

INT. NORTHERN SWEDEN - HOUSE - NIGHT

JACK DOE, a fit man in his mid-forties, stares at the embers of a log fire. He sips from a thick, cut-crystal glass of whiskey.

The impressive US Army Special Forces crest tattooed on the shoulder of his bare torso is at odds with Jack's quiet manner and the distinguished silver that flecks his hair and stubble.

A CREAK behind him and his eyes flick over his left shoulder.

INGRID BJORKLUND, mid-thirties, enters the room naked. With an intimate familiarity, she kisses Jack on the top of his head, sits close behind him and wraps her arms around her lover, linking her slender hands across his upper chest. They stare at the fire.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

The landscape is almost magical. Ingrid leads Jack through the trees. Her coat has a white fur collar. They are fresh-faced and warm from bed. They head towards a vast and frozen lake.

Jack looks around. Thick snow blankets the ground and muffles any sound. There is not the slightest breeze.

They reach the shoreline of the lake. Ingrid steps onto the ice and holds out her hand. Jack hesitantly takes Ingrid's hand. Solid as stone, the frozen lake supports his weight.

They walk out, Ingrid slipping and laughing. Jack joins in the fun.

Suddenly, he stops.

There are footprints in the thin snow going out across the lake. Beside a snowshoe hare's prints are those of a man.

INGRID

A hunter?

Jack studies the two sets of tracks.

INGRID

Don't they always travel in two's?

The snowshoe hare's tracks head out into the lake. The man's prints are heading in the opposite direction, towards the shoreline.

Jack spins toward the direction of the shoreline. No one is there.

Then, about ten meters inland from the edge of the lake, a low branch dips and a thick rug of snow falls from the branch.

Jack grabs Ingrid, yanks her towards the cover of the lakeside trees, and pushes her down into the snow.

She GRUNTS, winded. He lies besides her.

The CRACK of a bullet so quiet, it might be a bough snapping under the weight of winter.

Jack, mulls over the sound, pulling a WALTHER PPK/S semi-automatic handgun from the pocket of his parka, and COCKS it.

Ingrid stares at the gun as if she's seen it for the first time.

There's another CRACK from the trees.

Jack locks in on a spot with a drift of BLUE SMOKE, almost invisible in the winter air. There's SOMEONE in the shadows.

He rubs snow into his woolen hat, edging up until he can just see over the snow-bank, pumping three SHOTS into the dusk under the trees.

We hear a muffled GROAN and then a sound, as if one is SLIDING down ice.

Jack waits. Ingrid gathers her breath.

Jack remains fixed on the trees. He stands up slowly and walks inland towards the corpse that is just visible now in the shadows beneath the trees. Ingrid follows, frightened.

The corpse is slouched forwards in a drift of snow, his body cushioned in white softness.

Jack kicks the sole of the corpse's boot. Jack grabs his collar and turns him over. He doesn't seem to recognize him. He checks his neck for a pulse. There isn't one.

Jack rummages through his clothing, finding cash and a disposable cigarette lighter, but no identification.

JACK

Ingrid, go back to the house and wait.

INGRID

Who are you?

Jack looks at Ingrid, who then sets off, stumbling up the track they made through the snow.

Jack shoots her once, in the nape of her neck. She twitches in the snow, her blood staining the white fur of her coat collar.

From a distance, Ingrid looks like a shot snowshoe hare. Jack approaches her and steps over her, trying not to look down at her.

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

A MAN in the forest stands about 5 meters away from a dark Mercedes-Benz sedan, with the driver door open. He is holding an automatic pistol and he's on alert.

Jack comes from behind, walks around the car and kicks the car door closed. The man turns. Jack fells him easily with a bullet in the head.

Jack steps into the car and drives off.