

INTERROGATION

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT., NIGHT. INTERROGATION ROOM.

DETECTIVE SERGEANT ROBERT SPOONHAUER, early 40s, dressed in an inexpensive, well-worn suit, a detective's badge hanging from his belt, bends over so another man can whisper something in his ear.

Spoonhauer snaps up, grabs the edge of the table between the men and flips it violently. The room is fairly good sized, a big, two-story storeroom. The table slides a few feet with a loud, echoy sound. We catch only enough of the sitting man to see that someone is there; he does not move when Spoonhauer flips the table.

INT., NIGHT. CORRIDOR.

Spoonhauer storms out of the room, slamming the doors and heading down the corridor. From the other direction come a number of men and women, moving quickly, including several uniformed police officers.

Leading the pack is LT. DANIEL HAYDEN, mid-30s, tall and handsome, dressed in a somewhat better suit than Spoonhauer. He moves by the door to the room without slowing down.

HAYDEN

Sanders, Faber, secure the suspect.

DETECTIVE LARRY SANDERS, 40s, dressed in a suit and
DETECTIVE KAREN FABER, 30, wearing a black pants suit, head into the room, followed by two male uniformed officers.

HAYDEN

Spoonhauer! Spoon! Stop!

Spoonhauer stops heading down the corridor, but he is obviously very agitated still. Spoonhauer kicks a mop bucket hard.

SPOONHAUER

Goddamn it, goddamn it, goddamn it!
Motherfucker, goddamn it!

HAYDEN

Spoon, goddamn it, calm the fuck down!

SPOONHAUER
God-fucking-damn it!

HAYDEN
Detective Sergeant Spoonhauer! Get
control of yourself right now!

Spoonhauer appears to calm himself some, but he leans
against the wall, breathing heavily, still agitated.

HAYDEN
(Quietly, so only Spoonhauer
can hear.)
What the fuck was that, Spoon?

SPOONHAUER
(Quietly.)
That son of a bitch....

HAYDEN
That son of a bitch what, Spoon? What
did he say to you in there?

Spoonhauer continues to breath hard, and finally looks at
Hayden. What he sees, however, is a cluster of police
officers with another man in their midst leaving the room
and heading the other direction down the corridor.
Spoonhauer stands up, continuing to watch the cluster down
the hallway rather than looking at Hayden.

SPOONHAUER
Nothin'. He didn't say nothin'. Just
more bullshit doubletalk.

HAYDEN
(Frowns and hesitates.)
Look, it's been a long day. We've had
him in the warehouse for -- what? --
nine, 10 hours now. That's nine or 10
hours out of 24 that we can hold him
without charging him with something.

SPOONHAUER
I know that --

HAYDEN

And we've got nothing. You understand?
Nothing. We are no closer to finding
that girl than we were nine or 10 hours
ago. We have less than nothing.

SPOONHAUER

Listen, Lieutenant --

HAYDEN

This guy is the closest thing we have
to a lead, and it's a pretty goddamned
thin one. If he lawyers up, then we're
done, we're through, we've got nothing.
Less than nothing. You understand that?

SPOONHAUER

Lieutenant --

HAYDEN

Do you understand me?

SPOONHAUER

(Pauses, looks at Hayden.
Hostile.)

Yes, sir.

HAYDEN

(Takes a deep breath, appears
to relax a little.)

Look, Spoon, I know how much work
you've put in on this. I know we
wouldn't even have this much if it
weren't for you. But this kind of shit
does not help us. All right?

SPOONHAUER

Yes, sir.

HAYDEN

You should go home for a while, Spoon.
Get some sleep.

SPOONHAUER

Lieutenant --

HAYDEN

Home, Spoon. Sleep. And get back here
as soon as you can so I can give
somebody else a break. Go, now.

Hayden turns away and heads down the hallway toward the
others.

SPOONHAUER

Home. Yes, sir.

EXT., NIGHT. A SPARSELY OCCUPIED HIGHWAY.

Spoonhauer drives his car fast, almost recklessly, down the
highway, weaving in and out of what traffic there is. He
has a grim, determined expression on his face.

EXT., NIGHT. A NICE, SUBURBAN HOME.

Spoonhauer pulls into the driveway and parks next to
another car. He gets out, and from the expression on his
face, we know that he does not recognize the car and he
doesn't like it. He goes into the house.

Spoonhauer does not make any attempt to muffle his noise as
he marches into the house and into the living room. There,
we see GLENDA SPOONHAUER, about 40, and JUDY TAYLOR, late
30s. There are coffee cups, a coffee pot, sugar bowl and so
on on a tray on the coffee table, and several finished and
unfinished handmade quilts spread out on the table and
couch.

Both Glenda and Judy stand when Spoonhauer enters the room.

GLENDA

Bobby! I thought you were going to be
working late again tonight, honey.

SPOONHAUER

(Suspicious.)

El-tee sent me home. What's this?

GLENDA

Bobby, this is Judy Taylor. She just
joined the quilting guild. I thought
I'd show her some of the projects I've
been working on.

JUDY

(Extending a hand.)

Hi, Mr. Spoonhauer. How do you do?

Spoonhauer shakes Judy's hand, a suspicious look on his face.

GLEENDA

Judy just moved into the Westmueller's old place. You remember, over on Ketchum?

JUDY

Yes, and Glenda has done just a great job of making me feel welcome. It's so hard when you move to a new place to get to know people, make new girlfriends.

Spoonhauer's eyebrow cocks when Judy says "girlfriends."

Glenda picks up the coffee tray.

GLEENDA

Bobby, would you like something for dinner, or did you grab something on --

Spoonhauer backhands Glenda across the face. The tray and the items on it fly around the room, and Glenda falls to the floor with a startled scream. Judy, startled, throws herself back against a wall.

JUDY

Oh, my God!

SPOONHAUER

You think I don't know what's going on here, you fuckin' dyke? You lyin', cheatin' dyke!

GLEENDA

Bobby! What are you doing? What's--?

Spoonhauer kicks Glenda in the stomach. She curls up into a ball, crying and screaming, trying to protect herself with her arms.

SPOONHAUER

That cocksuckin', motherfucker son of a bitch knew. I didn't know, but that motherfuckin' son of a bitch knew!

GLEENDA

Bobby, what--?

Spoonhauer kicks at Glenda again. She cries and screams more.

SPOONHAUER

(Screaming.)

How did he know? How did that motherfucker know?

GLEENDA

(Hysteric.)

Oh, God, Bobby! Don't, please don't!!!

Spoonhauer kicks Glenda again, and moves as if he's going to start stomping her. When he does this, Judy makes a break for the door. Seeing a movement, Spoonhauer instinctively draws his service weapon.

EXT., NIGHT. THE SPOONHAUER'S NICE SUBURBAN HOME.

Two pistol shots fire close on to each other, and the faint sound of a body hitting the wall and the floor.

GLEENDA (V.O.)

(Hysteric.)

OHGODBOBBYDON'TBOBBYFORTHELOVEOFGOD
BOBBYDON'TPLEASEDON'TDON'TBOBBYDON'T
OHGODBOBBY -- !!!

A single pistol shot fires, and Glenda is now quiet. Pause.

SPOONHAUER (V.O.)

(Anguished.)

Oh, God. Glenda....

Pause. Another single pistol shot fires, followed by a heavy thud of a body dropping to the floor. Pause. A dog in the neighborhood begins to bark.

INT. NIGHT. THE COORIDOR OUTSIDE THE ROOM.

A uniformed officer opens a door to admit RACHEL O'SHAY, Ph.D. O'Shay, late 30s, is dressed in a black skirt suit with a pale silk blouse unbuttoned one button more than might be considered professional. She is wearing heels that are a bit too high to be practical, and black silk stockings. She wears a gold wedding band, but on her right ring finger, not her left.

Otherwise, O'Shay is wearing tastefully applied makeup as if she were at a social event, but is also wearing a pair of horn-rimmed glasses to skim pages in a file as she walks, accompanied by the officer.

Down the corridor, past the door to the interrogation room, but outside another room, our team of police officers stream in, while Hayden waits outside with Sanders. They are having a serious, almost heated discussion, but are keeping their voices down. As O'Shay approaches, they stop their conversation and look at her. The uniformed officer nods at Hayden, who nods back, then heads back down the corridor.

HAYDEN

Dr. O'Shay. Thank you for coming on such short notice.

O'SHAY

I'm always happy to help New Salem's finest, Lt. Hayden.

SANDERS

Help? We're trying to keep the perps in, you're trying to set them free. Yeah, I can see where that would be very fucking helpful.

O'SHAY

Hello to you, too, Detective Sanders. Cordial as always, I see. Decided not to beat a confession out of this one?

SANDERS

We never touched Hamilton.

O' SHAY

Yes, I'm sure that's why he had three broken ribs and a bruise exactly the size of a telephone book on his back. Say, where's your racquetball partner, Spoonhauer? Brushing up on his Miranda?

Sanders gets a very dark look on his face, and begins to take a slow step toward O'Shay. Hayden steps between them.

HAYDEN

Sanders. Go tell the team to get ready. I want to talk with Dr. O'Shay for a few minutes before we get started. Sanders.

Sanders finally looks away from O'Shay and looks at Hayden. His expression is still dark.

SANDERS

Yes, sir.

Sanders turns to go into the briefing room and opens the door.

SANDERS

(Mutters.)
Fucking cunt....

O' SHAY

Wow, what's the matter with Sanders? He usually so enjoys our playful and witty repartee.

HAYDEN

Not now, Rachel, please. Did you have a chance to read the file?

O' SHAY

For the most part. It's really quite thin on detail, though.

HAYDEN

Yes, well, we're pretty thin on detail all around on this one, I'm afraid.

O' SHAY

This missing girl --

HAYDEN

Mallory Ducharme.

O' SHAY

Mallory Ducharme. She's Councilman
Ducharme's daughter? The guy running
for state senate?

HAYDEN

Yes.

O' SHAY

How long has she been missing?

Hayden steps over to the door to the briefing room and
holds it open.

HAYDEN

Look, rather than going over all these
details twice, why don't we just go on
in to the briefing?

O' SHAY

Dan. What aren't you telling me?

Hayden pauses, then allows the door to shut. He puts his
hands in his pockets, takes a deep breathe, looks around to
see if anyone else is in the corridor, then steps close to
O'Shay.

HAYDEN

(Quietly.)

This guy we're grilling --

O' SHAY

Suspect?

HAYDEN

Officially, no. Officially, he's just
"a person of interest."

O' SHAY

But?

Hayden wipes his face with his hand. He's tired and it's
starting to show.

HAYDEN

But... there's something not right
about this guy.

O'SHAY

What do you mean, "not right?"

HAYDEN

(Hesitates.)

He's... There's something fright--

The door to the briefing room swings open, and Sanders points his head out. Hayden straightens up and steps away from O'Shay.

SANDERS

El-tee, everybody's ready for you.

HAYDEN

Thanks, Sanders. Dr. O'Shay, after you,
please.

O'Shay looks at Hayden quizzically, then steps into the briefing room, followed by Hayden.

INT., NIGHT. BRIEFING ROOM.

The room is crowded with plainclothes and uniformed police officers and others, so much so that many of the people need to stand around the periphery of the room. The room has a projector and a screen.

HAYDEN

Quiet, everyone, quiet, please.

The room grows quiet.

HAYDEN

Thank you all for coming in for this briefing. I know that you're all working very hard on this case, and you'd rather be working or home in bed right now. There have been some... developments in the case, however, that because of our tight timeline, I didn't think we could wait on.

Hayden clicks a remote control, and a large picture of Spoonhauer appears on the screen.

HAYDEN

Most of you know Detective Sergeant Robert Spoonhauer. Knew. He and his partner, Detective Sanders, were the original detectives assigned to the Ducharme chase, and Spoon was mostly responsible for what little progress we've made so far.

Hayden takes a deep breath, and clears his throat. He speaks with clear difficulty.

HAYDEN

About three hours ago, Detective Sergeant Spoonhauer, his wife, Glenda, and a woman identified as Judy Taylor of Ketchum Avenue were found at the Spoonhauer home. Neighbors had heard several shots fired, and called Emergency Dispatch.

Hayden pauses, and the room begins to murmur in shock.

FABER

Spoon -- Spoon is dead?

HAYDEN

Detective Sergeant Spoonhauer... all three victims were pronounced on the scene.

FABER

Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ! What happened?

HAYDEN

Forensics, Homicide and Internal Affairs are all on scene now, determining that.

At the mention of Internal Affairs, the room murmur elevates to a clamor. O'Shay has an "oh my God, I feel like such an ass right now" look on her face.

HAYDEN

(Agitated.)

Everybody, look -- Everybody, calm down. Calm down! At ease, goddamn it!

The room quiets down quickly, as much from the shock of seeing Hayden lose his cool as anything.

HAYDEN

Look, I know how you all feel. Spoon was one of my guys, and everything I am tells me to be there at his house right now making sure things are done right, and taking care of his girls. Spoon was your colleague; for more than a few of you, he was your friend. But we are on a clock, people. We have less than 24 hours before Mallory Ducharme's first 48 missing is over, and we all know what that means. And the only lead we have right now -- a lead Spoon tracked down for us -- is going to walk out of here in about 12 hours if we don't find some way to tie him to Mallory, to get something out of him that will lead us to her, to get something at all to go on from anywhere. So, right now, we have to leave Spoon to other cops. We have to trust they'll do right by Spoon, because Spoon would expect us to do right by Mallory Ducharme.

The crowd is dark and disgruntled, but remains mostly quiet.

Hayden clicks the remote, changing the photo from Spoonhauer to one of MALLORY DUCHARME, 18, a pretty girl dressed in a private school uniform.

HAYDEN

This is Mallory Ducharme, age 18, a senior at St. Michael's Academy, daughter of City Councilman Ephram Ducharme. Sanders?

Sanders stands and consults his notebook.

SANDERS

At 0743 this morning, Emergency Dispatch got a call from Mallory's mother, Rebecca Ducharme, stating that her daughter was missing from the home, that she had apparently not slept in her bed the night before and that her cellphone was either turned off or out of service. Calls made by Mrs. Ducharme to a number of Mallory's friends revealed that the last any of them had seen her was after school the day before.

