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# John Doe: Vigilante

By Stephen M. Coates

I suppose I should, uh...  
thank you... for the opportunity,  
for choosing me above the others.  
Can I ask why me?  
With your reputation, your history,  
you were clearly the only choice.  
Are you the serial killer known as John Doe?  
That's for the jury to decide.  
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury,  
have you reached a verdict?  
Yes, we have, your honor.  
Will the defendant please rise?  
On the 33 counts of murder, how do you find?  
We believe in you, John Doe!  
We are standing here today  
outside the Supreme Court,  
where over 100,000 people have gathered  
to await the verdict in the extraordinary trial  
of John Doe.  
The entire world is watching this bizarre trial,  
and nobody knows which way the jury will vote.  
But, one thing's for certain.  
Whichever way the...  
Wait.  
It looks like we may have a verdict.  
Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for your patience.  
Not guilty!  
This trial is unprecedented in our history.  
It has sparked controversy and  
evoked emotions worldwide.  
We are now in a position to announce  
that after many months of  
trial and jury deliberation,  
we finally have a verdict.  
Good evening.  
This afternoon we received brutal footage  
from a masked man calling himself John Doe.  
We must warn you that some viewers  
may find the following footage disturbing.  
Do you know me?  
I'm just like you.  
I'm just another face in the crowd.  
I'm the guy next door.  
Wife, child, mortgage...

a job I hate...

a life I hate...

a life without meaning.

I'm John Doe.

You just witnessed the brutal murder  
of retired priest Xavier Edwards.

At this time, it remains a mystery  
as to why this man calling himself John Doe  
murdered Mr. Edwards.

So, that's the story you ran?

Yes.

Mm-hmm.

It's not unusual for us to edit footage.

We often do it to protect people.

Yeah, I'm familiar with  
that concept, Matt, thanks.

But you were withholding  
certain aspects of the story,  
aspects that were quite clear and self-explanatory  
on the footage John Doe supplied.

We were under orders.

From whom?

At that stage, what did you know about John Doe?

Well, nothing really...

only that he had a lot of  
information about his victims.

Where do you think that information came from?

He was a very sophisticated  
and intelligent predator.

And he seemed to have a wide network.

Exactly when was the task force formed?

I was brought in after the fifth killing.

And Task Force Swordfish was formed.

The pressure to catch him must have been immense.

Absolutely.

We can't have someone running  
around killing people, can we?

Justified or not.

"Justified"?

You can cut that last bit out.

So, you were frustrated?

You could say that, yes.

Because you must have understood  
that once you released the footage,

you would be fair game?

Of course.

But only half the story was being told.

Well, I think it's fair to say, though, when you start killing people, you can't reasonably expect the responsible media to be on your side.

So media manipulation is something we should all just accept?

I was aware of what was going on before the phone call.

I mean, everybody was.

We were a fairly small operation back then, and, consequently, we were only getting slightly more information than the mainstream media were feeding Joe Public.

- Mm.

- And who did he contact?

He called our head reporter, Sam, asked if we wanted copies of the murders.

Sam Foley?

Yeah.

And you jumped at that?

Not at first, no.

I'm... not in the habit of promoting murder.

Then why?

He offered us exclusive footage from there on out.

Ah. So you're happy to air murders as long as you've got the exclusive, Bob?

Come on, Ken.

They werent just murders. You know that.

What, so he mentioned his story? His message?

Well, yeah, of course he did, but

I wasn't interested in that.

Why not?

Well, I mean, every nut out there's got his story, you know, his version of how the world owes him a living...

how his old man beat him up,

how he never had a choice,

you know, blah, blah, blah.

But John Doe was different?

Well, yeah.

I mean, once I saw the first  
two tapes in their entirety,  
I knew this was gonna be big.  
Bob, clearly, you're motivated by ratings,  
therefore money, correct?  
Can I ask, was the truth ever a factor?  
"The truth"?  
Ken, the only truth is  
that he killed a shitload of people.  
Anything else is just somebody's opinion.  
A few days ago John Doe claimed  
yet another victim...  
his ninth.  
Now, people are being killed.  
But John Doe has a story to tell.  
He's a man on a mission.  
And if you are a law-abiding citizen,  
then let me tell you something.  
You have nothing to fear.  
Who the hell are you?  
It's OK, Sally. Don't be scared.  
Go next door and call your mother.  
Good girl.  
Do you know who I am?  
Get the hell out of my house!  
Oh!  
You see, Xavier?  
I know who you are.  
Xavier Edwards was an old man.  
But he was the worst kind of old man...  
a pedophile, who had been preying on our  
innocent children for many, many years.  
You've worked it out, right?  
There is a method to John Doe's madness.  
It isn't random. It isn't meaningless.  
You can come out and party...  
have a good time, enjoy the nightlife...  
because there's nothing to fear,  
unless you're on John Doe's list.  
Well, it's a little over  
the top, wouldn't you say?  
Well, it got people watching.  
After only a week,  
that was viewed more times than

