

**SEVEN**

by

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The world is a fine place,  
and worth fighting for.

- Ernest Hemingway  
For Whom the Bell Tolls  
1940

**EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH -- DAY**

The white cross on the church steeple stands against blue sky. The church bell rings, resonating.

Mass has let out. Small church, small congregation. The dirt road in front is lined with pick-up trucks and parishioners on foot heading to outlying farms and homes. An old two-story house sits across the road. Lone.

**INT. OLD HOUSE -- DAY**

Sunlight comes through the soot on the windows, more brown than bright. SOMERSET, 45, in a suit and tie, stands in this empty second-story room. He looks around, at the ceiling, at the worn wooden floor, at the peeling wallpaper on the walls.

Somerset walks to one wall where the current wallpaper is peeled away to reveal flowery wallpaper underneath. He runs his finger across one of the pale red roses that decorates the older paper. He pushes the grime away, brings the rose out more clearly.

He pulls at the edge of the paper, carefully ripping off a roughly squared section with the rose at its center.

He studies it in his hand.

**EXT. OLD HOUSE -- DAY**

Birds sing. Somerset stands, pondering the forested landscape.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Is something wrong?

Somerset does not respond. The MAN, in an ill-fitting real estate jacket, is seated on the hood of a dirty Ford Thunderbird. He holds a check and a booklet of receipts.

MAN

Is something the matter?

SOMERSET

No... no. There's nothing wrong.

Somerset still seems distant.

MAN

(writes receipt)

Not that it's any of my business... but, are you figuring on moving out here eventually?

SOMERSET

Soon.

MAN

I just never seen a man  
mortgaging an empty house before.

SOMERSET

Everything here still seems...  
seems so strange to me. All  
this.

MAN

I don't know. I'd say this place  
is about as normal as places get.

The man walks over to hand over a receipt. Somerset accepts  
the receipt, folds it. Somerset smiles.

SOMERSET

That is exactly what I mean.  
Strange.

Somerset looks back at the house. The man does not  
understand.

**INT. AMTRACK TRAIN -- DAY -- (CREDIT SEQUENCE BEGINS)**

Somerset is in a window seat, smoking a cigarette, looking  
out the speeding train. He is near the back of the car, away  
from the few other passengers.

Outside, farms, small homes and lawns pass. The entire  
panorama is dappled by the rays of the soon setting sun.

The light flickers across Somerset's placid face.

**INT. AMTRACK TRAIN -- LATER DAY**

The train is nearly full. Somerset has his suitcase on the  
aisle seat beside him. He has a hardcover book unopened on  
his lap. He still stares out the window, but his disposition  
has soured. The train is passing an ugly, swampy field.

A car's burnt-out skeleton sits rusting in the bracken. A  
little further on, two dogs are fighting, circling,  
attacking, their coats matted with blood.

Somerset turns his head to watch the dogs.

Away in the field, another dog sprints to join the fight.

**INT. AMTRACK TRAIN -- EARLY EVENING**

Passing urban streets below. Slums. Smashed cars. People  
stand on the corners, under the bleak glow of street lamps.

Somerset's suitcase is by the window. Somerset is now in the  
aisle seat, reading his book.

**INT. SOMERSET'S APARTMENT -- LATER NIGHT -- (END CREDITS)**

Curtains closed. The SOUNDS of the CITY are here as they will be everywhere in this story. A CAR ALARM SHRIEKS. Somerset's life is packed in many moving boxes, except for clothing in a closet and hundreds of books on shelves.

Somerset, dressed only in his underwear, lays back on the bed. He reaches to the nightstand, to a wooden, pyramidal metronome.

He frees the metronome's weighted swingarm so it moves back and forth. Swings to the left... TICK, swings to the right... TICK. Tick, tick, tick, measured and steady.

Somerset situates on the bed, closes his eyes. The metronome's ticking competes with the sound of the car alarm. Somerset's face tightens as he concentrates on the metronome.

His eyes close tighter.

Tick, tick, tick... the swingarm moves evenly. Somerset's breathing deepens. The car ALARM seems QUIETER.

Tick, tick, tick. Somerset continues his concentration.

The METRONOME is the ONLY SOUND. Somerset's face relaxes slightly as he begins to fall asleep. Tick, tick, tick...

**EXT. CHINESE BODEGA/CITY STREETS -- NIGHT**

DAVID MILLS, 31, exits with a bagged 40oz bottle of beer. He is a lean, attractive man, constantly coiled, eyes always smoldering. FOLLOW as he walks quickly past iron-gated storefronts. He crosses the street under elevated subway tracks. A train roars overhead.

Mills watches it as he walks on.

Blue sparks spit off the third rail and illuminate Mills, throwing his shadow long down the deserted street.

**EXT. URBAN STREET OF ROW HOMES -- NIGHT**

This rotting neighborhood lives in the shadow of a single fat skyscraper. Mills walks, looks at the broken refrigerators and pieces of junk in the gutter.

Ahead in the street, TWO YOUNG THUGS struggle with a crowbar to break into the trunk of a parked car.

Mills draws near. One thug looks up, doesn't think Mills will be a problem, continues prying. Mills stops, calm.

MILLS

Is that your car, man?

FIRST THUG

What the fuck do you care?

Mills pauses, switches his beer bottle to his other hand.

MILLS

Does that car belong to you?

The thugs look at each other, gauging. They face Mills.

FIRST THUG

Yeah, it's my car, alright? Fuck off.

MILLS

You're telling me that's your car?

The second thug starts the long way round the car.

SECOND THUG

Well, for some strange reason, I don't believe you.

Mills gives a "isn't that silly" laugh, shifts his gaze --

Sees the first thug slide the crowbar so it's held as a weapon.

FIRST THUG

(steps forward)

You can fucking suck my...

Mills swiftly finishes that sentence by smashing his bottle against the first thug's head. The thug falls, swings blindly.

The second thug moves from the side, brings out a knife.

Mills averts, swings, pounds the side of his fist into the second thug's face -- CRACK. Broken nose.

The second thug stumbles back, drops the knife, his nose squirting blood.

Mills turns, enraged, breathing hard.

The first thug is screaming, trying to stand. Mills takes one step, punts the first thug's head. The crowbar clatters away.

Mills is in the process of kicking a man when he's down, when the second thug grabs him from behind, pulls him backwards.

Mills clutches at the thug's arm, trying to avoid a chokehold. They both struggle spastically. The thug's winning.

Gurgling, gasping for air, Mills shifts his weight, drops to one knee and spins the thug, slamming him against the car.

Mills breaks loose, grabs a handful of the second thug's hair and holds the man's head against the car's side window. Mills' free hand pounds the thug's face: once, twice -- third time's the charm as the window shatters. The thug goes out cold.

Mills backs off, still incensed. He rubs his throat, looking at the two prone men. Slowly, he regains some composure.

He takes a keychain from his pocket. He unlocks the door of the car, loads one of the thugs into the back seat. He walks to collect the other thug off the street.

**INT. SOMERSET'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- MORNING**

Somerset picks items off a moving box: keys, wallet, homicide badge. Finally, he opens the hardcover book from the train.

From the pages, he takes the pale, wallpaper rose.

**INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT -- DAY**

A wall is stained by a starburst of blood. Somerset stands, melancholy, looking at a body on the floor under a sheet near a sawed-off shotgun. The apartment is gloomy. DETECTIVE TAYLOR, 52, looks through a notepad.

TAYLOR

Neighbors heard them screaming at each other. It was nothing new or unusual. But, then they heard the gun go off. Boom, boom... both barrels.

SOMERSET

Did his wife confess? Did she actually speak the words?

TAYLOR

When the patrolman got here she was trying to put his head back together. She was crying too hard to say anything.

(shuts notebook)

Crime of passion.

SOMERSET

Yes. Look at all the passion splattered up on the wall here.

Taylor shifts his weight, impatient, annoyed.

TAYLOR

This is a done deal. All but the paperwork.

Somerset looks at a coloring-book open on the coffee table. There are crayons beside it. Somerset picks the book up.

He flips through: crudely colored pictures.

SOMERSET

Did their son see it happen?

TAYLOR

What kind of question is that?  
Huh?

(pointing)

He's dead. His wife killed him.  
There it is. That's all.  
Anything else has nothing to do  
with nothing.

Somerset replaces the book, digs up a cigarette from his pocket.

TAYLOR

You and your fucking questions,  
Somerset. I'm glad I'm getting  
rid of you today. You know that,  
you fuck?

David Mills enters, dressed in a suit. He looks a bit lost.

MILLS

Uh... Lieutenant Somerset?

Somerset lights his cigarette, looks to Mills.

MILLS

I'm David Mills... your new  
partner.

**EXT. TENEMENT/CITY STREET -- DAY**

A body-bag is carried through the crowd around the tenement doors. Somerset follows. Mills follows Somerset. They walk towards the end of the filthy block.

MILLS

I'm a little thrown. I just  
finished orientation at central,  
and they dumped me off down here.

SOMERSET

I heard you brought in two small-  
timers last night.

MILLS

Yeah. Two real idiots.

SOMERSET

Since we are just starting out, I thought we could go to a bar. Sit and talk for awhile. That way we can...

MILLS

Excuse me, but I'd rather start sniffing for a case, if it's all the same to you. Seeing how we only have a week for this whole transition thing.

(waits)

I want to get into the shit a.s.a.p., know what I mean?

Somerset walks, no reply. Mills searches to get a read on him.

SOMERSET

I meant to ask you something... when we spoke on the phone. I can't help wondering...

(pause)

Why are you here?

MILLS

(wary)

I... I don't follow.

SOMERSET

All this effort you've gone through, to be transferred from Philadelphia to here. It's the first question that pops into my head.

Mills formulates his response.

MILLS

I'm here for the same reasons as you, I guess. Or... at least the same reasons you used to have for being here...

(cutting)

...before you decided to give up.

Somerset stops and faces Mills.

SOMERSET

You think you know me? You just met me two minutes ago.

MILLS

Maybe I don't understand the question.

SOMERSET

It's very simple. You've come from the "City of Brotherly Love" to the "City of Brotherly Hate," detective. I've never seen it done that way.

MILLS

I don't know. Maybe I thought I could do more good here than there.

(pause)

You know, it'd be great by me if we didn't start right out kicking each other in the balls. But, you're calling the shots, lieutenant, so however you want it to go.

SOMERSET

Let me tell you how I want this to go. I want you to look, and I want you to listen.

MILLS

I wasn't standing around Philly guarding the fucking Liberty Bell.

SOMERSET

But, you've never worked homicide in this city.

MILLS

I realize that.

SOMERSET

Well, please do me the favor of remembering it.

Mills just stares back at Somerset. Somerset walks. Mills rolls his eyes, looks to heaven like, "what'd I do to deserve this?" He follows Somerset.

**INSERT -- TITLE CARD**

MONDAY

**INT. SOMERSET'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- EARLY MORNING**

Somerset lies asleep on the bed. It is still dark outside. Relatively quiet. The PHONE beside the inactive metronome RINGS HARSHLY. Somerset awakens suddenly, rankled.

**INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- EARLY MORNING**

It is barely becoming light outside. Mills can't sleep.

Alone in a double bed. He sits up, frustrated. Sits on the edge of the bed and looks around. The room is a shambles, filled with moving boxes.

The light coming through the window glows upon a football trophy on one box. Large and noble, a golden player stands in frozen motion at the trophy's pinnacle.

Mills looks at the trophy and a fond smile forms on his face. The CLINKING of DISHES and SILVERWARE is HEARD from another room. Mills looks at the closed bedroom door, troubled.

**INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM/KITCHENETTE -- EARLY MORNING**

Across a living room full of boxes, TRACY MILLS, 30, a beautiful woman, stands in her bathrobe. She's upset about something, takes dishes out of boxes, puts them on the kitchenette counter.

She pulls a mug from a clump of newspaper and pours some tea from a pot on the stove. Blowing on the steaming tea, she leans back on the counter, looks over at the closed bedroom door.

The tea is too hot to sip, and as Tracy is placing the mug on the counter behind her the PHONE RINGS. Startled, she releases the mug too close to the edge. It falls --

Crashes to the floor, shatters.

**INT. APARTMENT/CRIME SCENE, HALLWAY -- MORNING**

A dark hall. Somerset and Mills stand with OFFICER DAVIS, 28, a beefy, uniformed cop. Light from a camera's flash spills in from the nearby kitchen. Davis hands Somerset two flashlights.

SOMERSET

At what time did you confirm the death?

DAVIS

Like I said, we didn't touch anything, but we were on scene at like o-five-hundred, so he's had his face in a plate of spaghetti for about half an hour.

MILLS

Wait, wait, wait. You didn't check him? You didn't check vital signs?

DAVIS

Believe me, he's gone. Unless he's breathing spaghetti sauce now.

MILLS

No. The point is, when you're first man in, you check vital signs.

DAVIS

This guy's sitting in a pile of his own shit and piss. If he ain't dead he would have stood up by now.

MILLS

(getting angry)  
Listen, Godzilla...

Somerset steps in, heads Mills off.

SOMERSET

Thank you, Officer Davis. We'll see you again after we've had a look.

DAVIS

Yes, sir.

Davis leaves, eyeing Mills. Mills watches him. Somerset hands Mills a flashlight, takes out surgical gloves.

SOMERSET

I wonder what exactly was the point of the conversation you were about to get into?

MILLS

And, I wonder how many times Officer Davis there has found a supposedly dead man who didn't really die until Davis was back in the patrol car calling the morgue and eating a powdered donut.

Somerset snaps one glove over his hand and checks the fit.

SOMERSET

Drop it. We have more important concerns just now, don't we?

MILLS

Fine... for now.

**INT. APARTMENT/CRIME SCENE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT**

The POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER packs up, hoists his camera and equipment bag. Somerset and Mills enter. Mills puts on his own pair of rubber gloves. The grubby kitchen is small; barely room for four people to move around in. The photographer exits:

PHOTOGRAPHER

Bon appetit.

The only light is a murky green illumination from the ceiling.

The light bathes an OBESE MAN who is slumped forward in a kitchen chair, face-down-dead in a plate of spaghetti.

The sizable kitchen table's green tablecloth is covered with soiled paper plates. The plates hold bits of half-eaten sandwiches, potatoes, donuts and other junk-food remnants.

Mills and Somerset turn on their flashlights. Mills points his at the green bulb above. Aluminum foil has been wrapped around the bulb to focus the light on the corpse.

Somerset sweeps the room with his flashlight. He goes to the body and kneels beside it. There's a rope tied around the man's wide gut. Mills comes to stand beside Somerset.

MILLS

I guess that makes it homicide.

Somerset crouches lower, uses a pen to lift one of the dead man's pants cuffs. Rope is tied around the purplish ankle.

Mills examines the knots behind the chair's back. Shines his flashlight on the man's belly.

MILLS

Still, he could have tied himself in. To make it look like murder.

Somerset isn't listening, focused on the corpse. He studies the man's head and neck without touching.

MILLS

I don't see any blood or bruises yet. No wounds. You see anything?

SOMERSET

(irritated)

Not yet.

Somerset stands, points his flashlight: the obese man's stiff hands are clutching utensils. A knife in the left hand, a fork sticking straight up in the right with a hunk of meat hanging skewered. Cockroaches swarm.

Mills turns to the sink and stove. Each burner of the stove has a used pot or pan on it. There's food slopped everywhere.

MILLS

I saw a guy once... committed suicide, but he wanted to make sure his family could collect insurance money, right?

Somerset walks to the room's only window. The window has been painted over with black paint. he touches the window with his pinkie finger. The paint is still wet.

Mills goes to a trash can by the refrigerator. The trash can is full to the brim with empty food containers.

MILLS

So, this guy took this big knife... and he held it behind him, put the tip of it in his back, and he ran backwards into the wall. Cause, he thought it was going to look like someone stabbed him in the back.

Mills opens the refrigerator. It's nearly empty.

MILLS

Except, he poked a big fucking hole in the dry wall when he did it.

SOMERSET

If you could... spare me the anecdotes for now. Leave the refrigerator open for the light.

MILLS

(sarcastic)

Oh, forgive me. I thought we had this male-bonding thing going. My mistake.

Somerset looks at the floor, deep in thought. His flashlight beam follows a trail of dripped sauces, soups and bits of food running from the stove to the table.

SOMERSET

What do you smell? Other than him, and all the food.

MILLS

(sniffs)

I don't know... there's something.

Somerset goes close to the table, then leans to peer under.

SOMERSET

A bucket.

Somerset points the flashlight and Mills crouches, pulls up the tablecloth on his side of the table. Two large dead rats lay on the floor beside a metal bucket.

Mills grimaces, slides under the table, careful to avoid the rats. He looks in the bucket. He leans back, baffled.

MILLS

It's vomit.

He looks at Somerset under the table.

MILLS

It's a bucket of vomit.

SOMERSET

Is there any blood in it?

MILLS

Can't tell by looking.

Somerset stands, perplexed, stares at the dead man. There is a knock at the door. The detectives look to DOCTOR THOMAS O'NEILL, 52, the medical examiner. O'Neill is a frumpy man, seems a bit gone, looking at the green bulb.

O'NEILL

Mood lighting. Very sixties.

He drops his bag on the floor, sorts through the contents.

MILLS

(to Somerset)

You think he was poisoned?

Mills goes to the trash can, pokes the garbage with a pencil.

MILLS

And, those rats there somehow ate the poison off the floor?

SOMERSET

Guessing this early is useless.

O'NEILL

You girls have got the forensics guys out there chompin' at the bit. Don't know if we'll all fit in here though.

Mills continues searching the garbage.

MILLS

There's room. Light's the problem.

SOMERSET

Well, three is certainly a crowd in here. And, with four, someone's bound to be stepping on evidence.

(pause)

Detective Mills, go help the officers question the neighbors.

MILLS

(not pleased)

Thanks, but no thanks. I'll stay on this.

Somerset watches O'Neill at the corpse. O'Neill points a thin flashlight with his mouth, his hands free for the examination.

SOMERSET

(not looking up)

Send one forensic in on your way out.

Mills is pissed. He lifts his flashlight to shine it on the side of Somerset's face.

A moment passes. Somerset looks at Mills, light shining directly in Somerset's eyes. A longer moment. Mills switches the light off. He leaves.

O'Neill unceremoniously places both hands on the dead man's head, lifts the swollen visage from the spaghetti.

O'NEILL

He is dead.

**INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BASEMENT GYM -- DAY**

THWACK, THWACK... THWACK. Mills punches the heavy bag with hard, quick punches. Sweat drips off his face. He's in work-out clothing, a bundle of nerves wearing boxing gloves.

The walls are covered in mirrors. Other cops watch Mills as they pass, checking out the new kid. Mills keeps punching, skillfully.

He stops when he sees Somerset reflected in one of the mirrors. Somerset walks over, carrying a pizza box with paper piled on top. He sits on a near bench, takes out a cigarette.

SOMERSET

Pizza and paperwork, Detective Mills.

MILLS

We need to chat.

**INT. BASEMENT GYM, BOXING RING -- DAY**

Mills opens a door and enters with Somerset behind. They are alone. Chairs face an old, limp-roped boxing ring. Practice pads hang from pegs on a wall. Mills clasps a pair in his gloves, offers them to Somerset.

SOMERSET

No.

MILLS

You just hold them up. I do all the work.

Somerset takes the pads reluctantly, puts them on. He still has the un-lit cigarette hanging from his mouth. Mills climbs into the ring. He holds the ropes open for Somerset, waits.

Somerset doesn't want to do this, but he climbs up.

MILLS

You've seen my files... seen the things I've done?

SOMERSET

Yes. Impressive work.

Mills motions to Somerset and Somerset holds up the practice pads. Mills starts working them, lightly, warming up. THWACK... THWACK...

MILLS

So, what's your problem? I've done my time on door-to-doors, and walking a beat.

SOMERSET

I know it. That doesn't mean...

MILLS

I did all that shit a long time ago.

THWACK... THWACK... Somerset's very stiff, uncomfortable.

SOMERSET

I made a decision, because I have to worry about the integrity of the scene.

MILLS

That's bullshit.

SOMERSET

When I'm on scene, I'm not going to worry whether you think you're getting enough time on the playing field. I'm there to do the work.

Mills punches a little more aggressively. Somerset's backing, flinching, keeping the pads high. THWACK... THWACK... THWACK...

MILLS

The badge in my pocket says "detective," just like yours. I've been Homicide for four and a half years.

SOMERSET

You've worked Homicide for four years, or for five years... Don't count the half-years, unless you want to sound like a rookie.

Mills unloads a mighty wallop and one practice pad recoils into Somerset's face, knocks Somerset on his ass.

MILLS

Oops. My hand slipped.

Mills walks, climbs out of the ring.

MILLS

You fucked me over today, and you know it. You know it.

Somerset looks at the broken cigarette in his mouth. He contains his anger. He seems to realize Mills has a point.

MILLS

Just don't jerk me off. That's all I ask. It's not much. Don't jerk me off.

(pause)

Please, do me the favor of remembering that.

Mills exits. Somerset spits out the broken cigarette.

**INT. URBAN SCHOOL, OFFICE -- DAY**

Tracy looks out a window from behind steel bars.

Below her, young children play in a playground. They're playing hop-scotch, throwing balls, chasing each other. The swing sets are broken. The handball wall is graffitied.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 I'm sorry, Mrs. Mills. We don't  
 have anything right now.

Tracy looks away from the window to the haggard WOMAN. The school's office is ill-equipped, busy, disorganized.

WOMAN  
 We'll try to give you a call if  
 we need substitutes next month.

TRACY  
 Thank you.

Tracy looks back at the playground: on the other side of a chain-link fence, a butcher in a bloody apron walks down the ramp of a freezer truck. he carries a big, whole, slaughtered pig on his shoulder.

The pig's head flops as the butcher walks. Some children stop their games and run to watch the man and the pig corpse pass.

**INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY TRAIN -- DAY**

The train clatters through a tunnel, packed full, WHEELS SCREECHING. The lights go on and off. Passengers read tabloids, stare at their feet, study advertisements on the walls; anything to avoid making eye-contact with others.

All races, creeds and colors; all ugly, forlorn human beings. Tracy stands fatigued, holding a handrail.

A bag-lady, crusted with dirt, reeking, pushes her way through the crowd. A man presses against Tracy in an attempt to let the bag-lady pass. Tracy switches hands on the rail, turns sideways to make room. She looks down.

On one seat, a man, quite normal looking, sits holding a porno magazine, THREE-WAY FUCK, in one hand. His other hand is in his pocket. He's obviously masturbating himself in his pants. No one else notices or seems to care.

Tracy looks away, disgusted. She closes her eyes. The train's wheels SCREECH LOUDER as the train takes a curve.

**INT. INDOOR FRUIT STAND -- NIGHT**

The front and one side of the shop are entirely open to the busy sidewalk and street. A transparent plastic canopy frames the entrance. A STRANGE MAN, 20, stands at the edge of the canopy. He wears a stained sweatsuit outfit and hums a song, oblivious.

Tracy and Mills look together over the piles of fruits and vegetables piled on wooden stands which form tight aisles.

MILLS

It was okay. I mean... it was certainly better than yesterday. I think Somerset and I came to a small understanding...

Mills holds his thumb and forefinger about a quarter of an inch apart to illustrate.

MILLS

...about this big.

TRACY

He sounds interesting.

MILLS

He is that, if nothing else.

Mills throws some oranges in the basket hanging from Tracy's arm. He goes to check out the carrots. Tracy looks up from heads of lettuce to the strange man at the entrance.

