

(Name of Show)

("Title of Episode")

by

(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by

(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by

(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

Prior to the twentieth century,
persons suffering from mental
illness were thought to be
'alienated', not only from society
but from their own true natures.
Those experts who studied mental
pathologies were therefore known as
alienists.

FADE UP:

We're gliding over the rooftops of New York at night -- looking down on the penthouse gardens of fancy apartments and the crowded pool-side bars of trendy hotels...

Up ahead, we see the neon glow of Times Square. The digital billboards are in constant motion -- an athlete leaps in Nike trainers; a super-model strips off her Levi's jeans; children of every race smile at us for a Benetton commercial...

AND NOW WE MOVE FASTER, approaching the tenements and water towers of the Lower East Side. The wind rises and the sound of traffic fades. Small white flecks float towards us and we realize it's snowing...

There's something unfamiliar about the world now. The city lights seem dimmer, the voices in the streets more strident, and WE'RE GLIDING FASTER all the time...

As a thick gust of snow clears we suddenly see rows of clotheslines dotting the skyline, thousands of garments fluttering in the wind. More billboards appear but they're from a different era now -- *Freeman fancy goods, Mumby Flour and Grain, Waters Pianos...*

And finally we see the giant towers of the unfinished Williamsburg bridge looming up ahead and realize we've been travelling back in time, over a hundred years --

NEW YORK, 1896

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE/ NEW YORK - NIGHT.

It's still snowing. A crowd streams towards us on the walkway of the unfinished bridge -- LABORERS and other RESIDENTS of the Lower East Side slums. They are mostly men, but there are women too, their faces ashen.

POLICEMEN OFFSCREEN

Go on, away with you!...Get outta' here!...

POLICEMEN usher the crowd away from whatever it is they've come to see. As they head back, we see a MAN in a top hat and tails walking in the opposite direction, a lone figure moving against the tide.

We follow him from behind as he pushes his way through the crowd, the passing faces glancing at him curiously. A large POLICEMAN steps in his way.

KREIZLER

I'm a doctor.

The policeman lets him pass and finally we see his face. DR. LAZLO KREIZLER is a strikingly handsome man with longish hair and delicate features. He's dressed for the opera, wearing a white bow-tie and a gardenia in his button-hole.

As he clears the last huddle of policemen the walkway opens up before him...

Thirty yards away, almost where the walkway ends, a PHOTOGRAPHER is crouched under the curtains of his camera, bursts of magnesium flash powder exploding as he takes pictures of something we can't see.

Kreizler keeps walking, his eyes fixed ahead, the bright flashes lighting up his face intermittently.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

In the golden glow of candlelight, we watch a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN pull off her evening gloves and loosen her long blonde hair so it cascades over her red dress.

JOHN SCHUYLER MOORE is sitting up in bed, sipping a glass of scotch, studying the woman with almost fetishistic interest.

MOORE

Let me look at you.

The woman slowly turns around, smiling at him with her big blue eyes.

WOMAN

My sweet, handsome John...

He is handsome -- square jawed and rugged but with a boyish innocence about him too.

MOORE

They say when a woman's talking to you listen to what she says with her eyes.

WOMAN

What jealous old man said that?

She laughs gently, fixing him with her coy gaze.

MOORE

Take off your dress.

The woman looks surprised now, staring at him curiously, then reaches behind her back and undoes the clasps of her dress, letting it fall around her ankles.

Moore stares at her in her pink sateen corset and her open crotch drawers.

MOORE

Do you love me, Julia?

WOMAN

Of course I do.

MOORE

You'd never leave me?

She hesitates, just for an instant, and Moore feels a frisson of doubt and excitement.

WOMAN

How can you ask such a -

MOORE

Sit down.

She pauses, then sits on the edge of the bed with her back to him. He finishes his scotch, puts the glass on the bedside table, then reaches over and starts to unlace her corset.

MOORE

Where were you this evening?

He can't see her face but he hears the tremor in her voice.

WOMAN

At Mrs Astor's house.

MOORE

Was James there?

He slips off her corset, kissing the goosebumps on her flesh.

WOMAN

I don't remember.

His hands move round and cup her breasts, gently pulling her back onto the bed. He slides on top of her, gazing into her eyes as his fingers reach inside the folds of her drawers.

MOORE

How can you not remember, my love?

She stares up at him, tears of guilt welling in her eyes. Unbuttoning himself, he enters her, groaning in mistrust and pleasure.

MOORE

Tell me the truth.

And now her beautiful eyes shine with tears.

WOMAN

I'm in love with him.

Moore stares back at her, heartbroken and betrayed, thrusting deeper --

When suddenly there's a knock on the door and a huge barrel of a WOMAN bursts into the room.

TEN TONNE ANNIE

Sorry to interrupt, sir, but there's a young laddie here to see ya, says it's important.

Moore covers himself with the sheets but Ten Tonne Annie couldn't care less about his manhood, turning to the whore he's in bed with.

TEN TONNE ANNIE

Flora, get your clothes on. I need the room.

The girl wipes away her false tears and her vagina with a rag and we realize she's been role-playing all along.

INT. BROTHEL/ NEW YORK - NIGHT.

Moore follows Ten Tonne Annie through the whorehouse. It's a busy night, PROSTITUTES dressed in everything from 'Mother Hubbard' negligees to Geisha outfits leading their well-to-do CLIENTS up the stairs. An UNDERAGE GIRL, no more than 12, winks at Moore on his way down.

UNDERAGE WHORE

Sure you don't wanna stay and go again?

She reaches for his hand but he pulls it away gently, hurrying down the steps. In the downstairs bar, a dozen BEAUTIFUL GIRLS in see-through negligees leapfrog over each other to loud applause, collapsing in a heap of bare legs and exposed flesh.

EXT. BROTHEL/ NEW YORK - NIGHT.

Moore steps out into the falling snow to find a tough looking young boy of 15, (STEVIE TAGGART), standing in the red glow of the brothel lights, waiting for him. The boy's face glistens with sweat and even in the darkness it's clear he's been frightened by something.

Moore stares at him curiously.

MOORE

What can't wait, Stevie?

EXT. CARRIAGE/ DELANCEY STREET/ NEW YORK - NIGHT.

Stevie cracks his whip, hurrying his horse and carriage past the saloons and brothels of Delancey Street.

Moore grips the side of the Calash, sobering up quickly in the falling snow.

The slums of the Lower East Side soon give way to an eerie landscape of deep pits and rubble -- a vast construction site. The road becomes a ramp, a maze of steel supports lifting it up towards the snow-filled sky.

Moore braces himself as the carriage clatters over the wooden boards, climbing higher and higher until it approaches what looks like an enormous temple with two squat watch towers...

Rising high above the structure is the looming shadow of the unfinished Williamsburg bridge.

A GROUP OF FIGURES are huddled around their lanterns at the entrance to one of the watch towers, looking like demons from hell. It's only as the carriage draws nearer that Moore sees they're PATROLMEN with their leather helmets and nightsticks.

Stevie finally brings the carriage to a halt --

EXT. WATCH TOWER ENTRANCE/ WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE - NIGHT.

The cops stare at Moore and Stevie as they approach. A tall, red-headed Irishman with a thin moustache, (DETECTIVE SERGEANT CONNOR), recognizes Stevie and strolls over with a wry smile.

SERGEANT CONNOR

Well, if it isn't little Stevie Taggart. You picked the wrong bridge to bring your cock-robin for a frolic, you little shit.

His men laugh.

MOORE

Pay no attention, Stevie. Stupidity
goes with the leather helmet.

Connor's smile grows even wider as he recognizes Moore.

SERGEANT CONNOR

Good heavens, Mr. Moore...and I'd
have sworn you were a ladies man.

Ignoring the policeman, Stevie points to the unfinished
bridge high above.

STEVIE

He says you're to go up there.

Connor steps in their way with another smile.

SERGEANT CONNOR

I'm afraid you'll need a ticket for
the show.

Moore holds his gaze, then pulls out a two dollar bill and
puts it under Connor's hat.

MOORE

You'll be richer than PT Barnum
soon, Sergeant.

Connor takes the bribe and pockets it, stepping aside in mock
deference.

SERGEANT CONNOR

Right this way, sir.

Moore turns to Stevie.

MOORE

Come on.

But Stevie shakes his head, staying where he is.

STEVIE

I seen it once.

Again Moore sees the look of dread in his eyes. Connor grins,
taking one last look at the boy as he leads the way.

SERGEANT CONNOR

Mind you behave, Stevie, or I'll
have you back on Randall's island
tugging a cock-line.

INT. STEPS/ WORKROOM/ WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE - NIGHT.

Moore almost stumbles on the steep steps. He follows Connor along a precarious slat, into a workroom littered with sawhorses and planks of wood. Wide windows reveal a panorama of New York from every direction.

INT. WALKWAY/ WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE - NIGHT.

Stepping out into the bitter cold, Moore is even more dazzled by the view...

Rising high above him is the Manhattan-side tower of the bridge, shrouded in mist and snow. Across the open stretch of water he can just make out the matching tower on the Williamsburg shore.

He peers up at the huge steel cables when he hears a booming voice.

MAN'S VOICE O/S

Stand up straight, man! There's no
shame in it!

Through the fog he sees a group of broad shouldered POLICEMEN surrounding a smaller man dressed in a bright pink shirt, checked suit and black cape, carrying a cane in his hand.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, New York's police commissioner, is tending to a policeman who looks like he's just fainted. He gives the cop some water to drink from a flask, then pours the rest of it over his head.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

That better?

POLICEMAN

Yes sir, Mr. Roosevelt.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Holding up his hand)

How many fingers?

POLICEMAN

Three, sir.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

You sure?

The policeman nods.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Good. Now go back down and stick your head in a horse trough. Dizzy spells are for well-bred ladies, not officers of the New York police department.

The admonishment is accompanied by a clap on the back. Roosevelt starts to steer the sick policeman back to the watch-tower when he sees Moore standing there with Connor.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

What the hell are you doing here?

He sounds more surprised than angry. Moore smiles at his old friend.