anything else we'd ever done combined.  
I think it's fair to say, from looking  
at that, that Sam Foley's a fan?  
Sam's mother was murdered.  
His father never got over it.  
Sam was...  
He was in therapy for years.  
So why Net News? Why Sam Foley?  
You could have given your footage to... anyone.  
Could I?  
I tried the majors, but...  
they had their own agenda.  
The Internet was the only place  
that it could be run, unedited,  
instantly, to the whole world.  
Some people have suggested...  
that you and Sam Foley...  
have been working together.  
Did you and Mr. Foley  
conspire to create this whole scenario?  
Sam was just in the right place at the right time.  
What made you decide to start  
supplying the mainstream media,  
or the... the "majors," as you  
describe them, with footage again?  
Look, what I was doing was obvious.  
But, somehow, the reason I was doing it was not.  
Now, I figured that if I exposed  
what I was doing to more people,  
eventually someone somewhere would figure it out.  
The world would open its eyes,  
and then maybe I could stop.  
So you wanted other people to take up your work?  
- No.  
- You wanted...  
you wanted other people to start killing?  
No. No.  
Millions of people are watching this broadcast,  
right now, both here and around the world.  
I believe they want the answer  
to one... simple question.  
Why didn't you just stop?  
Because regardless of whether the  
message was getting out there or not...

they all deserved to die.

If you believe that we are simply dumb animals that have developed some level of self-awareness, well, then you can rationalize taking a life, because it really doesn't mean anything.

Sure.

But if you believe in the existence of a soul, something beyond this world, well, that puts a whole different perspective on it.

So, you're saying John Doe doesn't believe in the soul.

He just thinks we're all dumb animals.

Oh, not at all.

John Doe is much more complicated than that.

So no accidents this week?

No.

You sure about that?

No, there's no accidents.

Uh...

can you sign my form, please?

We'll get to the form in a minute.

Look, Becky...

it's beyond time for you to give the shelter a try.

No, I can't leave.

- Yes, you can.

- No, I couldnt.

He loves me.

You can't live like this.

Well, how would we survive?

I've never had a job.

Hmm? Who's gonna give me a job?

We can take care of that.

You stay at the shelter, there are training programs.

No.

Tell me, Becky, why is it more scary to leave than to stay?

Well, what about Taylor?

She'd be devastated.

And...

I mean, she loves her father.

No doubt, but she needs you.

Well, we shouldn't leave. It wouldn't be fair.

He works so hard to support us.

How long do you think it'll be  
before Taylor has an accident?

No, he wouldn't.

- Why not?

- He loves her.

He loves her more than anything.

Loves you, too.

Well, that's only when he's been  
drinking, and... it's always late.

She's always in bed.

- For now.

- Yeah.

But how long until she gets in the way?

How long until she tries to protect you?

How long before she ends up, in hospital, with  
three broken ribs and a fractured skull, or worse?

He'll find us.

I can take care of that, too.

What'd you say?

What'd you fucking say? Huh? Huh?

Don't walk away from me, you fucking scrag!

Fuck!

Fuck.

Think you're a big man.

John Doe continues on his rampage,  
with the police seemingly unable to stop him.

Despite the increased police presence  
on our streets and in our skies,  
the central business district  
is still empty after dark,  
and businesses continue to hurt.

In related news, Senator Marlene  
Brockhurst was today widely criticized...

0-4-2.

I've just been pulled over by the cops.

Shit.

Going a bit fast there, weren't you, sir?

Got your license?

Don't go anywhere.

I think it's over.

That was on the back seat underneath the jacket.

This can't be happening.

I'm not done yet.



You OK down there? Do you need backup?

Negative.

I'm gonna let you off with a warning, Mr. Jones.

Take my advice.

Slow down, take your time.

The last thing you want is

to get pulled over again.

It could really ruin your night.

Thank you, Constable.

Look, I've already been through

this with everyone else.

And if you're here to crawl up my ass for being  
the guy who let John Doe go, you're way too late.

No, not at all. I'm just here to ask

why you chose to let John Doe go.

Why would you go and say

something crazy like that?

Well, it seems obvious, looking at John Doe's  
footage, Constable, that you knew it was him.

I didn't realize it was him... alright?

End of story.

Go on.

So, what are your views on John Doe?

- Well, I've probably changed my...

- You're asking people about John Doe, right?

- Uh, yes, but I'm just interviewing this...

- Right, well, I'd like to say that I think he is  
disgusting, and I think that the police  
aren't trying hard enough to find him.

I mean, how many people has he killed now?

- 14? 15?

- 18, actually.

Oh, Jesus.

Well, the streets are gonna

be cleaned up in no time.

And then what is he going to do? He's

gonna start shooting at jaywalkers,

or hammer to death someone for running a red light.

He gets to be judge, jury, and executioner.

- OK, thank you very much for your...

- And that is insane.

- Thank you very much for your...

- That's wrong.

Sorry about that.

There has been criticism aimed at the police force by the media, by the public, by politicians for not taking action earlier. Why did it take so long for the task force to be set up? Do you want the official story... or my opinion? Start with the official story. Red tape, procedure, and parliamentary signoff. OK, and what's your personal take on the subject? John was killing career criminals. Reality is... nobody cared... till the body count started to climb. "Nobody cared"? I've got 23 unsolved homicides... here, my responsibility. Case one... The murder of an innocent young woman. Case two... John Doe's first victim. Now, you as a taxpayer... you tell me which one you want me to focus on. The murder of an innocent young woman or the murder of a known pedophile? But what does it matter who or what they were? People were being murdered. It's your job to find the killer. Sure. But I only work 14 hours a day. So what are you saying here, Detective? Are you implying that you, that the task force could have worked harder? You could have caught John Doe earlier? You could have stopped the killings? You could have saved lives? I'm saying John Doe got the attention he deserved. Well, what do you say to the allegations that you are not the real John Doe, that John Doe is another man or a group of individuals committing these crimes, doing these killings in the name of John Doe? Knowing that won't change anything. What does it matter?

