

RAMPAGE

(1988)

Screenplay by

WILLIAM FRIEDKIN

Based on a Novel

by William Wood

October 17, 1986

FADE IN:

1 HIGH AERIAL SHOT OVER STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA 1

A limitless vista of lush, neat green fields, the
produce belt of Northern California. *

The CAMERA COMES DOWN AND MOVES TOWARD a figure in the
distance walking slowly along a deserted road next to a
vegetable field (CHARLES REECE).

2 EXT. HERB'S SURPLUS SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY 2

A WOMAN passes Charles Reece as he is about to enter.

WOMAN

Hello, Charles.

REECE

Good morning.

He smiles inappropriately.

CUT TO:

3 INT. THE STORE 3

We see Reece wandering the aisles aimlessly. Then:

CUT TO:

3A CLOSE ON A .22 LUGER PISTOL 3A

in the hand of a SALESMAN. Standing across from him is
Charles Reece.

SALESMAN

Six round clip, one round chamber,
double action.

REECE

How much?

SALESMAN

A hundred and fifteen dollars. On
sale.

REECE

I'll take it.

He digs into his wallet.

(CONTINUED)

3A CONTINUED:

3A

SALESMAN

There's a two-week waiting period.
I'll have to write you a slip.

REECE

(reaching for
his wallet)

Need ID?

SALESMAN

Just a California driver's
license.

Reece shows it to him.

SALESMAN

(continuing; fill-
ing out a form)

Got to ask you a few questions.
Ever been a mental patient or on
leave of absence from a mental
hospital?

REECE

(smiling pleasantly)

Let me think. No.

SALESMAN

Ever been found by a court of law
to be a danger to others as a
result of a mental disorder?

REECE

No.

SALESMAN

(finishes his writing)

Fill out the rest o' this and I'll
see you on December 20th. Merry
Christmas.

FULL SCREEN TITLE: "RAMPAGE"

4 EXT. CHARLES REECE'S HOUSE - SEVERAL SHOTS - DAY 4 *

Including the basement.

4A INT. REECE HOUSE - DAY 4A

CAMERA MOVING.

(CONTINUED)

4A CONTINUED:

4A

A neatly kept living room, spotless pale couch and chairs, lamps and tables gleaming, like stiffly lacquered props in a museum. No books, no pictures, no personal bits of furniture or decoration. The impression is that no human being lives among these hard, untouchable artifacts.

Organ music from a High Mass at Christmas Eve is heard.

The kitchen is small, dreary. Grey winter light seems to sneak through a small window. A frying pan with white congealed grease in it sits on an electric range. Dishes are piled on a formica kitchen table, covered in oilskin, against a wall. The CAMERA MOVES IN TO Reece's bedroom. Above a table, a calendar is tacked to the wall. The CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY to see the MONTH of DECEMBER displayed and one-word notations scrawled in pencil under two dates: the 6th and the 16th. The notations consist of the word: "TODAY". The CAMERA continues to MOVE IN on a new date: the 26th, whereupon a hand comes INTO FRAME and scrawls the same word, "TODAY", underlining it.

VOICE OF THE PRIEST

The Lord said to me:
You are my son:
this day have I
begotten you.

5 OMITTED

5

*

SUPERPIMPOSE DATE: DECEMBER 26

*

6 EXT. STREET LEVEL - MISSION DRIVE - DAY

6

A sudden intrusion of red. A red parka. A man in a red nylon ski parka. A tall, gaunt young man in dirty blue jeans. CLOSE SHOT on Charles Reece. His face is pinched as if pushed in from either side. His black hair hangs limply from his shoulders. Black sunglasses form the upper dark half of his face; the lower half is made up of a small beard and unshaven cheeks. He wears an old sweat shirt under the parka. He looks at the quiet street, then moves toward it slowly.

- 7 MOVING POV 7
- A quiet suburban street. (The MOVING POV is that of
Reece.) *
- 8 ON REECE 8
- MOVING slowly as his eyes search along the houses on
Mission Drive. Several times he stops in front of a
house, then walks on. Children play on the sidewalks.
There is light residential traffic.
- 9 REECE'S POV 9
- Halfway down the block, he sees a young woman in a
print dress, MRS. ELLIS. She gets out of a car, takes
several shopping bags to her door, then goes inside. *
- 10 ANGLE ON REECE 10
- as he moves instinctively toward the house.
- 11 EXT. ELLIS HOUSE - DAY 11
- 12 CLOSE SHOT ON A DOORBELL 12
- as Reece's hand pushes it.
- 13 INT. ELLIS HOUSE 13
- The empty foyer of the small house as the RING
continues to sound. An elderly woman, MRS. HENDRIKSEN
(Mrs. Ellis' mother), comes INTO FRAME and opens the
door.
- 14 HER POV ON REECE 14
- as he steps forward into the house, smiling warmly, and
shoves the woman back, shutting the door behind him.
We hear TWO GUNSHOTS behind the closed door.
- 15 REECE'S POV 15
- as he heads toward the rear of the house, through a
hallway and into a bright kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

An old man, MR. HENDRIKSEN, and the young woman who came in (Mrs. Ellis), appear. They open their mouths to speak, then gasp silently as Reece points his gun at them. He is dispassionate as if he were carrying out an assignment. His look is inappropriate.

*
*
*

16 INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS - DAY 16

The small church is simple, contemporary redwood and white plaster walls. Behind the altar, a wood carving of the Prince of Peace. The pews are crowded with young and old, mostly upper-middle class northern California suburbanites. The CAMERA studies their faces, united in reverence.

PRIEST

Lord our God,
With the birth of your Son
Your glory breaks on the world,
Through the night hours of the
darkened earth
We your people watch for the
coming of your promised Son.
As we wait, give us a foretaste
of the joy that you will grant us
when the fullness of his glory
has filled the earth...

The sound of the CHURCH ORGAN is heard through this and the following scene.

*

17 OMITTED

17

*

&

&

18

18

*

19 INT. KITCHEN

19

as Reece, excitedly, pulls out drawer after drawer. Trembling as he digs into the silvery utensils and egg-timers, finally pulling out a long carving knife with a weighted handle, a steel knife used for family gatherings and holidays.

*

20 INT. CHURCH - DAY

20

LONG LENS SHOT on a group of people kneeling at the altar receiving Holy Communion. Among them, side by side, are ANTHONY FRASER, 32, and his wife, KATE, the same age.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

PRIEST

The word of God became man;
 we have seen His glory.
 God our Father, we rejoice in
 the birth of our Savior.
 May we share His life
 completely by living as He
 has taught.
 We ask this in the name of
 Jesus the Lord.

ALL

Amen.

21 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

21

Reece returns, brandishing the knife. Then he looks
 down at Mrs. Ellis and her dead father. Still alive,
 she sobs. Her dress is torn.

*

MRS. ELLIS

Please... please don't.

22 NEW ANGLE

22

as Reece gets gloves from the red parka, slipping them
 on. From the other pocket of the parka, he yanks out a
 large black trash bag, folded into eighths. He unfolds
 it quickly.

*

23 REECE'S POV

23

A window in the bedroom framing a blue-curtained vista,
 a back yard with a mother and children playing
 together.

24 ANGLE

24

as Reece moves to the draw cord attached to the cur-
 tains, and pulls it so that the window is covered,
 plunging the room into a murky blue darkness.

25 EXT. THE ELLIS HOUSE - DAY

25

MATCHING ACTION as the drapes are pulled in the bedroom
 window upstairs. PULL BACK to a neighbor's yard where
 a child plays on a set of monkey bars in the fore-
 ground. SOUNDS OF quiet suburban STREET and CHILDREN'S
 VOICES filter in and blend with DISTANT CLANGING BELLS.

26 OMITTED 26
thru
28 thru
28

29 INT. LOBBY OF THE OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY 29
OF STOCKTON COUNTY - DAY

Tony Fraser enters the foyer of a municipal building.
He is solidly built, muscular, in his early 30's.

30 INT. HALLWAY DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICES - DAY 30

MOVING WITH Fraser past two workmen who are scraping
off the name of the outgoing DA, "Gleason," from a door
where it once sparkled in gold-leaf lettering. Two
other workmen with handtrucks cart away the old DA's
files. Fraser bounds past them.

31 A FLOOR ABOVE 31

MOVE with Fraser to a door marked "MAJOR CRIMES," and
below: "ANTHONY FRASER, SUPERVISOR" in gold-leaf
letters. He wears a gray pinstripe suit, black shoes,
a navy blue tie.

32 INT. OFFICE OF THE MAJOR CRIMES SECTION - DAY 32

Fraser nods to his secretary SALLY ANN. She is
barricaded by files and telephones. A Christmas tree,
lightly decorated, stands in another corner. Two men
loungue in chairs outside Fraser's inner office, the
door to which is closed. He moves briskly toward his
office.

SALLY ANN
Sorry, Tony, you can't go in.

HARRY BALLENGER, an older lawyer in the section, comes
quickly to him and draws him away.

BALLENGER
Let's get away from the door.

FRASER
What's going on, Harry?

BALLENGER
I had to borrow your office.

FRASER
Who are these guys?!

(CONTINUED)

BALLENGER

Federal narcs.

FRASER

Who's in my office?

BALLENGER

Cardenas. The narcs are gonna talk to him after I'm through.

FRASER

Cardenas is going to talk to you after three months?

BALLENGER

He already has.

FRASER

(skeptical)

He copped to killing a Federal agent in Mexico?

Ballenger nods.

FRASER

(continuing)

What did you give him?

BALLENGER

I didn't give him anything.

FRASER

Great. Let me have my office back.

BALLENGER

Give me five minutes.

Sally Ann laughs loudly.

BALLENGER

(continuing)

Why don't you go get a cup o' coffee?

FRASER

What is Cardenas doing in there?

BALLENGER

He's got his wife with him. I promised him a contact visit if he told me what I needed.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

You're letting Cardenas use my office as a trick pad?

BALLENGER

It's his wife, Tony.

SALLY ANN

I told 'em to use the couch, not your desk.

FRASER

Great.

BALLENGER

I warned him he had to keep the place clean.

The Feds burst into laughter.

FRASER

Sally Ann, would you ring my office?

She dials and we hear the RINGING behind the door as Fraser moves to the phone, taking it from her.

FRASER

(continuing; into phone)

Mr. Cardenas. Could you please stop whatever you're doing and come out?

A few moments later the office door opens. A short, black-haired man stands fastening his belt. An attractive Mexican woman comes out behind him, adjusting her skirt. The Feds stands up.

Cardenas looks at the big wall clock. Then to Ballenger.

CARDENAS

(to Ballenger)

I got another ten minutes coming.

Ballenger shrugs.

BALLENGER

It's out of my hands.

On Fraser's face, thoughtful pensive.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

A soft BOSSA NOVA PLAYS on the radio as Fraser cruises through quiet suburban streets. He speaks into a micro-cassette recorder.

FRASER

On the Wino Park stabbing, find out if someone can come in to say a defendant with a .33 DA would still know a broken wine bottle is a deadly weapon. Also get the city cops to check the park again.

(pause)

Try to find the victim's nose. Oh... remind me about Kate's father coming for Easter.

*
*
*
*
*

He clicks off.

34 EXT. FRASER'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

34

A modest one-story brick and stucco with two car garage. A station wagon (Kate's) is already there as Fraser's car pulls up.

35 INT. HOUSE - LATE DAY

35

Fraser enters past a gaily decorated Christmas tree.

FRASER

Hi.

KATE (O.S.)

Hi.

She enters. She is bright, sensitive. Her body is graceful, with a swimmer's delicately toned firmness.

Fraser sets down his briefcase and pulls off his jacket. He goes to a small bar in the corner of the room, pours a straight Jack Daniels.

KATE

I tried to reach you this afternoon.

FRASER

Anything special, hon?

KATE

Thought we could have lunch. I called your office, they said you were gone.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

FRASER

Jesus, Kate, I wish I'd have known.

KATE

You didn't get my message?

FRASER

We had two murder arraignments. Then I had to go back to court this afternoon to get bail raised on a guy in an arson case.

She moves close to him, undoes his belt and tie.

KATE

You look tired.

He kisses her. They slide down to the couch. Then she kneels and unties his shoes, slipping them off.

36 OMITTED

36

37 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

37

The light is out. She lies next to him, one hand holding the sheet that covers them in a bunched knot, like a white rose. He traces his hand across her belly.

FRASER

We could have another child, Kate.

KATE

I can't think about children. Not yet.

FRASER

Hey, how would you like to take a few days off. Go up to San Francisco.

KATE

I'd like that.

They lie still for a moment.

38 INT. FRASER'S STUDY - NIGHT

38

A small room, lined with bookshelves, mostly history, biography and law books. Several athletic trophies.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

Pictures of Fraser's parents. A signed photo of Judge Sam W. McKinsey. And candid photos of a 2-year-old girl, Molly, the now dead daughter of Fraser and Kate. Fraser stares at the pictures. On his desk is a red-bound book of poetry by Dylan Thomas. CLOSE on the book as Fraser opens its cover to the frontispiece. There is a written dedication: "A gift from George Sutton Fraser to his son Anthony on the occasion of his graduation from Stanford Law School. 6/20/77."

39 NEW ANGLE

39

As Fraser sits in an easy chair next to his desk, under an old red lamp-shade. The only other light in the room is a small green shaded fixture on the desk.

39A CLOSE ON FRASER'S FACE

39A

and MOVE IN.

FLASH CUT TO:

40 PAST TENSE - DAY

40

Fraser is running TOWARD CAMERA at top speed in slow motion down a hospital corridor.

CUT BACK TO:

41 FRASER'S FACE - THE PRESENT

41

And HOLD. Then,

FLASH CUT TO:

42 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM HOSPITAL - DAY (THE PAST)

42

PAN around to doctors, nurses and orderlies crossing in and out. Then to Kate's face, anguished.

KATE

(echoed, out of sync)

What's wrong with her?

PAN TO Doctor's face.

DOCTOR

(echoed, out of sync)

She can't breathe. We've restored her heartbeat but her brain is no longer functioning.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

KATE
(cries into Fraser's
arms)

No!

Now PAN ONTO Molly, the 2-year-old in the photos of Fraser's desk. She is in a hospital bed under an oxygen tent, completely wired with electrical equipment. Electronic monitors and machines blink rapidly and slowly, embodying a life of their own, in contrast to the helpless baby to which they connect. We hear Molly's BREATHING loud on the SOUNDTRACK as it begins to get softer and diminish.

FLASH CUT TO:

43 A SMILING PHOTO OF MOLLY ON FRASER'S DESK - THE
PRESENT

43

SOUND OF BREATHING OVER AND THE SOUND OF KATE'S VOICE
CRYING.

KATE (V.O.)
Oh, Tony, why was she ever born
to die like this?

Her voice breaks down.

FLASH CUT TO:

44 KATE SOBBING IN FRASER'S ARMS IN THE HOSPITAL - PAST
TENSE

44

Fraser is crying too, the tears rolling down his
cheeks.

DOCTOR
(echoed, out of sync)
It has to be your decision.

Fraser holds Kate tightly in his arms, tears falling
from him to her.

KATE
(sobbing)
No, Tony, no, please! Oh, God,
why?

Fraser nods slowly to the doctor.

45 CLOSE SHOT - PAST TENSE

45

as doctors' and nurses' hands disconnect the baby from her life support system.

46 CLOSE SHOT - FRASER'S HANDS COVERING HIS FACE -
PRESENT TENSE

46

He is lying in bed now next to Kate. The room is dark.

FRASER

I'm sorry.

KATE

It wasn't your fault.

His hand moves to hers and holds it tightly.

FRASER

I saw Molly.

