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Solace

By Sean Bailey

- Cuban.
- What's the word, Sawyer?
Looks like a match.
Yeah, ilk Joe.
We've got a series.
Same M. O.,
same signature, no DNA.
Not one goddamn shred.
You said that already.
I'm doing everything I can.
Goddamn fucking asshole.
(under breath) Fuck.
I need to go see him.
Joe.
I think it's a mistake.
You're entitled to your own opinion.
Well, let me rephrase that.
I think it's a big mistake.
Apart from time and resources,
it's bringing an unknown into a...
- into a really bad situation,
- Not unknown at all.
I've worked with him before,
and he's actually my friend.
- You said he's unstable.
- I did not, Katherine.
I said he's had a hard time.
It's too early
for a Hail Mary, Joe.
You will learn it's never too early
for one of those.
Goddamn, are you seeing this?
I mean, look at all this. "
pretty green shit.
How long has
he lived out here?
Two years.
Ever since his daughter Emma died.
Leukemia. In his arms.
Gave up his medical practice.
Hell, he gave up everything.
What happened to his wife?
Well, therein lies
the truth about tragedies.

They bring some people
closer together...

...drives others apart.

There it is.

Do you mind staying here?

Let me talk to him alone?

- You could have left me in the city.

- I could've...

But you would have missed
the pretty green shit.

Sentiment.

Yeah?

- John? It's Joe.

- Yeah, I know.

Are you gonna open the door?

I'd like to talk to you,

Nat interested.

John, I just drove three hours
to come and see you.

Come on. You know me well enough
to know that I'm not leaving,
And I'll kick down this door
if I have to.

A real pain in the ass.

Yeah. I've heard that before.

You know, I sent you a letter
like a year ago. Did you get it?

Yep.

What did it say, John?

"No parent should
outlive a child. "

- So you've been holed up here.

- Uh-huh.

I see you've settled in.

- It's a beautiful day out there.

- That's what they tell me.

So you don't get out much?

- Do you want a soda?

- No, thank you.

I don't have cigarettes.

I gave them up a few months ago.

Meet my new addiction.

Laura and the kid okay?

Yeah, they're good.

Thank you.

Heard from Elizabeth yet?

No.

You will.

So, besides wanting

to see you...

I've got a situation that

I'd like you to take a look at.

- I could just tell you about the victims,

- I'm not interested.

By the way,

who's your girlfriend?

That is my loyal partner,

Agent Cowles,

who apparently doesn't listen

to a fucking word I say.

S.A.C., Joe.

I thought you might

want to take the call.

Excuse me, John.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- I brought the case files.

- It wasn't necessary.

The Agency has

changed the guidelines

for the way we break down

the cases.

It makes them more readable.

Oh. Well, that's a relief.

We gotta go.

Three murders,

Identical M.O.

Agent Cowles.

I'll leave the case files here.

John.

You okay?

If you change your mind

about this...

...you know where to find me.

- Hey, Joe.

- John.

I make no promises.

I'll stay maybe one day.

Maybe one week.

Deal. No promises.

- You knew I'd come back?

- I had high hopes.

You remember Agent Cowles?

I should say "Dr. " Cowles,

- with a doctorate in...?

- Psychopathology,

She was to become a professor

before the bureau snagged her.

- You gave up academia for this madhouse?

- They let me carry a gun.

Wow! So sexy.

You two will

make a good team.

John, you know when and Katherine, you

know why someone's about to do something.

Run this through until we come out.

Dr. Clancy, before we go upstairs,

with all due respect,

I don't hold an ounce of confidence

in the paranormal as a Held.

I think it's a sham.

I hope (hat's okay.

No problem at all.

I feel the same about shrinks.

After only one thing,

your money.

They'll take your whole hand.

Whoever said that has obviously

never met a good one,

It was Sigmund Freud.

Like I said, a hell of a team.

method.

Each victim was killed by

a puncture wound at the skull.

Inflicted by

a Eve-inch instrument.

It went straight into

the medulla oblongata.

Immediate, according to the coroner,

Painless execution.

- These photos are all post-mortem.

- A couple of them almost look alive.

No mistakes.

Crime scenes so far have yielded
no evidence of DNA, hair-fibers,
- shoe-prints, nothing.

- No witnesses, either.

Ward lived in a secured building.

No signs of forced entry.

On the psych front, it's unheard of.

There's no geographical, chronological
or astrological pattern
to the murder.

No robbery.

Other than thah

we got a good handle on this case.

John?

John.

Yeah.

Robert Ellis,

the kid in Mount Pleasant.

- He was eating ice cream.

