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The Alphabet Killer

By Tom Malloy

Woman:

Mostly the job is to ask questions.

The frustrating part,
the part that drives you crazy,
is that the people you really
want to talk to
are dead.

Help me!

Please help me!

Please!

Please!

No, leave me alone.

Please!

Help me!

Help me please!

Help!

Someone help me!

Please!

Please, someone help me.

Please.

Please.

Hey.

Lieutenant.

Any idea who she is?

No.

I didn't want to move her.

God, it's awful.

There are grass stains on her pants.

He dragged her.

You okay?

Did you just touch me?

Huh-uh.

Wow.

I've had way too much coffee.

Um...

looks like there's some kind of
white hair on her jacket.

- Maybe animal fur?

- Man:

- Watch your step.

- I know.

Think it's hers?

Yeah.

How do you know?

He raped her and then
strangled her to death.

Then put her pants back on?

That's my guess.

There you are.

Here.

- Brought you some tea.

- Thanks.

You're welcome.

You making a war room?

Carla had asthma.

I think the cat hair was in the car.

Uh-huh.

So...

you're not gonna, um...

stay up all night with this stuff,
are you?

No.

It's couple's night.

I'm sleeping with you.

Uh-huh.

When?

Soon.

Good.

- Don't be mad.

- I'm not.

Can I ask you one question?

What?

Why do you think she got in the car?

It's kind of late, honey.

Why don't you give it a rest, huh?

Why did you get in the car?

Man:

with the initial profiles.

They feel there's a good chance

the killer's out of state;

sloppy, low intelligence;

someone with a knowledge

of Rochester who resides elsewhere;

probably a marginal type personality.

Okay, Megan.

He's not sloppy.
He didn't choose her at random.
And we're wasting our time looking
for truck drivers and transients.
The guy chased her in reverse
in broad daylight
in front of a dozen witnesses,
for Christ's sakes.
The kid got lucky for 20 seconds.
He's cold and calculating
and he's gonna do it again.
No, we don't have a serial killer.
He's an emotional impulse-driven
bumbling fuck up.
He's probably 1000 miles
from here running in terror.
What do you think, Ken?
Carla Castillo was a smart kid.
I don't think she's get
into a car with anyone
who looked like even
a marginal transient.
I'm not saying the guy looks
like fucking Leatherface.
I'm saying...
The crime scene had all the earmarks
of a disorganized killer.
Do you know how many people have
the same first and last initial?
So the killer found a way to get
Carla Castillo into his car
and he drove her to Churchville.
That is not random.
- It might be.
- It's got nothing to do with the initials.
He watched her for a long time.
He waited and he did it exactly
the way he wanted to.
Any loss of control he displays
is intentional.
Megan, we've interviewed everybody
who ever met this girl
and we've got nothing.
Well, please let me interview them again.

Mr. Castillo?
Hey.
You have news?
No.
Nothing concrete yet.
No.
You're here to see me then?
Yeah. I was hoping maybe
we could talk a little more.
Can I get you something?
Hank, this lady is a police officer.
Oh.
Soda? Something?
No, thank you.
How about some coffee?
Just made it fresh.
That would be great.
Thanks.
- Let's go upstairs.
- Okay.

Megan:

Was Tuesday the only day you saw Carla?
Pretty much, usually.
Her mother and I had a falling out.
I would like to have seen
her more, don't get me wrong.
And what would you do?
Have dinner.
Watch TV.
Talk.
What did she like to eat?
You think I had something to do
with what happened, huh?
No.
Then why are you asking me
this stuff again?
I want to find the man that hurt
your daughter, Jay.
I need to understand everything
that was happening
because anything could be important.
Spaghetti, French fries,
Chinese takeout,

tacos from the deli.

Great.

In some of the photos she's wearing
a medallion of some kind.

Jay:

St. Philomena.

The patron saint of children.

Her grandmother gave her that.

I haven't found it.

She wasn't wearing it and it wasn't
recovered at the scene.

Maybe she lost it.

What did she talk about
when she came over?

Schoolwork, friends...

kid stuff, like I told you.

You okay?

Yes.

Um, sorry.

What were her friends' names?

Carla saw her father on Tuesdays?

Yes.

Until 6:

or 7:

That's right.

I spoke to the bus drivers
who run that route on Tuesdays.

They weren't very helpful.

They couldn't remember
whether or not they saw her.