MOORE

It's good to see you too, T.R.

Roosevelt strides over now and rounds on Connor.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I gave your men strict instructions not to allow any reporters up here -

MOORE

Kreizler sent for me.

Roosevelt is surprised by this too, and uncharacteristically quiet, clearly unsettled by something.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

He's gone, left before I arrived...

He trails off, holding Moore's gaze uncomfortably, then takes his friend gently by the arm.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I can't have any wild tales spreading, Johnnie, do you understand? People are worried enough about their safety as it is.

Moore nods, even though he has no idea what Roosevelt's talking about.

Roosevelt considers him a moment, then lets go of his arm and leads the way.

Moore stares after him curiously, then follows him and Connor across the icy bridge.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

What took you so long, Sergeant? I sent for you over an hour ago...

SERGEANT CONNOR

Just gathering information, sir...

They approach the huddle of POLICEMEN. Moore glances at their faces, sensing how shaken they are by what they've seen...

He looks away, walking on with a growing sense of unease, the snow falling and the river churning hundreds of feet below...

Then he sees it...

He's surprised at first by how peaceful it looks...

A SMALL FIGURE kneels against the railings of the unfinished bridge, its long, snow-flecked hair blowing in the wind...

The figure's head is bowed, either in prayer or in contemplation of the river below. Her damp chemise puffs up in the wind but otherwise she's perfectly still...

Too still. Almost frozen...

And now Moore sees that her wrists are tied behind her back -- and that one of her hands has been chopped off --

The unexpected sight of a bloody stump sends a jolt through him and he stops in his tracks.

He realizes he's staring at a corpse now, a single sock hanging pathetically from the victim's foot.

The wind picks up and the figure's hair blows about, revealing glimpses of 'her' face. Her icy cheeks are painted like a woman's but her features are that of a teenage boy.

Enjoying Moore's growing confusion, Sergeant Connor lowers his lantern so the light catches the victim's body --

Underneath the thin chemise Moore catches a glimpse of entrails and gore --

He spins away instantly, grabbing the rails of the walkway, retching over the edge of the bridge.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
 Easy now, Johnnie. Breathe deeply.
 It's just guts...

Roosevelt slips a reassuring arm around him and slowly Moore recovers.

He stares at the churning water below then nods as if to say he's alright, wiping his mouth with a handkerchief.

Sergeant Conner squats down now and gently turns the murdered boy's frozen face towards them...

Moore bites his lip as he sees the victim's bloody eye-holes.

CONNOR
 ...'And the eye that mocks the
 father will be plucked by ravens'.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
 (Correcting him)
 Blackbirds, Sergeant.

Connor smiles, examining the boy's ghastly wounds in the glow of his lantern.

SERGEANT CONNOR
 Either way, somebody's done for
 you, young Giorgio. You're a hell
 of a mess.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
 You know the child?

SERGEANT CONNOR
 It wasn't much of a child. Not this
 one.

Moore stares at the make-up on the murdered boy's face and the deep red gash where his throat has been cut to the bone. A drop of snot has turned into an icicle on his lip.

SERGEANT CONNOR
Giorgio Santorelli. Worked out of
 Paresis Hall though it was known as
Gloria there.

Moore looks up at the policeman bitterly.

MOORE
 Why do you call him 'it'?

SERGEANT CONNOR

What would you call it? Weren't no male, not to judge by its antics, but God didn't create it female either -

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Whatever else, the boy was a child and the child was murdered.

SERGEANT CONNOR

(With an ironic smile)

No arguing *that*, sir -

Roosevelt slams his cane violently against the rails, startling Connor.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

If I want your wit I'll ask for it. In the meantime show some respect or I'll shut your mouth.

Connor says nothing now, taken aback by Roosevelt's threat.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

You said he worked out of Paresis hall, that's Biff Ellison's establishment, isn't it?

SERGEANT CONNOR

That's right, sir.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Tell Ellison I want him at Mulberry Street first thing in the morning.

For the first time Connor looks concerned.

SERGEANT CONNOR

Begging your pardon, Commissioner, but you don't go summoning a man like Mr. Ellison just because some little piece of immigrant trash gets what's coming to it -

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Red-faced)

Ellison in my office tomorrow or your badge on my desk.

Moore watches them, the tension palpable. Connor looks like he wants to snap Roosevelt's neck but the smaller man is fearless, refusing to be intimidated.

SERGEANT CONNOR

Whatever you say, Mr. Commissioner.

He gives the two friends an insolent smile then heads back to the watch tower, murmuring to the other cops loud enough for Roosevelt to hear.

SERGEANT CONNOR

Little fat man, damned society boy
playing at cop. I wager he won't
last another month.

Roosevelt turns as if he's heard him.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The fat man can hear you just fine,
Sergeant, and I'll take that wager
when you've got a pot to piss in!

Moore can't help smiling at his friend's sharp retort.

MOORE

You might want to keep that temper
in check, T.R. You've got enough
enemies as it is.

Roosevelt looks back at him quietly.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I'm sick of it. Dozens of people
are murdered in these neighborhoods
every year and no-one gives a damn.
Not unless there's some profit in
it for them. I've no illusions but
when the victims are children like
this, by God, I get to feeling
warlike with my own people.

For all his bluster he clearly cares passionately, and feels deeply, looking back at the butchered boy.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

What kind of devil could do a thing
like this...

Moore watches Giorgio Santorelli's long hair and blood soaked chemise blowing in the wind.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Did Lazlo tell you what he wanted?

MOORE

He didn't tell me anything. He just told me to come here.

Roosevelt shakes his head.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

As inscrutable as any oriental, our friend Kreizler...

He stares at the mutilated corpse then finally turns away. Moore takes one last look at Giorgio Santorelli's body...

The murdered boy kneels in supplication, the falling snow settling on his long hair and blood soaked dress.

INT. DINING ROOM/ MRS MOORE'S HOUSE/ WASHINGTON SQUARE - DAY.

A sparkling knife spreads a dollop of marmalade on a piece of toast. A silver haired matron, MRS MOORE, sits at a lavish breakfast table, wearing a quilted dressing gown. She takes a bite of her toast then looks up as MOORE enters the dining room in a flamboyant Chinese robe.

MOORE

Good morning, Gran.

He kisses his grandmother on the top of her head then walks over to his own side of the long table.

Mrs Moore watches him disapprovingly as he glances through the morning edition of the New York Times.

MRS MOORE

You came home very late last night?

MOORE

I had some business with Dr. Kreizler.

His grandmother looks even more disapproving.

MRS MOORE

If you ask me he's awfully peculiar. And as for his being a doctor I'm not convinced. These days any quack can give himself a title. There's dozens of them in your newspaper -- Doctor so and so recommends Laird's bloom of youth, Professor this and that counsels Princess Bust Cream. Are you reading the wedding announcements?

Moore looks up at her in fond exasperation.

MOORE

No, Gran, I'm looking for an article I wrote over a week ago that still hasn't been printed.

MRS MOORE

What was it about?

MOORE

A tenement building in the Five Points collapsed. Half a dozen people were buried alive.

He's deliberately provocative but it's like water off a duck's back. Mrs Moore returns to her marmalade and toast.

MRS MOORE

Everyone knows the poor have a hard lot, I don't see why you have to write about it.

Moore can't help smiling.

MOORE

Nor does my editor, Gran -

He's interrupted as the telephone bell shrills loudly from next door. Mrs Moore winces irritably, still not used to the contraption.

INT. TELEPHONE BOX/ MRS MOORE'S HOUSE - DAY.

Moore picks up the large black receiver in the little wooden phone box.

MOORE

Hello?

For all his frustration he can't help looking pleased at the sound of his friend's voice.

MOORE

Where the hell did you disappear last night?...Yes, I saw it...I don't mean to sound callous but a murder in the Lower East Side is hardly headline news, especially not in the Times -

He pauses as he's interrupted.

MOORE
More to it, how?

Whatever the answer is, it only leaves him more puzzled and curious.

MOORE
I'll be there as soon as I can.

EXT. BELLEVUE INSANE ASYLUM/ NEW YORK - DAY.

A deluge of rain. Moore climbs out of a carriage and pays the DRIVER. As he hoists up his umbrella he sees a black hospital wagon pull up outside the gates of a sinister pavilion. Two BURLY ATTENDANTS help a WOMAN out the back. She'd look like a schoolteacher if it wasn't for her severe facial tics and the way she swipes the air in front of her with her hand.

Moore watches her uneasily as he approaches the same building. From inside he can hear the sound of a siren wailing over the rumble of thunder.

INT. WAITING ROOM/ BELLEVUE INSANE ASYLUM - DAY.

The unsettling wail of the siren is even louder inside the asylum's waiting room. Added to it are the tormented cries of unseen mental patients behind thick metal doors.

In the midst of all the hubbub, Moore sees a figure sitting behind a newspaper, reading serenely as if he were in the silence of a library.

Sitting next to the figure is an enormous black man, (CYRUS MONTROSE), who also seems oblivious to the noise. Cyrus spots Moore approaching and nudges his companion.

Dr. Lazlo Kreizler finally lowers his newspaper, looking up at Moore with a beaming smile.

KREIZLER
John!

The alienist is dressed in a beautiful suit and cravat, clearly delighted to see his friend. With another cheerful smile he gets up and offers Moore his newspaper.

KREIZLER
I'm somewhat irritated by your employers. Last night I saw a brilliant Pagliacci at the Metropolitan and all the *Times* can talk about is Alvary's Tristan.

MOORE
 (Over the din of the
 siren)
 I thought you were on the
 Williamsburg bridge last night.

KREIZLER
 That was later. You look tired.

MOORE
 I can't imagine why, Lazlo. You
 said you had something for me?

KREIZLER
 Of course. Page 2.

Moore shakes his head at his friend's cryptic answer and
 opens the newspaper to page 2.

MOORE
 (Reading the headline)
 "Bicycling elephants at Procter's
 theatre"?

KREIZLER
 Be serious, man -- "*Friend shoots
 father dead over 8-year old girl.*"

Moore looks at the smaller article below, still baffled.

