

THE ALIENIST

Screenplay by David Henry Hwang

Based on the novel by Caleb Carr

DECEMBER 23, 1994

"Prior to the twentieth century, persons suffering from mental illness were thought to be 'alienated' from their own true natures. Those who studied mental pathologies were therefore known as Alienists."

FADE UP:

REVEAL THE EYES OF A YOUNG BOY

INT. TENEMENT FLAT - NIGHT.

He's ten years old, crouching in a tiny apartment, gazing at --

A WOMAN, 26, applying the symbols of her sex: lipstick, powder on face and cleavage, garter belt clipped to stockings.

She spots the Boy in her mirror. Rises, comes towards him.

WOMAN

(French accent)

What do you look at? Don't you see the time?

BOY

I'm sorry, Mama ...

YANKS him up onto his tiptoes by his hair.

MOTHER

How many times do I have to tell you? Once?

(slaps him once)

Twice?

(slaps him twice)

Get that ugly face out of here, before --

A KNOCK at the door. Too late.

MOTHER

(to door)

Darling ... just a moment ...

Drags the boy by his hair across the flat, towards an armoire.

MOTHER

You are a horror, sent by the devil to
destroy my life ...

BOY

Mama ... who is he?

MOTHER

A man as high as your father was low. Who
wants to give me the life I deserve.

WHIPS open the closet doors, SHOVES the boy inside. Picks up a shoe. WHACKS him across the head and face.

MOTHER

Don't scream! You sneeze -- breathe -- if
you let him know you even exist, I swear, I
will kill you.

She slams the door. STAY with him in the dark. Hears the front door open, his mother's melodious voice -- a different person.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Darling ... look at your face ... the world is hard on you today, isn't it? Come, I know how to make you better. Come to Mama.

ON the boy, as A SINGLE SHAFT OF LIGHT CUTS into his cramped prison. A knot in the wooden doors. Slowly, he brings his eye up to the peephole.

THE BOY WATCHES

Unable to tear his gaze away. CLOSE on his eye, illuminated by that single light. As it begins to TWITCH.

FADE TO BLACK.

MAYOR STRONG (V.O.)

The dark night of injustice has passed.

FADE UP:

INT. WALDORF HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT.

PAN through cheering crowds. Tuxedos, gowns, champagne, confetti. An inaugural ball. SUPER: NEW YORK CITY. 1895.

MAYOR STRONG (O.S., CONT'D)

Today marks a new beginning for the City of New York.

Mayor STRONG with appointees on a dais. Grey eminence.

MAYOR STRONG

As your new Mayor, my first order of business will be to restore justice to a police department rife with corruption, whose methods range from outmoded to barbaric.

SUDDENLY, WE'RE SOMEPLACE ELSE.

Outdoors. Night. Icy wind. On the SOUNDTRACK, a liturgical chant begins. FOLLOW the dark silhouette of a CAPED FIGURE wearing a top hat moving through a labyrinth of construction materials and massive girders. A duffel bag draped over both arms, holding something large and unwieldy within.

THE WALDORF BALLROOM.

PUSHING through the craning necks, top hats, TOWARDS the dais.

MAYOR STRONG

I promise a police force with fairness to all and partisanship towards none.

THE ICY NIGHT.

The Caped Figure, ascending a staircase, towards a mammoth FRAMEWORK of wood and metal. His wing-tip shoes, CLANGING on the metal steps. Two dark drops SPATTER across the gleaming shoe leather. One corner of his duffel bag sags beneath the weight of its contents, a dark stain spreading. It's dripping.

THE WALDORF BALLROOM - PUSH IN TOWARDS STRONG

MAYOR STRONG

Relentless in its pursuit of wrongdoing,
wherever that path may lead.

THE ICY NIGHT -- THE DUFFEL BAG

Falls onto a metal platform with a wet THUD. Perfectly-manicured HANDS, yanking open the top of the duffel bag. Tendrils of STEAM escape from within.

THE WALDORF BALLROOM - XCU OF STRONG

MAYOR STRONG

Ladies and gentlemen, I have appointed as
Police Commissioner ...

THE ICY NIGHT - FROM BELOW THE METAL PLATFORM

Above, The Figure PUSHES a body off the side of the ledge.

MAYOR STRONG (V.O.)

A man who served as the youngest member of
the New York State Assembly, where he
distinguished himself as a tireless crusader
against corruption.

It falls TOWARDS US. Chants CLIMAX ... as the body hits, CUT TO:

THE WALDORF BALLROOM.

MAYOR STRONG

May I present, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

Thunderous APPLAUSE. Meet THEODORE ROOSEVELT, 37. Walrus face,
wire-rimmed glasses, bit of a dandy.

ROOSEVELT

Thank you, Mayor Strong. I give the people
of New York City my solemn oath: I will act
solely in the interests of justice. No
political, religious, ethnic, or economic
considerations shall deter me. For justice
seeks only truth, and to all other factors is
blind.

Strong shakes Roosevelt's hand as a box tripod camera FLASHES.
Brass band BLARES, confetti FLIES.

MAYOR STRONG

I know I can count on you, Teddy. It's a great day for us all.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT.

Wind. Cold. Dark. The same scaffoldings we've seen before. COPS, milling around a crime scene. Suddenly become alert.

Roosevelt PUSHES his way through them onto the scaffolding of the bridge in progress. Without breaking stride, he shakes the hand of LT. CMNDR. FLYNN -- 30's, lanky and condescending.

FLYNN

It's a routine case, sir. No reason for you to leave the ball.

ROOSEVELT

You'll be seeing a great deal of this face in the days to come, Lieutenant. I suggest you get used to it.

Three REPORTERS approach. In the lead: JOHN MOORE. Weather-worn face, once handsome. Needs a shave, overcoat could use a wash.

MOORE

Commissioner Roosevelt, John Schuyler Moore -
- New York Times.

MOORE flashes an ID card. Roosevelt takes it from him.

ROOSEVELT

This expired five years ago.

Roosevelt hands it back, plows forward. Other two Reporters, JAKE RIIS, and LINK STEFFENS, flanking him.

JAKE RIIS

Moore's a bottom-feeder, sir. Comes sniffing round for scraps the rest of us leave behind.

LINK STEFFENS

Link Steffens, The Post. How do you plan to root out graft and corruption in the --?

MOORE

(breaks around front)

I'm a stringer, Commissioner. These boys won't print what really goes on in this city. If you want to change the way things are run, you'll talk to me.

JAKE RIIS

Don't waste your time with him, Commissioner.

LINK STEFFENS

He's living proof that rich parents and a fancy education don't mean you'll amount to anything.

Flynn turns, stops the reporters.

FLYNN

That's enough, that's as far as you go.

Roosevelt enters the ring of cops surrounding the scene. Looking down on a girder, several dozen feet below: a corpse. Long blonde hair. Wrists hog-tied to ankles. A floral-print dress. Cops place the corpse on a wooden platform, haul it up on ropes.

Roosevelt tries to comprehend the gruesome sight: body gets closer ... thin figure devoid of curves ...

ROOSEVELT

My God, it's ... a girl ...?

Platform comes flush with the scaffolding. One cop clutches her hair ... which comes off in his hands. It's a wig.

Another rolls the body onto its side. Its face is revealed ... staring without eyes. Bloody holes where the sockets should be. And a gore-soaked mass of flesh stuffed in the victim's mouth.

ON Roosevelt: struggling to control his nausea and horror.

FLYNN

Nope, Commissioner, it's not a girl. Though not a boy, neither. Not really ...

Down the gash opened up in the front of the dress: the entire groin area is nothing but a bloody cavity.

FLYNN

Believe me, that mouth's been stuffed with a lot of Johns, Dicks, and Willies in its time. Though I wager it's the first time he ever tasted his own.

(off Roosevelt's confusion)

A boy-whore. You never seen one before?

Moore pushes through line of cops. Still after Roosevelt.

MOORE

They're a pretty common fixture of the downtown scene at night. Boy prostitutes -- dressed in drag. [beat] Just another way to earn a living.

ROOSEVELT

I've heard stories of brothels in the slums -

MOORE

More like big pleasure palaces, making it easy for the rich to come and go in safety. They get a little dirty, head back home, then it's off to church in the morning.

The cops start to lose interest. Talking, walking away.

ROOSEVELT

(to Flynn)

Lieutenant, why are your men leaving?

FLYNN

Relax, Commissioner. Perverts killing each other, just makes our job easier. Let's go.

ON Moore, increasingly surprised by the following display:

ROOSEVELT

All of you, turn around now! I want this area searched, evidence gathered. From this day forward, if any of you turn your back on a case due to the victim's race, social class, or profession -- I will personally rip the badge from your uniform. I want a full report on my desk, and the criminals who operate these brothels in my office by 9 a.m. tomorrow.

(to Flynn)

And, Lieutenant, I tell you when to go, not the other way around. Is that clear?

INT. ROOSEVELT'S OFFICE - DAY.

BIFF ELLISON, 40's, brawny, hot-tempered -- confronts Roosevelt. While PAUL KELLY, 35, Black Irish, self-educated, perfectly groomed, looks calmly out the window.

BIFF ELLISON

I run a legitimate business, I pay my taxes -

ROOSEVELT

-- one of your "employees" was found murdered last night. I have every right to hold you responsible for any illegitimate activities that take place within your establishment.

BIFF ELLISON

(looks to Kelly)

What the hell's going on? I've seen to it that we don't have problems with the cops.

Kelly remains silent.

ROOSEVELT

I don't care who you've paid off in the past. My administration will shut you down.

Door bursts open. Strong enters.

PAUL KELLY

(checking his watch)
Mayor, I expected you earlier. Moving
furniture into the new office?

MAYOR STRONG

Don't press your luck, Kelly. Now get out.

Kelly and Ellison exit, leaving Strong alone with Roosevelt.

MAYOR STRONG

What the devil is wrong with you? Your first
day in office, and you're marshalling city
resources to defend sexual perverts?

ROOSEVELT

(shocked)
The victim was a child, sir. A young boy,
murdered, mutilated, his eyes cut out --

MAYOR STRONG

He was a prostitute! The majority of voters
would be happy to see them all wiped off the
streets, whether by us or each other.

ROOSEVELT

I must protest your handling of this --

MAYOR STRONG

How dare you question my authority! You're
an employee. If you wish to remain one,
you'll remember -- I set policy for this
city, this department -- and you.

IN ROOSEVELT'S OUTER OFFICE

Flynn apologizes to Kelly and Ellison.

FLYNN

The Commissioner's not yet familiar with life
around here.

PAUL KELLY

(dryly)
I have great faith in the ability of the
system to train him quickly.

O.S., sounds of a commotion. A FEMALE VOICE, indignant.

SARA (O.S.)

Why don't you do your job, instead of telling
me how to do mine --?

A ROUNDSMAN hauls in SARA HOWARD, 20's, beautiful, with fiercely
intelligent eyes. Kelly observes her outburst.

ROUNDSMAN

Lieutenant, we caught her looking through the case files again.

SARA

Everyone else walks in and out of that room with impunity. The last time I walked by, I heard a card game going on inside.

FLYNN

It's restricted to officers, Miss Howard. Not secretaries. If you don't know the difference, it's more proof you got no business working here.

She pulls herself free of the Roundsman. Sees Biff and Kelly.

PAUL KELLY

Miss ... Howard, is it? I suspect the Commissioner's secretary may be entertaining a delusion ... that this city might actually consider the notion of a -- policewoman?

SARA

Mr. Kelly. So long as you walk the streets in freedom, I continue to believe anything is possible.

Mayor Strong exits Roosevelt's office, turns to Biff and Kelly.

MAYOR STRONG

You two listen to me. I didn't come here to protect brothel-owners --
(turns glare to Kelly)
Or New York's crime bosses. My fondest hope is, if we leave you alone, you'll all kill each other before the next election.

PAUL KELLY

I don't concern myself much with elections. The same men always gain office -- only their faces change.

Strong storms out. Kelly turns to Sara, as he and Biff exit.

PAUL KELLY

A pleasure, Miss Howard. As always, your ambition continues to amuse me.

Kelly and Biff exit.

IN HIS OFFICE - ROOSEVELT

Frustrated, picks up the case file -- "Victim's name: Mislav Stipovich." "Eyes gone ... perhaps eaten by rats?"

ROOSEVELT
 (bellowing out the door)
 Flynn -- I requested files on prior homicides
 with similar mutilations. Where are they?

Flynn enters.

FLYNN
 (patronizing)
 The workload here, sir, we just haven't --

ROOSEVELT
 I asked for them last night!

FLYNN
 If you insist ... Commissioner.

Flynn exits. After a beat, Sara enters.

ROOSEVELT
 And what do you want?

Hands Roosevelt a file. He opens it. "Victim's Name: Joseph
 Zweig." "Eyes missing." He looks up at Sara, impressed.

ESTABLISH NEW YORK CITY COURTHOUSE - DAY.

INT. COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS.

TRACKING Sara and Roosevelt, as they head down the halls.

ROOSEVELT
 You are here to listen. Not to offer
 opinions, not to say a word.

INT. A COURTROOM - ROOSEVELT & SARA ENTER, TAKE SEATS.

LAZLO KREIZLER, 40, urbane, eccentric Austrian immigrant, his
 left arm withered. Arguing before a D.A. and a weary JUDGE.

KREIZLER
 He maintains that the guard was attempting to
 sexually assault him.

They're talking about STEVIE TAGGERT, 12, standing before the
 bench, eyes hard with cold cynicism.

D.A.
That was never proven. The official in
 question is a family man, with two children -

KREIZLER
 -- who no doubt in the coming years shall be
 requiring my services as well.

JUDGE

Dr. Kreizler, as an alienist, you are qualified to determine the boy's sanity, but not to recommend his sentence.

KREIZLER

My point is simply this: appearances more frequently conceal than reveal.

(pause)

Consider this boy. Born to an unwed mother, who did not even know the father's name. At the age of three his mother dies of a heroin overdose. He sits grieving over her decomposing corpse for three full days -- before being discovered by the landlord and thrown into the streets.

ON Stevie: interest piqued by Kreizler's knowledge.

KREIZLER

How does a child survive such conditions? He must become harder than life as he knows it. I dare speculate that even you, Your Honor, given a past such as Stevie's, would be a very different person than you are today -- assuming you survived at all. The fact that this boy has, in fact, survived, demonstrates his intelligence and resourcefulness. [beat] You see, sir, what we call identity is a fluid thing, born of those events which comprise our personal histories. We have a chance now to affect his identity, by placing him in a more humane environment, for his own benefit and that of society.

D.A.

This is sentimental hogwash, Your Honor, rejected by the scientific community and society at large.

JUDGE

Impressive talk, Doctor. But I certainly don't see taking this hoodlum into my home --

KREIZLER

I have an opening for an errand boy at the Institute for Child Behavior. With his survival skills, he would prove an invaluable resource.

D.A.

To put such a menace back onto the streets --

KREIZLER

No. Not the streets. My home. With myself
(MORE)

KREIZLER (CONT'D)

assuming full responsibility for his behavior. Thus relieving taxpayers of the burden of his incarceration.

(pause)

Your Honor, do you wish to do what is easy -- or do you wish to pursue justice?

EXT. COURTHOUSE HALLS - LATER.

ON Stevie, walking the halls with Kreizler on one side, and an impeccably dressed African American man, CYRUS MONTROSE, on the other. Looks up at Cyrus. Finding this all bizarre.

KREIZLER

There is no reason you should trust me at this point. But I think you may find this arrangement in your best interests. As a member of my staff, you will be free to come and go. You will live at my home, along with Mr. Montrose, my bodyguard, and Miss Gardner, my housekeeper.

STEVIE

You want me to live under the same roof as a coon?

CYRUS

Some of us have to spend our entire lives around white people.

Roosevelt and Sara approach them. Kreizler quickens his pace.

ROOSEVELT

Doctor ...

KREIZLER

Theodore Roosevelt.

Kreizler plows ahead, Roosevelt follows.

ROOSEVELT

There's a matter we need to --

KREIZLER

I would have hoped that a man of your intelligence would know when he has been dismissed.

ROOSEVELT

I've come to ask your assistance.

KREIZLER

Have you no memory? Or are you simply without shame?

ROOSEVELT

Doctor, I pushed through the only child labor law which stood a chance of passage.

KREIZLER

(angry)

You pushed through a compromise. After calling me to testify in support of the original bill. You used me to further your own political ends, sir, and so, good day.

ROOSEVELT FOLLOWS KREIZLER OUT OF THE BUILDING

onto the stone steps of the courthouse. The others follow.

ROOSEVELT

I've come to discuss a murder -- a boy prostitute, brutally mutilated, his eyes cut out and his genitals removed.

KREIZLER

The case of Joseph Zweig has been closed for two years. I'm surprised anyone other than myself even remembers it.

Cyrus steps between them -- a subtle warning. Kreizler continues.

ROOSEVELT

Another boy was murdered last night.

Kreizler stops in his tracks. Turns and stares at Roosevelt.

ROOSEVELT (CONTD.)

The case has been re-opened.

INT. BELLEVUE MORTUARY - DAY.

Bodies lying on filthy slabs. Sara, Roosevelt, Kreizler wait as Chief Coroner BACH fishes through records in his office.

KREIZLER

Two years ago, I fought to perform an autopsy on Zweig's body. Permission was, of course, denied. This Department you've inherited, Roosevelt -- it fits my definition of a madhouse.

ROOSEVELT

You'll have your chance with this one.

KREIZLER

Bodies have a habit of disappearing from Bellevue, as though they could simply walk out the door.

SARA

I overheard some officers laughing about the staff here selling corpses to anatomists.

Roosevelt shoots Sara a look. She lapses back into silence. Bach returns, perusing a form on a clipboard.

BACH

Stipovich, Mislav Stipovich -- here we are -- I'm sorry, sir. Afraid that body's gone.

ROOSEVELT

What -- already?

BACH

It was taken away this morning at 8 a.m..

ROOSEVELT

By whom?

BACH

Two Catholic priests came with authorization from the father of the deceased.

SARA

Since when do priests come and claim a body?

ROOSEVELT

(glaring at Sara)
Miss Howard ...

BACH

It's not our policy to inquire any further.

KREIZLER

So where has this body disappeared to?

INT. ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL - DAY.

Beautiful, majestic. Catholic priests swinging incense burners. Sara, Roosevelt, Kreizler at the rear of the chapel.

KREIZLER

(pondering)
A hastily-arranged funeral ... by a family with no means ... for a boy the church would normally condemn ...

In one section: Stipovich's grieving immigrant relatives.

ROOSEVELT

(moving towards the family)
Perhaps the relatives can explain.

SARA

Sir ... Commissioner?
(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

(sotto voce)

The priests will prevent you from interfering. They despise the police and our treatment of the poor -- not without reason.

KREIZLER

At any rate, circumstance -- or perhaps design -- has denied us the opportunity to examine this corpse as well.

Points to the altar: a beautiful porcelain urn.

KREIZLER

The body of this boy has been cremated.

PAUL KELLY (O.S.)

This is a surprise.

Sara, Roosevelt, and Kreizler turn to see Paul Kelly, the crime figure, crossing towards them.

PAUL KELLY

Commissioner Roosevelt, here with the great Doctor Kreizler. Fascinating. Doctor, I assume you've been filling him in on the Zweig murder?

ROOSEVELT

How do you know about that? Have there been other boys as well?

PAUL KELLY

You don't want to travel down this road, Commissioner. You see, it's not only me; this entire city operates above the law. Your masters like their pets housebroken, they'll be angry if you misbehave.

(pause)

When the poor are murdered, their survivors can only look to God for justice.

He slips out of the chapel.

KREIZLER

Mr. Kelly is correct. God does seem oddly concerned with murdered boy prostitutes.

(off their look)

Joseph Zweig was buried under similar circumstances.

Unnerved, Sara and Roosevelt observe the ritual surrounding them.

MOVE past to series of IMAGES: Grieving family, priest's hands on the Communion chalice, immigrant children with dirty faces, Christ's forehead bloody from the crown of thorns, the swelling bosom of the Virgin Mary. OVER this, a mysterious MALE VOICE.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Some angels come in peace, surrounded by flocks of doves. But others come, in flaming chariots of vengeance, welding the terrible swift sword of justice. You thought your son had died. But now he's been reborn, stronger and more worthy of your name. Those who reject your commandments will tremble and perish before me.

Mass CRESCENDOS. MOVING PAST Roosevelt and Kreizler, ending on Sara. Then, silence.

INT. KREIZLER'S HOME/INSTITUTE - DUSK.

MARY GARDNER, Kreizler's housekeeper, late-20's, a mysterious Boticelli-angel with haunted eyes. Carries tea and coffee to the fireplace, where Kreizler, Sara, Cyrus, and Roosevelt sit.

ROOSEVELT

I don't care what the Mayor says. I swore an oath before the people of New York City. I will not bend to the prevailing winds.

KREIZLER

Fine sentiments, Commissioner. But you have neither the means, the method, nor the personnel to accomplish your goal.

Mary measures a precise quantity of sugar into Kreizler's cup. Their eyes meet for a moment -- real tenderness.

ROOSEVELT

I'm well aware of that, Doctor. It's why I've come to you.
(to Mary)
Thank you.

She turns away from him, shy. Then quickly exits the room.

ROOSEVELT

What I'm about to tell you must be kept in strictest confidence. I propose the formation of a secret task force to investigate these murders. You will have complete authority.

(pause; Kreizler is silent)

No one in the world possesses a more advanced understanding of the psychopathic mind. Your analysis could provide the very insights necessary to apprehend this killer, thus proving that modern methods can be applied to the science of criminology.

KREIZLER

In other words, you are seeking a personal victory which would give you the power to transform your department.

(pause)

Do not be embarrassed, Commissioner; were I in your position, I would do the same. But I am not. And so I must decline.

Silence. Sara looks at Roosevelt, who realizes --

ROOSEVELT

Doctor, don't hold the past against me.

KREIZLER

I'm using the past as a guide to the present. That is, more or less, the nature of my work, sir. I have learned that under pressure, you compromise much too readily.

ROOSEVELT

Your decision only makes it more likely that other children like Joseph Zweig and Mislav Stipovich will fall victim to this man.

Roosevelt and Kreizler look at one another for several moments.

KREIZLER

I have one condition: you must safeguard this undertaking, against all opposition which may follow. I am a fringe figure in this city. Threats have been made on my life. An association with me could damage you politically. Are you willing to accept these risks? I need your word. As a gentleman.

Roosevelt nods slowly. Then shakes Kreizler's hand.

KREIZLER

(already beginning)

I will need to assemble a team: two or three good detectives. Modern forensic scientists, with no ties to the old corrupt system.

ON Sara, watching an opportunity pass before her eyes.

ROOSEVELT

I'll visit the Cadet Academy in the morning. We'll also need a way to stay in contact, without imperiling the secrecy of your team.

SARA

(can't hold back any longer)

Sir! May I suggest myself as liaison? I can come and go easily at Headquarters ... my absences won't be noticed ...

ROOSEVELT

I'll consider it, Miss Howard.

SARA

May I remind you, it was I who pointed you to
Zweig's murder ...

ROOSEVELT

Step into the hall, Miss Howard --

She looks as if she wants to speak, but holds her tongue. Exits.

KREIZLER

(dryly)

How delightfully medieval of you, Roosevelt.

ROOSEVELT

Doctor, I respect Sara's intelligence. But
she's the first woman to be hired at
Headquarters. She has no experience. My
liberalism goes so far but --

KREIZLER

I want her on my team. Her ambition promises
to be a valuable resource to those willing to
take advantage of it.

(pause)

Of course I will also need Mr. Montrose -- he
is my bodyguard and so is intimately familiar
with my methods. And that boy -- Stevie
Taggart -- I believe his knowledge of street
children will prove to be of assistance.

Roosevelt's starting to wonder what he's gotten himself into.

ROOSEVELT

Should we consider a ... wider range of
candidates?

KREIZLER

You keep your end of the bargain, sir -- and
I will deliver on mine.

INT. A CLASSROOM - CADET ACADEMY - DAY.

A SARGEANT dresses down MARCUS and LUCIUS ISAACSON, mid-to-late
20's, brilliant minds, underdeveloped social skills.

MARCUS ISAACSON

I must disagree. Fingerprinting, soil
analysis, the study of attack angles -- these
are the techniques of the future.

SERGEANT

Sit down! You won't get out of your failing
grades with these unproven voodoo techniques.

DISCOVER Roosevelt, peering in, with the Academy DIRECTOR.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

It's technically incorrect to call fingerprinting unproven. A detective named Vucetich utilized the science of dactyloscopy to solve a series of murders.

