

THE ALIENIST

Episode 102

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Based on THE ALIENIST by Caleb Carr

**WRITERS' DRAFT #2 (4/23/16)**  
Paramount TV/ Anonymous Content

1 INT. ENTRY HALL/ VAN BERGEN RESIDENCE - DUSK. 1

The marble relief splendor of an old New York family home. Marble busts and art crowd the space like a wunderkammer.

A ticking clock somewhere in the hall is accompanied by footsteps and the appearance of a ROBERTS (30'S) the man servant and butler. We pan to see BYRNES, hat in hand, waiting near the door.

ROBERTS  
(slight French accent)  
Mister Van Bergen will see you now.

Byrnes humbly follows the butler into a darkened study.

2 INT. PARLOR/ VAN BERGEN RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS. 2 \*

Intricate wood panelled walls and a blue Persian rug are dimly lit by a single tall window in the back of the room.

Silhouetted beneath it is VAN BERGEN (early 60's) sitting behind a mammoth cherry desk. His face is unreadable and pale but both of his hands lay palm down on the desk as if bracing for bad news. \*

BYRNES  
Mister Van Bergen, thank you for  
making the time --

MR. VAN BERGEN  
You may sit.

Byrnes obeys.

BYRNES  
I'm afraid I have troubling news.

MR. VAN BERGEN  
What has he done, now?

BYRNES  
I believe Willem may be involved in  
an unfortunate incident on the east  
side.

Mr. Van Bergen's expression grows more grave as he realizes what this might be-

MR. VAN BERGEN  
Have you dealt with it?

BYRNES

We've spoken to the family of the...injured party. They won't be talking to the police or anyone else for that matter.

Waiting for praise. It doesn't come.

BYRNES

On the side of precaution, I'd suggest you have Willem take a trip for a while, the further away the better, give us some time to let this settle.

Van Bergen, for the first time shows body language, he nods.

MR. VAN BERGEN

We haven't seen him for some time.

MRS. VAN BERGEN

What did he do?

Byrnes hadn't noticed, but MRS. VAN BERGEN (early 50's) had been sitting behind him in the corner of the room the whole time. Her appearance is haunting, like an apparition and it spooks Byrnes.

BYRNES

I'm sorry, ma'am?

MRS. VAN BERGEN

What injury did he cause?

Byrnes looks at Mr. Van Bergen, unsure if he should say anything.

BYRNES

We're not certain Willem had a part in this, but we've reason to believe his name will be among those considered as a- it's only a precaution, Ma'am.

MRS. VAN BERGEN

What was the incident?

BYRNES

Murder. Of a young prostitute.

If the Van Bergens are reacting, they are keeping it from Byrnes. Mr. Van Bergen barely blinks.

MRS. VAN BERGEN  
Was it a girl?

BYRNES  
Of sorts, Ma'am. Now if you'll  
excuse me, I'd better be on my way.

He grabs his hat, bows politely and quickly exits. Mrs. Van  
Bergen turns to her husband.

MRS. VAN BERGEN  
If he is guilty I will know. Find  
him.

Mr. Van Bergen nods obediently. It's clear through his  
expression and deference that she is the power wielder.

3 INT. DRAWING ROOM/ KREIZLER'S HOUSE - DUSK. 3

Kreizler watches Sara intensely as she has just finished  
telling her story about the Santorellis. He's still slightly  
inebriated and Mary catches the focus in his eyes and feels  
an instinctive pang of jealousy.

KREIZLER  
Miss Howard, if what this  
Santorelli boy has told you is  
true...

MOORE  
The implications Kreizler, why  
would the police want to prevent  
the family --

Kreizler cuts him off, turning to Mary.

KREIZLER  
Thank you, Mary, you may go...

Mary realizes she's being dismissed. She gathers Kreizler's  
untouched food and leaves the room, Sara watching her go.

Kreizler paces while Sara and Moore sit on fenders by the  
fireside.

KREIZLER  
The Santorellis are Catholic.  
Perhaps the priest was simply there  
to reassure them.

MOORE  
They nearly beat the father to  
death in front of him. Hardly  
Christian charity.

KREIZLER

True.

(Changing the subject)

Tell me what you learned about the boy, Miss Howard?

SARA

Giorgio was clever enough to attend the public school on Hester Street. That's where the trouble started. According to his brother some of the older boys persuaded him to commit (she hesitates) indecent acts.

KREIZLER

Did he specify what acts?

MOORE

Laszlo, is that necessary?

KREIZLER

John, your own erotic predilections disqualify any pretense at good manners and innocence. I suggest we all stop treating Miss Howard like-

SARA

*Sodomy.*

Kreizler and Moore look at her in surprise.

SARA

He didn't specify but I believe it was sodomy.

She holds Kreizler's gaze, then whips a sharp glance at Moore before continuing:

SARA

His behavior was reported by a teacher. Mr. Santorelli beat the boy with a belt. From the brother's reaction to the father I suspect violence was a common occurrence in the house.

KREIZLER

Did the brother mention the nature of Giorgio's relationships with his clients?

Sara doesn't understand.

KREIZLER

Did any of them use a whip or a belt on him for example?

SARA

The brother is twelve years old, Doctor.

Kreizler takes her rebuke with a smile.

KREIZLER

The reason I ask is because Giorgio's area of sexual expertise will tell us a great deal about the man who murdered him, especially if he was a client.

Moore catches the look in her eyes, as alert to the nuances between them as Mary was.

MOORE

But if he was a priest...or a client and a priest-

Sara is shocked now. Kreizler looks over to see what Moore is getting at- \*

MOORE

Perhaps an overzealous sense of God's wrath? Even if it's not a man of the cloth, a sort of religious fanatic- \*

KREIZLER

Something we would do well to investigate.

MOORE

Well, we know for certain that the man is queer.

Kreizler gives Moore a sharp look-

KREIZLER

Homosexuality in itself is not an uncommon varietal of human behavior. Sexual lust for children- of either sex- and physical violence toward them is something else again.

He turns to Sara, noticing a man's SIGNET RING on her finger-

KREIZLER

Miss Howard, do you have plans tomorrow evening?

Sara looks as surprised as Moore by his question.

KREIZLER

I'd like you to join us at Delmonico's. We're meeting two of your Commissioner's men...

He continues before she can respond.

KREIZLER

Is nine o'clock convenient? I will arrange a carriage.

4 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DRAWING ROOM/ KREIZLER'S HOUSE - SAME. 4 \*

Mary listens from outside, pained.

5 INT. KITCHEN/ KREIZLER'S HOUSE - DUSK. 5

Stevie slurps oysters, washing them down with a glass of beer. Cyrus eats more delicately. They look up as Mary enters with a face like thunder.

She goes straight to the waste receptacle and empties Kreizler's food from the tray.

Stevie and Cyrus exchange a knowing look then return to their food.

6 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS/ MULBERRY STREET - NEXT DAY. 6

Sara enters police headquarters at the same time as a line of SEVEN MEN are lead to the back of the building by CONNOR.

SARA

Who are they?