KREIZLER
 The boy on the bridge. The police
 have a suspect.

Moore looks up in surprise. The siren finally stops and for
 the first time Kreizler indicates he's even heard it.

KREIZLER
 That's better. Shall we?

INT. WOMEN'S CORRIDOR/ BELLEVUE INSANE ASYLUM - DAY.

Haunting cries echo down a long corridor with cells on either
 side. Moore follows Kreizler and the chief orderly, (FULLER),
 his eyes drawn to his friend's underdeveloped left arm, a
 disability Kreizler hides discreetly with years of practice.

ORDERLY (FULLER)
 I'm sorry to keep you waiting,
 Doctor. I wasn't told you were
 interviewing the suspect.

KREIZLER

Don't worry, Mr. Fuller, I only
just found out myself.

Moore glances at his friend, wondering if he really is here officially. As they continue, the sobbing and wailing grow louder. Through the cell bars Moore glimpses shadowy figures skulking in the darkness of their cages...

One PATIENT looks like a statue, straitjacketed to the walls of her cell. Another lies flat in a 'Utica crib', a restraining bed with bars on all four sides. A THIRD PATIENT, her head shaven, is held down by two ORDERLIES while a PHOTOGRAPHER takes pictures of her terror --

Suddenly a shrieking figure comes hurtling towards Moore, pressing her face against the bars of her cell --

FEMALE MENTAL PATIENT

Dr. Kreizler, help me, please!

Moore is startled but Kreizler doesn't even flinch. The woman's plaintive cry is instantly echoed by dozens of female voices along the corridor.

FEMALE MENTAL PATIENTS

Help us, Doctor! Help us! Save us!

The whole corridor becomes a chorus of desperation. Kreizler keeps walking, but Moore sees that his eyes are lowered, taking in every heartrending cry even as he ignores it.

INT. CELLS/ MEN'S CORRIDOR/ BELLEVUE INSANE ASYLUM - DAY.

The angry cries in the men's corridor are more abusive but all Moore can see of the patients are their blazing eyes glaring at him through the observation slits of their cells. Ignoring the din, the orderly unlocks a cell door for Kreizler and Moore.

INT. WOLFF'S CELL/ BELLEVUE INSANE ASYLUM - DAY.

It's dark inside the cell, thin slivers of light streaming through a single barred window.

As his eyes adjust to the gloom, Moore sees a tall, bony figure lying on a cot with his back to them, shackles clamped around his wrists and ankles.

The man hears them and stirs, sitting up slowly. HENRY WOLFF looks like a vagrant, his gaunt face covered in a filthy beard, his unkempt hair matted with dirt and blood.

His face is cut and bruised from a beating but it's his eyes Moore is drawn to -- black as pitch.

Kreizler seems fascinated by the suspect too, studying him intently. Fuller talks about him as if he wasn't there.

FULLER

He was drinking with his friend, Conrad Rudesheimer, last night. Rudesheimer accused him of having indecent thoughts about his daughter so he stabbed him twenty times. Cops found him hiding near the Williamsburg bridge.

KREIZLER

And that's why they assume he killed the Santorelli boy?

FULLER

He's a known deviant. He couldn't have his way with the little girl so he looked elsewhere.

Wolff says nothing, staring at Kreizler. Moore takes out his notebook, ready to jot down notes.

KREIZLER

Are you sober, Mr. Wolff?

There isn't the slightest reaction from Wolff.

KREIZLER

My name is Dr. Kreizler. I work as an alienist for the court. My job is to determine whether you're mentally responsible for your crimes and fit to stand trial.

There's still no response.

KREIZLER

Has he been drugged?

FULLER

He was raving when they brought him in so we had to jab him full of chloral.

Kreizler sighs in frustration, approaching the suspect. Moore raises his pen to write when Wolff looks straight at him.

Moore holds his gaze uncomfortably, then lowers his pen.

Kreizler observes Wolff closely -- his melancholy expression; the way he squints to see better in the gloom; the way his tongue unconsciously wets his lips. The alienist waves his hand gently on the edge of the suspect's field of vision but Wolff doesn't appear to notice.

KREIZLER

I was told you came here from
Switzerland, Mr. Wolff...
(Switching to German)
How long ago was that?

To Moore's relief, Wolff finally looks away from him, surprised by Kreizler's perfect German.

KREIZLER

Could you raise your head, please.

Wolff looks even more confused, but responds for the first time, raising his face slowly towards the shaft of light.

Kreizler sees the ring of discoloration under his left eye more clearly now.

KREIZLER

(In German)
Did you repair watches or clocks?

Wolff stares at him incredulously, as if he's some kind of devil, then finally speaks in a hoarse voice.

WOLFF

(In German)
Both.

KREIZLER

(In German)
And you stopped because of your eye-
sight?

Moore can't understand what they're saying but he's fascinated by the way his friend draws the suspect out.

WOLFF

(In German)
When I moved here I had to work
from my room. There wasn't enough
light. I ruined my cornea.

The attendant, Fuller, doesn't understand a word either but interjects anyway.

FULLER

Whatever he's saying he's lying.
All the neighbors swear he was
always looking funny at their kids.

Kreizler ignores him, focussed on the suspect.

KREIZLER

(In German)

What did you do after you lost your
job?

Wolff lowers his head and Kreizler notices his fingers clasp
a small crucifix around his neck.

WOLFF

(In German)

I drank.

KREIZLER

(In German)

With Conrad Rudesheimer?

Wolff pauses, glancing at Moore again, then nods.

KREIZLER

(In German)

Was his daughter there when the two
of you got drunk?

Wolff looks back at Kreizler warily, sensing where the
question is leading.

WOLFF

(In German)

She was just a child. I never
touched her.

KREIZLER

(In German)

But her father thought you did?

Wolff holds his gaze, his eyes shining in the dim light.
Moore looks on, fascinated.

KREIZLER

(In German)

What happened, Henry?

Kreizler sees Wolff's eyes drifting back to Moore now,
staring at him quietly.

WOLFF

(In German)

I was showing her a magic trick,
pulling a coin from behind her ear.
He called me a pervert and almost
beat me to death. I left and
returned with a knife.

Wolff keeps staring at Moore, sending a shiver down his spine.

KREIZLER

(In German)

You keep looking at my friend,
Henry? Does he look like Conrad?

The question seems to catch Wolff by surprise. He looks away from Moore, flustered, his long tapered fingers clutching the edge of the cot.

KREIZLER

(In German)

The papers say Conrad was a big man
too -- and extremely handsome?...

Wolff holds Kreizler's gaze, trembling, then lowers his eyes, staring at the floor...

Moore has no idea what's going on...

Kreizler studies Wolff's face and the tiny crucifix hanging around his neck then finally turns away.

KREIZLER

Thank you, Mr. Fuller. That will be
all.

Moore looks at his friend in surprise, no idea why he's ended the interview so abruptly.

INT. CELL DOOR/ MEN'S CORRIDOR/ BELLEVUE INSANE ASYLUM - DAY.

Moore and Kreizler head back down the corridor as Fuller locks Wolff's cell door.

KREIZLER

I believe we can dismiss him as a
suspect.

Moore stares at him in confusion.

MOORE

On what grounds?

KREIZLER

Didn't you see the way he looked at you?

Moore looks even more puzzled.

KREIZLER

He was in love with the father not the daughter, only he won't admit it because of his faith.

MOORE

(Blushing as he finally understands)

Giorgio Santorelli was male too.

KREIZLER

But not his type.

MOORE

His type? He stabbed a man twenty times, he's a madman -

KREIZLER

Oh, we want him to be mad. The doctors, the judges, the newspapers. We'd like to think only a maniac would stab another man in a frenzy over unrequited love. It's easier than admitting he's not that different to the rest of us.

MOORE

He's nothing like me -

KREIZLER

Really? Which of us has never known the madness of love?

He continues before Moore can protest.

KREIZLER

Whoever killed Giorgio Santorelli had entirely different motives.

EXT. BELLEVUE INSANE ASYLUM - DAY.

It's pouring with rain outside. Cyrus, Kreizler's valet, pulls a cover over the calash.

KREIZLER

300 Mulberry Street, please, Cyrus.

He's about to climb in when Moore grabs his arm.

MOORE
What's going on, Lazlo?

KREIZLER
We must let Roosevelt know -

MOORE
Did anyone even ask you to
interview him?

From Kreizler's silence it's clear they didn't.

KREIZLER
It makes no difference, John. They
have the wrong man.

Moore stares at his friend in the pouring rain.

MOORE
Then who's the right man?

KREIZLER
I wish I knew.

Moore isn't satisfied.

MOORE
You summoned me to the bridge last
night and asked me here -- why?

The raindrops stream down Kreizler's face but he hardly seems to notice.

KREIZLER
Because other than you and perhaps
Roosevelt nobody will listen to me.
And you have more freedom to
investigate than I do.

MOORE
Investigate what?

The rain keeps falling.

KREIZLER
I promise you a story, John, just
not yet.

He sounds completely sincere. Moore stares back at him with a mixture of affection and frustration, then finally steps into the carriage.

INT. CARRIAGE/ BROADWAY - DAY.

The rain hammers on the roof of the calash. Moore stares out at the busy street when he sees a PRETTY WOMAN in a red dress sheltering under an awning. He watches her with a hint of regret as the calash drives on. Kreizler studies his friend, noting the way he rubs the palm of his hand on his trousers.

KREIZLER
Have you seen her?

Moore turns curiously.

MOORE
Who?

KREIZLER
Julia.

Moore pauses, surprised that he's read his mind.

MOORE
No.

KREIZLER
Have you heard any news?

MOORE
Apparently she's to be engaged.

Kreizler looks at him in sympathy.

KREIZLER
I'm sorry.

Moore shrugs.

MOORE
I'll recover.

KREIZLER
I'm no expert in love but I can
prescribe some pills if it helps.

MOORE
No, thank you. Even I don't trust
an alienist.

Kreizler smiles gently, then turns away.

KREIZLER
We must be active, John. It's the
only way to fight the darkness.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS/ MULBERRY STREET - DAY.