The Sergeant has suffered through one too many such lectures.

SERGEANT

(to Marcus:)

And I suppose you can tell me where this nonsense your brother refers to took place?

MARCUS ISAACSON

Of course. The case he refers to occurred five years ago, in Argentina. Of course, the analysis of swirl patterns had some flaws --

The class SNICKERS with derisive laughter.

SERGEANT

Argentina? Isn't that where they decide guilt by drawing straws?

LUCIUS ISAACSON

(can't help it)

No, that's what we do here ... sir.

ON Roosevelt and the Director.

ROOSEVELT

Who are those boys?

DIRECTOR

Marcus and Lucius Isaacson, sir. Their kind always think they're smarter than the rest of us. Anyone else would've dropped out a long time ago.

ROOSEVELT

Let me have a word. I might convince them.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - CADET ACADEMY - DAY.

Roosevelt meets alone with the distressed Isaacsons.

ROOSEVELT

I can tell you now, this department will never accept your theories -- or yourselves for that matter. I'd like you to consider dropping out of the Academy.

MARCUS ISAACSON

Give us one more chance, sir. We apologize --

LUCIUS ISAACSON

-- for our presentation, but not its content. The science of forensics must be brought up to date. My brother and I have studied weaponry, makes of locks, cameras, a hundred other necessities currently ignored.

ROOSEVELT

Gentlemen, you misunderstand me. I know a place where your talents will be appreciated. And I don't mean Argentina.

ESTABLISH 808 BROADWAY (12TH ST.) - DAY.

Gothic building in the shadows of Grace Cathedral.

INT. 808 BROADWAY - CONTINUOUS.

Their first meeting. Materials in boxes. Desks, files, but also a pool table, Persian carpets, art-nouveau cabinets. MOVING PAST the Isaacsons, Cyrus, Stevie, Sara -- ENDING on Roosevelt.

ROOSEVELT

The Mayor opposes us, and we've also had intimations that someone within the city does not want to see these murders solved. We must proceed in absolute secrecy, depending solely upon one another.

Roosevelt pours glasses of champagne, Kreizler sitting behind him. Deep in thought.

ROOSEVELT

If the risks seem too daunting, you are free to excuse yourself now without shame.

They look at one another. An odd group. But no one speaks.

ROOSEVELT

Excellent. I suggest we begin by toasting the pact we make with each other this day.
(pause)

I have great faith in the ultimate success of our enterprise.

KREIZLER (O.S.)

I, however, have my doubts.

Kreizler rises, looks from face to face.

KREIZLER

I must make clear the commitment we ask.
(pause)

Have you ever confronted a man so consumed with self-hatred that he uses a knife to

(MORE)

KREIZLER (CONT'D)

remove his own face? Or borne the thought of men who sodomize the corpses of their victims? We must understand the torment which causes a young mother to burn her own children alive. Or maintain hope for a boy who dismembers, then cannibalizes, his parents.

(pause)

I've lived my life with the conviction that I share with such beings the common link of humanity. You must be willing to witness all manner of atrocities and, in so doing, embrace the one who commits them. If we cannot, we will never understand the man we seek. And without understanding, we will never be able to stop him. Given a different set of circumstances, any one of us might be the killer we seek. That is the commitment I ask from each of you.

He picks up his glass, raises it.

KREIZLER

So if we must toast, let us toast -- to understanding. The only force on earth with the power to relieve human misery.

Hesitation from the group. Then Cyrus stands, lifts his glass. They follow, one by one -- Sara, the Isaacsons and Stevie.

KREIZLER

We begin.

EXT. A CEMETERY - NIGHT.

Hundreds of gravestones stretch into the night. Heavy snowfall. A light bobs in the distance.

KREIZLER (V.O.)

Commissioner, I believe the time has arrived to perform that autopsy on the Zweig boy.

CLOSE as the lid of a coffin is pried off with a CRACK. REVEALING the corpse of Zweig -- rotted flesh, black holes for eyes.

Marcus and Cyrus have opened the grave. Kreizler, Roosevelt, Sara, and Lucius react to the sight.

KREIZLER

We must work quickly. Sara, stand watch.

Sara lights a second lantern, moves away from the gravesite.

ON THE GRAVEPIT

Lucius and Marcus drop beside the corpse with their satchel. Kreizler looks down at the body of his former patient.

ROOSEVELT

It's hard to believe that was once a boy ...

KREIZLER

(remembering)

He never had the chance to be a boy. He came to America at the age of six. His parents told him the streets were paved with gold. Instead, he found a tenement flat with two other families -- twelve people to a room, six children sharing a single bed. He was shunned by the society he sought to embrace.

LUCIUS ISAACSON (O.S.)

Severing of the complete genitalia at their base ... lateral abdominal lacerations ...

SARA

Stands watch twenty yards from the gravesite. Scans the grounds with her lantern. Shivering.

THE GRAVEPIT - KREIZLER.

KREIZLER

By the time I met Joseph, he was twelve and had been working in the brothels for years. He called himself Marlina. Marlina had wealthy friends, who liked her -- she, not Joseph, had been accepted.

SARA

Her light, barely catching a moving FIGURE, darting behind a tombstone. Or was it her imagination? Looks back at the group. They haven't noticed. Should she say something? Instead --

Opens her purse. Pulls out a revolver. Moves to investigate.

THE GRAVEPIT - KREIZLER.

KREIZLER

He visited me, at odd hours, whenever he could sneak away. Then one day, he was struck by a realization. He had become Marlina to find the streets of gold his parents had promised. But, deep inside, he missed being Joseph. I promised to help him become that boy again.

SARA - NAVIGATING A CORRIDOR OF HEADSTONES

She sees -- fresh footprints in the snow. Follows them ... quickly disappearing beneath the heavy precipitation.

THE GRAVEPIT - LUCIUS AND MARCUS.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

Extensive damage to the laryngeal structure, especially the hyoid bone --

MARCUS ISAACSON

This boy was strangled before the mutilations took place.

SARA

The footprints have disappeared. Looks back -- she's forty yards from the grave. Tombstones, shadows, crosses -- in the snowy wind, by her flickering light, everything seems alive.

THE GRAVEPIT - KREIZLER

KREIZLER

Then his father found out about our meetings, and forbade Joseph from seeing me. He had heard that I set children against their families, taught them to disrespect their elders. The stupidity of it all! That he could ignore his son's profession and choose instead to take his frustrations out on me.

ON Marcus and Lucius.

MARCUS ISAACSON

By measuring the attack angle of the blows, and factoring in Bertillon's system with our own calculations --

LUCIUS ISAACSON

-- the killer's height is six foot two.

SARA

Turns back towards the gravesite. When suddenly, she DROPS DOWN out of frame. Her lantern goes OUT.

THE GRAVEPIT - KREIZLER

KREIZLER

I tried to locate Joseph, but I did not see him again until his funeral.

(almost to himself)

In the end, I was simply one more person ... who failed him.

SARA

On the ground, feeling foolish. Realizes she's tripped over a headstone which has toppled over. Snowy wind WHIPS UP.

ON Sara's hand, as she puts it on another gravestone, to pull herself up.

A MAN'S HAND SPRINGS OUT. GRABS her wrist.

THE GRAVESITE - AS A PISTOL SHOT RINGS OUT.

Startled, the men scramble from the pit, dash towards the sound.

SARA

Holding her Derringer revolver on John Moore, the reporter.

MOORE

What the hell's wrong with you? Since when did the city start arming hysterical women?

SARA

(shakily holding her gun)
Stay where you are. I'm with the police.

MOORE

That's why I'm here, Miss Howard. Put that down and let me talk to the men in charge.

Sara, confused, steadies her gun. Kreizler and Isaacsons arrive with Roosevelt. Sara returns the gun to her purse.

MOORE

Commissioner, I have a hunch you're about to grant me an interview.

ROOSEVELT

Listen to me, Mr. Moore -- this is a matter much more important than my career or yours.

MOORE

(writing on pad)
Can I quote you on that?

Roosevelt SNATCHES Moore's pad. Tosses it to the ground.

ROOSEVELT

We are conducting an investigation into a series of murders. Our work must be kept in absolute secrecy.

MOORE

Is this your idea of secrecy?

He POINTS: in the distance, two lanterns. Coming towards them.

CYRUS

The caretakers must have heard the shot.

BACK TO THE GRAVESITE.

Isaacsons jump into the pit. Kreizler, Cyrus, and Sara quickly gather equipment. ON Moore, looking down at the corpse. He studies it for a moment, then takes Roosevelt aside.

MOORE

His eyes are cut out -- like the boy on the bridge. Whatever you're on to here, I want in. You can either put me on your team, or read about this in the paper tomorrow.

ROOSEVELT

I'll have you clapped in irons if you do anything to jeopardize this investigation --

MOORE

You're not in any position to argue.

The lanterns draw closer.

MARCUS ISAACSON

Commissioner --

Marcus holds up the corpse's hand: a dark smear on the pinkie.

MARCUS ISAACSON

The nail of the fifth digit --
(holds magnifying glass)
It's a fingerprint. In the victim's blood.
Lucius, set up the camera.

SHADOWS of the Caretakers, now visible.

ROOSEVELT

We don't have time to --!

Before Marcus can respond, Lucius calmly picks up his knife. SEVERs the corpse's finger. Wraps it in a cloth. Carefully places it into the satchel. The others react, stunned. Moore scribbles.

MOORE

This just keeps getting better ...

Isaacsons leap from the pit. Everyone heads for the gate, except for Moore, who hangs back, looking at Roosevelt.

MOORE (CONTD.)

My deadline is in two hours. Yours is now.

EXT. CEMETERY GATES - NIGHT.

Lights from the Watchmen still pursuing. Our team throws their gear into Kreizler's calash, and pile inside.

IN THE CALASH - A MOMENT LATER - ROOSEVELT ENTERS WITH MOORE

The others react with surprise and distaste. Moore grins.

THE CALASH BARRELS OFF

The Watchmen reach the street as it CLATTERS away.

COMSTOCK (V.O.)

Evil takes many forms. Its power is insidious, all of us are vulnerable. That is why we must maintain vigilance.

INT. J.P. MORGAN'S HOME - NIGHT.

A banner reads, "Committee for the Suppression of Vice." CRANE DOWN to a clan gathering of society's pillars.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK, a small man with vulture-like posture, addresses the ermine and pearls.

COMSTOCK

This nation has forsaken the values which elevated it to greatness. In the past four years, as U.S. Censor, I have tried to do battle against this tide. But I could not do so without the support of gentlemen like our host this evening, Mr. J.P. Morgan.

DISCOVER J.P. MORGAN, 57, huge of influence and girth, sitting at the rear of the room. His nose is huge and flaming red, disfigured by acne rosaria. On display with his invalid WIFE. A cursory wave, bored, scanning the room for something interesting.

He finds it: Sara, a knockout in evening wear.

TIME CUT - SPEECHES OVER - ANOTHER ROOM.

MOVING through the crowd. A GUEST, finding inside an oyster hors d'oeuvre ... a real pearl. We hear snatches of CONVERSATION.

GUESTS

- Modesty and good taste demand that we keep the legs of our pianos covered ...
- And they say Mr. Morgan has offered to loan the U.S. Treasury enough gold to cover its entire budget deficit ...

ON Sara, cornered by a HUGE MAN as BRANDON WINSLOW approaches.

HUGE MAN

On my Doctor's advice, I gave up tennis, croquet, even walking. Exercise shortens the lifespan, that's what he told me.

WINSLOW

Will you excuse my fiancée, Justin? There's someone I'd like her to meet.

THEY MOVE THROUGH THE CROWD TOWARDS A CIRCLE OF PEOPLE.

WINSLOW

I assume you'd had enough of Justin.

SARA

I expected him to drop dead at any moment.

WINSLOW

Come, I want you to meet the man who signs my paychecks -- however reluctantly.

(as they reach Morgan)

Mr. Morgan, I don't believe you've met my fiancée, Miss Sara Howard.

Morgan lights up. Eyes sparkling, suddenly human.

J.P. MORGAN

I've been hoping to meet you all evening.

(to Winslow:)

Fetch me a port, will you?

Winslow moves off. Morgan turns towards Sara, his back to the group. She's a bit intimidated. The group disperses.

J.P. MORGAN

I suppose your fiancée's told you I'm churlish, cruel, and barely human.

SARA

(smiling)

No, that's what I read in the newspapers.

Morgan chuckles. Likes a woman with spirit.

J.P. MORGAN

Winslow's pleasant enough, I suppose. Though frankly I wouldn't think he'd have enough ... fire for a woman such as you.

SARA

(fencing)

You act as if you know me, Mr. Morgan. When it's increasingly clear you do not.

J.P. MORGAN

The facts I can guess: Gramercy Park, St. Katherine's, Radcliffe?

SARA

Smith. Other than that, I fit quite neatly into your preconceptions.

J.P. MORGAN

On the contrary. I was merely wondering ... how a background so routine could have produced a creature so startling.

SARA

(after a pause)

I'm also remarkable in that I do not mistake vulgarity for flattery. Good evening, sir.

Moves away. He watches her go, smiling. She locates Winslow, cornered near the bar by a drunk MATRON.

MATRON

... you can barely find a clerk who speaks English anymore. This new batch, they're simply taking advantage of our generosity ...

Sara notices the MATRON's poodle: wearing a diamond collar.

SARA

Darling, whatever they're serving here has begun to turn my stomach.

EXT. MORGAN'S HOME - WINSLOW AND SARA

Step towards the street. SERVANTS shooing away the HOMELESS, who line the sidewalks to beg. Winslow sends a SERVANT for a cab.

WINSLOW

You think that dog collar's tasteless? You should see her husband -- had a diamond set right into his front tooth. Of course, now he cuts his lip open every time he smiles.

Sara laughs. He makes her feel less intimidated by it all.

SARA

I love you, Brandon. But I simply can't bear your friends.

WINSLOW

Neither can I. I've learned I much prefer the company of middle-class career women -- particularly a certain police secretary on secret assignment. Don't worry -- no one's within earshot.

Cab pulls up. Winslow helps her in and goes to close the door.

SARA

You're not going home?

WINSLOW

A Morgan partner's workday only ends with death. He wants to have a late meeting about our business with the U.S. Treasury.

(gives her a kiss)

Besides, I owe him a glass of port.

Heads back towards Morgan's house.

SARA

66th and Broadway, please.

Looks out the window. Sees a SERVANT, smacking a homeless child. Trying to keep sidewalks clear for the wealthy. Upsets her.

SARA

Driver, I've changed my mind. [beat] Take me downtown.

INT. A TENEMENT FLAT - NIGHT.

A single tallow candle casts shadows across a squalid room -- peeling paint and slits cut through the wall for windows.

A large MAN, whose face we can't see, opens a makeshift cardboard closet: filthy shirts, ragged trousers ... and one beautiful grey silk suit. ON B.G. SOUNDTRACK: distant liturgical chants.

In a series of CUTS, he transforms himself -- vest, detachable collar, silver cufflinks. Inserts a diamond stickpin into his lapel. Picks up a jewel-encrusted walking stick. Tops it off with a hat and cape.

There stands the silhouette of a WEALTHY MAN. Ready for a night on the town. A gleaming knife on the table. He reaches for it.

ESTABLISH LOWER EAST SIDE - NIGHT.

The Other New York. CRANING DOWN on a street scene: squalid slums, overcrowded streets, vendors hawking flesh and narcotics, stalls hung with rotting animal parts and vegetables. A dozen languages -- none of them English. Then, surprisingly, cheerful music hall tunes. Fancy carriages, pulling up.

DISCOVER PARETIS HALL. Electric sign. A WELL-DRESSED MAN is leaving, pursued by a BOY-WHORE, who could very well be a beautiful girl.

BOY-WHORE

Sir, please? Fifty cents? Forty?

There's a price he can accept.

INT. PARETIS HALL - NIGHT.

A TRANVESTITE DIVA sings from the stage. Rich men and women -- the ultimate in decadent high society. With his cane, an OLD MAN lifts the skirts of three prospective pieces of flesh. A BOSTON BRAHMIN descends the central staircase clutching an angelic BLONDE BOY, tears staining the make-up on his cheeks.

DISCOVER Sara, steering her way through the raucous crowd.

PIMP

Don't know what you could be looking for here, madame, but I can provide it.

She ignores him. Sees cops palling around with Biff Ellison. Conceals herself in the shadows, as an officer walks past.

Makes it to the staircase. Dashes up.

EXT. PARETIS HALL - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS.

As the jewel-encrusted walking stick steps into the brothel.

INT. UPSTAIRS - PARETIS HALL - CONTINUOUS.

She pushes through the dark, filthy hallway. A surprising contrast to downstairs. Groans from all directions -- pleasure, pain -- the distinction between them lost.

She SHOVES groping hands aside. Finds a door ajar. Opens it.

A room no bigger than a closet. A NAKED BOY standing in a tub of water. Washing himself with a towel. His back to her, crisscrossed with fine red welts.

Sara gasps. He turns, lifts the towel to cover himself.

SARA

I want to talk. About Mislav. The boy who died.

NAKED BOY

You mean, Nastasia. Talk to Sally. Two doors down. If she can fit you in.

INT. PARETIS HALL - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS.

Arabic boy in drag (FATIMA). Beautiful, well-dressed, "classy."

FATIMA

(to someone O.S.)

Do you really think I'm destined for more?

REVEAL the walking stick. Fatima's talking with the Wealthy Man.

WEALTHY MAN (O.S.)

I'm a fair judge of such things. After all, I'm quite wealthy, there's no hiding that. But also, to be honest, quite lonely.

FATIMA

I've been told that wealth can be a burden.

WEALTHY MAN (O.S.)

(after a beat)

You strike me as different from the rest.

INT. SALLY'S ROOM - PAREISIS HALL - CONTINUOUS.

SALLY is an Irish boy, naked from the waist up. Looks like a gorgeous woman -- with a boy's chest. Sara sits before him.

SALLY

Nastasia was beautiful, elegant, a cut above. She always thought she was better than the rest of us. I never thought she was the type to kill herself.

INT. PAREISIS HALL - MAIN FLOOR - FATIMA, TOSSING BACK A DRINK.

FATIMA

I can't wait to get out of here. I know it's going to happen. I'm not like the rest of them. They haven't got ambition. I do. It's just a matter of time.

WEALTHY MAN

I'm looking for ... a protege. To share with, to teach about the finer things in life. I want a friend. Someone I can take care of. Someone who won't go away.

FATIMA

Let me learn. I want to be more than I am.

INT. SALLY'S ROOM - SARA AND SALLY - CONTINUOUS.

SARA

Mislav was murdered. You and your friends must protect yourselves.

SALLY

(a laugh)

Yeah? How are we supposed to do that?

INT. FATIMA'S ROOM - PAREISIS HALL - CONTINUOUS.

ON a Persian tea set, the one beautiful item in the room.

WEALTHY MAN (O.S.)

They use me, you know. My wealth -- they take advantage.

ANGLE: Fatima's back, as he lets his gown fall from his shoulders. Naked beneath. A beautiful girl's backside.

Fatima slowly walks towards him. ON the Wealthy Man's hand, reaching towards him. Fatima presses the Wealthy Man's hand against his own olive-toned flesh.

The Man's fingers trace a nipple. Then quickly pull away. Instead, strokes Fatima's hair. Like a father.

WEALTHY MAN

I will not exploit you as I've been exploited. All I want from you is trust.

ON Fatima's face: his first encounter with kindness.

INT. SALLY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

SALLY

I'll tell you something -- far as I could tell, the night she was murdered, Nastasia never even left this room. I was working in the hall. She came in here, alone. Two hours later, some cops said her body'd been found by a bridge. But she never left.

SARA

What about the window? Couldn't he have gotten out from here?

Sally opens it, Sara looks outside: A sheer drop two stories to the ground, several more up to the roof.

SALLY

Only after she became a ghost.

Sally rests his arms on the window sill. Gazes up at the tiny patch of sky between the buildings. Sara looks at Sally, moved.

INT. PARESIS HALL - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

Wealthy Man exits Fatima's room.

FATIMA

Don't you want ... anything from me?

WEALTHY MAN

(pulling out some bills)
Buy yourself something nice. Let me see you wearing it next time. Something black.

FATIMA

A black gown. Beaded. I promise.

INT. PAREISIS HALL UPSTAIRS -- CONTINUOUS - SARA

Exits Sally's room, choking back tears. She DESCENDS the staircase towards the main floor. Then sees something. Withdraws into the shadows.

An instant later, Biff Ellison walks by, ushering in a CUSTOMER.

BIFF ELLISON

... nothing's too rough for some of these boys, trust me, they like it ...

Sara steps down into the light. Sees Biff, arriving at the bar with his Customer. Meets Lt. Flynn there. Calls for a drink.

Sara hugs the walls, tries to blend in. Moving towards the exit.

PIMP (O.S.)

Ain't found nothing you like?

Sara, startled. Doesn't want to attract attention. Moves away quickly. Biff gets up from the bar, moves back towards the exit. Flynn turns back towards the bar.

Sara approaching the exit. Watching Biff as he comes nearer, greeting customers. She BUMPS against the Wealthy Man with a walking stick --

WEALTHY MAN (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Then PUSHES through a crowd at the door, who react ANGRILY. Gets out. Biff turns towards the commotion. Sees the Wealthy Man.

BIFF ELLISON

Did you find what you were looking for, sir?

WEALTHY MAN

I believe I have.

INT. 808 BROADWAY - DAY.

Sara and Kreizler argue. Moore in the b.g., studying back issues of newspapers.

SARA

-- but aren't you interested in what I found, rather than how I found it?

KREIZLER

My point is, simply, that you jeopardized this entire investigation by striking out on your own. We must work as a team.

(hands her files)

Now, deliver this to Roosevelt. That is your responsibility, until further notice.

SARA

I understand ... Doctor.

Sara exits. Marcus stands at a blackboard. Listed under "Aspects of Victims" -- "boy whores, bodies of water". Marcus adds "immigrants." Kreizler turns to the Isaacsons.

KREIZLER

Go down to Paresis Hall, analyze all possible means of entry and exit. How he travels is critical to our understanding of his method.

INT. FATIMA'S ROOM - PARESIS HALL - NIGHT.

The tea set -- a cup trembles, then FALLS OVER.

KREIZLER (V.O.)

All our efforts will come to nothing if his next victim finds out before we do.

A cold WIND whips into the room. The window is open. FADE UP liturgical chants. And we now recognize that voice.

WEALTHY MAN (V.O.)

When I strike in your name, for your honor, at those moments, I think only of you.

PUSHING in towards then window ... then FLYING OUT of it.

WE'RE ABOVE THE CITY, MOVING

Past the crowded TENEMENTS, streets choked with the homeless.

WEALTHY MAN (V.O.)

When the knife falls, and the blood flows like an endless fountain of life and hope.

MOVING out from the darkness of poverty towards the light.

WEALTHY MAN (V.O.)

In their cries, I hear your voice. In their eyes, staring up, I see your face, reflected.

Mansion Mile, 5th Avenue. Beautiful people, tree-lined streets.

WEALTHY MAN (V.O.)

Saying, "Well done, my son, my good and faithful servant."

On Park Ave., the Waldorf and Astoria Hotels. Twin structures. The first, a testament to Gilded Age splendor. We SPEED towards the second, immediately adjacent, still under construction. And HURTLE towards a WINDOW.

WEALTHY MAN (V.O.)

When I strike in your name, I am filled with the peace that passeth all understanding.

A SERIES OF QUICK, VIOLENT CUTS:

Wrists and ankles hog-tied together. Rope pulled tight.

An oversized knife. Cutting open the front of a black beaded dress. Exposing a belly, rising and falling with each breath.

Knife pressing against olive-tone FLESH. Chants CRESCENDO. Male hand SHOVES the knife downward into soft flesh.

WEALTHY MAN (V.O.)

At these moments, I know I am truly loved.

FATIMA'S lips open WIDE, in a silent scream. Drops from a geyser of blood splatter onto his tongue -- which quivers -- then stops.

THE CONSTRUCTION SITE - THE ASTORIA HOTEL.

Quiet. A GUARD leisurely makes his rounds. Sees, at his feet, a rivulet of BLOOD. Follows it. Towards a shadowy lump on the floor. HOLD on his face, approaching. Opens his mouth to SCREAM.

INT. 808 BROADWAY - NIGHT - A PHONE RINGS

Marcus snatches it up. A MUFFLED VOICE through the line.

MALE VOICE

There's another body. At the Astoria Hotel.

