

MINDHUNTER (EPISODE 1.)

Written by

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Based on the book

"Mindhunter"
By John Douglas

Blue Working Draft

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Black screen.

TITLE: PITTSBURGH, 1977.

Under BLACK, a voice through a BULLHORN:

NEGOTIATOR (O.O.V)
Mr Miller?

CODY (O.O.V)
You can see me, right?

1 EXT. WAREHOUSE/PITTSBURGH OUTSKIRTS - DAY 1

Ominous-looking abandoned warehouse on the industrial side of town -- forbidding red brick walls, loading stage, broken windows, graffiti and a gray yard full of weeds, potholes and puddles.

Two POLICE PATROL CARS and a POLICE SWAT VEHICLE parked up on adjoining street, 30 yards from the entrance of the warehouse.

Further down the block, another POLICE PATROL CAR is parked up blocking the road and there are BYSTANDERS gathering to watch.

A fourth POLICE PATROL CAR speeds into view, SIREN on and comes to a sudden halt TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS get out.

More BYSTANDERS appear and come over, attracted by the SIREN.

Half a dozen UNIFORMED OFFICERS already guard the perimeter of the space, sealing it off. Another half dozen UNIFORMED POLICE wait near the vehicles, smoking, watching and waiting, some talking quietly.

The five members of the POLICE SWAT team wait by their vehicle, wearing police uniforms, bullet proof vests and rudimentary helmets -- their carbines already loaded and checked.

An AMBULANCE crawls along the adjacent street and stops by the POLICE PATROL CAR road block.

A POLICE MARKSMAN is on the roof of a building on the street opposite, rifle trained on the warehouse door.

A POLICE NEGOTIATOR, NANKERVIS, in his 50's, stands in no man's land between the vehicles and the entrance.

An unmarked car with two men in it pulls up at the perimeter. One man gets out -- SPECIAL AGENT HOLDEN FORD, 29, dark suit, tie, short back and sides -- unassuming, open, he's the youngest there.

He shows his badge discretely and nods to the POLICE SWAT team -- not into playing high status.

HOLDEN.

Guys... how you doing? Holden Ford
from the FBI...

The POLICE NEGOTIATOR and other COPS eye him warily as he approaches with his badge out.

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)

Hey. Holden Ford. FBI.

One middle-aged UNIFORMED COP nudges another one, intrigued.

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)

Holden Ford. FBI. You need some
help?

*
*

NANKERVIS.

Nankervis. We're getting by.

HOLDEN.

Is he talking?

NANKERVIS.

Not making a whole lot of sense.

NANKERVIS eyes the much younger HOLDEN in his immaculate suit, a little territorial.

On that, an iron door swings open and in the doorway of the warehouse stands CODY MILLER, in his thirties, wired-looking, carrying a shotgun in one hand and tugging at his belt with the other.

The SWAT team surreptitiously moved into position and train their weapons on MILLER -- it all happens quietly and slowly.

The other COPS tense up, stop stretching, pay attention.

NANKERVIS steps back out of the line of fire, picking up the bull horn again.

NANKERVIS. (CONT'D)

Take it easy Mr Miller.

CODY.

Tell me you can see me.

NANKERVIS.

I can see that shotgun.

CODY.

I'm going to show you something.

NANKERVIS.

What are you going to show us?

Now all the weapons are trained on him, he jerks about trying to undo his belt and pants. Nobody knows what he's about to do and the assembled cops start to murmur and fret.

NANKERVIS. (CONT'D)

What are you doing? What's he doing?

HOLDEN FORD steps in.

HOLDEN.

Maybe don't use the bull horn. *

NANKERVIS.

Huh?

HOLDEN.

Do me a favour and don't use the bull horn -- just talk to him.

NANKERVIS.

Is it a problem?

HOLDEN.

Might freak him out. *

NANKERVIS.

What?

HOLDEN.

He's forty feet away. You don't need it. *

A couple of UNIFORMED COPS exchange glances at this.

CODY.

Hey. You're not listening...

NANKERVIS switches off the horn, discards it.

CODY. (CONT'D)

I'm going to give you something to think about.

HOLDEN.

Cody, Holden Ford, FBI. I'm here to help.

CODY.

G-Man? I'm going to give you something to chew on, G-Man.

CODY gets his belt off and drops his pants. The assembled men react, surprised, some grin. "What?" "What the fuck?" Etc.

HOLDEN tries to stay focussed, smiles uncertainly.

HOLDEN.

Okay...

*

CODY strips off his lumber jacket, shirt, vest.

NEGOTIATOR.

Put your fucking shirt on, Miller.

HOLDEN.

May I talk to him?

*

NEGOTIATOR.

Be my guest.

*

*

CODY.

Are you fixing to shoot me?

HOLDEN.

Nobody's going to shoot anybody, Cody.

CODY.

That's right you're not. Because you can't shoot what you can't see.

CODY kicks off his shoes, jeans, pants, socks, still holding his shotgun. He's naked. A few people snigger or smile, bemused.

The SWAT team inch forward, looking to HOLDEN to check if this is the moment to take him.

HOLDEN.

Fellas? Could you just step back please? Thank you.

CODY.

You see this?

HOLDEN.

We see you Cody... don't you
worry...

CODY.

What do you see? Tell me what you see.

HOLDEN.

I can see that you're naked.
You wanna put your pants back on?
Aren't you cold?

CODY stares a moment, wrong-footed by HOLDEN's sincerity.

NANKERVIS subtly makes a face or shakes his head, "Who is this guy?"

CODY turns his back and goes back inside the warehouse, as if he's lost his nerve, leaving the various items of clothing.

They stare after him, bemused.

NANKERVIS.

Thanks Agent Ford. I like the way you took control of the situa --

HOLDEN.

Who else is in there?

NANKERVIS.

Night watchman and the girl who answers the phone.

HOLDEN.

Can we get him on the phone?

NANKERVIS.

They stopped answering.

HOLDEN.

What does he want?

NANKERVIS.

Keeps asking for his wife.

HOLDEN.

What did you tell him?

NANKERVIS.

Working on it. Put a call in around noon. Neighbor's tracking her down.

HOLDEN.

No. Don't want to introduce her into the mix while he's got a gun.

NANKERVIS.
He'll only talk to her.

HOLDEN.
She might be the reason he's
feeling this way.

NANKERVIS.
I guess we won't know until she
gets here.

HOLDEN eyes the UNIFORMED COPS listening in, looking to
NANKERVIS for guidance.

HOLDEN.
Has anybody pulled his medical
records?

*

NANKERVIS.
No sir.

HOLDEN.
Anybody talked to his doctor?
Has he got a drug problem? Do we
know what drove him to this?

NANKERVIS.
He stole a shotgun. Robbed a corner
store. That's what drove him.

They watch a police SQUAD CAR approach slowly, a frightened
woman in the back, her window down.

HOLDEN.
Okay. Let me talk to her.

HOLDEN goes over. She opens her door but he carefully shuts
it again.

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)
Hi, I'm Holden Ford from the FBI.
Don't get out --

WIFE.
Sissy.

HOLDEN.
Do you understand the situation
here?

SISSY.
I guess...

HOLDEN.
How was he when you last saw him?

SISSY.
Calm but totally deluded.

HOLDEN.
What's happening?

SISSY.
He lost his job. Hit the bottle. *

HOLDEN.
That's rough.

SISSY.
I tried to get him sectioned on
Sunday but he took off.

HOLDEN.
Okay...

She looks at the SWAT team and MARSKMAN.

SISSY.
I don't know what else he's done.

HOLDEN.
Can we contact his doctor?

SISSY.
Won't see his doctor. Doctor won't
see him.

HOLDEN.
Well his doctor has to see him.

SISSY.
He wears out a new one every six
months. They've given up on him.

HOLDEN.
Sorry to hear it.

SISSY.
I threatened to leave him if he
didn't get help.

HOLDEN.
You gave him an ultimatum?

SISSY.
I feel terrible.

NANKERVIS.
You think he'll talk to you?

SISSY.
I don't know.

HOLDEN.
Hold on --

NANKERVIS.
What?

HOLDEN.
Remember what I said?

*

HOLDEN grits his teeth, impatient with NANKERVIS.

NANKERVIS.
You have to tell him you're not leaving him.

HOLDEN.
No, I don't want him to see you here.

NEGOTIATOR.
Just for now do you think you could reassure him --

HOLDEN.
Excuse me...

SISSY.
I don't know if I want to do that.

NANKERVIS.
Tell him you're sorry, you were upset, he's not going into any facility -- you just want him to come home now.

SISSY (TO NEGOTIATOR.)
It's more complicated than that.

HOLDEN.
Why?

SISSY.
He thinks he's invisible.

HOLDEN.
To you?

SISSY.

To everybody.

NANKERVIS.

You need to tell him it's okay,
you're not leaving, he's coming
home.

HOLDEN (TO NANKERVIS, POINTED.)

Hold on a minute...

NANKERVIS (TO HER.)

You think if we open up that door
you can talk to him face to face?

HOLDEN (TENSE, TO HIM.)

Okay you need to take a step back,
please, let me handle this. (TO
HER.) Sissy --

NANKERVIS.

Ma'am --

HOLDEN.

OK -- the Bureau's guidelines are
clear on this --

NANKERVIS.

When a man is staring down the
barrel and thinks he's about to die
the first person he asks for is his
wife.

HOLDEN.

Actually it's his mother but I
don't want her here either.

NANKERVIS.

I've been twenty five years around
guns and gunmen. I've had more
blood on my shirt than you've had
TV dinners, kid.

HOLDEN just looks at him, "Kid?"

HOLDEN.

You've seen a lot of people shot,
is that what you're telling me?

NANKERVIS.

More than I can count.