- He was.

Where do you want to start,

John?

Well...

...at the beginning?

The residence of

Mrs. Ethel Jackson, age 69.

She lived alone with three cats.

Was a regular at church.

Landlady grew suspicious when she

hadn't seen or talked to her in two days.

She was found killed

in that rocking chair.

On the TV,

the Cooking Channel played.

And the note we were looking at earlier?

Was here,

On this table.

My wife.

I need to take this.

Sweetheart, I...

- What do you make of the note?

- As a shrink?

- Yeah,

- it's a classic riddle.

"I will tell you in two words who I am,
what I do and how I live. May I?"

Taunting questions
designed to mislead.

Asking our permission to reveal himself,
yet never intending to,

it's playful, but only one person
is playing here. it's solitaire,

Or is it something more?

Is it a cry for help?

An indication of

split personality disorder,

where the fiddler is

asking themselves, and us,

who they actually are? But no.

That's not consistent with the crime.

This is too controlled,

too sharp.

There's something else

going on here.

It's like he's looking for

someone.

- So?

- She likes hats.

Hey. How are we doing?

Fantastic.

Katherine works up a full
profile based on the note.

- Which she's finishing at home.

- Okay.

- I'll see you in the morning,

- Yes.

John.

How about I buy you dinner?

Special treat. Best place in town.

Do I need a jacket?

Hell, no, you don't, I got connections,
I know the maitre d'.

Goddamn it,

This is so good!

- John?

- No, I'm fine, thanks.

- For John, one more please. Yeah?

- Coming up.

My boy has a rough time in school.

Came home in tears again today.

- Being bullied?

- Yeah.

I don't know what to do.

Don't know. Give him a hug.

Tell him a joke.

- A joke?

- Yeah. A joke.

I don't know any jokes.

I'm serious, John. Come on.

In the name of friendship,

tell me a joke.

Me?

I don't know any jokes.

Okay, just one, Um...

This woman, Mrs. Jones, uh,

was suffering from

a rare heart condition.

The doctor prescribes male hormones

to up her testosterone, 2 pills a day.

A month later

she goes back to the doctor and says...

"That medicine

is doing wonders for my heart.

But I'm growing hair

where it has never grown before. "

"Don't worry, excessive hair is to be

expected. Where does it grow exactly?"

She says, "On my balls, Doctor. "

it's funny, isn't it?

I can't tell that

to my little boy.

- Say "testicles"

- That cleans it right up.

Yeah. Biology.

- It's a good joke,

- Yeah.

I thought you'd like that.

Elizabeth told me

that's why she fell in love with you.

- Why was that?

- That smile.

- Oh, the smile.

- Not your joke telling.

John, do I have another sandwich coming here or what?

Tonight, as we were

leaving Ethel Jackson's,

- you were onto something.

- Hmm.

Come on, John. Talk to me.

What do you know?

I want this over as quickly

and as badly as you do,

but you gotta tell me

what you're seeing.

I don't know yet.

John...

John.

Received an anonymous call

an hour ago offering way too specific

information about the Peter Ward murder.

Then listed a midtown address. Perimeter

is secured. They wait for us to go in.

Clear!

Clear!

Joe.

Take a look at this.

What do you think?

Four-sixteen. Bible verse?

No, it's the time.

Four minutes ago.

Four-sixteen precisely.

Your watch is fast.

Fuck. He's here.

- Are you good?

- I'm good. Go.

Mrs. Raymond? FBI.

Would someone please

tum that shit off?

- Bingo.

- Wound on the back of the neck.

- Familiar,

- She's been dead for 5 or 6 hours.

- Perp must have hung around.

- He left hours ago.

Would you two mind
clearing the room for us please?

Thank you.

John.

Same type font as 4:16
and the note at Ethel Jackson's.

Mm-hmm.

- You okay?
- Shit,
- Go ahead. Take a look.
- Can I touch her?

Yeah.

David.

David?

There you are. Come in.

Wash my back.

John?

- You all right?
- Yeah.
- What do you see?
- I'm not sure.
- Okay.
- What?
- Don't touch the bathwater.
- Why?

I'm not sure why.

Joe? Holy shit,
we may have a suspect.

- Who?
- David Raymond.

The husband.

He says

he was at the bar all night.
His bartender and his breath
corroborate his story.

- Agent Cowles are you ready?
- Yes, sir.

I want you to take the lead.

Mr. Raymond, a cup of coffee.

- Been along night for all of us.
- Thank you.

If you don't mind...

,... I'm just gonna jump
right into this. Okay?

- Mr. Raymond,

- Yeah?

