

A PHILOSOPHICAL INVESTIGATION

by Nicholas Meyer

Based on the novel by Philip Kerr

September 9, 1995

Based on a James Dearden screenplay

BLACK SCREEN

1st FEMALE VOICE
Is this your first time in
treatment?

2nd FEMALE VOICE
(hesitation)
Uh - yes. Here, that is... I was
ordered to report to -

1st FEMALE VOICE
Look in the mirror please...

2nd FEMALE VOICE
Is that customary?

1st FEMALE VOICE
We find it helps.

Pause, then, a MIRRORED CUBE SPINS IN BLACKNESS, SETTling ON
CU A STRIKINGLY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN. Mid-thirties, high-
cheekboned, her hair cut short, almost androgynous.

She stares straight ahead at herself. Everything around her
is BLACK. Her face alone visible.

1st FEMALE VOICE (cont'd)
You're not English.

WOMAN (2nd VOICE)
Look, you've got my file. I was in
treatment in the States from 2010
to 2012...

Papers being rustled...

1st FEMALE VOICE
Ah, yes - Chicago. You're here on
an exchange assignment?

WOMAN
I have a two year contract.

1st FEMALE VOICE
You're inspector -

WOMAN
Chief Inspector...

1st FEMALE VOICE
Sorry, Chief Inspector (reading)
Isadora-

WOMAN

I hate that name.

1st FEMALE VOICE

Really?

WOMAN

I go by Jake. Jake Jakowicz.

1st FEMALE VOICE

I see: Chief Inspector Jake Jakowicz.

WOMAN (JAKE)

Right.

1st FEMALE VOICE

Homicide Division?

Jake's face twitches as

CU A YOUNG WOMAN'S SLASHED BODY. WIDEN TO REVEAL

EXT. JERMYN STREET - DAY

POLICE keep the crowd at bay as a POLICE CAR noses towards a barrier mid-way down the street. The area beyond is cordoned off by two more parked police CARS, blue LIGHTS flashing silently. The crowd parts to let the car through. Inside we glimpse Jake.

Beyond the cordon an AMBULANCE waits outside one of the buildings. There are steps at the front leading down to the basement. The car comes to a halt and Jake gets out.

Several OFFICERS are at the foot of the steps, surrounding the naked body. Including Jake's associate, Detective Inspector GEORGE STANLEY, late forties. He looks up as she arrives.

She takes a quick look at the BODY and turns away. We get a flash of the word 'CUNT' written on the victim's stomach, in what looks like red lipstick, and the word 'TIT' over each breast. Another, almost subliminal cut of her mangled face, a bloody pulp.

JAKE

Got a name?

STANLEY

Mary Woolnoth. She worked as a receptionist near here, in Sackville Street.

JAKE

Was she sexually assaulted?

STANLEY

Yes, it's a right old mess in that department. Looks like number six for the Lipstick Killer.

JAKE

I'm off to Berlin for that damn conference. Fax me the lab report, will you, George?

STANLEY

I doubt we'll get much. He was wearing a condom, like with the others. Fuck all chance of any DNA.

He produces a carrier bag with the logo of a bookstore.

STANLEY (cont'd)

We did find this. In a trash bin down the street.

He brings out a book, a thriller. Also a RECEIPT.

STANLEY (cont'd)

Purchased yesterday.

JAKE

The 'Mystery Bookshop', Sackville Street.

STANLEY

I'll have the bag checked for prints.

JAKE

If he's so careful not to leave anything on the victim...

She doesn't need to finish the sentence. Looks down again at the wretched woman -

BACK TO HER FACE IN THE MIRROR

JAKE

Gynocide Department.

1st FEMALE VOICE

Crimes against women.

In the mirror, Jake's face says nothing.

1st FEMALE VOICE (cont'd)

Are you married?

JAKE

Not anymore.

4.

1st FEMALE VOICE
Don't get on with men? (no answer)
Men?

JAKE
Tell me, doctor, is this where we
talk about my abusive father?

1st FEMALE VOICE
Was he?

JAKE
Wouldn't that be convenient?
Wouldn't that explain everything?

1st FEMALE VOICE
Such as?

JAKE
I wasn't abused - not in the way
you mean. Let's just say he didn't
help me form a positive impression
of men.

1st FEMALE VOICE
Do you prefer women?

Jake thinks about this as

JAKE'S VOICE OVER
In England, where I now work, a
female of at least Detective
Sergeant rank must be included in
any murder inquiry involving a
serial killer...

INT. CONFERENCE CENTER, BERLIN - DAY

Vast, modern, impersonal. Space for two thousand delegates.
At present only about forty percent full. The BANNER above:

'Third European Community Symposium on
Crime and Law enforcement'
Sponsored by Siemens

Those who are there appear attentive enough. Some listen on
simultaneous translation HEADPHONES. Jake at the podium.
Her VOICE comes over the P.A. system, clear and confident.

JAKE (cont'd)
Since gender guidelines were introduced
the arrest rate has climbed from 46 per
cent to 73. But we're still a long way
from breaking the historical domination
domination of law enforcement by men.

Among the audience, is GRACE MILES, UK Minister for Law & Order, an almost beautiful black woman in an elegant lilac suit, listening attentively - a black Maggie Thatcher. Next to her is her Private Secretary, MARK WOODFORD, early fifties, in-bred, old-school bureaucrat, an air of worldly cynicism. Less impressed, we gather from his faintly bored expression, by Jake's brand of feminism.

JAKE (cont'd)

Even in my own field, gynocide, women make up less than 40 per cent of senior officers. So if you really want an improvement in the crime figures, I suggest you start diverting funds away from retribution and into prevention... (smiles wryly) In other words more Police Constables - the female of the species, that is.

There's laughter in the auditorium. Jake gathers her notes and leaves the podium, to polite, even sustained applause, at least from the women in the audience.

Grace Miles claps absently, studying Jake - remembering.

INT. KEMPINSKI HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Jake sits alone at the bar, munching a handful of nuts between sips from her double VODKA, avoiding eye contact with any of the lonelyhearts BUSINESSMEN dotted around the room.

The bar has a relentless, almost Spartan modernity. The handsome walnut counter displays a variety of small screens informing guests of the various hotel services.

An attractive BLONDE sits alone at a table a few feet away. Jake looks up and catches her eyes, just as:

BUSINESSMAN (o.s.)

May I buy you a drink?

A young, reasonably goodlooking BUSINESSMAN has taken the next stool. He speaks almost perfect American English, with only the faintest accent. He is looking at her knowingly.

JAKE

Not tonight, thank you.

He grins, undeterred.

BUSINESSMAN

What's your problem?

JAKE

Right now it's your aftershave.
It's steaming up my contact lenses.

His face takes on an unpleasant look.

BUSINESSMAN

Just being friendly.

JAKE

Why don't you run along and be
friends with someone else?

The man gets off his stool and slinks away, muttering a few
choice epithets in German.

She looks up to find that the blonde at the nearby table is
still staring at her, an amused smile playing about her
lips, having witnessed the entire exchange. As Jake meets
her gaze, she raises an eyebrow. Jake stares back.

INT. KEMPINSKI HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Jake steps into the elevator. She speaks her floor number
and the door closes. Just as someone inserts his FOOT. The
door opens again, to reveal the Man from the bar. She looks
studiously at the floor as he steps inside.

He's been drinking. His voice is slurred, as he gives his
floor number (in German, this elevator is multi-lingual).

He leans against the side of the lift, appraising her with
ill-disguised hostility, soaking up her tightly cut jacket
with its hint of décolletage. She looks up and meets his eye.

BUSINESSMAN

You should be more polite.

He reaches out a hand and lightly brushes it against her
breast. Jake smiles suddenly.

JAKE

I know.

She's still smiling as she rakes his shin with the side of her
shoe. The man yells and clutches instinctively at his injured
leg. Which leaves him leaning nicely into the smart uppercut
that's already rising like a piston towards his chin.

He collapses in a heap at Jake's feet, as the doors open.

INT. KEMPINSKI HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jake rubs her knuckles and steps over his inert body.

JAKE
Ground floor.

The elevator doors close silently behind her. She starts down the corridor towards her room, still rubbing her knuckles.

INT. KEMPINSKI HOTEL, JAKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jake sits on the couch in a toweling robe, her hair wet from the shower. An open FAX in her hands, she finishes dialling a number on the videophone. The phone is answered and we HEAR Stanley's voice, but the screen remains blank.

STANLEY (v.o.)
Hello?

JAKE
George? It's me, Jake. Did I wake you?

STANLEY
It's OK, I'm the world's number one insomniac.

JAKE
How's your cold?

STANLEY
I'm on the mend; thanks. You want to go visual?

JAKE
Sure.

She pushes a BUTTON. The SCREEN comes to life and we see Stanley in bed. He's alone in the rather sparse accommodation of a single man, divorced, as it happens.

JAKE
I got your fax.

STANLEY
Not much, I'm afraid. The graphologist confirmed the writing was left-handed.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

She's visible on his videophone, a compact bedside unit. He has the TV on, an old black and white movie, the sound muted.

JAKE
I've been thinking about the book; didn't one of the other victims have a crime novel? I think it was Jessie Weston.

STANLEY
Now you mention it.

BACK TO JAKE (etc):

The suite doorbell RINGS. Jake seems surprised.

JAKE
Someone at the door. I'm back tomorrow,
let's get into it then. Feel better.

STANLEY
Thanks. 'Bye, Jake.

JAKE
Goodnight, George.

She gets up to answer the door. She peers through the spy-hole. She hesitates a moment, before opening.

The blonde from the bar is standing there. For a moment the two women remain face to face, looking at each other.

Then Jake steps back to let her into the room. She closes the door behind her.

BACK TO HER FACE IN THE MIRROR.

JAKE
Women? Not really. I dunno. Maybe.

1st FEMALE VOICE
Perhaps the issue isn't gender -

JAKE
What then?

1st FEMALE VOICE
Maybe we're talking about intimacy.

JAKE
Intimacy...

1st FEMALE VOICE
Did you like your husband?

JAKE
What did Will Rogers say - "I never
met a man I didn't like"?

1st FEMALE VOICE
What do YOU say? (no answer) It
says here you've been recommended
for therapy relating to
"uncontrollable aggressive
impulses". (no answer) That right?
You have a temper?

JAKE
(sighs)
More or less.

1st FEMALE VOICE
(reads from the file)
"Problem officer, history of
excessive use of force." (pause)
Ever met a man you DID like?

JAKE
"Like..."

1st FEMALE VOICE
Perhaps that word's too loaded.
Admired, then. Ever met a man you
admired?

JAKE
(smiles)
That's a bit simplistic, isn't it?
You think my problem would be
solved if only I met a man I could
admire?

1st FEMALE
I'm not yet sure exactly what your
problem is, Chief Inspector. I
merely pose the question.

JAKE
(thoughtful; amused)
A man I could admire. Now who might
that man be?

VOICE OVER
My name is Paul Wittgenstein.

CU "WITTGENSTEIN"

his face similarly placed as Jake's, surrounded - at first -
by blackness. Early thirties, rather handsome, fine-
featured, intelligent eyes. Under his leather jacket he has
on a white collarless shirt of the type hospital orderlies
might wear.

WITTGENSTEIN (cont'd)

At any rate, it is now. That's what they told me. Paul Wittgenstein. I'm Paul Wittgenstein and I'm a murderer. I think, therefore I kill; I kill, therefore I am.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is in a hi-rise in London's Docklands area. The light RAILWAY actually passes within close range of the panoramic windows. There's little furniture beyond a sofa, a low table and a state of the art TV projection system.

Wittgenstein faces his own VIDEO CAMERA. He is recording himself, manually directing the camera to follow him as he moves about.

WITTGENSTEIN (cont'd)

In the beginning, of course, it was all just pretend. I didn't actually kill anybody. I could climb in my old Virtual Reality outfit and have a grand old time...

He stands next to a black-rubberised VIRTUAL REALITY suit. The suit has GLOVES and a bulging padded codpiece arrangement around the crotch which he fondles, smiling at the camera. A fiberglass HELMET with a smoked glass visor completes the sinister apparition. The empty suit is suspended in a kind of cradle which would allow its occupant to move in any direction in gravity free space. Wires are connected to an electronic machine with dials and input for a CD laserdisc.

WITTGENSTEIN (cont'd)

Make my day.

GUNFIRE OVER

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA ANGLE: three futuristic TEDDY BOYS, their outfits a weird 21st Century gloss on the old fifties look, are cut down in a hail of bullets. The hot dog stand around which they were grouped explodes into flames, as the VENDOR dives for cover.

CAMERA PANS sharply LEFT, attracted by the SOUND of a YAPPING DOG, tied to a lamp post by its leash outside the megamarket. A bulging BARREL rises into FRAME, and with a powerful WHOOSH! a flame belches forth, engulfing the hapless pet.

The FLAME THROWER lowers out of sight, as we continue our relentless progress into the megamarket, entering through the automatic doors, in one continuing TRACKING MOVEMENT. SHOPPERS run for cover, screaming. The barrel of a machine pistol rises into FRAME, seeking fresh targets, as we:

WHIP PAN, bullets arcing into a row of canned tomato soup, bursting in a splurge of red. Our target - an OLD LADY - is hit in one eye, shattering the lens of her spectacles.

We continue beyond her, stepping over her writhing body, towards a corner of the giant store, where a ravishingly sexy seventeen year old in the tight-fitting uniform of a CHECK-OUT GIRL cowers behind the meat counter. A hand reaches out and grabs the top of her dress, ripping the fabric and exposing her breasts, as she SCREAMS for mercy.

INT. WITTGENSTEIN'S FLAT - DAY

clothed from head to toe in his VR suit, Wittgenstein writhes and jerks in a highly suggestive manner. We can be left in little doubt that he's in the throes of violating the unfortunate check-out girl we just saw as part of his lurid fantasies in the prior sequence.

He's experiencing a limitless range of activities in 3-D, with a realism almost indistinguishable from the live event.

WITTGENSTEIN'S VOICE OVER (cont'd)

If it hadn't been for that stupid,
bloody letter maybe I could have
gone on pretending, and nothing
would have happened.

As he approaches orgasm, we PAN AWAY to end on a big CLOSE UP of the e-mail system, integrated into the wall, a kind of glorified fax. There's an incoming communication, which spews out into a receiving tray, in hard copy. A computerized VOICE delivers the message simultaneously:

"Dear Sir, you have been randomly
selected for VMN testing under the
Lombroso Program. Please present
yourself at 4.00 pm on 23rd
February 2013 at the Brain Research
Institute, 2 Victoria Street,
London SW1. Please note that
counselling will be available
before and after the test..

EXT. BRAIN RESEARCH INSTITUTE - DAY

the somewhat anonymous Victorian building which houses the ominous-sounding Brain Research Institute.

COMPUTER VOICE (cont'd)
"Failure to keep this appointment
will result in the immediate
suspension of your Civil
Liberties."

Wittgenstein approaches the building tentatively, holding
onto the LETTER...

INT. BRAIN RESEARCH INSTITUTE, SCANNING ROOM - DAY

We are CLOSE on a NEEDLE being inserted into his arm. A
BLUE liquid is injected into his vein.

NURSE
You can wait for the result or you can
come back another time.

WIDEN TO REVEAL WITTGENSTEIN, sitting on a narrow bed,
looking distinctly apprehensive. The nurse places a wad of
cotton wool over the puncture and lies him back flat.

WITTGENSTEIN
Can't I call?

NURSE
I'm afraid we don't give results over
the phone. Most people prefer to
wait. It only takes about an hour.

She presses a button and the bed slides back to place his
head directly under the ominous-looking scanning camera.

NURSE (cont'd)
Now, please lie very still.

INT. BRAIN RESEARCH INSTITUTE, WAITING ROOM - DAY

Wittgenstein sits in a large waiting room with several other
males, each clutching their appointment card. There's a
female RECEPTIONIST at her desk.

A door opens and a white-haired COUNSELLOR pokes his head out.

DR SAKHALYIN
220569-G?

Wittgenstein checks his card and stands up.

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

He sits opposite the counsellor, looking stunned. Dr.
Sakhalyin speaks soothingly, with a Russian accent.

DR SAKHALYIN

Just because you test VMN-negative
does not mean you will commit
violent crime. It simply means you
are statistically more likely...

Wittgenstein bows his head and stares at the floor in front
of him, as the counsellor's words wash over him.

DR SAKHALYIN (cont'd)

With counselling and drug therapy
there is no reason you should not
lead a more or less normal existence.

EXT. BRAIN RESEARCH INSTITUTE - DAY

Wittgenstein comes out of the Institute, still in a state of
shock. He crosses over the road and enters a coffee shop.

DR SAKHALYIN (V.O., cont'd)

You will be given codename to
protect your identity. Only in the
event that you commit violent crime
will your VMN status be released by
the police computer at Kidlington.

INT. 'CHESTNUT CAFE' COFFEE SHOP - DAY

WITTGENSTEIN sits in the window, sipping a cup of tea,
staring numbly at the passing traffic.

WITTGENSTEIN'S VOICE OVER

What a joke. Me who was always
banging on about crime and
punishment. Only voted for the
bastards on account of their law
enforcement program. Now look at
me. Branded a freak. Mark of
Cain. On a computer file anyway...

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wittgenstein's face stares out at us, the shock and anger of
his diagnosis still very evident. The CAMERA CLOSES until
his eyes fill SCREEN. He's still recording himself.

WITTGENSTEIN (cont'd)

I thought they'd made a mistake. Then
he showed me my test, and there it was -
or wasn't. I'm missing an enzyme in my
brain that controls aggression. I'm a
VMN-bloody negative! From model citizen
to social pariah in the course of an
afternoon. I mean, how would you like it?

EXT. DOCKLANDS AREA, STREET - NIGHT

Wittgenstein hurls a GARBAGE CAN through the GLASS WINDOW of a used electrical appliance shop in a run down area.

WITTGENSTEIN'S VOICE OVER (cont'd)

Talk about your self-fulfilling
prophecy. I was quite happy with
my VR fantasies until they came
along and told me I belonged to
some kind of criminal sub-species.

Wittgenstein turns up his collar; walks off down the street.

WITTGENSTEIN'S VOICE OVER (cont'd)

Well, if that's how they chose to
think of me...

EXT. DOCKLANDS AREA DOORWAY - NIGHT

An old TRAMP of indeterminate age slumbers in a doorway wrapped in newspapers. Wittgenstein kicks the shit out of him. After a while he gives up and walks off in disgust, leaving the tramp spitting blood.

WITTGENSTEIN'S VOICE OVER (cont'd)

Can't say I got much satisfaction
out of it. Mindless violence never
really did appeal to me...

ON HIS FACE

as he continues recording himself in his flat...

WITTGENSTEIN (cont'd)

On the other hand, violence with a
purpose, a point, a goal - yes, that,
I have to admit, DOES appeal to me.
It appeals a great deal - it's
logical...

INT. BRAIN RESEARCH INSTITUTE, GLEITMANN'S OFFICES - DAY

The offices of the Director of the Institute, Professor Gleitmann, are located in the ultra-modern hi-tech annex next door to the main building.

A phone RINGS in the outer office and the SECRETARY picks up. PROFESSOR GLEITMANN, a tall, cadaverous looking Scot in his sixties, with a dome-like head, stands in front of the desk looking through his appointment diary.

SECRETARY

Hello?

WITTGENSTEIN (o.s.)
Is this Professor Gleitmann's
secretary?

SECRETARY
Yes.

WITTGENSTEIN (o.s.)
George Willis, Biotec
Pharmaceuticals. The Professor
asked us to fax him some product
information, but we don't seem to
have his direct fax number.

SECRETARY
Yes, it's 071 828-9491.

WITTGENSTEIN (o.s.)
Thank you for your help.

She hangs up.

SECRETARY
That was Biotec. They're faxing the
information you asked for.

GLEITMANN
Who?

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wittgenstein dials another number. While he waits, he
stands over his own fax machine, reprogramming the ident.
We see the letters come up on the narrow LED display:

P R O F E S S O R G L E I T M A N N, and then the number,
071 828-9491.

A woman's voice comes on the line.

OPERATOR (o.s.)
Brain Research Institute.

WITTGENSTEIN
Yes, can you tell me the name of
your Computer Security Manager?

OPERATOR (o.s.)
Derek Carter.

He hangs up. He picks up a pocket-sized discrecorder and
begins to listen to a playback of his earlier conversation
with the Professor as 'George Willis' of Biotech.

INT. BRAIN RESEARCH INSTITUTE, COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

DEREK CARTER answers the phone.

CARTER

Yes?

