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Who Killed JonBenet?

By Brian L. Ross

This is kind of like
a bedtime story.
Once upon a time there was
a girl named JonBent.
She looked like a princess,
but she wasn't
She was just a normal girl
who wanted to play outside
and ride her bike.
(whispers) As I lay me down
to sleep,
I pray the lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the lord my soul to take.
That's the last thing
I remember,
Saying those words.
Then I fell asleep.
I don't remember anything
after that.
911, what's your emergency?

(Patsy):

What's going on, ma'am?
755 15th Street.
What's going on, ma'am?
We have a kidnapping!
Hurry, please!
Explain to me what's going on,
ok?
There's... we have a--
there's a note left
and our daughter's gone!
There's a note and
your daughter is gone?
Yes!
How old is your daughter?
Six years old.
She's blonde.
Six years old.
Ok, how long ago was this?
I don't know!
(gasping)
I just got the note

and my daughter's gone!
Does it say who took her?
There's a... there's
a ransom note here.
It's a ransom note?
It says "SBTC Victory."
Please!
And what's your name?
Are you-
Patsy Ramsey.
I'm the mother.
I'm sending an officer over,
ok?
Please!
Uh, do you know how long
she's been gone?
No, I don't.
Please send someone!
I am, honey.
Please.
I just need you to take
a breath.
Hurry!
Hurry, hurry!
Oh my...
Patsy? Patsy?
Patsy?
That's Steve Thomas.
He's a Detective.
Maybe he's the one who is going
to solve this puzzle.
Pete?
My meth head waving
the butcher knives.
Are you cutting him a deal?
I've got bigger fish to fry
right now, Steve.
What're you giving him?
Uh, community service
and rehab again?
Wait, I have an idea.
Why don't you throw
in a dental plan?
Not a bad idea.

I hear meth's terrible
on the teeth.
Do you guys prosecute anybody?
Commander wants us
in this meeting, too.
It's about the Ramsey girl.
Isn't that homicide?
They want to take the body back
to Atlanta for burial.
We need it here for evidence.
The autopsy's been done.
The case isn't.
We need to do some more testing.
And we need to talk to them.
Commander...
Well, you can't ransom
the body for an interview.
We're not ransoming the body.
It's just way to premature
to release it.
Do I need to remind you that the
Ramseys are important people?
We're not finished
with her yet.
Have you read
the autopsy report?
Why don't you go get us
that interview?
You can't ransom the body.
What the hell was that?
Quinn briefed you?
Not really.
We need to get up to speed.
I'll talk to Linda,
she was there.
I need this closed fast.
The city's gonna come apart
if there's a maniac
running around.
Yeah.
Are you ready for this?
What do you mean?
Homicide isn't narcotics.
I've been an investigator

for 13 years, John.
I've worked hundreds of cases.
You're in good hands.
The scene wasn't preserved.
What?
What do you mean, the
scene wasn't preserved?
It just wasn't, alright?
Linda.
What went on in that house?
It was right over here.
I moved it here.
That's mommy and daddy.
Mommy was Miss West Virginia
once.
She put me in lots of
pageants too.
She said I looked so pretty
in a tiara.
(sirens wailing
in the distance)
Oh, John...
(police radio noise)
Are you in charge?
I am. I am.
Just tell me what happened.
I- I went into her room

at 5:

to wake her for our Michigan
trip but she wasn't there,
and I thought maybe
she had just got up early
in the excitement but I came
downstairs and I found the note.
Oh my god.
"Mr. Ramsey, listen carefully.
"We are a group of individuals
"that represent a small
foreign faction.
"We respect your business,
"but not the country
that it serves.
"At this time we have your

daughter in our possession.
"She is safe and unharmed.
"If you want her to see 1997,
"you must follow our
instructions to the letter."
What've we got?
The note says they're
being watched.
They talk to the cops or anyone,
the girl gets beheaded.
(sirens)
Commander got word.
They're influential people.
Treat them accordingly.
I'll check for other
exit points.
We were at our friend's house,
the Whites,
for Christmas dinner.
She fell asleep in the car
and I carried her up
and put her in bed.
She's a bed-wetter.
Don't touch anything.
Please.
(shutter snapping)
Our son's in here.
(sobbing)
(sobbing)
Patsy?
Oh, honey!
We called our friends,
the Fernies and the Whites.
What's going on?
John what is happening?
What's going on?
JonBent has disappeared.
What?
There was a ransom note.
What're you talking about?
My baby's been kidnapped.
(sobbing hysterically)
Patsy, what's happening?
My baby!

We just don't know
where she is.

What do you mean?

(shutter sounds)

JonBent? JonBent?

JonBent, if you're down here,
sweetie,

this really isn't funny.

That's my dad's best friend,
Fleet.