MARCUS ISAACSON

Who is this?

MALE VOICE

Someone who wants to see how serious you are.

Line clicks off.

INT. ROOSEVELT'S OFFICE - POLICE HQ - NIGHT.

Roosevelt on the phone. Sara beside him.

ROOSEVELT

But who called you? We've only just gotten word of the murder ourselves.

KREIZLER'S VOICE

I cannot worry about that now. Just do what you can to delay your officers.

Roosevelt slams down the phone. To Sara:

ROOSEVELT

Go to the site. Do your job and report back to me.

INT. WALDORF HOTEL - NIGHT.

A hundred-dollar bill, wrapped around a cigarette, set aflame.
PARTY CROWD giggling drunkenly as they all light up such smokes.

The Isaacsons, Kreizler, and Moore rush through, out the side
exit to the construction site. Disrupting the gaiety.

INT. GARAGE - POLICE HQ - NIGHT.

Officers piling into their carriages. Roosevelt delays Flynn.

ROOSEVELT

This time, I want a full investigation of the
murder site. From here on in, you will
follow proper procedure.

OFFICER

(to Flynn:)

Sir, we're ready to go.

ROOSEVELT

That means photographs, a full coroner's
report, interviews with witnesses --

FLYNN

(getting into his carriage)

Why don't we just get there first, OK?

EXT. ASTORIA HOTEL CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT.

Framework up, floors partially completed. Our team, intercepted
by the Night MANAGER. Kreizler and Isaacsons, surprised.

MANAGER

I'm sorry, this area is off limits to --

MOORE

I'm Detective Sergeant Walker, these are
Detectives Stone and Newman, and our forensic
scientist, Dr. Bremmer. You reported a body?

Other team members look at each other: what is he doing?

MANAGER

Yes, in fact, I did, but --

MOORE

We're plainclothes detectives. Just show us
to the scene.

Manager turns towards a staircase. Moore smiles at Kreizler.

EXT. NINTH FLOOR OF CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT.

The Manager accompanies them -- walls not yet up, open beams all
around. Feeling their way by kerosene lantern.

MARCUS ISAACSON

There's no other way up here?

MANAGER

The permanent staircase is still under construction. And, of course, the lifts aren't installed, yet. There's a passageway to the Waldorf Hotel on the third floor. But it's kept locked at all times.

Light hits a shape on the ground. Manager draws back.

INTO VIEW: A body in a black, beaded gown. Mutilated just like the first victim.

TIME CUT - MARCUS

Assisted by Moore, takes measurements around the corpse's eyes.

LUCIUS and Kreizler examine odd scratches and a large GOUGE in the wooden floor beams.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

They lead this way.

Moves to an elevator shaft. Ties a rope around his waist.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

I want you to lower me down.

EXT. WALDORF HOTEL - NIGHT.

Sara arrives by taxi. Sees Stevie on the street corner.

SARA

Where are they?

STEVIE

Up there. I'm supposed to whistle when the cops show up.

EXT. ASTORIA HOTEL ELEVATOR SHAFT - LUCIUS ON A ROPE

Lowered down. Flashing his lantern. Tries to steady himself against a floorboard. It BREAKS OFF, falling into the darkness.

Sees a shiny object stuck into a floorboard several floors below.

ABOVE,

A loud WOLF-WHISTLE from outside. The team tenses. Recognizes Stevie's signal.

KREIZLER

(to Manager, calmly)

The other officers have arrived. Could you show them up?

EXT. WALDORF HOTEL - STEVIE

Whistling. As police carriages pull to a stop in front.

EXT. ASTORIA HOTEL CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS.

Moore and Marcus holding Lucius' rope. Kreizler packs up.

MARCUS ISAACSON

Doctor, I had noticed something strange about the cuts around this victim's eyes ... I need more time to examine ...

KREIZLER

We have no more time. Pull him up. Now.

LUCIUS

Sees the shiny item one floor down. But he's being pulled up.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

No, no!

Takes out a knife. CUTS the rope. Drops down, landing on the floorboards near the item he seeks. They hold for a moment, then GIVE WAY. Clattering noisily three stories down the shaft.

He GRABS onto the lip of the fourth floor. Hangs there.

ABOVE, MOORE AND MARCUS

Losing their balance now that the rope's been cut.

KREIZLER

What in blazes --? Lucius!

LUCIUS ISAACSON (O.S.)

Go on. I'll take care of myself.

Kreizler looking to Marcus for a cue.

MARCUS ISAACSON

Do as he says.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS.

Flynn and men, rushing through. We DISCOVER Sara concealed among the beautiful people.

EXT. ASTORIA HOTEL CONSTRUCTION SITE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT.

Kreizler, Moore, and Marcus hiding beneath the staircase.

As Flynn and police officers rush up above them. They turn and head deeper into the construction site.

THE ELEVATOR SHAFT - LUCIUS

Still hanging. Sees the shiny object. Reaches. GRABS IT. When suddenly, the shaft is ILLUMINATED. From above, Flynn looks down, shining a lantern.

FLYNN

There's a man on the third floor! Get him!

Lucius SWINGS himself, drops down onto a construction lattice on the third floor. Pulls open elevator doors. Squeezes through.

BACK TO SARA

As a second group of cops goes by.

COP

He's on the third floor. We've got him trapped.

HOLD on Sara's reaction.

EXT. STREET - GROUND FLOOR.

Kreizler, Marcus, and Moore emerge through sheets of hanging canvas out of the construction site. Arrive on the street.

LUCIUS

Racing in the dark, stumbling over construction items. Sees lanterns coming down the access stairs, headed for him.

COP (O.S.)

There he is!

Sees the walkway to the adjoining hotel. Makes a RUN for it.

Comes to a large door. Throws open the bolt. It's locked. Cops coming towards him.

Door OPENS from behind. He almost falls backwards. It's Sara.

HE RUNS INTO THE WALDORF.

They SLAM the door, bolt it. Pounding from the other side.

The Waldorf hallway is sedate, lavish. Sara and Lucius move rapidly to the top of the staircase. Looking down, they see the lobby swarming with cops.

SARA

I can't go that way. They'll recognize me. You go, I'll find another way down.

LOBBY - LUCIUS

Descends the stairs and heads for the front door. Posted there -
- the Manager with COPS. Studying faces of guests exiting.

MANAGER

No cause for concern or alarm.

DISCOVER Stevie, outside the revolving glass door. Sees Lucius,
stuck. Stevie, worried, thinks for a moment, then --

Enters the hotel, moves towards the Manager. Picks his wallet.
Then TAKES OFF like a bullet -- into the hotel. Knocking into
guests, creating a commotion.

GUEST

That kid! He stole your wallet!

Officers dash after Stevie. Lucius slips out the revolving door,
as Roosevelt enters it from the other side. They share a look.

LUCIUS EMERGES ON THE STREET

As Kreizler's calash PULLS UP. Cyrus driving. Marcus' hand
SHOOTS out of the door, pulls Lucius inside. They SPEED off.

ROOSEVELT

Moves through the lobby, in chaos. Elevator door opens,
revealing Sara. As Flynn enters through the side door.

ROOSEVELT

Flynn, what the devil is going on, here? Is
this what you call proper procedure?

INT. 808 BROADWAY - NIGHT.

CLINK! On a table-top, a claw-like metal object dropped on it.
REVEAL Lucius, displaying it to the triumphant team.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

It's a grappling hook. Used by mountaineers.
Ideal for climbing.

MARCUS ISAACSON

It's got to be how he gets in and out.

On the board, Marcus studies his own notation about "immigrants."

MARCUS ISAACSON

He kills immigrants. Mountain-climbing is a
sport popular in Europe. But it hasn't
caught on here.

MOORE

Is it possible he's an immigrant himself?

SARA

Or at least first-generation. This is tremendous news. Doctor, what do you think?

Kreizler sits alone, in despair. Church bells peal in the b.g.. Goes to the blackboard, erases the notation on "water."

KREIZLER

We have gained some new theories, disproved others. For this knowledge, a boy died.

Group silent, his comment sinking in.

KREIZLER

The last body was found just one week ago. Why so quickly? He is killing as if possessed, with an almost religious zeal.

ON Cyrus, reacting. Church bells LOUDER.

CYRUS

(suddenly alert)

Doctor, Joseph Zweig's body was found when?

KREIZLER

May 12th, two years ago, Mr. Montrose.

CYRUS

And the date of Stipovich's murder?

SARA

Last week. January 18th.

CYRUS

Tonight is the Confession of St. Paul. Last week was St. Peter. And Joseph Zweig was killed on Ascension Day. Doctor, the killer's zeal is religious -- literally.

Everyone looks at Cyrus. Astounded.

CYRUS

(simply)

I studied to be a priest. But the church was very eager to prove itself unworthy of me.

KREIZLER

Brilliant, Mr. Montrose. How many days have we been given?

CYRUS

The Purification of St. Mary this year falls on February 2nd. We have only one week.

Stunned silence for a few moments, then:

SARA

It's impossible ...

LUCIUS ISAACSON

It'll take that long just to analyze what we've learned today.

MARCUS ISAACSON

What can we do in that amount of time?

Kreizler moves to windows. POV: church doors burst open -- night service parishoners SPILL onto the street. Church bells STOP.

KREIZLER

We have done all we can tonight. Now, everyone go home. Try to sleep. And replenish your spirits -- howsoever you may. The days to come will surely deplete them.

INT. KREIZLER'S STUDY - KREIZLER

Nursing a brandy, staring into a crackling fire.

KREIZLER

I did not expect this man to be so ... formidable. This combination, of extreme intelligence and boundless pain ... He breaks my heart -- and frightens me ...

DISCOVER Mary, in the other chair. Trying to speak.

KREIZLER

Don't strain yourself. The words will come.

He takes her hand. Suddenly, it's easier. She smiles.

MARY GARDNER

This is why ... you will find him.

KREIZLER

More and more often these days, circumstances cause me to question my own ... impulses.

She releases his hand. Looks away.

KREIZLER

Please, understand. I simply will not take advantage of you in that way.

MARY GARDNER

Says your head ... or your heart?

KREIZLER

I used to believe that the two were separated by not so vast a distance.

ESTABLISH SARA'S HOME - NIGHT.

A modest but tidy row-house in a middle-class neighborhood.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - SARA.

Arrives home, exhausted. A simple one-bedroom flat. Tosses her overcoat and purse onto the sofa in the adjacent living room, picks up a box of matches and lights her kerosene lantern.

Kicks her shoes into the darkened bedroom at the end of the hall. Unbuttons her blouse, hangs the lantern on a HOOK in the hallway. Exits towards the bathroom. Past a vase of freshly-cut flowers which she doesn't see.

HOLD on flowers: Suddenly, a strange noise, something like bone FLAPPING against metal. Sara steps back into the hall. Spots the flowers. What's going on here?

Beneath the vase is an envelope, beautiful English linen. Inside, a folded note and torn newspaper clipping. The latter an announcement from the society pages:

BRANDON WINSLOW TO WED MISS SARA HOWARD

Sara, puzzled, unfolds the note.

WEALTHY MAN (V.O.)

My dearest Miss Howard, May I extend my heartfelt congratulations on your recent engagement. It's so encouraging to see civility maintained, particularly in this age of declining standards.

Confusion turns to horror. Moves cautiously towards her bathroom.

WEALTHY MAN (V.O.)

I find it curious, that you, of all people, should be concerned with the lives of immigrant trash, who shit their children all over this country, turning our cities into crime-infested slums, fucking good Americans and turning them into animals.

Turns off the water. And now she hears that noise. Flapping.

WEALTHY MAN (V.O.)

Pay attention, and you'll understand why I do what I do. It is not an easy thing, to spread light through the darkness.

It's coming from her bedroom, at the end of the hall. Growing louder, more insistent.

Her lantern remains on the hall hook, shining into the bedroom.

In the center sits a birdcage. And the source of that noise ...

A parakeet inside is flying madly about the cage, banging into the bars. Again and again. Frantically.

She approaches the cage. Realizes why it's so insane --

ITS EYES HAVE BEEN CUT OUT.

She stares at the creature, horrified, when suddenly --

THE ROOM GOES DARK.

The light in the hall has GONE OUT. Gropes her way back to where the lantern had hung. Feels in the dark. It's gone.

Moving slowly down the hall. Towards the living room. Breathing heavy. Terrified. Hears footsteps, creaking of boards. Can't tell from where. Suddenly --

BANGS into something tall. Nearly screams. No -- just the coatrack by the front door.

Finds box of matches by the front door. Struggles to light one.

The light REVEALS: Behind her, a fleeting glimpse of a LARGE MAN before he GRABS her.

TIGHT SHOT revealing only the lower part of the killer's face nestled next to Sara's terrified expression.

WEALTHY MAN

You've gotten what you want. Now let me get mine.

LICKS her ear. Then BLOWS out her match.

She LUNGES for her coat. GRABS her gun. Turns and SHOOTS.

The FLASH of the pistol reveals him moving towards the window. An instant, strobe-like effect. She shoots again. Again. Again.

CLICK. She's out of bullets. Grabs the lantern, lights it.

Looks around, frantic. The window's open.

He's gone.

EXT. KREIZLER'S HOME/INSTITUTE - NIGHT.

Cyrus brings the carriage around. Kreizler jumps in.

INT. SARA'S FLAT - NIGHT.

Sara sits, wrapped in a blanket. Marcus and Moore study the letter, Lucius dusts for prints. Cyrus stands watch at the door.

MARCUS ISAACSON

Attack of the pen is undoubtedly masculine. There're clear signs he was trained in the Palmer system of penmanship. Since Palmer was only introduced in 1880, our killer can't be any older than thirty now.

Kreizler enters with Roosevelt.

KREIZLER

This man is an exhibitionist. He craves attention, and takes ours as validation of his actions. We must be careful.

ROOSEVELT

I agree, Doctor.
(to Sara)

Miss Howard, I'm ordering you off this investigation -- for your own safety.

SARA

My safety? You never wanted me here in the first place.

Roosevelt, stymied by her quick retort. Kreizler, observing.

SARA

It's one thing acting against me due to my gender. It's quite another, opposing the best interests of your own investigation. For whatever reason, the killer's chosen to make a connection -- with me. Rather than discourage him, we should welcome this opportunity to learn more about his character.

(to Kreizler:)

"Without understanding, we will never be able to stop him."

Roosevelt looks around the room; all eyes on him.

ROOSEVELT

(nods slowly, at a loss)

Miss Howard, forgive me. I suppose I allowed chivalrous instincts to weaken my reason.

SARA

Chivalry is wont to rot minds altogether.

INT. 808 BROADWAY - DAY.

Isaacsons performing chemical experiments on the killer's note. Stevie assisting, fascinated. Cyrus marking off religious dates on a mounted calendar.

KREIZLER (O.S.)

"You've gotten what you wanted, now let me get mine."

Sara and Kreizler, in a corner, deep in discussion.

SARA

Clearly, he feels we have something in common. But I have no idea what he --

KREIZLER

Would you be willing to talk with me -- about aspects of your past you and he may share?

SARA

(uneasy)

I'm not certain that would prove... very helpful. Anyway, I can't imagine how or why he would know anything about my history. But if you believe it's necessary ...

Kreizler notes her discomfort, gently shakes his head.

KREIZLER

It would only be useful if you were able to discuss such matters freely. This is not a thing anyone can demand of you.

Puts his hand on her shoulder. ON Sara, conflicted.

MOORE (O.S.)

Doctor, I've just returned from a foreign country.

A frustrated Moore enters.

MOORE

I went downtown and tried to find the dead boy's father to question him. I asked for Ibn-Ghazi, but no one would talk to me. Most of them couldn't, even if they tried. No one speaks English down there.

PUSH IN on Sara. Listening.

MOORE (O.S.)

It's impossible. I don't know how the hell we're gonna find him.

FADE IN downtown street noises.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - NIGHT.

Multi-ethnic merchant stalls. Italians, Arabics, Greeks, Serbs.

DISCOVER Sara, pushing through the babble of merchant stalls. Dressed down, in a drab overcoat of heavy wool. Blends right in.

Stops at a stall selling Italian pastries. Speaks to the MERCHANT woman in fluent Sicilian. She speaks Italian? We clearly hear the name "Ibn-Ghazi." Merchant gives her an elaborate set of directions.

INT. TENEMENT ENTRYWAY - SARA

Steps around ADDICTS slumped in the entryway.

INT. TENEMENT HALLS - MOMENTS LATER - SARA

Walking through darkened halls filled with trash and filth. An ARABIC BOY darts out of the shadows.

ARABIC BOY

Dime? Penny?

Gives him a quarter.

ARABIC BOY (CONTD.)

Dollar? Dollar?

Sara shoots him a look, then ascends a staircase.

Knocks on the door of a flat. No response. Again.

SARA

Mr. Ibn-Ghazi. I'm sorry about your son.
I'd like to help.

Door creaks open. Just a crack. A man's EYE.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS.

A cab, clearly out of place, pulls up before the front stoop.

INT. IBN-GHAZI'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS.

Sara's purse sits on a chair propped up against the door. Sheets hung from the ceiling divide the space into two rooms. A single window, leading to a fire escape. Sara stands listening to --

IBN-GHAZI

First, priests visit me. Smile, but when they talk -- these are not the men of God. They give me money, like I am for sale. Money! Everything in America is money!

SARA

Money -- for your silence?

IBN-GHAZI

One hundred dollar. I tell them, go to hell!

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS.

SCAR-FACED cop exits the cab, along with a suited man who looks like a mousey CLERK. Both ascend the stairs into the tenement.

INT. IBN-GHAZI'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS.

Behind the hanging sheet -- a bed. Ibn-Ghazi pulls an envelope from under his mattress and shows it to Sara.

IBN-GHAZI

Yesterday morning, under door -- I find this.
And then last night ... my son is killed.

In the envelope are a ten dollar bill and a meticulously-scrawled note: "All my dreams are coming true. Ali."

INT. TENEMENT STAIRCASE - SCARFACE AND CLERK.

On the way up, Scarface TOUSLES the Arabic Boy's hair.

INT. IBN-GHAZI'S FLAT - IBN-GHAZI

In the main room, putting on a teakettle. Sara remains behind the screen, studying the letter.

IBN-GHAZI

Ali -- he is normal boy. Then we come to
this country. Suddenly, ashamed! Of me --
his father -- my talk, our food, this home.

IN THE HALL,

The Clerk reaches down into his overcoat. Pulls out a shotgun.

IBN-GHAZI'S FLAT

IBN-GHAZI

How can this happen to him? What is wrong
with this country?

THE DOOR BLOWS IN.

Shattered to bits. The chair and Sara's purse go FLYING. Ibn-Ghazi backs towards the window as Scarface and the Clerk enter.

IBN-GHAZI

No ... wait ...

The Clerk FIRES his shotgun. A round of shot TEARS through Ibn-Ghazi's body, splattering gore onto the glass ... for an instant ... before the Arab's corpse SMASHES through it.

Sara, hidden behind the blanket, mind racing. Building reacts. SCREAMS in the distance. Doors opening. Some SLAMMING shut.

The Clerk and Scarface turn to leave. Then ... the Clerk looks at the hanging sheet. He moves towards it, leading with his gun.

Sara, on the other side, looking around frantically. Not much here -- bedcovers, prayer book, a bottle of wine.

The Clerk, probing the sheet with the barrel of his gun.

SCARFACE

Are you finished?

The Clerk slowly pulls the sheet aside. Revealing the bed ...

A BOTTLE SWINGS OUT FROM BEHIND THE SHEET

SLAMS into his face, shatters. He falls.

Sara DASHES out from behind the sheet, wielding the broken bottle. Scarface blocking her path. She SLASHES his arm, then runs into the hall.

The Clerk picks himself up. Face bloody. Still has his shotgun.

THE CLERK

(to Scarface)

The fire escape. Go.

THE CLERK DASHES INTO THE HALL

It's now crowded with immigrants, attracted by the commotion. He sees her running down the stairs.

The Clerk BLOWS AWAY the bannister, narrowly missing Sara, who flees. The Clerk LEAPS the railing in pursuit.

MEANWHILE, SCARFACE STEPS ONTO THE FIRE ESCAPE

Over Ibn-Ghazi's corpse. Clatters down the metal steps. Clutching the railing with his one good arm.

SARA

Takes steps three, four at a time. Swerving to avoid tenants. Holding her lead.

THE CLERK

Comes after her.

SCARFACE REACHES THE BOTTOM OF THE FIRE ESCAPE

Sees directly beneath him -- the front stoop of the tenement.

SARA

makes it down a third flight ... then a second.

THE CLERK

closing in behind her.

SARA

On the ground floor. Dashes to the door, past the Addicts, as --
SCARFACE APPEARS ON THE FRONT STOOP.

He TACKLES her. They struggle.

Discarded hypos litter the floor. She grabs one. PLUNGES IT
RIGHT INTO THE WOUND ON HIS ARM. He SCREAMS.

SECONDS LATER - THE CLERK SPRINTS OUT ONTO THE FRONT STOOP

Searching for Sara's overcoat. Several dozen people, staring
coldly back. Scarface on the sidewalk, clutching his arm.

Then the Clerk sees her coat -- discarded, at the foot of the
steps. She's disappeared into the grey crowd.

INT. 808 BROADWAY - DAY.

Kreizler and Moore sit with a shaken Sara. Roosevelt, fuming.

KREIZLER

Miss Howard, you are suggesting the police
and church have put aside their animosity --
simply to conceal these crimes. Who has the
power to bring them together?

SARA

I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen
it myself.

MOORE

Why is protecting this killer so important to
anyone?

ROOSEVELT

Miss Howard, your refusal to obey orders has
put us in a terrible spot. Unless I
discipline you for interfering with police
work, they may suspect our investigation.
Being seen by that officer at Ibn-Ghazi's
puts you in grave danger.

SARA

(after a beat)
I know what has to be done.

INT. ROOSEVELT'S OFFICE - POLICE HQ - DAY.

ON Sara, being dressed down by Roosevelt. Surrounded by top
cops, including Scarface (DONNER) and a very satisfied Flynn.

ROOSEVELT

Ever since my arrival, you've jeopardized police operations by interfering at crime scenes. This entire experiment to place a woman in the department -- it's obviously proven a terrible mistake.

PUSHING IN on Sara, humiliated.

ROOSEVELT

You were offered a unique opportunity. Instead, you disgraced yourself and ruined the possibility for any who may have come after you. [beat] There's no reason for you to remain here any longer than it will take you to clean out your desk.

He turns away. Sara has to walk past snickering officers to reach the outer office. They step aside with much foot-dragging.

FLYNN

Love to see you again sometime, Miss Howard. Hopefully, on your back.

Men LAUGH. Her eyes meet Flynn's -- mutual hatred. As cops disperse, she turns back, exchanges a look with Roosevelt.

ROOSEVELT

Donner -- where do you think you're going? The rest of you -- out!

Donner remains, angry. Flynn gives a look back as he exits.

ROOSEVELT (CONTD.)

You're not leaving this office without giving me an explanation. What the devil were you doing there?

DONNER

I don't answer to you. Next time, it's gonna be you who's thrown out on your arse.

Roosevelt, furious, SHOVES Donner against the wall.

ROOSEVELT

You're seconds away from losing your badge ... and having it shoved down your throat.

Door BURSTS open. Flynn enters the office. Cops at door. All other activity at headquarters has stopped cold.

FLYNN

Who the hell do you think you are?

ROOSEVELT

I am your superior officer.

FLYNN

Says who? Not me. Not any of my men.

Roosevelt releases Donner. Turns to both of them.

ROOSEVELT

You're fired, both of you, turn in your badges immediately.

(to officers in doorway:)

Anyone who wishes to leave his position, and forfeit his paycheck, can volunteer to join these two right now.

Silence. Flynn picks the clock off Roosevelt's desk.

FLYNN

Up to now, we've been handling you with kid gloves. 3:00. Remember that hour. It's when your time began to run out.

Joins fellow officers in the outer office. A fraternity. ON Roosevelt, more isolated than ever.

INT. 808 BROADWAY - DAY.

Roosevelt, Kreizler, and the Isaacsons confer. Sara sits at her desk, still fuming.

ROOSEVELT

You must know that what little power I had to protect you is rapidly slipping away.

Moore enters the office. Sara LEAPS up, snatches a newspaper from her desk, rushes towards him.

SARA

What the hell is this?

Throws down the Times. On page 3: "Miss Howard Fired from NYPD by John Schuyler Moore".

MOORE

Did I get something wrong?

Plows past her towards his own desk. The others stop to watch.