WITTGENSTEIN (o.s.)

Derek, it's Professor Gleitmann.

BACK to WITTGENSTEIN (etc):

He's on a cordless phone, far enough from the base unit for the sound to break up slightly. He has a tape running, with travelling car SOUND FX.

He has made subtle changes to his voice, sounding older, more authoritative. And most importantly, Scottish. A very passable imitation of the Professor.

CARTER

Good afternoon, sir. What can I do for you?

His deferential manner suggests that a call from the Director is not an everyday occurrence.

WITTGENSTEIN

I've been looking at the computer log-ins over the last few weeks and there seem to be an unusually large number of transactions. I'd like a list of all authorized users, with their passwords.

CARTER

I'll get onto it right away, sir.

WITTGENSTEIN

Would you fax it through on my private line? I'm on my way back to the office now.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wittgenstein is listening to a computer-generated message:

COMPUTER VOICE

Please enter the forwarding number and press the pound sign.

MINUTES LATER. He sits staring at the FAX, willing it into action. A beat, and then it RINGS. The communication begins to feed through: a memo from Derek Carter to Professor Gleitmann, followed by a list of NAMES and PASSWORDS.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SAME, LATER

At his COMPUTER, Wittgenstein enters one of the PASSWORDS, licking his lips in anxious anticipation. A pause, and then-

THE LOMBROSO PROGRAM DIRECTORY appears, followed by a list of "codenames" - Artistotle, Erasmus, etc... On the opposite side of the screen the true names of the VMN-negatives...

Wittgenstein's eyes widen with stunned delight...

He now pulls forth his WEAPON of choice, a GAS GUN... and holds it up to the light. Looks at the names on the screen.

WITTGENSTEIN'S VOICE OVER
And that's how it all began...

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK

INT. WANDSWORTH PRISON, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jake, walking down the corridor, dressed in a smartly severe tailored suit with short skirt, heels, etc.

The walls are white and sanitized. Ultra-modern. The place feels more like a hi-tech hospital than the inside of a Victorian prison. She passes a sign:

WANDSWORTH PRISON - PUNITIVE COMA WING
authorised personnel only

WIDEN TO REVEAL

Jake accompanying a uniformed ATTENDANT, who is pushing a gurney, with a man, the PRISONER, early twenties, strapped onto it so tight he can't move. He appears to be sedated anyway. He's wearing white, hospital issue pajamas.

The wheels glide soundlessly over the immaculately clean, carpeted floor. Jake's not happy.

EXT. CHANNEL TUNNEL NIGHT TRAIN - NIGHT

passing through the moonlit English countryside...

INT. CHANNEL TRAIN - NIGHT

sitting in a car and smoking a cigarette - Wittgenstein.

ON HIS LAP

the GAS GUN...

INT. WANDSWORTH PRISON, COMA THEATER - NIGHT

The GURNEY is wheeled into a white tiled chamber that most closely represents an operating theater. The ceiling is one big glass light. Various electronic machines stand by to monitor the 'patient', with medical TECHNICIANS to operate them. Soothing MUSAK plays through concealed speakers, covering the room with a soft carpet of sound.

Beyond, visible through a large plate glass window, are the assembled DIGNITARIES, there to witness execution of sentence: the prison GOVERNOR, SENIOR WARDER, prison DOCTOR, an OFFICIAL from the Home Office, MEDIA REPRESENTATIVES, MONITORS from Civil Rights groups. TV NEWS CAMERAS POINT DOWN...

Also present is the MINISTER FOR LAW & ORDER, GRACE MILES, and her aide, MARK WOODFORD. Recognizing Jake, Grace whispers to Woodford, who nods.

Jake takes in the audience. Nods to the

ANAESTHETIST, who increases the level of sedation through the prisoner's IV...LIQUID moving through curved tubing as

THE TRAIN MOVES ON CURVED RAILS - looks like more TUBING...

SEVERAL ANGLES AS THE

CHANNEL TUNNEL TRAIN ENTERS THE "CHUNNEL" - heading for FRANCE. SIGNS inform us where we are and where we're going. CU THE GUN ON WITTGENSTEIN'S LAP

as Wittgenstein slips the SIX BULLETS into their chambers...

INT. WANDSWORTH PRISON COMA THEATRE - NIGHT

In counterpoint to the BULLETS, the technicians attach SIX PADS to the body, wired to monitor heartbeat, pulse, brain pattern, etc. They move swiftly, humanely as Jake watches...

INT. CHANNEL TUNNEL TRAIN

Under the English Channel - Wittgenstein gets out of his car in the darkness, walks unsteadily between the other cars strapped on the moving train, the gun inconspicuously dangling alongside one leg...

INT. WANDSWORTH PRISON, COMA THEATRE - NIGHT

the technicians nod to Jake, who walks from the room.

INT. WANDSWORTH PRISON OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

There's the hushed murmur of conversation. It's like a screening room, with plush, upholstered seats on a gentle

camber. We can't hear the musak. Jake enters quietly, goes to the Governor, who is conscious of the minicam news crews.

GOVERNOR
You were the arresting officer?
(Jake nods) Everything present and correct?

JAKE
(sotto voce)
If you don't count the demonstration outside. There must be a thousand people out there.

A bare nod.

GOVERNOR
(aloud; formally)
Let's proceed.

JAKE
Yes, sir.

She presses the intercom to the coma theater.

JAKE (cont'd)
Sixty seconds.

ANAESTHETIST
All set.

INT. COMA THEATRE - NIGHT

One of the technicians swabs the condemned man's neck with a piece of cotton wool. The anaesthetist squeezes a last bubble of air out of the hypodermic. Briefly the needle catches the light from the glass ceiling, like an upturned sword.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

There's a series of ten electronic BEEPS at one second intervals. Jake glances up at the overhead clock, as the hand covers the last seconds before 12 midnight. Beep... beep...

INT. TUNNEL TRAIN - NIGHT

Wittgenstein reaches a CAR. KNOCKS on the WINDOW, the KNOCK barely heard over the echoed roar of the train in the tunnel.

The startled DRIVER of the car looks at Wittgenstein and rolls down the window as -

BEEPS OVER as

INT. COMA THEATRE - NIGHT

Seven... eight... nine... The tenth and final beep is longer and louder than the others. The prisoner stares ahead defiantly as the anaesthetist plunges the needle into the side of his neck and releases the gleaming fluid.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

There are several gasps from the less seasoned members of the audience. At the last moment, Jake looks away.

MRS. MILES
(quietly to Jake, a
perfect Oxford accent)
I gather you're not a fan of
punitive coma, chief inspector.

JAKE
(with irony)
A fan?

GRACE MILES
As Minister for Law and Order I'd
remind you the European Court has
ruled that punitive coma is neither
a cruel nor unusual punishment.
The sentence has existed for a
number of years in the United
States, as you know, and has many
advantages, not least of all cost.

JAKE
Well, if it's economics we're talking
about, ma'am, it would be have been
even cheaper if I'd shot him.

She watches through the window as Mrs. Miles watches her.

Behind them, the TV MINICAMS are listening in...

INT. COMA THEATRE - NIGHT

CAMERA TRACKS in closer on the SYRINGE, as the last drop of fluid squeezes into the man's jugular. He makes a final, involuntary twitch. And is still.

EXT. FRANCE - NIGHT

THE TRAIN ROARS OUT OF THE "CHUNNEL" and arrives in France, as indicated by the French signage...

INT. WANDSWORTH PRISON, PUNITIVE COMA VAULTS - NIGHT

We are in complete DARKNESS inside one of the coffin-like

DRAWERS of the storage vaults. There's a grating, metallic SOUND as the drawer is pulled out and we ENTER THE LIGHT.

The coma technicians lift the prisoner's body off the gurney and lower it into the upholstered DRAWER. Black calf leather. A number of tubes and catheters protrude from the sides.

Jake and the other OFFICIALS stand watching in the large vaulted room, waiting in line to sign the certificate of execution in a LEDGER placed on a lectern. The WALLS on all sides are lined with similar closed VAULTS, each with a small flat SCREEN on the cabinet on which body functions can be read.

The anaesthetist checks the electronic charts on the screen, makes a few final adjustments. Satisfied, he nods to the technicians, who slide the DRAWER firmly SHUT.

We end on a big close up of an LED display on the face of the vault, the prisoner's vital signs, slowed to a snail's pace. In the space below, a name appears, then a number, a date, and finally, an inscription:

'I'll be back'

The group disperses. Mark Woodford approaches Jake.

WOODFORD

The Minister heard your lecture in Berlin last week.

JAKE

(still depressed)

Oh, yes?

WOODFORD

She'd like to see you tomorrow in her office. Say ten?

Off Jake's reaction.

EXT. WANDSWORTH PRISON - NIGHT

Jake emerges into the crowd to find a bunch of MINICAMS thrust into her face. FLASHES POPPING.

VOICES

Chief inspector...! How do you feel?
Was justice served? Do you think the
bastard got what he deserved?

Jake tries to answer -

ON TV

looking disconcerted.

JAKE

My job is not to judge the judges; it's to catch the malefactors. This is what I do and this is what I have done. The prisoner was duly convicted of raping and torturing and eighty year old woman to death...

A REPORTER

Didn't you tell the Minister for Law and Order it would be cheaper if you'd shot him yourself?

Off Jake's startled reaction REVEAL

WITTGENSTEIN

in the CLUB CAR of the CHANNEL TRAIN, nursing a drink and watching Jake on one of the train's TV sets. He's amused...

WITTGENSTEIN

Bet you wished you had, lady.

He toasts her with his glass...

WAITER

Beg pardon, sir?

WITTGENSTEIN

(smiles)

I said I believe I'll have another.

He sips his drink - he's a VODKA man... the Waiter nods.

CU JAKE'S FRIDGE - NIGHT

A hand reaches in and pulls out a bottle of VODKA from the freezer. WIDEN TO REVEAL

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sparse, functional, impersonal. Wearing only a short bathrobe, Jake knocks back a stiff VODKA, then peers into the fridge. The best on offer seems to be the remains of a half-eaten quiche which Jake whips into the microwave for a quick blast.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jake stands under the hot, steaming SHOWER, as if cleansing herself of the day's experience.

LATER

Jake lies in bed, awake, staring at the ceiling. She's done ample justice to the vodka, if not the quiche. Finally -

JAKE
Shit. What next?

EXT. FRENCH RAIL DEPOT - DAWN

the train stopped - a KNOT OF POLICE standing next to one of the automobiles - lights flashing... that's what next.

CLOSER ON

the DRIVER of the car who opened his window to Wittgenstein. He's dead, half his head blown off...

MRS MILES' VOICE OVER
Chief Inspector, let me come straight to the point:

INT. MINISTER GRACE MILES' OFFICE - DAY

Jake sits on the couch, looking rather prim. Woodford sits to one side in an armchair, as Mrs. Miles comes from behind her desk and sits on the front of it, facing Jake, one shapely leg swinging negligently...

MRS MILES (cont'd)
What do you know about the Lombroso Program?

JAKE
Let me see - (watches the swinging leg)
A small percentage of men are missing an enzyme in the brain which controls aggression. The object of the program is to identify and treat them before they offend. The name comes from the 19th century Italian criminologist Cesare Lombroso, who believed that criminality could be explained anatomically...

MRS MILES
As a member of the gynocide department, I'm sure you are aware that the majority of victims of VMN negatives are women.

JAKE
(wonders where this leads)
Yes, ma'am, I am aware.

WOODFORD
The majority, but by no means all, chief inspector. If I may, Minister?

He indicates the VCR unit. He activates the remote and the TV comes to life.

WOODFORD (cont'd)

This is a recording of a conversation we had two days ago with Detective Superintendent Colin Bowles of the Birmingham City Police.

ON TV COLIN BOWLES comes on the screen, a bald man, about fifty and still straightening his tie as he adjusts his position for the camera.

BOWLES

At approximately ten p.m. last night the body of a thirty-five year old male Caucasian was found in an alley in Selly Oak, Birmingham. He had been shot six times in the back of the head. The man was subsequently identified as Sean Hill. When his particulars were entered onto the police computer at Kidlington, it indicated that this was someone who'd tested VMN-negative, codename Aristotle.

JAKE

'Aristotle'?

WOODFORD

Some bright spark had the idea of giving them the names of famous philosophers. They had to be dead, for legal reasons.

BOWLES

(continuing over above)

This, and the killer's M.O. lead us to believe Hill was another victim of the same person who murdered Henry Lam, Craig Brownlow, Richard -

Woodford ZAPS the pause button, FREEZING Bowles mid-sentence.

WOODFORD

The point is, someone's going round bumping off VMN-negatives. This makes the eighth killing in three months.

JAKE

(smiles)

Why not let him continue?

Woodford and Miles exchange brief glances -

WOODFORD
(also smiles)
We'll pretend we didn't hear that.

MRS MILES
Surely you can see the damaging
effect if the Lombroso program were
cancelled? On women. They're the
victims, as you say.

JAKE
Where do I come in? My field is
gynocide. I only handle the
recreational murder of women.

WOODFORD
(eyes his boss briefly)
The Minister feels this investigation
would benefit from a woman's perspective.

Jake looks from one to the other, feeling cornered. Mrs. Miles
regards Jake, slight smile. Jake blinks first, uncertain.

JAKE
This is Chief Superintendent
Challis's case. I don't want to
tread on anyone's toes.

MRS MILES
(dulcet)
Jake - may I call you J-

THE PHONE RINGS. Mrs. Miles picks it up angrily -

MRS MILES (cont'd)
I said I wasn't to be - (she
listens) what?...I see...thank you.
(hangs up) A VMN-negative,
codenamed Erasmus, was found shot
to death this morning in his auto
on the chunnel express when it
arrived in Calais. That makes nine
VMN-negatives in three months.

Silence. Woodford looks at Jake.

WOODFORD
Let us worry about the Chief
Superintendent's toes, Chief
Inspector. Find this bastard for us.

MRS MILES
And remember what you said about
being economical.

Jake's looks at her, startled - did she hear right? - but Mrs. Miles is poker-faced.

ON TV WE SEE

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD PRESS ROOM - DAY

A hastily assembled press conference in which Jake is fielding shouted questions. One REPORTER'S VOICE TOPS THE REST

REPORTER
Chief Inspector Jakowicz - ?

JAKE
Yes - in the back...

REPORTER
Is there any common denominator linking the murder victims - aside from the fact that they're all men?

JAKE
(fractional hesitation)
None at all - that we know of.

HER IMAGE FREEZES - REVEAL

INT. WITTGENSTEIN'S OCEAN WHARF FLAT - DAY

Wittgenstein, his hand on the remote, is watching his taped newscast. He's miffed.

WITTGENSTEIN
Lying bitch.

He hits the REVERSE BUTTON until we hear the VOICE again - "Chief Inspector Jakowicz -?" He freezes the tape again.

WITTGENSTEIN
"Chief Inspector Jakowicz..."

He shuts off the TV, rolls in his chair over to his COMPUTER console and starts typing instructions.

WITTGENSTEIN'S VOICE OVER
I hate being misrepresented. Hate it. (aloud) Let's have a look at you, Chief Inspector Jakowicz...

CU JAKE IN THE BACK SEAT OF A CAR - WIDEN TO REVEAL

EXT. BRAIN RESEARCH INSTITUTE ANNEX, - DAY

A chauffeur-driven, unmarked Scotland Yard CAR draws up outside the concrete annex to the Brain Research Centre.

Jake gets out the back, followed by SERGEANT YAT CHUNG, Hong Kong Chinese, 30 years old. He's from the Computer Fraud Unit and he carries a briefcase containing the tools of his trade.

INT. BRAIN RESEARCH INSTITUTE ANNEX, RECEPTION - DAY

The building is 'intelligent', ie: there is a central computer controlling lighting, security, temperature and communications. While Chung puts his CASE through the X-ray machine, Jake addresses the computer, standing in front of its LENS.

JAKE

Chief Inspector Jakowicz, Homicide Division. Sergeant Chung, Computer Fraud Unit. We have an appointment with Professor Gleitmann.

The computer takes a moment to digest their details. We briefly see its IMAGE of them...

INT. GLEITMANN'S OFFICE - DAY

hexagonal in shape with a vaguely neoclassical feel. Gleitmann sits on one side of a matching hexagonal conference table, large enough to seat three at each side. Two of the other sides are occupied by Jake and Chung, with a SECRETARY at the fourth. The atmosphere is confrontational.

JAKE

So you're still testing men under the program?

GLEITMANN

With respect, I don't think you realize what a substantial investment a project like Lombroso entails. We have a duty to our shareholders as much as the patients.

JAKE

With respect, my job is to stop this lunatic from killing any more innocent men.

GLEITMANN

Hardly innocent. Each and every one of his victims is a potential killer.

JAKE

Potential, Professor. Let's at least give them the benefit of the doubt.

GLEITMANN

I'm sorry, but I'm not prepared to see the entire program jeopardised by the actions of a psychopath.

JAKE

(determined)

Then with that in mind, I hope you'll give Sergeant Chung the fullest cooperation. If someone has managed to break into your database, he's the man to find out how, and therefore possibly who, and maybe even why...

Gleitmann holds her look, furious but impotent in the face of her insistence.

CU WITTGENSTEIN'S HANDS at his computer keyboard, typing, going back, trying again...

WITTGENSTEIN

Shit... where are you, Jakowicz?

WIDEN TO REVEAL

INT. GUY'S HOSPITAL, PHARMACY - DAY

Wittgenstein, wearing the collarless white shirt of a hospital pharmacist, sits in front of a computer, attached to the phone system via a modem. He types in a series of commands at furious speed. The system resists him...

A NURSE comes in with a perscription to be filled and he calmly shuts down the computer to help her...

INT. BRAIN RESEARCH INSTITUTE ANNEX CORRIDOR - DAY

Jake and Chung approach the elevators. She inserts her security card and the doors open.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Chung shakes his head as he follows her into the elevator.

CHUNG

You'd think they'd want to know how it happened.

JAKE

The system's meant to be airtight. Total confidentiality. That's the only way they could get it past the Civil Rights lobby.

INT. BRAIN RESEARCH INSTITUTE ANNEX ATRIUM - DAY

They exit the elevator and walk across a central atrium.

CHUNG

No computer system's airtight.
There's always human factor.

JAKE

How long will it take?

CHUNG

How long is a piece of string?
Days. Maybe weeks.

They arrive outside a door marked: COMPUTER ROOM -

AUTHORISED PERSONNEL ONLY

JAKE

Make it a short piece of string...
Please?

She smiles, putting her hands together in mock prayer. Chung pushes the buzzer. As the door opens, Derek Carter emerges.

CARTER

Sergeant Chung? I'm Derek Carter,
the systems security manager.

Jake moves away, calling over her shoulder:

JAKE

Remember, Yat - no computer
system's invulnerable; there's
always the human factor.

BEEPING OVER...

INT. GUY'S HOSPITAL PHARMACY - DAY

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Jake's name comes up next to her PHOTO, followed by her
social security number and a whole stream of information...

WITTGENSTEIN

Yes!

Wittgenstein grins as he reads -

WITTGENSTEIN (cont'd)

...well, what do we have here? A
problem officer? Prone to violence?
A kindred spirit. (affectionately)
Jake. Jake... I've misjudged you...

Abruptly he remembers; looks at his WATCH. Frowns.

WITTGENSTEIN (cont'd)
Oh, dear. Lunch hour. You'll have to
wait, chief inspector. Duty calls.

He hits the SAVE button and leaves frame....

EXT. TATE GALLERY - DAY

The imposing facade. MAYHEW, a nondescript man in his late thirties, goes up the steps to the museum entrance.

INT. TATE GALLERY - DAY

Mayhew seats in the cafe, eating a sandwich. We CUT WIDER, creating the feeling that he is being observed.

INT. TATE GALLERY, PRE-RAPHAELITE ROOM - DAY

Mayhew moves slowly through the Pre-Raphaelite room. He stands in front of a Rossetti, studying it carefully, before moving.

INT. TATE GALLERY, WILLIAM BLAKE ROOM - DAY

deserted. Mayhew approaches one of the smaller Blakes in a far corner of the room.

As he leans forward for a closer look, the CAMERA TRACKS towards the back of his head. He turns with a look of alarm, as we hear a voice OFF-SCREEN.

WITTGENSTEIN (o.s.)
Thomas Aquinas, I presume?

Alarm turns to outright terror. A split second later there's a dull PHUT! and a little red circle appears on his forehead. He crumples to the floor, face turned upwards beseechingly.