I came downstairs and I found
the note
and so I went up to her room
and she was gone.

(sobbing)

JonBent?

JonBent?

JonBent?

John's gonna wake Burke,
he doesn't want him seeing
Patsy this way.

Let's uh... let's take him back
to our place.

He can stay with Fleet Junior.

Hey, Burke?

Burke?

Let's wake up.

Um, I gotta get you
to the White's, ok?

I gotta get you dressed
and to the White's, ok?

Ok.

Ok.

(shutter sounds)

Oh, thank you for coming.

This is our pastor.

Could everyone please just stay
over here in the living room?

These people work
for the City.

They help when bad things happen
to good people.

I wish they could help
me remember

what happened that night.

Mr. Ramsey.

Your son was the only
other person here.

We'd like to ask him
a few questions.

He was asleep.

He doesn't know anything.

Mr. White, if you could bring
that roll of film
from dinner last night?

Sure.

(sirens wailing
in the distance)

You doing ok?

Yeah.

Is that a new video game?

Yeah.

When the kidnappers call
it's imperative that
you ask to speak
with your daughter
so that we know she's ok.

This lady is a Detective too.

Her name is Linda Arndt.

She seems really nice.

Like she really cares.

How do we know that the note
wasn't written after midnight
and they're calling between

8:

We don't, but let's assume
it's today.

Ask for details on where they
tell you to bring the money.

Details on everything.

But tell them that you can't

get it until 5:

Keep them on the phone
as long as you can.

Is there any significance
you can think of

to that ransom amount?

\$118,000.00?

No.

I'd pay anything.

What about these phrases,

"foreign faction",

"grow a brain", "fat cat"?

Anyone you know

who talks like that?

No.

Anyone you can think of who
might want to do this to you?

Yes, our housekeeper.

She recently asked for a loan.

She has money problems.

I don't know, the handwriting
might look a little like...

she has a key.

(shutter sounds)

(police radio noise)

My family did everything
with the Whites.

Priscilla was like
my second mom.

And Daphne White was
my best friend.

Look, just... we'll just
pray together, ok?

Ok.

Alright?

Ok.

Our father...

Our father.

Who art in heaven.

Who art in heaven.

Hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come...

Mommy, look!

(giggling)

Once, as a joke, Daphne hid
from her whole family.

But when I wasn't there
that morning, I wasn't hiding.

And I wasn't joking.

Mr. Ramsey, it's protocol
that we get handwriting samples
from you, your wife,
and both children.

Sure.

Could everyone please just
stay in the living room
and the study only.

You too, please.

(vomiting)

(toilet flushes)

How could I not have heard
my baby?

It's ok.

How could I not hear my baby?

(sobbing)

So much for a call by 10:00.

Maybe it is tomorrow.

Either of them say anything,
even noticed the time passed?

Not a word.

Alright, let's uh...

let's release anybody that
doesn't need to be here.

Commander wants a strategy
session at the station.

Can you hold down the fort?

Yep.

Alright.

If everyone could please just
stay in one room or the other?

Patsy?

Tell me more about
the housekeeper.

We have a detective going
over to talk to her.

You know, I don't know.

I...

I'm thinking maybe it doesn't
look so much like her wri-

Excuse me?

Maybe we should throw
JonBent's sheets in the wash.

No!

Don't touch anything,
please.

Just... keep everyone in
the living room and the study.

Excuse me.

It's Arndt.

I have paged a couple of times
already and I need backup now.
I've got Buckingham Palace here
with nine Kings and Queens
roaming around.

(toilet flushes)

I'm looking for Patsy?

Um, I think she's
in the bathroom.

And John?

Uh...

John?

(shutter snaps)

Mr. Ramsey.

(stuttering) I...I I thought
there might be something
from the kidnappers.

Have you ever seen
him like this?

His daughter's missing.

I don't know if I'd be even
that together.

Mr. Ramsey.

Why don't you take Fleet and...
just search the house?

Top to bottom.

See if there's maybe
something missing,
anything that might help us.

John, was that always broken?

Hmm?

Oh.

Uh, yeah.

Locked myself out last summer.

I had to break it to get in.

Been meaning to fix that.