CONNOR

These are the new suspects in the Santorelli case, Miss, about to experience the joys of the Third Degree.

He smiles at her as he pushes them down the hall.

ROOSEVELT

Miss Howard, I've been looking for you. Can you show my daughter around?

Roosevelt is barreling down the stairs impatiently with his twelve year old daughter, ALICE (Baby Lee) in tow.

SARA

Of course. I'm sorry. When you have a moment sir--

ROOSEVELT

Not now. Baby Lee, this is Miss Howard, she works for me.

He motions towards Sara as Alice sadly watches Roosevelt trot away. \*

SARA

Why you're looking pretty today.

Friendly, but annoyed at Roosevelt's use of "Baby Lee"...

ALICE

Thank you. And my name is Alice, but Father doesn't like saying it.

SARA

Why not?

This is obviously a sore point.

ALICE

Baby Lee sounds nicer to him I guess.

SARA

Have you been to headquarters before?

Alice shakes her head.

SARA

Well, I'm not sure what we have that would be of interest to you.

ALICE

Father said they keep the tools used by murderers here?

Sara didn't expect this sort of interest.

SARA

Ah...that is correct.

Sara is amused that Alice is as bold as her father.



SARA

Shall we?

Alice smiles yes.

7 INT. CRIME MUSEUM/ POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER 7 \*

Sara opens the door for Alice. Spread out around the room on tables are some of the tools used in murders from previous cases. Alice walks around amazed. Knives on butcher blocks, cleavers, wooden clubs with nails hammered through them for spikes, picks for locks, and any other handmade weapon an criminal mind could conjure.

Alice settles on rope hanging from piping in the ceiling.

ALICE

Were these actually used to hang murderers?

Alice strokes the twine. Sara reads the attached note, unsure.

SARA

One per rope.

ALICE

There's twelve of them.

Alice puts her head through one of the nooses and pretends like she were hanging herself, laughs. Sara smiles with her.

SARA

Now they'd electrocute you.

Sara looks around, notices an 18-chamber handgun. The strangest of the devices on display. She picks it up.

ALICE

Father loves to shoot. Animals.

SARA

Do you know how?

She shakes her head.

ALICE

We aren't allowed to play with the firearms.

SARA

I'll teach you.

She places the gun in Alice's hand and wraps her arms around her showing her how to hold it. Alice is strangely excited by its weight.

SARA

Keep your finger off the trigger so  
you don't accidentally shoot  
someone.

They aim the pistol at the wall.

SARA

Now place it on the trigger...pull--  
BANG!

Alice jumps, they both laugh.

ALICE

Does your father hunt?

SARA

He did, when he was alive.

Sara darkens with the memory. Alice can see her sadness.

ALICE

You miss him?

Sara nods. Alice muses-

ALICE

I don't really miss my mother. She  
died the day I was born.

(beat)

Her name was Alice, too.

\*

Sara understands now why Roosevelt doesn't call her by that name.

SARA

How unfortunate you were so young.  
Mine died as well, carriage  
accident when I was five. But I  
remember her.

ALICE

Well, I have Father...sometimes.

SARA

He's quite a father.

ALICE

He wants to be the bride at every  
wedding and the corpse at every  
funeral.

8 INT. CUTLERY STORE/ LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY.

8

A knife digs into a piece of beef bone marrow. A determined looking Lucius Isaacson pulls it out and drives it in more forcefully, his brother, Marcus, and the puzzled CUTLERY STORE OWNER looking on curiously.

Lucius examines the mark the blade has left in the bone then shakes his head in frustration.

MARCUS

It looks close enough to me.

LUCIUS

Then he must have cut out your eyes  
too.

He looks over at the rows of kitchen knives in their racks then notices a smaller collection of hunting knives. One of them catches his attention. The handle is made of deer antler, the hilt of brass, and the blade is huge.

LUCIUS

(To the store owner)

Let me try that one.

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

9

\*

Sara enters, taking her seat at the type writer and reviewing the pile of memos. Roosevelt paces unhappily as he reads a report of some kind.

ROOSEVELT

Will the lord never give me respite  
from that devil.

SARA

Something wrong, sir?

ROOSEVELT

It pains me to say it, but it seems  
Doctor Kreizler was right, at least  
about this.

SARA

The Santorelli boy?

ROOSEVELT

The coroner found suspicious markings around the eye sockets but couldn't determine the cause.

Sara digests this information. Now probing...

SARA

Will Chief of Detectives Connor find this information useful?

ROOSEVELT

I despair at the mind of the average police officer, unimaginative slackers who prefer to worm their way through life.

SARA

I fear they know you feel that way--

ROOSEVELT

But of course it's unfair to call the path of the worm easy, isn't it? A worm works quite strenuously.

He looks out his window south.

SARA

Mr. Roosevelt. If I...If I might have a word with you in regard to Connor--

ROOSEVELT

A hundred years ago all this was orchards. All flora and fauna. And now look at this fetid mess. From fecund to fetid. The earthworms churned the soil and we must do the same.

(beat)

To your point. I don't care whom I upset, I will trample them.

\*

SARA

They say you'd use a sledgehammer to kill a flea.

Roosevelt enjoys the allusion.

ROOSEVELT

It would do the job.

SARA

About Connor, sir. I'm concerned his priorities may not be aligned--

ROOSEVELT

If only I could only use a sledgehammer on him. A green bottle fly has more wit.

SARA

He's brought in a new herd of suspects. Would you like to review them?

ROOSEVELT

I shudder to think of what new fiction he is crafting.

SARA

His fiction might obscure the facts.

ROOSEVELT

Connor will learn do his job properly, or I will hound him into madness.

He turns to Sara, pleased with what he's about to say.

ROOSEVELT

At which time I shall be pleased to make a gift of him to our Doctor Kreizler.

10 INT. DRAWING ROOM/ KREIZLER'S HOUSE - DUSK.

10 \*

Kreizler looks uncomfortable in his evening suit, a white gardenia in his button hole. Moore has changed into an evening suit as well, still looking annoyed -

MOORE

Lazslo, if we are to continue, I beg of you one thing, please do not talk to me as you did yesterday in front of Miss Howard.

KREIZLER

What do you mean?

MOORE

Describing my erotic predilections as if...as if I were some sort of immoral-

Kreizler realizes how stung he is...

KREIZLER

Forgive me, John. You are right.  
I'm rarely wrong, except when I am,  
and you have caught me in the act.

He looks away. A beat.

\*

KREIZLER

I noticed she wore a man's signet  
ring. How did her father die?

MOORE

(Bluntly)  
He shot himself.

Kreizler considers this, unmoved.

KREIZLER

Did you see much of her at the  
time?

MOORE

No, she was sent to a sanitarium.

KREIZLER

Any idea why?

MOORE

She was twelve, and deeply  
affected.

KREIZLER

And her mother?

MOORE

Accident, when she was little. Do  
you want to measure her skull?

KREIZLER

You're interested in her.

He looks at his friend pointedly and Moore reddens. He has  
his answer.

MOORE

And you are not?