HOLDEN.

And you're a "hostage negotiator?"

HOLDEN shuts the door of the car and SISSY acquiesces.

HOLDEN knocks on the roof of the car and signals for the DRIVER to go.... The car drives away slowly.

HOLDEN looks around at the LOCAL REPORTERS and PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS.

HOLDEN. (TO NANKERVIS.) (CONT'D)
Who are these guys? You know them?

NANKERVIS.
Local press. You want to get rid of
them as well? *

HOLDEN.
Please. Get them all out of here.
And move those vehicles. Give us
some space.

NANKERVIS signals to the PRESS to scam.

NANKERVIS.
Hey you...

They reluctantly move away.

The SWAT team come fidget and look to HOLDEN for orders,
tense.

HOLDEN.
You too. You're making me nervous.
Let's just... baby steps... I don't
need you... you'll get somebody
hurt.

The SWAT TEAM retreat slightly.

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)
Cory? Everything okay in there?

No reply.

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)
You want to come out and talk to me
now?

No reply.

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)
I'm pretty sure I know how to work
this out.

Then the door slowly swings open, CORY comes out, still naked with the shotgun dangling by his side -- a pathetic sight.

CORY.

Have -- have you got hold of my wife yet?

HOLDEN.

Cory, she's not here. OK? You need to talk to me.

COREY.

Why should I talk to you?

HOLDEN.

Well because... it would be a shame if you didn't.

COREY.

"A shame" huh?

CORY regards HOLDEN searchingly, weighing it up, nodding to himself.

Everybody else watches him, expectant.

Suddenly CORY puts the gun in his mouth and squeezes the trigger.

We hear the BLAST and see just a few frames of the impact...

CUT TO:

2 EXT. HOLDEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 2

3 INT. HOLDEN'S APARTMENT/QUANTICO - NIGHT 3

A bachelor pad, hardly any furniture, pictures of HOLDEN'S lacrosse playing school days on display.

HOLDEN lets himself in, rain outside, he dumps his wallet and keys, takes off his rain coat.

He goes to the fridge, takes out a pint of milk, drinks almost all of it, staring into space, thinking.

He selects a TV DINNER from a stack of identical meals.

He places it in the OVEN, shuts the door.

4 INT. HOLDEN'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - NIGHT 4

HOLDEN washes his face, takes off his tie, undoes his buttons to take off shirt...

and notices a small BLOOD SPLATTER on the cuff of his shirt. He examines the shirt more closely -- there is another tiny BLOOD SPLATTER on the shirt front -- from tending to a bloodied, dying CORY.

He stares at the blood a moment, then rips off his shirt, bundles it up, shoves it in the basin, runs the cold tap to wash the stain out, ignoring the food now...

Black screen.

TITLE: FBI National Training Academy, Quantico.

5 EXT. FBI TRAINING ACADEMY QUANTICO - DAY 5

HOLDEN walking between concrete buildings.

Male NEW AGENTS in their twenties, some wearing GLASSES, walking to classes in khaki trousers and blue polo shirts. *

A WOMAN passes by looking at a clipboard as she walks. *

HOLDEN ignores it all, goes into a tall, imposing building.

6 INT. SHEPARD'S OFFICE/FBI TRAINING ACADEMY QUANTICO - DAY 6

HOLDEN waits outside an office in a waiting area. Copies of TIME MAGAZINE and NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC as well as the FBI inhouse magazine on a low table.

He looks at one TIME cover for January 1976 -- "WHO IS JIMMY CARTER?"

He looks at another for May 1976 -- "JIMMY'S BREAKTHROUGH!"

A SECRETARY brings him a cup of coffee, he looks up, takes the coffee.

HOLDEN.

Thanks. Thank you.

She goes and he just holds the coffee, not drinking it, staring into space.

7 INT. SHEPARD'S OFFICE/FBI TRAINING ACADEMY QUANTICO - DAY 7

HOLDEN sits staring unhappily opposite his Unit Chief at National Training Academy, SHEPARD, square-jawed, bureaucrat in his 50's. *

SHEPARD.

You followed procedure. You did your job. *

HOLDEN.
He was frightened.

SHEPARD. *
You did everything by the book. *

HOLDEN. *
"Don't call his wife?" *

SHEPARD.
He stuck a 12 gauge in somebody's
face and robbed them. He was a bad
guy, Holden. Let it go.

HOLDEN.
Was he really "bad?" Or was it...
circumstances?

SHEPARD. *
I read the report. He had a *
psychotic break. Explains *
everything. *

HOLDEN. *
Do we know why? *

SHEPARD. *
Not our job to know "why." Don't *
try to make sense of it. It's his *
problem. *

HOLDEN. *
Maybe if I did know I could have *
done something. *

SHEPARD. *
It's not something we have a lot of *
insight into, Holden. It's not your *
field. *

HOLDEN. *
He was on medication, but he kept *
stopping. His wife was the only one *
making sure he took it. *

SHEPARD. *
How were you to know? *

HOLDEN. *
By calling his wife... *

SHEPARD.

You had enough on your hands. You
did everything you could. Let it
go.

*
*
*
*

HOLDEN rubs his eyes, frustrated, sensing this is facetious.

HOLDEN.

I did everything by the book but
sometimes you got to wonder --

*

SHEPARD.

What?

HOLDEN.

How good is the book?

SHEPARD.

Okay, when we print up the new
playbook in a couple of years we'll
amend the part about wives.

*
*
*
*

HOLDEN.

What else don't we know?

*
*

SHEPARD.

Holden, this place is pretty much
the benchmark for excellence in law
enforcement --

HOLDEN.
Is it still?

SHEPARD.
In the rest of the world, Hostage
Negotiation is on its way out. *

HOLDEN.
It is?

SHEPARD.
There was no hostage negotiation at
the Munich Olympics. You think the
Israelis bothered with negotiation
during the raid on Entebbe last
year?

HOLDEN. *

Then why am I still teaching it?

SHEPARD stares into space a moment, weighing up what to say.

SHEPARD.
Your courses are a big hit in the
summer. If anything you should be
teaching more, not less.

HOLDEN.
How can that be sensible?

SHEPARD gets up, goes to the window, tired of this.

SHEPARD.
I understand. A bad thing happened.
It hurts.

HOLDEN.
Are you putting me out to pasture?

SHEPARD.

No, I'm putting you to work where
it really counts.

HOLDEN.

Despite what happened?

SHEPARD.

Because of what happened, Holden.
It "seasoned" you.

HOLDEN.

Thank you sir but I'd rather not.

SHEPARD.

Well...
(beat.)
This is awkward.

They stare at each other, weighing up the next move...

8 INT. HOLDEN'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

8

HOLDEN eating corn flakes, alone, in just his trousers,
preoccupied, staring into space...

He finishes, takes his bowl to the sink.

He polishes his shoes.

He runs a comb through his buzz cut, examining it in the
mirror -- brushing doesn't make any difference to it.

He takes his freshly washed shirt down from a hanger and puts
it on, does up the buttons, examines the collar where the
rusty BLOOD stain is still apparent.

He quickly peels off the shirt and puts it in the bin.

He goes to his wardrobe and selects a fresh new shirt from
several identical fresh shirts on hangers.

He puts on the shirt, does it up neatly, puts on a tie,
buttons his top button, ties his tie, pins his name tag on. *

9 INT. LECTURE THEATRE/FBI TRAINING ACADEMY - DAY

9

HOLDEN is teaching "Hostage Negotiation" to his class of
about thirty NEW AGENTS who have notebooks and pens. *

HOLDEN.

... the fugitive killed a police
officer in Chicago and he's just
gunned down an FBI agent...

He shows the first slide on a SLIDE PROJECTOR loaded with a CAROUSEL of SLIDES: a TUDOR style suburban house, surrounded by police cars.

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)

He takes two 380 rounds in the ass, grabs a nine year old boy as hostage and holes up in a suburban home in a family neighborhood full of women and small children...

He shows a mug shot of the wild-eyed fugitive.

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)

At this point it is incumbent upon us to ask: what kind of destruction is this hot-head capable of?

He shows a school photo of the BOY -- innocent in his uniform.

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)

This is where we need to be clairvoyant. Because when Chicago's Chief of Police arrives and starts using a bullhorn to intimidate the perpetrator -

HOLDEN changes the slides to show: A POLICE CAR riddled with bullet holes.

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)

Who could predict?

HOLDEN shows:

A bloodied POLICE OFFICER on a gurney going to an ambulance.

Another being treated by PARAMEDICS.

The BULLET-RIDDEN CORPSE of the FUGITIVE in an unzipped body bag.

A Special Agent with bloodied bandages around his head in a hospital bed.

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)

... Don't use a Bullhorn. Don't let him "speak to the chief." Identify him first and get somebody to pull his medical records...

He watches the class writes notes in their notebooks.

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)

And if he wants to speak to his wife you need to listen because she may be the only one who know the reason why he's there in the first place.

10

INT. CORRIDOR/FBI TRAINING ACADEMY QUANTICO - DAY

10

HOLDEN leaves his projector and notes and walks out of the class, taking breaths of fresh air in the corridor, in need of a break.

The door of the lecture theatre opposite is propped open and HOLDEN notices another class in progress.

He hears the odd phrase:

INSTRUCTOR (O.O.V)

... Each one an extremely violent, completely senseless homicide. No explanation. No apparent reason for it. No apparent motive.

HOLDEN stops, curious now, wanders over, stands in the doorway.

HOLDEN'S POV: Another INSTRUCTOR with a SLIDE PROJECTOR and CAROUSEL. On the slide projector, an image which draws him in: the BLOOD SPATTERED FACE of a male gunshot victim, swathed in white sheets on a gurney being led into hospital -- BOBBY VIOLANTE, the last man shot by "SON OF SAM" DAVID BERKOWITZ.

