

A Dish Served Cold

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. DARK ALLEY -- NIGHT

Three YOUTHS walk cockily through a deserted alley. They are in their late teens, dressed in baggy shapeless street attire. From left to right, one is black, one white, and one hispanic. At the end of the alley, there is a brightly lit street and a lot of traffic, made noisier by tires going through puddles.

Suddenly they see the silhouette of a figure, dressed in a long, dark Burberry trench-coat and scarf, and wearing a hat. He walks calmly through the shadows. He is slightly hunched over, with his hands in his pockets. It is the VIGILANTE.

They debate amongst themselves. Their stance becomes more hostile and threatening. They slickly pull knives from their pockets and hold them by their sides. There is a cocky swagger in their walk.

It is cold - little clouds of breath blow in front of them before dissipating in the crisp night air.

When they get to within two yards of the Vigilante, they raise their arms and wave their knives threateningly.

BLACK YOUTH

Yo, man. Give us yo' fuckin' wallet.

HISPANIC YOUTH

And don't try nuthin', neither.

The Vigilante stops, but does and says nothing. The Youths swap surprised glances.

The Black Youth moves forward a step. He brandishes his knife in a slashing motion.

BLACK YOUTH

(with real menace)
I said, give us yer fuckin' wallet, asshole.

WHITE YOUTH

Are you fuckin' stupid, man?

The Youths wait expectantly, but the Vigilante doesn't move.

HISPANIC YOUTH

(laughing)
This dude's got cojones... muy loco.

BLACK YOUTH

(serious)

Don't fuckin' mess wi' me,
motherfucker. It's no skin off my
fuckin' nose if we get yer money
dead or alive. So get the fucker
out now, or...

The Vigilante's voice is hoarse and muffled by a scarf
over his mouth. He shrugs.

VIGILANTE

(calmly)

Okay. Okay.

The Vigilante slowly starts to pull his hands out of his
pockets. The Youths tense up and move their knives closer.

VIGILANTE (CONT'D)

Hey, easy, easy.

The Black Youth puts his knife within inches of the
Vigilante's throat.

BLACK YOUTH

(agitated)

Just watch it, motherfucker.

WHITE YOUTH

(looking nervously
up and down the
alley)

Easy, man. Let's just get Rambo's
fuckin' wallet and get outta here.

CAMERA - WIDE ANGLE

We see the action from a distance. We no longer hear the
voices because of the SOUNDTRACK.

The Vigilante pulls his hands out of his pockets. They
are holding pistols with silencers attached. Before they
know what has hit them, there is the sound of two muffled
SHOTS and the Black and Hispanic Youths fall to the ground.

The White Youth is momentarily stunned. He shouts out the
names of his fallen comrades.

He recovers his composure and lunges at the Vigilante
with his knife, right into the chest.

He recoils in pain as the knife is pushed backwards out
of his hand. It was like stabbing a brick wall. The knife
drops to the floor. His hand starts to bleed profusely.
The Vigilante stands calmly, and covers the knife with
his foot. He puts the left pistol back in his pocket, and
trains the other one on the White Youth, who suddenly
becomes aware of how the tables have been turned.

He starts to back away slowly.

The Vigilante orders him to stop moving, and gestures with his gun for the White Youth to fall to his knees. He hesitates. He looks around for alternatives. There are none. He complies, almost crying.

The Vigilante takes off his hat, and calmly shakes some of the rain off. He is wearing a black ski-mask. The White Youth is petrified.

From behind, we see the Vigilante pull off his ski-mask.

ANGLE ON WHITE YOUTH

The White Youth's face changes from tearful, to recognition, to disdain, then outright fear. He mouths "No! No!"

There is a MUFFLED SHOT, and a bullet wound appears in his left thigh. He doubles over in pain, rolling first forward, then over onto his back.

There is another MUFFLED SHOT. A second wound appears in his other thigh. By now he is crying profusely, begging for mercy.

Slowly, the Vigilante approaches the youth, vainly trying to crawl away. He points the gun at the youth's head. He says something.

Another MUFFLED SHOT, this between his eyes.

The Vigilante puts the gun back in his pocket, bends down and picks up one of the knives. He is wearing what looks like surgical gloves. He moves to the bodies and bends down.

EXT. MAIN STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

The Vigilante walks down the brightly lit street, dodging the puddles. He is wearing his hat again. There are some dogs tied outside a bookstore. He tosses 2 small objects to them which they catch with their mouths, chew and swallow. Almost without breaking his stride, he carefully takes off the surgical gloves and throws them into a trash can.

INT. MACLEAN'S APARTMENT -- LATER

It is a cosy, tidy apartment, conservatively decorated. Some removal boxes stacked along one wall show that the occupant has only recently moved in. The apartment lacks a woman's touch, but it is clean and orderly.

DETECTIVE DREW MACLEAN, early 40s, is sitting at the dining room table. He is trim, good looking, smart, casually dressed. He has a calm, friendly, but slightly world-weary look about him. A cat sits on his knee.

In front of him is a bowl of cereal and a pot of tea. As he eats, he casually flicks over the pages of the New Yorker magazine.

Slow classical music plays in the background.

Suddenly, there is urgent BANGING on the door.

FAGIN (O.S.)
NYPD! Open up, or we're banging
the door down.

MacLean calmly opens the door.

JOE FAGIN, 50, a lifelong New Yorker, shows signs of going to seed. His face has a much harder cynical look. Brandishing handcuffs in one hand, he flashes his badge at MacLean.

FAGIN (CONT'D)
We have reason to believe there's
an unauthorized funeral at this
location.

MacLean raises his hands and places them against the wall.

MACLEAN
Who squealed?

Fagin smiles and playfully whacks him with the handcuffs. He switches off the music.

FAGIN
Seriously, man. This music...
who died?

MACLEAN
So, what's up?

FAGIN
Gunfight at the OK Corral.

MACLEAN
Why didn't you call?... Oh!

Fagin picks up the phone handset lying by the cradle and shrugs.

FAGIN
You gotta teach that cat to replace
the handset after phone sex.
(pointing to the
boxes)
You still not finished moving in?

MacLean shrugs.

MACLEAN
Where're we going?

FAGIN
Brooklyn.

MACLEAN
Give us a minute.

He disappears in to the bedroom and changes into shirt and tie.

Meanwhile, Fagin strolls around. He picks up a heavy hardback book from the coffee table and looks at the title. There is no flicker of recognition on his face. Walking over to the dining room table, he screws up his nose at the cereal and tea.

FAGIN
 (looking at his
 watch)
 Ain't you eaten yet? Where you
 been?

There are some photos on the sideboard. We see his graduation pictures, one from Harvard, and another clearly from an ancient British University, judging by the buildings and the ceremony. We also see a marriage picture.

On the wall above are citations from the NY Police Department.

MACLEAN (O.S.)
 Okay, Joe. Let's go.

FAGIN
 Hey, Sally wants to invite you
 for dinner tomorrow. Thinks you're
 not eating right.
 (gestures towards
 table)
 'Course I told her that was crap.

MACLEAN (O.S.)
 Thanks.

MacLean reemerges from the bedroom and grabs his coat as he leaves.

FAGIN
 (to the cat)
 Now, no prowling for pussy while
 we're gone, you hear?

EXT. DARK ALLEY -- LATER

The alley has been sealed off. There are police cars and ambulances with flashing lights. A police photographer and MEDICAL EXAMINER do their "stuff".

The two homicide detectives get out of the car and walk up to a uniformed POLICEMAN.

FAGIN
 So, what've we got?

MacLean and Fagin walk about, surveying the scene, as they question the Policeman.

POLICEMAN

Three youths. All shot at close range.

(turning to MacLean)

Good to see you back, Sir.

MacLean nods.

FAGIN

Who found them?

POLICEMAN

That couple over there...

(looks at his watch)

... about an hour ago. They were walking their dog down the alley. Didn't see anything. Called 911 on their cellphone about 8:30.

MACLEAN

Time of death?

POLICEMAN

Dunno yet. Bodies are already cold, but so's the weather.

MACLEAN

IDs?

POLICEMAN

Nothing. No drivers licence, no credit cards. Hardly enough cash to buy a burger.

MACLEAN

No one's gonna tell me it's a mugging. Who'd bother robbing punks like these?

FAGIN

Jumping the gun a bit, aren't we, Drew? They're the victims, remember?

MACLEAN

Huh! It ain't rocket science. These guys were up to no good. Look at those knives on the ground.
(to Medical Examiner)
Any indication they were in a gang?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

No obvious membership cards, if that's what you mean? A few random tattoos, nothing else.

Fagin gingerly picks up one of the knives lying in a reddish pool. He shields it from the drizzle, and turns it over.

FAGIN

It's still got blood on the under side. Maybe they managed to wound the killer.

He bags the knife.

MACLEAN

(sounding bored)

So, what do you think, Joe? Execution?

FAGIN

Strange place for an execution - middle of the city, in an alley a few yards from a main street.

MACLEAN

Maybe they were ambushed by another gang. If they only had knives, they didn't stand much of a chance.

FAGIN

Yea, but those guys usually like to turn the bodies into sieves, just to be sure.

MACLEAN

That's what doesn't make sense. It looks for all the world like a professional hit. But why would anyone go to such trouble to whack these bums?

FAGIN

Maybe they didn't. Maybe they got the wrong guys.

MacLean bends over the white youth.

MACLEAN

Hey, the white guy's got a cross carved in his forehead.

FAGIN

Wait a minute, I know this punk.

Fagin bends over the body of the White Youth.

FAGIN (CONT'D)

Bless my cotton socks. If it ain't Kevin Kowolski.

POLICEMAN 2 has been speaking on his car radio. He comes up to them urgently.

POLICEMAN 2

Sir, another homicide. Greenwich Village.

EXT. NEW YORK -- NIGHT

Fagin's car, with the light flashing on the roof, drives across the Brooklyn Bridge, then through the streets of Lower Manhattan. Everything is blurred and streaked by the drizzle.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - STREET -- NIGHT -- LATER

Fagin stops the car near several police cars and ambulances. With their reflection in the wet streets, their lights cast an eerie blue glow over the scene.

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

It is a small dark non-descript one-bedroom apartment.

A body lies face down in the middle of the floor. A police photographer takes pictures. Forensics are just arriving and setting up.

POLICEMAN 3 stands by the door, talking with MacLean and Fagin. The detectives put on rubber gloves.

POLICEMAN 3
It's all like I found it. I ain't
touched nothin'.

Fagin flicks the light switch.

FAGIN
Won't hurt to have some light.
Okay, now, what we got?

POLICEMAN 3
Janna Rabinowitz.

MacLean and Fagin shrug at one another.

POLICEMAN 3 (CONT'D)
Works on Wall Street, according
to the neighbor. Could be
Citibank...

Policeman 3 points at stationary on the desk with the Citibank logo.

FAGIN
She could just have an account
there, Sherlock.

MACLEAN
Doesn't matter. Who reported it?

POLICEMAN 3
The neighbor. Saw the door open.
Music was playing. Came in to say
hello.

FAGIN

Right neighborly of him. Did he touch anything?

POLICEMAN 3

No. Saw the draft where the woman's brain used to be and ran. Got shit-scared.

MACLEAN

Anything else?

POLICEMAN 3

As far as I can see, one bullet in the head.

FAGIN

And no one heard the shot?

POLICEMAN 3

We haven't got round everyone yet. Oh, and someone's cut a cross into her forehead.

MACLEAN

Oh, shit!

MacLean bends down and looks at the face. Fagin joins him.

FAGIN

Oh, shit!

EXT. POLICE STATION -- MORNING

INSERT CAPTION:

Tuesday

MacLean walks up to a New York Police Station and enters the building.

INT. POLICE STATION - MACLEAN'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Fagin is sitting in a swivel chair with his feet up on the desk. On the wall behind him is a map of the 5 boroughs with two colored pins stuck in it. He is nursing a large cup of coffee and a doughnut.

Jazz is playing on the stereo. Fagin gently sways with the music. He is reading a case file.

MacLean comes in with a Starbucks bag, and sits at the next desk. Their names are on the open door.

FAGIN

Morning. Sleep well?

MACLEAN

No.

BEAT

FAGIN

Talkative today, aren't we? You need real coffee, not that unleaded shit.

MACLEAN

I dunno how you can even call that muck coffee - it's road sweepings.

FAGIN

You don't smoke, you don't drink, you don't even take caffeine. Jesus, man. The only legal drugs, and you're outta all of them. Far too much reality for me.

MACLEAN

(pointing at the map)

There's enough of it up there. So, what we got?

Fagin skims the report.

FAGIN

No ballistics yet, but looks like the same guy. He's good. All victims, one bullet, except our white friend in the alley. He toyed with him first. Shot in both legs before the fatal shot in the head. Hmmm. Why? Could be personal?

MACLEAN

Executing someone close up probably counts as personal, no?

Fagin ignores him and continues reading.

FAGIN

No witnesses. No one heard a shot. Probably used a silencer. Two of the victims had crosses on the forehead.

MACLEAN

God Squad fanatic?

FAGIN

Could be... Whoa! Fuck me!

Fagin takes his feet off the desk, and sits bolt upright. He puts down the file and looks at MacLean.

MACLEAN

(startled)

What?

INT. POLICE STATION - BRIEFING ROOM -- LATER

The room is full with about 12 policemen and 4 policewomen of different ranks. At the front stand CAPTAIN WALKER, MacLean and Fagin.

CAPTAIN DAVID WALKER, African-American, is late 50s, immaculate, slightly overweight. He is every inch the true professional.

Behind them is Fagin's map of the city.

CAPTAIN WALKER

So, have we got us a serial killer, or what?

MACLEAN

I dunno, Dave. It's too early to say, but it doesn't look good. Let's recap what we know. Four bodies, all killed within about two hours last night in different parts of the city.

Fagin puts up photos of the bodies next to their mugshots.

FAGIN

Brooklyn. Three bodies. Kevin Kowolski, a real low-life. Shaquille Coombes and Jaime Rodriguez - minor hoodlums - car theft, etc. Each with records as long as your arm.

OFFICER MIKE HARRIS, 28, enthusiastic policeman, brightens up.

HARRIS

Good riddance, then

CAPTAIN WALKER

(impatiently)

That is NOT the attitude, Harris, do you hear me?

Harris bows his head in embarrassment.

MacLean puts up a photocopy enlargement of a scrap of paper. The handwriting on it is almost childlike.

MACLEAN

Kowolski had this note in his pocket. It shows the time and location of his death.

FAGIN

Forensics are checking to confirm whose handwriting it is, but it looks like they had an appointment with the killer.

MACLEAN

In Greenwich, we have Janna Rabinowitz. A humble bank clerk, as far as we can tell.

FAGIN

No obvious connection between the victims. No hardcore mafiosi or such.

MACLEAN

Robbery wasn't the motive - the apartment was left intact, and the victims still had their wallets.

FAGIN

Coombes and Rodriguez were shot in the chest while standing up. The others were shot in the forehead from above - they were either kneeling or on the ground - and had crosses cut into their foreheads.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Religious nut? Any forensic evidence?

FAGIN

Nothing yet. No finger prints. They're still looking for DNA. This guy is careful. Or "guys"... it coulda been more than one, especially in the alley.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Which was first - Brooklyn or Greenwich?

FAGIN

Good question. We dunno for sure - they were very close. At this stage, Forensics think Greenwich was probably killed first. Still, early days ...

OFFICER HARRIS

The killer must have used the subway to get around so fast.

FAGIN

Or cabs?

HARRIS

Much greater chance of being identified.

FAGIN

Why would anyone remember him, let alone identify him, unless he was covered in blood? In which case, the subway wouldn't be too smart, either.

MACLEAN

Easy, Joe. It's not a bad point. Much greater anonymity on the subway. Harris, you check out the surveillance cameras at all the stations near the murders. See if the same guy crops up.

HARRIS

(to himself)

Fuck. That'll take forever.

POLICEMAN 2

(aside)

That'll teach you!

Captain Walker looks over to LAURIE O'NEAL. She is an attractive uniformed policewoman, late 20s / early 30s, blond, with her hair tied back in a pony tail. She has a purposeful manner.

CAPTAIN WALKER

You wanna add something, O'Neal?

(aside to MacLean)

Laurie O'Neal. Moved here a month ago from upstate.

MacLean nods.

O'NEAL

Coombes and Rodriguez were clearly collateral damage. The killer went to town on the other two. They were motivated, personal. If you ask me, the killer made them get on their knees and beg before shooting them in the face?