Wittgenstein strides into FRAME and pumps five more almost silent SHOTS into the man's HEAD, which SPINS into -

THE MIRRORED CUBE REVOLVING

then STOPS, REVEALING Jake's face - strained.

1st FEMALE VOICE
I thought we might talk about your
father.

JAKE
(bored; tired)
He was a shit.

1st FEMALE VOICE
You seem out of sorts. (she shrugs)
Any luck with the Lipstick killer?

JAKE
I'm off that.

1st FEMALE VOICE
Oh?

JAKE
Well, it's on the back burner.
They've got me working on the
Lombroso killer.

1st FEMALE VOICE
Gynocide?

JAKE
Nope. He kills men. (an
involuntary smile) Men with
criminal tendencies.

1st FEMALE VOICE
What strikes you funny?

JAKE
Nothing - it's just... forget it.

1st FEMALE VOICE
No, please. And don't forget to
keep your eyes on the mirror.

Which is hard sometimes...

JAKE
Well, it's only if he keeps on
killing VMN-negatives, he could
actually be making my life easier.
In the long run...

1st FEMALE VOICE
He only kills VMN-negatives?

JAKE
Do you find any merit in that idea,
doctor - that there's a chemical
makeup in certain people that
predisposes them to acts of
violence? (A BEEP) Sorry. (she
pulls out her pocket phone) Yes?

Off her reaction -

EXT. THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

Jake emerges rapidly, walking past a BRASS plaque -
DOROTHEA BENNETT, REFLECTIVE THERAPY - and into her waiting
car, which roars off as we WIDEN TO REVEAL

WITTGENSTEIN, across the street, watching her... he reaches into his pocket, pulls out the GAS GUN - thinks better of it. She's more interesting alive...

INT. TATE GALLERY, WILLIAM BLAKE ROOM - DAY

We are CLOSE on the same painting by William Blake which Mayhew was examining at the moment of his death. There's blood spotted over the wall and even the painting itself.

Jake stands gazing at the powerful, mystical imagery, and for a moment we are in SILENCE. Gradually we FADE UP the SOUNDS of activity around her.

Forensic detectives comb the site for clues. There's a wide, still wet pool of BLOOD on the floor, and the chalked outline of a body. A camera flash jolts her from the reverie. Detective Jones, mid twenties, approaches.

JAKE

Anybody see anything?

JONES

If they did they probably thought it was some kind of performance art.

JAKE

Maybe it was. Broad daylight, in the Tate? He's either getting careless or overconfident. I don't think he's the careless type, do you? (under her breath) You gotta hand it to him.

JONES

They're operating on Mayhew but don't hold your breath. Front of his head's got more holes than a bowling ball.

JAKE

What else?

JONES

Kidlington confirmed his Codename. (checks notes) Thomas Aquinas...

JAKE

Another philosopher.

JONES

He recovered consciousness briefly in the ambulance. Muttered something about... 'They lied, the bastards, I always knew they meant to kill us.'

JAKE
'They'? More than one killer?

JONES
That's what the paramedic thinks he
said. He was pretty far gone.

Jake thinks about this.

JAKE
"I always knew they meant to kill us."

INT. WITTGENSTEIN'S OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wittgenstein stands in the open plan kitchen preparing a thick concoction in his blender - fruit, yoghurt, nuts, vegetables -while he watches the news projected onto a large SCREEN on his living room wall. A full face photo of the dead man.

NEWSREADER
Mayhew, a civil servant, was taken to nearby Westminster Hospital, where he underwent emergency surgery. Police are waiting to interview their victim the moment he regains consciousness...

Wittgenstein stares impassively at the screen.

WITTGENSTEIN (v.o.)
I knew it was a mistake to shoot
him in the front of the head... I
won't try that again...

INT. SCOTLAND YARD FORENSIC DEPT - NIGHT

LESTER FRENCH, a firearms expert in the Forensic Department at the Yard, drops a BULLET into Jake's outstretched palm, a small, flattened slug.

FRENCH
That's what did the damage. That
and five others like it. There's a
lot of stopping power in that
little beauty.

JAKE
Fired from a gas gun? Is that the
same as an air gun?

FRENCH
A conventional air-pellet has about
as much resemblance to this as a
hamster's turd. Each cartridge has
a high pressure air reservoir.

Hands her what looks like a long barreled .44 calibre pistol.

FRENCH (cont'd)
Try it. It's loaded.

She aims at a sheet of heavy ply in the shape of a man, twenty feet away. The gun hardly moves in her fist as it fires, with no more sound than a hand slapping a desk top.

The bullet hits the target in the area of the GROIN, blasting a hole some four inches in diameter. French winces.

FRENCH
Ouch! And the beauty of it is, you don't even need a license.

Jake's personal phone BEEPS. She takes it from her pocket.

JAKE
Jakowicz.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Sergeant Jones stands outside one of the operating theatres.

JONES
We just lost Mayhew. He never regained consciousness.

JAKE
Damn.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE, NEW SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT

Small and functional. Jake sits at her computer, working the keypad. George Stanley leans over her shoulder. It feels late, judging from the muted sounds from the rest of the building.

JAKE
The bullets were fired from the same gun. I think we can rule out multiple assailants.

STANLEY
So why did Mayhew say 'I always knew they meant to kill us'?

JAKE
(considers)
Maybe he realized he was targeted for being VMN-negative? If he recognized the killer?

Mayhew's Lombroso file comes up on her computer screen.

JAKE (cont'd)

Let's run a check on all Lombroso
personnel who had contact with him.
If anyone doesn't have an alibi, I'd
like to interview them personally.

She hits a button and the computer prints out a hard copy of
a list of names. She hands it to Stanley.

She shuts her computer down, picks up a file from her desk
and heads for the door.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD CORRIDOR - NIGHT

STANLEY

By the way, the Lipstick Killer?
You were right about the other
victim. Jessie Weston bought a
crime novel at 'The Mystery
Bookshop' in Sackville Street, same
place as Mary Woolnoth. I've asked
for a level 2 surveillance, but I
need your authorization.

JAKE

You got it. Nice one, George.

Stanley checks his watch. Clears his throat.

STANLEY

Do you fancy a quick drink, or are
you heading straight home?

JAKE

Thanks, but... (clutching her file)
I've got a lot to catch up on.

STANLEY

No strings.

JAKE

I know. Thanks anyway, George.

He enters his office, leaving her to continue up the corridor.

STANLEY

(wryly, to himself)
Nothing ventured...

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake is asleep, pages from the file scattered over the
covers. The bedside lamp still on. There's the warbling
SOUND of her videophone, and she wakes groggily.

JAKE
Yes?

VOICE
Are you sure you really want to
find me?

JAKE
What...?

VOICE
I said Are you -

JAKE
(sits up, furious)
Who is this?

VOICE
Temper. Ever wonder if your temper
has anything to do with the fact
that your father was VMN negative?

CLOSE ON JAKE

JAKE
(stunned; very quiet)
Who is this?

VOICE
Much better. (as she reaches for
the button) Don't bother; I'm not
calling from a videophone...

JAKE
How did you get this number?

VOICE
(come on)
Jake...

JAKE
What do you want?

VOICE
Just a little chat. I see that your
police file contains no mention of
your father's VMN status. You
haven't told them, have you?

Jake says nothing, reaches for a cigarette. Calmer. A cop.

VOICE (cont'd)
I thought so. That makes it our
little secret, eh, Jake?

JAKE
If you like...

VOICE
I like a great deal. Makes me feel
less lonely. You and I have a great
deal in common, I suspect.

JAKE
Really?

VOICE
Oh, yes, really.

JAKE
I take it you're the VMN negative
who goes around blowing out the
brains of other VMN negatives?

VOICE
I'm tempted to say it takes one to
know one.

JAKE
Listen to me, whoever you are -

VOICE
You'll find out in time, I'm sure. I
have to run along now. Work to do and
all that. But I'll check in now and
then. I've so enjoyed this chat, but
let's keep it to ourselves, shall we?
I wouldn't want the police to learn
that your father was a VMN negative -
especially since you've gone to such
pains to conceal the fact.

The PHONE goes dead. Jake stares at it, still in shock - she
JUMPS when it rings again -

JAKE
(furious)
Where did you get that infor - ?

INT. BRAIN RESEARCH INSTITUTE COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

We SEE the same on the small screen on a videophone in the
Brain Research Institute computer room. Chung grins.

CHUNG
Hope I didn't wake you?

BACK to JAKE (etc):

JAKE

Jesus, Yat. (covering) Do you know what fucking time it is?

CHUNG

'Course I know what fucking time. Just had the wife on the box to tell me the fucking time. Wanting to know why I'm here at the Brain Institute and not at home fucking her.

INT. BRAIN RESEARCH INSTITUTE COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Chung is seated on a stool at a grey perspex, circular table in the partly darkened computer room. Along one section of the table's circumference is a keypad and in the centre a holographic projection of the data he's currently using. Jake approaches with two cups of coffee, still shattered.

JAKE

This had better be worth it.

CHUNG

You look wrecked, boss... no beauty sleep? I would have thought you could lose some, no problem.

JAKE

Yat, show me what you got.

She sits next to him. He looks at her. What's wrong?

CHUNG

OK, I'll try to keep it simple.

He strokes the keypad and summons up a fresh hologram.

CHUNG (cont'd)

I programmed the computer to check all transactions over the last twelve months, to see if any were made from an illegal terminal - in other words, one without an identifying number and therefore outside any of the five institute facilities. You follow me so far?

JAKE

I think so.

CHUNG

I found one dated 24th November of last year. Someone broke into the system and took a copy of the names and addresses of all the VMN -negatives in the program. Then he erased one of the files.

JAKE
Presumably his own?

CHUNG
(smiles)
You're the detective. Now for the good bit. The system is part of the European Community Data Network. Only someone with access to ECDN could have broken into Lombroso. And he could only have done it from one of a dozen systems in the public sector.

JAKE
Which means our suspect is a public sector employee?

CHUNG
Could be. The point is, he had access to the ECDN network, and to a password. Don't ask me how, probably our old friend 'human factor'.

JAKE
Can't you just ask the computer which file was erased?

CHUNG
No way. It's like it never existed. And this is the only place with information on VMNs. For reasons of confidentiality.

JAKE
There's no other list?

CHUNG
Only by codename. At the counselling center. So I fed every codename into the computer until I found one that didn't have a file...

He smiles triumphantly, like a conjuror coming to the end of a successful trick.

JAKE
Please Yat, the suspense is killing me.

He types another entry on the keypad. The letters appear in the hologram: W-I-T-T-G-E-N-S-T-E-I-N.

CHUNG
Wit - jen - steen.

JAKE
(mordant satisfaction)
Wittgenstein. As in Ludwig.

CHUNG
You heard of him?

JAKE
(musing)
He was a philosopher.

CHUNG
Shit, if they gave me a name like that,
I think I'd want to kill a few people.

JAKE
I know just how he feels.

JAKE'S VOICE OVER
You didn't answer my question the
other day.

JAKE'S FACE IN THE MIRRORED CUBE

1st FEMALE VOICE
What question was that?

JAKE
Do you accept scientific evidence for
a genetic defect which predisposes
certain men to acts of violence?

1st FEMALE VOICE
I have seen studies to that effect,
yes...

JAKE
And this (searches for the word) genetic
imbalance exists independent of other
characteristics?

1st FEMALE VOICE
Such as?

JAKE
(almost gulps)
Personal will?

1st FEMALE VOICE
(sighs)
It's an old debate - chemistry vs
psychology. In my experience
everything chemical turns out to
psychological and vice versa.

Small comfort for Jake.

JAKE
What about females?

1st FEMALE VOICE
What about them?

JAKE
Any evidence that this...
propensity for aggressive behavior
in the missing enzyme is passed
from the male to the female?

1st FEMALE VOICE
My understanding is that such
transmission is extremely rare.

JAKE
But possible.

1st FEMALE VOICE
Well -

JAKE
How possible?

1st FEMALE VOICE
One in twenty thousand? Something
like that.

JAKE
I need to see my file.

1st FEMALE VOICE
You know I can't show it to you.
(long pause) Why do you ask, Jake?

Jake can't look in the mirror.

JAKE
(soft)
Just curious.

1st FEMALE VOICE
You wonder if something of that
sort might have a bearing on your
own behavior?

JAKE
(repeating woodenly)
Just curious.

1st FEMALE VOICE
Jake, you are not VMN-negative.

JAKE
How can you tell? I've never been tested.

1st FEMALE VOICE
Jake...

JAKE
(miserable)
Let me see my file.

1st FEMALE VOICE
(quiet but firm)
Jake, it's against the law...

She hangs her head...

DR CLEOBURY'S VOICE OVER
Relax, breathe deeply, that's it...

INT. DR CLEOBURY'S OFFICE, BRAIN INSTITUTE - DAY

The shutters are closed, the lighting dimmed. DR CLEOBURY, a stylish woman in her thirties, is the Program's Head of Psychiatry. She stands before a chair occupied by an already drowsy Dr Sakhalin. Behind her a stroboscopic LIGHT flickers in perfect time with a METRONOME.

DR CLEOBURY (cont'd)
You will want to close your eyes soon,
because they are becoming so heavy...

Jake watches from the shadows, a small recorder on her lap.

DR CLEOBURY (cont'd)
You will relax, deeper and deeper
... your head will fall forward...

As if on cue, his head sways and his chin dips inexorably towards his chest.

DR CLEOBURY (cont'd)
Pay attention to my voice. Nothing else matters, just my voice... There is only my voice... Please nod your head so that I know you understand what I'm saying... (as he complies, with sudden incisiveness) Dr Sakhalyn, it's November 22nd last year. A patient testing VMN-negative has been sent to you for counselling. You are holding his computer card in your hands. The codename in the top right hand corner reads Wittgenstein. Do you see it?

SAKHALYIN

I see it.

DR CLEOBURY

I want you to look up from the card
at the man sitting opposite you.

INT. SAKHALYIN'S OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Wittgenstein stares back, fear and anger mixed in his eyes. There's something distanced about the image, a blurring at the edges, as if he's being viewed 'through a glass darkly'.

SAKHALYIN (v.o.)

I told the patient what the test meant
and he asked me to explain why he
should accept this to be true...

BACK TO SCENE: CLOSE ON SAKHALYIN

SAKHALYIN (cont'd)

It was only a concept derived from
experience and he couldn't accept it as
fact, only an 'asserted proposition'.

Jake looks across to Dr Cleobury.

JAKE

Ask him if he gave any indication
of his identity. His job, where he
lives, that sort of thing.

SAKHALYIN

The patient was reluctant to discuss his
circumstances. He seemed unable to
accept his diagnosis. This is not
unusual. I would have hoped to help him
adjust to his situation during the
course of treatment. Unfortunately he
didn't show for his next appointment. I
never saw him again...

Jake sighs, gnaws a lip.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT

seating for fifty JOURNALISTS, with TV crews behind them,
facing a long TABLE on a raised platform. Jake sits at the
table in front of a large SCREEN, alongside her boss, Chief
Superintendent KEITH CHALLIS. Next to him is Chief Constable
GILMOUR. Each has a nameplate in front of them and a
microphone. The room is packed, the atmosphere charged with
anticipation. Jake is in the middle of her presentation.

JAKE

There are certain features of his modus operandi which lead us to conclude that these random killings are the work of one man. I don't want to go into detail, for reasons of operational security, but I can confirm that all the victims were shot several times in the head at close range. Could we have the computafoto now please?

A computer generated image of Wittgenstein comes up on the SCREEN behind her. It's a not unreasonable likeness, and yet it's as far removed from the way he looks as these things usually are.

JAKE (cont'd)

As a result of a description given to us before he died by the killer's last victim, John Mayhew, we can now issue an impression of the killer...

A couple of uniformed POLICE OFFICERS move amongst the journalists, handing out copies of the computafoto...

JAKE (cont'd)

He's aged between thirty-five and forty, medium height, with wavy brown hair, blue eyes, sharp features and slightly built...

INT. SUBWAY CARRIAGE. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

CLOSE ON Wittgenstein, standing in the crowded rush hour car. He is watching an overhead TV MONITOR, standard in all public transportation systems. Feeling distinctly conspicuous as his description is read out, though no one else in the carriage pays him any attention. Jake dominates the screen in CLOSE UP.

JAKE (cont'd)

This is an extremely clever, ruthless, probably psychotic individual who kills without discrimination or restraint...

Wittgenstein allows himself a faint smile - he and Jake have a secret, after all...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

JAKE (cont'd)

I'd like to address the killer now. If you are watching, I urge you to come forward. You have my word that you'll be fairly treated and receive the appropriate medical treatment for your condition.

INT. SUBWAY CARRIAGE, TRAVELING - NIGHT

Wittgenstein watches Jake with a kind of fascination.

WITTGENSTEIN'S VOICE OVER
You disappoint me, Jake...

INT. WITTGENSTEIN'S OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT - DAY

he's recording himself, as per usual.

WITTGENSTEIN (cont'd)
All that folderol about there being
no connection between the killings,
and that nonsense about
"appropriate medical treatment"...
are you really going to deny
yourself the pleasure of shooting
me personally?

CU COMPUTER SCREEN - METROPOLITAN POLICE, PERSONNEL - REVEAL

INT. JAKE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Jake sits at her computer, struggling with entry into the
records reaches the PERSONNEL sub-directory, HOMICIDE, then
GYNOCIDE, then "Jakowicz, I", when the computer FLASHES -

UNAUTHORIZED ACCESS ATTEMPTED

A buzzer SOUNDS; Jake, hastily exits the computer - jumps as
the phone RINGS.

JAKE
Jakowicz.

WITTGENSTEIN
Tough cracking those personnel files,
isn't it? Took me quite a while.

JAKE
Mr. Paul Wittgenstein, I presume.

WITTGENSTEIN
I told you you'd find out who I am.
Incidentally, the information
you're seeking is in the Chicago
data base - not in London. Unless ✓
they look in Chicago, your secret
is quite safe.

JAKE
I meant what I said at the press
conference -

WITTGENSTEIN

(not angry)

No you didn't, you were just trying to draw me out. One VMN-negative to another? In hunting me, Jake, you're really hunting yourself.

JAKE

Bullshit. ✓

WITTGENSTEIN

Prove it. Have yourself tested.

JAKE

(flummoxed)

What?

WITTGENSTEIN

You could manage it so that no one knows - but you won't, will you? Because you already know. (Jake can't speak) And besides, why bother? After all, aren't I saving you a deal of time and trouble? Didn't you imply just that when you told Mrs Miles on TV how much more economical it would be to shoot them? ✓

JAKE

(finds her tongue)

Does it make you happy - killing them?

WITTGENSTEIN

(sighs)

No, I can't say it does, really. Does it matter what we do with our lives when the end is always the same?

JAKE

(listening - he's smart)

If it doesn't matter what we do, why bother killing?

WITTGENSTEIN

(chuckles)

That's sophistry. Nothing in life is important - unless we say it's important... what's important to you, Jake? Really important, I mean.

JAKE

My work, I suppose...

WITTGENSTEIN

Yes, we both have that. But still... ever look up at the stars at night? Ever feel lonely? Like a visitor, somehow? Ever look at people in the street and feel they can't see you?

JAKE

(despite herself)

Yes...

WITTGENSTEIN

Ever wanted to lash out in protest? Be honest.

JAKE

Sure... ✓

WITTGENSTEIN

Eliminate the mediocrity? The compromises? Get rid of the surplus trash?

JAKE

Sometimes...

WITTGENSTEIN

But you don't.

JAKE

No...

WITTGENSTEIN

Why not?

JAKE

Because I'm a cop. ✓

WITTGENSTEIN

Because you're a coward... most people are. They're filled with rage they're terrified to express. I've had the guts to act out your rage. I'm your surrogate, Jake...

She's caught off balance by the thought.

JAKE

My surrogate...

WITTGENSTEIN

You see, I share with you my most intimate thoughts and feelings...

JAKE

Intimate... Can you- ?

WITTGENSTEIN

I love the sound of your voice,
Jake. Do you like mine? (she
doesn't answer) Do you?

JAKE

(abrupt)

Sorry, you'll have to do better
than that. ✓

She hangs up on him, sits there, disturbed by the exchange.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD, CHALLIS'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake, Gleitmann and Challis are seated in the spacious office,
with its high-rise view of the London skyline. Gleitmann passes
a BOOK across the table to the Chief Superintendent.

GLEITMANN

This may interest you. It's a
biography of Ludwig Wittgenstein,
the philosopher.

There's a PHOTO on the book's cover. Challis studies it.

CHALLIS

Yes, I see what you mean. Looks
just like him.