The bend on Mulberry street is teeming with people of every race and creed and wherever we look there are CHILDREN -- begging; hawking; pushing handcarts; chewing tobacco and swigging beer on litter strewn stoops.

From the balconies of the brothels, WHORES in various states of undress watch the comings and goings in the police station opposite through their looking glasses.

Moore and Kreizler approach the same building, keeping their heads down, when they hear someone whistle after them --

From a small building behind them - the reporters shack facing police headquarters - two figures come dashing out, hurrying through the crowds to reach them. The younger reporter, LINC STEFFENS, gets there first --

STEFFENS

Dr. Kreizler! John! -

MOORE

(Without breaking stride)
Morning, Steffens -

STEFFENS

Is it true what they're saying
about the boy on the bridge? We
heard he was cut to ribbons -

MOORE

What boy? I had my pocket picked.
I'm here to report a crime.

Steffens's overweight companion, JACOB RIIS, arrives too, huffing and puffing in his thick Danish accent.

RIIS

Don't play stupid, Moore. You saw
the body and so did Kreizler.

MOORE

Good morning, Mr. Riis.

Kreizler ignores the two reporters, walking faster.

STEFFENS

Come on, John, just because the
Times doesn't believe pederasts and
boy-whores exist doesn't mean the
rest of us should sweep it under
the carpet.

MOORE

I want to know what's going on as
much as you do, Linc -

RIIS

Then give us the details. We
already know it was that child
molester, Wolff.

Kreizler stops suddenly, spinning round.

KREIZLER

Who told you that?

Riis looks taken aback by his intense gaze.

RIIS

Sergeant Connor -

KREIZLER

The two cases have nothing to do
with each other, do you understand?
You're not to spread these lies!

Kreizler stares at Riis firmly then strides off again.

RIIS

That man's attitude won't win him
any admirers.

Moore watches Kreizler disappear into the police station,
equally surprised by his outburst.

INT. CORRIDOR/ POLICE HEADQUARTERS/ MULBERRY STREET - DAY.

Kreizler and Moore head down a long corridor bustling with
activity. POLICEMEN and CLERKS hurry in and out of their
offices while telephone bells shrill.

MOORE

What was all that about?

KREIZLER

He reads the newspapers too.

MOORE

Who?

Kreizler doesn't reply, glancing into an open office door
where Sergeant Connor sits on a desktop, regaling a group of
FELLOW OFFICERS with a lewd story. Their eyes meet briefly
before Kreizler strides on.

Moore's about to question him further when a stern voice interrupts.

WOMAN'S VOICE O/S

The reporters' poker game is across the street, Mr. Moore, you should know that by now.

Moore turns to see a young woman in a long dress standing at the telegram room door, grinning at him. Even though SARA HOWARD dresses primly there's no hiding her beauty.

SARA

We haven't seen you around in a while, John.

Moore's face lights up at the sight of her, but before he can respond he sees her gaze shift, looking at Kreizler now.

MOORE

Sara, this is Dr. Lazlo Kreizler. Lazlo, Miss Sara Howard.

Even in that instant, Moore catches the flicker of interest in Sara's eyes.

SARA

It's a pleasure to meet you, Dr. Kreizler. I've heard a great deal about you.

She holds out her hand confidently. Kreizler takes a moment to notice it, surprisingly shy under her admiring gaze.

KREIZLER

It's a pleasure to meet you too, Miss Howard.

Moore interrupts the lingering look between them.

MOORE

Lazlo, Roosevelt and I were best friends at Harvard. And I've known Sara since she was a little girl -

He's interrupted as a GRUFF POLICEMAN emerges from the telegram room with a stack of telegrams.

GRUFF POLICEMAN

Can you give these to the Commissioner, missie.

Sara completely ignores him, still beaming at Kreizler.

SARA

John's being a gentleman and making me sound younger than I am. He was fourteen and I was nine -

GRUFF POLICEMAN

Miss Howard.

And now Sara turns around.

SARA

Forgive me, Sergeant. I didn't realize you were speaking to me.

She says it with a sweet smile but it's clearly a rebuke.

GRUFF POLICEMAN

Can you make sure Commissioner Roosevelt gets these.

Sara takes the telegrams and starts to look through them.

GRUFF POLICEMAN

They're for his eyes only, *miss*.

The put down is deliberate. Moore feels Sara smarting as the policeman heads off.

KREIZLER

I read in the papers you're the first woman to be hired by the police department, Miss Howard. Congratulations.

Sara looks surprised by the compliment. So does Moore.

SARA

I'm just a secretary.

KREIZLER

But you're in the building. A few years ago even that would have been impossible.

Sara looks even more flattered by his words. Moore notices her reaction, feeling a slight pang of jealousy.

MOORE

We're here to see Roosevelt, Sara.

INT. ROOSEVELT'S OFFICE/ POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY.

The police commissioner's office is crammed with books and decorated with stuffed birds of every species. Roosevelt is bent over his enormous desk, opening and closing his drawers as a huge bull of a man in a garish suit and tasteless cravat harangues him --

BIFF ELLISON
Our graft paid for this building,
commissioner, and lined the pockets
of your men!...

The pug-faced gangland bruiser, BIFF ELLISON, trails off, no idea what Roosevelt's doing, then continues --

BIFF ELLISON
And in return you drag us here like
common criminals when your killer's
already behind bars!

Roosevelt finally looks up.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Eight drawers and not a single pen.
Do you have one, Mr. Ellison?

The thug looks confused, disarmed by Roosevelt's unruffled manner. His boss, the far slicker gang boss, PAUL KELLY, takes out a beautiful fountain pen from the inside pocket of his satin lined suit and offers it to Roosevelt.

PAUL KELLY
Commissioner.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Thank you, Mr. Kelly.

Roosevelt takes the pen, sits back down at his desk and starts signing some documents, ignoring the gangsters. Paul Kelly coughs gently, trying to sound reasonable.

PAUL KELLY
I think what Mr. Ellison is trying
to say is that we've always enjoyed
an understanding with the police.
In fact, if we were to invite you
to his place of work you'd find a
great many of your colleagues
there, even some of your bosses.

Roosevelt peers up through his rimless glasses.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
How much are you worth?

Paul Kelly looks thrown by the question.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
After all the profits from your
pandering, gambling and
intimidation how much are you
worth?

PAUL KELLY
A great deal, commissioner.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Well, I'm worth more.

He stares at the gangster coolly.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
I'm too rich to care about my
career and I will battle my bosses
if they betray the trust of this
city. A child is dead. A child who
worked in your house of ill repute,
Mr. Ellison. Whatever else, you
were responsible for his safety -

BIFF ELLISON
If I was responsible for every mutt
who sold his cock for half a cent
I'd have to do the same --

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Well, hopefully it won't come to
that. I'll shut down every cat
house in this city to keep your
virtue safe.

Ellison doesn't understand but Kelly smiles at Roosevelt's
veiled threat to their livelihood.

PAUL KELLY
That's a noble ambition, sir, but
this city has its appetites. When
the fashion for reform passes New
York will go back to being New York
and you'll be on the outside
looking in.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

That's never bothered me. I have five beautiful children and a wife I cherish. If New York has no need of me I'll spend my time with them.

He looks back down again and signs another document with a flourish.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

You can give your statements to the clerk on the way out, gentlemen.

Kelly stands there, waiting for his pen, but Roosevelt pockets it without even looking at him.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Thank you for the pen, Mr. Kelly.

INT. SARA'S OFFICE/ POLICE HEADQUARTER'S - DAY.

Moore and Kreizler follow Sara into her office -- just as Ellison and Kelly emerge from Roosevelt's office.

PAUL KELLY

Well, if it isn't one of the lovely new ladies of the police department.

He takes Sara's hand and kisses it.

PAUL KELLY

It certainly is more enjoyable getting summoned to headquarters these days.

Sara pulls her hand away sharply as Ellison jabs his finger at Moore.

BIFF ELLISON

I don't want my name connected with this business, *scribbler*.

Kreizler keeps his head down, but Kelly recognizes the alienist, curious what he's doing here.

SARA

This way...

INT. ROOSEVELT'S OFFICE/ POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY.

Roosevelt looks away from the rain splattered window as he hears a knock on his door.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Come in!

Sara leads Moore and Kreizler into the office. Roosevelt's face lights up at the sight of his old friend.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Lazlo!

If he's feeling the strain of his argument with the gangsters he doesn't show it, beaming.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Where the hell did you disappear last night?

KREIZLER

I didn't want to get in your way -

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

If I didn't know better I'd think you were avoiding me.

Even though he says it lightly there's a hint of reproach. Moore looks on as he pumps Kreizler's hand and claps him warmly on the back.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The only time I ever see you these days is at the opera and even then you take off before the interval. I've missed you, old friend.

He turns to Sara before Kreizler can respond.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Are those for me, young lady?

He grabs the documents from Sara, has a quick glance at them, then slaps them on his desk.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I almost forgot about you, Johnnie. Good morning.

MOORE

Good morning, T.R.

Roosevelt grins, still in perpetual motion.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Will you excuse me. I need to purge myself after dealing with those vampires.

He disappears into a washroom adjoining his office, leaving the door half open. Moore and Kreizler look embarrassed for Sara as they hear him relieving himself. She turns her back, a little awkwardly.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT O/S

Terrible business last night...

They hear him flush the toilet and start washing his hands.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT O/S

You've heard we made an arrest...

Kreizler pauses, then answers.

KREIZLER

Yes, I interviewed the suspect.

There's silence in the washroom now. They hear the running water stop, then Roosevelt reappears, looking puzzled.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

On whose instructions?

KREIZLER

My own. He's a murderer alright but he had nothing to do with Giorgio Santorelli's death.

Moore watches his friends, sensing the atmosphere in the room change. Sara knows she should leave but doesn't.

ROOSEVELT

You seem very sure of that.

KREIZLER

The *Modus Operandi* in both cases is too dissimilar. Stabbing a grown man in a frenzy and disembowelling a young boy are very different things.