(dramatic music)

(dramatic music)

(dramatic music)
(dramatic music)
Oh my god!
(dramatic music)
(dramatic music)
(dramatic music)
(dramatic music)
Don't touch anything!
Don't touch anything!
PUT HER DOWN!
PUT HER DOWN!
(sobbing)
Yes, now!
I'm all alone here!!
He didn't mean to kill her.
He wrapped her...
with a- with a blanket.
(sobbing)
Oh, god!!
John, no.
Please, nobody touch her.
Please.
Please.
(sobbing)
My little angel...
It's gotta be an inside job.
(sobbing)
No. No.
No.
(sobbing)
No, no, no! No, my baby!
(sobbing hysterically)
Oh, no!
(sobbing hysterically)
Jesus!
You raised Lazarus
from the dead!
Please, raise my baby!
(sobbing)
I'm sorry.
I'm so very sorry.
It was a shit storm.
I was at the autopsy
this morning

and there's a six-year-old girl
with an eight
inch crack in her skull
and a garrote around her neck,
and you know what
they're trying to figure out?
What?
Which one of those killed her.
And when and what
and for how long
someone was shoving something
inside of her.
Signs of sexual abuse?
Would the parents
have any ideas?
A few, but we can't talk
to them since...
we thought it was a kidnapping!
These are influential people,
everyone was treating it all
with kid gloves,
hugging the body, cleaning up
a murder scene!
I moved the body, Steve.
It's all contaminated.
I don't even know why I-
(knocking)
Thomas?
Somebody here to see you.
Yeah.
Mr. Ramsey, you can't walk
away from an active crime scene.
They're getting
my plane ready.
I have important business
in Atlanta.
Your daughter?
We- we have unfinished
business here.
You can't go to Atlanta
or anywhere else.
We can't stay here
another moment.
We obviously have to talk

to you,
your wife and your son.
You'll stay with us.
Uh, I'll call you back.
Just um... give us a day.
Please.
We just lost our daughter.
These are my step-siblings
John Andrew and Melinda.
Their older sister died
in a car accident.
I know, most stories only
have one bad thing happen,
but this isn't a story.
This is real life.
Lots of bad things happen
in real life.
At least in mine.
This is a mistake.
We should be taking
them downtown.
Separating them.
It was the Commander's call.
Where are you going?
I woke up and my father said
JonBent was missing.
You know about what time
it was you woke up?
Didn't hear anything
before that in the night?
Uh-uh.
Nothing at all?
Just... when I went to bed
the water heater squeaks.
No... scream or cries?
A yell?
No raised voices?
No arguing?
Anything like that?
What's the first thing
you remember hearing?
My father woke me and
said JonBent was missing
and they were gonna find her.

Your father woke you?

Oh.

I thought you said your-

Do you know if we're still going
to Michigan?

I don't know.

What do you do up
in Michigan?

We get to skate on the lake
and build really big fires.

Sounds fun.

Let's get back to you waking up.

Can I go play video games?

(recording) Patsy? Patsy?

Patsy?

Now, listen.

There's more at the end.

Like she didn't completely
hang up.

(indistinct voices
on recording)

Patsy?

Pats- Patsy?

Patsy? Patsy? Patsy?

(indistinct voices)

It was clear on the call.

Like it was her voice
but not so hysterical.

Talking to someone nearby.

Who else knows about this?

No one.

Let's keep it that way.

FBI.

The Secret Service.

They do this stuff.

It's the War and Peace
of ransom notes.

Normally, it's "we have
your kid, get the money,
"we will call".

I've never seen anything
like this before.

Now, this guy for sure
didn't write it.

Now her?

There are a lot of similarities.

You definitely can't rule

her out.

She's-

Wait.

It's practice.

The note was written

on this pad.

That was John's lawyer.

Their investigators want

to talk to us.

They say the police always

look to the parents first

and they need to advise

John and Patsy.

Fleet?

Her bed didn't look slept in.

And she was wearing the same

clothes as the night before.

I don't think Patsy went to bed

that night.

Bye.

Goodnight, guys.

Merry Christmas.

Thank you, you guys!

Merry Christmas.

Goodnight, everybody.

Goodnight!

Merry Christmas!

(knocking)

Mrs. White?

Yes.

Detectives Thomas and Gossage,

with the BPD.

Would you mind if we asked you

a couple of questions?

Uh, we already talked to your...

your colleagues.

Why not? Everyone else has.

You just missed the last bunch.

Who was that?

Some private investigators

from John's lawyers.

Yeah?

What did they want?

Basically to know what we had
already told you.

Or anyone else.

Are they concerned
about something?

I guess you'd have
to ask them.

Mr. White, Mrs. White,

I want you to know
that in cases like this
it's natural to look at
the immediate family first.

Eliminate any potential-

That's what John says
the lawyers are for.

To shift focus to where
it should be.

And where's that?

You're the police.

You don't have any leads?

I want to remind you that under-

CRS 41.1:

Non-testimonial evidence only.

No questions.

Excellent.

Glad to see we're
on the same page.

We're here to help.

Will this help find who killed
my daughter?

I hope so.

I didn't kill my baby.

No one said you did.

(shutter snapping)

Today is mommy's birthday.

That's sad.

And let us say "amen".

(All):

Please let the family pass
and then join us afterwards

for a reception.

That's the housekeeper.

Who's handwriting looks

nothing like the note.

Nope.