What matters is,  
if there are other perpetrators out there,  
they would need to be caught.  
They would need to be stopped, yes?  
If you say so.  
Well, I simply can't believe that  
you did these killings on your own.  
Killing's easy.  
It's living with it that's the hard part.  
Stop! No more!  
No more!  
Don't, please! Stop it!  
Stop! stop!  
Stop it!  
They don't look too concerned, do they?  
John Doe has been busy lately,  
but I've managed to put  
together an update for you.  
Double murderer...  
child molester...  
granny basher...  
serial date rapist.  
Each one of John Doe's victims faced  
our justice system at least once.  
And each man was allowed to  
walk free with a second chance.  
Each one then chose to re-offend,  
and either got away scot-free,  
or were prosecuted and, for some  
reason, allowed to walk free again,  
to inflict more pain and more suffering.  
So John Doe killed them.  
Here's why.  
Sons...  
daughters...  
husbands and wives...  
their lives cut tragically short by acts of  
violence, stupidity, or just plain evil.  
Our world is a very different place without them.  
And these are the dead that John Doe speaks for.  
What did you think of Sam Foley's quote?  
"John Doe speaks for the dead."  
I guess it's a way of looking at it.  
Is that what you were doing...

speaking for the dead?

Acting for them, perhaps.

In the form of murder?

Can I ask you a question?

Sure.

If you knew that someone was gonna sneak up behind you, in the car park tonight, bash you over the head and then cut your throat.

If ten seconds before it happened you had a vision and absolutely knew it was coming, then bang...

a hammer appeared in your hand...

what would you do?

Would you be so angry and outraged

that someone would take

something so precious from you

that you would smash his head in?

You could say that the dead that I act for never got a chance to find out what they would do.

I'm speaking today with Murray Wills...

the leader of a group that calls themselves

"Speak for the Dead."

So, Murray, why exactly are we here today?

We, uh, we want to let as

many people as we can know

that we'll be holding a rally next week...

a march on Parliament House to

show our support for John Doe.

A rally?

What exactly are you hoping

to achieve with this rally?

We just want to let John know that he has support and he has allies, if he needs them.

So what do you think that you

can do to help John Doe?

What could you do for him?

Whatever he wants.

Whatever he needs.

Are you saying that you might

be prepared to kill for him?

I never said that.

Well, there you go, folks,

a potentially explosive situation...

Fucking kick him.

Kick him again! Kick him.

Yeah!

Don't you.

Huh? Cunt!

Is that all you got? Come here.

Fucking hit him.

Don't fucking come back!

You fucking do that again, I'll kill you!

- Henry.

- Jesse.

Guys, how does it feel getting away with murder?

The court says I'm innocent,

so I'm going home, fellas.

You killed my son!

You murdering bastards!

You killed my son!

That's right, boys. Serve and protect.

Serve and protect.

Excuse me. Coming through.

Piss off. It's been a long day.

His name was Gary, you prick!

You fucking asshole.

- Any comments?

- What do you have to say?

Yes, I'd just like to thank  
my QC, Andrew Beaumont.

Did a sterling job.

Any comments, Mr. Mills?

- Mr. Mills?

- Mr. Mills, anything to say?

- You look at me.

- What have you got to say?

He killed my son.

### **Just before 9:**

in the foyer of a crowded city building,  
the faceless killer, John Doe, struck again.

This time using what appeared to be  
a homemade cyanide patch to claim Jesse Sutton,  
his 20th victim.

Hey, sweetheart,

- you ever been fucked by a real man?

- Settle down, dude.

What the fuck did you say?

Sorry, man. Sorry.

Pussy.

After you, sweet cheeks.

Call me, sweet arse.

Or text me.

What the fuck?

Or text me.

What the fuck?

He knows where every camera is...

what angle they're set at...

which ones rotate and which ones are still.

What looks like a random kill in a crowd...

is actually a meticulously planned operation.

He must have rehearsed every step.

Knowing that...

that he would have rehearsed it, did

anyone go back and look at earlier footage?

Yes, we reviewed the tapes.

- And what did you find?

- Nothing.

He was a ghost.

It wouldn't have surprised us

if he had military training...

special ops or... black ops even.

Yeah, black ops would've been perfect.

Yeah, but he wasn't a black op, was he?

No.

The punishment no longer fits the crime.

Terrible... horrible...

unforgivable things are

happening each and every day.

It's not supposed to be like that.

We're supposed to respect human life,

honor it, protect it.

But you killed.

Yes, I did.

Well, how do you justify that?

- Justification?

- Yes.

Well, justification's relative.

How do you mean?

OK, let's go back to the car park.

Humor me.

Only, this time you have a gun, and I'm with you.