The strange man hums on, rocking back and forth slowly, his eyes glassy. Customers come and go, paying him no mind.

Mills notices Tracy's interest. He keeps comparing carrots.

MILLS

We started a big homicide case today. I'll spare you the grisly details.

The strange man suddenly stops humming and looks into the store with a crooked grin.

STRANGE MAN

Name that tune? Anybody name that tune? Name that tune...

The man keeps repeating this, over and over, still ignored.

TRACY

It's... it's like they emptied all the insane asylums into the streets.

She looks back to the heads of lettuce.

TRACY

That's what it's like. Like they just gave up, and let everyone out.

Mills nods, his back to Tracy.

TRACY

There are a lot of frightening people in this city.

MILLS

There are a lot of frightening  
people in the world.

Tracy looks again to the strange man.

STRANGE MAN

Name that tune? Anybody name  
that tune?

TRACY

It seems worse than Philadelphia,  
because everything is pushed  
right up against you. In your  
face.

Mills edges past Tracy towards the front of the store, tries  
to be pleasant.

MILLS

Listen, honey. I don't want to  
fight tonight. Okay? Can we  
just go one night without  
fighting about something?

He looks over apples, thinks that's the end of that.

TRACY

I'm not trying to start a fight.  
(pause)  
How am I trying to start a fight?

MILLS

We're here now. Okay. Are we  
supposed to pack it all in and go  
back? How are we going to do  
that?

TRACY

Do I have to act like I love this  
place? Is that what a "good wife"  
would do?

MILLS

(doleful)  
There's a lot of pressure on  
me... I...

TRACY

And, there's a lot of pressure on  
me. I'm here with you.

MILLS

I know. I know...

Mills steps towards the open air entrance. He's watching  
something. The strange man is still heard offscreen.

Tracy reaches to a high wooden shelf, trying to reach a bag  
of rice, her back to Mills.

TRACY

I'm not going to close my eyes  
and block everything out, David.  
I'm not going to act like you  
delivered us to some sort of  
paradise. I can't...

She gets the rice and turns. Mills is not there. She sighs,  
angry, looks around. She walks towards the entrance and sees  
him --

TRACY'S P.O.V. -- THE STREET

In front of the stand, Mills has run to the corner of the  
sidewalk to help a very old woman with a cane. The elderly  
woman smiles up at Mills, takes his arm as he helps her off  
the curb and across the street. He talks to her as they go.

**INT. INDOOR FRUIT STAND -- NIGHT**

Tracy's anger fades. She shakes her head, touched, amazed by  
the plain boy scoutishness of her husband.

TRACY'S P.O.V. -- THE STREET

Mills deposits the old woman on the other side. She thanks  
him, patting him on the cheek. Mills starts back towards the  
fruit stand, proud of himself. A car screeches to a halt,  
just missing him. The driver leans out the window, yelling  
at Mills. Mills kicks the side of the car.

MILLS

Fuck you.  
(as car leaves)  
Fuck you, you son of a bitch!  
I'm walking here.

**INT. INDOOR FRUIT STAND -- NIGHT**

Tracy rolls her eyes in amused disappointment. She sighs  
again.

Mills passes the babbling strange man, comes up to Tracy.

MILLS

I'm sorry... I couldn't pass it  
up. I never had a chance to  
actually do that. But, we can  
start the argument right back up  
where we left off, right?

Tracy looks at him, charmed, no longer willing to fight.

MILLS

(playing dumb)  
What?

Tracy wraps an arm around Mills and kisses him. He holds her.

STRANGE MAN

That was the theme from tv's Mod Squad. I'm surprised nobody got that one.

The strange man starts humming a new tune. An old man tries to get through the aisle where Mills and Tracy are kissing.

OLD MAN

(infuriated)

Excuse me. Excuse me!

**INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

A small transistor RADIO PLAYS on the bedside table.

Mills and Tracy are in bed, making love under the sheets. They move rhythmically, kissing, sweating hard.

Mills holds Tracy's hair in his hands, pulls her head back as she gasps and he thrusts his entire body against hers.

Mills' hair is soaked. He is anything but mellow as a lover, quickening while Tracy twists underneath him. Tracy holds tight to the back of his neck with one hand.

Finally, Mills pushes himself up on his arms, holding his head down against Tracy's chest. Holds for a long moment, till he is spent and lowers himself against her, into her arms. He rests a long time. She kisses his forehead, keeping her eyes closed.

Finally, Mills rolls off her, gets behind her and wraps the both of them in the sheets. He folds himself against her, and they stay that way.

TRACY

Goodnight.

MILLS

Goodnight.

After a long moment, Mills shifts back, sits up. Tracy looks over her shoulder at him as he takes a towel off a chair and stands. Mills wraps the towel around his waist.

He leans over to give Tracy a last kiss. She watches him leave the room. She is about to say something, but does not. A light comes on in the other room, leaking through the door.

**INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT**

Mills sits down at his desk.

He starts looking through police paperwork. The RADIO in the other room goes OFF in mid song.

**INSERT -- TITLE CARD**

TUESDAY

**INT. AUTOPSY ROOM -- EARLY MORNING**

The room is cold, clean. Stainless steel. White tile. Many pathologists work at slabs. Mills and Somerset are with DOCTOR SANTIAGO, 35, who stands over the mostly dissected obese corpse.

SANTIAGO

If you take a look here, buddies... I can tell you, it was not a poison. If you can see... I have emptied all of everything out of the stomach. But, look at it, now that I took away the liver.

Santiago reaches into the belly of the cavernous corpse. Mills moves closer beside Somerset, but not too close, trying to hide his disgust. We hear squashy sounds as Santiago works, but we don't see in.

SANTIAGO

I move the lungs over. First, see how big this fat son-of-a-bitch stomach is. Now... here is the strange thing, on the stomach. Stretches.

(pointing)

And, here is it distended. Look at the size of that, because of the foods.

MILLS

I can see what you're pointing at...

SANTIAGO

On the stomach. The lines of distention.

Somerset's looking in, not believing what he sees.

SOMERSET

Doctor, are you saying this man... ate till he burst?

SANTIAGO

Yes, well, he didn't actually burst.

(MORE)

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)  
He was bleeding, inside of  
himself. And, there's a hemotoma  
on the outside... on the belly.

Somerset walks around the slab, looking the body over.

MILLS  
He died by eating?

SANTIAGO  
Someone punched him, or kicked  
him.

Somerset notices something on the partially shaved head.

He leans close to look at five or six small bruises on the  
back of the dead man's head; circular bruises, some darker  
than others, all about the same diameter as a dime.

SANTIAGO  
Oh, and there is this here...  
something else you have to look  
at and see.

Somerset stands straight, realizes something about the  
bruises.

SANTIAGO  
Most of his stomach contents are  
in the lab now... but, this. I  
found these in the fat man's  
stomach.

Santiago looks amongst tools, buckets and jars of liquid. He  
picks up a glass jar and shows it to Mills. In the jar: many  
little bits of blue plastic. Like scrapings.

MILLS  
Plastic?

Mills gets Somerset's attention, hands him the jar. Somerset  
looks at it a long time.

SANTIAGO  
Why these were in a fat man's  
stomach, I don't know.

**INT. APARTMENT/CRIME SCENE, HALLWAY -- MORNING**

Outside the door to the murder scene, Mills and Somerset cut  
through the RESTRICTED AREA/CRIME SCENE seal.

SOMERSET  
Those bruises on the back of the  
victim's head were caused by the  
muzzle of a gun.

MILLS

So, the killer had him at  
gunpoint, and gave him a choice:  
eat, or get your head blown off.

**INT. APARTMENT/CRIME SCENE, KITCHEN -- MORNING**

Somerset and Mills enter. Somerset takes out the jar of plastic scrapings, turns on the now normal light. They begin to search.

SOMERSET

He was force-fed... till his body  
started rejecting the food. He  
literally couldn't eat another  
bite.

MILLS

So, the killer held a bucket  
under him.

SOMERSET

His throat was swollen from the  
effort. He was bleeding  
internally. He must have blacked  
out... and, if you're the killer,  
you're not going to want to wait  
around for him to die.

Somerset examines the counter tops and wall. Mills gets down on his knees, examines the linoleum floor.

MILLS

You kick him, pop him like a  
fucking balloon.  
(touches floor)  
Somerset, look here.

Somerset gets down, holds the jar against the linoleum.

SOMERSET

Same color and texture.

They both crawl on hands and knees, study every inch of floor.

MILLS

If this is what that is... it  
doesn't make sense. It doesn't  
figure.

SOMERSET

Always look for one thing to  
focus on. There's always one  
singular thing, and it might be  
as small as a speck of dust, but  
find it and focus... till it's an  
exhausted possibility.

MILLS

How are pieces of the floor going to get in the guy's stomach?

SOMERSET

Exactly. Why would so many pieces be inside his stomach unless they were placed there intentionally?

Somerset notices deep scratches in the linoleum, fingers the grooves. He takes a piece of plastic from the jar, holds it to the scratches, fiddles with it, fits it in. He looks up to see, these scratches are in front of the refrigerator. It looks like they were caused by the refrigerator having been pulled away from the wall and pushed back at some time.

**INT. APARTMENT/CRIME SCENE, KITCHEN -- LATER MORNING**

We are BEHIND THE REFRIGERATOR as it is rocked back and forth. It's pulled away from the wall. Somerset and Mills strain, pull a few more feet, then release. They lean to look --

The refrigerator had hidden a space on the wall where the dust has been cleared. In that space: a circle, smeared in grease, and a note taped in the center of the circle.

Somerset's BEEPER starts BEEPING. Mills leans to read:

MILLS

"Dear Detectives. Long is the way, and hard, that out of hell leads up to the light."

(looks at Somerset)

This is not good.

SOMERSET

Milton.

MILLS

What?

SOMERSET

It's a quote from a book. Milton's Paradise Lost.

Somerset takes out his beeper, looks at the LED window. He looks up at Mills, like they've received very bad news.

**INT. LUXURY APARTMENTS, HALLWAY -- MORNING**

A marble hallway. A DETECTIVE, 50, nervously chewing his nails, quickly leads Mills and Somerset past cops and forensics.

## DETECTIVE

I said to myself, I'm not going to screw around with this. Nope. Fuck that. It's still pretty fresh meat. I called the medical examiner... he's coming.

(stops at door)

When I got to it, I knew. As soon as I laid eyes on it, I knew...

The detective opens the door. FOLLOW Somerset and Mills --

**INT. LUXURY APARTMENT/CRIME SCENE, LIVING ROOM --  
MORNING**

Gross, deep yellow light comes through the only window with its Blinds up. The light anoints a NUDE MAN displayed, dead.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

...this is your guy who did this.

The nude dead man's legs are folded under him as if he were kneeling, and he's bent forward, chin on the floor. His eyes are open, his arms outstretched before him. Mills and Somerset walk to either side of the man.

The detective closes the door, bites his thumbnail. The apartment is on a high floor, so it's quiet.

Somerset sees the window has been covered with a sheet of yellow gel, stapled in place to produce the colored light.

Mills examines the corpse. There's a chair one foot behind the nude man. It's an elegant leather chair, drenched in blood. There's a carving knife on the carpet in the middle of a huge stain of blood under the chair. Mills looks at pieces of cut rope on the floor behind the chair. The rope is knotted.

Somerset crouches beside the body. There's a big piece of flesh missing from the man's left side, as if the love-handle had been lopped off. Hundreds of pennies lie scattered under and around the man. The man's hands are palms up, fingers wrapped around more pennies.

Mills walks over to examine a scale on the floor between the corpse and the doorway. It's an old-fashioned counter-balance scale with two suspended dishes on a see-saw arm. In the high dish: the hunk of flesh missing from the man's side. In the low dish: a one pound counterweight.

MILLS

(to Somerset)

A pound of flesh.

Somerset stands and walks backwards to view the entire scene from near the door.

He looks worried, vaguely frightened. He turns his head, looks to a far wall. Beside a big, abstract, constructivist painting, there's a note pinned up inside a triangular smear of blood.

**INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- EARLY EVENING**

An office full of pictures, books and mugsheets, yet it is meticulously well kept. The CAPTAIN, 50, sits at his tidy desk. He's dressed conservatively. Mills and Somerset sit before him. Somerset reads from a photocopy of the note they just found.

SOMERSET

(reading)

"One pound of flesh, no more no less. No cartilage, no bone, but only flesh. This task done, and he would go free."

The captain is a calm man, but whenever not speaking, without fail, he clenches his jaw repeatedly, causing the muscles in his neck and jaw to pulse.

Somerset stands, paces.

SOMERSET

This victim, Mr. Gold, was tied down nude, holding a carving knife. And he was given a long time... to decide. Where to make the first cut? There's a gun to your head... but, what part or parts of your body are expendable?

Mills sits back in his chair, arms crossed, seems anxious, doesn't know why they're here.

SOMERSET

Mr. Gold tried for the whole pound at once, his love handle. But, he went into shock. Bled to death.

CAPTAIN

What is the point, Somerset?

SOMERSET

Look at both killings together. This murderer is an artist.

CAPTAIN

An artist?

SOMERSET

He uses colors and symbols. He positions the bodies after death, so he's working with composition. It's been premeditated so meticulously... and this is just the beginning.

CAPTAIN

Wrong. For all we know, we might never hear from him again, and I don't want that kind of talk floating around.

Somerset shakes his head "no."

SOMERSET

The rats and the pennies. The circle and the triangle on the wall. There's something about them... these murders mean something.

CAPTAIN

So? What?

Somerset has no answer. The captain is irked, jaw clenching.

CAPTAIN

(to Mills)

You with him, or you just here to watch?

MILLS

This is his stuff, captain. I've been out in the cold most of the day.

CAPTAIN

(to Somerset)

Always working overtime up in that big brain of yours, huh? Always cooking.

SOMERSET

I need you to know... I want us reassigned. We're declining this case.

MILLS

(sits up, angry)

What?!

CAPTAIN

What the hell are you talking about?

SOMERSET

This cannot be my last duty here.  
It's going to go on and on.

CAPTAIN

You've left unfinished business  
before.

SOMERSET

Everything else was taken as  
close to a conclusion as humanly  
possible.

MILLS

Can I just say something?

SOMERSET

Also... I don't think this should  
be Mills' first case.

MILLS

This is not my first case,  
fuckhead!

CAPTAIN

I don't have anyone else to give  
this to, Somerset. And nobody's  
going to swap with you.

MILLS

Give it to me, then. There's  
nothing that says I have to fly  
with him.

The captain considers this.

MILLS

If Somerset wants out, fuck him.

SOMERSET

It would be too much for him, too  
soon.

MILLS

(to captain)

Could we talk about this in  
private?

The captain looks at Somerset, then at Mills.

CAPTAIN

That's not necessary. You're in.

MILLS

Thank you, sir.

CAPTAIN

Start picking up the pieces.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
I'll shuffle some paper and try  
to get you a new partner.

Mills stands. Somerset will not look him in the eye. Mills leaves, slams the door. Somerset seems deflated.

CAPTAIN  
You win, Somerset. You're out.

**INSERT -- TITLE CARD**

WEDNESDAY

**EXT. CITY STREET -- MORNING**

A vendor lays out a pile of tabloid newspapers at his busy newsstand. The headline: SECOND BIZARRE MURDER!, in huge print.

The vendor lays out another tabloid pile. Headline: "GIVE ME MY POUND OF FLESH," SAYS BLOODTHRISTY KILLER, in big, red letters. The vendor places a third pile beside the others: SICKENING MURDERS - EXCLUSIVE DETAILS INSIDE!!!

**INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- MORNING**

Old office. Moving boxes on the floor. The single window faces a billboard. Somerset works on a manual typewriter. He types hunt-and-peck, slowly. His paperwork is on the desk in two sloppy piles. A jarring SOUND is HEARD OFFSCREEN, like fingers on a blackboard. Somerset looks up, irritated.

A WORKMAN is working at the open door, holding the source of the sound, a razor blade he's using to scrape the words DETECTIVE SOMERSET off the door's window.

WORKMAN  
Sorry.

Somerset turns back to typing. The captain steps in, looks at the workman, then drops more papers on Somerset's desk.

As always, the neatly groomed captain clenches his jaw. He looks around. Two of boxes on the floor have DETECTIVE MILLS written across them. The captain picks one up, puts it on top of the other. He sits, watching Somerset, starts straightening the forms on the desk.

CAPTAIN  
What are you going to do with  
yourself out there, Somerset?

SOMERSET  
I'll get a job. Maybe on a farm.  
I'll fix up my house.

CAPTAIN  
 Can't you feel it yet?  
 (pause)  
 Can't you feel that feeling...  
 that you won't be special  
 anymore?

SOMERSET  
 (lying)  
 I don't know what you mean.

CAPTAIN  
 You know.

Somerset reclines, looks at the captain.

SOMERSET  
 Did you read in the paper today,  
 about the man who took his dog  
 for a walk? And how he was  
 mugged? And, his wallet was  
 taken, and his watch. Then,  
 while he was still lying  
 unconscious, his attacker stabbed  
 him with a knife in both eyes.  
 It happened last night. Not far  
 from here.

CAPTAIN  
 I heard.

SOMERSET  
 I have no understanding of this  
 place.

CAPTAIN  
 It's always been like this.

Somerset saddles up to the typewriter. Hunt-and-peck.

SOMERSET  
 Yes. You're absolutely right.

The captain lays the paperwork down in two neat stacks.

CAPTAIN  
 You were made for this work,  
 Somerset. I can't believe you're  
 going to trade it all in for a  
 tool belt and a fishing rod.  
 But, I guess I'm wrong.

The captain leaves. Somerset looks up now that the captain's gone. He grabs the paper piles and ruffles them back to their disheveled state. He looks at the workman.

The workman is looking at Somerset, has a rag in his hand to remove the last remnants of Somerset's name.

SOMERSET

(angrily)

Put a little elbow grease into  
it!

The workman is startled, continues his work.

**INT. LUXURY APARTMENT/CRIME SCENE, LIVING ROOM -- DAY**

The grandly furnished apartment where the second murder took place has been dusted for prints and searched.

Two female forensics are at work.

**INT. LUXURY APARTMENT/CRIME SCENE, MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY**

Mills is seated in front of a long writing desk with many drawers. All the drawers are open. Mills looks through letters and stationary. Nothing of use. He tosses the pile back.

He sits back, frustrated, yanks off one rubber glove, looks around the room. Books have been taken off their shelves, the bed has been stripped. The room has been given the once over.

The victim's family photographs hang in expensive frames on one wall. There are at least thirty photos of various sizes: ancestors, sons and daughters, grandchildren and friends. An over-weight forensic, CHRIS, 35, leans in through the doorway.

Mills looks up and Chris shakes his head glumly.

MILLS

He must have left us another  
puzzle to solve... somewhere.

CHRIS

We'll keep looking, but we're  
running out of possibilities.

Chris leaves and Mills stands to stretch. Something catches Mills' eye. He walks over to the door, curious. At the base of the open door, there's a ball of paper wedged under to act as a doorjamb. Mills puts his glove back on, pulls the ball out.

He uncrumples the paper as the door slowly swings shut. The page has a drawing on it, of the sun with waves of heat at its edges. There is a single eye in the center of the sun.

An arrow is drawn in dried blood on the back of the closing door. Mills notices this and pushes the door closed.

The blood arrow points to the side and up, seems to be pointing to the photo gallery wall. Mills goes to examine the photos.

His eyes search each photo... one by one... till he sees it:

MILLS

Christ...

A framed photo of a falsely pretty, middle-aged woman smiling and wearing pearls. Under the glass, on the photo itself, circles have been drawn in blood around the woman's eyes.

**EXT. CITY STREETS, DOWNTOWN -- NIGHT**

An assault on the senses. Crowded streets and sidewalks. On every corner, in every doorway, on every stairwell -- freaks, junkies, punks, leather boys and motorcycle girls. A few tourists wander in the mix, heedful of the dangers around them. Buildings border narrowly.

Somerset walks against the stream. He carries a file.

CAR HORNS HOWL. MUSIC BLASTS from the entrances of clubs. REGGAE from one club is soon OVERTAKEN by RAP from a second story window. TECHNO-POP blasts from the tattoo parlor.

Somerset does not like this place, views it with disdain. He walks to avoid two men fighting on the ground. The men are pulling hair and pounding each other idiotically.

Somerset takes a cigarette from a full pack, lights it as he crosses through the traffic jam in the street. A VAGRANT steps up with his hand out.

VAGRANT

Spare me a cigarette, money-grip?  
Spare me a cigarette?

SOMERSET

Sorry. Last one.

He walks on. We BEGIN to HEAR JAZZ MUSIC.

**INT. JAZZ CLUB -- NIGHT**

A club at capacity. The JAZZ MUSIC CONTINUES like a slow, cool breeze from a JAZZ TRIO on a platform.

The air is thick with smoke. Yuppies sit elbow to elbow with the last members of the beat generation. Everyone's drinking beer, smoking pot.

Somerset crosses the club, looking for someone. He takes a tissue from his pocket, rips pieces off and jams the pieces in his ears. At the back of the club, a major-league bouncer stands in front of a closed door. Somerset shows his badge and the bouncer steps aside with reservation.

**INT. NARROW STAIRWELL -- NIGHT**

The walls are black. Somerset opens the door, enters, walks down the long flight of stairs. As Somerset descends, the JAZZ MUSIC FADES and is ENGULFED by the sound of SPEED METAL. DEAFENING.

At the bottom, Somerset opens another door. He enters --

**INT. UNDERGROUND ART GALLERY -- NIGHT**

A narrow room. SPEED METAL is even LOUDER. This is a private art party. The people are lizard-like, pale. Men and women priding themselves on their gauntness.

Somerset passes canvases on the walls. Pointlessly abstract paintings. Splatters, smears and blobs of color.

Party-people stand in front of these "works," engrossed. Somerset slides past, not interested in the art, jamming the tissue further in his ears. He spots his objective.

WILLIAM McCracken, 42, stands inside a circle of admirers. He is dressed like a pauper, his baggy clothing stained with many colors of paint. He wears dark sunglasses, bored by the bleached-blonde girl whispering in his ear.

Somerset worms his way to stand in front of William. The party-goers turn their attention to this intrusion.

William looks up, pushes the girl away. He takes off his sunglasses. His eyes are badly bloodshot and listless.

He looks Somerset over... and then grins, glad to see him.

**INT. MILL'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT**

Mills stands brooding over a photocopy of the picture of the woman with her eyes circled in blood. He looks overworked, drinks coffee. His desk is swamped with files.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I have voiced the same concerns  
to our law enforcement officials,  
and they assure me he is of the  
highest caliber.

Mills looks to a t.v. on a table, picks up a remote, increases the volume. On the screen, MARTIN TALBOT, 47, source of the voice, stands before reporters. He's a powerful presence, with a gold tooth in the front of his mouth.

A REPORTER (V.O.)  
 (from t.v.)  
 As District Attorney, don't you  
 feel some responsibility?  
 Detective David Mills lacks the  
 experience...

TALBOT (V.O.)  
 (from t.v.)  
 I've always said... I've always  
 said, don't send a boy to do a  
 man's job.

Mills is hanging on every word.

TALBOT (V.O.,CONT)  
 But, David Mills has a sterling  
 record with the Philadelphia  
 force. I stand behind him one  
 hundred percent.

MILLS  
 (relieved)  
 You tell 'em boss. Detective  
 David Mills is a wonderful human  
 being...

TALBOT (V.O.)  
 However... however... let me say  
 this...