He hands off the book to Jake, who looks wrecked. We get the
feeling that Challis harbors some resentment for the way she
was brought into the case over his head.

GLEITMANN

Dr Sakhalyn may have subconsciously
confused the suspect with the real
Wittgenstein. His refusal to accept
his diagnosis as more than an 'asserted
proposition', I think he put it, is
pretty close to Wittgenstein's own
philosophy.

INSERT - PHOTO OF LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN

A sharp-featured man in his thirties, not unlike the
computafit image we saw at the press conference.

JAKE

(sighs)

Okay, here's a man, intelligent, well educated. Maybe he's studied philosophy, read Wittgenstein. Maybe he even looks like Wittgenstein. Out of left field, not because of anything he's even done, he's turned into a some kind of pariah, given this name, with all its resonance -it's like a sign from on high. Put yourself in his place...

CHALLIS

Put myself..? Are you making excuses for the bastard?

This stings, but before she can answer -

GLEITMANN

Sounds a bit far fetched, Jake.

JAKE

Why? So far he's only killed VMNs with the codenames of philosophers. I think he's playing a game with us. Modelling himself on the real Wittgenstein. It's his way of getting even. (off their skeptical looks) Maybe you've created a monster and you just don't want to admit it.

GLEITMANN

Now steady on --

CHALLIS

What progress is Sergeant Chung making?

JAKE

He's trying to get a response from the police computer at Kidlington by creating fictitious murder inquiries with random names from the ID bank. Eventually the computer should release the names of all VMNs on file.

CHALLIS

That could take months.

JAKE

I agree. If you have a better idea, I'm only too happy to try it.

Challis holds her look. A moment of undisguised animosity.

EXT. EARL'S COURT, COLEHERNE PUB - NIGHT

The 'Coleherne' is a heavy duty gay bar. They hang about in groups, spilling out of the packed saloon on this hot summer night. There's a tacky fish and chip shop next door. Leather-clad, shaven-haired machos cruise in open invitation.

INT. COLEHERNE PUB - NIGHT

Jammed. Loud ROCK MUSIC competes with the incessant chatter, shouted greetings, raucous laughter. It's a sweaty, smokey, no holds barred establishment. A couple butt-fuck over the bar, egged on by their drinking companions, under the BARMAN's indulgent gaze.

In one of the booths sits a YOUNG MAN with a triple-banded earring in one ear, a silver stud in the opposite nostril. He looks up with a smile as Wittgenstein, dressed for the part, returns from the bar with their DRINKS.

STEPHEN

Thanks.

He speaks in a quiet, gentle voice that somehow manages to make itself heard under the general din.

WITTGENSTEIN

It's murder in here tonight.

He sits down opposite with a friendly smile.

STEPHEN

Last time I was in some poor bloke got tore into by a bunch of paramils. Gang-banged 'im right there on one of the tables. 'E was screaming like a stuck pig, but no one lifted a finger.

WITTGENSTEIN

We don't have to stay. Do you live near here?

STEPHEN

Walking distance.

WITTGENSTEIN

You got a VR machine?

Stephen looks at him with a teasing smile.

STEPHEN

Why, what you got in mind?

WITTGENSTEIN

Ooh, all sorts of things.
(he smiles) You into ZZT?

STEPHEN

The obedience drug? Depends who
I'm with, doesn't it?

Wittgenstein pushes a little RED CAPSULE across the table.
Stephen looks at him for a moment. Then picks it up and
swallows it.

INT. EARL'S COURT BEDSIT - NIGHT

The door opens and Wittgenstein and the young man enter.
It's a bed-sitting room, with a small cooking area in one
corner and a tiny shower room in an alcove.

STEPHEN

I'll make the coffee. Instant OK?

He seems suddenly nervous, maybe just shy, in the sexually
charged atmosphere.

WITTGENSTEIN

Sure.

He sits on the sofa and surveys the room, the cheap
furnishings, the James Dean and Montgomery Clift posters,
the VR machine - a somewhat inferior version, by the look of
it, with two non-matching exoskeletons on their stands. He
gets up to take a closer look, with the interest of a
genuine buff.

WITTGENSTEIN

I see you've got one of the old
Philips models. They're
practically collector's items.

STEPHEN

Yeah, I picked it up at the Olympia
Market for next to nothing. Bought the
spare suit from a mate of mine on a cure.

Wittgenstein wanders over to where he's waiting for the
electric kettle to boil.

WITTGENSTEIN

You know much philosophy?

STEPHEN

(laughs)

Not a lot. My philosophy's simple,
'ave a good time while you can.
You only live once, right?

WITTGENSTEIN

Too true. Maybe what we mean by
Philosophy with a big P isn't much
use for living in the real world.

STEPHEN

Sugar?

WITTGENSTEIN

Take Socrates, for example...

The young man freezes. There's suddenly fear in his eyes.

WITTGENSTEIN (cont'd)

You've heard of him, haven't you?

STEPHEN

W-what about him?

WITTGENSTEIN

What do you think, do you think a
man's soul is more important than
his body?

STEPHEN

What are you on about, mate? What's
all this philosophy? I thought you
were into some serious VR?

WITTGENSTEIN

I'm interested in your opinion. Do
you believe that man has a soul?

STEPHEN

I haven't really thought about it.
Yes, I suppose so.

WITTGENSTEIN

(he seems to be amused)

You 'haven't really thought about it'?
Well, OK, assuming you're right and he
does have a soul, is it more or less
important than his body?

STEPHEN

More important. Yes, more, much
more. 'Course it is.

He seems desperate to find whatever answer will please him.

WITTGENSTEIN

And yet, everywhere we look we see
man cultivating the body at the
expense of the soul. Doesn't make
sense, does it?

He moves to cut off Stephen's escape from the tiny kitchen.

STEPHEN

(whispers)

You're not going to hurt me, are you?

WITTGENSTEIN

Here's a thought. Maybe death is really a cure for life? (smiles)
I'm not going to hurt you, Stephen.
I'm going to cure you. Now turn around and face the wall...

INT. JAKE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Jake sits by the PHONE, waiting. When it RINGS, she grabs it.

JAKE

Yes.

WITTGENSTEIN

How was your day?

JAKE

(guarded)

How was yours?

WITTGENSTEIN

You sound depressed.

JAKE

You sound like my shrink.

WITTGENSTEIN

Not your shrink. Your alter-ego. You don't need a shrink; you know perfectly well who you are. What you are. You only need me - to be you for you...

JAKE

Look, this is totally perverse...

WITTGENSTEIN

Are you going to tell me you are not attracted by perversity? Be honest. Be intimate... haven't you never wanted to taste Forbidden Fruit? Never wanted to kill someone? Your father, maybe? Perversity...

JAKE

(hesitates, sighs)

Whether I have or not, I'm afraid -

WITTGENSTEIN

Don't be afraid, Jake. You know what the real Wittgenstein said? He said "Fear in the face of death is the sign of a bad life."

JAKE

Am I facing death?

WITTGENSTEIN

We're all facing it. Some of us sooner than others.

JAKE

What does that mean?

WITTGENSTEIN

It means I have another piece of news for you...

She listens, her eyes clouding over...

INT. EARL'S COURT BEDSIT - NIGHT

Stephen's BODY is slumped on the floor by the stove in a widening pool of BLOOD. There's a handwritten note pinned to his back. Moving in close, we read:

'Fear in the face of death is the sign of a bad life.'

INT. COLEHERNE PUB - DAY

Sergeant Jones showing the barman Wittgenstein's computafoto.

BARMAN

I dunno. Maybe. We get a big crowd on a Saturday night. Business is booming since they got the vaccine.

JONES

You ever see him in here before?

BARMAN

Definitely not a regular. Not like Stephen. He used to come in three, four nights a week.

Jones looks up as Jake enters the bar. He moves to her.

JONES

Where you been, gov? We tried to get hold of-

JAKE
(ignoring)
Any luck?

JONES
Barman thinks it was him with Socrates,
but he couldn't swear to it.

JAKE
I've been, uh, researching
Wittgenstein, the real one,
I mean...

JONES
And?

JAKE
That 'fear in the face of death'
line was a quote.

JONES
Bit of a giveaway.

JAKE
(wooden)
Not really; I think we can assume he
knows we're onto his VMN identity.

The door to the street opens and Chung enters, a great big
shit-eating grin on his face.

JAKE (cont'd)
What's up with you? You look like
you won the lottery.

CHUNG
Maybe I did.

He waves a piece of paper at her, a computer print-out with
a blurry PHOTO and a list of information.

CHUNG (cont'd)
Random name just got a response from
Kidlington. Bloke called Martin Boon,
VMN status negative, codename ... wait
for it... Ludwig Wittgenstein!

JAKE
Are you serious?

CHUNG
That's not the best part. He's got a
criminal record for computer fraud. And
get this, a degree in Philosophy and a
history of psychiatric disorder!

JAKE
Talk about well qualified. You
couldn't pick a better suspect if
you went down to central casting...

She turns, mind racing, as Chung and Jones watch, mystified.

CHUNG
Gov? Isn't this where we turn on
the siren?

JAKE
(frowns)
It doesn't fit.

CHUNG
How's that?

JAKE
(guiltily)
Nothing. Let's tell Challis.

INT. CORRIDOR, NEW SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT

Challis strides rapidly, the computer print-out in his hand.
Jake walks alongside. Chung tags along behind.

CHALLIS
Let's move...

JAKE
I'd like to wait...

CHALLIS
What for?

JAKE
It's all - I dunno - a bit too
convenient. I've put two men on
his house. Let's keep him under
surveillance for a while...

CHALLIS
(impatiently)
I don't understand your attitude,
Jakowicz... What do you mean too
convenient?

JAKE
(stubborn)
I'd like to wait. I don't see the
harm in that.

At that moment a harassed Sergeant Jones approaches from the
other end of the corridor.

JONES

Excuse me, we just heard from our
lads at the stake-out. They found
a body in the target's rear garden.

CHALLIS

(to Jake)

I think that settles it, don't you?

INT. SCOTLAND YARD OFFICE - DAY

Challis strides into the nearest office and commandeers the
videophone from its startled owner, a junior woman detective.
The others hover in the doorway as he barks orders into phone.

CHALLIS

I want a tactical firearms squad
available immediately!

The face on the videophone, that of the DUTY SERGEANT,
adopts an attitude of maximum efficiency, stung by this
unaccustomed contact with the big chief.

SERGEANT

Right away, sir.

CHALLIS

(to Chung)

What's the bloody address?

Chung hands him the computer print-out.

CHALLIS

54 Bedford Gardens, Chiswick.

JAKE

Sergeant Jones, I'd like you to note for
the record that this course of action is
being taken by the Chief Superintendent
against my advice.

CHALLIS

Who the hell do you think you are? I
run the Murder Squad and I say when we
make an arrest and when we don't. So
you can either be part of this or you
can stay here and sulk.

Jake doesn't know what to do.

EXT. BEDFORD GARDENS, CHISWICK. NIGHT

Challis's police BMW edges slowly down Bedford Gardens and
pulls up out of sight around the corner.

INT/EXT. CHALLIS'S BMW. NIGHT

Jake sits in the back with Challis. The flack-jacketed COMMANDER of the Tactical Firearms Squad approaches from the shadows as Challis lowers the window. He points to a large detached HOUSE, set in about a quarter of an acre.

COMMANDER

There's someone outside on the porch. He's got a gun.

CHALLIS

I don't want this turning into a long drawn out siege, Commander. Read me?

COMMANDER

Yes, sir. Loud and clear.

EXT. 54 BEDFORD GARDENS - NIGHT

We are looking through night-vision binoculars at a man pacing up and down on the porch of the late Victorian house. And yes, he is holding some kind of machine pistol.

EXT. BEDFORD GARDENS/STREET - NIGHT

Silently, six members of the TFS team take up positions along the hedge in front of the house.

The Commander lowers his binoculars and looks back towards a group of POLICE OFFICERS by a parked van on the other side of the street. On the van's roof is a big searchlight. He makes a sign to the officers and raises a bullhorn to his mouth.

COMMANDER

This is a police operation. Lay down your weapon and walk forward with your hands on your head!

Simultaneously, the SEARCHLIGHT strikes up and hits the front of the house with a blinding light.

ON PORCH

The instinctive reaction of the MAN on the porch is to turn in the direction of the light, raising his gun in an almost involuntary movement.

There's an instantaneous response from the police marksmen, a continuous volley of automatic FIRE. The man on the porch is convulsed, jerked about like a demented marionette, held up only by the force of lead entering his body.

Standing next to Challis, Jake watches with distaste bordering on outright horror.

Just as abruptly as it began, the FIRING CEASES. The man on the porch slumps to the ground. There's silence.

ON FRONT GARDEN

Members of the TFS team advance rapidly across the garden. They lob smoke bombs and stun grenades into the house, sending them crashing through the glass windows. A small explosive is attached to the front door, blowing it open.

ON STREET

A police BMW hurtles past the blockade at the very end of the street and comes to a screeching halt. A very irate Gilmour, wearing a tuxedo, jumps out and comes striding over to where Jake and Challis are standing.

GILMOUR

What the hell's going on?

Before Challis can answer, the TFS Commander runs up.

COMMANDER

It's all over, sir. The man in the house has been arrested.

GILMOUR

Thank God for that.

His relief is palpable. Challis looks at him, sensing trouble.

CHALLIS

And the man on the porch?

COMMANDER

Dead.

GILMOUR

Christ!

COMMANDER

(glancing uneasily at Challis)
I was under the impression shoot to kill was the order of the day. He was armed. We found a Browning machine pistol by the body.

GILMOUR

(with heavy sarcasm)
Surprise, surprise. That's standard Special Branch issue, is it not? Congratulations, Commander. You've shot one of our own bloody men!

CHALLIS

(finds his tongue)

But there's a dead man in the garden.
With six bullets in his head.

Just then, two members of the TFS squad frogmarch the arrested and somewhat dazed occupant of the house towards them. Blood streams from his nose, and there's a livid mark on his forehead from a heavy blow. His hands are bound.

JAKE

(under her breath)

Holy shit. It's Mark Woodford.

GILMOUR

Correct, Chief Inspector. Private Secretary to the Minister, to be exact... And who authorised this little jaunt?

CHALLIS

I..., er..., I did, sir.

He glances uneasily at Jake...

GILMOUR

You'll get a medal for this, Challis. I'll see to it. And I'll be the one who pins it on your chest - with a bloody bayonet!

He stalks off. Challis turns to Jake, furious.

CHALLIS

You knew. You bloody KNEW.

He hastens after Gilmour, leaving Jake, breathless, exhilarated.

EXT. 54 BEDFORD GARDENS - NIGHT

FORENSIC DETECTIVES comb the garden for clues. Someone removes a clod of turf with a nice juicy footprint.

A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER flashes the corpse where it lies. The PARAMEDICS stand by to remove it.

PHOTOGRAPHER

OK, he's all yours.

The two paramedics knee down to manoeuvre the body into the body bag. Suddenly one of them notices something.

PARAMEDIC #1

Hold on, there's something in his mouth.

ON CORPSE

Sure enough, there's a tiny sliver of silver from what appears to be a disc-like object protruding from the dead man's mouth, like a wafer-thing tongue.

PARAMEDIC #2

Don't touch it. Oy, Constable!
Over 'ere!

WITTGENSTEIN'S VOICE OVER

They have implied that I am a
menace to society...

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE, NEW SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

We are CLOSE on a compact discrecorder, placed on the desk. Wittgenstein's voice comes over the little speaker, cool and calm, almost robotic in its evenness.

WITTGENSTEIN (o.s., cont'd)

On the contrary, I'm providing
society with a valuable service...

Jake listens at her desk, Sergeant Jones over by the window...

WITTGENSTEIN (o.s., cont'd)

These are potentially dangerous men who cannot be left to their own devices. As one of them, I should know. I am simply taking a leaf from the government's book by killing them myself, humanely and cost-effectively. Instead of trying to hunt me down, you should be grateful.

CLOSE ON JAKE

WITTGENSTEIN (o.s.)

Expect a call from me any day and I'll tell you where to find the next one. Yours bloodily, Ludwig Wittgenstein.

That's it. End of message. A moment's silence, and then Jones lets out his breath between his teeth.

JONES

The guy's a raving nutter.

JAKE

You have to admit there's a certain logic.

JONES

What.

JAKE
(hastily)
From his point of view, I mean...
most people are filled with rage
they're terrified to express...

JONES
(missing her point)
How the hell did he pull it off?

JAKE
(almost dreamlike)
He must have hacked onto the computer
at Kidlington and discovered Chung's
random program. So he takes one of the
VMNs from his list and gives him the
kind of background that's perfect for
us. And just to show he has a sense of
humor he sticks in Woodford's picture
and address...

JONES
Some sense of humor.

JAKE
(coming out of it)
Who was the stiff in the garden?

JONES
Martin Boon.

JAKE
I mean his VMN codename. I'll bet
you a dollar to a dime he was a
philosopher.

INT. POLICE MORGUE - DAY

We are close on the face of the dead Martin Boon.

SAKHALYIN (o.s.)
'Spinoza'.

The MORGUE ATTENDANT slides the refrigerated door shut.

JAKE
Are you sure?

SAKHALYIN
Positive. He's been coming to me
for over two years.

JAKE
Thank you, Mischa, that's a big
help.

They walk to the exit. Dr Sakhalyin has something on his mind.

SAKHALYIN

My patients are worried. They think the government is behind the killings.

JAKE

(startled)

That's nonsense.

GILMOUR'S VOICE OVER

Are you alright, Chief Inspector?

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD. GILMOUR'S OFFICE. DAY

Jake faces Gilmour across from his power desk.

GILMOUR (cont'd)

You look as though you'd been hit by a truck.

JAKE

Sir, I'd like to be taken off the Lombroso case...

GILMOUR

What? Why?

JAKE

It's, uh, personal.

GILMOUR

What do you mean, personal?

JAKE

(fumbling)

I'm very tired...

GILMOUR

Sorry, it's impossible. Challis is suspended pending a full inquiry. From now on you'll report directly to me.

JAKE

But -

GILMOUR

Something else?

JAKE

(hesitates)

No, sir...

GILMOUR
How close are you to making an arrest?

JAKE
(trying to shift gears)
Well, we think he works somewhere in the public sector. He appears free to strike in the day or the night, so he's probably on some kind of workshare. He has a very sophisticated knowledge of computers.

Gilmour's looking at her, willing her to some more concrete piece of news.

JAKE (cont'd)
(feeling the pressure)
He's very well educated... We have a pretty good physical description ... (she shakes her head) Not very close, sir, no.

GILMOUR
That's all you know about him?

JAKE
(fractional pause)
Fraid so, sir - to this point...

GILMOUR
I'm counting on you, Jake.

JAKE
Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD, CORRIDOR - DAY

She walks gloomily away from the meeting She crosses paths
with George Stanley, looking chipper.

STANLEY
Cheer up!

JAKE
Give me one good reason, George.

STANLEY
There's a break in the Mary
Woolnoth case. The lab report on
her clothes came in.

He hands her the report with a grin. She scans it quickly.

STANLEY

The collar of her jacket showed traces of olive oil. There was a trace of the same oil on one of the other victims.

JAKE

'Cold pressed olives from the Tuscany region, producing extra virgin olive oil...' So we could be looking for -

STANLEY

Someone who eats pizza with his fingers.

JAKE

Or someone who makes it.

He smiles at her. She's too distracted to smile back.

INT. JAKE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Jake sits by the phone, wanting for him to call. He doesn't. She puts her head in her hands.

JAKE'S VOICE OVER

I know who he is.

IN THE MIRROR

1st FEMALE VOICE

What are you talking about?

JAKE

The Lombroso killer. The man we've been hunting.

1st FEMALE

You know him?

JAKE

He calls me. Not on a videophone. I don't see him. But I KNOW him. And he knows me. Like a book.

1st FEMALE VOICE

Trace the call...

JAKE

He's too clever for that. And besides...

1st FEMALE VOICE

Yes..?

JAKE
(very soft, looks down)
I don't want to.

1st FEMALE VOICE
I'm not sure I understand...

JAKE
Yes you do. (into the mirror) I've
found the man I can admire.

1st FEMALE VOICE
Jake...

A smallish Woman emerges from behind the BLACK DRAPES -
DOROTHEA BENNETT, Jake's therapist...

DOROTHEA (cont'd)
You've got to go to the police
with this.

JAKE
(dully)
I am the police.

DOROTHEA
You know what I mean.

JAKE
If I tell them, he'll reveal my
father was VMN-negative and that'll
wreck any chance for promotion. ✓

DOROTHEA
They don't know? (Jake says nothing)
That can't be the only reason
you're concealing this contact.
Jake, what's really going on? ✓

Jake takes hold of her hand, looks up at her, imploring...