A man with an ax bursts from the shadows,  
raises the ax, ready to bury it in my head.  
He starts to swing, and you shoot him.  
Justifiable homicide, right?  
Well, what if he kills me  
before you can shoot him.  
Then he turns on you, ax raised, and bang!  
You shoot him dead.  
Justifiable homicide still, right?  
So when does it become murder?  
How long after he kills me...  
five seconds, ten seconds,  
a week, a month?  
Alright, you're implying  
once the threat has gone.  
Clever boy.  
That's exactly the point.  
Each one of them was a repeat  
offender planning to offend again.  
The threat they posed was never gone...  
until they were gone.  
That's an odd way to try and change the world.  
The world's a better place now.  
So you're saying none of these  
people, none of your victims,  
had anything positive to contribute to society?  
No.  
I'm standing today, just outside Parliament House,  
where members of the Speak for the Dead movement  
are publicly showing their support for John Doe.  
As you can see behind me, it has drawn much  
support, from both sides of the argument.  
John Doe! John Doe!  
You all know why we're here today...  
to show our support for John Doe.  
We all know who John Doe  
is and what John Doe does.  
But let's get to what's really important. Let's  
go beyond that. What happens after John Doe?  
He's left us with a choice.  
Stay asleep or wake up.  
- Wake up!  
- Wake up!  
This South Australian father, yeah.

A father...

pimped his 10-year-old daughter out,  
to over 200 men, at 50 bucks a hit.

- Bastard.

- Hang him.

20 bucks extra for no condom.

This...

this poor girl has every sexually  
transmitted disease you can get.

- You know what he got?

- What?

Maximum of ten years jail.

- What kind of justice is that?

- He'll be out in five.

Who here thinks that's right?

No!

Who here thinks that's fair?

- No!

- Who here thinks our-our justice system  
got that one right?

No!

- Jeffrey Wilson...

- Fucking joke!

47-year-old...

found guilty of sexual assault on 3  
girls under 12 in 4 separate trials.

He raped... and sexually assaulted these  
girls over a period of two years.

- Animal!

- Burn him!

Two years!

But get this... before the trials, he had 95  
prior convictions... mostly sex offenses.

Jeffrey Wilson is a free man.

He could be here... right now,  
amongst us, today.

Are you out there, Jeffrey?

Huh?

Look at the man next to you.

Is it Wilson?

95 prior convictions, allowed to... stroll free.

Look after your kids, people...

because there are hundreds, if not

thousands, of cases like this every year.



- And who's fault is it? Th-th-the government?

- Yes!

- The pigs?

- Yes!

- The criminals?

- Yes!

No, no, no...

No!

It's our fault, every single one of us here!

It's your fault, your fault, your fault...

'cause we've stood by, and we've watched  
our-our society, our community...

our way of life be degraded...

be eaten away piece by piece.

We've been...we've been obedient little citizens...

standing in the corner with our mouths  
shut, biting our bloody tongues!

- Yeah!

- That's not the answer!

That's right. It's not the answer.

I say it's time to push back.

- Yeah!

- How's that for an answer?

I say it's time we make a stand!

- Yeah! Yes!

- How's that for an answer?

I say it's time we band together...  
and demand a change!

- Yeah!

- How's that for a fucking answer?

- What do you say?

- Yes!

- What do you say?

- Yes!

- What do you say?

- Yes!

Minister, Minister, just a minute of your time.

I've told you the same thing every day  
for months, Murray. My hands are tied.

- There's nothing I can do.

- But hold on.

You do work for the people, don't you?

'Cause there's hundreds, if not thousands, of  
people out there demanding that you do something.

Minister, these people are gonna make their  
opinions known at the next election.  
Only a fool would ignore them.  
I don't know how many times I can explain it to  
you. Nothing's going to happen. It's not possible,  
not with just a petition.  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no.  
I get it.  
I finally fucking get it.  
You think you're just going to catch John Doe, and  
all this is, what, going to fly away?  
Just disappear? Magic?  
You catch John Doe...  
Just give me a fucking second.  
You catch John Doe...  
and this gets worse for you, mate...  
much worse.  
Easy, brother, easy.  
You're sure this is him?  
Definitely.  
He still works at the same nightclub  
where they killed the kid.  
It's step-up time, guys. Take this.  
What the hell is he doing?  
Let's go get this fucking prick.  
Shit, I think he's got a baseball bat.  
Look at his-look at his left hand.  
Who gives a fuck what he's got? There's  
three of us, and there's one of him.  
Yeah. Let's do it.  
Henry.  
Come on!  
You!  
- You!  
- No-no-no!  
What do you think, my eyes  
are fucking painted on, huh?  
Do you think I'm fucking stupid?  
You think I didn't see you fucking coming, huh?  
Stop it!  
- What the fuck are you doing?  
- Shut the fuck up, tough guy.  
Fuck you!  
Fuck you!

Huh? You're fucking tough now, aren't you?  
Hey, John Doe!  
You fucking want me?  
Come fucking get me!  
Stop sending your boys!  
Those three boys in the car park...  
it went horribly wrong for them.  
But it really fired up the  
Speak for the Dead movement.  
In what way?  
They got organized.  
They got a full head of  
steam, and they went viral.  
"Viral"?  
They sprung up in every major city,  
even the smaller cities and towns.  
Beauy, you want this shit or not?  
You've got ten minutes.  
What the fuck do you want?  
Turn that fucking thing off.  
You don't fucking learn, do you?  
Come here, fuckwit.  
Oh, that's right. Fucking run.  
I thought you pricks would've  
learnt the first time.  
You wanted to play? Let's go.  
Come on, you and me.  
Come on!  
What are you waiting for?  
Oi!  
Did you mastermind the rise of  
the Speak for the Dead movement?  
No, not at all.  
We have information here... that reveals that Mr.  
Murray Wills was receiving counseling from you  
- for many years.  
- That's true.  
- So you're not denying that connection?  
- No, not at all.  
In fact, I did consider Murray  
to be one of my successes.  
Because of Speak for the Dead?  
No, because he managed to work through  
his issues, which were considerable.