Moore glances at Sara, wondering if the conversation is fit for her ears, but Roosevelt doesn't seem to notice she's there. He stares at Kreizler in quiet frustration, betraying a hint of previous disagreements.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I've read your books, Lazlo, and all the other alienists too. I'm not one of these people who dismisses your work as mumbo jumbo but I don't think any of us can fully understand the workings of the criminal mind -

KREIZLER

I don't disagree, but there are certain things we can deduce with confidence -- Wolff is not your man.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Forgive me, but I'd prefer to stick to the evidence -

KREIZLER

Behavior is evidence -

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Behavior is invisible. It's speculation. Neither you or I saw what happened! Yes, he may have killed them in different ways but a man who takes another man's life is capable of anything -

KREIZLER

The boy was split open from his sternum to his pubis. His entrails were displayed. How many times in your life have you seen that?!

Moore finally interrupts.

MOORE

Gentlemen, I think this may be a little indelicate...

He gestures to Sara. Roosevelt realizes she's still there and dismisses her gently.

ROOSEVELT

Thank you, Sara, that will be all.

Sara glances at Moore irritably, then leaves the office, both Moore and Kreizler watching her go. As she closes the door Kreizler turns back to Roosevelt, more conciliatory now.

KREIZLER

Do you remember a case some three years ago, also involving the murder of children?

INT. SARA'S OFFICE/ POLICE HEADQUARTER'S - DAY.

Sara sits down at her desk, glancing at Roosevelt's door. She's left it slightly ajar but can't hear clearly.

INT. ROOSEVELT'S OFFICE/ POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY.

Roosevelt and Moore stare at Kreizler curiously, the rain pattering on the window.

KREIZLER

Benjamin and Sophia Zweig. Their bodies were discovered by chance...

As he stares out there's a growl of thunder and we find ourselves in the torrential downpour, rain drumming on a huge metal container.

KREIZLER O/S

A water tower above a large tenement on Suffolk Street was struck by lightning...

EXT. FLASHBACK/ TENEMENT ROOF - NIGHT.

And now we glimpse distorted reflections in the metal surface -- FIREMEN clambering up the water tower.

KREIZLER O/S

I knew the family. They were Jews from Austria. The children were beautiful -- delicate features, enormous brown eyes...

As they reach the top of the water tower, the firemen slide open the cover.

KREIZLER O/S

Their throats had been cut to the bone. Their bodies were in an advanced state of decomposition...

Two tiny figures float face down in the murky water below.

KREIZLER O/S

I never saw anything more than the official reports but I did note one curious detail...

The firemen have climbed down into the tower now, lifting the children's bodies out of the water.

KREIZLER O/S

Their eyes were gone...

INT. ROOSEVELT'S OFFICE/ POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY.

Moore stares at Kreizler in silence, remembering Giorgio Santorelli's gouged eyes.

ROOSEVELT

I've been hunting all my life. Hide and skin's tough to get through so the first thing birds and scavengers go for are the eyes -

KREIZLER

That's what I assumed until last night...

He holds Roosevelt's gaze.

KREIZLER

As soon as I saw the condition of the boy, I made an examination of the ocular orbits of his skull. On the malar bone as well as the supraorbital ridge were a series of grooves, consistent with the cutting edge and point of a knife. In other words, his eyes were removed by the hand of a man...

Roosevelt is speechless now. Even Moore finds it hard to believe.

MOORE

But these murders were three years apart -

KREIZLER

There may be others we don't know about.

The rain drums on the windows as the implication of what he's saying sinks in. Kreizler turns back to Roosevelt.

KREIZLER

You should check your records for unsolved child murders. John can do the same at the *Times*.

Moore looks up in surprise but doesn't protest.

KREIZLER

I'd also like to have the bodies of
the Zweig children exhumed...

INT. SARA'S OFFICE/ POLICE HEADQUARTER'S - DAY.

Sara stares at Roosevelt's door, then gathers some documents from her desk and gets up, heading over to a filing cabinet by the door. She opens the cabinet drawers, filing the documents, then very gently nudges the door open with her foot so she can hear.

ROOSEVELT O/S

...But it is still possible these
similarities are just a terrible
coincidence...

INT. ROOSEVELT'S OFFICE/ POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY.

Kreizler replies gently, but can't give Roosevelt the reassurance he wants.

KREIZLER

Whoever killed the boy spent a good
deal of time with his corpse.
Removing the kidney and spleen
alone would have taken ten minutes,
not to mention the eyes...

Moore looks away, appalled.

KREIZLER

He was - at the very least -
comfortable with his work. More
likely he enjoyed it. Lust murders
are usually crimes of repetition.
In my opinion he's done this before
and he'll do it again...

There's silence now, just the relentless patter of the rain.

INT. SARA'S OFFICE/ POLICE HEADQUARTER'S - DAY.

Sara looks up from her desk as Roosevelt accompanies Kreizler and Moore out of his office.

ROOSEVELT

Sara, could I have a word. There's
something I need you to do.

Sara nods, pretending to look puzzled, but Kreizler catches her eye and sees she's clearly shaken by what she's overheard.

ROOSEVELT

It's been a pleasure, gentlemen!

Roosevelt makes a show of being his usual, ebullient self, shaking hands with his friends.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS/ MULBERRY STREET - DAY.

Moore and Kreizler emerge from the building. Despite the horrors they've been discussing the rain has stopped and the sunlight glitters on the wet paving stones.

KREIZLER

Is Miss Howard an only child?

Moore looks at him curiously.

MOORE

How did you know?

KREIZLER

She shakes hands like a gentleman. I assumed it was the result of having a father who doted on her like a son.

MOORE

(More dry than impressed)
Yes, she is an only child, and yes her father doted on her. He also taught her to be an expert marksman in case you get any ideas.

KREIZLER

Was there ever anything between you, John?

MOORE

You tell me -- you're the clairvoyant.

Kreizler smiles, striding on.

KREIZLER

I'm only interested in your welfare.

MOORE

You mean now that I'm your assistant?

Kreizler chuckles at his ironic retort.

KREIZLER

How long will it take you to check the archives?

MOORE

Depends how far back you want me to go?

KREIZLER

Let's start with the last year.

INT. SHELVES/ ARCHIVES ROOM/ NEW YORK TIMES - DAY.

The deserted archives room looks like a vast library, rows of wooden racks stretching out as far as the eye can see. Moore heads down a dimly lit aisle, separating a long section of racks, back-copies of the *New York Times* from 1895 to 1896.

INT. ARCHIVES ROOM/ NEW YORK TIMES - DAY.

Sitting at a mahogany table covered in newspapers, Moore flicks through endless headlines --

Spanish atrocities in Cuba; Oscar Wilde sentenced to two years for gross indecency; JP Morgan rescues gold standard.

Interspersed with the headlines are advertisements -- *Eau Mullion baldness cure; Cocaine toothache drops; Drink Coca Cola at soda fountains and carbonated bottles for only 5c.*

The archive clock ticks away and time passes but Moore keeps searching -- *Wife poisons mother-in-law; No clues in murder of artist, Max Eglau; Gang member's remains found in barrel.*

Moore pushes aside another pile of newspapers when suddenly he hears a noise at the far end of the library. He gets up and peers down the dimly lit aisle but there's no-one there.

Looking uneasy, he sits back down and glances through more newspapers until he pauses at a final headline -- *Theodore Roosevelt appointed police commissioner, vows to fight corruption.* Underneath there's a caricature of Roosevelt's pugnacious face on the body of a bulldog.

Moore smiles to himself and gets up, finally giving up the search.

INT. ARCHIVES ROOM/ NEW YORK TIMES BUILDING - EVENING.

Moore replaces the newspapers in their racks and heads back down the labyrinth of gloomy aisles. He turns a corner when suddenly he comes face to face with a startling figure --

He recoils but it's only the elderly ARCHIVES KEEPER.

ARCHIVE KEEPER (BRIAR) O/S
 Forgive me, sir. I was just
 checking to see if you found what
 you were looking for?

MOORE
 No, Mr. Briar, but it's probably
 for the best.

Moore smiles politely, about to head off again.

ARCHIVE KEEPER (BRIAR)
 By the way, I wanted to
 congratulate you on that story you
 wrote about the building collapsing
 on Mott Street.

Moore can't help feeling flattered. It's the first words of praise he's heard in months.

ARCHIVE KEEPER (BRIAR)
 It's as good as anything Mr.
 Steffens or Riis have written, even
 Mr. Dickens.

MOORE
 Thank you. It's a pity they didn't
 run it.

ARCHIVE KEEPER (BRIAR)
 Well, that's the way the newspaper
 business is going, everyone wants
 to read about Fifth Avenue gossip
 and nobody gives a damn about the
 slums unless it's a lurid murder.

Moore smiles.

MOORE
 Are you a socialist, Mr. Briar?

ARCHIVE KEEPER (BRIAR)
 Don't tell anyone.

They both grin, a moment of kinship.

ARCHIVE KEEPER (BRIAR)
Anyway, I just wanted to tell you
it was a fine piece of work and
sooner or later it'll see the light
of day.

Moore nods gratefully.

MOORE
I appreciate that.

ARCHIVE KEEPER (BRIAR)
Good night, sir.

Moore watches the old man walk away when something suddenly strikes him.

MOORE
Mr. Briar?!

The archives keeper turns back.

MOORE
The stories the paper doesn't print
-- the ones they censor -- do you
file those too?

The old man beams.

ARCHIVE KEEPER (BRIAR)
Only the ones I approve of. Over
there on those shelves.

He points to another huge maze of shelves stacked with rows of cardboard boxes.

INT. STUDY/ KREIZLER'S HOUSE/ EAST 17TH STREET - EVENING.

An emerald green serpent wraps itself around the body of a deer carved from onyx.

Moore flicks his cigarette ash in the beautiful ashtray, his eyes fixed on Kreizler.

His friend is reading a censored article Moore retrieved from the archives.

MOORE
Three paragraphs down. It mentions
a boy called Aaron Morton who
disappeared from "Shang Draper's".
The article was censored because it
implied he was a male prostitute.

