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Anamorph

By Henry Miller

They were pulling her out of the river
when I got there
more water than blood in her
at that point.

- Was she able to speak?

- No.

She stopped breathing

OK, that should be enough

Detective Aubrey, despite
some irregularities...

with regards to proper

Police procedures,

We will not be proceeding

any further with our inquiry.

Six weeks have elapsed...

since the last Uncle Eddie murder.

And that itself suggest that

the public interest has been served

Congratulations on your promotion

to detective first grade.

This afternoon

Detective Stan Aubrey,

lead investigator in

the Uncle Eddie's case...

The death of primary suspect

in the Uncle Eddie murders...

ended this morning.

...these horrible murders.

The circumstances

surrounding the shooting...

remain as yet unclear.

Linked by their gruesome art...

while presenting the awards...

as a model officer,

responsible for bringing one of

the city's

most disturbing case.

Come on.

Wait, wait, wait.

- Wait, my hat.

- Get up.

Hey, OK?

Don't be seduced.

Avoid psychological

speculation
related to the killer's intent
We may never know
why he did what he did.
He may never know.
Treat the boundaries of the
crime scene like a frame,
and limit your analysis to what
is presented within it.
Stick with it,
don't rush things,
and above all, in your initial
encounter with the crime scene,
trust your own eyes.
Remember, all you really have
is what the killer left behind
His work is pathetic,
if you will.
OK, we'll pick up
there next week.
Ninety three.
Yup
Well you better get him out out of here.
'Cos north of the lamp post is ours
Do us all a favour
and walk away from this one?
Walk away and take him
Gonna ask some of you questions.
We got a preliminary statement
Stan, don't recognize you.
How've you been?
Good, I'm good
Action is in there
Chew a little easier
on the protocol, eh pal?
Brainerd called me.
Brainerd called him, eh
Stan...
You come in the morning, alright?
See, I'm getting promoted.
You and I going to be peers.
No.
I got to tell you I had a bad case of
deja vu, I didn't work the caper.

- What caper?

- What caper?

The caper. Uncle Eddie.

Isn't that why Brainerd brought you in?

No, no, no, you're cold.

We held up turning it down

till you got here

Yes, it's the kind of smell like it

gets inside you, doesn't it?

Billy, video.

I call that a conversation piece.

It is a camera obscura.

A device used in

the Renaissance...

to draw in perspective.

May I?

Hey, Hey! You want to hold off

on that until I mark the aperture?

The pinhole focuses the light.

- You have that flashlight?

- Yah.

Take it down

I would love to get up there.

I do not know, man.

I could smell it down the hallway.

Did you see they called Stan Aubray in?

Nope. Hey, he's on one of my classes

I thought they retired him already

God...

- Wanna buy you breakfast.

- No, I'm going straight to bed.

I think I'm getting a cold.

OK.

What are you doing, Stan?

Worrying.

- About what?

- Wearing the fabric.

That's what my mon used to say

is to touch things all the

time wear them down.

That's why you're good

at what you do.

You never mentioned your mother before.

She live in the city?

Staying sober?

Four years and three months.

You're gonna ask me that everytime?

Yes, it's certainly the best place to get to know someone.

Or maybe that's the idea.

You probably you keep a girl like me...

at every donation center.

It's so weird to think of my blood in someone else's body.

You know, if you'd run into me a couple of months later, then you thought wouldn't be accepting my blood right now.

No, you'd estrange yourself out of it sooner or later.

- Can I pick who it goes to?

- No.

It's my blood.

That is the trouble with transfusions.

You have to replace like with like.

It's not true.

If you are old you can give to anybody.

You know Crystal was old.

When I used to see her they had to be...

because she'd give it up for anybody.

She give it up for you?

Did she say something?

I don't know, between dates, yeah.

You have a lot of time to get to know someone.

I knew things from it that nobody else knew.

She had this birthmark... under his left arm.

She always used to say that no matter how many guys she was with, no man would ever find her

Think about it too

Sorry.