Mills looks back at the television.

TALBOT (V.O.,CONT)  
 If Detective Mills, at any point  
 in this investigation... if he is  
 not pulling his weight, I will be  
 the first in line to pull his  
 plug.

Mills points the remote, turns the t.v. off as reporters  
 crowd Talbot. Mills stares at the blank screen, dispirited.

Across the room, Tracy stands in the doorway. Mills does not  
 see her. He looks at the photocopy and sits at his desk.

Tracy watches him, great concern in her sad eyes.

**INT. WILLIAM'S STUDIO/APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

Somerset walks through this vast artist's studio, a converted  
 warehouse space filled with canvases. It's clear the works  
 at the underground art gallery were William's. William  
 climbs a ladder to a loft storage space. He moves  
 cautiously, like he's not quite up to the task.

WILLIAM

I always figured that's the only reason you and I used to be friends. Because I was a friend of hers.

William yanks a painting wrapped in dusty paper, climbs down.

WILLIAM

Speaking of which...

William hands the painting to Somerset, walks to a director's chair facing a paint-splashed canvas on an easel. He is a used-up man, bound in an apathy-induced haze. He sits, picks up a squeeze bottle of orange paint from a table of supplies.

WILLIAM

I painted that about five years ago. I always told myself I'd give it to you next time I saw you.

Somerset starts unwrapping the painting.

William "paints," using the squeeze bottles and by flicking saturated brushes so that the paint flies against the canvas. Most times, he's not even looking at the canvas or colors he's using. He looks over his shoulder at Somerset.

WILLIAM

Things are different these days, pal. You wouldn't believe it...

Somerset looks at the unwrapped painting and is hit by a swell of memories. Horribly sad memories. It's a portrait in oils of a pretty, red-headed woman.

William shoots red paint with one hand, concentrates on lighting a filterless cigarette with the other.

WILLIAM

People buy my paintings now... they drive down in their BMWs and Rolls Royces. It's the new money generation. I guess they think they're touching the avant-garde...

William looks at his creation, then calmly kicks the easel over.

WILLIAM

There's another thousand dollar William McCracken expression of anarchy.

William gets up, walks across the wet canvas, leaving footprints. He looks down at what he's done.

WILLIAM  
Make that two thousand.

He laughs. Somerset holds up the delicately rendered portrait.

SOMERSET  
How is she? Have you seen her recently?

WILLIAM  
Huh... oh. No. She moved out of the city. Last winter. She married some businessman, or something like that.

Somerset fights the anguish this causes, puts the painting down.

SOMERSET  
Good for her.  
(pause)  
I'm leaving soon myself. I'm finally getting out.

WILLIAM  
Yeah? What happened to the idealistic super-cop I used to know?

SOMERSET  
He became a realist.

William grunts, flicks his cigarette away, takes out a bag of pills. He palms a few, notices the judgment in Somerset's eyes.

WILLIAM  
Oh... sorry.

William turns his back to Somerset, pops the pills. Out of sight, out of mind. Somerset is disappointed, disgusted.

SOMERSET  
(sarcastic)  
Not that I don't appreciate your recent artistic endeavors... but, what happened to the painter I used to know?

William smiles like a dolt, laughs a little.

WILLIAM  
I can't remember.

**INT. WILLIAM'S STUDIO/APARTMENT -- LATER NIGHT**

Color photos of the first and second murder sit on a drawing table. The top photos are like establishing shots, each taking in the entire display the murderer created.

William examines with Somerset looking over his shoulder.

WILLIAM

Man... can I buy these from you?

SOMERSET

They're not for sale.

Somerset lays out photos of the notes, triangle and circle:

SOMERSET

What is it? What's the murderer trying to say?

William narrows his eyes. Does not know.

SOMERSET

What picture is he painting?

WILLIAM

(figuring)

Wait a minute...

William has an idea. He ambles over to a row of cabinets where oversized art books are stacked. He hunts through a pile, shoves some books aside.

WILLIAM

I... I've seen things like that...

SOMERSET

Where?

William keeps digging, finds one book, finds another. He opens one as he walks back to the drawing table.

WILLIAM

It's church stuff. Christianity.

William lays a book down, finds a page. He opens it to Somerset. There is a circle to the side of the text. It says GLUTTONY under the circle.

Somerset creases his brow, turns the page. William opens another book.

WILLIAM

When it first started...  
Christian artwork was all from  
Bible stories. It was like...  
nobody had any imagination. It  
was all... standardized.

William pages through and we catch glimpses of the bizarre, worlds of Hieronymus Bosch. Horrifying religious visions.

WILLIAM (O.S.,CONT)

But, later, everyone started painting to tell their own stories... to teach lessons. Guys like Bosch, Bregel the elder... Van Eycks.

William shoves the open book to Somerset. Somerset looks:

Seven paintings in a circular pattern showing characters giving in to sins. Wicked, grotesque people.

Somerset turns the book to examine each painting right side up.

SOMERSET (O.S.)

The seven deadly sins.

WILLIAM (O.S.)

That's what these murders remind me of. Paintings like these.  
(points)  
Gluttony... greed...

SOMERSET (O.S.)

Envy, wrath, pride, lust and sloth. Seven deadly sins.

WILLIAM

Amen, brother.

William goes to continue pulling other books.

WILLIAM

I can find more examples. There's lots of paintings like those... painted over hundreds of years.  
(moves books)  
And you're right... that murderer is an artist.

Somerset is chilled by all this, immersed in the Bosch book.

SOMERSET

And, it's two down... five to go.

**EXT. CITY STREET, PORNO DISTRICT -- NIGHT**

A bright, tawdry intersection. Neon swirls and circuit-bulbs on porno theatres provide the flash. Cars, taxies, and barkers urging sexual indulgence from doorways provide the noise.

The streets and sidewalks are crowded with lonely humans, mostly men, looking around, sizing up promises made on porno placards: FUN WITH NUDES, BIG BOOBS, NAKED DESIRE, etc. The usual contingent of abnormal cretins wanders in the crowd, looking for someone to hurt.

MOVE through the crowds. Meet JOHN, a balding, middle-aged man, wearing thick glasses. There is not a single thing strange or unusual about his appearance. FOLLOW him as he walks. He's nervous, looking at the porno palaces.

His sweaty hand clutches a Bible tight against his chest. He doesn't feel comfortable being here.

John walks to a corner, waits for the light so he may cross. A grotesque STREET PREACHER approaches waving his own Bible. People walk away from him, so he confronts John.

PREACHER

...are you, Sir? Is Jesus Christ  
your Lord and Master? Do you  
believe in Him?

John tries to ignore, traffic blocking his escape.

PREACHER

(pleading)  
Don't ignore me. Listen to what  
I have to say. Christ can be  
your savior!

JOHN

(quiet anger)  
Leave me alone.

PREACHER

Think about God, sir. I can help  
you let Him into your life.

Finally the light changes. John turns and spits in the preacher's face. The preacher recoils as John crosses quickly.

John hurries between cars in the crosswalk. The preacher curses from the corner, his voice drowned out in traffic.

**EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET, PORNO DISTRICT -- NIGHT**

People pass on the sidewalk. John is amongst them, but he stops, looking up at something offscreen.

He's looking at a bright red storefront adorned with red neon: THE HOT HOUSE. Massage parlor. The Hot House's BARKER notices John's interest.

BARKER

Interesting isn't it, friend?  
(MORE)

BARKER (CONT'D)  
 You like that, you like girls,  
 then come on in.

John doesn't hear the barker. Steps up to study fading pictures of naked women massaging happy men. Nudity.

BARKER  
 You'll see a lot more inside.  
 You'll see a lot more than that.

John's just looking, his face bathed in bright red light, the neon reflected in his thick glasses.

**INT. MILLS' APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY -- NIGHT**

Somerset, holding more than an armful of art books and novels, pounds on the apartment door. Tracy opens it with the chain on.

TRACY  
 Can I help you?

She takes a second to drink Somerset in. Somerset is surprised, having expected Mills. Tracy is so exquisite that he falters.

SOMERSET  
 Uh... I was looking for Mills.  
 David, I mean.

TRACY  
 He's not here right now.

Somerset tries not to drop any books while he digs up his badge.

SOMERSET  
 Mrs. Mills, my name is Somerset.  
 If I could leave these books for  
 him.

TRACY  
 (undoes chain)  
 Please, come in.

**INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM/KITCHENETTE -- NIGHT**

Tracy leads Somerset into the disarray of the apartment.

TRACY  
 David went for a walk. To clear  
 his head. Oh, you can put those  
 here.

SOMERSET

Thank you.

Tracy motions and Somerset puts the books on Mills' desk. He starts looking through one book, checking paperclipped pages.

SOMERSET

Could you tell him... tell him this is his reading assignment. It's urgent. I've marked the most important pages.

TRACY

Would you like some coffee, or a drink. David should be back any minute.

SOMERSET

I do have to get going.

Somerset sees a medal encased in glass on the desk amongst pens and pencils. He picks it up: it's a medal for valor from the Philadelphia Police Department.

TRACY

At least I got to meet you. David has told me a lot about you.

SOMERSET

Really? Good things, I hope.

TRACY

Oh, yes. He said you were very smart.

SOMERSET

Really?

TRACY

I think he's a bit intimidated by you.

Somerset thinks about this, finds it hard to believe. He goes through his pocket, pulls out a notepad and some paper scraps.

SOMERSET

I'm going to leave him a list of specifics. It all relates to the case he's on.

He lays the various scraps and receipts aside on the desk, sits to start writing on the notepad. Tracy goes to the kitchenette to get a chair.

TRACY

You two aren't working together anymore. Isn't that so?

SOMERSET

To be perfectly honest, Mrs. Mills...

TRACY

Tracy.

SOMERSET

Tracy. David and I weren't exactly what you could call fast friends.

TRACY

That's too bad.

Tracy brings the chair over by the desk and sits. Somerset looks up from his writing.

SOMERSET

I doubt your husband shares that opinion.

Tracy nods, leaning forward, semi-conspiratorially.

TRACY

You know, Somerset, David is very... determined. I'm sure you've seen, it's not likely he'll ever be compared to Gandhi.

SOMERSET

He's a good cop. He just...

TRACY

He sees policework as a crusade. That's what he wants it to be, and, that might sound naive, but he's made a conscious choice to be naive.

(pause)

Believe me, his heart's in the right place.

Somerset pauses, enchanted by her.

SOMERSET

I hear you and he were high school sweethearts.

TRACY

Yeah. Pretty hokey, huh? But, what girl wouldn't want the captain of the football team as their lifelong mate?

SOMERSET

It's rare these days... that kind of commitment.

TRACY

I guess so.

Tracy's smile falters a bit. Somerset notices this. He breaks from her spell, turns to continue writing.

SOMERSET

Well... this will only take a minute.

TRACY

Take your time.

Somerset writes. Tracy looks over the stack of books:

Titles on the spines: BOSCH, A HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN ART, BREGEL THE ELDER, etc. Hardcover novels: DANTE'S PURGATORY and THE CANTERBURY TALES.

Tracy stands to look at the novels on top, then sees the pile of paper scraps from Somerset's pocket. She picks up the piece of wallpaper with the pale red rose at its center.

TRACY

What is this?

Somerset looks up. Sees her holding the paper rose. He takes it, slightly self-conscious, looks at it.

SOMERSET

My future.

Tracy tilts her head, looking at Somerset.

TRACY

You have a strange way about you, Somerset... I mean in a good way... unusual.

Somerset doesn't know what to say. He pockets the paper rose.

TRACY

I apologize. I'll get out of your hair.

Tracy stands, takes the chair back to the kitchenette.

TRACY

It's just... it's nice to hear a man who talks like that. If David saw that paper, he'd say you're acting like a homosexual. That's how he is.

SOMERSET

(mock indignation)

Well! I guess I won't be showing this to him then.

TRACY  
I suppose not.

Somerset continues writing. Tracy sits at the kitchenette table, watches him.

**INSERT -- TITLE CARD**

THURSDAY

**EXT. CITY MORGUE -- MORNING**

It's raining hard. Mills exits the morgue building with a few art books and a paper cup of coffee. He holds one art book over his head as he dashes through deep puddles in the street.

**INT. MILLS' CAR -- MORNING**

Mills gets in, puts his coffee on the dash and tosses the art books in a box. He closes the door. Alone with the sound of the rain. He wipes water off his face, looks at his tired eyes in the rearview mirror.

He reaches in the box of books, takes out copies of *The Canterbury Tales* and *Dante's Purgatory*. He makes a face, opens *Dante's Purgatory*:



Mills turns to a bookmark, rests the book on the steering wheel. He reads. He bites his lip, leaning close to the words. He concentrates, mouths some of the words to himself. He finally closes the book, shaking his head, not understanding anything he's reading. He starts pounding the book against the steering wheel with all his might.

MILLS

Fucking Dante. Goddamn, poetry writing freak, mother-fuck...

A figure outside the window knocks on the glass. Mills rolls it down. A COP in raincoat hands a wet paper bag through.

MILLS

Good work, Officer. Good work.

The cop leaves as Mills quickly rolls the window up and rips the bag open. Inside: Cliff Notes for Dante's Purgatory and The Canterbury Tales.

MILLS

Thank God.

**INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- DAY**

It still rains outside. Somerset enters, stops to notice DETECTIVE MILLS painted on the door where his name used to be. He walks, sees all his belongings have been moved from his desk and piled on a small temporary desk in the corner.

Somerset sits at the temporary desk, starts organizing the files and papers. Mills enters carrying the box of books.

SOMERSET

How's it coming?

MILLS

Great.

Mills puts the box on the large desk. They both settle in, attending to their work. Two men, about five feet apart, each trying not to acknowledge the other's presence.

Mills takes out his Cliff Notes, looks to see Somerset is occupied, hides them in a desk drawer.

Somerset finishes one form, flips it and looks up. There's a chalk board nailed to the wall.

On the chalkboard:	1 <del>gluttony</del>	5 wrath
	2 <del>greed</del>	6 pride
	3 sloth	7 lust
	4 envy	

The PHONE RINGS. Both men look at it. Phone RINGS again.

SOMERSET

It's your name on the door.

Mills picks up. Somerset returns to his work.

MILLS

(into phone)

Detective Mills here.

(lowers voice)

Honey, I asked you not to call unless...

(listens)

What... why? Okay... okay. Hold on.

Mills is confused. He holds the phone out to Somerset.

MILLS

It's my wife.

Somerset looks quizzical. Mills shrugs. Somerset takes it.

SOMERSET

(into phone)

Hello?

(listens)

Yes, well... I appreciate the thought, but... I...

(listens)

Well, I guess I'd be delighted to. Thank you... goodbye.

Somerset gets up, hangs up, puzzled. Mills is waiting.

MILLS

Well?

SOMERSET

I'm invited to have a late supper with you and your wife. And I accept.

MILLS

How's that?

SOMERSET

(sits back down)

Tonight.

Mills looks at the phone, lost.

**INT. MILL'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM/KITCHENETTE -- NIGHT**

A record player on a moving box PLAYS QUIET MUSIC.

There's a basketball game with NO VOLUME on the t.v. screen.

Tracy, Mills and Somerset eat at the kitchen table. Mills has a beeper by his beer and occasionally fingers it absently.

TRACY

Why aren't you married, Somerset?

MILLS

Tracy. What the hell?

Somerset adjusts his napkin on his lap, thinking.

SOMERSET

I was close. It just didn't happen.

TRACY

It surprises me you're not married. It really does.

SOMERSET

Any person who spends a significant amount of time with me finds me... disagreeable. Just ask your husband.

MILLS

No argument.

Mills grins, but he means it. he sips beer. The conversation lapses into long silence. Somerset concentrates on his plate. Tracy looks at Mills, who eats while watching the basketball game.

TRACY

(to Somerset)

How long have you lived here?

SOMERSET

Too long. Much too long.

(drinks)

What do you think of our fair city?

TRACY

You take the bad with the good, I suppose. It's... it's...

MILLS

It takes time to settle in.

Tracy looks at Mills. Somerset can see it is a sore subject.

SOMERSET

(to Tracy)

You'll get used to it pretty quickly. There are things in any big city that stand out at first. But...

A LOW RUMBLING is HEARD as plates begin to rattle and clatter.

TRACY

Subway train. It's right below us.

The dishes clatter more. Coffee cups clink against their saucers. Tracy holds her cup to stop it, tries to act like it is nothing, but she is clearly bothered.

TRACY

It'll go away in a minute.

They wait. The t.v. picture goes fuzzy. The RUMBLING grows LOUDER, knocks something over in the sink. Mills continues eating. Somerset fiddles with his food. The record player skips, then plays on. The RUMBLING finally DIES DOWN, till everything is normal.

MILLS

(uncomfortable)

This real estate guy... a real scum, brought us to see this place a few times. And, it was nice enough, and the price was right. I was thinking it was nothing, but I started to notice, he kept hurrying us along. I mean what could it be? Why would he only show it like five minutes at a time, before he'd hustle us out the door?

Mills laughs, lamely.

TRACY

We found out the first night.

Somerset tries to stay straight, but he can't help laughing.

SOMERSET

I'm sorry... it's a nice apartment.

He pulls himself together, but only for a moment. He can't stop it, laughs harder, covering his mouth. Tracy and Mills laugh.

MILLS

(sighs)

Oh, fuck.

**INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM/KITCHENETTE --  
LATER NIGHT**

The record player spins a different album, DIFFERENT MUSIC.

Tracy's clearing the last dishes into the sink. Mills and Somerset have beers.

SOMERSET

All television does is teach children that it's really cool to be stupid and eat candy bars all day.

TRACY

I don't think I've ever met anyone who didn't have a television.

Tracy takes a pot of coffee to the table and pours.

MILLS

That's weird. It's un-American.

Somerset shrugs.

MILLS

What about sports?

SOMERSET

What about them?

Tracy brings over a plate of cookies and puts it on the table.

MILLS

You go to movies at least.

SOMERSET

I read. Remember reading? What's the last book you read, Mills?

MILLS

T.V. Guide.

Mills laughs. Burps. he turns to Tracy.

MILLS

Excuse me.  
(to Somerset)  
I just have to say, I can't respect any man who's never seen Green Acres.

Somerset gives a blank stare. Tracy walks away.

MILLS

You've never seen The Odd Couple? The Flintstones?

SOMERSET

I vaguely recall Wilma, and someone named... Dino.

Across the room, Tracy turns the t.v. and the record player off. She goes into the bedroom, shuts the door behind her without a word. Somerset and Mills turn to the closed door.

They look at each other, then sit for a time. Somerset drinks coffee. Mills drums his fingers on his beeper. Big silence.

**INT. MILLS' APARTMENT BUILDING, STAIRWELL -- NIGHT**

Mills walks up the creaky stairs. He carries his briefcase, a six-pack and art books. Somerset follows, reading a case file.

MILLS

We think he acted like he was delivering a package. The doorman at Mr. Gold's building says he doesn't even look at anyone who goes in anymore.

Mills opens a door to the roof --

**EXT. MILLS' APARTMENT BUILDING, ROOFTOP -- NIGHT**

Mills and Somerset walk onto the roof. It is a spectacular view on all sides. Miles of city lights. Breathtaking. SOUNDS of the CITY reach them.

SOMERSET

No connection between the two victims?

Mills shakes his head, unloads what he's holding onto a rusty table. He sits in one of two lawn chairs. Somerset sits across from him.

SOMERSET

No witnesses of any kind?

MILLS

None. Which I can't understand. It's like this guy's invisible.

SOMERSET

In this city, minding your own business is a perfected science.

Somerset takes a picture from the file, the drawing of the sun with an eye at its center. He opens a book, CHRISTIAN SYMBOLS, which is full of illustrations. He starts paging through.

SOMERSET

At the precinct, Sunday nights,  
they offer a public crime  
prevention course. And, the very  
first thing they teach is that  
you should never scream "help" if  
you're in trouble. Scream  
"fire." Because people don't want  
to get caught up in anything.  
But, a fire... that's  
entertainment. They come  
running.

Somerset holds the books up to Mills, points to a picture of  
the sun and eye, same as the drawing Mills found.

SOMERSET

"The Sun in Splendor with the  
Eye." It refers to God the  
father, and to Saint Thomas  
Aquinas.

MILLS

Which saint is he?

SOMERSET

Aquinas wrote a summary of  
theology, Summa Theologica. And  
he wrote about the seven deadly  
sins.

Mills takes the book and looks it over.

SOMERSET

Now, what else have you got?

MILLS

Look, I appreciate being able to  
talk this out, but... it's my  
case.

SOMERSET

So... satisfying my curiosity.  
I'm still leaving town on Sunday.

Mills is pondering, very tired. He unlatches his briefcase,  
takes a photocopy of the photo of the falsely pretty woman  
and hands it to Somerset.

MILLS

The eyes were circled. With Mr.  
Gold's blood.

SOMERSET

This is his wife?

MILLS

(nods)

She was away on business. She got back the day he was killed. If this means she saw anything, I don't know what. We've questioned her about ten times.

SOMERSET

And, if it's a threat?

MILLS

We put her in a safe house.

SOMERSET

This is the one thing.

MILLS

I know.

**EXT. SLUM TENEMENTS -- NIGHT**

Two twenty-story tenement buildings stand practically underneath the span of a bridge. The streets are littered with garbage. Teenagers stand in cliques in front of a liquor store. Cars pass slowly, CAR STEREOS PUMPING out HIP HOP.

Under the bridge, in shadow, a car is parked between two dumpsters. The trunk is open.

**AT THE BACK OF THE CAR**

The trunk is full of cardboard boxes which are in turn full of tall, orange candles. Hundreds of candles. JOHN leans in under the trunk's bulb, opens a leather pouch and checks the contents:

A plastic bottle of prescription pills. A bottle of aspirin. A hypodermic needle filled with liquid. Lastly, many jars of baby food: STRAINED CARROTS, STRAINED SPINACH, CREAMED CORN, etc.

**INT. SLUM TENEMENT BUILDING, STAIRWELL -- NIGHT**

John climbs the stairs holding the leather case and a closed shoebox. He wears clip-on sunglasses, a hat pulled low, a thin overcoat on his plump body.

**INT. SLUM TENEMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY -- NIGHT**

John comes from the stairwell door, looks, walks up the hall. The walls are graffitied. The soiled floor is wet in spots. ARGUMENTS and LOUD CHILDREN are HEARD from behind closed doors. John comes to apartment 303. He's winded from the climb. He takes out keys, lets himself in. Closes the door.

**EXT. MILLS' APARTMENT BUILDING, ROOFTOP -- NIGHT**

Somerset stands at the edge, holding the photo of Mrs. Gold. He puffs on a cigarette, looks out at the city lights.

SOMERSET

It's like he's preaching.

(pause)

The sins were used in medieval sermons. There were seven cardinal virtues, and then seven deadly sins, as a learning tool. The sins distract man from true worship. True faith.

Mills is seated at the table with art books open.

A breeze fans the pages of the books. The flipping pages reveal views of heaven, hell, adoration, crucifixion and sin.

MILLS

Like in these paintings, and in Dante's Purgatory, right? But, in Purgatory, Dante and his buddy climb that big mountain...

SOMERSET

Seven Terraces of Purgation.

MILLS

Anyway... pride comes first, not gluttony. And in all the paintings, the sins are in a different order. I can't find a pattern.

SOMERSET

Because there's creativity in the mix. Consider these books as the murderer's inspiration. Or aspiration.

Somerset drops his cigarette to the empty street, watching the glowing tip fall. He looks at the woman's circled eyes.