Kreizler's eyes move down the page, then he gets up excitedly.

MOORE

Where are you going?

KREIZLER

To telephone Roosevelt.

He walks out of the room before Moore can ask him anything else. Moore stubs out his cigarette on the snake's head and gets up.

The exotic room is hung with Renaissance paintings depicting macabre scenes from the bible -- Salome kissing John the Baptist's severed head; Saint Anthony pierced with arrows; Christ gushing blood from his spear wound. A tray of chilled vodka and caviar sits on the table.

Moore walks past a Chinese screen carved with jade dragons and glances at the leather-bound tomes on Kreizler's bookshelves -- Goethe's *Faust*; Baudelaire's *Flowers of Evil*; Huysmans's *Against Nature*.

An aria from *Tosca* plays on a gramophone somewhere in the house while drunken voices echo from the street.

Among the many volumes on Kreizler's shelves Moore sees a book by Kreizler himself -- *Childhood and the criminal man*.

From next door he can hear his friend speaking on the telephone but the opera drowns out whatever he's saying.

Moore wanders over to Kreizler's desk now. Sitting between a gold inkstand and an Egyptian statuette is a framed photograph of the 10 year old Kreizler with his parents. Moore picks up the photograph. The young Kreizler is a beautiful but melancholy looking boy, gazing at the camera.

Moore smiles at the image of his friend when the adult Kreizler strides back into the room, full of restless energy. He sits back down at the table, pours himself a glass of vodka and spreads some caviar on a piece of toast.

KREIZLER

Help yourself.

Moore sits down again but food is the last thing on his mind.

MOORE

What did he say?

KREIZLER

He's going to send someone to check the police report on the boy -- if there is one.

Moore considers him quietly, looking troubled.

MOORE

If such a person really exists how could he elude the law this long?

KREIZLER

It isn't easy to find what you're not looking for. These people have always existed, but in the shadows, beyond our imagination. Even if the police had taken an interest they'd never begin to understand what drives a killer like this.

He sounds almost admiring.

MOORE

Do you?

KREIZLER

He's ahead of his time. We must be the same if we're to stop him.

Moore looks down, pouring himself a large glass of vodka, the sounds of a distant argument echoing from the street outside.

MOORE

I became a crime reporter to expose the evils of this city. No-one needs to tell me how depraved it is but what kind of nightmare could drive a man to this.

KREIZLER

Don't look for causes in the city. The creature we're seeking was created long ago. Perhaps in childhood -- certainly in infancy -- and not necessarily here.

MOORE

Then where do you even start?

Kreizler pauses, more sensitive to his friend's turmoil now.

KREIZLER

We build a picture of an imaginary man, the kind of man who might commit a crime like this -- his age, background, appetites. We put ourselves in his place and try to see the world through his eyes...

His own eyes blaze in the firelight.

KREIZLER

Once we have an idea of our imaginary man there's a chance we may find the real one.

MOORE

In a city of two million?

KREIZLER

You see that painting?

He points to a painting of the annunciation, the Archangel Gabriel kneeling before the Virgin Mary.

KREIZLER

Why does the artist paint the sky red instead of blue? Why place the angel on the left not the right? Every choice reveals something -

MOORE

Good God, man, you can't compare the two -

KREIZLER

All we have is his work to go on. His art. He removed the flesh and the organs. He posed the body. And he left it out in the open for us to find.

MOORE

What the hell does that tell us?

Kreizler pauses.

KREIZLER

He's challenging us.

INT. WAITING ROOM/ 14TH PRECINCT POLICE STATION - NIGHT.

Sara sits patiently in the drab waiting room of the 14th precinct police station, looking out of place among the LOW-LIFES who've settled in for the night.

A SERGEANT enters.

SERGEANT
Miss Howard?...

Sara stands up eagerly and the Sergeant takes a long patronising look at her.

SERGEANT
There's no file on any Aaron Morton
and the pickaninny ain't here no
more.

It takes Sara a moment to understand.

SARA
Another child?

The Sergeant smirks.

SERGEANT
I was told you were interested in
boy whores.

Sara replies curtly.

SARA
No, but the Commissioner is.

The Sergeant looks a little thrown by her quiet authority.

SERGEANT
We don't deal with his kind here.
They took him to the nigger morgue
on Bleeker.

Sara stares back at him, trying to contain her excitement.

INT. MORGUE/ BLEEKER STREET/ NEW YORK - NIGHT.

Naked corpses are laid out all along the dark chamber, long blue flames rising from pin-pricks in their bodies to burn off the putrefying gases, a surreal and ghostly sight.

Sara covers her face with a handkerchief as she follows the MORTICIAN through the morgue.

MORTICIAN

I thought they'd set the dogs on him or he'd been lynched by a mob. He was ripped up so bad it's hard to believe it was one man.

Sara stares at the bloated corpses all around her, their dark skin gleaming in the blue flames, their clothes hanging from pegs to identify them.

SARA

Why do you set them alight?

MORTICIAN

Can't afford refrigeration. It's the only way to get rid of the stench. Even then we can only keep 'em a couple of days.

Up ahead, Sara sees the familiar powder flash of a camera.

SARA

And the photographs?

MORTICIAN

Three weeks.

They approach a PHOTOGRAPHER who's taking pictures of a corpse.

MORTICIAN

Nate, the young lady here wants a word.

EXT. KREIZLER'S HOUSE/ EAST 17TH STREET - NIGHT.

Kreizler accompanies Moore to the front door of his house, helping him with his hat and coat. Moore still looks troubled.

MOORE

I'll do as you ask, Lazlo, but even if I don't report the story someone else will.

KREIZLER

Then they'll only scratch the surface.

He looks at his friend fondly, then reaches out and straightens the lapels of his jacket and smooths down the ruffles of his coat, making him look presentable.

KREIZLER

We must show our best face to the world. You can be sure our opponent will do the same.

INT. CARRIAGE/ ELEVATED TRAIN/ NEW YORK - NIGHT.

The elevated train rattles high above the streets, level with the upper floors of the tenement buildings.

Sara has a file open, studying the morgue photographs of the murdered black boy. Post-mortem stitching hides the terrible wounds to his throat and torso and cotton wool has been stuffed into the missing hollows of his eyes.

Sara looks away, sickened, only to find some LECHEROUS MEN grinning at her in the carriage.

EXT. KREIZLER'S HOUSE/ EAST 17TH STREET - NIGHT.

Sara raps on the brass knocker of Kreizler's house, still clutching the file.

A moment later, a uniformed maid, (MARY), answers the door. Sara is taken aback by how beautiful she is -- tall and graceful, with a bewitching face and pale blue eyes.

SARA

Good evening, I have something for Dr. Kreizler.

Mary holds out her hand for the file but doesn't invite Sara in.

SARA

Is he here?

Mary considers her, then shakes her head. Sara looks a little puzzled by her silence and unfriendly gaze.

SARA

Will you please make sure he gets this. It's very important.

Mary takes the file and shuts the door on her. Sara stands there, no idea what she's done wrong.

INT. KREIZLER'S HOUSE/ EAST 17TH STREET - NIGHT.

We follow Mary now as she walks through the house. The sound of a piano drifts down as she heads up the marble staircase. She takes a look out of a window -- making sure Sara's leaving -- then continues towards Kreizler's study --

INT. CONTINUOUS/ STUDY/ KREIZLER'S HOUSE - EVENING.

Kreizler's valet, Cyrus, sits at the piano, playing one of Chopin's Nocturnes like a virtuoso. Mary continues past him towards Kreizler --

The alienist sits by the fire, his eyes closed in contemplation, lost in the music. As Mary approaches he opens his eyes, watching her quietly as she brings over the file.

EXT. THE BOWERY/ NEW YORK -- NIGHT.

Gaslight flickers all along the street, a large banner announcing "*Dante's New York Inferno*", the derelict storefronts turned into dime museums.

Drinking from a silver flask, Moore wanders through the crowded alleyway, the whole world looking more jaundiced after the horrors he's heard.

He passes a grotesque collection of misshapen embryos, then a row of fake taxidermic chimeras -- monstrous hybrids of reptiles, birds and snakes.

At one of the stalls, an ALLIGATOR BOY and a HUMAN SKELETON share a cigarette on their tea break. Next door, a HUMAN PINCUSHION plunges daggers through his throat.

Moore approaches a STREET SALESMAN who sells exotic remedies in glass jars. The man grinds a blue scorpion in a copper bowl, pouring the venom and juice in a jar. Moore hands him a dollar and buys one of his bizarre concoctions.

INT. SARA'S TOWN HOUSE/ UPPER EAST SIDE/ NEW YORK - NIGHT.

Sara enters a grand old house with a magnificent staircase covered in portraits of her ancestors. A BUTLER and MAID are there to greet her as if she's the lady of the house.

BUTLER

Good evening, Miss Howard.

SARA

Good evening, Annie. Good evening, Jack.

INT. BEDROOM/ SARA'S TOWN HOUSE/ UPPER EAST SIDE - NIGHT.

Sara sits at her desk and cuts open a small parcel with a paper knife. Inside are two books -- *Memoirs of a great detective by John William Murray* and *A history of the Whitechapel murders by Richard Fox*. She turns up the flame on her desk lamp and starts to read --

EXT. ROOSEVELT'S HOUSE/ MADISON AVENUE - NIGHT.

Warm light spills out of the elegant doorway of Roosevelt's Madison Avenue townhouse. From inside we hear the sound of children's laughter, then see Roosevelt stumble out in his hat and coat with two of his children, KERMIT, 6, and ETHEL, 4, clinging onto his arms and legs to stop him leaving.

ROOSEVELT

I'll be five minutes, I promise,
then I'll read you 'Horatio on the
bridge'!

KERMIT

Grab his knees, Ethel!

ROOSEVELT

Come on now, get back inside, it's
freezing!

(Calling out)

Edith, help!

Roosevelt's wife, EDITH, appears now, summoning her children with far more authority than her husband.

EDITH

Come inside right now or I shall
get cross!