Detective Sergeant Spoonhauer --

My partner and I were assigned the case at about 0915. We went to the Ducharme home and examined the girl's room and the rest of the home, finding no sign of forced entry or exit, or of any other sort of disturbance.

We proceeded to the girl's school, St. Michael's Academy, where we spoke with a number of students identified by Mrs. Ducharme as her daughter's friends.

All the students indicated that Mallory had been acting strangely for the past several weeks, acting depressed and, according to one, suffering from regular bouts of nausea. However, according to the students, she didn't confide with any of them what was troubling her. One girl, Dana Tompkins, told us that she thought Mallory was just stressing over her upcoming SAT examination. Mallory's boyfriend, Kyle Van Der Keef, told us that Mallory had told him the same thing when he asked her what was up.

SANDERS (CONT.)

The missing girl's activities the previous day were tracked. School records indicated that she was present in all her classes beginning at 0800. Both Dana and Kyle reported seeing her briefly after classes let out around 1500, and both described her as distant and distracted.

We next checked with a tutor hired by the Ducharmes to tutor Mallory in math and science for her SAT exams. They had a regularly scheduled session at 1530 yesterday. Dr. Nicholas Banastre told us that Mallory showed up at his office at Cambria University at the regular time and that they worked practicing for a pre-SAT exam scheduled for next week. Dr. Banastre also described Mallory as distracted, but put it down to "typical teenage moodiness." According to Dr. Banastre, Mallory left his office when they were done at about 1630, which was confirmed by the department secretary.

My partner and I put an APB out on the girl's car, a new Mini Cooper Roadster, red, license number 5MQL382 (five mike quebec lima three eight two). We then decided to run background checks on Mallory's friends, her teachers and tutors, to see if anything came up. All the kids came up pretty clean -- just normal kid stuff -- and nothing came up on any of the teachers. However, Mallory's tutor, Dr. Banastre -- his record threw up a few flags.

HAYDEN

Thanks, Sanders. When Spoon and Sanders reported their findings to me, I asked Detective Faber to assist them putting together a background on Banastre. Karen, please.

Faber stands and takes the remote from Hayden. She clicks to a new photograph. We cannot see the entire face in the photo, just enough to tell that it's an ID photo of a man. Faber consults notes in a file folder.

FABER

Nicholas St. Michael Banastre, 54, currently employed as a professor of astrophysics in the Department of Physics at Cambria University, a position he has held for about eight years. Dr. Banastre received an undergraduate degree in mechanical engineering from the University of Missouri-Rolla, a masters in physics from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a doctorate in astronomy from the University of Arizona. After receiving his Ph.D., Dr. Banastre took a position with NASA, eventually becoming part of the space shuttle program, and eventually earned a second doctorate, also from Arizona, in aerospace engineering. That rocket scientist everyone tells you you're not? This is him.

Weak laughter around the room.

FABER

Dr. Banastre was part of the space shuttle program until the investigation into the shuttle Columbia disaster in 2003. His NASA record is sealed, so we couldn't look at it, but several months into the investigation, before the commission's final report, Dr. Banastre tendered his resignation. The person I spoke to at NASA didn't come out and say so, but implied strongly that this resignation was not voluntary.

FABER (CONT.)

After he left NASA, Dr. Banastre received offers from every major research university in the country and several in Europe and Asia, as well as from a number of aerospace corporations, both American and multinational. Whether he was actually considering any of these offers overseas, however, became moot when the State Department, citing national security and invoking provisions of the Patriot Act, rescinded Dr. Banastre's passport.

Disturbed murmurs around the room.

FABER

Although the specific reason is classified, Dr. Banastre is not allowed to leave the United States. Rather than accepting any of the domestic offers he had received, Dr. Banastre applied here at the Cambria University Department of Physics. According to the department chair, they weren't even looking for a new professor at the time.

When Dr. Banastre called him, the chair told me he thought it was a joke, and when he realized the request was genuine, thought that there was no way Cambria could offer Dr. Banastre an employment package he would accept. For whatever reason though, he accepted the university's first offer, and started that fall, where he has been since.

FABER (CONT.)

Personal information -- single, never married, no kids, both parents are deceased, three brothers, also all deceased. He's a member of Mensa, the Phi Beta Kappa Society, a whole alphabet soup of physics, engineering and aerospace societies and professional groups. He has had about 300 research publications, including authoring one of the most widely used college physics textbooks in the country. According to his undergraduate records, he has an IQ somewhere in the 180s, and other than the flag on his passport, he has no criminal record, not even a speeding ticket.

Faber sits down, and Hayden stands up.

O' SHAY

Excuse me, Lt. Hayden?

HAYDEN

Yes?

O' SHAY

While Dr. Banastre's background is fascinating, other than the fact that he was her tutor, what's the connection between him and Mallory Ducharme?

HAYDEN

Well, yes, that's true. There is nothing other than their tutoring sessions to link Nicholas Banastre to Mallory Ducharme. However, while running Banastre's background check, Detective Sergeant Spoonhauer came across something peculiar.

Hayden clicks the remote, displaying a long list of police cases, a screenshot from a records system.

HAYDEN (CONT.)

In just the eight years since he moved to New Salem, there have been over two dozen cases -- 27 -- of homicide, suicide, missing persons and assorted other types of cases in which Dr. Banastre knew the victim or the perpetrator, witnessed the crime or had some other material connection to the participants.

A murmur rises in the room.

HAYDEN

Checking in Florida and Texas, where he lived when he worked for NASA, we found dozens of other cases in which Banastre was somehow peripherally involved. Checking back in Arizona and Massachusetts, we found a few more cases. Even when he was an undergraduate in Missouri, we found a couple of cases. We had to stop there, though, because the small town where Banastre says he grew up in Missouri was completely destroyed during flooding in 1993.

O'SHAY

And he was never a suspect in any of them?

HAYDEN

As far as we can tell, no. Each time, Banastre gave a statement and that was the end of his involvement. And these were just the records that were in the national system. There may well be any number of other cases that are in local systems or in paper files.

O'SHAY

And you think, what? That he's some sort of super serial killer, slipping under the radar all these years?

HAYDEN

Why not? Ted Bundy, the Green River Killer, Jeffrey Dahmer, BTK -- hell, all the way back to Jack the Ripper -- there are any number of instances where a serial has escaped notice -- sometimes for decades -- even after coming to the attention of the authorities.

O'SHAY

True. But most of those were eventually caught. And you say some of these cases Banastre has been involved in peripherally were suicides. Do you think that he somehow managed to fool however many medical examiners and forensics units?

HAYDEN

This guy designs space ships. He's got an IQ higher than my cholesterol. If anyone could do it, I'm thinking it's him.

Pause.

FABER

Excuse me, El-tee?

HAYDEN

Faber.

FABER

(To O'Shay.)

Who are you?

HAYDEN

Oh, yeah. Sorry, everyone. This is Dr. Rachel O'Shay, staff psychologist at Cambria University Hospital. Dr. O'Shay is an expert on deviant behavior and criminal psychology. She has consulted with the police and the district attorney's office before, and I asked her to come in to consult on this case.

FABER

(To no one in particular.)
O'Shay. Where do I know that name?

SANDERS

Scott Eric Hamilton.

Another murmur goes through the room.

FABER

Yeah, I knew it was familiar. Scott
Eric Hamilton.

HAYDEN

Sanders --

SANDERS

I didn't say nothin', El-tee.

O' SHAY

No, Detective Sanders. Go right ahead.
Say what's on your mind. If we're going
to be working together, I think
everyone needs to be fully informed
about their teammates' points of view.

SANDERS

(Glancing at Hayden.)
I don't have anything to say. Doctor.

HAYDEN

Rachel --

O' SHAY

You still think I screwed up your case
against Scott Eric Hamilton.

SANDERS

We had a confession.

HAYDEN

Sanders --

O' SHAY

Beaten out of him by you and --

SANDERS

The confession led to everything else.
Fruit of the poisonous tree. We had to
let him go.

O'SHAY

Well, I guess it's a good thing that he
was innocent, then.

SANDERS

Innocent? Just because he didn't do the
crime don't mean he was innocent.

The room shuffles uncomfortably.

HAYDEN

All right, everyone. You know your
jobs. Remember what this is actually
about -- Mallory Ducharme. Now, off you
go.

INT., NIGHT. CORRIDOR.

Hayden walks up to where O'Shay is sitting and offers her a
paper cup with a tea bag label hanging out. She takes the
cup, and he sits next to her.

HAYDEN

Sorry about that, Rachel.

O'SHAY

It's all right. Not your fault.

HAYDEN

No. It's Sanders' fault.

O'SHAY

(Smiles weakly.)

I don't think I can blame him, all
things considered.

Pause.

HAYDEN

I hope I didn't disturb your evening by
asking you down here.

O'SHAY

You did, actually. I was at a party at Dr. Madison's house. He was almost drunk enough for me to try to talk him into a raise.

HAYDEN

That explains the blouse, then.

O'SHAY

(Smiles, thrusts her chest out a bit.)

Why, Lt. Hayden. Are you inferring something?

HAYDEN

Certainly not. I'm implying something.

O'Shay speaks along with HAYDEN and smiles, as if this is an old joke among friends. She pats his arm.

O'SHAY

I'm implying something. Yes.

Pause.

HAYDEN

I heard about Matt. I'm sorry.

O'SHAY

(Fiddles with the wedding ring on her right hand.)

Thanks.

HAYDEN

It was fast, I heard.

O'SHAY

In some ways. Four months. Three and a half. Too much time, not enough. Never enough time.

HAYDEN

No. Never enough time.

Pause.

O'SHAY

I suppose I should speak with your subject, then. We are on a clock, after all.

HAYDEN

Yeah. I guess so.

INT., NIGHT. INTERROGATION ROOM.

The door opens from the outside. The uniformed officer who opens the door steps away, allowing O'Shay to step in. She carries a file folder and writing pad.

It isn't a regular interrogation room, but rather a two-story store room, a third to a half full of various storage boxes and file cabinets. The half near the door is clear except for a gray steel table and two chairs. Situated at several points in the room are video cameras with lights, all aimed at the table.

On the other side of the table from O'Shay, his back mostly to us, is NICHOLAS BANASTRE, mid-50s, dressed in a charcoal gray suit with a light gray shirt and a dark red tie. He has a yoyo, and is letting it drop, spin a bit, then pulling it back to his hand, a trick called the Sleeper. He does this repeatedly.

O'SHAY

Dr. Banastre.

Banastre turns toward O'Shay, is if surprised to find her there.

BANASTRE

Hello. May I help you?

O'SHAY

Dr. Banastre, my name is Dr. Rachel O'Shay. The police have asked me to speak to you for a bit. I hope that that's all right.

BANASTRE

(Puts the yoyo away in his pocket.)

Really? Is that right?

O' SHAY

Yes. I have a few questions for you,
if --

BANASTRE

Your parents named you "Doctor?"

O' SHAY

Excuse me?

BANASTRE

You said your name is Dr. Rachel
O'Shay. Your parents named you
"Doctor?"

O' SHAY

Ah, no.

BANASTRE

Sorry. I thought a little levity might
lighten the oppressive tension in the
air.

O' SHAY

Oh. I see.

BANASTRE

It was just a small joke. Apparently a
very small joke. Please, have a seat.

O'Shay sits, and Banastre takes the chair across the table
from her. O'Shay sets her file folder and writing pad on
the table.

O' SHAY

Now, Dr. Banastre --

BANASTRE

Dr. Rachel O'Shay. I don't suppose that
you're the kind of doctor who's going
to make me turn my head and cough, are
you?

O' SHAY

No. No, I'm afraid not. I'm a
psychologist.

BANASTRE

Hmmm. Too bad.

O' SHAY

Yes. Well --

BANASTRE

Not about you being a psychologist. Many of my colleagues don't consider anyone who doesn't do hard science to actually be "a scientist," but I've always been fascinated by the social sciences, myself.

O' SHAY

Yes --

BANASTRE

Even given the inevitable inability to be precise, society and humanity being what they are, after all. Not quite a hobby. More of an interest.

O' SHAY

Indeed. Now --

BANASTRE

So, you're a psychologist, not a psychiatrist?

O' SHAY

Yes, that's right.

BANASTRE

Ph.D., not an M.D.?

O' SHAY

Yes.

BANASTRE

So, I'm not going to be able to talk you into giving me a script for any good drugs?

O' SHAY

No. I'm afraid that I can't prescribe drugs.

BANASTRE

Too bad. Not about you not being able to prescribe drugs. No, that's probably better left to the medical doctors, otherwise every Tom, Dick and Jane would be handing out pills like M&Ms. Not that M&Ms can hand out pills, though, except maybe those animated ones on TV.

O' SHAY

Ah....

BANASTRE

No, too bad about you not being able to give me a script for some good drugs. Not that I take drugs, mind you. Oh, sure, I toked a little of the chronic back in undergrad, but, well, who didn't? Not now, though. Don't get me wrong; I'm not criticizing. I'm sure that there are many people out there whose lives have been made immensely better through the use of modern psychotropic pharmaceuticals. But, of course, that's not an issue for you, after all, because you're a Ph.D., not an M.D.

O' SHAY

Yes. Now, Dr. Banastre --

BANASTRE

Say, tell me something, Dr. O'Shay -- sorry, you mind if I call you "Doctor?" -- tell me something. Do you ever get the "Oh, you're a Ph.D., not an M.D., so you're not a real doctor" bit?

O' SHAY

Ah, well, I'm not sure. I suppose so, yes.

BANASTRE

Boy, doesn't that just get under your skin? I mean, come on, medical doctors weren't really considered doctors until about a hundred, hundred-fifty years ago or so. And what does a medical doctor really do, when you think about it? For the most part, they just follow protocols. Am I right? And they generally have to guess about which protocols they need to use half the time. Sure, an educated guess, informed by lots of expensive tests, but still just a guess.

Really, a medical doctor doesn't do a whole lot different from Mr. Goodwrench down at the garage. Plug the car into the computer, replace the part it tells you to. Take an x-ray, a couple of blood tests, and consult the Physicians' Desk Reference to tell you what drug to write a script for. Am I right?

O' SHAY

Well, actually --

BANASTRE

I know, I know. I'm sure that there's a lot more to it than that. Especially for surgeons. Surgeons actually have to have a lot of knowledge and skill. Manual skill.

Banastre makes a jacking off gesture.

BANASTRE

That's the thing, though. Traditionally, someone who worked with his hands was considered a laborer, or maybe a craftsman, right? And what does Ph.D. stand for, after all? *Philosophiae Doctor*, right? Doctor of Philosophy, which sort of implies that what a doctor does requires use of his mind, of his knowledge, not his hands. Am I right?

O' SHAY

Yes, that may very well be true.

BANASTRE

I suppose it's really not very important, is it? A rather petty thing to get annoyed about. After all, it does take a lot of work to be a doctor, and there's a lot of stress, and they do a lot of good for people, so I can't really complain about what people think, can I? Not without being some sort of whiner.

O' SHAY

I really couldn't say. Now, Doctor --

BANASTRE

And I wouldn't want to be thought a whiner. I mean, I've got two doctorates, after all -- astronomy and aerospace engineering. I don't have anything to feel insecure about, right?

O' SHAY

Ah, I'm sure not.

BANASTRE

Right. So, the next time I'm out and about, cruising the bars, and some dweeb gives me crap about being a whiner, I could just have a snappy comeback, like, "Hey, buddy. You know that rocket scientist everyone tells you you're not? Well, that's me."

Pause. O'Shay nervously opens up her file folder and flips through the pages, as much to have something to do as to look for any information.

BANASTRE

So, what happened to Sgt. Spoonhauer?

O' SHAY

Excuse me?

BANASTRE

Sgt. Spoonhauer. Spoon, I think they call him. Big guy, bald-ish, mustache? He was talking with me earlier.

O' SHAY

Yes. Well --

BANASTRE

He seemed a bit... stressed the last time we talked. I thought we were getting along famously, but it seemed like he was having a little difficulty.

O'Shay just looks at Banastre, not quite sure what to say.

BANASTRE

I hope it wasn't anything I said.

Pause.

O' SHAY

Detective Sergeant Spoonhauer is... indisposed.

BANASTRE

Indisposed. That's one of those words, now, isn't it? Sounds imposing and significant, but it really doesn't tell you anything at all, does it? I mean, "He's indisposed." What does that mean? It could mean that he's out grabbing a hot pastrami on rye with Dijon mustard on the side at the corner deli.

O' SHAY

Dr. Banastre, if we could --

BANASTRE

It could mean that he's stuck in the can with the candy-apple squirts, if you know what I mean.

O' SHAY

Really, Dr. Banastre --

BANASTRE

It could mean that he's laid out on a slab in the morgue.

Pause. O'SHAY looks at Banastre as if attempting to hide a sense of shock from her face.

BANASTRE

Really, it is one of those words that sounds good, but just doesn't mean anything. Hey, wait, that reminds me of a joke. Listen -- stop me if you've heard this one before. There's a guy in a helicopter -- it's kind of a technogeek joke, but I think it's funny.

O'Shay continues to look at Banastre as if hiding her shock.

BANASTRE

There's a guy in a helicopter, flying the helicopter, and he flies into a fog bank, really thick. He can't see, so he calls the radio tower to tell him where he is. The radio tower, though, for some reason, can't pick him up on radar -- really thick fog -- so they can't tell him where he is.

So, the guy is flying around, not sure what to do, not sure where he is or what direction he's going in. Finally, he sees the top of a building poking up through the fog, and there's a guy on the roof.

The pilot gets the helicopter as close as he can, and yells out the window to the guy, "Hey! Can you tell me where I am?"

And the guy on the roof answers back, "You're in a helicopter!"

The pilot thinks for a minute and then flies straight over to the nearest airport.

BANASTRE (CONT.)

At the airport, the radio tower guy asks the pilot, "So, how did you figure out where you were?"

"Oh, it was simple. When the guy on the roof told me I was in a helicopter, I knew I was over the Microsoft building."

"How did you know that?"

"Well, I asked for help, and I got an answer that was technically correct, but it gave me absolutely no useful information."

Pause. O'Shay continues to look at Banastre oddly.

BANASTRE

Well, I told you it was a technogeek joke.

Pause. O'Shay closes the file folder, stands up and picks up the folder and her writing pad.

O'SHAY

Dr. Banastre, if you will excuse me for a few moments, please?

BANASTRE

(Rises from his seat.)
Of course.

O'Shay walks toward the door.

BANASTRE

Great to meet you, Dr. O'Shay, if you don't mind me calling you "Doctor."

O'Shay knocks on the door, and waits for the uniformed officer to open it without looking back at Banastre.

BANASTRE

Don't be a stranger.

O'Shay walks through the door, and the uniformed officer closes it with a loud clang.

INT., NIGHT. BRIEFING ROOM.

O'Shay sits at a table in the briefing room, her head down on her arms on the table.

O' SHAY

Jesus, Mother Mary and Joseph. He sucks all the oxygen out of the room.

Hayden sets cup of tea on the table next to O'Shay.

HAYDEN

Noticed that, did you?

O' SHAY

(Sits up.)

I don't know if he's deviant or just ADHD. He could deserve a lethal injection, or just need Ritalin.

HAYDEN

Yeah, that was our assessment during the first few hours.

O' SHAY

The first few hours?

HAYDEN

Yeah. We brought him in around 2 o'clock this afternoon, after Spoon noticed his record in the system and we did some preliminary background work. We started off in the regular interrogation rooms over in the main building, but after a couple of hours, I don't know, it was like you said. Spoon said he just couldn't breath in there anymore. Like you said, he sucks all the oxygen out of the room.

O' SHAY

So you moved him out here to the storage unit?

HAYDEN

Made sense. We needed a place to coordinate the task force and away from the main building in case the media got wind.

O' SHAY

Task force, huh? I assume that you got a call from the Mayor.

HAYDEN

No, no. The Mayor doesn't talk to peons like me. I got a call from the captain, who got a call from the deputy chief, who got a call from the chief, who got a call from the Mayor. And the city council -- every member of the city council, starting with Mallory's frantic father.

O' SHAY

I'll bet.

HAYDEN

And I can't blame him. If it were my daughter.... Well, I'm sure the chief figured it wouldn't be the time to remind him he called the police "fascist thugs" after that Hamilton business.

O' SHAY

Well, if the jackboot fits....

HAYDEN

Funny.

By my calculations, it has been almost 27 hours since Mallory was last seen.

O' SHAY

Yes.

HAYDEN

That leaves us 21 hours.

O' SHAY

I know.

HAYDEN

Because if we don't find her in the first 48 hours --

O'SHAY

If we don't find her in the first 48 hours, we probably won't find her. I know.

What about alternative theories?
Runaway --

HAYDEN

We're checking the bus stations, the train station, the highways, the airport. We've got a trace on her bank account and her credit cards. So far, nothing there. And there's no indication that she would run away, none of the normal signs.

O'SHAY

OK, then -- She's got credit cards?

HAYDEN

Her dad's running for senate. Of course she has credit cards.

O'SHAY

I didn't have credit cards when I was 18. Anyway. Ransom?

HAYDEN

Nothing so far. I've got the techies and a team over at the Ducharme house waiting for something, but so far, nada.

O'SHAY

And all you have on Stephan Hawking in there --

HAYDEN

Not even circumstantial. We tried to get a search warrant for his house and office, but the judge wouldn't do it. What could be a series of coincidences does not probable cause make, especially since there's nothing to tie him to Mallory's disappearance.

O' SHAY

Can you get me more information on these cases he's connected to? Background on the victims, at least?

HAYDEN

Sure, what we've got, anyway. What are you thinking?

O' SHAY

Serials always have a pattern. Always. And it might not be immediately obvious, but it's always about recreating the first time, the inciting event. Searching for a way to recreate that thrill, that primal terror. That's why they typically start to accelerate over time -- it gets to be harder and harder to get that same feeling.

HAYDEN

Like a junkie.

O' SHAY

Yes. If Banastre is somehow behind Mallory's disappearance, and if he has been doing this sort of thing for a while, and if we can find a pattern --

HAYDEN

I get it. Long shot.

O' SHAY

I don't know, Dan. It's the only shot I can think of right now.

The briefing room door opens, and Faber steps in.

FABER

He's hungry.

INT., NIGHT. INTERROGATION ROOM.

A box with several Chinese food containers sits on the table, next to a paper soda cup with no lid or straw. Banastre sits back in his chair, eating from a carton of special fried rice with a pair of chopsticks. O'Shay sits in her chair, file folder open on her lap, writing pad on the table.

BANASTRE

Mmm. This is good. I haven't had special fried rice in a long time -- I'm trying to follow a diet, you know how it is -- but this is just great. Say, would you like something?

O'SHAY

Thank you, no.

BANASTRE

We've got some special fried rice left, and here's some garlic shrimp and -- ooohhh! -- eggroll!

O'SHAY

Thank you, no.

BANASTRE

I should thank Lt. Hayden for sending someone out to get this for me. I wouldn't have asked, but it's pretty late.

INT., NIGHT. MONITOR ROOM.

Hayden, Sanders, Faber and a TECHIE watch a bank of monitors, all trained on Banastre. On the monitors, we see BANASTRE turning to a video camera, focusing on the monitor displaying the camera he turns to. Banastre holds up his container and chopsticks.

BANASTRE

Thanks, Lt. Hayden.

INT., NIGHT. INTERROGATION ROOM.

O' SHAY

Now, Dr. Banastre, if I may --

BANASTRE

Are you sure you wouldn't like a taste?
It's really good, especially with a
little duck sauce on it.

O'Shay stares at Banastre sternly.

BANASTRE

Oh, right. Sorry.

Banastre makes a zipping motion over his lips.

O' SHAY

Dr. Banastre, I wonder if you could
recount your meeting with Mallory
Ducharme yesterday afternoon, please.

BANASTRE

Well, I made a statement.

O' SHAY

Yes, I know.

BANASTRE

And I went over it several times with
Sgt. Spoonhauer. Several times.

O' SHAY

I know.

BANASTRE

Shocking about Sgt. Spoonhauer. What a
tragic loss.

O'Shay looks quizzical.

BANASTRE

Oh, I overheard a couple officers
talking about it when I was using the
restroom. Terrible. Just terrible.

O' SHAY

Yes. Now --

BANASTRE

A lot of guys would be into that sort of thing, you'd think. "Hot damn! Move over, girls -- Make room for me!"

O'Shay looks shocked and mildly offended.

BANASTRE

Ohmigod. Did I just say that out loud? That was just incredibly, incredibly crass. I'm so sorry. I have no idea what I was thinking. Sometimes, I just don't have any filters at all, and things just come blurting out. I am so, so sorry. I apologize, seriously. It's just been such a long day.

Pause.

O'SHAY

Your statement, if you please, doctor.

BANASTRE

Right. Statement. Ah. Mallory -- Miss Ducharme -- and I have a regular tutorial session every Tuesday afternoon at 3:30 or so, and we usually work for about an hour.

O'SHAY

What subjects do you tutor her in?

BANASTRE

Math, primarily. General science, too, but mostly math. She's a very bright girl, Mallory, but math, especially, doesn't come naturally to her. She has to push herself to do it.

O'SHAY

How long have you been tutoring Mallory?

BANASTRE

Let me think. A month? Five weeks? Something like that.

O' SHAY

Do you tutor any other students?

BANASTRE

Like Mallory? No, not really. I'm advisor for a few undergraduates, plus a couple grad students and doctoral candidates, and I have my regular classes, of course, but no, I don't really tutor anyone else.

O' SHAY

Why her, then?

BANASTRE

Let's see. I was at a cocktail party at the chancellor's house a couple months ago, and I happened to meet Mallory's parents.

O' SHAY

Councilman Ducharme?

BANASTRE

Ephram, yes, and his wife, Rebecca. We got to talking about things, and got on quite well. He's running for the state senate, did you know? Eventually, the talk turned to their daughter Mallory, and how they were worried that she wasn't going to have the SAT scores to get into Harvard. She wants to go to Harvard, or at least Ephram wants her to go to Harvard. Anyway, they asked me if I could recommend someone to tutor her in math and science, and said that I'd do it. Why not? I can spare an hour a week or so to help out.

O' SHAY

And you always met with Mallory in your office at the university?

BANASTRE

Usually. A couple times at the student union.

O' SHAY

Not at your home?

BANASTRE

No, never.

O' SHAY

Why is that?

BANASTRE

Well, for one, my house is a bit out of town, so it's not really convenient.

O' SHAY

And for another?

BANASTRE

Excuse me?

O' SHAY

You said for one that your house was a bit out of town. And for another?

BANASTRE

Ah, well. You know how it is, Dr. O'Shay, especially in academia. Mallory is an attractive young girl. Meeting with her at my house wouldn't be... appropriate.

O' SHAY

How so?

BANASTRE

Come now, Dr. O'Shay. You know how people are. As a general rule, it's best to avoid even the appearance of impropriety. The best way to avoid a problem is to avoid the problem, right?

O' SHAY

So, Mallory has never been to your house, then?

BANASTRE

Not while I've lived there, no.

O' SHAY

And if someone were to look, he wouldn't find anything belonging to Mallory there?

BANASTRE

Oh, I don't know. Maybe some study papers in my office. Why do you ask?

O' SHAY

Nothing else?

BANASTRE

Well, she did give me a gift a couple weeks ago. A birthday gift.

O' SHAY

Oh?

BANASTRE

Yes. A little -- I don't know -- sculpture, I guess you'd call it. A butterfly made of bits of metal and glass and wire, sort of a mechanical butterfly. Quite beautiful, actually.

O' SHAY

For your birthday?

BANASTRE

Yes.

O' SHAY

How did Mallory know it was your birthday?

BANASTRE

I'm not sure, really. I must have mentioned it in passing. Is this actually somehow relevant to Mallory's disappearance, Dr. O'Shay?

Pause. O'Shay finishes the notes she is taking, pointedly ignoring Banastre's question.

O' SHAY

Tell me about your meeting with Mallory yesterday afternoon.

BANASTRE

Yesterday afternoon, with Mallory. Let's see. She showed up sometime around 3:30, maybe 3:45 or so -- that's as close to punctuality as kids these days are capable of, I think. Anyway, we tried to work on some prep work for a pre-SAT test she has next week. As I said, Mallory has to work on math, but when she does, she's perfectly capable. Yesterday, though....

O'SHAY

What?

BANASTRE

Well, she seemed down, rather distracted. Mallory has such a bright personality, it's startling to see her so depressed.

O'SHAY

Did she say why she was depressed?

BANASTRE

No, no, she didn't. I asked her about it, in fact. She tried to just say that it was nothing, but I was a bit insistent. She started to say something about her boyfriend --

O'SHAY

Kyle Van Der Keef?

BANASTRE

Kyle, yes. Anyway, for a moment, I thought she was going to tell me, but then she stopped, just saying that it was nothing again.

O'SHAY

Has she mentioned any problems with Kyle before?

BANASTRE

Honestly? I'm not sure. I don't know if it would qualify as a problem or not.

O' SHAY

What's that, doctor?

BANASTRE

Well, a few weeks ago -- the same day that she gave me the birthday present, in fact -- Mallory spoke a bit about Kyle. She didn't come out and say it, of course -- she talked about Kyle wanting to "move forward" in their relationship -- but I got the distinct impression that he had been pressing her to do the deed.

O' SHAY

Do the deed?

BANASTRE

Yes, do the deed. Go all the way. Do the horizontal bop. Make the beast with two backs.

O' SHAY

Yes, I understand what it means, Dr. Banastre.

BANASTRE

Really? I was beginning to wonder. Anyway, Mallory gave me the impression that she was rather nervous about the idea, but that she wasn't entirely against it.

O' SHAY

You seem to talk a lot about sex with a high school student for someone who wants to avoid even the appearance of impropriety.

BANASTRE

I didn't bring it up, Dr. O'Shay. And you know how kids are at that age. They want to be accepted as adults, while at the same time they're also looking for adult guidance. And, when it comes to discussing sex, they often look for someone outside their normal adult-child relationships.

O' SHAY

Like a tutor?

BANASTRE

Exactly. Someone who is an adult, but not in any real sense in a position of authority above them, like a parent or a teacher.

O' SHAY

So, you and Mallory discussed Mallory's concerns about sex with her boyfriend--

BANASTRE

Couched in the most obscure euphemisms.

O' SHAY

Yes. You and Mallory indirectly discussed Mallory's concerns about sex with her boyfriend. Did she indirectly indicate to you that she had gone through with it?

BANASTRE

No, not at all. We didn't talk about it at all after that one time.

O' SHAY

And how did discussing it with Mallory that one time make you feel, Dr. Banastre?

Pause.

BANASTRE

I'm not sure what you're driving at, Dr. O'Shay.

O' SHAY

Oh, come now, Dr. Banastre. You yourself described Mallory as an attractive young girl. Are you saying that you didn't have any reaction to talking about sex with her, even if you were skirting around the issue?

BANASTRE

Ha! Pun intended, I'm sure. What would you like me to say, Dr. O'Shay? That the way she blushed when she smiled was so deliciously innocent and endearing? Or the way she brushed her long, dark hair behind her ears when embarrassed? How about how her white knee socks and plaid school uniform skirt created an enticing window to display just a hint of perfectly smooth, tanned and athletic thighs?

O'SHAY

Is that what you thought, Dr. Banastre?

BANASTRE

Or that I imagined bending her over my desk, and sliding her fresh, white panties down those perfect thighs and lifting up that pleated skirt so I could penetrate her from behind, while I masturbated?

Pause.

O'SHAY

Well, did you?

Banastre olds up his hand, making a Boy Scout's salute.

BANASTRE

I cannot tell a lie, Dr. O'Shay. Any man working on a college campus who says that he hasn't felt his pulse quicken around the student body from time to time is either lying or asexual.

O'SHAY

Mallory isn't a college student. She's in high school.

BANASTRE

Yes. You really think there's a difference?

Besides, just because one window shops doesn't mean that one is interested in buying, after all.

O'SHAY

What about shoplifting?

BANASTRE

(Smiles, drinks from his cup.)

I think you're carrying the metaphor a bit too far, now, Dr. O'Shay. Next you'll be asking me about cradle robbing.

O'SHAY

Well, since you bring it up --

BANASTRE

You know, Dr. O'Shay, this reminds me a story I came across not long ago. It's very interesting; you'll like it.

O'Shay sighs heavily, and tosses her pen on her pad.

BANASTRE

It's about this woman, a professional woman, not unlike yourself. Her husband is suffering from some slow, terminal disease, I don't remember which.

O'Shay lifts her eyebrows, and breathes in, just a little bit startled.

BANASTRE

Anyway, her sister invites her to a big, fancy party that she's throwing for her stepson, who just graduated from college. At first, the woman says no, because she wants to spend as much time with her dying husband as she can, but he's a smart man. He knows that caring for him has taken a toll on her, and that she really needs some time to herself, out having a little fun.

O'SHAY

(Short.)

I really fail to see how this is relevant to anything, Dr. Banastre.

BANASTRE

(Holds up a finger.)

So, with a mixture of both reluctance and some relief, the woman agrees to go to her nephew's party.

It's a beautiful, late spring day, and the place is crowded with the nephew's friends and the sister and her husband's friends, most of whom the woman doesn't know, but it's still good to get out, meet some new people. Eventually, she sees her nephew, whom she hasn't really seen since he graduated high school. And she's surprised at what a completely beautiful young man he's grown into. I mean, he was always a handsome boy, but now, for the first time, she sees him as a man. A beautiful man.

Oh, it's so good to see you, auntie, he says. You look smashing, as always. He's a charmer, see, this one. It's very good to see you, too, nephew, the woman says, because it literally is good to see him. He's tall and handsome and tan and fit, captain of the college swim team.

O' SHAY

(Uncomfortably.)

I really think that's enough of this nonsense, Dr. Banastre.

BANASTRE

(Holds up a finger again,
"Really, honest this time,
one more minute.")

And he's smart and charming, too. Graduated near the top of his class, president of his fraternity, heading for law school in the fall. The woman and her nephew -- step-nephew -- start to talk about his plans and her career, although she avoids the topic of her terminally ill husband --

O' SHAY

Dr. Banastre --

BANASTRE

And it isn't long before the talking turns to joking and the joking turns to flirting, and the flirting turns to mutual attraction. A decision is made, a line crossed, and the two find their way someplace in her sister's house -- it's a big house, after all. And they kiss. They kiss hard and deeply and passionately -- the tongues-in-the-mouth, messing-up-her-makeup kind of kissing.

It isn't long before she's on her back, her legs in the air, and he has pulled down her black, silky panties, and buried his face in her cunt. Yes, that's the word she uses when she tells him what to do-- eat my cunt, she says.

O' SHAY

Stop.

BANASTRE

And then he's naked for her, completely naked, as is she. And he's a swimmer, so his body is perfect, perfectly muscled, perfectly smooth, completely shaved the way swimmers do, even his pubic hair. And he has a big, hard cock that he rams into her dripping wet pussy --

O'Shay springs to her feet and tosses her notes down.

INT., NIGHT, MONITOR ROOM.

Everyone in the monitor room looks at each other strangely, as if asking, "What just happened in there?"

INT., NIGHT. INTERROGATION ROOM.

Pause. O'Shay is clearly embarrassed. Banastre smiles, not pleasantly.

BANASTRE

Or maybe that isn't what really happens. It's all in her head, maybe. A fantasy she has as she masturbates herself in her sister's guest bathroom, before leaving the party early and going back to her sick husband.

You know this story, then? I thought it might make a nice scene in a book or a movie or something, sort of a Madame Bovary for the 21st century, but apparently someone beat me to it.

O'Shay picks up her notes and files, her head down, marches to the door and slams her palm against it several times fast.

EXT., NIGHT. JUST OUTSIDE THE BUILDING'S BACK DOOR.

O'Shay stands leaning against the wall, her head back, breathing heavily. The door opens, and Hayden steps out. He leans against the wall beside her, and waits.

O' SHAY

God, I wish I had a cigarette.

HAYDEN

You don't smoke.

O'SHAY

I'd be willing to start. Jesus....

HAYDEN

Look, Rachel. If it makes you feel any better... that happened to all of us.

O'SHAY

Don't patronize me, Dan, please.

HAYDEN

I'm not, Rachel. I'm not patronizing you. I'm telling you the truth. The same sort of thing happened when Sanders talked to him, when I talked to him, when Spoon talked to him. I told you before, tried to tell you. There's something not right about Banastre. Something... frightening.

O'SHAY

Yes. I think you're right about that.

HAYDEN

I'm serious. He's... scary. Scary in a way I've never seen before. I mean, he scares me. I'm a cop. I've been on the force for 14 years. I've seen some seriously sick and twisted shit over the years. And never -- never -- has anything scared me the way that that guy in that room does, not since....

O'SHAY

Not since when, Dan?

HAYDEN

Not since, well, not since I was a kid, in school, and Father Gunter told us all those stories about Hell, and about demons, and about... the Devil.

O'SHAY

Ha. Father Gunter was a sadist.

HAYDEN

I'm serious, Rachel.

O'SHAY

So am I. He was probably a pedophile, too.

HAYDEN

I had nightmares, Rachel. All those stories Father Gunter told us gave me nightmares so bad I'd wet the bed. And now I'm a grown man, and I'm telling you, Nicholas Banastre makes me feel exactly the same way I felt when I had those nightmares.

O'SHAY

You say something happened with all of you? In the room?

HAYDEN

Yeah.

O'SHAY

Did you get them all on tape?

INT., NIGHT. MONITOR ROOM.

O'Shay, Hayden and the techie are alone in the room. One of the monitors that no one is watching shows Banastre sitting at the table in the room, bored. He looks toward the camera and lazily draws a figure-eight in the air. The image on the monitor distorts where he draws the figure, then the screen goes to static.

TECHIE

It'll take just a second to get the next one cued up.

HAYDEN

This is Spoon?

TECHIE

Yeah, just before-- well, just before--

HAYDEN

I know. There, that's good.

The techie stops the tape and plays it. Spoonhauer stalks restlessly around the table, while Banastre sits calmly.

SPOONHAUER

-- sick to my fuckin' stomach, you know that?

BANASTRE

Why do you think that is, Sgt. Spoonhauer?

SPOONHAUER

That's Detective Sergeant. You -- you college types. So smart. Wearin' your fancy suits. Not doing a goddamned thing for nine months out of the year. Of course, you got to have a three-month vacation after that.

BANASTRE

So, are you scandalized, Detective Sergeant Spoonhauer, or simply jealous?

SPOONHAUER

Feh! You know the only reason I don't think you grabbed the girl, Banastre?

BANASTRE

And what would that be, Detective Sergeant Spoonhauer?

SPOONHAUER

Well, I figure a limp-wrist like you is probably a lot more interested in little boys.

O'SHAY

Oh, man. He lost it big time.

HAYDEN

Wait, there's more.

BANASTRE

(Laughs.)

Really, Detective Sergeant Spoonhauer. You're a shining example of the success of police sensitivity training. The next thing you know, we'll be arranging flowers together.

SPOONHAUER

Yeah, that's right, funny boy. Laugh it up.

BANASTRE

Really. They should recruit you to be grand marshal in the gay pride parade, sort of a shining beacon of straight establishment tolerance.

SPOONHAUER

It's just all a joke to you, isn't it, fag? A little girl is missin,' and you're havin' the time of your life, ain't you?

BANASTRE

You bet, Detective Sergeant Spoonhauer. There's nothing I like better getting the third degree from a shining example of humanity such as yourself.

SPOONHAUER

I'm sure, funny boy. Now --

BANASTRE

There is something I just thought of, Sgt. Spoonhauer. Something I think you'll find... very amusing.

SPOONHAUER

Yeah? What's that?

BANASTRE

Well, come closer, first. I have to whisper it in your ear.

SPOONHAUER

Fuck that.

BANASTRE

Really.

Banastre looks over at the camera.

BANASTRE

Once you hear it, you'll understand.
You'll thank me, in fact.

SPOONHAUER

Fuck. You.

BANASTRE

OK. No skin off my knees.

Banastre sits back, completely at ease.

SPOONHAUER

All right. What is it?

BANASTRE

Bend over, and I'll whisper it in your
ear.

After some hesitation, Spoonhauer bends over, and Banastre whispers something in his ear. Spoonhauer snaps up, grabs the edge of the table and flips it violently. Banastre sits calmly as if nothing is happening. For a second, Spoonhauer looks like he's going to attack Banastre, but he moves off camera, and we hear him pounding on the door.

HAYDEN

That's enough.

The techie freezes the frame.

HAYDEN

After that, I -- I sent Spoonhauer home. I told him to get some rest. I told him to get back as soon as he could.

O'SHAY

It's not your fault, Dan. There's no way you could have known.

HAYDEN

Yeah. He did, though.

Hayden motions toward the monitor with he frozen image of Banastre.

HAYDEN

Somehow, he knew.

O'Shay looks at Hayden with a quietly frightened expression.

The door of the monitor room snaps open, and Faber sticks her head in.

FABER

We've got something.

EXT., DAWN. A BACK STREET SOMEWHERE IN NEW SALEM.

A patrol car sits, two uniformed officers, WACHOWSKI and JENNINGS, standing with a bum, CLETUS, handcuffed. A school backpack sits on the trunk of the police car.

An unmarked car pulls up next to the police car. Hayden, O'Shay, Faber and Sanders get out.

CLETUS

That's mine! Officer, officer! That's my bag and I want it back!

WACHOWSKI

Calm down, there, Cletus. The detectives here will sort everything out.

HAYDEN

Officer Jennings, what have you got for me?

JENNINGS

Wachowski and I were on regular patrol, when we spotted this citizen hiking down the street with that bag slung over his shoulder.

CLETUS

That's mine! She didn't want it anymore. If she wanted it, why'd she throw it out the window?

WACHOWSKI

Hold on, there, Cletus. You'll get your turn.

JENNINGS

Wachowski recognized the insignia on the bag. St. Michael's Academy.

WACHOWSKI

My nephew goes there.

CLETUS

Goddamned thieves!

WACHOWSKI

Quiet, Cletus.

JENNINGS

I remembered a notice we got about the Ducharme girl at the start of shift, and thought we should take a look. We popped the bubble on Cletus here, and he took off down the alley.

CLETUS

Fuckin' Nazis --

WACHOWSKI

Hey! That's enough out of you.

JENNINGS

Anyway, he didn't get far. We took him down and called it in.

HAYDEN

Good thinking, Jennings. Now, let's look at that bag.

Hayden goes to the book bag sitting on the trunk of the police car. It is a standard student backpack with the insignia of St. Michael's Academy. The bag looks pretty beaten up.

CLETUS

It's mine, I tell you! She threw it away. You throw something away, it means you don't want it anymore. Finders keepers, losers, weepers!

O' SHAY

Hi. Cletus? Is that your name?

CLETUS

(Suspicious.)

Yeah.

WACHOWSKI

Not too close, ma'am.

O' SHAY

You say she threw the bag away. Who was she?

CLETUS

Well, the girl, of course. The pretty girl.

O' SHAY

The pretty girl. Of course. And where did the pretty girl throw the bag away?

CLETUS

(Still suspicious.)

Over that way, five or six blocks. Yesterday afternoon, sometime.

O' SHAY

OK. That's good, Cletus. That helps us a lot. Now, do you know why she threw it away?

CLETUS

Couldn't say. She comes across the parking lot, all weepy and boo-hoo-hoo and all. She drops it getting the keys out and just kicked it out of her way. Then she just drove off. Driving like a bat out of hell. Almost caused a wreck going out of the parking lot.

O' SHAY

OK. Can you tell me some more about what the pretty girl looked like?

CLETUS

You know, just a pretty girl. Plaid skirt. You know. Cute.

FABER

How about the car, Cletus? Do you remember what the car looked like? What color it was?

CLETUS

Yeah. Yeah! It was, it was red. Bright red.

O'Shay looks over at Hayden and nods.

HAYDEN

OK. Let's see what we've got here. Sanders, call in Forensics. I want them to take prints, fibers, trace, anything they can find.

SANDERS

(Pulls out a cellphone.)

Roger that.

Hayden pulls a pair of rubber gloves from his pocket and puts them on. He pulls out a pen and uses it to open up wider the outer pocket of the pack, which is already open. He carefully reaches in and pulls out a student ID card with Mallory's name and photo on it. He continues to use the pen to examine the contents of the outer pocket.

HAYDEN

It's hers. Faber, call in the boys and get Cletus to show you where he saw Mallory yesterday.

FABER

(Pulls out her own cellphone.)

Done.

HAYDEN

Hold on.

Faber stops.

HAYDEN

I have an idea where she might have been.

Hayden holds up an appointment card with a New Salem Women's Health Clinic logo on it.

INT., DAY. INSIDE THE NEW SALEM WOMEN'S HEALTH CLINIC OFFICES.

As staff members arrive to start their days and go to their desks, Hayden and O'Shay follow DR. CAROL HOPKINS, 50, dressed in a white doctor's coat, as she makes her way through the office.

HOPKINS

I'm sorry, Lt. Hayden, but you know I can't violate patient-doctor confidentiality.

HAYDEN

Yes, I understand, Dr. Hopkins, and I respect that. I'm not asking you to violate confidentiality, just if Mallory Ducharme kept her appointment at your clinic yesterday afternoon.

HOPKINS

Lieutenant --

HAYDEN

Doctor, please. Mallory is missing, and this is the last place we can trace her to yesterday. We don't know what happened to her. Her parents are worried sick.

HOPKINS

Lieutenant, I understand how they must feel, but --

HAYDEN

I'm not asking you for any medical information, Dr. Hopkins. Just whether she was here or not.

Hopkins looks around, as if considering her options, then motions Hayden and O'Shay to follow her into an office. Inside, she closes the door.

HOPKINS

I don't know if I should be telling you this or not, but if it were one of my girls --

HAYDEN

Anything you can tell us, Dr. Hopkins.

HOPKINS

May I see that photo again?

Hayden hands Hopkins a photograph of Mallory.

HOPKINS

Yes, that's definitely her. She called herself Jane Smith. A lot of girls do that, their first visit here.

O' SHAY

When was this, Dr. Hopkins?

HOPKINS

About 5, 5:30 or so. She came in, very agitated. It's rarely a happy thing for most young women to come here, but she was very upset, almost hysterical.

O' SHAY

What did you do?

HOPKINS

We got her into an exam room, and I tried to talk to her, to calm her down. She wasn't having any of it, though. She kept going on about how she couldn't have a baby, that her parents wanted her to go to Harvard, that her boyfriend would hate her if he found out. Pretty typical sort of stuff, really, but there was something odd about Jane -- Mallory.

HAYDEN

Because she was hysterical?

HOPKINS

That, and -- I don't know. There was just something... haunted about her.

O' SHAY

Haunted?

HOPKINS

I'm not sure what the right word is. She acted as if she were running from something, like someone was chasing her. Like the Devil was on her heels, as my grandmother used to say.

Hayden and O'Shay exchange glances.

O' SHAY

What did you do then, doctor?

HOPKINS

Well, normally, we'd do a consultation and find out what the young woman wanted. In a case of someone so obviously distraught, I'd usually send her home for a few days to calm down. Mallory wasn't having any of that, though. Finally, the only thing that would calm her down was when I agreed to examine her.

O' SHAY

I'm a bit confused, Dr. Hopkins. Information we had suggests that Mallory only became sexually active recently, probably too recently to find out she was pregnant.

HOPKINS

That was the weird thing about the girl. Another weird thing, anyway. In spite of what she may have believed, there was no way she was pregnant. And from the way she acted when she stormed out of here, I don't think that's what she wanted to hear, either.

HAYDEN

What do you mean?

HOPKINS

When I examined Mallory, I found that her hymen showed no sign of significant penetration.

O' SHAY

Oh my God.

HAYDEN

What?

HOPKINS

As far as I could tell, when I examined her, Mallory Ducharme was a virgin.

INT. DAY, BRIEFING ROOM.

Hayden, O'Shay, Sanders and Faber sit around the table.

SANDERS

(Reading from notes.)

Forensics found prints on the bag belonging to Mallory Ducharme, our homeless person, Eric "Cletus" Hancock, plus Officers Wachowski and Jennings. They didn't find anything else of significance.

The contents of the bag were a biology textbook, a pre-SAT exam study guide, three spiral notebooks and one three-ring binder. The outer pocket held Mallory's school ID, her wallet, which included her driver's license, three credit cards, several photos of family and friends and \$72 in various bills, a cellphone, which we confirmed is Mallory's, a pack of sugar-free bubblegum, half gone, several feminine hygiene products. And the appointment card that you already found.

O' SHAY

Wait a minute. Feminine hygiene products? What, specifically?

SANDERS

(Consults notes.)

Ah, three tampons and a couple sanitary pads.

O' SHAY

That's odd. Everyone's different, but I know I usually don't carry around tampons unless I'm having my period.

FABER

Yeah, me, neither.

HAYDEN

Huh. That's odd. How could she be on her period and still think she's pregnant?

SANDERS

Duh. Catholic school. The best way to keep kids safe is to keep them in the dark.

HAYDEN

Yeah, but I don't see Mallory being that much in the dark.

O' SHAY

It was him.

HAYDEN

Rachel --

O' SHAY

He somehow made her believe that she was pregnant.

SANDERS

What? You mean Banastre?

O' SHAY

It's the only thing. The only thing that makes any sense.

FABER

I don't see how. He's one creepy-ass sonovabitch, but there's no way he could make someone believe she was pregnant. Right?

SANDERS

Yeah. That's bullshit, O'Shay, even for you.

O'SHAY

Really, Sanders? Tell me something. You interrogated Banastre for a while.

SANDERS

(Eyes narrow, and face turns hard.)

Yeah.

O'SHAY

Dan told me that he and Spoonhauer did, too, and both times, Banastre said or insinuated something that suggested he knew more than he could possibly know-- things about them, personally.

Sanders stares at O'Shay.

O'SHAY

What did he say to you, Sanders, huh? Or did he whisper it in your ear, like he did with Spoonhauer? Come on. I can look through the video tapes.

SANDERS

Fuck you, shrink. El-tee, I don't have to take this shit.

HAYDEN

Rachel. That's enough.

O'SHAY

(Stands up.)

Fine. I need to take a break.

SANDERS

Fine.

HAYDEN

Fine.

INT., DAY. CORRIDOR.

O'Shay sits in a chair in the corridor, her face in her hands, clearly fatigued. Down the corridor, the double doors leading to the crossing corridor are propped open. Across the opening, Mallory, dressed in her school uniform, walks slowly across the doorway. She is walking oddly, though, as if she were filmed walking backward and the film were then played forward. Her hair is tangled and wet, and her clothes are dripping. Just as Mallory walks out of view, O'Shay looks up and catches a glimpse of her.

O' SHAY

Mallory....

O'Shay hurries down the corridor. When she gets to the dimly lit cross corridor, she sees wet spots on the floor, and glimpses someone turning a corner. She runs down the corridor, turning and running almost smack into a female CUSTODIAN with a mop and bucket.

O' SHAY

Mallory.

CUSTODIAN

Excuse me?

O' SHAY

Did someone else just come down this hallway?

CUSTODIAN

No. No, just you.

Hayden puts his hand on O'Shay's shoulder. She starts and jumps around.

HAYDEN

Rachel! What is it?

O' SHAY

I saw -- I thought I saw -- Nothing. It was nothing.

HAYDEN

Are you all right?

O'SHAY

Yes. Yes, I'm fine. It was nothing.

INT., DAY. CORRIDOR.

O'Shay stands in front of the door to INTERROGATION ROOM. Sanders stands by the door with the keys. O'Shay looks at the door with a palpable sense of dread on her face. Hayden steps up to O'Shay.

HAYDEN

Sure you want to do this?

O'SHAY

Dead certain I don't. But it's why I'm here.

HAYDEN

I can do it, give it another try.

O'SHAY

No. This is what I do, Dan. This is who I am.

HAYDEN

This isn't about ego, Rachel.

O'SHAY

No, it isn't. It's about Mallory Ducharme. Her, and maybe a lot of other people.

HAYDEN

Rachel --

O'SHAY

Don't, Dan. Please. Just let me do my job.

Hayden hesitates, then waves his hand toward the door, as if saying, "Go, then, and may the results be on your head." Sanders opens the door, and O'Shay walks in.

Banastre stands on the far side of the table, playing with his yoyo. He performs a trick called Rock the Cradle as O'Shay sets her files and notes on the table, sits and begins looking through her files, and Sanders locks the door. When O'Shay does not acknowledge the trick, he lets the yoyo fall, and works it normally.

BANASTRE

He doesn't like you, you know.

O' SHAY

What?

BANASTRE

Sanders. He doesn't like you. He respects you though, which I'll bet you didn't know. And though he would be loath to admit it, he thinks you're hot.

O' SHAY

Really? And you know this exactly how, Dr. Banastre?

BANASTRE

I listen. Walk into a building, listen the right way, and walls will tell you everything you need to know. Most people don't know how. I could say it was a lost art, listening, but honestly, most people have never done it well.

O' SHAY

You have a vast store of experience, doctor.

BANASTRE

Well, I am a bit older than I look.

O' SHAY

You're certainly older than you act.

Banastre pulls the yoyo in, and smiles.

BANASTRE

Ooh, ouch!

Banastre puts the yoyo away.

BANASTRE

Any word on Mallory?

O' SHAY

Why don't you ask the walls?

BANASTRE

Ha! Good one, Dr. O'Shay, although it perhaps betrays a certain testiness in your voice. Getting tired, perhaps? The strain of the day getting to you?

O'SHAY

(Looks up from her files.)

What can you tell me about Kathryn Johanssen?

BANASTRE

Kathryn Johanssen?

O'SHAY

Yes. She was --

BANASTRE

I remember who she was, doctor. I'm just not sure why you're asking about her.

O'SHAY

What can you tell me?

BANASTRE

(Sits down.)

Not much to tell, really. It was shortly after I moved here, six, seven years ago. I was driving along Broadway, that stretch were it narrows to two lanes for a good while. I was just out getting to know the city, and this minivan pulled up behind me, fast, and started riding my bumper. Well, I was already driving the speed limit, and I really don't consider it good form to break the law, even an unenforceable one, so I continued on, and the minivan stayed on my bumper.

Finally, we got to Crossway Ave., where, you may remember, Broadway widens to four lanes again. The minivan pulled into the other lane and zoomed by me.

Up ahead at the next intersection, I saw the minivan sort of pause briefly at the stop sign, then pull through. And there was a dump truck speeding through the intersection, which doesn't have stop signs going that way, and I saw it smash into the side of the van. I pulled over to the side and called 911 to report the accident. I learned later on that the driver of the minivan was Kathryn Johanssen.

O'SHAY

Yes. And did you also learn what happened to Kathryn's 13-year-old daughter, Brenda?

BANASTRE

Yes.

O'Shay waits, as if waiting for him to continue.

BANASTRE

She was paralyzed in the accident. Quadriplegic, no ability to move from the neck down.

O'SHAY

How do you feel about that, Dr. Banastre?

BANASTRE

Feel? I feel it was a tragedy for the family, and for poor Brenda, herself, most of all. I remember there was a fundraiser in town to help with medical expenses. I donated a thousand dollars.

O'SHAY

Very generous of you. Another witness, someone behind the minivan, reported that Kathryn had honked repeated at you when she couldn't get by.

BANASTRE

Really? That's very interesting.

O' SHAY

Another witness said that Kathryn yelled something at you out the window as she drove by, and that you yelled something back.

BANASTRE

Did they really?

O' SHAY

A third witness said that Kathryn came to a complete stop at the stop sign. A complete stop. And that there was no way that she could have missed the dump truck, or that the dump truck didn't have any stop signs at that intersection.

BANASTRE

You don't say.

O' SHAY

Kathryn Johannsen, herself, gave a statement in which she said that she felt as if her foot just pressed down on the accelerator by itself, as if she had no control of it. She saw the truck, she knew he wasn't going to stop, that he couldn't stop in time, but she drove out in front of him anyway.

BANASTRE

I have no doubt that's exactly how she remembers it. The human mind has a great many tricks to protect itself from unpleasant truths. You should know that, being a psychologist.

O' SHAY

Yes. What about Miguel Esperosa?

BANASTRE

What about Miguel Esperosa?

O' SHAY

He worked for you, didn't he?

BANASTRE

He worked for the landscaping company I hired to care for the grounds around my home.

O' SHAY

You got to know Miguel pretty well while he worked on your grounds, didn't you?

BANASTRE

I got to know all the guys. I would sometimes go out and work with them. A little manual labor is good to blow the cobwebs out, sometimes. And it was a good opportunity to practice my Español.

O' SHAY

Miguel had a sister. Did you know that?

BANASTRE

Yes. Consuela. Connie. He spoke of her often.

O' SHAY

And did he mention that he was saving his money to bring her up to the United States from Mexico?

BANASTRE

Of course. He was very close to his sister, very excited that she was coming up.

O' SHAY

Well, at least until a few weeks before she was supposed to arrive. Do you remember?

BANASTRE

They had some sort of falling out, if remember correctly.

O' SHAY

Yes. According to his coworkers, Miguel became convinced that Connie was working as a prostitute in their home town in Mexico, and that she planned to continue to work as a prostitute when she came to America.

BANASTRE

Is that what the problem was?

O' SHAY

Yes. And on the day Connie arrived in New Salem, Miguel borrowed a friend's truck to pick her up at the bus station. Witnesses said that Connie was very excited, very happy to see her brother, but that Miguel was surly, even mean to her.

BANASTRE

Not the reunion he had imagined, I'm sure.

O' SHAY

According to the police report, after they left the bus station, Miguel drove Connie out into the forest, where he dragged her deep into the woods and beat her to death with a gardening spade.

BANASTRE

Awful. Absolutely awful. That poor girl.

O' SHAY

Yes. According to the jail logs, you went to visit him while he was awaiting trial.

BANASTRE

Yes, yes, I did. In spite of what happened, I still thought he was basically a decent man. I thought he might enjoy seeing a friendly face in that awful place.

O' SHAY

Perhaps. I'm sure you know what happened the day after you visited.

BANASTRE

I'm sure you're going to tell me.

O' SHAY

Just as suddenly as he became convinced that his sister had become a prostitute, Miguel became equally convinced that he'd been wrong, that there was absolutely no reason to believe that his sister had any intention of being a prostitute. And, according to the police, that was true. She had lined up work as a maid in a hotel, and by all accounts was excited by the prospect.

BANASTRE

A bitter tragedy for the family.

O' SHAY

Especially when Miguel hung himself in his cell.

BANASTRE

I know. A bitter tragedy all the way around.

O' SHAY

You seem to have lots of tragedies around you, Dr. Banastre. For example, how about Rebecca --

BANASTRE

How about not, Dr. O'Shay? You know, I've told you a great deal. I've given you more than one story. Several. And you have yet to give me anything, anything at all.

O' SHAY

It isn't my job to give you anything, Dr. Banastre.

BANASTRE

No, but it might grease the wheels, so to speak. It might make me... more cooperative.

O'SHAY

And what might you have to be more cooperative about, Dr. Banastre?

BANASTRE

That depends entirely on what it is that you want to know.

O'SHAY

Mallory Ducharme. We want to know where she is.

BANASTRE

Sorry. I can't help you with that one.

O'SHAY

Can't help because you don't know or can't help because you won't say?

BANASTRE

Because I don't know. Honestly, Dr. O'Shay. I have no clue where Mallory is right now.

O'SHAY

And I should believe you exactly why, Dr. Banastre?

BANASTRE

(Makes boy scout salute.)

Because I cannot tell a lie, Dr. O'Shay.

O'Shay looks at Banastre suspiciously. There's something important here, but she can't quite figure out what it is yet.

O'SHAY

Get on well with your parents, Dr. Banastre?

BANASTRE

Well enough. Why do you ask?

O' SHAY

I understand that they're both deceased.

BANASTRE

True.

O' SHAY

Can you tell me how they died?

BANASTRE

I could, but I don't see why I should.

O' SHAY

The spirit of cooperation.

BANASTRE

And I enjoy spirits, doctor, but in this case I'd prefer to abstain.

O' SHAY

Why? Afraid it might make you look bad?

BANASTRE

Afraid it might make them look bad. Even though they're gone, I think they'd like to preserve some measure of dignity.

O' SHAY

So their deaths were undignified?

BANASTRE

Not especially, but talking about them might be.

O' SHAY

Humor me, doctor.

BANASTRE

That's exactly what I'm trying to avoid.

O' SHAY

I assure you, Dr. Banastre, that I take anyone's death seriously, and certainly not as an opportunity for crass humor. And there is also the matter of trust.

BANASTRE

How can you trust me if I don't trust you?

O'SHAY

Yes.

BANASTRE

Not that I particularly agree with you on that one, doctor, but I'll bite.

My parents died when I was an undergraduate. I was away at school, and the folks lived alone at the old farm house outside Archangel, Missouri, little town on the Missouri River. Dad climbed up on the roof, probably to fix a patch of shingles that I had already done during spring break. Dad never trusted anyone to do anything right. Anyway, while he was up there, he slipped and fell two stories. Mom was probably washing dishes at the time and saw him fall, then ran out to help him. The shock of it all likely gave her a heart attack, and she fell over in the yard just a few steps from Dad. She died from the heart attack, he died from the fall.

O'SHAY

That's tragic.

BANASTRE

Yes. Well, it was three days before they were found by a meter reader. Coyotes and wild dogs had gotten to their bodies. At first, people in the area thought they'd been killed by a pack of feral beasts, and there was a panic -- people locking themselves in their homes, not letting their kids play outside, that sort of thing.

O'SHAY

I'm sorry. That must have been difficult for you.

BANASTRE

Yes. Alexander took it the worst, though. He was the oldest, and lived in the area at the time. He blamed himself for not checking up on them more often.

O' SHAY

Alexander. That would be one of your brothers.

BANASTRE

Yes. Very sad. After Mom and Dad died, he started drinking again, hard. His wife left him, and took the kids, and I can't say that he thought it was a bad idea. He took off in his truck and ended up in a little wide-spot-in-the-road desert town in Arizona. He tried to make a go of it there for a few months, doing odd jobs. He called Peter, another brother, who called me and our other brother, Paul. We all went out to try to talk sense to him and get him to come up and clean up his act.

O' SHAY

How did that go?

BANASTRE

Pretty well, actually. He seemed genuinely relieved to see us, even me-- Alex and I never really got along. And he sounded like he genuinely wanted to come home and turn his life around.

O' SHAY

What happened?

BANASTRE

We drove from our motel to the little trailer Alex was living in. He was sprawled out in an old recliner, as if he'd fallen asleep watching television. Dead. The autopsy showed that he had a blood alcohol level five times the legal limit.

O' SHAY

He drank himself to death?

BANASTRE

Basically. The official cause of death was heart failure.

O' SHAY

I'm sorry. That must have been especially difficult for you, coming so soon after your parents' deaths.

BANASTRE

(Shrugs.)

Eh. Like I said, Alex and I weren't close.

And, just to round things out for you, Peter was killed in the flood that destroyed Archangel in '93, and Paul died about five years ago in Chicago. Pancreatic cancer.

O'Shay starts, and unconsciously fingers the wedding ring on her right hand.

O' SHAY

I'm truly sorry. That genuinely must have been terrible, losing your entire family like that.

BANASTRE

(Shrugs.)

C'est la guerre.

O'Shay makes some notes on her notepad.

BANASTRE

I should render my condolences to you, too, Dr. O'Shay, on your recent loss.

O' SHAY

I'm sorry?

BANASTRE

Your husband, was it? Some type of cancer?

O' SHAY

(Suspiciously.)

How did you know that?

BANASTRE

Well, if I may say so, it's just basic Holmesian deduction. Your wedding ring. You're wearing it on your right hand. In some cultures, that's traditional for widows, although it's not observed much these days. Most people, after they've lost a spouse, continue to wear their wedding rings normally, until they feel it's time to move on with their lives. Very rarely do some people do what you've done, follow the old tradition, which is basically a way of saying, "I'm trying to move on with my life, but I'm not entirely recovered from my loss." Your clothes say the same thing.

O' SHAY

Really? How so?

BANASTRE

Very nice, very professional, but more something you'd wear to a social occasion, like a dinner or a cocktail party, probably something work related, yes?

O'Shay remains silent and blank faced.

BANASTRE

I think I'm right. If it's work related, it gives you an excuse to come down off your widow's walk for an evening without coming down permanently. But it's also an opportunity to get dressed up a bit in your best Donna Karan suit, maybe allow yourself to feel a little sexy for the first time in a while. Maybe even allow yourself to flirt a bit with someone you meet there, because following hard on the pain of loss is the pain of loneliness. Am I right, doctor?

O' SHAY

(Pause. Answers reluctantly.)
It was an event for the chairman of my department. He's retiring.

BANASTRE

See? Nothing to it, really. And as for the cancer, well, I noticed how you reacted when I mentioned how my brother Paul died. It was different.

O' SHAY

My goodness, Dr. Banastre. For a hard scientist, you seem to have remarkable insight into people.

BANASTRE

What can I say? As you've pointed out, I've had a life surrounded by tragedy. You see enough apocalypses, you get to see people on a very personal, very honest level.

O' SHAY

Apocalypses?

BANASTRE

Yes. Apocalypses. Ends of the world. That's what death is, really, isn't it? The end of the world, at least for the person who dies? When you come right down to it, Dr. O'Shay, every apocalypse is personal.

O'Shay looks at Banastre with an odd, almost frightened, expression.

BANASTRE

Now. Your turn.

O' SHAY

My turn?

BANASTRE

Your turn. I told you a story -- several stories -- so, now it's your turn to tell me one. I like stories.

O'SHAY

What story do you want to hear?

BANASTRE

(Considers for a moment.)

Scott Eric Hamilton.

O'SHAY

Why do you want to hear about that?

BANASTRE

Because I'm interested. Sanders doesn't like you, and I understand it's because of him. I'm curious to know why.

O'SHAY

It was in all the papers.

BANASTRE

I don't read the papers. I'm a typical, uninformed American.

O'SHAY

Why should I tell you about Hamilton?

BANASTRE

Partly because you don't want to, which makes me all the more curious. And partly because -- let's see -- How about this? You tell me a story, and I'll tell you another story.

O'SHAY

Another story? What story?

BANASTRE

One you'll want to hear, although you may not understand why until later.

O'Shay pauses. Finally, she puts down her pen, and takes off her glasses.

INT., DAY. MONITOR ROOM.

SANDERS

What's she doing? El-tee, what's she doing?

HAYDEN

(Worried.)

She knows what she's doing.

SANDERS

He's getting in her head.

HAYDEN

I know.

SANDERS

Like he got into Spoon's head.

HAYDEN

(Pause.)

I know.

INT., DAY. INTERROGATION ROOM.

O'Shay composes herself before she begins to speak.

O'SHAY

There were multiple homicides down in the Core, the bad side of town.

BANASTRE

I know it. Go on.

O'SHAY

Three girls, prostitutes, ages 15, 16 and 19. Agatha, Sophia and Phoebe were their street names. Angela McCormick, Sarah Fielding and Wanda Schwartz were their real names. They were all small, child-like, with short, dark hair and blue eyes. They were run by a pimp everyone called Boy, who in turn worked for someone named Rooster. I don't know their real names.

O'SHAY (CONT.)

On August 31st, Agatha was killed in an alley, behind a Dumpster. She had been stabbed -- once in her left kidney, twice in her abdomen -- and sliced across her throat, although this cut didn't touch either the carotid artery or her jugular vein. All that was cut was --

BANASTRE

Her windpipe. To keep her from screaming.

O'Shay looks at Banastre, startled.

O'SHAY

That's what the medical examiner surmised. Based on other evidence at the scene, the police hypothesized that the killer stood around and watched Agatha as she bled out, which probably took 10 or 15 minutes.

BANASTRE

In horrible pain.

O'SHAY

Yes. The wounds were made with a single-sided blade, serrated on the top side, about 15 centimeters long, probably a hunting knife. And the medical examiner hypothesized that the wounds were designed more to inflict pain than to cause death. Death was just an inevitable byproduct.

O'Shay pauses, takes a sip of water.

O' SHAY

On September 8th, the body of Sophia -- Sarah Fielding -- was found between the cars of a used car dealership. Her wounds were similar to Agatha's, but more... severe. It rained that night, so much of the forensic evidence was washed away, but the medical examiner estimated that it took Sophia much longer than Agatha to die, perhaps as long as a half hour.

BANASTRE

He was honing his technique, practicing.

O' SHAY

Yes, that's what we thought. I was called in to consult after the second girl was found, to work up a profile for the police.

BANASTRE

And what did you put in your profile, Dr. O'Shay?

O' SHAY

There wasn't much to go on, but based on statistics and various studies, I estimated that the perpetrator would be a white male, mid-20s to early 30s, probably with a middle-class background, but now working in some menial job, probably in the same area where the girls worked. There would likely be a female in his personal life, possibly in his teenage years, who resembled the murdered girls. Possibly, she had rejected him romantically or sexually or both. Alternately, there could be a female in his life now who resembled the prostitutes but who was unavailable to him romantically or sexually -- a child, perhaps.

O'SHAY (CONT.)

I also thought that he probably had a history of violence, going back to his juvenile years, and that he was an experienced hunter, or worked in meat packing or some other job that involved killing animals.

BANASTRE

That's interesting, Dr. O'Shay. Why did you say that?

O'SHAY

The autopsy reports showed that the wounds on the murdered girls were inflicted quickly and confidently. There were no hesitation marks, not even on the throat wounds. He knew what he was doing, and he had actual practice doing it. There were no other human deaths we could find that fit the pattern so far, at least not locally, so I thought that he had to have some means of practicing what he was doing before escalating to human victims.

BANASTRE

And how did the police proceed once they had your profile in hand?

O'SHAY

It led them down a few paths. Detective Sergeant Spoonhauer and Detective Sanders were running the investigation. They began checking the area for butchers, meat delivery firms, hunting shops, that sort of thing. They also tried talking to the girls on the street, but most of them froze up as soon as the police arrived. Dead girls were nothing new. Someone was getting beaten up or stabbed or shot by a john all the time.

BANASTRE

And then there were three.

O' SHAY

Yes. The third victim, Wanda Schwartz-- Phoebe -- was found on September 30th. Again, the wounds were similar to the other two, and again, the technique was altered so that she took longer to die, this time nearly an hour, according to the ME.

Now the girls were starting to get scared. Girls who looked something like the victims changed their style, wearing long, blonde wigs and the like. And when we went around to talk to them, some were a little more cooperative.

I spoke to one girl, Starshine -- I don't think she was older than 14. She was also had the look -- small, short, dark hair, blue eyes. She tried to change her look, but her pimp wouldn't let her. Her regulars liked her the way she was, apparently. Anyway, she was scared, very scared. Terrified, in fact, and this girl had been on the street since she was 11.

The thing that scared her most was a regular client she had, a guy who liked to tie her up and run knives across her skin, with just enough pressure to score the skin without cutting it. Spoonhauer and Sanders staked her out one evening when she expected this fellow to come around, and managed to get a photograph.

Once they had a photograph, the detectives went around the sources they had interviewed before, and found a hunting supply shop owner who recognized Starshine's john. They were also able to track him down in the mugbooks.

BANASTRE

Scott Eric Hamilton.

O'SHAY

Yes. He fit the profile almost perfectly. He was a white male, 29 years old. His juvenile record was sealed, but the fact that he had one told us something. As an adult, he'd been in minor scrapes with the law off and on since he turned 18, mostly petty stuff such as disorderly conduct and assault charges from picking fights. When he was a kid, his father had taken him hunting up in the mountains every deer season, something he continued on his own as an adult. And he had a significant collection of knives -- hunting knives, fighting knives, exotic Asian weapons. If it had a blade, Hamilton liked it.

Showing his picture around, we found that he frequented prostitutes in the area fairly regularly, and that he had something of a reputation as a rough customer -- nothing too bad, just a little dangerous. And he liked them young, too. We couldn't tie him specifically to any of the victims, but other girls who fit the killer's pattern knew him. Of course, there were girls who didn't really fit the pattern who knew him, too.

BANASTRE

You had doubts?

O' SHAY

Some. In my profile, I predicted that the killer would not be a customer of the prostitutes that he killed. He'd stalk them, know their routines, but he'd never actually use one, might not even be capable of having sex in any ordinary sense. Hamilton used them frequently, and from what we could learn, indiscriminately. White, black, Asian, Hispanic, brunette, blonde, redhead, thin, fat -- whatever he fancied at any given time, as long as they were young, the youngest he could find.

BANASTRE

A pedophile.

O' SHAY

Yes, victimizing the children no one really cared about.

Spoonhauer and Sanders eventually brought him in for questioning. Unfortunately, there really wasn't anything to tie him to the murders, and without that, we couldn't search his apartment or vehicle, or even get a DNA sample, not that we had anything to compare it to. So, Spoonhauer and Sanders started stalking Hamilton.

It was while they were doing this that they noticed one of Hamilton's neighbors, a woman who had a young daughter, 12 years old. Allison. They questioned the other neighbors, the people around who knew Hamilton, and everyone agreed that, in general, Hamilton was an ass to everyone he met -- everyone except Allison, and by extension, her mother.

O'SHAY (CONT.)

Some of the neighbors thought that Hamilton was trying to get to the mother through the child -- whether he actually liked her or was just looking for a girlfriend to latch onto. Spoonhauer and Sanders, however, knowing what they knew about Hamilton's... proclivities suspected something else was going on.

BANASTRE

The girl was the target all along.

O'SHAY

Of course. Why pay for it when there's a suitable victim right in his own building? Allison's mother, though, she kept a close watch on the girl, and by all accounts knew Hamilton for what he was -- a predator. Allison, though, was just starting to enter that rebellious age -- anything Mom told her must be wrong by default. And here was this guy, older, not bad looking, even sexy in a rough, dangerous sort of way, paying attention to her, even giving her little gifts, like cheap jewelry that would appeal to a 12-year-old girl trying to appear sophisticated. Allison's mother was starting to panic that she was going to run away or do something to be with Hamilton.

So, Spoonhauer and Sanders had three dead prostitutes, a suspect they couldn't connect to the victims and a potential victim not doing herself any favors. They hauled Hamilton in and extracted a phonebook confession out of him.

BANASTRE

A phonebook confession?

O' SHAY

Yes. If you hit someone with your fist or a stick, he'll develop bruises fairly quickly and fairly obviously. However, if you spread the force out with something like a thick telephone book, there often won't be any surface bruises, or at least not any that develop until several days afterward.

BANASTRE

(Looks around.)

Good to see there aren't any phonebooks in here.

O' SHAY

Hamilton immediately claimed that the confession was coerced, but most perps say that at some point. I was assigned to evaluate him, to determine whether his claim had any validity, or whether his confession should stand.

BANASTRE

Interesting. Did the police expect you to rubber stamp the confession?

O' SHAY

I think they thought I'd go along with the charade long enough to keep Hamilton in jail for a while, and Allison and her mother could move away from Hamilton's influence before he got out.

BANASTRE

But you didn't.

O' SHAY

But I didn't. His confession was so obviously coerced that it never would have stood up to any sort of examination. At the same time, its mere existence would threaten any case that might eventually be brought about against the real killer, should he ever be apprehended. So, I handed in my report. Spoonhauer and Sanders were both given slaps on the wrist, and Hamilton was set free.

BANASTRE

I have a feeling this fairy tale doesn't have a happy ending.

O' SHAY

No. No, it doesn't. Whatever else he might have been, Scott Hamilton wasn't stupid. He knew perfectly well what was going on, and that his coerced confession had less to do with three murdered whores than it did with Allison.

As soon as he got out, Hamilton went by Allison's school, grabbed her and drove up into the mountains. They lived in an old hunter's shack he knew about, and mostly they just hid out, sometimes meeting up with pot growers and survivalists who camped out in the area.

Hamilton kept Allison for himself for several months, but eventually he got bored with her, and started passing her around to the other guys in the area for 50 bucks a throw. That went on for about a year until Allison managed to escape and made her way back to the city. She was completely traumatized, and had to be institutionalized. She'll probably never fully recover.

BANASTRE

And Hamilton?

O' SHAY

Still at large. They'll likely never find him, not that anyone is especially looking.

BANASTRE

What about your prostitute killer?

O' SHAY

On November 9th, Starshine took a john back into a hidden spot she knew and used often. While she had her back turned to him, he grabbed and her cut her windpipe. Before he could do anything else, however, she Maced him and ran out into the street. One of her friends gave me a call, and I visited her in the hospital. She was able to identify the john from photographs, and three days later, the police arrested George Andrew Seymour. He had a record that was page-for-page all but identical to Scott Hamilton's, except that he worked in a slaughterhouse during the season up north, and had an avowed hatred of prostitutes. His defense tried to bring up the Hamilton confession, but there was too much evidence in his house, including souvenirs he'd taken from the dead girls. Their left ears.

BANASTRE

And New Salem's ladies of the evening were safe to turn their tricks once again. And the world was all rainbows and cotton candy and lemonade fountains.

O'Shay looks shocked, frustrated and disgusted.

O' SHAY

How are you able to get by from day to day trapped inside your head with yourself?

Banastre laughs loudly, the sound echoing rather more than it should, creating an eerie, frightening ambiance.

BANASTRE

I will admit, Dr. O'Shay, to having something of a sense of gallows humor when it comes to humanity. Of course, it's humanity itself on the gibbet, not me, strangling slowly on a rope woven from its own corruption and degradation, while it watches itself and cheers each wonderfully entertaining gasp for air. Whatever brings in the ratings, right? Tonight, it's child sex slaves slaughtered like factory-farmed pigs. Video at 11! Tomorrow, it's Iraqi women and children barbecued so Americans can drive trucks the size of small houses. The rich get richer, the poor get deader, and the apocalypse will be televised on all the major networks and cable.

O'SHAY

I thought every apocalypse was personal, Dr. Banastre.

BANASTRE

(Grins sardonically.)

And what rough beast, its hour come round at last, slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

When I was working on my doctorate, you know, I considered going into nuclear physics. Do you want to know the reason? I wanted to build bombs -- big, dirty, radioactive bombs, each one more nasty and nightmarish than the one before. You've got a bomb that will take out a city? Hell, I'll build one that'll take out a state. And when just a few of the bombs you've built start to fly -- and take it from me, baby, someday, they will -- the world will rise aflame. And do you want to know what I say to that, Dr. O'Shay? Do you really want to know what I say to the inevitability of the world ending in fire?

BANASTRE (CONT.)

(Struggling to control
genuine anger.)

I say, Let it burn.

O'Shay watches Banastre for a moment, her face filled with confused emotion, which she struggles to control, just as he struggles to control himself.

O'SHAY

Your turn.

BANASTRE

My turn?

O'SHAY

You promised me a story. I want to hear it.

BANASTRE

Are you sure?

O'Shay pauses, unsure.

O'SHAY

Yes.

Banastre smiles, sits back, gets comfortable.

BANASTRE

All right. I will tell you another story.

Once upon a time, there was a beautiful princess who lived in a kingdom by a lake.

EXT., NIGHT. THE SHORE OF A LAKE.

Mallory stumbles along the shore, clutching a wadded up paper bag. She looks terrible, as if she'd had the worst day of her life.

BANASTRE (V.O.)

And the princess was very happy and very loved by her family and friends -- until she met her father's new vizier. The vizier advised the princess's father in all things, and soon the kingdom was awash in wealth and power like never before.

Mallory squirts a can of lighter fluid onto a stack of dry wood, then lights a match and tosses it on. The fire flares up, and then Mallory does what she needs to do to keep the fire going and make it stable.

BANASTRE (V.O.)

But in order for the kingdom to be wealthy and strong, the king had to do many things that were terrible and wrong, hurting many people in the process. And this made the princess very sad, but she said nothing to her father, for she loved him and would not speak a word against him.

Mallory cries as she sits next to the fire, poking it randomly with a stick.

BANASTRE (V.O.)

At last, the princess's father, so pleased with the vizier's advice, asked the vizier what reward he wished, what could repay him appropriately for his good advice and counsel.

Without hesitation, the vizier replied that the only reward he wished was the hand of the beautiful princess in marriage.

Mallory reaches into the crumbled remains of the paper bag, and pulls out a wire coat hanger.

BANASTRE (V.O.)

Of course, the princess's father was loathe to hand his beloved daughter in marriage to the vizier, who, while he had advised the king well, was in fact a loathsome, common man, with... distasteful appetites.

Mallory unwinds the hanger, and straightens it out as best she can with her hands, flattening the hook end somewhat. She holds the hook end in the fire, as if sterilizing it.

BANASTRE (V.O.)

The king offered the vizier riches, titles, lands, anything most men might desire, but the vizier's desires were set, and he would settle on nothing less than the princess's hand.

INT., DAY. INTERROGATION ROOM.

BANASTRE

"My love is set on your daughter's hand," the vizier told the king. "And I will see your kingdom crumble e'er I renounce it."

EXT., DAWN. THE LAKE.

We see a patch of calm lake water, as if looking down on it from about 10 feet or so in the air.

BANASTRE (V.O.)

The king, knowing that the vizier could bring his kingdom to ruin, and yet hating himself for making the choice, consented to allow the loathsome vizier to take the hand of his beloved daughter.

On the shore, we see a FISHERMAN, late 60s, dressed for the weather and carrying a pole and tackle box. He walks along the lake, as if looking for a good spot to fish.

BANASTRE (V.O.)

The princess, on hearing this news, was horrified and frightened.

"Oh, woeful dread, woeful dread!" the princess cried to her beloved nurse. "What am I to do? My father commands me to give my hand in marriage to his loathsome vizier, and though I despise him, I cannot bring myself to disobey my father's command."

We see the same patch of relatively calm lake water again. We see something of a shadow to the right, out of frame.

BANASTRE (V.O.)

And the princess's nurse said to her, "Fear not, my child, for I have a plan that will bring you much joy."

The fisherman sets his equipment down on the shore, and looks out across the lake. He shades his eyes, as if trying to make out something he sees on the lake.

BANASTRE (V.O.)

Finally, the day of the wedding came, and according to a request of the princess's, it was held on the shores of the kingdom's great lake. And all save the vizier despaired, for they all knew that the princess would suffer a cruel fate as his wife.

We see the patch of calm lake water again. There's definitely something to the right, off frame, starting to float into the frame.

BANASTRE (V.O.)

At last, the priest asked the princess whether she was prepared to give her hand in marriage to the vizier for the rest of her life, until the end of the world. At this, the princess took a magical philter that the nurse had prepared for her, and said, "I may not, my lord, in good conscience, as you may all soon see."

On the shore, the fisherman finally appears to be able to make out what it is that he sees on the lake. He looks horrified. He turns and runs the way he came, running toward his truck.

BANASTRE (V.O.)

The princess, then, threw herself off the shore into the lake, and before she hit the water, the nurse's magical philter transformed her into a beautiful white swan, which landed gracefully and swam away.

We see the patch of calm lake water again, and watch Mallory float into the frame, pale and clearly dead, yet oddly beatific. Her arms are spread out to her sides, like a crucifix. Between her legs, a trail of blood flows from her. She starts to float out of frame.

INT., DAY. INTERROGATION ROOM.

BANASTRE (V.O.)

"What foul magic is this, to rob me of my bride?" the vizier cursed. "You promised me your daughter's hand, king!"

"A promise I made, and which I was fully willing to honor," the king replied as he watched the beautiful swan swim away. "But, as you can see, my daughter cannot give you her hand. The princess no longer has hands to give."

O'Shay looks at Banastre with an expression of frustration, anger, horror and confusion, not knowing what to say or how to react to him. There is, however, also a sense of fear in her eyes, as if she's beginning to understand and believe what Banastre is hinting around about.

O'SHAY

You told me that your story would be one I would want to hear.

BANASTRE

And that you won't understand it right away.

Banastre holds up a boy scout salute.

BANASTRE

I can tell you a story, Dr. O'Shay, any story you'd like to hear, but I cannot tell a lie.

The door into the room slams open, and Hayden steps into the room. O'Shay turns to look at him. His face is haggard and bleak.

EXT., DAY. THE SHORE OF THE LAKE.

Mallory's face beatific, yet dead. Her hair and clothing are drenched. An EMT zips her into a body bag.

Hayden and O'Shay stand on the shore next to the burned out remains of Mallory's fire. Next to the fire is the can of lighter fluid, the book of matches, the crumbled up paper bag and the straightened coat hanger. The flattened hook end is covered in dried blood, and the ground near the ashes is covered in patches of dried blood that form a trail heading down to the lake.

HAYDEN

Jesus in Heaven.

O'Shay surveys the scene silently, not responding to Hayden.

HAYDEN

I never imagined.... I thought of all the possible ways this could end, all the good ones, and all the bad ones. I thought, all the bad ones. I never imagined this.

O'SHAY

No.

HAYDEN

How...? I don't even know where to begin. What could she possibly have been thinking?

O' SHAY

You know what she was thinking. You know what she was thinking and you know why.

HAYDEN

Rachel....

O' SHAY

Something has to be done, Dan.

HAYDEN

I'm open to suggestions.

O' SHAY

I -- I don't know. I've never -- I've never.... believed such a thing before.

HAYDEN

No. I don't know that I believe it now.

O' SHAY

What are we going to do?

HAYDEN

Right now? Right now, I have to go inform her parents that their very worst nightmare has come true, and I can offer them absolutely no reason they can possibly understand to explain why.

Sanders appears in the distance on the path.

SANDERS

El-tee! The forensics unit is here.

Hayden waves at him in acknowledgement.

HAYDEN

Can you tell me, Rachel? Can you tell me any story that will make sense at all to her parents?

O' SHAY

I can tell you any story you want to hear, but I cannot tell a lie.

A light goes on in O'Shay's face, as if she has suddenly realized something that had not occurred to her before, something that may be important.

HAYDEN

What?

O'SHAY

I'll go with you to speak to the parents, if you like.

HAYDEN

That would be great. Thanks.

O'SHAY

And then....

HAYDEN

And then, what?

O'SHAY

Come on. I need to think about it on the way.

INT., DAY. INTERROGATION ROOM.

The door to the room opens, and O'Shay enters wearing a grim expression. She has no files or note pad. Banastre sits at the table, arms crossed, feet outstretched, looking rather bored.

BANASTRE

Dr. O'Shay.

O'Shay sits in her chair.

O'SHAY

Mallory Ducharme is dead.

Pause.

BANASTRE

How dreadful. May I ask -- ?

O' SHAY

She bled to death. She bled to death from injuries she sustained attempting to give herself an abortion, in spite of the fact that she wasn't pregnant, in spite of the fact that she had never had sex. I just returned from helping Lt. Hayden inform her parents.

BANASTRE

(Surprised.)

Remarkable.

O' SHAY

Remarkable in what way, Dr. Banastre?

BANASTRE

I wouldn't have expected Mallory to be so... self destructive.

O' SHAY

What did you expect, Dr. Banastre?

BANASTRE

I don't know that I expected anything, Dr. O'Shay. It's just a figure of speech.

O' SHAY

Yes, a figure of speech. Rather like, "I cannot tell a lie."

Pause. Banastre looks at O'Shay quizzically.

O' SHAY

I'm going to hold you to your word, Dr. Banastre. I'm going to ask you some simple, straightforward questions, and you're going to answer them -- truthfully, and completely.

BANASTRE

If I'm able to do so, of course. I can't speak to facts I don't know.

O' SHAY

Of course. So, tell me no lie about this, Dr. Banastre. Did you kill Mallory Ducharme?

BANASTRE

No. You said yourself that her wounds were self inflicted.

O' SHAY

I did, didn't I? Did you have anything to do with the death of Mallory Ducharme?

BANASTRE

If you're asking whether I did anything to assist Mallory's... actions, then the answer is no.

O' SHAY

How very precise, doctor. And, no, it wasn't what I was asking. Did you cause Mallory's death?

BANASTRE

If what you said was true, then the cause of Mallory's death was blood loss.

O' SHAY

Again, very precise, Dr. Banastre. Technically correct, but providing no useful information. Why don't I make this simpler for you? Did you, in some manner that I may not be able to speculate about or even understand completely, lead Mallory Ducharme to believe that she was pregnant?

BANASTRE

(Smiles broadly, but looks uncomfortable.)

And how would something like that be possible, Dr. O'Shay? Psychologically speaking?

O'SHAY

That isn't what I asked, Dr. Banastre. And not what I want to know. I'm not interested in the mechanism. I'm only interested in the truth of the matter.

BANASTRE

You must be aware of how ridiculous this line of questioning would sound to most people.

O'Shay sits back and observes Banastre for a moment.

O'SHAY

You know, I'm willing to bet that, in all the dozens or hundreds of incidents in which you were peripherally involved over the decades, you pretty much always dealt with professional investigators, am I right? Police officers, detectives, insurance investigators. People who are generally only ever interested in the plain truth of a situation. Just the facts, ma'am.

I've worked in this field for a long time, Dr. Banastre, and I've learned a few things about police and such. They always expect people to lie. They always expect people to be evasive. The truth, when it's offered, just doesn't register well with them. They don't quite understand it, and they aren't really comfortable dealing with it, to be honest. So a witness who appears to be reliable, appears to be believable-- a respected scientist with NASA, for example -- and who also professes to be unable to tell a lie -- honestly, most cops just aren't going to look too closely at him. For most cops, the truth is like a loud, aromatic fart in the middle of a formal dinner. They usually just gloss over it and pretend it didn't happen.

BANASTRE

I'm sure your colleagues appreciate your opinion of them.

O' SHAY

And that's how you've gotten away with it all these years, isn't it? How you've avoided notice? No one is looking for you because you hide in plain sight, and although you cannot tell a lie, you are perfectly adept at lying with the truth.

BANASTRE

You're coming dangerously close to an accusation, Dr. O'Shay.

O' SHAY

Am I?

BANASTRE

Yes. One that would reflect far more on your reputation than it would on mine, I believe.

O' SHAY

You know, you may very well be right about that, Dr. Banastre. You still haven't answered my question.

BANASTRE

Which question was that, Dr. O'Shay?

O' SHAY

You know perfectly well which question, Dr. Banastre. Did you, in some manner that I may not be able to speculate about or even understand completely, lead Mallory Ducharme to believe that she was pregnant?

BANASTRE

Dr. O'Shay. I have been here, doing what I can to cooperate with you and the police, for -- I'm not exactly certain how long now. I haven't slept in a day and a half, if not longer. I haven't had a shower. I've have precious little to eat, and what I had wasn't exactly conducive to happy digestion. I have been grilled by multiple people who have done everything from attempting to flatter my ego to intimidate me with physical violence. And, once again, I have, as you put it, become peripherally involved in the tragic deaths of three, no, four people. And I'm getting the impression that there is some sense, some bizarre belief growing with you and with your police colleagues that I am, in some way that you may not be able to speculate about or even understand completely, responsible for their deaths, in spite of all the evidence -- in spite of the fact that I'd never even met two of them.

So, tell me this. Do you seriously want an answer to your question, Dr. O'Shay? Do you really, honestly, genuinely want me to answer your question?

O'Shay begins to speak, but is interrupted by the door to the room opening. Hayden, Sanders, Faber and two uniformed officers enter. Hayden carries with him a clipboard with some papers on it.

O' SHAY

Dan --

HAYDEN

Dr. Banastre. On behalf of the New Salem Police Department, I would like to thank you for all your cooperation during this extremely difficult investigation.

O' SHAY

Dan, what are you doing?

HAYDEN

Not now, Rachel. Dr. Banastre, I have here a transcript of your initial statement to Detective Sergeant Spoonhauer and Detective Sanders. Would you please read it over, and if there's nothing you'd like to change or add, please sign at the X at the end.

Hayden holds out the clipboard to Banastre, who takes it.

BANASTRE

And then will I be free to go, Lieutenant?

O' Shay stands.

O' SHAY

Dan, what are you doing?

Hayden takes O' Shay by the arm.

HAYDEN

With our thanks, yes. Rachel -- Dr. Banastre, please excuse us for a moment.

BANASTRE

Of course.

Hayden pulls O' Shay away from the table. She is obviously very frustrated.

O' SHAY

Dan, I was this close. This close to getting him to --

HAYDEN

To do what, Rachel? To answer a question that we honestly don't have any business asking?

O' SHAY

Dan, if you could just --

HAYDEN

I just got a call from the Mayor, Rachel. Not my captain, not the deputy chief, not the chief. The Mayor himself. We cannot keep him any longer. There is nothing connecting him to Mallory's death. Nothing.

O'SHAY

You know that's not true, Dan. We both know that's not true.

HAYDEN

I don't know anything of the kind, Rachel, and even if I did... even if I did, there's a big difference between what I believe may be true and what I can prove in a court of law.

O'SHAY

So, he's just going to get away with it. Again.

Pause.

HAYDEN

The Ducharme's are asking for him.

O'SHAY

What?

HAYDEN

The Mayor told me. Apparently, Councilman Ducharme was so impressed with Dr. Banastre that he recruited him to head up his campaign for the state senate next year. He doesn't make a move in public without consulting with Banastre anymore. He's sort of an advisor.

O'SHAY

A vizier.

HAYDEN

What?

O'SHAY

Nothing, Dan. Nothing at all.

Banastre stands, raises his hand.

BANASTRE

Lt. Hayden.

Hayden gives O'Shay a sorrowful look, then steps over to Banastre. He pulls a pen out of his pocket and offers it to Banastre, who points out some changes in the transcript of his statement.

O'Shay, frustrated, looks around the room, and stops at one of the uniformed officers. She notices that the safety strap on the officer's holster is loose. She glances over to Banastre and Hayden, still going over the statement. She glances back to the loosened safety strap.

Banastre finally signs the statement, hands Hayden the clipboard and shakes hands with him. The two move toward the door.

BANASTRE

Thank you, Lt. Hayden. I would say that it has been a pleasure, but all things considered --

HAYDEN

That's all right, sir. We appreciate your patience and your cooperation.

BANASTRE

Well, I do what I can.

HAYDEN

These officers will take you home now, Dr. Banastre.

BANASTRE

Actually, Lieutenant, if it isn't any trouble, would it be possible to have them take me over to the Ducharme's? In the wake of this loss they have suffered, I feel I should be on hand to assist in anyway that I can.

HAYDEN

Of course.

Banastre looks over at O'Shay as he speaks.

BANASTRE

They say that losing a child is the greatest tragedy a parent can suffer, especially a child as very special and full of promise as Mallory. I imagine that the pain the Ducharmes are experiencing is... exquisite.

One of the uniformed officers opens the door out of the room. Banastre takes a step toward the door, but then turns back to O'Shay, smiles and nods in her direction.

O'Shay looks at the other uniformed officer's loosened safety strap again. She then steps over, putting her body weight into it, and shoves the officer to throw him off balance. As he reacts, she grabs his weapon out of its holster, and aims it at Banastre. The other officers in the room instinctively draw their own weapons and aim them at O'Shay.

HAYDEN

Rachel! What are you doing?

O'SHAY

You know what he is, Dan, and you know what he does. You know that he's just going to keep doing it until someone stops him.

HAYDEN

And we'll figure out a way to stop him, Rachel. We will. This isn't the way, though.

O'SHAY

Well, I'm open to suggestions, then.

HAYDEN

All you're doing is hurting yourself, Rachel. All you're doing is making it harder for us to stop him. Now, put down the weapon. Put down the weapon and step away from it.

O'Shay looks at Hayden with desperation. She then looks over to Banastre and straightens her aim. We see her finger start to tighten on the trigger.

A shot is fired. O'Shay lowers her weapon. We see blood start to spread on her white blouse. She coughs some blood out of her mouth onto her face, staggers and starts to fall. Hayden, his weapon still smoking, rushes up to catch her and lower her to the floor.

FABER

(On her cellphone.)

This is Faber. We need EMTs and an ambulance in the storage annex right now. We have a white female subject, late 30s, with a gunshot wound to the chest.

Hayden tries to assist O'Shay at the same time. He cradles her and tries to apply pressure to the wound. O'SHAY spasms as if having trouble breathing, strangling on blood.

HAYDEN

Oh, Jesus Christ, Rachel! Jesus Christ!
Hold on, Rachel. Please, just hold on.
Help is on the way. Help is on --

The scene suddenly cuts back to the point where one of the uniformed officers opens the door out of the room. Banastre takes a step toward the door, but then turns back to O'Shay, smiles and nods in her direction.

O'Shay looks at the other uniformed officer's loosened safety strap again. She looks up at Banastre, who is still looking at her. She looks back at the loosened safety strap. Her hand at her side flexes and clinches, her fingers digging into her palm. Banastre continues to look at O'Shay expectantly.

Finally, the uniformed officer notices that his safety strap is undone, reattaches it and steps toward the door.

Banastre's eyebrows raise slightly, as if surprised. He has an appreciative grin on his face. He steps over to O'Shay.

BANASTRE

Dr. O'Shay. One last thing.

O'Shay stares at him, both fear and revulsion on her face, but controlled.

Banastre leans forward, next to O'Shay. She flinches slightly, but stays in place. He whispers something into her ear. His lips move, and there is a buzz of the whisper.

Banastre pulls away. O'Shay for a second loses composure, a look of horror on her face, but quickly regains control. Banastre's smile is wicked and sinister. He steps away, at last, turns and walks out the door, followed by the two uniformed officers.

HAYDEN

Well, good riddance.

The strength, determination, fear and revulsion start to give way to shock, to sorrow and even despair. Hayden steps up to her.

HAYDEN

Rachel?

Rachel, are you all right?

Rachel, what did he say to you? Rachel?

O'Shay slowly turns away.

FADE OUT:

THE END