WILSON.

They weren't sexually assaulted; there was no attempt to relieve them of their valuables; they didn't know their assailant. They weren't "lust murders."

The slides change: an unconscious, blood-stained woman on a gurney, oxygen mask strapped to her face -- STACY MOSKOWITZ, the last woman shot by BERKOWITZ, she died in hospital.

WILSON. (CONT'D)

All that we know about investigating crime in the twentieth century begins with "motive, means, opportunity." Motive is everything, right? Why did he do it? What did he want? Who is this person?

(MORE)

WILSON. (CONT'D)

Motive gives it meaning. Now suddenly there's no motive. So it's meaningless. It's a void. It's a black hole.

11 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/FBI ACADEMY QUANTICO - DAY

11

HOLDEN comes in to watch: WILSON, a smooth-looking 40 year old in a three piece blue suit is at a lectern with a PROJECTOR, addressing a packed class passionately. A senior homicide investigator, WILSON is more flamboyant than HOLDEN and the other instructors.

WILSON.

Where do we start?

He is teaching a class of about sixty guys in their thirties and forties -- considerably older than HOLDEN's class -- a master class symposium for INSTRUCTORS and SENIOR AGENTS.

WILSON (CONT'D.)

Maybe by saying: the perpetrator was an "angry, aggressive sociopath?" Which is wonderfully insightful... but it still doesn't tell us why.

And now HOLDEN is gripped, taking a seat in the audience, watching, unblinking.

WILSON.

I'm talking about a killer who killed again and again, took pride in meticulously "hunting" people for no reason other than pleasure. My God. Is he a "monster?"

WILSON changes the slide to illustrate: an artist's impression of the rather ordinary-looking SUSPECT on the front page of The NEW YORK POST with the headline "SON OF SAM" in caps, "Police release new pictures" underneath.

HOLDEN and the class study the SLIDE closely.

WILSON. (CONT'D)

I don't call them "monsters" because I'm a behavioral scientist and I know that he's a human being. I don't use the term "evil" either. That's a theological term that has zero scientific or legal value. These people... are people.

HOLDEN shifts his gaze to WILSON, listening intently now, his thoughts crystallizing.

12 EXT. PARKING LOT/FBI ACADEMY QUANTICO - EVENING 12

Rain -- a parking lot full of dark colored Chevys and Fords.

HOLDEN in a macintosh with an attache case heads for his car.

In the bg other SPECIAL AGENTS dressed identical "uniform" go to their cars.

He sees WILSON battling with keys and an umbrella and carrying a CAROUSEL of slides.

HOLDEN.

Excuse me. Agent Wilson?

WILSON glances up as he goes to unlock his car, looks at HOLDEN's face.

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)

Holden Ford. Hostage Negotiation.

WILSON.

Peter... hi.

HOLDEN.

I sat in on your class today.

WILSON.

Oh.

They shake hands. WILSON shifts the carousel from one hand to the other, unlocking his car.

WILSON. (CONT'D)

You just started here?

HOLDEN.

Just started full time. I was here in the summer... and I was a street agent a while.

WILSON.

It's good to mix it up.

HOLDEN.

You want some help with...?

WILSON.

Sure.

HOLDEN helps him load stuff into the car.

HOLDEN.

I liked what you were saying about
"motiveless" homicide.

WILSON.

Seemed to liven things up a little,
didn't it?

HOLDEN.

It freaked me out.

WILSON (SMILES.)

I like to kick things off with that
stuff, start of term, gets their
attention...

HOLDEN.

Depressing notion. It used to be so
simple.

WILSON

"Just the facts ma'am. Just tell me
what happened."

HOLDEN.

Yeah I'm not a "just the facts"
guy...

WILSON.

That's television, right?

HOLDEN.

It's history.

WILSON.

Pre-history.

HOLDEN.

It got me thinking...

WILSON.

Well, thinking's good. Good for
you.

HOLDEN watches WILSON get in his car.

WILSON slams the door, starts the engine -- notices HOLDEN
still standing there, bemused expression.

He winds down his window, looks at HOLDEN just standing
there.

WILSON. (CONT'D)

You're wet. You want to get a beer?

13

INT. BAR/RICHMOND VA - NIGHT

13

A rowdy bar full of CO-EDS, GRAD STUDENTS, cigarette smoke and posters on the walls, a GARAGE BAND playing under a large brick archway.

Camera finds HOLDEN drinking at the bar with WILSON, in their suits and ties, Windsor knots, shiny shoes -- conspicuous amongst the scruffy crowd.

WILSON is holding forth, HOLDEN listening, both a little drunk.

WILSON.

Tells the shrink a dog told him to do it.

HOLDEN.

That's a pathetic "motive."

WILSON.

Yeah, I'm not saying there's literally no motive, I'm saying it's not a rational motive. We call it "aberrant behavior" because it's unlike anything we've seen before. We can't predict it because it's, by nature, unpredictable. We can't classify it, because it's unclassifiable. It's just somehow "evolved."

HOLDEN.

"Aberrant?"

WILSON.

This is the world we live in now. This is the world Nixon bequeathed us. All bets are off.

HOLDEN.

I totally agree.

WILSON.

Thirty years ago it was Bonnie and Clyde. Next thing you know it's "Zodiac" and this "Son Of Sam." Crimes change.

HOLDEN.

What's next?

WILSON.

Who the hell knows?

HOLDEN.
But we're supposed to know, right?

WILSON.
That's our big secret.

HOLDEN.
What?

WILSON.
That we don't.

HOLDEN.
Jeez...

WILSON.
Look, we have to, somehow, "evolve"
--

HOLDEN.
How?

WILSON drains his beer.

WILSON.
I could tell you -- but I'd be
bullshitting.

With that he grins, slams the empty glass down on the bar and stands.

WILSON. (CONT'D)
Okay. I gotta split.

They shake hands, WILSON goes and HOLDEN stares into space a moment.

He notices a girl walk in with her friend - DEBBIE, 23, wearing a short blue jumpsuit and ankle boots.

DEBBIE comes to the bar to order, standing right beside HOLDEN. He looks her up and down and she notices, untroubled.

DEBBIE.
Hey.

HOLDEN.
Hey...

DEBBIE.
What are you looking at?

HOLDEN.

I just like your outfit. What is that, a jumpsuit? What do you call that?

DEBBIE.

This? I call it "a jumpsuit."

HOLDEN.

Stylish.

DEBBIE.

What do you call that? (INDICATES HIS SUIT.) You look like a mormon. You look like my dad.

HOLDEN.

Is he a mormon?

DEBBIE.

No but he looks like one.

HOLDEN.

So does mine. He bought me this suit as a matter of fact.

DEBBIE.

Did he buy you those nice shiny shoes?

HOLDEN.

I have one brown pair and one black pair. I also have sneakers but I had to buy those myself.

DEBBIE.

What kind of adult let's their parents choose their clothes for them? *

He just looks at her, doesn't have an answer, she waits for bar service.

HOLDEN (JOKING.) *

Are you coming onto me?

DEBBIE (JOKING.)

Sure, that's my technique: "The emasculating approach." *

They smile a little awkwardly, neither sure where to go from here.

HOLDEN drinks, DEBBIE doesn't make eye contact, her friend now busy talking to other STUDENTS.

HOLDEN.
Having a good time? *

DEBBIE.
It's my birthday today. *

HOLDEN.
Happy birthday. How old are you? *

DEBBIE.
Twenty four. *

HOLDEN.
You don't look old enough to be in here. *

She looks him up and down, finding him weird now. *

DEBBIE.
What are you a narc?

HOLDEN.
FBI actually. Special Agent Holden Ford. Can you tell?

DEBBIE.
Everybody can tell. You got a gun?

HOLDEN.
I have one -- but I'm not going to show it to you. *

DEBBIE.
Oh nuts.

HOLDEN.
I'm more of a teacher. Right up the road at Quantico. *

DEBBIE.
What do you teach? *

HOLDEN.
Hostage Negotiation, such as it is.

DEBBIE.
Holy cow.

HOLDEN.

You really think I look like a
narc?

*

He looks in the mirror behind the bar, shrugs.

*

DEBBIE.
Are you kidding?

HOLDEN.
I don't see it. What?

DEBBIE. *
You stick out like a sore thumb. *

HOLDEN focuses on a group of tough-looking AFRICAN AMERICAN *
GUYS playing pool, dressed like car mechanics. *

HOLDEN. *
What do you expect me to do, *
infiltrate the Black Panthers? *

DEBBIE. *
Those guys are not Black Panthers. *
They're engineering students. Go *
talk to them. Get some black dudes *
in the FBI. *

HOLDEN. *
We have a black dude. In Maryland. *

DEBBIE. *
Just the one, huh? *

He drinks and tries to mind his own business for a minute. He *
notices DEBBIE'S FRIEND joining two other FRIENDS, staring at *
him curiously.

HOLDEN. *
You've got the wrong idea about me. *

DEBBIE. *
Are you going to "book me?" *

HOLDEN. *
If you want. *

DEBBIE. *
Handcuffs? *

He smiles uncertainly, she smirks, they drink. A BAND is *
sitting up on a low stage under a brick archway on the other *
side of the room.

She gets out a softpack of KENT cigarettes and lights one.

DEBBIE. (CONT'D) *
I'm here to see this really cool *
band from Detroit. You ever been to *
Detroit? *

HOLDEN.

I was a street agent there.

DEBBIE.

I can't believe they're here. Used to play PJs in Corktown. You know Corktown?

HOLDEN.

PJ's?

DEBBIE.

Used to be a furniture store.

HOLDEN.

No, they always sold liquor. That whole furniture thing was just a front that started during prohibition.

