a look so hard it’s almost frightening - calmly flicks an ash on the floor - waits for the nurse to leave - and looks back at Blomkvist.

ISABELLA
Go back to Stockholm. When we want a false chronicle of the family written by a libelist, we know who to call.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY
As Frode guessed, Henrik is asleep, wired up to monitors, and doesn’t stir as Blomkvist looks in on him.

EXT. YOUTH HOSTEL - NIGHT
Salander’s motorcycle parked outside.

INT. YOUTH HOSTEL - NIGHT
As young travelers with huge backpacks try to sleep around her, Salander reads to herself from a Bible by flashlight. Leviticus 4:32 -

HARRIET/PERNILLA
If a man’s offering is a lamb, it shall be a female without blemish. He shall lay his hand upon it’s head ...slaughter it... empty it’s blood on the base of the altar ... and he shall be forgiven.

EXT. UDDEVALLA - DAY
Another police station.

INT. KARLSTAD POLICE STATION - DAY
Det. Isaksson is on the phone -

DET. ISAKSSON
Forget what she looks like, I vouch for her -

INT. POLICE STATION - UDDEVALLA - DAY
Another old police detective has Salander’s credentials and a phone in hand -

DET. ISAKSSON O/S
She’s smart. And she’s serious about this.
The old Uddevalla detective regards Salander waiting at the counter. Into the phone -

**UDDEVALLA DETECTIVE**

(convinced but just barely)
All right. Thanks.

He hangs up. To Salander -

**UDDEVALLA DETECTIVE**
This way, Miss.

He escorts her to the file room.

**OMIT - EXT. POLICE STATION - FARSTA ESTABLISHING**

**INT. FILE ROOM - POLICE STATION - UDDEVALLA - DAY**

Just like Isaksson, the Uddevalla detective pulls open an old cabinet drawer, finds a particular ancient folder in it and hands it to Salander. She begins flipping through the reports and crime photos inside it, but we don’t see them.

**SALANDER**
Can I make copies?

**UDDEVALLA DETECTIVE**
I can make them for you if our machine’s been repaired.

**SALANDER**
That’s okay.

She begins photographing the reports and crime scene pictures with her camera as the detective watches her, not without some kind of strange sense of admiration.

**OMIT: INT. COTTAGE - EVENING**

**INT. COTTAGE - EVENING**

Blomkvist considers Birger’s photo on his wall: Brother of Cecilia, son of Harald the Nazi, 21-years-old when his cousin Harriet disappeared ...

**EXT. COTTAGE - EVENING**

Blomkvist and Martin drink Skane. Martin’s normally breezy demeanor seems to have suffered from his mother’s public displays. Embarrassed by them and her, he’s more serious now.

**MARTIN**
My family is impossible. It’s why the company is such a mess.

(MORE)
MARTIN (CONT'D)
Please accept my apology for my mother’s behavior.

BLOMKVIST
It’s all right.

MARTIN
It’s not all right, she’s unbearable. But it has nothing to do with you. It’s between her and Henrik ... She lost it when my father died. The drinking - her state of mind - it all got so bad Henrik took me and my sister away from her, leaving her alone in our old house on the other side of the island like she was excommunicated. She’s never forgiven him.

And he seems as lost now as he must have been then.

MARTIN
You have to stay and keep working. You’re Henrik’s last chance at some kind of resolution. Put this to rest for him one way or the other, and I’ll try to keep my mother away. But, please, do it as quickly as you can.

BLOMKVIST
I’ll (try) -

They glance off to the sound of a motorcycle. It appears, roars up, parks. Salander climbs off it and shoulders a duffel bag. Blomkvist seems surprised to see her.

BLOMKVIST
Lisbeth, this is Martin Vanger.

MARTIN
How do you do.

SALANDER
Fine.

She comes past them without another word. Martin can’t help noticing her wasp and handcuff tattoos. Looks after her as she disappears into the cottage. It’s hard to believe, but he has to ask:

MARTIN
Girlfriend?
BLOMKVIST
Assistant.

INT. COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Blomkvist comes in as Martin drives off. Salander is already unpacking her things - laptop, charger, change of clothes. What’s she doing, moving in?

BLOMKVIST
Any trouble finding the place?

SALANDER
Everyone in town knows who and where you are.

BLOMKVIST
That’s comforting. Are you hungry? Want a sandwich?

SALANDER
No.

Busy setting up her laptop on his desk, starting it up, sitting down at it, she’s all but ignoring him.

BLOMKVIST
I used to have a motorcycle. When I was 19.

SALANDER
I know.

She hands him her own dog-eared Bible and a copy of the list of names and initials he gave her -

SALANDER
The five cases from Harriet’s list. And five more she missed - three I’m sure about.

Five more? Blomkvist stares at her but she’s turned back to her laptop, bringing up police reports and crime scene photos.

SALANDER
Rebecka was the first, like you thought ... M.H., is Mari Holmberg - a prostitute in Kalmar - murdered in 1954. Leviticus verse 20, line 18.
“If a man lies with a woman having her sickness, he has made naked her fountain and she has uncovered the fountain of her blood.”

Blomkvist doesn’t see a connection.

She was raped and stabbed, but the cause of death was suffocation with a sanitary napkin. R.L. Rakel Lunde, 1957 -

Salander brings up more crime photos -

Cleaning woman and part-time palm reader, tied up with a clothesline, gagged, raped, head crushed with a rock. Leviticus 20:27.

“A woman who is a medium or sorcerer shall be put to death by stoning.”

She’s lit a cigarette and brings up the next photos -

I only smoke outside.

Sara Witt, 1964. Daughter of a pastor. Tied to her bed, raped, charred in the fire that burned down her house. Leviticus -

21:9. “The daughter of any priest who profanes herself by playing the harlot, profanes her father and shall be burned with (fire) -

Magda Lovisa Sjoberg, 1960 -

Several photos of a dead woman and dead cow -

Found in a barn, stabbed and raped with farm tools. A cow in the next stall with its throat slit, its blood splashed on her, hers on it.
Leviticus 20:16 - “If a woman lies with any beast, you shall kill the woman and the beast, their blood is upon (them) -

SALANDER
(again on his last word)
Lea Persson, 1962 -

A photo of a pretty girl in riding jodhpurs, petting a horse, and several more of her dead naked body on a wet cement floor surrounded by tropical fish.

SALANDER
Found by her sister in their pet shop - raped, beaten. The killer uncaged the animals, smashed the aquariums. There was a parakeet inside her. Leviticus 26:21/22.

Before Blomkvist can find the verse, she’s on to the next ones. More photos of murdered girls -

SALANDER
Eva Gustavsson, 1960. A runaway. Raped, strangled, a burnt pigeon tied around her neck. Lena Andersson, 1967, a student. Raped, stabbed, decapitated -

BLOMKVIST
Okay -

SALANDER
I’m not done -

BLOMKVIST
It’s all right, we’re looking for a serial murderer ... But what does it have to do with a 16-year-old girl on an island?

Salander, as we know, is not paid to give her opinion. She’s a hunter/gatherer, not an analyst. But Blomkvist asked, so she gives it -

SALANDER
She was looking for him, too.

OMIT - INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT
EXT. COTTAGE - LATER - NIGHT

The silence they just left has followed them out here. The island, more than ever, feels haunted as Blomkvist looks off, smoking.

BLOMKVIST

SALANDER
The names. They’re all Biblical. The first woman, the whore, the Virgin Mary - Sara, Rakel - all from the Old Testament.

BLOMKVIST
Which means they’re Jewish names.

He glances off to Harald’s dark house.

BLOMKVIST
If there’s one thing the Vangers have more than their share of, it’s Nazis. There’s one of them.

The Nazi’s shadowy form crosses behind the shades ...

INT. COTTAGE - LATER - NIGHT

He pokes at embers in the fireplace to try coax some flames.

BLOMKVIST
I can see why Armansky values you so highly. Your work is very good.

SALANDER
It interests me.

He takes a blanket from the back of a chair.

BLOMKVIST
I’ll take the couch. You can have the bed.

SALANDER
I can sleep on a couch.

BLOMKVIST
So can I.

She takes the blanket from him and sits with it on the couch. He watches her a moment.
Okay.
(heads off to the bedroom)
Good night.

Night.

She switches off the lamp. Then, in a moment, in the dark -

Harriet’s name isn’t.

Isn’t what.

Jewish.

Salander browses through an iPhoto album of old photographs of Blomkvist and the motorcycle he mentioned. In some of them, Erika is with him. In all of them, he’s wearing a leather jacket not unlike Salander’s.

What are you doing?

He’s just woken up in a tangle of blankets on the couch to see her at his laptop. She closes the album, leaving on the screen what she was looking at before: his iMovie of the parade and some annotated police files.

Going over your notes.

They’re encrypted.

She gives him a don’t-be-a-child look.

Have some coffee.

I will. And then we’ll have a talk about what’s yours and what’s mine.

Blomkvist drags himself up, pours himself some coffee, adds some milk.
SALANDER
It’s amazing what you figured out from the parade photos.

BLOMKVIST
Thank you.

SALANDER
Too bad you don’t have hers.

BLOMKVIST
Whose.

She doesn’t say. He comes over. She plays the iMovie, stops on a frame before Harriet turns her head. Points to a young couple standing among the people behind her. The woman has an Instamatic camera in her hand.

SALANDER
Her.

She advances to the next frame: The woman has raised the camera to her eye.

And the next: Harriet turning her head in foreground while in the background the flash cube atop the woman’s Instamatic flares slightly.

Blomkvist is stunned, by both the fact he didn’t notice it before, and what it means: Though the woman is taking a snapshot of the parade, she could have inadvertently included in it whatever - whoever - Harriet saw at that moment across the street.

BLOMKVIST
Excuse me.

He takes over his laptop from her, finds the later Courier photos he didn’t include in his iMovie, after Harriet has left.

In one, the couple is moving off the other way. In another, they’re getting in a parked car to leave.

He sharpens the Photoshop contrast. The rear license plate is partly visible, but too small for him to make out even by squinting.

BLOMKVIST
Can you read that?

SALANDER
A, C, Three - the rest is blocked.
He focuses on a decal on the car’s back window. The letters are even small and blurrier, but she thinks she can make out –

SALANDER
N, something, R, S, J –

BLOMKVIST
Norsjo.

SALANDER
Then something, K, something, R, I, F, something, I –

BLOMKVIST
Carpentry.
(points below the letters)
Is that a phone number?

SALANDER
Too small to read.

He gets up. Heads for the front door to smoke his cigarette outside –

BLOMKVIST (ADR)
I’m going to have to go to Norsjo.

He opens the door to leave and sees on the porch –

The charred corpse of the cat. Its legs – sawn off and arranged in the shape of a swastika – lie in the middle of a dark circle of blood.

He seems too startled to move, but when Salander sees it, she immediately gets her camera and begins framing close-ups of the cat parts, and its head resting atop the seat of her motorcycle.

Blomkvist stares off at Harald’s house ...

OMIT:  EXT. COTTAGE – MORNING

OMIT:  INT. FRODE’S HOUSE – DAY

INT. HEDESTAD HOSPITAL CAFETERIA – DAY

As Frode scrolls through the photos of the dismembered cat on Salander’s camera, horrified by them, she regards at a table across the room: Birger, Isabella and Gunner.

BLOMKVIST
I wouldn’t think Harald would sign his name like this, would you?
I can’t say I know how he thinks. He might.

Has anyone spoken to him about me since I’ve been here?

Maybe Isabella. No one else.

Could she do something like this?

Frode glances off to her. She’s staring at Salander. And turns to Birger.

Who’s this creature now?

Frode takes one more look at the photos before -

I’m calling this off.

No. You’re authorizing me to rent a car.

Blomkvist and Salander coming down a corridor on their way out.

I’m sorry if that was uncomfortable.

They don’t bother me.

I’m sure they’re not used to people who look like you.

They don’t like you either.

A car and a motorcycle split apart at an interchange – the Volvo to the north, Salander’s Honda to the south.