MACLEAN

Could be. Good point. Check with forensics if they can tell how close the killer was standing. If you're right, see if you can find a connection between those two.

OFFICER HARRIS

Sounds a sadistic sonofabitch.

FAGIN

You don't know the half of it!

(MORE)

FAGIN (CONT'D)

Before you go, boys and girls,
there's one more bit of information
you need to know. Our friend shot
Kowolski in the trademark forehead.
And then...

BEAT

Fagin looks around the room. He is relishing the suspense.

FAGIN (CONT'D)

... he cut off his balls.

All the men flinch and groan at the thought. The women
smile nervously.

HARRIS

Sex pervert? Cheated lover?

FAGIN

Souvenir collector? We never found
the balls.

MACLEAN

Be wary of anyone with lots of
jars of pickled onions.

CAPTAIN WALKER

So, we've got ourselves a killer
with balls.

Everyone GROANS. Captain Walker looks a little put out by
the poor reception of his little gem.

INT. POLICE STATION - BRIEFING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The policemen are filing out. MacLean catches O'Neal's
attention.

MACLEAN

O'Neal, isn't it? That was a good
point you made.

O'Neal visibly rises at the praise.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

I have an important job for you.
I want you to run all the victims
through the computer, but look
outside as well. Check press
clippings. Whatever. There has to
be some overlap, but my guess is
it isn't going to be obvious.
Check EVERYTHING. Did they go to
the same school? Do they use the
same hairdresser? Support the
same baseball team? Wipe their
asses with the same hand?

O'NEAL
 (dejected)
 But, sir. They promised me next
 time I'd be in the field.

MACLEAN
 Start with telephone records,
 cellphones and landlines. That
 note looks rushed, like you'd
 make during a phone call. Check
 all calls in and out. Sorry,
 O'Neal, but it's all hands on
 deck.

INT. POLICE STATION -- EVENING

It is late. O'Neal is glued to her computer. She rubs her
 tired eyes. MacLean comes up behind carrying a coffee
 for her.

Suddenly, she thumps the machine in frustration.

O'NEAL
 Sonofabitch.

Without stopping, MacLean grimaces, puts the cup down on
 the desk behind her and leaves.

The phone RINGS.

O'NEAL (CONT'D)
 (aggressively)
 O'Neal.

MACLEAN (O.S.)
 Coffee... behind you.

O'Neal turns and sees the coffee. She is about to thank
 him when he hangs up.

INT. POLICE STATION - MACLEAN'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

MacLean puts down the phone. It RINGS immediately.

MACLEAN
 MacL...

FAGIN
 What the fuck are you doin' there?

MACLEAN
 Aah!

FAGIN
 Aah, indeed. Get yer fuckin' ass
 round here now, or I'm toast.

INT. FAGIN'S APARTMENT -- LATER

It is a cozy middle class apartment. Tidiness is a battle
 long ago lost to three small kids, SUSAN, TOM, and JIM.

It is very homely and welcoming.

SALLY FAGIN is a motherly woman with a friendly demeanor. She brings in the food. Everyone is seated at the table.

MACLEAN

Honest, Sal. Joe did tell me. My fault. I just forgot.

SALLY

Drew, stop covering for him. I tell you, if his brains were dynamite he wouldn't have enough to blow his hat off.

She ruffles his hair playfully.

FAGIN

See what you done? No oats tonight.

JIM

I thought we were having hamburgers.

INT. FAGIN'S APARTMENT -- LATER

The children are in bed. The adults are sitting in the den nursing mugs of coffee. Fagin and Sally are slouched together snugly on the couch.

MACLEAN

Sal, that was delicious... as always.

SALLY

It's good to cook for someone who appreciates it, for a change. Not like this lunk...

With a smile, Sally grabs Fagin's arm playfully.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I'm just sorry it took so long. We shoulda done this before.

MACLEAN

(shaking his head)
No, no, no.

SALLY

(nervously)
How're you coping, Drew? I mean...

Fagin looks alarmed at his wife. She recoils slightly. To their surprise, MacLean smiles.

MACLEAN

Jesus! You know, I've been back a week, and you're the first person to get to the point.

(MORE)

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Ever since Sandy... you know,... everyone's been so ultra-nice, trying desperately to dance around...

(he makes quotation marks in the air)

... "the subject". Even lunk here hasn't mentioned it once!

Sally looks at Fagin with a mixture of surprise and disappointment. Fagin's expression says "What?"

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

I'm fine. Really. It's been over a year now, so...

(shrugs)

The department was really good to me. I got time off, then they sent me to Interpol for a few months. Come on - we're talking Paris here! Every cloud..., you know. That really helped. New environment, etc... It was great to be back in Europe again, catch up with some old friends.

SALLY

Aah, Paris. Cliché I know, but I've always wanted to see Paris in the Spring. Joe promised to take me there. I guess I shoulda been more specific. We went to Texas.

INT. POLICE STATION - MACLEAN'S OFFICE -- MORNING

INSERT CAPTION:

Wednesday

MACLEAN

Hi, Joe. Thank Sally again for me, won't you? It was great. Just what the doctor ordered. You don't deserve her, you know that, don't you?

FAGIN

Yea. One day, she's gonna see through me.

MACLEAN

If not, I'll tell her. Okay... so, what's new?

FAGIN

I dunno if this is good news or bad. Two different guns. Coombes was killed with a different one.

MACLEAN

So we might have two killers.

FAGIN

Looks like it. Otherwise, both sites absolutely clean.

MACLEAN

Still no obvious connection between Rabinowitz and the others?

O'Neal walks in.

FAGIN

Got anything for us, O'Neal?

O'NEAL

All the usual suspects drew a blank.

MACLEAN

(shrugging)

That would have been too easy. Thanks.

Fagin watches O'Neal leave.

FAGIN

Hey, Drew, are you okay? Look, I can handle this case. It's...

MACLEAN

I'm fine, Joe. Don't worry about me.

Fagin looks at him doubtfully.

FAGIN

If you want my opinion, I really don't think you should be doing this kinda work anymore. You know, after what happened to Sandy... There! I've said it.

MACLEAN

You want me to go on traffic duty?

FAGIN

No. No, of course not.

MACLEAN

Then leave me be. I'm fine.

INT. POLICE STATION - MACLEAN'S OFFICE -- EVENING

MacLean and Fagin are in their office. They are sitting behind huge piles of files. They look tired.

MACLEAN

(rubbing his eyes)

I think our murderer is a liberal.
Any race, any sex, any age.
Absolutely no discrimination.

FAGIN

The Martini Killer.

(humming the old
advert)

Any time, any place, anywhere...
it's a wonderful world you can
share...

CARL WOODWARD, a journalist, pops his head through the door.

WOODWARD

Joe, any leads?

FAGIN

Carl! What're you doing here?
You can't just wander around the
police station like that.

WOODWARD

Yea, yea, but it's late. I got a
deadline in a few minutes. You
don't wanna miss tomorrow's paper,
do ya, Joe? D'ya still think the
killer's using the subway between
kills?

FAGIN

Who told you that, Carl?

WOODWARD

Come on, Joe. You know better
than that. What'ya got?

Fagin gets up and puts on his coat.

FAGIN

And you know better than that,
Carl. Classified. Come on, one
and all. Time out.

Fagin gently guides Woodward out of the office.

O'Neal looks in as he switches on some music with a remote.

O'NEAL

Ah, you're still here. Saw the
light on. You still use Cds?!

She picks up a photo set on his desk, with various pictures
of him and his wife.

O'NEAL (CONT'D)

I didn't know you were married.

MACLEAN
 (smiles weakly)
 Not any more. Do you like
 Rachmaninov?

MacLean points to the CD player.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)
 Piano Concerto No. 2 in C minor.

O'NEAL
 "Brief Encounter", right?

MACLEAN
 (surprised)
 My God! You know that film?

O'NEAL
 Sure. Great movie. You're not
 gay, are you?

MACLEAN
 Are you?! Come on. Let's go for
 a bite. My treat. The Deli okay?

O'Neal feigns a melodramatic swoon.

O'NEAL
 (fake Southern
 accent)
 Well, glory be. The gentleman
 sure knows how to treat a lady.

MacLean smiles. They go to the door. MacLean reaches
 behind without looking and retrieves his long, dark coat
 from the hook. He throws it over his arm and leaves.

INT. POLICE STATION - MACLEAN'S OFFICE -- MORNING

INSERT CAPTION:

Thursday

MacLean is deep in thought, poring over the forensic
 reports. He is eating a salad from a plastic deli box.
 Captain Walker bursts in.

CAPTAIN WALKER
 Have you seen the shit in the
 paper?

Captain Walker thrusts the paper into MacLean's face. He
 is brandishing it so agitatedly that MacLean cannot read
 it. MacLean gently takes it off him.

CAPTAIN WALKER (CONT'D)
 "The Subway Killer". What shit is
 that? The Mayor's Office's been
 up my ass all morning. Sounds
 like people are dying like flies
 on the subway.

MACLEAN

Colorful, to say the least. I prefer Joe's "Martini Killer" myself.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Colorful!? COLORFUL!? The TV channels have already picked up on the name. CNN's spreading it around the world. Do you have any idea what that does to tourism? The mayor's goin' totally fuckin' apeshit.

MACLEAN

Our killer hasn't touched anyone on the subway, or gone anywhere near tourists...

CAPTAIN WALKER

I know that, and you know that. But how many morons read beyond the headline? We gotta find this guy fast, or he'll bust the whole fuckin' tourist industry. Un-fucking-believable.

MacLean shrugs. He continues eating.

INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE -- EVENING

It is a cavernous warehouse that has clearly not been used for some time. Part has been made comfortable with the most basic of furniture and amenities. There are several oil drums and crates at one end. Light comes from ceiling windows.

The Vigilante straightens the ski mask. He is wearing surgical gloves. Everything he does is with extreme care. This is a perfectionist.

He is wearing a light bullet-proof vest. He opens the closet and takes out a dark blue Burberry trench-coat, still in the wrapping from the Dry Cleaners. With a flourish, he puts it on, and walks to the bathroom.

INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE - BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

He picks up a ziplock bag. Inside is a small Swiss army knife, still in its original box. He puts it in his left pocket.

He picks up a small box of bullets. Holding the box at arms length, he carefully takes out 12 bullets, and lays them on a disposable cloth. One by one, he wipes them with a cloth doused in disinfectant, and loads two identical guns. He puts one gun in each pocket.

He takes the 2 cloths and flushes them down the toilet.

INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Carefully he puts on a hat and looks in the freestanding full-length mirror. He takes a deep breath. He kisses the crucifix around his neck then tucks it in. He looks around briefly.

As he leaves,

CAMERA PANS BACK

to show how bleak the place is. In one corner is a PC on a table. It is on, but we can't make out the screen. On a larger table in the middle of the room there is a shoe box whose contents are hidden from view. Next to it is an open book of newspaper clippings. MacLean's picture is in two of the clippings:

"Cop's Wife Murdered"

"Cop slams Courts in rape case"

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

This is a very nice Park Avenue apartment, with very expensive furnishings. MUSIC plays from a top end player.

ANGELA, mid-40s, is reading on her iPad as she eats. She looks annoyed as the DOORBELL RINGS. With a SIGH, she puts down the fork and heads for the door.

ANGELA

Siri, stop music.

The music stops. She looks through the spy hole in the door. She is surprised and hesitates. Then she opens the door with a weak smile.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Angela is lying face down on the floor in the middle of the living room. We see the bullet wound and cross on her forehead.

MacLean is standing over the body, his gun in his hand. Cagily, he moves around the apartment to ensure it is clear.

Fagin and O'Neal burst into the apartment. Instinctively, MacLean swivels around and points his gun at them. Likewise, they point theirs at him.

ALL

Police!

O'Neal fires a warning shot. MacLean dives to the floor and is about to fire back when he recognizes the cops.

MACLEAN

Holy shit, O'Neal, what the hell are you doing? You could've got someone killed.

O'NEAL

Sorry, sir.

MACLEAN

Sorry!?

FAGIN

Drew! What the fuck are you doin' here?

MACLEAN

Joe!

O'NEAL

I couldn't get you on your cellphone.

FAGIN

Nor me.

MacLean looks surprised. As he gets up, he takes out his cellphone and looks at it.

O'Neal scouts the apartment.

MACLEAN

Damn battery's gone again.

FAGIN

Okay, but why are you HERE?

MACLEAN

I got a call from Angela Pitt to meet her here. She said she had some information on the case. Either an amazing coincidence, or the killer forced her to call me.

FAGIN

How'd she get you if your phone's dead?

MACLEAN

She called me at the station. I was working late.

FAGIN

And you came without backup?

MACLEAN

(sighs)

Joe! Do you really think I needed backup with Angela? She's a psychologist, not a psychopath!

FAGIN

Okay, my friend, but look what's here. Maybe that bullet was meant for you!

O'Neal enters.

O'NEAL

All clear. Have you called it in?

MacLean NODS. Putting their weapons away, they put on plastic gloves and look around at the sumptuous apartment. They are even a little intimidated by it - it is another world.

MACLEAN

Fred's moving up scale.

O'NEAL

Fred?

MACLEAN

(shrugging)
Why not?

O'NEAL

The Mayor isn't gonna like this. If Park Avenue isn't safe, the ladies who lunch are gonna be shitting bricks.

MACLEAN

Is Fred getting more random?

FAGIN

Looks like it. Angela Pitt is hardly a lowlife like our friend Kowolski. She's an academic psychologist, for Chrissakes. What harm has she ever done?

O'NEAL

You know her?

MACLEAN

Sure. We all do. She's a lecturer at Columbia. She's often brought in as an advisor.

O'NEAL

It doesn't follow the pattern of the others. Could it be a copy-cat?

MACLEAN

Let's see what we've got. No forced entry. Victim shot, I'd guess, with a single bullet. Cross carved in the forehead.

(MORE)

MACLEAN (CONT'D)
Execution style killing. Apart
from the victim herself, the
pattern's exactly the same.

FAGIN
Looks like the same guys.

MACLEAN
We'll have to see what ballistics
come up with, but, apart from a
few in the department, no one
else knows Fred's M.O.. We've
managed to keep the crosses out
of the papers so far.

Suddenly there is a FLASH. MacLean turns to see Woodward
and his photographer at the door.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)
Jesus!

WOODWARD
What have you kept out of the
papers, MacLean? You're not keeping
secrets from your fans, I hope.

FAGIN
Of course not, Carl - now get the
fuck out of here.

Woodward strains to look at the body.

WOODWARD
What's that on her forehead?

MACLEAN
(annoyed)
Will you get out of here? This
is a restricted area. We'll give
you a statement later.

WOODWARD
Come on, MacLean. What's that on
her forehead?

MacLean tries to block Woodward's view.

MACLEAN
She fell against the table.

FAGIN
Okay, Carl. Times up. Let's go.

Fagin escorts Woodward out.

O'Neal looks at MacLean quizzically.

O'NEAL
Why ARE you here already?

MACLEAN
 (irritated)
 I wish I knew!

MacLean goes into one of the other rooms.

A policeman sticks his head into the room.

POLICEMAN 4
 Sir?

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT BLOCK, ENTRANCE CORRIDOR --
 CONTINUOUS

The policeman is standing with a man in his early fifties. He is shaken, but composed. From his appearance, he is a successful man.

POLICEMAN 4
 Mr Brown lives down the corridor.
 He thinks he may have seen the
 killer.

BROWN
 Yea. I just got back from the
 office...

O'NEAL
 What time was that?

BROWN
 About half an hour ago.

Fagin looks at his watch to note the time.

BROWN (CONT'D)
 Well, I got outta the elevator
 and I saw a man standing at Ms
 Pitt's door, ringing the bell.
 She opened it and let him in.

O'NEAL
 Did you hear anything? Voices?
 Accents? Dialog?

BROWN
 Sorry, too far away. I could make
 out Ms Pitt's voice, but the man
 had his back to me.

O'NEAL
 Can you give a description?

BROWN
 I would guess he was about 5 foot
 10, plus or minus an inch.

O'NEAL
 Weight?

BROWN

Sorry, no good at that. Healthy build, I would say. Not fat, not skinny.

O'NEAL

Okay. What was he wearing?

BROWN

A dark blue trench coat and a hat.

Brown thinks hard for a moment.

BROWN (CONT'D)

I'm sure he also had on black, or very dark pants, and black shoes. Oh, and I'm sure he had a scarf on as well. Sorry, I don't think I can remember any more.