SOMERSET

He sees himself contributing to the body of Christian work.

MILLS

He's punishing these people.

SOMERSET

For all of us to see and learn from. These murders are like forced attrition.

MILLS

What? Forced what?

SOMERSET

Attrition. When you regret your sins, but not because you love God.

MILLS

Because someone's holding a gun on you.

Somerset thinks. He walks from the edge to Mills.

SOMERSET

When Mr. Gold's wife found the body, about how long was she in the apartment?

MILLS

She didn't find it. The door to the apartment was open and a neighbor...

SOMERSET

I thought you said she found the body. When she got back from a business trip.

MILLS

No. She got back after you and I had already been there.

Somerset thinks, coming up with something.

MILLS

What?

Somerset holds up the photo of Mrs. Gold.

SOMERSET

Maybe she is supposed to see something... she just hasn't had a chance to see it yet.

**INT. SAFE HOUSE -- NIGHT**

The room is like a bland hotel room. Mills stands beside MRS GOLD. He shows her photos from the murder scene. Mrs. Gold is crying. Somerset stands across the room.

MILLS

Please, look for anything strange or out of place. Anything at all.

MRS GOLD

I... I don't understand. Why now?

Mills helps her go through the photos. He is shaken himself, not wanting to put her through this.

MILLS

I need your help if we're going to get the guy who killed your husband. If there's anything in these pictures...

Mrs. Gold sobs quietly, wipes her tears.

MRS GOLD

I don't see anything.

MILLS

Are you absolutely sure?

MRS GOLD

I can't do this now... please.

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MILLS

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MRS GOLD

I can't do this now... please.

Mills looks at Somerset. Somerset holds other photos.

MILLS

We have to show her those. There might be something she's missing.

Somerset looks at the photos in his hand, hesitant. These photos show Mr. Gold's corpse, not covered in any way.

SOMERSET

Have her look one last time.

MRS GOLD

Wait. Here... here's something...

MILLS

What is it?

Mrs. Gold points at the constructivist painting on the wall in one photo. The painting is an abstraction of colored squares.

MRS GOLD

This painting... in the living room...

MILLS

What?

MRS GOLD

Why is it hanging upside-down?

Mills jerks his head to look at Somerset. Big score.

**INT. LUXURY APARTMENT/CRIME SCENE, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT**

This is where the greed murder took place. Somerset and Mills are taking the constructivist painting off the wall. Nothing on the wall behind the painting. Blank space.

MILLS

Nothing.

SOMERSET

This has got to be it.

Somerset puts the painting down, resting it on its bottom edge. The frame is backed by a thick sheet of brown paper. He points to where the wire used to be screwed into the frame, and to where it has been re-screwed.

SOMERSET

It has to be. He changed the wire to rehang it.

Somerset tears along the edge of the brown paper to get to the space between it and the canvas.

He tears out the entire sheet. Mills helps pull it away, but there's nothing there. Empty. Mills looks at both sides of the paper, then tosses it away.

MILLS

It's nothing.

Somerset pays the painting down, face up. He pokes his finger on the painted surface. Mills watches as Somerset kneels, takes out a credit card and presses it's edge against the canvas, trying to peel up some of the paint.

MILLS

Give it up. The killer didn't paint the fucking thing.

Somerset pushes the painting away, stands, frustrated.

MILLS

He fucked us.

Somerset backs away from the wall, staring at the space where the painting hung. There is only a nail. He stares intently, then turns and walks out of the room.

Mills holds his hands to his temples, furious. SOMERSET can be HEARD from the other room, going through drawers, dropping things. GLASS is HEARD BREAKING. Mills grabs a lamp and throws it on the floor.

MILLS

Son of a bitch!

Somerset comes back in, holding something. He steps over the lamp and goes to the blank wall space.

MILLS

What?

SOMERSET

Bear with me.

Mills watches. Somerset has a woman's make-up compact in hand. He opens it, uses the soft brush to begin applying the red rouge powder to the wall around the nail.

MILLS

(incredulous)

Oh, yeah, sure. You got to be kidding.

SOMERSET

Shut up and wait!

Somerset brushes with wider strokes. He blows, leans very close to the wall to study the powder. Leans closer still. Pause.

SOMERSET  
Call the print lab. Now.

**INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

Tracy is asleep with lights on. She stirs, opens her eyes.

**INT. MILLS' APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

Tracy opens the door, enters. It's quiet. She sees Mills and Somerset are gone. She's all alone. Unhappy.

**EXT. MILLS' APARTMENT, FIRE ESCAPE -- NIGHT**

Through the window, we can see into the bedroom. Tracy comes back from the living room. She goes to her side of the bed, kneels. She reaches between the mattress and bedspring, takes out a paperback book she has hidden there.

She comes to the window, opens it and climbs out onto the fire escape. She sits, dangles her feet through the metal bars. She opens the book and tries to read by the street light, resting her head against the railing. A WOMAN is HEARD SCREAMING distantly.

Tracy looks down the empty street, unsettled. The woman is not heard again.

Tracy lays back, looks at the sky, holding herself. We can now see the title of the book: PREPARING FOR PARENTHOOD. There is a picture of a baby on the cover.

Tracy cries, quietly.

**INT. LUXURY APARTMENT/CRIME SCENE, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT**

A MALE FORENSIC uses a magnifying glass to study a very clear fingerprint in black powder on the wall.

FORENSIC  
Oh, boy...

MILLS (O.S.)  
Talk to me.

The forensic bites his lip, still studying.

Mills and Somerset watch the forensic who works offscreen.

MILLS

(to Somerset)

Listen, honestly... have you ever seen anything like this? Been involved in anything remotely like this?

SOMERSET

No. I have not.

FORENSIC (O.S.)

Well, I can tell you this, detectives...

The forensic steps down from a stool. Behind him, where the painting once was, there are fingerprints, clear and distinct. The prints have been left side by side, to form letters which form the words: HELP ME.

FORENSIC

...just by studying the underloop... these are not the victim's prints.

**INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, PRINT LAB -- NIGHT**

Dark. A TECHNICIAN sits before an old computer. The computer's green screen shows fingerprints being aligned, compared and then rejected; whir - click - whir - click - whir - click. Mills and Somerset watch, bathed in the green glow.

SOMERSET

It doesn't work for me. I can't believe he wants us to help him stop.

MILLS

Who the hell knows? There's plenty of schizoids out there doing dirty deeds they don't want to do. With tiny voices whispering nasty things in their ears.

Somerset doesn't buy it. The technician adjusts a knob.

TECHNICIAN

I've seen this baby take three days to finish a cycle, so you guys can go cross your fingers somewhere else.

**INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, HALLWAY -- NIGHT**

Somerset and Mills come from the print lab.

A janitor is mopping the hall. The computer is HEARD WHIRRING AND CLICKING onwards. Somerset sits with a groan on a couch outside the door. Mills flops beside him.

SOMERSET

You really meant what you said to Mrs. Gold. You really believe we'll get him, don't you?

MILLS

And you don't?

SOMERSET

I wish I still thought like you. I'm so far gone from that.

MILLS

So, tell me what you think we're doing.

SOMERSET

All we do is pick up the pieces. We take all the evidence... all the pictures, statements. Write everything down and note what time things happened. We take it all, make a nice, neat pile and file it away. Just in case it's ever needed in a courtroom.

MILLS

You're unbelievable. In my entire life, you're the oldest man I've ever met.

SOMERSET

I've seen even the most promising clues lead to dead ends. Hundreds of times.

MILLS

I've seen the same. I'm not the country hick-boy you seem to think I am.

Somerset takes out a cigarette and lights it.

SOMERSET

In this city, if all the skeletons came out of all the closets... if every un-revenged corpse were to suddenly rise and walk again, there would be no more room for the living.

Mills slumps back, crosses his arms, closes his eyes to sleep.

MILLS

Don't try to tell me you didn't get that rush tonight... that adrenalin. Like we were getting somewhere.

(pause)

And, don't try to tell me it was because you thought we found something that would play well in a courtroom.

Somerset looks at Mills, puffs the cigarette. The computer is heard: whir - click - whir - click...

**INSERT -- TITLE CARD**

FRIDAY

**INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, HALLWAY -- EARLY MORNING**

Our detectives are fast asleep on the couch, leaning against each other. People pass and look at them strangely.

CAPTAIN

Wake up, Glimmer Twins. We have a winner.

**INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, READY ROOM -- EARLY MORNING**

A windowless classroom. The captain stands in front with a white screen at his side. The face of a black man, 25, ZERO, is projected on the screen from a slide projector.

CAPTAIN

His street name is Zero, as some of you know. His prints were found at the scene by Detectives Mills and Somerset.

FIVE hardened POLICE OFFICERS, four men, one woman, sit in chairs facing the captain. They all wear bullet-proof vests with "POLICE" stencil-painted across them. Somerset and Mills sit in back, drinking coffee, still trying to wake up.

CAPTAIN

Now, Zero has a long, long history of mental illness. Serious illness. He was all over your television sets two years ago after he raped and killed a seventy-three year old woman. He got off, as the saying goes, on a technicality. So we watched him on the streets, and he went out of circulation about a year ago.

FEMALE COP

If he disappeared, what do you want from us?

CAPTAIN

His last place of residence is still in his name. A search warrant is being pushed through the court as we speak.

A red-headed cop, CALIFORNIA, 28, raises his meaty hand.

CALIFORNIA

So, have the housing cops walk up and ring the doorbell. Problem solved.

The cops laugh. The captain clenches his jaw.

CAPTAIN

Listen, California. When you go in, if Zero isn't home, some of his buddies might be house-sitting. And besides using, Zero deals, so, you will be very uninvited guests.

There is chatter among the cops. Somerset leans to Mills while the captain continues the briefing.

SOMERSET

Does not seem like our killer, does it?

MILLS

You tell me. I'm new in town.

SOMERSET

Zero does possess the requisite degree of insanity... but, he doesn't have the desire somehow. Our killer seems to have more purpose. More purpose than Zero could ever conceive of.

MILLS

We'll tag along.

Somerset wants no part of that.

SOMERSET

Why would we?

MILLS

Satisfy our curiosity?

**INT. MILLS' CAR -- MORNING**

Mills drives, follows a police van. Somerset rides shotgun. Mills is pumped, ready. Somerset takes one Roloids tablet off a fresh roll and chews it.

MILLS

You ever take one?

Somerset pulls out his gun, checks the load.

SOMERSET

No. Never in twenty-four years. I took my gun out only five times with the actual intention of using it. I never fired it. Not once.

MILLS

I pulled it once, fired it once. I never took a bullet.

SOMERSET

And?

Mills turns a corner, tires screeching.

MILLS

It was my first one of these. We were a secondary unit, in vice. I was pretty shaky going in. When we busted the door, looking for a junkie, the fucking guy opened fire. One cop was hit in the arm. He went flying... like in slow motion.

(pause)

I remember riding in the ambulance. His arm was like... a piece of meat. I thought, it's just his arm. But, he bled to death right there anyway.

A pause. Somerset opens the window, feels the air on his face.

SOMERSET

How did the fire-fight end?

MILLS

Well, I was doing really good in Philly up till then. Lots of simple busts. I've always had this weird luck... but, this was wild.

(pause)

I got that fuck with one shot... right between the eyes.

(MORE)

MILLS (CONT'D)

And the next week, the mayor's pinning a medal on me. Picture in the paper, the whole nine yards.

SOMERSET

How was it?

MILLS

I expected it to be bad, because I heard about other guys. You know... I took a human life. But, I slept like a baby that night.

Somerset eats another antacid.

SOMERSET

I think Hemingway wrote somewhere... I can't remember where, but he wrote that, in order to live in a city, you have to have the ability to kill. I think he meant you truly must be able to do it, not just faking it, to survive.

MILLS

Sounds like he knew what he was talking about.

**INT. SLUM TENEMENT BUILDING, STAIRWELL -- MORNING**

Crack vials and hypodermic needles crunch under heavy boots.

The five cops from the briefing, fully geared up, rifles and handguns held, move quickly up the stairs, single-file. Somerset and Mills follow, guns out. Somerset is sweating bullets. Mills is juiced.

**INT. SLUM TENEMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY -- MORNING**

The cops enter the dank hallway, the same hall we saw John in before. They move cautiously, stepping over a drunken, helpless man. A door opens and a woman peeks out. The female cop points her gun and the woman obeys, slamming the door.

California leads, steps up to apartment 303. He has a search warrant scotch-taped to the front of his bullet-proof vest.

CALIFORNIA

(to black cop)

This is it. Give it up.

A black cop hoists a battering ram. The other cops get on both sides of the door. Mills moves front. Somerset hangs back.

CALIFORNIA  
Police!! Open the door!

The black cop brings the ram forward with a splintering thud. The door flies open. The cops storm in.

**INT. SLUM APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM -- MORNING**

The cops charge down a short hall into this incredibly dusty room. A bed sits against a far wall. Mills and California move up to the bed. Someone lies under an indigo blanket. Three other cops move, training their weapons on the bed.

CALIFORNIA  
Good morning, Sweetheart!

A blond cop goes into another room. Mills kicks the bed.

MILLS  
Get up now, motherfucker! Now!

**INT. SLUM APARTMENT, ADJOINING ROOM -- MORNING**

The blond cop enters, gun trained, looks around in confusion. The room's tables, chairs and floor are covered with hundreds of colorful, plastic air fresheners.

**INT. SLUM APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM -- MORNING**

Somerset moves in, looks around. He notices the area around the bed, the ceiling, walls and floor, has been painted indigo, while the rest of the room is its original white. On a wall, a white sheet is pinned up with a square drawn on it in excrement.

MILLS  
I said get up, Sleepyhead!

Mills pulls the indigo blanket off the bed, reveals the shriveled, sore-covered form of a black man who is blindfolded and tied to the bed with a thin wire wrapped time and time again around the bed. Tubes lead from the stained loincloth around the man's waist and snake under the bed. The victim is partially covered by what seem to be piles of black spaghetti.

CALIFORNIA  
Oh, fuck me!

Somerset pushes past the cops who recoil from the stench.

MILLS  
Holy shit.

SOMERSET  
Sloth... it's sloth.

The black cop touches the black spaghetti. Holds a piece.

BLACK COP  
What the hell... those are dead  
worms.

CALIFORNIA  
(to Somerset)  
Check this out, dick.

California points with his gun to the end of the black man's right arm. The hand is gone, severed at the wrist long ago.

MILLS  
It's him. It's Zero.

SOMERSET  
Someone call an ambulance.

CALIFORNIA  
Someone call a hearse, more like.

The female cop has gone to the wall where the sheet is pinned up. She pulls the sheet aside and finds: fifty-two polaroid pictures; all pictures of Zero tied to the bed, with a date written at the bottom of each. It is a visual history of Zero's physical decay. The blond cop enters from the other room.

BLOND COP  
What the fuck is going on?

MILLS  
Hey, California. Get your people  
out.

Somerset takes out rubber gloves and puts them on.

CALIFORNIA  
You heard him. Hit the hall, and  
don't touch anything.

The other cops file out as Mills goes to examine the polaroids under the sheet. Somerset replaces the sheet over Zero's body. California stays by his side.

CALIFORNIA  
It looks like he's some kind of  
friggin' wax sculpture.

Somerset places his finger along Zero's throat.

MILLS  
Somerset, you... you better look  
here.

Mills studies the polaroids. Somerset walks to join him.

MILLS

All pictures of Zero tied to the bed.

(crouches)

The last one's dated three days ago.

Somerset looks at the first photo. In it, Zero is bound and gagged, but he is fit, healthy.

SOMERSET

(awed)

The first photo... it's dated one year ago. Almost to the day.

California lifts Zero's blanket to peek under, examining with morbid curiosity.

CALIFORNIA

Mo-ther...

Mills kneels and lifts the bottom of the sheet off the floor, finds an open shoebox. On the box: TO THE DETECTIVES.

MILLS

What's this?

California leans close to Zero's gaunt, blindfolded face.

CALIFORNIA

You got what you deserved, Zero.

Somerset leans down beside Mills. Mills looks through the shoebox. Inside are plastic, zip-lock bags. One bag contains small clumps of hair, one contains a yellow liquid...

MILLS

A urine sample... hair sample... fingernail clippings. He's laughing at us.

California is still close to Zero's face when suddenly Zero's lips twist. Zero lets out a loud, guttural bark. California jerks back in fear, shouting, falling over a chair.

Mills and Somerset reel, standing. They see California on the ground, scared out of his mind, pointing.

CALIFORNIA

He's alive!

Mills and Somerset look towards the bed.

Zero's lips move feebly as he lets out a sick, gurgling moan.

CALIFORNIA

He's still alive!

**EXT. SLUM TENEMENT BUILDING -- MORNING**

A crowd has gathered. Mills' car, the police van and two ambulances are parked on the sidewalk.

**INT. SLUM APARTMENT, HALLWAY -- MORNING**

The siege cops are in the hall, holding neighbors at bay.

**INT. SLUM APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM -- MORNING**

Three ambulance attendants are at the bed, working on Zero. One attendant uses wire-cutters to clip Zero's bonds.

**INT. SLUM TENEMENT BUILDING, STAIRWELL -- MORNING**

Mills and Somerset stand in the middle of one flight of stairs. They are both highly agitated.

SOMERSET

The way this has gone, I didn't think it was possible, but we may have underestimated this guy. The type of intestinal fortitude it must take... to keep a man bound for a full year. To sever his hand and use it to plant fingerprints.

MILLS

I want him bad. I don't just want to catch him anymore. I want to hurt him.

SOMERSET

Listen... we have to divorce ourselves from our emotions here. We have to keep focusing on the small details.

MILLS

I don't know about you, Somerset, but I feed off my emotions.

SOMERSET

He'll string us along all the way if we're not careful.

Mills is looking at the floor, burning with anger. Somerset grabs him by the jacket.

SOMERSET

Are you listening to me?!

Mills pushes Somerset's hand off.

MILLS

I hear you.

There is a sudden brilliant flash of light and the SOUND of a CAMERA ADVANCING. Mills and Somerset look --

Down the stairs, John is posing as a reporter. He has his camera and flash up, pointed at the detectives.

JOHN

Say cheese.

He takes another picture, flashbulb flashing. Mills charges downwards, grabs John by his wrinkled clothing.

MILLS

What the fuck are you doing?

John squirms, holds up a laminated PRESS identification pass.

JOHN

I have a right, Officer. I...

Mills shoves him and John stumbles a few steps, then falls to the landing below with a thud. His glasses fly off.

MILLS

That doesn't mean anything. This is a closed crime scene now!

Somerset steps down and pulls Mills back. John stands.

JOHN

You can't do this! You can't...

MILLS

Get the fuck out of here!

John gets his glasses, scrambles downstairs, out of sight.

JOHN (O.S.)

The public has a right to know!

Somerset yanks Mills harder, till Mills sits on the stairs.

MILLS

How do those cockroaches get here so quick?

SOMERSET

They pay cops for the inside scoop, and they pay well. You can hate them, but you better give them something, or they'll make it all up.

MILLS

(calming)

I'm sorry... I just...

SOMERSET

Oh, it's alright. It's always impressive to see a man feeding off his emotions.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY**

Mills stands with the blase DR. BEARDSLEY, who reviews a medical chart on a clipboard. Zero lies inside an oxygen tent with tubes running into him. The room is dark.

BEARDSLEY

A year of immobility seems about right, judging by the deterioration of the muscles and spinal cord. Blood tests show a whole smorgasbord of drugs in his system. Heroin... crack... even an antibiotic which was administered to keep the bed sores from infecting.

Mills looks into the oxygen.

MILLS

He hasn't said anything, or tried to express himself in any way?

BEARDSLEY

Even if his brain were not mush, which it is... he chewed his own tongue off a long time ago.

Mills winces, moves away from the bed.

MILLS

There's no way he'll survive?

BEARDSLEY

Detective, he'd die right now of shock if you were to shine a flashlight in his eyes.

**EXT. CITY STREET, CATHOLIC CHURCH -- AFTERNOON**

A tall church on a bustling street. Smoggy air has eaten at the stonework. The homeless are camped out on the stairs.

**INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH, PRIEST'S QUARTERS -- AFTERNOON**

The priest's accommodations are quite spacious and comfortable. The parish's wealth is evident. FATHER BLEEKER, 38, stands looking at several 8" by 10" glossies. He's dressed in his "civilian" clothing, wears his hair short and proper. These photos are making him heartsick.

Bleeker hands them to Somerset who is seated by a fireplace.

BLEEKER

Put them away. I wish you hadn't brought them into the church.

SOMERSET

I needed for you to see them.

Father Bleeker shakes his head, as if he were trying to forget the images. Somerset replaces the murder photos in a file.

BLEEKER

There were five principal phases in the development of early Christian art. From Hellenistic through the Renaissance... each period was affected by the decrees of religious leaders.

SOMERSET

If this killer belongs to a certain branch of the church... if he collects religious art from a certain period, I want to know. I have to narrow it down.

Bleeker walks to an ornate, gold cabinet. He puts on a pair of cotton gloves.

BLEEKER

The influences on these... things he's done, couldn't have come before the Gothic period. What's in those pictures is presented far too asymmetrically.

Bleeker crosses himself before using a key to open the cabinet. He takes out an ancient devotional book and a piece of cloth.

BLEEKER

The colors will tell the tale.

Bleeker takes the book to a table. Somerset follows. Bleeker lays the cloth under the book, opens the book, tenderly.

BLEEKER

Each sin had a symbolic color. But the specific color designations changed throughout the ages.

Somerset leans to examine Bleeker's illuminated manuscript:

Two pages of prayer. The prose is elaborately formed, surrounded by colorful illustrations of the seven deadly sins. Bleeker's finger points to a rendering of a man seated on a rock, guzzling from a jug. It's been painted in orange.

BLEEKER (O.S.,CONT)

This is an example. Gluttony is the sin, and the color is orange. This particular manuscript is preserved from the 18th century.

SOMERSET (O.S.)

In the murders, gluttony is green. Greed is yellow. Sloth is indigo.

Bleeker steps away and Somerset gets closer to the pages.

BLEEKER

So, if this murderer is as precise as you say, then you need to find out at what period in history was gluttony green... and so on.

SOMERSET

Where do I look? If the colors changed so often?

BLEEKER

(contemplates)

There is one man... Father Stone.

(pause)

I haven't heard from him for quite some time. This was his passion. He spent his life studying the sins... and preaching against them.

**INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON**

The chalkboard on the wall:	1 <del>gluttony</del>	5 wrath
	2 <del>greed</del>	6 pride
	3 <del>sloth</del>	7 lust
	4 envy	

Mills is behind his paperwork covered desk, listening to a uniformed OFFICER who looks over a report sheet.

OFFICER

Zero's landlord said an envelope of cash was in the office mailbox each month. He says, quote, "I never heard a single complaint from this guy and nobody ever complained about him. He's the best tenant I ever had."

MILLS

There's a landlord's dream tenant. A paralyzed man with no tongue.

OFFICER  
Who pays his rent on time.

MILLS  
Bring me everything as soon as  
it's transcribed.

The officer leaves. Mills starts sorting through piles on his desk. He doesn't know where to begin.

He sits back in his chair, looks at the collage-like collection of pictures pinned on the walls: photos and diagrams of the murder scenes, the drawing of the sun and eye, color pages and black and white copies of pages from art books.

He stares, thinking. He stands, takes a photocopy off the wall. The killer's first note:

Dear Detectives,  
Long is the way, and hard, that out  
of hell leads up to the light.