Salander pulls her Honda into an underground garage.
INT. MILTON SECURITY - DAY

No one says hello to her - nor she to them - as she strides through the place to the tech room.

INSERT: Cases snapped open revealing sophisticated surveillance equipment - several cameras, mounts, hand monitor, cables.

TECH CLERK
I can’t give you any of this stuff without authorization from Mr. Armansky.

SALANDER
So call him.

The clerk picks up a phone, but then sets it back down. Picks up the list again.

TECH CLERK
Next time, I’d prefer you fill out the proper paperwork.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A Volvo speeds along a rural highway, far from Hedestad and the Vangers.

INT. VOLVO - MOVING - DAY

On the passenger seat -

INSERT: the car rental agreement - a print of the parade photo of the couple getting into the car he was looking at with Salander on his laptop - and a handwritten note that reads -


EXT/INT. HIGHWAY / VOLVO - DAY

A POV through the windshield of a highway sign alerts him the Norsjo exit is coming up.

EXT. NORSJO - DAY

The main street of a very small town. The Volvo pulls to a stop outside its only hardware store.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

An ancient place with narrow aisles crammed with stuff.

CLERK 1
Can I help you?
The clerk - for what Blomkvist needs - is too young.

BLOMKVIST
I’m waiting for the older gentleman, thanks.

He gestures to a clerk in his 60’s helping a customer.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - LATER

The older clerk looks at the parade photo of the couple.

BLOMKVIST
The carpentry shop is gone. I don’t know if he worked there or not. If he did, maybe he used to buy hardware here.

CLERK 2
I don’t recognize him. Sorry.

BLOMKVIST
I had to start somewhere. Thanks.

As he gathers up the photos to leave -

CLERK 2
I’m no detective, but I think I would’ve started at the retirement home.

Blomkvist looks up. Not a bad idea.

INT. SALANDER’S APARTMENT - STOCKHOLM - DAY

Salander checks a ‘mirror’ of Bjurman’s computer on her laptop. Skims one of the monthly reports she instructed him to write.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - NORSJO - ESTABLISHING

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - NORSJO - DAY

A group of elderly men and women in a rec room pass Blomkvist’s photos around. One old man offers -

FORSMAN
This is Brannlund’s kid. He was a contractor, the father.

BLOMKVIST
Brannlund.

FORSMAN
Assar.
Blomkvist writes the name down.

BLOMKVIST
You wouldn’t happen to know where I could find him, the son?

FORSMAN
Next to his father at the cemetery. He was killed in an accident on a job site years ago. But she might be alive –
(the woman in the picture)
His widow.

EXT. BRANNLUND HOUSE – ESTABLISHING
INT. BRANNLUND HOUSE – DAY

She is still alive, and sitting across from Blomkvist in her living room as he takes out his photos –

BLOMKVIST
In 1966, you were in Hedestad with your husband.

He shows her one of the photos.

MILDRED
Oh, my goodness, there we are. Who took this?

BLOMKVIST
Photographer at the local paper.

She smiles at the picture; it brings back good memories.

BLOMKVIST
You were taking pictures, too. Which I’d very much like to see if by some miracle you still have them.

MILDRED
It wouldn’t be a miracle. We were on our honeymoon. But why?

Blomkvist thinks about making something up. Decides not to. Indicates Harriet in the photo –

BLOMKVIST
This girl was killed that day, soon after seeing something across the street that frightened her.

MILDRED
How awful.
Blomkvist nods; Mildred takes a closer look at the photo.

MILDRED
She does look terrified.

Mildred gets up with purpose, goes into another room, returns with a photo album. Leafs past wedding photos, to honeymoon photos and stops on the only one she took of the parade. She hands the album to Blomkvist.

The snapshot shows the float with the harem girls in foreground, and - in the background, across the street - several out of focus figures -

BLOMKVIST
Would you mind if I made a copy of this?

EXT. BJURMAN’S OFFICE BUILDING – LATE AFTERNOON
Establish.

INT. BJURMAN’S OFFICE BUILDING – LATE AFTERNOON
He gets in the elevator without really looking at the figure already in it.

BJURMAN
Ground, please.

A finger presses it. The doors close and the elevator starts down.

SALANDER
How’s your sex life?

Bjurman, terrified, backs into a corner. She presses a button and the elevator jerks to a stop between floors.

SALANDER
I didn’t care much for your last report. (which she has in hand)
It felt perfunctory, like your heart wasn’t in it. Let’s see a little more enthusiasm for my recovery in next month’s.

BJURMAN
I under(stand) –

SALANDER
Don’t speak. I don’t want to hear your voice. Just nod.

He nods.
SALANDER
Start looking for a shrink you can bribe to swear under oath he can find absolutely nothing wrong with me.

He nods. She gets the elevator going again and steps closer to him. He tries bowing his head like a dog being scolded. She lifts his chin like he did to her before he raped her.

SALANDER
And stop visiting tattoo removal websites or I’ll do it again - right here.

She touches his forehead. He backs away. The doors open and she steps out, leaving him in there, looking too frightened to move. The doors close.

INT. COTTAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Having returned and scanned Mildred’s snapshot into Photoshop, Blomkvist better defines on his laptop its background and the people in frame across the street from where Harriet was standing:

INSERT: Couples, kids, a clown.

INSERT: The watch repair shop clock that reads, 2:00.

INSERT: A figure standing slightly apart from the other people.

It’s too blurry to make out his face or age, but he has light brown hair, dark slacks, and a dark blazer with some kind of patch on the pocket.

EXT. STOCKHOLM - LATE AFTERNOON

Salander blasts onto the highway headed north.

INT COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

Blomkvist regards Isabella’s two photos on the wall.

In one she’s a stunning young woman. In the other, the old wreck she’s become.

He glances to her husband Gottfried’s photo. Where a second more current photo of him should go is a Courier article about his drowning in 1965. That’s when Isabella changed - and this is where it happened - in this old house out on the point.

He untacks the article -
EXT. HEDEBY ISLAND - LATE AFTERNOON

The boathouse hasn’t fared well. Neither has the dock Blomkvist has to walk on to reach it. He glances inside - no boat, just dark water slapping against the pilings - looks back to the shore at the long-uninhabited cabin.

INT. CABIN - LATER - LATE AFTERNOON

No electricity but enough light spills through the open door for him to see the neglected, shadowy interior:

Beds with bare, or no, mattresses. Sticks of furniture. Old water-stained books strewn around. Beer bottles and other debris left by intrepid Hedestad teenagers.

It’s creepy, even if you weren’t alone in it, knowing what you know.

He kneels to look at some of the books. Mickey Spillane, a bird guidebook, something called The Evil Empire about the USSR, a children’s book. He opens this last one and sees “Harriet” scrawled in a very young child’s hand.

EXT. HEDEBY ISLAND - LATE AFTERNOON

Having climbed the cliff above the cabin, he finds himself at the highest point on the island. Stops to rest at the ruins of a fort.

A piece of the stone wall next to his head suddenly erupts. As fragments tear into his scalp, he hears the delayed crack and echo of the rifle shot -

He throws himself to the ground. Crawls desperately around and behind the ruins. Sees his shirt is bloody but can’t feel a wound under it. Touches his face and finds the blood is coming from his forehead.

He can see no one, and is almost relieved since if he could it would mean they were walking toward him, which would mean he would soon be shot dead, point blank.

He has to get out of here before that happens. Behind him - the rocky cliff he just climbed. Ahead of him - a clearing leading to woods. Really only one choice -

He runs for the trees. Dives through a curtain of thicket and stinging nettles that tear at his arms and hands. Crawls the rest of the way to the woods on his elbows and toes like an infantryman.

Safe for the moment, he figures, hidden in the woods, he looks at the sun low in the sky, and decides to wait.
INT/EXT. COTTAGE - EVENING

Salander, returned from Stockholm, moves around the cottage - inside and out - installing the equipment she brought from Milton Security:

Motion detectors - security cameras - software that bisects a PC screen into quadrants showing night-vision views of each corner of the cottage.

OMIT: EXT. HEDEBY ISLAND - EVENING

INT/EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

A figure appears on a quadrant of Salander’s surveillance PC. Comes past the motorcycle and nearly reaches the porch before she hears -

BLOMKVIST O/S

It’s me.

She opens the door to see him covered in blood, pressing a torn piece of his shirt to his bleeding head - and almost gasps.

BLOMKVIST

It’s that bad?

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

She turns the bathtub’s hot water tap -

BLOMKVIST

Is it still bleeding? (touches the wound) It’s still bleeding ... why is it still bleeding ...

She pulls a length of dental floss from its case -

BLOMKVIST (ADR)

Is that dental floss?

SALANDER

Yes.

Splits it in two thinner lengths with her chewed fingernails -

Feeds one of the lengths of floss through the eye of a needle -

BLOMKVIST

What is that - (he can see it’s a needle) Is that necessary?
SALANDER
Yes.

BLOMKVIST
We can’t just tape it?

SALANDER
No.

She perches on the edge of the tub where he sits – still in his pants – half-submerged in tepid water – bottle of vodka in his hand.

BLOMKVIST
Did you sterilize that?

SALANDER
No.

BLOMKVIST
You didn’t?

She splashes some of the vodka on the needle. Most of it goes in the water. Hands the bottle back to him.

SALANDER
Drink some more.

He takes a swig from the vodka bottle. She reaches to his face with the needle and floss -

BLOMKVIST
Careful, it’s my eye.

SALANDER
Don’t move.

It takes all he’s got not to move, and even that isn’t enough as she first sticks the needle through the flesh. He pulls away with a groan.

She just looks at him. Waits for him to take another swig of vodka to steel himself.

She pierces him a second time, draws the floss through the skin. And after that it doesn’t seem to be so bad.

As she works, his eyes glance to hers with a mixture of dread and gratitude, but hers are focused on the work. Hers then briefly glance to his, but now his are down.

INT. COTTAGE – A FEW MINUTES LATER – NIGHT

He comes out of the bathroom in his soaking wet pants and collapses on the bed. She works to pull his pants off.
BLOMKVIST
What am I doing here ... why did I ever come up here ...

He touches the wound and looks at his fingers -

BLOMKVIST
It’s too dark to see ... did it stop bleeding ... I think maybe it has ... it still fucking hurts ...

INT. COTTAGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

She regards the surveillance monitor, the night-vision views of the cottage. She can’t believe it but she feels vigilant more for his sake than her own.

She goes to a window and looks out. Sees her own reflection in the glass and studies it. Then kicks her boots off.

INT. COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

She comes into the bedroom in her t-shirt and underwear. He’s still muttering without looking at her.

BLOMKVIST
It wasn’t an accident ...
Somebody was shooting at me ...
It’s insane ... these people are insane ...

SALANDER
No one’s shooting at you now.

She pulls her t-shirt over his stitched-up head, cocooning it against her breasts. Silence. Then -

BLOMKVIST
I’m pretty sure this isn’t a good idea.

SALANDER
Why.

He extracts his head from the cocoon and looks at her.

BLOMKVIST
Apart from the fact that I’m old, we work together.

SALANDER
You work with what’s-her-name.
That’s worked out for you.

He nods. That’s true. Then -
BLOMKVIST
I have some standards of behavior, believe it or not.

SALANDER
You need to stop talking.

She climbs on top of him.

INT. COTTAGE - LATER - NIGHT

Afterwards. She opens his dwindling pack of cigarettes. Lights one. Glances over to him lying next to her. He’s not looking at the smoke but rather the startling tattoos on her bare legs and arms. Eventually -

SALANDER
You want me to open a window?

He shakes his head no. Reaches for the cigarette. Takes a drag. Hands it back.

INT. COTTAGE - MORNING

He wakes. Comes out to find a proper place setting on the table. Sits with Salander. Listens to that awkward, but not altogether unpleasant silence you always hear in this situation the next morning. She breaks it -

SALANDER
I like working with you.

BLOMKVIST
I like working with you, too.

OMIT - INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

EXT. MARTIN’S HOUSE - DAY

Establish.