Carla was a quiet girl.

You would not even notice
when she was in the room.

Was there anyone else
she regularly visited?

Other family?

No.

Jay's mom.

She was the only family
in Rochester.

She died about a month ago.

We didn't get along well
when she was alive.
We hadn't seen her in years.
Did Carla have any older friends
that you might have forgotten?
You asked me all this before.
I really want to help you
but I don't know how.
I'm so sorry, I...
I just don't feel good.
Okay.
Do you mind if I look
in her room again?
Carla, what are you hiding?

Carla's voice:

Megan.
Megan.
Hey.
I'm... I'm sorry.
L...
I was looking under the bed
and I was startled.
You should go.
I apologize.
Uh-huh.
Where are you?
Um, it's time for you to stop
working on Castillo.
It's...
It's just that it's having
a bad effect on you.
People are complaining
about your behavior.
What people?
Look, Ray, you know
I get a little bit obsessed.
That's my process.
And yes, I know that can be
spooky to some people.
Everyone has given credible deference
to your process, Megan.
And because of your track record...
it may be too much though.

People say they've seen you
talking to yourself.
That's bullshit.
Yeah.
This is the number of my psychologist.
She's been incredibly
helpful to me.
- It's bullshit, Captain.
- No no, shh.
She's expecting your call.
So what I want you to do is take
the vacation time you saved up
and just, you know, cool out
and get a handle on things.
I'm not going to stop.
You most certainly are.

Carla's voice:

Megan, help me.
Help me, Megan.
Help me.
Why don't you help me?
Help me.
Help me.
Help me.
Help me, Megan.
- Tell me.
- Yes.

Carla's voice:

'Cause I'm dead.
'Cause I'm dead.
I'm so sorry, Carla.
I can't find him.
Please.
I don't even sleep anymore.

Carla's voice:

Help me! Help me!
Help me!
Help me!
Honey?
Jesus. Megan!
Megan!

Thank you.

Hi.

- How's she doing?

- Stable.

What happened?

I believe she's had
what is referred to
as an adult onset of schizophrenia.

Schizophrenia?

How is that possible?

She's been normal
her whole life.

Has she had some sort
of trauma recently?

I mean, she was...

I don't know if it was traumatic or not,
but she was recently taken off
the Carla Castillo investigation.

What now?

I mean, will she get better?

We've got a long road ahead.

Carla's voice:

Help me.

Tim:

trapped in a loop.

There's no way to stop it.

Just the same upsetting,
awful thoughts over and over.

I would just be racked with panic 24/7.

My family has trouble understanding
why I did the things I did.

I guess I can't blame them.

But I wish they would talk to me.

Anyway, my doctor's
changing medication
and they seem to be helping again.

Lawyer says the charges
might be dropped,

so I guess things are looking up.

Richard:

Thank you for sharing that with us.

I can relate completely
to your wanting your family
to talk with you.
I put myself in this chair
by crashing my brother's Lexus
into a wall.
It didn't work.
He still didn't speak to me.
And now he's gone.
But, uh...
does anybody else wanna...?
Well, a lot of what Tim
was saying sounded familiar.
I lost my fiance to my disease.
I lost my career.
I was well respected
but now I realize
that a good deal of my success
came from the way I would fixate
when I was on a case.
I guess I would go a bit manic,
which would sometimes
allow me an insight.
I guess I was able
to keep it under control,
to sort of channel it
for a while.
But two years ago
I had a case that...
I don't know,
blew my circuits.
My failure to solve it
left me desolate.
I couldn't get it
out of my mind.
I was hallucinating around it
and I couldn't imagine a time
when it wasn't with me
constantly.
So I tried to kill myself.
But now the doctors say
that by doing all the right things,
ignoring my ghosts,
trusting my safe people...

Parks and, well, you...
that I have a pretty good chance at
leading a more or less
functional life.

Richard:

So you're back at work?
Rubber gun division.
They have to give me a job
or the union will go after the city.
Oh.

So they have me in
the records department
where I won't get
in any trouble.
It's better than it sounds.

Does your ex...
he still works there?

- Oh yeah.

- Yeah?

He's made captain.

So he's the boss.

I have him to thank for the job.

But if it weren't for you,
I never would have made
it out of Park Ridge.

No no. Now that's the first
dumb thing I've heard you say.

Well, then you haven't been listening.

What about you?

- Are you heading back to work?

- No no.