*

She eyes him, intrigued now.

DEBBIE.
Where you really from?

HOLDEN.
Everywhere.

DEBBIE.
The midwest, right?

HOLDEN. *
I grew up in the midwest but I was
born in Brooklyn.

DEBBIE. *
You don't come across like a guy
from New York.

HOLDEN. *
You don't go over like a girl from
Corktown. Buy you a drink?

She shrugs.

He signals the BARTENDER who immediately drops what he's
doing and fixes them a drink.

HOLDEN. (V.O. PRELAP) (CONT'D)
So you're a co-ed?

CUT TO:

14 INT. RICHMOND BAR - NIGHT

14

At a table nearer the stage, HOLDEN and DEBBIE talking, a
little drunker now, opening up.

DEBBIE.
Post grad.

HOLDEN.
What's your thing?

DEBBIE.
I'm writing my thesis on Durkheim's
Labelling Theory on Deviancy.

HOLDEN.
Wow.

HOLDEN considers it, glances back to the bar at WILSON -- but
WILSON is busy drinking and chatting.

DEBBIE.
You know who Durkheim is?

HOLDEN.
No. But I know what deviancy is.

DEBBIE.
You do, huh?

HOLDEN.
It's an occupational hazard. *

DEBBIE.
Well... Durkheim says "all forms of deviancy are simply a challenge to the normalized repressiveness of the state."

HOLDEN.
So he was an anarchist, right? *

DEBBIE.
No. He was the first person to tell us that if there's something wrong with our society, then criminality is a response to that. *

HOLDEN.
Well, maybe one of the things wrong with society is, y'know, all the criminality.

DEBBIE.
I'm talking from a sociological perspective. Whereas you're talking from the perspective of a Fed. *

HOLDEN.
I get that.

DEBBIE.
If you really are a teacher you might need to think about that. What is your educational perspective? Is it purely pedagogic or purely Fed? *

HOLDEN.

Boy, you're hard work. That outfit
... (the jumpsuit) doesn't indicate
the half of it.

DEBBIE.

You thought I looked easy, right?

HOLDEN.

Easier than this.

DEBBIE.

You don't like women disagreeing
with you? That's unusual for a guy
in law enforcement.

He looks around a little helplessly, not sure whether he's
enjoying this or not.

DEBBIE. (CONT'D)

My point is you teach about
criminality but you never heard of
Durkheim?

HOLDEN.

Why don't you give me a "reading
list?"

DEBBIE.

Come on...

She leads him off to dance.

*

CUT TO:

*

15 INT. RICHMOND BAR - NIGHT

15

They stand watching the band, drinking, getting into the music which is heavy, fun, STOOGES-like garage rock. They dance a little -- she dances assuredly, he dances very awkwardly.

DEBBIE. (DEAD PAN.)

Have I seen you on "Soul Train?"

*

HOLDEN.

You know, I used to go undercover.
Vice rings. Drug gangs. The counter
culture...

*

*

DEBBIE.

You went "undercover" in "the
counter culture?" Did you
infiltrate the Manson Family?

*

HOLDEN.

Would you just stop with this?
You're relentless.

He stops dancing but she dances on, toying with him.

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)
Can we just go someplace where we
can talk?

*
*
*

DEBBIE.
You know anywhere else?

HOLDEN.
No.

*
*

16 EXT. RICHMOND BAR - EARLY HOURS

16

*

Other students are hanging around laughing and smoking weed
as the BAND loads its gear into a station wagon.

HOLDEN and DEBBIE come out of the bar.

DEBBIE.
You want some pot?

HOLDEN.
Is that a trick question?

DEBBIE.
I've got some.

HOLDEN.
Are you serious? No. It's
completely inappropriate.

DEBBIE.
Come on, it's my birthday.

She produces car keys and goes over to an orange '67 VW Bug.

HOLDEN.
Jesus you're not going to drink and
drive are you?

DEBBIE.
You've been plying me with booze
all night. Don't you think that's
kind of a mixed message?

He stops. She gets in the driver's seat.

DEBBIE. (CONT'D)
You coming?

He follows gingerly, doors slam.

17 EXT. DEBBIE'S SHARE HOUSE - NIGHT

17

18 INT. DEBBIE'S SHARE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 18

Posters on the walls, Persian rugs on the floor, ethnic wall hangings, soft lighting, incense burning.

On the coffee table is a bong and a bowl of buds.

DEBBIE brings over wine glasses and a wine bottle, opens the wine etc as they talk.

HOLDEN is sitting on a couch staring at the bowl.

DEBBIE hands him a glass of wine and he drinks.

He watches her put on a record, "I Wonder" by Sixto Rodriguez.

DEBBIE.

So what does a "street agent" in Detroit get up to?

HOLDEN.

Mostly catch army deserters -- guys who'd gone AWOL from Vietnam and were too frightened to go back. I mean they were young guys. Same age as me.

*
*
*
*

DEBBIE.

That must've been hard.

*

HOLDEN.

Nice guys some of them.

*
*

DEBBIE.

Did it make you feel like a snitch?

*
*

HOLDEN.

There's worse things than being a snitch. When I was in Pittsburgh -- (HE SUDDENLY STOPS, REFLECTS.)

*
*
*
*

DEBBIE.

What?

*
*

HOLDEN.

Huh?

*
*

DEBBIE.

What happened in Pittsburgh? Did you shoot somebody?

*
*

He doesn't reply. She kicks off her boots, sits beside him and packs the bong.

DEBBIE. (CONT'D)
Maybe this'll loosen you up...

HOLDEN.
You're making me nervous...

DEBBIE.
You're such a goody-goody...

She smiles sweetly. He looks at her legs. She crosses them.

HOLDEN.
What are you, some kind of honey
trap? I've been warned to watch out
for women like you.

DEBBIE.

You mean "normal ones?"

She uncrosses her legs, looks at him. *

DEBBIE. (CONT'D) *

Relax. You think I'm gonna "put
out" before the first date? *

She offers him the bong. He hesitates, takes it a little nervously, she lights it for him and he has a pull...

DEBBIE. (CONT'D) *

Let's just talk. *

No reply as he takes the bong. He fingers it awkwardly. *

DEBBIE. (CONT'D) *

Here, I'll show you... put your
finger over the hole... *

She takes the bong -- he watches her put his finger over the hole. *

DEBBIE. (CONT'D) *

Put your mouth over the other hole. *

He inhales. *

He suddenly coughs his guts up, looks ill. *

FADE OUT.

19

INT. MOTEL ROOM MOCK UP/FBI TRAINING ACADEMY - DAY

19

A trio of RECRUITS with clipboards and biros are gathered around an INSTRUCTOR beside a double bed, behind partition walls in a mock up of a MOTEL ROOM.

A female RECRUIT in glasses and twin set is sitting on the bed holding a prop ICE PACK to her head, while somebody else holds a tape measure between her head and the bed knob.

The INSTRUCTOR talks to them in the bg.

INSTRUCTOR 2.

... He says she hit her head on the bed knob having consensual sexual intercourse... she says he knocked her out and dragged her into a motel room to rape her. We know she didn't hit her head on that bed knob because we've measured...

HOLDEN and SHEPARD watch momentarily, then SHEPARD leads HOLDEN away, talking.

SHEPARD.

... Where would you go?

HOLDEN.

University of Virginia in
Charlottesville. Post grad.

SHEPARD.

Holden this is your post grad.

HOLDEN.

Contemporary Applied Criminal
Psychology. Ratchet things up a
notch.

One of the RECRUITS demonstrates something by getting the woman to stand up and then sit down again, moving her around like a mannequin.

SHEPARD.

What is it you think you're missing
out on?

HOLDEN.

We need to know the current
academic thinking --

SHEPARD.

You don't want to rely on academics
Holden.

HOLDEN.

I'm not saying rely -- just get up
to date...

SHEPARD.

We just got up to date Holden. It's
all in the library. 1972 everything
was new.

HOLDEN.

Five years ago. What's the thinking
now?

SHEPARD.

OK look. There have been some fine
psychological studies over the
years, but these are people who
don't understand the criminal mind.
They only understand their world,
which is a very small world. I'm
not going to candy coat it. They're
naive, Holden.

HOLDEN.

Then we need to educate them.

SHEPARD.

I'm going to level with you, I'm going to tell you something that I don't really want you to repeat: As far as the Bureau is concerned, psychology is for "back room boys"... You understand what I'm trying to say?

HOLDEN.

No. What is a "back room boy?"

SHEPARD.

It's just frowned upon.

HOLDEN.

We should be using every resource we can -- talking to the smartest people we can find from the broadest spectrum --

SHEPARD.

And we do.

HOLDEN.

People need to know they're going to really learn something here, otherwise it's just like joining the military.

SHEPARD.

There's nothing wrong with our recruitment Holden. We recruited Elvis.

HOLDEN.

So did the military.

SHEPARD.

Elvis doesn't do it for you?

HOLDEN.

Hoover's been dead four years and we're still recruiting lawyers and accountants like it's 1946.

SHEPARD.

Actually recruitment's falling off Holden. We can't even get accountants.

HOLDEN.

Then we're in trouble.

SHEPARD eyes him a moment, weighing it.

SHEPARD.

Okay. You scratch my back and I will recommend you for LEAA funding for grad school -- but you'll be expected to use the opportunity for recruitment there.

HOLDEN.

Are you sure you want me doing that?

SHEPARD.

You're smart, you're idealistic, a little damaged -- they'll love you.

HOLDEN thinks about it, not sure what to say.

20 EXT. UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA - DAY 20

Establishing: The imposing lawns, doric columns, archways and domes of America's most preppy college.

21 EXT. PARKING LOT/UVA - DAY 21

HOLDEN rolls up in his car, parks, gets out, wearing his brown suit, wing tips, shirt and tie.