Kreizler doesn't deny it.

KREIZLER

She certainly seems...capable.

MOORE  
(Sardonic)  
Is that what you call it?

Moore checks the time, irritable.

MOORE  
Shall we go to Del's?

KREIZLER  
We have something to attend to  
first.

11 INT. STAIRWAY/ METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - DUSK. 11

The opera has already started. BOOMING VOICES echo as Kreizler and Moore head up the crimson-carpeted stairway of the Metropolitan opera.

We hear 'Pare Siamo' from Verdi's Rigoletto, emanating from inside the theater.

MOORE  
(whispering)  
What are we doing here, Laszlo?

Kreizler ignores the question, leans in.

KREIZLER  
Do you know this opera?

MOORE  
(too proud to admit he  
doesn't)  
Why do you so enjoy keeping me in  
the dark?

Kreizler smiles.

KREIZLER  
The hunchback is blaming his  
spiteful nature on his deformity.

MOORE  
Ah, yes. It might have been easier  
for me to follow if we had arrived  
for the beginning.

Moore shakes his head as he follows Kreizler up the steps.

13 INT. BEDROOM/ HOWARD TOWNHOUSE/ GRAMERCY - DUSK. 13 \*

Sara sits at her dressing table, her maid, TESSIE, brushing her hair. It's the first time we've seen her bedroom in day light and it's surprisingly opulent, hinting at her wealth.

Tessie holds up an extravagant feathered hat, checking to see if it matches Sara's dress.

SARA

No, Tessie, I'll suffer all this taffeta and lace but I will not wear a dead bird on my head.

TESSIE

Miss. Your first night out in weeks you have to look your best.

SARA

It isn't that kind of dinner.

TESSIE

Will there be gentlemen present?

SARA

There will be *colleagues* present.

TESSIE

All the more reason to wear the dead bird.

Despite her protests, Sara looks at herself in the mirror, caring more about her appearance than she lets on.

14 INT. BOX/ METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT. 14

Kreizler and Moore stand behind a curtain at the entrance to an opera box. Kreizler peeks through, with Moore standing impatiently behind. \*

MOORE \*

We don't have seats, do we Laszlo. \*

Kreizler motions for Moore to join him. Through the curtain, they can see a sliver of the stage, where the first act is reaching its climax. But Kreizler is more interested in the people seated in the box than the action on stage. \*

KREIZLER \*

(Whispering) \*

Tell me, Moore, who's that with Roosevelt? \*



MOORE  
Mayor Strong.

KREIZLER  
I know who the Mayor is. The  
others?

Moore peers deeper through the curtain to see a stocky man  
with a large, pockmarked nose, (JP MORGAN), seated in the  
same box with VANDERBILT (53), CARNEGIE (61), and two  
BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMEN.

MOORE  
Vanderbilt, Carnegie... Good Lord,  
Morgan too. Why didn't they ask me  
to cover this? I should have my  
kit.

ON STAGE, Rigoletto finally manages to undo his blindfold, no  
idea where his beloved daughter has disappeared. As he howls  
in despair the curtain drops and the lights go up. The  
audience begins to rise to its feet.

KREIZLER  
Quite a gathering, no?

MOORE  
Wall Street's finest.

KREIZLER  
Poor Theodore loathes the opera.

MOORE  
Perhaps his presence was demanded.

He looks at Kreizler pointedly.

INT. STAIRWAY/ METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER.

Roosevelt emerges from the box behind JP Morgan and the two  
young beauties. Another WALL STREET MAGNATE claps Roosevelt  
on the back.

WALL STREET MAGNATE  
...We're all very entertained by  
your campaign for reform, Mr.  
Roosevelt. One might accuse you of  
aiming rather too high.

ROOSEVELT  
I have impeccable aim, Walter.

The Magnate laughs, whispering in his ear.

WALL STREET MAGNATE

Others have tried before you. The word "reform" begins to sound hollow. Now...

(referring to Morgan)

Which one of those two beauties do you think is an actual "niece"?

\*

Roosevelt reddens as he looks at JP Morgan entertaining the two young girls on his arm. He looks away prudishly then stops in surprise...

\*

At the bottom of the steps is Kreizler, with Moore beside him, waiting for Roosevelt. Kreizler waves. Roosevelt scowls at his burgeoning stalker.

\*

\*

16

INT. CLUB ROOM/ METROPOLITAN OPERA - NIGHT.

16

Even though the club room is deserted, Roosevelt keeps his voice down, still irritated by Kreizler's surprise visit.

ROOSEVELT

...is it not enough that you lay siege to me at my office and my home?

MOORE

Come now, Theodore, we're far more entertaining than Rigoletto.

Moore pours himself a large glass of whisky.

ROOSEVELT

Don't "come now" me, Moore.

Roosevelt waves his hands in frustration.

KREIZLER

I am aware it compromises you to be seen with me. My apologies...

Roosevelt turns to Kreizler, knowing that what he is about to say may tie him to his tormenter for a good while, he blurts it out:

ROOSEVELT

You could have waited until tomorrow to receive our coroner's report on the Santorelli boy.

KREIZLER

I am quite sure I know the most remarkable findings within it.

(MORE)

KREIZLER (CONT'D)  
Strange serrations on the malar  
bones of the boy's eyes?

Roosevelt is taken aback-

ROOSEVELT  
Correct.

MOORE  
(Ironic)  
Birds, of course.

He takes a sip from his glass.

ROOSEVELT  
What has that to do with the Zweig  
twins?

KREIZLER  
I believe your Isaacsons shall  
clarify that connection presently.

MOORE  
There is another more pressing  
reason why we are here. Your Chief  
Connor paid a very disturbing visit  
to the Santorelli family yesterday.  
The boy's father was beaten  
senseless.

Roosevelt frowns with indignation.

ROOSEVELT  
I heard no such report.

MOORE  
Why would you?

KREIZLER  
Your police force is not only  
mishandling this case but actively  
obstructing its solution. You will  
not solve this matter without my  
help.

Roosevelt bristles.

ROOSEVELT  
It is not your responsibility to  
conduct this investigation,  
Kreizler. It is mine. And once I  
have this murderer, it may be yours  
to divine his motives.

KREIZLER

And what if our child-killer is  
unable to resist his urges until  
then?

Roosevelt meets his gaze, defensive now.

ROOSEVELT

You're so certain that he will kill  
again? You don't know what he is  
any more than we know where he is.

Kreizler meets Roosevelt's gaze,

KREIZLER

Can you afford to take that risk?  
More dead children?

MOORE

Connor has shown that he would  
rather close this case than solve  
it.

Roosevelt challenges both of them.

ROOSEVELT

And what, with your vast experience  
in police matters, do you suggest?

KREIZLER

A parallel investigation, in  
secret. If your Jewish detectives  
prove worthy, then I shall require  
their services, along with a  
liaison who will provide  
intelligence from headquarters  
without revealing your connection  
to me. Your secretary, Miss Howard  
is perfectly placed.

Moore turns to Kreizler, unaware of this plan. Roosevelt in  
shock.