The tension is felt in their bodies.

KATE

I see her too, sometimes. That
crooked little smile --

CAMERA MOVES INTO Fraser. After a few moments, he closes his eyes. We hear Kate's breathing next to him, then: a revolving wheel spins him around and up and down in the still blackness.

47 TIME LAPSE

47

The peaceful darkness is shattered by the TELEPHONE RINGING. Once. Twice. Four A.M. Fraser and Kate stir and rise unsteadily as the sharp ringing continues. She reaches for a bed lamp, as he fumbles for the phone.

FRASER

Wait a minute. I can't understand you. Yeah, I'm awake.

KATE

What's wrong?

MOVE IN CLOSER TO Fraser. A VOICE BUZZES incoherently in his ear as he listens, suddenly becoming aware of what he's being told.

FRASER

I'm not the major crimes deputy on duty tonight, Mel. I think you should be talking to Ballenger.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

A long, troubled pause as Fraser listens, then whispers to Kate:

FRASER
(continuing)
Piece of paper.

She hands him a note pad and pen. He scribbles an address, hangs up the phone and rises quickly.

FRASER
(continuing)
I've got to go out.

KATE
Where are you going?

48 EXT. THE HIGHWAY IN LONG SHOT - DAWN

48

Fraser's car races alone as the dawn enlarges from a streak of orange piping at the horizon to an eruption of white and blue.

49 INT. FRASER'S CAR - ON FRASER - DAWN

49

lightheaded, amazed and yet exhilarated by the speed of racing alone against the dawn.

49A AT A RAILROAD CROSSING

49A

Fraser's car is stopped by a long train passing. A series of red blinking lights play across his face as he sits waiting anxiously.

50 EXT. MISSION DRIVE - ELLIS HOUSE - DAWN

50

as Fraser's car pulls up. At the edge of darkness neighbors and gawkers in motley clothing are being held back by a couple of police officers. Three squad cars and a large crime scene van, their blue and red lights pulsing slowly, seem to talk to each other over their radios, the VOICES ECHOING softly from car to car.

51 ANGLE

51

as Fraser parks nearby. He walks past cars that crouch around him in the dark, like big cats with feral eyes. He remembers his gold badge and pins it over his coat pocket.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

DETECTIVE MEL SANDERSON, a heavysset man, approaches him and steers him toward the house. *

SANDERSON

I've never seen anything like this.

52 INT. ELLIS HOUSE - DAWN

52

The house is ablaze with lights, shafts streaming wildly, crookedly out of the windows and the open front door. Men in various uniforms -- deputies, city police, coroner's assistants -- creep through the living room. ID technicians from the police department brush dark powder on window frames and doorways, on a coffee table, then bend to examine latent marks while others measure with steel tapes. One man digs carefully at a bullet hole in a sofa cushion. Fraser nods to men he recognizes.

53 INT. ELLIS BEDROOM - DAWN

53

FRASER'S POV of the dead Mr. and Mrs. Hendriksen, and their daughter Mrs. Ellis. We catch only the fleetest glimpse of red vivid splashes that clash jarringly with the dark blue room.

54 ON FRASER

54

watching calmly at first.

SANDERSON

No signs of forced entry. Nothing missing. Apparently a freshly washed knife in the kitchen might have been one of the weapons.

FRASER

Who are they?

SANDERSON

Woman who owns the house, Mrs. Barbara Ellis -- a divorcee... The other two, her mother and father. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hendriksen.

Five men crowd into the bedroom, mutter to themselves and shake their heads.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

SANDERSON

(continuing)

The rest of the house is undisturbed. Just some blood in the living room and here. I don't think it was a robbery. And, I don't think it was somebody the victims knew.

FRASER

Who found the bodies?

*
*

SANDERSON

Two relatives who came for dinner.

*
*

55 CLOSER ON FRASER

55

He stares at objects in the room -- a bloody measuring cup next to the telephone. Tracks in blood along the carpet. The vivid red of the bodies is covered now with white sheets and taken out. Fraser tries to compose himself.

SANDERSON

Coroner's waiting in the living room.

56 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

56

As the flurry of activity starts to ebb, Fraser approaches a middle-aged man with pouched eyes in a tweed coat with elbow patches. He looks like a professor of English Lit. He is actually the Coroner of Stockon County, DR. GEORGE MAHON, a respected man of intelligence and keen judgment.

MAHON

I thought I'd seen it all, but nothing like this ever.

FRASER

What happened?

MAHON

The victims were all killed in the same fashion. Probably yesterday. Cause of death is fairly obvious, gunshots to the head. Small caliber bullets, probably a twenty-two.

FRASER

What about the other wounds?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

MAHON

The bodies were cut open to get
at these organs. God knows why.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

MAHON (CONT'D)

I don't envy whoever gets the case
in your office. A killer like
this inflicts his pathology on
whoever gets involved with him
and it's like a virus; it's
destructive to whoever comes
close to it.

57 INT. FRASER'S HOUSE - SAME DAY - 9 A.M.

57 *

Fraser enters exhausted. FOLLOW him to the kitchen. A
hurried note from Kate is pinned to the table saying
she has places to be, lunch, she'll be home around
seven. Fraser walks to a phone and dials his office.

FRASER

Sally Ann... Any calls? I don't
think I'll be in. No... no, just
tired.

58 OMITTED

58 *

59 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

59

Fraser sits on the edge of the bed, staring straight
ahead at the wall. A table clock behind him reads 9:30
a.m. The house is full of CREAKINGS AND GROANINGS in
the winter morning.

60 FLASH CUT

60

The dead bodies of Mrs. Ellis and the Hendriksens.

61 BACK TO FRASER

61

who sits quietly.

62 FLASH CUT

62

to hands removing the life support system from his
daughter's oxygen tent.

63 BACK TO FRASER

63

He falls back onto the bed and rolls over.

TIME LAPSE.

64 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

64

Fraser is in a deep, perfect sleep. The room is dark and silent.

KATE (V.O.)

Tony!

SOUND OF GROCERY BAGS AND JINGLING things off.

65 BACK TO SCENE

65

The door opens and a shaft of light from the hallway illuminates Fraser as he sits up groggily.

Kate enters and turns on a table lamp. She is dressed stylishly in a gray and black outfit.

FRASER

I've been in bed all day.

She sits next to him, feels his forehead.

KATE

You don't have a temperature. *

FRASER

(takes her hand)

I need to get some rest, that's all.

KATE

You haven't had a rest in eight years -- you must be sick.

FRASER

Just wiped out. Really.

KATE

Should I make you something to eat?

FRASER

(shakes his head)

Thanks.

KATE

I ended up spending four hours at the Cities League. We got into a real battle about the City Hall Plaza. By the way, do you know Bob Hollis?

FRASER

I don't think so.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

Anyhow, he's the planning and development guy. He tells us that the access paths won't be planted with trees. That was it. I said, Mr. Hollis, do you think Stockton should build a plaza around its City Hall that's barren in the summer and depressing in the winter? Just a bunch of cold office towers with no signs of nature, no trees, no safe place for children to play? I said it pleasantly but he got my message. I said you can try and put me off till the next meeting but I'm not letting you off the hook. I think that's what turned it around. We took another vote and the park is in.

FRASER

I'm proud of you, Kate.

KATE

Sure I can't bring you something?

FRASER

I'll be alright, I just need to sleep.

She turns out the lamp and seems to dissolve into the blackness of the house beyond the door. Fraser lies alone in darkness, troubled, hearing the SKELETAL BRANCHES OF TREES BRUSH ACROSS THE ROOFTOP.

66 OMITTED

66

67

67

SUPERIMPOSE DATE: JANUARY 6

*

68 EXT. TIPPETTS HOUSE GARDEN - DAY

68

In a small garden, at the rear of a modest one-story house, the remains of a dead puppy encased in plastic are buried in the ground. In a QUICK IMPRESSIONISTIC SHOT, we see that the dog's head has been severed from its body. A man, his wife, and their two young children shovel dirt over the small grave.

TIME LAPSE.

69 EXT. TIPPETTS HOUSE - DAY

69

A gray and misty winter day, as if brightness had been banished from the earth. At the door of an old Ford car, GENE TIPPETTS, 35, gives his wife EILEEN a gentle kiss. Their son ANDY, 5, squirms anxiously in the front seat, banging his feet against the dashboard.

TIPPETTS

Stop that, Andy!

EILEEN

He just doesn't like going to the dentist.

TIPPETTS

That's no reason to trash the car. I'll get him there and home, then I'll shoot over to the plant.

EILEEN

I wish you hadn't called the police.

TIPPETTS

Eileen, we both know Charlie Reece killed the dog and I'm not going to let him get away with it.

EILEEN

I don't want to have any trouble with them.

TIPPETTS

The police will take care of everything.

She kisses him on the cheek and steps back as he gets into the car and pulls into the street. She waves at her husband and son.

TIPPETTS

(continuing; to Andy)

Wave 'bye to Mom.

The boy wiggles his hands in the air.

70 INT. TIPPETTS HOUSE - DAY

70

as Eileen comes in. Boxes of Christmas lights and a plastic wreath are stacked near the garage door.

71 INT. TIPPETTS KITCHEN - DAY

71

AARON, aged four, sits on the floor playing with his toys and watching a small portable TV that sits beside the sink.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

Eileen enters and starts to do the breakfast dishes. Her hands dip into the foamy water. On the TV, a diet doctor is talking to a couple of overweight celebrities, advocating the heavy use of vitamin C, and advising people to eat more bran.

72 CLOSE SHOT

72

Eileen's fingers make the wet plates SQUEAK.

73 NEW ANGLE

73

As the diet doctor drones on, Eileen hears a CAR easing into the driveway.

She washes another dish and puts it into the plastic rack; drying her hands on a towel. She turns around, to see Charles Reece, standing a few feet away, looking funny, his hair unwashed and tangled, with deep blue-black whiskers and sunglasses, wearing his red parka and jeans, carrying a little brown bag tightly.

74 OMITTED

74

75 NEW ANGLE

75

EILEEN

What are you doing in here? Go on home right now, you hear me? Go on, just go on.

Her voice sounds angry and fearful as Reece notices the rack of clean dishes, clean spoons, clean forks, clean knives behind her.

EILEEN

(continuing)

Charles... what are you doing here? Go 'way... please... please, leave.

Reece looks at the little boy playing on the floor. His vision of the boy is crystal clear; he knows what he's doing.

AARON

Gun!

REECE

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

EILEEN

Aaron.

76 INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

76

A walnut-panelled conference room. An informal meeting of the Senior Staff of the District Attorney's office, presided over by SPENCER WHALEN, 50, the new D.A., and, at his right, the new Chief Deputy, TIM INFELD, 30. Fraser, Ballenger, and a dozen other members of the staff sip coffee from paper cups, some seated, some standing around a long conference room.

WHALEN

When we catch the suspect, we're not gonna bargain, no deals, no psycho cop-out, nothing less than the death penalty. Some of you didn't vote for me. But I intend to show the state, and maybe the country, how a crime like this is handled in this county. Tony, I'd like you to give us a progress report.

FRASER

Mel Sanderson is developing some leads. They have a description of a man, twenty to thirty years old, about six feet, hundred and forty or fifty pounds, thin, wearing a red jacket, sunglasses, near the scene at the time of the crime. That's about it.

76A INT. WHALEN'S OFFICE - DAY

76A

FRASER

This is the work of a crazy person. It's got NGRI written all over it. There's no way to get a jury to believe otherwise, in my opinion, right now.

WHALEN

The burden's on the defense to show insanity. We don't have to prove anything. The climate's changing. Dan White, Hinckley, this guy who murdered the Stanford professor, does eight years...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WHALEN (CONT'D)

... gets out, completely unrepentant, says he might do it again if he feels like it. The public wants the death penalty and the courts are gonna have to give it to 'em.

FRASER

I've never asked for the death penalty. If I was a legislator I'd campaign against it.

WHALEN

You're not in the legislature. In my office, we don't write law we carry it out.

FRASER

The California Supreme Court hasn't affirmed a death penalty since 1978. They've got over two hundred death penalty appeals stacked up. They dump 95 percent of them. If we find whoever did this, and get a conviction -- it's just gonna get overturned.

WHALEN

So they overturn us, that's the system. But if we get a conviction we put on the record that you can prosecute this. If the higher courts want to dump it, fine. We're going after the death penalty as long as the High Court says it's constitutional, period.

77 EXT. CITY HALL PLAZA - DAY

77

Fraser and Kate walk among the government employees who stroll and eat lunch along the peaceful, sunlit mall. Her hair is uncombed but hangs neatly on her shoulders. He carries a briefcase.

KATE

I don't understand how you could even consider it. It's against everything we both believe.

FRASER

I haven't made that decision yet, Kate. I need your help.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

KATE

Let them give it to someone else.
Why does it have to be you?

FRASER

I'm in charge of Major Crimes.
Whalen wants me to do it. I'm not
going to resolve it by passing the
buck to someone else.

KATE

Is it going to resolve anything to
take another life?

FRASER

Kate, something happened to me at
the Ellis house. It won't let me
go. I don't understand it.
You've got to help me.

KATE

You told me this kind of case
was contagious. It's already
infecting us.

FRASER

I know that.

78 INT. CHAMBERS OF JUDGE MCKINSEY - SUPERIOR COURT BLDG. 78
- DAY

MCKINSEY sits on a couch in his dimly-lit office. *

Fraser sits in a straight-backed chair near him, as
both share a light lunch, served by McKinsey's
secretary.

The judge lights a cigarette and tosses the match into
a full ashtray balanced beside him on the couch.

Among the many pictures on McKinsey's wall, Fraser
notices one of himself being sworn in by the judge in
these very chambers. Behind his head hangs a quote
from "Henry IV - Part 2": "The first thing we do, let's
kill all the lawyers."

MCKINSEY

How you and Whalen getting along?

FRASER

He wants me on the triple murder
case.

(CONTINUED)

MCKINSEY

'Course he does. You'll do a good job, he'll take the credit.

FRASER

I'm part o' the liberal mavericks he campaigned against.

MCKINSEY

A murder conviction of this lunatic, if they ever haul him in... I don't know. I don't think there's a jury in this country that'd kill him.

FRASER

Who's that talking, judge? The former D.A. or the former public defender?

MCKINSEY

Whalen might be lookin' to you to fumble, knowing your feelings. Then he's got a fall guy. When I was a P.D. I defended the Rainer boys, Tommy and Kevin. Pretty good kids most o' the time. Had jobs, no records. We went to trial 'cause these two charming fellas got an old woman, tied her with electrical cord and left her hog-tied. Then they sat and watched her strangle to death for forty minutes. I got up and reminded my jury how long it took that woman to die. They came back in three hours. Not guilty by reason of insanity. That jury set those two fellas loose 'cause they couldn't believe anyone'd sit and watch an old lady choke to death for forty minutes 'less they were insane. You got a guy who makes these kids look like the Apostles.

79 EXT. TIPPETTS HOUSE - DAY

79

The Tippetts' old Ford pulls into the driveway and he exits with his son, Andy.

ANDY

Daddy, I wanna ride my bike.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

TIPPETTS

Let's find Mom first.

ANDY

Can I have some apple juice?

80 INT. TIPPETTS HOUSE - DAY

80

MOVING with Andy down the hallway.

ANDY

Mommy...

He disappears into the kitchen as we HOLD on the hallway. Tippetts glances at some mail on a table near the door. The boy reenters with a cup of apple juice and goes into his parents' bedroom. HOLD. Then we hear his scream:

ANDY (O.S.)

Daddy...! Daddy!

Tippetts walks quickly into the bedroom.

HOLD on the empty hallway.