O'NEAL

Don't apologise, sir. Every little detail helps. Could you please give your statement to the...

O'Neal sees a sudden change in Brown's expression. The witness looks confused, and takes a step backwards. O'Neal looks around and sees MacLean coming out of the apartment. He is still wearing his trench-coat.

BROWN

I'm sorry, officer. I think I've wasted your time.

(points to MacLean)

I must have seen your colleague.

O'Neal is puzzled.

O'NEAL

Don't worry, sir, we appreciate you coming forward like this. We'll still need your statement, though. Please go with the officer.

Brown and the policeman go off to Brown's apartment.

MACLEAN

Anything?

O'NEAL

Probably not. You?

MACLEAN

Nope.

MacLean looks very pensive.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

This has certainly upped the ante.

O'NEAL

By the way, how did you get in the apartment?

MACLEAN

The door was open. I knocked, called her name, then went in. The killer must have left the door open when he left.

O'NEAL

(thoughtfully)

Yea.

DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. POLICE STATION -- MORNING

INSERT CAPTION:

Friday

MacLean, Fagin, and O'Neal are sitting around a conference table with psychologist DR LLOYD, an impossibly handsome NYU professor in his early forties. He is tall, tanned, expensively dressed, and looks very fit. He exudes success, so must be good.

Papers, photos, coffee cups and plates are strewn all over the table.

LLOYD

I think I've got all I need. I should be able to give you a profile of the killer by tomorrow morning.

FAGIN

Okay, Doc, but what about an initial heads up?

LLOYD

(reluctantly)

Well, I think we've got a very disciplined individual here.

FAGIN

One guy?

LLOYD

Yes. I think so.

MACLEAN

But there are two different guns?

LLOYD

I know. But he is so careful. Precise. Just one bullet. Much better to work alone. The crime scenes - they are so clean.

MACLEAN

Yes. This month's Good Housekeeping
Murderer of the Month Award
definitely goes to our Fred.

LLOYD

He has an almost obsessive
attention to detail. The coolness
of the executions shows a very
high degree of self-control.

OFFICER HARRIS

Executions?

LLOYD

I'll come to that in a minute.

O'NEAL

Could he be military?

Lloyd's exposition is very carefully worded.

LLOYD

The discipline and shooting skill
would be consistent with that.
Possibly **ex**-military - if he can
spend so much time in the city. I
mean, he seems to know his way
around, and to know some or all
of the victims personally, so
that would suggest he lives here.
Could also be a cop. Possibly a
member of a shooting club.

MACLEAN

Okay, but WHY?

LLOYD

That's hard to say at this stage.
You haven't given me much to go
on. The only constant is the
victims are all criminals... with
the exception of poor Angela, of
course. I really can't
understand...

Lloyd chokes momentarily at the mention of Angela Pitt.
He composes himself again.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Anyway, I don't know why, but I
think Kowloon, or whatever his
name was...

FAGIN

Kowolski.

LLOYD

Yes. Him. I think his castration
is going to be significant.

MACLEAN

Why?

LLOYD

Look at the pattern we do have. Usually a single clean shot in the forehead. That also supports the soldier/cop hypothesis, by the way. So used to death, he has no problem with execution style murder - and he wants them to see what's happening. I guess, in most cases, he talked to them before they died. A nice sadistic touch. Your Fred's got class.

FAGIN

Why would he talk to them, unless he knew them already and wanted them to know how they'd screwed up? There must be a fuckin' link.

LLOYD

I can't help you there. The guy's ruthless. The victims probably died in great fear.

MACLEAN

Okay. But back to Kowolski's balls.

LLOYD

Oh, yes. This is the one major deviation in style, if I may use that word in this context. We assume it's the same killer, because its always the same two guns. So why change his method for this one alone? The other two in the alley weren't touched. He needed extra time, out in the open. By touching the body, more risk of contamination. My guess, there's something in Kow-wotsisname's background that provoked this.

OFFICER HARRIS

Maybe the killer was buggered.

LLOYD

Possibly. But none of the victims was gay, as far as we know.

MACLEAN

Kowolski was a rapist - unconvicted, but definitely guilty.

LLOYD

Really? Interesting.

(MORE)

LLOYD (CONT'D)

If it were only him... worth investigating, Inspector, but it wouldn't explain the others.

FAGIN

(frustrated)

For chrissakes. We're back where we started. Probably one man, but could be two. Could be gay, might not be. Could be a soldier or a cop. I thought we'd eliminated my fuckin' dog from the list, but now I'm not so sure.

Lloyd shrugs.

OFFICER HARRIS

It's a serial killer.

MACLEAN

(hesitantly)

I'm not sure that's right.

Lloyd looks at the detective, mildly surprised.

LLOYD

I agree, but why do YOU think that?

MACLEAN

Serial killer victims tend to be random and more spread out, and the killer is usually looking for publicity. He likes to goad the cops.

LLOYD

Exactly. But don't underestimate our man. His methods show he is clearly not mad. He is choosing and executing his victims with great care. Outwardly, he will appear a perfectly normal sane person...

FAGIN

Well, that clears everyone here!

LLOYD

(smiles indulgently)

Gentlemen... oh, and ladies - do please forgive me - I think you've got a vigilante on your hands.

FAGIN

Yup. Most of the victims were on our Christmas list.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK -- LATE MORNING

MacLean is buying a bagel from a mobile stand that is about to shut for the day. It is the corner of 54th Street and 1st Avenue, opposite Starbucks. A car pulls up and Officer Harris gets out.

MACLEAN
(impatiently)
What kept you?

OFFICER HARRIS
Traffic's a bitch. Been here long?

MacLean shrugs.

OFFICER HARRIS (CONT'D)
Why are we here anyway?

MACLEAN
Tip off...
(he makes quotation
marks in the air)
"Jaime Ledesma can help you with
your case".

OFFICER HARRIS
What!? Another fuckin' wild goose
chase. We get thousands of these
calls. Who is he, anyway? Do you
know him?

MACLEAN
Yes. Dealer, mostly drugs, but
also iffy art and jewelry. But
clever. Keeps far enough away
from the action to avoid
contaminating himself. Maybe he
was doing business with Kowolski.

They walk along 54th Street, towards the East River, and enter the lobby of a white-glove apartment block.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

As they walk in, we notice a tall, slim, pretty girl, early twenties, sitting quietly in the lobby. It is EMMA FONTEYN. She is dressed conservatively, in a baggy sweater. All in all, she has a shy demeanor. Harris smiles at her. She looks away.

MacLean becomes aware of Harris' wandering attention, follows his gaze, and notices the girl. He hesitates momentarily and looks uneasy. He is obviously deciding what he should do.

He straightens up and goes to her.

MACLEAN
Emma, how are you? Remember me?

EMMA

(shyly)

Inspector. Yes, of course I do.

They shake hands politely.

MACLEAN

Officer Harris, Emma Fonteyn.

Harris and Emma shake hands.

There is an awkward pause. MacLean looks at her expectantly, but she doesn't say any more.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Well, nice to see you again. Say hello to your father for me.

The elevator PINGS, and a man gets out with four large highly groomed dogs on leashes. The dogs are eager to get out.

EMMA

(nodding towards
the elevator)

You can tell him yourself.

BRUCE FONTEYN stops momentarily when he sees the policemen. His expression changes to one of coldness.

MACLEAN

Hi, Bruce. Good to see you. What are you doing here?

BRUCE

We're walking the dogs.

MACLEAN

(surprised)

Nice. Well, gotta go. Have a nice day.

He tries to shake Bruce's hand, but it is full of leashes, so he awkwardly waves and smiles.

MacLean and Harris go into the elevator.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

As the doors close, they see Bruce is struggling with the dogs. Emma grabs the leashes and brings the dogs under control. Bruce gives her two and puts his arm around her shoulder.

Harris presses the button for the 25th Floor.

OFFICER HARRIS

Could that have been more awkward?
Did he catch you screwing her, or something?

MACLEAN

Don't be a jerk all your life,
Harris. Leave her alone, okay. An
old case, that's all.

OFFICER HARRIS

(expectantly)

Well...?

MACLEAN

Well what?

OFFICER HARRIS

Come on, MacLean. There was enough
tension there to...

MACLEAN

Let it go, all right? Let's see
if we can do this without shooting
up the place.

The elevator stops at the 25th Floor.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

MacLean and Harris put their hands on their guns and head
for Apartment 25C. The name LEDESMA is stuck above the
bell. Officer Harris RINGS the bell, and KNOCKS loudly on
the door.

No answer.

Harris repeats the action.

MACLEAN

Come on, Jaime. We know you're in
there.

OFFICER HARRIS

(sottovoce)

Do we?

MacLean shrugs. There is no noise from the apartment. The
two men tense up.

OFFICER HARRIS (CONT'D)

Whaddy reckon? Shoot it down?

MACLEAN

Jesus, Harris. I just said...
Never mind. Go ask the Concierge
for the key. I can't imagine why
people think New York's finest
are trigger happy?

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

The Concierge opens the door with his key, and steps back
quickly. MacLean and Harris are both carrying their guns
at the ready.

They burst into the room. Harris rolls on the floor before jumping to his feet, gun pointing this way and that. MacLean rolls his eyes.

MACLEAN
Too much television!

INT. APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Carefully, they search the apartment one room at a time, until they get to the master bedroom.

OFFICER HARRIS
Fuck! Another one. Right under our fuckin' noses.

He relaxes his gun. MacLean sees the body on the floor and does likewise. Almost without breaking his stride, Harris goes over to the large windows.

OFFICER HARRIS (CONT'D)
Willya look at that view? There's the UN, the Trump World Tower, the MetLife Building. And that's Shittybank. Don'tya just love this city?

MacLean joins him at the window.

MACLEAN
This guy must be good.

OFFICER HARRIS
Yea. This ain't no rent control.

MacLean goes back to the the body. There is a bullet wound between the eyes, and a cross on the forehead. Instinctively, he checks for a pulse, but quickly realises it's a waste of time and drops the wrist.

MACLEAN
Call for an ambulance and back up. He's dead, but still warm. Seal off the building - NOW. Probably long gone, but better follow procedure.

Harris calls up the station. MacLean inspects the scene.

OFFICER HARRIS
(sniffing)
Are you wearing cologne?

MACLEAN
Aftershave, yea.
(sniffing)
Hey, you're right, I can smell it.

Harris moves up close to the body. He winces.

OFFICER HARRIS

Well, it ain't him. This asshole
hasn't had a shower in months.

MACLEAN

It's hanging fresh in the air.
The killer must have worn it. We
don't want this room swarming
with flatfeet before we get a
positive ID on this smell. We'd
better get out now before we
contaminate the air. Get someone
over here right now.

INT. APARTMENT -- LATER

O'Neal is wearing a heavy protective suit to prevent her
own perfume getting out. She takes it off as she comes
out of the bedroom. There is a room full of police, medics
and the Coroner all waiting to go in.

O'NEAL

Sorry. Can't make it out. It's
mixed up with your Eau Sauvage,
MacLean.

Everyone looks at MacLean.

MACLEAN

(embarrassed)
Shit.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK -- EARLY MORNING

INSERT CAPTION:

Saturday

O'Neal is jogging when she sees MacLean.

O'NEAL

Oh, hi, MacLean. You're up early.

MACLEAN

Couldn't sleep.

O'NEAL

Why don't you jog then? It helps
get rid of that excess energy.

MACLEAN

Yea, right!

Fagin comes up with coffees, and hands them out.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Is it...?

FAGIN

(impatiently)
Yes!

O'Neal takes a swig.

O'NEAL

Just happened to be passing by,
guys?

FAGIN

Sure. We come here every morning
to pick up babes.

MACLEAN

Though I have to say you were a
bit easy.

FAGIN

We're gonna interview Ledesma's
neighbors. We need you to check
something.

O'NEAL

By the way, I checked the phone
records of the Alley Cats. In the
last 48 hours before their deaths,
there were hardly any calls, in
or out. We're checking them out.
There was one though from a phone
box on Fifth Avenue on the same
afternoon to their home number.

FAGIN

My guess is they had an appointment
with our killer.

MACLEAN

I agree. Otherwise, it's too much
left to chance.

FAGIN

Yea. All the others were at home.

O'NEAL

But the others all lived alone.
The Alley Cats shared an apartment.

FAGIN

Our killer didn't want to give
them home advantage, so he lured
them to a place and time of his
choosing.

MACLEAN

You know, my guess is he was only
after Kowolski. Coombes and
Rodriguez were collateral damage.
He never bothered to put crosses
on them.

FAGIN

You gotta hand it to him, though.
He's really cool. If only we knew
what was said in that call...

O'NEAL

Don't the CIA listen in on all
telephone calls?

MacLean and Fagin look at one another a little surprised.

MACLEAN

If they do, they're never going
to admit it or hand over any
recordings.

FAGIN

They can't record EVERY phone
call in the country. Can you
imagine the equipment they'd need
for that? Unless Kowolski was
talking about bombing the White
House, no chance.

MACLEAN

Back to Planet Earth. If we agree
Coombes and Rodriguez really were
just collateral damage...

He looks at Fagin and O'Neal questioningly. They both
nod.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Good... then Fred's only made 2
serious deviations: Kowolski's
balls and Angela Pitt. So, focus,
focus, focus. Check out all the
cases she gave evidence on. See
if there are any connections with
the other victims.

FAGIN

If our guy's a vigilante, check
where her evidence got the
defendant off. Fred might be
pissed at her for something. Could
be...

Fagin looks over to the running track. MacLean & O'Neal
follow his gaze. There are a lot of morning joggers. In
their midst, we see Bruce and Emma Fonteyn running in our
direction.

FAGIN (CONT'D)

Drew. Isn't that...?

MACLEAN

Yea. Fonteyn and his daughter.

By now, the Fonteyns are close. Their shirts are soaking
with sweat. They are clearly serious joggers.

FAGIN

Jesus, she's really fit! She's
gorgeous!

MacLean turns on an awkward smile.

MACLEAN

Hi, Bruce. Hi, Emma. You following me?

The Fonteyns ignore them. They continue running.

FAGIN

(sarcastically)

Yea, thanks for asking. You have a nice day as well, you hear?

INT. POLICE STATION -- LATER

O'Neal is sitting at a computer. MacLean is sitting by her side.

O'NEAL

Angela's been in dozens of cases...
(checking her notes)
... 38 to be precise. In New York.
Plus several outside.

MACLEAN

Any overlap?

O'NEAL

Yea. Of the 38 cases, she sided with the defendant 26 times. Either unfit to stand trial, or committed crime because of some psychological trauma, usually in his childhood.

MACLEAN

The FPT defense - forced potty training?

O'NEAL

Yea. That got about half of them reduced or suspended sentences, including...

(proudly)

Kevin Kowolski, Janna Rabinowitz, and Jaime Ledesma.

MACLEAN

Excellent. If we're right about the other two being bonuses, then we've got our connection. Now we're getting somewhere... I think. Check all the others she helped. Find out how many are still out of jail. We may need to give them police protection - can you believe that?

MacLean gets up to go. O'Neal opens her email.

O'NEAL

(gasps)

Sir, you'd better look at this.

MacLean sits next to her again.

ANGLE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

There is an email:

"From: The Subway Killer

To: Inspector MacLean, Inspector Fagin, Officer Harris,
Officer O'Neal

Copy: Captain Walker

Subject: Mutual Interest

I sense you are not making much progress in your search for the Subway Killer. Could that be because you don't want to? Maybe I can help. Go to 32 Juliana Street midnight tonight. Do NOT bring an army!

Regards, TSK"

O'NEAL (CONT'D)

Is this a hoax?

MACLEAN

I don't know. But someone went to a lot of trouble to get all our email addresses. Check the sender's ID. Either it's a time-waster, in which case we should throw the book at him. Or it's our man.

INT. POLICE STATION -- LATER

MacLean walks up to O'Neal's workstation

MACLEAN

Anything?

O'NEAL

I'm sure it's our man.

MACLEAN

Why?

O'NEAL

He's very careful. It's a brand new hotmail address, opened today. Of course, all the registration info is crap. In his profile, for hobbies he put "spring cleaning"!

MacLean allows himself a wry smile.

O'NEAL (CONT'D)

But maybe he's made a mistake.

MacLean's interest is piqued.

O'NEAL (CONT'D)

You see, even if we can't trace him, we can trace the email. We can find the machine it came from.

MACLEAN

What!?

O'NEAL

Give me a bit longer...