The door bursts open and MAYOR STRONG walks in. He looks  
surprised to see Roosevelt with Kreizler but covers it with a  
smile.

MAYOR STRONG

There you are, Theodore! The ladies  
have summoned us back...

He acknowledges Moore with a grin but ignores Kreizler.

MAYOR STRONG  
Good evening, Moore!

MOORE  
Looking dapper, Mayor.

ROOSEVELT  
I'll be right there, Mayor. I will  
require one more minute, if you  
don't mind?

MAYOR STRONG  
Of course.

He closes the door, suspicious of Kreizler's presence.

ROOSEVELT  
(shrewdly)  
If Miss Howard should agree to  
become involved in this, I will  
expect to be kept abreast of your  
every effort. And for the record,  
though I believe this is madness,  
the extreme nature of this crisis  
demands extraordinary measures.

\*

KREIZLER  
I thank you Theodore, you are doing  
the right thing.

17 EXT. HESTER STREET - NIGHT.

17

CROWDS flow back and forth on Hester Street -- Hasidic Jews, recently arrived 'Greenhorns' from Russia, and cosmopolitan German Jews. The night market covers the entire street, double rows of pushcarts lined up along the sidewalks...

FRUIT MERCHANTS and BUTCHERS call out in Yiddish, their stalls lit up with kerosene lamps. Lucius glances at the gutted fish packed in ice, dead eyes staring up at him...

Marcus is more interested in a novelty weighing machine -- MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN lining up to have themselves weighed. He laughs as an OBESE MAN climbs on the scales to the encouragement of the STREET KIDS. As he turns away he sees his brother examining a skinned GOAT.

MARCUS  
You think she's going to eat that?

LUCIUS  
It isn't for her.

Marcus looks away again as a group of GIRLS walk by, giggling at him in admiration.

18 INT. MARCUS AND LUCIUS'S APARTMENT/ HESTER STREET - NIGHT. 18

The noise from the market can still be heard inside the small tenement apartment. Lucius helps his ageing MOTHER to her bed, the wooden floor covered in Yiddish newspapers.

LUCIUS  
(In Yiddish)  
...Why do you always sit in the dark?

MOTHER  
(In Yiddish)  
So I don't have to see how ugly the apartment is.

LUCIUS  
(In Yiddish)  
You'll ruin your eyes...

She waves him away as he lays her down on the bed.

MOTHER  
(In Yiddish)  
Where's Marcus?

Lucius can't help smiling. This is his mother's way of getting back at him, asking for her favorite son.

LUCIUS  
(In Yiddish)  
Gone to fetch Esther.

MOTHER  
(In Yiddish)  
I don't like Esther. She talks too close to my face.

19 INT. STAIRWAY/ TENEMENT BUILDING/ HESTER STREET - NIGHT. 19

Marcus heads up the tenement stairs with the attractive ESTHER and her four-month old BABY.

ESTHER  
You're looking very uptown tonight.  
What's the occasion?

MARCUS  
A restaurant called Delmonico's.

Esther's very much a 'new woman' -- confident and lively.

ESTHER

A feeding-place for plutocrats.  
They have a little room where they  
hide the unescorted women.

MARCUS

(Teasing)

Perhaps you should picket them.

ESTHER

Perhaps you should just take me  
there for a meal.

She looks into his eyes, almost inviting a kiss, when her  
child starts to cry. Marcus smiles.

20 INT. KITCHEN AREA/ MARCUS AND LUCIUS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT. 20

The gas lights are on now. Soup heats over a stove. Lying  
next to the pan is the GOAT HEAD.

While the food is stewing he takes the HUNTING KNIFE and  
pries out the goat's eye with the tip of the blade. It plops  
onto the cutting board. He lifts a looking glass and examines  
the marks left by the effort.

They're tiny indentations, surprisingly small for the size of  
the blade. He looks quietly satisfied when Marcus walks into  
the apartment with Esther and her baby.

MARCUS

It smells like the docks in here.

LUCIUS

Careful, I have a knife.

Esther looks at the huge knife in Lucius's hand.

ESTHER

Good evening, Lucius.

LUCIUS

(A little disapproving)

Good evening, Esther.

ESTHER

I hope your mother doesn't mind me  
bringing the baby.

Marcus interjects before Lucius can reply.

MARCUS

Not at all. Come in.

Lucius goes back to his cooking irritably while Marcus leads Esther through to the bedroom where his mother is waiting.

Esther leans in very close to his mother's face.

ESTHER  
(a little too loud)  
Hello Mrs. Isaacson.

21 INT. CARRIAGE/ ELEVATED TRAIN - NIGHT.

21

The roar of the elevated train fills the carriage. Lucius sits next to Marcus, weighing the hunting knife in his hands.

LUCIUS  
From the marks on his rib cage it  
had to be a blade this size...

He makes a slow, downward stabbing motion, trying to reconstruct the mutilation in his head.

LUCIUS  
The body, he couldn't care  
less...pure savagery...but the  
eyes...so delicate...like he was  
using a surgeon's scalpel...

He looks up and sees his brother is distracted, admiring a YOUNG WOMAN at the other end of the carriage.

LUCIUS  
I see Esther's perfume has already  
worn off.

MARCUS  
Esther's only modern from the neck  
up.

LUCIUS  
So you're asking her to look after  
our mother why? So she can show you  
some ankle?

MARCUS  
The Torah say desire is no more a  
sin than hunger or thirst.

LUCIUS  
It says no such thing. It says  
there are desires we have to  
control. That's why men are men and  
beasts are beasts.

Marcus looks to this brother pointedly-



MARCUS

You could do with a little less control.

Lucius looks away irritably. The young woman across the carriage has caught Marcus's eye, blushing under his gentle gaze.

22 INT. DINING ROOM/ DELMONICO'S/ 5TH AVE & 26TH ST - NIGHT. 22

Polite laughter and chatter fills the opulent dining room. Lucius follows Marcus into the hallowed restaurant, looking around as if he's in a temple. The tables are filled with New York's elite, the women dripping with diamonds, the men looking overfed and overgroomed.

Even though they're dressed up, the Isaacsons look out of place. The MAITRE D' greets them as if they've wandered through the wrong door.

MAITRE D'

Can I help you?

MARCUS

We're here for Dr. Kreizler.

The MAITRE D' is all professional courtesy now.

MAITRE D'

Yes, of course. This way please...

An ATTENDANT tries to take Lucius's hat but he holds onto it firmly. It's only when he sees Marcus relinquishing his own hat that he hands it over.

And now the long walk begins. The brothers are led through the main dining room with its mirrored walls, mahogany furniture and frescoed ceiling, curious glances following them as they go. Marcus stares at the sumptuous dishes on the tables.

MARCUS

Glad I didn't fill up on your soup.

23 INT. PRIVATE ROOM/ DELMONICO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT. 23

Kreizler, Moore and Sara are already seated at a table in the private room. Kreizler gets up as he sees the Isaacsons.

KREIZLER

Gentlemen. Please sit down...