81 EXT. ALONG THE WATERFRONT - LONG SHOT - DAY

81

A silhouetted figure walks along the water's edge, a full plastic bag slung over his shoulder. Charles Reece.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN to see his reflected inverted image, as though he is walking on water.

82 EXT. TIPPETTS HOUSE - LATE DAY

82

Half the people on the block are gathered outside and across the street. Squad cars are lined up back to back.

*

83 INT. TIPPETTS HOUSE - LATE DAY

83

In the living room ID techs are going over the floor and furniture.

Gene Tippetts sits in a large, slightly soiled stuffed chair.

(CONTINUED)

Sanderson talks to him as a Detective named NESTADE takes notes. Andy lies motionless in Tippetts' lap.

TIPPETTS

Where's my son? Where's Aaron?

SANDERSON

We're looking for him, Mr. Tippetts.

Sanderson tries wiping grimy black fingerprinting powder off his hands as Tippetts begins to make low pitiable moans.

TIPPETTS

She was all white and I could see her, she was cut open. It was so quiet when I opened the door.

SANDERSON

Can I get you anything?

Tippetts shakes his head slowly. The TV set sits blankly before him. Andy turns his head away.

SANDERSON

(continuing)

Are you staying here tonight?

TIPPETTS

I can't stay in this house.

A deputy's hand reaches in and taps Sanderson. He turns and sees Fraser standing across the room, a flurry of activity around him as he remains stock still. Sanderson goes to him.

SANDERSON

Hour ago the fella over there, Eugene Tippetts, brings his five-year-old kid back from the dentist. Finds his wife in the bedroom. Shot three times, small caliber, mutilated like the others.

FRASER

Sexually assaulted?

Sanderson nods.

SANDERSON

Entry apparently through an unlocked back door.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SANDERSON (CONT'D)

The guy just walked in. Tippetts says he has another son, about four. He was with the mother. He isn't home now. We're looking for him.

The weight of this remark hits Fraser. He turns and walks away. Sanderson approaches him.

SANDERSON

(continuing)

A neighbor saw a white Chevy pull into this driveway. Saw the driver, described as a white male, twenty to thirty, long black hair, six feet, one-fifty to one-seventy. Old blue jeans, a red parka, sunglasses.

FRASER

It has to be him.

SANDERSON

The witness knows this guy. He lives a couple of blocks away with his mother. His name is Charles Edward... excuse me, Edmond Reece. *

FRASER

Where's his car?

SANDERSON

Not around. The neighbor says Mrs. Tippetts and her husband had problems with Reece. The husband reported him for killing their dog. Witness says Reece works at a gas station someplace around here.

84 EXT. THE REECE HOUSE/INT. CAR (MOVING) - LATE DAY

84 *

Fraser and Sanderson pull up nearby in Sanderson's unmarked car. Nestade and another OFFICER sit in back. Sanderson kills the engine and they sit watching the dark, quiet house. They whisper.

SANDERSON

1247... That's it. The Reece house. Do we go in now or wait for a warrant?

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

If we rush a search warrant through it'll take couple hours minimum. I think we have sufficient cause to arrest this guy now if he's home. He's a suspect in at least four murders.

NESTADE

And we got a little boy missing.

FRASER

Is the guy's mother in there?

SANDERSON

Don't know.

FRASER

Assume she is.

SANDERSON

What do I do? I got a missing kid. I got to look in that house.

FRASER

Do it.

SANDERSON

Do I have to knock-notice?

FRASER

The guy could be armed so do what you have to.

NESTADE

No warrant?

SANDERSON

You saying we can break in?

FRASER

Just don't take anything. Leave everything as you find it. The guy could have a ready-made issue without the warrant.

SANDERSON

I know that.

FRASER

We find anything in there besides the missing kid -- stuff from other killings or whatever -- we're up the creek. The first motion to suppress and we lose it all.

(CONTINUED)

NESTADE

It's a bitch of a choice. We maybe get some evidence, and down the line a judge says, "Hey guys, no warrant for the search."

FRASER

Alright, listen up. This is an emergency. I can argue grounds for a warrantless entry to find the kid. You got it? Don't walk in that door unless you got it.

85 EXT. THE SQUAD CAR - LATE DAY

85 *

The four men get out of the car and approach the Reece house cautiously.

Standing to one side of the front door, Sanderson pauses, listening. The only NOISE from the GENERATOR, grumbling at the side of the house. The men nod to each other, and Sanderson knocks hard at the door with his fist.

SANDERSON

This is Detective Sanderson,
Stockton Police Department.
Please open the door.

He steps back so the door is clear. Nothing is heard within.

SANDERSON

(continuing)

Let's go.

Sanderson and Nestade draw their service revolvers. The officer moves sideways to a window, closed and tightly curtained. Using the side of his baton, he smashes into the center of the GLASS, SHATTERING it in a spray of shards.

Rapidly the officer clears GLASS FRAGMENTS from the window frame, using the baton to BREAK them off. Then he jumps through the empty frame, the white curtains flapping around him.

The front door opens and Sanderson, Nestade and Fraser enter.

86 INT. REECE HOUSE - LATE DAY

86 *

Gingerly they begin going through the house. Fraser sniffs the air. The living room is neat, the spotless pale couch and chairs, the lamps and tables all gleaming.

87 INT. KITCHEN - LATE DAY

87 *

Sanderson and Fraser enter quietly. They see the frying pan with white congealed grease, dishes carefully stacked, countertop sparkling clearly.

SANDERSON

Looks like a Holiday Inn.

Nestade enters.

88 INT. HALLWAY - LATE DAY

88 *

Sanderson steps from the kitchen into the darkened hallway. His gun is drawn as he puts his ear against a brass-handled door. The other men are heard moving in different rooms. Sanderson puts his hand on the handle and slowly turns it, pushing the door open.

89 INT. BEDROOM - LATE DAY

89 *

Dark, yet faintly lime-tinted in the exhausted light that filters through the curtained window.

A bed takes up most of the room. On it, lays a woman, in her fifties, NAOMI REECE, her mouth shut tautly, breathing tortuously. Her eyes are half-open but unseeing.

On the nightstand next to her is a clock and several capsule bottles. A sleeping puppy lies on a cushion near the bed.

Sanderson approaches her quietly.

SANDERSON

C'n you hear me?

She sleeps on.

SANDERSON

(continuing)

We're from the Police Department.

He puts his hands on her bony, delicate shoulders and shakes her gently.

(CONTINUED)

Nestade picks up a capsule bottle.

NESTADE

Sedatives and tranquilizers. All
prescriptions for Mrs. Naomi Reece.

Her head rolls on her shoulders, her breathing sounds
strangled, then she jolts forward.

NAOMI

What is it? What's wrong?

She screams in a thick raspy voice. She sees
Sanderson's badge, then looks at the silhouetted men in
terror, her body thrashing in Sanderson's hands.

NAOMI

(continuing)

Charlie!

A keening animal cry that echoes through the room.

SANDERSON

Mrs. Reece, we're from the Police
Department.

NAOMI

(groggy; frightened)

What are you doing here? Why are
you in my house?

SANDERSON

We're looking for your son. Is he
home now?

NAOMI

What do you want? Has anything
happened to him?

SANDERSON

We're gonna search your house,
Mrs. Reece. You have the right to
come with us if you want. Do you
understand?

She moans in his hands without intelligence or co-
herence.

NESTADE

Sounds like consent to me.

SANDERSON

Where's Charlie's room?

90 INT. HALLWAY - LATE DAY

90 *

The four men proceed along the hall to another room. A light goes on. They look into Reece's bedroom and bathroom. Nothing special. The CAMERA HOLDS on Reed's bedroom wall calendar, but none of the four take notice of it.

*
*
*

91 EXT. REECE'S CELLAR - LATE DAY

91 *

Sanderson, Nestade, Fraser and the officer exit to the rear of the house to a basement cellar. It's locked. Nestade pops the hinge with a crowbar and they enter.

91A INT. CELLAR - LATE DAY

91A *

A hand reaches out and finds the light switch. The room is fairly large.

SANDERSON

(to the officer)

Go to Tippetts' house and get the ID Techs over here.

The officer exits. The other three breathe in short gasps through their noses.

NESTADE

Christ.

FRASER

(looking around)

Shit everywhere. There's shit all over the floor.

NAOMI

GET OUT OF MY HOUSE! You have no right to be here.

She stands in the doorway, trying to push them back.

NESTADE

(moves her out of the way)

This is an emergency.

NAOMI

Why are you going in his room? He never lets anyone in here!

The walls are covered with wild anatomical charts, Nazi memorabilia and religious objects. Rosary beads, candles, photos of Christ and the Saints, the Pope. There is a large drawing of an ear with lines converging toward it.

(CONTINUED)

In the anatomical diagram of the human body, the cavities are drawn open to show all the organs. Red and black lines are drawn raggedly, snaking like rays from the brilliant sun around the heart and liver, connected by an intricate network of arrows to the brain. The eyes had originally been drawn closed but they've been altered, clumsily redrawn open to stare vividly and a third coarsely-marked eye has been placed in the forehead. Swastikas adorn the spaces around the body.

Next to the diagram is a skeleton, through whose ribcage is a great phallus, its brightly-painted red tip pointing toward the leering skull. Over the skeleton is an enormous swastika and the crudely-drawn word "YES."

Naomi Reece screams as she now sees her son's cellar for the first time.

SANDERSON

He's an avid student of medicine.

NESTADE

What the hell stinks in here -- it isn't just the shit -- ?

The overhead light swings wildly. The place is an incredible scramble of books and old clothes, string, hair, combs, shoes, every fragment thrown about the room without sense. Fraser picks up a heavy iron frying pan, with clotted blood and bits of tissue clinging to it. The frying pan is corroded, deeply stained. In a tinfoil packet beside it, opened and black, lays a rotting kidney. Sanderson covers his mouth. He sees cages of guinea pigs, squirrels, some dead, others frantically running inside the wire mesh.

Sanderson finds more fecal material on the floor. A thin layer of greasy water sits gelatinously on a counter. Further along are feces, hair and some grayish tissue.

SANDERSON

My God, this looks like brains.

NAOMI

Charlie! Look what they're doing!

Fraser attempts to restrain Naomi Reece, who now screams uncontrollably.

(CONTINUED)

NESTADE
(in a corner of
the room)
I got shells over here. Look
like twenty-twos.

FRASER
Don't touch 'em.

He wipes his face with a handkerchief. Sanderson re-
enters.

SANDERSON
That Tippet kid's had it. If
this guy's got him, he's dead.

FRASER
Like hell he is. We can't think
he's dead. Our only justification
for being in here is that we
believe the child is alive.

NESTADE
(suppressing nausea)
I gotta get outta here for a few
minutes.

FRASER
(to Sanderson)
Let's get pictures of the whole
place. Then let's snag anything
that isn't nailed down.

SANDERSON
Thought you wanted to wait for a
warrant.

FRASER
It's all in plain view. This is
our guy.

92 OMITTED
&
93

92
&
93

94 EXT. ECONO. SERVICE STATION - DAY

94

A swooping-wing roof, two bays for cars in the garage,
four pumps. Half-a-dozen cars in various states of
collapse parked outside.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA COMES IN CLOSE on the nozzle of a gas pump as it is inserted into the tank of a woman's car. She waits behind the wheel as a young attendant fills her tank. He wears khaki shirt and pants slightly greased, his hands oil blackened, but otherwise neat as a pin: Charles Reece. He's courteous, helpful. The woman is pleased, notices that he's attractive.

An unmarked police car pulls in as Sanderson and Nestade alight and look around.

Cautiously, they approach Reece.

SANDERSON

You Charles Reece?

REECE

(shakes his head)

He's been gone all day.

NESTADE

Any idea when he's coming in?

REECE

Geez, no. If he isn't here by now, I think he's out for the day. Who wants him?

SANDERSON

You the owner?

REECE

(laughing)

I just work here.

NESTADE

What's your name?

REECE

Bob. Robert.

NESTADE

Your last name?

REECE

Tippetts.

A pause. Sanderson glances around and sees a white Chevy parked near the other cars outside. He gestures to Nestade as Reece finishes pumping gas for his customer, gives her the total and processes the credit card she hands him. He watches Sanderson and Nestade as they walk to the white Chevy.

(CONTINUED)

A bumper sticker on the rear of the car reads: "I'd rather be flying."

When the woman pulls away he crosses to them.

SANDERSON

Whose car?

REECE

I'm working on it.

SANDERSON

Robert?

REECE

Yo.

SANDERSON

You want to open it for me?

Reece doesn't move. Nestade tries the car door handle. It's locked.

NESTADE

(to Reece)

Where's the keys?

A long pause.

REECE

I don't know.

NESTADE

Think.

REECE

I left it inside. I'll get it.

NESTADE

We'll come with you.

Reece turns and goes into the service area. *

The room is dark with grime. It is crowded with old stock-car magazines, a candy machine, numerous papers and manuals.

Sanderson and Nestade follow Reece in as he goes to a wall rack where several sets of car keys hang. Nestade moves to the rack and rummages through the various keys, some of which have tags. *

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

Sanderson sees, hanging on the toilet door a pair of jeans and a red parka. He crosses to them.

SANDERSON

These yours, Robert?

Sanderson reaches into the pocket of the parka. He pulls out a gun. A small .22.

96 OMITTED

96

97 NEW ANGLE

97

Reece makes a surprisingly fast spin and takes off running.

Nestade and Sanderson shout at him and start running full tilt.

98 NEW ANGLE

98

Through the quiet, suburban streets, Reece leads Sanderson and Nestade on a breathless chase. As he runs, he emits strange squealing noises as though he is giggling or crying.

99 OMITTED

99

100 NEW ANGLE

100

As they cut across four lanes of traffic on a wide boulevard. Reece zigzags past cars that SCREECH and barely miss him. Nestade and Sanderson are beginning to slow down, struggling for breath.

101 NEW ANGLE

101

Reece crosses the street, running parallel to a row of stores and plows into a couple of kids coming out of a mini-mart. They sprawl to the street. Passersby scamper to get out of the way. Reece struggles to get to his feet but Sanderson is on top of him. He throws a body block into him and shoves him against an automotive parts store.

Reece cries out, a weird kind of babbling that doesn't sound human.

102 OMITTED

102

103 INT. LARGE INTERVIEW ROOM - POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY 103

Reece sits quietly at the head of the table, his right wrist handcuffed to the armrest of his chair. His body is tilted to one side.

Fraser, Whalen and Sanderson stand watching him, their jackets off. A small tape recorder rests on the table in front of Reece.

Fraser studies him intently.

REECE

What am I here for?

FRASER

You killed a woman today. *

REECE

(blank face; blank stare)

I need a doctor right away.

FRASER

Mr. Reece, did you kill Eileen Tippetts today? *

REECE

(calmly)

I need a doctor, please. I don't remember anything. I'll talk to you if you turn off the recorder.

Whalen turns the recorder off.

Reece sniffs casually, his fingers splaying, twisting and arching like dancers in front of him.

FRASER

We'll get you a doctor, but first I need some answers from you. Where's the little boy, Mr. Reece?

REECE

(to Fraser)

I don't know. You'll never understand me.

FRASER

Why not?

REECE

You're not chosen. Ask me another question.

(CONTINUED)

WHALEN

We know you took a little boy and
you can help yourself by giving us
a hand finding him.

REECE

How? Can I get out?

WHALEN

No... you'll just feel better if
you cooperate.

REECE

(shakes his head)
I don't remember stuff. I
hallucinate.

FRASER

Have you been talking to
psychiatrists, Mr. Reece?

REECE

Yo. Lots of 'em.

FRASER

Want to talk to one now?