SARA

You opportunistic boor. You knew all that was just a ruse.

MOORE

I made it more convincing.

SARA

This will only make it more difficult for other women who --

MOORE

C'mon. This isn't about other women. This is about you.

(sizing her up)

There's something about you that's not right. How does a society girl go sneaking around tenements alone at night? It's not exactly what they teach in finishing school. I talked to a reporter who covers the Lower East Side -- even he had no idea how to find Ibn-Ghazi. Who the hell are you, anyway?

Sara looks around. All eyes on her.

SARA

Someone who has more to offer than any of you are willing to believe.

She STORMS out of the office, SLAMS the door behind her.

EXT. "THE TWENTIETH CENTURY" - NIGHT.

Borderline neighborhood, downtown. A gilded music hall -- electric lights, brass fixtures, the works. Sara gets out of a cab, says something to a BOUNCER.

INT. "THE TWENTIETH CENTURY" - NIGHT - SARA

Attracts a lot of attention walking in alone. Sees Paul Kelly gladhanding wealthy GUESTS. Downtown slumming for an uptown crowd. Onstage, music hall acts imported from London.

The Bouncer whispers to Kelly. He spots Sara. Approaches her.

PAUL KELLY

And to what do I owe this honor? A well-bred society girl crossing the line to visit us filthy, stinking poor?

SARA

Enough, Kelly. We need to talk. [beat] Look at all these swells -- pretending to be peasants for a night.

PAUL KELLY

Everyone wants to see how the other half lives. You, of all people, should understand that, Solita.

He called her by a different name. She doesn't seem fazed.

A PRIVATE BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER.

He pours her cognac from a crystal decanter. Bodyguards around.

PAUL KELLY

So what do you want from me? A loan to support your uptown tastes?

SARA

Don't flatter yourself. Why were you at the funeral of the Stipovich boy? It's obvious you know more than you've told us. Roosevelt's making a real effort to catch this killer --

PAUL KELLY

How do you know I haven't already helped -- without your prompting? Who do you think called your team when Ibn-Ghazi's body was found at the Astoria?

(off her surprise)

My connections at headquarters tipped me off for a few bucks.

SARA

Then why haven't you warned your boys?

PAUL KELLY

Because I don't have anything to do with the child-brothels. I don't care if people assume I do, but they're not to my taste.

SARA

They offend your sense of morality, Kelly?

PAUL KELLY

Tell me, Solita, what have you done lately to keep groceries open on the Lower East Side? The difference between you and me is, I still believe human beings live in this little corner of hell. You only come back when one of us happens to have something you want. That's poor breeding, Solita. You must need to impress your superiors very badly.

Silence. Sara looks away, her tone harder.

SARA

I'm here because ... I've done things in my life that I'm not proud of. Now I have a chance ... to do something right.

He appraises her.

SARA (CONTD.)

At least tell me this: who is covering up these murders?

Kelly smiles, takes a drink. Thinks for a moment. Then --

PAUL KELLY

It's been a long time since I was playing stick-ball in the street and you were scouring through trash bins for books. How could you do it? Cut yourself off from your past. And that name -- "Sara Howard?" Even real WASPs aren't that dull. Your real name -- Solita -- now that's beautiful.

She feels something from her past, tugging. Slowly, he strokes her cheek. She SLAPS his hand away, leaps up.

SARA

I should've known better -- than to look for humanity in a man who's sold his soul.

PAUL KELLY

You judge me? When you've sold yourself to one of Morgan's errand boys for -- what? -- a diamond bracelet and some silk stockings?

SARA

Go to hell, Kelly.

She turns to leave. He grabs her arm. Holds her close to him.

PAUL KELLY

Ask yourself what all the murder sites have in common. If you knew the answer, I bet you'd run in the other direction.

SARA

Whoever's behind this -- I don't fear them.

PAUL KELLY

That's stupidity.

SARA

No, that's courage. And that's the difference between you and me.

PAUL KELLY

If you had any real courage, Solita, you wouldn't be so busy running from who you are.

HOLD ON Sara, without a response. A long beat. Then --

KREIZLER (V.O.)

Sara, this requires more than merely a show of obedience.

INT. KREIZLER'S OFFICE (INSTITUTE) - DAY.

Curtains drawn. Kreizler takes notes. Sara sits in a chair.

SARA

I'm sorry, Doctor. I'm just ...
(after a pause, tries again)
I'm an only child. Unusual, among my
relatives.

KREIZLER

Is there a reason for that?

SARA

My mother had complications with my birth.
She was left bedridden, paralyzed.

KREIZLER

How did that make you feel?

SARA

I don't know that I had time to feel. Things
were not easy around the house. As soon as I
can remember, I was making plans to escape.
(pause)

There's something sick, voyeuristic about
this whole business. Why don't I ask you
questions about your early life?

KREIZLER

You could. But they would be of little use
to us, as he did not leave a note in my flat.

SARA

I didn't feel anything.

KREIZLER

Why not?

Sara gets up, takes a cigarette from a box on the mantelpiece.

SARA

Maybe someday, I will. But right now, other
things are more important.

KREIZLER

Such as --?

SARA

(after a drag)
Doctor, I don't need to tell you, there are
people -- intelligent people, professors --
who believe the poor are genetically
inferior. And that only the dogs of the
world still come to America today.
(pause)

My parents are immigrants. I was born Solita
Agolia. On Henry Street. While she was
pregnant with me, Mama got toxemia from

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

malnutrition and the filth around us. Papa started staying out, drinking beer laced with camphor, benzine, and cocaine shavings. Tell me, Doctor, do you really think I'd be here today if I allowed myself to feel that?

KREIZLER

I believe that you cannot stop feeling it.

She moves towards the corner, stares at the walls.

SARA

So, that's my little secret. Isn't that your job? What you get paid to do?

KREIZLER

Could our killer know anything about your background?

SARA

I doubt it. Only Kelly does. We grew up in the same neighborhood. But I got into college by lying about my background. And now, look, the road leads me right back.

KREIZLER

Let us say our man is poor. Marcus believes he is first-generation at best. He reads about your engagement. What would he think?

SARA

He'd think ...

(grows angrier as she continues)

Look at her. Caught a Morgan partner. She's no Vanderbilt. Wonder what she did to land him? Must've lied. Must've acted like a whore. Now, she's too good for us, huh? Traded her soul for a diamond bracelet and silk stockings, doesn't even know who she is anymore. Just another rich bitch. She doesn't deserve it -- I do.

(stops, surprised by her emotions)

You won't tell the others, will you?

KREIZLER

Someday you will. Once you accept your past, rather than trying to deny it.

(pause)

You ask about my past? My father believed I that I was too sympathetic to the evil in people. So, he endeavored, each day, to beat the feeling from my body. You see, Miss Howard, this arm is my legacy. Each day, we struggle to live with ourselves -- with all that has been twisted, within and without.

Sara, looking into his eyes. Moved, and reflective.

INT. 808 BROADWAY - DAY.

Moore, Isaacsons, Cyrus, Stevie -- pacing around. They've been at this for hours. Kreizler, observing Sara in particular.

SARA

That's no good, let's try this -- what if our man is some kind of priest?

MOORE

A renegade priest, and the church is trying to cover it cover up.

SARA

A homosexual priest. - He cuts up boys because he hates what --

Kreizler stands, cuts them off.

KREIZLER

No! You still miss the most important point. You continue to see him as evil. You divide the world into simple categories: good and evil, sane and insane. We must stop judging him, and see him instead as he sees himself - not as aggressor, but as victim.

MOORE (OVERLAPPING)

Catch the killer by feeling sorry for him?

SARA (OVERLAPPING)

That's cheap sentiment, Doctor; there is evil in the world, whether that jibes with your theories or not.

KREIZLER

What is evil, but behavior? Imagine a mother defending her children against attack, with only a meat cleaver at her disposal.

SARA

That's self-defense.

STEVIE

Every time I stole something, or knocked down an old lady for her purse, I had to do it to keep from starving. I was protecting myself. Maybe he feels the same way.

KREIZLER

Thank you, Stevie. That is the first expression of empathy I've heard thus far.

Stevie smiles at Kreizler. Sara rises, stares out the window.

SARA

Doctor, you're asking us to think as if we were mad, and we're not.

KREIZLER

Neither is he. Not in the sense that he has lost touch with the world. On the contrary, he understands it better than you or I.

SARA

You and I don't kill, that's the point!

KREIZLER

Given the right circumstances, we could. And that is what we must understand.

ESTABLISH EXT. HUDSON RIVER LINE - HEADED NORTH - DAY.

ANGLE: Moore, Sara, and Kreizler through a first-class window.

MOORE (V.O.)

Where the devil are we going?

INT. SING SING PRISON - DAY.

Moore, Kreizler, Sara, and a guard, LASKY, trek through silent stone corridors. Lasky unlocks a heavy wooden door.

KREIZLER (V.O.)

To meet someone who might help us. Moore, you're informed on these matters -- what person tortured and murdered fifteen children, just two years ago?

THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

Sitting on a stool, his head enclosed in a cage -- pockmarked skin and a deformed right cheek bone, protruding from the face at a grotesque angle -- a fifteen year-old boy. Meet:

LASKY

Jesse Pomeroy.

JESSE POMEROY

Doc? Look what they've done to me.

TIME CUT - INSIDE THE CELL.

Moore and Sara by the door. POMEROY holds the book, legs and arms in chains. Kreizler crouches before him.

JESSE POMEROY

So what do you want? To ask more questions? Fat chance, after you sold me out last time.

KREIZLER

I want to know why you cut out the tongues of those children before you killed them.

JESSE POMEROY

(a hearty laugh)

Never got over it, did you, Doc? Because, no matter what you said to convince that jury, you weren't sure. You know I'm insane. That's why you're back here now.

KREIZLER

I don't believe you are mad, Jesse. You have not lost touch with reality. You are simply envious of everyone else in the world.

Jesse scratches at his ankle.

JESSE POMEROY

Fleas. [beat] Then why stop at their tongues? I'm an ugly bastard, why didn't I burn off their faces? Why didn't I make a necklace out of their ears? For that matter, how come you ain't out chopping off people's arms? Don't ever try and tell me what's going on in my head.

KREIZLER

Their ears? Yours are perfectly fine.

JESSE POMEROY

Are you crazy? They're rotting, infested. Look at them.

Kreizler moves in for a look. Jesse scratches at his ankle. Suddenly, pulls from his boot a shard of BROKEN GLASS.

MOORE

Doctor!

Pomeroy KICKS his stool across the room and JAMS it under the knob of the door, preventing entry. Moore prepares to attack, but Kreizler motions him back.

JESSE POMEROY

You don't see what's wrong with my ear? Well, how about now?

He draws the glass across his earlobe, then down his cheek. Blood spurts from the wound.

JESSE POMEROY

See? You're looking, aren't you? Once you go away, you'll start whispering, giggling. Whenever I turned my back -- voices, there
(MORE)

JESSE POMEROY (CONT'D)

was always someone talking about me -- even when I wasn't looking. All my life -- the only thing they understood -- was this.

He lunges forward, then LAUGHS hysterically. Bangs on door.

JESSE POMEROY

Hey, Lasky, you fucked up again. Once the warden hears about this, you'll be lucky to guard the shithouse.

GUARDS start battering down the door. Jesse cackles with glee.

KREIZLER

Jesse! I know they all tormented you, I know you were only trying to make life bearable.

Jesse suddenly moves close to Kreizler. Scary. Intense. Calm.

JESSE POMEROY

(intimate, low)

You know, Doc -- you care about me less than anyone I've ever met. I got a weapon, you just stand there, talking, talking, won't even let your guard-dog have at me. Not like those idiots. They're not too proud to play.

The door TOPPLES off its hinges. Lasky and other GUARDS hurtle in. One with hummingbird, an electrical prod. Begins applying it to the boy's body. He SCREAMS with each shock, laughs convulsively between them.

KREIZLER

No, no, can't you see ...? He wants you to do this, he likes it!

Kreizler tries to grab the Hummingbird-Guard off Pomeroy. He and Moore are both held off by the other Guards. Sara, shocked.

HIGH ANGLE: Pomeroy, between shocks, baying like a hyena.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER LINE - NIGHT.

Through the window -- Kreizler with a shaken Moore and Sara.

KREIZLER (V.O.)

Jesse's father beat him, taking his external deformity as a sign of internal evil. His mother recoiled from the sight of his face.

INT. 808 BROADWAY - NIGHT.

PANNING past each exhausted member of the team -- to Kreizler.

KREIZLER

And all this created a boy who finds his identity in ugliness. Now, he seeks out pain and rejection, like others look for love. We must learn to see our man as he sees himself. [beat] We have three days.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

(after a pause)

His victims are all similar. "Classy" and a "cut above."

CYRUS

Some of my people with lighter complexions attempt to pass for white. Perhaps these immigrant boys "put on airs" to ... remake themselves into their version of Americans.

KREIZLER

That is the sort of insight which will lead us to him.

MOORE

So he's killing them to keep them down?

SARA

But at the same time ... maybe he identifies with them. He's trying to rise up out of his place, too. Leave behind his past. And these killings are his only chance.

MOORE

He's got to be familiar with killing, to carry it off in public places. Trained, like a hunter or a soldier.

MARCUS ISAACSON

(an idea)

The mutilations resemble a hunter's practice of dressing his catch. But to what end?

ROOSEVELT

Excuse me -- these mutilations -- when I served in the cavalry, we were issued two identical dog tags. If a soldier died in battle, one was taken for identification, the other left ... in the victim's mouth. Could our killer be practicing some variation?

KREIZLER

If he was a soldier, possessed by such feelings, it is likely he acted on them at some point in the past.

Excited, team members throw out ideas in rapid succession.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

You think he may have been committed?

MOORE

I can check the war records.

KREIZLER

Good. Sara, have you made any progress with what the murder sites may have in common?

SARA

I haven't found anything yet.

ROOSEVELT

I can help with that.

KREIZLER

Excellent. There is also a slim chance that someone arrested or committed since the last murder will fit our killer's profile. If so, we must make certain he is not freed. It is just midnight. We have very little time. But at least now we are using our own experience to understand his.

INVESTIGATIVE MONTAGE.

A) Sara and Kreizler at BELLEVUE ASYLUM. With PATIENT #1.

PATIENT #1

I couldn't have slit his throat, Doctor. The sight of blood, it sickens me, ever since I was a little boy ...

B) Roosevelt at the City Records Office. Buried beneath stacks of papers. Top one reads, "Astoria Hotel, City Permits."

C) Sara and Kreizler with PATIENT #2 -- meek respectable man.

PATIENT #2

... I didn't rape her, common people don't understand what's really in a little girl's mind, how much power they ...

D) Moore at the Federal Building. He's turned away by a CLERK.

CLERK

We just received instructions that military records are off-limits to civilians.

E - G) HOLD on Sara, in a series of CUTS: one voice blends into another. She's sickened, but slowly grows stronger, HARDER.

PATIENT #3 (O.S.)

Always parading in front of windows. That little opening, I had to make it larger.

PATIENT #4 (O.S.)

I'm a chemist. There's a good explanation for everything they found in my ...

PATIENT #5 (O.S.)

People think they can fight the Evil One, but he's too strong. The trick is to obey his words -- or he'll devour you completely.

H) Sara on a bench with Winslow in Central Park. Exhausted, physically and spiritually. HER EYES, FAR AWAY. FADE UP liturgical chants OVER:

INT. KREIZLER'S STUDY - DUSK.

Kreizler with Mary. Same exhausted look in his eyes. Silence.

MARY GARDNER

I can listen ...

KREIZLER

I have been thinking about Joseph. I have led the others to this point. They have given me their trust -- just as he did.

(pause)

What if I am wrong again? I fear a boy will die tonight.

INT. 808 BROADWAY - DUSK.

Church bells peal. Kreizler, Moore, Isaacsons, Cyrus. Sara's haunted reflection, against the window. The city lights up.

KREIZLER

We have run short on time and options. We will split up, and stake out the rooftops of the four child-brothels.

Faces of the others reflected in glass -- scared, apprehensive.

MARCUS ISAACSON

There's a good chance that at least one of us will meet him tonight.

A SERIES OF CUTS - CHILD-WHOREHOUSES - STAKEOUT.

- A) Marcus and Kreizler stand watch at the Golden Rule.
- B) Lucius and Roosevelt patrol the rooftop of Paresis Hall.
- C) Atop The Slide, Moore, with Stevie, looks at his watch: 12:30.
- D) Across Bleecker Street: The Black & Tan. END ON Sara and Cyrus, looking down at Black and Asian clientele.

CYRUS

I came to the Doctor upon leaving the church. Cursing God that they would never ordain me.

(MORE)

CYRUS (CONT'D)

He told me I didn't need his help, only a job. And so I suppose our relationship is simply built on respect.

SARA

And what about Mary?

Silence. Instead of taking the bait, Cyrus just smiles.

SARA

I'm sorry, I'm getting tired. There's a shop on Bleecker that sells coffee.

She turns, heads towards the stairs, then --

CYRUS

Miss Howard?

(she turns)

After Joseph Zweig, Dr. Kreizler grew ... despondent. Then Mary came to him as a patient. She suffers from motor aphasia, the result of having been sexually abused by her father from the age of four. It permanently impaired her speech. He said to me, "Everything in life conspired against her, and yet, she will not submit."

(pause)

I don't ask about their relationship. My job is to protect his life.

EXT. THE SLIDE - BLEECKER ST. - SARA

Going for coffee. Looks up at the brothel walls. Incongruously, through one of the filthy windows: a POTTED PLANT on a sill.

EXT. THE BLACK & TAN ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER - CYRUS

He scans the adjoining rooftops, many connected by plank walkways into a sort of skyway system.

Music from downstairs suddenly grows LOUDER. Cyrus looks towards the staircase hutch. The doorway on the other side now open. Light spills onto the roof. He sees the back of a woman, as she emerges. Leg visible through a slit white dress.

Turns slowly towards him. Not a woman but a Chinese boy, CHAN LI-WING. Androgynous, beautiful, elegant. Angel in white.

CHAN

You have come looking for the devil?

(pause)

I have heard ... talk. But the madame, she tells us, these are lies.

CYRUS

No, it's true. You must tell your friends.

EXT. THE SLIDE - BLEECKER ST. - SARA

Walking back with coffee. She looks up. At the potted plant.
Now the window is open. Curtains BILLOW ominously.

Drops coffee, runs towards the door. Blowing on a steel WHISTLE.

EXT. BLACK & TAN ROOFTOP - CYRUS

Crouches on the landing, writing on a pad -- his back to the stairs. MUSIC blaring from downstairs drowns out her whistle.

CYRUS

Take this phone number. If you hear of any man fitting that description, call us.

CHAN

And who are you? With the police, who beat us when we try to escape? Who even rape a boy to punish him? Six cop, one boy?

Behind Cyrus -- the backlit silhouette of a man grows LARGER as he silently ascends the steps.

CYRUS

No, wait. You don't understand.

CHAN

No, you don't understand. Your time is over!

Song ends. Now he can hear Sara's WHISTLE. Startled, looks up. A BLACKJACK slams into the back of his skull. Chan smiles at --

WEALTHY MAN (O.S.)

(caressing Chan's cheek)

You have secured your future ...

THE TOP OF THE STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER.

Sara arrives on the roof. Sees Cyrus, lying in a pool of blood, but breathing. She WHIPS out her gun.

Sees the shadows of a MAN and a BOY dashing across one of the walkways onto an adjacent rooftop. Starts towards them --

Moore and Stevie arrive on the roof, see Cyrus.

MOORE

Stevie -- call an ambulance.

Stevie LEAPS down the steps. Moore runs to catch up with Sara. On the next roof, the Boy, fleeing with the Killer, sees them.

SARA

Come back. He's going to kill you!

CHAN

Liar! You work for cop. He save me.

Chan PUSHES AWAY the walkway plank. It falls to the alley below.

She tries to get a shot off, but they're too far away and running together. Moore darts to the edge of the roof, looks down

ONTO BLEECKER ST.

The Isaacsons, Roosevelt, and Kreizler race towards the scene.

MOORE

He's travelling by rooftop. That way!

FOLLOW THE ISAACSONS, KREIZLER, AND ROOSEVELT --

They dash towards buildings in the direction of Thompson St.

ROOSEVELT

Split up. We'll surround him.

BACK TO SARA AND MOORE

Crossing a walkway six stories up. Dark. Planks SAG and CREAK under their weight. Arrive on the back tenement rooftops which run parallel to the killer's path.

They can barely make out two shadows several buildings down -- on the last of the rooftops, facing the chasm of Thompson St..

MOORE

We've got him trapped.

LUCIUS & ROOSEVELT

Arrive on a ROOFTOP. Spot the killer -- one building over. He's pulling a long rope out of a backpack.

Lucius BREAKS into a run as he calls down to --

MARCUS AND KREIZLER ON BLEECKER ST.

LUCIUS

Thompson St.! He's coming down!

VARIOUS ANGLES: AS THE ROOFTOP TEAMS CLOSE IN ON THE KILLER.

Chan tries to cut off Lucius and Roosevelt's route, but this plank is NAILED into place. As they run towards him, he dashes back towards the killer.

Moore steps onto the plank from his roof's to the killer's. It GIVES WAY beneath his feet. Rotted.

Moore hands GRAB the edge of the roof. Cheap masonry, crumbling beneath his grasp. He dangles, disoriented, six stories up. Sara GRABS his wrists, then struggles to pull him to safety.

ROOSEVELT and LUCIUS cross their plank carefully. Arrive on the killer's rooftop.

MOORE clambers back up. Sara crouches, gets the killer in her sights -- at the end of his rope, a monstrous grappling hook.

FIRES a shot. RICOCHETS at his feet. He turns towards Sara. Backlit by the lights of Thompson St., she can't see his face.

He GRABS Chan as a shield. Sara can't get a clear shot.

Roosevelt and Lucius dash towards the killer.

Meanwhile, Moore gets a running start, LEAPS the chasm between the two buildings to end up on the killer's rooftop.

Lucius and Roosevelt closing in from one direction, Moore from another.

As the killer HURLS his rope out across Thompson St..

The rope flies over the eyes of Marcus and Kreizler --

KREIZLER

We've lost him ...

-- And CATCHES the edge of the rooftop across the street.

Moore LEAPS for the killer's feet, just as he grabs Chan with one arm --

AND LEAPS OFF THE BUILDING. FADE IN LITURGICAL CHANTS.

Soaring across Thompson, above the carriages, the foot traffic -- his feet expertly hitting the side of the opposite building.

Marcus and Kreizler pushing their way across the street. Horses REARING up. Calashes SWERVING into one another to avoid them --

-- as the killer, with Chan, scrambles up the rope and DISAPPEARS onto the rooftop beyond.

ON the defeated faces of our team.

WEALTHY MAN (V.O.)

Dear Father, the people of this city have begun to fear me. I am transforming their society, corpse by corpse.

ESTABLISH CASTLE GARDEN (BATTERY PARK) - NIGHT.

Fortress-like public building. Many police vans already present.

WEALTHY MAN (V.O.)

When they find the bodies, they are chilled with the knowledge that your footsoldier fights in the trenches ...

INT. CASTLE GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER.

DISCOVER Roosevelt, ascending stairs towards roof.

WEALTHY MAN (V.O.)

... waging a war for the soul of this nation. Tagging the enemy as they fall.

EXT. CASTLE GARDEN ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS.

FOLLOW Roosevelt as he approaches the crime scene. Police officers don't acknowledge him. Lying on the roof: a corpse covered by a blanket. Roosevelt PULLS it aside.

WEALTHY MAN (V.O.)

My only reward, the knowledge that somewhere, you are watching, seeing the work I perform, and coming slowly to know me.

Chan -- dark ROUND HOLE where one eye used to be. White dress so completely soaked with blood, it appears dyed red.

INT. ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT.

Kreizler on the phone. B.G.: our team in Cyrus' hospital room.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH ROOSEVELT AT CASTLE GARDEN

In a former immigration station being converted to an aquarium. Cops milling about, Roosevelt, keeping his voice low.

ROOSEVELT

I can't talk, Kreizler. But you must know: this time, the killer took only one eye.

KREIZLER

Any deviation from his method has crucial implications. We must examine that body.

ROOSEVELT

There're police everywhere.

KREIZLER

The body will be gone by morning. We must do it tonight.

ROOSEVELT

I told you, it's not possible! I've given you everything you asked. And what have we to show for it? Two more dead children.

69.

KREIZLER

Unless you procure us access to that corpse, there will surely be more. I, for one, would not want that responsibility.