INT. MARTIN’S HOUSE - DAY

Frode and Martin stare at Blomkvist’s unprofessionally sutured head wound; Salander near him like an emaciated bodyguard.

FRODE
People hunt on the island, Mikael. Gunner’s out there shooting something almost every day for his dinner. It could have been a stray shot.

MARTIN
Not from Gunner. If he wanted to shoot him, he’d have shot him.
FRODE
We get poachers. They’re not always such great shots.

MARTIN
Or he’s right, Dirch. What if he is? This has to stop.

Frode regards Blomkvist.

FRODE
Do you want to stop?

BLOMKVIST
I have police reports, photos, Henrik’s notes, my own notes, and Lisbeth’s research. What I don’t have are Vanger Industries records. That’s what I want.

FRODE
Why?

Blomkvist doesn’t say. Only -

BLOMKVIST
Will you authorize it?

FRODE
I could but why on earth would I?

BLOMKVIST
Because I’m asking.

FRODE
The private corporate records. (Blomkvist nods)
How far back?

BLOMKVIST
All the way.

Frode exchanges a look with Martin.

BLOMKVIST
Henrik said I have access to everything I need. This is what I need.

FRODE
That’s not what he meant.

BLOMKVIST
Let’s ask him.
FRODE
He’s not well enough to ask.

BLOMKVIST
I’d be happy to sign a nondisclosure statement, if that helps you.

FRODE
Excuse us a moment.

Frode and Martin step away to confer in private.

MARTIN
I think Henrik would say yes.

FRODE
That’s why he has me. To protect him from himself. This is insane.

MARTIN
What do we have to hide?

FRODE
Over the course of 120 years of doing business? Plenty.

MARTIN
If he needs this to do his job, he should have permission.

This goes against every privileged, confidential bone in the lawyer’s body. He can only stare at Blomkvist and Salander across the room, wondering why he hired either one of them.

EXT. HEDEBY ISLAND - LATER - DAY

Blomkvist and Salander walk down the road from Martin’s house.

SALANDER
What am I looking for?

BLOMKVIST
Any connections between the company’s holdings and the towns where the women were killed … and everything about Frode.

EXT. HEDESTAD - DAY

Vanger Industries’ corporate archives are kept in the oldest building in the town’s warehouse district. The rumble of Salander’s motorcycle announces her arrival.
Like someone visiting a relative they never liked, Blomkvist reviews yet again the photos from ‘that day’ - scrolling through the bridge accident shots -

He stops. One of the figures has something in his hand he hadn’t noticed before. It and the figure are somewhat blurred in movement - but it looks like a gun. He sharpens the contrast to reveal that the gun is in fact a Hasselblad-type camera. Looks at the man’s face - then at his wall of Vanger family photos - unhappy to see it matches Harald ...

Carbon-copied or original documents from the 50’s and 60’s surround Salander like the water around the island:

Financial analyses, annual reports, internal memoranda, trade union agreements, brittle news clippings, corporate staff photographs, one of which she’s regarding now: A much younger Frode, posing against a wall of law books.

The photo of Harald in his Nazi uniform on the wall.

BLOMKVIST V/O
Your father was taking pictures that day no one has seen.

Cecilia looks at the blurred bridge photo of Harald with the camera in his hand. Then at Blomkvist, coolly.

BLOMKVIST
I’d like to if I could.

CECILIA
So ask him.

BLOMKVIST
I was wondering if you could do that.

CECILIA
I don’t speak to him, as you know.

BLOMKVIST
You couldn’t make an exception in my case.

He gives her his most disarming smile. It usually works with women, but doesn’t seem to have much affect on her.
CECILIA
Are you afraid to be in the same room with him? I’m not saying you shouldn’t be.

BLOMKVIST
You won’t help me?

CECILIA
Sorry.

INT. VANGER INDUSTRIES - DAY

Salander gets up and crosses to an anteroom where an unhappy older woman - the archive manager - seems to be doing nothing but waiting for the strange girl to leave.

LINDGREN
Are you finished?

SALANDER
No. I need to know where all the factories, offices and projects were from 1949 to 1966.

LINDGREN
You already have everything.

SALANDER
I don’t. Nothing on subsidiary corporations, partnerships, or suppliers.

LINDGREN
Then you’ll have to do without.

SALANDER
Mr. Frode said I have access to whatever I need, and I need this.

LINDGREN
He said you have access to this floor.

SALANDER
Call him.

The woman stares at her for a long moment, then picks up the phone.

INT. ARCHIVES - DAY

Stairs lead them to a higher floor. The woman climbs a step-stool. Pulls a couple of large binders from a high shelf. Salander doesn’t help her off the stool and the woman looks at her even more unhappily than before.
INT. HARALD’S DEN – DAY

The blinds, as usual, closed. Couple of lamps throw shadows on the walls which display hunting and military trophies - wild game heads, sabers and vintage firearms - some of Harald’s dearer photographs - some photographs in dusty frames.

Blomkvist, alone in the room, looks at them: Swedish Nazi leader in the 1930’s.

HARALD

Sven Olof Lindholm.

The 92-year-old comes into the room from the kitchen, followed by a housekeeper with a tea tray. Indicates the younger man in the photo, also in a Nazi uniform, that Blomkvist is looking at.

HARALD

Me.

Blomkvist nods. Has no idea what to say. But Harald waits for more of a response. Finally -

BLOMKVIST

Handsome.

HARALD

(taps another)

Birger Furugard. Me.

(and another)

Per Engdahl.

(and another)

Me.

Blomkvist’s eyes shift to a bolt-action Mauser infantry rifle displayed on a shelf …

HARALD

But your interest is in my more candid photographic work.

INT. ARCHIVES – DAY

Spread out on the desk: A map of Sweden showing the factory sites and other Vanger holdings - and one she made earlier where the nine women were murdered. Dots appear at the same locations on both.

On a handwritten list of the victims, she puts a check next to Rebecka Jacobsson, 1949, Hedestad - moves on to Mari Holmberg, 1954, Kalmar - begins sifting through the mountain of Vanger Industries clippings from that year -
INT. HARALD'S DEN - DAY

A bony Nazi pouring tea in a shadowy room with you is bad, but the rabbit-print tea cozy only makes it worse.

Blomkvist tries to ignore him settling back in his worn leather chair with his chipped cup, and sifts through an old shoebox of unsorted photographs:

A holiday at Lake Como, early 1950’s judging from the cars; a Vanger family gathering long ago; some men posing by a slain wild boar dangling from a rope.

Harald holds out a pack of cigarettes. Blomkvist comes over, pulls one out.

HARALD
Blom ... kvist ...
(lights the cigarette)
With an ‘o’ - or a ‘u.’

BLOMKVIST
‘o.’

HARALD
An ‘o.’ Blom - kvist.

Harald doesn’t say it, but his nod means, ‘not Jewish then. Good’ Blomkvist returns to the photos, glancing up occasionally to the smoke curling up past Harald’s face as he examines the journalist at work.

HARALD
I’m not a recluse. I don’t close my door to anyone. They just don’t visit.

BLOMKVIST
Perhaps if you redecorated.

HARALD
Hide the past like they do. Under a thin, shiny veneer. Like an Ikea table.
(Blomkvist shrugs)
I’m the most honest of all of them.

BLOMKVIST
The family.

HARALD
Sweden.

Blomkvist opens another shoebox. Lying on top is a photograph of the bridge accident, and, under it, a few more. He takes them out and angles them toward a lamp.
HARALD
Two point eight.

BLOMKVIST
Pardon me?

HARALD
The Zeiss Tessar on my Hasselblad.
Excellent lens.

Blomkvist tries to nod appreciatively, but the bridge photos don’t tell him anything he doesn’t already know.

He finds several more that appear to be a hunting expedition – men and blood hounds – but then sees Morell in one, more policemen, and a stricken Henrik in boots and raincoat, and realizes this is the search party. Off to the side, a young man, head turned half away, wearing a dark blazer with a gold patch, which that 2.8 Zeiss lens makes clear is a prep school insignia. A lion.

HARALD
Landscape? Some nice landscapes there.

BLOMKVIST
No, it’s – I can’t tell who it is from this angle.

He takes the photo over to the Nazi who only has to glance at it a moment to recognize his late nephew’s son:

HARALD
That’s Gottfried’s boy.

Martin?

BLOMKVIST

Harald nods, hands it back, smokes. It’s not unusual Martin would have joined the search party – it would be unusual if he hadn’t – it’s his sister that’s missing – but this blazer he’s wearing troubles Blomkvist –

HARALD
Handsome but useless young man, Martin. Like his father.

INT. ARCHIVES - DUSK

The archive manager shoulders her purse, locks her anteroom, and approaches Salander.

LINDGREN
We’re closing.
SALANDER
(without looking up)
Nowhere near finished.

LINDGREN
I’m not staying late.

SALANDER
I am. And I need access to all the
rooms, including any that are locked.
(nothing from the woman)
Call Frode.

INT. HOSPITAL - DUSK

As Henrik naps and Martin clears his dinner tray, Frode
listens to the caller on the room phone –

LINDGREN V/O
She wants to look at everything. I
don’t like her and I don’t trust her.
There’s something wrong with her.

FRODE
Hang on a second –
(to Martin)
I’m going to let you decide. It’s
Ms. Lindgren again.

MARTIN
(takes the phone)
Yes, Ingrid, what’s the problem?

LINDGREN V/O
This girl wants a set of keys now.
To my room as well. It’s outrageous.

MARTIN
It’s fine. Just tell her to make
sure to leave the keys with security
when she’s done.

INT. ARCHIVES - DUSK

Having found nothing of interest in the 1954 files,
Salander moves on to the 1957 killing of Rakel Lunde.
The older woman comes back. Drops a set of keys on the
desk.

LINDGREN
Stay all night if you want. Leave
the keys with the guard.

The woman leaves. Her footsteps echo and fade. Salander
reads a yellowed clipping from a Landskrona newspaper:

Dragon Tattoo Final 9/1/11 SZ     115.
It’s about Vanger Industries hiring a local contractor, Carlen Construction, to build a plant. Gottfried Vanger - here to sign the contract.

But all that really interests Salander is the date. The article was published one day after the paper printed the story of the discovery of Rakel’s battered naked body.

Salander flips through the handwritten notes she made during her talk with the retired detective in Landskrona - and finds that part-time palm reader Rakel’s main job was as a cleaning woman for Carlen Construction.

The detective interviewed her co-workers, but no one from Vanger Industries, including that firm’s representative in town for a few days, Gottfried Vanger.

Gottfried Vanger ... which one was he again? Salander brings up on her laptop photographs she took of the wall of the cottage: the Vanger family tree.

Gottfried Vanger, Son of Margareta & Richard the Nazi Husband of crazy Isabella, Father of Martin and Harriet

Of all the Vangers - at least back in 1950 when Harriet was born - Gottfried was the most handsome. Clark Gable good looks.

She puts a check next to Rakel’s name and returns to Mari Holmberg and the 1954 Vanger files.

INT. COTTAGE - EVENING

Blomkvist flips through one of Morell’s reports stating everyone’s whereabouts on the day Harriet’s disappeared.

INSERT: Across from Martin Vanger’s name it reads: “Arrived on 4:30 train.“

He brings up the Photoshop-enhanced Brannlund parade photo on his laptop -

INSERT: The figure with the blazer and pocket patch standing near the watch repair clock, which reads: 2:00.

And the photo Harald let him take with him of ‘Gottfried’s useless boy’ -

INSERT: Young Martin with the search party, the emblem clearly visible on his blazer pocket.

He shuffles through copies of articles in Salander’s victims’ files. Looks at the last one, Lena Andersson, 1967. The photo is a school wallet photo -
INSERT: She’s wearing a sweater with the same Uppsala Prep School lion emblem as Martin.

He looks at Mildred’s parade photo of the figure standing near the watch repair clock. It reads, 2:00.