REECE

Sure I would. You'll find out.
You're gonna get a big surprise.

104 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

104

Fraser comes quickly out of the Interview Room and
walks past a cordon of deputies to DR. PAUL RUDIN, a
psychiatrist, who waits alone at the end of the cor-
ridor.

FRASER

Dr. Rudin... Tony Fraser,
Assistant D.A.

RUDIN

Yes, we've met before.

FRASER

Thank you for coming...

RUDIN

(nods)
Why did you ask for me?

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

FRASER

You were on the duty roster. I want you to find out anything you can about the missing boy. And I want you to tell me what this guy's problems are.

RUDIN

I won't be able to deal with any of them...

FRASER

I'm not asking you to treat him. I just want whatever information you can get.

105 EXT. REECE HOUSE - DAY

105

A "For Sale" sign is prominent on the front lawn. Naomi Reece cautiously opens the front door, where ALBERT MORSE awaits her.

MORSE

Mrs. Reece, I'm Albert Morse, I'm the public defender assigned to your son's case. I'm here to help you. And Charles.

She backs away, letting him in. The puppy plays at her feet.

NAOMI

Oh, yes.

106 INT. REECE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

106

MORSE

(looking at a
photograph)

Is this your husband?

NAOMI

He died when Charlie was six.

MORSE

You told my investigators that he used to hit you.

NAOMI

Not Charlie. Never.

MORSE

No. I meant your husband.

(CONTINUED)

NAOMI

He punched me in the face, yes.
A lot of times. He kicked me. I
was lying on the floor here with
pans and broken dishes all over
the place. I cut my arm, had to
get...

She fumbles open the sleeve of her blouse, exposing a
thin, compressed ridge of white flesh.

NAOMI

(continuing)

... fifty-two stitches. He was
mad about what somebody said to
him at work. I had blood in my
mouth and I was begging him to
stop. I had to leave him. We
were separated two months. He
came to the place I was staying
and he actually cried. He
apologized so I came back. I
thought I loved him. I also
wanted to be with Charlie, and I
knew how much he needed me.

MORSE

Your husband kept the boy?

She nods.

MORSE

(continuing)

You never reported him to the
police?

She shakes her head.

MORSE

(continuing)

Why was that.

NAOMI

I don't know, to tell you the
honest truth.

MORSE

Did he ever hit Charlie?

NAOMI

Charlie was his darling. He never
touched that child. He would
never hurt him.

(CONTINUED)

MORSE

But Charlie saw him hit you.

NAOMI

Charlie was standing there, right there.

(she points to the
kitchen doorway)

I covered my eyes so I wouldn't see him staring.

Long pause.

MORSE

What happened to Charlie after your husband died?

NAOMI

He was seven. But he wasn't a bad child. You ask our neighbors. He mowed lawns. He was always helping people. He collected food and old clothes and gave them to poor people. Everyone liked him. He was on the football team and the baseball team at Mount Washington High. His grades were always good. He went to the Community College for a year. He had a hard time. There was just the two of us. But I always gave him love. I don't believe what they're saying about him. If I could see him now, I know Charlie would tell me the real facts.

MORSE

I understand he's been hospitalized.

NAOMI

At Sunnyslope. They helped him.

MORSE

Who put him in the hospital, Mrs. Reece?

NAOMI

I told Charlie he ought to see professionals. He got very upset with me. But he got better. They let him out. He can get better, Mr. Morse. He's a good person who needs all the love I've got.

(long pause)

Are they going to kill him?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (3)

106

MORSE

Your son is sick, but we're going to have to prove that. Everything is going to be done to prove that.

106A INT. A CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE INTERROGATION ROOM -
COUNTY JAIL - DAY

106A

Rudin exits from the interrogation room. Fraser is waiting.

RUDIN

Well... I've spent almost three hours with him.

*

FRASER

Did he give you anything on the Tippetts' boy...

RUDIN

He avoided that completely. He's got a lot of problems. Serious problems.

FRASER

Does he understand right from wrong?

RUDIN

He seems confused and emotionally detached from the killings...

*

FRASER

Am I going to be able to make a case for legal sanity?

RUDIN

It's possible.

106B INT. HALLWAY AND OFFICES OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY -
DAY

106B

MOVING WITH Fraser and DR. LEON GABLES, a tall, well-dressed man in his early 50's.

*

FRASER

Leon, I want you to examine Reece for me.

GABLES

Hasn't Paul Rudin seen him?

(CONTINUED)

106B CONTINUED:

106B

FRASER

Yeah, but I'm gonna need more than one psychiatrist. I expect the defense will bring in Ben Keddie, probably others.

GABLES

I'll look at him, Tony, but you know my feelings. I try to avoid these cases. I don't think psychiatry belongs in the courtroom.

FRASER

Will you say that if I need you to?

GABLES

With pleasure.

FRASER

I'll level with you, Leon. I want to bring you in to defuse all the psychiatric bullshit. I want to keep the jury's mind on the facts.

106C INT. PROPERTY CLERK'S OFFICE - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - 106C
DAY

Fraser and Mahon are sifting through various photos of the crime scene, articles of clothing and other objects from the Ellis house. Similar exhibits from the Tippetts and Reece houses are nearby.

MAHON

It looks like he just went wild in there.

FRASER

I don't think so. I would say there's a kind of order in all this disorder.

MAHON

Order... He cut these people to pieces.

FRASER

Yes, but he had the presence of mind to pull the shade in the Ellis house -- He brought a plastic bag with him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRASER (CONT'D)

Took the body parts he wanted.
Brought a small concealed
weapon. But, he used a carving
knife from the Ellis' kitchen for
the mutilations.

MAHON

I don't see your point.

FRASER

Well, to inflict this kind of
damage, he would need a large
weapon, yes?

MAHON

... Right...

FRASER

Hard to carry... hard to
conceal. Maybe he took one where
he knew there'd be one. He was
thinking ahead.

MAHON

I don't know, Tony, that could be
hard to prove.

FRASER

I've got to prove it to myself
first. Did he wash the knife
after he used it?

MAHON

Somebody did. And took it back to
the kitchen.

Pause.

FRASER

... And while he was in there, he
had to find something to drink
their blood, right? So, he looked
around the kitchen, until he found
what he wanted... this measuring
cup... no frenzy... was there?
Was the kitchen disturbed?

MAHON

No... while he was in there, he
must have worked very carefully.

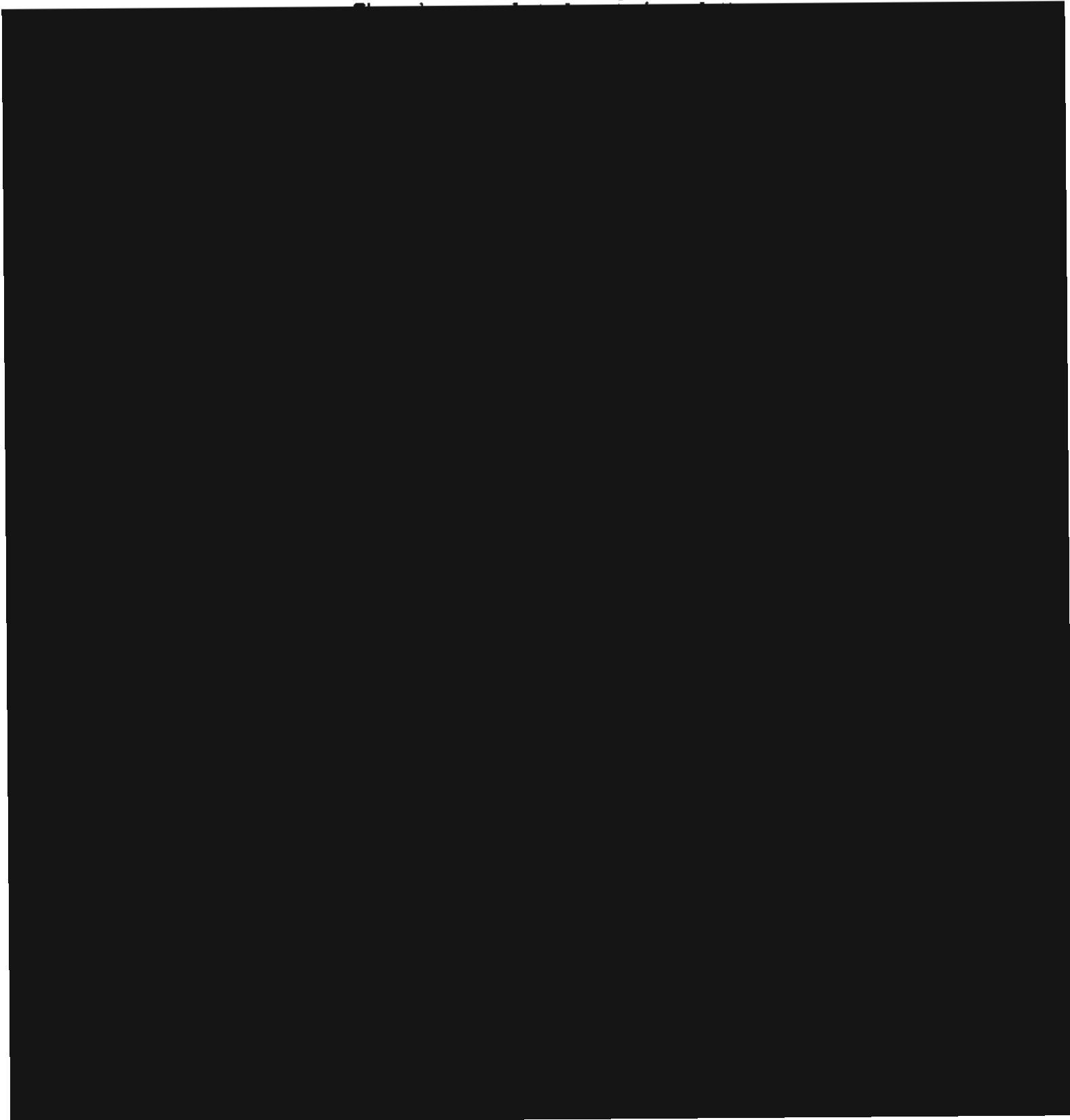
106D INT. LAW LIBRARY - D.A.'S OFFICE - DAY

106D

Amid stacks of legal volumes, photographs and drawings, Fraser, in shirtsleeves works with Ballenger and Sally Ann. *

FRASER

He went to the Ellis house with gun and gloves. The two people he didn't mutilate, he made sure were dead with two extra gunshots...



Hot afternoon light drifts through a window. Reece sits on his haunches, clutching his knees with his hands, near a table. He wears a bright-colored jail outfit, cigarettes in his shirt pocket; no socks; blue slipper-type pedal pusher shoes.

A heavysset, well-dressed man sits at the table, his legs crossed, a well-cut blue sport coat hung with care on a chair behind him. This is DR. BEN KEDDIE. A small tape machine noiselessly records the emptiness. From time to time Keddie makes a random note on a pad as Reece rocks gently back and forth. He watches Keddie with a vague, arid glance. Morse stands in a corner, observing, sometimes pacing. *

REECE

They want me for those murders, don't they? They say I killed those people.

KEDDIE

Did you?

REECE

You're a psychiatrist, aren't you?

KEDDIE

Charles, you know there's only one way to save you. Your defense is insanity. But Mr. Morse and I must convince a jury of your illness. You've got to help us understand it. Do you see?

REECE

I don't want an insanity defense. Everything I did was justified. Had to do it. It was all up to me.

KEDDIE

Did something tell you to do these things?

REECE

What do you mean?

KEDDIE

Well, for example, did something tell you to go out and shoot people?

(CONTINUED)

REECE

Like what? Like a person?

KEDDIE

Perhaps you saw an animal or some light... that told you to do things you wouldn't normally do.

Long pause.

REECE

Yeah. I don't know what it was... what do you think it was?

KEDDIE

That's for you to tell me, Charles.

REECE

I hear voices... on the radio... sometimes.

MORSE

Voices?

REECE

Music... tellin' me to kill... I'd listen to this one station -- it was the devil's station. I'd listen and I'd hear Satan tellin' me to kill. Sometimes, I'd think "This isn't real. These aren't really messages. It isn't making sense." Finally, I thought, "Well, it must be true." So then when I started to lose all my blood I figured Satan was poisoning me for not keeping my end o' the bargain.

KEDDIE

What did he look like?

REECE

It had a lot of arms and legs.

KEDDIE

Did it have a head?

REECE

Yeah. It did. It looked like a spider. That's what it was, a big spider with a human face.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REECE (CONT'D)

Told me to do these things, like I didn't want to, you're right. I was hallucinating.

KEDDIE

Concentrate and tell me what this spider with a man's face told you to do. It's going to be very important.

REECE

My heart started slammin' and I couldn't breathe. And I was losin' all my blood and I started to fall over, startin' to lose consciousness and everything was going black. I couldn't sleep. Could hardly eat. Couldn't do anything...

MORSE

Do you remember going into a woman's house the day you were arrested?

REECE

(nodding)

She was making trouble. And her dog was poisoned.

KEDDIE

How did you feel after you killed these people?

REECE

I was just kind of delirious. I didn't care.

MORSE

How did you pick out this particular family to kill?

REECE

I don't know. It was just an accident.

MORSE

What do you mean an accident, I don't understand, Charles?

REECE

Just... No reason, y'know?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REECE (CONT'D)

I just walked up to the door and the woman opened the door so I shot her right then.

MORSE

But why her?

REECE

I don't know. It could have been anybody. She was chosen. Not by me.

MORSE

Then what?

REECE

I went in and killed 'em, then I went to work.

MORSE

You just went to work?

REECE

If I didn't, they'd of thought something was wrong.

KEDDIE

What happened to the little boy?

REECE

I put him in the trash can with the lid, in the garbage someplace.

MORSE

Was he still alive?

REECE

I don't know. I may have shot him a couple o' times.

MORSE

You killed him?

REECE

I sucked some blood, then I got rid of it.

MORSE

I'm confused, Charlie, how you could hurt people, a small child who never did you any harm.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (4)

110

REECE

I wasn't looking to hurt him. I needed his blood. I feel bad about it now, I guess.

KEDDIE

But not then?

REECE

Yo. I didn't feel bad then.

The tape machine continues to record the silence.
Then:

MORSE

Charles, there's a good chance a jury will find you guilty. Tony Fraser is a tough, skillful prosecutor. We're gonna make him prove everything, but chances are we'll lose on the guilt phase. Where we expect to win is on the question of sanity. I feel we have a good possibility to prove you legally insane.

111 OMITTED
thru
113

111
thru
113

114 INT. FRASER'S HOUSE - STUDY - LATE AFTERNOON

114

Fraser is dressed informally. His desk is covered with legal briefs, law books, photographs of evidence, witness depositions. He paces back and forth, speaking into his micro-cassette recorder.

FRASER

Check with the pathologist about evidence of vascular pressure in Mrs. Ellis at the time she was mutilated. Try to fix time of death in relation to bullet wounds and knife wounds. Same with Mrs. Hendriksen. Further note, Reece knew Mrs. Tippetts. Did he have reason for killings... angry over report of dead dog to PD?

He clicks off. The DOORBELL rings. Kate enters in shorts and a T-shirt. She hands him a cup of coffee.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

KATE

Mr. Tippetts is here.

FRASER

(looks at his watch)

Right. I need to interview him
and I didn't want him to have to
go to the office. Is that okay?

KATE

It's okay.

FRASER

Kate. This is the man whose wife
was --

KATE

I know. They're certain it's this
man Reece?

FRASER

No question. The only question is
why. Insanity? I don't know. In
the first murder, maybe... But
Mrs. Tippetts was chosen. He
chose to kill her.