JAKE
He understands me... He's the only
one who does... we're...intimate...

Bennett is now truly alarmed. She tries to withdraw her hand.

DOROTHEA
Jake, if you won't go, I will...

Jake stands, abruptly - the tough cop.

JAKE

You do and I'll sue the pants off you for breach of doctor-patient confidentiality. (before she can reply) You're very big on obeying the law when it suits you, doctor - like when I asked you to show me my file. But you breathe a word of this and I'll make certain you never practice again.

Off the Doctor's shocked reaction... FOOTSTEPS OVER

EXT. VICTORIA STREET - DAY

Wittgenstein is walking down the street. Ahead of him is a large, UNSHAVEN MAN, in his mid-forties, wearing a drab old raincoat, balding, what's left of his hair curling over his collar at the back.

We TRACK behind him, enhancing the sense of following him. He winds up at the entrance to the old wing of the Brain Research Institute and goes inside.

Wittgenstein pauses some twenty yards away and glances up uneasily at the building's facade.

INT. COFFEE SHOP, LATER - DAY

Wittgenstein sits at the window of the coffee shop on the opposite side of the street. We can see the Institute in the background. He studies an A-Z STREET GUIDE as he sips a cup of tea. He's so immersed in his reading, he doesn't notice someone coming out of the building and crossing the street towards us. As the figure becomes clearer, we recognize Jake.

She comes into the coffee shop door and goes to the counter to order a sandwich.

PROPRIETOR

What can I do you for?

JAKE

Tuna salad sandwich, please.

And now Wittgenstein sees her, his attention attracted by the vague familiarity of her voice. His chair is near enough to the counter for him to be able to reach out and touch her. He stares at her, transfixed.

PROPRIETOR

One tuna salad coming up. Salt... pepper... squeeze of lemon.

He cuts the sandwich in two with a practised slice of his long kitchen knife and wraps it in one continuous movement.

PROPRIETOR

That's seven ninety-five.

Jake fishes in her purse for change and as she pulls out her hand, sends a handful of coins clattering across the floor.

JAKE

Shit!

She crouches down to retrieve the money. A COIN rolls towards Wittgenstein, bumps into his shoe and spins to the ground. In an involuntary reaction, he reaches down to pick it up.

JAKE

Thank you.

He straightens up to find himself looking up into her face. She smiles at him blankly, holding out her hand. For a beat he's frozen, then he snaps to and hands her the coin.

WITTGENSTEIN

Pleasure.

JAKE

Do you need help?

WITTGENSTEIN

I'm sorry?

She nods toward the A-Z, still open on the table.

WITTGENSTEIN (cont'd)

It's OK. I know where I'm going.

JAKE

You're a lucky man.

She turns to go. He stares after her, watching her cross the road and get into her waiting car.

EXT. BRAIN RESEARCH INSTITUTE - DAY

At that moment the other man emerges from the building.

INT. 'THE MYSTERY BOOKSHOP' - DAY

The man, whom we will now refer to by his codename VOLTAIRE, is browsing the racks of thrillers. He looks up as someone enters the shop, causing the bell over the door to tinkle.

Wittgenstein averts his eye and moves forward, past a GLAMOROUS WOMAN wearing overly bright red lipstick.

Voltaire heads for the exit.

EXT. THE MYSTERY BOOKSHOP, SACKVILLE STREET - DAY

As Wittgenstein emerges from the shop, he sees Voltaire disappearing round the corner into Piccadilly.

EXT. PICCADILLY - DAY

Voltaire crosses over Piccadilly onto the south side and goes into St James's Church.

INT. ST JAMES'S CHURCH VESTIBULE - DAY

Wittgenstein comes in from the street. He can see Voltaire sitting in a pew close to the altar. And no one else about.

INT. ST JAMES'S CHURCH - DAY

Wittgenstein settles into a pew a few rows behind Voltaire. The latter's head is bowed and he appears to be praying.

He reaches into his coat for his gun. But before he can bring it out, Voltaire is on his feet and grabbing him by the lapels of his coat, hauling him out of his seat.

VOLTAIRE

What's your game, mate?

His accent is half South London, half Greek-Cypriot. Wittgenstein struggles to pry away his grip.

WITTGENSTEIN

I don't know what you're talking about.

VOLTAIRE

Bollocks! You've been following me all afternoon. Haven't you?

He nuts him lightly on the bridge of the nose.

VOLTAIRE

Haven't you?

He glances at the A-2 on the pew next to him.

VOLTAIRE (cont'd)

Wandsworth, Victoria, Green Park, and now here. Come on, you little bastard. Why you followin' me?

He nuts him again, hard this time. Wittgenstein shrugs apologetically.

WITTGENSTEIN
I find you attractive?

Voltaire looks at him askance, completely thrown. Just as a door bands and the VICAR enters. Voltaire glances in his direction, momentarily unsettled. Wittgenstein takes advantage of the diversion to deliver a well-aimed kick to the man's shins. Voltaire drops him with a howl of pain.

VOLTAIRE
You little shit!

Wittgenstein bolts for the exit past the startled vicar. The Greek thinks about giving chase but decides against. He notices the abandoned A-Z on the pew and picks it up.

WITTGENSTEIN'S VOICE OVER
Well, that made for a change, I
must say... first time I've missed.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wittgenstein sits in front of his towering hi-definition projection SCREEN, staring at a huge image of Jake giving a press conference after the fiasco at Woodford's home.

REPORTER (o.s.)
Would you confirm that the man
found in Mr Woodford's garden had
been diagnosed VMN-negative?

JAKE
No comment.

REPORTER (o.s.)
Would you deny it?

JAKE
No comment means just that, no -

Wittgenstein winds back, searching frame by frame until he finds the image he's looking for, a SMILING JAKE. He zooms in on the image, enlarging it to a full face close-up. He hits another button, and a machine linked to his videodisc player spews out an instant Polaroid PRINT of the shot.

LATER

He sits at his COMPUTER. There's an array of PORNO MAGS on his desk. He leafs through the poses, finally selecting a long-limbed blonde, tugging at her silky pubic hair. He feeds her into his 3-dimensional imager and she comes up on the screen. He turns her this way and that, like a DOLL.

He takes a second girl, with perter, smaller breasts, and has the imager produce her on the screen next to the first. He juggles with their respective sizes and positions until they match, adds the top half of the second girl to the bottom of the first and locks them together in one composite image.

Next, he inserts the still of Jake in the imager. He brings the head up next to the composite, turns it so that the angle matches, overlays it and reduces it in size until it's an exact match with the head beneath. He erases the original and locks the components of the new image. Now he has what he wants, an erotic and uncannily convincing picture of Jake smiling provocatively, as she apparently revels in her exposed nakedness.

He inserts a Virtual Reality disc in the computer's drive and takes a copy.

LASER STILL

Wittgenstein is naked. He inserts the disc into the VR machine's computer port and steps into one of the black rubber exoskeletons, suspended in a gravity-free cradle. He places the helmet over his head, plugs himself into the machine, and runs through the last minute checks, like a pilot about to take off:

Textures, on. Dynamics, on. Sound, on. Body sensor, on. Phallus sensor... on...

Finally he pulls down the black tinted visor, and we enter:

EXT. FOREST GLADE - DAY - SUBJECTIVE POV (VIRTUAL REALITY)

A magical, fairy-tale image. We are in a luscious, secret glade. Sun shafts down through the trees. A small waterfall cascades gently. Jake approaches, naked as Eve, a luscious, inviting smile on her lips as we move forward to meet her.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Suspended in his VR suit, he reaches out a gloved hand.

EXT. FOREST GLADE - DAY (VIRTUAL REALITY)

The same hand - ungloved - reaches out and touches Jake's left breast. She takes the hand and lifts it to her mouth.

However lifelike, there is actually something quite 'dead' about this ersatz Jake, as if there's no one at home behind those expressionless eyes. She's no more than a compliant, eager to please zombie..

He takes her head and pushes it down between his legs...

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING, LANDING - DAY

Jake emerges from her apartment in her bathrobe and slippers and goes to check her mailbox. Her hair is still wet from the shower. Amongst her newspaper, utility bills and assorted junk mail, is a large padded ENVELOPE.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

She places the mail under the spectroscope on the hall table to check that it contains no explosives.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

She takes the envelope into the kitchen and slits it open. She withdraws the contents carefully and spreads them on the table in front of her. It takes her a moment to realize with a gasp of indignation that the gynecological detail on display is supposedly her own. To remove any doubt, there's a complimentary slip which reads: 'Yours bloodily'.

THE PHONE. Without looking, she picks it up...

VOICE

It's me...

She hangs up, mutters...

JAKE

You really are a piece of work...

It RINGS again. She looks at it, RINGING and RINGING, then snatches it up; says nothing. The voice is hesitant, apologetic.

VOICE

You don't like the pictures.

JAKE

What do you think?

VOICE

I'm sorry, it was supposed to be...

JAKE

(shaking)

It's disgusting.

VOICE

I'm sorry. I was only-

JAKE

You will be.

She slams down the phone.

INT. OCEAN WHARF FLAT - DAY

Wittgenstein stares at the phone, puts it down. Miserable...

INT. SCOTLAND YARD CRIME LAB - DAY

Jake hands a plastic bag to the technician, MAURICE, a goodlooking young Jamaican.

JAKE

Run some tests on these, would you,
Maurice? Fingerprints, fibres, hairs,
anything else you can think of.

Maurice nods coolly and slips on some gloves. He slips the photos out of the bag and lays them out one by one. He lets out an appreciative whistle.

JAKE (cont'd)

Oh come on, Maurice. They're fakes
- photocomposites.

MAURICE

If you say so. Nice, though. Real
nice! Be a couple of hours at least.

JAKE

All right, but I'm staying here. I'm
not letting those out of my sight.

INT/EXT. JAKE'S BMW, TRAVELLING, CAMBRIDGESHIRE - DAY

Jake's BMW drives along a winding country road. It's a perfect English summer's day... On her DISC DECK:

WITTGENSTEIN (o.s.)

"... expect a call from me any day
and I'll tell you where to find the
next one..."

EXT. TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE. DAY

STUDENTS criss-cross the four hundred year old quadrangle.

WITTGENSTEIN (o.s. cont'd)

"Yours bloodily, Ludwig
Wittgenstein..."

INT. TRINITY COLLEGE. THE MASTER'S ROOMS. DAY

PROFESSOR SIR JAMESON LANG is a dandyish man in his seventies. His rooms have a gentleman's club-like atmosphere, a faded, even tatty elegance, though the Veronese over the mantelpiece is genuine enough. He listens intently with Jake to a replay of Wittgenstein's disc - gives a little snort of amusement.

LANG

'Yours bloodily' - that's how the real Wittgenstein signed his correspondence. (he looks at her) So what is it you want to know?

JAKE

Everything about him.

LANG

(shrugs)

He spent the greater part of his life here in Cambridge. He was from Vienna, a rich Jewish family. Came over between the wars, got out before the Nazis. Bertrand Russell was his great mentor, though later they fell out. Not the easiest of men. Like many geniuses, he wasn't more than a step or two away from the madhouse.

Jake digests this, unhappily.

JAKE

Was he gay?

LANG

(smiles)

There were certainly 'episodes' with young men.

JAKE

Suicidal?

LANG

Both Wittgenstein's brothers committed suicide.

JAKE

Was he ever ... intimate with a woman?

LANG

Define intimacy. (good question; she can't) At the same time he was involved with one young man, he was passionately in love with a woman, albeit platonically.

JAKE

Platonically...was he very influential?

LANG

Oh, yes. The father of modern Logic. Philosophy was never quite the same again... You could say he destroyed all who came before him.

We HOLD on Jake, as she absorbs the implications of this.
Her PHONE rings.

JAKE
Excuse me. Jakowicz.

She listens, expressionless...

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE, NEW SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Sergeant Jones and Chung sit facing Jake. Stanley's also there, leaning in the doorway. She brandishes a slim file.

JAKE
We have a development. A DNA type.

JONES
You're kidding...

JAKE
Two days ago I received some rather lurid photocomposites of me from our friend Mr Wittgenstein. The lab has found traces of semen. The man we're looking for is probably German or of German parentage.

JONES
Like the real Wittgenstein?

JAKE
Rather a strange coincidence. In fact he was Austrian, but for the purposes of genotype they're more or less the same.

JONES
How long will it take to match his DNA to an identity card?

CHUNG
It takes the computer 48 hours to make a million comparisons. If he's in the last million of population, thirty five million comparisons - about nine weeks.

JAKE
(dry)
Thanks, Yat. I knew I could depend on you for good news.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wittgenstein's image is projected onto a large black and

white POSTER of the philosopher Wittgenstein, his features eerily transposed onto the other man's. He's taping himself again, with a heightened urgency, a sense that he's no longer addressing his thoughts into a void. He's reaching out to one person - he's reaching out to Jake. He's also on the PHONE...

WITTGENSTEIN

The one whose name I bear came armed with a sword, the iron sword of Logic. I too carry a sword. So you see, it's no accident, this name they've given me...

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake is listening to him on her answering machine...

WITTGENSTEIN (o.s. cont'd)

I suppose you'd like me to say I killed because I heard voices, or some such crap? The fact is that if I'm ever caught, I have no intention of pleading insane. My actions are entirely logical. (then, abruptly) Jake... Jake, I know you're there... Jake, I'm sorry, can't you believe that? I didn't mean to offend you. That's the last thing I wish. It was just

WITTGENSTEIN (cont'd)

a childish... Please... listen: that stuff about your father? ... I'd never tell the police...you have my word... can't we..?

She snatches up the PHONE.

WITTGENSTEIN (cont'd)

Jake?

JAKE

It's alright.

WITTGENSTEIN

Really? Thank you. I really am-

CLOSE ON JAKE

JAKE

Listen. I need a big favor. From you.

WITTGENSTEIN

Anything, Jake. Anything at all. I'd die for you. For you.

JAKE
(digests this)
Nothing so dramatic.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD, CORRIDOR - DAY

Jake strides toward her office with an excited Stanley.

STANLEY
The olive oil is bottled here under license and distributed by a company in Brent Cross. They deliver to a number of wholesalers in London, including one in Brewer Street, Soho.

JAKE
So far so fascinating.

STANLEY
The delivery is always handled by the same driver, John Richards. Eight years ago he did two years under the needle for sexual assault. And get this, the day of Mary Woolnoth's murder, he made a delivery to Brewer Street. Less than half a mile from where she was found!

Before she can react, a woman's head pops out of the Homicide Room a few yards down the corridor.

FEMALE DETECTIVE
Chief Inspector? Someone on the blower for you.

JAKE
Take a message.

JAKE
(back to Stanley)
Let me know when you pick this guy up. I'd like to talk to him myself.

STANLEY
Sure.

The FEMALE DETECTIVE reappears in the corridor with an apologetic shrug.

FEMALE DETECTIVE
He says his name's Wittgenstein.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake strides into her office and picks up the phone. Her videophone screen remains blank. Jake will have to pretend

this is the first time they have ever spoken...

JAKE

This is Chief Inspector Jakowicz.

WITTGENSTEIN (o.s.)

Don't bother trying to trace this call. I'm on a satellite phone. Can't oblige you with a 'pic' either. I'm sure you understand.

He laughs. It sounds strained, with a surprising undercurrent of nervousness. Jake takes a breath, exchanges a look with Stanley, who picks up the extension.

JAKE

I've been expecting you to call.

As Sergeant Jones scoots into the room, Jake makes him a sign to keep quiet.

WITTGENSTEIN (o.s.)

I'm sure you have. I suppose you'll try to put me at ease, get me to reveal something about myself, isn't that how it works?.

JAKE

I'm sure you're too clever to fall for that one.

INT/EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Wittgenstein sits with the sat-phone to his ear in a grey VAN, parked on the top level of a high-rise parking garage. The city is spread out below him.

WITTGENSTEIN

Don't be patronizing.

BACK to JAKE (etc):

JAKE

I'm not... I am, yes. I'm sorry.

WITTGENSTEIN

At some point I'll have to break off our little chat and kill someone. But don't worry, if my man sticks to his routine we should have a few minutes.

He sits grimly holding the sat-phone. He is acting, too. This is the "favor" for which Jake asked.

JAKE

I was hoping to persuade you to give this up. There's been enough killing.

WITTGENSTEIN

Are you a fan of Gilbert and Sullivan?

The cops look at each other - shrug.

JAKE

Gilbert -

WITTGENSTEIN

(he sings)

"As someday it may happen that a victim must be found, I've got a little list - I've got a little list, of society offenders who might well be underground and who never would be missed, they never would be missed."

The cops listen, baffled, as the song goes on.

WITTGENSTEIN (cont'd)

"An apologetic statesman of a compromising kind, such as whatyacallit, thingumebob and likewise, well, never mind. And tut-tut-and what's his name, and also you know who - the task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you, for it really doesn't matter whom you place upon the list, they'd none of 'em be missed, they'd none of them be missed." The Mikado.

Silence, then -

JAKE

(evenly)

So it really doesn't matter...

WITTGENSTEIN

That's the general idea. Would it interest you to know I've been close enough to smell you?

JAKE

Have you been following me?

WITTGENSTEIN

A chance encounter. What's that perfume you wear? 'Rapture', by Calvin Klein?

Jake is truly shocked by his claim, trying to figure out where and when this meeting could have taken place.

JAKE

What do you want from me, Mr Wittgenstein? Do you mind if I call you that?

WITTGENSTEIN

How about Ludwig? Don't you think we should be on first name terms?

JAKE

I think I'll stick to Wittgenstein, if it's all the same to you.

WITTGENSTEIN

Okay, be like that. Oh, my, hang on...

He picks up a pair of hi-power BINOCULARS and trains them on the street below, alerted by some movement.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY - HIS POV

OFFICE WORKERS pour out of the building on their lunch break. We pick out one individual, a COLORFULLY DRESSED MAN in his late thirties with a bizarre haircut, how a style victim might look in twenty years time.

WITTGENSTEIN (o.s., cont'd)

I'm afraid our conversation will have to wait...

BACK TO SCENE

Wittgenstein puts down the binoculars and starts the engine.

WITTGENSTEIN (cont'd)

But while we're on the subject of names, the man I'm about to kill is a good friend of mine. You could say he was my mentor, at least until we fell out...

He reverses out and roars off down the exit ramp.

WITTGENSTEIN (cont'd)

That's the trouble with benefactors, Jake. You always end up resenting them. When things turn sour they really turn sour, know what I mean?

He hangs up, tossing the phone onto the seat.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD, JAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake hangs up angrily, as the female detective who took the call comes into the room. The cops are pleased - it's a break.

JONES

At least he's finally made contact...
that's progress, gov... good one...

FEMALE DETECTIVE

He wasn't bullshitting about the
satphone. We traced the call to
the Injupitersat, and from there to
the London area. It's impossible
to be more precise than that.

JAKE

He was talking about Bertrand
Russell. That's who he's going to
kill. Find out who's got that
codename.

Sergeant Jones grabs the nearest phone.

JONES

Get me the Brain Research
Institute.

STANLEY

The guy must be loaded - those
phones cost a fortune.

JONES

Maybe he stole it.

JAKE

(too hasty)
He's not a thief.

JONES

(looks briefly at
Stanley)
Was he right about your perfume?

JAKE

Yes. But I can't begin to think
where he could have met me.

EXT. NEW OXFORD STREET SHOPPING MALL - DAY

'BERTRAND RUSSELL' walks through the crowded mall. From St
Giles' Circus to Bond Street, a glass canopy rises ten
meters above the tree line, covering two stories of shops,
restaurants, foreign exchange booths, cinemas, market stalls.

There's an endless noise from the mall's many GUITARISTS, JUGGLERS, CLOWNS and DANCERS. Wittgenstein follows at a discreet distance, as Russell takes the Soho Square exit, past a group of POLICEMEN, armed and armored, lolling nonchalantly by their riot vehicle, swinging their billy clubs and flirting with the PROSTITUTES.

Wittgenstein sidesteps one of the patrolling sandwich-board robots, proclaiming its wares, out into Soho Square.

INT. SOHO STRIP CLUB, ENTRANCE FOYER - DAY

The establishment's owner, MR GRUBB. Large and fat, with an expensive suit and flashy gold watch, a well-chewed cigar dangling from the corner of his mouth, sits behind the toughened security glass of the ticket booth.

GRUBB

Live sex show, just starting. Only
25 EC. You won't find anything
harder, mate.