My doctor said I have to stay
away from calculators.

I know what you must have
gone through.

Numbers are a bitch.

I used to calculate the probability
of different scenarios
over and over.

Like the chance that
the three C's were random.

Your Castillo murder case?

Yeah.

If 2% of the population
have matching first and last initials
what are the chances
that Carla Castillo
would be dumped in a town
that started with the letter C?
I'd plug in different variables
but I never got a number
that was lower than one in 1400.
You may never know.
And you may have to live with that.
You're a smart crazy, Ledge.
Where is it?
Jean, it's the little girl.
It's the Walsh girl.

Megan:

He has six outstanding tickets.
Yes, you can impound his car.
No problem.
- Hey, guys, what's up?
- Nothing.
Angelo, get down there.
See if you can get me a witness.
Go now.
Go ahead.
How did the press
find out about that?
- Ken.
- Not now.
No, go ahead, Bob.
Continue.
What?
Wendy Walsh, driven 30 miles
to be killed in Webster.
Why are you looking at me like that?
I'm not gonna freak out.
Okay, so you were right.
But that doesn't alter
the fact that you...
Had a meltdown?
I know.
How did he strangle her?
Oh, come on, Ken.

How did he do it?
There hasn't been a autopsy yet.
From the marks on her neck
it doesn't look like he used his hands.
He used a belt
from behind, okay?
Look, Meg,
this is pointless.
You're not an investigator anymore.
I can help.
You know it.
Look, Meg,
I don't think you should
take on the stress, okay?
Ken, I'm fine.
Look, I'm taking medication.
I know the warning signs.
I'm in a support group.
I'm in therapy.
I'm not gonna snap
and I need to do this.
- You want more coffee?
- No, thank you.
Yes, fill his cup.
He can't go home yet.
There was cat hair,
wasn't there?
I knew it.
I knew it last time.
Let me help you, please, Ken.
You can ride with Harper
on a trial basis, okay?
You're a consultant only.
You observe, advise
and consult, that's it.
You don't conduct interviews
on your own.
He takes the lead.
You don't handle evidence,
you don't go near evidence.
If we catch this guy I don't want
some defense attorney
using your mental history
to destroy our case.

Jesus, this is a bad idea.
And you don't load your weapon,
all right?
Ken, this is a good idea.
You want to catch him too.
Can I finish eating now, please?
Yes.
Thank you.
You meeting Eileen?
How'd you know?
Everyone knows.
She's very pretty.
Thanks.

Ken:

Everyone in this room,
you are now assigned
to the task force
for the Castillo-Walsh
investigations full time.
I want you to clear your desks
of everything else you're working on.
Now we're proceeding
with the assumption
the killings were perpetrated
by the same individual...
and that we're dealing with
an active local serial killer.
Both victims have traces
of the same white cat hair
on their clothing.
Now in the matter of the Walsh killing,
we have jurisdiction
over the kidnapping only.
Since the murder took place
in Webster,
we're gonna be sharing the case
with Webster PD
who have promised
to cooperate fully.

Ken:

Biggs, you'll be coordinating with them.
Now I want all known pedophiles

in the area questioned.
I want surveillance on the dump sites,
the victim's graves
and the general neighborhoods
from where the girls disappeared.
Now I'm sure I don't have
to remind you all
to conduct yourselves calmly
and professionally.
Okay, that's it.
Harper, I need a word with you.
I charted everywhere
Carla commonly went.
Blue means by bus,
red means on foot.
There's got to be some crossover
with Wendy somewhere.
- What?
- Nothing.
What's on your mind, Harper?
Honesty breeds trust.
No it doesn't.
All right, come on.
Just say it.
What, you think I'm going
to endanger you?
I think you're gonna endanger this case
and possibly yourself.
I think you were an excellent detective
who should've accepted full disability
for your mental illness.
I know that the department
keeps you around out of pity.
And I think the captain's
decision is insane
and it wouldn't happen if it weren't
for your past relationship.
You trust me now?
I can help with this.
Honey, Captain tells me you're gonna
consult, you're gonna consult.
What the hell can I do about it?
Just keep in the back
and stay out of the way.

You think it's okay
to call me honey?
No, that was inappropriate.
Apology accepted.