INT. BELLEVUE MORTUARY - 7 A.M..

Roosevelt with Chief Coroner BACH, who's very flustered.

BACH

If you'd given us some warning, sir ... we're completely unprepared.

ROOSEVELT

That's the point, Bach. I'm calling a meeting immediately. The topic is the illegal sale of corpses from this facility.

INT. A LARGE OPERATING THEATRE (BELLEVUE) - LATER.

Large assembled staff crowds into the room.

ROOSEVELT

I've acquired a list of two dozen alleged incidents. We'll review them one by one.

Staff GROANS. Roosevelt SMILES.

INT. BELLEVUE FRONT ENTRANCE - SIMULTANEOUS.

A single GUARD at the front door. Kreizler enters with the Isaacsons. The Guard gets up.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

Don't bother. We're with the Commissioner.

INT. MORTUARY - LATER.

Now empty. Lucius flips through Bach's clipboard.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

Chan, Li-Wing ... "lateral lacerations of the abdominal cavity" -- it's got to be the one.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

ROOSEVELT

Mr. Griffiths, my sources allege that you've sold bodies to anatomists at --

GRIFFITHS

What sources?

INT. MORTUARY - CONTINUOUS.

Marcus examines the eye cuts with a metal ruler. Lucius and Kreizler probe the mutilations for further data.

MARCUS ISAACSON

Doctor, remember at the Astoria, when I wanted to analyze the cuts? I didn't dare speculate then. But now I'm certain.

(points out knife angles)

Previously, he killed the boys, then cut up their corpses. This boy Chan, and Ibn-Ghazi before him -- the angles are deeper, less clean than on the earlier victim. These boys were struggling when the wounds were inflicted. Now he's mutilating them -- while they're still alive.

Even in their haste, this sends a chill up their spines.

KREIZLER

My God, his method is changing. This renders our task infinitely more complex.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE - SIMULTANEOUS.

Bach trying to slip unnoticed from the room.

ROOSEVELT (O.S.)

I am placing you all under probation until -- Mr. Bach, where are you going?

BACH

Some corpses were left on slabs ... they should be returned to cold storage.

ROOSEVELT

(upset)

The corpses can wait, sir!

INT. MORTUARY - CONTINUOUS.

Lucius sets up equipment near the body. Marcus removes Chan's remaining eye from its socket.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

Some French experts think that the human eye permanently records the last image it sees. It's thought the image can be photographed, using the eye itself as a lens.

KREIZLER

You think the boy may have died looking at his murderer?

LUCIUS ISAACSON

There's a chance, sir.

Marcus turns off the overhead. Room goes dark.

A tiny light illuminates the removed eye from behind. Lucius inserts live wires into its nerves. The eyeball GLOWS, as if of its own power. Lucius focuses his camera. Then --

LUCIUS ISAACSON

Doctor ... the lens is clouded. This boy was blind in one eye.

KREIZLER

(puzzled)

He rejected it. It neither offended nor ... my god, Jesse Pomeroy. Now I understand.

O.S., VOICES -- coming down the hall. Our team moves quickly.

INT. BELLEVUE HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS.

Staff, disgruntled, dispersing from meeting. Bach in the lead.

HE ENTERS THE MORTUARY -- IT'S PITCH DARK.

BACH

What the devil ...?

He flicks on the lights. Looks normal. A door SWINGS slightly, and comes to a STOP.

INT. 808 BROADWAY - DAY.

Kreizler before the assembled team.

KREIZLER

I have had an intuition, ever since Jesse Pomeroy said he cut out his victim's tongues to silence their talk about him. Our man focuses on the eyes. And yet, when an eye does not function, it does not offend him. Why? Because a bad eye cannot stare at him. I am now certain that our man, too, must suffer from some sort of facial deformity -- most likely in his eyes themselves.

(pause)

We should all review our previous sources in light of this facial deformity. Particularly you, Moore, with the military records.

MOORE

I can get the personnel files, but access to medical records is restricted to hospital staff.

KREIZLER

Perhaps I can be of some assistance.

EXT. 808 BROADWAY - DAY.

Kreizler and Moore leaving the building. As a black POLICE PADDYWAGON zooms towards them round a corner. Before they react: Vehicle STOPS. Four COPS LEAP out. GRAB Moore and Kreizler. Door opens, REVEALING Former Lt. Flynn, gun pointed towards them.

FLYNN

You have an appointment.

INT. ROOSEVELT'S OFFICE - POLICE HQ - DAY.

Phone ringing. No one answering.

ROOSEVELT

Where -- will someone pick up the blasted --?

He picks up the phone.

FLYNN'S VOICE

Miss me yet, Commissioner?

ROOSEVELT

Flynn, don't waste my time --

FLYNN'S VOICE

Your time's run out. My new employers -- they've got your Doctor and your reporter. And now they want you.

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - DAY.

Still under construction. Skies have turned grey. Roosevelt steps out of a cab. Flynn walks up to meet him.

INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - MOMENTS LATER.

Roosevelt, Kreizler, and Moore flanked by Flynn and Donner. Walking up the future aisle of the church. Towards the almost-finished altar. Size and scope enormous, saints gazing down.

THEY'RE TAKEN TO THE SIDE OF THE ALTAR - A SIDE DOOR OPENS.

REVEALING Bishop Potter's Office -- a small but opulently furnished room. U.S. Censor Anthony Comstock stands flanked by two BISHOPS -- CORRIGAN (Catholic) and POTTER (Episcopal).

COMSTOCK

Come in. Allow me to introduce Bishop Corrigan and Bishop Potter. Let's settle this business quickly.

INT. BISHOP POTTER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER.

Comstock paces around the seated men.

COMSTOCK

Many years ago, I prosecuted a pornographer. The liberal press portrayed me as a villain, simply because she was a widow. Would you care to comment, Mr. Moore?

Roosevelt does a take. They know each other? Moore hesitates.

MOORE

Mrs. Ida Craddock, a schoolteacher, whose only crime was to write a pamphlet on marriage. This man raided her home, demonstrated on her sidewalk, accused her of the worst sort of indecency. He literally drove her to suicide. I wrote an editorial defending her in the Times.

(pause)

It didn't exactly help my career.

COMSTOCK

Since then, I've tried to give people an opportunity to change their ways before I am forced to step in.

(pause)

We know that you're involved in an unauthorized investigation.

ROOSEVELT

I'm simply doing my job. There's a killer at large, and we are trying to stop him.

COMSTOCK

You make it sound so innocuous, sir, when in fact, your goals run much deeper, don't they? If not, why would you choose to align yourself -- with the work of this man?

Points to Kreizler. A special hatred in his eyes.

KREIZLER

And what terrible threat to America do I represent today?

COMSTOCK

You seek to weaken the moral fabric of American society. This is clearly documented in all your writings.

(pause)

You say that to change a man, you must change his environment. You tell your team they must consider this killer a victim. Doctor, your doctrine puts man at the center of morality, weakening the public's fear of God.

KREIZLER

There will be plenty of fear left after my work is done. Enough even for you, Comstock.

CORRIGAN

But what do your theories tell the poor?
That the crimes they commit aren't the result
of their own drunkenness and sexual
misconduct -- but because the rich refuse to
aid their communities.

POTTER

And what of the notion that virtue is
rewarded, that those with more, have more,
because they are more worthy in God's eyes?

Kreizler is silent for a long moment. Then speaks the truth.

KREIZLER

If those are your ideas of morality, then,
yes, I oppose you.

ROOSEVELT

Mr. Comstock, Dr. Kreizler's methods are
beginning to show results. Slowly, but ...

COMSTOCK

Results. Is that your criterion for good,
Commissioner?

(pause)

I will not stand idly by while this man seeks
to proselytize his ideas in public life. Not
while thousands of immigrants every day swamp
our shores. They must be inculcated in
American values. Or, mark my words, we will
be destroyed by them, their foreign cultures,
and foreign moralities.

(approaching Roosevelt)

You will be happier with my blessing than my
continued opposition. [beat] Commissioner?
May we count on your help?

ON Roosevelt: a moment of truth. Kreizler watching.

ROOSEVELT

I bow to the higher morality.

(pause)

"Thou shalt not kill." Your threats cannot
possibly weigh more heavily on me than that
single verse of scripture.

(to Kreizler and Moore)

Come, we've wasted enough of these
gentlemen's precious time.

Our trio exits down the aisle, as Comstock and Bishops withdraw.

KREIZLER

(to Roosevelt, sotto voce)

I thought you were a politician.

ROOSEVELT

(smiling)

Don't label people, Doctor. It's unbecoming.

ESTABLISH KREIZLER'S HOME/INSTITUTE - NIGHT.

INT. CHILDREN'S FLOOR - INSTITUTE - KREIZLER

Wandering. Looks into the dorm where his patients sleep.

INT. KREIZLER'S STUDY - KREIZLER.

Stares into the fire. 4 a.m. Mary enters, in a dressing gown.

KREIZLER

I can't help wondering, how did Comstock know I suggested seeing our killer as a victim?

She sits beside him, takes his hand.

KREIZLER

When I was a boy on our farm, one of our dogs broke its leg. My father told me to kill it, but I did not. Instead, to prove that mercy could, at least once, overcome brute force, I secretly nursed it back to health. When my father found out, he beat me. And to teach me a lesson, he shot the dog before my eyes.

(pause)

All the good intentions we possess can't defeat naked might. What power on earth can oppose the forces arrayed against us?

Slowly, she bends towards him. Kisses him gently on the lips. From his reaction, we suspect it's the first time.

KREIZLER

Now I know where angels come from. They are created right here, on this imperfect earth.

INT. DELMONICO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT.

Winslow and YUPPIE male friends, with cigars, cognacs.

YUPPIE

So you expect me to convert all my assets to gold, then hand them over to you? What is it, Brandon? What does Morgan have up his sleeve with this Treasury bailout?

WINSLOW

If you believe in chance, you may invest wheresoever you desire. But if you believe in God, you will invest with J.P. Morgan.

Sara sits at an adjacent table, with WIVES. Bored, preoccupied.

WIFE #1

Lillian Russell? Her fame as an actress springs solely from her personal notoriety.

WIFE #2

I understand she's currently intimate both with Diamond Jim Brady, and also with --

WIFE #3

With Brady and with J.P. Morgan both?

Winslow hears Morgan's name, eavesdrops.

WIFE #4

Sara, doesn't your fiancee ever tell you where Mr. Morgan goes when he slips out of his office in the afternoons?

WINSLOW

(rescuing Sara)

Here's a little bone from the table: today, J.P. left the office around 3 p.m. ... bound for St. Patrick's Cathedral.

ON Sara: St. Patrick's? The wheels begin to turn.

WIFE #3

Dear God, is he buying the church now, too?

WINSLOW

He had a rendezvous with Anthony Comstock. Make scandal out of that if you can.

INT. CITY RECORDS OFFICE - DAY.

Where Roosevelt was working before. Sara studies papers: "Astoria Hotel -- Board of Directors;" "Castle Garden -- Board of Trustees;" "Williamsburg Bridge -- Board of Governors;" "Arnold Real Estate Management -- Board of Directors."

INT. "THE TWENTIETH CENTURY" - DAY - SARA

Storms through the club, zeroes in on Kelly. Pulls him aside.

SARA

The four murder sites -- they all have Morgan partners on their boards. In essence, they're Morgan subsidiaries. Is that what you meant by what they have in common?

PAUL KELLY

(drags her to a corner)

I know you're trying to get me killed, but at least protect your own life, will you? Sure, there's freedom of speech in America, but only if you don't say anything important.

SARA

Just answer the question.

Kelly knocks back a drink. Under his breath --

PAUL KELLY

Comstock's coordinating the resistance to your work. But his financial patron is Morgan. He's the one giving the orders.

SARA

Why didn't you tell me to begin with?

PAUL KELLY

Because I know exactly where I stand in this city. I play the odds. When your investigation collapses -- and mark my words, it will -- I can't afford for them to trace one piece of information back to me.

SARA

You could have saved a boy's life --

Kelly picks up the Herald: "Morgan Bails out U.S. Treasury."

PAUL KELLY

Look at this. One man -- controlling enough real estate, banks, railroads, that he can personally bail out the U.S. government's entire budget deficit. The man who controls your money, controls you. So who exactly is now running the United States?

SARA

I don't know. But I see who's running you.

PAUL KELLY

You're not listening. You won't stop this killer. And there are other issues at stake.
(pause)

The poor, on their own, they're expendable. But organize them as a community, and we're three-fourths of the population of New York. For the first time, leaders of the immigrant factions are talking and organizing -- through my efforts. One day, we'll set the whole herd loose on the Rockefellers and the Carnegies, and shove a stick up the arse of Mansion Mile. But I'm in no position to take on J.P. Morgan -- not yet.

SARA

You haven't done it to save a child's life. What makes you think you ever will?

INT. WINSLOW'S HOME - NIGHT - SARA AND WINSLOW.

WINSLOW

I can't -- how could this possibly be?
Morgan -- protecting a killer of boy
prostitutes? It's absurd, it's madness, what
interest could he possibly --?

SARA

I don't know. That's what I'm asking you.

WINSLOW

So we control the murder sites. Darling, we
control half the city. If that's all the
proof you have, how can you make such a leap?

Sara, stymied. Can't reveal that she knows Kelly.

SARA

There is ... other evidence. But I'm not at
liberty to discuss it -- even with you.

(kisses him on the cheek)

I have to tell the others. Be careful. You
don't know what Morgan's capable of.

She rushes away. HOLD on his face, confused.

INT. 808 BROADWAY - DAY.

Evidence from the Records Office spread out by Sara, before
Roosevelt, the Isaacsons, Moore, Cyrus, Stevie, Kreizler. They
are stunned and frightened by her discoveries.

MARCUS ISAACSON

None of us got into this expecting we'd be
going up against J.P. Morgan.

ROOSEVELT

Why? What possible interest could Morgan
have in protecting a killer?

SARA

But the evidence fits: the four murder sites,
Comstock, Morgan at St. Patrick's. He's got
to be the one pulling the strings.

MOORE

Then you're arguing about closing the barn
door when the horse is already dead. If
Morgan is against us, how can we continue?

ROOSEVELT

If he's somehow involved in these murders, he
must be brought to justice. Powerful men
have been brought down before --

MOORE

Anyone this powerful? No one has ever opened his wallet and bought the entire U.S. government.

Silence.

KREIZLER

We have no choice. Ash Wednesday falls on February 20th. We have only six days to --

Moore rises to his feet, gathers his things.

MOORE

I have a choice. A couple of years ago, I wrote a little editorial -- two columns, five paragraphs ...

MARCUS ISAACSON

What are you talking about?

MOORE

I came on board to revive my career. This is not the way to do it.

He leaves. The group, disheartened and silent.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE - NIGHT.

Isaacsons approach their building. Lucius reviewing the photographs of Chan's eyeball.

MARCUS ISAACSON

These are useless. Do you see anything here?

LUCIUS ISAACSON

This is the last time we take seriously any theories of the French.

Step into shadows. Can't see the photos. The streetlamp is out.

ANGLE: Four men rush out of an alley. Approaching quickly. The brothers GRABBED from behind. Two men apiece.

HOOD #1

We've come to fix those big Jew noses.

INT. KREIZLER'S HOME - NIGHT - CHIEF CORONER BACH

In the entryway. Facing Kreizler and a bandaged Cyrus.

BACH

People know things about you -- which, if exposed, could destroy your career. I'm referring in particular to a former female patient, currently in your employ, with whom your behavior is nothing short of scandalous.

KREIZLER

Just tell me who sent you, that's all I --

BACH

I wanted you to know, because I have your best interests in mind. Whereas if you had any enemies, they might not.

Bach turns, exits down the steps. Kreizler SLAMS the door shut. Mary enters from an adjoining room. A look between them.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS.

THUGS beating up the Isaacsons. Too dark to see their faces. Each held by one hood while another pummels away.

INT. MOORE'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS.

Moore enters his bachelor pad, drunk. Reaches for a lantern.

VOICE (O.S.)

All you had in the pantry was scotch. I like a man who keeps his priorities straight.

A lantern LIGHTS, revealing FLYNN, sitting with a glass.

MOORE

Great. All night, I've been thinking, I hope someone comes and beats some sense into me.

FLYNN

I'm here with good news. You've got your old job back. At the Times.

MOORE

Didn't know you were working there, Flynn. Is this is because they miss me so badly? Or do they have other, less noble, reasons?

FLYNN

First, you're gonna quit the investigation. Then you're gonna write. Editorials. Lots of them, the kind people like to read, full of dirt and scandal. An expose of Kreizler's nuthouse. Or how Kreizler snatches children away from their parents. How he puts killers on the streets. It'll be fun, trust me.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - ISAACSONS ON THE GROUND

A BOOT SLAMS into Marcus' stomach. Another BASHES his teeth.

INT. ROOSEVELT'S HOME - CONTINUOUS - ROOSEVELT

On the phone, agitated. He motions to wife ELIZABETH, who silences the CHILDREN.

ROOSEVELT

What sort of charges? And who has brought them against me?

MAYOR STRONG'S VOICE

They are corruption allegations, and they are serious. I want you in my office tomorrow morning to answer them, or you are hereby relieved of your position.

ROOSEVELT

But -- how can I defend myself unless --?

Line goes dead.

INT. POOL HALL - CONTINUOUS.

Stevie, lining up a shot. Three COPS approach, take his stick.

BALD COP

Hey, Stevie. Hear you copped an insanity plea. Ended up in Kreizler's nuthouse.

STEVIE

Fuck you, he stands up for me. Says you can't touch me long as I stay clean.

BALD COP

Tough staying clean. You're walking down the street and some cop grabs you, finds an ounce of opium down your pants.

(pause)

It's not easy, without some help.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS.

The mob exiting. Isaacsons, bloody, laid out on the ground.

HOOD #2

Maybe now they'll go back to where they came from -- someplace like Argentina.

Laughter. Lucius just conscious enough to catch that remark.

INT. ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT.

The Isaacsons in hospital beds, bandaged. Badly beaten, but sound. Kreizler with Sara, who holds Marcus' hand. Cyrus and Roosevelt sit in the corner. Stevie stands apart, alone.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

We couldn't see their faces. But I'm sure they were cadets from the police academy.

ROOSEVELT

Miss Howard, you were left unharmed, correct? And Stevie -- no one approached you?

STEVIE

Me? No. Maybe they didn't know where to look.

KREIZLER

They have begun to operate from fear. It's a sign we're getting close.

MARCUS ISAACSON

But how do they even know what we've discovered, to decide on attacking us?

KREIZLER

I was hoping to reach a more definitive conclusion but this can no longer wait. There is an informant among us. Someone has been funnelling details of the case directly to our adversaries.

VARIOUS ANGLES, as members of the group look at one another. Who could it be? PUSH IN on Sara, as she begins to wonder.

KREIZLER (O.S.)

I must say, my suspicions had centered on Moore. Yet if he was secretly working for Morgan, why wouldn't he have made some effort to dispute our conclusions?

ESTABLISH WINSLOW'S HOME - NIGHT.

SARA (V.O.)

... and the Isaacsons were set upon by a mob at their building.

INT. WINSLOW'S HOME - CONTINUOUS.

PANNING past marble staircase to Sara with Winslow.

SARA

Even Dr. Kreizler couldn't stand up to this sort of violence.

WINSLOW

So the investigation ...?

SARA

We had no choice. It's over.

He takes her in his arms, genuinely upset.

WINSLOW

I'm so ashamed, Sara -- for all of us.

HOLD on Sara. Not knowing the man whose arms enfold her.

INT. MAYOR STRONG'S OFFICE - CITY HALL - DAY.

A surprised Roosevelt stands before Strong.

MAYOR STRONG

The charges against you proved groundless.

ROOSEVELT

I don't -- this is outrageous, sir. I'm owed an explanation.

MAYOR STRONG

What's left to explain? You did what needed to be done. You made the right choice.

Puts his arm around a baffled Roosevelt, leads him to door.

MAYOR STRONG

Cheer up, Theodore. The fact is, Pierpont Morgan knows of you -- and likes you. He admires pluck. Think of it -- unlimited campaign funds, command of the national machine. The governorship, a Senatorial bid -- all these are now within your grasp.

INT. 808 BROADWAY - DAY.

SARA

I'm offering my resignation, effective immediately.

Facing Roosevelt, Kreizler, Isaacsons, Cyrus, Stevie.

SARA

Last night, I told my fiancée we disbanded the investigation. That's why Strong acted as he did. I've been sharing information with Brandon. And it seems he's been passing it on to Morgan.

Shock turns quickly to anger. The group speaks at once.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

You told your fiancée? When you knew Morgan was our enemy? That's idiotic.

MARCUS ISAACSON

My brother and I were nearly beaten to death.

ROOSEVELT

Was I not clear, Miss Howard? On the need for secrecy? Did you simply not listen?

SARA

I know I've been a disgrace. That's why I'm resigning.

KREIZLER

I'm sorry, Miss Howard, and the rest of you, but I refuse to accept this resignation.

(pause)

Miss Howard made a foolish mistake. But now, we can use her mistake to our advantage. Sara, you must make certain your fiancée believes that nothing has changed.

ON Sara: the role she's being forced to play sinking in.

ROOSEVELT

I see your point, Doctor. The pressure will ease off so long as they continue to believe we have disbanded.

Kreizler moves to his desk.

KREIZLER

Morgan's thugs have already cost us a full day of work. We have just six left until Ash Wednesday. I still feel these military records are critical. Miss Howard and I will take the train tonight to Washington. To check records at St. Elizabeth's, the government's hospital for soldiers who have been declared insane.

SARA

Doctor, I swear -- he'll never know a thing has changed. I'll use him now, as he used me.

EXT. SARA'S HOME - NIGHT.

She's getting out of a cab, in front of her building.

PAUL KELLY (O.S.)

Solita ...

Turns to see Kelly, getting out of his large brougham parked by the curb. Her world is still spinning.

PAUL KELLY

I heard about what happened last night. Is everyone all right?

SARA

They'll live. [beat] You knew, didn't you? About Brandon?

PAUL KELLY

I assumed. [beat] Brandon Winslow. Better than most, in that he has a conscience. But worse, because he's too weak to use it.

SARA

If you'd told me, I would never have believed you. [beat] But it seems my faith has been placed in all the wrong people.

INT. KREIZLER'S HOME - NIGHT.

Kreizler looks out the front door, an overnight bag beside him.

MOORE (O.S.)

I know you don't expect much from me ...

REVEAL Moore, standing on the front steps.

MOORE

But I have a friend at the War Dept. in D.C.. He owes me -- I once squashed a story about his conviction for soliciting a prostitute. I just thought, maybe ...

KREIZLER

Would you care to accompany us?

Moore enters, collapses into a chair.

MOORE

They should've left me alone. I was happy just saving my skin. But I realized -- it's too late. I'll never be a real reporter again. They'll always be lurking around, pulling my strings.

(pause)

So long as my life is over, I might as well stick with you. We'll all go down together.

INT. J.P. MORGAN & CO - NIGHT.

Winslow faces the back of Morgan's chair. Cigar smoke rising.

WINSLOW

Sir, you ... told me to keep you informed ... not that you were planning to stop them.

Slowly, Morgan turns his chair around. Their eyes MEET.

J.P. MORGAN

I'm giving you one more share in the Treasury sale, Winslow. Now go home and enjoy it.

WINSLOW

But, sir --

J.P. MORGAN

I'm in a good mood. Don't spoil it.

ESTABLISH GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT.

Cyrus and Stevie pull up, Kreizler and Moore get out with bags.

INT. SARA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Sara tosses things into an overnight case. Knock at the door. She approaches carefully, picking up her revolver.

WINSLOW (O.S.)
It's me, Sara. Please open up. I've been thinking about you, all day.

Tucks her gun into the base of a planter in the entryway. Opens the door. Winslow haggard and distraught. He's been drinking.

WINSLOW (CONTD.)
May I come in?

Sara checks a clock: 8:15. But she can't let on.

WINSLOW (CONTD.)
Sara, I want you to come with me.

She keeps one eye on the clock, another on her bedroom, where her overnight bag sits visible on her bed.

SARA
I'm sorry, I don't understand --

Takes her hands. Desperate.

WINSLOW
Please. Do this for me. It's important.

Sara has to play the part. She picks up her gun, starts to place it in her purse.

WINSLOW (CONTD.)
You don't need that.

He takes her gun, places it on the hall table.

WINSLOW (CONTD.)
I love you so much.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT.

8:40. Moore and Kreizler boarding their train as it pulls out. Cyrus and Stevie on the platform.