ANGLE ON O'NEAL'S FINGERS ON THE KEYBOARD

CUT
TO:

INT. KINKO STORE -- LATER

ANGLE ON MACLEAN'S FINGERS DRUMMING THE COUNTER IMPATIENTLY

The camera pulls back. The store is full of policemen. Staff and customers are being interviewed. Forensics are checking three internet stations for fingerprints.

MACLEAN

(angrily)

Round the corner from my own apartment. Fred is playing with us.

O'NEAL

There's still a chance. The store's got surveillance cameras. We know the time of the email.

INT. KINKO STORE BACK OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

MacLean, O'Neal and the Store Manager are watching the surveillance video. INTERCUT the scene with the video.

O'NEAL

Look! A guy in a trench coat! He's wearing a wide-brimmed hat.

The store is full of customers. The man goes to one of the internet stations.

MACLEAN

Doesn't he need to pay you or something?

STORE MANAGER

No, he can do it with a credit card.

MACLEAN

What!?

O'NEAL

Look, he's putting in a credit card!

The man works quickly on the PC. MacLean fast forwards.

MACLEAN

Can we see his face?

The man gets up. MacLean slows the tape down to normal speed. The man is keeping his head tilted down.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Shit. He knows where the cameras are.

O'NEAL

The asshole. Look, he's waving to us!

The figure on the screen, head still tilted forward, has stopped and is waving discreetly with his right hand in the direction of the camera. He turns and leaves the store.

MacLean stops the tape.

MACLEAN

As cool as a mountain stream.

O'NEAL

I'll get the credit card details.

MACLEAN

Go ahead, but I really don't think Fred would make such an elementary mistake.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

MacLean and Fagin are having a drink with Carl Woodward in a dark Irish Pub. Woodward is at the bar getting the drinks.

FAGIN

You gotta admire the nerve of the guy!

MACLEAN

So cool.

MacLean's pager BEEPS. He takes it out and reads it.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Hah! Thought so. The credit card was Ledesma's.

FAGIN

Witnesses?

MACLEAN

The store was so busy. No one remembers seeing anything.

Woodward puts the drinks on the table.

WOODWARD

Guinness for you, and some gnat's piss for you. So, what's the story?

MACLEAN

Do you honestly think you can bribe New York's constabulary with a mere couple of drinks?

WOODWARD

(laughing)

Yes.

MACLEAN

(laughing)

Fair enough! What do you want to know?

WOODWARD

The Subway Killer.

MACLEAN

Okay. Good place to start. We're only talking with you because you've got to change that tag. You know it isn't true.

FAGIN

The mayor's spittin' fuckin' blood.

WOODWARD

It's got a good ring to it. You'll have to give me something meaty if I'm gonna stand any chance of getting my Editor to change it now. So, whaddya got?

FAGIN

Well, how much do you know already?

WOODWARD

Careful, aren't you? Not much. Looks like a vigilante.

MACLEAN

Maybe. But not a Charles Bronson style vigilante. Our friend isn't prowling the streets - he's selecting his victims methodically.

WOODWARD

My editor wants to make this guy a hero. We're getting tons of mail. Mostly, people say he's fixing miscarriages of justice.

MACLEAN

I'm surprised any of your readers know the phrase, let alone can spell it.

WOODWARD

(laughing)

You're right. Most of them want to make him Mayor or even President.

MACLEAN

Nice to see the moral nuances are not lost on the great American public.

FAGIN

They've got a point though, Drew. None of those bastards were worth a damn.

MACLEAN

What about Angela Pitt?

FAGIN

(rubbing his chin)

Yea, okay, that's a tough one. But she'd gone over to the Dark Side.

MACLEAN

But what right does Fred have to become Judge, Jury and Executioner?

WOODWARD

Fred?

FAGIN

Working name, that's all.

MACLEAN

What's to stop some Ku Klux Klan moron deciding to enact his own form of justice? Or Al-Qaeda? The law has to apply to all. You can't have shades of grey.

WOODWARD

But I've seen nearly all his victims in Court. First time that's ever happened. And most of them were scumbags... One thing I've noticed is that they all got off when they were clearly as guilty as shit.

FAGIN

If I recall, Ledesma got off because YOUR reporting made it impossible for him to have a fair

(MORE)

FAGIN (CONT'D)
 trial. Weren't you fined for
 contempt of court? So, let's not
 get holier than thou about the
 legal system, eh, Carl?

WOODWARD
 The public's right to know...

MACLEAN
 Bullshit, Carl. And you know it.
 It's the Journalist's Need for a
 Scoop that drives the papers...

FAGIN
 ... and fuck the consequences.

MACLEAN
 And you're right about the
 miscarriages of justice. That's
 what we're working on. But consider
 this. Your report on Ledesma
 might have been his death warrant.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET -- NIGHT

It is raining lightly. People rush about, hunched up
 against the cold and wet. A man in a burberry coat and
 hat comes into view. In contrast to the other pedestrians,
 he is walking calmly.

The Vigilante stops in front of a brownstone, and looks
 up. Only one window is lit.

He looks at the names on the board and presses the button
 for JUAN VELASCO, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

VELASCO (O.S.)
 Si?

The Vigilante's voice is muffled again by the ski mask
 under the hat.

VIGILANTE
 Sr Velasco?

VELASCO (O.S.)
 Si.

VIGILANTE
 It's Murphy. We have an
 appointment.

VELASCO (O.S.)
 Okay, come up.

The door BUZZES, and the Vigilante enters.

INT. VELASCO'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

The office is fairly small, but expensively decorated and fitted out, albeit rather untidy. There are piles of legal dossiers sitting on the floor.

The Vigilante enters. His features are hidden by his hat.

VELASCO, 55, is a hyperactive overweight lawyer. His somewhat scruffy appearance and office reflect his disorganized character.

Velasco continues writing, and doesn't look up.

VELASCO

Come in, Mr Murphy. Take a seat.
I'll be with you in a minute.

The Vigilante sits down. He takes a gun out of his pocket, and lays it on his lap. It has a silencer on it.

VELASCO (CONT'D)

(looking up)

Now, Mr Murphy, how can I
help...er...

He is momentarily startled by the threatening figure in front of him. From behind, we see the Vigilante remove the ski mask. After a few seconds, recognition flickers across Velasco's face, then annoyance. Then he sees the gun. His expression turns to fear. He fidgets, and looks around for an exit.

EXT. JULIANA STREET -- NIGHT

It is still raining. MacLean and Fagin get out of their car. 32 Juliana Street is a car park, now closed for the night. It is nearly empty.

Fagin tests the radio microphone behind his coat collar. There is a police surveillance van further down the street.

They walk carefully into the car park. They are both carrying guns.

Fagin takes the left side of the car park, MacLean the right. They check behind the cars.

An SUV pulls up carelessly near Fagin's car, half blocking the lane. Fagin and MacLean look at one another, and melt back into the shadows. A man gets out of the car and puts up an umbrella. He paces up and down agitatedly.

Fagin and MacLean tense up and move stealthily towards the man. When they are close, they stop and point their guns.

FAGIN

Police! Don't move a fuckin' muscle
or I'll shoot.

The man jumps with shock. He throws his hands into the air, dropping the umbrella. We see it is a TEENAGER.

TEENAGER

Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

Carefully, Fagin pushes him against the SUV and frisks him from behind. MacLean covers him, checking up and down the street for trouble.

FAGIN

He's clean. Turn around. Who the fuck are you?

The man turns around. It is a teenager, and a very nervous one at that.

Recognition flickers across Fagin's face.

FAGIN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

MACLEAN

What is it?

MacLean comes up beside Fagin. He recognizes the teenager. His face becomes convulsed with emotion and anger.

FAGIN

What the fuck are you doin' here, Walsh?

Walsh sees MacLean. He becomes really scared.

WALSH

Aaagh, fuck! Look, I ain't done nuthin'...

MacLean, usually so calm, is wild. He presses his gun against Walsh's head.

MACLEAN

You! You!

WALSH

Don't shoot, Mr MacLean! Don't shoot!

MACLEAN

You worthless piece of shit. Still into drugs. How many people have you killed now?

MacLean looks up and down the street.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Convenient, eh? No witnesses!

Fagin points to his radio mike.

FAGIN

Not quite, Drew. Just cool it,
man, okay? Fred's playing with
you.

MacLean pushes his gun harder against Walsh's temple.

MACLEAN

(snarling)

I couldn't care less.

Walsh is crying like a baby. He is a pathetic figure.

Fagin hesitates. What to do?

MacLean cocks his gun.

INT. POLICE STATION -- MORNING

INSERT CAPTION:

Sunday

O'Neal is at her computer station. Fagin is sitting next
to her. It is Sunday, so they are casually dressed.

FAGIN

Hey, this Velasco - I know him.
I've faced him many times in court.
Slimy bastard.

O'NEAL

Another non-felon. Is Fred moving
up the food chain? Is he getting
more random?

FAGIN

Oh, no. Velasco got most of our
victims off. No, this is getting
personal.

O'NEAL

Why's that?

FAGIN

You've missed another connection,
O'Neal. At one time or other,
they've all been involved in
MacLean's cases.

O'NEAL

What!?! I'm sure you'd find most
of the people in this building
have had multiple contacts. Why
single out MacLean? Where is he,
anyway?

FAGIN

Rough night.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY -- MORNING

The next sequence is played to background music "Once Upon A Time In the West" by Dire Straits. Only the sound effects are heard over the music.

The ferry is crossing from Manhattan to Staten Island. The Vigilante is standing on the deck. As usual, he is wearing a hat and a Burberry trench coat. He is watching the Statue of Liberty as the ferry sails by.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK -- LATER

A rundown street. There are children and dogs playing. The Vigilante walks up and presses a BELL.

The door BUZZES. The Vigilante enters.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

The Vigilante is in the kitchen of the apartment. He wears surgical gloves. He picks up a knife. He sharpens it in an electric sharpener, and tests it on an apple. Almost without pressure it slices through the fruit. He returns to the Living Room.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

There is the body of a youth on the floor. There is the usual single bullet wound and cross on his forehead. The Vigilante bends over the body.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK -- MOMENTS LATER

The Vigilante exits the building. As he walks along the street, he tosses first one, then another, small object to the dogs. They jump up, catch them and swallow.

End of music sequence.

INT. POLICE STATION -- EVENING

Captain Walker, MacLean and Fagin are sitting despondently.

FAGIN

Another fuckin' Sunday pissed away. At least you two didn't have to go all the way to fuckin' Staten Island.

MACLEAN

I was about to go to the theater.

FAGIN

My heart bleeds, Drew!

CAPTAIN WALKER

We're getting nowhere fast. Fred is making a fool of us.

FAGIN

He's like the fuckin' Phantom Shadow. We seek him here. We seek him there.

MACLEAN

Wasn't that the...?

FAGIN

Whatever.

CAPTAIN WALKER

All we've got is his limited wardrobe.

FAGIN

Some kids saw a man with a hat in a dark blue Humphrey Bogart raincoat around the time of the killing.

MACLEAN

Not exactly a smoking gun, is it? I suppose we'll have to put out an appeal for anyone who saw a man in a raincoat at the times of the killings.

(sarcastically)

As if anyone would be wearing a raincoat at this time of year! Be ready to be snowed under, my friends!

FAGIN

Not just a raincoat, Drew. They all agree it was a trench coat, like yours. They're more expensive, so rarer, so that should narrow it down.

CAPTAIN WALKER

How many people can tell the difference? How many have even heard of a trench coat?

MACLEAN

Call it a Burberry-style raincoat, then.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Are you crazy? We're in enough trouble with the Mayor's office as it is. We'll get our asses sued if we use their name. We'll just have to sift the calls.

MACLEAN

The papers are now treating this guy like some kind of hero. *O tempora, O mores!*

FAGIN

(puzzled)

Yea, right. You ordering Japanese again?

(shakes his head)

There are people out there with information who don't wanna come forward 'cos they think this guy's right. This is sick shit.

CAPTAIN WALKER

I must admit, I lie awake at night wishing I could give him a few names before we catch him... You know, even the bad guys are getting nervous. They're actually complaining about police incompetence! I mean, how surreal can you get?

O'Neal bursts into the room.

O'NEAL

I think I've got something.

She doesn't expect so many people to be there.

MACLEAN

Well?

O'NEAL

Sorry, to interrupt, sir, but today's victim was Dave Simpson...

MACLEAN

Holy shit. Dave Simpson. I remember him. He...

O'NEAL

(excitedly)

Sir, he was another castration...

FAGIN

Is that like a Taurus, or Gemini?

Everyone looks at him.

FAGIN (CONT'D)

Sorry. Carry on.

O'NEAL

Simpson was castrated, like Kowolski. And there's a connection. They were both tried for rape, same case, and got off...

MACLEAN

As I was trying to say, he was one of those animals who raped the Fonteyn women.

An expression of epiphany comes across Fagin.

FAGIN

Fuck! It can't be...

MACLEAN

Would you blame him? Not short of motive.

O'NEAL

Way ahead of you, sir. I already checked him out. Before the rape, he was an executive with the phone company. But, about 20 years ago, he spent a few years with the marines...

MACLEAN

Shit. We even saw him in Ledesma's building.

FAGIN

Fuck me. He's been under our fuckin' noses the whole time.

MACLEAN

Velasco defended them - Kowolsi and Simpson and... there was another one. It'll come to me in a minute.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Why kill Ledesma? And the others?

FAGIN

Put us off the scent.
(shaking his head
in admiration)
Fuckin' clever.

MACLEAN

(hesitantly)
No. I don't think he would do that.

FAGIN

What're you talking about?
Everything fits. He must be laughing his head off - further proof of police incompetence.

CAPTAIN WALKER

(relieved)
Looks like we've got our man,
Drew. Joe. Go pick him up.

The men all stand up and rush out. MacLean still looks doubtful.

O'NEAL
Thank you, O'Neal. Job well done,
O'Neal... Assholes.

INT. FONTEYN APARTMENT -- LATER

Bruce Fonteyn is standing confidently in his comfortable Upper East Side apartment. MacLean and Fagin are standing just inside the door. Their body language is much more formal than before.

BRUCE
So, what's this all about?

MACLEAN
Did you know Kevin Kowolski was
killed recently?

BRUCE
Yea, it was in the papers. Got
what he deserved.

MACLEAN
What about Dave Simpson?

BRUCE
What about him?

FAGIN
Come on, Bruce. Don't act dumb.
He was bumped off today as well.

Bruce is clearly delighted by the news.

BRUCE
Good. That means only one of those
punks left to go.

MACLEAN
Where were you between 9 and 11
this morning?

BRUCE
What?! You can't be serious. You
think it's me?

FAGIN
Answer the question.

BRUCE
I don't believe this. Someone
finally gives those punks what
they deserve, and you wanna lay
it on me.

MACLEAN
Nobody's laying anything on
anybody. We just want you to help
us with our enquiries. Where were
you this morning?

BRUCE

Here. In the apartment.

FAGIN

Any witnesses?

BRUCE

No.

MACLEAN

What about Emma?

BRUCE

No. She's gone to visit her Aunt.

Fagin looks at MacLean triumphantly.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER

MacLean and Fagin are sitting opposite Bruce at a table. On it is a recording device, with a red light showing it is already running. O'Neal is sitting at the back of the room. A uniformed policeman is standing by the door.

FAGIN

You're entitled to an attorney.
You know that.

BRUCE

I don't need an attorney. I haven't
done anything.

MACLEAN

(talking to the
recorder)

Let the record show the suspect
declined the assistance of an
attorney.

(turning back to
Bruce)

Be careful, Bruce. You're under
suspicion for multiple murders.

BRUCE

(with real
bitterness)

Well, charge me then. If you damn
idiots take me to Court I know
I'll get off - even if I confess!

MacLean and Fagin look at one another embarrassed.

MACLEAN

You know we did what we could.
The Lab screwed up with the
specimens. We were as pissed as
you were, and...

BRUCE

Oh, I don't think so, Inspector.

FAGIN

Cut the crap, Bruce, we're...

BRUCE

Ah, wait a minute. I nearly forgot, Mr MacLean. You DO know now what it's like, don't you?

MacLean stares at him dumbfounded. O'Neal's attention is piqued. Fagin looks uncomfortable.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Coked up teenager, wasn't it?
Rammed into your wife's car. But what did the Courts do? Diminished responsibility, wasn't it?
(with venom)
Asshole lawyers.

MacLean is visibly upset. He is fighting to control all manner of repressed feelings.

