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# Copycat

By Ann Biderman

INT. LECTURE HALL BERKELEY - DAY

The hall is full. On the stage, DR. HELEN HUDSON is speaking. HELEN is a forensic psychologist. Behind her is a projected diagram: PREDISPOSITION, DISSOCIATION, TRAUMA, FANTASY, VIOLENT FANTASY, FACILITATORS, MURDER, and TRAUMA-REINFORCEMENT which she can point to with a laser pointing device. We see her from a considerable distance... the back of the balcony. Her voice is crisp and assured.

**HELEN:**

Our society creates these socially and psychically disenfranchised men, and their revenge on society is terrible. They are hard to catch. They are "the nice guy next door," their employers -- if they work at all -- find them quiet and uncomplaining. Early abuse and rejection have taught them passivity. Only in their violent fantasies do they feel alive. What they seek in their frenzied assaults on their victims is relief from passivity. For these men, ten minutes relief is worth far more than the life of another human being. Torture, the pain they inflict, the screams of the victim, are all part of the ritual that gives them a brief respite from their own psychic pain. And then the depression, the forgetting, the feeling of sadness and despair begins the cycle all over again. Like addicts seeking their drug, Albert DeSalvo, Bianchi and Buono, Berkowitz, Dahmer, Bundy -- they seek out their next victim. During the second half of this speech, the eye of the camera has moved slowly forward until it settles just behind the balcony railing.

**CLOSEUP:**

**HELEN:**

The cycle is endless until they are caught. And they are caught by chance -- they run a red light, and a body is in the trunk. A leaking pipe brings a plumber to a basement where they is the smell of death.

Her eyes have come to rest on the spot of the camera eye in the balcony... Her voice chokes off. She stares.

**HELEN'S POV:**

Sitting in the front row of the balcony, a YOUNG RED-HEADED MAN (DARYLL LEE CULLUM) leans forward, resting his tattooed arms on the railing. He smiles intimately at HELEN.

HELEN cuts her eyes to the left. She sees:

Backstage, an overweight COP in plain clothes. Instantly alert to HELEN'S alarm, he jumps up, comes within an inch of exposing his presence to the audience. A SECOND COP, in the wings on the other side of the stage, also springs to attention. FIRST COP'S eyes follow HELEN'S...

**Their POV:**

there.

HELEN Can she believe her eyes? Resumes:

**HELEN:**

At any time, right now, as you listen, the FBI estimates there are 30 to 35 serial killers stalking their victims. The serial killer is a plague that must be addressed not only by the law, but by science. Florida spent eight million dollars to execute Ted Bundy. It would have been better spent building a forensic penal facility devoted to research.

Once again her eyes fix on the balcony to reassure herself that the smiling man is not there...

**HELEN:**

Confined for life, without parole, and subjected to scientific study,

these men's lives might finally, in some small measure, educate and thereby protect society. Thank you.

Applause as Helen warily checks for the TWO COPS. They are carefully casing the crowd.

**CUT TO:**

**LATER:**

The crowd is breaking up. FIRST COP walks HELEN to the ladies' room. People reach to shake Helen's hand; she copes as well as she can with her fear. THEY LEAVE THE STAGE THROUGH A DOOR OPENING TO A CORRIDOR LEADING BACK TO DRESSING ROOMS AND A LADIES' ROOM...

**CUT TO:**

INT. LADIES' ROOM - DAY

THE COP, clearly embarrassed, pokes his head in and looks around. Under one stall he sees a woman's HIGH HEELS. He hastily ducks back into HALL and signals an okay to Helen. Before the door behind her closes, we see the COP prepare to stand guard outside. HELEN walks past the stall with the high heels to a stall several doors down.

CLOSE UP HIGH HEELS:

And a tattoo that the cop missed seeing on one of the ankles. The shoes are kicked off. The feet disappear from view as

HELEN, a few stalls away, methodically places toilet paper around the seat before raising her skirt. A faint noise makes her freeze. Her hand reaches for the door. She is just able to unlock it, but no more, before a NOISE COMES DOWN FROM THE NEXT STALL.

Like a lariat it falls over HELEN'S head and is violently yanked tight. She kicks at the stall door.

**CORRIDOR:**

the clang of metal as the stall door bangs open. He reacts...

INT. LADIES ROOM - CONTINUED

The RED-HEADED MAN is struggling to secure the rope around a hook inside his own stall. KNOCKING (o.s.)

COP (o.s.)

Doctor Hudson? Are you okay in

there?

The MAN lets slip a little slack.

HELEN'S fingers, thrusting between the rope and her neck, get just enough air for HELEN to let out a strangled little scream.

**CORRIDOR:**

sounds from inside. Women stands nearby, inhibiting him for a split second from going in the Ladies' Room door. Now there is more SOUND from inside...

INT. LADIES ROOM - CONTINUOUS

COP steps into the room, gun down. Over the COP'S shoulder we see HELEN hanging in open booth, her hand fluttering at her throat. She has one slippery shoeless foot on the toilet seat.

COP takes a couple of steps forward. Behind COP'S back we see a broom closet door opening.

**HELEN'S POV:**

second, his throat is slit. In a gush of blood, he falls, his gun still in his hand.

RED-HEADED MAN standing over the fallen COP, smiling at HELEN.

COP'S BODY IS TWITCHING, JERKING. The violent contractions in his fingers cause the gun to go off... ONE... TWO SHOTS, the sound reverberating against the tile walls.

**STAGE AREA:**

The audience and SECOND COP react to the gunshots.

HELEN, her eyes bulging, struggling against the rope.

**SLAM CUT:**

INT. HELEN'S APT - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

As HELEN, in bed, bolts up from the nightmare, her hands try desperately to pull the dream rope from her neck. She is now pale, her hair is dirty, there are deep circles under her eyes. This is a woman in the throes of a breakdown.

**HELEN:**

Andy! Andy!

She races through this LOFT APARTMENT (THE WALLS ARE EIGHT FEET UNDER A TWELVE-FOOT CEILING) to study opening off a hall. She looks in, gasping for breathing...

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

The room is neat -- nobody there. (We will later see that it is used on and off by her computer, Andy.)

HELEN whimpers in frustration; she is alone. SHE TALKS TO HERSELF as she turns back and moves past a LIVING ROOM, where she turns on lights and the TV flicks on, (COURT TV.) The sound comes up, loud... She moves on... trying to calm herself with the sound of her own voice...

**HELEN:**

It is October twelfth, 1994 in the city of San Francisco, California, U.S.A., the strongest, richest, most stable and happiest country in the world. That is the sole place of life in the universe. Under God.

**CLOSE:**

others scattering from the nervous haste...

**CLOSE:**

tosses down the pills, gulps water. She regards her haggard reflection with a certain detachment...

**HELEN:**

Good God. What happened to you?  
She barks a rueful laugh... we are seeing a woman will herself from near-hysteria to relative calm...

**CUT TO:**

HALL As she exits the bathroom. And moves into her OFFICE. She pours herself a brandy and stands before two computers. Of the side-by-side computer screens, one is blank. The other shows a chess setup. Flashing on the bottom of the screen comes a command.

**CHESSMASTER:**

'It's almost seven. Make a goddam move.'

She studies the chess set-up for a moment, then makes a move. She has not even hit the Keyboard of the other computer before CHESSMASTER sends another message.

**CHESSMASTER:**

'Lousy move. Not really into this game, Helen. Let's drop it. I've got a feeling about you. Let's meet. Like a date.'

HELEN types the following to CHESSMASTER.

**HELEN:**

'I'm a terrible date. I'd mess up your life.'

**CHESSMASTER:**

'Another romantic dream gone all to hell.'

**HELEN:**

'Maybe it's better to just dream on; avoid the disappointments of life. Come on, move.'

She pushes a button on the remote, and we see the window curtains open. BRIGHT SUNLIGHT STREAMS IN! We see that the T-shirt HELEN wears says "Shrinks 'R' Us." She crosses to the window with her glass of cognac, looks out.

**VIEW:**

A sweeping view of the bay, and across to Marin County. The morning sun is dispelling the last of the night's fog. HELEN opens window, puts a hand outside, trying to feel the air, the freedom. Feeling quite restored from the dream horror of the night...

O.S., THE PHONE RINGS. HELEN. A FRISSE.

**CLOSE:**

handset and carries CAMERA TO CLOSEUP HELEN.

**HELEN:**

(carefully)

Yes?

(listens)

You son-of-a-bitch! Son of a bitch...

Stiff with fear and rage, she slams down phone.

**HELEN:**

You filthy... son of a bitch!

On the computer screen behind her the Chessmaster makes his

**move:**

**COMPUTER:**

(filter)

You Queen is in check.

Protect your Queen.

**OVER CREDITS:**

HOME MOVIE of a young woman dressed in a seat suit. It is morning, and she is jogging on a park path. Her hair is in a long braid. She is sweating, breathing heavily, clearly near the end of a satisfactory run.

THE FILM REVERSES, THE FILM STARTS UP AGAIN IN EXTREMELY SLOW MOTION. WE ARE NOW AWARE THERE IS ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW AT WORK HERE.

NOW THE FRAME FREEZES AT A POINT WHERE IT MAKES THE JOGGER'S OPEN-MOUTHED DEEP BREATHING LOOK LIKE A SCREAM!

END TITLE AND CREDITS:

INT. RIFLE RANGE - DAY

MUZZLE OF SEMI AUTOMATIC PISTOL BLASTS NINE SHOTS ALMOST DIRECTLY INTO CAMERA. A BEAT OF SILENCE...

**THE TARGET:**

centered in the right side of the upper chest, near the shoulder, is a small red circle. Still SMOKING, THE HOLES FROM THE BULLETS are scattered all over the chest, and none in the circle.

M.J. (V.O.)

My third grade teacher at the convent shot better than that.

THE SHOOTER, RUBEN GOETZ, AND PARTNER M.J.

**RUBEN:**

Yeah, but she had divine guidance.

We now take in the shooter, RUBEN, and his companion M.J. HALLORAN. M.J. is a small, deceptively vulnerable looking young woman. She is neat, buttoned down, crisp. M.J. appears to be about twenty-five. She is, in fact, thirty-four and a homicide inspector with the rank of sergeant. She is usually dressed in slacks and a loose sweater or an oversize jacket that helps make her appear



even smaller and younger than she is.

RUBEN GOETZ is also in homicide, about twenty-six and junior in authority to M.J. RUBEN is good-looking, good-humored and laid back. He has a cellular phone attached to his belt.

M.J. PULLS THE LINE THAT DOLLIES THE TARGET BACK TO THEM, AND RUBEN REPLACES IT WITH ANOTHER AS THEY TALK.

M.J.

I'd feel a whole lot safer with Sister Loretta for my backup. Look

**at this guy:**

**RUBEN:**

Well, he's dead, he can't hurt me now.

The target is rigged; they pull the line that dollies it back to shooting position.

M.J.

It's sloppy shooting. It's in character, Ruben, but unnecessary.

And bad for your career.

RUBEN LETS OFF THREE QUICK SHOTS: they cluster nearer the circle. M.J. looks at him in surprise.

**RUBEN:**

I've been practicing. Now can I kiss your tummy?

M.J. hides her smile as she prepares her weapon for her turn.

M.J.

Perp's holding a hostage, the shoulder on his gun hand is gonna be exposed.

**SOUND:**

fire.

M.J.

Answer it.

**RUBEN:**

I'm sure she thinks it is. Aren't you at least interested in which one it is?

She's lost her concentration lowered the gun; now as he

answers, she raises her gun and aims...

**RUBEN:**

(into phone)

I'm here, where are you?...

Heeeeeyyy! What a surprise! No. On duty, have to call you back... You, too, you too. My God, you made my day.

He hits the "end" button...

M.J.

You hit the brachial nerve...

SHE FIRES! The shots make a perfect heart around the circle, inside his looser pattern. ONE FINAL SHOT STRIKES EXACTLY IN THE MIDDLE!

M.J.

You're good enough you'll never have to kill anyone. I joined the cops to save lives, not waste them.

**RUBEN:**

You know, M.J., when I watch you shoot, I realize I've got a little problem with my stance... could you just move over here and critique my legs?

He slaps his thigh where he indicates the trouble might be. She is unloading her weapon...

M.J.

The problem is between your legs.

You told your shrink about that?

She is unloading and cleaning up. Ruben doing the same...

**RUBEN:**

I tell my shrink about you, Sergeant. I tell him you're the top cop of my dreams.

Ruben has been gathering up his box of doughnuts, from which he has nibbled during the preceding... he drops them, picks one up off the floor and sticks it in his mouth...

M.J.

(putting away her gear)

Don't take that mess in the car.

They're on the move; as they go away from us...

**RUBEN:**

He's in love with you already...

**CUT TO:**

EXT. CRIME SCENE - DAY

They pull up in front of an apartment building in the Pacific Heights section. Patrol cars flank the street, the thick yellow ticker tape "POLICE CRIME SCENE DO NOT CROSS" is already up. M.J. double parks beside a blue-and-white. A couple of cars from the media are already there. SUSAN SCHIFFER a bulldog of a woman, and her camera crew, waylay M.J. and Ruben as they cross the sidewalk...

M.J.

Oh, Christ, the Mouth is already here.

She is, with a cameraman with a haircut and smile that speak of a life of orthodontics and dreams of TV anchorship.

**RUBEN:**

Hey. And there's the Haircut right behind. If she stops short he's gonna be there feet up her ass...

**SUSAN:**

(on camera)

Inspector, can you...

M.J.

I just got here myself, Susan.

**SUSAN:**

...confirm this third murder adds up to a pattern? Do we have a serial killer on the loose in the city?

M.J.

I just got here. Talk to you later...

M.J.

(as they escape behind the barrier tape)

What the hell does she want to do, scare everybody to death?

**RUBEN:**

That's her job... Jesus, Quinn is here already.

QUINN, a splenetic Irishman, a politician, Chief of Homicide stands at the top of the steps leading to the front door. As they climb up toward him...

**QUINN:**

I been waiting... I have to do everything myself. Photo, crime tech, the Coroner are already inside. The Landlady calls it in; tenant is not answering when called, she sticks her head in, sees the body, uses the deceased's telephone to call 911. Otherwise nothing disturbed. It's all yours, kid. I'll take care of the Mouth and the Haircut.

M.J. and Ruben enter...

INT. APARTMENT HOUSE - HALL - DAY

Four uniformed cops stand in the hall securing the premises; at the back one cop stands by a stunned and tearful woman chain-smoking (the Landlady).

M.J.

(to cop)

That the Landlady?

(to Ruben)

You wanna talk to her, Ruben?

(back to cops)

Who was first on the scene?

Mike answers her question by answering to Ruben!

**MIKE:**

I was.

M.J.

(forcefully)

I'm over here? What's your name, Officer?

**MIKE:**

Michael Johnson.

M.J.

You touch anything, Mike? Pick up anything? Use the doorknob? I don't want to find your prints on anything later and you tell me you forgot to tell me.

**MIKE:**

No. I didn't.

She glances at him, at the SLIGHTLY OLD INFLECTION ON THE "I DIDN'T." But moves on, as Ruben goes to the Landlady...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The same YOUNG WOMAN we saw jogging, is now dead. Hair still in a long braid. She wears only a blouse, open and pushed back. She is on her back in the bathtub, with one leg dangling over the side of the tub. The effect is slightly posed, but casual, relaxed.

Bending over her is DOC, the Coroner, WITHDRAWING A HUGE MEAT THERMOMETER FROM HER SIDE.

M.J. APPEARS IN THE BACK OF THE SHOT taking in the scene. Foreground, Doc reads the thermometer. The photographer is finishing up his shots. The room is crowded. Two Coroner's men wait in the doorway, a stretcher standing on end between them; M.J. has to pass between them to come down to the body. THROUGHOUT WE FOCUS ON M.J.'S FACE; HER REACTION TO THE SCENE, RATHER THAN DWELLING ON THE SCENE ITSELF.

**ON M.J.:**

DOC (V.O.)

Liver and rigor are telling me about eight hours. I'm gonna take her out now if it's alright.

M.J.

I'm seeing ligature marks on her neck here, petechial hemorrhages in her eyes. Strangled.

**DOC:**

You got it. Same as the other two.

THE TELEPHONE RINGS.

COP (V.O.)

Tell whoever she can't come to the phone, she's all tied up.

Nobody laughs...

M.J.

That's real old material, get a new writer...

She picks up the phone after the second ring, holding it in tissue someone hands her...

M.J.

Hello?

**PHONE VOICE:**

(extremely cheerful)

Hello! This is Geena Martinez, how are you this morning?

M.J.

What is this about, Ms Martinez?

**PHONE VOICE:**

I'm conducting a telephone survey to determine whether you're satisfied with your insurance on your personal valuables...

M.J. gently hangs up the phone. She has been looking at the Dead Woman... They pick up where they left off.

**DOC:**

He used something soft, like a stocking or a bathrobe tie.

M.J.

Anybody find it?

No answer as the Coroner's men crowd in beside M.J. to begin lifting the body out of the tub. M.J. takes one last look into the dead woman's eyes...

M.J.

Cover her up, please.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Ruben still talking to the Landlady and taking notes. M.J. approaches Mike... takes him aside...

M.J.

Mike. Why don't you tell me what's bothering you?

Mike is acutely uncomfortable.

M.J.

Whatever it is, I'm gonna find out and sooner is a hell of lot better than later.

**MIKE:**

Well, there's something missing in there. There was something around her neck when I came in there, but it's gone now.

M.J.

Who came in after you?

**MIKE:**

Lieutenant Quinn.

She seems relieved. Brightly:

M.J.

Well, it's all right, then, Mike.

Thanks.

EXT. CRIME SCENE - DAY

In the door, M.J. appears, looking out thoughtfully over the scene; Ruben appears behind her. The photographer is coming out...

M.J.

(to Photographer)

Get me good faces on the crowd here. Get a couple of harness bulls to grab anybody who starts to run...

**PHOTOGRAPHER:**

Don't tell your Grandmother how to suck eggs. I only been doing this work since your junior prom, darling...  
But M.J. is already on to other things.

**CUT TO:**

INT. HELEN'S OUTSIDE HALLWAY - DAY

CLOSE ON A FOLDED NEWSPAPER THAT LIES ON THE FLOOR FIVE OR SIX FEET FROM THE DOOR TO HELEN'S APARTMENT. HOLD DOOR IN B.G.

The door opens and Helen looks out, wasted from cognac and Xanax. She looks for the newspaper and sees it with a look of despair.

HELEN'S POV

The newspaper lies there, out of reach.

**HELEN:**

As she stretches out her foot toward the paper, can't reach it.

POV. As she moves out into the hall her agoraphobia manifests itself: DISTORTED VISION THAT MAKES THE HALL STRETCH AND THE WALLS TAKE ON EXAGGERATED PERSPECTIVE; SICKENING -- VERTIGO! The newspaper seems further away. HELEN She drops to her knees and tries to lean out further into the hall...

POV. The floor seems to melt and roll in waves toward her. The newspaper melts like a Dali watch.

HELEN sweats. She lies flat on her stomach and crawls toward the newspaper... and with a supreme effort grabs it and squirms back inside.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

As she slams the door shut on the hall, and sits gasping for breath. After a moment she can bring herself to look at the newspaper... INSERT:

POLICE BAFFLED IN DEATHS OF THE WOMEN

HELEN (V.O.)

Damn fools!

**CUT TO:**

INT. QUINN'S OFFICE - DAY

QUINN is watching a portable TV screen with profound distrust. Onscreen is SUSAN SCHIFFER.

**SUSAN:**

... continues to stonewall the public. Now...

There is a knock, but before QUINN can respond, M.J. enters. M.J.

You messed with the scene.

**QUINN:**

Shut up.

He and M.J. both listen to SUSAN.

**SUSAN:**

... third Bay Area woman has been strangled, but the police continue to deny that this is the work of one killer. Lt. Thomas Quinn declares that the murders will be treated as unrelated crimes, unless



new evidence...

M.J. TURNS OFF THE TV, FACES QUINN...

M.J.

You messed with the evidence.

**QUINN:**

I tagged the goddamned stocking.

It ain't lost. We're sequestering that evidence. That's the trap some son of a bitch is going to fall into...

M.J.

Am I in charge of this thing? Or not.

**QUINN:**

I said you were...

**NH:**

Then I decided what evidence we choose to sequester.

**QUINN:**

(a beat here)

Okay. What do you want to sequester?

M.J.

The stocking around the neck.

A long moment of looking at each other. Then...

**QUINN:**

You didn't say serial killer and I didn't say serial killer.

M.J.

Right.

**QUINN:**

(not satisfied she really means it)

This is the anniversary of the summer of love and your city fathers have declared a Festival of Love. The Mayor and Chamber of Commerce don't want TV announcing

killers on the loose.

M.J.

Right.

And she starts to go...

**QUINN:**

We're gonna have a bunch of clapped out old hippies blissing on the Grateful Dead! Sleeping in the park, smoking dope and sticking tulips up their ass.

M.J.

(exiting)

Good.

**CUT TO:**

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

This large room is very busy, many officers at work. Known sexual offenders have been rounded up. False confessors add to the crowd. Detectives who are not dealing with these people are making and taking calls. At this desk, a tall intense looking Detective, NICCOLETTI, interrogates a false confessor, a man who looks like a businessman...

**NIKKO:**

Harvey, I don't want you in here no more, making false statements...

**CONFESSOR:**

They are not false. We pay for city government like this, you don't even care about the truth?! I killed her in the bathtub.

**NIKKO:**

Why?

**CONFESSOR:**

Because she was dirty, a dirty girl!

**NIKKO:**

How? How did you do it, Harvey?

**HARVEY:**

With a knife?

**NIKKO:**

Good guess, but not good enough.

Get the fuck outta here...

He has stood as M.J. passes coming from Quinn's office. He falls into stride with her through the crowded scene... He is sweaty and sniffs his armpits as a matter of general hygiene checkup...

**NIKKO:**

What am I wasting my time with this shit for?

M.J.

Because it's your job, that's all.

**NIKKO:**

Not what I meant; why me?

M.J.

(cutting)

Maybe it's something you did in this life, Nikko...

It has the flavor of a spoiled intimacy, an unfinished argument... He pantomimes she got him with a poison dart.

**NIKKO:**

Got me. That really hurt! You...

Ruben joins them; Nikko stifles and turns away...

M.J.

(to Ruben)

Get Mercer to run the medical, dental, legal bills, laundry and dry cleaning receipts, exterminators, mailmen, grocery and drugstore deliveries, handymen, plumbers...

**RUBEN:**

It's mostly done, they got nobody in common, the three of them... No mutual friends -- the Landlady says nobody was ever there, she never saw her with anybody.

