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# 88 Minutes

By Gary Scott Thompson

Look at me.

Look at the kite.

Jack...

Oh, I've seen that outfit before.

I can't remember when.

- Last night.

- Last night!

These things do return.

God, my head is still pounding  
like a drum.

You party hard.

Yeah, well, you don't look  
worse than I am.

I didn't drink as much as you.

History of my life, Sara.

Psychiatrist by day,  
party animal by night.

I thought you've told me  
you were a lawyer.

I'm not, yet.

Excuse me.

- Yeah.

- Hey, Jack. It's Shelly.

- I've been calling all morning. You OK?

- I'm Ok. What's up?

I was worried.

You worry too much, Shelly.

What's going on?

Frank Parks is been calling.

He needs to speak with you immediately.

Pass him through.

I had fun last night,

Miss. Pollard.

Me too.

Thanks for the wine tasting,

Dr. Gramm.

Jack.

Hey, Jack, I've got Frank Parks.

Go ahead.

- Hey, Frank.

- Jack.

We got another one.

Oh, no. The same?

Every detail.

Right down  
to the lateral laceration.  
It's the Seattle slayer again.  
- Where are you now?  
- Look, Jack.  
There's a tape.  
You're gonna wanna see it.  
Jack, are you still there?  
Yeah.  
Meet me at my office, okay?  
Sure, Jack.  
Where to?  
Quickly.  
Welcome back, Seattle.  
We're continuing our interview  
with John Forster...  
who was convicted for the death  
of Janie Kay, nine years ago...  
based on the eyewitness testimony  
of her twin sister, Janie Kay.  
John Forster was dated to die at  
midnight, at Walla Walla Penitentiary.  
- Do you mind changing it?  
- John Forster.  
What's your reaction  
to the State...  
Thank you.  
Idiot!  
Congratulations!  
For what?  
I was referring to the hottie that  
you left with the party last night.  
She was a quite piece of ass.  
- Remember her name?  
- Yes, I do.  
Sara Pollard.  
Is that a cut on your nose?  
You didn't have that before I left.  
I fell out of the bed.  
FBI hit here yet?  
- Yeah, 2 minutes in the conference room.  
- Okay.  
Any calls?  
New York Times, Washington times,

Newsweek.

They all wanna know if you have a quote about Forster's execution.

- What else is new?
- Kim Cummings called twice.
- She was worried about you too.
- Kim knows this procedure.

Apparently not.

She's in your office.

Jack Gramm Associates.

I put those case reports you wanna me to look at on your desk.

I thought Lauren and Leeza showed real insight and ability.

The others were pretty much working the math.

Yeah.

Don't you have Federal Agents waiting for you?

Yeah.

I' see you in class.

I'll take them trough today's work if you run late.

Thanks.

- Thank you, Kim.
- Bye.

Janie Keith came by to give you a present.

Dr. Gramm.

I'm sorry.

I don't know if this is appropriate...

I just wanted to...

I just wanted to mark the day.

Thank you, Janie.

I'm glad that my sister Janie hasn't been forgotten. Thank you.

For everything.

You went out of your way.

You are busy, so I'm just...

I'm gonna get out of here.

We did good, Janie.

We did good.

All right.

Thanks.

Can I help you?

You are one of my students?

Hi.

- Jack.

- Yeah.

I'd like to introduce you to Jeremy  
Goober, with attorney general office.

Jeremy is in charge

of the Seattle slayer task force.

Dr. Gramm, it's so good to meet you.

This is a really big honor for me.

Sorry about the...

Oh, this is such a beautiful  
conference room too.

And this special agent

MacTire from the FBI.

Dr. Gramm.

Pleasure. Have a seat.

Hey, big fellow?

Yes.

Jeremy.

Seattle slayer task force.

Well, okay.

I'm sure you have a lot of questions.

I'll do the best I can to answer them,  
but first I...

No. First I think we should all  
have a cookie.

These are from Janie Kay, whose sister,  
Janie was murdered by John Forster.

- Jeremy?

- Sure, thank you.

- Frank?

- No, thanks, Jack.

No?

Mr. MacTire?

You are a good sport, Jeremy.

A little milk maybe,  
what do you think?

Shelley, we got milk, don't we?

Bring in three glasses.

Nothing for me, Jack.

All right, make that two.

No, make it three.

Maybe you have a change of heart.

So, let's see...

I can assume...

that last night crime scene...

was very much like

Forster's previous crime scene, right?

- They totally match, yeah.

- What totally matches?

I have in here...

- Halothane on the breath.

- Subdued by Halothane.

- Rape.

- Yeah.

The body was hung up side down.

Yes.

And...

slashed throat.

- And where this takes us?

- Looks like a copy cat.

- It could be. Maybe

- Could be? Maybe?

- Maybe.

- It's a stage scene. Maybe what?

Maybe,

and this might be far-fetched...

but what if the perp

worked with Forster...

and these stage scenes were intended to  
throw some doubts on his guilty verdict?

- Go with it.

- Possibly providing him...

with a stay of execution

or even a new trial.

Goal star, Jeremy.

Big goal star.

I mean, that's exactly what I think  
is happening here.

No, I'm sticking with copy cat.

Of course there is  
another possibility.

- Yeah?

- Forster is innocent.

- Wrongly convicted.

- No!

The task force is aware...  
that your expert opinion  
was critical in convicting Forster.  
But then why he walked  
his first trial?  
Procedural error.  
Why is he never been tried in any  
of the other five pending murderers...  
that you've attributed to him?  
You realize that it is the dude of my  
office to ensure that an innocent man...  
is not executed tonight.  
You do understand that?  
Look, Jack. If you have  
any reconsideration of testimony...  
or anything new you wanna lay  
on the table...  
now it would be the time.  
Would you say it was fair  
to characterize...  
your attitude towards  
John Forster...  
- as a personal vendetta?  
- Lf we're been fair, yeah, sure.  
It's a personal vendetta. I have  
a personal vendetta against Ted Bundy...  
and Gacy and about 10 or 15  
other serial murders...  
- that are on the streets right now.  
- Jack, please.  
That's helpful.  
There is one other issue  
that we need to address.  
Milk maid.  
What's going on here?  
Do you know a woman named  
Dale Morris?  
Yes.  
How?  
- She's a student of mine.  
- She's just a student of yours?  
Dr. Gramm, we're federal agency here.  
You don't wanna be lying here.  
- We had a relationship.

- You've been very cryptic right now?  
He had a professional relationship,  
not a sexual relationship.  
About a year ago her father died.  
She was very troubled.  
I treated her as psychiatrist.  
I don't sleep with my students,  
Mr. Goober.  
Neither I sleep with my patients.  
Now what does this have to do  
with anything? Anyway.  
Jack.  
Dale Morris was murdered  
last night.  
She's the third and latest victim.  
When was the last time  
you saw Dale?  
Well...  
I saw...  
I saw her last night.  
To our impossibly  
difficult professor.  
We say thank you...  
for making our lives miserable.  
The pleasure is all mine.  
We're celebrating.  
You're celebrating  
Forster's pending execution?  
No, we're celebrating his conviction,  
not his execution.  
It was an overturn so we're happy  
about that. We worked hard on this case.  
We have a tape  
that was left on the crime scene.  
We're gonna play it for you now.  
This message is for  
Dr. Jack Gramm.  
You got the wrong man.  
Forster is innocent.  
Please, don't hurt me anymore.  
Don't hurt me anymore.  
You gonna let me go, right?  
You said you'd let me go.  
I've read what you want me and...