KATE

He has his son with him.

114A EXT. PORCH - FRASER'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

114A

FRASER

Mr. Tippetts, thanks for coming.

Tippetts wears a loosened tie, no belt. His hair is
only partly combed. Andrew Tippetts sits on the floor
and plays with a transformer toy. He and Tippetts
shake hands, then Fraser turns to the boy.

FRASER

Hi, son.

ANDREW

You have any toys?

FRASER

I might have.

114B INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

114B

They go into the kitchen where Kate works at a table.

(CONTINUED)

114B CONTINUED:

114B

ANDREW

Can I have a drink?

KATE

What would you like?

ANDREW

Um... water... no... apple
juice...

She goes to the refrigerator.

KATE

Mr. Tippetts?

TIPPETTS

Nothing. Thanks.

ANDREW

(looks at his father)

Can I have a Coke?

TIPPETTS

Apple juice'd be better, son.

Kate pours the juice for him.

FRASER

(to Kate)

Andrew was asking if we have any
toys.

Kate looks at him.

115 TIME LAPSE: EXT. PORCH - FRASER'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

115 *

TIPPETTS

He's gonna get off. Everybody
knows it.

FRASER

Mr. Tippetts, your testimony is
important. It's difficult to say
this... but you were the first
person, aside from your son, to
find your wife. I need to have
the grand jurors hear you. I need
to have them see her through your
eyes.

TIPPETTS

They say he's nuts. I bet you
think he's nuts.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

No, I think Reece knew precisely what he was doing when he killed your wife and the others.

TIPPETTS

It's a waste of time.

FRASER

It isn't --

TIPPETTS

I don't have the time. I stay home and watch my boy Andrew. That's what I do. I watch him. He's all I got left. I don't let him go outside. He doesn't go anyplace.

FRASER

We're preparing to meet Reece's insanity defense. I'm asking for the death penalty, which I've never done before. But in this case, I believe it's... I believe a jury will vote for it. If he's acquitted or found not guilty by reason of insanity, he'll get out of prison or a hospital some day. He'll be on the streets again.

TIPPETTS

No.

FRASER

It's a terrible thing to lose a child.

TIPPETTS

You don't know.

FRASER

I do know, Mr. Tippetts. I had a daughter, younger than Aaron. I lost her about six months ago.

TIPPETTS

Lost? Little different, wasn't it? Lost? What does that mean?

FRASER

She had pneumonia. It seemed to be getting better.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRASER (CONT'D)

When it seemed to be past the dangerous stage, I went to work. I had a trial to finish. My wife stayed at the hospital. The last time I saw my daughter, Mr. Tippetts, she was in an oxygen tent. I thought she was okay so I went to court. The next day at a recess I got word she had a cardiac arrest.

TIPPETTS

I'm sorry.

FRASER

So... so I think I have some idea what it feels like to lose -- to have a child die.

Tippetts turns away, his face tear-stained.

115A INT. SMALL BEDROOM UPSTAIRS - LATE DAY

115A

Kate and Andrew are sitting on a small unmade bed in the room that once belonged to Molly. Andrew has an old coloring book and some dolls lie nearby.

ANDREW

Can I color this book?

KATE

Sure. Let's do it together. Here's a clean page.

ANDREW

Whose book is this?

KATE

It belonged to my... little girl.

He picks up a doll.

ANDREW

Is this a girl's toy?

KATE

Yes.

He hugs it.

ANDREW

I love it.

She puts her hand on his shoulder.

FRASER

You have an obligation to appear before the grand jury. You've incurred a debt to your wife and son. Think of what they suffered and ask yourself if you have the right to obstruct the prosecution of their killer.

TIPPETTS

(overcome with emotion)

You know, the worst part is not knowing what happened to Aaron. I mean, I think he's dead but I don't know for sure. That's the worst part. I guess it's worse than what I saw. Sometimes at night I start thinking he might be okay, hiding somewhere...

He breaks down.

FRASER

I'm sorry to put it to you like this...

TIPPETTS

You make a lot of deals, right? That's how you do things...

FRASER

There won't be any plea bargaining.

TIPPETTS

What happens if I don't show up?

FRASER

I could have a warrant issued for you. Believe me, I'd rather not.

TIPPETTS

I thought about what happened. We didn't go to church and I don't have any religion... but I think it was God's idea.

FRASER

I don't know, Mr. Tippetts. But I'm interested in seeing Reece punished for what he did to your family.

TIPPETTS

I don't know why, see, but God made a judgment against us.

116 OMITTED

116

117 EXT. MOTEL - DAY

117

Tippetts and his son Andy are walking toward their room. Andy plays absently with a transformer toy.

*
*

TIPPETTS

Did I tell you what I decided this morning, champ?

Andy shakes his head.

TIPPETTS

(continuing)

I think you and me are gonna leave here. Pack up and go on the road.

ANDY

No school?

TIPPETTS

Not for awhile. We're just gonna get in the car and drive.

ANDY

How long for, Daddy?

TIPPETTS

A long time.

ANDY

Aren't we ever gonna stop?

Tippetts takes him in his arms.

*

TIPPETTS

Oh sure, but mostly we'll drive and see places. You like that idea?

ANDY

Can I take my toys, Daddy?

TIPPETTS

You can take all your toys.

ANDY

Is there childrens to play with?

TIPPETTS

Sure. We'll find kids to play with. We'll play together, you and me.

He hugs him tightly.

118 OMITTED 118 *

thru thru

120 120

121 EXT. SUNNYSLOPE PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - DAY 121

Dr. Ben Keddie enters through the big double doors.

122 INT. SUNNYSLOPE EMERGENCY CARE AREA - DAY 122

Keddie's POV as he and Dr. Rudin walk down a long corridor.

Confusion is laced with bedlam as doctors try to cope with disturbed, agitated patients.

A man sits in a wheelchair, handcuffed to one of its arms and tied to the chair by medical gauze. He shouts obscenities to no one in particular.

A young woman, dressed in the blue cotton shift of a patient, roams the hallway, mutely rocking her head, her eyes staring at the floor.

Other patients sit along a wall, waiting to be admitted. Some are silent, others vie for the attention of the police officers or nurses on duty.

KEDDIE

How many patients are being treated here now, Paul?

RUDIN

Fifty or sixty, something like that -- We're running way beyond capacity.

KEDDIE

You're to be commended, Paul. The very ill are usually treated by the least trained people in our profession.

123 INT. RUDIN'S OFFICE - DAY 123

Rudin sits enthroned among his monographs, diplomas and plaques: evidence of his good works and qualifications. Keddie stands across the desk from him. There is a long silence before Rudin speaks.

KEDDIE

Paul, you've indicated to Mr. Fraser that Charles Reece is legally sane.

(CONTINUED)

RUDIN

Well, that was my first impression.

KEDDIE

I think you're wrong. And I also think you're putting yourself in an impossible position.

RUDIN

What do you mean?

KEDDIE

It's only a matter of time before the D.A. finds out you examined Reece here at Sunnyslope.

RUDIN

I only discovered that recently. Christ, Ben, I see hundreds of these guys every month. We're so damn understaffed it's ridiculous. He was just a name to me. I only examined him for an hour.

KEDDIE

Then again, less than six months before the first killing, and you agreed he was well enough to be released.

RUDIN

I didn't see a potential for violence. We don't have the money here or the staff or the time -- All I could do was warehouse him.

KEDDIE

Do you really want to rely on that when you get on the witness stand?

RUDIN

Of course not.

KEDDIE

Let me lay it out for you. As soon as it becomes common knowledge that you examined Reece, certified him, and let him go, you'll be sued. You'll be sued by the dead victims' families. You'll be found guilty of malpractice.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KEDDIE (CONT'D)

There's no question Reece killed those people. The only question is why. If he's guilty of those crimes, you'll be persecuted along with him, Paul.

RUDIN

I can't falsify the interview.

KEDDIE

I didn't say falsify, Paul, good God. We don't need to falsify anything in this case.

RUDIN

What are you suggesting?

KEDDIE

Change your mind.

RUDIN

How do I explain that?

KEDDIE

On further reflection, I'm sure you'll arrive at the same diagnosis I did. That he's a paranoid schizophrenic.

RUDIN

I've never prejudged a diagnosis in my life.

KEDDIE

Did he ever mention anything to you about Nazis or demons persecuting him?

RUDIN

No. No. I would have recalled that.

KEDDIE

You might want to add a few comments to your report about his persecution delusion. It's part of his paranoia.

RUDIN

He has that delusion?

(CONTINUED)

KEDDIE

I had to draw it out of him, but it's quite consistent with his interest in human anatomy and the Nazis as a satanic cult. If you make a few small adjustments, I think it'll help coordinate our presentation.

RUDIN

I'll have to... to look at all my records...

KEDDIE

I didn't hear you, Paul.

RUDIN

I said I may have other records. I'll have to look for them...

KEDDIE

Paul, I know you'll do whatever you can to help this man. He's sick. We're the only ones who stand between him and death. We have every right to stretch the truth, if necessary, to save his life.

124 INT. ALL-NIGHT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

124

Fraser sits alone, unshaven at a window table.

Kate enters, sits across from him. They kiss.

FRASER

I have something to tell you.

KATE

I've got something too, so yours'll have to wait.

FRASER

Okay, you go first.

KATE

There's a city planning conference in Baja next weekend. Four days. The hotel is terrific. The beach is terrific. They want me to go --

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

Sounds great.

KATE

I told them I wasn't going.

FRASER

Why on earth did you do that,
Kate?

KATE

I knew you couldn't come with
me. Not for four days, not with
all this.

FRASER

That's true. I couldn't go now.

KATE

What I thought is, if we couldn't
go away this weekend, we could at
least take Saturday and part of
Sunday, maybe the week after next.
We need the time together, Tony,
and you could be back Sunday
night.

A WAITRESS comes to their table.

WAITRESS

Your order?

FRASER

Just some more coffee.

KATE

Tea. And a blueberry muffin if
it's fresh.

WAITRESS

They're all fresh.

She walks off quickly.

FRASER

Kate --

KATE

We'd miss all the tourists. I
mean, there'd be a few but the
crowds'll be gone. I've made
reservations.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

There's no chance I can get away now.

KATE

You think I'm trivial, don't you, spending my time worrying about public parks and charities --

FRASER

I think you run yourself ragged because of very important things.

KATE

I'm trying to make time for us.

FRASER

I'm not trading us for this case, it's not like that.

KATE

I just wonder how we're going to get through the next two weeks. And the two weeks after that.

FRASER

The grand jury indicted Reece tonight. On all counts.

The Waitress brings their order.

125 OMITTED

125

&

&

126

126

127 INT. MCKINSEY'S CHAMBERS - DAY

127

Present with McKinsey are Morse and Fraser.

MCKINSEY

All right, first, we'll take up the question of guilt or innocence as it relates to legal sanity. Then, if necessary, we'll take up the penalty phase. Life without parole or death.

MORSE

(to Fraser)

What if I plead him to all counts and you drop the special circumstances?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MORSE (CONT'D)

I'll go along with a life
commitment to a mental
institution.

FRASER

You want Reece to do a little time
in a state hospital for five
brutal murders.

MORSE

Four. You can't prove the missing
Tippetts kid.

FRASER

We're gonna try.

MORSE

We've got a sick man who committed
several brutal murders. We can
spend six months and God knows how
much tax money proving he
committed those crimes. Go my way
and the People can have their
guilty plea and a shot at the
joint for life either in a state
prison or a hospital. Hell, he'll
stay there till the cows come
home. Nobody's gonna let him
out.

FRASER

It's happened before. If he goes
into a mental hospital, he could
later prove he's no longer
dangerous and he'd have to be
released.

MORSE

You think a psychiatrist is going
to certify him for release after
all this publicity? Come on,
Tony.

FRASER

It happens every day. What about
this guy who raped the fifteen-
year-old girl in 1978-- cut off
both her arms with an ax and left
her for dead. He's just been
paroled for good behavior.

*
*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

MCKINSEY

(to Morse)

If he pleads in front of me today, you're not looking at any state hospital, Al. We're talking life in prison. I mean it.

FRASER

We're talking about this guy as if he was just another murderer. Ten years from now the parole board will have no memory of this thing and turn him loose. They haven't kept anyone for life, or even near it.

MORSE

He'd be middle-aged by the time he got out. People change a lot.

FRASER

I don't give a damn if he turns into Mother Teresa. If I drop the special circumstances, Your Honor, the most you could give him is life with parole. It's unacceptable.

MCKINSEY

(lighting a cigarette)

Al has a point. I handled a couple o' these cases myself and juries don't like executing loonies. Maybe a max sentence from me, some nasty letters from the community to the Parole Board, and you might get more than if you went to trial.

FRASER

I'll take that chance.

MORSE

What are you gonna tell the families if the jury comes back with a second degree verdict? You can't keep him in the joint long with that.

FRASER

I'm gonna nail him.

MCKINSEY

(rising)

Gentlemen, let's pick a jury.

*

A panel of twelve men and women, prospective jurors, sit in the box.

A middle-aged, wealthy woman, MRS. FLORENCE MILIK, is on the stand.

Reece stares impassively at her.

MCKINSEY

Mrs. Milik, do you have any reservations about the death penalty?

MRS. MILIK

I think it's wrong.

FRASER

Would you oppose it for Adolph Hitler?

MRS. MILIK

This is hypothetical, isn't it?

MCKINSEY

Yes, ma'am. He's already dead.

MRS. MILIK

Well, if I had to do it to him, I'm not sure what I'd do. I think all killing's wrong.

FRASER

You'd vote against death for Adolph Hitler?

MRS. MILIK

Perhaps not him.

FRASER

How about a man who committed several especially terrible murders? Could you vote death for him, even if he didn't kill as many people as Hitler?

MRS. MILIK

I don't believe so, no.

FRASER

I appreciate your honesty. The People challenge Mrs. Milik for cause.

130 INT. COURTROOM - MONTAGE - DAY

130

OPEN on a newspaper headline: "MURDER TRIAL BEGINS"
AND BELOW: "REECE ADMITTED KILLING FOUR."

*
*

DEL CAMERON, a young man who grew up with Charlie is
now on the stand.

DEL

He had lots of pets. Dogs, cats,
even ducks. We used to play with
the animals at Rincanata Park. He
used to go out of his way to avoid
any kind of violence. Once, one
of the guys we went to school with
was drunk, took a swing at
Charlie. Charlie didn't hit him
back, just sort of backed him
down, tried to reason with him.

131 OMITTED

131

&

&

132

132

133 TIME LAPSE.

133

JOE KAUFMAN, a man in his late 50's, is now in the
witness chair.

JOE

I was his Cub Scout Master. He
was a good boy, hard working. I
didn't see him for a few years,
till about a few months ago. He
looked like an old man, his face
was pale, his eyes were crazy. He
asked me about blood poisoning.
If I knew anyone who died of blood
poisoning.

134 TIME LAPSE.

134

ROSE GURGAN, a nurse in her late 40's, is answering a
question put by Morse.

ROSE

I was a nurse at Sunnyslope when
he was a patient there. I found a
diary he kept. It was against the
rules but I opened it and found
dates, times and places of animals
he had killed -- cats, rabbits,
dogs. When we heard he was gonna
be released we all raised hell
about it but it didn't do any
good.

135 OMITTED

135

136 INT. REECE'S JAIL CELL - ISOLATION - DAY

136

Reece sits alone, occupied by his reading materials, books on the law and psychiatry, one in particular by Dr. Benjamin Keddie.

He wears a black suit and black tie. But for the fact that he's in an isolation cell, he appears to be rational. His mood is calm.

FOOTSTEPS ECHO down a hallway. TWO GUARDS.