Harper:

an unusual interest in Wendy?
Unusual, no.
She was a great kid.
Everyone liked her.
She was baptized.
Are you active in the church?
We go...
we went to...
Mass on Sundays
at St. Michael's
and Wendy went to a church-sponsored
camping trip last summer.
She met her friend Zoe there.
They used to...
She and Zoe were best friends.
I'd like to make a list
of all of Wendy's friends.
Oh, they're right in her cell phone.
Jim, would you...?
Jim?
She'd always forget this.
And then she wouldn't be able to
call me when she...
when she needed me.
- Jim.
- When she needed me.
Jim, let them help us, hmm?
Let them help us.
It's all right.
It's all right.
- Here you go.
- Thank you.
Would you mind if I looked
in Wendy's room?
No.
Right up the stairs.

- Girl's voice:

- Hey, I just got a call.

A homeless man
saw the abduction.

Man:

I think I saw her, you know?

I'm a witness, you know?

- Hey, we got it.

- I think I'm the last person to see her.

I was talking to her right before
she got into the car.

What did you talk to her about?

I needed money.

Somebody stole my basket.

I got no place to carry my stuff.

- Did she give you money?

- No.

What happened after she passed you?

She walked up that way

and then she got into a blue car.

And I didn't see anybody after that
'cause the driver was blocked.

Harper:

of the make of the car?

Man:

Yeah, it was blue.

Harper:

Do you know what kind of blue car?

Man:

No, my eyes are not so good.

Harper:

you be able to identify the kind of car?

I don't know, maybe.

Man:

It's not right, you know?

She wasn't bothering nobody.

I'm only gonna ask you this once.

Are you fucking okay?

Yeah.

Jesus Christ, are you kidding?

My wrists have carpal tunnel
from typing.

Give me a break.

- Megan.

- Richard.

Hey, I've been thinking about
you ever since I saw...

what's wrong?

- Do you have a few minutes?

- Yeah, come in.

Megan:

I can't stop the restlessness.

I've begun to hallucinate
and hear voices again.

I don't suppose you've talk
to Dr. Parks about this?

No no.

You know what he'd say.

Oh yeah, he'd say,

"Megan, I think you should
be off the case.

I think there's some
misguided martyrdom. "

Yada yada yada.

But still, I don't...

I just don't know

what your suffering...

how that's gonna help

those poor children.

Best thing you can do

is leave Rochester.

I won't stop.

It's in my brain now and it's not
gonna let go until I find him.

You do realize

that's the disease talking?

Okay, I think we're all set.

Yeah.

Okay, now here's the thing:

If you're not gonna listen to reason,
you've got to catch this bastard

as soon as you can
while you're still in one piece.

Okay?

I will.

Carl Tanner, he's a social worker.

- He briefly assisted the Castillos.

- What's this?

A connection.

Carla and Wendy.

We interviewed him two years ago but
his connection to Carla was only tenuous.

So what's he got to do with Wendy?

He's her father's first cousin.

How come no one noticed this?

He changed his name.

It used to be Walsh, now it's Tanner.

- There's another thing.

- What?

In 1982 he chaperoned a school trip
to a canning factory.

A 10-year-old got separated
from the group,
fell from a balcony and died.

- Any evidence of foul play?

- No.

But it's interesting.

Harper:

You go over your notes on this guy?

- Yeah.

- What was he like?

Friendly, eager but not very helpful.

How are you gonna handle him?

You found him.

If he's our guy he likes to feel in control.

He thinks he's tricky and clever
but he can only really assert dominance
against prepubescent girls.

- He's a coward.

- Yeah.

So how do we find out
if Carl's our boy?

Rattle his cage
and see how he does.

Good answer.

It's 4:

Who are the kids?

After school program...

disadvantaged youth.

Parents have drug problems.

Megan. Megan!

Yeah? Sorry.

- Mr. Tanner.

- Yes?

- We'd like a word with you.

- Sure.

Oh, hi. I talked to you

a couple years ago about Carla.

Step away from the children, please.

Okay.

Sandy, would you

watch Jenny for me, please?

Thank you.

So what's going on?

How well did you know

Wendy Walsh?

You know, I already talked to

the policeman from Webster about Wendy.

Answer the question, please.

Well, she was my cousin's kid.

We weren't particularly close.

Probably met her

about a half a dozen times.

Why did you change your name?

What the hell's that got

to do with anything?

Were you trying to run

away from something?

No, I didn't get along

with my father so...

Children around you have

a way of ending up dead.

- What?

- Megan:

Oh my God.

Are you people kidding me?

That was 15 years ago.
I was nowhere near Monica.
That was Lydia's fault.
You got to admit there are a lot
of coincidences.
Look, I didn't do anything wrong.
I mean, my God, I work all day
to help children.
At night I go home to my wife.
Talk to those other cops.
I told them everything.

Harper:

So what do you think?
- He's convincing.
- Yeah.
You know what would have
helped a hell of a lot?
Is knowing what Webster
got out of him.
No kidding.
Where to next?
Webster.
I'm sorry for the holdup.
Detective Harper, Officer Paige.
Your reputation precedes you,
young lady.
A mixed blessing for sure.
Not at all.
How can I help you?
As you know,
Rochester and Webster
are covering a lot
of the same ground.
We're anxious to pool our resources.
Well, I think that's a great idea.
We're gonna do everything
we can to help you.
Perfect. We'd like to talk
to the officers
who interviewed Carl Tanner,
the social worker.
I'm sorry, but everyone's
in the field at the moment.

Then we'd like to see the reports.

Carl Tanner.

I'll have somebody dig up

that information

and get it to you

just as soon as I can.

We've taken an interest

in him as a suspect

We really need to see this today.

Detective Harper,

we're real anxious to help you

solve the kidnapping

aspects of this crime,

but it's a little hectic around here at the

moment because we're solving a murder

and I just do not have the resources

to just drop everything

and play fetch for you.

Fuck!

Son of a bitch.

Well, I guess now Webster's gonna place

Carl Tanner at the top of their list.

Yeah, we blew it.

I always heard he was an asshole.

We should have been ready for it.

We were perfectly reasonable.

And he took it as a challenge,

an affront to his authority.

We should have flattered him.

You're an attractive woman,

we could have used that.

What are you saying?

You want me to go back

and shake my tits for him?

Sorry, I'm just...

I would have done it

if I thought it might help.

How are you doing?

So you can go back

and report to Kenneth?

I'm just concerned.

I'm hanging in there.

Thanks.

Melissa Maestro.

- Melissa Maestro.

- Shut up.

Her name is Melissa Maestro.

- MM, y'all.

- You're gonna get raped.

He's gonna take you to Mortimer.

She's gonna die in Mortimer.

- There's a problem.

- What?

missing this afternoon.

What's her name?

Melissa Maestro.

I thought you had a unit covering
every girl whose initials matched.

We fucked up.

Girl's voice:

Megan.

Ken:

I guess Carl Tanner's off the hook.

Meg, what have you

come up with so far?

Any connections to the other girls?

Melissa and Wendy both attended

St. Michael's Church.

- And Carla?

- She lived in Greece.

Too far a drive

from Rochester for them.

Hmm.

Any other commonalities?

Nothing with all three.

Melissa and Wendy

took gymnastics at the same studio.

Different years, different teachers.

Ken:

Check it out. What else?

Harper:

Carla and Melissa were both asthmatic.

They had different doctors

but we're checking to see

if they used the same lab.
And Wendy and Melissa had both visited
the aquarium in the last year.
It's a stretch.
That's all you got?
All right.
Follow everything.
And I want some results, people.
All right?
I'd rather not have to tell
another parent in this community
that their child has been murdered
if you don't mind.
- There's been another killing.

- Richard:

That's not why I'm calling.
What do you mean?
I'm hallucinating, Richard.
And I get these bouts
where my hands are shaking
all over the place even though
I stopped taking the pills.
It's the worst of both worlds.
And I'm afraid people
are starting to notice.
Well, you know, starting
and stopping your medication
can be significantly worse
than not taking anything at all.
And the stress isn't good, Megan.
You're relapsing,
that's what's happening.

Man on radio:

is the Alphabet Killer.

Richard:

You know why.

Man on radio:

Victim's name is Elizabeth Eckers. EE.

- Richard, hang on one second.

- Sure.

The suspect is holding
her hostage in the attic
- inside the residence at 216...
- Hello, are you there?
- I'm sorry, I've got to call you back.
- He's armed and considered dangerous.

Officer:

Move those cars to the side.

Baker.

- What's the story?

- Hey, Megan.

Guy's a volunteer at the firehouse,
name of Len Schaefer.

He's got a history of mental illness.

He's got two hostages up there
in his room, his mother and a girl.

Suspect allegedly
tried to rape the girl.

She locked herself in the bathroom
and called 911.

- How old is she?

- 19. College student.

for the Alphabet Killings?

Yeah, girls name is Elizabeth Eckers.

- Len Schaefer?

- Yeah, that's his name.

- Baker, hold this.

- What are you doing?

You can't go in there, Megan.

Officer:

Wait wait! Get back!

Hold on.

Get back here.

Len?

Hey, it's cool.

I'm not carrying a gun.

I'm coming up, okay?

Len:

Stay the fuck away!

Listen, my name is Megan.

I'm not armed.

I'll tell you, those cops out there
have got some crazy ideas.
I'm just here to help.
I'm coming upstairs
so I can talk to you, okay?
I just want to talk to you.
Len, I'm gonna come up.
Please don't shoot me.
Hey, Len.
Don't move.
Mrs. Schaefer, Elizabeth.
What's the story?
Beth called the fucking cops and now
they think I killed those girls.
He tried to rape me.
I went to the bathroom
because he was...
You said you were getting a condom.
You know what happens
when you drink.
Shut up, Mom.
Len, those cops outside
have a lot of ideas.
I didn't kill those girls.
That's obvious.
What we need to do is make sure
this gets cleared up
without anyone getting hurt.
Do you know what
they're calling this out there?
A hostage situation.
- Oh, Len.
- Those fucking bastards.

Megan:

You know what I see?
An argument.
Does that make sense?
Yes.
And what do you think, Elizabeth?
He tried to rape me!
Which I guess led to an argument.

Megan:

Now, Len,
she needs to go.
She's gonna lie about me.
And you'll have the chance
to explain that if you let her go
and everyone sees that you
don't mean to hurt anyone.
This was an argument.
I didn't do anything wrong.
I didn't do anything.
Good.
We're good.
I just don't like it when
everyone's mad at me.

Megan:

Elizabeth, you can get up now.

Officer:

Go go go go.
- What do people call you?
- Um, Beth.
- Not Elizabeth?
- No. Never.
I'm so sorry, Mrs. Schaefer.
- Get the board.
- Mrs. Schaefer?
Here, we've got it.
Get the defibrillator.
He agreed to let Elizabeth leave.
He put the gun down on the television
and he stepped towards the window.
He said, "I just don't like it
when everyone's mad at me. "
And then he was shot.
Did he pick the gun back up
before moving to the window?
No, the gun was on the television
when he was shot.
Sorry, got here as soon as I could.
Megan, a word.

Megan:

The gun was on the table.

Ken:

a half dozen cops who say
that Schaefer was making
a threatening gesture with it.
Well, they're lying.
They escalated the conflict.
That guy was not the killer.
He could barely tie his own fucking shoes.
Oh, and that makes him innocent?
Elizabeth was 19 years old,
for Christ's sakes.
And do you know what he called her?
Beth.
No one even called her Elizabeth.
Meg. Meg.
The DNA tests came back.
The cat hair that was in his house
was a positive match.
It was positive.
That doesn't make sense.
The gun was on the table, Ken.
That's the truth.
Listen, Len Schaefer kept that girl
hostage for two hours at gunpoint.
He was ranting and dangerous.
The cop who fired saw
an opening and took it.
I'd have done the same thing.
So would you.
It was a righteous shooting, okay?
Now you want to contest
the fine points, go ahead.
You'll lose.
There'll be a hearing into
your conduct in the matter.
Oh yeah.
And the board will find
that you were delusional,
that you disobeyed an order
and you endangered lives.
And you'll be fired
and I'll be censured
and most likely demoted

for putting you on the case.
This whole thing has been
embarrassing enough, Megan.
But it makes no sense.
Do you know what everyone calls her?
Beth.
You told me that already.
Now where was the gun, Meg?

Norcross on TV:

Good evening.
We believe that the man who the press
labeled as the Alphabet Killer
was shot and killed this evening.
Suspect's name was Len Schaefer.
He was an employee of
the Webster Fire Department.
He may have been using
a fireman's uniform
to lure his victims into his vehicle.
When the police arrived
on the scene this evening
he was holding
a young lady at gunpoint,
a young lady who had
double initials in her name.
Suspect was allegedly trying
to rape the young lady
when the police intervened.
He brandished a weapon at the officers.
The officers shot and killed him.
The young lady suffered no injuries.
She's recovering well.
We're still gathering evidence,
but I think it's safe to say
that this dark chapter in our community's
history is coming to an end.
Are there any questions?
Oh!
I wanted to catch you
before you left.
- Mmm.
- You okay?
Hey, Megan...

I wanted to say it was actually
nice working with you.
I'm sorry it ended this way.
No, it's all right.
I've still got my job
in the records department.
For now.
You don't think Len Schaefer
committed those murders, do you?
I don't know.
It's certainly not the way I imagined it.
Are you still on the case?
Another week or two
to close the files.
It's been a tough one, Meg.
Did you mean that?
Sorry.
No.
I don't think so.
- I'm... I'm just really...
- It's okay. It's okay.
No need to explain.
I'll see you soon.

Megan:

about the abduction
so that I could tie up
some loose ends.
You know, I'm surprised
you're still on the job.
But of course we'll share
any information we have.
Now that you got the collar.
That's correct.
Um, when did you know
that the Alphabet Killer
was Len Schaefer?
He assaulted a young girl,
a young girl with double initials.
The color of his personal car matched.
And when the tests from the cat hair
came back positive
we were pretty sure that confirmed it.
Your men found the cat hair

when they searched Len's house?
First the car then the house, yes.
Mmm, I saw some as well.
The cat hair.
You've been back to the crime scene.
Now isn't that interesting?
Who gave you permission?
The cat hair was only on one chair.
Probably his favorite.
Mmm. You know there was
something very strange though.
- And what was that?
- There was no cat food in the house.
There was no litter either.
Well, he probably crapped outside.
- What did he eat?
- Mice.
He ate mice.
I think that you planted that evidence.
I think that you planted that cat fur.
You get the fuck out of my office
right now.
Why did you do it?
Did you plant the evidence to ensure
Schaefer's conviction?
Or were you covering something up?
I didn't do a goddamn thing.
But let me tell you something:
If someone did, in theory,
do something
to protect the public,
to close the book on a wretched killer,
even if it was against the rules,
then I'd have to say
this person did the right thing.
Unless this person had the wrong guy
and children continue to die.
You know, I heard you were crazy.
Now you go on now.
Get out.
Get out.
Help us, Megan.
Hey, you're that policewoman.
Yeah.

You're the bartender from Richmond's.
Yeah, Hank.
Good memory.
You came in and spoke with Jay Castillo
a few times a couple years ago.
Carla Castillo's father.
That's right.
How's he doing?
He stopped drinking.
It's a start.
So you don't see
much of his anymore?
Oh, I see him all the time.
We're neighbors.
Did you know Carla?
Yeah, nice kid.
Did you notice anything different
about her before she was killed?
No.
Well, I didn't see much of her then.
She stopped coming around
about six months earlier.
What are you talking about?
You didn't know?
They had a big fight.
Jay's drinking got pretty bad
at that point.
- Listen, take care.
- Yeah, sure.
Where'd Carla go
on Tuesday afternoons?
It's been a long time.
About two years.
Why'd you lie, Jay?
I was a shit father.
I wasn't fit to take care of her,
not even for a few hours.
One night I got drunk...
and I yelled at her.
So bad...
I had her go with
her grandmother after that.
For how long?
Six months or so.

Why would your wife disapprove?
My mother, she's...
she's very Catholic.
She gave Carla that necklace.
And if my wife...
Where did your mother
take her on Tuesdays?
St. Michael's.
A church in Rochester.

- Ken:

- I found a connection.
Carla went to St. Michael's on Tuesdays,
not her father's.
Megan, you are in a world of shit.
Norcross called me screaming
his head off about you.
Ken. Ken, St. Michael's
is the connection.
All three girls went there.
I'm going there right now.
No, you are not.
You're coming in right now
or I swear to God, I'm gonna send
a patrol car to that church to freakin'...

Man:

come to church
or is it just you and your mom?
Your dad too?
Aren't you tired?
No, it's not.
No, she'd like to give you a kiss.
It's true.
So next year
you're gonna be in the choir.
Yes.
Why don't you go over there?
My name is Megan Paige.
I'm a detective with the Rochester
Police Department.
I'm gonna need some information.
Do you have any...?
I need to talk to you.

Of course.

This way.

And I'm gonna need a list
of everyone who's been involved
in this church in the last five years...
priests, parishioners, janitors,
whoever else I'm not thinking of.

You know the church
will help the police
in any way we can,
but I can't provide you with information
about our parishioners
without permission.

Can you call someone
and get that permission?

I can try.

Help, Megan.

This is the place.

Books.

Do you pray for the girls?

Excuse me?

Do you pray for the angels
who were called back to heaven?

Yes, I guess so.

That's good.

What the hell is this?

They were our own angels.

What is wrong with you?

And what is that goddamn music?

There's no music.

- What? Fuck.

- Oh no.

- Oh! Oh no.

- Fuck.

- No, please.

- Who is this fuck?

- Oh, please.

- What? God.

God!

No no no no no.

I can hear you.

I can hear you.

I can hear you!

I know!

But where?

God!

I can't take it.

Megan!

Wow.

Dj vu.

Megan.

How are you feeling?

My head hurts.

Was Captain Shine here?

He left about five minutes ago.

Shit.

I have to talk to him.

He'll be back.

Not good enough.

Hold on, Meg.

You shouldn't leave.

It's not what you need right now.

Shouldn't leave or can't leave?

Do you have a court order?

We do.

We have 14 days to observe you.

But the point is we all want
what's best for you.

We're all in this together.

Did you put me on Thorazine?

You were having a violent
episode when you arrived.

- It's just to give you some clarity.

- Fuck that.

Meg.

Nurse, send Alex in here, please.

Megan.

You're delusional.

It's the disease that makes
you want to do this.

I'm a detective, Dr. Parks.

I have a case to solve.

You're not a detective, Meg.

You were a detective.

You're sick now.

I'm warning you, Dr. Parks,
do not impede this investigation.

You remember when you wanted

to kill yourself?
This is the same thing.
It's your sickness, Meg.
Megan. Meg.
Meg, let's just calm down
and think about what's best.
What do you want me to do?
Let her think.
Wait wait, Alex.
Wait. No!
Down. Down. Down.
Easy. Easy. Easy.
You follow me out
and I will break your other arm.
Dr. Park, you're a nice man
and I will not hit you
unless you come out of this room
before I'm gone.
They've got my house staked out.
They aren't messing around.
Well, listen, you can stay here
as long as you can stand the company.
Have you got a plan?
I'm gonna break into that church
and find their records.
Oh, Megan, I don't think
you're in any shape for that.
I feel okay.
I just need a nap.
Maybe it's the Thorazine,
but I can still tell what's real.
The pictures on the wall were real.
Don't you think the police
will be looking into the church
now that you've established a link?
Who knows?
They've found a way to botch
every other aspect of this investigation.
Maybe they're planning on giving
that creepy fucking priest
the keys to the city.
I sound like a lunatic.
No, you just need to get
a little sleep.

Richard?

You're up.

Richard.

What are you doing in here?

Why didn't you tell me

you knew the victims?

Because...

then you would know I killed them.

Richard:

Oh, you're awake.

I hope I didn't hit you too hard.

You know, I love you, Megan.

I really do. But don't worry.

You're not my type.

Your virtue is safe with me.

The first one, Carla,

well, I did that because...

I don't know why I did it, actually.

I guess 'cause I wanted to.

But I didn't even realize

I was taking her to Churchville.

Isn't that ironic?

You know, when I first met you

you told me about

your obsession with initials.

Well, I was just trying to help

you get your job back,

you know, just trying to make you right.

Don't you see?

I just thought in that way you and I would

be more connected with each other.

Yeah.

Okay.

You all right?

Yeah.

You're my only friend, Megan.

It's gonna be awful losing you.

Stay calm.

We're only going a few blocks.

All right, there there.

There there, my love.

Now I'm gonna put you to sleep.

You're gonna have a little fall

and then you're gonna float
on down the Genesee.
Doesn't that sound nice?
You bitch.
Help me.
I don't know where I am.
Where is he?

Park:

resistant to treatment.
She's determined
to fight her way out again.
This is all my fault.
Her illness is nobody's fault.
I was hoping I could talk to her.
She's unable to communicate.
She's very heavily medicated.
We had to put her in the quiet room.
The body of Christ.
The body of Christ.
The body of Christ.
The body of Christ.
The body of Christ.
Amen.
The body of Christ.
Amen.
The body of Christ.

Girl's voice:

Megan.
Get out. Help us.

Megan's voice:

Every day I'm in here
is a day he's out there.
My only remaining purpose
is to get out.
The dead have given me
their answers.
And the dead
won't let me forget them.
I will get out.
And I will kill him.