They are approaching PACHULSKI'S desk. PACHULSKI is on phone. Pachulski is looking at M.J., grinning...

**PACHULSKI:**

(into phone)

Yes, ma'am, I know. You can't talk her right now... because she's busy, she's all tied up.

(sotto to M.J.)

Deep Throat's back.

He hits the speaker phone...

FEMALE PHONE VOICE

This is the third one. You've got a serial killer here. When are you going to start warning people?

**PACHULSKI:**

(whispering)

Fourteen calls from this broad.

And she ain't stupid.

M.J. signals for GIGI to trace the call. Takes the phone, switches off the speaker...

M.J.

Who is this?

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY

HELEN on phone

**HELEN:**

Who is this?

M.J.

Inspector Halloran, Homicide. I'm in charge here.

**PACHULSKI:**

(amused)

Ask her about the moon bike.

M.J.

I'm really interested in your ideas. The moon bike. What is that?

**HELEN:**

What is wrong with you people?

The first two, I thought he might

be on a lunar cycle because they were 28 days apart, but obviously not. This new one is only two weeks.

Pachulski is delighted at the joke he's played on M.J., M.J. not so much... Gigi signals they're getting it.

HELEN (cont'd)

You want to joke about moonbikes?!

M.J.

No, ma'am. This is no joke. And neither is tying up telephone lines to police with crank calls while people in trouble are trying to get through for help.

**HELEN:**

You're calling me a crank?

M.J.

Do you have any evidence to report, ma'am? Do you know any of the victims...

**HELEN:**

I think this is number three...

M.J.

(over her)

That's an opinion, not evidence...

Gigi hands her a slip of paper... M.J. reads it... glares at Pachulski who is still laughing. M.J. knows the name on the slip of paper...

M.J.

(covers the phone)

Helen Hudson. Get Ruben back here?

As she turns back to the phone...

**CUT TO:**

INT. HELEN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

HELEN, now wearing slippers and shorts with the same T-shirts she slept in, is standing behind the living room curtains looking down at the street. She hears a code knock, then a key turns in the lock. She moves to greet ANDY her assistant and friend. ANDY is laden down with groceries and mail. HELEN immediately reaches a hand up to touch his

face...

**HELEN:**

Where were you? Don't tell me.  
It's just under seventy, right? The  
sun is strong but the air is dry  
and fresh...

**ANDY:**

Would you please get your hands off  
my face, Tallulah? What happened  
to the newspaper?  
He withdraws a popsicle from the bag, offers it to her.  
When she rejects it, he takes it for himself.

**HELEN:**

I got it myself... I couldn't wait.

**ANDY:**

Well! Aren't we the daring one?  
What's morbid and ghastly enough in  
the news to make Doctor Helen set  
foot outside her door? The antenna  
is gone off her car again. I had  
no music, all the way to the  
market. Let me find a garage for  
it?  
They're in the kitchen area; Andy unpacking stuff...  
expensive goodies...

**HELEN:**

**I've told you:**

garage it.

**ANDY:**

Are you kidding? You buy enough  
gourmet junk every week... most of  
which rots... to garage a fleet of  
stretch limos.

**HELEN:**

I had the dream again.  
(beat)

And I got another call. This time he spoke. He said "You and me, you and me."

**ANDY:**

A little heavy breathing is what most of us yearn for. Forget it.

**HELEN:**

He whispered, but it was him! I know it was him!  
Andy now stops to address this seriously...

**ANDY:**

He can't phone you unless the warden gets an okay from you. Did you give him an approval?

**HELEN:**

Andy? When a three-year-old says there's a monster under the bed, you don't say 'forget it'. You look under the bed.  
(beat)  
I'm three years old. Call the prison.  
Her fear is so palpable, she is so nakedly vulnerable it breaks his heart. He puts his arms around her.

**HELEN:**

Oh God. I'm really crazy.

**ANDY:**

When was the last time you washed your hair?

**HELEN:**

(shaky, but trying)  
Monsieur Andy, disapproves of my coiffure?

**ANDY:**

Monsieur Andy can smell your coiffure. And guess what else?

He pats her thighs... she walks to the window as he talks...

**ANDY:**

Cellulite. What do you say I  
blindfold you and take you to the  
gym. Aerobics with housewives...

**HELEN AT WINDOW:**

**HELEN:**

Andy?

Andy has heard this tone before: panic attack alert.

**ANDY:**

Here we go again.

ANGLE AT WINDOW TO INCLUDE THEIR POV OF STREET

In a parked car a man is reading a newspaper that hides his  
face. Behind him is parked a slightly beat up red Saab.

**HELEN:**

You parked right behind him. The  
one I noticed earlier. I didn't  
say anything, I thought he'd leave.  
Just take a look.

**ANDY:**

Oh my God! Help! HE'S READING A  
NEWSPAPER!

**HELEN:**

But earlier, he was staring up  
here. Please, Andy.

**ANDY:**

Okay. You win. 'Dirty Harry'  
coming up.

ANDY leaves the apartment.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF HELEN'S BUILDING - DAY

The heavy old industrial door is pushed slightly open, ANDY

**peers out, sees:**

ANDY crosses behind the car and then sneaks back, coming  
up to Driver's side window, surprising the Driver.

THE NEWSPAPER DROPS: IT'S RUBEN.



**ANDY:**

Excuse me, but would you mind explaining why you're watching the lady upstairs?

**RUBEN:**

None of your fucking business.  
Usurping RUBEN'S aggressive attitude, ANDY leans his face close to RUBEN'S window.

**ANDY:**

Listen, asshole, I've got a gun...  
RUBEN grabs ANDY by the collar and yanks his head inside the car. With the other hand he pulls his gun and pushes it up ANDY'S nose.

**RUBEN:**

I hate this...

**ANDY:**

Only kidding!  
RUBEN pushes the 'up' button on the window, capturing ANDY'S head in a deadlock. Then he opens the door, gets out, slams door, forcing the squawking ANDY into a helpless frisk position. We HEAR HELEN scream, (O.S.). Ignoring this, RUBEN begins to frisk ANDY.  
M.J. APPROACHING IN HER OWN CAR, SEES THE ACTION, BRAKES FAST AND GETS OUT.  
HELEN at window, shouting.

**HELEN:**

I'm calling the police!

**CUT TO:**

INT. HELEN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY  
Andy enters, followed by Ruben and M.J., who holds up her badge to Helen.  
M.J.  
Investigators Halloran and Goetz. I apologize for Goetz, he's a firehouse dog.

**ANDY:**

(trying to defuse)

I'm okay. I really kind of enjoyed it.

Uncomfortable silence for a beat as they try to take in what's happening, who's who and what's what. Helen is confused, fighting back fear...

M.J.

(trying to communicate here)

Ring the gong, he goes. Poor impulse control.

**HELEN:**

Is he out?

M.J.

Who?

**HELEN:**

(to Andy)

If he's not out, why are they here?

M.J.

Because of your phone calls.

**HELEN:**

What calls? I haven't made any calls.

**ANDY:**

(to distract)

Are you staying long? Shall I shut the door? Make your coffee? Make the beds?

M.J.

(to Helen)

You talked to me. Do you remember?

The two women measure each other, Helen struggling to control herself. A beat.

**HELEN:**

You were the one that talked about moonbikes and called me a crank?

Oh God, I am!

(to Andy)

Make them some coffee.

(to M.J.)  
Halloran, is it? Investigator  
Goetz? I had a crank call myself--  
he said...

(a moment of real  
fear)

I thought it might be Daryll Lee  
Cullum. I thought he might be out  
of prison.

**RUBEN:**

Daryll Lee Cullum? I don't think  
so. If he's escaped we'd have the  
National Guard, cops'd be crawling  
through sewers. You'd have a guard  
on your front door.

M.J.

(looking around)

I want to tell you it's a great  
honor to meet you and talk to you.

**HELEN:**

You don't admire me. No police  
admire me. I got one of you  
killed. Why don't you say right  
out what you're here for?

M.J.

You called us, Doctor Hudson.

**HELEN:**

Yes, I did. Poor impulse control.  
The accounts of the first two  
murders made it so clear they were  
the work of the same man, but you  
kept announcing they were  
unrelated. You'll never catch him  
that way.

M.J. regards her for a moment...

M.J.

(to Andy)

Sugar and cream for Goetz; I take  
mine black.

(beat)

You're absolutely correct. The

politicians don't want panic headlines spoiling the Festival of Love.

**HELEN:**

Well, let's thank God you and Inspector Goetz are on the case, then.

M.J.

Would you want to work with us on this?

**HELEN:**

Oh, my God, no! I'm a clinical hysteric, with panic syndrome, and anxiety neurosis, agoraphobic, I'm afraid of everything, real and imaginary. I never leave this apartment now. Nobody ever comes here. I just wanted to get your attention. I write and I used to lecture on these crimes, but... I'm not competent.

M.J.

I think you are. I really admire everything you've done; it would be an honor to work with you, and we need all the help we can get, especially yours.

**HELEN:**

Inspector Halloran, that is so much bullshit, you don't like or admire me, but the beautiful part is I don't give a fuck. That's the upside of having a breakdown.

M.J.

Well, it's a hell of an apartment you got here. I'm living one step away from the projects, myself, but I get to go to work every day, wading in blood and guts. I guess the books you wrote about these sons of bitches paid off pretty

good.

**HELEN:**

Will you go. Andy, make them go.

M.J.

You can't go out lecturing? Tough  
shit. Women are dying. Where can  
I lay this stuff out?

She dumps files of photos, etc., out on Helen's cocktail  
table.

**HELEN:**

I don't want this. What are they?

**RUBEN:**

You called us, Doctor, if you don't  
want to look at them here, how  
about downtown. I'll drive you  
down...

She pushes the pictures off onto the floor, tries to get up  
to leave the room. M.J. and Ruben are both appalled at the  
force of what is happening: an all-out panic attack...

Andy races t o the kitchen; Ruben tries to help but Helen  
fights him off viciously, gasping for air... Andy races  
back in with a PLASTIC BAG HE PULLS OVER HELEN'S HEAD AND  
FACE... She hyperventilates into the bag...

THE PLASTIC BAG BALLOONS OUT AND BACK IN HELEN'S FACE until  
she faints. Andy deals with it like an everyday event,  
treating her very gently...

**ANDY:**

(to Ruben)

Now look what you did.

**RUBEN:**

What did I do?

**ANDY:**

You threatened to drive her  
downtown. She has agoraphobia.

**RUBEN:**

Fear of what...

**ANDY:**

Open space. She hasn't been out of this apartment in three years. I didn't used to think it was real... He's making her comfortable.

M.J.

We'll get the paramedics...

**ANDY:**

Oh, God, uniforms, more stress.

Let her sleep. It's a self-limiting: she hyperventilates till she passes out, then her breathing goes back to normal, and she wakes up singing like a lark.

(rocking the  
unconscious Helen)

We know, don't we, Princess?

(to them)

Give her a couple of hours. I know about this.

M.J. starts to gather up the pictures and files. She is angry and disgusted.

M.J.

Tell her we're sorry we bothered her.

**ANDY:**

Hey, no. Leave those here. If you really want her help. I mean if you really do, leave them. Let her see them. I'll see they're safe...

M.J. takes in the scene; the now soundly sleeping Helen; Andy sitting over her protectively, the files and photos strewn around. Makes a decision...

M.J.

Tell her to ask for me...

She's handing Andy her card...

**CUT TO:**

EXT. HELEN'S APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

M.J. AND RUBEN come out in the street... CAMERA IN A HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN ON THEM...

M.J.

Snotty neurotic bitch...

**RUBEN:**

(amused)

Classy madonna.

M.J.

Sure. She likes you, Rube. She likes the way you move. She sure as hell isn't in love with me.

**RUBEN:**

You came in there with this attitude...

M.J.

(over him)

Order Chinese for us and meet me the library? Anything but beef.

She jumps in her car, still steaming, leaving Ruben to move to his car. AS HE MOVES CAMERA FOLLOWS, BECOMING A WIDER ANGLE TO INCLUDE FACADE OF HELEN'S APARTMENT.

We can SEE ANDY, SITTING WHERE WE LEFT HIM, HOLDING HELEN IN HIS ARMS. SHE SLEEPS PEACEFULLY. DISTANTLY WE HEAR THE PHONE RING. ANDY SHOWS IMPATIENCE, THEN CAREFULLY DISENGAGES FROM HELEN SO AS NOT TO DISTURB HER SLEEP.

HE MOVES ACROSS THE ROOM UNTIL HE IS OUT OF FRAME. THE SHOT HOLDS ON HELEN FOR A BEAT. PHONE RINGS.

THEN THE CAMERA PANS LEFT (OUR FIRST CLUE THIS IS ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW) ACROSS TO A SECOND WINDOW WHERE IT CATCHES ANDY MOVING UNTIL WE AGAIN DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE BUILDING WALL AND THE CAMERA PANS SMOOTHLY TO THE THIRD WINDOW, WHERE ANDY ENTERS. WE SEE HIM PICK UP THE PHONE AND SPEAK INTO IT. HE SEEMS IMPATIENT.

THEN CAMERA PANS DOWN TO A CELLULAR PHONE, F.G. AND FOCUS RACKS TO E.C.U. AS A FINGER PUSHES THE "END" BUTTON.

**CLOSE:**

Putting down the phone. Irritated...

**ANDY:**

Shit...

**CUT TO:**

INT. POLICE LIBRARY - DAY

**CLOSE:**

**ATTORNEY:**

... it was your feeling after careful evaluation that he was a sexual sadist who satisfied at least four out of ten criteria in the DMS III?

SHOW M.J. and Ruben watching videotapes, and eating Chinese takeout. HELEN is being interrogated by the ATTORNEY for Daryll Lee Cullum. Helen sure of herself to the point of arrogance, which is her undoing...

**HELEN:**

Yes. Without question.

**ATTORNEY:**

Without question? He only scored 40 percent, four out of ten criteria? Couldn't another expert say he flunked the sexual sadist test? What curve are you marking on, Doctor?

**HELEN:**

The test criteria are only part of what we look at in evaluating subjects.

**ATTORNEY:**

Only part. What else? What did you think of his claim that he tied this girl to the tree and set fire to her because Joan of Arc told him to do it.

**HELEN:**

He was lying.

**ATTORNEY:**

'Lying. He was lying.' I asked you what you thought, not what he did.



**HELEN:**

I thought he was lying.

**ATTORNEY:**

You said, first, he was lying. How do you know that, Doctor?

**HELEN:**

Because people who are suffering from aural hallucinations hear voices in both ears. Daryll Lee told me that Joan of Arc always appeared beside him on his left side and spoke softly in his left ear.

Murmur of subdued laughter in court.

**HELEN:**

(emboldened)

He took pains to hide his actions because he knew they were morally wrong. He was not acting on mad impulse. He was sane and acting out a pattern he carefully followed every time.

**ATTORNEY:**

(playing causal)

What pattern was that?

**HELEN:**

The same as the first time...

She catches herself. The D.A. has leapt to his feet, but now tries to sit down as though nothing was happening, but Helen, the Attorney and the D.A. all are clearly disturbed by the line this questioning is taking.

**ATTORNEY:**

The first what?

(as she hesitates)

Your Honor, she's got this far, I think she should finish. I don't think this jury should be left wondering where the rest of her

statement would lead.

**JUDGE:**

I agree, Doctor.

**HELEN:**

The first two murders.

**ATTORNEY:**

What first two murders. We don't know about them here, do we?

**HELEN:**

(giving up)

He told me he had done two others just like it.

**ATTORNEY:**

When was that?

**HELEN:**

When he was seventeen.

**ATTORNEY:**

And you believed him when he told you he had done that.

**HELEN:**

Yes. I believed him.

The D.A. is rushing to the bench to argue with the Judge.

JUDGE (V.O.)

Yes, I'll accept a call for a mistrial. Evidence of that other crime when the defendant was a juvenile is inadmissible and never should have been heard by this jury...

FREEZE FRAMES.

NOW WE SEE M.J. AND RUBEN LOOKING AT HELEN on the TV screen, THINKING...

THE DOOR OPENS AND QUINN ENTERS.

**QUINN:**

There was no sperm.

M.J.

The same as the first two.

Definitely a serial.

**QUINN:**

(seeing HELEN on  
video)

What are you looking at that for?

Helen Hudson. Work the clues.

M.J.

What clues? I'm going to work

Helen Hudson.

**QUINN:**

Would you step outside, Sergeant?

M.J. leaves a cautiously silent RUBEN. Once the door shuts,  
he turns tape back to 'play.'

EXT. OUTSIDE DOOR TO LIBRARY - DAY

**QUINN:**

I'm telling you. Don't you ever  
address me publicly in that tone.  
You'll work what and who I tell you  
to work.

M.J.

Anybody in this department ever  
worked a serial killer case? She's  
the expert. I need help.

**QUINN:**

How about I put Nikko on it?

M.J.

That's always your privilege, sir.

QUINN snorts, starts on his way, then turns back.

**QUINN:**

Sergeant?

M.J.

Yessir.

**QUINN:**

You ever reflect how this big  
explosion in dead women coincides  
with the flowering of women's lib?

M.J.

Yessir. I have reflected on that,  
sir. Which explains my gushing  
deference to you, sir.

QUINN is somehow cheered by this little exchange.

**QUINN:**

Nikko's looking better by the  
minute, Inspector.  
He stomps off.

**CUT TO:**

INT. HELEN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

HELEN on couch, ANDY is massaging her neck.

**HELEN:**

Oh, God. I must have looked  
horrible.

**ANDY:**

No, dear. You're at your best with  
a bag in front of your face.

**HELEN:**

I want to die.

**ANDY:**

I wouldn't. He'll be back. If you  
want him. The cute brutal type  
with handcuffs. Very sexy.

HELEN grins, and ANDY starts to tickle her, she laughs.

**ANDY:**

You thought he was cute too, didn't  
you? Admit... admit...

HELEN now laughing a little too hard. Suddenly the laughter  
changes to tears.

**ANDY:**

What? What'd I do?

**HELEN:**

Reminded me that I used to be  
attractive. That men used to want

me...

**ANDY:**

You slut! No sexy young cop for you unless you shampoo your hair. She clings desperately to him. He rocks her as he would a small child.

**ANDY:**

When are you going to call them?

**HELEN:**

(big beat)

About what?

ANDY PRODUCES THE FILE M.J. LEFT WITH HIM. Helen looks at it. Andy watches her...

**HELEN:**

I can't, Andy.

**ANDY:**

Then, why don't you just die. I'm going. They'll find your body years later, the old recluse lady, she ate cat food, ten years of the New York Times, unread, piled on top of the unread mail, the TV still on. Make up your mind. Live or die.

(beat)

I'll get coffee.

He exits. After a moment fighting her fears, Helen reaches for the file. She opens it and looks at the first picture. THE PHONE RINGS. She freezes... Panic hangs in the air... Andy answers the phone in the kitchen...

ANDY (O.S.)

Yes? Inspector Halloran, she's going through the material now.

(beat)

She'll call you... No, she'll be alright, I'll sleep over on the couch in case. But now, I told you, singing like a lark.

Hangs up. After a moment Helen bends to her work...

**CUT TO:**

INT. POLICE LIBRARY - NIGHT

M.J. scanning microfilm newspaper & magazine clips.

'COOL KILLER CULLUM'

CONS COPS IN ESCAPE FROM CUSTODY

Slew police bodyguard in attack on expert witness

M.J. hears NIKKO entering, looks up, gives him a half-smile,  
returns her attention to the microfilm.

**NIKKO:**

Working late.

(no response)

You're a damn fool.

M.J.

(preoccupied)

Oh, I know.

"ANOTHER ATTACK!"

"HUDSON VICTIM OF BLOODY ATTACK. BODYGUARD SLAIN!"

**NIKKO:**

You're almost ten years older than  
he is.

M.J. turns off the microfilm. The last headline is retained

**on screen:**

"ESCAPE KILLER CLAIMS NEW VICTIM"

**NIKKO:**

It's none of my business anymore...

M.J.

You got that right, Nikko, it's  
none of your business.

**NIKKO:**

You're shitting ion your career. You  
outrank hi...

M.J. looks at him at last with wry amusement: he's jealous  
of Ruben?

M.J.

Well, you outranked me, Nikko.

**NIKKO:**

Yeah. And you used that. Used me

M.J.

Don't put yourself down like that.  
I never used you. I worked my way  
up like a marine grunt!

**NIKKO:**

Yeah, you did that too. You earned  
what you got; don't shit on it,  
that's all I'm saying.

M.J.

(maddeningly)

God, you're cute when you're mad.

The door opens and RUBEN enters, instantly takes in the

**scene:**

looming over her. After an awkward beat, NIKKO heads for  
the door. Ignoring RUBEN, he barks at M.J.

**NIKKO:**

Think about it.

RUBEN regards M.J., who busies herself examining the other  
tapes.

**RUBEN:**

What's wrong with him?

M.J.

He's just mad he let me keep the  
espresso machine. We heard from  
Doctor Hudson?

**RUBEN:**

Nada. Lemme make the call.

M.J.

Honest to God, Ruben!

**RUBEN:**

I like women like that!

M.J.

Tell it to your shrink.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO RESIDENTIAL AREA - LATE DAY  
IN THE UNMISTAKABLE STYLE OF THE CAMERA EYE WE HAVE SEEN  
SHOOTING HELEN'S PLACE, IN THE PARK, ETC.: A YOUNG

RED-HEADED WOMAN, wearing shorts and an open-necked shirt, kneels on the grass, weeding a lush flowerbed. The CAMERA SWISHHPANS TO the back door of the house as a man comes out balancing a tray with drinks. The woman gives the man a dazzling smile, removes her gardening glove and takes a glass. Her husband bends down, gives her a little kiss. She beams. FREEZE FRAME.

**CUT TO:**

INT. HELEN'S LIVING ROOM - LATE DAY

**CLOSE UP:**

WE SEE FOR THE FIRST TIME THE FIRST TWO MURDER VICTIMS, SO WE SEE THE PATTERN HELEN DESCRIBES AND ANALYZES.

HELEN (V.O.)

The way he's posed the bodies... he's flaunting his power to do whatever he wants to her. This man... He probably seems perfectly normal. These murders are organized and planned.

WE ARE NOW SEEING THE ROOM: M.J. AND RUBEN, HELEN AT A TABLE IN HER OFFICE LAYING OUT THE PICTURES. Helen picks out one picture from the rest...

**HELEN:**

Except for this one. You put that one in to test me.

M.J. nods, pleased with HELEN>

**INSERT:**

bruises. But, unlike the others, her face has been covered.

HELEN (V.O.)

Is it an ongoing case?

BACK TO SCENE...

M.J.

(nods)

For months... last October.

**HELEN:**

It was a lover or a husband.