GUARD
(opening Reece's
cell)

Feeling better today, Charlie?

The other Guard turns Reece around and handcuffs him.

GUARD
(continuing)
Time to go to work.

137 EXT. A SMALL JAIL BUS - DAY

137

The bus leaves the county jail and we MOVE WITH it as it winds through quiet suburban streets.

138 INT. JAIL BUS - DAY

138

Reece sits, handcuffed, toward the rear of the bus, flanked by two Guards. He stares out the window, rubbing his wrists. *

139 REECE'S POV (MOVING)

139

Through a barred window, Reece sees the normal small town life that may forever be denied to him. His view is not distorted. It is in fact especially clear and sharply focused.

Reece is silent. A slow smile breaks across his face. He watches as the Second Guard munches a doughnut from an open box in his lap.

REECE
Could I get one o' them?

2ND GUARD
S'matter, aren't they feedin' you
enough?

(CONTINUED)

REECE

The medicine kills my appetite.
Those sure look good.

1ST GUARD

Ain't you afraid they're poisoned?

REECE

(smiling playfully)

I don't know...

The Guard opens his handcuffs.

2ND GUARD

Everybody in the world's out to
poison you, but our doughnuts are
okay, huh?

Reece rubs his wrists, then reaches for a doughnut.

REECE

Thanks.

1ST GUARD

What's it like to actually drink
somebody's blood, Charlie?

REECE

(eating)

I loved watchin' people die,
y'know. They'd wiggle and squirm
all over the place and then just
stop. Or I'd cut 'em with a knife
and watch their faces turn real
white. I loved all that blood.

1ST GUARD

They're gonna gas you, you keep
talkin' like that.

REECE

I'd rather die than spend the rest
of my life in prison. I must have
been real sick to do all that --
I'd never o' done nothing like
that if I was myself.

2ND GUARD

Right, you're just a pussycat
aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (2)

139

REECE
(he downs the
doughnut)
Boy, I haven't had one o' these in
so long...

From his right sleeve suddenly he flicks out a small sharpened spoon. He leaps at the Second Guard and stabs him in the chest. The Guard, in shock, fumbles for his gun.

Reece turns and cuts the First Guard across the face.

The driver of the bus turns toward the commotion. He swerves sharply, throwing both Guards and Reece to one side. *

140 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

140

The bus is stopped at an angle in the middle of a peaceful intersection. SCREAMING is heard from within. The driver exits the cab and opens the prisoner's door. Reece kicks at him and escapes. *

141 REECE'S POV - DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

141

A wild, frantic, running SHOT, out of control -- Reece's POV through the streets of downtown Stockton. The faces of onlookers blur by.

142 EXT. MOVING POV FROM HELICOPTER - NIGHT

142

A sheriff's helicopter, flying low, beams its searchlight over the quiet neighborhoods of suburban Stockton.

The CAMERA PANS with the helicopter as it circles the all but empty intersections.

143 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

143

HAND-HELD MOVING SHOT as sheriff's deputies and police dogs move quickly over lawns and back yards and the SOUND OF THE CHOPPER continues overhead.

144 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

144

HAND HELD MOVING SHOT as Sanderson, Nestade and other deputies jump out of a sheriff's car; several other cars pull up alongside and the patrols fan out.

145 EXT. SHOPPING MALL - MOVING POV (REECE'S) - NIGHT 145

A young man and woman walk arm in arm toward a parking lot.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS them and the SOUND OF DEEP BREATHING is heard on the soundtrack. They hear FOOTSTEPS and turn. We

CUT TO:

146 THEIR POV 146

but no one is visible in the darkness.

147 BACK TO SCENE 147

They stop in front of a parked car and speak quietly to one another. The SOUND OF BREATHING becomes louder.

The girl is frightened.

YOUNG WOMAN

Danny... Someone's followin' us...

DANNY

Hey! Who's out there?

The parking lot is quiet but for the SOUND OF BUZZING INSECTS. Suddenly, the quiet is disturbed by the overhead rasping of a police HELICOPTER and the high beam hits the young couple like a bolt of lightning.

SHERIFF'S VOICE

Better call it a night, kids.

They turn to see two deputy sheriffs pointing their flashlights at them.

YOUNG WOMAN

What's wrong?

SHARP CUT TO:

148 MOVING POV - SUBURBAN HOUSES - NIGHT 148

The DEEP BREATHING is heard and the CAMERA (Reece's POV) is searching for something. A DOG BARKS. The CAMERA TURNS and we see the dog crashing at the gate of a quiet one-story house.

And now we see the object of the dog's aggression: Reece, wild-eyed, sweating, the bloody spoon in hand. His face is streaked and painted sliver. He advances lopsidedly toward the dog.

149 INT. HELICOPTER - MOVING - NIGHT 149

CROSS-CUT to two police officers inside the helicopter and WIDEN as they maneuver the craft down toward a brightly-lit shopping mall.

150 EXT. - CATHOLIC CHURCH - REECE'S POV - NIGHT 150

The subjective CAMERA COMES TO A STOP then MOVES quickly toward the rear of the church. The SOUND OF DISTANT HELICOPTERS is heard.

151 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT 151

A PRIEST moves slowly through the empty chapel, setting prayer books and printed copies of a service into pew racks.

When he finishes, he ascends the nave and into the vestry.

152 INT. VESTRY (STUDIO) - DAY FOR NIGHT 152 *

The Priest programs a Maas-Rowe carillon that will play automatic chimes and hymns according to a pre-set time clock.

There is a sudden EXPLOSION OF GLASS behind him as Charles Reece crashes through the vestry's single small window.

As the Priest turns, shocked and frightened, Reece grabs him by the throat.

REECE

Where is it?

PRIEST

What do you want?

REECE

Where's the blood?

TIME LAPSE.

153 MONTAGE 153

Reece attacks and destroys the vestry, breaking doors, shoving aside books, garments and altar pieces.

He finds what he's looking for.

154 INT. THE ALTAR (STUDIO) - DAY FOR NIGHT

154 *

Reece is on his knees at the altar, drinking greedily from the consecrated wine. He's covered in blood. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the wall behind him -- desecrated with crudely painted visions: skulls and bones, human skeletons, a gigantic menacing hand, a swastika, a brooding sun.

Reece turns -- to see the Priest, bleeding but alive. Face down and terrified at the foot of the altar. He starts toward him. The church doors burst open as Sanderson, Nestade and other officers rush in.

SANDERSON

(his gun drawn)

Hold it right there.

Reece falls face downward on the altar.

155 INT. JUDGE MCKINSEY'S CHAMBERS - LATE DAY

155

MCKINSEY

Where'd he get hold of a weapon?

FRASER

It was a sawed-off spoon, Your Honor.

MCKINSEY

Why the hell are they letting this guy have something he can sharpen?

*

MORSE

I'm gonna move to strike any mention of his attempt to escape.

FRASER

On what grounds?

MORSE

Not probative on the question of guilt or innocence.

FRASER

You're funny, Al.

MCKINSEY

Who the hell knows why he tried to escape. Let's just see it doesn't happen again. I'm gonna grant the motion.

156 OMITTED

156

&

&

157

157

Rudin has just been sworn in.

MORSE

Dr. Rudin, how did you get involved in this case?

RUDIN

I was asked by the Assistant District Attorney, Mr. Fraser, to examine Mr. Reece.

MORSE

When did you receive this request?

RUDIN

It was January 6, right after the Tippetts killing. I met Mr. Fraser at the Police Department and... he instructed me to interview Charles Reece for the purpose of locating a missing child, the son of the dead woman.

MORSE

Did Mr. Fraser give you any special instructions?

RUDIN

I was to try and win the confidence of Reece by offering to help him.

MORSE

How long did you spend with Mr. Reece?

RUDIN

About three hours.

MORSE

Describe him.

RUDIN

May I consult my notes?

MORSE

Sure.

Rudin refers to a set of notes, shuffling them precisely and methodically.

RUDIN

He looked... emaciated.
Disoriented.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RUDIN (CONT'D)

He was flat and withdrawn in his responses. Not very communicative.

MORSE

Doctor, did you make a diagnosis of Charles Reece?

RUDIN

Yes... I found that Mr. Reece was a schizophrenic of the paranoid type.

MORSE

On what did you base that diagnosis?

RUDIN

First, he was chaotic in his thinking. He couldn't follow or reply to my questions. He had delusions for example that Mr. Tippetts was a Nazi, out to harm him. He didn't show any of the reactions you'd expect from someone who's committed a hideous crime. Showed no emotion at all.

Fraser sits uncomfortably, his distaste becoming unbearable. He takes a deep, calming breath and takes notes.

MORSE

Did you find any other delusions?

RUDIN

He believes his blood is poisoned, that his internal organs aren't functioning and that his heart is failing.

MORSE

Are any of these things true?

RUDIN

No.

MORSE

Doctor... this is very important... Do you think Mr. Reece understood the nature of his acts?

(CONTINUED)

RUDIN

I would say he had a sense that he was killing but didn't rationally understand what he was doing.

Fraser reacts.

MORSE

Was he compelled to kill Mrs. Tippetts even though he might have thought it was wrong.

RUDIN

I would say he believed he was in mortal peril. This was a delusion. These threats weren't human beings to him... they were just dangers to be fought.

FRASER

Your honor, I'm going to request that I be permitted to re-examine Dr. Rudin as a hostile witness

MORSE

Objection. Dr. Rudin is the people's own psychiatrist. Just because he's not giving Mr. Fraser the answers he wants to hear is no reason to make him a hostile witness.

*
*

MCKINSEY

Why do you want to do this, Mr. Fraser?

FRASER

I had certain representations from this witness prior to trial and he's now testifying in a completely different manner.

MCKINSEY

(to Fraser)

Go ahead.

*

FRASER

(to Rudin)

You've treated many schizophrenics?

*

RUDIN

Yes, I have.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

Do most of them lead reasonably normal lives?

RUDIN

Some do. Some are hospitalized.

FRASER

But they all function whether in the hospital or outside, without killing people?

RUDIN

Yes.

FRASER

Some even hold jobs, raise families, don't they?

RUDIN

Yes, if they're treated. Some may require medication to function.

FRASER

But not all?

RUDIN

No. Not all.

FRASER

Some are doctors... lawyers... even judges...

MCKINSEY

Pardon me, Mr. Fraser?

FRASER

Nothing personal, Your Honor. My point, Dr. Rudin, is that merely because someone suffers from paranoid schizophrenia doesn't mean he has to go out and murder, does it?

*

RUDIN

No.

FRASER

Delusions and abnormal states don't necessarily equal murder, even for people with the same disorder as Charles Reece.

MORSE

Objection to counsel commenting.

(CONTINUED)

MCKINSEY

Ask a question, Mr. Fraser.

FRASER

(to Rudin)

You agree that Charles Reece killed Barbara Ellis and Eileen Tippetts? And Mr. and Mrs. Hendrickson?

*
*

RUDIN

I assume that.

FRASER

While he killed them, he knew what he was doing? Didn't he? Cutting up living, feeling human beings...

RUDIN

You're saying that. I don't know.

FRASER

(moving in)

Did he know what he was doing? Look at me. I'm now killing a human being.

(his hand slashes the air)

Not thin air. Did he know that?

RUDIN

I really can't say.

FRASER

This woman, Eileen Tippetts. He shot her. He cut her up and sodomized her. Did he think she was an illusion?

RUDIN

I don't know.

FRASER

Based on your observations, his delusions, his demeanor in general, do you consider him a threat to the safety of others?

RUDIN

Yes. I would say so.

FRASER

And the way he looked to you, his "flat, withdrawn, disoriented behavior..." that supported your diagnosis?

(CONTINUED)

RUDIN

All of those things were factors.

FRASER

Wouldn't any of us, being arrested for first degree murder act the same way?

RUDIN

It's possible.

FRASER

Then what you observed also fits normal behavior, doesn't it?

RUDIN

Only up to a point. We don't evaluate mental illness by external observations alone.

Fraser goes to the prosecution table and leafs through a pile of hospital records.

FRASER

You're on the staff at Sunnyslope Hospital, are you not?

RUDIN

I'm a consultant there. Yes.

FRASER

In the summer of 1986, do you remember seeing Charles Reece as a patient?

RUDIN

I do not.

FRASER

You didn't see him?

RUDIN

I said I don't recall him if he was there. I see hundreds of patients.

FRASER

(handing him records)

Here are your records. You certified him for release. July 29, 1986.

RUDIN

I don't recall.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

Well now, Doctor, if you certified Charles Reece for release just six months before he went on a murderous rampage, doesn't that mean he didn't manifest any of the symptoms that alerted you to his dangerousness?

RUDIN

I don't remember.

FRASER

Did you approach the interview you had with Reece at the police department with any prejudices?

RUDIN

I most certainly did not. I'm a trained professional who was taught to be objective.

FRASER

Objective? You mean he killed several people, chopped them up, drank their blood, and knowing these things, you didn't go in there thinking he might be crazy?

RUDIN

I didn't, no.

FRASER

Why not?

RUDIN

Because people can commit multiple murder without being, well, to use your own word, crazy.

FRASER

So it is possible then, for someone to commit a string of sadistic murders and not be criminally insane?

RUDIN

Yes.

Fraser turns to the jury.

Kate works at the dining room table, strewn with committee reports.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

The PHONE RINGS in the living room and she gets up to answer it.

KATE

Who is this? Who's calling?

The SOUND OF A CAR pulling into the driveway is heard. Kate looks worried. FOOTSTEPS ECHO toward the front door. The door opens and Fraser enters. Kate sighs with relief.

KATE

(continuing)

It's for you.

Fraser puts his hand on the receiver and speaks to Kate who goes back to the dining room.

FRASER

You okay?

She doesn't answer.

FRASER

(continuing; into
phone)

Who is this?

161 INT. JAIL CELL - COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

161

Reece talks into the phone. He says something in German. Then:

REECE

You got to get me moved to another jail. They're poisoning me here.

162 INTERCUT BETWEEN FRASER AND REECE

162

Kate watches from the dining room.

FRASER

Don't ever call me at home again. Do you understand that? If you call me here again, I'll make sure your phone privileges are revoked.

REECE

I can tell you things.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

You want to talk to me, get a hold of your lawyer.

REECE

(smiling)

I can tell you everything you want to know.

FRASER

I'm not gonna say anything to you that'll get you a mistrial.

He hangs up.

KATE

That was Reece, wasn't it?

FRASER

Yes.

KATE

He can call here whenever he wants.

FRASER

I'll make sure he doesn't do it again.

KATE

My God, he was talking to me. This crazy killer knows our number.

FRASER

Kate, I'm sorry this had to touch you.

KATE

I've made some decisions. I'm going to Salinas for awhile. I'm gonna stay with my father. After that, I'm not sure.

Two suitcases are partially packed and Kate continues to take clothes from her closet. Fraser stands in the doorway.

FRASER

Don't give up on us, Kate.

He goes to her and takes her in his arms.

The PHONE RINGS.

164 EXT. HIGHWAY NEAR WATERFRONT - DAWN 164
Fraser's car speeds through a deserted harbor area.

165 INT. FRASER'S CAR - DAWN 165
CLOSE on his face, disturbed.

166 EXT. UNDER BRIDGE - LONG SHOT - DAWN 166 *
Two police cars enclose an area under a bridge, where *
twisted trees and branches have piled up. A workman is *
heatedly explaining something to the police as Fraser
pulls up. Sanderson motions him to come over.

167 CLOSE ON FRASER'S FACE 167
He sees a dead child's hand among the twisted branches, *
reaching out from a pile of garbage, old rags and boxes
of McDonald's take-out food. The hand is discolored,
rigor mortis has set in. The police officers are about
to remove the body.