You do realize that the Speak  
for the Dead movement...

that Murray Wills... is now  
completely out of control?

Yes, I do.

Well, I... I guess Mr. Wills must have  
had other issues to work through?

Of course he's got other issues. The guy  
was abused as a child by his own dad.

- He managed to get out of that household, at last.

- Right. Is it fair to say...

- Came to me for help, and he was on the right

- Is it fair to say, that if you, is it fair  
- track.

- fair to say, that if you were still out there,  
if you were a free man...

that Mr. Wills would be on your list?

Does it irritate you that your... main  
disciple seems to have lost his way?

He's not my disciple.

Today we received this message from John Doe.

It looks like John Doe's motivation  
is a lot simpler than it first appeared.

The brutal bashing of Henry Junig has  
forced me to re-evaluate what I am doing.

This was never meant to happen.

It was never meant to go this far.

For \$10 million, I will walk away...

and the killings will stop.

The serial killer known as John Doe

is today attempting to blackmail

the Australian government for \$10 million.

Is today attempting to blackmail

the Australian government for 7.5 million pounds.

All call signs, all call signs.

Suspect John Doe positively ID'd.

Be ready.

Stand by.

Go, go, go!

Police! Don't move!

- Get down!

- On the ground!

Stay there! Don't move!

Listen to me.

If you move, you're fucking dead.  
Well, I didn't run the story, did I?  
So you knew it wasn't John Doe?  
Of course.  
I just can't believe everybody fell for it.  
I guess it goes to show you the  
power and stupidity of the media.  
A word to the wise, Sam... don't  
bite the hand that feeds you.  
You obviously had a working relationship  
with John Doe. My question is...  
how did you keep the police out of it?  
He sent me tapes.  
You had footage while bodies were still  
being loaded onto coroner's wagons.  
He did more than send you tapes.  
He sent me tapes.  
The public aren't idiots, Sam.  
Neither am I.  
Some people have suggested that you and John Doe  
were working together from the very beginning,  
that you may have even planned this, all of it...  
the murders, everything.  
Really?  
Well, I guess some people have pretty  
vivid imaginations, don't they?  
Some people claim to have proof.  
What proof, Ken?  
This whole... eye-for-an-eye thing.  
It's not really justice, is it?  
Well, it seems to be working.  
Oh, so... bring back capital punishment,  
the noose, firing squad?  
I never said that.  
Look, I'm not gonna sit here and  
pretend to have all the answers, Ken.  
But what I do know is the system  
as it stands... it doesn't work.  
We're too politically correct.  
It's all about the perp's rights. The preps get  
their way. The victims end up getting screwed.  
And when you go to court, if you're  
lucky enough to actually get to court,  
the courts end up editing the

victim's impact statement.

Why? To reduce the impact. It's fucking insane.

I mean, the victims end up becoming victims all over again.

I hate the apathy.

I hate the way everybody just sits back and expects somebody else to take care of the problem.

Like the Speak for the Dead movement?

Well, I mean, apart from giving them a very catchy name, Sam, can I ask?

Do you feel in any way responsible for the rise of Speak for the Dead?

Sure. I played my part.

And people have died.

Yes.

But, it was their choice to represent Speak for the Dead.

It was a risk that they were willing to take as soldiers.

- "As soldiers"?

- Oh, I think that's how they'd see it.

Well, how do you see it, Sam?

A vigilante is simply somebody who violates the law in order to punish a criminal for what they believe is right... for what they believe is justice.

So what then do you call a country who sends soldiers to kill people in places like Afghanistan or Iran, Iraq, Korea, Vietnam... in the name of what they believe is right, in the name of what they believe is justice? That country is a vigilante, pure and simple.

Only, when a country does it, people call it war, and nobody bats an eyelid.

But when a country does it, they aren't anywhere near as clinical or as careful... as someone like John Doe.

And that country ends up killing thousands, of innocent women... and innocent children.

Oh, collateral damage.

So, you're comparing what's happening here to a war?

Of course I am, Ken. Make no mistake about it.  
It is a war that is being fought. It is a  
war for justice. It is a war against crime.  
And it is a war with victims.  
I just want my boy back.  
How did that make you feel, John?  
It makes me sad. I feel for her.  
Kate Johnson is one of the  
many victims that you...  
have created.  
You... you killed her son.  
Yes, I did.  
And you feel bad for her?  
Of course.  
For him, too.  
How so? Uhm...  
I don't follow.  
I feel sorry for him in the  
same way that you do...  
when you feel sorry for squashing a-a  
deadly spider in your kid's tree house.  
You don't really want to kill the spider, but...  
you got to protect your kids.  
What about the lawyers? Let's talk about them.  
Who was protected by maiming and torturing them?  
Yeah, that was unfortunate.  
"Unfortunate"?  
You don't feel responsible?  
Was Jesus responsible for the Crusades,  
for the Inquisitions?  
Mohammed... was he responsible for 9/11?  
- This is too much.  
- We discussed this. This is what you wanted.  
- I didn't think it'd be like this.  
- Yeah, well, that's what it take...  
Bill, we're not going to kill them, OK?  
We're just gonna make sure that  
they never win another trial.  
So take the shears. Take-take the shears!  
Look me in the eyes.  
You do this, and it's over.  
You hear me?  
Your son can rest in peace.  
OK. OK.