He shows them to their seats, then addresses the Maitre D'.

KREIZLER  
Is Ranhofer ready?

\*

The Isaacsons are surprised to see Sara there.

KREIZLER  
You recognize Miss Howard, of course, and you remember Mr. Moore...

Moore nods in greeting. Apart from Kreizler, they all seem tentative, not sure what they're doing there together. A WAITER takes a carafe of red wine and fills their glasses.

KREIZLER  
To your good health...

24

INT. PRIVATE ROOM/ DELMONICO'S RESTAURANT - LATER.

24

\*

Lucius Isaacson stares at a bowl of emerald green soup in front of him.

KREIZLER  
*Terrapin soup au clair...*

Lucius sees Marcus eating his soup and tries a spoonful.

MARCUS  
Don't worry, I'm sure it's kosher.

Sara glances at Moore, feeling self conscious in her pretty dress.

KREIZLER  
Gentlemen, I'm anxious to hear your findings.

Lucius looks up, remembering why they're there.

LUCIUS  
I believe we've uncovered a few facts the coroner missed.

Sara and Moore look over curiously. Marcus is still enjoying his soup.

LUCIUS  
The report you gave us indicates the Zweig boy died when his throat was cut, but we believe he was already dead from asphyxiation...

Moore looks puzzled.

MOORE

Why would someone cut his throat if they'd already strangled him?

Lucius looks at Sara, reluctant to answer in front of her, but her unflinching gaze persuades him otherwise.

LUCIUS

We don't presume to know. Mutilation also occurred after death. The fact that the sister's body was untouched suggests--

He trails off, glancing at Sara again.

KREIZLER

--A particular obsession held by the killer. The girl may only have been an unfortunate bystander.

\*

Sara stares quietly. Moore drains his glass, sensing the effort she's making.

LUCIUS

There was a faint cruciform scoring on the boy's forehead bone.

MOORE

A cross.

KREIZLER

And the eyes?

LUCIUS

The report states they were devoured by rats but the marks on the malar bones that we examined indicate otherwise. The patterns were too regular to be made by birds or rats.

KREIZLER

(musing)

He wants the eyes.

\*

Lucius fumbles in his jacket and pulls out an object wrapped in cloth, unfolding it to reveal the enormous hunting knife.

MOORE

You needn't be concerned Gentlemen, the waiters'll provide your cutlery.

Lucius doesn't laugh.

LUCIUS

*An Arkansas toothpick.* The blade is strong enough to cause the wounds the boy suffered to his torso but also precise enough to remove his eyes intact -- if that was the intention.

KREIZLER

Very interesting. Would it surprise you to learn that similar marks were found on the Santorelli boy's malar bones?

The Isaacsons stare back at him in silence, realizing what he's implying. Moore looks at Sara again. Her expression is fixed but he senses the tension underneath.

LUCIUS

We would have to examine that body to be certain they were made by the same instrument.

Marcus fishes into his satchel and pulls out a photograph.

MARCUS

Doctor, seeing as how you are a modern thinker, we'd like to offer you something else.

Kreizler takes the photograph. It appears almost abstract at first, but on closer inspection he realizes it's a blown up image of two thumb prints together, side by side.

MARCUS

There are those, including the majority of our colleagues in the department who do not accept this as valuable evidence. But the scientific basis has been proven.

Kreizler still isn't sure what he's meant to be looking for as Marcus hands him a magnifying glass. Kreizler sees the image of swirls of loops.

MARCUS

The one on the left is mine.

Marcus holds up his thumb as, holding up the same thumb, Lucius says...

LUCIUS

The one on the right is mine.

MOORE

They are completely different.

MARCUS

And yet we are fraternal twins.

SARA

So you are saying each one is unique?

KREIZLER

Dactyloscopy. You're preaching to the converted. Twenty years ago my profession didn't exist.

Kreizler proudly passes the glass and photograph to Moore to take a look. Sara is eager to see as well, leaning over Moore, closely.

MARCUS

A marking as unique as a human face. We were thinking, if you continued with the investigation-

LUCIUS

People leave these finger markings everywhere and never think to wipe them off.

MARCUS

In our opinion, they might as well leave a monogrammed handkerchief.

KREIZLER

The killer's handkerchief!

He looks at the brothers, eager for more.

KREIZLER

Tell me you found a thumb print of the killer?

The Isaacsons brief collegial excitement is cut short.

MARCUS

Not exactly. The children were washed clean before burial. And their clothing was changed.

LUCIUS

The report said the original clothing was destroyed...by our efficient police force.

MARCUS

But if someone were to get to the Santorelli boy's remains, before they are interfered with, perhaps there is one to be found.

Convinced of their talents and intentions, Kreizler jumps in...

KREIZLER

Gentlemen, I have a proposition for you, a business that would need to be undertaken in secrecy...

A knock on the door interrupts him.

KREIZLER

What is it?!

The doors open and an army of waiters enter, perfectly choreographed, clearing away the terrapin soup and replacing it with plates of *Saddleback duck*.

One of the waiters eyes the hunting knife on the table.

MARCUS

It's his toothpick.

25 EXT. DELMONICO'S RESTAURANT/ 26TH STREET - NIGHT. 25

Another WAITER brings out a tray of food for Cyrus and Stevie who are waiting outside by Kreizler's bigger carriage, Stevie knocks Cyrus on the shoulder.

STEVIE

Here's da grub, Cyrus.

Cyrus hands Stevie a handkerchief.

CYRUS

Wipe your hands.

Stevie spits in both palms and starts rubbing them together, smiling at Cyrus.

WAITER

I'll be back for the tray.

26 INT. PRIVATE ROOM/ DELMONICO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT. 26

The others uneasily watch Kreizler studiously cut his duck with the Arkansas toothpick and examines the results on the bones of the bird.

KREIZLER

It's an efficient tool.

MARCUS

Are these the only two incidents  
you know of, Doctor?

KREIZLER

At present. The killer could have  
hidden his victims, as he did the  
Zweig twins, yet now he's chosen to  
make a statement. Leaving Giorgio's  
body on display was no accident.

MOORE

He's advertising.

He looks up from his food.

SARA

Why on earth would he do that?

Kreizler had been quietly ignoring her, but now...

KREIZLER

Because he unconsciously wants us  
to find him.

27

EXT. POV./ EAST SIDE STREETS - NIGHT.

27

*And now we find ourselves in the shadowy streets of the East  
Side. It's late at night but the slums are full of CHILDREN --  
some asleep on stoops and fire escapes, others peddling goods  
on street corners...*

*Over the images, Kreizler's voice continues...*

KREIZLER (O.S.)

We do not know who he is yet, but  
he exists in plain sight.

\*

*We move through the crowd in an almost dreamlike state,  
observing the children with fetishistic interest...their  
innocent faces as they sleep...their cunning expressions as  
they sell a piece of worthless junk...*

KREIZLER (O.S.)

Though evidence does not  
immediately reveal him, there are  
pieces of himself he has  
unwittingly left behind.