MILLS  
(to himself)  
Milton.

**INT. CENTRAL LIBRARY -- AFTERNOON**

Big brass lamps hang from the high ceiling. Mahogany chairs and tables run down the center floor which is bordered by three levels of balconies. People wander like ants in an ant farm.

Mills walks, taking it all in. He goes to the circulation desk. Impatient patrons wait in a long line. He watches the bored HEAD LIBRARIAN, female, 64, help an old man at the desk.

She opens the old man's books, runs a laser pen over a bar code sticker, pushes a few buttons on a computer.

**INT. CENTRAL LIBRARY, TOP BALCONY -- LATER AFTERNOON**

Near the balcony railing, overlooking the main floor, Mills sits before a computer card catalog. He reads the computer screen, unsure. He sets down his pad and pencil, cracks his knuckles, begins typing on the keyboard. The computer gives off a quiet BEEP. Pleased, Mills reads the screen. Types.

On the screen: TITLE / PARADISE LOST\_

He hits return. Reads the screen as information on the book appears. He copies it on his pad, puts the pencil in his mouth.

He types. On the screen: SUBJECT / JACK THE RIPPER\_

Hits return. Again, he copies info from the screen.

**INT. INNER CITY CLOISTER -- AFTERNOON**

A monk opens a formidable gateway door, letting Father Bleeker and Somerset into a garden courtyard. Bleeker now wears his priestly garb and collar. The monastery's main building looms at the end of a pathway. The building is stately, ivy-covered.

BLEEKER

Father Stone had a church and congregation of his own. But, he... there were some problems. The church is deserted now.

SOMERSET

Problems?

Bleeker continues walking.

SOMERSET

Father?

**INT. INNER CITY CLOISTER, HALLWAY -- AFTERNOON**

The walls of the hallway are carved with images of saints. Bleeker whispers to Somerset beside a windowless door.

BLEEKER

There was a small orphanage attached to the church, overseen by Father Stone. This was almost thirty years ago.

(hesitant)

He was an excellent priest, devoted in every way. Many in his parish demanded his return.

SOMERSET

Tell me what happened.

Bleeker sees a NUN down the hall, coming towards them.

BLEEKER

Allegations were made... Stone was accused of abusing the children in his care. But, those charges were never substantiated.

SOMERSET

What abuse?

BLEEKER

It was claimed... that the children were beaten. And, punished severely.

The nun is too close for Bleeker to speak freely.

**INT. INNER CITY CLOISTER, STONE'S ROOM -- AFTERNOON**

The door is unlocked and opened by the nun. Somerset enters and Bleeker waits outside as the nun closes the door. It's dark.

FATHER STONE, 73, is in a wheelchair. Feeble and frail, eyes sunken in their sockets. He looks up at Somerset.

SOMERSET

Father Stone. I'm a policeman.  
I'd like to ask you a few  
questions, if it's alright?

The whites of Stone's eyes have yellowed. He seems to nod. Somerset sits on a stool, close.

SOMERSET

I want to ask you about the seven  
deadly sins.

STONE

The sins.

SOMERSET

Yes, father.

Stone reaches out a hand to touch Somerset's face. Stone's extremely long fingernails trail against Somerset's cheek and Somerset tries to hide his revulsion.

STONE

Are you one of mine?

SOMERSET

I don't...

STONE

Are you saved? Do you have God?

SOMERSET

I... I need to ask about the  
sins. Do you understand what I'm  
saying?

Stone takes his hand away, seems to be getting angry.

STONE

Are you a sinner?

Stone's weak arms wheel him away, towards a corner.

STONE

There are sinners here. Even  
here. And, pain waits for them.  
Hell is hungry for them.

Stone bites his lip, moaning, disoriented.

STONE  
 They don't realize... they don't  
 know.  
 (pause)  
 Fuck them all!

Somerset is shocked by the strength and volume of Stone's jagged voice. The nun goes to place a comforting hand on Stone's shoulder. Stone is beginning to cry.

NUN  
 (to Somerset)  
 They shouldn't have let you  
 disturb him. This shouldn't have  
 been allowed.

STONE  
 Where are the children?  
 (much louder)  
 Where are the children?!

**INT. CENTRAL LIBRARY, OUTSIDE LIBRARIAN'S OFFICE --  
 AFTERNOON**

From a mahogany hallway lined with book-carts, we look THROUGH a big WINDOW into the head librarian's office. The elderly head librarian is at a computer, chain-smoking, working the keyboard. Mills alternates talking on the telephone and reading things off his pad to the librarian.

We cannot hear them, but it's clear Mills is excited as he walks back and forth, hovering over the librarian, looking at her computer screen, making suggestions, then walking to monitor a dot-matrix printer which spews a waterfall of computer paper onto the floor. Back and forth goes Mills, carrying the phone. He closes the pad, puts it in his pocket.

The librarian finishes typing, sits back, done. Mills hangs up the phone, goes to put it on the librarian's desk, but the cord drags, knocks a pile of books off a table.

The librarian is irritated, goes to pick up the books. Mills is apologizing. He goes to watch the printer. He tears the last sheet's perforated edge, gathers the huge pile of printed paper off the floor.

Prize in hand, Mills is so grateful he bends to give the old woman a kiss on the cheek, but she pushes him away, now even more annoyed. Mills goes to leave, knocks over another pile of books. Before he can assist, the angry librarian points to the door. Mills obeys like a scolded child, exits.

The librarian shakes her head in disgust.

**EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH/ORPHANAGE -- AFTERNOON**

A once exemplary church, now boarded up, neglected. Gothic in style, it stands with deserted brownstones and empty lots of rubble as neighbors. Smokestacks spew smoke distantly. Cars and trucks drive by on a nearby elevated highway, but down here on the street it's a ghost town.

There's a building attached to the rear of the church. Somerset's car is parked beside it.

**INT. ABANDONED ORPHANAGE, CLASSROOM -- AFTERNOON**

The windows are covered over. Somerset and Father Bleeker move through. Somerset has a flashlight with a wide beam. The room is empty except for broken, cob-web covered school desks and a few file cabinets. There are cracked blackboards on the walls. Rats skitter away from the light.

Somerset opens a file cabinet drawer. It's empty. He walks to a door, starts pulling at the rotting boards which seal it shut.

BLEEKER

What are you looking for?

SOMERSET

I'm just looking.

**INT. ABANDONED CHURCH -- AFTERNOON**

Somerset pushes the door. He and Bleeker enter from the classroom into the far back corner of the church. Big church. Shafts of colored light needle through the holes in the pieces of wood and cloth that cover the broken stained glass windows.

Somerset walks down the center aisle between deteriorated pews. Rats run. Pigeons flap about, dirt drifting off their wings.

Somerset shines his flashlight forward to the rather barren altar. To the right, at the top of the altar stairs, there is a stone statue of a saint with his arms outstretched, welcoming.

The life-size saint is covered in spider-webs. Tiny spiders crawl across his eyes, which look down on Somerset.

BLEEKER

Saint Jerome Emiliani. The patron saint of orphans.

Somerset shines the flashlight against the back altar wall, revealing a wooden carving of Christ crucified.

SOMERSET  
Is this still the Lord's house?

BLEEKER  
Of course it is.

SOMERSET  
And, even if Father Stone was guilty of everything... if he was hurting children here? It's still the Lord's house?

Father Bleeker finds this talk insulting and offensive.

BLEEKER  
You have no faith, Somerset? Have you given up on the church entirely?

SOMERSET  
No.  
(pause)  
That's not what I've given up on.

Somerset notices two ends of a thick rope suspended from the ceiling above the center of the altar. He looks up, following the rope with the flashlight, when he notices something else. His mouth drops. Bleeker looks, and is equally horrified.

Above them, in the beam of light: seven large paintings on panels tilted forward at the curve of the ceiling above the altar. Seven ancient paintings; seven deadly sins.

The beam of light moves to the panel to the immediate right: a painting of a man kneeling, grasping at gold coins all around him. The man is naked, as was the victim of the greed murder. The chief color in this panel is a vulgar yellow.

The third in the series is sloth. The painting, in indigo, shows a man at rest in a pliant bed. The skeletal man's eyes are rolled up in their sockets. He is covered in slimy worms.

**EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH -- LATE AFTERNOON**

The streets are full of patrol cars. Cops and forensics enter and exit the church from various doorways. Saw-horses are loaded off a flat-bed truck as a police barricade is erected.

**INT. ABANDONED CHURCH -- LATE AFTERNOON**

Much activity, as forensics with flashlights go about their business, checking every nook and cranny of the church, looking for any sign that someone's been here recently. Small temporary floodlights are hoisted on tripods.

Two photographers stand at the tops of tall ladders. Flash-photo after flash-photo is taken of the seven paneled tableau.

Near the open church doors, Mills speaks with great animation, holding his ream of computer paper. Somerset looks at the altar and the tableau, preoccupied.

MILLS

Our guy's a bookworm, right?  
And, I know it's a long shot, but  
you have to give a picture id and  
current phone bill to get a  
library card. Hey...

Mills snaps his fingers in Somerset's face, gets his attention.

MILLS

I made two separate lists of  
books. One relating to the  
sins... Dante's Purgatory,  
Canterbury Tales... The  
Dictionary of Catholicism... all  
the religious stuff. The second  
list was books about torture  
methods, mass murderers...  
somasochism. Whatever our  
killer might study to do the  
things he's done. Whatever his  
other interests are.

Somerset takes the computer list.

SOMERSET

So, what is this?

MILLS

Alright. Everything at the  
library goes into a computer.  
So, you can get in the system and  
cross-reference...

Mills fumbles in his pocket, takes out his pad and reads.

MILLS

Let's say you take, Dante's  
Purgatory, call number eight-  
five-one-D, and... The Biography  
of the Marquis de Sade, ninety-  
two S-A-D-E. Put those books in  
the system, and the computer can  
give you the name of anyone who's  
ever taken out both those books.  
And, it doesn't just give you  
their name and address, it gives  
you a complete history of their  
library reading habits.

Mills slaps the list in Somerset's hand.

MILLS  
 (psyched up)  
 If somebody's out there reading  
 Paradise Lost and studying The  
 Life and Times of Charlie Manson,  
 I want to talk to them.

Somerset looks up from the list, warming to it. He starts looking around, searching for someone.

**EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH -- LATE AFTERNOON**

Somerset and Mills exit down the stairs. Somerset's still searching, holding the list. He spies a uniformed cop, DARIO.

SOMERSET  
 Dario! Come here.

Dario runs up. Somerset puts his hand on his shoulder and makes him walk with him. Mills continues on to his car.

SOMERSET  
 According to the Father, this orphanage wasn't around for more than five or six years in the late fifties. So, I want someone to go to the Department of Child Welfare or City Hall and dig up all the records on this place. Understand?

DARIO  
 I got it.

SOMERSET  
 Get a list of every child who attended this orphanage before it shut down. Get it on my desk within the hour.

Somerset releases Dario, who runs to obey. Somerset goes to his own car. Mills is driving to leave, stops, revs the engine. Somerset hands the computer list through the window.

SOMERSET  
 You thought of this all by yourself? This was your brainstorm?

MILLS  
 Yeah. Is that so hard for you to believe?

SOMERSET  
 It's a pleasant surprise.

MILLS

I'm not as stupid as I look.

Mills peels away. Somerset heads to his own car.

SOMERSET

(to himself)

I guess not.

**INT. SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- EARLY EVENING**

Seven large photos hang with the other materials on the wall:

The seven tableau paintings. Gluttony, greed and sloth, followed by vanity. Vanity shows a woman standing in front of a mirror, staring at her image. The floor around her is scattered with flowers. The primary color is violet, and as in all the paintings, there is a quality of ugliness in the character.

MILLS (O.S.)

Ramirez. Manuel Ramirez.

SOMERSET (O.S.)

No... I don't see any Ramirez.

The lust painting is next. It shows a man standing over a woman. The woman is nude, under a sheet, and the man's features are bizarre, lecherous. He wants that woman. There are apples on the floor and on the bed. The color is red.

MILLS (O.S.)

Elinski. Dennis Elinski.

SOMERSET (O.S.)

No.

Envy is particularly gruesome. The Devil is seen hovering in the air, wearing a crown, his body orange and slick, wrapped in a cloak of flames. His arms held high, his right hand grips a sword, a bolt of lightning, arrows, wheat, thistles, etc. His left hand, holds a plain globe around which a serpent has wrapped itself. He looks down at several pitiful mortals in a pit of fire. The mortals reach for him, yearn for him, the skin on their bodies is stretched taut over their bones.

MILLS (O.S.)

Atwater? Paul Atwater.

SOMERSET (O.S.)

No.

Wrath shows a man surrounded by vaporous, satanic demons. He stands in a puddle of blood, looking at his hands stained with and dripping blood. Other than the rich red, the color is blue.

Mills is at his desk, a good portion of the print-out list draped to the floor. He rubs his eyes, sighing, gets back to it. Somerset, at the temporary desk, studies his orphan list.

MILLS

Okay, here we go. Listen to the books this guy's been taking out...

(reading list)

Basic Homicide Investigation.  
Forensic Toxicology... The  
Encyclopedia of Modern Serial  
Killers...

(looks up, excited)

Of Human Bondage.

SOMERSET

That's not what you think it is.

Mills is disappointed, runs his finger further down the page.

MILLS

Holy shit. Somerset...

(reading list)

The Writings of Saint Thomas  
Aquinas.

Mills points to the drawing of "the Sun in splendor with the eye" which hangs on the wall.

MILLS

Aquinas. Right?

SOMERSET

That's right. Let me have it.

Mills looks at the page... searching...

MILLS

Fuck... he used a false name.

SOMERSET

How do you know?

MILLS

His library card lists him as  
Jonathan Doe. John Doe.

Mills sits back, angry. Something strikes Somerset as odd. Familiar. He starts leafing quickly through the orphanage list.

MILLS

What?

Somerset finds what he's looking for.

SOMERSET

Christ... it's like a sick joke.

MILLS

What are you talking about?

SOMERSET

There is one boy here. He was abandoned... no one knew who his parents were, so he was named at the orphanage...

(looks at Mills)

John Doe. It's his legal name.

**INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY -- EARLY EVENING**

Somerset and Mills climb stairs, turn a corner into this hall.

MILLS

It's impossible odds that this is him.

SOMERSET

We're focusing.

MILLS

I know, I know. On one little thing. I'm not complaining. I'll follow anything we get and I'll take it any way we can get it.

SOMERSET

We'll look at him. Ask a few questions. Try to get a feeling whether we should keep tabs on him.

They reach a door, apartment 3A. Somerset knocks. Mills takes out his gun and looks at Somerset to ask "what do you think?" Somerset nods that he should have the gun ready. Mills steps to the side of the door, knocks hard. Waits.

MILLS

(quietly)

I'll do the talking, right? Let me practice here... um, excuse me Mr. Doe, but, are you by any chance a serial killer? Oh... oh, you are? Well, come with us then, if you don't mind.

Mills smiles at his own wit. A STAIR is HEARD CREAKING offscreen. Mills turns to look towards the stairs.

A MALE FIGURE stands at the top of the stairs, wearing a hat, standing in shadows. The man looks at them, lets out a scream of horror and reaches into his coat.

MILLS  
Somerset!

GUNFIRE SOUNDS and a bullet slams into door 3A behind Mills. He and Somerset recoil in shock, going to the floor as another bullet explodes, blasting plaster off the wall. The man is HEARD RUNNING back down the stairs.

MILLS  
It's him! Jesus Christ, we can  
get this fucker!

Mills jumps up. He moves towards the railing. Somerset sits up and takes out his own gun. The stairwell is silent.

Mills peers over the railing into the stairwell's center, gun pointed. A HEAVY METALLIC CLICK is HEARD. Echoes. Mills leaps backwards as bullets begin raining up from below, accompanied by the SOUND of an UZI SUB-MACHINE GUN FIRING.

Somerset lays flat as he and Mills crawl away from the railing, which is being shredded along with the floor around it. Bullets soar unceasingly. Mills and Somerset hold their hands over their ears. Pieces of wood and plaster fly everywhere. The uzi stops and the man can be HEARD RUNNING again.

Mills gets up, covered in debris. He runs down into the smoky stairwell. Somerset rolls over, gets up more slowly.

**EXT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT BUILDING, REAR -- EARLY EVENING**

Mills rushes out into this weedy, overgrown courtyard. He sees a thin vagrant sleeping on the building's junk-pile, then looks all directions. His eyes are wild. His gun hand is shaking.

The courtyard is surrounded by alleyways. The shooter could have gone anywhere and is nowhere in sight. Somerset comes out, face wet with sweat. Mills holsters his gun.

MILLS  
Are you alright? Are you okay?

SOMERSET  
Yeah. I think so.

They look at each other for a long time. Both realizing they came very close to dying.

**EXT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT BUILDING, FRONT -- NIGHT**

Police cars on scene. Curious civilians have gathered.

**INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT BUILDING, STAIRWELL -- NIGHT**

UP THE STAIRWELL, several forensics are collecting shell casings, putting them in bags. The casings are scattered all the way up the stairs. ONE FORENSIC walks up beside a COP.

ONE FORENSIC

I hear he's running around with an uzi in one and a book of poetry in the other.

COP

A real, modern-day renaissance man, huh?

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, two forensics, SARAH and BILLY, wait behind Mills and Somerset. Surgical gloves on all hands. Mills kicks at the door to apartment 3A with all his might. Again.

**INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, ROOMONE -- NIGHT**

BOOM -- door flies open. Mills enters with Somerset. Darkness.

MILLS

(to forensics)

Give us first crack at it.

Sarah and Billy wait in the hall. Somerset hits a switch on the wall and a lamp illuminates on a desk. The desk is in the center of the room, facing them. The walls, floor to ceiling, are covered with visual stimuli; pictures, paintings, newspaper articles, sketches, writings on napkins and notebook sheets, etc. Mostly religious images.

The far wall is made of shelves full of books. Mills goes to the desk while Somerset goes to the books. Books: An Overview of Theology, Handbook of Firearms, A History of the World, Summa Theologica, U.S. Criminal Law Review, etc.

Mills looks at the desktop. The surface is marked by dried oil colors. There are tubes of paint laying out, boxes of water colors and pastels. Mills looks at one corner of the desk. An orange candle has been allowed to burn down. The wax trail goes all the way down the edge of the desk to a puddle on the floor.

Somerset walks, studying one wall of pin-ups. There are articles about the seven deadly sins, pages from art books, pencil drawings of Satan and Christ, and drawings of the seven paneled tableau paintings which inspired the murders. Somerset lifts several sheets to note the paper scraps are spaced so tightly and completely that they cover the window.

At the desk, Mills opens the top middle drawer. It's empty except for The Holy Bible. he opens another drawer, which is filled with at least forty empty aspirin bottles.

Somerset looks at a door which is papered over by all the newspaper articles and photographs about the seven deadly sin murders. He opens the door --

**INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, ROOM TWO -- NIGHT**

Somerset enters. The ceiling light is on. There are bookshelves on each wall, filled with thousands of notebooks.

Somerset takes one notebook down. It is a thick composition book with a marbled black and white cover. Inside, the pages are covered in small handwritten sentences and drawings.

Somerset takes down another notebook and opens it. Same as the first; scribbled sentences and sketches.

He walks to another wall, pulls another notebook. Same deal.

SOMERSET  
Jesus Christ.

**INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, ROOM ONE -- NIGHT**

Mills opens a final drawer to find a rosary and a revolver.

He looks around, nervous and excited, being in the murderer's lair. He goes to a closed door across the room, notices John Doe's bed in the corner. Sees Doe has a cross nailed to the ceiling directly above the bed's pillow.

**INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM -- NIGHT**

Mills enters the bathroom. It has been converted into a darkroom, lit by red bulbs, with strips of film hanging from the ceiling. WATER is HEARD DRIPPING.

Mills opens the shower curtain. Prints hang drying, clipped to wires over the tub.

**INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, THE PAINTROOM -- NIGHT**

Somerset enters from the room of notebooks. This is John Doe's art studio. Windowless, with several easels holding paintings in various states of completion. The walls are covered with photos and finished canvases, except for one wall which is blank white. Somerset turns the lights off.

There is a 16mm film projector on a table, facing the blank wall. Somerset turns the projector on. It clatters to life, running a piece of film.

The film is spliced into a non-stop loop. Somerset watches the wall, light strobing across him.

The projector shows an image of clouds drifting, with strange, superimposed angels in flowing robes floating jerkily. It's like an old, Hollywood version of heaven.

The image switches abruptly to fire and tormented souls laboring around a pit of molten goo. Like Heaven, it's a scratched piece of film from Hollywood's early days.

Somerset turns to examine one of the paintings on an easel. The painting has been skillfully rendered, in small, controlled brush strokes. It shows a modern city street, stylized, dark. The city is peopled by mutated humans and freakish beasts. Sinners in the streets, killing, raping, pillaging. Buildings are burning, blood is being spilled. It's dense with detail.

Somerset walks to another painting which is covered by a drop cloth. He removes the cloth, uncovers a huge canvas. We do not see the painting, but when Somerset does his features turn grim.

MILLS (O.S.)

Somerset!

Mills enters, tormented, weary. He stands in the projector's bright beam, holds an 8" by 10" print.

MILLS (O.S.)

Somerset, we had him. Goddamn it.

He hands a press pass and the photo to Somerset.

MILLS

The pass is a fake... we had him.

Somerset looks at the photo, a picture of Mills and Somerset on the stairwell of the slum apartment building; the picture John took when he posed as a reporter.

MILLS

We were that close to him.

SOMERSET

I know.

Somerset motions to the huge canvas. Mills looks:

The painting is frightening collage, thick with paint. The photo of Mills and Somerset has been incorporated in bits and pieces. Duplicate images: enlarged eyes, hands, faces. The faces have been ripped, scratched, mutilated. Grainy eyes with holes jabbed in them are mounted in paint beside chopped broken arms. Mills' head is on Somerset's body, and vice versa. It's like a sick, fragmented vision of a slaughter house floor.

**EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT**

A block of burnt-out row homes and warehouses. Stray, wild dogs roam in a pack. A car turns down this street. It's John Doe's car, moving fast. Its headlights go out and it cruises, avoiding garbage cans in the street.

FOLLOW the dark car. Ahead, a few blocks away, we can see the only lights in this neighborhood, the flashing reds, whites and blues of police activity.

**INT. JOHN DOE'S CAR -- NIGHT**

John Doe brings the car to a stop. He watches the police at work around the abandoned church. He gives no discernable reaction, puts the car in reverse. He looks behind as he drives back the way he came.

**INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN -- NIGHT**

The refrigerator door is open. A male forensic uses tongs to remove Zero's severed hand from behind soda cans and mayonnaise.

**INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, ROOM ONE -- NIGHT**

The forensic walks through with the hand in a clear plastic bag, past a FEMALE SKETCH ARTIST who puts the finishing touches on a fairly accurate drawing of the balding John Doe.

SKETCH ARTIST

This is the guy?

Mills stands over the artist. Sarah, Billy and two deputy detectives are at work in the room, photographing, searching.

MILLS

Make sure it gets around.

SKETCH ARTIST

You got it. Tomorrow morning, this city's good citizens will be on the lookout for Elmer Fudd.

SARAH

(to Mills)

We can't find anything to hang onto. No pay-stubs, no appointment books or calendars. Not even a book of phone numbers. And, you're not going to believe this...

MILLS

Keep looking.

SARA

It's just... we haven't found any fingerprints yet. Not one.

MILLS

You know, you're right. I don't believe it. Keep looking.

**INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, ROOM TWO -- NIGHT**

Somerset reads one of Doe's notebooks. Three cops are looking through other notebooks from the shelves. Mills enters.

SOMERSET

We need to put more men on this.

MILLS

I'm working on it, alright. What have we got.

Somerset bristles slightly at Mills' abrupt demeanor.

SOMERSET

We've got about five thousand notebooks in this room. And, as near as I can tell, each notebook contains two hundred and fifty pages.

MILLS

Then, he must write about the murders.

Somerset looks at the notebook, reads.

SOMERSET

"What sick, silly puppets we are, and what a gross stage we dance on. What fun we have, dancing around, not a care in the world. Not knowing that we are nothing. We are not what God intended."

(turns pages)

"On the subway today, a man came up to start a conversation. He was making small talk, this lonely man, talking about the weather and other things. I tried to be accommodating, but my head began to hurt from his banality. I almost didn't notice it had happened, but I threw up all over him. And I couldn't stop myself from laughing."

(closes book)

No dates indicated.

(MORE)

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

They're placed on the shelves in no discernible order. He describes a scab on his arm for five pages, then writes about existential philosophy on the next.

Mills walks. He looks into the adjoining paint room.

SOMERSET

It's just his mind poured out on paper.

Mills leans in the doorway, looking at Doe's strange artworks.

MILLS

You were right. He is preaching.

The PHONE RINGS in the other room.

**INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM -- NIGHT**

All attention is focused on the phone on Doe's desk. A tape recorder is rigged to the receiver. Mills and Somerset enter. Mills walks over, pushes a button on the recorder, picks up.

MILLS

(into phone)  
Hello... hello?

JOHN DOE (V.O.)

(from recorder)  
I admire you, David. Imagine my surprise on finding you at my doorstep. I admire you more and more every day.

MILLS

(into phone)  
Okay, John. Let's...

JOHN DOE (V.O.)

(from recorder)  
No, no, no! You listen and don't talk. I suppose you found the painting and the photos. This is just as well. Now we all know we've all seen each other.

(pause)

I mean what I say. I do admire you.

Long pause. Mills waits.

JOHN DOE (V.O.,CONT)  
Oh, there is one other thing.  
Fourteen hundred thirty. West  
Eighty-sixth street. Apartment  
six-o-four.

John Doe hangs up.

**INT. APARTMENT 604, BATHROOM -- NIGHT**

Somerset looks around this femininely decorated bathroom.

In the sink, objects covered in blood: a pair of scissors, a hypodermic needle, first-aid tape and gauze bandages, a bottle of anesthetic for use with the needle, a straight razor.

Somerset moves from the sink, looks in the bathtub. The tub and shower walls are splattered with blood. The tub has a few inches of water in it. The water is cloudy red and bits of gauze float in it. Somerset jiggles the drain's knob.

Some bubbles pop up from the clogged drain.

**INT. APARTMENT 604 -- NIGHT**

Mills is in a dark mood. He and Dr. O'Neill stand by a WOMAN who hangs by a noose from the ceiling. The woman's head has been bandaged sloppily with white gauze and tape. Her eyes have been left uncovered. The gauze is stained red in small spots.

The woman hangs low, so her feet are inches from the floor where piles of dried flowers and a cordless telephone lay. There's a chair knocked over behind her.

O'Neill's going through his black bag. A violet, velvet curtain has been draped on the wall in the corner, behind a full length mirror. The mirror reflects the corpse. A seven-pointed star is smeared in lipstick on the mirror's surface, with the words I DID NOT KILL HER, SHE WAS GIVEN A CHOICE below.

Somerset enters from the bathroom, looks at the murder display.

MILLS  
Pride. Just like in the  
painting.

Somerset nods. He walks to a dresser. The woman's purse sits open and Somerset extracts her driver's license. He looks at the photo. The woman in the picture is beautiful.

SOMERSET  
You can see what he did.

O'Neill steps up to the woman. He brandishes dull scissors. The captain enters with two uniform cops. He looks around, grim, clenching his jaw.

MILLS

Cut her up... dressed the wounds.  
He put the noose around her neck  
and stood her on the chair.

SOMERSET

She had the telephone.

MILLS

Call for help, and you'll live.  
But, you'll be mutilated.

SOMERSET

Or, kick out the chair, and spare  
yourself a lifetime of  
hideousness.

O'Neill's cutting the bandages on the woman's face. He pulls them away in front. Mills looks, disgusted by the sight.

Somerset sits in a chair, runs his fingers through his hair.

O'NEILL

He cut off her nose to spite her  
face. And he did it very  
recently.

CAPTAIN

Alright, boys, you're running on  
empty. Go home. Just make sure  
you sleep with the phone between  
your knees.

#### **INT. BOOKSTORE -- NIGHT**

The bookstore is a labyrinth. Tables and shelves, mountains and valleys of books. Books, new and used, hard and soft, in disorganized groups. CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYS. A few customers search for titles.

Somerset walks, downcast, winds out of one aisle into another. He has his jacket over his shoulder, runs his fingers along the books as he goes. He pulls one book, *The Merchant of Venice*, looks at it, replaces it. He looks down the aisle and is surprised to see Tracy.

Tracy stands solemn, scanning book spines. Somerset approaches.

SOMERSET

Tracy?

Tracy brightens a bit upon recognizing him.

TRACY

Somerset. How are you?

SOMERSET

I'm alright. I'm glad to see you found this place. I almost should have expected to run into you here, knowing that you teach English.

Tracy looks up and around.

TRACY

It's so huge. It's amazing.

SOMERSET

This is why I moved into this neighborhood.

TRACY

Don't you love the smell of all the old books. It smells like... like... I guess just old books, but, I love it.

Somerset notices Tracy noticing his gun.

TRACY

Forgive me. No matter how often I see guns, I can't get used to them.

SOMERSET

Same here.

Tracy laughs. She looks at her watch.

TRACY

If David's going to be back home soon, I should get back.

She starts down the aisle and Somerset walks with her.

TRACY

I hope you'll come to dinner another night. Before you leave.

SOMERSET

You can stay and browse a little longer, can't you? I mean...

Tracy considers this as they enter an open area.

SOMERSET

I... I hardly know anyone I can talk about books with anymore. I'd appreciate the company.

Tracy stops. Somerset looks hopeful. Tracy is very tempted.

**INT. BOOKSTORE -- LATER NIGHT**

Shelves and empty aisles of books. CLASSICAL MUSIC still PLAYS.

SOMERSET (O.S.)

The irony is, that after a day of the type of work he did, he'd come home and read me these morbid crime stories. Le Fanu's Green Tea. Murders in the Rue Morgue.

MOVE TO the aisle marked MYSTERY, where Somerset and Tracy are leaning against shelves. They both hold books they've selected.

SOMERSET

My mother would give him hell... because I was young, and he was keeping me up till all hours, giving me nightmares.

TRACY

Sounds like a father who wanted his son to follow in his footsteps.

SOMERSET

One birthday, he gave me a hardcover book called The Century of the Detective, by Jurgen Thorwald. It traced the history of detection as a science and it sealed my fate. Because it was real, and that a drop of blood or a piece of hair could solve a crime... was incredible to me.

A CLERK looks down the aisle, then walks on.

CLERK (O.S.)

We're closing up, Somerset.

SOMERSET

Okay, thanks.

TRACY

David's going to wonder where I am.

SOMERSET

I'll give you a ride.

TRACY

No. Please, don't bother.

SOMERSET

I have to insist. If your husband found out I let you ride the subway at this hour he'd tear my head off.

They make their way out of the aisle. Somerset chuckles.

SOMERSET

I mean, literally.

**EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT**

Somerset's car stops at the corner of Mills' street.

**INT. SOMERSET'S CAR -- NIGHT**

Somerset puts the car in park. Tracy sits for a long time, then turns to face Somerset.

TRACY

You've lived here for so long, Somerset. You know this city. I...

Tracy can't quite figure how to put it.

SOMERSET

It's a hard place, Tracy.

TRACY

When David and I lived in Philadelphia, we could afford to live on the outskirts. But now...

(pause)

I hate it here. I feel scared, and I feel sick and... I hate it.

Tracy wants to laugh, like it's silly, but can't pull it off.

SOMERSET

You have to put blinders on sometimes. Most times. But, keep in mind, Tracy, like tonight, there are small pockets of sanity. Some bars and bookstores. Museums. Several last vestiges of civilization.

**EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT**

In Somerset's car, Tracy and Somerset continue talking.

On the other side of the street, closer to the middle of the block, John Doe's car is parallel parked at the curb.

**INT. JOHN DOE'S CAR -- NIGHT**

Behind the wheel, John Doe is slumped low, calmly watching Somerset and Tracy. He can see them clearly from here.

**INT. SOMERSET'S CAR -- NIGHT**

Tracy looks out through the windshield, fighting tears.

TRACY

I've visited so many of the schools, looking for work, you know. And, the conditions are... horrible. I can't believe how bad it is.

(pause)

Children shouldn't have to grow up here.

SOMERSET

You can always look into the private schools. You'll find something.

Somerset gives her a handkerchief. She wipes her tears.

SOMERSET

You're too hard on yourself, Tracy.

She will not look at him, keeping herself under control.

SOMERSET

It's okay to hate this city. It's natural. But, there is a bright side in all this. There is. You want to hear it?

Tracy is able to muster a small smile.

TRACY

Oh, God, yes. Please.

SOMERSET

I can't think of another place that needs education more than this city. And you're a teacher. You can make a difference in a few people's lives. It's a very good thing.

Tracy leans to give him a kiss on the cheek.

TRACY

Goodnight, Somerset.

They remain close, looking into each other's eyes.

SOMERSET

Goodnight.

Somerset reaches to touch Tracy's face. They kiss. They kiss a long time. Tracy wraps her arms around Somerset's neck. Somerset runs his fingers through Tracy's hair. They share their sorrow. Tracy's tears run down her face. Finally, they part, opening their eyes.

They know this is wrong. Somerset's hands are shaking. He grips the wheel, feels helpless.

SOMERSET

I'm sorry, Tracy. I'm sorry.

Tracy's face is flushed. She is confused.

TRACY

I... I better go.

Tracy gets out, neglects to close the door, not looking back.

Somerset tries to come to his senses. He doesn't understand either, and his heart is aching. He adjusts the rearview mirror to watch Tracy go.

**INSERT -- THROUGH REARVIEW MIRROR -- SOMERSET'S P.O.V.**

Tracy walks down the block, straightening her hair. She runs.

**INT. SOMERSET'S CAR -- NIGHT**

Somerset looks away from the mirror. he holds his head in his hands for a moment.

**EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT**

Somerset leans to pull the door shut, puts the car in gear. He drives, turns the corner.

**INT. JOHN DOE'S CAR -- NIGHT**

John Doe watches Somerset's car leave. Doe turns his attention to Tracy, who hurries along the other side of the street. Tracy looks back, enters her apartment building, digs out her keys. She gets through the door and climbs stairs, disappearing.

**EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT**

Doe gets out of his car.

He looks both ways down the street, walks towards Mills' and Tracy's building.

**INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- LATER NIGHT**

Mills and Tracy are asleep in their bed. Mills' eyes shift under their lids. Rapid eye movement.

A SOUND is HEARD from the other room. Mills awakens. He lays still a moment, then gets up, slowly, reaches to take his gun off the bedside table. He grabs his pants from a chair, slides into them.

**INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM/KITCHENETTE -- NIGHT**

Mills opens the bedroom door and enters quietly, gun held up. He moves, crouching.

In the dark, objects in the room and shadows from windows form complex, confusing patterns.

Mills walks between moving boxes, attempting to remain silent. He aims the gun from point to point as he advances.

He gets to a closet. Staying on one side, he opens the door and points his gun. He carefully separates the clothing hanging there. Nothing. No one.

He turns to look over the room. It's the first time we see it in Mills' eyes -- real fear.

The door to the apartment is wide open.

**INT. MILLS' APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY -- NIGHT**

Mills moves from his apartment, gun out, into the dark hallway. The coast is clear. He stays low, moves down the hall. He stops, looks up.

**EXT. MILLS' APARTMENT BUILDING, ROOFTOP -- NIGHT**

Mills shoves the rooftop door open. It creaks as it swings.

Mills moves out, backwards, looking to top the raised rooftop entrance, covering it with his gun. He moves around, sees nothing, walks to the edge of the roof and looks over.

**INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

Mills returns to the bedroom, still holding his gun up. He looks at Tracy asleep in the bed. The room begins to RATTLE a little as a subway train is again passing underground.

He walks to the window and checks the lock. He halts. He opens the window and reaches out. The rattling is a bit LOUDER.

From the fire escape, he picks up a bundle of thorny thistles wrapped with a rubber band. Mills realizes, Doe was here.

**INT. SAFE HOUSE -- NIGHT**

The room is plain, like the room Mrs. Gold was kept in. The door opens and Tracy and Mills enter. They look sleepy, carrying suitcases. A uniformed cop closes the door for them.

Mills goes to lay a suitcase on a table while Tracy looks around, depressed, distant. The lighting is bad. There are no decorations, no windows. A wide crack runs down one wall.

Tracy sits down on the bed. Mills notices her discontent.

MILLS

It won't be for long, honey. I swear. This is just till this is over.

TRACY

I know.

Mills goes to sit beside her. He puts his hand on her shoulder.

MILLS

I'm sorry.

Tracy nods. She stands, goes to start turning down the covers.

TRACY

I know. It can't be helped.

Mills feels useless, powerless. He goes to the suitcase and starts unpacking the contents. Tracy continues turning down the sheets.

**INSERT -- TITLE CARD**

SATURDAY

**INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- EARLY MORNING**

The chalkboard:	1 <del>gluttony</del>	5 lust
	2 <del>greed</del>	6 envy
	3 <del>sloth</del>	7 wrath
	4 <del>pride</del>	

Somerset is seated, holding the photo of the lust painting from the tableau. Mills is behind his own desk. They both look like they haven't gotten much sleep.

MILLS

There's two people in that painting. So, maybe he's planning to kill two people this time. Maybe.

Mills looks at Somerset, who doesn't seem to be listening.

MILLS

What's wrong this morning?

SOMERSET

Nothing. Sorry.

Somerset looks up, sips from a cup of coffee, looks at the photo. Mills swings his chair, looks out the window at the morning light on the billboard.

MILLS

Lust is next. Lust is sex.

SOMERSET

Apples on the floor. Original sin.

MILLS

Adam and Eve.

Somerset puts the photo down, leans back, takes out a cigarette.

MILLS

Sex, sex, sex. Fucking sex.

SOMERSET

Lust is everywhere. That's the hard part. I think lust is the most prevalent sin, even more than greed.

Somerset looks at the burning tip of his cigarette. He gets up to stretch his legs.

Mills picks up the lust photo, puts his feet up on the desk.

MILLS

Lust is red.

Long pause.

SOMERSET

Bright red.

MILLS

Blood red.

SOMERSET

Red sky at night, sailor's delight.

MILLS

Red blooded. Red head. Dead.

SOMERSET

Red light district.

Pause. Realization. Somerset and Mills look at each other.

MILLS

That would make sense.

SOMERSET

It would be fitting.

MILLS

You're damn right it would.

Mills picks up the phone.

**EXT. CITY STREETS, PORNO DISTRICTS -- AFTERNOON**

Porno theaters and Adult Bookstores rule these busy sidewalks. Marquees offer SEXY STUFF, PUSSY FEST and movies like MIDNIGHT PLOWBOY and NATIONAL LAM-PORN'S CHRISTMAS INSERTION. Cops are walking through the pedestrian flow, handing out photocopies. There are many patrol cars on the street. Definitely a larger than usual police presence.

Cops are questioning the proprietors of porn at the entrances of their shops and theaters.

Cops are taping photocopies onto lamp posts. These photocopies are warnings, with the drawing of John Doe's face above a line of information and the words HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?

**INT. WILD BILL'S LEATHER SHOPPE -- AFTERNOON**

Somerset's holding up the composite sketch of John Doe.

WILD BILL (O.S.)

Yeah, he was here. This morning.

Mills and Somerset are across the sales counter from WILD BILL, 37. Wild Bill is shirtless, covered in tattoos. A thick scar runs down his forehead to his bent nose. Leather belts, whips and jackets hang from the walls.

MILLS

It was definitely him? You're positive?

WILD BILL

Yeah. John Doe. Easy name to remember.

SOMERSET

What was this job you did for him?

Wild Bill pulls a box from behind the counter, digs in it.

WILD BILL

I got a picture of it. That's what he came for this morning. I figured he must be one of those art guys... like those guys who piss in a cup and drink it on stage. Performance art.

Wild Bill gives a polaroid to Mills. We don't see the image.

MILLS

Oh, fuck...

WILD BILL

I think I undercharged him. I was up all night working to finish it.

SOMERSET

(looks at photo)  
You built this for him? You built this?

WILD BILL

I've built weirder shit than that.

A BEEH CHIMES as a POLICEMAN enters the store.

POLICEMAN

Somerset... we have a situation.

Mills and Somerset follow the policeman out.

WILD BILL

Hey, my picture!

They're gone. Wild Bill scratches his scar.

WILD BILL

Fucking pigs.

**EXT. THE HOT HOUSE MESSAGE PARLOR -- AFTERNOON**

It's a madhouse outside The Hot House. Police action in progress. Cops have formed a barrier, holding off a crowd and creating an aisle to the back of a jail-van. Cops and detectives escort various men, women and transvestites into the large vehicle. The crowd, consisting of the dregs of society, is angry. Some spit and throw trash at the cops.

**INT. THE HOT HOUSE, RECEPTION AREA -- AFTERNOON**

An ANGRY COP pounds his nightstick on a glass cage. Inside the cage sits an oily FAT MAN in front of a wall of sex toys.

FAT MAN  
Just wait!

COP  
Get out of the fucking booth!

FAT MAN  
Just wait! I'll come out, just wait!

**INT. THE HOT HOUSE, CORRIDORS -- AFTERNOON**

All the lights and walls are red. Mills and Somerset follow a COP through the twisting corridors. ROCK MUSIC THROBS. They reach a door.

COP  
I don't want to go in there again.

**INT. THE HOT HOUSE, RED ROOM -- AFTERNOON**

Mills and Somerset enter. ROCK MUSIC CONTINUES, LOUD. A strobe light flashes from the ceiling onto TWO AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS. The first attendant places a sheet over a bed, hiding the corpse of a WOMAN with long blonde hair. The second attendant tries to examine the pupils of a CRAZED MAN, 55, who sits naked on the floor, wrapped in a sheet. A COP holds the crazed man down.

CRAZED MAN  
He... he... he made me do it!

SECOND ATTENDANT  
I have to look at you. I have to look at you.

An X is scratched into the red paint on the wall. Mills and Somerset move towards the covered body.

There are apples on the bed and floor. The ROCK MUSIC from outside SUDDENLY STOPS.

FIRST ATTENDANT  
You're not going to want to see this more than once.

CRAZED MAN  
He had a gun! He... he made me do it!

The sheet is lifted for the detectives. They grimace at what they see. We do not see. Somerset closes his eyes and walks to face a wall, shaken. The first attendant replaces the sheet.

Mills steps back, takes out his handkerchief and sucks on it.

CRAZED MAN (O.S.,CONT)  
He made me do it!

**INT. SANATORIUM, WHITE ROOM -- AFTERNOON**

A polaroid is on a white table. It is the photo Wild Bill gave to Mills and Somerset. It is a picture of a belt, made with extra leather straps so it can be worn securely around the groin. It is a strap-on phallus, but there is no plastic protuberance. Instead, there is a metal knife. It is a strap-on butcher's knife.

Somerset is seated beside the white table in this white room. Mills stands behind him. The crazed man from the lust murder is in a chair across the room. The crazed man is crying.

CRAZED MAN  
And... and... and he said... he asked if I was married. And, I could see he had a gun in his hand.

SOMERSET  
Where was the girl?

CRAZED MAN  
What? What?

SOMERSET  
Where was the prostitute?

CRAZED MAN  
She was... she was on the bed. She was just sitting on the bed.

SOMERSET  
Who tied her down? You or him?

CRAZED MAN  
He had a gun. He had a gun, and he made it happen. He made me do it! He made me put it on... that thing. Oh, God... he made me wear it. He had the gun in my mouth.

The man slides off the chair and hides his face in his hands.

CRAZED MAN  
The gun was in my throat.

Mills looks at the mirror in the room.

Somerset stands, picks up the Polaroid as two men in white uniforms enter to collect the crazed man from off the floor.

**INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- EARLY EVENING**

Somerset and Mills are shell-shocked, seated at their desks. Somerset is looking out the window. Mills stares at the wall.

Somerset looks to his temporary desk. He picks up a small pile of mail, sorts through it. An 8" by 10" manila envelope interests him. It reads DETECTIVE SOMERSET on the outside, handwritten in red marker. He opens it.

He takes out a grainy photograph of he and Tracy kissing in his car. It's obviously been taken with a special night-lens.

Somerset goes pale, suppressing a gasp. He holds the photo to hide it from Mills, looks to see Mills has not noticed. He feels panicky, crumples the photo and envelope in his hand.

**INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, MEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

Somerset enters, latches the door. He takes the crushed photo and envelope from his pocket. He quickly checks under the stalls to see he is alone. He opens a window, goes to the sink.

He takes out his cigarette lighter, lights the envelope and photo, watches them catch. Once they're burning steady he throws them in the sink.

He backs away, leans against the wall, watching, feeling sick.

**INT. SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT**

Somerset and Mills sit with a full pitcher of beer between them. The JUKEBOX plays QUIETLY for other customers. The walls of the bar are lined with trophies, ribbons and other victory symbols.

SOMERSET

There's not going to be a happy ending. It's not possible.

MILLS

If we get him, I'll be happy enough.

SOMERSET

No. Face it now.

(MORE)

SOMERSET (CONT'D)  
Stop thinking it's good guys  
against the bad guys in this  
city.

Mills drinks deep, pours more.

MILLS  
How can you say that? Especially  
after today?

SOMERSET  
You tell me... when you walk into  
an apartment, and a man has  
beaten his wife to death, or, a  
wife murdered her husband in cold  
blood... and you have to wash the  
blood off their children. You  
put the killer in jail. Who won?

MILLS  
If I thought like you, I'd have  
slit my wrists a long time ago.

SOMERSET  
Where's the victory?

MILLS  
You do your job. Follow the law  
and do the best you can. It's  
all there.

SOMERSET  
If we caught John Doe tomorrow,  
and it turned out he was the  
devil... if it turned out he was  
literally Satan, then, that might  
live up to our expectations. No  
human being could do these  
horrible things, right?! But,  
this is not the devil. It's only  
a man.

MILLS  
Why don't you shut the fuck up  
for a while?! Huh? You make  
these speeches... like you know  
everything there is to know.

Somerset sits back, looking at Mills.

MILLS  
You think you're preparing me for  
the hard times ahead? You think  
you're toughening me up? Well,  
you're not!  
(pause)  
You're quitting, fine... but I'm  
staying to fight.

SOMERSET

Who are you fighting for? People don't want a champion. They just want to keep playing the lottery and eating hamburgers.

MILLS

What the fuck is wrong with you, huh? What burnt you out?

SOMERSET

There's no one thing, if that's what you mean. I just... I can't live anymore where stupidity is embraced and nurtured as if it were a virtue.

MILLS

You're so much better than everyone, right? No one's worthy of you.

SOMERSET

Wrong! I sympathize completely. Because if you can't win... then, if you don't ignore everything and everyone around you, you go insane. It's easier to smoke crack, and not worry that your wife and kids are starving to death. And, it's so much easier to bear a child till that child finally shuts up, because it takes so much work to love. And, if you bothered to think about the abuse, and the damage, you'd be sad.

MILLS

You're talking about people who are mentally ill. You're...

SOMERSET

(cuts in, furious)

No, I am not! I'm talking about common, everyday life here. Where Ignorance isn't bliss, it's a matter of survival.

MILLS

Listen to yourself. You say, "the problem with people is they don't care, so I don't care about people." But, if you're not part of the solution...

SOMERSET

(cuts him off)

People who are in arguments over their heads always use meaningless slogans. But, life doesn't conform to analogies.

MILLS

You're already here, and you've been here a long time. So, there's a part of you that knows, even if everything you say is true, none of it matters.

SOMERSET

That part of me is dead.

Mills stands.

MILLS

Fuck you. You want me to agree with you. "Yeah, you're right, Somerset, this place is fucked. Let's go live in a fucking log cabin!" Well, I don't agree with you. You're quitting, and it makes me sick. Cause, you're the best I've ever seen.

Mills digs out some money and throws it on the table.

MILLS

Thanks for the beer.

Mills leaves. Other patrons watch him go. Somerset takes out a cigarette. He goes to light it. The lighter will not light, and when it does, Somerset's hand is shaking.

**INT. SAFE HOUSE -- NIGHT**

Mills comes quietly into the bedroom. Tracy is asleep in the bed. Mills takes off his jacket, puts it down. He sits on a chair and unties one shoe, takes it off. He looks at Tracy, looks at her a long time.

He puts the shoe on the floor and goes to get on the bed. He kisses Tracy's forehead, looks at her sleeping innocently. He is touched, saddened. He kisses her cheek, then wraps his arms under and around her. He holds tight, kisses her again. Tracy stirs.

TRACY

David?

Mills his face against her, holding tighter still.

MILLS

I love you.

Tracy holds his face in her hands, sees that he is crying.

TRACY

David?

MILLS

I love you.

Mills clings to her. She wraps her arms around him as he cries quietly against her, and she kisses him, tries to comfort him. He sobs.

**EXT. CITY STREETS, INDUSTRIAL AREA -- NIGHT**

John Doe walks in this section of huge industrial complexes. Factories and foundries are lined side by side, seemingly for miles. We can HEAR TUGBOAT HORNS sounding low and deep. We're near the water.

Doe seems to know where he's going. He passes stacks of industrial piping and steel drums piled to the sky.

He walks through an industrial junk-yard filled with trashed bulldozers, trucks and discarded factory equipment. It's like a stroll through a bone-yard of dead dinosaurs.

At the end of this field of metal, there is a tall, narrow alleyway formed by two warehouses. Doe enters, looking up at the single lit bulb on the wall above.

He looks at the ground, picks up a rock and a beaten hubcap, walks under the bulb. He throws the hubcap with all his might. It soars, but misses the bulb, falls to the ground behind.

Doe takes aim with the rock. He throws, grunting.

The rock smashes the bulb, bringing darkness to the alley.

Doe walks back to the mouth of the alley. He stops and turns to start from there. He walks, deliberately, looking down at his feet. FOLLOW as he walks.

He stops, looks back to the way he came, then looks down at the ground in front of him again. He takes off his thick glasses.

He holds the glasses in his hand.

**INT. SOMERSET'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

Somerset is in bed. The metronome is sounding: tick, tick, tick... The SOUNDS of the CITY are LOUD.

Somerset closes his eyes, concentrating on the metronome. Tick, tick, tick... A MAN and a WOMAN are HEARD SCREAMING at each other incoherently from outside. Somerset rolls over, restless. Tick, tick, tick...

A THIRD VOICE is HEARD from outside. This man is screaming at the other two people to shut up. Somerset opens his eyes, sits up. He reaches over, grabs the metronome and throws it against the wall.

**INSERT -- TITLE CARD**

SUNDAY

**INT. SOMERSET'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- EARLY MORNING**

Somerset sits away from the bed. He's smoking a cigarette. The PHONE RINGS. Somerset gets up, not in the best of moods.

SOMERSET  
(into phone)  
Hello.

TRACY (V.O.)  
(from phone, upset)  
Hello, Somerset. It's Tracy.

SOMERSET  
Is everything alright?

TRACY (V.O.)  
Yes. Everything's fine.  
Could... could you meet me  
somewhere. To talk.

SOMERSET  
(pause)  
I don't think that's a good idea.

TRACY (V.O.)  
I need to talk to someone,  
Somerset. You're the only friend  
I have here. I don't know anyone  
else.

**INT. COFFEE CAFE -- MORNING**

Somerset and Tracy are seated in a booth by the window. The city's morning rush passes by outside. The cafe is noisy. Tracy is very upset. Somerset is very uneasy.

SOMERSET  
David doesn't know about this?  
You haven't told him?

Tracy shakes her head. Somerset sighs. Long silence.

SOMERSET  
I have to tell you, Tracy, I'm  
not the one to talk to about  
this.

TRACY

I just can't think straight. I don't know why I called you, except I can't stand to hold it as a secret anymore. I had to get it out... and I can't tell David yet. Not yet.

Somerset takes out his cigarettes, but thinks better of it and puts them away. He watches Tracy stir her coffee.

SOMERSET

I... I had a relationship once, very much like a marriage. And, there was a baby. A long time ago. Things were good. And I got up one morning, and I went on a case... a murder, like any other. Except it was my first since hearing about the baby. And, I felt this fear and anxiety coming over me. I looked around and I thought, how can I raise a child here? So, that night, I told her I didn't want us to have children, And, over the next few weeks... I convinced her...

Tears come to Somerset's eyes.

SOMERSET

I mean, I wore her down... slowly.

TRACY

I want to have children. But...

SOMERSET

I can tell you, I know... I'm positive I made the right decision. I'm positive it was the right thing to do. But, there's never a day that goes by that I don't wish I had decided differently.

Tracy reaches to hold Somerset's hand, but he withdraws it, wipes his tears away.

SOMERSET

If you... if you decide not to have the baby... if that's what you decide, then never tell Mills you were pregnant. I mean that. Never tell.

(pause)

Your marriage would just wither, and die altogether.

Tracy looks around the cafe, tears in her eyes.

SOMERSET

But, if you decide to have the baby, then, at that very instant, when you're absolutely sure... tell him. Tell him that exact second. And, spoil that kid every chance you get.

TRACY

Somerset...

Somerset stands. He forces a smile.

SOMERSET

That's all the wisdom I can share with you, Tracy. I barely know you.

TRACY

Will I see you again, before you leave?

SOMERSET

Probably not. But, it's probably better that way.

Somerset steps away, leaves. Tracy watches him go.

**EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY**

Mills and Somerset walk towards the precinct house. They wade through cars to cross the street.

SOMERSET

I've decided... I want to stay on, till this is over. Till either it's done, or we can see it will never end.

Mills remains impassive.

MILLS

Oh, you want to stay now?

SOMERSET

One of two things is going to happen. We're either going to get John Doe... or, he will finish his series of seven, and he'll never be found.

MILLS

You think if you stay you're doing me some big favor?

SOMERSET

I'm requesting you keep me on as  
your partner a few more days.  
You'd be doing me the favor.

MILLS

You knew I'd say yes.

SOMERSET

No. I wasn't sure at all.

They enter the precinct house. Down the sidewalk, from a distance, comes John Doe. His brown workboots and clothing are splattered with blood.

He walks towards the precinct house, hands in his pockets, like he's merely out for a walk on a Sunday afternoon. People on the sidewalk stop upon seeing him, avoiding him.

**INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, RECEIVING LOBBY/BOOKING -- DAY**

Mills and Somerset walk past booking cubicles and benches of handcuffed low-lives. The place is swimming with activity.

The two detectives head to a duty desk at the end of the room.

SOMERSET

As soon as this is over, I'll be  
gone.

MILLS

What a great big surprise that  
is.

They pass through a gate and Somerset goes to the staircase leading to the second floor. Mills stops at the duty desk. Other cops are fighting for the DUTY SERGEANT'S attention.

MILLS

Mills and Somerset are on the  
premises.

SERGEANT

Wonder-fucking-ful.

Mills stops, looks. Somerset stops, looks back down the stairs.

John Doe stands inside the precinct house doors. He holds out his arms as if to say "presto, here I am."

Near silence comes to the room as all eyes go to the figure of John Doe.

Mills is riveted, finding this impossible to comprehend.

One UNIFORMED COP takes out his gun, points it at John Doe.

UNIFORMED COP

It's him!

Several other cops drop what they're doing and draw weapons. Mills, still off-balance, walks back through the gate, takes his gun out and points it at Doe.

MILLS

Get down on the floor.

Somerset comes back down the stairs.

SOMERSET

Be careful!

Cops move slowly in on Doe from all sides.

ANOTHER COP

You heard him! Get on the floor!

John Doe gets on his knees, hands up. Mills moves close, but not too. ONE COP comes from behind, nudges Doe with his foot.

ONE COP

Spread your legs and get your hands out in front of you.

MILLS

Get down! Face down!

John Doe gets on his stomach, obeys. Mills comes right up to Doe, steps on his neck, puts his gun against Doe's head.

MILLS

Don't move. Don't move a fucking inch.

Cops frisk and handcuff Doe. Somerset comes beside Mills.

SOMERSET

I don't believe it.

JOHN DOE

Hello, Lieutenant Somerset.

COP

What the hell is this?

The cop putting the handcuffs on Doe holds up Doe's hands. Doe winces. Every single one of Doe's fingers has a bandage wrapped around it. John Doe looks up, his face pressed against the floor, glasses askew, Mills' gun at his temple.

JOHN DOE

I want to speak with my lawyer.

**INT.  PRECINCT HOUSE,  OBSERVATION ROOM  --  DAY**

Mills, Somerset and the captain stand in darkness.

On the other side of a two-way mirror, John Doe is seated in a restraining chair in an interrogation room. His hands and legs are bound with leather straps to the chair's arm and legs. A strap hold tight around Doe's throat. This is not some superman/serial killer. He looks more like an eccentric college professor. His lawyer MARK SWARR, 43, sits at a table, taking notes.

Mills holds a fingerprint card. The black ink prints are just useless blobs with traces of blood in them.

CAPTAIN

He cuts off the skin of his fingertips. That's why we can't find a single usable print in his apartment. For a long time, he's been cutting before the papillary lines can grow back.

MILLS

What about the trace on his bank account? The guns?

CAPTAIN

The orphanage is all we have. His bank account is only five years old and it started as cash. There's no credit history, no employment history. We even tried to trace his furniture. All we know for sure is he's wealthy, well educated and totally insane. We may never know how he got that way.

Somerset stands looking in at Doe.

SOMERSET

Because he is John Doe, by choice.

MILLS

When do we get to question him?

CAPTAIN

You don't. This goes to court now.

MILLS

This doesn't make sense, captain. He wouldn't just turn himself in!

CAPTAIN

Well, there he sits. It's not supposed to make sense.

MILLS  
He's not finished!

CAPTAIN  
You're wound way too tight on  
this, Mills.

MILLS  
Somerset... help me out here.

Somerset looks at them. Says nothing.

CAPTAIN  
It's over.

The captain leaves. Mills is furious.

MILLS  
Damn it, Somerset. You know  
Johnny's fucking with us. He's  
pissing in our faces again!

SOMERSET  
Slow up. You and I are, probably  
for the first time ever, in total  
agreement. He wouldn't just  
stop.

MILLS  
Well... what the fuck, man?

SOMERSET  
John Doe's only two murders away  
from finishing his masterpiece,  
right? But, can you even  
conceive of what might happen  
next? I mean, can you tell me  
how he's going to go about it?

MILLS  
(pause)  
No.

SOMERSET  
I can tell you this; I recognize  
his lawyer. His name is Mark  
Swarr. He's the one who kept  
Zero out of prison.

(pause)  
We'll wait for John Doe's plea.

**INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- DAY**

Mills is at the desk with his feet up, stares at the  
chalkboard:

1	gluttony	5	~lust~
2	greed	6	wrath
3	sloth	7	envy
4	pride		

Clock on the wall says 4:45. Somerset packs books into boxes, preparing for his eventual departure. The captain opens the door and steps into the office. He clears his throat, looking like there is something very wrong.

**INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- DAY**

Mills and Somerset stand together. The captain is behind his desk with the D.A., Martin Talbot, seated in front of him. Mark Swarr addresses them all, seems nervous, but in control.

SWARR

My client says there are two more bodies... two more dead, hidden away. He will take Detective Mills to these bodies, but only Detective Mills. Only at six o'clock, today.

Swarr wipes his brow with a handkerchief.

TALBOT

Oh, Christ.

MILLS

Why me?

SWARR

He says he admires you.

SOMERSET

(to captain)

This is all part of his game plan.

SWARR

Mr. Doe claims that if the detective does not accept this offer, the bodies will never be found.

CAPTAIN

Frankly, counselor, I'm inclined to let them rot.

Mills walks up into Swarr's face.

MILLS

You like what you do for a living?

CAPTAIN

Back off, Mills.

SWARR

I'm required by law to serve my clients to the best of my ability, and to serve their interests.

Mills eases off. Talbot is agitated, tapping a finger on the gold tooth in his mouth. He looks at Swarr.

TALBOT

We don't make deals like this.

CAPTAIN

We're going to have to pass.

SWARR

My client... he also wishes that I inform you, if you do not accept, he will plead insanity, across the board.

TALBOT

Let him try. I'd like to see him try!

SWARR

Come now, Martin. Even he knows, with the nature of these crimes, I could get him off with such a plea.

Talbot stands, wringing his hands. Mills and Somerset are looking at each other, thinking it over.

TALBOT

I'm not letting this conviction slide. I can tell you that, right here and right now!

SWARR

He says, if you accept, under his specific conditions, he will sign a full confession and plead guilty... right here, and right now.

Talbot looks at Swarr with hatred.

MILLS

I'll do it.

SOMERSET

Hold on... just a minute.

Somerset turns to Talbot.

SOMERSET

If he were to plead insanity...  
this conversation is admissible.  
The fact that he's blackmailing  
us with his plea...

SWARR

And, my client reminds you, two  
more people are dead. The press  
would have a field day if they  
found out the police didn't seem  
too concerned about finding  
them... giving them proper  
burial.

MILLS

I'll do it. I want to finish it.

Somerset is thinking it through. He looks at Mills.

SOMERSET

(to captain)

Well... let's get the fucking  
lawyer out of the room, and we  
can talk about how this whole  
thing's going to go down.

**INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BATHROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON**

Mills' hand reaches to the sink to pick up a razor. He's  
shirtless, his chest covered in shaving cream. He starts  
shaving in front of a mirror. Somerset is behind him,  
smoking.

SOMERSET

If John Doe's head splits open,  
and a U.F.O. flies out, I want  
you to have expected it.

MILLS

I will.

SOMERSET

No emotion. Stay as cold as ice.

MILLS

I will.

Somerset flicks ash in the sink. Mills finishes shaving. He  
steps away from the sink and wipes his chest off with a  
towel.

MILLS

(very serious)

Listen, Somerset... we've been  
through a lot together. And, I  
uh...

SOMERSET  
What is it?

MILLS  
I would like to make sweet love  
to you.

Somerset walks away. Mills laughs.

SOMERSET  
Please...

As they leave.

MILLS  
Give me a kiss on the lips.

SOMERSET  
Give me a break.

**INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, READY ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON**

Mills has his shirt off. A female technician, Josie, tapes a radio transmitter and microphone to his chest.

Somerset sits nearby at one of the ready room desks. He wears a bullet-proof vest, is just finishing a check of his gun. He's putting the bullets back into it.

Josie finishes prepping Mills. Mills presses the adhesive, making sure it will hold. He puts on a shirt and bullet-proof vest, fastens the velcro.

Somerset stands, puts the gun in his hip holster.

Mills picks up his own gun, checks it, holsters it. He watches Somerset take out a roll of antacids. Somerset pops a few.

SOMERSET  
Ready?

MILLS  
Extremely.

They look at each other. Mills holds out his hand. They shake on it.

**INT. CITY STREET, IN FRONT OF PRECINCT HOUSE -- LATE AFTERNOON**

The street is full of shadows as the sun is falling low. On the steps of the precinct house, a throng of reporters shifts anxiously. A line of policemen holds them back. The precinct doors open. Martin Talbot arrives, escorted by cops. The press swarm lurches forward, flashbulbs explode.

Talbot holds out his hands, quieting them, about to speak.

**EXT. CITY STREET, AT BACK OF PRECINCT HOUSE -- LATE AFTERNOON**

Mills' car pulls out of the fenced parking lot. John Doe is seated in the rear.

The car speeds up on the street, turns onto an avenue, heading into a canyon formed by tall buildings. At the corner, a car is parked.

Somerset is at the wheel. He pulls out, follows Mills' car.

**EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOFTOP -- LATE AFTERNOON**

California is dressed in full battle gear. He looks through binoculars at the city below. The wind blows hard.

He turns and runs to a sleek helicopter on the roof's heli-pad, climbs in the side door. The PILOT leans back from the cockpit to hand him a helmet. California dons it, starts strapping himself in so he can lean out the open door.

CALIFORNIA

Is this wind going to hurt us?

The pilot cranks the helicopter's whining engine and the blades start to spin, churning the air.

PILOT

Just makes the ride a little more fun.

California hefts a high-powered automatic rifle as the chopper lifts from the pad and takes off.

**INT. MILLS' CAR -- LATE AFTERNOON**

Mills drives, looking to the back seat through the rearview mirror. A steel mesh partition separates front from back.

John Doe sits with his hands cuffed. He is dressed in gray pants and a gray shirt. His feet are cuffed to a metal fastener on the floor of the car. Rivulets of sweat pour down his face. He seems wired.

MILLS

What's your story, Johnny? Who are you, really?

Doe pushes his glasses back up the bridge of his nose, looks at Mills' eyes in the rearview mirror.

JOHN DOE

It doesn't matter who I am. Who I am means absolutely nothing.

**INT. SOMERSET'S CAR -- LATE AFTERNOON**

Somerset adjusts the volume on a radio receiver mounted on the dash. He watches the road ahead, tailing Mills.

MILLS (V.O.)  
 (from receiver)  
 What's your deal? You seem pretty fucking nervous.

JOHN DOE (V.O.)  
 (from receiver)  
 I want this to go well. It's very important to me, obviously.

**INT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- LATE AFTERNOON**

The chopper hovers amongst skyscrapers. California and the pilot are listening, through their helmet headsets.

MILLS (V.O.)  
 (from headset)  
 You want this to go well? What is this?

JOHN DOE (V.O.)  
 (from headset)  
 Turn right on this street. Stay in the left lane.

California leans out the chopper door, using his binoculars.

**EXT. CITY STREET -- LATE AFTERNOON**

Mills' car weaves through traffic.

Somerset's car isn't far behind, goes through a red light, barely missing a truck. Other cars blow their horns.

**INT. SOMERSET'S CAR -- LATE AFTERNOON**

A cellular phone on the passenger side is BEEPING. Somerset pushes a button on the phone's panel. He puts on a headset/telephone, speaks into the mouthpiece.

SOMERSET  
 I'm here.

CALIFORNIA (V.O.)  
 (from headset)  
 Downtown and moving west. Looks like you're going to be crossing water.

SOMERSET

If we're on the bridge, you keep  
your distance. You hear me?

**INT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- LATE AFTERNOON**

The helicopter hovers steady. California stows his  
binoculars.

SOMERSET (V.O.)

(from headset)

Cross the river before us if  
necessary.

CALIFORNIA

You got it.

California taps the pilot's helmet.

**EXT. CITY SKY -- LATE AFTERNOON**

The helicopter dips, flying like a bullet over the city  
skyline, heading towards the river and the setting sun.

**EXT. CITY STREETS -- LATE AFTERNOON**

FROM HIGH ABOVE, we see traffic on the highway at the  
polluted river's edge. Cars and trucks move like blood  
through veins.

DOWN CLOSER, we can see Mills' car in the flow. The car  
turns into a lane of traffic on its way to the huge  
suspension bridge.

Somerset's car is in close pursuit.

UNDER THE BRIDGE, the police helicopter travels close to the  
water, moving parallel to the bridge, but low, so that it's  
out of the sightline of the vehicles above.

**INT. SOMERSET'S CAR -- LATE AFTERNOON**

Traffic is bumper to bumper. Somerset moves his headset  
mouthpiece to smoke a cigarette. He steers onto the bridge,  
under the massive girders.

MILLS (V.O.)

(from receiver)

For us to go pick up two more  
dead bodies, and have that be the  
end of it... just seems too  
boring for you.

**INT. MILLS' CAR -- LATE AFTERNOON**

Beyond the crest of the bridge, the sunset is crimson.

MILLS  
Wouldn't be sensational enough.

JOHN DOE  
Wanting people to pay attention,  
you can't just tap them on the  
shoulder.

John Doe strains to turn, looks out the back window.

JOHN DOE  
Sometimes you have to hit them in  
the head with a sledgehammer...  
and then you get their strict  
attention.

MILLS  
What are you looking at, Johnny?

JOHN DOE  
Looking back... at the city  
proper...

Doe situates forward, holds his hands in front of his face,  
looking at his bandaged fingers.

JOHN DOE  
And yet, no pillar of salt.  
(smiles to himself)  
Lost on you, isn't it? You've  
never read the Bible, have you,  
David?

MILLS  
I remember a lot of people  
reading it at me when I was a  
kid. I preferred the classic  
comic version myself.

This is an affront to Doe, angers him. Mills sees it, likes  
it.

MILLS  
I used to have "Godspell" on an  
eight-track tape. Does that  
count?

Doe leans forwards, fury building in him.

JOHN DOE  
You make me sick.

MILLS  
Sit back, freak.

Mills slams his fist against the partition. Doe sits back.

JOHN DOE  
 (under his breath)  
 Ignorant heathen.

MILLS  
 Right, right. I forgot. You  
 think these murders were for God.  
 Right?  
 (pause)  
 I'm asking you seriously. You  
 really think what you did was  
 God's good work?

Doe looks out the window at other cars, refuses to answer.  
 He's pressing the tips of his forefingers into his thumbs,  
 causing blood to drip from under the bandages.

JOHN DOE  
 The Lord works in mysterious  
 ways.

**EXT. CITY STREETS, INDUSTRIAL AREA -- NIGHT**

It's getting dark. We've been in this section of factories  
 before, with John Doe. The police helicopter soars overhead.

**INT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- NIGHT**

California's looking down, wearing night-vision goggles.

**INSERT -- CALIFORNIA'S P.O.V. -- THROUGH GOGGLES**

The goggles allow California to see clearly into the maze  
 formed by buildings, yards and worksheds below. No one in  
 sight.

CALIFORNIA (O.S.)  
 Fuck, man... there's about a  
 thousand places to be ambushed  
 out here.

**INT. SOMERSET'S CAR -- NIGHT**

The headlights are off. Mills' car's red brake lights are  
 far ahead on this industrial road.

CALIFORNIA (V.O.)  
 (from headset)  
 I don't see anything... not yet.

SOMERSET  
 (in mouthpiece)  
 A quick sweep is all we get.  
 (MORE)

SOMERSET (CONT'D)  
 Clear out now. You're right in  
 front of us.