Now, get in there...

And do what it is you came here to do.

Ah, for fuck's sake.

You fucking pussy!

Huh? You're nothing!

This morning, Speak for the

Dead leader, Murray Wills,

was taken in for questioning by police.

At this time, it is unknown if

any charges have been laid.

- Murray.

- Murray.

Mr. Wills. Mr. Wills.

- This is bullshit.

- Any comments?

They can't prove anything. It wasn't us.

A bunch of fat cat lawyers, you hear me?

Who gives a shit?

You think so?

The Speak for the Dead movement is now at what...

- 10, 12 million worldwide?

- Mm-hmm.

The word is, they are threatening  
action, if John is convicted.

Really?

Well, what could they  
possibly do, in your opinion?

I don't know.

But we're sitting here talking  
because of one person.

Look at what he did.

Imagine what a few million John Does could do.

I'll tell you what I do know.

I know that I have signed statements...

from 32 different people...

one for the date and time of each killing.

These statements put John Doe

on the other side of town...

in some cases in another state,

when the murders were committed.

Signed by the family and friends of the  
victims he was speaking for, no doubt.

Maybe.

But the only thing resembling evidence they



have is the footage from the final killing.  
And we can argue that he only did the last one,  
that all the others were someone else.  
We can plead temporary insanity...  
and that he was inspired by the John Doe killings.  
Wha-and then chose to admit to 32 other killings.  
- Why?  
- Because of the message.  
So you're saying he chose to become  
John Doe, whoever that may be.  
That's the argument we'll be presenting.  
Is it an argument with any basis in fact, Alan?  
Do you believe it?  
Doesn't matter what I believe.  
It doesn't matter what you believe.  
It only matters what the jury believes.  
I need people to understand...  
what it was and what it is like.  
It's-it's the last time you  
ever open a door without fear.  
It's having the safety and security  
of your own home violated...  
taken from you, forever.  
It's running down the street...  
half-naked... covered in blood...  
screaming for help...  
praying that someone, anyone will come.  
But no one does.  
It's guilt...  
mercilessly punishing yourself over  
whether you could have done something...  
anything at all, to have stopped him.  
It's having to tell your husband  
that she's gone and then waiting...  
hoping that she'll be found,  
but knowing in your heart...  
she never will.  
It's identifying her body and seeing...  
seeing her dead, lifeless face.  
All I have left...  
All I have left is... the hope...  
that there is more to this world...  
this life that we know.  
And that one day somewhere else, someplace else...

One day, I'll be able to hold her again...

and look into her beautiful eyes...

and tell her how much I love her.

And then came Adam McCleish.

Yes.

Adam McCleish.

That's funny to you, John?

Nothing funny about Adam McCleish.

NetNews ran the whole thing, live, uncensored.

They got prosecuted for that, as we probably would have had we run the full story, early on.

Matt, do you regret not running the footage?

No.

Why did you choose not to run it?

We are a major television network... and we're governed by rules and regulations.

This isn't NetNews. Those rules and regulations need to be adhered to.

I did what I felt was right.

When I saw what was happening,

I started shooting the crowd.

This was once-in-a-lifetime stuff.

We hooked the live feed into-into the plasmas.

- What's this?

- Shh.

John Doe had multiple cameras running,

and someone over at NetNews was doing a kick-ass job of directing the cams.

It was a life-changing experience for me, as I guess it was for everybody who watched it or has seen it since.

Mm. So, what is your reply to the accusations that you knew it was going to happen...

and that you preplanned the whole thing with John Doe?

- Ridiculous.

- Is it?

Look... we received a message with an IP address on it.

When we checked it out, we saw the scene in the garage.

As soon as we realized what was happening, we called the police.

- As soon as you realized?

- Mm-hmm.

You called the police?

These are the phone records from that night.

According to these records...

the only call, to the police, made from  
this office, took place at 8:53 PM.

Sam, that feed went live at 8:30 PM.

Fuck.

Do you know who I am?

Yeah, of course I do, you crazy bastard.

What are you doing? Let me go.

Are you sure you know who I am?

Yeah, you're John Doe, but you've made a mistake.

Have I?

Yeah, I'm not who you think I am.

- I swear to God.

- God?

Careful.

You maybe seeing Him pretty soon.

Wh-whatever you think I've done,  
I didn't do it. It wasn't me.

So what, you find these out on the street?

I've never seen them before.

Oh, they must belong to my flatmate.

You don't have a flatmate.

Right-right, not my flatmate.

Sorry. Um, my mate, Robby.

- Ah, right.

- He stays here all the time.

Yeah, I let him use my garage to work on his car.

They must be his.

You don't have any mates, Adam,  
not even one called Robby.

Help!

Help!

Somebody!

Help!

No point.

You see, the Henderson's, on that side,  
they received free movie tickets tonight,  
in Gold Class, no less.

And, um... old...

Mrs. Heywood...

Well...

Mrs. Hay-wood!

Mrs...

Well, she wouldn't hear it if you were screaming in her ear.

Deaf as a post, the old dear.

How the fuck do you know so much?

You know, this whole thing will go a lot easier if you simply tell me the truth.

A lot easier, I reckon.