Wittgenstein sends his 25 dollars through the trap and heads for the narrow stairs leading down into the dingy basement.

INT. SOHO STRIP CLUB, PERFORMING AREA - DAY

CLARE, the girl on stage, has just finished removing her panties and twirls them on the end of her finger as Wittgenstein enters. She looks young, too young to be doing this kind of thing. He pauses a moment to accustomize himself to the dim light. The audience, a smattering of assorted males, sit passively, like a collection of stuffed dummies.

CLARE

(chirpily)

Afternoon, luv.

He grunts non-committally, as he spots in the front row the recognizably ridiculous outline of Bertrand Russell's HAIR, silhouetted against the bright spotlights of the stage. He moves forward towards the seat immediately behind him.

As the girl begins to apply vaseline to the neck of a champagne bottle, Bertrand Russell watches motionlessly, seemingly transfixed, unaware of Wittgenstein's shadowy presence behind. We stay CLOSE on his face, having to imagine for ourselves just what unmentionable things Clare's getting up to with that bottle.

Wittgenstein reaches inside his coat and comes out with his GUN. He raises it until it's a few centimeters from the back of Bertrand Russell's head.

Clare contorts herself so that her head is reaching back

between her legs. She clamps her teeth around the cork and with a loud pop! pulls it clean out. Without removing the bottle, she pours the foaming and somewhat dubious-looking champagne into a row of plastic glasses arranged along the lip of the stage.

Simultaneously, Wittgenstein squeezes off SIX rapid-fire ROUNDS, the soft phut of the shots drowned by the POPPING champagne cork and attendant round of desultory applause.

INT. SOHO STRIP CLUB, PERFORMING AREA - DAY - LATER

In the full glare of neon strip lights, the auditorium is revealed in all its grim seediness. The CRIME SCENE OFFICER raises up Bertrand Russell's slumped head to show a surprisingly peaceful and unscathed face.

OFFICER

George Armfield, according to his driver's license.

JONES

Codename Bertrand Russell. You were right. Here's his print-out from Kidlington.

He hands it to her. The officer releases Bertrand Russell, who slumps back into his original position.

JAKE

Russell sponsored Wittgenstein when he arrived at Cambridge.

JONES

Any witnesses?

OFFICER

Most of them buggered off the moment he was found. Scared their wives might find out they'd been in a dump like this.

JAKE

I don't blame them. What about the girl? She can't have been more than ten feet away.

OFFICER

Apparently she had her back to the audience for the greater part of her act. On all fours.

JAKE

Doing what precisely?

OFFICER

I believe she was enjoying a bottle of champagne at the time... Up her fanny, if you can believe it. Anyway, she's only fifteen - and scared to death of the proprietor.

JAKE

(looks around)

Where's he?

OFFICER

In his office. His name's Grubb...

JAKE

Grubb? You're not serious.

OFFICER

Wait till you see him.

INT. MR. GRUBB'S OFFICE - DAY

Grub looks up sullenly as Jake enters. Sergeant Jones is sitting on the edge of his desk, leaning over him. His office is a depressing sty.

GRUBB

I didn't see nothing, right? So get the fuck out of here. It's no good threatening me with fire and safety violations 'cause I didn't see nothing.

JAKE

Leave us for a minute, would you, Sergeant?

Jones nods and leaves. Jake wanders around the office...

JAKE (cont'd)

You say you didn't see nothing, Mr. Grubb -

MR. GRUBB

That's right...

JAKE

That's a double negative. If you didn't see nothing it means you saw something. I'm glad you're going to help because if you had said you didn't seen anything I'd be worried something might happen to you.

GRUBB

You threatening me, darling?

JAKE

Yes...

Jake is getting worked up: the place, the man, his business, her own frustrations - she's losing her self-control...

GRUBB

You can't scare me, luv.

Jake is reaching for something inside her bag...

JAKE

You like to threaten women, don't you? You know something? I bet I could scare you. I bet I could have you begging for mercy.

GRUBB

There's only one way a girl like you could have me beggin' for mercy.

JAKE

Oh, and what's that?

GRUBB

Use your imagination, sweetheart.

He gets out from behind his desk and crosses to where she's standing, his fat face close to hers, his breath foul...

JAKE

I'd rather use this.

She brings her ARMORED FIST out of her bag - the TUNGSTEN KNUCKLES emitting a low electronic hum as they connect with Grubb's solar plexus - a small BLUE SPARK. Grubb howls with pain, almost collapsing on top of her. She neatly side-steps and connects a sharp JAB to the side of his JAW. He crumples.

She stands over him, grabbing him by the tie and bashes his head on the ground, again and again.

JAKE (cont'd)

If I find out you slapped any of those girls around - now that would make me really angry, understand? Understand? How's the memory now?

The door opens and Jones pokes his head in - not a minute too soon. His eyes bulge with shock. Jake looks up, shaken...

JAKE (cont'd)

Take him down to the Yard - seems he's remembered something, after all.

JONES
(stunned)
Yes, ma'am.

He helps Grubb up. Jake pockets the tungsten knuckles.

JONES (cont'd)
What's happened? Fall over, did
you, sir? Up you get now.

As Grubb lumbers past and Jake watches, trembling...

After they're gone, she hugs herself, trying to stop the
shaking. She was on her way to killing the man...

GRACE MILES' VOICE
Why don't we see if we can't
persuade him to kill himself?

INT. GRACE MILES' OFFICE - DAY

Mrs. Miles and Mark Woodford, still looking beat up and
shaken by recent events and Jake are sitting. Jake doesn't
look good, either. She's dully startled by the question.

JAKE
Kill himself?

WOODFORD
(reasonably)
Why not?

MRS MILES
Jake, you don't have to have a
degree in abnormal psychology to
figure out from his tape the man's
unstable. He's totally out of
control...

ON JAKE - this resonates badly with her. She was, too...

MRS MILES (cont'd)
Get him on the phone with someone
who can talk him into it.

JAKE
Talk him into..? (fumbling) Look,
we don't even know who he is.
Where he is...

MRS MILES
He's called you. He wants to talk.
You communicated with him before
via the press conference, offering
him help. Offer it again - and be

MRS. MILES (cont'd)
ready to give it when he rings
you...

JAKE
With all respect, I think it's a
bad idea, minister...

MRS MILES
Oh? How's your investigation
coming along?

JAKE
(defensive)
It's coming...

MRS MILES
So's spring... but it's still a
long way off... we need results,
Chief Inspector - before the
Lombroso aspect of this case gets
blown wide open.

JAKE
It's been suggested that the
government has plans of its own for
VMN negatives.

MRS MILES
WHO has suggested?

JAKE
Mayhew for one - Thomas Aquinas, before
he died: he said "I always knew the
bastards meant to kill us."

MRS MILES
That is utterly preposterous.
Paranoid. They're all nutters.

A staring contest. She's just about confirmed Jake's point.

MRS MILES (cont'd)
Get on with it, Chief Inspector...
get him to commit suicide...

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM/KITCHEN. NIGHT

Jake walks in, totally beat. Throws her purse down, kicks
off her shoes. She looks at the PHONE, sighs,
dials...waits...

VOICE
Dr. Dorothea Bennett's exchange.

JAKE
I'd like to speak with Dr. Bennett.

VOICE
Whom shall I say is calling?

Jake hesitates, hangs up. Another sigh; she flicks on the TV. It's a news report on the latest killing. There are various shots outside the Soho strip club, including the victim being loaded into an ambulance. Jake pours herself a big VODKA...

TV COMMENTARY
The Home Secretary has refused to confirm reports that the murdered man had tested VMN-negative under the controversial Lombroso Program. But this latest killing by the man who has been dubbed the 'Gas gun Killer' can only increase pressure on the government in the run up to local elections, with the Prime Minister's personal satisfaction rating at an all time low...

THE PHONE. Jake isn't even startled. She picks up.

WITTGENSTEIN
Having any luck catching me?

JAKE
Not a lot...

WITTGENSTEIN
Was my phone call to Scotland Yard what you wanted?

JAKE
Yes, thank you...

WITTGENSTEIN
You're welcome... are we friends?

JAKE
We're not friends.

WITTGENSTEIN
Colleagues then - brothers-in-arms. VMNs of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose but what you've already lost.

He sighs, sounds tired.

JAKE
Now you sound depressed.

WITTGENSTEIN

I am rather. Maybe the person I ought to kill is me.

ON JAKE

JAKE

You don't mean that.

No answer. Then -

WITTGENSTEIN

Would you care? Would you?

JAKE

(finally; closes her eyes)

Yes. Yes, I'd care.

EXT. JAKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING. NIGHT

Jake is visible high above, silhouetted against the kitchen window. She moves to the FRIDGE for more vodka.

A grey Toyota van is parked on the street opposite.

INT/EXT. TOYOTA VAN. NIGHT

Wittgenstein sits in the driver's seat, looking up at the window through high powered binoculars.

WITTGENSTEIN

I think of death a great deal.
Don't you? 'Death is the totality of nothingness', if you believe my namesake.

JAKE

I can't go on like this, don't you see? I'm coming apart... you've got to stop...

She pours herself a shot of VODKA.

WITTGENSTEIN

Jake. Killing has given my life meaning. I kill therefore I am. How can you ask me to stop?

JAKE

Where will it end? Are you planning to eliminate every single one of them? (as it dawns on her) Ending... with yourself?

WITTGENSTEIN

Advance to Go. I knew I picked the right girl!

JAKE

The right girl for what?

WITTGENSTEIN

To stop me. Are you up to it...?

JAKE

I am. You know I am.

WITTGENSTEIN

Jake - I want to meet you. Face to face.

JAKE

No.

WITTGENSTEIN

Why are you afraid? I won't hurt you. I don't hurt women.

JAKE

I know that, but no.

She takes another slug of vodka.

WITTGENSTEIN

Goodbye, Jake. By the way, Vodka's my drink, too.

She is so surprised she sprays the contents of her mouth all over the sink. She leans forward to look out the window, just as the van's tail lights disappear around the corner.

In a rage of frustration and emotion, Jake hurls the VODKA GLASS at the wall, splattering everything. She sinks to the floor and cries. And cries...

A MAN STARING AT HIS REFLECTION - WIDEN TO REVEAL

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD, OBSERVATION/INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Jake stands along one side of the tinted glass, watching the man in the room beyond, staring not at her, but at his own reflection in the two-way mirror, smoking a cigarette.

The door opens and Stanley enters, looking glum.

STANLEY

He made a pizza delivery to Brewer Street the day of the murder, but much later. At the estimated time of death he was in Wimbledon. At least two hours away at that time of day. Gov?

She's not paying attention, lost in her thoughts. Then-

JAKE

Sorry. Yeah, too bad, he was looking good. I guess we'd better put the surveillance team back on that book store.

EXT. BRAIN RESEARCH INSTITUTE ANNEX - DAY

Jake's car drops her outside the Annex.

INT. BRAIN RESEARCH INSTITUTE, CORRIDOR - DAY

She walks along the corridor with Sergeant Jones.

JONES

You know we had the counsellors of all VMN-negs give them a letter asking them to make contact with us for their own protection? Well, we got a live one. Bloke called Parmenides, Greek Cypriot. Codename, 'Voltaire'...

They arrive at one of the consulting rooms and go inside.

INT. BRAIN RESEARCH INSTITUTE, DR SAKHALYIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Voltaire sits opposite Sakhalyn's desk, perspiring freely. Jake is watching him from the side, while Sergeant Jones moves around in the area behind him, adding to his discomfort.

VOLTAIRE

You sure she all right to tell?

SAKHALYIN

It's okay, Voltaire. You have my word.

PARMENIDES

OK, I believe. You see, this is why I am not coming before. I am 'fraid the letter means some kind of deportation. Maybe worse. Then I remember the book and I think, maybe two are connected? Maybe the man with the book is the same who is shooting men in the head?

JAKE

What book is he talking about?

Jones passes her A-Z STREET GUIDE in a clear plastic bag.

JONES

The man following him left it in the church. There are various addresses he's marked, some of VMNs he's already hit, some of future targets, including this gentleman.

She looks down at the A-Z and has a sudden flash:

QUICK CUT

The same A-Z on the table in the coffee shop.

JAKE

Do you need help?

WITTGENSTEIN

I'm sorry?

Wittgenstein's face is obscured, soft around the edges, not quite brought into focus.

And then the memory has gone, literally fading away.

BACK to SCENE

Jake is silent for a moment, staggered by the memory. Jones and Voltaire are looking at her expectantly.

JAKE

I'd like you to go with Sergeant Jones and look at some computer-generated pictures, see if you can improve them.

VOLTAIRE

I be glad to.

She turns to Sergeant Jones.

JAKE

I want him to have round the clock protection. Same goes for all the others on the list.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jake enters with her MAIL. She hangs up her coat and places the letters in the spectroscope, which sounds ALL CLREA. She tears open one of the envelopes as she moves into the bedroom.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

As she peruses the contents, she freezes. It's her latest CREDIT CARD statement.

CLOSE ON STATEMENT

The item that has caught her eye: a Duty Free charge at Berlin Airport. A bottle of 'Rapture', by Calvin Klein.

She looks out the window, over the city. Somewhere out there is her man. She smiles sadly...

JAKE

You made a mistake...

EXT. DOCKLANDS. OCEAN WHARF. NIGHT

Ocean Wharf was once the jewel in the crown of the Docklands redevelopment scheme. Now it's surrounded by an electrified fence, the last vaguely habitable area in a wasteland of abandoned cars and garbage tips.

We follow a pack of feral DOGS in pursuit of a fat RAT, as it squeezes under the chain-link fence and scampers towards the apartment blocks. The dogs take longer to negotiate the narrow opening, allowing the rat to open up a lead.

We lose interest in the chase and PAN UP to one of the hi-rise towers in the middle distance.

WITTGENSTEIN (v.o.)

I don't have to live here. With the money my parents left me I could live almost anywhere. But it suits me, living on the very edge of things.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A huge pair of eyes fills SCREEN, an image on the verge of breaking up altogether, so enlarged is it.

WITTGENSTEIN (v.o.)

Maybe it's time I moved on from my brothers and started killing the human race in general...

ANGLE ON DISC RECORDER

The digital display monitors recording levels and counts down the available space left on the disc. in B.G., we see Wittgenstein, seated in front of his camcorder. There are giant blow-ups of Jake on the wall, taken outside the Brain Research Institute.

WITTGENSTEIN (v.o.)

I had hoped to avoid it. But being VMN-negative, I suppose it was inevitable.

ON WITTGENSTEIN, as he hits the pause button.

WITTGENSTEIN
(quietly, to himself)
And that's a depressing thought...

EXT. CHESTNUT CAFE, VICTORIA STREET - DAY

Seen through the window, Jake and Sergeant Jones show the latest computafoto of Wittgenstein to the manager. He shakes his head discouragingly.

INT. CHESTNUT CAFE - DAY

They move to the window, studying the view over to the Institute on the other side of the street.

JAKE
I know it was in here... I bought my first bottle of 'Rapture' at Berlin Airport. The first time I wore it was at the press conference. Which means we must have met in the last three weeks. (as it dawns on her) The day he was following Voltaire?

JONES
Makes sense. He'd have the perfect view of the Institute from here.

EXT. PICCADILLY, ST JAMES'S CHURCH - DAY

Jake's police car deposits her and Sergeant Jones outside the entrance to St. James's Church. They go inside.

JAKE
What was Voltaire doing in an Anglican church in the middle of the day? He must be Greek Orthodox, if he's anything.

INT. ST JAMES'S CHURCH - DAY

They walk to the altar. Over in the corner is a side door.

JAKE
Where does that go to?

JONES
Jermyn Street? That's where he has his pizza bar. Must've been taking a short cut.

ON JAKE

JAKE
Did you say pizza?

EXT. ST JAMES'S CHURCH, JERMYN STREET EXIT - DAY

They come out of the rear of the church. Almost immediately opposite is the pizzeria.

CLOSE ON JAKE

She is staring across the street, rooted to the spot.

HER POV: Voltaire is writing a menu on the inside of the window with a piece of red crayon. With his left hand.

JONES
That's one of our boys over there.
From the protection unit.

He nods towards a news VENDOR at a stand on the pavement about twenty feet from the sandwich bar. But she isn't listening. She's rooted to the spot, murmurs -

JAKE
He's left-handed. And we're just
around the corner from the Mystery
Bookshop...

She looks across the street, summing up the situation.

JAKE
You cover the back. He can take
the front.

JONES
How about you?

JAKE
I'm going in.

JONES
Alone?

JAKE
Alone.

She crosses the street towards the bar, Jones peeling off to take the side alley. Jake pauses at the news stand, flashing her ID at the DETECTIVE.

JAKE
Got a Standard?

DETECTIVE

Yes, ma'am.

He hands her a copy of the newspaper.

JAKE

Keep an eye on the door. I want him taken alive, is that clear?

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - DAY

The bar is long and narrow, with tables at the far end. A line of customers wait for their orders. Voltaire and an ASSISTANT are behind the stainless steel counter and its gleaming espresso machines. Behind them are several bottles of extra virgin OLIVE OIL.

Voltaire registers Jake's presence with a degree of surprise, even nervousness. He forces a smile.

VOLTAIRE

Inspector. How are you?

JAKE

I'd love a decaf espresso.

He smiles, seemingly relieved.

VOLTAIRE

On the house. I insist.

JAKE

Thanks. I've just been in the church. I didn't realize it was so close.

He grunts non-committally and goes to the coffee machine.

VOLTAIRE

Why you not sit at table? I bring you coffee.

She goes and sits at the back at one of the tables along a mirrored wall. She places her Standard on the formica top and gets a lipstick out of her bag, raising the paper slightly so she can write something on the table.

Voltaire approaches with her Espresso.

VOLTAIRE

Have you any luck catching the guy?

JAKE

Not yet, I'm afraid.

He looks down at the table, covered by the newspaper.

VOLTAIRE

You mind?

JAKE

Oh, sorry.

She whips aside the paper, to reveal, in stark RED LIPSTICK capital letters, the name:

MARY WOOLNOTH

For a moment, Voltaire just stands there, too shocked to react. His jaw literally drops. And then the coffee. As the cup smashes on the hard floor, he turns and runs for the door, grabbing a long kitchen KNIFE off the counter.

EXT. PIZZERIA - DAY

Voltaire comes crashing out of the bar like a madman and runs away up the street towards the news stand. The DETECTIVE moves to the middle of the pavement to block him.

DETECTIVE

Oy!

Voltaire lunges wildly with the KNIFE, slashing him across the chest. He collapses, as the Greek makes his escape.

Further up, Jake has emerged from the bar. She drops to a crouch, steadies her arm and squeezes the TRIGGER, aiming LOW. Voltaire catapults forward onto the pavement, clutching at an instantly bloody thigh.

She runs up to the stricken detective, feeling his pulse.

JAKE

How do you feel?

DETECTIVE

I've felt better. I'll live.

JAKE

(smiles)

I think so.

She takes off her jacket and drapes it over his body, as Jones arrives on the scene, out of breath. He summons medical assistance on the stricken detective's RADIO.

Jake approaches Voltaire. He's lying in a widening pool of BLOOD, a deathly pallor on his face, his eyes open and glassy. She takes off his belt and attempts to apply a tourniquet to his leg. There's a hole the size of a coin. The loss of blood is already quite startling. She swallows hard...

JAKE
I was aiming low...

Her voice trails off as Voltaire watches her. As he slips away, soft spurts of his BLOOD pumping rhythmically over her hands as she tries to fasten the buckle...

ON JAKE

as she stares at the pumping BLOOD...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AMERICAN SUBURBAN HOUSE, CORRIDOR/BATHROOM - DAY

We are TRACKING along a narrow corridor in a modestly furnished suburban house. Our POV is low, a child's eye view.

At the end of the corridor a door is ajar. Behind it, the SOUNDS of trickling water. The CAMERA nudges the door open and we are in a blindingly bright white tiled bathroom.

A WOMAN lies glassy-eyed in the reddening water, clouds of blood drifting lazily from her wrists.

REVERSE ANGLE

A LITTLE GIRL stands in the doorway, screaming a silent scream. Jake as a child. THE PHONE RINGS, distant at first, then LOUDER...

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Her adult EYES jerk open. She's fallen asleep on the couch. She looks at the clock. 4.20 a.m. PHONE. She picks up.

WITTGENSTEIN
So... I guess you don't need to be tested, do you?

JAKE
(breathless)
I'm not like you. I'm not.

WITTGENSTEIN
No?

JAKE
I'm a cop. I did my job. He was the Lipstick Killer.

WITTGENSTEIN
He was VMN. Welcome to my little club. I suppose I should thank you for your help. You finished my only incomplete job.

JAKE
I wasn't trying to kill him. You're
crazy.

WITTGENSTEIN
(softly)
Oh, Jake... Crazy? Or logical? Crazy is
a cop-out, excuse the pun. You finally
acted on your own well-founded rage, why
can't you admit it? Haven't you got a
little list of your own - "of society's
offenders, who might well be underground?"

ON JAKE

could this be true? While she ponders this -

WITTGENSTEIN (cont'd)
Meet me.

JAKE
No.

WITTGENSTEIN
Or you'll be sorry...

JAKE
I'm sorry already.

She hangs up.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD, GILMOUR'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake is sitting opposite Gilmour's desk, looking pale but
composed. He smiles thinly, with a hint of condescension.

GILMOUR
There'll be an inquiry of course.
What puzzles me is what the Greek
hoped to gain by coming forward?

JAKE
I guess by acting like a good
citizen he thought he'd deflect
suspicion from his own activities.

GILMOUR
Well, I'm sure they'll find the
degree of force was appropriate.
That will certainly be my
recommendation.

JAKE
(quietly)
I didn't mean to kill him.

GILMOUR

Quite. You weren't to know you'd
sever the man's femoral artery.
Between you and me, the boys
upstairs are delighted. Apart from
saving the time and expense of a
trial, the public and victims'
families see justice done.
Everybody's happy.

Her expression tells us she isn't. Gilmour clears his throat.

GILMOUR

Now to our other friend, the elusive Mr
Wittgenstein. I'm getting a lot of heat
from the top. Prime Minister's taking a
suggestion, we've been studying Doctor
Cleobury's psychiatric profile...

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD, GILMOUR'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Jake storms out of Gilmour's office, past his SECRETARY in
the outer reception area.

CLOSE ON GILMOUR. We hold his look of cold determination.

INT. SOHO PUB - NIGHT

Jake sits in a crowded bar with Chung, munching a sandwich.

CHUNG

Let me get this straight. They want you
to talk him into committing suicide...?
Would it even work?

JAKE

They think he has suicidal tendencies.

CHUNG

You agree?

JAKE

(sighs)
Probably...

She glances over to the corner, where a YOUNG COUPLE are
necking enthusiastically. Yat follows her gaze.

CHUNG

OK, look at it this way. If we
catch him, what can he expect?

JAKE

A minimum thirty years PC. Maybe
even irreversible coma.

She tears her eyes away from the couple.

CHUNG

Suicide sounds like his best option
if you ask me.

JAKE

He still has rights. The defense
could argue that the State has a
responsibility for his crimes, if
they were triggered by the trauma
of his VMN diagnosis.

CHUNG

Hey, who's side are you on?

JAKE

I'm only saying -

CHUNG

You really seem to like the fucker.

JAKE

(indignant)

Of course I don't. (reluctantly)
Maybe I admire his intelligence.

CHUNG

Admire?

JAKE

I think he has an extraordinary
mind. So logical...

CHUNG

The guy murdered twelve people!

JAKE

It's not that simple.

CHUNG

Bullshit. What's wrong with you?

Jake looks up sharply - does he know? Does it show?

INT/EXT. JAKE'S BMW. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Jake dials a number on her mobile phone.

JAKE

Mischa? It's Jake. Is this a bad time?

INT. DR SAKHALYIN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sakhalyin is on a cordless phone in the living room of his

modest apartment. His WIFE sits watching TV. He walks away from the sound, as we TRACK with him into the KITCHEN.

SAKHALYIN

(with a twinkle)

It's never a bad time to hear from you,
Jake. Let me guess - Wittgenstein?

BACK to JAKE (etc):

JAKE

I want to ask you a big favor.
Would you be hypnotized again?
Only this time I'd like to conduct
the session. In Russian.

SAKHALYIN

(laughs)

Why, you think there's something
wrong with the way I speak English?

JAKE

No, but Russian is your first language.
(in Russian) I think it's a better way
into your subconscious.

SAKHALYIN

I'm impressed. When do you want
to do this?

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The lights are dimmed. We are CLOSE on the stroboscopic light.

JAKE (v.o.)

Please think very hard. Can you
see what he is wearing?

Dr Sakhalyin sits in an armchair facing the light, in deep
trance. His brow furrows with the intensity of his
concentration. He speaks slowly, oracular.

SAKHALYIN

Brown tweed jacket. White shirt.
No, not a shirt. A pullover, with
a polo neck. But same material as
a shirt.

Jake is standing by the light, partially silhouetted. She
leans forward eagerly, cutting him off.

JAKE

Wait a minute. Is it the kind of
polo neck a dentist might wear?

SAKHALYIN

His teeth are not good. I have never
seen a dentist with bad teeth.

JAKE

Maybe a hospital person?

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jake sees Sakhalyn to the door. She seems energized by what she's learnt from the session.

SAKHALYIN

Next time maybe you help me give up smoking?

JAKE

I'll try. It never worked for me.

She looks for something in the bookshelf, as Sakhalyn gets into his coat.

JAKE

Wait, I want you to see this book. It's a biography of Ludwig Wittgenstein.

She reaches for the shelf and takes down a thick paperback life of Wittgenstein. She flicks through it and locates a photo. She shows it to him.

JAKE

Look at the photograph.

SAKHALYIN

Remarkable resemblance.

JAKE

You never saw this book before?

SAKHALYIN

Positive.

JAKE

And you didn't know Wittgenstein worked in the pharmacy at Guy's Hospital during World War Two?

SAKHALYIN

I'm ashamed to admit I know absolutely nothing about the man.

EXT. JAKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

It's late. The street is deserted. Sakhalyn emerges from the building and walks towards his parked car.

As he remotes the lock and opens the door, we TRACK towards him purposefully. He is still turned away as Wittgenstein materializes behind him, placing the gas gun to the back of his head.

WITTGENSTEIN
Stay very, very still.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD, JAKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jake enters. It's late. There's no one about. She's carrying a clear plastic evidence bag marked 'Wittgenstein'.

She sits at her desk, in a pool of light from the desktop lamp. Otherwise the room is in darkness. She carefully removes the A-Z and balances it by its spine on the palm of her hand. The BOOK parts slowly and lays itself open.

Jake is fascinated by the pages it opens to...

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake is fast asleep. Suddenly the phone rings, jerking her awake. She reaches for it before it can ring again.

JAKE
(groggily)
Please stop. You've got to stop calling me...

STANLEY (o.s.)
Did I wake you?

She hits the visual button and Stanley appears on her SCREEN. He's in his kitchen, in his pajamas, drinking a cup of coffee.

JAKE
Sorry, I thought you were someone else.

STANLEY
I don't envy him.

JAKE
What's up?

STANLEY
Is Doctor Sakhalyn with you?

JAKE
That's a hell of a question.
Should he be?

STANLEY

His wife's freaking out. Apparently he left the house at eight saying he'd be a couple of hours and hasn't come back. Told her he was going to see you.

JAKE

He left hours ago...

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Jake opens the door and Stanley comes in. She's dressed. He follows her into the MAIN ROOM.

STANLEY

Did he say if he was going straight home?

JAKE

I didn't ask.

Stanley suddenly catches sight of the A-Z in the evidence bag.

STANLEY

Isn't that Wittgenstein's A-Z?

JAKE

On temporary loan. I'll have it back in the morning.

STANLEY

Are you mad? That's evidence.

JAKE

I want to show you something.

She goes to take the book out of the bag, to his dismay.

STANLEY

Don't touch it, you'll ruin the prints!

JAKE

Don't be such a drama queen, George.

She balances the book on her hand and repeats the manoeuver she tried earlier.

JAKE

It's such a simple idea I can't imagine why I didn't think of it before.

The book parts slowly, just like before.

JAKE

It opens where it's been read the most.

Intrigued, Stanley peers over her shoulder.

JAKE

Pages seventy-eight to seventy-nine. Waterloo Station, east to Rotherhithe. Tower Bridge down to Peckam. There are one, two, three, four hospitals in the area. And one of them is Guy's.

STANLEY

Sorry, I don't get the significance.

She looks at him, suddenly not sure if she can trust him.

JAKE

Never mind. Shall I fix you a drink?

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, HALLWAY - NIGHT

The door opens and Wittgenstein enters, pulling a large trunk behind him. He goes down the hall and opens the door into a tiny spare bedroom.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

The room is completely bare save for a heavy wooden throne-like chair, with straps at neck level, around the feet, and on the arms. Like a chair that's used for electrocutions.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake and Stanley sit in silence, drinking. Stanley stares into his glass.

STANLEY

I'm not meant to tell you, but they've asked Dr Cleobury to handle all future conversations with Wittgenstein.

JAKE

You mean she's agreed to talk him into topping himself?

STANLEY

Well you won't.

JAKE

And you think that's okay?

STANLEY

So long as the guy's off the street.
Personally I don't know why they don't
let him run down the list and get rid
of the whole sodding lot of them.

JAKE

You know why, George. You know they're
going to round them all up in the end.
When they've got them all.

STANLEY

(skeptically)
Camps?

JAKE

Too expensive.

STANLEY

(realizing)
Coma?

JAKE

Even poor Thomas Aquinas figured
out that much: "I always knew the
bastards meant to kill us..."

STANLEY

(sobered by this idea)
A lot of people voted for that law
and order program. Including me.

JAKE

They voted for a crackdown on
crime; that doesn't give the
government a mandate to round up
every undesirable and stick a
needle in his arm.

STANLEY

You can't believe they'll do that.

JAKE

Don't kid yourself. Today it's
VMNs, tomorrow HIVs, the day after
that gays, Jews, intellectuals,
artists... Look what the Nazis did
with technology that was medieval
by comparison.

The PHONE RINGS. Jake almost jumps. She lets it ring.

STANLEY

Aren't you going to answer it?

JAKE
My machine'll get it.

STANLEY
Suppose it's about Sakhalyin.

Reluctantly Jake picks up the phone.

JAKE
I can't talk now. I've got company.

WITTGENSTEIN
So have I.

JAKE
No, we'll have to do this some other time...

She hangs up.

STANLEY
The same troublesome admirer?

JAKE
Very troublesome...

STANLEY
Maybe you should change your number.

JAKE
(sighs)
It's too late for that...

STANLEY
(looks at his watch)
Speaking of which, I'm on my way.

He shakes his head, slowly gets to his feet, picking up the A-Z and putting it in his bag.

STANLEY (cont'd)
I'm going to have to take this.

JAKE
Don't worry, I'm done with it.

STANLEY
We'll keep this between ourselves.
But from now on, I'm on the other side.
Do you understand what I'm saying?

JAKE
Yes, George. I understand.

STANLEY
I'm sorry, Jake.

He turns to go. She watches him leave. She calls after him:

JAKE
You're a nice man, George.

OFF-SCREEN the front door closes. She pours herself another shot of vodka.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD, GILMOUR'S OFFICE - DAY

Gilmour's striding about behind his desk, in a fury.

GILMOUR
If anything's happened to Dr Sakhalyin, I shall personally make sure you never work in this country again. As it is, you are suspended from all duties until further notice. You'll be on half pay until the results of the disciplinary disciplinary committee are known.

JAKE
Is that all?

GILMOUR
By no means. I insist that you tell me what transpired at this unauthorized session. Any information you obtained belongs exclusively to the department.

JAKE
There's nothing. I wish there was. It was a waste of time.

Gilmour looks at her. He knows she's lying.

GILMOUR
If you co-operate, we may be able to help with any civil action Mrs Sakhalyin may bring against you.

She stares back, unrepentant.

GILMOUR
(final nail)
And you have missed your last five sessions with Dr. Bennett in defiance of orders to consult her regularly...

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD, CORRIDOR - DAY

Flanked by two SECURITY GUARDS, Jake is escorted from the

building. As they pass the reception desk, she hands over her electronic pass card, the keys to her car, her mobile phone. And finally, her gun.

EXT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Jake comes out of the building. She stands there in the street, for a moment at a loss where to go next.

We CUT BACK wider, to a POV from inside Wittgenstein's VAN. He looms large in FOREGROUND.

As Jake hails a passing cab, he starts up the engine and moves out into the traffic.

EXT. CHESTNUT CAFE - DAY

Jake alights from the cab across the street from the Brain Research Institute and goes into the Chestnut Cafe.

Wittgenstein's VAN passes the coffee shop and pulls up around the corner.

INT. CHESTNUT CAFE. DAY

Jake sits at a table in back, waiting.

EXT. CHESTNUT CAFE. DAY

Chung jumps off a bus and walks towards the coffee shop.

INT. CHESTNUT CAFE. DAY

Chung goes over to Jake. He grins as he sits, evidently pleased to see her.

CHUNG

Greetings, Chief Inspector. Or should I make that ex-Chief Inspector?

JAKE

(smiles)

Fuck you, Yat.

CHUNG

Any time, any place. You know I could get my ass busted for talking to you?

JAKE

I'm sorry, I need your help. They've taken away my security clearance, everything.

EXT. CHESTNUT CAFE - DAY

Wittgenstein is watching from a strategic vantage point over on the other side of the street.

Jake and Chung come out of the coffee shop. They walk off in separate directions.

INT/EXT. WITTGENSTEIN'S VAN, TRAVELLING - DAY

Wittgenstein's on the sat-phone in his VAN, as he moves through the wasteland that is Dockland.

WITTGENSTEIN
Sergeant Chung?

INT. COMPUTER FRAUD UNIT, CHUNG'S OFFICE - DAY

Chung is scrolling down names on his screen. We glimpse the details of one FRANK HESSE, gynecologist, his address and social security number, etc, etc. Including place of birth - HAMBURG.

CHUNG
That's me.

WITTGENSTEIN
Tell your friend Jake to wait by the pay-phone in the Chestnut Cafe at ten tonight, if she wants to know the whereabouts of her Russian gentleman.

CHUNG
Who is this?

WITTGENSTEIN (o.s.)
10 o'clock tonight. Chestnut Cafe.

The line goes dead. Chung hands up thoughtfully. Something on the screen catches his attention. He peers closer.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

The name, PAUL ESTERHAZY. Position: pharmacy technician; address: Ocean Wharf.

We move in CLOSE on his listed place of birth: Leipzig.

INT. CHUNG'S CAR, TRAVELING - NIGHT

Chung drives as Jake mans her LAPTOP...

CHUNG
There are three males of Germanic origin working at Guy's Hospital. Two are consultants. (significantly) The third works in the pharmacy.

JAKE
Let's see how he does on the MAP
scale.

CHUNG
What's that?

JAKE
Multiple Assessment Program. It's
a system devised by the EBI for
profiling serial killers. Anything
above fifty per cent indicates
strong probability.

She keys in the file and a series of questions appears on
the screen, with space for answers.

JAKE
Okay, he's white, that's maximum points.

She consults the computer print-out Chung has given her.

JAKE
Under 'religion' he describes
himself as Manichean.

CHUNG
What the hell's that?

JAKE
If we count it as a cult, another
three points... Now, transportation
...? A grey Toyota Tardis! And
I'll bet you can't guess the serial
killer's vehicle of choice?

CHUNG
Let me think. A van?

JAKE
You take my breath away. That's
worth another five...

ON HER LAPTOP

as it figures and reconfigures, Jake watching...

JAKE
Sixty-one point. I think we hit
paydirt.

EXT. CHESTNUT CAFE - NIGHT

The car deposits Jake outside and continues into the night.

INT. CHESTNUT CAFE - NIGHT

The pay-phone clangs into life. Jake is standing by. She lets it ring once and picks up.

JAKE

Hello?

INT/EXT. WITTGENSTEIN'S VAN, TRAVELLING - NIGHT

Wittgenstein cruises along, one hand on the wheel the other gripping the sat-phone.

WITTGENSTEIN

It's five past.

JAKE

I got here as quick as I could.

EXT. CHESTNUT CAFE - NIGHT

The van turns the corner and drives past the coffee shop. Wittgenstein is cruising the block, keeping on the move.

He cranes his neck as he passes, staring into the back of the coffee shope.

WITTGENSTEIN

Well, okay. What's five minutes between friends?

JAKE

You said you have company.

WITTGENSTEIN

I told you you'd be sorry.

JAKE

You've changed the rules. Sakhalyin's not VMN negative and you know it.

WITTGENSTEIN

"I've got a little list..." What do you care?

JAKE

I care. I told you'd I'd come after you...

WITTGENSTEIN

(smiles)

And I told you that was the idea.

JAKE

(pause)

Is he alive?

WITTGENSTEIN
He's alive.

JAKE
Prove it.

WITTGENSTEIN
It strikes me you aren't in a position to make demands.

JAKE
I don't know what you want, but if we're going to deal I'm going to have to talk to him first.

WITTGENSTEIN
You know what I want. I want you, Jake. A meeting. Face to face. Alone.

We HOLD CLOSE on Jake, as she digests this.

JAKE
(choosing her words carefully)
That may be possible. Release the doctor and you have my word.

WITTGENSTEIN
No can do.

JAKE
Call me back on this number in exactly one hour. If I can speak to him, I'll meet you.

She hangs up before he can say another word.

EXT. DOCKLANDS AREA - NIGHT

Chung's car makes its way slowly towards the Ocean Wharf enclosure. They pass a gang of YOUTHS, gathered around a blazing fire, watching a dog fight.

EXT. SECURITY GATEHOUSE - NIGHT

As they approach the barrier, Chung winds down the window and sticks out his badge. The GUARD looks over at Jake.

CHUNG
She's with me.

After a moment's hesitation the guard raises the barrier and waves them through.

INT. OCEAN WHARF UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT

They cruise slowly between the rows of sparsely parked cars.

INT/EXT. CHUNG'S CAR - NIGHT

JAKE
Over there - the grey Toyota!

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Chung pulls up next to the Toyota VAN. They get out. Jake registers Sakhalyin's CAR parked in the next bay.

JAKE
There's Sakhalyin's 'Mirage'.

CHUNG
Why don't we leave it to the TFS?
Let the bully boys handle it.

Jake thinks about this - it's a big choice.

JAKE
I can't. (off his look) It's
personal.

CHUNG
Personal? I don't get you.

JAKE
I know. Get going, Yat. This isn't
your fight.

CHUNG
(grins suddenly)
Are you kidding? And miss my
chance to be a hero?

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Sakhalyin is strapped into the chair, a leather zippered hood over his head. He's been drugged. There's a bulky money belt fastened around his waist, with wires leading to the little radio receiver attached to the arm of the chair.

The door opens and Wittgenstein comes into the room. He is carrying a little kidney-shaped tray with a syringe and a swab of cotton wool, the sat-phone gripped under his arm.

WITTGENSTEIN
This is your wake-up call, Dr Freud.
Time to speak to the pretty lady.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT

Chung is sitting in his car with a mobile phone in his ear.

OPERATOR (o.s.)
(computer-generated)
Please enter your engineer ID code
and press the pound sign.

He consults a piece of paper and dials a series of digits.

OPERATOR (o.s.)
You are cleared for access. Enter
the referral number after the tone.

Chung punches in another number...

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Wittgenstein lays the used syringe on the silver dish and removes the leather hood. Sakhalyn shakes his head and breathes in deeply. He peers at Wittgenstein with a dawning sense of recognition. Wittgenstein grins.

WITTGENSTEIN
Remember me?

SAKHALYN
'Wittgenstein'.

WITTGENSTEIN
Call me Ludwig.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD, HOMICIDE ROOM - NIGHT

Stanley is one of the last people in the office. He has the A-Z balanced on the palm of his hand, like Jake showed him.

As it falls open, he stares at the page. He reaches for the phone with sudden decisiveness.

STANLEY
Get me Guy's Hospital!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Chung stands unsteadily on the window cleaning hoist attached to the side of the building. Electrically powered, it has the facility to move up and down, left and right. The building's JANITOR peers down at him from above.

JANITOR
You okay?

CHUNG
(nervously)
I think so. How do you work this
fucking thing?

He pushes the control joystick and lurches suddenly to the right, almost losing his balance.

CHUNG
(dubiously)
You sure it's safe?

He adjusts his glasses, pulls on the joystick, and the hoist jerks down out of FRAME.

CUTTING WIDE, we SEE Chung on the hoist, negotiating the sheer face of the hi-rise. There's a scattering of lighted windows, but most of the building is in darkness.

EXT. CHESTNUT CAFE - NIGHT

The cafe's lights burn brightly in the darkened street.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Wittgenstein dials a number on his sat-phone. We HEAR the sound of its ringing. He waits for the call to be answered.