He eyes the university grounds and various STUDENTS apprehensively -- the outsider.

22 INT. UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA/LECTURE THEATRE - DAY 22

A class of about thirty coolly scruffy, long-haired generally left wing students, some white, some black, some Asian.

Sitting at the centre is HOLDEN, surrounded by empty seats because nobody will sit beside him.

TITLE: University of Virginia, Charlottesville. Three months later.

A young, cool-looking LECTURER with a beard and leather jacket addresses the class.

LECTURER.

... In 1872, Italian physician Cesare Lombroso dragged us out of the dark ages and launched the scientific era in criminology by differentiating five criminal classes: born criminal, insane criminal, criminal by passion, habitual criminal and the occasional criminal. In other words, there are those who are born that way and those who become that way.

The class listens with rapt attention, many scribbling notes.

LECTURER. (CONT'D)

In 1965 there was another breakthrough. A criminal psychology research project at Bellevue psychiatric hospital in New York couched it like this: "Personality" and "character," far outweigh the presence of psychotic or defective diagnoses. In other words, by extrapolation: Are criminals born or are they formed?

HOLDEN stares, intent, writes notes furiously.

23

INT. UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA/LIBRARY - NIGHT

23

HOLDEN studying textbooks and writing notes into the night, just a few STUDENTS dotted about doing the same.

He looks up and catches sight of the young LECTURER from his class sat at a desk, staring at him suspiciously. He stares back.

CUT TO:

HOLDEN sits down at the lecturer's desk. The LECTURER cleans his glasses.

HOLDEN.

Mind if I sit here?

LECTURER.

You're sitting here now.

HOLDEN.

I wasn't aware of that project at Bellevue.

LECTURER.
Well you should be.

HOLDEN.
Where I come from criminals are
just "born" that way.

LECTURER.
Some people will never stop
believing that. It's too easy.

HOLDEN.
It lets us off the hook?

LECTURER.
Well, essentially we're a puritan
nation. We blame all our problems
on a minority of "bad apples."

HOLDEN.
What's your name again? I forgot.
Leon?

LECTURER.
Buchanan. Leo.

HOLDEN.
Holden. Holden Ford.

He offers a hand to shake but LEO declines.

LEO.
I know who you are. Everybody does.

HOLDEN.
Yeah I've noticed some of the looks
I've been getting.

LEO.
"Funny looks" isn't a Federal
offence yet. They're just curious.

HOLDEN.
I'm not here to "spy." It's not
some kind of "cover."

LEO.
Good. That would have been a really
pathetic cover.

HOLDEN.
I'm an instructor. I'm here to
learn and I'm also here to try and
talk to people like you.

*

LEO.

What do you want to talk about?

HOLDEN.

I want you to have a dialogue with me. Is that okay?

LEO.

A dialogue about what?

HOLDEN.

I work as an instructor in the Bureau's recruitment and training program out of Quantico. We need people like you.

LEO.

Wait, you're trying to recruit me?

HOLDEN.

Is that a problem?

LEO.

I understand perfectly.

LEO shuts his book and gets up.

HOLDEN.

You call yourself a professor of criminal psychology but you won't talk to the educational arm of the FBI?

LEO.

Sign of the times, man.

LEO smiles and walks away.

24

INT. UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA/CAFETERIA - DAY

24

HOLDEN and DEBBIE take lunch.

HOLDEN looks around at the other STUDENTS, a little paranoid. Maybe one or two are staring back at him... but he's wearing a suit and tie so it's not surprising.

HOLDEN just stares at his burger, not touching it, preoccupied.

DEBBIE.

You're not going to eat that?

HOLDEN.

Do these sad, fucking hippies seriously believe they're worthy of an enormously costly, labour intensive Federal surveillance operation?

DEBBIE.

It sounds like the contempt is mutual.

HOLDEN.

Don't you think the traditional counter culture/law enforcement enmity is a little old hat by now?

DEBBIE.

It'll never get old. They still can't forgive you for putting a tail on John and Yoko.

*

HOLDEN.

Frankly I'm surprised to have aroused such a degree of fucking neurosis amongst apparently intelligent people. Seriously, they're flattering themselves...

*

DEBBIE.

Hold on.

She plucks something protruding from his top pocket - long, thin, polished steel like an antennae - a stainless steel comb with a long thin handle.

DEBBIE. (CONT'D)

They think you're wearing a wire.

He eyes the comb exasperated, she drops it into his cup of Coke.

DEBBIE. (CONT'D)

There. You're one of us now.

25 INT. MOVIE CINEMA - NIGHT

25

Sydney Lumet's "DOG DAY AFTERNOON" up on the screen.

*

HOLDEN and DEBBIE watching, HOLDEN is eating pop corn.

PACINO outside the bank, watching ARMED POLICE creeping closer -- he turns on the POLICE NEGOTIATOR, CHARLES DURNING, standing nearby.

PACINO.
What's he doing?

DURNING (TO ARMED POLICE.)
Will you get back! I don't know
what the fuck they were doing back
there!

PACINO.
Get back there man! He wants to
kill me so bad he can taste it.

PACINO advances on the ARMED POLICE waving a handkerchief. *

HOLDEN staring, unsmiling, handful of pop corn frozen halfway
to his mouth. *
*

PACINO. (O.O.V) (CONT'D) *
Attica! Attica! Attica! Attica! *
Attica! Attica! *

*

CUT TO:

CHRIS SARANDON, in despair, talking to CHARLES DURNING.

SARANDON.
... I was so confused I was doing
insane things.

DURNING.
What sort of things Leon?

SARANDON.
After the wedding I ran off for ten
days to Atlantic City. Sonny was
frantic. He didn't know where I
was, who I was with. Well I
couldn't explain the things I did.
So I went to a psychiatrist... who
told me... that I was a woman
trapped inside a man's body.

HOLDEN watches, moved.

*

26

EXT. MOVIE CINEMA - NIGHT

26

Other CINEMA-GOERS come out, chatting animatedly.

DEBBIE and HOLDEN come out and say nothing for a moment.

HOLDEN.

So they were both homosexuals? But he was married? And his boyfriend wanted to become a woman, which is confusing...

*

DEBBIE.

You really need to get out more Holden.

HOLDEN.

So mixed up...

DEBBIE.
You didn't like it?

HOLDEN.
No, I liked it. It was sad. He's a nut. But somehow I like him...

DEBBIE.
Yeah, you have empathy...

HOLDEN.
"Empathy," right...

They walk to the car...

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)
I really liked the dialogue. It was very... real. When I first started at the Academy they used to send the women out of the room if there was to be any of that kind of talk. They called it "deviant terminology." We had a list of words we had to memorize.

*

She just looks at him.

DEBBIE.
Which words are you talking about?

HOLDEN.
You know, "fuck," "shit,"
"pussy..."
(beat.)
"Blow job."

They get in the car.

*

CUT TO:

27 INT. DEBBIE'S BEDROOM/SHARED HOUSE - EVENING

27

HOLDEN and DEBBIE fucking exuberantly.

DEBBIE.
Oh fuck... yeah... oh shit...
finger my pussy... yeah that's
good... You want a blowjob? I'll
give you a blowjob...

*

HOLDEN.
Okay.

*

*

She smirks.

*

*

HOLDEN's face, disbelief, excitement.

CUT TO:

28 INT. DEBBIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

28

HOLDEN and DEBBIE side by side in bed, post coitel, it's hard to tell how much they enjoyed it. She looks at him but he doesn't look at her.

DEBBIE.
Don't be embarrassed.

HOLDEN.
Did you orgasm?

DEBBIE.
Did I "orgasm?" What? I don't believe you're from New York... *

HOLDEN.
You could be faking, right?

DEBBIE.
You can't tell if a woman is faking? *

HOLDEN.
I can't even tell if a woman is interested.

DEBBIE.
But you can tell if somebody's lying -- like a suspect?

HOLDEN.
Every time.

DEBBIE.
So pretend I'm a suspect.

He just looks at her, cogs whirring.

HOLDEN.
You mean like role play?

DEBBIE.
"Role play?"

HOLDEN.
We do it in social psychology.

DEBBIE.

I meant, use your powers of deduction. How can you figure out the criminal mind if you can't even figure out your girlfriend?

HOLDEN.

Are you my girlfriend?

*

DEBBIE.

Wait. Is this another of those things you just can't tell?

*

HOLDEN.

I don't know... are you?

DEBBIE.

Sure I am. What do you need, an exchange of rings over a milkshake?

*

*

He looks blank.

HOLDEN.

I don't want to presume anything.

DEBBIE.

You really have a lot of gaps in your knowledge. You're like a monk. Surely people in law enforcement shouldn't be so naive. It seems wrong.

*

*

HOLDEN.

Does it make you uncomfortable sleeping with a Federal agent?

DEBBIE.

Where did that come from?

HOLDEN.

Does it turn you on?

DEBBIE.

Oh, Holden... I like you, I really do... I just use my brain in a different way than you.

She studies him a moment.

HOLDEN.

It sounds complicated.

DEBBIE.

What's wrong with complicated?"

Pause - they've run out of things to say.

29 INT. LECTURE THEATRE/FBI TRAINING ACADEMY QUANTICO - DAY 29

HOLDEN is showing his class "DOG DAY AFTERNOON" on a 16 mm REEL TO REEL PORTABLE FILM PROJECTOR.

The class watches the film in silence, earnestly studying the screen as if it were a petri dish in a lab. Some take notes as:

*

CHARLES DURNING waits as AL PACINO carefully pokes out from the bank with a female TELLER.

*

DURNING.

Come on out. Now take a look at this. Come on. Here look. Look up here. Look over here... huh?