Jack, it goes like that for about  
an hour, before she dies.

Why do you think she was reading you  
that message, Dr. Gramm?

Dr. Gramm?

Dr. Gramm?

In Dr. Gramm own words...

he analyzes a mental puzzle.

So they're no actual tangible pieces  
per say.

He made a guess based on what  
happened to Kate.

A guess based on his intuition,  
a personal bias, ego.

And he sold that fiction lock, stock  
and barrel to the jury.

What is it?

The girl that was killed  
last night...

- was Dale Morris.

- Dale?

Oh, my God.

Okay, let's see...

We have our investigators coordinated  
with the FBI...

I wanna know everything Dale Morris did  
on the last 24 hours.

I wanna know where she went,  
who she talked to.

Can you please have Dr. Gramm's car  
ready, please. Thank you.

Thank you, Shelley.

For what?

- I don't know. For everything.

- I hate when you do this, Jack.

Every time you o this,

I think you gonna end up dead.

Just don't ask me to marry you  
again.

Why not?

We're perfect for each other.

Yeah, yeah. Except that I'm gay  
and you're commitment phobe.

That's why we're perfect.

Thanks, baby.

Dr. Gramm is a world known expert  
in forensic psychiatry.

What is forensic psychiatry?

I mean, is not the same profession  
that destroyed MacMorton's life...

by conjuring up images  
of child molestation?

None of the charges were ever proved.

And the accused, though innocent...  
was public crucified.

Jack, look. Look at the kite.

Jack, come here.

Yeah?

Hello?

Hello?

You have 88 minutes to live.

What?

You know how long 88 minutes can be,  
don't you?

- **That's 11:**

- Who is this?

- Tic-tac.

- Who the hell is this?

Tic-tac.

What were you saying?

- Jack Gramm Associates.

- Shelley?

I want you to set a trap and  
and a trace on my cell.

What's going on?

I want you to contact  
a wireless carrier...

and have them find out who made  
that last phone call to me.

- Jack, I could be more helpful if...

- Just do it.

Just do it. I need it, all right?

And call me when you get it.

John Forster was an Eagle Scout, which  
counts for his facility with ropes.

He also worked

in a veterinary office...

where he had experience using  
the animal tranquilizer Halothane...  
which he's used to subdue  
his victims.  
Halothane. Sorry, I'm late again.  
Thank you, Kim.  
I see that the size of our class  
is dwindling once again.  
It could be because  
you keep booting everyone.  
My favorite student, Mike Stempt.  
Okay. The legal distinction between  
sanity and insanity rests upon what?  
- Free will.  
- The concept of the free will.  
And what is  
the most important thing...  
one should remember  
when entering a court-room?  
That insanity it's a legal concept.  
It's not a medical or psychiatric term.  
But despite the fact that insanity  
is a legal concept...  
it doesn't mean  
that someone is not sick.  
Yes, Lauren.  
Of all the serial killers  
that I've interviewed and studied...  
which include our boy Bundy,  
Dahmer, Gacy...  
none of them was legally insane.  
This is not saying  
that they were normal.  
I could argue that  
they couldn't help themselves...  
precisely because of  
their mental disorder.  
Well, if you wanna argue, Mike...  
school of law is across campus.  
Come on, Dr. Gramm.  
It's ingenuous to pretend that  
our presentations are not arguments.  
We create a narrative of the crime  
and the criminal.

Narrative is based on facts.  
Based on logic.  
We don't walk into a court-room  
and advocate set scenes, do we?  
We don't take sides.  
We check our views at the door.  
You mean you want us to pretend  
we don't have an opinion?  
We have opinions, Lauren,  
but we just keep them to ourselves.  
Share them with your dog,  
if you have to.  
Not with your parrot,  
because it talks back.  
It is that kind of logic that's gonna  
get you in a law school across campus.  
I've been there. I've done that.  
Well, my condolences.  
So, where is...  
Dale Morris? She's absent.  
I don't see her.  
That's her first.  
I didn't take her for a quitter.  
Anyone who has her phone number,  
please, contact me after class.  
Okay.  
Excuse me.  
Shelley.  
Tick-Tack, doc.  
You have 83 minutes to live, Dr. Gramm.  
Tick-Tack, doc.  
So where was I?  
Bundy versus Forster.  
- What?  
- Bundy versus Forster.  
Thank you, Lauren.  
You're welcome.  
What we're gonna explore today is  
the similarities and dissimilarities...  
say, from Ted Bundy's motives,  
let's compared them to John Forster's.  
Dr. Gramm,  
your phone is ringing.  
- Jack, are you there?

- Shelley. What's going on?

The call was made

from a cell phone.

One of those you buy

and pay minutes for it.

Registered to whom?

- Look, I know you're in class, but...

- Yes, who is registered to it?

A Kate Gramm.

Jack, it's a common name.

It doesn't have to be your sister.

It's just a coincidence.

It's not a coincidence.

- It's not a coincidence.

- Jack, I'm losing you.

Shelley?

Goddamn it!

Shelley?

Have you found out who my phone

is registered to by now?

Poor Kate. If it was Kate,

you'd like to call her?

I'm gonna find you, you here that,

you son-of-a-bitch?

You're barking up the wrong tree

on this one.

I'm gonna find you.

She suffered

for such a long time.

You remember how long,

don't you?

You still feel guilty about her?

You feel guilty about

falsifying the evidence?

For lying under oath?

Tic-tac, doc.

You have 79 minutes to live.

Do you find this funny, Albert?

Who were you calling on

your phone?

Let me see your phone.

I was just...

Let me see that goddamn it phone.

I was just checking

the Mariners score.

- You were what?

- I was checking the Mariners score.

Okay, what is the score?

The score.

What's the damn score?

It's 3 x 1 Mariners.

B1.

- Oh, my God, I can't believe it.

- What does it mean? What's the problem?

Look.

What?

What's going on here?

It says that Dale Morris was murdered last night.

- Is that true, Dr. Gramm?

- Yeah.

You knew it?

You knew it and you didn't tell us?

- You knew and asked for Dale's number?

- Is it the slayer?

- It could be.

- It could be?

Well, the police haven't released any information yet.

- Are we all in danger?

- I can't believe you didn't tell us.

- Dr. Gramm?

- Lynn Johnson.

Someone just called a bomb threat.

Everyone is to evacuate the building immediately. Thank you.

Come on.

Grab your stuff.

I'll get your papers of presentation, Tom.

I got the slides, Kim.

All students, faculty and staff must evacuate the building.

I repeat.

Everyone must evacuate the building.

All students, faculty and staff must evacuate the building.

I repeat.

Everyone must evacuate the building.

Please,

remain calm e do not run.

Proceed to the door

to the end of the campus.

I repeat.

We must evacuate the building.

Jack? What are you doing?

Get going.

All students, faculty and staff

must evacuate the building.

What was that on the screen?

Some student playing a joke

or something.

You of all people know that it breaks

school laws to proceed by a threat...

you need to report this

to the campus security immediately.

Carol. I get threat like this,

three or four times a year.

Your incredible arrogance

will slap the shit of you, Jack.

I wish you'd disclosure

your true feelings about me...

before we became

such good friends.

