

THE GIRL WITH THE DRAGON TATTOO

Best Adapted Screenplay

by

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Based on the book

by

Stieg Larsson

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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 ...

Hmmm.

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.

(Blomkvist 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

That's right. Anyway, he died in 1965. Drowned. Drunk. Here on the island.

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.

VANGER V/O

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. MILLENNIUM 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. MILLENNIUM'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.

EXT. WENNERSTROM'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Salander appears and keys in the four lock tones.

INT. WENNERSTROM'S BUILDING - NIGHT

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

EXT. HEDESTAD - DAWN

The bell in the church tower clangs -

INT. COTTAGE - DAWN

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.

INT. COTTAGE - LATER - DAWN

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.

BLOMKVIST

I'm quickly losing track who's who.

VANGER

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.

BLOMKVIST

Who speaks to him?

VANGER

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.

VANGER

Someone shooting their dinner. Gunner probably. The caretaker.

BLOMKVIST

I just met him.

VANGER

He was 19 when Harriet disappeared.

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

VANGER

He lives over there.

Shivering in the cold, Blomkvist turns.

BLOMKVIST

And you live here.

VANGER

Sorry?

BLOMKVIST

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 Peterssens 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.

MORELL

She received this from Henrik the Christmas before. I studied it more times than I can say. I know every page of it.

BLOMKVIST

It's the last page I'm curious about.

MORELL

As was I.

BLOMKVIST

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

MORELL

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.

BLOMKVIST

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

MORELL

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

Blomkvist isn't sure what that means.

MORELL

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.

BLOMKVIST

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)

BJURMAN (CONT'D)

If the numbers don't balance, I'll have to assume the difference is going to drugs.

SALANDER

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

BJURMAN

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.

BJURMAN (CONT'D)

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

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

BJURMAN

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

(in the file)

- 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?

INT. BJURMAN'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

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

EXT. HEDEBY ISLAND - EVENING

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.

LIV

Mikael?

(he manages a nod)

We're going to the same place.

Hop in.

EXT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - EVENING

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.

(Blomkvist 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)

BJURMAN (CONT'D)

(nothing)

How many partners have you had in the last month?

(nothing)

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?

(nothing from her)

Shall we start with me?

(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)

BJURMAN (CONT'D)

(she doesn't do anything)

Do you want this computer or not?

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

Good. Engaging. I like him.

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.

VANGER

I let my nephew Birger run it since he can't run anything else.

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

Wrists 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 -

WENNERSTROM ON TV

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

Decapitated. Arms cut off. Burned.

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

Wennerstrom 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 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)

BLOMKVIST (CONT'D)

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.

EXT. VARMLAND - SWEDEN - DAWN

Salander's Honda races past a pastoral agricultural landscape.

EXT. POLICE STATION - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

INT. POLICE STATION - KARLSTAD - MORNING

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 tableaux 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 -

BLOMKVIST

(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 -

UDDEVALLY 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 shouldered 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.

BLOMKVIST

(reading from it)

"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.

SALANDER

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 -

SALANDER

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

BLOMKVIST

"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 -

BLOMKVIST

I only smoke outside.

SALANDER

(ignoring the comment)

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

BLOMKVIST

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

SALANDER

(on top of his last word)

Magda Lovisa Sjoberg, 1960 -

Several photos of a dead woman and dead cow -

SALANDER

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.

BLOMKVIST

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

Rape. Torture. Fire. Animals.
Religion. Anything I'm missing?

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.

BLOMKVIST

Okay.
 (heads off to the bedroom)
 Good night.

SALANDER

Night.

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

SALANDER

Harriet's name isn't.

BLOMKVIST

Isn't what.

SALANDER

Jewish.

EXT. COTTAGE - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

INT. COTTAGE - MORNING

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.

BLOMKVIST O/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.

SALANDER

Going over your notes.

BLOMKVIST

They're encrypted.

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

SALANDER

Have some coffee.

BLOMKVIST

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?

FRODE

I can't say I know how he thinks. He might.

BLOMKVIST

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

FRODE

Maybe Isabella. No one else.

BLOMKVIST

Could she do something like this?

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

ISABELLA

Who's this creature now?

Frode takes one more look at the photos before -

FRODE

I'm calling this off.

BLOMKVIST

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

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER - DAY

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

BLOMKVIST

I'm sorry if that was uncomfortable.

SALANDER

They don't bother me.

BLOMKVIST

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

SALANDER

They don't like you either.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

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

EXT. STOCKHOLM - DAY

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. Armandsky.

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 -

N O R S J O S N I C K E R I F A B R I K

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 finger nails -

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.

INT. COTTAGE - SAME TIME - DAY

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 ...

INT. VANGER INDUSTRIES - LATER - DAY

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.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

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.

INT. CECILIA'S HOUSE - DAY

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.

BLOMKVIST

Martin?

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 Raket 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:

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)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

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)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

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?

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?

SALANDER

I said it's sad.

FRODE

(pause)

What do you know about this?

She doesn't say any more. Frode gets up and starts toward the bedroom -

FRODE

I have to talk to (Mikael) -

SALANDER

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.

FRODE

What are we going to do?

SALANDER

We're going home, Mikael and me.
I don't know what you're going to do.

FRODE

I'm going to the police.

SALANDER

Show them the videos while you're at it.

FRODE

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?

PLAGUE

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.

OMIT: INT. ANITA'S HOUSE - LONDON - NIGHT

EXT. ANITA'S HOUSE - LONDON - NIGHT

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.

BLOMKVIST

I was so she'd lead us to her.

SALANDER

Put your hand back on my shoulder.

He does. They watch the solitaire game together ...

SALANDER

There's only one reason she
wouldn't call Harriet. She can't
because Harriet is indeed dead.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LONDON - LATER - NIGHT

It's strange perhaps, but he does some of his best
thinking during sex -

BLOMKVIST

I was just thinking. What if -

SALANDER

Ten more seconds.

That's fair. She finishes. They lie there. Then -

SALANDER

Okay, what.

BLOMKVIST

I was just thinking, there could be
one other possibility.

OMIT: INT. HOTEL ROOM - LONDON - NIGHT

INT. INVESTMENT BANK - LONDON - DAY

Blomkvist taps on Anita's open office door.

BLOMKVIST

May I?

ANITA

What is it now.

He comes in and sits.

BLOMKVIST

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

Anita married in Stockholm in 1967.
It's recorded in the Swedish General
Register. But the family never knew,
did they.

(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?

BLOMKVIST

This time you don't want to know.

ERIKA

This time I do want to know.

BLOMKVIST

I have access to his computer, and his accountants' and lawyers'.

She isn't happy to hear that explanation.

ERIKA

And how do you have that?

BLOMKVIST

I could have gotten it from a source inside the company.

ERIKA

But you didn't.

BLOMKVIST

But that's what you'll say.

ERIKA

But what will you say to me?

BLOMKVIST

That depends on if you really want to know.

ERIKA

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:

ANNOUNCER

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 -

INT. BLOMKVIST'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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 - ZIMMERSTAHL - 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 Dorfirmann - 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 ...

EXT. SALANDER'S APARTMENT - STOCKHOLM - NIGHT

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. MILLENNIUM'S OFFICES - EVENING

Blomkvist hears a motorcycle and glances out the window to see Salander pulling up outside.

EXT. MILLENNIUM'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.

SALANDER

It's perfect.

TAILOR

Your father?

SALANDER

A friend.

TAILOR

Must be a very good friend.

(she nods)

He's lucky.

INT. SALANDER'S APARTMENT - DUSK

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 -

EXT. STOCKHOLM - EVENING

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.