PACINO looks at the SNIPERS and ARMED SWAT POLICE with their guns trained on him.

HOLDEN'S class watch, riveted -- PACINO's great round eyes -- all that fear and trepidation -- demanding empathy.

HOLDEN stops the film to lecture the class, pointing at the frozen images with a pen. *

HOLDEN.

Okay so what are they doing wrong here?

SULLIVAN. *

They're making him mad.

HOLDEN.

They're making him scared.

SULLIVAN. *

So?

HOLDEN.

We don't want him scared we want him calm. *

He speeds up the film and shows them a later part, watching his class closely:

DURNING is tending to a bleeding PACINO, who has just been jumped by somebody from the crowd.

DURNING. *

... Let me call them and see what they say. I'll talk to them and I'll ask them. Now, is there anything else I can give you? *

PACINO weighs it up, reluctant.

PACINO.

Yeah, I want you to bring my wife down here.

HOLDEN stops the film:

*

HOLDEN.

*

The man is robbing a bank to pay for a sex change for his boyfriend -
- he wants a helicopter with a piano -- but more than anything he wants his wife.

The class mutters, bewildered but trying, nodding, intrigued, engaged.

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)

Complicated, right? Always expect
"complicated."

He smiles, the class murmurs, dawning agreement.

30

INT. ACTIVITY ROOM/FBI TRAINING ACADEMY - DAY

30

HOLDEN with his class divided in half, one half of the class is standing lined up facing the other half, like line dancing, holding replica pistols.

HOLDEN.

... Think of an opening salvo then think where this could lead. Use your imagination. See where it takes you.

Grunts and nods from the young agents.

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Give it a try.

The first pair on the line start, two young white trainee agents, MIKE and MARK.

MIKE has another TRAINEE in a headlock, his "hostage," and is pointing a replica pistol at him.

MARK.

"Put the gun down Mike."

MIKE.

"Kiss my black ass, Mark!"

MARK.

What?

MIKE.

I'm negro.

MARK immediately looks stymied, he licks his lips, grits his teeth, no idea what to say next.

SHEPARD appears in the bg, watching.

HOLDEN.

Keep it going. Whatever comes into your head.

MARK.

"Fuck you!"

MIKE.

"No fuck you, motherfucker!"

HOLDEN.

Wait a minute. What is that?

MARK.

Street talk.

HOLDEN.

Nobody says that. In real life people just press their demands.

Simultaneous: Two more agents, CHRIS and STEVE. CHRIS also has a replica pistol and a "hostage."

CHRIS.

"Put the gun down Steve. We've brought your children to see you."

STEVE.

"I don't have custody of my children!"

STEVE puts the "gun" to his own head. CHRIS looks blank.

HOLDEN.

Never talk to a divorced man about his kids. Try a different tact.

*
*

Meanwhile, MARK and MIKE develop their argument:

MARK.

"Put the fucking gun down!"

MIKE.

"Whyn't you make me, you faggot?"

*

MARK shoves MIKE.

MARK.

I'm not a "faggot," you dumb
nigger!

*

*

MIKE shoves back, the situation degenerates.

HOLDEN intervenes:

HOLDEN.

Okay, okay, wait, uh, "nigger"
might be construed as pejorative

*

*

*

...

The other trainees improvise various hostage negotiation situations -- one of the class, SULLIVAN, raises his hand.

SULLIVAN.

Excuse me. What is the point of
this?

HOLDEN.

Psychologically preparing you for
reality -- and the reality is you
need to talk to them. Somebody
demands the impossible, you can't
just shoot him.

SULLIVAN.

Then why do we have firearms
training?

HOLDEN.

Because that's a tactical response
for when all else fails.

SULLIVAN.

But if local law enforcement can't
shut it down then it has required a
tactical response.

HOLDEN.

Okay, but wouldn't you like to try
something different? Or would you
rather use firearms all the time?

SULLIVAN.
I'd rather use firearms.

HOLDEN.
Why?

SULLIVAN.
Seems safer.

SHEPARD just watches, impassive.

31

INT. HALLWAY/FBI TRAINING ACADEMY, QUANTICO - DAY

31

As the classes files out, SHEPARD waits for HOLDEN.

As he joins him:

SHEPARD.
Holden. I enjoyed that immensely.
What do you call that?

HOLDEN.
It's just "role playing."
In a simulated hostage situation.

SHEPARD.
"Stimulated?"

HOLDEN.
"Simulated."

SHEPARD.
All that profanity -- is that an
academic thing?

HOLDEN.
They're improvising. They're
learning to create a dialogue.

SHEPARD.
How is all that cussing "creating a
dialogue?"

HOLDEN.
It's not really about the
cussing...

SHEPARD.
I'm sure it's quite modern and
fashionable in academic circles but
it just seems theatrical to me.

HOLDEN blinks, chastened.

HOLDEN.
Well in Criminal Psych, role playing exercises are considered a valuable tool, with or without cussing.

SHEPARD.
I think we have enough exercises here at the Academy. If you're going to start implementing new ones you need to talk to somebody in the Behavioral Science Unit.

HOLDEN.
You think they can help?

SHEPARD.
They can go over the psychology with you. That's their thing.

HOLDEN.
OK... good idea...

SHEPARD.
Why don't I set that up for you?

HOLDEN.
Okay, thank you, yes.

SHEPARD smiles a little mechanically and walks off.

HOLDEN watches him go...

(PRE-LAP) GUN SHOTS.

32 EXT. FBI TRAINING ACADEMY QUANTICO - DAY 32

More gunfire... POP POP POP...

HOLDEN listens as he walks past a SHOOTING RANGE. He stops a moment to watch the NEW AGENTS energetically shooting at targets, some CROUCHING, some standing. They shoot a lot of rounds with hand guns.

Proximity to GUN SHOTS still makes HOLDEN flinch.

33 INT. CAFETERIA/FBI TRAINING ACADEMY - DAY 33

Dozens of NEW AGENTS with trays of food, eating or getting food.

HOLDEN sits slowly eating a sandwich, preoccupied with the argument, he puts it down, no appetite.

*
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*
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*

Some trainees file past Holden and greet him, one pats him on the back, the class has made him popular.

Somebody comes and sits opposite with a tray: a quiet, serious-looking agent of about 40, BILL TENCH.

BILL just has a cup of black coffee on the tray, which he pours several sachets of sugar into -- he smiles at HOLDEN.

TENCH.
Holden, right? Holden Ford?

HOLDEN.
Hi.

TENCH.
Bill Tench. Behavioral Science.

HOLDEN.
Oh. Great to meet you.

HOLDEN stands to greet him, eager. They shake hands

TENCH.
You met Peter Wilson?

HOLDEN.
Interesting guy. I liked what he said.

TENCH.
You did huh? Can I sit?

HOLDEN.
Please.

TENCH sits, puts his tray down and lights a cigarette -- HOLDEN eyes the smoke apprehensively.

TENCH.
Smoke?

HOLDEN.
I don't smoke when I eat.

TENCH.
You want to go outside?

HOLDEN.
I don't smoke when I don't eat either.

TENCH crushes out his cigarette in a cup and saucer, but it continues to smoke.

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)
Did Shepard talk to you about my thing?

TENCH.
He did his best.

HOLDEN.
What does that mean?

TENCH.
He can be pretty old school. I call
this place "The Country Club"
because, you know, it's a little
starchy sometimes.

*
*
*
*

HOLDEN.
I hear that.

*

TENCH.
You went back to college, right?

HOLDEN.
University of Virginia.

TENCH.
How old are you, twenty six, twenty
seven?

HOLDEN.
Twenty nine.

TENCH.
That's interesting. A lot of guys
your age don't want to go back to
school because they feel it
undermines their authority.

HOLDEN.
I'm hoping it'll give me authority.

TENCH.
He's got you doing recruitment,
right?

HOLDEN.
Well I'm there, so I might as well
make myself useful...

TENCH.
Most guys don't like to get stuck
in recruitment -- they're busy
working their way upwards.

HOLDEN.
Yeah, I'm working my way
sideways...

TENCH.

You're what they call a "blue
flamer." You know what that is?

HOLDEN.

No I've never heard of that...

TENCH.

You're so eager to do good you have a big blue flame shooting out of your asshole.

HOLDEN.

Oh. Is that bad? *

TENCH.

No, just -- slow down. You'll get there in the end.

HOLDEN doesn't know what to say to that:

HOLDEN.

... I'm just trying to be a better instructor... *

TENCH.

Right. Well I was thinking about that. If you really want to know what people want to learn, I have an idea. I started this thing a couple of years ago. I go out on the road and give classes in various police departments from Buffalo New York to Sacramento California, there's a million cops out there who want to know what we know. I go to them, give them a distillation of the stuff we teach here, they tell me what they've been doing: They learn something, I learn something by getting involved on a local level. It's a great way to get away from the "Country Club." But it's a big job, you know? I'm up to neck in local law enforcement. *

HOLDEN.

You want help with that? *

TENCH.

Maybe we can help each other.

TENCH smoking and driving, his tie loosened, he's sweating, exhausted from the fourteen hour drive -- they're in the middle of nowhere, through rolling farmland, cornfields.

HOLDEN riding shotgun, fresher than TENCH, his tie still done up neatly.

Piled onto the back seat of the car are their teaching aids - a projector, carousels of slides, a screen, books and mimeograph pages in boxes.

35 EXT. FAIRFIELD/LOCAL POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

35

The car parked up, TENCH watches us HOLDEN lifts the heavy slide projector. TENCH balances carousels of slides on top.

TENCH retrieves a handful of mimeographs from the back seat -- that's all he's carrying.

TITLE: Fairfield Police Department, Iowa.

*

They eye a few LOCAL PRESS MEN hanging around with notebooks and cameras, waiting.