\*

*We watch a group of YOUNG BOYS running a cup game on the sidewalk...then a BROTHER and SISTER leaving a noisy tavern with a growler of beer...*

KREIZLER (O.S.)

Our task is to gather those pieces  
and construct an image of the man  
who would commit these crimes --  
his age, his background, his loves  
and hatreds, his appetites...

\*  
\*

*And now we settle on a group of STREET-URCHINS who are passing a cigarette, watching it move from their filthy fingers to their lips...*

KREIZLER (O.S.)

Look at who his victims are, where  
he kills them, and what he does to  
them.

\*

*And now one of the boys meets our gaze with a confidence belying his age...*

KREIZLER (O.S.)

Every one of these choices reveals  
some hidden aspect of his alienated  
mind, and how it came to be that  
way.

\*

*The boy finally tires of our gaze and looks away.*

26(cont)INT. PRIVATE ROOM/ DELMONICO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT. 26(cont)

The group stare at Kreizler in rapt silence.

KREIZLER

We must divine him by the pattern  
of his acts.

Breaking the silence.

MOORE

I prefer the crystal ball method.

The room needed the humor. Marcus chuckles.

LUCIUS

It is revolutionary, applying  
psychology to crime.

KREIZLER

If we solve the case in this manner  
you can imagine the ramifications.



MARCUS

A very exciting prospect, Doctor.

Moore has been sketching the players on his napkin, feeling it might be of worth one day, he decides to keep it.

KREIZLER

There is one more thing. We know the killer's conscious thoughts are fixed on violence. If we get too close, that violence might spill over onto us.

The table feels the weight of this warning.

28 INT. TOM O'ROURKE'S SALOON/ TENDERLOIN - NIGHT. 28 \*

Connor seated at a table with Paul Kelly and Biff Ellison in a sawdust littered saloon. \*

CONNOR \*

If you see him, you throw him out on his hind end, and then you let me know he's been by.

BIFF ELLISON

I never liked that top hat little prick anyway, even if he is a big spender.

CONNOR

He's too well connected for us to give him what he deserves. We don't want anything he does traced back to your joint. That wouldn't be healthy for any of us.

PAUL KELLY

And we don't want to lose another Gloria. So this creeper keeps sucking air even if we think he's...

CONNOR

It's a doozy business all around, isn't it? I bid you a good evening, gents.

Connor takes a last swig of beer as he stands, then steps out. \*

BIFF ELLISON

He's got more twists than a bag full of pretzels.

29 INT. MAIN DINING ROOM/ DELMONICO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT. 29

Sara and the Isaacsons head through the noisy dining room, Moore and Kreizler following. Moore is still watching Sara as Kreizler stops to say goodbye to the Maitre D'.

KREIZLER

Thank you. My compliments to Ranhofer, although I typically find bearnaise oppressive.

MAITRE D'

I shall let him know, Doctor.

Moore watches Sara head out of the restaurant with the Isaacsons, then grabs Kreizler gently by the arm.

MOORE

You're not going to ask her, are you?

Kreizler looks at him, sensing he's a little drunk.

KREIZLER

I shall before the night is through.

MOORE

It will place her in a very compromised position. Look at those gorillas she's surrounded by at headquarters.

KREIZLER

I believe she's up to the task.

MOORE

She's not as strong as she'd like you to believe.

His concern sounds heartfelt.

KREIZLER

She seems strong enough.

MOORE

Yes, Laszlo, she seems, but-

KREIZLER

Do not let your affection for Miss Howard get in the way-

MOORE

My *affection*?

KREIZLER  
Yes, your affection.

Feeling his blood rush.

MOORE  
What about your affection?

Kreizler senses the jealousy.

KREIZLER  
You are transferring to me,  
incorrectly, feelings you alone  
harbor for Miss Howard.

Moore is unsure if he's lying.

KREIZLER  
Your mourning for Miss Julia may be  
briefly replaced by your desire for  
Miss Howard, but do not feign  
chivalry.

Moore resents his harsh analysis.

MOORE  
Do you ever weary of the sound of  
your voice, Laszlo?

KREIZLER  
What ever do you mean?

MOORE  
The next impulse you have to open  
your mouth, try to resist.

KREIZLER  
Miss Howard is resourceful, she's  
loyal to Roosevelt and because  
she's a woman she's unlikely to  
arouse suspicion. Isn't that  
sufficient?

Kreizler turns and heads out.

MOORE  
And what is my role to be in this  
business?

Kreizler stops.

KREIZLER

Perhaps you've already played it.  
I'd hate to keep you from your  
work.

30 EXT. DELMONICO'S RESTAURANT/ EDGE OF MADISON SQUARE - NIGHT

Cyrus and Stevie wait with Sara, who instantly senses something is wrong as Kreizler and Moore emerge from the restaurant. Kreizler seems as unflappable as ever but Moore is clearly annoyed.

KREIZLER

Forgive us for keeping you waiting.

He heads straight past Sara, who watches Moore, sensing how miserable he looks.

KREIZLER (O.S.)

May I offer you a ride home, Miss  
Howard?

\*

Moore never ceases to be surprised by his friend's gall.

SARA

John?

KREIZLER

Mr. Moore is on our way, as well.

Inflamed by the variety of alcohol he's drunk and Kreizler's patronizing tone, Moore takes a stand.

MOORE

I'd prefer to walk.

SARA

At this hour?

MOORE

I could use the air.

He turns and waves goodbye as if nothing's wrong.

MOORE

Good night. A pleasure to see you  
again, Sara.

Stevie holds the door open as Sara and then Kreizler step into the carriage. She looks out the window to watch Moore unsteadily cross the street to Madison Square.

SARA  
(concerned)  
He's had too much to drink.

She thinks Kreizler will do nothing, when...

KREIZLER  
Stevie, keep an eye on Mr. Moore.

STEVIE  
You got it, doc.

Stevie jumps down from the carriage fender.

31 EXT. GRAMERCY NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT. 31

Moore steps over the paving stones, playing a drunken game with himself, careful not to tread on the cracks. He focusses on his feet but his thoughts are clearly elsewhere.

32 INT. CARRIAGE/ HEADING DOWN 5TH AVENUE - NIGHT. 32

Sara sits opposite Kreizler in the carriage, finally plucking up the courage to speak her mind.

SARA  
We shouldn't have let him go off like that.

KREIZLER  
I offered him a ride.

SARA  
Perhaps you could have insisted...

Kreizler smiles to himself at her veiled rebuke.

KREIZLER  
The best thing for John right now is to be on his own. A little resentment will do him good.

SARA  
He isn't as strong as you think.

KREIZLER  
He said the same thing about you.

Sara says nothing now, surprised.

KREIZLER  
Our weaknesses will serve us as well as our strengths in this matter, Miss Howard.

SARA

You admit to having weaknesses,  
Doctor Kreizler?

KREIZLER

A relic of Original Sin.

Their eyes lock briefly, charged, then retreat to the passing street.

33

EXT. LARGE HOUSE/ GRAMERCY PARK - NIGHT.

33

Stevie watches Moore from across the street, walking up the stoop of a large townhouse.