INT. CHESTNUT CAFE - NIGHT

The pay-phone sits there, silent and inert. A CUSTOMER comes out of the rest room and walks past towards the main body of the coffee shop.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK, STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Jake is sitting on the stairs, holding her mobile phone. She lets it ring one more cycle and picks up.

JAKE
Hello?

BACK to WITTGENSTEIN (etc):

WITTGENSTEIN
I was beginning to get worried.

JAKE
Have you got Dr Sakhalyin?

WITTGENSTEIN
I'm putting him on now. Only make it brief. These sat-phone calls aren't cheap, you know.

He holds the phone to Sakhalyin's ear.

SAKHALYIN
Hello?

JAKE
Mischa? It's me, Jake. I'm sorry
for getting you into this.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Sakhalyin glances uneasily at Wittgenstein's finger poised
over the button of the remote controlled detonator.

SAKHALYIN
I'm okay. I'm being well treated.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Jake moves slowly up the staircase.

JAKE
(urgently)
Listen carefully. We're going to
get you out of there. Just keep on
the line. Make like I'm still
talking to you.

She mutes her phone and speaks into a walkie-talkie held in
her other hand.

JAKE
Yat? How're you doing?

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Chung has reached the level just above the lighted windows of
Wittgenstein's apartment. He leans over the edge to look down
onto the next level, causing the hoist to sway precariously.

HIS POV - UPSIDE DOWN

as he sees it, we see Wittgenstein's main room, unoccupied.
Chung straightens up. He talks into his walkie-talkie.

CHUNG
They're not in the sitting room.

JAKE
Keep going. I'll try to stall him.

She cuts him off and goes back to Sakhalyin.

JAKE
Mischa, tell Wittgenstein I want to
talk to him.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Sakhalyin hands the phone to Wittgenstein. He chuckles.

WITTGENSTEIN

I hope you're not going to try to
bore me into killing myself, like
your Dr Cleobury.

BACK to JAKE (etc):

JAKE

No, nothing like that. I'm sorry, that
was ridiculous. I hope you realize I
had nothing to do with it.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Chung maneuvers the hoist across the face of the building
until it's directly over the lighted window of the spare
room, partially obscured by Venetian slatted BLINDS.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, SPARE ROOM - HIS POV

Through the SLATS, he can see Sakhalyin in the chair and
Wittgenstein pacing the room with the sat-phone to his ear.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Jake rounds the corner on the flight of stairs leading to
Wittgenstein's floor. His front door is visible beyond.

JAKE

If you return Dr Sakhalyin unharmed
I'm sure we can sort this out.

BACK to WITTGENSTEIN

WITTGENSTEIN

I have no intention of being
'sorted out', as you put it...

Jake notices the RED LIGHT flashing on her walkie-talkie.

WITTGENSTEIN (cont'd)

That would mean the next thirty
years of my life in punitive coma.

She MUTES the mobile and gets Chung on the walkie-talkie.

JAKE

Yes?

ON CHUNG

CHUNG

They're next to the main room.
He's got him strapped to a chair.

JAKE
Is he armed?

CHUNG
Not that I can see.

BACK TO WITTGENSTEIN

WITTGENSTEIN
(rambling on)
So you see, I'm running out of options. I've given you too many clues. Sooner or later you'll find me - which was always my intention of course... Are you there, Jake...?

ANGLE ON JAKE

She responds in the nick of time.

JAKE
Yes, I'm listening...

She edges up onto the landing, only feet now from his flat.

JAKE
Get ready, Yat.

BACK to WITTGENSTEIN

WITTGENSTEIN
I'm offering myself. You and me.
One on one. What do you say, Jake?

JAKE
I don't know. What guarantees can you give?

WITTGENSTEIN
If I'd wanted to hurt you I could have done it a hundred ways by now.

JAKE
You did hurt me. You sent me those photos. How was that supposed to make me feel?

WITTGENSTEIN
Sexy... And it did, didn't it?
Forbidden fruit..?

She hesitates, finally...

JAKE
Maybe.

Or is she just playing him along, playing for time? She approaches the door to his apartment.

Her walkie-talkie FLASHES. She MUTES the mobile phone.

CHUNG (o.s.)

All set.

Her hand reaches out for the front door BUZZER...

Inside the apartment, Wittgenstein reacts with surprise as the buzzer SOUNDS. He hesitates. The BUZZER sounds again.

WITTGENSTEIN

Hold on...

JAKE

What is it?

No reply. He edges out of the SPARE ROOM into the passage.

EXT. DOCKLANDS, SECURITY LODGE - NIGHT

Two police BMWs, followed by a pair of TFS vans approach the SECURITY BARRIER.

ON BMW

The GUARD approaches. The leading BMW winds down its window and Stanley leans out with his police badge.

GUARD

What's up? You're the second lot tonight.

STANLEY

What are you talking about?

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, HALLWAY - ANGLE ON SPYHOLE

The view through the spy-hole of the empty landing outside.

The BUZZER SOUNDS again.

Wittgenstein recoils from the spy-hole. Curiosity gets the better of him. He reaches out to unlatch the door.

INT. LANDING - NIGHT

As the door opens, Jake is waiting to one side, gun at the ready. She whispers into the walkie-talkie:

JAKE

Now!

As simultaneously:

Chung on the hoist outside the window lets fly a hail of automatic GUNFIRE, shattering it into a zillion fragments of flying glass.

Wittgenstein is momentarily distracted by the disturbance to his rear, as:

Jake heaves herself against the door to the apartment. The impact sends Wittgenstein tumbling back, as:

Chung jumps down through the shattering window into the living room and hits the floor running.

Jake trains her GUN on Wittgenstein.

JAKE

Don't move! Put your hands on your head!

He looks back in stunned amazement, dropping the sat-phone.

JAKE (cont'd)

I said hands on your head!

(calls out)

Mischa, are you all right?

SAKHALYIN (o.s.)

In here!

Chung emerges from the living room at the end of the passage.

CHUNG

I'll get him.

Wittgenstein glances back at Chung, then at Jake. Slowly he raises his hands. He's watching Chung. As he enters the spare room, he gives a little, accusing shrug and squeezes the BUTTON on the compact DETONATOR he is still holding.

WITTGENSTEIN

Now look what you've made me do.

There's an EXPLOSION! and Chung goes flying out of the room.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The spare room window blows out with a brilliant flash.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chung bounces off the passage wall like a limp doll, as the hallway fills with smoke and falling plaster:

JAKE

NO!

Wittgenstein lashes out with his foot, kicking the gun from her hand. He slaps her hard across the jaw with his open hand. She falls back against the wall, hitting her head against the wall, momentarily stunning herself.

He crouches over her, reaching into his back pocket for a hypodermic syringe. He bites off the guard and jabs it swiftly into her thigh.

The last thing she sees as she loses consciousness is Wittgenstein leaning over her with rapt attention, like a collector gazing down at some rare species of butterfly he's managed to capture.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The leading BMW pulls up. Stanley gets out, followed by Gilmour from the rear. They look up at the seventeenth floor window. There's a flickering glow from a fire within.

GILMOUR

What the hell was that?

STANLEY

There's someone up there!

ON WINDOW - THEIR POV

There's a MAN at the window - Wittgenstein - dowsing the flames with a fire extinguisher.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Wittgenstein gets the flames under control with a couple more well-directed bursts. The room is a mess of blood. Sakhalyin has simply been obliterated.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wittgenstein carries the unconscious Jake into the main room. She murmurs groggily as he lays her on the couch. He starts to undress her.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Stanley is interviewing the janitor. The TFS CAPTAIN stands by, waiting for instructions.

STANLEY

How about the lift?

JANITOR

Out of order.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Oblivious to the activity below, Wittgenstein eases the naked Jake into the rubber exoskeleton of his VR machine. He attaches the codpiece, with its inverted clitoral stimulator. The second VR suit hangs limply nearby.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Stanley leans over the BMW, talking to Gilmour in the back.

GILMOUR

I don't want a long drawn out siege
and I don't want a media circus.

STANLEY

Yes, sir. But a frontal assault
carries a heavy risk. We don't
know who's still alive up there.

GILMOUR

Provide me with an elegant solution,
Inspector. Whatever the cost...

He gives Stanley a hard, cold look. Get it?

STANLEY

Yes, sir.

Satisfied the Inspector has indeed got the message, Gilmour nods to the DRIVER in the front seat.

STANLEY (cont'd)

OK, go.

Stanley watches the BMW take off. He turns uneasily back towards the building.

A couple of TFS men lift a piece of EQUIPMENT out of the back of one of the vans. It looks like a miniature HELICOPTER, six feet long, with a video camera mounted on the front alongside a gatling-type rapid fire MACHINE GUN.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Wittgenstein gets a silver disc out of its box and inserts it in the VR machine. He presses the 'play' button.

Jake, covered from head to toe in exoskeleton, stirs as she feels the first effects of the program. The cradle adjusts itself so that it's holding her in a horizontal position and she's lying on her back.

EXT. MEDIEVAL BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT (IN VIRTUAL REALITY)

She looks around at her surroundings. She's in the bedchamber of a stone-walled castle. A huge fire burns and crackles in the grate. Around the four-poster bed, giant CANDLES flicker.

The distant sound of MUSIC. As it swells, we recognize the introduction to the liebestod from Wagner's Tristan and Isolde.

The effect is surreal. There's an artificial feel to these images, more like the hyper-realism of an artist painting with an airbrush - and yet the sensation is unquestionably one of being in a truly 3-dimensional environment.

It's like being submerged in an MTV clip set to one of the most romantic and dramatic pieces of music ever written.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wittgenstein steps into the second exoskeleton and dons his visor. Attaches the codpiece. Checks the dials. The cradle takes his weight and he stands suspended, his feet six inches off the ground.

ON JAKE

She turns her head to the side.

IN VIRTUAL REALITY

HER POV shifts across the room, to where the door is opening and a DARK KNIGHT, clad from head to foot in black armor over a black leather jerkin, enters the room.

KNIGHT'S POV

The maiden Jake waits naked on the bed for her lord and master, almost floating over the virginal sheets.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wittgenstein is moving in his exoskeleton, walking through the imaginary room, treading on air.

Jake moves in response, as if raising herself on one elbow.

The effect of these two disembodied creatures moving to an unseen scenario is eerie in the extreme.

IN VIRTUAL REALITY

Jake leans on one elbow, appraising the knight, a smile of gentle anticipation playing about her lips.

The knight removes his helmet to reveal his face. There's a nobility to his features we haven't registered before. He's improved on himself, enhanced his looks. He starts to disrobe untying the thongs of his jerkin to reveal a muscular physique.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, LANDING - NIGHT

Three TFS men come round the final flight of stairs to Wittgenstein's level and take up positions outside the door.

The knight Wittgenstein moves on top of her. Her head arches back, her parted lips display moistened teeth, glowing in the light from the candles. She's drifting on a cloud of sensuality.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The mini-chopper takes off; begins to climb up the building.

INT. TFS VAN - NIGHT

Stanley and Sergeant Jones stand at the shoulder of the TFS OPERATIVE who's directing it. On a triple screen, we see the IMAGES generated by its CAMERAS, top, bottom and straight ahead, as it ascends the face of the building at speed.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Jake writhes on her VR cradle, her legs apart. It's not hard to imagine what's going on inside her VR experience.

Especially when we can see Wittgenstein gyrating backwards and forwards on top of thin air less than five feet away.

Outside the shattered window, the helicopter hoves into view and hovers.

HELICOPTER POV - OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The videocam's image of Wittgenstein gyrating in his VR suit. The camera pans across to Jake in hers. Two creatures from outer space.

The image fixes on Jake, caught squarely in the cross-hairs of the gun's sight mechanism.

INT. TFS VAN - NIGHT

The TFS operative has his finger poised over the firing button. He glances up at Stanley. Who's watching the screen with fascination.

ON SCREEN

Jake writhes under Wittgenstein's cybernetic embrace.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

We are close on the helicopter's lethal gun. Poised to wreak destruction on any person or object in its line of fire.

INT. TFS VAN - NIGHT

ANGLE ON STANLEY

In an agony of indecision.

OPERATIVE
Which one?

STANLEY
I don't know which one. Can't be sure.

OPERATIVE
You want, I can take them both out?

Stanley hesitates. Jones is watching him uneasily. He knows what's expected of him. But he can't do it.

STANLEY
(ruefully)
Fuck it, I never was one for elegant solutions.

The operative looks at him, not getting the reference. Stanley leans out of the van and shouts to the TFS Captain.

STANLEY (cont'd)
Captain! It's all yours.

IN VIRTUAL REALITY

Jake and Wittgenstein are entwined, their bodies melting into each other, as they build with the MUSIC towards a shuddering climax.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, LANDING - NIGHT

A explosive charge attached to Wittgenstein's front door DETONATES!

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, HALL - NIGHT

The door is flung open and three gas-masked TFS MEN hurl smoke bombs into the corridor. They charge in behind, guns drawn.

IN VIRTUAL REALITY

Jake erupts into orgasm.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The men burst into the room as Jake and Wittgenstein subside, rocking gently on their cradles.

INT. TFS VAN, NIGHT

Stanley watching on the monitor; talks into his walkie-talkie.

STANLEY

Turn that fucking thing off!

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

One of the TFS men goes to pull the plug on the VR machine.

IN VIRTUAL REALITY

Jake's POV of the room, Wittgenstein, looking down at her with a tender smile. His lips begin to form a word. Abruptly the screen goes BLACK.

We are inside Jake's now inactive VR helmet. As she raises it off her head, Wittgenstein's living room comes into focus, swirling with smoke.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake coughs and splutters, returned to reality.

Two of the TFS men hurl Wittgenstein to the ground and pin him while they rip his VR helmet off. One of them whacks him round the head with his gun butt.

TFS MAN #1

Suspect subdued! Do I terminate?

He rams his gun into Wittgenstein's temple. Jake cries out.

JAKE

Don't you fucking dare!

She rips her VR suit clear of the cradle and goes to stand over Wittgenstein like a protective lioness.

INT. TFS VAN - NIGHT

Stanley watches the screen. Jake looks towards camera.

JAKE

He's mine, George. I've gone way beyond the call of duty on this one.

He smiles, despite himself.

STANLEY

I don't think anyone could argue
with that.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jake watches as PARAMEDICS wheel Wittgenstein, strapped to a gurney, to the back of the ambulance. The electronic lift picks him off the tarmac like a binful of garbage and feeds him inside the vehicle's long body, covered with advertisements for Lucozade and Band-aid. As he disappears, he fixes Jake with a wistful smile and winks through a heavily bruised eye.

WITTGENSTEIN

Was it as good for you as it was
for me?

Jake holds his look unflinchingly. As the door closes behind him, the BLUE LASER LIGHT on the roof starts to flash in all directions like random bolts of lightning.

She watches the ambulance draw away. What no one will ever know, the secret she'll take with her to the grave - she just had the biggest orgasm of her life.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, HALLWAY - NIGHT

FORENSIC DETECTIVES are pouring over the place, collecting evidence, photographing the crime site. Tape on the ground marks where Chung lay.

Jake moves on into the living room.

INT. OCEAN WHARF APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake stares at the room, now lifeless VR suits. Her own blown-up image stares back down at her from the wall.

SLOWLY the SCREEN FADES to BLACK.

EXT. WANDSWORTH JAIL - EVENING

SIX MONTHS LATER. A large CROWD has gathered outside the main gates of the prison. Some carry placards denouncing Punitive Coma. There's a squad of heavily armed RIOT POLICE standing by, monitoring the situation. TV CREWS film REPORTERS doing their piece for the six o'clock news.

ON REPORTER

An elegantly suited and immaculately coiffed female BBC Thorn reporter faces into the camera.

FEMALE REPORTER

At the trial it was suggested that Esterhazy's mind was affected by protracted use of Virtual Reality programs. Civil liberty activists claim his crimes were more likely brought on by the trauma of being branded VMN-negative under the now suspended Lombroso Program. We shall probably never know what motivated this reclusive and by all accounts highly intelligent man...

Jake's BMW approaches the security gate. The GUARD steps up as she winds down her window and hands out her identity card.

He grins as his forefingers holds down one of the computer keys. The computer clicks like a geiger-counter as it scrolls down a long list of names.

He slaps a parking sticker on the windscreen and raises the barrier so she can drive through.

INT. WANDSWORTH JAIL, CONDEMNED MAN'S CELL - NIGHT

The cell is bright and sanitized, with a pastel-shaded floral design wallpaper. There are no bars, but toughened glass that looks a good three inches thick and covers one entire wall onto the passage outside, where two PRISON OFFICERS stand guard. A small built-in TV purrs away in the corner.

It carries the same news report we saw being filmed outside the prison moments ago. We are back in the studio with the avuncular anchorman.

ANCHORMAN

You mentioned the Lombroso Program just now, Anna. Where do you think this leaves other controversial aspects of the government's law and order program?

FEMALE REPORTER

Well, Peter, if they were hoping the resignation of Grace Miles would take the heat out of the situation, I think they've been proved wrong. You can see the scenes here outside the prison...

Wittgenstein glances up from the bed as Jake is ushered into the cell. The TV program continues in the BG. His hands are manacled in front of him. He looks somehow older and more distinguished, with an air of electric intelligence. Finally, he completely inhabits the persona of the real Wittgenstein.

WITTGENSTEIN

You were supposed to kill me...

JAKE

You picked the wrong girl for the job.

He looks at her appreciatively, taking in her appearance, her black dress with its pattern of red hyacinths.

WITTGENSTEIN

That's a nice dress. What are those, hyacinths?

JAKE

Yes.

She stands there awkwardly.

WITTGENSTEIN

Will you be there?

JAKE

As the senior investigating officer I have to be.

Silence.

WITTGENSTEIN (cont'd)

Tell me something. (she waits) Why did you save me?

JAKE

Because I'm not like you.

WITTGENSTEIN

(smiles)

Maybe not - but we did have an understanding, didn't we? An intimacy? Forbidden fruit?

JAKE

I can't stay...

WITTGENSTEIN

Of course... Will you do me one favor?

JAKE

What?

WITTGENSTEIN

I believe it's allowed to visit people in coma. Gardeners say that if you talk to a plant it will thrive. Would you come and talk to me from time to time?

She hesitates. Looks away. He's asking too much.

WITTGENSTEIN (cont'd)
(an edge of desperation)
It's the loneliness that frightens me.

She looks at him and sees a human being, a scared, damaged human being.

JAKE
I have to go now.

They stand there a moment, as a look passes between them. An understanding of how things might have been. Finally -

WITTGENSTEIN
See you in the next life.

INT. PUNITIVE COMA THEATER - NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSE UP: a hypodermic SYRINGE sucks a lethal fluid out of its glass bottle.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Jake stares out from the observation room, isolated from the assembled dignitaries and newsmen all around her, the array of hungry lenses. Mark Woodford is there...

INT. PUNITIVE COMA THEATER - NIGHT

Wittgenstein stares back at her, focussing all his energies on her and only her. He barely flinches as the needle hits the vein in his neck.

His eyelids flutter and close. His head slumps forward.

INT. STORAGE CHAMBER - NIGHT

Wittgenstein's inert body is manoeuvred from a gurney into his padded leather PC drawer. Jake stands watching as the coma technician monitors his vital signs. Woodford approaches, an eerie replay of their first meeting here.

WOODFORD
Congratulations. I hear your
heading up the murder squad now.

JAKE
Only till they find someone to
replace Challis.

WOODFORD

Oh I wouldn't be surprised if it didn't turn into a more permanent arrangement. The new minister likes your style, you know.

She stops, fixing him with a look of cold amusement.

JAKE

You know something? That's the saddest thing I've heard all year. And I've had quite a year.

She makes to pass as he lays a hand on her arm.

WOODFORD

(familiarily)

Come now...

CU HIS HAND ON HER ARM

A dull flash in her eyes.

JAKE

Excuse me, I'm late for an appointment.

Alarmed, Woodford pulls off his hand, as Jake walks off past the TV crews setting up their equipment.

CU A SYRINGE INJECTING

WIDEN TO REVEAL

INT. LOMBROSO CLINIC - DAY

The NEEDLE is going into Jake's arm, sucking BLOOD into a TEST TUBE, an eerie reverse replay of Wittgenstein's injection.

We recognize the NURSE from Wittgenstein's original visit.

NURSE

We should have the results in an hour. Would you care to wait?

Jake thinks about this, rises, rolling down her sleeve.

JAKE

That would be perverse. It won't make any difference.

She walks out the door, down the long, long corridor.

DISSOLVE TO:

The writing on Wittgenstein's coma vault:

"All things come to those who wait"

THE END