KREIZLER
There's only one night train to Washington.
We cannot afford to lose another day of work.
(MORE)

KREIZLER (CONT'D)

(to Cyrus and Stevie)

Go to her home, investigate the route between there and the station. We will call as soon as we arrive in Washington!

EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT - SARA AND WINSLOW

Emerge from a cab before a beautiful BROWNSTONE.

WINSLOW

Here we are.

They walk up the front steps. Everything glitters beneath snow.

SARA

Brandon, what are you doing? Who lives here?

Winslow reaches into his pocket. Produces a key.

WINSLOW

We do. After we're married.

INT. BROWNSTONE - MOMENTS LATER.

Perfect. Brass, marble, electricity -- sparkling.

WINSLOW

It was my grandmother's. I've been waiting for the right occasion. I couldn't wait any longer.

ON Sara: all her hopes and ambitions passing before her eyes.

SARA

It's ... everything I've ever dreamed.

They stand in the center of a large circular living room.

WINSLOW

After Wednesday, I'm leaving banking. I've given more than my pound of flesh to Pierpont Morgan. The time has come to devote myself to us ... and our family.

(he takes her hands)

I need to know you believe in me, Sara. I'm not as strong as you. But with all my faults, I know that I love you.

His eyes, searching her eyes for any trace of doubt. Sees none.

SARA

I love you too, Brandon. I'd give up everything ...

He embraces her. She holds him, devastated.

WINSLOW

You've saved my life.

He releases her, relieved. Continues to hold her hand.

WINSLOW

After the Treasury Bond sale, we'll have all we need. We won't be bound to anyone.

(off Sara's confusion)

The bonds. From the Treasury.

SARA

I'm sorry, I thought Morgan was only lending the U.S. enough gold to cover its deficit.

WINSLOW

In exchange for bonds. Which he plans to re-sell on the open market -- February 20th. With his word backing them, they should go for a great deal more than their face value.

SARA

He's planning to make money from this deal?

WINSLOW

Have you ever known him to do otherwise? He didn't bother to tell the Treasury Department, of course. But what business is that of their's?

They return to the front door.

WINSLOW

I can see the future again.

Embraces her. Out of his sight, her eyes now fill with tears.

SARA

I've had such hopes for us ... and now, to see them come to this ... I don't know that I'll ever stop crying.

EXT. WINSLOW'S HOME - NIGHT.

From POV of a cab, parked on 5th Ave. -- Sara and Winslow leaving his home. He hails the cab, which comes towards them.

WINSLOW

Sweet dreams.

They kiss. She gets inside.

CAB TAKES OFF DOWN THE AVENUE.

SARA

66th and Broadway, please.

Through the cab's front window, she sees the back of the DRIVER's grey silk trousers.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Awfully cold out tonight. I couldn't help but notice that lovely coat -- it must go a long way towards keeping off the elements.

Strange line of conversation. Sara looks out the window.

SARA

I said 66th and Broadway.

DRIVER (O.S.)

66th? I thought you said 6th Street. I don't mean any disrespect, but that coat -- was it a gift from the gentleman?

That voice -- it sounds familiar. She tries the door. Locked.

DRIVER (O.S.)

You do so much to impress him, and yet, for me, you have so little respect.

It's him. She rattles the door. Pounds on the windows. Reaches for her gun -- no good. She left it in her apartment.

EXT. CAB TURNS EAST ON HOUSTON TOWARDS LOWER EAST SIDE.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS.

Reckless driving TOSSING her about violently.

SARA

Just tell me why...

DRIVER (O.S.)

I could ask the same of you. You've picked me apart, with all the Doctor's modern methods. So what have you found? Who am I?

SARA

Well, you're -- I think you've come from ... an impoverished background.

Cab VEERS sharply to the left -- SLAMMING her against the side.

EXT. THE BOWERY - CONTINUOUS.

He's SKIDDING from one side of the street to the other.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Wrong already, Sara. You look down on me, as
(MORE)

DRIVER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
if I were trash off the streets. Why can't
you understand -- that all I want from this
world is justice?

SARA
What kind of justice? What do you --?

DRIVER (O.S.)
Enough. You've had your chance.

The cab TIPS sideways. Nearly overturning.

DRIVER (O.S.)
What right have you to interfere? I haven't
tried to stop your dreams, have I?

Sara crawls back onto the seat. Her lip, split.

SARA
I know why you're killing those boys. You
see it as your way out. But, why?

Cab BASHES into something. Throwing her back onto the floor.

EXT. BOWERY STREETS - CONTINUOUS.

Deserted down here. Cab veering viciously. Running it onto
sidewalks, banging into lampposts.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS - SARA.

Mouth bleeding, face bruised.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Enough of this. What does Morgan know?

Her eyes light up.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Has he spoken of me? Has he read my letters?
You're entering into his world, you must know
something. Have you touched his hand? I've
waited so long -- what can you tell me?

SARA
(cautious)
Is there ... something you'd like me to say
to him? Some message, just --

DRIVER (O.S.)
Tell me what he knows!

WHACK! Cab SCRAPES the side of a building. Sparks FLY.

SARA

I can help you, if you'll just --

DRIVER (O.S.)

You only want to keep me from getting what I deserve. You'll never know what it's like -- to be born in the wrong place. Looking for one ray of light -- amidst all the darkness.

Sara, battered about like a rag doll. GRABS onto the door handle. Pulls herself towards the window.

SARA

I do know. You feel .. you feel ... damn my life, I deserve better. The people here, they suffocate me. The constant, mindless toil -- all to survive in a world unfit for humans. I just want to live. A little better than the animals. I don't belong here. My birth -- everything about it -- it's all been some terrible mistake!

SHATTERS the glass with her elbow. Shards go flying. Puts her arm through the jagged edges. Feels for the outside handle.

Cab SWERVES. Glass edges TEAR at her arm. But she opens the door. Looks down. The street, whizzing below her.

SHE LEAPS OUT OF THE SPEEDING CAB.

Tumbles across the pavement. Torn and bleeding, pulls herself onto her knees. As the carriage clatters off into the night.

INT. KREIZLER'S HOME - NIGHT.

Doorbell RINGING. Insistent. Mary rushes to open it.

ON Sara. Starts to speak ... COLLAPSES into Mary's arms.

INT. KREIZLER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER.

Sara, bandaged by Mary, with the Isaacsons. Cyrus enters.

CYRUS

I reached the Doctor in Washington. I told him Sara is safe.

SARA

He's interested in me because of my connection to Morgan. He even mentioned some letters he'd sent. And he used that phrase again -- the same one in my letter -- about light amidst darkness.

ESTABLISH ST. ELIZABETH'S HOSPITAL - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY.

Capitol building in the b.g., carriages on the streets.

INT. SHEPHERD'S OFFICE - LATER.

ON a War Dept. ID -- "Hobart WEAVER." Short, portly bureaucrat. Speaking with St. Elizabeth's Superintendent, SHEPHERD.

WEAVER

Request permission to examine patient files, 1885-present, Superintendent.

Moore stands with Weaver, who is his War Dept. contact.

INT. RECORDS ROOM (ST. ELIZABETH'S) - LATER.

Weaver wipes his face with a hankie. Moore takes down files.

MOORE

Now, go let in Dr. Kreizler. He's waiting by the rear entrance.

WEAVER

If we get caught, it'll be worse for me than any conviction for pandering.

MOORE

Just don't run into the Superintendent.
(Weaver looks skeptical)
You've had years of experience sneaking around behind your wife's back.

TIME CUT - WEAVER

Guarding the door. Kreizler sifts through records with Moore.

KREIZLER

These medical records are so poorly-kept ...

WEAVER

Does that mean we can go now?

Moore flips through a small stack Kreizler's set aside.

KREIZLER (CONT'D)

Those aren't important. Cases with one interesting feature or another -- but all have some factor that rules them out for serious consideration.

MOORE

Our morning at the War Dept. didn't go much better. We pulled a few files, but there was something wrong with all of them.

(reads the labels)

"Wendell Phillips," "Marcus Carter," "Adam Beecham." Adam Beecham ...

(MORE)

MOORE (CONT'D)

(pauses, thinking)

Hobart, where are the files from the War Dept.?

Weaver hands Moore a small stack of files. Kreizler continues, unaffected by Moore's remark.

KREIZLER

Beecham, yes, something about a "facial tic."
But there was a reason I disqualified him --

MOORE

Here. Adam Beecham. Given a dishonorable discharge for mutilating the bodies of immigrant protesters at the 1891 Haymarket Riots in Chicago.

Now Kreizler's interested. Looks through his own file on Beecham.

KREIZLER

But he's not the child of immigrants. His father was born in New York City. It's possible we're incorrect about that aspect of his profile, but --

MOORE

Look at this. Considering the fact that he kills on religious holidays, I think the profile isn't too far off.

Under "Notes on Father," is written "Episcopal minister."

INT. UNION STATION (WASHINGTON) - NIGHT.

Moore and Kreizler, walking through the brand new station.

KREIZLER

We'll check the records of the Episcopal Church. If Rev. Beecham is still alive, he could help us locate his son. Who may prove to be quite important.

MOORE

How about one wild burst of enthusiasm -- just for me?

KREIZLER

Enthusiasm? What would be the point of that? But if you wish, by all means, go ahead.

INT. TRACK #19 (UNION STATION) - CONTINUOUS.

Engineers flag an incoming train. First car is a private coach - a jewel-box, highly-polished, shiny with brass.

Porters block the other cars. A dozen portly BANKERS emerge, including Morgan, with Comstock at his side.

MOORE AND KREIZLER

Approaching Gate #19. Unaware.

MORGAN

Nears the station with his party.

J.P. MORGAN

We'll sign the papers at the Treasury Dept. tomorrow. In the meantime, I've arranged some entertainment. The least I can do, seeing as how I've forced you gentlemen to spend an entire evening away from your wives.

Comstock, sour-faced, drops back with the commoners disembarking.

MOORE AND KREIZLER - BY GATE #19

J.P. MORGAN (O.S.)

Washington -- it's a dumpy provincial town, but it's our dumpy provincial town.

They spot Morgan emerging from the gate. Kreizler and Moore hide in a hallway as he passes with his entourage into the station.

MOORE

Must be here on that bailout business. That was a close call. Morgan only knows what price we'd pay if they spotted us together.

BACK TO COMSTOCK.

He's exiting Platform #19. Stops and stares. Sees:

On Platform #18 -- Moore and Kreizler, boarding their train.

INT. NYC-WASHINGTON LINE (NORTHBOUND) - NIGHT.

Relaxing for once. Moore offers Kreizler a nip from a hip flask.

KREIZLER

Well ... even Freud has his cigars.

Takes a sip. Winces.

MOORE

It's for effect, not aesthetics.

KREIZLER

You asked for enthusiasm, Moore? If we can solve this case, I think afterwards, I should like to spend some time away -- perhaps a year or more -- a sort of sabbatical.

MOORE

I've been on a sabbatical myself. Too bad it's been involuntary.

(pause)

Every day, I told myself, that sooner or later, I'd make it back to the top.

(pause)

Well, the laugh's on me. I thought your investigation would be my ticket. Instead, it's finally killed any chance that I'll ever get my old life back. So here I am.

Starting a new one. Maybe it really began the day I wrote that editorial. I've wasted a lot of time, trying to live down that act of conscience. Now, it's all I have left.

Kreizler nods. Takes another hit.

KREIZLER

To be honest, I have been facing a similar sort of revelation about myself.

MOORE

What's that?

KREIZLER

I find myself, at certain moments, actually looking forward to the future.

MOORE

That's why you want to take this sabbatical?

KREIZLER

With ... a friend. Who has made me see possibilities for my life beyond any I'd ever dared to expect. She has opened my eyes ... to hope.

INT. MARY GARDNER'S BEDROOM - KREIZLER'S HOME - NIGHT.

She sits in a nightgown, brushing her hair. Puts down the brush.

EXITS TO THE HALLWAY.

Checks the bedrooms. All empty. Descends the staircase. Notices the lock on the front door undone. Latches it.

SHE ENTERS KREIZLER'S STUDY.

Curled up in his chair. As if to absorb traces of his presence. Hears only the crackling of the fireplace. Closes her eyes.

A HAND CLAMPS ITSELF OVER HER MOUTH.

Pulls her to her feet. It's Donner, twisting her arm behind her back. Flynn beside him.

FLYNN

Now, we know your boyfriend's gone to Washington. But what we also want to know is, why? How much does he think he knows?

Donner releases her mouth. But holds onto her. She tries to speak. They don't realize she can't.

FLYNN

(slaps her, hard)

I think you'll have to do better than that.

INT. 808 BROADWAY - CONTINUOUS.

Elevator comes up. A battalion of cops emerges.

INT. KREIZLER'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS.

FLYNN

I'm telling you, you fucking whore. You don't want to get me going.

Her mouth bleeding. Terrified. Tries to talk, effort agonizing.

FLYNN

Making fun of me? Think I'm fooling around?

(low, menacing)

I gave you fair warning.

PUNCHES her across the jaw. Something cracks. She spits blood.

INT. 808 BROADWAY - NIGHT.

Cops trashing the joint. Tossing records out the window.

INT. KREIZLER'S STUDY - NIGHT.

FLYNN

Why don't you talk? Don't make me do this --

His fist SLAMS into her gut. Cracking her RIBS. She passes out. Flynn bounces on his toes, like a fighter. Turns to Donner.

FLYNN

Well? Wake her up.

EXT. GRAMERCY PARK STREETS - NIGHT.

Cab carrying Kreizler and Moore rounds a corner. Sees his home, all lit up. Police, reporters, his patients milling about.

KREIZLER

Oh my god ... oh my --

Moore puts a hand on his arm. Kreizler leaps from the cab.

A herd of REPORTERS intercept him. Pads, pencils flying.

REPORTERS

Doctor, do you deny you were romantically involved with the victim? ... Do you have a history of intimate relations with your patients? ... How do you feel these revelations will affect your practice?

KREIZLER

Let me be!

They pursue him towards the front door. Roosevelt waiting.

ROOSEVELT

Doctor, please, I think you should sit --

FOLLOW Kreizler past Roosevelt, pushing away police, into --
HIS STUDY.

Police, taking photos. On the floor, a body beneath a blanket. Sara runs up to him. He FLINGS her away. Cold.

SARA

Doctor, you mustn't --

KREIZLER

I need to see her.

SWATS away cops. Falls to his knees. Hands trembling. Lifts up the edge of the blanket. Peeks beneath. Long moment.

Sara walks up behind him. He waves her away with a slight shake of his hand. Then reaches down.

ON his hand: stroking her blood-caked hair.

EXT. KREIZLER'S HOME - ON MOORE.

Sitting on the stoop outside. Exhausted. Steffens and Riis, the rival Reporters from the opening bridge scene, approach him.

JAKE RIIS

Looks like all this palling around with the Doctor's finally going to pay off for you.

LINK STEFFENS

It's the story of the year. The Doctor's love-patient. Killed with a single shot to the head, after most of her internal organs were ruptured by beating.

MOORE

How'd you find out about the Doctor and Mary?

JAKE RIIS

An anonymous call. Love, death, and the ignominious fall of this city's premiere witch doctor.

MOORE

(disgusted)

I'm sure you'll crucify him good. At this point, it'd almost be worth it to become a Christian. Just to believe there's a hell for you all to burn in.

INT. ENTRYWAY - MOMENTS LATER - ROOSEVELT WITH COPS.

ROOSEVELT

We are not leaving until I'm satisfied. Did the search produce any evidence?

A BALD COP steps forward. The same cop who offered Stevie a deal in the pool hall. He carries a roll of bills.

BALD COP

No, sir. But in the boy's room -- we found this. Seems like a lot of money for a kid.

INT. KREIZLER'S HOME - LATER - KREIZLER

Rests in bed, sedated. Cyrus standing watch. In the hall, Isaacsons, Moore, Roosevelt confront Stevie with money.

STEVIE

It was a set-up, can't you idiots see that?

ROOSEVELT

So are you saying the police planted this money? And you knew nothing about it?

STEVIE

Yeah. No, but ... it ain't like it looks.

Moore GRABS Stevie by the collar. Shakes him. Furious.

MOORE

I'm sure you're a great liar. But someone told them that this investigation was still on. Is this how you repay the Doctor?

STEVIE

I got it from the cops, so what? I didn't tell them a goddamn thing.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

They gave you the cash?

STEVIE

Don't you get it? They wanted me to spy, but I took their money, and didn't give them nothing in return.

KREIZLER (O.S.)

... you killed her.

Turns to see Kreizler in the doorway. A ghost.

STEVIE

No! I was playing them, Doctor, don't you --?

KREIZLER

Get out of my house.

ON Stevie, tears welling. Suddenly -- SNATCHES money away from Lucius, flees down the stairs.

Isaacsons start after him, but Moore holds them back.

MOORE

Don't even bother. It's all over. This investigation, everything. Nothing's going to save us now.

INT. DORMITORY - KREIZLER'S INSTITUTE - DAY.

Patients gone. Kreizler sits, Cyrus guarding. Sara enters.

KREIZLER

(doesn't look up)

They ruptured her liver ... cracked three of her ribs ... shattered her cheekbones ... the bullet must have come as a relief. My theories, this investigation -- they all led to this.

SARA

No, this can't be the end. We have only four days left.

KREIZLER

After all this, you wish to go on? Sara, your ambition disgusts me.

SARA

But we're so close. Think of the lives --

KREIZLER

I cannot think! I can only see her broken body ...and imagine what she endured.

SARA

Doctor, fight this -- you've done it for others, now do it for yourself.

KREIZLER

It is much easier to help others. I have not felt like this since I was a child. When pain could strike from any direction, at any time. And I was powerless to stop it.

INT. A DARK ROOM -- CLOSE ON THE FACE OF AN ITALIAN BOY
This is VINCENZO. A HAND enters frame, touches his face.

VINCENZO

Where will we go?

WEALTHY MAN (O.S.)

Someplace where you can forget all this.

Vincenzo starts to speak. A finger touches the boy's lips.

WEALTHY MAN (O.S.)

Ssssh. All good things come in time.

Vincenzo takes the hand. Slowly, lovingly, KISSES his knuckles.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. 808 BROADWAY - DUSK.

Sara, Moore, Isaacsons, Roosevelt pick through the litter.

ROOSEVELT

I got you all into this business. I know the damage done to your lives can never be repaired. I'll do everything in my power to help you return to private life.

SARA

Commissioner, I have no intention of returning to private life. There's so much work to be done.

They all stare at her.

MOORE

Sara, I know this case meant a lot to you, but -- be realistic ...

SARA

There's a murderer out there, and he's going to kill again in four days. That's reality.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

But, Miss Howard, the Doctor --

SARA

The Doctor has his own battles to fight now. We remain. And we owe it to him to continue.

MARCUS ISAACSON

We're not alienists. If you think we can proceed without his theories --

SARA

He's left us his theories, don't you see? Crammed our heads full of them -- that's his legacy to us.

(goes to board)

Why does he kill? He's trying to get out. He wants to prove something to Morgan. What? We know how the Doctor thinks. How he gets his answers. All we have to do is find them within ourselves.

A beat.

MOORE

Well, Morgan's a beacon of traditional values -- except in his private life, of course. He sure wouldn't approve of boy prostitutes.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

He's also worried about immigrants -- needs them for cheap labor, but he's afraid they'll corrupt the country with foreign values.

SARA

OK -- so our man's killing only the most corrupt foreigners -- setting an example to the rest that they'd better behave. Trying to impress Morgan, doesn't it make sense?

MOORE

Yeah, as a wild speculation.

SARA

This entire investigation has turned on speculation. Besides, we have his name now. Finding him is just legwork. How can we give up when we're so close?

Elevator coming up. Everyone freezes. Doors open, revealing --

CYRUS

The Doctor has let me go. If you plan to continue the investigation, I'd like to remain a part of it.

SARA

See? As always, Mr. Montrose leads the way. Marcus, Lucius?

MARCUS ISAACSON

Well, with Kreizler gone, they assume they've crushed us at last. Commissioner, do you think we can proceed on our own?

ROOSEVELT

Experience tells me no. But at this point, inexperience makes the more impressive case. Yet I certainly can't make that decision for any of you.

MOORE

We aren't going to catch this guy just because we want to. The Doctor's the only one with the experience to really understand this killer.

Silence; then --

SARA

I think I do.

They turn to her, surprised. After a beat --

SARA

I grew up in the slums. At 14, I ran away from home. I thought I deserved a better life than my parents could give me. I always thought I could go back for them. But while I was gone, my father died, and then my mother killed herself. I sacrificed them, because I wanted more.

(pause)

I know this man. He's neither good nor evil. He's just trying to save himself.

She looks at them all. Silence. Then --

MOORE

We can't meet here any more, we'll have to go underground.

SARA

I've thought of that.

MARCUS ISAACSON

Someplace the police don't go.

SARA

I've thought of that.

EXT. LITTLE ITALY - DAY.

Ghetto kids playing stick-ball in an alley. Lucius enters a tenement doorway. DISCOVER Stevie, watching from a distance.

INT. TENEMENT - DAY.

HQ set up here. Two rooms. In one, Moore, Marcus, and Cyrus work, pouring over their notebooks.

MOORE

We have a name, but there're a million people in this city -- what's the most comprehensive directory available?

MARCUS ISAACSON

City departments only keep records pertaining to their own concerns -- but none of these have yet been combined into a larger system.

OUTSIDE IN THE HALLWAY - KELLY WITH SARA

SARA

Thanks for letting me shame you into this. Maybe you have a conscience after all.

PAUL KELLY

(smiling, as he turns to leave)
Only my enemies know for sure. My friends have to take a chance. [beat] Good luck.

On his way out, Kelly passes Lucius walking towards the flat.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

(to Sara)
I found something.

MOMENTS LATER - TENEMENT HQ - ISAACSONS, SARA, MOORE, CYRUS.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

I called the Episcopal Church about the killer's father. Rev. John Beecham served his first assignment here in Manhattan -- at the New York Lying-In Hospital. An institution operated by the Episcopal Church.

MOORE

It's the only hospital in New York devoted exclusively to the care of unwed mothers. And it's funded mostly through the donations of John Pierpont Morgan.

ESTABLISH NEW YORK LYING-IN HOSPITAL - DAY.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Miss Howard, the Lying-In Hospital is most grateful for your attention.

INT. LYING-IN HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS.

Dr. James MARKOE shows Sara down sparkling-clean hallways.

SARA

I was trained as a nurse. After Mr. Winslow and I marry, I may want to volunteer here.

Fresh, well-scrubbed girls pass them in the halls. Sara notes details: main entrance behind her, offices all around.

MARKOE

So many of the girls here are in need of a proper example of womanhood.

SARA

Yes, I understand they're all --

MARKOE

In a family way. We don't like to mince words around here. More than a decade ago, Mr. Morgan was deeply moved by the rise of illegitimate births in the ghettos.

Sara reacts to this. On the left: a room full of file drawers. With a window.

SARA

This is where patient's records are kept?

MARKOE

Yes, current and past.

SARA

And personnel? Is this, for instance, where my file would be kept, as a volunteer?

They continue down the hall towards his office.

MARKOE

If you wanted to be discreet about your service here, we could store your file in my office. Guaranteeing your complete privacy.

She sees a small file drawer behind his desk. Locked.

MARKOE

So -- have you and Mr. Winslow set a date?

EXT. LYING-IN HOSPITAL - NIGHT.

WATCHMAN #1, small and wiry, sits reading a paper, while WATCHMAN #2, a burly man, goes off on his rounds.

AT THE REAR OF THE BUILDING -- MOORE AND SARA

Lucius jiggles the lock on the file room window. Opens it.

INT. FILE ROOM (LYING-IN HOSPITAL) - MOMENTS LATER.

Sara rifling through drawer marked "Personnel, nonactive."

SARA

Here we go. "Beecham, Rev. John." He served here only one year, 1880-81.

MOORE

Any reason why he left?

SARA

"Married 1881 to Elizabeth Dury. Assumed parish in New Paltz, NY."

MOORE

Any connections with Morgan? Did Morgan fire him, say? Why would Rev. Beecham's son be so obsessed with the man?

SARA

(looking at file)
This isn't any help.

MOORE

Who was the woman Beecham married? Elizabeth Dury? All the doctors I know ended up with their nurses. Could she be in the personnel records?

Sara flips through the personnel files. A moment later, Lucius opens another drawer, rifles through it.

SARA

Nope. Nothing here.

LUCIUS ISAACSON (O.S.)

Here she is.