We regret to inform you that
your wife Victoria
died last night.

Jesus.

Jesus Christ.

Oh, God. Oh, God".

Mr. Raymond...

...you were seen leaving your building
last night in an agitated state.

Can you tell us why?

Did she leave a note?

Mr. Raymond,

your wife was murdered.

- What?

- Your wife was murdered.

She didn't leave a note.

No! No! Oh, Jesus, God!

- What do you think happened?

- She didn't commit suicide?

Why do you think that?

The letter, I wrote... I...

I wrote a letter.

- This letter?

- No. What is that?

You didn't write this?

I left a letter.

What did it say?

David?

"I never meant to hurt
or betray... "

David?

What did the letter say?

He left her.

I was leaving her.

Okay.

You were leaving her, Why?

He left her for someone else.

I was leaving her

for someone else.

For another woman?

Yes.

He's lying.

Oh, V, I'm so sorry.

Uh, could I have a word with

Mr, Raymond?

- Dr. Clancy...

- Joe?

- All right.

- Thanks.

You're telling the truth,

or at least some of it.

You didn't kill your wife

did you, Mr. Raymond?

No.

But you believe the note you left
could've driven her to take her own life.

Your wife had a history of
emotional instability.

And the note was telling her that you
were leaving her for someone else.

But your note failed to mention
you were leaving her for a man.

How the fuck do you know that?

That, in fact,

you had contracted HIV.

Is that right?

Her blood was contaminated.

"Careful with the bathwater. "

I want to see the Tiles again.

It's 7:

Breakfast?

- Yeah.

- Let's go.

- Thank you.

- Thanks, Laura.

- You need to eat.

- I'm good, baby. Thank you.

- Family is looking good, Joe.

- They are.

I try to spend as much time
as I can with them.

We've seen Elizabeth.

- Oh, yeah?

- We've kept in touch.

- Good.

- She still loves you, John.

All right. So, uh...

What do you think?

They were all
incurably sick, terminally ill.

- That is the consistency.

- We explored that. It doesn't hold up.

Ethel Jackson.

The wigs, the hats...

- She had chemotherapy.

- Three years ago,

She was in the clear, John.

No one's ever in the clear.

80% of cancers return. Whenever they do,
they're quite difficult to eliminate.

So?

Peter Ward, it turns out,
had Lou Gehrig's Disease.

That can be a very slow,
painful death.

Victoria Raymond suffered
chronic suicidal depression,
self-destructive behavior,
cutting, overdose, and so on.

- Finished breakfast?

- Yes!

Hey. Backpack!

Yes.

Come here, say goodbye to John.

- Bye-bye, John,

- Goodbye, monkey.

Give your dad a hug.

- Bye, Dad. See you after school.

- Yeah. Have a good day.

Okay.

- Have a good day at work.

- Bye, honey.

Let's say I give you Ethel Jackson
and Peter Ward,

Two words that destroy
this whole theory:

The boy Robert Ellis was healthy,
and as Christian Scientists,
his parents don't believe in medicine.

He had no medical file.

- Well, It's go talk to them.

- Okay.

Remember your appointment?

Right. I have a phone call with the

director at 9:

which I am immensely looking forward to.

So Katherine will take you.

Okay.

Dr. Clancy...

How do you refer to it?

To what?

To, uh, what you have?

Is it prescience,
clairvoyance, precognition?

Oh, it's a hoot.

A laugh a minute.

Never mind. I'm serious.

What is it you see exactly?

Do you see people's futures?

Bits of their futures
and of their pasts.

It's all the same in the end.

- Is it mystical? Or religious?

- No. I'm a scientist.

I believe in
theoretical physics and...

Biochemistry and that's it.

Whatever it is, I happen to get
the deluxe edition of what people now call
intuition or gut reaction.

Do you see anything now?

What do you mean? About you?

I guess so.

No. Nothing.

- At all?

- Alall.

Just nothing.

Nothing at all.

So how's the investigation going?

It's improving.

We believe we know why
your son was killed, Why he was chosen.

Mr. Ellis, I need to ask you a few questions but I don't want to upset you.

It's all right. Ask.

If I can, I'd like to help.

Do you remember in the weeks or months leading up to Roberfs death, was he at his best?

Was he healthy?

- Perfectly.

- He never complained of any pain?

Did he ever have trouble keeping up with other boys at school?

Was he ever short of breath?

Uh... No. No.

- Be careful.

- I will.

Robert was a sculptor?

Yeah. He enjoys it.

He enjoyed it.

He had very good hands.

I'm so sorry, Mr. Ellis.

- They're beautiful.