168 OMITTED 168
& &
169 169

170 INT. COURTROOM - DAY 170
DR. LEON GABLES, is on the stand.

FRASER
Dr. Gables, you're a forensic
psychiatrist.

GABLES
Yes.

FRASER
You've testified at a number of
murder trials in the past, have
you not?

GABLES
Yes.

FRASER
Were you asked to determine whether
Charles Reece was sane or insane at
the time of the killings?

GABLES
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

The California jury instruction for insanity says "A person is legally insane, when by reason of mental disease, he was incapable of understanding the nature and quality of his act or incapable of distinguishing right from wrong at the time of the commission of the offense." Based on that standard, what is your conclusion about Charles Reece?

GABLES

My conclusion is that he was sane.

FRASER

What sort of examination did you perform on him?

GABLES

In addition to a complete psychiatric evaluation, I ordered a series of neurological examinations to show that the major functions of his central nervous system were intact. This included various tests for balance, coordination, X-rays of the brain and spinal cord. I found him normal in all respects.

FRASER

What other reasons do you have for stating the opinion that Reece is sane?

GABLES

He knows right from wrong. He went to work. He ran from the police. He told me he killed some people. He took pains to avoid detection and observation. Sometimes with me, he became evasive and made very deliberate, conscious choices of what he would or wouldn't talk about.

FRASER

What sort of things didn't he want to talk about?

(CONTINUED)

GABLES

Why he killed people, where evidence might be found, things that would hurt him legally.

The jurors begin to study Reece very closely now. He stares back at them. He is in a belly chain and has two new guards. *

FRASER

Dr. Gables, the insanity test involves an inability to "understand the nature and quality" of one's actions. What's your opinion of Charles Reece's ability to do that?

GABLES

There was clear evidence to me that when he committed these murders he knew what he was doing.

FRASER

He knew he was killing living human beings?

GABLES

That was the point. That's why he killed them. He claims he has a belief that his body is failing and infected and he's convinced himself that somebody else's blood will repair him. He had to kill them to get the blood.

FRASER

You wouldn't characterize that as insane?

GABLES

Not under the law.

FRASER

Was his memory intact?

GABLES

Yes.

FRASER

In your opinion, would he remember where he'd hidden a body?

(CONTINUED)

MORSE

Objection, Your Honor. I'm objecting to any reference, at this point, to any discovery of a body since the start of this trial. I'm also moving for a mistrial based on a lack of discovery to the defense, lack of notice to use this evidence and prejudicing the jury.

MCKINSEY

Your objection is overruled and your request for a mistrial is denied. You knew about this as soon as Mr. Fraser did.

(to Gables)

Answer the question, Doctor.

GABLES

He'd be lying if he told you he couldn't remember.

FRASER

Do you consider this man...

(gestures toward
Reese)

... dangerous to other people?

GABLES

The natural history of his disease is that once he begins to kill there's a high probability he will kill again.

171 TIME LAPSE.

171

MORSE

Now, Doctor, do you believe Charles Reece is suffering from a serious mental disorder?

GABLES

Yes, I do. I've said so several times. Perhaps I didn't make myself clear.

MORSE

We'll try to take care of that now. Do you believe he has delusions involving Nazis, demons, and religious figures?

(CONTINUED)

GABLES

Yes and no.

MORSE

What do you mean?

GABLES

Yes, in the sense that he collects swastikas and religious symbols and so on. But -- I found little to support these delusions prior to his arrest, a great deal afterward.

MORSE

(pointing to files and papers on his table)

Are you saying the police made up all of his statements? That they painted these symbols and swastikas all over his walls?

GABLES

I'm saying Mr. Reece had seen other psychiatrists. I think he knew what to say.

MORSE

Doctor, doesn't psychiatry recognize that a mental illness can leave a person's intellectual ability unaffected, but cripple his emotional balance so he can't make rational judgements about committing forbidden acts?

GABLES

That question is a perfect example of what psychiatrists cannot do in a courtroom or anywhere else for that matter.

MORSE

I didn't ask you about that. I asked you if...

GABLES

(to McKinsey)

May I be permitted to complete my answer, Your Honor?

MCKINSEY

(to Gables)

Go ahead, sir.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: (2)

171

GABLES

When psychiatrists are asked to state whether someone could or could not resist an impulse, we're asked to make judgments about events that have already occurred. At best we can only make an educated guess.

MORSE

Is it possible that someone suffering a mental disorder can be a victim of an irresistible impulse?

GABLES

It's certainly possible, but as a matter of proof, well, proving irresistible impulse is like trying to prove the number of angels in the air.

MORSE

Would you agree that there's a difference between an ability to make a moral judgment -- to distinguish right from wrong -- and the emotional ability to control one's behavior?

GABLES

Yes, I would.

MORSE

And would you agree that Charles Reece has great emotional pressures working on him?

GABLES

He's under a great stress, yes.

172 EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

172

A memorial service for Aaron Tippetts is just breaking up. The mourners leave slowly for their cars.

Fraser stands alone in the distance. JOHN MALONE, a solemn man in a black three-piece suit approaches him.

MALONE

Mr. Tippetts didn't show up.

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

172

FRASER

I know.

MALONE

Terrible shame. I didn't know what kind of service Gene would have wanted for his boy so I picked my church. He wasn't Catholic.

FRASER

No.

He sees the tiny casket being carried by a group of pall bearers, though a side door to a little cemetery behind the church.

MALONE

Thanks for the donation.

FRASER

That's alright.

MALONE

Breaks my heart about Gene. How's he ever gonna find out about his little boy? Hope they hang that bastard Reece from the top o' City Hall.

173 INT. SUPERIOR COURT - DAY

173

Dr. Keddie is on the stand.

MORSE

Dr. Keddie, is it your opinion that one of the reasons Charles Reece killed these people is that he was afraid they were poisoning him?

KEDDIE

That was his primary reason. A misguided, frantic effort at self defense.

MORSE

His delusions about demons, blood and Nazis existed before he was arrested? Before he saw any psychiatrists?

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

KEDDIE

Without a doubt.

The jury listens carefully. Intently:

KEDDIE

(continuing)

The power of his delusions, that his body was sick, that he was being poisoned by Nazis, his religious delusions overwhelmed his freedom of choice.

174 TIME LAPSE.

174

FRASER

How do you define a delusion, Dr. Keddie?

KEDDIE

A delusion is a belief contrary to reality. Not ordinarily accepted by others.

FRASER

You wouldn't call a belief in God a delusion, would you?

KEDDIE

No, I wouldn't.

FRASER

But that's only because in our society God is basically accepted.

KEDDIE

Basically.

FRASER

What if you lived in a community of atheists?

KEDDIE

In that case, Mr. Fraser, a belief in God or gods would be... Something else again.

FRASER

A delusion?

KEDDIE

My answer to you is that the issue of religious faith is outside the scope of psychiatric inquiry.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

The diagnosis of delusion, then,
is a matter of perception?

KEDDIE

Informed perception.

FRASER

A question of interpretation.

KEDDIE

Yes.

FRASER

Dr. Keddie, isn't it possible that
this man (Reece) killed his
victims because he enjoyed
inflicting cruelty?

KEDDIE

Definitely not. His delusional
need for blood was the primary
motive for what he did.

FRASER

Didn't he kill in this grotesque
manner because his purpose was
also sadistic?

KEDDIE

As a trained psychiatrist, I would
say to you that is not in accord
with the evidence, as I perceive
it.

FRASER

As a trained psychiatrist, are you
saying a man who commits sodomy on
a woman he's just killed isn't
driven by a sadistic impulse?

KEDDIE

I found no evidence Mr. Reece was
motivated by sadistic feelings.

FRASER

Didn't the Nazis have a delusion
about Jews causing the world's
problems?

KEDDIE

We get into the problem of
defining a delusion again, sir.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KEDDIE (CONT'D)

When a whole culture or even a very large group of people believe in something, I doubt we can psychiatrically label it a delusion. It may be wrong, it may be a mistaken prejudice, but not delusional.

FRASER

So if I say I can defy gravity and float to the ceiling, you'd know it was a delusion on my part.

KEDDIE

Of course.

FRASER

Doesn't that mean we can confidently label this belief on the part of the Nazis a delusion?

KEDDIE

Again, it's a matter of perspective. One man may have delusions. I wouldn't say so about a whole nation.

FRASER

Direct your attention to the jury instruction on insanity, Doctor, and tell me if you would find the Nazis insane.

Keddie reads the instructions on a chart facing both the witness and the jury box.

KEDDIE

Well... the instruction refers to the word "legal." For other nations we're not talking about the same thing. It's apples and oranges.

FRASER

Well, would you find the Nazis who killed because of this belief in Jewish evil insane using the California standard?

KEDDIE

Those that operated on this belief... and I think it fair to call their belief a disease... I would find generally... insane.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

Whether or not you classify their beliefs as delusions?

KEDDIE

By our standard, yes, because of what they did, regardless of the underlying truth or falsity of their beliefs.

FRASER

It was an irresistible impulse on their part?

KEDDIE

That I don't know.

FRASER

But, you would find them insane, even though they were organized enough to set up gas chambers, extermination camps, run railroads carrying Jewish victims, in fact organize a whole apparatus of government around the idea of killing Jews?

KEDDIE

I think most people would agree that the Nazis were insane.

FRASER

And you find the defendant insane for the same reasons?

KEDDIE

I don't follow you.

FRASER

He believed blood would cure him, they thought Jews were evil. Both killed for their beliefs, didn't they?

KEDDIE

I don't see the parallels.

FRASER

Charles Reece, like the Nazis, was able to organize his own transportation. Like the Nazis, he brought tools of death with him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRASER (CONT'D)

Performed his deeds in secret,
like the Nazis. All these things
don't point away from his being
insane?

KEDDIE

To be fair, Mr. Fraser, I don't find
Mr. Reece as organized as you do.

FRASER

Do you understand the effect of
your opinions? Under your theory,
both the Nazis and Charles Reece
would be freed from criminal
responsibility for their actions,
wouldn't they?

KEDDIE

I didn't say that. I'm only here
to give you my opinion based on
the questions you put to me.

FRASER

You said the defendant was unable
to make choices.

KEDDIE

I believe I said that he had no
capacity for full, mature
reflection on his actions.

FRASER

That's called Determinism, isn't
it?

KEDDIE

Some would label it that way.

FRASER

My question to you is were you
trying to mislead the jury by
suggesting that Mr. Reece bore no
responsibility for his actions --
when you know the very model in
our law is free will?

KEDDIE

I was not trying to mislead, sir,
I was trying to illuminate. The
notion of free will in Mr. Reece's
case is an illusion. His behavior
was conditioned by forces beyond
his control.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

Would you modify your opinion about Charles Reece's capacity to choose between moral alternatives if you knew he had tried to escape from jail?

MORSE

Objection.

The jury stirs.

MCKINSEY

I'm gonna permit him to answer.

KEDDIE

I would not change my opinion. Trying to escape is expectable in these circumstances. It has no bearing on his overall ability to choose.

FRASER

Why is it expectable for someone to want to escape from jail when they're being held for murder?

KEDDIE

I think it's natural. It's...

FRASER

Normal?

MORSE

Objection.

MCKINSEY

(to Fraser)

Let him finish.

KEDDIE

It was instinctive. There's little choice involved.

FRASER

Isn't the mere fact of his attempt to escape proof to you that he knew what he had done was wrong?

KEDDIE

It is not. Any person in this room would try to escape in a similar situation, guilty or not.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KEDDIE (CONT'D)

Charles Reece is not capable of free will. I've said that time and time again.

FRASER

Doctor, have you coached him in his insanity defense?

MORSE

Objection! Your Honor --

KEDDIE

I want to answer this. I want to be heard!

FRASER

Haven't you tried to mislead the jury in order to save Charles Reece?

MORSE

Objection!

MCKINSEY

If the witness isn't bothered let him answer.

MORSE

This is the most flagrant kind of badgering, utterly unconscionable.

KEDDIE

I demand to answer!

MCKINSEY

I'll let him answer, but don't you interrupt him, Mr. Fraser. You understand me?

FRASER

Yes, Your Honor.

KEDDIE

I resent the charges you made. I understand the revulsion everyone feels in the presence of brutal murder. But I see him too.

(he gestures at
Reece)

He shouldn't be killed. He should be treated and studied.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED: (7)

174

KEDDIE (CONT'D)

What turns a respectable young man into a killer? I want to save him because he has this secret. The next time perhaps someone like him can be treated. Perhaps, we can vaccinate against murder. We need to understand this man for the betterment of society.

FRASER

(softly)

Even at the price of five lives?

KEDDIE

That's... that may be the most terrible part of all, the price of knowledge.

Silence.

175 TIME LAPSE.

175

MCKINSEY

If you believe the defendant knew what he was doing, then you must find him legally sane. If you believe he did not, then you must find him insane. In order to find him guilty, you must find that he intended to commit the crime. His intention is as much a part of the offense as the act itself. The decision you make must be on the evidence and not on sympathy. The case now remains with you.

175A INT. JURY ROOM - DAY

175A

Various pieces of evidence are on the jury table. The Jurors are informal with each other, coats and jackets are off, but there is an underlying tension in their deliberations.

1ST JUROR

What the hell are we gonna do?

2ND JUROR

I can't understand how a decent boy could change so much.

(CONTINUED)

175A CONTINUED:

175A

3RD JUROR

He has to be crazy, that's all.

4TH JUROR

You mean if he's crazy, he's not responsible?

5TH JUROR

I don't think so.

4TH JUROR

Me neither. What would you do if he'd killed your son or daughter? Or your wife? That's how we have to look at it. We have to put ourselves in the place of the victims.

6TH JUROR

I feel like I've been to a psychiatric circus. One doctor says this -- another says that -- who do we believe?

2ND JUROR

We've got to try and understand the difference between real insanity and legal insanity.

7TH JUROR

How the hell do we do that?

2ND JUROR

We've got to try.

4TH JUROR

Everyone admits he did the killings. Let's just stay with the facts.

8TH JUROR

We can't just deal with the facts.

1ST JUROR

If we send him to a mental hospital he could be released.

9TH JUROR

That's right. One of our considerations has to be his danger to other people. That Dr. Gables made sense. He said Reece could kill again.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

175A CONTINUED: (2)

175A

9TH JUROR (CONT'D)

Those psychiatrists and lawyers
won't have to live next door to
him, we will, our neighbors will.

1ST JUROR

You don't take a person's life
just because they're insane.

10TH JUROR

You kill them if they're insane
and they want to kill you.

176 INT. FRASER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

176

Fraser enters a darkened vestibule, carrying his brief-
case. He moves about the house, putting on lights.

177 INT. FRASER'S STUDY

177

He sits alone at his desk, reading over evidence, legal
volumes, making notes on his closing argument. He
pauses and looks up in contemplation, eating ice cream
from a pint of Haagen Daaz. On his desk is a picture
of Kate and one of Molly.

He stares at the photo of Kate, then he picks up the
phone, dials. Another area code. It RINGS several
times.

178 INT. FRASER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

178

He's alone in the double bed. Staring at the ceiling.
His eyes slowly close to the SOUND OF A TICKING CLOCK.

179 DREAM SEQUENCE

179

In his mind's eye, Fraser sees a happy two-year-old
child, his daughter Molly, running and playing in a
park. A bright, sunny day. The girl runs to her
mother. The two walk hand in hand. In the f.g., a
figure appears following them. (Reece).

179A A LONG CORRIDOR

179A *

Shut doors on both sides. Reece knocks at a door.
Nothing. The SOUND OF RAIN AND THUNDER is heard,
though the scene is bathed in bright sunlight.

