

In a small town in northern Germany, there has been a martial murder. A man was shot several times in his barn. No one wants to have seen anything. The police, rather inexperienced in murder cases, try to follow every lead. Jorge Pettersen is new to the police team and completely unfamiliar with the local people and their hierarchy. In addition, due to a nervous condition, he has left the big city to lead a more tranquil life as a policeman.

Bengt Meyers' office is so sober that it could be described as clinical. Walls, floor, furnishings - everything is white. Only the monumental desk is gray.

Meyers, the owner and manager of the local butcher factory, sits in his leather-covered desk chair and looks at Jorge Pettersen, who is sitting on the edge of the chair. Despite the warm weather he wears his Norwegian and a rain jacket.

PETTERSEN

It's strange. When you come into a factory like this, you should actually hear something, or...smell something...but...here - it doesn't smell like anything. You don't hear anything either.

MEYERS

That's called hygiene. And insulation.  
(Beat)  
So you're the new detective, are you?

Pettersen nods.

PETTERSEN

Mr. Meyers, I'm sure this will come as a shock to you, but I'm sorry to have to inform you that your friend Heiner Heddrich passed away last night.

MEYERS

What?

PETTERSEN

Involuntarily.

MEYERS

What?

PETTERSEN

Yes, um, murder. It was murder.  
Yes.

Pettersen rubs sweaty palms over his corduroy-covered knees. Meyers notices that.

MEYERS

Is everything all right?

PETTERSEN

Sorry. Yeah, I'm kind of exhausted.

MEYERS

Would you like some coffee?

PETTERSEN

No, thank you. But a window. An open window. That would be nice.

Meyers stands up and opens one of the windows behind him. The clatter of a flag against the flagpole drifts in steadily from outside. Meyers remains at the open window for a while, processing the information he has just heard.

MEYERS

Heiner dead. I can't believe it.

PETTERSEN

Yes, if I had known, I wouldn't have come here in the first place.

(Silence)

I think I'll have a coffee after all.

Meyers goes back to his desk, picks up the phone and dials the extension to his secretary.

MEYERS

(into the phone)

Anne. Bring us some coffee, will you?

(to Pettersen)

With milk?

PETTERSEN

Lactose-free. Yes. So if you have lactose-free.

MEYERS

(into the phone)

Do we have lactose free? Yes. Then one milk coffee.

PETTERSEN

Nope.

MEYERS  
(into the phone)  
No milk coffee.

PETTERSEN  
But a latte macchiato. I would  
take a latte macchiato.

MEYERS  
(into the phone)  
Latte macchiato..

PETTERSEN  
...with double espresso and sugar.  
So rather a lot of sugar. Milk  
doesn't really matter, can also  
be with lactose.

MEYERS  
(into the phone)  
Uh, double...yeah right...uh...yeah,  
lots. And I would like a plain  
coffee. Yes, coffee, black,  
without anything. Yes, thank  
you.

He hangs up.

PETTERSEN  
So?

MEYERS  
So what?

PETTERSEN  
Do you have any idea who could  
have done that, with Heddrich?

MEYERS  
Well, not everybody was happy  
that we built our factory, with  
Heiner's support.

PETTERSEN  
Who?

MEYERS  
Well, eco-fascists, animal  
rights activists, you know. The  
usual. But every component of  
our product can be traced back  
completely.

PETTERSEN  
That doesn't help the animals.

MEYERS  
Oh, you're one of those, too.

Silence. The two men stare at each other. There is a knock at the door. Neither of them reacts. There is a second knock. Then...

MEYERS

Yep.

Anne, Meyers' secretary enters with a tray and the coffee order. She sets the two cups down in front of Meyers and Pettersen, smiles practicedly, and leaves the office again.

PETTERSEN

And did Heddrich benefit from the factory building, financially, I mean.

MEYERS

Did I bribe him? That's obvious that you're asking me that. Factory owners, dead animals, he must have been dirty. At least bribery. Why not murder? Killing animals doesn't make you a human being, does it?

Pettersen takes a big sip of his latte macchiato. It's so sweet that Pettersen chokes on it for a moment.

PETTERSEN

Where were you last night, let's say, or tonight?

MEYERS

Here.

PETTERSEN

Alone?

MEYERS

We had board meeting into the night and - before you ask, no, I didn't drive around killing my friend yesterday, the meeting wasn't that bad.

PETTERSEN

Pretty cynical.

MEYERS

You know Mr...

PETTERSEN

Pettersen.

MEYERS (CONT)

.....we knew each other for a long time, Heiner and I. But we

didn't mourn our lives every night at the Deichkrug. If you know what I mean. Well, sometimes we talked on the phone. We went out for dinner. The usual stuff. That's all.

During Meyers' last sentences, the clatter of flags from outside has become frantic and loud. The wind changed direction. Pettersen could only ignore this with difficulty. Now he resolutely stands up and closes the window. He stands next to Meyers and looks down at him.

PETTERSEN

You are right. I do have something against you. And to be honest, it's only because you run this factory. I'm a vegetarian and on the verge of going vegan.

MEYERS

You've got the whole town against you. Almost everyone here lives on meat.

Pettersen turns away and leaves the office.