FAGIN

Shut the fuck up, Fonteyn.

BRUCE

Don't you just wish you could get five minutes alone with that piece of shit? Peter Walsh? Wasn't that the name?

MACLEAN

(between clenched teeth)
Patrick... fucking... Walsh.

BRUCE

I'm sure you fantasise every single day about taking him out, Mr MacLean. Just like me. And I won't believe you if you deny it.

MacLean's face is red with rage. He leaps up. He struggles to control his emotions. Finally, he thumps the table so hard it audibly cracks.

Fagin restrains him. O'Neal puts her hand on his shoulder.

FAGIN

Steady, Drew. Steady, boy. He's winding you up. Time out.

He switches off the recorder and leads MacLean outside. O'Neal looks uneasy for a moment then follows.

Fonteyn sits calmly. He has won, but there is no air of satisfaction in his victory.

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

MacLean is distraught. He paces up and down. Then he slumps into a chair and holds his head in his hands.

Fagin and O'Neal stand by the door, watching, concerned.

O'NEAL

I thought his wife died. She was murdered?

FAGIN

Fuckin' cokehead tried to mug her with his SUV. She didn't stand a chance.

(sniffs)

What a lovely woman! What a waste! Devastated, he was.

(sighs)

He's finally snapped. Fuck. We wondered how long this'd take. He should never have come back.

O'NEAL

Jesus.

Fagin gestures back towards the interview room.

FAGIN

This guy is guilty as hell, O'Neal. Look, remember the email? Juliana Street?

O'NEAL

Nothing happened, you said.

Fagin looks around conspiratorially.

FAGIN

Well, maybe that wasn't the whole truth. It was a set up. Patrick Walsh was there - half way to Cloud Nine, as usual!

O'NEAL

Oh, shit!

FAGIN

Shit, indeed. MacLean went apeshit. I really thought he was goin' to blow that motherfucker's head off...

O'NEAL

And...?

FLASHBACK

EXT. JULIANA STREET -- NIGHT

There are tears pouring down Walsh's cheeks. MacLean is holding a gun, and nervously pressing it against Walsh's face.

Fagin looks on, racked with indecision.

FAGIN (V.O.)

MacLean had his gun against Walsh's head.

WALSH

No, please, Mr MacLean. I didn't mean to. It was an accident.

MACLEAN

You're still taking drugs, aren't you, scumbag?

WALSH

No, sir, no.

MacLean lifts Walsh's eyelids with his left hand, and stares into his eyes. They are vacant.

MACLEAN

Don't lie to ME, Walsh.

MacLean pushes the barrel harder against Walsh's head.

WALSH

Okay, sir, okay. He told me there was coke here. Please don't shoot.

MACLEAN

Who told you?

WALSH

I dunno, sir. He called on the phone. He said...

MacLean cocks the gun.

FAGIN

Holy shit, Drew. No! He's not worth it.

MACLEAN

I said WHO, Walsh.

WALSH

Aaagh!

Despite the gun against his head, Walsh takes a step back. He is crying like a baby. He looks down. He has pissed himself.

MacLean looks at him with utter disgust.

Fagin takes him gently by the arm.

END OF FLASHBACK

FAGIN

I think that piss saved his life.
He was such a pathetic figure.

O'NEAL

Why isn't he in jail?

FAGIN

Clever lawyer. He was sixteen,
good family, no previous,
testimonials from everyone from
the Pope down. Few months enforced
therapy.

O'NEAL

(incredulously)
What?

FAGIN

Come on, O'Neal. Name of the Game.
Not the first, and sure as hell,
not the last.

O'NEAL

Poor Drew.

Fagin looks at her. He recognizes the symptoms.

O'Neal realizes she has let her guard down, and tries to
recover.

O'NEAL (CONT'D)

So, you think Fonteyn knew about
that?

FAGIN

Amazing coincidence, don'tya think?
He certainly knew what buttons to
press.

MacLean has calmed down. He rejoins them. He looks at
O'Neal embarrassed, then at Fagin.

FAGIN (CONT'D)

You go home, Drew. We can handle
this.

MACLEAN

Sorry about that. I'm fine now.
He's provoking me, isn't he, Joe?

FAGIN

Sure looks like it, old buddy.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

They are seated once again. Fagin takes out the previous
tape and puts it in his pocket. He puts a new one in the
machine and starts it.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER

Coffee cups are on the table. The ashtray is full. It has been some time.

BRUCE

Get serious, Fagin. I never killed those punks. I've wanted to, many times. But, as far as I know, that's still not a crime in America.

FAGIN

Bruce. It isn't looking good. You can't give us an independent alibi for any of the murders.

BRUCE

So I'm guilty because I lead a quiet life? You guys are desperate. Pin this on me, and your miserable batting average shoots up.

MACLEAN

Don't talk crap, Bruce.

FAGIN

What in God's name were you trying to do? Why kill all those people?

BRUCE

Inspector, am I talking to myself?
(with emphasis)
I.. NEVER... KILLED... ANYONE. I can't say it any clearer than that. Yes, I'm glad they're dead. All of them. But I never did it. They were all scum. Every now and then, the gene pool needs a little chlorine.

FAGIN

That's what the police are for...

He realizes what he just said and shakes his head.

FAGIN (CONT'D)

You know what I mean.

BRUCE

I am touched by your naivety, Inspector.

(sighs)

As I see it, we have a plague of humans on this little planet of ours, over six billion and counting.

(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

We are progressively destroying it - the forests are disappearing, the seas and air are becoming grossly polluted, and an entire species becomes extinct every day. So what's so great about the human race?

He looks at the police officers. They don't know what to say. Bruce shrugs.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Exactly! Virtually alone among God's species, we kill and destroy, not for survival, but through greed, or even pleasure. So called civilised mankind produced atom bombs, the Nazis, Rwanda, Bosnia, Bin Laden. And dregs like Kowolski and Simpson...

Bruce pauses for a moment. He looks up at the clock on the wall. It reads nine o'clock.

MacLean and Fagin look at one another.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Oh, yes, Inspector. I am glad those assholes are dead. I hope it was a slow painful death. Like you, Inspector, I believe in rules. Without rules, men are no better than animals.

MACLEAN

(impatiently)

What's your point, Bruce?

BRUCE

My point, Inspector, is that scum like them have forfeited their right to the protection of Society.

MACLEAN

How'd you figure that?

BRUCE

We both know this scumbag and his friends attacked and raped my wife and daughter. You've seen the result.

(tears appear in his eyes)

My dear wife committed suicide. My daughter... my beautiful daughter... she was a straight 'A' student, with everything to live for. She went virtually catatonic.

MACLEAN

But...

BRUCE

And what happens? Everyone knows they're 200% guilty, but their morally deviant lawyer gets them off on some stupid technicality.

There is now real anger in Fonteyn's voice. He gets up and paces about as he speaks.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

What sort of justice is that, Inspector? They destroyed our lives, and they're still free to walk the streets. Scum like this break Society's laws with total disregard, but if they get caught, they're the first to use the system to get themselves off the hook. That is not justice, Inspector. If they break the rules, they are no longer entitled to the privileges, the protection of Society. These...

(spits the word
out)

"men" are now outside Society's embrace because THEY choose to be.

Fagin turns to MacLean.

FAGIN

Did I miss something? Did he just confess?

BRUCE

(snorting with
derision)

I used to believe in the system. But the law set them free. That was too much for my poor wife...

He breaks down. O'Neal hands him a tissue.

Regaining his composure, he turns to MacLean.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

YOU know exactly what I'm talking about, don't you, Inspector MacLean?

MacLean looks uncomfortable but says nothing.

O'NEAL

But it's a recipe for anarchy if everyone takes the law into their own hands.

BRUCE

Wake up! Wake up! The bad guys are already doing that! What you're saying is it's wrong for decent people to protect themselves and their families. Tell me, exactly, how is THAT anarchy? Because it interferes with the orderly functioning of crime?

BEAT

O'Neal doesn't know what to say.

MACLEAN

But you're taking the law into your own hands, Bruce. Under your own theory, that's a recipe for chaos.

BRUCE

I never said I took the law into my own hands, Inspector. It's interesting, though, isn't it? The full force of the state is working for the benefit of scum whose sole purpose in life was subverting decent society. That's justice?

FAGIN

We understand your anger, Bruce.

BRUCE

(getting angry)

Understand? Understand? Don't give me that psycho-babble bullshit, Inspector. You've got no idea how I feel. And, quite frankly, I don't care any more.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER

Bruce is led away by the uniformed policeman.

FAGIN

I ask again: did I miss something? Did he confess, or not?

MACLEAN

At the very least, it was a cogent rationale for doing it.

O'NEAL

He was really angry.

MACLEAN

Can you blame him? Think about it. If we book him and get a conviction, he's in jail for life. While...

FAGIN

While scuzzballs like Kowolski
and Simpson walked free.

O'NEAL

So, do we book him?

MACLEAN

Get him a lawyer first, and let's
think about it. We've still got
some time. We've got strong
suspicion and motive, but no actual
evidence.

FAGIN

He's a clever motherfucker, I'll
give him that. He ain't gonna be
easy to nail.

O'NEAL

What about his daughter?

FAGIN

God, yes. She became a real basket
case. She went to pieces.

MACLEAN

O'Neal, come with me. We'd better
go and tell her what's happening.
I think it'll be better if there's
a woman there.

INT. FONTEYN APARTMENT - OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR -- LATER

MacLean and O'Neal are standing at the door RINGING the
bell. No answer.

As they turn to leave, the elevator PINGS and Emma walks
towards them, carrying a large shopping bag. She looks
surprised.

EMMA

What? Has something happened?
Where's my father? Oh, my God.
What's happened?

INT. FONTEYN APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

They are all sitting in the living room. Emma is visibly
upset. She looks lost and helpless. O'Neal gives her a
glass of water.

EMMA

My father's not a killer,
Inspector. You know that.

O'NEAL

He has motive.

EMMA

That doesn't make him a killer.

MACLEAN
He also has no alibi.

EMMA
I was with him.

MACLEAN
When?

EMMA
Whenever.

MACLEAN
Don't play around, Emma. An alibi from you alone won't be worth anything anyway. If you want to help your father, get him an attorney. He won't get one for himself.

Emma starts to shake.

O'NEAL
Can I get you anything?

MacLean's cellphone RINGS.

MACLEAN
What? Shit. I'm on my way.

O'NEAL
What is it?

MACLEAN
I'll tell you in the car. Emma, go talk to your father. Get him a lawyer.

EXT. STREET -- LATER

An unmarked car with a police siren on top races along Lexington Avenue towards the Waldorf Astoria.

MACLEAN (O.S.)
There's been another murder.

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Yet another crime scene. The forensic team are already there. Fagin arrives just after MacLean and O'Neal. The corpse is dressed only in a pair of shorts and is lying face down. As usual, there is a bullet wound and cross on the forehead. A photographer is taking pictures of the scene.

They carefully walk around the crime scene.

O'NEAL
Looks like a honey trap.

MACLEAN

Holy shit! It's Carl Woodward!

They look closely at the reporter's body.

FAGIN

Bet he doesn't think the Subway
Killer's a hero now.

MACLEAN

Looks like he was expecting to
get humped, not bumped.

O'Neal says something to one of the FORENSIC team.

FORENSIC

Sure.

(turning to
photographer)

You got what you need?

The Forensic carefully moves the body around the hips and
checks between his legs.

FORENSIC (CONT'D)

He's whole.

They continue inspecting the scene and the body.

FAGIN

Hang on a minute - what's that
red thing under his cheek.

The Forensic gently raises the head and pulls a red object
free.

O'NEAL

(puzzled)

It's a fish.

They stare at it for a moment. Then there is a flicker
of understanding on MacLean's face.

MACLEAN

Jesus. It's a herring. A red
bleeding herring.

FAGIN

Fred is really fucking with us!

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN WALKER'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

INSERT CAPTION:

Monday

MacLean and Fagin are sitting in front of Captain Walker.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Looks like the same gun, etc.

FAGIN

Time of death inconclusive - could be just before we picked up Fonteyn or just after.

CAPTAIN WALKER

The forensic check on his hands for evidence of gunfire came back negative.

FAGIN

He coulda worn gloves.

CAPTAIN WALKER

So, what d'ya reckon? Should we book him?

Fagin raises his hand.

FAGIN

My vote is yes.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Drew...?

MacLean looks pensive.

INT. POLICE STATION -- EVENING

Bruce is being given back his belongings. Emma is with him. MacLean and O'Neal stand by.

BRUCE

You guys couldn't catch a fucking cold. Come on, Emma. Let's get out of this cesspit.

Bruce and Emma march out.

BEAT

O'NEAL

That went well, I thought.

MACLEAN

Yea.

BEAT

O'NEAL

What?

MACLEAN

I was thinking about what he said. Can you imagine if he got locked away for life after what he suffered? I'm not sure I could do it, you know.

O'NEAL

But he's still a suspect. Nothing rules him out.

MACLEAN

He didn't do it, O'Neal.

O'NEAL

How can you be so sure? He's still got motive and no alibi.

MACLEAN

Believe me. He didn't do it. I just know.

O'NEAL

I dunno how you can be so sure. Hey, it's late. Wanna lift home?

INT. O'NEAL'S CAR -- LATER

O'NEAL

Don't you ever drive?

MACLEAN

Not often. You know something? We're approaching this all wrong. We're following where Fred leads. He's playing with us. He pointed the finger at Bruce, then got him off. And he's trying to provoke me with Walsh. Why?

O'NEAL

No idea. You?

MACLEAN

(shrugging)

Not a clue. Did you arrange police protection for Kyle Watson?

O'NEAL

The third rapist? Yea, but he declined.

MacLean sniggers.

MACLEAN

What an idiot! So paranoid, he probably thinks we want to spy on him - as if we really care about his nickle and dime criminal activity.

They arrive outside MacLean's building. There is a nervous pause. MacLean's body language is awkward. He feels obliged.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Er, would you like a quick drink, or a cuppa perhaps?

O'Neal laughs.

O'NEAL
 "Cuppa"? You really went native
 over there, didn't you?

To MacLean's manifest surprise, O'Neal accepts the invitation. She puts a "Police on Duty" card in the window.

INT. MACLEAN'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

O'Neal looks around the apartment while MacLean fixes the drinks in the kitchen.

MACLEAN (O.S.)
 Ice?

O'NEAL
 I'm a New Yorker. Whaddya think?

MACLEAN (O.S.)
 Ice!

O'Neal looks at the series of photos on the sideboard. She holds up one of MacLean and his wife in graduation dress in Cambridge.

O'NEAL
 (to herself)
 Wow, she was really beautiful.

MacLean enters with the drinks. O'Neal quickly side steps away, hopefully discretely.

MACLEAN
 (smiles weakly)
 What? Here you are, gin and tonic.
 Cheers. Do you like Beethoven?

MacLean puts a CD on the HiFi.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)
 Violin Concerto in D.

O'NEAL
 ... In D what?
 (she sniggers)
 Sorry.
 (serious again)
 Didn't Angela Pitt have this?

MACLEAN
 (impressed)
 Yea, right. But this is the best
 version. Anne-Sophie Mutter playing
 the lead. How d'you like it?

O'NEAL
 Nice.

MACLEAN

Nice?

The music comes to the foreground as we see a montage of shots as they chat away, first standing, then sitting. MacLean makes a second drink.

They laugh. They tell each other stories. MacLean is holding one of his graduation pictures, and gesticulating with his hands. O'Neal laughs.

They forget time.

Eventually, they are standing at the door, as O'Neal makes to leave. She kisses him on the cheek and thanks him.

He smiles, a little embarrassed. "You're welcome" he mouths.

O'Neal hesitates. Then she kisses him full on the mouth. He is momentarily stunned. He puts his arms around her and holds her in a deep embrace.

They come up for air, still holding each other. We see her expression of contentment. Then we see his face - a mixture of surprise, a certain "I ain't lost it yet" satisfaction, but most of all unease.

They pull apart, still holding hands. With a last squeeze, they say goodnight, and MacLean closes the door. He leans back against it, trying to collect his thoughts. He looks stunned. He walks over to the gin bottle. He picks it up and looks at the label appreciatively.

INT. MACLEAN'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

INSERT CAPTION:

Tuesday

MacLean lets Fagin in.

MACLEAN

(breezily)

Morning.

FAGIN

You're awfully happy for someone whose case fell apart yesterday.

MACLEAN

No worse than we were this time yesterday.