And the photo Harald let him take with him of ‘Gottfried’s useless boy’ with the search party. In it and the parade photo, he’s wearing the same blazer.

He shuffles through copies of articles in Salander’s victims’ files. Looks at the last one, Lena Andersson, 1967. The photo is a school wallet photo – in a sweater with the same Uppsala Prep School lion emblem as Martin.

INT. VANGER ARCHIVES – EVENING

Knowing what she’s looking for now, Salander finds it fairly quickly: A clipping about a timber company Vanger Industries bought in Kalmar and an interview in its local paper with Gottfried, two days after Mari’s murder.

She jumps to 1960 – Magda Lovisa Sjoberg – Karlstad – and an article in its local paper – this time with a photo of Gottfried – about a union dispute at its factory there.

EXT. COTTAGE – EVENING

Blomkvist comes out with his cell phone, tries to make a bar or two materialize on it. Dials but only gets a beep that asks him if he wants to ‘retry.’ He doesn’t.

Instead, under the darkening sky, he looks off to the point. Martin’s house is small in the distance, but he can see there’s no car in the driveway and no lights on. He stares at it for a long time ...

INT. VANGER ARCHIVES – EVENING

Salander pulls a 1962 Uddevalla paper from the files. Same day this time, the same page of the newspaper: Lea Persson’s horrific murder and an story quoting Gottfried about an expansion project to the town’s harbor.

She regards Gottfried’s newsprint photo: His face looks more than 8 years older than the one in Kalmar but that’s what drinking to excess, and murder perhaps, does to you.

INT. COTTAGE – EVENING

Blomkvist lays the Lena Andersson article – and the photograph of the figure at the parade – atop the rest of the junk on the desk – and quickly scrolls through photos on his laptop, leaving on the screen for Salander to see when she returns: Martin’s recent Vanger Industries PR portrait ...
INT. ARCHIVES - NIGHT

Salander has hit a snag. Gets up. We stay to have a look at the problem she leaves: the victims list - now with “Gottfried” jotted down next to all but one name:

1967 - Lena Andersson - Uppsala

Next to it, the newspaper article about the murdered girl, with a school photo. And, next to that, the reason there’s no “Gottfried” notation: his obituary in a Hedestad Courier clipping: 1965.

We listen to the fading echo of Salander’s footsteps -

INT. ARCHIVES - SAME TIME - NIGHT

As annoying as the older woman was, it was less creepy with her around. Salander is alone in the old building now, wandering through it looking for vending machines.

She finds some. Drops coins in one. A cup fills with coffee. She gets a candy bar from another. The coffee machine finishes. The place again plunges into silence. She starts back with her snack down a hallway -

EXT. HEDEBY ISLAND - NIGHT

Trying to look like he’s just out for a stroll, Blomkvist walks past Martin’s dark house, then turns around, walks up the front path to the porch and makes a show of knocking on the door, just in case anyone on the island can see him, which is doubtful in this darkness.

He tries the door. Locked. Comes down off the porch as if leaving, but then veers off the path and walks around to the side of the house.

He peers through a floor-to-ceiling window, but can’t see much inside. Comes around to the back and looks in another window. Tries the back door. Unlocked.

INT. MARTIN’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He can’t see a lot in the dark, but doesn’t dare switch on any lights. He crosses through the kitchen, but we stay behind to regard a closed basement door ...

We pick him up again as he comes into the living room, follow him to a wall of glass. It’s pitch black outside.

We follow him down a hallway - but stop at a bedroom doorway as if this is as far as we care to go. We stay at the threshold and watch him go in and look around. As he begins rummaging around the recesses of a closet -
EXT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT
A pair of headlights comes across the bridge.

INT. MARTIN’S HOUSE - NIGHT
Blomkvist comes back to the wall of glass. Still no lights out there. Heads off to the hall again.

EXT. HEDEBY ISLAND - NIGHT
The car parks fifty yards from Blomkvist’s cottage. The headlights blink off. Someone climbs out.

INT. MARTIN’S HOUSE - NIGHT
Blomkvist comes into a study. Lots of books and framed photographs. He begins looking around.

EXT. HEDEBY ISLAND - NIGHT
The headlights come up the road leading to the point.

INT. MARTIN’S HOUSE - NIGHT
Blomkvist approaches a gun case in the study. Hunting rifles. Three of them - and an empty space for a fourth one.

The trees outside the study window flare with light. A moment later, Blomkvist hears a sound of tires on gravel.

Martin is back, and Blomkvist is in his house.

We rush back down the hall with Blomkvist. Hopefully Martin will enter through the front door because we’re going to try to get out the back one -

Blomkvist trips over something in the dark and we go down with him. Then up again - through the kitchen - past the basement door - grabs a knife from a drawer - shoves it in a back pocket - hurries out the rear door -

EXT. MARTIN’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS
Blomkvist tries to steady his breathing as he slinks around the side of the house. As he passes a window, it lights up - and we again hit the ground with him.

He hurries across the yard, trips over something in the dark - a sprinkler? - and goes down again into wet muck.

He gets up and starts down the road as if returning from a leisurely evening walk - which would be more convincing without the limp - not daring to look back as he goes.
MARTIN O/S
Hello? Mikael?

Blomkvist stops. His heart pounds. Martin comes down his porch and walks toward his car.

MARTIN
Your evening stroll?

BLOMKVIST
Hi. How are you?

Martin pulls a golf bag from his trunk and shoulders it.

MARTIN
I stopped at the hospital on my way home. Henrik asked me to ask you something.

BLOMKVIST
What.

MARTIN
Come on in, I’ll make you a drink.

Naturally, this is the last thing Blomkvist wants to do, but it would be more suspicious if he refuses. He heads back to Martin’s house, trying not to limp.

INT. ARCHIVES - NIGHT

Finished with her candy bar and coffee, Salander opens the 1967 files, looks through the clippings for anything of note in Uppsala, where Lena was killed.

She finds no news of factories opening there that year, but she does come across a PR newsletter about a winter retreat for fifty employees and their families.

There’s a photo of Henrik presenting someone with a Best Worker of the Year plaque. And another taken at a dinner for twenty guests and Vanger family members:

The camera has captured Henrik presiding at the head of the table, putting on a brave face, raising a champagne flute - as everyone else does the same - except for the young man at the far right foreground.

He looks sullen. But what teenager wouldn’t at an event as boring as this. Salander would look even more sullen. She checks the caption and reads:

... far right, Martin Vanger (19), currently studying in Uppsala.
Uppsala. Same place as Lena – though it’s what young Martin is wearing that strikes her: an Uppsala private school blazer with a lion on its pocket – the same as on Lena Andersson’s sweater in the photo of her in the article about her murder.

INT. MARTIN’S HOUSE – NIGHT

It’s not as eerie with the lights on – except for the fact there’s a killer in it. Martin sets the golf clubs down and begins emptying a grocery bag in the kitchen.

MARTIN
What happened to you?

BLOMKVIST
When.

MARTIN
Now.

Blomkvist’s clothes. The fresh mud stains.

BLOMKVIST
I fell in the dark.

MARTIN
You don’t have a flashlight? I’ll give you one.

BLOMKVIST
I just wasn’t being careful.

Martin smiles, but Blomkvist isn’t sure what he said warrants one. Martin begins rummaging through a drawer for a flashlight. The knife block – with one missing – is right there.

MARTIN
How’s the investigation?

BLOMKVIST
Nothing new to report.

Blomkvist notices a drop of blood from his pantleg on the stone floor and covers it up with his shoe. Martin, not seeming to notice, finds a mini-Maglite in the drawer.

MARTIN
Dirch says Ms. Salander is clever. Maybe she’ll turn something up.

BLOMKVIST
Maybe.
Martin hands Blomkvist the mini-Maglite.

BLOMKVIST

Thanks.

INT. ARCHIVES - NIGHT

Salander scrolls through laptop photos to the one at the parade taken by the Brannlund woman on her honeymoon; the people across the street and the blurry figure wearing the blazer with the “pocket square” ...

SALANDER

Hello, Martin.

INT. MARTIN’S KITCHEN - LATER

Martin pours Scotch. Hands one to Blomkvist.

BLOMKVIST

What did he say?

MARTIN

What?

BLOMKVIST

You said Henrik asked you to ask me something.

MARTIN

I just did.

BLOMKVIST

What?

MARTIN

How the investigation’s going. That was his question.

BLOMKVIST

Oh.

Blomkvist’s eyes only dart to a rifle bag leaning against the wall next to a box of shells, but Martin follows them.

MARTIN

You hunt? We should go hunting together sometime.

BLOMKVIST

Sure.

They drink. Listen to a silence.
MARTIN
Nothing at all?
(Blomkvist doesn’t know what he means)
New. To report.

BLOMKVIST
No.

Martin regards Blomkvist in another silence. Then -

MARTIN
I can see you’re anxious.

BLOMKVIST
No.

MARTIN
To get home. After your walk.

BLOMKVIST
I suppose I am.

MARTIN
To have dinner. With your girlfriend.

BLOMKVIST
My assistant. Yes.

MARTIN
We’ll have better luck with a gun.

BLOMKVIST
Sorry?

MARTIN
When we go hunting.

Martin pulls open a bar drawer and takes from it a handgun.

MARTIN
A gun. Rather than a knife.

He gives a little gesture with it to the handle of the knife protruding from a back pocket of Blomkvist’s jeans. There are fresh drops of blood on the floor next to his shoes.

MARTIN
You just couldn’t stay away, could you.

Blomkvist doesn’t know what to say. Martin’s demeanor, even in this situation, remains cordial.
MARTIN
I want to show you something. Bring your drink. Leave the knife.

Blomkvist’s hope of getting out of here unscathed is pretty much gone now. He pulls the knife from his back pocket and sets it on a side table.

INT. VANGER ARCHIVES BUILDING - NIGHT

Salander strides past the napping night watchman without leaving the keys or bothering to tell him she’s done.

EXT. VANGER ARCHIVES BUILDING - NIGHT

Crossing the empty parking lot, she tries Blomkvist on her cell. Gets his voice mail. Kick-starts her bike.

INT. MARTIN’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Martin “leads” Blomkvist from behind back to the kitchen, switching off lights as they go.

MARTIN
You know what’s harder than shooting someone? Just missing them. That was a very good shot up at the cabin.

BLOMKVIST
It didn’t work. I’m here.

MARTIN
Mikael, it did work. You’re here.

They come through a pantry, at the end of which is a door.

MARTIN
Open it.

Blomkvist does. Sees steps leading into darkness. As they descend Martin flicks a switch and bare fluorescent tubes flicker on to reveal: A furnace. Washer. Dryer. Old discarded furniture. And another door. A steel one.

As they approach it, Martin presses a little remote and the lock on the steel door clicks.

MARTIN
Push it open.

INT. BASEMENT ANTEROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Blomkvist steps across the threshold -
MARTIN
Switch is on the left.

Blomkvist flips it and a row of overhead fluorescent tubes flickers on - one after the other - revealing a subterranean torture chamber:

Metal eyelets bolted to the concrete walls and ceiling and floor - table with leather straps - bed with leather straps - steel-mesh cage - work bench with handsaws and other tools -

Blomkvist takes it in with one glance and immediately turns to try to smash the glass in his hand into Martin’s face - which is covered now with a plastic oxygen mask he holds to it. Gas plumes down on Blomkvist from above; the glass comes out of his hand, shattering on the cement floor -

EXT. HEDEBY ISLAND - NIGHT

The Honda’s single headlight shudders as Salander comes across the bridge onto the island.

INT. MARTIN’S BASEMENT - CONTINUED

Blomkvist comes to on the floor, handcuffed to a chain that runs through a metal eyelet. He sees Martin behind a video camera on a tripod, focusing it - a shelf full of Betamax tapes - and a TV monitor on which his own image then appears.

Note: the steel door if we were close enough to it to notice - which we aren’t - is not locked. It’s not even completely shut.

Satisfied with the framing of the shot of his guest, Martin takes a seat on a comfortable armchair upholstered in clear plastic. It squeaks.