(crowd clamouring)

...share what you're

feeling right now,

your level of frustration...

(crowd clamouring)

They're in mourning.

(crowd clamouring)

Get the mic out of his face!

(crowd continues shouting)

(bells toll)

(sobbing)

The mind cannot accept

and the heart refuses to grasp

the death of one so young

who was suddenly taken from us

by the cruelty and malice

of some unworthy person.

When a child is lost

one feels a part of the future

is gone.

(reporter) The Ramseys in

Atlanta today for the funeral

used to be where they lived

until 1991

and where JonBent was born.

The service, relatively small,

was attended by only

close friends of the family

and the Ramseys have continued

to cast suspicion on themselves

by not yet talking

to Boulder police.

Unconfirmed reports also

speculate that the Ramseys

are in fact now planning

to stay in Atlanta

from this point forward.

There are children here.

Hiding behind lawyers, P.I.s

and crisis management firms
is not the answer, John.
You look like O.J.
in the Bronco.
We're not confident in how
the police are handling this.
And we're gonna put up a
\$50,000 reward for information.
Like O.J.
What you do in
the next 24 hours
is gonna define
the rest of your life.
You need to come back to Boulder
and talk to the police.
Patsy needs to talk to them.
We do. We all do.
To find out what happened
to JonBent.
You're making it look like...
you're involved.
And we're gonna tell them
we're not.
We've made arrangements
to go on CNN.
CNN?!
And get all this cleared up.
Stop it from getting
out of control.
You need to talk to the police,
not CNN.
Please.
As your friends.
For the both of you.
For Burke.
Come back to Boulder.
When mommy and daddy
went on TV
it was the first time
most people saw them.
But on TV, mommy doesn't even
sound like herself,
and she looked so sad.
We are also assembling an

investigative team to assist.
We have to find-
I want... I want the best minds
this country has to offer.
There is a killer on the loose.
Absolutely.
I don't know who it is.
I don't know if it's
a he or a she,
but if I were a resident
of Boulder
I would tell my friends
to keep...
keep your babies close to you.
There's someone out there.
Mr. Burroughs!
Is it true the Ramseys
are back in Boulder
but still aren't cooperating
with police?
Absolutely not.
The Ramseys are back in Boulder
at an undisclosed location.
They're cooperating extensively,
they've answered
all the questions
the police have for them
at this time.
Answering a page of yes
or no's in legal speak
is not "cooperating".
Look- look at this.
The best recollection.
Neither has a memory.
It is believed.
Look at this.
This is straight out of
Johnny Cochrane's playbook.
Their attorneys are cooperating
with us, Steve.
I don't know what more
you want.
Don't you think you're spending
too much time on this?

I mean, what about John's disgruntled employee?
Well, yeah, we're looking at him,
but... the Ramsey's attorneys are running their own investigation, Pete, and it's not to help us.
I'm late, Steve.
They want to cooperate?
Tell them to bring in Burke, or social services is going to be at their doorstep taking him away.
Are you threatening them after everything they've been through?
Do you have children, Steve?
He's a minor who's sibling was murdered in his own house.
I'm not threatening, it's Colorado law.
Does yours have a moustache?
No.
Does yours have glasses?
No.
Do you usually wake up when you hear something?
Yeah, like a fridge door.
But you didn't hear anything at all?
Does yours have grey hair?
No.
How are things since she died?
Fine.
Do you feel safe after what happened?
Yeah.
Does yours have red hair?
No.
Do you know what did happen?
Yeah. She was killed.
Do you know how?
Someone quietly took her down

to the basement
and took a knife out or
hit her in the head.
And you're not afraid that
they're gonna come back for you
or your family?

No.

Do you have secrets, Burke?
Probably, and if I did
I wouldn't be telling you
because they wouldn't be
secrets anymore.

Hey, that's mine!

I'm sorry.

I can't drink that now.

How about I'll get you
another one

and in the meantime
would you like to draw me
a picture of your family?

I'll be right back.

I thought this would
be quicker.

He's been up there almost
an hour.

I can't tell you what a hole
it's left in me.

John's back at work,
Burke's going back to school.
And me.

JonBent was everything to me.

My little Jonny B.

I can't have any more children.

I had cancer surgery.

I'm sorry.

If I lost Burke I would have
no reason to go on living.

They don't want to take him
from you, Patsy.

They just want to ask him
some questions.

The plane implies remoteness.

Distance.