FAGIN

That's a bit Pollyanna-ish, isn't it? Why're you so happy? You didn't get laid last night, did you?

MACLEAN

(embarrassed)

No. So, what's in the ghoul's report.

FAGIN

Head ghoul says same gun. Yada. Yada. Yada.

MacLean opens a closet to get his jacket. Fagin notices the dark blue Burberry in there.

MACLEAN

Guessed as much.

FAGIN

So, what's next, Holmes?

MACLEAN

We need to visit some of Angela Pitt's clients - especially Kyle Watson.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN WALKER'S OFFICE -- LATER

MacLean & Fagin are sitting opposite Captain Walker. VENABLES from Internal Affairs, a very serious man in his mid-thirties, is also there.

MACLEAN

Why are Internal Affairs here?

CAPTAIN WALKER

Fonteyn called the Mayor. Old friends.

VENABLES

The Mayor's Office has asked us to look into this case. You guys haven't made much progress with this Subway Killer.

CAPTAIN WALKER

(annoyed)

I'm getting a lot of heat on this because of that fuckin' "Subway Killer" tag. If we don't stop him soon, we'll all be out of jobs...

FAGIN

(laughing)

Yea - there'll be no crooks left!

Captain Walker allows himself a chuckle.

CAPTAIN WALKER

I'm serious, Joe. City Hall...

MACLEAN

Good God, Dave.

(MORE)

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Mayor still worried about re-election? The most important thing for a politician is sincerity. If you can fake that, you're home and dry. He'll be fine! I've seen him.

FAGIN

Yea, lighten up, Dave. We'll get him. But it's hard to get worked up on this one - the guy's doing us a favor!

Captain Walker looks nervously at Venables.

VENABLES

Hah! Exactly! People are starting to say the police don't want to catch this guy. They're saying you can't get convictions in court, so you're happy to see them thinned out on the streets. They're saying...

MACLEAN

Who exactly are "they", Venables? "They" are saying an awful lot.

VENABLES

Well, there are those who believe the killer might even be a cop. I'd bet most of the people in this building are rooting for him.

MACLEAN

What!?

VENABLES

Look at who's getting killed. This is not a random serial killer. This guy is focussed.

MACLEAN

We know. The one consistent thread is miscarriages of justice.

FAGIN

The pendulum has swung too far the other way. The guilty are getting away with it.

VENABLES

They weren't all...

FAGIN

Maybe not directly, but they'd all gone over to the Dark Side.

MACLEAN

You like that phrase, don't you,
Obi Wan?

FAGIN

(proudly)
Actually, yes.

MACLEAN

There are a lot of people making
a decent living getting these
shits off.

FAGIN

It keeps you employed!

Venables looks indignant.

FAGIN (CONT'D)

Come on, Venables. They cry
"justice", but they don't give a
fuck. They've sold their souls to
the devil.

Officer Harris enters.

OFFICER HARRIS

Shoot out in the Village.

EXT. THE VILLAGE -- LATER

Fagin's car pulls up behind several police cars blocking
the road. There is a stand off. Policemen are taking cover
behind their cars. A SHOT rings out, hitting a policeman
in the arm. Everyone instinctively ducks lower.

MacLean & Fagin join a policeman crouching behind the
nearest car.

OFFICER

Four men, we think, originally.
Only one left... that building
over there. Dunno what it's all
about. Drugs probably.

MACLEAN

Any casualties on our side?

OFFICER

Don't think so.

A SHOT rings out from a building behind them. They all
duck again. The policeman's radio CRACKLES.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

The marksman says he's got him.

INT. THE VILLAGE - APARTMENT BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

The policemen are warily combing the apartment. There are
five bodies on the floor.

MacLean & Fagin are also carrying their guns at the ready. MacLean kicks an open briefcase full of cocaine.

MACLEAN
(disapprovingly)
Drugs.

FAGIN
It's not our guy. We should leave
this to the Drug Squ...

There is a SHOT. Everyone reflexively ducks within a fraction of a second... except Fagin. MacLean dives to grab his partner. Blood starts to pour from Fagin's chest. They fall to the floor.

MACLEAN
Joe!

There is a second SHOT as a policeman FIRES at one of the bodies on the ground, hitting him in the arm. The crook's gun goes flying across the room. There is a YELP of pain.

MacLean is oblivious to what is going on. He grabs Fagin, and feels for a pulse. But it is clear from the bullet wound in the heart he died instantly.

MacLean is distraught. His face boils. He sees the hoodlum propping himself against the wall. He has multiple wounds.

There are tears in MacLean's eyes. He puts Fagin down gently. He picks up his gun again. He walks over to the hoodlum.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)
You fucking scum...

HOODLUM
Fuck you!

MacLean raises the gun and points it right at the hoodlum's head.

MACLEAN
You fucking scum!

MacLean cocks the gun.

HOODLUM
Go ahead. Pull the trigger.

MacLean's arm shakes. His face is red with rage. He glances around. There is only one other policeman in the room. The policeman looks at him for a moment, appears to nod, and turns away.

MACLEAN
You fucking piece of shit!

He is struggling with himself. He is shaking. After a few moments, he lowers the gun, tears running down his cheek.

He walks up to the hoodlum, and gives him a resounding kick in the chest.

The hoodlum GROANS.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Foot slipped.

He regains his balance, then raises his leg to kick him again. He is seething. He closes his eyes and drops his foot back on the ground. His shoulders slump.

HOODLUM

(weakly)

Police brutality!

MACLEAN

Don't fucking tempt me, you lowlife piece of shit. I should shoot you here and now, but it's a waste of a perfectly good bullet. You're gonna rot in jail.

MacLean turns and walks away.

The hoodlum slowly puts his hand in his pocket and starts to pull it out. A SHOT rings out as the other policeman in the room shoots the hoodlum in the head. The body slumps, and his hand falls out of the pocket... holding a handkerchief.

MacLean spins round, then turns to the policeman.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Self-defense.

EXT/INT. NEW YORK - FAGIN'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

MacLean has got back into the passenger seat of Fagin's car. The rage subsides. He finally cracks and WEEPS.

EXT. CEMETERY -- MORNING

INSERT CAPTION:

Friday

Fagin is getting a full Police Department funeral. A large contingent of stony faced policemen form an honor guard. Distraught relatives stand or sit by the grave.

MacLean, standing slightly apart from the others, looks as though he's aged 10 years. Opposite him is Fagin's family. He can't bear to look them in the eye.

O'Neal stands beside him, and occasionally looks at him reassuringly during the service.

The honor guard FIRE a salute over the coffin. MacLean flinches and closes his eyes. Slowly a tear draws a line down his cheek.

The captain of the honor guard folds the flag from the coffin and presents it to the widow.

As the body is lowered into the newly-dug grave, MacLean is clearly choking back the tears. O'Neal puts her hand on his arm. He puts his hand on hers.

INT. FAGIN'S WAKE -- LATER

A sombre occasion. Condolences being passed around. MacLean hugs Fagin's wife, Sally, and the kids. He strokes their hair. There are tears in his eyes, in their eyes. He moves away.

O'Neal walks up to him. She is very ill at ease. She doesn't know what to say.

O'NEAL
(nervously)
You okay?

MacLean looks around to see O'Neal staring as if trying to read him.

MACLEAN
Yea. Just too many of these...
(gestures at the party)
... "things", recently.

O'NEAL
Yea. Must be tough.

MacLean SNORTS with derision but says nothing.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN WALKER'S OFFICE -- MORNING

INSERT CAPTION:

Monday

Officer Harris is talking with Captain Walker. Harris is clearly ill-at-ease.

CAPTAIN WALKER
You know, Fred hasn't struck for almost a week... since before Joe... you know. That's the longest gap so far.

OFFICER HARRIS
Coincidence?

CAPTAIN WALKER
What? You're not suggesting Joe...

OFFICER HARRIS
No. Fuck, no. But he told me something a few hours before he died and...

Harris hesitates.

CAPTAIN WALKER
What is it, man? Speak.

OFFICER HARRIS
Oh, Jesus...

CAPTAIN WALKER
For fuck's sake, just say it.
We'll figure out afterwards if
it's important.

OFFICER HARRIS
Well, he mentioned to me... I
think he was joking... I dunno...
you know what he's like... was
like.

CAPTAIN WALKER
Will you get on with it?

OFFICER HARRIS
He said... Inspector MacLean has
got the same type coat worn by
Fred.

CAPTAIN WALKER
Come on, Harris. We know that. So
what?

OFFICER HARRIS
I dunno. But he did say MacLean's
got... now, what were his words?...
oh, yea... he's got the means,
the motive and the outfit. But
then he laughed. So did I. I
thought he was joking.

CAPTAIN WALKER
So, why are you mentioning this
now?

Harris looks uneasily at the floor for a moment.

OFFICER HARRIS
Well, after Joe's death, I thought
I'd better check anyway... in
case he told anyone else. I thought
it would be easy to prove he was
joking. The thing is...

CAPTAIN WALKER
What? Come on, man!

OFFICER HARRIS
The thing is... it doesn't look
good. The murders started soon
after MacLean started work again.
He knew most of the victims.

(MORE)

OFFICER HARRIS (CONT'D)

I don't know his alibis, but the timing of the murders would be consistent with his schedule - I checked the station log. And he lives alone, which would make it easier for him to...

CAPTAIN WALKER

I live alone, Harris. Does that make me a suspect? You can't be serious. So, he's got a dark blue raincoat. So what? Get real. Yea, the guy lost his wife to a crazed drugee, but he's not a murderer. He coulda shot the scum who killed Joe but he didn't.

OFFICER HARRIS

Too public? I'm just playing Devil's Advocate here, chief. And don't forget, his wife's murderer got away with it, as well.

CAPTAIN WALKER

That's shit, Harris.

OFFICER HARRIS

Well, we haven't exactly made any progress, have we, sir? Fred clearly knows how to avoid leaving clues.

CAPTAIN WALKER

So does anyone else who watches television, Harris.

OFFICER HARRIS

Dr Lloyd said it could be a policeman. And he was very quick to pin the blame on Fonteyn.

CAPTAIN WALKER

But it was also his decision to let him go. Why would he do all that?

OFFICER HARRIS

Smokescreen?

CAPTAIN WALKER

Enough, already. Enough. I'm sure, if Joe suspected MacLean, he would have told me, not you.

OFFICER HARRIS

Maybe he didn't want to shop Inspector MacLean.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Joe was a great cop. He woulda done what's right.

OFFICER HARRIS

They were close buddies.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Then why tell you or anyone else? Why *did* he tell you? Come on, Harris. He was just jerking you around. Now, get back to work.

Harris shrugs and leaves.

Captain Walker stands still for a moment, deep in thought. He looks worried. He presses a number on the phone.

CAPTAIN WALKER (CONT'D)

O'Neal? Could you come here a moment?

INT. POLICE STATION -- LATER

O'Neal is on the computer. MacLean brings her a coffee. O'Neal minimises the windows on the screen with a click of the mouse.

MACLEAN

What're you working on now?

O'NEAL

(cagily)

Something for the Captain.

MacLean senses her coolness.

MACLEAN

Oh, what?

O'NEAL

Not allowed to say.

MACLEAN

Fred?

O'NEAL

Not allowed to say.

MacLean looks surprised.

MACLEAN

Why the mystery, Laurie? I thought we were all supposed to be on the same damn side.

O'Neal says nothing.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Aah, forget it!

He walks out indignantly. O'Neal watches him go. She is ill at ease.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN WALKER'S OFFICE -- LATER

O'Neal walks in, closes the door, and starts talking without waiting for an invitation.

O'NEAL

You were right. There was one link we had overlooked...

CAPTAIN WALKER

All the victims were somehow involved in cases handled by Inspector MacLean...

O'NEAL

How did you know?

CAPTAIN WALKER

... and the bad guy got away.

O'NEAL

Yea.

(defensively)

But he never made out he didn't know them.

Captain Walker shakes his head. They both look gutted.

INT. MACLEAN'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

MacLean is sitting on the sofa, reading a book. Classical music is playing.

The door bell RINGS. His brow furrows as he looks at his watch.

He looks through the spy hole and sees the Captain. As he opens the door...

MACLEAN

Dave, what are you doing here at...?

The door is brusquely pushed open, and several policemen force their way in. Captain Walker follows them in, holding up a warrant. His face is grim. O'Neal enters last. She looks dejected.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Are you mad? What's this all about?

CAPTAIN WALKER

Drew, I must caution you. Anything you say...

MACLEAN

Dave! Have you taken leave of your senses?

Captain Walker walks past him into the room. He shouts to the policemen who have started searching everywhere.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Don't wreck the place, okay? We owe him that much.

Venables from Internal Affairs walks in.

MACLEAN

What's he doing here?

No one answers.

MacLean sees O'Neal.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Laurie. What's this all about?

O'Neal averts her gaze.

A policeman emerges from the closet holding up triumphantly a dark blue Burberry with his gloved hand.

MacLean turns to Captain Walker.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Dave! You're not serious!

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER

Captain Walker, Venables and a uniformed policeman sit opposite MacLean. MacLean looks very tired. There are empty cups on the table.

MACLEAN

(shaking his head)

I never thought I'd end up on this side of the table...

CAPTAIN WALKER

(sympathetically)

Drew, tell us what happened. Everyone will understand... you know... after what happened with Sandy.

MACLEAN

(exasperated)

Dave. How many times do I have to tell you? You're barking up the wrong damn tree. You don't have a case. You haven't got a murder weapon. You haven't got any evidence other than, coincidentally, a coat which may or may not match that of the killer.

VENABLES

Come on, MacLean. Stop jerking us around. You've got motive. You've got no alibi. You're too smart to keep the weapon at home. The coat matches the description. It's not a bad start, is it?

MACLEAN

Fred must be laughing his head off.

INT. POLICE STATION - CELL -- EVENING

MacLean is lying on the bed. The door opens. O'Neal comes in with a book and 2 Starbucks coffees. After checking the side of the cups, she hands him one.

O'NEAL

Decaff.

MACLEAN

Thanks. You've got no idea how crappy the coffee is in here.

O'NEAL

Actually I do. I work here, remember?

MACLEAN

Hmm!

O'Neal hands him the book.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

(looking at the
title)

Agatha Christie Collection. Very funny! Miss Scarlet did it, in the conservatory, with the candlestick.

O'NEAL

Damn! You've read it!

MacLean smiles and takes a sip, making a "cheers" gesture with the cup.

MACLEAN

Does this mean you think I'm innocent?

O'NEAL

Yes.

MACLEAN

(sighs)

I thought, after first Sandy, and then Joe getting killed, my life just couldn't get any worse. But then...

MacLean shakes his head in disbelief.

O'NEAL

Drew, there must be something that'll clear you. Think!

MACLEAN

Laurie, I live alone. I don't go out much. I'll tell you one thing, though. I have far more sympathy now for people who can't remember where they were at particular times days or weeks beforehand. It isn't easy.

O'NEAL

That's not gonna help you, Drew.

MACLEAN

I know. But this is a tough case. Like Lloyd said, Fred is very clinical and very clever.

O'NEAL

Do you think Fred framed you?

MACLEAN

What do you think?

O'NEAL

Yea. But how? Someone in the Department?

MacLean shrugs.

MACLEAN

I hear I owe my current lodgings to your wizardry on the computer...

O'Neal goes bright red with embarrassment.

O'NEAL

Oh, Drew... I'm so sorry... I mean, Captain Wa...

MACLEAN

Forget it, Laurie. You were doing your job.

O'NEAL

I so wanted...

For the first time, O'Neal looks as though she is about to shed tears. MacLean sees this and pats her hand reassuringly.

MACLEAN

Hey, it's okay, kid. You're a cop. You've got to do the right thing...

MacLean chuckles.

O'NEAL

What?

MACLEAN

It's amazing, isn't it? Thanks to all those cops 'n' robbers programs on TV, everything we say sounds like a cliché. I say we round up a posse now...

O'NEAL

... and head them off at the pass.

MACLEAN

Hmm... maybe you and I need to brush up a bit on our film genres!

O'NEAL

I can't believe you're so calm... I'll do anything...

MACLEAN

Be careful what you promise! We need to get back to basics. Can you bring the victim profiles in tomorrow and help me go through them again? ... If Walker will allow it.

O'NEAL

He might. I don't think he's really convinced either. But there hasn't been another murder since Joe was killed.

MACLEAN

He's got to do it by the book, Laurie. I'm a policeman.