I mean, if you are innocent of the crimes that, that I believe you have committed, then I will walk away.

Bullshit.

It's up to you now, Adam.

Only you can save yourself.

So...

where did you get the hair?

Look...

I-m... I'm pretty messed up.

I'm into some some weird shit, you know?

Um, I bought those off a...

a guy I met in... in jail.

Right, a guy you met in jail?

What guy?

Well, um...

Uh, J-Jimmy.

Uhh... Jimmy, Jimmy Harris.

- Oh, Jimmy Harris, your old cellmate?

- Yeah, he's a...

Hang on. How...

- Go on.

- Well... I got them off him.

And where did he get them?

I don't know. I got no fucking idea.

I mean, what does it matter?

Fuck!

- "What does it matter?"

- Fuck!

Did you really just fucking say that?

- Fuck.

- Look at them.

No.

- Alright.

- Look at them.

Look at them!  
I count six,  
six girls!  
Six girls that you did fuck knows what to?!  
What did you do to them?  
Nothing.  
I swear to God, it wasn't me.  
We shouldn't be watching this.  
Bullshit, man. This is fucking mad.  
It's wrong. They should turn it off.  
Look, mate, if you don't want to watch it,  
then fuck off home.  
Yeah, fuck off, mate.  
Why did you let him walk all over you?  
Maybe we should go.  
John Doe and Adam McCleish was  
the most watched podcast,  
broadcast, whatever you want to call  
it, in the history of the world.  
Within minutes of it finishing, it was  
copied and plastered all over the Internet.  
It has been downloaded and watched  
millions, maybe even billions, of times.  
Fuck you!  
Fuck you.  
You can't prove anything.  
If you kill me, you're just a fucking murderer.  
- Really?  
- Yeah, fucking really.  
So you think you know who I am?  
Man, you're a broken record.  
Fuck.  
Fuck. Fuck.  
Fuck!  
Fuck.  
Open your fucking eyes!  
Look at them!  
Look at them!  
Look what you destroyed.  
There's Chloe. Well, y-you know Chloe, right?  
You get that?  
You look at them!  
And that there, that...  
that's Mary.

Hi, honey.

She was a nurse.

Yeah, she used to care for people  
who couldn't look after themselves.

Oh, you know who that is, right?

Look at them.

Look, Adam.

This is a couple of weeks before  
you walked into our lives.

Look how happy we are, man. You see that?

You see how happy we are?

I thought he would just kill him, right then.

You know, bang, just bullet in the head.

I had no idea what was coming next.

But then, with John Doe, we never really did.

Do any of these belong to my daughter?

No.

- Don't lie to me.

- I promise. I s... I swear,  
n-none of them are hers.

You have five minutes...

five minutes to convince me not to kill you.

What?

You know, I thought long and hard about  
what to do with people like you.

Should it be an eye for an eye...

old-style justice?

I thought maybe that I would take the  
wives or the children of the killers.

You know, I take your father, you take my  
mother, that kind of thing, but it just...

didn't sit right with me.

And then I thought, "What if... what  
if I cripple someone, as payback...  
make them suffer for years and years?"

But then, of course, the taxpayer  
would end up footing the bill.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars to keep  
scumbags like you alive and comfortable.

Look at this.

I buy these in bulk.

Yeah.

50 cents apiece.

You do the math.

But you know what?

I'm done with the killing.

Yeah.

- You're the last.

- No.

But... if you can convince me...

to let you live...

you will live.

But your time's running out.

- Are you for real?

- What have you got to lose?

OK, um...

Look... I was a good kid, yeah?

- Right.

- Um...

I mixed with some bad... bad

kids, in high school, and

I got mixed up in drugs, and, you know, next...

before I know it... I was in

prison for stealing a car.

I didn't fucking steal it.

Fucking cops.

- "Fucking cops"?

- Yeah.

- The fucking cops?

- Yeah.

They railroaded me and put me in jail.

And...

bad things happened... to me in there...

real, real bad things.

I mean, I was just a kid.

- I was just a... bloody, stupid kid.

- Yeah.

I mean, how-how's a kid supposed to...

deal with that shit?

They...they taught me how to...

how to steal...

how to pick locks, how to hurt people...

how to get girls.

I...

I can't help myself.

But you like it?

I need it.

But you like it, right?

The little girls... they get scared.  
They look at you with their big eyes...  
pleading...  
asking to go home, to their mummies and daddies.  
- Made you feel strong, didn't it?  
- Yeah.  
Made you feel good.  
It's OK. Say it. Say it.  
It's alright. It's alright.  
Yes. Yes.  
Smell that.  
It's OK.  
Oh, please. No, it's not my fault!  
- It's not my fault!  
- Whose fucking fault was it, Adam?!  
Why did you kill my daughter?!  
- Why?!  
- I don't know. I don't know.  
I saw them at the shopping center, and I  
followed them home 'cause I wanted her.  
She was 9 years old!  
Look, please forgive me. I killed them.  
I killed them all, alright?  
- Please.  
- She was 9 years old.  
And Mary...  
you've taken her, too, mate, you know.  
They're both gone.  
You destroyed Mary.  
You killed us all.  
- I'm sorry.  
- You killed us all.  
Please, forgive me, please.  
Please.  
Please?  
I'm so sorry.  
I do forgive you, Adam.  
I forgive you.  
I forgive you.  
I forgive you.  
I could forgive you, Adam.  
Problem is...  
I don't believe a fucking word you just said.  
Yeah, your stories... they don't work on me.