He regards Blomkvist calmly. Sips his drink. Then almost sighs.

MARTIN
Why didn’t you just go home.

BLOMKVIST
I assume you mean the opportunity for that has passed.

Martin smiles, appreciating, perhaps, Blomkvist’s “easy” manner in this dire circumstance.

MARTIN
How’d you do it? What did you find?
Blomkvist doesn’t say. Martin looks like he has all the time in the world to wait, and does. Then –

MARTIN
We can talk or we can just get on with it. It’s really up to you.

Nothing from Blomkvist. Martin shrugs ‘okay,’ gets up, goes to his workbench and takes a plastic shower curtain from it. As he’s laying it on the floor around his victim, Blomkvist changes his mind –

BLOMKVIST
I found a picture no one had seen before.

MARTIN
Of.

BLOMKVIST
You. In your Uppsala prep school blazer.

Martin doesn’t see the significance, but is pleased Blomkvist has decided to “participate.” He rewards him by suspending his shower curtain work to return to the chair. It squeaks again.

MARTIN
What does that say?

BLOMKVIST
That you lied about where you were that day. Or rather when.

MARTIN
Did I? If I did, so what. People lie all the time.

BLOMKVIST
It also said that Lena Andersson was a schoolmate.

MARTIN
Lena ...
(he has to think back to remember her)
Lena was a long time ago.
(pause)
Where’s this picture now? With all the other junk on your desk?

BLOMKVIST
A print is. Digital copies are on a secure photo site.
MARTIN
That’s a lie ... How much does the girl know?

Blomkvist isn’t sure how to play that question ...

MARTIN
Let’s hope it’s as much as you. That’ll make it more fun. Where is she?

BLOMKVIST
Stockholm. She went there this morning.

MARTIN
And that’s a lie. She’s sitting in our offices looking at more old crap. Our archives manager called me - very perturbed with this girl. Lisbeth. I like that name. Lisbeth. When Lisbeth leaves I’ll get a call from security, so I can be at your cottage to greet her when she arrives -

He holds up the keys he took from Blomkvist’s pocket when he was out cold.

MARTIN
I can’t thank you enough for bringing her to me.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

As Salander gets the door open with her key and comes in -

SALANDER
Mikael - ?

He’s clearly not here. She goes to the closet. Takes out the surveillance PC. Puts it on the desk - next to Blomkvist’s laptop which is now displaying - not the photo of Martin he left for her - but the Apple default “light spider” screen saver.

As Salander begins rewinding the captured surveillance images backwards at high speed to get to earlier in the day -

INT. MARTIN’S BASEMENT - CONTINUED

Martin reframes the video camera to include part of himself in the shot, sits again and crosses his leg like this is a talk show.
MARTIN
So what would you like to know?

There are so many things, but also no point, so Blomkvist says nothing.

MARTIN
You’re the journalist, ask me something.

Nothing from Blomkvist. Which is okay with Martin; he can do this alone -

MARTIN
What do I do with my guests? Is that the question? Well, before - I do what we’re doing. Relax, have a drink, converse. I like that part a lot - having a chat when you both know one of you is going to die.
After - I simply get rid of them.
Out to sea -
(points off)
- unlike my father leaving them scattered all over the place like trophies. That’s not smart if you ask me. That’s just garish and loud.
But he was a garish and loud man.
Frankly, he got what he deserved.

Nothing from Blomkvist, but he is wondering now what happened to Gottfried if the drowning wasn’t accidental.

MARTIN
You can’t be a sloppy technician like that. You can’t drink to excess like he did. This takes discipline.
It’s a science of a thousand details.
The planning. The execution. The cleanup. I’m sure I don’t have to tell you you’re going to make quite a mess.

Nothing from Blomkvist, but Martin nods.

("How do you do this and still function in normal society?")

MARTIN
That’s the interesting thing.
Because most of the time I am just like everyone else. I just have a bigger secret. It’s wonderful really - standing there waiting for a train - or on a street corner as people brush past me. You know what I mean;

(MORE)
you have secrets. You had one when you came up here. It made you feel - special. Didn’t it?

Blomkvist doesn’t say. Martin is a little thrown by Blomkvist’s next unspoken comment -

("Yes, but my secrets aren’t rape and murder")

MARTIN
No. I’m not a rapist. Of course I do that too - and at one time it was enough - but -

(gathers his thoughts to explain it)

A rapist, Mikael, gets off on domination. I need ...

(discards a few other words before:)

- destruction.

Martin gets up and sets about the business of immobilizing Blomkvist further with a block-and-tackle contraption of chains and straps.

MARTIN
Can I ask you something? Why don’t people trust their instincts? They sense something’s wrong - someone’s walking too close behind them - yet they don’t cross the street. You knew something was wrong - you even knew what it was - but you came back into the house. Did I force you?

Did I grab you and drag you in? I just offered you a drink. (pause)

You’d never think the fear of offending could be stronger than the fear of pain - but you know what? It is. They always come willingly.

It amazes him. It always amazes him. He keeps working.

MARTIN
And then they’re here. They know it’s over like you do - and still somehow think they have a chance. “Maybe if I say the right thing - if I’m polite - or I cry and beg - maybe I’ll survive.”

(regards Blomkvist)

And then the moment comes when they realize ... no, all hope is gone. (MORE)
And when that happens - when I see the hope draining from their face like it is from yours right now -
(whispers like it’s just between them)
- well, I feel myself getting hard just watching it.

Silence ...

MARTIN
Say something.

BLOMKVIST
You are a sick fuck.

MARTIN
... Is this an interview or an editorial?

Blomkvist, of course, doesn’t answer, or comment, yet Martin considers what the journalist hasn’t said ...

("Martin, civilized people don’t do what you do.")

MARTIN
You’re right, this behavior is unacceptable. I know that. But we’re not completely different. We both have desires. Satisfying mine just requires more towels.

Martin regards Blomkvist in a silence. Then -

MARTIN
Anything else you want to know?
(pause)
You sure?
(pause)
All right. Whatever you say.

He yanks a chain that feeds through the pulleys that lift Blomkvist up onto his feet -

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Salander watches the surveillance images, forward -

Blomkvist leaving the cottage and property on foot.
Blomkvist returning to the cottage, going back inside.
Blomkvist coming out and attempting a call on his cell.
Blomkvist going back inside the cottage.
Blomkvist coming out again and leaving the property.
Blomkvist not coming back.
Nothing but the sky darkening to night. Then -
Headlights coming through frame.
A figure appearing on foot at the front gate.
The figure just standing there, looking at the cottage.
The figure approaching it, and, as it’s trying the locked front door, the motion detection light snapping on and illuminating Martin.
Martin moving to the side, looking in a kitchen window, coming around front again, walking to the gate, turning around, looking back, then walking out of frame.

INT. MARTIN’S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Blomkvist hangs from the block-and-tackle rig, leather strap around his neck now, fed through a ceiling eyelet. With a big sewing scissors, Martin cuts through and removes Blomkvist’s pants and underwear –

MARTIN
It might amuse you to know that while you were over here having dinner with me and Liv – who, by the way, finds me very conventional – Irina was down here in the cage. Who’s Irina, you ask? A girl I met in Belarus. Just another girl. Another immigrant whore. Who misses them?

He returns to his work bench to lay out various tools next to his gun and a desk phone.

BLOMKVIST
Your sister wasn’t just another girl.

Martin comes back quickly and yanks a strap that cinches the noose tighter around Blomkvist’s neck as it lifts him onto his tiptoes.

MARTIN
What happened to her.

BLOMKVIST
You’re choking me –

MARTIN
You found her?

BLOMKVIST
You killed her.

Martin just stares at him confused. Then –

MARTIN
You useless fuckin detective.
He lets go of the strap and Blomkvist’s feet come back down to the floor. As Martin returns to his workbench, Blomkvist is not only scared to death, but confused now. Did Martin not kill her?

Then Martin is back in front of him with a roll of cellophane, pulls on the strap again until Blomkvist is balancing on his tiptoes, and ties it off.

**MARTIN**

Too tight to talk?

**MARTIN**

It is. Blomkvist can utter no sound but a gag.

**MARTIN**

Good. I’m tired of talking to you.

He wraps Blomkvist’s head in cellophane, completely cutting off his ability to breathe, and calmly watches him struggle. ...

**MARTIN**

Would you like me to do something about that?

Blomkvist desperately nods as he’s about to suffocate. Martin watches another several moments ... then pokes a finger through the cellophane into Blomkvist’s gasping mouth.

**MARTIN**

See? I’m not a monster.

He frames a wide shot of his naked prey. Turns on some music. Takes a moment to collect himself from all this strenuous work. Brushes back his hair like he wants to look presentable in the shot. Then smiles pleasantly -

**MARTIN**

You know, I’ve never had a man in here. I’ve never touched a man as a matter of fact. Except my father, of course. But that was my duty. Harriet’s, too.

The circulation to Blomkvist’s head is being cut off by the strap. His fingers behind his naked back claw at the concrete wall to try to relieve some of the weight on the noose, but can’t get a grip. Martin watches the struggle calmly, and just as calmly offers:

**MARTIN**

It’s time. I don’t want to be late for my date with our girlfriend.
He puts on a plastic rain poncho. A painter’s mask. Plastic goggles. Surgeons gloves. Picks up a hunting knife. Steps up to Blomkvist. Looks at his eyes. Brings his own head close to his victim’s –

MARTIN
Goodbye, Mikael.

He pulls the strap, lifting Blomkvist’s toes off the floor, closing off his air again ... and is about to gut him like a wild boar ... when he hears a sound like some kind of animal behind him ...

He turns and sees her - coming at him from out of the shadows by the steel door -

He darts for the gun he left on the workbench -

Salander just as quickly swings a 5-iron - his 5-iron - like a baseball bat. Its metal-wedged end arcs through the gloom and slams into the side of his head, sending him tumbling to the floor.

He struggles up to his knees, and she swings the club again, splitting flesh and crushing bone as he crumples the floor.

She takes the gun from the bench and shoves it in her other back pocket. Grabs the hunting knife and shackles key and hurries over to Blomkvist who only witnessed part of the spectacle before losing consciousness -

She saws through the leather strap around his neck. Unlocks the chain. As he sinks to his knees on the floor, blood rushes to his head, bringing him back to life just enough to see what she can’t behind her -

Martin, blood streaming from the gash in his head, getting to his feet. But he’s not coming at them; he’s trying to get out -

Blomkvist tries to say her name to get her to look. Lifts a hand to try to point. She turns and glimpses the monster as he disappears out the steel door. Looks back at Blomkvist, still handcuffed on the floor, and, like a child asking a parent for permission –

SALANDER
May I kill him?

Nothing in his life would allow him to agree to such a thing - until now. Now it’s as if her years of violence and degradation have been passed to him.

He nods.
She puts the hunting knife in his hand. Pulls the gun from her back pocket, checks the clip, flicks off the safety, and turns to leave -

**BLOMKVIST**
He has more guns in the den -

**SALANDER**
I know.

She comes up the basement stairs, leading with her gun. Distant thunder rumbles. She crosses through the kitchen to the living room, and down the hall to the study. She eases around the doorway - the room is empty - looks to the gun case - sees there are only two rifles there now.

She hears an engine start outside. Hurries back through the house. Sees out the picture window the taillights of Martin’s car receding fast down the road as clouds burst.

She bangs out the front door. Runs halfway down the hill in the rain to where she left her motorcycle, jumps on and kick-starts it.

**EXT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT**

She roars onto the bridge, chasing the taillights. Guns the bike to full throttle. Comes alongside him. He swerves to try to crush her against the railing - but she hits the brakes, avoiding the impact -

She accelerates again and comes up on the other side of the car. He swerves again at her, but this time the bike pulls ahead of him. Now he’s chasing her -

He gains on her as they near the end of the bridge. As they race off it, he goes in for the kill, but she veers hard to one side, leaving him headed straight for the gas station Blomkvist makes his pay phone calls from - and the tanker truck parked there -

Martin hits the brakes - hydroplanes into the truck - and its, or his own tank, or both, explode -

Salander circles back. Regards the fire engulfing the car. The rain does nothing to dampen it. She could probably brave it to pull Martin out - but doesn’t.