- Thank you.

What happened to this one?

He knocked it over maybe a day or two before...

How did he knock it over?

I don't remember.

Kids are clumsy.

Robert especially?

Well...

Sometimes,

He'd upset his glass at dinner...

- You're talking to them?

- They just got here.

Did you catch him?

No.

- Then what are you doing here?

- Mrs. Ellis...

There was another murder

last night,

We believe it's the same man

that killed your son.

All of the other victims have suffered

from an illness or a condition...

- Robert was 12. He wasn't sick.

- We'd like to verify that

How are you going to do that?

We conduct an autopsy.

You dig his body up, pry him open
and search around inside him?

Yes, we do.

- Who are you?

- I'm a doctor.

He wasn't sick.

And even if he was,
he did not need a man like you.

It's fate.

It's just that some people
do not have the courage
to accept the wisdom of the Lord.

I agree with you, Mrs. Ellis, absolutely.

I know the limitations of medicine,

I've diagnosed many patients
with death growing inside them.

Like my own daughter,

She had Leukemia.

For 2 years,

I went to the hospital every day
and watched her suffer.

Every procedure, every test,
all totally useless, of course.

And one day she died.

And that was that.

In the end,

it was a blessing.

I do understand something about fate,

Mrs. Ellis.

And, uh, I certainly wouldn't use
medicine to alter God's plan.

I... just want to know
why your son was killed.

And medicine can help me
discover that.

And then, perhaps, it can
help me catch the man...

...who killed your little boy.

Dr. Clancy. Fax for you.

it's marked urgent.

What is it?

Check the cerebellar lobe.

Whoa!

What is this?

- Well, there's your answer,

- What?

Brain tumor. Size of a pea.

Hidden in the cerebellar lobe.

- John?

- What's up, Doc?

Christ!

- John?

- I'm out. Finished.

The fax?

What the hell did it say?

I don't know.

It was urgent and confidential.

Somebody trained you too well.

John!

Goddamn it!

You gotta let somebody in on this!

- We're walking right into a trap.

- What? You gotta talk to me.

He's way ahead of us.

And we do exactly what he wants us to do.

Don't you get it?

I'm out.

Doctor Clancy?

- Hi.

- Hi.

- Do you mind?

- Go ahead. You're paying for it.

So, we find a tumor...

That no one could've

known about.

We've established connections

between victims that, I freely admit,

I could never have seen.

And instead of stepping up

and leading from the front,

you run out of an autopsy,

which you asked for,

coincidentally,

without any explanation,
and now you're packing your bags
and you're going home.

Forgive me, Clancy,
but what the fuck?

Hmm.

"Who am I?

I will tell you in two words
who I am, what I do, and how I live. "
What about that riddle?

- it's not a riddle,
- What is it?

"Le diro con due parole,
chi san, e che faccia, come vivo. "

- It's from La Bohme by Puccini.
- So the killer is an opera nut.

That really helps with the profile.

- Thank you, Clancy.

- No.

I'm the nut.

I'm the opera nut.

I happened to be listening to those lines,
the very moment I read your case files,

- I I don't get it.

- He knew I'd be listening to that music.

He knew that you would ask me to help.

He knew we would arrive at the
apartment at exactly 4:16 am.

Because he knows everything.

You see. " He's just like me.

He sees things,

Only he's better at it.

A whole lot better.

Come, read that.

Come on, read it!

"Dr, Clancy,

Check the cerebellar lobe. "

Okay.

So that's why you're quitting.

You've met your match.

Oh, no.

No. This guy, he's way beyond me.

I can't stop him,

which begs a more important question.

Is he really worth stopping?
These victims, they were dying anyway.
He's not killing them out of
compulsion, or anger, or any...
Deviant psychosis or so.
No, he's the cigar, the ice cream,
the cocktails, the flowers in the bathtub
and all that whacko stuff.
This guy is brilliant.
And he's killing them
with kindness.
Get it?
it's mercy killing.
- Bullshit!
- Is it?
- I!'s murder.
- Mm-hmm.
That may spare
a lot of suffering.
If this was your daughter, would you
be saying the same thing, Clancy?
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to...
it's just...
I know your...
I know your daughter died.
But we all die someday,
don't we?
So what is it...
...that's so terrible
that you can't talk about?
Okay!
Here's what I'm not telling you.
You Jost your virginity
to a drunk stud caff ed Bruce
in the back of his green
Ford Bronco at 17
You didn't like it very much because
he puked all over you.
5 years ago,
you had a boyfriend called Kevin.
No, sorry. Gavin.
A year into that
relationship you discovered
he thought

you were pregnant with his baby.
Gavin didn't want it
but you did, so he left you.