Let's go to somewhere
away from here.
Above ground, maybe
Like hiking
I'm going with some friends
this weekend.
You could come.
I'd love to
but I got to work.
- Shocking.
- Another time.
Probably.
Probably not.
I got to go.
Looks like an egg.
Sometimes a circle
is just a circle, chief
Building management got back
to us this morning.
The hanging man was
identified as Martin Calderon.
Works as a day trader,
never left his apartment.
I thought that you might want to take
a look at the report Carl put together.
He was up all night.
It's a theory it was a ritual killing,
some kind of a copycat
imitating Uncle Eddie.
No, this is different.
It's less spontaneous.
It don't seem so different to me.
Look, hard as the Uncle Eddie case was
you're still a detective
I'd appreciate it if you'd give
this one your full attention.
I'll will
Thank you.
Based on decomposition of the body,
victim's been dead
at least a week.
- Now, the cause of death.
- Hanging by your f... ankles.
But he was probably dead

before he got that far... yeah?

Yeah.

You see the sutured wound?

Intestines had been removed

The killer went to the trouble of...

removing them

and closing the incision

before he strung him up.

I would have cleaned the body

completely but I want to show you...

The blue is not just discoloration.

The body was painted

before the dust was applied.

It's all over him

I don't see it here.

Just the front of his body.

The side that faced

the aperture.

Like a stage set,

seen from one side.

What, the human slide show...

wasn't kinky enough?

He had to paint the body?

Maybe trying to pretty him up.

Excuse me...

Are you the owner?

Yeah

You can't put a painting like that

in the window

Why?

It is irresponsible.

I don't have to look at that

everytime I leave my apartment.

So, buy it and burn it.

Don't get fresh with me.

You take it down, right now.

- How much is this?

- Fifty dollars.

Why not have more of those?

Pictures of butterflies.

When was the last time

you've seen a butterfly?

- Where did you get this?

- I don't know, a state lot.

- I may need to call you.
- You're a cop?
Its like its stolen?
Hey listen, I just
I found this out on the street,
right in front of my shop.
Thanks
Nice painting.
We analyzed the paint.
These aren't commercial pigments.
Pull samples
from this case number,
and have the lab
run a comparison.
There is something else.
We did an X-ray
to look for underpaint
This is pretty wild
Look like there was a bird
in the chair in the original image.
I wonder
why he painted over it.
Do you have anything to wrap this up?
I want to take it over there myself
You've been shopping, Stan?
"Mr. Aubrey, Let's talk"
"Alex"
Stan, I wanted to pick your
brain about the case.
What is this?
Paperweight?
I still need to sit down
over the pathology report.
No, no, no, I mean
the Uncle Eddie case.
Given the copycat angle...
I though it was good idea
to look at your file.
- You looked at my file?
- Yeah.
You don't mind, do you?
Hey Stan, why not you flip
through the unsolved case files?
Look to see if those guys

missed anything.

I know it is tedious right, but,

Who knows what you might see?

- What is today?

- Tuesday.

- No, the date.

- The Tenth. Why?

Ok, this is what I've got.

Louis comf... 1745.

- Nice.

- Yes.

Sixteenth century Ming

Rarity, Joseph Ubonn.

And an American Victorian

- I do not know this is your style but...

- What is that?

Oh that a girl

to go with your chair.

See I stumble upon

this invaluable collection...

of Civil War porn.

I am not interested in pornography,

I need something functional,

something I can touch.

Okay, I was ready

to diversify.

But you hold on to those.

Tell me which one you want to pursue.

Oye, oye, not her.

She's mine.

Russ, another round.

Coming up.

Here is a painting

I wanted to see.

Sorry, Stan,

but this is joke.

- And doesn't go with your chair.

- No, you don't understand.

It is a picture of

of the crime scene...

I am working on.

It was in the window of the

antique store near my place.

I think the killer painted it.

Wow.

That would be quite a coincidence

I mean if you're right.

Come on, I mean anybody
could have done this.

It has been in the news
for the last couple of days...
if you haven't noticed.

"Copycat Killer on The Loose"

All these years, Stan...

I do not know how you can stand it.

You know, just sticking it out
till I can collect my pension.

Detective

THE New York Police

- Hey, not too shaby.

- Yes.

The department really spared no
expense for your promotion.

- It's beautiful, fellas.

- Yes.

You know my brother
got a f... watch

- Beer?

- No, thanks.

- Two shots already yeah?

- Yes.

- Cheers, Cheers.