As the flames burn his clothes, he manages to get his hands on the rifle he took from the den, turns its barrel to his bloody head - but before he can pull the trigger, she hurries over, yanks it from his grasp and stands back again. It’s much more cathartic to watch him burn ...
INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

She finds Blomkvist in the living room. Sitting in a chair, his coat wrapped around him. The hunting knife in his hand. Distant sirens echo. He can still just barely manage to speak -

BLOMKVIST
Where is he?

SALANDER
Dead.

EXT. HEDESTAD - DAWN

Reminiscent of the last photographs taken on the Hedeby Island bridge forty years ago, police and firemen finish up at the crash site. A winch drags Martin's charred black wreck of a car onto a tow truck.

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM - MORNING

Blomkvist is asleep in the bedroom with what looks like a neck tattoo - the black and blue mark left by Martin's noose that nearly strangled him to death. He doesn't hear the knock at the front door, nor -

SALANDER O/S
It's open.

Frode comes into the cottage looking shaken. Salander is the picture of calm, drinking a cup of black coffee.

FRODE
Where's Mikael?

SALANDER
Asleep. Coffee? There's no milk.

Frode absently shakes his head no.

FRODE
I have some very upsetting news. Martin was killed in a car accident last night.

SALANDER
Sad.

Frode isn't sure he heard right. Regards Salander sipping her coffee.

FRODE
What?
I said it’s sad.

(pause)

What do you know about this?

She doesn’t say any more. Frode gets up and starts toward the bedroom -

I have to talk to (Mikael) -

Let him sleep.

It’s not a request; it’s a command.

INT. COTTAGE - LATER - MORNING

Frode is ashen as he leafs through a binder Salander brought from Martin’s chamber of horrors late last night:

A scrapbook of murder. A death book. Photos of women cowering in his cage, tied to the bed, dead on the table - along with souvenirs of painted fingernails and locks of hair - all carefully taped into the ‘album.’ The older photographs are Polaroids; the newer ones digital prints.

With little to no discernible emotion, Salander watches Frode wince as he turns the pages.

Frode can’t take it anymore. Closes the book before reaching the end. Just sits there.

What are we going to do?

We’re going home, Mikael and me. I don’t know what you’re going to do.

I’m going to the police.

Show them the videos while you’re at it.

The -

Salander points to a stack of video tapes.
SALANDER
Would you like to see them?

FRODE
No.

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM - LATER - MORNING

Blomkvist half-wakes to find Salander lying next to him, fully-clothed, watching him. Is she actually there, or part of a dream? He looks at her a long moment, then tries out his voice -

BLOMKVIST
How is it someone who’s 23 is a ward of the state?

SALANDER
I’m mentally incompetent and can’t manage daily life.

He smiles, thinking it’s joke. It isn’t, he realizes.

BLOMKVIST
Since when have they said that.

SALANDER
Since I was twelve.

BLOMKVIST
Something happened when you were twelve?

She doesn’t say. Just studies him ...

BLOMKVIST
It’s all right, you don’t have to tell me anything –

SALANDER
I tried to kill my father. I burned him alive. Got about 80 percent of him.

BLOMKVIST
(pause)
Oh.

Silence. Then –

SALANDER
We need milk.

OMIT - EXT. COTTAGE - LATER - DAY
INT. COTTAGE - DAY

She pours milk in her coffee from the carton she just bought. Pushes over two faded Polaroid photos. He picks them up:

One shows a young girl about 14, naked from the waist up, head turned half-away from the camera. The second shows her on her stomach on a bed, completely naked, face turned to the photographer, frightened.

BLOMKVIST
Harriet?

SALANDER
I think so.

Blomkvist can’t look at the photos long. Sets them down. Something’s troubling him -

BLOMKVIST
Martin didn’t deny killing anyone. But when I mentioned Harriet, he was confused. He was angry - at me - for not being able to tell him what happened to her.
(pause)
He didn’t kill her. And his father was dead the year before.
(pause)
What if she did somehow get away? Could she have done that? Could she have done it alone?

He goes up to his wall of suspects.

BLOMKVIST
Is she’s alive, there’s only one person in this family who would know where she is.

He takes the photo of Anita down from the wall.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Henrik sits in one of the chairs. Blomkvist in another. Salander prefers to stand. Eventually -

VANGER
Poor Martin.

Clearly, he hasn’t been shown the death book, or been told the tale of Blomkvist’s night in Martin’s dungeon.
BLOMKVIST
I have to go away for a couple days. When I come back, I hope to have an answer for you.

Such a possibility stuns the old man. He regards Blomkvist a moment. Then Salander ...

VANGER
Would the young lady mind giving us a moment of privacy.

BLOMKVIST
She’s my partner, Henrik. She should stay.

A tiny, tiny, tiny smile finds its way to her face at the mention of the word ‘partner.’

VANGER
What have you found?

BLOMKVIST
I’m not sure.

VANGER
Don’t treat me like a child. Tell me.

BLOMKVIST
I can’t. I don’t know. I need a week.

Vanger studies him. Then -

VANGER
I’ve waited forty years. I can wait another week.

INT. AIRLINE - IN FLIGHT - DAY

Blomkvist and Salander read magazines in a pair of coach seats. Across the aisle - occupying two seats - is one 300-lb. sleeping figure: Plague.

INT. PUB - LONDON - DUSK

They drink pints in an unpopular, almost-empty pub. A Cure song plays.

BLOMKVIST
I always liked this song.
  (nothing from her or Plague)
You don’t?
SALANDER

I don’t like classical music.

A strange-looking young man comes in, regards the strange-looking trio at the table, comes over. To the fat man -

TRINITY

Plague?

PLAQUE

Trinity.

SALANDER

Wasp.

Blomkvist starts to offer his hand before realizing no one else has or will.

BLOMKVIST

... Mikael.

Trinity sits. None of these people have much experience with human interaction. They all look at Blomkvist, but he isn’t sure why.

SALANDER

The money.

Blomkvist takes an envelope from his jacket, hands it to Trinity. He begins counting it -

EXT. LONDON – NIGHT

Alone in the back of a parked van amidst electronic components he doesn’t understand, Blomkvist anxiously stares out a tinted window at a dark row house.

Headlights flare down the street. An approaching car. He hopes it passes, but it instead pulls up to the garage - waits for the door to go up - pulls in.

BLOMKVIST

Fuck me.

He watches Anita Vanger get out of the car - the garage door come down - light go on inside the house - then dark figures hurrying along the side of the house: Trinity, Salander, and finally Plague. They climb into the van with their tools, firewires, a laptop. None speaks as they tether cables to computers in the van. Blomkvist just watches. Finally, to him -

SALANDER

It’s your turn.
EXT. ANITA’S HOUSE – LONDON – NIGHT

Blomkvist knocks on the door. Anita pulls it open.

**BLOMKVIST**
It’s me. Sorry to bother you.

She doesn’t invite him in, but doesn’t shut the door in his face either.

**ANITA**
What do you want?

**BLOMKVIST**
No one’s called you?

**ANITA**
About.

**BLOMKVIST**
Your cousin.

She has two, but doesn’t ask which –

**BLOMKVIST**
Martin.

**ANITA**
What about him?

**BLOMKVIST**
He died last Thursday. A car accident. I’m sorry.

(nothing from her)

There’s going to be a memorial in Hedestad. I know you haven’t been back there in a long time, but –

**ANITA**
I’m not interested in any memorial.

**BLOMKVIST**
I understand.

**ANITA**
What do you understand?

**BLOMKVIST**
That you don’t really care for any of your relatives. Still, I thought you should know.

**ANITA**
Now I know.

And now, she closes the door.
Blomkvist returns to the van. Climbs in.

SALANDER
How’d it go?

BLOMKVIST
Okay. I think.

He sits and watches them monitor the phone and computer taps they installed earlier. One of the laptops, without anyone touching it, blinks on to a Google screen.

TRINITY
She’s on.

A screen name and password characters on a Gmail page type themselves. They expect her to go to “Compose,” but she opens one of the messages – spam – deletes it – marks a couple more and banishes them as well.

The only new thing left in the inbox is an eBay alert. Clicking it takes her to an auction for a triple-strand faux-pearl Jackie O necklace: 49 pounds. The cursor clicks the Buy-It-Now button.

As the screen switches to Anita’s Paypal account, Blomkvist and Salander exchange a confused glance.

OMIT: INT. HOTEL – LONDON – NIGHT

INT. HOTEL ROOM – LONDON – LATER – NIGHT

Salander’s laptop is monitoring Anita’s computer, her hard-line phone and cell.

Blomkvist emerges from the bathroom, rests a hand on Salander’s shoulder to peer over it at the screen: In one of the windows, cards are dealing themselves.

BLOMKVIST
She’s playing solitaire?
(Salander nods)
And she still hasn’t called anyone.

SALANDER
No.

BLOMKVIST
Do we have her cell, too?

Salander points to one of the windows on the screen. His hand comes off her shoulder.
I was so she’d lead us to her.

Put your hand back on my shoulder.

He does. They watch the solitaire game together ...

There’s only one reason she wouldn’t call Harriet. She can’t because Harriet is indeed dead.

It’s strange perhaps, but he does some of his best thinking during sex -

I was just thinking. What if -

Ten more seconds.

That’s fair. She finishes. They lie there. Then -

Okay, what.

I was just thinking, there could be one other possibility.

Blomkvist taps on Anita’s open office door.

May I?

What is it now.

He comes in and sits.

I want to show you something.

He tugs his shirt collar low enough to reveal the black and blue “tattoo” around his neck. Anita is taken aback by the sight. It’s hard to imagine how anyone would end up with a mark like that.
BLOMKVIST
Before he died, your brother hung me from a hook ... Harriet.

EXT. PARK - LONDON - DAY

They sit together on a park bench.

BLOMKVIST

(she confirms that with a shake of her head)
I’m guessing she then came here on a passport in her married name, and you followed on her maiden name passport.

HARRIET
Actually, it was the other way around. She thought it safer for me to travel with Spencer myself.

BLOMKVIST
What did he think about that?

HARRIET
Nothing. Only that he loved her. She said, If you love me, you’ll do this and not ask why. He never did.

BLOMKVIST
They both died twenty years ago.

HARRIET
A car accident. You found that, too.

Blomkvist nods, reaches for something in his jacket pocket - changes his mind - changes it again and pulls it out.

BLOMKVIST
Is this you?

He hands her the less graphic of the two Polaroids Salander found in Martin’s basement - the young girl, face turned half-away from the camera ...

HARRIET
I was 14 the first time he raped me.

BLOMKVIST
Martin.
HARRIET
No, my father. He took this picture. Martin didn’t start until he died.

Blomkvist can’t hide his horror even after all he’s seen.

BLOMKVIST
Why didn’t you tell someone?

HARRIET
I did. My mother.

Blomkvist stares. Finally -

BLOMKVIST
Henrik would have done something.

HARRIET
Would he? I don’t know. I almost told him. But I was afraid because of what I did.

(pause)

You still don’t understand?

He doesn’t. She studies him, and perhaps sees in him what Salander did long ago - that he can be trusted.

HARRIET
A year after the first time - after many times during that year - my father got drunker than usual one night and started bragging about women he’d killed. He quoted from the Bible as he tore off my clothes. He wrapped a belt around my neck. He wanted to kill me.

EXT. GOTTFRIED’S CABIN - NIGHT - 1965

Harriet makes it out of the cabin in torn clothing, trying to get the belt around her neck off. Her father can heard inside ranting something from the Bible.

HARRIET V/O
I made it out of the house and down to the dock. He came staggering after me -

Gottfried emerges from the cabin and stumbles down the hill in pursuit of his almost-naked daughter.