Someone close. Somebody who knew her and cared about her.

M.J.



(glancing at Ruben)  
How do you know that?

**HELEN:**

He felt remorse. He covered her.  
HELEN arranges and rearranges photos like tarot cards.

**HELEN:**

The bodies have been carefully  
arranged... different positions,  
but somehow the same. The  
positions are brutal... yet  
quite... artful. It's like... a  
signature. He's proud of his  
accomplishments. There are early  
Picassos and late Picassos, but you  
always recognize the hand. He  
wants us to recognize his hand.  
I've seen this hand before... what  
are you hiding?

M.J.

(taken aback)

Nothing.

**HELEN:**

Where are the stockings he  
strangled them with?

M.J.

How did you know they were  
stockings?

**HELEN:**

(sarcastic)

I sent Andy out on murder missions.

For God's sake -- it's the Boston  
Strangler, Alber deSalvo. He used  
their own stockings to strangle  
them. Tied in a bow-knot.

She gets down a file from her bookcase and flops it open to  
pictures of deSalvo's victims: they are identical...

**HELEN:**

Somebody is imitating his m.o.  
Look for a plumber or carpenter or

handyman; that's how deSalvo got in the door and caught them off guard.

**RUBEN:**

The Boston Strangler, when was that...?

**HELEN:**

In the sixties. He's dead -- stabbed to death in prison.

M.J.

Why imitate a dead serial killer?

**HELEN:**

If you knew why, you might know where to look for him.

I don't envy you this; he's not done -- he's going to do them faster and faster to keep the adrenaline rush. Now, I've done what you asked me.

M.J.

Work with me.

ANDY (O.S.)

It's good for you.

They are startled by his appearance! A little unsettling.

**ANDY:**

It's good medicine.

**RUBEN:**

A little homeopathic cure for the willies.

**HELEN:**

(exhausted)

None of you know anything about it.

Now go. And Andy, if you persist in playing doctor, leave, with them.

**ANDY:**

I'm the only friend you've got, darling, and I don't intend to stop

doing what I think is good for us.

**HELEN:**

Get out! All of you!

Andy helps M.J. and Ruben scoop up the files...

**RUBEN:**

You said you don't give a fuck and that's the beauty of a breakdown? This doesn't look like not giving a fuck, you know that?

M.J.

Let's get out of here...

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

As they leave, Andy is still at the door...

HELEN (V.O.)

(small voice)

Andy! Please. Don't you go!

INT. QUINN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

**QUINN:**

Aw, Jesus. The Mouth gets a load of this and we got major headlines around the world. deSalvo redux. The matter, you think they don't teach Latin in Catholic schools?

M.J.

Don't swear at me because we got problems. I'm just giving you the news. I went to a Catholic school; I'll tell you what they teach. On the knuckles they teach.

**QUINN:**

Who've I got to beat up except the messenger? Does this give us anything to go on?

M.J.

I'm checking out anybody who lives like DeSalvo. Records of arrests for rape, especially by a man wearing green. Checking out psychiatric hospitals for his personality profile. Cross check-

ing names from arrests for sexual offenses, public fondling. If they've got a German wife. We can keep cops working on this kind of junk for years, and this guy's going to hit again, soon.

**QUINN:**

(morose)

I know. Get out here.

M.J.

So. Do we tell the media and hope for somebody to come forward with information?

**QUINN:**

Or for some new nutcase to copycat the copycat.

**RUBEN:**

What I love, the big fight, some girl, she drops the quarter on her boyfriend so the bastard spends the night in custody, just to teach him a lesson. We'll get a shitload of those.

**QUINN:**

Another country heard from.

(deciding)

No. We're keeping it quiet, don't give the bastard the attention he's maybe begging for.

**CUT TO:**

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

HELEN sits at side-by-side computers. The chess game is again in progress.

HELEN makes a move. Pleased with herself, she smiles, types, "I'm creaming you."

Suddenly over HELEN'S shoulder, the other screen becomes active, we see 'Message for Helen Hudson.'

Engrossed in her own chess game, she does not notice the screen until, tense from sitting too long, with waiting for

CHESSMASTER'S move, HELEN begins to stretch her neck and toll her head. Now, out of the corner of her eye, she sees the other screen. Quickly, she clicks on this, and the screen prints out 'A GAME FOR DR. HUDSON PLEASE RUN THIS "TOMORROW.AVI" FILE ON YOUR PLAYER.'

HELEN TYPES 'WIN' AND WINDOWS SCREEN COMES UP. WITH THE MOUSE SHE CLICKS ON THE AVI PLAYER ICON, TYPES IN "TOMORROW.AVI" AND HITS ENTER.

A PICTURE APPEARS: IT IS THE FACE OF THE WOMAN IN THE BATHTUB. IT CHANGES AFTER A TENTH OF A SECOND MORPHING THROUGH A COLLAGE OF IMAGES OF TWO WOMEN. A hand emerges from a breast of the other. Two heads. One, properly on its own neck, the other emerging from between two legs. Hands, feet, breasts, hair of two bodies mixed mischievously into one FINAL IMAGE OF A SECOND WOMAN ALIVE AND SMILING ECSTATICALLY AT THE CAMERA. Both women wear their hair in long braids.

INTERCUT WITH HELEN: APPALLED.

**CUT TO:**

ANDY LIES WITH TV ON, NAKED, GIVING HIMSELF A PEDICURE. HE HAS EARPHONES TO MUFFLE THE TV SOUND. From the dark spaces of the loft there ECHOES A SCREAM OF SHEER TERROR FROM HELEN! After a beat from he realizes, tears off the earphones and bolts into the darkness...

**CUT TO:**

EXT. HELEN'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

POLICE CARS DRAW UP IN FRONT, DOUBLE PARKING. M.J. and Ruben jump out and walk, fast, toward the building... (Shot from same high angle -- the secret watcher's POV -- from which we saw M.J. and Ruben leave after their first visit.)

INT. HELEN'S HALLWAY

AS HER DOOR IS OPENED, by Andy. Ruben and M.J. enter...

**ANDY:**

She's in the office...

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE

The computer glow, the unfinished chess game still up, and the RED-HEADED WOMAN'S joyful face on the other. HELEN SITS IN A CHAIR WITH HER BACK TO THE SCREEN, ROCKING BACK AND FORTH, suppressing her fear by sheer will. M.J. and Ruben enter with Andy... they look at the face on the computer

screen... (this is the only light in the room).

**HELEN:**

That's the face of the next one  
he'll kill.

She hasn't looked at them or the computer... SHE ROCKS...

M.J.

How do you know that?

**HELEN:**

(can't look at it)

Look at the bottom of the screen.

You see the icon with the arrow  
pointing left? Click on that...  
twice.

RUBEN (FROM A MISSPENT YOUTH IN VIDEO ARCADES) expertly  
maneuvers the mouse and clicks on the icon as instructed.

NOW THE ANIMATED COLLAGE PLAYS BACKWARD! IN TENTH OF A  
SECOND STEPS WE SEE THE IMAGE OF THE RED-HEADED WOMAN MERGE  
BACKWARD THROUGH THE DISTORTED IMAGES AND BECOME  
THE DEAD WOMAN IN THE BATHTUB.

M.J. AND RUBEN REACTING, LIGHTED BY THE GLOW FROM THE SCREEN.

M.J.

How did you do that?

**HELEN:**

That computer's wired into  
INTERNET.

**RUBEN:**

He's hacked into her Internet  
address. He's a hacker.

**HELEN:**

(rocking, rocking)

He can get into my computer any  
time he likes! This is exactly the  
kind of thing I didn't want to have  
happen.

M.J.

Can you make a copy we can show on  
our computers?

**HELEN:**

It's too big a file to copy to a disk.

**RUBEN:**

You got a tape backup, yeah, here lemme copy it on tape...

M.J.

Why would he send this to Helen Hudson...

**HELEN:**

It's a game they like to play. Berkowitz -- "Son of Sam" -- hung around the crime scene, talking to the cops. This one's probably watching you, laughing at you.

**RUBEN:**

Let me get a little action started here.

M.J. nods to him to get along... He calls on his cellular phone while simultaneously working the computer...

M.J.

I'm going to put a guard on your door.

**HELEN:**

One officer already got killed trying to protect me. Please, just take it all away. Leave me alone.

M.J.

He won't.

**RUBEN:**

Look at this...

THE COMPUTER SCREEN HAS A LEGEND ON IT:

NOW YOU SEE ME...

As they watch, it is replaced by:

NOW YOU DON'T...

AND THEN IT FADES TO BLACK... Helen goes to the machine and maneuvers with mouse and keyboard.

**HELEN:**

It's gone. The file's not here.

(to Ruben)  
What did you do?

**RUBEN:**

I just started it copying to tape,  
but the tape never ran. It just  
did that...

**HELEN:**

(respect)  
He's brilliant. This one is  
brilliant.  
M.J.  
We'll show that to...

**HELEN:**

Show what? It's gone. He wrote a  
self destruct virus into the code,  
so it would only play until we try  
to copy it. Then it erased itself.  
Gone...  
(beat)  
Do you remember what you saw?

**CUT TO:**

INT. POLICE HQ CORRIDOR - DAY  
M.J., RUBEN, QUINN, MAYBE OTHERS OF HIS STAFF STRIDE  
PURPOSEFULLY DOWN THE CORRIDOR, CAMERA MOVING WITH THEM...  
For a moment we won't know who Quinn is talking about...

**QUINN:**

He's on the phone calling me like an  
insurance salesman soliciting my  
business, for Christ's sake. I  
didn't tell him the three most  
over-rated things in life are young  
pussy, regular exercise and the  
F.B.I.  
M.J.  
Oh, maaaaan?!

**QUINN:**

What? I talk like a cop, this is  
the way I talk. I can't believe



this guy. Saks. He's a Deputy Assistant Director of the F.B.I.

"Let me help you!"

M.J.

We could use a little help.

**QUINN:**

With the F.B.I. there's no such thing as a little help. They bury you with help. Explain to me about this virus, no don't tell me about the virus. Thing is, you saw it, the pictures.

They pass through a door into a ROOM where the homicide team sit waiting... M.J. goes right into a briefing...

M.J.

We saw it. The unknown target is kneeling, she's gardening. Red hair, high cheekbones, mid-thirties, height I don't know, she's not overweight, she's softing... She's in front of a house that looks like...

**CUT TO:**

EXT. MARINA HOUSE - LATE DAY

As she is speaking, her description becomes V.O. as we SEE police cars and an ambulance drawn up IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE SHE IS DESCRIBING...

M.J. (V.O.)

... the Marina area, there was earthquake damage repair on the house it looked like, a little garden. The light was late afternoon. Say about cocktail hour. He was bringing out drinks, margaritas by the look. So we got a house facing west, on the east side of the street. Full sun, so there's no high trees or buildings, residential both sides.

SUSAN SCHIFFER and her crew arrive, leaping out of their van with their equipment, a makeup woman ADJUSTING SUSAN'S MAKEUP AND HAIR RIGHT THERE IN THE STREET...

**CUT TO:**

INT. MARINA HOUSE - DAY

M.J. and Ruben, Quinn, etc., trying to calm and/or question the HUSBAND, who is in shock. He is the man we saw bringing drinks.

**HUSBAND:**

Stupid goddam s-stupid p-poker game! Always have to s-stay until Phil makes a c...comeback. Am I stuttering?

The husband's voice follows QUINN and others as another COP leads them toward the back of house.

DOOR TO BEDROOM. QUINN AND RUBEN have stopped just inside door. M.J. forced to peer around them.

**M.J.'S POV:**

propped up against the headboard, her knees up, her head fallen onto a shoulder: her pajama top has been ripped open and pushed up. Knotted around her neck is a pink scarf tied in a huge bow under her chin. On her feet, secured between her toes, is a commercial flyer advertising the Festival of Love. It is brightly printed with red hearts. It has been

**hand-lettered:**

HELL IN THE FESTIVAL OF LOVE

**CUT TO:**

EXT. FESTIVAL OF LOVE IN GOLDEN STATE PARK - NIGHT

CAMCORDER capturing the audience of a ROCK CONCERT in full blast, in GOLDEN GATE PARK. The audience, mostly young, some in 70's costume, sit and loll around on blankets. Most seem to have some variety of refreshment... liquid or rolled. The CAMERA records the unsteady progress of a lovely YOUNG GIRL, weaving her way through the blankets and the bodies. She suddenly becomes aware of the camera being aimed at her. She stops, strikes a comically seductive pose and gives a big, gorgeous smile. FREEZE FRAME.

**CUT TO:**

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ANDY answers the door. M.J. and Ruben...

**ANDY:**

She just got to sleep. Do you have to tell her about it now?

M.J.

Tell her about what?

**ANDY:**

(mock admiration)

Gaahhd! What a cop! You busted me!

(real)

The new one, in the Marina.

(to their reaction)

She has a police radio scanner.

It's always on. She turns it off, and then she has to turn it on again. She's obsessed. She can't not listen to it, but she can't listen to it, so she makes me listen to it.

HELEN APPEARS IN WHATEVER SHE SLEEPS IN.

**HELEN:**

I am not going to look at any more pictures. They're like a disease. They get into my head. I can't get them out.

M.J.

I don't look at pictures. I look at the real thing. I don't feel infected.

**HELEN:**

Maybe that's why you can't catch him. I know what she looks like -- the red-headed woman in my computer.

M.J.

I just came from her... here's what you haven't seen.

M.J. takes out a picture of the dead RED-HEADED WOMAN. Her manner is that of cop with a witness.

M.J. (cont'd)

A forgery of the Mary Sullivan

murder scene, he's done it perfect.  
Except for the sign.

**HELEN:**

(looking at photo)

She probably let him in the door  
without a thought. Where are their  
mothers?! Where are the mothers  
that are supposed to teach them to  
be wary and to tough and not afraid  
to fight?

M.J.

Look at the sign. 'Hell'? In the  
Festival of Love? You make any  
sense in that?

HELEN stares at the picture.

M.J. (cont'd)

For 'Hell', read 'Helen'. He's  
talking to you.

**HELEN:**

It's anybody connected to author-  
ity. They write, they even knock  
on your door. They're fans. It  
thrills them to flirt with getting  
caught.

M.J.

Nobody knows you have anything to  
do with this case; nothing has been  
on TV or the news... Why would he  
want to get in your computer?

**HELEN:**

Because I'm his damned pin-up girl!  
His, all of them! They know me.  
They're in prisons with libraries,  
they collect clippings, I'm their  
worthy opponent. You keep my name  
out of this.

**RUBEN:**

Absolutely.

M.J.

My promise.

Andy, who has ducked out, now reappears, dressed for a date.

**ANDY:**

The moon is up, my night to howl.  
Will you be okay?

**HELEN:**

Oh, God, I forget. Yes. Yes. You  
go. Poor thing, you ought to get  
out.

**ANDY:**

(to M.J.)  
Look out for her. She's tougher  
than you think.  
He goes...

**HELEN:**

I know 'Halloran.' What's the rest  
of it?

**RUBEN:**

MaryJane. We call her M.J.

**HELEN:**

MaryJane. You think that logic and  
police procedure, order and science  
and method will hold back the  
horrors of a world gone mad and the  
sickness of the night. I did once.  
But you know how he'll get caught?  
He'll have an accident, or some cop  
will get lucky. You can't catch  
him by being intelligent and  
working hard. Or the worst: there  
are dozens of women slaughtered in  
the most horrible way, month after  
month. The news stories grow more  
grotesque and bizarre and in the  
city people lock their doors and  
windows, and hurry home before  
dark. And then, one day, there are  
no more. What happened? Did he  
just stop? Get tired and disgusted

and decide not to kill any more?  
Did he kill himself? Did he die in  
an auto accident? Or a fight. Or  
get sick and die? It's like the  
murderer walked off the edge of the  
earth. And you never know. But  
you keep asking yourself -- when you  
read about a new murder -- is he  
back?

M.J. stands. She has noted Ruben's reaction to Helen's  
story. There is an edge of sarcasm in her voice...

M.J.

That's amazing. A whole new book,  
thought up in a minute. Very good.  
(beat)

All I know how to do is get up,  
take a shower, and go to work.  
Hope, if he does another I'll nail  
the son of bitch, and they'll spell  
my name right in the newspaper.  
Where is Andy going?

**HELEN:**

He's going home. He slept over  
because I was a little anxious...

M.J.

I want a guard on you. I'm worried  
about leaving you alone.

**RUBEN:**

(to M.J.)

We're through for the night, aren't  
we? You go on. Get some sleep.  
I'll stay until we can get a man  
out here and maybe catch a cab  
home.

**HELEN:**

That would be much appreciated.  
Thanks.

M.J.

(to Helen)

Somewhere down the line we're doing  
to find a connection between him

and you. I want you to worry that  
idea like a loose tooth.

Three voices chime self-conscious 'Good-nights.'

**CUT TO:**

EXT. HELEN'S BUILDING - NIGHT

THE SILENT WATCHER'S POV through the eye of the  
CAMCORDER, we catch M.J. exit HELEN'S building. She stops  
momentarily on the sidewalk to look up at Helen's window...  
The drapes swing open. RUBEN CAN BE SEEN DOING SOMETHING AT  
THE WINDOWS... The Camcorder zooms to a close-up of M.J.  
She gets into her car and speeds off.

INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ruben is checking the windows...

**RUBEN:**

You ought to get some decent locks  
on these. A six-year-old could get  
in here. Much less a motivated  
man.

At the phrase 'motivated man', HELEN looks at him boldly in the  
eye.

**HELEN:**

You and MaryJane aren't lovers.

**RUBEN:**

Not yet.

HELEN laughs. So does RUBEN. Her boldness, her laughter,  
attracts him. His honesty attracts HELEN. He feels the  
heat.

**HELEN:**

Are you always so bold?

**RUBEN:**

No. I'm shy and I'm selective.  
His grin says he'd select her anytime...

**RUBEN:**

The problem for me is... you're in  
the witness category.

(beat -- Jack  
Nicholson)

Know what I mean?

**HELEN:**

Well. Another time, then.

(beat)

I'll be all right. He's not going to attack me; what I'm really afraid of is all in my own head, Ruben.

They smile ruefully at one another, and without further conversation, leave the bedroom.

**CUT TO:**

INT. HELEN'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

RUBEN is outside the door. HELEN just inside.

**RUBEN:**

They'll have a guard here tomorrow. I know you have the idea, but it'll make me feel a lot better.

She smiles, and RUBEN turns, walks away. She stays in the doorway watching his retreat. About ten feet away, he suddenly stops.

**RUBEN:**

Hey!

He turns around, she is still in the doorway. He reaches for his wallet, withdraws a card, holds it up to her.

**RUBEN:**

The number for my cellular.

**RUBEN:**

Don't hesitate. Anytime. Night or day. I mean that.

He holds card out to her. HELEN, holding onto the door frame, doesn't move. RUBEN continues to extend his hand with the card in it. It is a charged moment. She is frozen in the doorway; RUBEN refuses to make a move towards her. HELEN summons all her nerve and lets go of the door frame, determined not to have any further mortification this night, she takes one shaky step out into the hallway to meet him. Then a second step and a third. Her hand touches the card, takes it.



She turns her head to gauge the distance she must retreat. What she sees is that the door's Sureclose device has quietly and efficiently closed. The door is locked. Frantic, she turns back toward RUBEN.

**HER POV:**

RUBEN, now seems a vast distance away from her. He is just turning down the stairs and is gone... The hallway first narrows, squeezing her in, then expands. She is lost in the miles and miles of space between the two walls.

**HELEN:**

Oh, God! Help me!

RUBEN reappears, races toward her...

**RUBEN:**

Tell me what to do!

**HELEN:**

I'm falling! I'm going to fall!

She starts to pass out, to sink to her knees, but RUBEN catches her, puts her up against the wall, handling her like a suspect. He puts one hand on the back of her neck, spreads her legs, gets her in frisk position. Somehow, this is comforting to her, but she is still in full-blown panic...

**HELEN:**

...falling... FALLING!

He pressed his body up against hers, his weight anchoring her against the feeling of free-fall.

**RUBEN:**

I'm right here. I won't let you fall.

He still has a hand on the back of her neck. Suddenly, the proximity effects him, makes him want to kiss her neck. She begins to hyperventilate.

**HELEN:**

Don't let go... I can't breathe...  
I'll die!

**RUBEN:**

Shhh. It's okay. Just breathe.

I'll fix it...

RUBEN takes out his gun...

**RUBEN:**

Put your hands over your ears.

RUBEN shoots off the lock. Then he picks HELEN up and carries her back into her apartment.

INT. HELEN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RUBEN enters and puts HELEN down on the couch, pulls a throw up over her. He sees her Xanax bottle on a table, hands it to her. She takes out three as he pours her some seltzer water, then watches her take the pills. After which he takes the bottle and pockets it.

**HELEN:**

The lock...

**RUBEN:**

I'll get a locksmith.

**HELEN:**

Will you stay? Please? I'm afraid to sleep... I don't want...him...in my head...

RUBEN pulls a big chair up beside the sofa. As her eyes close, RUBEN comforts her. TV features the antics of a nervous little prairie dog family. He looks back at HELEN.

**CLOSE UP HELEN:**

We hear a faint but impatient voice call:

V.O.

Peter... Peter...

**CROSS FADE TO:**

INT. BEDROOM (DALY CITY) - NIGHT

Dim light. The room is unattractive, over-furnished but not comfortably. A WOMAN is sitting propped up in a double bed. She is in her mid-thirties, but drained and pale, she looks older. A chronic invalid. By her side is a NASTY LITTLE DOG, with ribbon bows in its fur. Near the bed is a TV and video, on which a movie's final credits are running.

THE WOMAN IS IMPATIENTLY PUSHING AN INTERCOM BUTTON

PETER enters. Younger than the woman, rather good-looking.

Boyish and nondescript except for a patch of white skin near his hairline. AN OLD SCAR. He goes straight to TV and puts the tape on 'eject.'

**WOMAN:**

Put in the Kevin Costner.

**PETER:**

Why don't we save it for later?

It's almost time for Letterman.

**WOMAN:**

You know I don't like to watch talk shows by myself. Where're you?

He inserts the video she wants and pushes 'play.' Then he approaches the bed, leans over his wife and gently pushes a lock of hair back from the forehead.

She ignores him, staring at the screen. The NASTY LITTLE DOG BARES ITS TEETH AND SNAPS AT HIM.

**WOMAN:**

See, now you've annoyed her. You know she doesn't like you to touch me.

(to dog)

Does she, widdle wee fing! Wuhve you so much!

(to Peter)

Did you feed her?

**PETER:**

Yes, I fed her. If she says she's hungry, she's lying to you. Again.

**WOMAN:**

She doesn't lie! You sure you fed her?

**PETER:**

She lies all the time. Why would I say I fed her if I didn't?

**WOMAN:**

That's what I don't know. Why

would you lie? That's the problem... I can't understand why anyone would lie.

He leaves. As he goes we can hear the Woman still talking to her dog over the TV soundtrack.

WOMAN (cont'd)

You wouldn't lie to Mummy, would you? Just to get Dad in trouble?

Such a naughty widdle dog...

HER VOICE FADES AWAY AS WE FOLLOW HIM down the stairs into a small, ill-lit and dreary living room, into a messy kitchen, then through a door leading to the basement. He locks the basement door behind him.

THE BASEMENT is brightly lighted, full of high tech, gadgets and computers. As he approaches the bottom stair, we see a small TV/video set attached to a wall. On its screen, freeze-framed and silent, is a video of a PRETTY GIRL at an outdoor rock concert, smiling seductively.

PETER puts on a WHITE LAB COAT and then reaches over something to turn the video back on.

The CAMERA PANS DOWN to what he has leaned across. It is the YOUNG GIRL from the concert. She is strapped onto a table, her mouth taped shut. A plastic bag covers her head, but not tightly. She is semiconscious. She is being asphyxiated by slow degrees.

PETER looks at her, gently pushes the bag up far enough to repeat the tender gesture with her damp hair that he made toward his wife. He whispers:

**PETER:**

Didn't I promise I'd come right back?

**CUT TO:**

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAWN

ALL NIGHT FESTIVAL REVELLERS dance across the skyline, of glorious misty green hills, hand in hand. The Camera moves down, across verdant meadows, until we arrive at the bottom of the nearest hill which slopes finally to a highway. A few festival up-all-night REVELERS, looking down at a new CRIME SCENE, where three blue-and-whites are parked, plus a number of unmarked cars.

RUBEN ARRIVES IN A TAXI.

As he moves past the ever-present SUSAN we THREAD THROUGH

THE SCENE TO FIND M.J. M.J. takes one look at RUBEN'S stubble, his yesterday's slept-in clothes, and she turns away. Before RUBEN can catch up with her, NIKKO approaches.

**RUBEN:**

Up all night with a sick friend.  
NIKKO'S face is tight with anger.

**NIKKO:**

You dumb son of a bitch! You don't even know how to treat a woman.

**RUBEN:**

Who? M.J.? Hey, Nikko, explain to me why she gave you the boot...

He moves to M.J. who stands beside the dead BODY OF THE WOMAN WE LAST SAW STRAPPED TO A TABLE. The plastic bag is now tied tight around her neck. She has been posed beneath a sign that says "NO DUMPING". The usual technicians, photographers, Doc, the Coroner, etc.

**RUBEN:**

Is Niccoletti assigned here?

M.J.

(angry about it)

Quinn decided we should form a task force -- they're all one case, now.

He wants all the senior detectives on it...

(to Doc)

She wasn't killed here.

**DOC:**

Not likely.

M.J. is kneeling, inspecting everything here; Ruben kneels beside her... to Ruben...

M.J.

Tell me what you see.

He inspects the dead girl's fingernails.

**RUBEN:**

She didn't fight back, no hair or skin under her fingernails. I'm not seeing any bruises or

contusions...

M.J.

What about her arms?

**RUBEN:**

Needle marks, fresh, here. look at this...

Nikko appears, looming over her...

**NIKKO:**

Probably so stoned she never knew what got her. Like Goetz's sick friend. Right Goetz?

They ignore him. M.J. stands...

**RUBEN:**

She's blue as hell. No marks on her neck. Asphyxiated? not the same -- no ligature marks. Outdoors...

M.J.

Look at her legs.

**RUBEN:**

Spread out like she was sexually assaulted here.

**DOC:**

After she was dead.

**RUBEN:**

She was dragged up here from the road, you can see the tracks. She was already dead or unconscious.

Let's get plaster casts on any -- all footprints.

M.J.

If this is just the dump site, where did he do the job? Where did he pick her up?

**NIKKO:**

Doped up kids all over town. Park was full of them last night. Very easy pickin'. Goetz's type.

Ruben hits him, Nikko reflexively throws a punch that grazes Ruben. Everybody stops in astonishment. M.J. steps between them. Ready to get physical herself; they settle...

M.J.

What the hell are you doing? The Mouth and the Haircut are right down there, thank God they didn't see that.

Down below, Susan and the Haircut are interviewing Festival-of-Lovers.

M.J.

Niccoletti, they're on the wrong side of the tape, you want to push them back? Now.

Nikko trots off to Susan and the Haircut. M.J. gestures for RUBEN, now on his feet and dabbing at a split lip, to follow her back to the cars. As they move more slowly down the hillside to their cars...

M.J.

Ruben, my God, I ought to put you on report.

**RUBEN:**

You're right. I can't stand that bastard. Sorry.

(getting back to work)

This is something new. Not the same guy, that's for sure.

M.J.

Yeah, everything's different.

But she seems unhappy... to techs standing by:

M.J.

Get the pictures, and casts of footprints.

**RUBEN:**

Look at him, grandstanding...

Nikko is talking to Susan Schiff...

M.J.

That's all we need...

She strides toward them...

M.J.

Detective Niccoletti?

**SUSAN:**

What's this about the Boston  
Strangler, M.J.?

M.J. looks at Nikko. He should know better. She's also

**thinking:**

this point -- or not?

M.J.

Hey, Susan -- I'm sorry, you're on  
the wrong side of the tape. We're  
still trying to find any footprints  
or tire marks and we don't want to  
chew up the ground, okay? I'll  
talk to you later.

(to Nikko)

You, too.

She's got Susan outside the tape...

**SUSAN:**

Inspector, will you confirm  
somebody is copying the Boston  
Strangler? This is the fourth, is  
that correct?

M.J.

We're going to review all the  
evidence carefully before making  
any statement...

She is getting into her car; Ruben jumps in on the other  
side. Susan races for her silver Audi...

M.J.

Ruben, put the light on...

From outside the car as they drive away we see Ruben's arm  
clap the magnetic flasher on the top of their unmarked car.

M.J. switches it on... A CHASE ENSUES. SUSAN has a faster  
car, but M.J. is a better driver. Stomach dropping hills,  
trolley cars, the corkscrew turns of Lombard Street, all the  
familiar San Francisco chase scenes.

M.J.

Now listen up, Ruben. You never,  
never, never mess with somebody  
inside the case!

**RUBEN:**



Excuse me? Excuse me?! What do  
you...

M.J.

You damn well better start working  
on that impulse control. A woman  
who is implicated in this case?  
Someone who's practically a piece  
of evidence?

**RUBEN:**

It's against your rules that I try  
to help a witness who's scared  
shitless? Who's...

M.J.

The woman's unstable. You could  
wind up with a harassment charge.  
Anything. You're like some horny  
little teenager.

M.J. takes another two-wheel corner. In the rear view  
mirror, M.J. watches SUSAN lose control of her car as she  
tries to make a tight turn, M.J. smiles in contempt.

M.J.

Anybody who's ever watched TV knows  
about that corner.

Having lost SUSAN, M.J. slows down to a normal speed.

M.J.

Everybody could see you -- unshaved,  
same clothes from yesterday,  
reeking of sex.

RUBEN'S eye-brows lift. She peels into the HQ parking lot  
and jumps out.

M.J.

(going away)

Park the car. Call the lab. Get  
Doc to lean on the coroner for a  
really fast prelim on the sperm.

RUBEN gets out of the car to cross to the driver's side...

M.J. (O.S.)

When you get it, call me.

RUBEN look after her, a smile of delight on his face.

**RUBEN:**

She loves me.

**CUT TO:**

INT. QUINN'S OFFICE - DAY  
QUINN, NICCOLETTI.

**QUINN:**

I know; the kid hit you first. He already told me.

**NIKKO:**

He's not treating her right...

**QUINN:**

She left you, Nikko. She's not your responsibility. She takes very good care of herself. If she wants to romance the kid, it ain't your business. Your business is to snap out of it.

**NIKKO:**

We were together six years, sir!

**QUINN:**

Don't give me six years! You never divorced Patty, did you? So what'd you expect from M.J.?

**NIKKO:**

She knows I'm Catholic! She never mentioned divorce! Not once!

**QUINN:**

Then you shoulda known she wasn't buying. She was just long-term leasing' you.

(beat)

Ah, Nickie. Except for that rare twenty-second twitch, there ain't nothin' about sex I don't hate. But of course, I'm Irish.

(beat)

Plus I got real problems. I'm worried I might have to put you in over M.J. There's something going on

here, the Commissioner is targeting her now, I can't leave a woman in that position. But the thing is, how can I move you in, if you go on acting like a teenage asshole?

**NIKKO:**

I don't want the job. Don't do that to her. She's worked too damned hard for it.

**QUINN:**

What's going down with the sting in Chinatown? That gonna be off your plate in a week or what?

**CUT TO:**

INT. TASK FORCE ROOM - DAY

A ROOM IN THE BASEMENT OF THE POLICE HQ IS BEING SET UP TO HOUSE A NEW TASK FORCE, WITH CATERER'S TABLE FOR TEMP DESKS. Bulletin boards with notices and pictures; telephone techs are still installing phones, cops are learning unfamiliar computer menus, etc. M.J. IS EXAMINING HUGE BLOWUPS OF ONLOOKERS AT CRIME SCENES PINNED UP ON A WALL, WITH A MAGNIFYING LENS.

QUINN (V.O.)

Sergeant...

She walks away BECKONS, BECKONS, COME ON, WALK AFTER ME! He walks out of a door and they stand on the steps...

EXT. STEPS POLICE HQ - DAY

A couple of Cops, maybe male and female, are smoking there. Quinn gives them a look that sends them scuttling inside, flipping their butts into the shrubbery. Quinn sighs and digs out a cigarette. The looks between them tell the story of his trying to give it up and not being able to, etc.

**QUINN:**

So what have we got?

M.J.

It's not the same guy. It should be a self-solver. No bow around the neck, left and body outdoors, completely different. The others were housewives, secretaries, he

talked his way inside, killed them in their own living room or bed- or bathroom. This one didn't have a husband or a boyfriend, no family, temp waitress, 3 arrests for misdemeanor dope offenses, DUI, asphyxiation probably from a plastic bag over her head. Sexually assaulted. The others weren't molested that way. We're waiting for the sperm tests...

**QUINN:**

Christ. How old are you? You sure you want to be in this line of work?

M.J.

You're damn right I do.

**QUINN:**

Okay, now what about your sidekick punching my favorite detective? What the hell is going on? You got no discipline in your operation.

M.J.

I'm sorry it had to come to your attention. I am dealing with it. She starts to go...

**QUINN:**

Where you going?

M.J.

Helen Hudson...

**QUINN:**

What the hell you need her for?

M.J.

Because I think I'm wrong.

**CUT TO:**

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

**CLOSE:**

SIX. TWO, PUT BACK. ONE MORE, PUT BACK.

**HELEN:**

REMAINING PILLS.  
DOOR BELL RINGS O.S.

**HELEN:**

I'm not seeing anybody.  
We HEAR muffled voices -- ANDY and M.J. HELEN, as she realizes Andy is letting M.J. in, goes to the bathroom door and tries to slam and lock it: Andy beats her to it, blocking with his foot in the door.

**HELEN:**

You're fired.

**ANDY:**

I know. Do come and meet your guest.  
M.J. appears. Taking in Helen's condition -- due to a wild night with Ruben? Helen moves from the bathroom down the hall to her office, as...  
M.J.  
We've got another one.

**HELEN:**

That's no surprise.  
M.J.  
But it's a different m.o.

**HELEN:**

Then what do you need me for?  
M.J.  
She was killed somewhere else and dumped outdoors in an empty lot. Where it says "no dumping." Her legs pulled apart in a kind of sexual pose. It's all different but it seems so -- the same. Artificial and posed... Something's wrong with it.

**HELEN:**

You're saying it's the same man, but he's changed his style? That

doesn't happen. These men are robotic; the murder is like a ritual. The method itself is part of the pleasure...

They've turned into the office. Something is wrong...

M.J.

Who turned off the Internet computer...

**HELEN:**

I turned it off. It's like an open window he can climb right in...

M.J.

He comes in the window, we maybe grab him. Where's the on-switch?

**HELEN:**

Have you got a warrant? Get the hell out o here! This is the only space I have left in the world! Why can't you leave me out of it?

M.J.

Helen -- the killer directly contacted you. His interest in you is intense. I'm worried about you. I don't want to lose you. I know this stirs up every monster under the bed, but this is the only direct contact we have with him. The only chance we have to trap him.

(beat)

So, you can turn Internet back on, or I do, and we put somebody here on a 24 hour shift and you can kick, scream and hyperventilate.

**HELEN:**

That little Winona Ryder manner... you're more convincing as Clint Eastwood.

M.J.

Clint is putting a guard on you.

But if you swear to leave the computer on, Winona will assign him to the hall outside.

HELEN has to laugh. The laugh turns to a hacking cough.

**ANDY:**

She's smoking again.

Andy leaves. Helen sits, and with the care of someone handling a rattlesnake, turns the computer on. Meanwhile...

THE PHONE RINGS.

**HELEN:**

Hello?... Oh...

(a beat)

...yes, she's right here.

HELEN hangs the phone to M.J. The air is a little more charged... Helen goes back to the computer.

**HELEN:**

Ruben.

M.J.

Hello, Ruben...

(listens, nods)

So that's that...

**HELEN:**

Please thank Inspector Goetz for taking care of me last night.

M.J. delivers the message straight-faced.

M.J.

Ruben, Dr. Hudson wants me to thank you for taking care of her last night.

(hangs up)

Lab report on the new one. At least two guys penetrated her.

There were two kinds of sperm. The poor thing. What it must have been like.

Helen has come alert...

**HELEN:**

She was near a sign that said "No Dumping?" Two kinds of sperm --

the lab said one was a secretor and  
the other was not?

M.J. mumbles a surprised yes. Helen is at computer.

**HELEN:**

There were needle marks. But no  
drugs in her blood.

M.J.

So far nothing they test for comes  
up positive.

Helen has a Window type screen: she clicks icons...

**HELEN:**

Is that it?

M.J.

(stunned)

That's exactly... I could have  
taken that same picture, this  
morning.

A RATHER GRAINY PICTURE OF A DEAD GIRL SPREAD OUT IN A  
SUGGESTIVE POSE IN AN EMPTY FIELD. A SIGN RIGHT BY HER SAYS  
"NO DUMPING."

**HELEN:**

He's switched from DeSalvo to the  
Hillside Strangler. The Strangler  
was two men, that's why there are  
two kinds of sperm. His idea of a  
joke, very witty our boy.

M.J.

That's not consistent... You said  
they never changed their style,  
they're robots...

**HELEN:**

Consistency is the hobgoblin of  
little minds. Tell them to test  
for the chemicals found in Windex.  
That's a product for cleaning  
with...

M.J.

I know Windex, for God's sake, I  
clean my own windows...



**HELEN:**

It's what Bianchi and Buono  
injected into one of their victims.  
M.J.

(sensing something  
appalling)

Injected Windex! Why would he  
switch to a new m.o.?

**HELEN:**

Ah, if you knew that, you'd be half  
way to nailing him. Serial killing  
is irrational and rigid and  
compulsive. This guy has a plan  
all thought out, flexible and  
complex. He's playing a game with  
us. Who will he imitate next?  
Maybe he's doing all the serial  
killers in history, the great  
innovators, the murderers' hall of  
fame. Just to prove he's better  
than all of them. They got caught;  
he didn't.

M.J.

He'll get caught. If he has a plan  
that'll be what trips him up...

**HELEN:**

Who's going to catch him? You?  
(beat)

And if you do, there'll be another  
one. And one after that.

M.J.

(gently, surprised)

You're afraid of him.

**HELEN:**

This one, yes. I was always  
curious about these twisted little  
souls, but this is the first one  
I've felt personally terrified of.  
He's something new and unheard of.  
I don't know what he wants.

M.J.

(beat)

I'm giving you Clint outside.

**CUT TO:**

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is empty, the messy unmade bed has covers thrown back. Nasty Little Dog is sprawled asleep on it. The TV is

**on:**

and bold, the legend:

'KOPYCAT KILLER?'

**SUSAN:**

...to mimic the M.O. of the Boston Strangler. The police here are rumored to be consulting Dr. Helen Hudson.

O.S. A TOILET FLUSHES, and Peter's WIFE emerges wearing a nightgown. She shuffles back to the bed, and as she sits picks up the remote...

SUSAN (ON TV)

It was backstage at the McClusky Auditorium on the Berkeley campus that Dr. Hudson's police bodyguard was killed. Daryll Lee Cullum, that...

She zaps the remote and a program hyping the Summer of Love comes on...

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We see on HIS computer screen a picture of HELEN scanned from some newspaper or magazine. PETER is building a morph: beside Helen on screen is another image -- of the RED-HEADED woman. He is placing marks on one picture, on the exact corner of Helen's left eyes. As he does so, a red dot appears near the corner of the left eye of the Red-headed woman. Both pictures are dappled with similar dots. It looks very odd, as though someone had stuck Post-its all over the images. Around him, as he works are other pictures: ASPHYXIATED GIRL taken while she was strapped to the table. Of the sign "NO DUMPING." M.J. leaving Helen's! HE ALSO HAS A TINY TV ON, AND TURNS TO SEE AS:

SUSAN (ON TV)

... convicted serial killer had escaped police custody during a

court hearing, in a scandal that  
rocked the police and forced the  
resignation of four State  
Correction officers...

INT. DEATH ROW CELL - NIGHT

DARYLL LEE lies smoking and watching a tiny TV of his own.

SUSAN (ON TV)

...Cullum attacked Doctor Hudson in  
apparent revenge for her testimony  
against him. Doctor Hudson did not  
return our phone calls, today. Our  
sources tell us that if police  
homicide detectives fail to move  
faster in their investigation the  
FBI will be called...

INT. TASK FORCE ROOM - NIGHT

M.J. striding, tight-lipped through the room to her  
workstation where she takes the phone from Ruben...

M.J.

Halloran.

**INTERCUT:**

**HELEN:**

You betrayed me! Now every  
psychopath in the city knows I'm  
back in business... You lied to me!

M.J.

I did not; the Mouth -- that's what  
we call Susan Schiffer -- got it on  
her own.

**HELEN:**

Why should I trust you?

M.J.

Because I'm all you've got.

RUBEN HAS BEEN GIVEN NEWS: BIG PROBLEMS. MEN AND WOMEN ARE  
GETTING UP, PUTTING ON HOLSTERS, ETC., MOVING OUT...

**HELEN:**

How could you...

M.J.

(out of patience)

I like the real smart Helen Hudson

a lot, I'm Goddamned sick and tired of the hysterical little girl, Helen. You asked your way in -- I don't forget that. You've got a nickname around here -- "Deep Throat" from all the phone calls, I wonder if you know that. Go take a xanax, I've got to got to work.

**CUT TO:**

INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

HELEN, her police scanner sounding distant tinny cries in

**the night:**

SCANNER (VARIOUS VOICES)

987... Carol Meany, call your home? We have... don't step on me, damn it! Go to channel 8... Code Red -- Homicide at 16th Avenue and Horgan, woman dead in car. Can we have homicide? All units go to channel 5. Leave channel 3 clear for homicide... etc.

EXT. HELEN'S STREET - NIGHT

A MAN parks a car. He gets out. He is dressed entirely in black. Glancing around to be sure he is not observed, the MAN moves to cars, banging them hard with his hand until he SETS OFF A CAR ALARM. He trots silently to HELEN'S side of the street and merges into the dark side of her building. THE ALARM GOES INFURIATINGLY ON. A light comes on in an upstairs window...

INT. HELEN'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

BURT, the cop on guard, marginally irritated by the car alarm, looks up briefly, then returns to his magazine.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. RICHMOND DISTRICT - NIGHT

CAR WHERE A WOMAN HAS BEEN SHOT DEAD. KLIEG LIGHTS PAINT HER FEATURES A BLEAK WHITE ON BLACK. M.J. and RUBEN work the scene along with the CRIME TECH CREW. One of the TECH GUYS holds up a bullet.

**TECH GUY:**

Pulled this out of the door, it's

bigger than a .38; it's a .44 or 9 millimeter.

**CLOSE:**

everything she can find -- gum wrappers, hobby pins, loose change, etc. She lifts her head and finds the car radio and tape player right in her face.

M.J.

Was this on? When you found the car was the tape player on or off.

COP (V.O.)

It was on, auto-reverse, over and over.

M.J. has rubber gloves on. She switches on ignition and the tape player starts: ABBA. A phone rings...

ON RUBEN standing beside the car; he answers his phone...

**RUBEN:**

Yeah?... I can't talk now...

What?... No. There's no sexual assault, it's a drive-by, a woman in a car, it's not him.

(mouths to M.J.)

Helen.

M.J. still pissed at the earlier phone call, turns away, dismissively...

HELEN (V.O.)

It's a woman shot in a car?

**RUBEN:**

Yes. I have to go...

**HELEN:**

She on the passenger side?

M.J.

(shouting to be heard)

Helen, hang up, let Ruben get on with his work...

**HELEN:**

What's that music. It's Abba. I can hear it. It's Abba.

**RUBEN:**

What's Abba?

M.J.

Bunch of Swedish women. You're too young.

Dread clouds HELEN'S face. She is calling up databases, screens scrolling across her computer monitor.

**HELEN:**

Don't hang up!

**RUBEN:**

What?...

**HELEN:**

Listen to me. Is there a gas station nearby?

RUBEN look around, sees a gas station across the street and further down the block...

**RUBEN:**

Yes.

**HELEN:**

Is there a phone booth there?

**RUBEN:**

They all have one...

**HELEN:**

Go and look for a note.

RUBEN hands the phone over to M.J.

**RUBEN:**

She wants me to check the phone booth for a note.

M.J.

Helen... excuse me, we...

ON HELEN'S SCREEN IS THE FACE OF BERKOWITZ... SHE CALLS UP ADDITIONAL FRAMES SHOWING SCENES OF HIS CRIMES.

**HELEN:**

She was listening to Abba in her parked car when she was shot with a

Bulldog .44.

**M.J. reacts:**

hard. This is repeating the pattern of yet another killer...

M.J.

Tony!

The techie who pulled the bullet out of the door turns...

M.J.

Let me see the slug outta the door!

He pulls a baggie out his pocket and hands it to her...

RUBEN RUNNING across to the gas station. He's alone now, the blazing lights of the crime scene recede.

EXT. HELEN'S BUILDING - NIGHT

A small annoyed crowd has gathered around the area whose alarm is still shrieking.

INT. HELEN'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

BURT finally gets up, goes to window, sees situation, decides to go and fix it.

EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

M.J. still on phone to HELEN. She's just got the bullet out of the baggie; Tony stands watching.

M.J.

What's that siren?

HELEN (V.O.)

One of those goddamned car alarms.

What's going...

M.J.

Ruben's gone to look... It's banged up but it looks like a .44. It's Son of Sam. Is it Son of Sam?

**HELEN:**

Look in the crowd. He liked to hang around and watch the cops at work...

EXT. SHELL STATION - NIGHT

Closed. RUBEN at the phone booth.

A note lies on the shelf, handwritten in felt-tip pen. He puts on a rubber glove, picks note up by one corner.

**CRIME SCENE:**

RUBEN has taken phone back from M.J. He is reading the note to HELEN. M.J., agitated, stands by.

**RUBEN:**

**"Police:**

**these words:**

M.J. notices that there is writing on the other side of the note. She forces RUBEN'S gloved hand to turn note over.

**RUBEN:**

Hold on a minute, Helen...

By this time M.J. has seen that this part is addressed to HELEN. M.J. takes phone from RUBEN, forcing herself to sound casual.

M.J.

Helen, Ruben's going to drop by.

He's got some questions.

She hangs up, RUBEN is already on his way. M.J. calls a number...

M.J.

Answer me!!...

EXT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The beeper on Burt's belt is beeping, but his head is under the hood of the car where the car alarm is blaring. He can't hear the beeper...

BACK TO CRIME SCENE:

M.J. ends the call, yells to another Detective.

M.J.

I need a unit at 19809 Lorenda Drive. Tell them to approach code 2 and wait for instruction. Find the goddamn officer supposed to be on security. Ruben's on his way. He'll go in alone.

SHE TURNS AND SEES:

BEHIND YELLOW CRIME SCENE TAPE THE NIGHT IS FULL OF THRILL SEEKERS AND CURIOUS. WHICH OF THEM MIGHT BE THE KILLER? THE GUY IN THE BACK OF THE CROWD WHO FOR NO APPARENT REASON SUDDENLY BEGINS TO RACE ALONG BEHIND THE ONLOOKERS? THE MEN WHO DUCKS TO TIE HIS SHOE WHEN A PHOTOGRAPHER SHOOTS A PICTURE?

INT. FRONT DOOR OF HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The horn blares across the street, (O.S.). No one notices the MAN at HELEN'S door, swiftly fiddling the lock with a



ring full of burglars' keys and picks.

INT. HELEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

HELEN is putting on makeup (Ruben is coming). A small but alarming noise at the front of the loft. She listens carefully, and moves to the door looking down the hall toward the front door. It is OPEN" Burt is not there! She hesitates a moment, then turns off the lights and sprints for the front door, to escape.

INT. LIVING ROOM

THE MAN IS PULLING A BALACLAVA UP OVER HIS FACE. AS HE HEARS HER HE STEPS TO THE...

**INSERT:**

A HAND IN A FINE LEATHER BLACK GLOVE LIFTS THE RECEIVER OFF THE HOOK.

HELEN RUNS DOWN THE HALL AND REACHES THE FRONT DOOR. SHE RUNS RIGHT OUT INTO THE HALL A FEW STEPS BEFORE RECOILING: HER POV. THE WALLS AND FLOOR WEAVING AND CONTRACTING... AGORAPHOBIA HAS HIT.

HELEN FALLS. SHE SCRAMBLES IN TERROR BACK TO THE "SAFETY" OF HER WALL, NOW A CAVE OF DARKNESS.

SHE FALLS ON THE FLOOR OF THE HALL, GASPING FOR BREATH. LIVING ROOM. THE MAN MOVES ACROSS THE ROOM TOWARD THE HALL.

**CUT TO:**

**RUBEN:**

**THE MAN:**

**HELEN:**

OFFICE. SHE IS JUST VANISHING AS THE MAN STEPS TO WHERE HE CAN SEE HER.

THE MAN STARTS TO FOLLOW, NOT FAST, BUT WITH TERRIFYING SURENESS...

THE POLICE SCANNER SUDDENLY COMES UP LOUD. HE HESITATES.

**HELEN:**

LAMPS, ETC.

**THE MAN:**

SHE IS. HE IS PASSING A WINDOW, WHEN THE CURTAINS SUDDENLY DRAW, RIGHT BESIDE HIM. HE PAUSES AGAIN, LOOKS DOWN AND WE

AND HE/WE SEE THE STREET SCENE: BURT AND NEIGHBORS TRYING TO SILENCE THE CAR ALARM. THEN HE STARTS TO MOVE AGAIN.

THE CURTAINS CLOSE.

HIGH ANGLE OVER THE MAZE OF THE APARTMENT WALLS. WE CAN SEE THE MAN MOVING ALONG THE HALLWAY AGAIN -- TOWARD ANDY'S DEN, AND DIRECTLY TOWARD WHERE WE LAST SAW HELEN.

SUDDENLY, FOREGROUND, HELEN'S HEAD POPS UP, HUGE! SHE IS WRESTLING HERSELF UP OVER THE WALL TOWARD CAMERA, INTO ANOTHER ROOM OUT OF HIS PATH. WE PAN WITH HER AS SHE WIGGLES HERSELF OVER THE TOP OF THE WALL AND UNTIL SHE FALLS INTO FURNITURE, MAKING A HUGE NOISE.

MAN STOPS, TRYING TO LOCATE DIRECTION. HE DECIDES. LEAPS WITH CATLIKE GRACE ONTO A PIECE OF FURNITURE AND FROM THERE ONTO THE TOP OF THE WALL!

NOW HE STANDS ON THE PARTITION, LOOKING AROUND AT THE GROUNDPLAN (AS IT WERE) OF THIS APARTMENT MAZE FROM A HIGH ANGLE POV.

**HELEN:**

AND HIGH ABOVE HER, WE SEE THE MAN SILHOUETTED AS HE BEGINS TO WALK ALONG LIKE A CAT ON A GARDEN WALL, ABLE TO SEE ON BOTH SIDES INTO WHATEVER ROOMS HE IS PASSING.

HE DROPS OFF THE WALL FOR A MOMENT INTO HER BEDROOM.

INTERCUT MAN AND HELEN. HE LOOKS FOR HER, PRODS THE BED COVERS.

THEN LEAPS BACK UP TO THE TOP OF THE WALL.

SHE TAKES A VASE AND THROWS IT OVER THE WALL INTO THE ADJACENT ROOM. THE MAN'S FIGURE DOESN'T EVEN SLOW, HE'S ALREADY FIGURED IT OUT: HE LEAPS CLEAR ACROSS AN OPENING ONTO THE WALL THAT LEADS DIRECTLY TO HER.

SHE HITS THE REMOTE: THE CURTAINS SWEEP OPEN, AND MORE LIGHT COMES IN NOW FROM THE STREET.

**CLOSE, THE MAN:**

ANGLE WE AND WE SEE DOWN INTO THE STREET, WHERE RUBEN'S CAR SCREECHES TO A STOP. RUBEN charges into the building.

BURT, COMING AWAKE, FOLLOWS RUBEN up the stairs three at a time.

HALLWAY AND APARTMENT DOOR: THE MAN COMES RACING OUT AND TURNS TOWARD THE STAIRS, JUST AS RUBEN REACHES HELEN'S FLOOR. THE MAN TRIES TO DO A 180, BUT RUBEN THROWS A BODY BLOCK AND THE MAN FALLS BACK INSIDE THE APARTMENT.

LIGHT FROM HALL GIVES US OUR FIRST LOOK AS RUBEN TEARS THE

BALACLAVA OFF HIS FACE. He is a middle-aged Afro-Asian with a knife-scarred face.

**MAN:**

I can explain!

**RUBEN:**

The fuck you can!

(shouts)

Helen! Are you okay? HELEN!

Then he sees her. In shock, she stares down at the MAN.

**RUBEN:**

Did this animal touch you?

She shakes her head, turns and runs out of the room, as RUBEN catches sight of BURT.

**RUBEN:**

Turn on a light and call in the unit. NOW!

BURT rushes to okay. RUBEN FRISKS THE MAN.

**MAN:**

No gun!

**RUBEN:**

Bullshit's gonna get your balls stomped on! What's your name?

**MAN:**

Chow. Conrad Chow.

The improbability of this name makes RUBEN deliver an angry kick to the man's side.

**MAN:**

Swear to God! Conrad Chow. Never carry a gun.

**BURT:**

Backup's here...

**RUBEN:**

(to Burt)

Then you get your ass outta here, I

don't wanta see you again...

**CONRAD:**

I brought a present for the lady,  
there. I'm looking for her, to give  
her the present...

**RUBEN:**

You break into her apartment to  
deliver a gift? Where is it?

**CONRAD:**

The door was open, swear to God,  
I'm just looking for her when you  
come charging up the stairs...

**RUBEN:**

Where is it?

**CONRAD:**

I'm trying to tell you. It's on the  
lady's pillow...

Ruben shoves Conrad into Backup Cop's hands.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ruben comes running in, sees a parcel lying on pillow...  
scoops it up, and rips it open. It's a book. He returns  
to Conrad, who is now surrounded by police. Ruben holds the  
book up like a question.

**CONRAD:**

Daryll Lee Cullum, he wrote that  
book, he wanted the lady to have  
it. They won't let him send it to  
her, so I'm getting out, he asks me  
to deliver it in person, he says,  
put it on her pillow. It has all  
about how he tried to kill her.

**RUBEN:**

He told you she was loaded, any-  
thing you could steal you could  
keep, Conrad? You bought yourself  
a return ticket to Quentin,  
breaking and entering.

**CONRAD:**

The door was already open...

**RUBEN:**

We know...

(to a cop)

Send the book to evidence...

**CONRAD:**

She's supposed to have it.

**RUBEN:**

She don't want it.

INT. HELEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

HELEN is sitting on the floor, her knees pulled up to her chest.

RUBEN (V.O.)

Helen? Open the door. The guy's nothing. A burglar.

She sits there, says nothing.

RUBEN (V.O.)

Open the door. Please.

**HELEN:**

Why don't you shoot off the lock?

She starts to laugh. The sound is awful. After a moment, she gets up on wobbly legs and opens the door. RUBEN takes her to the sink, sort of sits her down on it. Wets a washcloth, goes to sponge off her face. She is trembling.

**HELEN:**

He was in my apartment!

**RUBEN:**

I know, baby. I know.

Without warning, in some sort of manic phase of a freak-out, she breaks away from him, ricochets through bedroom, down the hallway, RUBEN follows, tries to put his arms around her.

**RUBEN:**

It's okay... you're safe with me!

He pulls her down into a chair with him, his arms tight

around her, holding her still. He smooths her hair, rubs her neck, pets her like a frightened and resistant cat.

**RUBEN:**

When I was a little kid, and I'd be in a state, my father would hold me on his lap, until all the fight would go out of me...

She breaks free and whacks him across his nose.

**HELEN:**

You think you're my Daddy?

There is something so perverse about this, so erotic, that RUBEN kisses her. She goes limp, kisses him back, then she's suddenly sobbing. His nose is bleeding, but she's smiling. Something between them has finally connected. Been agreed upon.

**RUBEN:**

Helen...honey, you know I gotta go.

He digs out his sneaky gun from whenever he keeps it.

**RUBEN:**

You know how to use this?

**HELEN:**

They taught me at the FBI. I was very good at it. It scared me... I liked it.

**RUBEN:**

You take it, hang on to it, it'll make you feel safer. Stay put.

**HELEN:**

What else?

He goes.

A SONG BEGINS, PRELAPPING THE FOLLOWING SCENES: "MURDER BY NUMBERS" BY THE POLICE...

"Once that you've decided on a killing  
First you make a stone of your heart  
And if you find that your hands are still willing  
You can turn murder into an art..."

HELEN OPENS THE WEAPON, SEEMINGLY COMPETENT ENOUGH TO HANDLE

IT WELL, AND EMPTIES OUT THE BULLETS. SHE LOCKS IT UP AND  
HEAVES A SIGH OF RELIEF.  
THE SONG CONTINUES...

**CUT TO:**

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

THE FBI ARRIVES. High angle, looking down: three identical cars draw in front, park with military precision: all four doors on the all three cars open at the same time and identically dressed men, in suits, get out, slam the doors in sync., and march toward the front steps to HQ, ignoring a couple of bemused cops smoking on the sidewalk...

INT. POLICE HQ - CONTINUOUS

As the parade of FBI, led by their Commander SAKS, walk down the corridor from the front door, toward CAMERA, performing a smart right angle turn, and (CAMERA PANNING TO FOLLOW) continue away from CAMERA down another corridor. Through the glass partitions and in the halls they pass cops who pretend they aren't looking at them: no eye contact between cops and FBI. The cops are at ease; bellies slop over belts; neatly pressed blouses strain over breasts; sweat stains; shirtsleeves. The marching men wouldn't sweat. QUINN emerges from his office and sees them arriving. He gets his jacket off a hook on the back of the door, signals a few top officers to follow. He looks resigned...

INT. TASK FORCE ROOM - DAY (LATER)

M.J., RUBEN, NIKKO, and a number of other officers are being addressed by SAKS, an FBI agent. At the back are three more FBI AGENTS, suited and tied. QUINN stands off to one side. THE SONG IS JUST ENDING, ON A CD PLAYER IN THE ROOM. A projector beams up a copy of the note RUBEN found in the phone booth.

**Dr. Hudson:**

"Once that you've decided on a killing  
First you make a stone of your heart  
And if you find that your hands are still willing  
You can turn murder into an art.  
Well, if you have a taste for this experience  
You're flushed with your very first success  
Then you must try a twosome or a threesome  
Before your conscience bothers you much less.  
Then you can join the ranks of the illustrious  
In history's great dark hall of fame

All of our greatest killers were industrious  
At least the ones that we all know by name."  
SAKS speaks...

**SAKS:**

Hello. I am (research title)  
Meryhew Saks. The song is called  
"Murder By Numbers." The  
performers are a group called The  
Police. Adam here...

... from Behavioral Science is  
working out exactly what this  
perpetrator is trying to telegraph  
in the note. This is an extremely  
complex case, and we have a lot of  
fancy theories floating around.  
We're not ruling out the possib-  
ility of three Copycat serial  
killers. We have Quantico working  
on graphology, the Washington lap  
is cloning DNA from the secretor.  
It's our feeling that the best lead  
we have is the two sperm samples in  
one of the victims. We have a team  
sweeping sperm banks. Now I want  
to say a few word to you local  
people. Your Commissioner asked  
for our assistance. The Bureau  
does not send us in on these cases  
to lord it over the local police.  
We couldn't catch up on what you  
people know if we had a year. We  
have nation-wide resources and hard  
state of the art forensic science;  
you have the local savvy. Together  
we can be unbeatable. Which one is  
Inspector Halloran?  
M.J.  
Over here.  
SAKS approaches M.J., guides her away from the others.

**TWO SHOT:**

**SAKS:**



We don't see too many lady homicide detectives. You have my respect. Have you discussed the note with Dr. Hudson?

M.J.

Someone broke into her place last night. It wasn't connected to our case, but it shook her up pretty bad so I haven't...

QUINN joins them, SAKS gives him a nod.

**SAKS:**

I was just about to advise the Inspector here not to show Dr. Hudson the note.

M.J.

Sir, Doctor Hudson and I see a pattern develop...

**SAKS:**

(riding over her)

We know Helen. She's not exactly a credible collaborator. Especially late in the day...

M.J.

She takes tranquilizers her doctor prescribes.

**SAKS:**

Who prescribes the brandy?

M.J.'S look makes SAKS smile. QUINN is called to the phone.

M.J.

How come you're so up on Dr. Hudson?

**SAKS:**

She is a writer, writing best selling books about serial killing. Giving lectures she's well-paid for. Her interests are not the interests of law enforcement.

M.J.

Okay.

**SAKS:**

We've put a tap on Dr. Hudson's phone. I know you won't mention it.

So much for any trusting relationship, right? QUINN has arrived, addresses SAKS.

**QUINN:**

Sorry to interrupt. I need a word with my officer...

He turns to M.J. Diplomatically, SAKS moves away.

**QUINN:**

M.J., I'm going to have to borrow Ruben. The alien-smuggling thing in Chinatown is going down tomorrow night and Jack's kid got hit by a car. I gotta give Ruben to Nikko.

M.J.

What does this mean? Now we got the FBI, my team is expendable? I'm working my ass off, is anybody listening? Why Ruben, anyway? He and Nikko don't even get on together...

**QUINN:**

Teach both of them a lesson in cooperation and self-discipline.

M.J.

If this is a first step in kicking me off the case, just tell me, to my face, sir, don't waste time being diplomatic.

**QUINN:**

Just, I need results. And -- I am short-handed. Who else am I gonna give him?

M.J.

(looking at Saks)

Give him that pompous son of a bitch.

She turns and leaves, brushing past Saks as she goes... Gigi

meets her...

**GIGI:**

Lab called. They got a result on the drug test you requested...? It takes a moment to remember what it was...

**GIGI:**

They said it was Windex? If there was any residual doubt about what's happening, it's gone now. She starts after Quinn, sees he is in spirited dialogue with SAKS and decides to wait.

**CUT TO:**

INT. HELEN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY  
HELEN and M.J. Helen unfolds a xerox copy of the note, that M.J. has just given her.

**HELEN:**

..."I'll be back..."  
As she looks at the back of the note... she looks up into M.J.'S face.  
M.J.  
Yeah. Addressed to you. "Don't lose your head."  
Helen puts down the note. She is holding herself together by main will power... doesn't want to face that note...

**HELEN:**

They put Merry Saks on it?!  
M.J.  
He said to send you his regards and to tell you that the Bureau holds you in the highest esteem.

**HELEN:**

What I can't believe is that in an earlier life I slept with him! Christ! Any God that loved his people would give women a rewind on their life and an erase button.  
(looks at M.J.)  
Just give me a minute here. The letter is addressed to me...

(she's breathing  
fast, controls it)

You don't feel fear, do you?  
You're young. You feel like you'll  
live forever. How wonderful.

M.J.

I put my ass on the line, giving  
you that.

**HELEN:**

They weren't going to show it to  
me?! The arrogance! It's my life!

M.J.

It's also the major piece of  
evidence, and it makes you a key  
part of his plan. You can't run  
away from it anymore.

(beat)

Look at the order he's doing  
them... He did three as the Boston  
Strangler just to tell us a copycat  
serial killer was at work. Then he  
did one like the Hillside Strang-  
ler. And then one as Son of Sam.  
To lead us on -- to where and what  
end? And he's doing more than that  
-- he's imitating each killer's  
method as closely as he can -- in  
details. Injecting Windex. Using  
.44. Playing Abba.

**HELEN:**

It's not chronological: Son of Sam  
was before Hillside.

She begins to read.

M.J.

It's clear he thinks he knows me.  
He lives a fantasy. 'Helen, don't  
lose your head.' Is that a threat?  
Does he want to cut off my head?  
Dahmer cut off heads. Who else?  
Kemper. Did Gacy? Rivkind? I  
think Rivkind did.

She puts the note down on the table, smoothes it out. She

closes her eyes for a moment. We begin to see certain filtered images. As they come, we INTERCUT them.

**HELEN:**

He attacks what he feels he can't have. What he feels excluded from...

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Lush, pastoral green. We see PETER sitting by himself. He wears a WHITE LAB COAT, like one we saw hanging in his basement.

**HIS POV:**

studying together, picnicking. Women sunbathe, their straps pulled down on their shoulders, their tops rolled up to expose their midriffs.

HELEN (V.O.)

'First you make a stone of your heart.'... Oh yes! He doesn't suffer. That's past. Now it's our turn.

One of the sunbathing girls sits up and looks round, then takes her top off entirely.

HELEN (V.O.)

Kemper said in order to have the experience he wanted with them, he needed to evict them from their bodies. By making the body a completely passive object, he releases himself from passivity.

**CLOSE:**

**HELEN:**

But the relief he feels is only temporary. '...Before your conscience bothers you much less...' But the tension always comes back.

(she now picks out

**the words:**

'You can join the ranks of the illustrious...' He wants to be

like them. The best. To become the best. But, he has his own desires, his own compulsions apart from theirs.' His own horrors...

**CUT TO:**

**FLASHBACK:**

An incremental flash of a SMALL BOY standing by his bed which he has wet. His pajamas are soaked. His powerful MOTHER grabs him by the hair and drags him with her.

HELEN (V.O.)

Some horrors that are all his own...

The SMALL BOY is flung into an under-stairs closet where firewood and stacked papers are kept. The door is slammed hard. He gropes around in the darkness, finds a big box of matches, lights one. Then, angrily, he sets fire to a pile of newspapers. They start to burn. We see, but do not, hear, his screams for help.

HELEN (V.O.)

He needs to prove they don't control him, that he's the one in control. But the feeling of power never lasts. He can control his victims, but he can't control anything else... his place in the world. He wants to be recognized. He puts messages in my computer; he sends me a letter...

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

She picks out the lines... "then you must try a twosome or a threesome."

**HELEN:**

Of course he wants to do a threesome! Only Bundy did three in one day. Is Bundy next? But Bundy should be last... the grand finale. What about Kemper and Ramirez? Gacy, Dahmer, Williams? Rivkind? Who else is on his list? In what order?

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

PETER in his car. Ahead, he see TWO GIRLS at a bus stop. We see PETER take a long bladed-knife and carefully conceal it under his right thigh. The TWO GIRLS are wearing backpacks. 'FESTIVAL OF LOVE' stickers decorate the bags. PETER pulls his nondescript sedan up to them and says something. They giggle, shake their heads. He laughs, holds up his hands to level of his shoulders in a 'Not guilty!' gesture, then makes a peace sign. The girls giggle again, but do not get in. PETER drives off.

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

**HELEN:**

'...great dark hall of fame... all our greatest killers...' His greatest heroes? He wants to be famous. When they're caught and people like me write about them, we give them a kind of immortality. They get thousands of letters. Ramirez kills eight women and gets a hundred marriage proposals a month. They're like film stars. M.J. They get fan letters...

**CUT TO:**

INT. PRISON - DAY WARDEN FELIX MENDOZA IN HIS OFFICE

**FELIX:**

We keep records of any threatening or illegal correspondence, like relatives of victims who might want to send the condemned man some strychnine cookies. So it's only a partial list, but you're still looking at about forty pages...

MONTAGE OF PICTURE AND SOUND: WE BEGIN TO SEE MOVING LISTS OF NAMES -- LIKE SCHINDLER'S LIST -- SUPERIMPOSED OVER THE SHORT SNIPPETS OF SCENES... A WATERFALL OF NAMES...

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE

INSERT FAX MACHINE: LISTS OF NAMES BEING EXCRETED.

HELEN (V.O.)

Would you fax those pages to me?

INT. TASK FORCE ROOM - DAY

M.J. on the phone. On the desk in front of her, is a list of killers, complementary to HELEN'S.

M.J.

Thank you for your help, Warden

Hillyer. As soon as you can.

She hangs up as GIGI puts a long fax sheet of names on M.J.'s desk.

**GIGI:**

Hot off the fax. Mr. Rivkind's fans.

M.J. doesn't look at the Rivkind list, just crosses his name off the killer list and picks up the phone, dials, waits.

**CUT TO:**

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

**CLOSE:**

SCANNER; UNIQUE SOUND OF SCANNER AND FLASHING LIGHTS. ANOTHER PAGE IS SCANNED IN.

**COMPUTER SCREEN:**

READ BY COMPUTER (A FILM OF COLOR MOVES OVER THE PAGE SHOWING AREA SCANNED.) PAGE THEN REAPPEARS WITH ERRORS MARKED BY COLOR;

ON SCREEN THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES SCROLL BY -- THERE ARE HUNDREDS, MAYBE THOUSANDS OF NAMES... IMPOSSIBLE TO READ AND COMPARE...

A COMPUTER SCREEN MIXES WITH THIS: -- BOOLEAN SEARCH TERMS BEING TYPED IN, MEANING "LOOKING FOR LAST NAMES, IGNORING CASE, OCCURRING ON MORE THAN ONE LIST, AND/OR MORE THAN ONCE, COUNT NUMBER OF HITS."

THE COMPUTER SCREEN SCROLLS NAMES FASTER AND FASTER, EVERY ONCE IN WHILE HALTING A SPLIT SECOND ON A NAME, AND RESUMING. SUPERIMPOSED IS A FLASHING LEGEND:

PLEASE WAIT. DO NOT TOUCH KEYS OR SEARCH DATA WILL BE LOST.

HELEN (V.O.)

If we keep going and work till midnight...

ANDY (O.S.)

Sorry, Luv. I've got a date.

HELEN (O.S.)

You've got a date right here, Andy.



This has got to...

WE NOW SEE ANDY is feeding the scanner, he has a thick sheaf of faxed lists...

**ANDY:**

It's almost six. And guess what?  
Hall likes me bathed and shaved.

**HELEN:**

Stop acting like a silly little  
fag!  
His eyebrows arch, but his smile stays in place.

**ANDY:**

My life to live, darling, try to  
remember what it was like way, way  
back when you were young and sexy  
and alive.  
He gets up and walks toward the door.

**HELEN:**

You bastard!

**ANDY:**

But alive!  
THE DOOR SLAMS (O.S.) HELEN angrily hits the keys:

**CUT TO:**

THE ENDLESS LIST FLOWS LIKE MUDDY WATER ACROSS THE SCREEN...  
HELEN -- HER FACE REFLECTS THE SCROLL OF NAMES (AS THOUGH  
THEY WERE PROJECTED ON HER FACE IN REVERSE.) SHE IS TOTALLY  
FOCUSSED, BUT NERVOUS; SHE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE AS  
CAMERA DOLLIES IN CLOSER AND CLOSER TO HER EYES AND THEN TO  
ONE EYE ONLY UNTIL THE EYE, THE IRIS AND FINALLY THE PUPIL

**FILL THE SCREEN:**

PAST IN THEIR THOUSANDS, UNTIL WE HEAR A GASP. A KEYSTROKE  
OFFSTAGE, AND THE NAMES STOP: ANOTHER KEYSTROKE AND ONE NAME  
AMONG THEM ALL SUDDENLY FREEZES IN HER PUPIL:

**PETER KURTEN:**

HELEN (V.O.)  
The dirty bastard! More games!

**CUT TO:**

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

M.J. is entering at front door, let in by a new Guard FRED.

HELEN (O.S.)

It's not a real name: it's the name of a mass murderer in Germany in the 1930s. They called him the Monster of Dusseldorf.

M.J. is turning into the Office; she carries a portfolio of lists of her own.

**HELEN:**

Let's speed up the game plan... call all the living serials to ask if they've had contact with a Peter Kurten. We could use some help on the phones...

M.J.

They're not talking to me. Saks looks right through me. I ask him for some bodies, for the phones -- he's so encouraging: "you make that your little job." Condescending bastard.

(careful)

Helen, on your lists to call is San Quentin. Daryll Lee Cullum?

**HELEN:**

(beat)

You do that one, I don't want it...

**CUT TO:**

INT. SAN QUENTIN WARDENS' OFFICE

**MITCHELL:**

Sergeant Halloran is it? I've got a list of Daryll Lee's correspondents. There is a Peter Kurten among them. Daryll Lee claims he has information about Kurten, but he'll only talk to Dr. Hudson personally. Nobody else. The

creep's been studying his amendments. My guess is he doesn't have zip. Just angling for a chance to ask if her bra size is still the same. We get this shit all the time, but it's her call.

M.J.

Thanks, Warden.

(determined)

She'll talk to him.

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

HELEN, M.J. They are waiting, Helen tense, smoking, atmosphere charged...

M.J.

Do those things really help?

Like she really wished they might, so she could have one.

Helen looks at her cigarette as though she'd never seen one before... grinds it out...

**HELEN:**

Not a damn bit...

And unconsciously lights another during following...

PHONE RINGS. M.J. PICKS IT UP, LISTENS, HANDS IT TO HELEN...

Gestures encouragement; fist in victory gesture...

**INTERCUT TO:**

INT. PENITENTIARY INTERVIEW ROOM

DARYLL LEE CULLUM is on the phone, a Warden is attendance, but not on the phone line. On this rare contact with the outside world HE IS MANIC...

**DARYLL LEE:**

Hey, Doc! How you doing?

She turns on speakerphone.

**HELEN:**

Hello, Daryll Lee.

**DARYLL:**

You read my book which as you know, hit the stands a couple of weeks ago. You read it yet.

**HELEN:**

What book?

**DARYLL:**

(indignant)

I sent it by private courier, he didn't give it to you? That son of a gun...!

Helen looks at M.J., who indicates 'tell you later.'

**HELEN:**

I'll look for it, Daryll Lee.

**DARYLL:**

Bet you never figured I'd follow in your footsteps. It's real well-written. You should read it -- you're in it.

**HELEN:**

I will. I'll call you, Daryll, and talk to you about it after I've read it. Right now I have a question... Peter Kurten.

**DARYLL:**

Kurten! Is he bothering you? I told that son I'd send him what he wanted if he leave you alone.

**HELEN:**

Ah ha. What did he want?

**DARYLL:**

Something personal. Is he bothering you?

**HELEN:**

I don't know. I'd like to know where he is.

**DARYLL:**

Listen, you want my advice? Steer clear. He's writing me he's gonna

finish 'my unfinished symphony.'  
He's gonna give me \$550 for some of  
my cum, he says he's in a position  
to see that I will be immortal if  
he has some of my spunk. I'm  
offended. Right away I smell  
freak. Writin' about him and me  
and you bein' joined and he's gonna  
finish my symphony? I didn't care  
for his drift. I sent some liquid  
soap in a sandwich baggie with a  
message from Jesus to mend his  
ways. You hear I found Jesus? And  
what's funny is, now I don't mind  
bein' inside. If I was out, even  
Born Again, I'd probably get  
restless again. It's maybe better  
I stay here, what do you think?

**HELEN:**

I think whatever is best for you,  
Daryll. And maybe you're right,  
that's the place.

**DARYLL:**

You come and visit.

**HELEN:**

Where did you send the message to  
Peter Kurten?

**DARYLL:**

Damn! I gave that to Conrad, too!  
That guy! I told Conrad deliver to  
Kurten and keep the 500 bucks in  
return for getting my book to you.  
At this mention of Conrad, M.J. leaps to another phone...

**HELEN:**

How was Conrad supposed to find  
Kurten?

**DARYLL:**

Conrad has the phone number.

Conrad, where is he?

**HELEN:**

(from M.J.'s pantomime)  
In jail.

**DARYLL:**

That Klutz. They send him back here, I'll kick his ass good.

**DARYLL LEE:**

Helen, how is life, you okay? Come see me, talk to me. I think about you, worry about you all the time. I am so glad Jesus didn't let me kill you. You know -- you're blessed by Jesus. That's why you need to come talk to me, because Jesus kept you alive for a reason, and I was his sacred instrument... In the moment Satan was in my heart raising my hand to kill you, Jesus took my hand to spare you. I am both death and life to you... Helen hangs up. M.J. has already left...

**CUT TO:**

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

**Pandemonium:**

NIKKO AND RUBEN and a dozen other cops are booking a group of Chinese gangsters of all ages, and a group of frightened and confused Chinese illegal aliens. TOTAL UPROAR.

THROUGH IT, WE MOVE WITH M.J. SHE PASSES RUBEN WHO IS GRABBING A CHINESE KID STRUNG OUT ON SOMETHING, OUT OF A LINE OF SUSPECTS... HE ASIDES:

M.J.

I brought back a gin-seng popper for you. Guaranteed all-night orgasms.

M.J.

Save it for Helen.

**RUBEN:**

(enough already!)

Wait a minute, wait a goddamn  
minute...

He manhandles the KID INTO DOCILITY WHILE...

**RUBEN:**

The woman was in shock. She was  
totally out on ranks. I stayed  
because I didn't want her to wake  
up alone in a place where she'd  
just been under attack.

(to the Kid who is  
restless)

Stop that, you son of a bitch!

(back to her)

The place wasn't secure. I was  
doing my goddamn job! And, for the  
second time, I slept in her living  
room.

M.J.

Don't try to lie, Ruben. You don't  
have the face for it. I need you  
to help interrogate the burglar in  
Hudson's place...

**RUBEN:**

Talk to Nikko...!

SHE MOVES ON TO FIND NIKKO

NIKKO sits at his desk, processing the papers for the sullen  
YOUNG THUG who is handcuffed to a chain next to NIKKO'S  
desk. Nikko unholsters his gun... he shoves it into his  
desk drawer...

**NIKKO:**

You speak English?

(Chinese)

You need an interpreter?

QUINN, walking past the ILLEGALS, speaks to GIGI.

**QUINN:**

I didn't want the Illigals, I wanted  
just the bastards dumping them in  
the harbor. What's keeping those  
bums at Immigration? Nightmare in

here...

M.J. STANDS OVER NIKKO

M.J.

I gotta have Ruben, and a...

HARROWING SCREAM!!! ILLEGAL WOMAN IS SCREAMING --  
PANDEMONIUM AMONG THE DETAINEES. COPS RUSH TO CONTROL THE  
PROBLEM.

**NIKKO:**

Outta your mind? Look at this...

M.J.

(to Quinn)

Lieutenant...?

Just at that moment the kid Ruben was booking goes totally  
bananas; M.J. goes to his assistance, wrestling this wild  
kid.

NIKKO starts from his chair, looking for the key to the  
drawer, but is isn't there... he goes to help Ruben get the  
kid under control. Quinn steps in...

M.J.

The prowler in Hudson's apartment  
turns out to have a meeting with a  
suspect...

**QUINN:**

(amazed)

You got a suspect...

THEY MOVE BACK TO NIKKO'S DESK.

**QUINN:**

How'd you get in on the deal?

M.J.

I'm gonna drop charges on the  
break-and-enter at Hudson's...

**QUINN:**

You have no authority to make a  
deal like that. That' s for the  
D.A...

M.J.

Or the F.B.I.?

**QUINN:**

Saks. If he knew you did that!



They're all asking me, 'what is she doing,' as it is.

M.J.

Give me Ruben back...

**QUINN:**

Nikko?

**NIKKO:**

We get through this shit, let 'em all go.

NIKKO has stood and moved the handcuffed THUG toward the door to jail cells. M.J. checks her time, (WALL CLOCKS HELP

**US HERE:**

M.J.

I'll talk to Conrad myself. I'll be in the jail when you wind this up...

**RUBEN:**

I gotta get something to eat, I haven't eaten all day.

M.J. goes... RUBEN can't find a desk to work at, and commandeers Nikko's. He slams the KID into NIKKO'S chair and cuffs him. KID starts to rattle his chairs, spew Chinese epithets, then bends over the desk and, with his teeth picks up some paper, tries to shake it to shreds. RUBEN yanks the papers out of the KID'S mouth, pulls the KID'S chair from the side to the front of the desk, shoves the KID into place facing away from the desk, so that he can't do any more damage. Then RUBEN can't figure out where he can work. At the next desk, where he has been working, MAC rises.

**MAC:**

Here... I'm finished...

**RUBEN:**

(to Kid)

I'm going to the coffee machine.

Hold the fort.

He moves off, the KID'S eyes move calculatingly around the room. He twists against the cuffs, trying anything to get

free, and discovers he can pull out the desk drawer.

**CLOSE UP:**

behind his back, finding the gun. PULL BACK to show the KID. He is as Ruben positioned him, his back pressed against the desk.

**CUT TO:**

INT. CITY JAIL CELL - DAY

CONRAD is brought in by a Guard. Lightly shackled. M.J. stands. Conrad sits.

**CONRAD:**

Who are you?

M.J.

Inspector Halloran. Homicide.

You were supposed to contact a Peter Kurten?

**CONRAD:**

(cagey)

I was? How you spell that?

M.J.

Cut the crap. You got a sheet the length of my arm...

**CONRAD:**

(interrupting)

I never hurt nobody...

M.J.

Shut up -- I'm talking. You got felony breaking and entering, burglary, felonious...

**CONRAD:**

(interrupting)

I never carried a gun!

She slaps him hard! He is shocked.

M.J.

You don't listen very good. This break in -- I can call it a felony -- three strikes, and you got about sixteen strikes already, and you're in jail for the rest of your life,

no parole. Or I could see it gets forgotten.

**CONRAD:**

You get me out first.

M.J.

Doesn't work that way. You had your chance, now fuck yourself...

She's walking to the door... Conrad holds out just one more beat to see if she's bluffing... her hand is on the door knob...

**CONRAD:**

Tell me what you want me to say.

Anything.

M.J.

You were going to make a delivery to Peter Kurten for Daryll Lee Cullum. I want Kurten's phone number.

**CONRAD:**

I don't have it...

M.J. starts to open the door...

**CONRAD:**

Wait... wait... I already called him, I threw it away.

M.J.

You already made the delivery?

**CONRAD:**

No, that's still in my jacket I was wearing. We were supposed to meet on the docks, that number 47 wharf, 10 o'clock Friday. He's gonna hand me 500 bucks.

M.J.

What Friday?

**CONRAD:**

What day is this? In jail you lose track. This week. Friday.

M.J. is already on her way...

**CONRAD:**

Don't forget me, please. I told you what you wanted -- don't forget me.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

DESERTED. A LONG SHADOW OF A MAN STRETCHES OUT ACROSS THE DOCK. IT IS PETER, WALKING LEISURELY FROM THE WATERFRONT DRIVE TOWARD THE HUGE WATERHOUSE AT THE END OF THE DOCK. HE STEPS INTO THE DEEP SHADOWS AND SEEMS TO VANISH.

**CLOSE:**

DOCK AND THE SHORE. HE CAN SEE AND NOT BE SEEN. HE IS ENTIRELY ALONE NOW.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

RUBEN takes coffee and doughnuts out of a box, then leans over the KID who seems to have calmed down. He uncuffs him from the chair.

**RUBEN:**

Behave. You refuse my hospitality, I'm putting you to bed.

He pushes the coffee toward the Kid, who WHIPS NIKKO'S GUN OUT FROM UNDER THE DESK, where it was hidden, and lays it up under Ruben's ear. KID moves behind RUBEN and puts a skinny arm around RUBEN'S neck, pulling him upright. RUBEN still clutching the doughnut box. It takes a moment for the others to SEE. Then the room is absolutely motionless.

**NIKKO:**

Take it easy, Kid. Nobody's gonna do anything. Just let the gun down, so it don't go off...

A CHINESE DETECTIVE REPEATS THE SAME IDEA IN CHINESE...

**KID:**

(screams)

Nobody comes through the door...

Behind the KID, as he backs through the door, across the corridor we LOOK STRAIGHT DOWN A CORRIDOR TO WHERE M.J. IS COMING ALMOST AT A RUN -- SHE SEES what is happening.

The KID doesn't see her, yet, as he is backing away from the

others... M.J. DRAWS HER GUN AND STANDS IN FIRING POSITION. IF SHE FIRES FROM HERE RUBEN IS DIRECTLY BEHIND THE KID, AND OTHER OFFICERS, IN THE LINE THE BULLET WOULD TAKE ARE STILL SCRAMBLING OUT OF HER LINE... SHE CAN'T FIRE.

M.J.

Hey, you...

The KID turns, sees her, exposing his shoulder to her... SHE FIRES AND HITS THE KID.

HE IS THROWN TO THE FLOOR AND TWISTED AROUND BY THE IMPACT, LANDING BEHIND RUBEN SO SHE CAN'T MAKE A SECOND SHOT.

RUBEN GOES FOR HIS OWN GUN, BUT THE KID'S GUN THAT FELL FROM HIS HAND IS RIGHT BY HIM STILL. THE KID GRABS IT AND FIRES BEFORE RUBEN HAS HIS GUN ALL THE WAY OUT OF HIS HOLSTER. THE KID SHOOTS RUBEN IN THE THROAT AT AN ANGLE THAT TAKES THE BULLET STRAIGHT INTO HIS BRAIN.

THEN THE KID THROWS THE GUN AWAY, AND STANDS, HIS HANDS UP IN SURRENDER, A GRIN ON HIS FACE. THIS ENTIRE ACTION HAS TAKEN ABOUT SIX SECONDS. THE KID GOES DOWN, FLATTENED BY BODIES OF THE COPS WHO HAVE RUSHED HIM.

**KID:**

I'm a juvenile! I'm a juvenile!

M.J. RUSHES TO RUBEN.

EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

PETER, STANDING AS BEFORE. CHECKS HIS WATCH, LIGHTS A CIGARETTE.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

The KID has been taken away. PARAMEDICS are removing RUBEN'S body. M.J. stands frozen as RUBEN'S stretcher is carried out of the room. Her hand holds the doughnut box. Finally, M.J. blinks, her head turns as if she can't imagine what to do, where to go. Then, suddenly conscious of the doughnut box, she clutches it tight against her chest.

**CLOSE:**

She abruptly remembers: the rendezvous with Peter Kurten!

M.J.

Gigi! Dock 47. I need a couple units to drag the area...

**CUT TO:**

EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

**WIDE FULL SHOT:**

CAVERN OF THE DOCK, FOOTSTEPS BEGIN TO ECHO, THEN OUT OF  
SHADOW INTO LIGHT COMES  
PETER. HE WALKS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT. FAR FAR AWAY SIRENS  
BEGIN TO SOUND -- THEY'LL BE TOO LATE.

**CUT TO:**

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

NIKKO sits, numb. If possible, NIKKO is more devastated than  
M.J. She speaks to NIKKO, but does not look at him.

M.J.

Quinn will be here any minute. What  
are you going to say?

**NIKKO:**

Christ. I didn't lock the fucking  
drawer! You spend twenty years  
thinking some perp's gonna whack  
you... you'll crash your car... but  
what happens is, you fuck  
yourself...

(a choked laugh)

You can't imagine how many times I  
saw you two... your head together,  
I wish him dead. Every time...  
Want to hear something weird? I  
feel like I'd give my life to bring  
him back.

M.J.

You're in terrible trouble, Nikko.

**NIKKO:**

Who gives a fuck? In all the years  
I never seen you cry.

(beat)

You loved him.

M.J. looks away.

M.J.

Who gives a fuck?

QUINN enters to find his two senior officers in tears. Pays  
no attention to Conrad.

**QUINN:**

Nikko. My office? M.J., I wanna  
see you later.

Nikko stands, and he and Quinn exit. M.J. SITS STARING INTO HER MISERY.

**CUT TO:**

INT. GAY NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Very crowded with a generally young clientele. Big dance scene. A number of men wear 70's costume... an occasional bit of drag.

ANDY and HAL dancing... ANDY with great abandon. HAL seems to need a break. He leads a good-naturedly protesting ANDY back to their table. They find a stranger sitting there. IT IS PETER.

**CUT TO:**

INT. QUINN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

M.J. ENTERS AND CROSSES TO HIS DESK.

On his desk lie a badge and a gun -- Nikko's. M.J. is looking at them as

**QUINN:**

(nothing her look)

He's on temp leave with pay. I talked the Commissioner out of no pay.

M.J. pulls her badge out and puts it down in front of Quinn.

M.J.

You want mine, too? You take his, you take mine. I'm the one fucked it up...

**QUINN:**

So I'm maybe gonna lose three good cops? You fucked up on this occasion, but don't be so hard on yourself. There's something I want you to think about. The book says if you use your gun, use it to kill, that's what it's meant to do. You tried to pick this punk off with fancy shooting, to keep him alive. To what end? You're not willing to kill, you can't be a cop. Go get drunk. I am.

**CUT TO:**

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Helen is lying wide awake. THE PHONE RINGS. HER ANSWERING MACHINE -- SHE CAN HEAR IT CLEARLY IN THIS LOFT APARTMENT...  
ANDY (V.O.)

If yo dialed carefully you've reached your dream number. Now, you know what to do.

(beep)

"THE POLICE" SINGING "YMCA" IS HEARD!

INT. NIGHTCLUB PAYPHONE NEAR THE MEN'S ROOM

PETER IS THERE ON A PAYPHONE: HE NOW HOLDS UP A WALKMAN TAPE RECORDER TO THE MOUTHPIECE... PRESSES A BUTTON...

INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM

HELEN'S OWN VOICE IS HEARD. ECHOING THROUGH THE LOFT SPACE FROM THE OFFICE. "YMCA" HEARD IN B.G. Helen leaps out of bed and runs down the hall, as:

HELEN (V.O.)

... their compulsion is less about sex than it is about control.

Power. Action. Release from passivity. Albert DeSalvo, Bianchi and Buono, Berkowitz, Dahmer...

Dahmer killed his first victim because the boy just wanted to go home. Bundy said he wanted to master life. And death...

She has reached the machine: she picks up the phone...

**HELEN:**

Peter Kurten!

INT. CLUB PAYPHONE - NIGHT

PETER HANGS UP THE PHONE, SLIPS THE TAPE RECORDER IN HIS POCKET AND TAKES A FEW STEPS TO THE MAIN FLOOR OF THE NIGHTCLUB. OVER HIS SHOULDER WE CAN SEE: ANDY AND HAL DANCING. Andy is wearing a bright and distinctive jacket.

**CUT TO:**

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A new guard, FRED, is letting M.J. in. FOR THE FIRST TIME, HELEN IS GLAD TO SEE HER. As M.J. walks down toward her...

**HELEN:**

You were right! He knew me! He



went to my lectures. He recorded them! Listen to this...

She is too full of her own shock to wonder why M.J. is here at this hour and to notice the state M.J. is in... she has turned back to the answering machine and hits the play button, M.J. standing beside her... She also has the text of the lecture on her computer screen:

ANSWERING MACHINE

...Action. Release from passivity. Albert DeSalvo, Bianchi and Buono, Berkowitz, Dahmer... Dahmer killed his first victim because the boy just wanted to go home. Bundy said he wanted to master life. And death...

AND THE MUSIC FROM THE NIGHTCLUB BLARING IN THE B.G.

Helen has turned and now sees M.J.'s condition. SHE STOPS THE TAPE...

**HELEN:**

What happened to you?!

M.J.

Ruben's dead. So stupid, a cop thing, a crazy kid and a buncha dumb mistakes... I'm sorry... because you and he...

Tears start again, just running down, no sobs, but she can't will them away. She brushes at them angrily...

M.J.

I just thought it was so -- unprofessional. Of you both!

**HELEN:**

He felt sorry for me. It was so nice to flirt. He was a darling man.

M.J.

A man? I thought he was a boy.

(bursting out)

This last Christmas was the happiest Christmas I had in the last ten years... you know why? It was the first Christmas in six years I was not in love. Son of a

bitch married men! Who cares about marriage, the bed just gets crowded and noisy?!

**HELEN:**

You're exhausted. Let me get you a brandy.

M.J.

Where's the john? Let me clean up this mess, and get back to work.

Helen has stepped to her brandy decanter; M.J., too dejected to move, sits, staring now at the only thing to stare at: the computer screen.

HELEN (O.S.)

Who's the married man?

M.J.

What does it matter? This guy, you checked your course records, who signed up?

Helen returns with the brandy. M.J. holds it, doesn't drink, just stares at the computer screen, emotionally dead...

**HELEN:**

The University computer is down for maintenance, but I've been going through my own notes...

M.J.

(her voice is dead)

Look. There's the order: you

**wrote it:**

Buono, Berkowitz and Dahmer. It's going to be Dahmer next. Which means he'll kill a man.

With an effort of will M.J. moves to the phone, putting the brandy down.

**HELEN:**

Yes. Dahmer! And after that...

M.J.

(dialing)

Bundy. That's the last one in your speech...

**HELEN:**

Maybe you should...

M.J.

I'm working on it! It's what I do.

(into phone)

Quinn...Halloran. I'll wait.

(to Helen)

Where's Andy, can we get some coffee in here?

**HELEN:**

(she's going through records)

Out. Where does he go? Nowhere.

What does he do? Nothing.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. BAYSIDE RESTAURANT - BELVEDERE OR SAUSALITO - DAY  
A BRIGHT LOVELY DAY, PEOPLE DINING AND DRINKING IN THE SUN, on a deck that faces the Bay and San Francisco's towers beyond. Young people, drinks in hand, dressed to go to a summer wedding, mingle and laugh and chatter. A young woman stands leaning back against the wooden rail, her back to the Baby. A young man faces her, talking, laughing. HE LEANS CLOSE TO WHISPER IN HER EAR AND SHE LEANS BACK, DRAWING HIM CLOSER TO HER -- SEXY! AS HE WHISPERS HE CAN SEE OVER HER SHOULDER INTO THE WATER BELOW.

**REVERSE, CLOSE:**

**what he sees:**

down to see what is it he's looking at, and begins to SCREAM...

THEIR POV.

Below, floating in the water is ANDY, wearing his bright jacket, except it's not all of Andy. HIS HEAD IS MISSING.

**CUT TO:**

**REVERSE:**

-- FACES LOOKING DOWN. M.J., QUINN, SAKS AND CORONER'S MEN...

THEIR POV. NOW RUBBER BOATS HAVE BEEN TIED IN A RING AROUND THE BODY. DOC IS DOING HIS WORK, PREPARATORY TO

LIFTING THE BODY OUT OF THE WATER...

HE PULLS A WALLET OUT OF THE POCKET AND HOLDS IT UP TO THE PEOPLE ABOVE.

M.J. TAKES IT. BEGINS TO LOOK THROUGH IT. SHE IS NUMB WITH EXHAUSTION AND SORROW.

**CUT TO:**

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Her teeth chattering, HELEN tries to talk.

**HELEN:**

I am not going to talk about it.  
How do you know it was Andy if the head was gone? Where is the head? Are you looking for it? Oh, God, why him? Because of me. I can't talk about it. I write about things like this, stuff it all in books and bury it in libraries. This is the first person close to me who's ever died. And it's because of me. This monster killed him because I loved him.

M.J.

I've got to go. I've got to go.

M.J. hands HELEN her bottle of Xanax.

M.J.

How many do you need to sleep.

Really sheep?

**HELEN:**

W-We had a fight. I called him... called him a name...

M.J.

Christ, Helen. The first time, we're ahead of the son of a bitch! I can't leave you like this -- and there's no time. Knock yourself out.

Offers the Xanax again. Helen looks at the bottle...

**HELEN:**

(beat)

Right. Well. He's going to do

Bundy. Bundy faked injuries, wore a plaster cast, or walked on crutches, and asked college girls for help -- carrying his books, pushing his car...

M.J. starts for the door... Helen has turned to her computer and types... meanwhile we are HEARING.

M.J. (V.O.)

Like the others -- he'll pick the most extravagant murder -- Bundy's three murders in one night at a...

And we SEE Helen's message on the computer screen...

PETER KURTEN, PLEASE CONTACT INTERNET HUDSONHEL@UNIVOLD.COM.

**CUT TO:**

INT. TASK FORCE - DAY

M.J. IS MOVING FROM DESK TO DESK... ISSUING INSTRUCTIONS, in continuous segue from above...

M.J.

...Chi Omega sorority house. Find out how many Chi Omegas there are on college campuses this area.

**DETECTIVE:**

How far out?

M.J.

Hundred mile radius.

To the next...

M.J.

What are the FBI doing?

DETECTIVE 2

They were combing Fertility clinics.

M.J.

You want to get onto the DMV, we want records on all gold or yellow colored VW bugs, any year. I want an in-person check on every registered owner. If it's rental -- check rental first -- get names and location of who is driving one now.

Next station. QUINN has appeared and is listening.

M.J.

Alert Campus Security on college

campuses, all of them. They should warn all female students with long straight dark hair parted exactly in the middle -- I'm serious! -- to avoid any strange male contacts and report any man with an apparent handicap who tries to get them to carry groceries or books, or push his car...

SAKS has appeared and stands by Quinn: they both stare at her and she becomes more and more self conscious and aware of how impossible this is...

M.J.

(to them)

That was Bundy. He killed forty of them, identical, long hair, parted in the middle, alike as Barbie dolls.

(breaks off)

...this is hopeless. Let's try to get time for a police spokesman to appear on college radio and TV hookups and broadcast a warning?

**QUINN:**

"Spokesperson."

**SAKS:**

What about auto body and paint shops; any recent VW bug repainted to gold or yellow?

M.J. is mildly surprised at help from this source.

M.J.

You or us gonna do it?

QUINN AND SAKS TURN TO EACH OTHER: TURF WAR.

**CUT TO:**

FERTILITY CLINIC - DAY

NITROGEN FOG swirls as a Stainless steel tubule is lifted out its bath of liquid nitrogen, with a long pair of tongs.

CAMERA FOLLOWS TO REVEAL PETER FOLEY, in white lab coat.

Through a glass partition, he SEES two unmistakable FBI men enter and begin talking to the receptionist in an outside office. HE CONTINUES ABOUT HIS WORK. CAMERA STAYS ON THE

FBI MEN AND RECEPTIONIST. CUT BACK TO WHERE PETER WAS WORKING. THERE IS ONLY A PAIR OF RUBBER GLOVES AND LAB COAT LYING ON THE WORK SPACE. A BACK DOOR IS CLOSING...

**CUT TO:**

INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM  
HELEN'S BED IS EMPTY, COVERS THROWN BACK. A GLORIOUS MORNING. THE TV'S LEAP INTO LIFE. WE HEAR OVER: HORRIBLY

**CHEERFUL VOICE:**

TV (V.O.)  
Welcome to weekend gridlock on the Freeways! Everybody heading for the mountains and or the sea,  
(sings)  
"by the sea, by the sea, by the beautiful sea," and my-oh-my what a mess! On 101 south of Burlington, we have a big rig over the side, blocking the on-ramp..."  
(etc., blah, blah)

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - CURTAINS DRAWN - STILL NIGHT HERE...  
Helen at her computer... which says  
BACK ON LINE -- SORRY FOR THE DELAY.  
THESE ARE CONFIDENTIAL UNIVERSITY RECORDS  
REQUIRING APPROVED AUTHORIZATION  
PLEASE TYPE YOUR PASSWORD:  
Helen types -- 'xxxx xxxx' appears on screen. Then a

**message:**

DOCTOR HELEN HUDSON, YOUR ACCESS LEVEL IS THERE.

**HELEN:**

Any student name registered in Crime-Psych 137 matched to titles of term papers with any mention of 'Peter Kurten.'  
What she types on SCREEN is the text for a Boolean search for such items (research needed). She waits for a second.  
SEARCH COMPLETEDSTUDENT NAMES:342  
CRIME-PSYCH 137 11  
TERM PAPERS736  
PETER KURTEN 1  
MATCHING ALL CRITERIA: PETER FOLEY

'PETER FOLEY, DOCTORAL CANDIDATE, 1991 TERM PAPER,  
'PSYCHOPATHOLOGY OF SERIAL KILLER PETER KURTEN AS A SYMPTOM  
OF SOCIAL UPHEAVAL AND POLITICAL VIOLENCE IN GERMANY CIRCA  
1936,' UNPUBLISHED.

**HELEN:**

Peter Foley. Good God. You poor  
sad little bore. I failed you, is  
this what...?

**SOUND:**

moving toward her, but quietly, cautiously. As the  
footsteps turn into the hall. She stands, reaching for  
anything to defend herself with: a paperknife. She moves to  
the door, raising the knife... footsteps closer... A man  
turns into the office, and she launches herself, only  
stopping the stab of the knife at the last split second...  
ANDY. She SCREAMS!

**ANDY:**

Stop screaming!  
She screams again. Then smothers him with kisses and  
hugs...

**ANDY:**

For God's sake, stop -- my head! I  
have the Iraqi mother of all hang-  
overs. Very quiet in the hospital  
zone, please.  
She clings to him.

**HELEN:**

Where have you been? What happened  
to your wallet?

**ANDY:**

Hal has it.

**CUT TO:**

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

SAKS is sitting on edge of a desk. M.J. is standing, and  
QUINN is sitting almost knee-to-knee with ANDY.

**ANDY:**



...then he gave me a popper and I started to feel really wild... all over the dance floor. Then suddenly I was just s o stoned. And sick? I had to race for the john... horribly sick. Over and over and over. I was in there a very long time. And when I came out they were gone. So was my jacket which I'd tossed to Hal when I was dancing. Hal was my... Could I have a glass of water? An FBI man intrudes... with a printout of a driver's license. He shows to Andy...

**FBI:**

Mister Saks. We gotta Peter Foley, medical technician in a fertility clinic in Oakland. We got a home address in Daly City.

**ANDY:**

(looking at license)  
That's him.

**SAKS:**

Got him!  
THE FBI AND THE COPS ALL RISE AND ARE ON THEIR WAY OUT.

**QUINN:**

I called our SWAT Commander...  
(to Saks)  
He's ours now... You come watch our boys in action...  
And walks away...

**SAKS:**

(under his breath)  
Well, thank you, too.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. OLD FRAME HOUSE, DALY CITY - NIGHT  
SWAT TEAM SURROUNDING THE HOUSE, WITH GREAT QUIET AND EFFORT TO CONCEAL THE OPERATION. QUINN in command over a SWAT

COMMANDER -- JENSEN. There are ambulances, a fire truck, search lights. SWAT TEAM, AND FBI all wear bulky flack jackets, with yellow ID stencilled on the back. Quinn sees M.J., huddled in her old oversize jacket, gestures M.J. should have a flack jacket like theirs. She taps her chest, where she has a bullet-proof vest under her shirt.

**THE HOUSE:**

VANTAGE POINTS FOR THE ASSAULT.

ON A VIEW INCLUDING A CELLAR WINDOW: LIGHT INSIDE. AS CROUCHED SWAT MAN RUNS BY WE SEE: PETER INSIDE, PASSING BY, GLANCE OUT...

INT. PETER'S BASEMENT

PETER HESITATES, LOOKING OUT. HE FLICKS OFF LIGHTS. MOVES PURPOSEFULLY OUT OF FRAME... WE HEAR A MOAN (O.S.).

A HAND GASPS THE HANDLE OF WHAT LOOKS LIKE A GUN; AS IT IS BROUGHT UP INTO A WIDER VIEW IT HAS A LONG BARREL WHICH SUDDENLY SHOOTS FLAME: A PROPANE BARBECUE LIGHTER...

EXT. HOUSE

THEY ARE ALMOST READY FOR THE FIRST MOVE; THREE SWAT MEN BY THE DOOR. ANOTHER TWO PREPARING TO MOVE FORWARD AND ANNOUNCE THEMSELVES.

**SWAT COMM:**

(on bullhorn)

Peter Foley, we are the police.  
Will you please come to your front door, and come out with your hands above your head...(etc.)

INSIDE A SMOKE ALARM BEGINS TO GO. LIGHT FLICKERS IN CELLAR WINDOWS.

SWAT MEN AT THE DOOR: THEY SMASH THE LOCK AND CHARGE IN. M.J. AND OTHER DETECTIVES WITH THEM.

INT. HOUSE

A dozen men pour into the house from front and back, converging in the dimly lit living room. SMOKE OBSCURES EVERYTHING. The dining room and kitchen are empty. M.J. FOLLOWS CONTINGENT THAT RACES UPSTAIRS. OTHERS FAN OUT THROUGH THE WHOLE STRUCTURE. FIREMEN COME BEHIND LOOKING FOR THE FIRE.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SMOKE IS THINNER HERE. The room lighted only by the glowing TV screen. The WIFE still in bed, shot through the head. Others crowd in, kicking in closet and bathroom

doors. M.J. IS BY THE BED JUST TURNING TO START ABACK  
DOWNSTAIRS LOOKING FOR PETER.

SWAT MAN emerges from the bathroom with the body of NASTY  
LITTLE DOG, holding it by the tail:

THEN THE FIRE DEPARTMENT'S WARNING SIREN SHRIEK: THEY MEAN  
EVERYBODY OUT... FIREMEN CHARGE FOR EXITS...

AS THEY CHARGE THROUGH DOWNSTAIRS...

M.J. CAN SEE TWO FIREMEN AT THE BASEMENT DOOR. SMOKE BILLOWS  
FROM UNDER IT. BEHIND IT WE HEAR SCREAMING. THE FIREMEN  
SMASH THE DOOR, DROPPING TO THE FLOOR AS THEY DO...

**M.J.'S POV:**

THEN EXPLODES INTO WHITE HOT FLAME. SHE HAS STEPPED FORWARD  
SO SHE CAN SEE OVER THE FIREMEN DOWN INTO THE BASEMENT: IN  
THE SUDDEN FLARE SHE SEES A MAN, WITH TIN-RIMMED GLASSES AND  
BLACK LEATHER CLOTHING ENTIRELY ENGULFED IN FLAME RUNNING UP  
THE BASEMENT STAIRS; BEHIND HIM THE BASEMENT IS BURNING.

INT. BASEMENT

LOW ANGLE LOOKING UP STAIRS: FLAME ALL AROUND -- PETER'S  
PHOTO COLLAGES ON THE BULLETIN BOARD BURNING. THE MAN  
RUNNING UP THE STAIRS ALMOST MAKES IT TO THE TOP BEFORE  
HE FALLS BACK DOWN INTO THE CAMERA. AT THE TOP, WE SEE M.J.  
AND THE FIREMEN'S APPALLED FACES. THE SCREAMING DIES OFF...

EXT. HOUSE

FLAME NOW ENGULFING THE BASEMENT AND GROUND FLOOR: FIREMEN  
AND M.J. RACING OUT COUGHING AND CHOKING.

**THEN:**

CONSUME THE ENTIRE HOUSE. FIREMEN SWARM BACK TO KNOCK DOWN  
FLAME FROM OUTSIDE.

M.J., QUINN, ETC., WATCHING THE EVIDENCE GO UP IN SMOKE.  
THEIR FACES LIGHTED BY THE FLAME.

**CUT TO:**

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

She has now changed into a pair of sweat pants and a  
T-shirt. SUSAN SCHIFFER IS ON TV: WITH SHOTS OF THE FIRE  
BEING SNUFFED OUT.

**SUSAN:**

I am here with Lieutenant Quinn of  
the Homicide Division and (title)  
Saks of the FBI. Can you tell us  
what happened here, tonight?

During the following we move to PETER'S HOUSE where Quinn and Saks are being interviewed.

**QUINN:**

Susan, the San Francisco Police Department, assisted by the FBI, developed evidence that the serial killer, referred to as the Copycat killer was an individual who resided at this address. Upon being asked to step out of the house to be interviewed, the suspect set fire to the house possibly to destroy evidence of his wife's murder. We found her dead of gunshot wounds in an upstairs bedroom. He himself died in the fire.

(to shouted questions)

No, we'll wait until we've located any relatives who should be notified. Witnesses saw the individual burn to death, they were unable to reach him in time to save him. We're glad, as the entire city must be glad, this reign of terror is ended. No, no more at this time. Thank you...

END OF HELEN STARING STONILY AT THE SCREEN: SHE DOESN'T BELIEVE IT FOR A MOMENT.

**CUT TO:**

INT. TASK FORCE ROOM - NIGHT

M.J., wearily enters. Others quietly entering, slipping out coats, talking and drinking at some distance. M.J. takes off her shoulder holster and gun and puts them down on her workspace. NIKKO is at little distance cleaning out his desk. He comes down to her as she sits...

NIKKO (V.O.)

I heard. Good police work.

M.J.

Just horseshit luck.

**NIKKO:**

Don't ever forget how good you are.

He is standing behind her and leans over to almost touch her hair with his lips...

**NIKKO:**

I love you.

He goes. M.J. twists in misery and fury... Her phone is ringing on another line; she punches it...

**NJ:**

Halloran.

**HELEN:**

I don't believe it.

M.J.

Helen.

(beat)

I saw him die. I saw him burning on the basement stairs, he never reached the top.

**HELEN:**

They never kill themselves. How do you know it was him. You never met him. You never even saw a photograph...

M.J.

Helen -- let go. You've got to let go.

**HELEN:**

He hasn't done Bundy. He's done every one of the others, hasn't he? If there are three dead Chi Omega college girls tomorrow, how will you feel? Go there. See if there could be any way for him to escape.

M.J.

This has been the worst 48 hours of my life. I'm going home. I'm going to try to get drunk.

**HELEN:**

If there's a one percent possibility, can you live with yourself when he kills again?

M.J.

Oh, shut up, and don't be so damn self righteous.

**CUT TO:**

INT. M.J.'S CAR - NIGHT

M.J. is now almost dead with fatigue. She barely misses hitting another car. She drives on until she is forced to stop at a traffic light. All during this:

**RADIO NEWS:**

...You're on the air, who's this...Ron, that's not my right name... that's okay, Ron. What are you afraid of?... I don't want anybody to know my name, because I'm a friend of Peter Foley? I know him from the gay community? He was cruising the night...

M.J. switches stations, channel surfing... bits of music, Rush Limbaugh, back to Ron droning on.

**RADIO NEWS:**

...that I resent the tone of the Police and their attitude? That this is just some weird queer event, just because they couldn't stop this guy until he did himself, if you even believe that...

M.J. turns off the radio... when light turns green, instead of moving ahead, she just sits for a moment. Then, furious with HELEN, with everything, she swears and wheels the car into a tight illegal u-turn.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. NIGHT BERKELEY CAMPUS - NIGHT

It is extra time, which means party time or those who've finished and solitary and group study time for the rest. And there are celebrants of the Festival of Love, who were being born about the time of the original event. TRACKING SHOT TO ESTABLISH THIS SCENE, MOVING, SEARCHING ALONG THE

AVENUES, PASSING KNOTS OF STUDENTS AND PARTY-GOES... WE  
HAVE SEEN A PEACEFUL CAMPUS, QUIETLY CELEBRATING. AND WE  
HAVE DRAWN UP BEFORE CHI OMEGA. THERE IS NO PLACE TO PARK.  
M.J., WHOSE POV THIS HAS BEEN LOOKS AT HER WATCH.

**DECIDES:**

SHIFTING INTO GEAR WHEN SHE SPOTS:

POV. A GOLD COLORED VW BUG

It is parked under a tree some distance across a parking lot  
jammed with student cars. It is partly in shadow, so she  
could easily have missed it. She jumps out of the car and  
moves fast up the steps through students, drinking, kissing,  
studying, arguing...

INT. CHI OMEGA - NIGHT

MAIN MEETING ROOM. Full of people milling about. Music is  
playing. SEES THE BACK OF A TALL MAN ON CRUTCHES TALKING TO  
A COED. HE HAS A LOAD OF BOOKS SHE TAKES FROM HIM; SHE IS  
LAUGHING. M.J. moving fast toward them, she runs into a  
girl, spilling the girls' drink on her blouse...

**GIRL:**

Goddamn it! This is brand new!

Where're you going?

As M.J. continues to move the Girl grabs her...

**GIRL:**

No, you don't spill all over  
somebody and just walk away, you  
damn well pay the cleaning bill...

M.J.

Police business -- take your heads  
off.

**GIRL:**

Bullshit!

M.J. holds up the badge...

M.J.

Don't make me pull the gun...

She jerks away, almost knocking the Girl down. The Girl is  
yelling, beginning to attract attention. As M.J. turns back  
to SEE.

PETER AND THE COED are just moving off, the Coed holding his  
books, he hobbling on the crutches. M.J. runs through the  
crowd toward him, and those who notice are pissed... she is

getting close when, just as he and the coed would pass from sight behind a wall, PETER looks around, straight at M.J..  
IT ISN'T PETER AT ALL.

M.J. LOOKING AROUND, MOVES TO STAIRS TO SECOND FLOOR...

M.J. EMERGING FROM STAIRS INTO THE CORRIDOR -- SHE RUNS DOWN THIS CORRIDOR OF ROOMS, PUSHING OPEN ANY THAT ARE SHUT.

A SCARED COUPLE MAKING LOVE CONFRONT HER GUN. SHE REHOLSTERS IT AND RACES DOWN THE HALLWAY...

OVER THE PARTY NOISE AND MUSIC WE HEAR A SCREAM. M.J. RACES DOWN CORRIDORS, TRYING TO FIND THE SOURCE. ANOTHER SCREAM. IT SEEMS TO COME FROM BEHIND A CLOSED DOOR. M.J. KICKS IT OPEN, BURSTING IN:

INT. ROOM

A BUNCH OF STONED STUDENTS PASSING A JOINT: ON A TV PLAYER IS THE IMAGE OF JAMIE LEE CURTIS IN AN EARLY SHOCKER: THEY ARE PLAYING AT WHO CAN OUT-SCREAM JAMIE LEE CURTIS.

WHEN JAMIE LEE CURTIS SCREAMS --

THEY ALL SCREAM BACK! AND BURST INTO HOWLS OF LAUGHTER. THE SIGHT OF M.J. WITH HER GUN OUT ONLY MAKES THEM HOWL LOUDER.

**STUDENT:**

Swallow the joint! It's Barney  
Phyfe -- in drag!

THEN ALTOGETHER THEY SCREAM AT HER! AND HOWL WITH LAUGHTER.  
THE HALL.

M.J. walks out of the room and down the corridor.

EXT. CHI OMEGA FRONT STEPS

SHE LOOKS OUT ACROSS THE PARKING LOT: THE GOLD VW BUG IS GONE.

SHE WALKS TO HER CAR, RELIEVED. THE WHOLE THING SEEMS LIKE A NIGHTMARE FROM WHICH SHE HAS NOW AWAKENED.

INT. M.J.'S CAR

AS SHE OPENS THE DOOR, REACHES IN AND GRABS HER PHONE. SHE ACTIVATES PHONE, WHEN SHE IS BLINDSIDED BY PETER WHO SLAMS HER INTO THE CAR, FACE DOWN ACROSS THE FRONT SEAT. HE DISARMS HER, TWISTS HER INTO THE PASSENGER SEAT...

THERE ARE STUDENTS AT SOME DISTANCE, BUT SHE CAN'T MAKE HERSELF BE HEARD. SHE IS GROGGY FROM THE BLOW SHE'S TAKEN. HE HANDCUFFS HER TO THE CAR, FIND HER KEYS, AND BEGINS TO DRIVE AWAY... PETER'S HAIR IS NOW BRIGHT RED -- LIKE DARYLL LEE CULLUM'S.

**CUT TO:**

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT



Helen lies wide awake in the dark. PHONE RINGS.  
INT. TASK FORCE ROOM - NIGHT

**INSERT:**

AT THE FAR END OF THE ROOM AN FBI DETECTIVE IS POURING HIMSELF  
SOME COFFEE. HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO HEAR WHAT WE HEAR:

HELEN (V.O.)

(thinking it's M.J.)

Where are you?

PETER (V.O.)

Hi. It's your worst student, Peter  
Foley -- how do you grade me now,  
Doctor?

**HELEN ON PHONE:**

**HELEN:**

(beat)

Who was the man in the basement?

**PETER:**

You like that action? Didn't that  
cop on TV look solemn? The guy in  
the basement doesn't matter,  
anyway, just another lonely heart.

**HELEN:**

Where are you, Peter?

**PETER:**

You thought I was going to do Ted  
Bundy next, so you sent your  
partner...  
Helen gasps with the implications of that...

**PETER:**

What was that? What am I hearing?  
The sound of an epiphany, a sudden  
blinding insight?

**HELEN:**

It's Daryll Lee Cullum, isn't it?

**PETER:**

Mm-hmm. I can't get to you. You have to come to me.

**HELEN:**

You know I can't do that.

**PETER:**

Oh, I think you will.

Peter rips duct tape off M.J.'s mouth...

M.J.

(yelling)

Call the police! Now! Call Qui...

Peter punches M.J. who is handcuffed in her car; they are parked in front of the Lecture Hall.

**HELEN:**

For God's sake Peter, leave her out of it. You don't want her, you want me.

**PETER:**

I need her; she's a cop. I have to kill a cop, and then...

**HELEN:**

You've been perfect. Don't spoil the symmetry -- you have to have a male cop.

**PETER:**

I don't care -- she's a cop. That's the important thing. Cop-ness, not sex-ness. It won't be perfect, but it'll be good.

M.J.

(yells)

Call Quinn and Saks.

**PETER:**

I'm tired. I want it to end tonight, don't you?

**HELEN:**

Yes. I do. I want it to end now.

Let her go. I'll come -- just let her go. She's not important.

**PETER:**

You know where.

**HELEN:**

Where it began -- McCluskey Auditorium.  
He hangs up.

**INSERT:**

COMPUTER CHIP VOICE IS HEARD. THE FBI MAN IS MEASURING SUGAR INTO HIS COFFEE AT THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM. HE CAN'T

**HEAR:**

**COMPUTER VOICE:**

Time Zero-hundred and twenty -- two minutes and sixteen seconds June twelve 1994 Helen Hudson 415 320 1854 Court order Alpha Bravo 9765910...

**BATHROOM DRAWER:**

It is pulled open: metallic sounds of bullets rolling on the

**wooden drawer:**

garbage and pull Ruben's gun out; HER TREMBLING FINGERS RELOAD IT.

EXT. HELEN'S OUTSIDE HALL - NIGHT

Helen wearing loose coat, jeans and sneakers opens the door. FRED snaps out of a sound sleep.

**HELEN:**

It's all over, Fred. They got the guy. You go home to your own bed now.

**FRED:**

I got to have that from my superior. One guy fired off this job already.

**HELEN:**

Call in. Use my phone. They'll tell you -- it's all over.

FRED GOES. HELEN STEPS RESOLUTELY INTO THE HALL, FOR REASSURANCE BRACES HERSELF WITH A HAND ON THE WALL. THE HALLWAY (HER POV). IT SEEMS MILES LONG. SOUND: HER FRONT DOOR CLICKING SHUT -- THE SAME ESSENTIAL EVENT AS SO LONG AGO WHEN RUBEN HAD TO SHOOT OFF THE DOOR LOCK... HELEN LOOKS BACK AT THE DOOR. BRIDGES BURNED. TURNS BACK. HER HAND ON WALL: AS SHE MOVES A TENTATIVE STEP HER HAND PRESSES HEAVILY, SLIDING ALONG THE WALL. THEN HER HAND MOVES A LITTLE FASTER, AND FASTER. HER POV. THE HALL SEEMS MORE NORMAL. MOVING SHOT PICKS UP SPEED...

HER HAND NOW BRUSHES THE WALL WITH ONLY FINGERTIPS. HELEN MOVES WITH MORE AND MORE CONFIDENCE: HER AGORAPHOBIA IS GONE... HER HAND DROPS TO HER SIDE...

EXT. HER BUILDING - NIGHT

The door opens and Helen appears in it. She confronts the street and the night... One more threshold to cross...

**STREET:**

IT'S COVERED WITH CITY GRIME. The night seems to roar; the lights blur and flare. A truck comes past too fast, stirring up dust and buffeting her with wind.

HELEN steeling herself and running the few steps to her car.

INT. CAR as she slides into the driver's seat, slamming the door and locking it. She drives off into the night.

EXT. MULUSKEY AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

A broad view through shadowy trees shows it's lighted facade. Parked in front of is M.J.'s car. SUDDENLY FROM BEHIND THE TREES, SAKS STEPS OUT IN FRONT, BLOCKING THE WAY!

**REVERSE:**

SAKS (AND NOW WE SEE OTHER SWAT TYPES IN THE SHADOWS, HIDDEN FROM THE VIEW OF THE AUDITORIUM) STANDS IN THE STREET FLAGGING HER DOWN --

SHE STOPS, PUTTING DOWN WINDOW. SAKS RESTS HIS HAND ON THE DOOR... He shoves no sign of recognizing her...

**SAKS:**

Ma'am, please get out of your vehicle...

**HELEN:**

Merry, how... oh, Christ, of course, you had my phone tapped.

**SAKS:**

Just get out of your vehicle...

**HELEN:**

He's got Sergeant Halloran in there. He'll kill her the minute he sees or hears your people...

**SAKS:**

You've been very useful, Doctor, we appreciate all you've done, and now the professional will take over...

**HELEN:**

He wants me, he doesn't care about her. Let me...

SAKS HAS THE DOOR OPEN AND IS REACHING TO PULL HER FROM THE DRIVER'S SEAT... HELEN SUCKS IN HER BREATH AND JAMS ON THE GAS. SAKS IS ALMOST DRAGGED AWAY WITH HER, SPUN AROUND AND FALLING ON THE PAVEMENT. SHE SLAMS THE DOOR AS SHE SPEEDS TOWARD THE AUDITORIUM...

SAKS, CURSING, LEAPS TO HIS FEET; A SWAT TYPE AIMS HIS GUN AFTER HELEN, BUT SAKS PUTS HIS HAND ON THE WEAPON STOPPING HIM FROM SHOOTING.

**NEW ANGLE:**

street into the bright plaza in front of the auditorium, and brakes behind M.J.'s car.

**CLOSE:**

She gets out of the car. As she walks even her sneakers make an echo from the silent stone facade... She walks up the wide stairs...

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The huge doors creak open and Helen enters. She stands,

**listening:**

windows, otherwise it's all back shadows, weird enough without the distorted vision, the vertigo that momentarily returns...

Helen wills herself to move into the deep space before her. She stands listening: we HEAR the creaks and tiny snaps of a building cooling in the night air. Or is the movement of Peter somewhere in the room? She whirls to face a distance sound that echoes in the auditorium...

**CLOSE:**

**THEN:**

PETER IS STARING BACK. HIS FACE BECOMES DARYLL LEE. THE VISION SNAPS.

**HELEN:**

A DOOR UPSTAGE LEFT... OPENING INTO A LONG AND DARK CORRIDOR. SHE GROPEs FOR LIGHT SWITCHES, CAN'T FIND OUT ANY. THE CORRIDOR LEADS TO THE LADIES' ROOM ON THE RIGHT. AS SHE WALKS DOWN THE HALLWAY, IT BEGINS TO RESEMBLE TO HER THE SAME WALK SHE TOOK AT THE BEGINNING: AND SUDDENLY AT THE DOOR TO THE LADIES' ROOM SHE SEEMS TO SEE THE FAT COP. SHE SHAKES HER HEAD AND THE VISION IS GONE. REPLACED BY INT. LADIES' ROOM. THE COP IS NOW HELD FROM BEHIND BY DARYLL LEE - SMILING AT HELEN. IN REVERSE, WE SEE FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT HELEN HAS THE ROPE WELL AWAY FROM HER NECK. WE REALIZE SHE HAS AMPLE TIME TO WARN THE COP, BUT SHE IS PARALYZED, FASCINATED BY WHAT IS HAPPENING IN TERRIBLE SLOW MOTION INTERCUTS BETWEEN DARYLL LEE GRINNING AT HER, HELEN'S HELPLESS HORROR, THE COP'S APPEALING LOOK TO HER AND BACK TO DARYLL LEE AS (BELOW THE FRAME) HE SLITS THE COP'S THROAT AND LETS HIM FALL TO THE FLOOR. HELEN (FLASHBACK) AT LAST BEGINS TO SCREAM!

**CLOSE:**

ALL.) SHE PULLS RUBEN'S GUN FROM HER POCKET AND SHOVS OPEN THE DOOR INTO THE LADIES' ROOM. AS THE DOOR OPENS. THE LIGHTS ARE ON: IT IS BRILLIANT, BLINDING IN HERE. SHE STEPS IN. THERE IS A SOUND THAT DRAWS HER ROUND, HER GUN COMING UP: BACK OF THE DOOR IS THE BROOM CLOSET... SHE FIRES TWO ROUNDS INTO THE CLOSET DOOR. IT SPRINGS OPEN AND MOPS AND PAILS FALL THUNDEROUSLY OUT ONTO THE TILE FLOOR. SHE WHIRLS TO COVER HER BACK; FACES THE STALLS. EXT. SAKS' ROADBLOCK - NIGHT THEY REACT TO ECHOES OF THE GUNFIRE.

**SWAT:**

Oh, man?! Let us in there.

**SAKS:**

Go. Go. Go!

Men begin moving cautiously out of the trees and shadows toward the Auditorium...

INT. LADIES' ROOM

HELEN MOVES ALONG THE STALLS PUSHING DOORS OPEN. UNTIL SHE SHOVES ONE OPEN AND SEES:

M.J. IS HANGING BY A NOOSE, DANGLING THE SAME WAY HELEN DID IN THE OPENING SEQUENCE. SHE IS ALIVE, HOLDING THE NOOSE FROM HER NECK BY ONE HAND...

HELEN STARTS TO RUSH TO HER ASSISTANCE, WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT. PETER TAKES HER FROM BEHIND, SWIFTLY DISARMING HER, REGARDING THE GUN WITH AMAZEMENT.

**PETER:**

You cheated! You said you'd come die with me.

WITHOUT PAUSE HE PUMPS TWO BULLETS INTO M.J. WHERE SHE HANGS. HER BODY JUMPS FROM THE IMPACT OF THE BULLETS, HER HEAD FLIES BACK AND SHE SLUMPS, THE NOOSE TIGHTENS; THE DOOR OF THE STALL SWINGS SLOWLY SHUT, AS PETER TURNS ON HELEN, WHERE SHE LIES ON THE FLOOR, HORROR-STRUCK.

EXT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

WITH EFFICIENCY AND CAUTION FBI SWAT TYPES MOVE TOWARD THE AUDITORIUM. A GRAPPLING HOOK IS THROWN HIGH OVER THE ROOF; THEY PREPARE FOR AN ASSAULT. A HELICOPTER SWOOPS IN, BATHING THE SCENE IN ITS BRILLIANT LIGHT...

INT. AUDITORIUM STAGE - NIGHT

PETER HAS HELEN ON THE STAGE WHERE CHAIRS ARE RANDOMLY SCATTERED AND PUSHED HER TO A SEAT FACING HIM, ALMOST KNEE TO KNEE... HELEN WILL USE HER PSYCHOLOGICAL WILES TO TRY TO TAKE AWAY PETER'S CONTROL OF THE SITUATION... PETER LOOKS UP AT THE SOUND... HE IS PROUD AND THRILLED.

**PETER:**

Listen to them! We'll be on all three channels.

**HELEN:**

Kill me, Peter, do it, now.

**PETER:**

No. Not yet.

**HELEN:**

Do it. If that's what all this carnage is about, then do it. Have enough guts to do it.

**PETER:**

Don't talk to me about courage. I know death, what it's like to kill. You're not a killer -- you watched Daryll Lee kill that cop and you didn't make a peep, because you were paralyzed with fear. You choked. I know something else about you.

Peter is jerking about with amphetamine energy; he pops a pill into his mouth and swallows...

**PETER:**

You want one? No? There was something in you that was fascinated, that wanted to see what it was like for a man to die. Everybody feels it. Like every person who slows to see a bad accident, or runs to see a fire. That's true. I see it in you... you're the same as me.

THERE IS NOISE OUTSIDE... LIKE SOMEONE BREAKING IN.

**PETER:**

Oh, no.

HE GRABS HER, AND SHE MOVES WITH HIM, WITHOUT RESISTANCE, AS HE TURNS OUT THE LIGHTS INSIDE.

FLOODLIGHTS SUDDENLY ILLUMINATE THE FACADE OUTSIDE, INCREASING THE BRILLIANCE OF THE LIGHT STREAMING IN AND DARKENING THE SHADOWS FURTHER. GERMAN EXPRESSIONISM.

He leads her back to the stage... he pushes her into a chair facing him... He looks into her face and smiles...

**PETER:**



We'll keep talking. Until they get here. Then...

(smiles)

**HELEN:**

I have no life anymore. I ruined your life, make me pay for it.

**PETER:**

Why did you do that? Didn't you have any idea how hard it was for me, to get that far? I worshipped you. You inspired me. I thought you could understand me the way you understood the others. I knew that about you -- the ones you admired were the great murderers; they fascinated you.

**HELEN:**

That's not who I admire -- I admire people who are good at what they do, great artists, writers, thinkers...

**PETER:**

I don't have the talent for any of those things. All I have a talent for is death. And I am one of a kind. What do you think of your student now? I have made you famous, I am your creation and your monument.

BEHIND HIM A SHADOWY FIGURE DARTS FROM HIDING SPOT TO A

**VANTAGE POINT:**

BUT PETER DOES NOT.

**HELEN:**

If you let me, I can make you more famous than any of them.

**PETER:**

Oh, please. I know what's coming,

now. "Let me help you..."

**HELEN:**

Do anything you want to me. I give myself to you. Only put the knife down. Isn't this what you always wanted? I know it's what we all want, to love and to loved. I could love you. You could work together in some safe place, learn to really understand you, help you, give you some peace of mind, some happiness...

**PETER:**

Back in the driver's seat again, Doctor? That old dream -- study us to see what makes us sick. So you can find a cure -- they'd name it after you? Death is the only cure for people like me.

He leans toward her with the knife. This might be the moment. His gun lies on the floor beside him.

HER EYES HAVE FLICKED TO THE SHADOW BEHIND HIM; HE SEES IT AND STOOPS TO PICK UP THE GUN AND FIRES INTO THE SHADOWS, TWO OR THREE QUICK ROUNDS. HE TURNS BACK TO HELEN, DROPPING THE GUN TO REACH FOR THE KNIFE.

HELEN HEAD BUTTS HIM WITH ASTONISHING STRENGTH, KNOCKING HIM BACKWARD. SHE STANDS... HE COMES UP WITH GUN... AND AIMS AT HER...

BEHIND HIM M.J. STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS HAVING NOW A CLEAN SHOT.

HELEN DOESN'T GIVE A CLUE, JUST LOOKS INTO PETER'S EYES AS M.J. AND PETER IN SLOW MOTION DETAILS AS SHE LINES UP HER

**SHOT:**

**HELEN:**

Do it. For God's sake, now...

M.J. FIRES.

PETER IS SPUN AWAY FROM HELEN BY THE IMPACT, STANDS THERE, SHAKING WITH THE SHOCK OF THE HIT... HE STARES AT HER.

**PETER:**

(surprised, like a  
child)

You hurt me!

M.J. HOLDS HER GUN ON HIM, READY TO SHOOT AGAIN, BUT HE JUST GOES DOWN ON ONE KNEE, HIS BODY VIOLENTLY SHUDDERING... AS: THERE IS A HUGE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS AND THEN AN ENORMOUS EXPLOSION THAT THROWS THEM TO THE GROUND.

THE BIG FRONT DOORS ARE BLASTED OPEN, AND THE FLAK VESTED SWAT TEAM SWARMS THROUGH... SMOKE FROM THE CONCUSSION GRENADE SWIRLS IN THE CHIAROSCURO OF FLOODLIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

OUT OF THE SMOKE COME SKI-MASKED SWAT MEN...

M.J. & HELEN

No!!

PETER TURNS TO THE SWAT TEAM, OFFERING HIMSELF, AS THE WOMEN SCREAM TO THE SWAT MEN'S WOUNDED AND HARMLESS...

A PATTERN OF RED DOTS FROM LASER BEAM SIGHTS ON THE SWAT TEAM RIFLES DAPPLE PETER'S HEAD AND TORSO.

**SWAT TEAM:**

LIKE A FIRING SQUAD THE TEAM FIRES.

PETER'S BODY FLIES THROUGH THE AIR FROM THE IMPACT AND SLIDES SPRAWLING ACROSS THE STAGE TO A STOP.

**CUT TO:**

INT. AUDITORIUM - LATER

M.J. SITS AS PARAMEDIC GENTLY PULL OFF HER SHIRT AND THE BULLET PROOF VEST THAT SAVED HER LIFE.

M.J.

Jesus that hurts. You think the  
rib is busted?

**PARAMEDIC:**

That looks like just a bad bruise.

I'll tape it up if you want to...

M.J.

I'll take some Tylenol and codeine,  
instead, how about a lot of number  
six?

The medic turns to his medicine bag. Cops swarm around them. Helen sits down next to M.J. M.J. begins to put on her shirt, wincing at the movement. Helen helps her.

M.J.

(it hurts)

Oh, God.

SAKS AND QUINN EMERGE THROUGH THE CHIAROSCURO OF SMOKE AND LIGHT AND SHADOW. When M.J. sees him she takes out her gun and hands it to him. It is what he expects, but she misunderstands -- she is offering it to him as her resignation from the cops. He takes it only as a part of officer related shooting routine. SHE LOOKS INTO HIS FACE AS HE SMELLS THE MUZZLE, KNOWS SHE FIRES IT, APPROVED.

**QUINN:**

I'll take it, kid. You take two weeks paid leave. Don't waste a second thinking about that shitbag. Then come back. You're a cop, M.J. He nods to Helen...

QUINN (cont'd)

Get the civilians outta here.

M.J.

She's in no shape to give her statement tonight...

**QUINN:**

No, she can come in tomorrow... gonna want to know a lot of things...

B.G. the cops have pulled PETER'S BODY BY THE FEET, LETTING HIM BUMPITY BUMPITY BUMPITY DOWN THE STEPS from the stage and lifted him onto a gurney. The body is wheeled past them, as...

**HELEN:**

The only one who could tell you what you really need to know is dead.

**QUINN:**

Yeah, it's a thought...

Of no importance to him, he turns away...

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

In the LOBBY area between the auditorium proper and the big exterior doors (now the worse for wear from the concussion grenades). Outside, through the glass we SEE a media circus under the BRIGHT LIGHTS put up for the assault. M.J. and HELEN SQUINT AGAINST THE LIGHT, AND TURN...

THE AUDITORIUM (POV).

The cops and technicians are working away; at one side is a small door -- easy escape. They run toward it...

EXT. MCCLUSKEY AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

It is dark where they step out into the night. Around the corner of the building we see the light from the MEDIA CIRCUS. THEN HELEN STEPS OFF DOWN INTO THE DARK CAMPUS. M.J. LOOKS AT HER: REALIZING: HELEN IS NO LONGER AFRAID. SHE CATCHES UP TO HER. HOLD ON THEIR BACKS AS THEY WALK AWAY...

M.J.

You could use a long hot bath, you know that? You better get somebody to drive you home.

**HELEN:**

Why can't I drive home? I will.  
You. Look at you. You need a ride home. And you don't even know it.

M.J.

(beat)

Well, thanks.

The two women continue down toward Helen's car, just outside the circle of media. CAMERA RISES AND RISES TO A HIGH FULL SHOT.

THE MOUTH AND THE HAIRCUT spot them and race toward them.

**SUSAN:**

Hey! Halloran! What's the story here?  
On the two women getting in the car...

**HELEN:**

If she has to ask, she's never gonna know.

HIGH FULLSHOT OF THE CAMPUS AS THEY DRIVE AWAY INTO THE NIGHT.

**THE END:**