Moore gazes longingly at a darkened window on the top floor. He hesitates, then rings the bell...

A moment later a light comes on in the foyer. A BUTLER in uniform opens the door. He recognizes Moore instantly, a look of pity.

MOORE

Is Miss Julia in, Hector?

BUTLER

You know Miss Julia is in  
Washington, Mr. Moore.

Moore looks up at the darkened window again, trying not to sound drunk. Looking defeated...

MOORE

Washington? Not asleep?

BUTLER

No, sir. I-

MOORE

You're quite sure?

The Butler looks sympathetically at Moore.

BUTLER

Quite. I am sorry, Sir, but I have  
been instructed to tell you to  
desist... stop asking after Miss  
Julia. The family is concerned...

Moore nods again, then walks off, waving goodbye without looking.

MOORE

Goodbye, Hector. You've always been  
a champ.

Moore loses his balance as he hits the bottom of the stoop.

From a distance, Stevie starts to follow him again.

34

EXT. CARRIAGE/ HOWARD TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT.

34

Cyrus opens the carriage door for Sara. She meets Kreizler's  
gaze as she starts to step out and gives him her hand.

SARA

Thank you for tonight, Doctor.

KREIZLER

I have asked the Commissioner to  
have you...keep me informed of  
developments in the case -- without  
his public acknowledgement of  
course.

She wasn't expecting this.

KREIZLER

That won't trouble your conscience  
I assume?

Sensing he's testing her. She smiles and steps down, still  
holding his hand.

SARA

It wouldn't be fair to assume  
anything about me, Doctor.

She lets go and turns towards the house, and for a moment  
Sara thinks he's going to accompany her, but instead he calls  
to Cyrus.

KREIZLER

Cyrus, please see Miss Howard to  
the door.

Kreizler closes the carriage door. Sara can't help feeling  
embarrassed by her own presumption.

35

EXT. STREET/ RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT.

35

\*

WOMEN stand in the doorways and windows, inviting passersby  
into their dens.

\*

Moore looks away, walking past the UPTOWN SLUMMERS and  
COLLEGE BOYS who fill the red light district.

Moore heads past a STREET WHORE, surprised how tall she is, then realizes it's a man dressed in drag headed downtown. He looks over his shoulder, instinctively, paranoid that someone is following him. \*

Stevie is just a little too close, and has to dart behind a cart, stepping into a deep pile of horse shit. \*

STEVIE \*

Son of a- \*

37 INT. NEW PAREISIS HALL - NIGHT. 37 \*

BOYS in women's clothing and various states of undress dance with MEN to a small orchestra.

An upper class gentleman WILLEM VAN BERGEN (20's) walks amongst the she/boys when he notices A PRETTY FLAXEN HAired BOY, SALLY (12) wearing a long dress.

The SINGER, a beautiful, androgynous she/boy (13) in a frilly petty coat warbles in a high-pitched female voice --

SINGER

*There's a name that's never spoken,  
And a mother's heart half broken...*

Then suddenly he lowers his voice to a deep male baritone to uproarious laughter.

Willem approaches Sally, who looks him up and down.

SALLY

It's not for sale.

His face sours as she starts to pull away. He grabs her firmly.

VAN BERGEN

It's always for sale, sweet thing.

SALLY

Not to you.

Sally slips from his fingers and disappears in the crowd, his face darkens.

SINGER

*There is just another missing from  
the old home, that's all...*



Van Bergen sits down at the bar to order a drink. The BARTENDER recognizes him and eyes a skinny, dangerous looking bouncer, RAZOR RILEY (30's) who's making his way from the stage. He turns and nods to BIFF ELLISON sitting in a perch above the bar. Biff leans out from his perch and sees Willem below, trouble.

Ellison nods back to the RILEY, who indicates to TWO OTHER TOUGH LOOKING MEN to follow his lead.

38 EXT. STREET/ RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT. 38 \*

Stevie is cleaning the horse shit off of his boots...

STEVIE  
What were they feeding dis nag?

Moore suddenly grabs him by his lapels.

MOORE  
I don't need a nurse maid, Stevie.

STEVIE  
But the doc, said-

MOORE  
Get off my tail.

Moore digs into his pocket and comes up with a fistful of coins. Holds them out to Stevie.

MOORE  
Go find yourself a crap game.

Stevie takes hold of the money.

MOORE  
Tell him you lost me in the  
Tenderloin.

\*  
\*

Stevie watches him go.

39 INT. NEW PAREISIS HALL - NIGHT. 39 \*

Van Bergen looks over his shoulders as RILEY and TWO STRONGMEN one by one surround him at his stool.

Van Bergen turns to see Ellison pouring him a drink from the bar.

Ellison leans in close and starts to speak to him. The SINGING and BAND get louder, so we can't hear what they are saying, but it's tense and Willem doesn't like it.

40 EXT. NEW PAREISIS HALL - NIGHT.

40

Riley and his strongmen throw Willem to the street as Biff Ellison steps over his body and hails a horse-drawn-hansom. It stops in front of the curb as Willem is dragged to his feet.

BIFF ELLISON

I don't want to see your ugly puss  
around here again.

VAN BERGEN

If I paid you enough, you'd still  
send your little angels to me.

Biff grabs him by the scruff of the neck and pushes him against the cab, close enough to kiss him.

BIFF ELLISON

I think it's sick what you done,  
and if there was any justice in the  
world, you'd a been scragged long  
ago.

As he leans away from Willem, we see Moore witnessing the scene.

BIFF ELLISON

(to the cabbie)

Now get the fuck outta here!

Willem, covering his shame and anger, flashes a grotesque smile of badly-discolored teeth at Moore as he climbs into the hansom. It speeds away.

BIFF ELLISON

(to Moore)

Whatta you gawpin at?

MOORE

Evening Biff. I see you're back in  
business.

BIFF ELLISON

Come on in for a drink, scribbler.

Biff gives him a look, it's an order.

MOORE

Why not.

41 INT. NEW PAREISIS HALL - NIGHT.

41

Moore follows Biff into the brothel through a crush of men. BOYS IN FEMALE UNDERGARMENTS sit on the laps of WEALTHY GENTLEMEN.

As Moore approaches the bar he spots someone he recognizes. An immaculately dressed GENTLEMAN shamefully lowers his head and pulls his hat over his face as he passes with a YOUNG BOY on his arm. Moore looks relieved to finally reach the bar.

BIFF ELLISON  
What's your pleasure?

MOORE  
*Whiskey*, please. Preferably something that hasn't had a dead rat preserved in it.

Biff pours him a large glass of whiskey.

BIFF ELLISON  
I never figgered you for the pansy-boy type, Moore.

MOORE  
I'm only slumming. What was that out there all about?

BIFF ELLISON  
Nature of the business. We toss a half a dozen just like him outta here every night.

Suddenly Moore feels a sharp object sticking in his back.

BIFF ELLISON  
You know my pal, Razor Riley?

In the glass mirror above the bar, Moore sees Riley standing behind him.