Roosevelt finally liberates himself from his children and heads down to the sidewalk where Kreizler is waiting by a street lamp. Kreizler waves goodbye to Edith Roosevelt.

KREIZLER

Good night, Edith.

EDITH

Good night, Lazlo.

She waves back and disappears into the house with her children.

ROOSEVELT

You should have come in. She's very
fond of you.

KREIZLER

You have a beautiful family. I
didn't want to bring this into your
home.

Roosevelt nods gratefully.

ROOSEVELT

That's one thing I'll say about
this awful business -- it makes me
realize how truly blessed I am.

They start to walk down the brightly lit avenue, past the
luxurious department stores and the lavish town houses.

ROOSEVELT

Were the wounds the same?

KREIZLER

Not as extreme but otherwise
identical.

Roosevelt takes this in, still finding it hard to fathom the
evil they're dealing with.

ROOSEVELT

I know we haven't always seen eye
to eye, but I shall need your
counsel.

KREIZLER

And I may need you to have a word
with Moore's editors. I'll require
him full time over the coming days.

Roosevelt looks at him in surprise, realizing what he's
saying.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I don't mean to sound ungrateful,
but I've already made an enemy of
every senior officer on the force.
If word gets out I've turned to an
Alienist they'll laugh me out of
office -

KREIZLER

I'm aware of that. What I have in
mind is a separate investigation
carried out in absolute secrecy.
I'll need two or three detectives --
men loyal to you -- and someone to
act as a liaison with your office.
Give me a team of motivated, like-
minded people and I believe there's
a chance we can succeed.

Roosevelt considers the request quietly.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Do you think it's a good idea to involve Johnnie?

KREIZLER

He's promised not to write a word until we say so.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I meant his state of mind. I suspect he's far more affected by the break-up than he lets on...

Kreizler smiles gently as he talks about their friend.

KREIZLER

Perhaps, but there's nothing like a broken heart to help a man find his sense of purpose.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAWN.

A sharp thud as metal digs into earth. Cyrus tosses away the loose soil with his shovel and continues digging. Young Stevie Taggart, the boy who drove Moore to the bridge, is helping him, digging up a second grave.

The sound of wild dogs echoes in the dawn light as Kreizler looks on. He's still dressed in his immaculate black suit, looking like the grim reaper among the endless gravestones. He glances up at the sky as the snow begins to fall.

EXT. KREIZLER INSTITUTE/ EAST BROADWAY - DAY.

It's snowing harder now, huge flakes drifting down to the busy street below. Moore weaves his way through the traffic, approaching a red brick building with a sign that says, "*The Kreizler Institute For Children*".

Cyrus is washing Kreizler's carriage, chatting to Stevie.

MOORE

Morning, Cyrus! Morning, Stevie!

They both acknowledge him with a brief nod as he sweeps into the building.

INT. HALLWAY/ STAIRS/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

Moore enters a scene of utter chaos. CHILDREN bound down the stairs, their hapless PARENTS in pursuit. A CHUBBY BOY with malevolent eyes glowers at Moore as they pass on the steps -

CHUBBY LITTLE BOY
You dirty sonofabitch!

Startled, Moore looks at the boy's MOTHER but she simply shrugs her shoulders, following her son down the stairs.

INT. WAITING ROOM/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

Moore raps on the door of Kreizler's consulting room and when there's no answer he strides in --

INT. KREIZLER'S CONSULTING ROOM/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

To Moore's surprise he finds himself staring at young girl of 12, (BERTHE), who writhes on an examination table, howling and baring her teeth at him like a wounded animal. Kreizler tries to calm her down and keep her still while her MOTHER looks on in anguish.

KREIZLER
It's alright, Berthe, no-one's going to hurt you.

BERTHE'S MOTHER
You see, Doctor, she's like this always, like a devil!

Moore's about to retreat when Kreizler sees him and gestures for him to stay. He looks down at his patient gently.

KREIZLER
Berthe, I need you to roll onto your back. I know it hurts.

The girl's howling turns to frightened sobbing now as Kreizler helps her onto her back. He examines her legs and sees deep red blotches on her thighs.

KREIZLER
What treatments has she had so far?

BERTHE'S MOTHER
The priest says she's too young to become a woman. He says she needs ice baths and leeches to stop the bleeding.

Kreizler frowns at her ignorance, realizing the red marks are leech bites. Moore looks on, sensing his friend's frustration.

KREIZLER

I'm going to rub some ointment on your legs. It may sting but you'll feel better...

He rubs some ointment on his palms, removes Berthe's hands from between her legs, and applies the balm to her bites.

BERTHE'S MOTHER

She touches herself, Doctor. I can't tell the priest -

KREIZLER

Your daughter is not possessed, Mrs Rajk, nor does this have anything to do with her masturbating! The ice baths and leeching are causing her terrible pain -

BERTHE'S MOTHER

It's her head, Doctor -

KREIZLER

There is nothing wrong with her head!

He loses patience but stays focussed on the girl, carefully applying the ointment to her bites.

KREIZLER

She is a woman, Mrs Rajk, and there is nothing you or your priest can do to stop that. It is time for her to bleed.

He looks back at the whimpering Berthe, treating her more like an adult than her mother.

KREIZLER

You're a very brave young lady, Berthe, and you'll get better soon, I promise.

INT. CORRIDOR/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

Moore follows Kreizler out of his office now, struggling to keep up with him.

KREIZLER

Your friend, Miss Howard, found a new victim.

Moore stares after him in surprise, not sure he's heard right.

KREIZLER

A Liberian boy who worked at the *Black and Tan*. His body was discovered on the Brooklyn bridge three weeks ago.

Moore slows down but Kreizler continues down the stairs.

KREIZLER

We've had good news too -- reinforcements.

EXT. INTERIOR COURTYARD/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

The snow has settled in the institute's inner courtyard, the sound of children's laughter echoing all around. Kreizler and Moore walk out into the middle of a fierce snowball fight --

BOYS and GIRLS in uniform, resident patients of the Kreizler Institute, start throwing snowballs at them with joyful glee. Moore tries to cover up, but Kreizler enters in the spirit of the game, hurling back snowballs of his own.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

The children's happy cries can still be heard outside as Kreizler leads Moore into a long whitewashed cellar heated by a hissing gas boiler.

Cabinets with glass doors run along each wall, containing animal organs in jars of formaldehyde. Above them, Moore sees plaster casts of human and simian heads, their skulls partly removed to reveal the structure of their brains.

Feeling queasy, Moore looks away and sees two men standing in the middle of the operating theatre. They're both wearing three-piece suits and bow ties, carrying medical bags. One is tall and handsome, (LUCIUS ISAACSON); the other is shorter, with a fleshy face beaded with sweat, (MARCUS ISAACSON).

Kreizler greets them with a warm smile.

KREIZLER

Gentlemen, I'm Dr. Kreizler. I hope you haven't been waiting long.

The softly-spoken Marcus answers first.

MARCUS ISAACSON

Not at all, Doctor. I'm Sergeant Marcus Isaacson and this is my brother Lucius.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

Please don't do that again.

MARCUS ISAACSON

What?

LUCIUS ISAACSON

Introduce me as your brother.

The pugnacious Lucius extends a plump hand.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

Detective Sergeant Lucius Isaacson.

Kreizler shakes his hand, amused by their sibling spat.

KREIZLER

Allow me to introduce my friend, John Schuyler Moore.

Lucius makes sure he shakes Moore's hand first, squeezing it in a vice-like grip. Marcus's handshake is friendlier, his manner calm and serene.

KREIZLER

Commissioner Roosevelt speaks very highly of your talents. I'm particularly interested in your expertise in criminal science and forensic medicine.

MARCUS ISAACSON

I wouldn't call it expertise. Our parents wanted us to be doctors. It didn't work out but the training came in useful. *Detective Sergeant Isaacson* specializes in tissue damage while I believe bones to be a more reliable witness.

From Lucius's expression this is clearly another source of tension between them. Moore looks a little distracted, detecting an unpleasant smell from somewhere in the room.

KREIZLER

I imagine your modern methods don't make you popular with the rest of the force?

LUCIUS ISAACSON
No, sir, that and the fact we're
Jews.

It's as if he's laying his cards on the table. Kreizler regards him with a gentle smile.

KREIZLER
Your background makes no difference
to me. Have you seen the bodies?

Moore looks at his friend in confusion now, not sure he's understood.

MARCUS ISAACSON
We were waiting for you.

Marcus looks over to a corner of the room and for the first time Moore sees the two steel examining beds lying side by side. Two sterile sheets cover two small shapes underneath.

Moore feels the blood drain from his face as he realizes what they are.

Kreizler leads the Isaacson's towards the examination beds.

KREIZLER
Benjamin and Sofia Zweig. Their
bodies were discovered -

LUCIUS ISAACSON
Three years ago. In a water tower
on Suffolk Street. The case is
still officially open.

Moore stares at the tiny forms beneath the sheets in dismay.

With professional detachment, Kreizler pulls the sheets off the corpses.

Two small skeletons, one draped in a decaying black suit, the other in a tattered white dress, lie on the beds. Some of their bones are still connected, others have come apart, placed together in some kind of approximation.

Tears of shock well up in Moore's eyes.

Kreizler and the Isaacson's walk around the remains, holding in whatever emotions they feel, the sound of their footsteps and the hissing boiler the only noise in the room.

KREIZLER

No doubt, you've heard about the Santorelli murder, gentlemen?

MARCUS ISAACSON

Only rumors, sir.

KREIZLER

The boy's throat was cut from left to right. There were deep lacerations to his chest and abdomen. One hand was severed and some of his organs removed.

Moore looks pale, the sound of the boiler hissing in his ears.

MARCUS ISAACSON

If you're looking for similarities there's only so much we can tell from bodies in this state of decomposition.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

We'll do our best, Doctor.

Lucius's interruption has nothing to do with putting his brother down this time. He's simply determined to put right this awful wrong.

KREIZLER

How long will you need?

LUCIUS ISAACSON

The rest of the day should be enough.