Maybe you should stop hiding behind

your assessments about other people...

and start assessing yourself...

cause you need to get over your past

and go on with your life...

cause what you're living

isn't one.

It is not what you tell

your patients?

- Gum?

- Thank you.

I'll call campus security and let

them know you're on your way.

Where did you go last night?

When you left the bar.

Home.

Were you alone?

Screw you.

Roger.

We're on it.

Yeah.

The press got a hold of Dale's name.

It's all over the news.

Yeah, I know that.

And Forster's attorney is going  
to the court and try a stay.

A stay?

On what grounds?

They're claiming that these...  
murders prove that the real killer  
have never been brought to justice.

Nonsense. They're just trying  
to buy time. They're desperate.

They're also claiming that you falsify  
testimony and concealed evidences.

Well, it's all loose.

Goddamn it.

Who is that guy?

What about Dale Morris?

Did we find anymore of her?

She was murdered  
in her apartment...

between the hours of two  
and six am.

- Any sign of force entry?

- No.

Does Forster still have that group  
visiting him on prison?

He's like a goddamn rock star.

Website and all.

I want you to pull a background check  
on all my students...

and get back to me.

Damn.

Oh, no.

Okay.

Kim?

What are you doing here?

I'm getting my car,  
it's parked here...

like it's every day



I come to the campus.  
That was really horrible.  
Just horrible what you did in class...  
- it's was little low for you.  
- I was looking for potential suspects.  
That's what I was doing. What did you do  
after you left the party last night?  
I didn't end up drunk in bed  
with an strange like you.  
You left the party with Dale Morris,  
the girl that was murdered, didn't you?  
- Yes, I did.  
- So what did you do? Where did you go?  
You're not seriously  
considering...  
Where did you go?  
We went to the Hickory Stick.  
We had a drink, two drinks.  
- And then?  
- And then I went home alone.  
- You have anyone that can verify that?  
- No. No-one can verify it.  
Come on. I've been your  
teaching assistant for two years.  
I'm your friend.  
I'm here to help you, if you let me.  
Follow me.  
Follow me.  
Who did that?  
What does that mean?  
According to a anonymous  
phone call...  
that means I have  
Can I borrow your cell phone?  
I've broke mine.  
These are my car keys.  
Can you take that around front  
and meet me there in ten minutes?  
- I have to go to the campus security.  
- Okay.  
Call me on my Blackberry  
if you run late.  
Okay.  
Shelley. You gonna have to reach me

on Kim's cell phone.  
What happened to yours?  
- I broke it.  
- What?  
You have her number, don't you?  
Yeah, I do.  
Listen, just forward all the calls,  
okay, to Kim's cell.  
Please, thanks.  
Dr. Gramm.  
Hey, Mike.  
Everyone is pretty upset  
about Dale.  
Yeah, well, that's understandable.  
Considering the circumstances.  
I have a question about  
John Forster.  
Yeah? What?  
Well, I've been going through the trial  
transcripts in Kate's history...  
Why would you do that?  
To understand your process better.  
How you come to your conclusions.  
And?  
What?  
Is it possible that Forster  
is innocent?  
No.  
You won't even consider  
the possibility?  
No.  
You're completely convinced the scenario  
you put together is the only one?  
First of all,  
I didn't put together a scenario.  
I recreated the crime scene.  
Second...  
I didn't convict Forster.  
A jury did.  
But the evidence  
was circumstantial.  
No DNA, no murder weapon.  
Nothing directly linking Forster  
to the crime, except your narrative...

- and Janie Kay's testimony.  
- What's your point?  
Just that your testimony  
was very convincing.  
That's my job.  
To be convincing.  
I thought it was to be right.  
Help!  
Somebody, please!  
Help!  
Help!  
- Lauren.  
- Dr. Gramm.  
What happened to you?  
He's wearing a leather jacket.  
He's out there.  
I bit his hand, it's bleeding.  
If his hand is bloody, you can get him.  
- You're okay?  
- Go get him now! I'm fine!  
- Watch my car!  
- It's a police action!  
There's been an assault.  
- I wanna see your hands.  
- Back off!  
- Roll the window down.  
- No!  
I'm a forensic psychiatric  
with the FBI. Here.  
Okay?  
Open the window now.  
- Yeah.  
- See? Well, roll down the window...  
and let me see your hands.  
Let me see your hands.  
If you have nothing to hide,  
you can show me.  
Look, I'm trying to go home.  
What?  
Okay, sorry.  
Excuse me.  
There's been an assault.  
I wanna see your hand.  
Okay. Be cool now!

There's been an assault.  
I gotta check your hands.  
I'm a forensic psychiatric  
with the FBI.  
Sorry.  
I couldn't find him.  
Here.  
This is stupid.  
I'm so stupid.  
- How I could be so weak? Such a wimp.  
- It's not your fault. Come on.  
I can't believe I let him get away  
like that. I should've fought back more.  
Stop beating yourself up?  
What exactly happened?  
He came from behind. He put this rag  
over my mouth and I bit his hand.  
- The rag had an odor?  
- Something sweet...  
It's Halothane, right?  
- Yeah.  
- He's the one.  
Probably.  
I let Dale's murderer get away.  
Stop beating yourself up  
and tell me something.  
Tell me something. Could you  
identify him if you saw him again?  
He came from behind,  
I didn't see him.  
Let's go to the campus security,  
you'll tell the everything.  
Hello.  
This woman has just been attacked.  
Are you okay?  
I think so.  
What's your name?  
Lauren Douglas.  
And who are you?  
Jack Gramm.  
The famous Dr. Jack Gramm?  
Then Johnson Fonsen  
have you be coming in.  
Is there someone to interview

Miss Douglas now, please?

- Jimmy?

- Yeah.

- You wanna check out this girl?

- Wait a minute.

Right this way.

What's going on here?

The person who attacked her  
may still be on the campus.

What the hell you guys doing?

We got all these guys out  
on the bomb squad.

Excuse me for one moment.

It's a little crazy around here.

Jimmy, get off the phone

and interview Miss. Douglas, please.

I'll be right there.

Why won't you seat here?

Okay, you okay?

- Jack Gramm Associates.

- Shelley? Get Frank...

- and pass him through when you get him.

- Okay.

Okay, thank you.

I don't want you going back to your  
apartment until the locks are changed.

I don't have anywhere else to go.

After you talk

to the officer here...

go back to my office.

Shelley will find a place to stay.

Okay.

- Come on. It's gonna be all right.

- Sorry for all the troubles I caused.

Miss. Douglas. Right this way.

- Right in here.

- I'm sorry.

- Yeah?

- I left a word for Frank.

Okay.

There's been another incident.

The Forster's case it's your thing,  
right?

Wrong, it's not my thing.

I saw your testimony  
on Court TV.  
Yeah, right?  
Fill those out.  
Yeah, I follow  
the big crime cases.  
They fascinate me.  
When Dr. Jack Gramm  
takes the stand.  
You come up with things  
I didn't think off.  
- This here, this is just a job until...  
- Until you pass the police's exam.  
See? How did you know that?  
Just a guess.  
That's the thing about you.  
You know how to put two plus two  
and you make it four.  
Or five.  
There are times that you know.  
I'm not gonna be a campus cop  
to a bunch of snob rich kids.  
Especially these rich bitches...  
My car is been analyzed.  
The window was smashed.  
There's a number on the body.  
Look into it.  
Dr. Gramm?  
Dr. Gramm?  
This is Johnny D'Franco,  
from campus security.  
Can you get me Lynn Johnson?  
- Jack Gramm Associates.  
- Shelley?  
- Did you find Frank?  
- No, not yet. What the hell is going on?  
Well, I received a threaten phone call  
saying I have 88 minutes to live.

**11:**

and my time is up.  
Pull out my risk assessment file.  
Anybody rating "e" and above...  
I want you to cross reference

against Forster.  
And when you find Frank...  
ask him if Sara Pollard or any of my  
students ever visit Forster in prison.  
Sara Pollard?  
She's the girl I met at the party  
last night.  
Call Wong Lee...  
and have him make a list  
of all the phone numbers...  
Forster called  
on the last 72 hours.  
Where should fax the list?  
My apartment.  
And run a check on Kim.  
Kim?  
Yeah, just do it, okay?  
Hello.  
Jack.  
- Damn it.  
- The car is out front.  
- Drive Squaid.  
- Good.  
You're okay?  
You look a little freaked out.  
Yeah. You have...  
- a battery for your phone?  
- Yeah, I do.  
- What the hell is this?  
- What are you doing?  
Goddamn it, what is this?  
What are you doing with a gun  
in your purse?  
Jesus, why don't you just announce  
to the world?  
I don't think they've heard you  
in English Department.  
- Why the gun, Kim?  
- For protection.  
- Where did you get it?  
- I have a permit. My dad is a cop.  
- Why you need a gun?  
- I don't. My dad thinks I do.  
Why?

I have a crazy ex boyfriend,  
okay, Jack?  
Oh. Jesus. God.  
Yeah, I really know how to pick one  
or what?  
The judge said if he threatens anyone  
he goes back to jail.  
Back to jail? What jail?  
Prison, actually.  
Walla Walla.  
That's where Forster is.  
Come on, let's go.  
Special Agent Parks.  
Frank, it's Jack.  
I'm at the university campus.  
We got a problem here.  
Someone attacked one of my students and  
tried to knock her out with Halothane.  
- That's the Seattle slayer.  
- I know, hold on.  
Give me a second.  
Yeah. There's a security guard  
on this campus, his name is D'Franco.  
I don't like him.  
He's suspicious.  
I want you to take him in  
for questioning, okay?  
Also get a warrant  
and search his place.  
Jesus Christ, Jack.  
You know I can't just get a warrant  
without sufficient grounds.  
Just get a warrant, Frank,  
come on.  
Do you think he is the slayer?  
- To link Forster on the outside?  
- It's possible.  
Listen, I checked the names  
that Shelley, of the students.  
And there's no record of Lauren Douglas,  
Kim Cummings or Sara Pollard...  
but you gonna love this.  
Mike Stempt visit Forster four times  
over the last six weeks.



Mike Stempt. What was his reason?  
Research.  
He had written permission.  
No, no, no.  
I didn't give him any permission.  
Written or otherwise.  
Well, it's your signature, Jack.  
I got a copy right here.  
Hold on.  
That... Hold on a second.  
That ex boyfriend of yours.  
What is his name?  
Guy LaForge.  
Run a check on a parole  
named Guy LaForge.  
He served time at Walla Walla  
with Forster.  
And I'll call you back  
when I get to my apartment.  
All right.  
Do you think that Frank is working  
with Forster?  
Someone is.  
- I got you Johnson.  
- Yeah.  
They've found a backpack  
in your lecture hall.  
What? With a bomb in it?  
No. A photo, dynamite,  
and a time with a note addressed to you.  
What did it say?  
Tic-tac.  
What does it mean, Jack?  
I call you back.  
- You are okay?  
- Yeah.  
What the hell was that?  
Probably somebody  
trying to scare us.  
Who do you think would do  
something like that?  
Does your boyfriend drive  
a motorcycle?  
Yeah.

Except he's not my boyfriend  
anymore.

Yeah.

How does it feel to know  
you won't live through another night?

56 minutes.

Tic-tac, doc.

Let's go.

Guy LaForge.

He isn't a boyfriend, is he?

The only thing that got me out of Texas  
was my books marks.

And when I left for college,  
I had that, but not much else.

So I tried to fit in.

I drank too much.

Thought too little.

And I met Guy.

And he was this English...

working class rock star

wanna be.

And I fell for him.

And I married him...

when I graduated.

He didn't take to well to my aspirations  
for higher education.

In fact he didn't really want me to  
leave the house. And when I disobeyed...

he got filthy drunk

and he beat me.

That's when he got arrested

and I divorced him.

I've been trying to make up

for lost time ever since.

- You know, Forster is trying to kill me.

- Forster is in prison.

Yeah, I know. He's got someone

on the outside trying to...

to do the job.

He's gonna kill me.

If I don't get him first.

Whoever is working with Forster

must be close to you.

- A friend even.

- I don't have many friends.  
That's a plus.  
It's a real pleasure to look at everyone  
you know as your would be murderer.  
Paranoia is a normal state of mind,  
huh?  
Where is Errol?  
I don't know. I'm a temp.  
The agency sent me.  
Dr. Gramm?  
There's a package for you.  
How did you know my name?  
I don't.  
It was a question.  
Yeah.  
- There's no returning address on this?  
- No.  
Who delivered it?  
A carrier. But there was  
another person here at the same time...  
- Looking for you.  
- Who?  
- What was his name?  
- No, I didn't get it.  
When he walked in I was on the phone  
with the plumber.  
- He said he would be right back.  
- Okay.  
You wanna me pull  
the surveillance tapes?  
That shouldn't take more than an hour  
to get someone up here with the keys.  
- I don't have an hour.  
- No?  
Hey, you know, he was also wearing  
leathers. He had a motorcycle helmet.  
That's Guy. He was here.  
If he comes back,  
don't send him up to my apartment.  
Yeah.  
- Hi, Dr. Gramm.  
- Hi, Eva.  
How did Guy know  
we're going to be here?

How does even know  
where you live?  
Oh, Walther P99.  
That would blow a hole  
through anything.  
What?  
I grew up around guns.  
Maybe he didn't know I was gonna  
be here, maybe that's why he showed up.  
I'll verify where he went after  
the party last night.  
There's a Lauren Douglas to see you.  
Should I send her up?  
Okay, send her up.  
He got that right, didn't he?  
Hey, what's that?  
This?  
It's a chemical detector.  
It sniffs out vapors.  
Custom agencies are using it.  
And?  
It's not a bomb.  
That's good.  
Yeah.  
- Hi.  
- Hi.  
- Are you okay?  
- Yeah. I'm better, thank you.  
- What do you have?  
- I went to see Shelley like you said.  
She tried to fax you over some papers,  
but the machine was down.  
So I said I'd bring the risk assessment  
profiles over myself.  
I didn't know you had company.  
Dale told me how good you're with her  
when her dad died.  
She was so grateful.  
Dr. Gramm?  
Yeah?  
If there's anything I can do  
to help you find Dale's murderer...  
- will you let me know?  
- Of course, yes.

Thank you.

Can I call you a cab  
or something?

No, Mike is gonna give me  
a ride.

- Okay.

- Thanks for these...

Bye.

All those people  
have threatened you?

Well, you know,  
it comes with the territory.

How come you never mention that  
in class?

How many students end up going  
into this field anyway?

Not very many  
with you booting all of them.

Yeah.

Can I ask you  
a personal question?

No.

How come you never  
got married?

I mean,  
you're a pretty good prospect.  
You obviously make a shit load  
of money.

Why would I get married?

I'm a target for any nut  
with a grudge.

I can't afford emotional  
attachments.

Yeah, but don't you want kids?

Don't you want a family?

I'm too old for kids.

You're too young for me, Kim.

If you want me to leave, Jack, all  
you've got to do is say it and I'm gone.

No, I don't want you to leave.

I need you, Kim.

You are smart  
and you are important to me.

Really, you are.

Okay.

- Yeah.

- Jack, it's Shelley.

What the hell happened to you?

Where have you been

Making calls for you, four lines  
simultaneously. The fax is down.

I know, Lauren Douglas came over  
and brought some papers with her.

Jack, you better turn on MS-NBC.

Why?

Forster got a judge to grant  
his request for an interview.

He's on, live.

This is gonna heat things up

When looking for a home...

a real estate agent is really important  
in you life. You need someone...

Shelley. Listen to me.

I want you to send some of the boys  
to my apartment, all right?

There may be someone down at my lobby  
in biker leathers when they get there.

Okay?

- You got a name?

- Yes, his name is Guy LaForge.

Put a photo

on the FBI wire, okay?

If you are not granted  
another stay of the execution...

are you prepared to die?

You want me to call the police?

No, no, let Frank handle it.

He'll know what to do.

As prepared as any man can be  
to pay for something he didn't do.

Listen.

You didn't message over a package  
to my apartment, did you?

No.

There is a lot of people out there  
that believe in your innocence.

And I'm grateful.

You know anyone that might have?

- No.
- I'm grateful for their prayers.
- Everything goes to your office.
- And support.

What about Pollard.

Find anything on her?

You didn't actually paid her,  
did you, Jack?

- Pay her, what do you mean?
- She works for a escort service.

Escort service?

You didn't know?

No, I didn't know.

What? She told me she was a lawyer.

A student lawyer.

What are your thoughts  
this time?

Well, Stephanie, that's one thing  
I don't have a lot of...

You got a number for her?

Yeah, a phone number  
and the address.

I know the address.

Let me have the number.

If Dr. Gramm was with us right now,  
what would you say to him?

555-1352.

He knows that I didn't do this.

- There's only one...
- Thanks.

Other person in this world  
who knows I've been framed.

That it was a set up.

That I'm totally innocent.

And that would be the forensic  
psychiatric Dr. Jack Gramm.

I guess what I'd say to Jack Gramm...

I'd say, "Why me"?

I understand that you've suffered  
a great loss with your sister.

I feel your pain, Dr. Gramm.

- Pick it up, damn it.
- But that doesn't exonerate you...  
from false accusing me of things that

you know I did not, could not have done.

Pick up, Sara.

If I can be convicted  
of this voodoo forensic science...  
think about it... Who is safe?

Shelley?

Shelley?

I want you to get MS-NBC.

- I want to talk to that son-of-bitch.

- I would be the last.

Jack, I really don't think  
that's a good idea.

It's a good idea. Just get them  
and when you get them call me back, OK?

But I find hard to believe that  
Dr. Jack Gramm can be out there...  
psycho battling innocent people  
into the death chamber.

Who is the murder now, Jack?

Yeah?

Who is the murder now?

Jack?

We got D'Franco in custody.

I got the warrant.

The guys are on the way  
over to his place.

Did he say anything about Forster?

A quite bit, but nothing useful.

What about Guy LaForge?

He hasn't checked in with  
his parole office in six weeks.

Well, he was at my apartment building  
less than an hour ago.

And he said he's coming back.

Listen, Frank.

I got a call  
a little while ago...  
saying I have 88 minutes  
to live.

Jesus, Jack.

Why 88 minutes?

I don't know.

You have any idea  
who this caller is?



You better find Guy LaForge  
before he gets here, okay?  
Listen, let me call you back.  
Jack?  
Shit.  
Mom.  
Dad.  
Jack.  
There's someone in here.  
And he wants to talk to you.  
Where are you?  
Please, come home quickly!  
I'm here with a man.  
It is not what  
you want me to say...  
Jack, come here now!  
Help me. Help me.  
Jack, what is that?  
My sister.  
Oh, my God!  
That's horrible.  
Who would send that to you?  
There's only two copies  
of this tape in the world.  
One is...  
Iocked up in custody of NYPD.  
And the other...  
is in a restricted access room...  
in my office file cabinet...  
with the highest  
security measures.  
So you're thinking it was stolen.  
Of course it was stolen.  
You think I stole it?  
You think I stole it?  
You left the bar yesterday night  
with Dale.  
One of the last people to see  
her alive. Maybe the last.  
Jack, you think I stole the tape  
and killed Dale?  
Have you lost your mind?  
I don't have clearance  
to your restricted access room.

Why Guy LaForge was at the bar  
last night?

He was trying to protect me.

From what?

- From you.

- From me? He knows about me?

- Yes.

- What does he know about me?

He knows I have

a silly girlish crush on you.

Jack. Hold on a second.

I just got an email

from Mike Stempt, okay?

He saw Guy at Darby's Club

last night.

When Mike left at 3 am,

Guy was still sitting there...

and they've bounced a beer

until 6 am.

So there's no way that Guy

could have killed Dale Morris.

- Yeah?

- Did you listen to the tape, Dr. Gramm?

Why did you leave the little Katie

all alone?

Why, Dr. Gramm?

She'd still be alive today if you

hadn't left her all alone to die.

Now it's your turn.

In a glaze of glory!

Tic-tac, doc.

You have 37 minutes.

Yeah?

Hey, Jack, I got MS-NBC on the line.

I'll patch you through the prison.

- You're sure you wanna do this?

- Shelley.

There's been a breach in my place,

in my most secure area.

Did you ever give anyone clearance

to go into my secure files?

Jack, what are you saying?

Did you ever let

an unauthorized person...

into my secure files area?

No, never.

To anyone.

Ever.

Okay.

Now put me through the MS-NBC.

Frank?

- Yeah.

- Yeah, turn on the MSN-BC.

They've granted Forster

a live interview.

I can't, Jack,

I'm in the car.

It's all right. They also will cast.

You just turn on 750 AM.

I'm phoning in.

Wait a second. You think is such  
a good idea? With all the court actions?

I think he's behind everything. I think  
he's behind the phone calls, threats...

I'm gonna try to get inside his head.

Make him crack.

Okay?

You wanna stay on the line, please?

- Dr. Gramm?

- Yeah.

You're on the air.

I've been told that we have Dr. Gramm  
joining us by phone.

- Dr. Gramm, are you there?

- I'm here.

Have you been watching  
the interview?

- Is that what you call it?

- What would you call it?

I don't know, I don't call it an  
interview. I call it an entertainment.

I call it a performance, maybe.

You must have got something to say  
or you wouldn't have called in.

Oh, yeah, I think it's very interesting  
that Forster talks about forgiveness.

I just want him to know that  
his victims have not forgiven him.

Look, you've lied under oath,  
Dr. Gramm, and you know it.  
This is not about me.  
This about the women you've raped...  
and tortured and murdered.  
- Women like Janie Kay.  
- I have nothing to do with her death...  
- and you know it.  
- Nothing to do with her death?  
There was an eyewitness,  
a twin sister who identified you.  
She was at the scene  
and identified you.  
She was drugged  
and beaten so badly...  
she said that she couldn't  
be sure, but you...  
you bereaved her until she said  
it was me.  
Interesting that you didn't say  
that you're innocent.  
- I had nothing to do with the death...  
- No, I don't. I know you're convicted.  
You're convicted by a jury.  
You were trialed and convicted,  
that's what I know.  
Trial? That wasn't a trial,  
that was an inquisition.  
And the jury believed your lies.  
You had to cause pain, suffer and death,  
so you could feel alive.  
Wait a second.  
Pain and suffer is something that you,  
forensics, know how to inflict.  
Even your idol, Ted Bundy,  
ultimately, identified his victims.  
How about, man,  
identify your victims?  
How about?  
The bodies of Terry Hines, Alicia Smith,  
Samantha Green. Where are they, man?  
Come on, where are they?  
Give these people's families closure,  
man! Give them closure.

You're on national television now!  
Millions of people are watching you.  
Come on!  
How about your colleague in London,  
in the Clark case?  
Putting in an innocent mother  
for murdering her baby? Well done!  
Well done, doctor. You must be so proud  
of being part of an elite fortunate.  
Fortunately for her,  
her conviction was overturned...  
when the doctor's testimony  
turned out to be an absurd.  
Quack, quack, Dr. Gramm?  
You now what?  
Why don't you take a good look  
at your watch?  
A good look.  
Now imagine what it'd be like to be  
minutes away from your own death.  
To hear the ticking of a clock...  
and know that your time on earth  
is drying to a close.  
Thank you.  
There's another package for you,  
Dr. Gramm. Should I send it up?  
This has just got in.  
A three judge panel of the Nine Circuit  
has just granted John Forster...  
a stay of the execution.  
What?  
Are you serious?  
You hear that, Frank?  
Yeah, I heard.  
Forster got the stay.  
I got him going, didn't I?  
No cigar.  
Why did you send me  
on a wild goose chase, Jack?  
What do you mean,  
wild goose chase?  
D'Franco is not a serial killer,  
he's a serial groupie.  
So he's a groupie so what?

What's the big deal?  
I've just got a call from Jeremy Guber  
from attorney general office.  
You are wanted for questioning  
on the murder of Dale Morris.  
What?  
What are you talking about?  
They've found physical evidence at  
her apartment that implicates you, Jack.  
What evidence?  
Jack...  
you know I can't say.  
What you mean, you can't say?  
What does that mean?  
- Frank?  
- There's someone to see you...  
Mister, you can't go up there.  
You told the doorman  
to don't let anyone up.  
It's all right, don't worry.  
Don't worry, no-one is getting in.  
The state attorney general  
has just announced that his appealing...  
is taken to the State Supreme Court  
immediately.  
Jack. There's smoke.  
We'll keep you informed  
with further developments.  
There's smoke here too.  
It's your boyfriend.  
Let Kim go.  
Let her go now  
and no-one will get hurt.  
Guy, I'm fine.  
There's no problem here.  
The building is on fire.  
That's a problem.  
- He's got a gun.  
- Okay. Listen to me.  
I know this man and I know  
he's not gonna hurt me again.  
You have to trust me, Jack.  
Please, open the door.  
- Do it quickly. There's smoke up here.

- Kim.

Guy, I'm coming out.

We can calm things down, okay?

Guy, look at me.

I'm fine. There's no problem here.

- What are you doing with him?

- I'm okay. There's no problem.

Guy has been shot.

No!

On the roof there's a fire escape.

Okay?

- When I say "go", follow me.

- Okay.

Do you think he is dead?

- He doesn't look good.

- We should go back up there.

I gotta go back there  
and help him.

No. You can't go up there.

Man.

- Yeah?

- Jack, I need to talk to you.

I need two minutes to clarify  
something?

Shelley, I can't talk now.

I'll talk to you

when I get to Sara Pollard apartment.

Miss. Lewinsky.

Are you okay?

- I'm just a little bit dizzy.

- Come.

Because I didn't see  
a device with a timer.

Get the bomb squad,  
this is the second one.

Go.

- Get her some oxygen.

- All right. We got her, sir.

Let's go outside.

You gonna be all right.

Jack, I don't see the shooter,  
do you?

Jack.

- He's got a gun.

- Where?  
Where the hell is he?  
- Where?  
- Jack!  
Get down!  
- Kim!  
- Keep moving!  
Kim, where are you?  
Go, go, go!  
Move back!  
- Are you okay?  
- Yeah, I'm gonna live.  
Here, let's go.  
Where are we going?  
To Sara Pollard house.  
She's the girl I was with  
last night.  
That's funny.  
It worked in the garage.  
Why did you do that?  
I don't know.  
I had a feeling...  
Are you okay?  
What next?  
I don't know.  
- Okay, let's get out of here.  
- Okay.  
- Is that your cab?  
- Yeah.  
Okay.  
I give you a hundred bucks...  
you let me drive it.  
I'm just going across town.  
A hundred bucks?  
A hundred bucks plus tip.  
How is that?  
All right.  
I can not believe that.  
Guy is dead.  
He is. He is dead.  
Shit.  
You have not to say, huh?  
It's just another day  
in the life of Jack Gramm.



Okay.

Can you wait outside the cab  
for a minute?

- You bet.

- Thanks.

You asked me about  
my kid sister.

Okay. It was a long time ago.  
She was staying at my apartment  
in New York City.

She was 12, I was 28.

And I was late for a meeting.

Very important meeting.

A meeting

that was gonna change my life.

It was gonna make me  
into somebody important.

Make all my dreams come true,  
so...

I went to this meeting  
on my dissertation.

And I left her there by herself.

I could have taken her with me.

I could have left her with friends.

I could have postpone  
the meeting.

But I chose not to,  
because I was in a hurry.

Anyway, I left her there alone.

At that time I was working  
in a case...

and this guy had strangled  
six women.

We were very close to nail him.

He was upset  
and he wanted to get back at me.

So he came to my apartment,  
only I wasn't there.

And that time I wasn't concerned  
with security.

I was careless so...

he broke the door down...

and he went in.

And did...

things...  
to my baby sister.  
Katheryn, was her name.  
Katy.  
He did things that you wouldn't do  
to an animal...  
that was bred for slaughter.  
Anyway...  
when they caught him...  
he laughed...  
and said...  
it took him 88 minutes...  
it took him 88 minutes  
to have my sister dead.  
Jack...  
He is in prison now.  
Coming up for  
his fifth parole hearing.  
I left New York.  
Left all that behind me  
and came here, to Seattle.  
You know,  
it seemed the perfect place.  
It's on the far off corner...  
of the continent of USA.  
To see if I had  
a second hanged in me.  
Whoever stole that tape...  
knows the meaning of 88 minutes.  
Is that enough?  
Let's go.  
If Sara is not home,  
we don't have a search warrant.  
Well, we don't need a search warrant.  
We're not gonna arrest anybody.  
We're just breaking in.  
Not a good sign.  
You can't say  
I've never give you anything.  
This looks familiar.  
When did you take it?  
I guess it doesn't matter,  
does it?  
It just might.

- Okay, check out that way.  
- Okay.  
Oh, Jesus.  
What is it?  
Oh, my God.  
Oh, my God!  
Calm, Kim.  
- Calm, Kim.  
- Oh, my God. She is dead.  
It's okay.  
- Who would do that? Why?  
- Calm, Kim.  
- Who could torture someone like that?  
- Just, breathe.  
- Breathe, breathe.  
- Okay.  
- Breathe.  
- Oh, God.  
- Control. Take control.  
- Okay.  
I'm in control.  
- Are you in control?  
- Yeah.  
- Okay, good. Let me show you something.  
- Okay.  
That is my signature.  
Forged.  
Credit card receipt.  
This whole place  
is filled with my DNA.  
The police is gonna come here.  
They gonna know I was with Sara.  
They gonna think that I killed her.  
- Your phone.  
- Yeah.  
Answer, Jack.  
Yeah.  
- Jack?  
- Carol?  
Carol?  
Did you here the tape with  
your sister's 88 minutes of suffering?  
I sent it to your apartment.  
What are you saying, Carol?

What is this?

The Porsche was a close call.

I called Frank and told him  
you murdered Sara after you killed Dale.

Think you are so smart...

invincible and unbeatable.

John Forster is giving you a death  
sentence and he is about to be free.

How ironic.

You've got 18 minutes left.

Meet me at your office alone.

Tic-tac.

What is it?

It's Carol.

She wants to meet me at the university,  
at my office.

Let's go.

- Come on.

- Okay.

Shelley? What the hell  
are you doing in here?

I need to talk to you.

That poor girl.

That poor... poor girl.

- It was me.

- Sit, sit.

- It was me.

- Shelley, sit down.

I broke the security protocol.

Why?

Well, about six weeks ago...

I had a drink in your office  
with a student of yours.

A couple of drinks, actually.

And she made an advance,  
and...

It was late, but the office was  
jammed with people working still.

And when we woke up she left.

She didn't have a briefcase...

she didn't have anything

she could put the tape in, but...

but somebody else must have.

Somebody else did,

while we're sleeping.  
Who was this girl?  
What's her name?  
It was Lauren.  
Lauren Douglas.  
And here is the...  
It's a picture  
from the security cameras.  
This is the person that must have  
rifle through my files...  
and found the combination  
to your vault and took the tape.  
That's not a person, Shelly.  
It's a hat and a coat.  
And this the photo ID of everyone that  
has visited Forster on the last month.  
Oh...  
Can you ever forgive me?  
If I can't forgive you, Shelley...  
I don't deserve you.  
Understand?  
I want you to call Carol  
and patch her through to me.  
- Okay?  
- Okay.  
Kim?  
Kim?  
Hi, can you transfer me  
to Lynn Johnson office, please?  
Kim?  
Kim?  
Kim?  
Where are you going in such a hurry,  
Jack?  
Is there something upstairs  
that you don't want me to see?  
There's a woman named Sara Pollard  
upstairs very dead.  
You can see her, if you'd like.  
Look, I'm a straight shooter,  
right, Jack?  
- Yeah.  
- And you'd never screw me over, right?  
Oh, come on.

Why are your finger prints all over  
Dale Morris apartment?

- They are?

- Yeah.

And you were right about the Halothane  
on the blood stream.

What you failed to mention is the fact  
that your semen is in her vagina cavity.

Is your semen in Sara Pollard?

Where the hell are you going  
with this, Frank?

Can't you see this is a frame?

Forster is coordinating  
this whole thing from prison.

- Can't you see that?

- Yeah, right.

It is Forster's semen on Sara Pollard  
it's yours, Jack?

Somebody hired Sara Pollard  
to be with me last night...  
then killed her...

took my semen  
and deposit into Dale Morris.

Do you have any idea  
how absurd that sounds?

No, it's not absurd.

I don't have time to explain,  
Frank.

Carol isn't answering.

What? What?

Carol isn't answering.

Get the names of all the women lawyers  
who work for Forster.

I want their names and ages.

- Look, I know how you operate, Jack.

- What the hell are you doing?

I know how you use people.

It's no secret you're a womanizer,  
you drink too much.

How do I know that you haven't gone  
completely over the edge?

- Oh, man, I can't believe it!

- How do I know?

- I don't know what you do anymore.

- What did I do, Frank?  
Did I send myself a tape?  
Did I blow up my car?  
Did I set my apartment on fire?  
Did I fire bullets at myself?  
For God sakes, Frank, wake up!  
- What the hell... What are you doing?  
- I have no idea who you're anymore.  
You don't?  
- I got Gramm. I'm bringing him in.  
- No, you're not gonna do this.  
Frank. Frank.  
Just give me some time.  
Just give me some time.  
I can untangle this. Okay?  
Just give me...  
Here, give me some time.  
Don't move  
or I'll blow your head off.  
Don't point a gun at me, Frank.  
Don't point a gun at me.  
Please.  
I wanted to sync up our watches,  
that's all.  
All right, Jack.  
What do you need?  
I need time.  
I need ten minutes. Okay?  
Here, let's sync up now.

**At 11:**

at the university.  
Kim? What happened?  
I know you're only trying to help me,  
but don't go to my office on campus.  
You understand? It's dangerous.  
Don't be a hero.  
When you get this message,  
call me back A.S.A.P.  
You understand? It's Jack.  
Yeah.  
There's still no answer  
at Johnson's office.  
Hold on. Yeah.

- Jack?

- Kim...

whatever you do, don't go to my office  
on the campus. Do you understand?

You have 14 minutes.

What?

It was me, Jack.

I set you up.

I had a computer dialing service  
call you up...

rearranging times,  
using electronic altered voice.

Kim, this is no time to joke.

Meet me in your office  
in ten minutes, Jack.

Kim!

Kim!

Oh, shit.

Man...

Yeah.

Hey, Jack, I got the names  
of the women on Forster's legal team.

They were three.

Hannah Baker, 53.

Rosane Caputto, 47, and...

Lydia Doherty, 28.

And Lydia Doherty, 28.

How did you know?

Cause her name is on the signature sheet  
you gave me.

I want you to do a search  
on Lydia Doherty.

I want you to get all the information  
you can.

Fax it to my office on campus.

Okay? Do it now.

Hey, another hundred bucks  
and I'll wait.

What the hell  
are you doing in here?

This is Lauren Douglas bag.

It was stolen today.

I found it in your desk.

Halothane.