Bullshit, Adam. I know the truth.  
I know you...  
Well, look at me.  
Fuck you.  
I went to prison.  
I did my time. I paid my debt.  
Paid your debt?  
Oh, no, not yet, you haven't.  
Yes, I fucking have.  
And I remember her...  
Your little princess... with the beautiful eyes.  
I saw the light go out.  
Oh... I can still smell her. She smelled so sweet.  
She was one of my favorites.  
Ooh, she had the tight...  
Oh, yeah.  
Oh, my God.  
Oh, my God.  
Fucking hell.  
Who can blame him?  
Now! Drop the weapon! Drop the weapon!  
Drop it now!  
John, listen to me. Drop that weapon, now!  
Drop the weapon!  
Put it down! Put it down now!  
Early this morning, Australian vigilante serial  
killer, John Doe, surrendered to police.  
He was taken into custody and  
charged with 33 counts of murder.  
His final murder was broadcast  
live over the Internet.  
The entire world will watch  
this trial with great interest.  
You offered Adam McCleish forgiveness.  
Yes, I did.  
- Did you mean it?  
- No.  
Then why say it?  
Because I wanted him to  
think it was a possibility...  
especially at the end.  
I wanted him to believe he had a chance  
of making it out of that room alive.  
I wanted him to suffer.

I wanted him to feel the pain  
that only hope can bring.  
Is it in you to forgive?  
Of course.  
Not many people would believe that.  
I forgave hundreds of people...  
those that stopped...  
those that showed real, true remorse.  
Living with what they had done was  
punishment enough. I left them off my list.  
Do you think you can be forgiven?  
Hi, Sally. I'm Ken.  
We spoke on the phone.  
I want to thank you for what you did...  
for Sally, here.  
She was too afraid to tell us what was happening.  
She didn't know what to do... or who to tell.  
God only knows what would have happened to her.  
Anyway, um...  
Sally has something she'd like to say to you.  
It's OK, Sally.  
Was it really you?  
Come on.  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
Must have been excruciating for him.  
I think part of him wanted to... embrace  
her, wanted to connect with her.  
But, in order to do that, to  
let the wall down, well...  
I think it could have destroyed him.  
See, I see Sally as John Doe's redemption.  
It seems obvious that he saw her as...  
the daughter that he couldn't save, the  
daughter he wanted to protect... but couldn't.  
And for Sally, well... for any child,  
for that matter... it's very simple.  
He wants to hurt me, therefore he is a bad man.  
That man stopped the bad man from  
hurting me, therefore he is a good man.  
Simple, black and white.  
We spent what, two grand, flying them up here?  
All we end up with is a shot of  
him staring at his fucking cup.

Don't you feel anything?  
You said, earlier, that for you... what  
you did was all about the victims.  
But when it's all said and done, you  
don't seem to care about them at all.  
Do you care about little Sally?  
It's not about the victims, is it, John?  
What is it about?  
Are the critics right...  
when they say that the real  
reason you committed those crimes  
is because you actually enjoyed doing it?  
Are they right, John?  
Did you enjoy killing all those people?  
You did enjoy it, didn't you?  
You took pleasure in it.  
You must have.  
Now, listen, you...  
I did you a favor.  
I did what needed doing.  
There are so many of them out there,  
and some of them never get caught.  
They just keep going... again and again and again.  
Then it must make you feel impotent, John...  
being locked in here knowing  
that there are rapists  
and murderers and pedophiles roaming the streets,  
and now there is nothing you can do about it.  
Don't you worry. Their time will come.  
Really? How so?  
Because it's out there now.  
The public, they understand that  
these people must be stopped.  
They get that the system that we call justice...  
is polluting humanity with its shades of gray.  
It's time to get up off the couch.  
It's time to turn off the television!  
It's time to stand up... and scream!  
It's not working! It's wrong!  
We all have to do something.  
We all have to take responsibility.  
We have to make a difference.  
We have to stand up for each other.  
We have to protect each other.

I'm not fucking John Doe. We all are.  
You are.  
You have to make them stop,  
and think... before they rape...  
before they maim, before they  
kill, before they destroy lives!  
They have to believe...  
that someone is watching.  
They have to know that someone, out  
there, is prepared to do anything...  
is prepared to do whatever it takes.  
I've delivered the message.  
Now it's up to you.  
What are you doing?  
What is that?  
He's got something in his mouth.  
There's something in his mouth.  
There's something in his mouth.  
Jesus!  
Get over here and hold his fucking arms down!  
- What?  
- Come on!  
Hey! Send somebody in here!  
Send somebody in here!  
This is why I chose you.  
As further startling information comes to hand  
regarding Ken Rutherford's secret, sordid life,  
it is now obvious that he was always  
a part of John Doe's master plan.  
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury,  
have you reached a verdict?  
Yes, we have, your honor.  
Would the defendant please rise?  
On the 33 counts of murder, how do you find?  
We are now in a position to announce...  
that after many months of  
trial and jury deliberation...  
we finally have our verdict.  
All I have left...  
All I have left is... the hope...  
that there is more to this world...  
this life that we know...  
and that one day, somewhere else, someplace else.  
One day, I'll be able to hold her again...

and look into... her beautiful eyes...

and tell her how much I love her.

Do you know me?

I'm John Doe.