Somerset reaches to turn up the volume on his radio receiver.  
 Mills is HEARD SINGING "Jesus Christ Superstar," loud.  
 Somerset allows a very faint smile.

**INT. MILLS' CAR -- NIGHT**

Mills drives along, singing.

MILLS  
 Jesus Christ, Superstar... who in  
 the world do you think you are?  
 Jesus Christ, Superstar...

Doe's in the back seat, trying to bear it, steaming.

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL SKIES -- NIGHT**

The chopper goes high, away, over the industrial area.

It moves to the other side of the factories and settles in  
 low over the river.

**INT. SOMERSET'S CAR -- NIGHT**

Mills' tune comes to a conclusion. Somerset slows the car as  
 he sees Mills' brake lights go on ahead.

JOHN DOE (V.O.)  
 (from receiver)  
 We can walk from here.

SOMERSET  
 (in mouthpiece)  
 You stay out of this unless I  
 call you in, California.  
 Understand?

CALIFORNIA (V.O.)  
 (from headset)  
 You're in charge.

Somerset takes off the headset/phone, stops the car.

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD, AT SOMERSET'S CAR -- NIGHT**

Somerset gets out. He looks through binoculars.

**INSERT -- SOMERSET'S P.O.V. -- THROUGH BINOCULARS**

Mills' car has stopped under the lights of a junk-yard. Mills gets out. He walks to unlock the passenger door.

MILLS (V.O.)  
(from receiver)  
Alright, Somerset. Going for a stroll.

**AT MILLS' CAR**

Mills opens the passenger door. Doe looks out.

MILLS  
Lean on your side. Hands behind your head and lock your fingers together.

Doe obliges. Mills moves to unchain Doe's feet, cautious.

**INSERT -- SOMERSET'S P.O.V. -- THROUGH BINOCULARS**

Mills lets Doe out. Doe does a deep knee bend to loosen his legs. Mills takes out his gun.

MILLS (V.O.)  
(from receiver)  
Where are we going?

Doe points with handcuffed hands, at a path through the junk-yard, towards warehouses. Mills motions with his gun.

MILLS (V.O. CONT'D)  
(from receiver)  
Lead the way.

Doe starts walking. Mills follows, keeping the gun on Doe. We lose sight of them behind the junk-yard's massive pieces.

**AT SOMERSET'S CAR**

Somerset lowers his binoculars. He gets back in the car, leaves the lights off, drives slowly towards Mills' car.

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA, JUNK-YARD -- NIGHT**

Mills follows Doe past rusting collections of machines. We took this walk with Doe before, through this metallic bone-yard.

JOHN DOE  
It's right this way.

Mills is on edge. His eyes search the towering, twisted junk. Sharp edges reach for the sky. Glass breaks under their feet.

MILLS  
So far, so good.

SOUNDS of BOATS on the river can be HEARD. Doe's heading for the alleyway created by two warehouses beyond the junk-yard.

Doe nears the alleyway. It is pitch dark. Doe stops before entering, turns to Mills.

JOHN DOE  
In here.

Mills steps up, keeping his distance from Doe. He can't see a thing in the blackness ahead.

MILLS  
You go first.

Doe faces the alley. He starts walking. We MOVE with him as he goes. He's counting silently to himself, moving his lips.

Mills walks behind Doe, keeping a sharp eye out in all directions. He's about ten feet behind Doe, keeping his gun trained on the back of Doe's skull.

MILLS  
Tell me where we're going.

Doe continues walking, counting his steps, a bit quicker.

**INT. SOMERSET'S CAR -- NIGHT**

Somerset has pulled along Mills' car, at the junk-yard.

MILLS (V.O.)  
(from receiver)  
Slow down, Johnny. Stop right there.  
(pause)  
I said stop!

**EXT. WAREHOUSE ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT**

Doe walks on. Mills is behind, walking to close the gap. We can HEAR the faint SOUND of RUSHING WATER.

MILLS  
I'll blow your head off right now!

Doe stops abruptly. He spins on his heels, facing Mills.

Mills is getting closer, pumped, ready to pull the trigger.

Doe reaches up with his hands, takes off his glasses. He holds them in one hand. The SOUND of the WATER is LOUDER.

Mills is about six feet from Doe, and knows something's wrong.

John Doe smiles.

MILLS

What...

Doe takes one step backwards and falls, straight down, disappears in the blink of an eye.

MILLS

No!

**INT. SOMERSET'S CAR -- NIGHT**

Somerset looks towards the far off alleyway, horrified.

MILLS (V.O.)

(from receiver)

Motherfucker! No!

**INT. WAREHOUSE ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT**

Mills stands facing the open manhole cover Doe disappeared into.

A torrent of water rushes by underground. Mills fires a few futile shots into the water, out of his mind with rage. He pulls back the top of his bullet-proof vest, exposing the microphone.

MILLS

He's gone, Somerset! He's in the water!

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD, SOMERSET'S CAR -- NIGHT**

Somerset leaps out, takes out his gun. FOLLOW as he runs into the junk-yard as fast as he can.

MILLS (V.O.)

(from receiver)

I'm going in!

**INT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- NIGHT**

The chopper's over the river. California listens intently.

MILLS (V.O.)

(from headset)

I have to go in after him!

STATIC CRACKLES LOUD in his headset, then it GOES DEAD.  
California grips his mouthpiece.

CALIFORNIA  
Somerset, what's going on down  
there?!

**INT. UNDERGROUND WATERWAY -- NIGHT**

An underground pipe-way. Mills tries to swim, is mostly carried in the flow. He's battered against the sides of the pipe, holding his breath desperately.

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL JUNK-YARD -- NIGHT**

FOLLOW Somerset as he charges onwards through the junk-yard, stumbling over pieces of metal. He runs towards the alleyway.

**INT. UNDERGROUND WATERWORKS -- NIGHT**

WATER ROARS. A square pool of water churns. A moment, then Mills rises, gasping, choking. He's disoriented, furious, waving his gun, expecting Doe to be right on top of him.

No one around. Mills looks. This is some sort of unmanned water switching station. the walls are covered in catwalks, drainage pipes and tunnels. Some tunnels and pipes spew water down into the central pool, others are sealed shut.

Mills pulls himself from the central pool to a concrete spillway. He stands up, searching. Doe could be anywhere.

MILLS  
Come on, Johnny! I'm right here!

**INT. UNDERGROUND WATERWORKS TUNNEL -- NIGHT**

There is a plastic bag with an automatic pistol and extra clip inside hanging from a protruding shut-off valve. John Doe's hands tear the bag open, taking the contents.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT**

Somerset enters the alley, short of breath. He points his gun in front of him, fearful. Moving slowly.

SOMERSET  
Mills!

**INT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- NIGHT**

California is enraged, looks towards the pilot.

CALIFORNIA  
God damn it! Let's do something!

PILOT  
Somerset said wait!

CALIFORNIA  
Fuck that! Let's go!

PILOT  
Where?

CALIFORNIA  
I don't know! Just go!

**INT. UNDERGROUND WATERWORKS -- NIGHT**

Mills climbs onto a catwalk. He passes tunnels, looking down each, intense, ready to kill. A waterfall flows and over the other end of the catwalk.

Mills stands, looking over the railing at the central pool and other tunnels. He points his gun and fires into a far tunnel.

MILLS  
Come on! Let's do it! You and me!

A figure appears in the center of the waterfall behind Mills.

MILLS  
I'm not going to let you win this!

John Doe steps out of the waterfall, putting on his glasses.

He seems calm, unloads his gun into Mills' back... BLAM, BLAM...

Mills twists, blown forward by the bullets slamming into his bullet-proof vest. BLAM, BLAM, BLAM... he stumbles, trying to turn and fire back, but bullets strike him down and he falls to the floor of the catwalk, gun falling from his hand.

CLICK. Doe's gun is empty. The gunshots echo. Mills lays there on his stomach, pounded, blacking out, the hot bullets in his vest smoking and sizzling from the water splashing them.

Doe moves quickly, starts searching Mills' pockets.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT**

Somerset comes upon the open manhole. Water rushes by.

SOMERSET

Christ.

**INT. UNDERGROUND WATERWORKS -- NIGHT**

The central pool bubbles, undulating. Somerset surfaces, inhaling, bringing his gun up. He looks. No one in sight.

SOMERSET

Mills! Pull out!

His voice reverberates, barely heard against the roaring water. he swims to the edge, climbs out. He walks, looking...

SOMERSET

(pleading)

Pull out now!

Somerset looks up, and freezes up on seeing --

-- Doe's handcuffs hang, swinging, on the rail of the catwalk above, with Mills' radio transmitter and wire tied to them.

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL JUNK-YARD -- NIGHT**

Somerset runs to his car, driven, gasping for breath, still soaking wet. He stops for one second, looks.

Not too far away, the police helicopter flies low to the ground, turning in wide circles.

Somerset climbs into the car, starts it up. He drives away, leaving his lights off. The engine protests loudly, forced to its limit. The car disappears in darkness.

The police helicopter circles, useless.

**EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH/ORPHANAGE -- NIGHT**

The church stands elegant at night, when its decayed state is partially hidden. Small shafts of light escape from holes in the facade and just into the blackness.

Somerset is out of his car. He strides towards the church, checks his gun as he goes. FOLLOW with him, getting closer to the church. He climbs the stairs.

Somerset steps up and kicks the church doors open, met by a tremendous blast of light --

**INT. ABANDONED CHURCH -- NIGHT**

Flickering orange light from hundreds of once tall orange candles, now burnt low. They greet Somerset, in the church's old candle racks, on the floor, on the altar and all through out the pews.

Somerset's eyes try to adjust to the light. He holds his gun ready, walks down the long center aisle.

JOHN DOE (O.S.)

Hello, Somerset.

Doe sounds far, his voice echoing from the front of the church.

SOMERSET

Where's David?

JOHN DOE (O.S.)

He's here. With me.

SOMERSET

Tell me what you want.

Somerset can see through the heat warp. Doe stands facing him from the altar.

JOHN DOE

What do I want? The same you...  
I want an ending. Stay where you  
are. Put your gun on the floor  
and slide it all the way down  
here.

Somerset obeys, bends, slides the gun down the aisle till it hits the bottom altar stair. He keeps walking, slowly.

SOMERSET

I want to see him. Show me  
Mills.

On the altar, Doe is sweating hard, standing over Mills. Mills is slumped forward on the floor, unconscious. His bullet-proof vest has been removed.

Mills' hands are tied tight together in front of him, tied to one end of the thick rope suspended from the ceiling. Doe holds the other end of the rope, has his gun tucked under his belt.

JOHN DOE

You're an intelligent man,  
Somerset. You understand what  
you're a part of, don't you?  
When this is finished, it will  
seem surreal, but it will be a  
whole, crystalline reality.

(MORE)

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

And, no one will be able to deny  
it, no matter how hard they try.

Doe's voice is thick with passion. Somerset is about halfway  
down the aisle, still moving.

SOMERSET

You're a murderer. That's all.  
The only way you've distinguished  
yourself is by your particular  
brutality.

Doe walks across the altar.

JOHN DOE

You know that's not true. You  
know.

SOMERSET

You're killing innocent people,  
and I should admire you? You're  
doing it because it gives you  
pleasure. That's the only  
purpose... your sick pleasure.

Doe picks up a container of gasoline, looks out at Somerset.

JOHN DOE

Stay where you are!

Somerset stops.

JOHN DOE

I won't deny my personal desires.  
I won't.

Doe begins dousing Mills with gasoline, covering Mills' body  
and clothing. Mills stirs, coming to. He coughs, choking on  
the gas and fumes.

JOHN DOE

But, I don't mourn the victims in  
this any more than I mourn the  
thousands who died in Sodom and  
Gomorrah.

Somerset looks fearful. He starts approaching again.

SOMERSET

All you've done is cause more  
misery and pain! You've given  
people all the more reason to  
believe there is no God!

Somerset eyes his gun at the bottom of the stairs.

Doe sees Somerset moving, throws the gas can away, takes out  
his gun. Doe walks to the edge of the altar, all the time  
holding his end of the rope.

JOHN DOE

Stop!

Somerset is twitching with anger, looking at the gun about fifteen feet in front of him.

Mills manages to look up, weak, his eyes barely able to open because of the stinging gasoline.

MILLS

Somerset?

Doe takes one step down off the altar. Somerset is still edging forward, hands out away from his body.

SOMERSET

Do you really think I'm just going to let this happen?! You think I'm going to let him die?

JOHN DOE

Yes.

Doe fires his gun and the bullet slams into the front of Somerset's bullet-proof vest. Somerset flies back, knocking over a rack of candles on his way to the floor.

Doe walks quickly back onto the altar.

MILLS

Motherfucker!

Mills tries to grab at Doe as he passes, but Doe turns and kicks Mills in the ribs. Mills cringes in pain.

Somerset lays in the aisle, on his stomach, gasping. He can't catch his breath, his twisted face pressed against the floor.

JOHN DOE

How can you speak of God, Somerset? When was the last time you spoke His name?

Mills tries to rub the gas out of his eyes with his bound hands.

His mind works feverishly. He looks around to see where he is, then he searches the floor. We can see, inside his open shirt, the bleeding, upside-down cross Doe has cut into his chest.

Doe walks back to shout angrily down at Somerset.

JOHN DOE

When did you last speak His name?  
Was it in prayer?

(MORE)

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

Or, did you say the Lord's name  
after you stubbed your big toe?  
Or, did you use His name to curse  
another man?

Somerset holds his chest, blinking, trying not to black out.

Mills finds a piece of broken stained glass on the floor. He picks it up, palms it, still choking on gasoline.

Doe walks over to the statue of Saint Jerome Emiliani, pulling the rope from above so it goes taut and Mills' arms raise above his head. Doe wraps the rope around Emiliani's arm.

MILLS

I'm going to kill you, Johnny.  
I'm going to see you dead.

Doe begins twisting the loose end of the rope around the statue.

JOHN DOE

The irony, David, is that you policemen and I want the same things. But, you are so short sighted. In this city, where you can see a deadly sin on every street corner... and in every home, we want repentance.

Mills clutches the glass piece and starts cutting the rope just above his hands.

JOHN DOE

We want good over evil. We want values instilled in the children. We want a world where a man or woman can lead a decent life.

(pause)

Wisdom, understanding, counsel, fortitude, knowledge, piety, and fear of the Lord. Such simple concepts. Why are they non-existent?

Somerset manages to lift his head, struggles to his knees.

SOMERSET

(weakly)

Let him go, God damn you.

Doe checks to make sure the rope around Saint Emiliani is secure, tightening the knots.

JOHN DOE

There were two men once, who had wonderful gardens. Two gardens of flowers that went on as far as the eye could see. Beautiful gardens... the fragrance was inspiration in itself.

Doe stands behind Emiliani, heaves against the statue.

Mills watches, gritting his teeth, rubbing the glass against the rope, fingers bleeding.

JOHN DOE

But, both gardens were beset by problems. Weeds started to take root, and there were infestations of insects and diseases. The gardens started to turn putrid. And, one man fought to save his garden, because he could never forget how it once was. Everyday he cut the weeds, and killed the insects. Fought the diseases.

Doe finally topples the statue, down the altar stairs, and the other end of the rope pulls Mills upwards, screaming in pain. Mills is held, about eight feet in the air, legs dangling.

JOHN DOE

That man never had a beautiful garden again.

MILLS

Fuck you!

JOHN DOE

The other man plowed his garden under.

(pause)

He plowed it under the soil. He started over.

Somerset gets to his feet, steadying himself on a pew.

Doe walks across the altar, picks up a long metal pole with a thick wick and candle snuffer on the end. He lights the wick from a near candle. The flame burns long and thin. He looks down at Somerset, takes out his gun.

JOHN DOE

Stay there, Somerset. Or, I'll kill him right now.

Doe holds the flaming pole up, near Mills.

Somerset stops. He looks up at Mills.

Mills is straining. He nods to Somerset, and Somerset sees Mills cutting at the rope.

SOMERSET

Alright... you don't have to do this, John. You've already made your point.

JOHN DOE

Do you think I chose this? Can you even begin to understand how painful my existence has been? It's like... like having every sense heightened beyond comprehension.

Doe lowers the flame, standing below and beside Mills, with his attention focused on Somerset.

JOHN DOE

So that the stench of the street coats your throat like bile. So, sugar is so sweet it... it makes your bones ache to the marrow.

SOMERSET

You're insane. That's why.

JOHN DOE

(seething)

No! You're wrong!

Mills continues cutting, bleeding, almost through the rope. He begins to swing his feet slightly, his body swaying.

JOHN DOE

I was chosen. And I've wished a thousand times I could have been a normal man. Like David Mills, a common man... with a common life. But, wishing that is my sin. I can't have it and I shouldn't.

Doe steps towards Mills.

SOMERSET

Don't do this!

JOHN DOE

I meant what I said. I admire David Mills. I envy David Mills.

(pause)

Envy is my sin.

SOMERSET

No!

Just as Doe is to put the flame to Mills, the rope is finally cut through. Mills drops, swinging his legs forward, smashing Doe in the face, knocking Doe's glasses off.

Mills hits the floor with a thud.

Somerset runs forward.

SOMERSET  
David, get out!

Doe has fallen back, dropping the metal pole. Mills scrambles to his feet and charges at Doe, shouting.

Doe squints, screaming, raises his gun. Fires twice!

The bullets catch Mills in mid-run, and carry him off his feet, backwards.

Somerset grips his own gun, just as Mills' body falls, tumbles off the altar area and down the stairs in front of him.

SOMERSET  
No!

Somerset lets out a scream of pain and rage that chokes in his throat. He falls to his knees and halts Mills' body.

Somerset's shaking, unable to breathe, turning Mills over and cradling his head in his arms. Tears come to his eyes.

SOMERSET  
David... David? Please...

On the altar, Doe throws his gun away. he starts feeling around him, unsteady, looking for his glasses.

Mills' eyes are closed. He is still, bloody. He swallows.

With one gasp, without a word, he is dead.

Somerset looks up at Doe, vision blurred by rage and tears.

Doe stands, putting on his glasses, faces Somerset.

Somerset lays Mills' body down. Stands, walks up towards the altar, raises his gun.

SOMERSET  
You.

Doe stands, quaking, teeth clenched, fists balled up. He waits for the bullets, falls to his knees.

The gun trembles in Somerset's hand as Somerset brings the barrel to Doe's face. A millisecond's pause. Somerset changes the angle of fire. BLAM, he blows John Doe's arm to pieces in a splattering explosion.

Doe screams, falling back, on the altar floor.

**VIEWED FROM FAR BACK IN THE CHURCH**

The entire church with its candles frames the torture:

Somerset walks to where Doe flops horribly, bleeding. Somerset aims, shoots Doe in the leg. Doe screams, rolling, trying to crawl away, knocking over candle racks. Somerset follows. He shoots Doe's other leg. He shoots Doe in the other arm. Flames begin to rise and spread quickly amongst the pews. Doe continues to spasm, wrenching, hand slapping the bloody floor. BLAM, BLAM, BLAM. Somerset steps back from Doe, overturns a rack of candles on top of him. He steps away. Watching. Flames begin rising on Doe's clothing.

**CLOSE ON JOHN DOE'S FACE**

Doe's face, covered in blood, twisted in agony, helpless, flames rising. He continues screaming.

His glasses crack from the heat.

**EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH/ORPHANAGE -- NIGHT**

Smoke billows from the windows. The fire is moving quickly, ravenous. It's just starting to light up the night.

From the front door, Somerset walks weeping, carrying Mills' body in his arms.

**INT. ABANDONED CHURCH -- NIGHT**

The seven deadly sin tableau burns.

Flames cause the paint to bubble and blacken. Gluttony, greed and sloth are already halfway gone.

Flames eat at pride, lust.

Wrath and envy are being consumed. Wrath goes last. A man with bloodied hands, in tones of blue. Flames devour it.

**EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY**

A field of blue. Cops in orderly rows. The funeral of David Mills. Many police officials and politicians stand in tribute.

Somerset is here, in his dress blue uniform. He stares forward, still numb, beaten. Rifles are raised by a corps of riflemen. Blanks explode from the barrels. They reload in unison.

Somerset looks towards the grace where Mills' casket lies under an American flag. Tracy is there.

Tracy stands surrounded by strangers at the grave-site. Her head is lowered. She cries. Each blast of the rifle salute causes her to react with a start.

**EXT. CEMETERY -- LATER DAY**

The funeral is over. Somerset stands at the edge of the graveyard, looking at the distant city. Behind him, the mourners are still filing out to their cars.

The captain approaches. He comes to stand beside Somerset, similarly solemn.

CAPTAIN

I don't know if I should do this.

(pause)

We found the motel room Doe must have been staying in after you found his apartment.

Somerset hasn't acknowledged the captain, still looking away.

CAPTAIN

Anyway... we found this in his belongings.

The captain takes out a sealed envelope. Somerset takes it.

On the envelope: DETECTIVE SOMERSET, handwritten, in red marker.

**EXT. MILLS' APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY**

Tracy and Somerset stand near a moving truck in front of the apartment building. MOVERS carry Tracy's belongings to the truck. Mills' car is attached to be towed behind.

SOMERSET

I wish I could say something...

(pause)

Something to... I don't know...

TRACY

I'll be okay.

Somerset nods.

SOMERSET

We'll keep in touch. I'll come visit.

TRACY

I'll write to you when we get there.

SOMERSET

Take care of yourself.

(pause)

Take care of the baby.

Tracy nods. There's nothing left for them to say. They're both empty. It's time for them to give a gesture, a kiss, or a hug, to say goodbye, but neither makes the first move.

MOVER

That's all, Mrs. Mills. We got everything.

Movers latch up the back of the truck while the driver climbs in and fires up the engine.

SOMERSET

Goodbye, Tracy.

TRACY

Goodbye, Somerset.

Somerset walks away. Tracy walks away, gets in the passenger side of the moving truck.

**EXT. CITY STREET -- LATER DAY**

Sidewalks jammed with people, hurrying. Somerset walks in a fog, hands in his pockets. He stops at a corner, but does not cross. He stands there, looks up.

At the city around him. The buildings towering over him.

At the cars, buses and taxies racing in the streets, blowing their horns and spouting soot.

Somerset reaches into his jacket pocket, takes out the envelope from John Doe. He studies it in his hand.

SOMERSET

(to himself)

Oh... man...

He opens it. He takes out a small note, handwritten. It reads:

PLOW THEM UNDER.

Somerset looks up again, mortified, fighting to keep control of his emotions. He looks around:

At the miserable people, walking past him.

At a man at the top of the subway station stairs, sitting in a cardboard box, holding out a cup, rattling the change inside.

A father passes by, holding his young son's hand. Somerset turns to watch them as they pass. The father reaches to pick the boy up and carry him. The boy holds tight.

For some reason, this makes Somerset ache with sorrow.

The father hugs his son to him, kisses him on the cheek. The boy returns the kiss, with great affection.

Somerset watches them disappear in the mass of humanity. He looks back at the note in his hand.

He tears the note up, into little pieces.

**INT. MOVING TRUCK -- DAY**

The truck moves along in steady traffic. Tracy sits beside the driver. She looks out at the city across the river.

She reaches into her pocket, takes out a small manila envelope. She opens the envelope and slides two keys on a keychain out into her palm.

She's looking at the keys when she notices something about the envelope. She reopens it, takes out a small folded piece of paper. She unfolds it:

It is the piece of wallpaper with the pale rose at its center.

She smiles very faintly.

**EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE -- EARLY EVENING**

Cars roll by in the street. Cops come and go.

Somerset walks up the stairs into the precinct house.

END