HARRIET V/O
I could never fight him off in a small room, but I was strong enough out in the open to deal with an old drunk.
As he comes onto the dock, she waits for the moment, and
smashes him in the head with the flat side of an oar. It
stuns and sends him toppling off the dock into the water.

He surfaces, reaches for the dock planks. As he takes
hold of them to claw himself from the water, she brings
the sharp edge of the oar down, burying it in his head
like an axe.

He stares up her, uncomprehending. His fingers slide
away from the dock. His body goes limp and sinks out of
sight beneath the water.

HARRIET V/O
When it was finally over I looked
up, and Martin was standing there -

She sees her brother up by the cabin looking down at her.

HARRIET V/O
With a little smile.

EXT. PARK - LONDON - DAY

HARRIET
He dragged me back to the cabin ... 
All I’d accomplished was substitute
one rapist for another.

EXT. HEDESTAD - DAY - 1966

Young Harriet and her school friends walk along the
town’s main street past crowds lining it, and we realize
we’re seeing what we’ve only seen in still photographs.

HARRIET V/O
A couple months later, Henrik sent
him off to school in Uppsala. And I
thought maybe - maybe - the nightmare
was over. Until that day.

The float with the harem girls comes past, and we watch
the smile on young Harriet’s face change to fear as she
notices something off to the left.

HARRIET V/O
There he was - across the street -
looking at me with that same little
smile on his face.

A clear shot of young Martin in his Uppsala blazer,
standing by the corner, smiling at her.

HARRIET V/O
It wasn’t over.
EXT. PARK - LONDON - CONTINUED

BLOMKVIST
How'd you get away? Anita?

INT. VANGER MANOR - DAY - 1966

Anita, framed in the bedroom window - like in the photograph - looks out at the activity on the bridge. Behind her, Harriet packs a few items of clothing.

ANITA
Don’t take anything.

Harriet puts the clothes back. Picks up her purse.

ANITA
Leave that, too.

INT. VANGER MANOR - NIGHT - 1966

The dinner that night. Vanger noticing Harriet’s empty chair. And Anita saying nothing, taking a bite of food.

EXT. HEDEBY ISLAND - DAY - 1966

The searchers scouring the island. The boats moving along the shoreline. The crane lifting the truck from the bridge.

Anita climbs into her car outside her father Harald’s house. Drives down the road toward the bridge.

ANITA
Stay absolutely still.

The blanket covering Harriet on the backseat floorboard moves slightly, then is still.

A policeman on the island side of the bridge waves the car across it. As it heads along the mainland service road toward the highway -

HARRIET V/O
She saved me.

EXT. PARK - LONDON - DAY

Silence. Then she gestures to Blomkvist’s neck.

HARRIET
How did you get away?

BLOMKVIST
Someone saved me, too.
He gestures off to the thin, strange girl sitting on another park bench too far away to hear them. Harriet does something she hasn’t done since they met: smile.

EXT. VANGER MANOR - DAY - ESTABLISH

INT. VANGER MANOR - DAY

Blomkvist, Salander and Frode wait in Vanger’s study. A tea service tray sits there untouched like the first time Blomkvist came here. Anna pushes a wheelchair into the room with Vanger in it. There’s a file on his lap.

BLOMKVIST
How are you feeling?

VANGER
I’m fine. Thank you, Anna.

Anna leaves. Closes the doors. Before Blomkvist can say anything else -

VANGER
I made you a promise. Whether you found out anything or not.

He holds out the file. Blomkvist takes it and sees:

INSERT: Wennerstorm’s name typed on it, and a fairly recent photo of him clipped to it.

VANGER
Now. What do you have to tell me.

EXT. VANGER MANOR - DAY

A car pulls up the drive. Parks. The back door opens. Harriet climbs out. Looks at the manor. Then walks toward the front door -

INT. VANGER MANOR - MOMENTS LATER

Vanger propels his wheelchair down the main hall, but stops when he sees Harriet coming in the front door with Anna. He stares, trying to reconcile how she looks now compared to when he last saw her, or maybe to convince himself she’s really alive. She sees him ...

HARRIET
Hi, Henrik.

He begins to weep. She walks to him and places a hand on his hunched shaking shoulders. Frode, Blomkvist and Salander watch. One of them isn’t particularly moved.

OMIT - INT. VANGER MANOR - DAY
INT. COTTAGE - LATER - DAY

As Frode leafs through the file that Blomkvist has already read -

FRODE
... I don’t even remember
Wennerstrom working here, much less
being fired ...

BLOMKVIST
Why would you. It was a long time
ago. Which is more to the point than
the money he embezzled.

FRODE
I don’t think I’m seeing the point.

BLOMKVIST
Yes, you are.

FRODE
(another look at the
paperwork)
It happened in the 1970’s ...

Salander watches the two men from across the room ...

FRODE (ADR)
(regarding the documents)
I swear I didn’t know this was what
Henrik had on him. If I had, I never
would have let him bring you up here.
But he wasn’t trying to deceive you.

BLOMKVIST
Come on, he knows you can’t try
somebody for this 35 years later. I
like Henrik, but he knows that.

Frode disagrees -

FRODE
A man’s reputation used to mean
something - he still believes that.
I’m sure he thought you could destroy
Wennerstrom with this in the court of
public opinion.

BLOMKVIST
The “court of public opinion,” Dirch,
makes celebrities out of girls who
shop. Henrik promised me
Wennerstrom’s carcass on a plate.
This isn’t even the plate. I can’t do
anything with this.
FRODE
Of course you’re right ...
(pause)
I’m sorry.

EXT. VANGER MANOR – LATER – DAY

Blomkvist and Salander sit out by the water, sharing the last cigarette in his pack. Her arm is draped over his shoulder, which strikes him as the most tender of gestures, coming from her.

SALANDER
Fuck these people ...

BLOMKVIST
Yeah ...

SALANDER
Harriet most of all.

BLOMKVIST
Excuse me?

SALANDER
If she’d done anything but run, Martin wouldn’t have been able to kill all those women.

BLOMKVIST
She had no idea he was doing it.

SALANDER
She should have killed her father and him.

BLOMKVIST
That’s what you would’ve done. Not everyone’s you.

She’s not sure she likes the comment. Decides she doesn’t. Takes her arm away from his shoulder.

BLOMKVIST
That was meant to be a compliment. Put your arm back on my shoulder.

She doesn’t. So he drapes his on hers. Then –

SALANDER
What happened with Wennerstrom. How did he get you?
BLOMKVIST
I was stupid. I got something from an anonymous source, who I’m sure now worked for him. It was fake. Which he easily proved in court.

Not a good day, that. Then -

SALANDER
You were emphatic that the way I looked into your life was illegal and immoral. Would you feel the same about Wennerstrom?

He regards her, uncertain what she means ...

SALANDER
I started investigating him on my own. Then you showed up and hired me. I haven’t had a chance to look at it all - you and Harriet-fucking-Vanger have kept me busy ... but I may have something.

BLOMKVIST
(pause)
On Wennerstrom.

She nods. Then rests her head on his shoulder.

OMIT: EXT. TRAIN STATION - HEDESTAD - DUSK

INT. BLOMKVIST’S APARTMENT - MORNING

A new family tree on a wall here, more complicated than the Vanger’s: The Wennerstrom Group, made up of dozens of companies in cities worldwide. As Erika looks at it -

BLOMKVIST
Wennerstrom’s Swedish assets are genuine, but they’re the only things that are. The rest is funneled through companies in Gibraltar, Colombia, and Macao. These companies produce no products and provide no services. They’re shells. They launder money from arms and drug sales, and crime syndicates in Russia. And that money - which accounts for all but 5-percent of his holdings - ends up in accounts in the Cayman Islands. It’s a completely illegal, criminal empire.

ERIKA
How do you know this?
This time you don’t want to know.

This time I do want to know.

I have access to his computer, and his accountants’ and lawyers’.

She isn’t happy to hear that explanation.

And how do you have that?

I could have gotten it from a source inside the company.

But you didn’t.

But that’s what you’ll say.

But what will you say to me?

That depends on if you really want to know.

I do. Who gave you access?

What looks like 16-year-old tattooed runaway lets herself in with her own key. Crosses past Erika with a paper bag, takes out two bagel sandwiches, the same kind Blomkvist brought when he barged into her apartment.

As she puts some water on for coffee, Erika looks at Blomkvist. He nods. Yeah. Her.

TV NEWS:

Journalist Mikael Blomkvist – who this time last year was convicted of libel in a Stockholm courtroom – doesn’t seem to have learned from that experience. Or maybe he has –

The report continues on a TV in Blomkvist’s bedroom –
ANNOUNCER
In the current issue of Millennium
magazine, he now charges the same
company that successfully sued him -
The Wennerstrom Group - of criminal
activities on a global scale -
backing it up with internal financial
reports, bank records and emails -
annotations almost as long as the
article itself.

The cover of the magazine features a head shot of
Wennerstrom, and, rare for the magazine, a tabloid-style
title: GANGLAND. Salander leafs through the article as
Blomkvist brushes his teeth in the bathroom.

BLOMKVIST
He’ll call it a personal vendetta
but it won’t work. FI can’t ignore
banking and securities fraud like
this. The police can’t ignore the
organized crime stuff. They’ll both
have to investigate.

SALANDER

Then.

BLOMKVIST
We’ll be back in court, but this
time it’ll cost him. That’s probably
it, though. These guys never to
prison.

Salander nods, but it’s not really in agreement. Or
maybe it is. In any case, she’s not as enthused about
all this as he is.

BLOMKVIST
What’s wrong.

SALANDER
It’s embarrassing.

BLOMKVIST
What.

SALANDER
I need to borrow some money.

Blomkvist grins and reaches for his wallet.
SALANDER
50,000.

His grin stays stitched to his face a moment, then unravels. He puts his wallet away.

SALANDER
I have a chance to make an investment. It’s a smart, safe investment.

BLOMKVIST
I don’t know that I have that much.

SALANDER
You do. I’m sorry that I know that. You have 65 thousand in your two accounts.

He’s no longer shocked or dismayed by her knowing more about his personal affairs than he does.

SALANDER
You’ll get the money back. I promise.

INT. SALANDER’S APARTMENT – DAY

Several pages torn from pages of fashion magazines: Models - all of them blonde - their beautiful faces - designer clothes - accessories - make-up tips.

Applying makeup to the wasp tattoo on her neck and the “handcuffs” on her wrists, Salander pays no attention to the TV showing Wennerstrom under an umbrella, interviewed outside the building that bears his name -

WENNERSTROM
These allegations - like the last ones from this so-called journalist - are as ridiculous as they are untrue -

EXT/INT. CLOTHING STORE – STOCKHOLM – DAY

Salander purchases with cash expensive designer clothes she normally wouldn’t be caught dead in.

WENNERSTROM
I’ll be seeing Mr. Blomkvist in court again. I’m looking forward to it.

EXT/INT. LUGGAGE SHOP – STOCKHOLM – DAY

Here she’s buying a high-end carry-on valise and portfolio briefcase.
REPORTER
What about his documentation?

WENNERSTROM
Fabricated.  All of it.

EXT/INT. WIG SHOP - STOCKHOLM - DAY

Good wigs cost money - like the shoulder-length blonde one atop a black Lucite head Salander is purchasing.

ANNOUNCER
The Securities Fraud Office isn’t quite as certain as Mr. Wennerstrom of that.

EXT/INT. SHOP - STOCKHOLM - DAY

A place that caters to transvestites who, among other things, require as Salander does, latex breasts.

FSA OFFICIAL
If even a fraction of what Mr. Blomkvist is alleging proves to be true, not only will there be a securities investigation, but an organized crime inquiry as well.

EXT/INT. SALANDER’S APARTMENT - DAY

Wearing the wig and a designer outfit she takes her own passport photo against a wall. She looks like Erika.

REPORTER
Mr. Blomkvist names no sources.

FSA OFFICIAL
And we can’t force him to. But we can look for them.

REPORTER
Beginning where?

FSA OFFICIAL
Beginning with those closest to Mr. Wennerstrom. Only someone in the inner circle of a corporation like this could have access to this kind of information.