They look at him.

LUCIUS ISAACSON (CONT'D.)

Beecham's wife was a patient.

He opens her file: "Transferred to restricted."

SARA

If we're lucky, it'll be in Markoe's office.

In the hall outside, FOOTSTEPS.

MOORE

Kill the lantern.

IN THE HALL, WATCHMAN #2 --

Opens the file room door. Takes a cursory glance on his rounds. Our team, concealed in the shadows. Closes the door.

Moore goes to the window. Starts to climb out.

MOORE

You'll need a diversion.

INT. MAIN ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER - WATCHMAN #1

Sees Moore knocking on the door, flashing his expired ID.

MOORE

Jake Riis, New York Post. We're doing a story on the epidemic of unwed motherhood in the city, and --

DOWN THE HALL: Watchman #2 walks back towards the commotion.

SARA AND LUCIUS

Exit the file room and proceed down the hall. Into Markoe's office. Light the lantern.

Go to the file drawer. Lucius goes to work on the lock.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

Schiller. Fortunately, when it comes to locks, I speak German.

WATCHMAN #1

Still arguing with Moore. Sees his partner. Waves him away.

MOORE

I could take your comments anonymously ...

Watchman #2 returns to his rounds.

BACK IN MARKOE'S OFFICE -- LUCIUS GETS THE DRAWER OPEN

Sara rifles through the charts.

SARA

There have got to be at least thirty women here -- going back decades ... Here she is -- "Elizabeth Dury." She was a patient in 1881. The same year Rev. Beecham married her.

IN THE HALLWAY, WATCHMAN #2 --

Walking past Markoe's office. Stops. Looks down. Sees, through the crack beneath the door, flickering LIGHT and SHADOWS.

INSIDE THE OFFICE

Sara and Lucius study Dury's chart.

SARA

"Birthplace: Marseille, France." She was an immigrant. What else --? Oh my God.

ON the chart: "Source of Payment." By which is written "Paul Kelly."

Sara flips through charts. "Source of Payment: Paul Kelly." All of them, dozens: "Paul Kelly ... Paul Kelly ... Paul Kelly ..."

O.S., they hear the door OPEN.

WATCHMAN #2 (O.S.)

Who the hell are you?

WATCHMAN #1 IS STILL AT THE DOOR WITH MOORE.

WATCHMAN #1

...it's not like the ladies are bad, they just got themselves in a situation --

HEARS his Partner's voice, from within the building.

WATCHMAN #2 (O.S.)

Hey -- there's someone in Markoe's office!

Watchman #1 SLAMS the door in Moore's face. Locks it. Runs off. Through the glass door, we see Moore, worried.

BACK TO MARKOE'S OFFICE.

Watchman #2, holding Sara and Lucius at bay with his nightstick. As his partner enters behind him.

WATCHMAN #2

Don't move. Just stay where you are.
(to Watchman #1)
Call Markoe. Now.

Watchman #1 disappears down the hall. Suddenly --

THE PICTURE WINDOW BEHIND THEM EXPLODES INWARD.

A brick flies through, sending shards of glass EVERYWHERE.

Watchman #1, distracted. Lucius sees the opportunity, GRABS the hand with the nightstick. The two STRUGGLE.

WHACK! A lamp SLAMS into the back of Watchman #1's head. He collapses onto the floor. Sara drops the lamp.

SECONDS LATER - WATCHMAN #1

Dashes back into the doorway. Sees Watchman #2, on the floor. Through the open window, three figures disappear into the night.

ESTABLISH "THE TWENTIETH CENTURY" - NIGHT.

SARA (O.S.)

I underestimated you, Kelly. I thought you were a common hood.

INT. KELLY'S OFFICE - "THE TWENTIETH CENTURY" - SARA & KELLY.

SARA

I was wrong. You're much more than that.

PAUL KELLY

What the hell are you talking about?

SARA

Why is your name listed as source of payment for dozens of unwed mothers at Morgan's Hospital? Why didn't you tell us you worked for Morgan?

Kelly, taken aback. A pause; then --

PAUL KELLY

I started as Morgan's bagman. The same position Markoe holds now.

SARA

All this time -- you knew Morgan was involved with these murders. Yet you never even mentioned you'd worked for him. Instead, you nudged us along, forcing us to discover every piece on our own. Why didn't you tell me?

PAUL KELLY

I am starting to assume a political role in this community. The immigrant leaders hate Morgan. I didn't tell you, because I don't tell anyone.

SARA

Didn't it ever occur to you that you might know something important? What is the Lying-In Hospital to Morgan?

PAUL KELLY

It's a cover for his mistresses. He marries them off to members of the staff. Why?

SARA

Because we think the killer is Adam Beecham. Whose mother was one of the women Morgan provided for in your name. Which means our man could be one of Morgan's bastard sons. [beat] And we have only three more days before the next murder.

PAUL KELLY

Look, Solita, how was I supposed to --?

SARA

You say you want to change this city? You

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

say you're above the evil? What is evil, but behavior? Look at your own behavior, and then tell me what you are.

She starts to leave. Kelly's words stop her:

PAUL KELLY

There's one thing wrong with your theory. Morgan gives his bastards money, trust funds. He knows where every last one of those kids are. Not that he cares about the victims, but why wouldn't he just stop Adam Beecham himself?

(pause)

Solita -- if I'd known this had anything to do with the case, I'd have told you.

SARA

I don't believe you. Too many have betrayed us already. I no longer know who to trust.

ESTABLISH PAREISIS HALL - NIGHT.

INT. PAREISIS HALL - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS.

In a dark room, Stevie peels bills off the wad the cops found. He's with VINCENZO, whom we saw kiss the hand of the Wealthy Man.

VINCENZO

I work here, since I am seven. So I am "old lady" to younger girls. Yes, I can give them warning. But how will we know this man?

STEVIE

He's about six feet tall. And his face -- it's deformed.

As Vincenzo takes Stevie's money, Biff Ellison sees Stevie through the open door. Charges inside.

BIFF ELLISON

Little bastard! What are you doing here?

Stevie tries to get around him. Biff reaches down to grab him, but misses.

LONG SHOT - STEVIE BARRELING DOWN THE HALL

Biff CHASING after him. Stevie RUNS right into someone's arms:

WEALTHY MAN (O.S.)

Is this the way you treat all your employees, Mr. Ellison?

The Wealthy Man TURNS Stevie around, the Boy can't see his face.

BIFF ELLISON

This ain't no employee. This is just a punk.

WEALTHY MAN

Young boys are to be treasured, not beaten like animals.

(to Stevie)

Allow me to escort you from here.

ON Stevie: worried this could be the killer. The boy looks up, behind him, straining to get a glimpse of the Man's face.

HIS POV: Sees the lapel of the Man's grey silk suit. A beautiful diamond stickpin.

UP to the Man's face, illuminated in the dim light of an overhead lantern. We see him clearly for the first time. Moderately handsome, receding hairline. No sign of deformity.

ON Stevie, relieved. He smiles innocently at Biff.

BIFF ELLISON

Do what you want with him, sir, just get him out of my sight.

The Man walks Stevie towards the staircase, hand on his shoulder.

WEALTHY MAN

Why were you talking to my friend?

ESTABLISH SHAWANGUNK MOUNTAINS.

MOORE (V.O.)

Rev. John Beecham served here in New Paltz until his death.

TILT DOWN TO EXT. EPISCOPAL CEMETERY - DAY.

Moore, Sara, and a RECTOR pace through the grave markers.

MOORE

What year was that?

RECTOR

I arrived in 1890. I believe he died in 1889, but his marker will give us the exact year of the fire. Here we are.

SARA

What fire?

Three headstones: Rev. John Beecham, Elizabeth Beecham, and Adam Beecham -- 1881-1889. In the b.g., a GROUNDSKEEPER works.

RECTOR

An entire family, perished in one brief night. The congregation was traumatized.

(MORE)

RECTOR (CONT'D)
(a PRIEST calls from the chapel)
If you'll excuse me ...

He heads back, leaving Sara and Moore baffled.

MOORE
Our Adam Beecham was court-martialed for
mutilating immigrants in 1891. It doesn't
make sense.

SARA
Even if this Adam Beecham had lived, he would
only have been ten years old by that date.
We've got only three days left, and we've
been completely wrong.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Ten? No, you got the wrong one. The other
kid woulda been ten.

The old Groundskeeper hobbles towards them.

GROUNDSKEEPER (CONTD.)
Japheth Dury. He was the older one.

SARA
There was another son in the family?

GROUNDSKEEPER
Well ... Elizabeth told everyone in town --
her sister'd given birth to Japheth without
benefit of marriage. That's why she had to
be so hard on him.
(conspiratorial:)
To be honest, I never believed there was any
sister ... if you know what I mean.

SARA
And where is Japheth now?

GROUNDSKEEPER
Gone, of course. In the fire. Body burnt so
bad, couldn't even find the remains.

MOORE
Did Japheth suffer from any sort of facial
tic?

GROUNDSKEEPER
That'd be the kind way of describing it.
Just a little one at first, but it got worse
and worse as time went on. There was only
one way to calm it down. He'd go up the
mountains -- for hunting.

INT. TRAIN STATION (NEW PALTZ) - DUSK - MOORE AND SARA

SARA

Say Elizabeth had given birth to Japheth out of wedlock, in France. And she was sent to America to avoid ruining the family name.

INT. CAB (MANHATTAN) - NIGHT

Riding back from the train station to Sara's building.

MOORE

After she arrived here, she slept with Morgan and became pregnant with Adam. Maybe she even hid Japheth's existence from Morgan. Then, when she ended up with Rev. Beecham as a consolation prize, she told everyone Japheth was her sister's illegitimate son.

INT. SARA'S BUILDING - NIGHT.

Moore walks behind Sara as she ascends the steps to her flat.

SARA

But how much does Morgan know about all this? Dury mentioned letters. But he didn't know if Morgan had received them.

ON Sara, as she reaches the second floor, stops, and SCREAMS.
Hung from her door by his own belt -- STEVIE'S CORPSE dangles.

EXT. TENEMENT HQ - 5 A.M..

Sara, Isaacsons, Moore sitting on stoop. It's remarkably peaceful at this hour. They're utterly dejected.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

He saved my life ...

MARCUS ISAACSON

We put him in jeopardy. The killer must've thought he was still on our team.

SARA

How can we possibly continue to understand this man, to pity him? Are we supposed to pretend we're no longer human?

KREIZLER (O.S.)

Grief reminds us we are human.

They turn to see the figure of a man, emerging from the shadows of an alley. The light hits his face -- it's Kreizler.

KREIZLER

But when our thoughts turn to vengeance, then
we have begun to kill ourselves.

INT. TENEMENT HQ - DAWN.

Group assembled around a table, listening to Kreizler.

KREIZLER

I believed you would continue without me, so
I let Mr. Montrose go -- to you, with
instructions to inform me of developments.

SARA

Why did you come back?

KREIZLER

Stevie's death served to remind me of the
importance of human life, to value this above
all. We drank a toast -- I thought, at the
time, for your benefit. Now I see it was for
my own. Even grief does not absolve me of my
responsibility. We will stop this man, and
then, there will be time to grieve.

The sun is just starting to rise.

KREIZLER (CONTD.)

Mr. Montrose has debriefed me. We must find
Japheth Dury quickly -- by every means
available.

SARA

I may have one more card to play.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY.

J.P. Morgan walks towards his private railway car.

INT. MORGAN'S PRIVATE COACH - MOMENTS LATER.

Luxuriously appointed. Tuxedoed servants. Champagne.

Proceeds to the salon. Finds Sara, looking spectacular.

J.P. MORGAN

Good of you to accept my invitation at last.

ESTABLISH TRAIN UPSTATE - DUSK.

INT. MORGAN'S PRIVATE COACH - SARA & MORGAN.

J.P. MORGAN

There's a sadness in my life, Miss Howard.
Which few people know.

SARA

From what I hear, a good portion of the female population of New York and Western Europe is privy to your private pain.

Morgan slurps down an oyster. Laughs. Soup arrives.

J.P. MORGAN

Indeed. I'm too old and much too disliked to pretend I'm someone else. But let me tell you this, Miss Howard: I have never acted from any impulse more base than true love.

SARA

I suppose that depends on your definition of love. You feel something powerful for a woman, and so you act upon it. Truly.

J.P. MORGAN

Love is a state of grace, Miss Howard. In which, for a time, all sins and burdens are suspended. Loneliness conquered. And for this, love demands a price -- that gratitude remain, even after those first powerful feelings have faded away. And that is the measure of a true lover.

SARA

And you are such a lover?

(pause)

You must've read in the papers -- I was until recently employed by the police department.

Morgan starts. This is unexpected. But interesting.

J.P. MORGAN

Yes. Well, I admire high spirits in a woman.

SARA

Good. I was assigned to a secret investigation. To find the man responsible for the deaths of several boy prostitutes.

(pause)

We disbanded, under pressure from Anthony Comstock, that man whom you support.

J.P. MORGAN

On some issues, yes. I recently made the mistake of asking him to accompany me on a trip to Washington. It's amazing how someone with so little to say, can say it so often.

(pause)

May I ask -- why are you telling me this?

Sara sips her soup demurely. Lets him hang, then --

SARA

Because I want you to know who you've invited on this journey. Over the past several weeks, I've learned to trust no one.

J.P. MORGAN

I give you my word, Miss Howard. I am an honorable man.

Soup taken away. Sorbet appears. Morgan, stimulated by the game. Looks out on the landscape. Snow falling.

J.P. MORGAN

Miss Howard, how much do you think you know about me?

SARA

I am engaged to a partner in your firm. And my police work did give me a broader view of the world.

J.P. MORGAN

And did you discover anything which would paint me as dishonorable?

SARA

I've come across a few suspicious items.

J.P. MORGAN

Perhaps if you share those with me, I can clear up the matters.

SARA

Do you know a man named Adam Beecham?

Morgan nibbles at his spoon. Doesn't look up. After a pause --

J.P. MORGAN

He was a son of mine. But he's dead, now.

SARA

Japheth Dury?

J.P. MORGAN

Who?

Seems genuinely bewildered. In b.g., a WAITER carves the roast.

SARA

You've had no contact with a Japheth Dury? Received no letters?

The briefest FLICKER across his eyes. Then --

J.P. MORGAN

No. Now, let me ask you something: you say your investigation disbanded. Has it?

SARA

Yes. Why do you ask?

J.P. MORGAN

I am beginning to doubt whether you are an honorable woman.

SARA

Did you expect an honorable woman to betray her fiancee with his employer?

Morgan stares at her a long moment. Then rings a silver bell. A STEWARD appears immediately.

J.P. MORGAN

Please tell Mr. Blake to return to New York. Miss Howard is not enjoying her dinner.

(to Sara)

I don't know what you're trying to achieve here, Miss Howard, but I am not impressed. Who are you? Another lovely girl, destined to grow old in the blink of an eye, and then to die in the same obscurity into which you were born. So why do you seem interested in embarrassing me? Do you believe such an act would give meaning to your life? Do you label it virtue? A quest with such slim chance of success -- I label it sheer folly.

SARA

Mr. Morgan, despite what you may believe, you are simply ... a man.

J.P. MORGAN

But all men are not equal. The Declaration of Independence may say so, but it is merely a political document.

(pause)

No more talk. The snow is falling. I love the illusion of peace.

INT. TENEMENT HQ - NIGHT - SARA, MOORE, KELLY.

SARA

I'm convinced -- Morgan's definitely had some contact with the killer. Whether or not he knows the name Japheth Dury.

MOORE

Even if Dury sent letters, that doesn't mean Morgan read them.

PAUL KELLY

When I worked for Morgan, we kept a file of letters -- threats from lunatics, anarchists,

(MORE)

PAUL KELLY (CONT'D)
blackmailers. Pierpont read all those letters personally -- he's extremely nervous about his physical safety.

SARA
Where did he keep that file?

PAUL KELLY
I kept it when I worked for him. If it still exists, I suspect only Morgan and Markoe would know its location.

Isaacsons and Kreizler enter from the adjacent room. Masks and gloves.

LUCIUS ISAACSON
Look at this.

He holds the Wealthy Man's diamond stickpin, covered with blood.

LUCIUS ISAACSON
We found it jammed into his abdomen -- up to the hilt. He must've pushed it into his own flesh as he was being attacked. [beat] Stevie died trying to help us.

MARCUS ISAACSON
It's got to be Dury's. With the jeweller's name, engraved. With some luck, we might be able to trace it to Dury.

MOORE
Sara thinks Stevie was innocent. Morgan told her Comstock was in Washington when we were there. Maybe he was the one who fingered us.

SARA
And even if Stevie saw the killer, he might not have recognized him. The Groundskeeper told us Japheth's facial twitch went away whenever he went hunting.

KREIZLER
Whatever sacrifices we have made ... this boy has given more. We must find his courage in ourselves. Ash Wednesday is tomorrow.

EXT. TENEMENT HQ - NIGHT.

Team dispersing for the night. Sara walks Kelly to his carriage. Suddenly, he turns to her, agitated.

PAUL KELLY
What is it with you people? You've each lost
(MORE)

PAUL KELLY (CONT'D)

the thing you'd wanted most in life. And for what? For a few children the rest of society would rather see dead?

SARA

I suppose so. But it's so hard to remember what seemed important just a few weeks ago.

PAUL KELLY

I can't stop asking myself: what is the difference between you and me?

INT. "BLACK LIBRARY" - MORGAN'S HOME - NIGHT.

PAN across black walls, priceless art -- TO Morgan, on the phone.

J.P. MORGAN

I'm not certain how much they know. But we can't take any more chances. The Beecham file -- destroy it -- now.

ESTABLISH J.P. MORGAN & CO. - NIGHT - MARKOE

Lets himself in with his key.

INT. MORGAN'S OFFICE - MARKOE

Removes a file from a wall safe. Then tosses a lit match into a metal trash can. Prepares to burn it.

PAUL KELLY (O.S.)

Long hours, but the work itself just warms your heart -- right, Markoe?

Shadow of Kelly, walking across office towards Markoe.

MARKOE

Kelly, are you mad? Morgan will track you down anywhere in the world. He'll leave you dead and erase any trace of your existence.

PAUL KELLY

I'm already bound for hell. I've got nothing to lose -- hand it over.

Markoe DROPS the file into the trash can. Kelly charges, knocks it over. Flaming debris. The file, temporarily thrown clear.

Kelly reaches for it. Markoe LUNGES at Kelly, who FALLS backwards onto Morgan's roll-top desk, smashing it open. As flames SPREAD across the room.

Kelly goes for the file. Markoe LUNGES, grabbing his legs. They both fall onto the floor. Markoe won't let go, even as Kelly KICKS the Doctor in the face repeatedly. As flames ROAR towards the file.

INT. TENEMENT HQ - NIGHT - SARA

Pours over research. A charred file is SLAPPED onto the table.

Startled, Sara looks up to see Kelly, bloodied and unkempt.

PAUL KELLY

This had better be worth it.

TIME CUT - A LETTER.

As Isaacsons, wearing gloves, unfold it. Sara, Kreizler, Cyrus, and Moore look over their shoulder. CHANTS begin, as we hear the Wealthy Man (DURY's) voice.

DURY (V.O.)

Dear father -- Ask the police what they found on your property last night. Have I proven myself worthy to be called your son? All I ask is that one day, you smile in my direction, and call me a Morgan. Your son, Adam Beecham.

INT. MORGAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Firemen rushing about, medics tend to Markoe. MOVING IN on Morgan, as he turns to Flynn with a rage we've never seen before.

J.P. MORGAN

Twice you told me this investigation was finished. Twice you swore you had crushed them. The bond market opens in three hours. Finish this, Flynn, because if you don't, whatever pain you can imagine will pale beside the payment you'll receive from me.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE -- BEFORE THE BOND SALE.

A) ON Kreizler's front door. A foot KICKS it in. Forty cops march inside, searching for him. Flynn, barking orders.

DURY (V.O.)

Why haven't I heard from you? A nod, a gesture, that will be proof enough that you might someday love me.

B) Cops BARREL into "The Twentieth Century." Patrons scream, police SMASH up the bar. Chaos.

DURY (V.O.)

I sit for hours in the freezing rain, staring at your window. Won't you show even a single sign that you know of me?

C) Police STORM Sara's apartment and tear it apart. Flynn is livid at their inability to locate the team.

DURY (V.O.)

You have always been my light in the darkness. Father, don't leave me alone.

INT. TENEMENT HQ - DAWN - TEAM STUDYING LETTERS.

CYRUS

In the Bible, Jacob tricked his brother Esau in order to steal his birthright.

KREIZLER

It seems Japheth Dury killed his brother Adam Beecham -- in order to become him.

Isaacsons are running tests on the letters.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

This one's thirty or forty months old.

MOORE

It means Morgan's known about these killings for at least three years -- and done nothing.

SARA

Morgan will only profit from today's bond sale if investors believe he's more reliable than the U.S. government. A scandal would cripple that trust. That's why he's so desperate to stop us.

INT. BOND EXCHANGE - DAY.

9:00. Opening bell. TRADERS bidding for Morgan's bonds.

Morgan stands on the sidelines. Winslow mans a board: "Going Price." It begins the day at "100."

INT. A HOTEL LOBBY - DAY.

Moore, using the front desk telephone.

MOORE

I tracked down the jeweler who made Dury's stickpin. Didn't remember selling it -- until I mentioned our man's "facial tic." Evidently, it's only slightly less conspicuous than J.P. Morgan's nose.

A COP enters the lobby. Moore turns his back.

MOORE

He said Dury had the piece delivered to the Census Bureau. Thinks that's where he works.

Cop nearing Moore. Studying faces.

MOORE

Look, Roosevelt, I've gotta go.

INT. ROOSEVELT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS.

Roosevelt HANGS up the phone. As the door BURSTS open. Strong barrels in. Cops gather in the outer office to see this.

MAYOR STRONG

Theodore, I suggest you clean out your desk. We have proof of improprieties --

ROOSEVELT

You want proof? I'll give you proof: I am part of an unauthorized investigation to stop a killer of boy prostitutes. An investigation which reveals yourself -- and J.P. Morgan -- as principal players in an immoral and illegal cover-up.

Backs Strong into the outer office. By his sheer presence.

MAYOR STRONG

You're slitting your own throat, Roosevelt.

ROOSEVELT

I am so sick of your threats of death and destruction, I can't even tell you.

(faces Strong and cops, arms wide)

You've all had numerous opportunities to kill me. Here's one more. If you've got the guts, fine, kill me now. Otherwise, stop wasting my time.

No takers. Roosevelt marches out into the hall.

MAYOR STRONG

You're throwing away your life for this? Who do you think is going to save you now?

ROOSEVELT

The only thing that saves anyone--the truth.

INT. BOND EXCHANGE - NOON - BUYERS IN A FRENZY AS

Winslow changes the "Going Price" sign from "110" to "116."

ESTABLISH "U.S. CENSUS BUREAU - CHARLES MURRAY, SUPERINTENDENT"

INT. CENSUS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS.

Roosevelt faces Supt. MURRAY -- fussy, bookish, vain.

MURRAY

No, Commissioner, you can't have access to personnel records. The law states --

Roosevelt reaches across the desk, grabs Murray by the lapels.

ROOSEVELT

There are some laws more basic than our own. The law of survival, for instance. Tell me everything you know about Adam Beecham.

MURRAY

(sputtering)

I had to let him go. Six months ago, we received some complaints he was showing ... unwanted attention to children. I'll fetch his file -- if you'll excuse me ...

Roosevelt lets him go. Looks out the window, sees a MAN loitering on the sidewalk. But something's wrong. He's facing the building and not the street.

Roosevelt picks up the phone, dials as Murray returns with a folder. Sara picks up. INTERCUT as necessary with tenement HQ.

ROOSEVELT

(flipping through file)

I'm being followed. But here's Beecham's address as of six months ago: 23 Bank St. You'll have to find it without me.

SARA

Where can we reach you later? This is Ash Wednesday. We have only four hours remaining until nightfall.

ROOSEVELT

I don't know. I'm going to have to try and lose this fellow first.

Kelly gets on the line.

PAUL KELLY

Commissioner, meet me at the rear entrance of Bellvue Mortuary. At 6 p.m. -- closing time.

ROOSEVELT

Chief Coroner Bach is loyal to Morgan.

PAUL KELLY

He also owes me about \$5,000 in gambling debts. That's the kind of loyalty I trust.

MURRAY

(impatient)

I could report you, you know.

ROOSEVELT

Go ahead. Everyone else is.

INT. BOND EXCHANGE - 4:50.