MacLean scratches his chin.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Strange, isn't it? I've always tried to take the moral high road, and here, for the first time in my life, I'm hoping a murderer will kill again!

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN WALKER'S OFFICE -- MORNING

INSERT CAPTION:

Tuesday

Officer Harris hands Captain Walker a forensic report.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Okay, Harris, I'm busy.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN WALKER (CONT'D)

In words of one syllable, what does it say?

OFFICER HARRIS

It's MacLean's coat. They found fibres from Angela Pitt's house and Ledesma's apartment on it.

CAPTAIN WALKER

And?

OFFICER HARRIS

Sir?

CAPTAIN WALKER

Are you saying MacLean's the murderer then, Harris?

OFFICER HARRIS

(hesitatingly)

Well, sir...

CAPTAIN WALKER

What's the matter with you, Harris? Of course, he was there. We know he was fucking there. He was investigating, remember? Unless they've found blood from the victims on the coat, it's useless as a piece of evidence. Have they?

Harris looks in the report again.

OFFICER HARRIS

Er... no, sir.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Right, Harris. Get out and find me some real evidence, for or against. Okay?

Harris and O'Neal cross at the door as she rushes in. She has a broad smile on her face.

O'NEAL

Sir, good n...

CAPTAIN WALKER

I'd appreciate it if you knock first, O'Neal. I hope you've got something more substantial for me.

O'NEAL

Sorry, sir. Good news. Fred has struck again.

CAPTAIN WALKER

You think murder is a good thing, do you, O'Neal?

O'NEAL
 No, sir. Of course not, sir. But
 it means Drew... I mean, Inspector
 Maclean... is innocent.

Captain Walker turns away from her to face the window. He
 sighs.

CAPTAIN WALKER
 (under his breath)
 I guess it does, doesn't it?

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT -- LATER

Usual crowd of policemen, forensics, photographer etc.
 Captain Walker is bending over the body.

CAPTAIN WALKER
 Fuck! It's Patrick Walsh.

Captain Walker shakes his head. He looks very perplexed.

CAPTAIN WALKER (CONT'D)
 Isn't that convenient? The only
 murder MacLean has a cast iron
 alibi for is the one where his
 motive is strongest.

O'NEAL
 (puzzled)
 Meaning?

CAPTAIN WALKER
 Someone's jerking with me. If I
 find out a cop's doing this as a
 favor to MacLean, I'll have his
 balls for breakfast.

O'NEAL
 Whaddya mean?

CAPTAIN WALKER
 Come on, O'Neal. Someone's trying
 to get MacLean off the hook. Why
 else shoot Walsh?

O'Neal is horrified.

O'NEAL
 But the cross? The single bullet
 in the head?

CAPTAIN WALKER
 Everyone in the station knows how
 it's done. Let's wait for the
 ballistics report before we jump
 to conclusions.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN WALKER'S OFFICE -- MORNING

INSERT CAPTION:

Wednesday

O'Neal, Harris, and two other policemen are sitting in Captain Walker's office.

CAPTAIN WALKER

This just gets worse.

O'NEAL

It's the gun that killed two of the punks in the alley, not the one that killed all the rest.

OFFICER HARRIS

Have we got 2 killers now?

O'NEAL

Just because there's more than one gun, doesn't mean there have to be two killers. Many people have several guns.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Probability, O'Neal? Probability?

OFFICER HARRIS

MacLean's been very relaxed since we arrested him. D'ya think he knew Walsh was next?

O'NEAL

What? Harris, you asshole...

CAPTAIN WALKER

O'Neal, are you letting personal feelings cloud your judgement as a police officer?

O'NEAL

No, sir, but...

CAPTAIN WALKER

I can't just release MacLean without any evidence - the Press'll crucify me.

O'NEAL

I thought we could only HOLD people with evidence, sir.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Don't get cute, O'Neal.

INT. POLICE STATION - CELL -- LATER

MACLEAN

Fred's good! Very good! The other gun - brilliant!

O'NEAL

Harris thinks your accomplice did it.

MACLEAN

Harris is not the brightest bulb in the pack, Laurie. Don't worry about him.

O'NEAL

You're incredibly calm, Drew. Aren't you worried?

MACLEAN

I'm innocent, O'Neal. I still have some residual faith in the system... despite everything!

O'NEAL

I'm fast losing mine! Captain Walker thinks it might be someone in the department trying to get you off and ...

BEAT

MACLEAN

... and?

O'NEAL

(uneasily)

... avenging your wife for you at the same time. Two birds with one stone.

MacLean smiles kindly. He squeezes her hand.

MACLEAN

I had the chance to avenge her myself, Laurie, and I walked. But I'll tell you: I hated myself afterwards for not seeing it through. I felt I'd let Sandy down. Revenge is such a primeval emotion, but it would've felt so good!

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN WALKER'S OFFICE -- LATER

MacLean is standing in front of the Captain.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Look, Drew. I HOPE you didn't do all this...

MACLEAN

Does that mean you believe I might have?

CAPTAIN WALKER

Come on, Drew. This is hard enough as it is. I can't hold you any longer on suspicion, but I can't just let things go back to normal. We'll keep your badge and gun, and you're on indefinite leave, okay? Keep your nose clean.

INT. MACLEAN'S APARTMENT -- LATER

MacLean lets O'Neal in, then walks over to the window. There is a plain car opposite with two men in it. MacLean shakes his head.

MACLEAN

What amateurs! So obvious! And what a waste of manpower!

He opens the window and waves to them.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Hey, guys. Wanna cup of tea?

The driver looks up embarrassed. He starts the car and drives off.

INT. MACLEAN'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

MacLean pours tea for them both.

O'NEAL

Fred has been very careful. So far, no pattern, no clues... except what he wanted us to find.

MACLEAN

Yea. First he pointed us at Fonteyn...

O'NEAL

... then at you.

MACLEAN

I'm not so sure. I think Lloyd was on to something with Kowolski's balls. We've also got Simpson's balls. There were three who raped the Fonteyns. That just leaves Kyle Watson. He ought to be shitting bricks right now.

O'NEAL

He's still refusing police protection. He actually complained because we posted a car in his street.

MACLEAN

Cramping his style!?! Bruce Fonteyn might not have shot Woodward, but the answer to this riddle is somewhere around him.

O'NEAL

But why did Fred shoot Woodward? I've read his pieces in the paper. He was good - he was a powerful writer, all right. But he was just a reptile, not a criminal in the same league.

MACLEAN

Right. Woodward. That was bothering me as well. He reported the cases, and sensationalised many of them, but he didn't make heroes of the bastards. But he was overzealous. He got Ledesma off, the guy in the perfumed apartment, remember?

O'NEAL

How?

MACLEAN

His reporting in the paper made it impossible to have a...
(he waves quotation marks in the air)
"fair" trial. The judge ordered the jury to acquit.

O'NEAL

He was also very vicious in the Fonteyn case. He tore into police and D.A. incompetence...

MACLEAN

Justifiably, I'm afraid.

O'NEAL

It was Forensics who got the samples mixed up.

MACLEAN

Maybe so, Laurie, but that wasn't all. It was a catalog of disasters, from start to finish. The crime scene wasn't secured properly - it got contaminated. The expert witnesses were idiots. Not our finest moment, believe me.

MacLean shakes his head in embarrassed disbelief.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

In the Fonteyn case, Woodward reported the miscarriage of justice -
(MORE)

MACLEAN (CONT'D)
 he didn't cause it. I can't see a
 relevant link to the Fonteyn rapes.

O'NEAL
 But, Drew, *most* of the victims
 have absolutely NO connection
 with the Fonteyn case. They're
 more connected to you.

MACLEAN
 Maybe Fred's deliberately pointing
 us there to throw us off the track.

O'NEAL
 Jesus. This is getting really
 Machiavellian!

MACLEAN
 Can you look some more into the
 Fonteyns? Find out what they've
 been doing the last couple of
 years, since the case. I think
 I'll pay Mr Watson a visit later.
 I need a walk first, though - too
 long cooped up.

O'NEAL
 You're off duty.

MACLEAN
 So? What else am I going to do?

INT. POLICE STATION -- LATER

O'Neal is sitting at the computer terminal, sipping her coffee. There is a picture of Bruce Fonteyn on the screen. She scrolls through newspaper reports. A picture of a younger Emma comes up on the screen. Then a picture of Emma's mother. O'Neal reads the report of her suicide. The report was written by Carl Woodward. She is visibly upset by the report.

Captain Walker finds O'Neal at the computer.

CAPTAIN WALKER
 Found anything?

O'NEAL
 Oh, man. What that family went
 through!

CAPTAIN WALKER
 We know that.

O'NEAL
 (regaining composure)
 Bruce Fonteyn is quite a star. He
 was a champion athlete at school
 and college.

(MORE)

O'NEAL (CONT'D)

Was decorated for bravery in the marines. Married his high school sweetheart. Worked as a security consultant for a while after the marines, before joining the telephone company as a senior executive. Very successful, it seems. Made a lot of money from stock options in the telecoms boom.

CAPTAIN WALKER

He quit after the attack. He didn't wanna leave his family alone.

O'NEAL

Doesn't seem to work now.

CAPTAIN WALKER

No. He's been easing his daughter back into the real world as a dog walker to rebuild her confidence.

O'NEAL

You know them, sir?

CAPTAIN WALKER

Rotary Club.

O'NEAL

I see. It says here Emma was hospitalised for a while.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Nervous breakdown.

O'NEAL

Yea. Only got out a few months ago. Maybe someone there feels sorry for her.

CAPTAIN WALKER

The hospital ain't far from here. Why not check it out? Nothing to lose.

EXT. O'NEAL'S CAR -- LATER

It is a cold, but sunny day. O'Neal drives through the Lincoln Tunnel.

EXT. MANHATTAN -- CONTINUOUS

MacLean is walking the streets, enjoying the day.

EXT. O'NEAL'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

O'Neal drives through the New Jersey countryside.

EXT. UNION SQUARE -- CONTINUOUS

MacLean is walking in the square, towards Virgin Megastore.

EXT. O'NEAL'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

O'Neal drives through the front gates of a residential hospital in New Jersey. It is a peaceful, idyllic place.

INT. VIRGIN MEGASTORE, UNION SQUARE -- CONTINUOUS

MacLean has just bought a coffee. He wanders through the store and takes the escalator down to the basement level. There are screens showing the latest DVD releases.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

It is a luxurious office, with mahogany and leather furniture. The whole wall behind the desk is given over to books. The office looks as though it's come straight from a Ralph Lauren catalog.

Doctor Ramirez is an earnest looking man in his early forties. He gestures to O'Neal to sit down. Her hands trail lovingly over the superb quality leather.

O'NEAL

Thank you for seeing me at such short notice, Doctor.

DOCTOR

No problem. You realise, of course, I can't talk about my patient's medical history.

O'NEAL

Sure. You probably know there's been a string of vigilante murders in New...

DOCTOR

The Subway Killer?

O'NEAL

Yea. Well, two of the victims were Emma's attackers, plus the lawyer who got them off. Too much of a coincidence. We want to know if there was anyone who was involved with Emma while she was here. Someone who might have become infatuated with her. She's a beautiful girl.

DOCTOR

Not that I know of. She was very introverted. She kept herself to herself. Did a lot of exercise.

O'NEAL

What do you mean?

DOCTOR

Spent a lot of time in the gym, running, that sort of thing. She's quite an athlete. And strong. She beat me at arm-wrestling.

INT. VIRGIN MEGASTORE, UNION SQUARE -- CONTINUOUS

MacLean stands idly looking at the DVDs, sipping his coffee. His glance goes up to one of the big screens. It is showing a trailer for a Charlie's Angels DVD. The Angels are really kicking butt!

MacLean smiles. He continues browsing. Then he stops dead. The smile vanishes from his face. He looks at the screen again.

MACLEAN

Holy shit!

He throws his coffee cup into a bin and runs out the store.

INT. KYLE'S BROOKLYN APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

KYLE WATSON is lounging on his sofa smoking a joint, his feet up on the coffee table.

The apartment is squalid. There are dirty dishes, discarded clothes, and empty beer cans scattered all about. There is a visible veneer of dust over everything.

The doorbell RINGS.

KYLE

For fuck's sake, Dave. Can't you remember your fuckin' key?

There is a POUNDING on the door.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(irritated)

Fuck off. Whaddya want?

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

O'NEAL

What else did she do, Doctor?

DOCTOR

Solitary things. Spent a lot of time in the library and on the internet. Her father was here nearly every day. He worked so hard to help her. Wonderful man. We developed a program to rebuild her physically and mentally.

INT. KYLE'S BROOKLYN APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

The doorbell RINGS again.

Annoyed, he jumps up and throws the joint out the window behind the sofa. The window is closed and it bounces back in, but he doesn't notice as he rushes into the bathroom.

KYLE

Just a minute.

He sprays the room with air freshener. He sees the window closed. He rushes over, opens it wide, and waves fumes out.

He heads towards the door, then stops, realising something. He rushes back to the window, finds the joint, takes one last drag and throws it out. He holds the puff for a few seconds, then blows that out the window as well.

He relaxes, smooths himself down, and goes to the door. He looks through the spy hole.

He is surprised. Confused and nervous, he opens the door.

KYLE (CONT'D)

What do you want?

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

O'NEAL

What sort of program was that, Doctor?

DOCTOR

He taught her karate, or judo, or nintendo, or whatever it's called. I dunno. They're all Greek to me. He also took her to a local sports club where they would play golf, squash and shoot. He tried to take her mind...

O'NEAL

Shoot? What, you mean with guns?

DOCTOR

Yea, a rifle club.

O'NEAL

And she was allowed...

DOCTOR

Officer O'Neal. This is not a prison, and my patients are not "crazies". Miss Fonteyn is a wonderful young woman, but she will always be scarred by the tragedy, of course. It's left a certain coldness at the core, understandably. Anyway, to boost her confidence, a lot of the program was centered on self-defense, so she would feel safer out on her own.

O'NEAL

Was she good?

DOCTOR

Excellent. At everything. Her father was very proud of her.

O'Neal paused, deep in thought.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Er, is there anything else I can help you with, Officer? I should be getting back to my patients.

O'NEAL

Thank you, Doctor. I appreciate your valuable time. One thing. What would you say is her present state of mind?

DOCTOR

You're getting close to medical matters, Officer. I couldn't possibly...

O'NEAL

No, of course not, Doctor. I don't want to put you in a difficult position. But we are concerned for her well-being.

DOCTOR

Really?

O'NEAL

We're not sure if someone is homing in on the Fonteyn family.

DOCTOR

Oh, my God. That's terrible. Poor Emma. After all she's been through.

O'NEAL

Why did you let her go?

DOCTOR

(sighing)

Officer! She was not a prisoner. This is a voluntary establishment. She left when her father and I agreed she was capable of facing the world again.

O'NEAL

And, is she?

DOCTOR

My dear, madam. Miss Fonteyn is one tough woman now. She can look after herself.

INT/EXT. KYLE'S BROOKLYN APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

MacLean is walking briskly. He passes a white van parked in the street. He enters the ground floor foyer, takes the four steps to the first apartment with one leap and bangs on the door.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CAR PARK -- CONTINUOUS

O'Neal gets out her cellphone and dials impatiently. She puts it to her ear.

O'NEAL

Come on, Drew. Answer.

INT/EXT. KYLE'S BROOKLYN APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

MacLean RINGS the doorbell.

MACLEAN

Come on, Kyle. Open up.

As the door opens, his cellphone RINGS.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

What now?

He fumbles in his pocket for it as he walks in. From behind the door, a dark figure with a hat brings a handkerchief over MacLean's mouth with one fluid movement. MacLean drops the cellphone as he tries to remove the handkerchief, but it is doused in chloroform and he quickly collapses onto the floor.

The Vigilante picks up the policeman and carries him under the arm as if supporting a drunk. With a drunken, swaying movement, and slurred singing, he carries the policeman out to the van parked in front. A couple of pedestrians look disapprovingly at them, cross to the other side of the road, and walk on quickly by. The Vigilante bundles MacLean into the van, next to Kyle. He is out for the count. Quickly, the Vigilante gets in as well.

INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

The Vigilante applies duct tape to MacLean's mouth, blindfolds him, and ties his arms and legs with rope.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CAR PARK -- CONTINUOUS

O'Neal hangs up and dials again.

O'NEAL

Come on, Drew. Answer the damn phone!

INT. KYLE'S BROOKLYN APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

The front door is closed. The cellphone lies on the floor. It RINGS.

INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Kyle is still unconscious, on top of a table in the middle of the room. His arms and legs are bound to the table legs.

MacLean is tied to a chair on the side. He is gagged, and blindfolded.

Emma enters, with her labrador, Gandalf. She is in very good spirits. She is simply dressed with black slacks and black T-shirt. Her outfit shows off her fitness. She puts down a small ghetto blaster and starts a CD of opera arias. She inspects Kyle on the table. She prods him. No reaction. She slaps him across the face. Kyle GROANS.

EMMA

Wake up, Kyle. I don't have all day.

MacLean makes a MUFFLED SOUND through the gag.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Aah, Inspector MacLean. Welcome. Do excuse my poor hospitality, but, as I'm sure you realise, these are unusual circumstances.

Emma removes the gag and blindfold from the detective. MacLean twitches his eyes and jaw as they accustom themselves to their new-found freedom.

EMMA (CONT'D)

My hospitality may be poor, but I do request you to respect it and not make any trouble, Inspector.

Returning to Kyle, Emma smacks him across the face again. Kyle GROANS again, and shakes his head as he tries to regain consciousness.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Do wake up, Mr Watson. This is becoming very tiresome.

MACLEAN

Emma, what in God's name are you trying to do? Haven't you killed enough people already?

Emma looks thoughtful for a moment.

EMMA

Probably not, Inspector.

KYLE

What the fuck's goin' on? Where am I?

EMMA

Welcome back to the land of the living, Mr Watson.

KYLE

Get these fuckin' ropes off me or I'll tear your fuckin' heart out.

EMMA

(laughs)

Hah! Mr Watson has such a persuasive manner, don't you think, Inspector? So erudite.

Emma strokes Kyle's hair. Kyle flinches angrily.

KYLE

Fuck you, bitch!

EMMA

(brandishing a knife)

I would suggest you seriously reappraise your situation, Mr Watson. If you don't hold your tongue, I'll be forced to remove it for you. So do be quiet...

(forcing a smile)

Please!

She puts the knife against his face. He shuts his mouth tight.

EMMA (CONT'D)

That's better.

Emma moves back towards MacLean.

EMMA (CONT'D)

This... this... thing... and his partners killed my mother. They ruined my life. And my father's life. You know, I can't stand the thought of a man touching me.

MACLEAN

But...

EMMA

Inspector, justice failed, and you know it.

KYLE

We were innocent.

Emma ignores Kyle's outburst. She walks about as she talks animatedly.

EMMA

The law is a sieve and these animals got through.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)
 (there is now real
 anger in her voice)
 What sort of justice is that,
 Inspector?

MACLEAN
 Emma...

EMMA
 Inspector, come on. Be honest.
 You've seen how stupid the law
 can be. I got you arrested, and
 then I got you freed. It wasn't
 hard.

She allows herself a self-satisfied smile.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 I remember your Burberry coat
 from the court case. Very
 distinctive. Then I rented a
 room opposite your apartment and
 set up a webcam in the window. I
 watched your schedule and figured
 out your routine. You really are
 a creature of habit, Inspector.

MACLEAN
 It wouldn't have stuck...

EMMA
 If I'd wanted it to...

MACLEAN
 But why do that to me? I tried to
 help you.

EMMA
 I know you did your best. It wasn't
 your fault the system screwed up.
 But I needed to blow a smokescreen
 until I had everybody. Fortunately
 for me, there was a lot of overlap.

BEAT

EMMA (CONT'D)
 Did you like the cross, by the
 way? Artistic touch, I thought.

No answer. Emma shrugs.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 I liked it, anyway.

MACLEAN
 But why kill those people you had
 no quarrel with?

EMMA

They were all scum, Inspector,
and it helped keep you off the
scent.

MACLEAN

You called Kowolski to the alley,
didn't you?

Emma nods. She is savoring her moment of triumph.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Okay, but how did you get the
others to open the door for you?

EMMA

Would you feel threatened if a
girl like me knocked on your door
asking to speak with you?

MACLEAN

Why Angela Pitt? She wasn't a
crook?

EMMA

(angrily)

Do you know how many guilty people
that woman got off on some stupid
psycho grounds? This scum here
would have been in prison three
months before he... before he...
came to our house if she hadn't
got him off with her diminished
responsibility evidence. How many
people have been killed or mugged
unnecessarily because SHE kept
them out of prison? Well?

BEAT

EMMA (CONT'D)

She's no better than they are.
But it's interesting, is it not?
You are clearly differentiating
between my, let us call them,
customers. I wanted you to wrestle
with the moral dilemma, Inspector.
And you did, didn't you? And I
would guess you're not totally
proud of your innermost thoughts,
are you, Inspector?

MACLEAN

You took huge risks...

EMMA

I didn't care. So long as I got
at least some of them. I also
gambled a little that the police
would secretly be cheering me on.
Were you, Inspector?

MACLEAN

Nonsense.

EMMA

Sure it is.

Emma smiles to herself. She stops in front of MacLean and stares him in the eyes.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You had your chance to kill Patrick Walsh, Inspector - I gave it to you. But you didn't, did you?

The dog comes up beside her. She strokes it gently.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You impressed me, Inspector. You showed enormous strength of character. But why didn't you kill him? You wanted to. I know you wanted to. Was it because it would have been "wrong"? Or was it because you were afraid of getting caught? Which was it, Inspector?

MACLEAN

We can't revert to the Law of the Jungle.

EMMA

(sarcastically)

Sure, Inspector. Come now. How did you feel when you heard Walsh was dead?

MACLEAN

What?

EMMA

You heard.

MACLEAN

I was... er... surprised.

EMMA

Come on, Inspector. Admit it to yourself, at least. You were glad! You were delighted! You were deliriously happy! You wanted that sonofabitch dead... and as painfully as possible!

MacLean looks at her dumbfounded. What to say?

EMMA (CONT'D)

Your silence says everything, Inspector. You can't handle the moral ambiguity, can you?

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

Where have all the certainties in
life gone? But, deep down, they
had gone long before, hadn't they?
(sighs)

Well, Mr MacLean, I've saved you
from having to face your innermost
demons. Consider Walsh my present
to you - compensation for the
trouble I've put you through.

Emma goes over to Kyle and, as she talks, starts to cut
the clothes off him.

EMMA (CONT'D)

They broke the rules, they must
pay the price.

Kyle struggles in vain.

KYLE

You fuckin' bitch! Untie these
fuckin' ropes! We shoulda killed
you and your fuckin' mother!

Kyle immediately realises this was not a wise thing to
say in his situation.

Emma stops talking for a moment. She closes her eyes and
takes a deep breath to compose herself. Calmly, she puts
the knife blade to Kyle's throat.

EMMA

I'm not going to tell you again,
Mr Watson. Be quiet. Do NOT try
my patience.

Kyle, terror written all over his face, SOBS.

MACLEAN

Let the police handle this, Emma.

EMMA

Like they did before, Inspector?
The law set this animal free,
remember? And you know what that
did to my poor mother?

MACLEAN

An eye for an eye leaves everybody
blind. There has to a better way
than this...

EMMA

I wish there were, but can you
tell me what it is? If I let you
both go now, what would you do?
Well, you'd arrest me, I know
that. But what would you do with
him?

MacLean looks at her. He doesn't know what to say.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Q.E.D., Inspector. As my family's had to discover, life's tough.

MACLEAN

You know we'll hunt you down.

EMMA

I know. I don't care any more. This piece of filth is the last one. And he was the ringleader, so this is the one to relish. My one regret is he was too stupid or too stoned to be afraid after Kowolski and Simpson died. That's why I waited, but this moron never put two and two together. But then, it took you long enough, didn't it, Inspector?

MacLean starts to protest, but changes his mind.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Well, if I die now, I'll die fulfilled... and my conscience is clear, Inspector.

MACLEAN

No one's gonna die here, Emma.

EMMA

Wanna bet?

Emma takes a pair of surgical gloves out of her pocket. By now Kyle is wearing only his underpants. Kyle flinches as Emma cuts them off with the knife.

MACLEAN

What're you doing, Emma? Stop it now, for pity's sake.

EMMA

Pity!? How much pity did this scum show me and my mother?
(turning to her
dog)
Gandalf, here boy.

The dog comes up to her and she strokes it gently on the head.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Sit, boy.

Emma returns to Kyle, and lifts his penis. A look of sheer horror crosses Kyle's face. Emma lays it to one side, then raises his scrotum with her left hand. She brings the knife to the base...

ANGLE ON EMMA FROM BEHIND

Kyle lets out a blood curdling SCREAM, and a stream of profanities.

The dog looks startled, backs off a step, but doesn't run away.

MacLean winces.

MACLEAN

Holy Mother of God. Stop it, Emma.
Please.

ANGLE ON EMMA - FRONT VIEW

Emma's expression is one of total serenity. She is oblivious to the screams and writhing of Kyle in front of her. She has found an inner peace. She puts the knife down.

ANGLE ON EMMA FROM BEHIND

We see Emma's right hand stretch out, holding something between her first finger and middle finger. It stretches like a piece of chewing gum until it snaps.

Kyle is SCREAMING.

EMMA

This is what they ought to do with rapists, Inspector. Not cells with color TVs and visitation rights. THIS is justice, pure and simple.

Emma tosses the testicle to Gandalf. The dog jumps, catches it in his mouth, chews it and swallows.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You know, Mr Watson, I have never heard you, or any of your partners in crime, ever express any remorse for what you did to my family. Not once. A simple "I'm sorry".

Kyle is half delirious with pain. He is CRYING like a baby.

KYLE

I'm sorry, man. I'm fuckin' sorry.

EMMA

Sure you are now! You'll forgive me if I doubt your sincerity. You don't really mean it, do you?

KYLE

I do. I do. I swear.

EMMA

Sure you do.

Emma goes back to Kyle's scrotum and repeats the process with the other testicle.

Kyle SCREAMS and CURSES again, then passes out.

The dog swallows the second testicle without even chewing.

EMMA (CONT'D)

See? You didn't really mean it,
did you?

MacLean has seen a lot in his time in the police force, but now he is overcome with nausea.

MACLEAN

Stop it, Emma.

EMMA

I have no argument with you,
Inspector. So, don't interfere.

MACLEAN

What're you gonna do?

Emma puts duct tape over the unconscious Kyle, and lays a tarpaulin over him.

EMMA

Of course, this scum has to die.

MACLEAN

Don't, Emma. Stop.

EMMA

Are you telling me he deserves to
live?

MACLEAN

No one has the right to decide
who lives or dies.

EMMA

They took that right upon
themselves when they attacked my
family. If they can decide for
others, I can decide for them.

Emma undoes the rope around MacLean's feet. MacLean starts to feel afraid. Is he next?

EMMA (CONT'D)

(on her cellphone)

Did you call the police, Daddy?
Good.

(turning to MacLean)

You see, they destroyed our lives.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

For months, I lived every day in fear. I still can't sleep properly. I have terrible nightmares. I don't care about living. If it wasn't for my father, I would've done what my mother did. He's a strong man, but it's totally gutted him as well.

Emma takes a deep breath.

She gives the dog a hug, attaches its leash to the collar, and then wraps it around the rope holding MacLean's hands.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Now, Inspector. All good things must come to an end. The police will be here very shortly. It is time to say goodbye. In return for your life, I am asking you to look after Gandalf. He's a good dog. Exercise regularly and feed once a day.

(smiling weakly)

Today was not his normal diet, I promise you.

MACLEAN

But...

EMMA

(forcefully)

GO, Inspector. NOW. Before I change my mind. GO.

Emma and MacLean walk to the door. The dog reluctantly follows, dragged by the leash. Emma opens the door. Bruce enters and kisses his daughter on the forehead. MacLean turns round. Emma waves him away. We can hear police SIRENS faintly in the background. Emma SLAMS the door behind him.

Emma and Bruce go back to the table.

EXT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

MacLean walks into the open air. He is momentarily blinded by the sunlight. A plain car, a dozen police cars and a couple of fire engines pull up. The police cars spread out around the building, and the policemen pile out, firearms at the ready. O'Neal jumps out of the plain car.

O'NEAL

Drew, thank God you're okay. It's Emma, Drew. The Vigilante - it's Emma, not Bruce.

MACLEAN

I know.

O'NEAL

What happened? What's with the mutt?

MACLEAN

Forget the dog. Get this rope off me. Emma and Bruce are in there with Kyle Watson and...

Suddenly, they hear a GUNSHOT. Everyone instinctively hits the deck, or dives for cover.

There is a loud EXPLOSION, as the whole warehouse blows up in a monumental fireball. Debris flies everywhere, destroying the car nearest the building, and damaging the rest.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Oh, my God!

MacLean and O'Neal sit up and watch the inferno, as the firemen snap into action. O'Neal undoes the rope, and MacLean grabs the frightened dog before it can run away. He looks devastated, almost in tears.

O'NEAL

Hey, Drew. It's okay. You're gonna be okay.

MACLEAN

(shaking his head)

That's not it, Laurie. That's not it.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK -- A FEW DAYS LATER -- DAY

MacLean is walking Gandalf in Central Park. It is spring, The trees are covered in fresh leaves and blossoms. The colors are beautiful. He throws a ball for the dog, which bounds off and retrieves it.

He sits down by the fountain. O'Neal comes over and kisses him on the cheek. She puts down a rolled up copy of USA Today and sits beside him. The newspaper unfurls.

MACLEAN

How'd you know I was here?

O'NEAL

(fake German accent)

Ve av vays...

MACLEAN

Am I a wanted man, now? I'm supposed to be on leave.

O'NEAL

Yea. Just thought I'd see how you're doin'.

MACLEAN

Fine.

BEAT

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

So, are you gonna tell me or not?
Why you really came?

O'NEAL

We got the forensic report from
the warehouse.

MACLEAN

They took their time. It's been
over a week.

O'NEAL

With all the oil & explosives &
shit, everything burnt to a cinder.

MACLEAN

What?

O'NEAL

Yea, they can't be sure they found
the bodies. Apparently, a fire
like that can go up to a zillion
degrees. They're dust!

MACLEAN

Well, I'll be.

O'NEAL

The only evidence...

MACLEAN

... is my testimony.

O'NEAL

Yea. The D.A. says that's good
enough for him. Solves a dozen
cases in one fell swoop. You could
get a gong out of this, Drew.

MACLEAN

So, the only witness is a senior
police officer. That's rather
convenient, don't you think?

O'Neal shrugs. MacLean pauses for a moment, then shakes
his head.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

No. We all saw the building go
up. And no one got out.

O'Neal starts to warm to a theme.

O'NEAL

But it still doesn't hang together, if you ask me, Drew. Why did she take you and Kyle prisoner? Why did she stage all that at the end? She could have shot Kyle, like the others, in the apartment.

MACLEAN

Remember, Laurie, he was the ringleader. With him, it was ultra personal. She really wanted him to suffer.

O'NEAL

Sure, Drew. But she could have done all that at the apartment. No need to drag him and you across New York to a warehouse.

MACLEAN

Who knows why people do things? Let it go.

O'NEAL

As you said - it's all rather convenient, though, isn't it?

MACLEAN

Quite honestly, Laurie, no one cares. I'm just sorry SHE didn't get a medal. I know I shouldn't say this, but she did the world a favor.

O'NEAL

I seem to remember someone saying to me "Morality can't be relative".

MacLean smiles at her and puts the dog back on its leash.

MACLEAN

It must have been a very wise man!

O'NEAL

But it keeps bugging me, Drew. That guy loved his daughter so much. And she him.

MACLEAN

They knew we'd eventually join the dots, no matter how incompetent we are. That's why they were in such a hurry. Better dead than red, I guess.

O'NEAL

Yea. You're probably right.

MACLEAN
I'm ALWAYS right.

O'Neal grabs his arm.

O'NEAL
Sure, you are. Come on. Let's go
and get a..."cuppa"

MacLean raises an eyebrow.

MACLEAN
You know making fun of a superior
officer is a capital offence in
some countries?

They start to walk slowly. A large group of joggers comes into view. The dog suddenly barks excitedly and strains at the leash. Its tail wags furiously.

MacLean struggles to control the dog. A flicker of doubt suddenly registers on his face.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)
No. Not possible...

He looks up, but the joggers are already disappearing down the track. He shakes his head and furrows his brow.

As MacLean and O'Neal walk away, the camera pans to the newspaper left by the fountain. There is a small article at the bottom of the page.

"Philadelphia Police puzzled by latest killing"

FADE
OUT: