

COPYCAT

by

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FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

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

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: THE BALCONY - YOUNG RED-HEADED MAN is no longer 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 plaque 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: COP, leaning against outside door smoking, hears 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: COP, not certain what to do about the ambiguous 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: CLOSE UP: The COP, taken from behind. In a 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: XANAX BOTTLE. Two pills are shaken out into a palm, others scattering from the nervous haste...

CLOSE: HELEN Watching herself in **BATHROOM** mirror as she 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.

CLOSE: PHONE

Her hand comes into FRAME and picks up the 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: the computer speaks in its tiny computer voice:

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: it is a silhouette of a man's head and torso; 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: you shredded him!

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: A CELLULAR PHONE (ON RUBENS' BELT). M J. holds her
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?...
Heeeeyyy! 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

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: I can't afford to 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 to 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: ANDY

Putting down the phone. Irritated...

ANDY
Shit...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE LIBRARY - DAY

CLOSE: AN ATTORNEY IN COURT

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.

(more)

ANDY (cont'd)
 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 on 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: M J. sitting in front of a stalled machine, NIKKO, 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 PANS 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: early crime scene photos.

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: THE PICTURE. The victim's body is covered with 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, Albert 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 checking 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 "TOMDRROW.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 "TOMDRROW.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 zofting... 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: On the bed, the RED-HEADED WOMAN'S body is 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.
 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.
 For 'Hell', read 'Helen'. He's
 talking to you.

HELEN
 It's anybody connected to authority.
 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

Mary Jane. We call her M J.

HELEN

Mary Jane. 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 Mary Jane 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

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 lit, 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 semi-conscious. 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: is this a good thing to have the media announce at
 this point -- or not?

M J.
 Hey, Susan -- I'm sorry, you're on
 the wrong side of the tape.
 (more)

M J. (cont'd)
 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: XANAX BOTTLE. SHAKING HANDS DUMP OUT PILLS.
 FOUR. SIX. TWO, PUT BACK. ONE MORE, PUT BACK.

HELEN: RAVAGED. WATCHING HERSELF IN MIRROR AS SHE GULPS
 THE 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.
(more)

M J. (cont' d)

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: SUSAN SCHIFFER'S broadcast... Over SUSAN'S shoulder, big 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 go to work.

CUT TO:

INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

HELEN, her police scanner sounding distant tinny cries in the night: Helen holding the phone, digesting that...

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: M J. is crawling along the floor, looking at 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: the scene of what Helen is saying hits her 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: let me haunt you with these
 words: I'll be back."

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: TELEPHONE

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: taking the hills fast.

THE MAN: STEPS OUT INTO THE HALL.

HELEN: SHE HAS RUN BACK THE LENGTH OF THE HALL TO HER 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: HER REMOTE CONTROLS IN HAND SWITCHES ON TV SETS, LAMPS, ETC.

THE MAN: HE STARTS TO MOVE AGAIN, TOWARD WHERE HE BELIEVES 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: SHE CROUCHES IN HIDING. IN DEEP FOCUS, BEYOND HER, 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: HIS FACE TURNS TO THE LIGHT: FROM THIS HIGH 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 want to 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, anything 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: Don't lose your head. "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...

(more)

SAKS (cont' d)

...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 possibility of three Copycat serial killers. We have Quantico working on graphology, the Washington lab 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 is unctuous and insincere, self-confident.

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 Strangler. 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.
(more)

M J. (cont'd)
 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: of students on the green, playing Frisbee, studying
 together, picnicking. Women sunbathe, their straps pulled
 down on their shoulders, their tops rolled up to expose their
 midri ffs.

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, DEEP IN THOUGHT...

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: PETER'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

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?
(more)

HELEN (cont'd)
 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 - WARDEN FELIX MENDOZA IN HIS OFFICE - DAY

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: FAX OF A LIST OF NAMES AND ADDRESSES IS SCANNED BY A SCANNER; UNIQUE SOUND OF SCANNER AND FLASHING LIGHTS. ANOTHER PAGE IS SCANNED IN.

COMPUTER SCREEN: CALERA WORDSCAN: SAME PAGE APPEARS AND IS 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 FOCUSED, 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: IN THEM IS REFLECTED THOSE NAMES POURING 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.

(more)

DARYLL (cont' d)

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: the Chinatown raid has been carried off and 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:

RUBEN

I brought back a ginseng 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.

(more)

RUBEN (cont'd)
 (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: 8:47)

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: The KID'S FREE HAND rifling through the drawer 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: PETER. HE CHECKS HIS WATCH AND TURNS TO WATCH THE 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: M J.

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: DEEP SHADOWS AND HIGHLIGHTS. IN THE BLACK 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...
(more)

NIKKO (cont'd)
 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: DeSalvo, Bianchi & 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: YOUNG MAN -- His face registering horror at what he sees: he stops speaking, and the GIRL turns to look 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: (TIME HAS PASSED). FROM WHAT WOULD BE ANDY'S POV -- 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.

(more)

HELEN (cont'd)
 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 F. B. I. 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,
 (more)

TV (cont'd; V. O.)
 (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 COMPLETED
 STUDENT NAMES: 342
 CRIME-PSYCH: 137 11
 TERM PAPERS: 736
 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: HER FRONT DOOR OPENS. She starts, turns. Feet
 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 so 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: VARIOUS SHOTS, SILHOUETTED FIGURES MOVING TO 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: BLACK SMOKE BILLOWS OUT ACROSS THE CEILING 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: A HUGE HOT EXPLOSION: FLAMES THREATEN TO 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.
(more)

QUINN (cont'd)

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.
(more)

RADIO NEWS (cont'd)

*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: FUCK IT, THIS IS
CRAZY AND IS ABOUT TO DRIVE AWAY, 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: TAPE RECORDER ATTACHED TO PHONE. IT STARTS TO TURN. 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

Mn-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: TAPE MONITOR. WE HEAR HELEN HANGING UP. A SMALL 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: her hand bats away the usual bathroom 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: HER OLD SAAB IS PARKED. THE ANTENNA IS GONE, AND 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: HELEN'S CAR IS COMING UP THE STREET TOWARDS US. 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: Helen's Saab speeds out of the tree shadowed street into the bright plaza in front of the auditorium, and brakes behind M J.'s car.

CLOSE: HELEN. Sudden silence when she kills the car engine. 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: light streams in from the exterior through tall 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: HELEN staring, trying to SEE. NOTHING.

THEN:

PETER IS STARING BACK. HIS FACE BECOMES DARYLL LEE. THE VISION SNAPS.

HELEN: SHE TURNS AND WALKS PAST THE ROSTRUM OF THE STAGE TO 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: HELEN (PRESENT) RECOVERING. (SHE HASN'T SCREAMED AT 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 SHOVS 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.

(more)

PETER (cont'd)

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: WE CAN'T MAKE OUT THE FIGURE... HELEN SEES 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: SHE COULD KILL HIM OR GO FOR THE EXPOSED SHOULDER.

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 - LATE

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
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