TENCH.

Today might be a baptism of fire. I think the class is going to be a little on edge after what happened... but just follow my lead.

*

*

*

*

HOLDEN.

What happened?"

TENCH.

They just caught a big case so they're spooked. Don't talk to the reporters and don't for God's sake say we're from the FBI.

*

HOLDEN.

Sure. I got it.

TENCH.

You can come back for the rest.

*

*

A REPORTER approaches TENCH.

REPORTER 1.

Excuse me gentlemen. I'm from the Fairfield Daily Chronicle. You gentlemen are from the FBI, right?

*

TENCH and HOLDEN say nothing, busy unloading.

REPORTER 2.

How are things going with the Jeffrey case?

*

TENCH.

I have no idea what you are talking about.

REPORTER 2.

The Jeffrey case. Mary Jeffrey. The woman they found on the steps of the Methodist church.

HOLDEN.

We're here for something else.

REPORTER 1.

The woman with the little boy --

TENCH.

We're instructors.

The REPORTER goes and another REPORTER approaches, from a different direction.

REPORTER 2.

Are you from the Methodist church?

TENCH.

Do we look like we're from the Methodist church?

REPORTER 1.

Yes.

TENCH.

Make a hole.

A POLICE CAPTAIN comes out, TENCH and HOLDEN join him and shake hands etc.

36 INT. FAIRFIELD/LOCAL POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

36

TENCH and HOLDEN in front of the class of local POLICE OFFICERS and DETECTIVES - about 20 in uniform and plain clothes, aged from twenties to fifty.

TENCH is lecturing with evangelical fervor, HOLDEN writing on a blackboard.

TENCH.

... It used to be about finding "the murder weapon." "The witness." "The alibi." In the nineteen seventies it's about behavior.

(MORE)

TENCH. (CONT'D)
Psychology. If you can piece together what's happened, if you can figure out how and why then maybe you can figure out who.

HOLDEN writes on the blackboard: **WHY + HOW = WHO**

TENCH. (CONT'D)
Who did it? Who is he? Who is she?
"Who" is the hard part.

HOLDEN steps forward, nervous, addressing the class for the first time.

HOLDEN.
When I instruct hostage negotiation, I say you have to know who you are talking to in order to know what he is liable to do.

TENCH.
Right. In a homicide situation it's the same principal. You have to know who your victim is in order to discover who your killer is. What was their background? What was their psychology?
Context is everything.

The POLICE OFFICERS stare, concentrating, uncertain.

TENCH. (CONT'D)
Analyse the crime. What exactly did the killer do? How did he do it? Which might get us to Why did he do it? It follows that Who Did It is not far behind.

HOLDEN writes on the blackboard: **WHO + WHY = CONVICTION**

TENCH. (CONT'D)
So. What's the first thing we learn to look for when a crime is committed?

A YOUNG COP puts up his hand.

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER 1.
You have to find the motive?

TENCH.

What is the motive? Or, as we say in the Behavioral Science Unit, "What in God's name was going through his mind? My God, is he insane?" Motive is mysterious. And if the killer doesn't know why he did it, how the hell are we supposed to?

*

HOLDEN writes on the blackboard: **MOTIVE = X**

TENCH. (CONT'D)

Here's the problem: You may never understand the motive.

HOLDEN writes on the blackboard: **X = UNKNOWN**

An OLDER DETECTIVE of about fifty is watching this double act, askance.

TENCH. (CONT'D)

Holden?

HOLDEN clears his throat to address the class, somewhat formally, trying to sound authoritative.

TENCH encourages him forward.

HOLDEN.

Who? Why? How? These are the questions asked by poets and philosophers and theologians, social workers and judges since time immemorial. The questions asked by by Dostoyevsky and Freud. The stuff of "Crime and Punishment" and "Beyond the Pleasure Principal..."

*

*

*

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*

The CLASS all exchange looks, bemused.

*

TENCH is not keen on waxing lyrical -- he smiles tolerantly and keeps a wary eye on HOLDEN.

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)

In fact they comprise the central issue of what we call, for want of a better phrase, the human condition. And the simple truth about humanity is: it's unfathomable.

(MORE)

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)
And if it weren't, well,
Dostoyevsky would have had nothing
to write about.

Most of the assembled COPS look utterly blank now, skeptical,
not responding at all anymore. Holden's lost them.

TENCH.
Thank you Holden. That was very...
illuminating...

The OLDER DETECTIVE smirks, shaking his head.

CUT TO:

37 INT. FAIRFIELD POLICE DEPT - DAY

37

VARIOUS YOUNG LOCAL POLICE OFFICERS talking to HOLDEN and
TENCH after class, wanting to ask questions. Some have paper
cups of coffee, tea, cookies...

The OLDER DETECTIVE is lurking in the background chain
smoking.

LOCAL POLICE OFFICER 1. *
... For me, the stuff about Why and
How equalling Who makes a lot of
common sense. But the other stuff
about "Dostoyevsky" just seems to
be over complicating...

Murmurs and grunts of agreement.

LOCAL POLICE OFFICER 1. (CONT'D) *
It's kinda lofty.

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER 2.
I think you overestimate the
importance of "motive." A guy
steals a refrigerator - what's the
"motive?" He's a thief. Go catch
him.

HOLDEN.
Yes but if he came back and stole
your wife's panties off the washing
line you'd want to know more about
him, right?

Laughter amongst the young cops.

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER 3. *
If he stole my wife's panties I'd
be amazed...

TENCH.

Okay - the point is supposing he gets such a kick out of it that next time he wants to go further and try something worse.

*
*
*

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER.

What could be worse?

*

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER 2.

Her brassiere.

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER 3.

Her shoes and a toaster.

General hilarity. HOLDEN and TENCH sense they're losing them.

The OLDER DETECTIVE just snorts with derision.

OLDER DETECTIVE.

"Why plus How equals Who? What plus Who equals Where? Why minus When Equals Zero."

He gets up to go.

OLDER DETECTIVE. (CONT'D)

Zero.

He goes, everybody quiet.

38

EXT. FAIRFIELD MOTEL/POOL - EVENING

38

HOLDEN and TENCH slumped despondent on plastic loungers outside their motel room, overlooking a swimming pool, tired, wan, drinking too much beer.

Cars hiss by on the highway.

HOLDEN.

They don't want to learn -- what are they doing here?

*

TENCH.

Just don't make it too complicated.

HOLDEN.

"What's wrong with complicated?"

TENCH.

There's complicated and there's
"too complicated," Holden.

HOLDEN.

We used to do this experiment in
college, in social psychology...

TENCH hands him another beer, opens one for himself.

TENCH.

Uh-huh, what is that?

HOLDEN.

You get into a crowded elevator and
if you face the opposite direction -
- the back of the elevator -- it
freaks everyone out. It makes them
uncomfortable for no reason they
can articulate. But if you turn
around and face front, everybody
relaxes and gets behind you.

TENCH.

How do we do that?

HOLDEN.

We know what we can't agree upon.
What can we all agree on?
What do we have in common?
What keeps us awake at night?
What unites us?

39

INT. FAIRFIELD POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

39

On the slide projector appears an image of CHARLES MANSON,
staring crazily.

The class respond, muttering, commenting now - one or two
calling out and throwing paper missiles at the screen - this
is something they're ALL interested in.

Only the OLDER DETECTIVE is shaking his head and muttering.

HOLDEN.

... When he was ten years old, his jailbird prostitute mother palmed young Charles off onto his sadistic Bible-bashing uncle who beat him and taunted him to "act like a man." Young Charles tried everything from pimping to armed robbery and spent his young adult life in increasingly tough high security institutions until he was paroled in 1967, during the summer of love - and our nightmare began. What does this tell us about the desperate crimes of Charles Manson?

The class titters and mutters, not buying this.

HOLDEN changes the slide - a picture of MANSON as a YOUNG INNOCENT CHILD.

*

HOLDEN. (CONT'D)

Here we have a young man who was unwanted, unloved, regularly beaten and serially institutionalized. Might this have had some sort of an effect on him?

The class looks blank or silently grin, baffled by this line.

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER.

He was "born bad."

*

*

A few grunts of assent now from the class.

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER 2.

Born evil.

*

HOLDEN.

But really what does that mean? Can we be more specific? He didn't pick up a knife. Technically he didn't "kill" anybody...

TENCH cuts his eyes at HOLDEN, trying to shut him up.

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER.

He was cold-blooded, man. Bad to the bone.

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER 2.

There's your motive right there. Pure evil.

HOLDEN.

Sure, that's the Old Testament theory but... just look at his background. How could we not have seen this coming?

OLDER DETECTIVE.

We did.

HOLDEN.

I'm sorry?

OLDER DETECTIVE.

He was institutionalized when he was a boy because we could see it coming.

Everybody looks at the OLDER DETECTIVE, expectant. HOLDEN is floored momentarily - TENCH shoots him a look, "nice try."

HOLDEN.

Okay, but -- I'm saying maybe, just maybe locking him up all his young life helped make him what he was?

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER

Whaaaat?

OLDER DETECTIVE.

No.

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER 2.

What the fuck?

OLDER DETECTIVE.

They locked him up because they already knew what he was.

HOLDEN.

Well, I happen to think there's a flaw in that kind of thinking --

The OLDER DETECTIVE gets to his feet.

OLDER DETECTIVE.

Oh you do, huh?

Everybody turns to look at HOLDEN. TENCH is looking increasingly nervous now, trying to contain the situation.

TENCH.

I think what Holden is trying to say is, maybe it's both.

(MORE)

TENCH. (CONT'D)

The one impacting on the other. In a vicious circle.

OLDER DETECTIVE.

No. It's one or the other.

HOLDEN.

Don't you think it's an interesting conundrum to at least consider?

OLDER DETECTIVE.

I think it's a stupid conundrum. The only vicious circle is the slaughter of the Tate La Bianca victims.

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The YOUNG COPS tend to nod or GRUNT agreement with the OLDER DETECTIVE.

TENCH steps in front of HOLDEN to silence him.

HOLDEN.

We're not saying we have all the answers. When it comes to certain things nobody has the answers...

TENCH gives HOLDEN a "shut the fuck up now" look.

TENCH.

We have some answers...

HOLDEN.

Really we're interested in the questions.

OLDER DETECTIVE (ON HOLDEN.)

No shit. I'll tell my buddies in the LAPD who were there when the corpses were found, they'll be ashamed of themselves.

*
*

TENCH and HOLDEN exchange glances.

HOLDEN.

You were LAPD?

OLDER DETECTIVE.

I was, for twenty two years.

HOLDEN.

You worked Manson?

*

OLDER DETECTIVE.

Sure did. How many homicides have
you worked you dumbshit?

*

40 INT. DINER - MAIN STREET - FAIRFIELD - EVENING

40

HOLDEN and TENCH drinking coffee in a booth, tense, tired,
wan.

TENCH.

You didn't tell me you were going
to talk about unwanted unloved
little boy Charles.

*
*
*

HOLDEN.

It just popped out.

*
*

TENCH.

It's an emotive issue. They don't
want to confront it.

*
*
*

HOLDEN.

Don't want to or don't know how to?

TENCH.

We're talking about the slaughter
of a woman, the removal of a fetus
from her womb... You need to find
a way of talking about it that
doesn't make them crazy.

*
*
*
*
*

The door swings open and the OLDER DETECTIVE from class walks
in. He looks for HOLDEN and TENCH.

*

HOLDEN.

Ah shit.

TENCH.

It's okay, they always do this. You
just have to be a good listener.

The OLDER DETECTIVE comes over.

OLDER DETECTIVE.

Gentleman, mind if I sit?

TENCH.

Go right ahead.

The OLDER DETECTIVE shows them his ID - DETECTIVE FRANK
MCGRAW.

MCGRAW.

Frank McGraw. I'm sorry if I came on kinda strong back there. I'm sure you meant well.

HOLDEN.

Well, I thank you for your honesty Frank.

MCGRAW.

We're all kinda tense at the moment. This case. Poor Mary Jeffrey. It's got a lot of people pretty shook up.

HOLDEN.

Sit down. Take it easy.

MCGRAW slumps into a seat, sighs, rubs his eyes.

MCGRAW (V.O. PRELAP.)

This is a very simple woman who wouldn't say boo to a goose.

CUT TO:

41 INT. DINER - MAIN ST. - FAIRFIELD - NIGHT

41

A little later, TENCH and HOLDEN have sandwiches. MCGRAW just smokes.

MCGRAW.

She came up from Arkansas with her little boy and joined the Methodists right here in town. She was so lonely she would sweep the steps of the church just to be around the congregation while her little boy watched. But they didn't find her on the steps of the church on Sunday morning, that's just what we told reporters. They found her cuffed to her bed in her room, her throat cut, a broomstick lodged in her rectum. They say he made the little boy watch that too - and then he did the same to the b... (BREAKS OFF.) To the little boy...

MCGRAW dries, HOLDEN and TENCH are silent, things have suddenly gotten dark.

MCGRAW. (CONT'D)

It's got me beat. Things like this don't happen around here. The level of viciousness, the sheer insanity... nothing about it makes any kind of sense. I don't eat. My wife is on the verge of leaving because I'm making her crazy... I'm ready to try anything... because this is a whole new... it's a, it's a whole new level of... (TRAILS OFF.) What people will do to each other. There's nothing. There's nothing people won't do to each other.

HOLDEN looks around uncertainly, people are eavesdropping.

TENCH.

(beat.)
How can we help?

42 INT. INCIDENT ROOM/FAIRFIELD POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT 42

TENCH and HOLDEN with MCGRAW looking at crime scene photos of MARY JEFFREY.

DETAILS OF - her rictus mouth with a rag stuffed in - blank staring eyes - bloodied ear - bare broken legs at an acute angle - a broomstick.

MCGRAW.

... Take a look at that. What is that right there?

TENCH and HOLDEN exchange looks.

TENCH.

This is clearly lust murder. By that I mean it's obviously sexually motivated.

MCGRAW.

What about the child?

TENCH.

He was a witness.

HOLDEN.

The first murder is a lust murder but the second is mostly cruelty and expediency.

TENCH clears his throat, tries to fathom this. HOLDEN also struggles to articulate:

TENCH.

... The, uh, individual you are looking for is extremely anti-social and opportunistic. He's probably under thirty, late twenties --

MCGRAW.

"Anti-social" huh? Well okay.

TENCH.

Inexperienced with the opposite sex...

MCGRAW.

What about the broomstick? Where does that fit in?

HOLDEN.

Is it the same broomstick she used to sweep the church steps?

MCGRAW

What if it is?

HOLDEN.

I think it means something.

HOLDEN looks at TENCH.

MCGRAW.

Really? Tell me what it means. Tell me what a broomstick in the ass means.

MCGRAW shows a SCHOOL PHOTO of the JEFFREY BOY, about 5 years old, sweet, innocent. HOLDEN squirms.

MCGRAW. (CONT'D)

You think it's a riddle? I'm dying here. I am looking into the abyss.

He shows another CRIME SCENE PHOTO, turns it this way and that (we don't see this one.)

HOLDEN blanches, shaking slightly as he examines the photo, appalled, TENCH winces too.

MCGRAW. (CONT'D)

What does it mean? Maybe it means something a million miles from your wildest imaginings.

MCGRAW smokes, increasingly worked up, wired.

TENCH.

I can't tell you what it means, Frank. That's not my remit.

MCGRAW.

Tell me what it means to the screwball who did this. Then you'd be telling me something worth a fuck.

TENCH.

Frank --

MCGRAW.

Because I have a whole town jumping like a leaf and I need to catch this motherfucker. And I want him to explain himself. I want an explanation.

TENCH.

I understand --

MCGRAW.

Otherwise I... I can't do it no more.

MCGRAW pushes his face close to TENCH'S and stares into his eyes with burning red eyeballs.

HOLDEN.

(beat.)
He's right. (TO MCGRAW.) We cannot help you with this. I cannot tell you what it means to me or what it means to the killer. And I can not teach you anything.

MCGRAW.

What?

HOLDEN.

There's a gap in my knowledge and I don't understand it any more than you.

TENCH looks at him, "What?"

MCGRAW.

You don't?

HOLDEN.

No. I'm in the dark the same as you.

MCGRAW.

And why is that?

HOLDEN.

I don't know why.

MCGRAW.

Right...

HOLDEN.

Neither of us knows.

TENCH looks at him again, "What the fuck?"

TENCH.

Well... we'd have to take a careful look at all the evidence...

HOLDEN.

We are in the Dark Ages here.

MCGRAW.

Is that a, a figure of speech?

HOLDEN.

It's the conclusion I've just arrived at. I'm sorry that I wasted your time.

MCGRAW looks from him to TENCH, bemused.

HOLDEN returns the CRIME SCENE PHOTOS to MCGRAW.

TENCH looks the floor. MCGRAW just looks from one to the other, confused.

43

EXT. FAIRFIELD POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

43

HOLDEN comes out and walks slowly to his car, gets in, just sits there, freaked out.

TENCH comes out too, gets in the car and sits behind the wheel, quietly fuming.

*

44 INT. CAR - NIGHT

44

They drive in the gloaming, trees and paddocks, farmland and nothingness for miles.

Silence, then:

TENCH.

"The "dark ages?"

HOLDEN.

We are.

TENCH.

"A gap in your knowledge?"

HOLDEN.

I've studied everything I can study. I've talked to everyone I know at the Academy. I've taken the ride out here with you, listened to everything you've told me -- but I still think we're teaching something which we don't really understand in the slightest.

TENCH.

I was trying to help you. If you don't like it Holden, go back to your bed-wetting college kids and we'll forget all about it.

HOLDEN.

Mary Jeffrey and her son were killed for reasons we are simply not equipped to understand. It wasn't "lust murder." It wasn't some random thrill killer who was just "born bad." And it wasn't a pantie thief who changed things up. It was an aberration.

TENCH.

Let me tell you something about "aberrant behavior," Holden: It is fucking aberrant. If we understood it, we'd be aberrant too. Fortunately it is not incumbent upon us to write a dissertation...

HOLDEN.

Maybe it is.

TENCH.

Why?

HOLDEN.

Our job is to give him something he couldn't have figured out himself.

TENCH.

I am sticking my neck out for you...

HOLDEN.

I'm sorry, Bill. No disrespect. At the moment I just don't think we can say anything to a guy like McGraw with any kind of authority.

TENCH.

(pause.)

Let me ask you something. Where are you from?

HOLDEN.

I was born in New York but -- it's kind of a mixed bag...

TENCH.

Okay. Well that's what you are right now. "A mixed bag." A little college education. Some experience on the street. Some insight. A lot of horseshit.

HOLDEN.

I agree. One step forward, two steps back.

TENCH.

Let me ask you something else.

*

HOLDEN.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." I get it. It's why we need more.

TENCH.

Do you have a girlfriend?

HOLDEN.

I do now, Bill, as it happens.

TENCH.

Okay. So. (HANDS HIM A DIME.) Next time you're a long way from home and you flip your shit, you find a pay phone and you tell it to your girlfriend. Okay?

*

HOLDEN.

Okay.

TENCH.

How does that sound?

HOLDEN.

It sounds okay, Bill.

CLOSING CREDITS.