Small stature Patsy,

insignificance.
Powerlessness.
The fact that JonBent
isn't in it at all,
a week and a half
after the murder?
It's interesting,
but it's psychobabble.
It's not evidence.
He told the doc he was "just
getting on with his life".
He's nine.
We're getting umpteen calls
a day from kids
who are afraid this is gonna
happen to them.
And this kid,
who's just down the hall
from where it did happen,
he's not scared at all?
Look, it's the same thing
I said about John.
There's no such thing
as normal behaviour
after a trauma like this.
It's odd, but it's not evidence.
What I'd like you to do is
listen to the end,
after Patsy thought she had
hung up,
and just write down
what you hear.
I've done the same, so have
my staff, all independently.
Take your time.
Is this the part of the story
where the hero finally figures
out how to save the princess.
(exhales)
Alright, first, a woman. Patsy.
"Help me, Jesus.
Help me, Jesus."
And then a more distant voice.
"Please. What do I do?"

And then a man, John.
"We're not talking to you."
And then that other voice again.
"Well, what did you find?"
The other voice.
How would you describe it?
A young boy.

It's 2:

Yeah.
(sighs heavily)
I know.
I'm sorry, I'll be uh...
I'll be right up.
What a terrible thing to look at
right before you go to sleep.
I don't think I could do it.
Do what?
Have kids.
We left for dinner
at the Whites'
at approximately 4:30 pm.
The last thing she ate
was cracked crab.
At the Whites'.
She fell asleep in the car.
I carried her up
and put her in bed.
No, I did not check the doors
or the windows that night.
I don't know if Patsy slept
on the covers or under them.
I did not write that note.
Where was Burke when you
found the note and called 911?
Asleep.
Every puzzle can be solved,
except sometimes
you lose the pieces,
or forget where
you put them.
Or put the pieces
from one puzzle
in the box for a different

puzzle.

But if you find
all the right pieces
you can solve the puzzle
for sure.

He didn't ask anything about
the investigation, the autopsy,
how his daughter
was killed...

nothing.

His daughter was just murdered.
And that's the second daughter
he's lost.

He's numb.

Traumatized.

What's happening
with the 911 call?

We're reaching out
to some private firms
with some more
cutting-edge-

Hey. We've got the marker
that wrote the note.

It's an exclusive match
from the pot of pens
not far from the pad
in the kitchen.

(sighs)

They staged it.

It was an accident
and they staged it to look like
a blown kidnapping.

Don't jump to any conclusions.

I don't see a motive there.

And if it was an accident,
then how? And why?

To avoid bad press?

A kidnapping isn't any better.

We're just looking at the
evidence we have in front of us.

And why such a horrific staging?

Ok, what else are we pursuing?

Are we tracking the pedophiles
who may have attended

her pageants?

Yeah, it's uh... it's a lot to process.

Well, what's going on with the housekeeper?

We're doing a handwriting analysis.

Ok, well don't get locked into only one theory, Keep pushing on all fronts.

We need to talk to them.

To the Ramseys.

Separately and unprepared.

Which isn't gonna happen at this time.

The DA's words, not mine.

And according to the Ramseys' new lawyers they'll take written questions but they want to review everything in our case file before they talk to the police.

What?

Get some questions written up.

Dammit!

(knocking)

The DA has suspended any trace testing at CBI.

On what grounds?

No one was charged.

We can test anything we want.

John's lawyer asked them to.

There was male DNA found in her panties that still has not been identified.

It could be direct evidence of the perpetrator.

This is absurd.

Who's side is the DA on?

I'll take care of it.

Linda?

We're taking a lot of heat

for the way this all went down.
Well, maybe if the DA would...
No.
Four months into this thing...
I just can't keep
this much manpower-
No.
I need to do this.
Commander, please.
I made mistakes, I wanna
make good on them.
I'm building a relationship
with Patsy,
I can be invaluable to this.
I'm sorry, Linda.
(slams door)
(cacophony of news voices)
Mommy always said lots of people
would see me.
What's going on?
I'm not staying
on a damn desk job.
I'd rather quit.
Promise me.
Promise me you'll
see it through.
I'll see it through.
What happened after the
funeral with John, Fleet?
Nothing.
I told him to come back here.
No fight? Altercation?
Well, I was agitated.
I had a disagreement
with John's brother
and one of his team asking me
to stay out of things.
He's one of my best friends
and Priscilla and I just went
in and spoke our minds.
It was no fight.
Did someone say there was?
I just need you to confirm
a couple things we went over.

Sure.

Can anyone other than Priscilla corroborate your story that you didn't leave your house that night?

Anyone at all?

Woah, woah, woah.

Wait a second.

I want a public statement that neither Priscilla nor I are suspects.

Mr. White, I can't comment--

Look, we've given you handwriting, hair, blood, fingerprints, DNA.

We gave you a pound of flesh for that little girl.

Just tell me one thing.

Did John and Patsy suggest we had anything to do with this?

I can't comment on an ongoing investigation.

Make the statement.

It is the opinion of the FBI child abduction

and serial killer unit that the Ramseys conditions were inconsistent

with sound investigative practices and would not likely lead to a productive, investigative interview.