- Cheers.

Great success.

Carl, you know you'll f... it for
commissioner one day.

Miss?

Miss, Could I get
some milk?

Sure are a lot of cops here,
aren't there, Mr. Aubrey?

- How do you know my name?

- Alex Fredericks.

Probably read
some of my pieces...

on Uncle Eddie investigation.

When other reporters were taking
you down, I defended you

Turns out you and I were right.
We were?
Talk to me about the new case
Is it a copycat killer?
You think he'll kill again?
Who do we call him?
Oh, will think of something snappy.
What do you want?
Why don't you walk away after
the Uncle Eddie murders?
It is sad
what happened to that girl.
- Excuse me.
- No, wait, wait, don't.
Detective Aubrey, it's Martin.
I got the results
back from the Lab.
You were right,
that's a popular pigment.
The samples taken
hanging man painting...
match the ones from the
old Uncle Eddie file.
I'll leave the report
on your desk.
"Uncle Eddie stumps
NYPD"
"Serial Killing Spree"
"Another murder of series"
"Prostitute Stabbed by Docks"
Responding officers,
unit 483...
now approaching
crime scene...
to northeast side
College Point Harbour.
OK, Stan?
No?
You see this is the thing,
You and I have been working...
in the same office... about what
five years now?
I don't even know if you're married.
I don't even know

where you fucking live.
Look, if you want to slip out
all mysteriously from my party,
well, I don't give a shit
But you and I are gonna have to
work together at some point.
Both got the same shield
Now, Stan, you understand me?
Christ...
You're OK, Stan?
The human jigsaw.
We need an anthropologist
to piece this guy back together.
Tissue works come back
It's all pieces of the same guy.
A Jeff Sarno.
Except the intestines.
They belong to Mr. Calderon.
We checked for evidence
of sexual assault, none.
Hey, Stan,
Nice you can make it.
- What did I miss?
- Meet Jeff Sarno.
What else you got?
This might interest to
only to students of anatomy...
and human behavior.
Victim had
extensive cosmetic surgery.
Apparently wasn't happy
with the top half of his mouth...
so they split his his upper palate...
and lengthened it to
match the lower jaw.
Pretty ironic, huh?
All that work and end up
chopped up like this.
Why would he go through
all that trouble?
Jeff Sarno was an actor.
Not a successful one.
Didn't you read the case file?
He had an audition.

According to his agent, the
director calls that the kid...
had the right look for the part
We got an address or a phone
number for the appointment?
No. We checked
and came up with nothing
And the agent?
He just got a call saying that they
were... going in a different direction.
Whatever that means.
When Sarno didn't call back
The agent figured the kid
buried his head in the sand
"We need a good Scout"

SANDY:

Session 2, November 17.
Detective Aubrey, let's pick up
where we left off last time.
We were talking about the moment
you found the girl.
They were pulling her out of the River
when I got there
She was wearing a fur coat
that had become big...
and heavy with the water.
- Was she able to speak?
- No.
She had multiple stab wounds
to the abdomen.
There was more water than blood
in her at that point.
I tried to use my hands
to stop the bleeding,
but she took
a big gasp of air...
and looked right through me.
And then she stopped breathing.
He said you had met the victim before.
Did you ever intend to warn her
that she was in danger that night?
It is one in the morning.
I'm sorry, I know it's late, but did

you hear any noises upstairs earlier?

Not only you just now.

Someone broke into my apartment

No, didn't hear anything.

What you think?

White male, age 43, lives alone.

One case of corrupting a minor...

brought by the DA's office

five years ago,

then later dismissed.

Drives a Lincoln, similar to the one

identified by witnesses...

at three of the last

five murder scenes.

And we got prints

and blood type...

based on saliva match

I think this is our guy.

I can have a warrant ready

in three hours.

Hey Stan!

Aubrey and Luiz, you take the back,

I'll go on the front.

Now wait on my signal.

Position.

Gun! Gun, gun!

Stop, don't shoot!

We got the bastard

It looked like a gun

Did the right thing.

I was going to meet you upstairs

I can't, I just got time

for my cigarette break.

- We can go get a coffee.

- No, this is good.

I really need a cigarette.

Mind if I smoke in here?

No, hop in.

How you doing, man?