KREIZLER

I'll be at Delmonico's at eleven-thirty. Meet me there and I can offer you an excellent supper.

Moore looks at his friend incredulously, appalled that he can think about food at a time like this.

EXT. KREIZLER INSTITUTE/ BROADWAY - DAY.

The falling snow outside is a relief. Moore breathes in the cold air, slowly recovering.

KREIZLER

They're certainly eccentric but I have a feeling they know what they're doing.

MOORE

Why didn't you mention the eyes?

KREIZLER

I'm curious to see what they discover for themselves -- a test if you like. Are you alright, John?

MOORE

I've been better.

Kreizler smiles, leading him to his carriage.

KREIZLER

Well, I hope you'll recover by tonight.

MOORE

(Still disapproving)
Delmonico's?

KREIZLER

The opera first. Maurel is singing *Rigoletto*.

Moore shakes his head at his incorrigible friend.

MOORE

Who's singing the hunchback's daughter?

KREIZLER

My God, Moore, I should like to get the particulars of your infancy someday -- you really are depraved.

MOORE

I only asked who was singing the hunchback's daughter.

KREIZLER

Frances Saville, she of the legs as you put it.

MOORE

Well, in that case...

Kreizler laughs, calling out to Cyrus who's standing by the calash on his own now.

KREIZLER

Cyrus, could you please take Mr.
Moore home before he steals some
poor girl's virtue!

He opens the carriage door for his friend when suddenly they're struck by a horrible smell.

Kreizler looks down, then stops, gazing at the floor of the carriage.

A balled-up, blood-soaked white rag lies near the seat.

Moore watches in confusion as Kreizler reaches inside and picks it up. As he unfolds the rag he sees there's some blood stained paper inside, and a tiny lump of flesh, like a slice of kidney or liver.

He studies it quietly then turns to Cyrus.

KREIZLER

Did you leave the carriage at any
point?

CYRUS

Yes sir, just now.

Kreizler suddenly strides over to the edge of the sidewalk, gazing out at the crowded street...

The traffic is slow and busy, LABORERS shovelling snow...

Moore joins Kreizler, not sure what they're looking for. The pedestrians flow back and forth, hundreds of them, but Kreizler's eyes search with careful precision...

The heavy snow obscures the sidewalk opposite -- everyone and everything in constant motion -- except for a SOLITARY FIGURE who has his back to them, gazing at a shop window...

Kreizler stares curiously at the tall figure. It takes him a moment to realize the figure is watching him too -- observing him in the reflection of the shop window...

The figure seems to sense Kreizler's attention, turning slowly...

Moore follows his friend's gaze and sees it too -- but the snow is so thick it's hard to tell if it's a man or a woman, a ghost or a living thing...

For a moment everything is silent, Kreizler's eyes fixed on his prey, then suddenly he dashes out into the street --

The noise floods back, the roar of horns and voices --

Moore hurries after Kreizler, dodging past vehicles and people --

The thunder of a passing horse-car forces Kreizler to stop for an instant and he loses sight of his quarry --

When he sees the figure again, it's on the move, vanishing down a side-street --

Kreizler runs now, Moore chasing after him --

INT. OPERATING THEATRE/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

Scissors, saws, drills and probes glitter on a tray. Marcus Isaacson takes a measuring device and examines the fractures at the top of Benjamin Zweig's skull.

His brother, Lucius, is examining Sophia Zweig's neck bones, scraping away some dirt with a scalpel.

LUCIUS ISAACSON

The coroner's report says she died from knife wounds to her throat but there's extensive damage to the Hyoid bone.

Marcus looks over curiously.

MARCUS ISAACSON

Why would he strangle her then cut her throat?

LUCIUS ISAACSON

Blood lust. Or else he wanted to drain her blood before he mutilated her.

EXT. SIDE-STREET OFF EAST BROADWAY - DAY.

The snow blows in thick gusts. Up ahead, Kreizler sees the ghostly figure vanish around another corner and gives chase --

As Moore sprints after them he sees FAMILIES huddled under blankets on fire-escapes; URCHINS warming themselves around steam gratings; WOMEN on rooftops unpegging garments from their clotheslines --

INT. OPERATING THEATRE/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

Marcus Isaacson stares through a magnifying glass at the eye-holes in Benjamin Zweig's skull.

MARCUS ISAACSON

Can you pass me some wax?

He takes a piece of soft wax from his brother and gently presses it into the bone ridges above where the boy's eyes used to be. As he removes the wax he sees some tiny marks. He looks through the magnifying glass again, noticing more of the distinctive notches all the way along the malar bone.

MARCUS ISAACSON

Sonofabitch cut his eyes out with a knife.

EXT. OUTER COURTYARD/ TENEMENT BUILDINGS - DAY.

Kreizler arrives in a litter strewn courtyard. He looks all around the tenement buildings but there's no sign of the mysterious figure.

Catching his breath, he enters a narrow passageway with a rotting wooden roof, the entrance to the maze of tunnel-like back alleys that lead from the outer to the inner tenements --

INT. PASSAGEWAY/ TENEMENT BUILDINGS - DAY.

It's dark as a cave inside the passageway, the only light coming from cracks in the rotting roof. Kreizler hears Moore shouting behind him.

MOORE O/S

Lazlo?!

KREIZLER

Over here!

Moore catches up with him, out of breath.

MOORE

Have we lost him?

Kreizler puts his finger to his lips, hushing him, listening for the slightest sound.

There's nothing but silence.

Kreizler walks on, signalling for Moore to keep a slight distance. As he listens again he thinks he hears quiet breathing coming from somewhere up ahead.

He follows the sound cautiously, arriving at a cross-roads in the passageway.

Snow falls lightly through a hole in the roof, the only source of light.

Kreizler signals to Moore to stay back, then heads down one of the side passages.

Moore watches his outline fading gradually in the dark. He takes a few steps to keep him in his sights, when suddenly he hears a noise and catches a glimpse of something out of the corner of his eye --

He ducks just as a thick wooden plank comes flying out of the darkness, catching him a glancing blow on the side of the head. The impact sends him crashing to the floor --

His ears ringing, he hears footsteps running away and another set of footsteps running towards him.

KREIZLER
(Kneeling beside him)
Are you alright?

Moore nods, blood trickling down his face. Kreizler examines his wound in what little light there is, then gets up again.

KREIZLER
Stay here.

Before Moore can protest, Kreizler runs off in the same direction the attacker's footsteps disappeared.

Groaning in pain, Moore picks himself up with difficulty and follows --

INT. OPERATING THEATRE/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

A flash of light. Marcus Isaacson lines up his camera, taking photographs of the knife marks around Benjamin Zweig's eye-holes.

Lucius is examining the tiny bones of Sophia Zweig's fingers, almost as if he's holding her hand to comfort her. The powder flash of his brother's camera lights up the examination bed when suddenly he notices something.

LUCIUS ISAACSON
Marcus...

He stares quietly at the girl's left hand. There's a tiny rust colored stain on her thumbnail...dried blood --

EXT. STREET UNDER THE ELEVATED TRAIN LINE - DAY.

The roar of the elevated train thundering overhead resounds in Moore's head, disorienting him as he arrives in the open air. He looks around the underpass with its criss-crossing rails until he spots Kreizler running into a covered market --

INT. COVERED MEAT MARKET - DAY.

Huge ribs of beef and headless carcasses hang from meat hooks. Peering through them, Kreizler catches another glimpse of the ghostly figure disappearing up ahead.

Moore arrives, almost skidding on the blood stained sawdust. All around him, BUTCHERS are sawing bones and carving thick slabs of meat. OFFAL DRESSERS scoop out kidneys, hearts and intestines while the drainage grooves run with blood --

INT. OPERATING THEATRE/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

Lucius studies the blood-stain on the tip of Sophia Zweig's thumbnail with a magnifying glass, noticing a faint mark.

LUCIUS ISAACSON
I need a stronger lens.

EXT. SQUARE/ CHINATOWN - DAY.

Moore emerges from the market into an almost deserted square.

It's as if he's been transported to a different world. The snow is still falling but all the storefront signs and billboards are in Chinese.

Kreizler stands by a telegraph pole plastered with red and yellow scraps of paper fluttering in the wind. He casts his eyes around the square, searching for his prey...

Prayer ribbons flutter outside the 'Joss House' temple...

The grates outside a Chinese restaurant billow with steam...

But there's no sign of the figure...

Moore examines the footsteps in the snow, but there are too many of them, leading off in different directions.

Kreizler stares off now, watching an OLD CHINESE MAN who is carrying crates back into his grocery store.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

Lucius sees the tiny thumb-bone from the rest of Sophia Zweig's hand, his brother looking on.

EXT. GROCERY STORE/ SQUARE/ CHINATOWN - DAY.

The grocery store window is full of incongruous goods -- tea services, dried shark fins, and a collection of paper kites painted like dragons.

Kreizler approaches the old Chinese man.

KREIZLER

Excuse me, sir.

The old man looks over, still clutching a heavy crate.

KREIZLER

Have you seen someone
running?...*Running*?...

Realizing the man speaks no English, Kreizler gestures with his hands, indicating someone running away.

Moore watches as the old man lowers his crate, gazing back at them. He gestures with his own hands now, shaking them gently in a rising motion.

When they don't understand, the old man points to his store window.

Moore and Kreizler look over and realize he's pointing at the paper kites.

The kites' dragon faces are painted with terrifying expressions and sharp teeth, their wings spread wide.

The old man points to the sky now, as if to say their prey has flown away.

Moore and Kreizler stare in silence, the snow falling all around as the old man heads back inside.

Kreizler digs into his pocket and takes out the gruesome rag with the lump of flesh, examining the blood-stained piece of paper that came with it.

MOORE

What is it?

Kreizler studies the printed words on the scrap of paper. At the top of the torn page there's a title and the name of an author...

Childhood and the criminal man, by Dr. Lazlo Kreizler...

It's a page from Kreizler's own book.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

Lucius puts his eye to the microscope, recognizing the distinctive loops, arches and swirls on the red smear of blood...

A fingerprint.

CUT TO BLACK