And 21:

the baby was bom.
A little girl, Amanda.
But one day you decided
to give her up for adoption.
Iris breaking your heart,
tearing your guts out and that's why you
pretend to be so foul-mouthed and cool.
Exactly twice a year on each of your
parents' birthdays, Doreen and Frank,
On their birthdays,
11.- '16 and 10.~'23,
you call them in Cincinnati
and tell them you love them,
they reply "We love you too, honey bunny. "
And then you will cry your heart
out on that red goose down pillow.
And you'll hate my guts
for telling you all this.
But you know what, Agent Cowles?
Nobody gives a shit.
You want me to go on?
Go ahead.
What else do you see for me?
Just go home, Kathy.
Just go home.
I've gotta search.
Holy Mother of God.
Unsub is male, between
the ages of 18 and 35.
Mental illness likely.
Look for a man with
little personal hygiene,
someone conspicuously short
on social skills. A...
...mercurial or
an artistic temperament.
And for Christ's sakes ind
the bottom half of that dress.
Sexually motivated,

excessively violent.

This isn't even close
to our guy,

Hey, cop!

- Joe.

- KATHERINE'S VOICE | John.

John!

Maybe you're right, John.

Maybe we can't catch this guy.

Maybe. "

Maybe that's exactly what he wants.

We found a clue, John.

And I think it's a good one.

I want you to see it.

Call it a personal favor.

You know, something really bad
is going to happen.

Your mystery fax was sent over
the Internet by high anonymity proxy,
We had trouble tracking it.

We also did a chemical analysis
of Victoria Raymond's bathwater.

HIV positive which we knew
from the autopsy and from you.

But we found trace elements
of an anti-invertebrate toxin.

Snail poison. On the flowers.

John, I gotta ask.

Do you just know this weird crap
or are you seeing into
my brain right now?

We're here.

This is where
the flowers came from.

Hey.

I owe you an apology.

I'll explain later.

- You okay?

- John.

Yeah.

Yeah.

Wow.

We shouldn't be doing this.

Over here!

Too late now.
They look clipped,
Not tom off.
I'll call forensics.
- John?
- Uh-huh?
- You up for this?
- Yeah, sure.
it's over there.
The bottom half of the dress.
Shit!
Get Otis in from the 14th now!
I'm on it.
We found the top half of
the dress pasted to a wall in a tenement.
At least half the victim's blood supply.
I was sure it wasn't our guy.
Still doesn't feel right.
- Otis is here.
- And Otis is who?
Besides you,
he's the best there is.
Otis! Come on, boy. Let's go.
- Where's the item?
- Right here.
Let's go, boy.
Find it,
Let's go! Move it up!
Let's go!
I want a 3-block perimeter.
We're on our way to Riverside.
- How far do we follow him?
- As far as he goes,
I don't trust it.
Either this is useless or...
He's leading us somewhere,
maybe into a trap.
- John, should I not follow the lead?
- No.
We have to follow him.
Christ, no! It's weird.
Let's go!
Possible subject location.
Give me all units, now!

- You wearing a vest?
- Of course. We all are, John.
Let's go! Move it up!
2 men on each exit, 6 going in.
Sawyer runs the perimeter.
Let's go.
Go!
Stairway up.
Landing. Clear.
Stairway up.
Landing, Clear.
Open door!
Closed door left
Hallway.
Closed door right.
Closed door left.
Closed door right.
FBI! Open up!
Go.
FBI! FBI!
Stay to your left!
- Left side clear.
- Right side clear.
Room clear!
- Whoa!
- Do you live here, sir?
- Do you live here?
- This is my studio.
What's your name?
Linus Harp.
Do you know
who occupies the opposite studio?
No... No one does.
- Turpentine?
- I'm a painter.
That's great, Can you
please step outside with us?
Can I lock up hrst?
No. Your studio is safe.
Step outside.
Frogs.
(distorted) Freeze!
- Man down!
- Move! Ambulance!

Agent down!
Suspect on foot!
He jumped out the window!
I'm coming down!
We gotta get him to county!
- What?
- How's it look?
It's not great.
Get an ambulance! Now!
Go with Katherine.
Come on and get him!
- (over radio) Got anything?
- No sign!
We got anything? Anything?
- What am I looking for?
- No idea!
- White male...
- Left!
- Left here?
- Left here.
Car heading west...
- In pursuit.
- DISPATCHERZ Give us a description.
- Right!
- We will when we can.
Yellow cab,
He's stolen a yellow cab.
I need a number.
- Five. M. Four. Three.
- There!
Hey!
Look out!
We're gonna lose him!
Hey!
- Take a left.
- He went straight!
Take a left!
- Okay, stop!
- Sit back!
- Stop the car!
- I got this!
Stop the fucking car!
What's the matter with you?
- He's gonna get away.

- Just stop the car.
- You want me to let him go?
- Shut up!
Come on! Come on!
Right. Go!
- You okay?
- Yeah. Are you?
Yeah.
Where is he?
Where is he?
Hey, cop!
You're not him.
- You want a moment alone with him?
- Yeah.
- Did you get the guy?
- No, Katherine did.
Good for her.
It wasn't the guy, was it?
Nope.
So you were right.
He was just leading us
down a path.
Mm-hmm.
Handing us that psychopath.
And now...
Now he's got another
terminal case to show for it.
Stage four cancer.
You'd picked up on that,
hadn't you?
I figured.
I appreciate you
not making me talk about it.
I got the diagnosis...
...a few months ago.
And...
It's too advanced
to do anything about it.
You will...
You'll check on Laura
and my little man now and then?
Yes, of course, I will.
Hell, John!
I'm not ready to die.

I guess, uh...
You know, I'd been planning on it.
I've been expecting it for a little bit.
But not for a few more months.
You know, I...
I have so much stuff to do.
I want to move Laura
to the country.
I want to teach my little boy
to drive.
You were always
a lousy driver.
I know.
I wanted him to
take after his dad.
You know, we, uh...
We want for so much in life,
you know?
And then we get it.
I have it.
But I've run out of time.
There's just no time left.
Well, you did a hell of a lot
with your life and time.
My friend.
- Not enough, John,
- You did.
No.
It's good having you back,
you know?
Hey.
Tell me one of your
crappy jokes.
Crappy joke? How about I disconnect you?
Would that make you laugh?
It's true.
You really fucking can't.
That smile right there.
You do me a favor. You take that
to Elizabeth, Okay?
You make it up with her.
I'm sorry I said to you
what I said last night.
You wanted to tell me

something at the park.
What was that?
Oh, yeah, I remember.
Yes, it was a...
...beautiful Sunday afternoon.
June 24th 1990.
I watched my daughter
playing in the garden.
Everyone singing
"Happy Birthday.
It was her sixth birthday.
All the other kids had a great time.
Suddenly, there it was.
I saw it...
Standing just behind her,
behind Emma.
It was a shadow.
It was moving like a curtain.
Moving in the breeze.
I knew it was no trick of the light.
I could feel it all around me,
Inside me.
(shudders) Oh, God.
It was weird.
And then it just sort of faded away.
And, uh...
I didn't tell anyone,
not even my wife Elizabeth, no one.
But I had no doubt,
no doubt at all.
And 20 years later,
to the exact day, she called us.
Thursday morning, 9:23.
I thought, "Okay,
This is it. Here we go. "
Then came the diagnosis,
Leukemia,
followed by two years of
agonizing treatment.
Then came the worst day
of my life when she...
...died.
And she was gone.
Emma.

And on the third day,
He arose from the dead,
In accordance
with the scriptures.
He ascended into heaven
and sits at the right hand
of the Father.
He will come again in glory,
to judge the living and
the dead,
And his kingdom
will have no end.
Amen.

Kevin, come here.

I know, okay.

Hey.

I Your time is near

- Anything else?

- I'll have the same again.

I wanted to meet you for so long.

We're finally face-to-face.

Here you go.

- Could I have another one of these?

- Sure.

John, each life I take,
it's a life that's saved
from enormous pain.

I see what lies ahead for them.

The suffering and the sickness.

I see them writhing in agony.

I hear them screaming,
begging for release.

They beg for it, John.

And I grant them their wish.

Only better.

I get there before
the wish is even made.

I get there before
the pain even starts.

As for their loved ones,
there's always an autopsy
when the existing
condition is found.

That's when I see them

go from shock to relief.
I hear them say things like,
"Thank God it was so sudden. "
"At least she felt no pain. "
In the end, they're grateful
for what I've done.
That's why I helped
your friend Joe.
He had 73 days
of horrific pain ahead.
Do you know what benefits
his family would've gotten?
Dying of natural causes,
14 years into his career? None.
Now his wife gets a pension,
putting their son through college.
Stanford, actually.
You think Joe wouldn't have
taken that deal?
Please don't call to them.
Come on.
You know I have a gun on me.
- He's got a gun!
- Gun! Get down!
Drop the gun!
I've seen all possible
outcomes of this meeting.
I walk away healthy
from each one.
One version's gruesome for our waitress
who'd be unlucky as her shift ends
in a couple of minutes.
I don't enjoy the work I do.
John, it's not a fetish.
It's about allowing those who are
already dying
...to die with some dignity.
Sometimes the greatest acts of love
are the hardest acts to commit.
Why are you giving me
the silent treatment?
I got it.
It's a lot to process.
That wasn't supposed to happen.

To be continued.
(shouts) He's got a gun!
He's got a gun!
He's got a gun!
It's him for Christ's sake!
Leave me alone! Get him!
Oh, he was drinking beer.
But it was non-alcoholic.
He had a scar on his forehead.
It was kind of jagged, like, scar.
Here are all unsolved
murders over the last 10 years
with terminally ill victims.
- How many?
- 7. No punctures to the medulla,
but all painless.
- Poisons, gas.
- These are all local?
You want the national data, too?
Is this how you saw it?
What is Atticus?
- John?
- We're connected.
We're the same animal.
Does this look familial?
I'm scared.
Did she leave a note?
Concentrate, John.
Focus, John.
John!
- Hey, cop!
- I'm scared.
Just... focus.
Concentrate, John.
Focus.
62 in the last 10 years,
ranging from Juneau to Miami Beach.
Shit!
Do one more search.
Remove the terminal constraint.
Look for other unsolveds
in the same time period.
The killer may have known
they were sick when no one else did.

Run everything
against this description:
Male, 30s, front-left cranial scar,
almost certainly post-surgical.
Bring me everything...
Anything you come across, Okay?
Hmm.
That's what it means,
"Congratulations, partner. "
I'm getting upped!
That's what 20 minutes
with a rich geriatric will get you.
Well, I'm the youngest partner
in the Hrm's history.
You can tell your friends that.
I don't know, I mean. "
Bring me them on Monday?
Whatever they think is right.
How to keep. Is there any,
is there none such
bow or brooch or braid or brace,
latch or catch or key to keep,
keep it, beauty, beauty,
beauty from vanishing away.
'O is there no frowning
of these ranked wrinkles deep down?
No waving off of these messengers...
Stiff messengers sad and
stealing messengers of grey.
No, there's none.
Nor can you lang be what
you now are, called fail.
Do what you may do,
do what you may.
Wisdom is early to despair.
So, be beginningm
- Hello, John.
- Hello, Charles.
"Nothing can be done to keep at bay
age and age's evils, hoar hair,
fuck and wrinkle,
deathk winding sheets,
tombs and worms
and tumbling to decay. "

Anyway, you were right about me.
- I was... What's the word?
- Conflicted.
I was conflicted about you.
Yeah. But not anymore. Oh, no.
You had no right to take
one hour, one minute,
not even one second of time
away from my friend, Joe Merriweather.
I don't know if you've ever really known
anyone who was dying, Charles.
Watched them struggling
on the edge of terror and horror
as they try to hold onto life.
I don't know,
but if you had, perhaps you would
have appreciated how time at the end is...
...kind of precious, I guess.
At that point,
even the pain of life itself
may be quite beautiful.
You know what I mean?
Is that how
your daughter felt?
That her...
- ...her pain was "beautiful?"
- Well, my friend,
I'm afraid you won't find out.
- Who the fuck are you guys?
- Sit down and shut up.
I don't see you pulling
that trigger.
Ditto.
- This is not your style, it's not mercy,
- No?
A bullet to the head is better
than what he's got coming.
You see, Jeffrey here...
Has a tight ahead of him
with neurofibromatosis.
And that's gonna turn him into
a writhing, crooked beast,
Tomorrow night, after some cocktails,
Jeffrey gets his girlfriend pregnant.

And the real charm about NFB
is that it's hereditary.
There's a 50 percent chance
the kid gets it, but I can tell you now:
the kid... gets it.

- What's NFB?
- And you want to gift him that suffering?
Destroy three lives in one,
all because of
some moral judgment?
We can't play God.
No. I have no interest
in playing God.
As far as His work is concerned,
I'm not impressed.
it's okay.
Look at you.
You're so confused.
You don't even know
which one of us to shoot.
You'll figure it out
soon enough.
Call an ambulance.
You've been poisoned.
You need to get to hospital.
Throw up, vomit, whatever. Drink milk.
Good luck.
I think we got him.
Your search came back.
I crossed him with the gun records.
Gun was bought by a Charles Ambrose.
Oh, man.
Let's go.
Concentrate, John.
Someone dies tonight.
Don't lose me now.
FBI! Open door right!
Open door left!
Move in!
Room, clear!
What is this place?
No furniture? Nothing?
Not a bad view.
Listen!

Katherine!

Who is Charles Ambrose?

Who is he, F95/W?

- How the fuck's he doing this?

- I know what the;/7/ look for:

Dysfunctional childhood

that involved abuse and neglect.

Later on,...

Couldn't hold a job,

couldn't keep a relationshm.

- Wrong on all counts,

- What the...

Concentrate.

Mom never lefl me.

Dad never beat me.

You won't rind any trace of violence

or antisocial behavior in my past.

I'm not a radical

I have no interest

in fame or power.

I Tn simply a man

who could no longer look away.

Don't stop.

God knows I would prefer

to five the quiet life. "

...away from all that

I have became.

But we don't always get

to choose what we are.

There you go.

It hurts so bad.

I'm so scared.

OfHcer Pearce,

My name is Charles Ambrose.

Tell your supervisor you just met me.

It will do wonders for your career.

OfHcer Pearce here.

And now the savior"

needs ta be saved.

Clancy doesn't want you

to respond, Agent Cowles.

Sloman.

He doesn't want you

there when it happens. But you will.

You7/ respond.
Yau7l be there.
You can? heh) yourself
Hey.
Hey, a beat cop
just reported a Charles Ambrose
at Ashland Station.
Where are you going?
Hey! Get back here.
See you soon.
And here you are.
- Welcome.
- Thank you.
Just as I've seen it all those years.
You, me, this train,
You've seen it, too, right?
You've heard it? Day after day?
Except something's not right.
This is Agent Cowles. Our suspect
is headed into Ashland Station.
We'll have the engineer stop the train
in a station up ahead where we'll set up.
- Then what?
- We take him out.
- I advise you to stay clear.
- I'm not staying clear,
We have control. Stay clear.
Shit!
We're connected.
- The same animal,
- No, no. I'm not a killer.
- We can talk about that in seven minutes,
- Seven minutes?
That's when you kill someone.
- Who might that be?
- Me.
Move, Move!
Move in!
- Let's go!
- Move!
Go!
Move!
Go!
Move! Move! Move!

Train is five minutes out!
Let's go! Move!
I'm dying, John.
I can't continue this work anymore.
That's why I need someone
to carry on for me.
Someone who can see the pain.
The suffering. Sickness.
There's another reason you have
to shoot me that you don't see.
Concentrate!
John.
John.
There it is. Thank you.
Agent Cowles.
You've grown so fond of her.
It's like having
your daughter back.
I'm sorry.
You've lost me, Charles.
She doesn't fit your profile.
Why would you kill her?
(chuckles) You're right.
I won't kill her. She's perfectly healthy.
That's the beauty of it.
You're going to stop me first.
Yes,
With one bullet, right here.
- And after that, there's no turning back.
- Sorry, my friend.
The game stops here and now.
I want 4 shooters, 3 low, 1 high!
Train is 60 seconds out.
Let's go, Move!
FBI!
- Ma'am...
- FBI! Let me through!
Look at me, John.
Does this look familiar?
See now?
All your visions
become real,
50 seconds to target.
- Do you have a visual?

- Captain.
- Do you have a shot?
- Affirmative.
She's going to make it
just in time.
- Take the shot!
- (OVER RADIO) Take the shot!
Fuck! I lost him!
Take the shot!
Target is locked,
Let's go!
Say hello to your destiny,
John,
Fire!
Hold! Hold!
I told you you'd kill me.
Clear to fire!
- John,
- You're okay.
You're okay.
Oh, hi,
Hey.
- How are you doing?
- I spoke to the chief surgeon.
He said the surgery was a success.
- Good.
- He said the bullet went clean through.
I was hoping you would
consider a reinstatement.
As Joe said,
we'd make a hell of a team.
Oh no, I want a quiet life.
Yeah.
Joe would be proud of you.
Don't cry,
You're a good kid.
It was good
working with you, John.
- I'll see you around.
- See you around.
- Take care of yourself.
- I will.
Oh, yeah, um...
Nearly forgot. Could you

help me with this?
See it gets to delivered.
I got it.
Joe.
Hello, Elizabeth.
Hello, John.
You look so beautiful.
I read your letter,
Several times.
It's different
than the others.
Which way?
It's all about the past.
Oh, yeah?
Yeah, I think of Emma.
Every single day,
Come here.
it's okay.
It hurts.
I'm scared.
I'm so scared.
Oh, my, ...
It hurts.
Sometimes
the greatest acts of love...
,Hare the hardest acts
ta commit.
Let's walk, shall we?
See you soon, John.