When the DA still forces us to show our entire hand the 911 tape stays with us.

Ok?

They're bringing in an outside investigator.

A guy named Lou Smit.

Lou Smit?

Yeah, he's a legend.

Heather Dawn Church case.

And 149 others.

The DA won't call
a Grand Jury yet,
but they're bringing on Smit to
advise and organize their case.
Yeah.

I couldn't sleep.
You think anyone will actually
read the police's statement?

I'm not looking
at the statement.

Last summer, months
before this happened,
Barb Fernie pointed out
that damaged door to Patsy.

We thought someone
had tried to break in.

She said it had been
John traveling,
always forgetting his keys.

Possible point of entry?

She knows!

She knows what that is!
People may not have liked
the pageants or the sexy outfits
or everything that Patsy
was putting JonBent into,
but an innocent six
year old girl is dead!

We fed her her last meal.

Who is going to start standing
up for the truth around here?

We are.

Detective Smit?

Lou.

Steve.

Thomas.

It's an honour.

Is that JonBent?

Yeah.

I've told her that
we're gonna solve this.

Let me show you something.

These are all cases I've been
privileged to help solve.

We're gonna get her
in there, too.
Yes, we are.
Can I show you around?
Lou?
We're about ready
to pull out.
You done?
I don't think I've ever seen
a more compromised crime scene
in my entire career.
Yeah.
There were mistakes made.
These were your people.
"Contaminated" doesn't
even describe it.
How do you account for that?
They thought they were
showing up to a kidnapping.
Just a kidnapping.
Basic police work.
Fundamentals.
No wonder the Ramseys
feel exposed.
I would, too.
I made a drawing once at school.
My teacher thought
it was a horse
and my friend thought
it was a fish.
It was a picture of me.
But nobody saw that.
I wish someone would
have seen that.
Beautiful day, Steve.
Why the cloud?
Did you hear the Ramseys
are moving to Atlanta?
Yeah.
Had to give them
our entire case file.
They're gonna be prepared
for anything we ask.
No surprises.

But Steve,
I don't think the Ramseys
had anything to do with it.
Here's how I see it.
He spotted her at
one of her pageants
or the recent Christmas parade.
He waited 'til they were gone
and then entered the house.
While they were out,
he familiarized himself
with the complicated layout
and then, knowing
he had time, sat down,
wrote the note, and waited.
(shutter snaps)
Around midnight
he crept upstairs
and immobilized
her with a taser.
(shutter snaps)
Lou, a taser is seriously loud.
Not if it's applied directly
to the skin.
He taped her mouth,
wrapped her in her blanket
and carried her downstairs.
(shutter snaps)
When she began to stir
he restrained her
and then did what he wanted.
When she awoke and managed
to rip the tape off and scream,
he struck her with a flashlight
and then panicked,
hid her in the cellar and
fled back out the way he came,
forgetting his ransom note
on the stairs.
Lou, there are thousands
of pages of material.
Hundreds of hours of video,
stacks of photos,
and you came to your conclusion

in 72 hours?

Mmmhmm.

And now I've had time to confirm and reconfirm it.

In my experience, murders usually are what they seem.

Rarely are they perfectly planned.

Nobody's saying this was planned, Lou.

This was an awful accident.

An outburst.

Something that was covered up and staged to look like something else.

Lou, the Heather Dawn Church case was great.

Everyone thought it was the family, you said it wasn't, that was true.

But that's not the blueprint for every case.

The blueprint for every case is evidence determining theory. Not theory determining evidence.

Steve, this is your first homicide, but remember, I've done a lot of these.

You won't find too many people in this department agreeing with you, Lou.

Or the FBI or any other agency who's taken a look at this.

It's not the first time.

Gentlemen.

I want to say something to the person or persons that committed this crime.

I mentioned the list of suspects narrows.

Soon there will be no one on the list but you.

This is nice.

A university professor saw me
on television and says
he would stake his reputation
that I'm innocent.

John?

I feel like the people
that are supposed to be
protecting JonBent aren't.

That includes the DA.

It's insane to suggest that we
need legal council to deal with
our own District Attorney,
but that's just it.

We don't trust him anymore.

Neither do we.

He's been accused in a national
magazine of being incompetent.

It's been almost a year and
he's done nothing for JonBent.

The lawyers that I've been
speaking with in Denver

have made a suggestion
that could just help us get
a fair hearing

with a Grand Jury,
but I can't do it by myself.

How can we help?

We want you to appoint
a special prosecutor.

To take the case completely
away from Hunter.

And politics and ego,
Governor.

Everyone seems
to have forgotten
that this is about a murdered
six-year-old girl.

Yes, I think they have.

Let me consider it.

Thank you, Governor.

He's not gonna do a thing.