MOORE  
I haven't had the pleasure. Is there a problem?

BIFF ELLISON  
You ain't down here trynna tie me to that dago boy's murder, are you?

Moore's too drunk to feel intimidated.

MOORE

Nah, Biff, if you wanted to get rid of a poor kid who worked for you nobody would ever find him.

Ellison isn't sure if he's being flattered or insulted.

MOORE

But I would be willing to pay generously for some information.

Moore begins to take his wallet out.

BIFF ELLISON

Keep your cash in your pocket.

Moore slips his wallet back in.

BIFF ELLISON

How about another?

Biff turns his back to Moore to grab a different bottle, fills the glass.

BIFF ELLISON

Whadduya think I'm gonna tell you I ain't already tol the bulls?

MOORE

You could tell me what Giorgio's clients liked. Their *predilections*.

Ellison turns to Riley with a grin.

BIFF ELLISON

Predilections? Will you listen to this bird?

Riley grins back.

BIFF ELLISON

The boy had a filthy mout on him. A lot of his regulars liked to hear what a worthless pile of shit they were, how their dicks didn't measure up. You Fit Avenue types don't suffer nuf. You gotta pay for it.

He hands Moore his glass of whiskey and watches him drink.

MOORE

Names?

BIFF ELLISON  
Jesus, the kid saw twenty clients a  
night.

He suddenly turns away as he hears a commotion. TWO  
prepubescent YOUTHS in stockings and garters have got into a  
catfight -- PAULINA (13) and ERNESTINE (14).

BIFF ELLISON  
(pulling them apart)  
Hey, knock it off. You two bitches  
cut each other's faces up you're no  
good to me!...

Moore has another drink as Ellison turns back to him.

BIFF ELLISON  
That's all I can tell ya, pal.  
Enjoy the show, the hooch is on the  
house.

Moore sips his glass of whiskey as Ellison gets into it with  
Paulina and Ernestine.

SINGER (O.S.)  
*Yes, there's still a mem'ry living,  
There's a father unforgiving,  
And a picture that is turned to the  
wall...*

Riley watches as Moore heads towards the door. SALLY (who Van  
Bergen propositioned) grabs Moore's arm.

SALLY  
Would you like to take a ride, your  
lordship?

Moore stares at him a moment, then looks back to see if  
Ellison is watching him. The gangster is cuddling Paulina to  
calm her down, while Ernestine smokes a cigarette anxiously.

Moore hesitates, then turns back to Sally...

MOORE  
Yes, I would...

Sally takes him gently by the hand and leads him up some  
stairs.

It's only as he disappears that Biff Ellison looks up. He  
whispers something to Paulina on his lap and the youth gets  
up and saunters off, while Ernestine takes her place.

42 INT. STAIRWAY/ UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR/ NEW PAREISIS HALL - NIGHT 42

The noise from the bar fades and Moore hears passionate grunts coming from behind closed doors. Moore braces himself for a moment against the wall, feeling dizzy as the boy leads him down the corridor into a free room.

SALLY

It's just ahead, your lordship.

43 INT. ROOM/ NEW PAREISIS HALL - NIGHT. 43

The room is a tobacco stained flowered print wallpaper on top of flowered print wallpaper, a bed, a night table, some homoerotic paintings. Sally lets go of Moore's hand and starts to take off his dress, gazing at him seductively.

SALLY

My name's Sally...

She undoes the clasps of her dress and lets it fall around her ankles, just like the Flore did. Moore's mouth feels dry, watching Sally as if he's dreaming, unbuttoning her corset when Moore finally slurs:

MOORE

How mush?

SALLY

One for French and two to put it where ever you like.

MOORE

I'll pay you three if you tell me what you know about Giorgio Santorelli...

Sally looks immediately wary.

SALLY

I didn't know him -

MOORE

-Four dollars.

Sally hesitates, the sum clearly tempting her. Moore sways a little, looking unsteady on his feet, then takes out his billfold and peels off four dollars, leaving it on the table.

MOORE

I was told he had wealthy clients.

SALLY

*Gloria was popular, just like Sally.*

MOORE

Know any of their names?

SALLY

Bill. George. John. Would you tell a whore your real name?

Moore leans onto the bed frame for balance, a dawning sense of his own stupidity that he actually does..

MOORE

In fact I do...

SALLY

Then you're dumber than you look. There was one character, he was over the moon for Gloria.

MOORE

Do you remember anything about him?

Sally thinks.

MOORE

A detail?

SALLY

I never saw him, she just told me he was real uptown sport.

MOORE

Was Gloria with him that night?

Sally hesitates, unsure whether she wants to say more. Moore, feeling dizzy tries to focus, clumsily goes to take back his money.

MOORE

You don't put out...you don't get paid.

Sally puts her hand on his hand. Stopping him.

SALLY

Gloria never left her room the night she died.

MOORE

That's impossible.

SALLY

I was waiting to use it. A few of us were. We heard her in there but she never came out.

Moore looks confused, his vision starting to blur.

MOORE

I don't...undershtand...

SALLY

We got tired of waiting. But when we finally broke the lock, there was no sign of her...or anybody else.

Moore walks unsteadily to the only window.

MOORE

The window?

SALLY

Third floor.

On the opposite side of the street, just above the elevated train tracks, he sees Paresis Hall's upper floors. There's a drop from the third floor windows to the street below and the roof is two stories up, no access to it either.

MOORE

You're lying...

His head spinning, Moore turns from the window, then suddenly stumbles, reaching for the bed to break his fall.

He collapses on the mattress, finding it hard to move, rolls onto his back. Sally goes through his bill fold and takes the rest of his money.

SALLY

I got a calling card that lists everything I do- and lying isn't on it. Gloria flew away and some day I will too.

Sally gives him her card, blinks her eyes, flirting, then leaves the room. He lies there, listening to the sound of his own breathing, then hears footsteps approach.

The door opens.

BIFF ELLISON (O.S.)

...Isn't he sweet?

\*



TWO FACES lean over him. Biff Ellison and Paul Kelly.

BIFF ELLISON  
What do we do with him?

PAUL KELLY  
I'm not sure yet. What did he see?

BIFF ELLISON  
He was standing right there when we  
sent that fucking strawberry on his  
way.

Moore tries to get up but is incapacitated. Drugged and aware  
of it.

PAUL KELLY  
What'd he hear from you?

Biff shrugs.

BIFF ELLISON  
Nothin. But we could dip him in the  
river in the stray dog cage just in  
case.

PAUL KELLY  
I think I got a better plan for  
him. Come on in girls.

Moore hears high pitched giggling then suddenly feels his  
belt being untied and his pants loosened.

Moore groans as Paulina and Ernestine crawl on top and  
straddle him, covering his face and body in lipstick.

And we hear the BOY Chanteuse singing in the bar  
downstairs...

SINGER (O.S.)  
*You made me what I am today,  
I hope you're satisfied...  
You dragged and dragged me down  
again...Until the soul within me  
died...*

Moore struggles, unable to push the boy whores off of him...

UNTIL WE CUT TO BLACK.