What is it doing here?  
What are you doing in here?  
This is what you used  
to kill Dale and Sara?  
Or do you have no idea  
about this too?  
Oh, sure I do.  
I left all this stuff in my desk  
so you'd come along and find it.  
You convinced the jury  
that Forster was guilty.  
How do I know you didn't kill  
these women too?  
Who sent you here?  
Yeah.  
I'd like to report a suspect...  
- in the Seattle Slayer case.  
- What the hell...  
- Dr. Jack Gramm.  
- Put down the goddamn phone!  
What's the matter with you?  
Who sent you here?  
You think I'm too dumb  
to figure it out from myself?  
Yes, I do.  
Because whoever sent you here is deeply  
involved in the Slayer killings.  
Lydia Doherty.  
- Lydia Doherty.  
- What the hell is that?  
Yeah?  
Come to the Stern Building now.  
Corner office, seventh floor.  
Alone.  
You have five minutes, Jack.  
- What are you doing?  
- I'm not moving.  
I don't have time to explain this.  
Get away from the door.  
- Come on!  
- You're gonna shoot me?  
Yeah.  
I'm a bad shot.  
Frank, when you get this message

I'm gonna be at the Stern Building...  
on the seventh floor.  
Get there as soon as you can.  
Oh, God.  
Punctual, Dr. Gramm.  
I'm gonna give you a B+  
for effort.  
Lynn Johnson is indisposed, but  
I'm sure she'd say hello, if she could.  
As for your old friend, Kim,  
she didn't quite make the grade.  
- Lydia.  
- You got the name right.  
Lydia Doherty.  
Copy cat murderer.  
God, I wish Forster  
could see your face.  
You look so totally clueless.  
I hope that's not a gun  
you're holding.  
Is that a gun, Dr. Gramm?  
What do you want?  
Is that a gun?  
- I have a gun.  
- Then do this.  
Put it on the floor...  
and slide it to me.  
To me.  
Okay.  
Okay.  
You slide it.  
One more time, slide it to me.  
Slowly.  
And move back.  
Better.  
I'd like to talk to John Forster,  
please.  
This is his appeal attorney,  
Lydia Doherty.  
They monitor his calls.  
- You gonna implicate him.  
- The brilliant Dr. Gramm...  
and his psycho gamble,  
is that it?

Sorry for the trouble I caused,  
Dr. Gram.

You know that I did, Dr. Gramm,  
with honors.

Dale told me how good you're  
with her when her dad died.

She was so grateful.

But despite the fact that insanity  
is a legal concept...

it doesn't mean

that someone is not sick.

Have him call me on my cell.

He knows the number.

- What do you want?

- What about you start with a confession?

- I confess.

- To what?

To what? To everything.

I confess.

I want you to speak clearly  
and I want the truth.

Where do I start?

- Janie Kay.

- Janie Kay?

I coached her.

Shut it off.

- Shut it off.

- I am.

Go again.

I coached Janie Kay.

- In what trial?

- I coached Janie Kay...

in John Forster's trial. I coached her.

She perjured herself.

I gave false testimony.

And John Forster was convicted.

Based on an unlawful testimony.

Based on an unlawful testimony.

It's my little present for John.

Thank you.

What are you doing?

Are you assessing me?

Are you looking for a weakness,

Dr. Gramm?

I'm just wondering what is next.  
Aren't you gonna offer  
to make me a deal?  
Sacrifice yourself  
for Kim and Carol?  
Be the hero.  
Well, that wouldn't fly out, would it?  
I'd offer, but it wouldn't fly.  
Rejected.  
Have any other moves?  
Or you spent so quickly...  
I could move my eyes, like this,  
e look behind you.  
To see if there is someone there  
with a gun pointed to your head.  
- How much time I got left?  
- You have about a minute.  
Jack.  
Enough time for your last words.  
I'm not gonna deny you those.  
All this torture,  
all this torment...  
for an infatuation?  
It's not an infatuation,  
don't demean me.  
Well, if it's not an infatuation  
what is it?  
Stop, please!  
I went through great lengths  
to pull this off.  
John really appreciates  
the quality of my work.  
Timing the phone calls...  
perfecting the ropes and plus  
implicating everyone close to you.  
Coaching Carol and Kim.  
All the while staying invisible.  
It was me, Jack. I set you up.  
You know what I don't understand?  
How, in God's name,  
does anybody give up their free will?  
How you do that?  
- 45 seconds.  
- I saw you.

You came to my class,  
I remember you.  
You were intelligent.  
An individual.  
You challenged things.  
You challenged me.  
You challenged ideas.  
You're your own person.  
How could you ever allowed yourself  
to be so manipulated by this guy?  
You're gonna take the fall  
for this guy?  
If that's what he wants,  
so be it.  
You see, Jacko...  
I'm a true believer.  
You better believe  
that's an FBI agent...  
with a gun pointed right  
into your head...  
at this moment.  
Believe it.  
- No more kidding.  
- Believe it.  
- Believe it.  
- I believe your time is up...  
Dr. Gramm.  
God.  
Jack!  
Jack!  
No!  
Jack!  
Jack!  
No!  
Jack!  
No!  
Jack!  
No!  
No!  
Again!  
I got you. I got you.  
It's okay.  
It's okay, sweetheart.  
Requesting immediately MT help.

At the UNW Campus,  
Stern Building.  
I repeat.  
Immediately emergency  
medical technician.  
Multiple stab wounds.  
There you go.  
That's okay.  
Don't move.  
Yeah.  
This is officer Finnegan  
from the State Penitentiary Walla Walla.  
I'm placing a call from John Forster  
to his attorney Lydia Doherty.  
Put him through.  
Go ahead.  
Lydia.  
Did you finish with Gramm?  
- She's downstairs.  
- Gramm?  
Put my attorney on the phone,  
please.  
She's indisposed.  
Look, you're meddling her.  
You shouldn't be meddling in.  
You seized a naive junior lawyer  
on your legal staff.  
You realized that she's damaged  
psychologically and...  
Genius, isn't it?  
Susceptible to your craps.  
And what you do?  
You get her to kill people for you.  
So you can stay alive.  
That's an innovative legal strategy,  
if I have ever heard of any.  
Dr. Gramm, I'm flattered  
with your imagination.  
But you're grasping in straw.  
She becomes a student of mine,  
no less...  
you keep her on the appeal process,  
but she's still your lawyer...  
so she has unlimited access

to you...  
so you can plan  
your copy cat murders together.  
And then you can get a new trial.  
And live happily ever after.  
Isn't that the case?  
Dr. Gramm, I want you to listen  
very closely...  
because when I get out of here...  
I'm gonna go out and  
have a nice meal...  
stop by your grave...  
and piss all over it.  
Now, please, put my angelical attorney  
on the phone.  
She's dead.  
It's over, Forster.  
Except for the clock,  
that goes tic-tac.  
Tic-tac.  
You got 12 hours to live.  
All right, fellows...  
- How is Lynn Johnson?  
- Well...  
She just threw out of the house.  
She didn't want me to be late for class.  
Jack, I have to ask you  
something.  
Was Lydia telling the truth?  
Did you coach Janie?  
You believe Forster killed those people?  
All those people?  
- Yes.  
- Janie's sister and everybody?  
- Yes.  
- Beyond reasonable doubt?  
- Absolutely.  
- What would you have done in my shoes?  
Don't answer it.  
Think about it.  
Justice...  
and truth.  
Where do they intersect?  
Hi.

Hello, everyone.  
John Forster is dead.  
His execution is not a cause...  
for celebration.  
Nor is a vindication.  
It is a chapter...  
in the road to justice  
and recovery.  
I personally...  
don't believe  
in capital punishment.  
I do believe...  
in the rights of the victims.  
I do believe...  
that they deserve recompense.  
No matter how significant  
or insignificant it may be...  
in comparison  
to the loss suffered.  
I've suffered such a loss.  
And like some of you here...  
I've spent  
those sleepless nights...  
trying desperately to...  
squelch down that  
bullish instinct for revenge.  
And I have wondered...  
Jack, look at me.  
Look at the kite.  
If this pain will...  
- ever abate.  
- Smile!  
I've learnt...  
that time does not heal  
the wound.  
It will though, in its most...  
merciful way...  
plant the edge ever so slightly.  
So...  
What is the first thing...  
one should remember  
when entering a court room?