So then what?

We take it to his boss.

The people who elected him.

"We must be mindful
however of the first cause
"of the investigation's failure
"the refusal of John
and Patsy Ramsey
"to cooperate fully
and genuinely."

I thought Fleet and Priscilla
were our friends.

Why would they do this?

That's exactly what everyone's
gonna think when they read it.

So the DA is trying to make
a deal for new interviews
with the Ramseys.

Hallelujah.

Looks like the Whites' letter
might have actually
had some impact.

What?

Chief sent the 911 tape.

To who?

DA or Team Ramsey?

It doesn't matter.

I scream at you.

What the hell is

"I scream at you"?

It's the voice on the 911 tape
that you never told us about.

I gave it to my brother-in-law
at the lab in Los Almos.

It's not John, Patsy or Burke.

It's someone, maybe Larry,

Curly or Moe

on a television somewhere.

"I scream at you".

No, look. It's there, Pete.

A young boy.

"What did you find?" I heard
it with my own ears.

And he heard "I scream at you"
and a Japanese guy's gonna hear

"domo arigato"

and a French man will hear

"parlez-vous Francais".
And you know what John's
lawyers are gonna say?
What?
"I laugh at you".
You should've given me
the tape, Steve.
An entomologist?
Mmmhmm.
About these webs.
Uh, Lou, an intruder would
have destroyed them
and wiped all the dust off
the window sill.
Not so fast.
Oh, sorry.
Are you saying the spider,
uh, spun them back
for a photo op?
That's why we need to talk
to an entomologist.
Oh, for god's sake, Lou.
Uh, is there an outside
chance of that?
Um, I guess.
There is.
Is there an outside chance
that the person killed her
in the basement and then
ran the flashlight upstairs
to the kitchen?
There is.
But forgot the ransom note
on the stairs?
There is.
No. There isn't.
Because an outside chance
of this
and an outside chance of that
and a hundred other
this and thats add up to
an outside chance of
the whole thing.
And there you go again,

detective.

You're letting the cart
lead the horse.

You know what I want to see,
Lou?

Yes. You want to see John Ramsey
hanging by his neck.

No.

Where was the John Ramsey
that lost his first daughter
in a car accident?

He was inconsolable.

Devastated.

Bed-ridden for weeks
over a car accident.

Where was that John Ramsey?

I can't say.

I've never lost two
daughters before.

Let me ask you this.

Where does the garrote fit
into your cart?

Why- why bother with something
so sadistic?

So cruel?

And what about the unknown
male DNA in her underwear?

That is a wild goose chase.

Steve.

Steve.

I've seen this before, Steve.

You're out to prove something.

It's got nothing to do
with this case.

If you guys are finished
in here...

Hunter just got a letter from
Ramsey saying a Grand Jury
won't be necessary
for them to talk.

What a surprise.

Go in front of a Grand Jury
or do an interview?

Tough choice.

JonBent fell asleep in the car.
She walked in slowly, went
up the spiral stairs to bed
with my mom behind her.
She was sound asleep.
Carried her in,
put her in her bed.
Say that the intruder was
someone that JonBent knew,
and they fed her the pineapple.
Priscilla has a jacket just
like that one I was wearing.
She's the type that might have
a stun gun.
My parents thought I was asleep,
but I wasn't.
I was pretending.
You're a Christian?
Will you swear to God
you didn't do this?
I swear to God.
Did your mother and father
prepare you
for this conversation?
No.
What if I told you we had
trace evidence that appears
to link you to the death
of your daughter?
I did not kill my child.
I didn't have a thing to do
with it.
Anyone else?
Your wife?
Swear to God?
I don't give a flying flip
about scientific evidence.
I swear to God.
What if it was an accident?
Somebody legally,
lawfully in the house-
You're going down
the wrong path, buddy.
What about Burke?

Burke Ramsey did not do this.
Ok? He did not do it.
Get off it.
Got anything you'd like
to ask me?
Is that a Rolex?
Are you aware there had been
prior vaginal intrusion
on JonBent?
What?
No I am not.
Prior to the night she
was killed?
I... I am...
I wouldn't know
what you're talking about.
I am... I am shocked.
This was not done by
a family member.
Didn't happen.
Period.
End of statement.
They're not gonna take this
to trial or a Grand Jury.
No.
What're we doing?
What's this all about?
We're doing our jobs.
Just 'cause they're not
doing theirs
doesn't mean we don't do ours.
We're better than that.
They think we're stupid, Ron.
They're laughing at us.
The DA, the Ramseys,
Lou Smit.
Nobody's laughing at us.
They are.
So what do you want
to do about it?
Walk.
You'll just walk?
Yeah.
What else am I gonna do