INT. PLAGUE’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Not wearing the wig now, she inspects a passport Plague has acquired for her featuring the crown of Norway, and some credit cards.
On his TV, a pack of lawyers stand where Wennerstrom was standing before - outside the Group’s corporate offices - under, as usual, umbrellas -

LAWYER
Mr. Wennerstrom isn’t available for comment today, but as his legal counsel, I’d be happy to answer your questions.

REPORTER
Where is he?

LAWYER
At home, I imagine.

REPORTER
He isn’t. Has he left the country?

LAWYER
I don’t think so.

EXT. ZURICH - DAY
A plane touches down on a Zurich Airport runway.

INT. ZURICH AIRPORT - DAY
A customs official, satisfied with “Irene Nesser’s” Norwegian passport - not to mention her blonde hair and bustline - stamps a page.

EXT. ZURICH - DAY
Bellmen outside the 5-Star Zimmerstahl Hotel attend to the luggage of wealthy guests emerging from nice cars.

INT. ZIMMERSTAL HOTEL - ZURICH - DAY
As a desk clerk photocopies Ms. Nesser’s passport, she neither hides from nor plays to the security camera.

INT. SUITE - ZIMMERSTAH - EVENING
Salander emerges from the bathroom without the wig on. Crosses through the suite in her underwear. Oddly - or perhaps not - she’s also wearing a pair of white gloves. She opens the balcony’s doors to let in some air. On the TV:

ANNOUNCER
With his failure to appear before a Security Exchange Commission panel, a warrant has been issued for The Wennerstrom Group CEO.
An immigration official appears before the news cameras –

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
I can confirm that he left Sweden on a private jet that landed in Paris last week, but whether he’s still there, we don’t know. He could be anywhere by now.

She sips at her room service coffee.

EXT. ZURICH – DAY

“Irene Nesser” enters Bank Hausen General under watchful security cameras.

INT. BANK HAUSEN GENERAL – ZURICH – DAY

Security cameras inside watch her and a banker at a desk in an area reserved for discreet transactions.

SALANDER
I have a number of accounts at Bank of Kroenfeld, Cayman Islands. I want to transfer those funds and convert them to bonds.

As she writes an account number on a slip of paper from memory, Herr Wagner notices – as she intends – the pen she’s using – from the venerable Zimmerstal Hotel.

WAGNER
Naturally, you have the clearing codes.

SALANDER
Naturally.

WAGNER
How many accounts will you be transferring?

SALANDER
Thirty.

He glances at his watch, perhaps thinking about lunch. His faux-politeness – even his appearance – reminds her of Bjurman.

WAGNER
This will take some time.

SALANDER
For which you’ll receive a 4-percent commission.
WAGNER
I will.

SALANDER
Then it won’t be a waste of it.

She offers him the Zimmerstal pen.

WAGNER
Thank you, I have one.

He picks up one of his cheap pens. She hands him a long list of account numbers and clearing codes -

INT. SUITE - ZIMMERSTAL HOTEL - ZURICH - DAY

As she sorts through a stack of bonds, the TV shows a reporter in a colorful town square.

REPORTER
A Swedish tourist vacationing here in Barbados says he knows where fugitive financier Hans-Erik Wennerstrom is: Here in this Caribbean island’s capital, Bridgetown. Police released this photograph, taken yesterday by the tourist, Jens Assur –

A snapshot of Wennerstrom, or someone who looks like him - tropical shirt, hat and sunglasses - climbing into a car.

REPORTER
- and say they believe it is the disgraced billionaire.

INT. BANK DORFMANN - ZURICH - DAY

Sitting with a different bank manager now as security cameras keep silent watch, she opens her portfolio and turns it so he can see its contents. He glances up with a polite smile that’s supposed to mask his surprise.

HASSELMAN
How many of these would you like to convert for deposit?

SALANDER
All fifty. Into five accounts.

He works out the conversion to CHF and hands her the calculator: A “2” followed by more digits than we can count.

SALANDER
That looks correct.
INT. SUITE - ZIMMERSTAL HOTEL - EVENING

The remnants of a McDonald’s kids meal on the desk with the wig and white gloves. She bypasses the hotel’s internet service, uplinks her MacBook through her cell.

Five accounts - the ones she just established at Bank Dorfmann - appear on the screen. She transfers all the funds into one account at Bank Kroenfeld, Cayman Islands, belonging to a Gibraltar company.

EXT. ZURICH AIRPORT - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. LADIES ROOM - ZURICH AIRPORT - DAY

Irene cuts up credit cards, flushes them down a toilet.

INT. ZURICH AIRPORT - DAY

Drops the scissors in a trash bin on her way to security.

INT. OSLO AIRPORT - DAY

Irene disembarks with the other Zurich flight passengers.

INT. LADIES ROOM - OSLO AIRPORT - DAY

Irene’s earrings disappear down a sink drain. Necklace falls to the bottom of a paper towel bin.

EXT. OSLO TRAIN STATION - DAY

Irene/Salander puts her empty portfolio in an unlocked locker, wipes the prints from it, heads for the platform.

INT. TRAIN - MOVING - EVENING

She has a private sleeping berth, but isn’t sleeping. She’s smoking a cigarette next to a No-Smoking decal on the window that’s cracked open, and tosses the Zimmerstal Hotel pen out to the darkening countryside rushing past.

INT. SALANDER’S APARTMENT - STOCKHOLM - NIGHT

Salander - looking like Salander - enters her apartment with only her laptop bag. Holds Irene’s passport over a stove flame. Sets the burning document on a plate.

Takes a Coke from her fridge, sits with it. Puts the cold can to her forehead like a compress. Then opens it, drinks, and closes her eyes ...
A dark figure is looking up at her apartment, at television light playing on a window. As he walks off into the night, we see it’s Bjurman.

**ZURICH REPORTER O/S**
The man who is now being called Sweden’s Pablo Escobar, may not have a country to call home, but does have enough money to buy one.

**EXT. ZURICH – DAY**

The reporter stands under an umbrella on the same street Salander crossed to get from one hotel to the other.

**ZURICH REPORTER**
According to the International Banking Commission, Wennerstrom, just days after the Millennium article that brought him down appeared on news stands, began emptying accounts at Bank of Kroenfeld in the Cayman Islands.

**OMIT: EXT. STOCKHOLM – EVENING**

**INT. MILLENNIUM’S OFFICES – EVENING**

The place is trimmed with Christmas decorations again. In a glassed-in conference room, Blomkvist, Erika, and a few others sit around the table, their production meeting interrupted by the news on the plasma TV here:

**ZURICH REPORTER ON TV**
That money, approximately two billion Euros, was then spread over a number of accounts with the help of this confederate, seen here in Zurich – Security camera images of “Irene Nesser,” entering and leaving banks.

**ZURICH REPORTER ON TV**
- who converted the funds into private bonds, which, I’m told, are even harder to trace than Wennerstrom himself. Europol has launched a search for the woman who had used a stolen Norwegian passport. Her whereabouts, like her boss’s, are unknown.
EXT. STOCKHOLM - EVENING - SAME TIME

Her whereabouts are here, roaring through Stockholm on her Honda like the first time we saw her.

INT. MILLENIUM’S OFFICES - EVENING

Blomkvist hears a motorcycle and glances out the window to see Salander pulling up outside.

EXT. MILLENIUM’S OFFICES - EVENING

He comes out, meets her at her motorcycle. She takes a cashier’s check from her jacket pocket.

SALANDER
The money I borrowed.

BLOMKVIST
Already.

She nods.

BLOMKVIST
Thank you.

SALANDER
Thank you.

BLOMKVIST
Good investment?

SALANDER
It was okay.

He nods. She nods.

SALANDER
What are you doing later?

BLOMKVIST
Seeing my daughter.

SALANDER
Okay.

She nods. He nods.

BLOMKVIST
You look nice.

SALANDER
Thanks.

He nods. She nods. Erika regards them from inside the conference room. Salander climbs back on her motorcycle.
SALANDER
Christmas again ... see you soon.

EXT. PALMGREN’S APARTMENT - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. PALMGREN’S APARTMENT - DAY

While the nurse fills a plastic days-of-the-week container with a concoction of pills, Salander sits with her Palmgren by the untouched chess table.

SALANDER
Can you hear me?
(no indication that he can)
I miss our meetings.
(pause)
I’m sure you don’t. Why would you?
I was always such a headache for you.
Never showing up with good news.
Only problems.
(pause)
I have some good news now. I’ve made a friend. I mean one that you’d approve of.
(pause)
I’m happy.

One of Palmgren’s hands manages to pull slightly away from the other, tries to reach for her, perhaps, but only makes it about an inch. She reaches over and holds it.

EXT. SPAIN - DAY

A reporter bundled-up outside a low-rent building cordoned off with police tape -

REPORTER
Behind the walls of this dingy rooming house behind me lies a body in a pool of blood - A man who has been living here the last three weeks under the name Victor Fleming -

EXT. CAFE - STOCKHOLM - DAY

The same cafe Blomkvist retreated to after his libel conviction.

REPORTER O/S
A man who police in Marbella, Spain, have confirmed is fugitive Hans-Erik Wennerstrom -
INT. CAFE - STOCKHOLM - DAY

Blomkvist is at the counter, across from a barista, but his attention is on the TV -

REPORTER ON TV
- shot three times in the head at close range in what is being called a classic gangland execution.

BARISTA
What would you like?

Blomkvist glances blankly at the barista, then back to the TV -

REPORTER ON TV
The investigation into Wennerstrom’s ties to crime organizations worldwide will now turn to speculation: Which of them caught up with him before Swedish authorities could?

BARISTA
Sir?

REPORTER ON TV
Wennerstrom spent the last days of his flamboyant life in solitude and anonymity, locked behind the door of Room 3A -

BLOMKVIST
... Coffee and a sandwich ... that one.

REPORTER ON TV
Indeed, after checking in, he was never seen again - until this morning when the building manager came calling to collect the unpaid bill -

INT. TAILOR SHOP - STOCKHOLM - DAY

A tailor brings out a garment bag bearing his exclusive insignia, drapes it across a table, returns to Salander the photograph she provided him with last week:

It’s of a much younger Blomkvist - at about Salander’s age now - wearing the black leather jacket he loved and lost track of years ago.

The tailor unzips the bag revealing an exact – though considerably more expensive – replica of the jacket.
It’s perfect.

Your father?

A friend.

Must be a very good friend.

He’s lucky.

A perfect Christmas card vista that actually turns out to be a Christmas card: A snowy rural landscape scene.

It’s stupid, but she’s writing under the pre-printed “Merry Christmas” inside, a personal note that’s more sincere than she thought herself capable.

She blows on the ink, puts the card in its envelope, neatly writes “Mikael” on it, gets up -

Snow’s falling, but unlike the brutal winter storms last year, it’s just heavy enough to dust the city in white powder that reflects the Christmas lights in the trees.

The beauty of her city pleases Salander as she rides through it on her motorcycle. Or maybe it’s something she’s feeling as she turns onto Blomkvist’s street.

She parks. Gathers the garment bag and card, walks under construction scaffolding toward his apartment building.

From around the corner ahead, Blomkvist and Erika appear. He says something and she laughs, puts her arm around his waist and lays her head against his neck scarf.

Salander stops mid-stride, ducks into an alcove under the scaffolding, waits as long as it should take them to get inside the building, then peers out again -

They’re not inside. They’ve stopped just outside the building’s entrance. They’re embracing. And the longer they stand there together, the sharper the pain stabs at Salander.

Finally they separate, but only to allow Blomkvist to unlock the door. Erika takes his hand then, and they disappear inside.
Salander can’t move. Waits for the pain to subside — which it eventually does — but only to be replaced with a sense of helplessness. Then that subsides, replaced with a facade of insouciance.

The richest girl in Sweden emerges from the alcove and walks back the way she came — tossing the garment bag and card into a construction dumpster — climbs onto her Honda — starts it — and drives off —

Probably forever.