- Thanks for returning my call.

- Not a problem.

We are buddies

I heard that you are working

on a new case.

Yeah, they expect to be on something
so soon after that last one.

Last one?

Talking about five years ago.

- You got promoted didn't you?

- Yeah.

They got me up there

nice cushy desk job

Oh good.

- Tough thing was that girl.

- The girl?

Could have been twenty more

girls like her dead, Stan.

Panned out in the end.

How is your family?

Everybody's good.

Boys are 8 and 10 now.

Big kids, man.

Look, It's great to see you, man.

Me too.

Have something you want

to get off your chest?

No!

I mean I'm on this thing and...

I have been thinking.

You know, I think I know

what is going on here.

My advice to you is, if it's in

the past, let it stay there.

Things change.

Never set foot in the same river twice.

- Thanks.

- Sure.

I think you gonna catch this guy.

That one.

- This is the one you want?

- Yes.

What's wrong with the one

you've got, Stan?

Oh you know that I actually having

company over the year?

I just want another chair.

What's wrong with having

two matching chairs?

Nothing wrong, Stan.

Nothing wrong.

I get you a Federal salty table or
a Heppelwhite for the same price.

- No, no, no, that's what I want.

- OK.

What?

You just have to have it, don't you?

That's your problem, Stan.

Me, I love the feel of an object
changing hands, to let it go.

You can't let go of
anything, can you?

Like that girl,
the memory of the girl.

Might not be your fault.

Might just be the past
that isn't through with you yet.

Keeps pulling you back
all the time.

Now all of a sudden
it's a copycat killer.

We do not know if it is a copycat.

I'm not so sure either, Stan.

I took a look at some photos
from the Uncle Eddie killings,
and I kept thinking about
your painting... and

He said it was a piece of junk.

There was something there though.

The presentation of the body,
the pigments and gestalt.

There was something about it,
You know what I mean?

No, I don't know what you mean.

Looking at the work
in a sequence,
was like watching
a retrospective.

I think you should stick
to garage sales...
and vintage porn.

Don't get your horns all twisted.

We killed Uncle Eddie.

You're dealing with the same guy.

- I'm tired of your bullshit.

- Stan, sit down, Stan.

- No, I'm leaving.

- Come on, sit down, Stan.

I'm leaving.

Sorry.

I'm sorry.

Stan.

Thanks

Eggs Florentine.

Is it true that there is a connection
with the murders of Uncle Eddie?

What about connections to Uncle Eddie?

Is it a copycat?

- Come on, give us something.

- When I say stop, you stop.

There is no copycat,
got nothing to do with Uncle Eddie.

Leave it alone.

I heard the victim worked
Uncle Eddie cases with you.

You got to give me something.

- I can't always have information...

- Get her out of here!

Hold on here, miss.

Who leaked this to the press?

Hard to keep a lid on
a story like this.

You know that, Stan.

This guy really
a buddy of yours?

Work colleague

Make me lie for you, Stan.

Used your friend
like an inkwell.

What's this one about, Picasso?

What's the connection?

Guy is writing a love letter, Stan.

Stan...

Just take a minute.

I wasn't sure whether

I should come down here...

so I talked it over with my wife.

She works a hotline
as a crisis counselor.
She told me that the only way to
avoid a crisis is to anticipate one.
Has seen this morning paper?
Your past is starting
to give me nightmares.
Camera Killer
Leaves a Mess
Which version of my past do
you mean?
Your old partner,
George, is dead.
- Now why is that?
- I do not know.
Good answer.
But I don't think there is much
to this copycat angle.
Hey, but f... the copycat.
I got Carl,
of all people,
asking whether the correlation
between these cases...
is more than circumstantial.
And he's not the only one.
You are not the kind of cop
who'd kill an innocent man.
- And I told Carl, this much.
- Thanks for your confidence.
Don't mention it.
Hey, look. There was one
version of the past,
yours, mine
and the department.
That's one version.
This next photo is from
Gauthier Grisomme,
the French master photographer.
He spent his entire life
chasing the decisive moment,
that instant when
composition, form and content...
conspire to reveal
some fundamental truth.

Too esoteric?
Hold that thought.
What do you see?
Where is the decisive moment?
What truth is revealed?
Is this the truth?
Or this?
Or this?
Or is it just another angle?
You're all familiar with
the Uncle Eddie case.
Now everybody's talking
about a copycat.
If Uncle Eddie is the original,
then the copycat is the one
always trailing behind,
compelled to reconstruct
again and again...
the decisive moment
that has already happened.
And maybe there is no copycat.
Only a killer that has become
impatient with chance.
No longer content to kill
his victims where they stand,
he forces the decisive moment.
The killer painted half
of this with a pantograph,
and I finished the rest.
It's weird
but it makes sense, Stan.
Because he's implicating you
more and more into his crime.
I mean, you're already his patron.
Remember you bought
that painting?
Without a patron
there is no painting.
Maybe you are his Pope Innocent.
Maybe you're his crazy
object of obsession, Stan.
OK, I got Velazquez portrait of
of the Pope Innocent X.
Quite an ambivalent study

of absolute power.
And here comes Francis Bacon.
Despite never seeing
this painting in person,
Bacon became so obsessed
with it...
that he compulsively repainted it
over and over again,
but each version
more horrific than the previous.
Did I tell you that the latest victim
worked with me...
on the Uncle Eddie murders?
I think you've been part of
this bizarre thing all along.
It's not until an artist
finds his obsession...
that he can create
his most inspired work.
Where he gets his obsession from,
it doesn't really matter
It can be the myth of Prometheus,
It can be another man's
painting of the Pope,
it can even be the story of
Stan Aubrey.
It can be anything.
So drink up.
I'll gonna show you something.
Seems familiar right?
The artist had the real
underground cult following
Already some show is in the
more hip galleries down town.
You wouldn't believe what
this stuff is selling for.
- What's his name?
- No name.
...no official representation.
- Where we find it?
- Stan, that's the whole thing.
This guy doesn't exist,
that's the whole gimmit
The only thing you have is his work.

What about the gallery owner?

Blowing rail since back room I guess.

That is my chair.

Yeah, I told you I would
help you to find...

- No, it's my chair.

- What?

Fate

Wood and fabric

It was stolen.

We take it later.

I'll swing the car around.

No, you can't do that, Stan.

All right, just tell them
it's evidence.

Oh good, you're back.

Any chance of returning our "Fate"

- What?

- The chair that you absconded with.

I am afraid I can't do that.

- - Evidence.

I suppose you'll

beat me with rubber hoses...

if I choose to respect
the artist's anonymity.

No, we're not gonna do that

but you got to tell us what you know.

- All I have is a name.

- Okay.

- Gerri Harden.

- Sounds a pornstar.

- You got a bio, any photos?

- Not even an address.

You never asked where she lived?

You never talked about boyfriends,
girlfriends, nothing like that?

Detecting is your pastime,
mine is selling paintings.

- And she sold quite a few.

- You weren't curious?

We gonna have to ask

you downtown

to give a full description anyway.

OK.

Not a single trace of fiber in any
of the crime scenes...
but this clay
is full of prints.
We didn't even need to dust.
I'm gonna need a few hours.
You get a match?
A match, a name
and a last known address.
- It's an anagram, for a red herring.
- Come again?
I don't think there
is a Gerri Harden.
Take a look.
- Who is that, Stan?
- It's Crystal.
Looks like someone else thinks
he got the wrong man.
You're different from when
I first met you.
It's funny.
Crystal said the same thing to me.
It's going to be five years
this week.
I know.
She was my best friend.
There's nothing you
could have done, Stan.
She was half dead
when you found her.
I am sure she forgives you.
No, she won't.
That night
we knew Uncle Eddie...
had shifted his killings
to the docks.
I should've warned her,
but I didn't
I tried to keep an eye on her but
she must have seen me and slipped away.
By the time I got there...
well...
they were pulling her out of the water.
Nothing I could do.

Shul Grantz. You told her
everything was going to be OK.
What do you think?
Good for you.
I was out there that night too.
I didn't know.
I'm sorry.
Aubrey.
The poison heart
What?
The poison harms.
Certainly does
Now you should know that. Cos you've
been poisoning yourself for years
Now that you've seen my work
I want some feedback.
You and I both like the color blue,
a pigment that was
once quite precious.
It is also the color of Narcicism.
How will you spend your final moments?
Stuck on your throne?
Staring on your face
reflected in a pool of water?
Maybe it won't be your face in the
water but the body of a girl.
water, limpid and clear.
Clear as crystal.
I have a theory.
Uncle Eddie got scared and
stopped killing
because he knew
he would get caught.
He knew.
An artist never stops working.
He always gathering material,
preparing a new study.
I having another show.
You should thank me, Stan.
We make quite a team.
If it weren't for me
you'd be stuck at home
riddling out your existence.
Detective Aubrey.

We did dealt it what
like you asked.
Cover the rock when you
want to talk to the press.
Eggs Florentine.
No eggs today.
Cholesterol.
I told your friend
that is what you always order.
He paid for it already.
No, thanks. Just tea.
Prasa carnia
Coffee cup in the trash
by your desk.
It was mere.
You went through my trash?
You are hell of a good detective, Carl.
Place is great.
I love it.
Gina, I got to tell you old boy...
She's got a real mouth on her.
You know Stan, there are reems of
paper on the Uncle Eddie case.
Enquiry transcripts,
supervisors commendation,
case logs.
But you know what?
No real information.
None
Till you caught...
I mean killed...
Sure he was the one?
He had to be.
Killings stopped, right?
You know back in the warehouse,
when we looking at that dead cops body
He said you
worked with him.
You didn't mention
you met with him
the day he was murdered.
You investigating me
or the copycat?
If I were investigating you, believe

me, you wouldn't know about it.
Nothing you want to tell me
about the old case?
I'm all ears.
- I'll call you if I think of anything.
- You do that.
And while you're thinking, I'm
gonna keep on doing what I'm doing.
Let's better hope that it
doesn't lead back to Uncle Eddie.
A Red Herring
A Poison Harms Ana
Anamorphism
Renaissance painting technique...
which uses the principles
of forced perspective...
to construct an alternate image
within the frontal composition.
Take this image, for example,
"The whale in pursuit of Jonah."
If you stand at an extreme oblique
angle to the picture plane,
A second image, often
contradicting the first will appear.
In this case,
a peasant copping a squat.
Holbein, this is 1536.
Now this painting magnifies the
worldliness of two young men in...
pursuit of life.
But take a closer look, view it
from above and from the side...
and a secret message is revealed.
You're being confronted with a skull.
Your memento mori.
It's interesting but, what does
this have to do with the case?
All the devices
at the crime scene...
they are like a tutorial on
the mastery of perspective.
But anamorphosis
subverts the visual plane...
canceling out all that you've learned

about fixed perspective.
There is always another angle,
another meaning.
The truth depends
where you stand.
Yeah.
You got to go back
look at things from a different angle.
Hey, back here!
Vamos!
Come, we go...!
Stan...
Stan...
Okay, fine.
Hi
I promised my folks whatever
gonna wait for you to call me
but then I realized that I
would probably be waiting forever.
I want to see you again.
Call me or a...
I have a meeting tonight.
You can pick me up after that.
Hi, it's Sandy.
Leave a message.
Sandy?
No, it's Carl.
Who is Sandy?
What do you want?
Stan, let me talk to you.
I can't talk right now.
Stan, I need to talk to you
or come to you
I'll call you back
Can I help you?
Yes, I am looking for a
Sandy Strickler.
Oh, we do not use last names here.
She left just soon as she got here.
- It was obvious that she wasn't sober.
- Are you sure?
Her sponsor was kind enough
to take her home.
Have you ever seen this man,

the man standing behind her?

- That's Michael C.

- Michael C.?

That's her sponsor.

What's his last name?

- Alcoholics Anonymous. It Anony...

- Anonymous, I know.

Stan...

Michael left this for you.

What was that?

I do not know what it is,

he just gave me the package.

You have always 'stood the scum

of the rose on my ankle.

I can't believe that

I let you talk me into this.

You sure you're not too high

to do to straighten out?

I'm fine.

Why is it you never seem high?

Would never put that

poison into my veins.

- Hey, hey.

- I'm sorry.

- Can I see it?

- No.

- Why won't you let me see it?

- Just...

- Wait, let me look at it.

- Let me work.

Oh God, you know what.

I need a break.

Death