after this?
Just go back to work
like normal?
Catch a bad guy and uh,
maybe they'll prosecute him?
Don't be naive.
There's always politics.
Everybody's looking out
for their own skin.
But nobody's looking out
for her.
Except for us.
This is the one that matters.
If I walk now, it'll actually
say something.
Wait, the detective
isn't suppose to quit.
He's supposed to solve
the puzzle.
Why is he doing this?
This isn't how the story
is supposed to go.
"I cannot continue to sanction
by my silence
"for what has occurred
in this case.
"Steve Thomas, Badge 638."
He writes well,
I'll give him that.
Maybe the Whites were right.
We should consider
a special prosecutor.
Take Hunter out of it
altogether.
Get him on the phone.
The Grand Jury is
a compromise.
So Hunter doesn't have
to be removed.
It is, but it's still a win.
And a big one.
We know what you've given up,
Steve.
Whatever I've given up, the

point is it's not lip service.

Alex Hunter is not going
to be running it.

They're bringing in Mike Kane
from Pennsylvania.

He is a stand up guy.

I do think this is our shot
for JonBent.

What's this?

I will not be part of the
persecution of innocents.

Mr. Smit told the Grand Jury
that an intruder killed me
and kept trying to prove it
until he died in 2010.

The grand jurors have done
their work extraordinarily well,
bringing to bear all
of their legal powers,
life experiences,
and shrewdness.

Yet I must report to you
that I and my prosecution
task force
believe we do not have
sufficient evidence
to warrant the filing of charges
against anyone
who has been investigated
at this time.

If they don't indict,
a Grand Jury may issue
a report,
usually at the behest
of the DA.

Why the DA may not
have requested one
in this case remains
as shrouded in mystery
as the Grand Jury proceedings
themselves.

And that's the end of it.
Hunter and everyone else
just walks away squeaky clean.

No report.

No answers.

(reporter) The public continues to speculate on who broke into the Ramseys' house that night and killed the innocent six-year-old.

Andrea Kerry reporting-
Steve.

You did everything that you could.

I gave up.

No. Steve.

I gave up.

Steve.

Steve!

What're you doing?

I made a promise.

I need to tell the truth.

(reporter) Ramsey attorney Lin Wood responded swiftly to the publication of Thomas's book with a lawsuit. Uh, this is a man who has sat back and watched Steve Thomas put his daughter's name and picture on a book, illegally utilizing confidential police file information to write a book so that he can profit. He wants to profit off of the death of this child.

(reporter) As if in response to Thomas's book, John and Patsy Ramsey released today their own account of their daughter's death which starkly contradicts the former detective's account.

(phone ringing)

Hello?

Patsy?

It's Doctor Weiner.
Hi.
We got your scan results
back in.
Are you able to come
in this afternoon?
Sure.
Did they find something?
Come on in and we'll talk
about it then.
Patsy?
Yes.
I'll come in.
I had to take a job
trimming trees.
My boss is a kid named Carlos.
He's 19.
(laughs)
It's hard.
I read your book.
My legal bill?
Yeah? Bad?
It's all gone.
Everything.
I'm sorry.
I still think about
her sometimes.
Not a day goes by that
I don't think about her.
Yeah.
That was a lie.
I think about her
all the time.
I hear Patsy's cancer is back.
Oh, I didn't know that.
Well, I gotta get to work.
What're you doing now?
I started a small
carpentry business.
That fits.
That's good.
Yeah.
It's good to see you, Steve.
You too.

Patsy?

You once asked me to find
JonBent's killer.

I did.

And I told you that I would.

You did.

Patsy, there was just you,
John and Burke in that house.

Is there something you want
to tell me now?

(sawing)

(saw stops)

In a startling development
in the JonBent Ramsey case,
in response to a lawsuit
brought by
the Reporter's Committee
for Freedom of the Press,
the court released today
four pages
of an 18-page Grand Jury
indictment
secretly issued in 1999
against John and Patsy Ramsey
charging the couple
with two counts each
of child abuse resulting in
death an accessory to murder.
Andrea Kerry reporting live
in Boulder, Colorado.
This is where I am now.
I've been here for 20 years.
I've seen a lot of things
from here.
I've seen mommy die.
I've seen daddy
get married again.
Burke working with computers.
I've seen you, too.
All of you, looking at me.
What do you see
when you look at me?
What does Steve see?
I'm sorry.

I forgive you, Steve.
And I'm sorry, too.
Your life would have been
better without me.
All the bedtime stories
mommy and daddy read to me
had happy endings,
but my story doesn't have
an ending at all
because it's not a fairy tale.
It's real life.
And in the story of my life
the bad guys don't get caught
the nice people don't win.
I can't click my ruby slippers
and go back home.
I still don't know who
the bad guy in my story is.
I guess I never will.
Maybe that's ok with me now.
Maybe I can let go.
Can you?