(CONTINUED)

179A CONTINUED:

179A

Reece stares directly AT THE CAMERA. The door closes by itself behind him as the tiny figure of the little girl disappears in the distance. Molly runs as Reece walks slowly after her. She runs into a forest

179B FRASER'S HOUSE

179B *

is bathed in sunlight, seen from above.

A wolf drops down onto the roof. Fraser, below, is yelling at the wolf but we hear no sound. The wolf charges around crazily.

A bird swoops down.

A young girl stands next to Fraser, turned away from him. We don't see her face. Reece comes closer.

179C THE GAS CHAMBER

179C *

VARIOUS ANGLES (Still photos).

179D JUDGE MCKINSEY

179D *

walks away from Fraser, his back to him.

Fraser runs after him in SLOW MOTION.

179E FRAGMENTS OF CHARLES REECE'S LIFE

179E *

as previously viewed by Fraser appear in the dream:
Reece's cellar.

*

179F REECE

179F *

sits naked in the forest, rubbing himself with blood.
His distant, rumbling, distorted voice is heard:

REECE'S VOICE

I see the girl... I have a
knife...

The voice ECHOES and reverberates into distortion.

*

180 EXT. A SMALL PARK NEAR THE HARBOR - DAY

180

Fraser sits alone on a bench.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

180

Children play in the park while others pass slowly on bicycles. Kate approaches.

KATE

How are you?

FRASER

It's good to see you. How's your father?

KATE

I've been thinking that we should make this a permanent separation, Tony. I need to put my life on a firm footing.

FRASER

Kate, just hold on.

KATE

I think it's the best way out for both of us.

FRASER

Please, Kate. I need you.

181 INT. MCKINSEY'S CHAMBERS - DAY

181

OPEN on newspaper: "REECE TRIAL GOES TO JURY." And "LAWYER PLEADS TO SAVE HIM FROM DEATH." "PROSECUTOR CLAIMS SEXUAL SADISM MOTIVATED HIM."

*
*
*

The Judge stands thoughtfully at his high bookshelves of gilt-bordered state court decisions. Fraser stands at the window, staring out.

McKinsey opens a desk drawer and removes a bottle of bourbon with two plastic cups.

MCKINSEY

Have one.

FRASER

No thanks.

FRASER

What are you gonna do if they say he's guilty?

MCKINSEY

I'm gonna do the right thing. That's what I'm gonna do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MCKINSEY (CONT'D)

(pause)

Had a call from the Governor's Legal Affairs Secretary yesterday. They're watching this case very closely. Your name's been floated for a judicial appointment.

FRASER

Really? Huh?

MCKINSEY

How many years have you been practicing?

FRASER

Ten.

MCKINSEY

That makes you eligible.

FRASER

Technically, yes. Otherwise I don't know.

MCKINSEY

I remember the day I swore you in as deputy D.A. Hard to believe it's ten years. I remember how proud your father was. You haven't let him down. You'll make a good judge.

182 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

182

The room is packed. Reece, the attorneys and the jury are in place.

MCKINSEY

Have you reached a verdict, Mr. Bales?

FOREMAN

We have, sir.

MCKINSEY

Please hand it to the bailiff.

The Foreman hands a stack of papers to the bailiff, who offers them up to the bench. McKinsey reads through them, his face a mask.

The CAMERA quickly studies the faces of the jurors, Reece, Naomi, Fraser, Morse, Whalen, Ballenger.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED:

182

MCKINSEY

Madam Clerk, please read the verdicts.

CLERK

We find the defendant guilty of the crime of murder in the first degree of Barbara Ellis as charged in count one of the indictment. We find the murder was willful, deliberate and premeditated in an especially atrocious and cruel manner...

Her voice drones on. Reece makes noises and threatening stares at the jurors. Naomi Reece screams uncontrollably. Fraser closes his eyes.

183 CLOSE SHOT

183

The Clerk's stamp validates the verdict forms one after another: Date and court - date and court. The simple mechanical SOUND is loud and final.

TIME LAPSE.

183A INT. COURTROOM - DAY

183A

Reece stands at the defense table. The jury box is cleared but the courtroom is packed with spectators, including Naomi Reece.

REECE

I beg for another chance to survive in the hope to make compensation to the families of the victims. I know I did very bad things and I must be punished. I'm sorry for what I did.

(he breaks down
in tears)

I don't know why I did it except I had to. I'll try to make up for what I did the rest of my days. I can change in prison and I'd like to have the chance.

184 OMITTED

184

MORSE

Your Honor, I'm going to request a PET Scan be performed on my client as a reliable way to show the jury he's mentally ill, in the sanity phase.

WHALEN

A PET Scan only purports to show images of the brain at a given moment in time. In this case, it's after the crime was committed. It doesn't address the relevant issue of sanity that now must be determined by a jury.

MORSE

It's a reliable scientific tool used in the diagnosis of depression, epilepsy, Alzheimer's, as well as mental deficiency. Depriving Reece of putting this before the jury denies him a fair trial.

MCKINSEY

Well, I understand it can show whether or not there's mental illness...

WHALEN

The studies don't all agree. It's just another gadget to hide Reece's responsibility.

MCKINSEY

Let's err on the side of caution. I'm going to order the test and let the jury evaluate it. Nobody knows what it'll show.

In two small fluorescent-lit rooms, a curious procession takes place.

Charles Reece is strapped to a gurney, bound at his stomach, hands and feet. He is wheeled through a small control room into the tomography room by three technicians.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

186

Three sheriffs are in attendance along with Fraser, Morse and Dr. RAY BLAIR, a neurosurgeon and the Chief of the PET Scan facility. The latter three remain in the control room. *

187 INT. TOMOGRAPHY ROOM - DAY

187

Reece lies flat on the gurney. His head is fitted into a small gantry under the NEURO ECAT SCANNER that will computer image his brain. He stares up at the white ceiling. *

Concealed within the scanner are sensors, detectors arranged in a ring, much like a flat doughnut, that produce images of up to 14 brain "slices," individual two dimensional views at various levels of the brain. This information is fed to a computer in the control room where it is immediately converted and integrated into a composite picture of the brain at work.

The TECHNICIANS continue to adjust the position of Reece's head under the gantry as he maintains a constant babble.

REECE

What's this?

TECHNICIAN

It's a scanner, Charles. It gives us various images of your brain chemistry. It shows us how your brain works.

REECE

Huh.

A radioactive positron glucose compound is injected into a vein in his left arm.

REECE

What are you doin'?

TECHNICIAN

We're injecting a glucose compound into your vein. It'll go into your blood stream and help us read the chemical reactions in your brain.

REECE

Is it safe?

TECHNICIAN

Completely.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

187

REECE

You're not gonna take my blood!

TECHNICIAN

Just a small sample.

REECE

You're gonna poison me.

TECHNICIAN

No way. I promise you. We're just trying to help you.

188 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

188

Dr. Blair activates the computer and gives voice commands to the technicians, two of whom adjust Reece's head position while another continues to draw blood samples which are put into containers where they are frozen.

In front of the small computer terminal is a keyboard, to the left, a screen that reads out data in black and white. A series of ambient NOISES from the scanner gantry accompany the scene.

As though miraculously, a series of time-encoded images of Charles Reece's brain appears on the right hand screen: In brilliant, glowing hues of red, blue, yellow, and green, the scans look like slices of bruised, misshapen fruit.

Fraser, Morse and the guards watch in fascination as Dr. Blair continues to give voice commands and call up data on the keyboard, referring quickly to each of the two screens.

188A INT. TOMOGRAPHY ROOM - DAY

188A

CLOSE SHOT of Reece. In his mind's eye he sees visions of the gas chamber (still photos).

188B INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

188B

BLAIR

These are abnormal patterns. Strikingly so. Very low glucose metabolism in the brain tissue.

MORSE

What does that tell you?

(CONTINUED)

188B CONTINUED:

188B

BLAIR

See all this blue -- He could be suffering a major depression. But this solid red here in the temporal lobe is related to impulsive outbursts of violence. And this area up front, greenish yellow, shows his concept of reality is twisted. We'd want to repeat the scan several times, to be absolutely sure, but I think you can say this is a biologically diseased brain.

FRASER

How can you be certain?

BLAIR

We know that all human behavior is related to brain chemistry. These are abnormal patterns when compared to a normal graph. Look here.

(he compares Reece's
scan to a normal
one)

It's something you can't fake. I'm looking at chemical imbalances on an X-ray, same as I could look at an X-ray and see lung cancer.

MORSE

And can you ascribe symptoms to what you see?

BLAIR

I would say this brain is actively psychotic. He probably gets command hallucinations, hears voices telling him to do things, has uncommon delusions, God knows what. Symptoms such as these are no different from what a lay person would call demonic possession.

FRASER.

(to Morse)

I've convicted an innocent man. We better talk to McKinsey.

188C INT. FRASER'S OFFICE - MAJOR CRIMES SECTION - NIGHT

188C *

Fraser is alone. He stares briefly at the mound of papers and lawbooks on his desk. Then picks up the microcassette recorder.

FRASER

3/31/87. Memo to Spencer Whalen,
District Attorney, Stockton
County. From Tony Fraser re: The
Reece Trial.

(long pause)

After I saw the Ellis house and
the Tippetts house, I wanted Reece
to be legally sane. I came to
feel that he understood each
atrocity he had committed. What I
saw, no... scratch that... I saw
disorder, death and chaos... but,
you can only deal with chaos if it
has a human face.

(pause)

I agreed with you that we owed
something to the legal system, and
to the victims. So I set myself
up as an avenger of suffering. I
knew what I was doing.

(pause; he CLICKS
the recorder off)

Jesus!

He walks to the window, then CLICKS the recorder on
again.

FRASER

(continuing)

I can't believe that in good
conscience either of us want to
put Charles Reece to death for
being out of his mind. I managed
to sell it to the jury, but I'm...
I'm not sold... delete... after
the Pet Scan. I'm not sold. I
don't believe execution is the
answer. I don't know what the
answer is. I want to meet with
Judge McKinsey but I won't do it
until you and I have had a chance
to talk.

(long pause)

I don't want to kill this man.

He CLICKS the recorder off.

189 INT. COUNTY JAIL - ISOLATION AREA - DAY

189

Dusty shafts of late morning light stream into a little hallway as Morse, Keddie and two guards walk along a short corridor. Their FOOTSTEPS ECHO loudly.

The jail is quiet, but for the wisplike VOICES OF INMATES, an occasional LAUGH, and the CLATTER OF UTENSILS.

They arrive at a steel door. One of the guards produces a large key and opens it. There are three cells inside. Two are empty.

190 INT. REECE'S CELL - DAY

190

Reece lies on his bunk, face up. His arms spread-eagled, Christ-like. One arm dangles to the floor. Strewn around his bunk and on the floor are empty cell-opane wrappers.

MORSE

Charles... Charles...

He shakes him but Reece doesn't move. Morse turns to Keddie.

MORSE

(continuing)

Charles, we have good news.

The GUARDS shine their flashlights on Reece's body. He is not breathing. Keddie examines his vital signs.

KEDDIE

He's gone.

MORSE

Jesus.

1ST GUARD

(to Keddie)

He's been getting medicine every day. Five capsules a day since you increased the dosage.

2ND GUARD

(searching the mattress)

There's a hole in the mattress.

1ST GUARD

He ain't had nothin' to eat for the last four days.

The 2nd Guard finds a handwritten note at the foot of the bunk. He starts to read from it.

(CONTINUED)

2ND GUARD

"Before Charles takes his medicine he will make his peace with God. He's sorry for what he's done... Very sorry... but Charles was put here as a disciple of Jesus, to carry out his will on earth... and he needed blood to do his work."

1ST GUARD

That doesn't look like his writing...

KEDDIE

It is.

MORSE

(to Guards)

How could you let this happen?

KEDDIE

He must have hidden his pills and OD'd himself.

2ND GUARD

His mother had a special visit yesterday. She was in here with him alone for an hour.

MORSE

He thought he was butchering people and animals to get blood so he could cure his imaginary illness. Why would he kill himself?

The question hangs in the air.

191 INT. SHERIFF'S INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

191

Naomi Reece speaks directly to CAMERA. She wears no makeup, a plain dress. Fraser and Sanderson are in the room with her.

NAOMI

Just before he started all the killin'... before he went out and bought the gun, I told him to get out o' the house. He wanted to come home for Christmas but I told him to stay away. I was afraid of what he'd do to the puppy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Now, there isn't a day goes by that I don't think about those people he killed. That little boy, that tiny baby. I've cried a lot over the past few months. I don't know whether it's more for those people or for Charlie. I keep askin' the Lord, what was the purpose?

FRASER

You were the last person to visit him, Mrs. Reece. You were alone with him in his cell yesterday for an hour.

NAOMI

I guess if there is a purpose to God's ways, there must have been a purpose to Charlie bein' here.

192 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DUSK

192

The crowd, in evening dress, spills outside onto the lawn, leading down to a yacht harbor. The gleaming blue swimming pool is lit. The club has a warm splendor in the summer evening. There are banquet tables laden with food and drinks. A small ORCHESTRA plays ROMANTIC WALTZES.

A banner proclaims: "CONGRATULATIONS, SUP. COURT JUDGE ANTHONY FRASER". Fraser passes through a stream of goodwill from Ballenger, Sally Ann, Whalen and a score of others. Whalen stands with a group of dignified judges, attorneys and their wives.

WHALEN

Here's the man of the hour.

He pumps Fraser's hand as photographers click flash photos.

WHALEN

(continuing)

I'm proud of you.

He pats him on the back. Sally Ann gives Fraser a kiss on the cheek.

SALLY ANN

(quietly)

Me too, boss. Congratulations.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

See you Monday morning. Late.

BALLENGER

(slightly drunk)

Good luck, kiddo.

Fraser hugs him and makes his way to the far side of the buffet table, an oasis of calm, where Sam McKinsey stands, chatting with Kate. She wears a white, belted skirt and blouse, elegant and attractive.

FRASER

(to Kate)

You look beautiful.

He picks up two glasses of champagne, toasts her.

MCKINSEY

How about lunch tomorrow?

FRASER

We're heading for Baja tonight, for the weekend.

MCKINSEY

Welcome to the club.

FRASER

It isn't over. I'm going to have to live with this the rest of my life.

MCKINSEY

We all are.

Kate and Fraser move onto the dance floor, joining the other couples.

KATE

I'll try, Tony.

FRASER

Kate, I'm so glad.

193 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - LONG SHOT - TWILIGHT INTO NIGHT

193

Fraser and Kate dance under the stars. The air around them stirs with a soft breeze. Kate turns to Fraser and hugs him. He puts his arm around her and stares at the sky, as the GAY VOICES and GENTLE MUSIC float languidly upward toward it.

194 EXT. AN AMUSEMENT PARK IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA - LATE 194 *
DAY *

A man holds the hand of his five-year-old son: Gene and Andy Tippetts. The park is crowded with other children and their parents. There are rides, games and a ferris wheel.

ANDY

(pointing)

The moon, Daddy.

TIPPETTS

That's right, Andy. And there's the North Star, and Mars, and the Little Dipper. See if you can find the Big Dipper...

ANDY

(pointing)

Um... over there...

TIPPETTS

That's right.

ANDY

Will you tell me a story?

Gene gathers the boy into his arms and walks toward the car.

TIPPETTS

Of course I will. Once there was a castle by the sea...

ANDY

Big castle?

TIPPETTS

A small castle... with flowers and trees...

ANDY

And a doggie?

TIPPETTS

And a doggie, yes.

They walk OUT OF FRAME. HOLD on the evening sky and the twinkling lights of the amusement park.

BLACK SCREEN.