Winslow changes the sign from "139" to "143." He and other partners, clenching their fists in excitement.

ESTABLISH 23 BANK STREET - DAY.

Sara, Kreizler, Isaacsons arrive via back alleys.

INT. 23 BANK STREET HALLS - OUR TEAM.

MARCUS ISAACSON

Careful, we're not even certain he still lives here.

Lucius works on the lock. Picks it.

THEY ENTER THE APARTMENT - WE'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE

One main room, and a dark closet of a bedroom.

KREIZLER

Sara, Lucius, you search the bedroom.

FOLLOW Kreizler to a desk. He strikes a match. Sees a tallow candle, faint tendrils of smoke.

KREIZLER

Whoever was here, we just missed him.

INT. BOND EXCHANGE - 4:55.

An orgy. Traders desperate to buy the last of the bonds. Head Trader assuming the podium, closing gavel in his hands.

Winslow can't change the numbers quickly enough. From the floor, Morgan partners just start SCREAMING out new numbers.

PARTNERS

157! 161!

INT. DURY'S TENEMENT FLAT - CONTINUOUS.

VARIOUS ANGLES: Sara picks through a closet. Kreizler and Marcus look through the desk drawer, using the tallow candle for light. Lucius examines under the bed, aided by a second candle.

Lucius sees a grey form beneath the bed. Crawls under.

Kreizler sifts through papers. While Marcus notices an envelope which has fallen to the ground.

ON Lucius: as he pulls an item from beneath the bed. A large jar ... filled with milky liquid ...

ON Marcus: as he lifts the envelope up to Kreizler's light. A letter is illuminated: "To J.P. Morgan, Esq."

KREIZLER

We have found him.

Lucius POV: As he pulls the jar into the light.

IT'S FILLED WITH FLOATING EYEBALLS

In formaldehyde, trailing their ganglia. Dozens.

INT. BOND EXCHANGE -- THE CLOSING BELL RINGS.

PARTNER

167!

PARTNERS whoop, jump into the air, hug one another, collapse in exhaustion. Morgan smiles, allows himself to light his cigar.

INT. TENEMENT HQ - TWILIGHT - CYRUS AT THE WINDOW.

The sun SETS over the city. O.S., team members DEBATING.

CYRUS

(to himself)

We're out of time.

ON Kreizler, studying the new letter with the others.

KREIZLER

"Tonight, I will commit an act that strikes at the heart of this nation's ills." To Dury, that means immigration. It's a clue to where he'll strike next.

SARA

The ghettos? The Statue of Liberty?

LUCIUS ISAACSON

The letter shows traces of soot -- and sea spray. My guess is that he wrote it on some kind of boat.

MOORE

A ferry? It's gotta be the Statue of Liberty.

KREIZLER

Or Ellis Island.

INT. J.P. MORGAN & CO. - NIGHT.

Morgan and Co. file back into office. Warriors victorious.

WINSLOW

\$5 million in the first 22 minutes alone. One trader was so desperate to buy, he nearly offered me his daughter.

PARTNER #1

The consortium has made a grand profit of \$14,736,402 -- give or take a thousand.

PARTNERS cheer. Morgan allows himself only a tight smile.

J.P. MORGAN

All I can feel is relief. The dangers involved were so great I scarcely dared mention them. There shall be a civilized dinner on my yacht at 9 for all of you.

The Partners let out a ROAR of approval, then start to disperse.

PARTNER #3

Winslow. Call for you.

Winslow picks up the phone. Starts at hearing Sara's voice.

SARA (O.S.)

Brandon, I'm not asking you to do anything that would endanger yourself.

Winslow lowers his voice. Morgan's right behind him.

WINSLOW

Where have you been? Are you all right?

SARA (O.S.)

My question is this: does Morgan control either Ellis Island or the Statue of Liberty?

(pause)

If you have a conscience, you'll never find an easier way to prove it.

WINSLOW

(after a beat)

Ellis Island is under the jurisdiction of Treasury Secretary Elihu Ross. He's the man who brokered our bailout of the government.

SLAMS down phone. Can't believe he said it. Sneaks a peek back at Morgan -- smoking. FADE UP liturgical chants.

MONTAGE - THE EVENING'S PREPARATIONS

A) Dury, standing on the roof of the Golden Rule. Looking down on the Lower East Side. Signs in every language imaginable.

DURY (V.O.)

This used to be a great country. But then the foreigners came. Father, I am your avenging angel, leaving blood sacrifices on the altars of your kingdom.

B) Kelly, in Bellevue Mortuary, amidst the bodies. PAN to Roosevelt, who's using the phone in Bach's office.

ROOSEVELT

Here is what I've arranged.

EXT. MANHATTAN DOCKS - NIGHT.

Cab rattles alongside docks. Cops patrol.

The Isaacsons and Cyrus get out. Cab takes off. The trio moves quickly on foot down the row of boats.

A COP walking in the opposite direction. Does a take.

COP

Hey! You three -- stop right there!

The trio breaks into a run -- splitting up in three different directions, all going south. Cop BLOWS his whistle. Officers from all around the docks give chase. A frenzy.

MEANWHILE, AT THE NORTH END OF THE DOCKS,

The same cab stops before a TUGBOAT with a pilot. Area now free of cops. Moore, Sara, Kreizler emerge, hurry into the boat. Cyrus and the Isaacsons were merely decoys.

KREIZLER

Cast off. Let's go.

EXT. APPROACHING ELLIS ISLAND - NIGHT - ON THE TUGBOAT.

Moonlight reveals the Main Building of Ellis Island. A massive wood structure, longer than it is wide (404 X 150 feet), with four pointed turrets, one at each corner. Four stories tall. A raised gable, lined with windows, runs the length of the A-frame roof at its summit. The roof slopes down at a steep incline.

EXT. ELLIS ISLAND FERRY SLIP - NIGHT.

Tugboat docks. Our team jumps off. Main Building on one side, minor structures and powerhouse/incinerator on other. Docked at the slip -- a small skiff.

MOORE

Someone's here.

KREIZLER

(to TUGBOAT CAPTAIN)

Sink it. We don't want him to escape.

The Captain CRUSHES the skiff against the dock with the tug.

SARA

He could be anywhere on this island.

KREIZLER

(certain)
I know where he is.

EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT.

ON Cyrus, surrounded by three Cops, being marched up the gangway towards a Police Boat. Teeming with police officers, preparing to set sail. The cops stand back to let Cyrus through, REVEALING the Isaacsons, under guard. The Bald Cop who set up Stevie turns to his cohorts.

BALD COP

Be prepared to leave as soon as he arrives.

EXT. LOW BUILDINGS - MOMENTS LATER - OUR TRIO

In the shadows, waiting for a Guard to pass. They hurry down the row of low buildings. Cheaply-constructed shacks.

KREIZLER

One of these should be an Episcopal Chapel.

Each door marked with signs of different faiths. Find Episcopal.

KREIZLER (CONTD.)

The faith of the father who turned his back on his son's abuse, and conspired in his humiliation.

Sara draws her gun. Moore opens the door slowly. Dark.

INT. EPISCOPAL CHAPEL (ELLIS ISLAND) - MOORE, SARA, KREIZLER.

Seems to be a fair-sized room, chairs for pews, high ceilings. Feel their way down the aisle. From someplace, muffled WHIMPERS.

Then CREAKING of wood. They whirl around, trying to locate it.

SARA

Over there?

MOORE

No -- I think it's coming ... from above.

CLICK! An electric floodlight comes on. Shining from a second-floor balcony. Blinding. They're all trying to see him.

ANGLE: From behind them, a Figure SWINGS down on a rope from the rafters. Moore whirls around at the last moment --

MOORE

Sara!

Too late. DURY's boots SLAM into Sara's back, knocking her down. Her gun goes flying. Moore scrambles to retrieve it.

Dury, in his caped suit, lands on his feet, grabs the dazed Sara, places the blade of his knife up between her legs. Standoff.

On the altar -- a BOY gagged, blindfolded, bound.

His blade pressing through the fabric. Sara WINCES in pain.

SARA

Goddamn you, Moore, just shoot him!

A beat. Moore tosses his gun to the ground.

EXT. N.Y. YACHT CLUB (E. 42ND & RIVER) - NIGHT.

Pleasure vessels of the leisured class, in dock. DISCOVER Roosevelt and Kelly, concealed in the cabin of one such craft. O.S., they hear the TOOT of a tugboat.

They scramble out, race down the pier, as the tugboat DOCKS. Roosevelt and Kelly hop on board.

ROOSEVELT

The others are on the Island?

The Captain doesn't answer. He TOOTS his whistle again.

From adjoining craft emerge -- Flynn and Donner, with six more THUGS. Kelly goes for his gun. Before he can get to it --

Flynn and Donner whip out their own weapons.

FLYNN

Commissioner -- consorting with known criminals?

Emotionless, the Captain takes Kelly's gun, hands it to Flynn.

INT. EPISCOPAL CHAPEL - ELLIS ISLAND - NIGHT.

ON Dury, as he tightens the ropes on Moore, bound back to back with Sara and Kreizler. Floodlight replaced by candles.

DURY

You've been so curious. A noble sacrifice -- to die for knowledge.

Hides the gun under the altar. Approaches the boy. Raises his knife ... then CUTS away his gag and blindfold: VINCENZO, the boy-whore Stevie died trying to warn at Paresis Hall. Dury caresses Vincenzo's eyes with his knife tip. Almost lovingly.

DURY

You trusted me so much. Trust, faith -- I needed your help to get us both here.

VINCENZO

(Italian accent)

I will do anything ... whatever you ask ...

DURY

So desperate for my approval. It's touching.

VINCENZO

But you promise to teach me ... please.

Dury PRESSES the knife tip under Vincenzo's eyelid. Hard.

DURY

Do you know who I am? My father is the richest man in America.

Dury yanks the boy to his feet. Cuts the bonds on his wrists. Vincenzo, hobbling, adopts a feminine persona. Convincing.

VINCENZO

I've never met a man so powerful like you.

DURY

People live for the hope I'll smile on them, and change their lives forever ...

Dury fights temptation as Vincenzo touches him.

DURY

Like my father -- my mother, so desperate to convince him she was warm, kind, loving ... when actually ...

Vincenzo's hands on Dury's groin.

DURY

She deserved to die like all the rest.

KICKS Vincenzo away. Boy can't run -- his ankles are tied.

Sara suddenly bows her head, begins praying in Italian. Hail Mary, etc. Why?

DURY

My father's blood runs through my veins. Corruption runs in yours. Let it flow rivers, back to the sea.

GRABS Vincenzo in a chokehold. Knife MOVES down his belly.

KREIZLER

Japheth Dury! They gave everything to your brother, Adam Beecham. While they reserved for you, Japheth Dury, only humiliation, pain, and rejection.

Dury's never heard anyone talk like this. Sara keeps praying.

DURY

I'm the real Adam Beecham -- that other bastard -- he was stupid and slow -- he didn't deserve to be called Morgan's son.

ON Vincenzo's eyes -- as they lock with Sara's. An understanding we don't yet comprehend.

KREIZLER

Yet he was. While you were forced to play the role of dirty foreigner, the bastard. You even went along, to please them.

ON Dury -- mesmerized.

KREIZLER (CONTD.)

But you must accept the fact that no matter what you do, Japeth Dury, you will never earn the love that was taken from you and given to Adam Beecham.

Dury's demeanor DARKENS.

Meanwhile, Vincenzo nods. Sara's speaking to him in Italian.

SARA

(in Sicilian, English subtitles)
There's a gun under the altar ... hit him with a candlestick ... Now!

DURY

(moves knife down the boy's chest)
I am becoming Adam Beecham. More with each day. How could I have succeeded for so long if I were not the son of --?

Vincenzo GRABS a metal candlestick, SLAMS it into Dury's head.

Dury releases the boy. Vincenzo searches wildly for the gun beneath the altar. Sara, screaming instructions in Sicilian.

Dury LEAPS, knife in hand. Vincenzo finds the gun, FIRES.

The bullet grazes Dury in the shoulder. He SPINS and falls to the ground. Dury gets up, DASHES towards the windows. Vincenzo fires again, misses. Dury CRASHES through the glass and runs out onto the island grounds towards the slip.

EXT. FERRY SLIP - ELLIS ISLAND - DURY

Finds the wreckage of his skiff in the water. Sees the TUGBOAT entering the slip -- Flynn and thugs on deck. Dury, surprised by an Ellis Island GUARD.

Dury STRIKES. Moore dodges, blade SLASHES a wound up his chest. As Dury raises his knife again, Kreizler arrives in the doorway.

KREIZLER

Dury!

Startled, Dury flees towards the corner turret staircase. A wounded Moore waves on Kreizler, who gives CHASE.

ON THE GROUND - FLYNN AND MEN

Look up. See through the windows of the turret: Dury headed up the staircase, with Kreizler behind him.

Flynn aims his GUN at Kreizler.

KREIZLER ASCENDING THE TURRET

Ducks, as a window pane EXPLODES. He continues.

WOMEN'S DORMS - SARA

Looks out the window. Sees Flynn shooting upwards.

She exits the dorms, dashes back to the landing overlooking the ground floor Processing Center.

ASCENDS the staircase, which continues up to the apex of the roof, where a walkway runs along the center gable.

DURY

Reaches the top of the turret. KNOCKS out a glass pane facing the roof. Runs out onto the A-frame roof. Before him lies:

An expanse of rooftop -- four hundred feet ahead to the next turret. On his right, the roof slopes steeply up towards the center gable. On his left, a four story drop. In the ocean beyond, he spots the Police Boat, approaching Ellis Island.

Kreizler appears at the turret window, calling out to Dury.

KREIZLER

They will not allow you to live, Dury. You are better off with me rather than them.

DURY

I'd rather die.

KREIZLER

Would you, Dury? I know a thing or two about wanting to die.

Kreizler steps onto the roof. Dury TURNS, heads up the sloping wood tiles towards the gable at the summit. Kreizler follows.

Kreizler's no good at this. Wooden shingles SLIP out from beneath his feet. Down the sloping rooftop, and off the edge.

FLYNN - ON THE GROUND, BESIDE THE MAIN BUILDING

Moves backwards, tries to get a clear shot at them. But the lip of the island around the Main Building is too narrow -- he can't get back far enough even to see them, let alone get a clear shot.

FLYNN

(to Men)

Get up there. Surround them.

MOORE - LEAVING THE MEN'S DORMS

The gash on his chest, bleeding. Makes it to the second-floor landing and looks down onto the ground floor Processing Center.

HIS POV: Flynn's Men rush into the building. Donner splits off from the others, and runs off in another direction.

ROOSEVELT, KELLY, AND THE SHORT THUG

On the tugboat, they're far enough away to have a good view of the rooftop. The Short Thug has a clear shot. Dury and Kreizler are sitting ducks.

ROOSEVELT

You have a perfect shot ...

Short Thug can't help himself. He aims his gun at the roof ...

Roosevelt SMASHES his elbow into Short Thug's face. Kelly SNATCHES his gun away ...

... as the Police Boat navigates into the canal leading to the Ferry Slip. Cops, lined up on deck.

ON THE ROOFTOP - KREIZLER

Struggling to keep up. Following Dury up the sloping roof.

THUG (O.S.)

Stop!

Kreizler and Dury turn to see --

Flynn's Men stepping out onto the roof from both corner turrets. Closing in on two sides, forcing them further upwards, towards --

The gable at the summit. Sara appears, gun drawn, opens the gable window.

SARA

Doctor! This way!

KREIZLER

(to Dury)
Come with us.

Dury's about fifteen feet down the roof from Sara.

ON DURY: He looks around, realizes he's trapped -- Sara above, Kreizler below, and Flynn's Men closing in. Dury holds his knife out towards Kreizler, who continues towards him, undaunted.

KREIZLER

We are not so different, you and I.
(pause)

We know what it's like to believe that, through labor, through effort, we can leave behind our pain, and transform ourselves into another person.

Kreizler SLIPS, recovers. Dury's eye begins to TWITCH.

KREIZLER

You were denied your birthright -- love and safety -- because of an accident of birth. You were punished for the very fact of your existence. How could you help but risk everything in hopes of becoming Adam Beecham?

Dury looks at Kreizler, then Sara. Flynn's Men, getting closer.

KREIZLER

But sooner or later, we must face this fact - - we have only one life, one history. It is who we are. We will never escape it. And on that day, we must decide -- to die or live with ourselves.

Dury's eye in full CONTORTION. Skin stretching so it looks as if the pupil's about to pop out of his skull. The knife, trembling. Kreizler reaches for it. Will Dury give it over?

KREIZLER

Japheth -- let us help you live.

ANGLE -- Another figure climbs over the ROOF of the gable. It's Donner. Lining up a shot.

Kreizler's concentrating on Dury. He doesn't see Donner.

DURY

Let me learn ...

ON Sara, inside the gable. As she hears --

MOORE (O.S.)

On the roof ... above you ...

Sara turns to see Moore. Bloodied, he's made it up the stairs to the gable walkway.

Sara hears a BUMP on the roof above the gable. Realizes. FIRES straight up.

DONNER - ON THE GABLE ROOF

Sara's shot BLASTS a hole beneath his feet, throwing off his aim.

Dury turns and sees Donner on the roof. FLINGS his knife. Right into the ex-cop's chest. Donner FALLS off the gable roof --

RIGHT INTO DURY.

The two of them, entangled, TUMBLE down the roof.

ON Kreizler -- tries to grab them, but misses. Devastated.

DURY AND DONNER PLUMMET FOUR STORIES.

Donner falls onto the knife impaled into his body. With such force that the blade and handle are SHOVED through his chest. Dury lands on Donner in a HEAP, leg bent oddly beneath him.

OUTSIDE THE MAIN BUILDING - ROOSEVELT AND KELLY

Rush to Dury. Flynn runs towards them, with his gun drawn. Officers disembark from the Police Boat docked at the slip. They have the Isaacsons and Cyrus, roughed up but still alive.

Roosevelt kneels beside Dury's broken body. He's still breathing. Roosevelt rises to face the police, who assemble around them. He stares at them, defiant.

J.P. MORGAN (O.S.)

Commissioner Roosevelt --

The wall of Officers DIVIDES. REVEALING Morgan.

ROOSEVELT

Pierpont Morgan.

J.P. MORGAN

You are a stubborn man, sir.

(a smile)

But despite that, because I'm in a good mood, I offer you an opportunity to redeem yourself. Standard procedure requires that you hand this killer over to the police.

ROOSEVELT

As Commissioner, he will remain with me.

J.P. MORGAN

Then you are operating outside the law,
Commissioner! Thirty officers standing
beside me are prepared to enforce --

ON Dury, who hears at long last the voice of his --

DURY

Father ...?

Morgan looks at Dury -- pathetic, eye now twitching grotesquely.

DURY (CONT'D)

Has the time come? I've worked so hard ...
to prove I'm worthy. I know you can save me,
I'm not afraid. Call me your son, and all my
troubles will vanish. I'm ready, Father --
to begin my life again.

Dury reaches out to Morgan, bloody hands trembling --

J.P. MORGAN

Please -- rid me of this mistake.

ON Dury, eyes welling up with tears -- the rejection sinking in.

ON Flynn, who steps forward. Raises his gun. SHOOTS Dury in the
chest.

Dury falls backwards. Blood trickling from his mouth. Roosevelt
LUNGES for Flynn. The other Cops hold him back. Chaos.

ON Kreizler, arriving from the Main Building with Sara and Moore.
Runs to Dury, cradles him in his arms.

KREIZLER

Japheth. Japheth Dury, can you hear me?

DURY

Father ... where is my father ...?

KREIZLER

Perhaps soon you will meet your true father
at last.

ON Dury, hopeful, imagining. He is near death.

KREIZLER (CONTD)

You must tell me -- what did you see when you
looked at the children? When you killed
them?

ON DURY AS HE SEES THE INSIDE OF THAT CLOSET, WHERE --

The young Japheth Dury gazed out through the peephole.

DURY (V.O.)

I saw -- I saw -- a light ... one single
light in all the darkness ...

ON Dury, as he expires, his eyes still open. Kreizler, moved.

ON Sara, holding back tears. This is not what she thought
victory would feel like.

Roosevelt, furious, points at Flynn and BARKS an order.

ROOSEVELT

Arrest that man.

(off Morgan's reaction)

Don't look so surprised, sir. I am the
Police Commissioner of the City of New York.
I took an oath to clean up this force. Which
I will now begin to do ... with your complete
support.

J.P. MORGAN

You've obviously taken leave of your senses.
Think for a moment whom you're addressing.

ROOSEVELT

(implacable)

I am addressing a murderer, sir. You knew
for years that boys were being slaughtered,
yet you kept silent.

J.P. MORGAN

I have had to protect my name. For the good
of this nation. Now my reputation is secure.

ROOSEVELT

If it is your reputation that concerns you,
sir, then you will allow me to do my job
without obstruction.

(a slow smile)

I am offering you a chance to redeem
yourself, Mr. Morgan. We have the letters
Dury sent to you. They will remain hidden
... so long as my ... colleagues and I remain
alive and unharmed.

J.P. MORGAN

You have letters, so what? You have no proof
that I received them.

MARCUS ISAACSON

Not entirely true, sir. On one of the
envelope seals, we found -- your fingerprint.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

It may not mean much today, but it could be
very important to future generations. Do you
believe in the future of fingerprinting?

PAUL KELLY

You have your place in history to consider,
Pierpont.

ON Morgan, considering. After a pause --

J.P. MORGAN

My dinner is getting cold.

He turns away, heads back towards the dock.

Roosevelt looks at the COPS.

ROOSEVELT

(pointing at Flynn)

Officers -- arrest that man.

Cops look to Morgan, not certain who's in charge any longer. A
beat, then --

J.P. MORGAN

Why are you looking at me? He's the
Commissioner.

Cops move to seize Flynn.

ON Flynn, furious at this betrayal. He pulls out his gun, AIMS
AT MORGAN'S BACK, as --

A SHOT rings out. Flynn turns, FALLS to the ground.

ON SARA, holding her smoking gun in her trembling hands. Morgan
turns. Their eyes meet.

SARA

You see, Mr. Morgan? You are simply a man.

After a pause, Morgan turns and continues towards the dock.

ON Kreizler, who closes the eyes of Dury's corpse.

ON THE WINDOWS OF THE MAIN BUILDING

Looking down, from the windows above: immigrant faces, in native
garb, trying to comprehend this bewildering glimpse of their
strange new land.

INT. KREIZLER'S HOME - DAY.

ON glasses of wine being poured. Kreizler, Moore, Sara, Kelly,
and the Isaacsons (in police uniforms) stand around a table.
Roosevelt is pouring.

ROOSEVELT

I'm telling you, Doctor, I can secure a
(MORE)

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

position for you with the department. Whatever attacks face me now, at least they will only be verbal.

KREIZLER

No, I promised myself a sabbatical. This is the time.

(pause)

I confess that my faith in my theories has been tested by the ... losses ... we have each of us suffered. But you have all ... restored me. And so I will return.

Kreizler raises his glass, smiling. PAN around the faces of our team. Battered, worn, proud.

KREIZLER (CONTD.)

I have asked too much of you. Forced you to surpass your limits. Demanded that you look into yourselves, and face what you saw. But you have all exceeded the promise we made to each other when we began. And because of that -- you have given me hope for the future.

They raise their glasses. Sara TOASTS.

SARA

The future.

EXT. KREIZLER'S HOME - LATER

As the group is leaving --

SARA AND KELLY HANG BACK, INSIDE THE FOYER.

PAUL KELLY

You're really going back to Police Headquarters -- as a Secretary?

SARA

Have you got a better idea? I don't quite see myself running numbers downtown.

PAUL KELLY

(a disarming smile)

If you give me half a chance, I'm sure I could come up with a sweeter offer.

SARA

Kelly, I think we should make one thing clear between us. I can stand your company now. But that certainly doesn't mean --

Kelly kisses her softly. After a moment, she pulls away.

PAUL KELLY

Doesn't mean what?

SARA

Kelly, both of us ... we're caught between two worlds ... that's why we feel something. But this could never, ever work.

PAUL KELLY

"Never, ever?" Don't forget, Solita, I'm a betting man. And over the years I've learned one thing: never try to predict the future. It'll always find a way to surprise you.

THEY HEAD DOWN TO THE STREET AND JOIN

The team. We slowly PULL AWAY from them, as they disappear into the anonymity of New York City. SUPER:

"Six years later, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. was sworn in as President of the United States. He continued to do battle with J.P. Morgan for the rest of his public life."

THE END